

Creative writing on the man who was envious of cows

[Sociology](#), [Women](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Jim leant against the door frame, biting his lip. He watched his wife open her suitcase and start packing her possessions into it.

He knew that he hadn't been a perfect husband, and he also knew that they'd been having problems for a while. The frequent arguments, the slamming of doors; the revving of engines as one of them drove off into the night, furiously wiping tears away from their eyes, had been hard to bare. But despite all of that, he still loved her.

He watched as she packed the long, red dress she had bought on their last trip to Rio; her favourite scarf that he had given her for their first anniversary; his Dexy's Midnight Runners t-shirt that she liked to wear in bed... these items that were so her were being packed up and he didn't know when he would see them again - if he would see them again.

' Please, don't go,' he said. His voice sounded smaller than he'd expected.

She stood up and looked at him. " I am going. You can't talk me out of it; I've had enough, Jim. You have pushed and pushed and now I'm backed up against the wall and this is my only option." She stared at him for a second and then returned to packing.

He glanced around the purple bedroom, remembering how they had decorated it together. It was the first job they'd done after moving into the house. They had started off earnestly working at first, but had quickly dissolved into giggles as they indulged in a paint fight. The whole house was the same, every corner was filled with memories of when things had been good between them. How had it all gone so wrong?

She glanced up and met his gaze. ' I know,' she said. ' It's a lot of history to walk away from.'

He swallowed hard. She always knew what he was thinking, but the fact that she could in this moment hurt for reasons he couldn't explain. He didn't respond.

She sighed and looked away. Reaching into her underwear drawer, she took out the lingerie that he had bought her for Valentine's Day. He remembered how excited she'd been when he'd given it to her. She'd been hinting about that particular set for months, and when she'd opened the box she'd thrown her arms around him. Then he remembered the row they'd had later that night, after he'd taken her to ' Big Al's Rib House' to meet his friends for the evening. Thinking about it made him feel sick with regret.

The slam of the suitcase brought him crashing back to reality.

She turned to him. ' Okay, Jim,' she said. ' I'm going now.'

' Please, don't do this,' he pleaded again.

He could feel that he was close to tears. Stubbornness reared its head, telling him not to cry in front of her. He looked at his wife. She looked tired, and she was; she was tired of him. She looked like she had been crying. Her once sparkling eyes were now dull and red, and her beautiful face looked pale drawn. She looked ten years older than she actually was, and he was to blame. He had never hated himself more than at that moment.

He couldn't bear to look at her anymore; he glanced around the room. Their bedroom had always been a small room. It was almost a perfect square, and their double bed and few pieces of furniture left just enough room for them to edge around, carefully. They had often joked about that room, calling it 'cosy' and 'just big enough for the two of them,' just like their relationship.

However, watching his wife preparing to leave him, the room suddenly seemed much bigger. It felt like the Serengeti, like a sweeping and eerie plain, with acres of expanse spreading out between them.

She picked the suitcase up off the bed and stood up straight.

'Please,' he managed. 'Can we at least talk about this?'

She tilted her head to one side. 'Have you any idea how many times I've tried to talk to you?'

He looked down at the ground.

'So many times, Jim,' she continued. 'But you never listen.'

'But I will this time.' He stepped towards her. 'I'll change. I promise, I can change.'

She shook her head. 'It's too just too late.' She wiped a tear away from her face and, pushing past him, she walked out of the room.

He went to the window and waited. He didn't know why he was torturing himself like this, but he just felt that he had to see this through to the end.

He could hear his wife downstairs, moving around in their kitchen.

Jim looked out onto the fields that their house overlooked. It was raining, hard. It had been a particularly hot June and the skies were open, like they were crying angry tears. He could see the cows, sheltering under the trees. Once the storm was over they would come out from the cover of the thick leaves and their pasture would feel fresh again. For the first time in his life, Jim envied those cows.

His gaze was distracted by his wife appearing out from the porch and onto the driveway. She opened her car boot and put her suitcase inside. He noticed that the boot was empty - she must have cleaned it out in preparation. The preparation for leaving him. He screwed up his face, fighting tears for the second time that day. The sky could do the crying for him, he decided. After all, the rain on the earth was much more dignified than a grown man weeping.

He forced himself to watch her climb into the driver's seat and close the door behind her. He could hear the familiar sound of her diesel engine turning over, just like he had heard it do, almost every day, for the past two years. She reversed onto the road and drove away.

Jim felt in his pocket for his phone. He took it out and planned a text to his wife. There was so much he wanted to tell her, that he should have told her long before. He wanted to say that he was sorry, he was sorry for everything he had done and everything he hadn't done. He wanted to say that things would be different from now on. He wanted to say that he loved her.

He stood for a few moments, looking at the rain beating down onto the driveway, slowly covering the dry patch that her car had left. Then he slid his phone back into his pocket. Maybe later.