

A violin is positioned diagonally across the center of the image, lying on a thick carpet of dry, brown autumn leaves. The violin's body is a warm, golden-brown color, and its f-holes and scroll are clearly visible. The background is a dense field of fallen leaves in various shades of tan, brown, and orange, creating a textured and seasonal atmosphere.

**From the author of
The Sign of the Rose
Rose: The Missing Years
Finding Rose**

The Violin Case
A Novella
by John Morey

'Love should never be this hard'

The Violin Case
A Novella by J S Morey

**A short romantic tale, now part of [The Black Rose of Blaby](#) in
the [Love Should Never Be This Hard](#) series**

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The Violin Case

How it all began...

Jimmy's duffel bag was full of sports kit and sandwiches. Yesterday's sandwiches. The sports kit was going off as well. No matter. There was nothing else. Nothing else that mattered. No school books. *It was a new year*, he thought, *and who knows what stupid books we're going to need?*

Nice attitude, Colville, he could hear Smithers say. That would be his new Form Teacher. Smithers. 'Smigsy'.

That bit he *did* know about the new school year.

The new school year would be his *last* school year. Hurrah!

That was Jimmy's ambition, anyway, *To be out of Grammar School and working*. He'd made that promise to his dad at the end of the last term. He was sixteen after all. At that age, his dad would already have been working for nearly two years - or so he said.

He hoped he didn't need his sports kit. It was Tuesday. Gym Class was always on a Tuesday – least-ways so far that was always the case. That was another thing he hated – Gym Class. All that climbing ropes and jumping over the vaulting horse. Stupid stuff. And the 'horse'? It looked *nothing like* a horse! How many times did he have to crack his knee on that *stupid* horse for Edwards to realise he couldn't vault over it? More to the point, he didn't *want* to do it.

What was the point of it all anyway?

Come on, Edwards had said (he was the Gym teacher), *it'll make a man of you*.

Yeh, right. Or the reverse, Jimmy thought. *Anyway, there's no war on, so what's the big deal? What do we need to get fit for?*

More to the point, his dad had fractured his jaw in Gym Class on the army training ground - preparing for the last war. He was discharged because of the injury. *Where was the sense in that? Damaging yourself before you even put yourself in harm's way?*

Edwards had it in for Jimmy. Not in a really *bad* way, just enough to niggle. Always on Jimmy's case.

I want you for the cricket team, Edwards had said, not for the first time. Told him, mind you, not asked. Oh no! That would have been *much* too polite. And it was such a lie. Fake! *What would Salinger call him?*

Ah, that was it. A phony. He didn't want Jimmy to *play*. No. What he wanted was for Jimmy to *score* for the cricket team. How boring was that? '*Twelfth Man*' they called it, just to make it sound important. At best he might get a game, but only if someone else didn't turn up for the match – which was *always* in the evening, after school.

Call it a game?

Some game. If they were fielding *he* would be the fool right out on the boundary – so called because you had to run *like a fool* if the opposing batsman slogged it. (Which they always seemed to do, unless his best mate, Mick, was bowling.) Or he might – at best – be 'silly mid-off'. Yes. You guessed it – it's as stupid as it sounds. Without boring you, (which is so easy when people talk about cricket) you're closer in and nearer the batsman so that (and here we go again) if he slogs the ball and you miss it, you have to run after it *like the fool you are* for playing the stupid game in the first place.

But it's not as bad as 'silly mid-on'. Now we're really getting down to it. That really *is* stupid. They should re-name it '*stupid* mid-on', he thought. Why? You may well ask. (As Jimmy would tell you), his dad's uncle was *killed* fielding at silly mid-on. How? Cricket ball – hit hard – straight into his great uncle's solar plexus. Dead in seconds. That's what his dad had told him and, if you can't believe your dad, well...

Edwards was a creep anyway, according to Jimmy. Oh, not *everybody* felt the same. Edwards had his favourites – those who sucked up to him. 'They' – the 'sucker-uppers' – would give it, *Sir, sir? Have you heard this joke, sir?* And so it would go on. *Oh, that's really funny, Davis. What a wonderful chap you are. How would you like to be opening bat tomorrow?* (That would be Edwards' way of handing out treats to those who sucked up to him.)

Jimmy saw all the angles and they made him puke, so he didn't play along. *Who wants to be a phony anyway?* he told himself, adding, 'If you really want to know the truth.' His favourite line from Salinger's '*Catcher in the Rye*'. '*Now that guy really did have the education business sussed out,*' Jimmy thought. '*How does he do it - from all that way over in New York?*' Which Jimmy assumed it was - miles away or, at least, the other side of Newbold Verdon.

Meanwhile, back to his lowly presence in Blaby.

Curses, I'll be late, he said under his breath as he spotted the time. He'd been *so consumed* by his rant to himself, enjoying it *so much*, he'd lost track. Not that he really *cared*. Not too much. But, if you *were* late, the stupid 'dawks' always stared at you as if you'd just murdered someone, or pee'd your pants. Jimmy didn't want to be singled out, or to be stared at anyway – least-ways not by *losers*.

Stared at by girls, maybe. Now you're talking. No losers there.

Stare away, baby! he muttered to himself, at the thought. That was different – *they were* different - as he'd soon discovered when he moved up from a 'boys only' high school two years ago, to the co-ed grammar school he was in now. They were different in such a good way. They could stare at him all they wanted – most of them anyway – and one girl in particular. For one split second, the thought of *her* made him look forward to school.

Then it was gone.

It was September, the start of the new term. He always rode to school on his push-bike as long as the weather was reasonably fine.

How come they called it a 'push-bike', when you pedalled it?

Strange, he thought.

If the weather was really bad – or cold - he took the school bus from his village – from the corner of Park Road in Blaby. It was only a couple of hundred yards from where he lived. Now he was late, so he'd missed that option anyway.

Most times he rode the three miles to school on his own. It took him fifteen to twenty minutes depending on whether his other best mate, Dave, rode with him. He sometimes did, but usually not until the ride home. It was a fairly easy ride, cutting through Mill Lane into Wigston and on to 'Guthie' - Guthlaxton Grammar. The hardest part was the cycle uphill towards the bridge over the railway line.

I wonder if she's still there? he pondered, thinking about the gypsy girl he'd seen one day during school holidays. She didn't go to school – not to *his* school, anyway. He would have known. *How could you miss someone like her? How would you describe her? A cross between Janet Munro and Natalie Wood?*

Yes. That was close enough.

She was part of a Romani family camped on Mill Lane just up from The Ford that crossed the River Sence— a favourite site that the gypsy communities shared amongst themselves. They liked it because it was near the village, but not *too* near, and close to the village farm where they could often find work, albeit casual and seasonal. And near to water, for the fishing and, oh, of course, washing. That's when he'd first seen this girl in question, walking across the fields with what he guessed was a basket of clothes she'd just washed. But she'd not looked up, or not that he'd noticed.

Jimmy had just started to 'notice' girls, but they remained a confused mystery to him – not nearly as simple as his main passion, soccer! *Mmmm....girls. When you're with them, what do you talk about?* He thought. *What if he came out with, 'Oh, I see Leicester City are doing well. Do you think they'll get promoted to the First Division?'*

How stupid would that sound?

Not good. Not so sure that would work. Or he could go the other way, bringing out his feminine side, that's if he could find it:

That's a nice skirt. He would say. *Did your Mam make it?* Even if that *did* work, if ever one of his mates heard him come out with something like that he'd be a right laughing stock!

Best just 'be myself.' Whatever that was.

But what am I?

You see, there was something else about her – the Romani girl – that stood out from the rest, almost as if he *knew* he could talk to her – about anything. But how could that be? He'd merely *seen* her, and then only a couple of times, fleetingly. He'd never spoken to her or even heard her say anything, not even to her brother and sister. But there was *something*. The look in her eyes as she had glanced up at him that one time as he rode past – just a flash of her dark eyes with the hint of a smile in the corner of her mouth.

Had he imagined it?

Either way, he hoped his pal, Dave, hadn't seen her. Oh, he would be *straight* in. He always was. He went from one girl-friend to another with no effort at all. *Nothing ever 'happened'*, he would say afterwards – whatever that meant.

But he could guess.

Yes. Dave always had a girl-friend and that annoyed Jimmy so much. It was so unfair. After all, he was in a higher class at school than Dave and was much better at soccer, so why did *he* never have a girl-friend? Even Jimmy's parents were worried, although they never said. The worst thing was the way he had to put up with lame questions from his aunties when they came to visit. They just would *not* leave it alone.

Aren't you courting yet? Never mind, there's plenty of time. It was invariably followed by them pinching his cheeks or ruffling his hair - right after he'd spent *ages* getting it to look right - like Tony Curtis'. Aunts? They just didn't get it.

Jeez, he thought, *I'm only sixteen. Give it a rest, will you?* Which was true, of course. *Sixteen and with a whole life ahead of me, one that doesn't* (or so he hoped) *involve stupid aunties around me all the time, and with their even more stupid questions!*

But it *didn't* help when he had no answers. He would just slope off. He could hear the aunts in the background whispering to each other.

Isn't he moody? It's his age. Ahhh...poor Jimmy.

Poor Jimmy indeed!. All he could do was take comfort in his own thoughts. His *secret* thoughts. He knew what he wanted to say to the gypsy girl if only he had the chance. But when might that be? How could he catch her on her own? Then he wouldn't have to worry *what* others might say.

He'd need a plan, but a good one. It would be harder than trying to speak to the girl at school. The other girl. The one who'd started the previous term, just before they broke up for the summer. His mind had now switched from one to the other. He thought about it. At least he would see her every day – this 'new' girl - or most days at school.

