

The Dreaded El Rashin

During an extremely severe Pacific Coast thunderstorm in the city of Long Beach, Walt Trimble and I wandered out to his front porch to watch the early evening lightning display.

Following an unusually large thunderclap, on impulse, Walt thrust his hands, palms upward toward the heavens and, inventing the name of a mythical deity on the spot, shouted, "El Rashin, strike the unbelievers!"

At that immediate moment by freak coincidence, a lightning bolt crashed into the pole at the corner, exploding its power transformer.

An unknown neighbor in one half of the duplex across the street, hearing Walt shout and witnessing the explosion, momentarily stood on her front porch petrified, staring at the six foot six man with a full length beard and bed-disheveled shoulder length hair.

Finally, recovering from the shock, the woman wheeled about and darted into her home. There was a professional moving van in front of the apartment the following day and the woman was never seen again. She evidently had fled in terror from the ominous priest of the dreaded "El Rashin".

Leroy Dumont