



³ This is what happened.

It was seven o'clock on a dark autumn evening. October was coming to an end and Halloween and Guy Fawkes Night were fast approaching. The air was cold and you could already see a touch of frost on the parked cars. Most people were sitting comfortably at home having dinner or watching TV (or doing both at the same time). Others were out in their back gardens. These people couldn't wait for the last day of the month or the fifth of November. They were busy exploding bangers or firing rockets up into the night sky. The rockets screamed and burst into blue, red and green stars.

Two other people were out that evening.

They were jogging along the pavements under the yellow streetlamps. One of them was in front, running smoothly. The other one was struggling behind. And she wasn't very happy.