Or so he hoped.

She, too, had those eyes that just penetrated to your very soul, looked right *into* you. But, how could that be? Did she look at *all* the boys that way? She certainly knew enough of them.

Or rather, *they* wanted to know *her*. Sadie.

Should he approach her? In the playground? (*Why did they still call it a playground*, he thought. *We're almost adult.*) Would he have the nerve to walk right up and talk to her at break time? *What?* He asked himself. *So that every one else could hear me? See me? And laugh?* In the end

he decided to do nothing. Remaining silent. Tortured. Unnoticed. Without a girl-friend. Persecuted by aunties.

She was in the year below Jimmy so he only saw her occasionally, at break or between lessons. He'd been mulling all these things over in his head on the way to school that Tuesday, before suddenly realising he was actually *at* the school gates. And, guess what?

There *she* was.

She was just getting off the school bus – the same one that he would normally catch were he not on his bike. She lived in the same village. But who was that waiting for her? Sadie ran over to him, like some babe actress in one of those soppy Hollywood films. And who was her 'leading man'? Jeez, it was that creep Bartorelli.

What does she see in him? He asked himself.

He answered his own question: *First, he was well-off, or at least his parents were by the looks of it.* Jimmy had seen him being dropped off last term – by his mother – in a rather swish-looking red sports car. His *mother* of all people. With her *own car!* Italian. Like him. Jimmy's folks could barely afford *one* car – for his dad to go to work in - and that was 'new' ten years ago. And the only Italian thing about it was the ice cream wrapper Jimmy had left on the back seat.

Bartorelli's ice cream. They had a virtual monopoly.

The other clue that showed they had money – or were 'posh' – was how she (his mother) kissed him – *her own son*, Jake, kissed him goodbye as he got out of the car. Kissed! By your own mother! In public! *Yuck!* How gross was that? And the worst part? His mother was so good-looking. And young. Barely thirty he guessed.

That, in itself, got Jimmy's mind working overtime.

Hey, Jake, old fella, he felt like saying. *Your Momma can kiss me if she likes. If ever you get tired of it, just say. Old Jimmy here will step it – purely to help you out of a spot, you understand?*

Wow! To have a mother like that - and that young! She reminded Jimmy of that film star he'd seen in the Western films they showed at The Ritz cinema in South Wigston – *Rhonda Fleming* – yes, good old Rhonda, that was the one. What a babe! Typical that Jake's mother would fall for an Italian. Not that he knew what Italians were *really* like! He just didn't like Bartorelli.

Anyway, let's look at this '*being kissed by your Momma in public*' notion. None of his friends – but *none of them* – allowed their mothers to kiss them, not even in private. (As far as he knew!) Jimmy's certainly would not even *think* about it. But there was one other thing that helped Joachim Bartorelli – or Jake, as he was called by the rest of the kids at school. He played in the school orchestra. The clarinet.

Or, at least, pretended to, Jimmy suspected.

Why? For one good reason: Sadie – *Sadie Green*.

Sadie, the girl Jimmy was so taken with, played the violin. First violin. She was so good. And so beautiful – the nearest Jimmy had seen to Natalie Wood or Rhonda Fleming, anyway. (*Apart from the gypsy girl*, he thought, before dismissing the comparison.) And that film she was in. What was it? Oh, how he loved that James Dean film – *Rebel Without a Cause*. That was the one. He even told his mates *he* was named after Jimmy Dean. Ha! What a phony.

Hey, why not? More importantly, who's going to know?

If she – Sadie - lets Jake kiss her now, I'll puke, he whispered under his breath. But she didn't - and he didn't try. What a relief! They just held hands. That was enough, given that just seeing them together...

Before he could stop himself it came out.

"Another crap day at Guthie Grammar," he said out loud.

"What's that you said?" It was Dave. He'd scooted up on his bike behind Jimmy whilst the latter's mind was elsewhere.

"Oh, nothing," said Jimmy.

But Dave knew what was troubling him.

"Forget all about her. Either that, or do something about it."

"But what?"

"Just talk to her. Get to know her. Properly."

"How?"

"Common interests."

"I don't play the violin. I don't play anything – 'cept soccer."

"Like that's going to help..." muttered Dave. They moved on through the gates with the rest of the late arrivals, making their way to the bike sheds to chain them up.

"See you at break," said Jimmy, heading for assembly.

Jimmy and Dave were in the same school year but in different classes. During term time they'd made new friends with fellow classmates, different friends, but they still joined up for break as well as out of school, back home in their village. They'd been pals for nine or ten years now. Since Junior School.

The first time they became really aware of each other was at the occasional brick fight between Blaby and Whetstone kids. It was a rivalry that probably went back decades, centuries even. Just off The Avenue were the Blaby Allotments, accessed by a jitty (footpath) across adjoining fields that continued on to the neighbouring village: Whetstone. It relieved the boredom of school holidays.

The neutral field between them was considered Blaby territory - or Whetstone - depending on where you lived. Now and again (and nobody ever knew how or why it started), a gang of kids between eight years old and fourteen would gather at each boundary during school holidays – one made up of Blaby kids, the other from Whetstone.

Although it was *not unknown* for home-made bows and arrows to be made for the purpose of battle, or catapults for that matter, the principle armoury were bricks and stones. They were of varying sizes to match the capability of those doing the throwing. Battle continued until one or other side became bored (nobody was ever injured), or until the conflict was broken up by concerned parents or the village 'Bobby'. Arriving on his bike. Even rarer still, but to the delight of the kids on both sides, the parents themselves would end up fighting, but never the Bobbies. There was usually only one, anyway.

Dave and Jimmy would be about eight years old at the time, but they'd remained friends ever since. Soon after they had even made their joint debuts for the impromptu village soccer team on Blaby Park, wearing borrowed boots. They were aged ten at that point, after which they were conscripted into the school team.

They never looked back.

Such memories. In those days the ball was made of leather - heavy leather – the kind that just loves to soak up rain, mud, water of any kind. But soon after the 'Frido' plastic soccer ball made its mark on the soccer scene – light, and easy to kick wearing light shoes or plimsolls.

But the 'real' soccer ball was different altogether.

For that you needed leather soccer boots to match – ideally with a hard toe cap. OK, so they might make a dent in your opponents shins, but it wouldn't cripple *your* toes if you happened to catch the leather soccer ball to 'toe-end' it. One problem still remained, though.

Distance.

Nobody – nobody aged ten years old or less, that is – could achieve any 'distance' with the leather soccer ball unless it was bone dry and fully inflated. That was bad enough for most players. Tough for goalkeepers. Even worse if you played on the wing.

Jimmy played on the wing.

That meant you had to take the 'corners' – launching it from the corner flag with sufficient height and distance – to connect with your centre forward's head inside the six yard box. Right. Dream on, Jimmy. On a good day his counterpart – Glyn, on the left wing - could just, but only just, manage it. Mainly because he was at least six inches taller – and 'bigger' all round – than Jimmy.

Yeh, right, thought Jimmy, tell that to Edwards.

Ah well, back to the present. With school assembly over, Jimmy and his classmates made their way along the corridor, up the stairs, and along the top floor. Smithers, their Form Teacher, was waiting.

And so another school year was about to begin.

Jimmy had already elected to leave after the school year or even during, if his exam grades were good enough for him to look for a decent job. He would sit some of the subjects in December. If he passed well enough he would leave at Christmas, otherwise he would re-sit those where he had low marks, leaving school the following July. That was the plan, until events unfolded which encouraged him to increase his work load, adding extra subjects for a special project.

Unlike Jimmy, some of his classmates from the previous year elected to go for advance level qualifications, with a view to applying for university. They were moved into a different stream from him. Higher. Conversely, pupils from other classes joined Jimmy in his. Lower. His direction – career-wise – was vague and confused. It would be a long year with few prospects at the end – unless he could find an aim in life.

But what?

Maths, French, English, Sciences – they were still on his core list of subjects, but he needed more stimulus for his creativity. A focus. Inspiration. A reason. He opted for crafts and woodworking but he still needed a direction – an end goal.

Again. But what?

The solution came just before half term.

Performing arts had always been popular at Guthlaxton, featuring dance, theatre and music. The highlight of this was usually the orchestra, primarily a classical concert performed on the last day before recess. It was compulsory for all pupils to attend, with local dignitaries only by invitation.

Jimmy was no particular fan of highbrow music, but the programme of Vaughan Williams changed all that. Correction: the main musician at the centre of the performance that made such an impact on him, changed all that. Already softened by the rural splendour of this celebrated British composer – impressively performed by the school orchestra – it was the next recital that floored him: 'Meditation' by Jules Massenet, beautifully executed by... who else but the girl of his dreams, Sadie Green?

Dressed in a most elegant sequined gown, Sadie looked stunning, drawing gasps from the audience before a note was even played. A young girl was suddenly transformed into a beautiful woman, and a beautiful, gifted, talented musician. She 'held' the stage.

And the audience. Especially Jimmy.

The piece, for violin and piano, lasted some six minutes during which Sadie and the pianist, Angela French, lulled the audience to such a point that, by the seventh minute, a virtual trance had descended upon the main hall. They were spellbound. Transfixed. Drawn. Never had the assembly room remained so quiet for so long, allowing for the most exquisite sound to emerge from the bow and slender fingers of Sadie, via the fingerboard and body of her violin.

