

With the afternoon sun settling about, a nice cool breeze drifted through the air, cooling Blossom's red face. She didn't want to bother the nice man and keep asking questions, but she was curious about where they'd end up. Blossom never had the chance to explore much outside of West Glen Ridge except once as a child when she visited her dying grandmother in Chattanooga.

The only thing she remembers from that trip besides how exhausting it was to travel was how her granny, all shallow-faced and wraith-like had scared the living bejeezus out of her. Blossom didn't often believe in stories of the dead walking the earth but if a case had to be made for it, that experience was certainly a convincing one. When Blossom's mama would have too much to drink, she'd start to cry and tell stories of her childhood, and how Blossom was being raised was so much better than how she was raised by her mother. Blossom's grandmother, Lorelei immigrated from Ireland to the promised land at the age of 6. By 12 she had survived multiple droughts and famine; by 26 she was the tyrant of a woman she had been known as for the rest of her life.

Blossom's mother would drink so much that she would converse with the blank wall in their kitchen, reliving what seemed to be arguments that could never be won fore they were lost to time. Blossom never even bothered asking about her granny, she figured she learned more than enough about the tyrant and her mama as a child from these ghost arguments that occurred. It pained Blossom to realize now as an adult how much her mother had struggled. She felt guilty that she wasn't enough to keep her mama away from the bottle. But she was happy knowing that she wouldn't end up like her dear mother.

If she had stayed with Sheriff Bailey Belle, she could see herself resorting to the bottle to help manage through her evenings when Bailey'd come home and wanna talk about his drab day at work and such. Blossom had already been especially tempted and occasionally given

in to taking up a drink or three on evenings when after supper he'd snuggle up real close and whisper words that borderline soulless into her ear, these evenings always began the same and ended up the same.

While Bailey reached an enormous amount of satisfaction and sat back as if he'd just accomplished the world's greatest achievement, she'd always end up on the farthest reaches of the scale, feeling ashamed and in need of a bath. Looking back now Blossom wishes that she could laugh in Bailey's face for being such a lazy and uninteresting fuck. Blossom didn't even know what a man's manhood was like prior to marrying Bailey, but even she knew there was something better out there and excitingly enough she thinks she found it.