

## The Hornsey Vampires

(Season two of London's Night Stalkers)

### Chapter 3 – Summon Your Gudara

**“Yes, good idea.” Said Clara. “I’m a bit worried about Daniel, so we can kill two birds with a single phone call. You can talk to him Laura and ask him how he’s finding life as a new vampire. We all know it isn’t like the Anne Rice books, no new born vampire ever weeps at the beauty of the night.”**

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Brendan Roche sat nursing a half pint of lager while he waited for Elizabeth Grant to arrive. The rather formidable sounding lady at the agency had arranged everything, even insisting on using the pub in Hendon for the interview.

“There will be a fee for her time, but that can be waived if you want her for longer than two weeks.” The pub was quiet and had lots of small tables tucked away in private corners. If it wasn’t the local place for singles to meet up, it should have been.

He’d never been good with women, even when he’d been a teenager with the usual raging hormones. Brendan put it down to his upbringing, all those urges being suppressed by the guilt of a catholic schooling. It was hardly surprising that he’d been twenty one before losing his virginity.

“Bless you Janice... Otherwise I’d probably still be a virgin.” He muttered.

He’d been twenty one and she’d been a seventeen year old with quite a lot of experience in those sorts of things. Janice had gone on to take his best friend’s cherry too and he’d been slightly older than Brendan. He was never sure if she’d known he was a virgin until that night, though she hadn’t been impressed with his performance.

“Put some effort into it Brendan.” She’d hissed into his ear.

The location hadn’t been ideal, shagging up against the wall of her parents two car garage. Fear and inexperience had been his enemies that night, they still were his enemies. Brendan had two uncles in their forties who were never seen with women. They weren’t gay or into anything weird, they were just scared shitless of sex. Brendan knew; he still carried the scars from being educated by nuns. He still almost expected to burn in hell for enjoying sex outside of marriage.

“Please Elizabeth, don’t be too gorgeous.” He mumbled.

She would be of course, she was bound to be particularly gorgeous and beautiful women made him especially nervous. He knew the dark haired woman was her, as soon as she walked into the pub. Shorter than he’d imagined at no more than five foot four, but she was wearing flat shoes. In his mind all high class escorts were six foot tall Valkyries. Brendan stood up to greet her.

“You must be Elizabeth, I’m Brendan. Can I get you something to drink?”

“Liz, call me Liz... And yes, I’d love a vodka and tonic.”

He liked her voice, well-spoken without sounding too posh. He was worried she’d have an accent the Queen would laugh at. Pretty but not too pretty and her clothes were normal, nothing outrageous. He’d had no idea what to expect and he was pleasantly surprised by her. The nuns.... Oh, the nuns at his primary school would say he was headed for hellfire, but Brendan didn’t care. He bought himself another half of truly dreadful lager and brought the drinks back to their table.

“You’re not what I imagined.” He said.

“Is that good or bad?”

“Good, definitely good.”

Dark eyes looking out from under a fringe of dark hair. He just hoped she had all the skills needed for what he thought of as his mission.

“Did Annette at the agency tell you about the trip to Jerusalem ?” He asked.

“Just that you wanted someone Jewish, which I am. I speak Israeli Hebrew like a native and I’m fluent in Arabic. You’re welcome to test me on either if you wish ? I’m also fluent in Russian and German, though my Italian is a little rusty.”

“Wow, I just speak English, so I’m going to have to trust your language skills. I’m sure Annette wouldn’t risk her reputation by sending someone with a dodgy CV.”

She laughed and it was infectious. Despite arriving with a determination to remain calm and professional, he was beginning to like Liz Grant.

“Which part of Jerusalem are we going to ?” She asked. “I can pass for Israeli born and bred, or put on a Hijab and be comfortable in the Muslim districts.”

Brendan decided to be honest with her, it seemed the best course of action. A few lies now might land him in all sorts of problems once they’d landed at Ben Gurion International Airport. He’d only just discovered that what Mabina called a direct flight from Heathrow, really meant arriving at a place called Lod in Israel. Lod appeared to be in the middle of nowhere.

“I have no idea which part of Jerusalem we’re going to.” He said. “I have never been there before and I haven’t even talked on the phone to the man we’re seeing. That is why I need you, a companion who knows the area and can speak the language.”

Her eyes looked nervous for a fraction of a second, though she didn’t get up and leave.

