

Gosday

by Sho Botham

Elemy took her head out of the oven and stood up. She had an overwhelming desire to shout and scream and laugh hysterically. In her head the same words went around and around, no one cares, no one cares, no one cares.

Geoffrey Goliath Gosday stood at the dark blue painted front door and listened to the bing bong, bing bong sounds from pressing the doorbell. After a few moments, he pressed the bell again. Almost at the same time as the first bing bong sound, the door opened.

God girl, you look like shit.

Thank you so much Mr Gosday, you look bloody fantastic. Come here and give me a hug.

Elemy snuggled into Gosday's arms and inhaled the clean male scent as he hugged her.

What's wrong?

Nothing

What's wrong? Elemy, and don't say nothing, I know when something's up with you.

You do, don't you? Well, here goes nothing – Bill broke up with me last week. He gave me a load of old cobblers, it's not you, it's me and all that crap. He was right about it being him, he's found someone else and dumped me. I don't care, not really. I knew he was up to something I never seem to keep a man more than a few weeks or months before he's off to pastures new. And if that's not bad enough for you, I've been served with a fucking Section 21 order to get out of my flat. I like this flat but it is expensive. I've only been late in paying my rent a few times but the landlord can't see that times are difficult. A girl needs to take a holiday when her man dumps her and okay, there's been a few holidays but there's been a few men too.

He wants me to allow him to start showing people around. No fucking way. I'm not having strangers come in and trample all over my life. And if you want the worst news of all, Janhurst's that I work for, sorry, worked for, has gone into liquidation. So, stuff it all, isn't life just too, too bloody wonderful? So yes, I'm pissed off, I'm miserable and I'm really bad company right now. Why are you here?

I'll tell you in a minute. What were you doing when I rang the doorbell? What took you so long to answer the door?

Do you really need to ask?

No, but I want you to tell me. And I want you to tell me the truth. What's the use of stories that aren't even true?

If you must know, I had my head in the oven. And no, I wasn't doing it for effect. But it's electric so I can't even do that right. This is a gas-free zone. I've had enough my dear Gosday. Life's, too hard. You wouldn't understand. You've never wanted for anything. I know you work hard but you don't have to. Who else turns up at the office in Guuci loafers wearing the finest of cashmere sweaters? Some of us need to work so fucking hard just to survive. You don't, and I don't hold it against you. But right now my life is shit, shit, shit.

You have to stop this my dear Elemetry. Things will get better.

Oh really? Why do you care, Gosday, why do you care? It must be a pain in the bum, coming here and listening to all my woes?

Just as Elemetry spouted this to Gosday, a letter came through the letterbox and plopped onto the doormat, face down. She bent down and picked it up saying, do you want a cup of tea? I'm so wrapped up in my problems, I haven't even offered you tea and we're still in the hall.

As they headed into the compact lounge cum dining room cum kitchen. Gosday smiled at Elemetry. Actually, old thing, I might just have come to visit you at the right time.