

# THIRTY DAYS

by

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**(for NaNoWriMo 2010)**

I am writing 'Thirty Days' for National Novel Writing Month 2010. I am also writing it to raise money for charity. The specific charity that I want to help is St Luke's Hospice (Harrow and Brent). They provide care and support to terminally ill patients and their families from the Harrow and Brent areas of north London, regardless of their background. In May 2009 my father sadly passed away, but his final days were made more comfortable by St Luke's, and I'm grateful for the care that they gave him and the support that they gave to my family. And so I would like to raise some money for them as my way of saying thanks. You can find out more about St Luke's via their website at [www.stlukes-hospice.org](http://www.stlukes-hospice.org)

If you would like to sponsor me you can do so via my Just Giving page at [www.justgiving.com/karlsgreen](http://www.justgiving.com/karlsgreen) I and St Luke's will be grateful for anything that you're able to give.

And finally, I've also set up a page on Facebook about the novel where I'll be posting any news about what I'm doing, and you can find it at <http://bit.ly/9OfC6p>

This file, and all other chapters, will be made available on my website at <http://www.karlsgreen.co.uk/thirtydays> You may freely distribute this file subject to the following two conditions:

1. You do not alter the file in any way, shape, or form.
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**DAY EIGHT**

**THE CRYSTAL CAVE**

*The All Seeing waited for her to arrive on a planet on the far edge of this universe, knowing that she would get there eventually. This was a young world, one that had not been inhabited by intelligent beings for any great period of time. This would be her first visit to this world.*

*At first she felt that this world was similar to countless others that she had visited. She quickly began to meet its people, to see how they lived. She learned of the problems that their world faced, to see where it was that she could help.*

*She then met a man. To her, he appeared to be just like any of the other men on this world. But little did she know that he was shrouded by a reality cloak. This had been put there by the All Seeing, and the man was under their control.*

*The reality cloak prevented her from seeing this man's true purpose.*

*It also prevented the Etiria from accurately predicting how the future would be affected by actions that involved this man...*

## The Apocolynium – VIII

Prince Gratson was awoken by the siren. As the siren started up fear rose up through his body, and he sat up immediately. He looked out of his window towards Mount Dynia in the distance. There was no doubt that that was where the sound was coming from.

Everyone in Drydonia knew what it meant when the siren sounded. It was something that had been told to them when they were children. The prince had hoped, as had all of the princes before him, that the siren wouldn't sound during his reign. And yet they all knew that it had to sound eventually, during one of their reigns. It now transpired that the siren sounded during Prince Gratson's reign. No matter what else he had achieved during his reign, it was this that he would forever be remembered for in the history books.

His servant, Hine, ran into the room. 'Sire! The siren! It's sounding! It's really sounding!'

'Yes, Hine, I'm not deaf, I can hear it myself. Get me my robe, and then assemble the council. The Chosen Ones will be climbing the mountain as we speak.'

'Yes my lord.'

Hine started to bow deeply, but then the prince said, 'Don't waste time bowing, for Lisa's sake get on with what I've instructed you to do!' Hine quickly got the prince's robe for him, and then ran off to get the council assembled.

The prince put on his robe and walked up to his window. He opened it, and felt the cool breeze of the night air enter his room. There were now people screaming in the street, as the whole city was awoken by the siren. It was now up to him to lead his people, to guide them

through what was going to be one of the most difficult periods in all of their lives. He had been trained for this moment throughout his childhood, as had all of the Drydonian princes before him. Whilst he knew exactly what it was that needed to be done he still doubted if he was strong enough for the task that lay before him. But he knew that he had no choice in the matter. He would have to lead the people, and hope that they would be able to achieve what it was that was required of them all.

He knew that he didn't have time to get dressed. Action had to be taken now, otherwise they would have failed before they had even had a chance to begin. He quickly began to walk towards the council chamber.

As he arrived he saw that Macron was already there. 'My lord,' said Macron upon seeing the prince, 'It is hard to believe that the time is finally upon us after all of these years. I had thought that I would not live long enough to see this day, but, alas, it has arrived.'

'We all had hopes that we would not be here when this moment arrived. But we all knew that this moment had to come sometime. We have to stay strong during this time, for the sake of the people.'

'Yes, my lord.'

The other three members of the council were now all arriving in the chamber, all of whom, without exception, had worried expressions on their faces.

The prince faced them all and said, 'Please, everyone, be seated.' They all took their seats around the council table. Hine was standing in the doorway. The prince looked at him and said, 'Hine, please fetch us all some water.'

One of the council members called Gravalon said, 'I think I'm going to need something that's a lot stronger than water!'

The prince said, 'Just water, please, Hine.' Turning to Gravalon he said, 'I know that you must all be feeling anxious, but we need to ensure that we all keep clear heads during this time. As long as we do that, and work hard, this will hopefully be over before too long.'

