

The Boy Who Could Call Snakes

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The Boy Who Could Call Snakes

Slithering along the grass, creeping through places unseen, and appearing out of no where; the snake is a most-unwelcome sight for many. Although I may stand with the majority who would never pick up such a creature, to me, the snake simply appears to be a reptile. But why do we maintain an irrational perception of what we feel to be the ugliest of creations?

It wasn't always so. There was a time in unrecorded history when the snake was a very-much liked creature as it had the ability to sing like the birds. On any given day, one could step outside and walk the nature landscapes. And on such a fine day, a beautiful serpent might be coiled on large stone or wrapped on the branch of a tree -- sounding an intricately woven kaleidoscope of the most beautiful medley, complimented by the chanting of a song bird.

Such a lovely creature: won't you take it home with you? The cherished snake was wrapped around the arms of its admirer and brought home, to be set in a flower garden, where it sang all day.

But something happened. Times changed, and the serpent no longer sings out in the garden. Today the only sound that could be heard is a hiss. And its sight produces shrieks and terrifying retreats from unsuspecting discoverers. The once-heard kaleidoscope of medleys are inaudible to human ears, now only a mechanism for the reptilian beasts to share between one another. But there is a select group of humans with

an inherited memory of ages long past; they do receive this strange signal. Others might approach the snake and handle it -- expecting the creature to do something magical.

It might be a boy like Mike, who sits at the local park, next to the prairie -- holding a spectacular, large corn snake in reverence and total admiration. For a young boy, the snake is quite a catch -- considering the size and strength of the beast.

Tina walks through the park -- on her way home from a friend's house -- and takes sight of the boy handling the ugly snake -- red blotches along the white and black bands. Curious, Tina cautiously approaches and stands at a distance. "What are you doing?"

"Holding a snake. You want to try?" He extended his arm with the giant serpent draped along his right shoulder down to his hand.

But Tina backed away. And in her instinctive fear, a peculiar pressure could be felt on her ears accompanied by the sound of a rapid thudding. "NO!"

Mike understood her fear and wasn't going to torment the girl with the snake. But he was curious with the sound generated by the girl as he could make this same sound.

"How did you catch it?"

Like this... "Mike, once again, extended his arm to display the snake. It immediately brought on the peculiar pressure to the girl's ears and the sound of rapid thudding. Perhaps the reader has experienced a similar phenomenon upon witnessing a garter snake slither by. Imagine you have discovered a repulsive snake with beady eyes, climbing your chair and flicking its tongue. Hear that? That noise in your ears? That thudding? Don't be too concerned if you are unable to sense it; not everyone can. But it's the same noise heard by Tina while a snake is brought near.

She backed away in fear and agitation, "STOP!"

"What? You wanted me to tell you how you caught him. I did it with the noise."

"What noise?"

"The noise you make with your ears: I can make the noise too, and that's how I catch snakes. I call out to them with it."

It was the silliest thing Tina had ever heard of. But how did he know of the peculiar sound in her ears? Mistrusting the boy with a large corn snake wrapped around his arm, she replied with a tone of challenge and disbelief, "Ya, right..."

"You don't believe me? Do you want to see me do it?" He walked over to the prairie, uncoiled the snake from his arm, and let it slither off into the weeds. Then Mike walked some distance to another area of the park that remained near the prairie; Tina followed.

"Now I kneel on the grass like this, close my eyes, and make the noise with my ears while thinking of snakes." Tina watched for about a minute; and sure enough, two garter snakes slithered out of the weeds towards him. He grabbed them both and held the prized treasures coiled up on both arms. "See, it's that easy!"

"I don't believe you! That was just luck!"

Now Mike was very proud of the trick he had learned; and he wouldn't stand for the girl's blow to his ego. Perhaps if he taught her how to do it, she might believe him.

"You want me to show you how?"

"Why would I want to do that?"

"So you can believe me! Are you afraid?"

"NO! I'M NOT AFRAID!"

