

ROSE RED

A model from Sleeping Beauty Inc. will do anything...
...even paint your house



Stephanie Van Orman

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ROSE RED

By Stephanie Van Orman

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Chapter One

Harrison stepped through the glass doors and entered the waiting room of Sleeping Beauty Inc. With pink metallic chairs and faux snakeskin seats, it was obviously not his regular hangout. He sat down anyway, close to the door. From the least obtrusive seat in the room, he could see three monitors showing Sleeping Beauty Inc. success stories.

“She changed my life,” an immaculate businessman pronounced. “This was me before I hired Cynthia.” They showed a picture of a pudgy, freckled post-grad. Naturally, he looked pathetic and desperately in need of the makeover Cynthia gave him. “As soon as we were in the car, she started working out my new regime. She put me on an exercise program, changed my diet, and coached me on success. I have always been talented in business, but she brought me to the next level with her style and grace,” he beamed. “I’ve had Cynthia for six years now. She doesn’t cost me money. She makes me money.”

He disappeared from the screen as they displayed Sleeping Beauty Inc.'s business number over clips from last year’s fashion show.

Harrison's discomfort was palpable. He came to the office exactly on time for his appointment so he wouldn’t have to wait around. He didn’t want to see the other men stewing in the waiting room, and he certainly didn’t want them to see him. They were all staring at him, bug-eyed. One was chewing something with his mouth half-open. He looked several pegs below the success story they showed on the monitor, even before the transformation with Cynthia. Harrison hoped the gum chewer didn’t have his hopes up too high.

The next testimonial piped up on the monitor closest to Harrison. “My business life has always been exceptional. It was my home life that was lacking. I’ve had butlers, housekeepers, maids, gardeners, personal assistants, and everything else. You name it, I’ve had it. I didn’t have time to supervise my home. Now Roxanne takes care of all of that for me. She knows me inside and out, so everything is always done exactly to my taste. And she’s a stunning date on the fly,” the man confessed with a vomit-inducing wink.

They proceeded to show a clip of the beautiful Roxanne coming down a grand white staircase in an evening gown. She was every man's deepest fantasy.

Harrison smirked. The ads were making him feel more out of place. It wasn't like he was going to be able to afford a model who looked like Roxanne.

A moment later, a woman in a buff-colored suit popped into the room. She recognized him from his application and approached him. “Hi, Harrison? Thank you for waiting,” she said shrilly. “I’m Vivian, a client coordinator. My last meeting ran long. That client has visited our showroom five times and he still can’t make up his mind. There are so many excellent models to choose from.”

Harrison smiled and pretended he didn’t mind waiting. He had to be patient since he couldn’t afford the rates anywhere else.

The client coordinator made friendly chit-chat as she ushered him past the reception desk and into a private office. She wasn't a bad-looking woman, except that she was probably old enough to be his mother—like a lot of the other women he knew.

“Alright,” she said, seating him and taking her place on the other side of the desk. “Let’s go over your specifications, shall we?”

Harrison nodded and tried to relax. After all, he wasn't in the absurd waiting room mixing with the fishbowl of strange buyers anymore.

The client coordinator reminded him that their consultation was completely confidential and got started. “Let’s go over each category starting at the top.” She lit up her desk and displayed a copy of his application form on the surface. Then she pointed to the first category: beauty. “I noticed you didn't mark down a preference. Let me fill you in about each style. First, there's Snow White—”

“I get it,” Harrison interrupted. “I didn't put anything down, because I don't care about what she looks like. All the girls have to be presentable to qualify for a contract with you, don't they?”

“Of course,” the coordinator said without skipping a beat. “I can set your selection to be random. Your answers to our other questions might narrow the field a bit. Usually, it's the most important feature for our clients.”

“The girls aren't robots, are they? I was under the impression that they were real girls you chose to describe with fairytale names depending on their coloring.”

She laughed. “Robots? This isn't the twenty-fourth century. We still get girls the old-fashioned way. Then let's move onto the second category: function.”

Harrison's eyes ran down the list: Diva, Creative Princess, Domestic Goddess, Queen Rose, and Enchantress. His mouth was figuratively filled with tar as he read the titles. Why couldn't he have afforded a less cheesy agency?

“I wondered if you didn't understand the titles.”

“Because I chose the Domestic Goddess category?”

