

DEEPAK CHOPRA PRESENTS

india authentic™

GANESHA



Virgin
COMICS

DEEPAK CHOPRA PRESENTS GANESHA

india authentic™

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GANESHA IS A STATE OF AWARENESS



Gods and Goddesses of Vedic literature are often looked upon as external deities, when in fact they are symbolic and specific expressions of higher archetypal states of consciousness. When that archetypal state of consciousness is expressed or incarnates through us, we become capable of grand and extraordinary accomplishments.

Lord Ganesha is one of the most popular archetypal expressions. Every aspect of his appearance expresses a faculty of higher consciousness. He has an enormous head because he's a deep thinker, and, having mastered the ability to go inward beyond his internal dialogue, he eavesdrops on the mind of the cosmos. He knows that the ground of being beyond his mental activity is the ground of existence beyond all the intelligent activity of the Universe. His large flapping ears indicate that he is a deep listener. He listens with the instruments of the flesh, the mind, and the soul. His elephant's trunk denotes power as well as discernment. It can uproot a tree and also pick out a needle in a haystack. He has two tusks, one broken and one whole, to remind him that life comes in pairs of opposites. However, he knows enlightened awareness means going beyond opposites—good and evil, light and shadow, sacred and profane. He has a huge stomach because he takes on everyone's problems and creatively "digests" them. Frequently he wears a snake as a belt, a symbolic expression of subduing the ego. His four hands hold a rope for climbing the tree of knowledge, an axe to destroy ignorance, a book of sacred wisdom (Vedas) and the fruit of knowledge, respectively. One foot is in the ground and the other is elevated because he is simultaneously local and non-local, imminent and transcendent, in this world and not of it, time-bound and timeless all at the same time. A mouse is frequently seen beside his feet reminding us that even in higher consciousness, greed can be a temptation. Two Goddesses stand by his side, the first one is Siddhi. She represents super-natural powers. The other one is Riddhi who represents control over the elements and forces of nature.

Each and every God in the pantheon, like Ganesha, represents various forces and elements that lay in embryo in each of us. Look at Ganesha. Emulate him. Cultivate the qualities of consciousness that he represents in your awareness and you too can become the remover of obstacles, the Lord of knowledge, with two beautiful goddesses Siddhi and Riddhi as your allies. Now that's a real superhero.

Deepak Chopra





THE HEART OF THE COSMOS
IS DUALITY...A BALANCE OF
ANTITHESSES, THE CYCLE OF
LIFE AND DEATH.

EVERY BIRTH
EVENTUALLY LEADS
TO DEATH, AND DEATH
BEGETS NEW LIFE.

LIKE A KARMIC KALEIDOSCOPE,
EACH TWIST AND TURN IN THIS
ETERNAL CYCLE UNLEASHES A NEW
PATTERN. THE SILENT REVOLUTIONS
OF THIS COSMIC WHEEL PRODUCE
IN THEIR WAKE A COLLECTION
OF MEMORIES.



IN THE END, THIS IS ALL THERE IS.
THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL THINGS IS
BUT A HANDFUL OF MOMENTS, SOME
THAT WE CHERISH, OTHERS WHOSE
PASSING WE LAMENT--A LEGACY OF
DRIFTING INSTANCES, LIKE GRAINS
OF SAND IN ONE'S FIST.

CURSED ARE THOSE THAT
FORGET THEIR MEMORIES, FOR
IN DOING SO, THEY FORGET
PARTS OF THEMSELVES, LITTLE BY
LITTLE, MOMENT BY MOMENT.

BUT WHAT OF THOSE THAT
NEVER FORGET? FOR EVERY
SMILE ONE REMEMBERS, THERE
IS A TORRENT OF TEARS THAT
HAUNTS THE HEART.

IMAGINE THEN, WHAT
IT MUST BE LIKE FOR
AN ELEPHANT, FOR IT
IS SAID THAT...



... ELEPHANTS
NEVER FORGET!

CREATED BY EURYTHMICS CO-FOUNDER DAVE STEWART
WRITTEN BY JEFF PARKER (X-Men:First Class; Interman)

DAVE STEWART'S

WALK IN

TM



"SPECIAL
ISSUE WITH
STORY AND ART BY
JEFF PARKER"

Virgin
COMICS

ISSUE 6



ON STANDS MAY 2007

LIFE IS A
MYSTERIOUS
THING.

FOR WHAT
DOES IT MEAN
TO BE TRULY
ALIVE?

WHAT IS IT TRULY THAT
BRINGS AN INANIMATE
FORM TO LIFE?

I CLAIM NOT TO KNOW
THE ANSWER, BUT IF I
WERE TO VENTURE
FOR ONE...

...I WOULD
CHOOSE LOVE.

FWHOOSH

WHAT MAKES LIFE
TRULY WORTH LIVING
IS LOVE.

AND THERE IS
NO LOVE PURER...



ISSUE 11

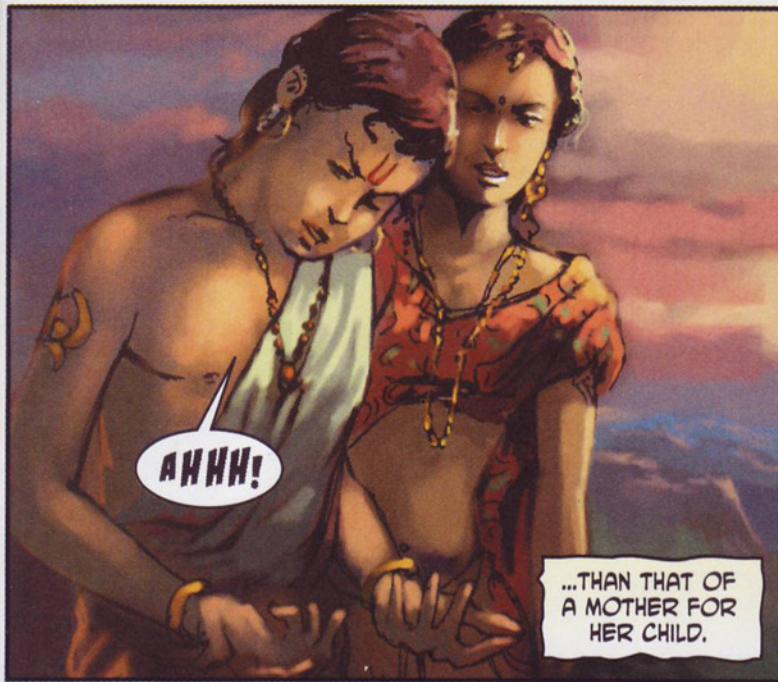
SHEKHAR KAPUR'S

DEV

TM

NEW STORY
ARC!

ON STANDS MAY 2007



THAT IS A LESSON THE HEART LEARNS WITHOUT BEING TOLD, THE FIRST SPARK OF WISDOM THAT TWINKLES IN THE EYES OF A NEWBORN.



...AND THIS, MY SON, IS OUR HOME...

IT IS... BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

THIS IS KAILASH, THE GREATEST OF MOUNTAINS...

