

FALLEN WARRIORS

MARK ANDERSON SMITH

(Sample chapters)

'I form the light and create darkness,

I bring prosperity and create disaster;

I, the Lord, do all these things.'

Isaiah 45 v7

CHAPTER ONE

The Vision

Zafar drummed his fingers on the steering wheel as he waited for the lights to change. The orange light lit up, then the red and he thumped the wheel, looking to his left towards the railway tracks. Not a single car had moved in either direction through two light changes. How was it such a small city could be gridlocked almost every single day? Maybe he should switch to taking the train from Leeds,

though that meant either parking in the city centre at exorbitant rates or taking a bus.

Looking back up the hill he wondered what the delay was this time: someone broken down and unable to move their car off the road; drivers exchanging addresses after an accident; or was it simply that there were too many cars on the road?

They had been inching forward until about ten minutes before when for some reason the cars in both directions had ceased moving. Normally traffic into York in the evening moved faster than those leaving, the situation reversed in the morning with all the surrounding villages emptying into the city each day.

The lights changed to green and Zafar groaned, beginning to drum his fingers again. He kept his foot away from the accelerator pedal knowing that he would end up revving the engine.

It was never usually this bad. Slow, especially at this T junction where the cross bar of the T headed up a small artificial hill and the stem continued up over the railway tracks. He always had to wait here, the cars inches apart, always wary of the driver in front rolling back.

He glanced to his right and saw a smartly dressed man nodding his head. Listening to music perhaps. Or mad. Now there was a thought, sitting next to a mad man who was nodding his head to... what? Possibly a conversation, with the demons in his head. Maybe he imagined himself on a

roller coaster being shaken about, or was he just imagining music. What do mad people think about when they are stuck in traffic he asked himself. Do they think that everyone around them is mad... He allowed this thought to sit unchallenged until he became aware the man was looking back at him and was frowning.

Zafar forced a smile, then turned back to look at the lights. Now showing red.

His eye was caught by movement on a cycle path that cut under the road then curved up to join it. Three kids on bikes, dark clothes and hoods up over their heads. They wove in and out of the cars and then were gone. Zafar turned to look, but couldn't see them, only rows of cars in three directions. No-one moving, no-one tooting their horns or revving their engines. Sheep, sitting patiently waiting for the... slaughter.

The image of the dark figures weaving in and out of the traffic played over in his mind. How easy it would be to point a gun and shoot. It wouldn't take many shots either, he thought as he looked round again. A few shots and the junction would be paralysed for hours...

If you were to target a few other key junctions at the same time...

Zafar saw how it would play out, the attacks co-ordinated to seal off York, turning the traffic into one huge barrier that would allow them to take the city. A few kids at each junction is all it would take. Kids with guns. With

grenades. Firing into the open windows of cars, running round and dropping a grenade into one window then running before the explosion.

What would the drivers do? What could they do? Get out of their cars, no, anyone who did that would be shot. Yet, if they stayed still, they were easy targets. There was no escape, if one driver tried to move his car, he would find himself unable to do so, even if he mounted the narrow pavement, the road narrowed at the lights and there was just not enough room.

Some would phone for help, dial 999, but what good would that do? The police could not get here quickly and even if they did, how would they stop the killing?

Zafar had tried different routes out of the city in his attempts to reduce his commute, but almost every road into and out of York was the same at this time. Far too much traffic concentrated in such a small city.

As his thoughts raced, Zafar could still visualise one young gunman walking between the cars towards him, stopping next to each window and firing directly into it. Until he reached Zafar and stood there, black trousers, black jumper and balaclava over his head. The man rapped the muzzle of the gun on his window and then aimed...

'Allah Akbar,' Zafar blinked and saw he was again looking directly at the mad man in the car next to him. The man was staring back at him, a look of fear in his eyes. Zafar studied him for a moment, the man eventually becoming

uncomfortable and looking away before Zafar heard someone behind him sounding their horn. Finally the cars were moving.

As he followed the train of cars slowly through the junction and away from the city he felt acutely aware of everything he was doing and around him. It was like his senses had been dialled up to ten and he hadn't even realised he was only hovering around a four. His pulse was racing and his breathing shallow, like he had actually been in a fight.

What was it he had seen? It had not just been his imagination, it had been real, a vision even, of the future.

