

Knightley & Son

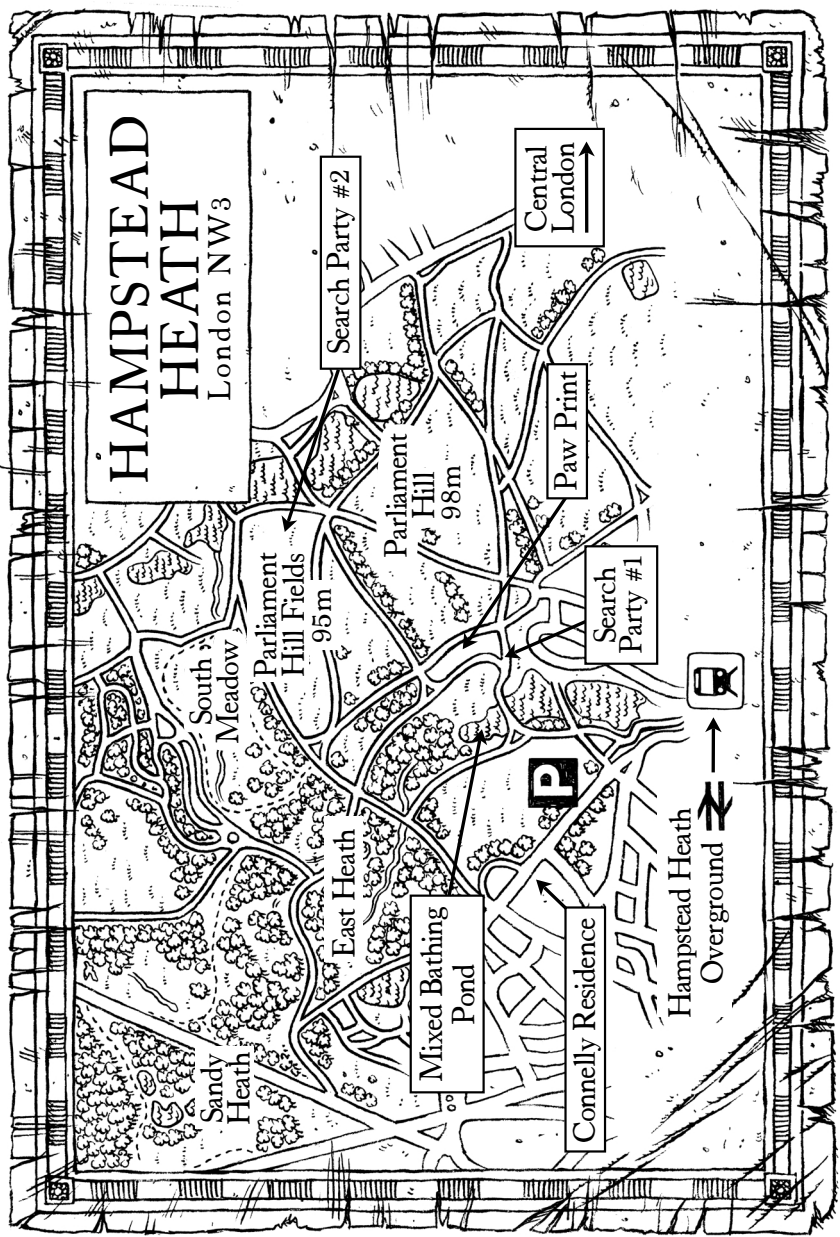
K-9

ROHAN GAVIN



BLOOMSBURY

LONDON NEW DELHI NEW YORK SYDNEY



HAMPSTEAD HEATH

London NW3

Search Party #2

Central London

Paw Print

Parliament Hill 98m

Search Party #1

Parliament Hill Fields 95m

South Meadow

P

East Heath

Mixed Bathing Pond

Connelly Residence

Sandy Heath

Hampstead Heath Overground



Prologue

NO EXIT

It was a two packet of digestives problem. Possibly even three. And tonight of course he'd only brought a single Club biscuit, which he'd consumed over fifteen minutes ago. The new diet was doing little for his generous waistline and even less for his powers of concentration.

Uncle Bill (also known as Montague Billoch from the Department of the Unexplained) rummaged around in the depths of his coat pockets for any morsel that might have eluded him, finding only one woollen glove, coated in breadcrumbs and lacking a significant other. He gave up, rubbed his hands together against the cold, blew a plume of smoke from the cigar between his teeth and continued his lumbering stride along the brightly lit Victoria Embankment, with the River Thames glittering darkly below.

And still his search had produced nothing: no evidence of the rumoured subterranean tunnels that led from the

villains' secret bunker under Down Street Tube station, delivering would-be escapees to the river. No mysterious arches, no doorways in walls. Bill leaned over the stone balustrade, looking down towards the water, finding no footprints in the silty mudflats and no secret moorings where speedboats might have lain in wait. There were no clues whatsoever. He'd begun to think this routine was exactly that: routine. He was also starting to question the wisdom of his long-time colleague and pal, private eye Alan Knightley, who had suggested this fool's errand in the first place. *If* Alan's college-chum-turned-mortal-enemy, Morton Underwood, had somehow escaped from the Tube tracks three months ago, it was anyone's guess where he was now. Also missing were Underwood's colleagues from the sinister crime organisation known as the Combination: an awesome foe that had cast a long shadow over London with its almost supernatural feats of evil and corruption.

The one consolation was that if Alan's thirteen-year-old son, Darkus Knightley, was half as capable a detective as he'd proved on his first case, he would no doubt be following his own lines of inquiry. With the help of that unusual stepsister, Tilly, of course, who wanted to find the Combination for her own reasons: to avenge her mother's death.

Uncle Bill set aside these thoughts and ambled on

past the Houses of Parliament, which were wrapped in a treacly mist, their facets tinted orange by the floodlights. As he walked under the street lamps of Parliament Square, his massive form – with the homburg hat at its apex – cast its own near-planetary shadow over the surroundings. As if on cue, Big Ben began striking midnight, reverberating into the heavens and beyond.

Bill proceeded through the square, navigated two pedestrian crossings and found himself back on the river walk, which was by now deserted. A few passing lorries and minicabs were the only signs of life. Those, and the enormous London Eye watching silently and ominously from the other side of the restless waters.

Bill raised his collar and pressed on, feeling a twinge in his knee from the nasty spill he'd suffered on the Knightleys' last investigation. Hopefully any future cases would be less physically taxing. And less taxing on the already stretched finances of his little-known and little-thought-of department of Scotland Yard. Bill reminded himself that by the time he reached the Millennium Bridge he could, in good conscience, hail a cab, return to his modest but comfortable apartment in Putney and gain access to his secret refreshment cupboard.

As Bill relished this idea he heard a loud click on the pavement behind him. It sounded metallic, like a steel nail falling on to the paving stones with a single strike.

