

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Modern Love

by Sho Botham

He dared to walk into her life on a Wednesday. It would have been better if it had been a Tuesday or a Thursday or any day other than a Wednesday. Wednesdays were woedays. If anything was going to go wrong it always happened on a woeday. Like her first driving lesson when she trapped the instructor between the car door and the large tree growing out of the pavement. That was a woeday.

When he walked into her life she should have known that it could never work. But she was feeling unusually good for a woeday and took no notice of what she knew was inevitable. The woe in woeday was not something to ignore.

His shock of messy hair grabbed her attention. He was the right height for her. Standing next to him she could lay her head on his shoulder, something that she felt was an absolute necessity. His slim, firm body was hidden inside a baggy shirt with a very good label on the collar. She thought the colour might be called, dingy grey. Somehow it suited him. She had never been attracted to dingy grey before. It didn't seem to matter that he did not look like the usual, fuck-off gorgeous characters that she would normally date.

In fact, nothing about this man was her type. His looks, his dress, his personality were all features unfamiliar to her. But that didn't matter because she loved him before she met him. Seeing messy hair, a baggy, dingy grey shirt through rose-coloured spectacles affected her judgement.

Continuing to ignore that it was woeday, she invited him back to her place. This was very out of character for her. But everything on that day was out of character for her.

The doorman at her expensive apartment asked if she was okay. Smiling broadly she threw a great big yes over her shoulder to him not slowing their pace towards the lift.

When the lift returned them to the ground floor they seemed lighter, more frivolous. His hair was even more messy, his baggy shirt more creased. She looked ridiculously happy and thought briefly that this woeday seemed to have missed her. They went through the revolving doors out into the brilliant sunshine. A couple in love. His phone rang and he paused briefly to answer it. She carried on into the road, with a light heart, oblivious of the motorbike speeding towards her, hidden by the rays of the sun. She had ignored woeday at her peril.