

Prompt Lines exercise.

(Select one or more of the following to write about in next fifteen minutes)

“When the hills come tumbling down”

“Once in a lifetime”

Blanche Honeyford

Wallace Montgomery

Socrates Stephenson

Jack Trotter

“The Clock struck thirteen”

“The paper bag”

“The reincarnation clinic”

Beau Belle

Blanche Honeyford clung to her fiancé’s arm and stared back over her shoulder at Socrates Stephenson. Here was her once in a lifetime moment about to be ruined by her once upon a time boyfriend from high school smiling – well a smile that disguised his sneer or was it the other way around – a sneer that disguised...well.....

Anyway she was hanging on to her present beau one billion dollar Texas oil magnate Wallace Montgomery and about to start a rehearsal for their forthcoming nuptials the next day.

Socrates stood in a pew just yards behind her as she and Wallace moved up to the Little Chapel in the Valley altar where a strange minister - preacher had beckoned them.

“I’m the right Reverent Jack Trotter DD” he said “Over from London as guest Pastor of ceremonies at this louverly jubberly little...”

He was cut short by Socrates blubbering out loudly “I know of ‘just cause’”

Blanche blanched. For her the clock had just struck thirteen a time when the hills come tumbling down and when she wished she had that paper bag in which to throw up!

She turned and glared at him

“Socrates” she yelled “How cud yer?” and then repeated it at a screeching pitch that resonated around the empty pews and bare walled chapel.

With her arm raised and her fist clenched around a mock bouquet she lunged at Socrates and was set on beating him into a pulp. This she may have accomplished had she not been restrained by her fiancé Wallace plunging backwards and falling alongside her as she strode across the altar steps. Seems her diamond bracelet – a recent acquisition from the Texas billionaire boyfriend, had momentarily snagged on his Rolex that hung loosely from his thin liver spotted and wrinkled wrist dragging him off balance and crashing to the floor. His head thundered into the lectern

base and he slumped motionless on the floor.

“Now look what yer’ve done” screamed Blanche

“I was no where’s near him Honey Pie” pleaded Socrates looking down at the forlorn prostrate Wallace whose toupee had dislodged proving Socrates’ theory that you cannot trust them adverts no matter what they promise. His thoughts were interrupted by the bouquet being thrust up his nostrils and a wire exposed from a missing silk flower head jabbed his cheek piercing it and drawing blood. “Ouch” he cried out.

“Gordon Bennett - I don’t Adam ‘n’ Eve it” retorted the minister who now tried to step in between the feuding couple.

“Don’t Honey Pie me” growled Blanche now turning and looking down at her limp and lifeless looking fiancé.

Jack Trotter quickly got his mobile out and summoned the emergency services whose response was delayed for a moment as they had difficulty comprehending his accent and authenticity. Perhaps it was the request to get the services there “Shovel and Pick” that threw them somewhat , but eventually they said they were on their way.

Blanche stooped over and then knelt down scooping up Wallace’s head in her lap.

“Don’t die Wally - your lovin’ Honey Bunch needs you” She started to sob.

“It’s the money and all the rich man’s trappings you want” bellowed Socrates stretching his neck over to see if there was any life stirring in the groom to be.

“That aint true ‘n’ you know it”. Snapped Blanche leaping to her feet again and set about Socrates with her fists meanwhile letting Wallace’s head slam into the lectern base once again.

“Now look what you’ve made me do!” she shrieked.

“I made you do?” queried Socrates tauntingly.

“Why - that’s why I dumped you back in college” he blurted “You were so immature – blamed everyone else for your mistakes”

“Me immature?” Blanche bellowed

“Now you two just calm down and and..... and Thank God.....” Pastor Trotter’s words were not finished

Police and ambulance sirens broke the squabble created pandemonium and Blanche once more assumed the martyred bride to be cradling the billionaires head in the soft chiffon skirt of her Chanel two piece.

“Don’t die on me Wally darling” sobbed Blanche as the ambulance service strapped him into the stretcher.

“I’m afraid he’s gone Lady” said the attendant sombrely.

Restrained by both a law enforcement officer and Trotter from throwing herself over him

She whispered “You aint dead are you Wally? No you can’t be dead – we

aint married yet yer son of a bitch” – Looking into the face of one of the stretcher bearers she pleaded “You got to do something - resuscitate or resurrect him some how please you got....”

“Blimey luv” said Trotter taking a last look and signing the ‘Cross’ at the Texan before he was wheeled off

“He’s a gonna if ever I saw one” he added solemnly.

“He’s got to live – he’s got the money, he’s a billionaire, we must get a second opinion and bring him back to life”. Blanche whimpered on, “He has lots of connections in places all round the world- they can bring him back” blurted Blanche in desperation.

With raised, tightly knitted eyebrows and a cursory glance in the direction of heaven Trotter, Jack DD muttered

“Any chance one of them runs a reincarnation clinic Darling?”

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