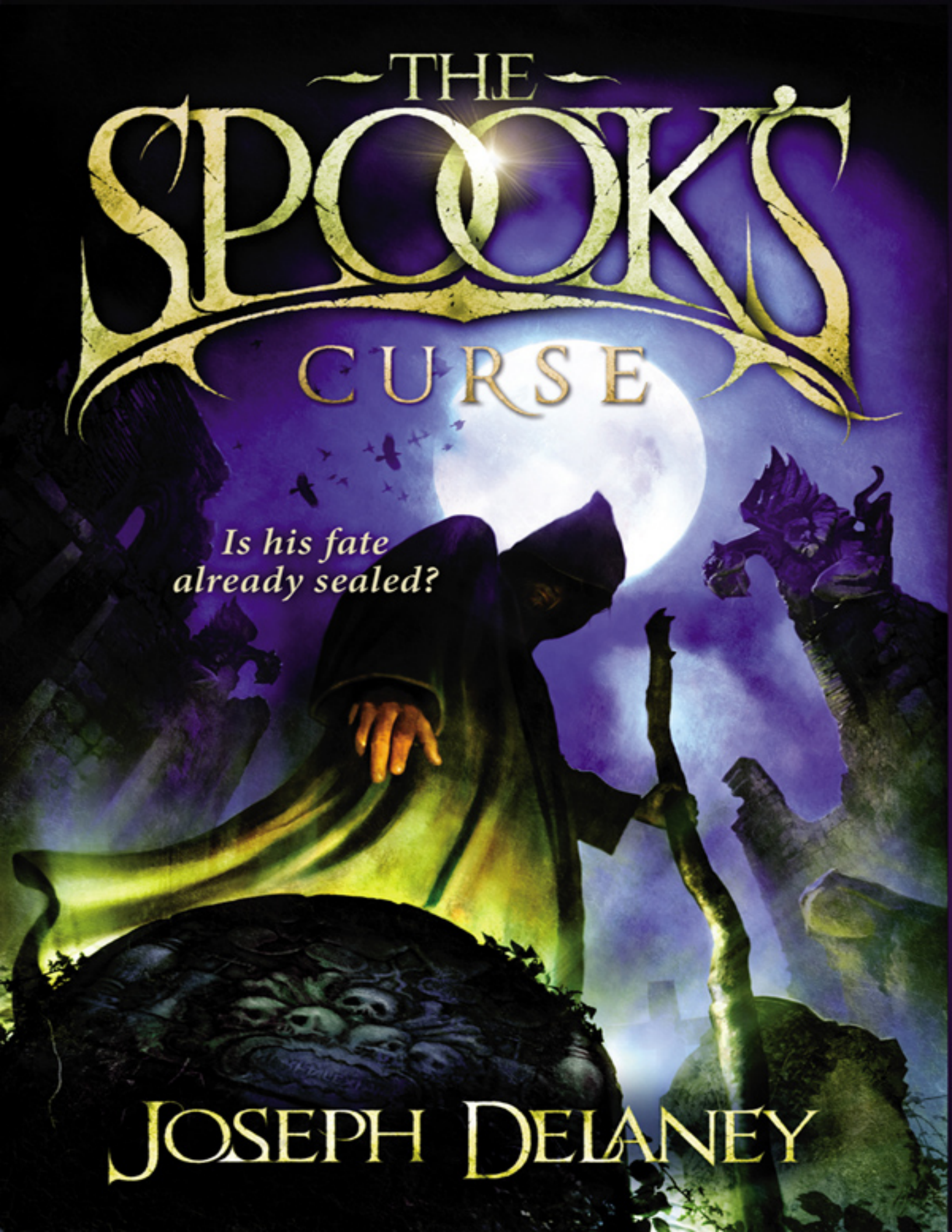


THE SPOOKS CURSE



*Is his fate
already sealed?*

JOSEPH DELANEY

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About the Author

The Wardstone Chronicles

Also by Joseph Delaney

The Journal of Thomas J. Ward

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About the Book

WARNING: NOT TO BE READ AFTER DARK

‘How many times have you told me that the dark’s getting stronger in this town? That the priests are becoming more corrupt, that people are afraid. And think about the double tithes and the Quisitor stealing land, and burning innocent girls and women. What do you think’s at the centre of it all? ... What terrible force makes good men inflict such atrocities or stand by and let them happen? ... Aye, the Bane is to blame, and the Bane must be stopped now.’

