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She was Disappointed

by Malcolm Walker

She was disappointed by both the weather and the fact that Louis wasn't there. Just like him to avoid the consequences of his actions. How many times had he done that? All would have been revealed if he had faced his accusers. As the rain beat down she reflected on the sequence of events. All so innocent initially. There were signs of course. He seemed to have a compulsion to draw attention to ladders in ladies stockings So long ago and so passe now. Superseded of course by tights. Surprising how nearly all were appreciative of his comments. A laugh and a sigh and all moved on.

There is no doubting Louis could not help himself where women were concerned. He had an eye for the ladies. Some would say he was too “touchy feely.” Perhaps his older sisters' friends were to blame. All too eager to tease and pout, to prod and push, to josh and joke. So it was that Louis grew to feel ambivalent about the opposite sex. In himself he was kind, considerate, attentive, aspects of his character which belied his drive, his ambition, his passion for excellence.

She recognised that these were the features she admired and which soon led her to want to spend her life with him, but like all of us there were flaws she was well aware of but which, initially at any rate, she was able to tolerate readily.

The first occasion on which she felt uneasy was one very hot spring when they were dining at the Savoy. A particularly attractive lady glided by their table. Out of the blue Louis shouted “you have torn your dress!” Alarmed the lady turned to look at her rear. “April Fool!” Louis chortled. Her embarrassment was excruciating.

Fortunately it turned out the lady was Mandy Rice Davies who laughingly retorted, “You naughty little boy, you need a jolly good spanking.”

Somehow or other Louis always seemed to avoid unpleasantness or confrontation. Sometimes perhaps, humiliation was present, but in those days however irritating, the recipient was accommodating, tolerant and to a degree flattered.

Now however, not only had the weather changed but so also the climate. Perhaps it was the reaction Louis had to an unfortunate accident, unrelated to his peccadilloes. Whilst at an academic ball at London's Guildhall he had, in a relatively quiet moment, apart from others, passed wind. Regrettably it was next to a “live” microphone. The shock was soon followed by unbridled laughter.

Emboldened no doubt, it was not long before a succession of mishaps took place, the latest occurring at a lecture he was giving at Cambridge University to a largely female audience. Reviewing the historical development of social sciences he asked how many of those girls present had left their partners holding the baby. The inferences were drawn before he had a chance to counter the implications. There was uproar. The police were called and Louis was arrested for a breach of the peace. Nobody gave a thought to what he might have said pursuant to the offending question.

Fortunately Louis had a brain haemorrhage and died shortly before the trial when he replaced our bed with a trampoline, and hit his head on the ceiling.