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## I Was Waiting for You

by Stuart Carruthers

Emily chose to ignore the walkers as she made her way to the hilltop. The last thing she needed was a pointless conversation about which pub to have lunch in or what was the quickest way to the station.

She had discovered this was her father's favourite place while reading his diary some weeks previously. The diary her sister knew nothing about. It was hidden away in the loft, stuffed full of old photographs and phone number. It was here that she found the picture that changed everything.

Emerging into the clearing, Emily looked skywards to allow the late afternoon sun to warm her pale face. Again she ignored the last few walkers as they vacated the seating bench. The view was magnificent. In the distance two buzzards floated on updrafts of air, their cries echoing across the deserted fields below.

Ruth said her goodbyes to the old lady and slowly walked towards the house. She immediately noticed the car parked under the Elm tree by number twenty two. The residents of Tuebrook Avenue didn't have four-wheel drive cars with blacked out windows, so it was obvious they weren't local. Staring straight ahead, she leisurely walked up to the front door, calmly took out her key and went inside. Her heart was beating uncontrollably.

The spyhole in the front door gave her a perfect view of the car. It didn't take long for its occupant to emerge. Frantically tapping on her phone she called her sister over and over again, but only got her answerphone. As he reached the garden gate she stared intensely at his face, he wasn't in any of the pictures upstairs.

Ruth turned off the volume on her phone and ran upstairs. It was at least thirty seconds or more before the first knock and then another straight after. Ruth was shaking with fear as she texted her sister.

His heavy steps crunched the dry sticks and leaves underfoot.

“You’re a little scary sometimes, you know that?” said Emily with little emotion in her voice, “I knew you’d turn up one day.”