

# **BILLY BOY**



**BY LIAM FOXX**

**To Kim Thanks for believing**

**THE STATION**

**Present Day**

## Prologue

My name is Johnny Hammond and I am sitting here in the middle of nowhere looking through my windscreen at the worst and thickest fog I had ever seen and contemplating why my tom tom sat nav was showing me a blank screen. But I digress to find out why I am in this predicament and to read the most sensational mind blowing story ever told. A story that's every word is true although I am sure you will find it hard to believe it happened exactly how I tell it. Then please bite the bullet and read on. However I Must warn anyone of a nervous disposition it would be better if you put this book down now and read something that is less harrowing on your nerves. For all you other brave souls who are of more robust stock read on and be amazed.

It seemed like such a good idea when the travel magazine had called me asking if I would like to do a travel feature because as a freelance journalist times had been a bit ropey of late and the money would come in very handy. I mused whilst I was waiting to talk to the editor maybe a trip to the states or Thailand or maybe Tahiti I could see myself walking on golden beaches, or lying in the sun with a tall cool drink and getting paid for it what a blast. The editor came on the line and said "Johnny I've got a little thing here that seems right up your street?" I raised my eyebrows to heaven I had been caught by this phrase before and always what was right up your street very much wasn't and I knew this old rat wouldn't have my best interests at heart. Back on the line I listened as the editor told me. "We see you going off the beaten track giving your own personnel touch and insight to the readers about the landscape, hotels, hostelrys and restaurants you know the Full Monty on places of interest in Lancashire." Bloody hell I thought this is too much stuck in the back of beyond in some northern shit hole eating god knows what crap food and living in 0 star accommodation. I replied. "The thing is Bill I have other articles that have deadlines coming up so although I'm very tempted I will have to say no." Jack Shorrock held the phone at eye level and smiled the grin on his face would have made a hungry alligator proud, putting the receiver to his ear again he said. "Is that so'. I caught the infliction that Jack had put upon the so part and as I looked round my dingy flat I thought I wonder what this old wanker knows and believe you me I was about to find out.

He said. "Listen me old tub thumper the days of when you wrote for the big boys is long gone and I happen to have it from a very good source that in a couple of days at the most you will have to boil your shoes to make a meal." I was appalled this really was rock bottom. My voice when I replied was as flat as if it had been put through a mangle. "Who the fuck told you that because there is no truth in that rumour at all and I will have you know that my finances have never been better." Jack grinned at the phone again and thought my how the mighty have fallen, the once untouchable Johnny Hammond the darling of the press and supplements pages a potential Pulitzer Prize winner reduced to lying to the editor of a cheap travel magazine and lying badly. Jack said. "Come on Johnny I got this from Maggie and she should know after all its her that was bailing you out for the last couple of years not that theirs anything wrong with that when your in love and that kind of thing", Jack knew that this would needle him and he wasn't wrong a tirade of abuse came down the phone line. Jack continued saying. "Have we finished our little rant now you sound like a bint that's just lost her virginity behind the bike sheds, you either want this work or you don't under the circumstances I think I've made you a very generous offer plus you get expenses as well what more could you ask for?"

I knew I was beaten there was nothing else on the horizon and nothing likely to be for me in the near future, if I could just use this as a jumping off point to kick start my career again it would be alright I could take the money and use it to cover a big story somewhere after all there were no shortages of major stories breaking around the world. So swallowing my pride I replied. "Ok send me all the information and the schedules for my articles and you've got yourself a writer oh and Jack don't forget the most important thing the shekels and don't try skimping on the expenses though what you could spend them on up there is beyond me." Jack laughed down the phone and said. "This is Lancashire your going to not the Siberian tundra they have been civilised for some centuries now and I'm told even have running water and indoor plumbing besides which as you know beggars can't be choosers." I scowled at the receiver and then told him. "That shows how much you know", I knew that I was being a prat but the truth was I had never been further north than the Midlands all my news and magazine articles had been from around the world the major news items

so I had never had a call to visit the north of his country. But that didn't matter now as on Saturday I would be driving north to describe the beauties of the Lancashire countryside to people who probably didn't give a toss and would be more interested in the articles on the Canarias Isles or Cyprus or Benidorm, rather than a county in the north of Britain. Still the money would be a godsend and no matter how much I was loathe to admit it I was stony as that fucking cow Maggie knew quite well, you can bet her phone bill would have been massive spreading the good news about him to all his ex mates and her cronies. Still he couldn't blame her as the old saying goes hell hath no fury and all that and getting caught fucking your fiancé's best mate in a cupboard at a party might tip any one over the edge so on the whole he had probably got away quite lightly with her telling every one that he was a shit and a brasic shit at that.

