

You can't always get what you want.

by evntho

The newly unrecognizable visitor, now completely clean, went by the unlikely name of Hope. Presently without address or occupation, she'd been asked by Sally Greenberg to do her an enormous favor earlier that afternoon.

"What's that you say?" Homeless Hope said, peering out from a collectors den of rags, metal cart and twentieth century scraps of refuse.

"Be your Mum for an evening!" she said, before adding, "Ha!" For good measure...

Her face took on a more serious expression when she asked Sally Greenberg if, "there'd be any money in it?" for her.

There would be, Sally assured her.

"I'll pay you ten an hour, plus food and a free bath."

"Never work for less than 20 an hour. That's just a rule I have, love."

Sally watched as what appeared to be a hand come out from a worm like hole and to Sally's absolute horror hold itself in mid air. Sally Greenberg, gingerly obliged the homeless woman and with the tips of her thumb, fore and middle fingers, shook it.

Sally was bathing Homeless Hope in her bathtub when the phone rang in the kitchen. The person on the other end of the phone call was her fiancée Jeff Thompson. Speeding up 5th Avenue with his father Gregory, and his third wife Julianne.

The real reason for the homeless woman was to make good on a lie that Sally had come from a well to do family. The reason explained to Hope was to stave off embarrassment with the soon to be newly acquired in-laws, that she hadn't actually any family at all!

She had though. A rather large family as a matter of fact. Eight siblings in total. Sally was second from bottom. It should be said that Sally's family were far from well to do. Her father a welfare lifer, hunted Raccoons for their fur, and collected Ginseng root, in the Summers. Selling both to a Chinese Chiropractor in the city.

This was in Sally's desperate mind, her only chance to escape that hillbilly life.

The door buzzer in the hallway went off. Sally answered and was told by the Concierge that a white Mercedes had arrived. Her Jeff, drove just such a vehicle.

Homeless Hope sat Eleven stories up reading some notes Sally gave her. Clean, and in the loveliest white chiffon dress an uptown secretaries' salary could buy. CNN displayed silently on the television close to the balcony doors.

The list was short. Sally tried to cover all the most important points.

PLEASE REMEMBER THESE!

1. Your name is Edna Greenberg. You are a wealthy Maryland WIDOW.
2. Dad, your DECEASED husband was in the Stock Market and owned tons of land that he sold for a fortune.
 3. YOU now own tons of land.
4. You enjoy champagne and the Opera on occasion (that means sometimes).
5. You're going to Europe to be with your dying Aunt in Wales and WILL NOT BE, sorry to say, able to attend the wedding.
6. DON'T eat with your hands. The fork goes in left hand. Knife in

your right. If you forget how to eat, just say your not hungry.

7. If for any reason you feel the need to shout or do anything insane, kindly excuse yourself and go quietly to the bedroom and have a lay down.

8. I'll give you the money after they leave.

9. Thank you.

Sally had just closed the door to her apartment and made her way to the elevator to wait when she heard, a smash. Four seconds later, a crash. There was a moment of silence followed by some shouting, then a car horn sounded.

Running back to her apartment Sally feared the worst. She opened the door and to her relief saw Homeless Hope leaning over the balcony. She hadn't jumped! And so the question quickly became what then had broken the window?

Sally quickly ran over, and with her looked those Eleven stories down, only to see her Sony 23" TV on the ground below. Gregory, and his third wife Julianne on either side of it, looking straight up at them.

Her fiance Jeff, underneath it, quite dead.

"Number Ten!" Sally screamed, "Don't throw the fucking TV through the window and kill my fiance!"

