

The Feidi is still burning as the cab winds its way through The Lower City towards the Tian Ti space elevator. Ahead, a food depot has been reduced to a burned husk, smoke drifting from the empty sockets of broken windows. A truck, half-loaded with salvage, sits by the side of the road, surrounded by gloomy-faced workers like a circle of mourners.

I wince as something scraps the roof of the cab: a piece of red and yellow tarpaulin, like the ones covering the Mboga market stalls. How far are we from the *Two Horsemen*? Is anything left of that place?

I close my eyes. I don't want to know. In an hour I'll be in the elevator, out of Kenya and out of Earth for close to a century. By the time I return--if I ever return--nobody will remember what I've done.

I clench my fist, the warmth of Jason's tiny fingers imprinted into my flesh. *Where are you going, auntie? Will you bring mummy back?*

Sorry, kiddo. Nobody can bring your mummy back, nor your daddy. They're both dead, and it's all my fault.

On the cab's windscreen, the news cast flickers soundlessly, a mirror to the devastation outside. Thirty dead by now, three hundred wounded. The investigation's already starting, angry voices calling for the leaders of the riots to be brought to justice. Justice. A hollow chuckle shakes my frame, even as some part of me demands that I stay here and face them, that I tell them why I did it and demand they prove me wrong.

It won't work. They'll find a way to hide the truth; they always do.

*You can't take care of that kid from jail.* I shudder as the memory returns: the words, barely louder than my heartbeat, Stepan's closing eyes, the smell of his blood on my hands. The sound of my footsteps as I run away, broken and numb.

I'm doing the right thing. Jason doesn't need *me*; he needs the money that will give him a good start. I'm no use to anyone in the Feidi--but out there I can make all the difference. I'll

be saving lives. This must be more important than watching over the ghosts. It must be.