So I had received the package from Jack on the Friday I checked the contents but what I was really checking was the money £600 and a note from Jack saying. "Here you go Johnny don't spend this all on drink and loose women oh and by the way every penny has to be accounted for so get receipts for everything will expect first draft on Monday have a nice day." Have a nice day what a silly shit another load of yank nonsense that has been exported over here. Anyway so now let's see where this pleasure trip is taking me first. The itinerary was on the coffee table I grabbed it and looked at the first name on the list Blackburn ok he had heard of this place but only because of the football team. Being a Chelsea fan at heart I had seen Blackburn's team the Rovers on Sky sports once or twice. But where the fuck was the place itself apart from being in Lancashire, I could look it up on the web but I couldn't be bothered turning my note- book on so I rummaged in the kitchen cupboard and found my old road atlas. I found Lancashire in the index and turned to the page looking I found Manchester and then I began to move my finger upwards and there not far off was Blackburn near Preston and a place called Burnley he saw the Pennine chain running up the centre of the area and the towns looked quite close to this feature I knew that I should have no problem finding it with the sat nav. And I was quite at ease if not exactly over joyed with what I had to do. After all I had to do was write a few lines about these places and for a journalist of my calibre that should be simple.

And so I packed my bags made sure the note-book was working and fully charged. I put this into its carry case making sure that the charger was included. Put the bags in the hallway and decided to go and have a farewell drink down the pub, because if what he had been told was true this could be his last descent pint for a few days. Saturday had dawned fine and bright and I set off in a brighter mood than I had been in when first this assignment had been thrust on me. What the hell I thought getting away from the wrath of Maggie for a few days was just what I needed to keep the old pecker up, even if the break was up north. So on to the M6 with the sat nav relaying my every mile to me it was money for old rope or in my case money for old print. Now looking out of the car windscreen at the fog that was all but smothering my car like an old flock mattress, I wondered where it all went wrong. I slapped the sat nav on its top again as though this would make it reveal the workings of its logical mind and might even tell me where I was. But there was no such luck for me for when the fates are against you the old sods law starts working. Well old son I told himself you know where it went wrong that bloody accident on the M6 blocking the carriage way and causing traffic to be diverted. Things went alright at first the sat nav carried me ever onward towards my destination. Then something went completely tits up the sat nav had directed me on course to another galaxy or at least that what it had seemed like at the time. Until with the machines typical scant respect for humans it had finally decided to dump me here on this moor. On a road that was more a cart track than anything, and on top of all that this pissing fog was all I needed to complete this journey of a lifetime leaving me not a happy bunny or even a happy Johnny.

Any way I was desperate to take a leak so I would have to brave the fog outside, because it would be the straw that broke the camels back if I ended up pissing myself. I opened the door and got out the wet fog clung to me like it was trying to be intimate with me. It probed at everything I sniffed there was a funny smell that was hard to place but there was definitely something that smelt fishy or not as the case may be. I zipped up my jeans and peered into the fog. I went back to the car grabbed my jacket and walked in front of the car a short way along the road. Sod this for a bunch of soldiers I thought. Anything could be out here and I might even break a leg in a pot hole and that would be tragic, or even worse I could walk over a sheer drop. Then no one might ever find me so a retreat back to the car was called for double quick. Then he would probably have to sleep in the car till morning or until the fog dispersed. This prospect did not fill him full of joy. But it was better than a nasty accident befalling him in the fog. A wind blew from nowhere right across my front and just for a moment I could see a light or lights at the bottom of the hill. And the road looked like it led straight to them. I moved back to the car got in looked at the sat nav slapped it again and said 'who needs you'. Slipped the car into gear and ever so slowly crept my way down the road towards the lights.