The piece came to an end. She sustained the last note until silence reigned, at which point she stood motionless, her bow and violin returning gently to her sides. The audience *remained* silent, almost stunned by what they had just heard and by the unique performance they had been privileged to witness.

A minute passed, then two...three... No-one made a sound.

But you could *feel* how much people were moved.

And you could almost *hear* the single tear that ran down the cheek of the headmaster's wife on the front row, she was so moved by the virtuosity of the young pupil. Jimmy was equally absorbed, Sadie had taken him to a 'special place' – but to a place as yet unbeknown to her. It was Jimmy who responded first, instinctively, unable to help himself, expressing his feelings in the best way he could as to how the music had reached out to him.

Quietly, reverently, he rose to his feet. He stood. Standing as a lone figure for the briefest moment while the rest of the audience remained rooted; seated. Sadie was all he could see, locked in his gaze, all he *wanted* to see; and Jimmy was all Sadie could see now, the audience still seated as a grey, indistinct, silent mass.

Finally, Jimmy began to clap, softly at first, but gradually louder as the audience joined him, emboldened by his urge to stand, and bursting into a crescendo of applause – hand on hand followed by whoops, cheers, whistles – a full standing ovation.

But he was now lost in the crowd. But not completely.

Sadie cast her eyes back and forth across the rest of the audience, searching for him, finding him, returning to Jimmy. Her view of him was soon engulfed and overtaken by the whole room now on its feet.

He quietly made his exit.

He found himself in the corridor immediately outside the double doors of the assembly hall, still listening to the applause inside. Waiting for it to subside; but it continued. The minutes ticked slowly by and still the ovation didn't abate, gradually growing to its highest pitch for a short spell before slowly, slowly fading, after over five minutes of solid heart-felt applause.

Sadie felt that emotion, the connection and appreciation of her audience - and she was aware of its beginning. It had begun with Jimmy. She knew that; not that he was aware. She knew that she had touched him with her playing; not that he was aware of that either. Or perhaps he was aware, but didn't believe it. She was smiling down on her audience, almost moved to tears herself, tears that blurred her vision as she

strained to focus on Jimmy - the one bold enough to get to his feet first, to offer his appreciation. Perhaps more. If she would allow him. But his was just a face, and a nameless face at that.

At least for now.

Jimmy was still outside in the corridor. Happy just to share the love for the wonderful musical experience that had changed his life. The rustle of coats and chairs warned him the audience, inside, was about to stream out of the double doors to where he was. He made his way out into the open yard – desperate for some fresh air and take time for much needed reflection on what he'd just witnessed. Suddenly he had an idea. The inspiration he so urgently sought on how to demonstrate to Sadie how he felt, about her, about everything, came upon him. He was forming a plan in his mind as to what he had to do. It would take new skills, dedication, creativity. And time. But she would love it.

Wouldn't she?

Meanwhile, in the school yard, he bathed in the excitement and chatter of the audience that was now all around him. He was invisible to them but their enthusiasm for what they had just heard inspired him more. He would set about working on the idea the very next day, the inspiration that had come to him just a few minutes earlier. He would quickly transform it from an idea and into a reality as soon as he returned for the start of the next term.

Several more minutes had now passed and the crowd were thinning out, heading for their cars, buses and trains and, ultimately, home. Jimmy was being jostled, carried along by the flow as everyone exited. He'd arrived on his own, and was leaving on his own, prepared to walk the three miles home – grateful for the opportunity to take in what he had just experienced.

What happened next not only surprised him, but encouraged him further. It happened as he began to leave the school campus.

Performers and those responsible for bringing them to the concert were allowed to park in a special reserved area at the side of the school. It so happened that Jimmy had to walk past there to the school gates, before taking the road over the railway bridge, through South Wigston, and then home. But he was suddenly stopped in his tracks.

It was a Maserati that first caught his attention.

How many of those were there in Leicester, let alone Wigston in the 1960's? he imagined as he admired its sleek lines. In turn, that drew him to the vision that had only just recently stood before him, before them all, radiant on the stage. Sadie Green.

She had just carefully placed her violin case in the boot of the car and was about to disappear into the rear seat when she stopped. She sensed something. Something was urging her to look up. As she did, so did he, pausing, snatching one last glimpse of the one who'd stolen his heart so many weeks before, and who had now crystallised that emotion into an experience that would never leave him.

It would stay with him until his last breath.

She looked into Jimmy's eyes for perhaps no more than a few seconds – not long enough for Jimmy, but too long for the person waiting for Sadie inside the car. It had to be Jake – who else? He soon confirmed Jimmy's suspicions by urging her to get in.

"One moment," she insisted – to Jake. He was already inside. He couldn't see Jimmy. But Sadie had. She wanted 'that one moment' for Jimmy. Deliberately, slowly, she silently mouthed the words.

Thank you, Jimmy, she whispered, and smiled.

It was then he knew.

Seconds later she was away, involuntarily whisked off to some swish Italian-style country house in one of the exclusive villages nestled in Leicestershire's most prestigious area, The Langtons (or so he guessed). As the limousine cruised silently out of the school gates, he could just make out the elegant profile of the driver - Mrs Bartorelli, with her son and Sadie on the back seat behind her.

Sadie actually called me by name, he muttered to himself. *She actually knows who I am.* But how? How long had she known? He was so full of what had just happened; the miracle of what he had just witnessed. Did he *imagine* it? The best part of an hour passed before he reached home. But he didn't care. Nothing mattered.

Nothing *else* mattered.

Lost in thought he couldn't even remember walking through South Wigston itself, or even passing Moore's music store and Holmes bike shop without a glance this time. He never – normally – passed them

unnoticed. The High School, where he'd finished his first stint of secondary education just a couple of years earlier stood lifeless, not even a light on, a mere shell. He ignored that, too.

Further on, taking the lane branching off the Blaby Road at the manor house, he headed towards The Ford and Mill Lane to where it met the back road into the village, by the church. It was 'old Blaby' and the part that meant the most to him. Although the concert had extended into early evening, the clocks were still on British Summer Time, so it was still light for most of the way. He was taking a lot longer than an hour to get home but not before a voice interrupted his thoughts. It turned out to be a distraction that was as welcome as it was unexpected, adding to his as yet incomplete plan.

"Tell your fortune, Mister?" called the voice as he passed the Romani camp. It was the gypsy girl. It took Jimmy totally by surprise.

"Only cost you sixpence," she added.

Before he realised what was happening, she was inviting him into the centre of the camp where an open fire was warming what seemed to be, by the aroma emerging from it, a pot of some kind of stew.

"How can I resist?" he replied.

Not only was the warmth of the fire and the smell from the stew-pot hard to say 'No' to, the idea of talking to the gypsy girl was something that offered to crown the whole evening. He'd been trying to pluck up courage the whole of that summer. Now it was an opportunity not to be missed.

"Come and sit opposite me, by the fire," she beckoned. He followed her into the camp where they were joined by the mother. "This is my Mum, Molly. I'm Rose," she added.

"Jimmy. I'm Jimmy," he said, amazed at himself that he had been so compliant, so biddable, offering not an ounce of resistance. "Sixpence, you said?"

He pulled out a handful of coins and handed over the silver coin.

"My mother will watch over us," she said. "I'm still learning the art. Now, can I have your dominant hand?"

"My...?"

He simply stared; his mouth open.

The one you write with," she answered. He reached out his hand, palm facing upwards. At least he'd got that right.

"Thank you." She went on to study the lines on his palm in silence. For his part Jimmy just sat, still mesmerised by the figure before him. He found himself drawn to her, enthralled by her natural beauty, her delicate features and dusky complexion which, he guessed, sprang from generations past and her Roma ancestors from the Indian sub-continent. Something he remembered from school.

He laughed at himself, thinking, *So geography is of some use. I remember covering Romani migration patterns last term.*

After a while she spoke again. "You have a gift to fill other people's dreams with happiness. You will be a *saver* of life, rather than a *giver* of life. Your kindness and generosity will last and be treasured by others long after you depart this earth."

Depart this earth?

Abruptly she let go of his hand, glancing at her mother. Molly shook her head which went unnoticed by Jimmy. But not the last words.

"Is that it?" he asked.

"For now," she replied. "It's all I am able to see. I'm at the beginning of my learning. Come back in a year's time and I may be able to tell you more, in more detail."

She's a bit uneasy, he thought. Is something wrong?

He soon dismissed it from his mind with the offer of rabbit stew. It was one of Molly's specialities, infused with herbs and leaves from the hedgerows that years of Romani living had taught her. The promise of the evening meal had drawn the children, gathering round with the grandmother and Molly's husband, Ned, emerging from the gypsy caravan, the vardo, to enjoy the delights of his wife's one-pot recipe.

"And who might this be?" Ned took the steaming dish from Molly using his neckerchief, sitting down opposite on a straw bale.

"Jimmy. Jimmy Colville," he replied, standing up to shake Ned's hand.

"That's where you're from? Coalville?"

"No. My name. It's Colville – C-O-L-V-I-L-L-E." Jimmy tried not to sound exasperated – so used, as he was, to having to go through this ritual with those he met for the first time.

He took his seat again, his own dish of rabbit stew almost burning his lap through his trousers.

"I read his palm, father." Rose used it as a way of explanation for a stranger joining them for supper.

"Happy with what the future holds, then?" asked Ned with a wry smile. Jimmy was surprised that he appeared so cynical. Unbelieving?

"If I understood it, I might be."

Jimmy's reply was brief, keen to get on with his meal. He hadn't eaten since lunchtime. As he relaxed, Jimmy did most of the talking so he ended up finishing his dish last. He told them all about the afternoon concert, including a note by note description of Sadie's performance in the finale. They seemed impressed.

