

TRANSCRIPT

SKAWENNATI

She Falls for Ages, 2017

DIFFERENCE
//MACHINES

Narrator: Once upon a time, in a place far, far away, there is a girl named Otsitsakáion. In your language that means “Ancient Flower,” and you will see how very fitting her name is! Otsitsakáion has a twin brother, Tehahontsihsonkhwa.

Tehahontsihsonkhwa: Istah, tell us why we don’t go to school like other kids.

Istah: My loves, I have told you a million times: it is because of your amazing powers. Not everyone in Karoniake has powers like yours. Otsitsakáion, you can read people’s thoughts. What’s it like in your head right now?

Otsitsakáion: It’s like I’m watching three movies at once. What I see and here, what you see and here, and what my brother sees and hears. Right now, they’re all pretty much the same, but when we’re all doing different things, it’s weird!

Istah: And what do you think it would be like in a classroom with a bunch of other kids?

Otsitsakáion: I don’t know if I could concentrate!

Istah: Exactly. And Tehahontsihsonkhwa, you have the power to move things with your mind—and still you don’t pick up your toys! Thank you! But imagine you decided to do that to a real person? People would be very afraid of you, so afraid that they might want to take you away from us. You kids need to be kept apart from other people until you can learn how to use your powers wisely.

Tehahontsihsonkhwa: How do we even get these powers, Istah?

Istah: I don't know. Maybe because you two are twins? And you are the children of a twin? I do know that when you were born, each of you had a special sign that told me that you would be different. Tehatehontsihsonkhwa, you were born with your amazing birthmark—just like my brother's. And Otsitsakáion, you were born with the amniotic sac still around you. It looked like a veil!

Door: Visitor approaching. Allow entry?

Istah: Yes!

Rate'serónties: Greetings!

Istah: Kids, you finally get to meet your uncle! Rate'serónties, this is Tehahontsihsonkhwa. . . And this is Otsitsakáion. Come and say hello, sweetheart.

Otsitsakáion: Hello. . . Yes. . . Well, this one is a picture of you. I saw what you looked like in my Istah's thoughts.

Rate'serónties: Well, that is the best portrait of me anyone's ever done. . . So a telekinetic and a telepath? Have you reported it to the authorities?

Istah: No. Just their births.

Rate'serónties: Good. They need training.

Istah: I was hoping you could provide them with that.

Rate'serónties: Great minds think alike, then. We can take them to

the facility. It has plenty of room for all four of us, and the twins can remain secluded there for as long as necessary.

Narrator: Let's talk about this far-away place for a moment. We sometimes call it Karoniake. In your language that means Sky World. Its people are a peaceful race who have overcome most diseases and hardly know the meaning of death. They have harnessed geothermal, wind and solar power and are brilliant botanists. One of their greatest creations is the Celestial Tree. Developed over thousands of years of careful cultivation, the tree's blossoms emit light! In fact, they light the whole world.

The Guardian of the Celestial Tree is a kind and conscientious young man named Rarónto:te. It is his responsibility to make sure the tree is properly cared for, and he—indeed everyone—regards this duty as an honor. Now, Rarónto:té has a secret. He too has special powers: he can see the future.

Tentenhawitha: Good morning, Rarónto:té.

Rarónto:té: Good morning, Tentenhawitha. Thank you. It is I who should be serving you.

Tentenhawitha: When you didn't come down at the usual time, I figured you had a rough night.

Rarónto:té: Yes. I had one of my dreams.

Tentenhawitha: Describe it to me.

Rarónto:té: There was a great party. Here in the Residence. I saw a young woman. There's something special about her. She was able to see my visions! . . . I must meet her!

Tentenhawitha: Well, whatever happens in those dreams of yours comes to pass sooner or later.

Rarónto:té: Yes, but this time, I want it to happen sooner!

Tentenhawitha: That shouldn't be too difficult. We are nearing the 3,000th anniversary of the creation of the Celestial Tree. It would be wise to mark the event with a celebration. The people are noticing the flickering of the blossoms. It is worrisome. A party might be just what we need.

Narrator: And so a great celebration was arranged. By this time, the twins were almost all grown up. Their uncle had taught them to hone their powers, and they could accomplish amazing feats.

