<http://www.bellaonline.com/articles/art8662.asp>

Louise Erdrich is a storyteller, first and foremost. Whether through poetry, novels or short stories, she imparts rich tales peopled with complex characters. Her distinctive narratives have been called "experimental", even as they have been lauded as compelling and entertaining. Of mixed Native-American heritage (her mother is French Ojibwa, her father, German-American), Erdrich is often labelled as a Native-American writer. Still, her characters speak to everyone.

Born the oldest of seven children in Little Falls, Minnesota in 1954, Erdrich grew up in Wahpeton, North Dakota where her parents taught at a local reservation. From a young age, Erdrich was encouraged to write poems and plays. Erdrich recounted the oral traditions of her family in a 1991 Writers Digest interview, "The people in our families made everything into a story...I suppose that when you grow up constantly hearing the stories rise, break and fall, it gets into you somehow."

Erdrich attended Dartmouth in 1972, where she caught the attention of one of her professors, who recognized a burgeoning poetic talent in her young student. That same year, Erdrich met Michael Dorris then program director of the Native American Studies Department. They maintained a friendship after she graduated, and eventually married in 1981.

Receiving her undergraduate degree, Erdrich went on to teach poetry and writing to young people through the State Arts Council of North Dakota. She supplemented her income through a variety of low-paying jobs, at one point, working at a Kentucky Fried Chicken as well as on a variety of road construction projects. She incorporated her work experiences into many of her stories. In 1979, Erdrich earned a master’s degree in creative writing at Johns Hopkins University, and later became a writer in residence at Dartmouth.

Erdrich’s literary ascent began in 1982, after she won the Nelson Algren fiction competition with her short story, "The World’s Greatest Fisherman", which later became the first chapter of her novel, *Love Medicine*, a collection of interrelated short stories featuring four families: the Kashpaws, the Lamartines, the Pillagers, and the Morrisseys. The novel, set in a fictionalized North Dakota community, follows these families over 50 years (cyclical, not chronological) and serves as the begnnning of a tetralogy that includes *The Beet Queen* (1986), *Tracks* (1988), and *Bingo Palace* (1994). Combining comedy with tragedy, the stories relate the tensions arising from conflicting religious beliefs, from the varying American and Anishinaabe cultures, and focuses on interrelationships more than social hierarchies. Ironically, *Love Medicine* was rejected by 28 publishers until Dorris resubmitted the work posing as Erdrich’s literary agent. The novel went on to win the 1984 National Book Critics Circle Award and the Sue Kaufman Prize for Best First Fiction.

Erdrich continued writing even as her family expanded to include five children. In a 1996 interview with Salon, Erdrich related how motherhood engaged her emotions in ways that only deepened her art, allowing her a mother’s insight. While married, Erdrich wrote independently, but also collaborated with her husband on a few collections, including *The Crown of Columbus* (1991), which is the only publication featuring them as co-authors. Unfortunately, the couple separated in 1995, and Dorris commited suicide in 1997.

Erdrich is still busy today. Over the years, her works have appeared in *Ms*., the *New Yorker*, and *Harper’s* as well as a variety of anthologies, including *Spider Woman’s Granddaughters*. Her latest novel, *The Master Butchers Singing Club*, was published in February, 2003. Again, it is set in North Dakota. *Publisher Weekly* writes, "All of the virtues of Erdrich's best works-her lyrical precision, bleakly beautiful North Dakota settings, deft interweaving of characters and subplots, and haunting evocation of love and its attendant mysteries-are on full display in this superb novel."

<http://www.english.illinois.edu/maps/poets/a_f/erdrich/stmarie.htm>

An Online Short Story by Louise Erdrich

"Saint Marie"  
*A Short Story*  
by Lousie Erdrich

So when I went there, I knew the dark fish must [rise](http://www.english.illinois.edu/maps/poets/a_f/erdrich/stmarie.htm). Plumes of radiance had been soldered on me. No reservation girl had ever prayed so hard. There was no use in trying to ignore me any longer. I was going up there on the hill with the black-robe women. None were any lighter than me. I was going up there to pray as good as they could, because I don't have that much Indian blood. And they never thought they'd have a girl from this reservation as a saint they'd have to kneel to. But they were going to have me. And I'd be carved in pure gold. With ruby lips. And my toenails would be little pink ocean shells, which they would have to stoop down off their high horse to kiss.  
  
