

The Pink Pavilion bijou b&b presents

Life – Chapter 3

A serialized romantic novel available for free from www.brightonpavilion.co.uk

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“Elusive.. exclusive, ravishingly romantic”

Chapter 3

Waking up. It's the reverse of sex, a film being rewound, as eyes open, bodies move out of bed, clothes previously discarded are picked up and worn. As slow motion movie, it is the unwrapping of a previous night's passion and excellence. Like a Martin Amis novel it is the reverse of those feelings, excitement replaced by regret, fast with slow gentle movements of mind and body, erection with flaccidity, hot sex with cold sweat. Judging the performance of his lover of the night, the night where his life changed... forever. Kile was unusually embarrassed, as if the toothed vagina of Tanya had cut something off himself, apart from the obvious. As smells replaced theramones and living the rest of your life became the moment to last forever, Kile looked at a semi dressed Tanya bending over to pick up her tights. With a smile she looked round and saw something different in this man. But this is later, much later in the story. Predestination is a necessary part of the novel, the story, of life. It is often a hidden feeling, as one knows the protagonist is going to always be alright, yet somehow it is how she gets there that is more important. Reader forgive me for letting the cat out of the bag. For though spoiling a story is sometimes seen the result of skipping to the end, giving oneself the hope that comes from knowing the future is the ultimate fantasy. So let us begin where we left off.

Destiny

A woman is walking through an airport terminal, having got off the plane, bag in hand. Music plays in the background. Destiny McCabe took in a deep breath of English air. A different kind of taste on the pallet, as if the place was somehow tinged with a little red wine. Facing the world, there was this moment when people were oblivious to her, a welcome draught of the good ale of anonymity and privacy.

“Hey Destiny! Give us a smile love!” cried out a voice. The paparazzi were here already. Those moments were about as short as the skirts she wore on the catwalk.

The flashes of brilliance from the photographers led to a kind of cloud of sparkly lighting bolts, flash, flash, flash. A dizzy Destiny drew down onto the floor, forming a kind of curtsy mixed with a fainting loss of strength in the legs. Overcome by jet lag, camera flashes and the softness of the air. The air that I breathe.

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Romance, Desire for romance; the unsaid, the unasked, the voice of reason drowned out in a madness overcome and deafening in its power, the gift, the meal, lights and sparkly things, being a princess, being a goddess, being valued and respected. The tug of choices, yet to have no choice. Being wooed by the glamour of the empty undeserving media icon status. Value was nothingness, yet nothing could be more valuable. Herself, her story, her life on the pages, that became part of everyday conversation, trees in a forest clogged together by the grapevine gossip, the tittle tattle of titillation and tribulation at her latest and most greatest achievement, a slowing down of a woman's brain, a soma for today's brave new world.

Tanya picked up a piece of paper, half scrunched up on the floor of the office. She flattened it out and read it:

“Power
History
Getting to know someone
Love
What someone will sacrifice for love
The overpowering domination of love
The tender prison
Mixing opposites: the gentle giant, the love-hate, complementary people
Desire for glamour
Desire for romance: the unsaid, the unasked, the voice of reason drowned out in a madness overcome and deafening in its power, the gift, the meal, lights and sparkly things, being a princess, being a goddess, being valued and respected. The tug of choices, yet to have no choice.”

It was like someone had been thinking things through, making some ideas sow together, there were links like there were links between the Biblical message and environmentalism. The writing, as certain as it was a ladies, was somehow wise, lyrical yet a skeleton of the page of prose. What flesh could she put to this in her own thoughts? The meaning of love, from Socrates was the binding of two parts which had been torn apart once. Each time one joins this becomes stronger as the bone broken mends stronger. That's the hope anyway. Yet the tender prison, those words bellowed and released something in her. As if a dull opiate had been drained and a lathe had ground the spirit inside her to make flour and all that comes of that. If I am really in a prison of love, what light comes from the prism should I hold myself out to it, what rays make love, what rainbow comes of the analysis. All is an aesthetic in human natural ways. All is an aesthetic and in that prison one finds new opportunities as a hawk is imprisoned when it leaves the nest to the buffeting winds and whirly currents, ebbing and fading, waxing moon light and brilliant sunlight, all seeing of stars. Did any of this make sense or was her mind still dizzy from the encounter a day ago with Kile. He'd seemed so deeply in love with her. He seemed to show something different. Another side. Yet love was so different these days for Tanya. It seemed vital and thriving. A tonal version of The ride of the valkyries come on in the background. Tanya picked up her mobile and answered it.

“It's Destiny calling,”

“Oh hi Honey, how are you?” Replied Tanya.

“Oh bit tired, got jet lag, have you seen the papers in Paris?”

“You've got jet lag, where are you?”

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“I’m here in London, in a café in Soho. Would you like to meet up we’ve got to talk,”

“Is it another scandal?”

“Oh much bigger and I need somewhere to lie low for a while,”

“Destiny, you always seem to come at the craziest moments in my life,”

Kile walked into the office as Tanya bustled out.

