

# Allora painting

By : [Skimpydress34](#)

Allora knows a lot about feelings. She knows how to feel happy and how to feel sad, but I don't think she understands these feelings, she just feels them like she thinks she has to, because if she doesn't she won't be able to feel anything else. She wants to feel something different.



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### Chapter 1 - A place to stay

Purple cage of discontent, three doors down was where I went. Timing is everything, she said. This place just came on the market and has everything you could ever need. I don't like the colour of the walls, they're too bright. There is a lot more to see, come this way. I have seen enough. I don't like it. What about the view, you can see everything from up here. The man exited out the door that he came through and I never saw him again. My smile was fading and all of the colours on the walls made me feel happy. The Sales lady was wearing a bright yellow sun dress and a sales rep jacket made of faded brown leather with big black buttons on it up and down, her name plate was painted with gold but most of it's sparkle had gone from it a long time ago. Her face was red and her hair was frayed and she was stressed. I didn't like the place because when I looked at it for the first time the walls just seemed to fade away, like they weren't even there. I could've fallen through the floor. It was on a pretty high floor too. Maybe I should be looking for something a little closer to the ground, a little less high up, less risky. I don't think anyone would want to be on a really high floor if there was a fire or something like that. I'll definitely be looking for a room that is on a much lower floor next time I go out looking, which would be tomorrow. I had already gone out once today. The lady who showed me the first room knew everything about the building. She said that it had been built in 19 some thing or other and famous musicians used to stay there for the night after they had performed in one of the big concerts that they had out on the roof. My eyes had been drawn to her feet, she wore a pair of printed black and white slippers with blue bows on the sides. I asked her what her name was as I came up to meet her and she answered, "My name is Allora, I come from Newbridge"

Allora had travelled a fair way to get here I thought. Where "here" was I wasn't entirely sure, most people have said that it is somewhere between Corden and Brade. I wonder if she lives in the building too, or if she just works there. When we were walking up and down the hallway I counted the numbers down until we reached number 32. When we went inside, I got a whiff of Allora's clothes and the cheap perfume she had been wearing. The combination of the two created an odour that I was unfamiliar with, was it lavender... or rosemary? Maybe a mixture of the two. Whatever it was it was a very strong smell and emitted a powerful scent that filled the room. I could smell it on my clothes now, it was like what she smelled like, it was her smell. That's the only way I could describe it. If she made her own perfume and sold it to everyone, she would make millions because when one person wore it they would just make everyone feel like they needed to smell like that too and then everywhere that I went would smell like her. Allora not only smelled nice but her face was covered in a million tiny freckles. Each one like a speck of sparkling glitter, that when she smiled her face glowed like a twinkling star.

"My name is Andrew", he said to me when I opened the door. He looked nervous. A lot like my brothers when they hopelessly try to flirt with every girl that passes by. Trying to make him feel at home I smiled at him a little bit and when I did his eyes stared back me. I couldn't see any further than what was on the surface, but I knew that what was underneath was very deep stretching on for miles like the depths of the ocean. And like the ocean his eyes were blue, a spinning wheel of all the different shades of blue that was mesmerizing. He smiled back at me and I held back a laugh. Now I was nervous, he had so much charm. He was dressed in an old fashioned blue suit with a maroon coloured tie and a black buttoned up shirt. I didn't want him to notice that I was looking at what he was wearing, when I realised that I had totally missed the fantastical black and gold stripes that had been painted on his hat. The hat was a cone shape with a sharp point at the tip-top of the hat. He looked like a wizard undercover. She chuckled, he noticed. After she had regathered herself he had reached out to touch her hair that had fell down on to her shoulder and brushed the knots out with his crooked fingers and when his fingers got tangled up in her curls he tried to rescue his hand without tearing out half her

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hair. She was so embarrassed but her expression did not change. Her eyes had locked on to his hand as it struggled to enweave itself out of the mess it had got itself in, she could not help but giggle a little at the situation. She could not look him in the eye. He gently unhooked his little fingers one by one from the dreadful curls that looked like they were multiplying with every twist and twirl he made, wrapping each one around his finger than letting go. It felt nice feeling the build up of tension being released from the tiny little fibres inside her hair. Like the worn out finger nails of a gardener who has been picking tough weeds from an overgrown place, her hair was very thin and brittle, she winced as one of her hairs was plucked straight from her head and Andrew's hand was spun free from the web of hair that he had created. He had taken a headful of hair and now held it in his hands. He gently gripped the weird lengths of hair as they unravelled in his fist. My lord, what a mistake! He thought. But she can forgive him. All of her thoughts had centred on him now. She had forgotten how he had so desperately tried to help her feel comfortable.

