

## *Betty's Big Night*

Yes, the girls were very worried, it's true. She'd been acting dreamy, they said, and even missed *Queen For A Day*. For weeks now, Betty'd been trying to balance her favorite rolling pin on top of the red bowling ball on top of the raggedy kitchen broom, deftly resting above a dozen tea cups. And it wasn't going well. *Betty hunny, lissin tuh me now*, Beverly pleaded, *yuh gaw-nuh knock yuh self out with all this prack-tuh-sin. Kuh mon now and have uh cuppuh kawfee with me an the girlz*. The talent show at Harold's office was fast approaching and first prize was the new blender all the girls were raving about. Yes, she thought, the last few days had been rocky, *but OH, I'm so close*, she said to the cat, who looked on with mild amusement.

It was during breakfast on Friday morning when she thought to use her soft-boiled egg for added balance. It was so obvious, thought Betty, *why hadn't I considered this before?* With a surge of courage, she once more piled up the cups, hefted the bowling ball above the broom, and with delicate poise she skillfully tossed up the egg. It was a crucial moment, and in walked Beverly chattering on about triple coupons at the A&P in Pawtucket. When she looked up and saw what was happening in the kitchen, the whole mess was about to topple over. *Oh, my Gawd* was all she could manage. Betty'd lost her concentration and was desperate, that much was apparent. But, with a sudden burst of inspiration, she reclaimed her poise and calmly asked Beverly to toss up the paperweight from Harold's desk. And like magic...it made ALL the difference. *Oh, my*

*Gawd, oh my Gawd, Beverly said again. If yuh keep this up, yuh gon-uh be awn tel-uh-vij-in or sum-thin!*

With such a marvelous trick, she could hardly wait until the BIG night. Betty now felt certain she could top Harold's secretary Linda and her miniature poodle Fifi, though clearly, they would have the crowd's attention. After all...at last year's talent show, Fifi, dressed exquisitely in a red tutu, replete with tiara, had eaten 27 over-ripe bananas, in less than a minute. While Linda, shamelessly dressed in a matching outfit, flawlessly whipped up a perfect soufflé with her eyes closed and one hand tied behind her back. They were magnificent and the crowd had gone wild!

But this year would be different. All a flutter, Betty was so excited, she left Beverly talking aimlessly to the cat on her way to the super-market without her purse and the grocery list, dreaming of fame, fortune and the gleaming blender.

*Oil and acrylic paint, oil crayon, mixed media objects on glass and aluminum*