

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Deceit

by Miriam Silver

I felt I shouldn't be doing this, going through their personal belongings. I'd put it off waiting until I felt less guilty, which would never happen, too late now. My parents, committed Christian Scientists, I had to follow their beliefs, that is only until I left home to do my own thing, which definitely didn't include believing in anything. In their eyes I was aimless, a disappointment. At least that was the impression I had.

Dad went to work every day, never did know what he did, we didn't share much, if anything. Mum was, well Mum. Never visited not even Christmas, we had never had a real fall out, just that my habits were beyond their understanding.

A solicitor found me, it had become a necessity to start clearing their house if I wanted probate to begin. Fortified by the whiskey I'd brought with me, I took a deep breath and walked into the kitchen. Nothing personal in there, it was easy to fill a black bag with outdated tins, packets and detritus, putting aside anything suitable for the charity shop.

The living room contained a desk together with the usual three piece suite dining table, chairs the large sideboard, a vase and ornamental candlesticks which looked as if they had never held a lighted candle. All looked neglected to me and to my amazement a TV in the corner. Never there in my day.

I directed my attention to the desk pulling out household stuff, receipts, guarantees, instructions for long gone electrical appliances, most of it for shredding.

Getting bored I thought I'd do one more drawer before finishing for the day, soon the contents of a beribboned folder had my full horrified attention. I could not stop reading.

It was all there in black and white waiting for me to find it. Newspaper cuttings of the crime and the subsequent trial. He, my Dad, had a criminal past. He'd been involved in a robbery, together with three others, had been convicted, served four years of a five year sentence, admitting to being their look out got him time off. None of the stolen goods had been traced to him or found.

Once I had recovered from the shock I pulled the last drawer open thinking there can't be anything more, but the unlocked tin box revealed more of his past about which I knew nothing, don't suppose he was proud of. The deceitful bugger.

With ever increasing heartbeat, there were partners' in crime names together with their addresses and instructions. This nearly finished me off. I had to contact them, they could collect the proceeds of their crime. They would know where to find the key as agreed all those years ago.

Now I was confronted not only with the deceit perpetrated by them, but by myself, a deceitful bloke. Pulled all ways, tell the police like a good citizen, tell Dad's mates, just be satisfied with the proceeds from this probate business or pretend I'd never found all this stuff.

