

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

My Childhood

by Pauline Walden

My childhood seems to belong to another world, Dr. - an alien world. To be more accurate a world of aliens.

I expect you've read *All Families are Psychotic?* No? Well, perhaps, as a psychiatrist, you should. It describes my family to a T. In fact I'm the only normal member. They all *look* normal as you can see from these photographs -

Mm? But these *are* photographs. As you know I'm an artist, a very celebrated artist - otherwise I couldn't possibly afford your exorbitant fees. As soon as I discovered this prodigious talent, as a *very* young child, I started painting family portraits - in which, as of course you know, I now specialise; these are the photographs - the actual canvases are far too big to bring here - in fact they wouldn't get through the door, much less go in the back of the Roller. As you can see, they appear perfectly normal, rather good looking even - but don't be deceived!

What d'you mean Dr. this is a toad? It most certainly is not! It's a cousin who was, it has to be said, a born sycophant and - what, Medusa? That I'll have you know is my mother, a very handsome woman, and this is my father - no, it is not the Minotaur, and this is my aunt who was rather a Gorgon so you can be forgiven for that little misperception.

What? Time's up already and I'm just getting into my stride! Oh, well, here's your cheque. What d'you mean, you can't read my signature? Let me spell it for you: H-I-E-R-O-N-I-M-O-U-S - yes, you've got it 'Bosch'.