



The Unknown Pupil

by Stuart Carruthers

Character details

Female, Caribbean origin, with a North West Kilburn London accent
5' 6", age 20-25.

Deep blue eyes

Her dreadlocks tied back into a single strand, with a red bungie.

Her hands, decorated with silver rings

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I never asked your name, but it didn't matter.

It was fate she chose to sit opposite me that day. Pleasantries exchanged with smiling eyes.

Outside. Tuesday afternoon passed by in glorious sunshine.

Like a sunflower emerging, she placed his book in front of me.

Innocent fingers turned pages of excitement. Instantly my mind drifted.

Remembering a stupid young boy who once ignored his hero to kick ball with yesterday's friends. He never came back, but his words did.

On and on, past rows of 1950s houses their garden's sculptured to perfection.

I watch her mouth recite his words in silence. I remember that day when I discovered my new secret. Overcome with emotion I didn't understand.

I can't stop staring at her.

On and on we roll until screeching brakes signal, we're close.

As the carriage erupts in excitement, Blake retains his pupil's attention.

She wore a coat that drew your attention. Your eyes instantly drawn to its detail. The handywork of someone special on show.

Overhead a busted speaker distorts the conductor's voice. Around us people gathered their bags, coats and unruly kids. Yet Blake's student didn't move.

Next stop is mine, as couple prepare to get off.

I had to say something.

For a brief moment she allowed me into that magical world when someone discovers poetry for the first time. As she talked about her new love, I placed my heroe's book on the table in front of her (Death of a Naturalists).

After a brief no, no, yes.

I said my goodbyes.