

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

The Days Pass Quickly  
and yet One is so Bored Here

by Miriam Silver

“Samantha,” her mother called up the stairs, hoping her teenage daughter didn’t have her headphones on. “Sam,” perhaps she thought wearily as she ascended the stairs, her daughter would respond to the preferred abbreviation of her name, “your dinner is ready.”

“I’ve told you don’t come in to my room like that!” she shouted and snapped her laptop shut.

“Come on dear, your dinner.....” her effort cut short with,

“Oh! alright, in a minute.” And turned back to what looked like her homework.

As soon as the door closed she grabbed her phone and texted Ruby, ‘meeting D 2 tomorrow.’

‘where u going’

‘Gig & film London’

‘What u wearing’

‘Stuff packed Sat. parents out’

'Cool'

Sam put her phone into the pocket of her jeans and decided the days would pass quickly even though she was so bored with home study, at least she could anticipate thrilling Saturday.

"Gotta go London tomorrow," she announced to the table, the words coming out jumbled, her mouth was full.

"Short notice isn't it?" Her mother queried suppressing any comment re the full mouth.

"Going National doing some research," her daughter replied offering a crumb of explanation.

"Is Ruby going too," her mother knew immediately she'd asked too many questions.

"Nah! She's done hers."

"Gotta get early train, need some cash," then remembered, "please."

Sam's mother looked helpless as her husband quickly left the room.

Sam scrolled through Darren's pictures, he looked so cool, those tattoos.

Ignoring her mother's pleas in the morning "have some breakfast, and what time train will you get to come back?" she ungraciously took the money and rushed out before anyone could notice what she was wearing.

On the train she made her way to the toilet where she redid her hair, tied her skirt up high leaving a bare midriff, exposed her neckline with the tattoo, hoping Darren wouldn't notice it wasn't permanent, added hooped earrings, changed her shoes for platform sandals, tying them firmly high up her skinny legs. Giving herself one more look she stuffed her unwanted things into her capacious bag and resumed her seat hoping she looked like the pictures she'd sent Darren.

Quickly off the train, under the clock Sam couldn't see anyone who resembled him so she texted "where r u".

No reply, after waiting, she tried again, "can't find u" and added "I'm here".

After another anxious hour she was staring at her blank screen when with relief a voice said, "Looking for me miss?"

Turning she saw a grey haired man holding a police badge.

“Don’t worry miss,” he said quickly, “he’s not coming, thanks for your help.”

“What do you mean?” a terrified Sam managed to ask.

“Hope you’ve got your return ticket, I’m putting you on the next train home. Your Mum will meet you and explain, and if I may say so miss, photos can be very deceptive.”