

The Death of John Lennon (as I once dreamt)  
by David Knuckles

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The dream of my high school reunion, where many of us played hide and go seek in the house I grew up in had long ended and a new one had begun. At full speed, a sense of control the quartet was so used to was slipping away. Though my perspective is from the vehicle, I do not claim to be the fifth Beatle, but merely a presence, there to bring bad luck. It all happened so fast, as we whipped through the dark and rural intersection. Rain appeared as we climbed out of the car one by one, though not enough to put out the fire that now lit the night. More cars began to appear. We were stranded, with too much commotion to find a way out.

John was dead, and soon the world would know. Were we guilty? Guilty enough to want to flee the scene, desperately. Stick together, Ringo and I thought. That's when Paul hopped in a moving vehicle and drove away. His combover turned toward the middle seat to hide his face. I couldn't believe it, Ringo seemed used to it. Finally, it was Paul's opportunity to be our undisputed leader and he bails, leaving us in the rain like he didn't even know us. But there was no time to process Paul's betrayal, nor could we grieve John's death just yet. We needed to protect ourselves, get out of there before the press had their way. But where the fuck was George? Ringo and I looked around, for like a second, and then made a dash for the corner apartment building overlooking the intersection in which the crash had taken place. Ringo sees a familiar face through the window and bolts to knock on the door. "John's dead" Ringo says walking passed a welcoming John F. Kennedy. This was an urgent matter, and the President needed to understand that. And to our luck, he was already dressed to the nines in a blue suit, red tie, and his ever-present dark circles.

I could continue into a middle that involves riding the Air Force One to Camp David where perhaps Marilyn Monroe awaits us. I could even end this story by rewriting another icon's death. But the truth is, I woke up. That's all I saw. Ringo and I walked into the apartment and we can all assume that the President helped us out. He and Ringo seemed to be close friends – I'm sure he was closer to the other three but that's neither here nor there. So instead of lying about this dream, making up a shocking ending, I plummeted straight down a Kennedy rabbit hole. I looked at the family tree and into the glaring curse that looms over them. Who was left? Quite a few actually. Who was next? I shall sleep tonight and find out.