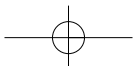
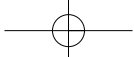
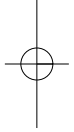
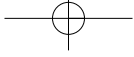


# HAWTHORN & CHILD







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Keith Ridgway



GRANTA





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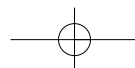
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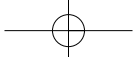
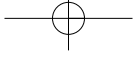
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For Jasper

and with thanks to my family, especially my father  
W. J. Ridgway; Raj Sonecha; David Miller and  
Alex Goodwin; Philip Gwyn Jones; John Self;  
Cressida Leyshon; David Hayden;  
and Seán McGovern.





1934

He dreamed he was sleeping, and Child was driving. Driving but not moving. He was sleeping on the passenger seat and Child wrestled with the wheel, but the car was still. It was the city that was moving. It was dark. The city rushed past them like words on a screen, and he would have read them but they went too fast. He was filled with sorrow. It trickled through him and filled his eyes. He wept and he didn't know why, and he was embarrassed by it but he could not stop. He cried so much that his face disappeared. He dreamed that the siren was on, and it was so loud that it woke him.

He awoke. Child was driving. The city was still and they rushed through it. That was the difference. A finger across a page, taking corners not turning them, hopping little hills, drawing zigzag ciphers on the wide, empty intersections.

His shoulder was pressed into the door and pulled away from it and he touched his seat belt. He had an erection. He wiped at his eyes. Child was smiling at the road. He wouldn't drive like this at any other time of the day. He wouldn't be able to.

– Has he run?

KEITH RIDGWAY

As soon as he'd said it the stupidity of the idea roared back at him. Mishazzo. Running.

Child glanced at him and laughed.

– Shot fired off Seven Sisters, he shouted.

He didn't quite believe him, such was his grin and his mouthing of the corners, gleeful as a roller-coaster. He looked around for something to indicate official business, permission, and shook his head violently, trying to get the sleep to go. He sat up, and was pressed down again. He looked at his crotch. His chin was wet. He saw the radio, and only when he saw it did he hear it, feeding them information in short regular bursts, calm and close together. He couldn't understand them. Their pattern indicated some sort of emergency, declared, somewhere or other.

– What? he asked the radio.

Child said something that he couldn't hear. The streets were deserted. What time was it? There was next to no traffic. Why was the siren on? He switched it off.

– Someone needs to do bad before we can do good.

– Shot fired. That it?

– One male injured. Local unit just arrived. Ambulance arrived. Shot fired from car. Armed response imminent. Rivers raised from his bed. All hands on deck! Scramble! Scramble!

Child was cackling at the footpaths, leering at the kerbs.

– Finally we get to do something other than sit on our arses.



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He tried to manage his arms. They wanted to stretch but they were tensed up against the roll of the car. In his dream there had been ghosts as well, he thought. Around the car. Small dark ghosts with wings and muscles. Flapping. He became aware of a pain in his neck. And a headache. He opened the window an inch. Two inches. Ghosts like little birds, tough little tattooed birds. Bad things. His erection began to subside.

They turned a corner somewhere near Wood Green, into the cold canyon of the shopping street. Child punched the siren as they passed some taxis and a pedestrian crossing. He drove with his glasses slipped to the end of his nose and his head thrown back so that he could see through them.

– What?

Child was muttering.

– It's near where I used to live, he shouted. With Amy. When I lived with Amy.

– What is?

– Hampley Road.

– Hampley?

– Road. Scene of the crime. Stick your head out the window or something.

He stared at the clock and looked at his watch and fumbled in his pocket, and then couldn't remember what he was fumbling for. Five twenty-nine. 0529. 5.29 a.m. Shot fired, Hampley Road, Finsbury Park, man injured. He wasn't fumbling, he was fixing his cock.

KEITH RIDGWAY

– Why are we going this way?