I was ignorant. I was near age fourteen. The sky is just about the size of my ignorance. And just as pure. And that—the pure wideness of my ignorance—is what got me up the hill to the Sacred Heart Convent and brought me back down alive. For maybe Jesus did not take my bait, but them Sisters tried to cram me right down whole.  
  
You ever see a walleye strike so bad the lure is practically out its back end before you reel it in? That is what they done with me. I don't like to make that low comparison, but I have seen a walleye do that once. And it's the same attempt as Sister Leopolda made to get me in her clutch.  
  
I had the mail-order Catholic soul you get in a girl raised out in the bush, whose only thought is getting into town. Sunday Mass is the only time my father brought his children in except for school, when we were harnessed. Our souls went [cheap](http://www.english.illinois.edu/maps/poets/a_f/erdrich/stmarie.htm). We were so anxious to get there we would have walked in on our hands and knees. We just craved going to the store, slinging bottle caps in the dust, making fool eyes at each other. And of course we went to church.  
  
Where they have the convent is on top of the highest hill, so that from its windows the Sisters can be looking into the marrow of the town. Recently a windbreak was planted before the bar "for the purposes of tornado [insurance](http://www.english.illinois.edu/maps/poets/a_f/erdrich/stmarie.htm)." Don't tell me that. That poplar stand was put up to hide the drinkers as they get the transformation. As they are served into the beast of their burden. While they're drinking, that body comes upon them, and then they stagger or crawl out the bar door, pulling a weight they can't move past the poplars. They don't want no holy witness to their fall.  
  
Anyway, I climbed. That was a long-ago day. A road for wagons wound in ruts to the top of the hill where they had their buildings of brick painted gleaming white. So white the sun glanced off in dazzling display to set forms whirling behind your eyelids. The face of God you could hardly look at. But that day it drizzled, so I could look all I wanted. I saw the homelier side. The cracked whitewash, and swallows nesting in the busted ends of eaves. I saw the boards sawed the size of broken windowpanes and the fruit trees, stripped. Only the tough wild rhubarb flourished. Golden-rod rubbed up their walls. It was a poor convent. I know that now. Compared with others it was humble, ragtag, out in the middle of no place. It was the end of the world to some. Where the maps stopped. Where God had only half a hand in the Creation. Where the Dark One had put in thick bush, liquor, wild dogs, and Indians.  
  
I heard later that the Sacred Heart Convent was a place for nuns that don't get along elsewhere. Nuns that complain too much or lose their mind. I'll always wonder now, after hearing that, where they picked up Sister Leopolda. Perhaps she had scarred someone else, the way she left a mark on me. Perhaps she was just sent around to test her sisters' faith, here and there, like the spot-checker in a factory. For she was a definite hard trial for anyone, even for those who started out with veils of wretched love upon their eyes.  
  
I was that girl who thought the hem of her black garment would help me rise. Veils of love, which was only hate petrified by longing, that was me. I was like those bush Indians who stole the holy black hat of a Jesuit and swallowed little scraps of it to cure their fevers. But the hat itself carried smallpox, and it was killing them with belief. Veils of faith! I had this confidence in Leopolda. She was different. The other Sisters had long ago gone blank and given up on Satan. He slept for them. They never noticed his comings and goings. But Leopolda kept track of him and knew his habits, the minds he burrowed in, the deep spaces where he hid. She knew as much about him as my grandma, who called him by other names and was not afraid.  
  
In her class, Sister Leopolda carried a long oak pole for opening high windows. On one end it had a hook made of iron that could jerk a patch of your hair out or throttle you by the collar—all from a distance. She used this deadly hook-pole for catching Satan by surprise. He could have entered without your knowing it—through your lips or your nose or any one of your seven openings— gained your mind. But she would see him. That pole would brain you from behind. And he would gasp, dazzled, and take the first thing she offered, which was pain.  
  
She had a string of children who could breathe only if she said the word. I was the worst of them. She always said the Dark One wanted me most of all, and I believed this. I stood out. Evil was a common thing I trusted. Before sleep sometimes he came and whispered conversation in the old language of the bush. I listened. He told me things he never told anyone but Indians. I was privy to both worlds of his knowledge. I listened to him but, still, I had confidence in Leopolda. For she was the only one of the bunch he even noticed.  
  
