

# **And Fernando Makes Three -Part One Ira Furor Brevis Est**

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Sunshine peeped through the parting clouds as Levi latched the metal gate behind him and rambled up the cobblestone pathway. His mind drifted back to the afternoon he had left the house full of bitterness vowing never to return; but his anger was now well and truly spent. This was no time for grudges, he needed her help and needed it bad. She was perhaps his last hope.

He stopped briefly halfway up the path and stared over at the small garden directly adjacent the fence, wondering whether the carrots he had planted were making any progress. Wanda had warned him at the time he was no green thumb. Determined to prove her wrong he had ventured into her garden shed and spray painted his left thumb with florescent green dazzle. Unfortunately in his haste he inadvertently sprayed his best jersey. Katrina was far from impressed when he arrived home that night.

Levi smiled at the memory, then continued his ascent and finally climbed the three steps onto the veranda. He drew a heavy sigh then timidly pressed the doorbell and waited anxiously.

“Maybe she’s out,” he mumbled optimistically.

“She’ll be home,” retorted VOP, the Voice of Pessimism whom lived somewhere within his subconscious, constantly filling his thoughts with the worse-case-scenarios. “She always is at this time of day.”

“You might be right Levi. Don’t dillydally,” countered VOR, the voice of Rationality who co-shared the subconscious, offering sounder advice. “We can always call by another time.”

Levi leaned against the glass door and peered in. He could see down the narrow passageway and the first few rungs of the staircase, with that banister he used to slide-down whenever he thought Wanda wasn’t looking. She had caught him on several occasions and banished him to the naughty chair. VOM (the voice of mischief) saw it as a challenge and urged Levi to continue defying at all costs; which he did until the day her paddle convinced him otherwise.

His watch showed that it was 5:35pm. Time was marching on. He glanced over his shoulder at the bike below to make sure no one was tampering with it. The last thing he needed was for some lowlife to flog his only means of transportation back home. Seeing all was well he turned and pressed the bell again.

“Ira furor brevis est...ira furor brevis est” he practised quietly, a quote from Asterix and The Great Crossing (translating to “Anger is a brief madness) “Ira furor brevis est”

On inclement afternoons Levi would sit quietly at the dining table eating peanut butter sandwiches whilst Wanda helped him read Asterix comics. Her favourite characters were Cacafonix and Getafix which she used funny sounding voices for. Levi preferred Chief Vitalstatistix and Obelix Neither of them were too fussed about Unhygienix.

Those were the good memories and he missed them. It had always seemed so strange how one day two people could feel so at peace in the presence of one another. Laugh, play silly games, confide the most-deepest of secrets without the slightest fear of betrayal, and in times of sorrow lend a comforting shoulder to cry on. Then the next have their friendship torn asunder by some transgression or argument and all that was once so familiar suddenly becoming alien. The shattered fragments of Levi’s bond with Wanda would be hard to put together again, but he was willing to give it a shot.

The television was on inside the house and he could hear Judge Judy berating someone about not having bought some sort of evidence to court, calling the person “Stupid!” He thought he could also hear the sound of

footsteps. Perhaps she had seen him coming up the path and was avoiding answering the door. In some ways he wouldn't blame her if that was the case, it was her house after all. If she truly believed him guilty of the alleged transgression then perhaps her wish to have nothing more to do with him made perfect sense. He knew if the shoe was on the other foot Katrina would adopt the same attitude.

Her personality bordered on the realms of schizophrenia; one moment Miss Congeniality, the next a raging bull on steroids, though she always stopped short of violence. Mostly she just scolded or gave him timeouts when he misbehaved, but every now and then if he did something very naughty he would receive a light smack or a couple of swats the bottom with a table tennis paddle (just hard enough to deter without leaving the type of welts his previous babysitter had).

No matter how exasperated she had appeared or even the extent of his own bitterness, a truce would always eventuate and then they'd continue their friendship as though nothing had happened. Less said, sooner mended was her philosophy...or at least it had seemed that way, until the swimming pool incident. In hindsight he should never have bugged her so much to get a backyard pool in the first place.

"Come on, let's go. Time is getting on," nagged VOR.

"Yeah," agreed VOP and even VOM seemed uncharacteristically in agreement.

"Two more minutes and then we go," promised Levi, pressing the bell one final time.

Behind him came the sound of a barking. He looked round and saw a pale blue station-wagon cruising down the road. Its front passenger window slightly down and with a chocolate Labrador dog's head sticking out; its long tongue whipping in the wind. His heart chilled for a few moments for it looked similar to that of Alexander's Mother's car except for the absence of the roof rack, but even if it had of been, he doubted the driver would have been able to see him up on the veranda. He slowly calmed and studied his watch until the two minutes had passed. "Okay best be off... I can deal with this another day"

Levi retrieved the small note book, pen and cello-tape from his denim jacket. He carefully tore off a piece of paper and wrote the words "Ira furor brevis est" as neatly as he could then cello-taped it to her door and hastened back down the cobblestone pathway.

A tall slender woman in her early forties watched undetected from her upstairs bedroom window as her estranged-friend mounted the bike and pedalled back up the street.

"Poor little dear," she sighed and then took a thoughtful sip of lukewarm herbal tea.

Continues...

-Notes on Part One-

There is much that probably does not make sense with this story right now but if are willing to bear with this style of writing it will all come clear in part two. It is always fun to keep your reading audience guessing.

Sorry no hints or spoilers given for now.

Hope you will read Part two.

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