

Down The Sync

"To sync all devices, press return key"

Paula had no idea what the message on her screen meant, but she was sick and tired of her old, painfully slow laptop.

In her world there was no such thing as 'sending a quick email' it was more of a 'switch laptop on, go make a cuppa, come back to laptop and wait.... then wait... and then wait some more.

She hated technology. She hated it almost as much as she hated her husband of forty years. He didn't have computer problems; he always had the best. In fact, he had just taken delivery of a new notebook. Apparently it came free with his new iPhone, but she wasn't convinced.

So, what to do about 'syncing'? Well, it couldn't run any slower, so she wiped the digestive crumbs from her fingers onto her trousers and pressed 'return'.

Hotmail looked VERY different from normal. As well as her own emails, there was an extra account, *loverboy@hotmail.com* "What on earth?....." Paula began reading; hundreds of emails from her husband, each one was signed off 'your lover, Vince'. The most recent one, read "Can't wait until Thursday, will pick you up at 9am"

Paula gasped "Hold on, Vince is meant to be away overnight for work on Thursday, oh my God, what a ..."

She sat quietly reading the messages, whilst the inside of her head was noisier than it had ever been before. Looking up Thursday's weather forecast of torrential rain, her plan was hatched.

It was the hardest evening; chatting normally at dinner, sleeping next to him knowing that in two days he would be in bed with HER.

The next morning Paula pulled on her grey tracksuit, tied her hair back and drove Vince to the station. She turned her cheek away as he pecked her goodbye.

Returning home, she parked her old mini on the drive, hopped into Vince's new BMW, and headed for the garage in town. She bought glass cleaner and a microfibre cloth, together with a car wash token and bottle of brake fluid.

Exiting the carwash, Paula pulled into a parking bay and carefully cleaned the windows inside and out. She opened the car bonnet and topped up the windscreen washer bottle with brake fluid. Closing the bonnet and tossing the empty bottle into a bin, she headed home to get ready for her lunch date.

Greeting Vince at 6pm from his train, Paula smiled "I have cleaned your car ready for your trip tomorrow. It is immaculate."

"Thanks, you are so thoughtful."

The following morning Vince left the house at 8:30 for his overnight stay. Paula relaxed in her armchair thinking of their years together. The ups and downs, the good and the bad. At 10am the downpour began. Paula sighed and turned on the radio.

'Travel update, the M1 northbound is closed between junction 15 and 16 due to a serious accident. We are yet to hear if there are any fatalities.'

"Fingers crossed" muttered Paula.