

The Mingling of Chaos

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New Year's Eve, 1947, when not even the rain could put a damper on their mood. People were swingin'. Music was blaring. Cigarette smoke hung in the air in wisps and swirls. It was a perfect scene, like one you would see in the pictures.

Amber lights gave a warm glow to the bar. Shadows danced along the walls, while their counterparts danced across the main floor. There were flared skirts and peacock dresses flowing in time with the music; there were pressed suits and sharp fedoras tapping along to the beat. Drinks were spread out across the room sparkling like glitter. The shades of whiskey and wine added to the whole ambience in the room.

Those who weren't dancing sat at the bar chatting; their words floated around the room above the masses. The music mingled with the outside sounds, blending together in another harmony. The noise was like a hum in the background when she walked in, at five minutes to midnight.

She was the first. No one noticed the stranger, despite her crisp white dress, that shimmered with the light of a thousand stars. She sat alone at the bar, a whisky in her hands. Her brown hair was tied up under a wide hat that covered her eyes and most of her face. She finished taking a sip as the next one walked in.

She wore a red, fluted skirt that sat up on her waist. Her dark lips were painted with a red that matched her skirt. The lights were dimmed as there were three minutes remaining. Her shoes sounded against the floor like beaters on a drum. She sat down next to the first. Nobody even noticing their presence.

"Well fancy seeing you here?" laughed the first, turning her head to face the second.

"Coincidence, don't make me laugh. It was fate." joked the second.

3...2...1....

"Well Love, speak of the devil" drawled Coincidence.

In walked a woman in a black floor length dress trimmed with gold. She walked with elegant poise. Her back was straight, her eyes were faced dead ahead looking towards the other two. Her blonde hair fell around her shoulders in splendorous waves.

"'Evening' Ladies" Fate spoke calmly. She sat down with the others. They all watched all the surrounding humans celebrate around them. What a strange

species. They have all these traditions based on nothing but their surroundings and their reactions. It's oddly beautiful how so many become one in celebrating the passing of time. They still have Hope.

"Pity that Hope couldn't join us" sighed Coincidence, looking down at her whiskey.

"Don't be silly Love, she's everywhere tonight" Fate replied, "It's a good thing too. All these humans, all our humans, will need her in the years to come and I know she won't let them down."

"It's true. There are times ahead when they will begin to realise the need to love each other for their differences, I feel we might just start to see more glimpses of acceptance."