There came a day, though, when Leopolda turned the tide with her hook-pole.  
  
It was a quiet day, with all of us working at our desks, when I heard him. He had sneaked into the closets in the back of the room. He was scratching around, tasting crumbs in our pockets, stealing buttons, squirting his dark juice in the linings and the boots. I was the only one who heard him, and I got bold. I smiled. I glanced back and smiled, and looked up at her sly to see if she had noticed. My heart jumped. For she was looking straight at me. And she sniffed. She had a big, stark, bony nose stuck to the front of her face, for smelling out brimstone and evil thoughts. She had smelled him on me. She stood up. Tall, pale, a blackness leading into the deeper blackness of the slate wall behind her. Her oak pole had flown into her grip. She had seen me glance at the closet. Oh, she knew. She knew just where he was. I watched her watch him in her mind's eye. The whole class was watching now. She was staring, sizing, following his scuffle. And all of a sudden she tensed down, poised on her bent kneesprings, cocked her arm back. She threw the oak pole singing over my head. It cracked through the thin wood door of the back closet and the heavy pointed hook drove through his heart. I turned. She'd speared her own black rubber overboot where he'd taken refuge, in the tip of her darkest toe.  
  
Something howled in my mind. Loss and darkness. I understood. I was to suffer for my smile.  
  
He rose up hard in my heart. I didn't blink when the pole cracked. My skull was tough. I didn't flinch when she shrieked in my ear. I only shrugged at the flowers of hell. He wanted me. More than anything he craved me. But then she did the worst. She did what broke my mind to her. She grabbed me by the collar and dragged me, feet flying, through the room and threw me in the closet with her dead black overboot. And I was there. The only light was a crack beneath the door. I asked the Dark One to enter into me and alert my mind. I asked him to restrain my tears, for they were pushing behind my eyes. But he was afraid to come back there. He was afraid of her sharp pole. And I was afraid of Leopolda's pole, too, for the first time. I felt the cold hook in my heart. It could crack through the door at any minute and drag me out, like a dead fish on a gaff, drop me on the floor like a gutshot squirrel.  
  
I was nothing. I edged back to the wall as far as I could. I breathed the chalk dust. The hem of her full black cloak cut against my cheek. He had left me. Her spear could find me any time. Her keen ears would aim the hook into the beat of my heart.  
  
What was that sound?  
  
It filled the closet, filled it up until it spilled over, but I did not recognize the crying wailing voice as mine until the door cracked open, I saw brightness, and she hoisted me to her camphor-smelling lips.  
  
"He *wants* you," she said. "That's the difference. I give you love."  
  
Love. The black hook. The spear singing through the mind. I saw that she had tracked the Dark One to my heart and flushed him out into the open. So now my heart was an empty nest where she could lurk.  
  
Well, I was weak. I was weak when I let her in but she got a foothold there. Hard to dislodge as the months passed. Sometimes I felt him—the brush of dim wings—but only rarely did his voice compel. It was between Marie and Leopolda now, and the struggle changed. I began to realize I had been on the wrong track with the fruits of hell. The real way to overcome Leopolda was this: I'd get to heaven first. And then, when I saw her coming, I'd shut the gate. She'd be out! That is why, besides the bowing and the scraping I'd be dealt, I wanted to sit on the altar as a saint.  
  
To this end, I went on up the hill. Sister Leopolda was the consecrated nun who had sponsored me to come there.  
  
"You're not vain," she had said. "You're too honest, looking into the mirror, for that. You're not smart. You don't have the ambition to get clear. You have two choices. One, you can marry a no-good Indian, bear his brats, die like a dog. Or two, you can give yourself to God."  
  
"I'll come up there," I said, "but not because of what you think."  
  
I could have had any damn man on the reservation at the time. And I could have made him treat me like his own life. I looked good. And I looked white. But I wanted Sister Leopolda's heart. And here was the thing: Sometimes I wanted her heart in love and admiration. Sometimes. And sometime's I wanted her heart to roast on a black stick.

She answered the back door, where they had instructed me to call. I stood there with my bundle. She looked me up and down.  
  
"All right," she said finally. "Come in."  
  
