

Eloped in Love

Being young and in love can lead to many destiny's; My name is Violet Mary Crocket, and I was struck within my heart by a man who was as wild as the flowers that grew on the bank beside my family's small coal house. The 1940's were a simple time and I was in the prime of romance. I was a simple young woman only seventeen years old but the world was mine. I met him during Sunday service during a warm Sunday in summer. His eyes were the prettiest blue that god would allow a human being to have. This man was so precious but he stirred up a fire inside my heart like no other would. My daddy was strict in his ways. I wasn't allowed to interact with anyone other than my four brothers and sisters. I wanted him though and I needed the chance to know him. Daddy kept an eye on me though because I was innocent and the oldest girl of the household. I devised my plan to see this gentlemen by the honest ways of church. I know you shouldn't use the house of the lord for anything but worship but this was innocent love. I captured his attention just as he had for me. After church we would sneak behind the building to talk and hold hands. Carl was his name and he quickly became the love of my life. Rightfully we snuck off together after church to old hands cooing at the innocence of our romance. What we had sparked was simple yet pure. We kept this going as long as we could trying to contain our young hearts we became entangled in the flame of love. Our love was as true as a blue sky during July. Carl and I began sneaking around when daddy would be at work.

Carl came to me one afternoon with pure excitement. "I am gonna make us some money!" He exclaimed to me as he gently took my hands in his. His sky dry and rough from a hard day's work. My face was marked red with a hand print. Daddy had been drinking before he had left for the mines earlier in the day. Carl was so excited in the idea of making money and all I could do is smile at his excitement. "Run away with me". Before I knew it my face was as red as a tomato and believe me he had made me blush a many a time but never like this. "Run-away...?" I murmured under my breath. I had never done anything in my time to upset my daddy and believe me he would murder me if I ever did something like this. "Please?" Carl smiled so kindly at me waiting so patiently for my response. I looked back into his glistening blue eyes. I was at home and if this man was going to run away so was I. Carl had been gone for over a month and we wrote to each other intently as two halves would if divided. The time of our escape was coming and my fear grew. Daddy had bruised my mother's left eye the night before. My cheeks stung from being struck every other day. I finally broke down and asked my sister for help on my escape. She was excited for my romance being she looked up to me and all.

The days began to come together and before I knew it the day had finally come. My sister sent for my daddy as an emergency. I watched him walk out door that day. I am certain my stomach went right with him. Carl came to me after my daddy had passed him on the road to our house. Staying hidden by the cover of the trees he waited for the safety of escape. When Carl came to me he embraced me in a hug that felt like heaven I had never imagined. I grabbed my

bag and we rushed off for the Mercer County Airport for a flight to North Carolina. Seventeen years old and here I was running away to marry the man of my dreams.

That flight felt like time had stood still. I thought about the family I was leaving behind. My brothers who worked hard like daddy. My momma she was a precious woman. I only hoped they would all forgive me for following my heart. I had a bruise on my upper cheek. Daddy would come after me for sure. We arrived in North Carolina and this was different than what I was used to. The lights were bright and the people wore clothes put my Sunday dress to shame. Carl led me to the motel where we were going to stay. Before we walked in he handed me the money I would need to get my room. Sweetly he kissed my forehead and told me he would see me in the morning. Now I had never done anything like this before. I walked up to the counter of the Diamond Neck Motel. The man who sat at the front desk had a neck like a bird and spoke like a fox. "Your name?" he spouted at me impatiently. I thought for a moment why would I give my real name? "Maria Michaels" I said calmly. Maria was my best friend from school. She was always wild and did all kinds of stuff a lady shouldn't do. I was given the key to my room and before I knew it I was waiting for my wedding day to get here.

I slept very light as my thoughts rocked me like a boat. I wondered what Carl was doing and if he was alright. I was going to be his wife so I ought to start acting I am. The day had finally come for us to be husband and wife. Carl had no idea that I had used a fake

name so he when he asked the front desk man to call my room he thought I had left! I came down stairs after a while to find him pacing the lobby. I could only smile at the amount of emotion he had. I knew he loved me and I hope he knew I loved him. Carl took my hand and we left the lobby for the court house. We arrived at the court house during the middle of the afternoon. Our ceremony was simple but sweet. "I do" everything blurred up until that point. My heart was pounding with adrenaline. "I now pronounce you man and wife". Carl's lips gently pressed against mine. I felt a rush of heat fill from the bottom of my feet all the way up to face. I pressed my lips back against him. Just like that I was Mrs. Violet Baldwin.

Now most folks have a honeymoon right after they get hitched but for me the escape continued. We rushed back to the motel to get our things from our rooms. We checked out and rushed for the bus station. Out of the motel a police man had a picture of me showing all the folks who passed by. We dashed the opposite way and hurried as quickly as our feet would carry us. My heart hadn't stopped pounding since that kiss and it was going strong. Racing into the bus station we got our tickets. "Two tickets to Buffalo, New York." My eyes glanced around the room in panic. My hand was sweating as Carl Held it. He patted my hand gently breaking my concertation from my panic. I gave him a gentle smile in hopes of easing my own worries.

We got on that bus, sitting in the far back Carl had wrapped his arm around my shoulder and pulled me as close as humanly possible. His scent was airy and warm. This was the

best time of my life and one of the scariest. Daddy was gonna kill me if I went back home now. This was no longer about love but life and death. The sun had begun to set and the rain had started to gently weep from the clouds. The bus filled with all the passengers and we began our journey from North Carolina to Buffalo, New York. I saw the lights up ahead at the state line. The bus came to a slow halt as the bus driver opened the door and an officer popped his head in. "I am lookin for some folks" the officer said as the rain drenched his cap. The bus driver looked at the officer and barked "I don't have time for that these people paid to get there on time and I ain't about to let them be late!" with a quick movement he shut the door of the bus and drove off. I was in disbelief as the outcome of what could have been played out. Daddy would of killed me for sure and beat me half to death beforehand. The bus drove gently towards a long destination ahead. I rested my head on Carl's shoulder sighing with relaxation as I delved into my freedom. My cheek doesn't sting with pain anymore.