

# FROM FINGERS TO FEATHERS

By John C. Havens

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**CAST: *one female***

I'm not a woman who likes to go out much.

I don't like crowds. People scare me. I don't dislike people, I just feel that they're always looking at me, because I'm not...I'm not very attractive. I'm not very pretty to look at. They say that looks aren't everything, but that's not always easy to believe in the world we live in today. Even if looks don't mean anything to you, they may mean something to someone else. But looks can be deceiving.

I was at home about six months ago, looking out my window, which is one of my favorite things to do at night, because I have a very big, big open window, and I can just look out at the yard next to me. And there's a beautiful old oak tree there, and sometimes the birds will come and make nests, and it makes me very happy.

And I remember, about six months ago, a family moved in next door, because the house was for sale. And there were three children in the family, a mother and a father. And I thought, "Oh, how nice. They seem like nice people." And I realized that the youngest of their sons was very overweight. And I could tell that he was teased by the little friends that came around. And I found out from a neighbor that his name was Charlie. Oh. I like that name, Charlie. It has a ring to it. And I would watch Charlie, because I felt a connection with the boy, because I could tell that he was different, and he felt different, and I felt for him, because I felt the same way.

Each night, when the sun would go down, Charlie would climb the beautiful old oak tree, and sit and stare at the moon. He'd stare off into the distance at the moon. And it became a habit of mine to secretly sneak up to my room at night, so I could just watch Charlie

sit. Because he seemed so beautiful in the moonlight...just a little boy, looking at the stars. And then I'd be happy, because for the first time in my life there was someone that I could identify with, that was different, and that was okay.

And then one night, I came up to my room as was my usual habit, and I looked out at Charlie...and instead of looking at the moon, Charlie was looking right at me! And at first, I turned away, ashamed, but he smiled, and he seemed to say, I could almost hear the words pictured in my mind, "It's alright, Christine, it's alright. You don't have to be frightened. I'm just like you. I'm different...Christine. Christine. Follow me." And he beckoned, like this.

And for the first time in my life, I didn't worry about whether it was right or wrong to follow him, I just did. So I climbed down the trellis of my house. I hadn't done that since I was a little girl. And I followed him.

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