

were made from ivory – elephant tusk – and the bristles came from horses.

This one's carved with vines and the bristles are full of the woman's hair.

I trusted her because she was wild and a woman with silver hair, like Annie Rose. I trusted her because I was scared and sad and starving. Because Bear was too and I haven't done any kind of job of looking after him so far.

"Juniper!" Bear says and I turn to him. He's dragged out the clothes from the bottom of the wardrobe and is holding up sheets of stapled-together paper. He's staring at them, confused. "The address. It's in our city, I think."

I grab the papers from him. The date is in the top right-hand corner of the first sheet, like we were always taught at school. It's just three years back. And then pages and pages – words in small black type. I don't read it properly, there isn't time, but the words I need reveal themselves to me – reconnaissance, integrity of the mission, loyalty to the city. There's a name at the bottom of each sheet, like it's a contract. A signature, in elaborate calligraphy. Portia Steel.

I remember Silvan, back in the Warren. "*To be her eyes and her ears... Only a few ever report back ... they're properly crazy.*"

One of the sheets has numbers on it and other odd words. Old words. *Frequencies, bandwidth, wavelength.*

"What does it mean, Ju?" Bear asks; his nose puckered. I have to make myself think. Fast, even though my brain's cloudy and slow.

"Can you see a radio? If she's working for Steel, if she knew about us, she must have a way of making contact with the city."

"A radio?" Bear asks, confused.

Why would he know that word? I only do because I spent so long pouring over that old dictionary back in our kitchen.

*Radio. The use of electromagnetic waves for broadcasting two-way communications.*

Two-way communications. That's what Violet will be doing. She'll be letting the city know that she has us. Has both of us. I walked myself right into her trap.

"It'll be a kind of box. With an aerial. An antennae. Like the drones have."

Bear frowns. "There was something like that before, on the table. She was playing with it last night – turning some dials. Talking to it, like it was a person, but it just crackled. It was broken I reckon. It's gone now."

"That must have been what was in that satchel," I say in a heavy voice. "She took it with her. Maybe there's somewhere she goes, for a better signal." Maybe she didn't dare leave Bear until she'd found me in case I broke in and rescued him. Like I should have done if I had any sense at all. Any of Bear's instincts.