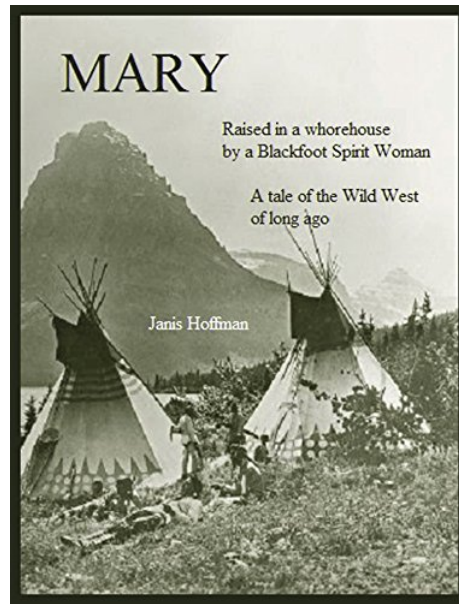


hoXBc [GET] MARY--raised in a whorehouse by a Blackfoot Spirit Woman: A tale of the Wild West of long ago



CONTINUE ►

This handwritten story was in an old chest I bought at an auction. There are many corrections and many notes and pictures stuck between the pages, and the ink and pencil are faded and often difficult to read. I have had to guess a few times and hope I haven't done too much harm to Mary's intent. A TALE OF THE WILD WEST OF LONG AGO Mary Faraday Huntington! I've led a wild life and had a hell of a good time. I still have my nose, all my fingers and my scalp thanks to my high intelligence, strength, quickness, excellent judgment, and a little help from all my many, many friends. I promise not to lie too bad. If you are a prissy little thing, best to pass on by. If you are a sensitive, refined gentleman, best to pass on by. My name is Mary Faraday Huntington and I was born in 1832 at Independence, Missouri. My mother died when I was 9 months old and an Indian woman working at a whorehouse was the only one Christian enough to take me in. Don't know who my father was but he must have been big, strong, and sharp as a whip. Probably an army man having a little fun. Sure they call me a bastard, but they learned quick enough not to do that to my face. Jennie is a Blackfoot Spirit Woman and a real good mother who cooks and cleans at Polly's Paradise. We have a little room in the basement. Her real name is Aokii'aki, Water Woman. She taught me sign and Blackfoot, how to live off the land, and how to fight with my hands and feet and knife. And, she is teaching me the ways of a Spirit Woman. I only saw Aokii'aki real sad once. When I asked why there were tears in her eyes, she said she was remembering a night long ago, sitting around a fire. Her father, a Blackfoot medicine man, came over, looked into her eyes and then at the others around the fire. A little while and I will be gone from among you, whither I cannot tell. From nowhere we come, into nowhere we go. What is life? It is a flash of firefly in the night. It is a breath of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is as the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset. The horny fellows coming to Polly's Paradise pretty much left me alone unless I invited them because they're afraid of Polly and Jennie. But one night a fellow from out of town didn't know no better and pushed me into the alley next to Polly's. The fat idiot died quick. I got a fine pocket watch, pulled two gold rings off his fingers, and cleaned his pockets. There was hell to pay the next day. He was a banker, carrying a large sum of money for clients. They searched and searched but never found all that money. I watched with a gentle smile and a happy song. Nobody suspected a sweet, little girl. _____ Jennie and Polly didn't want me to go but it's time. A bastard living in a whorehouse don't break much bread with those gentlefolk on the other side of town, and I'd be upstairs in my own little room soon enough if I stayed. A wagon train was assembling south of town and Polly found a nice Christian couple who agreed to take me on to help with the two kids, cooking and washing. Polly told them my mother died and there was nobody to look after me. She gave me a pretty little gold crucifix to hang around my neck and I put on my best prim and proper when Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan looked me over. I left town just before the sun went down, in the late Spring of 1847. I was real excited and happy, but then I passed children running and laughing, white picket fences, and clothes hanging on the line, and suddenly felt empty and a little sad and scared. _____ Go get Mary's story and ride with her into the Wild West of long ago.

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