

Marie-Ange

*Marie-Ange is the first guest to arrive at the stamp pasting party. She is less than thrilled by her neighbor's good fortune*

You wouldn't catch me having luck like that. Fat chance. My life is shit and it always will be. A million stamps! A whole house. Jesus Christ, I f I don't stop thinking about it I'm gonna go nuts. Typical. The ones with all the luck least deserve it. What did Mme Lauzon do to deserve this, eh? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! She's no better looking than me. In fact, she's no better period These contests shouldn't be allowed. The priest the other day was right. They ought to be abolished. Why should she win a million stamps and not me? Why? It's not fair. I work too, I've got kids too, I have to wipe their asses, just like her...It's no wonder I'm all skin and bones. Her, she's fat as a pig. And now I'll have to live next door to her and the house she'll get for free. It burns me up, I can't stand it. There'll be no end to her smart assed comments cause it will all go straight to her head. I don't want to die in this shit while Madame Fatso goes swimming in velvet.