The Spook and his apprentice, Thomas Ward, have travelled to Priestown to defeat ‘the Bane’, a powerful, evil creature that lurks in the catacombs of the cathedral and is corrupting the County.

As Thomas and his master prepare to battle with the Bane, they soon realize it isn’t their only enemy in Priestown. The Quisitor has arrived, searching the County for those who meddle with the dark – witches, warlocks and spooks! Can Thomas and his master survive the horror that follows ...?

THE SPOOKS CURSE



JOSEPH DELANEY

Illustrated by David Wyatt

RED FOX

For Marie

How to Read Spook's Symbols

Boggarts

Beta for Boggart

B P ← ripper
X ← rank
Gregory ← name
I - dangerous
X - hardly detectable

B Naturally bound boggart

B Artificially bound boggart

Ghosts/Ghasts

γ X ← I - dangerous
X - hardly detectable
Gregory

Witches

O M ← M - malevolent
B - benign
U - unaware
Gregory

CHARACTER PROFILES

Tom

Thomas Ward is the seventh son of a seventh son. This means he was born with certain gifts – gifts that make him perfect for the role of the Spook's apprentice. He can see and hear the dead and he is a natural enemy of the dark. But that doesn't stop Tom getting scared, and he is going to need all his courage if he is to succeed where twenty-nine others have failed.

The Spook

The Spook is an unmistakable figure. He's tall, and rather fierce looking. He wears a long black cloak and hood, and always carries a staff and a silver chain. Like his apprentice, Tom, he is left-handed, and is a seventh son of a seventh son.

For over sixty years he has protected the County from things that go bump in the night.

Alice

Tom can't decide if Alice is good or evil. She terrifies the local village lads, is related to two of the most evil witch clans (the Malkins and the Deanes) and has been known to use dark magic. But she was trained as a witch against her will and has helped Tom out of some tight spots. She seems to be a loyal friend, but can she be trusted?

Mam

Tom's mam has always known he would become the Spook's apprentice. She calls him her 'gift to the County'. A loving mother and an expert on plants, medicine and childbirth, Mam has always been a little different. Her

origins in Greece remain a mystery. In fact, there are quite a few mysterious things about Mam ...



THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE COUNTY IS MARKED BY MYSTERY.
IT IS SAID THAT A MAN DIED THERE IN A GREAT STORM, WHILE BINDING
AN EVIL THAT THREATENED THE WHOLE WORLD.

THEN THE ICE CAME AGAIN, AND WHEN IT RETREATED, EVEN THE
SHAPES OF THE HILLS AND THE NAMES OF THE TOWNS IN THE VALLEYS
CHANGED.

NOW, AT THAT HIGHEST POINT ON THE FELS, NO TRACE REMAINS OF
WHAT WAS DONE SO LONG AGO, BUT ITS NAME HAS ENDURED.

THEY CALL IT –

THE WARDSTONE.

CHAPTER 1 THE HORSHAW RIPPER



WHEN I HEARD the first scream, I turned away and covered my ears with my hands, pressing hard until my head hurt. At that moment I could do nothing to help. But I could still hear it, the sound of a priest in torment, and it went on for a long time before finally fading away.

So I shivered in the dark barn, listening to rain drumming on the roof, trying to gather my courage. It was a bad night and it was about to get worse.

Ten minutes later, when the rigger and his mate arrived, I rushed across to meet them in the doorway. Both of them were big men and I barely came up to their shoulders.

‘Well, lad, where’s Mr Gregory?’ asked the rigger, an edge of impatience in his voice. He lifted the lantern he was holding and peered about suspiciously. His eyes were shrewd and intelligent. Neither of the men looked like they would stand any nonsense.

‘He’s been taken badly,’ I said, trying to control the nerves that were making my voice sound weak and wobbly. ‘He’s been in bed with a bad fever this past week so he’s sent me in his place. I’m Tom Ward. His apprentice.’

The rigger looked me up and down quickly, like an undertaker measuring me up for future business. Then he raised one eyebrow so high that it disappeared under the peak of his flat cap, which was still dripping with rain.

