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Rags and Riches

by Vera Gajic

“So you decided to come?” said George, looking at his wife across the table in the prison visiting room. He’d been in there for two months and this was her first visit.

It was a miserable room with badly painted glossy walls and bars on the windows

“Yes I did,” said Gloria, “I never thought I would be coming to a place like this and certainly not to visit my husband, I’m still in shock and I’m not sure I can forgive you for what you’ve done to our family.”

“You know how sorry I am, what more can I say, I didn’t know it was such a crime. Anyway Why should I share my hard earned finds with a bloody Lord. He should never have owned the land in the first place, his ancestor was given someone else’s land for nothing by the King . it’s not right Gloria. I’d been searching for it for 20 years, the gold was mine. It’s not like the landowner even knew it was there.”

Gloria gave a deep sigh. “George you’ve said that a 100 times, it is against the law and that’s all there is to it, you were caught, you’ve been found guilty and you’re in here and don’t give me that rubbish about not knowing it was a crime, you’ve been detecting for 20 years. The question is what am I to do now you complete idiot.”

George thought carefully before saying. “Gloria I love you and I want you to wait for me but if you can’t get over this I understand, just tell me and stop giving me hope, and I’ll get on with my life.”

“Get on with your life, what are you talking about you’re in prison, how can you get on with your life in here, It is more about me getting on with my life, do I wait for 7 years, assuming they will let you out for good behaviour, or shall I try to get over you now.”

“Well only you can decide that, but I wouldn’t blame you if you decided to leave me, it’s a long time to wait,” said George matter of factly, “and who knows what I’ll do when I get out, I’ll be 57 and unemployable.”

“Well that’s bloody depressing George, really didn’t you stash ANY of it away, I’m not sure I believe you. You don’t seem very upset at the thought of me leaving you after 25 years,” said Gloria “ what about declaring your undying love and promising to think of me every minute of the day like you did when you persuaded me to go out with you.”

“We’re not love struck teenagers anymore,” George was getting a bit impatient now, he wanted her to decide and be done with it. His internet allowance was due soon and he wanted to get back to the computer. Susan had promised to email him, if only they were allowed facetime, he’d love to see her in person. There was a rumour in the prison that they were going to allow facetime soon.

She’d found him through facebook, said they’d been at school together but he couldn’t remember her, few years younger so he supposed that’s why he didn’t remember her. He’d hinted that he’d be a wealthy man when he got out of here, he wasn’t going to tell her if he had a stash or not, she’d have to prove herself first. 7 years wasn’t that long to wait to be a millionaire. He wasn’t going to tell Gloria that he’d be in low security next year and be allowed home visits, not when he could be visiting Susan.