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## A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

<http://www.dustyspringfield.org.uk/forum/viewtopic.php?f=8&t=7233>

### A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

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Posted: **Fri Apr 17, 2015 4:48 pm**

Hello everyone! For those of you who do not know, I am not only a Dusty enthusiast, I am also a writer who finds Dusty's life story just fascinating. She had so many trials, and so many happy times in contrast, which makes for the ultimate character to any author 😊 So, I often find her as the subject of my work.

This is a piece I wrote a bit ago for school entitled "The Blues Singer". The writing project was a short story highlighting the life of a celebrity before he or she became famous, or to depict the personality of a famous person before he or she was famous. Of course, it was easy for me to choose because of my love for Dusty and her music.

This piece happens to be one of my favorites I've written, although I've written multiple things about Dusty Springfield herself, and things related to her. This specific story highlights a day in her life in an abstract way; a twelve-year-old girl who feels she is clunky, haphazard, and ugly as she lives in the shadow of her brother. Who has a hauntingly amazing sing voice. You all know the story! I've just brought it to life.

Please take a look if you desire, or have a moment, and I hope you enjoy! This, of course, is dedicated to Dusty with love, although a day late after her birthday. ❤️ IDarren so kindly has informed me that the link is inaccessible, so I posted the story in its entirety below 😊 Enjoy! And thank you to Fiona, Wend, and Cas for reading it beforehand some time ago and giving me some suggestions. 🙌

### Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **darren2722**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 6:55 am**

Aw! Claudia, I couldn't get the link to work 🤔 my Gmail wouldn't accept it for some reason, so maybe the problem is my side of the Tracks? 🙄

### Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 3:23 pm**

Hmmm,I suspected that might happen! No problem Darren, I'll just post it in a different format! 🙌

### Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 3:28 pm**

Well, I assumed the link wouldn't work, but I gave it a try! Here it is in a different format. 🙌

Mary glared across the street at the Dick Turpin, its stolid finality grating against the wind as she adjusted the strap of her pack against her scrawny shoulders. She had a strange figure, maybe because she was twelve years old; puberty wasn't doing her well.

She was slim, and at the same time sulky, and one small shoulder hunched in the opposite direction when she tried standing up entirely straight. A word to describe her face might be lumpy. It used to be quite nice before she caught measles and got fat and horrible. There was a bronze mirror mounted at the top of the staircase of her home, just low

enough for her to see her face from the chin down, and she looked at herself in it each morning and evening. She used to have nice dimples, but her face was filling out, elongating and contorting, and her dimples were more like stretch marks now.

The Dick Turpin right across the way had a tunnel from the school, previously a private house, which Dick Turpin was said to have used, but many believed that to be a myth. Mary couldn't care less.

St. Anne's Convent School was lined in white pillars with nine shaded windows in the upper deck, a few others scattered across the sides of the building. The view from those windows was nothing special, now that she stood within the landscape, but during class, the yellowed grass her feet were buried in seemed a land of mythical possibilities. She had to try very hard not to get caught staring out of those windows.

Mary adjusted her small pebble glasses, fiddling with the arm to the left side. Her hands were sweaty, so she wiped them off on the front of her gym slip, cracking her knuckles. She hated her glasses - they were National Health, and framed in thin dark wire of blue. They weren't attractive, and her mother of all people must understand vanity, but she hadn't said anything when they were given to her. Mary didn't know much about prescriptions, either, but they didn't feel right. She had to look underneath them to see anything up close.

"Hey, Mary!" Liz called, and Mary turned on her heels, divoting the grass. Her shoes were damp now, ruddy from the ground, but the dew didn't soak through. "You on your way home?"

She shook her head. "No." It was a quiet, sweet voice that didn't match her body at all. In fact, she didn't sound like a twelve-year-old in the slightest. Her voice was eerily mature.

"Come on," Liz sighed, shaking her head. She had nutty brown hair and looked like her name should be something complicated like Cordelia or Alexandria, not Elizabeth. Her eyes were shiny and blue, too. Mary's were a dull green, and she hated them. They weren't shiny, more like steel wool instead of silver. "You can't possibly still be distraught over this, can you?"

Mary scowled at the pub across the street. She was beginning to feel as though a scowl was the only expression that rid her face of the lumps. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Come on, mate," Liz swung her arms up in the air as Mary leaned down, scooping up her pumpled field hockey stick in her arms. It was clunky and too tall, but there had been no more smaller. Anyway, she was responsible for it now. She suddenly felt like a struggling mother, trying to contain the striped stick. "You hang onto things too long- get all caught up in feelings. They exist, yeah, but why do you let them bottle up? They're going to steam out the top of your head."

Mary trudged along, the flat soles of her firm lace ups slapping the ground to match her mood. They were stiff and new, making her feet ache from treading around all day. "Then I'm a train."

"Uuugh, Mary!" Liz ran to keep up with her, hair swinging casually at her ears. She was pretty, Mary thought. She had nice freckles and cheekbones that weren't in an awkward spot like hers were. "You're such a little harlot." She giggled. Liz thought she was funny. And oh so scandalous. "Won't you come over?"

"No, thank you." She wasn't in the mood. Not in any mood to do any visiting, for that matter. Liz had sing-song parents who refilled glasses of drink before they were empty.

"Come on, get off it!" The other girl leapt after her, wavy hair bouncing at her shoulders underneath her Panama hat, identical to Mary's. They were part of the uniform. Mary used the hockey pole as a walking stick, squinting behind her small lenses. "It'll be a good time - we always have a good time."

Mary loved Liz's house - she hadn't much opportunity to go over, as she was usually holed up at home like a fugitive, but that was mostly by choice. She hated talking - everything always came out all wrong. But Liz's parents were cheery, and her father put his arm around her mother's waist while he smoked a cigar, pecking her on the ear while she shuffled in the kitchen. It was lovely, and she had an older sister, Margaret, who was always telling Mary that she'd grow into her face.

"I can't, Liz." Mary paused, leaning against her hockey stick, shifting her pack on her tiny shoulders.

"Oh, you make mountains out of molehills." Was her final remark as the two of them watched the bus pull tight against the walkway, coming to an abrupt stop with the howling of smoke against the already hazy sky. The doors opened, and from a distance, they watched the boys from the Grammar School exiting out onto the grass, all dressed the same in crew

neck sweaters with starched white collars sticking out from underneath the woolly knits. The boys and young men scurried around like staccato violin plucks in Paganini's Rhapsody, rough housing politely and quietly on St. Anne's courtyard.

