

THE DAY SHE ARRIVED

I like that weird feeling of sneakiness you get lying in bed, in the dark, during the early hours of the morning, when you're awake but your eyes are still shut. You lean your head towards the direction where you know the clock radio sits and slowly open one eye. Slowly gaining some focus in that eye, with anticipation that it's still early enough to go back to sleep and continue that delightful dream you were in. Oh yes, it's only 2:14 am, I've got lots of time. I rolled back and my dream continued.

'If you tossed and turned last night my friend, it was because you were busy being a part of my dream', I said to myself. The dream was fragmented, three sections in all, with a strange seemingly weak web holding them together. But still this fine strand was strong enough to hold all the dream fragments together.

Fragment one.....

A group of my athlete buddies were doing a run from a distant village in the mountains down to a small town next to river. I was riding my mountain bike, carrying water and snacks, ferrying these back and forth for the guys. I said to the guys I would probably ride twice as far as they will run today. The single track through the woods was comfortable for me to ride, but then there were sections where we had to scamper down some very rocky tracks. Carrying the bike on my shoulder and walking these sections of the trek was the only way, it was completely unrideable.

Fragment two.....

It didn't seem to take us long to reach the coffee shop come café. Sitting there in the café talking about our mornings venture, we laughed and carried on like most athletes who just can't get enough of any run. Leaning my head back looking up at the blue sky, taking that last mouthful of coffee from my cup thinking what an absolutely beautiful day. I glanced forward, the café's front door made a loud creaking noise as it opened. It was her. She seemed startled for a moment. I didn't know how to react, should I jump up and greet her with a loud 'Hello'. That would be difficult, the jump up bit, my legs are shot from the mornings ride. With a large smile on my face I called out her name.

Just as I called out her name she spotted me, her look was piercing and her pace quickened towards me. As I slowly got to my feet she reached the table, arms were out-stretched and she hugged me with the might of a bear. She kissed me, pulled back, and looked deeply into my eyes.

"OMG I can't believe you're here, in the same place", she said.

We sat and chattered like two Dandelion seeds floating in the wind.' Our conversation rambled to and fro, it was wonderful. She left just as quickly as she came.

Fragment three.....

It was now evening, my buddies and I had changed and were sitting at the same coffee shop café looking at the dinner menu. And like a dream, the loud creaking noise of the opening door broke the silence in the room. I glanced up from the menu I spotted her again. No way! I thought, she couldn't be coming through the same door as she did that morning. I was a little hesitant in calling out her name. The hair style was different, the attire was not the same. I walked over and said hello.

She had been to the hairdressers.....her hair was long, very long. There were two layers, bottom layer was black and very curly while the top was straight and dyed blonde. I

was still a little unsure whether it was her or someone else. I didn't feel comfortable with the look, it wasn't her. Her chit chat wasn't the same, the content of her words didn't mesh with me at all. She said she had to go, the mayor had called.'

I awoke with a smile, it was still early but a great time for a hot coffee sitting outside on the veranda watching the sun come up. My veranda seat is quite old, still in good condition and very comfortable, a great friend. Before I start any day I spend some time sitting here, watch the sun rise listening to the peaceful sounds of the backyard. I plan my day just as the birds begin their day.

Rinsed my cup and got out all the gear to make a couple of loaves of bread for the coming week. I've always loved the smell of fresh bread cooking. It was from all those years training on my bike, in the early mornings riding past the local baker. I grew to love that smell. I mix all the ingredients by hand. Nearly bought one of those Bread Makers once but I do love process in making it by hand, it's such a physical, satisfying, rewarding chore for me.

I piled some flour on the kitchen side bench and made a well in the centre. I kept swirling my hands slowly forming a perfect circle. I shake my head and wonder what makes me do that. The perfect circle doesn't make the bread taste any better, I just do it. Makes me smile anyway. I begin the mixing process, bringing the flour and the water mixture together. I was in the middle of that part where flour and water should be of a porridge consistency but today it was bit sticky. Need some more flour. As I began to push off some of the excess mixture from my fingers the door bell rang.

"Won't be long", I called out.

No reply, that's strange most of my friends yell back something.

"Won't be long", I called out again. Still no reply.

I walked over to the hallway to see if I could identify the door bell ringer. All I could see was what looked like a lady with light coloured hair through the stained glass door panels. With hands covered in wet dough and fingers pointing to the ceiling, couldn't have drips on the floor, I walked to the front door.

"Please come in, the door is unlocked, my hands are full".

As the door started to open I could smell her perfume, I felt breathless, I was overwhelmed, was it her. She walked in, she could see I was vulnerable, she hugged me so tight and kissed me. I was now totally breathless. Dreams of this day have been with me for a long time, and now it's for real. My arms left that 'save the floor' position and I put my arms around her.

The overpowering warmth that hits you, that loving feeling, so hard to explain.

"Welcome back, it's been so long, I've missed you".

My eyes shut with a small tear, I hugged her '*with the might of a bear*', my only thought was, 'this was the best day ever'.

Buzz, buzz, the door bell rang out, but the door is open and there is no one in sight. Buzz, buzz it rang again. Oh no, I was dreaming, it was the alarm. I woke up with a smile as I do and headed to the kitchen for my morning coffee.

Kenneth AA Sep 2014