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Village Life

by Melody Bertucci

The news spread swiftly through the village. It caught on quicker than a wild bush fire. There's no way of escaping it or walking from one side of the village to the next without people having been notified of the latest gossip.

The old dears were the worst. Alone and bored they would maintain their brain active by knowing everyone else's business. Sometimes their delirium would lead them to creating false news.

Me, I keep my head down. I keep myself to myself and unravel in the nature that surrounds me. The landscape, the animals, the quietness, I breath it all in. The air is purer and fresher here, well at least on days when you don't get the waft of cow shit that feeds the terrain. Even so, I hear that with time I will no longer notice that.

The latest news in the village this week involves; Elaine O'Neil wife of Barry O'Neil, the head of the village council and controversy regarding the paternity of their new-born.

"I hear she's been having an affair with that millionaire, that came to view the land by the O'Connor's!" One old dear whispers to another.

"I hear she's also been messing around with Barry's cousin," more whispers.

The lack of excitement seems to flag here, so people take to Chinese whispers as a form of entertainment. This week it's paternity rumours. Last week it was concerns over the youngster's poor choice of recreational hobbies, their loud music, skating in public places and graffiti. The week before that it was about tourists that came, littered and stole.

Such is village life. It has its pros and cons, but despite the annoyance and shit smell these cons bring, I still don't regret my move from the city one bit.