Men. Can't live with 'em, can't survive without 'em. I should know. Just once, I'd like a man to bring me a drink of water in the morning. Yeah. When camels fly, right? (Smiles) But, it's not as bad as it used to be; not nearly as bad as it used to be.

Now that I'm a respectable citizen, I get the water at the same time as the other women, early, when the ground is cool on your feet, and the sun hasn't climbed high enough to start burning into your flesh. And now they say hello to me. They used to just stare at me when I walked by their doors. Between the sun, and them burning holes into me with their eyes, I used to dread going for the water.

Have you ever had a day, when something completely changed for you—so big, it felt like the world was a different place? I'm not talking about the bad changes when someone dies, or walks out on you—I mean a good change. I had a day like that.

It started the same as usual. I woke up late, the sun already at the window, hurting my eyes. I knew I better get the water quick, or there'd be a fight when he woke up. When I got to the well, there was someone there. Not just someone, a Jew, a man, just sitting there all alone. (She refers to the seat to the right of the well. She often looks at this position, where he had been sitting, as she recounts the conversation.)

His eyes were closed against the sun. He was tired and kept wiping off his face, but he didn't open his eyes. That's why I could look at him. I wouldn't have had the nerve otherwise. I'd never been that close to a Jew before. Let alone a Jewish man. They generally keep their distance from Samaritans, to say the least. Jews and Samaritans are like cats and dogs. They're the cats,