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## Drunken Safety Blanket

A timed exercise

by Juliet Robinson

After a winter of gluttony and grief I am back on plan for good this time.

Look, see I am off to the job centre. This time it will be different, this time I would do the things that good, honest productive people do. Get a job that was the first stage.

Plan, progress stuff.

See I am bus stopping, waiting for a bus, normal. Very normal. Very good. First person at the bus stop, proof of responsibility. Urgh, here comes a school kid. I don't like kids, make me nervous. Just won't acknowledge him. I was first here; this is essentially my bus stop.

Silence, we sit in silence and see how it doesn't bother me, this is what regular folk do at the bus stop.

And here comes the forty-four, on I get, take a seat, and here we go. Oh, look the boy, person, thingy didn't get on, that's funny.

Ohhh, of course. Of course. Of course. Look at that, yup well that just isn't good. Oh, my tummy, and my oh, oh its all gone, ga ga.

Need off this bus. Needed a drink. Calm the nerves. Sort the soul.

Problem, he followed me. Doesn't come in but followed me. Horrid nasty staring accusing eyes. Nobody needs that. Why can't I be left alone. What have I done to deserve this. How did he find me? Was he waiting? Did someone tell him I was coming. Nasty little boy creature.

So ... yeah, pub turned into two pubs and then, here I am!! Vodka and a busy Street, I love a busy street. 'Cheers to you busy street. I will drink to you!' Happy, happy, happy.

But this is the last time, plans and tracks and all those good sober normal people things. I am on them.

Is this vodka or battery acid. Whoops, some for you street! 'You've had worse. But yes, this vodka may as well be horse piss! What are you staring at lady!'

Love a crowd, can lose myself in a crowd. Better still I can lose my companions, in a crowd. Well, I don't lose them I just see less of them. They fade amongst the throngs of people and the blanket of sweet alcohol always helps. 'Cheers to that!' This vodka is not getting better. But I haven't seen that nippy wee sour faced boy from the bus stop for some time, so yeah vodka one, little boy none! Ha!

This street is wonderful. Happy, happy, happy. I am just a normal person, doing normal person things on a normal street. 'Cheers!' Happy, happy, happy. Plan, still plenty of time for the plan. Job centres gonna be open all day.

What is that fool doing? This is closed to car street! No! Shopping! Shoppers, not cars! 'You! This road is closed!'

Oh no. Fuck. Can't cheers that. And here come my companions, how do they always find me? Hello little boy person, so glad you caught up with me. And here's a new one. Don't look. Avoid eye contact. Fuck. Not happy, not happy, not happy.

'Go away. I can't help you. Just because I can see you doesn't mean I can help you. Shooo ... look for the light. Yeah, over there! Cheers! Go!' Actually, that's not the light that's a streetlamp. 'My bad!' And here come the others. How many people did that idiot plough his car into?

'Yes, yes, I see you. I wish I couldn't. Look at you, urgh yuck. Here have a drink cheers!' As if all the screaming wasn't bad enough look at these miserable souls. If they latch on now, I won't get rid of them. Sad cheers. Not happy, not happy, not happy.

'Look guys you need to keep moving, you can't linger here. I can't help you. I'm a drunk. Drunks are of no use to anyone, living or the dead.'

You are not part of my plan.