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## The Supermarket Sighting

by Candida Lloyd

Bit of a bombshell today. Sharon and I were in the fruit 'n' veg section when she noticed me make eye contact with a woman. "Who's that?" she said, and I got flustered and put some avocados in the basket - organic. Luckily it distracted Sharon who said, "who do you think you are, Nigella Lawson?"

The woman threw me completely! There she was in a supermarket doing her shopping like a normal person.

Cordelia (that's the woman's name - I know, right!) and I had agreed in our first session, that if we met accidentally, I would take the lead about whether to talk to each other or not. Not. Obviously in this case.

After I'd seen her, I had to steer Sharon around the supermarket to avoid her without Sharon realising. Talk about awkward.

Also, I noticed she ate grapes from her shopping as she walked around. Grapes that she hadn't paid for! She's one of *those* people. I mean it's dishonest isn't it? I thought she was all about the honesty. There I am spewing my guts out to her week after week and there she is stealing!

She had a box of Mr Kipling Fondant Fancies in her basket. I thought she was better than that. I imagined she had a beautiful, tastefully furnished, period house with a garden and a hot, intellectual husband who would be cooking her dinner when she arrives home from a hard day in the consultancy room. Now I think she lives on her own and goes home and stuffs her face with a whole box of cakes. Maybe she's got an eating disorder. They say that don't they - all therapists are fucked up.

The thing is, now I don't know what to do. I suppose we will have to talk about this. She makes such a big deal out of everything sitting there in silence making me say stuff I don't want to. If I bring it up, she'll ask me why I couldn't tell my friend about her, and was I ashamed, and why did it matter to me that she was eating grapes and what was the significance of the Fondant Fancies? I know what she's like.

But if I don't mention I saw her, it'll be the elephant in the room. She'll know that I'm not bringing it up and I'll know that she knows I'm avoiding it which will make things worse. I can feel it now; the awful tension, hanging in the room until I spill.

I won't go. I'll text her and tell her I'm ill. Or send her an email: Dear Cordelia, you've done a such a great job that I'm cured. But I can hear her favourite Freud quote ringing in my ears. Something about unexpressed emotions never dying but coming back in uglier ways. I don't fancy that.