

Time

07-14-2014 by Harry Zirkelbach

How do you measure time?

For me, this day is Monday 09:30 am, 33,452.

An investigative mind would find that readable.

As written before, we live in a perpetual “today”.

Yesterday is unchangeable, except in establishing blame in war,
(including marriage), business, politics.

Tomorrow is unknown, no matter how detailed the planning.

Who would not love to Time Travel, relive the past, taste the future?

There is no record of a child not having visited space, the ocean depths, the
mind, back of the moon, starvation, war, heaven and hell.

These experiences, dream or day-dream, were mental, quickly forgotten.

Days ago Brick Bradford appeared daily in the papers I delivered 1935-39.

He had a small cast, best friend Sandy, girl friend June, scientist Dr Salisbury
(June's dad), his lab aides other friends. These four took off on adventures that
could last a year, always return, explore elsewhere.

On February 8, 1938, a week before my 16th birthday, the quartet had gathered in
the laboratory of the brilliant Salisbury, gave fond farewells to lab workers there,
got into a “space” vehicle, began the operation of the time/minimizing machine,
shrinking their vehicle, things therein, equally.

On the Lab table, there was a newly minted Lincoln penny, and Brick carefully
pilots that vehicle and passengers into the visible Lincoln right eye.

Disappearing, lab witnesses remark on the voyages' excitement,
their future return.

In the back corner of Lincoln's eye Brick found many passages, each inviting.
The Time/reducing machine finally set to stop, adventure began. These black and
white comics, made time-travel preposterous, believable. Chit-chat between
passengers increases as they explore; then the first challenge;
an impenetrable wall.

Brick leaves their transport, bangs heavily on the wall, it opens.

This journey's first adventure. Buck meet a creature that had been asleep 100 years, furious at awakening early. Then Brick and crew proceed to charm this giant with trinkets and toys, yes smiles, words. Becomes friends; he tells the travelers of his world, what to see, avoid.

Of course adventures follow, some lasting only a week. Each an eyeopener to this newsboy, again real enough to be plausible.

A Commercial.

Brick Bradford Comics ran from 1933 to 1987!

This voyage consumed 4/13/1936 to 2/6/1937, 42 weeks.

Talk about serials!!

Unbelievable adventures follow, some lasting a week. All novel to this newsboy, plausible. Learn to breathe oxygen from the ocean, understanding ever language, reattaching a limb lost in a skirmish, fearless, and the four smiling, never doubting a safe return. The reader never questioning the hero's valor; more challenges expected.

Completing 30 episodes, Brick's crew begin the return, engage friends, enemies never conquered, each a capsule of the earlier adventure.

Then the return, expanding vehicle and cargo, leave Lincoln's eye. Brick hadn't noted Lincoln's faint smile when the adventure began. They see their staff. They land on the Lab floor, emerge.

Then Brick's crew, the reader, learn the staff had just said good bye to the travelers. Those unbelievable adventurers had consumed no earth time.

That 14 year old, many others too, wondered;
are there places where time stands still while life continues?
What would that mean?

What do you think?

For me, the time, 09:44
in this 33,452th day lived.