
IN
BETWEEN
ARTHUR FREUND

In Between

Arthur Freund

Free reading sample

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Prologue

Monday

The clock above the door said twelve forty-eight. Claire knew that time from the night before, and the night before that. At twelve forty-eight the night nurse came in, changed the bag beside the bed, asked if she wanted tea, and left before she could answer.

There was a coffee cup on the windowsill. Someone had stuck a label on it and written her name in marker, so it wouldn't be thrown away. She hadn't drunk from it since lunchtime.

He lay on his back. His left arm was bandaged to the elbow, and wires ran from his chest to the screen. The numbers rose and fell inside a narrow band. In the first days she hadn't taken her eyes off them. Now she could hear the beep change its pitch before she even lifted her head.

The doctor had come in the evening, not in the morning as usual. He sat down in the other chair, and that was what frightened her first. He spoke slowly: swelling, response to pain, pupils. She knew most of the words by now. At the end he said they would give the body a few more days.

'How many?'

'Until Friday. If we haven't seen anything by then, we'll sit down and talk about the options.'

She asked what options. He put a hand on her knee for a moment, and stood up.

It was Monday now. She counted on her fingers, like a child. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

On her phone was a message she had written to his mother that afternoon and not sent. Three lines in careful English, ending with please. She deleted please, typed it again, and turned the phone face down.

At one fifty-one his lips moved.

Claire leaned in. At first she thought it was a breath. Then she heard two syllables, soft, the way you call to someone in the next room.

‘Ella.’

She waited. He said it again, fainter.

For a second she heard French. Elle a. She has. She waited for the rest of the sentence: she has what? Gone, come, forgotten? It didn’t come. And the longer she listened to the way he had said it, the less it sounded like the start of anything. People don’t say the beginning of a sentence like that. They say a name like that.

She didn’t know any Ella.

She peeled the label off the coffee cup, turned it over, and wrote on the sticky side: Ella. 01:51. It was what he would have done. When he needed to remember something, he wrote the time on the back of whatever was nearest.

Then the fingers of his good hand moved on the blanket.

Two knocks. A pause. One more.

The screen beeped in a different key. Claire pressed the button. The nurse came, looked at the numbers, checked his pupils with a small torch, and said it was a reflex. That it happened. That it didn’t mean anything.

When she had gone, Claire laid her fingers on the blanket, close to his hand, and knocked softly. Two. A pause. One.

He didn’t answer.

Outside the window it hadn’t started to get light.

One

The Hill

Ella got back to the hill before the lighthouse came on. She sat down on her usual stone, pulled off a shoe and shook the sand out of it. From here you could see the whole ship. The man in the white shirt was still on deck by the rail, peeling an apple. The peel curled down from his hand, long, and didn't break.

Beyond the ship the sea was darkening, and the windows in the harbour houses came on one after another.

Ella took out the notebook and wrote: The ship hasn't moved.

There was nothing new in that, but she wanted to remember that she'd checked. Underneath she wrote: The way to the house is still open.

The house stood far off, on the other side of the valley. A red roof among trees, and on the top floor a blue window. How long had she sat here waiting for a light in it? She leafed back. There was a drawing of the window on nearly every page. Once she had drawn a boy as well. The face hadn't come out right. She remembered his hair better than his face.

To the right of the harbour another city spread out. It was still daytime there. Lorries stood on a wide road, and people were running between the cars. Ella tried to see what they were running from, but a tall building hid the end of the street.

Between the city and the sea ran a strip of grey ground. No road crossed it, and nobody dreamed it. Yesterday it had been wider.

She drew two lines in the notebook and left a small gap between them. Before she had even closed it, the city moved. Not all of it. One house stayed where it was, and the lorry in front of it, but the bridge crept a

little closer to the harbour. Ella laid the pencil between the two lines and measured by eye. Last time, you could have got through that gap with Jude's umbrella open. Now you'd have to close it.

A woman was walking along the edge of the grey strip. Ella had seen her twice before, always going the same way, always far off, a basket on her arm. This time, as she passed in front of the low sun, the light went through her shoulder the way it goes through a curtain. With every step she grew paler.

Ella looked away, at the ship. When she looked back, the strip was empty. She didn't write that one down.

