

"Life"

Chapter 6

You thought it was the conclusion

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You think it ends, yet can love ever end. Not a question. Messiness. Scribbled Tanya on the piece of paper. She look longingly at Kile again. Somehow she didn't know his laconic attitude was really a little boy hiding away. Kile looked pensive in the office like there was something on his mind. He had called her, for once, to tell her to stay a little bit longer with Destiny. Which was strange. Maybe he was shaken, like her seeing an ambulance take someone out of the office.

"Want some tea Kile?" Asked Tanya.

Kile is looking down, scribbling something.

"Kile?" Asked Tanya. Kile didn't move, his hands were shaking, like a nervousness, somehow bringing something in Tanya like a balloon growing inside her of anticipation. Could he be thinking about.. rings, bells. A drop in breath in her, it was getting serious yet when she looked into his eyes they seemed red.

"I.. have a problem." Said Kile, unusually stammering, almost afraid.. a little boy. Tanya put her arms around him, his head against her breast.

"Excuse me," said a voice.

"Oh it's okay Kile, I love you," mumbled Tanya.

"Your drooling on my shirt," said the voice more irritated.

Tanya jolted, waking him. She realised she'd fallen asleep in the airport. Time. 19:11. Bugger, missed the plane. And now in airport with my luggage and no where to go. Also no Kile. Note to diary may be ending up talking like Rene Zellwegger for rest of life. Must stop. Stop.

Kile realised there was a problem now. Dead lesbian in office who is trying to frame me. Tanya gone, suddenly feeling a bit of a Hugh Grunt. Not sure what to do and feeling a bit sheepish. In times of emergency go through the roller deck. Kile sits down quietly and starts making calls.

Problem solved, didn't know old Blairley got into the police. He was always such an idiot at school but somehow got to be head of the met. Now next problem, getting that girl Tanya back here. Okay time: 19:11. Need to come up with serious bullshit this time. Okay lets see where Aeofie lives.

The door of Aeofie's flat was easier to get in than I thought. Looking around he finds novels, books, a strange little pipe of some sort. Not sure what it's used for. Some lesbian thing he thinks or something. Throwing it away he finds a scrunched up bit of paper. Seems to have something like a poem on it. Bingo.

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Tanya walked around the airport, people sitting around waiting for their great holiday they've been looking forward to. Yet arguing, bored and running away to somewhere else to be bored and arguing. Clattering kids and clamouring mothers. Father's in sunglasses and unstylish gaudy shirts dozing away, waiting. We were all doing that all the time, waiting and running away and waiting and then running away. Was this wrong she thought. She decided in times like this she'd call Destiny.

"Hi honey," said Destiny on the phone.

"Big big problem," said Tanya.

"So you want to get back with Kile, I'll come and pick you up," said Destiny.

"No worse, no Kile, missed plane, lost in airport and talking like I'm Fidget Moans film and worried I'm going down the same way," said Tanya.

"Okay.. it's not that bad," said Destiny, "We can meet up at the airport and we can discuss this,"

"Aren't you worried about the paparazzi here," said Tanya.

"Don't worry we're going to the executive lounge," said Destiny.

"You mean the A-list one, I thought that was a myth,"

A beautiful lounge, Italian furniture that seemed to move to the body, somehow in flux with immobile shapes of curves and innovation. New. Contemporary. Luxury. Rich. A man in a uniform brought Tanya and Destiny drinks with the smile of wonder mixed with contemplation. Tanya looked at the tv screen in the room playing South Park. Jesus and Satan were on there having a debate about which way America should vote in the upcoming elections.

"I really don't know what to do anymore," said Tanya.

"Well you're always lost in a big way. Only thing he's lost just thinks he's reading the map right," said Destiny.

A woman sits next to them reading a magazine intently. Tanya glances at it. Religion or dieting, what's more important? Reads the headline.

"Excuse me but what magazine is that?" Asks Tanya, somehow confused.

"Oh it's Vogue Taliban, a new thing in my country," said the lady.

"Oh I see like a hearts and mind thing the US is doing?" Said Tanya.

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"Oh its what everyone reads these days, all the best tips on how to keep your husband happy and whats stylish in the streets of Kabul." Said the lady.

"So what we really need is some way for you to work out what you really want," said Destiny.

"It's always so scary, so confusing, like you just never know and you always think you've found the one and then they seem to fly away," said Tanya.

"So what we need in this country is morals, like more democracy and more liberation," says Satan on the Tv screen debate.

"You know what you need?" said Destiny.

"What?" Said Tanya.

"Picture it now, Kile in a church, a groom whose mansion will be your palace. Yeah you'll be doing his will for all eternity. But honey, ask him for the bread of your being. Ask him to give yourself to him. Holy is this bread. Okay, he'll always boss you around but together children will come. Why not forgive him, but only as he forgives you. Maybe that might be the best way to deal with him. Now girl, don't let him lead you away from him, that's not what you really want. Now you don't want to become like Fidget Jones in the films do you? For years of marriage, the credit card and the wedding day photos for ever and ever. That's the deal with marriage," said Destiny.

"Great, but I cannot call him. After everything he's done. He'd get the idea he could just do this again and again, where would I be then," said Tanya.

A uniformed man approached them. They said they needed to talk to Tanya. She was lead away with Destiny arguing with one of them who took her aside as she fumbled with him.

In a room alone. It's a strange kind of feeling imprisonment of any kind. A kind of discipline it puts your mind into. A strange barred cell within one's mind, a powerful frightening fatherland that's in many ways become so large it engulfs the very country one lives in. Surrounds us and all around, abounding in control. Foucault said that society's structure was crazy, it starts off really well then kind of becomes the old grind again and again with the ring lost down a sink and the wedding dressed oiled and tattered in a garage wardrobe you never walk into ever again.

A shadow at the door. In came Kile. My God.

"Kile, what's happening," said Tanya, somewhat confused and jubilant.

"I heard from an old friend you'd been put on a terrorist watch list and were about to be shipped to guantanamo bay. Lucky for you I talked to my old friend in british intelligence and the home office minister and have with great trouble got you out of this." Said Kile.

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"Oh Kile, you're the best! I thought I was done for," said Tanya.

"And, I really am sorry, I even wrote this poem for you," said Kile, somewhat sheepish and a little weak, almost crying. "It's called the healing,"

Tanya took a deep intake of breath as he read a beautiful poem, like nothing she'd ever heard. He had hidden depths and seemed somehow to have learned his lesson.

"I love you Kile, I forgive you, really we.." said Tanya.

"Marry me," said Kile embracing Tanya as she fell back onto the interrogation table.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Tanya.

THE END.

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