

# Bourne toWrite...

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## Union

by Gill Kane

From behind his newspaper Douglas surveyed his domain. The gleaming kitchen housed the latest General Electric appliances whilst the refrigerator hummed luxuriously in the corner. His wife, pretty in a chaste housecoat, her hair pinned back modestly removed the empty cereal bowl before him and replaced it with eggs and buttered toast. He emerged from behind the paper. "What're your plans for today?" Sandy smiled uncertainly. "Louisa and I thought we might go to the beach". A frown creased his forehead. "You're spending a lot of time with Louisa Campbell? Well don't be late...remember, drinks at the Coopers tonight." He paused for a minute, thinking, before pronouncing "The blue dress I think."

As he returned to his newspaper she replied "Of course darling. Whatever you think best." Something in her tone caused him a moment's unease but glancing up he was reassured to see her smiling sweetly and gazing at him adoringly. As he stood, pushing his chair to one side, she leapt up to get his coat and hat. She escorted him to the door standing on tiptoes to kiss him goodbye. Douglas felt intense satisfaction. She really was very sweet and simple. He was a lucky man but then she was a lucky girl. He provided everything she could possibly wish for. Closing the door behind him he turned his mind to more important matters of stocks and shares and the cute secretary in Accounts.

As the door clicked behind him Sandy flew upstairs. Tearing off her housecoat she put on a scarlet red bikini, halter neck top and tight capri pants. Swinging her auburn locks free she pained her lips a deep red. Running downstairs she paused briefly to make a quick call. "5 minutes" she said.

Throwing open the refrigerator she filled a picnic hamper and lastly liberated a bottle of bourbon from its hiding place in the laundry basket. As she took one quick swig of alcohol, the spirit burning down her throat, she heard an insistent tooting outside. Gathering her belongings she ran down the drive to the street and there in a shiny blue chevy convertible was Louisa, her magnificent blonde hair piled high, her eyes hidden behind cat's eye sunglasses, her lips, red, smiling in welcome. Sandy handed her the bourbon and Louisa threw back her head to drink deep and long, her neck, creamy and smooth, exposed to the golden sun.

On the coast road Sandy turned up the radio and, with wild abandon, dancing in their seats, they sang along with Elvis, Fats and Perry. Rhythms of love, loss and broken hearts. At the secluded bay they tore off their clothes, stripping down to swimwear, and holding hands ran into the cool early sea. Laughing and screaming, falling and stumbling, battered by the waves they washed up on the damp beach in a tangle of limbs. Their bodies covered in sparkling diamonds of sand they clung on to each other, rolling in the surf. Sandy paused, her heart thudding, and looked deep into Louisa's eyes just before their lips met.