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Yellow Diary

A 20 minute timed exercise

by Sho Botham

We settle down in our new home, and I resolve to keep a diary. Apart from the sitting room, the rest of the house needs huge amounts of TLC. A diary with photos will give us something to look back at once it is all done. Merle will have had our first girl grandchild. Daisy will still have her two boys. And David might have met someone by then. Funny how he is the eldest but the one left on the shelf.

The diary is going to be a diary and scrapbook combined. I'm going to handwrite it so I can jot down notes whenever there's something to record about the renovations and how we are getting on in our home. It is far from being a home currently. But Bob is good at these things and I'm good at helping him. We make quite a good team. The diary is A4 size with a yellow hard cover. The pages are lightly lined but I can ignore them if I want.

The sitting room - cum bedroom - cum dining room, is where everything happens at the moment. We have one of those blow-up beds which is actually very cold. It would have been good when I was menopausal and always too hot. But now, it makes me feel cold. I've put an old woollen blanket over the bed and under the bedding which helps a little. The bed is very light so in the morning we push it from the middle of the sitting room to the wall so we have some space to walk around.

The first entry in the diary is: Our home. The estate agent's photo of the house is below. It's stuck to the page with amazing stuff that sticks and then comes off again without damage. Quite remarkable.

Bob got to work from day one. We agreed that the kitchen and the bathrooms needed to be sorted out first. Bob was stripping the kitchen and the two bathrooms back to bare brick, ready for the tradies to come and work their magic. A white kitchen with all mod cons and a set of three lights hanging from the high ceiling over the long work

surface - cum breakfast bar. Both bathrooms would be white and the ensuite was going to have a spa bath fitted. I've always wanted a spa bath and now that I'm retired, I'm finally getting one. Or so I thought. I hadn't expected my second entry in the yellow diary to be all about Bob falling from the roof and breaking lots of bones. I hadn't expected to write about paramedics literally saving his life in the garden of our new home. I hadn't expected Bob to not be able to do all that we planned. The diary is in the drawer in the sitting room. It doesn't look as if the kitchen will have a drawer to put it in for quite some time.