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creative writing
workshops

The Joy of Roddy

A timed exercise

by Ali Giles

Every Wednesday he sits there in his little box on Zoom, looking slightly ruffled and a little distracted – just how I imagine a doctor or a professor to look, or someone similarly esteemed – and in the background so many things that I always try to decipher; the titles on the album covers (recently changed, I note), and the books, and the story behind the little bear mask on the shelf; the purpose of the strange little propellor thing shaped like a BMW car badge (a fan perhaps) and then I wonder what is further beyond the box, such as where is the door and where’s the window and is he wearing trousers or shorts that flatter those breathtaking legs that Grant spoke about once, and this leads to other thoughts such as how does he look when he walks and is he as short as I imagine him to be; would I recognise him if we passed in the street; what food does he like; and I guess he has a sweet tooth – Double Deckers and cream eclairs, I don’t know why, and then I think what did he just say and feel a mild panic; guiltily telling myself that later I will read every word of the notes he emails us.