

Today's News

Lyn's hands trembled as she waited for George outside the prison gates.

George's arrested came as a shock. By the day of sentencing Lyn was so traumatised that she collapsed in court. The judge had described her caring husband as a 'Callous opportunist'.

After the initial denial came anger 'Why are people blanking me? They must know he wouldn't do those things'.

He had been a caring volunteer with the elderly. Playing chess or discussing politics gave him as much pleasure as it gave them. They showed their trust by letting him do a little shopping, willingly handing over their bank cards.

It had taken weeks for her life to find a new rhythm. She hid away at home. When she needed shopping, she drove to the next county where she felt relatively safe from prying eyes. She reminded herself 'Today's news is tomorrow's chip wrappers.' It did little to console her.

George acknowledged her with a nod. The white clouds, floating gently across the blue sky, brought a surprising lump to his throat and sting to his eyes.

He swung his back-pack into the boot of the car, whilst nervously searching for the right words.

He needn't have worried; Lyn started the conversation. 'We're moving.' George's eyes widened as his mouth dropped open in shock.

I've spent three years living in shame. I've tolerated people gossiping and pointing. We need a fresh start. I have found us a cottage.

'What? Where...? I don't know what to say'.

'Don't say anything, just listen. We are moving to Havenfield, it's fifty miles. We can make new friends and start afresh'. It's a lovely small village, just a pub and a chip shop. The removal men come Tuesday morning.'

Tuesday came, and the lorry was loaded. Lyn and George made their own way to the village, driving slowly past the tiny parade of shops.

George took some deep breaths as his shoulders visibly lowered 'It looks lovely.'

'Not one single person will know us. We can hold our heads high again'.

By 6pm the furniture was in its final resting places and the bed made. Lyn flopped onto the sofa rubbing her throbbing feet.

'I'm exhausted. Let's try the fish and chip shop.'

George, pulled on his jacket.

'What do you fancy?'

Tired, but happy, he strolled along enjoying the feeling of the breeze on his face, and the smell of freshly mowed grass.

'Hello love, you new around here?'

'Yes, just moved in today'.

'Welcome. We are a friendly bunch in this village, you won't have any problems settling in'.

She placed the steaming hot fish and chips into greaseproof paper and dropped it onto the pile of newspaper on the counter. A frown appeared on her face. George glanced over and saw a photograph of his face staring back at him, underneath screamed the headline 'Evil Con Man Released From Jail'.

The once friendly face changed, she growled through gritted teeth.

'I'm not serving you. Leave immediately and never come back.'