She took my hand. Her fingers were like a bundle of broom straws, so thin and dry, but the strength of them was unnatural. I couldn't have tugged loose if she had been leading me into rooms of white-hot coal. Her strength was a kind of perverse miracle, for she got it from fasting herself thin. Because of this hunger practice her lips were a wounded brown and her skin was deadly pale. Her eye sockets were two deep, lashless hollows. I told you about the nose. It stuck out far and made the place her eyes moved even deeper, as if she stared out of a gun barrel. She took the bundle from my hands and threw it in the corner.  
  
"You'll be sleeping behind the stove, child."  
  
It was immense, like a great furnace. A small cot was close behind it.  
  
"Looks like it could get warm there," I said.  
  
"Hot. It does."  
  
"Do I get a habit?"  
  
I wanted something like the thing she wore. Flowing black cotton. Her face was strapped in white bandages and a sharp crest of starched cardboard hung over her forehead like a glaring beak. If possible, I wanted a bigger, longer, whiter beak than hers.  
  
"No," she said, grinning her great skull grin. "You don't get one yet. Who knows, you might not like us. Or we might not like you."  
  
But she had loved me, or offered me love. And she had tried to hunt the Dark One down. So I had this confidence.  
  
"I'll inherit your keys from you," I said.  
  
She looked at me sharply, and her grin turned strange. She hissed, taking in her breath. Then she turned to the door and took a key from her belt. It was a giant key, and it unlocked the larder, where the food was stored.  
  
Inside were all kinds of good stuff. Things I'd tasted only once or twice in my life. I saw sticks of dried fruit, jars of orange peel, spices like cinnamon. I saw tins of crackers with ships painted on the side. I saw pickles. Jars of herring and the rind of pigs. Cheese, a big brown block of it from the thick milk of goats. And the everyday stuff, in great quantities, the flour and the coffee.  
  
The cheese got to me. When I saw it my stomach hollowed. My tongue dripped. I loved that goat-milk cheese better than anything I'd ever eaten. I stared at it. The rich curve in the buttery cloth.  
  
"When you inherit my keys," she said sourly, slamming the door in my face, "you can eat all you want of the priest's cheese."  
  
Then she seemed to consider what she'd done. She looked at me. She took the key from her belt and went back, sliced a hunk off, and put it in my hand.  
  
"If you're good you'll taste this cheese again. When I'm dead and gone," she said.  
  
Then she dragged out the big sack of flour. When I finisbed that heavenly stuff she told me to roll my sleeves up and begin doing God's labor. For a while we worked in silence, mixing up dough and pounding it out on stone slabs.  
  
"God's work," I said after a while. "If this is God's work, then I've done it all my life."  
  
"Well, you've done it with the Devil in your heart, then," she said. "Not God."  
  
"How do you know?" I asked. But I knew she did. And I wished I had not brought up the subject.  
  
"I see right into you like a clear glass," she said. "I always did."  
  
"You don't know it," she continued after a while, "but he's come around here sulking. He's come around here brooding. You brought him in. He knows the smell of me and he's going to make a last-ditch try to get you back. Don't let him," she glared over at me. Her eyes were cold and lighted. "Don't let him touch you. We'll be a long time getting rid of him."  
  
So I was careful. I was careful not to give him an inch. I said a rosary, two rosaries, three, underneath my breath. I said the Creed. I said every scrap of Latin I knew while we punched the dough with our fists. And still, I dropped the cup. It rolled under that monstrous iron stove, which was getting fired up for baking.  
  
And she was on me. She saw he'd entered my distraction.  
  
"Our good cup," she said. "Get it out of there, Marie."  
  
I reached for the poker to snag it out from beneath the stove. But I had a sinking feeling in my stomach as I did this. Sure enough, her long arm darted past me like a whip. The poker landed in her hand.  
  
"Reach," she said. "Reach with your arm for that cup. And when your flesh is hot, remember that the flames you feel are only one fraction of the heat you will feel in his hellish embrace."  
  
She always did things this way, to teach you lessons. So I wasn't surprised. It was playacting anyway, because a stove isn't very hot underneath, right along the floor. They aren't made that way. Otherwise, a wood floor would burn. So I said yes and got down on my stomach and reached under. I meant to grab it quick and jump up again, before she could think up another lesson, but here it happened. Although I groped for the cup, my hand closed on nothing. That cup was nowhere to be found. I heard her step toward me, a slow step. I heard the creak of thick shoe leather, the little *plat* as the folds of her heavy skirts met, a trickle of fine sand sifting somewhere, perhaps in the bowels of her, and I was afraid. I tried to scramble up, but her foot came down lightly behind my ear, and I was lowered. The foot came down more firmly at the base of my neck, and I was held.  
  