“Y-yes,” the coordinator stammered. “In the past, we've experienced miscommunications with that classification. The client thinks he's ordering something he's not. Due to misunderstandings, I'm obligated to explain each title.” She launched into an explanation. “The Diva is the kind of woman who looks great on any man's arm. She's always the pinnacle of fashion and style—”

Harrison interrupted again. “I read the small print. I don't need a woman who is the pinnacle of fashion. I don't want an artist, or a gardener, or a five-star chef. I need someone who can be a personal assistant and do a little of everything.”

“I see what you mean. Technically, the Domestic Goddess is our classification for women who are jacks-of-all-trades,” she said with a wink. “Now age? You marked under twenty-five and that seems perfect for you. You are?”

“Twenty-six,” Harrison supplied.

“Gorgeous. Lastly, if there are any special skills you’d like in a model, you can choose from this list.”

Harrison just about lost it. As if it wasn’t already embarrassing enough. “Can we skip all that and just get to the price?”

“Certainly,” she said, moving the file off the screen. At that second, Harrison knew she understood that he wasn’t going to be able to afford a nice model, but that didn’t seem to bother her and her attitude toward him didn’t sour. “Our lowest price bracket is between \$250,000 and \$280,000. Let me just check to see how many Domestic Goddesses we have in that price range.”

Harrison scratched his forearm. Even at this over-the-top, corn-ball agency, he couldn’t really afford it. Most of the models were leased out for only a year and Sleeping Beauty Inc. had not been very forthcoming about the price until he attended this meeting with Vivian. He hadn’t known exactly what to expect and the prices she was telling him were too high, even at this low-end dump. The price tag did not include the model’s room and board, her clothes, or anything else. It only secured him one year of companionship. He clenched his jaw and tried to look like it didn’t matter to him how the search ended.

Vivian searched on the screen on her desk and showed him the results. “There are three, but if you’re willing to go up to age 28, I can offer you two more to look at. Do you want to do that?”

“Don’t you have more girls available than that?”

“Not in that price range. If you were willing to go up to age 40, I’d have two dozen more for you to see. Or if you were willing to go up to \$350,000, I could offer you six more under 25.”

“That’s okay. I’ll see the ones under 28.”

The client coordinator got up from her chair and led Harrison back through the offices to a showroom that looked exactly like a warehouse, except that the metal brackets were painted pink.

“The first one is part of our Thumbelina line.”

“Thumbelina?”

“They’re girls under five feet tall.”

Harrison didn’t know how to answer that. He was not a tall man, but he didn’t have a complex about his height. That wasn’t why he was pathetic.

The client coordinator stopped at one pink crate and with a click on her remote control, she selected a long rectangular box. Enormous metal arms lowered it so that they could see inside. The lid was clear glass and a girl was asleep inside. Harrison peered in—taking note of the tubes keeping her alive that entered the box on the other side. She was in cryostasis.

“She looks like she’s twelve.”

“She’s actually twenty-six. Some men enjoy being with a woman who is definitely shorter. I didn’t think the Thumbelina line was for you, but I thought I’d better offer her anyway—just in case it was love-at-first-sight,” she beamed.

Harrison didn't believe her. She was trying to make a sale and his slightly shorter build and his lack of communication made her think a Thumbelina model might be his best match.

She moved the box back into place and started them off down the aisle. "The next one is a Repunzel."

"Does that mean she has hair from here to oblivion?"

"Yes. Rapunzels pride themselves on their hair. The price for this one is actually below the price bracket I mentioned."

"Why?"

The woman pulled out the box and Harrison saw why.

"She has beautiful hair," Harrison remarked timidly and the coordinator slammed it shut with a bang.

"The next one is a Rose Red."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic," Harrison remarked.

"Well, I'm not. This one is twenty-seven. She costs less than the minimum fee."

"Why?"

"Her memory has been tampered with. She doesn't remember anything since 2209—five years ago. She signed a contract with us and then she got her memory wiped before she went into cryostasis. She lost two years in the memory wipe and she's been here for three years. Experience-wise, she's 22. In looks, she's 24. In fact, she's 27."

"How does that work?"

The coordinator sighed. "Time stops once we put the girls in cryostasis, so they don't age. Good models are in cryostasis for under a month before they're picked up. This girl has been here for three years. The price keeps dropping. With that kind of time behind her, she's going to have a hard time fulfilling her duties. She's not up on the trends, new technology, or even current events."