"Ned plays," said Molly. Then, "Ned get your fiddle and give us a few tunes. You gonna join your father on the guitar, boy?" she added, pushing one of the twins – Rose's younger sister and brother – off to fetch his instrument. Jimmy noticed the beautiful inlaid designs on the violin case that, in spite of its clearly antique status, he was surprised at how it shone with a brilliance – no doubt in honour of the valuable instrument it protected. With a nod to each other they began to play.

Two concerts in one day. Jimmy could hardly believe his luck.

Ned started with a couple of traditional tunes with a Spanish flavour – he was, after all, a 'Gitano' – before launching into a medley of Gypsy Jazz. His son did his level best to keep up 'La Pompe' rhythm on the guitar, as Ned's fingers flew faster and faster up and down the fingerboard, the bow becoming a blur.

Jimmy's thoughts drifted to Sadie.

She would love this, were his first. She'd played with a sensitivity and emotion that he'd never witnessed previously, but this was totally different. Its pace and richness were equally infectious, but in a way that reflected a whole culture - one that was Romani life.

Before Jimmy realised, it was getting quite late.

It was now dark, the light of the fire suddenly joined by headlights from a car as it turned into Mill Lane. It pulled onto the grass verge next to the vardo. The engine grew silent.

"Looks like Sean." Rose went over to greet him.

"Sean...?" asked Jimmy.

“He's her... well, he's sort of *promised* to her,” said Molly. “When she's ready, that is, which hopefully won't be long.”

Jimmy felt a pang of what... what was it? Jealousy? He wasn't sure. Up to that point his feelings for Sadie had consumed his every waking hour, from the moment he'd seen her at the beginning of the last school term. Then he'd seen Rose, and now met her. He was confused inside. Confused because he hadn't even *spoken* to Sadie. He'd merely exchanged glances, whereas he was actually *spending an evening* with Rose - until the arrival of Sean, it seemed.

A few minutes went by.

He'd lost sight of Rose. *Where are they?* Jimmy muttered to himself, worried – but without really knowing why, other than that Rose - and this Sean fellow - had just... disappeared? His relief was almost visible when they re-emerged, Sean carrying a bodhran.

Of course! He played the percussion on these occasions.

Without a word Ned started out on some nameless – but obviously well-known by all except Jimmy – slip-jig. It was now Sean who was battling to keep pace. Rose returned to her seat, the straw bale next to Jimmy. He felt reassured. Connected. Relieved.

But why?

Sean had arrived unannounced but not empty-handed. He'd called into The Baker's Arms on the way through from where his own family were camped – at the far end of Hospital Lane – to fill a couple of flagons with Everards Best Bitter, fresh from the barrel. Before Jimmy knew what was happening he had a glass thrust into his hands, promptly filled to over-flowing with the pub's finest ale.

His feeble attempts at pleading “No I don't...” were sharply rejected by Sean's piercing gaze which said, “Yes you will... .” as he filled Jimmy's glass. He took a long draught of the amber nectar without protest, or complaint. The ale softened his mood even further.

A couple of refills soon followed, so weakening Jimmy's resistance to any offers or invitations. As it was, he wouldn't have refused even if he were sober. Ned began the first few bars of a gentle Scottish Air. Rose was standing before him. He was almost in a trance as her delicate hand was reaching out, inviting him to his feet.

He couldn't believe it. *She wants to dance with me?*

This time, the very idea of coming out with a “No I don’t...” to Rose’s beckoning was the furthest from his thoughts. He knew the answer would have been, “Yes you will...” in any case – if not from Sean, then from Rose. Obediently, he got to his feet, drawing her close as she responded to his outstretched arms. It was a slow air.

But how he wished it were even slower, that it would never end. His right hand encircled her slim waist as his free hand joined with hers, swaying slowly, but in time to Ned’s faultless playing. She was so light she might have been floating on air. If it wasn’t for the fact that her body was pressed closely against his, he could have been fooled if someone had said he was dancing alone. He dared not close his eyes for fear that, if he were to open them again she wouldn’t be there. Was this real? Or was it all a dream?

No. *It was really happening.*

Weeks of longing finally had come to an end. But he prayed that they wouldn’t. Perhaps this was the beginning? He looked down at her, noticing her silver earrings in the shape of a rose. Sensing his eyes upon her, she looked up, staring deeply into his eyes, for what seemed an eternity until, realising her own thoughts were escaping into realms she had never visited before, she lowered them. Her cheeks were now flushed, as if she’d just been found out. As if she also knew what was going through his mind. A journey to places neither of them had ventured before. Verse after verse of Ned’s soft tones caressed the cool night air as the music floated off to – to who knows where - towards the ford, Crow Mill? Infinity?

Neither of them gave a care.

Finally but regrettably the music did end. The mournful minor chords eased into the last line of the Scottish ballad – the unnamed, unknown, song that everyone recognised. One that Jimmy would never forget. It was as embedded in his memory just as deeply as was the joy of the moments that had passed in Rose’s arms.

“Thank you.” Rose drew back as he released her, the words barely audible even though they were so close - softly, just as Sadie had mouthed those same words to him just a few hours earlier.

Sadie? What of her? Had he forgotten her already? He was confused. He’d confused himself by being swept under the spell of this beautiful

gypsy girl who, until the moment she'd taken his hand for the palm reading, had been just a dream. A longing. Unreal. But she *was* real now. They had met, talked, eaten together, touched - danced. Yes. Rose was definitely real, even though, before those shared moments she had been the stuff of dreams. Out of reach.

A dream.

Sean's voice brought him back to reality.

"Well, I'd better be on my way." The suddenness of his declaration had broken Jimmy's spell. "Can I give you a lift?"

Sean was looking at Jimmy, putting his bodhran away in its case.

"Urrr... yes. If it's not out your way." Jimmy answered. "I live at the top of Grove Road opposite the garage. Thanks, Sean."

"Fine." Sean led Jimmy to his car. "I can go via the cross-roads and cut back through Western Drive. We're on Hospital Lane."

They said their goodbyes to the family and were soon on their way.

It all ended so fast, thought Jimmy. There's so much I still want to say. To Rose. I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye properly. Not in the way I wanted to. Not in the way I think - I hope - she wanted to. Will I ever see her again? Even though he'd formed an attachment to her he was now under no illusions about their future, seeing that she was 'promised' (as Molly had made plain) to Sean. In a way it made things simpler. It made up his mind for him.

He must direct his full attention towards Sadie.

"They're a lovely family, aren't they?" Once in the car, Sean opened the conversation. "How long have you known them?"

"Just tonight."

"That figures. I didn't think I'd seen you before or heard them talk about you. What's so special about tonight?" Sean had noticed the way Rose had looked at Jimmy when they were dancing.

"Nothing really. I was just on my way back from Wigston and Rose called me over for a palm reading."

"How did *that* go?" Jimmy could see the grin forming on Sean's face as he asked. It was the same way Ned had reacted.

"No idea." After a pause they laughed. It was clear what he meant. Sean seemed just as sceptical as Ned.

"Nice little village."

Sean made an attempt at small talk as they passed The Bulls Head, a few 'last orders' drinkers leaving, spilling into the road.

"Just here," said Jimmy as they neared Grove Road. "You can pull into the lay-by near the telephone box. I live opposite."

"I know where to find you now." There was a slight hint of warning in Sean's voice as Jimmy opened the car door, but any sense of threat passed quickly. "Next to the copper's house!"

The school term came to an end.

Jimmy enjoyed the half-term breaks – spending most days with his mates playing soccer on Westleigh sports ground, just outside the village. It was actually a rugby club but, given that they were 'good kids', as the groundsman had called them, they didn't mind. The presence of youngsters - good, responsible teenagers - acted as insurance against others with not so good intentions breaking into the club bar in the hope of making off with a few bottle of beer.

Nowadays, however, his focus had switched to the further end of the village; Mill Lane. It wasn't that he had expectations of any ongoing *relationship* with Rose, but now, at last, he had someone, a girl, he could talk to – a chance to air feelings and emotions he felt weird about, talking to Dave. So it was with some disappointment for Dave that, on the second day of the holidays, he announced he wanted to go fishing by the bridge over the River Sence, at the bottom of Mill Lane.

For the first time – ever – soccer had to take the back seat.

"You don't *have* to come," explained Jimmy, secretly hoping Dave would say 'no' to a day's fishing. He hadn't visited or ridden past the gypsy camp since that first encounter with Rose.

The longer he put it off, the harder it seemed to make that first step.

Or should we say, second step. But Dave insisted on going.

"No. I will. It'll be a change. I heard the brook trout have come back. The pollution must have been cleaned up. I'll be round your house for about 10 o'clock. Just be ready."

That last remark was a joke. Jimmy knew that meant ten thirty. He was right. Soon afterwards they were walking through the village towards the ford. Dave had turned up on his bike but Jimmy insisted they walk, and for his own reasons. His excuse being it was difficult cycling whilst

carrying fishing gear; the real reason was they would be passing the site where Rose and her family had camped. Walking, rather than riding, would mean they took longer to pass by the vardo, with more opportunity to see if he could catch a glimpse of Rose.

He was disappointed.

He could see nobody - apart from grandmother 'keeping guard' and looking after the twins, Rose's younger brother and sister. It turned out that Molly and Rose worked at Church Farm until mid-afternoon. Maybe he could catch her then. He and Dave carried on to the ford, still full of optimism for a good day's sport ahead.

Their luck held out.

It turned out to be a good day in many respects.