“Is the trip legal Brendan ?” She asked. “I’m fairly open minded, but not if it involves drugs or guns.... Perhaps terrorism. Sorry for being rude, but you don’t sound like the usual visitor to Jerusalem.”

It was all going wrong, he’d started in the wrong place. She was now interviewing him, but he didn’t care. Brendan put his hand across the table and held hers.

“Oh no, nothing like that Liz, I promise. We’re actually going to see a man who deals in old books and manuscripts. I’m travelling to Jerusalem because my employer can’t, due to a long term illness. I just want to ask him about a translation into English from an old dead language. That’s it.... I give you my word. It’ll all probably be boring... Totally legal though.”

Unless he had to kill Sam Isaacs, though he wasn’t about to tell her that. Liz was smiling at him again and he’d have done or said almost anything to keep her smiling.

“I see, that sort of makes sense.” She said. “I get paid for being with you and I’m your employee while we’re there. Your coin in the slot, so I obey your orders. There may be times though when I have suggestions. Letting me take the lead sometimes, might make things go more smoothly. Only if you’re alright with that ?”

“Yes, that sounds perfect.”

She turned his hand over and held it, while still smiling at him.

“So we come to the last thing, which is usually the first most clients want to discuss. I am happy to sleep alone if you want me to, but I do usually offer certain.... Adult services suited to our relative genders. I’m more than happy to share your bed.... If you wish it ?”

“Oh I wish it Liz, I really do wish it.”

“Good.... Now, when do we fly out ?”

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Mabina had her copy of the Psochic Bible open on the kitchen table. The most definitive work on the occult ever written, which had several sections devoted to vampire lore and history.

“Damn thing, it might as well be written in Swahili.” She muttered.

She'd been tempted to burn the thing a few times, but the knowledge she needed was in those pages, if she only understood the context of the translation. It was like an alien looking at a book on the Flora and Fauna of planet Earth, without having ever visited the planet. Fish and birds would look different to them, but there'd be no context, no idea of oceans being different to the open skies. The Psochic Bible was a translation of ancient scrolls, the carvings on ziggurats now destroyed, the drawings on the walls of long lost tombs. It was priceless, but the translation was literal, with no mention of context. It badly needed explanations, notes and appendices, but there were none.

'To complete the rite of rebirth, the servant of darkness must feed the hungry ground....'

"But feed it with what you stupid book." She yelled.

Mabina was beginning to imagine herself burning the book again, so she closed it and put it in the cupboard next to the sink, the one where she kept tinned food. It was an odd place to keep a priceless work of ancient wisdom, but it was probably the last place a thief would look.

"I will need to be patient." She mumbled. "Something I'm not very good at."

Getting down the stairs to the basement was now easier for her, though the return trip tended to leave her feeling tired. Every day she felt the pull to return there, a pull she'd learned not to resist. There had been headaches if she stayed away from the basement for too long and her brain fog became far worse. It was why she was trusting Brendan to go to Jerusalem, though she'd never tell him that.

"Your Queen can't go; she needs to visit the cellar every other day.... No, to Brendan I must always appear to be indestructible."

Mabina entered the door code and got it right first time, an achievement in itself. Down a few more stairs and she was in the cellar where Laura had killed her. Not by an honest fight with weapons that required skill, but with a gun aimed from just a few feet away. There was no honour these days, no warrior's code. Mabina still didn't like remembering that Laura had killed her with her own gun, the one normally kept in her bedside cabinet.

"So, you're back again old friend."

Mabina had raked over the impression her body had left in the dirt floor of the basement. After it came back again, she'd covered it in fresh compost a good three inches thick. It came back, it kept coming back, complete with the unpleasant stains left by fluids leaking from her decomposing body. Brendan had dug up the entire area and brought several bags of fresh compost into the basement. Still the impression of her death came back.

"It's a reminder to feed you. I understand that now, but feed you with what?"

It held her if she remained in one spot for too long, once anchoring her to the dirt floor for several hours. The hungry ground had drained her a little, causing her mind to become more confused than it usually was. There had been fatigue for a day or so, deep fatigue. There were pages of questions for Brendan to ask the book dealer in Jerusalem, but the most immediate problem was the hungry ground. Mabina felt it trying to hold her there, keep her in the basement. Maybe the ground thought she was deliberately reneging on her part of an ancient bargain.

"Are you angry at me? Is that it?" She yelled.

No answer, just the feeling of something trying to pin her feet to the dirt floor. Mabina had to concentrate and use quite a lot of her remaining strength to make it to the stairs.