Some people stepped away from a car as they passed. Three men, one woman, maybe more, young maybe, he couldn't see, scattering as they passed, and he turned in his seat and watched them re-form into a group in the middle of the road and stare after them, and he kept on looking backwards even after Child had turned another corner and there was nothing more to see because he liked the way the stretch in his back and his chest and his shoulders made him feel. It eased his headache and it pinched the pain in his neck. He yawned again and listened to the radio, monotone, scripted. You fire a gun in this city and certain things inevitably follow. Hampley Road. Armed response on scene. Ambulance off scene. Victim off scene.

He was awake.

– We're going the wrong way, he shouted. Child looked at him. The siren wasn't on. The shout had sounded insane.

– We're not going to Hampley Road, Hawthorn. We're going to the hospital.

He was in his twenties and his hands were slick with blood. Then a nurse was wiping them with a cloth and they became a faded pinking, stuck in the air, his arms bent at the elbow for no reason, flapping a little. For no reason. Not flapping. Turning at the wrist, like a sock-puppet show stripped naked and scalded, doing a little dumb show over the prone body on the table. He was a body on a table. Weight of flesh and bone.

HAWTHORN & CHILD

Wound and contusion. Half a dozen people gathered around him with what you would swear was ill intent, such was the way they shouted and darted and snapped. They poked and peered at the body. They tubed the body and they hooked it up. They shifted and bound the body. They cut and pressed and injected the body. They worked on it as if furious.

Hawthorn was sweating and cold.

– Lay your arms down, Daniel, that’s it, lay them down. Daniel? Daniel! Put your arms down for me darling, that’s it.

– Move please.

Early twenties, average build. He was moaning and shockingly alive, and his socks were still on his feet, and there were drops of blood, splatters, on his legs somehow, his bare legs, raw looking. His underpants too, still clinging to him, but halfway down his thighs, where they’d been pushed or pulled. His genitals looked out of place, as if they were the last thing you’d expect to find on a naked body. The rest of his clothes had been cut from him and lay in a sodden heap on a side table. All the attention was focused on his stomach, his abdomen, around there somewhere. Hawthorn tried not to see too much.

Child moved over to look at the clothes. Hawthorn stood off to the right, glancing at the discarded bloody things that littered the floor – bits of bandages and padding from the ambulance, yellow needle caps, little torn open packages.

– Move, please.

– Can’t get at it there.

KEITH RIDGWAY

– All right, Daniel. Don't move if you can.

– Move, please.

– Watch it. Clamp . . . pack here. Here.

He shrieked. Daniel. A short painful burst of non words, and his arms were up again, and Hawthorn found himself looking suddenly for his face.

– OK, Daniel, OK, easy. That's the worst of it. The pain will ease now. Daniel? You OK, Daniel?

His face was smeared in blood. His chest was covered in bits and pieces. They were using it as a table. His eyes were opening and closing. His mouth was making shapes.

– OK, he said. OK OK OK. OK.

Child reappeared.

– Can I ask him a few things?

– He's going straight to surgery.

– Hang on, said a nurse.

– Daniel? I'm police.

– Hang on, I said.

Hawthorn had his notebook in his hand. He looked at it. He rummaged for a pen. Child was leaning over the boy's head.

– Daniel, can you remember what happened? Can you tell us what happened?

– I was shot.

One of the nurses laughed.

– Do you know who shot you?

They were moving around him faster now, taping things to

HAWTHORN & CHILD

his arms, cleaning, wiping patches of his skin with pads and cloths. A nurse was cutting away his underpants. On his hips there was padding, bandages, a hand holding things in place. There was a smell of sweat and blood and piss. They covered his lower body with a sort of paper sheet.

- A car. Shot me.
- What kind of car?
- Old car.

His voice was full of hard breathing but it was clear. His hair was damp. One of his eyes was bloodshot. His skin was a horrible white. There was a dark bruise coming up on his left shoulder. He looked around them, around their heads and at the ceiling behind them. Then his eyes fixed on Hawthorn's eyes and stayed there.