Mary's brother was among them - Dion, much taller than her with his brownish hair swept against his forehead from the wind. His collar was ruffled, pulled up against the paleness of his neck. Their mother was always fixing his collar, often ruffled up about the pristine quality of her son. Mum never much paid attention to Mary's fashion - as long as she wore her uniform, she could get by. Every once in a while, when she was in a good mood, she braided her hair for her before school.

"And then he hit 'im like this. Just like this!" Dion chuckled and mimed his fist into Miles's shoulder. Peter Miles, most often called "Miles", was a wiry black-haired boy, the same age as Mary's older brother, but much taller and leaner. Miles had surprisingly white, straight teeth - the kind that made the awkward likes of her lick her teeth in embarrassment. Hers were slightly crooked in the front. Her mother insisted that they'd turn in on themselves when the rest of her teeth grew in properly - she was still waiting for the back molars - but Mary didn't believe it.

"Imagine being hit across the neck like that. Must've been a big old thump, but he got straight back up just the same. Wobbled around a bit, but caught the ball a couple more throws."

"Wish I could've seen it. Sounds like a fantastic match - eh, Mary!" Miles stopped, scuffing his big toe in the grass. His black shoes were covered in dried mud, most likely from trudging the half mile to catch the shuttle bus. There was about twenty minutes distance by wheels from Mary and Dion's schools, and the boys who lived farther towards Ealing were dropped off in a group at the convent school so they had less of a distance to walk; the Royal Grammar School seemed a much friendlier place than the convent school. The nuns frightened her, so Mary kept her lips sealed most of the time, unless she was asked to recite something.

"Hello Miles." She faked a smile. Oh, even her face felt uneven. Covering her cheek with her hand, she peered through her round spectacles at her brother and his chum.

"If you aren't coming, I'm heading on." Liz interrupted Miles and Mary's gaze with that loud, intricate mouth of hers. Her gaze was telling, annoyed, as she gave her goodbyes in passing. Mary nodded half heartedly as the three of them, Miles, Dion, and herself, started off down

the ruddy road.

Intertwining in between groups of younger girls about half a block down, still dressed in their uniforms and skipping rope, Mary shuffled beside her brother, clunking her hockey stick along at a much slower pace than usual.

"What is it, Mary?" Her brother paused, shuffling his pack on his shoulder. Theirs were identical, Christmas gifts from the previous year. "You're abnormally quiet today, and even Lizzy didn't want to walk with us."

Mary grimaced. "Nothing. Go ahead on."

"Did you get whacked again?" Dion questioned sympathetically. He knew Mary deserved the strap every now and then with that wild, secretive humor, but he still sympathized when his sister was hurt. He reached for her wrist but she pulled away, anger flushing her neck. She could feel it creeping even lower onto her collarbone and beyond; embarrassment.

"That isn't it, and I won't tell you."

"There's no use in that, old bean." Miles shook his head. It was obvious that he cared for her, and it often made Mary blush. It wasn't as if he could look past the chubby face, glasses, and ducky frame, though. No one could, not even the nicest of them. "We'll chase it out of you."

"Don't!" Mary cried, starting off down the foot path, thick lace-ups smack, smack, smacking on the ground with their new uncomfortable stiffness. She could hear her brother and his companion laughing behind her, racing to grab her up and tease the qualms out of her. They were mean, mean, mean, her shoes told her as they connected with the pavement. But no, they were wrong, wrong, wrong. Neither one of them was cruel, oh no. They only cared.

She started to shed weight, letting the leather strap of her pack fly from her damp back and collide with the ground. One of the straps, one that had been broken for a few weeks now, popped open and books and times tables went sprawling on the pavement. Cars passed, honking shrill noises of anguish that couldn't possibly match her own.

"Get 'er!" Miles called, and Mary felt Dion grab her by the back of her collar. Her sticky stockings were inching down her thick legs, glasses creeping down her sweaty nose, and breath rattling in her nearly concave chest. She was suddenly aware that the only thing she hadn't dropped

enroute was her hockey stick and swung it around at her captor. It hit her brother in the shoulder, but not hard enough to bruise. He was soft with a stern build and played rugby, so it would take an awful lot to dent him up.

"Stay away from me, you old gits!" Mary cried, coming towards them with her hockey stick. Miles was pulling his sweater away from his chest to cool himself and Dion held his shoulder as if what she'd done actually hurt him.

"Calm bloody down, Mary." Muttered Dion. No one took her seriously. Making a growling sound in the back of her throat like a Swahili war whoop, she came at him again with her stick wielded like a club, but Miles caught it before it could come down.

"What are you playing at?" He asked sternly. Trying to imitate her father, or her brother, who were virtually the same person.

Mary collapsed on the curb, the tears flowing onto her chubby cheeks as she buried her hands beneath her thighs. Sitting on them caused them to go numb, but flat fingers were better than fat fingers. It was humid, and she could feel her bright red hair sticking to her forehead and temples, toes curling in her dusty black shoes.

Dion sighed audibly and plopped down beside his weeping companion, knobby knees up in the air. He swayed them back and forth as Miles paced behind them. And after a period of time that felt like eons, he bumped her knee gently with his own.

"Don't think that's the proper use for a field hockey stick."

Mary let out a sob and wiped her nose with the back of her sweater sleeve. The uniforms were ugly and stripped of all vanity - she missed Ealing Public. She could wear pretty dresses and frocks, and she didn't need glasses then, so all the better. She couldn't do much about the fatness, as the measles had destroyed that rather attractive little girl long ago. A doctor told her she'd resume her normal appearance sooner or later, but it was null. She was destroyed, fat, and ugly.

"I don't understand why you're crying." Dion sighed again. He did an awful lot of sighing around his little sister, and Mary did an awful lot of crying around her big brother. "What's wrong?"

Miles started to whistle "Aba Daba" and swung his lanky legs one in front

of the other, strolling down the sidewalk while picking up Mary's scattered bits of school work, one pencil and paper after the other. He picked up her bible and shoved it back inside her backpack, which he'd scooped up from the gutter.

"You didn't get a lashing, did you?" Dion inspected her wrists, but there was nothing on them. "What did you do?"

