

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

My Life

by Vera Gajic

Now that I am in the twilight of my life I spend much of my time in a state of reflection, going over the different eras, some with satisfaction others with distaste. I wonder whether I should tell my story, do I owe it to them? Will new generations in decades or centuries to come want to know that it was I who committed those deeds though I can't explain why I did them? Does it matter if they don't read it from my pen but the conjecture and storytellings of others passed off as truth.

I started to write down what I could remember, at first chronologically but as I remember so little about my childhood that wasn't a good place to start and led me into a terrible slump of inertia as I sat at my desk each day and tried to recall a distant and uneventful childhood, but was it uneventful? Maybe there were clues in it but the trouble with living a long life is those who shared early parts are all gone, no-one to help me jog my memory or enlighten me.

I realised after a few months of fruitless contemplation staring at the garden I had spent half my life creating, as summer turn to autumn and my strength weaken along with the sun, that maybe it wasn't going to be easy. Starting backwards got me nowhere so I started with the main events, which I have spent the rest of my life trying to forget. Was it really me who had the power of an ox and the appetite for life of a tiger? I was a goliath with no outlet for my strength and no David to outwit me, I could do whatever I wanted, all around me fearful for themselves. It feels like a lifetime ago and indeed it is nearly is and I find it hard to believe the things I did or know why I did them but the urges were great then, gone now, but then all consuming. Worse at night of course, how I used to roam the streets of London knowing where to find the most vulnerable, women mostly, who no-one would miss.

At first no-one noticed but I was sloppy and didn't hide my deeds well enough so I became careful and planned my crimes, where to leave my victims and of course knowing when to stop, always the most difficult thing, like a gambler, stopping when you are ahead.

Fortunately for me those dark urges started to leave me as I matured till I no longer thought about them. Now as I look back, do I tell my story? Do I want to be known for the horrors I no longer recognise. Am I the same person? I don't feel it. Maybe that is why my pen won't put it on paper, maybe I should take it to my grave and others can write different versions of it, there is no real truth, even I don't know it.