Irene's Secret Passion

Irene knew she should be contented but secretly, underneath, wanted more. She was confused, if she didn't work out what she wanted, she might just drift…. for eternity. Maybe she'd meet her late father on the other side and he'd say to her, 'What have you done with your life? I fought for you, made sure you had the best whilst I went without!' This thought made her stop knitting and feel the emotion behind her eyes.

She and her husband Stanley had expected children, but none had come. It actually didn't upset Irene but Stanley minded. There was nothing much she could do about it anyway. It just made her think she was made for a different sort of life. What really excited her was writing. This was something her Father had encouraged – he said she had a special talent - and writing made her feel close to him. Stanley, on the other hand appreciated her skill in making clothes.

'My O my Irene, you look grand in your new dress!' his eyes shined in admiration of her loveliness.

She would enjoy the attention, but these outfits were important because they were inspired by characters she'd be creating in her head. Characters that featured in her writing which she kept secret. 'Maybe my Father has arranged for me, from the other side, not to have children so that I can write,' she thought fancifully.

'Tell me about your day, Darling,' she said to Stanley that evening. Stanley loved to impress her with news about his work as a Policeman. Irene listened carefully as something may be useful to include in her murder case. She took the blood red wool and started adding it to the knitted jumper on her lap whilst her mind lapped up technical terms and procedures that would help authenticate the story.

She planned to use a pseudonym when the time came to find a publisher, this way she could be anonymous and, who knows, maybe spend the profits on an underground adventure to further inspire the work.

By Lucy Houbart

ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT (1870-1955) *Irene Knitting in an Easy Chair*, Oil on canvas

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