At the bottom of the hill there was what seemed to be a small village at least there were houses but with no lights showing. In fact the whole village was in complete darkness not even a street light to show me welcome. But there was a pub ahead and across the road a railway station. I drew up in front of the station got out and walked across to the pub. There were no lights showing and it seemed to be devoid of life come to think of it he hadn't even heard a dog bark. Jesus I thought to myself this is going to be a great night a night to trip the light fantastic I don't think. In fact you didn't have to be a mind-reader to see exactly what kind of night it was going to be. I glanced at my watch bloody hell it was only nine o' clock I would have thought that it would still be open but you never knew in these little villages. Maybe they all had to be up at the crack of dawn to tend to their sheep or whatever well here goes I thought as I tried the handle on the door it was locked. There was a door knocker which he rapped the door with but all he heard was an empty echoing banging sound from inside. Well he thought I'm not a sound expert but to me this says empty, vacant, no one at fucking home. This was the final straw for Johnny. 'Bastard' he shouted what a fucking one horse town this was. He turned to walk back to the car and so the fog coming back its tendrils spreading out like long tresses floating in water. Well I wasn't going to drive out in it again and risk getting stuck on another piece of moor. The light I had seen from up on the hill was from the station. I decided to check it out and just hoped it wasn't one of these unmanned ones you get nowadays. Over the top was a sign that read Heskett. So this must be the name of the village.

I walked down towards the stations main door but before I got there the light inside went off surely I thought it can't be closed at this time I checked my watch again it was still nine o' clock hellfire I thought now my bloody watch is kaput. I got into the car and thought well that's it lets get out of here I turned the ignition key and nothing happened. Not a light came on the dashboard there was no sound of the engine turning over it was completely dead. I thought fucking bollocks to this and I looked again towards the station but the lights were still out. I fished my mobile phone out of my jacket pocket I could ring the AA and let them sort this bloody mess out. I flipped it open no menu came up no light came on just like the car the phone was in the same predicament as the dodo fucking dead. Getting out of the car again I realised the fog was moving in rapidly again, and if it was possible getting thicker than it was before. Standing there in the centre of a deserted village I felt like a rejected Big Brother contestant and my ideas were running out faster than leaks from Thames Waters pipes. God I wished I'd never bothered with this crap assignment I never wanted to do it in the first place. And the fact that I can't keep the old trouser snake in harness very long, always gets me in trouble if I had kept it in hand so to speak Maggie would still be supplementing me, and I wouldn't be stuck in the middle of this shit hole with no idea what to do.

Just as the unpleasant thought that I would have to sleep in the car was sinking in to my mind. The lights in the station came back on. I didn't know what had happened but if the lights were back on then someone had turned them on. But my inner voice said what if they are on a timer the answer came back into my head that this could be true but then again this was the only game in town. And to me anything was preferable to sleeping in the car. Besides which I was starving and there might be a buffet on the station although to say it wasn't main line was to state the obvious. I walked towards the door noticing that the fog was now a white wall up to the car and another strange thing was how the fog was moving. Not in wisps and tendrils drifting together but it was moving as a solid wall and all the edges were dead straight. I didn't know what it was but the fog frightened me a deep seated fright something I had never felt before bollocks I laughed this was like one of those old Hammer Horror films. The deserted place and tiredness was getting to me well to hell with that my bravado said but underneath I was very uneasy. Turning the handle on the station door I stepped inside I found myself in what I took to be the station entrance hall with a ticket office on the far side. But this was like no station entrance hall I had been to in this country looking round I took in the brown and green tiled walls I saw the advertising boards on the wall were made out of tin and that they advertised stuff that hadn't been around in my life time and maybe not even my dads. Lucifer matches, Wrights coal tar soap, Fenner's little liver pills, Pasha Cigarettes to mention just a few. There were posters up for Blackpool which doesn't seem unusual in a railway station but the children on them were in sailor suits and the adults were depicted in full length bathing costumes. The type you see in old silent movies there were old wooden benches lining the walls. The ticket counter was a square hole in the wall and at the moment a square shutter with closed written on it was pulled down sealing it off there was also a short counter on the front and by the way on the top a well used one.

This was weird what the hell was going on round here. And then through the tiredness it clicked in my brain like the snapping back of a dislocated knee-cap this was one of those enthusiasts' railways. The

