

The Hornsey Vampires

(Season two of London's Night Stalkers)

Chapter 9 – Investigating Olivia

“A little blurry through the plastic.” He said. “I think it’s a tattoo of a strawberry, right at the top of her inner thigh. It might have meaning, or she might have simply copied the idea from someone she knew.”

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Sam had been expecting trouble from Brendan, not Liz Grant. Judith had her Ruger pistol in her hand, ready to use it to threaten Brendan, or even kill him if necessary. The huge Irishman had crumpled back into his chair; it was Liz running towards the door.

“Stop her Omer.” Sam shouted. “Don’t hurt her, just stop her leaving.”

As Liz opened the door Omer was there, blocking her way.

“Sit down Liz, no one here wants to hurt you.” Said Sam.

It was no good she had that look in her eyes, the look of panic and fear, the look of someone who believed.

“Stop biting me, or I will hurt you.” Said Omer.

It obviously wasn’t her first fight and Liz wasn’t holding back. Eventually Omer had her back in her chair, his hands pressing firmly down on her shoulders. He didn’t look like the winner of a fight though; his hands were covered in bites and scratches. There was also a deep bloody gouge across his left cheek where Liz had reached his face with her nails.

“Calm down now Liz.” Said Sam. “I have seen this reaction before, where people suddenly realise monsters are real and live among us. Trust me; you’ll get over the shock surprisingly quickly.”

“You’re all crazy! Let me out of here.”

“You know we’re not crazy Liz, don’t you ? Not only vampires are real..... If you could see what I’ve seen Liz Grant. One day science may explain it all, but I hope not. The world will then be a far duller place. All I ask is that you listen to what I have to say..... Agreed ?”

“Then you’ll let me go ?”

“Of course I will. No one would believe you anyway.”

Sam nodded at Omer, who slowly let go of Liz. Much to his relief, she didn’t try to run for the door again. His next worry was Brendan. Judith was holding his hand, as if he’d been involved in a dreadful accident. Sam walked to his drinks cabinet and poured three measures of brandy into two glasses. He gave them to Liz and Brendan, giving them a few minutes to settle down.

“Now...Please Brendan you need to convince Mabina to come to Jerusalem. I can provide you with notes and information, but you’re her man in Jerusalem. You have to be the one to convince her.” Poor Brendan, he looked as though he’d been through a beating, but without the bruises.

“I’ll try, but she can be so erratic.” He said. “One moment she trusts me with anything, the next..... My orders were to kill you if there was any mention of the Psochic bible. Sometimes I think she’s completely insane. She sounded better tonight, even her voice sounded firmer, younger.”

“Good Brendan, she obviously fed the hungry ground. She’ll be much more mentally stable now.”

“My God ! Did that crazy woman kill six people ?” Yelled Liz.

Again Omer needed to hold her in the chair.

“I once felt like that.” Said Judith. “You can’t judge them by our morality Liz.”

“Fuck you..... Fuck you all.”

Omer was looking at him, his eyes asking an unspoken question. Omer had taken vows of obedience though; the awkward conversation with him would come later. Sam turned his attention back to Brendan.

“What did your queen promise you Brendan?”

“To make me like her, though that doesn’t sound as good as it did then. She promised me wealth too and..... Other things.”

“You were to be her lover?”

“Yes.”

Sam had copied some of his notes and the list of artefacts to be recovered. Only the Half Moon of Thoth had been fully described and even then he hoped it would provoke questions from Mabina, questions enough to bring her to Jerusalem.

‘Half Moon of Thoth – Crystal, grants wisdom and full rebirth, even for a vampire.’

He gave them both a copy of his notes and waited for them to finish reading them. Judith made fresh coffee and accompanied Liz to the ladies room, to help her tidy up after her fight with Omer. They were all far calmer and more relaxed, when Sam began to outline his plan for encouraging Mabina Gladitch to willingly join his order.

“Mabina has a problem unique to her family.” He said. “She is a vampire who suffers some effects from ageing. She may always look relatively young, but she’ll lose strength and her mind will begin to wander. Nothing too bad to begin with, but even feeding the hungry ground won’t make her as she once was.”

“That explains the rages..... I remember an aunt who had dementia.”

“Careful how you put it to your queen Brendan, don’t use words that she might take as an insult. Tell her the Half Moon of Thoth can restore her to as she once was, when she was the ruler of a mighty nation.”

