

Arrangement

Lillian Hu: 27, Interior Designer. Charismatic, friendly, talented. One skill in particular keeps her in business: Feng Shui Exorcism. In a way, this means that she's really good at arranging furniture.

Lillian has an adequate website to advertise her services. *Style. Prestige. Natural balance. Lillian Hu has established herself as one of California's premier residential and commercial Interior Designers, utilizing the ancient tradition of Feng Shui.* Her taste is impeccable but her knowledge of Chi, life force, really brings in the money.

A foppish women of 42, Mrs. Davidson was clad in designer clothing and caked in expensive make-up when she answered the door. "Lillian? Oh, Lillian, it's great to meet you! I'm so glad you're here to help us with our problem."

"No worries," said Lillian warmly, "I'm glad that you were able to contact me."

"The room is this way." Mrs. Davidson led Lillian toward the entertainment room. "The damn thing hasn't let us enjoy the entertainment room since we've lived here."

The Davidson family recently moved into a new home. Their HD television has been powering up on its own from day one. If the family was watching T.V. the channel would suddenly change. Multiple technicians had been called in but none of them found any electrical problems.

Spanish language stations would spontaneously come on, the programming leaned towards variety shows and telenovelas.

"Can you use your '*fang shewie*' can end this, Lillian?"

"It's '*fung shway*' and, yes, I'm confident in my design abilities and my ability to rid clients of," she cleared her throat, "aesthetic abnormalities. Don't worry, sweetheart."

They arrived at the room. Lillian noted that the room was well-lit with natural light. The walls were tastefully painted and the walnut flooring was gorgeous. Still, Lillian disliked the furniture arrangement. A red suede couch in the east, rather than the south were it belonged. A white Grecian bust on an ornate stand in the north, rather than the west.

Lillian found exceptional objection to the collection of ugly bookcases infested with kitschy porcelain figurines. Lillian suppressed gagging at the mere sight of them.

She got to work right away. Lillian lit sandalwood incense in the north and south ends of the room, agarwood in the east and west. She pressed her weight against the suede couch and

began to shove it to the southern end of the room. A strong rumble shook the legs of Lillian and Mrs. Davidson.

"You're being too rough on the floor! Please be easy with that couch!" Mrs. Davidson said.

"That's not the floor. Just trust me." Lillian continued on. Mrs. Davidson gained no comfort by this response; she kept her hands clasped firmly over her mouth, shaking impatiently.

She next approached a misplaced shelving unit and began to toss the porcelain figurines into a cardboard box. The rumble of the room and vibration of the floor grew more intense. "Stop!" Mrs. Davidson said. "Be careful with those. They're priceless!"

"They're bringing you bad energy." Lillian continued to pile the figurines in the box for disposal. *They're cheap and ugly, too.*

"Stop!" Not Mrs. Davidson's voice this time. A deep, masculine voice. Lillian ignored the objections from Mrs. Davidson and the disembodied voice. She had a job to do and she took it seriously.

The spirit inhabiting the Davidson family's home used the Greek statue as a conduit. The statue began to levitate and the room grew darker. Lillian paid no mind and continued to dispose of the figurines.

"*Ay dios mio!*" The statue hovered and circled around Lillian. "Stop what you are doing now. *Por favor!*" Every piece of furniture in the room began to vibrate.

"Not going to happen, Senior!" Lillian trudged on. Nearly every element of the room was in place. She hung paper lanterns at each corner of the room; southwest, southeast, and so on.

"There're only two episodes left. Just let me see the ending!"

"You've bothered this family long enough. I think that a cliffhanger might be just what you deserve."

"That's not fair! You don't watch *Vida y Amor* or else you'd understand."

"Maybe. Maybe not. But interrupting this family's life isn't fair, either. You've had your own time in this world."

"Interrupting? Interrupting what? Trashy reality shows and celebrity gossip?" The statue shook violently. "I'm doing this family a service."

Mrs. Davidson said, "Oh, and your Mexican garbage is any better?" Following this remark Mrs. Davidson was violently thrown out of the room. In an instant she was gone and the doors slammed shut after her.

Lillian remained steadfast. As she heaved and pulled at a black leather chair, edging it north, she was thrown against the wall. Mrs. Davidson pounded ceaselessly at the doors to the room, unable to get back in.

"Let me down and we can work this out," she said.

"You obviously don't believe in love" The voice grew sad. "Juan and Claudia belong together. They're made for each other but they just can't see it yet."

Lillian's wrists and ankles were still stuck against the wall. Lillian struggled to free herself. "I sympathize with you so let's make an arrangement." Suddenly, she was released.

"Move one more piece of furniture and I'll snap your neck."

"I'll take a seat here and we can come to some agreement. Take a seat yourself. Let's be professional about this." Lillian sat down. "If you use your powers to assault me one more time it will be the end of you."

Lillian sat in the chair, her back to the north. The possessed statue floated to a chair across from her and descended to a rest.

"I don't think you're in a position to make demands. However," the voice said, "I'm willing to compromise. Let me finish the season and I'll leave for good."

"So you don't have to agonize over it, I'll spoil the ending. Claudia's controlling father strangles Juan. They'll never be together. Ever."

The chair she was seated in flew backwards, pushed by the apparition in a fit of rage. "Now you've done it," Lillian said, "I appreciate your help."

The atmosphere in the room grew peaceful and relief washed over Lillian Hu. The leather chair's northern position sealed the deal. It would have been too dangerous to attempt the move on her own but the ghost seemed more than happy to help.

Mrs. Davidson burst through the doors to the room. "Is he gone!?"

"Yes. He won't be bothering you any longer." Lillian brushed the dust and debris off of her suit.

"Be sure to recommend me to your friends and family."