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## Tried Honesty

by Sue Haffenden

Bustling along the corridor of the children's ward Janet smiled, only one more shift and then she could get out of here for good. Her last day couldn't finish soon enough. In two days' time she would be married and never have to work again. Her handsome husband to be was a leading surgeon and she had agreed to sacrifice her job to be a full time, stay at home wife. Some sacrifice she thought frowning: no more clearing up after people, no more working long and back breaking shifts.

The fact that he was handsome as well as rich was a bonus, but in truth she would have married him if he had looked like Quasimodo. Sick and tired of playing the nurse she had landed on her feet this time, attracting the eye of one of the top surgeons in the hospital.

Bluffing her way into the job without qualifications had been difficult but not impossible for someone as resourceful and desperate as she had been. A recommendation from the family of the last old codger she had looked after had helped her enormously and the certificates she had carefully forged had done the rest.

After all this time it was getting tricky to remember which name was her own; she had answered to so many over the years, she barely recalled her real name.

But all that was coming to an end. Two more days and she could relax and slip into her new role as the wife of a prominent surgeon, her only worries would be around decorating and dinner parties.

She laughed; if only he knew who she really was he would be running a mile. Serves him right the arrogant arse, she thought. It wouldn't take her long to empty the bank accounts and run up his credit cards before she disappeared once more. As far as she was concerned he deserved everything he got.

He had sealed his fate when he had refused to treat her little brother, choosing only cases where he could swoop in and save the day easily. Not bothering with the patients who required real care and attention to detail; wanting only the quick wins without putting in any effort.

It was inconvenient really that she had to go so far as to marry him before ruining him but revenge was a dish best served cold they said and labelling him as a drunken wife beater would be far more important than the money. His career would be over and who would blame her when she divorced him.

Only half a shift left now. She wondered what she should do after this was all over. It had been her goal for so long she felt a little adrift. In truth she was getting bored with pretending all the time but something new would turn up. There would be another opportunity soon and she could start again. After all she'd tried her hand at most things, but drew the line at honesty.