Sidney- Godfather

Gazing sincerely into her once beloved husbands eyes, while she willed him-or was it herself-to tell her that he hadn’t done it, the trembling woman edged timidly out of her shadowed hiding place and into the bleak, revealing light. And although she knew all too well that she had only one question, doubts swarmed and colonized in her head and escaped into the washed out, un-kept room that enclosed her: had he done it, and was it his fault that his brother had been found stone dead, and had he really taken charge of this sickly organization, and could she ever forgive him? He replied in an almost dismissive tone that “no, he hadn’t”. Relief overcame her as much as the shadows engulfed her, as much as the light stung her and as much as the two together managed somehow to swallow her whole. Smiling a plastered smile, which fit perfectly into her gloomy surroundings, Kate stepped briskly into a replica of her previous room. Three suited figures appeared as if by magic – if so, dark magic – and stood in awe of him. Although Michael was a good five inches smaller than the imposing men, the shadowed visitors seemed to look up at him, as if he was something… bigger. A man- a stranger – lent forward and swung the door closed in a purposeful manner. And the last she saw of him was a furrowed brow. And the last she felt was relief being forced out by the unforgiving shadows.