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Surveillance Cameras

by Richard Wilding

She'd tried her hand at most things, but drew the line at honesty:

1 She tried to become a Fast Track Rising Star at the bank. She was hard working and moderately intelligent. She had studied Journalism at one of the Universities that are really polytechnics and so didn't have the intellectual horsepower of someone - like me for example with a Geography degree from Reading – cut out of Rising Star cloth. It's genetics. You either have it or you don't. My advancement grew into a source of tension between us, an accretion of untreated damp, papered over. Try as I did not to mention it too often I would sometimes catch her looking at me with what I can only describe as envy in her eyes. Was it my fault I had more talent? That I worked harder and with more obvious customer-centricity? Was it my fault I was one of the youngest junior managers in the bank?

2 She tried her hand at undermining my relationship with my mother. In this too she failed. A man's best friend is his mother.

3 She tried her hand at building a life with me, laying down proper foundations on the unshifting ground of trust and love and lust and then brick by brick building up the lifelong walls which would keep the world's worst weather from us, while throwing open its doors and windows and Juliet balconies to the warm winds and long sunshine days of summer.

And I, fool that I am and what a miserable fool, I was happy to play the role of hod carrier and general labourer in this construction project and I didn't worry while she sat back and watched because, fool again, I believed her when she whispered to me, lying together on our tousled and disordered sheets afterwards in the darkness, lying there whispering to me that she was there with me, telling me that

she was the mortar which would bind each brick of our lives together. That between us we would build a castle, our own enchanted Camelot. I should have called her Guinevere. For while I believed we were lying together as man and wife, she was lying alone, lying to me all the while. As I laboured to make what I believed would be our forever place, never mind that my career was outpacing hers and that soon, according my development plan, I could realistically consider stepping into full branch management, maybe not in Leeds but hopefully still in Yorkshire or at least the north, while I considered this she had let Lancelot in by the back entrance. And yes, I later found out he did regularly use the back entrance. It was a preference they both shared. Surveillance cameras are surprisingly easy to acquire and relatively straightforward to fit provided you have the correct tools. Little did I know that in learning proper techniques for this task, I was learning to become the DIY expert I now am.