

Postwrite

Kristin Mueller

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I think as far as my **focus/direction** is concerned, I seem to pretty much sum up Julie's life while she was with Debbie. But I do get specific when I talk about how Debbie feels about not being there for the baby's birth. My peer reviewers were able to raise points of **complexity, new issues, questions, and directions**, especially when Drew made the comment about telling a story in Debbie's apartment. I totally loved that idea and used it as the way Debbie told her story. If you ask me **what I have learned about the narrator or the subject that I hadn't thought of before**, I'd have to say that I learned that Debbie might have really cared for Julie and she wasn't just a selfish prostitute. I think I showed that Debbie lied to Julie to save herself. As far as what I would like you to respond right now, I guess I am wondering how Debbie's diction or syntax could help in telling the story; whether or not I should use some British slang or not?

The "Flat" Truth

Kristin Mueller

At least three months that had gone by since I saw that bloody girl. I was sitting in the living room of my flat with my roommates, and there she was on the tele. Well, bollocks, I never thought I would have to see her beautiful face again, let alone her beautiful babe, Rosie. The newscaster was blabbering all about this teenage girl who left her baby in a telephone box, and then came to claim it again, after seeing her on the news. At first I couldn't bloody well believe that she actually had the courage to confront her parents about the kid, but then again, she was always braver than I realized. Well, everyone in the flat had to know the story...

When I first saw Julie she was standing on the platform at the London station. I thought to myself, "This little thing is gonna get herself taken advantage of if I don't help her." That's always my bloody problem, you know. I take in these silly girls because they remind me of myself when I first came into town. Do you remember that, loves? Those were some crazy times! Anyway, that's where our relationship began, on the platform at the Waterloo. That poor, innocent girl standing there, waiting for someone, but like the rest of us, she had not bloody idea what she was waiting for. I'm sure she was just looking for something that

would get her away from where she came from and fast. We all needed to get away; that's why I brought her here. I'm just glad I saw her first. There are some crazy wankers in London, and if I didn't pick her up, it could have been one of those baddies down on 4th. They're all like the bloke who owned the flat before I told him to take a hike. Remember him? At first he was like, "No, I won't leave you," until I told him I would go to the cops with the what he did. But anyway, I got to Julie first, and it's a good thing I did.

After she came, it was absolutely splendid having her around. None of you wankers cared, because you had seen girl after girl come through, but you all just didn't see how mind boggling she was. She was like the sister I never had, and I tried to take care of her the best I could. Even though I love you all, some of you would have eaten her alive, if I didn't step in to take care of her. And how about that bloke that tried to rape her? If I would have been any later, he would have got to her, but thank God I got home in time. I would have never forgiven myself if anything would have bloody happened to her. After I made him leave, I got all panicky like I always do, and I had Julie come sleep with me.

Julie was always there for me when I needed affection. We always fell asleep all tangled up in a ball, this sometimes made me feel like her mum. I would have liked to

have been her mum, but I could never be, she was a mum herself. I lightly touched her stomach one night to feel the child that was growing inside of her. That is when I realized that I couldn't be there when she was due, I just couldn't watch her give up this child and leave me. It was all too bloody hard for me, you know. I mean, I gave four months of my life to her, and then I had to watch her go back to a home where no one really cared for her. I didn't want her to ever leave me. She was the first person I think that I've honestly loved since I got to London. I can't believe that I'm telling you all of this, but I've been with so many men, and every one of them made me feel fewer and fewer emotions. But not Julie, she was real, and made me feel what is real.

Okay, let's not go there right now, I'm feeling choked up. I tried to prepare her for what was to come with her birth. I bought her a paperback book on pregnancy that discussed what to do when the time came. She was going to have to find a place to deliver the baby, make sure she had the proper things with her, get rid of the child afterwards, and then get back home. I promised that I would be there to see things through, but I lied. I had to lie to her, I couldn't tell her that I wouldn't be there, she would never have understood. I loved her, but she couldn't stay with me. She needed to go back to her parents, back to her home. She was never really meant to live the life that I do.

About a month before she was due, I met that guy who said he would pay if I lived with him for awhile. Well, it was the perfect excuse to leave and get away from Julie before she left me. You knew that I was just a few miles away, but Julie thought that I was going to Paris. I know that's sneaky, but then I called her one time and told her that I was calling from New York. I said, "Honey, I'll be back for the weekend." That was the last time I talked to her. She never even knew why I left, and where I went. Even though I loved her, all I told her were lies. I was just so bloody afraid to know how she would feel if she knew the truth. But what is the truth? The truth is that I didn't want to hurt her, that I didn't want her to leave. But she would have stayed here, with me. I loved her too much for that.

I wonder what she's doing now, what life is like for her now that she is home. She would have never had a good life if she stayed here with me, I know that. But for those few months that she was pregnant, she and I shared a secret and a bond that I will never have with anyone else. So, that's it, loves. That's the truth.