

Black Dress yells at Tree Skin

Twilight. Dense dark forest. Something flies through the trees. A black dress, so it seems. Like a haunted dress, with creepy moves: Rewind slow mo moves.... I watch it in awe, but the chills run down my spine. Beautiful horror. It gives me the creeps!

The dress stops and hundreds of wisps still flicker on, until they sink. From the dress two arms and a head unfold. There she stands: Eurasian High-Priestess Bida. Warrior of the Witches. Young, trained and full of life and fire.

She is trembling with rage! She is blazing against a tree.
A tree? Yup: "Boasz, do something, don't just stand there!
We have the biggest crisis here. How can you just stand there?!"

The skin of the tree seems to shed and make a step forward. There she stands: Native-American Medicine-Woman Boasz. The Ancient One. She is older than the tree she blended into. Her face, a sea of wrinkles. Her being, in perfect alignment with Mother Earth. Boasz doesn't talk that much around others. She watches and smiles. And she points out where to look at. You feel her wisdom if you are close. But when there are less than 333 trees around her, she doesn't speak at all. Then she uses American Sign Language. As a silent protest.

Bida is shaking now: "Why are we stuck with this handicapped, lunatic writer B? Why does she, of all people in the world, has to type Tale Bo3M? Her brain is a maze with magical moving hedges!" Bida is swaying on her feet.

"Every day B begins with page1. The next day she corrects it and changes it completely. This new page1 she corrects again and so on and so forth. B will never get it to page2. Please!" Bida throws her hands in the air. "Same tale, different beginning. Every day now, for more than 5 years.... Aaaargh! Why can't she just choose one beginning and then just: go... go!" Boasz lays her hands on Bida's trembling shoulders. She breaths out and let her gravity pull the little witch to the ground.

Then Boasz looks around. She rests her eyes on a big old tree and speaks softly: "The tale inside B grows like a giant tree with 99 leaves times 99 branches. The written leaves are growing and changing. It's a Book of Life, moving like nature itself."

This doesn't soothe Bida at all: "So her borderless fucked-up maze-brain knows the tree but can never pick one leaf? We are doomed!"

"No, we're not". Boasz smiles about the differences between them. Wisdom and fire, they are a strong team. Her hands lay on Bida's shoulders again. They pull Bida to the earth again. "We're not doomed young sister, it's all part of the tale. Bo3M is supposed to become an interactive future-folk tale. Writer B will sketch a forgotten magic truth and her people can choose to make it real. They take a leaf of Tree Bo3M and transform it into a photo, a drawing, a short video, a song text, a poem, a short play, etc. Then they share it with the world to pull the beautiful future closer and closer, in real life on earth."

"Who are her people?", Bida asks the old wise woman, feeling better now. Boasz answers playfully: "B's people are all the young and old children of the world. Because they are pure and free. They have elastic minds and are no-slaves yet to the failing system of the modern world."