‘Well, Mr Ward,’ he said, an edge of sarcasm sharp in his voice, ‘we await your instructions.’

I put my left hand into my breeches pocket and pulled out the sketch that the stonemason had made. The rigger set the lantern down on the earthen floor and then, with a world-weary shake of his head and a glance at his mate, accepted the sketch and began to examine it.

The mason’s instructions gave the dimensions of the pit that needed to be dug, and the measurements of the stone that would be lowered into place.

After a few moments the rigger shook his head again and knelt beside the lantern, holding the paper very close to it. When he came to his feet, he was frowning. ‘The pit should be nine feet deep,’ he said. ‘This only says six.’

The rigger knew his job all right. The standard boggart pit is six feet deep but for a ripper, the most dangerous boggart of all, nine feet is the norm. We were certainly facing a ripper – the priest’s screams were proof of that – but there wasn’t time to dig nine feet.

‘It’ll have to do,’ I said. ‘It has to be done by morning or it’ll be too late and the priest will be dead.’

Until that moment they’d both been big men wearing big boots, oozing confidence from every pore. Now, suddenly, they looked nervous. They knew the situation from the note I’d sent summoning them to the barn. I’d used the Spook’s name to make sure they came right away.

‘Know what you’re doing, lad?’ asked the rigger. ‘Are you up to the job?’

I stared straight back into his eyes and tried hard not to blink. ‘Well, I’ve made a good start,’ I said. ‘I’ve hired the best rigger and mate in the County.’

It was the right thing to say and the rigger’s face cracked into a smile. ‘When will the stone arrive?’ he asked.

‘Well before dawn. The mason’s bringing it himself. We have to be ready.’

The rigger nodded. 'Then lead the way, Mr Ward. Show us where you want it dug.'

This time there was no sarcasm in his voice. His tone was business-like. He wanted the job over and done with. We all wanted the same, and time was short so I pulled up my hood and, carrying the Spook's staff in my left hand, led the way out into the cold, heavy drizzle.

Their two-wheel cart was outside, the equipment covered with a waterproof sheet, the patient horse between the shafts steaming in the rain.

We crossed the muddy field, then followed the blackthorn hedge to the place where it thinned, beneath the branches of an ancient oak on the boundary of the churchyard. The pit would be close to holy ground, but not too close. The nearest gravestones were just twenty paces away.

'Dig the pit as close as you can get to that,' I said, pointing towards the trunk of the tree.

Under the Spook's watchful eye I'd dug lots of practice pits. In an emergency I could have done the job myself but these men were experts and they'd work fast.

As they went back for their tools, I pushed through the hedge and weaved between the gravestones towards the old church. It was in a bad state of repair: there were slates missing from the roof and it hadn't seen a lick of paint for years. I pushed open the side door, which yielded with a groan and a creak.

The old priest was still in the same position, lying on his back near the altar. The woman was kneeling on the floor close to his head, crying. The only difference now was that the church was flooded with light. She'd raided the vestry for its hoard of candles and lit them all. There were a hundred at least, clustered in groups of five or six. She'd positioned them on benches, on the floor and on window ledges but the majority were on the altar.

As I closed the door, a gust of wind blew into the church and the flames all flickered together. She looked up at me, her face running with tears.

‘He’s dying,’ she said, her echoing voice full of anguish. ‘Why did it take you so long to get here?’

Since the message reached us at Chipenden, it had taken me two days to arrive at the church. It was over thirty miles to Horshaw and I hadn’t set off right away. At first the Spook, still too ill to leave his bed, had refused to let me go.

Usually the Spook never sends apprentices out to work alone until he’s been training them for at least a year. I’d just turned thirteen and had been his apprentice for less than six months. It was a difficult, scary trade, which often involved dealing with what we call ‘the dark’. I’d been learning how to cope with witches, ghosts, boggarts and things that go bump in the night. But was I ready for this?

There was a boggart to bind which, if done properly, should be pretty straightforward. I’d seen the Spook do it twice. Each time he’d hired good men to help and the job had gone smoothly. But this job was a little different. There were complications.

