

***CLIFF VILLAGES U3A
CREATIVE WRITING***

*A piece of 150 words exactly
including the words
“I wish I had.....”.*

Football Pools!

Mary thought I wasted my time with football pools. On one occasion I put my eight crosses against the matches I thought might be drawn, put the form in an envelope and gave it to my son William to post on his way to school.

On Saturday I turned the wireless on to check my entry.

“The League, Division One”, the announcer started, and the results followed. After I had got the first four draws correct, my heart began to beat. After the sixth and seventh draws were correct, I broke out in a sweat. When finally came “Accrington Stanley 0 Scunthorpe 0” I was trembling violently. I had won several thousand pounds.

William came sheepishly into the room “Dad, I’ve found this in my blazer pocket, I must have forgotten to post it”

I was livid. Mary said “You should have posted the thing yourself”.

I wish I had.

Keith Straw

April 2012

I Wish I Had.....

never gorged on that blueberry muffin, plus the double latte, topped with sprinkled chocolate and cream whirl. That's the trouble with the Kiwi "Indulge Your Tum" café. You just have to splurge!

New Zealand, a country of fresh air, majestic views, sheep and full-fat food! The national dish is 'meat poi' with chips. Drive-thru KFC's, Pizza Huts and McDonalds lure the famished traveller. For gastronomic variety sample Domino's, Burger King and the utterly fiendish, Hell Pizza.

It is not just the artery blocking content of the grub that dismays one but the size! For active, quad bike, sheep mustering farmers, massive portions fit the bill but for townies, one fish and chips serving would feed a family of six!

Whitebait patties, hokey-pokey ice cream, Lamington's and Pavlovas, laden with double cream and Kiwi fruit, tempt the weak-willed. But....damn it! I did enjoy that enormous blueberry muffin!

Rosemary King

April 2012

I wish I hadn't read about it! William Roach, soap opera actor, claims he has slept with over one thousand women! How on earth did he find the time? Did he keep a dossier to avoid duplication? Over a 65 year life span his efforts must have amounted to sixteen new conquests each year interspersed with marital duties. It is still some going! The female cast of Coronation Street must have been plundered extensively. Perhaps he had a list in which to underline successes. Stamp collecting appears less dangerous but lacking the thrill.

I couldn't find any mention of this feat in the Guinness Book of Records. It has made me realize as I approach my eightieth birthday that I've been lucky not to want to eclipse Roache's feat. My selection nowadays can only be made from the U3A or the local Friendship Club. With relief I declare my innings closed.

Bob Goodman

SOLITUDE

I don't know what made me go down the garden at that time of night. Only that when I put on a thick coat and woolly scarf, opened the back door and stepped out, it was the pungent smell of a garden bonfire that drew me further into the dusk. The air was frosty, and smoke drifted lazily above the branches of the apple trees. I felt dead leaves brushing against my shoes as they rustled underfoot. Picking up an apple from the ground I rubbed it on my coat and bit into the crisp flesh, The juice stung my lips, the taste sweet in my mouth. I remember sitting somewhere, and in the silence an owl hooted. Millions of stars glistened in a clear velvet sky. I wish I had known how healing solitude could be, and that the memory of that night would stay with me for ever

Anne McIntyre

WISHING

“Bye love” Jenny called, “I’m off”

“Bye, take care, see you tonight” I replied, busy in the kitchen doing the girls’ lunch boxes.

Carol and Susie rushed to the window in time to wave, then returned to their Rice Crispies.

After taking them to school I tackled the household chores, being househusband since the firm crashed last year and taking my new job very seriously. Jenny worked at managerial level for Barclays.

I wish I had kissed her that morning.

A combination of ice, articulated lorry and the M.25 took her life.

After her funeral came anger, guilt and a deep sadness, but my two lovely daughters give me reason to carry on each day.

We have sad times when we talk about Jenny but happy times too and I make sure they never leave for school without a kiss, but how I long to kiss Jenny one last time.

Jean Goodman

April 2012