



BEARMAN STORIES

COUNTRY SECRETS

LIKE A KNIFE IN THE BACK, SOME SECRETS
LEAVES DEEP SCARS.

BY E. A. MAYNARD

wait long enough to come up with another pointless question. He had me come back to his room where he had a drafting table set up with drawings all over. He seems to be very busy doing tattoos. We discussed the cross I wanted on my back to cover the scar and why I did not want anyone to have any copies of the cross when he was done. He looked confused about that request until I said that I also need papers and an ID.

I about crapped myself when he said it would be ten grand and it did not help that he said that includes the tattoo. When I asked him why so much, he said that he had to pay a buddy. His buddy worked turning everything digital for the Ohio state government. I could only guess that his buddy was going to make my new information get into the system. I took what he was telling me that my new identity would be able to be searched as if my new person had always been around.

We shook hands and I went to leave when he asked what name I wanted. I thought for a moment till I said I could go with Nathaniel Norris and it better be a hell of a tattoo. That took care of everything I needed to do for the day. With nothing to do, I decided to go spend time with my mom and Paul.

Chapter Fifteen

More than a week had past when Ryan called me and said he had everything ready for my tattoo. I set up a time for me to go in and I was excited with it being my first tattoo. When I told Rose, she decided she would come with me when I got the work done. She was excited to see it done and even considered getting one too. I did not want anyone to come with me, as I did not want anyone to know what I was doing. I had a few days to figure it out and take care of it.

I was thinking about what to do so I did not raise any questions from Rose. I got lost in my own thoughts again until Rose Started to talk. It felt like I was in my head a lot lately. Rose was telling me about how she wanted to go to meet up with her friends at Oogie's in Gibsonburg. Oogie's was a pizza place that we used to go to. I liked their porky pig subs and figured it would be nice to be around some different people. Plus I got along with the staff there. So, I smiled and told her how I thought it would be a good time. I had met those people before, but they never gave