

## *"Can't. Have a Bone in my Shoulder."*

*One witty remark that I have always loved  
is about an excuse not to do something:  
"I can't. I have a bone in my leg."*

I still find that wisecrack hysterical.

My jocularly is tempered somewhat by the fact that I really do have a bone that keeps me from doing everything I want to do--at least, not without pain. I have a new bone spur in my left shoulder. I also have one in my right shoulder, but it did its acting up a few years ago, and now seems relatively well-behaved.

The problem with bone spurs is that they are mutants. They are growths of bone, usually near a joint, that cannot really be "cured." Most people wind up getting a surgery to shave them down. But they usually grow back, so I am loathe to go that route. My specific bone spurs seem to like to impinge on ligaments and nerves. The right shoulder bone spur impinged on and off for two years and even stayed painful and debilitating for 8 solid months during that time. Then it somehow let go, and seems okay now.

But just when I thought it was safe to lift my arm--Bam! I get one in my left shoulder, too. Same location, on the joint. Now, reaching to the nightstand, reaching for a plate in the cabinet, throwing my new kitten off me, and onto the bed--that's like having an ice pick plunged into me for about 30 solid seconds. Any movement, really, that requires me to lift my arm, especially to extend it in a lifted position, is cause for muffled screaming.

I know I'm not angelic enough to be growing wings...as much fun as that would be. So, I guess it's a good thing that I'm not a pro tennis player. Or a traffic cop. Or a left-handed hitch hiker. See? I am perfectly capable of looking on the bright side.

## *Movie Review: The Descent*

The basic premise is that a group of women go spelunking, and find themselves in grave danger (or, in danger of a grave) from a cave-in, followed by the presence of mysterious subterranean creatures who seek to make a meal of them.

This was not what I would deem a "b" movie, though it might appear to be so at first glance. It is within the horror genre, but leaning heavily toward thriller/suspense, as any gore or violence is not merely gratuitous but integral to the plot.

There are spoilers in this review, so if you don't want to know these details, stop reading, watch the movie and return here to see if you agree with my assessment, or offer your own. (Comments welcome).

I won't belabor this review with details of actress names or character names, and just cut to the chase, except when needed for clarity. There was some initial character development with the women, and past tragedies which figured into part of the plot, so I was pleased to see this aspect. The British actresses were all good, and few things are hotter than a tough, beautiful woman with an accent. I'm sure that was for the benefit of straight males and lesbians. I must offer my thanks, since I am a member of one of those groups.

With proper foreshadowing that caves are pitch black and can play tricks on the mind, the Juno character admonishes the others to remember that they might see things that aren't there, become disoriented, or have other adverse reactions. Once the women have hiked to the cave, and descended into the abyss of it to explore, they traverse various tunnels and crawlspaces until there is a sudden cave-in which blocks their escape the way they came in. At this point, it comes to light that the

leader of the women (Juno) had taken them to a cave other than the one they thought they were in. There was no map to refer to for an alternate exit, as the cave had not been explored and she wanted them all to be the first to do so, and have the honor of conquering it and naming it. Thus, they are in a pickle, and Juno is not quite their favorite person anymore. They resolve to move ahead and seek a route out of the cave, as they cannot remain where they are without suffocating or risking another cave-in.

**Sidebar:** I was already chewing my nails up to this point because I had to watch these women wriggle through these tiny tunnels the size of a paper towel tube--okay, not that small, but suffice to say, this inspired great phobic shivers in me. This is the last thing in the world I would do "for fun." I'd sooner perform an appendectomy on myself with a spoon. One of the women got stuck, and panicked just before the cave-in, and that would have been my reaction. Panic. First, I would not have crawled in that tunnel if I had the least propensity to panic in confined spaces. Which I do. So I wouldn't do it to begin with. I would not have rappelled into the cave either. I would not have gone on the trip at all. But if for some mistaken reason I did go on that expedition, I would have taken one look at those tiny tunnels and said. "I'll be up-top at the campsite, sucking on my electronic cigarette. See you later." Then I would have climbed my frantic ass back up to open air. So anyway, it did make me wonder why the writer had that character there in the first place. I guess for extra tension, so she could freak out. IF that character were me, it would not be for extra tension, it would have been for comic relief. I've been laughed at frequently for my responses to uncomfortable situations.

