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She was disappointed

by Nancy Bertenshaw

She was disappointed by both the weather and the fact that Louis wasn't there. It had rained in the night. A dull, overcast humidity started the day.

Belinda, fortunately, remembered nothing apart from the hospital smells and the kind doctors and nurses. After a week, they told her the sad news.

'Thank Goodness we never married!' was all Belinda could think about. 'His family will have to sort all that out, have done, I suppose...and all that awful paperwork...'

Belinda and Louis had led almost separate lives. He was the brown to her blue; travelling in parallel; sometimes entwined; never earthed. The green motor, gone now, was dandy, but not really her colour. She preferred red. Louis had been dandy, too, she supposed, emptily.

Belinda could no longer climb the stairs to her luxurious apartment. She had sold it rather easily. 'Stunning, parkland views, 'the agent had cooed, into some hand-held device, new-fangled phone, probably.

She had bought an equally +1, ground floor apartment from a David 'Somebody?'

'Stunning views over parkland and lake.' Same agent.

This morning was going to be the 'just measuring for curtains' visit, under guidance of the agent.

After much consideration, Belinda put on her tremendously expensive Amanda Wakeley dress, red, crepe silk, wrap, midi length. She tied the black judo belt, tightly round her slim waist. 'Bohemian but always underpinned ...with modernity', wasn't that the Wakeley quote? Belinda pulled on her black kitten heel boots; plonked the black Fedora unceremoniously on the greying, blonde curls and whisked through the front door; grabbing her black, leather, zippy biker jacket as she left. She strode briskly round the corner to the new apartment and rang the bell with supreme confidence.

The door was flung open. Belinda admired unkempt hair; sparkling teeth in a broad smile; twinkly blue eyes and a tall man in black jeans. A familiar smell wafted out into the damp air.

'What Ho! I'm David. Agent couldn't make it, sorry. Do come in, Belinda, lovely name. Coffee?'

As Belinda rummaged in her large, suede Mara Hobo bag for her newly purchased tape measure, the sun broke through the muggy, grey sky. Coffee arrived in hand thrown and decorated pottery mugs and they chatted, without reserve.

'Just like old friends...' they both thought.

'I say sun's out!' rushed David, 'How would you like to come for a spin in my new, red motor?'

'That's like Toad!' she giggled, 'but it beats measuring for curtains.' Belinda smiled her most winning smile. David gleamed back. Red, her favourite colour!

'Don't blame it on the sunshine...' she sang, out loud, 'blame it on the....'

'Rather tuneful!' mused David, happily.