

TEA
TIME
TALES



By Charlotte L.R. Kane

Contents Page

1. About the author
2. Acknowledgments
3. The Dancer
4. We Belong
5. Memories
6. Truth
7. Snoring
8. The Scarf
9. Love
10. The Transformation
11. The Vampire
12. Notebook
13. The Corpse
14. The Fish
15. Flowers
16. Sun
17. Pillow
18. Letter
19. Ghost
20. Job
21. Firework
22. Snow
23. Comic
24. Birthday
25. Wedding
26. Clowns
27. Home
28. Just A Dream
29. Untitled
30. The Victim
31. This Is The Last Time
32. Everything
33. What I Call Home
34. The Hunted
35. Jealousy
36. Nobody

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About The Author

Charlotte studied in Business Management in Swansea University, she left with a BA (hon) and a passion for writing.

It was during her time at Swansea University she started to jot down ideas for stories. Over the years that followed she developed her stories as she weaved her way through life and varied jobs.

Her true passions remain reading and writing. Charlotte's first book, *Whisper*, was published to Kindle on 15th September 2012.

Tea Time Tales is her second book and was published on 18 December 2012.

Charlotte can be found on;

Twitter - @CharlotteLRKane

Facebook - Charlotte L R Kane

Acknowledgments

Thanks to everyone who has continued to support me throughout my personal journey. Having you beside me has provided me with the support and encouragement to keep going when at times I have felt unable to continue.

To the usual suspects who know who they are for basically putting up with everything that I have thrown at them.

Thanks to my colleagues, who have encouraged and supported me even though it's my job to support them. Thanks to Joe, a newly discovered author for the support and advice he has given me these last few weeks.

And to you, the reader, for reading.

The Dancer

Ben couldn't help but stare as he watched Samantha dance on stage. He was bewildered by how she could move so swiftly and elegantly and yet have so much power and force in her moves. He couldn't take his eyes off her. He wanted to leave but he couldn't, it was like he was glued in the doorway.

Her dancing was like a drug from which he was powerless to escape. A drug that he couldn't live without. It was like an addiction, he didn't want to admit it but she was his addiction. He had fallen for the dancer and he had fallen hard. She was the drug that he needed to take daily. He wished that he was able to talk to her. He continued to stare, captivated by her beauty, by the way she owned the stage.

He felt the urge to talk to her but when he tried to step forward, to move closer he found himself unable to. He was stuck, his body only allowing him to watch the wonder on the stage. He folded his arms and held his breath when the finale came. He watched as she finished the routine and looked out over the stage. He hid behind the door, not wanting to be seen.

He couldn't face her, not even after the time he had spent watching her. He slunk away in the shadows as if he had never been there. But he would return, he always did.

We Belong

They belonged together just like two pieces of a puzzle that fitted together. They were two halves that, when together became complete. She was the Yin to his Yang. It was as simple as that. There was no science or mathematics involved. It was just pure heart and love, even though never of them had admitted it. Sure, they both knew it was wrong, unprofessional and horribly out of character; but that was the way of it.

Jason had made it clear that there was a line that they were never to cross. They had struggled for so long to keep it that way and for a while it had worked. But then something changed, something that severed that line, they had fallen in love with each other.

Love had hit them like a truck, it was there and it was acknowledged; by everyone but them. Sometimes they would nod at it, let it know they understood, but usually they walked right on by; pretending the skipping of a heartbeat and the tightening of nerves were just normal bodily functions and not because they were with the other.

It was written in the stars, it was penned into their hearts and known in their souls. They were meant to be together. Meant to complete each other. But for now, they would just stay friends.

Memories

Maria Hennessey looked at the picture of Lucas holding a sleeping Isabelle in his arms. He was smiling. It didn't seem like the picture had been taken three months ago, it had gone so quickly. They were happy but then the accident had happened. The accident had caused her to lose the love of her life and for Isabelle to lose her father. She remembered the day clearly. It would always be etched into her mind, something that she would never forget, not easily.

Lucas had been coming home early to spend some time with her and Isabelle but he had become involved in an accident near the family home. Lucas's car had collided with a lorry causing him to die instantly. Maria looked over at Isabelle, she reminded her so much of Lucas. She had the deep blue eyes that Lucas had had. She had the same floppy blonde hair and she had the same cheeky smile.

