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## Two Visitors After a Party

A timed exercise

by Sho Botham

I love the stillness of a room after a party. It's like noticing the pause between breaths when meditating. There is something precious about that brief time between the partying ending and the cleaning up beginning. Although there are parties when the pause might be slightly longer and last into the following day.

After one particularly good party early in the New Year it was approaching morning before everyone either left or retired to sleep. At an un-post-party-like time my mother took a small bottle of sherry up to visit my elderly grandmother. Having been disturbed I got up and made a start with cleaning the studio. Glasses and tumblers were everywhere. Surprisingly the piano was looking untouched. Soon I was carrying trays of glasses to the kitchen hoping that it would all be clean and back to normal by the time my mother returned.

When the front door opened and in walked my mother with two very tall, smartly dressed young men, I was very surprised. She had only been gone a short time and who were the men she had brought back with her?

She took the men through into the sitting room and came back out to the hall to tell me that the two young men were Americans and had turned right and bumped into her car not realising that they couldn't turn right on a red light here. Mother had brought them back to give them a cup of tea. She went back through and I followed with a tray of glasses for the kitchen.

As I passed my mother asked the two chaps if they would like a drink but they said no, they don't drink, they are Mormons. Oh I didn't mean that sort of drink, said my mother. I meant a cup of tea.

They looked at each other before one asked, what is it you run here. This place smells like a brewery. Mother tried to make matters better by explaining that it was a ballet school but we'd just had a New Year party. When the two men left they clearly didn't know what to think. I am not sure that they bought the idea of the ballet school.