

THE VISIT
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It was a cold winter's night. I had just arrived home tired from the shops. I placed the messages on the chair and floor as I could no longer hold them due to the pain in my arms and neck.

My cat Diddles arrived home looking for his dinner. I fed him first and started on my own dinner. Satisfied he curled up on my bed for his evening snooze.

The room I live in is extremely small, cold and damp. The walls are so damp the pillows have to be dried each day, which leaves me unable to make the bed in the morning.

I turned on the television. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. I was not expecting anyone as no one had phoned to say they were coming. It could only be the landlady.

There was nothing I could do to tidy the place. Why did she pick now and not yesterday, when things were tidy?

The room is lilac in colour, with the walls covered with a variety of pictures. To most people it is dark but not to me.

As I opened the door, I knew it was bad news. It was night and a fog was coming down, extremely cold and I could smell heating fumes. My eyes immediately began to burn due to the fumes, my heart was racing and I tried to look calm. I felt sick inside as if someone had turned on a switch and every part was shaking, but no one looking at me would have known. My face was bright red as I was extremely tired and in pain, which made opening the door very difficult.



As I let the landlady in all I could see was her vivid blue fleece. She could have been naked otherwise! My eyes hurt to see this colour blue. It is the one colour I cannot look at, due to an illness. Her hair colour had changed again like the leaves of autumn - all different shades of brown.

I said, "Sorry about the mess."

She said, "I have some bad news for you."

I knew before she told me. I had known since the knock.

"I am selling the house. You have two months to leave."

My heart was still racing and I tried to be calm about it but that blue fleece was really causing me to feel faint.

We spoke about other things but it was all polite conversation. My head was spinning - no home! Where would I go? I had already been looking for over a year for a place.

Life looks very bleak. The black cloud is growing around me. No home. My life looks even more uncertain...