

~~A~~ VERDENE SCRUBS THE BLOOD OFF THE SIDES OF HER HOUSE with a wet green rag. She concentrates deeply on the smudges and stains so she does not have to feel the rage, does not have to pause long enough to touch the collar of her housedress to her face to wipe the tears. So she rubs and rubs, muttering underneath her breath, "Damn ignorant imbeciles!" The rag dries in her hand and she dips it into the mixture of bleach and water. Since the water pressure is low, there is no way she can refill the bucket. "God-dammit!" The tears begin to fall faster than she can catch them. ~~A~~ The fact that the culprits could be hiding in the bushes, laughing so hard that their guts pain them, makes Verdene angrier. "You think this is funny?" she asks the bushes and flowers. Something seems