



Within the Gilded Cage

A Family Tree Unfurled
P.G. Baily

Within the Gilded Cage

A Family Tree Unfurled

P.G. Baily



Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.

Copyright © 2012.
All rights reserved by P.G. Baily.

Book Design/Layout by Kalpart. Visit www.kalpart.com

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information retrieval system, without the permission in writing of the publisher .

Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.
12620 FM 1960, Suite A4-507
Houston TX 77065
www.spbra.com

ISBN: 978-1-62857-644-3

1981 ANNE



As I stepped through the doors of the elegant Radnor Clinic, it struck me as ironic; here I was returning to the place I always wanted to be, but it was in such different circumstances. My dream was to own a cottage in Chelsea, just off the Kings Road. Now, I was to spend some time in this elegant gilded birdcage for the mentally ill. So, this was a nervous breakdown. I was unsteady on my feet as, due to constant sickness, I was unable to eat. My mind was alert, yet it seemed to have no control over my body.

The Radnor Clinic was opposite the pub I used to frequent, the favorite haunt of the famous when I was young and dreamed of owning that cottage. All I could do now was stare out at it from my room. This was extremely depressing, as the window only opened about two inches, so it assured suicide was not an option.

After my family left, I was searched. Apparently this was to make sure I had no drugs or knives, or indeed

P.G. Bailly

anything with which I could inflict harm upon myself or others. I felt enclosed and even the gilding did nothing to allay my fears. I only agreed to come to the place to enable me to rest after the rigors of my husband's suicide and at that time I did not know it was fairly common for a wife to follow suit. I resented being treated like a naughty child. I had done nothing wrong, and here I was locked up in this expensive birdcage.

I was feeling claustrophobic and decided to find my way down to the lounge and entrance. Summoning all the strength I could muster, I walked to the lift, pressed the button, and it glided open silently. I looked for the button marked for the ground floor; it was not there. I came up from the ground floor in this lift so how was I to get back? I pressed a button marked lounge; the lift went down and the door opened. Where was I now? I stepped outside, and by now I was really frightened. I could not get out.

A uniformed nurse came by. Inspiration suddenly came to me, this place operated by money. "Can you tell me where the reception or the office is located?" I asked. "I need to pay a bill."

He laughed and said, "Lost are you! Just go along the corridor, down one flight of steps and up another, and you will be on the ground level."

"This is quite a maze!" I commented.

"Can't have them escaping too easily," he answered. "This place was specially built so it is difficult to find your way out once in."

In spite of the panic I felt at that moment, I kept calm

and followed his directions. Surely enough, down a flight, then up another, and there was the exit. The reception area was unmanned, so I walked out to the Kings Road. The few minutes I spent inside this clinic made me realize I had to fight to survive; otherwise, I would be spending the rest of my life inside.

After a walk I felt a little clearer in my mind and decided to return to the clinic. I had made my decision: I was leaving.

Panic set in when they realized I had left and was missing. The nurse who admitted me was downstairs and almost demanded, "What do you think you are doing? You are not allowed out."

"Call my doctor," I demanded. "Not tomorrow but right this minute! I'm leaving."

Dr. Graham begged me to stay. He explained I could use the clinic as a hotel, come and go as I pleased. I certainly couldn't leave on my own anyway.

"Just tell them that and I might stay a couple of days," I said.

"You need rest, people, fun, and freedom from worry for a while." I knew he was right so I agreed provided I could simply use the clinic as a hotel. I felt I had made the first step on the road to fighting for my life.

I went back to my room with the nurse accompanying me. She was a little more relaxed. "You shouldn't have run away like that," she scolded. "I could have lost my job."

I laid down on my bed. My nurse gave me a pill to relax me, and I felt myself drifting between sleep and consciousness. As I opened my eyes, the room seemed to have changed—

P.G. Bailly

was I dreaming?

The bed was now iron and a jug and basin stood on a washstand in the corner. The jug was especially pretty, covered as it was in pink roses. The bed linen was white and heavily starched. I could smell the cleanliness of it. A nurse wearing a long skirt with starched pinafore and frilled cap came over to the bedside and looked down at me. I kept my eyes half closed as if I was still asleep. I needed time to evaluate the situation.

Another nurse opened the door and asked, "How is she?"

"I think she's coming back," responded the first girl.

What the hell was going on, I wondered, back from where? I could hear the nurses talking together; they were discussing the suffragettes. Some were being force-fed. If I wasn't asleep, then it must be at the beginning of the century. I thought how often I wanted to go back in time and see how things really once were. Was I dreaming?

I closed my eyes again and slept. This pill must be strong, was the last memory that pervaded my consciousness. During this dreamlike state it seemed perfectly normal that the past appeared like a moving picture and I looked down to see my grandmother with her children standing on the steps of the River Thames.



Buy the B&N e-Pub version at:-

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/within-the-gilded-cage-p-g-baily/1113778605>

Buy the Kindle version at:-

http://www.amazon.com/Within-Gilded-Cage-Family-Unfurled-ebook/dp/B00GS29LTU/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1384917315&sr=1-1&keywords=Within+the+Gilded+Cage