“I’ll help him.” Said Liz.

“Thank you Liz, I’m hoping I can persuade you to carry on helping Brendan. I will have the Half Moon in a day or so and I’m willing to give it to Mabina. She has to come here to get it though and I’m not willing to even discuss that requirement. Tell her the other artefacts will make her a true queen again, though I will only talk about them if she comes to see me. Persuade her to come here Brendan.”

“I will do my best.”

“What happens if she says no?” Asked Liz.

“Then she’ll consider you both to be loose ends and I’d advise you both to avoid going home to London. Think of that as an incentive to make sure she doesn’t say no.”

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Clara had thought the paintworks had reached peak dilapidation, but some new fire damage proved her wrong. More needles and used condoms were near the remnants of a fire, which had been intense enough to crack a concrete wall. There was still no sign of the security guards patrolling with dogs, as the warning signs threatened. The daylight made everything look worse.

“You left the body here?” Asked Daniel.

“There was no need for you to come here.” Said Simon. “We have pictures of her and you were warned that this place is a haven for screwing kids and addicts.”

Daniel had insisted on seeing the plastic wrapped remains of Olivia Reed, which was why they were in the ruined factory during the day. Only her and Simon, Laura was spending her Sunday with Tim. "I'll stay down here and keep watch." Said Simon.

"The body we think is Olivia's is up there." She said, pointing. "Follow me Daniel, we'll get there in stages."

Even as a human with an unnaturally long lifespan, Daniel had been strong. There had always been a stiffness to his movements, like a man with a bad back. Being a vampire had cured all that, he leapt after her, clawing his way up a concrete pillar to stand next to her.

"This isn't a bad place to keep her." She said. "No human can reach Olivia and as for this place.....The main structure is sound where we put her and no one is likely to develop the site in the near future."

"How did you find it?"

"Somewhere to dispose of bodies, there are at least seven in the pool below."

The next two sections of solid floor were easy to reach, it was the last leap that required a little skill.

"This is the leap Laura calls a Cirque du Soleil'esque piece of gymnastics. Watch where I land Daniel and make sure you leap high enough to clear the broken steel tie rods."

"It looks a long way to fall Clara."

"You'll survive, though hitting the ground will hurt like fuck. Changed your mind about seeing the body?"

"No."

It was far easier with daylight streaming through gaps where the roof had once been. Clara leapt, easily landing two feet beyond the ragged edge of the reinforced concrete. She turned and watched as Daniel landed in about the same spot.

"Good, Laura will now have to cover five of my late shifts at the hotel. She was certain you'd never make the jump."

"Hmmm.... I must have a word with Miss Selway."

"Come on, no dragging her, that'll rip the plastic..... Help me carry the body into the light." Said Clara.

Even out in the light, the body was still hard to see. Daniel got down on his knees and prodded the plastic.

"I've seen this before." He said. "Being long lived, I took an interest in the ways people attempted to lengthen their lives beyond three score years and ten. I looked into cryostorage when it was in its infancy. They wrapped the bodies like this, as a way to halt corruption before freezing commenced. It might be that William Jarrold has a cryogenic storage company in his portfolio of legit business interests."

"Thank you Daniel, it gives us a start."

"See, it was worth bringing me here, let's turn her over."

Clara watched while Daniel got his face right up against the plastic, tutting and prodding at it in places. He seemed particularly interested in Olivia Reed's bottom.

"What are you doing Daniel?"

"Here Clara, right at the top of her left thigh. Did you bring a flashlight?"

"Just my phone, what am I looking at?"

She saw the tattoo, just before Daniel described it.

"A little blurry through the plastic." He said. "I think it's a tattoo of a strawberry, right at the top of her inner thigh. It might have meaning, or she might have simply copied the idea from someone she knew."

“Brilliant Daniel, I would never have seen that, not in a million years. We can find someone who knew her and ask about the tattoo. All very quietly done of course, nothing must get back to Bill.” They picked up the plastic wrapped body and placed it back in the dark area under the roof, a spot impossible to see from the ground.

“I’d like to help you, Gwen too, we talked about it last night.” Said Daniel. “I know we offered and haven’t really got that far, but we can easily extend our holiday in London by a week.”

“What about your business.... Super seller of crap electronics ?”