But when he turned around, there was nothing there. Just the dim globes of the street lights, and the trunks of the trees extending evenly into the distance.

Uncle Bill hesitantly removed the cigar from his teeth, examined the scene once more, then continued along the river walk with a slightly more urgent stride. His waddling shadow would have been shambolic were it not for its surprising speed. Bill glanced at the road running alongside him, but of course at this moment, there were no vehicles in sight. Before he could open his mouth to curse, the click returned again – clear as day – like a heavy pin dropping.

This time, Bill spun round with incredible stealth, hoping to catch the culprit in the act.

‘Aye mah auntie. Ye ol’ bampot,’ he blurted in his almost unbelievably thick Scottish accent.

There was still nothing there. Except for . . . a small pair of twinkling eyes approximately fifty metres in his wake. The eyes hovered about a metre off the ground, then they darted back behind a tree.

‘Whit? Ya mad dafty . . .’

Bill turned back, trying to act casual, and ambled faster, puffing smoke into the sky. And as the mists parted for a moment, he could make out a perfectly *full moon*.

‘Just mah luck –’

At that moment, he was interrupted by a howl so loud that he initially mistook it for a boating horn somewhere on the Thames. But instead of a flat monotone, this sound rose into a feral wail that sent the hair on Bill's back (and there was a generous amount of it) standing on end. And from the guttural rattle of the beast, it sounded even hungrier than Bill was.

Bill took to his heels – which in this case were a pair of orthopaedic loafers that were designed for comfort and support, not for running – and he hurtled head-long down the centre of the river walk, under the light of the moon.

Behind him, the metallic click on the pavement became a clatter as the sharp claws of the beast accelerated to a gallop, its eyes unblinking, focused on its prey.

Bill waved his arms at a passing car but the driver failed to notice him through the row of tree trunks – or failed to care. The London Eye continued to watch indifferently from across the river.

The metallic clatter raced up behind Bill, and knowing he had no chance of outrunning it, he turned to face the enemy, his arms spread wide as if he intended to hug it to death.

‘Whit da –?’

There was nothing there. Just the dim arc of the street lamp capturing an empty stretch of river walk. Bill blew

out his cheeks with relief and took a hefty tug on his cigar. Then, as he turned back around he discovered a low, muscular shape blocking his way, vapour trails rising from its nostrils. Its formidable torso was draped in shadow.

It was a *dog* of some kind. Or a wolf.

The animal's jaws opened as if in slow motion, with half a dozen glistening strings of saliva stretching between the lower mandible and the upper maxilla bone. Like a slippery and lethal musical instrument. Its body was pitch black but its coat shone with youth and vitality, even through the darkness. Its anatomy was ripped with long muscles that Bill couldn't even identify.

Its jaws opened wider, and its thin black lips rolled back to reveal two long rows of perfectly symmetrical and impossibly sharp teeth.

Instead of a howl, the animal emitted a series of rhythmic grunts as if it was delivering some sort of funeral eulogy.

Bill puffed up his chest in a primitive fight-or-flight response. Plumes of smoke escaped his cheeks as he tore the cigar from his mouth and waved its dim ember in the direction of the beast to ward it off. Needless to say, it had profoundly little effect.

'Hing aff us!' he warned, before tossing the cigar over his shoulder, sensing that it would be of no further use.

Bill desperately searched his deep coat pockets for any weapon or talisman to save him. Incredibly, his fingers detected the corner of what felt like a torn chocolate wrapper: a rogue Penguin biscuit if he was not mistaken.

Maintaining a poker face, Bill eased the half-eaten biscuit into his grasp – and for a fleeting millisecond he did in fact consider eating it, but then he thought better of it – and quickly yanked it out of his pocket and threw it in the opposite direction. The canine’s instincts were confused for a split second as its eyes followed the treat, and Bill darted around the beast, using a tree trunk for cover.

‘Ha!’ Bill managed as he cantered further down the river walk. He may be a goner, but at least he wasn’t going down without a fight.

The metallic clattering of the creature’s claws started up with a vengeance, accompanied by an amused growl, indicating the prize would be all the more sweet for this minor setback.

Bill’s hat blew off as he ran his version of an Olympic sprint. The slingshot shape of the Millennium Bridge loomed ahead of him, stretching over the water. It was always the end goal, and now Bill sensed it was a matter of life or death. As his orthopaedic loafers covered the distance, the sudden aerobic exercise had the odd side effect of clearing his mind.

Who could have set this beast on him? No idea. Bill had enemies, but he was more bureaucrat than field agent. How could it have tracked him? By smell of course. Something Bill had in plentiful supply. *Smell*. Smell was what he had to rid himself of. And fast.

Bill reached the entrance to the bridge and ran up the walkway, his chest heaving and his overcoat flapping in the wind. The curved railings and lateral suspension beams extended on either side of him with the water bubbling menacingly below.

He managed to get fifty metres across the bridge when he felt the warm breath of the beast on the back of his meaty calves. He turned to face the enemy once more.

The dog was almost smiling, its slick coat glowing in the mist. Playtime was over, it was dinner time now – and Bill presented a buffet spread of possibilities.

‘A’right, beastie,’ he wheezed.

The dog hissed through its bared teeth.

‘Cheerio for nou –’ Bill grabbed hold of the railing and hoisted himself over, teetering on the edge for a few seconds, like a side of beef on a butcher’s scale.

The dog leaped up at him and bit, tearing away a piece of calf flesh and corduroy. But gravity was on Bill’s side, and with another small budge, his full bulk toppled over the edge of the railings.

Somehow, Bill had the forethought to tuck his knees against his belly (as close as his physique would permit) then wrapped his arms around them, forming a human cannonball as he hit the freezing surface of the Thames, ejecting a tower of water into the air in his wake. A bystander on dry land described the scene as similar to a small car being dropped into a lake.

Bill instantly vanished underwater, his entire form being swallowed up by the river. Within moments, the tower of water evaporated and the Thames returned to its restless flow, leaving no trace of him.

The dog watched from the bridge, whined with abject disappointment, then trotted back across the walkway and into the night.

Chapter 1

HEALTHY COMPETITION

Darkus Knightley knelt down in the grass, planting his fingers along the chalk line. Six other runners were positioned alongside him, with the Cranston School sports field extending ahead of them. Although Darkus was physically fit, his frame was slighter than many of his classmates. He considered his physical form a vessel for his brain rather than a tool in itself – although he had, on occasion, needed to rely on it for self-defence. But even then, his brain was the real weapon; his body merely followed orders. He was also far more comfortable in a nicely cut tweed suit than in his own skin – which was currently exposed to the elements with only a running vest, shorts and a clunky pair of trainers for protection. And no hat.

