



*Alice
In the Hood*

Alice in the Hood

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A long ride on a Grey Hound trip could crush the brightness of spirits.

Jammed near the bathroom in the back of the bus after an eighteen-hour ride was no fun.

As Alice arrives at the city Grey Hound Terminal, she was an open target for sympathy and Deceit. Alice was a young twenty-one-year-old who is leaving the south for the first time in her life. With only the sixty-five dollars in her pocket, which her grandmother had given to her for the trip. She was not prepared for what the city had in store, so you may think.

Now, Alice was no angel. She had worked in the back easy up in her country, back home.

She knew her way around. Ask her and she would tell you that since she was Fifteen and a half, she was more than prepared to deal with the talk, the walk, the dealing, and oh yeah, the slick men conveying their means to get close, real close with Alice. Though some did between then, and now, Alice maintains that she always left the situation wiser than when she came in. No matter if it was a one-night stand or the year she spent with Duce Man Jack, Alice was no pushover.

Alice was no little girl; let's just say she was a 9 waiting to be a 10. But to get that extra point, you have to scrape a little wear and tear of the top. She would have to substitute spit for polish and you would have to expand her vocabulary from the use of so many four-letter words. But if you did, um, Halle Barry, Neha Long, you aren't got nothing on this girl.

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Though Alice looked a little haggard, she knew exactly how to walk out of that terminal. Her mama was an actress that traveled from city to city during the rough times. She knew how to set them up and most defiantly how to knock them down. And everything that she knew, well she got it from her mama..

As Alice walked off the bus, she had one stuffed small size bag. But the way she carried it; you would think it was a fully loaded trunk. And each sashaying step looked as if she had the weight of the world on her shoulders. So, it took about two minutes before some fellows started asking if she needed a hand. Now, you would think that Alice would accept the hand from one of these strong strapping young men but she didn't, she kept dragging that bag until almost out of the station. Then, a rather well-dressed lady, looking to be in her forties was walking by and stopped to ask her if she needed a hand.

Almost immediately, Alice began thanking and accepting the offer. By the time the two walked outside, Alice had already provided a story that only the coal miner's daughter could top. So, with no hesitation, the lady offered Alice a hand, a ride, and a meal at her place.

So, begins Alice in the Hood



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