

Escapism versus reality essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Driving the first ten miles in silence she sat, pale faced reliving the argument, which had taken place the previous evening. He, only too aware of the guilt she felt and the anguish deep inside her body, concentrated on the winding road ahead. She'd been thinking and planning this weekend break for weeks.

My escapism she nicknamed it, as she organised the childminding, booked the hotel, bought new underwear and then like a bolt from hell Paul, her beloved husband had thrown a spanner in the works. Staring through the windscreen in front of her, she recalled how precise he had been with his excuses. Even now remembering the devilish look on his face as Paul said, "Darling, I'm sorry but your weekend is off. I have to work!" She couldn't believe it. All her careful planning and organisation wasted. "Work my ass!" she'd thought to herself, "More likely that floozy of a secretary, with her short black skirt and her big tits!" She'd been down this road before and she certainly wasn't going down it again.

Paul's antics weren't going to spoil this weekend; it was far too precious to her. Nothing would! She'd sat for almost an hour last night in their bedroom, that very same room where she'd found the evidence of his illicit affair. Had that only been six months ago? Hadn't she forgiven him? Hadn't she held the family together for the sake of their two children? Well, she'd tell him this weekend was on whether he liked it or not! For the first time in twelve years he'd be doing the childminding and the cooking while she escaped. Didn't she deserve it? Of course Paul hadn't liked it but she'd made a stand, the first in her married life and surprisingly it felt good.

And now here she was, being driven through the beautiful French countryside, the sun beating down on the hilltops, the sunflowers tall, yellow and flowing in the gentle breeze. The strong feelings of guilt she'd been feeling slowly dwindled away as she glanced at her lover's profile in the driving seat beside her. They hadn't meant to get involved, it just happened. She'd met him in the local library and a friendship had grown. Spending precious time together discussing the writings of Chaucer, the poems of John Donne and the music of Cat Stevens.

Discovering they had a common love for the isolation of the French countryside and a desire to escape from reality. This friendship evolved into a strong bond of love developing deeply from within. Now here they were on a tiny, winding road heading towards an old gite where they would consummate their love. No longer did she feel guilt but a strong sexual desire.

A desire to love and be loved as an individual, as a woman. A desire burning deeply inside her, one she hadn't felt in a very long time. As they approached their destination, the silence was broken. She whispered the words, " Well Paul, what's good for the goose is sauce for the gander! "

Angie knew she had made the right decision. She felt happy, wanted and loved.

Paul was the reality, her lover the escapism from what? From life, its stresses and its turbulent affairs. Angie had finally escaped.