

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Roma

by Sue Hitchcock

“Did you see that?”

Margie said she hadn't. Since I finished with Len, I had the feeling someone was watching me. It probably was Len to start with. I know I owe him money, I guess it must be a few thousand, at least for my college fees last year. I will pay him back, if I can get lucky. I was going to give him the money I earned at the hotel last summer, but when Dad died, there were expenses, even though Dad had put a bit aside.

I don't know. What can I do? Even the pocket money I got, working at the pub doesn't amount to much. I wish he'd fuck off and leave me alone.

What had alerted me was a flash of light, like sunlight reflected off a mirror, or a telescope, even. Maybe Len finished making that telescope in his front room.

I looked around in the direction the flash had come from, and then it came again. Wait, it's two lights, it must be binoculars, it's not Len, it's that bastard, Toby.

Thank goodness Declan doesn't bother with me. He just seems to like the challenge of getting the Adele afloat. He's not a bad looking guy either, quite hunky.

Margie looks at me all the time, but that's different. She always wants to look in my eyes. Sometimes she gets her head between my face and what I am doing, cooking, drawing, just cutting my nails. It would be dangerous but it makes me laugh. Then, when we are sitting, arms round each other, she'll stare in my eyes with such adoration. She'll grow out of it, I expect. Still I don't think I'd have survived the last six months without her.

Last week she asked me what it was like, kissing a man, then wanted me to demonstrate. I wasn't sure I should – she's still only fifteen. In the end it was she who initiated it. Now our morning cuddles, when she gets in bed with me, are changing. I tried to slow down the romance. One step at a time, we became true lovers and I am frightened, no, worried how it will end.