



WELCOME TO GAY PAREE: A SHORT STORY

JOIE CUENTISTA



WELCOME TO GAY PAREE

Lois Symone has finally saved enough money to go on a month long dream vacation to Paris, France. For Lois France is the ultimate destination, a dream come true and she's ecstatic, but sometimes wishes are better left just that.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright © 2013 Joie Cuentista

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or Locales are purely coincidental. The characters are product ions of the author's imagination and used Fictitiously.

INTRODUCTION:

Hello (insert wave), first of all thank you for downloading my book and reading, I appreciate it more than you know. This short story is the first in a series of what I am nicknaming 'prompt shorts'. Each of the stories was originally developed from a daily email journal writing prompt group that I joined off the net. Daily I would receive an inspirational journaling prompt, now to be completely honest I didn't participate at first but I did read every one and save them. As time went along I found myself sitting at my computer with my journal in my lap opening my email each night to see if there was a prompt I liked or didn't mind doing and pretty soon after that I was doing every one. And before you know it journal entries developed into stories. In the process of going through this journey journal entry I began to write and subsequently each story began to help me. So I hope you enjoy this story and the ones I share with you soon.

Joie Cuentista

Journal Entry Prompt Number 1: Share a time in your life when experienced great disappointment. What was it like? What happened? Reflection back on the moment and write what you learned? Looking back why do you think you so disappointed? Was your emotional reaction acceptable to the situation or even yourself? And how did it effect the others around you?

Welcome to Gay Paree: A Short Story

Joie Cuentista

Closing the cockpit curtain the Stewardess walked promptly over to the intercom a present smile on her face as she picked up the microphone and brought it to her mouth. “Please buckle your seatbelts Ladies and Gentlemen” the Stewardess announced using the microphone at the head of the plane. “We’ll be arriving in Paris, France and landing shortly”

For Lois Symone this month long vacation to Paris was the trip of a lifetime. Since she was a child growing up in the French Quarter or New Orleans Paris was the ultimate destination. It had to be one of the most romantic places in the world, there was so much to see, so much history and culture and of course the fashion. She could remember as a little girl her Mama telling her about all her adventures there before she came to America and it was all she could dream about since.

Sighing Lois closed her eyes to keep from looking out the windows as the plane began its decent not wanting to ruin her first look at her beloved ‘Gay Paree’. She had no desire to enjoy that moment on a tiny charter plane no she wanted to experience the city the way it was meant to be. Her eyes clenched so tightly together that they hurt but the smile she wore on her face grew even wider when she felt bump that indicated the plane landed on the runway and rather roughly to be honest she thought to herself as her right hand went up to her suddenly fluttering heart and the gasps of the other passengers echoed throughout the plane. But none of that mattered she was in Paris and ready for adventure, the flight over she’d dreamed of what this moment would be like, the sights, the smells, and the people. She was practically bouncing in her seat a whole lifetime of dreaming coming down to one moment, she was finally coming home to Paris.

As the plane eased to a slow halt she opened her eyes with a shuddering breath, a sudden case of

nerves coming on so strong it was overwhelming. Reaching for her purse under her chair she took out her engraved gold cigarette case and gold lighter that her Papa brought for her for the occasion. Opening her case she took out one of the Embassy brand King sized cigarettes and brought it to her lips with shaking fingers quickly lighting it then taking a deep relaxing inhale. The Stewardess's voice coming through the microphone once more had Lois quickly putting it out a few exhalations later as she scrambled to put everything back into her purse and sit back in her seat to see her clearly making sure to take in every word.

“Ladies and Gentleman may I have your attention please!” the young Stewardess spoke into the mic loudly to be heard over the chatter then waited while the ten passengers riding the Stratocruiser Flagship charter plane settled down. “We have now arrived at our destination and are about to leave the plane. I would ask you all to be patient and form a single file line and ask that you be careful coming down the rollaway steps. On behalf of Stratocruiser Flagship Pan-American I would like to thank you all for choosing us to fly with and we hope that we have made your time with us pleasant. Bienvenue á Paris: Welcome to Paris merci” hanging up the small microphone she walked to the plane's exit and opened the door and stepped out smiling at everyone's cheers and claps.

Shielding her eyes from the blaring afternoon sun Lois slipped out of her seat and into the aisle thanking the gentleman behind her for letting her go ahead. Smoothing down the creases in her day suit from the long twelve hour flight along the way as inch by inch she made her way to the exit of the plane. Taking a deep breath she stepped through looking at the stewardess standing on the first step ready to help everyone down the rollaway steps to the hard runway below, “thank you so much” Lois said to the nice woman smiling warmly.

Smiling back “thank you Miss” the Stewardess said back. “Be careful as you go down the steps and someone will be there at the bottom with your luggage...have a good vacation” with that she turned to the next customer.

