

Tommy sighed. “Do you remember how he loved to take you with him to the garage?”

“I haven’t forgotten,” said Jack. “And I haven’t forgotten what the police told you either. You know, I still don’t believe it, Uncle Tommy. Even if Dad had been a drug addict when he was young, he’d never have tried to kill himself.”

“They said he took an overdose – if he did, I’m sure it was an accident,” said Tommy, thinking about that terrible day.

“How could he have taken drugs?” said Jack.

“It didn’t begin like that, Jack,” Tommy told him. “He had a ‘delivery business’ with local drug dealers and that kept our family alive. It was wrong, but your dad thought it was the only way he could get money to feed us.

“Life in those days was hard,” Tommy continued. “It wasn’t easy living in the East End of London.”

Jack sighed. Five years had passed since his father’s death. Jack was 19 now and Susan was 24. It hadn’t been easy for him to accept Bob’s death and he still missed his dad.

CHAPTER 9

A GHOST FROM THE PAST

It was about eleven o’clock one Sunday morning. The smell of bacon had woken Susan from her sleep. She came downstairs to the dining room and sat down in her usual seat at the table.

“Come on Jack,” she called. “I’m hungry!”

“Here you are, Queen Sue!” said Jack, as he entered the room, holding the breakfast tray and carrying the newspaper under his arm. He put the food and the paper on the table and sat down opposite Susan.

“How’s everything at work?” asked Susan as she began to eat her breakfast hungrily.

“Same as always,” replied Jack. “What about you?”

“We’re supposed to be starting a new **trial** tomorrow,” replied Susan. “I’m looking forward to it. It should be interesting,” she

added, finishing the last piece of bacon on her plate. There was some bacon on Jack’s plate. With a laugh, Susan took it and quickly ate it.

“Hey!” said Jack, pretending to be angry. “I was just going to eat that!”

When they’d both finished breakfast, Susan cleared the table. She came back a short time later and went to sit near the window, leaving Jack to read the newspaper.

“Boring! Boring! Boring!” said Jack, after he’d read every page from top to bottom. He threw the paper onto the table and went to lie on the sofa.

Suddenly, Jack sat up straight and Susan turned to look at him. All the colour had gone from his face. Susan wondered what was wrong. Jack looked as though he had seen a ghost.

Jack took the newspaper from the table and searched through it until he found what he was looking for. He showed Susan a picture of a man. Susan didn’t know who he was. Jack explained that although the name Laurence Forrester was written under the photograph, the man’s real name was Frankie Lewis.



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