

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Change

by Rosalyn Hurst

4pm Friday March 13, 2020

This most wonderful day is closing in the best way possible. I am driving my new car down the motorway, top open, the air rushing over my hair, music soaring along with me. I could not believe how well the interview went. I had spent weeks preparing and I knew my stuff. God what stupid questions they asked, but I did not show my contempt. A place on the Cabinet at last. I will tell Charles I'll stay with him for appearances sake but our marriage is over. He'll agree of course, men do need women on their arm. No rush, I think, savour the moment, take the lanes home, love the winding roads, quite a challenge.

8pm Friday March 13 2020

Dark, silence, what's happening? An owl, can I hear an owl? Pain can't move, open my eyes, car dashboard still on, look at my hands, blood. Close my eyes, darkness, pain recedes.

11pm Friday March 13 2020

Where am I, open eyes, darkness, not in bed that's for sure, the car, I am still in the car. Try to move hand to touch switch, lights come on. I am surrounded by deer peering in at me, a tree, I have crashed into a tree. Sound of car, try to shout, it passes by. Why hasn't anyone come to help? Surely Charles has missed me. Close eyes, feel blood seeping from my leg trapped under something. Can't move but pain is going, Close eyes, darkness returns.

5am Saturday March 14

Hear voices, oh god I am so cold. Surely someone will help. 'What are they saying? Something about a lovely motor off the road, and lucky there was no one in it! Can't they see me, try to call out, cannot speak.

6am Saturday March 14

Lights, voices, someone pretending to be reassuring, like, keep calm, we're trying to cut you out, and just a prick we're giving you some morphine. I try to say, you bastards, what took you so long, don't you know who I am, but I cannot speak, bloody helpless. Then a firmer voice, 'any suspicion of alcohol or drugs in the driver?' Bloody hell! Then silence, sleep.

3pm Friday March 20 2020

Beginning to wake up, dreamy, comfortable warm, machines bleeping. Hear voices, 'Life changing injuries, poor cow, no visitors, husband gone on a business trip, he says.' And another voice, 'You're too soft, she's a dreadful woman, now she' realises how important we are instead of driving cuts to hospital.' Wonder who they are talking about. Then with sickening realisation in that moment everything that I knew to be true about myself up to then was gone.