The benefit of exercise, in his mind, was that it dulled the noise of the ‘catastrophiser’ – that trusty tool of his, which continually digested potential clues from his

immediate surroundings and churned out the worst-case scenario. Of course the worst-case scenario was often *not* the case, but when it *was*, the device would quickly unearth the dark, unpalatable truth.

He also found that physical exercise provided a fresh burst of oxygen to help him solve any outstanding cases or logic problems; but, if he was honest, he had precious few of those to solve at the moment, due to the fact that his father, Alan Knightley, had once again disappeared into his work, leaving Darkus behind to deal with the trivial pursuits of school life.

Burke, the sports master, fired the starting pistol, which snapped Darkus's mind into sharp focus. His fingers left the chalk line and balled into fists as his legs projected him down the track. The fifteen hundred metres was a chess game as much as a race and he would need to time it perfectly if he had any hope of finishing in a reasonable position. There was no audience in attendance, and no possibility he could win, but Darkus took a certain pride in everything he did. Strangely, the last time he'd run with such determination was when he was being pursued by Burke the sports master himself. Darkus had assisted his stepsister Tilly with her great escape from the school grounds only three months earlier. Fortunately, Burke had never made a positive identification. Of course back then the stakes had been

infinitely higher: saving his father's life; and protecting the world from his one-time godfather Morton Underwood and the evil Combination. Today was a far simpler game.

Matt Wilson, the school champion and an honest competitor, was already moving towards the inside lane, leading the pack. Brendan Doyle, who was built like an outhouse and wasn't exactly charitable by nature – due to an unhappy home life, Darkus deduced – jostled for position, still wearing the hoodie that he routinely used to intimidate fellow classmates. The teachers had put Doyle down a couple of years, which only added to his physical superiority. Darkus allowed Doyle to move in front of him and watched as the bully elbowed other runners out of the way.

Darkus turned the first corner, near the back of the pack – then saw something in the undergrowth at the edge of the track: it was the glint of a single lens. By the diameter of the reflection Darkus estimated it was a telephoto lens, with a focal length of between two hundred and three hundred millimetres. Darkus's catastrophiser started whirring feverishly, stealing oxygen from the rest of his body and raising his heart rate. It was unlikely to be a sniper. There were more discreet ways to dispose of a detective than on a school playing field. But if not, then who was it? As his arms and legs kept moving,

his breathing sped up and he experienced a burning sensation in his lungs from gulping down the cold air. As usual, he didn't want to listen to the catastrophiser, but his rational brain provided no reasonable explanation.

Darkus took evasive action by moving forward through the pack to obscure himself from whoever was watching. He saw Doyle in front of him, his hoodie visibly lagging from the exertion. Darkus moved to overtake him.

'What are you doing, *Dorkus*?' the boy demanded.

'Nothing special,' Darkus answered in between breaths.

'Think you're going to beat me or something?'

'Highly unlikely. You have a clear, physical advantage.'

'Then why are you all up in my stuff?'

'Just avoiding someone,' Darkus answered, glancing back to see the glint at six o' clock relative to his current position.

Doyle cocked his hoodie, baffled. 'By the way, it's Friday. What happened to that homework you owe me?'

'I'm afraid I had to go back on our agreement,' Darkus began. 'My hope was that a few good marks would boost your morale and improve your overall performance. But I can see my intervention has had the opposite effect,'

he said, catching his breath. ‘Might I suggest focusing on sport? Perhaps of the full contact variety?’

Darkus stopped talking, steadied his breathing and continued to move through the pack until he felt a sharp pain in his right thigh. At the same time his right leg buckled and collapsed. He silently tumbled to the grass at the side of the track, feeling a numb, wet sensation on the upper part of his leg. The three other runners in close proximity collided painfully with him and fell nearby. Wilson the school champion slowed down, looking over his shoulder to check that none of his classmates were injured. Doyle accelerated past the leader triumphantly.

Darkus investigated the pain, reaching down to discover a small puncture wound in his thigh, which was oozing blood. The wound was too small for a sniper’s bullet, too messy for a knife blade, but perfectly corresponded to a homemade ‘shiv’ – or improvised blade. Darkus looked up to see Doyle toss just such a weapon – a sharpened plastic comb whose teeth had been removed – into the undergrowth at the edge of the track. Doyle, who was now leading the pack, turned and shot Darkus a sinister smile from under his hoodie.

Darkus ignored this petty assault, and searched instead for the glinting lens, which had now vanished altogether. As Darkus scanned the surroundings, Burke jogged over to him, to inspect the wound.

‘You’re bleeding, Knightley.’ Burke peered over his handlebar moustache.

‘Must’ve caught it on a spike, sir. No harm done.’

Darkus got to his feet, took out a monogrammed handkerchief, bound up his leg, and completed the race.

He came last.

Darkus’s mum, Jackie, was waiting at the school gates with Wilburforce sitting obediently beside her, his bat-ears twitching at every small sound. When Darkus approached in his usual tweed jacket and waistcoat ensemble, Wilbur wagged his tail once, which was normally the extent of the greeting. Darkus wasn’t offended by this, because he knew the German shepherd was still recovering from the deafeningly loud noises he’d encountered during his long career in the K-9 unit of the bomb disposal squad. Darkus didn’t know all the case histories because they were classified, but he could see by the greying temples and the tired eyes that Wilbur had seen more than most dogs (or people) would ever wish to.

Wilbur had been a gift from Darkus’s father, Alan, after their first assignment. It was fair to say that this recent addition to the family hadn’t gone down brilliantly with Darkus’s stepdad, Clive. It had only been a matter of months since Clive suffered under the hypnotic

powers of the villain Morton Underwood and had an embarrassing on-air meltdown while filming his TV series, *Wheel Spin* – which was then taken off the air. And now an emotionally fragile police dog had moved into his house, leaving unexplained puddles (or worse) in the garage and sitting in his favourite La-Z-Boy chair. For some reason, Wilbur's post-traumatic stress disorder only ever seemed to affect Clive's belongings. Darkus, Jackie, and Clive's daughter, Tilly, were all immune. Their clothes never went missing and their things were never chewed or found their way to the bottom of the garden. Clive, however, was fair game for all of Wilbur's less sociable habits and there was no end to the missing gloves, hats, boxer shorts and DVDs that he would complain to Jackie about.

Darkus and Jackie talked in private about the fact that Clive's mind hadn't been the same since his own trauma – and he seemed to routinely forget where he'd put things. So perhaps the objects that were going missing weren't *all* Wilbur's fault. Naturally, Clive was convinced that the *Schweinhund* (German for pig-dog) was responsible for everything that was wrong in the house. Jackie had relented and tried a local dog trainer, with no success. After that she hired a 'dog whisperer', but the words fell on deaf ears. Next, Jackie tried an even more alternative therapy and visited a friend of a

friend who specialised in natural remedies, including herbal extracts and flower essences. Wilbur tried taking what was known as a ‘rescue remedy’ with his morning meal, but the only discernible effect was that he trotted around the house for the rest of the day with his tail between his legs, peeing uncontrollably.