ones were people with no lives came to reconstruct the days of the old railway steam engines. Which they then ran on refurbished old branch lines between a couple of stations. But I thought actually some ran for a few miles and this might be one of them if so it could probably drop me in a better location than this. Let's face it anything had to be a better location than this the main job now was to find someone and hopefully with some luck get to a larger village or town. I stepped up and knocked on the ticket shutter. "Hello", I called but nobody came. I rapped again harder this time saying. "Hello is anybody home", again no reply came from behind the shutter. This time I pounded on it shouting. "Come on you fucking anorak bastards open the bloody shutter somebody actually wants to buy a ticket for your one engine railway", there was nothing just an oppressive silence. I glanced at the clock above the counter and it read nine o' clock well at least that was consistent their clock had stopped as well. And then I turned to go back through the door I was now resigned to spending the night in the car. I was just about to grab the handle to open the door when from the opposite side of the ticket hall there was a loud clanking and rushing sound and past the frosted glass panes in the doors to the platform lights sped by and a wind buffeted the doors. An acrid smell of smoke and steam came into the hall as the train thundered by then everything was silent again not a sound from anywhere. This is great I thought surely there's bound to be someone on the platform with trains running an enthusiast or two must be around. And with that thought I turned and crossed the ticket hall grabbed the handle of the platform door and turned it.

Stepping through the door onto the platform I was taken back a moment by the fog the only bit of vision I had was in front of me. I looked right and left trying to judge the length of the platform but it was hard to judge anything in the wisps and swirls that the fog created. I closed the door to the ticket hall and stepped further forward onto the platform. There was no wind or even a small breeze but the fog moved like there was. I thought I could make out shapes off to my left so turned that way to investigate. As I began moving I could swear that there were definitely more shapes now forming in the fog. But I must have been bone weary because I didn't seem to be making much head way towards the shapes so I shouted. "Hi there can someone tell me where I am, look if its not to much trouble can someone please answer me?" Suddenly a band tightened around my head I had never felt anything like it in my life the sheer pain was unbearable and it drove me down to my knees. God I thought this must be a stroke I tried to shout help me but only a croak escaped my lips and still the band tightened even more than I thought possible. A red mist hung in front of my eyes and it was like looking through the red film part of a pair of 3D specs. Then the band uncoiled and the grip on my head ceased the relief was so massive that blackness descended on me and the last thing I remember was falling forwards then nothing.

Consciousness came back slowly and I opened one eye very gingerly hoping that the band would not start tightening round my skull again. I saw light and there was no pain so I opened my eye fully and saw girders running across in my vision and wooden slats and what looked like windows. Now I opened my other eye and focused on what was happening I appeared to be led on my back staring up at the platform roof. Looking left I could see the wall of the booking hall looking right I could make out the edge of the platform clearly defined. I sat up rather unsteady and to my amazement could see the length of the platform in front of me I could also see people a mixture of men and women children and down near the end of the platform a group of soldiers. I stood up on shaky legs and looked around the whole platform the fog was defined as it had been out at the front. It enclosed the three sides of the platform like prison walls and I thought to myself no way can this be right no way is this natural, because in nature fog is never as uniformed as this something was very wrong with the picture. Walking towards a family group to find out if they had any idea what was going on I noticed the clothes they where wearing were not exactly Armani nor were they Hillfinger or any other clothes from this century. Then I thought no they wouldn't be I remembered my insight about this railway these must be the enthusiasts who ran it dressed as the part it must have been a special day or maybe they did this every weekend got into costume to entertain the tourists that used the line. I was nearing the family now and took in what they were wearing. The man had on a three-piece tweed suit with what appeared to be a watch chain worn across the waistcoat a white shirt and tie brown boots and he was wearing a bowler hat. The woman had on a tight blue dress buttoned up to the throat and with a kind of bustle at the back, the kind you see in the old horror films a cameo brooch was pinned over her left breast. She was wearing either black shoes or they may have been boots it was hard to tell as the dress came down to the floor and to complete her ensemble she was wearing a large sun hat and carrying a parasol. The young boy with them was wearing a blue sailor suit with white trim on the large collar and had on a white straw hat with a blue ribbon round it. The young girl had a pretty pink and white dress on and pink ribbons in her long blonde hair. They looked just like the advertising poster in the ticket hall.