Mary pitifully wiped her eyes on the same sleeve she'd used to wipe her nose, rubbing the salty tear stains from her lenses. She suddenly wanted to break her glasses - they were so clunky and unattractive. "Everyone laughed at me."

"Were you trying to make them laugh?"

Ignoring Dion's sneer, Mary tried to give him a stern expression but instead burst into tears. "No! It isn't my fault I don't want to be a nurse or a teacher, it's not fair! It's not fair!" Howling in that pretty lilt of hers, she hid her face in her hands.

"Stop being such a twit and tell me what happened." His voice was level. Getting more and more annoyed.

"You aren't a twit." Miles grunted, sitting on the curb on the opposite side of Mary so she was sandwiched by the two sixteen-year-old boys. They were much larger than her and she felt a mere speck of dirt between them. "What happened?"

"They got on this discussion of career." Mary whimpered, chewing on her lower lip. It tasted like chapped lips and tears. "I didn't make a peep, and one of the Sisters was asking other girls what they wanted to be. When they grew up. An assignment."

"And?" Dion waited patiently, stoically. He did everything perfectly.

"It's what I said..."

"What'd you say?" Miles kicked in now, tapping his Oxford against the pavement.

Mary hated reliving this moment. If it were up to her, she could retreat into her shell, for once relishing in the fact that no one paid any attention to her, and forget about the experience for life. Even up into adulthood while she sat shyly amongst books, as the nuns never expected

her to become much more than a librarian. It was her destiny.

"I said I wanted to be a blues singer."

Miles chuckled and tapped his knees in a rhythm while Dion sucked in his cheeks with a good old laugh.

"Stop laughing." Mary whined, hanging her chin on her chest. She didn't even really know what a "blues singer" was. Of course, she knew the meaning of the words, but the coined term was one she'd heard her father mutter in passing a few weeks ago. She'd been saving it up, considering the words on her tongue every morning while she stared in the mirror. Mary didn't know exactly what it was, and perhaps she just wanted to shock the nuns, but she wanted to be a blues singer.

The Blues made an impression on Mary ever since her father dropped her in a kitchen chair when she was around four and told her to sit still while he put a record on. She'd been a slightly restless child, dangling her nicely polished black shoes over the stone floor while she waited half-patiently. At the time they lived in a small basement apartment and she knew better than to jump from such heights - once, even earlier in life, she'd taken a dive off the table and smacked her head on the stone floor.

"This is Jelly Roll Morton." Her father said, and Mary's pupils grew incredible and perplexed in her green eyes. The haunting piano filled her virgin ears as she basked in the sound, quiet and still for the first time since she'd slept. In silence, always in silence, she listened as a tiny little thing, and from day to day she grew more and more complacent. She tapped her toes. She ground her teeth to the familiar beats Daddy filled her ears with. Most times he grumbled into his tea and progressively grew balder while she absorbed.

There was nothing in the world that Mary loved more than music. Her parents both had a knack for it - her mother was into amateur acting that never quite seemed to settle her restless spirit, and her father was a starving concert pianist. And from that splendid, crazy sound came the most out-of-reach, preposterous notion - America. Mary was obsessed with America. The skylines, the music, the plain old literature of it. Mary O'Brien was starving for America.

"Come on, Pudge, you can't be crying over that bunk." Dion interrupted her daydream and used the nickname her family had awarded her. Mary shrunk further into her sweater.



"So what if you caused a disturbance in the sisterhood? What will they do, lash you for telling the truth?"

"What?" Mary looked up through her big fat tears, rubbing her eyes. Her hands had become red and tattooed in pock marks from sitting on them. Their insides felt fuzzy too, so they were almost numb.

"You do everything they tell you in school. No acception, right?" Miles shrugged and twiddled with his shoelace. The end was frayed from stepping on it again and again, but he didn't care much for vanity like girls did. "If you had lied, that'd be another thing to confess."

Mary had stopped crying by this time, but her face was still all stained in blotchy red bumps and teary dew. She took her glasses off and began to rub the smudges out of the lenses on her shirt. St. Anne's required weekly attendance of mass and confession, and Mary oftentimes found herself making up sins to confess to so she would be truly spiritually cleansed for those she had yet to commit. Seemed more of a sin to her afterward, and as a twelve-year-old, it was hard to understand, but she confessed to something, which should count towards her positively at least a little.

"I don't know..." Whimpering into her sleeve, Mary sucked in her breath and sniffed miserably.

"Hey. I think you'll be a right nice one." Her brother's friend beamed and Dion nodded twice in agreement, what could be called the inkling of a true smile creeping into his firm face.

"Will I?"

"Why's everything have to be a question, Mary?" Her brother chuckled as he rose from the ground, Miles directly after him. They both took Mary under one of the arms and scooped her up too, collecting the girl on the footpath. Her legs felt funny, squiggly, from sitting on the ground, but for the most part she'd gotten over her ridiculous bout of crying. "Come on, if we aren't home, Mum will lose the plot."

Mary walked behind them with what little childlike grace she had left in her for the day. Her backpack, which Miles had collected for her, seemed heavier now though, much more of a burden, and her field hockey stick was a pain to drag behind her. Each time there was a bump in the sidewalk, it made a whump sound, like a click in an old record. It was crackly too, and sounded like empty radio space. Whump... Whump... Whump... She continued on at a turtle's pace, chewing on the insides of

her cheeks until she felt they would bleed. She dreaded going home - her mother would be able to tell she was making a fuss over something.

"Cut that out." Dion turned back and gave her a piercing glare, so Mary complied, picking up her hockey stick and carrying it awkwardly under her arm. She loathed the sport, but was persuaded to join the team in her fourth year by a few of her friends.

Two years of the sport and she still hated the physical effort. Her father said it would be good for her to be out underneath the sun and experience what real exertion was like, but Mary hated getting pumpled in the head with elbows and wooden sticks. She took a beating for it, but it took the place of horseback riding on the best of days. Once she'd been dragged upside down by a horse across Greenford Avenue in front of a 97 bus. The experience left her shaken, but of course, she never blamed the horse. It was her own fault, and the poor animal had been spooked. But large animals and automobiles just didn't dissolve.

If the three of them were to head towards town, they would stride down the Broadway Boulevard, lined up and down with markets and vanity shops. A Bentalls department store stood regally at the corner of the avenue, and Mary and her brother were often dragged in and out of the place while their mother shopped for clothing for the holidays. Mary hated it in there, but there was a shop that sold model trains that was always amusing, and she often snuck off to watch the electric wonders chug up and down the inclines and declines of the steel tracks while her mother was waiting stiffly in line.

