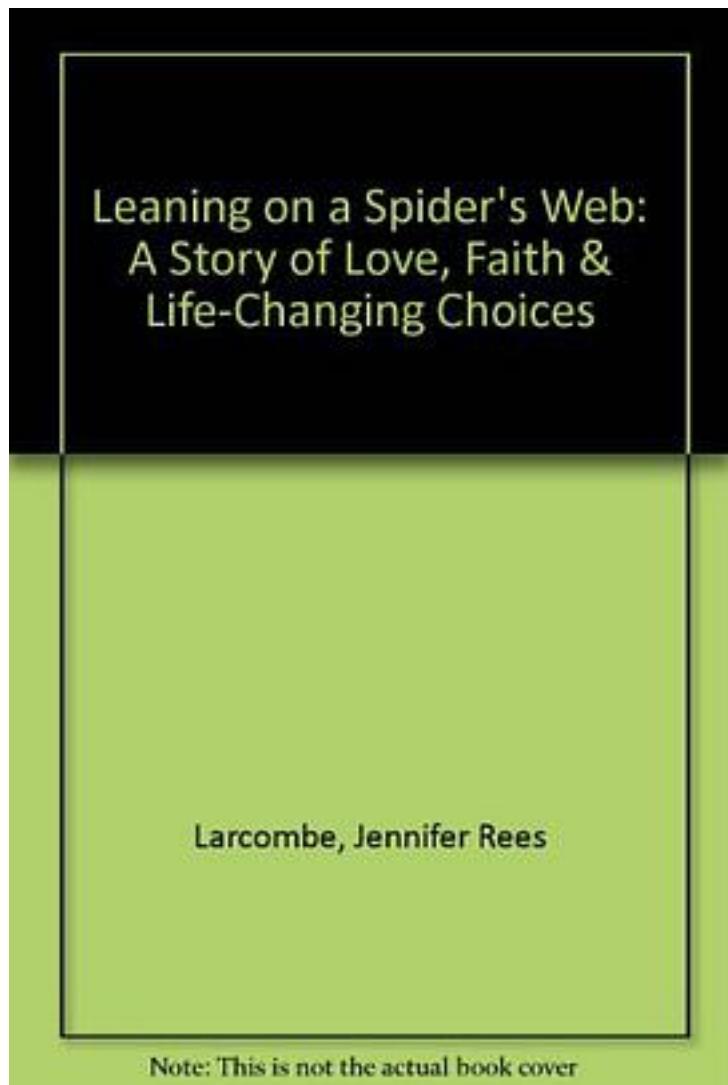


# Leaning on a Spider's Web



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GOOD FRIDAY<br>Five thirty was perhaps a strange time to take a walk in<br>the park on Good Friday morning. Later in the day the<br>media christened it Bad Friday ¼ but as she picked her<br>way down the hill ¼ the day still felt good to her.<br>In the valley lay the lake ¼ and by the fading light of the<br>tired moon it looked like liquid silver. In spite of its beauty<br>she turned her back upon it and began to climb the steep<br>path through the tangled rhododendrons.<br>When she emerged at last she had reached her favourite<br>spot at the top of the hill ¼ where the beech trees towered<br>above their blanket of springy turf. At that time in the<br>morning ¼ they had no substance and were nothing yet<br>but grey shadows.<br>From here she could look back at the hill on the far side<br>of the lake and see the road where she lived lying beyond<br>the park railings. It looked so peaceful ¼ still lit by its amber<br>streetlights with her neighbours asleep behind their<br>curtains. Such an ordinary little terrace ¼ yet so much had<br>happened there since Good Friday a year ago.<br>The sky above the town was beginning to flush with<br>the approaching dawn ¼ but as she looked up she saw<br>something strange. For a moment she thought the<br>morning star itself had exploded.<br>For the rest of her life ¼ the next few seconds were<br>:repeated in her dreams over and over again. The<br>anearthly streak of light sweeping towards her. The noise<br>which shook the ground and rattled the beech trees as<br>if they had been frail stalks of grass. Then the uncanny<br>silence which was the worst part of all.<br>

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