

RED IN WOODS

responses by two audience members to seeing the young girl

Celena

...So I was very small, was very tiny and then through the brush I saw this little girl (clears throat) she was beautiful, she was so quiet and still. She was so serious. I don't know if I was ever that serious or that still when I was young, I thought *wow, it's an angel* and then I thought, she's so believable, you know, she's really like this and all that and I can't remember who spoke first, I can't remember, and I can't remember if I walked across the water before or after her, if she watched me, because it was all just very like an acid trip, you know (clears throat) and I thought Ah waterproof boots (swallows) but I wanted to step on the right rock and I didn't want to stumble and I was watching the thread through the water and then I just looked at her for a while and she looked at me - great concentration - and we were just we were just looking at each other and then the dialogue began.

I think I asked her what she was doing. *She's waiting* (clears throat). I wondered if she is waiting for me, and she was really good about not, she was so like you in not giving much information. The reptile brain continued, (pause) and it was potent to see a child sitting there alone but she was so together. I didn't fear for her safety. Then I started to leave and I thought *I can't leave her alone?* you know because I was really starting - she was becoming my little-my little Sally. I can't abandon this little child, so I turned back and I began the dialogue again and then I heard someone calling so I'm positive they're calling me, that they're rushing me like I'm taking too long with the kid so its like well *shit, invite her to come along! what a great idea! Shit, that's it, she's my partner, she's supposed to come on the trip with me!* So I go, "why don't you come along with me?" and she's like..., and then I could feel her shift, it was like w-e-l-l , uhm and so that was fun, it was OK, something happening here. And then off she goes and I realized that they were calling her, because she responded to the call and I thought *well, gee, I thought I was the little kid here*, and she was getting called and I went *good, oh she's taken care of*. So off she goes.

John

But I think the first little detail that showed its face to me was the little tea kettle on the stone, and of course I had to test to see if there was something in it. I was hoping that there was some little elixir that I could have a few drops on my tongue, but there was nothing to be had.

And I think even, well, I'm not sure if, from that position, I could see the little girl by the stream, or whether I had just gone up to the stream by myself. And like most boys, I suppose, in front of a stream, my impulse is always to look around in the rocks and look for any sort of little critter thing. And so I was - I just like being around streams. And so I was looking down and I didn't notice as I was approaching that there was somebody there for just, you know, for a couple of seconds. But enough so that when I did notice that there was someone there it was sort of startling, and it was almost as if they had almost popped into view, but it wasn't disturbing or frightening. I was quite pleased that already there was something semi-magical seeming to happen.

She asked me what I was doing and I don't remember what the hell I said, but I asked her what she was doing and she said she was waiting for her mother, and I had noticed before she was sort of looking around in different directions. And I remember asking her if she was afraid and she said "No." But she seemed very - her look was very harsh and intense, and didn't seem very open to my taking the conversation much further. And I didn't, right off the bat, given that I didn't feel much like pursuing it, although (took a breath) when I crossed the stream and very shortly thereafter came upon the - pretty soon was a cherry cordial, so I offered it to her and she didn't want it. I said my mother always told me not to take candy from strangers anyhow, so I suppose her- that's the right response, and then I can begin to hear the beckoning in the background of "*where are you ?*" And I like the fact that she didn't seem to be able to hear it or acknowledge it, and whether it was directed towards me. I felt no desire to want to respond. If anything, it became the desire to - pretty much throughout - of wanting to flee from any anyone who might be following me.