

Forward to the Past

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"This was an amazing story" "I just can't explain how awesome this story really was" The year is 1951, and Janey Morrison's life is starting to pick up after recovering from her father's death in World War 2. Everything is going for her - she has a loving mother and grandmother, a great best friend, and a boyfriend. However, one week suddenly changes that. When she loses two of her family members, her entire life shatters into pieces. Nothing is going for her, and she starts to feel depressed. Since she has nobody left, she picks up a gun and shoots herself in the head. 60 years later, Janey wakes up from a coma to a futuristic world as an elderly woman. Her journey now focusses on surviving in a 2012 society. She then runs into familiar faces from the past, including the person who turned her life upside down... It's not long before Janey realises that her life has come to nothing, and she thinks she should have never woken up. However, her determination beats her depression, and Janey will stop at nothing to get the justice she deserves. Can she close the door to the past forever, and concentrate on building a future?



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Forward to the Past : Chapter 1

Introduction

Britain in 1951 was a very different place than it is now. After having recovered from the second world war, Britain was on the verge of the new era, but not quite yet, as there was still much work to do.

A typical household in Britain was that of the Morrison family. It consisted of Doris, the matriarch, and the two children, Janey and Michael. The patriarch of the family had been killed in the war, just like many other families in the area. Doris also had a mother, Winnie. The Morrisons came from London, so they were very lucky that the children had not been evacuated. They were not in central London, but in a small village just on the outskirts.

Janey was a fourteen year old, who, like any other teenager in those days, appreciated the life that she had, and showed nothing but respect for her mother. Doris was the most loving mother in the street. She would do anything for her children, and she would always go out of the way to help another person in need. Michael, on the other hand, was a very shifty person, and he sometimes made Doris worry about him when he left the house on an evening. He was seventeen, but he still had no job. He had a job working down the mine, but he got fires because of laziness. He also got into much trouble in school, and was even expelled from one. Unfortunately, there was now nothing that Doris could do, as Michael was soon approaching eighteen.

In the Autumn of 1951, it was a very typical day for the Morrison family. Doris had just came back from all of the shops.

"It's a shame, that is", said Doris, "the shopkeeper down the town said that he had no bread left, so I had to walk another five streets just to get it!"

"Never mind", said Winnie, who was living with the Morrisons because of her financial difficulties.

"Well, at least I've got it now", replied Doris, "so, where are the children?"

"Janey's in there, listening to the radio, and Michael said he's going out".

"Where to?"

"He said he didn't know - he just wanted to go out with his mates".

"He's been doing that a lot lately!"

Doris then went into the tiny living room, where Janey was listening to Doris Day.

"How was school?" asked Doris.

"It was like any other day", replied Janey, "except Kate got caned today".

"Again? What for this time?"

"For talking to other classmates".

"That child! I'm not sure if you should be with her all the time, Janey. She'll get you into trouble one day!"

"Kate's a good friend", replied Janey, "I appreciate your concern for me, but I know when Kate gets up to her immature tricks".

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"You're an intelligent girl, Janey. Just make sure that she does not cause any harm to you".

"I will, mother".

Then Winnie interrupted.

"There's that television again!" she cried.

"What, next door?" asked Doris.

"It's the only television in the street, and we had to be next door to it!"

"Well, they're also thinking about getting a car".

"A car?!"

"Yes. I was talking to Mrs.Smith yesterday, and she said that they had been saving up for one".

"Those things are a waste of money. Why can't people just walk, like they did before the war?"

"Things change, though. That's the thing. Soon, there's going to be people all over, racing those things about and causing accidents. We'd better be careful from now on!"

Janey was still listening to the radio. That was all she had to do, really, except hang around with Kate.

"Oh, I forgot to do the washing!" cried Doris.

"I'll help!" cried Janey, getting up to do the washing up with her mother.

The two people stood by the sink and scrubbed the clothes. They repeated the process for every item of clothing, and the whole activity lasted for an hour and a half.

"Let's hope it doesn't rain!" cried Doris.

"I'll go and light the fire", said Janey.

After Doris had hung the washing on the line, Michael returned.

"And where have you been?" asked Winnie, "we've been worried about you!"

"I've been for a walk and a talk with my friends", replied Michael.

"Have you heard what's on the radio?" asked Janey.

"What?" replied Winnie.

"There's been somebody pinching out of old people's homes in the area".

"Things are getting worse these days", said Doris, sitting down to do her knitting, "there are so many heartless people".

"Why are you out so much?" Winnie asked Michael.

"I told you", replied Michael.

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"That's no way to speak to your grandmother", replied Doris, "and besides, mother, Michael has a right to do whatever he wants, as long as he's not breaking any laws".

"I wouldn't do anything of the sort!" yelled Michael.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. I did my best to raise the pair of you over the years, and I'm glad it's really paid off".

"Kate's at the door", said Janey, who wanted to leave the house now that she was bored of the radio.

"Of course you can", replied Doris, giving her daughter a kiss on the cheek.

"How have you been after today?" asked Janey.

"I'm alright", replied Kate, "rough as nails, me!"

"Does it not hurt?"

"It did for about two seconds, but then it was alright after that. I hate that teacher, though. How sick in the head must she be, to do that to a child?"

"We're fourteen now. We're almost grown women".

"I suppose so, but that doesn't give her the right to do that!"

"It's always been that way. This country is strict - it always has been, and always will be!"

Then Janey's boyfriend approached.

"Hello. I've missed you today!" cried Steven, giving Janey a kiss.

"I would have went out earlier", replied Janey, "but I wouldn't want to make it sound suspicious".

"Why haven't you told your mother yet?"

"It's not my mother - it's my grandmother. She'll be down my neck all the time, asking me questions and telling me that I shouldn't be doing this. She'll even think I've gone all the way with you!"

"Well, as long as you're not trying to hide me from them. It feels right, doesn't it?"

"What does?"

"Our relationship".

"Oh, of course it does!"

Janey, Kate and Steven then went for a walk by the nearby river, and Janey felt very happy with her life at the moment.

Chapter 2

Chapter 1

The next day, it was Doris' 40th birthday, and there were plans made to celebrate it. Doris had no idea about this, but Marilyn, Doris' closest friend, had been planning a picnic for the whole family. Everybody else in the family knew, and they had to keep quiet about it.

When Doris found out, she was very surprised at the thought of doing something for her - Doris was the one doing everything for everyone else, but it was now a change for once in her life.

"You deserve it!" cried Marilyn.

"After all you've done for us over the years", said Janey, "I would not feel right if we did not plan something for you!"

"Thank you all so much!" cried Doris.

When they arrived at the park, several sheets were laid out on the floor, and everybody sat underneath a tree in the shade. It was the most beautiful area in the whole town - the view from that spot was marvellous. The people who attended Doris' birthday celebration were Doris, Marilyn, her husband, Janey, Michael and Winnie.

"It's such a perfect day", said Doris.

"We're lucky your birthday is in the Summer", replied Marilyn.

"I wish this day would never end", said Janey.

"You're not the only one", replied Winnie.

After the family had prepared to eat the food, Marilyn and her husband stood up to make an announcement.

"We have some good news for you all", said Marilyn, "I'm pregnant!"

"That's fantastic!" cried Doris, "after all this time!"

"We never thought it was going to happen!" yelled Marilyn's husband, who was excited at the thought.

"Well, you've finally done it!" said Doris, standing up to give her true friend a cuddle.

"I...I have to go now", said Michael, interrupting the happiness after five minutes.

"Why?" asked Winnie.

"I told my mates I'd meet them around now, so I'd best be off".

"What mates?" asked Doris.

"Well...you know...Donny, Alan".

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"I've never heard of these people before!"

"Of course you have. Remember...they were at my 13th".

"Well, I can't remember that far back - that was four birthdays ago!"

"Well, I have to go now".

"Can't you just stay for five minutes, it's your mother's birthday, for goodness sake!"

Michael got up and walked away.

"You can't control my life any more!" he cried.

"Just let him get on with it", said Winnie, "if he wants to get on with his life, kick him out the house!"

"I'm not going to do that to my own son", replied Doris, who felt like her birthday was ruined.

The family continued to stay in the park for a while, wondering what Michael was up to.

"He'll be fine", said Marilyn, "your Michael was always responsible".

"But that was when he was a child", replied Doris, "he's not a child any more - he's a teenager, and he could get himself into some serious trouble. Times change!"

"They certainly do", said Winnie, "but Michael was right - it was his choice, and he chooses to do these things. Who knows - maybe we could be worrying over nothing, and perhaps he is innocent after all!"

"Well, it's been a lovely day", said Marilyn, trying to change the subject into something happier, "so why don't we finish off with a few drinks at our house!"

"That would be lovely", replied Doris, trying to put on a brave face.

After having spent a few hours at Marilyn's house that evening, the Morrison family returned home, all except for Michael.

"Stop worrying!" cried Winnie, "he's going to come through this door any minute now. Just watch!"

Doris entered the living room, where Janey was listening to the radio again.