...AND I AM UMA, THE ALL-MOTHER.



IT IS THE DEAR WISH OF
EVERY SON TO REMAIN
FOREVER IN A WORLD WHERE
THERE IS A NARY A SOUL
BUT HIM AND HIS MOTHER.



FOR SHE IS THE ONLY ONE
WHO GIVES UNTO HIM WITH
SELFLESSNESS, PUTTING HIS
WHIMS BEFORE HERSELF.



IT IS SHE WHO TEACHES
HIM THE ART OF BEING A
PERSON, COMPLETE
AND WHOLE.

IT TAKES TIME FOR A SON TO COMPREHEND THAT HIS MOTHER HAS OTHER ROLES, THAT OTHERS HAVE CLAIM ON HER, AS DO HIS SIBLINGS, AS DOES HIS SIRE.



THE MOTHER IS PATIENT. SHE EXPLAINS.

MY CHILD, A MOTHER'S LOVE DOES NOT DECREASE IF SHE HAS NOT BUT ONE CHILD. IT IS ONE WHICH IS TRULY ENDLESS IN THIS UNIVERSE. THE MORE IT IS SHARED, THE MORE IT GROWS.



WILL YOU, MY SON, GUARD THIS THRESHOLD AND LET NO ONE PASS LEST THEY INTERRUPT MY COMMUNION?



THE CHILD LEARNS AND IT REAFFIRMS HIS RESPECT FOR HER.



IT IS A LESSON THAT THE SON LEARNS...

...ONE OF HUMILITY...

AM UMA, I AM THE ALL-MOTHER, BUT I TOO AM SHAKTI, THE POWER-DIVINE!

...A SENSE OF SELFLESS PURPOSE...



...TO OBEY EVERY WORD OF THE MOTHER.

I PROMISE YOU, MOTHER, NONE SHALL CROSS THIS THRESHOLD AS LONG AS A BREATH IS LEFT IN MY BODY.



...TO CARRY OUT HER WISHES TO THE FULLEST.

...AND IF HE MAKES A PROMISE.

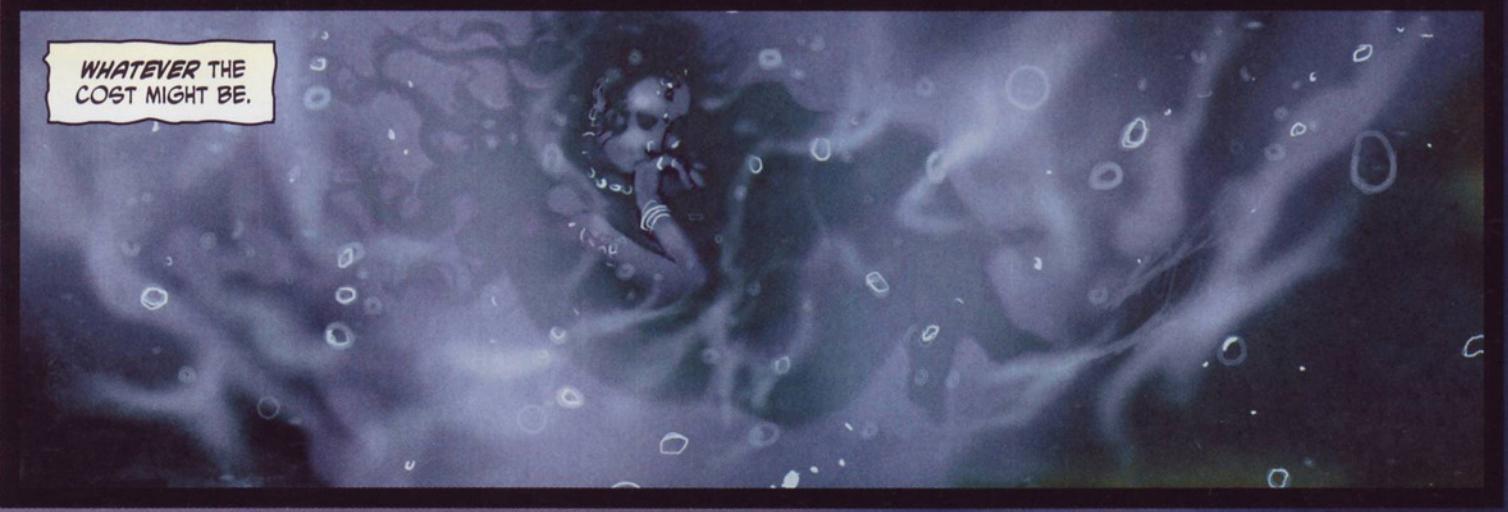
...HE INTENDS TO KEEP IT.

COME HELL OR HIGHWATER...

...A COMMITMENT TO BE HONORED.



WHATEVER THE COST MIGHT BE.



AS THE CHILD WATCHED THE ALL-MOTHER ENTER THE LAKE OF ETERNITY FOR HER COSMIC COMMUNION, LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT THE DIE OF FATE HAD ALREADY BEEN CAST. HE KNEW NOT OF HER CONSPIRATOR, LORD SHIVA WHO WAS RETURNING FROM A LONG SOJOURN IN THE SOLITUDE OF THE HIMALAYAS.

CALL FOR NANDI!



GO AND INFORM LADY UMA THAT WE HAVE RETURNED FROM OUR ICY SOJOURN AND THAT SHE SHOULD GRACE US WITH HER PRESENCE.



YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, MY LORD!



CHILD, I AM IN NO MOOD FOR TRIFLES. I AM SENT BY THE LORD OF LORDS, THE MASTER OF THIS MOUNTAIN. STAND NOT IN MY WAY FOR I AM NANDI, WARRIOR SUPREME, SECOND ONLY TO MY LORD, SHIVA.



IT AMUSED NANDI THAT A BOY WOULD DARE STOP HIM.

MIGHTIER THAN YOU HAVE FALLEN WHEN THEY HAVE STOOD BEFORE ME.



AS HE TOOK HIS PLACE ON HIS ICY THRONE AND SUMMONED NANDI, THE FEROCIOUS MINOTAUR, HIS MIGHTY MAN-AT-ARMS...

...EVENTS WERE BEING SET INTO MOTION WHICH WOULD CHANGE THE BOY'S DESTINY FOREVER...

YOU CALLED, LORD OF LORDS?



...AS NANDI LEARNT TO HIS DISMAY.

