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## Seeing Stars (Part Three)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy  
*NSU University School*

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## Seeing Stars

(Part Three)

*Julia Brzhosnevskiy*

I received the letter two months and three days ago and immediately set upon making plans. It will be a private party, only for the two of us and the servants, with fireworks and lights, and champagne and those other lovely things that people have. The technician warned me that I would need to get a lighting permit, but I'm sure my connections will solve that problem for me. After all, for someone who is married to a rich prince or has won the jackpot, getting a lighting permit is a mere nuisance.

But I mustn't tell anyone. If people find out, they will show up at the party and ruin my private show. I've told only the servants and the technician and the guy that cuts my grass every week, but no one very important.

The maid walked in with my lunch. I told her my secret, too. She's been so happy about the upcoming celebration that she decided to wear all white until the day arrives. She's a funny little thing, always coaxing me to eat when the excitement and the time I spend planning for the show leave me without an appetite. I am certainly glad that I hired an angel, rather than a grouchy witch. I wonder if there really are angels for hire. In this world, it wouldn't surprise me if there were. A person can find just about anything these days. You just need to put effort to it, just like the effort I've put into planning a show and finding reliable helpers.

Morocco must be a wonderful place. I have no idea what it's like, but I'm sure my friend will tell me all sorts of magical stories when she visits. Maybe one day I will fly to Morocco and see for myself. Maybe I will actually take a cruise there. Can ships go to Morocco? Morocco, Morocco, Morocco. It sounds like some kind of food – chips, or something of that sort. Chocolate covered pretzels, that's more like it.

*(to be continued...)*