

1861 PRETTIEST MONSTER



SHORT STORY
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In the Rocky Mountain Estate, a young woman skips school to hunt for turquoise stones. She adventures to an area she has mined in the past, but upon her arrival her precious spot has been taken over by what she believes to be a construction site. This does not stop the ambitions of this young lady. As her journey for the stones unravels she learns there are foes who have malicious intentions, planning to stop her from revealing a secret that could tarnish the name of a very wealthy and respected person.

The sun shines graciously on the Rocky Mountain Estate, a territory belonging to the Western Estates; a nation holding fifty Estates under one leader. The legendary Rocky Mountains stretch throughout this land, deriving the name of the territory. Along the coast of the profound Rocky Mountains sits a vacant beach. Seagulls roam the sand, while the waves from the lake calmly rush the shore. A young lady walks along the puzzled sand as the mild winds drive the air with a mellow breeze.

Silk-black hair stretches far down this young woman's back; her hair flows with the wind's subtle gust while she navigates through the beach. She wears cargo pants and a black short sleeve shirt, carrying a heavy-duty bag on her back with rock-breaking supplies attached. She wears a tool belt with equipment hooked to her waist—her rock hammer being her most prominent attachment. On her wrist, she wears a bracelet made of feathers and seashells, while on her neck she wears a handmade necklace made of turquoise stones and seashells.

She walks along the shore and notices a shell standing out in the sand. The young lady stops and picks up the shell, studying the former husk in amazement. The shell is off-white resembling a tooth. Its shape is elongated stretching to three inches in length and is less than half an inch in width.

“Wow, who would have thought I'd find this here? A Dentalium Shell! It has to be my day,” the young woman reckoned blissfully.

She takes out her phone and takes a picture of the shell, then a selfie of herself at the beach, intentionally showing her necklace. Following her brief photoshoot she opens a social media app and uploads the pictures adding the caption—Have fun in school losers. I'm getting money! She sends the picture onto the platform and checks the time on her phone, which displays that it is 11:36 AM.

“Ok so I've got about eight hours of sunlight,” The young lady ruminated.

She holds onto one of the gemstones along her necklace as she continues her journey along the beach. She exits the coastline leaving roaring waves and entering an abundant mountain range. The mountain range is filled with passes and ridges, meadows, valleys, boulders, and magnanimous mountains. She explores a pass filled with dry land and small plants—scarcely growing through the vicinity. The young lady opens a velour pouch the size of a charm bag and stores the Dentalium Shell beginning her journey.

“I should be able to find more gems quicker this time. Last time it only took me five hours to find the four on my neck,” the young lady pondered satirically. She continues to walk along the mountain pass, using landmarks from peaks to grass to lead her way. “The spot is over here somewhere...I think it's further up,”

“Matter of fact I pinned it,” the young woman said pulling her phone out of her pocket. She tracks the location and follows the words of the GPS.

While following the GPS her phone alerts her with a message from a contact, Best Friend, with the message, Where are you?! You aren't here to see me debut my dress by Cheyenne. A picture follows the message of a young woman in a dress. The young lady continues her adventure mulling on the message, “I sure do

make some good clothes, if only she'd let me use a more traditional pattern. The world just doesn't understand native practices and their impact. It just hurts my heart so much but I'll show them you can—" Cheyenne the young woman walking along the dirt path swallows her words and immediately hides behind a mountain of dirt. "What is this!?" Cheyenne questioned perplexed.

In her path sits a huge facility approximately twenty feet away taking on the appearance of a construction site. It seems to be an unusual construction site; the area is under the protection of armed guards while wired gates and barbed wire enclose the facility.

"When'd this get here?"

Cheyenne tiptoes closer to the facility, stopping to hide behind a dry shrub. "I can't let them stop me, I'm getting my gem," Cheyenne plotted, moving seven feet closer to the gate. She notices a padlock, "That's my entrance, all I have to do is break that lock,"

Cheyenne concluded grabbing hold of her waist belt and feeling for her rock hammer.

