

Forbidden Voices - Red

I am round, red and hollow. I have a slit in my side, with which I can be added to any convenient nose, for the entertainment of the young. And I entertained a lot!

"Don't laugh! Don't laugh, don't laugh..." my wearer would say, smiling at his young daughter, who always dissolved into a fit of giggles at her father's clowning silliness.

The joke never grew old, no matter how many times it was performed, or the occasion. But then, it was always that way between them. A father and daughter, who loved each other, not matter what.

"You're so silly, Daddy," she would say, through her tears of joy. "And you look silly, too."

"Not as silly as you!" Her father would pounce, tapping me against her small nose like kisses, until she pleaded for mercy.

"Your nose feels all funny." She would press me then, squeezing me into funny shapes between her small fingers. "I love your funny nose."

"I love you, Cathy," my wearer would say, drawing her close and hugging her tightly. As if he would never let her go.

His daughter squeezed him just as tightly, her small arms going around his neck. "And I love you too, Daddy. I will always love you...always..."

I loved them both. As much as they loved each other.

END