

## Would you like to share your story with me?

by Rosalyn Hurst

On a nice day, when the summer sun had warmed the stones on the old wall, Rose would leave the house to sit quietly watching the cattle in the fields, or look up to see if the swallows would swoop across the hayfield that lay behind the farm. The cat would follow her out and snooze on her lap or under the hedge near her feet.

And sometimes, as it happened on this day, she was joined by her two friends, Daisy and Iris, who like herself loved to sit on the wall and have a chat.

There was little traffic. The children were still in school, it would be another hour at least before their bus would grumble up the steep hillside.

But then they could hear puffing, and looking expectantly down the road, saw a struggling lone figure, on an expensive mountain bike.

The cyclist first looked surprised to see the three women, smiling encouragingly at him.

“Only another ten miles and you’ll have reached the top of the pass,” Rose said, knowing full well it would give the cyclist an excuse to dismount and pass the time of day.

“Now what brings you so far from town, young man?” a smiling Daisy asked with all the ingenuity and cunning of the older woman.

“You look to me as if you have something on your mind,” added Iris with a warm, kindly voice.

“Don’t be surprised,” added Rose, “there are many that come this way on a lovely summer’s day with the bees buzzing in the meadow flowers and the breezes flowing down from the mountains. Would you like to share your story with us? It will go no further than flight of this little butterfly and we shall be as silent as my old cat sleeping in the hedge.”

The cyclist made a decision. He took a deep breath and began.

“I have a very ambitious wife,” but he paused, troubled.

Rose muttered “always the woman’s fault.”

The cyclist did not hear, “and I have many relations,” he continued.

“Yes,” agreed Iris putting a hand out to touch his shoulder, to offer him some comfort, “I understand.”

“And I am not sure if I could do the job, my wife thinks so, but it would take a lot of planning.” He tailed off and looked miserable.

“Well,” offered Daisy, “what I say is, if you really want something, then give it your best.”

Rose and Iris nodded in agreement, then Daisy added, “and what, son, is the job that you have in mind?”

Suddenly the wind blew down from mountain, and an icy chill disturbed the women as he replied, “I want to be king.”