

█████ inhaled the familiar smell and felt his spirits soar. . . . He was really going back. . .

"Nice dog, █████!" called a tall boy with dreadlocks.

A porter's cap pulled low over his mismatched eyes, █████ came limping through the archway pushing a cart full of their trunks.

"All okay," he muttered to Mrs. █████ and █████. "Don't think we were followed . . ."

█████, and █████ turned up with █████.

"Well, look after yourselves," said █████, shaking hands all round. He reached █████ last and gave him a clap on the shoulder. "You too, █████ Be careful."

"It's been great meeting all of you," said █████, hugging █████ and █████ "We'll see you soon, I expect."