

The idea came to him slowly, bit by bit. In the beginning it wasn't one, or even close to that, an idea. More the wisps and swirls of thoughts so lacking in form or substance that they pass through the mind just touching there, a soft caress or a gentle poke, leaving hardly a trace. But yet, enough deposited, enough remained, that over time they condensed into firmer forms, and finally then they coalesced; the idea was born.

The motivation for it, quite fittingly termed a cure, was not mere whimsy, not inconsequential in the least. No, the need arose, the want most critical, of dire necessity, to find the cause of **It**.

It was a brutal sensation, seemingly never ending, the pounding headache and the light so searing, despite the closing of his eyes tightly, it would not diminish nor fade with time. He likened the sensation to the approach of death. *A portent to my demise*, he thought? He considered the possibility at times though rarely with serious intent, all the while his very essence struggled within, to maintain some potency against the constant onslaught, from **It**.

Never before, in times past, was he aware of the existence of **It**, even some most recent events, to which he recalled to mind on occasion, but much less now than before, though he couldn't fathom why. He would recount to himself some important achievement, a glowing peer review or professional recognition, to which he would attach no pain of notable measure, that devilish ache which now twisted his brow and warped his vision. **It** made its presence known just recently, or so he believed, the precise occurrence seemed dim and foggy to his mind, the effect he was sure from the malady itself; the malaise was somehow strangling his acclaimed command of reason and methodical regulation. Even now as he struggled to remember, only ghostly images came to mind, the before and after somehow mixed, the step across between the two strangely expelled from his view. Again, he blamed the ill itself, bringing to bear some unearthly power, able to diminish his wealth of intellect and thus evade his acute analytic examination.

Not by chance, it was his passion, a natural talent for analytic examination, more precisely his livelihood, the noble pursuit of Anomalistic Psychology, to which he brought a single minded dedication. Since his childhood, that much he knew, the inclination towards that discipline was always there, lurking surreptitiously about. To his father's delight, he took an interest in the work, not just happen stance that it was of similar vein and similar passion to his own. To him, the entire process was delightfully intriguing; the collection of raw data, the sorting and classifying of empirical evidence, and ultimately the analysis which would lead to some result yet unknown, revealed by scrupulously detailed and calculated graphs and charts, the conclusion then undeniable and irrefutable.

You might ask, and rightly so, why one would suffer **It** alone, and not seek a remedy from those of a medical persuasion. The answer is plain and simple, to him at least. He would not suffer their probes and prodding, their cold metal contraptions and chemical collections. It was most likely due to a childhood trauma; his youngest brother was taken by cholera at an early age, he himself barely surviving. The medical experts, charlatans in his view, were helpless and confused, their efforts for naught. Ever since then he strived to keep himself fit and follow a most healthful regimen of diet and vigorous activity, and no less important the correct amount of work and sleep, not wavering in the slightest across his many years of living. Until that day when **It** befell him, it seemed successful, the evidence found in preceding times when he suffered no ills, not even the slightest intestinal turbulence; the evil commotion quite often visited upon his friends and colleagues. The result was then guaranteed, that being his disparaging view of medicine and the like; no other course was an option, the longer his success and resistance held, the more solid his conviction became.