

THE DEATH PLAY

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Score 6 - Crossing

We are playing the death game, my 4 years old son and I. It is a game that he invented. I lower my grown up body down to his level of height. He looks me in the eyes and is very excited. - First, he says, - we shall pretend to be dead and lay down on the bed. Face up, eyes closed, hands on our chest. Then we wait for something to appear inside of us. Like in a dream. If it is a good thing that we see, we will wake up as evil characters. If we see something mean we will turn into good people.

I close my eyes and first I see nothing, except for maybe an inner light which I guess is the outer light shining through the skin of my eyelids. Then something is moving there in the light. It is like a big crap, crawling over us two laying in a dark space. It is like we are inside an open tree.

My son shouts: - I see two monsters fighting. He looks at me. - What did you see? I tell him about us two inside the tree with the creepy gigantic crap approaching us. - Hm, he says. - I think it means that we are now alive again as....two cats! Two nice cats that want to play.

We have a 6 months old cat, who is very playful and social. We imitate his movements and sounds. We lay on the floor on our backs and try to catch a ball with what is now our claws. Having no fingers makes things escape us, to hold on to something is very hard. We sniff the cats food. We stroke our bodies towards the table and towards each other. It feels warm and nice. My son is meowing loudly. Our real cat runs off to the bedroom. He seems to find the scene scary. My son would like to include him and runs after him, still on four legs. The cat reappears from under the bed. He is curious. My son makes a low friendly grunts. The cat runs over to him, its tail high up. They start rubbing their snouts against each other smelling each others faces.

It gives me a rush of pleasure seeing them so close and tender with each other. The moment seems prolonged. - I am so happy that he experiences this kind of contact with an animal, maybe it makes him protect nature and animals as he grows up, I am thinking.

But something is disturbing me about that way of connecting this meeting to the future. The moment here and now suddenly seems distant. And is there no value to be found here if there is no future? Would the meeting and contact with the cat as a cat be worth less if my son is not going to be a grown up? My son surely doesn't play to prepare for the future. And the cat does he picture himself as better in the future because of this closeness with my son?

What if all the beings and lifeforms meeting and sensing each other in this very moment *is* the inherent being and value of the world, and of nature?