

Where Am I?

*By Pete Clark*

Where do I belong is an extremely difficult question to answer. To put it mildly, my life has always been a bit strange. There are times when I cannot be certain of what is taking place or where I am, or both. In the coat closet at my home on Lansing Street I had a beige Stetson. I opened that closet one day looking for something and noticed the beige Stetson had been replaced by a brown flat-crown Stetson. It was a good looking hat; one that I would have purchased had it been on the shelf when I bought the other Stetson. I showed the brown hat to Judie so she would know I was not pulling her leg. After a few months, the brown hat was gone and the beige hat was back. A practical joke? I doubt it. I always kept the place locked up when I was gone.

In 2013 that same closet produced a brand new hooded winter coat to replace the worn out parka that I had gotten in the seventies. I did not buy that coat. I do not know where it came from. I lived alone and there was no one else to bring it home and hang it in the closet. I do know that I have enjoyed its warmth for several years.

One summer I dug through my bedroom closet on Lansing Street looking for a tee-shirt to wear. I found the IT Ninja tee-shirt I had been given for helping set up the Registration Table at NORWESCON one year. The problem was, the shirt was 4XLG and fit me like a squad tent. I had worn the shirt and did not remember it being that large. I gave it to a guy at work who was big enough to wear it. A couple of weeks ago I found a 2XLG NORWESCON tee-shirt in my closet here at Windsor Gardens. I received only one tee-shirt in Seattle.

Another mystery concerns a Raleigh three-speed bicycle stored in the shed next to my covered patio on Lansing Street. I had possessed the bike for many years. I originally bought it so I could bike to work on Lowry. It was far easier to pedal on to Lowry and park my bike behind the RADAR Set at the Weather Detachment than it was to fight traffic going on and off base and vying for a parking spot between the hangers. When I moved to Lansing Street I kept the bicycle thinking I would ride it for exercise. I never did.

One day I looked into the shed and the bike was gone. I figured one of my step-kids had taken it to sell, as two of the three have very sticky fingers. A year or more later, the bike was back, covered with a pristine layer of dust.

I have come to believe when these things occur I have slipped into and out of different dimensions of time and space. This leaves me with no conception of where I belong.