



A parsonage.

“Well,” she thought. “That’s just about what I expected.”

“What did you expect, dear sister?”

She hadn’t realised she had spoken out loud.

“The ending of this story. Very predictable.”

“Aren’t they all, my love. Especially yours. I don’t know why you persist. Nothing will come of it.”

She turned to face him, heat in her cheeks.

“At least I still try, Branwell. You seem to have given up everything in favour of strong liquor... and worse.”

“Same old tale Anne. I’m going out. I will be late.”

The door slammed.

“Well,” she thought. “That’s just about what I expected.”

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