- Daniel? What do you mean old? Like an old banger?
- No. Old-fashioned.

He looked at Hawthorn. As if he thought it was Hawthorn who was talking to him.

- Do you mean a vintage car?
- Vintage. Yeah. OK. Came along. Side me.
- Did you see who was driving?
- No.
- Did you see anyone in the car?
- No.

They took the brakes off the trolley.

– That's all I'm afraid. We have to get him to surgery. Right now.

KEITH RIDGWAY

– What colour was it, Daniel?

– Dark. Black or . . . dark. Sideboards. Not sideboards. At the side . . .

– Running boards?

– Running boards.

They began to move him. He looked straight up. At the ceiling and the lights.

– A beautiful old car came out of nowhere and shot me.

Hawthorn called in. Frank Lenton was running the office.

– A vintage car?

– With running boards. Dark. Possibly black. Dark, anyway.

– Number plate?

– No.

– Model?

– No.

– A black vintage car with running boards.

– There can't be very many driving around at 5 a.m. on a Monday morning, Frank. Don't sound so glum.

They had the place to themselves. Child had put on a pair of latex gloves. He opened the wallet that sat beside the clothes. Hawthorn held the phone out towards him.

– Credit card, Daniel Field. F-I-E-L-D. Debit card. Work photo ID. IFM Banking. City. 38 Cellar Street. Echo charlie 3. 4 yankee delta. Oyster card. Nectar card. Tesco Club card. Virgin Active gym card. Boots card. Café Out loyalty card. Tea Smith loyalty card. Two twenty-pound notes and one ten.

HAWTHORN & CHILD

Three first-class stamps. Business cards, various, blah blah, not his. No driver's licence. No address.

There was silence on the phone. Hawthorn put it on speaker and set it down on the table. Child was going through the clothes, shaking his head. Charcoal suit, white shirt, tie, light raincoat, black shoes.

– There's no phone here.

– No phone, Frank.

There was a pause, then a crackle.

– There's one at the scene.

– Whose scene?

– Rivers is on his way. Lowry and Clarke are there now.

Give me one of the numbers. The credit card.

Hawthorn leaned over the card and called out the numbers.

– Is he dead then?

– He's gone to surgery.

– Right. Daniel Field. 16 Nestor Lane, N-E-S-T-O-R. L-A-N-E. November 4, 4 echo alpha. D.O.B. twenty-eight, nine, nineteen eighty-seven.

Hawthorn wrote. A nurse came back into the room.

– Where do you want us, Frank?

– No idea. Hang on.

The nurse started cleaning up. She ignored them. Child looked at her.

– Will he make it?

She shook her head.

KEITH RIDGWAY

– Don't know. Depends what they find in him. How much blood he lost.

Hawthorn picked up his phone, took it off speaker, held it to his ear.

– Looked like he lost a lot.

– Nah. Internal bleeding will kill him, you know? But maybe. From the way he was talking, moving, that's a good sign. He was not very weak.

Frank crackled back in his ear.

– You were at the . . . Mishazzo thing. You on that?

– Yeah.

– Hang on.

– How long will he be in there?

– I don't know. A long time probably.

He looked at her hands.

– OK, Mishazzo is covered, said Frank. You stay there. Wait to hear from Rivers.

They went looking for the paramedics who had brought him in. They were mopping out the back of the ambulance.

– Did he say anything?

– He said 'What the fuck happened?' a couple of times. He kept on saying 'I've been shot' like he couldn't believe it. And he mentioned a car.

– Did he say what kind of car?

– No. I asked 'Who shot you?' and he said 'A car'.

– Nothing else?



HAWTHORN & CHILD

- Nope.
- Do you think he'll make it?
- Nope.

