



THE SCARETAKER

TOMMY DRAPER

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First edition

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Chapter 1

“Detention, shit. I’m still in detention.”

Friday, October 21st, 1988, detention number five of ten. She cannot handle another week of this. Not even one more hour. Not a single minute more. Her eyes fix on the red second hand of the clock on the wall. She swears it ticked backwards.

“Fuck,” Kate thinks. All these hours wasted, just for punching the smile off Vanessa’s bitch-face. According to Vanessa’s friends, she broke her nose. Despite busting a knuckle from the punch, Kate was given detentions rather than sympathy.

Today is Bobby’s birthday. There is a big party tonight. He had invited her over himself—which meant he *‘kinda, sorta, maybe’* liked her. However, Kate’s mum had grounded her. School, detention, home, in that order, no exceptions.

She thought, *“This week is an enormous bag of fucking fuck,”* letting out a sigh.

Kate gazes at Mr Winston. He appears to have drawn the short straw for detention duty this evening. Who wants detention duty on a Friday night? It was rumoured that he was an alcoholic. In an effort to disguise the smell of alcohol, he always reeked of coffee, but it never worked. It was clear he was a heavy smoker from the yellow nicotine stains on his fingers. He smelt like the floor of the local pub where he would drink after work.

Kate had chosen a different desk to sit at every day this week. Whenever she felt bored from writing essays evaluating her life, she entertained herself by reading the desk graffiti. Today, she learned that 'Johnny sucks dicks' and someone named 'Gary' is a SPAZ. The other messages were less engaging, merely listing names of reprobates who had occupied this desk before her. The earliest one was back in 1972. Her mind wandered to what became of this guy after he left this dreadful school.

She glances at the clock again. A whole hour and fifteen minutes to go. Her *parental-figure* knew of the party, and mother was being extra bitchy about it. It felt to Kate like mother-dear was goading her to disobey the grounding just so that they could fight, and she could punish her some more. The tango between a sadist and a masochist. Her mother was the source of her 'bad attitude.' Her father, absent since her birth, had no influence on her. From him she inherited nothing but unusually wide wrists, small hands, and a fear of abandonment.

"I NEED OUT!" she screams inside her head.

The three other kids in the classroom are busy writing. They were only there for one day, short timers, not a lifer like Kate.

Kate raises her hand. "Um, Mr Winston?"

Mr Winston, busy marking textbooks from his fourth-year students, stops what he is doing and looks across the room at her.

He sighs, "What's the matter, Kate?"

"I need to use the bathroom. May I go?"

"You are well acquainted with the rules. Use the bathroom prior to taking your seat. You are here until 6 o'clock. No exceptions. No breaks."

"But I have girl.... issues, sir."

He replies with a raised eyebrow, "Girl... issues?"

“Yes. Do you want me to go into graphic detail? There are children present, Sir.” All the other kids look at her.

Mr Winston gestures with his hand toward the doorway, authorisation granted.

Kate picks up her bag, adorned with badges from bands such as Echo and the Bunny Men, Sisters of Mercy, The Cure, and others.

“Whoa there,” Mr Winston says. “You can leave your bag.”

“But my bag has my things for my, uh, *thing*.” He stares at her. “Sir, I need a plug or... did you ever see *The Shining*?”

Kate laughs as she sprints along the corridor. Part one of the escape plan is complete. She does not have a part two. She is winging it.

To reach the main entrance, Kate navigates several corridors. A pair of double doors held together by a chain and a padlock. *‘Fuck! C’mon, think, think. There must be a way out of here.’* The thought of Bobby is her motivation to escape.

Kate dashes down the hallway, her untied laces flopping around. She wore trainers today, refusing to comply with the dress code that demands shoes, no exceptions. She reaches an Emergency Exit; a chain keeps it shut.

“Oh, c’mon. This shit must be illegal,” she says as she rattles the chains with frustration. “Suppose there is a fire?” She makes a mental note to report this on Monday morning.

Plan A failed. Plan B is a no-go. Plan C is out of the window, literally.

In front of her is a long row of classroom doors. Kate twists the knob of the first door, it is locked. She moves down the line. All the classrooms are locked.

Until... to her surprise, a door swings wide.

This classroom is one of Kate’s most detested, the geography

room. Large maps of the world are Tac'd to the cold white walls. Posters that show different lake formations. A globe sits on Mr Stafford's desk.

