

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

The Truth

by Stuart Carruthers

"Anyway, what about your story?" Mr Hennessey exclaimed in the direction of the two boys as he ushered them into his office. Stepping forward John confidently explained that there had been a simple misunderstanding and that Mrs Ryan wasn't a reliable witness due to her recent court appearance for shoplifting. In the silence that followed the faint sounds from the sports hall drifted into the room and for a moment a peaceful atmosphere engulfed the headmaster's office.

While Mr Hennessey frantically searched his drawer for his weapon of choice, John whispered into his friend's ear and reminded him to show no emotion whatever the outcome. He could see from the expression on his face that he was scared but he knew he wouldn't let him down. Golf Ball wasn't the brightest kid in the school and after their last visit to Mr Hennessey's office when he tried to talk his way out of a similar situation, they both knew the punishment that lay ahead.

Turning to face his victims Mr Hennessey smiled as the boys slowly turned the palms of their hands towards the ceiling. The bamboo cane crashed into their soft flesh stiffening their bodies, but they held their ground for the next lash. They had learned not to show emotion, it was a sign of weakness and that's what Hennessey wanted. Raising his hand as high as he could, the Head Teacher smiled as he administered the punishment he considered justified. But the boys still showed no emotion, despite the inner pains that ravaged their tiny bodies.

Out in the corridor, they carefully examined their throbbing hands but before they had time to react, Miss Smith appeared.

"You survived then?" she enquired.

Knowing his friend would be unable to make a constructive response, John replied, "just a slight misunderstanding Miss, but all sorted now."

Staring lustfully into her eyes, they soon forgot about the pain that raged within their hands. Her wise words offered them a solution to their ongoing troubles but John and Golf Ball could only think of one thing.

Speaking out of turn, Golf Ball didn't mean to say the words that his brain has just scrambled together, but then again thinking wasn't his strong point.

"Would you like to come to the youth club on Friday Miss?"

Before John had a chance to correct his friend and apologise, she laughed out loud, thanked them for their kind offer but regrettably she was otherwise engaged with her girlfriend. And with that she disappeared into the staffroom.

Shaking his head in disbelief John couldn't believe what he had just heard.

"What perfume is that?" said his friend as he inhaled his new favourite smell.

"She's a Nun Golf Ball, can you believe that?"

"What's wrong with that?" asked Golf Ball with a confused look on his face, "we need more girls at the club."

"Are you listening to me, she's a Nun, only nuns have girlfriends, we can't bring nuns to the club, their worse than priests," said a heartbroken John.

Emerging into the cold night air John came to his senses. "I hope you've not forgotten where you hid the money?" he asked.

"Don't worry, its in safe hands," said Golf Ball laughing to himself, "I left it under Hennessey's car."