"Eh, Mary?" Dion grinned over his shoulder after she'd dragged her sports wear along, listening to the boys in front of her speak of tackle and footballs. "You feelin' better yet?"

Frowning in silence, she pursed her eyebrows together, squinting.

"Ah, come on. After all, it ain't all..." He sang, pausing in the street with his brows raised in expectation. "It ain't all what?"

Mary sighed and grumbled. "Honey."

Her brother grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her terse body up between the two of them while Miles rubbed his knuckles on her head. "And it ain't all what, Mary?"

Miles released her and she stumbled a few steps before regaining herself,

growling in anger. "Jam!"

"Pushing round the houses a three wheel pram!" The boys chorused, skipping idiotically like two schoolgirls playing hopscotch. Mary joined all the same, being just as noisy and foolhardy as the pair of them. She didn't mind though - her brother was fun and perfect in every way - through the eyes of everyone it seemed, and it was incredibly easy to convince herself she was horrible.

Miles followed Dion all the way to their small home, as he often did, and mounted the steps after Mary's brother. Mary slugged up the steps, suddenly feeling as though the incline was intense instead of a few mere steps. The landing was very small with no awning, old architecture full of the opposite of vanity, but the exterior of the house was pleasing enough, deceptively. Mary always wished that there was a front porch big enough for a porch swing like the American houses she saw in magazines and catalogues, although it probably wouldn't manage to do much more than lose its paint.

"Here," Dion kneeled down, placing his thumb on Mary's left cheekbone, rubbing gently at the dried tear stains. His hair was stuck to his forehead, but he was still decent looking. Why was it that he could still be so perfect after it all? Mary ground her teeth against the insides of her cheeks. "Not a word to Mum about this, yeah?"

She nodded and shifted her worse-for-wear pack on her awkward boyish shoulders, following the boys through the screen door. There were tiny little pocks in the mesh, as if a cat had clawed its way up the material, but the O'Briens didn't own a cat. Mary's father wouldn't allow it. Cats were above him, as was mostly everything.

Mary and Dion's mother kept a spotless house. An untied shoe was out of place there, a rumpled collar, a misplaced hair pin. Kay O'Brien would find it. Mary knew her mother wasn't particularly fond of her. No one was, truly - they struggled to find nice things to say about the chubby, malformed little girl, and it always came out something along the lines of how her hair was the striking red color that it was. It only made it easier for her to convince herself that she was the worst child in the world.

"Mum?" Dion called, treading into the kitchen. He tread a few crumbs of dirt, and Mary followed the extra bits of filth with her lackluster green eyes, tracing over her brother's toes as Miles followed him. She lagged behind a few steps and reluctantly followed after hanging up her hat, dragging her hockey stick again.

Kay O'Brien was resting at the table, tea cup in hand, which she stirred with a delicate silver spoon fixated in the crook of her thumb. She always had rosy cheeks, a flawless Irish complexion with crowy black hair tucked modestly behind her ears. Every now and then, when she went to church, she curled it across her forehead, but Mary had never seen it in anything more amusing than that. Dion told her that when she was only tiny, she used to put it in rollers, but Mary had never seen those around.

"You're home a tad early." The precise woman checked the clock hanging above the stove. Mary hadn't the heart or guts to tell her that the thing had been off at least five minutes since she turned nine. "Hello Miles."

"Afternoon, Mrs. O'Brien."

After twelve years of studying her mother's expressions, which were very similar to her own, Mary had noticed the bitty twinge of disgust that highlighted her thin line of a mouth every time she was referred to as "Mrs. O'Brien." It was no wonder why. Her mother and father were two complete fool opposites.

"Mary," Mary jumped when her mother's voice was suddenly directed towards her. She never had much nice to say when she had been home alone all day. "Why is your face all red? You look like a painted lady traipsing the streets." A small laugh exited her mouth and she sipped her tea. Her mother was a very polite drunk - she had her tea, but it always had liquor in it. When she was a younger child, she'd made it very clear to her not to drink from Mummy's cup.

Mary bit her lower lip and scraped her hockey stick against the tile floor. "Sorry."

"We had a little race, Mary, Dion, and I." Miles smoothed things over nicely. He always did. An intricate match for their perfect son Dion. It was a rarity for Kay to question him.

"Why don't you do your homework before your father gets home? Don't want you scuttling about like a duckling trying to finish at all hours of the night. Then where would we be?" Her words were directed at Mary, and she nodded once and propped her wooden stick against the pantry door, thankful to rid herself of it. Dion and Miles disappeared upstairs and Mary sat very quietly at the kitchen table in her chair, lopping her pack onto the cool, spotless surface next to her.

Math didn't come easy to Mary. She could read perfectly fine, although she always found the required material boring and irksome. She scratched in the margins of her notebook to make it appear that she was doing something productive, staring out the window at the horrible plot of overflowing weeds her family called "the garden".

It was teeming with dandelions and rotten milkweed, overpowering the blossoms and tulips her mother had planted years ago. They were fall bulbs, and here and there yellow tulips shot out of the morass maze, but flat, horrible green weeds were tyrannical in the "garden". The neighbors were constantly complaining about the mess, marching over to slam on the screen door until someone came to answer to their outrage. Most often it was Dion that eased their qualms, but they never did anything about the garden. The complaints made no impression on her father - in fact, it made him wish to tend to the jungle less and less with each visitor. Gerard O'Brien was under the ridiculous impression that the plants would eat him. He was under the impression that he was trapped into suburban life. And of course, it was above him to garden.

Mary let her chin rest in her palm as she watched one of the neighbor's chickens waddle its way into the foliage, wondering if it would ever be seen again. Her mother was stirring something in a bowl now, the sound of the record player wafting from the hallway.

We'll meet again. Don't know where, don't know when, but I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

A smile hinted at her lips as she let the wooden pencil roll from her chubby fingertips. She listened to the record spin, the sound of World War II tunes intruding on her focus. Kay hummed while she stirred the contents of the porcelain bowl - she had a nice twinge to her voice, Mary thought. Sometimes she heard her singing after she went to bed, and she could carry a tune quite nicely. Singing, not even really to her, was probably the closest her mother came to affection.

