

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

It was a Dark and Stormy Night

a timed exercise

by Janie Reynolds

It was a dark and stormy night. William, his deserted hair, greasy and black, was sinking deep into loneliness. He looked around for a pen, knowing that writing was his only solace. Taking a pad, he wondered whether the elements - storm or dark - could worsen one's mood?

Some might find darkness comforting, he thought – a person, who, for example had been raised in the belly of a huge blue whale. Another might find lightening uplifting. Someone, for example, who'd been starved by an abusive father who would stick his wet fingers into an electric plug whilst feeding him jam and bread.

They say that sunshine cheers you up, he thought, but does it? Lovers holding hands outdoors made him want to smash his fists against rough stone walls and dwell on the tatters of his hands. If murder wasn't seen as a criminal offence he would kill as many happy people as he could. If he could destroy all the happiness, so that no one could be happier than him, he could rest. He could smile. He could die, with no guilt nor shame.

The night outside stood, immovable, like a giant concrete block. The winds sounded as if he was jumping from an aeroplane to his death. He started to write. But was soon blown completely away, by the workings of his dark and stormy head.