

Lulie Hello Fellow widows!

(The audience responds. But not up to Lulie's standards.)

Lulie *(addressing the "Current Members" in the audience and the officers)* Sisters, let's give them our customary welcome. When we say "Hello fellow widows!" I want to hear you shout at the top of your lungs, "Hello Sister!" Now let me hear it with pride! HELLO! FELLOW. WIDOWS!!

(The officers and the audience all cheer their response)

Lulie *(Charged up by the response in the room)* Can you believe it is that time of year again? The tasting of the first quiche! I don't think I need to re-iterate the importance of the EGG to me and my life. All of our lives. As I explained in the forward of my best-selling textbook "Women Can Yes: the History of the Egg", this egg is as close to the Lord Jesus as a piece of food can get. So pure, so perfectly shaped, so delicious. I remember the first time I ate a quiche.

(The widows sigh, thinking about their first times.)

Lulie I was so young. Sprightly. Naive. And that first bite. I didn't think I'd ever find others who enjoyed quiche as much as I did. And then I found you all. My sisters. My fellow widows. And I for one cannot wait for you all to try this year's Prize Quiche.

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Lulie Let us take a moment to reflect on how our founder suffered for our sake. Feasting off of nothing but bits of bark and moss. Working tirelessly to build a haven we now call home. This very day, all those years ago, was an historic day. She promised herself that she wouldn't stop until her mission was complete. A modern day Noah! But she was exhausted and hungry. Sure that she couldn't possibly go on. Until she stumbled upon this very spot - the home of hundreds of wild chickens. Nests overflowing with a bounty of eggs. And from those eggs she drew the strength necessary to complete this town. I like to think Lady Monmont is looking down on us today and smiling. Oh, and she's eating a quiche.