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Thursday Afternoon

by Penny Humphrey

What did I do last Thursday afternoon? Do you know I just cannot remember. Or the Thursday before that? No nothing comes to mind. Oh my God supposing those Thursdays had been the last days of my life and I can't even remember them a week later.

Right I've had a look at my diary...Blank for last Thursday and...Blank for the Thursday before. I remember yesterday which was a Thursday, I went for a walk and I made elderflower cordial.

Next Thursday I'm going to do something really special...If I remember!

I remember when he arrived, it was a Thursday afternoon and it was raining and he stood there in the porch dripping water all over the mat. He said he had come to apologise.

I like Fridays Saturdays and Sundays best so I always like it when Thursday afternoon comes round because tomorrow will be Friday.

It's Thursday afternoon

I'm over the moon

I'm off to Hong Kong

And the boat to Kowloon

“I’ll be arriving next Thursday, late afternoon, is that ok?”

“Of course” I said lying through my teeth “We’re looking forward to see you”

The last time Aunt Stella arrived on my doorstep it was unannounced and she stayed for a month. No doubt she had some drama going on in her life, she always did, in fact it was the only time she ever deigned to visit me.

I prepared the room and Thursday dawned. At five o clock a taxi crunched up the drive and out stepped Stella looking somewhat dishevelled, the taxi driver pulled several large suitcases from the boot, I smiled brightly and groaned inwardly as she burst into floods of crocodile tears and asked if I would just pay off the taxi as she had no change. This was going to be another long stay.

Our village chemist shop was small dark and dingy and Mr. Perkins would glide back and forth behind the laden mahogany counter, like some sort of apparition, his thin rimmed spectacles perched on his thin blue nose and his steely grey eyes held you in their metamorphic stare.

You passed him your prescription which he took with red bony fingers then stared at it in some sort of disbelief before catching your eye again.

“Mmm antibiotics” he would say thoughtfully “you’ll have to come back next Thursday afternoon for those” and out of the shop you sloped not daring to argue. He became known locally as Thursday Perkins.

One evening he ventured out to the Red Fox.

“A pint of your best ale” he said to the bar man

“Mmm” the barman said “That’ll be ready next Thursday afternoon”

What’s special about Thursday Afternoon? Well nothing much other than it fills the gap between Thursday morning and Thursday evening. Thursday was named after Thor’s day and Thursday was the day that Solomon Grundy ‘Took ill’ and Thursday’s child has far to go. Thursday a Pet Shop Boys song and now I have reached five hundred words.