

Boudicca and Mavis

The Sleeping Dog

It was a horse but not as you'd know it.

I was promised a stallion, large, white and decorated like a Celtic Christmas tree. And I pictured me, on that horse, with a war cry to silence a town.

Mavis said I was nuts.

I had been asked to play Boudicca for the Lochgilphead lantern festival. And I had been promised a horse that people would never forget.

Nobody mentioned anything about paper mache...

The theme was Celtic hero's and I was chosen to play Boudicca- a role a woman like me could relate to. I had been promised a lot -except for a costume and a fee and was looking forward to the big adventure despite Mavis's warnings.

I was after all

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Mavis says "I'm not doing this for an audience that I would sell not only my soul, but my best friend, my matching mugs and the secret recipe for long life, lighter than air, mayonnaise."

Of course I disagreed with her, I have no idea how to make mayonnaise.

"Attention is not all it cracked up to be," she said, reminding me of the Christmas 'do'.

"That was different," I said. "That was Rodger's idea. This time, I am surprising him and he won't know what's hit him."

Mavis was sceptical.

"Just wait till he sees me astride that horse." I said. "He won't be able to take his eyes of me. And it'll be a great promotion for my dance classes. Women will look at me and see the wild woman within; in fact, when the paper interviews me, that's what I am going to say."

"They didn't interview you last time did they?" Said Mavis "they didn't even ask you what you thought. They just printed a story that made you look ...well...not in the best of lights and it didn't help you classes either.

"No one starts a new class at Christmas time," I said with little conviction.