

The rats of Wolfe Island

Kingy's next outburst caught me by surprise. I heard a sudden string of angry swearing from the lab. The rats started squealing frantically.

As I reached the door I could see Kingy standing in front of his Mac, only just managing to restrain himself from putting his fist through it. He turned angrily, kicking his wooden chair out of the way.

He then swore with such anger that I almost stepped back from the office door.

He saw me. "What the hell are you looking at?" he shouted. Then added, "Well, Eddy? What?"

I was struck dumb. I had no idea what had gone wrong.

"Well?" he demanded.

His eyes were bloodshot and blazing. His thinning hair was hanging down in ragged strands.

"Just came to see if I could help." I was shaking inside. I had never seen such anger in a grown man before.

"You can help by leaving me alone!" He pulled at the red scarf he had knotted around his neck. I could see that his teeth were clenched.

I turned to leave, muttering a mildly sarcastic comment.

Behind me I heard a thump. I turned around. Kingy had crumpled into a heap on the lab floor. I rushed to his aid, dragging him to the next room.

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