

## Autumn

Looking out of the window, it was a fresh sunny morning with a bright blue sky and a covering of carpet with colours of red and gold.

A day so like the day John was taken. For a moment I lost my thoughts of John and began to watch the performance of little Nicole, as she skipped and danced on the sea of gold. Laughing, enjoying the crunch of leaves beneath her feet. Clapping her hands, watching her Grandmother in unison, laughing as Nicole ran to her.

Still looking out, there were only two magpies taking up any space in the Crescent. Watching them, putting off for the while, my pursuit, my new vocation in finding John. I had to keep his name alive – as I prayed each day he would still be alive.

Maybe next year when autumn colours start to fall, we could look out together and watch with pleasure, the dance of little Nicole.

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