

A Colourful Surprise: Lynne Vertannes

The doorbell disturbed the dog, who was sleeping in her favourite spot, the outdoor cream sofa, which now had an indelible brownish patch from her consistently sleeping on it. She jumped up so quickly that the square cushioned padding slid sideways onto the ground. She raced through her dog door, which flapped loudly forward and backward due to the speed she ran through it. She bounded through the kitchen and living area, skidding across the polished floorboards towards the front door, growling and barking.

I was upstairs getting ready for work and shouting down the staircase for Muffin to be quiet. Since this was not doing the trick and the barking persisted, I ran downstairs to see who was at the door. If I'd had it my way, I wanted to pretend no one was home but that was not an option now.

I opened the door, to find an oblong shaped parcel on the doorstep. I pushed the dog gently away from the box and picked it up. It was addressed to me and I wondered who was sending me something. Most of the packages delivered were for my daughter who had a penchant for online shopping. I wandered into the kitchen, flicked the kettle and sat on the bar stool at the kitchen bench.

I opened the brown paper to expose a brightly coloured box. It was wrapped in gold glitter paper. "Ooh, this is very pretty, I wonder what it is?" I unwrapped the paper to find more wrapping, this one was covered in bright stars. "Ok, this is interesting, it's like playing pass the parcel." I unwrapped it again to expose a diamante-covered cylinder. "What is this!" I took the lid off and carefully pulled out the contents. It was gold paper tied with a white silk ribbon. I untied the ribbon, unfurled the scroll and coloured confetti fell everywhere. It was an invitation with gold embossed writing announcing "You are invited to the most wonderful occasion for two star-struck lovers, making their love for each other known to their most precious family and dear darling friends."

It was a wedding invitation from my outrageous 60-year-old Aunty to no less than her star-struck lover 30 years her junior. Oh my gosh, Aunty Marguerite, mum's twin sister, always the flamboyant one. I phoned mum.

Sighing heavily "Yes, I have the invitation too – That's my sister for you"