Another council member, Draxto, scoffed, and then said, 'You think this can be over quickly? The legends were never clear about how long we would have to work for. Some people have said that we may have to work for as much as three generations!'

'Yes, and some others have said it may be for as little as three days. The fact is that no one really knows, and we won't know for sure until we arrive at the cave. But whether it is for three days or three generations, we must remain calm. However long it is to be for, the calmer we are the sooner it will be over. Now, I know that the siren has only been sounding for a short time, but have any of you heard any reports from the city?'

At this point Hine had returned to the chamber with their water. His hands were visibly shaking as he poured it into the glasses.

The last council member, who went by the name of Rapprov, said, 'I have, my lord, and the news is not good. People are on the streets in a panic. Some are in hysterics. They are terrified at the prospect that they are to face.'

'Yes, I feared as much. I could hear the screaming from my room. The first thing that I shall do after this meeting is to address the people to try and allay their fears. We can't risk losing order. But as soon as I have done that you are all to go to your various quarters and to start rounding up all of the people. Remember, the legends clearly stipulated that every man, woman, and child is to travel to the mountains, and they have to be there by noon. You are to search every household to ensure that no one stays behind. If even one person should seek to try and avoid their duty, then everything may be lost.'

Gravalon then said, 'But how can we be so sure? The legends are vague. We don't even know if this place called the Earth even exists!'

'I believe it does, Gravalon. The legends were very clear about the sirens sounding at midnight, and you can hear them loud and clear, can you not? So that part of the legends has at least come to pass, and so it is likely that the rest of the legends may be true as well. At least that is the assumption that we have to make. That would be the most prudent stance to take, do you not agree?'

Grudgingly, Gravalon said, 'Yes my lord.'

'Good, then let us get to work. We leave the city in one hour's time. If we walk non-stop we should reach Mount Dynia around ten hours after that.'

Macron then asked, 'And then what, my lord?'

'And then... and then we shall see...'

The prince dismissed the council, and returned to his room, where Hine was already waiting for him. Anticipating what the prince was going to do next, he had his clothes laid out ready for him. 'Thank you, Hine. Now, go and be with your family. I can dress myself today. You are to prepare yourself, and them, for what it is we have to do.'

Hine bowed and said, 'Yes my lord.' He then made his exit.

By this point the prince himself was nervous and afraid. It was happening. It was actually happening. This wasn't a dream. The siren had actually sounded. Part of him had hoped that the legends were wrong, that the siren would never have sounded. Secretly, there were many people throughout Drydon that had hoped for the same thing. But those hopes were over now, and they had work to do.

Once he was dressed he made his way up to the top of the castle. He stepped out onto the balcony, and he could already see that there was a large crowd forming in the square below. The people needed guidance and leadership now more than ever, and he was the man that they were to turn to.

As soon as he stepped towards the edge of the balcony the siren died away – another prophecy of the legends that had been proven right. He looked at his subjects, and then he said, ‘People of Drydon. The time that I’m sure that many of you have feared has now arrived. The siren has sounded, and we are summoned to the mountains. We know not what work it is that we have to do there, or for how long we will have to do it for. But we do know that every one of us, including myself, will have to perform it. Remember what the legends have said – we have to do this work to save the land known as the Earth. Whilst we don’t know where the Earth is, or precisely what danger it faces, the legends were very clear that if we were to fail in our task, then the Earth will be doomed. And once the Earth is gone, darkness will descend upon the whole of Pyna. So keep your heads held high. We now need to perform our duty not just for Drydonia, not just for the Earth, but for Pyna as well!’ Cheers now rang out from the crowd. The prince was relieved to hear this.

He continued, ‘Now, return to your quarters and prepare for the journey ahead. Every man, woman, and child is to join us on this journey. Your council leaders will be co-ordinating you within your quarters. We will leave in an hour’s time. We will be marching non-stop to the mountains to ensure that we arrive there by noon. Now go, and perform your duty.’ With that he stepped away from the balcony. He could hear from behind him that the people were starting to leave the square.

It had begun.

On Mount Dynia the party were relieved when the siren died down. As they got closer to the cave’s entrance it was getting harder and harder to hear anything else. Once they could hear themselves think Parto asked Gramshaw, ‘What do you think all of this means?’

‘I wish I knew, Parto, I wish I knew...’

Before long they reached the cave’s entrance. At first, it was pitch black inside. But as soon as they stepped across the threshold of the cave a whirring sound started up, although it wasn’t particularly loud. As it did so the cave slowly started to fill with light. This light became brighter and brighter, until it was as bright inside the cave as it was outside during the daytime.

They could see that the inside of the cave was entirely made of crystal. The cave wasn’t terribly large, only about thirty feet across and thirty feet deep. But at the far end of the cave,

also made out of crystal, were what appeared to be doors. In the centre of the cave was a table with four chairs around it, again, all made out of crystal.

