

## Chapter 2

Ducks sit in the water with their feet flapping them along. Ducks cannot stand on top of the water, so it stands to reason that Henry must be standing *on* something. It could be a floating log, maybe an old drum or a plastic bottle.

I swim out to Henry. I reach out to her. Something bumps into my chest. It is cold and it feels a bit like rubber. I look down. I see a hand. I see an arm. I see eyes. I see a body. The body is white and lifeless but it is not made of rubber. It is a real body. It is a horrible, disgusting corpse.

I scream and swim for the houseboat. I drag myself up on to the deck. I sit there, puffing and panting. I don't know what to do.

I look again. Henry is still standing there, on top of the body, screeching and flapping.

‘Henry,’ I call. ‘Come to me. Come on. Come to Jezz.’

But she will not swim to me. She is going mad there, jumping up and down on top of the body. I have to go and get her.

I swim out again. I try not to look at the body, but its fingers slide across my chest. Its eyes look up at the moon.

I grab Henry by the legs and swim. She screeches when she gets wet, but I am in no mood for her tantrums.

I chuck her onto the jetty and shout at her, ‘Tell me what I should do about that body or you will be roast duck.’

But Henry is not speaking to me. She never speaks to me. She storms off and hides under my bed.