

Her and Him

by Minstrel Elizabeth

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She was staring at him. She had been doing so for the past ten minutes. She had no idea why. Not that he looked familiar. Everybody look very much the same, come to think of it. And he wasn't handsome either. It was just that she had this feeling that if she looked long enough her life would become easier to understand. Like he was the key to something.

She kept staring at him. He wasn't going to notice. He was looking out of the bus window. He didn't feel the intensity of her gaze upon him. He didn't feel his own neck becoming stiff. It didn't matter. He felt lost, almost ashamed. Of course, he had nothing to be ashamed of but telling himself so didn't help. He was staring out of the dusty bus window, not seeing what was going on outside.

He felt terrible. Even though he kept telling himself there was nothing to be ashamed of. After all, that was his land and he had the right to sell it. He needed the money. So what if those people who had been renting that little cottage for the past five years had to move out? So what? Yes, all right, they kept telling him they had nowhere to go but of course they had been lying. He had nothing to be ashamed of.

The sun crept out from behind the lead-coloured cloud. The bus was driving along the narrow country road, passing by lonely fields and wild-looking hills. Bright sunrays hit the window. He squinted, turned away from the light and started looking at his hands.

The bus stopped and most people got off. There were only two passengers left now.

She kept staring at him. She didn't know why. She wasn't even thinking about him. She was thinking about the letter from her mother. It was crumpled in her handbag now. What were they all going to do now?