Anyway. I was already freaked out and expecting the tension to increase, because I hadn't yet seen any

monsters and I knew they were just around a rocky corner. This was accurate. Juno warned the others to be mindful (mine-full?) that their batteries were going to run out in the flashlights at some point, and they needed to make haste to find an exit from the cave.

**Sidebar:** if I were going spelunking, I would not rely on the batteries of a flashlight. I would have invented an illumination device that ran on human fear. That visibility would have been celestial. Like a Hollywood Searchlight, or a Supernova. A Quasar, even. Barring that, I would have brought several of those crank-up flashlights that don't rely on batteries, but on manual turning of a handle. I would have just walked through those caverns, cranking like an organ grinder's monkey. (Wikipedia defines "Organ Grinder" well, but adds, "The grinder would crank his organ in a public place..." I'm not sure I should align myself with something like that, but I was just trying to make a point.).

Back to The Descent: Shortly, one of the women was squinting into the darkness with her paltry flashlight, sure she was seeing a strange man lurking there. Any man who would be down there would naturally be strange. Her friends, of course, told her that her mind was playing tricks on her. I'm sure I'm not the only viewer who knew better, and yelled at the TV "She is NOT imagining the man in the dark! And it isn't a man!" The woman who saw the creature said that maybe he could help them get out. Yeah. In the stomachs of subterranean monkey-men (there's that monkey reference again...although these creatures were pale, I wouldn't label them White-Headed Capuchins.).

**Sidebar:** I think I just might have been more frightened by the idea of me being trapped in one of those paper-towel-tube tunnels, than by the subterranean humanoids...at least I could have some control over fighting them. And just like the flashlight

issue, I would not be reduced to only pick axes. I would have brought an M-16, some tasers, blasting caps, and a machete. Throwing battery acid on them wouldn't have worked, because the fuckers were already blind, having adapted to living underground through some corrupted evolutionary process. (Perhaps the first humans to explore the cave evolved into these creatures...mmm...sequel).

Anyway, if you're stuck in a tunnel, you're stuck. And if there's a cave-in, you're stuck and squished. But if you have weapons and can move, there's a much better chance of survival. I'd rather go out in hand-to-hand combat, than being crushed in between a rock and a hard place.

One problem I had with the movie, like so many of its kind, is that it seems to be filmed too dark. My friend told me she saw all the details I missed. But she has a plasma TV. I reminded her that not everyone has a fancy-schmancy plasma TV, and they ought to make films for people like me, who can't throw their money around...Most of what I saw in this movie was figures with flashlights moving in the dark, and what I heard was screaming, and echo-location clicking, heavy breathing and grunting, slurping, and gnawing sounds. I might have to watch the movie again after I adjust the contrast on my television.

My first thought, after the movie ended, was that I would love to see a sequel about what took place after the horror of what happened is shared with proper authorities and a special investigations team returns to that cave to gather information. All kinds of possibilities there.

So, Overall, I would rate this film highly, if you enjoy movies that keep you mercilessly pinned down until it's over, while periodically shivering and choking on your soda and spewing popcorn.

**UPDATE:** Okay, I looked at it again with adjusted settings on my not-a-plasma-TV TV, and I saw things I wish I hadn't seen. The movie is even scarier if you can actually see what's happening. Maybe I'm better off without a Plasma TV.

## *Horns, Loneliness, Memories & Flight Patterns*

I dreamed that there were two ridges rising up on my head, and I could swear they were moving or pulsing. When I would try to show them to someone, they would deflate.

Here's my self-analysis...I think I have a subconscious need to grow horns. Meaning, I am tired of always being the nice one, and sometimes I just want to be mean. But I can't seem to do it. It takes a lot of provoking to get me to snap off. So the ridges on my head represented the horns I grow when I'm alone. And when I'm around other people, they go away.

I was supposed to have plans tonight. (CAUTION: pity party). Seems everyone is so busy they can't make time to do anything. It's making it so hard to meet anyone. That's about the 10th time since I moved here that I thought I was actually going to have a social life, and it just didn't happen. It's so hard to start over, and meet new people. I guess that's why I was sort of counting on the ones I knew here to help me with that transition...be my guide, chaperon, introduce me to people, etc. That didn't happen either. So I'm thrown in the deep end of the pool again (thanks DAD for THAT memory. Not). I guess I will just have to swim until I can stand up again. It's not like I haven't done that scenario a hundred times.

Funny, because today, I grew some horns just for a second, but they were soft, and then deflated, and then I just let myself tear up and cry for a few minutes. It was an honest-to-psych pity party. But I just don't let them last very long. I do let myself feel what I feel though. Pretending I don't is just counter-productive.