"Come here, Mary." Her mother instructed, saving time by never using "dears" or "darlings". Mary obeyed and took the bowl from Kay while she began to spoon its contents into a large, opaque dish. It appeared to be a trifle, and various bowls of nearly colorless banana slices and pale strawberries sat out on the counter underneath the harsh kitchen lights.

"You drag that old hockey stick home every day, are you making use of it?" Her mother smiled, spooning the custard over the latest row of strawberries. They must taste bitter, considering how pink they were.

"Yes, Mum." She wanted to tell her how much she hated the sport, but she knew how that would end. She'd hear it from her mother, and her father when he returned from his city commute. They were always lecturing her on how she should follow her brother's perfect blue-eyed example. Well, she didn't have blue eyes, and it only stretched the thin line of the fun relationship she and her brother had outside of school. It wasn't her fault things came so naturally to him. All things.

"Good girl," Kay nodded, licking her lips while adding a new layer of limp banana slices to the trifle pudding. Mary secretly beamed for a few seconds, basking in her mother's approval. "Girl" and "Pudge" were the closest thing her mum would ever come to "honey" or "sweetheart". "Hand me that bowl, will you?" Mary complied half heartedly, passing off the matching smaller version of the porcelain bowl to her mother, which she gracefully dumped the leftover fruit into. The final layer of the trifle, a rough cream, was added to the top and she began to smooth it out with the back of the spoon precisely.

"Homework all done?" She questioned and Mary nodded, beginning to move the contents of her pack back into the dusty thing, pencil by pencil. It wasn't really done - she always finished it by the light of her old top heavy flashlight that she kept concealed in the bottom drawer of her bureau. It was so hard to concentrate when there were so many noises through the open windows, so many thoughts zooming through her head.

Mary was going to explode - the nuns looked like they were going to spontaneously combust when she piped up from the back of the classroom. Why was it that she always chose to stand out in the most shocking of circumstances? But she hadn't lied... Even at twelve, she prided herself on being a very honest girl. She sniffed. She didn't want to become a radiographer, not a secretary. There was a certain eroticism to "blues singer". Her deep fascination with black faces and black voices stemmed from those records when she was only four, swinging her legs contentedly in her chair while her father watched her emerge as an awkward, chunky preteenager.

"It was the berry trifle your father adores, right?" Her mother interrupted again and Mary realized she'd been staring out the window again. She felt suddenly sleepy, perplexed by her own thoughts as she soaked in the last of the fall sunshine through the blinds. "Haven't gotten around to making it for the old tosser in ages. Perhaps the only way I can get him to eat anything other than biscuits and tea."

"It's the berry trifle." Mary agreed, as she always tried to with her mother. In earlier years, she might have argued more often, but there wasn't much use these days and it wasn't worth it.

"Oh, before I forget. Mary," her voice was that even scold, the age-old mother's voice full of unfeeling passion. The woman swiped a pair of rattles from the counter, the pellets rolling around inside them making the sound of imitated rain as she handed the maracas to her daughter. They were a secondhand pair, one of them cracked, and if she wasn't careful, the beads would come out. Dion had fashioned a cigar box full of marbles for more vigorous songs, and she used it in place of the broken one so the beads didn't fly all about. "You left these by the radio again - if I happen upon them another time, you know what will happen?" For emphasis, probably, she bonked one of the maraca's heads against Mary's temple, making the beads inside the wood jingle back and forth. "You'll get your fingers baked into the casserole, and then how would you shake those noisy scrubbers all hours of the night?"

She pinched a smile and carefully cradled the broken maraca against her chest after giving the fine one a few shakes back and forth. Dion has found the pair in a bin at Bentalls and they just had to accompany them home. Besides, it created much more of an accurate accompanant to the banging of pots and pans. Dion and Mary were always looting the cupboards for "instruments".

Smoothing the top layer of cream again with the back of the spoon, the woman coddled the pudding into existence, until suddenly, she began smacking it so hard that pieces of it splattered all over the walls. It was all in silence, Kay's strangely familiar behavior, and Mary watched perplexed. Bits of yellow custard coated the small tiles lining a section of the large kitchen, liquidized strawberries and banana bits over the counter, a trifle-gone-horribly-wrong.

"That way you'll get it quicker!" She bellowed angrily through her daughter's shocked silence, and a rooster crowed outside prematurely. Mary stared in silence, eyeing the ruined pudding all over the walls, even across the spotless window panes. Without a word, the girl located a dish cloth and began to help her mother clean the mess. No more trifle. No more words. Her mother laughed a few times while she swabbed the counter, but only perfectly drunk giggles erupted from her pretty, plain mouth.

"Go on, your father will be home soon."

Mary was used to being shooed, and beat feet towards the large sitting room. There were a few uncomfortable parlor chairs, partly to blame for her crooked posture, and she sat in one politely, listening to the crude sound of pots and pans in the kitchen as Kay prepared dinner. She flipped through a magazine in her lap, letting it rest on her knees while she read. On one side was an article about music, and the other, a photograph of a great American skyscraper.

There sat Mary O'Brien. Plain, little, disproportionate Mary Isobel Catherine Bernadette O'Brien who read a magazine quietly while she waited for her father to return home. The only thing considerably desirable about her was her extremely red hair (which didn't seem to match the rest of her complexion), and her voice. It was beautiful - a mix of sad, angry, and somehow deep emotions for a twelve-year-old schoolgirl. She often sang for the neighbors, who applauded her genuinely. The reason she'd taken up singing was because, well, Dion had, and Mary still searched for something she could beat him at.

Startling her from her daydream, the front door swung open. Her father, Gerard, was overweight, balding, and Mary always thought him to be a little "crumpled" looking. A grape that wasn't quite a raisin but was well on its way. He refused to wipe his shoes and gave a meager glance in Mary's direction. Carefully, she placed the magazine on the end table and sat up straight, chewing on her lower lip again.

"Your mother?" He questioned. His eyebrows were so light that they nearly disappeared in his grayish face, his expression positioned in his head like a grouchy toad.

"In the kitchen." Was her mere answer, trying to look acceptable for her father. He made a small sound of distaste as if he'd spit up a little in his mouth.

"Brother?"

"Upstairs. With Miles."

