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## Life becomes a habit

by Sue Hitchcock

“Life becomes a habit.”

“I don’t think so.”

“No?”

“Every day is like walking a tightrope – if I were a tightrope walker, maybe I would be more nonchalant, take it all in my stride.”

“So you’re frightened of dying?”

“Not always. Sometimes it seems welcome, when you’ve lost someone you love. You’d find yourself looking out of a seventh floor window, or over a cliff and jumping would be so easy. You’ve turned to face that black dog following you and wanted to fondle his velvet ears, but then you see his teeth and walk away.”

“That’s the only time you think of suicide?”

“Oh, no! Sometimes I feel so guilty about the Human population swarming all over the planet, I think I should go. Then I consider making a statement and setting light to myself, like the Buddhist monks in Vietnam, luring in hippie American soldiers to fight the Communists.”

“Do you think it would help?”

“Not really! It’s a problem, being prolific. Look at Ash trees. I used to hate the little seedlings, worming their way deep into cracks by the drainpipe and hiding in the hedge, but now they’ve got ash dieback and may not survive. It’s inevitable that something will predate on Humans – maybe Corona, Ebola or Sars. We should be grateful, if they decimate us and leave some space.

“So you welcome death?”

“Yes, one day.”