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Making Your Own Luck

by Victoria Cooper

I saw the sun rise inside my mouth and a beautiful day emerge. The brink, the start, the anticipation I felt inside. Strange really, because I also appeared to be dead.

It had been a bad week. Hell of a week, I winced.

On Monday I lost my job, and although I am not a great believer in hard graft, more of a languid drifter if you will; I was a little disappointed. My bonus was due, so it was bad timing. Looking back, I think my heart was just not in it. I winced again. Accidentally shredding my boss's productivity report was probably what did it. Bad luck though, how was I to know; same buff folder, same duff figures.

Tuesday was also a low point. My girlfriend sent me an email with a saucy invite for a weekend away, but she had addressed it to Dave in Accounts. Pressed "send" too soon I thought; easily done. Bad luck that's all. Then she sent another one with an emoji with love hearts as eyes and I recalled The Merchant's Tale and its cuckold. Funny really, as we had only had one holiday together; a rainy fortnight on the Isle of Wight and she had thrown up on both crossings.

So, when Nancy my budgerigar didn't want her breakfast the next day, it all started to seriously go downhill. I say she didn't want her breakfast, she just seemed to be still, lying at the bottom of her cage, not moving. Camilla my girlfriend, well ex-girlfriend, always thought Nancy had a nasty look in her eye. She described it as an unpleasant demeanour. I think Nancy just saw people as they are. When she saw a lying, cheating, backstabbing cow she just gave her look of unpleasant demeanour. I'll miss Nancy mostly for her nasty look.

Thursday was a right off. A disaster. I had an appointment with the Bank Manager, or Personal Financial Advisor, applying for a loan, something to get me started. His name was David and he let me know with a wry smile that David was in the top ten of luckiest names. I smiled back and told him my girlfriend was going to Paris with another lucky Dave. He looked mildly perplexed but continued with the usual platitudes. What's that line from Hemingway, "First you borrow. Then you beg."

His refusal did knock my self-confidence, but I can't have been the first to cry; he had a box of tissues ready on his desk. I'm just unlucky, I guess.

So, there I was lying next to the railway track; the sun in my mouth, a halo of blood around my head. I had been looking in the wrong direction for my future; convinced my luck would finally change. If only I had checked. If only things had been different. I would have known the 06.47 had no bus replacements that day. Luck eh?