"How much are you charging for her?"

Vivian almost refused to answer his question. "After this model, I have two models left to show you that are in perfectly good condition. I'm sure one of them will suit you."

"I'll look at them, but how much for this one?"

"Two hundred thousand."

Harrison nearly choked. "For a year?"

"No. For a lifetime investment."

Harrison couldn't believe his ears. No woman was sold for that little. There had to be more wrong with her than memory loss. "Why are you selling a lifetime investment? Isn't selling her whole life instead of one year considered slavery?"

Vivian breathed through her nose impatiently. "She broke the contract. She damaged her brain after she signed with us. That's a breach of contract. This might surprise you, but lifetime investments are not as difficult to come by as all that. I have sixteen models that are up for sale that will be sold for life. That is not my fault."

Harrison forgot his indignation and said, "Forget I said anything."

The coordinator pulled down the box and showed him the Rose Red. Harrison was pleasantly surprised. She had shiny light hair as long as the Repunzel.

“Is her hair so long because she’s been in there for three years?”

“No. They don’t age or grow at all after they’re frozen.”

“Why not switch her category? She has beautiful hair. She might sell faster.”

“It wouldn’t make any difference. Her memory is bad.”

Vivian moved to return the container, but Harrison stopped her so he could look at the model a little longer. Like the other girls, her makeup was flawless and her lips painted a perfect raspberry. She had a red rose over her left ear and a pearl necklace around her neck.

“She’s lovely. What else is wrong with her?”

The coordinator discreetly rolled her eyes and sighed. “You shouldn’t do this just because she’s a good price. She could have been involved in anything in those two years she doesn’t remember—crime, drug wars, anything.”

“What’s going to happen to her if she isn’t bought?” Harrison asked.

“We don’t keep anyone longer than three years and in three weeks, it’ll be her anniversary. It’s not cheap to keep these girls frozen like this. When she wakes up, she’ll have to work here until she pays off the cost of keeping her asleep for all that time.”

“So, she’ll be doing makeup?”

“Probably not. The staff members who do makeup are highly paid professionals who are worth every cent. Let me show you the other two.” She pushed the box in and took him down another stretch.

Harrison turned around to get the serial number on the Rose Red’s box. It was 85001.

When they arrived at the next box, the coordinator said, “This one is a genuine Sleeping Beauty.”

Harrison stared at the girl in the glass coffin. “How old is she?”

“Seventeen, but gorgeous, isn’t she?”

She was, but something didn’t sit right. She was nine years younger than him.

“Show me the last one.”

“It’s a Snow White.”

Down another aisle, Harrison stared at the Snow White. There was nothing wrong with her. She was twenty-two and pretty. The chart said she was excellent at housekeeping, cooking, cleaning, and hostessing. She looked competent and poised even when she was unconscious. The only downside was that she was the most expensive model he’d been shown. Vivian took him to the only reasonable choice last.

“I’ll let you think about it,” she said, as she left him to look at the sleeping girl.

Harrison didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t actually afford the Snow White. She was perfect, but if he bought her, he wouldn’t be able to even buy food without taking out loans and driving himself crazy. Besides, all that money only bought her for a year. After that, he wouldn’t be able to buy another girl for two more years... if he was lucky.

He turned away from the box and the client coordinator rushed up to join him.

“Can I do up the agreement?”

“Sure,” he said, trying to sound cool about his choice. “I’ll take the Rose Red.”

The woman frowned. “You shouldn’t do that. There’s a no-return policy attached to her.”

“Don’t worry. I like lost causes.” His voice sounded cool, but inside he knew he was a loser. He just couldn’t stand to live alone anymore.

The look the client coordinator gave him was unusual. He couldn’t tell if she was pleased with his choice or disgusted. She led him back to her office with a quick step and displayed the purchase papers on her desk for him to sign.

Sleeping Beauty Inc. disclosed all of the Rose Red’s personal information since he was buying a lifetime investment in her. Of course, her name wasn’t really Rose Red. That was just from the fairytale. Her real name was Paige Norfolk. He signed for her to be delivered to his home in two days. That wasn’t the normal chain of events after a purchase. This fairytale place liked their customers to wake their product with a kiss, but Harrison asked her to be delivered. He was not kissing an unconscious stranger.