You see, this priest was the Spook’s own brother. I’d seen him just once before when we’d visited Horshaw in the spring. He’d glared at us and made a huge sign of the cross in the air, his face twisted with anger. The Spook hadn’t even glanced in his direction because there’d been little love lost between them and they hadn’t spoken for over forty years. But family was family and that’s why he’d eventually sent me to Horshaw.

‘Priests!’ the Spook had raved. ‘Why don’t they stick to what they know? Why do they always have to meddle? What was he thinking of, trying to tackle a ripper? Let me get on with my business and other folks get on with theirs.’

At last he’d calmed down and spent hours giving me detailed instructions on what had to be done and telling me

the names and addresses of the rigger and mason I had to hire. He'd also named a doctor, insisting that only he would do. That was another nuisance because the doctor lived some distance away. I'd had to send word and I just hoped that he'd set off immediately.

I looked down at the woman, who was dabbing very gently at the priest's forehead with a cloth. His greasy, lank white hair was pulled back from his face and his eyes were rolling feverishly in his head. He hadn't known that the woman was going to send to the Spook for help. If he had, he would have objected so it was a good job that he couldn't see me now.

Tears were dripping from the woman's eyes and sparkling in the candlelight. She was his housekeeper, not even family, and I remember thinking that he must have been really kind to her to make her get so upset.

'The doctor'll be here soon,' I said, 'and he'll give him something for the pain.'

'He's had pain all his life,' she answered. 'I've been a big trouble to him too. It's made him terrified of dying. He's a sinner and he knows where he's going.'

Whatever he was or had done, the old priest didn't deserve this. Nobody did. He was certainly a brave man. Either brave or very stupid. When the boggart had got up to its tricks, he'd tried to deal with it himself by using the priest's tools: bell, book and candle. But that's no way to deal with the dark. In most cases it wouldn't have mattered because the boggart would just have ignored the priest and his exorcism. Eventually it would have moved on and the priest, as often happens, would have taken the credit.

But this was the most dangerous type of boggart we ever have to deal with. Usually, we call them 'cattle-rippers' because of their main diet, but when the priest had started meddling, *he* had become the boggart's victim. Now it was a full-blown 'ripper' with a taste for human blood and the priest would be lucky to escape with his life.

There was a crack in the flagged floor, a zigzag crack that ran from the foot of the altar to about three paces beyond the priest. At its widest point it was more a chasm and almost half a hand's span wide. After splitting the floor, the boggart had caught the old priest by his foot and dragged his leg down into the ground almost as far as his knee. Now, in the darkness below, it was sucking his blood, drawing the life from him very slowly. It was like a big fat leech, keeping its victim alive as long as possible to extend its own enjoyment.

Whatever I did, it would be touch and go whether or not the priest survived. In any case, I had to bind the boggart. Now that it had drunk human blood it would no longer be content with ripping cattle.

'Save him if you can,' the Spook had said, as I prepared to leave. 'But whatever else you do, make sure you deal with that boggart. That's your first duty.'

* * *

I started making my own preparations.

Leaving the rigger's mate to carry on digging the pit, I went back to the barn with the rigger himself. He knew what to do: first of all he poured water into the large bucket they'd brought with them. That was one advantage of working with people who had experience of the business: they provided the heavy equipment. This was a strong bucket, made of wood, bound with metal hoops and large enough to deal with even a twelve-foot pit.

After filling it about half full with water, the rigger began to shake brown powder into it from the large sack he'd brought in from the cart. He did this a little at a time and then, after each addition, began to stir it with a stout stick.

It soon became hard work as, very gradually, the mixture turned into a thick goo which became more and

more difficult to mix. It stank as well, like something that had been dead for weeks, which wasn't really surprising seeing as the bulk of the powder was crushed bone.

The end result would be a very strong glue, and the longer the rigger stirred, the more he began to sweat and gasp. The Spook always mixed his own glue, and he'd made me practise doing the same, but time was very short and the rigger had the muscles for the job. Knowing that, he'd started work without even being asked.

When the glue was ready, I began to add iron filings and salt from the much smaller sacks I'd brought with me, stirring slowly to ensure they were spread evenly right through the mixture. Iron is dangerous to a boggart because it can bleed away its strength, while the salt burns it. Once a boggart is in the pit, it will stay there because the underside of the stone and the sides of the pit are coated with the mixture, forcing it to make itself small and stay within the boundaries of the space inside. Of course, the problem is getting the boggart into the pit in the first place.

