

HEAD TRIP

A novella

by

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This is a work of fiction. Any similarity between the characters appearing herein and any persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

FIRST EDITION

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Acknowledgements

This is the first edition of HEAD TRIP, the first book of my newly re-imagined *American Drama Series*, which follows my lead character, Marcus Ramsay, from womb to tomb. It is a monumental 5500 page project where I've tied my previous books together with the lead character, who experiences each of the Deadly Sins in his quest for the love of his life.

My own press, Eloquence Press, and Signature Book Printing have done an excellent job. My editor and mentor Nick has done his share of hand holding as I've begun rewriting my books and lined them up neatly against the Deadly Sins. My proofreader Rita has done a superlative job as always.

After HEAD TRIP, which looks at the deadly sin of **Envy**, and studies it within the context of Super Twins, A CONSEQUENCE OF GREED becomes Marcus Ramsay's first adventure as a young adult when he runs head-on into the sin of **Greed** in a Texas town riddled with good ol' boys, spirit possession, and murder.

Dedications

To Dr. Takanori Fukushima- Thank you for finally removing the massive tumor that has plagued me my most of my life. You have definitely given me a brand new start.

To Ms. Ayn Rand - author (deceased but not forgotten.) You gave me the inspiration for this book about ENVY. With one finely-worded paragraph, you explained to me what I had seen, but not recognized, for my entire life.

To the nurses at Duke Raleigh, Wake Med, and Tustin HealthSouth Rehab - You stuck with me as I recuperated from a traumatic surgery. One of you even made it to these pages, and you know who you are.

To my wife, Karen - You have been at my side throughout this endeavor, and have encouraged me on my mighty journey. To you I owe my infinite love and appreciation.

To my brother - Without your bravery and burying the hatchet, I couldn't have done this. You inspired me.

To Nick - You had never ending faith in me and helped make my writing shine.

HEAD TRIP

NOTE TO READER:

*Superfetation (N) –(Soop-ir-fet-ay-shun): A second embryo becomes implanted in the uterus after one has already been implanted. Though common in animals, this is rare in human beings, occurring about once in 40,000,000 births. These “twins” are called **Super Twins**.*

1 The Beginning

The Womb, 1948

A diffused glow covered the womb with different shades of blood red ranging from dark to bright. Overhead stretched not exactly a sky, but an expanse resembling one, of powdery red with faint, high overcast cirrus clouds stretching across it. Below, the “sky” spread a vast “sea” of dark red liquid that sloshed and heaved like an angry ocean. From the “sky” throbbed a distant and perpetual *squish, squish squish*...sound that continued unabated.

An embryo floated just beneath the “sea’s” surging waves—just a head and a trunk with no hands or legs. It hung there, vertically suspended in the liquid, apparently lifeless.

Suddenly, within the embryo burst a great surge of life; it became *present* and *awoke*. All at once it reached a brittle, *alert* state. The small creature, all abuzz, soon accommodated itself to the jarring new feeling. It realized it was absolutely *alone* in this apparently infinite red world, and this helped it to relax, and at the same time, feel god-like as it primitively surveyed its vast, wet, red realm. Though it didn’t yet have functioning eyes or ears, it *sensed* its world almost magically. It took in garbled sounds as vibrations, and was barely aware of flickering shades of red light and the vastness of this place.

Twenty-five days had transpired since its conception, and the embryo-trunk possessed only a primitive heart. In fact, blood had just begun to course through the little trunk for the very first time, giving it additional life. It was growing fast in the swirling liquid, and now stretched to a full half-inch in length.

The embryo trunk sensed the existence of some kind of world beyond the distant sky, for it felt the vibrations of assorted sounds as they boomed across its heavens—*the beginning of hearing?* Because of this, the trunk figured its realm must be vast, and it must be a true god! The embryo liked the reverberation of all the surrounding sounds it sensed, and it felt somehow *important*. It existed alone in a world so vast, comprising what the embryo could immediately sense, but beyond this also yet *another* world, full of distant, detectable sounds. The floating little creature guessed that it must indeed be at the center of it all—*a true god*.

