



Chapter 7: Consolata

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CHAPTER SEVEN

CONSOLATA

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In the deepest part of the cellar Consolata woke to the exhausting disappointment of not having died the night before. Each morning, her hopes dashed, she lay on the cot repelled by her slug-like life which she managed to get through by sipping, sipping, sipping from black bottles with handsome names. Each night she sank into sleep determined it would be the final one.

Already in a space ^{tight enough for} ~~that looked like~~ a coffin, already in love with the dark, long removed from appetites, craving only oblivion, she struggled to understand the delay. "What for?" she asked the dark and her voice was one among many that packed the cellar from ^{ceiling} ~~rafter~~ to stone floor. Several times a week she left the cellar but only at night or in the shadowy part of the day. Then she would stand outside in the garden, walk around a bit, look up at the sky to see the only light it had that she could bear. One of the women, Mavis usually,

would insist on joining her. Talking, talking, always talking. Or a couple of others would come. Sipping from the dusty bottles with handsome names--Jarnac, Medoc, Haut-Brion and St. Emilion--made it possible to listen to them, even answer, sometimes. Other than Mavis, who had been there the longest, it was getting harder for her to tell one from another. What she knew of them she had mostly forgotten and it seemed less and less important to remember any of it because the timbre of each of their voices told the same tale: disorder, deception and, what Sister Roberta warned the Indian girls against, drift. The three d's that paved the road to perdition and the greatest of these was drift.

Over the past eight years they had come. The first one, Mavis, during Mother's long illness; the second right after she died. Then two more. Each one asking permission to linger a few days but never leaving. Now and then one or another packed a ^{scruffy} tight little bag, said goodbye and seemed to disappear for a while--but only a while. They always came back to stay on living like mice in a house no one, not even the tax collector, wanted with a woman in love with the grave. Consolata looked at them through the bronze or gray or blue of her various sunglasses and saw broken girls, frightened girls, weak and

lying. When she was sipping St. Emilion or the smokey Jarnac she could tolerate them, but more and more she wanted to snap their necks. Anything to stop the ~~awful~~^{indigestible}, badly cooked food, the greedy throbbing music, the fights, the raucous empty laughter, the claims. But especially the drift. Sister Roberta would have pulped their hands. Not only did they do absolutely nothing, except the obligatory, they had no plans to do anything. Instead of plans they had wishes-- foolish babygirl wishes. Mavis talked endlessly of sure-fire money-making ventures: beehives, something called "bed and breakfast"; a catering company; an orphanage. One thought she had found a treasure chest of money or jewels or something and wanted help to cheat the others of its contents. Another was secretly slicing her thighs, her arms. Wishing to be the queen of scars, she made thin red slits in her skin with whatever came to hand: razor, safety pin, paring knife. One other longed for what sounded like a sort of cabaret life, a crowded place where she could sing ~~pitiful~~^{sorrowful} songs with her eyes closed. Consolata encouraged these babygirl dreams with padded, wine-soaked indulgence for they did not infuriate her as much as their whispers of love which lingered long after the women had gone. One by one they would float down the stairs, carrying a kerosene

lamp or a candle, like maidens entering a temple or a crypt, to sit on the floor and talk of love as if they knew anything at all about it. They spoke of men who came to caress them in their sleep; of men waiting for them in the desert or by a waterfall; of men who once had desperately loved them; or men who should have loved them, would have loved, might have.

On her worst days, deep in the cellar as well as the maw of depression, she wanted to kill them all. Maybe that was what her own pointless slug life was being prolonged for. That and the cold serenity of God's wrath. To die without His forgiveness condemned her soul. But to die without Mother's fouled it. She could have given it freely if Consolata had told her in time, confessed before the old woman's mind faded to singsong. On that last day Consolata had climbed into the bed behind her and, tossing the pillows on the floor, raised up the feathery body and held it in her arms and between her legs. The small white head nestled between Consolata's breasts and so the lady had entered death like a birthing, rocked and sung to by the woman she had kidnapped as a child. Kidnapped three children, actually; the easiest thing in the world in 1925. Mary Magna, a Sister not a Mother then, flatly refused to leave two children in the street

garbage they sat in. She simply picked them up, took them to the hospital where she worked and cleaned them in a sequence of Ordorno's Baking Soda, Glover's Mange, soap, alcohol, Blue Ointment, soap, alcohol and iodine carefully placed on their sores. She dressed them and, with the complicity of her sisters, took them with her to the ship. They were six American nuns on their way back to the States after twelve years of being upstaged by older, sterner Portuguese Orders. Nobody questioned nursing sisters paying cut-rate passage for three urchins. For there were three now, Consolata being a last minute decision because she was already nine years old. By anyone's standard the snatching was a rescue because whatever life the exasperated, headstrong nun was dragging them to it would be superior to what lay before them in the shit strewn paths of that city. When they disembarked in Curacao Sister Mary Magna placed only two of them in an orphanage, for by then she had fallen in love with Consolata. The green eyes? the tea colored hair? maybe her docility? Perhaps her smokey sundown skin? She took her along as a ward to the post to which the difficult nun was now assigned--an asylum/boarding school for Indian girls in some desolate part of the North American West.

In white letters on a field of blue a sign near the access road read Christ the King School for Native Girls. Maybe that was what everybody meant to call it, but in Consolata's living memory only the nuns used its proper name--mostly in prayer. Against all reason the students, the state officials and those they encountered in town called it The Convent.

For 30 years Consolata worked hard to earn and remain Mary Magna's pride, one of her singular accomplishments in a world of teaching, nurturing, and tending in places with names the nun's own parents had never heard of and could not repeat until their daughter pronounced them. Consolata adored her. When she was stolen and taken to the hospital they stuck needles in her arms to protect her they said from diseases. The violent illness that followed she remembered as pleasant because all the while she lay in the children's ward a beautiful framed face watched her. It had lake blue eyes, steady, clear but with a hint of panic behind them, a worry that Consolata had never seen. It was worth getting sick, dying even, to see that kind of concern in an adult's eyes. Every now and then the woman with the framed face would reach over and touch her forehead, smooth back her wet, tangled hair. The wooden beads

hanging from her waist or from her fingers clicked softly. Consolata loved those hands, the flat fingernails, the smooth tough skin of the palm. And she loved the unsmiling mouth that never needed to show its teeth to radiate happiness or welcome. Consolata could see a cool blue light beaming softly under the habit. It came, she thought, from the heart of her.

