

Dovely

A golden journey



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Flight of that dove

“Dove? Dove, where have you run off to this time?” Dove’s mother called. “1...2...3!” “Hi mama!” Dove chirped. “OH, child, one day you’re gonna give me a heart attack.” Dove was hanging from the thick, low branch of a ranch tree that was older than her. Dove’s legs were the only thing allowing her to hang there in the first place. “It’s time for lunch, now come down and stop doing that.” Dove’s mother never seemed to understand why Dove was the way she was. It wasn’t too much of a bother for Dove. The meal for today was potatoes, green beans, and a little bit of bread. Dove’s family wasn’t poor, but wasn’t rich, somewhere around middle class in Dove’s eyes. Dove’s daddy was already seated waiting for them. “Hey daddy, sorry we’re late.” Dove said a little sheepishly. “It’s fine, now come on, I’m hungry.” Dove laughed and scurried over to the table. Dove always finished first, and never left a single crumb to be seen. As the years went on Dove continued to be as her mother called “contrary,” but at the young age of 12...she started singing. Dove’s voice was sweet as that of a song birds, smooth and natural like honey, and was as good as gold, that even a dragon didn’t have. As Dove grew so did her voice, and her love for it. In every story the bird must leave the nest at some point, and when Dove hit 21, was the lite she left hers

Dove left and was straight off to the city. “Well ain’t this something! we’re gonna do some great things here, Clover.” Dove said looking down at her 4 year old german shepherd, Clover. The only thing wrong with Dove’s vision was the fact that everyone was going to be looking at her chocolate, golden brown skin. Dove had skin like smooth, soft shade, dark oak.

“One step into the door, my new apartment, in a pleasant neighborhood, ready to make dreams a reality.” Now Dove was just talking to herself. Or maybe she was just talking to Clover, both were possible. Dove went to sleep early tonight to prepare. The very next morning, Dove was up and at it to find a few places with a stage, she would need to be quick if she were to be on time for her newest job as a receptionist. She took notes as she walked around the corner of Maple, a small bar, in the park by the lake, a small stage, and near the candy shop, another outdoor stage. To Dove’s despair, she looked down at her wrist watch, to find she needed to be at her desk in 5 minutes. “ I’m late!” Dove was practically screaming. Dove took off, she might as well have been running a race in heels, a race against time maybe. Dove’s arrival was greeted with a salty faced white man, who looked like he had just eaten a lemon. “Well well well, you’re late!” “I’m so sorry sir, it won’t happen again.” Dove was both embarrassed and ashamed. The man she was talking to had a very accurate, and a little bit ironic name. His name was Mister Bittermen. Dove went on with her day doing her best to move on from that little incident.

Dove was continuing with her job, sometimes she felt like more of an assistant than a receptionist. Her heels went clack clack clack, BOOM! Dove completely ran into someone on her way. “I’m so sorry sir, I wasn’t...” Dove stopped half way through her sentence. In front of her stood a tall, handsome, dressed in proper, expensive attire, Damian Jones. “I’m sorry miss Dove, I wasn’t looking where I was going.” Dove and Damian started to talk at work, not as just coworkers, but as friends. Dove's dream to sing ended up in conversation somewhere along the line. “I know a guy who might be able to help you!” Damian announced to Dove. “Really? That would be amazing!” Next thing Dove knew, she was standing on a small bar stage, during open mic night, in her best dress. Dove sang a song with the sound of a pure open voice. After the show, Dove was the name everyone knew, she was never alone. Dove would get call after call, a job offer here, a great opportunity there. Dove didn’t do much with her newly well known talent, until a particular letter lay on the desk of her house’s mail room. Dove looked at it for a moment, then swiftly snatched it off the pile. Her long nails penetrated the waxy seal, and she read swiftly and cleanly. There she read, “ Miss Dove, we apologize for us reaching out so late, but me and my husband would be honored to have you sing on our grand stage, this could be a job to make you famous and you will be paid for your efforts. - Sincerely, William. Dove was getting a job offer from the Pegasus. Her journey was finally over.