ON STANDS MAY 2007

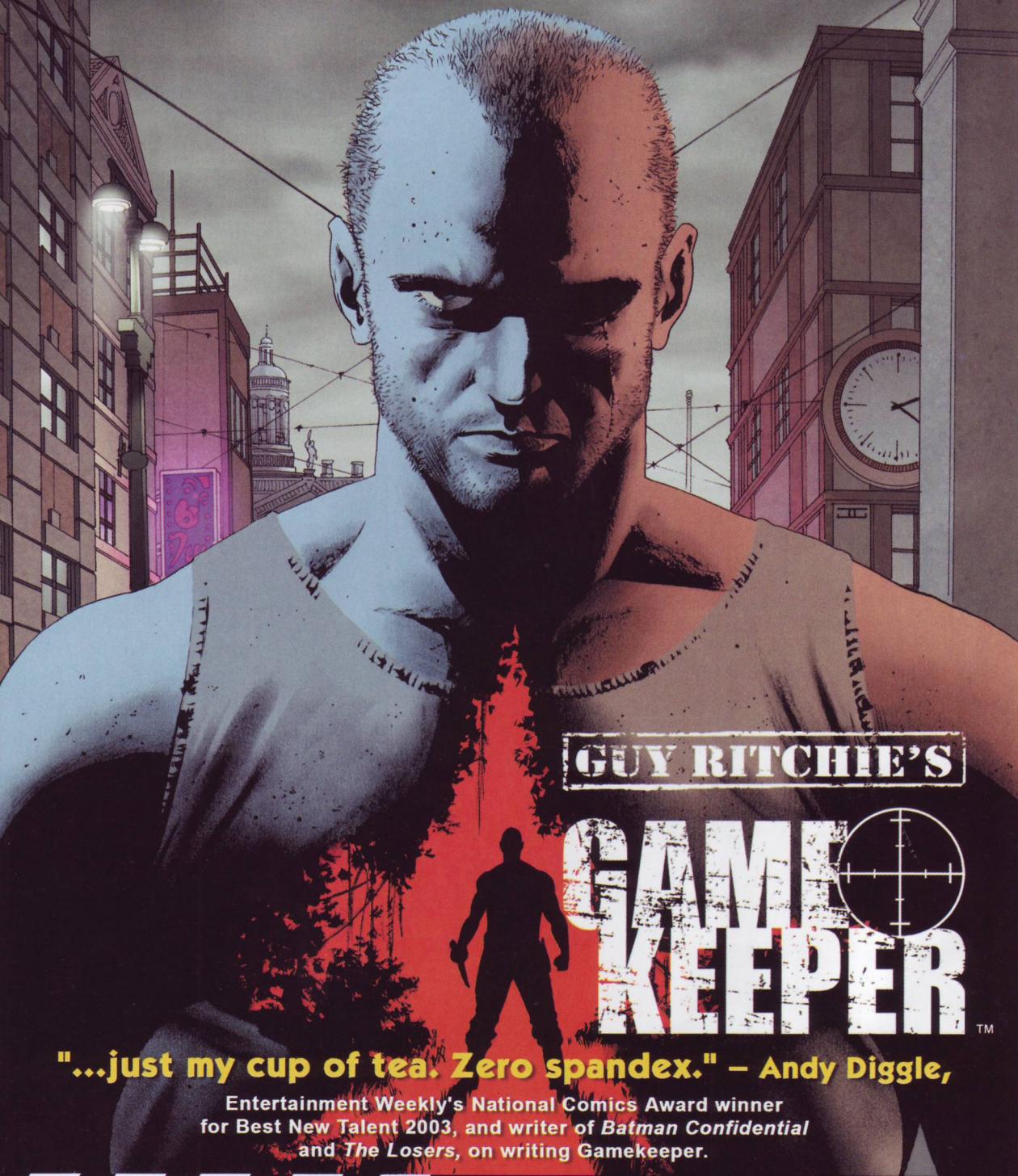
GUY RITCHIE - ANDY DIGGLE - MUKESH SINGH

Created by Filmmaker **GUY RITCHIE** [*Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; Snatch*]

Written by **ANDY DIGGLE** [*Batman Confidential; The Losers*]

with artwork by **MUKESH SINGH** [*Devi*]

Cover by **JOHN CASSADAY** [*Astonishing X-Men*]



"...just my cup of tea. Zero spandex." – Andy Diggle,

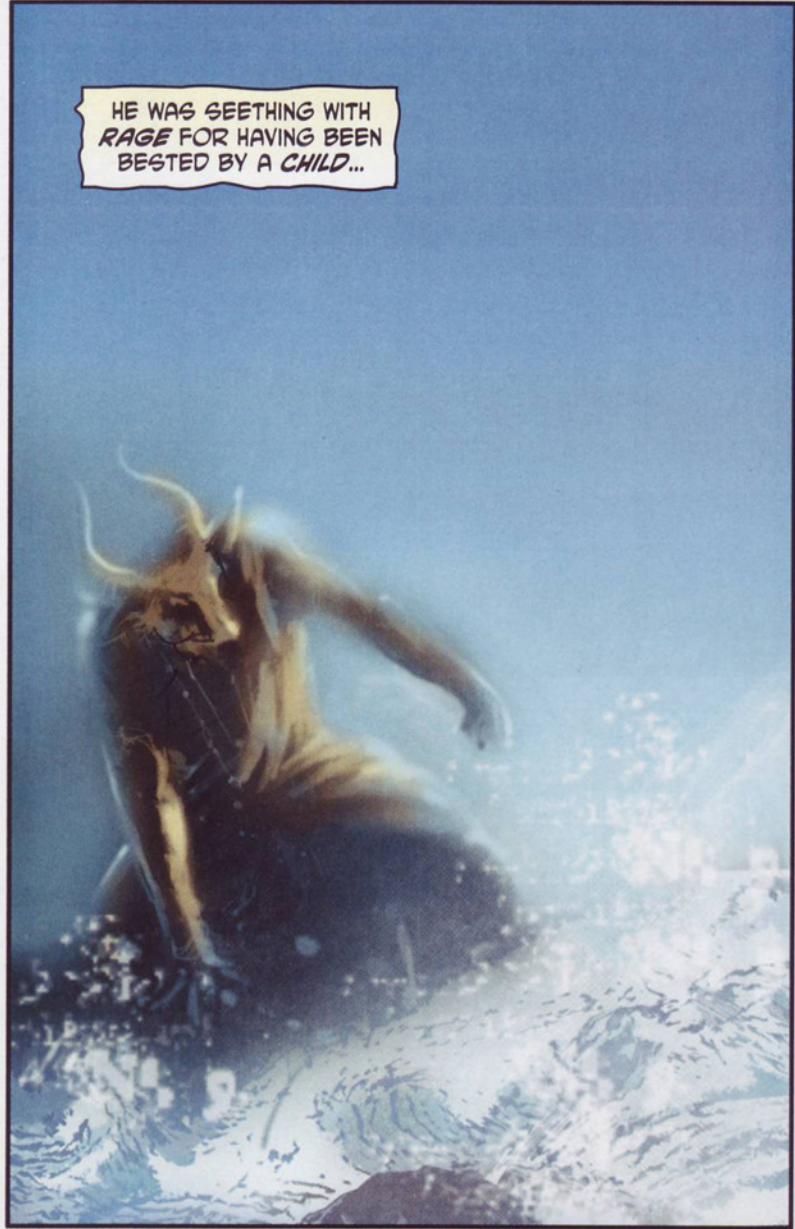
Entertainment Weekly's National Comics Award winner
for Best New Talent 2003, and writer of *Batman Confidential*
and *The Losers*, on writing Gamekeeper.

DIRECTOR'S CUT

HE WAS SEETHING WITH RAGE FOR HAVING BEEN BESTED BY A CHILD...

