

Years 11 & 12  
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### **The Woman Waiting**

It is a warm sunny day, and Lake Como is shining. Everyone is out and about in their summer gear ready to experience the beauty of Italy. They eat gelato, sit on the docks, and ride boats on the Lake. One woman stands out though. She looks like she's from another era with her frilly black dress and lacy umbrella. The only thing connecting her to the present is the round, tinted sunglasses. The 'eyes' behind them are scanning the crowds for her 'client'. She walks to her car and grabs a pair of gloves off the passenger's seat. The woman then slips the silk over her hands. Afterwards, she walks along the stone path near Lake Como's shore, watching the families on the sand.

A shriek pierces through the joyful atmosphere, forcing everyone's heads to turn in its direction. The woman walks toward it. As she gets closer, she sees a child flailing in the water and his mother running to save him. The woman picks up the boy before his family can get to him and walks back to her car. On her way, she passes a middle-aged man in a coughing fit. She taps on his shoulder and tells him to follow her. He nods after he stops coughing and walks with her. Once she arrives at the car, she places the boy inside and instructs the man to sit with him. Neither are her client, but she thought she might as well take them. After, she closes the door and walks back along the path. She can still hear screaming for ambulances and crying from the families, but she keeps going.

Soon, the woman finds the dock and stands at the end. There is another place her client could be, but she cannot go there. Thus, she decided to wait. While she does, the woman looks around. She could see many tourists, all happy that they were on holiday. Those that live at Lake Como are a lot calmer than the foreigners and most seem to avoid the crowds of tourists. As the sun starts to set, the crowds dissipate, and the streetlamps turn on. The woman looks across the lake and sighs. Her day was much longer than expected.

After a few moments, a boat sails towards the dock. Just as it is about to let its passengers off, an old lady falls off the back. She splashes around, trying to keep her head above water. The woman reaches out her hand for help, but someone has already jumped in. The other people on the boat pull the old lady back on but no one can see her saviour. Slowly, the woman takes off her gloves, kneels on the dock and stretches her hand over the water. A hand jumps out of the water and grasps onto her wrist. Without any effort, the woman pulls the person onto the dock. It's a young lady; it's her client.

The woman holds the lady's hand in both of hers and sighs. "You must come with me," she says. The young lady nods but looks confused. The woman then leads her to the car and tells her she must get in.

“Have I done something wrong?” the lady asks.

The woman smiles. “No, you've done nothing wrong.”

Once the young lady is in, the woman walks to the driver's side and gets in too. She puts her gloves and umbrella on the passenger seat and looks in the rearview mirror.

The woman could see that all three people were frightened.

“I'm sorry,” she says, taking off her sunglasses. “But I could see no future for any of you.”

The three stare at her. The woman has no eyes. “So, you are . . .?” the young lady said, hesitant.

The woman smiles. “Yes, I am death.”