Nodding Lois continued down the steps squinting from the bright sun of the afternoon, unable to keep in the silly grin she smiled ear to ear as she made her way carefully down the steps. She couldn't

believe it after a full year of saving she was in Paris, France...and by herself for that matter, all her other friends had only gone on their honeymoons or with their parents. Paris this place, she'd dreamed about it since she was a child. As her feet finally touched the ground for the first time she felt as if she could have cried. Lois experienced that rare overwhelming sensation one goes through when discovering a second home, she followed the porter with her luggage across the airport runway towards the exit gate feeling as if she were in a dream.

“Okay Mademoiselle here's a taxi for you” the Porter loaded her bags into the trunk his accent making his voice sound musically pleasant.

Excited beyond belief Lois got in the taxi that would take her to the bed and breakfast in the heart of Paris that she'd arranged to stay at. She listened avidly as the two Frenchmen spoke to one another in their native tongue, the beauty of their words seemed to flow over her even though she wasn't completely fluent and couldn't comprehend all of the conversation. The beauty of the French language was truly something to behold.

Finally the driver ran around to his door and got in and with a final nod to the porter they were off. The only thing keeping Lois from literally bouncing in her seat was chapter five of Mrs. Lillian Reid's Personality and Etiquette Book, which clearly stated that a lady will remain calm and subdued at all times. But as they pulled through the gates and onto the road she could feel her excitement mounting.

She relished the drive through the country, and her eyes drunk in every site. Lois watched mesmerized as the soothing of the country gave way to the easy bustle of the city. It was all so different from New Orleans with her bright lights of Bourbon St. and the busy people rushing off to wherever. With her face plastered to the window she watched a woman cross the street in a black tweed Chanel suit and a couture half hat placed expertly on her head and marveled at the effortless elegance she possessed, something apparent on in the Parisians. Twisting her neck to look over at the driver “excuse me Monsieur, can I fold the window down?” she asked him excited even at that prospect, she’d never been in a car with a roll down window before. She hadn’t even been here an hour and she was already getting her much needed adventures.

With a nod her driver gave his permission still not turning around.

Lois’s head readily turned left and right as she leaned out the window taking in every site as they drove through the streets of Paris her excitement as innocent as a child’s as she took in every nuance of her introduction to ‘Gay Paree’. She was ready to taste it all, breathe it in, this was the start of her adventure and she was thrumming with energy.

Taking a deep inhale took her first deep breath of the city air but promptly released it in a fit of coughs absolutely stunned by the foul stench that assaulted her senses. “What in God’s name is that awful smell?” she asked her Cajun accent thickening with her rise in emotions, pinching her nose she moved away from the window forgetting in her shock that she could simply roll it up.

Laughing heartily “that Mademoiselle is the smell of ‘Gay Paree’” he told her finally glancing back as he took a deep breath of his own as if each layer of scents held a different meaning for him.

Speechless for a moment her first look at a true Frenchman was another disappointment and a big

one at that. All her fantasies of meeting some gloriously beautiful Frenchman and have them fall instantly and passionately in love were instantly shattered. In place of her beautiful fantasy she was slapped with the cold reality of a middle-aged man, in the beginnings of balding with pock scars on both pudgy cheeks, with at least four missing teeth and eyes so beady she couldn't even tell what color they were. Letting out a very unladylike huff that told her she need to reread Mrs. Reid's etiquette and personality book once more Lois silently turned back to look out the window afraid to say another word to the nice driver for fear of what may come out.

Sighing she took shallow breaths in hopes of filtering the aroma of Paris as they continued to drive, from her research she could tell they were approaching the heart of the city. But now the starry-eyed goggles were gone and she observed with an almost critical eye things she was she'd missed only minutes earlier. Her mood darkened even further as they drove passed unkempt buildings, dirty streets, crowds of people, and a beggar on the corner praying for one generous soul to pass...

"If you want I can point the sights out to you as we go" the driver otherwise known as her great disappointment offered cheerily pulling her out of her dark musings.

Sighing Lois rolled the window back up and settled back into her seat, mentally chastising herself for already casting judgment but she couldn't help it. Now that the fantasy was shattered the harsh reality withered in comparison...Paris was no better than major city it seemed like all her illusions about Paris were simply that. Las Angles, London, New York, her beloved New Orleans sighing she suddenly realized that when you've been to one city you've been to them all. "No, don't trouble yourself" she answered the driver finally "I'm very tired I just want to get to the Bed and Breakfast as quickly as possible" she told him not bothering to shield the disappointment in her voice.

Clucking and shaking her head as if she was a naughty child he turned back to her giving her a knowing look "this must be your first time in France, Massimo can always tell" turning his attention back to the street he made a few sharp turns before talking to her again. "Well that right there coming up" he said pointing ahead of him "that's the Elfie Tower" he pointed to the left as they passed by she could see the proud smile on his face. "You'll be in your bed soon Mademoiselle, and don't worry you will love 'Gay Paree' again prochainement: shortly" he said in French.

