

MISTAKEN IDENTITY – A VOICE AMIDST THE MUSIC

The seminar on inheritance tax planning at the smart offices of Clark and Jackson Solicitors had concluded and the partners were enjoying drinks and nibbles with the attendees. Clients and prospective clients were milling around Guy Jackson, one of the partners, complimenting him on his speech and seeking further advice. Guy's wife Lucille Clark whose father had started the firm, was a solicitor who specialised in family law, and she was overseeing to ensure the event ran smoothly.

Suddenly a fair-haired woman pushed through the throng to confront Guy.

"You're the father of my child!" she shouted.

The room fell silent. Everyone waited to hear how Guy would respond.

"I am not; I've never met you in my life" asserted Guy quietly, but firmly.

"It was July 2011, the Redborough Music Festival. I recognise your voice, I know it's you."

From across the room Lucille could see Guy running his hands through his thick dark hair. She rushed to the side of her husband.

"It's impossible" she said sternly to the woman, "Guy and I were in Greece for the whole of July 2011, and I am Guy's wife!"

Lucille's raven hair swung and her dark eyes flashed as if daring the woman to say more.

The woman ran from the room.

Lucille glared at the staff and they moved swiftly to top up wine glasses and pass around trays of delectable nibbles. The room once again filled with the hubbub of sociable chatter. Guy continued to act professionally as though nothing had occurred. However Lucille noticed Guy sometimes running a hand through his hair.

Driving home after the guests had departed, Lucille asked her husband why he thought the woman would have accosted him like that. "I have absolutely no idea" replied Guy, and he changed the subject.

On the following Sunday Guy's parents and his brother Dan enjoyed a roast dinner at the home of Guy, Lucille and their two children. After having their fill of roast beef and all the trimmings, plenty of wine, followed by apple crumble and custard, the children left the table and the adults leaned back in their chairs chatting and laughing.

"Oh you'll never guess what happened at our seminar this week" exclaimed Lucille, "A woman from the audience accused Guy of being the father of her child".

Lucille noticed Guy run his fingers through his hair again and look exasperated. She wasn't going to say more, but Dan continued the conversation.

"Why on earth would she say that; did she say anything else?" he asked.

"It couldn't possibly be true" stated Lucille quickly, "She said something about Redborough festival in July 2011, but we were in Greece then".

Before anyone could comment further Gus stood up and ordered Dan to give him a hand. "Go through to the sitting room Mum, Dad, and you Lucille – you worked so hard on the meal - Dan and I will clear the table and make the coffee."

Once the coffee machine was gurgling away and masking other sounds, Guy looked his younger brother in the eye, both of them knowing full well that Dan had attended Redborough music festival in July 2011.

"Could it be you?" Guy whispered.

The brothers were only a year apart and they were very similar, especially their voices.

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