A voice then sounded out. It came from within the cave, but no one in the party could precisely tell exactly where in the cave it came from. The voice was soft and feminine. It said, 'Greetings to Prion. Greetings to Sarna. Greetings to Parto. Greetings to Gramshaw. Greetings to the Chosen Ones. The ones who have seen Lisa. The ones who are to help in the salvation of the Earth. Drydon now approaches the cave. Please be seated. Please be seated and rest.' It then fell silent.

Prion turned to look at the others, and their facial expressions all indicated that they saw no reason why they shouldn't go and sit in the chairs. They then walked into the cave and sat down. Once they had they noticed that there was a warmth emanating from the chairs which was comforting. All of them felt that they could quite happily sit there all day.

The voice then spoke up again, 'Drydon will arrive by noon. You will need to wait for them. In the meantime you are tired and hungry. Please rest and eat, and prepare for Drydon's arrival.' The voice faded away again, and, as it did so, a feast materialised on the table before them. Every food imaginable was available to them, and it smelt better than any meal that they had ever had before.

'Well,' said Parto, 'I don't know about you guys, but I'm hungry!'

Prion replied with, 'Then, let us eat.' All four then started on the feast.

Little more than an hour after the siren had sounded the prince was on his horse by the gates of the city. (I call it a horse, although that is not quite what it is. To you it would look like a horse, only it is slightly larger, and its biological systems allow it to go on for longer than your horses can.) Behind him he could see the roads that led to the four districts of the city. At the head of each road was the council member with responsibility for that quarter, and behind them a long queue of people. It gladdened the prince's heart to see that his people were so dedicated to their duty. After the initial shock and panic over the sounding of the siren order had quickly returned to the city as everyone prepared themselves for the task that they had ahead of them.

The prince simply said, 'To Mount Dynia,' before leading his people out of the city.

In the distance he could see the light emanating from the cave. So far everything the legends had said had been proven to be correct.

On Earth, on the morning of the eighth day, Lisa wished Tom a good day at work. It was a miserable grey and wet day, not a day where one would want to go outside. Tom had been

feeling exceptionally tired that morning, more so than usual, which Lisa had been expecting. She had made him his breakfast that day, although she couldn't bring herself to do a fry up for him. Still, he appreciated what she had done for him.

Before he left he asked her, 'What are you going to do whilst I'm out?'

'I'm going to go on your internet if that's OK. I need to try and find some old friends on there.'

'OK, cool. I'll see you this evening.'

As he left she closed the door to the building behind him. Natasha was still upstairs getting ready for work. She had been up late last night – she had fallen a little bit behind on her novel for NaNoWriMo and so she had been determined to catch up. She was now on 11,667 words, which was precisely the point that she needed to be at by this stage. But she was finding it to be a bit of a struggle now. NaNoWriMo had been going on for a week. Yesterday she had felt reasonably happy, as for a while words were freely flowing from her hands. It won't surprise you to learn that this was at the precisely the same moment that Lisa and Tom were overlooking London from Bentley Priory. However, by the evening she was starting to flag. She hadn't realised quite how hard NaNoWriMo could be. She also felt a little disheartened when she saw what some other people's word counts were when she looked in on the forums on the NaNoWriMo website – there were some people who had already passed the 50k finish line. But she tried not to think about them – she felt that there was little to be gained in trying to race other people, and all she could do is run her own race, and get her 1,667 words written each day. If she just did that for another 23 days then she would be a NaNoWriMo winner. (For NaNoWriMo, everyone who writes at least 50,000 words during the month is considered to be a winner.)

Today she was feeling particularly drained, but she just put it down as an after effect of her novelling efforts the previous night. As she left her flat to go to work she saw that Lisa was in the hallway. Natasha looked at her and said, 'Morning!'

'Hi. I should warn you, it's a horrible day outside.'

'Yeah, I know. What are you going to be up to today?'

'Oh, I need to try and find some old friends, sort out what I'm going to do whilst I'm back here in Harrow. Tom said I could use his internet.'

'Cool. I think you have the right idea in not going outside today. I don't suppose you fancy swapping?'

Lisa laughed, 'Fraid not. Have fun!'



‘Yeah, thanks!’ Natasha took her umbrella out of the stand, and braved the weather outside. She thought that Lisa was a really nice girl, and she was happy that Tom had a friend like her, although she did seem awfully young, but she supposed that she probably just looked young – Tom had said that they had gone to college together.

Lisa had no doubt about the power that Natasha possessed, and yet it was only one half of the coin. She knew that it was imperative that she found the other half. She went back into Tom’s flat and closed the door. She was going to look for this other half, but she wasn’t going to have to use the internet to do so.