She is aware of the two guards in the area but arrogantly approaches the gate. Her movements are discrete and meticulous hiding behind whatever she can to conceal herself. "These guards are in my way. Too bad for them, I love a challenge," She mulled, grabbing a rock. While grabbing the rock she sympathetically analyzed the dirt. "This soil is... unfertile and now that I think about it ever since I left the beach I haven't seen a single bird," Cheyenne ruminated. She analyzes the facility once again, aware that it is connected to the Rocky Mountains with machines engulfing rocks along the mountain ridges. She then sights a crater created through cruel methods residing in the mountain pass dry meadows. "Could they be the reason the Coyotes and Bears are being spotted in town? What could they even be building here?" Cheyenne hypothesized, still keeping watch on the gate and the armored guards.

Cheyenne approaches the gate masked by boulders and dirt mounds. She finds a spot with a clear view and throws the rock she carries in the direction of the guards, hitting one; bashing his head with the tossed rock, knocking the officer unconscious. She surprises herself with the outcome but shows little accountability chuckling at the situation. "Sorry, but that'd do as a distraction," Cheyenne whispered staying fluid and switching locations to confuse the last guard. The second officer manically checks on his comrade, rushing from his post to search for the person responsible, heading in the direction from which the rock was thrown.

Cheyenne attacks the abandoned gate. She instantaneously retrieves her hammer and chisel. She looks at the insensible guard and laughs, returning her attention back to the lock. She analyzes the area and it is the weakest point of entry for the whole facility. She is aware of other entry points but they are heavily guarded and need key cards for access. She begins to hack the lock multiple times with the chisel and hammer but it does not break, "I think I have to soften the metal first," she pondered. She grabs her goggles and a small blow torch, the size of your average perfume, from her bag. She activates the flame against the

lock. After thirty seconds of using the blow torch, she hacks at the lock with her hammer and chisel mimicking her actions from before, but this time granting her entry into the facility.

She walks in with the smile of a champ, “I guess I’ve got to thank my chemistry teacher now,” Cheyenne said questing through the facility. Her champion aura has now become stoic. A cloud of dust and debris begins to invade the facility. She covers her mouth because of the smug air, then she beholds the open pit she saw from a distance; a mining drill is stationed inside the pit, and workers transfer findings and explosives from this pit. Finally, she witnesses the sight of wastewater being dumped into a nearby river. “No way! Are they mining gems?” Cheyenne wondered. She continues to travel through the facility searching for the entrance to the cave she has visited repeatedly. “They never told any of us and it doesn’t seem like they’re following any environmental guidelines,” Cheyenne pondered, disappointed by the horrific destruction of a once gorgeous mountain range home to many native animals. “This won’t only affect the land and wildlife but us regular folks too, all over turquoise I can’t believe it, history repeats itself once again,” Cheyenne continues her journey finding the entrance to the cave she’s been scouring for.

She enters as lights turn on automatically with each step she takes. She becomes cognizant of others digging through the tunnel before her arrival, noting rock mining equipment throughout the cave. While examining the mine she finds a beautiful turquoise rock, magnificent in size with a gorgeously confident color. “I guess it was my lucky day, let me see what else I can find, hopefully, some gold,” she ruminated while she continued to explore the mine.

Cheyenne searches and studies the mine looking for more findings. She skims through section after section half-heartedly probing the dirt. Suddenly her attention is struck by a dark blue gleam embedded in a rock, it glistens slightly twinkling as if a star made its way to the ground. She hurries over to dig out the rock, carefully maneuvering to make sure she doesn’t damage her findings, using any tool necessary to reach her goal. After minutes of digging the gem is able to be recovered, holding it to the sky, “No way! This can’t be `I just hit the jackpot baby!” Cheyenne screams and celebrates jumping around jubilantly. She holds the gem to the sky again, the crystals are blue and black blissful to the eye. Cheyenne pulls out a loupe placing it in front of the gem. She peeks through the device to evaluate the rock, “Yes, it’s that, a Benitoite gem! I thought they were only in the Great Bear Estate, along the Pacific Ocean,”. She is ecstatic and filled with dopamine, this finding has fueled her passion becoming a catalyst that intensifies her verve. She now runs from corner to corner in the cave searching for more gems.

“With this, I’d be able to make a ton of clothes. I wonder how many more I can find? These people owe it to us anyways,” Cheyenne mulled while searching for more gems. She continues to examine the cave “Now that I think about it everyone’s been looking for these lately. Who’d of thought they were here this whole time? I come here all the time, I could have been rich!” Cheyenne stated continuing her search for more of these luxurious rocks.

