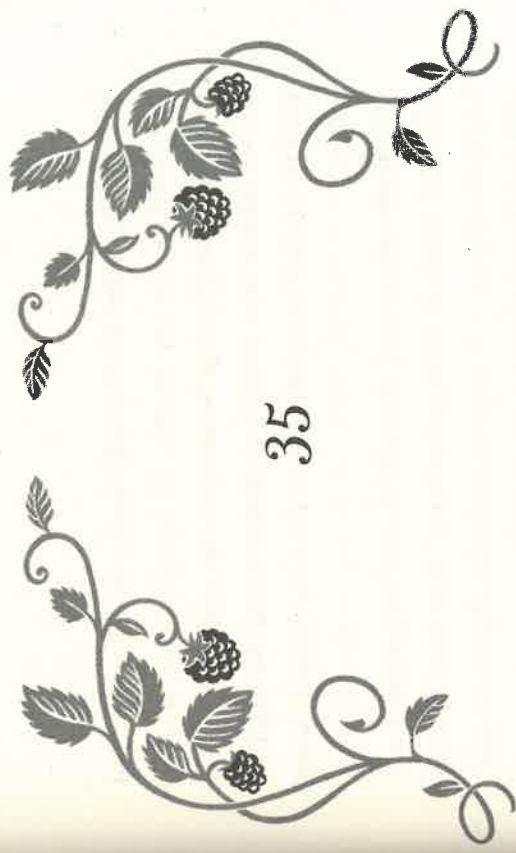


"I think a rabbit would taste nicer and you wouldn't waste as much tail as you would with a squirrel. Squirrels are all tail."

"True," I say, thinking how crazy it is. Day two and we're already fantasizing how rabbits and squirrels will taste, and hoping a wild lynx cat is somehow going to protect us.



"Is it broken?" Bear asks, picking up the empty metal cage in his hands.

"Careful! It could trap your fingers!"

"Why would that man give you a broken trap?"

"Maybe nothing came. Or maybe something did – it just didn't want the bait." I wouldn't blame it. The snack bar's called 'Sweet Apple' but like everything in the city it looks like plastic. It doesn't even smell of apple when you open the wrapper. Why would anything out here want to eat that?

"I'm starving, Ju! Ravenous!" Bear wails.

"I know, Bear," I say dully. Apart from expecting to wake and see our tent surrounded by drones, the trap was my first thought this morning. I was worried about what we'd find and then worried about what I needed to do.

I'd thought about all of that as I lay awake, hugging my