

Sunday, December 11th, 2016

Blairhoyle

So, what had the other kids been doing while the majority had been visiting The Queen at Balmoral? Sinead had taken custody of them all.

She was at Blairhoyle with the three *Predators*: Jordan, Charlotte, and Dakota. She also had Diana, Scarlett, and Amber, as well as the two dogs: Sasha and Nika. Sinead had taken an instant liking to the tough-talking Diana; however, she had noticed the scowls as Scarlett and Diana had laid eyes on one another. Keira had warned Sinead about the two girls and how Diana got on with Scarlett, but only to a point. Sinead also knew who Scarlett was.

"Why are you limping so awkwardly?" Charlotte asked Diana without thinking.

"I think I can venture a reason," Jordan responded. "Can I assume that you are missing a few items down below?"

"No, you cannot . . . actually, yes," Diana retorted, thinking he was referring to something else, completely. "You, too?"

"What are they talking about?" Dakota asked.

Sinead knew, but the two older girls were stunned to see Jordan and Diana reveal three prosthetic limbs.

"Those look awesome!" Jordan exclaimed as he examined Diana's hi-tech lower limbs.

"Yours isn't too bad, neither," Diana added as Jordan pulled up his trousers.

The four older girls were speechless as they watched the prosthetic comparisons. Amber wondered why Scarlett did not mention her own prosthetic limb, but she said nothing. The prosthetic lovefest was, however, brought to a halt as another appeared in the kitchen.

"Right!" Captain Perrin announced in his command voice. "I am Captain Perrin and you all have some tasks ahead of you, today. Those tasks will keep each one of you out of trouble as well as exercising those grey blobs between your ears. We shall see who has intelligence, and who has not - even the Royal Marine here!"

Sinead nodded with a smile at the friendly jibe.

"Morning, Captain."

"Captain."

Both officers chuckled.

"Where's the joke?" Amber demanded. "Why are you calling her 'captain'?"

"Captain McFadden is a decorated Royal Marine, young lady," Captain Perrin advised the girl.

"You're a marine?" Amber asked doubtfully.

"You better believe it!" Dakota growled.

"You think I am wearing this T-shirt for fun?" Sinead responded.

The officer was decked out in a dark green T-shirt bearing the legend '45 COMMANDO ROYAL MARINES' along with a vertical commando dagger with '45' astride the blade.

"Cool!" Amber commented.

Scarlett never said a word, but she frowned at the Royal Marine officer.

"Right - down to the paddock!" Captain Perrin ordered.

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The six youngsters frowned as they entered the paddock which appeared to be adorned with piles of rubbish.

As the two dogs ran off to play and examine the scattered detritus, Captain McFadden guided the kids over to where a decrepit-looking Land Rover Defender 90 looked a little lopsided. The vehicle's rear load bed was open, the canvas cover rolled up and secured to the roll cage. On closer inspection, Charlotte identified the problem.

"It's missing a wheel," she pointed out.

Indeed, the vehicle was missing the wheel from right rear hub and the vehicle sat on its brake drum on the grass.

"Bright girl!" Captain McFadden proclaimed, eliciting a grin from the twelve-year-old.

"Your task is to work as a team and get this vehicle moving again."

"How?" Amber asked.

"That is up to you six," Captain McFadden chuckled.

The six kids looked dumbfounded and Scarlett looked bored. Nobody moved for at least two minutes before Diana stepped forward.

"Okay - we're missing a wheel," she mused. "We need to find the wheel."

"Dur!" Amber responded somewhat derisively.

"She has a point," Scarlett interceded. "Dakota - you search over there. Amber - over there. Jordan - that way. Charlotte - there. Diana - check out the Land Rover for a jack, spanner - that kind of stuff. I'll search over there."

The two captains nodded approvingly as Scarlett appeared to take charge.

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It did not take long for Jordan to find the right-angled wheel brace from the Land Rover.

He ran over to where Diana was rummaging furiously inside the Land Rover's cab.

"I found this!" he proclaimed happily.

"Great!" Diana replied, just as there was a shout from behind them.

Diana and Jordan looked over to where Amber Dawson was hefting an enormous steel wheel with attached tyre out of the grass. The twelve-year-old did not appear too happy to be getting her hands dirty as she was joined by Dakota and they both manhandled the wheel back to the Land Rover.

"We got the wheel and the spanner thingy," Diana announced. "But I couldn't find a jack."

