

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

Prologue

by Marion Umney

Her mind wandered as she slipped in and out of consciousness. She drifted from now to then, from memory to imagination, from dreams to reality. Fact mingled with fiction as her life, or some imagined semblance of it unrolled before her, in no particular order. Her mother was holding her hand as they wept for her sister “Stay safe Maud, I couldn’t bear to lose you too”. But no it was her daughter who held her hand and Maud was weeping for herself. Her baby son lay dying in her arms, then appeared at the foot of her bed, a middle aged man and she was full of relief.

Faces and voices drifted through her dreams. There was Josie with her passion and anger, reckless and brave. Had Maud been reckless or brave? She thought not, the very idea made her shiver: but she had survived. Sarah Jane enticing her “Come on Maud it’ll be fun”. Music, singing, dancing. Had she done those things? Songs played in her head “A little of what you fancy does you good”, it was hot in the music hall and she couldn’t move. Then she was in bed and she still couldn’t move. What had they called her, an onlooker, observer, letting life pass her by? Well an onlooker often saw what others didn’t, the whole picture.

And even she could not always stay on the sidelines. In her dream like state life picked her up and took her with it whether she wanted to go or not. The images moved in front of her eyes, crowds on the streets; celebrations and cries of joy changed to marches and cries of anger; war, hardship, grief; life could be cruel. Then Fred, safety, love, motherhood, being needed had felt so good, but he too faded and left her.

She could feel the images fragmenting. She couldn’t hold them. Soon they would be gone and so would she.