

**Bourne**  
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creative writing  
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## Just Another Day

by Holly Raber

The 10:04 to Brighton was delayed by 4 minutes, just enough time for Tim to regret his decision, but not enough to extricate his bag from the overhead rack and make his way to the nearest door. The bitter tang of burnt toast still lingered in his nostrils only dissipating as the train slid soundlessly across the river then picked up speed on its way to the coast.

Tim loosened his tie and dialled his office extension to hear, once again that magic monotone announce 'Tim Chance is out of the office'. Tim grinned and ran his fingers through his neat red crop. He studied his reflection in the murky glass eerily superimposed on the grey green Sussex landscape. Could anyone tell? On the opposite seat a girl with small teeth and large headphones was videoing her journey, he decided not.

The brisk sea air was like a slap in the face. Tim pulled his sensible trench coat closely around him and tacked into the wind. Gulls whirled and screeched, swooped unnervingly close strewing the contents of greasy kebabs like drunks at closing time. Tim joined the stream of people heading South, at the far end of the road a sliver of sunlight bounced off the cold sea.

Once, Susie had loved the sea. She had loved it with the same vital energy that she had once loved Tim, chocolate and chips. Tim supposed he should call her but as she was likely to be in 'Downward Dog' this would only be an unwelcome intrusion. He decided on a postcard instead. He selected a slightly faded line drawing of The Pavilion from a rusty rack outside a sweetshop.

Even the squirrels in the pavilion gardens were opportunists, Tim watched them scuttling between the tables, stopping abruptly and standing erect like Meerkats, scanning the manor for possibilities. After the operation, he had sat by Susie's bed watching grey suited, city squirrels running purposefully along the branches of the tree outside the window, preparing for winter. These rusty renegades paid no heed to the threat of leaner times.

Tim picked up the postcard and began the curiously painless task of ending his marriage.

*"Don't write. Don't come. I don't need it. It's not why I've written..."*

He hoped she would respect his need for distance.

In the fading evening light Tim studied his reflection, already he felt softer more feminine. Outside the window of the B and B strings of fairy lights swung wildly in the stiffening breeze on the seafront. Tim threw open the window and inhaled the curious mixture of fast cars and cheap food. It was only Tuesday but it felt like Saturday night.