

lined up diagonally on pedestals, hit from all angles with halogen beams.

‘Wow,’ he says.

‘Yes,’ says the salesman. ‘Wow indeed. Were you looking for a particular model?’

‘Er, yes. The GL1500.’

The salesman smiles and waves his hand towards a red and black bike.

It’s the one.

It’s exactly the same.

Henry’s stomach lurches.

‘It’s a 1998 model,’ the salesman says. ‘Virtually immaculate. Only fifteen hundred miles on the clock. Spent most of its long life under tarpaulin. And is now ready and raring to get on with the rest of its life, hopefully on the road. Want to climb on board?’

Henry nods. ‘Sure,’ he says. ‘That’d be awesome.’

The salesman presses a button on the wall and the pedestal sinks into the floor until the bike is flush with the ground.

Henry hitches his leg over the bike and is instantly transported back to the heady streets of Chicago. He runs his hands over the controls, the handlebars.

‘Beautiful, isn’t she?’ says the salesman.

Henry nods, but says nothing. The oneness he has felt with the world since he returned from Chicago, since he and Phin made their peace, since the big family reunion in Lucy’s new house, has started to fray at the edges. For months he has embraced being Henry Lamb. The idea that Justin had sacrificed his life not for the glamorous refurbished version of Henry Lamb, but for the original slightly crappy version, has filled his soul with rightness and