

**TIME.**

**By Chris McDermott**



Rupert made his way along the road because he knew he had to arrive on time. The birth was imminent. How was she? Was she in pain? He had started when the dawn had cast its golden rays across the fair Scottish countryside and now the sun was announcing that the day was coming to an end.

Was she all right? Would he get there in time? How far was it to Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge now? He must be there for that moment. He could not miss the birth of his daughter because he would regret it for the rest of his life.

But why did the sky seem so angry? Did it know? Was what he had done so wrong? Rupert looked at the sky and wondered if the rains would pour down.

He knew that the waters would break, but not in that way. 'Please do not punish me', he said to himself, as he kept his eyes firmly fixed on the road, ignoring the headlights that greeted him as he focussed on his destination.

'Please let me arrive on time.'

Then the waters did break. But they were not the waters from heaven, or even the waters to announce the birth of his new child. They were waters from his eyes, and they rolled down his face.

These were waters which no one else would have seen because he knew that he must never show them as a man revealing his guilt to the world outside.

70 miles per hour and the limit was 50 miles per hour, but the signs showed that he was nearly there now. He parked his car, ran to the delivery suite and burst into the room. Yes! He was on time. Gemma was in pain, but Charlotte had not arrived.

Yes, the sky had been angry, but it had not been with him. Rupert, you are forgiven.

The nurses moved to one side as he held Gemma's hand, stroking it gently. Her face was pinched in pain, but the nurses assured him that all was well and that he would be a father soon.

But as all this took place his wife, Rosey, remained in pain. Her pain was the pain of a woman who was suffering emotionally, who had been betrayed. She lay in her bed in Edinburgh with tears rolling down her eyes. How could Rupert have done that to her, forsaken her for another woman and then given that woman a child?

Now it was Rosey's turn to stare out of the window, so that she saw the dark blue clouds of anger, punctuated by the angry headlights of passing cars. Rosey knew that true anger comes not from above, but from within the soul, and that it is mixed with sadness.

At that moment Rosey hoped that she would never see those dark blue clouds again, that the sun would not dawn for her once more, and that she could rest in peace.....forever.