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## I Write the Letter

by Karen Akroyd

I write the letter but hesitate to send it. It's a proper, old fashioned letter. I type it, put it in an envelope, and take it to the post office.

The letter is to my sister. She has lived abroad for years now, maybe 35 or so. She went there to get away from mother, and who could blame her. So, she went abroad, and somehow never came back, though from time to time she thought about doing so.

I need to say sorry. So, that's what I say. I am sorry. I wonder about how much I need to say this. But, I need her to know I'm vulnerable, then she won't be so angry.

Have our differences led to this?

I tell a friend about the falling outs, the disagreements, the nastiness. I say, "we are so so different, so opposed, we can't agree on a thing."

What she says surprises me. "Everyone is very much alike, really. But fortunately they don't realise it."

We may all be alike in our need to be loved, understood.

But how is this fortunate? our differences do not seem to lead us to fortune but rather to despair. To violence, opposition, egomania, Twitter storms, belligerence, bar fights, and world wars.