CHAPTER TWO

Fallen

Emma placed one bare foot in front of her, feeling the coolness of old stone soaking up exhaustion—the perfect cure for an evening's dancing. She focused her eyes on Monk Bar while shifting her balance forward, conscious of her toes hugging the angled apex of the parapet.

'You're beginning to scare me,' Rachel said. 'You realise how high you are now?'

'I'm trying not to look.' Emma took another small step. 'You need to live a little, Rachel. Take a few risks.' Just like

earlier with Paul—now that was scary. This was simply a distraction, something to help forget that kiss.

Concentrate, Emma told herself, enjoy the moment. She allowed herself a smile at her personal mission statement.

'Only one risk I can see, a rooftop three metres down. You keep going and it's six metres to the road.'

Ignoring her, Emma glanced to her left to see the towers of York Minster lit up against the sky. As always—the sight took her breath away as she imagined how the Minster must have looked centuries before, the massive structure dominating the flat landscape for miles around York.

A breath of air—nothing more—and Emma paused. It's okay, she told herself, just a few more metres and you're at Monk Bar. She had a sudden urge to kiss the ancient sandstone tower when she reached it. 'Do you think it's like Blarney Castle? If I kiss the stone will I receive a gift?'

'Are you high?'

'Always!' Though high was the wrong word, Emma thought. Exhilarated! Now that's how I feel, except... 'Did Jennifer see us?'

'Is that what this is all about? I don't know what goes on in your head sometimes, Emma. How does tip-toeing round the walls of York help you deal with the fact you got off with Jennifer's boyfriend?'

'It wasn't like that.' Except it was and regardless how hard she tried to distract herself now, Emma knew she had crossed a line.

'Sure, try telling Jennifer that tomorrow.'

'Did she see us?' Emma insisted.

'What does that matter? You still need to tell her. Honestly, what were you thinking?'

She hadn't thought, had just acted on instinct as she always did, as she had all evening—focusing on Paul, teasing him, resting her hand on his shoulder when talking with him even though Jennifer was there.

'He kissed me back.' Emma noticed Rachel stop but continued her own slow advance, looking forward to Monk Bar.

'She is never going to forgive you,' Rachel sighed and then swore. 'The stairs are blocked off! We're going to have to walk back to Sainsbury's. Come on, Emma! It's 1am and I've got a shift tomorrow.'

'I'm almost at Monk Bar.'

'You can't even get the whole way on the wall...'

'Parapet,' Emma interrupted.

'Whatever! You're not going to jump that gap.'

'Are you filming me, Rachel?' Asked Emma.

'You want this to be your YouTube moment? If I'm not going to pick up the pieces, why would I encourage you? Will you just get down from there?'

'Two more minutes and I'm done, it's just a longer step really,' Emma said, only half looking beyond the half metre gap in the parapet to where her foot would land. Her focus was still on the ancient stone tower that was now almost close enough to touch. She held her breath and allowed herself to fall forwards, lifting up her foot to step over and continue until... Yes! She stopped, touching the smooth stone.

'Hooray,' Rachel said in a flat voice. 'Now can we go and call a taxi?'

Having reached her goal, Emma wished she could climb higher, perhaps stand on one of the Minster's towers and look over the city. Drink in the beauty of the lights spread out underneath her, highlighting ancient stone walls. She turned, facing away from the city and spread her arms as wide as wings, feeling the chill air with her fingertips, and closed her eyes, imagining what it would be like to soar over the city.

'Emma,' Rachel said softly. 'You're freaking me out. It's really high here.'

Letting her breath out slowly, Emma opened her eyes. 'I'm sorry.' She turned, but something felt wrong. Her right foot caught on the parapet and in trying to correct her balance she twisted and felt herself tip too far backwards.

'Emma!'

Rachel was there, her hand stretched out towards her but Emma couldn't reach quickly enough. Oh please no! This

wasn't happening. Emma tried to grab at the wall but she was falling backwards, was too far away. She heard Rachel scream, saw fear in her eyes but it was too late and Emma tried to turn, to lift and protect her head but she was already below the arch and there wasn't enough time.

Reaching up as she fell backwards, her shoulders were pulled forward. Emma felt something snap as she landed and then could not stop her head whiplashing backwards to crack on the unyielding tarmac. Stunned, she was only aware of a sense of regret and then unconsciousness mercifully took her as her heart stopped beating.

