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## Unrequited Love

by Garf Collins

Sitting alone after a bitter row with my wife, I poured another drink and thought back over a lifetime of disastrous relationships. I realised it had all started with my first love at Primary School.

Pam was a pretty girl with dancing brown eyes beneath curly brown hair. She was full of fun and if she smiled at you it felt like a ray of sunshine. I thought she was perfect. My very first girlfriend, I told myself, although I wasn't entirely sure what that really meant. Every morning I took her route to school hoping to walk along with her.

One day it was announced that there was to be a second evacuation of children because of the threat from the doodle bugs and rockets which the Germans were aiming at London. All classes had to be reorganised. I was delighted when I was moved to share a double desk with Pam. Occasionally an air raid warning was sounded and I had the pleasure of crouching below the desk with her - our own little world.

When Christmas came I gave Pam a present. Some of our classmates said that she must be my girl-friend. She didn't deny it which I took as an excellent sign.

One day in the Spring we were all taken out to visit a nursery and someone there talked to us about the flowers and bushes. Pam couldn't see so she put her hands on my shoulders and stretched up on tip toe. It was a moment of bliss when she whispered to me, "Can you meet me before school tomorrow. There's something I want to ask you."

With great anticipation I met up with her on the walk to school. "I would like to recommend you to become a member of the Ovaltinies Club," she said with great earnestness, "Here's the application form. Just fill it in and send it off. It's great. I've been a member for a long time."

From Pam this was like a royal command. How nice to be in the same club as her. I found out that you had to send in a couple of stickers from Ovaltine tins. I also discovered that I didn't much like that malt based milk drink, but I was happy to make the sacrifice for her. After a couple of weeks I was the proud owner of an Ovaltinies badge which I wore triumphantly to school to show Pam. To my consternation she hardly looked at it and continued a very friendly conversation with David Briggs.

Jack Little, who was already showing signs of the Detective Inspector he would become, came up to me in the playground and with a sneer said, "She won't want much to do with you now you've got the badge. She's now only needs to persuade two others to join to get her Ovaltinie gold badge."

Where women are concerned, I've been a sucker all my life.