

Love at First Sight

There she is again. I should contact the police and tell my wife. What if she doesn't believe me? What if she thinks I'm having an affair? It could tip her over the edge.

I spoke to my friends about it last week. I told them about the woman who follows me. From their pitying looks I assume they think I'm fantasising, or perhaps that I am paranoid. Maybe I am. I'm so confused I just don't know what to think.

It started six months ago. We had recently lost our son. I hate that phrase 'lost'. He wasn't lost, he was dead. Murdered by a drunk driver on the evening of his 21st birthday.

He was on life support for ten long days and nine endless nights. Ella and I were like zombies; taking it in turns to sit holding his nonresponsive hand. Then came that nightmare conversation with the medical team - there was nothing more they could do and had we considered the options?

It was soon after that that I first noticed her. I was travelling home from work and felt her eyes burning into mine. Normally commuters stare blankly into the distance. If you accidentally catch someone's eye you look away. But she was different, she just stared straight into my face. It was impossible to avoid her gaze. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat and focussed on my newspaper.

She looked around forty. Attractive, dark wavy hair and an ample figure. She was dressed in bright clashing colours and high heeled shoes. Her full pouting mouth sported red glossy lipstick. Not my normal type. Ella in complete contrast, has a willowy figure, long mousy hair and a far more natural look. She wears a smidgeon of lip gloss and mascara, and that's only if we are going somewhere special.

From that first sighting, I couldn't get her off my mind. She appeared wherever I went. The train, the sandwich shop at lunchtime, she even looked through our front window on Sunday morning. How did she know where I live?

I haven't told Ella, **I couldn't** tell Ella. Anyway, what was there to tell? 'I am being followed by a woman I'm attracted to?' No. She is still trying to come to terms with our son's death, that is more than enough for anyone to deal with.

The glances between myself and my mysterious follower became smiles of recognition. I looked forward to seeing her, although I felt guilty. She never spoke, just stared into my eyes as if trying to see my soul.

Today things became more sinister. She wasn't on the train. My disappointment turned to shock when I got to work and saw her sitting in reception. My cheeks burning, I hurried past her to my office. What was she doing? What was she thinking of?

I needed to deal with this head on. With pounding heart, I marched back to reception and flung open the door. My voice sounded louder than I had intended 'Why are you here? What do you want?'

Startled, she jumped to her feet dropping her handbag. As it hit the floor two photographs fell out 'What on earth...why have you got photographs of my wife and I?'

I snapped at the receptionist 'Call security and get the police here NOW'.

Somehow my shaking hand managed to call Ella's number.

'You need to meet me at the police station. Don't panic, I am fine, but something needs sorting out once and for all.'

I haven't got a clue how to approach him. I haven't even got the courage to speak to him yet, I don't know what to say or how to tell him.

I followed him home from his office last week, so I even know where they live. I have tried to stop myself, but I just can't help it, I am intrigued.

I have applied for a job where he works. If I get it, I will be able to get closer to him and find out more.

Ella was shaking and in tears. She was furious that I hadn't told her what has been happening. I explained it was for her own protection, but she shouted 'We are a family, we should stick together, we should share our troubles not hide things from each other'

How could I explain? I had been enjoying the attention from this beautiful stranger; and let's face it, I hadn't been getting any attention from my wife for months.

The police Sergeant called us in.

'Right' he began. 'This is a very unusual case.'

'What is going on? Why is she stalking me?'

'It isn't what you think. There is no danger...'

'I don't understand'.

'She tells me that your son died this year, is this true?'

'Yes, but what the hell has that got to do with anything?'

'I don't quite know how to explain this.'

Ella stamped her foot on the floor in anger. 'For God's sake just say it as it is.'

He began slowly. 'Last year Ms Parsons had lost her sight. She was desperate to see again, when you donated your son's eyes for medical use, she received his corneas.'

I sat in stunned silence, the Sergeant carried on.

'Your family have given her the gift of sight. She is so overwhelmed by your generosity, that she wanted to reach out to you.'

'But how did she know?.....these things are meant to be confidential.'

'Her daughter happens to work at the hospital where the transplant took place.'

We can issue Ms Parsons with a warning to keep away from you. Having discussed this fully, and hearing her apology, I feel that a warning may be enough for now. How would you both feel about this?'

I can't begin to explain the feelings I have knowing that part of our son is still living and functioning.

I can't express my disappointment that the exciting, elicited 'affair' has ended before it began.