"Doris Day?" asked Doris.

"No, it's Judy Garland this time", replied Janey.

"Janey, you know I love you, don't you?" asked Doris, who's confidence was lowered by her son's behaviour.

"Of course I do!" cried Janey, "why do you ask that?"

"It's just, I feel like the family was not like it used to be. I don't know. I'm just been silly old Doris".

"Of course I know that, and I love you too!"

"I will do anything for you, Janey. Anything".

"I know".

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"And are you happy with your life?"

"Of course I am - I've got you, Michael and my grandmother. I've got friends", replied Janey, thinking of her boyfriend.

"I'm so glad to hear that".

There was silence from the two from that point, until the song finished.

"What was my father like?" asked Janey.

Janey's father had died eight years before, so the last time she saw him was before he went to war, when Janey was two.

"Your father was a wonderful man", replied a proud Doris, "and I hope he's looking down on you now, thinking 'that's my daughter', with pride!"

"He died for his country".

"He did. He died for us, which makes him so special!"

"When was that photograph taken?" asked Janey, pointing to the mantle piece.

"That photograph of your father was taken a few weeks before he was killed. The army sent it over to me. They said that before your father died, he wanted this photograph to be kept on our mantelpiece for us to always remember him. He never wanted you to forget him".

"And I never have", said Janey, looking at the photograph.

"I think he's up there somewhere right now", said Doris, "and he's making sure that we're happy. He'll be watching Michael right now, making sure that he makes the right choices. I'm sure of it".

Funnily enough, Michael walked through the door.

"And where have you been?" asked Winnie.

"I...I...nowhere", replied Michael, "I just wanted to apologise for today".

Doris stood up and gave her son a cuddle.

"I knew you would make the right decision", said Doris, "I just knew it".

Chapter 3

Chapter 2

The following morning, life went on as normal. Doris thought that Michael's strange behaviour had ended, so all was well again. It was like any other day in the Morrison household: Janey was listening to music, Doris was doing the housework, Winnie was sitting at the kitchen table reading, while Michael was in the living room with Janey, doing his homework.

"So, everything is alright again?" asked Winnie.

"Everything's perfect", replied Doris, "back to the way it always was".

"Do you want me to help you with the housework?"

"No. I'm fine. You know what your condition with your heart is like. You shouldn't be running around after me. Besides, I'm happy doing the housework all by myself - I enjoy it that way".

"Fair enough", replied Winnie, continuing to read her book.

"If I had the choice of winning a mansion somewhere, or stay here, I would stay here. I love my life the way it is".

"I'm glad to hear that", replied Winnie, "and besides, where are you going to get that money? One of these gameshows on the radio?"

"I know, but I just wanted to stress how happy I am".

Everybody remained in the house, doing the same thing for ten minutes, until something tragic happened.

"Doris!" cried Winnie, gasping for breath.

"What is it?!" yelled Doris, terrified that her mother would die.

"Help...me", whispered Winnie, falling off her chair, holding her heart.

"No! Don't die!" screamed Doris.

Winnie's eyes closed, and Doris felt her pulse. There was nothing. Winnie was dead. She had died of a heart attack.

"No!" repeated Janey.

The family was devastated.

"She was only sixty years of age", said Doris, crying into her hands.

Janey approached her mother, and cuddled into her. Michael just sat there, staring.

Two days later, Doris and Janey were still upset about Winnie's shock death. However, Michael did not appear to feel the same way.

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"I'm going out for a walk", he said.

"Alright, honey", said Doris, still with sore eyes.

When Michael left the house and went round the corner, he met up with David, his 'friend'.

"You ready?" asked David.

"As ready as I'll ever be", replied Michael, walking with him to a nearby care home.

"They never expect it in the daylight", said David, "got your knife ready?"

"Yes".

The pair of them then stormed into the care home, holding their knives at two of the residents. They both wore masks, so that they would not be identified later.

"Right", said David, "here's the deal. Give us all the money and jewellery, and nobody gets hurt!"

One of the nurses in the care home got up and gave David the money in her purse, which was not much, and not enough for David.

"Don't joke around with me!" yelled David, holding a knife to an elderly woman's neck, "if you don't give me at least one hundred quid within the next thirty seconds, I'm going to slash her throat!"

The hostage was terrified, shaking, and quietly repeating the word, "please".

David did not care. He showed no sympathy whatsoever for the people he harmed or stole from.

"Here", said the nurse, "and this is all we have!"

David looked at the thirty pounds.

"I asked for one hundred!" he cried.

"This is a nursing home - we don't have much money here", said the nurse, desperate for him to leave.

All of the other residents and staff were hiding behind the furniture in the room.

"Please, this is all we have here".

"Don't lie to me!" screamed David, "you're telling me that not one resident in this building has jewellery?"

"They don't have much. That's why they're here".

"You're a filthy liar!" cried David, moving the knife closer to the hostage.

"David. I think she's telling the truth", said Michael.

"You idiot!" yelled David, "you said my name!"

"They don't know who you are, though!"

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"Fine! I'll tell them all who you are. This is Michael Morrison, and he lives just round the corner".

"I think we should leave", said Michael.

The nurse stood there, still watching them.

"Alright. I'll go, but I'll be back, and you'd better make sure you've got something descent here, or else you're all dead! You hear me?" yelled David, swinging the knife around. He released the frail hostage, and they both left the building.

When they left, they were jumped by police officers. David was making his mouth go, but Michael said nothing, regretting what he had just done. Why did he do it? What was his mother going to think?

Meanwhile, two streets away, Janey was out with Steven.

"Come round here and I'll give you a kiss", said Steven, pointing to a back alley.

"Alright", replied Janey, making sure it was the right thing to do.

At first, Janey was unsure of what she was doing, but she felt safe around Steven. They then approached the dark, empty, quite dirty back alley, where nobody wanted to go or even look down. Steven then went to kiss Janey, but instead, he grabbed her and forced her on to the floor.

"Now stay still and shut up!" he said.

Janey's eyes were wild with terror. She looked into his eyes, and saw that he was nothing but pure evil. He then undressed himself, and undressed Janey. She laid there, absolutely terrified about what was going to happen. It all happened within a minute.

When Steven finished, he said, "don't tell anybody about this. You keep this to yourself, or I will find you and kill you!"

He then ran off, leaving Janey traumatised and shocked in the back alley.

Chapter 4

Chapter 3

Janey sat there, in the back alley, trying to process the thought of what had just happened. How could he do this? She had now lost trust in any male person she knew, including her brother. Janey found it difficult to get up; she was so shocked. She did not know how she could cope. It was not really the ordeal itself, but the fact that she had been raped. The ordeal lasted only for a minute, while the aftermath would last for a life time. Janey then thought about covering it up; she did not want her mother to know. She had an excuse to look upset, since she had lost her grandmother, so she was lucky. She did not want to come forward - she was too scared to.

Janey returned home shortly after the ordeal, where her mother was sat, looking at old family photographs of her mother.

"She was a stunning woman in her day", Doris told her daughter.

"I'm sure she was", replied Janey, filling up.

"Look, I know it's difficult, but I'm sure everything will be alright. Your grandmother would not have wanted us to be upset, would she?"

"I know", Janey replied, quietly.

Doris then received a knock on the door. When she answered it, to her surprise, it was the police.

"Doris Morrison?" asked one of the officers.

"Yes? Oh, God. It's about Michael, isn't it?" Doris cried.

The two policemen looked at each other.

"Yes, it is", said one of them.

Doris burst out crying, falling on to the floor.

"Please, no! No!" she cried, thinking that Michael was dead.

"Your son, Michael Morrison, has been arrested for burglary".

"What?!" yelled an astonished Doris, "so he's not dead?"

"No!"

"Thank God!"

"But he's been arrested".

"What for?" said Doris, happy that her son was alive, but very disappointed that he had been arrested.

"We told you", replied the police officer, "burglary!"

"I'm sorry I didn't hear you the first time", said Doris, "I took it the wrong way".

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"Well, we'd like you to answer some questions for us, if you may".

"Why? Is there proof that he did it?"

"I'm afraid there is. Two of my police officers caught he and David Branch, taking hostages in an old people's home".

"What? That's awful! It can't be my Michael, it just can't be!"

"I'm afraid it is".

"So, there were definitely witnesses?"

"Plenty of them".

Doris stood in the doorway, and turned around. She then put her hands on the table, and cried hysterically.

"Why is my life falling to pieces?!" she cried.

"We need to know when your son left the house", said one of the police officers.

"I don't know", said Doris, "anyway, what's he looking at?"

"Sorry?"

"The sentence? How long's he going away for?"

"It's hard to say at this stage, because he threatened to kill somebody, but I think it's fair to say a few years, at least".

"Oh, God, no!"

Doris felt like nothing, now.

"He'll be charged later this afternoon. If you'd like to come down in a few hours time, you'll get more information then".

"Thank you", whispered Doris, closing the door.

Doris then went over to her daughter and cuddled her tightly.

