

Diamonds

By A. C. Zito

"We have it in a different pattern. If you'd like to try on a suit with a darker shade, I'd be happy to get our finer quality, silk inlaid, diamond feathered suit. It's only \$50,000 more than the one you currently have on now." I looked at the stupid, definitely enhanced in the chest area, woman. She looked like she had talons ready to sink into any young boy she could get her steely grip around.

"Don't you have a daughter that was helping me try on these suits earlier? I'm sorry, but I'm into healthier looking woman. Please be gone. You look like you're ready to keel over and die any minute now." She took a bow and ran off into the back room to find the suit, no less.

\$50,000 more I thought to myself. What difference do a couple of pennies make? Eduardo said this tailor knew how to fix a few shreds from those claw-like fingertips.

Cynthia I whispered to myself. She knew how to make a man go mad. Yes, she knew how to make a man go wild. With ravishing eyes like hers, those hips don't come cheap either.

"I'm sorry," she said, coming back into the room, "but you have to leave." I glanced fervently behind me to see the bulky shape emerging from the shadow of the doorway.

"My daughter is *not* your plaything." His cold eyes gripped me for just a mere second before I realized what time it was.

"I'm sorry, but I *must* get going!" I paused to pat the ogre-looking man on the chest. "She was very good in bed, your daughter. And I must say..." I paused to let what words I had to say sink in. "Lay off the Philly cheesesteaks. The grease in them hasn't been helping you much at all, has it now?" I stepped outside and took in the brisk autumn air. I knew what the season meant. For now it was time to tread softly. No more brisk steps; for what could possibly lay around the corner was a witch no less; and with it, her cauldron bubbling with a green slime that was just *begging* for little children to hop inside.

"GET YOUR SMELLY CAULDRON AWAY FROM ME, WITCH!" I screamed out while pedestrians kept walking by, paying no mind to my new suit that was tailored just how I like it: with the sleeves slimmed and the trousers tapered.

RING RING

"Neilson, does it fit?" It was Eduardo. "Keep your crabby hands off my woman!" He hung up. I didn't feel like talking to Eddy, anyway. He sounded pissed off today. And I knew why: it was that season again.

RING RING

"Darlings, it fits. I need two beautiful witches to boil my cauldron with again." Their voices were muffled as I tried to keep up with what they were trying to tell me. It's ever so hard to understand

Witch. Their words: tempting yet alluring. But one would mistake them for fascists if one was lucky. "Yes, why of course it's another Ponzi scheme, everything's a Ponzi scheme as long as you're playing your cards right in this game they call life!" They seemed butchered from last year's business still taking a toll on them. "No," I answered them; feeling like the conversation was getting droll. "What do I look like; an accountant? No, your big bad wolf's done playing with pots and pans. There's bigger fish to fry." They let out some inaudible noises as I nodded my head feeling a rush of euphoria. "Yes... no, I'm done going around on the Chu Chu Train." More muffled voices, "Yes," I nodded in agreement. "Yes. Diamonds; we're going after diamonds."