

Look for berries instead. We can eat them as we go."

You can eat nettles too and there are lots of nettles. I'm just not sure how you eat stinging plants. It's not like you can scrunch a load up and put them in your mouth. Making nettles palatable must involve water too, to soften them and their little stinging hairs. You make them into a soup, or a tea. I think I remember that.

We see fungi – different shapes and colours, weird and kind of wonderful. If we knew what we were doing, some of them must be edible, some of them definitely are. But it's too risky, we don't have the slightest clue.

I look at them anyway, at the soft fleshy forms. I'm so hungry I'm even thinking back to Rainbow Mix with a strange longing.

"We should put acorns in the trap, Ju. Squirrels love acorns."

"Why would they come to the trap for acorns? They can get them any time they want." This is what's been going through my head. The flawed logic behind the trap. All the animals we're trying to catch, they've got food out here already, waiting to be picked up off the forest floor. Why would anything walk into a cage for some dried-out city food?

"Then we're never going to catch a thing!" Bear wails.

"We will," I say, sounding more confident than I feel. "Anyway, we should think about water first."

We make for the same river as yesterday, just further along, further north. This time we don't linger looking for a good way down, we simply part the undergrowth and head straight for the water.

There are no drone sounds, just the water, the swish of it and a splash, as if something's fallen in. Something from the trees maybe, or some water creature diving beneath the surface.

"Fish!" I whisper. I see them straight away. Dark olive shapes under the surface, glinting in the light. The water here's completely clear.

"I'll catch them!" Bear's voice shakes with excitement.

"We can't, Bear, we don't have time. The drones..."

Bear's leaning in, grabbing with his hands, but the fish scatter, disappear. The moment he pierces the surface with his hands, they're already gone.

"They saw my shadow. If we wait, they'll come back."

He's looking round for sticks. "We need something sharp. To spear them. Get the knife out!"

"Bear!" I say, frustrated.

"I think they're minnow. They're tiny, but it's OK as there are so many!"

"We can't, Bear," I say quietly.

"It won't take long."

"No, Bear!" I say firmly, taking charge. Because I have to. The drones won't have given up yet and the river is the