

Memory Is The Thing You Forget With

by Miriam Silver

I think I had a good time last night, he was easy to talk to, we got along well, at least I think I remember that much. Sharron had made me promise to go to a party, she'd said it would help take my mind off things, said she'd meet me there.

I very nearly didn't go as I was sunk, in a deep feel-sorry for myself, reluctant to even to get dressed. I could only think about Jack and how we had built a life together. Planned having a family as well, and were even sorting a mortgage. We shared mutual friends and did everything together, he said we were good together, I believed him.

Nothing of that is for me now, on my own, just work and this flat with all its memories. Sharron had already told me he wasn't worth being so miserable about, she knew he was a womaniser, tried it on with her once! That made me laugh, my best friend. Whoever he's with now, he's welcome, two timing bastard, hope she sees through him soon.

It was difficult at first, going in on my own. With a drink in my hand I began to socialise. Somehow, I remember having a deep conversation with any strange face that would listen, laugh and accepting more drink. I presume there was some food, although I'm sure I didn't eat anything, talking with the nearest bloke engrossed me, I felt I was making an impression, it felt good as if I was actually enjoying myself.

I only know now I have a terrible headache, don't remember how I got here, I'm home, what day is it? Where's my phone? Must get up, go to work. Hold it! It says it's Sunday, I can stay put, calm down, think. Look at phone again, can see pictures.

Oh no! I just remember having a nice time. There, at a party. Who took them? Hopefully it was the person who brought me home. Nice of them, but why send those photos? Will I be blackmailed? Can't remember names, he was friendly, got it! Made me laugh at the time, I remember was Vivienne - that's a girl's name.

"Hello," I answered tentatively while getting out of bed.

"It's me. Just phoning to see how you feel this morning?"

"Sorry, I cant place you."

"I took you home last night, don't worry, your friend Sharron was wonderful. We did it together - remember, girl's name?"

"Coming back, Hope I wasn't rude, those pictures, bit worrying?"

"Only taken to cover myself, may I call round and take you out, lovely day for a walk?"

"That's so kind of you, give me an hour," I replied, feeling only relief that fresh air would be a quick way of forgetting those memories I was trying to drown last night.

