

Chasing Pavements

Sara trudged through the streets, not noticing the rain. She thought, 'Nobody can see me, nobody cares. I must find Paul.' Wandsworth suburbia on a dark October evening. Family life continuing behind closed doors. Porch lights highlighting the puddles on the rain-soaked pavements like moonlit ponds.

Where was he? She couldn't contact him. She knew he was married when they first met. The glint of the wedding ring matched the glint in his eye.

He walked into the Italian restaurant, as if he was the owner, 6ft tall, sharp suit and sapphire eyes. A boys' night after work. The wine flowed, the men in high spirits.

"What's the fish of the day?" He asked "Sara?" Spotting her name badge.

"We have an excellent sea bass served with seasonal vegetables." She blushed.

At the end of the night he came up to the bar to pay the bill,

"Can I say what an excellent waitress Sara is sir, an asset to your business." He charmed the boss. Leaving an obscene tip, along with his business card, he passed her the tray and said,

"Give me a call if you fancy a drink on your night off?"

She'd looked up and mumbled "Thanks."

They met in a wine bar, he was funny and charming, a flop of dark hair framing his face. He told her he was married but they lived separate lives, he was 'just sorting finances' before the divorce.

She'd fallen for him and then got pregnant, he was delighted about the baby. The divorce was almost complete.

But now she had to find his house.

Sarah caught a glimpse of a family tableau playing out in a softly lit room. There he was, Paul with a beautiful woman and a little boy, holding a balloon. Sara walked up to the window.

The child saw her,

"Daddy, the lady's there again."

Coming closer to the window, she saw the grief lines etched on Paul's face. He closed the curtains. He couldn't see her.

Pre- eclampsia they said, Sara never got to hold her son. His birthday, her death day.

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