

The Eagle Rises

Sarah was having lunch at “The Parrot” with her friend when she saw him at the table in the back corner. “So what color do you think I should paint the study?” Diane was saying as she took a bite of her salad.

“I think a subtle green would look really classic in that room,” she answered as she tried to recognize the long auburn curls of the woman sitting across from him. Wonder if he saw me come in, she thought.

“You don't think it would be too dark for that room?” asked Diane.

“Not if it's a pale green, maybe an olive?” said Sarah. Why would he be having lunch here in Chester when his office is a good 15 miles away, she thought, as she took a bite of the ham and cheese sandwich.

“I was thinking maybe an off white. You know how conservative I am.”

Even from the back, the woman sitting across from her husband certainly didn't look conservative, Sarah thought, considering the metallic design of the eagle on the back of her pink sweater. “Oh Diane, I'm the conservative here. Married for thirteen years, two kids and a dog. How much more conservative can you get?” she asked.

“You're not conservative at all. Remember how you and Jack threw that pool party last summer? Now that was not a conservative party!”

Sarah suddenly flashed to those long auburn curls floating up to the surface of the water. The face of her husband's partner's secretary rippled through her. Of course, it could only be Aimee who was now getting up from the table.

“Sarah, are you listening to me?” asked Diane.

“Oh sorry Diane, I was just thinking about what a good time we had - maybe I should plan another one for next month.”

Was that really her husband hurriedly coming over to help Aimee with her coat? Was it her imagination or was he whispering something in her ear? Did she just let her hand linger on his? Oh God Sarah stop it! Focus on what Diane is saying, something about a pool party?

“Then I'll have to start Weight Watchers right away,” Diane joked. “But let's get dessert first.”

Gwen Sibley