Trust the Heart

By BERNARD HARTLEY and PETER VINEY

Melinda stood at the end of the garden, watching the sun begin to set behind the orchard into the sea beyond. She stood, as she had done so many times, thinking of that last quarrel two weeks before. She remembered how Damian had at first denied the affair with Tamsin, but then when she had forced him to admit it, how he had apologized and begged her for forgiveness. She sobbed a little as she thought of her harsh words, and how Damian, the only man she had ever really loved, had broken down and cried like a baby when she had refused to see him again. That was two weeks ago and she had heard nothing from him since. She had tried to telephone. She wanted to admit that she had been unjust, to tell him how much she regretted calling him a liar, she wanted to explain that she hadn’t meant to hurt him.

Suddenly, the noise of the garden gate opening startled her. She turned, and through the gloom she thought she could make out the familiar figure of Damian. Was it him…? Could it possibly be...? The approaching figure stepped into the last patch of sunlight and the last rays of the setting sun illuminated his long, dark, curly hair. He stopped, unsure of himself. “Oh, Damian,” she called softly. “Damian, is it really you?”

 “Melinda,” he murmured, “My Melinda!”

 She sighed deeply and ran to greet him.



 She took his hands tightly in hers. “My darling,” she whispered, “Can you ever forgive me?”

 “We must never speak of it again,” he replied.

 “But Damian, I never meant…”

 He interrupted her, “It’s all right. I know that now. My darling, promise me something?”

 “Anything!” she cried.

 “Here, this is for you. Please, please accept it, and wear it forever.” He drew a small leather box from his pocket and leaned forward to give it to her. Suddenly, the box fell from his grasp. He bent to pick it up and at that moment his glasses slipped from his nose.

 “Blast! Now where have they gone? I can’t see a thing without them,” he explained. Melinda went to help him. There was a crunch as his foot crushed the glasses into the gravel path. “Oh, no, now I’ve trodden on them!” he exclaimed. “Why can’t I do anything right? Why do I always ruin everything?”

 Her laughter pealed round the garden.” Oh, Damian, you silly boy, that’s why I love you so much!”

**grasp** greb **blast** for f… **crunch** knasen **gravel** grus **peal** klinge