

***Let the Bells Ring Out* by Milly Johnson**

Frank noticed the table set and all the decorations up at the windows in 'Old Tom' when he went to put the oven on. Someone was an early bird then. Ah, mystery solved. Heading up to the fridge in 'Yongle', he bumped into Roo, coming the other way. She was carrying a sack while walking slowly and looking around on the carpet.

'Well, Merry Christmas to you, Roo,' said Frank, unsure whether or not to accompany his words with a kiss on the cheek, but she took the dilemma away from him by opening her arms and enclosing him in a hug.

'Merry Christmas, Frank.' She let him go. 'I'm looking for a coin with yes and no on it, you haven't seen it, have you?' He saw her brow was creased with worry.

'Ah, it belongs to you, does it?'

He slid his hand in his pocket and pulled it out. This the one? I found it last night.'

The beam on her face was almost radioactive.

'Yes, it is.'

'What's it for then?'

He'd think she was a crank if she told him, it was her life guide.

'Just sentimental value. It was my dad's,' she lied. She'd found it somewhere so long ago she couldn't even remember where. Had it been her dad's, it wouldn't have been much use as a steer because he made just about every wrong decision in life there was to make.

'Does it work?'

'Well, because of it I'm on here, instead of in a shit Airbnb in Whitby or back home drowning my sorrows, so I'd consider that a win.'

Frank chuckled. 'I think I should get myself one of those. What's in the sack? You look like a burglar.'

'More decorations. I've just been to get them from the storeroom.'