Then, suddenly, across from the embryo in the funnel-shaped cervical canal that opened to the womb, an *intruder* appeared; a slackly-connected group of cells resembling fish eggs. This little glob expanded in random pulses approximately each passing second. It glowed

in multiple colors so bright and amazing, even the embryo could sense their variety, though it couldn't quite differentiate each individual hue.

Because of this intrusion, the embryo abruptly no longer felt as god-like. It wondered if it would be forced to defend its realm from this *intruder*. By now it had already sprouted small human body parts and had grown into a floating worm-shaped ribbon, and it flared with anger along its vertical trunk and unraveled its beginnings of nubs for arms and legs. *How dare this intruder?* The embryo had felt so safe and alone, rocking gently back and forth in the liquid. Now this *intruder* had changed everything it had come to know as familiar and secure!

The *intruder*, another embryo but newly conceived, grew rapidly, looking to its left and right, and sensed, floating before it in the red liquid, a blurry, larger embryo covered by a ghostly translucent sack, affixed to the uterine wall with an umbilical cord. The *intruder* was afraid, for its own umbilical cord was quite new and unattached. Where on the uterine wall could it implant its cord? It continued to try fervently to sense a location, but to no avail.

Should I fight this thing? thought the larger embryo, peering enraged at the *intruder*, *and tear it apart?* *The nerve of it to even be here, in*

my domain!

The rapidly growing *intruder* suddenly lunged forward, apparently searching for a docking port for its cord. The larger embryo felt threatened enough to rear itself into a vertical warring position, like a great flatworm glaring down with its tiny limbs and digits now clearly splayed menacingly. This *intruder* would *not* prevail!

Just then, the *intruder* heaved out of the cervical canal, sensing a home for its umbilical cord, although leery that the larger embryo might now destroy it. It wondered if the fiery, angry eyes it sensed were really there, pulsing blood-red and angry. The *intruder* feared greatly being suddenly ripped apart and ceasing to exist, except as bits of useless floating cells. The *intruder* turned timidly one way, then the other, sensing the larger being glared down at it harshly, loaded with suspicion.

The embryo powerfully lunged forward, and could have laughed, for it sensed the *intruder* pull back defensively in response. Then the embryo puffed and sprouted gloatingly—its grand lurch had been successful! However, it knew somehow that at the same time it felt strangely parasitic, and that it needed this *intruder*, perhaps even more than the intruder needed *it*. The embryo deeply resented this, and in response it flared up again!

Was the *intruder* begging something? Was it

saying, “I just want to be part of you—let me!” The embryo fiercely pounded back against the *intruder* again and again, trying valiantly to push it away. *You will not come in here! This is my realm! You are not welcome!* And the annoyed embryo pushed the *intruder* away even more violently, seeking to return its womb to a solo, god-like state.

The constant bumping and interference with the embryo bruised and stunned the *intruder*. It truly desired closeness, but had received only brutality in return.

The embryo sensed all this, but knew the most crucial factor was *not* to let the *intruder* implant its cord onto the uterine wall for nourishment. If the *intruder* could be prevented from affixing itself, it *would* surely perish and be gone once and for all—this was the embryo’s mission, and it would not be thwarted!

But despite the embryo’s adamant resistance, the *intruder* suddenly lunged nimbly, scooted past the embryo, reached for a free space on the uterine wall, thrust out its cord and attached it there. And in that instant it made a connection—improbable, difficult, but sure...

This phenomenon by all accounts should not have occurred within a human body, but it had nonetheless. *Superfetation* had begun, rare as the falling of three identical snowflakes: The *intruder* had implanted its umbilical cord to a

small part of the wall, where it could receive its nourishment and therefore survive.

While the embryo greatly resented this success, peace finally settled upon the womb as the *intruder*, content, no longer battling, smiled and suckled on one of its small stubs that would ultimately become curled hand-digits...