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Modern Love

by Sue Thompson

That sound of one modem connecting with another one over the internet, it is sensual, and very sexy, the anticipation of who is waiting at the other end. The selection process over a glass of wine is alluring and exciting. Who will it be, not him, too old, not him too fat. Then you see him, the perfect one. All your dreams rolled into one. The message is sent winding its way down the mass of wires, in seconds it reaches him, he is online. A message returns. The flirting begins. Three hours later you know everything about each other, both married, both unhappy. He married too young, his wife nags; poor him. You sympathise it must be awful. Photos are shared (not mine of course) and immediately you know, you just know.

Key in the door must go husband home. Log off.

'Hi honey, how was your day?'

You go through the motions, kids in bed, chat, boring, boring. No I'm fine, just tired, must go to bed. Backs to each other, a world apart.

You cannot stop thinking about him. Your soulmate, your love. OK so you have only just met, well technically not met but interacted, there was a connection wasn't there? You cannot wait to log on. Rush home log on. Ping a message pops up. Let's meet? Too soon? No go with it. Yes where when?

You pull into pub, nervous, shy, and excited. There in the corner, you know him.

He looks up and smiles, 'I knew,' he says. 'So did I.'

You laugh nervously and sit down next to your dear husband.