...AND THUS, HE CHARGED, HUFFING AND PUFFING LIKE A MAD BULL.

ENOUGH! I SHALL CRUSH YOU LIKE AN INSECT! AND SHALL TAKE PLEASURE IN DOING SO!



THE BOY FOUGHT NANDI WITH SKILL...
...AND WITH POISE.

WHAPPPPPPPPP!



PERHAPS IT WAS NOT HIS FAULT THAT HE BORE THE HEAD OF A BULL.



...NANDI'S FOLLY WAS BEING BULL-HEADED.



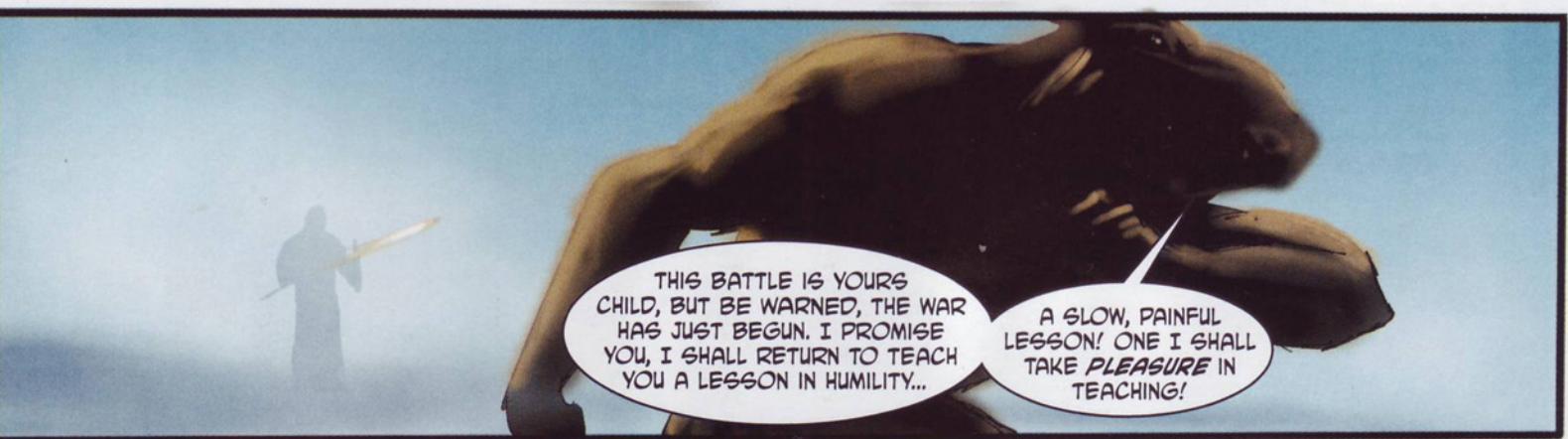
WEARILY, HE GOT UP. NOT KNOWING WHAT HURT MORE...



THE PAIN FROM HIS WOUNDS...

...OR THE VITRIOLIC SHAME THAT BURNT INSIDE.

OFF HE WENT, CURSING THE BOY.



THIS BATTLE IS YOURS CHILD, BUT BE WARNED, THE WAR HAS JUST BEGUN. I PROMISE YOU, I SHALL RETURN TO TEACH YOU A LESSON IN HUMILITY...

A SLOW, PAINFUL LESSON! ONE I SHALL TAKE PLEASURE IN TEACHING!



... AND THE CHILD
THOUGHT NO MORE
OF IT.



... ALL HE WISHED FOR
NOW WAS TO BEST
THE CHILD...



... AT ANY COST
POSSIBLE.



ANOTHER
BATTLE ENSUED.

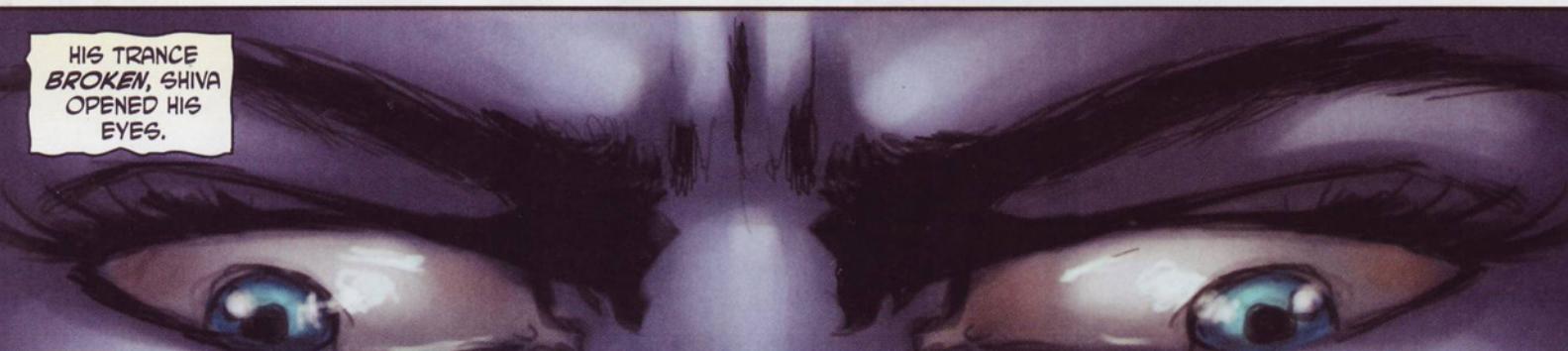
THE BOY FOUGHT BRAVELY.

THEY ATTACKED IN A RABID FRENZY...

...WITH BUT ONE END IN MIND...TO
BRING THE CHILD DOWN...

HE FOUGHT BRAVELY...

...THOUGH THE ATTACKERS
HAD THE STRENGTH OF
NUMBERS ON THEIR SIDE.





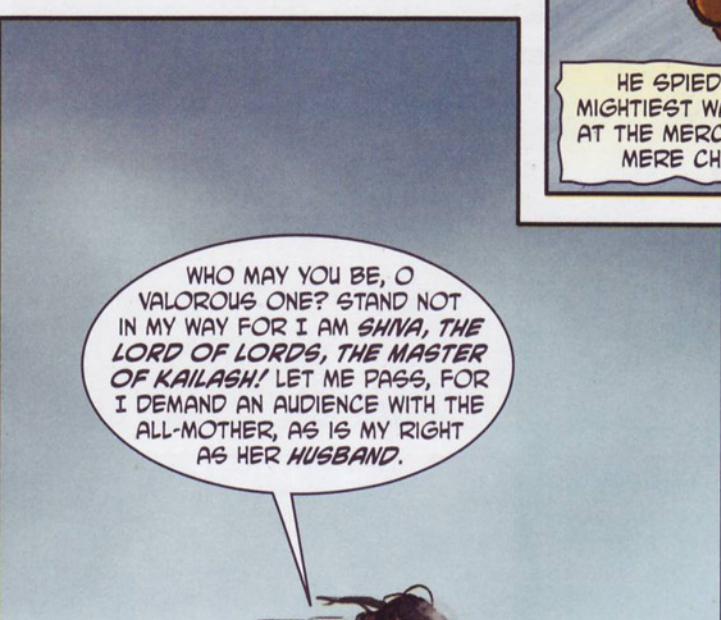
AS HE REACHED
THE SOURCE OF THE
COMMOTION, A STRANGE
SIGHT GREETED THE
LORD OF LORDS.