Straight from the hospital Consolata, in a clean brown dress that reached her ankles and carrying a half-empty satchel, accompanied the nuns to a ship called tk, then an automobile, a train, another automobile. And the magic that started with the hospital needles piled up and up: toilets that swirled water clear enough to drink; soft white bread already sliced in its wrapper; milk in glass bottles and all through the day every day the gorgeous language made especially for talking to heaven. Ora pro nobis tk tk. Only when they arrived at the school did the magic slow. Although the land had nothing to recommend it, the house was like a castle, full of a beauty Mary Magna said had to be eliminated at once. Consolata's first tasks were to smash offending marble figures and tend bonfires of books, crossing herself when a page of naked lovers blew out of the fire and had to be chased back to the flame. Consolata slept in the pantry,

Gracia plena

scrubbed tile, fed chickens, prayed, peeled, gardened, canned and laundered. It was she, not any of the others, who discovered the wild bush heavy with stinging hot peppers, and who cultivated them. She learned rudimentary cooking skills from Sister Roberta and got good enough to take over the kitchen as well as the garden. She attended some classes with the Indian girls but formed no attachments to them.

For 30 years she offered her body and her soul to God's Son and His Mother as completely as if she had taken the veil herself. To her of the bleeding heart and bottomless love. To her whose way was narrow but scented with the sweetness of thyme. To Him whose love was so perfectly available it dumbfounded wise men and the damned. He who had become human so we could know Him touch Him see Him in the littlest ways. Become human so His suffering would mirror ours, that His death throes, His doubt, despair, His failure would speak for and absorb throughout earthtime what we were vulnerable to. And these thirty years of surrender to the living God cracked like a pullet's egg when she met the living man.

It was 1954. People were building houses, fencing and plowing land some seventeen miles south of Christ the King. They had begun

to build a feedstore, a grocery store and, to Mary Magna's delight, a pharmacy closer than ninety miles. There she could purchase the bolts of antiseptic cotton for the girls' menstrual periods, the fine needles, the 60 weight thread that kept them busy mending, mending, the Lydia Pinkham, Stanback powder and the aluminum chloride with which she made deoderant.

On one of these trips, when Consolata accompanied Mary Magna in the school's banged up station wagon, even before they reached the newly cut road it was clear something ^godd was happening. Something unbridled was going on under the scalding sun. They could hear loud cheering and instead of a dozen or so energetic people going quietly about the business of making a town they saw horses galloping off into yards, down the road and people screaming with laughter. Small girls with red and purple flowers in their hair were jumping up and down. A boy holding for dear life onto a horse's neck was lifted off and declared winner. Young men and boys swung their hats, chased horses and wiped their laughing eyes. As Consolata watched their reckless joy she heard a faint but insistent Sha sha sha. Sha sha sha. Then ^a memory, ~~sliding, sliding across her mind's eye~~ of just such skin and just such men, dancing with women in the

streets to music beating like an infuriated heart, torsos still, hips making small circles above legs moving so rapidly it was fruitless to decipher how such grace was possible. These men here were not dancing, however; they were laughing, running, calling to each other and to women doubled over in glee. And although they were living here in a hamlet, not in a loud city full of glittering black people, Consolata knew she knew them.

It was some time before Mary Magna could get the pharmacist's attention. Finally he left the crowd and walked them back to his house, where a closed off part of the front porch served as a pharmacy. He opened the screen door and, politely inclining his head, ushered Mary Magna in. It was while Consolata waited on the steps that she saw him for the first time. Sha sha sha. Sha sha sha. A lean young man astride one horse, leading another. His khaki shirt was soaked with sweat and at some point he removed his wide flat hat to wipe perspiration from his forehead. His hips were rocking in the saddle back and forth, back and forth. Sha sha sha. Sha sha sha. Consolata saw his profile and the wing of a feathered thing, undead, fluttered in her stomach. He rode on past and disappeared into the feed lot. Mary Magna emerged with her purchases complaining a

little about something or other--the price the quality--and hurried to the station wagon, Consolata, behind her, carrying blue-tissued rolls of surgical cotton. Just as she opened the passenger door he passed again. On foot, running lightly, eager to return to the festive knot of people further down the road. Casually, perfunctorily, he looked her way. Consolata looked back and thought she saw hesitation in his eyes if not in his stride. Quickly she ducked into the automobile. She did not see him again for two months of time made unstable by a feathered thing fighting for wing spread. Months of fervent prayer and extra care taken with chores. Months of tension also because the school had been enjoined to close. The good, sweet Indian girls were long gone--snatched away by their mothers and brothers or graduated into a pious life. For three years now the school had been ^{Soliciting} accepting wards of the state: impudent girls who clearly thought the sisters were hilarious most of the time, sinister the rest of the time. Two had already run away; ^{and pay for} only four remained. Unless the sisters could persuade the state to send them more wicked wayward Indian girls, the orders were to prepare for closure and reassignment. The state had wayward girls all right, since wayward could mean anything from bedwetting to truancy to stuttering in

class, but preferred to place them in protestant schools where they could understand the clothes if not the religious behavior of the teachers. Catholic churches and schools in Oklahoma were as rare as fishpockets. Mary Magna wrote letter after letter, traveled to Oklahoma City and beyond hoping to save the school. In that distracted atmosphere, Consolata's fumbling, dropping some things, scorching others, making rushed unscheduled visits to the chapel were nuisances to the Sisters but not signs of alarm distinguishable from their own. When asked what the matter was or reprimanded for some intolerable lapse, she invented excuses or sulked. Looming in her confusion, daily refreshing her hasty piety was the fear of being ordered to step outside the Convent, to shop in the town again. So she did the yard chores at first light and spent the balance of the day inside mis-managing her work. None of which helped in the end. He came to her.

On a clear summer day as she knelt weeding in the garden along with two sullen wards of the state a male voice behind her said,

"Excuse me, Miss."

All he wanted was some black peppers.

He was 29. She was 39. And she lost her mind. Completely.

Consolata was not a virgin. One of the reasons she so gratefully accepted Mary Magna's hand, stretching over the litter like a dove's wing , was the dirty pokings her ninth year subjected her to. But never, after the white hand had enclosed her filthy paw, had she known any male or wanted to, which must have been why being love-struck after thirty celibate years took on an edible quality.

