The boy found himself in the middle of a field, waist deep in blades of grass that encircled his five-foot-two frame. He extended his arms from his hip bones and gently petted the grass’ surface. For some reason, his hands began to feel cleaner as he continued the leveling motions. He felt alone in the middle of the field, probably because he was alone. The field stretched on for several miles in all directions but one, and in that direction he only had a slim view behind him that included a row of houses that lined the exterior of an older subdivision. He sat down in the grass, nobody could see him now, and thought about what this could mean. He didn’t have to think about his requirements for the day and any issues from people that were part of his life. While sitting down, he looked around and now felt connected not to his life back near the subdivision but to the world that immediately surrounded him: the field, the sky and the sun. He felt that there was now some purpose or reason that he had found himself grouped with these natural elements.

He laid down and looked up into the sky and immediately felt the connection between him, the sun and the field begin to grow. He continued to look up and saw nothing but the giant sky above him. The sky was so big that it became intimidating and he felt as if it were dangerous to somehow be both laying on the edge of the earth and looking up into sky. He built up the courage to continue to look up and stare directly into space knowing that he would feel as if he were going to be moved from earth into the sky like a boy bouncing high on a trampoline. He continued to lay on his back and felt a sense of panic as he looked from side to side. He immediately grabbed strands of grass into his hands and held on tight in case he were in fact to begin floating up. For a brief moment, he forced himself not to panic and let his imagination grow. His imagination let him believe that he was being pulled from the earth to the sky like a catapult propelling a group of rocks into the air or a spaceship.
rocketing into the atmosphere. He tightened his grip and clenched his teeth, too afraid to embrace what appeared to be the forces of nature or his imagination. But it began.

At first he saw the outer edges of his clothes begin to float and strands of bent grass began to straighten, vertical now to the sky. Next his shoelaces and hair began their ascension. He could not believe it. He now felt the force moving things surrounding him begin to tug on his legs. They also began to float. He tried desperately to slow his mind down, thinking that he was in control. But the pull continued. He tried to wrestle his legs flat. The pull continued. He tightened his grip and was now almost as vertical as the grass surrounding him. He thought that at any moment the roots anchoring the grass that he was holding were going to fail. He bit his bottom lip and wanted to scream at his immediate environment, and demand why was this happening. That’s when he felt it. The roots were now being pulled out of the ground inch by inch. He was nearly airborne. Just a few roots remained earthed, when all of the sudden the roar of a bell shook the world around him. The bell was deafening. He thought that it would shake the final roots loose. He heard the bell coming closer and closer and that’s when he remembered.

He instantly awoke and found himself in an empty classroom sitting in a desk with his head down resting on his right arm. He looked up from his chair at the empty classroom. The bell indicated a turnover of classes was now going off. He pulled his head up and briefly looked at the classroom and now at the classroom window. The sun and the sky poured in rays of immediate curiosity. He got up from the desk and walked towards the window. When he got to the window he angled himself so that he could view as much of the sun and the sky as was possible. A field lay off somewhere in the distance. He looked out at the horizon and up into the sky.
When he got home later that day, the field weighed heavily on his thoughts. He knew that his experience in the field was just a dream, but he felt an attraction to the field and the opportunities it might provide him with. He had to work on chores and homework for a few hours and during that time he would glance at and out the windows of the house to see the field. He thought about the next time that he might be able to walk in it. After school the next day was his best chance. He went upstairs so that he could look out the windows upstairs and complete his homework from there. One window upstairs gave him a view of a basketball game taking place across the street and a person working on an old car in a garage. Another window showed a group of homes. The remaining window showed a small part of the field. The boy sat down at the desk nearest this window and began to study. His homework included subjects of history, math and general science.

He thumbed through the science textbook first and tried to see if he could find any essays or articles relating to open fields and outer space. His work for the night did not include these topics. He did find definitions concerning the layers of earth. He thought about what all was within the earth and how the outer layer had so many different organisms both live and die on its surface and then get collected into its contents. He thought about the fields of the world and what all was above and below them. Had someone lived and died on the field he dreamed about? What different forms of plant life were in its boundaries? How had it changed throughout its history? He wondered if he could find more information about its past back at the school. The school probably had a book or a teacher who could give him more information. He concentrated on his remaining tasks and completed his homework without looking up.