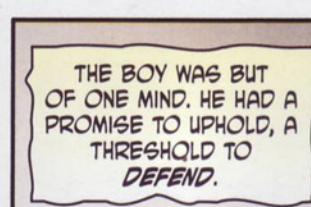
HE FOUND HIS
ARMY BESTED
BY A BOY.



HE SPIED HIS
MIGHTIEST WARRIOR
AT THE MERCY OF A
MERE CHILD.



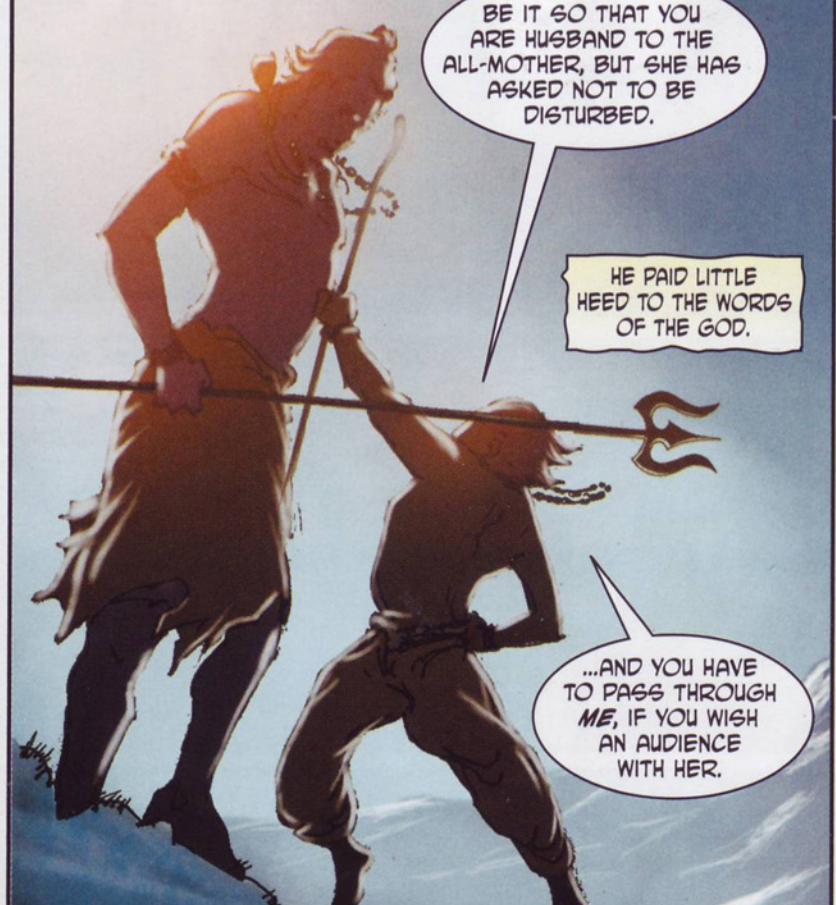
WHO MAY YOU BE, O
VALOROUS ONE? STAND NOT
IN MY WAY FOR I AM SHIVA, THE
LORD OF LORDS, THE MASTER
OF KAILASH! LET ME PASS, FOR
I DEMAND AN AUDIENCE WITH THE
ALL-MOTHER, AS IS MY RIGHT
AS HER HUSBAND.



THE BOY WAS BUT
OF ONE MIND. HE HAD A
PROMISE TO UPHOLD, A
THRESHOLD TO
DEFEND.



BE IT SO THAT YOU
ARE HUSBAND TO THE
ALL-MOTHER, BUT SHE HAS
ASKED NOT TO BE
DISTURBED.



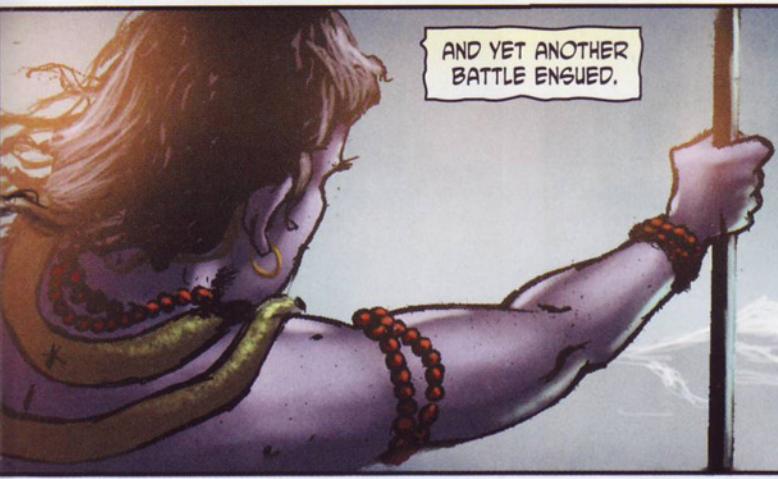
HE PAID LITTLE
HEED TO THE WORDS
OF THE GOD.



...AND YOU HAVE
TO PASS THROUGH
ME, IF YOU WISH
AN AUDIENCE
WITH HER.



AND HE WOULD BE
STOPPED BY NO
ONE. BE IT GHOUl,
MAN, OR GOD.



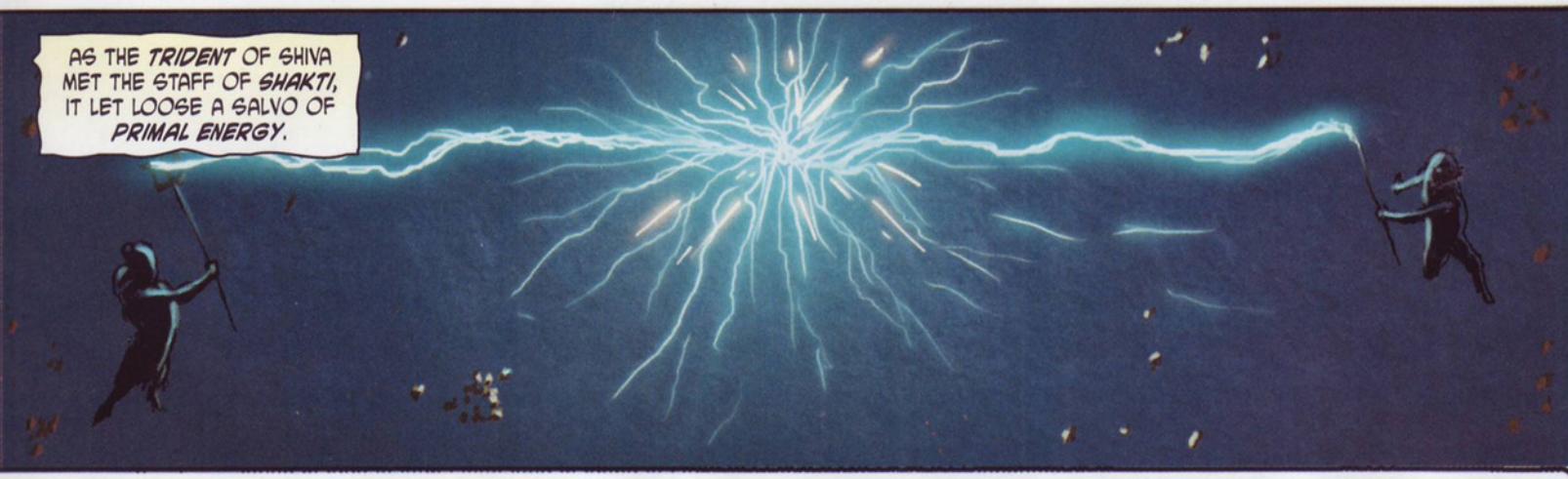
AND YET ANOTHER BATTLE ENSUED.



