

Seafront flat

By Josephine Hallier

Dear Fran,

Do you remember that day we sat at the end of the pier, legs hanging through the railings, toes dangling over the sparkling sea? We laughed so hard. Do you remember why? I don't at all! But I do remember my sides aching, collapsing backwards onto the boards, sun beating down on us making our tears of joy sparkle.

I can see the pier from my new flat. I got the keys this morning. I've always wanted to have a flat on the seafront so that I could watch the fickle Lady Sea changing moods, like the hormonal creatures we are. Today, she sparkles – maybe laughing at the sky, the noisy gulls, the children and their games, the couples sitting eating ice cream. Ah, to be old and wrinkly and in love still, eating ice cream like there's nothing more important to do.

The flat isn't very grand – location aside. A bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen barely big enough to cook in. But, Fran, the sitting room with its huge picture window and balcony is to die for. I'll be able to watch the carnival from up here too.

Do you remember that carnival? What a dreadful photo that was of me!

Anyway, come and visit soon. Ciao for now!

Josephine Hallier