

One Year On

His hand rests on her shoulder. 'Today's our anniversary, darling. Can you believe it?'

She stares in the mirror, sees wrinkles, liver spots, lips once full now thin. Twists her diamond wedding ring. Recalls the magnificent ceremony at Westminster Abbey; kissing Robert in public without a trace of embarrassment; Paris, where they made love for the first time.

The smiling young man standing next to her bends, whispers in her ear, 'The past year has been fantastic. Thank you for the Porsche.'

She presses her mouth to his hand. 'My pleasure, Jason.'

Robert's money has come in handy after all.