For now I wasn't worrying about that. At last the rigger and I were both satisfied. The glue was ready.

* * *

As the pit wasn't finished yet, I had nothing to do but wait for the doctor in the narrow, crooked lane that led into Horshaw.

The rain had stopped and the air seemed very still. It was late September and the weather was changing for the worse. We were going to have more than just rain soon, and the sudden, first, faint rumble of thunder from the west made me even more nervous. After about twenty minutes I heard the sound of hooves pounding in the distance. Riding as though all the hounds of Hell were on his tail, the doctor

came round the corner, his horse at full gallop, his cloak flying behind him.

I was holding the Spook's staff so there was no need for introductions, and in any case the doctor had been riding so fast he was out of breath. So I just nodded at him and he left his sweating horse munching at the long grass in front of the church and followed me round to the side door. I held it open out of respect so that he could go in first.

My dad's taught me to be respectful to everyone, because that way they'll respect you back. I didn't know this doctor but the Spook had insisted on him so I knew he'd be good at his job. His name was Sherdley and he was carrying a black leather bag. It looked almost as heavy as the Spook's, which I'd brought with me and left in the barn. He put it down about six feet from his patient and, ignoring the housekeeper, who was still heaving with dry sobs, he began his examination.

I stood just behind him and to one side so that I had the best possible view. Gently he pulled up the priest's black cassock to reveal his legs.

His right leg was thin, white and almost hairless but the left, the one gripped by the boggart, was red and swollen, bulging with purple veins that darkened the closer they were to the wide crack in the floor.

The doctor shook his head and let out his breath very slowly. Then he spoke to the housekeeper, his voice so low that I barely caught the words.

'It'll have to come off,' he said. 'That's his only hope.'

At that, the tears started running down her cheeks again and the doctor looked at me and pointed to the door. Once outside, he leaned back against the wall and sighed.

'How long before you're ready?' he asked.

'Less than an hour, Doctor,' I replied, 'but it depends on the mason. He's bringing the stone himself.'

'If it's much longer, we'll lose him. The truth is, I don't really give much for his chances anyway. I can't even give

him anything for the pain yet because his body won't stand two doses and I'll have to give him something just before I amputate. Even then, the shock could kill him outright. Having to move him straight afterwards makes it even worse.'

I shrugged. I didn't even like to think about it.

'You do know exactly what has to be done?' the doctor asked, studying my face carefully.

'Mr Gregory explained everything,' I said, trying to sound confident. In fact, if he'd explained it once, the Spook had explained it a dozen times. Then he'd made me recite it back to him over and over again until he was satisfied.

'About fifteen years ago we dealt with a similar case,' the doctor said. 'We did what we could but the man died anyway and he was a young farmer, fit as a butcher's dog and in the prime of life. Let's just cross our fingers. Sometimes the old ones are a lot tougher than you think.'

There was a long silence then, which I broke by checking something I'd been worrying about.

'So you know that I'll need some of his blood.'

'Don't tell your grandfather how to suck eggs,' the doctor growled, then he gave me a tired smile and pointed down the lane towards Horshaw. 'The mason's on his way so you'd better get off and do your job. You can leave the rest to me.'

I listened and heard the distant sound of a cart approaching, so I headed back through the gravestones to see how the riggers were getting on.

The pit was ready and they'd already assembled the wooden platform under the tree. The rigger's mate had climbed up into the tree and was fixing the block and tackle onto a sturdy branch. It was a device the size of a man's head, made out of iron and hanging with chains and a big hook. We would need it to support the weight of the stone and position it very precisely.

‘The mason’s here,’ I said.

Immediately, both men left what they were doing and followed me back towards the church.

Now another horse was waiting in the lane, the stone resting in the back of the cart. No problems so far, but the mason didn’t look too happy and he avoided my eyes. Still, wasting no time, we brought the cart round the long way to the gate that led into the field.

Once close to the tree, the mason slipped the hook into the ring in the centre of the stone and it was lifted off the cart. Whether or not it would fit precisely, we’d have to wait and see. The mason had certainly fitted the ring correctly because the stone hung horizontally from the chain in perfect balance.