What did he say? Come with me? What they call you? How much for half a peck? Or did he just show up the next day for more of the hot black peppers. Did she walk toward him to get a better look? Or did he move toward her? In any case, with something like amazement, he'd said "Your eyes are like mint leaves." Had she answered "And yours are like the beginning of the world" aloud or were these words confined to her head? Did she really drop to her knees and encircle his leg or was that merely what she was wanting to do?

"I'll return your basket. But it may be late when I do. Is it all right if I disturb you?"

She didn't remember saying anything to that, but her face surely told him what he needed to know because he was there in the night and she was there too and he took her hand in his. Not a peck basket

in sight. Sha sha sha.

Once in his Chevrolet truck, easing down the driveway, the narrow dirt road and then gaining speed on a wider tarmac one, they did not speak. He drove, it seemed, for the pleasure of the machine; the roar contained, hooded, in steel; the sly way it simultaneously parted the near darkness and vaulted into darkness afar--beyond what could be anticipated. They drove for what Consolata believed were hours no words passing between them. The danger and its necessity focussed them, made them calm. She did not know or care where headed or what might happen when they arrived. Speeding toward the unforeseeable, sitting next to him who was darker than the darkness they split, Consolata let herself feel feathers unfold and come unstuck from the walls of a stone cold womb. Out here where wind was not a help or threat to sunflowers, nor the moon a language of time, weather, of sowing or harvesting, but features of the original world designed for the two of them.

Finally he slowed and turned into a barely passable track where x grass scraped the fenders. In the middle of it he braked and would have taken her in his arms except she was already there.

On the way back they were speechless again. What had been

Having never ^{before} realized she was in, now
She was out. Out.

uttered during their lovemaking leaned toward language, gestured its affiliation, but in fact was un-memorable, --controllable or --translatable. Before dawn they pulled away from each other as though, having been arrested, they were each facing prison sentences without parole. As she opened the door and stepped down, he said, "Friday. Noon." Consolata stood there while he backed the truck away. She had not seen him clearly even once during the whole night. But Friday. Noon. They would do it do it do it in daylight. She hugged herself, sank to her knees and doubled over. Her forehead acutally tapping the ground as she rocked in a harness of pleasure.

She slipped into the kitchen and pretended to Sister Roberta that she had been in the hen house.

"Well, then? Where are the eggs?"

"Oh. I forgot the basket."

"Don't go soft headed on me please."

I won't
"No, sister."

"Everything is in such disarray."

"Yes, Sister."

"Well, move then."

"Yes, Sister. Excuse me Sister."

"Is something funny?"

"No, Sister. Not at all. But...."

"But?"

"I was wondering what day is today?"

"The twenty-second day after Trinity."

"I mean what day of the week."

"Tuesday, why?"

"Nothing, Sister."

"We need your wits, dear. Not your confusion."

"Yes, Sister."

Consolata snatched a basket and ran out the kitchen door.

Friday. Noon. The sun has hammered everybody back behind stone walls for relief. Everybody but Consolata and, she hopes, the living man. She has no choice but to bear the heat with only a straw hat to protect her from the anvil the sun takes her for. She is standing at the slight turn in the driveway, but in full view of the house. This land is flat as a hoof, open as a baby's mouth. There is nowhere to hide outrageousness. If Sister Roberta or Mary Magna calls to her or asks for an explanation she will invent something--or

nothing. She hears his truck before she sees it and when it arrives it passes her by. He does not turn his head but he signals. His finger lifts from the steering wheel and points further ahead. Consolata turns right and follows the sound of his tires and then their silence as they touch tarmac. He waits for her on the shoulder of the road.

Inside the truck they look at one another for a long time, seriously, carefully, and then they smile.

He drives to a burned out farmhouse that sat on a rise of fallow land. Negotiating blue stem and wolf grass, he parks behind the black teeth of a collapsing chimney. Hand in hand they fight shrub and bramble until they reach a shallow gully. Consolata spots at once what he wants her to see: two fig trees growing into each other. When they are able to speak full sentences he gazes at her saying,

"Don't ask me to explain. I can't."

"Nothing to explain."

"I'm trying to get on in my life. A lot of people depend on me."

"I know you're married."

"I aim to stay so."

"I know."

"What else you know?" He puts his forfinger in her navel.

"That I'm way older than you."

He looks up, away from her navel to her eyes and smiles.

"Nobody's older than me."

Consolata laughs.

"Certainly not you," he says. "When's the last time?"

"Before you were born."

"Then you're all mine."

"Oh yes."

He kisses her lightly then leans on his elbow. "I've traveled. All over. I've never seen anything like you. How could anything be put together like you? Do you know how beautiful you are? Have you looked at yourself?"

"I'm looking now."

No figs ever appeared on those trees during all the time they met there but they were grateful for the shade of those dusty leaves and the protection of the agonized trunks. The blankets he brought they lay on as much as possible. Later each saw the nicks and bruises the dry creek caused.

Consolata was questioned. She refused to answer; diverted the

inquiries into a ^{lament} plaintive "What's going to happen to me when all this is closed? Nobody has said what's going to happen to me."

"Don't be ridiculous. You know we'll take care of you. Always."

Consolata pouted, pretending to be wild with worry and therefore unreliable. The more assurance she got the more she insisted upon wandering off, to "be by myself," she said. An urge which struck her mostly on Fridays. Around noon.

When Mary Magna and Sister Roberta left on business in September Sister Mary Elisabeth and three, now, feckless students continued to pack, clean, study and maintain prayer. Two of the students, Clarissa and Penny, began to grin when they saw Consolata. They were fourteen years old; small boned girls with beautiful knowing eyes that could go suddenly blank. They lived to get out of that place, and were in fairly good spirits now that the end was coming. Recently they had begun to regard Consolata as a confederate rather than one of the enemy out to ruin their lives. And whispering to each other in a language the Sisters had forbidden them to use, they covered for her; did the egg gathering that was Consolata's responsibility. The weeding and washing up too. Sometimes they watched from the school room windows, heads

touching, eyes aglow, as the woman they believed old enough to be their grandmother stood in all weather waiting for the Chevrolet truck.

"Does anyone know?" Consolata runs her thumbnail around the living man's nipple.

"Wouldn't be surprised," he answers.

"Your wife?"

"No."

"You told somebody?"

"No."

"Someone saw us?"

"Don't think so."

"Then how could anybody know?"

"I have a twin."

Consolata sits up. "There are two of you?"

"No," he closes his eyes. When he opens them he is looking away. "There's just one of me."