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'Emma!' Rachel looked down at her friend's still body, Emma's scream still echoing in her head. The way Emma had landed... Rachel turned away, thinking she was going to throw up.

No! She can't be. Rachel forced herself to take out her phone and tried to punch in 999. Her hand shaking so hard she pressed the wrong numbers. She cleared them and this time managed to dial.

'What service please?' An impatient voice answered.

'Ambulance.' Rachel looked back over the parapet. Was that blood around Emma's head?

'What's the emergency?'

'My friend's fallen... from Monk Bar... in York... her head... she needs an ambulance... now!' Why couldn't she stop shaking?

'Are you with your friend?'

'Of course I'm not with her! How could I be with her? The stairs are blocked off, wait... Hey!' Rachel shouted at the man who had appeared from under the archway and was now kneeling beside Emma. 'Does she have a pulse?'

As he looked up at her, Rachel groaned. His dirty blonde hair and ragged beard covered most of his face. She now noticed his dark overcoat making him look like one of the hundreds of street beggars that haunted York's tourists all year round.

As she watched though, he placed two fingers on Emma's neck. She found herself counting but after twenty seconds he shook his head.

Her chest tightened and Rachel blinked back tears. This was not the time to lose control. 'Do you know CPR?' She called, but he did not respond, just continued to kneel beside Emma. Rachel remembered the phone in her hand. 'Are you still there?'

'I've dispatched an ambulance, they'll be with you in five minutes.'

It could still be okay, Rachel knew. They were only two minutes drive from York's A&E. She tried to remember where the ambulances were based. Not far... Oh no, what is he doing? 'Stop that!' She shouted. She needed to get down there and protect Emma. Rachel started running back along the wall.

She was beautiful with flame-red hair that framed an oval face; high cheekbones with a scattering of freckles; pouted lips still open as if about to speak, only... Her green eyes showed no sign of life. They stared upwards, unfocused, still.

Calvin carefully knelt beside her, not wanting any more hurt to come to her. Only a minute before he had been looking for a quiet corner where he could crawl into his sleeping bag and hide from the police or drunks who might have a go at the homeless.

Who are you? He wondered. How did this happen?

'Does she have a pulse?' Calvin heard from above. He looked up and saw a face looking down from above the Bar wall.

Gently, he placed two fingers on the girl's neck. He realised his fingers were trembling. Pressing down, he could feel no beat. For a second an image of a different face replaced the one before him, rain drumming down as he had leaned over and checked for a pulse. Calvin shook his head to clear the image. It was happening again—someone was going to be taken away and there was nothing he could do. For the first time in over a year, Calvin felt a tear roll down his cheek. He reached up and wiped it away, studying his wet fingers.

His father would have called on Jesus, shouted and commanded the girl to rise. A memory came to him—hiding at the back of the room, scared he would be called on to join

his father as he healed, knowing he did not believe. Yet that night he had seen something amazing: a man at the edge of death, wracked by coughing. First he grew still and then he sat up—his face showing release from the sickness that had, only minutes before, almost ended his life. Years later Calvin had recalled this event, faced with an even more desperate situation and there had been no healing. And now...

'Is this some kind of sick joke?' He muttered and immediately felt a sense of shame—that night had been no-one's fault but his own.

Calvin brushed a strand of the girl's hair from her face. Despite his shame a stronger emotion was building inside him. Calvin looked up. 'Are you listening, Jesus? Are you watching this from your throne up there?' He took a deep, shuddering breath. 'My father saved that man in your name. Why then? Why not when I... when he needed you? Can you save this one or was it all a far cleverer deception than I realised?'

It was nothing. A gentle gust of wind—barely enough to register on his skin. Calvin looked around but there was no-one on the road.

'I want to believe,' he whispered. 'Please, Jesus, help me.'

The feeling started in his head, a warmth that quickly flowed into his chest and then down his legs and along his arms. His fingers which had been trembling, grew still even while he felt them tingling. Before doubts had a chance to

voice in his head, Calvin put the palms of his hands on the girl's head and face. 'In the name of Jesus, be healed.'

Calvin stayed still, waiting for something, unsure what to expect. Nothing was happening.

'Please Jesus, I don't know how to do this. Help me!'

He desperately thought back to his childhood, to times he had watched his father—wanting the gift his father possessed, wanting to believe.

