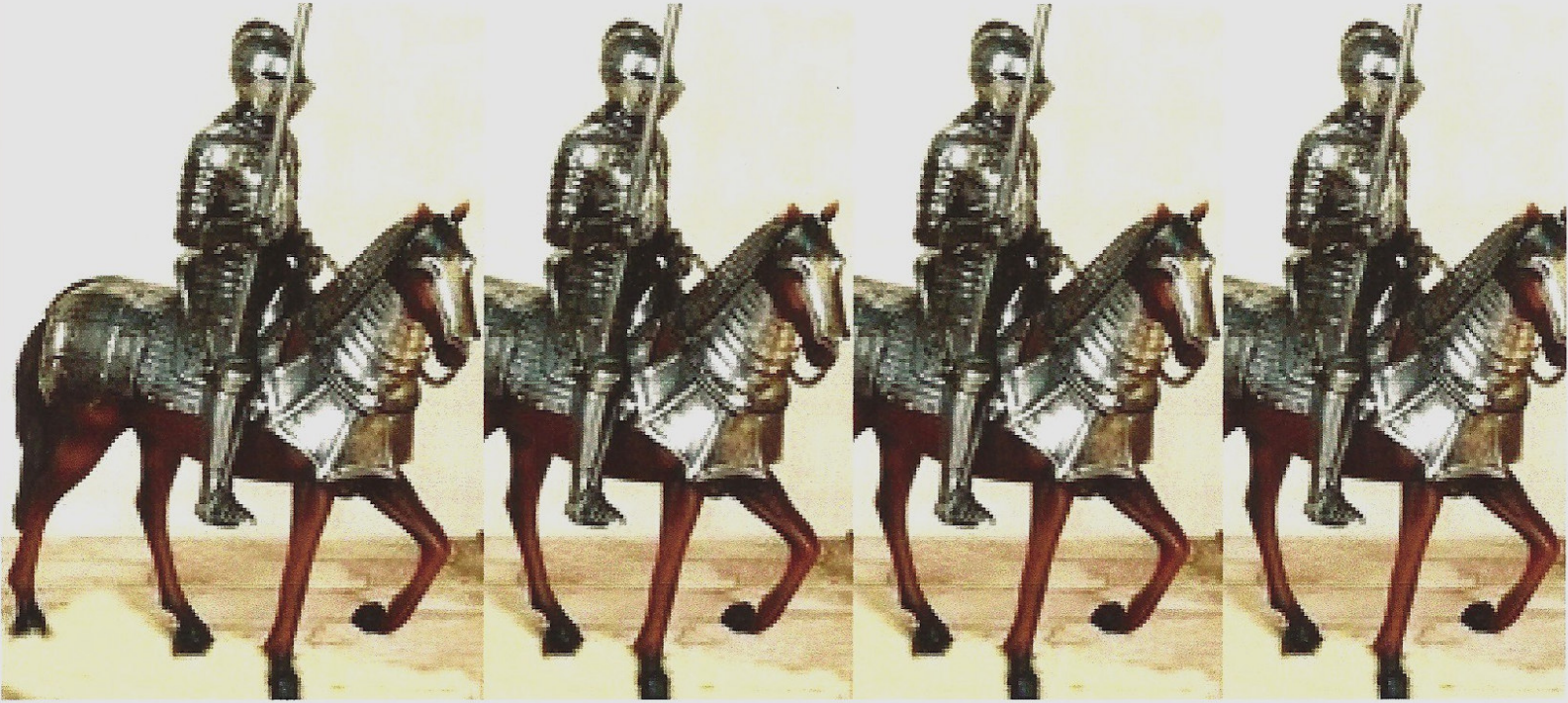


The Sound



of the Hoofs

By: Wesley J. Allen

Introduction

This is a story of a dream I had when I was four years old. I remembered it all my life because of the impact it had on me and because of a very strange and intriguing incident that occurred the next day.

I first wrote about the dream in 1991 when I was 35 years old, 5 days before my 36th birthday. I wrote it as an essay for Composition Class in college. I received a perfect grade on it and a couple comments from the professor that thrilled me so much I let out a whoop in class. The girl next to me glanced at my paper and said, "Oh why are you even taking the class?" I pasted a picture of the grade and the comments in their rightful place at the top of this reformatted version.

I had never understood what the sound in the dream was until writing about it and analyzing it from an adult perspective. I won't tell you what it was right now so you can read it and let your skin creep and your hair stand on end. I still don't know what the sound was that my mother heard the next day. That was really amazing!

