

“Well, Zoe,” said Dooby, “welcome to hell.”

Zoe had seen some unpleasant sights before, but nothing in Norwich was like this. Once more she began to wonder if she'd done the right thing in leaving at all. Huddled in small groups round smoking fires were the scraps of people. Their clothes were hardly more than rags, and were obviously the result of some fairly primitive sewing skills. Dooby and his two thugs were dressed like kings compared with the others in the cathedral. Zoe looked at her own clothes. She'd mended and patched them countless times, but they seemed almost new, now.

Once inside, Dooby turned to Spat and Munchkin.

“You've got things to do,” he said, and they both went off into the gloom.

Zoe and Dooby walked up the aisle in the centre of the cathedral. Zoe couldn't help staring. She stared at the building that had once been magnificent. The floor was thick with dirt and heaps of rubbish. There were broken windows and broken furniture. It was a mess. Then Zoe stared at the people who were living in it. They were in just as bad a state as the building. So far she had only seen children, many of them younger than herself.

“Aren't there any grown-ups here?” Zoe asked. She felt it was the right thing to ask, though she didn't know why, it had been a long time since she'd had any adult help.

Dooby didn't answer.

Some of the people eyed Zoe suspiciously as Dooby walked her up the aisle, but most just

ignored her. They looked underfed and wild. The smoke from all their fires drifted way up above in the vaults of the ceiling. Dooby was right. There was something infernal about the place. And it stank. The worst thing about it was the smell of rotten fish.