

Bourne
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creative writing
workshops

Sinders

A timed exercise

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She typed the code into the Telegram thing and waited for a response.

“Where is Green Onion?” the prompt came back. Hesitating for a second she went through her mind map of the permutations to this questions. “2 to the power of 18,” she murmured to herself as she crouched under the jigsaw table in the attic. Such was the number of permutations to these security questions she had to answer.

“Floor 23, station 9, table 3,” she typed into her phone.

She waited before her other phone rang, “Agent Cinder, this better be urgent, what is the reason for your call?” Nigel spoke sternly.

She laughed at him, “We do know each other, you don’t have to be speak like you have a marrow up your arse just because she’s there you know!”

“Agent Cinder, I repeat, please provide the reason for your Code Violet,” Nigel continued the formalities, “And anyway she’s not hear, so stop being a twat and just tell me whats up – are you ok?”

“That’s better. Anyway. Yes, it is urgent! I’m allergic to the fucking shoes!”

“You’re what? How, eh? Are you joking?”

“No, im fucking not joking! I have everything arranged with the blue gown he loves – which was a bloody nightmare by the way as I had to sew the fucker as was apparently built for a Polish shot putter! Anyway, the sisters believe I am staying at home and

have been duly punished and the old bitch is onside – she’s already agreed to stitch her daughters up for 250k each !”

“Good good. That’s all to plan. So whats the problem. We’re meant to be sending the vehicle, sorry your chariot, in 27 minutes.. this can’t go wrong now,” Nigel implored.

“Well, you stupid pricks obviously never checked by medical records to see my allergies. You’ve covered the device with bloody fox fur! If you’d read my records you’d have known that im allergic to the fuckers! I was looking forward to sable slippers or something but now my leg has swollen up like a hive of boils on dib dap stick! Hardly the sexy alluring look I was going for in order to make the bastard want to shag me and leave the slipper behind to track his moves before the hit is it!!”

“Oh fuck. Ok we can handle this. Just wait til I ask her what to do.” Nigel cut the line before he could hear Cinderella scream “You said she wasn’t there you prick!”

“Ok. Im back. The dress is long so he wont see your boils. Go for plan B and get your tits out. The rest will have to rely on your face to pull it off.”

“Brilliant. Cheers. Thanks for that,” Cinderella yawns as she tears open her bodice.