

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Anyway, what about your story?

by Zoe Carroll

"Anyway, what about your story?" Darren asked, slapping Tony on the back of his shoulder as he pushed a cold tinny into his hand. "You've been around for a while now but I've never really got to know you, s'pose I should make an effort now that you've proved your worth." His tone was friendly but Tony detected the edge of menace in it.

"What's to know mate?" Tony tried to sound nonchalant, "I drive delivery trucks for the supermarket, hate the fucking 657 crew and can't wait until the semis to knock 'em about a bit." Tony emphasised the last few words and raised his can in the air. He hoped he'd said enough without giving too much away.

Sometimes he found it difficult to remember what was real and what was cover. Sure enough, management had got him a part-time job driving delivery trucks for the supermarket chain. Even though it was legit he didn't get to keep the money. Instead the job paid for the dirty little flat he had to live in four nights of the week. He only got to go home to his own three bed semi on his days off.

Tony spent most of the two-hour drive home checking his rear-view mirror and going twice around roundabouts just in case anyone was following him. Even when he was at home couldn't relax, he couldn't bear the thought of Carol getting caught up in any of this murky shit and he couldn't tell her anything about it, but she knew it was something bad. She worried. Things between them were becoming strained. He needed to get off this operation as soon as he could.

Darren's face remained unreadable, his features set in a sneer. He sniffed and wiped his nose with the back of his hand. Tony noticed the muscles of his forearm flex under his tattoos and felt his insides tighten.

"Alan's got it all planned out."

"Yeah? What's the deal then?"

Tony only needed this gem. Once he knew the fight plan he could back out of the operation and hand over to the uniform team. Until then he was up to his armpits in the Bisons and he wasn't relishing the idea of having to punch his way out of another gang fight this weekend.

"Keen ain't ya Tony? Easy Tiger," Darren looked coolly into Tony's eyes.

"Anyone'd think you wanted me to tell ya so's you could run off and tell your mates in blue all about it."

'Fuck!' thought Tony trying to push himself up off of the sofa but doubting he'd make it as far as the door.