

(more dialogue)
(more scenes)

Loaded up, they set out in a rain storm, thunder
growling in the west like a pack of mad dogs.
(make Bertie more obnoxious, all the things
Sara Ann hates in a person)

They stop at FHOJ - berries in butter

name Bonnie Wilson (H) Carrington

Mother dies in fire
Necromancy
Newspaper
clipping

Margaret Ann finds a
picture of
as old school
yearbook

(white with
embossing etc)
(or photo book Bertie's)
her sister

sister pushes her
in the swimming

not picture
on card

conspicuous ~~liar~~ - crossed eyes, crooked teeth on card photo
teeth straight in picture & brown hair the only resemblance to girl on card
both have been reared by Grandmother
after Grandmother died, boxed up old pictures

Corrie
Beaufort

Change story
on Mt. My chair
more hope help by Bertie
see her, help Bertie
back to father says
James defied
live hell
The Spirit
The Spirit
The Spirit

Birdie -
of good S. Carolina
stock

Paris Island

1

The Pope had just died and there ~~was~~ had been much talk
on the radio of Heaven, which prompted thoughts
of hell in Sarah Ann's mind. (Look up Paris Island on
internet for description, etc.)

Pam
D.
FSU
disease for
Eric with

Now she
looked
shrunken
coarse

Birdie, of good South Carolina stock -- Right! --
was fanning ~~gates~~ mosquitoes from her wan, ~~soleless~~ face
with ~~a hand~~ while ~~gazing~~ ^{staring} ~~at the view~~ ^{view of (what)} ~~sight~~
Paris Island. No makeup and she was wearing twice-
worn jeans and a white cotton shirt pulled from
a plastic garbage bag of dirty clothes. Wearing those
damned Chacos bought from Sarah Ann's ^{store} Out fitters
shop in Thomasville Georgia, same black with the
toe straps that Sarah Ann was wearing. Her ~~long~~
~~straight~~ ^{shoulder-length} brown hair had gone limp in the damp
and she looked like the stranger she was to Sarah
Ann. To keep from slapping her, Sarah Ann had
to focus on who she ~~was~~ ^{was} Sarah Ann
Sarah Ann thought she was ^{that picture} she first met
her in Thomasville: classy, informed, fun. Unstint
friend.

Part raised by
of handling them

Sarah Ann had been used, again, Hell, she hadn't
even recovered from the \$15,000 she'd loaned another
"friend" to start her own business -- those tackey
cloth purses and cheap ~~card~~ ^{recently} card for. The ~~rosescent~~
still burned in her nostrils. But she'd chalked that
one up as an expensive lesson in ~~mis~~ mis judgment.

It was not that Sara Ann was short on friends. She had lots, but she simply couldn't resist newcomers with a line, those ~~Jesus~~ turned-Baptists ~~to dinner on the~~ ~~the to honey~~ ~~ground~~. ~~that~~ attracted her like a ~~the~~ ~~to honey~~. Why? She should slap her own self.

It was after 6, ~~pm~~ during a stormy sunset, when the two women got back to Beaufort and Birdie's ~~the~~ scruffy house in a "historic" subdivision west of town. Weedy lots and ~~small brick~~ houses ~~mis~~ shingles on the roofs. Historic, Birdie's words ~~meaning~~ in this case one of the first subs in the Seventies, apparently.

The U-haul trailer Sara Ann had hauled behind her ~~pent~~ SUV was parked at the front door ~~so~~ where Sara Ann had left it only the day before. It seemed like a week ago that they had left Thomasville for Beaufort, good friends, to move Birdie's ~~other~~ belongings to her new apartment in Thomasville.

Actually, by the time they had reached Macon, ^a three-hour drive, ^{midday} Sara Ann ~~had~~ ~~been~~ suspicious; she should have ~~turned~~ turned around and headed back to Thomasville when Birdie announced that she didn't ~~do~~ ~~food~~ on the road." Sara Ann, ever the perfect traveling host, had stopped at a quaint looking cafe and sat with Sara Ann while she chewed out the waitress for poor service and while she chewed each bite of chicken salad one hundred times.

