

Prologue

The vehicle rolls once, twice, three times before it comes to rest.

Then all is still. Dust rises up from underneath the shattered chassis. Past the wreckage the stubble in the paddock shines gold.

There is a ticking sound as the rear left wheel continues to spin. A hissing sound from escaping steam. A dripping sound as petrol ebbs out of the tank. The vehicle tilts backwards like a toy thrown on the ground.

There is movement in the cabin: then a gasp. Glass shatters as the driver kicks the shards out of the windscreen. He is young. With difficulty, he clammers out. He is not badly hurt; but he was rushing somewhere. For something urgent.

A strand of blood runs down his face.

The gauzy air is hot and his vision is bent and the silver chassis is glinting and hurting his eyes. He feels as if there should be sound but there is nothing. Or maybe he's gone deaf.

The wing mirror lies three metres from the door. He walks across, dazed, and picks it up. In it he sees himself and jagged blue-grey mosaic sky. He shuts his eyes.

With great effort he turns back to the vehicle. In his mouth is metal and dust. He saw a glimpse of it in the cracks of the mirror and he does not want to turn but it is coming.

His feet are wet.

His legs are wet.

He doesn't want to remember.

He has to remember.

At the edge of his sight, on the horizon, the thing he has remembered comes for him.