

HAYDEN AND MADGE

Hayden and Madge had both inherited fortunes and consequently had never worked a day in their lives. They lived in a huge Tudor mansion and employed servants for every possible task. Hayden had a workshop and called himself an inventor. Most days he would putter around in there until five when it was time for cocktails. Madge was constantly redecorating rooms and bickering with the workers. By day's end they were exhausted. "You mustn't work so hard, darling," Hayden would say to her. Madge holding back tears her hands shaking, "I distinctly told them Aztec rouge for the drapes and they bring me Aztec yellow, the idiots!" Hayden is thinking, we forgot to have children, how could that be? We were always too busy. We never even talked about it. No heirs. We've built our own mausoleum. Come to think of it, it's always felt like a kind of an afterlife with Madge, though perhaps I am the deadeast of the two. She at least wants it to look right.