Kate stands at the large window. She attempts to slide it up; for safety reasons, they had secured the windows by nailing them shut.

There are smaller windows positioned above the large ones. Kate stands on the windowsill. She stretches. Her fingertips are capable of unlatching the window. To her surprise, this window opens. Kate glances at the clock and sees that it is 5 in the evening. She figures out that she can stay at the party until at least 8 o'clock before her mum locates the address and comes after her.

She gazes at the small window, sizing it up, judging if she can squeeze through the slender gap.

Kate is not the slimmest girl in her class. That honour went to Gill, but no one ever witnessed her eating anything. The honour of being the largest went to Felicia 'she'll eat ya' Jones. Kate believes she can squeeze through this window by snaking her figure correctly. Once she's out the window, she can fall into bushes without getting hurt too badly.

Swinging her bag up above her head, she pushes it out the narrow window. It falls into the prickly bushes beneath. Kate takes a deep breath. It is her turn. She holds her breath.

She rises onto her toes on the sill, stretching upward to the window. One hand holds the window open; the other gives leverage while she pulls herself up.

Have you ever begun something only to realise it was a bad idea? This is one of those times. Kate contorts her figure, striving to obtain the height and slenderness needed. Her feet scramble up the smooth glass.

CHAPTER 1

Her foot slips suddenly. Kate falls backward.

“Oh, shit!” Tumbling from the window, she cracks her head on a desk and splats onto the cold tiled floor.

Window one – Kate nil. She is down for the count.

Chapter 2

Later that evening, Kate stirs, bathed in the orange sky's glow.

She moans, "Owww," as she moves. Her fingers touch the rear of her head. A trace of dried blood is present.

She wonders, "How long have I been here?" She glances at her Swatch; it reads 7:08. "Did they leave me behind? They probably thought I escaped. Shit, if they think I escaped, I'll be in extra deep shit on Monday. And Mum will assume I was out partying. I will never be allowed out again."

She kicks the nearest chair.

Kate glances upward at the window. The pain in her head stops her from trying that again. She rises from the floor with great care. Her ungainly landing has injured her knee and hip. She leaves the room limping.

The chains on the outside of the main entrance rattle. She attempts to Superman her escape by breaking the chains with sheer willpower. She stresses and strains, pushing herself to the limit. No matter what she does, the doors will not allow her to leave.

She screams, "FFFFUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!" and the sound reverberates through the empty school. "I'm stuck in school all weekend! This is so unfair!"

"C'mon, think. There must be a way out."

She looks at the windows in the doors. Inside the glass of every window is a strange mesh, found only in schools with the worst behaved pupils. If one pane is broken, the mesh prevents you from smashing the window. She recalls a guy named Craig attempting to throw a chair through a window. He did not manage it, and he was a powerful guy.

"Whenever there is a padlock, a key must exist," she tells herself, feeling all philosophical about her situation.

She shoulder-barges at the school reception office entrance. It is locked tight. She attempts to pull up the shutters, they it won't budge.

She leans heavily against the wall. She calculates new ways to get out of here.

One idea lodges in her mind, but it's an idea that she does not like, not one bit.

At the edge of a staircase, carved into the plaster, is one word, SCARETAKER, with a downward arrow next to it.

The school's Scare... sorry, Caretaker is a man called Jackson. None of the pupils knew whether that was his first or last name. Some believe it is a new name used to conceal his true identity. The kids considered him ancient, in his forties. He was grumpy. Hated the kids. They hated him back.

The most popular story, which Kate believed to be true, claims that Jackson was an ex-convict. He was imprisoned for murder, *not manslaughter*, as those recounting the story often noted. It is said that he served 24 years for killing a teenager. It was anyone's guess how he got a job at a school. They say it's only a matter of time before he kills again.

And because of this, no one messed with Jackson, not even the teaching staff. And now, she prepares to descend into his lair.

As she places her foot on the first step, the fine hairs on her

arm stick up, antennas for danger. Goosebumps form on her legs. Despite the lingering chills, she exudes courage. She fights against the warnings from her body, approaching the bottom of the staircase.

The thick, original wooden door dates to when the building was constructed, around two hundred years ago, well before it became a public school, back when nuns ran the orphanage.

She twists the doorknob gently. The door is locked, just as expected. Kate's shoulders slump with disappointment. She kicks the door, another dead end.