The man on the deck finished peeling. He didn't throw the apple away. He set it on the rail beside the others and took a new one from his pocket. There were four on the rail now. She wrote down the number.

A wind came off the city, carrying fine dust. The gusts from the sea were damp. When she breathed in, she tasted salt. The sea was nearer. Not by much; only enough that this time she could hear the halyard ringing against the mast. Yesterday she hadn't heard it at all.

A smell of frying onions drifted up from below.

At the bottom of the hill a woman was laying a table. Ella hadn't seen her arrive. Six plates, a bread basket, a large bowl. The table stood on the grass, with no floor under it. The woman ran a hand along the edge of the cloth, and the glasses shifted a little, though she hadn't touched them. Then she looked up.

'There you are,' she called.

Ella stayed on the stone.

'Come on, before it gets cold.'

Her stomach tightened. She couldn't remember when she'd last eaten. In the inside pocket of her coat were three buttons, a pencil and a coil of rope. She checked the other pocket too, though she knew there was

no food in it.

The woman cut a slice from the dark loaf and put it on a plate with a blue stripe round the rim.

Ella stood up.

By the path there was a metal post. She tied the end of the rope to it, tested the knot, and wound the other end round her waist. Then she went down carefully. The rope reached exactly as far as the row of white stones in front of the table.

The woman pulled out a chair for her.

‘I thought you weren’t coming.’

‘I’ll just take some bread.’

‘You can sit down.’

Ella reached for the basket.

And at that moment she remembered that the woman was angry with her. She was late for dinner. Again. She was supposed to have helped. She drew her hand back.

‘Sorry,’ she said.

The woman nodded, as if that was exactly the word she’d been waiting for.

A moment ago Ella hadn’t known her. Now she knew where the woman kept the bread, and which side of the table she was never to sit on. She moved one foot back. The rope pressed against her waist.

From the next room came the scrape of a chair.

There had been a table here, and grass. Now there was a wall behind the woman, with a doorway in it. Floorboards ran right up to the white stones, and one of the stones had already vanished under a plank.

‘Take your coat off, Ella.’

She gripped her collar. ‘How do you know my name?’

The woman stared at her. ‘Don’t start.’

Ella knew now that she was her daughter. The knowledge was warm and familiar, and yet she couldn’t remember a single day she’d spent with her. She wanted to sit down and eat. She wanted to open the notebook. The two wants pulled in different directions.

The light in the blue window came on.

She turned at once. In the house across the valley a boy stood at the glass. He raised a hand and knocked twice, waited, and knocked once more. She shouldn’t have been able to hear knocking from that distance. She heard it perfectly.

A man came out of the doorway behind the table.

Ella couldn’t see his face. He stood outside the light, but his shadow reached her chair. She got up at once and gave him the chair. That was what you did when he came in, because it was his house. She knew that, and the knowing frightened her.

The rope went taut across her stomach.

Ella looked up at the post. She had tied herself to it so that she could get back. It was a small thought, but it was hers.

She pulled on the rope. The chair caught her legs. The woman grabbed her sleeve.

‘Where are you off to now?’

Ella pulled again. The sleeve tore, and she fell back onto the grass. She crawled across the white stones, got up, and ran all the way to the post.

Only there did she stop.

The dinner went on below. The man sat in the chair she had given up, the woman poured for him, and another chair was already waiting for Ella. She looked at her hands. They still wanted to clear things out of his way.

It was a while before she could climb back to the stone.

The boy was no longer in the window. Ella opened the notebook at the last page. Under the drawing of the house a name was written.

Noah.

She read it aloud. The pull of the table weakened a little.

Below, the floor went on growing. A new plank covered another white stone.

If it kept on like this, it would reach the post.

Ella wrote that down, shut the notebook, and got up to look for Jude.

Two

The Way Between

Jude arrived while she was still trying to untie the rope from the post. He laid his umbrella on the ground and crouched by the knot.

‘You pulled hard,’ he said.

‘She didn’t want me to leave.’

‘Who?’

Ella pointed at the table. The woman was gone, and so was the man. The floor had stayed. It reached halfway to where they were.

‘Did you take anything?’

‘Bread.’

She put a hand in her pocket. Instead of bread she found a fork. When she saw it, she heard the woman again, saying we don’t eat with our fingers.

