

My David Lynch Moment

I had what can only be described as a David Lynch moment at Trailwood Park today. Lynch was a master at creeping you out in the sweetest, most innocent places. Given the peaceful setting of the park and my post about "Alive in Wonderland" yesterday, this is just the type of eerie shenanigans he loves.

There I was, sitting on a park bench half-watching my kids play on the slide—bored, yes, bored, but relaxed. The sun was going down, the Irvine parrots were chattering nearby and the breeze was still warm from the day. It was very quiet.

Then I heard a small "Hi." It came from right next to me, though I didn't hear anyone sidle-up. Like I said, so quiet in the park, you think I would have heard someone approach.

When I turned to look, there she was, a blonde little girl about three-years-old, the spitting image of Alice. She was in full costume; blue dress with white apron, headband with black bow, even the black maryjanes.

She didn't move. She just smiled sweetly at me, but the creep-factor was just too overwhelming for me to feel anything but totally freaked out. I just stared at the poor little (possibly evil) thing and didn't say a word.

Then she skipped over to Ben and introduced herself. "Hi, I'm Alice."

****shudder****

If you aren't familiar with the aforementioned David Lynch, watch this downright disturbing scene from Twin Peaks I found on YouTube ****Don't say you weren't warned**shivers galore****