Meanwhile, in a monitor room, two guards have noticed Cheyenne in the facility and are discussing what to do about her presence. The guards are watched by their two superiors; the workers and owners of the mine Peach and Dupa. Peach is a beautiful woman in her early thirties, she wears a pantsuit and carries a very spirited demeanor. Dupa is a brawny man who wears similar attire to Cheyenne, having a more mellow personality than his partner Peach.

“How should we handle this, Jack G and the EPA told us this was top secret no one is supposed to know about this operation,” Dupa asked Peach.

Peach watches the girl’s enthusiasm for finding gemstones, she waits assessing the situation. “What the hell happened with security? We were never supposed to be in a situation like this, how’d she even know about the Benitoite discovery? It’s top secret,” Peach ruminated.

“Peach! What do we do? We have to act fast because if she leaves, who knows who she’ll tell and that’d be very bad for us,” Dupa asked Peach, breaking her free from her rumination.

“Let me think! She’s a damn kid this is more than a rock in the road,” Peach ordered.

“Just call security if you can’t handle it Peach,”

“No! They obviously didn’t stop her and if they catch her now they’ll shoot,”

“Someone has to take care of her, don’t tell me you aren’t prepared for this,”

Peach gazes towards a light consumed by thoughts of her past, she is held in a cave at gunpoint. Peach and her team had just had their findings stolen. Dupa, Milly, and two other people were with her at the time. Peach slammed a treasure box on the ground. Worthless jewels spilled through the cave. She fell to her knees and looked directly at a Topaz jewel. She grabbed it and caressed it as tears fell down her face.

“Have I turned into a monster? Does he really think I’m capable of this? Is this what we are now?” Peach meditated looking into the ceiling light.

The guards and Dupa continue to watch Cheyenne on the monitor. She finds a small bucket full of Benitoite jewels. She cheers and celebrates flying through the cave using her miracle as fuel.

“She just found a bucket of the jewels Peach,” Dupa told Peach, breaking her free from her evoked memories.

“Whose cave is that?” Peach asked.

“It’s Millys,”

“Milly! Get your ass in here now!” Peach ordered urgently speaking through a small radio connected to a computer interface.

Milly, a woman the same age as the others runs into the room, she too wears rock hunting equipment, dingy and dusty assumed to be from her labors of mining. “What’s going on boss?” Milly asked.

“Why didn’t you bring your findings back to us, now look,” Peach said.

On the monitors they see Cheyenne rolling around in the gems unapologetically.

“I was planning to go back down there after lunch,” Milly responded. “Besides who the hell is she and how’d she get in?” Milly questioned.

“I don’t know,” Peach responded.

The unharmed security guard from the breached gate rushes into the monitor room. He catches the attention of everyone in the room with his deep breaths and stammering. “Boss, someone’s snuck in!” The guard alerted the room exhausted.

“I know now!” Peach told the guard. She walks up and grabs him by the collar dangling him by his dignity. “How’d she get in?” Peach asked the guard, intimidating the man who fears making eye contact with Peach.

“Well she kind of distracted me, I tried to find her and she broke into the gate,” the guard told Peach.

Peach releases his collar—the guard has sweat all over his body and shakes from dismay. “I’m not paying you to be distracted dummy, get out of my sight you damn dimwit,” Peach ordered the guard. Peach approaches the team, “This isn’t something I foresaw when we signed on with Jack G,” Peach said openly.

“Well either way now you have to kill her,” Milly said. “She made it in too deep she is for sure going to tell and if she does that then we are—” Milly is cut off by Peach.

“I know we’re done, everything I worked for would be gone,”

“So what’s the issue Jack G has our back, let’s get this over with,” Milly said.

“She is a fucking kid Milly we can’t just kill her,” Peach told Milly and the others.

“We have to,” Dupa retorted. “If we don’t you know we’re dead and I’m not dying over her, lock her in now,” Dupa ordered. The guards at the computer screen press a button and on the screen they see Cheyenne panicking while laminated glass entraps her. Through the camera system, they see and hear her pleading to be released.

“What is going on? Let me out! This is illegal, it’s all illegal you immoral thieves,” Cheyenne screamed.

“What the hell do you think you are doing Dupa?” Peach ferociously asked.

“What the Prettiest Monster can’t,” Dupa responded.

“Activate the ga—” Dupa is cut off by Peach.

