

Saturday, May 5; London, 10 PM

"Aarghhh!"

Desdemona sat up in the bed she occupied with her latest paramour. On her face was a mixture of anger and frustration. Her bed partner was awakened by her cry and sat up as well, immediately put her hands on the woman's shoulders, massaging them and her neck.

"Let it go, cherie. You are so tense. This is not good for you."

"I can't! I've tried. How dare that woman do this to me!" She quickly got out of bed and paced the room. "And I can't even be sure we have it cleared out! I swear, if when I get back to the office, that garbage has filled up our space again, I'll ignore my brother and go see that woman myself. I'll make her wish she'd never heard of the name Hightower!"

"This is not like you! Why are you so angry?"

"No one gets the best of me, do you hear? No one!"

There was a pause as the younger woman considered how to phrase what she felt she had to say. Finally, she asked, "Are you more angry because of what this woman did to your company's computer system, or because she may be your equal in programming, if not possible better?"

Desdemona turned toward the bed, eyes flashing. "How dare you suggest that this woman is even my equal? No one is equal to me! Don't you ever forget it!"

The other woman cowered back in the bed. "I didn't say she was; I said she might be, only to understand your anger and frustration better. Please, please try to calm down. There is nothing you can do about it now. You need to rest and refresh yourself. Come back to bed."

Desdemona looked at her with contempt. "Do you think I can calm down just like that? That woman sent that garbage to our computers, and every time we thought we had a space cleared out, it filled up again. Only late last night did we seem to have it stopped. But I won't know until I go back on Monday. "

"Then come back to bed and let's spend some of the time thinking of things you could do to this person to make her regret what she did."

Desdemona's look changed to one of surprise. "An excellent idea, my dear. " She moved quickly and flung herself back onto the bed. "But first, I am going to make you regret what you said about her."

Before the other woman could realize what was about to happen, Desdemona moved on top of her and proceeded to make good her promise.

From: Hobbeth Sent: 8/31/2005

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