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## I'm Frightened

by Ivor John

The swings, in the park.

It was sunny outside. Diffuse light filtered through the stained net curtain which barely covered the small casement window. The sun could barely compete with the bright white light from the shadeless fluorescent tube fixed to the ceiling. The cover of which had long since fallen off, and now rested propped against the wall behind the sofa. He had saved the sofa, which had been left on the pavement at the front of building by the previous tenant. It had taken him twenty minutes to drag it back up the stairs to his room on the second floor. It had got wet while it was on the pavement, and one of the cushions had disappeared. It was also too big for the room really, but it was better than nothing.

The kettle was empty, he picked his jeans off the floor, pulled them on to go to the kitchen to fill it. Not bothering with a t-shirt. He also found half a bottle of milk from the shared fridge, which he took back to his room. He would have some rice crispies. Back in his room he switched on the kettle, he thought he would have coffee now that he had found some milk. Wiping out his bowl with his t-shirt, he shook in the cereal and added the milk, saving enough for his coffee.

As he ate his breakfast, he couldn't stop his mind from going back to his meeting he would have later. Thinking about it had kept him awake all night. Not that he ever slept well. The couple in the room next to his often fought, he would hear the banging and shouting. Last night they were making love. He could hear that clearly too.

Pulling open the drawer, he looked at the small amber plastic pill bottle. He unscrewed the top and tipped the contents into his hand as he had done so many times. The label on the bottle was Mirtazapine 45mg - One Daily. Little round pink tablets. Sure there were some of those in there. Also white tablets and capsules. Each time he had the opportunity, he would add to the collection. There was an old lady in a room downstairs. A few days ago, her window had been jammed and he had offered to try and open it. He saw her medication on a little table by the window. He took a half empty foil of diazepam and four Oxycontin 40mg from the little white plastic tub. He new Oxycontin was a strong, it was a good find to add to his stash.

It was comforting that he had them. There in his room. Available for him to take, anytime. He understood that most people would find his collection of drugs, lethal, at least he hoped so, comforting. But, he could only describe it as like having a parachute, a way out he could use if he wanted to use it. He knew it wouldn't be a choice. To take them. To end his life. He didn't know if he would be able to choose to do that. It was more that it would seem inevitable. He would know when it was inevitable, but it was reassuring he had his collection. His way out. He felt the bottle, loosening and tightening the screw cap, almost absent mindedly. Taking one of the Mirtazapine tablets he dropped it on his tongue and then washed it down with his coffee. He had finished his cereal and so put the bowl and his mug in the grey plastic washing up bowl on the table.

His mind went back again to his meeting later. Often she would phone him, but she hadn't done so far. He wondered if she had forgotten. He was unsure how he felt about that. He wanted to see her, but was anxious about it as well. He had some credit on his phone. He thought about calling her himself. He turned the phone in his hand, rotating it between his fingers as he tried to decide what to do. Quite suddenly he decided to call her.

She responded very quickly, her phone barely rang.

"Hi," she said with an incongruous cheerfulness.

"Are you on your way? I am nearly at the park, I am going to sit on the swings, you know, where we said. How long will you be? Don't forget to bring them. I think we may need them today, I think it may be right."

He replied, "Hi, yeah I was just about to leave now. I managed to get a couple more things, some Oxycontin and Diazepam."

"Diazepam is great." she said "it will make it so much easier. How long will you be?"

"I will be about twenty minutes, something like that. You know I thought it would be easier than this, that I would know. But I am a bit scared now, I'm frightened of us, of what we are doing."

"Hey, please don't worry, it will honestly be fine. See you soon, by the swings."