

"I think I just met the happiest person in the world," said Jessica. She wiped her face with the back of her hand and watched my face. I raised an eyebrow to show her I was interested.

"He sat on the side of the path, singing to himself," she explained. "Everyone was rushing past to get to the temple. I should be in the temple, but here I am, sitting in here with you again."

"Come on," she said. "Let's go and see him!" Jessica stood up and knocked over her glass of water. The water spilled over the table and onto my legs.

"Sorry!" said Jessica. "Don't worry," I said. Jessica was a powerful witch. It was an honour to spend time with her so I stood up and followed her out of the café.

People looked at the big patch of liquid. It was embarrassing, but I ignored them and tried to keep up with Jessica who was nearly running.

Jessica turned and took my hand. She laughed at me, then pulled me along behind her. "Come on, before he disappears!"

The man was lying on his back on a grassy patch between the side of a house and the town hall. His arms were spread apart and his legs positioned unnaturally.

Dark liquid flowed from his trousers, trickling from the grass onto the stone ground of the street. "Jessica," I said. "... I think he's a drunk. Let's leave him alone."

"Oh no!" cried Jessica. "What happened? What is that liquid?"

I noticed the liquid was red. It was blood. "I think he's been attacked! We've got to help him!" I dropped to the man's side and checked his pulse. I felt nothing. And he wasn't breathing, either. He was dead.