

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

First you borrow. Then you beg.

by Miriam Silver

It occurred to me while I was smoking my last fag that I must get that app, the one that takes payment. Touch, pay and go, what a great idea, seen it in operation while I was at the Sally Ann or was it somewhere I had been asked for payment before they would give me a bed.

Trouble is had my phone stolen yesterday, you would never think that could happen while sleeping rough, last night couldn't get a bed anywhere due to consuming too much, my own fault of course. Must do better, every day I'm going to do just that.

Today is the day, I'm not going to borrow I must get some work, gardening is good for cash in hand. Not realistic really for someone who suffers with hay fever. I know I'll try the dump, they always need someone in that place.

They were quite rude there, looked me up and down, I admit I'm not wearing up-market jeans but I am clean, had wash in sea this morning, did try, they could have given me a chance.

Picked myself up as usual and went to the pub, mind you I'm not a real drinker, useful place to find blokes ready to do a good deed. I was right, old Alan, known him forever, we've even bunked down together. He had a phone, not the latest model, it did have that app though and he didn't mind a limited borrow, for a cut of course.

From there I settled nicely in the sunshine, outside the co-op, the pavement has just been done, put my empty tin down and made a beautiful coloured drawing of the seafront and sat back looking hopeful thinking about the percentage I will have to give Alan when a 'dogooder' placed themselves in front of my empty tin and started on about 'you can do better than this' and 'there are people out there who can help you' and all the rest.

I turned a deaf-un and tried to look interested. Nothing worked, a member of the public even emptied their plastic bottled water all over my drawing.

I made another decision as I removed myself trying to look hurt and took myself off to the pitch where passers-by would be of the more caring sort, outside the library a lot of traffic there.

Feeling pathetic, I decided all that was left for me was to beg, so I exhibited my beautifully scripted appeal printed on the best cardboard...explaining...

“Homeless, hopeless, rejected by family and society, possessions stolen.

CARDS ACCEPTED.”