Gerard did not speak another word to her, rather turning on his heel to enter the kitchen with a disgusted "Kathleen," towards her mother who slaved at the stove. Mary slouched, letting her chin rest on her collarbone as she listened to their rows. Her father always came home in the mood to argue - it was no secret that he hated his job, felt like a boxed up cabbage, he said. He soiled like one. Gerard was a tax consultant and often presented evidence in court, although he claimed not to have taken



the proper examinations. Of course, something else that was beneath him.

"Till then," Miles nodded towards Mary on his way out the door, retying his shoelaces by the door. "You planning to come out later?"

Mary felt her skin tint with shyness, a color that was not as becoming of her face as it was on her hair. "Maybe."

"Well, ta-ta for now, Mary O'Brien." He winked and shut the door quietly, leaving the frame jingling in its socket.

"Why are you squinting?" Gerard demanded when Mary sat at the table, the adolescent swinging of her legs ceasing while her mother set the casserole dish down. Not a word mentioned about the trifle. "Can't you see?"

Selfconsciously, she adjusted her glasses. "Yes Daddy. I can see just fine."

"Rubbish. How many fingers am I holding up?"

Mary sighed. "Three."

"Kathleen, those spectacles don't do her any bloody good. Take them back and exchange them for a proper pair."

"They're perfectly fine. She passed the eye exam with them, what's that to you now?" Her mother spit back. They loathed each other. The O'Brien children could just feel their mutual disgust hanging like a stink in the air.

"National Health's full of barmy gits - replace them."

"They're fine." Her glare said shut up, but his trembling fat chin suggested otherwise. It was quiet for a moment though, as they ate in silence. The sorry truth was, Kay tossing around puddings wasn't exactly a nuance. Once she was fed up slicing bread, so she took the entire loaf and lobbed it against the wall. Strangely, after her episodes, she was serenely calm, almost as if she pretended it never happened. But food fights weren't uncommon - if one of them started it, it only took a few moments for the other three to join in. Mary flung her fair share of food - not because she was a bottled up housewife, or a frustrated pianist, but she was part of the family and felt like a piece of furniture just allowing her parents and brother to chuck mashed potatoes and green beans at each other.

"They make my face look too big." Mary sighed quietly, selfconsciously adjusting the rims on her nose.

"Nonsense. I won't have you skipping around wearing those fancy naff spectacles with the slanted frames, they'll make you look pikey." Per usual, Gerard contradicted his own argument and went back to eating. Mary silently picked at her food while her family sat in miserable silence. At least they weren't flinging food - it splattered all over in hidden places and sometimes went undetected for weeks.

"How are your marks?" Mr. O'Brien remarked out of the silence, clinking his fork against his plate. Of course, Dion proudly pronounced that he was doing extremely well in his grade - fastidious, her brother was, and their competition turned Mary's ears scarlet. Unsurprisingly, her marks were less than satisfactory.

"Take a look at your brother, Mary, because he's the type of man you ought to look for. Smart, diligent, strapping - like me as a lad, and you should pay attention to that and learn a thing or two." Her father remarked, and Mary hung her head. She wasn't any good at multiplication or division, and the entire act of fractions made her temples ache. That wasn't her fault. And it wasn't fair, she could barely absorb herself in English literature when she was so focused on America all the time.

"I'm trying." She mumbled, pressing her chin to her collarbone and staring into her lap.

"You should sing more often." Kay said matter-of-factly, and Mary perked. If there was one thing she received praise and genuine affection from her parents for, it was the very famous, ethereal quality of her voice. Her parents acted as if the ground on which Dionysius O'Brien walked turned to gold, like roses literally came out of his mouth when he spoke, but her voice - it caused her usually top-notch brother to shift uncomfortably in his chair.

But her mother was right - in her snide, Irish way of hers, she knew her daughter would never amount to much academically. Maybe on second and third tries, but she wasn't perfect on the first try at everything accept singing. If her mother ever said a thing that put a speck of dignity in her, it was "sing up, sing up Mary!"

"Mary," Gerard grabbed his daughter's hand abruptly, changing the subject as he manually flattened her fingers out on the table. "Let's see how well you've been listening." He grumbled, tapping out a rhythm on the back of

her hand. Tap tap. Tap tap tap... Her father often did this, quizzed her by tapping out the rythm on her wrist, or her hand.

"The Thunderer." She replied quietly, proudly.

"Section?"

"The break strain." American marches fascinated her - the chipper woodwinds and strong, man-like brass.

"Gerard. Not at the table." Kay warned, and Dion hid a snicker. Oh, how her mother found her father repulsive. By the time Mary'd started school, she had become icy towards him, found him to be an utterly disgusting example of a human being. How they stood a marriage with no love, no compassion, no emotion, was beyond Mary and had her turned off to marriage forever. How could either of them spend their lives like this? They were like two dunes who had never really been intertwined and were blowing further and further away from each other, in more and more distatse. Gerard and Kay were two strangers who had children together and lived in the same house.

Gerard's begrudging arguments continued while Mary helped Dion clear the dishes, dumping them in the sink, although the clank and clatter of the china against the stainless steel was no match for Mr. And Mrs. O'Brien's quarrelsome rows. They were right on schedule, though - right after dinner, when Kay's temperament was hot and heavy while Gerard's aspirations swam in his squinty eyes behind his spectacles.

"Let's go to the garage." Suggested Dion, looting the lower cabinet for a large sauce pan over the sounds of useless arguing. Mary eagerly retrieved the maracas from the parlor and skidded after her big brother. Her feet still hurt from her stiff shoes, but she was yet to take them off; she nearly tripped over the coffee table on her way to the garage - perhaps one of the nicest things their father had done for them was to set up an old pair of radios in two separate rooms of the house so she and Dion could broadcast their own radio show for them and the neighbors.

The kind of indifference the siblings held towards their parents' constant yelling, throwing, breaking, was slightly alarming. Mary thought Dion ignored it, mostly - he was able to block it out and get other productive things done, but she often sat at the top of the stairs and listened in frustration and fascination to her mum and dad's arguments.

"Cuckoo!" Dion chorused, banging the pot like a drum. The family car was

parked outdoors (Gerard thought they would get gasoline poisoned if he left it in the garage all night, even if it wasn't running), and a few of Mary and Dion's makeshift instruments were strewn about. The maracas and the cigar box full of marbles, a tambourine Miles had fashioned out of an old stitching loom and soda bottle caps.

