

Stories for Lipreading



LIES IN THE SAND by Sarah Lovett.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]
Welcome to Stories for Lipreading. If you haven't used our website before, we suggest you look at our 'How to Use' page before you begin. We hope you enjoy this story, which is called 'Lies in the Sand' by Sarah Lovett.

Lies in the Sand by Sarah Lovett.

Striding along the cliff path, my heart beats fast with anticipation. I look around. There is nobody in sight – good. The skies are blue, the sun warms my bare arms. The foaming waves crash against the shore. Seagulls scream in the sky above, but my heart is singing. There he is: I see him now. At least I see the shape of his deckchair on the beach. He is facing away from me, his back against the wind.

My shoulder bag hangs heavy with the picnic I've packed - pork pies and crisps, fruit cake and bananas. I hope he's remembered the wine.

As I run down the cliff path onto the beach I call out to him. "Patrick, I'm here!"

But as I get nearer, I realise that the deckchair is empty. I look out to sea. There is somebody splashing through the waves, a slow measured crawl. It's Patrick. He's gone for a swim without me. Why couldn't he wait? I'm only a little late.

I throw my shoulder bag onto the deckchair and run down to the edge of the water. "Patrick, I'm here. Come out!"

His arm shoots out of the water. He waves madly at me.

"Come in," he calls. "It's lovely."

I shake my head. "It's too cold and I'm hungry."

"Wimp!" he shouts.

I fling myself onto the deckchair. How selfish, swimming without me. And how come he only brought one deckchair? Did he really think I'd bring my own as well as the picnic? I kick the carrier bag at my feet. Where's the wine? I delve inside hoping to find it, but instead my hand closes over an empty can. I pull it out. A Guinness can – has he been drinking alone? I shake the bag out onto the sand.

"Hey!" he shouts. "Don't do that."

I stare at all the things lying before me – more cans of Guinness, his clothes, his keys, and several pieces of crumpled paper. I start to unfurl the paper. They're final demands for household bills.

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He runs up the beach towards me and snatches them out of my hands. “You don’t want to look at them.”

“Have you got money problems?” I ask. He’d told me he was a successful businessman, buying and selling antiques over the internet.

“No, of course not. I never pay bills until the last moment.”

I frown. “Where’s the wine? And have you been drinking already?”

He flings himself onto the sand at my feet. “Jesus, Jenny! You sound like my wife.”

“Your wife? You never said you were married.” I feel as if I have been punched in the stomach.

“That’s because it doesn’t matter,” he shrugs. “I’m going to leave her anyway.”

I spot a man’s wedding ring, lying next to his bunch of keys. My finger shakes as I point at it. “You never wore that when we went out together.”

He looks like a little boy with a stolen biscuit in his mouth. “I was going to explain everything when the moment was right.”

I feel rage building inside me. I don’t want this lying, scheming man in my life any longer. “You’ll have some explaining to do - but not to me,” I shout.

I snatch up his ring and his keys and I run down to the sea and fling them out as far as possible into the waves.