Jude took the fork from her and flung it down onto the floor. It landed beside the blue-striped plate. Ella took a deep breath. The memory of the woman was still there, but not so close.

‘I’m not her daughter,’ she said.

‘I know.’

‘Down there I was sure I was.’

Jude worked the knot loose. ‘Let’s get away before you’re sure again.’

They climbed back up the hill. The city on the right of the horizon had grown. The road came out between the houses, and at the end of it stood the bridge. Facing it, the water was coming on. Between the two

was left a narrow strip of grey ground.

‘We crossed there yesterday,’ she said.

‘We won’t today.’

He sat down beside her and opened the umbrella. Patches of other fabrics were sewn into the black. One was white, with fine embroidery on it. Ella touched it.

‘Where were you?’

‘At a wedding. I had to go through it to get to the other side.’

‘Whose?’

‘I’d rather not try to remember.’

Ella drew her knees up to her chest. They had known each other long enough that she didn’t ask again. Jude had found her once beside a door that stood on its own in the grey. He gave her the coat, and after that he came back now and then, bringing something to eat or news that some road had closed. She didn’t know where he stayed when he went.

‘What happens when the water reaches the bridge?’ she asked.

‘I saw a road go into a bedroom once.’

‘And?’

‘Cars drove past the bed. The man in it didn’t wake up.’

‘What happened to the room?’

‘The road took it.’

Ella tried to picture that. From the hill she could see where each place ended. Inside them she was never sure of anything. At the table she hadn’t even noticed when the wall appeared.

‘I saw Noah,’ she said.

Jude closed the umbrella.

She showed him the house. There was only the red roof among the trees now; the light in the window had gone out.

‘He knocked,’ she said. ‘Twice, and then once more.’

‘Like you told me.’

Before Jude knew her, she used to sit by Noah’s bed. A boy of six, who asked her to count the stripes on his blanket with him. She remembered his small hand, and the voice he called her in when she moved away from the room. The rest of the house she remembered less well.

‘He was waiting for me,’ she said.

‘You don’t know how much time has passed for him.’

‘He looked the same.’

‘That doesn’t tell you much.’

Ella stood up.

‘I have to get to him.’

‘Do you remember what happened last time you went into that house?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then open the notebook again.’

On the first page were her name and a few short facts. Further on she had written down things she’d forgotten while she was inside, and remembered once she was out. Next to a drawing of a bed she had written: When I’m there I want to stay. Afterwards I don’t understand why.

She closed the notebook.

‘He shouldn’t be in there on his own.’

‘Maybe he isn’t.’

At the bottom of the hill something creaked. The post tilted. The floor had reached its foot.

Ella went two steps down. On one of the planks was a round mark, paler than the wood around it. She knew it. Noah had spilled milk there once.

‘It’s his floor.’

The planks went on growing, towards the trees this time. The table and the plate stood on them as if they belonged to the same room.

‘His house is coming here,’ she said.

‘Maybe it’s trying to take you back.’

‘If I stay, it’ll reach me anyway.’

Jude was quiet for a while. ‘There’s another way. Longer. By train.’

Ella opened the notebook and wrote: I’m going to Noah. Jude is with me. I want to come out again.

She showed him. He read it and nodded.

‘If you start forgetting, I’ll ask you to take it out. Don’t argue with me.’

They went down the far side of the hill. Behind them the post creaked and fell. Ella stopped. The planks had covered it to halfway. The place where she had sat for so long was part of another place now.

The way to the station ran down beside a low stone wall. Ella knew the wall, but not the things leaning against it now: a bicycle with no front wheel, a surgery timetable, a glass door with the word OPEN taped to it.

Halfway down there was a street lamp. It was lit, though it wasn’t dark yet. Jude stopped under it.

‘Just a minute,’ he said.

He rubbed his wrist, as if the walk had made it ache. Ella went a few steps further and waited. From there she could see, at the far edge of the grey, someone standing very still, holding a dark bag. When Jude raised his head, the figure turned and walked away.

‘Who was that?’

Jude looked over. ‘I didn’t see anyone.’

He caught up with her, and didn’t stop again until the station.

