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Once Upon
a
Time
at
Woodstock

The Second Book in the Outatime Series

Prologue

The waxing, crescent moon, the recent home to a flag decorated with star and stripes, shone down through the clouds as crowds of people danced in the grass, awash with mud and clouded in smoke, looking up at the group of people that stood on the wooden, canvas-covered, waterlogged stage.

An owl wrapped her talons around the bars and sat upon the yellow, metal speaker towers as they loomed large, reaching up above the trees that crowded around them and observed the long-haired hippies below, bearing witness to the free love and free acid being passed around, as a generation lost in space would become unwitting companions to a man lost in time.

As the sounds of St Stephen were lost amongst the day trippers and soul sacrifices of half a million people, white rabbits tripped their way to freedom through the hearts and minds of the young and old alike, while a dark star flew through the sky, reflecting off the water on the stage below.

The muddy fields of Bethel, New York, had become a temporary home for countless people

who were, unknowingly, participating in, and paying tribute to, the last days of peace and love as the noble, optimistic idealism and protests of the long-haired, cross-legged guitar pickers were soon to be tarnished by murder and angels from Hell, and nothing would be the same again.

As Mama tried to save the Grateful Dead on the wet, wooden stage, purple haze from a band of gypsies drifted into the sky and was joined by the owl as it flew through the cloudy night.

The brown bird looked down upon the revellers below, twisting and writhing in fits of acidic joy and peace as Jerry Garcia splashed through puddles on the stage, a guitar wrapped around him, a weapon of truth and emotion.

Blue sparks flew from the instrument with every note played as electricity passed through the water on the stage and out through the neck of the guitar, a personal light show for half a million people.

The owl looked down upon the stage, blue flashes jumping into the night, but the music meant nothing to the wise bird, and she ignored the tunes as she flew across treetops and swooped down to perch on a branch of an oak tree as the moonlight reflected off rain drops as they fell from the sky and onto her brown plumage, bouncing off on to the leaves.

Dull music echoed through the night sky and guitar chords resonated through the darkness,

while a bright light reflected in the eyes of the owl. She looked on as a candescent screen appeared with a hiss on the grass below, imprinting the soft ground with a black stamp.

The bird stared with interest as the oily mirror continued to glow in the darkness, and a body stepped through the bright panel and into the field. The owl carried on observing the mysterious glow below until the light blinked out, leaving the man alone in the darkness, with only the sound of crickets and distant melodies that drifted through the night sky keeping him company.

The strange man looked around him and ran his fingers through his grey hair, and the owl had seen enough. She flapped her wings and took off, flying through clouds and into the darkness. As she looked down again at the crowds of people that were gathered in the field, she gazed across the trees to see the man disappearing into the canopy of leaves.

The bird had become a little wiser as she reflected upon the strange things that happen every day, and she flew into the night, leaving the people on the earth below to play their music and tell their stories as chemicals pulsed through the bloodstream.

In that field in Bethel, the power of love had overcome the love of power and peace was in the air. Children of nature and of the universe

were at one with the sky and the grass, but at one side of that little world, of that little bubble of tranquillity, a man out of time wandered alone.

He had seen so much more than that owl would ever see, and he knew so much more. He was the most unique and individual person in the world, and his old eyes had been the only witnesses of different times of life on this pale blue dot suspended in space.

A world of death amongst the royal treasures of an Egyptian Pharaoh, a plot of treason and gunpowder, and conversations with William Shakespeare. Only one man had experienced all of these, and that man was now standing in a field on the edge of the most famous music festival in the world.

The owl flapped her way through the night, and left the music and the stranger behind, looking only to the future as she flew swiftly through the drizzling rain.

The world below her was small, and time flew as quickly and as fleetingly as the owl, as the festival made history and impacted on the world; love and laughter, heartbreak and skinny dipping.

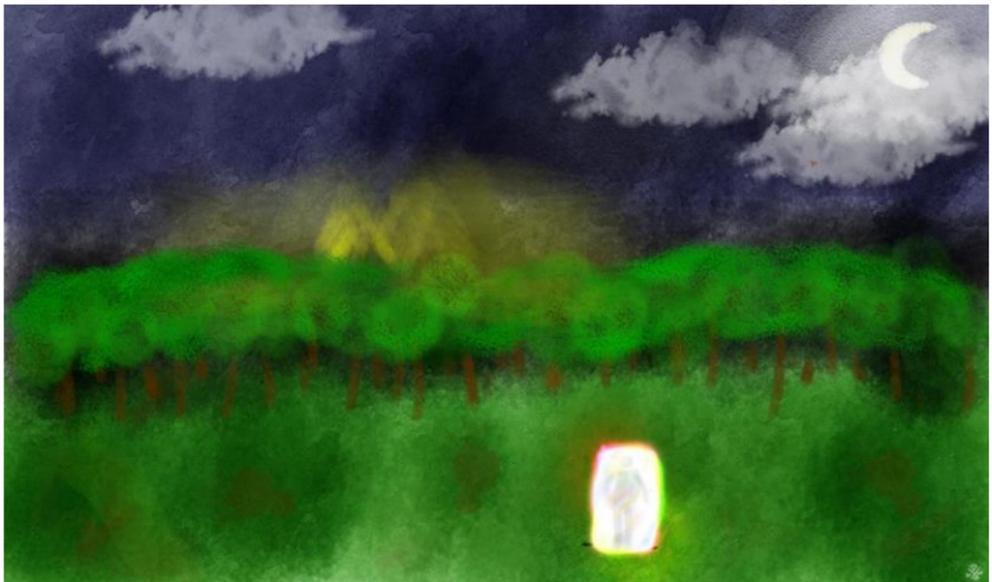
It seemed like forever all at once as the owl left it behind, but at the edge of forever a man was waiting to change the past and create a new future.

He was a man out of time, a creature from a different period.

Professor Jules Schreiber had made it to Woodstock, and he was on a mission to save a dead man.

To Be Continued...

Summer 2020



Professor Schreiber arrives at Woodstock.