



Be different: buy direct
from the author or
tslbooks.uk

MICHELLE

HELLO, WHO'S THERE?

March 2019

"These sausage rolls are amazing." Carl stuffs another one into his large mouth.

"Thank you, Carl," Michelle smiles brightly.

The evening is going well, and Carl's appreciation of her cooking skills pleases her.

A strange sense of foreboding about this house-warming party has bothered her all week.

There is something strange about this house, she thinks. I've seen such weird things since we moved in; shadows of people who aren't there, flickering movements with no apparent cause, and that hair. Yuck!

A shiver ripples up her spine, causing her hands to tremble slightly.

Nothing untoward has happened so just relax.

Tom bounds over. His shoulders, usually slightly hunched with stress, are relaxed and his grin is boyish and charming.

"She's a great cook, Carl." He grabs a few of the delicious home-made pastries from her tray.

Michelle returns his contagious grin. She's absurdly pleased that her distinguished husband has praised her catering, especially in front of his best friend and long-term colleague. Carl and Tom are both partners at the prestigious auditing and advisory firm, Kellerman, James & Thompson.

"I love what you've done to this place." Sue takes a large sip of her wine and makes an expansive gesture to incorporate the room. "You are very creative, Michelle."

"Thank you," Michelle laughs. "It's my night for compliments."

Glancing around, she also thinks the room is attractive. Against the right-hand wall is an antique sideboard. Michelle recalls her delight when she found it in a local antique shop soon after their move. She'd questioned the owner about its origins.

"It is believed to have belonged to Pieter van Zyl, one of the original Boers in this area," the shop owner told her. "It comprises of two pieces.