

## Chapter 1

The sunlight streaked haltingly into the room revealing Sandy's long, dishevelled hair sprawling haphazardly over the twin pillows. A few lonely stray strands were stuck in one corner of her softly curved mouth; the smile, long lost in a dream, had closed during the night, trapping them. Part of her face was hidden under the fluffiness of the flowered comforter which she had pulled up greedily during the night.

Save for her lover Jacques' steady breathing disturbing a large mass of split ends which lay between the two pillows, she was immobile, motionless - deeply immersed in sleep. The steady rhythm of his breathing was broken now and again by the sunlight's randomly playing itself over his face. It was arriving and departing. As it passed through the leaves of the slightly swaying sapling trees that filled 'their' garden, it flickered. Then, filtered again by her snowflake pattered curtains hanging raggedly icicle-like over the dew covered window, it would finally find their faces.