

# CHAPTER TWELVE

There's one thing I don't understand. Why didn't you tell the court what you did with the money? Then they would have seen things in a different light. They would have reduced your sentence. They might even have let you \_\_\_\_\_

I thought of that. But then the judge would have ordered the hospital to sell the machines and pay the money \_\_\_\_\_. And that was the last thing I wanted. I may have got \_\_\_\_\_ going to prison but what would have happened to the children? I couldn't take that risk.

LADY PRESCOTT SHOOK HER HEAD. I can't decide if you were very brave or very stupid. But I have to admire what you did. And you nearly got \_\_\_\_\_ it. You were really quite unlucky.

Now I don't condone stealing. Theft is theft and you deserved to be punished. But after two years in jail you've paid your debt.

A SILENCE FELL BETWEEN THEM. FREDERICK WAS STARING DEEP INTO HIS COFFEE. TELLING THE STORY OF THE KIDNEY MACHINES HAD BROUGHT \_\_\_\_\_ SOME PAINFUL MEMORIES. AND HE SUDDENLY FELT VERY \_\_\_\_\_

How could a good man end like this? He's falling apart. I must help him. I can't just stand \_\_\_\_\_ and do nothing.

AND WITH THAT SHE SUDDENLY STOOD \_\_\_\_\_ AND PICKED \_\_\_\_\_ HER BAG.

Would you excuse me, Mr Carruthers? I have a couple of calls to make.

LADY PRESCOTT WALKED TO THE PAY PHONE IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. SHE TOOK A YELLOW DIARY \_\_\_\_\_ THE BAG AND LOOKED UP A NUMBER. THEN SHE PICKED \_\_\_\_\_ THE RECEIVER, PUT SOME COINS \_\_\_\_\_ THE SLOT AND STARTED DIALLING.

FREDERICK TURNED HIS FACE AND LOOKED \_\_\_\_\_ AT CRAWFORD STREET. THERE WERE NOW LOTS OF PEOPLE. IT WAS HALF PAST THREE AND THE LOCAL SCHOOL HAD JUST BROKEN UP FOR THE DAY. A YOUNG GIRL CAME IN AND ORDERED SOME CHIPS.

LADY PRESCOTT FINISHED HER FIRST CALL AND PUT \_\_\_\_\_ THE PHONE. THEN SHE TURNED \_\_\_\_\_ AND LOOKED ACROSS AT FREDERICK, HE WAS MILES \_\_\_\_\_, STARING \_\_\_\_\_ THE WINDOW.

SHE PICKED \_\_\_\_\_ THE PHONE AGAIN AND DIALED A SECOND NUMBER.

A FEW MINUTES LATER SHE WAS \_\_\_\_\_

Is that Newtown Prison? This is Lady Prescott. I want to speak to my husband.