

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

## Nearly the Truth

by Nancy Bertenshaw

Lenny had to write a story. He hated doing that. The story had to be about his favourite topic....fairies, ghosts ...things like that.

'Bah! I'm going to write about dinosaurs', thought Lenny. 'I know lots about those.' Very slowly, he started to write.

'Would you like some help, Lenny?' whispered a soft voice. It was Mrs. P. She was Mrs. B's classroom helper. 'You tell me and I'll write it down for you. Let's go in here.'

They moved to a quiet room. Lenny started the story. Mrs. P wrote it down quickly.

***'Dinky the Dorset Giant was a Jurassic dinosaur. He lived a long time ago, about 66 million years ago, in fact. Dinky was a sauropod, which means lizard foot. But he was much bigger than a lizard; he was an enormous beast.***

***One day he was eating, as usual, from the top leaves of a nearby tree. His neck was very long and he could reach easily. He filled his huge tummy full of leaves and then went off to digest. He scratched his scaly skin and felt sleepy in the warm sunshine.***

*Suddenly, he heard a stampede of dinosaurs, big and small. They were sounding very frightened. The sky had gone dark too, he noticed. What was happening? Waves were lapping at his feet and there was a taste of soot in his mouth. Then he knew no more.'*

'The End,' sobbed Lenny, looking rather sad.

'That's brilliant, Lenny, well done,' replied Mrs. P, offering a tissue.

Greta put down the pencil she had been using, to help her to speed-read the proofs she'd been sent.

Her mind drifted back to the lecture hall, hot and crowded. Students were on their techno-helpers – ipads, macs, mobiles. Some were talking, some on the internet or sending emails...not really listening.

'The truth always makes a better story,' declared the lecturer from the podium.

Greta had taken in the scene from her seat, high up in the auditorium.

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The Truth, but what was The Truth? There were so many facets to that word.

Take her relationship with Bob, for instance. Who was the girl on his bike ride? Why had he invited her and not me? she wondered. And where had he met her? When Greta had found the sponsor money in the envelope and challenged him, he had been evasive and she had not pursued the issue. What was the Truth about all that?

'..careless with the truth in small matters.....' said Einstein. That would make a good story, for sure, thought Greta with a sigh.

Then there was her Welsh friend Ewynd, whom she had known since she was 18. Ewynd would say 'Surely you remember?' and Greta had no recollection of the event, person or conversation. What was the Truth of such moments? Was Greta developing Alzheimer's, or was Ewynd making it up or muddling it up?

Greta was sure that Truth was really someone's experience of a situation, to which they brought their own point of view, their own senses and observations. These could be different from someone else's in the same moment, at the same event. Isn't that true of police investigations? We all notice different things at the scene of a crime....where is truth?

Even in science, Greta mused, Truth is only as far as we know at the moment. Any given truth about relativity, gravity, and quantum theory could be overturned as soon as better proof came along...better technology perhaps.

Fact, reality, fidelity, truth to self, authenticity

Logical truth...the sun rises in the east and sets in the west...for the moment, perhaps,  
'reasoned Greta.

I'm hungry and that's a fact. I'm going to the kitchen to get some lunch.