

2nd Place Flash Fiction

Our House - by Deryk Payne

In the gloom, the old house seems the same. There are still ten wooden steps from the path up to the door. They still creak as they used to do when I lived here. You would think the landlord would have fixed them by now, but he was always a cheapskate. The creaking stairs made it a little difficult to get to the door unnoticed, but I made it ok.

I don't see why you had to change the locks. Why did I have to break in? I only came here to talk for god's sake; after all, I use to live here.

You've changed things. You've changed the colour of the bathroom; not sure I like that shade. I thought you were happy with the one we choose together. The kitchen has changed as well, new cabinets, and you have even fixed the hole in the wall that I made with the frying pan. I was lucky that day; I could have really hurt you.

I wonder if the old busybody is still living next door, I may pay him a visit someday. I have never forgiven him for the lies he told the police. I am half thinking of cranking up the stereo to remind him of the old days, but that might not be a good idea, as he would probably call the police again.

I followed you yesterday. You never noticed me. I was surprised to see you have moved jobs. What was wrong with the job I got you? You always told me it was great. Now you work for a bank, I must talk to you about that. I seem to remember you agreed that banks were evil institutions, but I suppose we all change and mature. Which is why I need to talk to you. I'm looking forward to telling you about my new life, I have a house near the sea, and I am married now. Her name is Jennifer, she is nice, and does what she is told, most of the time. Of course, you would have known this, if you had answered any of my calls or read my letters. I didn't appreciate the call from your solicitor threatening me with a court date. He was very rude. I had wanted to visit you before this, but my probation officer warned me to stay away. I don't see him anymore, so I am sure it is ok to visit now. I really only want to see our old house, and

talk to you about old times and the future. I want to tell you about my new life, and ask why you turned against me like that. I promise I won't get mad. I am over that now. I am over you. I just want to talk.

I see it is 5pm. You should be home soon, so I will wait for you. I'll just turn off the lights and wait. Wait for the creak on the stairs.