They went to the hospital café. It was too early apparently for anything hot to eat. They had cling-filmed sandwiches and risked the coffee. They sat against a wall, side by side, Child between tables with his legs crossed. He cleaned his glasses and watched Hawthorn.

- Sandwich is yesterday's. Dry.
  - Try the coffee.
- Hawthorn tried the coffee.

- It's all right.
- Child took a sip and made a face.
- Café Out, he said.
  - Yeah.
  - Is that a gay thing?
  - Yeah.
  - So he's gay?
  - It's a café. They do nice cakes. I wouldn't assume.
  - Well, did that look like gay cock to you?

Hawthorn looked at Child seriously for a moment, and said nothing. Child chewed and looked back.

- Who drives vintage cars? he asked, firing crumbs at the air. I'll tell you who. Creepy old queens in cravats. Living in creepy old mansions in Hampstead. You know, with the dungeon.

KEITH RIDGWAY

Hawthorn smiled.

– Young Daniel’s broken someone’s heart, said Child.

– The dungeon?

– The dungeon.

Hawthorn shook his head.

They watched a man wipe tables. He wore his hair in a net.

– When he wakes up, Hawthorn said. He watched himself use his fork for emphasis. *If* he wakes up. We need to get a better description. We need to get an artist in. Do we have a car artist?

Child laughed.

– Do we have a car artist?

– Yeah.

– I don’t know. We’ll find that out. Tell Rivers we need a car artist.

Hawthorn yawned and his eyes filled up. He stopped. Stared at the table. He carefully closed his eyes. Opened them again. It was just the yawn. He thought. After a moment. He blinked a couple of times. Cleared his throat. Sipped the coffee. Child was talking.

– Rolls Royce Silver Shadow. An actor or something. Sixties pop star. I should have had juice. I feel like a bag of shit. You need to watch that eye rubbing thing. You already look like someone’s poked you with a pair of fingers. I want a bed. You think they have empty beds here somewhere? Unlikely, isn’t it? Unlikely.

\*

HAWTHORN & CHILD

Hawthorn called John Lowry.

– Do you have his phone?

– Yeah. What’s all this about a vintage car?

– Vintage car. It’s what he said. Old car. With running boards. Pulled up beside him. Shot him. That’s all he knows.

– Is he sober?

– He’s a banker. On his way to work. What’s it look like there?

Child was at the counter negotiating free coffee refills. Hawthorn watched him.

– Useless. It’s towards the end of the road, where it meets the main road. He’s been walking on the footpath, left hand side of the road, coming up to the crossroads, he’s passed the parked cars, into the clearway. There’s a bullet in the wall, they’re getting that now. Very small calibre, looks like. So we have . . . at least two shots. We have ear witnesses going up to five, but you know what that’s like. No eyes. He’s left a shoulder bag, with a computer and stuff in it. So, it’s no robbery. He’s dropped the phone as he fell, either out of his hand or his pocket. No weapon, no shell cases. Cold road. Looks light to me, apart from the bullet. A banker?

– Yeah.

– Well fuck knows then. CCTV is killing good policing. Rivers is here, talk later. Oh. Hang on.

Hawthorn looked at his phone. It was filthy, covered in a film of grease. Dirt clogged the sockets. A patch of some sticky unidentifiable substance adhered to its screen. Child

KEITH RIDGWAY

was coming back to the table with two coffees.

– Hawthorn?

– Yes.

– Rivers.

– Morning, sir.

– He's tripping, isn't he?

– I don't think so.

– He's in surgery now?

– Yes, sir. No one seems to know if he'll make it.

– Did he actually say *vintage*?

– He said *old* and *old-fashioned*. Child offered him *vintage* and he took it, like it was the word he'd been looking for. He was specific about running boards, unprompted.

Rivers was quiet for a moment.

