

Amongst the sunset, in a quaint village covered in sand and dust clouds, hail bails rest against the Trading Post to the Bank to the Saloon, where the cowboys stop by for a bar fight, the sheriff sips his beer, waiting to break it up. Some locals mind their own, others cheer for whichever cowboy tips their hat at them, or holds up small talk just long enough to be respectful. Each cowboy reaches for their holsters. In the corner of the Saloon sits a lone ranger, another cowboy who's seen his fair share of tattered souls, proud townsfolk, and tired sheriffs. His hat shades his eyes just enough to hide his stare, covering his smirk behind a cough into his bandana. Watching as everyone, from all walks of life, rich or poor, are all the same when filed down to the bone. A careful look is exchanged between the sheriff and the lone ranger. Later on he'll lean his spur against the wooden railing, and they'll discuss the meaning of hard work, digging his boot into the sand.

Except there is no boot, but a pair of beat up black converse with aged white laces that appear gray. Rather than a spur, there is that random loop of fabric with no known purpose. There is no he, for he is she, she is me. There is no whiskey sipping, lone ranger in a bar, instead she's a lonely girl with her hot chocolate in yet another town, another school, another house that doesn't feel like home. Again, the 'new girl', who wins over the hearts of your family.

"Stick around, Bridget," your mother says with a smile. But I never do. I have been the veteran that guides you around the school, the girl you confide in when you have nowhere else to go. Then, at the end of a school year or three, you watch as I walk out the door to my next house, my next school, never by choice, but simply by chance. I went from The Lyndon Elementary School to Dedham Middle and High School, to Weymouth High School. I went from Forty-three Bellaire Road to Twelve Boathouse Lane to Eighteen Flint-Locke Drive. In the front yard of Eighteen Flint Locke Drive, my mother beat me one last time, before CPS whisked me off my feet and into my dad's house for the summer. Gut-wrenching, cowboy boot shaking, and being swallowed by a tumbleweed terror ensued as I watched the possibility that I was moving yet again, right before my senior year. If one day I sought total greatness, history books will have nowhere to cite my origins. If my dream acting career soars, or my plays continue to be

performed, but instead of small towns, on the big stages, there will be no quaint suburb to claim the roots of my brilliance. All I've offered, disappears.

Fortunately, no tumbleweed swallowed me, instead my father rented an apartment in town with what scarce money he had to spare. Bellaire Road, holds the memory of trying to express my juvenile tears past my mother's silence through drawings. Boathouse Lane, my mother sat on me, disarming me as she punched relentlessly. Flint Locke Drive, an ambulance carried me away, never to return. Where a street corner is not a house, rather to many, home; on that corner resides a suburban town center with a novel cafe, destined to close due to the stubborn regulars of the family-run coffee shop on the corner of Center and High. I have traveled through the homes of millions, yet there is nowhere I have found my own. So, I continue to the sunset, the future expanding for miles into the horizon as my horse's hooves smack against the wild western dust, leaving a piece of me in every gallop toward my free, final home, wherever it may be.