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"So why did you kill Johnny Rose before he told you everything?" Asked Clara.

"You could have taken him somewhere and persuaded him to talk." Added Laura.

Simon sipped his wine and sighed. He'd been through it all so many times, but he had noticed before that Clara never realised that hindsight was always twenty-twenty vision.

"Can we get back to the idea that another female vampire is in London?" He asked.

"And we have no idea where she lives, now that you've killed the drug dealer." Said Clara.

"It wasn't deliberate Clara. There was an old guy shouting at me and his wife had already called the Van Helsings. I only had a few seconds to think about how to get Johnny away from there."

"You were outwitted by an old guy? And old human guy?" Asked Clara.

"If you'd been there....."

He saw it, the brief smirk on her face as she knew she'd succeeded in teasing him. There would have probably been some play fighting and sexual activity if Laura hadn't been there, with a confused look on her face.

"Every time Clara..... Every time I promise myself you'll never fool me again." He said.

"So you're not really mad at him?" Asked Laura.

"No more than usual Laura, no more than usual. I had my own rather messy kill recently....

Unforeseen events can get the better of all of us, though I've no intention of telling you about my messy kill."

Simon pulled another slice of hot and spicy pizza from the box and began to chew. It should have been a Netflix night, but the mystery female vampire was far more important. Exciting too, their own kind made the best and most dangerous enemies.

"He said she looked old, almost shrivelled." Said Simon. "That's rare, most vampires are turned when young and look that age forever. Or until they're killed of course."

"Daniel once talked about vampires who'd begun to age." Said Laura.

"Yes, good idea." Said Clara. "I'm a bit worried about Daniel, so we can kill two birds with a single phone call. You can talk to him Laura and ask him how he's finding life as a new vampire. We all know it isn't like the Anne Rice books, no new born vampire ever weeps at the beauty of the night."

"Too busy trying to feed without being caught." Said Simon. "Yes, he likes you anyway Laura. You can be the mentor now, giving him a few tips on vampire life. Slip in the question about the old lady vampire once you have him in a good mood."

Poor Laura, she had the expression of someone who'd been asked to herd a whole room full of cats.

"Me!" She exclaimed. "I'm going out anyway, to my den. I'm going to try and summon my Gudara, my Devourer."

"You can do that here." Said Simon. "We can clear an area in front of the TV."

"But it might..... Be dangerous. I think I'm supposed to do it alone."

He might have given up on trying to persuade Laura to remain at home to make the call to Daniel later that night, but Clara was never knowingly out stubborned.

"Do it in your room then Laura. Please.... I'm quite worried about Daniel." Said Clara. "I was worried about him trying to be king of the vampires, but he seems to be finding the basic things quite hard. Please stay at home tonight."

"It helps to talk it over with another vampire." Said Simon. "I had Giovanni and although most of what he taught me was crap, it still helped."

"Fine, but I'm summoning my Gudara first." Said Laura. "Then if I'm alive and not torn limb from limb, I'll call Daniel."

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Laura had rows of tiny white LED lights around her bed, the sort people seem to string everywhere at Christmas. She'd seen them above someone's bed on a TV show and thought it was a cool idea.

Enough light to see by, though not enough to ruin the atmosphere. If atmosphere was the right term for summoning a deadly servant who'd already killed for her. She sat on the fluffy rug next to her bed and practised a few relaxation exercises she'd learned from the internet.

"Damn..... Clara is right, I'm a messy slut." She muttered.

She was just at the right angle to see them, the pair of panties near the bed leg. She'd run the Dyson over her room several times since they'd moved, even if it had been done quickly and with little enthusiasm. The panties couldn't be ignored, they'd ruin her focus.

"Oh, these are from that Saturday when Jason stayed."

That had been weeks before, almost right back to when they'd moved into the house in Hornsey. If only the Dyson had found them, even if the damn thing had chocked on her white panties with red polka dots. Laura found herself blushing as the panties went into her laundry basket. She had form when it came to being a messy slut, form that could have been dangerous.

"This has to be yours Laura, we don't use them."

Clara had told her, while holding up the bullet she'd recovered from among the dirt in the Dyson. Clara had given the entire house in Wood Green a thorough clean before they left, mainly to protect their deposit. There had been a metallic noise when she'd cleaned the floor in Laura's old room. The bullet was hers, had to have been. It was the same size as the bullets used in her beloved Glocks. Clara and Simon hadn't told her off or moaned at her, their eyes said it all. Vampires seemed devoid of some normal human emotions, but they could emote through their eyes. Simon and Clara had emoted strong feelings of disappointment in her direction.

