

## Misdemeanours

by Miriam Silver

Jackson was born into relative poverty in a household which more or less ignored him due to his family's necessity to earn a living, giving their youngest time and space to read, dream and become a determined follower of Dick Whittington.

He soon obtained a place at the local grammar school where he became known as 'reliable', his academic achievements and success in the debating society enhancing the good name of the school, giving him a semblance of recognition, enabling his headmaster to overlook his misdemeanours which he duly attributed to high spirits.

Becoming a partner in the local legal offices had not been an easy journey, working and studying at night had not left much time for a social life. He became a somewhat introverted man, presenting a self-effacing front, one who took his work seriously without causing anyone to worry about him superseding them.

His only interest was local politics, which occupied all his free time, resulting in being proposed as the next mayor. Being elected would of course bring kudos not only to him but to the firm in which he worked and to himself the honour and glory he had craved all his fifty years. His devotion to the Party was finally recognised, hopefully the election would too.

After a restless night the day dawned, he found himself wishing he could turn the clock back, the local press would be out there, reporting his speech, everything would be revealed his reputation shattered.

He should never have accepted the Old Boys invitation at the reunion, to be their representative at the Schools annual prize giving. An honour to be asked, he'd been flattered. They had insisted saying he'd been one of the school's most successful boys.

Living alone meant he couldn't voice his fears to anyone except to his reflection in the mirror as he knotted his tie, vaguely wishing he'd pursued that girl, "what was her name?" Too late now, he thought as he straightened himself to his full five foot seven, picked up his phone, wallet and keys and made his way to his car determined to 'overcome.'

He arrived early, Jackson always allowed plenty of time, being late was inexcusable and he was immediately confronted by a reporter who wanted to check his facts.

"Mr. Mayor, can I call you that?"

"Hang on. Not a given, let's wait until after the election please," Jackson replied modestly.

"What a wonderful school career you had, pity you nicked the headmaster's bike," the reporter sneered enjoying his scooped news.

Jackson, although prepared for his past to be exposed hesitated before replying, and tried to sound upbeat.

"It was such a long time ago, though admittedly I was trying to impress my schoolboy world. I'm sure you'll know from my records that I did apologise and promised never to do it again," he explained, adding quickly,

"So far so good, though there's still time. Good day to you I must talk to that chap over there."