Kate presses the button on the water fountain and puts her lips to the weak arc of room-temperature water. This is the school's only source of drinkable water. The school declared the other fountains a 'health hazard' because of inadequate drainage and mould. The bathroom taps ran hot and had a foul taste. Calling it 'Death Water,' they dared each other to consume the largest amount.

Kate opens her locker and rummages around to find a Marathon chocolate bar and a bag of Space Raiders. She unwraps the Marathon, bites into it, and savours the delicious chewy peanut bar. To freshen her armpits, she gives herself a quick spray of Impulse. After that, she takes a packet of 10 Lambert & Butler cigarettes and a disposable lighter from the secret compartment in the locker's roof. She slips them into the pocket of her blazer.

She hears a high pitch giggle echo along the hallway. Someone had entered the building.

She smiles. "I'm saved!"

Excited, Kate runs across the corridors, spinning around corners. When she turns the last corner, she sees:

Jackson embraces an old woman with his arms wrapped

around her. The outfit she wears is too skimpy for her body shape and age.

“Baby, are we even supposed to be here? I’ve done it in many places, but never inside a school before.... well not since my youth!” she confesses.

Jackson places his large hand on her small shoulder. Standing over six feet tall, he possesses broad shoulders. Faded tattoos of a snake and a skull adorn his forearm. He pulls her close for a long kiss before taking her downstairs, into his forbidden workshop. Kate tiptoes behind them.

The door of his workshop closes.

Kate rushes back to the entrance, willing it to be unlocked. But they chained and locked it. No one was getting out of here without the key. And Jackson has the key. Maybe she could obtain the key provided she stays very, very quiet.

She forms a plan. It is not a good plan. It is not a plan that she likes. But it is this or spend the weekend eating Space Raiders and smoking cigarettes.

Kate gazes down the Scaretakers’ stairs. A yellow light seeps through the gap beneath the door. She can hear Jackson and Woman X inside the room. They sound.... occupied.

Kate removes her trainers. Her white socks take the first silent step to freedom. When she reaches his door, her heart is pounding. She dries her sweaty palms on her pleated skirt.

Her hand grips the doorknob. She crouches low, close to the floor. She slowly turns the doorknob, moving as if someone has booby-trapped the door. Kate times turning the handle to the sound of rattling shelves and heavy grunts from Jackson and his lady friend.

The door allows her entry. Kate pushes it slowly, not making a sound.

“Oh God, OH GOD,” screams Woman X.

She peeks her head into the workshop. The half of the room that Kate is in is filled with dust sheets, spare parts, tools, and a workbench. A door in the far corner leads to who knows where.

On a line hangs a white sheet, blocking the view of the other half of the room. Jackson and the woman lie on a hand-built bed hidden behind the sheet. Kate can see their silhouettes on the white cloth. Woman X has her legs raised while Jackson lies on top of her.

On a chair, Kate sees Jackson’s jeans all crumpled up. The keys on his belt call out to her. She lowers herself close to the ground, nearly on her belly, moving commando style as she creeps toward her goal. Her glance flicks between the jeans and the silhouettes.

A few more creeps, and she can reach those keys. Uncertain why, but her eyes settle on the tool wall. An array of tools hangs there, an outline of each of them. She notices that a hammer is missing, its black outline hollow, resembling a victim at a crime scene.

“Oh God—what are you doing?” yells Woman X.

Kate turns her head towards them.

Blood splatters across the white sheet. The woman’s horrified screams fill the room. Blow after blow until her screams gargle. A loud crack as the walnut of her skull splits open.

Kate clamps her hand across her mouth to catch her own scream. She darts backwards, bumping into the workbench, knocking cans of screws over. They clatter onto the floor, shouting to Jackson, warning him he is not alone.

The bloody curtain whips aside. He sees the open door. He jumps from the bed, his powerful, naked frame drenched in blood.

Kate's socks slide across the floor. She skids down the corridor. Feeling desperate, she looks for an open room to hide in.

He stands proud at the top of the staircase.

He shouts, "Who is here?" He notices Kate's shoes. This evening will turn out to be more interesting than he anticipated.

Breathless, Kate runs up a narrow staircase. Her heart pounds out of her chest. She checks every door, rattling the handles, attempting to get inside.

"C'mon! P-p-please be open." However, none of them are willing to help. A knob turns. "Thank you," she says as she pushes the door open.

