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## See you Anon

by Candida LLOYD

James liked anonymity. He knew his brother enjoyed his celebrity status, but there was also a downside. Recently, he'd met him in his dressing room at the theatre to go for a drink. He waited patiently in the corridor while all the luvvies clamoured for kisses 'mwah, mwah!' and enjoyed the reflected glory of the young star. When James eventually entered the small room, a dresser was removing the last of his brother's costume leaving him vulnerable in his underpants. There were traces of make-up which gave him the appearance of a sad Pierrot clown - a contrast to the exuberance displayed for his dressing room visitors.

James gestured towards a large bunch of red carnations, "I see the nutter was in again tonight," he said. The flowers appeared at every performance although the sender had never made his/herself known. Consequently, they had a sinister connotation and his brother usually passed them on to one of the make-up girls or tossed them in the bin. The two men wished the doorman goodnight on their way out into the Soho side street.

Waiting in the dark was a huddle of fans clutching programmes and cell phones eager for an excuse to exchange a few words with the man they adored. One was a woman who had the means and inclination to follow her favourite performer wherever he went - never missing a show. James saw her face turned red and she looked down at her shoes when his brother made a show of recognising her.

Another regular liked to point out mistakes and said, "You really fluffed it in the second act didn't you mate?" But James' brother smiled for the photo and moved swiftly on. "Dickhead." he muttered under his breath.

At a nearby restaurant the maitre d' said he could most certainly find them a table and as he led them to their seats other guests stood up applauding and saying "bravo!" James cringed inwardly at his brother's feigned modesty. Although this VIP treatment was a privilege, James preferred his obscurity feeling the alternative was just too hard earned.