

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

How to Disappear

by Melody Bertucci

Many nights I have spent laying awake, unable to fall asleep despite my exhaustion. I laid there tossing and turning, contemplating how I could lessen my stress, my fears, my worries, the hurt, the shame or how I could just simply...disappear. Yet, I was still unable to come up with anything that I believed helpful.

Until one night.

The ghastly wind made the streetlights sway to and fro, allowing light to peak in through my blinds. Then, as if taunting me with the glimpse of a useful idea just as it started to take shape suddenly, the streetlights would sway away pulling with it the light that had momentarily shone in my bedroom, leaving the darkness to take over again. The clanging of the streetlights made me feel as though I was on a boat out at sea swaying to and fro against the bitter waves as the sail masts clanged against one another. And then back to...silence.

The roads were eerily quiet as everyone obeyed the orders of staying home apart from the one hour allowed to go out for fresh air and exercise, this meant that after 5pm the roads were quiet and by 8pm the road seemed to be completely deserted. No cars, no people, just silence. But see that's where the problem lies, amongst the silence that's where my thoughts are able to cluster together and bellow out their symphony as loud as possible and with no outside noise to defer this, it makes it a million times harder to fall asleep.

Even if I was able to quiet my thoughts for a moment my ears would start to pick up noises that in the old world would be drowned out by day to day living and commuting, but now within that silence there was a depth of a world that felt so far away. In the distance I could here the faint sound of the waves crashing, something

that despite living a few minutes away from the beach I had never heard before from my flat. I could hear seagulls frantically squawking...perhaps in their own way cursing at the wind for making flight a challenge, and then in the distance the wind carried along with it the sound of a train going over the tracks “budum-budum, budum-budum, budum-budum.”

It was maybe the rhythm of the train sucking me in or the erratic pattern of the streetlights breaking once again the darkness in my room that a thought from seconds ago sank in...how could I make myself disappear?

This thought although out there and well...crazy seemed as though it required planning out, time, research and well...what better time than right now when my insomnia is starving me of sleep and counting sheep clearly has failed me. So, I lay there plotting away my great escape.

How To Disappear

1. Make sure to not leave clues of my intentions at the flat. This is veeery important in order to make a clean get away.
2. Tell NO ONE of my plan.
3. So, Rome was not built in a day and therefore for this plan to be up and ready to take off, we will require the assistance of time. Cheekily withdraw as much money out as possible...but note not to go to the bank and do this, as it would only attract attention and we do not need attention right now so... start asking for cash back wherever possible. My bank statement would only show that I am stocking up on food... and well with all the crazy people that have stocked spare rooms, garages and sheds full of loo roll, pasta, long life milk this would not seem strange, it would only seem as if I'm stocking up for the end of the world like the rest of them.
4. Try to fade out communication with people, under the current circumstances its not like I can go out and meet friends so, I guess I have found one perk to this pandemic.
5. Find a hideaway.
6. Start... 6. Start... 4. Try...fade...people...friends...pandemic... 5. Find...hide...hideaway...

Silence.