

Ivy

*The Blossoming
of a Rose*

S.L.S. OBOROWSKY



PORTLAND • OREGON
INKWATERPRESS.COM



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Publisher: Inkwater Press | www.inkwaterpress.com

Paperback

ISBN-13 978-1-59299-769-5 | ISBN-10 1-59299-769-4

Kindle

ISBN-13 978-1-59299-770-1 | ISBN-10 1-59299-770-8

Printed in the U.S.A.

All paper is acid free and meets all ANSI standards for archival quality paper.

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Growth

A bud forms and a flower flourishes
When spring arrives.

As a flower
We blossom as we learn
And the outcome is a wiser soul

SO

To my family

Introduction

Ivy's life was onerous. In her early years, detailed in *Ivy: The Stem of a Rose*, she was able to dream away reality through play and fantasy. Find out how Ivy will survive her adolescence in the heartwarming continuing story of Ivy, *Ivy: The Blossoming of a Rose*.

An excerpt from part one, *Ivy: The Stem of a Rose*:

The rocks were continuing to pelt her with near hits as they skimmed by her legs when she felt a sudden blow to her head....Now on the well-worn trail, bare of grass, she continued to her grandparents' home: a safe haven, a place she loved, and a place where she resorted to some summers.

Ivy's emotions had always been much more affected than the physical pain she had endured. She now pondered, "How could I not

belong?"...A teardrop rolled out of her eyes and drizzled down her face.

They could tell the pond had been undisturbed as it looked calm. The cattails' stems were clearly obvious, descending stiffly into the water....Dawn, disturbing the pond, was the first to enter the water.

Dawn, looking sick, dragged her feet along the floor as she made her way towards the bathroom....Sounds of heaves echoed....Lidia was now coming out of her room...."You're hot too. You both bedder go back to bed."

Ivy had begun on her journey, one she had never had to go alone on. She was afraid.... Her mother stood in front of the kitchen window hoping to see Ivy on her way back.

Acknowledgments

I'd like to thank all of Inkwater Press for making this possible. A special thanks to Sean for believing in me and encouraging me when I was beset with uncertainty. A push I needed.

I'd like to thank my husband for the support, financially. To my children, I know life has been tough but we all survived. Now look at the good things you have accomplished and I hope that you continue striving for your desires. I know how much you worry about me and your fear if I don't succeed but as I told you three before: to get to this level is a success.

Thanks to my sister for reminding me of how much I have accomplished. And stressing that money does not define success. And she is right. It may not have been financially but I did things she said she only dreamed of doing.

Chapter 1

Ivy opened the door and inhaled deeply as she breathed in the fresh air. It was a clear day, sun shining. The cloudless sky was a soft blue.

“Hey Mr. Farewell!” Ivy called out the moment she saw him. “Nice to see you but got to go.”

Mr. Farewell was already out of his truck and walking toward her. He was carrying a big, brown paper bag.

“I’ll try to visit with you next time, okay?”

“Okay. I’ll hold you to it,” he answered as he was walking up to her.

Ivy smiled. “Mom, Mr. Farewell is here,” she hollered. She held the door open for him.

Bella got up off the couch and trotted into the kitchen. She got the coffee pot ready. Mr. Farewell walked by Ivy and Ivy closed the door and continued on her way. She was excited to see Ronald...



“My, how Ivy has sprouted the last three years. It seems like it was just yesterday when you were on the farm. Ivy was only twelve. I can’t believe five years have gone by. You raised three beautiful daughters, Bella.” Talking as he was walking toward the table, he pulled out a chair. “I haven’t been up because I haven’t been able to find help on the farm. Two years sure go by fast when you don’t have the time to think.” He set the bag on the table. “I brought you cream and a few vegetables,” he continued.

Mr. Farewell, at the best of times, only made his way up between seeding and swathing. If he could, he also visited in spring and near snowfall. He never complained if there were other issues going on. Therefore, all Bella knew was that he had just been so busy with the farm that he couldn’t visit. The coffee pot was percolating on the stove. It was beating a steady rhythm, plump, blump. Fresh brewed coffee fragrancd the room. Bella set a coffee cup on the table.

“You don’t have to bring us food,” Bella said.

“I over-plant and I’m by myself plus I have no one else to share with and it would only spoil. I would have brought more but I know you have no cold room.”

“*Thi* [yes], I have nowhere to put the vegetables,” Bella said in her strong aboriginal accent, unaware she was answering partly in Cree. She started putting the vegetables in the fridge.

“How you doing, Bella?”

“I’m doin’ good. It’s Ivy.”

Bella's long hair held its dark brown color and flowed down her back. Her face looked smooth with faint lines. Her aging process was at a standstill.

"Why?" Mr. Farewell asked.

"S'e's got a boyfriend," Bella continued. She shut the fridge door and proceeded to the table. She sat across from Mr. Farewell.

"That's not such a bad thing. Is it?"

"It's been hard to keep her in school since s'e started seein' him last spring."

"Do you want me to talk to her?" he inquired.

"I don't think this time it'll help. S'e doesn't listen. I keep prayin' s'e'll not throw her life away for a boy."

