

# CHAPTER ONE

From The Very First

Let me introduce myself. My name is Nikki Jane Goldman, and I would like to tell you a story, which really happened to me. I was born in a smaller town in the 1980s, in former Czechoslovakia, now the Czech Republic in Europe. Czechoslovakia was under the control of the communist regime until 1990. As in all countries of Eastern Europe, everything Western, American or imperial was considered bad and evil, and it was forbidden by governmental organizations for sure.

I do not smoke, take drugs or drink alcohol. I started being interested in paranormal activities in my early thirties, so rather late.

I have a mother, father, and older brother. We were never religious in any way and never talked about God at home. We never went to a church. Paranormal stuff has always been taboo. In fact, out of the question. Whoever talked about something like that, was considered a crazy person.

My mom Hana is very nice, dear, sweet lady and a devoted wife. She always looked after me and my brother. She raised us in the best of her knowledge and beliefs. Unfortunately, when she was 45 years old, she got seriously ill and has been on a disability pension since then.

My father Pavel is a bus driver. When we were young, he worked a lot and was not often at home. He used to be strict and sometimes rude, but also a fun, lively and funny man. His biggest hobbies are a collection of firearms of all kinds and learning about World War II.

Despite everything, I like him very much. Not only because I was born the same day as him.

We were always very close with my brother Pavel. He is older by only a year and a half. We spent all our time together and shared one bedroom throughout childhood. My life would have been probably much harder without him, and I would have been sadder than I actually have been.

He was always friendly, kind, determined, smart, clever, skillful and able to cope with different situations. We were inseparable. We understood each other without saying a word. But that's not all...

# CHAPTER TWO

## Nightmares In Broad Daylight

One of the interesting facts of my life is that I started to speak quite early, probably when I was only one year old. I spoke my own language. When I was two years old, it irritated me every time that my parents and everyone around called me “Jana”. “That’s not my name!” I fumed. “My name is not Jana!”

This name still makes me crazy. I hate it. I told everyone to not call me so, but nobody listened to me over the years.

Even before Pavel began going to school, we are debating.

“So what is your name?” Pavel asked me when we played with toys in a small children’s room.

I frowned at my brother. “My name is Tom.”

Pavel the smart-aleck also frowned.

“I cannot call you that.”

“Why not? It’s my name,” I told him almost in tears.

“I used to have a different name, too, but I’m Pavel now. Well, I like it,” the brother said. “If you want, I’ll call you Tom on one condition.”

“Which one?”

“Only when we are alone. Not in front of our parents. They would be angry.”

“Agreed,” I crowed happily.

So we shook our hands on confirmation of the agreement. Since then my brother regularly called me by my former name Tom until I was twelve years.

I did not perceive it strange at all. Nobody did and I was happy. However, it happened a few times that my brother called me Tom in front of our auntie or our parents or in front of other children outdoors.

A lot of kids on the estate have thought that I was a boy for a long time. I was known as Pavel’s younger brother Tom. Fortunately, few people registered the difference. We’ve always looked at each other in a moment of awareness. We froze right there.

“It’s a game, you know,” brother answered calmly to each adult.

Pavel could ever cope without cumbersome thinking or invent. He was simply an egghead!

I was born in a small district town about 200 kilometers from the capital city of Prague and I lived with my parents in a small town where my mother came from. Soon we had to move to another small town where my dad came from and a year later we moved again, this time to the city of Prague.

In 1984, when I was about two years old, I can clearly remember how I intently watched my mother, father, and brother while playing.

I watched them and then I said, completely calm strange sentence.

“Mom, you’re not my mother,” I hissed.

Mom started to laugh.

“Come on. And who am I?”

“You’re a nice lady, but I have another mother,” I insisted.

Mom frowned. “You cannot have a different mother. I’m your mother. And stop talking nonsense.”

I had her really frustrated with it.

“I want to go home,” I sat unhappily cross-legged on the carpet.

“You are at home,” my father said. “This is your home.”

“This is not my home. I want to go home to my mother,” I started to cry sadly. “Who is your mother?” my mom asked angrily. “What’s her name? And where does she live?”

I do not remember what I answered. It is possible that I mentioned her name, or I described her as my present mother. She was Caucasian, nice character, brown wavy longer hair. Again and again, I remember the picture of my ex-mother somewhere near the water. It was a sunny day and she was standing knee-deep in blue water, wearing a one-piece swimsuit with flowers on. She laughs at me and waving her hands to go into the water too. I cannot tell if it is a sea or a lake. So this is how I always remembered my former mother in fragmentary memories.

From an early age, I was annoyed that I was not at home. Until now, I have absolutely no relationship to the place where I was born and raised. That’s odd, isn’t it? I’ve painted many watercolor pictures or dry-erase markers or with colored pencils when I was about four years old.

“What is it?” mom turned the paper upside down picture like from Picasso.

“This is my house,” I replied.

“And this?” mom looked at a strange squiggle.

“That’s my dog,” I smiled.

Since my childhood, I argued that I had a dog, German shepherd.

“And this is who? Me?” mom asked.

“No. It’s me,” I pointed my finger at the scrawl importantly.

I do not know why I always painted a guy with a dog and a house over and over.

“Where is your house?” my mother inquired.

I wanted to respond because I clearly saw the address and street sign right before my eyes, but they did not seem familiar.

“I cannot read,” I sighed at the image.