

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

Running

by Grant Mcfarlane

Living in London suited him. He was never alone when surrounded by transient lives. Without ever sharing, never caring and being entirely without connection. Belsize Park was his sanctuary of anonymity, detached from his prominence.

"It's fine. When I come back, we can do the media cycle of talking about my departure. The curiosity and stories we can invent will spin me back into the public's eye. For now, I'm happy to take the strategy you've just explained," he agreed with his manager, "my celebrity is all the richer for its infamy."

He stood as he sipped his coffee, looking down on his terraced back garden sloshed with rain. The semi-detached he had rented was not what he was used to back home, much less the weather. "Sunlight and rain. One brings happiness, the other drenches us in pain. Both needed for life, one and the same," he scrawled in his notepad, humming to himself in approval.

"Come back tomorrow, my friend, I make it the way you like again," the Barista called out as he left the Cafe. "Ha. Maybe I come and I let you try again," he responded with a "Ciao." Such familiar, daily, refrains with casual acquaintances provided him enough contact that he looked forward to repeating. The warren of local shops, where he bought his daily needs, gave him enough, while giving enough.

He started writing more. Without being the centre of attention, he was able to see others take position on their own stages. Watching everyday people and the importance they attach to their jobs. The satisfaction when they are thanked. With his lyrical scribbles increasingly romanticising these passing heroes, came an increasing sense of attachment.

The comfort one receives from people we neither know nor are known by, was the very same burden as with fame. A projected responsibility by others onto himself that he had to run from. A marathon journey to his namelessness where he looked in the mirror and realised the futility of his running. He didn't like to be alone. Even more, he didn't like being with people.