

# The Cathy Chandler I Knew...

Episode expansion of: **Ozymandias**

By Cindy Rae



*(Scribbled on a piece of stationery that had "From the Desk of Luz Corrales" printed on it)*

Writing helps me think. From since law school, writing helps me think.

So here I am.

Cathy Chandler never used to wear the same thing twice, to lecture hall. Never. Not one time. It was like it was a competition, between her and the other rich girls, and she was determined to win. Hell, she probably did. Her friends called her Fashion Law Cathy. And those were her friends.

*Dios mio.*

Never the same thing twice. Weird as it sounds, for everything that's just happened, that's the thing I remember.

If I'm honest, I think that's part of the reason I went off on her, at her office. And that's not the only place I did that. I insulted her at her place, too. Something about buying a sense of commitment with her Daddy's credit card.

It was a lousy thing to say. But at the time, I didn't think I was far wrong.

Then, I took her head off in her office. Elliot Burch leaked to the papers that our funding was suspect. Way to win the war without having to fire a single shot. I figured Cathy was his pawn. Birds of a feather, y'know? I all but called her a *puta*. Not that a silver spoon girl like Cathy Chandler would know what that was.

Maybe she would. They say you always learn the swear words, in a language. So maybe she would have known that a *puta* was a bitch. I don't know.

But I think I was one. One with a big mouth and a hot head.

The tower is coming down. And Cathy Chandler had a lot to do with that.

No matter what else I think, I can't get THAT thought out of my head. I thought her and Elliot Burch were friendly with each other. And by "friendly," I mean way more than that. They were dating, a while back. I remember the pictures in the paper.

If Burch isn't careful, his next picture will be a mug shot. Nah. His lawyers will buy him out of it. They always do.

The kind of lawyers I never want to be. The kind Cathy Chandler now looks like she has no patience with either. Who'd have thought we'd be on the same side, here?

The DA's office is investigating Burch. They got a nice injunction against him. That should keep him out of my neighborhood, for a while. Or any neighborhood where the black and brown people, and the old people, need a place to live.

But... seriously. Never. Never once. Skirt, shoes, blouses... even her coats were different, one week to the next. It's like she had the keys to Sak's in her Coach bag. And she changed those regular, too.

Was I just jealous? Maybe.

She was a rich *gringa* who always strolled in five minutes late, or right at the bell. Always knew where she was going to work, for who, and for how much. What difference did it make what her grades were? Daddy could always buy her a tutor to help her pass the bar. And once she did that...

I was. I was jealous. And maybe a little mad. I had to stay up late studying, after as many shifts waiting tables as I could pull. I wore the same coat, all year. Make that the whole time I was in school. I got by. But I did it the hard way.

I think some part of me *wanted* her to be a rich puta. It was easier to blow up at her, that way. Easier to justify myself.

I've got the newspaper open in front of me, and I keep underlining the important parts, with the same pen I'm using to write this. Joe Maxwell is giving a presser, and he's mentioning Cathy, liberally. She's his soldier. There's just

no doubt. Who'd have thought I'd ever write THAT, as a complete sentence? Catherine Chandler, public servant and crusader for justice. Huh.

Now it's me that sounds like a *puta*. I'm sorry, Mama. I know you raised me better.

The neighborhood is safe. The Tower is stopped. Completely. Elliot Burch is going to take a financial bath. Two city councilmen who signed off on the project might be going down with him, and everybody's looking at campaign contributions, to see if that's what bought their votes.

Maybe it did. Maybe it didn't. But either way, Cathy Chandler didn't deserve the earful that I gave her.

She's changed, somehow. In more ways than one.

She still lives in an expensive place over the Park. She still looks sharp, still looks like she's got a charge card at Macy's and gets her nails and hair done, regular. Still looks like a rich *gringa* princess. One who doesn't know that there's a difference between a *Tejana* and a *Boricua*, even though they both speak Spanish.

But...

I saw the scar on her face the night she offered me a beer. It's healed, but it's a long one. I know she went missing. I know something happened, but don't know the whole story. Still... why not have Daddy's money cover the scar? It doesn't make sense. That scar doesn't 'go' with the rich *chica* who used to stroll into class five minutes late,

and sit next to that one guy... Bass? Stephen Bass? ...  
Whispering about where she'd been and what she'd bought.

She gave me a beer. Hell, even *that* doesn't sound like Cathy Chandler. I didn't know rich girls from the East side even knew what beer was, much less kept it in their fridge. Maybe they just keep it for the plebs.

*No. Stop that.*

I owe her an apology. A big one. Mama would say "Luz, you know you have to. And do it right."

So I will. Tomorrow. I'll go downtown and I'll eat my share of crow. And I'll try to figure out what it is about Cathy Chandler that's just so *different* from the one I used to know.

Was it her attack that caused it? That kind of thing can sure change you. But... that feels wrong, somehow. Like it's part of the answer, but not all of it.

Is it a man? I don't know. I didn't see a ring on her finger, and there wasn't a trace of a guy living in her apartment.

Still...

There's something about her, now. Something that seems strong, and focused. Determined to fight, if it comes to that.

It's like she's got the strength of the angels, behind her, and she knows she's got to do right by the people in this world who have less than she does.

I gotta go to her office. That's where I insulted her, in front of her boss. So, that's where I gotta pay my dues. In her office, in front of her boss. She's owed that.

This ain't the Cathy Chandler I used to know. It just ain't. But no matter what... it's definitely the Cathy Chandler who's out there, now.

I think I want to get to know this woman. In a way I never wanted to know her before. If I'm not careful, I think I could learn to like this version of Catherine Chandler.

A lot.

Maybe I'll even offer to buy her a beer. I wonder if she'll accept?

Gotta run. Lots to do...