

What's in a name.

Nylon stockings, luscious red lips ripe for kissing and the warmth of his hand. Audrey reminisced whilst waiting for the 6am to Edinburgh to depart. Now she was invisible to many but inside she felt no different to all those years ago.

Who would ever have guessed the real me? The haunting tune of "Angie Baby" rang in her ears, "You're my special lady".

She pondered on her own name, she'd never really liked it. It was a respectable, acceptable name but often shortened to Aud which she loathed as she did all abbreviations. Then S.W.A.L.K. came to mind. What is wrong with "Sealed with a loving kiss." Why had she thought of that?

"Living in a world of make believe."

Closing her eyes Audrey relaxed and smiled to herself as she listened to the sound of the train pulling away. She was pleased she'd booked in advance to get a good discount, she would arrive just before lunch.

She began to think about the person she was going to meet, when her thoughts were interrupted by a booming voice, "Tickets please!"

Audrey settled back into a pleasant reverie. "Why had that lyric and its haunting tune come to mind?" she wondered, whilst watching the

slow movement of the train as it passed grimy station huts and tall, dull buildings.

The name Angie, conjured up in her mind the free spirit which was her true self, the person she had always been. That name, that song brought to the surface memories and feelings that had been deeply hidden over the years.

Angie was a much nicer name than Audrey.

Greener landscape came into view and Audrey allowed herself to drift away from her thoughts; a moment of mindfulness. Before long she was on another train a hundred years ago it seemed. A school trip to Stratford upon Avon, to see "The Taming of the Shrew".

Oh my, she thought, I was the one who needed taming!

Opening her eyes she peered vacantly through the carriage window and remembered that other carriage window when she had seen the reflection of Jim's face. She thought how easy it was to look at

someone's reflection knowing that they couldn't be sure that you were looking at them.

Then... she remembered, he was playing that song on his Ghetto Blaster, as they did back then.

“ You live your life in the songs you hear. On the rock and roll radio”.

The ticket inspector came through the carriage again checking he had seen everyone's ticket!

Where was she ...? Ah yes. They had their first kiss at the back of the carriage on the return journey. And their relationship blossomed.

Then she remembered, Jim had written S.W.A.L.K. on the back of the envelope of his first letter to her.

Was it really forty years ago? He had left her for another! Why oh why? Maybe she would find out today.

“Angie baby. Lovers appear in your room at night..

And they whirl you across the floor”.

Inspired by:

"Angie Baby" recorded by Helen Reddy.

Written by Alan O' Day

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