

## 2 Coffee and tears

Steve nodded. We headed back to the car. Micky was standing by it, with an angry look on his face. He was in a bad mood. Since Jack had disappeared, Micky was always in a bad mood. He held the car door open and I got in. Steve shook his head and said he wanted to walk. I didn't try and change his mind.

As we drove away, I looked out of the back window of the car. The rain was covering the glass, making it difficult for me to see. Somewhere on that moor, I thought, was Jack's body. I hoped he was covered up. I didn't like to think of him lying out in the wet and cold.

Later that day I met up with some of Jack's friends at a café in town. There were four of us: me, Steve, Jordan and Alex. We'd got together to talk about Jack. We were sitting next to the window. Outside, it was still raining hard. People were running past the café with their hoods up or holding umbrellas.

"Do you remember when Jack decided to build his own bike?" Jordan said.

"How long did it take him?" Alex asked.

"Three months," I said.

For three months Jack had used his brother's garage to build it from scratch. He'd found the frame of an old bike in a skip. He'd cleaned it up and then bought some wheels from a car boot sale. His brother, Micky, had found the other parts online.



I often sat in the messy garage and watched them put it together. When I was bored, I spent time looking at Micky's noticeboard, which was covered in layers of posters, photos and notes. Once I offered to tidy it up and get rid of out-of-date stuff, but Micky told me to leave it alone.

In the middle of it, pinned on top of other things, had been a poster for the Viper Cycle Race. This was the race that Jack had been keen to win. Everyone wanted to win the Viper Race.

"I don't know why he didn't just buy a new bike. Everyone else did."

"He wanted to see if he could do it," I replied.

I understood this side of Jack. I liked to make jewellery. I could buy a necklace in a shop for a couple of pounds, but I liked to make my own. That way no one else would ever wear the same as me.

"It was a challenge," I added.