At the entrance stood a revolving door. In front of it two children were arguing about who’d go in first, each holding one end of a suitcase. Ella went between them. In the glass she saw her reflection, and after it Jude’s. For a split second he was holding a baby instead of the umbrella, close against his chest, his hand under the small head. Jude looked down, as if he had seen it too. When the door came round, he was holding only the black cloth and the bent shaft.

He said nothing. Ella didn’t ask.

‘I’m not sure this is a good idea,’ she said.

‘There’s no other way through.’

She pulled the notebook strap tight against her body and went in after him.

Three

Tickets

The station was lying on its side. Jude led Ella between two beams, along what had once been the roof. Out of the ground below rose benches, a clock and a complaints box. The clock showed the same time whenever they looked at it.

He dropped from the last beam and landed beside a yellow line that ran the length of the platform. Ella followed. All at once the station was standing upright, and she was the one tilting. She spread her arms and found her balance. Behind them was a flight of stairs. The beams had gone.

On the platform were people in work clothes, a couple with suitcases, and a woman trying to get a baby to sleep in a pram. A man in a grey coat checked his watch, then the platform clock, and asked the woman next to him when the train was ever going to come. She didn't answer.

'Whose dream is this?' Ella asked.

'Someone who's afraid of being late.'

'For what?'

'When we find out, we should get off.'

A train came in without slowing and without a sound, and stopped dead. For a moment the first carriage was so close she could see the condensation on the window and the circle someone had wiped in it to look out.

Jude took her wrist. 'We get on, go through to the last carriage and get off the other side. From there we can reach the house from the back, without walking on his floor. Stay next to me.'

The doors opened. They got on.

The heat was the first thing. Then a smell of wet coats, and of an orange someone had started to peel. A heavy tiredness came down on Ella, the tiredness of a long shift. The carriage was full, and people were looking at her with quiet anger.

‘About time,’ said the passenger by the window. He held out a crumpled ticket without looking up from his phone. ‘I’ve been waiting since the last station.’

Ella took the ticket before she could think. In her other hand was a ticket punch.

She stopped.

A silver stripe had appeared on her sleeve. Her coat now fastened with two rows of buttons. Jude was still standing beside her, but his hand had dropped from her arm, and he was looking past her shoulder.

‘Ticket,’ she said to him.

‘Ella.’

‘Your ticket.’

He put a hand in his pocket. He hasn’t got one, she thought, and at the same time she knew he got on like this every time, that they’d warned her about him, that if she let him through again she’d lose the job. She needed the money. The rent had gone up. Last month she’d paid late.

Pale stripes appeared on Jude’s trousers. Ella recognised them as prison clothes, without knowing how she was so sure.

‘Open the notebook,’ he said.

‘He’s holding everyone up,’ said the passenger by the window.

‘I came with her,’ Jude said. He sounded younger.

Ella was embarrassed for him. The whole carriage was watching. She knew exactly what to do: at the end of the carriage was a service compartment that locked from the outside. He could sit in there till they arrived.

Her hand went out to his arm.

Jude stepped back. A man with a suitcase stood up and blocked the aisle.

‘Him again?’ he said.

Jude took something small from his pocket and put it in her palm.

A button.

Brown, with three holes instead of four. She knew it. She had sewn it onto his umbrella, crooked, and then unpicked it because the fabric had torn round the stitches. He had kept it in his pocket ever since, sewn to nothing.

She tried to say his name.

What came out was: ‘The passenger.’

‘Don’t do this,’ he said. ‘I won’t be able to remember from inside.’

The man with the suitcase already had him by the shoulder.

The notebook was in her left pocket. Ella pulled it out and opened it where the pencil kept the page. Her writing ran on a slant, because she’d written it walking. I’m going to Noah. Jude is with me. I want to come out again.

Jude.

The name came back to her like something dropped and found again. The trust didn’t come with it. Before she got on the train he had been her friend; now she felt a stranger was trying to trick her. She was about to close the notebook when she remembered another line, at the

bottom of an earlier page: I don't have a child.

In the little room she rented above the shop, a child was asleep. She could see him under the green duvet. She could see the clothes she'd laid out for the morning, her mug of tea on the windowsill. She bit her lip until it hurt, and read the page again.

One of them was lying. The notebook or the memory.

