

A Dark Haired Woman

“Right here to have your fortune read! Find out what your future holds! Change your luck!” proclaimed the palm reader seated behind the draped table at the fashionable charity ball. A tired, middle aged woman with black hair dressed in a white shirt and black slacks uniform was laboring to carry the heavy tubs of dirty dishes from bussing tables past the fortune teller. She heard what the fortune teller had to say about knowing the future. She heard about how a dark haired woman would change your luck. She was here on her second job trying desperately to make enough to make ends meet as a single mother of four. “Wish my luck would change,” she said quietly to herself.

A heavy set gray haired woman in her late seventies wearing an enormous pear shaped diamond ring pulled on her noticeably younger husband’s arm as they passed the fortune teller, “Let’s find out the future.”

“Oh no! That’s all a bunch of bull! You don’t really want to know your future.”

“Right here to have your fortune read!” The palm reader was an extremely attractive woman in her mid-thirties with coal black hair and eyes. She had rings on every other finger and a colorful scarf in her hair. Her tight fitting gypsy clothes revealed her full figure and her skirt was high enough to show off her shapely legs.

The gray haired woman sat down forcing her husband to stop. She extended her hand and the palm reader admired the woman’s diamond ring, commenting on how large it was. Turning the older woman’s hand palm up the fortune teller revealed her fortune, “A dark haired woman will come into your husband’s life. Her beauty and passion will stir feelings deep within him which he will not be able to control. This woman will change everything. She will alter the very course of you and your husband’s life.”

The gray haired woman laughed. Looking up at her husband who was sweating profusely she said, “Did you hear that? A dark haired woman is going to come into your life! Isn’t this fun?” At her husband’s urging they moved on. He left the fortune teller with a dirty look and no tip.

Later.., actually a few weeks later, the husband spoke to the fortune teller again. “What the hell were you doing fooling around with that palm reading?”

The fortune teller was sitting up in the motel bed. The cheap bedspread covered only part of her naked body. She was examining the large pear shaped diamond ring on her hand. “I knew you’d be in a bad mood the day of your wife’s funeral.”

Unbeknown to the occupants of the motel room the window was open a few inches. The maid struggling to push her house cleaning cart heard what they said. She remembered them from the fancy charity party that she’d worked weeks ago. She smiled and said quietly to herself how lucky she was.

When she got to the motel laundry room she dialed the room number and said these words, “I know you killed your wife. Leave \$5000 in cash under the mattress when you check out tomorrow.” Her fortune was about to change! After all, she was a dark haired woman.