

Christopher sat next to the girl, who was pale and clammy. Squeezing her hand, she looked round at him and smiled wanly.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Belinda," the girl said shakily before crying out in pain once more.

"Shah, shah." Christopher tried to calm Belinda down. "You can call me CJ."

"CJ." Belinda nodded her head.

"You speak very good English." Christopher smiled. "Actually you sound like a native."

"I should do," Belinda said. "I've been living in the UK since I was 6."

"Really?" Christopher looked surprised. "Where do you live?"

Belinda shifted her body so she could be more comfortable. "I live with my mother in a nice house just outside of Canterbury in Kent."

"I used to live up the A2 from there in Chatham," Christopher said. "Been a long time since I have been there though."

"Why is that?" Belinda seemed to be relaxing now, only wincing when she moved.

"After my parents died," Christopher said, then paused, "I went off the rails. I didn't want to go back because of the sad memories."

"My father left my mother when I was five years old," Belinda said with tears in her eyes. "I moved to the UK with mother because she had family there, and then she remarried."

Christopher squeezed her hand. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be." Belinda smiled weakly. "I am happy. Father remarried, too and I came over to see him and his new family."

"Are you happy?" Christopher asked.

"Yes, I am," Belinda said. "I have my career, my fiancé, and we are buying a new house for ourselves."

Belinda suddenly wailed with agony, blood streaming down her legs.

"Hurry up, Virgil!!!" Christopher hissed under his breath.

Post by TheWrongTrousers on 02/11/2004

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