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It all Started as a Dream

by Miriam Silver

It all started as a dream and although his mother was a bit of a comfort at the time and persuaded him to go back to bed, William persisted,

“I’m sure about what I saw...” which was ignored, so he added, “You’re not listening,” as he helped himself to the last piece of toast, through a full mouth and asked, “can dreams come true?”

“You read too many comics,” his sister sneered.

“I’m telling you, I know I saw a knife.”

“Oh! do go and brush your teeth, go to school,” his father instructed.

“Can’t, it’s Saturday,” a grateful son mumbled as he left the table.

Whistling for his faithful Jumble, knowing he’d be sympathetic he shouted, “no one cares if I have a nightmare, I know what I saw,” and strode off to find his gang whom he found in their dangerously built lean-to, voiced his complaints again, was ignored again, so informed them,

“He did have a knife...”

“What knife?” Ginger and Henry stopped wrestling and sat up.

“I saw burglars and a knife,” he insisted.

“Come off it!” they chorused, which made William even more determined.

“I’m going to look for clues, don’t bother, I’ll go on my own, let’s start,” pointing to the ditch, he knew they loved treasure hunting.

Progress was slow due to distractions concerning ownership of valuable findings like skeletons, shiny pieces and peculiar rocky bits.

“Look, found something,” said Ginger.

“That’s only a dead frog,” sneered Henry, narrowly missing Ginger’s shove.

Progressing to the area opposite William’s bedroom, careful to crawl in the way they’d seen in comics,

“Don’t touch anything,” Henry warned, his uncle was a policeman.

“S’all muddy anyway, won’t get fingerprints,” Douglas knew lots too.

William’s persuasive powers had energised them now. They kept their eyes firmly fixed on the ground beneath them, each wanted to find whatever their leader had seen shining in the moonlight. So concentrating were they that they didn’t notice they had strayed into forbidden territory.

The Smiths, their neighbours, already exasperated by William’s badly aimed missiles and tired by a disrupted night, now caught sight of four boys crawling all over what remained of their vegetable garden.

The would-be detectives became aware they were being attacked, not by robbers but by something worse, exasperated adults who were requiring an explanation.

“We saw them, we’ve got something, I...” said a muddy William trying to explain as his scruffy gang joined him, only to be confronted by an anxious Mrs. Smith.

“What on earth have you got there?” she stuttered, pointing to the knife in William’s hand.

“I told you, at least I tried to tell ‘em all, at breakfast, I did.”

His parents had appeared, ready, yet again with apologies, in time to hear their neighbour’s say,

“You must have disturbed them, we heard the noise but we were too late, they cut some of our prize vegetables. Still left a few. You boys must join us, excellent tea at the fete.

No one mentioned ‘clean-up’.

Even William’s father looked proud.