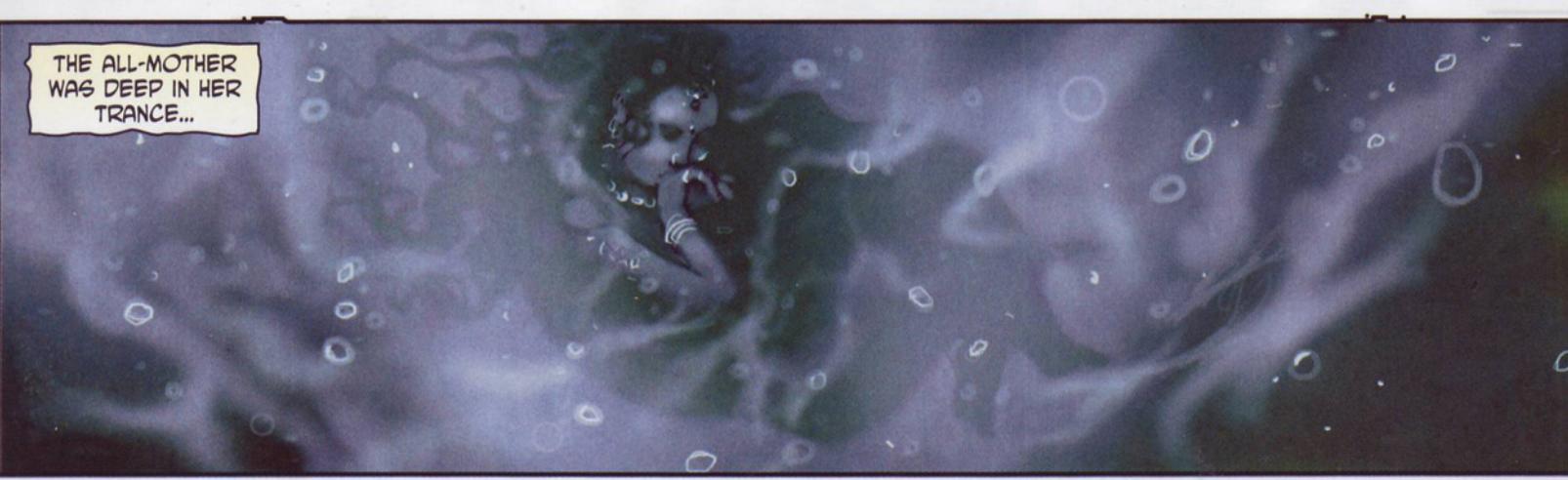
...THIS TIME, A FATEFUL ONE.



THAT STAFF? IT BRIMS WITH THE ESSENCE OF SHAKTI! HOW IS IT THAT A MERE BOY WIELDS AN INSTRUMENT OF THE POWER-DIVINE?



AS THE TRIDENT OF SHIVA MET THE STAFF OF SHAKTI, IT LET LOOSE A SALVO OF PRIMAL ENERGY.



THE ALL-MOTHER WAS DEEP IN HER TRANCE...



...YET, HER HEART SENSED THE PREDICAMENT OF HER SON.

THEY FOUGHT LIKE
THE FURIES.

AND THE MIGHT OF
SHIVA WAS MATCHED
BY THE VALOR OF
THE CHILD.

IT WAS A BLOW
FROM THE TRIDENT
THAT FINALLY BESTED
THE BOY.

THE TRIDENT HAS FELLED DEMONS,
GODS AND MEN ALIKE, AND THE
CHILD WAS NO MORE MATCH TO
ITS MIGHT THAN THE FLAME OF
A LAMP TO A HURRICANE.

THE BOY FELL...



A DULL HAZE CROWDED THE BOY'S MIND.

STOP, MY LORD!

THERE WAS BUT A SINGLE BREATH LEFT IN HIS BOSOM...

...AND WITH HIS DYING BREATH THE SON TRIED TO UPHOLD A PROMISE MADE TO HIS MOTHER.

NOT TO LET ANYONE PASS.

WHAPPPP!

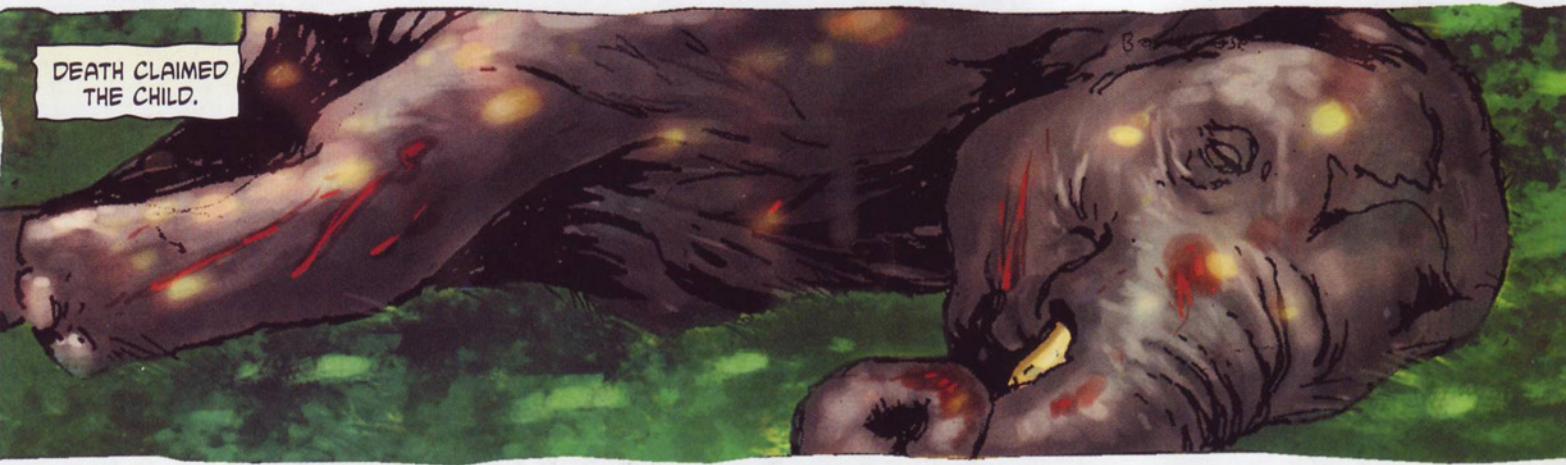
AS HE REELED FROM THE BLOW, THE THIRD EYE OF SHIVA OPENED...