They each took sandwiches and a drink, so lunch came early – just after mid-day. Although it was October, the summer had decided to stay for a second round – at least during the daytime. The sun was lower in the sky, but there was still warmth in it, and it was dry. In all other respects, it was just the same as other days fishing they'd shared. Dave and Jimmy had been pals since Junior School and shared everything. Well, nearly everything; until now. Dave knew of his 'fixation' (as Dave called it) with Sadie, so it was understandable that Jimmy told him about the splendid end of term concert, when Sadie had actually spoken to him.

Almost.

Today was the fourth time Dave had to suffer every detail of that evening, but this time with a slight change. So far, Jimmy had kept what had happened *on the way home*, to himself – his palm reading and, finally, meeting Rose. On this last occasion, by accident, Jimmy inadvertently included the final part of his journey – meeting the family. The words had escaped his mouth before he even knew it. Too late. Now Dave wanted to make sure he had *all* the details.

“So,” he began, “it's all about this 'Rose' now, is it?”

“No. I was just saying, what a great *family* they are. Such brilliant musicians and easy to get on with.”

“... and that includes Rose's boyfriend?”

“Sort of. Yes. Although, he's not *really* her boyfriend. More of an 'intended'.” Jimmy had to stress that last point.

"You *do* know what that means, don't you?"

"What?" Now Jimmy was getting defensive.

"Intended'. It means he's going to *marry* her!"

Jimmy was quiet for a moment. Pensive. Looking for an angle.

"I suppose so. Yes."

"There's no *suppose* so about it." Dave really did have to put Jimmy straight. "It's tradition in gypsy communities. You get 'promised' – sometimes from birth."

Of course he was exaggerating, but Jimmy finally got the point.

They didn't fall out; but they let the matter rest.

For the boys, it was 'par for the course' when it came to banter between them. It wasn't really an argument, 'just a frank exchange' as Dave had once explained. For that reason they had remained firm friends for getting on ten years. Jimmy had often thought, *where will we both be sixty years from now?* Where indeed? And with whom?

By two o'clock they were ready to pack up: a successful catch of four brook trout each. More than that, the early lunch meant that two growing boys were now hungry again and, given that neither had remembered to bring along a box of matches, trout cooked on a spit over an open fire was not an option. But it did give Jimmy an idea. One that he would *not* discuss with Dave beforehand. Conveniently, by chance and with absolutely no forethought whatsoever (yeah, right!) they had to pass the gypsy camp site on the return home.

"Hello Mrs Lee," Jimmy called out as he spotted Rose's mother tending the cook-pot over the fire.

"Molly, please," she insisted.

"Yes. Mrs Molly," he spluttered. Dave sniggered quietly at seeing Jimmy so nervous. Tongue-tied, for once. "I mean Molly," he corrected himself. "I've got four trout if you'd like them."

So that's it. All along! Dave muttered. *Good golly, Miss Molly.*

"That's so kind," said Molly. "Rose will be back in a minute. Won't you both stop for a cup of tea?"

"No - I mean yes," stumbled Jimmy once more. "*I* can. But Dave can't. He's got to get home and he's late already."

Jimmy shot Dave a worried glance that said, *Yes, You've got to go, haven't you?* Whereas Dave thought, *News to me!* But he agreed.

“Yes. I have to get on.”

Dave forced the words out through his teeth, marvelling at Jimmy's ability to think so quickly on his feet – *when he needed to*. He carried on home, mumbling to himself but switching to a cheery smile as he saw Rose coming towards him from the farm.

“Hello Rose. I hope you like fish for supper.”

What? She gave him a strange look, befitting such a strange remark, and from a stranger she didn't know.

But it all became clear when she reached the camp.

Her heart leapt when she saw Jimmy.

“Jimmy caught us some trout,” Molly announced, holding up the recent catch. “Sit down. I've just made some tea.”

Although it was fine and dry, the sun was now hidden behind the clouds. Being October, the breeze had taken on a distinct chill. It gave Jimmy the opportunity to sit close to Rose by the fire as it heated the water for the tea. Neither spoke, at first.

Grandmother was having her afternoon nap while Molly set about preparing the evening meal. She'd sent the twins off to forage the hedgerows for certain leaves and herbs with which to flavour the trout. It was just the moment Jimmy had been waiting for, so he could finally talk to Rose – alone - about his surprise for Sadie.

He called it his 'Project'.

With Rose to himself, it gave him the chance to tell her *about* Sadie and what she meant to him or, at least, *hoped* she would mean to him. He found it easy – easier even, than sharing his inner thoughts with Dave – which he very often did. The best thing about it was that she could see things from a girl's point of view. Rose turned out to be a good listener and wise beyond her years.

She loved his idea.

But she had something to share with Jimmy.

Rose opened up to Jimmy about her intended 'promise' to Sean, and the decision she would very soon have to make. She'd lived with the notion of being 'one' with Sean for so long now, it wasn't really a concern. However, in more recent years, during which the notion was becoming more of a certainty – more 'real' - she wondered how she really felt about having her whole life mapped out before her. Like Jimmy, she found

discussing all this with someone she could trust a comfort, albeit for totally different reasons.

“I wonder if we should swap places.”

Rose made this suggestion at the end of sharing life stories. It seemed a natural conclusion - which neither of them took seriously, of course – and reached after only their first real time together. They both had decisions to make, different, but similar in some ways. Both involved other people but, the strange thing was, it never seemed to occur to either of them to turn the spotlight on themselves, the two of them. Where did they, Jimmy and Rose, figure in all this?

They were questions that would have to wait. Ned interrupted their soul-searching, arriving home from working on the Lutterworth Road improvement scheme. Ready to be fed and watered.

“Hello, Jimmy,” he called out as he handed over the reins to his pony to one of the twins. It was their job to 'see to' the trap and the little pony – feeding, watering, and settling her in for the night. “Any tea left in the pot?”

Dutifully, Rose served up a steaming cup of Molly's brew to her father. Jimmy saw it as his signal to head home.

“Don't go on my account,” said Ned. “Tell me what you've both been up to.” For Ned, family life was all the more precious after a day working alongside a gang of labourers. He enjoyed hearing about *their* day. It kept him grounded.

Rose started with the treat in store for their supper, if only to give her father something to look forward to after a hard days' toil. She then explained Jimmy's project to him, but without all the fine detail he had only revealed to her in confidence. Ned was taken by the idea.

“As a fiddle player of some experience,” he cleared his throat in the way of authority, “ I think it's a great idea. Maybe I can help – as long as you're happy, that is. Why don't we work together?”

It was more than *an offer he couldn't refuse*, Jimmy needed the expertise from someone like Ned. If his playing was anything to go by, his skill and knowledge of creating a case would be just what he needed. “That's great!” He said, and sealed it with a handshake.

But what was 'The Project'?

Apart from himself, only Rose – and now Ned – were privy to the idea. He was *bursting* to tell Dave but he knew better. It wasn't that he didn't *trust* Dave. He knew Dave wouldn't tell a soul. It's just that the fewer the people who *did* know, the more special it would seem. The new school term resumed and Jimmy found himself directing more attention to the Crafts and Woodwork classes than to the more academic options.

He also conscripted his sister Liz to help – without saying why.

Liz played the piano, at least well enough to show Jimmy the fundamentals. He could already read music – at a pinch – and Liz could get him to a reasonable standard. She *needed* to – there were just a few months left before presenting the fruits of his 'Project' to Sadie – ahead of the Spring Break when there was another school concert.

The other part of his life – of his and Dave's life – to suffer, was soccer. Apart from the occasional game at Westleigh with his mates, all his spare time was devoted to woodwork and leather craft.

And mastering the fundamentals of music.

His parents noticed the change in him but could hardly disapprove. He'd grown closer to his older sister, which couldn't be a bad thing. They had become more of a family. They even approved of his friendship with the Lee family. Jimmy's dad already knew 'about' them from the time he owned Hillview Nurseries on the Lutterworth Road, opposite Blaby Rose Gardens. He'd employed Molly and, probably Rose when she was a little girl, in the pea-picking season, along with students and other casual, seasonal workers.

"They were always hard workers," his dad had said. "The Lees and the Ryans used to earn much more than the local villagers when it came to tallying up at the end of the day."

Jimmy was relieved that his dad spoke of them with such respect.

For those reasons his dad was happy for Jimmy to spend whole days there, learning from Ned – not only craft skills, but also developing a deeper understanding of music. At weekends he would often join the Lee family for an evening meal which always, without fail, was rounded off by a session of folk music. As a Gitano, Ned brought in European flavours to his style of play; but Gypsy Jazz was everybody's favourite.

For practical reasons, bringing the piano to the camp (!) ruled out any participation from Jimmy – until he learnt a few basic chords on the

guitar. Christmas brought a real treat for him. The whole family had pitched in to buy him the solution to it all – an acoustic Martin guitar from Moores in Wigston. It moved Jimmy to tears.

Jimmy's ability to play improved enormously thanks to Rose's brother teaching him the basics. The final part of the jigsaw fell into place. Quite a lot of what Ned played didn't have a title or, if it did, he was not aware. It was from years of playing by ear. Whenever Romani families assembled at events such as the horse fairs – at Mountsorrel or even Stow – it was time to share what they themselves had picked up. Impromptu gatherings of musicians were central to the evening entertainment at horse fairs, allowing tradition to prevail and for songs, stories, and poems to be handed down the generations and over the decades. Jimmy and Ned combined well musically, much to the delight of Rose, who now counted Jimmy as her closest confidant – even more than her mother or even Sean. Not only that, *he's becoming more Romani as each day passes*, noted her grandmother.

