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workshops

There Are Never Really Endings

by Miriam Silver

I'd always wanted to be part of the creative scene, to be in there with the writers, they seemed cool to me as I stayed outside, looking in. I blame Ma and Pa, they said I'd never cope with all that competition, and when they said, "there are never really endings happy or otherwise," I became more determined and went off to university to study Creative Writing, ignoring their advice.

The only scene I became part of there was the one in the pub, where I spent too much time, scraping a degree while submitting my novel, which was rejected, and predictably caused me to sink into depression.

Back at home with Ma and Pa I convinced them I'd find a job with a future, going out each day, ostensibly looking, when in fact I spent the day in the pub with Bill, whose money stopped me from thinking. He was great company persuading me we had a future together. Wasn't exactly what Ma and Pa had in mind for me, but then, "what they didn't know...etc." adding to my indiscretions, gambling on the machines using Bill's money.

He noticed I'd reached an all time low when I refused his money mumbling 'mustn't,' offering nothing more than loveless sex. It was then that he suggested I join him, at the Bingo, where he worked, they needed someone with my skills, I could repay him, eventually adding,

"Words, you're good with those."

I had no other way to repay him joining the 7-10 pm session at the local Bingo, Calling 'number 2 ' who?, 'number 7' heaven and all that. It seems these evening sessions are attended by serious gamblers who spend a lot of money. Heads down, that only go up to shout,

"Does yer Mum know you're out late?"

"Collecting you is she?"

Smiling weakly, waving, I'd shout something about bringing her next time.

"Ge'on wiv it?" a cockney voice shouted irritably.

So I did, pulling, turning out the numbered tile calling into the mic. Wasn't too difficult. Bill checked the covered cards whenever 'full house' was called and handed out the prize money.

All went well, as the story goes, until Bill, greeting me casually said.

"Could you take the cash tonight, don't want it with me, got a heavy date."

"Sure, ok?" I said anxious to be helpful.

Didn't realise this was the end to my new career until I woke up in hospital. It appeared I was mugged, for the Bingo money. It was a huge amount. The police seemed to think either I instigated the whole thing or Bill did for the insurance claim or to finance terrorism. We are both under suspicion and won't be given bail.

I'm lucky to have only received a head injury which seems to not only removed my writers' block but has given me a plot for my first crime novel. They'll keep me here, inside, jail is where there's a harvest of stories, ready made for the budding novelist's happy ending.