– There's that Chrysler thing. It has sort of fake running boards. Well. OK. If that's what we've got then that's what we've got. The Good Samaritan who stopped and called it in is a Mr Jettters. I'm sending him to Highbury. Go down there and get a statement from him. Stay in touch with the hospital though. There's a uniform on the way for presence, but I want you back there as soon as he's out of surgery.

Alan Jettters was a thin man in his forties with blood on his shirt. They found him in reception, pacing. He was in a hurry, he said. He needed to get to work. But he was full of adrenaline and really he wanted to talk. Hawthorn apologized for keeping him, shook his hand, introduced Child, offered him

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tea. He didn't want tea. They found a room on the second floor. Child went off to the toilet. Hawthorn took off his jacket, glanced at the machine.

– We'll just wait for Detective Child to get back.

– Does he get a lot of ribbing?

– What's that?

– Child. Over his name.

– Oh, ribbing. A little. Yes. I suppose he does. I've stopped noticing really.

– That's not good for a policeman.

– No.

– To stop noticing.

– No.

Hawthorn sat at the table writing things in his notebook.

Child came back. Hawthorn fiddled with the machine, then moved out of the way to let Child do it. The building was overheated. He thought about bullets and cold and Daniel Field's red hands, pink hands, stuck in the air. He missed the cold.

– Is this going to take long? Jeters asked. I'm late for work.

– So is Daniel Field, said Child.

There was a silence, in which Child, turning away from the machine, shot Hawthorn a wink. Then they were all sitting, and the little lights were green.

– He died?

– No, not yet. He's in surgery. His condition is very serious.

– I didn't know his name. I asked him, but I couldn't make

KEITH RIDGWAY

out . . . Anyway. I'm happy to be of whatever help I can. Of course.

They got him to say his name, his address, his date of birth. They said their names.

– Can you just tell us, Hawthorn said, everything that happened, from the beginning?

He offered too much detail. He told them about his usual morning routine, about the slight differences there had been that morning. He told them his route to work, what was on the radio, what the weather was like, how he'd felt, what he was wearing. He was fascinated by the fact that he had guessed that the gunshot was a gunshot as soon as he'd heard it, even though he knew nothing about guns and had never been near one, apart from a go at clay pigeon shooting on a weekend away once, and he hadn't liked that, because he was no good at it, and found those sorts of organized work outings quite awkward. And so on.

Hawthorn wrote things down.

He had been approaching the turn from Almond Road on to Hampley Road when he'd heard it. The first thing he saw when he turned the corner was Daniel Field on the ground. He had driven over to him, pulled in and gone to help.

– He was writhing. Half shouting. Half shouting and half crying. He seemed in terrible pain. He was clutching his stomach, he had his hands pressed to his stomach, but there was blood seeping through his fingers.

HAWTHORN & CHILD

Hawthorn wrote down *seeping*. It occurred to him that it was the wrong word.

Jetters had taken off the scarf he'd been wearing and used it instead. Then he'd called 999.

– Did he say anything?

– He kept saying *fuck*. And not much more I'm afraid. A lot of groaning. He seemed to pass out for a moment – and when he opened his eyes he said *What happened?* but that was all.

– You talked to him.

– Yes. I jabbered. I don't know what I said. A lot of nonsense I imagine. *You'll be alright. Hold on. Ambulance is coming.* That kind of thing.

– Did he look at you?

– Yes. Yes he did. When I first arrived he looked me in the eye, and I think for a moment he wondered if I was . . . if I was there to do him harm. He looked scared of me. Perhaps he was just scared anyway. But when I made it clear that I was there to help he didn't look at me so much.

– Can you tell us anything, any half words, anything that sounded like words, that he said? That you can remember.

– Well. I asked what had happened. *What happened?* And he said *car*. And I asked, *Someone in a car?* and he nodded. It was only then that I thought of the possibility of them coming back. I mean, it was, I was . . . it's strange how the mind works. I had seen him, and I had known, somehow, that he had been shot, and I had stopped and gone to help without really thinking about it, and it was only when he said *car* that I

KEITH RIDGWAY

thought *uh-oh*, and I realized that they might come back – that someone had actually *shot* him, someone had tried to *kill* him, and that they might still be around, and that I was possibly in some sort of danger.