‘How was school?’ enquired Jackie, bringing Darkus back to the present.

‘The usual,’ Darkus replied, then put on his tweed walking hat and patted Wilbur on the head. ‘Attaboy,’ he whispered.

Wilbur wrinkled his jowls and lifted his whiskers in a half-smile.

Doyle appeared through the school gates, tightening the strings of his hoodie and flashing a gang sign of some kind at Darkus, who smiled and waved by way of reply. Wilbur growled protectively, straining on the lead.

‘Easy . . .’ Darkus reassured the mutt. ‘Nothing I can’t handle.’

Tilly appeared through the gates next, in a leather jacket with her hair in purple dip-dyed pigtails. ‘What up, fam?’

‘We’re fine, thank you, Tilly,’ said Jackie, and led the motley-looking group towards their waiting estate car.

Darkus tapped his stepsister on the shoulder, leaving Jackie to put Wilbur in the back of the car. ‘Don’t take

this the wrong way, but were you watching me on the playing field?' he asked.

'Me?' Tilly snipped. 'No. Why would I be doing that?'

Despite the easing of relations on their first case, Darkus was reminded that Tilly's default setting would always be defensive since losing her mother, Carol – who'd been Darkus's father's assistant.

'Never mind,' he said, puzzled.

At that moment, a blonde female classmate darted out of the school gates and approached them. Tilly instinctively moved to block her: 'Can I help you?'

'My name's Alexis,' the blonde introduced herself. 'Friends call me Lex.'

'I know who you are,' said Tilly disdainfully, giving her the once-over. 'Editor-in-chief of *The Cranston Star*.'

'And chief photographer,' added Darkus, who couldn't help observing Alexis's slender legs, against which a long-lensed camera dangled from a strap over her shoulder. She was a year older than him, but at this age, it felt like an aeon.

'Guilty as charged,' replied Alexis, her lips curling into a cockeyed smile. She plucked a small twig from her blonde tresses, then flicked it away.

'You were watching me on the playing field,' deduced Darkus.

‘Sorry if I distracted you,’ she answered.

Tilly looked from Alexis to Darkus, unsure if she was detecting chemistry.

‘If you wanted a photo, you only needed to ask,’ said Darkus and shrugged on his herringbone overcoat.

‘I wasn’t after a glamour shot, Darkus. Or should I say . . . “Doc”. The truth is, I’m breaking a story.’

‘Really?’ Tilly interjected. ‘And what’s the subject matter?’

‘It’s autobiographical, really. You see, I was on the Piccadilly Line last October, over half-term. Dad was taking me to a matinee . . .’ she said coyly. ‘I don’t remember what film to be honest.’

‘So?’ demanded Tilly. ‘For a journalist you certainly take a long time getting to the point.’

‘I witnessed a unique air pressure phenomenon while we were underground,’ said Alexis flatly. ‘A freak tornado. You may’ve heard about it?’

Tilly and Darkus glanced at each other, realising that what she had actually witnessed was their climactic battle with the Combination.

‘You must have been seeing things,’ Darkus answered.

‘Well, that’s the funny thing,’ said Alexis. ‘What I was seeing was *you*, Darkus.’

‘A reflection of one of the other passengers perhaps,’ he countered. ‘A trick of the light.’

Tilly remained quiet.

Alexis continued: 'The person I saw was around thirteen years old, standing on a disused Tube platform, wearing a tweed hat, and a herringbone overcoat. He was accompanied by a scrawny-looking female around the same age.'

'What d'you mean, "scrawny"?' snapped Tilly, then fell silent, before trying for a save. 'I mean . . . Tube lines run at over fifty miles per hour so it must've been hard to tell.'

'Oh, she was scrawny, all right,' Alexis confirmed, as Tilly's heavily mascaraed eyes went wide. Alexis turned to Darkus. 'Is it true your father was the renowned London detective . . . Alan Knightley?'

'Not was. *Is*,' Darkus responded, even though he hadn't heard from his dad in almost a month, and had no idea what he was currently working on. His father had clearly forgotten the success of their first investigation and was now operating on his own – although Darkus wasn't convinced his dad's reasoning powers were up to the job. His dad had recovered from the four-year-long coma inflicted on him by Underwood, but had proved he was still liable to return to that unconscious state at the drop of a tweed hat. In the absence of any clues as to what Knightley was *really* doing, Darkus could only speculate.

Alexis continued her line of questioning: ‘Then I suppose it’s not too big a stretch to assume your father might have been investigating something on the tracks?’

‘Kids?’ Jackie called over from the car. Wilbur whimpered as the boot was closed.

‘I don’t comment on my father’s work,’ said Darkus. Tilly grabbed him by the coat sleeve and dragged him towards the car. ‘Now, if you’ll excuse us, Lex,’ Darkus said over his shoulder, ‘we’re late for tea. Have a pleasant weekend.’

Tilly muttered to herself as she slung her rucksack in the back seat and got in. ‘Lex . . . I mean, who can take someone with a name like that seriously?’

‘She certainly has a very analytical mind,’ Darkus commented as he got in the front.

‘Analytical my –’ Tilly slammed the door and Jackie accelerated away.

Chapter 2

A TEMPOROSPATIAL PROBLEM

When they got home to their mock-Tudor house on Wolseley Close they found the Jaguar coupe parked half off the driveway, splattered with bird sap and looking distinctly less cared for than it used to. Its owner, Jackie's husband, Clive, sat in the living room in his favourite chair, engrossed in an episode of an Australian soap opera.

'Hello, sweetie –' Jackie ventured.

Clive snapped his fingers loudly to signal absolute silence. Tilly shook her head in dismay and went up to her room. Wilbur duly walked around the sofa, blocking Clive's view of the TV, then wagged his tail, knocking a vase off a side table.

'That hound from hell – !' Clive exclaimed. '*Raus!! Schnell!*' he cried out in German, for no apparent reason.

Wilbur slouched into a hunting position, then crawled under the sofa and started clawing at something beneath.

‘*Nein!!* Watch the parquet flooring! For crying out loud . . .’

Wilbur reappeared with his favourite chew toy in his mouth: a rubber Kong with a black and white chequered band – symbol of the Metropolitan Police.

‘Give – !’ Clive wrestled Wilbur for the toy, also for no apparent reason. Then his phone rang and he dug in the front pocket of his nylon shell suit and answered it. ‘Yes . . . ?’ Clive spun to face Darkus and Jackie. ‘*Shhhhhhhhh!* It’s my agent.’

‘We didn’t say anything, darling,’ whispered Jackie.