"You're like I was," she said. "He wants you very much."  
  
"He doesn't want me no more," I said. "He had his fill. I got the cup!"

I heard the valve opening, the hissed intake of breath, and knew that I should not have spoken.  
  
"You lie," she said. "You're cold. There is a wicked ice forming in your blood. You don't have a shred of devotion for God. Only wild, cold, dark lust. I know it. I know how you feel. I see the beast ... the beast watches me out of your eyes sometimes. Cold."  
  
The urgent scrape of metal. It took a moment to know from where. Top of the stove. Kettle. She was steadying herself with the iron poker. I could feel it like pure certainty, driving into the wood floor. I would not remind her of pokers. I heard the water as, it came, tipped from the spout, cooling as it fell but still scalding as it struck. I must have twitched beneath her foot because she steadied me, and then the poker nudged up beside my arm as if to guide. "To warm your cold-ash heart," she said. I felt how patient she would be. The water came. My mind was dead blank. Again. I could only think the kettle would be cooling slowly in her hand. I could not stand it. I bit my lip so as not to satisfy her with a sound. She gave me more reason to keep still.  
  
"I will boil him from your mind if you make a peep," she said, "by filling up your ear."  
  
Any sensible fool would have run back down the hill the minute Leopolda let them up from under her heel. But I was snared in her black intelligence by then. I could not think straight. I had prayed so hard I think I broke a cog in my mind. I prayed while her foot squeezed my throat. While my skin burst. I prayed even when I heard the wind come through, shrieking in the busted bird nests. I didn't stop when pure light fell, turning slowly behind my eyelids. God's face. Even that did not disrupt my continued praise. Words came. Words came from nowhere and flooded my mind.  
  
Now I could pray much better than any one of them. Than all of them full force. This was proved. I turned to her in a daze when she let me up. My thoughts were gone, and yet I remember how surprised I was. Tears glittered in her eyes, deep down, like the sinking reflection in a well.  
  
"It was so hard, Marie," she gasped. Her hands were shaking. The kettle clattered against the stove. "But I have used all the water up now. I think he is gone."  
  
"I prayed," I said foolishly. "I prayed very hard."  
  
"Yes," she said. "My dear one, I know."

We sat together quietly because we had no more words. We let the dough rise and punched it down once. She gave me a bowl of mush, unlocked the sausage from a special cupboard, and took that in to the Sisters. They sat down the hall, chewing their sausage, and I could hear them. I could hear their teeth bite through their bread and meat. I couldn't move. My shirt was dry but the cloth stuck to my back and I couldn't think straight. I was losing the sense to understand how her mind worked. She'd gotten past me with her poker and I would never be a saint. I despaired. I felt I had no inside voice, nothing to direct me, no darkness, no Marie. I was about to throw that cornmeal mush out to the birds and make a run for it, when the vision rose up blazing in my mind.  
  
I was rippling gold. My breasts were bare and my nipples flashed and winked. Diamonds tipped them. I could walk through panes of glass. I could walk through windows. She was at my feet, swallowing the glass after each step I took. I broke through another and another. The glass she swallowed ground and cut until her starved insides were only a subtle dust. She coughed. She coughed a cloud of dust. And then she was only a black rag that flapped off, snagged in bob wire, hung there for an age, and finally rotted into the breeze.  
  
I saw this, mouth hanging open, gazing off into the waving trees.  
  
"Get up!" she cried. "Stop dreaming. It is time to bake."  
  
Two other Sisters had come in with her, wide women with hands like paddles. They were smoothing and evening out the firebox beneath the great jaws of the oven.  
  
"Who is this one?" they asked Leopolda. "Is she yours?"  
  
"She is mine," said Leopolda. "A very good girl."  
  
"What is your name?" one asked me.  
  
"Marie."  
  
"Marie. Star of the Sea."  
  
"She will shine," said Leopolda, "when we have burned off the dark corrosion."  
  
The others laughed, but uncertainly. They were slow, heavy French, who did not understand Leopolda's twisted jokes, although they muttered respectfully at things she said. I knew they wouldn't believe what she had done with the kettle. So I kept quiet.  
  