"I'll be more careful in the new house..... I promise."

Police had visited their old house; there had even been surveillance on the Wood Green house for two weeks, maybe more. If that bullet had been seen by a Van Helsing.....

Laura felt agitated, not the mood she'd been hoping for to call her personal Devourer for the first time. She locked her room door, something she rarely did. Clara might be tempted to look in, to see how things were going. Laura wanted her Gudara to be hers alone though, a private thing in a house where nothing else was ever private. She sat on her bedside rug and took several deep breaths.

"Gudara..... I summon you."

Nothing, though she hadn't expected it to arrive instantly. It had to hear her and perhaps travel quite some distance to reach her. Laura had no real idea about the dream world the Gudara inhabited. Her own Devourer, her servant from the realm of dreams.... Just thinking about it made it seem even more insane.

"Gudara..... Come to me."

Laura worked on bringing her breathing under control. The panties weren't helping, a few red dots still showing over the edge of her overfull laundry basket.

"Slut, slut, slut." They seemed to be yelling at her.

She ignored the building anxiety.

"Gudara.... You are mine.... I command you to appear."

For some reason being anxious made her forehead feel itchy, had done since she'd been a child. Her ankles too, they could demand to be scratched on a bad day. Laura closed her eyes and imagined herself sitting at a beachside bar, drinking Mai Tai cocktails with a gorgeous man. It worked, bringing down her feeling of anxiety. When Laura opened her eyes, she wasn't alone.

"I did wonder if you were real."

The Devourer she'd seen in the dream world had been female and naked. She had been hairy and walked upright, with the slight forward stoop of a large primate. The creature sat in front of her had

a ghostly quality about him, but he was definitely male. There was an odour too, not unpleasant, an odour that stated her Gudara was male, without overdoing it.

“Can you hear me ?” She asked.

His huge hairy head nodded at her. His fangs were permanently there, as had been the fangs of the female. His features were strange, human yet not human. He looked like something truly ancient which had tried to evolve into a human, before failing miserably at it.

“Can you talk to me ?” She asked.

Eyes, huge dark eyes looked at her and they seemed sad as he shook his head. He lifted a large hand and pointed one of his sharp claws at his throat. Laura was glad she’d locked her door. The noise he made was deep and sonorous, the kind of sound the others were sure to hear. There was a sadness about the sound her Gudara made, as his dark eyes looked at her.

“Is that the only sound you can make ?”

He nodded his head at her and shifted slightly, leaning back as if getting himself more comfortable. Good, even if he could only indicate yes and no, she still had a lot of things to ask him.

“The woman you killed. Was that because she was a threat to me ?”

The ghostly look intensified, his head nodded though, even if it was a fairly nebulous looking head.

“This is important my Gudara.... Never kill anyone unless I request it. Do you understand ?”

He was back again, his bearded face clear to her eyes again, as he nodded.

“Did you feed on her blood ? The woman you killed, the threat.”

Again his head nodded, just as someone began banging on her door.

“Laura, are you alright ?”

“Yes Clara, I’m fine.... No problem, it worked, it really worked.”

“I’m going to call Daniel.... Don’t worry if you’re too busy.”

“No, I’ll be down in a minute or so.”

They all knew her minute or so could end up being closer to half an hour. Calls to Daniel were like calling a favourite aunt though, they often went on for hours. Laura looked back at her Gudara, pleased that he hadn’t vanished at the sound of Clara’s voice.

“That was Clara and there’s Simon. I live with two other vampires, though you probably know that ?”

Again the huge head nodded at her, his fangs glinting in the light from the tiny lights around her bed.

“I have to go soon, but I’d like to summon you quite often. Is that possible ? There’s so much I want..... That I need to know.”

He nodded again, which was beginning to feel like a very limited way of communicating. There was touch though. Laura shuffled forward until their knees touched, while trying to avoid looking at his naked body. She held his hand, which felt real, just not real enough. Solid, but like holding a soft toy. He became more solid as she squeezed his huge hand between hers, almost willing him to become more corporeal. At last, she felt the roughness of his hands, the sharpness of his claws resting on her forearm.

“Thank you for protecting me.” She said. “You can go now.”

He vanished, leaving her hands holding nothing at all.