She couldn't help but smile as she thought of how excited Lucas had been when he learnt that he was going to be a father. Maria picked Isabelle up from the crib and cradled her gently. She smiled at her and took another look at the picture on Isabelle's unit. "He is always looking after you Izzy. Don't forget that" she placed a soft kiss upon Isabelle's forehead and smiled. Lucas was always watching the both of them. Always.

Truth

Where do I begin? I know we will never be together but that's not what I want - well I don't think that's what I want anyway. To be honest, I am not entirely sure what I want anymore, my mind is so confused by these thoughts and feelings that are swimming around inside my head. I am unable to think straight and I cannot focus on my work as my thoughts keep turning to you. My mind tells me different to what my heart is saying and it's causing me pain.

I just wish I could tell you the truth. I wish I was able to tell you how I felt about you. That you meant more to me than anyone else had. But I cannot, something stops me from spilling those words. I am afraid of the results, afraid of what you will think of me, scared it will ruin the friendship we have built.

So I will sit back and just act as if these feelings are not possessing my mind, that I don't wish I could just be honest. No, I will act as if nothing has changed between us, that these feelings don't exist. I know the pain will not ease and I am going to have to learn to deal with my feelings, but it's easier than admitting the truth.

Snoring

I roll over and place the pillow over my head trying to drown out the noise but it doesn't work. It never works. I put my hands over my ears and it's quieter although I still hear the familiar grunting. I've been told to try earplugs but I can even hear the noise through them.

I wish I could make the noise stop but that would cause you to become cranky if I woke you. The grunting turns into a snorting and I sigh heavily. I have been putting up with this for the past three years and you just won't do anything to help the problem, a problem that you deny having.

I groan as you roll onto your back and the noise becomes louder, I can see the drool running down your mouth onto your pillow. I get a tissue and wipe up the drool. It's a regular routine and you have no idea that I do it. You usually find me sleeping on the couch because I am unable to sleep in the same room as you. You don't think you have a problem even when I recorded you. You need to get help, I can't keep doing this. I love you but you need to sort out your snoring.

Scarf

It was chilly when they left The Diner and Helen wrapped her coat around her tighter to try and keep what little body heat she had conjured close to her. She shivered, her whole body shaking from the cold wind that was blowing gently in the night air. She looked over at her partner who was struggling to put on his gloves and was putting them on the wrong hands.

She let out a small giggle. "Here, let me help" she stopped and turned to her partner, gently placing his gloves on his hand, her own hands warm from the gloves that she had put on before leaving the diner. They smiled at each other as she did so "There we go".

She shivered again, the wind blowing around her neck, she pulled her coat collar around her neck, hoping it would help keep the chill off. David unwrapped his scarf and wrapped it around Helen's neck smoothly. He pulled her closer, wrapped his arms around her and placed a soft kiss on her lips before holding out his arm. She took it and the two walked home together, arms locked, together. The cold night suddenly being forgotten as the two lovers made their way home.

Love

Love. That four-letter word that means so much yet is just thrown around as if it didn't mean anything. Does anyone even mean it when they say it these days? Or do they just say it because it's such a common phrase to use? I love you, 'ik hou van jou', 'dwi'n caru ti'. No matter what language it's spoken in it is meant to have to the same meaning. It is meant to mean that your heart belongs to someone else, that you fully give yourself to another person. It's meant to mean that the other person is the only one that you will be with, that they are the only one with your heart, but that's not always the case.

There is a lot of heartache in this world, we experience it everyday. Sometimes it's easy to overcome but other times it can leave you devastated, feeling like something has just been ripped from inside you. Those are the times that make you feel as if you could never love again and often makes you feel that love is something that isn't sacred anymore. It can shatter your entire world and destroy any fantasies that you may have conjured.

But love can also bring you happiness; can cause you to feel something so strongly for another person, joins you with another person in body and soul. Love means that you will not be alone.

The Transformation

The familiar burning courses through his veins. The searing pain shot through his body. He doubled over in agony, clutching at his stomach as the pain surged throughout the muscles. The sound of his bones cracking echoed through the chamber as they shaped to his new form. He fell to the floor, the pain beginning to subside as the body adapted. He looked at his hands and feet as they transformed into paws and sprouted claws. Fur began to cover his body and a pile of shredded clothes lay beside him as they tore away from his newly shaped torso.