"It'll be alright", said Doris, who knew fine well that it was not going to be alright.

Janey could not stop thinking about the rape. She was upset that she had more or less lost her brother that day, but she was still in shock about the rape. Her head was all over the place.

"I want to be alone", said Janey.

"Alright", replied Doris.

Later that afternoon, after Doris had found out more information at the police station, she and her daughter visited the cafe. Janey was quite scared to leave the house, but she had to at some point. When she got to the cafe, she did not yet see Steven. If she did see him, it would damage her even more, looking into those evil eyes.

"I know these past few days have been a shock", said Doris, "but we'll find some way of coping with it, won't we?"

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Doris tried to find reassurance in her daughter, but Janey showed little interest. Her eyes were so sore of the crying and the shock.

"Of course", said Janey, who was not really listening to what her mother had to say, "so, what's happening with Michael?"

"Michael..." begun Doris, "he's in custody at the moment. I don't think they'll let him out. They're really tough on burglars, and hostage takers, so I've spoken to his solicitor, and he reckons he'll get about six to ten years".

"For that?!"

"He did do some serious damage", replied Doris, "and remember, this is not the first time he's done it. He's done it a few times at that other home down the town".

Janey was even more wrecked now. She didn't know what was worse - getting raped or losing your brother.

"Janey", said Doris, "I just want you to remember, I will always be there for you, no matter what, alright?"

"Yes", replied Janey.

"And you can always tell me anything. Anything".

That sentence made Janey think twice about telling her mother. Could she do it?

"Mum", started Janey, finding the courage to tell her.

"What is it?" asked Doris.

"I...I..."

Before Janey was give the opportunity to speak properly, Marilyn came into the cafe.

"I came as soon as I heard", she said, rushing in to cuddle Doris, "I'm so sorry".

"I'll manage with it all", replied Doris, "I don't know how, but I'll manage".

"You're a very strong woman", said Marilyn, "now come on, you two. Let's go over mine and we'll talk about things there, where it's more private".

Doris agreed, so they left the cafe. When Janey left the cafe, she saw Stephen, with Kate! Kate looked at her, winked, and kissed Steven on the lips. Steven saw her, too, and laughed at her. Janey was in shock. She slowly walked over to them, completely unaware of her other surroundings.

"Janey!" screamed Doris.

Janey was in the middle of the road, and a giant truck was coming towards her! Janey just stood and stared as it came closer and closer. It stopped before it hit her.

"Janey, what are you doing?" cried a shocked Doris.

Doris then decided to run over to her. While Doris was running, she was knocked down by another car coming the other way, it knocked her into another car, and both cars collided, with Doris in between them both. Doris then fell to the ground, not moving.

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"No! No!" screamed Janey, running over to her mother. Marilyn was already there, and a trained paramedic ran over to her. He felt her pulse, and checked her breathing.

"She's dead", said the paramedic.

Janey stood there, looking at her mother's lifeless body. She then ran all the way home, where she sat in the corner, shaking up and down.

Chapter 5

Chapter 4

Janey sat there for fifteen minutes, not moving an inch. The trauma was too much for her. Her entire life had fallen apart in a single week. She had nobody. Her mother was gone, and nothing was now going to change that. She could not go on any longer. Why would anybody want to live in this position? she thought to herself. The image of her mother's lifeless body was stuck in her head; Doris was lying there, in between the two cars, her head tilted back, motionless. Janey begged to God, over and over again, that it was a dream. But she knew that she was still awake. She had no hope. Her grandmother was gone. Her mother was gone. Her brother was gone. She had lost her two best friends through betrayal. There was nothing at all left in her life. She cried and screamed over and over again.

Marilyn then entered the room after fifteen minutes.

"Oh, Janey!" she cried, running up to her to give her a cuddle. Right now, Marilyn was the only person left in the world who cared for her.

"I'm so sorry", Marilyn told her.

"She's...dead", whispered a completely traumatised Janey. By saying it out loud, it became more realistic.

"Honey, your mother would have wanted you to be happy. I know it may take some time, but you will be happy again. I'll look after you until you're eighteen".

Janey thought about that for a moment.

"I don't want to stress you out, with your baby and everything", said Janey, with tears flowing down her cheeks.

"You won't bother me at all", said Marilyn, who was also crying her eyes out, "and besides, there's nowhere else for you to go. You don't want to go into one of those homes, do you?"

"I just can't believe she's gone!" cried Janey, "she was talking to me twenty minutes ago!"

Janey still hoped that this was a horrible nightmare. She knew it wasn't. Everything in her life was real, even though it didn't seem real.

"Listen to me, Janey", said Marilyn, "I promise nothing is going to happen to you. I'll make sure you have the happiest upbringing of all. Your mother would have wanted me to take you".

"But how can I be happy when she's gone?"

"She's not gone", replied Marilyn, "she's still in here, and whenever you start to miss her, just think of the memories that you both shared".

"Has Michael been told?"

"He'll be told in good time. Now, I think you should go up to your room, and I'll try and sort things out".

Janey slowly got up to go to her room for some rest.

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"Do you believe in God?" she asked Marilyn.

"I do", whispered Marilyn, holding Janey's hand, "which is why I believe your mother will always be there, watching down on you, making sure that you're happy".

"So, she'll be waiting for me in Heaven?"

"Of course. Your mother was the best person I knew. She'll be waiting for you to arrive, and you'll be together forever again".

That somewhat made Janey feel slightly better, believing that maybe one day, she would be reunited with her mother again. On the other hand, she thought, why would God put her through this?

That gave Janey an idea. She wanted to be with her mother again. Whilst Marilyn answered the telephone, Janey snook into her mother's bedroom, where she found her father's gun from the war. It was only a tiny thing, but very, very lethal. She looked at it, and thought for a moment, "am I really going to do this?"

The thought of her mother kept running through her mind. She found a bullet, loaded the gun, and went into her bedroom, where she closed the door. She looked down into the barrel of the gun. It was pitch black. She knew that by pulling the trigger, her life would also end. She thought about the advantages and disadvantages of both. If she were to kill herself, she would end her suffering, and perhaps be reunited with her mother (and father), but that would also mean that there was a chance that she did not go to Heaven, and that there was nothing there, but darkness for eternity. She also thought, knowing that suicide was a sin, "would I go to Hell for this?"

The advantages of staying alive were that she would live her whole life, and maybe pick up the pieces, and start afresh, but she also knew that she would miss her mother like crazy, and she might not be able to cope without her. She knew that fine well.

Janey thought long and hard, and she had made her mind up, and that was to kill herself. She decided that, before she would pull the trigger, that she would think long and hard about the wonderful memories she had when she was a young child. She remembered running around in the fields with her mother and brother, and playing with her old friends, and she remembered the parties that she used to go to when the war had ended. She remembered very little about the war, since she was only a young child when it ended, so the vast majority of the memories in her life were positive. She remembered the walks down the river, and playing in the park. She had once went to Blackpool, which was an amazing experience for her.

Janey cried as she thought of those happy times, and now she knew that they had all come to an end. Her time had come. She knew that she was about to leave the world forever. Slowly, and carefully, Janey placed the gun inside her mouth. Then she thought, "I might survive it that way, or it might be very painful", so Janey changed the position of it. She moved the gun to her forehead, and decided that was the quickest way. She heard Marilyn's voice downstairs.

"Janey! Janey!" cried Marilyn, running up the stairs.

Janey knew she had to hurry. She prepared herself to do it. Then, Marilyn opened the bedroom door. At that moment, it seemed like time itself slowed down. Marilyn froze when she saw the gun pointing at Janey's head.

"No!" cried Marilyn, running towards her to try to grab the gun. But it was too late. The shot was fired, and the bullet was lodged in Janey's brain. Marilyn screamed and screamed as Janey fell back on to her bed, not moving a muscle.

Forward to the Past

To Marilyn's surprise, Janey had actually survived the suicide attempt, but she was still unconscious. An ambulance took Janey to the hospital, and Marilyn got in the ambulance with her.

"Are you her mother?" asked the paramedic.

"I'm her legal guardian now", said Marilyn, shaking, "is she going to be alright?"

"I'm afraid to say, it looks bleak for her", replied the paramedic.

"Oh, God, no!" cried Marilyn, falling to the floor of the ambulance, "no!" she screamed.

"Miss", said the paramedic, "it's not over for her yet. She still has time".

"Why did you do it, Janey? Why?" cried Marilyn.

At the hospital, after a long wait, Marilyn was informed of the news.

"Her condition is stable", said a doctor, "Janey has fallen into a very deep coma. It is unlikely that she will ever emerge from it, but since you're her only guardian, you have been given the choice of turning the life support machine off or leaving it on.

Marilyn looked through the window. She saw Janey's seemingly lifeless body in the hospital bed. There were tubes inside her all over.

"I'm never going to turn it off", said Marilyn, "Janey might wake up one day".

