

**Bourne**  
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creative writing  
workshops

## There's always more to it

by Richard Rewell

### AFTER THE BATTLE

I washed my wounds with cool water and smeared the honey smelling ointment on each cut and rubbed berry juices onto each bruise. I was exhausted and crouched on the battlements where a comrade passed me a leather flask.

"Be glad. We won. Look, they've gone."

"I know" I said looking over the parapet and seeing in the light of a full moon and a thousand stars that our foe had gone. Their dead were still there though lying under the olive trees. It was near to midnight but still so warm and very, very quiet.

From our position we could see across the roof tops of the city to the square where 'It' stood glowing amber and gold in the light of the flaming torches our people had placed around it.

"Don't trust the Greeks" I said "I'm off. Back to the mountains, now."

"It's a wooden horse" laughed my comrade

"It's from the Greeks. There's always more to it"

## THE TELEGRAM

Bright blue Pacific sky. Swaying palm trees. White buildings around an empty parade ground, it is Sunday. A sun filled office. A young naval rating stares at the telegram and bursts out of the door. He runs across the parade ground towards the duty officer's room. It is already getting hot.

"Captain Sir. Look, this has just come in" screams the young sailor. He's eighteen and from Michigan, "They're gonna talk. Thank Christ. " he smiles.

The Captain, a Texan takes the telegram and says "Hear that son" and leads him casually outside and onto the parade ground.

The two men look up at the bright blue Pacific sky. It is contaminated, black dots infested it. Dots that drop and swoop down upon Pearl Harbour.

"They're Japs. But the telegram Captain. They wanted to talk." screamed the younger man.

Shaking his head, the officer waves the telegram "Politics kid. There's always more to it."