

## Chapter Fifteen

That very night, I was watching the telly when they suddenly stopped the programme with a breaking news story. I had been eating my dinner. Tonight I'd made baked beans on toast and I was chasing the last two beans round my plate with my fork. However quickly or slowly I tried to shovel them up, I couldn't quite get them onto my fork. However hard I tried.

I was looking down at my plate when I heard the newsreader's voice. She sounded so anxious.

'We've just heard news of another development following the growing number of collapsing buildings in South London which, as yet, cannot be explained. Two council workers were discovered dead at one of the sites earlier tonight. Both men were examining the remnants

of an abandoned warehouse, which collapsed only two nights ago. We are going live to Bill Franklin, who is at the scene.'

The screen flashed to a man standing in front of the debris of a fallen building. It was the one Gaia and I had been standing in front of only a few hours ago.

I dropped my fork and it made a loud clanging sound as it hit my plate.

'Thanks, Kathy. I'm standing just across the street from where the two council workers were discovered at about seven o'clock this evening. They have been identified as Richard Leighton and Frank Stewart. Both men were examining the rubble left when the warehouse collapsed, and the alarm was raised when neither man returned home earlier this evening. We do not know what went on here tonight, but the police have cordoned off this entire area, as you can see behind me. Their deaths are being treated as suspicious.'

Two large photos of the men filled the screen. They were both smiling. One of them had laughter lines round his eyes and rosy red cheeks. The other looked younger and had

pale skin and light yellow hair.

I recognized them straight away.

They were the men in the yellow hard hats Gaia and I had walked past earlier that day.