Jackson towels the blood from his torso. He tosses it onto Woman X's face, covering her frozen scream.

"I will return later. We will have some more fun."

He calmly buttons his shirt, as though leaving his wife asleep in bed while heading to work. He grabs Kate's black and white trainers from the floor. He holds one in his hand, turning it as he examines it from every angle. Jackson shoves his nose inside and inhales.

"You don't belong here. The school day is over."

He takes hold of the large ring of keys and ensures they are fixed to his belt with a chain. Jackson carries one trainer. He attaches the hammer to his waistband before he leaves to begin the hunt.

Jackson walks leisurely down the corridor. He was not annoyed by the intruder; in fact, she made him smile. His kills are always swift and powerful. His victims only have a moment of fear before the hammer strikes. He became numb to everything once he reached double figures. Their reaction was always the same. The first time he did it, he ejaculated as the hammer shattered her skull. But that rush has dulled with every passing

kill.

Until tonight.

When the uninvited guest interrupted him, his heart raced. He felt as if he was about to explode. His only goal is to find her. After that, torment her. And ultimately kill her. Tell her she will die and watch the fear in her eyes.

Jackson takes a deep breath, inhaling deeply to catch her scent, that unmistakable smell of Impulse body spray.

The scent leads him toward the narrow stairs. He whistles, warning her he is coming.

Jackson knew every stair creak, path, and hiding place intimately. His knowledge extends to the route around the 'off limits' areas underneath the school. He walks toward the door on the left. Banging the side of his hammer against the wooden frame. He checks the handle; it does not budge.

He goes from one door to another.

The science lab opens with a creak. Jackson sniffs the air. He smirks. She is here.

The door SLAMS. He listens for a sound, a squeak, a peep from the mouse.

Stillness hangs in the air.

She is impressive, and he likes a challenge.

He taps the hammer on the tall desks while he ponders where she hides.

Jackson catches a glimpse of one of the cupboard doors moving from the corner of his eye. He flashes a smug little smirk.

He thinks to himself, "*Gotcha.*"

Dragging the hammer across the desks, making a dense scraping sound, he moves toward Kate's hiding spot. Peering through the slight slit, he tries to see inside the dark cupboard. He drives the hammer down on the bench. Shockwaves shudder

around the room.

Only beakers are found when he opens the cupboard. He closes the door, disappointed.

Kate screams as she rushes at him from the storage room. She throws clear liquid chemicals on his face. It shocks him. He swings his hammer. She dodges, narrowly missing her temple.

Kate grabs the keys while he is disoriented. She tries to pull them, but quickly notices the keys are chained to his jeans. While holding his face with one hand, he wildly swings the hammer with the other. The first blow misses, but he catches her shoulder on the return.

Kate squeals as he knocks her sideways. She cannot beat him with brute strength, and she knows it. She tries to run. His hand grabs her skirt. Although she hits him, the blows from her small hands glance off weakly.

He pulls her close to himself. His strangler's hands grip her as she wails on him, screaming, smacking his face.

In a final, desperate effort to escape, she scratches his reddened, chemical-burnt skin with her black fingernails. It forces a grimace from Jackson.

A single punch to her temple is enough to stun her and send her crashing down. She is pulled from the room by her ankle. Jackson drags her behind him, down the stairs.

Adrenaline rushes through her veins as she heads back to his domain. She twists, plants her palms on the floor to claw herself away from him.

He commands, "Stop struggling." Grabbing a handful of her black hair, he pulls her head back before slamming her forehead onto the floor. For a second, she feels numb. Then pain erupts in her brain.

She cannot fight back. Her body will not respond to her

demands. In a helpless state, he hauls her down another staircase and pushes her through a dim, off-limits section of the old building.

Everything becomes fuzzy for her. She can feel the atmosphere change as they travel from the school to somewhere underground. Dark and dank. Kate passes out.

Chapter 3

He shackles one of her hands to a wall in a damp room. He taps her face to wake her up.

“Wakey wakey. Don’t miss the fun.”

She stirs. She can feel wet puddles on her bare legs.

She is in a long tunnel-like room. Only flickering candles provide light down here. Squinting, she can see Jackson down the length of the long room.

“No one comes down here, and that suits me perfectly.” He smiles. “This place served as cold storage back when the Nuns were in charge. Storing food and drinks. It also was a place for punishment for the wicked children that didn’t submit to their teachings. I hope you like that old shackle.”