Just before he signed the final releases, the coordinator put her hand over the dotted line to stop him. “Are you sure you want to do this? You’re a good-looking man. You’re only twenty-six. Can’t we talk about this? I’m sure lots of normal girls would love to be with you and give you the help our girls give, but for free. Girls who have had their memories wiped may have been involved in anything. Our bracelet will stop her from hurting you, but she will probably be more trouble than she’s worth.”

He answered by pointing to the address Paige was being shipped to.

The coordinator looked at it and frowned deeply. “Then I guess it can’t be helped.”

They both knew that no woman would go there voluntarily.

“I’m only raising these concerns because you seem like a nice guy. You have honest eyes and a gentle expression. You even seem embarrassed to be in a place like this. It’s a shame you won’t go with the Snow White.”

“She’d come back screaming after the year was up. Not everyone can live up there happily. The weather’s bad half the year, and the isolation drives everybody nuts.”

“Now I understand why none of our qualities were as important to you as other men. The only thing that mattered to you was the price. You said you didn’t want a woman who was the pinnacle of style. Just between you and me—you aren’t getting one.”

“It’s fine. That kind of woman wouldn’t last long where we’re going.”

Chapter Two

Paige expected to wake up with an unknown man's lips on hers. No such luck. Instead, she was awoken by a pink metal handcuff coming down on her wrist. She groaned. Had no one bought her?

It wasn't that she wanted to be sold into basic slavery, but if she wasn't purchased, she would belong to Sleeping Beauty Inc., which would probably be worse. They would get their money's worth out of her. When she came to their headquarters to be put into cryostasis, she had leafed through the pamphlets that advertised Sleeping Beauty models who came back, after serving their year, with diamonds, designer handbags, and goodies galore (all presents from whoever bought them). If Sleeping Beauty Inc. owned her, she would spend the rest of her life doing disgusting grunt work no one had invented a machine to do yet. It wasn't that Paige expected diamonds, but she did expect to be sold. Her disappointment made her lips an accordion of sadness.

"Oh, stop that!" the female guard programming her wristband snapped. "At least you're not going to have my job."

Paige blinked. "Does that mean...?"

"Yeah, sweetpea. You were sold. Hallelujah," sang the guard sarcastically. She was obviously a left-over Sleeping Beauty who had not been bought.

"So, where's the guy?"

"He left."

"He left?" Paige exclaimed.

"Yeah. He didn't feel like waking you with a kiss and took off. You're to be delivered."

Paige thought his busyness made him seem rich. Sleeping Beauty Inc. did not force their customers to kiss their product. It was optional, but he could have taken her with him when he left. His being so busy that he couldn't even spare the time to do that made him seem like a great catch, but then she remembered to ask what day it was. If she had been in cryostasis for a month, he would have paid a lot more than if she was close to her expiry date. "What day is it?" she asked rather feebly.

"March 2, 2214."

"Crap," she mumbled. He was less rich immediately because he had paid almost nothing for her. It was all her fault for getting her memory wiped. That invalidated her contract with Sleeping Beauty Inc. and instead of just selling her for one or two years, they were allowed to sell her for life. She couldn't keep her unhappiness from showing on her face.

"Why do you look so miserable?" the guard asked, throwing Paige's wrist away and typing something on her own, much larger, wristband.

"Because I'm probably bound to some ridiculous moron for the rest of my life," Paige moaned.

The guard put her hand on her hip haughtily. "I should be so lucky. Do you think I would be acting this grouchy if you were being taken away by a guy twenty years older than you with

whiskey breath and bruises on his knuckles? Oh, no. I'm acting like this because even though the man who bought you clearly has no money, he's young and... how should I put this? Cute face. Nice muscles. A total catch."

Paige didn't know what to say. Had her bad luck turned around?

"Ready for the bad news?" the guard asked, responding to a question Paige hadn't asked. "The bad news is that he's so broke that he didn't buy any clothes for you from our stores. He opted for you to wear the street clothes you wore here for the transfer. So that means no ball gown, no bathing suit, and no elegant heels. We're not going to give you a speck of makeup or a drop of perfume."

"I'll live," Paige said, swinging her legs out of the casket-like box.

