A WEEKEND IN BELLWETHER

Two days, one yellow table.

Saturday & Sunday
A small book by Rowan



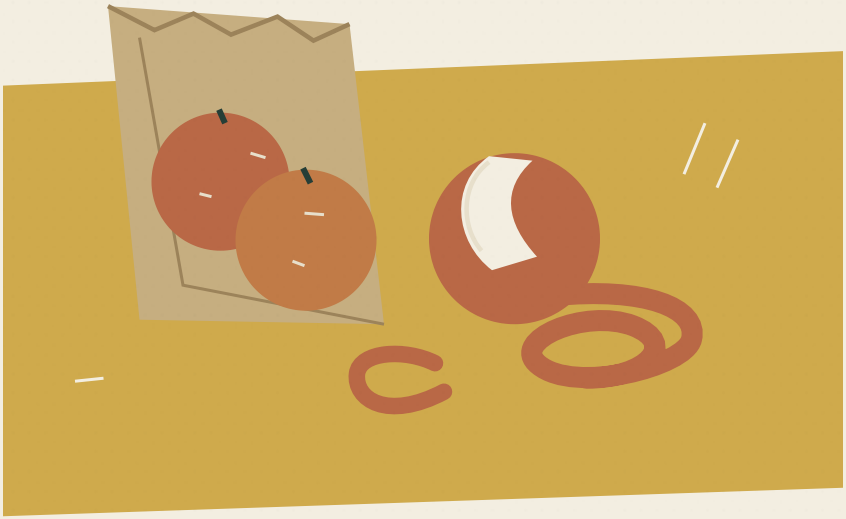
We had a plan. It was outside.

The bus brought us into Bellwether in the rain. June had one bag. I had one bag and a notebook with “walk to the far pier” already written in it.

At Dock House, the key had a wooden tag. Our room had a yellow table, two white cups and a window facing the harbour. We put the bags down.



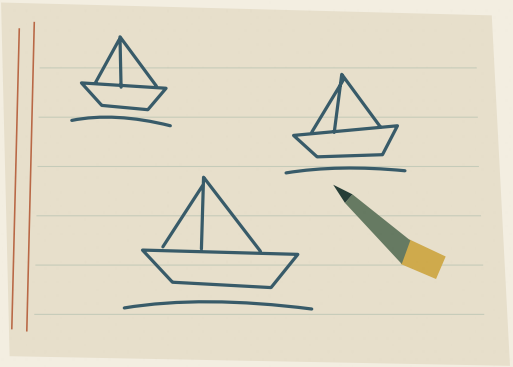
Three oranges. No hurry.



We bought three oranges in a paper bag and made tea. I tried to take the peel off the first orange in one piece. It broke near the bottom. June left it in a loose coil on the table.

Rain ran down the glass. The blue boat stayed where it was.

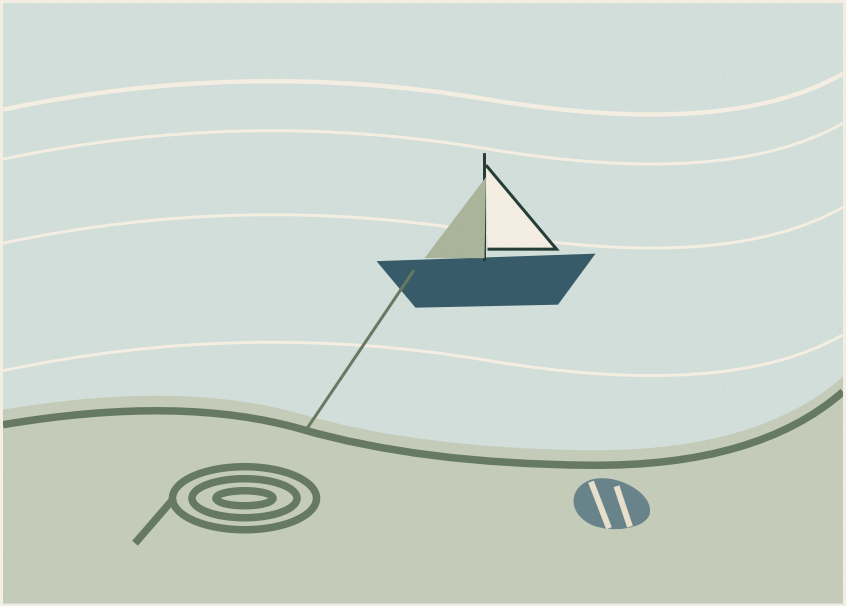
“That one might float.”



I drew the blue boat three times. The third drawing was wider than the first. June gave it the most encouraging review.

When the rain stopped, we went down to the near quay. There were ropes, the boat, and enough of the afternoon left to look at them. The far pier stayed in the notebook.

The same window. Different water.



By morning the harbour was silver. We split the second orange and drank tea at the yellow table. June said, “We can come back when it’s raining.”

On the quay I found a striped pebble and left it there.

What came home with us.

The third orange, still whole. A grocery receipt with an orange stain. Three drawings of a boat, none entirely convincing.

Before we left, I noticed two faint cup rings on the yellow table. The walk to the far pier would have to wait. We took the afternoon bus home.

