

He waited. Then shouted again. "Is it OK if we take some of your junk?"

Still no one answered. He glanced at Luke and shrugged. "There's no one here. Come on, it'll be fine. And it's not stealing anyway. It's recycling!"

"OK," Luke agreed.

"Right!" said Jack, laying the puppet on top of the wooden box. "Let's get these things back to my house."

They carried the wooden box between them as they headed home.

They didn't look back.

*

Deep inside the empty house, deep within its shadows, something moved again.

The figure, bent and wrinkled, crossed the bare floorboards and stood at the grimy window.