Lois silently followed where he pointed unsurprised to find herself once more sorely disappointed. It's amazing what a powerful imagination could do how shocking the devastation could be when real life knocked out the door...but maybe she was so disenchanted because she found the real Paris to be so dim in comparison to what she'd dreamt up in her imagination all these years. Maybe if she gave it half a chance she'd get the best of this place and love it for different reasons, but as she glanced out the window again she knew that wouldn't happen. Some fantasies needed to stay just that, they're needed for those moments when you need to hope, to dream, to be inspired but, they aren't meant for anything more.

Lois flopped further down into her seat in a very unladylike fashion, something she'd certainly hadn't learned from Mrs. Reid and her etiquette book. "Merci" mumbled grumpily finally thanking the driver half-heartedly and mentally promising to give him a big tip. 'Well ol' girl' she mumbled to herself 'Welcome to 'Gay Paree' sighing wearily she looked at the roof of the cab before she allowed herself to drift off for the rest of the drive.

The End

HISTORICAL FACTS

Mrs. Lillian Reid Personality and Etiquette Book

Written in the 1940's yes! This is an actual book, written by Mrs. Lillian Ried as mentioned various times throughout the story. The 248 page book contained various points and rules on how a lady should conduct herself at all times. Just for kicks the books is actually still available for purchase at google books.

http://books.google.com/books?id=05BuAAAAMAAJ&source=gbs_book_similarbooks

Embassy Brand Cigarettes

Embassy Cigarettes owned by Imperial Tobacco was quite the prestigious brand of cigarettes in the 1940's. The company isn't around here in the US any more but a few of their luxury tobacco brands can still be found in the UK. I was told my Pop-pop was quite fond of this brand...I know this is no longer PC to think this way. But I miss the times when everyone stood around dressed in their finest the men puffing on their cigars and pipes and the women their long slender cigarettes. The breeze of smoke sliding through their red painted lips before turning to continue the conversation with their gentleman caller. (Sorry got a little carried away, but you have to admit there is something so seductive about the 1940's and 50's)

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Embassy_\(cigarette\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Embassy_(cigarette))

Stratocruiser Airplanes

I have to be honest here I wasn't historically actuate when it comes to Stratocruiser Pan-American by any means. But I'm sure you could tell that lol so I'm just going to give you the history on the company. "The Stratocruiser set a new standard for luxurious air travel with its tastefully decorated extra-wide passenger cabin and gold-appointed dressing rooms. A circular staircase led to a lower-deck beverage

lounge, and flight attendants prepared hot meals for 50 to 100 people in a state-of-the-art galley. As a sleeper, the Stratocruiser was equipped with 28 upper-and-lower bunk units.

Pan American placed the first order for 20 Stratocruiser, worth \$24 million, and they began service between San Francisco, Calif., and Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1949. Boeing built 56 Stratocruisers between 1947 and 1950, and they marked the company's first significant success selling passenger planes to airlines in other countries.” (<http://www.boeing.com/boeing/history/boeing/m377.page>)

More Available Titles!

Strangers: On the mend from a recent breakup Elle is having the worst time on her girl’s night out. Well until Dom arrives and completely takes her over. Will Elle throw caution to the wind and take a risk? Or will her and Dom part as Strangers.

Take Me on Valentine’s Day: It's Valentine's Day and Melissa has decided that enough is enough. After over a year of constant fighting she is going to get her husband back. And what better day to do it on then V-Day! Achai loves his wife with everything in him but there are some things about him she just doesn't need to know. Will he be able to conquer his fears and let his wife in on his secrets in order to save his marriage?

Who You Are: Stories Of the Grand Hotel: It's 3am in the morning at The Grand Hotel in 1943.

The ballroom is packed with the most elegant guest for the party of the year, the staff is checking in some of the most famous and richest people of the era. Chefs from Paris to cook anything imaginable and someone to cater to your every whim at any hour of the day or night. Overall if you can afford the Grand life is good.

But for the beautiful rich vampire Luke Aris as he lets himself get suckered into dancing with his yet another nameless, faceless shallow rich girl he realizes life's not all peaches and cream anymore.

On the other side of the tracks tired to the bone it's finally time for Cloris to go home after a twelve hour day. Normally she quietly accepts her lot in life but for some reason not today. So when her evil manager comes over to harass her she doesn't take it lying down this time. But for some reason not today. So when her evil manager comes over to harass her she doesn't take it lying down this time! Read how Luke and Cloris's worlds collide in the most interesting of ways in this story of how love can happen at the most inopportune time and come from the most unexpected of places.

About the Author:

Joie Cuentista has been a writer ever since she was able to pick up a pen. Her earliest stories were always required to have a happy ending as well as a heroine named Jill. She lives in Maryland and has the best roomie ever! And it just happens that she happens to also be her greatest and biggest fan...but we all know Moms are great that way ;). She's a sucker for a good steamy romance, a happy ending, and anything that takes you out of this world. After all stories and novels should take you to another place for as long as you're engaged and Joie loves nothing more than creating as many as humanly possible.

"Fortune Favors the Bold"

Website: <https://www.writerjoiecuentista.weebly.com>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/JoiesWrittenLove>

Written Love Site: <https://www.joieswrittenlove.blogspot.com>