



Hope and Anchor  
I hope we win.  
I think we'll win.  
I know we'll win.  
We'll win!  
I knew we'd lose.  
We always lose.  
I hate to lose.  
We lost.

## Blanket Case

The car boot sale was almost over. Several traders had already started their blue sky exit up and away from the underground parking lot. Everyone leaving looked relieved; their amorphous hoards of trash, carried away and dispersed, had reformed as cash bundles lining now generous pockets.

"How much for the blanket?" The woman opposite me, who I sense had also tricked herself out from under persuasive covers that morning, looks up slowly from overtly arduous packing. She ventures a middling price.

I lift the blanket, its promise of extra warmth from the commandeered supermarket trolley, stark as that day's winter exposure. Those vibrant colours, which had attracted me, on closer inspection barely disguise a decidedly bruised life. I turn the cloth, hold it higher, the burnt red and tarnished yellow vibrating all the more under direct fluorescence. Could such garish coupling make itself at home? I look hopefully to the label, but it's no more than a faded remnant of once proud facts. The material's harsh, synthetic reality seems evident enough between thumb and forefinger anyway. But I've set my heart on a blanket,

one with a pattern. Shy of defeat, I follow the fabric's mesmeric swirls as far as they go. A frayed edge interrupts their flow. For the first time, I examine the blanket's length. It's more square than rectangular, just enough to cover toes but not chest or vice versa. I run my scrutiny along the edging to where its continuity breaks. It's no good.

Reluctantly, I begin letting go. As the blanket's suspended weight starts to fall back on itself, the seller raises her head, voice and a surprise final bid: "It's missing its border, that's all." I wonder if I should contest her sulky assertion. Did she really believe what she said so emphatically? Or was she just too proud to be honest? I had already decided what I sensed was my truth and felt no desire to haggle.

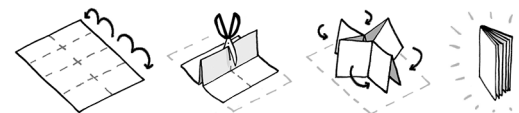
In turning away, somewhat apologetically, I fail to avoid that look of near contempt—"it's your loss not mine" silently cuts the already chill air. I hug my coat closer and toughen up. The divide between views on a bit of comfort are widening.

I might be leaving half a blanket down but know that would have always been the case.

*travertzine* is a platform for those interested in exploring contemporary issues regarding leisure, work and migration through direct experience.

This issue, compiled on the cusp of the UK's exit from the EU, has been written by David Rogerson (*Hope and Anchor*) and Sarah Waring (*Blanket Case*). Benedetta Piolanti's photographs depict an Egyptian goose by the Thames in London and a Blue Grey cow on the Brecon Beacons in Wales.

Thought provoking content is always welcome at *travertzine*. Written pieces should be no more than 1,200 words or 7,000 characters with spaces. Images should be 10.5 x 7.5 cm at 300 pixels per inch. Please send all submissions to: [info@travertzbooks.net](mailto:info@travertzbooks.net)



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