September marched through breaking ^(over) everything before it; acres of alfalfa, ^{blue} rye, barley, corn. When October arrived and gourds were

Smearing everything

with oil paint : Cardamon and
— yellow, ochre and +K.

swelling in the places where rutabega had been, Mary Magna and Sister Roberta returned with news that was no news. Everyone's fate was being resolved in Saint Pere, except her own. That decision would come later. Mary Magna's age, seventy two, was a consideration but also there was the upkeep of the property--a benefactor's gift on untaxable church land and, so far, without any discoverable natural resources--impossible to unburden. They could not simply walk off, could they? Mary Magna called them all together to explain. Another girl had run away but the last two, Penny and Clarisssa, listened in rapt attention as their future--the next four years of it anyway--which had taken shape in some old man in a ^{Cassock's} gown's hands, was presented to them. They bowed their beautiful heads in solemn acquiescence certain that the help they needed to get out of the clutch of nuns was on the way.

Consolata, however, paid scant attention to Mary Magna's words. She wasn't going anywhere. She would live in the field if she had to, or better, in the fire ruined house that had become her mind's home. Three times now she had followed him through it, balancing on buckled floorboards and smelling twelve year old smoke. Out there with not even a tree line in view, like a house built on the sand waves

of the lonely Sahara, with no one or thing to hinder it the house had burned freely in the play of wind and its own preen. Had it begun at night with children asleep? Or was it unoccupied when the flames first seethed. Was the husband sixty acres away, bundling, branding, clearing, sowing? The wife stooped over a wash tub in the yard? She would have thrown a bucket or two, then, yelling to the children, rushed to collect what she could. Piling everything she could reach, snatch into the yard. Surely they had a bell, a rusty triangle-- something to ring or bang to warn the other of advancing danger. When the husband got there the smoke would have forced him to cry. But only the smoke, for they were not crying people. He would have worried first about the stock and guided them to safety or set them free, remembering that he had no property insurance. Other than what lay in the yard, all was lost. Even the sunflowers at the northwest corner of the house. Near the kitchen, where the wife could see them while stirring hominy.

Consolata ferreted in drawers where field mice had nibbled propane gas receipts. Saw how the wind had smoothed charred furniture to silk. Nether shapes had taken over the space from which humans had fled. A kind of statuary of ash people. A man, eight feet

blowing strands of ^{brown} hair away
from her eyes

tall, hovered near the fireplace. His legs, sturdy cowboy legs, and the set of his jaw as he faced them answered immediate questions of domain. The finger at the tip of his long black arm pointed left toward sky where a wall had crumbled, demanding quick exit from his premises. Near the pointing man, faintly etched on the ochre wall was a girl with butterfly wings three feet long. The opposite wall was inhabited by what Consolata thought were fishmen but he said No, more like Eskimo eyes.

“Eskimo?” she asked bunching her hair away from her neck.

“What’s an Eskimo?”

He laughed and, obeying the cowboy’s order, pulled her away, over the rubble of the collapsed wall, back to the gully where they competed with the fig trees for holding on to one another.

Mid-October he skipped a week. A Friday came and Consolata waited for two and a half hours where the dirt road met the tarmac. She would have waited longer but Penny and Clarissa came and led her away.

He must be dead, she thought, and no one to tell her so. All night she fretted --on her pallet in the pantry or hunched in darkness

at the kitchen table. Morning found her watching the world of living things dribbling away with his absence. Her heart, clogged with awfulness, weakened. Her veins seemed to have turned into crinkly cellophane tubes. The heaviness in her chest was gaining weight so fast she was unable to breathe properly. Finally she decided find out or find him.

It was Saturday. A busy day in those parts. The once a week Trailways bus honked her out of the way as she strode down the middle of the county road. Consolata skittered to the shoulder and kept on, her unbraided hair lifting in the breeze of the tail pipe. A few minutes later an oil truck passed her, its driver yelling something through the window. Half an hour later there was a glistening in the distance. A car? A truck? Him? Her heart gurgled and began to seep blood back into her cellophane veins. She dared not let the smile growing in her mouth spread to her face. Nor did she dare stop walking while the vehicle came slowly into view. Yes, dear God, a truck. And one person at the wheel, my Jesus. And now it slowed. Consolata turned to watch it come full stop and to feast on the living man's face.

He leaned out of the window, smiling.

"Want a lift?"

Consolata ran across the road and darted around to the passenger door. By the time she got there it was open. She climbed in and, for some reason--a feminine desire to scold or annihilate twenty-four hours of helpless desperation; to pretend, at least, that the suffering he had caused her required an apology, an explanation to win her forgiveness--some instinct like that preserved her and she did not let her hand slip into his crotch as it wanted to.

He was silent, of course. But it was not the silence of the Friday noon pickups. Then the unspeaking was lush with promise. Easy. Vocal. This silence was barren, a muteness lined with acid. And then she noticed the smell. Not unpleasant. Not at all. But not his. Consolata froze, then, not daring to look at his face, she glanced sideways at his feet. He was not wearing the black high tops but cowboys boots ^g ^{ing} ~~that~~ convinced her that a stranger sat behind the steering wheel inhabiting the body of him, but not him.

She thought to scream, to throw herself out ^{on the road.} ~~of the door.~~ She would fight him if he touched her. She had no time to invent other options because they were approaching the dirt road that led to the Convent. She was just about to fling open the door when the stranger

braked and slowed to a standstill. He leaned over, brushing her breasts with his arm, and ^{raised} ~~opened~~ ^{handle} the door. She stepped down quickly and turned to see.

He touched the brim of his stetson, smiling. "Anytime," he said. "Anytime at all."

She backed away staring at the exact face of him, repelled by but locked into his eyes, chaste and wide with hatred.

The incident did not halt the fig tree meetings. He came the next Friday wearing the right shoes and exuding the right smell and they argue a little.

"What did he do?"

"Nothing. He didn't even ask me where I was going. Just drove me back."

"Good thing he did."

"Why?"

"Did us both a favor."

"No, he didn't. He was..."

"What?"

"I don't know."

"What'd he say to you?"

"He said, 'want a lift' and then he said 'anytime.' Like he'd do it again. I could tell he doesn't like me."

"Probably not. Why should he? You want him to? Like you?"

"No. Oh, no, but."

"But what?"

Consolata sits up straight and looks steadily toward the back of the fire ruined house. Something brown and furry scurries into what was left of a charred rain barrel.

"You talk to him about me?" she asks.

"Never told him a thing about you."

"Then how did he know I was coming to find you?"

