

# Bourne toWrite...

creative writing  
workshops

## Fraud

by Stuart Carruthers

The Facts, as far as they could be ascertained, were as follows, John Donovan aged thirteen and a half, had come up with a plan to charge parents attending the school Christmas play 50p to park in the car park.

“All proceeds to St Cronin’s” was the line he repeated as his pockets filled with new and old silver pieces.

In theory it was a genius idea, what parent wouldn’t donate to a local charity? However what John and Keith “Golf ball” O Sullivan hadn’t factored into their plan was the likely hood of one of their victims speaking to a teacher about their charitable donation. And that’s what Mrs Ryan did.

There are two ways of looking at this situation. One, the boys unlawfully took money from their friends parents and intended to spend it in Julie Dunn’s amusement arcade as they willed away the winter evenings or they simply saw a profitable business opportunity and they were showing the early signs of a promising career in business. Either way they were in serious trouble and in quick time they had to get their story straight.

The corridor leading down to Mr Hennessey’s office was lined with framed pictures of head-teachers long since gone. Each one as far as the boys were concerned as evil as the other. They could feel the hatred from their eyes as they were marched briskly down a path they knew only too well.

“Don’t either of you move a mussel or it will be the last time you see daylight this week,” screamed Mr Kennedy as he spat the words into the boys faces. They knew the routine, look scared to give the impression they had you, but once their backs were turned smile and act normal.

“Let me do the talking ok,” whispered John, as his best friend’s attention was momentary distracted when the staffroom door opened and Miss Smith emerged looking as amazing as ever.

“Evening Miss, are you going to the show?” Keith said in that confident tone of his.

Smiling down at the boys, Angela Smith couldn’t help but ask, “In trouble again are we”?

“Bit of a miss understanding Miss” replied John as that cheeky smile emerged across his face.

“I hope you’ve got your story straight boys, Mr Hennessey’s in a foul mood tonight” and before they could reply she has disappeared down the corridor and into the hall.

Leaning back against the glass wall, the boys fell into a silence as they dreamed about the wonderful Miss Smith. A red glow emerged on their cheeks as they inhaled the air of perfume she had left behind.

“Think she be interested in coming to the youth club on Friday night?” enquired John

“Who?”

Looking perplexed John replied, “Miss Smith, you idiot!”

Turning to face his friend, Keith let out a scream of laughter so loud it drew the attention of the occupant’s inside Mr Hennessey office.

As the boys fell into each other arms in fits of laughter, they failed to notice the emerging figure of Mr Hennessey. Before they had a chance to correct themselves, his shovel like hands scooped them up and carried them into a room that would change their lives forever.