

Opening Pages of the Book - "LIFT"

He drove his car into the parking space. His Ford Taurus fit between the minivan on the left and the SUV on the right. He shifted into park, turned off the engine, and released the seat belt as he engaged the parking brake. Then he sat for a moment with his hands on the steering wheel.

He, Will Alexander, sat watching a family of four walk in front of his car as they walked toward the entrance. Will sat as he mulled over how he got here. He was as average a person as can be found: college graduate, thirty-eight with a few different careers under his belt, nothing spectacular, neither good nor bad, in any of his jobs. He just did his job and went home. No wife or kids now in his life, and he did not keep up with any regularity the people whom he had met in his life.

There might be some out there who would wonder what became of him, but only occasionally would someone follow up on how he was doing. Social contact and niceties were not his forte. His family was in another state from where he lived, and though he kept contact with them faithfully, he preferred being on his own.

Will's last job had been outsourced to a location he did not care for, so Will decided to break up his cocoon of a life.

He sold his house, which had gone rather quickly (home maintenance was something he enjoyed), and moved to another state. He kept a cheap apartment in a low tax state, put all his possessions into the apartment with everything still in boxes except for his clothes. It took him about six weeks to put everything together in the state: medical, change of address, car registration, driver license, insurance changes, and all that other paperwork that comes with life in America. The money from the house sale took care of his debts, and he packed some clothes and took off in his car.

The nice thing about the Internet was that everything he needed to pay could be paid through it. All Will's investment income went to the bank directly, and from the bank website he could pay his bills. He was using one credit card for his travels and paying it on-line, freeing him to pursue his new course to travel.

Of course the only problem Will had was that he had no master plan. He was just driving through the USA with his tapes in the cassette player, playing tourist.

Will chose some places that he wanted to visit and those locations were his current short-term goals. Long-term goals were just a haze in the future, and he couldn't see through the haze at this time. He would mouth the standard lines when he was asked about his plans. "I'm looking in the want ads." "I'm trying to set up a new network." "Maybe more education." The usual platitudes. But he knew that they were just that.

It didn't bother him as much as it might bother others. It was his life to live as he wanted, and he wasn't unhappy with the state of it so far. He was just muddling along now, and for now, that was alright. Doing things was okay. Bowling, golf, softball, reading, dating, and other things were fine, and he enjoyed doing them very much.

Presently, Will shrugged of his mental wanderings and opened the car door. He stepped out of the car and into the heat and humidity of Florida. Will reached in to hit the lock button, heard the click, and closed the door. He walked through the parking lot toward the entrance. After he paid his admission, the clerk welcomed him to Coral Castle.

Will looked over the brochure that was handed to him as he wandered into the castle. The life

story of Ed Leedskalnin. Ed was born in Latvia and built Coral Castle over twenty-eight years in memory of his only love, Agnes Scuff, who had dumped him the day before they were to be married.

Ed, by himself, without large machinery and using only hand tools, then cut, moved, carved, and sculpted over one thousand tons of coral. No one ever actually saw him loading or unloading his trailer with the coral or working on the it. He worked mainly at night and maintained a vigil on his privacy. Since no one had ever seen him work, the engineers or scientists who have worked on the castle since Ed have been baffled on how he did what he did.

Many people think that he had supernatural power; he had claimed that he knew the secret of how the pyramids were built. He wrote a book and three pamphlets that some think contain the secret of how he worked, but no one has ever decoded them. He took his secrets to his grave.

Will had first heard of Coral Castle from the old Leonard Nimoy hosted show, In Search Of, many years ago and decided that now was the time to come and visit.

Will was near the revolving coral door when it happened. It was all because of a three year old girl that he fell. He was standing near the coral door after he had just pushed it to experience how easy it was to move, and he was off to the side when he heard the squeal of a child. He looked down the path and saw the girl laughing and running, being chased by her older sister.

She was not watching where she was going and was heading for Will. He backed toward the wall of coral and the coral door. The girls ran past him, and before he could move away from the door, someone on the other side pushed it, hitting him on the back and knocking him down.

Will landed face down in the path. There was a pain in his back where the door had connected, but as he laid there, he couldn't find anything else wrong with himself.

"Are you okay? Sorry about that, I didn't know you were there," he heard a female voice say.

Shaking his head, Will answered, "I'm fine. My fault. Got too close to the door."

Will pushed himself off the ground, got to his feet, and turned around to face the person. It was then he saw the lines. It stunned him for a moment. Everything had lines. The lines went from the top of the object or person straight up to infinity. He stared open-mouthed for a moment, then closed his eyes and shook his head.