Chapter 6

Chapter 5

The year of 2012 was a very exciting year for the people of Great Britain. The London Olympics had just finished, and many people were looking forward to the new technology that was been invented, so in general, things were improving for the country.

Janey Morrison, however, felt no excitement, because she was still lying in a hospital bed, still in the endless coma. She had now been in a coma for sixty years. Her body looked like that of any seventy-four year old woman, but her mind was still a that of a fourteen year old girl.

Two nurses then entered the room to check on the patients in there, who were all in a coma. One of the nurses were new to the hospital, and the other nurse was showing her around.

"And this, my friend, is a very famous woman", said the nurse.

"I don't recognise her", replied the young nurse.

"This is Janey Morrison. She has been asleep for almost sixty-one years".

"Really?"

"Yes. Every year, she goes into the Guinness book of Records, for been in the longest ever coma, but nobody cares".

"Why? Doesn't she have any family left?"

"That's the reason why she is in this mess. She shot herself because she lost her entire family in one week. I don't blame her, I suppose. I would do the same in that position".

"That's amazing...so why won't anyone turn it off?"

"Because there is nobody left to give permission to do that! I have more chance of winning the lottery, even though I don't put it on, but one of these days, this woman might still wake up, so it's classed as murder if someone turns if off".

"Is there nobody at all left for her?"

"There's a brother, but he's in prison".

"Nobody else?"

"Nobody".

"So, what if she did wake up?"

"Then she'll have no-one to help her, will she?"

The telephone then rang in the next room.

"Stay here, and I'll get that", said the nurse, leaving the new starter in the room with the practically dead people. The woman stood there, thinking about Janey.

"You've missed your whole life", she said.

Forward to the Past

In all of a sudden, a bullet shot out of Janey's head, and Janey shot up into the air. The nurse screamed and screamed.

"What on Earth is wrong?!" cried the other nurse, rushing into the room, but then she saw.

"Oh...my...God", she whispered, staring at Janey, "it's a miracle!"

Janey looked around the hospital room. The two nurses ran out of the room to alert a doctor. The last thing Janey remembered was seeing Marilyn's face, and firing a gun. To Janey, that was ten seconds ago. Janey then looked at her hands.

"Where am I?" she said, "how am I still alive?"

Janey's head was bleeding, and she saw a doctor rush in to help her. After Janey's head was cleared of the blood, the doctor started to talk to her.

"I know this may seem strange", said the doctor, "and everything will be explained to you, soon, I promise. I'm here to explain to you how you woke up. Do you remember shooting yourself?"

Janey replied, "yes. I did. I'm supposed to be dead".

"Well, I don't know if you've worked this out yet, but you've been asleep for a lot of years. The reason that you did not wake up for all these years, is because the bullet was lodged into your brain, and any surgery that deep would have killed you. Fortunately for you, you have recently developed a brain tumour, that has slowly pushed the bullet out of the way. There is now a whole at the side of your head, but don't worry about that. That will be sorted. Amazingly, whilst the bullet was forced out by the tumour, the tumour was pushed further out by the bullet, meaning that it is easily operable and can be removed".

Janey stared at the doctor, trying to take everything in.

"I know this must be very confusing for you", he said, "so I'll try and make things a little bit easier for you to understand: you've woken up from a coma. You're alive, and you're in your seventies. You have to have an operation to stay alive. I know you must have a million questions, so I'll allow you to think things through, and in fifteen minutes, I psychologist will be here to talk to you about things. Is that clear?"

"Yes", said Janey' completely lost for words.

The doctor then left Janey alone in the room, giving her time to think about things. She had so many questions to ask. What is the world like now? Is my brother still alive? Where will I live? What's going to happen to me?

Janey just about managed to process her thoughts together about what had just happened, before a psychologist entered the room.

"Hello, Janey", said the woman, "my name is Margaret Kindle, and I'm here to talk to you about things, to make you understand more".

"Hello", said Janey, still worried about what was going to happen to her.

"Now", begun Dr.Kindle, "I cannot imagine what it must feel like to be you. It must feel like yesterday when you lost your mother?"

Forward to the Past

"How did you know my mother died the day I shot myself?"

"I've looked in newspapers from the internet".

"The internet?"

"I'll explain everything to you in a moment. First, I just need to take things slowly. Now, in your mind, you are a fourteen year old girl, aren't you?"

"Yes", replied Janey.

"And things are very strange, because your body is seventy-four years old".

"I can't believe I'm still alive!"

"People live to be very old these days. Things have improved since the 1950".

"Yes. I'd imagine".

"So, feel free to ask any questions before I go on. You must have some for me".

"Yes. Is my brother still alive?"

"You would have to find that out yourself. I'm not sure about that, I'm afraid. But ask me anything about the world we are in today, because you are in the future, believe it or not. You've literally travelled through time, sixty years into the future. Now, that must be strange!"

"Of course it is. So, can I ask, how would I find out if my brother is alive or not?"

"There are death records that you can search. There are lots of records you can use. Luckily, the internet might be able to track him down".

"The internet?"

"The internet is a very complicated thing. It was created about twenty years ago, and it is used to find anything you want".

"Really?"

"Yes. You can play games on the internet. You can talk to friends, just like writing a letter, but on a computer".

"A computer?"

"A computer is just like a television, but you control it. Does that make sense?"

"Sort of".

"I'll come and show you. If you'd like to come with me, and you'll understand more when you see it".

Janey tried to stand up, but her legs were stiff. She was given a wheelchair.

"Your recovery process may take a while", said the doctor, "but you'll get there eventually".

The women arrived in an office, and Janey was shown a computer.

"This is what a computer looks like", said Dr. Kindle.

Dr. Kindle explained lots of different things that could be done using a computer, and Janey was astonished at everything that she was shown.

Forward to the Past

"This is amazing!" cried Janey, "I really am in the future!"

"There are also many other things that are different from your world", replied Dr. Kindle, "there are lots of dangerous people out there, Janey. You must be careful. You'll spend the next few weeks in here, where the doctors can hopefully help you to walk again, and then you'll be out on your own. Just remember - you're fourteen, and the world has become a much more complicated place. I will be here to help you understand things a little better, OK?"

"Yes", replied Janey. Janey knew that she was about to embark on the biggest adventure of her life.

Chapter 7

Chapter 6

Six weeks passed in the hospital, and Janey had not yet left the building. It had taken those six weeks for the doctors to teach Janey to walk again, due to the fact that her leg muscles had not moved in over sixty years and they were completely stiff. It took eight hours every day to do that. Also, every day, Dr. Kindle came to help Janey understand some of the changes in the modern world. She was also there to help Janey come to terms with what had happened. Janey just wanted to get out of that place, and find out if her brother was still alive or not. Dr. Kindle also taught Janey some modern features of every day life, such as a mobile phone and the internet. She learned about some of the substantial and important changes since the 1950s - how laws had changed, how black people had been more accepted into the community, how different groups of people had formed, how the country had fallen on hard times with the recession, how television had developed, and of course, how new treatments for diseases had developed.

Eventually, Janey felt ready to step into the outside world after those six long weeks.

"Come and visit me often", said Dr. Kindle.

"I will", replied Janey, stepping out of the hospital for the first time in sixty years. Janey still struggled to walk, so she used a walking stick until her legs eventually recovered from the stiffness.

When Janey left the car park of the hospital, she saw the modern world for the first time. She had seen it from up high from hospital windows, but never up close. She saw how busy the roads were, and how developed the cars were.

"There were never that many in the 1950s", said Janey.

Janey remembered the street for where her home was. The council had sorted everything out for her - they found her a council house a few streets away from where she lived as a child, and they gave her dole money for every week. Since Janey had never worked, she could not really claim a pension, so she had to live off the money that the government provided her. She was not supposed to be there in the first place - she was supposed to be dead, so she knew that something was better than absolutely nothing. Before she decided to go and see her new home (which contained a fridge, a bed and a sofa, provided by the council), she spotted a shop on the other side of the road. The question was, how would she get across? Dr. Kindle had mentioned road safety before, but Janey had so much to take in, that she had forgotten most of it. She remembered something about finding the part where the floor was white and black, or alternatively, look for an electric post which showed a green man and a red man, but she could not see anything. She decided to walk further down the path until she saw something. She then saw a green light in the shape of a man. Just as she approached it, the light changed to red, and the cars carried on driving. What was she going to do now? She remembered something about waiting for the cars to stop for her to cross, so she stood there, waiting for five minutes. A woman then approached her, and also stood there waiting to cross. After another minute, the woman said, "why isn't it changing?"

"That's what I was thinking", replied Janey.

The woman then noticed that Janey had not pressed the button to change the traffic.

"You are one dopy woman", the woman said, pressing the button, "how thick can you get?"

"Well, I don't understand how these things work!"

"You've never used one of these crossings before?"

Forward to the Past

"No".

"I must be dreaming!" yelled the woman, walking away, shaking her head. Janey entered the shop, feeling very embarrassed.

