

The Beginning

19th June 1919

To be a singer in the 20th century I must have connections, where I get my dresses and jewellery. My late sister, Bonnie, was a singer whose songs, while delightful to listen to, were a burden to herself, by being a full time mother and devoting hours to singing at gentlemen's clubs was difficult. She did it. Her belongings all got passed down to me. She was wonderful at what she did and I admired her for her resilience. I miss her.

29th July 1920

Summer is ending and my daughter is sick. Medicine is expensive but my father is willing to help. I went out today to buy food. I always walk past a speakeasy nearby, yearning to be inside instead of where I am now. I listen outside and hum to the same song that Fiona Leroy sings every Friday at 7pm. Hm, hm, hm, as the beats get faster my heart starts to race until my eyes are closed and my hands on my mouth in admiration of her voice. A man pushes past me and makes me drop all of my belongings and refuses to help pick them up. I talked down to him under my breath and carried on with my walk back from the markets.

4th January 1921

I wish to be a singer, if only I had the freedom. When I came home, the same man who pushed me over was speaking to my father and refused to smile or even apologise when I walked past. I was disgusted. A man like that didn't deserve to be of high class like us.

23rd December 1922

The new year is approaching and I'm counting on Fiona to put on the performance of the year. I reminisced on when Cleo had a good life around Bonnie. Bonnie was gifted in ways I wish I was, for example her voice or even her looks. She was the blueprint of beauty when she was alive, it made me love her even more. I was dumbfounded to find the man in our spare room. My father would've never allowed this. "What is that man doing in the spare room, father?" I spoke calmly, careful not to irritate him. "He's here on business, he actually wanted to speak to you, do not leave the house until he is awake." I nodded with my eyes glued to the floor and walked away. I sat in front of the fireplace waiting patiently. He came downstairs in a fresh suit staring at my back while he walked over. "I apologise for my behaviour, I was in a rush", I look up at him confused, "you remember?", "of course how could I forget?". Stunned, I continued "it was disgraceful behaviour, that food was for my daughter." He bowed his head and suddenly a clang of guilt surged through my veins. "Be careful not to do it again, and if it happens again be sure to apologise." standing, I walked away, surprised at my outburst.

7th March 1923

I did my daily walk to the speakeasy, wrapped in my warm coat holding shopping bags. I stand outside to listen in on the new vocalist, Leah Canary. Her voice, while beautiful, will never match Bonnie's. I come to a halt when the man who: stayed in our house and nearly knocked me down is standing before me with a cigarette in his hand, smirking. He greets me and I ask what his business is outside of my favorite speakeasy. He seems shocked and confides in me that... that... he owns it? I was astounded. How didn't I know? "I admire your work, however, Fiona was a natural." I state, "she left, not my doing" he held his hands up in submission and threw his cigarette under his shoe. He invited me inside and I stood, in disbelief that I finally made it inside. The tour was phenomenal, which made me even more eager to showcase my skills for him. "Are you looking for any new singers?", he shakes his head and I become disappointed yet resilient. "Listen, I have skills, I can show you" I say confidently, he stands up and waves his hand 3 times and the club goes silent, as if in a trance. He walks me over to the stage and places me in front of the mic, stealing Leah's spotlight, the adrenaline high gets me singing straight away.

9th October 1926

I stroll into the speakeasy, in my sister's old dress, the frills swaying as I hop up onto the stage. My daughter is cheering me on from the crowd. I wink and begin to sing. Pouring my heart into this song, careful my tears don't ruin my faux freckles. After the show I bow and make my way over to Nick, the owner. I hug him and he hands me my check for the month. Wow. I stare at him unintentionally and he smiles, bringing me into another hug. "Well done, you're a hit", I smirk and state: "I know I am". Pulling my daughter outside, I show her the check and we both cheer and make our way into an ice cream parlour to celebrate. "Bonnie would be so proud mum", I smile shyly and think back to how she was once in my position and on top of the world. Later, we make our way back to OUR house. With this money, I could afford to move out.

16th March 1928

Nick walks into the house carrying flowers and something behind his back. I ran down the stairs at the sound of the door opening and greeted him with a hug. He pushed me back a few steps and handed me the flowers. Inhaling their sweet scent I thanked him and urged him to go to the markets for bread. He laughed me off and suddenly was on one knee with a peach diamond ring in between his fingers. My mouth hung open and the tears flowed before I even realised he was back up wiping them off my face.

29th July 1929

Our summer wedding was perfect. Cleo was there and threw flower petals over me while I floated down the aisle with my hand looped through my father's. His arm entwined with mine. I stood before Nick and it was beautiful. I miss you Bonnie, I thought while staring at her empty reserved seat that read: 'attending from heaven' with angel wings substituting the brackets.