

Inter-dimensional Time Travel and a Biosuit

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My mother regressed one day to a small child. Evidently, she had been having episodes, but at the time we just didn't know any better. Many years later, once she was ultimately diagnosed, many strange incidents from the past just magically fell into place. My mom was eventually fired from her job teaching school children after someone witnessed her sitting on the carpet at play time talking in a baby voice to her tiny neighbors. Later in life she explained what had happened, that she had been living out



a false personality, an imposter infant. It was the way that she grew them up, she said, her alternate reality personalities. She had many of them, and she was trying to inject them each with 'real' living experiences to get them all to catch up to each other ... in order to integrate into the whole being that we all expected and knew.

I remember my mother was a daydreamer, staring off into space until something else would grab her attention. She was easily distracted, and could barely remember anything. She would often wander around aimlessly, looking for her keys or purse, then forgetting that she wanted them, then forgetting completely what she had been doing in the first place. She invariably burnt the morning eggs and forgot when it was time to get us out of the house to go to school. We all, especially my father, laughingly called her "dingy," like she was an Edith Bunker clone, a "dingbat" that often played on the TV in our home.

Once, when I was about six, my dad sent my mom to the hardware store to pick up supplies that he needed for working on the house, as he often did. My dad was a landscape architect that was raised by his stepfather, a man that had owned a custom carpentry shop in L.A. My father loved building and growing things in and around our home. And, my mom was always the errand-runner for my dad. Hence, after picking up a couple of gallons of pea green paint, on our return home from the hardware store, the pilot of our vehicle, my mom, flipped into a personality that didn't know how to drive. I was sitting inside the back-end of a Volkswagen Squareback, where I loved to sit and pretend I was in the cockpit of an inter-dimensional



intergalactic spaceship moving through galaxies throughout the known universe; well, maybe it was just the Moon Rover from the Tang commercials that, at the time, were playing on TV; I can't remember... Did the Moon Rover have seatbelts? I don't remember that either, but I do remember that sitting in the back end of a Squareback meant that I was not strapped in. My mother switched, right as we were approaching a four-way intersection and the light had turned red ... for us.

She later told me that she didn't know what a red light meant while driving. She also told me that one of her driving personalities was having a temper tantrum after fighting amongst the others. All the other personalities, evidently, stormed out, leaving one of the small, weak, and young ones to pilot our vehicle. So ... with a baby at the wheel, we barreled into the intersection. The new paint was sitting on the floor next to me in shiny metal cans, and the next thing I realized was that they had begun to fly, as if in the vacuum of space. They just lifted off the floor of the Squareback and began a horizontal glide towards me, which was confusing at the time, since the paint cans and I weren't getting closer together—we were actually flying in unison across the inside of my cockpit. My inter-dimensional intergalactic spaceship had intersected with something uncharted, something unexpected, and something completely off the star-map. My recollection of the collision is blurry and pixilated, and static-folds in space-time dominate the few seconds that I can recall, as if the metronome of life had become temporarily punctuated by reality.



Time immediately slowed down, like a built in safety feature for wayward inter-dimensional travelers, causing my perceptions to warp. I could see down below into the intersection as our vehicle spun, windows smashing into glittering tinsel-stars, some rotating into their own tiny galaxies. I realized then that I was completely outside the safety of my ship's cockpit. The escape hatch must have blown open, and, since we hadn't invented safety harnesses yet, I was sucked out into space. Luckily time had slowed, as is normal under duress and situations that demand attention. Without a safety pod to protect me from the harsh landing, flying through space with nothing but me inside my biosuit, I had a bit of time to plan my descent through the stratosphere. I was hoping for a soft landing somewhere far down below, on the planet I called home just a few moments before.

As I flung through the vacuum of space, like a maelstrom-wind rattling the fringes of a rag doll flopping in submission, I began to spin during my reentry-glide into oblivion. I bounced fleetingly off our planet's atmosphere, and could just make out the ship below whirling in spirals out of control, spinning and screeching, as metal and glass crumpled together and folded into space-time. There were flashes of other ships, other vehicles screeching to a halt, but I couldn't hear anything. The vacuum of space, the slowing of time, or maybe the stretching of my perception had reduced normalcies like sound to an empty, wanting explosion of vast nothingness.

I came to rest, surprisingly, in a seated position ... on the street next to the curb. It wasn't the soft landing that I was hoping for, but after checking my



peripheries I seemed to be in one piece. Broken glass and paint were splattered about, crunching and slipping under the feet of the swiftly responding citizens that rushed to my aid. Evidently I didn't need a safety pod after all, since I survived the crash without a scratch or even a splatter of pea green paint upon me. I landed on my bottom, squarely, bouncing to a reverberating stop that sent shivers of unfathomable pain up my spine, to my dorsal horn, into the thalamus region of my brain, and eventually to an area of my cortex that figured out that I had landed on my ass. It hurt a lot. I remember feeling embarrassed about crying from the pain. I had suddenly slowed from my wild ride through inter-dimensional time travel and was experiencing the physiological vortex of a slippery slide into hyper-relativistic dimensional transfer shock. I was back in the world, sitting amongst the ruin—I was back inside the skin of my very own biosuit ... for life.