‘Zippit! No, Veronique, not you, luvvie,’ he warbled. ‘Shoot . . .’ Clive continued grappling with the dog toy, having forgotten why he was playing with it in the first place. He listened for several seconds, his face dropping under the force of gravity. ‘A reality show? In Albania? Well, what’s it paying? OK. OK. OK. *Ciao.*’

‘Everything OK, darling?’ Jackie enquired.

‘Bloody awful as a matter of fact,’ Clive grumbled. ‘Ever since this beast arrived in our home, my luck’s gone from bad to terrible –’ He tore the chew toy away from Wilbur and waved it around, spraying himself with dog slobber, although he didn’t appear to notice.

‘Darling?’ Jackie interjected.

‘Let me finish!’ Clive barked, then waved the saliva-soaked toy around again, proclaiming: ‘I could’ve been a contender . . . Maybe even the host of my own panel show. Now I can’t get on telly anywhere in the developed world. And *this* . . . this odorous furball.’ Clive dangled the toy over Wilbur’s snout. ‘My one consolation is the fact that Alan obviously couldn’t afford a real dog. And fortunately, this one looks like it’s only a few good walks from the pet cemetery –’

‘Clive!’ Jackie snapped.

‘Well, it’s true.’

Darkus winced, but he had to admit that, like everything he received from his father, Wilbur was unusual and to some degree damaged. But that didn’t make Darkus love Wilbur any less; in fact it made him love the dog more.

‘Come on, boy,’ said Darkus, but Wilbur remained hypnotised by Clive’s offer of the toy.

‘Want to play, do you?’ Clive told the mutt, then got to his feet and stalked to the front door. With one quick motion Clive ran out on to the driveway and hurled the toy across the road and into a nearby field. ‘Go fetch!’

Darkus watched in horror as Wilbur shot through the open doorway and galloped into the road – straight into the path of an oncoming car.

‘Wilbur!’ Darkus cried out.

Wilbur stood frozen on the spot as the motorist slammed on the brakes and skidded towards him. Then at the last possible moment the dog yelped and swerved out of the way, hopping over the fence into the neighbouring plot.

Darkus raced out into the road after him.

‘Doc! Watch out!’ Jackie called after him, as he ran in front of the motorist who was still at a halt in the middle of the road, looking left and right, waiting for his path to clear.

‘Wilbur!’ Darkus continued to yell, but the German shepherd was now deep in the tall grass of the overgrown field.

Darkus took hold of the fence and climbed over it, tearing the hem of his overcoat without a second glance. He entered the tall grass after his dog.

‘Here, boy . . .’ he called out, but only got a distant whimper in return.

The grass moved ten metres in front of him but he still couldn’t see Wilbur.

‘It’s OK, boy. Come home,’ he said softly, but loud enough for the dog to hear.

The grass continued to move further and further away from him, until he saw Wilbur’s bat-ears appear on a small bluff in the centre of the field. He had the chew toy in his mouth but wouldn’t budge.

‘Come home!’ Darkus called to him. Wilbur whined and shook his head, waving the toy. ‘It’ll be OK, I promise,’ he pleaded, but Wilbur’s ears vanished into the grass again, retreating further into the field.

Tilly watched the scene unfold from her bedroom window, sadly.

Darkus waded over to the bluff, climbed up it and spotted the dog lying in the grass some way off. Darkus knelt down, reached in his pocket and fished out the secure phone that Uncle Bill had given him on their last investigation. Then he fished out the stainless-steel business-card holder his father had given him, and flipped it open to reveal the stack of cards lying untouched inside, all displaying the words: *Knightley & Son*. He turned the top card over to find the small, embossed symbol of the ‘evil eye’: a symbol of protection as well as fear. Darkus dialled the 0845 number on the front of the card and waited while the line rang. There was a short pause as the call was redirected, then after a few moments, his father’s Polish housekeeper picked up.

‘Knightley’s Investigations? This is Bogna in Admins?’ she answered in her broken English.

‘Bogna, it’s Darkus.’

‘Doc! Is everything OK?’

‘Where’s Dad?’

‘On assignments. He not tell me what.’

‘But he’s OK?’ enquired Darkus. ‘No more “episodes”?’

‘You mean unconscious coma state? No, nothing like that.’

‘I see . . .’

Darkus furrowed his brow. Not only was his father not available, he was on a case that he hadn’t bothered to share with him – his son, heir, and most importantly his partner. Darkus’s deepest suspicions were proved right: the partnership with his dad was for demonstration purposes only; it was merely a way to pacify Darkus, rather than the genuine article. After waking from his coma, his father had accepted his help, made the promises, printed the business cards, but in reality Darkus was as in the dark as he’d ever been.

‘When d’you expect him back?’ asked Darkus.

‘You know Alan. Could be any times.’

‘OK, thanks, Bogna. Please let him know I called.’

‘Affirmatives, Master Doc.’

In the kitchen, Jackie and Clive were engaged in a Mexican stand-off. Jackie poured hot water over a teabag, then slid the mug across the counter towards Clive with the ferocity of a bartender in a Wild West saloon.

‘He loves that dog,’ she said accusingly.

‘Not my fault it nearly got itself killed,’ Clive replied meekly.

‘He doesn’t love many things, Clive. Not after losing Alan for all those years.’

‘Again . . . not my fault if his dad’s a nutjob with a tendency to fall into strange, coma-like trances. And now the man’s awake, he’s not exactly the most attentive father. They may talk the same and dress the same, but Alan hasn’t been round in months.’ Clive dumped the teabag in the sink and splashed the milk in.

‘Life hasn’t dealt Doc the easiest of hands, but I want him to be able to love. And to trust again. Do you understand me, Clive?’ He didn’t answer. ‘Do you . . . ?’ Jackie trailed off, seeing her son standing in the doorway, without Wilbur.

‘He won’t come home,’ said Darkus, pretending that he hadn’t just overheard the conversation. ‘He won’t listen to me.’

‘Give it time, sweetie,’ Jackie consoled him. ‘How about a jam sandwich? Triangles not squares?’

Darkus couldn’t raise a smile; instead he glanced through the kitchen window to see dusk falling and the field sinking into foreboding shadow.

Behind him, Clive started patting down his shell suit, searching for something. ‘Now, where’s my ruddy phone?’ He tried several zipped pockets but none bore

fruit. He slammed his mug down on the table and pushed back his chair. 'Right! That. Is. It. The hellhound has eaten it.'

'I'm afraid there's a temporospatial problem with your statement, Clive,' Darkus suggested.

'Come again?' said his stepdad.

'You were speaking on the phone only moments before you threw the toy across the road. Wilbur couldn't have had time to take your phone before running across the road.'

'Doc's right,' agreed Jackie.

'And I suppose you think it just –' Clive made a mushroom cloud gesture – 'vanished into thin air?'

