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Partners in Crime

by Penny Humphrey

He lay twisted on the ground staring up at her, trickles of blood forming in the corners of his mouth. He looked like a child, helpless, begging silently for her to make it better, his white shirt soaked in red.

In the background blue lights flashed in circles like angry lighthouses and the sound of sirens were getting nearer and nearer.

She bent towards him.

“Do it,” he whispered, “live together, die...” but the words stopped as the rigours of death set in.

She pulled out her gun and put it to her head but her finger would not pull on the trigger. A hand came from behind her, gently lifted the gun away and she did not resist. The paramedics arrived and covered the blood soaked man with a blood red blanket.

“We’ll live like kings,” he had said, “we’ll travel the world, we’re clever, artists in our field. We’ll be famous as Bonnie and Clyde but they’ll never take us alive. Lovers in life, partners in death.” He fingered the gun in its holster.

“You sound like Ned Kelly,” she had laughed, “they’ll never take us alive - said He!”

He picked her up and whirled her around the room till they were both dizzy and fell on the bed laughing.

Just for a moment as they stood above the abyss that would change their lives forever, she was filled with doubt, but he stood fast, strong, filled with confidence, her lover, her friend and now her partner in crime.

Now the reality. No turning back. He’d bought her a colt 45 and she knew how to use it. She drove him to the bank.

“Come on Miss there’s nothing you can do here,” she heard a voice say.

The policeman helped her to her feet and slipped a pair of handcuffs to his and her wrists. He guided her to the waiting patrol car where they sat together in the back seat.

In silence she stared at their linked hands. This was not the man she was supposed to be bound to. He had gone on and she had missed her chance to join him.