

Apple
by Anna Maria Murphy

I took an apple.

It was rolling under a stall in the Market Hall, so was bruised like my knees.

The constable asked me how old I was, and I told him I could be eleven, or possibly ten, or even nine.

He thought I was cheeking him, but I wasn't.

He asked me why I'd taken the apple.

I told 'im I helped it on its way, as it had already escaped from the stall.

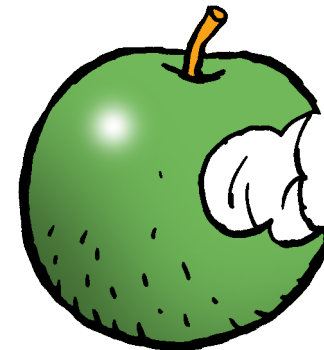
He thought I'd cheeked 'im a second time.

I asked him if there was anything under his hat other than his head, as you could have put my baby sister under there, so much room there was.

He thought I'd cheeked him a third time, but I genuinely wanted to know.

So he locked me up. Wouldn't even give me the apple. There's less light in here than my brother's ear-hole.

Constable says I've now got a criminal record. If it wasn't for the dark, and the cold, I'd be quite pleased, as there's no record of me anywhere else.



Inspired by the crimes listed in the old jails in Devonport Guildhall



DEVONPORT: *Stories of Stuff*

A vertical line on the right side of the page is accompanied by four horizontal dashed lines, creating a writing area for a story.

This story was written as part of a *Writers' Room* in Devonport, Plymouth led by Anna Maria Murphy and The Writers' Block Cornwall. For more information and stories please visit www.thewritersblock.org.uk/the-library/

