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Memordream

by Candida Lloyd

I have this memory.
I think I dream about it sometimes.

It is a picturesque summers day. Not a cloud adorns the sky. A gentle breeze chills my neck and my ears. The hairs on my neck, sway like reeds on a pond bank. I close my eyes and take a deep breath of life into my contented soul. The beautiful free birds serenading their approval of the day too. Their enchanting songs, humming and chiming through my chest like grand ma ma's piano play. Their heavenly sounds echo through my senses, as I try to hang on to every note. I share a warm smile with my self alone.

Then, I am more than a little annoyed when I am picked up and perched onto a chair far to big for me and hear voices of which I have never heard before. I try to peer over the table, but my lack of height fails me. So I am forced to kneel on my clean, unwrinkled white dress (very unladylike). My eyes are filled with wonders and temptations of various shapes and sizes. Strawberry's, truffles, eclairs and...whozits and whatzits that I have yet to learn the names for. "Its an outdoors party" I think to myself. Mama and Pa are laughing with the other people occasionally looking down at me, checking on me.

This is where my memory gets a little hazy. As I have said, I have dreamt this memory..many times in fact. So you would think that this little moment in time is clear as crystal to me. Of course, sometimes its hard to remember where a memory ends and a dream begins. I remember colours, the feathers and dandelion fronds, floating as if out to sea, on that wonderful breeze. But...I could've swore I spotted a very finely dressed ant clutching onto a frond as if it were a kite. It even glanced to look at me and smiled, tipping his shiny top hat.

The sight was baffling yet enchanting at the same time as I was unable to look away.

The ant floated, quite cheerfully, for a time, until it came to rest...by his very own outdoors party. A tiny table, with tiny glass wear and tiny desert spoons and tiny plates laid ready for the ant and his family. Mummy ant, toddler ant and baby ant. This was all very queer, I thought. It seemed to be getting dark now. The sun was starting to set and the once bright afternoon now seemed to be drenched in a river of purple/blue mist.

Knowing that I'd be taken indoors soon, I quickly crouched down to the ant and his family and spoke gently. "What are you doing in my dream?" I joked.

The ant looked at me earnestly. He smiled.

"How do you know your not in 'her' dream?" He gestured with a little anty finger.

I frowned, but looked to where he was pointing. There under a tree, quite still, quite asleep...was me. I felt sad. The colour slowly drained from my face. "No! Don't wake up!" I said. But it was too late. I disappeared altogether.

I have this dream.

I think I remember it sometimes.

I wake by a tree and see my friend the ant and his family.

He smiles. "Come on over for tea." he says.