It was lowered into a position about two paces from the edge of the pit. Then the mason gave me the bad news.

His youngest daughter was very ill with a fever, the one that had swept right through the County, confining the Spook to his bed. His wife was by her bedside and he had to get back right away.

‘I’m sorry,’ he said, meeting my eyes properly for the first time. ‘But the stone’s a good ‘un and you’ll have no problems. I can promise you that.’

I believed him. He’d done his best and had worked on the stone at short notice, when he’d rather have been with his daughter. So I paid him and sent him on his way with the Spook’s thanks, my thanks and best wishes for the recovery of his daughter.

Then I turned back to the business in hand. As well as chiselling stone, masons are experts at positioning it so I’d rather he’d stayed in case anything went wrong. Still, the rigger and mate were good at their job. All I had to do was keep calm and be careful not to make any silly mistakes.

First I had to work fast and coat the sides of the pit with the glue; then, finally, the underside of the stone, just before it was lowered into position.

I climbed down into the pit and, using a brush and working by the light of a lantern held by the rigger's mate, I got to work. It was a careful process. I couldn't afford to miss the tiniest spot because that would be enough to let the boggart escape. And with the pit only being six feet deep rather than the regulation nine, I had to be extra careful.

The mixture keyed itself into the soil as I worked, which was good, because it wouldn't easily crack and flake off as the soil dried out in summer. The bad thing was that it was difficult to judge just how much to apply so that a thick enough outer coat was left on the soil. The Spook had told me that it was something that would come with experience. Up to now he'd been there to check my work and add a few finishing touches. Now, I would have to do the job right myself. First time.

Finally I climbed out of the pit and attended to its upper edge. The top thirteen inches, the thickness of the stone, were longer and broader than the pit itself, so there was a ledge for the stone to rest on without leaving the slightest crack for the boggart to slip through. This needed very careful attention because it was where the stone made its seal with the ground.

As I finished there was a flash of lightning and, seconds later, a heavy rumble of thunder. The storm had moved almost directly overhead.

I went back to the barn to get something important from my bag. It was what the Spook called a 'bait-dish'. Made out of metal, it was specially crafted for the job and had three small holes drilled at equal distances from each other, close to its rim. I eased it out, polished it on my sleeve, then ran to the church to tell the doctor that we were ready.

As I opened the door there was a strong smell of tar and, just left of the altar, a small fire was blazing. Over it, on a metal tripod, a pot bubbled and spat. Dr Sherdley was

going to use the tar to stop the bleeding. Painting the stump with it would also prevent the rest of the leg from going bad afterwards.

I smiled to myself when I saw where the doctor had got his wood from. It was wet outside, so he'd gone for the only dry kindling available. He'd chopped up one of the church pews. No doubt the priest wouldn't be too happy, but it might just save his life. In any case he was now unconscious, breathing very deeply, and would stay that way for several hours until the effects of the potion wore off.

From the crack in the floor came the noise of the boggart feeding. It was a nasty gulping, slurping sound as it continued to draw blood from the leg. It was too preoccupied to realize that we were close by and about to bring its meal to an end.

We didn't speak. I just nodded at the doctor and he nodded back. I handed him the deep metal dish to catch the blood I needed, and he took a small metal saw from his bag and laid its cold, shiny teeth against the bone just below the priest's knee.

The housekeeper was still in the same position but her eyes were squeezed tight shut and she was muttering to herself. She was probably praying and it was obvious she wouldn't be much help. So, with a shiver, I knelt down beside the doctor.

He shook his head. 'There's no need for you to see this,' he said. 'No doubt you'll witness worse one day but it needn't be now. Go on, lad. Back to your own business. I can deal with this. Just send the other two back to give me a hand getting him up onto the cart when I've finished.'

I'd been gritting my teeth ready to face it but I didn't need to be told twice. Full of relief, I went back to the pit. Even before I reached it, a loud scream cut through the air followed by the sound of anguished weeping. But it wasn't the priest. He was unconscious. It was the housekeeper.

The rigger and his mate had already hoisted the stone aloft again and were busy wiping off the mud. Then, as they went back to the church to help the doctor, I dipped the brush into the last of the mixture and gave the underside of the stone a thorough coating.

