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## The Dream Diary

by Victoria Watson

Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> July 1923

I am exhausted. Last night was such a gas and worth the shadows under my eyes, I've already cut the cucumber slices! Charlie had his birthday bash on a boat, the place nearly sank from all the champagne we got through. It was the cat's whiskers it really was. Audrey wore her black silk evening gown but looked rather sniffy as everyone seemed only to be talking about my little sequins number. Barty proposed twice! What a bore but he is such a hoot. Only he could pull off a turquoise cravat and mustard yellow spats! He is an utter darling and has oodles of money but Hetty would never forgive me, she is still totally sappy about him.

Dior telephoned yesterday and they want me to fly to Paris for the Autumn show, isn't that darling? Audrey looked livid, talk about green. I know she desperately wants poor Charlie to take her to all the shows so you can imagine the pout she had on during our lunch at Claridge's, it was enough to put me off my consommé but I rose above as Mummy always tells us. Rise above darling, rise above.

Mummy wrote to tell me how wonderful the season is, old Davenport has been magnificent and Daddy is so thrilled with him. She begged me to come down to Hangerton for one of the winter balls, but I may just be too busy dancing down the Champs-Élysées to get down there. Poor old Mummy I know how she misses me but what's a girl to do? Life here in London Town is just too exciting to miss.

Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> October 1924

I only have a few minutes while I wait for my crumpets. I don't know if I will ever sleep tonight for, I am off to New York in the morning, can you believe it. Chanel wants me to take the new collection to the catwalks there. Last night I went to a hilarious play by Noel Coward, he is such a dear. He kept telling me I had the most beautiful elbows and asking when would I take to the stage.

I told him with my memory I would never remember my lines. He didn't think that was too much of a problem.

Mummy sent me another hamper from Fortnum's; I haven't the heart to tell her I gave the last one to Doris, I'm just never in you see. Roger and I went to this fabulous jazz club, they had all these exotic birds in cages and the whole place was lit up with paper lanterns, it was like a dream. They were playing this darling music too; Roger tells me all about it but I cannot remember all the details. He is such a cocaine fiend though he really is, a total sweetheart for a night out, the real cat's pyjamas, but such a bore after two, I will have to shake him off somehow.

Audrey is such a darling she has just been asked to ...

Eloise, what are you doing up here?

Eloise slammed the book shut with such force a cloud of dust rose up into the air and wafted around her head.

I was just going through this box of old things from Granny. Are you sure it should go to the charity shop? Some of it is lovely Mum. Have you seen this diary?

I haven't got time to go through each box dear, Granny was such a hoarder, it will all have to go, we just haven't got the room.

But Mum, why didn't you tell me about all the exciting stuff she did?

What exciting stuff love?

You know, all the parties and trips to Paris and New York. She modelled for Chanel Mum and seems like a real party animal too.

What? Granny, a model. I don't think so Eloise. Where have you got all this from?

Well from the diary in the box of course. She was a real flapper mum; she had a whale of a time.

Oh, that old thing, no darling you've got it all wrong. Granny called it her Dream Diary. She wrote about the life she dreamed up you know. Granny worked in Woolworths all her life, she might have gone to a few birthday parties and worn some nice frocks but it was very home spun, the closest she got to Paris was a weekend in Brighton with your GrandDad

Just a life dreamt up really. Maybe she should have been a writer instead ...