

Leftover life

So I woke up that morning; how bright the sun upon my eyes, and I looked yet he was not there.

Where's he gone now? I thought unto myself, leaving me alone in our bed. And up I rose to confront a world in which, to my despair – oh despair indeed; out of all the despairs I've ever despaired since I was only so little ...

What was I saying?

Oh yes. The despair I felt was worse than any of those other despairs at the world. That's it! The world filled with all my husband's enemies who hate him very much and because of that they don't think much of me I don't think. So right, I thought, I'd best get on anyway. Getting dressed would be a start but all I could find were my woeful hard straits which I struggled into. Well I suppose if I was going to be widely sundered by all and sunderers I might as well dress for it.

You'd never guess, but as soon as I stumbled into the street who should I be confronted by but Blythe Manner. It's all because of that trollop that my lord had to leave this place at all. And yet she pours scorn upon me, which means I have to return inside to find something dry to wear.

Having no luck locating any suitable garments, it looks like it's curtains for me.

Steve