



CHAPTER 2

ALL GONE

“Pip, best behaviour now,” Gary said, patting her head. “I’m gonna see if there’s any jobs going at this warehouse.”

After telling Pip to *sit and stay* and being amazed when she did, Gary looked in. A guy on a fork-lift truck was stacking boxes.

“Excuse me!”

Another man came over. “Keep clear of the truck, lad.”

“Yeah, I will. I just wondered if there’s any work going? I’m strong. I can do anything.”

That was a laugh. Lack of food made him feel as weak as a kitten. And do anything? What a joke. He couldn't even run away from home successfully.

The man looked him up and down. "Nothing at the moment. Leave your CV and if something comes up we'll let you know."

"OK, I'll drop it in to you." He smiled but inside his heart sank.

Neatly printed copies of his CV, along with his laptop, phone charger, clothes and everything else he'd brought from home had all been in his suitcase. And, during that first night of sleeping rough in a shop doorway, had all vanished.

He'd tucked the suitcase up close to him, afraid someone might nick it as he slept. Despite that, next morning it had gone. No doubt the sneaky thief would have nicked his rucksack, too, if he hadn't been using it as a pillow.