It was true.

Meanwhile, Jimmy and Ned began to write their own songs which, although Ned – as brilliant a musician as he was - couldn't read music, Jimmy could. When he was stuck, providing he could carry the tune in his head from the gypsy camp to his own house – even after a few glasses of Everard's Best Bitter – his sister, Liz, could help him with 'the dots'. It had to be right. The music had to be transposed into sheet music, well enough to be played by anyone who might pick it up.

Music became central to the friendship of Jimmy, Sean, and Ned.

It was also breaking down barriers with the local community. Gypsies were often not welcome in local pubs, even though their casual labour formed an important part of the growing and harvesting cycle on farms. If they *did* want a drink they were usually confined to the Bottle & Jug, being served with flagons or bottles of beer for *outside* consumption but never in the bar itself. In Blaby, Countesthorpe, Wigston and Dunton Bassett that was soon to change. Gypsies became more than welcome. They brought trade.

On 'music night'.

Ned, Sean, and Jimmy formed a group – a folk group – playing in local pubs and fairs in and around the area. While the Lutterworth Road

highway improvement was going on in the immediate vicinity, Ned and his family remained in Mill Lane. That was their base which, of course, suited Jimmy equally well. He was now firm friends with Sean, developing a mutual respect even though it was a connection initially born out of their mutual attraction to Rose.

Jimmy became ever more focussed on his Project – his bid to win over the affections of Sadie. Rose was his closest ally in this, with Ned lending *his* hand where needed, as did his sister Liz. In the meantime, as it transpired, Sean and Jimmy shared another interest – fishing. He'd let soccer fall to the wayside. Although he considered himself a competent soccer player, Edwards didn't – so he didn't make the school team.

Your loss, was Jimmy's response, soured even more because Dave, and a few other school pals, *were* picked.

At least it frees me up for more days fishing, was his more philosophical attitude. *With Sean!* But that was to lead to a devastating outcome that changed everything, for everyone, for ever.

It touched everyone Jimmy knew or had ever known.

Jimmy was happy with river fishing, especially now that the River Sence had been cleaned up, but his main choice was always canal fishing – coarse fishing. He'd promised to teach Sean what little he *did* know, given that Sean's experience was the opposite – Sean had been 'brought up on' river fishing. It's what you did as a normal working class lad. The premium spots for river fishing were still the private syndicates - that cost money to join; a privilege shared among the more wealthy.

Early summer arrived, and the start of the new canal fishing season.

It was also leading up to the Spring Break, by which time his 'Project' was on schedule to be ready for Sadie. Most of the work was done. It was getting lighter in the evenings so, all things considered, he had more time for 'other pursuits'.

That included fishing (or even soccer!), but the start of the coarse fishing season was still several weeks ahead.

Nothing wrong in starting early by laying some ground bait, he thought. *It's a good time to prime some pegs*. He could then almost guarantee plenty of good fishing at the start of the new season. The principle was simple. He would walk his favourite stretch of the canal –

from The County Arms and back towards South Wigston – identifying the best locations to throw in his ground bait as he went along.

It would be a mixture of fish food and maggots dropped every few days, enticing the fish to frequent particular parts of the canal. Parts that only *he* would know. At least that was the theory, even though he didn't bother to tell Sean. He would rather he be left with the notion that Jimmy knew about secret, or special, places, or had some other mystical gift. Why not? Why should his new gypsy friend think that second sight of this nature was exclusive to Romani folk ? Was it second sight, or a sixth sense? No matter.

On the Saturday afternoon in question there weren't many people about, especially not so many men. It was still the soccer season and a proportion would either be playing or watching. He cycled from the village armed with his ground bait. A special mixture - again - that he wouldn't reveal to Sean. Another 'gift' exclusive to Jimmy. Once he was on the towpath at art deco County Arms (formerly The Union Inn before it was re-built by Everards Brewery), he walked slowly along choosing his spots to seed with fresh bait as he went.

He was just approaching Knights Bridge where he would rejoin Little Glen Road, crossing into The Ford and Mill Lane for the ride home.

That was the start of it all.

“Mister, mister! Me brudder's in the water!”

A little girl no more than seven years old was running towards him, tears streaming down her face. “Come on!” she cried.

She was breathless.

The girl turned, running back from where she'd come, looking over her shoulder every now and again to make sure Jimmy was following. He hurried to keep up, now running alongside, wheeling his bike as he scanned the canal for a sight of 'the brudder'.

Soon he saw him.

The little girl caught hold of a third child stood patiently on the towpath - a boy, perhaps a year younger. The 'brudder' in question was a mere tot, out there in front of them, sucked into the middle of the canal. The lock gate further along had just been opened, allowing water higher up to be released, causing a flow resembling a river. Slow moving, but still

drifting, carrying the child with it. I say child, all Jimmy could see was something resembling a large ball of wool. It was floating on the surface. Thankfully the little boy's jumper - probably a synthetic material and not pure wool - was temporarily resisting the water.

There was nothing for it. He had to do something.

Jimmy couldn't tell whether or not the child was facing face down, or for how long. He dived straight into the cold water before he realised - he couldn't swim! Well, hardly - perhaps a few strokes of 'doggie paddle' at best. But he needn't have worried. Thankfully, his feet touched the bottom of the canal. It was shallow. He waded the rest of the way.

The child remained on the surface – face up – chuckling in delight as he saw his rescuer, Jimmy, reaching out to pluck him from the cold waters of the canal. “Come on, little fella,” he said, cradling the little mite in his arms. He waded back to the bank, and safety.

“Where do you live?” he asked the older sister. Without being asked she picked up Jimmy's bike, wheeling it alongside her, steered by the handlebars. He had to run to keep up.

“Along here,” she replied, taking the lead along the towpath.

Her other brother followed behind, with Jimmy bringing up the rear, still carrying the sodden, but apparently contented, toddler. He was now making 'cooing' noises, reaching out with his chubby little fingers, trying to touch Jimmy's excuse for a moustache. Pulling on it.

“Good grief,” muttered Jimmy, “the little monster actually *likes* me.”

A few yards further and they were approaching a bridge over the canal where the little girl turn off the towpath, climbing shallow steps to the road, bumping his bike up each tread as she went.

“We live just here.” She pointed to some stucco-faced houses.

It was a council estate, the modest terraced houses and flats arranged in a semi-circle around a green swathe of grass. She turned into the second gate (although the gate had disappeared – perhaps used during the winter for firewood!), first leaning his bike against the fence before running to the front door. She knocked, apparently too young to be entrusted with a key. A young woman opened the door, drying her hands on a tea-towel, brushing the hair from her face as she saw Jimmy. She seemed not much older than he was, despite the fact she'd had three children already.

"I believe this little fella belongs to you," he announced. "He may be a little damp but, otherwise, he seems to be fine."

"What...? Where...?" she said, reaching out to relieve him of the damp little package. She was close to tears, drawing the small, damp child to her chest, before realising he was so wet.

"I pulled him out of the cut about ten minutes ago."

The mother turned to the little girl who was already looking guilty, holding her other little brother's hand tightly out of security rather than comfort. "I told you *never* to go down to the water!" said the mother.

"I'm sorry," pleaded the little girl, "but I forgot."

"She forgot," mimicked her brother.

"Wait till daddy hears about this," added the mother.

"Please don't tell him...pleee-ase!" shrieked the little girl.

"Please," said her brother, holding his big sister even closer. "Don't tell daddy."

John's heart melted as he envisioned the scene of a hard-working factory worker, the father, coming home after a long shift, to the prospect that his youngest offspring might have drowned, holding him close in *his* strong arms, thankfully that he hadn't. Perhaps scolding, then quickly forgiving, his siblings for allowing their bother to get into so much danger. The mother turned again to the little tot, her gaze transforming from distress to relief as she held the child even tighter in her arms. As for the little one himself, he was still fascinated by Jimmy's moustache.

"Let's get these wet clothes off you, Colin," she said, placing him carefully in a cot by a gas fire in the living room. The front door opened straight into the lounge, or living room, judging by the washing which was drying on a clothes horse by the fire.

She turned to Jimmy. "Thank you so much, Mister," she began. "I've told them time and time again never to go near the cut. The last time I looked they were playing on the grass outside.

"I'd only nipped out back to bring in the washing."

"No harm done," he said, but Jimmy was still sopping wet and glad for the warmth from the fire.

"Wait here a minute." She disappeared, returning seconds later with her purse. "Here, please take this." She held out a worn ten shilling note – equivalent to her week's child benefit.

Her hand was trembling, perhaps hoping he would say 'No'.
Which is exactly what he did.

"I'm sorry. I can't do that.," he protested, refusing the gift. He knew that this 'reward', if he were to accept it, represented most of the week's shopping to feed her three little children. She was clearly still in shock, tears not far away. He was close to tears himself, overcome by the honesty and generosity of people who had very little to give in the first place. He knew that was the kind of people there were in his community - they had hardly anything themselves, but would give you their last penny. It was typical of those he'd grown up with on Western Drive in his village, Blaby, and, here, on the Monsell estate.

He thought he'd better go.

"Won't you stop for a cup of tea?" she asked out of politeness but, secretly, wanting to give her youngest a well-needed hot bath.

"Thank you, but no," he replied.

He headed for the door.

Although he was loathe to leave the warmth of the living room, he was soaked through to the skin and needed a hot bath himself. He said his goodbyes to the mother and children and was soon pedalling towards Mill Lane, and home. Normally this would take him past the gypsy camp, but on this occasion he chose the short-cut through the jitty, out onto Wigston Road and past The Bakers Arms.

