

“Press button A for Paradise, Press button B for Hell!”

The gusting wind billowed the hems of her summer dress and blew her red hair into a fiery halo around her head. She never tired of the marvellous view over the ramshackle jetty to the distant mountains.

It could have been perfect for a summer house at the end of a pathway of Peloponnese marble. Somewhere to toast marshmallows at a small wood burner. Baskets of flowers hanging in the spring; lanterns swaying in the evening.

Oh, how lovely it would have been.

Shared hopes which were doomed never to come true.

He had persuaded her. She had allowed herself to be persuaded.

Remember London he had implored. Those heady early days when together they learned languages and love. In the days before mobile phones when the red box at the end of their street was their single lifeline. Every evening at seven they would talk endlessly until their coins ran out. We will buy a house on the island he promised and a red phone box for the garden, to remember these days.

And so, they did buy their house on the island, with her money. A primrose villa with a small boat from which he could fish for their supper. They did not eat fish for supper so often. She agreed to his little folly and bought a bright red phone box. A phone box from which you could not telephone. A phone box as red as the Poppy, Cyclamen and Geranium which she bought on visits to the Old Town market, and which now died in pots about the pretty pastel house. The phone box was second hand and someone else's scrap but had been lovingly restored, as her cold, loveless life had been restored with his love.

The cool evening wind caught a loose strand of the bandage around her left hand and for a moment she felt pain again. The clouds overhead grew darker, blotting the dipping sun which was fading behind the mountains.

Ah, my faithless love.

In her good hand she held a small casket, silver, with two broken hearts carved upon the lid, joined by a coiled snake. Gipping the box in her armpit she used her good hand to pull at the

heavy door which complained with every centimetre of gap she created. It would be opened only once more, then become a tomb. A tomb for her hopes.

She placed the box on the little black shelf where once a few coins would have lain. Final rest. One last look.

She undid the clasp and lifted the lid. Black velvet lined the casket, Inside the box lay two rings upon two wrinkled fingers. Matching rings for their matching vows. Only one had remained faithful to those vows.

Whatever the future brought, if the physical pain receded, the pain in her heart would never die. She closed the casket, vowing never to open it again.

Taking a deep breath, she brought the mobile phone out of the pocket of her dress and dialled his mobile phone, in the bedroom upstairs in the villa where he lay, a knife plunged deep in his heart. After a few rings, the call went to voicemail, and she heard his familiar Greek baritone. Placing her bandaged hand against glass to steady herself, she whispered, "Home my treacherous love. We are home. Forever.