

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Splintered

A 20 minute timed exercise

by Sho Botham

I didn't mean to do it. That's what he said when he broke me in two. He wasn't really sorry that he'd broken me. He was more concerned that he didn't damage his hands. All that strength from his working out at the gym. It didn't take much for him to break me.

Splintered. That's what I am. How will I get another pencil to love me now? They will only see my broken bits. They won't know that I used to be tall and pointy with a stylish yellow coat and orange curls around my middle. You can't see my orange curls any more. They disappeared forever when I was splintered in two.

He tried to say that I was like two pencils now. How could he even think that? If he was broken in two, would he become two people? Of course, he wouldn't. He would still be one but broken into two parts. Two parts of the one person. I'm like that. Two parts of the one pencil.

I had such high hopes that with my good looks, I would attract a lovely young pencil and we would lie together in his pencil case. But my hopes are forever dashed. Not only am I broken in two but little bits of me keep breaking off. Each day there's less of me. Who wants a stubby little pencil? For that is surely what I will become.

I heard him saying to the cat, Trevor, that he's going to relegate both parts of me to his old pencil case and buy a new pencil to take my place. How cruel can he be? He broke me and now he's going to break me emotionally as well as physically. I just wanted to be a good pencil for him and meet a nice pencil for me. My life as a pencil changed the moment, he broke me in two. All I have to look forward to is the old pencil case. I won't survive in there.

I know at least two pencil friends of mine who ended up in there and were never seen again. Like me, it was through no fault of their own. The only thing that made sense was that he'd rubbed them out. He has some evil looking rubbers.

Trevor the cat sauntered past balancing on the arm of the sofa. He paused to flick one part of pencil off the table. The other part of pencil was left lonely on his own wondering if he would ever see the rest of himself again.