

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

## Game Over

by Ros Jones

She raised the gun to her head and pulled the trigger. BANG. Her body, limp fell heavily to the ground. It lay in a crumpled heap on the floor. Blood pooled around her head. Thick, crimson fluid like oil.

In the distance sirens echoed back and forth as the emergency vehicle hurtled along the busy road. It swerved violently missing the heavy traffic pulling over to clear a path. It's tyres bucking over the uneven road surface leapt like an excited foal freed to explore the paddock for the first time.

He let the phone drop from his hand. It bounced happily on its cord incongruent to the news it had departed. Running through the corridors, he hoped this was another one of her games. Another selfish, demanding game to garner more attention. She knew the score; had always known the truth. He would never leave his wife and children. At the door he hesitated just for an instant. Did he want to enter? Should he walk away? Could he walk away? Was this another bluff? Perhaps it was time to double bluff. What's good for the goose after all?

Then he saw it the trickle of red running under the door. He entered the room. He stared at her body in disbelief. This wasn't a game. He ran to her side, dropped to his knees to feel for a pulse in her neck. The blood smeared across his fingers as they slid over her cooling skin.

A long, slow agonising gurgle left her lips. Her eyes wide open stared up at him, blind the moment the bullet had entered her brain.

He closed the lids.

Resting back on his haunches he let out a wail. This had meant to me a bit of fun. Something to pass the monotony of a stale marriage. He threw his head back in despair not sure what his next move should be.

Looking back at her body he noticed her fist curled tightly around a piece of scrunched paper. Almost invisible. He unfurled her stiffening fingers and pulled it free.

Wiping the blood from its surface he read the nine words scrawled across its surface. 'You're my dream and I plan to sleep forever.' He let the page drop to the floor. She had out done herself this time.

The sirens louder distracted his agony at the game gone wrong. Realising her final move could jeopardise his future even more than her threats of exposure he stood, folding the paper neatly he placed it into his pocket and walked away. Game over.

He bowed slightly to let the paramedics pass. And doffed his head with a practiced finger at the police officer who had just arrived.

'Inspector', said the young uniform. 'What have we got?'

'Suicide. Messy business. Brain matter is splashed across the walls. I'll call the forensic cleaners in,' he replied.

Walking away he pulled his mobile phone from his pocket and with one press of the button began swiping right.