

A short story by Gloria West.

“Hazel, I’ve got something important to tell you,” Hazel’s mother, Angela, said, one summer morning in 1928, in Warwickshire. “Come in and sit down. Prepare yourself for a surprise.”

Hazel came into the sitting room from the kitchen. Angela motioned her to sit in an armchair. As she did so, Hazel looked at her mother in a puzzled way.

“You know how you loved to visit your grandfather’s tailoring shop in the past,” Angela remarked. “And helped him there with a few things?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Well, your father and I have now received all the details of your granddad’s will.”

Angela took a deep breath. “We thought he was doing reasonably well with his business. However, we did This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered his will.” Angela paused. “More, it’s *all* going to you.”

Hazel gasped but Angela spoke again. “Now don’t get too excited yet.”

“Can’t help it, Mum. I’m amazed.”

“As we were. Nevertheless, I must stress you can’t have this cash yet. It’s been set up in a trust for you until you’re twenty one.”

Hazel’s face fell, her dreams of treating her family and friends immediately fading.

“That’s nearly a lifetime away!”