

NURSE

Nurse: St. Bridget, please help me, I know not what I do. It's true I meddled in witchcraft but I'm no witch. I sewed a bag together with little bones in it and placed it under the door jam. I did this because I love him. I tried to love her, too, in order to make his life less miserable, but I am incapable of such a love. I am unworthy even to crawl upon this earth. But I am no witch. My love was something pure which became rotten. I wanted to love him with my body because, well...I have nothing else with which to love. One, two, three, four, ve --I'm missing one. I'm miss- ing one bag. I'M MISSING ONE BAG. I meddled in it because I didn't believe in it. Or maybe I did believe. I saw one day that I might have power. One day I was walking by the house of a woman who had aggrieved me greatly and while walking by I was thinking terrible thoughts about her when she happened to come out onto her porch I cast my eyes upon her and straightaway she vomited.