

Shrunken Violet

Shrunken violet who used to be a beauty sunbathes in the park. She's trying to pretend she's still "got it" by drawing men into the bushes.

The tan has etched permanent lines on her face, character lines, but not everyone appreciates a matrix of lines from sun worship, loss of collagen wreaking havoc on a proud face. She is no longer young and peachy.

The conflict is her days are numbered. The mantle of Queen of the Park goes to the usurper, a carbon copy of herself when younger, but more "juicy".

So she sits trying to be dignified with her bottle of gin on her deputy throne of leaves, trying to wash away the depression.

She loves the park seeing the seasons and the flash-points of torrential rain and baking heat. Her friends are vagrants or disenfranchised. Some of them could have been "contenders" once ,or maybe not,but now they're definitely not. On a poor diet lacking vitamins. Sad really.

The park is not a place for families and conventional people. Even the cider loving schoolchildren avoid it. It is a world within a world, a set within a set like a badger's set.

Till one day she can take the pain of being second best no longer so she begs outside the supermarket to get a ticket to go to another coastal town to start afresh as NFA (no fixed address).

Myra Litton