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**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
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## Cat Among the Pigeons

by Sho Botham

Time was running out for Brad. Holding the delete key down, he watched words disappear before his eyes. He was finding out first hand that it wasn't as easy as he'd been led to believe. None of the words he chose felt right. Looking up at the clock, he was surprised to see it was six o'clock. He'd been working on his laptop for three hours and all he had was the equivalent of a blank sheet of paper.

Getting up from the kitchen table, Brad stretched his long arms towards the ceiling and felt the stiffness in his back begin to move. He had no idea what he would have for dinner. That would have wait.

His concentration was broken by the shrill whistle of the kettle. Lifting it from the hob, Brad poured the hot water over the coffee granules in his, red, Superheroes mug. He cradled the mug in his hands and turned his attention back to his writing. He'd laughed at his friends when they said it would take some time to write. He wished he'd never agreed to it.

A distant ringing distracted his gaze from the blank screen. Twisting his mouth in the way he often did, when confused, Brad, got up and left the kitchen in search of his missing phone.

Twenty minutes later, rushing back into the kitchen, he sat down and immediately started typing, his fingers gliding over the keyboard at some speed. His face had a look of quiet concentration on it. For forty-five minutes he typed and typed, only hitting the delete key twice. He'd found his inspiration.

That phone call had made the difference. He'd explained to his mate about the perpetual, blank page and how time was running out and how he couldn't talk for long because he had to get back to it. Instead of ringing off quickly, his mate had started to chat as if they had all the time in the world. Brad didn't want to be rude but he needed to get back to his writing and his mate was not helping. He knew he only had until seven thirty and it was already six thirty.

Fifteen minutes to spare. Time to read it through, although he wondered if it was best not to. It was that one word that his mate had said that changed everything. He'd said a lot more, but that one word, stuck in Brad's head and made him stop worrying about what he was writing. The important thing was just to be honest - to forget about being clever and writing fancy things about himself. Apparently, all anyone wanted was the information to be honest.

Brad's forty-five minutes of typing had produced an honest account of himself. He didn't need to dream things up or borrow from others. He just had to be honest about himself and the sort of woman he hoped to meet.

Making the deadline for the special fifty percent off price with only seconds to spare, at exactly seven thirty, Brad clicked send and his dating profile was finally on its way to Find Me a Date dot com.