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*Queens Park, Brighton*

It was the perfect spot. He was unseen and, according to his diminished expectations, he could see – just enough. The carefully tended lawns and flower beds of Queens Park sloped gently away from his secluded bench towards the duck pond and playground and, just beyond, to the house. All around was, so far, undisturbed on the early summer Sunday morning except by the weakest of breezes and the already strong sunlight. For as long as he could remember he had wished to be undisturbed and only to observe and learn. Now all he was able to do was watch and wait while every day he craved some small physical confirmation of the disturbance she had engendered in spirit.

He had been compelled to do it. But sense that was supposed to be common told him that he had wasted too much of his last, precious term trying to find the house. There was no time to lose! There was no time for aimless wandering to the wrong destinations. There was no time to spend, in avoidable embarrassment, searching with the secretary to match the right first name to the right department; her co-operation and acceptance of his feeble excuse was little consolation. And, for what had passed as a final triumph, he had experienced the thrill of watching Caroline return home one day. He had found her house! He had observed Caroline's heavenly form for a few seconds from his vantage point in the park before she disappeared – the silver-golden back-combed hair, the big sunglasses, the white blouse, the leather waistcoat and the blue jeans. The uniform that he knew so well and the excitement of his hiding place made his heart race. He waited, and lowered his eyes occasionally to take in a paragraph of his newspaper – his cover. He was too self-conscious to give any passer-by the suspicion that he was in any way a voyeur. The pathetic surveillance had revealed his useless secret. Now, although he had no