

**(taken from love, faults and thoughts by laurence suckling)  
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she in conversation

she: anyway i hope test goes ok, and i'll speak to you tomorrow.  
h: yeah, well you know, it's not my thing, but thanks. i hope you get your homework finished.  
she: yeah, thanks. it's going to take all night. but, anyway, i hope tomorrow's alright and i'll give you a ring in the evening.  
h: ok, sleep well.  
she: if i get any.  
h: oh, - it's that bad.  
she: yep.  
h: oh well i'd better let you get on with it...it's been nice....  
she: what?  
h: i was just going to say that i've really enjoyed chatting to you.  
she: thank you. that's good.  
h: um..um.. i erve you..  
she: ....sorry, i didn't quite catch that. what was it?  
h: i i i ii i i <cough>ve you.  
she: hmmm. me too.  
h: tell me.  
she: i i i can't there's a thing near the thing...  
h: huh?  
she: you know that thing is near the thing..  
h: oh..your dad's there...  
she: yeah you know how it is. it's awkward. but i do you know.  
h: i know.. it happens doesn't it. but i really want you to know.  
she: i do too.  
  
h:  
she:  
h:  
she:  
h: <cough>  
she: <whispering> i'm on the phone dad.

h: what was that?  
she: oh nothing. just dad pulling faces. i'd better go.  
h: ok, sleep well.  
she: thanks <whispering> i love you.  
h: i love you too.  
she: bye.  
h: bye.  
she: are you still there?  
h: yeess. ... i love you.  
she: i know. ... sleep well.  
h: yeah night night.  
she: ha - don't let the bed bugs bite.  
h: i won't....i've er got a stick.  
she: oh have you..  
h: yeah <hum> mum's just walked past me with that i don't see you  
paying the phone bill look on her face i'd better go ... bye.. sleep well.  
she: and you.  
h: bye.  
she: bye.

h:  
she:  
h: are you still there?  
she: i was waiting for you to put the phone down.  
h: so was i.  
she:  
h:  
she: go on get some sle...  
h: and you.  
she: i love you.  
h: are you sure?  
she: yes. don't you love me?  
h: of course i do.  
she: how do you know?  
h: what do you mean how do i know.. i just do.  
she: only making sure.  
h: you know i do don't you?  
she: yes i do... ... . i love you too.

h: thank you.  
she: you're welcome.  
h: no you're welcome  
she: hmm.  
h: i miss you..  
she: i miss you too.  
h: oh god, dad's throwing one of his mental upstairs...i've got to go.  
she: take care. i'll be thinking of you.  
h: yes. look after yourself and i'll see you soon.

h: are you still there?  
she: what do you think?  
h: i best go..let's put the phone down at the same time.  
she: no i want to put it down last.  
h: come on...please...  
she: i was only joking... after three then?  
h: on three or after three?  
she: it's always after..  
h: bye  
she: bye

(together): byenightnightiloveloveyo.....

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP

h: ....god...she put the phone down...



(love before the cordless/mobile phone)

she wasn't her.

i think i can still remember her parents' phone number. maybe they've moved. strange that i haven't a clue what colour her eyes were. at least i'm pretty sure that they weren't brown. i can see a few expressions and hear a few phrases - a laugh (that makes me cringe a little) and i could probably recognise her handwriting (although i believe she became a doctor so it in theory will have deteriorated)... we didn't stay in touch.. after a while there was no feeling ... there is no feeling ... i wish her well ... i guess if i bumped into her i'd enjoy sitting down for a chat and a hot chocolate ... yeah that sounds quite nice ... better than that quick exchange of pleasantries (or lies) whilst blocking the street for a moment or two... if we did chat i'm not quite sure that i'd have the guts to confront her about anything from that time - the thing that plays on my mind is that i told her that i loved her and yet found out years later that love was an even bigger sensation than i had thought for. that's part of growing-up i guess. i guess a lot. i'm not too hot on certainties.

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