“Where are you going?” Asked Kile.

“Sorry handsome, girl has needs,” said Tanya as she gave a little goodbye wave.

Kile thought, ‘I simply can’t understand this woman.’

Earlier, Aeofie enters the office and walks up to Kile who is head down finishing a report.

“Does that make interesting reading?” Asked Aeofie, with a rather powerfully penetrating gaze.

“Who are you, what do you want?” Kile.

“I’m Tanya’s lover,” replied a curt Aeofie.

“Oh, so you’re her little fling!” Mused Kile, somehow erotically enveloped, yet below the surface, seething. Aeofie walked up to Kile and slapped him round the face.

“That’s not how you talk about me, I’m not one of your girls,” Aeofie sifted round the table and sat on it, next to Kile. She moved her hand along his face. “I have a proposition for you. Your secretary, Tanya, has been telling me her little fantasies. Fantasies about a threesome with us all. Do you think you’d be interested in that?”

“Well, it’s, hmm,” baffled Kile, somehow lost for words again.

“I wouldn’t dream of some shit of a man ever entering me, but then Tanya told me how much money you have. And power. You know that’s what Tanya likes about you, that’s all you really have that interests her. So, if you want this dream to come true, then I want you to do me a favour,” said a cunning Aeofie.

“Ok, you twisted my arm, what do you want?”

“You’re going to use your company’s money to buy shares in this company I have a big position in,” said Aeofie, “then I want you to sell them at just before the closing bell,”

“I see, you want me to thrash a company so you can make money?” Said a somewhat respectful Kile.

“I’ll write down the details of the company on here,” said Aeofie scribbling away on a piece of paper.

Kile took the paper as Aeofie took out a dictation machine and pressed stop.

“Looks like I got you!” Smiled a triumphant Aeofie.

“Oh, so what is this all about?” Bemused Kile, somehow effortlessly outwitted to the point that he really now did not understand.

“You see I’ve got you on record as saying you’d embezzle funds and then manipulate the market to get some sex. Seems you’ll have to do what I want,”

“And let me guess, what you want is Tanya?” Replied a somewhat deliriously fooled Kile. “I’ll never do it, never leave her. She’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me. I just couldn’t tell her earlier. Somehow it always seemed we were from different worlds, yet after I saw her at that restaurant, saw I could lose her. Somehow the world changed then. History began again after an end of an old narrative.”

Aeofie turned and walked out of the office, somehow unhappy that this didn't cause Kile much grief, but feeling that she'd cut in with a comment,

"It's your funeral. And when you lose your job, Tanya's just not going to love you. That's what women are really like you know. You're such a chauvinist."

Kile put his head in his hands, unsure and uncertain, as if his ability to get out of any problem was blunted and dreadfully bleak, like the sun as it sets, a twilight between worlds of day and night. Somehow though there was a moment of peace as he felt that though he was in the worst situation of his life, there was something more, the meaning of his life had been found in Tanya.

Glamour

"It's the glitter... that's all it is. You ever seen that film, 'The air that I breathe,'" said Destiny.

"I think it's the air I breathe," replied Tanya in between a munch of the fabulous pretty food at a celeb A-lister only restaurant.

"I saw it a while ago. There's this singer character in it. Called Trista, which means 'sad'. She's being interviewed and it becomes a critical interview, where she has to justify celebrity. Her celebrity."

"Is she able to?"

"Not really, she ends up with dreams shattered. Well celebrity's not actually like that. You never let yourself dream, you just seem to find yourself ruler of all for a day. Then the sun sets as they all turn on you,"

"So that's why you want to hide out at my place for a while,"

"Got it girl! Ever since I had that scuffle with that dumb reporter from the TV I have been being hounded all over the place. You know I wonder if this guy was really connected, because I've been having loads of trouble getting stuff in my house to work, the electricity and water got cut off, then I get this letter from the bank that my credit card has been being used on the other side of the world to buy diamonds, which I didn't do at all."

"Yes I know, pearls are your thing,"

"So here's the deal. You help me lay low for a while and when it all blows over I'll take you to New York and we can meet all the big players and movers and shakers. All on me."

"Oh, I can do better than that."

"Hmm, what's that then?"

"You see my boyfriend,"

"Kile, yes the stuck up one,"

"He knows people in the media. He can get out a story to distract the newspapers so they forget about your little incident. Just like the Labour spin doctors do."

"That's a little cynical, but it's worth a try, what kind of story would distract them?"

"Not sure, Kile's the one with the penchant for tangled webs, I'll call him,"

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A phone rings in Kile's office. Kile looks lost and distant, wondering what to do about his problem. Aeofie wants to blackmail him, so he needs to get her discredited so that he can come out of the whole situation smelling of roses. He's done this before many times. Kile plays with an executive toy, a sort of gyroscope of

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moving planets in a solar system. He gives it a quick flick which sets it in motion, then watches as he wonders not at how he can bring it back to equilibrium but simply at the beauty of the silver rings flying round each other. Hmm, this Aeofie is quite clever, for a woman, he thinks to himself. And she had the nerve to suggest I was a chauvinist who did not respect women. Women are always like that. Kile picks up the phone.

