



CHAPTER 3

JOKER

Cloggers flew down the stairs. Her hair was sopping wet on her jumper.

“Vinny!”

“Urgh.”

“Vinny, you OK, Vin?” she asked.

“Why do I always end up on the floor?” I sighed.

She snorted. “C’mon, let’s get you up.” She had a surprisingly strong grip from working metal in college.

“Paul was here,” I said.

Her face snapped to mine. “I know. I heard the bike. What did he want?”

“You were hiding?” I frowned. “He didn’t say. But he said... he was going to kill you.”

Cloggers’ face drained.

“Is that what he said?”

“Yeah, I mean... at least, I think it’s what he said...” I rubbed my head.

Cloggers looked towards the door anxiously.

“Why does your mum let him keep that key?” I asked. “He’s dangerous!”

Cloggers helped me onto the sofa. I wheezed like an old man. “You know what Paul’s like, Vin. He’s a scary kinda guy. Would you ask him to give back your key?” She arched a blonde eyebrow.