They were interrupted by a light rap on the kitchen door. Darkus darted over and opened it to reveal Wilbur sitting there with his paw raised. The chew toy was lying discarded by his side, and balanced in his mouth was a small handset in a dayglo orange case, which Darkus instantly recognised as his stepfather's phone.

'Ha!' accused Clive. 'The truth is out!' He marched forward and yanked the phone from Wilbur's mouth. 'Well, my furry nemesis . . .'

'Er, Clive?' Darkus interjected.

'What is it now?' he hissed.

'If you examine the handset you'll see there are no signs of chewing. A good deal of saliva, I'll warrant.

But no bite marks,' Darkus pointed out. Clive turned the sticky phone over in his hand as he listened. 'Instead you'll find a small clod of loose earth embedded in the edge of the case, which is consistent with the fact that when you threw the chew toy into the field, you also dispatched your mobile phone at the same time.' Darkus stated it plainly for him: 'You threw them *both*.'

Clive unconsciously dropped the phone on the floor, and his eyebrows arched with fury.

'Wilbur didn't take your phone,' Darkus concluded. 'In fact, he returned it to you.'

'Prove it!' Clive yapped.

'I just did,' Darkus replied.

'Not well enough,' declared his stepdad and lunged at Wilbur, who dodged round him and headed off into the living room. 'Come back here, you infernal beast!'

'Clive, really . . .' Jackie reasoned.

Wilbur sat patiently, confused, on the Persian rug. Clive stared him down from the doorway of the kitchen. Darkus walked over to console the dog, until a sudden bang, like a gunshot, echoed from the street outside. Wilbur jumped, then froze on the spot.

'It's OK, boy, it's only a car backfiring,' Darkus deduced, then noticed a small, yellow puddle forming under Wilbur's back legs. 'Oh no . . .'

The puddle rapidly spread out, forming a large, golden circle, penetrating the carpet fibres and soaking into the Persian rug.

‘Oh, now you’ve done it . . .’ Clive murmured. ‘That rug has been in the Palmer family since the Battle of Khartoum!’ He jabbed his hand towards the ceiling. ‘Out!’

Clive stormed towards the dog until Wilbur’s lips rolled back and he snarled dangerously, displaying both rows of teeth.

Clive reared up and retreated, turning to Jackie for support. ‘That dog,’ he stammered, ‘is to be out of this house by noon tomorrow. Or I’m checking into the Premier Inn. *Permanently.*’ Clive stamped his Adidas slip-on sandal emphatically. ‘It’s him or me.’

Darkus knew who he’d prefer, but, in spite of everything, his mother would remain loyal to the man she’d married.

Darkus went to Wilbur’s side, but recoiled when the German shepherd flinched, snarled in his direction and barked twice – shocking Darkus who fell back on his elbows. Then the dog turned tail and ran back through the kitchen door, towards the shed.

Darkus looked to his mother with tears welling up in his eyes. ‘It’s not his fault.’

‘It’s for the best, darling,’ she replied softly. ‘It just hasn’t . . . worked out.’

‘It’s not fair,’ Darkus whispered defiantly.

Jackie went to hug him, but Darkus shrugged her off then turned and followed Wilbur through the back door into the falling darkness. Jackie watched him go, looking like a piece of her heart had been torn out.

Wilbur sat in the corner of the garden, forlorn, then wagged his tail once as Darkus cautiously went to join him. Wilbur’s ears were flat against his head; his brow furrowed as if to say he was truly sorry. Darkus slowly extended his hand and patted him. Wilbur wagged his tail once more.

‘What are we going to do?’ Darkus whispered to him.

Wilbur looked up at him with tired grey eyes, unable to provide any answers.

‘I’ll come and visit you,’ said Darkus, feeling his own eyes well up again. He knew it wasn’t entirely rational, but he couldn’t help it. Since his father had effectively disappeared for the second time, Wilbur was the only person he really talked to. Not that Wilbur was equipped to give him any advice, but Darkus found he could have better conversations with him, and discover more about himself, than he could by talking to anyone else.

As they sat on the grass they both felt the chill creep in. They could hear Clive talking to the TV while Jackie did the washing-up – routinely checking on Darkus

through the kitchen window. Darkus waited as long as possible, then got to his feet. Wilbur dutifully followed his master through the back door into the house. Jackie handed Darkus a plate of jam sandwiches, which he carried upstairs with Wilbur in tow.

In the privacy of his bedroom, Darkus gave his dog a triangle, then took one for himself. Wilbur consumed his in one bite, then looked up at his master, pleading for another. Darkus obliged, then went to his desk, took out the secure phone and scrolled to the name: *Uncle Bill*. Seeing Wilbur begging, Darkus gave him another two triangles, then pressed 'Dial'.

After two rings, a thick Scottish voice answered: 'Aye?'

'Uncle Bill? It's Darkus here.'

'A'right, Darkus. Only it's *nae* Uncle Bill. This is his brother, *Dougal*. Ah'm afraid Bill is currently . . . indisposed.'

Darkus looked at the phone, surprised: the similarity in their Highland accents was uncanny. He'd heard talk of Dougal, who operated a lighthouse in the Outer Hebrides, but why would he be answering Bill's private line?

'Is everything OK?' said Darkus.

'Well, *nae* exactly, *nay*,' replied Dougal in the negative. 'I cannae say much, but Bill has been admitted *tae*

hospital again, this time with quite serious injuries. Our mam insisted I come doon tae have a swatch.'

If the family were keeping a vigil, it had to be serious. 'What kind of injuries? What happened?'

'Ah'm sorry, Darkus, but I cannae say. Bill's expected to pull throough but he's under twintie-four-hoor police guard. The rest is classified *top secret*.'

Darkus's mind left his own domestic problems and began turning the facts over in his head. His father had gone off the radar. Bill was in hospital. Something was most definitely afoot. He realised he couldn't press Dougal any further.

'Kindly send Bill a packet of chocolate digestives from me. And have him call me as soon as he's well enough.'

'Will dae,' replied Dougal.

Darkus hung up, his mind racing but having insufficient data to get anywhere.

From downstairs came the sound of Jackie and Clive engaged in a heated discussion.

Darkus told Wilbur: 'Wait.' Then he crept out of his bedroom, across the landing and halfway down the stairs.

'... now if we hired someone like *her*, it might be a different story,' Clive pointed out.

An image glimmered on the TV set, showing a hulking, middle-aged woman, dressed in country tweed.

Her bombastic figure appeared to be trussed up inside a tailored hunting outfit and Hunter wellington boots. Her index finger was raised commandingly as she towered over a golden retriever.

‘Ssssstay,’ the woman on TV instructed the retriever. She then backed away as the dog sat, seemingly terrified, on the spot.

Darkus recognised the woman as Fiona Connelly, star of the popular dog training series *Bad Dog*.

‘Well, can’t you make some calls?’ Jackie asked her husband. ‘Try and contact her? I mean, you’re “in TV”.’

