**Running Shoes**

**By Colin Foulkes**

Tom leaned forward, rested both hands on the cold headstone, bowed his head and, with a low moan, threw up. After the worst of the spasms had passed, he glanced around. No one, no witnesses. The last of the stragglers had ended their conversations, stubbed out their cigarettes and entered the building; and the morning mist would have muffled any sounds.

He wiped his mouth with the wet palm of his hand then reached down to rub it clean in the grass. He rose, patting his pockets; jacket, pants, jacket again, nothing, so he wiped his hand dry on the lining of his suit pocket. The ache in his foot was worse; the painkillers he’d taken were now dripping down the granite slab.

With a muttered apology to Mary Adams, Loving Wife and Mother, he set off, limping, for the building. Should’ve brought the stick. Should’ve brought the painkillers. Should *not* have worn this suit. It was too small, he couldn’t remember when he’d last worn it, but had a horrible suspicion that it had pinched under the arms even then, and, god knows, he was bigger now. A dark suit and white running shoes; for god’s sake Tommy, *white shoes*?