

The chapel speaker was an outsider working on the creation of guilt complexes of which I am already a victim. A lengthy "no-action" committee meeting followed on which the eternal verdict would be "no accomplishment". The temperature in my office had sunk from a paltry high to a modest 50. I dragged myself home and made a sad supper...burning my fried potatoes and not liking the selection of soup. It was really a tough day. Some change was needed and at that point a daring idea came to me.

I quickly got the box of tablets and crushed one...not without difficulty. I mixed it with a bit of old gravy and gave it to my dog, Jorge. He gulped it down. Stupid, you say? Pasteur would have invented nothing had he not been willing to experiment. Jorge looked rather pleased...licked his whatever dogs lick, and walked into the living room to spread out before the fire. I picked up the dishes and did a few odd chores and laughed at the idea of giving the dog a tablet of such magnitude! Presently I went to my writing table in the living room and was there for some time before I saw that the dog was not there. Perhaps in the hall? No. In the basement? No? I called him with no response. All the doors were closed and I had gone nowhere. He was gone...like the plate and the spoon he was gone. That will be hard to explain to my wife, I noted, as the dog is most affectionate towards her. I furrowed my brow and then saw the only logical thing to do. Taking the box I removed a "K" tablet (there were far more of these than any other item) and simply swallowed it with a large gulp of tomato juice. I put the tablet case in my pocket and went to the writing table. The dumb things you do, I said, and began to grade a paper. But then I was struck with a feeling of weakness...a strange drowsiness was with me...my mind seemed clouded but not pained. I felt like resting my head on the table and then I suddenly realized that I was coming apart. Yet I felt no fear and no shock. Suddenly I, too, was on the verge of being gone. I could see nothing, feel nothing. A great sleep seemed imminent and that is all I can tell.

No dreams came in that sleep. It was a most incredible thing. I do not ask for belief...just tolerance of the peculiar things that happen in the course of life. In one way I never lost consciousness and in another I never had it. Beyond this unsatisfactory description of the whole event there is not much more I can say although the official report I have written is more detailed. I can