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Closure

by Candida Lloyd

Clemency couldn't concentrate. Her manager was in a supervision meeting next-door for at least an hour, so she seized the opportunity to explore what was on her mind.

'What to wear to meet the man who broke your heart?' she typed into google. Up came a list of the 10 best heart break songs; what happens when you break your neck; and an article entitled Four types of men to avoid: Mr Charming, Mr Deprived, Mr Lonely and Mr Ready. He had been of the charming variety – all poetry and love letters (it made her cringe to think about it now). She wondered if he was still that way or if he'd matured and become a healthy cynic like everyone else.

His message had suggested casually "It would be lovely to meet for a coffee or a wine" After all this time! No reference to the pain and heartbreak. Why now? Clemency needed to come up with a plan before pinging back a response.

A Paul Smith Woman suit would create the impression of someone who was sophisticated and successful without needing to show off about it. It was also sexy but in an understated I'm-not-going-to-have-sex-with-you kind of way. eBay had a crumpled, bottle-green offering within her price range. Nothing a good steam iron couldn't fix.

But where would they meet? It had to be somewhere that would impress, but where she wouldn't run into anyone she knew. Her old friend, Sasha, a television producer was a member of Blacks in Soho. They had met there for drink once and David Baddeil had been pontificating in the corner. The website said the criteria for membership was that you must be 'extraordinarily interesting and interested'.

Mr Charming would arrive, intimidated by the choice of venue – eyes searching the dark room for his first love.

With a kiss on each cheek, he'd declare "You haven't changed a bit!" and then order cocktails. Clemency would select the expensive and appropriately named Golden Slipper (she'd seen it on the online menu) and then fling it in his face like a reality television star – blissful revenge for his infidelity so many years before.

Of course, Clemency pictured him as a 23-year-old, so she scoured his Instagram account for something more recent. There he was with his three young children; blowing out the candles on a birthday cake or chasing bubbles in the park. She noticed a conspicuous absence of smiling selfies of the parents together. And so it dawned on her. Mr Charming had turned in to all three of the types google had warned her about. Mr Deprived (not getting any sex), Mr lonely (wife busy with the kids) and Mr Ready (ready to move on).

A door opening and the sound of voices indicated her manager was returning to the office. Clemency closed all the tabs on her computer and deleted her search history. The last 60 minutes had been most productive. She now knew what the most effective response would be. Complete radio silence.