

## The Ring

### *Beyond the Well*

I met this girl seven days ago. She said something about “seven days”. I can’t help it I’m getting butterflies. We’ve only spoke over the phone, but there was something gentle about her voice. like a gentle whisper. We met over some kind of video dating service I think, I don’t really remember.

Well it’s been seven days. I’m feeling kind of nervous. Will she call? The phone suddenly starts ringing. Is it her? I race over to pick it up. “Hello?! ...Hello?” I say.

No one is there. Darn, what a let down.

Suddenly my toaster starts going on the fritz. I run over to check on it, when suddenly the TV turns on behind me. It’s just static. How odd.

Man this place is a mess. I should get this fix if i’m going to have girls coming over.

Her voice sounded great. For some reason I have this good feeling about her.

But then suddenly it hits me....

What if she is obese?

Some of those online girls intentionally misrepresent themselves. What’s the real reason I haven’t seen her picture?

Suddenly the white noise on my TV stops.

Great! That's a relief. I didn't want to have to deal with calling a technician.

There is a pleasant grassy scene on the TV now. A field with something in the middle. It's... A stone well.

Hmm I wonder what show this is?

Someone climbs out of the well.

It's a black haired girl in a white dress.

Slowly she walks closer to the screen.

She looks kind of injured maybe, tired, or sad by the way she walks. I can't actually see her face, her hair is covering the front of her head.

Strange what's this feeling I'm getting. Is it excitement? I have this strange feeling that this is the girl from the phone call. She looks like the owner of that sweet voice. Though I can't see her face.

She's getting closer to the screen.

Now she's climbing out of my TV.

Wait. How is that happening?

She puts one foot on the wood floor of my house. Then another. Her feet look dirty. Like she just climbed out of the bottom of a well...

She must be having a hard time.

I have no idea how this is happening but I just know this is the girl from the call.

Slowly she stands up.

Suddenly she teleports five feet. Now she's right in front of me.

I guess love can be a surreal thing. I don't know how this is happening. But I suppose that it doesn't matter.

Suddenly her hair falls away, and she looks me right in the eyes. Those black eyes pierce my soul.

My heart stops beating.

Literally.

I wake up. It doesn't feel like that much time has passed. My body is sweating.

The girl is still standing right there in front of me.

That's right, it must have been my heart. I have a heart condition. But my pace maker must have kicked in, and shocked me back.

All this excitement must have triggered a heart palpitation. Man I'm getting old.

She is still standing there. She looks kind of angry.

Her body is drenched, somewhat dirty, and bruised. I don't know how, but she really did just climb out of a TV and a well.

Those eyes would terrify anyone. But I've seen some scary stuff in my time. I'm a war veteran. I've survived a few near fatal blows. And lost a lot of close buddies too.

There is so much sadness behind that anger. I maintain eye contact with her. Then I move in for a hug.

She struggles. She's not used to this at all. But I don't let go. My heart is hot with



love for this sad girl. The intensity within me has a will of it's own.

She thrashes and pulls away. But my hand is still on her shoulder. Our eyes meet again, I sense more heart palpitations coming on. There's some kind of dark magic at work here. Something truly terrible has happened to this person. But I keep gazing into her eyes, meeting gaze periodically. There's something terrifying about her, but it just makes me feel more yearning. I keep gazing into those eyes, looking and looking away. I'm not afraid. I'm trying to meet her where she wants to be met.

I start to feel calm. She still looks angry, but there is something else here too, even though she looks angry, on some level, it seems like her eyes want to stay connected to mine.

"Go away!" she shrieks and looks away. Across the room my toaster explodes. Damn I should get that fixed.  
My ears start bleeding.

Man that's quite a voice.

This girl has some kind of dark power. But she so obviously needs to be loved. I should be afraid yet I can't pull myself away.

I don't know what she has survived. But it almost doesn't matter. Beneath all the surface stuff, **trauma** is often the same.

I walk her over to my couch. I put on some gentle music, subtly so it doesn't break the connection. I put on some tea. Not leaving her side for more than a moment. Then I change the TV to something more pleasant.

"What are you doing?" She says tensely. She's actually afraid, but that voice is so thick with emotion, so beautiful.

"It's not important I say." With fierce love in my eyes. I'm not meeting her eyes directly, but she can still see my emotion. Indirect eye contact. Near eye contact.

I don't want to lie to her. But it's too soon for her to really understand what I'm doing.

She notices the pain in my eyes, the way she sees me is starting to change. I'm meeting her where she is energetically.

She seems to calm down. She's still angry, but she's not really sure what she wants anymore.

I continue caressing her lightly. Her body is so tense, and malnourished. In spite of my heart stuff I'm actually in great shape, energetically. I spend a lot of time in parks, hanging with friends, sitting in coffee shops, and doing creative passions I love. If she can let me in, then she can feed off some of this energy. She needs it.

“What are you doing?” she says. Wanting to resist. It has been so long since she has trusted anyone.