Suddenly she badly wanted to throw the notebook away.

'Let go of him,' she said to the man.

'But he—'

'I've checked.'

The man didn't let go. Ella took the ticket from the passenger by the window, punched it, and pressed it into Jude's hand.

'Hang on,' said the passenger, lowering his phone. 'That's mine.'

The stripes on Jude's trousers faded. He straightened up. Ella shoved him on before the passenger could get to his feet. They pushed between the seats. Someone caught her sleeve and told her to stop. She pulled her arm free.

At the end of the carriage there was a door. Beyond it another carriage, and another. In the third they recognised the suitcase that had blocked the aisle. They were back in the first carriage. The passenger by the window stood up as they came in.

'That's my ticket.'

The window to Ella's right was full of night. In the glass a blue door was reflected.

She turned. At the far end of the carriage, beyond the passengers' heads, stood Noah's door. Not the door to his room; the door at the end of the corridor, the one she had spent so long trying not to remember.

Its brass handle was wet. A small boy sat in front of it with his back to them.

‘There,’ she said.

‘Don’t go,’ Jude said. ‘I can only see a door.’

The boy raised his head. He knocked twice, waited, and knocked once more.

She moved forward. Jude tried to hold her, but a passenger pushed in between them. The heat made it hard to breathe. The boy got up, turned the handle, and the door opened onto darkness.

Behind her someone screamed.

The man with the suitcase had grabbed Jude and pinned his hand against the frame of the service compartment. Ella saw the door close on his wrist. Jude didn’t cry out. He looked at her with his mouth open, surprised.

The boy was waiting in the blue doorway.

Behind him she could see the green duvet, or remember it, and she couldn’t tell which. She took another step. Jude said her name, almost without a voice.

Ella turned round and went back.

The punch was still in her hand. She brought it down on the man’s fingers. He let go. Jude fell into the aisle, his left hand clamped to his body. She dragged him towards the door between the carriages.

‘Not that way,’ he said. ‘Down.’

They stood on a narrow metal plate. Darkness rushed past on either side. Under the plate, between the carriages, there were no rails. Ella could see a single pale stone, close enough to touch.

‘Is that outside?’

Jude nodded, but his eyes were already drifting back inside.

She just had time to tie the rope round his waist. He tried to push her off; he was afraid of her now, of the uniform, of the punch. She tied the other end to herself, sat down on the plate, and slid off.

The fall was short. Her shoulder hit the stone. Jude landed beside her, and she heard the umbrella's handle snap under his back.

The train passed over them. In the last window a small face looked out. The boy stayed at the window until the last carriage had gone, and after it came silence.

Ella crawled over to Jude. 'Let me see.'

His hand was whole. The fingers wouldn't move.

'Jude?'

He sat up. He looked at her, at his hand, at the crumpled ticket still in his right. The uniforms had gone from both of them. Ella's coat was blue and torn again, but Jude was still looking at her as if she were the inspector who had tried to lock him up.

'Who are you?' he said.

Four

The Field and the Shore

Ella untied the rope slowly. Jude watched her hands. When the knot came free, he moved away from her at once.

‘Your name’s Jude,’ she said. ‘We came from the hill together.’

‘You tried to lock me in.’

‘I know.’

The rails hung in the air above them for a moment, then were gone. They were sitting on the grey ground at the edge of a deep hollow. On its far side stood the trees around the house.

Ella took out the button and set it down between them. Jude picked it up with his good hand, turned it over, and for the first time looked at her without complete suspicion.

‘This was on my umbrella.’

‘I tried to sew it.’

‘I remember. It was crooked.’

She smiled a little. He didn’t. When he looked at his left hand, his face tightened.

After a while he held it out. The fingers were all there, but the wrist had swollen. She tore a strip from her coat lining and wound it round, not too tight.

‘For a moment I really thought you were dodging your fare,’ she said.

‘So did I.’

‘I even remembered a child. Waiting for me to get home from work.’

‘That’ll pass. Don’t try to remember him on purpose.’

When they stood up, he let her carry the broken umbrella.

A narrow path led out of the hollow. To its left spread a yellow field. Rows of huge flowers grew up one after another, nearer every time Ella looked. To its right was a white beach. A wave came up to a rock, and water stayed round the rock even after the wave pulled back.

