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## It takes two to make an Accident

by Winnow Hardy

When I got out of the car I left the door open while I went to get my folding bike out of the boot. Suddenly I heard a loud bang, a shout, and a clatter. I rushed round to see a young man, sprawled on the ground, his bike half on top of him. I hurried to lift the bike and see if he was injured.

"I'm so sorry!" I cried, "I should never have left the door open!"

"I'm okay," he said, carefully easing himself up to standing, "Nothing broken".

"Are you sure?" I asked anxiously, "I can take you to A and E."

"No need," he replied with a laugh, "I'd rather get a brandy at the Pub!"

"Fine," I said, looking at him properly for the first time. He was taking off his helmet, revealing a thick mop of dark hair and twinkling brown eyes in a handsome, well-proportioned face.

"God, he's dishy!" I thought, caught out by my reaction.

We wheeled his bike to the Pub, and once we were sitting with our drinks he asked interestedly, "that was a bike in you boot wasn't it?"

"Yes, I come often to cycle down the towpath," I answered.

"That's funny," he said, standing up, "that's just where I was heading, it's a great ride. In fact, I'm feeling perfectly okay now, so why don't we go on that ride right away?"

So we cycled together along the towpath with its lush cladding of trees, seeing ducks and moorhens, even a solemn heron, standing immobile on one leg. At our approach it lifted its wide wings and flapped lazily away.

By now my heart was in a state of confusion. Here I was, on a first date, already singing inside “He’s the One, he’s the One!”

Back at the car, he laid a hand on my arm, looked deep into my eyes and said, “I have a confession: The reason I crashed into your car door was because I wasn’t looking where I was going, - I was too busy staring at your gorgeous backside, - so you see, it takes two to make an accident!”