

## OUR PECULIAR QUARANTINE

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We ate, drank, read and played music. Magical music as it turned out. Sheila was listening to “That Old Black Magic” on a Sinatra CD, while I had the record player in an adjacent room spinning out “Witchcraft” by Sarah Vaughan. Then our beagle butted the door open and the two songs met: “Cause it’s witchcraft/Wicked witchcraft/and although I know it’s strictly taboo” melding with “Round and round I go, up and down I go/In a spin, loving the spin I’m in/Under that old black magic called love.”

Suddenly everything changed, the light, the music, and us. I don’t know what Sheila heard in the now, but the last thing I heard in real time and space was Sarah singing “Round and round I go, up and down I go/Like a leaf that’s caught in the tide.” And like that leaf, we were swirled like dervishes into another dimension through a portal of time. The first thing I saw in the there was my mother and grandmother strolling me down pre-Pearl Harbor Dauphin Street. I’d hoped to get some Planter’s Peanuts but in a blink of an eye, I was in the Navy and in the Bahamas. So I went fishing.



Another blink and I was on the island of Newfoundland (“the rock”) standing on April ice. Then I met the prettiest, smartest, nicest girl I’d ever imagined. She introduced me to her friend, Sheila, who was babysitting her nephew. Another blink and we’re in Mobile, building a garage apartment while both working full time and going to college. Youth is handy while you’ve got it. No time for photos though.

Next thing I know we're in Alaska, where even witchcraft could not access the hundreds of slides taken over a 22 year stay of glaciers, volcanoes, the Northern lights, moose, caribou and musk ox, three kinds of bears, wolves and wolverines, seals, walrus and whales, (oh my), salmon, trout and halibut, loons, eagles and swans, sea otters, etc., etc. I did find a newspaper clipping of me feeding a pineapple to an injured moose.



While in Alaska we vacationed in Hawaii and other Pacific islands, where Sheila claims she taught me how to fish. And now, this time in a wink, we're back, courtesy of a bipolar vortex



Sheila's MOJO was working better than mine and she brought some of her youth back with her.

Back unscathed and still tired of quarantine we attempted to enter the portal by a different means. We put on FOX News and MSNBC and the doorway between the rooms burst into flames and cruelly critical screams and shouts merged into a Shakespearean diatribe full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. So we did "Stardust," by Sinatra, and "Stars Fell on Alabama" by CARMEN Lombardo. "And now the purple dusk of twilight time/Steals across the meadows of my heart/High up in the sky the little stars climb/Always reminding me that we're apart," merging with "We lived our little drama/We kissed in a field of white/And stars fell on Alabama/Last night."

We waited to be whirled and twirled again but we were home.



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