

WHERE IS IT?

'Home is where the heart is'. But what does that really mean?

Jacob had been born many years earlier to a young woman who was not married and did not have a partner. She had not wanted the brief relationship that had resulted in Jacob's creation, but she had felt that she had no choice. He was bigger and stronger than her and so insistent that.....the rest is history.

But Jacob wasn't.

Jacob grew up in a family that had adopted him, but no one had ever told him the truth. Despite this, Jacob felt different from those that he shared a home with, his parents and his brothers. He did not know why. There were no clues around him in anything that was said or done. His brothers were not favoured, but Jacob knew, deep down inside, that he was not one of them.

Then one day, many years on from his birth, an email arrived for him. Jacob did not recognise the name, so he was sure that it was yet another person offering him a great deal – one that would tell him it could not be passed up because he would lose so much!

When he opened the email Jacob realised just how much. The words were simple, but stunning.

'Hello Jacob. This is Susan. I am your half-sister, but I am sure you will not know who I am.'

Jacob rocked back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. How could this be true? Just six months before, Jacob, out of curiosity, had carried out a gene test, but had forgotten all about it in the hurly-burly of life.

Jacob had long suspected that something was different, but not this: a long-lost sister, who had signed herself off as Susan

As Jacob stared at the flaking paint on the white ceiling, through the mist created by his tears, he smiled to himself. He and his wife, Christine, had almost called their first child Susan, but Christine had persuaded Jacob to call her Molly. Now, all these years later, Jacob discovered that he was related to a Susan after all.

Two weeks later.

Time passed and Jacob had built up the courage to write back. He and Susan had arranged to meet in a café on the outskirts of Cheltenham, where they both still lived. Jacob had chosen to dress for the occasion in an attire that he regarded as smart casual, no wanting Susan to believe that he was 'posh'.

As Jacob pushed open the door of 'The Busy Bee' café, he felt slightly apprehensive and excited at the same time.

A woman of about his age, who had been sitting by herself, stood up and held both her arms out.

'Jacob! I know it must be you! How good to meet you at last! Let me tell you something really exciting right away! The flat above this cafe is where you spent the first six months of your life. Welcome home, Jacob, welcome home!'