I said. "Hello I was wondering if you could help me please I got lost in the fog and ended up in this village", the man said nothing. I continued saying. "I would appreciate it if you could tell me if there's a bed & breakfast or even another pub in the village?" Still the man made no reply. I went on. "See what it is my car has broken down and I tried calling the AA but there's no signal for my mobile and I'm stuck here and what with the fog. I mean have you seen the fog there is something very iffy about the fog so I thought you could maybe help being local and all?" During this time the man and his family had neither looked at me nor replied to my request for information I was seething if there's one thing I can't stand its ignorant people so I said. "Listen here mate I don't know whether it's my accent or the fact that your just pig ignorant but where I come from if someone speaks to you it is polite to speak back to them." Still he ignored me so I shouted at him. "No wonder there's only you enthusiasts here you won't get many tourists with your attitude to life." I spun on my heel muttering under my breath fucking northern bastards what a set of shits. There was a guy dressed as a station master by the doors to the ticket hall maybe I could get some sense out of him unless round here they were all as unfriendly as the family I had just tried talking too. I strolled towards him noticing that the uniform he had on was spotless and pristine. Surely this man must be one of the ones in charge round here one of the leading lights of these enthusiasts. Now facing the man I opened my mouth to speak but before I said a word he spoke saying. "You shouldn't be here mister." I replied. "Now hang on just a minute why shouldn't I be here is this private property or something?" He just said. "It's not right, you're not right", the man's voice seemed to surround and overwhelm me. I stared at the man in amazement. He was a tall man with grey hair under his cap he had rather a florid nose, big ears and was aged about seventy and he had amazing piercing blue eyes that did not fit with his age. I said to him. "Look what is it with you people round here I just want some information for god's sake?" He stared straight ahead saying "You must go leave this place at once." I replied. "I'll be fucked if I'll go you might run this shit hole railway but that doesn't mean that you can insult me and order me about this is still a free country and I happen to be a member of the press." The station master looked into my eyes and said. "I have told you to go you don't belong here so be gone!" The stare from the man was hypnotic but more than that it felt to me as though my whole body was draining of energy I felt like a limp piece of lettuce the kind you get on motorway services sandwiches. The man glanced away and whatever had been holding me released its grip and I felt alright again. I tried to reason with him. "Listen nobodies trying to piss on your parade if this is a private function for you enthusiasts then please forgive me for interrupting it like I say I just want some information. If it's not too much to ask is there any other accommodation in this village besides the shut down pub across the road?"

In the distance a whistle shrieked the sound it made was like all the banshees in hell had screamed at once it reverberated across the landscape and then died. The station master looked at me with a grave face saying. "Too late now much too late I warned you to go you should have gone when I told you." He took a pocket watch out and looked at it as he said. "It's never late and it never misses a passenger." The people on the platform were all looking in the direction from which the whistle had sounded and the look on their faces was hopeless resignation. I turned to the station master and said to him. "Well thanks for all your help I'll be going now I can find a house in the village to put me up or sleep in the car I don't want to spoil your big day." I started to move towards the exit doors but a funny thing was happening to my legs they wouldn't work and I found that I was rooted to the spot. No matter how hard I willed and tried to move my legs there was no chance I was stuck panic seized me what the hell was going on here? I had been scared only a few times in my life and never like this, sweat was running down my face and cold fingers played a melody up and down my spine. The station master turned to me saying. "There is no way back you weren't supposed to be here but now you are that's it." I stuttered. "You can't hold me here against my will that's kidnapping Its against the law and people know where I am please let me go I won't say anything about It to anyone you can go back to whatever it is your up to and I will just leave you to it after all Its none of my business", my voice was rising in panic now. The station master looked at me with his hypnotic piercing eyes and said. "Come with me", and he started walking down the platform. The legs that wouldn't move before were released and I found that I could follow him as he told me. "Sit there and wait", and he said pointed to an empty luggage barrow. He continued saying. "I need to check some things out to see what will happen to you", and he turned on his heel and walked towards a lit office on the platform.

I went to sit on the barrow and it was then I noticed that there was a man dressed like a soldier sat on it so I said. "Don't mind if I join you, maybe you could tell me what's going on round here I seem to be somewhere I shouldn't?" I sat down and looked at the man who was turned sideways on and looking down the platform at the other group dressed as soldiers. But this was no old sweat but a boy of about sixteen or seventeen I held my hand out saying. "Hi my names Johnny how's It going", there was no response no



recognition that the boy had heard or even knew I was there. I thought this is like the fucking twilight zone but there has to be a logical explanation to this and the one thing I did know now was that this was not an enthusiast's enactment this was something far more eerie and strange. It was also very sinister in its way and the only thing I could think was that I must have been in an accident in the village and was now in a coma either trapped in the car or in hospital. This must be what happened when you were comatose kept going round in my head but I couldn't think why I would be dreaming about something as weird as this and why not about something pleasant. I could see why people in comas dreaming about nice things would want to stay there but I would have thought that a nightmare like this would have had me trying to wake up from it pronto.