Dion was also obsessed with Carmen Miranda; her beautiful, exotic voice and perfectly manicured eyebrows underneath her fruit hats. He was always drawing her shoes, dusty sketches strewn among pages of sheet music on the floor and in otherwise empty crates.

His guitar was propped up in the corner and he scooped it up, sitting on an old milk crate while Mary picked up the tambourine. Making music covered up much of the rows inside - Mary was rather embarrassed of her parents. She couldn't even go out in public with them, she never called friends over. Miles knew little of their strange little family, but he often came over to create music with them - at first, Mary watched her brother and his friend, but one day the unconventional, surprising temperament came over her.

The small little girl had listened countless hours to the boys as they sang into the night, strumming guitars in the kitchen, occasionally playing piano as she tapped her knees and silently sat. They sang Ca-Room Pa Pa, and she listened intently to their articulated tica-tica-tica-ta's, even banged on pots and pans and makeshift cowbells for them. And all this time she was listening, starving for music.

Overwhelmed, she finally grabbed Miles by both arms. "I know you are deeply fond of my brother, and I know you are deeply in love with music. I think you and I ought to make a record together." Her voice already carried a crazy quality that made her sound like she'd been trained for years, and Miles obliged. They recorded a few together, and they were spectacular.

Dion was teaching her guitar. Her hands weren't quite big enough to fit across the neck or fully fret the strings, making transitions between chords very awkward, but he taught with a goofiness and tenderness that only a big brother could have. "G minor chord." He said softly, correcting her fingers, allowing her to strum. "Wrong finger, bloke. You're getting there."

Mary strummed quietly, swinging her legs. The weight of the big guitar on her lap made her thighs fall asleep. "Dion? You think about America a lot?"

Her brother banged the makeshift tambourine against his thigh and shrugged. "A little. Doesn't distract me much, do you?"

"Do you think that's silly?"

"It's a nice dream." Dion smiled, fixing her fingers again. "There we are. Now, you almost know all of The Trolley Song. Just a few more ding dings, and zing zings, and you'll come round."

Sighing, she strummed again on her big brother's guitar. "I want to be a blues singer. Why is that so painful?"

"Eh, respect them. They just want something to gawk at other than confession." She could barely believe her brother was talking this way, but her heart skipped. "Be whatever you want. God knows you're the best singer round I've ever heard of, and - your voice, it's special." He gave her shoulder a soft punch. "And that's for the hockey stick."

Mary smiled and opened her mouth to speak, but was interrupted by the terse knocking against the garage frame. Miles was dressed in slacks and a loose button shirt, untucked from his belt, and wore a pair of comfortable sneakers. He smiled and nodded towards the guitar on her lap.

"You busy, Contrary Mary?"

"No, I'm not." Carefully setting the instrument against the cement ground, she rose with her brother.

"Suppose there's no point in telling Mum I'm going out." Dion shrugged off his sweater coat and untucked his button up.

"Can I come?" Was Mary's quiet comment.

"I suppose if I look after you. You come home with a broken arm, Dad will break the other one just so you're symmetrical."

It was as close to a yes as she would come to getting, so Mary jogged after the older boys down the street. In front of Charlie Meijer's house was where a group of boys was playing football, kicking up silt from the gutters in a blur of dirty fog. Mary, Dion, and Miles joined, much to the dismay of many of the boys. They didn't like Mary to play, but oh, home life was so irritating.

"Ay, everyone, it's Dusty!" Shouted one of them, and a few others laughed as Mary wiped the filthy film from her wire glasses. It was a nickname one of them had pegged on her during the last summer holidays. She played in the street with the boys so often that her stockings needed a good beating afterwards, even before getting washed, and the dust settled in her hair instead of sifting out. Mary didn't exactly know how she felt about the name - indifferent, really.

"Toss it, Dusty!" Miles clapped, silly smile on his fickle face. Mary scooped the ball from the street, dirtying her hands for more grip. A small smile lipped across her face and she gave the ball a good lob, no thought of leaving. The sun was setting overtop the shop buildings in the distance.

Kay and Gerard were still arguing intensely when they returned. Dion placed his hand on his little sister's shoulder and pushed the dusty little girl towards the staircase leading to their rooms. Mary yawned and looked off towards her brother as he began picking up a few chunks of shattered glass from the floor - she recognized one of the dining cups, wondering which one of her parents had tossed it.

"I'll help you." She offered. Dion looked up and smiled.

"Goodnight, Dusty."

She thought he winked, being the silly chap of a brother he was, but in the dim light she wasn't sure. The only light on was in the kitchen where her parents yelled, smashing things, bashing fists against counters to rattle pots. The lamp at the top of the stairs was still flicked on, and Mary strode down the hall. Her now-scuffed shoes were sensible. Plain lace-up black things that had turned gray with the filmy dust surroundings the streets. Perhaps they'd been gray all along and she'd simply been looking at them in the nicest light possible.

The bronze mirror at the end of the hall reflected a plain girl with dirty glasses lenses, red hair and a lumpy face. She approached her, face-to-face in the mirror. Her hair was coated in a thin film of street dirt and she brushed it out, shaking her head. Dust settled to rest on the shoulders of her messy sweater.

"Dusty." Mary whispered, twirling a lock of her bright hair between her fingertips. Drawing invisible swoops of mascara on her lashes, she traced large blots of imaginary makeup over her cheeks, as if she could somehow distract the world from her disproportionate nose, thick ankles, roadblock cheeks. Lastly, she imagined she held a tube of lipstick in her

hand, tracing her finger over her thin, lackluster lips.

Silently, she stared at her reflection and listened to the muffled noise of yelling through the walls. Retreating to her bedroom, she kicked off her shoes and shuddered - no one paid attention to her and it couldn't possibly be fair that she was stuck with her nose, and her ugly dim eyes, while her goody blue-eyed brother watched her blunder through life.

On the floor on her hands and knees, she scrambled to the side of the bed where the hot water pipes snaked to the upstairs bathroom through the wall. They were oftentimes hot enough to burn and she usually was careful not to touch them. Hovering her small hands overtop the pipes, she clung to them, cringing at the intense heat that stung through the nerve endings in her fingers and palms. The scalding turned her hands red, but she held tight to them until the feeling was too intense - no one ever felt in this family. Mary was a feeling person and her parents, they felt nothing but anger, and her goofy brother who had their approval felt pride.