"*Elle est docile,*" they said approvingly as they left to starch the linens.  
  
"Does it pain?" Leopolda asked me as soon as they were out the door.  
  
I did not answer. I felt sick with the hurt.  
  
"Come along," she said.  
  
The building was quiet now. I followed her up the narrow staircase into a hall of little rooms, many doors, like a hotel. Her cell was at the very end. Inside was a rough mattress, a tiny bookcase with a picture of Saint Francis hanging over it, a ragged palm, and a crucifix. She told me to remove my shirt and sit down on her mattress. I did so. She took a pot of salve from the bookcase and began to smooth it upon my burns. Her stern hand made slow, wide circles, stopping the pain. I closed my eyes. I expected to see the docile blackness. Peace. But instead the vision reared up again. My chest was still tipped with diamonds. I was walking through windows. She was chewing up the broken litter I left behind.  
  
"I am going," I said. "Let me go."  
  
But she held me down.  
  
"Don't go," she said quickly. "Don't. We have just begun."  
  
I was weakening. My thoughts were whirling pitifully. The pain had kept me strong, and as it left me I began to forget, I couldn't hold on. I began to wonder if she had really scalded me with the kettle. I could not remember. To remember this seemed the most important thing in the world. But I was losing the memory. The scalding. The pouring. It began to vanish. I felt that my mind was coming off its hinge, flapping in the breeze, hanging by the hair of my own pain. I wrenched out of her grip.  
  
"He was always in you," I said. "Even more than in me. He wanted you even more. And now he's got you. Get thee behind me!"  
  
I shouted that, grabbed my shirt, and ran through the door, throwing the shirt on my body. I got down the stairs and into the kitchen, but no matter what I told myself, I couldn't get out the door. It wasn't finished. And she knew I would not leave. Her quiet step was immediately behind me.  
  
"We must take the bread from the oven now," she said.  
  
She was pretending nothing had happened. But for the first time I had gotten through some chink she'd left in her darkness. Touched some doubt. Her voice was so low and brittle it cracked off at the end of her sentence.  
  
"Help me, Marie," she said slowly.  
  
But I was not going to help her even though she calmly buttoned my shirt up and put the big cloth mittens in my hands for taking out the loaves. I could have bolted then. But I didn't. I knew that something was nearing completion. Something was about to happen. My back was a wall of singing flame. I was turning. I watched her take the long fork in one hand, to tap the loaves. In the other hand she gripped the black poker to hook the pans.  
  
"Help me," she said again, and I thought, "Yes, this is part of it." I put the mittens on my hands and swung the door open on its hinges. The oven gaped. She stood back a moment, letting the first blast of heat rush by. I moved behind her. I could feel the heat at my front and at my back. Before, behind. My skin was turning to beaten gold. It was coming quicker than I had thought. The oven was like the gate of a personal hell. Just big enough and hot enough for one person, and that was her. One kick and Leopolda would fly in headfirst. And that would be one millionth of the heat she would feel when she finally collapsed in his hellish embrace.  
  
Saints know these numbers.  
  
She bent forward with her fork held out. I kicked her with all my might. She flew in. But the outstretched poker hit the back wall first, so she rebounded. The oven was not as deep as I had thought.  
  
There was a moment when I felt a sort of thin, hot disappointment, as when a fish slips off the line. Only I was the one going to be lost. She was fearfully silent. She whirled. Her veil had cutting edges. She had the poker in one hand. In the other she held that long sharp fork she used to tap the delicate crusts of loaves. Her face turned upsidedown on her shoulders. Her face turned blue. But saints are used to miracles. I felt no trace of fear.  
  
If I was going to be lost, let the diamonds cut! Let her eat ground glass!  
  
"Old she-devil bitch!" I shouted. "Kneel and beg! Lick the floor!"  
  
That was when she stabbed me through the hand with the fork, then took the poker up alongside my head and knocked me out.  
  
I came around maybe half an hour later. Things were so strange. So strange I can hardly tell it for delight at the remembrance. For when I came around this was actually taking place. I was being worshiped. I had somehow gained the altar of a saint.  
  
