

Andrew Baron along the country road, he had driven this road many times and knew it like the back of his hand, in fact, he could have driven it blindfolded, the headlights were on full beam, Andrew knew at this time of night, no oncoming traffic would be caught up in his headlights just the odd rabbit or two. The CD player was blasting out the Eagles, Andrew had been to their concert last week and was now a fan, he leant down to turn up the volume, it was then he saw the man carrying a young child standing in the middle of the road. Andrew slammed on the brakes of the huge truck and hoped it would stop in the space between where he saw the man and the man himself. The wheels locked, then unlocked, the ABS was working overtime trying not to make the rig jackknife Andrew hoped the steel load he was carrying would not shift forward and make this situation worse. The rig stopped in a cloud of smoke from the tires Andrew thought it must have been a mirage of something, but then he saw the man and child, Andrew jumped out of the truck very angry. 'What are you doing you barmy bastard, I could have killed you.' Andrew shouted. 'Sorry sir, my daughter needs help.' Andrew then calmed down and said. "Get in the truck I will take you to a hospital here, let me have the kid and you climb in." This the man did while Andrew held the child, he looked at his clothes he had never seen such strange clothing it was like he was from the Charles Dickens era, then he passed the child up to the man and climbed in the truck. "Where are you from?" Andrew asked the man. "Sorrel? The man replied. "Where is that?" Andrew asked once more. "Back there." He pointed to where they were picked up and then said nothing more. All through the journey the man never spoke, they arrived at the hospital and the man asked what the place was. "It is the local hospital." Then he parked the truck and took the man inside, to the reception they took Andrews name and he left the man and child in the reception and left. \*\*\*\*\* Brad Hannigan is an architect and by all accounts very good at his job, he is a partner in Whitehead, Hannigan and Burke Architect and Engineers. Cliff Whitehead and Royston Burke were the senior partners and then Brad. Brad had left college top of his class and joined the company three years ago after going from dead end job to dead end job, and the other two had made him a partner a year after joining the firm. Brad was very grateful and now had the job he wanted a flat, although not the

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Alhambra Palace was okay. All he needed now was someone to share his life with, one day while at work Brad met Claudette when she came into the office to see Mr. Burke she looked amazing, Brad could not keep his eyes off her, and she knew he was looking at her. And sometimes took a quick look in his direction to see if he was still looking at her. 'Hello, grandfather, I have come to take you to lunch.' Claudette said. 'I have no time to go to lunch I am too busy.' Her grandfather replied. 'Nonsense I am sure your loyal staff can look after things for you.' Claudette looked in the direction of both men who had been listening to her intently since she walked in the office, she smiled her great smile, and they just nodded and never spoke. Brad knew Whitehead had thought that he would have stood a chance with Claudette seeing as he was the senior partner, so Brad stayed in the background, knowing Claudette would never look at him twice, after all she was the granddaughter of the boss. 'Good then it is settled, get your coat and we will leave.' Claudette said. 'You have your grandmother's ways young lady, she can be very persuasive.' 'I know don't you just love us.' Claudette replied. They left and Whitehead said to Brad. 'She is some looker that Claudette.' Brad never answered because he knew Whitehead was right, Brad just carried on working away, he knew he had no chance with Claudette. Mr. Burke came back later minus Claudette; Brad would have liked to have seen her again why he had no idea. Whitehead left early and Brad was packing up his work and was about to leave when Mr. Burke said. 'What are you doing Friday night Brad?' 'Why are you

asking me out on a date?' Brad replied. 'Oh yes Hannigan very funny.' 'Sorry sir, I just could not resist it.' Brad replied. 'Yes of course, I must be getting old.' Burke said. 'I would not say that.' Brad said. 'Leave it there Hannigan.' Yes, sir, sorry.' Brad knew Burke did not like creeps. 'Okay, so I will ask again, are you doing anything on Friday night.' 'Not much, sir.' Brad replied. 'Good, and stop calling me, sir, my wife is having some party for something or another and you are invited.' Brad looked at Burke as if to say, why me.

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'Don't worry, you have not been chosen, Whitehead will be there as well, we will expect you at around eight.' Brad looked at Burke. 'What Hannigan.' Burke asked. 'Where do you live and by the way my name is Brad.' Second names did not wash with Brad and he knew it had to be said. 'Oh yes, sorry Brad, 22 mountain Hwy, you cannot miss the house, it is the only one built on the silly side of a hill, mind you my wife loves the view so the hill it was.' 'How shall I dress?' Brad asked. 'Preferably in clothes' Burke smiled. 'Sorry, could not resist.' 'Oh yes, very funny, I asked for that.' Brad replied and picked up his case. 'See you in the morning.' Brad caught the five thirty train home to his bachelor pad on the east side of town, it used to be nice around here, Brad thought to himself, but now it was getting very overcrowded and dirty. Brad sat looking at the people traveling home, there was a construction worker sat opposite him his hard hat still on his head, the initials CPT stamped on it, surely they should hand the hard hat in when he had finished work, mind you he may have thought he looked like one of the village people. The man had fallen asleep and with the train rocking had crept slowly towards the girl's shoulders sat next to him; she was reading the lord of the rings. Brad had read the lord of the rings three times, he had no idea what it was about, but he liked it, then the man's head finally lay on the girl's shoulders, she got annoyed and pushed him away, his head hit the side window frame with a loud bong from his hard hat, but he never woke up. How do people do that just sleep anywhere, mind you it was probably a matter of course, he had traveled on this train so long he had gotten used to the journey, and when his stop came he probably woke up on queue. 'Pallone Gate.' The voice over the intercom said, people got off and the girl moved up a bit away from the construction worker, she looked at Brad and smiled, he smiled back, then she crossed her legs and revealed her long legs, bloody flirt. Brad thought, mind you she is quite a looker, and then he remembered that is what Whitehead said about Claudette. 'Next stop Concord's road.' The voice again came over the intercom and the construction worker woke up and got up and went off, you see amazing the guy was fast asleep and yet he knew his stop. Mind you