In 1994 I added the Prologue to make it long enough for a Toastmaster speech and to try to fulfill the teacher's request in his comments. And now today in 2009, I am reformatting it and publishing it as a pdf E-book with its own book cover.

I think you will love the story. I loved writing it. The teacher said it is evocative. That means your adrenaline will flow and you will get a creepy feeling. I still do 50 years after the dream.

If you wish to use this writing, you certainly may. I hope you will honor the writer by giving me credit for it and using it for a good cause.

100

This is an excellent, evocative piece of writing. I would suggest you do 2 things: 1) try to get it published & 2) pursue the dream as it now affects you.

Wesley J. Allen
Eng 1613 T-Th 5:30-
Instructor, McNally
Essay # 3
Narration +
Description

THE SOUND OF THE HOOVES

The Sound of the Hoofs

"If you're not touching the piano," yelled my mother, "then what is that noise?" So clear and distinct was the sound that it made a shiver run through my body and caused my eyes to water. I stood there shocked and bewildered. I could feel the skin crawling upward on the back of my neck and the sensation of hairs standing on end. A wave of fear swept over me causing my words to be barely audible as I tried to answer my mother's question. "Oh, it's nothing," I said, though I wish I had been able to tell her about the dream.

I was four years old when this event took place. I had just had a dream the night before. In the dream I was hiding in the fireplace, watching, as horsemen rode through the house. They came in the front door, rode past the fireplace, and disappeared out the back door. There must have been hundreds of them, knights in armor carrying spears and shields and riding on stately, noble steeds which had chain mail blankets draped over their backs. The suits of armor clanked, and the chain mail blankets jingled, as these men of valor steadily marched their horses onward into the darkness of the night. The most prominent sound in the dream was the slow, steady pounding of the hoofs that timed itself with the rhythm of my heartbeat. This was the same sound we were hearing the next day when my mother asked, "What is that noise?" But what was it and where was it coming from?

Before my mother asked the question, I had already heard the sound; and I ran to the window to see if Mr. Schnabl's cows were coming down the road. Mr. Schnabl was the school bus driver who lived on the big farm at the top of the hill. Nearly every day he drove his cows down our country road to the big, green pasture at the end. The lead cow wore an old, battered and rusted, rectangular shaped bell that sounded just like the clank of the armor in the dream. Whenever I heard that bell and the sound of the pounding of the hoofs, I would run as fast as I could to get into the house for safety. More than once I was still out in the yard, and some distance from the house when the cows came over the hill and were suddenly all around me. There were hundreds of them; I'm just lucky I wasn't trampled. I was a fast and wiry little fellow at the age of four, and I would dodge in and out amongst those big beasts as I ran for the house.

That day when I looked out the window, I didn't see the cows. There was nothing outside making that sound. There was nothing in the house making that sound. My two brothers and sister, the only kids who weren't in school, were standing there with me. They weren't making that sound, and yet, there it was, the sound of the hoofs. Within minutes after my mother asked about it, the sound stopped; but for me it continued... for many years. Every time I laid the left side of my face against the pillow, there was that sound pounding in my ear, the sound of horses hoofs on hard ground steadily marching along, matching the rhythm of the beating of my heart.

Prologue

It's been 35 years since I had that dream; but I still remember it today just as clearly as if I were back there in that fireplace. To a child whose life was rich with fantasy and make believe, it was a spectacular event to see the knights in armor coming through the house. But there was also the feeling of heart-smothering fear to be so dangerously close to the horses' hoofs.

Dreams are so amazing! This one was made up of all these little things in my life: the cows hoofs, the lead cow bell, knights in armor from the story books the babysitter read, my fear of the cows, the house, the fireplace, and even my heartbeat. I am only able to analyze the dream these many years later looking back at it from an adult perspective.

To this day it makes my eyes water to think of the sound my mother and the rest of us heard that sounded like the low keys of the piano. I never have figured out what that was. The really amazing thing is that even now, whenever I lay the left side of my face against the pillow, the sound is still there. From the time of that dream at age four I have not been able to sleep on my left side. If I try, the sound in my ear keeps me awake. I am much older and wiser now and I know that the sound is not horses hoofs. The sound that had such an effect on this child's life, and caused me to remember the dream all these years, is the sound- of the rhythm- of the beating of my heart.

by: Wesley J. Allen
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My websites are:

www.PatrioticAmericanMemoryTraining.com I do memorized presentations of long documents of history and scripture and teach Memory Techniques.

www.InternationalEbookLibrary.com Publish and sell your writings as E-books.

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