The sensation of the scalding pipes left her hands stinging and almost feeling the opposite of hot. She ran them through her hair, feeling something, letting the dust sift through her ruddy fingertips. The pain was something, it was a feeling, a pinch, a poke, it was better than the arguing through the walls.

She wiped her burned hands on her skirt and stared out her window. No cars in the street, and the family car parked in the drive way.

Mary Isobel Catherine Bernadette O'Brien just wasn't going to work out, was she? Oh, she was just as clunky as all of those names. Sighing, she folded her glasses, setting them on her dresser. She really was unlawfully blind - she could barely see five feet in front of her nose, and the glasses only corrected it to an extent. Lying on top of her covers in her dirty uniform, she curled her fingers in on her burned palms.

Mary O'Brien whispered in the stillness of her room, singing alone to herself in the darkness. "When that midnight choo choo leaves for Alabam... I'll be right there, I've got my fare. When I see that rusty haired conductor man, I'll grab him by the collar, and I'll holler Alabam, Alabam. That's where you stop the train that brings me back again, down home where I'll remain with my honey lamb. I will be right there with bells, when that old conductor yells. All aboard, all aboard, all aboard for Alabam." Mary smiled.

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **FionaJ**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 3:50 pm**

Ah Claudia, Claudia, now we've got it!! 🙌

You already know what I think....you're a little star! 🌟❤️🌟

And now everybody else can enjoy your Dusty writing! 😊

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 4:05 pm**

Aw, Fiona, you make me blush! Thank you! 😊 I'm still glad you enjoyed it, but you're the real star for reading it and telling me about my American-y speech and porches! 😊🌟 Hahaha

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **darren2722**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 7:00 pm**

First of all Claudia, Cheers for going to all the trouble of making this available to us. I really hope you didn't

have to type it all out manually but pasted it instead. 🙏

Secondly what a fantastic recollection of a bygone age, when kids used to be able to play safely in the streets, Rationing in Britain was still there six years after WW2 had ended, and Marlon Brando (and eventually in the coming years, the Teenager and Rock n' Roll) caused a million parents to tear their hairs out. 😊

Evoked a few memories for me with the dinner scenes and the O'Brien family actually eating at the Dinner table together (Another product of a bygone age) 😊

Anyway, what a great job you have done filling in the blank spaces (which the biographers seemed to have so much trouble with) and with great imagination. A brilliant piece, Thank you so much for sharing it with us. 🙌🙌🙌

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 7:09 pm**

Thank you SO MUCH, Darren. 🙌 I'm glad you enjoyed it so much! I tried to make it as true to 1952 as I could , and I've made my goal if I achieved that. I. Priced there wasn't much about Dusty's childhood, so I made plenty of it up 😊 And I was able to copy and paste it from the original document - would have been a bust if I had to type it all out again! 😊

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **trek007**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 8:36 pm**

Not wishing to be negative here, but the story is not for me..sorry just my opinion.

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

Posted: **Sat Apr 18, 2015 11:44 pm**

No, it's not negative, I asked for everyone's honest opinion. 😊 May I ask why, though? I'm ALWAYS looking to improve.

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **donellac**

Posted: **Sun Apr 19, 2015 2:36 am**

Hi Claudia,

Here is my tuppence worth. I haven't read the whole piece because the parts I have read perpetuate the totally negative picture that exists of Mary's parents. This is myth that has become accepted as fact.



This negative picture just makes me feel uncomfortable as I know how far removed it is from the truth. Also the fact that by the time Mary was at St Anne's her brother had most likely left school. Certainly he was not at the Royal Grammar as that is in High Wycombe.

As a story I think it is quite good. I am sorry to have to tell you, as Mary O'Brien's story it is all wrong.

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

Posted: **Sun Apr 19, 2015 6:05 am**

Hello Donella,

I'm sorry if the story makes you uncomfortable! 🙄 I never meant to portray her parents as negative figures - I took pieces of my own life, per through the eyes of a twelve-year-old who has been embarrassed and had a bad day, and tried to recreate my own feelings of everything being accentuated to seem extraordinarily horrible. Through those eyes, everything may seem gloomy.

Her being twelve, her brother would have been past 16 but not yet 17. Perhaps 16 and a half or a little over. Not yet finished with school.

I do not think it is far from fact, so I will have to politely agree to disagree with you on that, I'm sorry. I do believe that there was much strife in their household, and fighting, although there wasn't hatred or neglect. I did not wish, by any means, to portray a negative outlook on her life, just a small snapshot that happens to be gloomy, although I understand that these are your opinions and I respect them, of course, and I'm always looking for feedback. I'm used to taking a beating so please, by all means, lay it on me! 😊 I have a good sense of humor. I just believe there are many different outlooks on her life through the eyes of others - sadly, no one can talk to her, and none of us KNEW her. If only, if only! 😊 So, therefore, I've talked to many others who have very strong varying opinions about what her life (especially her childhood) was like, although the real truth is, no one knows for a fact because none of us were there. What an experience it would be to be able to talk to her, though! 🙄

Perhaps I'll have to reevaluate, Donella. I never meant to cause any harm - like I said, I love Dusty with all of my heart, and my portrayal of her is just that - a portrayal. I would never portray her in a negative way, or her family! Just a small portion is this little snapshot. A few hours, not even a day.

Thank you for taking the time to read it, or even read just a little. Also, thank you for drawing such things to my attention, I appreciate it, truly, with all of my existence. 🙄🙄

Claudia

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **trek007**

Posted: **Sun Apr 19, 2015 9:35 am**

I don't have a problem with your style of writing.

My problem is the mixing of non fiction and pure fiction.

I just don't think the 2 elements mix. A good part of your story has to be fiction because these parts of the story are not available to you or any of us.

Take care....

## Re: A Story For Dusty: The Blues Singer

by **RenegadesEPC**

Posted: **Sun Apr 19, 2015 11:54 am**

Thank you again, for taking your time to read. 😊 I appreciate it with all of my heart.

Of course, it is fiction and never actually "happened" and it comes from my crazy imagination 😊 It's not for everyone, just as biographies, fantasy novels, and poetry isn't for everyone! Unfortunately, like most of us here, I never talked to Dusty herself, and I wasn't there - so this is not an exact recollection. 🙄 But I don't believe it to be out of the stratosphere of truth.

Thanks for taking the time to read! Catch you later. 😊