

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

## Petunia pink

by Sho Botham

There's no need to cry. It can't be that bad.

But it is. You've no idea.

You're right, I don't have any idea. Would you like to share your story with me?

Do you mean that? You're not just saying that?

Of course not. Yes, I want to hear your story. I want to understand why you are crying and so upset.

Okay, said Lydia, through muffled tears. It started a long time ago when I was nearly 10 years old. They came for me one night and took me from my bedroom.

Nina looked puzzled but didn't want to disturb Lydia's story.

See, you've got that look on your face like everyone else gets when I say that, said Lydia.

No, said Nina reassuringly. I'm just surprised please carry on.

Well, okay. They took me from my bedroom and I don't remember what happened. But I know I went far away. They brought me back and no one knew I had gone. They did this the next week and the next and the next. But then nothing. I didn't see them for a very long time. I gave up thinking they would come for me again. I liked being whisked away from my bedroom without anyone knowing.

Then one night, long after, I'd given up on them, they appeared. Two tall beings came for me. This time I remembered everything. The journey to the craft. The door underneath it and the step I stood on that rocketed me inside the craft. I was so excited I didn't think to be scared. The two beings didn't get on the craft with me. They stayed on the ground maybe standing guard.

The inside of the craft was coloured petunia pink with hints of lemon on the openings to each space. They didn't ask me anything. In fact they didn't say a word. I don't know if they can talk. They were just there. I was just there. And then I wasn't. I was on the step again but this time I dropped back down to the ground. The two beings took me back to my bedroom. I don't quite know how we got there but we did.

I know it all sounds too fantastic for words. But it happened. It really did.

Nina smiled and said, of course it did, dear.