It was getting colder. There was a chill breeze.

Spring had arrived but the keen wind cut through his wet outer clothing. He stopped before crossing the bridge over the river so that he could put on his windcheater. It was light and rain-proof, but today he needed it as defence against the wind. He badly needed to get back into the warm, taking less than fifteen minutes to cycle home.

"Is the water hot, Mam?" he asked as soon as he arrived home.

"What on earth happened to you?" she asked.

"Pulled a little kid out of the water."

He announced it as if it were routine.

"Is he OK?"

At first, his mother seemed more concerned about the child than Jimmy, but she started running the bath as soon as she realised he was so wet, and chilled to the bone. "I'll put some soup on," she added.

Jimmy immersed himself in the bath, lowering himself in slowly, as hot as he could bear it. He'd begun to shiver but, after several minutes, he was a lot better. Half an hour later he felt 'normal enough' for a bowl of hot beef broth and a crusty cob. Even so, he remained by the open fire in the lounge, dressed only in pyjamas and dressing gown.

"You'd better stay in tonight and go to bed early." Hers wasn't a request, but an order.

The next morning he was rested but far from recovered, after a poor night's sleep. During the night he'd sweated profusely, soaking his bedclothes due to fever. His mother told him to remain in bed and just as well. As the day wore on he developed another temperature followed by a persistent cough. His lungs hurt. Even walking to the bathroom was an effort. On the third day he was no better so his mother called the doctor.

"I'm afraid he's got pneumonia," said the doctor after a brief sounding of Jimmy's chest and breathing. "All we can do is keep him warm with plenty of nourishing food and hot drinks. But it might take some time before he's well again."

"How long?" Jimmy asked weakly, "I have to be well enough for the end of term concert. Sadie's playing and I have..."

"It'll take as long as it takes," his mother broke in. "You've spent most of your time doing that 'thing' for Sadie. I'm sure she can wait if *you* can."

There was no arguing with his mother, even though she had no idea what his 'thing' was. He said no more in the way of protest. Once his mother had made up her mind, that was it. His main concern was the concert less than two weeks away. He *had* to be well by then but, as the days progressed, he became even weaker.

"Give this package to Dave," he began one morning, after days in bed. Even the energy to get up was eluding him. "He'll know to give it..."

"...to Sadie. I know." said his mother.

"No," he said. "Give it to Rose – then *she* can take it to Sadie."

He could barely get the words out.

Dave left quietly as Jimmy lapsed into a troubled sleep. The family took turns to sit with Jimmy. All they could do was to wait. And watch. Watch for signs of improvement. But it wasn't to be. The following night Jimmy's body decided to fight his illness no longer.

It gave in. He passed quietly away – mercifully in his sleep – just before dawn broke. They were devastated. Lost in grief. And anger.

“Typical,” muttered his father, “you help somebody, and end up suffering yourself.” He could hardly take it all in. The unfairness.

It was a bitterness that never left him. He’d been so proud of his son. Proud of the dedication to his school work displayed in the last year. He was shaping up to be a fine young man and thanks, in part, to the gypsy family he’d befriended just a relatively few months previously. They, too, would share the sadness that now clouded all their lives.

It was Dave who broke the news - first to Rose, then to Ned and the whole family. They’d accepted Jimmy as one of their own. Even the grandmother claimed she could see 'Romani' in his spirit.

I swear if you went back far enough you'd find he was one of us, she'd said. Perhaps she was right. Certainly, the way he fitted into the musical tradition of gypsy culture was as remarkable as it was natural. It was effortless, learning the skills and knowledge from Ned for the completion of his 'Project'. *He*, indeed, was 'a natural'.

“I think he would want Rose to give this to Sadie,” Dave said as he handed the carefully wrapped package to Molly. Jimmy had used unassuming thick brown paper tied together with some of his dad’s brown gardening string he used for grafting his roses, for the outside wrapping.

On it, he attached an envelope with a simple message:

To Sadie, with love, Jimmy x

“I’ll make sure she does,” promised Molly. “but how can we get it to her? This, Sadie?”

“If possible, perhaps you can do it before the actual day of the concert,” was Dave's reply. “Tomorrow evening they have the final rehearsal at the school. That would be a good time.”

And so it was agreed. Rose was only too pleased to deliver the well-kept secret to Sadie, who she’d never met but about whom she’d heard so much, from Jimmy. Sean offered to drive her to Guthlaxton after work. He, too, had grown to like and respect Jimmy in spite of their earlier potential 'conflict' over Rose. But that was in the past, and well buried.

Now even that would become just a memory.

"There's the front gate." Rose pointed out the entrance as they arrived at the school. "We can park next to those cars – I think the main hall is a short walk round the back."

She was right. In any case, the orchestra sound was audible from the car park, so they just followed its source until they reached metal framed double glass doors to the side of the hall.

Sean tried the handle, opening it quietly as they crept into the hall.

"There she is," whispered Rose.

She'd never seen Sadie but, from Jimmy's detailed description it was obvious who she was. Apart from being strikingly beautiful, she was easily recognisable as the First Violin. They waited patiently for the piece to end, appreciating for the first time the excellence of Sadie's playing. They were used to Ned's folk songs but this was different, if not similar in some ways to a sad Scottish or Irish air. This was classical, but the emotion in her interpretation of the music touched them in a way they had never before experienced. Almost tangible.

Jimmy hadn't done that part justice.

As luck would have it, as soon as the piece came to a close, the orchestra took a short break. Sean and Rose saw their chance, walking towards Sadie as she was stepping down from the main stage. As Sean remarked quietly to Rose, under his breath, Jimmy had hardly done justice to Sadie's natural beauty. Rose ignored him, speaking first.

"It's Sadie, isn't it?"

"Yes. Who are...? How do you know who I am? Have we met?"

"Jimmy asked us to come. Jimmy Colville?"

"Oh, yes. I know. Well, I don't actually *know* him, but I know who he is. Isn't he with you?"

"You didn't know?"

Rose and Sean glanced at each other. This wasn't easy.

"No. Know what?" asked Sadie.

"Jimmy passed away."

Rose hated those words. Sadie paled, searching for a seat.

"Here," said Sean, "allow me."

Clearly shocked she was lost for words. Finally she spoke.

"That's tragic. He was such a sweet boy. How did it happen?"

Rose told her how he'd dived into the canal to save the young child, only to succumb to pneumonia as a result. She then remembered why she and Sean had come to see her in the first place.

"He wanted you to have this," said Rose, handing over the plain wrapped package to Sadie – Jimmy's 'Project'.

"For me?" Sadie questioned, totally surprised by a gift from someone she had never really known. Slowly she peeled back the brown wrapping paper. She gasped.

"It's beautiful!"

"He made it himself. But with some help from my father," Rose added, proudly. "He's also a violinist – well, a fiddle player."

"Just look at the detail," Sadie enthused. He's thought of everything. And you say he's..."

"... dead. Yes. I'm sorry. We didn't want to upset you, but we knew how important it was, and *you* were – to him. He wanted you to have this before the end of term. He'd been working on it for months."

The violin case was a work of art.

They took a moment to reflect.

None of them had seen 'The Project' in its final completed state before. They marvelled at the craftsmanship – the outer shell skilfully covered with Tuscan leather, inlaid with gold leaf; the lid had been chiselled out to allow for the bridge; the violin nest set inside the rectangular shape was so precise, whilst Jimmy had allowed enough room to introduce separate compartments for spare strings, rosin, and the shoulder rest. Plus a place for sheet music.

There was even padding to protect the end pin.

"It was surely a labour of love," said Sadie, after she'd taken in all the detail. "It shows in every stitch." Rose agreed. "Yes, it was, it was a labour of true love in more ways than one. Over the months I have grown - I mean ~~we~~ we have grown - to love Jimmy, haven't we Sean?"

Sean nodded in agreement, then he spotted something that neither of them knew about beforehand. He reached forward. A note?

"Is that a letter tucked into the pocket? And some sheet music?"

Jimmy had written down his final thoughts, hand-written in a fine italic script, on a cream laid textured paper. In words and music.

Sadie took the letter out, reading first to herself, then aloud:

Dear Sadie

I'm sorry I cannot deliver this in person. As I write I am not feeling too well but I do hope to recover in time for your concert. Your last performance meant so much to me. In fact, you mean so much to me or, if you allowed, you could mean so much to me.

I confess that I have admired you from afar for so long now, but I wish it were more than that. It's just that, whenever I see you, I cannot think of a word to say, or at least, not the right words. Not only that, you always seem to be with that Jake fellow – but for reasons only known to you. (Sorry, perhaps I shouldn't have said that.)

There. As you can see I am rubbish at expressing my emotions in words. So, to overcome that obstacle I have put all my feelings for you into making this violin case. I do hope you enjoy it and that I have thought of everything to produce the perfect one for you – just as I feel you are the perfect one for me (if only you gave me a chance). That's all I now ask. A chance. To start with.

I hope you get to know Rose and Sean, whose father helped me in the design and crafting of the case. They are my best friends and I have come to love them like a brother and sister – to love all of them in fact, the whole family.

Perhaps when I am well again you will let me introduce them to you properly. Rose's father, Ned, is an excellent fiddle player and we have so much fun round the camp fire, learning and playing folk songs together. You will fit in perfectly.

Which brings me to the final part of this gift to you. In the pocket for the sheet music, you will see a musical piece I composed with Ned. My sister, Liz, helped me to write 'the dots' for the musical score. Ned has taught me quite a few Scottish Airs, even though he is a Spanish Gitano gypsy himself.

