

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

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by My Perfect Cousin

The perfect cousin, that's what they thought of him. Held up as a beacon of hope to all lost souls still stuck in their hometown, in the same dull job, with no available exits and only the chicken or the vegetarian as their big choice in life.

The one who gained 'straight As' and got into Cambridge without an inch of an old school tie or a whiff of an old boy from the network.

The one who took a gap year, called it his Grand Tour and built a dam single-handedly. Nabbing him a Blue Peter badge, presented by Janet Ellis no less. An event he *still* talked about.

The one who got a first despite being bed-bound with glandular fever and a high-maintenance girlfriend.

The one who, when discussing his social life, spoke in letters that would confound the cleverest Countdown contestant, BAFTA / BFI / NT... delete as applicable.

The one who got the girl, who had the dad who had the company and who gave them the house that Jack built.

The one who had it all.

But Keith knew that cousin David was far from perfect.

It was David that ensured their childhood game of pub landlord and customer played out for real, leading to stomach pumps at dawn at Easbourne General.

An event which was almost repeated at Cameo with a dubious looking paracetamol 'kindly' offered, which led Keith to dancing his nut off to Kylie's What Do I Have To Do' as if he were at the front of Beyond or chief Minister of Sound.

And further steps back in time – and much, much worse still - wasn't it David, who when they were asked to take in their best Christmas present to school drew all over his beloved Muppet Show Annual?

He'd show and tell him.

Now, David was back, with his 'loony, lefty ways' telling everyone he was done with London and it was all about family, when Keith knew a posh flat in Canary Wharf, crippling debts and a drink problem were the root causes.

He'd killed before, of course. But he was always careful to cover his tracks.

He'd been the one who'd let Reggie and Ronnie out of their cage and watched as his dad drunkenly stumbled and squished cousin David's hamsters. His sister's pet goldfish had hadn't died of natural causes, either. Hi-de-Hi was just resting when Keith was caught flushing it down the toilet.

Nothing is forgotten, nothing is EVER forgotten. They stood at the platform edge, the wrong side of the yellow line, but at the opposite ends of the spectrum. David had wished to leave. And, with just one push, only Keith remained.