

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 2025

Leaving Her Behind

It's early Wednesday morning. I know we should be headed east now to Nashville, but I could not go away without saying goodbye, as time it might just very well be for good. With my mom thousands of miles away, there really is nothing left for me here in Panguitch. I'm leaving the girl behind. My choice, and it's a choice for the better.

I didn't want any of them following me here to where I am. It's just after four in the morning, but I'm not tired. Not like I have been able to sleep soundly anyways. I step without regard for where I'm walking. Not like it matters. Nobody's here and I'm walking on the path, so there's no problem. I know exactly what I'm here for and even in the darkness, I know exactly where it is. When the path splits I head to the right and not far down it, I walk into the grass, again under my coat wearing the same old black dress that I wore to the barber shop the other day. Slowly now I lower myself to my knees, hopefully the last time I am ever down on my knees, and place my hand just straight forward. My green eyes close and I can hear my heart beating and my entire body shivering as I place my right hand forward so it touches something that is very familiar to me.

My father's tombstone.

After a few minutes of just dead silence, Polly slowly opens her eyes and pulls her cell phone from the small bag she has brought with her. She doesn't hesitate with recording herself, gently resting the cell phone at the bottom of her father's tombstone.

"Dad. Hey. It's me. This could very well be the last time I visit you. I... I just want you to know that yeah, you will always be a part of me. You and mom raised me and you were the best parents that a girl could ever have. But that's just it. I'm not a little girl anymore dad. And with all the issues I have faced, I feel like I still am one. Far too many people have taken advantage of me. Far too many people have bullied me. And you are no longer around to protect me. I have to protect myself. I can't show weakness, and I'm not going to. That said, I brought something for you. Here."

Polly partially turns and pulls from her bag the very first doll that her father had ever bought for her, back when she was only three years old. It's a Polly Pocket doll, thus a blonde-haired doll. Polly stares at it for several moments before she places it at the base of the tombstone. From her bag she now pulls out a few materials, including something that she has felt before on her very own neck, the dog collar that Marissa had used on her. Polly works for a few minutes before she has the doll secured up against the base of the tombstone, having placed a few small stakes and then using the collar on the first ever doll she ever owned so it won't blow in any wind that could come through.

"I don't need it anymore. As much as I adored her throughout my childhood, it's time that I let go of her. I hope from Heaven that you aren't mad at me. It's just, I have to move on. I have to go. I have to fly away this time. I have to."

Tears have come to Polly's eyes but she is very fast to rub them away as best she can.

"And so I leave you with a big part of me. I love you dad. Always have, always will. Bye."

The now dark-haired Polly places her right hand back on the tombstone and leaves it there for a couple of minutes before she finally lets go. Slowly she stands back up on her feet after picking up a white-colored stone from off the ground. She places this one single stone right on top of the tombstone, right in the center. Once this is done she turns away from her father's gravesite and walks back through the grass and back out onto the main path. She does not stop walking until she is back at the gate of the cemetery, right by her car. It looks like she is about to turn her head to look back, but she doesn't. Instead she unlocks the car and gets right into the driver's seat, pulling away only a few moments later.

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Knowing Her Well Enough

The sun has just come above the horizon. It's a cold morning, yet Polly sits outside on the porch, in the old rocking chair that seems like it has always been there. She just looks out from the porch, not doing anything else or saying anything. It's quite some time before the front door opens. Marissa steps out, wearing her pair of black jeans and her thick purple v-neck sweater.

"You're up early."

Polly looks like she is trying to shrug off the fact that she is no longer alone.

"I guess I can't blame you."

Polly breaks out of her trance and rolls her eyes.

"Couldn't sleep. Obviously. Maybe I'll get some on the plane. Not likely though."

"I hope you do. You need it. Why don't you come inside? I'll make you something for breakfast."

"Eh, you don't have to. I'll go pack."

Polly stands up and leaves the rocking chair rocking as she heads to the door. Marissa moves aside and allows Polly to pass by her. After she is back inside, Polly begins to go up the staircase, but she is greeted by her husband. However she doesn't even let him get a word out.

"I just need to be alone now Peter. I need to move forwards, not backwards, if that makes any sense to you."

Peter steps aside and nods before he finishes heading downstairs. After Polly goes into her bedroom and closes the door behind her, Marissa tells Peter "I get what she's going through. During my time with her, I could almost hear her screaming. It's something I found myself doing years ago too. Don't worry. She'll come around. She wants to be treated with respect. She wants to be treated as an adult. I haven't helped in that matter, but I want to now."

"I'll do the same. I love her."

"I know you do. You mean well. So does Colleen. Just give her time."

Peter sighs. Marissa gently brushes her right shoulder up against Peter's right shoulder before she walks away from him. Peter turns and watches her go before he looks back up the staircase.

Meanwhile Marissa has gone out the back sliding door of the house and has resigned to sitting at the table on the deck. She just looks around. It obviously hasn't warmed up much, but Marissa doesn't seem to care about that, being she has had to rough it for the majority of her life anyways. She sits there for quite a while before she hears the sliding door open. She partially turns to see Polly now standing there.

"Oh. Guess you're all packed and ready to go?"

"Yeah. Whatever happens going forward, happens. But I won't let anyone do whatever they want to me."

"Good. Guess it makes sense that you have been in a very stormy mood. Supposed to be extremely stormy late tonight where we're going."

Polly doesn't respond to that, but she does go sit next to Marissa and begins looking at her cell phone. Marissa looks to see that Polly is looking at the Weather Channel's website. Marissa stands up.

"We should get a move on. Flight leaves at 1, right?"

"Yeah."

