

# Steve Kilbey, Trapeze Boy

I hadn't thought about Mrs. Morgan for years, until I read in the paper that she had died. When I was a boy, Mrs. Morgan played solo with my mother every Tuesday afternoon. There were two other women there, but I can't remember their names anymore. Monkey, Magda, something like that.

Mrs. Morgan collected opals. Her husband Ted owned a circus, which kept him away and out of the picture most of the time. I'd come home from school and the women would be hard at the cards. I liked Mrs. Morgan, she

Always had a little chip of opal for me, and said that I should save it for a sweetheart. I came home one day and Mrs. Morgan was crying in our kitchen. My mother told me to leave them alone. I learned later that a boy from the circus had fallen and died. He used to ride the trapeze. Mr. Morgan went out of business and they moved away. I've still got the opals.

It's funny how someone you've never met manages to stay with you.