I'd hardly time to admire my handiwork before the mate came back at a run. Behind him, moving much more slowly, came the rigger. He was carrying the dish with the blood in it, being careful not to spill a single drop. The bait-dish was a very important piece of equipment. The Spook had a store of them back in Chipenden and they'd been made according to his own specifications.

I lifted a long chain from the Spook's bag. Fastened to a large ring at one end were three shorter chains, each ending in a small metal hook. I slipped the three hooks into the three holes close to the rim of the dish.

When I lifted the chain, the bait-dish hung below it in perfect balance, so it didn't need that much skill to lower it into the pit and set it down very gently at its centre.

No, the skill was in freeing the three hooks. You had to be very careful to relax the chains so that the hooks dropped away from the dish without tipping it over and spilling the blood.

I'd spent hours practising this, and despite being very nervous I managed to get the hooks out at my very first attempt.

Now it was just a question of waiting.

* * *

As I said, rippers are some of the most dangerous boggarts of all because they feed on blood. Their minds are usually quick and very crafty, but while they're feeding they think very slowly and it takes them a long time to work things out.

The amputated leg was still jammed into the crack in the church floor and the boggart was busily slurping blood from it, but sucking very slowly so as to make it last. That's the way with a ripper. It just slurps and sucks, thinking of nothing else until it slowly realizes that less and less blood is reaching its mouth. It wants more blood, but blood comes in lots of different flavours and it likes the taste of what it's been sucking. It likes it very much.

So it wants more of the same, and once it works out that the rest of the body has been separated from the leg, it goes after it. That's why the riggers had to lift the priest up onto the cart. By now the cart would have reached the edge of Horshaw, every *clip-clop* of the horse's hooves taking it further from the angry boggart, desperate for more of that same blood.

A ripper's like a bloodhound. It would have a good idea of the direction in which the priest was being taken. It would also realize that he was getting further and further away. Then it would be aware of something else. That more of what it needed was very close by.

That's why I'd put the dish into the pit. That was why it was called a 'bait-dish'. It was the snare to lure the ripper into the trap. Once it was in there, feeding, we had to work fast and we couldn't afford to make a single mistake.

I looked up. The mate was standing on the platform, one hand on the short chain, ready to start lowering the stone. The rigger was standing opposite me, his hand on the stone, ready to position it as it came down. Neither of them looked in the least bit afraid, not even nervous, and suddenly it felt good to be working with people like that. People who knew what they were doing. We'd all played our part, all done what had to be done as quickly and efficiently as possible. It made me feel good. It made me feel a part of something.

Quietly we waited for the boggart.

After a few minutes I heard it coming. At first it sounded just like the wind whistling through the trees.

But there was no wind. The air was perfectly still and, in a narrow band of starlight between the edge of the thundercloud and the horizon, the crescent moon was visible, adding its pale light to that cast by the lanterns.

The rigger and his mate could hear nothing, of course, because they weren't seventh sons of seventh sons like me. So I had to warn them.

'It's on its way,' I said. 'I'll tell you when.'

By now the sound of its approach had become more shrill, almost like a scream, and I could hear something else too: a sort of low, rumbling growl. It was coming across the graveyard fast, heading straight for the dish of blood inside the pit.

Unlike a normal boggart, a ripper is slightly more than a spirit, especially when it's just been feeding. Even then, most people can't see it but they can feel it all right, if it ever gets a grip on their flesh.

Even I didn't see much – just something shapeless and a sort of pinky red. Then I felt a movement of the air close to my face and the ripper went down into the pit.

I said 'When' to the rigger who, in turn, nodded to his mate, who tightened his grip upon the short chain. Even before he pulled it there came a sound from the pit. This time it was loud and all three of us heard it. I glanced quickly at my companions and saw their eyes widen and mouths tighten with the fear of what was below us.

The sound we heard was the boggart feeding from the dish. It was like the greedy lapping of some monstrous tongue, combined with the ravenous snuffling and snorting of a big carnivorous animal. We had less than a minute or so before it finished it all. Then it would sense our blood. It was rogue now and we were all on the menu.

The mate began to loosen the chain and the stone came down steadily. I was adjusting one end, the rigger the other.