“Don’t move a damn finger, this is my Mine, this is my name, and this is my decision so everybody just relax,” Peach ordered.

“Why are you acting like this is something you aren’t capable of?” Milly asked. “Ever since business almost died while we were chasing that foolish dream, it’s been whatever it takes to stay afloat.”

Peach watches the young girl’s anxiety die down on camera, the prettiest monster bites her thumb while she frantically paces back and forth.

“We are flying now Peach, and we can’t risk that for this one girl, she should have never made it in here but it’s how fate plays out sometimes, if Jack G was present it wouldn’t even be an option of keeping her alive, they don’t call him the Coyote for no reason,” Milly stated.

Peach knows just how dangerous The Coyote is. She stops pacing, gritting her teeth, and clenching her fist. “Everything we’ve done so far up to this point has been to prove everyone wrong in retaliation for those who stole from us and blackmailed us through the politics of this mining industry, those who said we’d never make it. But she is just a child that for all we know wanted to find a gem like us in the past, how could the love for gems end in her demise,” Peach questioned rhetorically.

“Just like it almost did for us,” Milly said.

“I don’t have time for second thoughts, press the gas,” Dupa said impetuously.

Peach pulls out a gun and holds it at the head of Dupa. She leers at his profile apathetically.

“Do you wish to die with this young girl?” Peach asked Dupa with a sweet terrifying voice. The room is still with fear, unaware of the next move from their boss. Dupa stands quietly with his hands in the air.

“Stop giving orders, Dupa. You know what I’m capable of, they don’t call me the Prettiest Monster for no reason,” Peach said.

“I’m just trying to help,” Dupa said.

“It’s unwarranted at the moment, don’t press any buttons, I’m going down there to handle this like the monster I am and I want you all to remember after today what it takes to be a monster, especially you Dupa, you button pusher,” Peach pulls the gun from Dupas head and walks out of the room. She heads through a vacant hallway lit by the beginning of a sunset able to see the opposite side of the River and town. She holds her head high until she gets to an elevator, dropping her head in shame looking at the weapon she carries.

“They all make it sound so easy, I’ve never even killed a person, intimidation, contracted militias, and strategy is how we made it here, but I never wanted my career to hold such a heavy reputation,” Peach ruminated to herself as the elevator arrives, she places the gun under her waistline held by the belt of her pants suit. “I’ve done some bad things and worked with some horrible people, I can’t deny it, this Mine and Jack G being a prime example, but it was nothing I wasn’t forced to do for the sake of me and my team. I had to do those things or we would’ve died a long time ago,” Peach meditated. The elevator doors close headed to what can be presumed as Milly’s Cave. “The girl who fell in love with rock hunting is gone now. Peach this is just something else you have to do,” Peach thought reaching into her pocket and caressing a hidden gem. “I can’t fail now, our lives are on the line too,”.

Cheyenne sits barricaded by the laminated glass, she has calmed down and sits on a blanket derived from bear fur. She sets the lunch she’s made and eats, checking her phone without service insanely. She continues to eat and waits

patiently “I’m protected by my ancestors, whatever happens, has to happen for a reason,” Cheyenne thinks to herself as she rubs the bear fur and feels for the turquoise on her neck. While doing so she can see a figure walking towards the glass, unable to make out who or what they are until the person gets closer.

“Hi, how’s it going?” Peach asked Cheyenne with a smile that could be made of veneers.

Cheyenne is frustrated by the question, getting up anxiously and dropping the food from her hand onto her blanket. She chews her sandwich while responding to Peach, “How’s it going? I’m locked in a mine right now so I’ll say it’s not going well you moran,” Cheyenne emphatically told Peach.

“Well someone has got an attitude,”.

Cheyenne responds “You don’t say,”.

Peach ignores any accountability for the current situation of Cheyenne unable to look the young woman in the eyes as she speaks. “Relax, I’m trying to help,” Peach said.

“If you want to help, let me go!”

Peach looks at the cameras aware that her team is watching how she handles this situation. The necklace and bracelet Cheyenne wears catch the attention of Peach as she reverts her eyes back to the young lady. “I like those gems, turquoise right?” Cheyenne ignores her question and goes back to eating her food.

“We find plenty of those down here, they’re quite ancient don’t you think, said to bring good fortune and protection by the natives, but not much profit for me,” Peach said with a nervous laugh.