When Janey was inside the shop, she took out the ten pound note that she had been given to spend on food, to give her a head start. She was told by Dr. Kindle that if she was ever confused about something, she should come straight back to her. Janey chose to buy bread and fruit with the money. She then noticed a woman. She was elderly, like Janey, and looked very familiar. Janey thought nothing of it and bought the food and left.

Janey then walked home. On the way there, she came across the place where it all happened - the old cafe. It was still there, and it had not changed much. She saw the road where her mother was killed, and had horrific flashbacks. She then remembered shooting herself. Janey then walked down the street where she used to live. She saw her old house, and cried. It had been modernised, and looked very different. Janey then saw that two doors down, where her "friend" Kate lived when she was a child, the house had not changed much. Then that woman who was in the shop approached the house. She talked to Janey.

"Honestly", the woman said, "I've lived in this house all my life, and it's now that the council say it's falling apart and they need to move me out!"

"Kate!" cried Janey.

"Sorry, do I know you?" asked a very puzzled Kate.

"You're not going to believe this, but I'm Janey!"

"Janey?"

"Your best friend from childhood!"

"Janey? Oh, my God!" Kate cried. She then stopped. "Wait a minute", said Kate, "Janey went into a coma, and that's the last I've heard of her!"

"I woke up a few weeks ago! This was my house!" she cried, pointing to her old house.

"Fine. I need you to prove it, if you're the real Janey".

"Well, when we were children, we used to chase each other up and down the fields, and we used to spend the Summers together".

Kate almost froze, and looked at Janey. "Oh, my God", she said, "that really is you, isn't it?"

"Of course it is!"

"I can't believe it! I thought you were never coming back!"

Kate and Janey, both with tears in their eyes, gave each other a massive cuddle.

"Come into my house", said Kate, "we've got a lot to talk about!"

Chapter 8

Chapter 7

Janey was in shock that Kate was still living in the same house as she was when she was a child.

"So", started Janey, "what's changed over the years?"

"Well, as you'd expect, really", replied Kate, "but it's different for you. I have lived through the changes slowly, so there was no real culture shock for me, but for you, well, this world is completely different than the one you can remember".

"To me, Kate, I shot myself six weeks ago. I know that it was sixty years ago, but I feel like I'm seeing the future Kate. It's like I got into a time machine and travelled to the future within moments. It's so strange!"

"It's hard to understand how you must feel".

Janey then remembered to ask Kate about her brother.

"Do you remember my brother, Michael?" Janey asked.

"Yes, I do".

"Well, I want to know, is he still alive?"

"I think so", replied Kate, "I last heard of him about a year ago, when he was sent to prison again".

"Again?"

"I think I'd better explain. After you shot yourself, Michael was the only one left, so after a few years when he got of prison for the armed robbery at the care home, he continued to commit crimes, over and over again. He's been in and out of prison all his life, mostly for burglary, I think. I can't count on both of my hands the number of times he's been away".

"That's awful", said Janey, relieved that her brother was still alive, but upset about the person he had become, "so how long until he gets out?"

"I don't know", replied Kate, "but you can visit him. I don't think he would have heard about you waking up".

"It will shock him, I would imagine. I can only remember his young face".

"Well, he must be pushing for eighty now, is he?"

"He'll be seventy-seven. Why would he want to commit crimes at that age?"

"You'll have to ask him".

Janey was so disappointed about who Michael had become. She wished she could just go back to the past, but she knew she couldn't. What was done was done, and it could not be changed. Then she thought to herself, "is it my fault? Did Michael continue to commit crimes because there was nobody else there for him?"

"Anyway", said Kate, trying to change the subject, "I'm sure you'd like to know about my life!"

"Go on then".

"Well, when I left school, I set up my own business. It was a bakery, you see. Then I retired at the age of sixty five. There wasn't much to tell, to be perfectly honest, but that was basically my life over the last sixty years".

Forward to the Past

"I have a more interesting one", laughed Janey. Then she had a thought. She wondered if Steven, the person who had raped her all those years ago, was still in the area.

"Is Steven in the area?" asked Janey, remembering that Kate had dated him behind Janey's back.

"Steven?" said Kate, "oh, I haven't heard from him in a while. I couldn't tell you!"

"Alright", replied Janey, "because there's nobody else, is there?"

"No. Everyone else is dead now", replied Kate, "everyone except for us".

"I still can't believe I'm talking to the future Kate!"

"I suppose I am the future Kate to you. In your head, you're fourteen, aren't you?"

"Yes, so I'm a fourteen year old having a conversation with a seventy-four year old!"

"I have an idea!" cried Kate, "why don't I take you around London. You'll see the futuristic world you've entered!"

"That sounds like an...interesting idea", replied Janey, joining Kate on a little adventure into the heart of London.

All day, Kate and Janey visited London. They went to see a film in 3D, which proved to be frightening for Janey. "When Dr. Kindle said I've stepped into a futuristic society", said Janey, "I didn't know it would be this futuristic!"

Then, the two went on the London eye. Janey hesitated at first, but she loved it when she went on it. She stood in the pod for half an hour, looking at the modern buildings, including the shard and the gherkin. They looked very futuristic to Janey.

Throughout the day, Janey had seen more and more things, and she slowly learned about the world that she had entered.

"This has been a fantastic day, hasn't it!" cried Kate.

"Thank you for taking me to see the modern world!" cried Janey.

"Do you remember when we were children, and we used to think about what the future would be like?" asked Kate.

"I would never have thought I would be in it!" yelled Janey.

Although Janey had enjoyed the day, she knew that inevitably, she would have to face the harsh reality of life, and that was the fact that her brother was in prison, her mother had died a horrific death and Janey had missed out on the vast majority of her life. She tried to come up with different coping strategies, and found that the best way to deal with the stress of everything was to focus on something else and make the most of her life, no matter how much time she may have had left.

The next day, Janey was ready to telephone the local prison to find out if Michael was there. It was true, and Janey was allowed to visit Michael that day, since it was visiting day. She felt both excited and nervous. What would she say to him after sixty years? She wanted to rehearse what she was going to say, but then, she thought that it would be best if she did not.

Forward to the Past

Janey arrived at the prison, and she was prepared to visit her older brother. She entered the visiting room, and she had no idea which one it was. She looked around, trying to see if she would recognise him. There were only a few old men, and a couple of them were staring at her. Then, everybody else had sat down and started talking to their loved ones, and there was only one person who was left alone.

"Are you Michael?" Janey asked him, approaching him.

The old man nodded.

"Thank you for agreeing to come and see me", she said.

"Well, I'm here now", said Michael.

"I can't believe it's you", Janey said.

"Why did you do it, Janey?" he asked.

"What?"

"Why did you put a bloody bullet in your brain?"

"Oh, Michael...I was messed up, I..."

"You left me alone with nobody but Marilyn to look after me. And when she had that baby, she didn't want to know any more".

"Marilyn had been through a lot", said Janey, "she was a good person to take you in".

"Ah, well. She's dead now. So who cares?"

"Did you go to our mother's funeral?"

"Well, you didn't. Did you?"

"Did you?"

"No. I was inside at the time".

"Wouldn't they let you out?"

"I didn't care about it, did I? Janey, I'm not the person you want me to be. I'm not a good person. I didn't go to my mother's funeral because I didn't know when it was. I probably could have found out, but the people inside her don't like the others getting out of prison, and I have to do my best to fit in with the crowds".

"So, you were pressured into not going to your own mother's funeral?"

"Yeah, alright?"

"Do you even know where the grave is?"

"No".

"You mean, you've never visited your mother's grave?"

"No".

"Who are you?"

Michael looked at Janey. He was clearly a tough person, and looked like he could easily kill someone if he wanted to.

Forward to the Past

"I told you", Michael said, "I'm not a very nice person. I'm not the kid that you remember. Now, if you came here to see me, you've seen me".

"You're not even bothered that I've woken up?"

"Janey, I stopped caring about you the moment you shot yourself, so for all I care, you could have died in that coma".

"You're a very heartless person", said Janey, getting up to leave.

When she left, she burst out crying, devastated at who her brother had turned out to be.

Chapter 9

Chapter 8

The next day, Janey, who was still depressed, decided to hunt for her mother's grave. When she was a child, there was a cemetery a few streets away, so she decided to look there first. She knew that her father was buried there. Thinking of her father, she had another thought - where was the photograph of her father? What about every single possession that the Morrissions had. Now that there was nobody left to claim them, what happened to everything? Janey assumed that everything that was there was packed up and taken away to a landfill or something. That made Janey even more depressed, since she had lost a very precious photograph of her father, and that was all that she had of him. Now there was nothing of him left. The only thing Janey had of her father was in her memory.

She walked around the graveyard, searching for her mother's grave, whilst walking up to her father's grave, thinking that they may have been buried together. When Janey got there, she saw her father's name, but not her mother's. Where was she buried? Janey could not give up. Her mother had to be in that cemetery! It was very large, but Janey insisted on looking at every grave until she came to her mother's. After about twenty minutes of searching, she came across her grandmother's grave. She knew that she must have been getting closer, since Winnie had died at practically the same time as Doris. Then, she found the grave. She saw the name "Doris Morisson". That was awful, since the surname had been spelled incorrectly. Then she saw the date of her death. That was definitely her. Janey then sat down and cried. She prayed for her mother, and started to talk to the grave.

