

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

Just to say...

by Penny Humphrey

Dear Richard

I thought I would write to you in the old fashioned way, pen to paper, blue Basildon Bond with a water mark and an envelope to match.

It seems easier to hold a pen in the hand while trying to form the words, rather than hover over a cold key board and send you this by remote electronic mail. The natural flow from brain through arm and hand spilling onto the paper via Parker ink, so much more personal, don't you think?

You must be wondering why you are hearing from me after all these years and why I am rambling right from the beginning of this missive? Well think of the first two paragraphs as an audience warm up, polite chit chat at a cocktail party with someone you've never met before or have any desire to meet again.

And so, with my audience warmed up now I hope? I will get to the point of my reason for contacting you.

My last sight of you, Millenium New Year; standing next to me on the Embankment watching the fireworks, your eyes moist, your body rigid against mine. I knew before you told me that as the exploding lights above us faded, there would be no more us. The lies and the strain were too much for you.

You were wearing a red jumper and jeans, I even remember that you were wearing odd socks, one navy, one green, in your rush to get dressed.

I ran before you got half way through the first sentence, I couldn't bear to hear what I knew you were going to say and I easily lost you in the crowds.

I've been living in Spain for the past eighteen years, keeping tabs on you from time to time and I know you've looked unsuccessfully for me, or the half of me that was left. I married a man but not for love, just because he was kind to me and understood but he has moved on now.

So now I see your face in every newspaper and news programme, the Paparazzi have done their usual merciless job, they take no prisoners do they? She's left you for a younger man which leaves us both on our own.

Too much water under the bridge for us to ever pick up again I know and the magic spell of us has long been broken. Your news will soon be yesterday's and forgotten.

I'm coming back to England for what I am told is the short remainder of my life.

Don't write, don't come, I don't need it, it's not why I've written.

I've written because I wanted you to know, that's all

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