"Maybe he didn't. Maybe he just didn't think you should be walking to town like that."

"He didn't turn the truck around. He was driving north. That's why I thought it was you."

"Look," he says. He squats on his haunches, tossing pebbles.

"We have to have a signal. I can't always show up on Fridays. Let's think of something, so you'll know."

They thought of nothing that would work. In the end she told him she would wait the Fridays, but only for an hour. He said, if I'm

not on time, I'm not coming at all.

The regularity of their meetings, before his twin showed up, had honed her hunger to a blunt blade. Now irregularity knifed it. Even so, twice more he carried her off to the place where fig trees insisted on life. She did not know it then, but the second time was the last.

It is the end of October. He walls a portion of the fire ruined house with a horse blanket and they lie on an army issue bed roll. The pale sky above them is ringed with a darkness coming which they could not have seen had they looked. So the falling snow that lights her hair and cools his wet back supprises them. Later they speak of their situation. Blocked by weather and circumstance much of what they talk about is Where. He mentions a town ninety miles north but corrects himself quickly because no motel or hotel would take them. She suggests the Convent because of the hiding places in it everywhere. He snorts his displeasure.

"Listen," she whispers. "There is a small room in the cellar. No. Wait, just listen. I will fix it, make it beautiful. With candles. It's cool and dark in the summmer, warm as coffee in winter. We'll have a lamp to see each other with but nobody can see us. We can shout as loud as we want and nobody can hear. Pears are down there and

walls of wine. The bottles sleep on their sides and each one has a name like Dueve Cliquot or Medoc and a number: 1-9-1-5 or 1-9-2-6 like prisoners waiting to be freed. Do it," she urges him. "Please do it. Come to my house."

While he considers, her mind races ahead with plans. Plans to cram rosemary into the pillow slips; rinse linen sheets in hot water steeped in cinnamon. They would slake their thirst with the prisoner wine, she tells him. He laughs, a low satisfied laugh and she bites his lip which, on retrospect, was her big mistake.

Consolata did all of it and more. The cellar room sparkled in the light of an eight holder candelabra from Holland and reeked of ancient herbs. Sickie pears crowded a white bowl. None of which pleased him for he never arrived. Never felt the slide of old linen on his skin, nor picked flakes of stick cinnamon from her hair. The two wine glasses she rescued from straw filled crates and polished to abnormal clarity collected dust particles, then, by November, just before Thanksgiving, an industrious spider moved in.

Penny and Clarissa had washed their hair and sat by the stove finger-combing it dry. Every now and then one of them would lean and shake a shiney black panel of it closer to the heat. Softly singing

forbidden Algonquian lullabys they watched Consolata just as they always did. Her days of excitement, of manic energy. Her slow change to nailbiting distraction. They liked her because she was stolen as they had been and felt sorry for her too. They regarded her behavior as serious instruction about the limits and possibilities of love and imprisonment and took the lesson with them for the balance of their lives. Now, however, their instant future claimed privilege. Bags packed, plans set, all they needed was money.

"Where do you keep the money, Consolata? Please, Consolata. Wednesday they take us to the Correctional. Just a little, Consolata. In the pantry, yes? Well, where? There was one dollar and twenty cents from Monday alone."

Consolata ignored them. "Stop pestering me."

"We helped you, Consolata. Now you must help us. It's not stealing--we worked hard here. Please? Think how hard we worked."

Their voices chanting, soothing they swayed their hair and looked at her with the glorious eyes of maidens in peril.

The knock on the kitchen door was not loud but its confidence was unmistakable. Three taps. No more. The girls stilled their hair in

their hands. Consolata rose from her chair as if summoned by the sheriff or an angel. In a way it was both, in the shape of a young woman, exhausted, breathing hard but ram rod straight.

"I walked here," she said. "Please. Let me sit."

Penny and Clarissa disappeared like smoke.

The young woman took the chair Penny had vacated.

"Can I get you something?" asked Consolata.

"Water, would you?"

"Not tea? You look froze."

"Yes. But water first. Then some tea."

Consolata poured water from a pitcher and bent to check the stove fire.

"What's that smell?" asked the visitor. "Sage?"

Consolata nodded. The woman covered her lips with her fingers.

"Does it bother you?"

"It'll pass. Thank you." She drank the water slowly until the glass was empty.

Consolata knew, or thought she did, but asked anyway. "What is it you want?"

"Your help." Her voice was soft, non-committal. No judgment,

no pleading.

"I can't help you."

"You can if you want to."

"What kind of help are you looking for?"

"I can't have this child."

Hot water splashed from the spout to the saucer. Consolata put down the kettle and sopped the water with a towel. She had never seen the woman--girl, really, not out of her twenties, but there was no confusion from the moment she stepped inside about who she was. His scent was all over her, or his was all over her. They lived together close enough long enough to breathe ^{Camay Soap} ~~wet~~ grass and tobacco and to exhale it in their wake. That and some other thing: the scent of small children, the lovely aroma of sweet oil, baby powder and a meatless diet. This was a mother here, saying a brute unmotherly thing that rushed at Consolata like a forked tongue. She dodged the tongue, but the toxin behind it shocked her with what she had known but never imagined: she was sharing him with his wife. Now she saw the pictures that represented exactly what that word-sharing- meant.

"I can't help you with that! What's wrong with you?"

"I've had two children in two years. If I have another..."

"Why come to me? Why you asking me?"

"Who else?" asked the woman in her clear, matter-of-fact voice.

The poison spread. Consolata had lost him. Completely. Forever. His wife might not know it, but Consolata remembered his face. Not when she bit his lip, but when she had hummed over the blood she licked from it. He'd sucked air sharply. Said "Don't ever do that again." But his eyes, first startled, then revolted, had said the rest of what she should have known right away. Clover, cinnamon, soft old linen--who would chance pears and a wall of prisoner wine with a woman bent on eating him like a meal?

"You get on out of here. You didn't come here for that. You came to tell me, show me what you're like. And you think I'll stop when I know what you're willing to do. Well, I won't."

"No, but he will."

"You wouldn't have come here if you thought so. You want to see what I'm like; if I'm pregnant too."

"Listen to me. He can't fail at what he is doing. None of us can. We are making something."

"What do I care about your raggedy little town. Get out. Go on. I have work to do."

Did she walk all the way home? Or was that a lie too? Was her car parked somewhere near? Or if she did walk, did nobody pick her up? Is that why she lost the baby?