"We never found anything else," Scarlett pointed out. "We can't get the wheel on without a jack."

"This task is impossible to complete," Charlotte scowled.

"Is it?" Captain Perrin replied.

Charlotte thought about it for a moment, then she had a blast of inspiration as she turned back to the disabled Land Rover.

"Did anybody find any wheel nuts?" she asked.

She was greeted by shaking heads as her brain went to work on the problem. They were all looking at it wrong.

"We're looking at what we are missing, not what we have or what we can make use of," she pointed out. "What do we have?"

"We have a crippled Land Rover," Jordan stated.

"We have the missing wheel," Amber added.

"We have the wheel brace," Diana said, holding up said item.

"What else?" Charlotte prompted.

"We have some planks of wood," Scarlett pointed out as she poked into the grass beside the Land Rover.

"We have some large bricks," Dakota added.

"So," Charlotte continued. "What do we need to get the wheel onto the hub?"

"We need to raise the Land Rover up to get the wheel on," Jordan reasoned.

"We'll need nuts to secure the wheel in place," Amber commented.

Charlotte turned towards the officers.

"I assume this is under battle conditions and the vehicle does not need to be one hundred percent roadworthy?"

"Correct, Charlotte!" Captain Perrin responded with a twinkle in his eye.

The emboldened Charlotte dove in.

"Jordan - you and Diana take a nut off each of the existing wheels; just the one," she directed.

"I see how that'll work," Diana commented as she scrambled for the first wheel.

"Could we use the bricks as a fulcrum for the planks to life the Land Rover?" Dakota asked.

"Why not," Charlotte reasoned.

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While Jordan and Diana were struggling to loosen three of the wheel nuts, Scarlett and Dakota moved a pile of bricks close to the rear bumper of the Land Rover.

Two of the planks were three-metres in length while the third was a little under four-metres in length. The youngsters went ahead, and they attempted to use the bricks as a fulcrum for the shorter plank - it worked to a point, but it only lifted the Land Rover up a few inches and nowhere near high enough to fit the wheel.

"Nah!" Dakota complained. "This isn't working."

The five kids looked all around them, hoping for inspiration, or maybe just a conveniently visible car jack. They looked more than a little despondent - they

had done everything right up to that point, and they had beaten the problems set before them. They eventually turned to the two grinning captains.

"A little help?" Charlotte tried with a smile.

Captain Perrin chuckled.

"Use your biggest assets, Charlotte," Captain McFadden suggested.

"Assets? You mean my boobs?" Charlotte responded. "I've not got any."

"Boobs are assets, Charlotte, just not the assets you need today," Sinead chuckled.

Charlotte thought that through and then she turned to the assembled kids.

"Jordan . . . and . . . Dakota - we need you at the back of the Land Rover," she called out. "Amber, Diana - grab the wheel. Scarlett - get the wheel nuts."

Her instructions were followed but Jordan and Dakota appeared confused.

"I need your brawn, today," she explained. "Both of you, stand at the back, facing away. Bend your knees and then grip the metal step at the back corner of the Land Rover. When I say 'go', stand up, gripping the step and lift the corner of the Land Rover. Amber, Diana - quickly put the wheel in place. Scarlett, fix the wheel nuts. Ready? Go!"

Jordan and Dakota stood up, their muscles straining as they lifted a corner of the 1.8-tonne vehicle.

"Quick - get the wheel in place . . . good - hold it there while Scarlett fits the three nuts . . . faster Scarlett!"

Scarlett was quick to spin the nuts, only she was doing it one-handed for speed and she struggled a little, but she succeeded.

"Lower it down," Charlotte directed, and the Land Rover rested on all four wheels, much to Dakota and Jordan's relief.

The kids turned at the sound of clapping to find the two captains applauding them.

"Well done!" Captain Perrin announced.

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"You all did very well," Sinead advised the six youngsters.

"I actually enjoyed that," Amber commented.

"Yeah," the others all agreed.

"Anybody thirsty?" Captain Perrin asked, and he received six nods. "Fancy some hot tea?"

Six more nods came from the six kids who were beginning to feel the cold now that they were not running about.

"Go grab a pack from over there," Captain McFadden directed, pointing at a hay bale sixty-yards away.

The kids walked over to the bale, looking very confused and not seeing anything resembling a hot drink. There were five identical backpacks which were picked up by each of the kids before they turned to their instructors.