“You mean the people Miners have been getting over on since the Rush for Gold?” Cheyenne refuted. “First it was gold and turquoise, now it’s Bentonite, what people will do for money will always make me wonder if it is worth it to be rich,”.

“I guess you can say that if you believe in fairy tales,” Peach said beginning to pace back and forth. “In this world, if you want something you have to fight to get it, and sometimes, well, it gets ugly, everyone wants a piece of the pie,” Peach tells the young woman.

Cheyenne quietly laughs at the words of this older woman. “The ideology that you have to steal to be on top, it’s so childish. It has to be an Estate thing. That must be why they call it A Dream,” Cheyenne responds to the woman walking back to her blanket. She sits and finishes her lunch.

“You think so? I think it’s childish to sacrifice potential for unrealistic goals. A child believes in optimism while we adults cherish the idea of being optimistic but understand it may never go that way,”. Peach’s pacing begins to increase, “They call it a dream but it’s reality, dreams fade when it’s time to grow up the only thing you can do is adapt,”.

“You can’t blame the world because you’ve forsaken your dreams,” Cheyenne blurted.

Peach is furious at the girl's statement, evident in the red that spreads through her face. She takes two deep breaths, "Why are you here? And how'd you get in?"

"A Picnic," Cheyenne said condescendingly holding up her sandwich.

Peach's fake smile ceases after the comment, annoyed by the young woman's tone.

"I came to find some more turquoise but it seems that I stumbled into an illegal mining site. Really clever of whoever runs this place, I totally thought it was a construction site. And those guards are chumps by the way. I think you need new ones,"

"I won't disagree with that, but you're wrong it truly is a construction site,"

Cheyenne ignores Peach's effort to keep her secret, "I'm not dumb, with a bucket of these Benitoite Gems and all that equipment I wouldn't call you guys lucky,"

"What do you know about Gems anyway kid, you a rock hunter?"

"Don't call me a kid and on occasion, I come to collect stones and could tell as soon as I got on the site this wasn't regular construction,"

"Everything you all are doing is illegal," Cheyenne adds.

"Illegal? It's not illegal to do construction,"

Cheyenne looks around at her surroundings "Cut the crap, you guys aren't following any environmental guidelines and haven't told one person in town and oh, yea I'm locked in a cave!" she said satirically. She finishes her sandwich and walks towards the glass standing inches away from Peach only separated by the barrier. Cheyenne holds up the Benitoite jewel she's found. "So much destruction over this pretty monster," Cheyenne told Peach.

Peach's body becomes limp after hearing the young lady's words. Her world pauses, ceasing time. The phrase replays in her head like a litany. "These gems mean much more than profit, you know just like I do but for some reason people do evil things for them like creating a Benitoite Mine, starting The Rush for Gold, stealing mines and land, killing brothers and sisters, even wars, the list goes on and on," Cheyenne emphasized.

Peach is no longer stunned by the girl's words. Her real-world senses have been revived due to her real-world responsibilities.

"Well, that didn't stop your hunt so how could you be so judgemental?" Peach asked provocatively.

"Don't group us together! I came in here with a rock hammer and some smaller supplies to find turquoise and so happened to land on your guys' discovery of the Benitoite. I actually found this spot first so who really has the rights? Besides I'm not a conglomerate I'm just doing this for fun, I'm not destroying homes and nature for it. I'm not a miner, I'm a fashion designer, and this is just good for my spirit. Something you should know, Peach Peak," Cheyenne said. Peach stares apathetically. "Yea I recognize you now, from Peach Jewels, you're her. It's sad to see someone with such great wealth and recognition in mining getting it the way

you do,”

“That’s the sacrifice you make when you go from girl to woman, unfortunately, it’s the way we live, you’ll understand some—” Peach pauses and feels for the gun she has hidden under her waistline.

“Well someone should change that, so why not you?” Cheyenne asked. “You have the money now. It’s never too late,” the young lady said.

Peach looks at the camera and then at Cheyenne, “It’s complicated, it’s not just about me,” Peach responded.

“Listen I’m not saying lose all your money, but remember where you started,” Cheyenne said to Peach with the smile of a fool, genuine and uncruel.

Peach motions to the camera to lift the barricade. While the enclosure lifts Cheyenne becomes ecstatic. She grabs her findings, and her equipment and packs her bag. She turns towards Peach to exit when she is stopped by the barrel of a gun.

