ATTIE — Audition Excerpt

Me.
And the sky.
For a long time those were enough.
The stars moved over me.
Or seemed to.
Humans are very fond of things that “seem to.”
They looked up and began connecting them.
One to another.
To another.
Lines where there were no lines.
Bodies where there were no bodies.
A shoulder.
A back.
A leg.
A nose.
Can’t you see it?
Of course you can.
Now that someone has shown you where to look.
I don’t blame them.
It is very difficult to look into the dark
and not make a constellation.
A hunter.
A crab.
A dog.
A lion.
A bear.
A Great Bear.
Ursa Major.
They found another bear beside her.
A Littler Bear.
Ursa Minor.
They gave the Great Bear a long tail.
Bears do not have long tails.
The stars did not object. They were stars.
At the tip of the Little Bear:
Polaris.
Not perfectly north, but close enough.
Close enough has carried a great many people a great many miles.
They used the bears to cross me.
This amused me, I think.
To find their way across the water,
they looked for an animal
that wasn’t there.
And it worked.