‘I may be “in TV”, Jax, but I’m not “on TV”. I’ve got about as much pull as an . . .’

‘Aston Martin?’ suggested Jackie cheerily.

‘Austin Metro,’ Clive replied grimly.

The TV switched to the evening news. A female reporter stood in a dark London street, speaking to camera: ‘More reports this evening of aggressive dogs attacking innocent civilians, with devastating results. The government is announcing new tighter controls on dog ownership –’

‘As right they should.’ Clive idly flicked to another channel.

Darkus frowned, returning to his bedroom where he found the rest of the jam sandwiches had strangely

vanished. Wilbur sat in the corner of the room, looking at the carpet.

‘It’s OK. I wasn’t hungry anyway –’

Wilbur made a small guttural yelp and looked up.

‘What is it, boy?’

Wilbur trotted to the bedroom window, reared up and rested his front paws on the sill.

On the street below, Darkus and Wilbur observed a shadow slope across the pavement and arrive under the single lamp post opposite the house. It was a *dog* of some kind. Sinewy and ripped with muscles under its slick, ebony coat. It was too dark and the distance was too great to make out exactly what breed it was.

‘What d’you think it wants?’ Darkus whispered.

Wilbur whimpered and prepared to bark, until Darkus put a hand over his jaws. ‘Wait.’

The dog under the lamp post appeared to turn and inspect Clive and Jackie’s house – for a good ten seconds. Then it walked in measured strides along the pavement as a *second* shape appeared from the darkness. It was another *identical* dog, taut and composed. What was even stranger was the two dogs then stood facing each other snout to snout under the lamp post, as if they were conversing with each other. Planning, even.

‘What are they *doing* . . . ?’ Darkus pondered.

Wilbur whined again, registering the very odd scene that was unfolding below them. Then, as quickly as they'd appeared, the two dogs turned and ran away in opposite directions, leaving only a swirl of mist in their wake.

Chapter 3

HOME FROM HOME

An hour later, Wilbur finally left the window, went to the basket at the end of Darkus's bed, chased his tail and curled up in a ball. Within moments, the dog was asleep.

Darkus buttoned his plaid pyjamas and attempted to follow suit, but was distracted by the distant whine of a motor scooter, which appeared to be approaching Wolseley Close. Wilbur cocked his ears, then ignored it.

The scooter sputtered to a halt outside the house, just as Tilly's bedroom door opened, then closed abruptly and footsteps thumped down the stairs and across the hallway.

Clive shouted something from the master bedroom but the front door slammed before he could finish his sentence.

Darkus got out of bed and returned to his vantage point at the bedroom window, watching as Tilly marched down the driveway to meet the waiting scooter: a

gleaming machine finished in red and black. Sitting astride the machine was a young white male in white trainers, grey sweatpants, a puffa jacket and a black carbon helmet sporting what appeared to be devil horns on either side of the visor.

To Darkus's profound puzzlement and mild irritation, Tilly planted a kiss on the cheek of the rider and hopped on the back of the scooter, wrapping her arms around his waist. The rider straightened up, cranked the accelerator and sputtered away with Tilly holding on tight. They turned the corner at the end of the street and the noise reduced to a distant buzz, then vanished altogether.

More perplexed than ever, Darkus left the window and returned to bed.

Darkus slept uncertainly, remaining on the surface of consciousness, never quite reaching a satisfactory depth.

At the edge of his brain, he heard Tilly return home a couple of hours later, accompanied by the brief report of the motor scooter before it buzzed off into the distance.

When morning eventually arrived, Darkus had the momentary illusion that he was waking from a bad dream. But as grey light peered through the curtains, the reality set in – that although he hadn't known Wilbur

for long, Darkus was losing the best friend he'd ever had.

Wilbur appeared to be having nightmares of his own, letting out a series of whimpers and crying sounds before raising his head at the end of the bed in a silent greeting. Much as it hurt, Darkus knew that Wilbur would be well cared for, returning to his former home at the dog rescue centre where his dad had first found him. And Darkus would visit as regularly as his schoolwork allowed.

His train of thought was interrupted by Wilbur licking his face.

'Yuk, Wilbur. OK, boy.' Darkus got out of bed and stumbled towards the bathroom.

Downstairs, Tilly was eating a large bowl of cereal with Clive watching in silence from the opposite end of the kitchen table.

'Well . . . ? Who is he?' Clive demanded flatly. 'This mysterious character on the two-wheeled bottle rocket.'

Jackie raised her eyebrows and continued emptying the dishwasher.

'A friend,' Tilly replied.

'*Hmm*,' Clive intoned accusingly.

Wilbur appeared from the staircase and snuck around the outside of the table with his head down, arriving at the dog bowl Jackie had placed by the back door.

‘What’s wrong with Wilbur?’ asked Tilly.

‘Holiday’s over. He’s checking out,’ replied Clive, unable to conceal his good spirits. ‘Going back to the orphanage, aren’t you, boy? *Vorsprung durch Technik*,’ he added in his bad German.

Tilly looked at her father in dismay, then shook her head and continued eating her cereal.

‘Right. I’m going to get the papers,’ Clive announced and jogged lightly to the front door, adjusting his shell suit. ‘Back in a mo.’

Tilly and Jackie exchanged a mutually sympathetic glance, then went about their business, until a high-pitched shout interrupted them.

‘Jackie!!!’ Clive’s voice reverberated through the kitchen windows.

‘Yes!!’

‘The dog’s fouled the driveway! Tell Darkus to clean it up.’

‘It wasn’t Wilbur,’ Darkus replied from the kitchen doorway. ‘It’s obvious from the diameter of the –’

‘OK, sweetie. I believe you,’ Jackie stopped him.

‘There were two other dogs out there last night,’ he went on. ‘I don’t know who they belong to. I’ve never seen them before.’

‘I’m afraid that doesn’t change the situation, Doc,’ she said gently. ‘Wilbur and Clive just aren’t compatible.’

Darkus looked down, trying to think of a solution to the impending catastrophe, but finding none.

‘Look, darling, sometimes you’ve just got to have a little faith in the world. OK?’ Wilbur went to sit by Darkus’s side. ‘Why don’t you two go play in the garden for a while, and I’ll put Wilbur’s basket in the car.’

The drive to the dog rescue centre took less than an hour, but felt like an eternity. Wilbur was completely silent, yet Darkus felt more attuned to him than ever – as if they were both facing a life sentence to be served in separate cells.

Jackie drove through the tall, metal gates of the compound and saw a well-built fifty-year-old man in grey combat fatigues, waiting for them in the car park. He had the gait of a military officer and clipped, receding hair, which framed a chiselled but kind face with soft blue eyes. From the back seat, Wilbur looked up and wagged his tail once, recognising the figure.

