

STOLEN GOODS

By T.J.Hobbs

“Why am I here,” I wonder as I look down at yet another table full of miscellaneous junk. I don’t see anything that grabs me so I move on, looking across the desolate car park on this cold Sunday morning in the middle of February, and think,

“I could be snuggled up nice and warm in my bed now.”

But no, I wasn’t going to be allowed to do that. For some reason, as yet unclear to me, I have been nagged into coming here and freezing to death.

I sigh and silently ask them,

“O.K. you’ve got me here now would you mind showing me why?”

Who am I talking to, I can hear you ask, well that is a good question and one I’m not sure quite how to answer. All I can tell you is that they help me, or sometimes they don’t. Confused? Yes so am I a lot of the time. This all started a few years ago when I met a medium and was invited to join her spiritual development circle, and since then I have gathered quite a collection of guides that have decided to join me. One of which was quite insistent that I come to this local car boot sale this morning. So here I am, cold and a trifle fed up.

I walk along looking at the disparate tables full with all sorts of merchandise when I get a familiar tingle around my head. I know this is a sign for me that I am getting close to something important. I slow my walk and begin to concentrate. There is a couple with an old pick up truck ahead, with a long densely packed table full of goods, and I seem to be drawn in there direction. The tingling gets stronger the nearer I get until I am positively vibrating as I stand in front of their table. Somewhere

amongst the enormous amount of bric-a-brac and clutter is something important, at least to me. I take my time and I find myself drawn to one end of the table where there is some jewellery. Then I spot it, just as I remember it; a brooch with seven red stones and seed pearls in a geometric shape.

“Oh my god! It looks exactly like Gemma’s mums broach, the one stolen a week ago.”

I try to keep the surprised look off my face, as if it is that broach then these people could be the burglars who stole it. I reach forward to pick it up and the very large man moves a bit threatenly towards me.

“Ahh, can I look at this?” I ask and he nods but doesn’t move away.

I pick it up and immediately it starts to sing to me. I know what you’re thinking, this girl needs to be in the loony bin, but I assure you I am quite sane. Well as sane as most folk anyway. You see my particular gift is called psychometry. Objects sing to me when I hold them, telling me all about there owners and past history. Just recently I have found that I don’t even have to hold them then to get information but touching them makes the communication clearer. In our group we all seem to have a speciality, some for healing, or seeing others guides or for past live recall, but mine is for psychometry, which I admit was a bit of a disappointment to me. Still you can’t choose what you are given and I can do a bit of the other things to but my forte is objects. How useful is that? I have moaned to the others many times about this. Well maybe for once it is going to be. I hold the broach and listen to what it has to tell me. Within seconds I know it is hers.

Gemma told us at the group last Tuesday about the break in and how upset her mum was about losing her jewellery. Not that it was worth a lot as there were no diamonds amongst it but for the sentimental value to her made them priceless. Now I

have a broach I can give back to her and maybe there is some more here too. I look around and spot another broach which I am sure was hers as I had admired it when she worn it to the picnic last year. It is three bluebell like flowers held together with a row of seed pearls. I love the colour and bluebells are my favourite flowers. I pick it up too and ask the man,

“How much for these two?”

“A fiver each,” he says but I shake my head.

“I’ll give you £7 for them,” I reply and I see the gleam of avarice in his eyes and know he’ll accept.

“You’re robbing me but O.K. Seven quid,” he says and holds out his grubby hand for the cash.

I have to stop myself laughing out loud, robbing him! What a joke. I find the cash and pay him, pocketing the broaches and head back to the car park.

I am not a lover of mobile phones and mine lives in my car in case of break down, so I have to return to the car to ring Gemma. I wait for her to pick up then say,

“Gemma, its Kay. I’m at the boot sale and I’ve found two of your mothers broaches on a stall here.”

“What!”

I repeat myself and once she is over the shock she asks,

“Kay can you stay there and I’ll bring mum to join you. She may be able to identify some more of her things.”

“Sure, no problem. I’ll wait for you in the car park,” I tell her.

Twenty minutes later they arrive with a young man I don’t recognise.

“Kay this is PC Brownlow. He’s come as a witness in case we find anymore of the stuff stolen on this stall.”

He nods to me and I smile curious to know why he has taken the trouble on his day off to accompany Gemma here. Then I notice the glance between them and all becomes clear. It would appear he has a soft spot for Gemma and the way she looks at him I'd say it was reciprocated. Well what's the saying? Every cloud has a silver lining; I think that fits the bill here.

After pointing out to them the stall I had bought the broaches from I felt I had done my bit and was happy to let them carry on without me. Walking back to the car with a smile on my face, I was for once feeling good about my gift. Seeing Gemma's mum's face when I gave her back her precious broaches was more than enough reward for me.

"See, I told you your gift could help people, didn't I?" a voice said and for once I could not disagree.

From now on I'll use it more and who knows who I might be able to help others in the future.