



ChimDingo Publishing – Life Story

“An As Yet Unnamed Story”

Author's Note: This is an extract from a true story. It is a wonderful love story but the timing of people meeting in this life is not always ideal and sometimes things aren't meant to be. It has humorous, tender and romantic moments, issues around the meeting of different cultures (Australian and Mexican) and concerns someone who forever changed my life for the better. I need to fictionalise it so it becomes more anonymous and trusts aren't broken.

Chapter 1 Part 1 - Taking the Plunge

Silently the boom raised its slender arm, the sunlight glinting off its surface, the sentinel welcoming or perhaps indifferent to the stream of entrants. A hedged lined roadway with a return path around a circular garden straight ahead and a branch off to the left leading to unseen destinations beckoned. Into first, a tight left turn, slip into a car space, silence the beast and step out.

It felt strange to be here, a feeling of apprehension. Was it my time to be here? Regardless I was here, decisions taken, no going back now, here at University finally after such a long time; time to revive the hopes and dreams long since abandoned.

I took slow deliberate steps down that blacktop, past the rose gardens, the sterile but authoritative looking office blocks, like so many fingers on a hand, watching, waiting. A pause to gaze at the sculpture, the metal tinged with green, perched in that central vantage point. What stories could it tell?

Through the glass doors, xxxxxx for Management, the words announced without being asked. Down the corridor, up the staircases, no, past the staircase and last on the left.

My tall figure stood framed in the doorway. A semi-circular room with terraces, with not rice growing, but chairs, multitudes of them, facing their sun, the stark expanse of a whiteboard. There were others there, the early risers, keen to secure a good position, nervous perhaps. Was it their first time?

In the middle about half way down on the left, that seemed safe, close enough to see, far enough away to blend. Like flowers awaiting the warming sun, we sat, nothing much said, checking the clock which was behind, forcing eye contact in the process. The room soon filled.

She approached, confidently, not outwardly but her demeanour. Her hair was magnificent, long and dark, she had a natural beauty, not a cosmetic case one. A dark sweater complimented her hair and complexion and subtly hinted at her womanhood.

She was not Australian but I smiled and said “Giddyay”; I don't know why, I can be quite shy, more so when it's a beautiful woman and she was the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on. She smiled back from those sparkling brown orbs. There was a quality, an aura, of something deeper, as yet undefined.

The French call it a “coul de fautes”, an instant attraction when eyes meet and a spark is ignited. Not that I'm religious and not for a minute did I think she'd be interested but I thought my prayers had been answered, this day was shaping up differently than I'd envisaged.

It would be an hour before I spoke to her properly, to know her name, to know where she was from. That hour was an eternity.