

Four town bombers...see how they hide



SEE

HOW

THEY

HIDE

CLARE REVELL

an Ellery & York whodunit

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Dedication

For Jess, who's been begging, uh...nagging, ummm
demanding, hmm asking me to write this book for
years. Well, here it is. The part you haven't read, yet no
doubt will give me the death stare over, storm into the
room, yell how could you, and storm out again. I might
just have to hide for at least a year after you read this
one...

What People are Saying

Thursdays Child

Ms. Revell has certainly twisted a real heartbreaker here while keeping some deep, dark secrets hidden from us. First, what could be more heartbreaking than an emergency responder not being able to help a loved one in a life threatening, touch and go situation? And this is just the opening! Donna B. Snow

Wow! *Dark Streets Shineth* might just be my new favorite Christmas book. The combination of an intriguing mystery and a romance (complicated by workplace issues) kept me turning the pages. - Erin Stevenson

1

SATURDAY APRIL 18. RACE DAY 12:45 PM

Taking one last glance over his shoulder at his partner, DS Zander Ellery eased his way back into the throng of runners making their way to the halfway point of the Headley Cross Marathon. He'd start with a jog and run properly once he was under the train viaduct, just beyond the half marathon finish line.

The race divided at the metal gantry just before the arched bridge. Those completing the half marathon headed under the bridge and into the cinema car park. The remaining runners carried on under the viaduct and continued a further thirteen miles to the football stadium.

At least that was the plan, or who knew? Perhaps the route ahead would change due to the current security threat although he doubted it. What had begun a couple of weeks ago as a normal day had turned into a ten-day headache. A prison break, which was not their case as all escapees had been criminals that he and Isabel had put away; a bomb threat against the marathon that no one had been able to convince the mayor was real; and the reappearance of someone they hoped never to see again— the serial killer Farrell Vixen, who had led them a merry dance around town

on another of his endless games.

Presumably the man was dead. He'd been killed in a copycat Slayer murder the night before last which was fitting in a strange kind of way.

Zander resisted the urge to glance back again. His partner, DC Isabel York, was in good hands. He'd left her in the care of the paramedics and her GP, Dr. Jackson Parker after she'd fallen and dislocated her ankle. He offered to stay but she insisted he'd carried on with the race and catch their colleague DC Jason August, so at least two of the three blind mice would finish the marathon. She'd even promised he could live on the bragging rights for a few months. Although no doubt she'd renege on that. However, he intended to make full use of said bragging rights. He'd even hang the medal around the lamp on his desk where she could see it every single day.

He eased the straps of Isabel's backpack on his shoulders. Why had he agreed to wear it with her daft bear sticking out? Maybe what he should do is shove the bear into the bag and do it up.

Zander glanced up at the clock on the gantry as he reached the halfway point. Thirteen miles down and thirteen to go. His time wasn't great but better than he expected. It could be a lot worse. The runners stopping at the half-way point took the right-hand turn into the vast cinema complex as this year the marathon offered the choice of the full twenty-six miles or a half option of thirteen. Ahead of him, stood the low railway arch of the viaduct that had caught out many a lorry and bus driver over the years. For an instant, he considered

stopping, but didn't. He jogged on towards the bridge. Once under there, it was up hill for a while. Then the route straightened out for several miles up to the ring road.

As he got under the bridge, he spotted Tony and Will, members of his squad. They must have drawn scene guard here. He jogged over to them and ran on the spot so not to break his rhythm again. "How's it going?"

Tony leaned one foot against the brick wall of the bridge behind him. "Fine. A lot cooler under here than it is out there. Jason is about ten minutes ahead of you if not more. What happened to Isabel? Did she give up at the halfway point?"

"She fell by the garden centre and dislocated her ankle." Zander pointed back the way he'd come. "I left her with the paramedics. She was only doing the half anyway."

Will tugged at the bear's ears. "Why are you carrying a teddy in a rucksack?"

"It's Isabel's. She was carrying the pack and wanted him to finish the race as she's unable to now. She asked me to take him the rest of the way. Since I'm already dressed as a mouse, I figured I might as well. Plus, it's got the radio."

"It suits you." Will pulled his phone out and took a photograph. "One for the dartboard."

Zander pulled a face. "I'm going to go before you take any more photos."

A train whistle blasted from somewhere over head.

Will raised a hand. "See you later."

Zander carried on running under the bridge and back into the sunshine, around the corner. Something niggled in his mind. Why did a bear, a rucksack, and a bridge sound so familiar? He wasn't sure. It was probably nothing. The last ten days had been a series of clues that lead nowhere. A mass of texts, anagrams, and Bible verses, which had promised much but delivered little.

At least now the case would be over when the race was finished. The 'significant threat' against the marathon had turned out to be nothing more than an id—

A sound louder than he'd ever experienced made him duck as the ground rocked under his feet.

