

Look who it is!

Someone was knocking frantically at their door. Claire looked at Georgie; he was worried. Two months ago, he'd decided to escape his 'troubles', and start a new life in the countryside.

'You'll be away from it all!' the owner had said. 'There's no-one else for miles!'

Claire loved her life, she didn't want to be so isolated. But Georgie had promised to stay with her and their unborn child, so she'd reluctantly agreed; although she'd instantly regretted it.

'Help me, please!' It was a girl's voice. She sounded terrified, and the knocking grew louder.

They peered out of the window, and Claire recognised her at once, although her face was hidden in the shadows. Thank goodness, Claire thought, they've found me at last. The girl seemed to be alone, though.

'Georgie,' said Claire, 'she's so frightened!... we must let her in!' It was obvious Georgie had no idea who she was.

'I'm not too sure about that... maybe it's a trap...'

Claire stared at Georgie in disgust. 'A trap? Just look at her...' and she drew back the locks and bolts which protected them.

'Please, come in,' she said. 'You look exhausted, but you're safe now.'

The girl entered, shivering, and almost collapsed in Claire's arms. She was pregnant. Georgie, what have you done now? Claire thought.

'Oh, my dear, come, sit down and warm yourself.'

She grabbed a throw from the sofa, wrapped it tenderly around the girl and led her to the armchair. 'You too?' she whispered. The girl nodded, tears in her eyes.

'Georgie, get her a bowl of soup, will you?' Claire said. Georgie was standing rooted to the spot, an expression of horror on his face; now he knew who she was.

Claire and the girl smiled at each other. 'Oh, Georgie!' they sighed, 'Just look what you've done!'

He turned tail and ran out of the door, straight into the arms of father and the waiting militia.

'Thank you!' said Claire. 'He's not worth it, you know.'

Wiping away her tears, her sister agreed, 'Yes, we've got each other. He's history!'