"I can't believe you're here", said Janey, "I wish I didn't shoot myself, mother. I wish I didn't. I would have then come to your funeral and I would have visited your grave every day. I hope you're looking down and listening to me now. I'm sorry for the pain I've caused you. You have been waiting for over sixty years for me to come, and I didn't die. Hopefully, one day, I will be reunited with you".

Janey wanted nothing more but to see her mother's face again. She wished that she could just run up to her and cuddle her one more time. She missed her mother terribly, and the pain was not going to go away until she died herself. Again, she contemplated suicide, but she knew that there was work to be done. Stephen was still free, and nobody knew who he was. Janey planned on changing that. She would not rest until Stephen was behind bars for what he had done!

Janey then visited the police station. She wished that she had told the police when she was a child, but she was so messed up and so scared, that she couldn't.

"Yes?" asked the police officer at the desk.

"Ok", started Janey, "I know this may seem a little but strange to you, but I am here to report a rape that took place sixty years ago".

"Sixty years ago?"

"Yes. I don't know if you've heard of me before, but I have just recently come out of a sixty year coma".

"Is this a joke?"

"No! I'm serious! I was raped by Stephen Clapton, and he's still walking the streets today, I think!"

"You don't even know where he is?"

"No! He might be dead, but I don't know!"

Forward to the Past

"Ok, Janey? We'll look into it. So, what date did this rape take place?"

"Well, it was the day everything else happened, so it was the 16th of October, 1951".

"Are you sure?"

"Yes".

"And can you describe the events for me?" said the confused and shocked police officer.

"Yes...he took me into a back alley, and forced me on to the ground, and he forced me to keep quiet. It lasted for about a minute. Then, he told me if I told anyone, he would kill me. He then ran off, leaving me in the back alley".

"Ok, Janey. We'll see if this man is still alive".

Janey felt relieved that she had told somebody. Now, it may get sorted, once and for all! she thought to herself. She left the police station feeling happy with herself. She had seen and heard about victims of rape, and how they did not want to speak about it, but Janey was determined to see Stephen Clapton get sent down for what he did, and nothing was going to stop her, not even if she was a nervous wreck. She was unsure whether the police would take her seriously, however, but at least she had told somebody.

When Janey returned to her house, she realised that there were several people, some with notepads and pens, and others with television cameras and microphones. Janey almost instantly realised that this was the press!

"There she is!" cried one of the people.

Janey was then bombarded by people who were shouting her name, over and over again.

"I'll answer all your questions", said Janey, "but one at a time, please!"

"What does it feel like to be in 2012?" asked one person.

"It was very strange at first", replied Janey, "but I think I am slowly beginning to adapt to things here".

"Do you regret shooting yourself?"

"Of course I do!"

"Why did you shoot yourself?" asked another reporter.

"Because at the time, I was messed up, and my head was all over the place. I had nothing left!"

"Do you still feel like you have the mind of a fourteen year old girl?"

"I think that I've grown up a little since then. I don't know how, but I feel like I am an adult now".

"What does it feel like to be a world record holder for the longest person ever in a coma?"

"I don't know. What is it supposed to feel like?" laughed Janey.

"You're famous", said another reporter, "what's it like to be famous?"

Janey thought for a moment, and then shrugged her shoulders. "I'll have to wait and see", she said.

"One more question", said the reporter, "what do you miss most about your life in the 1950s?"

Janey stood and remained silent for a few seconds. "I miss my family", she replied, "and it's as simple as that".

Forward to the Past

Janey then left the reporters and went inside the house. She then thought long and hard about her mother. Day by day, she wanted to be with her again. She would have given anything to see her just one more time. Janey knew that perhaps, she should not have woken up. Her head was starting to be all over the place again, just like it was on that fateful day.

Chapter 10

Chapter 9

Janey woke up the next day, wondering what to do with her life. She was terrified that either Steven was dead, or that the police would not take her seriously. If either of those things were the case, then Steven would not get punished for what he did, and furthermore, nobody would know who he really was. Janey wondered if she would ever see that monster again.

That morning, Janey knew that she needed to go to the bank in order to withdraw some money so that she could go and buy food. She was slowly getting the hang of the money management, even though she had never really learned about money before. When she stepped out the door, she heard a man's voice behind her.

"Hello, Janey", said the man.

Janey turned round and saw an elderly man. "Who are you?" asked Janey, fearing the worst.

"I'm your worst nightmare!" laughed the old man, "remember me? I'm Steven Clapton, the person who raped you!"

Steven laughed in Janey's face, showing no remorse.

"I've told the police about you!" cried Janey, "and you're going away for this!"

"I don't think so", said Steven, still laughing, "do you really think that the police are going to buy your story? Besides, if I did get found guilty, I would probably get let off with a warning. You know what prisons are like these days - more and more criminals are getting away with crimes because of the shortages of spaces in prisons".

"You don't have any remorse, do you?"

"What do you think?" asked Steven, staring at Janey with his evil look.

"You're a psychopath", said Janey, "why I fell for you, I'll never know".

"I never asked you...what was it like to be raped?"

"Just shut up!"

"Or how about your mother dying a terrible death, right before your eyes?"

"Shut up!"

"Or what about the fact that you lost the last sixty years of your life?"

"Go away! Haven't you got anything better to do?"

"Nothing can be better than seeing you suffer!"

"Why, Steven? You were fourteen!"

"I'll tell you why, but you won't want to hear it. I wanted to have sex. I wanted you!"

"You'll pay for this. I'll see you pay, even if it's the last thing I do!"

"I'd love to see you try".

Just then, a police car pulled up behind Steven.

Forward to the Past

"Steven Clapton?" asked one of the three police officers.

"What's the problem?" asked Steven.

"I'm arresting you for the rape of Janey Morrison".

Steven turned round and looked at Janey, who was smiling in relief. "I told you", laughed Janey, "now who's the smug one?"

Steven then faced a back alley and ran for it, even though he was in his mid-seventies. He managed to get into his car, and drive before the police caught up with him. He was a very fast runner for his age. It took the police ten more seconds to get back to the car and start it, but by then, Steven was away.

"No!" screamed a distraught Janey, "get him!"

The police chased after Steven, but they could not find him easily. He would have been gone out of the town by now. Just then, the police spotted a car crash. They stopped to help the people inside. Fortunately, Steven was inside one of the cars. He seemed to be dead, but he was not. The police then took him away, and as Janey was able to see from a distance, she cheered. She was so proud of herself for coming forward and finally making people see who Steven Clapton really was! It was like a weight had been taken from her shoulders.

Later that day, after processing the shock of what had happened that morning, Janey decided to have a relaxing afternoon in the peaceful park, where she had a picnic for Doris' 40th birthday. For Janey, it was nice to see that it had not changed much. Some of the trees were still there, and the lake remained in the same place. Of course, it was more modernised, but Janey didn't mind, as it was a very peaceful place. Also, the view from the park was stunning, as you could see for miles around. Janey sat down on one of the park benches, and breathed in the fresh air. She looked around at the beautiful views of nature. That was what she had missed from her life in the 1950s. She missed the peace and quiet, and everybody getting along fine. People were generally happier in the 1950s than at any other time. Within the seven weeks that Janey had been awake in 2012, there was not one day that went by when she wished that she had her old life back, and that she did not shoot herself. She had missed her whole life, and it had only started to hit her since she got out of the hospital. She wanted to think that it was all a horrid dream, but she knew it wasn't. This was reality, and although it seemed to be very absurd, it did not mean that the whole story was fictional - all of this was perfectly feasible, however unlikely.

After five minutes of hearing nothing but children playing in the park, and the very distant noises of cars down the town, Janey was interrupted when a man sat down next to her. He was old, too.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he said to Janey.

"Yes, it is", replied Janey.

"I wish the whole world was like this. When I'm here, I don't have a care in the world".

"Me, neither", replied Janey, "I can remember when this town used to be like this. There weren't many cars, and there was nothing to worry about. I miss those days".

"Me, too", said the man, "by the way, the name's John".

"I'm Janey".

Forward to the Past

"I'm sorry to be so rude for asking, but are you the woman who was on the news this morning?"

"I am, yes", replied Janey, trying to think about how many people had actually seen her on the television that morning".

"I bet you're going to be really famous", said John.

"I doubt it", replied Janey, "how could I become famous with my story?"

"Nobody has been in a coma for as long as you have", replied John, "I know because I am a doctor".

"It's not the best world record to break", said Janey, ashamed of herself, "but I suppose it is quite an achievement. I'm lucky to even be here, from what the doctor told me".

"Life can be hard sometimes, but you just have to make the most of the time you're here".

"I've wasted sixty one years!"