Her name was Soane and when she and Consolata became fast friends Soane told her she didn't think so. It was the evil in her heart that caused it. Arrogance dripping with self-righteousness, she said. Pretending a sacrifice she had no intention of making taught her not to fool with God's ways. The life she offered as a bargain fell between her legs in a swamp of red fluids and wind blown sheets. Their friendship was some time coming. In the meanwhile, after the woman left, Consolata threw a cloth bag of coins at Penny and Clarissa, shouting "Get out of my face!"

While the light changed and the meals did too, the next few days did not. They were all one long seige of sorrow during which Consolata picked through the scraps of her gobble-gobble love. After stretching romance to the breaking point, it broke exposing a simple mindless transfer. From Christ, to whom one gave total surrender and then swallowed the idea of His flesh, to a living man. Shame.

Shame without blame. Consolata virtually crawled back to the little ^{chapel} altar (wishing fervently that He was there, glowing red ^{at the side of an altar)} in the tk).

Scuttled back, as women do, as into arms understanding where the body like a muscle spasm has no memory of its cringe. No beseeching prayer emerged. She simply bent the knees she had been so happy to open and said "Dear Lord, I didn't want to eat him. I just wanted to go home."

Mary Magna came into the chapel and, kneeling with her, put an arm around Consolata's shoulder, saying "At last."

"You don't know," said Consolata.

"I don't need to, child."

"But he, but he." Sha sha sha. Sha sha sha, she wanted to say, meaning he and I are the same.

"Sh sh sh. Sh sh sh," said Mary Magna, "Never speak of him again."

She might not have agreed so quickly, but as Mary Magna led her out of the chapel into the schoolroom a sunshot seared her right eye announcing the beginning of bat vision where she began to see best in the dark. Consolata had been spoken to.

→ Over
Only Mother and Sister Roberta were left. Sister Elizabeth was

She joined them ^{on} for the drive to H.C.

where

Mary Elizabeth ^{and} ^{where they spent an evening in}
drove her to H.C. ^{a morning} for Confession and

Mass.

M.M.

They spent money she could
not afford to take the household on a
trip to ^{Middleton} H.C. ^{each of them, but especially} Where ^{Confessed}
and attended mass. Clarissa
and Penny, models of penitence,
persuaded the Sisters to ~~part~~ visit
the famous mounts.

reassigned to Indiana. Penny and Clarissa had been taken east and, as they later learned, escaped from the bus one night at the stop before Tulsa. Except for a money order, they were never heard from again.

The three women spent the winter waiting, then not waiting, for some alternative to retirement or a "home." Meanwhile they took steps to keep up the property and not be financially beholden to the Diocese. Sargeant Person agreed to lease land from them for rough corn and alfalfa. They made sauces and jellies and European bread. Sold eggs, peppers and hot relish. Even bar be cue sauce which they advertised on a square of cardboard covering the faded blue and white name of the school. Most of their customers in 1955 drove trucks between Arkansas and Texas. Ruby citizens seldom stopped to buy anything other than peppers since they were supreme cooks themselves and made or grew what they wanted. Only in the sixties when times were fat did they join the truckers and look upon what they called Convent-bred chickens as superior enough to their own to be worth a journey. Then they would also try a little jalapeno jelly, or a corn relish. Pecan saplings planted in the forties were fat in 1960. The Convent sold the nuts to a few people in Ruby and when, in

winter, a few pies from the harvest were made they went as soon as posted. The bar be cue sauce got a heavenly reputation based on the hellfire peppers.

It was an all right life for Consolata. Better than all right, for Mary Magna had taught patience as the first order of business. She had taken the young Consolata aside and together they would watch coffee brew or sit in silence at the edge of the garden. God's generosity, she said, is nowhere better seen than in the gift of patience. The lesson held Consolata in good stead and she hardly noticed the things she was losing. The first to go were the rudiments of her first language. She began to speak and think in that in-between place, the valley between the regulations of the first language and the vocabulary of the second. The next thing to disappear was embarrassment. Finally, she lost the ability to bear light. By the time Mavis had arrived, Sister Roberta had gone into a nursing home and Consolata had nothing on her mind but the care of Mary Magna.

But before that, before the woman in thong slippers hollered at the edge of the garden, before Mary Magna's illness, still in a state of devotion and light blindness, and ten years after that summer of

hiding in a gully behind a house full of inhospitable smoke people, Consolata was tricked into raising the dead.

They were subdued years. Penance attended to but not all consuming. There was time and mind for everyday things. Consolata learned to manage any and every thing that did not require paper: she perfected the bar be cue sauce that drove cattle country people wild; soothed and coddled the chickens; gave hateful geese a wide berth, and tended the garden. She and Sister Roberta had agreed to try again for a cow and Consolata was standing in the garden wondering where to pen it when sweat began to pour from her neck, her hairline, like rain. So much it clouded the sunglasses she now wore. She removed the glasses to wipe the sweat from her eyes. Through that salty water she saw a shadow moving toward her. When it got close it turned into a tall woman. Consolata, overcome with dizziness, tried to hold on to a bean pole, failed and sank to the ground. When she woke, she was sitting in the rocker, the tall woman humming while mopping her forehead.

"Talk about luck," she said and smiled.

"What's happening to me?" Consolata looked toward the house.

"Change, I expect. Here's your glasses. Bent, though."

Her name was Lone DuPres, she said and if she had not come for a few peppers, she said, who knew how long she'd have lain in the snap beans.

Consolata found herself too weak to stand, so she let her head fall back on the rocker's crown and asked for water.

"Uh Uh," said Lone. "You already got too much of that. How old are you?"

"Forty-nine. Fifty soon."

"Well, I'm seventy-three and I know my stuff. You do as I say your change will be easier and shorter."

"You don't know that's what this is."

"Bet on it. And it's not just the sweat. You feel something more, don't you?"

"Like what?"

"You'd know it if you had it."

"What does it feel like?"

"You tell me. Some women can't stomach it. Others say it reminds them of well, you know."

"My throat is parched," said Consolata.

Lone dug around in her bag. "I'll brew you something to help."

"No. The sisters. I mean, they won't like. Won't let you just walk on in and start messing on the stove."

"Oh, they'll be fine."

And they were. Lone gave Consolata a hot drink that tasted of pure salt. When she described her spell and Lone's remedy to Mary Magna, the sister laughed, saying "Well, the nurse I am thinks 'baloney.' The woman I am thinks anything that helps, helps. But be careful. I think she practices."