“It’s not all crap Clara. I paid someone to send out parcels and I’m sure he’d appreciate another week’s pay. Gwen has a friend looking after her livestock and as for Jack..... I’ve never seen him as happy as he’s been this week. He talks too, all the time and he loves Laura.”

“Are you sure, there are dangers in investigating mobsters ?”

“I’m sure and I can call a few people who I’m sure will know about the artefacts from Laura’s strange dream. That will be something I won’t mention to Gwen.”

“Thank you Daniel. I did feel we were drifting apart last year. It’s nice to have you around.”

“Hmmm, I would like to ask you a favour.”

“Did you just play me ? Go on then, tell me about the favour ?”

“Just between us Clara, this is a bit personal and embarrassing.”

“Fine, now tell me ?”

“Laura told me about the standard hunting formulas and a few variations. I understand the damsel in distress routine and the lone male idea. The problem is..... Look at me Clara. I’m not the sort of build and look that people trust, especially women.”

She had to agree with him. Anyone looking like him in a movie was definitely the villain.

“I need a few pointers Clara. Will you hunt with me before I go home ?”

“How long since you fed ?”

“Too long, a headache is now my constant companion and I feel anxious all the time.”

“It’s not just you Daniel, I helped Laura with some of her early kills, so did Simon. I can think of a variation on the damsel in distress that should work. You need to promise me you’ll take it through to a kill though, no last minute change of heart.”

“I will, I know I can’t feed forever on drunken males coming out of kebab shops.”

“We’ll go hunting tonight.”

They climbed down from their perch, finding Simon sat on dusty lump of concrete. He had a wicked grin on his face. Damn ! She’d forgotten he might well be within earshot. Daniel had obviously had the same thought.

“Did you hear our conversation ?” He asked.

“Every word Daniel old buddy, every word.”

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Sunday morning had been unusually busy for Laura. She’d taken Tim home to his room in the staff accommodation at the hotel. She’d been quite pleased that his room was a mess, far worse than her room in Hornsey. No sex, though they’d come close to it at one point. It was Sunday morning though, church bells were sounding somewhere close. Besides, they were both fairly sated from the night before.

“Are you on duty Monday ?” He’d asked her.

“I’m always in on Mondays.”

Probably the least romantic parting in history, but Laura had decided he was the one. Not 'the one' of course, but definitely her perfect guy for a few months of regular sex, maybe a year if he didn't get clingy.

Laura cursed the church bells when she couldn't hear the phone call from Anthony of all people, Simon's boss.

"Let me get in my van Daniel..... Damn bells."

It was quieter in her SUV, the bells became just a noise in the distance.

"Laura, did Simon give you my invite to the dinner party next weekend?"

Crap! Laura quite liked Anthony, but he had made several passes at her in the past and she had told his best friend to piss off. All in all, she'd decided it was best to ignore the invite.

"He did Anthony, but I'm not sure what I'm doing next weekend."

"This isn't a boozy party Laura, it's a proper sit down meal. Bring a boyfriend with you, there must be one of those lurking around. Nicola is three months pregnant and wants to celebrate with a few friends. No pressure Laura, but having our second child is a huge thing for her."

Emotional blackmail of course, but it was working. The problem was that Simon and Clara had already decided to give it a miss.

"I'd love to Anthony, but I barely know Nicola."

"Can I be honest Laura?"

"Really Anthony? I thought you were a sales guy."

He chuckled and she remembered the time he'd visited the house in Wood Green. She'd been injured and he'd said all the right things. Not that she owed him anything, but on her mental lists, he was one of the good guys.

"Very funny Laura..... We both know Simon, right? Great guy, a born salesman, but also a recluse if given half a chance."

"Yes, that sounds like Simon."

"I used to threaten to sack him unless he came to my little get togethers, but he now owns a good chunk of my business. If you come and tell him you're coming..... It would mean so much to Nicola, to both of us."

"Oh Anthony..... Alright I'll come and bring Tim, he's my boyfriend. I've yet to ask him, but I'm sure he'll agree. I'll lean on Simon and Clara a little, but no promises."

"Brilliant Laura, brilliant."

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Liz Grant had gone through the list of artefacts with Brendan, and Sam's scruffy notes, many written in Hebrew. Even after an hour of practice, Brendan still made mistakes when she tested him. Not just mistakes certain to annoy Mabina Gladitch, mistakes bad enough to get them arrested, maybe even killed. They were sat in their expensive hotel suite, looking at a table covered in loose papers.

