

## That Young Woman

There is nothing more magical than the moment when you see someone for the first time whose presence totally captivates you. You believe you must have met them before, but know that you couldn't possibly! And so it was with her; she stood there - radiant. The young woman shone, all about her just faded to nothing; I stood and watched . . . and watched . . . and dared to believe I knew her. She became the total and complete focus of my attention to the exclusion of all else. She glanced towards me, a dazzling smile lit her face as I felt myself smiling too. No words were needed; we looked at each other, our eyes meeting. In that brief moment I sensed the touching of our souls. My encounter with the young fair haired woman, was as a moment of magic. All about folk busied themselves with their lives, and there she stood as if waiting for me, quite still, quietly awaiting our first encounter.

She was fascinatingly beautiful.

"You smile now too!" she said to me as we stared at one another. For me the moment was then, all else was nothing. No rehearsal, no audience, just the two of us knowing each other from the first moment we met.

A piercing white light flooded the tent entrance, distracting me. I turned about and again a bright white flash punctured the gloom. Across the square a young man dressed in a scarlet cloak was re-arranging his tripod before the roundabout. Bending forward to adjust his camera, another flash washed the scene. Young girls, giggling carelessly, sitting astride their funfair stallions, were chased round by lads tugging at their skirt ends, trying to keep up as the maestro, cranking the handle even faster, drove the horses on.