

# Archie's Children

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## Chapter 1

There was a knock at the door. Becky Wilson, soon to be Mrs Rebecca Ann Johnson, looked at Kevin. Kevin looked back at her and grinned as he said, 'Our first visitor. Will you go and answer that or shall I?'

Becky stood up. 'How about we go together and the first one there can open it?'

'You're on,' Kevin answered leaping to his feet.

Becky loved Kevin, or Kev as she called him, to bits even though he was sometimes a tad selfish – never thinking to put his laundry out or empty the waste bins or make her a cup of tea when she got home from the late shift. She loved his ready smile and how he made her laugh, especially when they both knew he was in the wrong. Like the time he was supposed to have met her at the station, but had allowed himself, 'Just one more beer with the boys,' as he put it, and was late, very late. So easily led, she thought, but that was how he was and she was happy to accept his faults.

Whooping with laughter, they got wedged in the doorway and jostled along the passageway bouncing off each other and the wall. There was another knock on the door, then another – louder and seemingly more demanding than the first. They looked at each other in surprise.

'Someone's in a hurry,' said Kevin as he unlatched the chain and opened the door. They stood in stunned silence – then simultaneously:

'Father!' Becky whispered.

'Dad?' questioned Kevin.