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Innocent Deceptions

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Innocent Deceptions

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Katherine Patterson sat in bed with papers strewn all over in front of her. She rested her glasses on top of her head and frowned at the results she was getting. She heard the chime of the clock break the silence she had been so enjoying. This distraction caused her to look at her bedside clock. "11:35 p.m.""

Cover Page Footnote

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Innocent Deceptions

by
Laurie Ward

Katherine Patterson sat in bed with papers strewn all over in front of her. She rested her glasses on top of her head and frowned at the results she was getting. She heard the chime of the clock break the silence she had been so enjoying. This distraction caused her to look at her bedside clock. "11:35 p.m."

Her husband was not home from work yet. She decided not to wait up for him anymore, and piled all of her papers into her attache case. She listened for the sound of her husband's car but was greeted by the silence of the night. She reached up and turned the light off, and tried to let in the sleep that so wanted to enclose her.

Katherine put the baby's cereal on the high chair and balanced the telephone and the frying pan, as she skillfully fried two eggs for her husband. Jonathon walked into the kitchen wearing a grey Armani suit with a pink paisley tie, and a white Christian Dior shirt. He held a folded New York Times under his arm. His brown hair was neatly combed, except for one curly tuft that looked conspicuously out of place.

Jonathon leaned over to his wife's cheek as he walked by her, and kissed the air. "I like that dress." She looked down to see which dress she had in fact been wearing. Under her apron, she wore an ivory drop waist dress, with a long strand of pearls.

"Thanks." She leaned over his paper and put his breakfast before him. He had the business section of the Times spread out in front of him.

"Have you seen my briefcase?" Before he finished his sentence, she set the leather case in front of him. He pulled papers and documents out, and muttered to himself. She knew better than to try and understand what he was saying.

The baby reached his arms up, indicating that he had finished his breakfast and wanted out of his chair. "I'll be right back. I'm going to bring him next door."

Jonathon nodded as he continued to rustle through his papers. Next door meant Mrs. Holloway, the elderly lady who looked after the baby all day while they were at work. Katherine came back and hurried around the kitchen, piling the dishes in the dishwasher.

Jonathon gathered his papers and stuffed them into his briefcase. "I gotta' go."

"But you haven't even touched your breakfast."

"I know. I'm sorry. Give it to the dog. I have a busy day ahead of me." He grabbed his car keys off the hook and blew a kiss to his wife.

She looked down at her watch and realized it was almost time for her to leave also. The kitchen was in total disarray. Maybe it was time to leave the supermom image behind and hire a part-time maid. She made a mental note to think about it later.

"Good morning, Mrs. Patterson." Katherine rushed past her secretary and grabbed her messages.

"Cynthia, see that I'm not disturbed."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And get me a cup of black coffee, please."

Cynthia hurried around the office to make her boss a cup of coffee. She had never seen the woman calm. Every morning she rushed into the office, with a million and one things to do.

"Here's your coffee, Mrs. Patterson. And these flowers just arrived for you."

Katherine looked up and saw a bouquet of pink roses. "Thank you, Cynthia. That will be all."

Cynthia meekly exited the room. Katherine pulled the card from the envelope. "To my lady Kate. Let's meet today at our place. Love, Jack"

Katherine put her feet up on the desk and smiled. She hadn't heard from Jack in awhile. Just the thought of him relaxed her. He was a calm in her hectic world of corporate nonsense.

She pressed the buzzer. "Cynthia, cancel all my morning commitments. I'll be gone until after lunch."

She didn't wait for an answer. She straightened her desk into piles in order of priority and grabbed her jacket. Leaving her briefcase behind, she said good-bye to Cynthia. "Can you handle everything while I'm gone?"

"Yes. No problem."

Katherine imagined the look of puzzlement and suspicion on Cynthia's face. She had suspected her secretary of snooping through her things about six months ago, when things with Jack first started. He had showered her with flowers, candies, and cards. Cynthia's curiosity was bursting, Katherine knew this.

So, she purposely left the cards out on the desk, knowing they would be read once she left the office. No matter how hard Cynthia snooped, no other physical evidence of Jack would be present. The only pictures she had on her desk were of the baby and Mr. Patterson. Katherine did not mind the idea of Cynthia snooping; it made the game that much more fun.

Katherine reached the street and hailed a cab. She never drove her car when going to meet Jack. "Lynn's Diner, please."

The cab driver had to have her repeat herself. He couldn't believe a high-society dame like this was actually going to Lynn's. The diner was a truck stop, at the edge of town, near the quarry. It had a reputation for being seedy. A basic hole in the wall.

Katherine sat back and smiled. She had seen that expression many times on cab drivers when she announced where she wanted to go. It was a look she enjoyed seeing.

When she reached the diner, she didn't see Jack's car in the lot. She paid the driver. "Sure you don't want me to wait for you?"

"He probably thinks I'm meeting some gumshoe to tail my husband," Katherine

thought. She laughed out loud at the irony of that.

She walked slowly into the diner and headed for the last booth. She slid in and waited. Her excitement enveloped her as she heard the bell tinkle as the door opened. She smiled.

A man in faded Levi's walked slowly down the row to the last booth. He wore a white Dior oxford, with the sleeves rolled up. A pink paisley tie was hung around his shoulders. His brown hair was neatly combed, except for one curly tuft that looked conspicuously out of place. He swung around and slid into the booth and faced his wife.

"My lady Kate. I figured you needed a little relaxation."

She smiled and kissed him across the table. "A trip to Lynn's Diner with my favorite person in the whole world. I'm glad you thought of this."

The Dance

by
Heather Jones

You hold me in your arms,
like a mother holding her new child.

We were barely touching...
And when the music began
you pulled me
close to you.

I could feel your breath on my neck...
Your lips on my cheek.

I could feel us become one...
As I melted into you,
I could feel us--
you and I,

As we began
to
dance.