Cheyenne is in disbelief. She is overcome with a paralyzing numbness. Her body feels like butter but also like it weighs a ton. She instinctively takes a couple of steps back while her reality becomes more evident through her wide eyes and short breaths.

“Wha...What are you doing? You’re going to kill me over shiny rocks that belong to the dirt! What!? You have to be kidding me, no...no this can’t be real! Here keep the jewels I don’t care I promise!!” Cheyenne belligerently said pleading for her freedom. She slid the bucket of Benitoite jewels towards Peach who blatantly ignored her effort.

Peach holds the gun steady, still stoic, cocking the pistol back ready to shoot.

“It’s more than the gems, it’s everything I’ve worked for, my goals I can’t let it end right here, there are people counting on me and I can’t let them down,” Peach said. Sweat falls from the forehead of the gun holder, her breaths match those of her prey while the barrel begins to sway.

Cheyenne takes a deep breath and walks towards the gun, “Stay Back!” Peach ordered. Cheyenne continues to move forward “What about you the business mogul of the Western Estates, I think you’ve let yourself down. Now you’re taking it out on me a miner who was once like you. You know just as good as I that it’s a reason Turquoise is still mined,”.

Peach pushes the gun onto Cheyenne’s forehead, “I’m not scared,” Cheyenne said holding her necklace. “You’re more scared than I am, that’s why you gave in,” Cheyenne said. “Do you really want to be this pretty monster over a job?”

Peach’s eyes grow wide at the words of this young lady; she stumbles backward and is consumed by her thoughts. Peach is in a cave with the same team: Milly, Dupa, and one more mate. Their findings were being packed away and stolen by a group of miners. Men held weapons to their heads while Peach subtly cried. “It’s a dangerous game hunny, come prepared next time,” the man told Peach and her team as they rode off with their discoveries.

Peach drops the gun to her side and drops her head. “Get the hell out of here, now!” Peach yelled. “Leave the Benitoite too,” Peach told her while gathering her things. “You can take one, to remember to chase your dreams and not to be like me, a Pretty Monster,”

Cheyenne gathers her things while Peach begins a speech, “Young lady don’t rush for greatness, because once it’s time for decisions to be made we grow up. The ideas we once boasted about soon become distant memories only able to live in the moment because the future feels so far away, while the past feels like a mistake. I don’t know if I was wrong to put my dreams on hold, though I do know that it’s wrong to give up, and even though I have this empire I know I was wrong,”. Cheyenne is headed towards Peach after ignoring her words.

Cheyenne walks past Peach leaving the mine, “Before I leave, what was your dream miss?”

“To travel the world as an independent miner, but it just didn’t work out,”

“You can find a way I bet. You are the Prettiest Monster I’ve ever seen besides this hunk of beauty in my hand,”

“This should go without saying but I’m risking my life letting you leave, not just my life but my teams and my business, I know the type of kid you are but this here is grown folk business so stay out of it kid. I’m being serious too because if word gets out and it points back to you there is nothing I’d be able to do it’d be out of—” Peach is cut off by Cheyenne.

“Your hands I know, I’m not stupid believe me, I won’t tell a soul,” Cheyenne said walking away.

“Hold on!” Peach said “Take this,”

Peach reaches into her pocket and throws an Imperial Topaz Gem at the feet of Cheyenne. “Something was telling me to give you this the whole time, I have a feeling you won’t just sell it,” Peach said.

“Well who would’ve thought, my birthstone was in here this whole time. Thanks Peach. By the way, I hope I never see you again except for on TV,” Cheyenne said exiting the facility. “What can I say, you have the face of an Angel, but work on your actions they’re real devilish, see you never, I’m going to class, I’m done being cool for the day,” Cheyenne said, embarking towards the day.

Peach laughs to herself and sits on the ground next to the gems “Pretty Monsters huh,” Peach ruminated while holding the gem at eye level. “She’s right I can’t blame the world anymore it’s my life and I’ve got to atone for the past in some way. I got put off track doing what I thought I needed to, working with some bad people for the sake of nothing but wealth and spite, hurting more than I gained with no dream attained,” Peach reflected leaving the bucket of gems and heading back to speak with her team. “I never got her name, but I’m sure the world will know it someday. Stay wise young lady and thank you.”

The End.

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