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## Asking for Trubble

by Richard Rewell

Selma Martin eased her seventy-five- year old frame out of the cab, paid the driver and sheltered under her red floral umbrella as she walked towards the faded old timber building by the derelict New Orleans stockyard. The heavy rain was like liquid lead, deadening the sound of the traffic behind her as it pummelled the sidewalk she crossed.

Selma reached the timber building realising that she was probably the only black person in the neighbourhood, a poor white one that had seen better days. Pushing open the entrance door she was met by a pretty blond whitegirl.

“Hi Mam. How can I help?”

“Asking for Trubble?” asked Selma.

“Mrs Martin, I assume. Please follow me.”

‘Well you ain’t from around here honey. Not with that accent’ thought Selma. ‘Philadelphia? DC?’

The two women passed through a pair of frosted glass doors.

‘Wow’ thought Selma as she followed ‘Pretty Miss White Girl’ pondering ‘Who are these guys? I never knew they were this slick’ as she took-in the open planned office area of low-level partitions, exotic office flora and forna, plasma TV screens, laptops on every flat surface, bobbing heads and a lot of serious dudes looking at monochrome surveillance footage. ‘Good lord. This is gonna cost’ was her last thought as she entered a slickly furnished office.

“Welcome Mam. Please take a seat.” said a tall elegant white fella who reminded her of the Brit actor who played Gruber in the first Die Hard movie. And wasn’t he in Harry Potter movies? She’ll ask her grandson when she’s back home. He loves Harry Potter.

“I have here our report on the problem and how we solved it for you. Together with our fee, Mam said ‘Tall Elegant White Fella.’

Selma smiled as she read the report, learning that the problem of her neighbourhood’s child molester had gone. Forever. She smiled even more when she saw the invoice.

“That’s very good value.”

“In this instance. Mam we thought it more a duty.”

“Who do I make the cheque out to?” asked Selma unscrewing the top of her fountain pen.

“Me. On this occasion. So, initials I, A, M, and my name. T r u b b l e.”

The cheque was never cashed and Mr Trubble and ‘Asking for Trubble’ vanished, doubtless doing good work where the cops can’t or do not want too.

END