

48 — JUST BEFORE THE STORM

The black clouds had come up quickly, and suddenly a vivid lightning flash seemed to crackle through the air. Terry had been to the kennels where she often helped during school holidays. She was on her way home, and from this spot a short cut led through open fields; but going by road would take much longer and there still wasn't any real protection. Either way she was likely to get soaked to the skin. Even worse, her hair would be in a shocking mess and she'd never get it to look right in time for the dance that evening.

She looked back along the narrow lane which so little traffic ever used, and regretted her bad timing. Her father had driven into town to draw money for his farm-workers' wages and would be coming back this way — but he wasn't due for half an hour. He was so methodical you could time-table his movements, so there was no hope of a lift from him.

The lightning struck again, alarmingly near and so bright it dazzled Terry's eyes.

Valerie Hastings