"Personally, I think that's why he didn't want to leave with you when he left. He didn't want to be seen carting out a very ordinarily dressed woman from a place that is supposed to be selling runway models. Maybe we wouldn't let him. In any case, we'll need the nightgown back."

"Right now?" she asked, tugging the tie at the back of her neck.

"No. Go to the change room. It's going to be my pleasure to deliver you to his home, in the north."

"The north?" Paige gaped, doing a double-take.

"Yeah. I wasn't done telling you the bad news. That isn't a problem, is it?"

Paige rolled her eyes. She had to go wherever the man who bought her wanted her to go. She smiled sickly, "No. It's not a problem."

"Excellent. Get dressed, get fed, get in the truck and we should be there sometime tonight."

Paige pursed her lips. She wasn't sure if her purchase was good luck or bad luck, but whatever it was she had to accept it, so she got herself to a dressing room.

The truck the guard put Paige in was not usually used for transporting models from Sleeping Beauty Inc. It looked more like an army transport leftover from the war.

The guard smiled roguishly when she showed Paige which truck they were taking. "Sorry, Mr. Fox didn't spring for a company limousine. You know the ones. Pink all over and full of fruit and champagne, but look! The windows in this bad boy roll down. Isn't the fun almost too much?"

"Quiet," Paige huffed as she got in the front seat.

The guard got in next to her and they began the drive.

Paige passed the time by playing with the bracelet/handcuff around her left wrist. That was the one thing that she got to choose for herself when she signed her contract with Sleeping Beauty Inc.

They had every style imaginable: clunky bracelets that jangled around a girl's wrist, pretty beads hanging on tiny chains, some made of rubber, and some made of leather. Paige's was

made of pink metallic links an inch wide. It was pretty. Something about it reminded her of chains, which she also liked. She wanted to remember that she was a prisoner. That way she wouldn't have any grandiose ideas about the rest of her life.

The last thing she remembered before she had her memory wiped was the sight of the man she loved. Remembering him, she felt how her heart used to quicken whenever she saw him. Seeing him was precious and rare. His taking notice of her was almost impossible.

On the last night that she could remember, he offered to purchase her. It was out of the blue. Before that, she'd had almost nothing to do with him.

An offer of employment under the cloak of a purchase contract had to be sexual in nature. She'd read stories about purchased women in media outlets. The articles had all the good bits cut out. He could only be buying her because he wanted her the way she wanted him. As his eyes met hers, she felt her insides turn to water—the color of his eyes.

She should have known better. She should have listened to the things her father said about him behind his back. She should not have been seduced by his voice, his hand that crept up her thigh, or the money he represented. Being bought by him would ruin her reputation and the reputation of her family.

When she expressed her concerns to him, he waved them off like problems didn't exist. Her father would be happy. How much would her father need to retire? He kept raising the price he was willing to pay for her until she was dizzy.

The interview ended with her shyness as the victor. The amount of money he'd offered was so much, she already knew she couldn't refuse. She promised him an answer in the morning and stumbled back to her quarters, her legs were so weak.

She got into bed and imagined what life would be like if she accepted his offer.

When she woke up, she discovered that two years had passed. There was a note propped up on the nightstand explaining that she did work for him and it didn't work out. She had no family anymore. No friends. Nothing was left but debt and heartache. In the hope of being able to repay the debt she had incurred, she had decided to sell herself to Sleeping Beauty Inc., but she could not live with the broken heart she'd suffered, so she'd wiped her memory.

The sale to Sleeping Beauty Inc. would have been fine—only lasting a year—except the terms of the contract that protected her were void because of the memory wipe and she was sold as a lifetime investment. Basically, the new man who had bought her from Sleeping Beauty Inc. had bought all the work of her life for pennies, but if he hadn't bought her, the situation would have been far worse.

Paige shrugged her shoulders. She had no choice but to roll with it. She had to concentrate on her duty to the man who bought her. On the tiny viewscreen on her bracelet, it said, Harrison Fox. If she didn't do a good job, he could throw her into prison or sell her again. He could even rent her out if he wanted to. He owned her.

It didn't matter. If she was willing to gamble everything then she had to be prepared to lose everything.

And she had.

It was a long drive north. Flowers were blooming in her city, but as they drove, Paige saw fewer and fewer flowers opening. Mountains she had never seen before were growing in front of her. The weather got colder and it seemed that time turned back, making spring winter. She was being taken to the absolute middle of nowhere, but she didn't mind. She was too unhappy to be bothered by anything. Nothing could bother her.