"More the reason to enjoy yourself now. You'll never know how long you have left. My father died when he was twenty-two, and my mother died when she was fifty-six, both of natural causes, so it is unlikely that I will live much longer".

"There's correlation between your longevity and your parents'?"

"In general, if your parents live longer, you live longer".

"Well, both of my parents' deaths were completely unnatural, so I'll never know how long they could have lived".

"I'm sorry", said John, "I shouldn't have brought it up".

"Don't be silly", said Janey, "I feel better by talking about it. It makes me feel like there's somebody out there to listen to me".

"I'm a perfect stranger", said John.

"Yet, it feels like I've known you for years".

"I have a friend who once told me about you", said John, "come to think of it, I have just realised she was talking about you!"

"Really? Who's this?"

"It was somebody, I don't know how they know about you, but they just told me your story, about the one piece of drama that this town ever had".

"I think 'drama' is putting it lightly!" laughed Janey.

"Listen, I don't know what you're doing later, but do you want to go and grab a coffee later and talk?"
Janey was shocked. She'd been asked out on a date!

"Yeah, I'd like that", replied Janey, feeling much better.

Chapter 11

Chapter 10

Three months passed, and Janey's life was slowly beginning to get much better. She was now used to the 2012 society, and she loved it. She could now understand how to operate a computer, and any other piece of modern technology. She could not drive a car, however, because of that fateful day - she did not want to cause anybody the pain that she had to endure because of cars.

Day by day, for those three months, it was getting closer to the trial of Steven Clapton. Janey was very nervous indeed. She did not want to get up and talk about her experience in front of dozens of strangers, but that was what she had to do if she was to get justice for herself (and any other woman who he may have raped within the past six decades).

Eventually, the day of the trial came. As Steven Clapton had pleaded not guilty, he was given a trial, and the jury would decide on his fate. He was terrified, too, but he kept trying to reassure himself that nothing was going to happen to him. Janey was even more anxious, as she was so desperate to see him get found guilty.

The trial itself took the whole day. The barristers on the prosecution and the defense were arguing non-stop. There were arguments defending Steven Clapton, such as Janey not coming forward earlier, or no previous charges applied to Steven Clapton. There was not even one other allegation made towards Steven Clapton that he had raped another woman. To any perfect stranger, Steven Clapton seemed to be a respectable, honest person. However, Janey had one advantage, because he ran when the police tried to arrest him. Other than that, Janey had no legs to stand on, so she hoped and prayed that the fact that Steven Clapton had attempted to escape an arrest would convince the jury that he was guilty. Janey thought otherwise, however.

It did not take long for the jury to decide the verdict. It took five minutes to come up with a verdict.

"You're going to pay for this", said Steven Clapton, when he entered the room. Janey, who had to face him after the trial had finished, was scared that if he was found not guilty, Steven would not stop stalking her, and there was not one thing that could be done to stop him.

The verdict was announced. There was so much tension in the room at that moment. Amazingly, Steven Clapton was found guilty. Janey cheered, and as he was been taken away, she cried, "burn in Hell, Clapton. Burn in Hell!"

"That's enough", said the judge.

Three days later, Steven was handed a sentence of two years, with a minimum of one year.

"What?" cried Janey, "that monster will only do one year!?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Morrison", said the judge, "but one year is a long time, and I have to take into consideration everything. At the time this rape was committed, Steven Clapton was fourteen years of age. It can be argued that he did not understand as much as he would if he were an adult".

"The justice system is a disgrace!" screamed Janey, "he should be locked up forever! That's what happened when I was younger!"

"Things change through time, Miss Morrison. Now, just leave it".

Forward to the Past

Janey left the room. Although she was hoping for a much longer sentence, she was grateful that he had been found guilty. She wanted him to be found guilty more than anything, because now that he had been found guilty, everybody knew who he was.

Janey returned home to John. They had now been seeing each other for three months, and it was beginning to get more serious.

"It doesn't matter", said John, even though he was disappointed in the result, "at least he's been found guilty".

"I know", said Janey, "and that's the most important thing. Now, I just hope he suffers in prison and that year drags by!"

"Let's just forget about him. We have a life to live, and he doesn't".

"You're right".

Janey always listened to what John had to say. She always felt more comfortable in his company. She was starting to feel like she wanted to spend the rest of her life with him. Fortunately, so did John. He was madly in love with her, although he did not dare to admit it.

That night, John stayed at Janey's for the first time. John and Janey were both seriously considering moving in together, and it would be Janey moving in with John, since she had very few possessions herself, since she had been living on nothing but dole for the past few months.

The next morning, after breakfast, Janey received some heart-breaking news: Kate was on her death bed, and she asked for Janey to come and visit her. Kate had been fairly ill for several weeks now, although she did not think that it was something serious. Kate was proven wrong, when she was told that there was little chance of making it to the next week. Kate knew that she had to say something to Janey.

Janey rushed into the hospital, where she found Kate in that bed, lying there. Her childhood friend was about to die, and there was nothing that could be done. There were tubes coming from her noses and stomach - Kate certainly looked like she was on death's door.

"Janey", whispered Kate, as Janey entered the depressing room.

"Try not to talk, Kate", said Janey, holding back the tears.

"You were...my best friend", said Kate.

"I know", replied Janey, unable to control her eyes for much longer.

"I just wanted you to know...I cared about you. I always did".

"I know you did, Kate. I know".

"I want to say...I'm sorry".

"What for?"

"For going off with that...monster...before you had the accident".

"Don't let that get in the way of our friendship. I never did".

Forward to the Past

"Steven told me that...you were controlling him, and he needed...me".

"Did he rape you too?"

Kate nodded. She sat up a little, and coughed seven times. Janey patted her back.

"He's in prison now", said Janey, cuddling Kate.

"I wish I...came forward".

"I promise you, I will get justice for you, but don't think of him in your final hour. Think of the memories we had when we were children".

There were tears pouring down Janey's eyes by now.

"Those were my best days", said Kate, now struggling to speak.

"Just remember the happy times".

Janey had Kate in her arms.

"I'm so happy you came back", said Kate, "I was devastated when...you left".

"It's OK. It's OK. Just remember the good times we had".

"Yes", said Kate.

One minute later, Kate died. Janey was crushed. Instead of crying, however, Janey informed a nurse, and left the hospital, leaving her best friend to rest in peace. Now, there was nobody left in her life except for John. John was also a little bit older than Janey, so, assuming he would pass on first, Janey would be left alone, with nobody. Janey appreciated the three months that she spent with her best friend. Now all Janey had of her was the memories they shared together. Janey was glad she got the chance to tell Kate that she cared for her. Even though Kate was dead, Janey did not feel upset, because she said everything she wanted to say. She knew by now that she had to close the door to that chapter, and focus on the next one.

Chapter 12

Chapter 11

Janey stayed in the house the next day, grieving the loss of her best friend. Kate's death made Janey realise that life was too short to be messing around - she needed to enjoy herself while she could.

Whilst Janey was thinking of other ways to enjoy the remaining years of her life, Steven had spent his first night in prison. It was long, and depressing, and Steven's cellmate seemed to be psychotic. He did not know how long he could take it. He could not cope with it for a whole year.

Steven went into the hall for his lunch, and after he had eaten, he went outside to where all of the other prisoners were. Every day, the prisoners got one hour outside of their cells. Steven knew he could not make friends easily - he was in his seventies, and he knew that if anybody tried it on with him, he would get beaten up. He thought that he was safe since Janey had shot herself, but he got his comeuppance in the end. The cunning old man looked around, trying to see if there was anybody else his age. There were several people his age, and they were all gathered round in one corner. As he approached them, one of the old men walked over to Steven first.

"You raped my sister", said the man.

"Who are you?" asked Steven.

"I am Michael Morrison, and you are going to pay for what you did to my little sister!"

"Wait a minute! I'm not here for that. I'm here for...tax fraud. Who told you I'm a rapist?"

"Janey's friend, Kate, wrote a letter to me before you got sent down, explaining who you were and what you had done. You can't fool me, Steven. I remember you. You used to live on the estate that we lived on when we were kids. I know who you are and what you did".

"You've got it all wrong!"

"No. You're the reason my sister tried to kill herself. She didn't kill herself because our mother died - she killed herself because of you! You're going to pay for this!"

In a flash, Michael jumped on Steven, and he repeatedly smacked his head off the floor. By the time the prison guards managed to get over, Steven's face was completely covered in blood. His nose was completely bust, and one of his eyes were teeming with blood. There were half a dozen teeth on the floor. Steven was screaming. One of the guards grabbed Michael and tried to push him away, but the other old men remained loyal to him, and forced him away. One of the old men was David, who Michael had been with on the day of the robbery. They had stuck together ever since, and had helped each other in the worst of times. David forced the guard on to the floor, and the others managed to push the other guard away, allowing Michael to grab Steven.

Michael lifted Steven up by the neck, and before the guards got chance to grab him again, Michael took the opportunity to get revenge, and broke Steven's neck. Within seconds, Steven was dead.

