

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## My name is Jared

by Sue Thompson

This is my life

It is a grey world, imagine a black and white film, running in slow motion. That is my life. I live in a grey dreary universe.

My room is bare of all material objects. No pretty pictures hang on my wall. I walk to the station each day, I sit in the same carriage on the same seat and I watch the rest of my fellow humans watching their mobile phones, they stare, oblivious to others around them. They have their earpieces in... I say they but I too am part of this world, I too have my phone in front of me and read the news feeds that are splashed across the screen by the new world government.

I reach my destination but I do not remember getting here, I do not recall the stations I stopped at or the scenery we passed.

I have no recollection of how I got to work, but I know I would have passed the coffee bar as I am holding a plastic coffee cup in my hand.

I sit at my desk and bring my computer to life, staring at the screen I lose another ten minutes; coming to my senses I cannot remember typing the letter in front of me, and yet I must have completed it as there is my signature at the bottom.

My boss calls me in to his office, we talk for several minutes until he stops mid sentence and asks me if I am listening to him, "yes of course" I reply but the truth is I have no idea what he said, I vaguely recall it being about the meeting the previous day but it could quite honestly have been about anything.

At 3 'o clock I pack up my things and make my way downstairs to clock out for the day. I follow the crowd, all walking in the same direction, all staring ahead. It is raining when I get outside. I pull on my protective rain coat; the rain is poisonous; well that is what we have been told. Hundreds of rain coats all walking in the same direction, a sea of yellow in a grey world. No one speaks, no one cares.

I don't remember the train journey home, it is as if I have just been transported to my door, one minute I am getting on the train and the next I am cooking my dinner. Actually the food comes in small pods and I only have to put it in the microwave and heat it up.

I sit and watch the tv, looking blankly at the screen I stare into the faces, I do not blink, I do not hear what they are saying. They are laughing so it must be funny. My mind is blank.

I wake up to the noise of static, it is the TV, the show has stopped, I had dropped off.

I wake up again but this time it is light, I am in bed. How I got here I have no idea.

My name is Jared.

And this is my life.