"Inside the pack, you will find several items: a Trangia stove, a bottle of methylated spirits, a plastic mug, a plastic water bottle containing, guess what? Water! You will also find a ration pack and KFS."

"KFS?" Amber and Charlotte echoed.

"Knife, fork, and spoon," Sinead enlightened the youngsters.

"Oh," Amber scowled.

The kids all sat down with their backpacks and they began to unpack the contents. Diana looked curiously at the pressed steel container she pulled out first - it was circular, about eight inches wide and a few inches tall. It rattled as she shook it. She placed the item down onto the grass and dug into the backpack for more items. Yes, there was a metallic bottle which caused Diana to wrinkle her nose at the smell as she unscrewed the top. She rapidly tightened the top and placed the bottle down beside the Trangia stove. She found a black plastic mug with folding metal handles and a plastic water bottle which she shook - it contained a liquid. Finally, there was indeed a knife, fork, and spoon - they were secured together - and a large cardboard box which was filled with things.

"Can I . . .?" Diana asked curiously.

"Open it," Sinead directed with a smile.

"Property of mod - what's mod?" Amber wanted to know.

"M - O - D," Sinead explained. "Ministry of Defence."

"Oh, right! 24 Hour Ration Pack - 8. This is one of a multiple menu choice and suitable for use on Ops," Amber read from the side of the box.

Both girls were filled with curiosity as they opened their packs and even Scarlett sat down beside Diana with her own box.

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The three *Predators* had gathered together to root through their own ration packs together.

Once the cardboard had been pulled apart at the top, they began to bring out each item, one at a time. On top, there was a plastic bag with what looked like sachets of things inside.

"That's your brew kit," Sinead advised them.

Charlotte placed her brew kit down on the grass and proceeded to bring out the next items.

"Tropical beverage powder. Apple beverage powder. Mix 45 g powder with 375 ml cold water and stir or shake - sounds easy."

"Hey!" Dakota exclaimed. "I've got peanut butter!"

"Where?" Charlotte asked as she dug around a bit. "Found mine."

"I've got a Fruit Pocket - isn't that a kid's drink?" Jordan asked.

"It's a good way to take fruit into the field with you," Sinead explained. "It's concentrated fruit."

"Oh," Jordan replied with a frown at the little green pouch with a screw top.

"What are these?" Dakota asked as she held up a plastic pack with red discs inside.

"Boiled sweets," Sinead said.

"Ooh! Instant hot chocolate!" Charlotte exclaimed happily, then her smile faded. "Sweet cherry beverage powder."

"Salted peanuts, beef jerky, pear fruit bar, cool - a raspberry sports drink!" Jordan commented.

"A packet of tissues," Charlotte said next.

"So you can wipe yourself after you've had a wee," Sinead chuckled.

Charlotte scowled as her cheeks went very pink and Jordan laughed.

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"Rice pudding - I hate rice pudding!"

"Rice pudding is cool!" Scarlett responded to Diana's scowling face.

"I hate the skin," Diana persisted.

"Apple and cinnamon muesli with milk," Amber read out. "That doesn't sound too bad."

"I got a pack of tomato pasta salad," Diana said loudly.

"That sounds tasty," Scarlett commented. "A tiny little bottle of Tabasco sauce - cute! Raspberry jam? A cereal bar - cranberry."

"Last item, I think," Diana said. "Bolognese and pasta shells."

"I got a piece of paper," Amber stated. "Questionnaire on one side and a list of items in the box on the other. It shows what's in the plastic bag; the brew kit: beverage whitener, instant coffee, teabags, water purification tablets, sugar, matches, dental chewing gum, wet wipes, and a spoon."

"Check!" Diana countered as she fished through her plastic bag of sachets.

"I thought that ration packs were supposed to be disgusting," Jordan pointed out."

"They used to be bad," Captain Perrin chuckled. "The American MREs really sucked - they called them 'Meals Rejected by the Enemy' amongst other creative alternative meanings. I think they've improved a bit, though."

"Okay - now you've seen what you have, it is time to brew up!" Sinead directed.

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"Unpack the Trangia - release the straps."

