

Bourne
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creative writing
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It will never happen to you

by Sue Thompson

They were late, but not so late that it really mattered but late enough that it niggled somewhere deep in the pit of my stomach. A lateness that hung in the air and caused an atmosphere. If I stared at the door long enough would the doorbell ring? I fill the kettle with water and flick the switch. Watch pot never boils comes to mind and I make my way into the lounge. Picking up yesterday's paper I skim over the headlines not really taking them in.

The telephone comes into my view and I think for a moment that maybe I should make the call, but something stops me. A fear maybe, if I make that call will it become real? My hand reaches out and then I pull it away. No, not yet.

My mind goes back to the last time I saw them, we laughed, joked about silly things, you know the way you do when you love someone. We went to the park and watched the model boats on the lake. I made their tea and we had ice cream.

And now they were late, so late that now I am beginning to panic.

You never think it will happen to you do you. You hear about it and you empathise with the families but you never really know how they are feeling. Could they have done more? How could they have been so careless. You are judge and jury all in one. You have them convicted and put into prison before you have heard all the facts.

And now it is me, I am the one waiting.

The sound of the doorbell brings me back to earth. I rush to open it....

I fall to the floor, "Nooooo!" I scream.

The two policemen catch me as I fall.