

told me I would be admonished once our guest had left.
"As real as Edward and George!" He roared with
laughter, revealing his teeth.

"Are you married?" I blurted, unable to stop myself.
Mother's eyes went wide, and her hand flew to
her mouth. If I was already in trouble, I may as well
continue. I glanced at George – was he going to speak
up? No, he just stared at the flagstones as if they held
secrets he desperately wanted to discover.

William – for I was not about to think of him as
Pablo! – roared his deep laugh again. "We are indeed."

Was laughing like a clown all this man did? I failed
to see what was so amusing.

"Edward!" my mother said. "Don't be impertinent.
The day your father has come to visit is very special. It's
a day we should celebrate." Mother beamed at William,
but she looked a little as if she might cry.

"You have met Pablo before, Ted. Do you not
remember? You were very small. Perhaps three or
four?" She sniffed.

I frowned. I had no memory of ever seeing this
man. I sneaked another glance at George. There was
no recognition on his face either. No doubt we were
thinking the same thought: if meeting him was so
special, then why had he left us in the first place?

He was clearly much older than Mother too; he