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Clara dialled Daniel on her mobile, the BT landline was rarely used. She was never quite certain if mobile phones were secure, but Daniel had assured her they were many times more secure than landlines. Daniel had a habit of forgetting to be careful when he was excited, saying things that might prod the curiosity of anyone monitoring their calls.

“Hi Daniel, is it a convenient time to pick your brains ?”

“Yes, Gwen is out on some sort of fundraiser tonight, for the local church.”

“Just out of curiosity, did you tell her about your recent change of..... Diet ?”

He chuckled, Daniel always chuckled if he was in a good mood.

“No, though I’d trust her with my life. She’d tell the boy Clara, bound to. He’s a good lad and it wouldn’t be his fault, but he’d end up telling someone. He’s just not mentally capable of understanding that somethings are secrets that can never be told.”

“Good Daniel, I’m sure that’s for the best.” She said.

She listened to his small talk, while listening out for Laura coming downstairs. It seemed that Laura’s minute or so, was going to turn into several minutes, which wasn’t unusual.

“Laura wanted to talk to you, but while I’m here..... Someone saw a relative of ours Daniel, a rather elderly but strong relative. Have you come across that sort of thing before ?”

“Are we talking about blood relatives ?”

“Exactly Daniel, exactly..... I’m told she looked very old, almost shrivelled.”

“Oh, that is rare, though not unheard of. Now I’m only talking about things I’ve heard, rumours from reliable sources, but still just rumours.”

“I’ll settle for any info I can get Daniel.”

“We’re talking about royal lines Clara, Kings and Queens from the East. It’s said that the change became so common in some families that a few very precious children were born that way. They were rumoured to age, though their strength actually increased with their age. All rumours Clara though it might imply you have a problem.”

“We’ve dealt with unwanted visits from blood relatives before Daniel. We’re rather good at it.”

Laura had finally come downstairs and was looking particularly pleased with herself.

“Did it go well ?” Simon asked her.

“Very well.” Said Laura. “Though the conversation was a bit one sided.”

“Is that Laura I can hear ?” Asked Daniel.

“Yes, she’s just been through a change of diet and wondered if her experiences might help you ? You can call of course Daniel, as often as you like.”

“That would be useful Clara..... It’s not something you can Google for a few hints.”

The intention had been to turn Daniel and cast him adrift, talking to him twice a year, maybe less. That had sounded a good plan, but something she was finding hard to put into practise. He still did feel like a relative, someone from her past who might have been a bastard, but a bastard she cared about.

“You could always come and stay for a while Daniel, we have a spare room.”

“That would be nice Clara.... I’ll arrange something, leave the boy to send out parcels.”

“Good.... You mentioned a problem we might have ?”

“Ah, it’s all rumours Clara, probably nothing worth getting too worried about. One family said to be of..... Our nature from birth, is the family you’ve recently had dealings with. The lady from Romania who caused a few problems. If this elderly female is a relative of hers..... She might be here to rekindle old disputes. As I said though, this might all be nonsense.”

“Probably Daniel, though we’ll still try to find her and give her a warm welcome to London. I’ll pass you over to Laura.”

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“So you like her ?” Asked Mabina Gladitch.

“Yes, she’s perfect and very keen on going.” Said Brendan. “She asked when we were flying out.”

The escort had turned the situation around and interviewed Brendan, she'd known it would happen. Just as she'd known he'd use her car again without asking. She liked the Mercedes-Benz C-Class Automatic he'd found for her. It was nicer than she'd expected and very easy to drive. For some reason she kept muttering the words to an old Janis Joplin song when she drove it.

'Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz?  
My friends all drive Porsches, I must make amends.'

The Mercedes had been more expensive than the price range she'd given him, but that wasn't a problem. Elizabeth Grant twisting him round her little finger wasn't a problem either, as long as she was useful.

"You took my car and left your van Brendan." She said. "I can't drive your van, so that leaves me with cabs again if I want to go out."

"I'm sorry my queen, it won't happen again."

"Just ask Brendan, just ask next time."

She had him in the chair in her treatment room, a chair where she'd often patched up her husband. Not that Brendan had any battle wounds to be looked at, just a nasty looking and probably infected skin tag.

"Are all builders like this Brendan ? You've at least six minor health problems that can easily be fixed."

"Well..... I just don't like to make a fuss." He replied.

"Add up all the minor aches and pains and it can be quite debilitating. Can't have you going abroad with a possible infection."