Scarlett followed the instructions as Captain McFadden called them out. She had eight items arranged before her and she began to assemble the field stove. She inverted the base section of the wind shield which had numerous holes around the circumference and on the flattened bottom with a larger hole in the centre, placing it on a flat section of ground. She placed the upper windshield off to one side as directed. Next, she picked up a small brown metal container - the burner. She took off the top and peered inside - it was empty. As she looked around, she could see her friends doing the same. Friends? Did she really see them as her friends? She knew what three of them were - or at least she had guessed what they were. They all treated her well - maybe they did not know who and what she was . . . or what she had done.

Under instruction, she placed the item on the ground and she opened the top of a metallic bottle - the contents stank! She carefully poured a small amount of

liquid into the burner, stopping just below the mouth as directed, before replacing the lid. She placed the burner into the larger hole in the centre of the lower wind shield before installing the upper section of the wind shield.

"Take a match," Captain McFadden directed. "Light it, then remove the lid and hold it to the fumes. You will not see a flame, but you can *carefully*, feel the heat with your hand."

Scarlett did exactly that, and she could feel the heat on the palm of her left hand. She poured some of the water out of the other bottle into the deeper pan and with the metal grip, she placed it gently into the top of the wind shield. Within two minutes, the water was hissing happily as it heated up. The additional warmth provided by the stove was also very welcome. Scarlett noticed the others warming both hands over the water, but she just waved her left hand lazily over the rising heat.

"You can use the lid to speed up the boiling if you so wish. While the water is boiling, find your mug and a teabag."

Scarlett did so, opening up a Typhoo teabag packet and dumping the contents into the plastic mug. The water began bubbling fairly soon afterward and very carefully, she used the metal grip to lift up the metal pan and pour the hot water onto the teabag in the cup. She grinned as she recognised the familiar smell of tea. She dug around for some sugar and emptied a sachet into the tea, followed by another sachet, that one of whitener. As she finished, she accidentally knocked her Trangia, but she caught it before it fell over, not noticing the hot water which had sloshed over her right hand.

Scarlett may not have noticed, but Charlotte did.

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Charlotte looked on, appalled, as the hot water splashed across the back of Scarlett's hand.

"Scarlett!"

"What?" Scarlett asked, unsure why Charlotte had just called out her name.

"Your hand - you burnt it!"

"I did?"

"I saw the boiling water spill over your right hand!"

"Ah, Charlotte . . . don't worry," Diana offered.

"Whad'ya mean?" Charlotte asked, confused.

Scarlett rolled her eyes as she raised her right hand and she pulled off the 'glove'.

"Shades of Terminator!" Dakota commented in awe.

"You guys have really been in the wars!" Amber exclaimed.

"Infected wound," Jordan admitted.

"Car crash," Diana conceded.

"Vigilante justice," Scarlett said as she articulated the carbon-fibre fingers of her right hand.

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The youngsters and the adults sat down to enjoy some tea.

The captains stole some hot water and teabags from the youngsters, very pleased with their progress. They had started as six youngsters with only violence in common, but they were happily chatting together, even Amber who had seen bored by everything. Eventually, Charlotte stood up.

"I need the loo," she stated.

"Little girl's room: second round bale on the right," Sinead directed, pointing down the paddock.

"What!"

"Do I need to spell it out, Charlotte?" Sinead deadpanned. "You walk down the paddock and go behind the round bale . . . you drop your trousers and knickers . . . squat down . . . then you pee."

Charlotte scowled, and she began to stride off down the paddock.

"Aren't you forgetting something," Sinead persisted.

"No," Charlotte replied, turning around.

"Tissues to wipe your fanny after the event?"

Charlotte's eyes bulged out as Jordan exploded into laughter and the other girls giggled. She felt her cheeks burning as she swiped up the packet of tissues and she bolted off down the paddock, laughter ringing in her ears.

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"Captain McFadden?"

"Hello, Scarlett."

"You were there, that day. That's where you got hurt, hunting my Dad."

It was more statement than question.

"Yes, I was there. I'm sorry about what you had to suffer, Scarlett. You've had a difficult time, but I think you deserved it . . . to a point. Hopefully, you will be a better person for it."

"I hope so. I've lost everything - even my hand."

"You're a strong girl, Scarlett. Anything, you need, you let me know, okay. I don't blame people for their pasts, but I expect them to pay for them and do something about it for their future. You've paid for what you've done, so you can now lay out your future in a way that reflects on what you have learnt."

"Thanks - I'll put some thought into that."

"See that you do, Scarlett Radford."

