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## Thursday Afternoon

by Miriam Silver

And then there was one. Not long ago there were so many and no effort needed to welcome the new day. Now it stretched before her, an empty space to be filled. No dinner to make, no shopping, bit of washing, perhaps the windows could do with a clean. Then she remembered, it was Thursday, and smiled to herself as she caught sight of the photo on her bedside table blew it a kiss and hurried to shower and dress herself in what she thought a modern grandma should wear, choosing leggings and a bright tee shirt. Looking out of the window she was glad to see the Spring sun and knew she would take her Daisy to the park for the secret ice-cream when she collected her from school.

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He had been living independently for a while now, keeping in touch, thanks to modern technology. They all shared in his care, taking turns, Anna his twin cooked him nourishing meals, Harry regularly played golf with him, Dad and I phoning, going, taking an interest in all his projects, the latest being a plan to cross the Atlantic on a raft. Fortunately he could neither swim nor find anyone to go with him. Undeterred he is now planning to climb some unknown mountain. On Thursday afternoon we are going to the outdoor equipment shop to buy some essentials. Must stay optimistic, while he has plans, we know all is well with our son.

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“No, couldn’t possibly, Thursday’s me bingo, always have Big Mac before we go, Edith an me, yer know, she works for your friend, the one with the shower she calls a wet room. We’ve been going since it opened was a lovely picture palace before that, always two films, the news and the organ played in between, wonderful value, cost 9d, but of course you don’t remember that old money, less than 5p it was, we took our sweets with us, none of that popcorn stuff, my friend Ivy cleans that 9 screen place, horrible it is, all over the floor, how they can afford to buy the stuff the tickets cost £6 or £7, my grandchild always complaining they can’t afford holidays or the latest phone, no time for them, we only knew about cash in them days, no credit, wouldn’t dare, could put deposit on stuff and pay weekly, all paid up before you collected, sorry, what were you saying?”

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My morning coffee was only slightly disturbed after I discovered the blasted thing had escaped. In a weak moment I had agreed to house Monica’s pet mouse while they went to Disneyland. I am not a lover of animals and because this one smelt, I put it in the garden. Big mistake, hopefully it’s enjoying the outside life. Never mind. Then I realised they were due back on Thursday afternoon and today was Tuesday. Panic. Secretary says she’ll find a replacement, one mouse looks very much like another - she said.

Dear, spoilt Monica knew her mouse, inside out so to speak. Let’s say I’m no longer flavour of the month.

