



# JERICHO WRITERS

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After removing their boots, the three of them were required to surrender their weapons and armour to the school guard for safekeeping. They did not protest, though Jun noticed that Vingr lookeding equally as uncomfortable with the idea as she did.

Their rooms were small<sub>;</sub> a sliding door opening onto a low bed that stretched the width the room, with only a metre of space in front of it. The walls were thin, enough to put them off discussing anything further before falling ento-ainto bed.

Jun still felt a faint itch, too subtle to be sure whether it was supernatural, but persistent enough to plague her mind with paranoia. She would need to find the others in the morning; they should, calmly meander to some quiet space to plan their next steps. Jun tried not to cast unfounded suspicion on the identity of those they had met, though the words of recognition the headteacher had provided gave her cause for concern.

Jun fought against these thoughts as she tried to find sleep, but her rest was as disturbed as it had been the first night after the succubus attack. That<sub>is</sub> only gave her more reason to be anxious~~for~~. What if the discomfort was the demon in the wall following her? How could she have led it to a school?

Though she had been awake for an hour, Jun did not rise until she heard movement from the room to theher left. One of her allies had taken it, though she forgot which. -As theirHer neighbour's door slid open, and she counted two seconds thenbefore openinged her own. She flinched\*. A pile of fresh silks, scented and luxurious, were laid outside her door. She looked to the side and saw that it was Vingr thatwho had emerged<sub>;</sub> he himselfwas looking at another pile outside his own door. He screwed his nose up at them but took them into histhe room.

*Editor: Perhaps 'blinked' or 'stopped' would work better here? Flinching implies fear, or shock, rather than a response to finding something unexpected but innocuous.
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Jun changed and emerged, wearing a pink dress with a chartreuse sash. Vingr was waitinged in the hall, the shadows of early morning still claiming his face. He beckoned for Jun to follow him. The pair walked out of the dormitory building and into the courtyard. Vingr moved towards the gate, but Jun grabbed his arm.

'It would be uncouth to leave without word, especially for me,' she said.

'I'm just trying to find somewh-'

‘Yes, I know.’ Jun tugged him in the opposite direction. ‘Come, we’ll find the gardens.’

It had been hard to see from ~~thae~~ distance and ~~within the light of~~ the setting sun, but lodged between the walls and each of the larger buildings, ~~the~~ the dormitories and presumably the study rooms, water gardens had been cultivated. Even in the shade, vibrant greens, pinks and blues brought some joy to the school. She ~~hooked~~linked her arm ~~with~~in Vingr’s and spoke in hushed tones.

‘The headteacher has enforced an invitation of courtesy,’ Jun said. ‘We shall have to stay here for at least another two nights.’

‘I got that sense,’ Vingr whispered back. ‘~~t~~Though I don’t understand it.’

Jun sighed. ‘Yes, it won’t be the first or the last enigma, I’m sure.’