

## OUR TOWN – EMILY – THORTON WILDER

“But, Mother Gibbs, one can go back; one can go back there again... into the living.

I feel it. I know it. Why just then for a moment I was thinking about... about the farm... and for a moment I was there, and my baby was on my lap plain as day.

But I won't live over a sad day. I'll choose a happy one. I can choose a birthday at least, can't I? I choose... my 12<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Oh, that's the town I knew as a little girl, and, look there's the old white fence that used to be around our house. Oh, I'd forgotten that! Oh, I love it so! Are they inside?

I can't bear it. They're so young and beautiful. Why did they ever have to get old?

Mama, I'm here. I'm grown up. I love you all, everything – I can't look at everything hard enough.

Good morning Mama.

Oh, Mama, just look at me for 1 minute as though you really saw me. Mama, 14 years have gone by. I'm dead. You're a grandmother, Mama. I married George Gibbs, Mama. Wally's dead too, Mama, his appendix burst on a camping trip to North Conway. We felt terrible about it – don't you remember? But, just for a moment now we're all together. Mama, just for a moment now we're happy. Let's look at one another.

I can't. I can't go on. It goes so fast. We don't have the time to look at one another. I didn't realise. So all that was going on and we never noticed.

Take me back – up the hill – to my grave.

But first; wait! One more look. Goodbye, goodbye world. Goodbye Grover's Corners... Mama and Papa.

Goodbye to clocks ticking... and Mama's sunflowers; and food and coffee; and new-ironed dresses; and hot baths... and sleeping and waking up. Oh, Earth, you're too wonderful for anyone to realise you.

Do any human beings ever realise life – while they live it? Every, every moment?

I'm ready to go back.”