Zander staggered, almost losing his balance as he stopped running. His ears rang. Wherever that was, it was close. Multiple crashing sounds echoed. He spun around. A huge cloud of smoke rose into the air, thick, churning, spiralling upwards.

Around him the race turned into confusion. Dust filled the air, blurring his vision.

Momentary panic flooded Zander before he snapped into work mode. He ran over to a crouched race marshal. "Stop the race now!"

He tugged the radio from Isabel's backpack, and returned the way he'd come. He should have put his phone in there and not left it with DCI Britton.

He turned on the radio. "This is DS Ellery," he yelled. "There's been an explosion at the halfway marathon point by the cinema car park. Stop the race

and start an evac. I need a list of all the runners and their numbers, so we can account for everyone. All emergency responders..." He broke off as he rounded the corner.

The central span of the viaduct had gone.

A smoking pile of rubble filled the gap across the road.

A train had been crossing when the bridge collapsed. Fallen carriages, some ripped apart, lay strewn across the road and surrounding houses.

Flames leapt from some of the houses and at least one of the carriages.

His stomach pitted. *God, please, help me...Tony and Will are under there.*

Zander sucked in a deep breath as he removed the costume. "I'm declaring a major incident." He was still yelling, trying to hear his voice over the incessant ringing in his ears. "Headley Viaduct is gone. There's a train derailed and several of the carriages are on the roadway. Multiple fires and casualties. Stop all the trains and get as many first responders here as you can."

He edged forwards carefully. It looked like a war zone or something out of a disaster film. Other first responders appeared along with other runners, all eager to help. A tannoy overhead crackled. "All runners please report to the stewards. Due to an incident the race is cancelled. Report to a steward and give them your name and race number. Everyone else is to leave the area immediately."

In front of him, a train carriage lay on its side.

Several fire fighters emerged in full kit out of the smoke. Zander strode towards them, relieved he was no longer here alone. "That was fast."

The crew manager of Red Watch in his white hat was easy to spot. Crew Manager Butler wore a grim expression. "We weren't far away. I need to go check what's left of the bridge and report back. There could be more structural failure. I won't be long." The crew manager secured his helmet strap and walked toward the billows of smoke.

A second firefighter patted his shoulder. "You need to leave this to us," Jared Harkin spoke.

Zander turned to the man. "Let me help."

"You're helping by securing the scene. You're trained for that. Go manage this crime scene and let us do what we're trained for."

As if on cue, the radio crackled. "Control to DS Ellery."

"Here," he responded.

"You've been made Incident Commander. We need an urgent status update."

"The viaduct is gone. There are two carriages left standing on the tracks eastward, the engine and one carriage left to the west. It's a Great Western train, so it'll have been packed. The rest of the train is on either side of the embankment, the road, or the houses. Several fires—" he slowly turned "—at least three houses and two, possibly three, train carriages. No clue on casualties, but there will be a lot. I have six firefighters with me on the north side. We need to divide the response between north and south of the

viaduct. Send everything you have and put in a request to all neighbouring forces—that's all three emergency services. Put all area hospitals on high alert. I repeat this is a major incident."

He paused. "Remind everyone of major incident protocol. The tag system is to be used. If you can't save someone, leave them. No one is to use CPR."

He tagged off the backpack, wondering what else Isabel had put in it. Nothing useful. On the ground below him, he saw a child crying. Zander clambered carefully towards the child. "Hi. What's your name?"

The small child looked up at him. Her red top and shorts and long blonde plaits were covered in dirt and dust. "Emily Anne Bonner. I can't find my mummy."

"Nice to meet you, Emily. I'm Zander. I'm a policeman. Let's get you somewhere safe and I'll look for your mummy. Were you on the train?"

"No. We were watching over there." She pointed to the left where the bridge used to be.

He sucked in a deep breath. "Let's get you safe and I shall go and look for her. What's her name?"

"Mummy." Emily's bottom lip quivered.

"Is your Daddy running?"

"Daddy is at work. He answers the 999 calls."

"Then I shall get a message to him." Zander took the bear from the backpack. The child needed comforting, but he needed to work. He'd repurpose Isabel's bear as a trauma bear. She'd make the same decision if she were in his place. "This is a very special bear. His name is Ishmael. He'd very much like to stay with you now. Would you like to look after him whilst

I look for your mummy?"

She hesitated, then moved her head up and down, holding out a hand to him.

"He's yours to keep." Zander gave her the bear and picked her up. He carried her over to a uniformed officer. "I'm DS Ellery."

The uniformed officer held out a yellow jacket with IC written on it. "Control said to give you this, Sarge."

"Thank you. This is Emily Bonner. She's lost her mummy. Could you take her somewhere safe?" He handed Emily, who was still clutching the bear, to the uniformed officer and took the coat.

"Yes, Sarge. They're setting up triage in the school."

Zander slid into the reflective jacket. He hadn't worn one of these since his stint as a uniformed officer years ago. "Good. Take her there. Emily, I'm going to go and look for your mum. Keep tight hold of the bear. He's yours now." He made his way back to the bridge, hitting the radio as he did. "Control, get an urgent message to one of the 999 operators. Surname Bonner. Tell him his daughter is safe and been taken to the school."

