

THIS “A PLACE”



Written by
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This "A Place"

To the Brave

This Photograph is personally captured by Miss
Angelica Bordeaux

Limited Edition.

International and Australia

Many stories written share an outcome of either happy or sad or inspirational. I may even go as far as to mention most are left to personal questioning.

This “A place” is written, and when your interpretation is your own, you will find this:

“A Place”.

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We live on our own lines and paths that take notice of where we walk and beside whom. Either through desire, taste, action or thought “where we stand” from second to second prescribes where our interests are in view.

Follow me into the lives of many years ago, enjoy their difference.

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The Mirror:

The Mirror was long and silver-white, standing vertically against the walls tall and slender in line. One stood before the mirror for seconds and yet it was time that stood still for this one to see the day and its activity.

Handsome and skin of silken cream, with a mind ready to achieve, "Oh" the hair style for the day was unkempt and led to questioning of where the comb was left at that moment.

To all I ask "who will loan me a comb today, to comb the troubles away"? I stand before the mirror and all I see in view, is a bad hair day for one. At that moment I hear a voice beside me whisper: "No one here has a comb on their body. But one over there may loan you his comb, if you ask nicely".

When Feeling upset about my appearance?

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At that second a Lady standing by his side a little to the right, said, "On your behalf I will ask and return to you in kindness".

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No, No I will wait here to see if my hair rights its self and continue to stare into the mirror as if lost before.

And as he accepts, standing before the mirror for a second the lady combs his hair and all in the room were looking at the couple and ladies way of exchange.

So gentle to the touch, kind they remark "she is" and his calm in reply brought about a change in the people watching the two from a distance.

Each began wanting that comb offered to this gentleman. Believing that comb was a magical combing that led on one to another?

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Off this lady walked and over to a Gentleman to enquire about his comb. His hair was silken dark brown with the colour of midnight within each strand, clean and well-kept daily.

After two seconds of watching from afar, this gentleman decided to remark. "I will loan you this comb, but you need to remember each individual carries their own to keep style" he said. With this the comb was offered to this lady to walk it back to the gentleman standing in view of the mirror.

"Please return this comb to its rightful owner," said the lady remaining by the side of the gentleman standing before the mirror.

All in the room walked over to the see the comb and its rightful owner as they were reunited, happy to see each other again. At that moment, each lady and gentleman let out a laughter that filled each other's laughter throughout the room.

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A proclamation was uttered by one and then another within the room today, we must utilise this comb among friends to encourage no longer a bad hair day.

"Here, Here"

"What?" called the gentleman from the back of the room?

It is only a comb I have most kindly offered to one who was in need of calm at that second of enquiry.

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Half an hour passed each person by and with it a sigh of relief. Refreshments are light and almost ready to return to their place of keeping. Perhaps we can fly a kite and share a few laughs if' we are lucky.

One lady tall and attractive walked out of the room and returned with a kite of white silk and one yellow handle. No strings this kite needed, or handle, as it was a special kite meant for one to share at will among friends when intended. The lady walked gracefully around the room., the kite flew high, then again to the right, flew higher to the ceiling where all in the room clapped their hands together in praise of that beautiful white silken Kite and its gentle way without a handle.

The ladies stood together and were offered a chance to fly their own kite given for purchase and fly around the room, "a share in the fun".

While some decline graciously, a few purchase their own white silken kites, and the day was a laugh for all.

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Each where a party to seeing the kites fly all around the room and remain at the end of the day up high fastened to the ceiling. One later that morning offered to take a day pass out and each individual that was to attend a picnic at the park just over the road. The laughter was heard all over the house and understanding the humour I too enjoyed today.

"Thank you," I said.

It was evening now and the moon was in her element with a graceful dress of gentle white mist that flows through the clouds and over. Down in through the window and glass at the back of the room with white tall walls – a silhouette formed.

Entertaining is a must for many and the social interaction is graced with intelligence. Food and beverage was at the minimum and continued with nutrients in thought and in through vein.

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The Soap:

The hour arrives and all retire for the evening to their rooms. "Tomorrow will never arrive," they said, for today is today. "Here, Here".

8.00 am and the friends in group return to a favoured location. They are ready to meet and greet each other with respect. Clean and tidy, today is day full of excitement.

