

E. E. Lang

Izzy, the name my grandfather called me; Elizabeth Elsworth Langsford, the name on my birth certificate, or E. E. Lang, as my coworkers and clients knew me as. When I graduated law school, at the top of my class, I might add, I applied to several prestigious law firms under my full name, with not one follow-up. But after a male friend suggested it, I again turned in my resumes using the name E. E. Lang. He also helped beef up the wording, which may have gotten me the position at Higgens and Reed more so than the name change, but I stuck with the E. E. Lang moniker.

I had to work my way up the proverbial ladder, and today, after ten years of being not much more than a gofer, I was facing my first judge and jury. Jerimiah Hastings LaFerrintellie was charged with murdering his wife's lover. Although I was certain Mr. LaFerrintellie was guilty, it was my duty to represent him as best I could.

It was believed, not only by me, but others in the office, that I was given this particular case because of Mr. LaFerrintellie's tattoos, plus his body piercings. His foul mouth and superior attitude didn't make people like him much, either.

The backlog of cases caused nearly nine months to lapse before his trial date. In that period of time, I was able to convince, persuade, or threaten Mr. LaFerrintellie to get a haircut, shave, remove the most obvious body piercings, and wear a suit, white shirt and tie. As unbelievable as it may seem, this miraculous transformation even mellowed his over-the-top behavior.

From the beginning, he swore his innocence. But the not-guilty claim is heard from every prisoner who has ever been charged. He even claimed to have an airtight alibi; again, doesn't every prisoner? He was babysitting his sister's ten-year-old twins, and as a result they swore their uncle was with them all night, as did their mother. All the family members were eager to testify, he didn't leave until three the next morning, when the father of the children returned from his job.

Plus, each of the drawers, closets and cupboards were rifled through, and all the money, jewelry and medications were stolen. On the outside, the evidence pointed to it being a simple robbery, and nothing more.

Although I tried my best to ignore my feelings, I found myself attracted to him; his smile, his impeccable manners, his lips. I sluffed off these feelings, figuring they were brought on by the need to be held, to be loved by a man, since me and my husband had parted ways only months earlier. I did not miss my husband's infidelity, but I did miss our love making.