The creature arose from the floor and let out a low growl. He was finally free. Free to do what he was born to do. To hunt. To kill. He despised himself at first. Hated what he had become, hated the thing that was inside him. He tried to stop it from taking over but it was impossible. But over time he learnt to love the beast within. It was who he was, he wasn't meant to stop it, he was meant to embrace it. They weren't separate entities, they were one, they were bonded. He howled and scratched at the door, it eventually opened and he ran out into the woods. This was where he belonged. This was his world.

The Vampire

He slinks around in the dark, his footsteps weightless. Quiet. His body moves gracefully as he fades with the surroundings. He looks around for his next victim, searching the woods for his next meal. His senses are heightened as he hears something moving around in the vicinity. He looks around cautiously, his nose picking up the scent.

He follows the scent and carefully stalks his prey. The meal quickens its' pace and the vampire keeps on his trail. His fangs have extended, ready to take the victim's essence. To take in its life force. The victim takes a second to look around and the vampire stops - thankful that he doesn't have a breath, or a heart beat, that would give him away. The vampire continues his way through the trees, knowing its time to claim his prize. He quickens his pace and overpowers his victim.

Once within his grasp, he holds the victim in his arms, punctures the skin and feeds hungrily and noisily. He is careful not to spill any blood and wipes his mouth once he has finished. He drops the body to the floor and thanks it for giving him life. He walks away, slinking back into the darkness, the body of the dead deer left to rot in the autumn air.

Notebook

She had always had a notebook. Ever since she could remember she had carried one around with her. It was what she was known for, she had never had many friends, always preferring to sit and write in her notebook than to socialise with her peers. It hadn't bothered her - as long as she had her notebook she was happy.

And now at age twenty six things had not changed. She had recently celebrated her birthday and instead of going out like most people would do she stayed in, hunched over her desk scribbling away. She had a room dedicated to housing the notebook she had written in over the years. She estimated that she had over three hundred notebooks stored in the room. She would soon need to find more storage for them because she was not going to be stopping writing anytime soon.

She knew it was a weird obsession but writing was her escape, her way to leave reality behind and go to a place where the characters could not hurt her. She would never give up writing, not for anything, not for anyone. Writing was the one thing that she could always rely on, the one thing that was always there for her when she needed it. Yes, her notebooks meant the world to her and nothing was going to change that. Not yet.

The Corpse

The body lay stiff on the metal bed, growing colder by the minute. Jeff sat beside the corpse and stared. He had never seen a dead body before and he was intrigued by the one in front of him. He put his hand out and cautiously touched the body's face. A slight shiver ran through his spine but he continued to run his fingers across the cheek and neck.

He was surprised at how quickly the body seemed to be cooling down. He picked up the chart and read that person, apparently called Lisa, had only passed away five hours earlier. Placing the chart back into the holder he continued to look at the body. He wasn't disgusted or nauseous by the sight before him. Instead, he was fascinated. He wished he was able to see inside the body, to determine how she had died.

He wanted to check all the remains in the morgue to determine the deaths and to understand how they had all died. The thought was racing through his mind, he wasn't put off by the bodies, he wanted to work with them, wanted to touch them. He put the sheet back over the body and left the morgue before the nurse started to wonder where he was. As he made his way back to his room he realised what he wanted to do with his life. He wanted to work with dead people, he wanted to be the one that discovered how they died.

The Fish

It isn't easy being a goldfish you know. It is not all about swimming around the tank all day and waiting for you to feed us. No, there are a lot of things that go on and a lot of thought that goes into these things. We have to decide where to swim and how. You have probably noticed that we like to swim upside down, or we like to swim around the tank quickly. But that is our way of curing boredom, you see swimming around in a tank becomes increasingly dull, especially as it is all we do for twenty four hours a day, seven days a week. It would be nice if our owners changed the objects around in our tank once in a while, just for us to be kept on our toes, or in our cases, fins!

We have to deal with people staring at us all day. I am not entirely sure what people find so fascinating about us, it's not like we are the most exciting animals on the planet. We always seem to be eating or foraging for food at the bottom of the tank and it is not because we have forgotten that we have eaten, it is merely because we are exerting so much energy swimming we are hungry. So being a fish is not as easy as you humans seem to think it is. It can be exhausting.

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