More emergency vehicles had arrived. Zander stopped by a nearby uniformed officer. "Make the school a muster point. Take all the survivors there and set up triage. Stay there and keep a record of everyone who arrives, whether they are treated or not." He strode across to Crew Manager Butler, the man's white helmet making him easier to see. He knew him from

church. "Rhett, how stable is that viaduct?"

"Not very. I've radioed Network Rail and asked them to send a team to assess the damage and offer advice as to our next move. I assumed the trains have been stopped but repeated that request."

Zander grunted. "I did ask for that to be done. Last thing we need is the next fast train to London ploughing into what's left up there. Or coming down on top of this lot."

Rhett tugged at the jacket. "They made you Incident Commander, then?"

"Yup. If you need anything, just ask. I just gave orders to move the injured to the school. The dead stay where they are, for now." He caught sight of something moving in the rubble to his left. He ran over.

A hand was sticking out from a pile of debris.

He started shifting rubble and heard a groan. "I need some help over here!" He moved some more bricks and uncovered a head and a gushing arm wound. He clamped his hand over the gash. "Hold still. We're here and will get you out as soon as we can."

Jared and Rhett ran over to help.

"Do either of you have a pressure dressing?" Zander gazed down reassuringly at the woman trapped under the rubble. "Hi. I'm Zander. What's your name?"

"Penelope. I need to find my daughter."

Zander took the pressure dressing from Jared and applied it to the arm wound. "We'll find her," he

assured the woman. "What's her name?"

"Her name is Emily. She's seven. She's wearing a red top."

Relief tweaked the edges of Zander's concern for her. "That makes you 'mummy' then. Emily was asking for you. She's safe. She's been taken to the school where they're holding triage."

Rhett stopped shifting the rubble.

Zander glanced up. Penelope was speared by a metal pole through her stomach. He turned his attention back to her. "It's really important you don't move."

The woman blinked, her hand shaking. "I'm going to die, aren't I?"

Zander exchanged a glance with Rhett and turned back to the woman. There was nothing they could do. "I've asked someone to contact your husband to let him know Emily's safe."

"Thank you..." The voice was weaker now. "It's OK...he works the phones...I know the protocol. Go help someone else."

A voice from behind him called. "DS Ellery?"

Zander squeezed her hand. "I've got to go. I'm sorry."

A firefighter squatted beside him. "I can stay for a moment. Try to get some more of these bricks off. See if there's anyone else trapped under here."

"Thanks." He stood, brushed his hands on his shorts, and headed in the direction of the voice. He'd always hated this major incident protocol and now even more so. "Yes, constable?"

A uniformed officer held out a phone. "Sir, this is for you. It's DCI Britton."

"Thank you. Sir, it's Zander."

"What's it like your side? Are you hurt?"

Relief filled Zander at the sound of a familiar voice. At least one person from the squad was OK. "I'm fine. It's an absolute mess here, and control made me Incident Commander, but you outrank me. How are you?"

"Few scrapes, but I can walk. I can't deal with both sides of the bridge at once, you keep IC, and I'll liaise with you. Have you seen anyone else?"

"No. I know Tony and Will were under the bridge when I passed them. Our priority must be getting those we can save out of the train and rubble before anything else. Injured are going to the school on this side, and dead stay in situ. Is the cinema damaged at all?"

"Car park's a mess, but the building itself is fine."

"Good. Then I suggest you use the cinema as triage your side."

"Sounds good, Zander. Shout if you need anything."

"Will do. Have you seen Isabel?"

"Not since before the explosion. I'll keep an eye out."

"Thanks." Zander ended the call and held out the phone.

"Keep it sir. I'll get it back off you later. You'll be easy to see in that coat."

Another explosion erupted behind him. His heart

cinched.

Zander spun around to see a cloud of smoke and
flame rise to the west.

Wasn't one bomb enough?

2

Isabel's hands slid in the blood which seemed to be everywhere as she reached for the rabbit's head, Boaz's head, which was no longer attached to his body.

A pair of hands grabbed her, pulling her away.

The person said something, but she was having trouble hearing anything above the whining in her ears. "No. I have to stay with Boaz." She didn't want to leave him. Not like this. Even her own voice was muffled. Was she shouting at him? It was hard to tell.

"There's nothing we can do for him. We need to get you safe and checked over."

Isabel shook her head, groaning as pain shot down her spine. "I'm fine."

"No, miss, you're not." The man scooped her up and carried her to the side.

Isabel cried, hot tears pouring down her cheeks as she watched the rabbit over the man's shoulder. She couldn't make sense of what she saw around her. There was a train and piles of rubble. She blinked hard and wiped the blood from her face again. "Where's the bridge?"

"It's gone." The man set her down by a wall.

"Who are you?" She asked.

"Phillip. I'm one of the runners. What's your