Their influence comes through in this piece. I hope.

I have called it 'To Sadie, with Love'. The music is for violin and piano and I am sure you will find it easy to play – easier than it was for me to write, anyway!

Please accept these gifts with all my love. Even if we may never become one, then at least you will have a part of me here to keep. All I hope is that you think of me each time you open the violin case, and each time you play this music.

All my love forever.

Jimmy x

P.S. I hope you believe me...otherwise these are only words, and words that I don't have, to take your heart away.

All three remained silent, motionless, even expressionless until the honesty and sincerity in Jimmy's final words were too much for Rose. She buried her face in Sean's shoulder to hide her tears. Sadie wrestled with her own feelings brought to the surface by the love expressed, not only in the letter and those final words, but through the hours of dedication built into what would become 'the perfect gift'.

It was Sadie who broke the silence. She scanned the music.

"I must play this." She was humming the tune to herself, reading from the sheet music. "Angela!" She called out to her pianist. There was an urgency in her voice. "I have a new piece we *must* do for the concert - let's run through it - now, please?"

Rose had recovered, at least enough to take in what was about to unfold before her. After tuning up - and both musicians taking an initial read of the sheet music before them - Sadie and Angela launched into Jimmy's composition. It filled the hall. The rest of the orchestra ceased what it was doing. And listened.

Silence prevailed.

Just a few bars in and the power of the music, combined with the virtuosity and feeling built into Sadie's performance, cast its spell over the whole school hall. Again, but with a power eclipsing all that had gone before. It reached another level - and so did Sadie. At long last, the full depth of Jimmy's commitment to the ideal of true love – dedication poured into the construction of the violin case and the composition - could be heard for all to enjoy. As the notes flew from the bow of Sadie's violin – notes that had never before blessed the air waves - a new standard in the genre of romantic music was born.

The last extended note rang out, tapering off to an almost inaudible finish. The whole orchestra - who had remained silent throughout - stood up, erupting into a crescendo of applause.

Sadie stood, motionless, smiling through her tears.

Rose and Sean quietly and unnoticed slipped out of the side double doors. It wasn't just a remarkable performance. By any standard it was beautifully played, all the more exceptional because neither Sadie nor Angela had seen the music before, let alone played it. They had executed the piece, note perfect, on pure instinct. Clearly Sadie and Jimmy were 'in tune' musically, if not spiritually. Her expressiveness as she addressed each musical phrase and bar was unforced and natural, almost as if she knew the piece already, or had worked with Jimmy and Ned in its composition.

But it was a partnership that ended before it had really started.

Sadie was disappointed, but not surprised, *not* to find Rose and Sean waiting for her on completing her first performance of '*To Sadie, with Love*'. But she appreciated the fact they had left her to absorb the gravity of the piece on her own, to reflect on the circumstances under which it had come to be written. That first performance had filled her - as well as those listening - to a point where her emotion, and love for a composer she barely knew, overflowed.

Now she needed solace and solitude. To prepare for the big day.

The forthcoming concert was scheduled for just a few days time – just long enough to ensure Rose, Sean, their family and Jimmy's, all had tickets. Sadie also lived in Blaby village and knew where the gypsy camp would be - where it had always been. She set out for Mill Lane the following day, leaving enough tickets to include Jimmy's sister, Liz.

On the eve of any concert Sadie normally suffered from nerves – but not on this occasion. In fact, she was so relaxed that she was worried she was 'too loose', and lacked the edge you need sometimes to pull off a stellar performance.

Why am I so at ease? she asked herself.

The answer was simple: confidence. Somehow and in some way, Jimmy's composition infused her with its strength, a new level of understanding for her music and for her instrument. Sometimes you give

so much to your music; on other times, it gives you back so much in return. It was as if Jimmy himself guided her every note.

This was such a time. He had, and he did.

Each note was filled with his love, a love that grew with every performance, with every bar she played then, and in years to come.

As usual, the concert was a sell-out, but Sadie had arranged for prime position seats for her special guests. Even Jake's parents had to put up with seats several rows back. Jimmy's mum and dad, and Rose's, met for the first time that night.

Their next meeting would be at Jimmy's funeral.

At Sadie's late request, Jimmy's *'To Sadie, with Love'* was to close the concert. Respectfully, she introduced the piece with the story of how it had come about, with a self-deprecating remark aimed at herself.

She began:

"Never has a composition affected me in such a way. Not only has it blessed me musically, but inside. I feel enriched because of it, a better person in so many ways. I hope you feel it too.

"It also taught me a lesson. So many times, so many of us – myself included – are blind to the goodness, kindness, and even love, bestowed upon us by those around us. Often unseen. Even those we may not automatically count as friends, or family. Jimmy's love and devotion comes through – to me – in every note of this next piece.

"Unfortunately, it is now too late for me to respond, other than to play his music. The lesson – and my message to you all – is simple. If there is someone out there for you - someone special - open your eyes.

"Don't let it be too late for you."

A low murmur rippled through the audience, many were visibly moved – especially Jake. He knew he had often taken Sadie for granted, allowing his parents' money and position to buy him favour.

Was he on his way out? Only time would tell.

The finale to the show bore all the promise of Sadie's introduction.

As expected – at least by Sean, Rose and Ned – its effect on the audience ranged from being captivated to reaching an even more sublime level. It was like nothing else they'd witnessed before. Their

appreciation was mirrored in the ten minute standing ovation, surpassing all previous performances by all previous performers.

That was fifty years ago.

I can honestly say, the excellence of that night has ever been surpassed at the school. To crown it all, Sadie invited Ned onto the stage as the co-composer of the piece to share in the applause. It was a proud moment for Rose and her family, and some consolation at least for Jimmy's parents and his sister Liz.

The ride home was a more sober affair.

Jimmy was gone and nothing could bring him back. True, his memory would live on in the minds of his family, and that of Rose's. And from now on that would include Sadie Green. Likewise, as a song it would last way into the future, available for every concert or campfire wherever Jimmy and Ned's music might be played.

Sadie discovered inside the pocket of the violin case there was a whole portfolio of songs composed by Jimmy and Ned – sometimes for fiddle and guitar, often for violin and piano. Going forward they would form a new direction for Sadie and for the development of her musical career. In that sense, Jimmy never left her side.

The real surprise – for that evening, at least - awaited for Rose, Sean, Ned and Molly on their return to the camp. It was to come from grandmother. As expected, she was enjoying her evening pipe of tobacco by the camp fire, the twins tucked safely in bed. The 'tobacco' in question was her own special mixture - whatever that was - and she was on her third glass of port. But that was not the sole reason for what she came out with as they joined her round the fire.

It stunned them into silence.

"Who's that humming?" asked Ned as he stepped out of the car. He was still a few yards away. She was hidden from view.

"It's Grandma," said Rose. She turned to her father.

"Why?"

"I recognise it. The tune. It's one that Jimmy and I worked on. How would she know it? We've never played it to her."

Grandma had heard them drive up and was ready to greet them.

“You just missed him. She was drawing deeply on her favourite tobacco, her own herbal mixture, as she said it.

“*Who* have we missed?” asked Rose.

“*Him!* You just missed him. He said he was on his way to a concert.”

“That’s impossible,” said Molly, “he’s...”

“Shhh,” broke in Rose, quietly. “She doesn’t know yet.”

Grandma chuckled softly, blowing smoke rings into the chill night air.

“Ha! *She doesn’t know* yet? Indeed! I’ll tell you what I know. He was *here, with me*. He was on his way to a concert.”

She carried on humming to herself, the same tune Ned helped to compose, pondering over her recent visitor, adding:

“I told you he was one of us. Lovely lad – and *you* all missed him!

“Jimmy. Jimmy Colville - spelt C-O-L-V-I-L-L-E.”

~ THE LIVING END ~

EPILOGUE

The above Novella does have some truth in it. Certainly the locations *did* exist, but they may have changed or since disappeared. (e.g. Rest’s farm next to Blaby Church is now housing). Thank you for reading it.

As for the characters - Jimmy, Sadie and Rose grew up in Blaby in the 1960’s. What were their real names? That would be telling and, just to be clear, I fictionalised them in this story - and *some* of the events. Not all.

The sentiments experienced from those portrayed, and from the events, do have substance. We’ve all felt them at some time or other during our lives, haven’t we? At least some of them. That adds truth.

But, as with every situation -

Perhaps we need to dig deep into the lies to discover the truth.

P.S. This is part of ‘[The Black Rose of Blaby](#)’. Please leave a review on the above, on Amazon, even if you haven’t read the whole book - based on *The Violin Case* and writings of J S Morey, Author.

Thank you.

John Morey

FURTHER READING

The Violin Case was taken from *The Black Rose of Blaby*, from the series 'Love should never be this hard'

Books in the series 'Love should never be this hard'

Book 1: [The Sign of the Rose](#)

Book 2: [The Black Rose of Blaby](#)

Book 3: [Rose: The Missing Years](#)

Book 4: [Finding Rose](#)

By the same author:

[Wild Hearts Roam Free](#) and [Wild Hearts Come Home](#)

and [Wild Hearts Bright Stars](#) (*Modern westerns set in Wyoming*)

[Unresolved?](#) - a short story linked to 'Wild Hearts Roam Free'

[Those Italian Girls](#) – set in the hills of Tuscany

[Read My Shorts](#) – stories and poems with a message

For more by this author, [visit www.newnovel.co.uk](http://www.newnovel.co.uk)

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