

Forty Two

by Peter Abbey

The gate squeaked, the gravel shuffled and the letterbox clattered as February 14th's mail cascaded to the ground.

Mark grabbed his Spider-Man dressing gown and ran from the top of the stairs to the bottom. There he sat, crossed legged on the matt shuffling through the letters like a terrible dining room magician.

"Bill. Bill. Junk. Bill. Ugh. Booorrnnnggg" he sighed.

Just as he was giving up, a red envelope caught his eye. Dropping the others, he tore it open and pulled the card from within.

Mark smiled as he finally got dressed, text his mum and set-off to work.