He shifted in his seat slightly, cleared his throat.

– No one came back, though?

– No. No one. I started to look over my shoulder a little, after that. I asked him what type of car. He said *ochre*.

– Ochre?

– Ochre.

– Are you sure?

– Yes.

Hawthorn looked at Child. He was grinning.

– Do you think he might have said *old car*?

– Old car?

– Old car.

Jeters shrugged.

– Yes, I suppose so. Old car, ochre. Yes. It could have been old car.

Hawthorn wrote for a while but Child kept silent.

– What else?

– What else did he say? I don't think he did say anything else, much. I'm not sure he was trying to say anything. Apart from the couple of questions I asked him, it was just groans and cries and squeals, if I can say that. Extreme pain I imagine. Lots of *Gods* and *Christ*s. Though some of that may have been me. He was puffing and blowing. Shivering. He was terribly



HAWTHORN & CHILD

cold. It was cold there. Dark. Cold and damp and miserable really. I remember thinking that it would be a terrible place to die. I took off my jumper after a while. Partly to help with the pressure, but also because he was so cold.

– There are street lights there. Aren't there?

– It's shadowy, rather than dark, I suppose. There are lamp-posts, yes. He was about midway between lamp-posts. There are pools of light, pools of shadow.

Hawthorn wrote down *pools of light / pools of shadow*.

– When you turned into Hampley Road, did you see anything else?

Jetters coughed. Cleared his throat.

– There was a car. I didn't mention it earlier. It went out of my mind for some reason. And it's very vague now. It was at the junction with Plume Road, leaving Hampley Road. It was there, and I saw it, but I didn't really look at it, if you see what I mean. My attention was on him. On Mr Field. I saw lights I think. Brake lights perhaps, as if it paused at the junction, and then it was gone.

– Which way?

– I'm not entirely certain. I couldn't swear on it, but I have the impression now, I'm not sure why, that it turned to the right into Plume Road.

– North.

– Is it? Yes, you're right. North.

– How would you describe it?

– The car?

KEITH RIDGWAY

– The car, yes.

– Just a shape really. The back of a car. You know. The idea of a car. I think there were brake lights. But you know I'm not even sure of that. But some kind of light or lights. Tail lights or a registration plate light or something. Some kind of shape around that.

– You couldn't see a registration?

– No no. Nothing like that. Nothing so clear. I'm guessing. I don't really know. It was the suggestion of a car, you know. The idea of a car.

Hawthorn looked at Child again. But he just looked back.

– Were the lights high or low?

Jettors looked confused.

– Were they at the standard saloon car height, or were they raised, like on a four-wheel drive for example? Or low down like a sports car?

– Oh I see. I don't know. I don't even know if there were lights. Standard, I suppose. It didn't register. Not noticeably high or low.

– Square lights? Round? Oval?

He shrugged.

– As I say. I am even doubtful as to lights. Shapes of lights is beyond me. Sorry.

– That's OK. This is very helpful.

– Could you hear it? asked Child.

He paused.

– Yes. I think so. Yes, I could, of course. It accelerated off

HAWTHORN & CHILD

from the junction. It was loud. I heard the engine roar. Well, not roar perhaps. But I certainly heard the engine. It accelerated away. It sounded . . . well, louder, I suppose, than I'd . . . louder than you'd expect. I think. Maybe it was just because there was no other traffic around.

– Can you describe the sound? Smooth? Irregular? High pitched?

– It was a rumble, I think. Like a . . . I don't know. A low rumble. I can't quite recall.

They let him think about it for a while.

– Like?

– Oh I don't know. I really can't remember.

– Were there other cars? To the left of you for example, as you came out on to Hampley Road?

