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Dream On

by Miriam Silver

“I want something improbable,” William’s mother sighed, “I used to dream”, she added, trailing off dispiritedly as she gave her attention to whatever she was doing before her youngest interrupted,

“I was only looking after the cat ‘cos it was being chased by Jumble.”

“I know you mean well dear, just go, no don’t touch anything, take your shoes off, what am I going to tell your father, one more broken window and, well, please be careful.”

“Just tell him I’m a good rescuer,” he offered helpfully, knowing he’d better do as he was told if he was to get the sandwiches soon.

It was day one into the Summer holidays, never long enough for William from what he regarded as a waste of time and space. In fact he’d often expressed himself clearly on the subject of school.

“I could be discovering things, climbing mountains or inventing things ‘stead of doing all that reading, writing an’ remembering.”

“Rotten war, no beach, no trains, no sweets no pocket money,” all of which forced him to his secret hide out and find his gang, they would understand. Making sure his pockets were stuffed with left overs before he departed he perked up at the thought of no homework for six weeks.

Henry and Ginger were fiddling with some new find while Douglas was complaining, no one was listening to their unelected leader's,

"Got 'an idea."

They continued hoping to solve their problem by scrambling in the dusty floor.

"What about earning some money?" William's second try did get their attention,

"Spitfire fund, we could collect any old iron stuff an' get some money"

That was dismissed immediately.

"They only want us to do the hard work, collecting an' that, no money in it." informed Henry.

"Wot about repairing things, bikes an' lawn mowers." William suggested.

That did it, they were all good repairers.

"My brother's bike in our garage, he's gone, doesn't need it, we'll get it ready for when he comes home on leave,"

" We can't repair without tools and stuff, need cash to buy that." Douglas observed.

Never deterred by anything as basic William said,

"Only need bucket of water, find the hole, stick something over it, an' then show it off, repaired."

The garden hose was attached to the tap, so they just screwed a bit, released the inside tube, filled a bucket, immersed it, covered it, nothing happened, no bubbles, so Ginger flicked some water at Henry who retaliated And soon they were enjoying a wonderful water fight. It was a very hot day, all very cooling as they snatched the hose from each other abandoning their attempts at repair.

Mr. Brown chose that moment to walk past his empty garage anticipating a recuperative evening unfortunately not quick enough to avoid getting wet from a dripping boy waving a hose while claiming,

“I’m the winner!”

Mrs Brown tried to avert her husband’s fury while pointing out,

“It is the holidays, he means well, I do love him, I just wish he’d be more like that baby boy I dreamed about, just have less ideas.”