Lone didn't visit often, but when she did she gave Consolata information that made her uneasy. tk Consolata complained that she did not believe in magic; that the church and everything holy forbade its claims to knowingness and its practice. Lone wasn't aggressive. She simply said, "Sometimes folks need more."

"Never," said Consolata. "In my faith, faith is all I need."

"You need what we all need: earth, air, water. Don't separate God from His elements. He created it all. You stuck on dividing Him from His works. Don't unbalance His world."

Consolata listened half heartedly. Her curiosity was mild; her religious habits entrenched. Her safety did not lie in the fall of a broom or the droppings of a coyote. Her happiness was not increased

or decreased by the sight of a malformed animal. She fancied no conversation with water. Nor did she believe that ordinary folk could or should interfere with natural consequences. The road to Demby, however, was straight as a saw and a teenager driving it for the first time believed not only that that he could drive it blindfolded, but that he could drive it in his sleep which is what Scout Morgan was doing, off and on, as he traveled route 18 early one evening near the Convent. He was thirteen years old, driving the father of his best friend's truck (which was nothing compared to the Little Deere his uncle taught him to handle) while his brother, Easter, slept in the truck bed and the best friend slept at his side. They had sneaked off to Milton to see the Black Rodeo all their fathers forbade them to attend and had drunk themselves happy with Falstaff beer. During one of his involuntary naps at the wheel the truck careened off the road and would have done no serious damage but for the roadside poles stacked and ready to go as soon as the Power Crew was empowered to install them. The truck hit the poles and flipped. July Person and Easter were thrown out. Scout was stuck inside, red poppies spreading over his chest.

Lone, sitting at Consolata's table, sensed rather than heard the

accident: the shouts of July and Easter could not have traveled that far. She rose and grabbed Consolata's arm.

"Come on!"

"Where to?"

"Not far."

When they arrived Easter and July had pulled Scout from the cab and were crying over his dead body. Lone turned to Consolata saying, "I'm too old now. Can't do it anymore, but you can."

"Lift him?"

"No. Go inside him. Wake him up."

"Inside? How?"

"Step in. Just step on in. Help him, girl!"

Consolata looked at the body and without hesitation removed her glasses and focussed on the thick stain of field poppies on his shirt. She stepped in. Saw the stretch of road he had dreamed through, felt the flip of the truck, the chest pressure, the unwillingness to breathe. As from a distance she heard Easter and July kicking the truck and howling. Inside the boy she saw a pin point of light receding. Pulling up energy that felt like fear, she stared at it until it widened. Then more, more, so air could come seeping, at

first, then rushing rushing in. Although it hurt like hell to look at it, she concentrated as though the lungs in need were her own.

Scout opened his eyes, groaned and sat up. The women told the unhurt boys to carry him back to the Convent. They hesitated, exchanging looks. Lone shouted "What the hell is the matter with you?"

Both were profoundly relieved by Scout's recovery but No ma'am, Miss DuPres, they said, we got to get on home. "Let's see if it still runs," said Easter. They righted the truck and found it sound enough to drive. Lone went with them, leaving Consolata half exhilarated by and half ashamed of what she had done.

Weeks passed before Lone returned to put her mind at ease.

"You gifted. I knew it from the start.

Consolata turned her lips down. The exhilaration was gone now and the thing seemed nasty to her. Like devilment. Like evil craft. Something it would mortify her to tell Mary Magna, Jesus or the Virgin. She hadn't known what she was doing; she was under a spell. Lone's spell. And told her so.

"Don't be a fool. God don't make mistakes. Despising his gift, now, that is a mistake. You calling Him a fool, like you?"

"I don't understand it," said Consolata.

"Yes you do. Let your mind grow long and use what God gives you."

"I think He wants me to ignore you."

"Hard head," said Lone. She hoisted her bag and walked down the driveway to wait in the sun for her ride.

Then Soane came saying "Lone DuPres told me what you did. I came to thank you with all my heart."

She looked much the same to Consolata, except that the long hair of 1954, sticky with distress, was cut now. She carried a basket and placed it on the table. "You will be in my prayers forever."

Consolata lifted the napkin. Round sugar cookies were layered between wax paper. "Mother will like these with her tea," she said. Then, looking at Soane, "Go nice with coffee, too."

"I'd love a cup. More than anything."

Consolata placed the sugar cookies on a platter. "Lone thinks--"

"I don't care about that. You gave him back to me."

A gander screamed in the yard scattering the geese before him.

"I didn't know he belonged to you."

"I know that."

"And it was something I couldn't help doing. I mean it was out of my hands, so to speak."

"I know that, too."

"What does he think?"

"He thinks he saved himself."

"Maybe he's right."

"Maybe he is."

"What do you think?"

"That he was lucky to have us both."

Consolata shook crumbs from the basket and folded the napkin neatly inside. They traded that basket back and forth for years.

Other than with Mary Magna, 'stepping in' was of no use. There was no call for it. The light Consolata could not bear to approach her own eyes, she endured for the Reverend Mother when she became ill. At first she tried it out of the weakness of a desperate devotion--nothing seemed to relieve the sick woman--then she assumed an attitude of command. Stepping in to find the pin point of light. Manipulating it, widening it, strengthening it. Reviving, even raising her from time to time and so intense were the steppings in, Mary

Magna glowed like a lamp till her very last breath in Consolata's arms. However sparsely used, now that Mother was dead, the gift did not evaporate. Troubling as it was, yoking the sin of pride to tk, she came to terms with it in a way she believed would not offend or place her soul in peril. It was a question of language. Lone called it 'stepping in.' Consolata said it was 'seeing in.' Thus the gift was 'in sight'. Something God made free to anyone who wanted to develop it. That settled the argument between herself and Lone and made it possible for her to accept Lone's remedies for all sorts of ills and to experiement with others while the 'in sight' blazed away. The dimmer the visible world, the more dazzling her 'in sight' became.

