What Becomes of Virginia Dare

*M.Butterfly.doc*

G: I have a vision. Of Roanoke. That, deep within its almond eyes, there is curiosity: Croatoans willing to extend mercy to a scrawny white baby girl for the art of seeing what happens next. Even an infant whose life is completely without worth.

G: I have a vision. Of Native America. That, deep within its almond eyes, there is a battle waiting to be won. There is a resolve that would cut the throat of a white baby girl if it would let the blood out of an empire blistering the continent with corruption, with violence, with greed.

These competing visions of the world are not so much her own as they are flat, colored stones along a riverbank, which she casts into a tributary of the Colorado River, watching them skip across the surface four, maybe five or six times.

Nineteen calls from Jackie and seven from her mother on her Recent Calls list. No Messages. The silence is the part that scares her most. The silence keeps her from returning the phone calls.