

## A Knock at the Door

by Melody Bertucci

She inspected her surroundings and was hypnotised by the scenery she was greeted by. A little blue house in the middle of nowhere. The porch was surrounded by both floor pots and hanging pots, filled with various colourful and sweet-smelling flowers and on one side, a lovely swinging bench.

In front of the house there was what at first seemed like a small pond, but as you went past the overflowing weeping willow, it opened into a delightful little lake. A pastel blue, wooden rowing boat bopped about and a little family of Mallard ducks, enjoyed circling it as if playing a game of chase.

The lady that lived in this exquisite house, opened the front door equipped with gardening tools in a wicker basket. She had long, curly, red hair and a white sun hat. Her dress was very colourful and bohemian in style and she walked bare foot.

She tended to her flowers on the porch, tidying and snipping where needed with a tender touch. The lady seemed to greet every pot warmly and then began to sing softly. Taking time and great care, and it showed as all the flowers bloomed vibrant and proud.

When finished with the pruning, she made her way towards the lake, appearing to be floating more than walking. Standing at the edge of the lake, the family of Mallards seemed to recognise her and made their way towards her. She opened her hand and one duck at a time, they delicately pecked at whatever she was offering to them. Some of the ducks even allowed her to stroke their head. The whole scene becoming ever more so nurturing as it unfolded. Once they were fed, she walked back to the house and made her way to the front door, which she'd left open.

She walked over to her country style kitchen and put the old-fashioned kettle on the AGA cooker. She took a cup from the shelf and placed a tea bag in. Trying to busy herself, she started rearranging the pots of fresh herbs on her breakfast isle, when suddenly a knock at the door startled her and made her jump.

Stopping mid-track, she walked towards the front door.

“Who is it?” she asked in a soft and delicate voice, but there was no reply. She asked again and once more the reply of silence is what contested her question. So, she slowly opened the door.

No one was there. She looked around, but there were no traces of tire marks on the gravel leading up to the house. Curiously, she looked around the house and up to the pond, but the only sign of movement were her own footprints.

Confused she returned home and just as she was about to open her door, she noticed something colourful on the swinging bench on the porch. A bouquet of Gerberas, her favourite flowers. She took in their sweet scent and a smile materialised on her face.

Mystified, she returned to the kitchen, flowers in hand. The kettle was now making its presence known and that’s when she saw it. A mysterious handwritten card on the breakfast isle.