

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

## There's always more to it

by Victoria Cooper

She shouted at him and pushed her phone in his face. “pay me my money and I’ll give you back your dog”

He mumbled something at her that I could not hear. She walked around the van still with her phone waving it like a wand expecting it to conjure up magic before her. She continued to shout but moved away to her car.

I could not see the dog and I wondered if it looked like me when my parents argued.

“pay me what you owe me and you can ‘ave your dog back”.

Her voice rose up above the street and filled the air with rain clouds. His reply was inaudible until the last moment.

“I never want to see you again, you slag, you bitch”.

I felt faintly disappointed with him for his superfluity but remembered, “There’s always more to it.”

There's always more to it she said as she stabbed in the neck  
Don't always assume it's about you.  
I remember hating her at that moment, what the heck?  
Don't even care about you.

Maybe she was trying to be insightful and clever  
I just thought she had stolen my dog  
That dog had loved me forever.  
And to him, I was like a God.

I took a step back and saw the clouds and the trees  
What does it matter if I'm going to die?  
If there is a world that is bigger than me  
It's all crazy and we deserve all these lies.

In my final attempt to make sense of it all  
I grabbed for his collar out of reach  
But you know there's "nothing more to it" that's all  
So, let's just go get wrecked on a beach.

## Something from nothing

A ship was wrecked on a beach and the occupants were washed up like a regurgitated breakfast. I stood among them to make sense of what I saw. The young and old dragged through the sand with not one body complete. The pathetic lives of make-up bags and wireless headphones spiralled in seaweed pools like undiscovered marine life. They polluted the beach with their sadness and the police had to hold onlookers back.

I put the jigsaw pieces together to form one person from the items I saw. Only the strong survived made from plastic; the irony of the sponsored beach clean not wasted on me but my smile could not make it to my mouth. The broken hull lay wounded yet stoic ready to tell the brave version of events. I blocked out the sound though with the crash of the waves and the sadness of the gulls.