I was lying back on the stiff couch in the Mother Superior's office. I looked around me. It was as though my deepest dream had come to life. The Sisters of the convent were kneeling to me. Sister Bonaventure. Sister Dympna. Sister Cecilia Saint-Claire. The two with hands like paddles. They were down on their knees. Black capes were slung over some of their heads. My name was buzzing up and down the room like a fat autumn fly, lighting on the tips of the tongues between Latin, humming up the heavy, blood-dark curtains, circling their swaddled heads. Marie! Marie! A girl thrown in a closet. Who was afraid of a rubber overboot. Who was half overcome. A girl who came in the back door where they threw their garbage. Marie! Who never found the cup. Who had to eat their cold mush. Marie! Leopolda had her face buried in her knuckles. Saint Marie of the Holy Slops! Saint Marie of the Bread Fork! Saint Marie of the Burnt Back and Scalded Butt!  
  
I broke out and laughed.  
  
They looked up. All holy hell burst loose when they saw I was awake. I still did not understand what was happening. They were watching, talking, but not to me.  
  
"The marks ..."  
  
"She has her hand closed."  
  
"*Je ne peux pas voir.*"  
  
I was not stupid enough to ask what they were talking about. I couldn't tell why I was lying in white sheets. I couldn't tell why they were praying to me. But I'll tell you this. It seemed entirely natural. It was me. I lifted up my hand as in my dream. It was completely limp with sacredness.  
  
"Peace be with you."  
  
My arm was dried blood from the wrist down to the elbow. And it hurt. Their faces turned like fat flowers of adoration to follow that hand's movements. I let it swing through the air, imparting a saint's blessing. I had practiced. I knew exactly how to act.  
  
They murmured. I heaved a sigh and a golden beam of light suddenly broke through the clouded window and flooded down directly on my face. A stroke of perfect luck! They had to be convinced.  
  
Leopolda still knelt in the back of the room. Her knuckles were crammed halfway down her throat. Let me tell you, a saint has senses honed keen as a wolf's. I knew that she was over my barrel now. How it had happened did not matter. The last thing I remembered was that she flew from the oven and stabbed me. That one thing was most certainly true.  
  
"Come forward, Sister Leopolda." I gestured with my heavenly wound. Oh, it hurt. It bled when I reopened the place where it had begun to heal. "Kneel beside me," I said.  
  
She kneeled, but her voice box evidently did not work, for her mouth opened, shut, opened, but no sound came out. My throat clenched in the noble delight I had read of as befitting a saint. She could not speak. But she was beaten. It was in her eyes. She stared at me now with all the deep hate of the wheel of devilish dust that rolled wild within her emptiness.  
  
"What is it you want to tell me?" I asked. And at last she spoke.  
  
"I have told my sisters of your passion," she managed to choke out. "How the stigmata ... the marks of the nails appeared in your palm and you swooned at the holy vision..."  
  
"Yes," I said, curious.  
  
And then, after a moment, I understood.  
  
Leopolda had saved herself with her quick brain. She had witnessed a miracle. She had hid the fork and told this to the others. And of course they believed her, because they never knew how Satan came and went or where he took refuge.  
  
"I saw it from the first," said the large one who had put the bread in the oven. "Humility of the spirit. So rare in these girls."  
  
"I saw it too," said the other one with great satisfaction. She sighed quietly. "If only it was me."  
  
Leopolda was kneeling bolt upright, face blazing and twitching, a barely held fountain of blasting poison.  
  
"Christ has marked me," I agreed. I smiled a saint's smirk in her face. And then I looked at her. That was my mistake.  
  
For I saw her kneeling there. Leopolda with her soul like a rubber overboot. With her face of a starved rat. With her desperate eyes drowning in the deep wells of her wrongness. There would be no one else after me. And I would leave. I saw Leopolda kneeling within the shambles of her love.  
  
My heart had been about to surge from my chest with the blackness of my joyous heat. Now it dropped. I pitied her. I pitied her. Pity twisted in my stomach as if that hook-pole were driven through me at last. I was caught. It was a feeling more terrible than any amount of boiling water and worse than being forked. Still, still, I couldn't help what I did. I had already smiled in a saint's mealy forgiveness. I heard myself speaking gently.  
  
"Receive the dispensation of my sacred blood," I whispered.  
  
But there was no heart in it. No joy when she bent to touch the floor. No dark leaping. I fell back onto the white pillows. Blank dust was whirling through the light shafts. My skin was dust. Dust my lips. Dust the dirty spoons on the ends of my feet.  
  
Rise up! I thought. Rise up and walk! There is no limit to this dust!

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