

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

Starring Part

by Grant Mcfarlane

"It all started with a dream." Gabby began, pensively considering Mr. Halfabout's reaction as she lay prone on the chaise lounge. His back upright against the chair served to emphasise both his stoutness and ill-fitting shirt. The angle from which she gazed allowing sight of a narrowing of his eyes above his tortoise neck, jutting out to camouflage his plethora of chins.

Gabby paused to consider why this man, whose function was to assess her psychosis, seemed so detached from his own reality. The specificity of his vanity so concentrated on his, admittedly, handsome face seemingly overriding any base acknowledgement of his obesity and button-popping revelations of his flesh.

"Please continue, Miss. Head. Tell me about this dream."

Upon hearing his detached tone, Gabby reminded herself that such gentlemen are rarely interested in her dreams. Rambling recollections of a memory being filed, accompanied with a childish grasping at meaning, rarely captured their attention, beyond perfunctory note-taking. She decided to choose a different direction in her proposed narrative.

"Forgive my silence, Sir. I only now realised something." Staring doe eyed at Mr. Halfabout, Gabby continued, "That you were in my dream. I just had to give myself a moment. And. Well. To gather myself. Would it be inappropriate of me to do so, now that you know you were present in it? Should I still continue?"

Mr. Halfabout reclines his chair slightly, deftly stretches out his right leg before swinging his ankle across to rest on his left knee. Leaning forward to lean his elbow on his right knee, he poses with his thumb against his chins and cradles his mouth. With warm eyes and a reassuring smile he softly speaks, "Of course, my dear. Please. Continue."

Gabby notices how this new pose shrinks his significant frame. And, while relishing in the immediate audience enrapturement in her tale, she unconsciously squeaks a shudder at the vainglorious display.

A dream, apparently, is only ever of interest when one appears in it.