The skin tag was where his neck met his shoulder, bulbous and looking a bit moth eaten. She'd seen him wince a few times when taking off his outdoor coat. He flinched as she picked up a hypodermic, everything seemed to make him flinch. She was tempted to pick up a scalpel, just to see if he actually peed himself.

"Relax Brendan, it's just a local anaesthetic. Once it's had time to work, I'll remove the nasty looking skin tag with a hot wire."

He flinched every time the needle went in.

"Don't be such a baby..... There, now we'll give it a minute or two. As for Liz Grant, the date of travel is up to you really. How well are you learning all the information I gave you ?"

"Very well my queen, very well. I could be ready to go to Jerusalem next week."

"Hmmm, I suspect you're keen on spending time with Ms Grant. Two weeks Brendan, I'll use an agency to book the tickets for the weekend after next. You'll need to fully understand the significance of the list of questions you're taking with you. Can you be ready in two weeks ?"

"Yes my queen, I'm sure I will be."

"You need to be certain and no marking the list of questions, no more highlighter pens. You need to remember the important questions without giving anything away to Sam Isaacs."

"I know the question about the hungry ground is the most important my queen."

He was confident and she really did believe he'd obtain the information she needed. Only with the help of the woman though, Liz Grant. As Mabina had thought, the escort who spoke the local language was a key part of the plan.

"You dare flinch once more....." She snapped.

The hot wire easily cut through the base of the tag. She held it in a pair of tweezers, proudly showing him her work.

"See, gone forever, no more annoying pains. Ideally it would go off to be checked over by a lab, but we'll have to assume it's benign. Have you any more of them?"

"All over my queen, but the only other one to cause any discomfort is on my lower back."

"Lean forward then. I think you should see Liz again Brendan, maybe twice before you fly out. I'm sure you won't mind that."

Of course he wouldn't, the mere thought of seeing the escort had brought a sappy grin to his face. There was the bulbous skin tag, just above the elastic of his boxer shorts. It had that unpleasant purple colour, which meant it needed removing.

"You can show her the list of questions Brendan, but don't let her copy it. I trust the girls Annette supplies, but I don't trust them that much.... Don't let her copy the questions."

"I won't my queen."

"Erm, this one needs you up on the table. When you get back from Jerusalem I'll take a look at that knee which has been giving you problems. It should have been dealt with years ago."

"I don't like to trouble the doctor."

At least he didn't flinch as she injected the local anaesthetic at the base of the tag.

"Tell her she'll be paid for a full month in Jerusalem, even if you're not there that long. It should make her more helpful and cooperative. I'll have Annette pay her for two nights before you leave Brendan, I'm sure you understand what I mean."

"Oh yes my queen, thank you."

"One really important thing....Use cabs on those nights.... Don't use my car."

~ ~

"It'll be really nice to see you Daniel. Let us know when you'll be arriving." Said Laura.

She passed Clara's phone back to her and pulled a slice of cold pizza out of the box.

"He's really coming for a few days." She said. "Arranging it with Gwen for the boy to help run his place while he's here. Does anyone know the kids name?... Strange to keep calling him the boy all the time."

"No idea, he's always been just the boy." Said Clara.

"He's older and smarter than Daniel gives him credit for." Added Simon.

Laura chewed at the cold hot and spicy pizza, deciding that it was the most delicious thing on the planet. Apart from blood of course, nothing even came close to the wonderful taste of hot fresh blood.

"So, what are we going to do about finding this shrivelled vampire woman?" She asked.

"Herbalists." Said Simon. "Our unwanted London vampire was looking for rare oriental herbs. I'm on late shifts for a while, so I can spend my mornings calling herbalists and knocking on a few doors. Someone might remember a large Irish guy looking for herbs."

"Good idea." Said Clara.

Laura simply nodded as she chewed. They weren't a democracy, but they did try to reach a consensus about the important things.

"So.... Your Gudara Laura, what was she like?" Asked Simon.

"Male Simon, very naked and very male."

"Oh!" Said Clara.

"No, I don't mean in a creepy flasher kind of way."

"Oh! Is he young and hot?" Asked Clara.

“No, urghhh.... No I don’t mean urghhh, he’s nice..... Just not in that way.”

They were looking confused, she’d even confused herself. She wasn’t sure how she felt about her personal guardian and assassin. There was only one way to stop Simon and Clara from asking any more questions.

“Anyone fancy coffee ?” She asked.

“Brilliant.” Said Clara.

“The Pizza is cold, I’ll make some bacon sandwiches.” Said Simon.

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