

Alex rubbed her head as she slowly became aware of her surroundings. Aware, but not familiar with. As she felt consciousness flow back to her mind, she realized that she had the old but not easily forgotten dry mouth, the dull headache and the body soreness that was a sure sign she had fallen off the wagon.

She cursed herself internally and went to slowly sit up. It was then Alex noticed the weight on her stomach, and her eyes flew open as she looked down. The unfamiliar arm draped across her was another bad sign. She sighed and followed the arm up to the body to the face of a beautiful stranger. She didn't know who the woman was, but she was definitely her type.

As she eased herself out of the bed - well really off of, as it was nothing but a mattress on the floor - she sighed barely audibly. Looking around, she slowly started to realize that this was stranger than her normal relapses. The labels on cans were not in English but in Spanish. The one room house seemed to be made of adobe, and the floor was dirt. "Uh..." Alex sighed with raised eyebrows, turning around in a circle.

"Buenos Dias sexy ¿Recuerdas algo de anoche ... en absoluto?" a delicate voice came from behind and below her. Alex slowly spun around, facing the woman lying on the mattress. The beautiful woman smiled with a bemused and sympathetic look on her face. She sat up and stretched, standing in a fluid movement.

"Uh..." Alex said again. "Solo, um solo hablo un poco - uh - de español ... lo uh, sorry, si, uh lo siento." She stumbled through the phrase struggling to the forefront of her mind.

"Si, lo dejaste claro anoche." She trilled almost songlike as she went into yoga poses.

"Uh," Alex stammered.

"I am just playing with you. I speak English. Quite well." She looked up from her downward dog pose, smiling slyly. "I at least know how to say more than uh."

"Yes. So do I, normally. I am just...confused. And really hungover." Alex stated slowly. "Can you point me in the direction of some agua?"

She stood up and gave Alex the full watt smile. "Si." she walked to the ancient looking refrigerator and got pulled out a pitcher of water. She poured a glass, and gave it to Alex. "Mi nombre es Rosa."

Alex smiled and drank almost the entire glass in one gulp. "Thanks, Rosa. I am Alex."

She set the glass down in the sink and turned around. Rosa was standing by the fridge, watching her with a weary look in her eye.

"Can you help me fill in the gaps of last night a bit? Or no?" Alex found it hard to meet her eyes. As someone who had been in and out of the system her whole life, lived on the streets from her early teen

years and who found alcohol and drugs as a way to cope just as early, she was not used to having a hard time accepting who she was normally. For some reason, in this humble home, with this gentle and beautiful stranger, she was ashamed.

"I can if you want me to. At least the parts I was there for. I warn you, by the time I stumbled upon you, you were pretty far gone. I just wanted to get you away from the thugs that tend to prey on tourists and-"

"Tourists? Wait, what?"

"I assume you do not live here and speak that little Spanish." Rosa smiled indulgently.

"Rosa, where are we?" Alex choked out, feeling completely turned around.

"El Chaparral." Rosa said slowly,

"El Chaparral. As in El Chaparral, Tijuana?"

"Si." Rosa slowly walked over to Alex. "Alejandra, you know you are in Mexico, right?"

Alex reached out grabbing Rosa's arm. "Rosa, how did I get to Mexico?" Rosa grabbed her with both hands, guiding her into a chair at the table. She sat next to her and held both hands in hers.

"No lo sé. I will help you find out though. I promise. You will stay here with me, and we will figure it out."

"You don't even know me. Why?" Alex looked at her.

"I trust my instincts which tell me to I trust you." Rosa smiled gently.

Alex smiled, squeezed her hands and nodded. "Okay. Let's do this."