

A photograph of a person from the waist down, wearing a tan suit and white perforated loafers. They are holding a black suitcase with a handle. The person is standing on a tiled floor next to a window with a grid pattern. The lighting is warm and natural, coming from the window.

# *Oblivious*

*Annabel Oosteweeghel*



*Oblivious*





The book 'Oblivious', unfolds over two stories; one about a married couple; and the other, a single widow... both situated in Noordwijk aan Zee.

*Everlasting*

And in silence, where time seems to stand still,  
they ponder what life may have been...  
'What happened to the time, where we chased our dreams, our hearts beating faster?'  
'When we were young, what did we know about fulfilling a life together?'

Love comes and goes like the ebb and flow of the ocean.

And small gaps in their story highlight the loss which becomes obvious: the end of life announces itself subtly - the holding on to that which is known and the secret longing for so much more...  
Where did we lose each other?  
Where did we let each other down?  
Our thoughts vanish like mist and yet our disappointments linger...

As intangible as the breeze which blows through the curtains and seeks to cool, so are their thoughts and reflections. Are the whispers the only voices that can be heard?

Could life have been more beautiful?

*I won't say goodbye* is based on a true story about a demented old lady who has been living in an old age home for four years.

Her beautiful sixties style seaside bungalow, after all these years, still stands exactly just as she left it, like a museum full of memories.

Back in time, we see how she, as a young widow in the late sixties stayed strong yet more and more began to live a hermit's life.

'Is it fair to say: What did I do to deserve this?'

Life takes it's own turn. The cost is determined without even asking my prior consent.

Carry on alone.  
No full laundry baskets with childrens clothes and that of my hubby.  
No tables to set for the family.  
Too much time on.  
How do I full, empty days?  
No socks to darn, nappies to wash, scraped knees to take care of or tears to dry.

Who will dry my tears?

*Annabel Oosteweeghel*  
*Noordwijk*



*Everlasting*





















































*I won't say  
goodbye*






































































*He was the only one who saw her  
for who she truly was  
A woman whose beauty  
caught the eye of every man  
And who looked at him too,  
with an envious glance...  
Oh, and their home  
With all the modern amenities  
so time would be her own  
And in the summer a holiday in Spain*

*And he?  
He kept up with the times  
and yet something nostalgic  
lingered behind so much so,  
that he found himself  
trying to remember  
things that comforted him  
the touch of fine socks for example  
or how smoked sausage should taste  
But most of all... her*



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