

reak easily.
calcium. Not enough light.
working though – rolling round the forest
up against the trunk of the tree, Bear above
n like a monkey. I look up at him. I can't
way or else I'll fall, or vomit, or both.
d it's lost a load of leaves already, there's not
out we shrink ourselves into it.
seek, like in our Palm House. Except there's
d us. We smashed our way out of it. We
to the sky.
he gun into the trees. I wince. Bear's head
nd our eyes stay fixed on each other. We're
ot a strange softness and a strange kind of
n from within, like I'm hearing its heartbeat
dy presses against it.
ly, or maybe after just a few minutes, Violet
e cottage. She's cursing us – shouting out
nd radios – but she's going back to the
our stuff, Ju?" Bear asks nervously, once
ground and I've thrown up again into the
ent."

"You left it?"

I nod. I jettisoned everything except Etienné's GPS, which hangs down inside my jumper.

"What about Ghost?"

"She ran off."

"The gunshots!" Bear shrieks.

"She ran off," I say decisively and I take out the GPS. My head's still pounding but somehow I manage to scroll back through our route. The GPS has a memory and I can work out where we camped, where Bear went missing from.

The moment we reach the clearing, I start throwing everything back in our bags. All I can think about is getting further away from that cabin.

It's Bear who sees Ghost. She's lying at the edge of a thicket. Her head's down and there's a circle of blood on her left shoulder.

Bear's creeping towards her, whispering her name. "Ghost cat, Ghost cat. We're here now. We found you. We'll look after you." His eyes are shutting slowly. Three long blinks. He's learned her language.

"Juniper!" he says quietly, urgently. "Help her!"

Ghost's bleeding. Help her.

I scramble in my rucksack. There are absorbent pads in our medical kit and I press one against the wound. It's a bleeding hole and maybe I should be delving down to look for the bullet, or maybe I should be cleaning it out, but the