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Small and Ordinary

by Sho Botham

I've always had a fear of being small and ordinary. So often in life, size is everything. Bigger is better and small is not. Put that together with being ordinary and what chance do you have?

There have been times when small seemed good and ordinary not a problem. In fact, small and ordinary was just what he wanted.

I remember a time when he took me everywhere with him. He would take me to exciting places and I was his constant companion. He talked to me a lot and I loved the closeness of his mouth as he whispered to me. He never wanted to be without me. That was the best time. He always wanted me to be with him.

I loved being the centre of his attention and the feel of his hand on me, caressing me, not wanting to let me go. It wasn't difficult to keep his focus on my sleek, small body and he really knew which of my buttons to press to get what he wanted.

I loved when he held me close and talked in that gentle voice of his. It made me want to listen to him all day long.

The problem with such good times is that they don't last. He wanted small for a long time but then I began to realise that he was starting to look around. He was showing interest in bigger, bigger and dare I say it, flashier? Ordinary was no longer good enough for him. He wanted more, much more. And I couldn't compete with that.

I can't change being small and I can't change being ordinary although I could maybe get a more colourful coat or put on a bit of bling. It won't change things because I would still be small and ordinary underneath. As each day goes by it seems that small and ordinary is no longer what he wants?

He goes out without me these days and I no longer am the centre of his attention. At home I hear him whispering but not to me. I feel abandoned. And it is not a feeling I like.

On Monday morning, I was fully expecting to be left behind as had become the norm when suddenly, he grabbed me, spun me around and said as he looked at me, am I glad to have you to take with me today. You might be small and ordinary but you've never let me down.

I could feel my confidence rising as I listened to his familiar voice whispering once more to me. And I thought to myself, I might be small and ordinary but when it comes to reliability, I am better than these, bigger, shiny, new fangled smartphones that do everything under the sun, except work.