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Trust

by Vera Gajic

People have always trusted me with their secrets. But who do I trust with mine?

Ever since I was a child people would tell me things, not that I always wanted to hear them but it is hard to stop someone telling a secret they want to off load, particularly when you're a very good listener as I am. I can remember as far back as nursery Robbie telling me had pulled Susan's knickers down when she wasn't looking. The teachers tried to find out who had done it, tried every which way to make someone tell but I wouldn't tell. I could tell Rob was pleased with me, made me feel proud that he trusted me. It carried on at big school, classmates confiding in me. I was popular with the girls at school, they liked telling me their secrets, trusted me to sort out their problems, know what I mean?

Sometimes I would get into trouble though for the things my mates did because they'd told me too much. I remember the first time I was wrongly blamed. We had a Geography teacher called Mr Braintree, I like him but one day he asked me if I knew anything about the knife found in the school. I stupidly said I had no idea how a knife had got into the boys' toilets which was a give away but I was loyal and I wasn't going to tell him that Stephen had told me he'd hidden it behind the broken can in the bogs and that he was going to use it to attack Barry who'd stolen his girlfriend.

I took the punishment for Barry, a week's suspension and I had to empty my bag at reception every day. But Barry never even thanked me for not telling on him, in fact he bloody ignored me. That pissed me right off. Got to be careful whose secrets you keep. Anyway, forget that, I let it go. But the next time it happened I wasn't so easy going. Rich told me where he kept his stash of drugs and that I could help myself as long as I paid him back but when I got caught by the Police they didn't believe me that it was Rich's stash, I wasn't a drug dealer, hardly ever took the stuff, in fact I was only borrowing it for a mate.

First offence so I was let off with a warning but that really pissed me off. No more mister nice guy, I told Rich where to stick it, in fact I did stick it – right up his bum. So when my sister told me she'd stolen all that money from our parents I knew I wasn't going to keep quiet. I went straight round and told them. Bloody cheek they didn't believe me, said I'd done it. Now why would I tell them about it if I'd done it? I'd have just kept my mouth shut wouldn't I?"

So can I trust you with my secrets mate? Are you the trustworthy type like me? Better be, so how long you in for? You can have the top bunk, mine's the bottom one, now I got some rules mate. No wanking for starters. So visiting day today. My Mum's coming, first time I've seen her since I got put down. She's going to help me get out. I'm going to appeal, she knows it was my sister not me. I'm just a good listener. What's that? Yeah I got done for murder but I didn't do it.