

I Can't Explain Why I Did These Things

by Miriam Silver

William decided that he reinvent himself, mainly because he couldn't explain why he does all those things grownups dislike. More importantly he decided never to be like any of those names in gold on the school's Honour boards.

This objective had been brought about while sitting in the hall outside the headmaster's room where he had been sent because he had been reported for trespassing.

No adult could understand they had only been paddling in that farmer's pond, admittedly they had taken some of his apples. The headmaster sighed and said,

"Do you think you could possibly stay out of trouble, perhaps get interested in doing good work. There's plenty out there, then your families would be pleased. Wouldn't that be nice?" he asked them hopefully.

The boys left the room silently, putting all that out of their minds and made their way to the disused, doorless barn which they called their den where they quickly became became involved in something physical and abusive.

When they stopped to take breath William took the opportunity to shout, "Yer know! Oh! Shut up! I've got an idea!"

"Anyway, I think the headmaster had a good idea, it's my birthday soon, I'll go and be helpful."

Leaving his gang to their game he went straight home to frighten his mother by announcing, "Can I help you with anything mother?" She always had faith in him.

Not so his father who, without raising his head from his paper said,

"He must be ill, take my advice, he's up to something." Which his son ignored, rushing upstairs reappearing in 5 minutes, brushed up looking earnestly towards his mother.

"Well, there is a bit of washing up I didn't feel like doing, perhaps," she trailed off.

"Certainly mother," her son responded briskly and made his way to the kitchen where he immediately saw possibilities to show his prowess.

Ignoring the needy dishes he whistled to Jumble, his beloved dog who loved a bath and proceeded to fill the sink with sudsy bubbly water.

Whistling contentedly, drenching himself, Jumble and the kitchen he looked admiringly at his happy clean dog and decided he was hungry.

Finding bread, butter, cake, jam and chicken which he tossed at the eager Jumble, resulting in a trail of destruction went to find his unsuspecting family, it was teatime, he wanted to show them.

"Teas ready," he shouted believing his efforts would be rewarded by bringing him his dream birthday.

"How's that then, I did it all by myself," pointing to the crumbled half eaten mess surrounding him, "I'll pour, mother, you sit down."

His mother did as he bid. It was his father who spoiled it all.

"I told you, there's something wrong with that boy" he said, reluctantly sitting down.

His mother, overcome by the scene which resembled a war zone, said,

"Oh William! I do wish you'd, no don't touch, I mean it's all lovely."

And to his father she said, rather wistfully,

“He does try so hard!”