

Being Somewhere Else – Alex Cornwall

Ken set the tray down. Large pot. Two cups.

“Tea’s ready, love!”

“Not using my expensive china again?” Sandra cackled. “Don’t think I’ve forgotten the lawn. Shelf’s still crooked. That tap! Call the plumber.”

Her voice carried on all afternoon — instructions, complaints, the odd joke.

He listened, smiling, letting her chatter fill the house.

“You’re demanding today, darling.”

He stood, stretching, reaching for his keys.

“Where you off to then?”

“Just nipping out.”

The stone glowed warm in the sun as Ken knelt, his knee sinking into grass.

He laid flowers against the base.

They were pink this week.