The grey path between them was shrinking.

‘We go fast,’ said Jude.

From the field came the sound of people singing. From the sea someone was calling for help. A girl stood in the water up to her waist, holding her arms up to Ella, and Ella knew at once what she was called, and that she’d seen her on this beach before.

‘The ground,’ Jude said. ‘Look at the ground.’

The toes of her shoes were already in the sand. She brought them back onto the path, took out the notebook, read the last line and went on after him.

When they reached the other side there was a long rushing sound behind them. The sea had touched the field. Water poured between the flowers, and the voices tangled together: singing, crying, a man calling for the girl to come out.

From the high ground they could see both dreams whole. The field ran all the way to a small farm. Beside the rock the wave had circled, three yellow flowers were growing now.

Behind the rock a man stood up, suitcase in hand. Ella recognised the dark coat of the man who had blocked the aisle in the carriage. He lifted the suitcase above the water and waded towards the beach. In his other hand he held a ticket.

‘He came from the train,’ she said.

‘There’s no path from the train to here.’

At the edge of the sand, where the wave hadn’t yet reached, a low fence grew up. The man stopped in front of it. Over by the farm a woman raised her hand.

‘We need to bring him up here,’ Ella said.

‘If we go down, there’s no knowing we’ll get back up.’

She laid the umbrella on the ground and went down as far as the big stone halfway along the slope. From there she called to him. The man turned. The ticket, folded over his finger, got wetter with every wave.

‘This station?’ he asked. ‘Is this where I get off?’

‘The train’s behind you. Come up to me.’

He looked back. Behind him there was only water. When he turned to her again his face softened, as if he’d remembered something nice. ‘My sister’s waiting at the farm.’

‘What’s your name?’

He bent over the ticket. A wave reached his back and he didn’t notice. When he smoothed out the paper, the corner crumbled between his fingers.

‘Your name,’ Ella said again.

He moved his lips. From the farm the woman called something. Ella caught only the last syllable; the man heard all of it. He shook his head at her, as if she’d offered him a long way round for no reason, and set the suitcase down on the far side of the fence.

When he climbed over, his shoes became work boots. He picked up the suitcase again, this time the way you pick up a toolbox. The wet ticket slipped from his hand, and the wind carried it to the stone beside Ella.

A small boy came out of the farmhouse and ran to the man. For a moment Ella thought she knew the boy. She had already started down towards him when she felt the broken umbrella handle in her palm. Jude had come down after her and put it there. She looked at the boy again. She didn't know him.

The man went through the gate. The door shut behind him. When the water drew back, it left no footprints.

Ella picked up the ticket. On one side was a departure time. On the other, in her own handwriting, were the words: Two passengers. She didn't remember writing them. She tucked the ticket between the pages of the notebook and wrote underneath: The man from the carriage crossed into the field. I don't know if he chose.

'He's staying there,' she said.

'Yes.'

'Maybe tomorrow he'll remember the train.'

'Maybe.'

She waited for him to say that this was why you mustn't go in. He didn't.

They went on along the trees. A brown plank showed up among the stones, and then another. Further on stood the blue door.

There were no walls round it. Warm light came from the gap underneath. On the handle was the mark Ella knew: a small half-moon, from a cup that had once been held against it.

Jude stayed a few steps behind.

'Do you remember how you got out the first time?'

'I went to get him some water. Instead of going back to his room, I opened this door. There was a corridor behind it, and then another corridor. And at the end, the grey.'

‘Who opened it?’

‘I did.’ She hesitated. ‘I think.’

Bare feet sounded on the other side of the door.

Jude sat down on a stone. ‘I’ll stay out here. If the door shuts, I’ll try to open it from this side.’

Ella picked a small stone off the path, sharp at one end, and put it in her pocket. In the notebook she wrote: Jude is waiting outside. I’m going in to see what’s happened to Noah.

Then she knocked twice, waited, and knocked once more.

‘Are you on your own?’ the boy asked.

She closed her eyes for a moment. It was his voice. She didn’t need a drawing to remember it.

‘Yes.’

‘Promise you won’t say it.’

‘Say what?’

‘That I have to go to sleep.’

Thanks for reading.

Continue In Between:

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