

Witchy Woman



A Short (Sci/Fi-NewAge) Story

by

Sharon Shane

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ONE

All at once yet not at all, the Cosmos lets out a tremendous sigh and then proceeds to take a deep breath back inward. With this tremendous exhaling / inhaling, the Big Bang and Great Attractor theories come into existence, causing scientists and philosophers in all corners of all known universes to wile away the hours trying to understand it, when all it really means is coughing up All Things and then sucking it all back into the Time before Time.

In and out and in between sporadic time flash momentums and having hence forsaken the path of endless diatribe and conversations that lead nowhere but in circles, Witchy Woman lurks languidly in the silence of the aftermath, which is only broken by an occasional mumble of, "But why?" Asking this question always inevitably leads her on a side trip into insanity, while elsewhere, unbeknownst to some, the Big Dream unfurls in the faraway musings of an enlightened mind.

Later that night, Zulu appears before her as quick as instant pudding saying, "And so it is written that the sky and the sidewalk shall become One...therefore, no man shall walk without touching the sky." Witchy Woman shakes her head, rattling some loose bones in her brain, but nevertheless continues on her way to wander the back roads of Eternity always seeking More.

TWO

Being caught off guard and not paying attention to the whereabouts of just about where she is, Witchy Woman gets sucked into the future via the Vortex of Neo-Technology.

Careening through countless eons, she quickly dials a number on her newly acquired cell phone. A ringing sound awakens her ancient primordial thought waves and somewhere at the edge of her innermost imaginings she can faintly hear the familiar ritual drums and chanting of Zulu, pagan lord of “The Time To Come and the Time to Go.” A voice speaks from beyond the present moment saying, “Good evening, Pizza Hut, how may I help you?” Witchy Woman responds in a dazed monotone, “One medium cheese and a liter of nepenthe--uh, delivered please.”

Taking a big bite of pizza, Witchy Woman is thankful for pizza, nepenthe and good friends remembering to take heed of the advice from one to always follow her intuition. Erstwhile, Zulu looks on and decides not to interrupt with his usual verbose meanderings. Witchy Woman ponders whether it is “The Time to Come or The Time to Go”, and, just before she continues wondering and wandering, takes a big swig of nepenthe slumping into a somnambulistic state of forgetfulness.

THREE

That infernal antagonist, Beserker, taps Witchy Woman on the shoulder, but turning to look she perceives nothing other than a slight ripple in the fabric of space. Witchy Woman decides then and there she's had quite enough of spectral phenomena and secretly wishes All Things would dissolve into the Neutral Zone. Being a phantom windwalker herself, this notion presents yet another paradox. Earlier that morning, Zulu appears before her as quickly as instant karma holding a sign which, when read backwards, says, "EXIT", and just as quickly a neon sign manifests over Witchy Woman's head blinking the following message:

"PASSION MUST CONSUME OR BE CONSUMED"

Looking around her world, Witchy Woman sees nothing left to pour her passion into, which when activated always seems to convert her into some sort of walking flamethrower. Having battled an entire millennium with the tiring paradox of "Is it The Time to Come or the Time to Go?", Witchy Woman experiences one last gestalt as she re-reads the sign that, when read backward, says, "EXIT". Waking to the knowledge that, "Aha, it is The Time to Go!", she proceeds to walk backwards and ever so slowly begins dissolving into the Neutral Zone. Knowing beyond knowing that she could always count on Zulu to lead the way, she tosses him one of her grateful grins, as a sigh is heard throughout all the known kingdoms, which sounds something like...'*surrender*'. From thence onward, smiles could be heard cracking on the faces of children everywhere because the wings of angels brush away every tear.

FOUR

After spending a considerable amount of time in the Neutral Zone, which is a feat in and of itself since there is no time per se in this dimension, Witchy Woman telepathically emits the following message:

“ATTENTION ALL SHOPPERS! PLEASE REPORT PRIOR TO EARTH TIME 12.31.99 IN FULL FREEDOM FIGHTER GEAR. YOUR ASSISTANCE IS GREATLY NEEDED.”

The thought wave pattern vibrates through numerous universes carrying along with it a brochure advertising the following:

JOB DESCRIPTION

Job Title:	Freedom Fighter
Skills Required:	Able to leap tall mounds of bullshit in a single bound Able to travel faster than the speed of light Able to transcend one's lower nature Able to transmute matter into light
Tools of the Trade:	Uzi fully loaded with words of Truth enough to blast through all lies Super Deluxe Model Microchip embedded in third eye in order to see through and crack all illusions

Warning: This is not an easy job. All candidates must have the commitment and perseverance to see it through to the beginning of the New World. Pay is minimal but the rewards are a richness and depth of experience and meaningful memories with a bonus trip to Bora Bora vacation package.

While passing over the Gazebo Faction Sector 9 Phase of Eternity, the thought wave manages to swipe a modest and little known astro-turf traveler right in his third eye instantaneously activating the latent powers locked deep within the strands of his DNA, and just as he is about to swing his club at a small white ball, takes a whack at the brochure spiraling like a feather right before him. "Thank the Gazebo!" he sighs, as he never quite got the hang of let alone understood the reason behind such an act as hitting small round balls with metal clubs and then chasing after them repeatedly. He pushes some digits on his germanium-powered wristband picture phone and says, "Honey, I've just got the message. Start packing. We're going to Earth!" Witchy Woman feels a ripple through her sensory substations knowing the message is heard far and wide and oh so near. She chuckles having learned from a dear friend that the phrase, "Attention All Shoppers" is a surefire beacon code word able to penetrate the thickest of skulls.

FIVE

One by four and seven at a time, the Freedom Fighters convene at the preprogrammed meeting stations, which by the by can only be accessed through their individual inner labyrinths. Joyous, jovial, celebratory reunion happenings occur somewhere in simultaneity and with much embracing of souls, the journey is prepared. Sector Leaders caution of the dangers of getting caught in the endless tangling web of the Tubular Pipe Dream Vortex, as the Freedom Fighters descend upon Earth hauling multitudinous crates of Love Potion #9. The arduous task of inoculation of the entire Earth population in order to facilitate the evolution begins. Witchy Woman looks on and decides not to interrupt with her usual verbose meanderings. In the MeanTime, but not in Greenwich, Zulu receives honorary mention of his rightful place in the Hall of Mentioning.

SIX

Witchy Woman gazes into her crystal ball of wax and drips meltingly through her infinite inner sanctum. She smiles and says, "And so it is....therefore, Let It Be." An ancient melody springs to life again, the cat smiles and birds chirp once more.

SEVEN

Hundreds by thousands and a million all at once, the people of Earth, having been fully injected with large doses of Love Potion #9, evolve. Witchy Woman looks on from the now familiar micro-macroscopic view station and sees the dance of a bazillion DNA strands sparkling like fireflies and the stars above Earth exploding like the 4,444,444th of July. Zulu descends from his newly appointed position at the Sanctum Sanctorum to make the following proclamation:

“ATTENTION ALL SHOPPERS! LET LIFE BEGIN ANEW!”

From thence onward a brilliance of light and magnanimous beauty is perceived by all because angels of man now walk on Earth and thus is the beginning of forevermore.

The Beginning

“...smiles could be heard cracking on the faces of children everywhere because the wings of angels brush away every tear.”

