

# The Chase

Megan came home, tired with worry and sick with fear. She went to the drinks cupboard and poured herself a large brandy. She needed to calm her nerves, and to be able to think. Nathan came home from school, tired from a long day. Megan put him to bed early. She didn't want him to hear anything of the conversation she was going to have.

When Luke came home he was dirty – black from the scene of the fire. He was tired and shocked. It had been a terrible fire. And Megan knew nothing of it yet. She asked him why he was so dirty.

“It's from a fire, Megan. My new office building has gone – it has been completely burnt.”

But Megan did not run to his side to comfort him. The brandy gave her extra confidence. She asked a question.

“Who did it, I wonder. Have you found out?”

Luke looked at her in surprise.

“No, not yet.”

Megan went and poured herself another brandy. She did not pour one for Luke. Instead, she moved around the room. She felt the brandy inside her, making her warm and making her head very light. As she walked, she knocked something from a small table. It crashed to the floor and broke.

“Oh, no! My lovely statue of the Flower Girl. Oh, now what am I going to do?”

Luke spoke to her sharply.

“Oh, come on Megan! It's only a little statue. I'll buy you another one.”

"Another one! There could never be another one! You don't remember buying it for me, do you? Go on, tell me! Where did you buy this present for me?"

"Oh, Megan, I don't know. What's the matter with you? It's really not important."

"Well, that's where you are wrong! It's very important! And so is this!"

Megan picked up the contracts with Jake's signatures and threw them onto the table. Luke's face went white.

"Wh... where... where did you get those?"

"Never mind where – you tell me where Luke is! Because you are not Luke – you are Jake! You..."

But Megan didn't finish her sentence. She stepped back, away from him, because his hand came up, ready to hit her across the mouth. Megan cried out.

"No! Don't you dare!"

For Megan this was the last and final proof that the man in her house was not her real husband. And now that she knew his secret, he was dangerous. Megan ran from the room and out of the house. She got into her car and drove into the road. She needed to be away from him, and to think.

"But what now? What can I do about it?"



It started to rain. Megan slowed the car down and looked into her driving mirror. His car was right behind her, following her, chasing her.

"Get away from me, can't you? Ah, I know. I'll take that tiny road that goes to the cliff top. He doesn't know it very well."

It was a little road she had walked along with Luke when they were first married. She waited until she was at the corner before she turned the steering wheel.

But a minute later, she saw him in the mirror. Now he was driving angrily – and getting nearer and nearer. He was chasing her as a fox chases a rabbit – the animal and his prize. And Megan was his prize, and he wasn't going to lose her. Not now. Not after all this.

She was driving faster and taking the corners well. The tyres on her car screeched as she turned. He followed her round another bend, then the road became straighter. It ran along the top of a cliff. He changed gear and looked hard at the back of her car. Now was his chance. He could see the back of her head. He could see her eyes as she looked into her mirror. He looked again. Those were not Megan's eyes! Those were Luke's! Now he couldn't see the car – a figure stood in his way. A tall, light figure, shining against the dark sky. The figure of Luke Harrison!

He screamed at the figure: "Get out of the way, you idiot!"

But the figure stayed there, staring at him, without fear. And it stood between him and Megan, blocking the road. He turned the steering wheel and put on the brakes.

"Get out of the way!"

He was losing control of the car. The wheels were skidding, the car was sliding across the wet road away from the figure, and away from Megan. He screamed, and stared at the figure. Luke's eyes stared back at him. One wheel of the car was sliding over the edge of the road, and then another. As the car plunged over the cliff, he shouted his last word:

"Luke!"

Then everything went black ...



