

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Guilt

by Lizzie Staples

The room was stark with white washed walls with only a small window casting light across the flag stone floor . Embers burned from the peat that her brother had dug the day before. There was a pile of wool ready to be spun , along with bunches of wild herbs for medicinal purposes. Her eyes glanced around these four walls that she had know for 20 years. Closing the door silently behind her Esme made her way stepping between rocks. The sea was rough and the seagulls constant screeching made her apprehensive as she took the familiar path down to the main part of the island. The wind whipped her hair across her face, leaving behind the familiar taste of sea salt on her lips .Pushing herself against the elements she gathered up her dress and clutched the letter tightly to her chest that had been written by her brother.

Cedric had deliberated for months to out pour his heart to Florence who he had secretly admired since their met on the yearly sheep auction two years past. He was not a man of words but his mind was a creative one and he was often found writing poetry seated behind the stone walls that scattered the landscape . He was tall and thin with an angular face , brown hair that touched his collar with strong broad shoulders . His hands were weathered and worn for someone of such young years. His life was walking these fells minding the sheep and cutting peat, he had known nothing else . He had no time for boys of his age and preferred the isolation that the landscape gave him. His mind was free as a bird to fly and think about this letter to Florence . He was going to ask for her hand in marriage, his words came from a deep space within his heart .

It was equinox before the weather closed in that Cedric trusted Esme with the letter he had deliberated over for months . He found it hard to concentrate as he knew his sister would take over two hours to navigate the paths down to the fishing port were she would deliver the letter to the post master . This precious

envelope weighed heavily on Esme's conscious as she new it was her brothers heart that she was carrying. Finally, exhausted she pushed open the heavy weather beaten door to the post office and looked for the letter that she had been clutching so tightly. It was not there, her mind raced back to the time when her skirt caught a bramble and her hand had to reach down to disentangle herself. Huge guilt swept across her as she knew that it would be impossible to find her brothers letter of proposal to Florence. The guilt she felt was over whelming, how was she ever going to be able to tell her brother and how could he ever trust her again?