



Thankfully, I was picked up by a French escape group. They took me to Paris and it was on the corner of **Rue Quotidienne** and **Yeux de Chat** in the 5th Arrondissement that I first saw Molly. I had been stopped by a Fritzrovian patrol, who were on the point of asking me for my non-existent identity papers. Molly, (who I found out later was a member of the escape route), had been trailing me. And seeing my difficulty had made a distraction by 'losing control' of the sheep she was herding, which allowed me to make a discreet escape. Brave girl.

