

Tom Putt

by

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The watery spring sunshine shone through the new leaves of the trees, making a dappled pattern on the damp paths. Spring was on its way, the snowdrops and daffodils were dancing together in the breeze.

He had walked these paths many times through all the seasons, spring being his favourite. But today was different, very different, because today he was walking alone.

This was the first time without Roz. Roz who had fallen in love with him on the first day they met and had never stopped loving him.

He thought about her now as he walked and all that they had been to each other.

Tom Putt and Roz Evans, they had always been an "item" it seemed to him. He was slightly older than she was, but age didn't matter to them.

They married when she was nineteen and he was twenty five. A very quiet affair but that was what they both wanted. Neither of them liked fuss of any sort and that was how they lived their lives. They lived for each other, although they had many friends, their world consisted of just two people. He remembered how lovely she had looked on their wedding day. Her dark hair framing her beautiful face, and that smile! He could see that smile now, it would stay with him for ever.

They had been happy years they had together. There were a few ups and downs to begin with, but he chose not to remember those and to concentrate on all the good times. The time when he came home and found her so excited because she had found the first bird's nest with eggs in and couldn't wait to show him. The time when the first new shoots appeared in her lovingly nurtured garden.

Roz took great joy in the little house he had found for them, always finding little things to make it a happy place for him to come home to. His job took him away for many hours each day, but he could be sure of a warm welcome every time he opened the door into their living room. In the winter a fire would be burning brightly and supper would be waiting for him. In the summer she would usually have food waiting outside, and they would sit and talk, listening to the sounds of birdsong until the light began to fade.

As he walked on and the memories came flooding back, he imagined she was walking beside him, chatting about this and that, pointing out anything unusual that caught her eye. But when he stopped, there was no Roz, and he was on his own. The silence was almost unbearable, he would never get used to the silence.

He had often wondered what their lives would have been like if she had lived, but he was gradually getting used to the fact that he, Tom Putt, was now a widower, and he could not see any further into the future than that.