Jackie stepped out of the car while Darkus opened the boot for Wilbur. A few distant barks signalled the presence of the other residents of the rescue centre, which consisted of a nondescript concrete block overlooking a large, fenced recreation yard.

‘Captain Reed?’ Jackie enquired.

‘Call me John.’ The man extended his hand. ‘Hello, Wilburforce.’

Darkus felt a tug as Wilbur trotted towards his former master and sat obediently by his side.

‘I’m really sorry,’ Jackie began. ‘We just can’t keep him any more.’

Darkus said nothing, keeping his hands in the pockets of his herringbone coat, unwilling to make eye contact.

‘It doesn’t surprise me. I’m sure you did your best,’ Reed said diplomatically. ‘All of you,’ he added, directed at Darkus. Reed ruffled the German shepherd’s fur. ‘Wilbur’s a “war dog”. He’s seen things most people could never hope to recover from. These dogs, they saved a great many lives – including my own.’ Reed stroked the dark patch between Wilbur’s ears, losing himself in recollection for a moment. ‘In my experience, people let you down. But dogs, they never do.’ He looked up, gesturing to the rescue centre. ‘This is my way of paying them back.’

‘Can I visit him?’ Darkus asked, fiddling with his hat.

‘It’s not up to me,’ Reed replied.

Darkus looked down again.

‘You’ll have to talk to *her* . . .’ Reed pointed off towards a classic London black cab parked in a corner at the end of the yard. The driver’s door opened and Bogna stepped

out in a pair of wrap-around sunglasses, waving cheerfully as she came to greet them.

Darkus broke into a broad smile and turned to his mum. 'You mean . . . ?'

Jackie nodded. 'Wilbur's going to live with Bogna and your dad. You can visit him whenever you like . . . I told you to have a little faith sometimes.'

Darkus spontaneously gave his mum a hug, then knelt down and grabbed Wilbur in an embrace. Wilbur raised his snout proudly, then sniffed at Bogna's brightly coloured housecoat, smelling a variety of strange and powerful odours.

'Hello, Wilburs. You come to live with Bogna now, yes?'

Wilbur wagged once in response.

'Where's Dad?' Darkus asked her.

Bogna shook her head uncertainly. 'I haven't seen much of him in a fort's night.'

'Can I go with them?' Darkus asked his mum.

'If you want,' she said, feeling that same tug herself. 'Just be careful, and be home tomorrow night in time for school.'

'OK, Mum.' Darkus attached the lead to Wilbur's collar and walked him towards his father's black cab without a second glance. Bogna hurried to keep up.

Wilbur stopped, and looked back at Reed for a

moment. The captain called out: 'I'm here if you need me. That goes for both of you.'

Wilbur twitched his ears. Darkus looked back and nodded, then stepped into the back of the cab with the dog, and within a few moments they had accelerated out of the gate, indicating right, but turning left, and vanishing from view.

Jackie winced as she watched them go, then turned to Reed. 'Thank you.'

'It'll take a lot to split those two up,' he replied with a brief nod – almost a salute. A chorus of light yelps from the main building punctuated the moment. 'Now if you'll excuse me, Mrs Palmer, it's nearly time for their walk.'

'Of course.' Jackie returned to her car alone and headed home.

As Bogna swerved and jolted them towards London, Darkus felt like he was introducing Wilbur to a new part of his life – one that had lain dormant for too long. Once Wilbur was fed and settled into his new digs, Darkus intended to track down his father, wherever he might be. His aim was to find out what case he was pursuing – for he was in no doubt his dad was on a case – and to figure out how it related to their injured colleague,

Uncle Bill. If Knightley Senior hadn't been seen regularly for two weeks, then two things were abundantly clear: firstly, the case was consuming his every waking minute; and secondly – due to the fact that the first forty-eight hours (the most important in any investigation) had elapsed – the case was clearly *not* going to plan. Whatever trail his dad was following was likely to be cold, and perhaps Darkus could help to warm it up.

Bogna guided the Fairway black cab through the warren of north London streets with surprising ease, and before long they were entering the borough of Islington and turning the corner into Cherwell Place.

The short, terraced street with the almost imperceptible curve still looked as if it was being observed through a magnifying glass – just as Darkus remembered it. Bogna pulled into the narrow garage in the alley nearby. Then Darkus led Wilbur toward number 27 while Bogna yanked down the garage door and locked it.

As Bogna let them into the house, Darkus already sensed that his father was absent. The frenetic energy of his presence was lacking, and the place felt lonely despite being immaculately well kept.

'OK, Mister Troubles, you're coming with me,' Bogna instructed Wilbur, who obediently followed her into the kitchen. 'I hope you like goulash,' she added.

Satisfied that Wilbur was in good hands, Darkus climbed the stairs to the top floor and crossed the short landing to the heavy oak door with the engraving: *Alan Knightley, BA, MA, Private Investigator*. Darkus slowly turned the handle and entered his father's office. The wood-panelled room was exactly as he remembered it, the shelves weighed down with books, the broad, mahogany desk sitting at the front window with the globe and the slightly dated computer facing the leather office chair.

Darkus approached the desk and ran his hand over the empty chair back, imagining his father in it and divining what he might be working on. The desk was covered in scraps of paper and receipts – mostly for Pizza Express. Not wishing to pry, Darkus surveyed the debris from a distance rather than sorting through it or 'processing the scene' – which would have been too much of a breach of privacy, even though the subject in question was his father. However, in clear sight among the clutter were several train tickets, each with the same words printed on them: *Hampstead Heath*. It was a sprawling urban wilderness located in north London, popular with romantic couples, ramblers and tourists; but what his father wanted with it was a mystery.

Finding nothing more of note, Darkus heeded the call of nature and crossed the landing to the bathroom. He

closed the door behind him, then approached the toilet, only to see a book left open on a small table within arm's length of the seat. The book looked to be at least fifty years old, and was tattered and torn, its spine broken and bent. The page it was left open at displayed a large, ink-drawn illustration of a gigantic dog of some kind, its fangs bared, its tail arched and its claws raised in attack. Most noticeable though were its eyes: monstrous, glittering eyes that were the very personification of evil. Darkus visibly recoiled from the image, folded the corner of the page to mark it, then slammed the book closed. It was then that he saw the front cover, and the title, in ancient, Gothic script:

The Anatomy of a Werewolf

Bloomsbury Publishing, London, New Delhi, New York and Sydney

First published in Great Britain in August 2014 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3DP

www.bloomsbury.com
www.knightleyandson.com

Bloomsbury is a registered trademark of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Text copyright © Rohan Gavin 2014
Illustrations copyright © Leo Hartas 2014

The moral rights of the author and illustrator have been asserted

All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced or
transmitted by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying
or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 4088 5143 2



Typeset by Hewer Text UK Ltd, Edinburgh
Printed and bound in Great Britain by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2