

WORKING FROM HOME

It was the trainer at her gym who suggested to Jenny that her long-time partner Tom might be having an affair.

“That’s crazy!” We’re barely ever out of each other’s sight. Where would he find the time? And who’s going to fancy him, aside from me?”

“These things happen. Maybe he met someone at work?”

At this Jenny laughed. “He’s working from home for goodness sake.”

Their conversation preyed on her mind.

Could Tom be having an affair? Was it possible? Yes, he was working from home. But she wasn’t. How did she know what he was up to when she wasn’t there?

The following evening while Tom was in the bath, Jenny had a peep at his phone. To her horror, she saw that he had been texting – or was it sexting – Anna of all people! Anna! Her best friend! How could she? How long had it been going on?

Jenny stared at the phone in disbelief. What should she do? Should she confront him?

“Hey Tom!” Jenny shouted through the bathroom door. “I’m popping out for a bit. I won’t be long.”

It was only a five minute drive to the Rose & Crown where her brother George was working.

“I’ll kill him,” snarled George, when he heard what she had to say. He had never liked Tom.

Jenny downed her second glass of wine. And her third. “Don’t be daft George. But what would you do if you were me? Should I say something or should I pretend I don’t know?”

The bar was emptying.

“Goodness, I had no idea it was this late. I told Tom I was only stepping out for a minute. I gotta go George, thanks for listening.”

Jenny stepped out into cold dark night. It was raining heavily.

The car started immediately. What with the rain and the tears streaming down her face it was hard to see where she was going.

Tom and Anna. Tom and Anna. The windscreen wipers seemed to be saying. She was close to home now, just turning the corner of her street.

Tom and Anna. Tom and Anna.

Suddenly a figure loomed out of the dark right in front of her car. She tried to brake but the car seemed to have a mind of its own.

Jenny heard the thud and she also felt it.

What should she do? She should never have left the house. She should never have had that third glass of wine.

Jenny fumbled for the handle. She found she had to concentrate really hard in order to open the car door.

In the road, illuminated by the car lights, she saw a body. It was lying all crumpled up and still. Jenny could hardly breathe.

When she realised who it was, she gasped in shock.

Anna.