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Amber studied all those around her.

She knew that Scarlett was no *Predator*. The girl had not said much during their short time living together, but she was also very troubled. The missing hand was also something unexpected. Nobody had offered any explanation for who Scarlett Radford was and how she had lost her right hand, and Amber had not pressed. Then, just that morning, she and Scarlett had been dropped off to spend the day with four other kids - one was a nutcase with no legs, while the other three were reminiscent of that boy whom she had been with when she had been rescued. They were *Predators*, she was certain. Diana intrigued her,

enormously. The girl was an enigma - how did she fit in with the *Predators*? Were any of the kids around her part of *Vengeance*?

Amber was keeping her eyes and ears very much open.

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"Okay, one last exercise before we head back up to the house," Captain Perrin said as everybody finished their tea and some chocolate. "Now, this is a puzzle which has been around for a very long time, only it was then used on a *Die Hard* film. You guys are going to work out the very same puzzle."

The kids were led across the paddock to where there was a tap attached to a fence post, a solid blue plastic water pipe vanished down the post and into the ground. There were three items on a wooden table.

"We have a set of weighing scales - that's for if you succeed," Captain McFadden explained. "Then we have two empty plastic water containers - a five gallon and a 3 gallon."

"I've seen this!" Jordan exclaimed. "They have to defuse a bomb - it was a puzzle."

"Well done, Jordan," Captain McFadden chuckled. "You need to get exactly four gallons into the five-gallon container. Once done, we shall weigh the container and see if you are right. Good luck."

The six kids scrambled for the containers . . . and the tap.

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"So, you've seen this movie?" Dakota asked Jordan.

"Yes."

"So, how do we do this, then?"

"I don't remember," Jordan replied.

"Crap!"

"Okay," Diana mused. "How are we going to do this - estimation?"

"That won't be accurate enough," Amber reasoned.

"Let's fill these up," Dakota suggested to Scarlett.

Scarlett blamed Dakota, who blamed Scarlett. Either way, one of the containers had got blasted out of Dakota's hands, soaking the girl's trousers. The dropped container had splashed its limited contents all over Scarlett, and both girls were giggling as they tried to turn off the tap which was spewing ice-cold water everywhere. Before they could regain control of the stream, the two dogs decided to get in on the act, their jaws snapping at the water as they tried to drink from it. They were both quickly very wet and they soon ran off to shake themselves over the other kids who all screamed (Jordan yelled).

Once the dogs had scattered to chase each other around the paddock, the kids went back to the puzzle in hand.

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Sinead watched intently as the six youngsters proceeded to get themselves cold and wet while they tried out various methods to reach their goal.

It was amusing, to be honest, especially as they were all laughing, despite some of them not knowing the others before that morning. They had all worked as

a team in the first task, completing it with distinction. The current task was stretching their brains to breaking point, she figured. She knew that all six were highly intelligent, especially the *Predators*, but even then, they were struggling. Each was contributing their own attempt at a solution, but despite plenty of water splashing everywhere, they were no nearer a solution. Then Charlotte had an idea.

"Fill the big container to the top," she directed, and Jordan did so. "Okay: fill the small container from the big container. That leaves two gallons in the big container, right?"

"I think I see where you're going," Amber commented, as she took over. "Jordan, empty that small container completely onto the ground."

Jordan did so.

"Now," Charlotte continued. "Pour the two gallons from the big container into the small container . . . good. Now go fill the big container up again, please."

Jordan did so, getting wetter in the process.

"We have two gallons in the small container and five in the big container," Charlotte summed up. "If we carefully fill the small container from the big container. . ."

"We'll have three gallons in the small container and *FOUR* gallons in the big container!" Dakota squealed in delight. "Sorry."

Jordan very carefully followed instructions before he lowered the large container onto the weighing scales. Sinead stepped forward to check the readout.

"Brilliant!" she announced, producing smiles all around.

That evening

Captain Perrin was relaxing in the living room while Charlotte was chatting with Scarlett, Amber, Jordan, and Diana - Sinead and Dakota had already headed home.

Sasha and Nika both perked up at the sounds of vehicles pulling up outside. Both then scrambled to their eight paws and vanished in search of the new arrivals. First in the door were Natasha and Cameron.

"You two have fun?" they asked Scarlett and Amber.

"It was actually good fun," Amber admitted with some reluctance. "Thanks, Captain Perrin."

