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### Samuel

Philip Dunlop-Evers is a small man with thinning hair and a weak chin. He wears a white polo shirt with blue jeans and cheap leather shoes. I button my suit jacket and stand to greet him with an outstretched hand.

‘Thank you, Philip, for coming at such short notice,’ I say.

‘It’s no problem at all. I mean, it’s my sister, after all. I can’t think of a better reason to cancel a few plans and get on a train.’

‘Take a seat. Please.’

He sits and peers at me. He looks as if his head is spinning with thoughts. Hardly surprising.

‘Philip. We recently received a call from a mud-larker. Do you know what a mud-larker is?’

He nods.