

‘Rejuvenation’ A New Lease on Life

“Shall I replenish your drink, Sir?” she smiled and winked as she asked, holding a large bottle of sparkling white wine with two hands.

“Top her up Love.” He slurred as he took a closer look, his eyes sliding from her face to her ample cleavage. “I don’t know why I drink this stuff?” he asked himself as he stifled a hick up with his large calloused, working man’s hand. “Pardon.” He knew his usual mild-mannered behaviour was starting to be affected by the wickedness from those bubbles, that managed to trap more alcohol inside their orbs than he was comfortable with.

“I’ll come back shortly with a tray of snacks. That will help you managed those hick ups, Sir.” It might also help with the absorption of the alcohol and hopefully return him to the lovely gent she had waited on the day before. She had been hired because she was what was referred to in the trade as a mature hostess, who would be able to manage these country chaps and guide them into the correct way to behave in one of the city’s better establishments. She would set the standard of acceptable behaviour. She was polite, firm, kind but took no nonsense from the cliental and she kept a vigilant eye on the younger hostesses. Her trim figure belied her age and now that she was in her fifties, she felt the world would soon be hers to explore. A few more years of saving and settling the children and she would be free to travel. She had dreams.

He too had dreams and he also longed for the freedom to travel. He had only ever been an armchair traveller encouraged mainly by TV documentaries. His sixties had been spent drought proofing the farm. He had taken on the offer of leasing some of his land to a wind turbine company which would provide income when things got tough. It seemed like the best solution providing security for the family. He felt sad that he had not had that opportunity while his wife had been alive. They had struggled, sometimes for years. Her life had been hard and yet she had instilled the love of the land in their boys. The boys had gone away to study and had returned with new knowledge, to make a better go of farming than he had. Farming had changed but his love of country life had not. Now there were more opportunities and that was why he had come to the city. He was attending a celebration weekend to toast the success of the windmills. He had been one of the first farmers to lease some of his land. He was happy to be here but wished that they served some beer instead of this awful white bubbly stuff with an unpronounceable foreign name.

“Here we are Sir, try these canapes. The egg ones with the slice of olive served on a wholemeal cracker with a dash of mayonnaise are particularly nice.” She passed him a small napkin with which to hold the small delicacy. Small was the correct word for them as they only seemed to be as small as his thumbnail.

“And what is that?” he asked pointing to another canape.

“That Sir, is pate with a half cherry-tomato and a dash of Dijong mustard. Also recommended.” Once again, his hand reached out to sample this one. She watched how

delicately his hand managed to pick up the canapes despite its size. She smiled to herself, she would have to try and get to know more about the man.

“They are quite nice but not very filling, are they? A decent size egg sandwich followed by a ham and tomato one would do the trick. Fill you up a bit, stop the worms biting so to say.” He too smiled. He would really have to get to know this intriguing woman better.

“That is because you need to leave some room for dinner. It will be in the dining room next door. I might see you in there, I’m due to serve dessert, after I clear up here.” Now she had even surprised herself with her boldness. She was flirting with him.

“I see.”, was all he said and nodded politely as she went to move away. “Was she flirting with me, or just being polite?” he murmured under his breath. “We will have to wait and see.” Dinner was starting to sound more interesting. It might be a good weekend yet?

He was just about to give up on seeing her when she walked in carrying a tray of desserts. Each bowl contained two scoops of mint coloured ice-cream with windmills made of chocolate stuck into them. A great finale to a great night of celebration. It wasn’t until he went to tilt his bowl that he noticed a piece of paper tucked under it. Opening it he read, *Would you like to go on a picnic tomorrow? I’ll take you on a mystery tour and show you the town. Ring me 096752771.*

After a night of tossing and turning he finally decide to give her a ring. They met in the park and walked a while until they found a good place to enjoy the picnic she had brought. “These are the most delicious egg sandwiches ever.” He bit into them with gusto. “The ham and tomato are fantastic as well. How did you know they were my favourite? And you brought along a bottle of beer to wash them down. I’m in heaven! I feel rejuvenated!”

They promised to keep in touch and would meet up the next time he had business in town. She promised to come and visit him in the country and see the real windmills. Every time they saw each other they seemed to be getting younger, they energised each other. Would they follow their dreams and travel? Perhaps in time but for the moment they were enjoying what they had.