56The snow was unprecedented, for March. Of all the days to pick to meet, she thinks   
As she enters the snow-covered churchyard, more snow falling like feathers from a burst eiderdown in the sky. The phone in her pocket announces a text, something about the sound seems eager and excited. She smiles, knowing it will be him: Train delayed. Nothing will stop me. Wait for me, it says.  
This is one of her favourite quiet places in London, and she loves the incongruity of this being the original St Pancras, a graveyard and simple church, now overshadowed by its more well-known namesake. Though the main railway line runs by the far wall, she hasn’t seen a train yet and can hear, though not decipher, a distorted tannoy from St Pancras station. Perhaps he won’t make it after all. He was always the optimist, never her.  
She also likes the literary connections of this place and heads to the snow-capped grave of a famous resident, Mary Wollstonecraft, knowing this was also where her famous daughter, also Mary, would illicitly meet the poet Shelley. Her mother had died giving life to her, no wonder she was so fascinated about bringing something dead back to life. As I am too, she thinks.  
Her own meeting with him had been at a questionable jazz concert in this church. She’d arrived from work, juggling laptop bag, her coat, and a plastic cup of wine, while attempting to sit on the crammed together chairs and he helped then sat next to her. As the music continued, she realised perhaps she didn’t like modern jazz and glanced across to see his reaction. He was trying not to laugh and soon both their shoulders were shaking with every random clarinet blast or smash at the keyboards. More like Punk Jazz, he’d said after. It was good start to something good that ended badly. Can they really bring it back to life now, years later?  
She sees a train moves as if treading carefully along the top of the wall nearby. She feels hopeful his train may make it after all. As she heads towards the shelter of the church, she is stopped by two elderly gentlemen. One asks her where the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft is? She points back to where her own snowy foot prints lead. The old man doesn’t move, and looks directly into her eyes with his piercing blue ones. “Never forgotten,” he says before heading off. She feels shaken. Of course he meant Mary Wollstonecraft, of course he did. As she looks to where the men have gone, she sees them standing by the wrong grave and recovers her humour. Just two doddery old men, she thinks, who couldn’t find a feminists grave even if they fall over one. She imagines retelling the story to him, him laughing.  
Inside the church she is surprised to see someone in there. Sitting near the front, is an elderly woman in a headscarf with a design of padlocks and chains that shifts slightly as she rocks over her rosary. What is it with old people? First sight of snow and they’re out, slipping in ankle boots, to the post office or church, in this case. She feels annoyed, she’d hoped they’d have the place to themselves to light the candle of their unfinished business. Then perhaps...... but can this live again, or will it just become a cobbled together thing of making do, and visible, clumsy stitching covering old wounds? Like Mary Shelley’s unloved, unnamed creature. When is something alive? When is it dead? When is the exact moment it changes?  
She’d been twenty weeks when they found something wrong on the scan. All the tests proved negative for any genetic disorders they could test for, yet they could see this strong, determined heartbeat It had taken so long for her to fall pregnant, they decided to continue in spite of medical opinions. They get things wrong sometimes, he said. She was induced a month early, in an attempt to save the child and see what might be done. She remembers nothing of the labour, only the aftermath.  
Everything was so silent, she assumed the child must have died. When the midwife placed the baby on her belly, she couldn’t bear to look. She could feel its strong heartbeat, beating through her skin. Or it might have been her own fearful pulse throbbing through her whole body. Still she turned her head away like a stubborn toddler and saw a nurse put a hand over her horrified mouth as she ran out of the room. The midwife moved forward and the baby from her still distended stomach. She fell asleep.  
When she awoke, he was sitting on a chair next to the bed and she felt that familiar warmth of his presence, that same feeling she’d had the night they’d met. She realised he was holding something, wrapped tightly in a sheet that he was rocking. Perhaps everything was alright. He turned to her and she then saw his kind face had a new network of train tracks across his brow.  
“The heart is fading…There’s nothing they can do.”  
She didn’t speak.  
“ We need to name.....it... before they....” He seemed at a loss.  
He held the bundle towards her, encouraging her to hold it, and the blanket fell away and this time she couldn’t look away. All she could see a mass of dark coarse hair, on a round head, or something like one, though there seemed to be no limbs, only a large tooth-like tusk protruding from the mass. She wanted to look away but couldn’t, when something moved in the mass of hair, and a flap opened revealing one, perfect blue eye, looking straight at her. She shrieked, that turned into a siren wail without tears.   
He pulled it away, re-covering the blanket. “How can you be so heartless?”   
He sat rocking the creature gently, and she could feel the movement through the bed frame. it shook the frame.  
“ I’m here,” he kept saying over and over, “ Daddy”s here,” until he didn’t say it anymore.  
The woman at the front is rocking more forcefully now, making audible but indecipherable sounds. Keening isn’t it called? It has an eerie echo that disturbs the silence. Incense and candle scented the heavy air and clear leaded windows show the leaden sky.  
Things were never the same again, the words - how can you be so heartless- forever between them, until one day she just walked out without a word.   
Nothing has changed, she thinks, it’s impossible to begin again. What she did feels unforgivable. How can lighting a candle here, for the poor dead creature with no name make all that alright? It’s pointless. He won’t make it. This snow is a sign, it’s not meant to happen, not now, not ever. She decides to leave, text him from the bus that she couldn’t wait.   
Just then the old woman, now silent, moves diagonally to her left to the candle stand below a statue of the Madonna and child, the child happily reaching out its arms. The woman lights a new candle from the single one already there, then turns.  
She feels a pilot light of horror flare in her stomach as she meets the gaze of this elderly woman with a face etched in grief and misery, but a face she also recognises as her own. Panicking, she pushes chairs aside that screech along the marble floor. She has to get get out of there. As she reaches the door, she cannot open it, no matter how often she tries turning the handle.  
She turns and approaches the woman.    
“ What are you hoping for here? is this how I’m supposed to end up, is it?  
The woman looks at her but is silent.  
“Or do you think God will forgive you? You’ve never believed. And what about his forgiveness? Your husband? Well he never blamed you, not really. Only you do that to yourself.”  
The non-reaction of the old woman sets her in a rage. “ Let it go. Even I will forgive you. Do you hear? I forgive you!” She screams it then covers her face with her hands, sobbing.    
When she opened her eyes, the church is empty. The old woman has gone. The door previously closed stands open. She can see the snow has started again and she walks went outside.   
He is just walking through the churchyard gate and she recognises his familiar shape and gait. Seeing her he smiles with warm recognition. She walks towards him. “I told you we’d make it,” he says.  
  
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