

# Get Thee to a Nunnery

*by* Ian Wolff

I was in a nunnery wondering how I wound up in the midst of so many nuns as it wasn't my nature to hang out with nuns. I find them tedious and redundant, though I do have to say I appreciate their economy with words. You never really saw a nun going off her rocker or if she did they shuttled her off pronto and locked her up in some thick-doored attic room. No, these nuns I found myself in the midst of were a solid bunch. They ran a tight ship. They mostly stood there in their habits, whispering occasionally in the hushed silence as if God was having a drink in the corner. While I didn't make it my habit (no pun intended) to hang out with nuns, since I was already there I figured I should go along with the game, since I couldn't explain how I got there, and it was likely out of my power to get myself out.

I looked down at my hands and arms to see if I had a habit on. Nope. I had my jean jacket that I favored in the early summer months, which, theoretically it still was, since it had been before I wound up in the convent or nunnery or whatever they're called. Although, if you stop to think about it, the fact that I was here pretty much meant it could be any month of the year and any year for that matter, since there was virtually no way I could be here in the first place save a total breakdown of the cosmic fabric, which would imply that it could be any month or year or day of the week or universe for that matter.

I stayed rooted to the spot. I will admit that I was a bit terrified. There is something very sinister about a room full of nuns standing in the dark in a dark nunnery or convent lit only by tallow candles that gave off a rancid stench from the belching black smoke rising from the dour flames. So I'm not the most courageous guy around. Sue me. It's not as if I was asking for any medals or anything. I would have been happy to click my heels together and wind up back in Kansas. Anywhere but this creepy S&M dungeon.

I had been there for what seemed like hours (though it was probably not more than a few minutes) with no change except occasionally the whispering would change pitch from barely detectable to just above a low whisper. There was no making out what they were saying. Hell, I could hardly make them out in the dim light. But they were there all right. Had to be around fifteen of them situated randomly throughout the large room. They were facing all directions and none of them seemed to be addressing any of the others directly. It was all very bizarre.

Luckily it was only a dream. But when I opened my eyes on that sunny May day I didn't feel much relief. The dream had been so realistic, so tactile that I couldn't shake the feeling that a rent in the universe had opened up while I slept and I had stepped inside it. Part of me wishes I asked one of the nuns something or other. Some kind of question like where are we or who are you or what is this place? But, in the end, it was probably better not to know.

