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## Rags to Riches

by Miriam Silver

Richard and Mary, formerly fully active members of society, now inmates, as they called themselves in this residential home where they had just listened to a lecture on leisure.

“What’s that all about then?” Richard asked his voice booming loud and clear, “take up something new, keep your brain active?” his comments causing a carer to smile.

“Shsh! Not so loud,” Mary began, “they mean well, it’s their way of keeping our minds off getting old.”

“We are old,” Richard shouted, “haven’t always been though,” he added trailing off to join Mary, both now pushing their Walkers away towards the garden, ostensibly to take a little walk before lunch.

“Don’t fancy lunch,” Richard said ignoring the lady on reception, it’s that Shepherd’s Pie...again.”

The self-appointed ‘miss bossy boots’ heard that.

“Now now, no missing meals!” she warned.

“Ignore her,” he mumbled, “follow me.”

“Remember those Bikers? we saw them on the seafront the other day, “

“They did say come back any time.”

“ Come on, they’ll be there today, won’t take us long.”

And they pushed purposely in the direction of the seafront their minds on being hell-for-leather.

“You did mean it didn’t you?” Richard directed his question to the leather, badge covered boys and girls all involved with their bikes.

“We came back like you said, nice to get out, special you lot are,” peering appreciatively at the assembled Harley’s and Yamaha machines reflections clearly visible in their polished bikes.

“We were just going up the Downs, wanna come then?”

With no further ado a biker offered them helmets.

“ Let’s go,” pointing to the shiniest machine.

It was risky, but they were up for excitement, and in a matter of minutes they were lost in the roar, and speed enjoying the disturbance they caused.

On return they chorused their appreciation, bade a reluctant farewell knowing nothing will ever again be so exciting.

“Wait ‘til we tell...”

“.....they think we’re past it..”

“...they won’t believe us....”

Reality took over when they realised they were too late for tea.

“We’ll be locked out, may as well just get Pie and chips, give us strength to say ‘won’t do it again’.