"I never thought I'd say this Brendan, but I need to make the call to London."

"No, she doesn't know you Liz. She can get so angry."

"She'll make you feel scared Brendan and you'll say things. It's a hotel phone, we have to assume every phone line in Jerusalem is being monitored by someone, perhaps by several different security services. Mention dead bodies for the hungry ground, or not killing Sam as you were ordered, and..... We'll be arrested, I guarantee it."

Poor Brendan, she hadn't intended to hurt his feelings, but he had to know the truth.

"We could go somewhere." He said. "Another hotel maybe and bribe the concierge to let us make a call to London, no questions asked."

His innocent naivety would have been touching, if it wasn't so dangerous. She moved her chair closer and held his hand.

"In just about any other city in the world you might be right Brendan, but not here. You look what you are, a westerner fresh off the plane. Not me, I look local. Whoever we try to bribe will think I'm part of a terrorist group like Hezbollah. Within minutes we'll be arrested, maybe even killed. It has to be me making the call."

"But Mabina can be erratic, she might say something incriminating." Said Brendan.

"Then she's just a crazy eccentric relative....I won't say anything incriminating. Besides, you said she sounded much better. It's obvious she's fed the hungry ground and been cured of her brain fog, at least a little bit."

"But she can get so angry Liz. She might kill you."

"Or she might refuse to come and we'll both be on the run. No use getting in a state over it Brendan. If it happens, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. We have to call her and I have to make the call.... Agreed?"

"Yes, I'll write down the number."

Liz dialled and after the usual crackles and silent moments that all overseas calls seem to include, a surprisingly young female voice answered her call.

"Hello, this is the Gladitch residence."

"My name is Elizabeth Grant. Am I speaking to Mabina Gladitch?"

"You are, is Brendan well? I usually speak to him."

"Brendan is well and sat opposite me. The meeting with Sam was fruitful, but his notes are in Hebrew and I will need to translate them. It seemed sensible for me to call."

There was a pause, the sound of Mabina moving about, probably getting something to write with.

"I don't mind you calling Liz, I expected it sooner. Please give the phone to Brendan though, just for a few seconds."

Liz handed the phone to Brendan. He said yes three times and handed it back to her.

"So Liz, has Sam Isaacs agreed to come to London to discuss my recently acquired book?"

"It has become far more complicated than that. He has knowledge of artefacts you may wish to acquire for your collection. One is a crystal called The Half Moon of Thoth. There is a crazy legend associated with it, all nonsense of course."

Liz took a moment to chuckle and was pleased when Mabina laughed too.

"It is supposed to help people recover from the illness you've recently been suffering from. He will have the Half Moon in his possession in a day or so."

"Excellent, that sounds like something worth adding to my collection. Is he bringing it to London with him?"

The difficult part of the conversation had arrived, but Mabina didn't sound like a woman prone to sudden anger.

"Sam is willing to part with the Half Moon, but only if you come here, to Jerusalem. He will tell you about the other artefacts and go through the questions you gave to Brendan. Only if you come here though, he likes to meet all his best customers."

"Will he budge on that do you think?"

"No, it's something he's insisting on."

"Let me think.....Do you trust this Sam Isaacs Liz?"

Tell Mabina about Sam being leader of the Psochic order, or forget about it for now ? Mabina might be easier to talk into arriving in Jerusalem if she didn't know, but she might kill Brendan when she found out. Worse still, she might kill her too.

"I do trust him. His order created the book you recently acquired, the bible."

"Really.... Yet you trust him.... Think Liz, can I trust him ?"

"Yes you can."

Another pause, sounds of Mabina scribbling notes at her end.

"Very well Liz, I will come to Jerusalem. Not instantly, I have a few things to deal with before I can leave. Call me at this time tomorrow, I'll have a definite date by then."

"Good, I'll let Brendan know."

"I know you will, but..... Look after him Liz."

"I will."

Again her words weren't those of a woman prone to sudden rages. It had to be from feeding the hungry ground, even if that did sound crazy. Liz hung up the phone and held Brendan's hand. It was as cold as ice.

"She told me to look after you."

"Is she coming here ?"

"Yes, relax Brendan, it'll all be fine."

