

Epilogue

Eight months later

‘Can I help you, sir?’

Henry checks his reflection quickly in the plate glass of the showroom window. He tousles his dark, ropery curls and runs his fingertips over the rough three-day stubble on his chin. Then he turns to the hovering salesman and hits him with a personable smile.

‘Hi,’ says Henry. ‘Yes. Thank you. I’m looking for a Gold Wing? Your website said you had some in stock, but I can’t see any?’

‘Beautiful!’ The salesman’s eyes light up and he clicks his fingers. ‘Follow me, sir, right this way.’

Henry follows the young man across the showroom and towards a display in another area off the main reception. His skin turns to goosebumps at the sight of the huge bikes, four of them