

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

The gusting wind billowed the hems of her 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, but not to be.

He had persuaded her.

Remember London he had implored. Those heady days when together they learned languages, love, and the shared language of their love. Days before mobile phones when the red box at the end of their street was their lifeline. Every evening, they would talk endlessly until money ran out. *We will buy a house on the island* he promised *and a red box for the garden, to remember.* 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, as red as the Poppy, Cyclamen and Geranium which she bought in the Old Town market, and which now died in pots about the pretty pastel house. Second hand and scrap but lovingly restored, as her cold 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 a pain, but not a pain to match the one in her heart.

The clouds grew darker, blotting the dipping sun which was fading behind the mountains.

Ah, my 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. It would only open once, 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 fingers, one gently bleeding upon the black velvet. 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, 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, lying forlorn on the bedroom floor of their villa, where he too lay, a knife 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.