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She's Got Issues

by Stuart Carruthers

She was nervous about the future. The sudden arrival of her former friend had come as a surprise. It was inevitable that she would see her in the coming days.

The blackened kettle whistled a welcome tune on the re-heated stove while outside the endless cycle of wind and rain showed no sign of ending. Jean quickly changed out of her wet clothes and carefully placed them on the drying rail above the fire. Since her grandparents had passed away she had made a great effort to re-vamp the cottage into a more homely place to live. Paul had helped out where he could, mainly fixing the roof and rebuilding the chimney that fell down during a violent storm one winter's night. Settling in for the evening, Jean was scared.

It didn't take long for Helen to tidy up her brother's cottage. It was evident he had been living at his girlfriend's for some time. Her parents lived nearby but she decided to wait before dropping in to see them. They already knew she had returned.

As he steered his vessel through the mouth of the harbour Pat O'Conner noticed the red haired woman in the blue coat standing on the harbour wall. A few moments later he realised who she was. Helen had risen before sunrise and walked down to the harbour to watch the returning fishing fleet.

As the crew went about their business of unloading their catch, Helen couldn't take her eyes off the captain as he briskly walked into the village before disappearing into the warren of tiny streets. She smiled a devilish smile.

Naturally the Ryan's were delighted to see their daughter. However it didn't take long before they asked how long she planned to stay. Since the incident with Craig Wallace their daughter wasn't welcome in the village. Helen could sense that her parents were uncomfortable, but she wasn't going anywhere. The view from their kitchen window looked directly down onto the village square. Helen finished washing the dishes made her excuses and before her parents could reply, she was gone.

Jean left before her father turned violent. It was never going to have a positive outcome. The bench next to the slipway gave her a perfect view of square. Her hands were shaking as she struggled to light her cigarette.

She knew what her old friend was capable of.