

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Loved

a timed exercise
by Sho Botham

A little tattered in places but I could forgive it for showing its age. It loved me and I loved it. It knew when I was sad and when I was happy. It made me feel safe when I was wrapped in its arms and carefree when I abandoned it to the sofa. It was no longer great to look at it but it had been around a very long time. I couldn't bear to part with it. You don't just stop loving something for no reason. Do you?

It was one Tuesday afternoon when I realised something was wrong. The usual softness and warmth was not there. The arms did not wrap around me. There was no familiar smell to bury my face in.

I picked it up and held it against me. There was a harshness. A friction. An unsettling realisation that something wasn't right. The love I had got from it for all those years had gone. It was as if it had forgotten me. But how could that be? It had loved me since the day I got it and I loved it. My eyes noticed its faded colour, its loss of weight and I knew. It hadn't forgotten me. It was just not able to love me any more. It was time for me to let go. Time to admit to myself that it could not go on any longer. It was time to put my old cardie in the bin.