'But father, how?' He had asked. Only to be told, 'you have to listen. Let Jesus tell you how.' What help was that? Yet, there was a dead girl before him and despite all reason, Calvin wanted to believe she could be brought back. Closing his eyes to shut out all distraction, Calvin asked again: 'Jesus, what do I have to do?'

Long seconds went by and Calvin became aware again of the distant noise of traffic. 'Jesus, I don't know how else to ask this, heal her, wake her, raise her from the dead!' An image in his mind, a memory from a previous life. It had not made sense then and although it made no sense now, Calvin knew he had to act quickly—the warmth he had felt was now like a pressure in his skull, a hand bearing down on him. Calvin prostrated himself over the girl, placing his hands on the road, covering her with his body; sheltering her head and chest. 'Be healed,' he shouted.

Tears now running freely, he rose and then covered her again. 'Please Jesus! Heal her, restore her,' he cried. Then a third time he rose before prostrating himself over her

again and whispered: 'Wake up. Please, you can do this. Wake up.'

Lying there, supporting his weight with his hands so not to crush her, Calvin listened for any sign she was responding. Someone grabbed at his coat and pulled him backwards.

'Get off of her!'

He had been concentrating so hard, he had not heard anyone run up behind him. Calvin landed on his back, managed to avoid banging his head and then felt a kick to his side. He rolled sideways and managed to get to his feet but the girl—it was a girl attacking him—kept coming towards him, trying to punch and hit him now that he was upright, yelling at him to get away.

'What were you doing to her? How could you hurt her like that!'

Fending off her punches, Calvin saw blue flashing lights and an ambulance fast approaching on Lord Mayor's Walk. There was no way to explain. Unable to even say goodbye to the girl he had tried to save, Calvin turned and headed at a run under the Bar arch.

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Rachel watched the man run into the city, wondering where the strength had come from to pull him away from Emma and fight him off. How could he assault her like that? Before she could check Emma, she heard the ambulance pull to a stop and the siren switch off. Rachel moved to check for

a pulse but stopped, her chest tightening as she saw thick, straw coloured liquid oozing from Emma's ear.

Hands reached down and took firm hold of Emma's head then Rachel felt someone lifting her up.

'...I'm Jim, that's Carol, we're going to help your friend. Now just stand back there.'

Rachel felt herself being walked away from Emma. 'I couldn't stop him, stop her... I was too late,' she heard herself say.

'That's okay love,' Jim said as he kneeled beside Carol. 'What's your friend's name?'

'Emma, Emma Hunter. I'm Rachel, I'm a nurse.'

'Okay Rachel, you know the drill then, we're going to look after Emma.'

'There's a lot of blood,' Rachel heard Carol say.

'I know. Steady while I check her airway, okay, that's clear. She's breathing and,' he paused. 'And I've got a good radial pulse.'

'We're going to have to stop this bleed.'

Jim cursed. 'Spinal fluid in her ears.'

'Skull fracture?'

'Looks like it. Okay, I'm going to get the collar and then I'll cannulate and get a drip running.'

Carol looked up at Rachel as Jim ran back to the ambulance. 'She's doing okay but we need to stop the bleed and get her into Resus. Do you want to come with us?'

Rachel heard the words but they made no sense. Carol was kneeling in a wide pool of Emma's blood, holding Emma's head still. The blood was everywhere, how could Emma still have a pulse? And the way she landed, a skull fracture... Rachel had seen the results of head trauma in A&E before. There was no coming back from that. She felt her legs give way and stumbled to the ground, weeping for her friend.

## CHAPTER THREE

### Run & Hide

Out of breath, Calvin slowed from his run but kept walking. He couldn't go back, did not want to risk it now. His sleeping bag was gone. The only possession he had other than the clothes he was wearing. It wasn't important except that now he was cold and had no way to keep warm unless there was space in the Drop In.

Walking would keep him warm until he got there. He could walk for hours and had frequently done so. Some nights you had to walk to stay alive. He had had friends on the street who had chosen to stay put and had never moved again.

He was cold but alive. He had lost his sleeping bag but somehow he would get another one. What had happened back there?



In his mind, Calvin saw his father place his hands on a friend who was ill. As he had watched, his friends pale cheeks had flushed with colour and then he had coughed and sat up.

How old had he been then? Five? Six? Calvin looked down at his own hands. His father's hands had healed many people but those same hands had taken a cane and beaten him as a child. He could not remember what he had done to deserve that punishment. He had never asked why.

