

The Legend of Store 0884

The legend lives on from the Tennessee on down to the city they call Decatur. Decatur is said never gives up their dead as Saracens bled under Stephen when the rust from the Iron Bowl is red. With a store full of merchandise, more than when 0884 was empty, the good store and crew were bone for the customer to chew when November skies drew dreary.

The store not the pride of the Orange Depot fleet. As stores go it was smaller and grimmer than most. With a manager and associates having little reason or season. Receiving terms from several vendors fully loaded for the coming Thanksgiving rush. And later that evening in garden was it the north wind they were feeling?

The wind in garden wires made a tattle tale sound and gusts broke over the trees and caused quite a ruckus on the ground. The associates knew twas the witch of November come stealin'. The dawn came late and the gate had to wait when the gale like wind of November came slashin'. When afternoon came it was freezing rain and cold and it felt like a frigid hurricane.

When dinner time came the HC on the floor said we were too few to relieve. At 8 PM the main roof gave in and the HC said it was nice to know you. The ASM was wired that the Garden was in peril and later that night after the lights went out came the wreck of store 0884.

Does anyone know where the love of Orange life goes when the wind turns minutes into hours? The investigators all say they might have been saved if they had been inside the store fifteen minutes before. They might have been swept away or lost in a chase for carts or buggies we will never know. Or capsized by flying pots or glass shields. All that remains is the faces of the sons and daughters.

The Tennessee River may flow to where it goes, the Lakes of Scottsboro are icy cold. The Gulf may steam like a young man's dream with islands and bays for fishing and swim. Further beyond the Atlantic awaits to take in what the Gulf might send her. And Associates go as they all know with the gales of November unremembered.

In the locker room they played on their devices the time clock rang many times. The legend lives on from the Tennessee River on down to the city they call

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Condolences to the song Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald