

For Those Who Trespass

She had the hairiest forearms I'd ever seen so I couldn't eat the bread she baked. Dark, coarse hairs climbed all over her skin. There's no way that wasn't going to find its way into the dough. She was big, like a wrestler or a giant version of a Minion, and her forearms were huge. Huge and hairy. When I was younger, and before I found her lying on the boulangerie floor, I used to think she was a werewolf who baked bread during the day and smothered children to death at night. Eight o'clock would come, she'd flip the sign on her door to fermé, rip off her clothes and hair would pour from her flesh like water sprung from a dam. I had to keep rinsing my mouth out to get rid of the taste. If I'd have gone to school I would have made fun of her with the other girls,

Have you seen the baker on Rue Carrier?

That's not a baker, that's a monster

I love her chocolateeee hairs

Mum would make me cycle to the village to get our daily bread. And to practice my French of course. Some practice: *Bonjour. Deux baguette s'il vous plait*, and, *Merci. Bon journée*. The werewolf wasn't one for conversation, which was fine by me. I tried not to look at her arms. The hill runs down on the way back and before the descent, I would take the baguettes out my rucksack, one in each hand, kick off, shouting *Hairs away*, and cycle with the baguettes held aloft, like a Tour de France winner, blasting any stray black strands that might have fallen on to them. Wouldn't get the ones from the inside but I wasn't going to eat it. One time I stuck a baguette out in front as if I was knight on a horse, galloping towards my foe, lancing the werewolf to death. That was months before she was collapsed though.

When we first came to France, to

Start the next chapter

Who's writing this one?

We are

I don't want to go, so er... how can I be writing it

You'll love it

I'll hate it

Please Lise. Just give it a go

When can I start holding the pen or pressing the keys?

We need this

What's the legal age for being the sole author of –

Enough, Lise

I would eat almost a whole baguette for breakfast, now I just sat pulling it apart, inspecting it. Mum would notice the mess, nor that I hadn't eaten any of it. Home-school – a stupid name, proved that to her, I'll get there in a minute - gave me a lot of time on the internet. Research. I researched werewolves. On Wikipedia, there's pages and pages of stuff. Lycanthrope. That's the fancy word for it. Sounds like some sort King of the Liars. Ly-can-thrope. There 's this terrifying woodcut, no 15 certificate splashed across it, with torn bodies everywhere, and this werewolf is sloping off, looking dead pleased with himself as he grips a baby between his teeth. The mother stands in the doorway, really pissed off, throwing her arms in the air like she's doing this mad dance to some stupid song, looks like mum when she found out some animal or English hating farmer, same thing really, destroyed her vegetable patch. Old potato head, whose fields surround the house, gives us this sort of snarl every time we pass him in his tractor. Once when mum made me go for a walk with her, – she wanted to dig up some

wild daisies and add them to her project – this boom tore through the air, vibrating through our ears to our toes, we both jumped. I threw my arms around her.

I bet it's the farmer

Hunting?

No trying to scare us

Bastard

Lise

He's too mean he wouldn't waste a bullet

Probably thinks it's funny

We should set light to his wheat field. Now that would be funny

She didn't think so. I stood ready to duck as mum squatted down with the daisies, keeping a lookout, waiting to see if he came out of the trees with his snarl and a shotgun pointing at our heads. Mum got lost with her trowel plunging into the soil, working the roots free from their habitat, whilst I worked out the best way to get revenge. Mum didn't need to know.