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## My Childhood

by Martin Bourne

“My childhood seems to belong to another world. Mum and Dad did all that they could to make my childhood a happy one, but they had to work and I know now that it was a struggle for them. So, like Meghan Markle, I have decided to break with tradition and make a bridal speech at my own wedding to pay tribute to them. Mum, Dad thank you for all the sacrifices you made which enabled you to pay for holidays, presents and of course supporting me through university.

I also want to say a big thank you to Jack and Cynthia, my husbands parents, and pay tribute to my lovely husband who has supported me through some trying times recently. And to all of you, our happy smiling guests for joining us as we celebrate our marriage, thank you.

Of course my mum and dad could not do everything on their own, even though they tried, and they often had to call on uncle Jerry to look after me when they were not around. Uncle Gerald please stand up. Everyone this is my uncle Jerry, my mum’s brother. There he is, and on either side of him are my husband’s two best friends, George and Henry. Guys would you stand also. As you can see George and Henry are rather large, certainly in comparison to my uncle Jerry who now seems very very small.

Now you may all be wondering why I asked Jerry to stand up, and the reason is this. I wanted to make sure that I could look him straight in the eye when I told you all about him. Guys, I think my uncle Jerry is trying to leave but please keep him where he is.

Everyone, this being my bridal speech gives me the opportunity to talk without the fear of being interrupted, and without fear. When we remember our past, our recollection is subjective. It should not be the case of course, but we naturally prefer the good, turning our backs on the bad. We, the harbourmasters of our memories are least able to provide a faithful recollection of our past. But some things burn through the years and remain crystal clear like the first time my lovely uncle Jerry started to do disgusting things to me at the age of eight and continued to abuse me for many years. So there comes a point when we must face up to the bad and call it out for what it is.

No doubt there will be some among you who think that it would have been better for me to make this revelation on another day, but I have done with hiding my shame. No longer will I allow these terrible memories to hold me hostage. Today, I wanted you all to hear my words and if you are wondering what happens next, guys would you please escort uncle Jerry to the police who are waiting outside.”