

THE UNVEILING OF POLLY FORREST

by Charlotte Whitney

EXCERPT

Sarah Wolcott Johnson
Thursday, May 24, 1934

I couldn't hold back. "Polly, you're such a liar. You kept making excuses for all your bruises and now you're still hiding stuff from us. Sam's letter. And now the coffee. When will it all end? All these lies. All this deception."

Contrary to what Wes said, I was not going to apologize for anything. She was the one who needed to make amends.

Polly stiffened, put the coffee cup on the table, and stood rigid, arms crossed. I looked out the kitchen window and could see Sailor Dog in the yard a few feet away, probably drawn close by our voices.

Polly wrinkled up her nose. "Well, sometimes deception is the best course of action. Fewer people get hurt." She was making no sense.

"I think not," I responded. "Deception only builds and builds until you have such a mess you can't get out of it. Oh, what a tangled web we weave."

"That's enough, Sarah," Wes said to me. He was speaking as if I were a misbehaving child, which perturbed me even more.



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