

Bourne
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workshops

Would you like to share?

by Miriam Silver

They had ignored his questions even when he used his nicest voice.

“Would you like to share your story with me?” he requested again trying to sound interested.

All he wanted was his bow and arrow back (which had been confiscated) so that he would be prepared for the Nazis.

Also he was waiting for a replacement gas mask, the caterpillars had ruined his and now he was in danger of being gassed, worked to death at school or being taken prisoner unable to defend himself.

Wartime restrictions however, didn't daunt our hero, he had a plan, involving trespassing. He'd only take a few minutes to raid his brother's room, he was away somewhere.

While his parents were deep in conversation, he darted into the forbidden room grabbed the gun holster, khaki jacket, book on gas attacks and first aid box and made his way swiftly out of the house directly to gather his gang and to inform them of his plan to win the war.

Safely in their den, deep in the woods, where no adults were allowed, their unelected leader rose to his full height using an upturned box, which when it collapsed made him shout, “Shut up there's a war on!” an announcement that was greeted with a derisive cries of, “We know that, so what?”

“I've gotta idea,” continued their leader, “they need us, there's gonna be bombs an.....”

But this only invited jeers of, “Tell us something new...”

Undeterred he carried on, "We're gonna build shelters an' if you don't listen to me we're gonna be blown to bits." Which was greeted with howls of, "Don't wanna be blown"

Blissfully unaware of any opposition their leader continued, "Gas masks are no good, my caterpillars died in em, yer know gas smells like pear drops and it's our duty to learn all about blood..."

This brought about mutiny,

"You owe me two pear drops!" reminded Ginger,

"I didn't say anything about peardrops and anyway I don't"

"You didn't give me any of your bootlaces, you had some I saw them...." Henry got that in quickly before their leader was carried away with,

"An we'll do bandaging an bombing rescue, look I've all the instructions here," waving Richard's first aid book.

"Oh no you have not..." interrupted his brother rudely while seizing the humiliated William.

Furious at the unexpected entry no one heard William's last stand,

"You'll be sorry, I know how to win the war," as he was dragged by the ear to his long suffering parents.