– There were parked cars.

– I mean moving cars.

– I didn't look to the left. I don't think. I don't recall looking to the left. I suppose I must have, when I turned the corner, instinctively, to check. But I don't remember. And I don't remember seeing any other cars. Not then.

– Where there other cars after that?

There were other cars after that. Some of them had made Alan Jettors nervous. None had stopped. One was a *very pale gold*.

– Though I suppose it could have been silver, reflecting my amber hazard lights.

– When did you put them on?

KEITH RIDGWAY

– When I stopped. When I pulled in. I actually don't remember doing it, but they were on all the time, I was aware of the flashing.

Another was dark, and had a radio playing loudly. Then there had been a van which he had mistaken at first for an ambulance. But it had not stopped either.

– What colour was the van?

– Off-white. Grey. Maybe just a dirty white.

Then there was a people carrier with dark windows.

That was it.

– OK, said Hawthorn. He looked at Child.

– The jumper, said Child. You were wearing the jumper?

– Yes. I usually drive with my jumper on and hang my suit jacket in the back. It's more comfortable.

– What colour is it?

– The jumper? It's taupe.

Child nodded. Hawthorn had to look down at his notebook. He wrote *tawp*, and threw an important looking circle around it.

– Did you drive yourself here from the scene?

– Yes. With a police officer. She came with me.

– Your car is parked out the back?

– Yes.

– What colour is it?

Jetters looked between the two of them suspiciously.

– It's . . . blue.

– What kind of blue?

HAWTHORN & CHILD

– Marine.

Child nodded, grinning. Hawthorn wrote it down.

Hawthorn called Frank Lenton.

No vintage cars could be seen on the CCTV footage they'd so far got their hands on from around Hampley Road. They were starting to examine film from earlier and later and further away. Nothing that could pass for vintage. Nothing older than an early 1990s Toyota.

Hawthorn gave Frank the possible car turning north on to Plume Road, and the rumbling engine. And he gave him the other cars and the off-white van.

Daniel Field was twenty-four, Frank told him. He lived in a house on Nestor Lane, a couple of streets away from Hampley Road, which he shared with a book editor and a post-graduate student at UCL. His parents were divorced. His father lived in Chicago, his mother in Cambridgeshire. Daniel worked in the IT department of a small French investment bank with an office near Liverpool Street. He had been due in early that morning – at 6 a.m. – for a pre-trading software update, something that happened irregularly every couple of months or so. He was gay and single. He had one younger sister who was a student in Reading. His sister and his mother were on their way to London. He had no criminal record. He had no arrest record. He did not appear on any intelligence watch list or database. He was a civilian.

Hawthorn called the hospital. Daniel Field was still in

KEITH RIDGWAY

surgery, but Hawthorn got hold of one of the nurses. Daniel would be fine. He had been hit once, in the right abdomen, the bullet ricocheting slightly off the top of his hip bone, and coming to rest close to his bladder. But it was a small bullet and had not left much damage in its wake. Surgery would take a while because they wanted it to be as unobtrusive as possible. He was generally healthy. He would make a full recovery.

Child had disappeared. Hawthorn dozed in the stuffy duty lounge of Highbury Station. He stretched out on an odd-smelling sofa with his hands on his stomach and his head turned towards the muted television. He was thinking about his father. There was a chat show on the screen, and everyone was smiling. He was not thinking anything specific about his father. He simply had him in mind. His face and voice and the grip of his hands and his smell and his eyes. His voice.

He could call him, he thought. And ask him about old cars. He remembered toys. Old toys. He remembered the carpet in the hallway, and the kitchen floor. He remembered lying down flat, with old toy cars in his hands.

He fell asleep.

He dreamed he was asleep in front of the television.

– We're getting some progress from a couple of sources in Tottenham. Pointing to a random pair of fun-gunners associated with a dealership, gone a little haywire.