The beatings stopped when he was seven. After that, he never saw anyone healed.

It had never occurred to him since then that this was something he could do.

Why now? Why had he prayed for her? In none of his memories of his father's healings had he ever brought someone back from the dead. Calvin did not even know if he had tried though surely he had prayed for people when Calvin was not there.

He had never wanted to be like his father. Did not want to hurt anyone like he had been hurt. Yet, in the end, he had turned out worse. A car drove past and Calvin felt himself stiffen. It didn't matter that he had done nothing to hurt the girl. No-one would believe him. Maybe he still deserved to be punished.

He kept walking though. Why do I bother? Why go to the Drop In? What is it going to take to make me give up? He had no answer. Maybe this was the real punishment, to

keep going and face the loneliness and the beatings and the rejection.

A crushing sense of despair seemed to grab at his chest. Calvin felt tears well up in his eyes and he angrily tried to blink them away. God, how long are you going to keep punishing me?

There was no answer. Had he expected one? Roughly pulling his coat sleeve across his face, Calvin walked on. He was almost there. Just had to keep it together for a bit longer.

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'Her blood pressure seems normal. No sign of any bleed. Pulse still strong. I'm not going to risk intubating.'

'Looks like your friend's been very lucky.' Carol shouted back to Rachel as she drove.

Rachel held Emma's hand, trying to keep out of the way as Jim ran his tests. She was breathing. Everything sounded normal but there was no way... The straw coloured liquid had congealed in Emma's ear. A clear sign of major spinal or head trauma. There had been at least a pint of blood pooled round her head. Then that man, the way he had shaken his head when she asked about Emma's pulse.

How could she be okay?

The ambulance swerved round and Rachel put her other hand against the cot to steady herself. Looking forward she could see York Hospital.

A couple more swerves and they braked sharply. Rachel opened the door and got out of the way. Carol ran round to help Jim and together they manoeuvred the cot out, set the trolley base down and wheeled her into A&E.

'We'll take her straight to Resus.' Jim told her. 'Take a seat, I'll be back in a minute.'

She stared at the rows of seats in A&E reception. Two men sitting together, one with blood running down the side of his head. A woman holding her child who kept coughing. A different woman who sat away from the others, her face guarded. Rachel could not face sitting and waiting. She walked over to reception.

'I just came in with my friend.' Rachel told the woman on reception. 'What paperwork do I need to fill in?'

'The woman taken through to Resus?' Seeing Rachel nod, the woman—her name tag read Janice—selected forms and attached them to a clipboard. 'You need a pen?'

'Yes.' Rachel felt herself sway and held out her hand to the wall to steady herself.

'Are you okay?' Janice asked.

'I just need to sit down.' Taking the clipboard and ignoring Janice's look of concern, Rachel went over to the nearest seat.

She held the clipboard up to her chest and stared down the corridor.

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'Not usual getting you in here, Calvin.' It was Phil, one of the many volunteers who staffed the Drop In at nights.

The temperature had seemed to plummet as he had approached the Drop In and Calvin found he couldn't speak, his teeth chattering together.

Phil frowned at him then reached behind himself for a blanket. 'Have you lost your sleeping bag?'

Nodding, Calvin accepted the blanket and wrapped it round himself. It was heavy but he had got too cold and it did not stop his shivering.

'Fancy something hot to eat or drink? Sally Army are here tonight.'

Yes, anything to heat him up. The shame he normally felt from accepting charity at the Drop In was on hold.

Phil took him through to the hall which was packed with familiar faces. Some nodded in recognition. Many couldn't have noticed him if they wanted. There were several tables set up and most were empty. The others there had obviously arrived earlier and eaten. Now most were lying down in sleeping bags or with blankets trying to sleep. Phil walked him to a table and waited while Calvin sat down. 'I'll get some soup. Tea or coffee?'

'Tea, white.' As Phil walked away Calvin tried to think whether he'd thanked Phil? He couldn't remember.

Just being inside was starting to help. Calvin felt himself shiver uncontrollably as his body tried to warm up. He counted the people inside while he waited. Nineteen

including himself. There were more homeless on the streets in York than that but some of them would have bolt holes kitted out to enable them to get through the worst weather. He would have to find one himself. He didn't want to go through another winter like the last one, freezing cold night after night, barely warming up during the day.