Otsitsakáion produces beautiful portraits of people who she has never met... and of scenes she's never visited.

Still, their mother is not sure that Otsitsakáion and Tehahontsihsonkhwa are ready to meet other people.

Rate'serónties: My children, you're no longer children. It was clear to me from the moment I met you that each of you have an important role to play in the destiny of the universe, as do I. Soon it will be time for you to meet the rest of the world, and your training will help you through the events that will come to pass. I must leave in the morning—and I will not return.

Otsitsakáion: What are you talking about? Death?

Tehahontsihsonkhwa: But we need you!

Rate'serónties: I will always be available to you, even in death.

Narrator: People come to the palatial Residence from far and wide. The guests are given luxury accommodations, gourmet food and delicious drinks. In order to identify the woman in his dream, Rarónto:té decides the entertainment will be a game. Whoever guesses his dream wins a prize! But his plan is a total failure!

After three days of wrong answers, Rarónto:té asks his assistant if all the invited guests have come. The assistant checks his database and says, “No. There is one family that has not come.”

Door: Visitor approaching. Allow entry?

Messenger: I am the official messenger for the Guardian of the Celestial Tree. Rarónto:té requests your family’s attendance at the Celestial Tree’s 3,000th anniversary celebration. I have been sent to escort you.

Istah: Something tells me this is no ordinary birthday party.

Narrator: At the celebration, Otsitsakáion is blown away! She loves the people and their clothes, and the food and the decoration. By now, with her uncle’s training, she is able to dim the sound of people’s thoughts, so she won’t go crazy. But one mind is reaching out to her. It is that of Rarónto:té. His thoughts are clear and beautiful. And they are about her.

Rarónto:té: Can you guess what I saw in my dream?

Otsitsakáion: You dreamt of this moment.

Rarónto:té: We have a winner. How long will you be in town?

Otsitsakáion: You're the one that can see the future.

Narrator: The rest is technicalities. After the appropriate amount of getting to know each other, they are officially mated in the appropriate ceremony. Time passes, and they live happily. Eventually, they begin to expect a baby.

Otsitsakáion: I saw it too. And I know what must be done.

Tentenhawitha: People, the Guardian of the Celestial Tree had a dream. In it he saw images that signal to us that the realization of our greatest fear is upon us. Our world is dying. We, the circle of elders, have created this ceremony of renewal to ease the passing of this world into a new one. Otsitsakáion has volunteered to be the seed of the new world.

Otsitsakáion, along with our unparalleled thanks and gratitude, we offer you this bundle. It contains food, a multi-tool, and a selection of our best heritage seeds.

Narrator: She falls for ages. She falls for so long that she has time to scream. . . to cry. . . to pray. . . to lose. . . and regain her sanity. And finally, to sleep. A flock of geese are soaring through the beautiful blue sky when they notice a strange creature, but it does not appear to be flying. As they get near, they see that it has neither wings nor fins—and that it is sleeping! They worry that this being will be hurt if it hits the water. Indeed, there is not yet any land on Earth. Those helpful kindly geese intercept Otsitsakáion's fall. She is very grateful. She understands the geese's thoughts. They are trying to figure out what to do with her. They decide to ask the turtle if she can rest on his back.

Otsitsakáion: There is some land!

Narrator: But of course, it was not land, at least not the way you think of it.

Otsitsakáion: Got any ideas?

Narrator: The turtle thinks for a long moment, then an idea comes to him. He summons all the water animals and explains to them the mission. Immediately the beaver volunteers. He dives underwater and is gone a long time. But when he comes up, he has nothing to offer Otsitsakáion. Next goes the muskrat. He's gone even longer. But he, too, comes up empty. Finally, the otter decides to give it a try. He is gone for so long that Otsitsakáion is sure he has drowned. Losing hope, she starts to put away her seeds. But just then the otter. . . pops out of the water. In his hands and in his mouth is dirt from the very bottom of the sea. Otsitsakáion cheers and gives thanks. She places a few of her seeds in the mound, then begins to do a little dance, a little ceremony. And as she dances, the mound of dirt grows. . . and grows. . . and grows until it becomes A'nó:wara Kawè:note. In your language that means "Turtle Island," and it is where you live today.