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"Set Controls for the Heart of the Sun"

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**Description**
The nonfiction short "Set Controls for the Heart of the Sun" calls upon the inspiration of a Pink Floyd song to recall an out-of-body experience from my childhood.

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**About the Contributor**
Jesse Silk is a native of Northeast Ohio and an avid fan of many types of music and clever comedy. He aspires to continue to write in the fields of creative writing, academia, and music.

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I felt accomplished after building a Thomas the Tank Engine track that wound around most of the basement, so ventured upstairs to the living room. Other than my tiredness, I’m not sure what prompted my seven-year-old-self to merely sit down. But there I was, seated in a plush blue armchair, when I began to rise up from that place.

I don’t remember closing my eyes — what I do remember is floating above my body like Casper. And after I passed through the roof of our house, I was immediately on top of the clouds. But they were different clouds — not like the ones I’d seen out of the airplane window.

Then I saw God approaching me. He didn’t look as much like the wobbling weeble toys as I had pictured him in those days. He walked toward me in a sea of blue as I treded upon a cloud and looked below, seeing an endless expanse of universe. About all I can remember from our exchange was that I was in a part of heaven, and that I was negative four years old, waiting to be sent to earth to be born.

When my Pauline tour of God’s front yard had concluded, I was sent forward 11 years, right back into that cozy cerulean chair. About an hour later, we ate dinner.