



God Help the Child Bride Insert

No Known Copyright

Princeton University Library reasonably believes that the Item is not restricted by copyright or related rights, but a conclusive determination could not be made.

You are free to use this Item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use.

Princeton University Library Disclaimer

Princeton University Library claims no copyright governing this digital resource. It is provided for free, on a non-commercial, open-access basis, for fair-use academic and research purposes only. Anyone who claims copyright over any part of these resources and feels that they should not be presented in this manner is invited to contact Princeton University Library, who will in turn consider such concerns and make every effort to respond appropriately. We request that users reproducing this resource cite it according the guidelines described at <http://rbcs.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

God Help the Child Bride Insert

1 folder

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:25:12 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/j098zg70g>

Helpless, idle. It became clear to Bride why boredom was so fought against. Without distraction or physical activity, the mind shuffled pointless, scattered recollections around and around. Focused worry would have been an improvement over disconnected, rags of thought. Minus the limited coherence of a dream her mind moved from the condition of her fingernails to the time she walked into a lamppost, from judging a celebrity's gown to the state of her own teeth. She was stuck in a place so primitive it didn't even have a radio while watching a couple going about their daily chores-gardening, cleaning, cooking, weaving, mowing grass, chopping wood, canning. There was no one to talk to, at least not about anything she was interested in. Her determined refusal to think about Booker invariably collapsed. What if she couldn't find him? What if he's not with Mr. or Ms. Olive? Nothing would be right if the hunt she was on failed. And if it succeeded what would she do or say? Except for Sylvia Inc. and Brooklyn, she felt she had been scorned and rejected by everybody all her life. Booker was the one person she was able to confront—which was the same as confronting herself, standing up for herself. Wasn't she worth something? Anything?

She missed Brooklyn whom she thought of as her only true friend: loyal, funny, generous. Who else would drive miles to find her after that horror at a motel then take such good care of her? It wasn't fair, she thought, to leave her in the dark

as to where she was. Of course she couldn't tell her friend the reason for her abrupt leaving. Brooklyn would have tried to dissuade her, or worse, taunt and laugh at her. Persuade her how ill-advised and reckless the idea was. Nevertheless, the right thing to do was to let her know

Since she couldn't call her, Bride decided to drop her a note. Evelyn didn't keep stationary so Bride asked her for a sheet of the tablet paper used to teach Rain to write. Evelyn said she would get Steve to mail it.

Bride was expert at company memos but not writing letters. What should she say?

I'm okay, so far....?

Sorry to leave without telling....?

I have to do this on my own because....?

When she put down the pencil she examined her fingernails.

BRIDE insert

P. 74

Helpless, idle. It became clear to Bride why boredom was so fought against. Without distraction or physical activity, the mind shuffled pointless, scattered recollections. Focused worry would be an improvement over disconnected, rags of thought. Minus the limited coherence of a dream her mind moved from the condition of her fingernails to the time she slammed into a lamppost, from judging a celebrity's gown to the state of her own teeth. Being stuck in a place with not even a radio, watching a couple going about their daily chores and no one to talk to at least not about anything she was interested in. She missed chatting with Brooklyn whom she thought of as her only true friend: loyal, funny, generous. Who else would rescue her, drive miles to find her after that horror at a motel then take such good care of her?

Since she couldn't call her, Bride decided to drop her a note. Evelyn didn't keep stationary so Bride asked for a sheet of tablet paper used to teach Rain to write. Evelyn would get it mailed.

Bride was expert at company memos but not writing letters. What should she say?

I'm determined to find him....?

I'm okay, so far....?

Sorry to leave without telling....?

I have to do this on my own because....?

When she put down the pencil she examined her fingernails.

insert (back of 77)

What was she scared of.

A lot it turned out.

Bride's stomach ~~fluttered~~ ^{fluttered}. Not again, she thought.

~~Some more people~~ ^{who} ~~love~~ ^{dogs} ~~puppies~~ more than kids

~~She~~ ^{then?} was beaten, abused ^{in some way?} or starved,

No

What ^{then}?

Rented.

They were sitting ^{in the backyard} on a stone bench * ~~behind the~~ ^{where she} ~~house~~. Bride dressed in jeans ^(Evelyn's) said were too small for her and one of Steve's ~~shorts~~ flannel shirts. Tennis shoes ^{too big} her ankle tightly taped, she listened ^{carefully} to Evelyn's A ~~sharp~~ gust of wind ~~blew~~ bent the heads of magnolia

* Sunset light polished their skins while ^{flocks of} black birds ~~in flock~~ with ^{a thrill} ~~trill~~ trees accepted ^{tremble}

It took a month ^{said} for Evelyn to ^{put together} ~~get~~ from bits: questions, ~~phrases~~ outbursts, the story. ^{rain, raisen} She never learned the girl's real name and wondered if she had been given one. ^{since she} could have been a goat or a pair of ^{glances} in a shop window

~~to be~~
~~language~~
~~no child~~
~~should~~
~~understand~~

A druggie mother offered her baby
to men interested in safe

DUMPSTER