

'ALICE!' MY MOTHER SHOUTS AGAIN.
'THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU!'

I THINK ABOUT CLIMBING OUT OF THE BUSH BUT DECIDE AGAINST IT. WHOEVER IT IS, THEY'LL HAVE COME TO SAY GOOD-BYE, AND I'M TIRED OF SAYING GOOD-BYE. I'M ON STRIKE. NO MORE GOOD-BYES.

I SNUGGLE DOWN WITH TILLY,
DESPITE THE HEAT. I FALL ASLEEP.

WHEN I WAKE UP, TILLY IS GONE.

I HEAR SOMEONE GIGGLING, BUT THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DREAM.

INSTEAD OF TILLY, I'M CURLED UP UNDER THE SHRUB NEXT TO A BIG CAKE. IT'S A MR P SPECIAL, MADE WITH LAYERS OF PASTRY AND HONEY FROM HIS BEES.

NEXT I HEAR SOMEONE SINGING. IT'S A MADE-UP SONG. THERE AREN'T ANY WORDS IN THE SONG, IT'S JUST MY NAME SUNG OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

'ALICE, ALICE, ALICE, AAAA-LICE...' OVER AND OVER AGAIN...