



## The White Elephant

by Sho Botham

She stepped lazily one foot after the other along the path. She was not aware of where she was or where she was going. Her head was too full. No space to think about her destination.

Thousands of steps later she still stepped lazily one foot after the other. The path finished a long way back. She was walking across a grassy strip by some houses, small cottage-style houses. She didn't notice them. She didn't notice anything.

Onwards she stepped lazily one foot after the other her pace never changing. Her heart rate stayed steady. Her breath quiet and calm.

No one seemed to notice the woman encased in white muslin stepping lazily one foot after the other. Gliding across paths and grassy strips. Never stopping just continuing her relentless journey.

Children played and laughed beside her as she stepped lazily one foot after the other. They didn't notice her. She left no footprints, no evidence of her being there.

Her white muslin floated in the breeze as she stepped lazily from one foot to the other. A twig sticking out from a shrub caught a corner of her white muslin. She carried on not noticing the tug of the material as it ripped. A small strip of white muslin dangled from the twig.

The lightweight material hung differently from her shoulders as she stepped lazily from one foot to the other. She didn't seem to be aware that a small piece was missing as she continued her endless journey.

"Look," said Mary to her husband Gary, "what's that hanging from that twig?"

"I don't know," he said walking towards it. He lifted the strip of white muslin off the twig and handed it to Mary.

"It's a bit of muslin," said Mary looking at it. "Ah, isn't that nice, there's a tiny white elephant embroidered in the corner?"