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Simon had gone hunting on his own. Clara would never have admitted it to him, but she missed the phone calls in the early hours, to arrive in her car and help him dispose of a body. He had his own vehicle now and she felt as though he didn't need her anymore, in a very minor way. As with all unwanted emotions, she wiped it from her mind and forgot about it.

"I've been looking over this part of Barnet for my own feeds Daniel." She said. "It's just about perfect for what I have in mind."

It was how she'd helped Laura in her early days as a new born vampire. She had Daniel in her car, which was parked in a quiet residential street not far from High Barnet Tube Station. The area was quiet, but not completely deserted. A slow trickle of people were walking home from the underground station, or heading home with a takeaway.

"I'll need an accomplice to do this and there is no one to help me in Scotland." Said Daniel.

"You need to break that taboo about feeding on women." She said. "Once you feed on one human female, it'll be easy to do it again. We just need a woman carrying the right sort of bag."

"Supposing there aren't any women carrying bags ?"

She snorted at him, sometimes he said something too silly to be ignored.

"All women carry a bag Daniel, we have to."

"Why ?"

"Because of all the crap we need to take with us, wherever we go. Clean knickers and tampons, just in case we got the date a bit wrong. A makeup bag of course and several types of pain killers. Then there is the obligatory bottle of water..... Need I go on ?"

"No, you had me convinced at clean knickers."

Clara didn't suffer from the monthly curse, no vampire female ever bled in that way. She carried tampons though, for the same reason she put money into all the birthday collections at work. She wanted to fit in, to be just another one of the girls.

"I've walked the area many times." She said. "There is only one camera on a house and it doesn't look into the road. You should still keep your hoody up though.... And not too much noise, no shouting at me."

"I know Clara, you told me about a dozen times."

"I'm just trying to make sure you're not arrested, or filmed by some local hero with a mobile phone. Come on, start walking towards the station. I'll follow you, but you won't see me."

Almost the same words she'd said to Laura, all that time ago. The variant of the damsel in distress was new though and new techniques brought risks. She stood next to her car, making sure he was wearing his hoody.

"Don't shout out when I scratch you." She told him.

"Is that essential Clara?"

"Yes, I need to draw blood with my nails. No woman can fail to be drawn to a man who has been wounded while protecting her. No amount of evolution or decades of feminism has dented that reflex, trust me."

He walked off, slouching a bit as he did so. He still looked more like a villain than a hero, but she was going to have to work with what she had. At the end of the street, she saw a woman walk past Daniel. The woman looked back at him and walked a little faster.

"In a few minutes he'll be your hero." Muttered Clara.

The bag over the woman's shoulder was perfect. Large and heavy by the way it swung, full of junk she'd be far too emotionally attached to. Clara knew, she had her own bag full of stuff at home and carried it into town every day. Clara pulled her hoody right down and made a grab for the bag.

"Give it to me." She hissed.

"What are Stop it..... Help !"

A bit too much noise and Daniel was a little slow in coming to the rescue. Clara held onto the bag, finally pulling it free of the woman's grasp, just as Daniel arrived.

"Hey, put that bag down, leave it alone." He yelled, a bit too loudly.

"Fuck off you old fart." Clara yelled at him.

She scratched him, deep enough to bleed profusely, though he did remember to grunt rather than yell. As Daniel got a good hold of the leather bag handles, Clara let go and ran. She didn't run far, just into the shadows about twenty yards away. She crouched next to a grubby white van and looked back towards where the woman was examining Daniel. Her mind imagined the conversation, while adding her own quirkiness.

'No, no fair lady. It was my duty to defend a damsel in distress... This wound? It is nothing to a rather elderly curmudgeon like me.... No, no.... I would never dream of coming to your house for coffee.'

'But you're my hero, you saved the two broken MP3 players that have been in my bag for five years. I insist that you come home with me, so I can treat your wound and introduce you to my six cats.'

'Well.... If you insist.'

The woman had dug through her bag and used a pack of tissues to dab at Daniel's bloody cheek. Yes, there was some actual hand holding, it was going to work. Daniel allowed himself to be led away, passing quite close to where Clara was hiding. Clara went back to her car to wait for the call from Daniel, the one where he needed her help in disposing of a body.

"I hope he remembers how to behave if she has a husband and six kids." She muttered.

