



Chapter I
West Highlands
March

Bright daffodils growing along the verge told her she was almost there. Only another hundred yards ...

Annie slowed down.

Once again, she asked herself the question she had been asking all the way back from the States – was she doing the right thing, coming here? Or was it just another way of prolonging all the pain and uncertainty of the past year?

Vividly she remembered the moment – almost a year ago, on this same road – when a sheep and lamb ran out in front of her car. Dragging the steering wheel hard over, she drove straight into the rocky verge. With a sickening crunch, the car had come to a bone-jarring stop, airbag punching her in the chest as it exploded open. Winded, she was trapped – pinned back in her seat.

That was the beginning.

Sometimes a single event changes everything. That crash was one of those life-altering moments. Until she confronted all that had happened since – whatever the outcome might be – Annie couldn't see how to plan for the future.

She took the narrow turning onto the track towards the coast. The sign appeared ahead. She could just drive on, back through the village, back to Edinburgh airport. No one would ever know she'd been there. But the promise she

made her father was fresh in her mind, and her stepmother's advice still rang in her ears.

'If you don't try, honey, you'll never know.'

The driveway opened up. Steeling herself, heart hammering, Annie turned the wheel.