“Kile here..” says Kile.

“Oh hi darling! Just wondered if you were okay for a favour? Really important, you see it’s Destiny,” says Tanya smoothly as a strawberry smoothie.

“Look I’ve got a lot on at the moment. Don’t have time for stupid games and nonsense. Haven’t you heard the markets are worried at the moment,”

“Don’t you remember me telling you about my friend called Destiny. The super model singer film star? She’s in big trouble. Got the media going at her hammer and tong..”

“I’ll go at you hammer and tong if you don’t get back here. We’ve got lots of work to do,” Kile says burning inside at having to be brought into something silly again.

“Okay I’ll come back let you go hammer and tong at me if you can just help me with Destiny. She needs the media off her back so why not put out a big story to distract them from talking about her,”

“Alright, there’s just no arguing with you is there. I’ll think of something but don’t even try to ask me to do this again,”

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Destiny and Tanya walk down the street, tense as people look at them, just glances that become hooked into stares.

“I think we need to move a bit quicker,” says Destiny.

“It’s not really a problem, just a few people recognising you. Familiarity,” replies Tanya.

“You never know how much you miss the anonymity of the city. I know it’s a cliché, the irony of success through fame. But it’s a deeper thing. Information and freedom. It’s all one thing. I loved it before, but it’s like those Buddhists say, you go up the mountain thinking it’s a mountain and go down it realising the mountain wasn’t really there,” muses Destiny.

“I think the mountain is still there you just realise you don’t have to see it as a mountain,”

“And Kile thinks you don’t know anything. He really does underestimate you,”

Later they return to Tanya’s flat. Destiny looks around, closing the curtains as if she is some kind of hunted criminal. She pauses pensively.

“This better not turn into a Hugh Grant film,” says Destiny.

“You mean the one with a funeral in it?” replies Tanya.

“No the one with that annoying woman in it,” says Destiny.

“Oh I really hate her,” says Tanya.

“And you hate her because?” Destiny.

“Don’t know it’s like that girl who owns the hotels and does stupid sex videos. You just hate people like that,”

“Exactly, just like a mountain you can’t get up, you watch from afar and then you want to destroy it, because its eating up your heart,” Destiny is looking at the

bookshelf. She comes across a book.

“That’s Hanif Kureshi isn’t it? Asian novels, ‘the Asian novel’. At least he can write. Not like that stupid Monica Ali crap,” says Destiny.

“What’s wrong with Brick Lane, I mean female oppression and all that, thought that would be something you’d be for,” asks Tanya.

“You think that Hanif Kureshi’s nuanced take on arranged marriages is really a more developed sense than the simple victim approach of Ali? And that’s the whole thing. Ali gives a world in which Asians are unable to enter society. Paradoxically she writes the myth in White people’s heads about Asians yet she is able to publish her book, the very fact she is published shows she is integrated into society, yet her thesis is that Asians aren’t integrated into society. Doesn’t that seem contradictory?”

“Okay head spinning a little. Must be the wine or something. So what about Kureshi then? How is he better?”

“You’d think that he presents the concepts overlapping as they really are, a Buddha in suburbia teaching white people yet he this character is actually Muslim. It’s somehow symbolic of the whole attitude that prizes a Monica Ali. Female Asian fiction needs to jump out of the myth,”

“Yes okay now you are being paradoxical. I mean your just doing the misogynists job for them, like Simone De Beauvoir said, the woman as the excluded one, the other. I mean how would you have written Brick Lane instead?” Asks a somewhat perplexed Tanya.

“Maybe I would have written a book about White people from a stereotypical form held as a prejudice by Asian people,” replies Destiny.

“But that would be racist!” Spurts Tanya.

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Kile looks through his address book. Who to try this time, maybe someone in the real gutter press. There it is, Pugo Pun, good old ‘Punner the Gunner’. He dials the phone.

“Heh ‘Punner’, it’s me ‘Boners’! How’s the old journalism going?” Says Kile.

“Well. Not bad, what’s the latest then?” says Pugo.

“Oh you know I’ve really scored, I’ve got a great bit of a love triangle going on with my secretary and her lesbian lover. Kind of seeing them both without them both knowing about it. The thing is that Aeofie, the lesbian is really a con-woman and wants to make up all these lies about me so that she can have my secretary all to herself. Would you believe that,”

“Oh, you know, privilege of sources and all that.”

“Ok, understood, will do the deed. Just worry how this can come back on you,”

“You think I care? I just like the idea that every woman in the UK knows I’ve been boning two really sexy ladies on the sly. And one of them doesn’t even like men. Boners does it again!”

“You’re either in some really big trouble or you’re completely mad. Either way same old ‘Boners’,” replies Pugo.