

Fixation

I've spent my whole week at work thinking about her.

Yesterday she was wearing a red shawl around her shoulders.
I swear she stared straight at me.

I am haunted by that stare. I see her every day on my way to and from work staring from that window on the upper floor of the mansion block where she lives.

I keep hoping for a sign. She must have seen me looking at her.

"You're keen to walk the dog all of sudden," Kathy, my wife, said to me last night.

But by the time I reached the flats it was dark and the curtains were closed.

Who lives there? I wondered. I've asked around but no one seems to know anything about her.

Kathy and I have been watching the brilliant BBC series "Hidden" on iPlayer. It's all about a woman who is being held against her will. I began to fantasise. What if my woman – because I've begun to think of her as my woman – was being held prisoner? You do read about these kind of things happening.

This morning I couldn't wait to leave for work. I even left the house a few minutes early in the hope that I might see her.

To my surprise, there was a removal van right outside the flats where she lives. I had a hell of a shock because there she was being carried out by two men. I did a double take. She was naked and the red shawl had been draped carelessly over the lower half of her body. What was going on? Had I been right all along about her having been abducted?

I was just about to cry out when I realised what a fool I had been fantasising about her all these weeks. To think I had been driving myself mad and losing sleep over her when she was nothing but a dressmaker's dummy!