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## My Truth

by Sue Thompson

The truth always makes a better story; why do people say that? The truth is boring, my life is boring. I live within these four walls, never going out, never seeing anyone. My food is brought to me on a tray, pushed through the little hole in the wall. This is my truth, my story. I will never again feel the warmth of a summer's day; feel the breeze on my face. Day after endless day. I wake, get up, wash, dress, sit. The quietness engulfs me; the only sound is my heart beating, sometimes I count the beats, approaching one thousand I give up; tired of that game.

There is a small window in here which allows me to see if it is night or day. I have forgotten what stars look like though I imagine them far brighter than they would have been, I am sure. I used to love lying on the wet grass looking up at the dark sky, my sister lying next to me; we would point to them, laughing and make up stories about each one. What happened to her? Does she know I am still alive? Why is no one looking for me? I used to hear voices coming from the other cells but now no one. The silence drags on and on.

I look at the walls; I am running out of space to mark off each day I am here. It gets cold at night and I fold my arms around myself to try and keep warm. Once the door opened just a little and a blanket was thrown in. A small gesture one might think but to me it was huge. It is old and thin now but it is still my constant friend, I hold it to me, sometimes using it as a pillow, sometimes just to cover me and keep myself warm. Like a child uses a comforter.

My memory is dulling with time, I have forgotten why I am here, there seems no sense in it. As each year fades and a new one begins the hope I once had is pushed further away. Will no one save me from this drudgery? My mind begins to play tricks on me and I see someone sitting at the end of my bed, I chat to them for a while until they fade into nothingness. I like these diversions, it gives me a purpose. I make up names for these imaginary friends.

My body is beginning to get weak, the bones showing through my skin, in another time and place this would have pleased me but not know, now it feels like death.

So you see the truth is not better, fiction would have been exciting and colourful, it could have gone anywhere.

The truth, my truth is only the end.