“It’s not important.” I say again softly. I look at the ground this time. To show her that I’m not making any assumptions. If I stare at her too much she’ll think I’m trying to control her.

“I should kill every last one of you. You people are disgusting. You aren’t human.”

“I’m sorry.” I say softly. I can feel how much pain she is in. I feel a sudden need to cry for her, but if I cry now she won’t understand it. She might think it’s pity.

“Aren’t you afraid of me? Don’t think that I can’t still kill you.” She says. Some kitchen appliances start vibrating threateningly from across the room.

“I’m not afraid of you.” I say. I can feel the emotion in my heart is tangible. And it comes across in my voice. My words say “I’m not afraid.” But my voice, my tone says, “I love you.”

I keep holding her.

She looks back into my eyes. She can’t help it. It feels good to let it in. She won’t admit it yet. And I won’t make her admit anything. She can have this for free.

She falls into a light sleep.

I’m careful to stay near her. The bond hasn’t been fully created yet. Safety is so unknown, so a line to her.

As I look at her sleeping body I realize something. ....This girl.. is a ghost. Dark powers, climbing out of a TV screen, teleporting, It’s starting to make sense now.

Not that I’ve met a ghost before. But somehow I can just tell. Great, now that I’ve finally got a girl, she isn’t even alive. But... even though she’s a ghost... I could still get into that.

Wait a minute, that wasn’t a dating service that I met her though, ...it was a cursed video tape that I found in some creepy cabin in the woods. Silly me.

She wakes the next morning.

I take her into the shower and wash off the dirt.

"I didn't say you could do this." She says.

"I want you to feel better." I say.

She doesn't want to acknowledge it, but it feels good. To be held, to be clean.

"You can't help me. No one can."

"What happened to you is, terrible. And I can't hope to understand it."

"just... let me stay with you." I say.

She doesn't say anything. She lets me keep washing her.

I take her into my room to dress her in clean close.

I can't help it.

We have sex twice.

She never said she wasn't going to kill me. But she seemed to let me in of her own choosing. She could have easily used her telekinesis to hit me over the head with a lamp. Or just said "stop".

Her words say that she doesn't trust anyone. But her eyes say that she wants to be loved.

"Was sex all you wanted" She's testing me. She has a deep belief that deep down, no one really loves her.

"I want you." She feels my emotion. It's palpable. There is so much emotion in my heart, and she can hear it in my voice. I'm not 'putting' emotion into my voice. She is hearing the emotion that is already there.

We are still exchanging energy. The energy exchange hasn't stopped since the moment we first relaxed into each others eyes.

I keep holding her for a long time.

She may be a ghost, but she's made of pure physic(sp) energy. She has as much energy as any human I know. And her body is fully functional.

"I can't forgive them." she said.

That voice is so sad. It makes me want to keep holding her closer.

“It’s not forgivable.” I say.

She seems to relax even more. It feels good, just gazing at each other like this.

The next morning she gets out of bed.

She stands up, and as the sun light falls on her, it almost looks like her body is radiating light.

I take her out for a walk in the park. How long has it been since this ghost has walked in the light of day?

“I haven’t forgiven them.” She says to me.

“That’s ok.” I say softly while gazing into her eyes.

I feel so peaceful. We both feel so peaceful. She doesn’t want to let it in. She doesn’t understand it. Maybe she doesn’t even think she deserves it.

(We talk for a while about story books, things she likes to do, I tell her about what I like to do.)

“You can’t forgive them. And you may never have to. This peace is for you. If you want, you can take it.”

She gazes at the ground.

...

They thought that she was crazy. They thought her powers were evil. Witchcraft they called it. They trained her to suppress her ‘dark’ powers. They made her sit through years of ‘correctional’ training.

...Then when they couldn’t fix her. Her mother took her out to the well one day. On that day the mother put a bag over her head. And threw her into the well to die.

...

The anger the rage. The horror of what happened. It was never resolved. Not even close.

She want’s revenge. She can’t forgive what is so wrong, so unforgivable. And yet, now that she feels peace, it feels good, and she can’t turn away from it. It’s harder to not let it in.

But to let in love, she has to let go of her entire identity. Suffering was her identity. But that path of revenge, she knows somewhere that it has no end, she will never be satisfied.

We sit down on a park bench.

“You deserve this.” I tell her. “It’s because of what happened to you, what you lived through. You deserve this peace more than anyone.”

“They took your peace back then, but you don’t have to let them keep taking it from you forever.”

“Your right.” She says faintly.

She cries into my arms. This part feels even better than the sex. She is emitting so much energy, there is such a connection. So much love, for a ghost.

A light that has been trapped for so long. Burns so bright when finally free.

Then she evaporates into light. She is gone. The ghost found peace.

Damn it. I feel a sadness. Now I don’t have a girlfriend. But I have to let this go. She found the love she deserved. Now she can return to this world as a real girl. She can live a good life.

Zack Zwiebel