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## Prologue

by Sho Botham

For 11 years I have denied myself a relationship. This is the only way I could be found out. My scars would be seen and questions asked. So I live a celibate life. Not allowing myself to get too close to people. This is how it has to continue. I try not to think about my death. For that is when my secret will no longer be secret.

I have become a first class purveyor of white lies. Expert reasons have been given for my declining invitations to the beach, refusing to take a dip in the pool at Uncle Bertie's during the annual bash at Whitsun. The family have come to refer to me as Jolly Roger. This is not a compliment but a nice way of saying I'm a bit strange. I pretend to go along with the joke. It's much better than them finding out why my clothes stay firmly on no matter what the weather.

My rise in the company picked up speed 11 years ago. Not being involved with anyone has meant I could focus on my career. There has been no need for flashy cars to spend my not inconsiderable income on. In fact, other than a small but adequate cottage with a garden path leading down to the stream, my money gathers dust in various banks. This is what needs to change. So much good could be done with this money. How can I share it with others without drawing attention to myself?