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## Seeing Stars (Part Four)

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## Seeing Stars

(Part Four)

*Julia Brzhosnevskiy*

I hope that the catering service will do a good job. He keeps coming over to inform me of something or other. I don't really listen to the guy. I stare at a mole he has on the left side of his chin. It's so peculiar, sitting there all alone on an otherwise smooth face. It really doesn't belong. He doesn't even have wrinkles on his face. I know there has to be some surgical method of removal for those things. Why can't he get rid of it and spare the whole world from being captivated by staring at that mole instead of listening to what he is saying? Maybe that's why his business is so successful. People just nod and smile to be polite and agree to everything he says, just so they won't have to admit that they weren't paying attention. I guess the catering guy is really excited about the show as well because he's also been wearing white ever since I told him about my plan.

I want to go for a walk. The weather is simply fabulous, perfect to try on my new coat. For some reason, the maid comes back, together with the technician and the catering guy, and they start talking all at once. I guess they all want to take a walk with me. The maid stands in the doorway and offers to help me put on my coat. Ouch! Why does the sleeve prick so much? The maid is very blurry now. She looks concerned. I apologize and tell her that I'm not feeling well so maybe she should go for a walk on her own. I think I'll just go to sleep now. Tomorrow I can continue planning the party.