



## Stories of Stuff

**Neither Of Us Wanted To Go**  
**by Liz Berg**  
**as told by Cliff and Heather**



Cliff: We were docked in Devonport. I was in charge of the mess. The lads were off to a dance for the nurses. I didn't want to go, I only had ten shillings in my pocket and payday was a week away.

Heather: I was in the nurses' home. I had broken up with my boyfriend and didn't fancy going out.

Cliff: The lads persuaded me.

Heather: The girls persuaded me.

Cliff: I walked in the hall, ready to have one drink then leave. I stopped dead in my tracks. I saw her straightaway, dancing in the middle with some matelot. I couldn't take my eyes off her. So lovely, so vibrant, I had to dance with her.

Heather: I was dancing to T Rex with my eyes closed. I didn't care who was dancing with me.

Cliff: I pushed my way in towards this gorgeous girl. The crowd was so thick I lost sight of her. And there she was, dancing with someone else. The music and the crowd moved me away and I had to do some fancy footwork to get close. I slid under the other bloke's arm to face her when the music stopped. She turned and walked off the floor. I was bereft. I followed her to the toilets and hung around until she emerged.

Heather: There was this blond sailor with sparkling blue eyes, waiting for me outside the loos. He asked me to dance. I didn't mind.

Cliff: Finally she was mine. I didn't let her go all night. We danced and danced. Then I asked her if she wanted to go for a drink or take a taxi back to the Nurses' home.

Cliff: I was sent off on a month's training course in Hampshire. Every day I thought about her. Would she remember me? Would she wait for me?

Heather: I dreamed of him. I didn't want to go out and find someone else. We had such a connection. Then one day there was a shout beneath my window. I poked my head out, full of curlers. How else would I pass the time? There he was. Standing in the gravel with a big bunch of flowers in his hand and his grin reaching the sides of his face. I couldn't help grinning back. I dashed downstairs to open the door to him, still in my curlers.

Cliff: She never looked lovelier. Except on our wedding day, five years later.

Cliff: I love her.

Heather: I love him.

*As told by Cliff and Heather at the Memory Cafe. Cliff introduced himself as Heather's carer as Heather no longer speaks, but she understands and smiles.*