THE MIGHTIEST OF WEAPONS...

THE HARBINGER OF DOOM...

WHAT CHANCE DID A MERE BOY HAVE AGAINST THE FIRE OF DESTRUCTION?

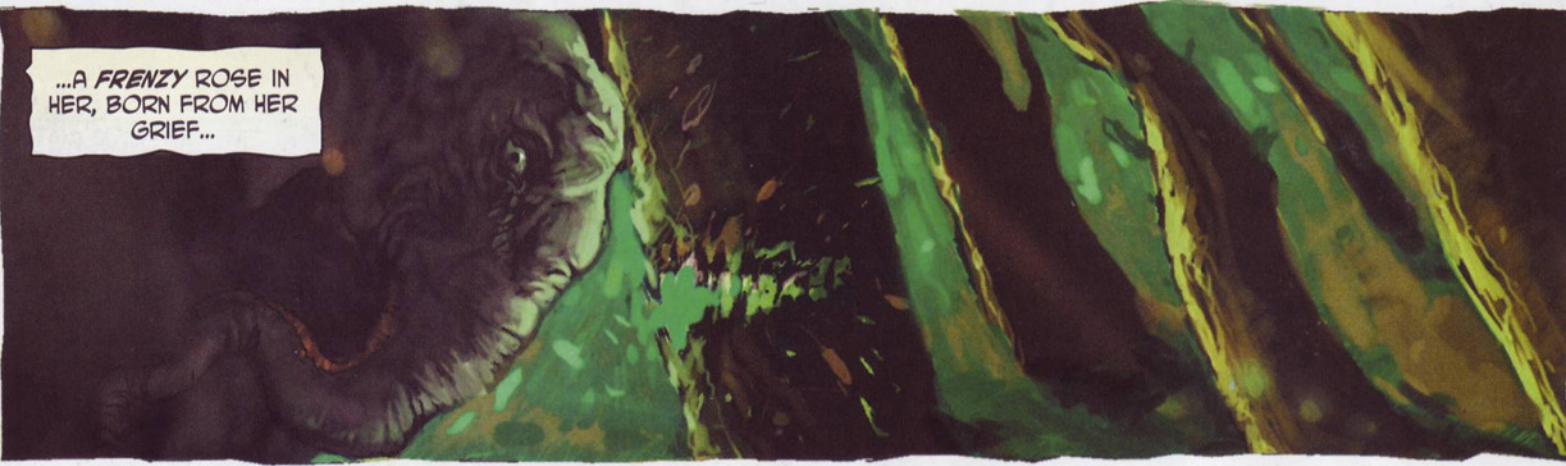
HE IS MY SON!



DEATH CLAIMED
THE CHILD.



AS THE BEREAVED
MOTHER WAILED AT HER
SON'S DEATH...



...A FRENZY ROSE IN
HER, BORN FROM HER
GRIEF...



SOON, IT SEIZED HER
LIKE THE DARK CLOUDS
OF MONSOON.



AS THE ALL-MOTHER
CRIED, A DARKNESS
FELL...

THE
EARTH
WEPT...



...HELL
BOILED...



...AND THE
HEAVENS
TREMbled.



VISHNU, THE WISEST OF
THE HOLY TRINITY, FELT THE
COSMOS MOVE FROM THE
MAEVOLENCE OF THE
ALL-MOTHER'S GRIEF.



EVEN THE ABODE OF
SOMEONE AS MIGHTY AS
THE PRESERVER HIMSELF
WAS NOT IMMUNE.



VISHNU REACHED MOUNT
KAILASH AND SAW A
BEREAVED UMA WITH
A MELANCHOLY SHIVA.





5:30AM, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1995: A MAN IN THE INDIAN CAPITAL CITY OF NEW DELHI WAKES UP FROM A DREAM IN WHICH, ALLEGEDLY, THE ELEPHANT HEADED GOD GANESHA IS CRAVING MILK. HE HUSTLES TO THE NEAREST TEMPLE AT TWILIGHT AND OFFERS THE GANESHA STATUE SOME MILK IN A SPOON... AND SEES IT DISAPPEAR IN FRONT OF HIS VERY EYES!

Within a few hours, the news spreads like wildfire all across the Indian sub-continent, from the bustle of Delhi in the north to the port cities in the south, and from the hubbub of Bengal in the east to the outer deserts of Rajasthan in the west: Ganesha and his family, Shiva, Uma and Karthikeya are accepting milk offerings. Tens of millions of people of all ages flock to the nation's temples. The bizarre incident brings the nation's capital to a standstill, and its vast stocks of milk—more than a million liters—are sold out within hours.

By noon, the news has spread beyond India, and Hindu temples in Britain, Canada, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Dubai and Nepal among other countries

report identical phenomena. Many stores in areas with significant Indian communities see a massive jump in the sales of milk, with one grocery store in England selling over 25,000 pints of milk in a single day. People throng and queue in the streets, long gridlocks form in front of temples, and when the media arrives, even the most skeptical journalists are humbled when they hold their milk-filled spoons to the Gods and watch as the milk disappears!

In the days following, scientists and experts come up with the theory of capillary action, where a fluid's surface tension causes it to be "pulled out" of the spoon when brought in contact with a denser object. Theories of mass hallucination are also offered. But this is not a sufficient explanation for most, as there were hundreds of gallons of milk offered in each temple. Where did it all go? And if it truly was capillary action, then, in the words of a believer days later, "why is it that for thousands of years, this had not happened before? And why does it not happen today?"

Or perhaps even more aptly put, when questioned by a foreign journalist about the so-called "milk miracle," a sadhu in the city of Varanasi responds without any hint of irony, "Welcome to India."



...AND VISHNU CONSOLED THEM.



THUS, COUNSELED BY VISHNU, SHIVA WENT TO ANOTHER BEREAVED MOTHER.

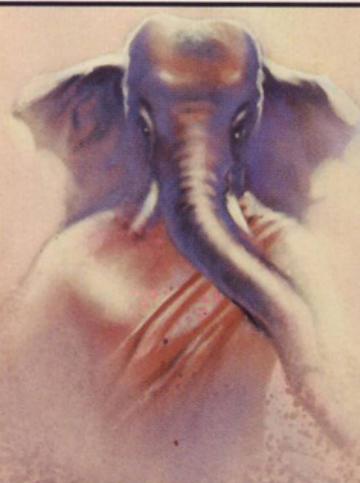


OFTEN I WONDER WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF WHEN THE GODS GAVE HER THE CHOICE.

MY CHILD, THERE IS STILL HOPE FOR YOUR SON IF HE WERE TO BOND WITH ANOTHER WHO HATH BEEN, BUT LOST TO THE MISTY TOUCH OF DEATH.

