

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

5 Characteristics

Introvert, Slovenly, Geeky, Fragile, Cowardly.

Loner

by Maureen Marsh

Taking a deep inhale of his left armpit, he debated the option of a shower, going as far as stepping into the bathroom, then pausing. He caught a glimpse of a blank almost ghost like reflection, a week's beard growth, a sadness in the eyes. 'Is that me?' He felt a jolt of shock. Instead, he made his way to the small neglected kitchen. Ignoring the piled up washing in the sink, he rinsed out a mug which read, 'Worlds Best Dad'.

The furred up red kettle got into action as he scabbled about in the cupboard for a tea bag. Realising he was out, he fished one out of the bin from the night before and poured the freshly boiled water over it. He heaped three large teaspoons of sugar into the mug and ambled over to his well-used laptop.

It was still open at the webpage from last night. He immediately began scrolling the amateur images of scantily clad women of all hues, ages and states of undress. The amateur flavour was a large part of the attraction, as was the invitation to pass harsh judgement on any given image. His eyes hungrily searched for fresh images, one's that might have popped up since his last date with the website. Bingo! He found several new ones. Dopamine released, adrenalin released, Blood pressure rising, heart beating faster. He stared, transfixed at the grotesque image of a large women in orange bikini, tanned skin and beatific smile. He lent over the keyboard, fingers poised to inflict venom, when an interruption. His phone rang, the spell broken, the word 'Mum' came up. He stopped, a feeling akin to shame. He didn't answer but he felt an irrational anger.

Taking a sip of tea, he happened to gaze out into the garden and saw it again. It was the same cat that had come last night and most nights for the last two weeks. A very thin pedestrian looking tabby, that had somehow and inexplicably got under his skin, to the

point that he had started feeding it and now the damn thing wouldn't leave. He sighed, annoyed at both the interruption from his phone and now the cat, pulling him away from an activity that had become synonymous with his entire existence. Now he would have to feed the damn cat again.

He opened the back door and the thing immediately came in, weaving its way around his legs, tail erect and omitting a semi mew, semi trill.

After feeding the cat, it jumped onto his lap and began to wash itself vigorously, stopping occasionally to gaze up at him, eyes enormous and green, deep and voluminous, eyes that contained the whole universe. A smile had taken up residence on his face, it seemed as though his whole being had melted into this mini tiger. All of a sudden two thoughts came into his head in quick succession, 'I must ring mum back...perhaps I will have a shower...'