His shadow falls across her.

“Before we have fun, I need to get my tools. Don’t go nowhere.”

He moves his face close to hers, so near that she can smell the beer on his unpleasant breath. He grabs her chin. “Your skin is so soft. I might start with a chemical mix for your face.”

He exits through an archway. She listens to his footsteps fade into the distance.

The struggle begins. With a tug, she attempts to release herself from the shackle on her wrist. She tries to slide it over

her hand, but it fits too tightly.

Kate rubs her free hand in the puddles and smears it on the shackle for lubrication. She strains, and it hurts. But slowly, the metal restraint moves a little. Her genetically inherited wide wrists coming to the rescue.

The metal digs into her skin, cutting it as it drags over her hand. She clenches her teeth in pain. Flesh is scraped from the edges of her hand during her last effort to gain freedom.

The way out is unknown; she only knows the route Jackson took. But to go that way means she will meet him again. And that would be game over, lights out, the end of her. Praying to find another exit, she heads in the opposite direction.

She steps into a long, dark corridor. The ceiling is low. She runs her hands along the brick walls that crumble under her touch.

Her eyes adapt to the darkness. Shapes and textures form, grey mixed with shadows. Her feet tread on the stony, dirty ground. Kate knows Jackson is coming back, and she needs to move quicker. She needs light.

She curses herself. *"Oh my God, I'm so dumb."* She pulls her Bic lighter from her blazer pocket. Click, click, click goes the reel - the tiny flame ignites. The glow allows her to move more quickly.

On the left is an opening. As the lighter gets warm, she notices it burning her thumb. Kate endures the pain as long as possible, keeping pressure on the gas button. She lets go when her skin sizzles on the hot metal lid.

She is surrounded by darkness once more.

Stretching out her arms, she feels the walls when she stumbles into the new area.

A foul stench hits her. To avoid gagging, she masks her mouth

and nose. Beneath her feet, the ground feels squishy, muddy, and damp. Her socks become heavy from the liquid they soak up. She squelches onward.

"Oh, fuck," The awful smell grows. She flicks the tiny lighter. In the faint glow, she realised what the stench is.

Dead bodies. Dismembered limbs. Rotten flesh. The ground soaked in blood.

Kate wretches. She loses her footing and falls backwards. Bloody puddles splash. Yelling in horror, she flees the room that is filled with rotting corpses. Her hands fumble on the stone walls, disoriented.

"Found ya," Jackson says, blinding her with his torch.

He charges towards her, his torch casting shadows, illuminating the tunnel from end to end. Kate swiftly turns and runs. He extends his hand to grab her while she retreats into the corpse room.

Escaping his grasp for now, she is in the last place she wants to be. Jackson blocks the exit. Kate walks back cautiously, trying to step over the decomposing bodies.

She looks back over her shoulder. She notices a door located above stone steps past a hump of carcasses.

"Is that the way he comes to dump the bodies?" she thinks. Right now, her only hope is to get there before him. And hope the old wooden door opens.

She steps on a corpse's arm, flesh peeling from the bone like a slow-cooked lamb shank. If the door is locked, she will die. If Jackson catches her, she will die. Her brain floods with thoughts of the end of her life. Dead and rotting at only sixteen, all thanks to that bitch Vanessa and her self-satisfied, smug face.

He moves forward. She takes a step back. *"RUN!"*

Spinning, she sprints toward the small door. Jackson is caught

off guard. Scrambling forward, she stumbles over the blood and rotting flesh beneath her feet. Her hand clasps the black metal ring on the door. The latch releases. God's presence might still exist in this Hell.

Jackson charges as she crosses the doorway. He takes hold of her shirt. While he holds her, she traps his forearm between the door and the wall. She grabs the door handle to keep the door shut, yet she cannot break away from him.

Pulling the door open, she then slams it against his arm. Jackson lets out a scream. She repeats it, over and over, smashing his arm with the door, driven by blind rage. He grips her firmly until the bone in his arm breaks. Although he screams, she continues hitting the door against him.

Splintering bone fragments tear through his flesh. He lets her go.

Kate stumbles to her feet and rushes into a dark corridor.

He chases her, but he is slower now. He holds his injured arm against his chest.

At the far end of the corridor stands a small staircase.