A sound was heard to the left over there. "Are you certain said one"? Who is gently holding the small bar of soap up for all to see in the other room outside? No voice was uttered only a smile from two in the room out there. Who said let us show the ladies the bar of soap (too small to use in the shower) and just left on its own.

The first two ladies entered the room and where we stood looked at the small bar of soap left on the table near to us. They said, "What is this soap doing sitting here on its own?"

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We smiled and said "It's not doing anything!" The two ladies then said, "when it should be in the shower". Take another look mentioned a dear friend, is it really large enough? While watching the lady think about the soap, we continued to carry on with our jobs.

A few minutes past and it was suggested that thinking this long was unnecessary. So the lady walked out of the room and forgot about the soap still sitting alone on the table. I think I will ask the gentleman what they suggest we are to do with this little soap, one mentioned, before leaving the room.

As the soap left the room with another, I stood waiting to hear the opinions of the gentleman in the other room. At that moment, the loud voices of many were heard all over the house, with the questioning of how and where to locate another and how bathing is now an issue for some. The lady and I, a friend, we laughed together very loudly in the back room and began to share a song. (Young and naïve by Heather Rigdon)

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The Dogs

The day arrived when each discussed there was no place for a dog to stay among friends in a room with a view.

Small dogs of many kinds and tall dogs are of a few that arrived with the owners in tears. For some already to hold the leash daily in order to keep calm and watch over what was their best friend at the time before arrival. Today will seem to be a big day, one mentioned to another, and so on.

The dogs and their owner agreed to hold a show and grooming was to become the job in hand for each. As each in gown began to groom their dogs and comb, the tears stopped at once. I'm not grooming my dog today my nails are clean and presentable; one lady spoke about in through thought.

Another lady thought aloud, this dog is well groomed and I have a friend that may utilise my assistance with explaining where the day spar is in location for her pet.

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"Do you think we may benefit with enquiring after a groomer for our beloved pets"? A gentleman mentioned to all. Many agreed and so today's discussion was spent around a simple conversation of where and when?

The hours passed and the dogs were in need of a beverage. Water with ice and cool shade to rest was thought to be the best offer.

Each dog was taken over to the Royal kennels where they enjoyed the comforts of a house and throne.

Conversation was high and the dogs were left at the door and when last heard they were still. The years have passed for some today and one enquiry did rise. Someone said, "Who has fed the dogs today?"

Each individual together decided to take a stroll over to the Royal kennels, to visit their beloved pets and to shake hands with their dogs of all heights.

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When they arrived at the Royal kennels, no one was able to locate their pets. Each walked up and back along the path in search of their own pets. Until it is suggested time to return to the house. Evening approach with its elegance and the topic was who can we trust to enquire after the missing pets and dogs?

All evening the subject was continued until it was time to retire with a few chosen friends. The morning arrived and all entered the room to meet and greet with respect and appropriately dressed, they each entered the room together.

It was half 9.00am and a note arrived. "It was to follow so".

"There has at no time ever have been pets of others allowed to stay in this the Royal kennels". And the room was filled with laughter from each, and continued to do so long after the note was read and accepted.

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Roller skates

This one morning a visitor arrived to show a few how enjoyable it was and is to feel free wearing a pair of skates. With buckles to one side and a shoe above a shoe with wheels seemed to be the in thing.

With one in gown very elegant I may add, and two children ready to have their fun, we together place our roller skates on and began to dance a dance for all to see. We chose the swan to represent us when dancing on roller-skates alike. At that moment, a duck entered the room with grace unlike any other.

The duck flew by with wings of gentle touches at the finger tips and held out one wing and a prayer for the swans.

Thanking the duck the young ladies stood tall and elegant and began to show off their feathers with grace.

Over and across the young ladies danced their dance
and were breath taking to see said the duck to another.

When each completed their display the young ladies removed their roller skates and traded their shoes for two individual pairs of ice skates.

The gowns where long and flowing in the breeze as each touched finger tips as they pass one another as they dance together in the room.

The lady duck (we mentioned to each other) was a sight to behold in beauty (we thought alike), and together watched as if an angel of grace came to deliver her spoken word that moment.