Phil brought soup and tea, both piping hot and both delicious. Thick vegetable soup with fresh crusty bread. The tea strong and sweet after he had put three sugars in.

Calvin pulled the bowl and mug close to get the benefit from the warmth, breathed in the steam. He dipped the bread in the soup as he could eat the soaked bread faster than the hot soup. By the time he had finished the meal he had stopped shivering. He carried the bowl and mug back to the little kitchen.

A lady with the Salvation Army was washing bowls, her jacket hung over a chair.

'Are you going to stay here tonight?' She asked after thanking him.

Calvin nodded.

'There're more blankets at the front desk.' She smiled and then turned back to the sink.

Phil was back at the front desk, reading a novel with one of the Drop In blankets around his shoulders.

'Any chance of another blanket?' Calvin asked him.

Phil looked up. 'Sure.' He grabbed another blanket and gave it to Calvin, then reached down for another. 'Pillow?'

Calvin took the blankets and left before Phil started a conversation. He didn't want to talk about losing his sleeping bag. Didn't want to think about finding the girl and failing her. He found a space on the floor and cocooned himself in the blankets, using his arms as pillows and taking all the protection he could get from cold.

He closed his eyes and saw the girl's unseeing eyes stare back at him, her red hair fanned out, hiding the blood underneath. He squeezed his eyes tight to drive out the image but it haunted him until he fell into a disturbed sleep.

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Dripping with sweat, Danny rolled off of Natalie and onto his back. He turned and kissed her before getting up. Behind him, he heard Natalie reach down for the duvet and pull it up. Her flat was small with just a combined kitchen and living area and one bedroom but the rooms were large and modern. A small hallway connected the rooms, the bathroom and the entrance door and Danny padded in his bare feet across the wood effect laminate that had been used throughout the flat.

There was a separate shower cubicle in addition to the bath, in an extremely efficient use of space that still impressed him three months on. He turned on the spray and waited for the water to warm before stepping inside.

Getting soft in your old age, Danny.

Less of the old now, he allowed himself to retort. He was old though, old for a serving officer. When he turned

forty eight in January it had hit home that he could retire in two years. Retire...

He turned, letting the spray dance over him before he washed.

They had made love in the shower once, but neither had wanted to try again.

Clean, he grabbed a towel and rubbed himself dry then stood for a minute, conscious his breathing was still rapid. His reflection studied him from the mirror as he focused on regaining his breath. Every year the physicals got a little harder, the recovery took a little longer. Not enough to cause concern, he was still in good shape. Had to be or the stress would eat him up.

The whole war on terror in the North seemed to have landed on his desk: two dozen cases he was being asked to run simultaneously and even though he was liaising with detectives in Manchester, Bradford and Newcastle, the cases they each were tasked with managed to cross over in enough ways that none could afford to ignore what was happening elsewhere.

A detective's nightmare: too much information and no quick way to sort the dross from the genuine. He shook his head wondering how they had managed to intervene successfully in any case so far.

What are we fighting to protect, he asked his reflection in the steamy mirror. It wasn't a question he wanted to answer.

With a last look round the bathroom wondering if he could persuade Cynthia to let him remodel theirs, he left the towel and padded back to the bedroom and began to dress. Natalie watched him side on, her form curled up underneath the duvet.

He checked himself in her mirror. No shirt tails hanging out, tie on straight. 'I'm just going to head out,' he told her. Natalie nodded. He could never read her expression and knew better than to ask what she was thinking.

Danny took the stairs.

Walking out towards his car, his phone buzzed. Pulling it out, he answered brusquely: 'D.I. Martin.'

'Sorry to disturb you, Sir but we've an unusual case at the hospital. Girl claims her friend fell thirty feet from Monk Bar and smashed her head, but an A&E surgeon is claiming it's a hoax and is demanding we send someone over.'

'Can't you send a uniform?'

'Incident on the A64. Two fatalities. Also, situation may require someone more senior. I understand the surgeon is one of their top people.'

'Okay. I'll be there in ten...' He hesitated. 'Make that fifteen minutes.'

He ended the connection and looked up at the flat. It would be helpful to have Natalie along.

He started to jog back up unaware of a blue transit van that had been parked before he arrived. There had been no

movement visible from behind the tinted rear windows of the van as a camera had zoomed in on his face and took shot after shot...

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