The curly-haired natural brunette walks back into the house and Polly follows right behind her. Despite how she has been feeling, Polly does at least get some food in her. It is not long after that before all four of them are leaving the Pingotti home in a van that will take them to the airport. To Polly, it is a van that will not leave her behind. Instead it will take her where she wants to go. On.

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The Unknown In The Dark

Darkness has long since crept in after what has been a very, VERY long day, afternoon and evening, especially for Polly. But even now her green eyes are still solidly open as she sits by the outdoor pool at their chosen hotel, wearing a pair of gray short shorts and a matching gray tank top.. The pool is closed but Polly had no intentions of going in anyways. Instead she is looking straight west, knowing full well that eventually the big storm line to the west will reach them, sometime in the overnight hours. For right now it is just some wind.

It's hard to know exactly how long she has been sitting here, but it's at this time that Marissa Swanson emerges from the hotel and joins her at the table, wearing a pair of black shorts and a matching black tank top. She balls up her left fist and puts it underneath her chin before addressing Polly.

"Hey. I saw you got some sleep on the plane."

"Wasn't enough. I'll try harder tonight. I don't want to let you down tomorrow night. I'm just so angry and just have so much pent up frustration. I just feel like I can hurt someone. ANY one. I feel like I might not even know what I'm fully capable of. As much as Selena has tried to pull my deepest out of me and as much as you have, I haven't been there yet. I know that."

"That's not always a bad thing, Polly. It's far better than just walking the line and sticking to your status quo. Look, I saw your eyes at Retribution. They are hungrier than they have ever been since I first laid eyes on you. If the situation arises tomorrow night, just let your appetite take over. I'll be doing the same. I know I agreed to not take you prisoner ever again, but that doesn't mean I can't take one of the Straders captive for long enough to make sure that we win."

"Good point."

Polly picks up her cell phone which is on the table, turns it on, and immediately hits the record button. In a selfie-like matter, she records both herself and Marissa just sitting there. It's Marissa that takes the opportunity to speak first.

"I'll be brutally honest. I didn't think CHBK's opinion of me would change. Perhaps he saw that I changed, thanks to Polly here. Polly made me realize that I could get back into the wrestling business without any of my antics. What was wrongfully taken away from me, I now have back. For SCW, I'll say this. You will find that I will do more than my fair share of shaking things up around here. Kimberly Williams wants to play with toys like a little girl? She will find out that playtime is long o-"

"Don't say that word. The time for it is long over as far as I'm concerned. And I'm not in the mood for any games from the Straders either. That's right Meghan. I have played my last game and I am done with being made to look like a victimized loser. DONE! You got me?!"

"I've got you, but I don't know about everyone else. Tomorrow night Polly, both of us have a LOT to prove. I know you're ready for it and I am too. So Meghan, pick your two vials of poison. It doesn't matter who you pick though because I have been itching for a very, very, VERY long time to get back into the ring and actually wrestle a REAL match. You and your family are going to find out really fast that I haven't lost a step. I am a former Global Champion for a reason."

Marissa pauses and looks at Polly. However Polly shows no signs of saying anything else at the current time.

"Let me guess. You will say that just like Polly, it won't translate here to SCW."

Polly shakes her head and before Marissa can get into things, Polly now interjects.

"Supreme Championship Wrestling is a completely different beast, as your family already knows, Meghan. The talent pool is immense. I will give everyone their props on that, including you. Anyone can defeat anyone on any given night. SCW has truly been loaded with so many unknowns, and now tomorrow night, Marissa and I face one. We don't know which two of your clan you are going to send in between the ropes, but here's the thing. I don't care which two. It doesn't make a difference to me. As long as I get my hands on them and get to put them down on the mat and maybe even grind their face into the canvas if I feel like it, I guess I will be content, for now."

"But I won't be smiling. I have no reason to do that, even after a victory. You said you are interested in the SCW World Championship and I am going to do EVERYTHING necessary to make sure that you don't get that chance. Why? Because you feel like you're entitled because you're a Strader. It sounds very similar to Glory Braddock. Very similar indeed. That is why I acted in the way I did with her and that is exactly why I am going to do to you what I should have done at Retribution. Make you surrender."

Polly pauses and this gives Marissa a short window.

"She's not full of it. She'll do it. Meghan, if I were you, I would really watch close to see what you have awoken in her. As much as you are a veteran of our business, take notes, because it is the ONLY chance you have of actually beating her clean when the two of you next meet. While you just want to get closer to the SCW World Championship, Polly wants WAY more than just that."

"I do, and I will get it all. So bring on Veronica, Cara, Tamika, even your recruit. Even if you want to bring in someone from the outside with Mr. Desoubrais' approval? Go for it. Whoever they are, they will both be put down. Will I enjoy doing it? No. Will it put me on the path I know I SHOULD be on? Yes. And you won't be able to do anything to stop that from happening."

“Look into my eyes right now Meghan. If you see me as a glass porcelain doll that can easily be broken again and again and again? Look deeper, because I am TIRED of taking all of this abuse from everyone. I am TIRED of being pushed down. Tomorrow night is you and your clan’s turn to realize what everyone else will eventually see. That I am no longer the little girl that you perceive me to be.”

Polly turns her phone away from her. Marissa takes over.

“Exactly. Tomorrow night, two of those “Damn Straders” are going to wish they were far, FAR away from Nashville, and far, FAR away from myself and Polly.”

Marissa’s thick deep intoxicating brown eyes take center stage for a few moments before Polly stops recording. Polly immediately stands up and heads back inside. Marissa does follow but not close behind. Before Marissa steps back into the hotel, she can hear the first rumble of thunder, way off in the distance. The storms are coming, and Marissa knows very well that Polly is one of them.