When Mary Magna died, Consolata, ⁶¹~~fifty-four~~ years old, was orphaned in a way she was not as a street baby, and was never as a servant. There was reason X cautioned against excessive love and when Mary Magna left her, Consolata accepted the sympathy of her two friends, the help and murmurs of support from Mavis, the efforts to cheer her from Grace, but her rope to the world had slid from her fingers. Facing extinction, waiting to be evicted, wary of God, her life seemed to her a curl of paper--nothing written on it--lying in the corner of an empty closet. Prisoner wine helped until it didn't and

either to help

she found herself wishing she had the strength to beat the life out of the women free loading in the house. "God don't make mistakes," Lone had shouted at her. Perhaps not, but He was sometimes over generous. Giving a gift to a drunken, ignorant, penniless woman living in darkness unable to rise from a cot to do something useful or die on it and rid the world of her stench. Gray haired, her eyes drained of what eyes were made for, she imagined how she must appear. Her colorless eyes saw nothing clearly except what took place in the minds of others. Exactly the opposite of that blind season when she rutted in dirt with the living man and thought she was seeing for the first time because she was looking so hard, devouring him with mint leaf eyes. But she had been spoken to. Half cursed, half blessed, He had burned the green away and replaced it with pure sight for which she had no use.

Footsteps, then a knock, interrupted her sad, dead-end thoughts.

The girl opened the door.

"Connie?"

"Who else?"

"It's me, Pallas. I called my father again. So. You know. He's meeting me in Tulsa. I came to say goodbye."

"I see."

"It's been great. I needed to. Well its been forever since I last saw him."

"That long?"

"Can you believe it?"

"Hard to. You've fattened up."

"Yeah. I know."

"What will you do about it?"

"Same as always. Diet."

"I don't mean that. I mean the baby. You're pregnant."

"I am not."

"No?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"I'm only sixteen!"

"Oh."

Consolata saw the moon head floating above a spine, the four

little appendages--paws or hands or hoofs or feet. Hard to tell at that stage. Pallas could be carrying a lamb, a baby, a jaguar. Then, just as Lone DuPres told her it would be, once she had stepped in, what to do was clear.

In candlelight on a cold January evening Consolata cleaned, washed and washed again two freshly-killed hens. They were young, poor layers, with pins difficult to extract. Their hearts, necks, giblets and livers turned slowly in boiling water. She lifted the skin to reach under it, fingering as far as she could. Under the breast, she searched for a pocket close to the wing. Then holding the breast in her left palm, the fingers of her right tunnelled the back skin, gently pushing for the spine. Into all these places--where the skin had been loosened and the membrane separated from the smooth flesh it once protected--she slides butter. Thick. Pale. Slippery.

tk Pallas: crying about the pregnancy; her phone call to her father (insert)

Consolata tilted the fowl, peered into their silver and rose cavities. Tossed in salt and scoured it all around. Then she rubbed the

outer skin with a cinnamon and butter mixture. She added onion to the bits of neck meat, hearts and giblets speckling the broth. As soon as the hens were roasted brown enough and tender she set them aside so they could reclaim their liquids.

tk [Grace bathing here]

Consolata peeled and quartered small brown potatoes, simmered them in water seasoned with pan juices, bay leaf and sage before arranging them in a skillet where they turned darkly gold. She sprinkled paprika and seeds of blackest pepper over them.

tk [Mavis here]

Six yellow apples, wrinkled from winter storage, were cored and floating in water. Raisens were heating in a saucepan of wine. Consolata filled the hollow of each apple with a creamy mixture of egg yolks, honey, walnuts and butter, to which she added, one by one, the wine-puffed raisens. She poured the flavored wine into a pan and set the apples down in. The sweet warm fluid rose.

The little streets were narrow but straight. But as soon as she made them the flooded. sometimes she held toilet tissue to catch the blood, but she liked to let it run too. The trick was to slice at just the right depth. Not too light so the cut yielded only a faint line of red. Not so deep it swole and gushed over so fast you couldn't see the street. Although she had changed map to her thighs, she recognized with pleasure the traces of old roads, avenues that even Nora was repelled by. One was sometimes enough for months. Then there were times when she did two a day, hardly giving a street time to close before she opened another one. But she was not reckless. Her instruments were clean, her iodine (better than Mercurochrome) plentiful. And she had added aloe jelly to her kit.

The habit, begun in one of the foster homes, started as an accidnet. Before her foster-brother--another kid in Mama Greer's house--got her underwear off the first time, a safety pin, holding the waist of her jeans together where a metal button used to be, opened and scratched her stomach as Harry yanaked on them. After they were tossed away and he got to her panties, the bloodline excited him even more. She did not cry. It did not hurt. When Mama Greer bathed

her she clucked "Poor baby. Why didn't you tell me?" and Mercurochromed the jagged cut. She was not sure what she should have told: the safety pin scratch or Harry's behavior. So she pin-scratched herself on purpose and showed it to Mama Greer. Because the sympathy she got was diluted, she told her about Harry. "Don't you ever say that again. Do you hear me? Do you? Nothing like that happens here." After a meal of her favorite things, she was placed in another home. Nothing happened for years. Until junior high school, then the eleventh grade. By then she knew that there was something inside her that made boys snatch her and men flash her. If she was drinking Coke with five girls at a dime store counter she was the one whose nipple got tweaked by a boy on a dare from his singering friends. Four girls, or just one, might walk down the street, but when she passed the man sitting with his baby daughter on a park-bench, it was then he lifted his penis out and made kissing noises. Refuge with boy friends was no better. They took her devotion for granted but if she complained to them about being fondled by friends or strangers their fury was directed at her so she knew it was something inside her that was the matter.

She entered the vice like a silenced poet whose suspect lexicon

was too supple, too shocking to behold. It thrilled her. It steadied her. Access to this under garment life kept her own eyes dry inducing a serenity rocked only by crying women, the sight of which touched off a pain wild enough and triumphant enough she would do anything to kill it. She was thirteen and not cutting sidewalks when Kennedy was killed and the whole world wept in public. But she was eighteen when King was killed one spring and another Kennedy that summer. She called in sick to her waitressing job each time and stayed indoors to cut short streets, lanes, alleys into her arms. Her blood work was fairly easy to hide. Like Eddie Turtle, most of her boy friends did it in the dark. For those who insisted on answers she invented a disease. Sympathy was instant for the scars did look surgical.

The safety available in Connie's house had become less intact when Pallas arrived. She had spent a lot of time trying to cheer and feed her for when Pallas wasn't eating she was crying or trying not to. The relief that descended when the girl left last August disappeared when she returned in November--prettier, fatter, pretending she had just stopped by for a visit. In a limosine, no less. With three suitcases. It was January now and her night sniffing could be heard all over the house.

Seneca did another street. An intersection, in fact, for it crossed the one she'd done a moment ago.

The table was set; the food placed. Consolata looked at the women's faces and told them "If you want to stay here you have to do everything what I say. Eat how I say. Sleep when I say. And I will teach you what you are hungry for."