Sara Ann had tipped the waitress what amounted to 30 percent of the tab to make up for Birdie's cruelty remarks.

While Sara Ann signed the ^{Ann's} receipt ~~for~~ Birdie
had filled out a ^{customer} remarks card in careful print - - (3)
THE FOOD WAS SHIT.

Back in the SVV again, Sara Ann driving and
Birdie napping on the other side, head against the
glass & her mouth agape, Sara Ann noticed for
the first time how Birdie's cheap capped teeth were
outlined on her gums like a bad set of false teeth.
She'd felt ashamed of such a superficial observation
but was glad when Birdie snacked her lips closed
and turned her face to the window. She drew her legs
up on the seat and folded her arms as if she were
freezing.

^{if lane road, open, what does she see}
Sara Ann ~~turned~~ ^{switched} the fan on the a/c to low &
even adjusted the vents on Birdie's side of the dash.
She turned the radio on low and listened to NPR - -
more news about the death of the Pope, his role in
the defeat of communism, thousands of devout Catholics
were lined up and waiting to view his body. On TV,
Sara Ann had seen him propped up on a sort of
reclining bed, as open for viewing as a mannequin display
in a dept store.

All morning, driving to Macon, she & Birdie had laughed
and swapped mobing tales. From home to college down, to
NY & Pittsburg and only to wind up back in the
South from where they came. Both had gone to
Florida State University in Fall '71, at about the
same time but never met till some 20 years later
in Thomasville at Sara Ann's shop.

Sara Ann had been working on accounts in her office in back of her store when she heard this brassy laugh out front that went on and on. Turning finally into a form of hysteria. Unable to take anymore, and out of curiosity -- where was the girl she'd hired to help out at the store? -- she made her way through cardboard boxes of merchandising ~~then in~~ the connecting storeroom, then the racks of runners' out fits ^{displayed} & mounted fash and game toward the front of the store where the laughing came from. She had a mounted owl on a tree branch that took up a whole aisle between racks of sports out fits. It had begun to wear on her conscience, the owl had, because she doubted the _____'s claim that the owl was indeed road kill. Well, didn't she tie paper flies from ~~birds~~ feathers sent to her by friends & kin, knowing full well they had shot them for sport?

When she got to the revolving rack of cards, right side of the store, Birdie was standing with ~~her~~ ^{her} shyness in her brown eyes, gazing intently at a picture on one of the ^{humor} cards. Seeing Sara Ann, she held it out to her. On front was a real photo school photo of a girl of about 10 or 12 with buck teeth, crossed eyes and acne. Inside read: "Somebody should have warned Beth Ann's mother about using that discount sperm bank. One of Sara Ann's favorites of the new line of cards containing pictures of real people set to verse by some clever writer."

"That is me," Birdie screamed.
 "Me too," Sara Ann said, viewing the picture & laughing with her.

"No, no!" Birdie waved the card and backed up, bumping another revolving rack of hanging wood shavers, setting off a bright clanging throughout the store. "Where in the world...?" She turned the card over to the back, checking the name of the company that printed it. "How did they get this?"

Sara Ann said, "You're serious, right?" and just laughing, though the long-legged woman before her was still laughing. Or crying maybe?

"I'm serious. This is me Birdie Walton."

"Sara Ann (last name):" Face ~~blushing~~ ^{blazing} while realizing if this were true, it was not her fault. She didn't make the cards, she just ordered them from a catalogue because they were funny. Napkins too. She had the napkins. She wanted to rush over and grab that napkin print from the rack & toss it over the counter where her cash register was.

Now, Birdie was crying, card in hand while covering her face.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Sara Ann. "Come sit down. Sit." She caught Birdie's arm & guided her over to one of the chairs in the shoe ~~set~~ corner of the shop (not store).

Sitting there with Sara Ann's final pat on the shoulder fading away, Sara Ann nonchalantly past the questionable road-bugged owl to her office for Kleenex, then back to the near-empty box. Birdie used them all. Still staring

at the disgrace of a picture clutched in one hand.

"I will sue them," she said, flipping the card over to ~~study the~~ memorizing the printer on back. "How do they get these pictures?"