Having heard the news at home, Janey decided to visit her brother once more. She needed to talk to him about this. He may have been shiftless and a low life, but he was still her brother, and the only relative Janey had left. She wondered if Michael actually cared for her after all, since he had just brutally murdered the man who raped her, so there would probably be no other motive for killing him. Janey was now hopeful. Even though

Forward to the Past

she disagreed with the decisions that he had made, Janey felt like she got her brother back again.

Janey entered the visiting room once again, this time instantly recognising who Michael was.

"Michael?" asked Janey.

"Janey", replied Michael.

"Why did you do it, Michael? Why?"

"I did it because he raped my sister. I regret everything I said to you the last time. I was just upset with you for what you did".

"I know", replied Janey, "and believe me, there's not a day goes by when I don't wish I didn't do it".

"Well, I'm only allowed five minutes, because I am supposed to be in solitary confinement for what I did".

"How long are you going to be in there?"

"Forget about that. We've got to make the most of our five minutes. Now, listen to me. I love you, I do. I want us to have a relationship again, just like when we were children".

Janey started to cry. She never thought that Michael was ever going to say that again. She thought that she had lost him forever.

"Of course we can", replied Janey, holding back her tears, "you know, this is the second emotional conversation I've had in two days".

"Has Kate died?"

"Yes".

"Well, thanks to Kate, Steven is dead".

"Did she tell you about it?"

"She wrote a letter to me".

Janey laughed. "Well, I suppose Kate got her own back in the end, and she knew it".

"Look, we've only got two more minutes left. I'll talk to you in a few months when I get out of that Hell hole. I'm going away forever now. I wasn't really going to get out in the first place, but..."

"What did you do?" asked Janey, curious of the past six decades of her brother's life.

"I made some bad decisions", replied Michael, "and I wish I hadn't, but I don't really hate my life. I share a cell with David, my best mate. I'm quite happy in prison".

"Alright", replied Janey.

"I just want you to forget everything I said the first time we met", said Michael, "just remember the good old days, when we played together when we were children".

"I always remember", replied Janey.

Forward to the Past

The guard told Michael that it was time to go.

"I need to ask him one more thing!" cried Janey.

"Go on then", replied the guard, "but be quick".

"What was the last thing you said to our mother?" asked Janey.

Michael was quiet for two seconds. "I told her that I was sorry, and everything was going to be alright".

Michael was then taken away. Janey watched, as she waved her brother goodbye for the next several months.

When Janey left the prison, she received a call on her mobile phone. It was John.

"Janey", he said, "are you coming back to the house?"

"Yes", replied Janey, "why?"

"There's somebody here who'd like to see you. She said that she's got something to give you".

"Who is it?"

"She'll explain everything when you get here".

When the conversation ended, Janey was left to wonder who this woman could be.

Chapter 13

Chapter 12

Janey quickly returned to the house, where John and this mysterious woman were stood. The woman looked about sixty, and Janey did not have a clue who she was.

"Who are you?" asked Janey.

"Janey?" asked the woman.

"Yes. I am Janey Morrison. Can you please explain to me who you are and what you want to give me?"

"I'll explain who I am now. You don't know me, but I certainly know you. I came back as soon as I found out you had woken up".

"What is it?"

"Well, my name is Emily. I am John's old friend. Do you remember Marilyn?"

"Of course I do!"

"Well, I am Marilyn's daughter, and she was pregnant with me when you went into the coma".

Janey stopped and stared. "So, you are the child that Marilyn was carrying?"

"Yes. I am. I know you've been awake for four months now, but you see, I've been away to America visiting my sister and her family, and I've only just got back a few weeks ago. I ran into John this morning, and he told me that you had woken up".

"So, this is the woman you were talking about, who said that she knew all about me?" Janey asked John.

"Yes. Emily knows exactly what happened to you when you were taken into hospital", replied John.

"Which leads me to what I want to give you. I'll give you a lift to my house, where it is".

On the way there, Janey did not say much, because she was wondering what Emily wanted to give her.

"So", said Emily, "I was really surprised to find out that you had woken up after all this time".

"It's some scientific explanation, the doctor said", replied Janey, "I don't want this to sound rude, but can you please tell me what you want to give me?"

"I don't want to tell you now", replied Emily, "I want it to be a surprise to you".

"You know, your mother saw me shoot myself".

"I know she did. She told me all about you".

"When did she die?"

"She died about twenty years ago, aged eighty. She lived a very happy life".

"Except for that day".

"My mother always told me that nobody was to blame for any of this. You just happened to walk on the road, your grandmother just happened to die, that car just happened to run into your mother".

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"You have done your homework, haven't you?"

"I've got more to tell you, if you don't know already. We're here now".

Emily let Janey into her house. It was marvellous.

"This was originally my parents' house", said Emily, "my father was a businessman, in case you forgot".

"This is spectacular", said Janey.

"Please, sit down", said Emily, "and feel free to get any drink you want. I'll go and get it upstairs.

Janey was excited to see what Emily had for her. She was starting to have ideas about what it was, but she was not entirely sure.

Emily then returned, and gave Janey what she thought she would never see again: the photograph of her father.

"I wanted you to have it", said Emily, "you see, when the people came to clear out the house, my mother took the photograph, because they were going to take every last thing in that house. My mother rescued the photograph".

"Oh, thank God!" cried Janey, "and thank you so much!"

Janey felt fulfilled now. She was distraught when she thought she would never see the photograph again.

"Have you got any of my mother?" asked Janey.

"I have, as a matter of fact", replied Emily, walking over to the cupboard. She took out a box of photographs, and showed Janey some of their mothers when they were younger.

"You can keep them", said Emily, "I've got plenty of my mother. They're better off with you".

"Thank you for doing this for me", said Janey, "you've made my day".

"Well, I did it for your mother, really. When I took that photograph of your father over to her, she told me to give it to you if you ever woke up".

Janey thought for a moment about what Emily had just said.

"You took the photograph to...my mother?"

"That's right".

"But my mother's dead".

"What?" said Emily, "you don't know?!"

"What?"

"Your mother is still alive".

Chapter 14

Chapter 13

"I don't believe you", said Janey, trying to calm down her racing heart.

"I'll take you to her now", said Emily, "and everything will be explained on the way".

Janey rushed to Emily's car.

"It's five minutes away", said Emily, quickly starting the engine.

"Ho...ho....how is she st...st..still alive?" asked Janey, who was so shocked that she could not speak.

"Listen, Janey. Your mother survived the car crash. She was put into a coma herself for a few weeks, and when she woke up, she could not speak, and her hands had fallen off. She has been living in a care home for the last six decades!"

"Then why has nobody told me this!"

"Well, my mother tried to tell you, which is why she came running to your room in the first place - she had just found out. Everybody else just assumed that she was dead, including your brother".

"Michael doesn't know?!"

"I tried to contact him on numerous occasions, but he just ignored me, since I was a stranger".

"But if she was alive, she'd be over one hundred by now!"

"She's one hundred and one now. I know this is unbelievable, but I thought you would have found out!"

"Then what about the gravestone in the graveyard?"

"It must be a coincidence. Both 'Doris' and 'Morrison' are both common names".

"How often do you visit her?"

"I see her every few months. She can't really respond to anything I say to her, but I keep her company".

"What about her brain power?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does it function properly?"

"Oh, yes. Her brain is still the same as it was. She'll remember who you are, if that was what you were wondering".

"She must have been suffering for all this time".

"Well, the past is behind us now. You have to look forward to the future".

"Can she walk?"

"Barely".

Janey was shocked to hear about her mother. She's alive! Janey thought over and over again in her mind. She could not wait to see her mother again. It was all she ever wanted. She would have given anything to see her

Forward to the Past

again, and she was about to get what she dreamed of.

Emily pulled up outside the care home.

"I can't thank you enough for everything", said Janey, running into the care home.

When she got to the doors, she took a deep breath, and went inside. She asked one of the nurses where Doris Morrison was, and she was told that she was outside. The nurse pointed her out when she got outside. Janey was in shock. Her mother was there, right before her eyes. Doris was looking the other way, taking in the nature. Slowly, Janey approached her long-lost mother. Doris then turned round. Both women stared at each other.

"Mother", said Janey.

Doris stared, with her eyes wide open.

"It's me, Janey", Janey said.

Doris froze, and looked at her daughter. She then stood up, and Janey ran into her arms. Both women cried and cried.

"It's OK", said Janey, "I'm here now".

Doris stroked her daughter's hair.

"I'm sorry", said Janey.

Doris continued to stroke Janey's hair, which was her way of saying that she had forgiven Janey.

"I love you", said Janey, "and I always have".

Then, Doris and Janey walked off down the garden path, where they got a view of the whole town. They watched the setting sun, and, holding each other, they knew that everything was going to be fine from now on. Although Janey had missed out on sixty years, she knew that she had to make the most of her time with her mother. Doris cuddled Janey again, and they experienced happiness again, just like they did before.

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