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## Partners In Crime

by Rosalind May

Jenny tapped her fingers on the side of her keyboard. She looked anxiously at the wall clock wishing the second hand to slow down. She had to get her assignment in by five o'clock, and it was already three-forty five.

She racked her brain trying to think of any 'partners in crime,' that hadn't been well documented. Bonnie and Clyde; Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid; Thelma and Louise. She retrieved the local gazette from the wastepaper basket and flicked through the pages of news.

The townspeople of Kirksville, it would appear were a God-fearing, law-abiding group of citizens. Jenny groaned. This was going to be tricky.

Looking across the office, Jenny spotted Eileen, the office temp. She had arrived in a flurry of pink tulle and lipstick as Marina's maternity leave replacement. Jenny had thought that she wouldn't last the week, but three months later she had impressed the typing pool with her diligence and despite the need for regular breaks to reapply her makeup and readjust her ample figure back into its clothing confines had become an office favourite.

Eileen would hold court at lunchtime in the small staff canteen regaling stories of a previous life in Miami. Jenny had an idea. She got up from her desk and walked across the office.

'Eileen,' she whispered, 'I need your help.'

Eileen sat up from her typewriter and looked from either side. Her office co-workers were buried in dictation.

'How may I help?' she whispered back.

A frisson of excitement past between the two employees.

'I need a Partner in Crime,' Jenny continued. 'And I was wondering if you had a Miami story I could use, for tonight's edition of 'Crime doesn't pay.'

Eileen nodded slowly, pursing her lips as if she had a library of stories to tell.

'Meet me at the water cooler in five minutes. I might have something that could help you.'

Jenny returned to her chair and watched as the wall clock ticked now laboriously slowly around the dial. Finally, Jenny picked up her notepad and walked across to the drink dispenser. She pulled a small paper cone cup from the long tube that hung from the side and began filling it from the tap.

She watched Eileen approach, and noted Her amble bosom straining release from a shirt two sizes too small.

Eileen pulled a small business card from her bag,

'Take this.' She whispered thrusting the card into Jenny's hand. 'They are up for any dirty job. You can trust them. Expensive but worth it.' She hurried past in a mist of Channel number 5.

Jenny's imagination went into overdrive as she returned to her desk. Maybe Eileen was a gangster's mole with a new identity, escaping the Miami mafia. A bank robber or an accomplished forger.

Confident her colleagues were all too busy with their work to have witnessed the brief encounter she looked down at the card and read the title - Partners In Crime, House-Cleaning specialists.