He would, she was certain. They'd been through the scenarios several times and Daniel was no fool. Besides, a woman heading home that late at night, wasn't likely to be going home to a house full of loved ones. An hour later Daniel called her.

"..... I hate myself a little Clara."

"Nonsense, it'll be far easier next time. Give me the address."

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Gwen hadn't needed instructions on how to use Netflix, she had it connected through the phone line at her small holding.

"Not as fast as your connection Laura, but I get a decent picture."

Laura had left her and Jack binge watching 'Friends.' The others were out, hunting in various parts of London. It gave her a chance to summon her devourer again. There were still so many questions she needed to ask, so much that Wiremi hadn't told her.

"If he can.....Will I be able to get back ?" She muttered.

Her room was tidy, which was becoming the new normal. Not just because she felt embarrassed at her devourer seeing discarded panties. There was Tim now and the certainty that he'd be staying over at weekends. She sat cross legged on the fluffy rug next to her bed.

"I summon you my devourer."

No demanding his presence, no getting worried if it took him more than thirty seconds to arrive. She was more confident now and he seemed to arrive much faster than he had. Laura chose to believe that he liked her company. She counted slowly to a hundred and opened her eyes.

"Thank you for coming." She said.

Her very own supernatural assassin, her devourer, bowed slightly and made a gurgling sound in his throat. The pleasantries first of course, the small talk before the questions.

"I have no idea what you normally do. Is it..... Convenient for you to be here ?"

He nodded and there was the gurgling sound again, which sounded friendly.

"Do you enjoy our talks ?"

She'd taught him to shrug if there was no clear yes or no answer to one of her questions. Her devourer shrugged and Laura felt far more upset than was appropriate.

"I was wondering..... When you return to the world of dreams. Could you take me with you ?"

There was a nod of his head, a clear unequivocal nod. Good, getting there without needing to be asleep was a huge advantage. Next came the big question, the one that might mean her being able to meet the real Wiremi. It was insane of course and he might not understand what she was asking.

"Do you live in the world of dreams all the time ?"

A clear shake of his head.

"Do you return from there to your real home ?"

He nodded. Now came the insane part of the question, she hoped he didn't shrug. He looked a bit cute when he shrugged, all that muscle, teeth and fangs, shrugging like a moody teenager. Not now though, she really wanted him to nod his head.

"Could you take me there with you, right back to your real world ?"

He nodded and Laura felt her heart beat a little faster. He was saying he could take her back to his world. Back through the millennia to an Earth very different to the one she knew. A little panic, as she considered the idea that he hadn't understood the question.

"So you really could take me back through time, to your world ?"

Another nod, just as Laura thought of another potential problem.

"Would I survive there, could I survive there ?"

Her devourer nodded again. To think of never having another hurried and muddled conversation with Wiremi again. It was effectively travelling through time, she still had her doubts. Wiremi had told just about anything was possible in the world of dreams. Could her devourer bring her back to twenty first century Hornsey ?

“Once I’m there, could.....”

She stopped talking when she realised there was a draft on her neck. Her devourer was looking towards her bedroom door, but he hadn’t vanished or become aggressive. Laura turned, finding Jack stood in her bedroom, still holding the door open. Crap ! She’d forgotten to lock her door.

“Don’t be scared Jack, he’s my friend. He protects me, do you understand ?”

“Yes Laura.”

Jack the boy who’d ceased really being a boy many years before. He didn’t look scared and his voice had been steady. Gwen might come looking for him and that would pose some questions better left unasked.

“Come in Jack..... That’s it, close the door and turn the key.... Good. Sit next to me, cross legged like me.”

It was a problem, but Jack never said that much to anyone and he did seem to like her.

“This is a very special friend Jack and like you, he doesn’t say much. He’s a secret just between us..... Alright ?”

“Yes.”

She touched her Devourers hand, willing him to understand the importance of what she had to say.

“This is Jack..... He’s important to me. Jack is someone to protect.”

Her devourer nodded and reached over, running his clawed hands over the Jack’s arm. It was a strange thing to see, but she was certain her devourer wouldn’t harm the boy.

“Alright you can go now, we’ll finish our conversation another time.”

He vanished, leaving an astonished Jack, looking at the empty spot where her devourer had been sat.

“Magic.”

“Yes Jack, magic.... Our secret magic. Come on, your mum will be wondering where you are.”

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