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Another Manic Monday

by Malcolm Walker

Here I am, mentally bruised, battered and beaten. It's Monday the first of April and somebody is hailing me from across the street. It's...it's her, I thought instinctively starting to cross the road. I hear a shout, No!, No! but it is too late.

I felt nothing at first, other than a feeling of despair that my life will never be the same. The previous day's session in the gym had, pardon the pun, floored me, but my Doctor assured me it could only be beneficial. I must confess I had always considered him to be lacking insight and judgement. My own feeling should have trumped his prognosis. A two hour session after rupturing a cruciate ligament had not, and should not have made sense.

My crutch was irreparably broken but what of my leg? Was it still there?

"Oh Cecil you bloody fool. What were you thinking crossing, without looking and in your state too."

Had I heard those words? An inexplicable splenetic resentment welled up but by then such a clamour had arisen that my senses were muted. Not so dull however as to desensitise a certain feeling of joy that Myrtle was by my side expressing such concern. For years I had cherished the hope that she might implore me to take her to heights that only the Gods could attain. Failing that my uncharitable hope was that she would become a nun.

An ambulance arrived within three minutes according to the police report I read weeks later. A sense of disquiet flooded my brain when I became aware that Myrtle and two paramedics were endeavouring to manhandle me into the ambulance. Much later I heard that the hydraulic system had broken down. Once in the ambulance I felt relatively relaxed. No doubt some pain relief might have been administered. Just as well in view of what happened next.

It transpired that the police had led the ambulance with blue lights flashing and siren blaring, when a motor cyclist had struck the car head-on rendering one of the constables unconscious. In a haze I became aware of the presence of two other occupants in the ambulance which became seriously unbalanced.

Despite my incapacity I was furious when, even to my addled brain I saw that Myrtle was paying far too much attention to the motor cyclist. He, despite haemorrhaging pints of blood was holding her hand to his cheek. Damn the man I thought. Can it get any worse?

The motor cyclist was apparently dead on arrival and I was left alone in the ambulance while the policeman was being given CPR in the car park having had a cardiac arrest. Some three hours later in my befuddled state I had a sense that I was peeing in a coca-cola bottle and was mortified to learn later that Myrtle was present. It turned out that she had fallen over the motor cyclist when leaving the ambulance, fracturing her wrist.

“You have two days to live,” the A&E doctor blurted out as I was led into the ward.

“What! but it’s only my leg,” I screamed.

April fool!” he cried, leaving the nurses in stitches.