

Denunciation

Two Letters

The snap of the letterbox in his Pimlico flat woke Fergus up that morning. Fergus Crichton laid out the two letters on the table then went to make a coffee. He found the smell of the freshly made coffee and the warmth of the cup in his hand the only possible way to face another day. The first letter was from a Ms Charlotte Compton, an aspiring young journalist with the Scotsman. Her father had been editor of both the Scotsman and the Herald but she used her mother's name of Compton in an effort to succeed in her own right.

She asked to meet up that day to discuss an article she was hoping to write.

"What I have in mind is a sympathetic piece on the quiet exiled Scot who brought down a Foreign Secretary". She had resorted to snail mail because Fergus had proved impossible to reach by any digital means.

The second letter was a tempting offer from the Landlords of Churchill Buildings to give up his assured tenancy at No 9 so they could modernise and relet the flat at an exorbitant rent to someone with more money than sense ('city slickers' as his grandmother used to call them). He need only "drop in to the letting office a couple of streets away", as it seductively put it, "to sign back the lease in exchange for a sizeable tax free lump sum of £40,000." And then what - a cheaper flat in the suburbs; a return to

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Charlotte had taken, one of Fergus's favourite restaurants. It was already quarter past, so grabbing both letters, he set off. Often you could eat outside, even this late in September, but today it was raining heavily. Their table would be inside. Fergus had missed breakfast and was so hungry he could almost taste his favourite sea bream as he reached Grumbles. Would they make small talk while they lunched or would it be straight down to the painful recollection of past events?

In that moment he decided. He drew his umbrella closer to protect him from the heavy rain and the possibility of being recognised. He strode past the restaurant and round the corner to where the letting office was, his mind already thinking of ways to spend £40,000.

A Working Lunch

"Pleased to meet you Mr Crichton. I'm Charlotte, and I work at the Scotsman. I really thought you weren't coming"

"Sorry I'm so late. I had to do a bit of business first - and please call me Fergus"

"No worries! I made good use of the time catching up on work."