

**Bourne**  
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## Reunion

by Sue Hitchcock

Margie was perplexed. It was almost two months since she and Roma had been arrested and taken to the police station. Their phone conversations had been sharing their misery at the lockdown, which prevented them from meeting. Now Declan had brought her to Conyer and things would be as before.

Covid restrictions were still in place and they had to wear masks. Declan and Margie settled themselves at a table which overlooked the creek, hoping Roma would come to serve them, but Margie couldn't see her, only a slim waitress, tiny apron over a short skirt, hair piled up on top.

"Turn round, Margie, she'll come in a minute. What are you going to eat? We have to have food to get a drink."

Margie still craned her neck, almost twisting out of her chair,

"It is her, but she's all different."

When Roma finally came to their table, she didn't say 'hello' even, just put her hand on Margie's shoulder briefly.

"What would you like? There are sausage rolls or ploughman's, that's all at the moment."

"I'll have a sausage roll and a Guinness, thanks, love."

Margie grabbed Roma's hand, unable to play the part of a customer. Roma laughed and struggled free.

“Why don’t I bring you a sausage roll as well and you could have a diet coke or a milk shake?”

Staring into Roma’s eyes, she answered somewhat absently,

“Milk shake? Chocolate?”

And Roma scurried off.

“Nice looking woman.”

“She looks different. I hope she still likes me.”

When Roma returned with the food and accoutrements, which were niceties Margie had never experienced, she played with them like a kindergarten child. Eating wasn’t a priority. Then it clouded over and a distant roll of thunder drove away the yacht owners back to their comfortable saloons, isolating in luxury.

As the first plops of rain bounced on their heads, Toby emerged with several huge umbrellas.

“Roma, you’d better help your friends back to their car.”

Roma took an umbrella and grabbed Margie’s arm, but Declan approached Toby,

“What you need is some awnings.”

“That, or some better weather.”

“You know we run a funfair. We’re closed, of course, but we’ve got lots of awnings. Are you interested?”

While Declan engaged in making a deal with Toby, Roma climbed into the back seat of the car with Margie and became the girl Margie was longing for. They hugged long and hard until Margie wept with joy.

“What’s the matter?”

“Not a thing, I missed you so much.”

“Me too. Do you realize we were only together for three weeks?”

“I don’t remember before that. Did I exist before?”

“I wish we could live in the barge again, but it looks like a wreck.”

“Can’t you come and live with us?”

“Then I’d never get the barge back afloat.”

“Maybe Declan can help?”

When Declan returned, a walk with the dogs down the creek to see how the barge was surviving the weather was suggested. It was still raining and the path was slippery, but hugging together under a single umbrella, they held each other safe, while the dogs carelessly chased around, rolling in the mud. The deck was on a slope, wedged askew against the bank, but Declan leaped aboard, jumping heavily to assess what might be needed to move the hulk.

“It’s well stuck, but I have a few ideas. We’ll come again, when I think it out. Margie’s got your number, hasn’t she?”