

Angels – Pauline McLynn

There was just my Mum and my kid brother. But, yeah, they both died.

Of lots of things. Poverty for one. And me, I let them down. Me, most of all.

We lived in this council house. My Dad's been gone years, anyone else just came and went without staying long. Mum was so exhausted all the time from working all these different shifts to make ends meet.

On...*that*...day...I went out to get some milk and Mum fell asleep while she was cooking the dinner...the chip pan went on fire...and Mum and my little brother, Patrick, died in the blaze. He was two years old.

But I should have been there. If I had been there I could have saved them. If I had been there, it never would have happened.