

A scene at the beginning of chapter 7 from Scott's point of view.

Resting on the long kitchen table in the crofter's cottage in Glencoe, the battery-operated radio broadcast the News. Continuous radio commentary on a history Scott Campbell knew all too well.

Scott shoved wood into the firebox of the Aga. He'd chopped a pile before he left the crofter's cottage to work as a summer hire on Mr Moffatt's property in the Lowlands. He let a chuckle escape. Uncle Kieran, Caitlin's Uncle Kieran, who he knew in the future, would laugh to hear Scott call him *Mr*.

Scott slammed the door to the solid fuel stove. It had not been easy to get Caitlin to come with him. He'd almost dragged her out of that mansion. Stubborn. But she'd always been. Younger now and not as smart as the woman he'd married. She had a lot to learn.

*So much to teach her.*

Caitlin was her sparky self, but man there was stuff she didn't know. Just as well she'd nae learned how to defend herself or he wouldn't have caught her on the track here.

He should cook breakfast. He let out a sigh. It had been a while since he needed to cook. Training and leading the Militia with George made for long hard days and he left preparing food to those on mess duty, or to Caitlin, when she insisted on family meal-time.

The kettle steamed over the hotplate, and he made the toast, then sat at the kitchen table. Scraping came from behind the bedroom door which slowly opened. A young Caitlin emerged. He gasped silently. She was a stunner, even in her early twenties. And so innocent-looking. Oblivious to everything that lay ahead.

*Oh, how he loved her. And had missed her.*

He tightened his grasp on his mug of tea. He could nae even touch her. Looking was all he could do until he told her.

If he ever could. A sharp pang twinged in the core of his being—again.

*What if she does nae fall in love with me this time around?*

He was practically an old man in her eyes. And he'd virtually kidnapped her.

*Och, it was nae a good start.*

She stood just outside the bedroom, shy, scared and uncertain, but trying so hard to hide it. He'd never seen such expressions on his Caitlin.

"I can offer ye tea and toast." Scott forced a smile. "The Aga will soon have heated enough water for your wash. Ye can take a bath if ye wish."

"No, thanks."

He repressed the churn in his gut. His Caitlin would love the luxury of a hot bath.

*So, she does nae trust me.*

"Well then, today we need to stow these supplies, aye?"

"Okay." Her voice held a mock bravado.

They spent the morning filling the pantry. She was quiet and spoke little. He turned the sound up on the old radio. She was listening. And it was all panning out as the history records had said. It would be so odd to live through it again but as a man grown and not a wee bairn sensing his parents' fear but not understanding fully its cause—

"You enjoyed yourself shopping?" Caitlin had stacked the canned foods in the pantry and now she carried a box of tinned tuna.

He spoke a little of his experience, or lack of, with supermarkets while they continued stowing the gear.

"Shall I make sandwiches for lunch? Tuna? I think you have enough."

He couldn't stop his mouth tugging at the corners. His cheeky, and often sarcastic, Caitlin was here with him now. He dragged in a halting breath.

“Aye, tuna will do just fine, lass.” He looked directly into those beautiful but naïve eyes. “And ye ken how to make bread?”

“No, should I?”

“Aye, for once that loaf is finished, all the bread we have is what ye make.” His Caitlin was an expert bread maker of all kinds. Scott’s mouth watered at the recollection of her multigrain sourdough, straight from the oven dripping in freshly churned butter. He covered it with a grin.

Caitlin’s brow crinkled, and she made that particular look she always did when searching her brain for information. She would be wondering how to make bread or how to find out without the aid of Google.

*What will she do when I tell her about the toilet paper?*