

Groundsman

Sharon Birch

He wanders in the trees, in the rain, in the dark every night. I watch him from my window only ever seeing his shadow. He looks lost. He is the man with no name.

This house, our hideaway, is somewhere I can write and somewhere my husband can find solace from his depression; somewhere to rest our collective heads. Peaceful, undisturbed, beautiful, it's our escape from the real harsh world.

Whenever we come here it's just as perfect as the first day. We have no gardener, no handyman, no Mr Fix-it, but our land is always perfectly coiffured, the garage tidy, the entrance and driveway swept.

I researched the secret of Harbarton House. 1926, Mistress had a lover. 1928, Master killed him in a jealous rage.

Every day, the man-with-no-name looks for her, keeping the grounds prepared, awaiting her return.