

One Pleasure Leads To Another

by Miriam Silver

I've made sure by letting my beard grow, developing a shuffling walk together with washing infrequently, I've ensured no one would come anywhere near me, making it impossible for anyone from my past to recognise me.

Not that I miss any of them, always knew they were good time friends, good for dinner parties, meals at high-end restaurants, drinking my best wine, so knowledgeable, boasting, me the big man, always paid, over reached myself ready to impress.

There was purpose back then, two homes, Sal, the children, the job and mortgages. I was even head hunted, grew my own, still think about the flavour of those freshly picked. Nothing impressed the children who rejected anything green, they only rushed from swimming to tennis and music. Then coaching for entry to the local best school. Sally loved it all, so did the neighbours. We were up there with the snowflakes.

Admittedly I would not listen to my caring wife, just carried on gambling, borrowing, getting into more and more debt, I suppose it was good while it lasted. Do I regret it all? Not for myself, except I miss that Jag and the holidays, made my best contacts in Dubai, though long practice has taught me that one pleasure does lead to another and will eventually destroy you.

Last time I heard, the children were doing well, wouldn't recognise them now, probably changed their name, Sally would see to that, can't blame them after all the media attention. I know they had to move, I've lost contact, not surprising, I have nothing to offer them, I can barely get from one night to the next.

It was seeing her on the TV displayed in a shop window, she was using her single name, made me think about my past. There she was talking about the environment and climate control. It seems she's involved in saving the planet and travels all over encouraging and investigating plastics and cleaning up the beaches. She's obviously very successful. Must be a good influence for the children.

I of course don't have any facility like a mobile phone or iPad, they'd only get nicked. Even have to keep my shoes under my pillow while I sleep, that is if I am lucky enough to get a place in a hostel for the night. There at least I can shower in the morning and get coffee and cheese roll before wandering the streets until the next night.

I do use the library, when it's open, I could use their email, she did give a contact address. Maybe I'll write. Not that I have anything to say except that I've been diagnosed as terminal. Thanks to the Hospice I will be taken care of, eventually.

I'm so glad I saw her at least I know she's prospering, living a purposeful life having sensibly learnt and escaped from our indulgent lifestyle.

I suppose I have too, however, very conflictingly different.