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## Lying is sometimes the way to go

by Tilia Guilbaud-Walter

“Is it about a bicycle?” I watch his lips move but hardly hear a word coming out.

“Say that again,” I squint at him; the sun hovering behind his head illuminates his face in a bright glow.

“Is the story about a bicycle Charlie?” his breath seems to run out on the last syllable of my name.

“The story?” My forehead furrows in confusion, I haven't been listening to a word of the conversation.

“The story you were telling me about.”

“Oh, right, yeah,” I pause, I had written a short story, That's what Ethan was talking about, I had sent him an email in the middle of a breakdown over a week ago and attached a pdf of my 'story'. Is it about a bicycle? I guess it could be, I hadn't really thought about what it was about.

“Yeah, it's about a bicycle” I found myself letting the words leave my mouth, “I thought that through the personification of something like a bicycle I would be able to dive deeper into the physical description of the trip rather than have human thoughts cloud the story.” *what are you saying, make it stop, this isn't going to end well Charlie.*

Ethan takes a moment to process the information I have just rambled at him, information that was new to both of us. The sun was now casting giant awkwardly placed shadows across his face making it even harder to look at him. I take a deep breath in and forget to let it go, the prospect of disaster increasing at high speed.

“ I love it!” his voice rises an octave, “that’s completely genius Charlie, how did you come up with it?”

I take this moment to let go of the breath I was holding and also choose not to tell him he was the very person that had suggested it be about a bicycle, some things are more useful kept to oneself, in all honesty I had just sat on a bench in the middle of the park and let my fingers do the work, typing out the words in a three mile long text to myself, but he didn’t need to know that.

“I’m not a hundred percent sure,” I tell him, still trying to formulate an elaborate pretentious lie in my head, “it just sort of came to me, I knew I wanted to write mostly focusing on the five senses of the experience of being in the city and nothing else and the bicycles really get to see a city the best.”

“Genius,” his words formulate as the sun makes a dart into the ocean on our right.

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