Let me just illustrate how well I understand myself:

Yesterday, I went to Best Buy and meant to spend about \$50 and instead spend \$222. (okay, that's not the understand-myself part); I had one of those moments where I was just sick and tired of having 40-eleven VHS tapes taking up much needed storage space in my home (and fearful some stuff would be lost when the tapes began to disintegrate). I was transferring videos and sharing some on Facebook.

Watching these memories from a certain time in my life that was filled with social activity and approval and love, it jiggled something loose in my psyche--that I have missed that life so much, and have been lonely so long, and moved here to take care of that, but nothing has changed in that regard yet. And the postponed date I had tonight\*\* incited a more acute reaction than would be reasonable, because all those videos stirred up a past where I was social, and did have people in my life who loved me, whom I could reach out and touch because they were right there--not on a computer screen, a text screen, or a phone line. I know I crave interaction that's more tactile, more present.

Now, I know intellectually, that things don't always happen immediately. You can't just buy a packet of "Social Life Deluxe" and add water. But being reminded of what I need and want, and then realizing I don't have it, threatened to throw me into an emotional tailspin.

All I can say is, I always manage to pull up before I crash.

So here I am, leveling off my flight pattern again, and hoping that at some point I'll get to land.

## *Kindred Molecules, Deja Vu, and the Noosphere*

There are people we meet who seem to be immediately familiar...these familiars are somewhat vexing, in that it often doesn't make much sense why you are drawn to certain people and feel like they are part of your molecules, somehow.

Whatever that little cosmic thing is that seems to be going on somewhere under the radar...I seriously believe in the concept of Kindreds. I rarely have that sense with people, but I have been enjoying that connection with a new one--Tanya. I feel a connection with Tanya that defies logic. We haven't seen each other in 30 years. But I have seen her, 30 years ago. In High School. She's in the back of my consciousness somewhere. And even then, I was drawn to her, and my immature brain may have completely misunderstood what that connection was. So combine that with the current interaction we've had in phone calls, emails, texting, photos...and maybe our brains just fill in those extra parts where they are supposed to go. The brain does this with memories as a matter of course, but I wonder if it can do it on this other level, where the stuff that gets filled in isn't memory, unless it's cellular or on some cosmic level we have yet to understand...

She recently dreamed she and I were talking and I was wearing a blue striped shirt. She asked if I had one. I sent her a picture of the only one I owned, and she said that was just like the one in the dream. She thought it was freaky and spoke of other times when she has dreamed things and they appeared later in her life...felt a little like deja vu when we have moments like that, she

said. And I agree that it's odd--when we seem to tap into something beyond our normal comprehension.

My friend Justice believes in the collective consciousness, and she says that's where it comes from. I like the idea of the Collective Consciousness (AKA Noosphere, Universal Mind, Collective Unconscious, Akashic Record, etc). It's similar to the concepts I've been exploring in my book, Quintessence...although not about this specifically, it is about the idea of Alternate Realities, the Unified Field, and what if DNA can find copies of itself in other alternate realities. What if the same is true for Kindred Molecules? What if there's some beacon that can pick these things up, that science has not discovered yet? What can we really know for sure about the Noosphere?

I don't know. But fascinating to think about.

Back to deja vu. I do think that it falls into a category of brain science, most of the time--people believe essentially what they need or want to believe, and it gets embellished until it's an outright lie. I've been guilty of that. I realized this most recently in an experience while walking on a golf course on the evening of 4th of July. In realizing that I had taken an accidental picture that looked mysterious, my brain started on that tangent and I wondered if I took a bunch of those types of photos, and then posted a blog with a bunch of B.S. in it, packaged to look like the



real thing--how many people would fall for it. About 75% FELL FOR IT.

You know who fell for it? The Christian, religious and/or highly spiritual people. They already have the tendency well in place, you see, to swallow whatever seems mysterious as something...MYSTERIOUS. Which means they are ripe for the picking, and don't use their reason enough.

I am reading this book (one of many on my nightstand that I read in turns) called The 'God' Part of the Brain. In it, the author explains his quest for his own cosmology (much like my cosmology book, but a different genre) and apparently, there is something about the human brain that inherently wants to believe in things that are not true.

