

The Psychic

Megan sat in the garden, enjoying the late afternoon sun with Nathan. They looked up as Luke walked across the grass.

"Hello, dear. Did you have a good day?"

"Mmm, fine. You see, I told you I would remember. Nathan and I are going to have fun while you ladies chat – isn't that right?"

Megan laughed, and went to get ready to leave. She drove in her own car to her friend's house. The front door was open, and she walked into the hall. Lucy saw her.

"Megan! Come in and join us! I'm so glad you came!"

"Mmm ... so am I. Oh, look at that table! Lucy you shouldn't have done all that!"

The table was laid with all kinds of sandwiches, pies, cakes and biscuits. There were pots of different kinds of tea from all over the world.

"Come over and say hello first! You know most of the people here, but I want you to meet someone."

Megan followed Lucy across the room.

"Rose is a very special person. She can see into the future – she can see beyond our world. She's amazing!"

"You mean she's a psychic!"

"Yes! Isn't it exciting?"

Megan looked at Rose. She was a pretty woman with bright eyes. She looked up as Megan walked towards her.

"Rose, this is Megan."



“Hello, Megan.”

Rose held Megan’s hands and looked into her face. Suddenly Rose became very still – she seemed to be frozen, or hypnotised. She stared deeply into Megan’s eyes, and when she spoke, she sounded shocked.

“Oh, my God! Your husband is dead!”

“No ... he can’t be! He’s at home looking after our son...”

Megan took away her hands and Rose’s face turned white, her eyes closed, and she fell to the floor. Lucy ran to her.

“She’s fainted! She has seen a death!”

“It can’t be true! I left him half an hour ago...”

Megan ran from the room, into the hall. She picked up the telephone and dialled her own number. Luke answered.

“Hello?”

“Luke? Is that you?”

“Well, yes. Who did you think it would be?”

“Oh, nobody, nothing. I just wanted to check that everything was all right.”

“Megan! I am able to look after a seven-year-old boy, you know!”

Megan walked back into Lucy’s living room. Rose was sitting on the settee, drinking tea. Nobody said any more about it. Megan tried to forget about it. She had something to eat, and chatted with different people.



When she was back at home that evening, she told Luke what had happened. Luke became strangely angry.

“Why do you listen to these stupid old women? I knew you shouldn’t have gone there!”

“Come on, Luke! There’s no need to get angry. She isn’t a stupid old woman and she didn’t mean to hurt anyone.”

“Hurt? The woman is dangerous! Filling your head with lies! And you – silly enough to believe her!”

“Luke, please don’t shout. Nathan will hear you.”

But Nathan had already heard them both, and he was frightened.

“Mummy! Come up and say goodnight!”

“I’m coming, love!”

Upstairs in his room, Nathan was almost in tears. He put out his arms and held Megan tightly.

“Why is Daddy so angry, Mummy? What’s the matter with him? He’s not the same. He couldn’t do the barbecue – he doesn’t even remember our fisherman story!”

“Don’t worry. It’s because of the accident. He’s lost a bit of his memory – the doctors told me that might happen.”

“But why is he angry about the lady at the tea party?”

“I don’t know, darling. I expect it’s *all* because of the accident. He was very ill for a long time, but he’ll get completely better soon, don’t worry.”

“What about the people on the telephone?”

“What people? There is nobody on the telephone, darling. You are imagining things. Now, it’s very late. Time for boys to be asleep! And you’ve got the football match tomorrow, haven’t you? You’ll need lots of energy for that if you want to win!”

“We will win, Mummy! You’ll see!”

“I’m sure you will. So, go to sleep, now.”

Megan kissed Nathan, and turned off the light.