"I don't know -- I never thought..."

"Of course not," she spat. "It's not yours! Why did you say it was you?"

"I meant, it's me... I looked like that at that age. I can identify. That's the point."

Her eyes stretched. She stood. ~~They~~ "The estate sale. In Beauford. I remember. My sister & I tossed old family pictures ~~in a wooden box~~ ^{in a wooden box} -- the ones we didn't know -- after my mother died. But how... how did my picture get in there. My sister!"

Sara Ann had tried to keep busy, packing up the cards, the easy part, while for the next hour Birdie was on the phone, howling first at her sister, then at the printer. No explanation forthcoming. What she did get from the printer was a promise to withdraw her adolescent photo. No. She wanted money. ~~After~~ after the shock of seeing her face on such a card, she wanted money. Then she called her attorney in Beauford & hounded at him for awhile. (Chelper staying out of the way)

It was after noon, hot for early May, and the traffic on the street had dwindled to only an occasional car

on pickups. The island ^{bleeding red spots} between
 shuck was sending up heat waves that seemed
 to emanate from ~~Berdie's~~ shorts on the phone.
 Oops! ~~She~~ ~~she~~ While wandering, shouting, she'd
 overturned the owl on his limb and was setting
 him up again, trying to smooth his ruffled feather,
 his round glass eyes stared at her.

Finally, when she got off ~~the~~ phone, and the bench ^{up (8 feet)}
 where she'd been sitting was littered with used Kleenex,
 she agreed to walk down to ~~the~~ little cafe on
 the corner for lunch with Sara Ann. ^(purchasing 2.50 out)

When they got back, ~~Berdie~~ began trying on Chacos
 like the kind Sara Ann wore every day. That was when
 she told Sara Ann about her moving to Thomasville and
 having to go back to Beaufort for her other belongings.
 That was when Sara Ann offered to do ~~down~~ her
 & help her. Everything was already boxed up, ready
 to go.

In Beaufort, in ~~Sara Ann's~~ ^{Berdie's} house, following the
 trip to Paris Island, Sara Ann announced that she
 wanted to leave for Thomasville right away. The Vhaul
 trailer was already half full of clothes & shoes &
 junk, most of which Sara Ann had loaded alone.
 She would not stay another night in the home with
 this idiot who refused to pack ~~all~~ a year worth of
 old catalogue, ~~magazines~~ ^{magazines} & magazines in a refrigerator
 crate. ~~Small boxes~~ She would not sleep another night
 on that air mattress, still on the floor, next to the
 whining, teeth grinding Berdie of good South Carolina stock.

JANIC826@BELLSOUTH.NET

From: <VFR@aol.com>
To: <janic826@bellsouth.net>
Sent: Saturday, May 07, 2005 12:02 AM
Subject: Check out Webshots - Images of Parris Island Jan 13 and 14 2005

[Click here: Webshots - Images of Parris Island Jan 13 and 14 2005](#)

Lots of red brick buildings, palm trees, oak trees, so southern. The newer houses are more like beach houses and are up on stilts. The Commander's or Admirals House, whatever the title is of the guy who is in charge of Parris Island, is beautiful and sprawling with porches. Many of these houses are on the water or the marsh. There is your typical convenience store with gas pumps where uniformed people pull up to get gas. You are saluted as you enter Parris Island. It is a pretty quiet place in the early evening. Not many people out on the island.

sk. apocryphal
as she surveyed ~~the neat red brick buildings~~

Then ~~of course,~~ there was the tourists' vantage; her father's had been the ~~giant's~~ vantage. Her hell.

~~General's~~ own hell was ^{standing} right beside her: Birdie

Her hell

Evading mt,
There was no denying ~~that~~ that another actual picture of Birdie ~~had~~ ^{played a big} part in ~~Gene Ann's~~ ^{offer to} agreeing to this trip to hell.

Parrot Island SC

44

(Marine base)

Birdie's notion of seeing the
sights

Susan

red brick bldg. Southern, Palm & oak v

getting this far. For the very pointlessness of hope. Then her foot ached, and she knew she would try to keep breathing till she was forced to stop.