

THE GOOD VICAR

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The dream disturbed him. Something about it was too real, too vivid. There was something that spoke to him in words he did not want to hear. It was like no dream he had had before, none matched the intensity with which this one had come.

He lay awake staring into the dark, the warm duvet pulled up to his chin. A quarter past twelve. He sighed. The rhythmic inhale-exhale of his wife soothed his disturbed spirit somewhat, but it was not enough. Things had been stirred up and they could not be restored by man alone, or woman, he quickly added.

A car's lights briefly lit the room as it turned the corner and hummed off into the distance. This broke his mood and with a small sigh, he threw his legs out of the bed and fumble-shuffled for his slippers. His cotton pyjamas retained the warmth of the bed for a second before the cold night air began to take hold.

He paused at the bedroom door to grab his dressing gown and, while he tied the waist cord, he looked back at the bed. Marjory's head lay peacefully on the pillow, her greying hair catching the dull light, giving it a halo-like effect. Her mouth was slightly open and he could still hear her soft breathing. He held the image in his mind wondering how he should, or if he could, tell her about the dream. It was after all just a dream he told himself.

With another small sigh he turned and walked out the bedroom, his slippers hissing quietly over the thick carpet. The stairs creaked nosily as he felt his way down them and he cursed each one silently for the disturbance his weight caused as he moved from one to the next.

In the kitchen he snapped on the light and blinked as the brightness invaded his eyes. After a few seconds of adjustment he plodded over to the kettle, checked that there was sufficient water, then flicked the switch. As the water chugged to life he got himself a mug, grabbed a teabag from the canister marked 'Tea', dropped this into the mug and threw in a spoon of sugar.