

IN THE NET

“It was because I couldn’t bear you a child, wasn’t it?”

Jamie gently dried Frances’ tears. After that long year, the surge of tenderness surprised him. He’d made a huge mistake, he hadn’t understood her commitment to her profession or to their marriage. Trembling, their fingers intertwined as their gaze locked.

That moment a small boy careered into her, knocking over her cappuccino and scattering his netful of marbles under the table.

“Oh, sorry Jamie,” the child said. His mother approached looking at Jamie, that “help-me-with-this” look in her eyes.

“It’s OK little fella,” Frances composed herself. “We’ll sort this out.”