"It's her first relationship. I'm sure it will come to an end. How many kids end up with their first love?"

"I don't want her to come to me and say..."



Ivy, arriving at Ronald's door, tapped as she opened it.

"Where were you?" he demanded as Ivy walked in.

Ronald had charmed her with kindness a week into the relationship, buttering her up with anything she wanted. But, when controlling issues slowly surfaced, his demeanor had begun to change too.

A nice looking half-breed, Ronald was eighteen and working – not planning for college. He had dark brown hair that contrasted pleasantly with his light

brown skin, while his dark, thick eyebrows and deep brown eyes were attractive and alluring. His personality, on the other hand, needed an overhaul. “Damn white man,” he would say to Ivy when he had a trying day at work. He was being trained in automotive repairs by a boss with just as short of a fuse as Ronald’s.

“I was at home.”

“You seein’ someone else?” he continued with obvious distrust.

“No!” Ivy replied crossly, disgusted with his accusation. Her eyebrows pinched. He had never been this angry before. Yes, he was insecure about their relationship, but she thought he would start trusting her since she only went to school, home, and then to his place when she started dating him. She had even begun distancing herself from Jessica when the summer holidays started.

“You’re lying.” He grabbed her arm and squeezed.

Ivy’s eyes widened. “Let go. You’re hurting me.”

He let go just as she said it.

“What’d you do that for? I’m telling you the truth.” She was now appalled with his behavior. She started to walk toward the door.

“I’m sorry. Don’t leave. I don’t know what came over me.”

“If you ever touch me again,” she then warned.

“I promise, I won’t. And,” he paused, “I didn’t hit you.”

“Look at the mark you left on my arm.”

Her arm was red.

“Oh, poor baby,” he teased.

“It’s not a joke, Ronald. It hurt when you squeezed my arm.”

He bent down and gave her arm a kiss.

She forgave him, but a bad feeling overwhelmed her. He gave her a make-up kiss and pulled her close to him.

“Don’t!” she demanded. Not feeling affectionate, she pulled away. “Ronald, I don’t like that you don’t trust me,” she continued sincerely, her voice soft and tender.

“I’m sorRY!” he exclaimed, his voice becoming louder and his face cross as if she was the one out of line now.

She glanced at him. The pattern was too familiar; he seemed to always bring it back to her, like she was wrong.

Then his face softened and he pulled her close, gave her a hug, and walked her to the sofa. They sat close together while they watched TV, his arm around her shoulder. He had supper started: Kraft Dinner, his favorite.

“I got us a movie,” he said as he rose from the couch to put the tape in.

Ivy sat silently, deep in thought. Ronald continued without notice. He put the Kraft Dinner onto

plates and handed one to Ivy. They ate on the sofa and watched the movie.

“I better go now,” Ivy insisted as the movie ended.

He walked her to the door and bent down to give her a goodnight kiss. Her demeanor was cold as she forced herself to return the kiss. Her arms were crossed.

If he hadn't asked so often where she was, what she was doing or who she was with, she likely would have shrugged it off.

“Good night,” she said.

He shut the door behind her.



Ivy walked in the house and crept to her room. It was late.

“Ivy?” her mother hollered from her bedroom.

“Yeah,” she answered.

“What you doin' out so late?”

There was silence.

“I was watching a movie at Ronald's,” Ivy finally answered.

The moment she said his name an aching feeling at the pit of her stomach took her breath away. She placed her hand over her abdomen, shut her door and stood leaning against it. She breathed a heavy sigh. “I wish you weren't moving, Dawn,” she said out loud as she moved away from the door.

She got out her PJs. When she took her shirt off, she had livid finger-shaped marks on her arm. She rubbed the spot as if trying to erase the marks. She dressed, then plopped on her bed and stared up at the ceiling. The clock ticked. Ivy continued gazing at the ceiling, her head spinning. One minute she was trying to make sense of her relationship, then the next wondering if she had made a big mistake getting involved in one. *Was it normal? Was this what other relationships were like? What do I do? Do I ride the relationship through and see where it goes from here? Do I dump him?* Round and round she went, her head spinning with questions and no answers. Then she thought about Mr. Farewell and his kindness to the family. It was then she realized that there was something not quite right about what she was going through. Then she took a turn-around. *Ronald hadn't hit me. He just questioned my whereabouts. So he squeezed my arm? So what! I do really enjoy seeing him.* Now she was making excuses for him until she convinced herself that she was being ridiculous. *No, he's not that bad* were her last thoughts as she drifted off to sleep...

The sun was shining. Ronald was standing over her bed choking her. Her hands were on his arms, trying to pull them off. She couldn't speak. Her head moved from side to side, her heart beating.

Ivy woke up sweating and sat up. She grabbed her neck. No one was in the room and it was still dark out.

"Oh it's just a dream." She laid her head on the

pillow and faded back into her dream. Her head was moving side to side as she fought to wake up. Her heart was pounding again. When Ivy finally awoke, she was kicking. She sat up quickly. She looked around her room. It was like time had stood still. She sat for some time before she reclined again.