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## A Knock at the Door

by Miriam Silver

It was perhaps the most stupid thing I've ever done, but then desperate times needed desperate measures, driven by greed without thinking too much, I just got on my bike, I had to beat them to it.

As I stood at the top of the steps outside my block I found myself staring up at the sky, taking deep breaths, enjoying the feel of the warm breeze on my face and I actually smiled, long time since I'd done that too.

It was going to be alright, I'd manage, after all I said to myself you've done so well to survive up to now on spite of everything, the doctors were wonderful, they never gave up, though I nearly did.

They thought I'd never walk again let alone ride a bike, walking will do, hopefully public transport eventually, I won't look too far ahead just one step at a time, like the recovering alcoholics. Recognising I have no one to blame except myself has helped me move forward.

There I was, big boy, regular gym goer, healthy lifestyle, apartment overlooking the river, in comfortable, no strings relationship. All going my way, until that is until I got too cocky. There's something I soon learned from my fellow inmates is the thing that gets most of us a jail sentence.

As I recall, I was signalling left when that car overtook me and that's all I remember, end to self sufficiency, no big screen or big head, no job, over to dependency, benefit and NHS care and learning to live in the moment. Budgeting if I am to eat as well as keep warm, difficult.

I can't pretend that my current life bears any relation to my former one of travel, meetings, dinner parties, I was in much demand as a wealthy banker. Confident that the scheme I was working was fool proof, no one suspected. I thought I could work the hedge fund business, with my access to facilities for laundering money, moving money all over the world, so sure, that is until the knock on my office door.

The audit department wanted my computer. Managed to hold them off with

'late for appointment, please excuse me, back in an hour.' as I took my laptop and left. Big mistake, gave it away, the prosecution had a great tool there, why run if you have nothing to hide.

None of which helped my case when I was charged with fraud, neither was the accident taken into account . Prosecution presented me as as a cowardly runaway, which I was, although no one verbalised it, getting what I deserved for the suffering I had caused so many.

In fact I was only trying to get to my safe deposit. Perhaps the key is still where I managed to hide it and maybe some day, when the heat is off I may try again.