

1) I didn't feel at all involved and interested as I could only see your back. I noticed your shirt (pink with stripes or checked?) you hair, I don't think you went to the hairdresser recently, but I don't mind.

From time to time I was interested in what you were saying to ~~them~~, about moles. The only thing I grasped was the end, or I suppose I did: you said it had been buried alive: the mole?

Everyone laughed and seemed to have enjoyed the story - I didn't. Besides, the people singing in the next class were another distractor. Could you tell me a story, just for myself, so that I can feel happy? Thank you for sympathizing.

2) This time I really enjoyed the story and was not distracted by your shirt or hairdo. I could see you, and as you looked at me several times, I felt involved and understood most of it.

What was important for me was that I could see your face and eyes and that helped me understand and feel interested. I can also remember some of the gestures you made about the blood gushing, and some precise details on the two men: I could visualize as you were speaking because I could see you.

3) I nearly fell asleep and what I experienced was fascinating: I had the feeling I was going through the different ~~age~~ stages of sleep cycle:

I could see the colours and the pictures as if I was in a dream, I started breathing regularly and

heavily, I had a very unrestful period (paradoxical sleep), then I became conscious to what was going round (sound...) and then back to another stage - This was both unreal~~istic~~, reassuring and a bit confusing, as if I was hypnotized by the words, the voice and the story itself. I had the feeling it was a very, very long story, and I had relaxed to a certain point.