

He's taken his Jungle out of his rucksack.

"*Lion, Tiger, Jaguar.*"

"*Orangutan, Gorilla, Chimpanzee.*"

He recites the names like they're a spell. An incantation. Like he can summon them all back. There's a switch though - today Jaguar becomes Ghost.

He lines the animals up on the carriage floor. The biggest first. The strongest. "We're going on a journey," they say to each other.

I've got my sketchbook and pencils out. They've miraculously stayed dry in their waxy pouch.

I draw the carriage first because despite the shadow of the decaying city, things feel OK here and I want to remember it. Then without really thinking about it, I draw faces. Annie Rose, standing in the Palm House where I always picture her. Ms Endo, back at school next to her table of treasures, smiling.

I draw Etienne last of all. I draw him outside our block and I make the door like it used to be. Like a great big sunshine.

Bear and I lose track of time and we forget all about hunting, but it's fine I guess to be hungry for one night. Especially when we've not been moving so far and our muscles don't need to refuel quite so much.

I'm going through our last meagre city rations, wondering how much of them we can eat, because even though we

have the air rifle now I didn't take nearly enough of the silver bullets, when Bear squeals.

It's Ghost. She's brought us a rabbit. She's laid it at Bear's feet.

"Do you think she wants us to cook it for her?" Bear asks, picking it up.

"No, you loon, it's for us."

"She's feeding us?"

"Yes." I look across to Ghost. She's settling down with her own rabbit to devour. Blood all over her whiskers.