**PROOFREADING QUESTION¶**

Rumours had been circulating around town that the nearby R.AF station as to become the traning establishement for boy entrant. The rumors soon became reeality. “As many as 15 hundred”, I heard somebody y say. How would our small town cope ? Adults spoke over garden fences, often in whispers with there hands over their mouths. This made it all the more intriguing . ‘They can only bring trouble,” I’d overhard 1 neighbor comment. Fight’s had aparently broken out between R,A.F boys and local ones. I seemed their presents were upsetting everyone.

 Thinking back my parents must have been terrified. Its was one thing to talk to the local boys, but quite another thing to talk to the RAF boy. I was the youngest of 3 children and the only daughter and my father was fiercly provocative. With all that testosterome flying around the town, what were my parents to do?

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Our school days were over, and Sharh and I got apprenticeships linned up at Julios’, one of the ladies' hairdressers in town. We had four weeks before we where due two start, and were going to make the most of our freedom. It was a Saturday, and we couldn’t hardly wait to make the 20 minute walk into Town. Yes we’d been baned from speaking to the RAF guys and given letures before we left home, but this wasn’t going to stop us from looking. We were 15 and thtought we know everything there was to know about the opposite sex.\*

END

\*Text kindly provided by Maggie Dann, author of He Loves Me He Loves Me Not

**Available on Amazon**

Do you believe in fate?

Do you believe that truth is stranger than fiction?

Are you a romantic?

If you have answered yes to these questions then the debut novel by Maggie Dann, “He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not”, is a must for you. Unbelievably, the story is true. The names of the characters and place names have been changed in order to protect identities.

The story is filled with coincidences, love, intrigue, pain and bravery.

August will always remain a very special month in Gillian’s life.

After leaving school, it wasn’t long before she met the boy of her dreams. They fell deeply in love. He was her first love and first loves are truly special.

Heartbreakingly, they were parted by circumstances and went their separate ways. All she had to remember him by, was an engagement ring, along with her memories, her shattered dreams and a photograph. A photograph she would keep for the rest of her life.

This is a true, romantic story.

Perhaps real life is more unbelievable than fiction!