

## ***Three Elizabeths Arrived***

Three Elizabeths arrived. They all walked swiftly and confidently into the elevator of the Manhattan Municipal Building, the first in black round-toed pumps, the second in velvet chartreuse ballet flats, and the third in tall, silver-toed heels of pink that were far from the norm for nearly any given Elizabeth.

The first Elizabeth was wise—far too wise, in fact. Her life's work had been accomplished too soon and had left her pushing for more.

The second Elizabeth was a decade younger than the first. She was plain, but sweet; a good worker, but not the best. She had no problem living her life day after day after day. She had reasons for this. Satisfaction was bliss.

The third was quite the harlot. She had dyed black hair that held the type of big, rounded curls that reminded men of a pinup. She often found herself in situations like that, out of habit, no, but almost. She had a broken heart from so many years before. He had left her unjustly, the bastard. And she had shown him. She had danced and smiled and flirted and flung and been courted by so many men. So she had won. She'd read that he had been married in 1952; and she, in '51. He had been married twice. She was just getting rid of number 4. Unmistakably, she was more desirable.

The Elizabeths were not friends. It could even be said that they didn't know each other; but that's a lie. They did. When it came down to it, they were linked far, far too closely...