Jackson wails, "I'm gonna fuckin' kill ya," reaching for the hammer at his hip as he moves closer. He swings and misses just as she reaches the steps.

"I'm gonna bash your brains in." He swings again. Her leg is struck by the hammerhead, causing her to fall. The hammer comes crashing down. Wood splinters as it dents the step.

Kicking out, she crashes her foot into his damaged forearm. He howls in pain.

She reaches the landing, breaks down the door, and goes back into the school.

Her blood-soaked socks slip on the hard floor as she tries to gain traction. Her mind races as she figures out where to run.

Jackson's hammer whistles through the air. She feels the breeze of it against the nape of her neck.

"Kate?" calls out a voice from a distance. "Kate, ARE YOU IN HERE?"

"Mum? MUM!" she yells.

Kate's eyes widen. There is hope that she will live. She rushes towards the voice and the torchlight ahead.

While holding onto the wall with her hands, she skids around the corner. In a final burst, Jackson hurls the hammer. Spinning through the air, it hits Kate's head.

She stumbles. Jackson leaps on her, winding her, punching her from behind. Kate's mum and the headmaster rush toward them.

Jackson reaches for the hammer. Kate scrambles to stop him. He raises the hammer overhead. Kate raises her arms to shield her face, a weak effort to block the imminent killer blow.

For Kate, the passing of time slows.

"This is it; this is the end," she thinks. "I don't make it; I die tonight. This sucks. I didn't even get to snog Bobby." She closes her eyes.

Kate senses a shift in pressure when Jackson's weight lifts off her. Upon opening her eyes, she notices Jackson laid on his back, dazed from the headmaster's heavy metal torch strike.

Kate's mother grabs her daughter, holding her to protect her.

Blood sprays into the air from the headmaster's cranium. He falls to the ground, his skull cracked open as Jackson rises once more, an unstoppable force.

Kate's mum's limited maternal instincts ignite as she endeavours to stop Jackson as he charges at them. They struggle as she tries to disarm him.

Kate scrambles upright, not to run, but to stand and fight.

Looking around, there must be something she can use.

The hammer strikes mum's temple.

"I'm going to kill you and your fuckin' daughter," he exclaims.

Hitting her knee, the hammer pushes it to one side. Mum screams like a banshee. Jackson grins. Bringing the hammer down on her body, he moves as if cracking a sheet of toffee, ready to strike the final blow.

"Hey, Scaretaker...."

Kate unleashes the foam from a fire extinguisher into his face. For a moment, he loses focus.

Mum grabs his ankle. That is the invitation Kate needs. She swings the fire extinguisher; it clangs when it impacts his skull. Jackson becomes dazed. He stumbles and falls.

He drops the hammer. It is scooped up by Kate.

The next few moments are a blur for Kate.

Regaining her senses, she looks down at Jackson. She broke his face. His cheeks, nose and jaw are out of place. The hammer drips with blood.

Barely alive, he takes shallow breaths.

Later that evening

Kate sits on the concrete steps in front of the school. She has a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. Kate's wounds are covered with plasters and bandages. Her hair stands up, stained by the dried blood of this night soaked in gore. She resembles her idol, Robert Smith.

Kate reaches into her pocket and pulls out a battered pack of cigarettes. She straightens a cigarette and lights it, taking a long, well-earned drag. Her mum, who is being treated by a medic, gives her a look.

"What? I've earned it," Kate tells her.

She looks at Jackson, strapped to a stretcher. They load him

into the rear of an ambulance. The siren echoes in the night. Kate watches while it rounds the bend.

“We require a statement from you. How does tomorrow morning sound? Do it while the details are fresh,” advises the Police Officer.

“Tomorrow morning is fine.” Kate’s mum replies for her.

“Not too early. I enjoy watching cartoons on Saturday mornings.” Kate counters.

Kate takes another long drag as she turns to her mother.

“Am I still grounded?” She asks, hopefully.

Kate’s mum smiles and replies, “We can chat about that in the morning.” Kate nods. That’s good enough for now.

She lies back on the steps, smokes while looking up at the stars, wondering if Bobby had a good party.... and if she will ever see Jackson again.

About the Author

Tommy Draper writes across genres, driven by a deep love for unique characters, and great stories – no matter what shape they take.

Living in Derbyshire, UK, with his son and cat, Tommy balances his writing life with a passion for cooking and film watching.

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