

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

Revenge

by Gill Kane

I knew as soon as I awoke. The pounding head and dry mouth, the sense of dread and foreboding. My phone bleeping and buzzing constantly. I knew I'd done something terrible, something unforgiveable. Peering through bleary eyes I scanned the messages. "scumbag", "pathetic", "how could you", "too much mate". I threw the phone down. What had I done? I shut my eyes and cast my mind back to when it had all started.

The first signs were Amy's unavailability. It was a slow process and it was some months before I felt the stirrings of unease. One or two nights a week she was working late, then she joined a ballet class, then a yoga class and one day I woke up and realized I hadn't seen her for over a week. The resulting confrontation didn't go well. She was strangely distracted, absent, constantly checking her phone and not meeting my eye. "What's going on Amy?" I asked but I didn't like the answer. I was stifling her, suffocating her and she needed a break. Just a few weeks to sort her head out.

But the weeks turned to months and she stopped answering my messages. After she blocked me on social media I took my stalking live and that's when I saw her with him. Night after night. At the cinema, the theatre, out with friends for dinner. My friends. Oh yes, they finally admitted they'd known all along. Hadn't known how to tell me. Didn't want to hurt me. And me, well I was trapped in a red, hot swirling storm of rage. I couldn't think straight, I couldn't go to work, I couldn't get up in the morning. I was drinking, smoking and sleeping with strangers but nothing could ease my anger. I had loved her and now I hated her.

Which brings me to last night. I know I was drunk and I remember deciding to get rid of every photo of Amy that I possessed. So armed with a bottle of whisky I crouched before my computer erasing images and memories. And then I came upon the Amsterdam photos. Amy and I were a bit old for the sexting generation and to be honest I thought it was all a bit sleazy but a weekend break and a few drinks and, well... we took some photos.

They were quite chaste and tasteful but there was no getting away from it, there in front of me appeared my beautiful Amy, naked as the day she was born. And now with startling clarity I remember loading them to every social media platform that existed, emailing her family, her work, her friends and pressing 'Send'. Oh God what had I done?

My phone bleeps. I pick it up. It's her. "I hate you, I wish you were dead".

I lay my aching head back on the pillow and smile. Me dead. Now that's a thought.

That indeed would be the ultimate revenge.