

# Candice

She was beauty, my Candice, and wherever she travelled, men fell at her feet.

My Madonna came of age at 17 years old and up until then she was classed as an ugly duckling. It's strange how fortunes change and as she grew into maturity, she blossomed like a wild rose. The life of the human species is no different to the flower, the tree or any other living creature on the planet they call Earth. They blossom and rise to embrace the sun and their life, until old age overtakes them and renders them infirm to await death and their God's embrace.

Right from the start, I could see that Candice would never grow old and infirm, her life would be as a 'fire cracker' and it would end in one last gigantic burst of energy. Enlightenment is a wondrous thing and for many it never materialises but for Candice it arrived like a massive explosion in her heart which changed her persona and streamlined her appearance. This ugly duckling, in the space of 6 months, became a beautiful swan and she stepped out into the world to take it by the scruff of the neck and she shook it until the day she died.

Candice left school at seventeen with an above average education and the day she left, her father presented her with a brand new 1991 Suzuki GSX-750R motorcycle in gorgeous racing blue and white paintwork with iconic twin headlamps. He watched her don her matching blue leathers, slip on a full-face racing helmet and roar off down the road outside their house. There was no stopping her and despite the family's expectations of her going to university, she became a super model and within a year, Candice appeared on the front cover of 'Vogue'. It would take a special kind of man to handle her and many were burnt by her flame as they tried to tame her. She would tear down the road on her motorcycle to the next photo shoot and in her wake, Candice would leave men google eyed at the sight of her trim derriere hugging the bike seat. They inwardly sighed over the tight leathers emphasising her female form which blended in beautifully with the lines of her bike.

Some called her crazy, even wild, but everyone was transfixed when she took off her helmet, flicked her head and the long black hair unfurled to kiss her gleaming blue eyes. Natural ruby lips, long eyelashes and high cheekbones, accentuated a face in perfect symmetry. Candice was the ultimate 'It Girl' and men, as well as women, stood in awe of her beauty. Yet for all the attention, there remained an inner purity of a humble young girl who did not flaunt her attributes and treated everyone with kindness and consideration. However, the wild side remained throughout her life and Candice would continue to embrace the hunger for exhilaration that is spawned from living life on the edge. A super model travels the world to many exotic locations and Candice was no exception but it was in France where she first fell in love.

After the photo shoot, Candice remained with her photographer in Paris and they took in the sights. He was besought with her and he wined and dined her in the restaurants of St-Germain-des-Prés on Paris' rive gauche.

Together, like those existentialist thinkers, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, the painter Manet and writers Balzac and Georges Sand, they explored the streets of the Boulevard St-Germain, Rue de Seine, Rue de Rennes, Rue Bonaparte and walked along the side of the River Seine. They lunched aboard the restaurant Marina de Paris and declared their love for each other. Candice had read about the philosopher René Descartes, so they visited his tomb in the 6<sup>th</sup> century church of the Benedictine Abbey of St-Germain-des-Prés and late at night and into the early morning, they made love in a room of the famous Hôtel Saint Germain. In bed, Candice was a natural lover and knew how to caress his erogenous zones to raise his sexual desire. She literally blew his mind and such was the height of his orgasm that she had to gently massage his temples and hair to calm the aftershock. The affair did not last and as with so many men in her life, he became possessive of Candice's beauty and tried in vain to control her – sadly and in the process, he drove her away.

Candice returned to London, mounted her beloved motorcycle and roared off into the countryside to clear her mind of that man. A successful super model becomes a multi-millionaire and Candice embraced the financial security. She bought a lovely flat in London's Mayfair and made it her sanctuary where men were not allowed. Her lifestyle was not one of parties for she preferred to listen to vinyl classical music on her Technic SL-1200 record turntable over a glass of wine, cook fine food, enjoy the opera at the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden and dine in famous restaurants throughout the world. True love was to take a back seat in her life for amongst her many friends were single male friends who came with benefits whilst chaperoning her in travels abroad and at home. Needless to say, none of them had any intention of sitting on the back of her motorcycle, far less ride one.

In 2004 at 30 years old, and at the height of her career, Candice stopped modelling and started for ventures new. The Mayfair flat remained with the now 'classic' Suzuki GSX-750R motorcycle parked snug in a mews garage but she had also purchased a sizeable steading in the Cotswolds' and kept a few horses. They were in competition with a brand-new Yamaha R1 sports motorcycle and to be truthful, Candice did not know which one she preferred. A horse at full gallop brought tears to her eyes as the wind rush struck her face whilst the R1 motorcycle was a mental blast as she carved up the countryside corners. Neighbours looked on and 'tutted' as they watched her roar off on her motorcycle. Her trim derriere still hugged the bike seat, much to the delight of the men who watched and away from the eyes of their women. Temperatures rose even higher when she trotted past on a horse wearing those tight jodhpurs.

That year a man friend introduced her to flying and although she had flown with him before, now the flying was up in the air in a plane. With guaranteed inevitability, she aspired to taking flying lessons, obtained a pilot's licence and took to the skies in an 'Extra Flugzeugbau EA300' which is a two-seater aerobatic monoplane capable of unlimited category competition. A male friend sat with her once, as a passenger, and then passed on subsequent invites. Candice became a member of the local flying club, parked up her Flugzeugbau plane and delighted in knowing that it was only a short ride on her R1 motorcycle from her house. Of course, once the neighbours found out, they reckoned she was crazy. Adrenaline can cost you dearly, especially an

expensive motorcycle, an aeroplane and the maintenance of horses. Each brought with it the exhilaration of danger and Candice paid for it by shrewdly investing her super model earnings in several properties which were all run by carefully selected property agencies. As she moved on, the adrenaline factory required even greater heights of danger and so it was that she took to the race track on her motorcycle and participated in local racing events. As if this was not enough, she performed in aerobatic shows with her plane and in local equestrian cross-country jumping competitions with her horses. Many a male friend with benefits, looked on and just shook their head.

Beauty is often illusive as a woman becomes older but Candice possessed natural beauty that never seemed to wane. Her life was not just one of a 'wild child' for she participated in charity work and nothing stopped her visiting Palestine where she became a friend and a main contributor, both financially and through sheer hard work, of the Ummah Welfare Trust. She worked from the field office in Gaza during the UK winter months and administered many of the local projects on behalf of the people. Candice remained radiant and the Palestinians adored her humility and loving nature. Palestine in 2004 and thereafter for the rest of her life, remained a very dangerous place to work and yet she was never exposed to harm. She witnessed the ongoing occupation of the land, the barrier along the West Bank, the land, air and sea blockades on Gaza, which continued to strangle Palestine and its people. Candice knew that around 4 in 5 locals relied on donations for survival. They were imprisoned behind concrete walls and humiliating military checkpoints. She did not hate the Israelis or the West for their co-ordinated subrogation of the Palestinian peoples but disapproved of the hardships they inflicted.

Candice never married, never experienced child birth or children, never spoke ill of anyone and lived her life as that 'crazy person' to her neighbours. She blossomed forth without religion, without politics and shone a bright light on all who knew her. As the years started to wear her down and the digital age dawned, she did not change her ways. Candice remained a staunch adrenaline junkie with a heart of gold and an avid philanthropist who gave to and served those who looked to the world for help.

My Madonna, my blue-eyed beauty passed away in 2023 when a tractor stalled on a country road as it left a field. Candice would never become old, she was too wonderful for that infirmity and so her beloved Yamaha R1 motorcycle ended its life along with hers on that warm sunny afternoon, deep in the heart of the Cotswolds'.

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Adapted from [The Dragon Project](#)

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