

Bourne toWrite...

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Instinct

by Bryony Parsons

Instinct is a marvellous thing. It can neither be explained nor ignored. I guessed something was wrong when I walked into the room. The atmosphere was extremely tense. I saw my parents sitting down at the dining room table. My younger brother, who happened to be sixteen at the time, was sat next to my dad. My brother was called Liam. He never really showed emotion in front of the family and when I looked at his face, I could see he was just as nervous as I was. I walked over to the table, pulled out a chair and sat down.

"What's going on?" I ask, exchanging a worried look between mum and dad. They shared a look. Dad was the first one to speak. He spoke the words that every child dreads to hear. He clasped his hands together and fiddled with his fingers. "Your mum and I have been talking. As you're aware, we haven't been getting on lately." He started, not looking at me or my brother.

I could see that my dad was struggling to speak the words. "We're not happy together. We don't love each other anymore." My mum stepped in and started to speak. "We're getting a divorce. It's a mutual agreement between the both of us." She admitted in a nervous, shaky voice. Unable to speak, I looked over at my brother. He was frozen. The skin on his face had turned white. He looked at me and rose to his feet. He didn't even look at mum and dad. The white from his face had turned red. He was angry and hurt. He stormed out of the room and slammed the door shut behind him, before storming out of the house and slamming the front door shut after him.

I flinched, as I heard the bang. I stood up and looked at my parents. "I knew you weren't getting along, but this is a shock for me too." I said, and walked towards the dining room door. "I'm going for a walk. I'll be back later." I needed time to process this information. I walked out of the house and saw no sign of my brother. I tried to ring him, but he didn't answer. I assumed, like me, he wanted time to himself. I walked along the alley way and towards the main road.

I crossed the road and stepped into another alley. I soon found myself at my grandma's front door. I knocked on the door. She answered, and I bursted into tears. She pulled me into a hug. "It's going to be okay," she whispered, before allowing me to come inside.