



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:2:00

Mollie's Way

By Alan Goodchild

The rear door was opened slowly, reverently, by the tall thin man in the top hat. Not a breath of wind on that day. He looked back at the four of us solemnly and nodded, the young gathering bowed their heads in respect for Molly.

'Pass her back,' he said during the briefing.' 'And please keep your position until I ask you to raise.'

We did so, smoothly, and we stood with her cradled in our arms awaiting his instruction. Two more men in hats joined between us before the soft tone of his voice announced:

'Please raise.'

We looked at each other. We tried, but we could not lift her. He repeated:

'Gentlemen, please raise.' We couldn't. Six of us just couldn't. The two additional men in the middle reached further under and attempted to lift, their faces concentrated on each other, one's eyes moved towards their colleague. He nodded in recognition.

'We will go as we are,' said the tall man. 'Bearers maintain your positions.'

The bemused young assembly moved back as we slowly carried her past them into the building, with every step heavier.

‘There will be complications,’ he remarked during the briefing. ‘Things were found, there is more to be done.’

As we entered the chapel she turned away from the aisle. The head could not be kept straight. As much as we held and heaved and pushed, our way was not hers. The tall man closed the doors behind us as he witnessed our plight.

‘There is one here who should not be,’ he said as he handed me the knife. ‘She knows.’

I took my cousin through to the anti-room in tears and with no emotion or apology I eased the pain for us both.

We lifted her easily to shoulder height as the doors were re-opened and the young assembly entered, then we carried my beautiful daughter to her final place of peace.

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