



How many potential plots may I hold? Why such a question? Lizzie asked herself watching her cat sleeping on the sofa.

The idea of making an ordinary life has always been a mystery to her.

She was not living at random..Kairòs, the random fate at the crossroads, better known as Kairos, had always been a truthful and loyal companion to her. She enjoyed her daily routine though.

She had had the ability to handle joy and sorrow, wit and boredom, hard work and laziness since ages.

So said, her look was charming even when, once in a while, sudden tears wet her girlish face.

No regrets, no what ifs, she gave up on him some months ago.

That had been a definitive choice. She was very accurate in making choices, she needed her time to take decisions but above all, assertive in her own way.

I gave up on you because I became bothered with your flatterings and fake behaviour. She said looking a photo of him and then cut it into pieces.

Lizzie got the chance to read the beginning of a novel, Jacob's room by Virginia Woolf :

'so of course wrote Betty Flanders, pressing her heels rather deeper in the sand 'there was nothing but to leave'.

She felt that Betty had something to suggest her or was Virginia herself talking to her? Or may be both. She trusted them both. She imagined the two old women walking by her side on a sunny day of june. They were dressed with long light robes in silk and big hats and she, Lizzie, had a pair of jeans and white t-shirt and wore dark sunglasses. That's weird this trio, she said to herself. But we were so lovely the three of us.

Fiction is never overrated if you believe that we, me and Betty are here for you whenever you want. All the Best, Yours, VW.

**You rock, don't ever change, Lizzie**

di Beatrice Fabbri

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