"No problem, young lady."

"Thank you, sir," Scarlett added.

"Always welcome."

"Thanks for keeping an eye on them," Natasha said with a smile.

"It was a good day," Richard Perrin chuckled as he spied a naval uniform at the door.

"Daddy!" Sarah exploded as Cameron, Natasha, Scarlett, and Amber left. "I got promoted!"

"Lieutenant, eh!" Captain Perrin chuckled, always pleased when his daughter was in her uniform. "Told you it would come - and you deserve it, Sarah."

"Thank you!" Sarah replied, so happy at her promotion and her father's kind words. "Look!"

Sarah thrust a small box at her father. He opened it to see the Queen's Gallantry Medal and he felt further pride for his eldest daughter. He was about to congratulate her when an identical box was thrust under his nose by his youngest daughter. He opened the box to find an identical medal. His pride simply grew as he pulled both of his daughters down into a hug.

"I'm very proud of the both of you - well done!"

"Didn't they do well?" Alexandra Perrin grinned as she entered the room.

She was very happy that her husband was able to be home to share in his daughter's triumphs. As he released his daughters, another naval officer entered the room. Lieutenant-Commander Keira Sharp grinned happily.

"Keira gained her half stripe, Daddy," Sarah blurted out.

"Well done, Commander," Captain Perrin said as he stood up. "You deserve it - the DFC, too. How's Harper?"

"She's fine!" Harper said as she limped into the room, a crutch in her right hand. "Here's Keira's DFC - I have a QGM."

"I know - congratulations, all of you," Richard Perrin announced as the other kids flooded into the room.

Kaitlin and Naomi were beaming happily.

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It was with great relief that they finally returned home.

Keira wanted out of her uniform and Harper needed to rest - she had avoided using a crutch at Balmoral, but she was now struggling. Diana was concerned, so she had taken custody of Harper and helped her out of the dress and into some pyjamas before finding Harper's numerous tablets for pain and the host of other ailments which afflicted her. After a brief supper, they all retired to the living room. Diana actually fell asleep, as did Keira, leaving Harper alone. Harper took the private time to examine her sister's medal.

The face of the medal featured aeroplane propellers superimposed on the vertical arms of the cross and wings on the horizontal arms. The ribbon was white with purple broad diagonal stripes. The reverse featured the Royal Cypher in the centre and the year of issue, 2016, was engraved on the lower arm. On the reverse of the left arm, the medal was engraved: 'Lt K Sharp'.

Harper pulled out her own medal. She stared at it and her sister's medal with tears streaming down her face. It had all come so close to not happening. Keira would have still gained her medal, but she would not have been there to see her sister invested by The Queen and promoted by the Prime Minister. Mary had advised Harper that she would have still received a medal if she had not been rescued - it would have been posthumous, and Keira would have received it on her behalf.

"You okay?"

Harper looked up to see Diana looking down at her. Harper grinned as she put the medals away.

"Yeah - it's just been a busy day," she replied as she wiped her eyes.

"Time for bed, you two," Keira said as she stood up tiredly and stretched.

It took a few minutes for Diana to help Harper up the stairs to bed. Harper still hated being the invalid - which was made even more weird by the fact that she was being helped around by a girl with no legs. Harper was glad to be lying down and her limbs could rest.

Keira knelt down beside Harper's bed.

The QGM resided in its box, the lid open beside the bed.

"Well done, today," Keira said as she gently moved Harper's hair away from her face. "I am very proud of you."

"I'm proud of you, too. I know that the promotion means a lot to you."

"It's amazing to finally reach that rank - a lot has happened since I was a snotty like Sarah. What you went through . . . it all went through my mind again and it was a struggle to keep it together."

"I survived, and you survived - that's all what matters. We also now have a wacky nutcase living with us, too."

"I heard that!"

"One day that habit of yours will get you into serious trouble, Diana!" Harper growled.

"Sorry . . . is that your medal?"

"No - it's a toy from a cereal box!"

"So sarcastic!" Diana groaned as she studied the medal. "You deserve it, Harper."

"Shame I can't tell anybody about it," Harper sighed pointedly.

"I understand," Diana replied, getting the message. "Goodnight, guys."

"Night, Diana," Harper called out.

Keira switched out the light and then switched out Diana's light.

"Goodnight, Diana," Keira said. "Goodnight, Harper. Sleep tight, both of you."