Well that was it he would have to make the best of it until he recovered his consciousness now that he understood what was happening he felt more relaxed more in control. He looked up and down the platform at the other people that were there, besides the family with the two children there was an old man in frock coat and top hat. Two young ladies dressed in the same type of dress as the woman with the family and with dainty little hats on. Three sailors that he hadn't noticed before and a man with a round face wearing a tweed hat and wearing a tweed suit with black boots carrying a walking stick and with a black spaniel at his side. Two young men wearing straw boaters striped blazers and white pants with black shoes. The young boy himself and twelve soldiers at the opposite end about twenty five people altogether.

I still couldn't figure out why I could have no rapport with these other people why there was no recognition from them that I was here. After all if this was my coma surely things should work on my terms so I stood up and shouted. "Fuck you lot!!!" it echoed round the platform the fog holding it in and amplifying it. Nothing, no one looked or even moved it was as though I didn't exist. Sitting back down I stroked my chin obviously things weren't on my terms the brain must do what it wants in these situations a bit like a lottery some people must get happy dreams and some nightmares and with my luck I had drawn the nightmare. I felt a tickling on the back of my neck I turned my head and saw the young boy looking at me and then he said. "You shouldn't be here." I replied. "Why not this is my coma not yours so piss off somewhere else if you don't like it". The boy smiled at me saying. "If that's what you think good on you keep that thought", and he looked towards the other soldiers. I looked at him closely he had dark hair and brown eyes and looked on closer inspection to project an older more world weary glance on everything. He was also well set and looked fairly tall which gave an appearance of someone older. Wearing a faded and well worn uniform of khaki tunic and trousers he had khaki bandages wrapped up both legs and black boots scuffed and with studs in the soles. The tunic was open down the front and as I looked closer I could see it was stained but not only that. There were holes in it a line of holes running across the front and as he looked something oozed out of them and ran down the front. I thought that's it come on wake up get me out of this enough is enough I cant take any more of this fucking nightmare. The panic had set in again the logical thought process from before had flown out the window the sheer terror I now felt was eating me up. In fact the back of my pants felt exceedingly wet and I was wondering if I had coughed in my rompers and left a deposit. Looking again the boy was staring back at me and didn't seem fazed at all just held my gaze very steady and said. "It's not as bad as it looks", he looked down at his tunic. Then he continued. "It doesn't hurt anymore the only pain is why it happened?" I asked him. "Are those your friends down at the end the other soldiers why not go and join them?" He smiled at me saying. "Friends you could say that, comrades even but I can never be with them." I thought I could see what had happened so I said. "Oh you did something wrong and they've sent you to Coventry well I'm sure it couldn't have been that bad?" I thought boy is this weird and it's getting worse by the minute still there's nothing else I can do till I wake up but go along with what's happening.

The boy grabbed hold of my hand his touch was ice cold and felt very disturbing I shivered like someone had walked over my grave as he said. "You don't understand, you sit there and you shouldn't be here and still you don't understand", the boy glared at me. I replied. "Look I'm sorry if your mates won't talk to you that's a bummer but it's not my fault." I was beginning to get pissed off with what was happening here as I continued. "I can't understand why or what you are doing in my dream I didn't ask for any of this?" The train whistle howled in the distance again the boy looked towards the sound then quickly back at me as he told me. "You see the reason I can't be with my mates is because they are the firing squad that shot me for cowardice in 1916." My jaw dropped open I looked at him and I honestly couldn't believe my ears so I said. "Say that again and please let me know me what the hell is going on around here?" He replied. "To tell you the truth I'm not sure what's happening myself, but I feel like I've been sat here a thousand years. The only thing I do know is that you shouldn't be here and that I've never heard that train whistle before." He rubbed his hands together but I knew no warmth would ever flow through them again he continued saying. "These could be the final moments for me. It looks like were going on to another place another time." I asked. "What

place and what time?" He replied. "I don't know maybe the station master knows but I don't I can just feel it very strongly that there will be no more waiting around." I looked at him and he smiled again and his youthfulness shone out of him as he said. I feel a pressure that I must tell you my story in the hope that the injustice done to me and others like me is corrected." The look in his dead eyes was one of pleading and I felt as though I knew him from somewhere and I had the same compulsion to listen to his story so I told him to carry on.

He said to me. "We have the time. Let me introduce myself my name is William Lamb but everybody calls me Billy Boy and this is my story...."

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