"Then if you're not afraid, you would try it. And if you don't believe me, it wouldn't work anyway."

Presented with a seemingly-logical argument along with a challenge, Tina was speechless as she considered the possibility that the boy's trick may very well work. But it was only a couple of snakes that would crawl along the grass. She didn't have to pick them up; and if they came too close, she could surely out run them. "Fine! Show me how to do the trick. I know it won't work, but show me. And I won't go over to the weeds!" She expected the boy to argue that it was necessary to be as close to the prairie as possible. Snakes live in the prairie, and that would increase the chances of a snake's sudden appearance. This fact could call the boy on his bluff and the game would be over. But as Tina soon found out, it wasn't necessary to be by the weeds.

"Okay... you want the snakes to crawl out of the weeds and over to you? That can be done. First, kneel on the grass. "Tina did as he asked." Now I need to show you how to make the noise. I know you can make it, but I have to show you how, without the help of a snake. He approached the girl kneeling on the ground, and held the snake out. It immediately brought the peculiar sensation to her ears along with the sound of rapid thudding. "Hear that noise? You need to make that same noise on your own."

"How?"

"Close your eyes."

"NO WAY! You're going to throw the snake at me!"

"I'm not going to throw the snake at you! Just close your eyes!"

Tina did as suggested, but quickly opened them -- just to make sure the boy wasn't about to do as expected.

"Close 'em! Just trust me!" Again, Tina closed her eyes, but barely opened the left. "Now think about a big, slimy, snake -- crawling up your legs." The suggestion brought on the peculiar sensation to her ears along with the sound of rapid thudding. "GOOD! You made the noise!" Now, imagine a garbage can full of snakes: somebody throws you in and seals the lid." The thought yielded goose bumps with a prolonged thudding in her ears. It was so overpowering; Tina opened her eyes, just to pull out of the unpleasant day dream.

That's when she saw 2 baby garter, and a large speckled snake, rapidly slithering near. It startled the girl, who jumped up. The sight produced an even more prolonged thudding in the ears along with the sensation of crawling skin.

"GOOD! SEE, THERE'S EVEN MORE!" An additional 4 garter snakes whipped out of the weeds and towards the terrified girl. She screamed and fought the peculiar sound; but nests of slithery creatures emerged. Green ones, brown ones, black ones, ugly speckles, and stripes: In frenzy, the snakes chased the girl. And they're presence wasn't limited to behind her. As Tina soon found out, she would jump over oodles of snakes who flashed from the opposite direction. The thudding was deafening, the pressure on her ears unbearable. And they all heard the noise -- the calling that only snakes could detect. How could she stop the sound?

The End!

COMING AUTUMN 2010: The Tree Goddess

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Originally titled *The Macabre Happenings of Fictional Maplevue*, the autumn 2010 release of author Tom Rimbault will be named, *The Tree Goddess*. Blanketed by a sentience of ghostly creatures, deathly visits, and all other cries from the grave; the fictional town of Maplevue provides the perfect meaning to the word, macabre (pronounced muh-kah-bruh). The dead cry out in morbid sorrow for justice when suffering at the hands of those who pursue the dark side of humanity. Although buried and hidden from obvious eyes, the shrouded terror speaks through nightmares, terrifying visions, and bizarre apparitions. And if the cries aren't heard, the terror will appear in the physical world. Just ask one resident of Maplevue who awoke in bed, cuddling with the mummified corpse of a woman that had been dead for nearly 30 years! Not even the veteran detective of the Maplevue police force can provide answers for the bizarre phenomenon and mysterious disappearances that has seized the town.

Written by author Tom Rimbault -- a man who strives to exist in the realm of classic horror -- he views macabre as a trip: a journey beyond the very edge of life itself, where one discovers gratitude for a heart embedded with morals along with the reality of life-after-death. People who have journeyed beyond this vortex can find humor in macabre and say, "Thank God I'm not like the characters in that story!"

The novel should be released in autumn, hopefully before the Halloween season.