

As their project for July 2007 each member of the Creative Writing Group was asked to write a story of exactly 150 words, no more, no less – not including the title. The theme of the stories was to be:

"The Lie"

Contributors

Bob Goodman
Beryl Hawthorn
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Lieutenant Caldwell shared the shell-hole with him, but he didn't show any sign of recognition. Lieutenant Caldwell was dead; dead as anyone would be with a row of machine gun bullets stitched across his battledress.

"You lying bastard," said the soldier, "you got what you deserved!" How different a couple of hours ago at the briefing! Caldwell addressed the platoon standing on an ammunition box.

"Our artillery will smash down their wire and everyone will be slaughtered. When the barrage lifts and the whistles sound at 0500hrs, just walk across No Man's Land and take over their trenches. Nothing to fear, it'll be easy!"

And now the soldier stripped away the lies, the bravado and saw the truth.

"You knew, didn't you? We had no chance. You had to tell us lies otherwise you'd never have got us over the top." He reached out and closed eyelids over sightless eyes.

Bob Goodman

July 2007





Bob came to a village, parked his car then sauntered into the local pub. It was old with a thatched roof. There was food which he needed.

He moved to the bar, ordered a pint and began to chat up the barmaid. He appreciated the long blonde hair, curvaceous figure and full smiling mouth.

“What time do you begin serving dinner?” he said. “Any time now.” She replied, as she passed him a menu.

Soon he was sitting at a table, tucking into steak and chips. The barmaid responded to his charm and when he asked if there was overnight accommodation she said,

“No, but I have a spare room in my cottage, if you are desperate.”

“That would be fine. Home is two hundred miles way!”

Later he made a call on his mobile. ‘Can’t talk long, battery low, a tree is blocking the road. I’ll be back lunchtime!’

Beryl Hawthorn

July 2007





Dora, aged 68, studied Kindred Spirits page with care. Yes, she was in column three.

LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY

56 yr old Madonna with the Big Boobies, amusing personality, loves travel, theatre, entertaining, seeks tall, mature, handsome gentleman with 'Allo 'Allo sense of humour.

Dora smiling, heaved herself out of her armchair in answer to the dinner gong. Residents of Resthaven Home ate at 5pm.

Donald, aged 74, scanned page 24 with excitement. He was in!

TIRED OF KISSING FROGS?

62 yrs young Prince Charming, Gallic looks and manner, loves wine, home-cooking, witty repartee, wishes to kiss the hand of beautiful fun-loving Princess.

Donald reached for his sticks and joined Resthaven Residents for dinner.

The monthly reshuffled place settings put Dora and Donald opposite each other. He saw a fat lady with vast bosoms. She saw an arthritic old wag. Their eyes met and each saw merriment, compassion, loneliness and..... sincerity!

Rosemary King

July 2007





The highlight of Aunt Alice's visits, was her departure! For the duration of her stay, with considerable effort, the family tried not to displease her. Her nephew was very conscious of his aunt's capricious nature.

Unfortunately his wife disliked Aunt Alice intensely, hiding it with polite effusiveness. Harriet, their eight year old followed their example, without understanding why. All would have gone well had not Aunt Alice given Harriet a present. She thanked her enthusiastically but said

"Mummy wanted to give you a present but said it would hurt Daddy!"

"Why was that, dear?" Harriet's mother, seeing what was coming, tried to intervene unsuccessfully.

"Mummy said that she would love to give you the cold shoulder but it would hurt Daddy's expectations."

"That's a lie!" cried her mother desperately

"I never lie!" wailed Harriet.

"I'm sure you don't dear." said Aunt Alice grimly.

"Bring my bags! I shall leave immediately."

Tony King

July 2007





He told her she was beautiful
She knew it was a lie
She said that she had money
From an Aunt who'd lived in Rye
He said that they should marry
But he didn't bring a ring
Although he had a flash sports car
And lots of other things.

He pressed her to invest
In certainties he knew
She said she might take his advice
He thought she would be true
Then she took her uniform
Went into the Station
Did a credit check on him
What a revelation.

When she'd done her homework
She wrote her report
Several ladies have been conned
Its time that he was caught.
This devious individual
Is suspect Number Three.
Go on down and pick him up
Before it's time for tea.

The fuzz went down , arrested him
And now he's behind bars.
For saying "You are beautiful"
And stealing flash sports cars.

Ann McIntyre

July 2007.





Delia was standing at one of the cosmetic counters in Harrod's Beauty Hall. The room was lit by glowing chandeliers. Glass counters shone, bottles, jars, boxes, were immaculately, enticingly displayed. Assistants perfectly groomed, wore uniforms of sparkling white. One had captured Delia, she was dark haired, olive skinned, beautiful, flawless. She was giving Delia the sales patter. "This cream" she said, "will entirely eradicate those fine lines which develop as we get a little older. It contains an extract of pearls," The list of ingredients was impressive, - sebum, vitamins, you name it. Used for four weeks, your lines will completely disappear, your skin will be radiant. Delia, entranced, bought it. How much? I asked. "£130" she said. "How much?"

I saw her six weeks later. "Look "she said, holding her face up to the light. "Wasn't that cream worth every penny." "Absolutely" I said, fingers crossed behind my back.

Ann McIntyre

July 2007





Lie

Mary lay luxuriously in bed as her lover dozed after his exertions. The phone at the side of the bed rang.

“Mary, it’s Jack. I’m afraid I’ll be late home again tonight - I have to meet Alistair to discuss some new business systems we’re introducing. Love you!”

Mary suspected that Jack was having an affair with his secretary Jennifer. His business meetings after work were an inadequate camouflage and all the tell-tale signs were there – an exaggerated heartiness when he finally arrived home, details of the meeting he’d attended (he never normally talked about work) and a forced enthusiasm for love making. She had finally confirmed her suspicions by spying on him; she watched him leave work with Jennifer and accompany her to her flat, arriving home three hours later.

She turned to face her bed mate, who by now had his eyes open.

“Did you hear that, Alistair?”

Keith Straw

July 2007





Counter Lie

Jack and Jennifer were in the sitting room in Jennifer's flat enjoying a drink after work. Jennifer was Jack's secretary and knew that his wife Mary would be expecting him home from the office. When she had invited him back he had appeared not unwilling.

"I'd better give Mary a ring", Jack said, guiltily.

"Whatever you think" was Jennifer's casual reply. She walked over to the audio player and looked among the CDs to select an appropriate musical background.

Jack went into the adjoining room, closing the door behind him.

"Mary, it's Jack. I'm afraid I'll be late home again tonight - I have to meet Alistair to discuss some new business systems we're introducing. Love you!"

As he rang off he heard strains of the music coming from the sitting room.

"Be sure it's true when you say 'I love you', it's a sin to tell a lie"

Keith Straw

July 2007

