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workshops

Short Sighted

by Sho Botham

“The longer and more carefully we look at a funny story, the sadder it becomes. At least that’s what the funny story elf at the end desk said at the start of the class.”

“Who cares if the story is funny or sad? As long as it gets the grades that’s all that matters.”

“That’s a very short-sighted way to look at things, Mr Varsted.”

Vax looked over a pair of reading glasses, perched on the end of his nose in an attempt to like one of his professors.

“You needn’t try that on with me Mr Varsted,” said the lecturer, Andy Appleton.

“But Sir.”

“But nothing,” said Andy Appleton. “Your work has not been submitted, again and that is a sad story in itself. You might think it funny but when you see your marks at the end of this semester you could be wishing that you’d paid more attention in class.” Vax had the grace to look a bit sheepish when presented with the situation about his work. If truth be known, Vax didn’t feel that story-telling was his best subject. He loved good stories but he didn’t feel he was good at writing them.

Andy Appleton smiled and muttered to himself, “if only Vax knew how good he really is.”

On his way home Vax had a pang of conscience. Mr A was right. He'd not been paying attention in class. He couldn't fail this class because he would have to re-sit it and he didn't want to do that. He couldn't afford to do that. Vax gave himself a good talking to and by the time he arrived at the student house his mind was made up.

"What no fake reading specs today, Mr Varsted?" asked Andy Appleton trying to hide a smile.

"No Sir," said Vax.

"I suppose it's too much to ask that you have some work to submit today?" said Mr A looking directly at Vax.

"No, I've done my work. It's all here. I stayed up to finish it last night, Sir."

"Turned over a new leaf have you, Mr Varsted?"

"Yes Sir," said Vax quietly.

Mr A looked at Vax's work as he took it over to his desk. His eyes darting back and forth reading sentences like lightening. This was good, great even - a funny story but with a sense of sadness about it. I knew Vax could write like this. Funny, yet it will get sadder each time I read it. Perfect.