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creative writing  
workshops

## Miles Apart

by Stuart Carruthers

Tuebrook Avenue basked in the glowing red and brown colours of early autumn. Despite the noticeable drop in temperature, Ruth continued to open all the windows to her father's house as if it was still the middle of summer. Since that fateful day when her sister showed her the photograph their relationship had become very strained.

The loft bedroom was Emily's hiding place. She wasn't coping with the volume of information that was emerging on a weekly basis. The few childhood memories of her father's loving embraces when he returned from work had gone, were now replaced by a long line of events that bore no relationship to her family. Once her sister had gone to bed, she would sit alone in the kitchen drinking from the numerous bottles of expensive wine her father had kept in the cellar.

Ruth was aware that her sister was struggling emotionally, but she had other ideas. Separating the various papers and diary books into categories, it didn't take her long to conclude that, her father knew a lot of important people and their secrets. Mindful that the person in the photograph was still alive and at some point likely to pay a visit to the house Ruth worked quickly.

Day after day the shredding machine worked over time. The contents loaded into the burning bin at the bottom of the garden, Ruth carefully ensured that everything was destroyed before retuning indoors.

Around mid-morning twice a week, she made her way to the local library and up to the 4<sup>th</sup> floor. Wandering between the endless rows of books, she carefully placed her

father's journals in-between the books she knew nobody ever read. Her friend had worked as a librarian for years and over late evening drinks she would often tell her the inner secrets of a library and more importantly what people did there.

Turning the corner into Tuebrook Avenue, Ruth stopped to talk to the old lady sweeping up leaves. It was then she noticed Emily's bedroom window was open, the blinds blowing wildly in the wind.

Emily had gone for a walk in the covered woodland, what she didn't know was that up ahead, he was waiting for her.