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Dysfunction

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The email was in my spam, and the main body of the message was a single sentence: 'Now everyone knows who you really are'. Just some advert for erectile dysfunction or how to get bigger breasts I think, but still. I closed it quickly.

How odd that I felt instantly guilty. Like I'd been found out. Then I was hilariously outraged, like a character from a Victorian drama. "But sir, I have led such a blameless life!" When in fact I have led nothing anywhere, it has all led me and I have just followed.

I wondered then if we aren't always acting a part. We see in the eyes of others if we're successful at it or not. And we all choose our roles carefully, because we want to fit in. We want to be the perfect colleague, wife, husband, parent. The perfect person. We just keep rehearsing and rehashing our roles.

Maybe we don't know who we really are because we're shaped in the eyes of other people; people who've left their impression upon us, whether we liked it or not, and their impression is in our heads, our hearts, our emotions, and they all leave an imprint.

In bed that night, after finding that email, I ran back through every chapter in my life in case I'd done some terrible thing but somehow forgotten. But there was nothing. It was all a blameless regurgitation of the chapter before it. I didn't look too deeply, and when I woke up I thought if everyone knows who I really am, I wish they'd tell me.