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People who travel are always fugitives

by Miriam Silver

People who travel are always fugitives running away, in William's case from his family, none of whom understood him not even his mother who usually could see things his way so he decided he'd reinvent himself.

The idea came to him after he'd spent an unwelcome amount of time in the school hall where there was nothing to look at except the headmasters room and the boards which displayed past pupils who had done good deeds, for which they had received rewards.

He of course wasn't going to receive anything except a warning relating to his inability to go to school without his pet mouse, and would he please, "try and stay out of trouble and perhaps do something good".

Catching up with his gang, Henry, Desmond and Ginger, William breathlessly shouted,

"I've gotta plan."

Only to be almost ignored with derisive "we've heard all that before and "your plans only get us into trouble."

When they stopped for breath their erstwhile leader took the opportunity to say,

"I'm gonna do what the head suggested."

This brought the boys to a standstill and before they could decry his idea he came out with,

“I’m going home now and will offer to do some shopping or cut the grass, oh! yer know, do something good.”

And off he went to frighten his mother who when she saw him said,

“Oh William, look at the state of you.” which he ignored appearing shortly afterwards, brushed up and clean.

“Err ! Mother. Can I help you with anything?”

This was said quite loudly at the tea table and caused his cynical father to look up and say,

“ He must be ill , take my advice, he’s up to something.”

His mother, who wanted to present her youngest in the best light said,

“All right dear, perhaps you could go to the shop

“Certainly mother, just give me a list,” and was gone.

He did mean well, that is until he came to the sweet shop. Temptation couldn’t be resisted, and was soon the owner of a generous portion of pear drops.

Walking along contentedly sucking he remembered that his mother had entrusted him with the shopping list for which he immediately searched.

“Gosh! What now” and nearly swallowed his prize.

He’d been entrusted with buying the evening meal and had a thought

“Sausages are what I fancy”

These he bought delivering them to his mother.

“Everyone loves these,” he said as he ran upstairs, not waiting to hear his mother’s reproach, knowing his name wouldn’t be written on the school boards. Doing good wasn’t in his DNA.

