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## An Unremarkable Day

by Ivor John

The day was unremarkable holding no optimism but neither offering any of the threat that was now all too common the weather equally unexceptional with an overcast coldness about it typical of a late November mid morning there was not even the prospect of rain which would have at least made things look different; the surroundings were exceptional only in their ordinariness, the corner shop which had been a Spar, but now the happy shopper under new management its windows cluttered with handwritten postcards offering dog walking services and requesting left over wool for a charity project, gondolas filled with fruit, individually priced and bargain packs of swing bin liners, but even this was not really exceptional was it? I thought, being the same as pretty much any other suburban residential area there was nothing here to lift the heart or to lift your ambitions.

I had wanted today to be an exception, to be something different.

There was no reason for me to expect that it would be but I had been hoping and is hope really an unreasonable expectation? Shouldn't I be able to hope? I imagined other people, the ones living different lives, lives in the sun, in Spain or Italy, wearing soft leather loafers without socks and drinking espresso standing up by a counter. But what really is the point of hope? Is hope an emotion? I suppose so, but it's like optimism and I am not feeling optimistic.

The office Stonebrook and Asher accountants, specialising in small business accounts was a short walk from here. The office was also not exceptional. A small building in the town centre which used to be the TSB and you can still make out their logo on the plate glass window. The partners would know now, I was certain they would. I have always known they would find out, I can't think now how I could ever imagined otherwise, but neither did I imagine what will happen in a short while. I was not equipped for this, I am not sure what I should do. I could deny it, deny everything, they wouldn't believe me of course. The evidence was all there.

For months now I have felt like walking on ice, expecting to be invited into the office, presented with the evidence. I used to have panic attacks years ago, now they were back that suffocating feeling that I was about to die. Could I say I was ill, I hadn't know what I was doing, I hadn't realised. Perhaps I was being blackmailed, that was certainly possible. How would I explain to Julie why I had lost my job. Will I just be sacked? Will they decide to call to police? What would I say to the police? I am feeling completely overwhelmed now. I have surrendered control of my life and there is nothing I can do, others, my employers my girlfriend, the police will decide my future.

Now they're going to see who I am.