

**Bourne**  
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## From Adam

by Janie Reynolds

It was around 10 pm. The open plan penthouse was haunted by swathes of blue lights from the security cameras that pointed into the apartment. Jared, a good looking, fit young man in his mid thirties lay awake and agitated in his empty king size bed. His dark, shoulder length, wavy hair was damp with sweat. Under a single sheet he was nude.

“Air con high,” he called out, sitting up and wedging the pillows from the other side of the bed behind his back.

A whirring sound got louder and faster and circulating air created a ripple effect on the hairs of his chest and head.

“I am *sick* of not being able to sleep”, he moaned to the empty room. “I can’t remember when I last had a good night’s sleep.”

“15 nights ago” came a gentle but upbeat female voice from somewhere within the walls. “You took a Zinox.”

“Oh yeah, Wilby”, Jared sighed. “Can I have one in the tray.”

Jared pulled his legs round and placed his feet on the glossy oak effect floor. As he stepped towards the kitchen, skin sensors activated a path of pale white lights ahead of him like a mini runway. He stood, stark naked, and walked towards the dispenser. A small blue light flashed several times before a tiny

blue packet fell down from the machine onto a black plastic tray.

“Your Zinox” came a perfunctory male voice from the dispenser. “Dosage as specified at previous request. For altered dosage, please ask Wilby.”

Jared pinched the package with his fingers and slid it between his cheek and his teeth. He closed his eyes and sighed. There was no expression on his face. Barely opening his eyes, he walked back to the bed, climbed in and wearily fell back onto the stack of pillows.

“How long ’til this thing works?” he asked.

“12 minutes” replied the comforting woman’s voice he was so familiar with.

“OK, well I need a date for tonight, Wilby.” He looked pained, rubbing his forehead and screwing up his eyes. “The usual please. Show me the best you got.”

“That’s single, 35-42, looking for relationship, no kids, any colour hair , professional, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Time?”

“6”

“Zone?”

“A or B.”

A large flatscreen TV flashed the image of a smartly dressed brunette, pouting pensively at a work desk, wearing a fitted jacket and white feminine blouse, her slender fingers weighted down with huge gold rings.

“She looks hot!” Jared exclaimed, sitting more upright now and starting to rejuvenate. “Nice work Wilby. Rating?”

“4”

“Oh. Why so low?”

“Reviews aren’t great. You want the latest?”

“Sure.”

“Hard work, never relaxes, no conversation.”

“Previous.”

“Too much makeup, uptight.”

“Previous.”

“Frigid. No extras.”

“OOooof. But she looks hot. Bed rating, Wilby.”

“6.”

“Type.”

“All positions. No extras.”

“5D.”

The image of the lady converted to a hologram which started to spin slowly.

“Great arse. Financial?”

“Undisclosed. But on the basis of reviews, not good..”

“Can you scan the body for fat, please Wilby.”

“33%”

“Urh. Bit high. Where is it?”

“Stomach and bottom largely.”

“Dimensions?”

“36 34 38, knee 15, calf 12”

“She matched me?”

“I only show you matches, remember.”

“Yeah, sorry. Um. Whats the return rate?”

“90%”

“Fffffff. Over what period?”

“6 years, with 2 years, 2 months offline.”

“Ah. Who with?”

“Uhhhhh, no, he’s Gold, so we don’t have access.”

“Photo of mother.”

An image of a prim, portly woman in her 60s popped up beside the one of her daughter.

“Father.”

A round pallid man in his 60s, with a smooth face lacking features, sitting behind a desk with a flag on it.

“Mother’s a Dog, father’s a trout. But she is HOT, Wilby. Look at those breasts!”

“They’re implants.”

“Who cares. Nuni?”

“Internal, average. External tidy, Californian.”

“Hmmm. Grey hairs?”

“5-10 % visible, 90-95% dyed.”

Jared stared motionless at the hologram. He barely moved but you could see his thoughts as they tick tick ticked away.

“I like this girl.”

“Why?”

“I have no idea.” He pauses. “Book her.”

Wilby interrupted. “Hold on Jared you’re rushing in here. Let’s check her background at least. Don’t be deceived by appearances. She could be a psycho.”

“Oh Wilby,” Jared sighed, “you sound like my mother. But Ok fine.”

“Hang on a minute you’re Gold has expired. We need to upgrade.”

“You mean, I need to, Wilby. I’m paying. How much?”

“Gold is £55 a week or £150 for the month. And in my opinion, worth it. Could

be a pirate profile.“

“OK.”

“Upgraded to Gold. Running checks for Med history. Criminal records, social media. Ok. Criminal record - 2065 shoplifting, 2067 Fraud....”

“What was the fraud?”

“Stolen credit card. Wo, check this out. Prostitution.”

“When?”

“2070. £20,000 fine and 2 years unpaid military service.”

“Wo. So there’s skeletons.”

“Med history - ongoing - Piles. Aggressive lymphoma in left breast, 2095, left breast, single mastectomy, cryotherapy, resolved. History - HIV, gonorrhoea, hepatitis C, clinical depression, prescribed prozac, manic depressive disorder medically managed with lithium, hysterical personality disorder diagnosed 2071, attempted suicide five times over the past 10 years...”

“Christ,, that’s enough Wilby. Do your research next time, OK?”

“Sorry, sir, but I needed your authorisation for the upgrade.”

“Yeah, Wilby, Yeah. I’m going out. Down to a hotel bar.”

“That’s so last century, Jared. You won’t know them from Adam.”

“Wilby, light the wardrobe!”

At that, Jared got up, walked between the mini runway lights to his clothes cupboard, slung on some jeans, a white linen shirt and some expensive looking, black loafers. He opened the door and left the flat, calling “goodbye Wilby.” But he was too far out of range for his personal programme to detect his voice.