The morning air filled the room and Allora spun around shaking her head. She was lost, although there was something she had found. Something she adored and looking around thought was pretty, beautiful - a combination of the two. Thinking about her life, she never wondered how or why she had got to where she was, she didn't worry about that because she knew in her heart that somehow she was being led in the right direction. When she was little she thought about where she would be when she was old like her mum, but now that she was here, she didn't much care about that. She was too busy thinking about where she might be next. Calmly taking a few steps towards the window, she heard a noise that matched the screams inside her head. The only thing that confused her was which one was which. The noise grew and the place shook. A thousand little explosions went off inside her head and she fell to the floor. She fell to the floor and then she rolled up on to the chair in the corner. She flipped the chair as she got to her feet and brushed herself off. A man stood opposite her and she turned away from him. The look on her face made her cheeks harden. Her cheeks turned red and faded into blue. She heard footsteps at the door and they echoed with every last one. Melting her face with a smile, all things looked good even just for a while.

## Chapter 2: The Staircase

Winding down the dark and gloomy metal contraption, Allora stood proud at the top of the stairs feeling as though she had finally achieved something. She had always had trouble feeling good about herself and she could never really understand why she was like that, her mind just didn't work that way. The clouds hung over the industrial city outside as Allora took to the streets. The outside was what Allora feared the most, all the people on the street made her nervous as she passed them by, why did she feel so alone in this crowded city? she thought. It was on nights like this that Allora didn't want to go home and instead she went in search of an adventure.

She passed several shops and streetlights always accompanied by the shadows of strangers that swarmed around her and made her feel so small. When Allora reached the end of the third block she had walked she was drawn towards an opening door of a small corner coffee shop, like she had been blown in with the wind and as she heard the dinging of the entry bell she had found a seat in the coffee shop almost just as quick. There was quiet chatter amongst the guests at the different tables, but Allora was sitting alone. Her hair was drenched from the neverending rain and she attempted to dry it by shaking her head about and letting her hair fall freely, attracting some strange looks from the others in the shop.

Allora returned their gloomy stares and then approached the counter to take her order while she took in the interesting decor of this mysterious coffee shop that seemed to offer up more than just coffee. On the walls hung giant lanterns that glowed spectacularly and shelves of books were stacked against the back wall of the shop.

Why did she feel so alone? Allora took one more look around the store then back at the wandering eyes of the others in the shop, then she looked up at the cashier who was waiting impatiently for Allora to collect her order. Allora accepted the coffee and swiftly made her way back to her seat by the window. It didn't make any sense she thought, how could they understand how to feel and she be so incredibly numb?

Allora glanced down at the items laid out on the metallic table before her when she noticed a wrist watch had been left in the centre, she assumed someone must have left it here by mistake because it was clearly not a part of the shop's decorations. The watch was very light and shimmering gold. Allora admired the watch's features very closely and looked for any engravings that might indicate the name of the owner of the watch. She took a sip of her brew and enjoyed its delightful taste so much she had to take another sip immediately after before setting it back down on the table. Allora identified an inscription on the back of the clock face of the wristwatch written in big gold letters, the inscription read, "Kevin Andrews", she smiled. Who was this man and why was he in such a hurry that he had left his watch behind? she thought.

Just then Allora left the shop and was back out in the street. Her eyes gazed upon the newly blue sky and her spirits had lifted. She still carried with her the watch that she had pocketed in to her purple velvet purse that she had strapped over her shoulder. Allora tried her best to swim gracefully through the swarms of people that lined the streets. Where was she going? She couldn't go home. Her night had just begun, she thought. But an unspeakable force seemed to be dragging her closer and closer towards home. She made a quick decision to head in the opposite direction of where her home was and soon she became lost in the sea of people. She called out, screaming, the lights burned brighter now. An arm reached out to grab her and all she could do was be carried by this overpowering force as her tiny body fought against the current of the jostling bodies going this way and that. Her feet were struggling to keep up with each other as the force of the grip that had overtaken her pulled her became more jerky. Her wrists began to twist in their sockets and she let out a whimper of pain. She had been dragged to the end of the block until finally they were out of the crowds and into the middle of an empty street. Allora came face to face with the man who had taken her hostage, he quickly dipped her in his arms and reached inside her purse for the watch. She struggled against him but the

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man was too strong and overpowered her. The man turned to her and asked "How did you get this?". Allora was still frightened and didn't respond. He shook her and she shouted out an answer, "I found it! at the coffee shop!" she said. "Come with me" he demanded. Just as before he tugged her on her arm and dragged her through the crowds of people that were going both ways. He held her close and whispered in her ear, "We need to get you home" his eyes fixed on the clock face of the watch, watching the hands tick over and increasing his speed frantically. Allora pleaded with him to stop, but he wouldn't listen and knocked her about as he forced his way through the mass of bodies. When they arrived at the foot of the steps of Allora's town house, she rummaged through her purse for her keys to open the front door. She pushed the door open and her captor let her free from his arms and on to the dirty brown carpet and made his way through the dim lit house towards the living room, Allora watching him intently. He took the watch from his pocket and placed it on the centre of the glass table in the centre of the room, she crawled over to the edge of the table and examined the watch more closely before the man dropped his fist on to the table smashing the watch into tiny fragments. Allora looked at him quizzically as to say, "Why did you do that?". He met Allora's stare and spoke in a serious tone, "We don't have much time."

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