When he did finish, he looked out the window. It was almost completely dark outside. The field was barely in
sight. He saw lights flash from another window in the house. This meant that his mom had pulled in the driveway and was home from work. He got up from the desk and went downstairs to greet her. On the way downstairs, he grabbed his book and marked the page indicating definitions of earth layers. He wanted to tell her about his dream, the field and what all might exist within it. He saw her walk in through the door and he greeted her. “Hey mom. How was your day?” She replied, “I’m tired. My day went fine. I see that you have a book in your hand. Would you mind putting on some tea before I start to overlook your homework.”

He said, “I don’t have any questions tonight, there’s just something interesting that I wanted to point out.” “Well, I imagine that it can wait until you start the tea,” she replied. After he finished pouring hot water into the two cups with tea bags inside, he gently applied small amounts of milk to both cups. He put both cups onto a tray and carried it to the table where his mom was resting and waiting. He put forth effort not to spill the tea along the way. The table was in a corner of the downstairs dining room. He saw that his mom was reading his book when he approached with the tea. She had removed her jacket and was now sitting straight up in her pink and white nurse uniform. “It’s hot,” he said. “What about the earth in particular do you want to talk about? You’ll be teaching me a lesson,” she replied. “It’s not just about the earth,” he said. “I had an interesting dream about the field down the road and wanted to research fields. The book explains that the earth’s outer layer has a variety of contents. I didn’t find anything specific about fields.” “Well what about your dream,” she said. “In the dream, I felt connected to the field and the sky,” he said. “I laid down in the field and all of the sudden I began to float in the air and began to panic. The only thing that prevented me from floating off was the grass in the field. It took a few minutes for me to begin to float, but I sure did. Eventually, the class bell woke me.” “It was strange,” he said, “after it was over, I
felt like I was connected to the field and the sky.” “Well that’s interesting,” she said. “I’d be afraid of floating off too.” They finished their tea and he prepared for a shower and then bed. He thought about finding more information about the field in school tomorrow.

When he woke up, again, all he could think about was the field. He sat at the edge of his bed and thought about all the different possible sources of information relating to the field. He thought about performing an internet search on the computer during computer class, about asking his science teacher during his physical science class and about finding books concerning local developments during his library class. He prepared for school and got on the bus which took him to school. On the way, the bus traveled the road on the side of the field. He looked out the window the entire time, gazing into the field’s endless beauty.

When he got to school, he entered his first class which was library. Without any motivation from the teacher, he immediately searched the library’s database of books. He searched about property concerning his town. He was unable to find anything specific about the field, just information about neighborhood development that took place during the 1970’s.

His next class was physical science. During a break in class, he approached the teacher and asked him if he knew anything about fields and especially if he had any information about the large field that was adjacent to the school and the community. “That’s funny,” the teacher replied. “You would think that there would be more interest in the field but there really isn’t. You are one of the first students to inquire about the field’s history. I know that the city once decided against developing there. I think something was placed there a long time ago. You might want to want to perform an internet search concerning the field and town council meetings from around 1960.”
During the next class, that’s exactly what the boy did and he could not believe what he found. The internet search pulled up the notes from a particular town council meeting and in it there was an argument that took place between an old Indian tribe and the town council. Apparently, the town wanted to use the area for a mixed use development, but the tribe wanted to protect their burial ground. The boy thought about what this could mean. The field was once home to a burial site. Eventually, the article pointed out that the tribe was able to appeal to the outside influence of other tribes and were able to prevent the development. The boy searched further and found an article that stated during the 1980’s a boy once disappeared into the field and was never seen again. The boy was shocked. What could this mean? Did the burial site or disappearance of the boy have anything to do with his dream?

The computer class was his last class of the day. Immediately after class, he skipped his bus ride home and ran out into the field. He tried to find a trace of the burial site. He ran for nearly thirty minutes. He ran until he could barely see his school, his home and the community. He saw no trace of the boy either. He suddenly felt tired. He laid down in the grass and tried to imagine the site in the past. Immediately, his legs began move. He thought about how his life might be like persons buried in the field. His legs began to float. He wondered if they once felt a connection to the field as he did and if their lives were as simple and routine as his life was. His hips began to float. He wondered if there was something missing in his life and if he needed to do more to feel satisfied with the way his life was turning out. His body continued to move upward. He thought, not again. He pinched himself with the one hand that wasn’t holding onto the grass. He didn’t wake up. He thought about fighting the force pulling him up, but decided to let go of the grass and his thoughts and away he floated, never to be seen again.