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## You Are My Dream

by Sue Thompson

You are my dream, and I plan to sleep forever, so that I can be with you, share my life with you. We live in a small cottage down a country lane, a part from the world. The wisteria hangs over the red door, you planted that when we first moved in. It was a warm spring day, as we drew up in the car you said that wisteria would make it perfect, and it did. We ate cucumber sandwiches in the garden with iced tea. We picked apples from the orchard and laughed when the kitchen was taken over by too many apple pies. In the end we made cider.

We would walk to the village pub and mix with the locals, they welcomed us in and allowed us our privacy, seeing that we were living only for each other. I often wondered what the outside world made of us; was it envy, or were they pleased we had found each other? The odd couple in the wisteria covered cottage.

You painted and I wrote, that is how we made our living, we came together for lunch and dinner, you, covered in paint and me full of woes of how my story was not coming together; you would laugh.

We walked for miles most days too, with our beloved dog called Zambie. The three musketeers. Fighting the world for our solitude.

In winter we locked ourselves away, barely stepping out of the cottage, the icicles hung from the windows. The flurries of snow piling up at the back door. You brought in the logs and we lit the open fire, huddled together for warmth, drinking hot chocolate laced with Scotch. You would venture out to make sketches of the landscape, while I made broths to keep us warm.

Then it became hazy, you seemed to drift away from me, as I emerged from my slumber, I tried to get you back but as much as I tried I could not hold on to your image. I opened my eyes and the room came into focus. I looked around. I rolled over and stared at another woman lying asleep next to me, you were blonde but she is dark. She turns towards me and smiles a lazy half awake smile.

Where are you where have you gone. I panic.

“Are you making the coffee?” She says. I slip out of bed and walk across the room, looking out of the window, I see rows of houses, this is suburbia, this is hell. I make my way across the landing and open another door, there is a child in the bed asleep. As I walk down the stairs, my dream starts to fade.

You were my dream and I did plan to sleep forever, but with all dreams you wake up and reality hits you.