...THE TWO SHALL BECOME ONE AND I CAN GRANT HIM THE BOON OF LIFE EVERLASTING. THINK NOT OF IT AS YOU LOSING YOUR SON, BUT OF A REBIRTH, A BETTER LIFE AS THE SON OF SHIVA.

WHAT CHOICE DID SHE HAVE? SHE WAS A MOTHER AND SHE CHOSE LIFE FOR HER SON.



TWO SONS BECAME ONE AND A GOD WAS BORN THAT DAY.

YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE DAY I WAS CHRISTENED GANAPATI, THE COMMANDER OF SHIVA'S FORCES...

MANY HAVE SINCE ADDRESSED ME WITH DIFFERENT NAMES...



I AM CALLED
VIGHNESHWAR,
REMOVER OF
OBSTACLES...

...VINAYAK, THE
ENABLER OF
ENDEAVORS...



YET, TODAY I WISH
TO DO SOMETHING THAT
ANY SON WOULD DO.



I HAVE COME TO EASE
THE PAIN OF PASSING
FOR MY MOTHER.



THEY SAY ELEPHANTS
NEVER FORGET...

NEITHER
DO SONS.

INSIDE VIRGIN COMICS

SNAKE WOMAN # 0

It seems impossible that it has been almost a year since three new Virgin titles braved the wilds of the comic book stands, but here we are, ten months, fifty issues, and more than a thousand pages later, and we've barely broken a sweat (okay, maybe a light sheen). Those three original titles—*Devi*, *The Sadhu* and *Snake Woman*—have all come a long way, and each continues to grow in its own way. *Devi* and *The Sadhu* are getting for their ten-month birthdays a makeover from story guru Ron Marz (you guys should definitely check them out); *Snake Woman*, on the other hand, is getting ready to turn a corner. As we get ready to begin the new *Snake Woman* miniseries, *Tale of the Snake Charmer* (on stands June 2007!), we thought it would be a nice tribute to our girl in snakeskin to take a look back—way back—and give our long-time readers a little something extra, while letting our newest readers jump on board for one of Virgin Comics' landmark series.

That's where we got the idea for *Snake Woman*, Issue #0. Writer Zeb Wells has taken a step out of the current *Snake Woman* timeline to look at the myth of this Goddess on a historical scale, giving us a deeper insight to the Naga spirit itself. And, while regular *Snake Woman* artist Vivek Shinde plunges straight ahead into *Tale of the Snake Charmer*, we thought, who better to render this

century-spanning tale than original artist from issues #1-#5, Michael Gaydos? Nobody, that's who. His brooding moody style is perfect for our journey through the dark history of the *Snake Woman*.

In addition, to help Zeb and Michael shed more light on the interwoven histories of the *Snake Woman* and the 68, we're packing Issue #0 with tons of bonus material to further expand the world of Jess, Harker and Raj. It's a big story, and we're going to tell it in as many ways as possible.

Lastly, in addition to all the stuff we're doing for Jess and her crew, we wanted to do something special for you guys as well. So, we decided to throw caution to the wind and stick a 99¢ price tag on this puppy. That's right, all this for under a buck.

So, whether you've been with Jess since *Snake Woman* premiered the Director's Cut line last July, or if you're thinking that maybe this is something you'd like to check out, throw down the buck and step into this thrilling world, and get pumped (and caught up) for *Snake Woman: Tale of the Snake Charmer*.

Virgin Comics Editorial Team



I AM NAGA. IN THE DARKNESS OF THE OLD DAYS, BEFORE HUMAN EYES GAZED UPON THE UNIVERSE, I WAS THERE.

I WILL DESCRIBE THE WAY THINGS WERE. MY TALE WILL SOUND SIMPLE, BUT THAT IS BECAUSE YOUR MIND CAN NEVER COMPREHEND...

BEFORE HUMAN FEET MARRED THE EARTH, THE GODS ABOVE PARSED OUT THE ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY.

BUT WE DID NOT MAKE IT FAR.

WE NAGAS, HUNGRY FOR ETERNAL LIFE, STOLE THE ELIXIR...

THE ELIXIR WAS WRENCHED FROM OUR GRASP--ONLY A FEW PRECIOUS DROPS WERE LEFT BEHIND.

IN OUR DESPERATION, WE FELL TO OUR HUNGRY BELLIES, AND SO LOST OUR ARMS AND LEGS.

WE OPENED OUR MOUTHS TO THE GRASS, AND OUR TONGUES WERE CUT ON THE BLADES...

THE NAGAS BECAME THOSE WITH THE FORKED TONGUES, THOSE WHO SLITHER ON THE GROUND. WE BECAME THE SNAKE GODS...

SNEAK-PEEK OF
SNAKE WOMAN #0
ON SALE JUNE 2007!

WE OBTAINED
IMMORTALITY IN
A DIFFERENT WAY.



FROM OUR REPTILE
BRAINS SPRUNG THE
MINDS OF EVERY
THINKING CREATURE
ON THE EARTH.

WE ARE THE INSTINCT
CORTEX OF YOUR
MAMMALIAN MIND. WE
PROVIDE FEAR OF
THAT WHICH MAY
BURN YOU...

...AND THE LUST FOR
THAT WHICH MAY
PLEASE YOU.

AND SO WE HAVE BEEN
WORSHIPPED BY THOSE
NOT YET MADE STUPID BY
THEIR INTELLIGENCE.

EVEN IN THIS LATE AGE,
SOME OF US NAGAS
SURVIVED, STRENGTHENED
BY OUR WORSHIPPERS,
SUSTAINED BY THEIR LOVE.

AND IN TURN WE
OFFERED PROSPERITY.

SNEAK-PEEK OF
SNAKE WOMAN #0
ON SALE JUNE 2007!

Only in Snake Woman #0!

ON STANDS MAY 2007!

The Diary of a Snake Woman: April Manning (1945-1980)

February 6, 1980

It's gotten worse—the headaches, that heavy feeling that greets me each morning. My dreams are becoming more intense, more real, and I wake afterwards, drenched in sweat. It's like I've been chasing something all night. Something I desperately need. I just can't remember what. Michael says they're merely nightmares, but he should understand. He's a part of this somehow. I can feel it. It's almost instinct.

SPECIAL
BONUS
MATERIAL

From the desk of
Dr. Stanley Braskowitz

February 12,

First meeting with patient F. G. today. He was referred to me by a colleague, apparently my specialization in dream phenomena makes me well or better suited for this gentleman's more unique problem. I am doubtful; over 99% of the cases of abnormal phenomena reported from dreams end up being either fabricated or symptoms of a deeper psychological disorder. I've garnered a certain skepticism when it comes to these referrals. F.G. is a successful investment banker, has a (rather beautiful) wife and two children. He lives in an upper-class suburban town and works Downtown. A self-described "regular guy," he enjoys spending time with his family, spicy food and football. Says about six months ago, he began having increasingly vivid nightmares about snakes. A common theme in dreams; in certain cultures, a bad omen, portending business or money troubles, or even death. Here, more likely, it seems like patient has seen too many Indiana Jones films. I've advised him to keep a dream journal, and prescribed a mild sedative.

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