

The Truth Always Makes the Best Story

by Jo Loader

I had rehearsed my story and felt pretty sure things would work out as I wanted.

Mum was really cross with both of us & I had to make sure my facts were straight. This time my brother was getting his fair dues.

Who had eaten the last of the custard creams? Who was it that had actually finished off the packet and then hid the wrapper in the bin??

Now you need to know, Mum hated lies. Really really hated lies, and deceit.

You should also know, I was really good at lying.

I worked out at quite a young age that if, for the most part, you tell the truth then, all things being equal, for the most part, you get believed. So I was careful & I was truthful. Stuff I didn't mind about I would own up to. Yes, I did forget to feed the dog. Yes, it was me that walked mud through the house. The big stuff though - that's a different story. I've saved my hide on many occasions by convincing folks that my version of "the truth" is what actually happened.

My philosophy on fibbing was thought through carefully. Don't lie unnecessarily and when you do stay as close to the truth as you can. The truth always makes makes a better story. Make sure you have two or three elements that are solid facts. These facts will act like foundations and will support the structure of your story. The more evidence you have the more "fabric" you can hang on your creation.

So my brother didn't really stand a chance. I wasn't going to take the blame for this and it was pay back time. I totally owed him.

You see each Friday we would come back from school and have an allowance of sweet treats & a copy of that weeks issue of our favourite comic. Being an older sister and therefore generally fabulous, I would read my comic and leisurely consume my stash of goodies usually saving some for the week ahead. My brother, an inferior fool of a boy, would scoff all of his super fast. Generally before bed on Friday. He would then raid MY stuff throughout the rest of weekend. Mum and Dad and grown weary of my protestations and almost seemed to ignore how unfair it was that my brother was thieving my “property” and worse getting away with it!!

Then one Monday teatime we found ourselves facing Mum with an empty packet of custard creams in her hand. Time for your comeuppance baby brother.

In retrospect I did feel a bit bad. Not bad for eating the last of the biscuits but bad at how really really quickly my brother went down for a crime he didn't commit. I, obviously still had some snacks left, why would I need to nick some more? However we all knew that my naughty brother had nothing left and he had form, he had previous. Facts were facts. Job done.