One example, from just today. Each time I got up from my desk to go refill my coffee or some other household errand in another room, I noticed that the light was on in my closet. I had turned it off before that. This happened repeatedly, and I had this little moment...that moment that happens in the primitive portions of our brains that wants the mysterious to stay mysterious... wherein I ALMOST thought there was something MYSTERIOUS happening. Then my rational mind kicked in and I reminded myself of how I had gone into that closet about 20 times that day, since it's as much storage as closet. I had just not consciously noticed leaving the light on each time. I only notice it when I get up and am facing the open door and see the light in this otherwise dim room. Contrast is part of that explanation. I don't notice leaving it on, because I'm walking OUT of the light. My eyes are sensitive to light, and I only notice when it hits my eyes, and they have to adjust. Perfectly rational, plausible, and HONEST. Nothing mysterious there.

In storage recently, I came across another photo that spoke to this very concept, and used myself as the guinea pig. I took a photo of a UFO when I was a kid, and when I revisited this photo and the story surrounding it, realized I had fabricated the whole thing. I WANTED TO SEE A UFO and so I saw one. But just like the photos of the light worms on the golf



course, it was created by moving the camera while taking a picture, resulting in the dragging of a light source into a glowing object. It took a great deal of honesty to admit that to myself. IT had started as a weird photo I didn't understand, and it had then morphed into the thought of UFO's, and then, over the years, I continued to lie to

myself in increments, to the point where I believed it. The memory was so distant-- and I hadn't seen the photo in so long. Finding the photo in storage, it reiterated the situation with the post about the glowing night worms. This photo had the same glowing effect on it. And it was not due to something in the sky. It was an error in the photography, and a glitch in my human software. The glitch that has us believing the lies we tell ourselves. Until we can all nip that in the bud before 30 years go by--like the minute we do it--we will always be subject to the machination of the psyche, and all it's variant bad sectors on the Human Hard Disk.

What was I talking about? Oh yeah. Deja Vu.

(I have had just as many experiences with what I call Vuja De--which is the sensation that no one else has ever had this experience, ever. lol).

There are many things that science has yet to explain... or prove...one of those is the concept of a Collective Consciousness. Justice believes that's where she gets her psychic information. I can't say. All I know is, she seems to have this gift for knowing things I can't find any explanation for. So yes. THAT'S a mystery. Science doesn't know yet, what that's about. I've had many experiences myself about knowing things I "shouldn't" know. First memory of that which sticks with me is when I knew Elvis was dead before they announced it. I was sitting in the living room watching soaps (back when I had only 3 wrinkles in my brain, and didn't know any better) and a bulletin came on with a little splash screen. Just a nondescript logo on the screen, Nothing else. I turned and called to my Female Parental Unit, who was in the kitchen, saying, "Mom! Elvis died!"

She came rushing in, wiping her hands on a dish towel, and said "What?"

About that time, the announcer came on...stuttering, "Elvis Presley...has...died..."

I'm sure my mother didn't know that my shock at that moment was not about the death of Elvis, but the realization that I knew about it a few seconds before they said anything.

And over the years, I have known other things. (As I'm sure many people have). Some simple, like knowing the phone was going to ring--I'd reach for it to answer, and realize it wasn't ringing. And then it would ring in my hand. Or knowing what people were going to say in movie dialogue, and saying it right along with them, when I had never seen the movie.

I wonder if any of you have had this experience, or do it on a regular basis: you are listening to someone talk--whether on an audio book, on television, the radio, or in person--and in your mind, you are following along

with them in perfect unison, as if they are talking from your head....I'm sure there is a scientific explanation for that, having to do with how the brain works....but I find it interesting...

Sorry, DIGRESSION.

Also--these other examples of connection--I'm sure many people have had this experience--I would think about Justi, and tell her, mentally, to call me, and within a few minutes, she would. I can't explain those things, but it's obvious there is something "out there" we don't fully understand yet, and it does seem mysterious.

Anyway, I'm curious about my connection with Tanya, as I've rarely felt it with anyone else... It's a different species....I'm not sure I can put my finger on it....she is an oddity. (I mean that in the most loving way...I'm an oddity, too). It's like I feel I know her much like I know myself...maybe that's just a load of malarkey. Maybe it's just that we see eye to eye on so many things....and yet, that doesn't make much sense; we've had two completely different life paths, and yet arrived at most of the same conclusions. Maybe we're just a higher degree of kindred. But this is partly why I am so anxious to spend some face-time with her. I want to know what that's all about.

I want to learn more about the noosphere.