And as the lady duck looked up, my sister and I were sitting on the ceiling chandelier on either side, smiling in admiration for the duck and her dance of grace. The view was greater up here we thought. The lady duck said "Young ladies, you learn fast. I see you above... now; look slightly over and across my right ankle, to see a laugh worth a laugh".

We each held hands and slowly looked over and across the ladies ankle and there were a pair of ice-skates, in

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Place of the roller-skates on her feet. We moved across to sit together on one side of the chandelier

The skates were once worn for the purpose of the dance today only we were informed.

We each, my sister and I, mentioned to the lady duck to come up here and sit with us and together we will remain friends. Together the three ladies were equal in dance and won their rights individually.

The lady duck laughed so loudly that we came down from the chandelier fastened to the ceiling in the room, together to greet her up close standing tall. We admired her respect and charm offered.

When the morning was spent, we each together walked towards the door and as it opened in, we smiled with each other and remembered.

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A memory for two and all.

Friday, a day not wash day I hear and happy I am to privy to this information. My legs were tired and no other person was around to prevent a rest. One long enough, I thought, to allow for a change. I walk and open two doors that lead onto and down four stars.

In through a room, a place to rest from time to time when needed.

There where bricks of past history to one side, full of linen and a cushion a wall for slumber nearby me.

Over there was a cart filled with tricks and confectionary. In time I may have a chance to understand its worth I thought at the time and chose before leaving the room to stay above the eight ball, one left behind on the cart.

A friend was kind enough to place candy wheels upon the cart surface and on top of silk, to teach and learn why only.

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It was filled with colours of yellow, lime green, white and bright orange and purple was a stripe within. Much like a rainbow one mentioned back when.

I looked over to where a couple did lay together one day and one night together in marriage, and their arms and gentle hands for each other, a place each found comfort together.

I listen to a voice of beauty that surrounded me and hear a song for two.

A gentle whisper of love and honour of kindness and persistence with a difference. Whispered in through the wind that came from a window up high left open to the inch.

Will you hold me again like the day we were wed and our evenings together will befriend each other. Can I speak to you of a day or two when we were given so many flowers for our wedding day?

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I will listen close to you and hear your voice and remember. The flowers you like most I am interested in said the ladies husband to his wife.

You remember said the lady it was the carnation that began it all, the day we stood tall together and danced across the floor. It was spring and warm while I wore "don't tell me" said her husband I see you in organza and cream and a flower in your hair so rare to the touch "I am in love he thought." We look great among our friends who attended our wedding day in kindness and respect and they each gave hundreds of bouquets.

My flower in my hair was not so rare, it was hibiscus my love that caught your eye. "No" said the ladies husband, not hibiscus my darling wife. It was a camellia scented garden, where we came close together.

The gentleman's wife thought a little harder and as her gentle voice spoke into his ear, a whispers say, "that was the day we spent time together upstairs don't you remember my love"?

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The gentleman whispered, "Was it the time we made love again under the stars together"?

It was my prince, my love, and my name, the day is today we are married.

Did you plan our marriage my darling wife for today in front of all our gusts and friends? I think we need many flowers, my love to make it look like spring, the lady said." While you and I are one together and separate together my darling wife, we will forever captivate spring in weather and a temperate climate.

You my loving husband will catch cold without your handkerchiefs. Do you have each handy? Enquired his wife.

You remember everything my love said the gentleman to his loving wife. "Oh," said the lady. I thought it was you who remember to remind us. And both continue to stay together today and forever.

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That recent afternoon it was time for me to leave for a day or two, where my dearest friends and family remained.

Our laughter and friendship shared was unlike any other. I was child of 11 years or 12 years who frequently visited my cousin's house. A choice at that time was for me to grow up and learn, hear, listen, love, and care for all from Australia.

I did promise that one day I will return to knock thrice in succession in front of the white French doors and ask "how are you each one and all".

The ladies where 21 years and over and the gentleman also 21 years and over. The years were kind for some in areas and to each alike. For a few, the hard days were today, and for most the memories shared together will stay.

They will stay within a life, their life by their own choice each chose to be in. It was a life to keep and unlike any other, I think.

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These small stories brought forth
a smile in life.

May I say Thank You.

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