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When Things Go Downhill

by James Stiffel

When I wake up, the other side of the bed is cold. But then, its been cold for a while. Ever since the 'Olvia' incident. In bed with that bird. It was an honest mistake. Out of a single moment of weakness. What was it my girlfr...my ex had said? 'Bernard, what ARE you doing in bed with that Ostrich?' I kept explaining to her, I was looking after it for a friend and Olivia the Ostrich was cold. Her poor tail feathers were shaking and everything.

I'm reluctant to opening my eyes and facing the world. My hangover can wait. Wow. That side really is quite cold. And wet. Why is it wet? I can hear running water. Is the flat upstairs having inappropriate sex in the bath again? I don't think I've got enough towels for another 40 minute session.

The cold air now catches at the back of my throat. Brrr! The Mrs has left that bloody window open again. Oh right. She left didn't she? It must've been...somebody else then. Oh! Don't make me wake up. Life's boring and dull and nothing ever happens. Plus I think the milks gone off.

I eventually brave opening my eyes. This turns out to be a mistake. The world outside is spinning. And by that, I don't mean the expected result from drinking Tequila and standing on a bar stool, trying to see how many pint glasses I can balance on my nose, before face planting the floor. I mean the world is ACTUALLY spinning. -Or 'I' was. To this revelation, I sit up in bed. The sounds of rushing water fully engulfing my ears. My bed...is, floating down the hill!

Still in a daze, I sigh and grab my phone from under the pillow.

"Hello? Is that the 'Global Warming' Hotline?"