

TIME FOR A WAKE-UP CALL.

Darren hated Simon, but he was attracted to Simon's sister, Annabel. Darren always expected to get what he wanted. It was about pride and domination. The previous day, Darren had instructed Simon to tell his sister about his desires, informing her what a 'good guy' he really was.

That night, there was a conversation.

'You know what you have to do.'

'Yes, but can I really do something I don't believe in?'

'Which comes first, your safety or that stupid conscience of yours? Your conscience will be here tomorrow, but you might not be, if you decide it's best to be a wimp.'

'What are we worth as people if we don't do what we know to be right?'

'Ha! Ha! Ha!! Now you really are joking. But you won't be laughing soon. Listening to you reminds me of listening to a teacher. Man up! We're not little kids anymore.'

The conversation drifted first one way and then the other. But which side would win in the end? There was a pause which lasted several hours before the conversation returned for one last time.

'If you don't do what I want, I'll let you have it!'

DRRRRRRRRRRR! The alarm clock went off. The voices in Simon's head were silent. The conversation in his sleep, a rehearsal in two acts, was over.

Later that morning, the two boys met in the school yard.

'What have you told her? Have you been a man, or have you bottled it?'

'I, er...'

'Are you a man or a teacher's pet? Look at you, a total wimp!'

When we say the wrong things, those words can come to haunt us. This time, the articulating ghosts in Simon's head from the previous night were reappearing from the lips of his enemy.

'You know, Darren, I have to do what is right.'

'You're going to get it right, right where it really hurts.' Darren sneered.

DRRRRRRRRRRR! This time Simon's phone came to the rescue.

'Hello?'

'Hi my bruv. Have you got time for a quick chat?'

'Sure. I mean...' Darren lurched towards Simon's phone.

DRRRRRRRRRRR! This time it was the beating of Simon's heart in anticipation.

'Let me have it!' History was repeating itself. It had journeyed from Simon's unconscious mind to harsh reality.

DRRRRRRRRRRR! The school bell was announcing the start of another day.