

## Engaging Irene©

Original draft by Alaska Madrian

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### TEMPLATE PAGE 1

Irene stood waiting while the slow steady breeze gently tucked at her flowing dress. She pulled at the leash-like beads about her neck, almost hoping that this action would lead her life in some true yet unseen direction. Pierce was late! But with certainty she knew that he would arrive – he always did, eventually.

Nevertheless she was overwhelmed with delight when she recognized the figure in the distance to be the man in her life. She wanted to run up to him and fling her arms about his shoulders in a passionate embrace. But instead she stopped herself and stood in her most dignified pose?

Since early this morning she had convinced herself that *today* was the day! The bunched-up flowers in his hand only served to confirm this belief.

Pierce always had some quirky, unpredictable surprise for her. She had grown accustomed to his inventive way of doing things and the constant expectation only increased her love for him.

Before he could properly present the bouquet, she snatched it from his hand, eagerly searching for the circular metal or gleam of light she had anticipated. Pierce was left waiting for a full minute as she, fixated, disappeared into this unreachable place.

The glow on her face mysteriously vanished, turning into a puzzled frown. But quickly recovering, she bubbled back to life and looked at him attentively.

‘She’s in one of those moods again’ Pierce thought to himself.

One of those moods when silence and inexplicable expressions alternate in a cascading, confusing pattern. Pierce had taken great pains to recognize these shifts in mood peculiar to this alien species - *namely woman* – as he had put his past relationships in jeopardy simply by ignoring these warning signs.

She waited expectantly.

‘This must be one of Pierce’s silly games again’ she mused.

Yes, but this time *she* would be the one to outguess *him*. He was probably waiting for that perfect moment so all she would do to facilitate the process was nudge him along.

Pierce was relating an incident that occurred on his way over to her, but his voice could have been a droning engine in the distance for all that it mattered to her. She hadn’t heard a word of what he said.

‘How could Pierce snub her like that?’ she cogitated confused.

Here she was putting forth all her womanly charm and all he can do is babble along about things in life so mundane that they could not remotely share any importance with a much greater treasure of the universe - *namely her*.

‘Ah, maybe he’s just nervous’ she ruminated in deceitful hope. She knew too well that Pierce was hardly nervous.

‘He’s just keeping me hanging on a string. Men –’ she rationalized; feeling an irritation she knew could only lead to anger.

‘You’re not even paying attention to me’ protested Pierce, momentarily pausing the story to find the listener.

## TEMPLATE PAGE 2

‘I am’ she lied, thinking: ‘I would listen to you if you were saying the right words, you lovable sod!’

Pierce continued and her mind instantly reverted back to her unfinished thought: ‘If he keeps me hanging on, I swear I’m going to dump these flowers in the closest garbage can on my way home!’

‘Don’t you agree?’ inquired Pierce.

She jerked back to reality; her thoughts disturbed by the sort of question that the daydreaming mind refuses to ignore.

‘Yes dear, I agree...’

Guiltily she wondered what she had agreed to, but as Pierce seemed satisfied, it was pointless peering down this darkened alley.

Pierce looked at his watch, though not fully taking cognizance of the time.

‘I have to get back to the office’ he asserted, turning to face Irene.

‘Go...? And what about my ring!’ her mind screamed in unspoken protest.

Pierce leant forward to give her their ritual goodbye kiss. She failed to come closer and he had to stretch his neck forward slightly more than usual. Pierce didn’t notice this slight snub - or simply chose to ignore it.

‘Probably moody again because I’m leaving’ he reasoned, ‘or whatever - who knew?’

With that he trudged off, leaving her benumbed by his seemingly imperious lack of concern for her deep, tender, innermost feelings.

‘Really picked the wrong day for this’ Pierce grumbled to himself, gritting his teeth. ‘Man, did she have to be moody on the very day that I had planned to propose?’

As Pierce disappeared from her sights, Irene stood staring in disbelief. She tearfully reached into her bag for her mobile phone to dial up Rina.

Rina was preoccupied and left her assistant to answer the phone.

‘I need to speak to Rina’ barked Irene.

‘Take a message...’ Rina instructed her intruding assistant.

But with Irene’s insistent attitude, the assistant was grateful to relieve Rina at the counter, waving her away to talk to the distraught woman on the other end of the line.

The story above was made possible with the collaborative input of amateur and professional writers of varied backgrounds.

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