

Letters to the North

Ishaan Roy

The harbour had been quiet for nine years, and she had counted every one of them from a flat above a laundrette three hundred miles inland. Coming back was not a decision so much as a tide going out.

Nobody met her at the station. She had not written to say she was coming, and there was a particular cowardice in that which she recognised and forgave herself for on the walk down through the town.

The house was smaller than the house in her head. Houses always are. The kitchen window still did not shut properly, and somebody had painted the front door a colour her mother would have called sensible.

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LETTERS TO THE NORTH

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