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Affidavit of the Woman Who Jumped from Clay's Ferry Bridge

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I laid low for the first week and surfaced only once or twice the second. After sixteen days in the water, I came up, and now the fisherman who greeted me shits his pants every time he thinks of crappie fishing at the mouth of Dix River.

You see, I was hung up in a deadfall on the downstream side of the confluence. He told the authorities that he saw me, reached out, then I came right out of my skin.

But the truth is that I came up exhausted and held out a hand. The bastard spooked and left me half naked, consumed, just like every other man I’ve ever known.

So I let my body dissolve in backwater where two rivers meet, where I’m occasionally kissed by small fish and where, beneath the calm surface, heavy, dark, vague, nightmarish things pass close by.