

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Retribution

by Garf Collins

“It’s so peaceful here,” Cheryl thought, as she looked down the garden at the birds flitting in and out of the willow tree. But I must finish this coffee and go. It’s one of my days at the super market.”

“How are you feeling now?” asked one of the carers, as Cheryl passed on her way out.

“Oh, much better. It’s wonderful what a few of months of rest and treatment can do and this new job’s going very well.”

On the way to the Arndale Centre, she took a longer route just for the exercise. Past a park, down the main street and then, as she passed the Police Station, she was forcibly reminded of the terrible events two years previously. A policewoman had found her wandering, heavily drugged - just in a dressing gown. Without realising what she was doing, she had named Daren, her so-called boyfriend, as the dealer who had supplied her. With disgust, she remembered her teenage bravado - smoking cannabis outside the local disco. Daren had offered her free samples of ‘something stronger.’ Within weeks she was living in his flat totally dominated by him. Cheryl hurried on, trying to shake off the horror of that disastrous year. “At least he’s in prison and can’t get to me,” she said out loud, to convince herself she was safe.

That evening, back at the retreat, she found a letter with a note from her friend Kelly, “This letter came from Daren. He doesn’t know where you are so he sent it to me.”

Reluctantly, she opened it and read;

'Hi sexy. I'll be out in a month. Good behaviour – that's me all over. I've got a mate who can get us some good stuff. Let's meet up. We can have some fun. Just like the old days. I know the Fuzz got my name from you but I expect they twisted your arm. So, no hard feelings. Write to me. You know where. Love Daren.'

Cheryl shouted in rage. After all he had done to her, how could he think she wanted anything to do with him? She remembered how he had kept her drugged and used her as a sex slave. "Meet him. That's the last thing I'd do. I was stupid, but I'm not going to make the same mistake again."

She replied;

'Daren, don't write again. Don't come near me even if you get my address. As for your drugs. I don't need them. That's not why I've written. You disgust me. You took advantage of me. You got me so drugged I didn't know what I was doing. How was it for you? Like fucking a blow-up sex doll? You got me pregnant. Good news eh? You said you would like a son to go into the 'family business' and it was a boy. So what I'm writing to tell you is that I got rid of your baby. That's one less bastard in this world. Goodbye. Cheryl.'