

"We're like Robin Hood and his Merry Men," Bear whispers.

I smile weakly. "And Maid Marian?"

"Ju!" Bear says, worried. "Are you OK? Your eyes keep shutting!"

"It was the tea, I think."

"Was it poison?"

"Nah. She wouldn't have radioed in to tell them to come and get our dead bodies, would she? I think it was just to make us sleepy. So we wouldn't escape."

"We did though, didn't we, Ju?" Bear says, proudly now.

"And I got us an air rifle."

"Huh?"

I point at the wooden rifle, which I'd shoved to the back of the thicket.

Bear gasps. "Ju! You took it!"

"These too." I dig into my pocket and bring out the silver fragments, spread across my palm. I grabbed them from the bowl on the kitchen table as we left.

"She'll be furious!"

"Yeah, well. I figured she owed us."

They come when we're sleeping. They come in my dreams. The low hum of them. I'm back in my bedroom, in our soft sheets, and Bear's warm against me, his breathing low and snuffly. I can hear Annie Rose snoring too, in the next room.

It's the noise that wakes me. Tears mist up my eyes when I realize where we are.

There are two of them. I see the dark shapes through the branches, whirring, whirring, like metal birds lit by their little red lights. Looping round the sky, looking for us.

I don't wake Bear. It's better he doesn't see.

When Bear wakes me, cold, without our old blanket, the drones have moved on.

It's dark and we creep out of the thicket. The blanket is still draped over the floor but the thicket is empty. Ghost is gone.