

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Flip, click, fud

by Daniel Judd

An old wine box of mismatched tapes, recalling boyhood Sundays taping the new additions to the juke box. Cheese and onion and a bottle of coke completing the ritual.

That flipping noise, the slot into place and the forceful pressing of play. Feeling like you were going to break the thing. The rewinding, invariably to the wrong place. 'Take time back, Sapphire'.

A game of pairs, matching Clayderman to Clayderman, Cash to Cash. Left with a dirty dozen of C90s. The flip, the click the fud as voices were taken out of space and time.

Last tape. A pencil located to wind in the spewed out contents. Singing: Val or Perry. Talking. Mum, uncle, possibly grandparents. Dad. He ejected it, stopped the past in its tracks.

After the move, when the dust had settled, he looked for the tape but it had gone. Left thinking there was always more to it.