Harrison stood on the dirt road outside his house and felt his shoulders sag. The earth spread out in endless snow-caked prairie before him and in ragged mountain ranges behind him. When he was in the city, he had seen so many beautiful buildings. Most of them were made of reflective mirrors that contained solar cells that powered the city. Cities like that one were built in careful designs so the sunlight was reflected between the skyscrapers to create the greatest amount of power possible. He had thermal tubing under his front yard that had been installed seventy years before. It was slightly more advanced than the septic tank.

It wasn't that his house was ugly. It was the contrary. His house was picturesque. It had walls made of stone, a beautifully angled roof, a delightful entryway with a little roof over it, and a dozen other features that made it worth looking at. From the road, it was practically a tourist attraction, but once someone got out of their vehicle and came up the walk, they saw the house for what it truly was—a magnificently designed rat hole. Not that anyone intentionally designed a house to be that, but after eighty-plus years, that was what it had become. The inside was in terrible disrepair.

He sighed. He had invited a purchased woman to live there with him.

He'd do what he could to make her room livable. That was the reason for the later delivery date. One of the beauty spots of the house was a second-floor turret. He planned to make the room up to be her bedroom. He had to clean everything. She would be there soon.

Paige and her guard wouldn't have arrived before nightfall if the guard hadn't been so serious about delivering Paige and getting her off her hands. She drove the abandoned roads like she was possessed, hardly stopping, speeding, and pressing forward. They had a long way to go. The drive lasted over ten hours.

On their way to Harrison's, they passed the middle of nowhere. Now they were on the edge of existence.

When they finally arrived, Paige's butt ached fiercely. She scooted off the seat and her feet hit the road where Harrison Fox lived. She looked at the house in the yellow light that bathed the countryside before sunset and didn't know what to think. The place was ancient—pretty, but ancient.

The front door abruptly swung open and a man came ambling out. For a second, Paige thought he might be drunk, but then she saw the reason his body was so unbalanced. He was carrying something heavy over his shoulder. It was a huge sack with strange things poking and stretching the plastic. One angle looked like someone's kneecap and another one looked like their elbow. The bag made a weird squishing sound as he dropped it on the ground just outside the fence. It could be someone's guts squashing and sloshing in the bag.

Paige and the guard winced in unison. They were thinking the same thing.

"Excuse me," the guard said in a nasal tone. She had stopped breathing through her nose. "Are you Harrison Fox?"

"That's me," he said, wiping his oily work gloves on his dirty jean jacket.

Paige peered up at him under lowered eyebrows and followed the guard's example. There was something foul in the air. Was that what rotting flesh smelled like? Not only was the smell suspicious, but Harrison Fox couldn't have looked shadier. His black hair was all over the place and his neck and face were slick with sweat like he had no idea sweat was socially unacceptable.

Paige inclined her head toward him and looked disgusted and disappointed. Inside, she was scared stiff and any other emotion she could put on her face to disguise that was welcome, even disgust and disappointment.

"I'm here to deliver Rose Red: Model 85001. If you'll just present your keycard, we can finalize the transaction."

Harrison took off his work gloves and fished around in the front breast pocket of his jacket before he pulled out a pink and silver card. He presented it to the guard who scanned the card with her bracelet, then Paige's. After getting a green light, she let go of Paige and returned his keycard.

"She's all yours," the guard said, stepping away from the two of them and heading back to the truck.

Paige waved to the guard, but the woman was intent on leaving without any further communication and did not look back.

Harrison examined the empty ground by Paige's feet. "Excuse me," he called to the guard. "Didn't she come with some luggage or something?"

The guard turned reluctantly to answer his question. "Sorry, if you'll look at the packing slip and the package details, you'll see that no additional clothing or accessories were purchased with this model."

Harrison frowned and waved to the guard that she could leave. He stood silently next to Paige and watched the truck pull away and skid down the gravel road in a huff of dust.

After the air had cleared, except for the bag of rotting human entrails, Paige dared to ask, "You don't have any clothes for me?"

"Not a stitch," Harrison admitted. "I'm afraid you won't find this place very much like most of the homes Sleeping Beauty models get assigned to. We're fifty-six kilometers from the nearest town and, trust me, it isn't much of a town."

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