

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Skinny Jeans

by Sho Botham

There was a glint of silver in the harsh, white light. Then it was gone, hidden by the flesh surrounding it.

Crunching through skin, bone and tissue to reach the, soon to be silent, heart below, wasn't difficult with the fiercely, sharp knife. I stole her heart away and put ice in its place. The ice might cause some confusion.

Carefully, I lifted her slight frame into the wheelbarrow padded with blankets and old duvets. I didn't want her skin damaged. Laying a crisp, white cotton sheet over her, signalled that it was time to leave the summerhouse in the garden and take my treasure home to her own bedroom.

Putting casual clothes on her would make it look as if, she was simply, sound asleep on top of her bed. I thought my choice of the blue T-shirt with three-quarter sleeves suited her pale skin. I could see no need to change her jeans. They wouldn't be easy to remove with their skinny shape clinging to her slender legs. Dropping her sandals onto the carpet, as if she'd kicked them off when she'd got onto the bed, added a useful touch to the scene, I thought.

Wheeling the now, lighter, barrow down the garden path and onto the paddock gave me time to think, as if I needed to think. I'd made my decision when she told me she was going to break up with me because her parents didn't agree with her going out with the gardener.

I was good enough to tend a beautiful garden but I wasn't good enough for their daughter. Now they'll know what it's like to have the love of your life, taken away from you. If I can't have her, they won't either.

Reaching the far end of the paddock, I tipped the sheet from the barrow onto the smouldering bonfire. At this time of year, I was always burning garden rubbish and other small items that the family gave me to stoke the bonfire with. The white sheet caught alight almost immediately and the flames danced energetically, as if, rejoicing in being consumed in the mouth of the fire. Once its steadily burning I slowly added the blankets and duvets.

From a distance, all appeared normal. A gardener tending a bonfire, emptying garden waste onto the flames. And later, sitting by the bonfire holding at arm's length something on the end of a long twig, mindfully waiting for it to cook.

I wash the food down with tea from my flask, and its time to go. I don't want to be here when the family comes home and finds her.

They didn't want me to have her. They didn't want her to be with another woman. But now, her heart will always be a part of me.