

Chapter 1: She Dead And Gone

There wasn't no signs. Wasn't no blackbirds outside. Didn't no rabbits cross the road in front of us when me and Mosella was walking up to the church.

It done been storming all week, pouring down. But it stopped. The sun was finally out. No clouds in the sky. The day was supposed to be just like every other day.

Me and Mosella got up, ate our grits and bacon, washed the dishes and then we walked up to the stop sign. She walked to the church in one direction and I walked to Mrs. Melba's house in the other.

You know Mosella had her sewing club meeting up at the church this morning. And Mrs. Melba had her bridge game brunch.

Mosella was supposed to go sew and I was supposed to go make finger sandwiches, sponge cake, and sweet tea with a little sneak of gin for Mrs. Melba and her friends.

If that woman don't do nothing else she gone play cards and drink her sneaky tea.

That was supposed to be our day. Mosella sewing and me making sneaky tea.

We didn't have nothing else to do after that except get ready for church tomorrow.

Church is good. Mosella's sewing is good.

How could something bad just show up and trick us like this?

They say when Mosella was getting ready to cross the road a car swerved around the corner and jumped the ditch and struck her down.

Say the little tote bag she carried went one way and she went the other. Say nobody even saw the car coming and soon as that driver saw they hit our Mosella they drove off fast as they could and didn't stop. Say she never moved again after that. And that's all they say. All they say.