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Evil Face

by Sandra Banks

She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent. Helene smiled as she sipped the last of her drink.

A man she did not know approached her, smiling.

“I do not think we have met? My name is Damon.”

Helene put out her hand.

“Helene. How do you do. What brings you here?”

“People. I like watching people and working out what they are thinking.”

“I agree, people are quite easy to read.” Helene showed her teeth again, taking a sip of wine.

“Then we have something in common.”

“I don’t know about that. You hardly know me.”

“You are wrong.” The tone of Damon’s voice changed dramatically from easy sociability to an intrusive antagonism.

Helene’s mind skipped a beat. Who was this man? She immediately raised her defences and looked carefully at him, taking another sip of her drink. Were they both fishing in the same pond? Damon was smart and attractive and she had seen him earlier talking to an older woman. She was now sure. The only question was could they work together.

“I saw you talking to Annie Hall; I know her well. Have you met John? I like him. Why don’t we all leave this dreary party and find a pub?”

Damon shook his head and knocked the glass out of her hand. Helene looked at the mess on the floor; glass shards shining as the red wine spread out over the carpet.

“I think I had better go.”

Damon nodded and walked away.

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