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Bloody Suspicious

by Vera Gajic

It all started with a job advert. I was looking for a job and saw this unusual advert on LinkedIn asking for people who were flexible, curious, liked meeting people and good enjoyed being part of a team. It didn't actually say what the job was but just gave an email address to apply to, which I did. They replied straight away asking me to come to a function room above a pub in Camden. I didn't live far away so I thought why not, find out what it was about.

There were about six other people when I got there. This woman, Bryony, gave us clipboards and asked us to fill in a questionnaire. Lots of personal psychological type questions, you know the sort, what would you do if you saw someone picking someone's pocket? Would you go for a drink with a policeman who you met at a football match? Do you love your mother? Seemed completely unrelated to me, I couldn't work out what was going on. I just copied the others, kept my head down and answered the questions, but then nothing, for hours. No explanation, no-one around, just the six of us. Most of the others ended up leaving.

It was just me and Hannah left when Bryony finally returned and took our clipboards away. Hannah and I were both desperate for work, we'd been chatting and I thought we'd made a connection. Five minutes later bryony was back asking if we were interested in a four-hour trial shift tomorrow night? Bryony explained the work was private events with important people, high security, supporting members of the team who were trying to set up deals, we just had to look professional, keep smiling, help it run smoothly.

Number one person was Gary, needed to make sure he was happy at all costs. Good money I remember, £40 an hour. Bit cloak and dagger but I needed the money, why not? £160 to stand around, they even gave me a suit to wear and I'd be with Hannah who was definitely giving me signals. What was not to like?

The next evening Hannah and I arrived at the same time, 7pm. Same function room in Camden but now it was done up like a swanky bar. It looked smart and so did me and Hannah. There were other people there who were doing the same as us. Friendly, cool types. Gary was the number one guy, he came over and shook my hand and said he was looking forward to working with me. Champagne was being served but we were told not to drink it, we could carry a glass around for show, that was hard, I might have had the odd sip.

Everyone seemed excited, something big was going down waiting for someone to arrive. An Oligarch maybe or a mafia boss. All very secretive. Hannah was all over one of the other guys that she'd just met. I thought we'd clicked. It was about then that a suspicion, a doubt, a jealousy grew in my mind. Then it all kicked off, this swanky Russian and his tough entourage arrived sweeping into the room filling it with expensive cologne and testosterone. They were covered in gold jewellery and expensive watches.

Gary was schmoozing them and asked me to come with him into a private room with the Oligarch. We were standing around chatting, no idea what about when the Oligarch collapsed, just like that. Gary was terrified, he told us his hench men would kill us. We needed to hide the guy and get out of there. I couldn't believe it, I said we needed to get help but Gary was sure the guy was dead, said he trained as a doctor he knew when someone was dead. So we packed him into a trunk and locked it.

We got out down the fire escape and then Gary just ran off and left me. I didn't know what to do. I stood there like a lemon and then I heard a commotion from the upstairs window so I legged it.

Got a call the next day to go back, wasn't sure whether to or not but thought they'd find me so I might as well face the music. Got there and saw a police car outside. My legs started shaking, I was all clammy. Bloody awful, thought I was going to collapse myself.

Made myself go upstairs. I didn't want to be on the run for the rest of my life so better get it done now. When I got to the room there was Hannah smiling at me. Then in comes Darren fucking Brown. Took me a while to realise what had happened. Bloody hell it was all a stitch up and they'd filmed the whole thing to see what I would do.

I was so fucking furious, they weren't going to get away with it. I refused to let them show it on television and I'm starting up a help group for other people who've been Darren Browned. Changes you it does. Frightening when I realised what I did because I was told to. That's why I don't agree with charging soldiers with war crimes, who really knows what they'll do when they're told to.