

2002 01 22 Tuesday Dean Koontz Disappearing Objects

DK: “You know, I once had a, ah, little, personal experience then. This sounds terribly mundane, but when you think about it – *as I have all my life since this happened* – ah, it ... it ... it argues for me the existence of these *parallel realities*.

When my wife and I were living in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania for a number of years, ah, we rented an apartment. And in this apartment there was a dinette area adjacent to the kitchen.

We had, ah, got in a nice dining room suite and it was, ah, you know, we were very proud of our first good furniture ... .”

AB: “Sure.”

DK: “And we were sitting at dinner one night – and we lived in this apartment about three (3) years – and we were sitting at dinner one night and I dropped a ... a fork. It fell alongside my chair and went under the table.

When I pulled out my chair and got down to look under the table ... *I could not find the fork – it had disappeared.*”

AB: (laughs).

DK: “I crawled all over that room. I searched behind the ... the buffet. **I looked everywhere – we never found that fork (!)**”

AB: “**Gone!**”

DK: “Now, about a year or more went by, and we had guests at dinner. ...

(Nothing like that ever happened again.

I tried to repeat it. I threw silverware under there. I threw *everything* under there. *Nothing at any angle would repeat that event!*)

Ah, but about a year or so later we had some guests at dinner, and the gentleman dropped his napkin [serviette] – it slid off his lap. And he said: ‘Oh, I dropped my napkin.’ And he pulled out his chair and went down to get it. And his napkin – **he couldn’t find it!**

And, ah ...”

AB: (laughs).

DK: "... then I told him the story of what happened to my fork ... *and we spent the larger part of that dinner with him repeatedly trying to lose another napkin, fork – whatever he could!*

Ah, I've never written or spoken of that incident.

But after I wrote, ah, *From the Corner of His Eye*, I got fascinating stories from people saying: 'I have had incidents in my life that tell me there is somewhere else that ... that things can cross-over to.'

And those stories have just piled up ever since *From the Corner of His Eye* came out to the point where ..."

AB: "Yes?"

DK: "... they're very intelligent, very coherent stories, ..."

AB: "Oh, I know."

DK: "... and I have come to believe them."

AB: "Oh, I know."

Believe me, I know. I get the very same stories.

And, ah, people are of course hesitant to tell them really to anybody else other than, for example, yourself or my- ... myself, because they know other people are just not going to listen.

**But, ah, what you said is absolutely right (!)**

Ah, things, ah, occasionally, ah, *those 'Swiss cheese holes,' ah, line up for just perhaps an instant ... and strange things either happen or can be seen!*"

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