

That Lightheaded Feeling



Buddy was feeling lightheaded again. Seemed to happen every time he had that spicy Thai dish – what was it? “Piquant prawn with embedded shark teeth?” Something like that. Not only lightheaded, but dehydrated. Why, his throat was as dry as one of old Professor Farnsworth’s lectures on the history of spats. He was starting to get a chill because he seemed to be sitting against a cold, stone wall, though how he got there he had no idea. He tried to stand up but found that his legs had gone to sleep. Indeed, he couldn’t seem to move at all! His arms felt so heavy that he couldn’t even lift *them*. He tried to turn his head to the left, and was unable to even do that! *Now just calm down*, he told himself. *Take a deep breath*. And that’s *really* when he began to sense that things were awry – because, no matter how hard he struggled to inhale, *he couldn’t!* His lungs simply refused to respond! Why, he might as well be a ... a ghost! And suddenly, as had occurred all too often during the last week, the eerie strains of “The Poltergeist Polka” crept into his head. He wanted to scream, but, of course, his vocal cords weren’t working, either. *Must be a dream*, thought Buddy. ***Has to be. So I’ll just close my eyes and wake up back in my bed at home.*** Regrettably, Buddy likewise had no control over his eyelids. So he just continued to stare off into the distance as the midnight moon shone down on his wraithlike body. Gee, Buddy, hope you feel better soon!