

Destiny by Alice String

Her eyes glaze and take on a faraway look. Cataracts, I think. Her bushy eyebrows knot and the furrows of her forehead plough deeper. Her head sinks. She peers distantly into a cracked cup.

Come on get on with it! I'm cold and I'm not sure if it's just the dark, dampness that makes me shiver. She's definitely creepy. Oh my God, has she fallen asleep? Should I give her a poke?

Bloody Danny, this is all his fault.

A phlegmy cough splutters into the room. She spits into a grimy handkerchief before taking a drag of her fag. For a moment she seems to remember I'm still here. Waiting. But without a word her eyes drift back to her cup and I'm back listening to the traffic drone by and thinking about Danny.

Oh, I'm not sure what to think about him anymore. When we first met, I loved that he believed that we destined. Lovers from a previous life, but it all seems a bit weird now. I shuffle in my seat and watch the cigarette ash drop to join the grey mound on the floor.

Finally, she stirs and mutters 'Royalty, you say?'

I nod.

'Why?' She shudders 'Why do they always choose royalty?'

When she next looks up, there's a sparkle in her eye. 'Well ducky I see more poverty than crowns here.' With a chuckle she goes back to her teacup.

My toes are freezing, my bum numb, but my brain is starting to fry. I've had enough! Her next question takes me by surprise. 'Have you ever had one of those thingy tests? You know where they tell who you are?'

I shift uncomfortably. 'Ah' she says. 'Not good news, eh?'

'DNA test, my brother's idea?' I mutter.

She looms towards me, her foul breath almost knocks me out. 'Well, my lovey, you can tell lover boy you have a Red Indian ancestor.' I start to correct her, 'Native American' but she shushes me away. Could have been noble, but ended up like many others, a slave, right here in the UK.'

I thought it was all a of old rubbish really, I say faintly.

'Now, now lassie, don't take on so. It's who you think you are that matters. So come on let's sort out our story for Danny Boy. Tell me again, who does he think you are?'

Story based on article <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/science/nature/6621319.stm>