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Faith

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College of DuPage

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by at Geraldine, something had clearly changed with her. Her face was stark and her eyes wide. If Irene looked closer, she could see Geraldine's hands shaking ever so slightly. If Irene narrowed her eyes enough, she could catch the glimpse of the back waitstaff uniform swiftly walking away from Geraldine.

"Well I must go," Tiffany said. "It was lovely meeting you Ms. Dupin."

"S'il vous plait mademoiselle, Irene."

Tiffany sent her a suggestively wicked grin. "Irene. Good evening."

As Tiffany darted off, Geraldine quickly walked up to Irene.

"Can you believe the nerves of some people?" she spat. "Absolutely atrocious."

"You are talking about Monsior Newbold?"

Geraldine shot a look at Tiffany, seeming pleasantly startled for the first time in the evening.

"Eugene? Oh no, I can handle him."

"C'est vrai? He was screaming very loudly earlier. And I have heard he has an attitude that is... oh-how do you say? Très affreux."

"Ha!" Geraldine's laugh was harsh and hyena-like. "He's about as harmful as a new born baby. Believe me, Irene darling. I can handle him."



Devona Barnes. *Faith*. Digital photograph