

*2013 excerpt from a Madeira Desouza eBook originally published on [Smashwords](#).*

I am in the year Nineteen Ninety-One behind the wheel driving a brand new Ford Explorer on Interstate 40 in Arizona. Somehow, I am fully clothed. I notice that I am wearing blue jeans, brown cowboy boots, and a green T-shirt that someone other than myself chose for me. Like I'm an actor who is playing a part. This actor wears the costuming provided by the wardrobe department. I will never understand exactly how the GBHP technology accomplishes this clever clothing trick. I presume that if a machine can successfully transport a living human being successfully to and from the past without killing him, then fabricating some clothing for him would not be much a challenge.

I know exactly where I am—nearing the outskirts of Kingman heading towards the west. From having taken this trip between Phoenix and Las Vegas so many times on Interstate 11, I think I could drive this in my sleep. Maybe not today in Nineteen Ninety-One. The drive looks very different to me because there is no Interstate 11 yet. That won't exist until well into the Twenty-First Century. Now all I have before me is that old fashioned, two-lane state highway winding its way through the desert. I do know that I will soon arrive in the Bullhead area near the casinos situated on the Colorado River where Arizona, California, and Nevada all come together.

I think I know who I am, but I also know that I cannot trust my own memory. I remember the longhaired guy wearing only blue jeans that I watched so brutally die. "Hey, dead cowboy," I say aloud to myself. "Or, maybe you're a dead Indian? Can you hear me? Is your ghost out there floating in the desert skies?" There is no reply. Why am I so surprised? "I was with you. In the spirit world, perhaps. I got a feeling that you are not mortal."

I try to assess what I am able to remember. I believe what Doctor Oswald told me. I travel in time. I repair timelines in the past on Earth. But, I don't know why.

I can remember parts of my job. I am employed by the agency whose name civilians on Earth do not know. The agency is top secret and any mention of the name verbally or in text will certainly result in severe punishment.

The agency allows us agents to choose an era on Earth in which to live when we are not on duty. I distinctly remember my training when I first joined the service: The agency says all of us agents who travel in time are required to have some semblance of a normal life somewhere in the past so that we can develop emotional stability and maturity. In other words, the agency wants us to remain centered despite the mind-boggling experiences time travel agents routinely face.

Too bad that did not work out for me! My choice to live in my off-duty time back in the late Twentieth Century failed to promote emotional stability for me. I remember that failure quite well. I wish that I could stop remembering Katherine Snowe, the woman that I married. She was my attempt to seek emotional stability like all good time travel agents are required to do.

Black Saturday is how I remember the day that she and I were married. It was in the year Nineteen Seventy-Eight in my birthplace, Sedona, Arizona. The venue I chose for the ceremony was the little-known Spanish Mission named after Saint Louis of Toulouse, a small adobe church that was built during the Eighteenth Century. The wedding ceremony was on the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

The holiday season provided Katherine Snowe with the opportunity to wear blood red as the color of choice for the gown she wore in the Roman Catholic ceremony. Father Timothy MacMillan had the distinct scent of liquor on his breath as he stood before me. When he genuflected, he lost his balance, barely managing to keep from collapsing onto me.

His left foot slid into the silver holy water vessel. Following a muted clanging, the spill traveled down the centuries-old adobe steps with apparent determination. The shiny white vases holding the red and green holly bushes wrapped in gold foil caught the holy water before it could splash onto my astonished bride.

She was not Catholic. She confided in me her fear that I would conspire with the Vatican and the Holy Father (as if I knew him personally) to have her surreptitiously baptized against her will during the marriage ceremony. She looked over at me and smiled wryly at having escaped the imaginary threats of the dreaded Roman Catholic holy water.

I knew that marrying Katherine Snowe was a terrible mistake. I quite clearly was aware of the grievous error I was making as I walked down the aisle of the old mission towards the doom that I awaited me at the altar of the almighty God of “The One True Church.”

Most of the wedding ceremony is merely a foggy blur to me after so many years have passed. But, I do remember the honeymoon. My new wife passed out too early in our Sedona honeymoon suite on the king size bed with the red comforter. The bottle of Spanish sparkling wine that she singlehanded finished that night rendered her unconscious quickly.

We could not and did not consummate our marriage on Christmas Eve. I ended up masturbating alone in the romantic, oversized oval tub with silver tiles in that Sedona honeymoon suite. I fantasized about being serviced in that tub by young, muscular men who washed my body carefully and respectfully like I knew I deserved. This was not how I expected my wedding night to turn out. The soft warm water washed my tears and semen down the drain together.

Perhaps the core problem was that a marriage between one man and one woman must be built upon a central truth that both people are heterosexual. I was only pretending. I remember how much I wanted to pretend convincingly that I was straight. Feeling attracted to other men felt natural to me, but I told myself that I did not want to be attracted to other men and that I could somehow control what I felt deep inside. My Roman Catholic upbringing had programmed me since I was a young child to disavow any other sexual activity than officially sanctioned procreation of new Soldiers for Jesus Christ. The centuries-old Roman Catholic legacy of bishops and priests who forced themselves sexually upon young boys somehow was excluded from my church history lessons.

My new wife was too self-absorbed in her mental illness to know the truth about my sexual orientation. I did have sex with her. I just never enjoyed it. She never knew that I didn't enjoy sex with her because she did not enjoy sex with me. She was so unbalanced and self-tormenting. More importantly, she was absent emotionally from our relationship. All I had was an official marriage license from the State of Arizona, official sanction from the Roman Catholic Church, and a heterosexual female as my bride. Many men would find all that was more than enough to make their life complete. I am not one of those men.

Although I proved to be unsuccessful in pretending to be straight while living in the past, at least I can say that I did what the agency wanted. I chose the late Twentieth Century as where I would spend my off-duty time. It was an era before science eventually proves conclusively that sexual identity is hard-wired in every human being and cannot be altered whatsoever by individual will or religion or anything manmade. You are who you are sexually. Even if you happen to feel uncomfortable with who you are sexually, you can never change. I found that I could lie to myself and to others when I lived in the late Twentieth Century. I believed wholeheartedly that nobody in that ancient time would learn the truth that I was gay. I was deluding myself, of course.