She went into the room where she had been staying and lay down on the bed. She placed her hands in the middle of her chest, and closed her eyes. She cast her mind over London. She could sense all of the millions of people who were in the city. The people who were at work, the people who stayed at home, the children who were at school, the poorly who were in hospital, the criminals who were in prison, the tourists who were visiting the city from the four corners of the globe. If you were in the city on the eighth day then she would have sensed you too.

She believed that the other half that she was looking for had to be somewhere in the city. Using her new found strength she could sense that her belief was correct – this person, this man, was somewhere in the city, but she couldn’t quite precisely detect where in the city he was. She could feel his power amongst the collective crowd of consciousnesses that she could detect, but she couldn’t quite pick him out, to place him exactly. But it was good to know that he was there, and that Welt hadn’t found him, at least not yet.

She then turned her mind towards Welt, to see if she could tell where he was in the city, if indeed he was still here. It didn’t take her long to find him. He was indeed still in the city. At this moment he was sitting alone on a bench in St James’s Park. And he had been weakened. He had been injured somehow. She could sense that he had a throbbing pain in his head, but couldn’t tell what the source of this pain was.

She could then sense that there were others in the city. Her attention was drawn towards Elephant & Castle, where she could see an old man. Yes, this man was *very* old, far older than his appearance would suggest. She recognised him immediately – Mr Ian Woon. He was an old friend of hers, although she only ever saw him infrequently. She felt that it was a good sign that he was here on Earth. He would be able to help her with the fight that she was to face. He may already be doing just that.

She could also sense another person – a girl this time. She could tell that this girl had recently met with Ian, but she couldn’t tell quite whereabouts in the city she was now. Like with

the man who was the other half of Natasha's power, Lisa could sense that this girl (who, if you haven't gathered by now, was Naomi) was within the crowd, but she couldn't quite pick her out.

Finally, there was one other person that she sensed. This person, like herself, Welt, Naomi, and Ian, was not of the Earth. This person had power, and that power was dark. Dark and deadly. However, this person was unaware of the power that they possessed. They thought that they were human, just like everyone else. But they were starting to wake up, starting to question who they were.

Lisa then sat up with a start, and opened her eyes wide. She was now more terrified than she had ever been before when she had been on Earth. She knew who this other person was, and the fact that they were now on the Earth, at this particular time, was a terrible omen.

She muttered their name under her breath, 'The Dragon Keeper...'

For the past two days Welt had been feeling severely weak. Back on the sixth day, at one moment he was heading towards the Palace of Westminster, getting excited at the prospect that he might actually be getting near the source of the Earth's power. Then, the next moment, he could feel a searing pain in his head, and his captive was taken away from him. Once the initial pain subsided he noticed that people were looking at him strangely. He didn't know which way his captive had gone. He decided that the only thing that he could do was run.

He took flight towards Westminster Bridge, but then turned left down the Embankment. He kept going until he found a large garden that is by the road, and he went inside. This is Whitehall Gardens, a relatively quiet area in the heart of the city, or at least it would be if it were not for the traffic.

He sat down on a bench, and held his head in his hands. He still had a lot of pain there, and he found that he was unable to use the newly gained powers that he acquired once he had arrived on the Earth.

He found that he was now severely weakened, and had very little energy left. At one point a man came up to him and asked, 'Mate, are you alright?'

He could just about muster a reply of, 'I'm fine.'

'You sure?'

Welt just nodded, and then, to his relief, the man left him alone. Maybe if that man hadn't left him alone, if he had questioned Welt further, then we might have found that this tale took a drastically different path. One for the better or one for the worse, I wouldn't know, but perhaps it would have been a fair bit different. Regardless, the man didn't make any further enquiries, and we are now left with the tale that I am going to be telling you.

Some hours later the park was due to be locked up for the night. Welt just about managed to crawl and hide behind some trees so that they wouldn't see he was there. But once he was behind the trees he found that he had no energy left to move from there, and so that was where he spent the night.

When he awoke on the seventh day he was feeling cold, thirsty, and hungry. He found that he could just about walk again, but not much more than that. Some time after the park was opened he slowly walked out of it.

He walked towards the edge of the River Thames. His heightened sense of smell was starting to return and he sniffed the air. Whilst he was desperately thirsty, his nose told him that he wouldn't want to drink the water from the river. He turned back, and wandered in the direction from where he had first come to the gardens.

He eventually made his way back to the Palace of Westminster. He no longer felt like trying to get inside – he didn't have the energy to face it, at least not at the moment. Food and water were his main priorities. As he walked along a road he saw a branch of Tesco. Now, he didn't know what a Tesco was, but when he looked inside he could see what looked (and smelled) like food and water. There weren't many people about at this hour, but this branch had just opened for the day.

He knew from his questioning of Steve that to purchase goods from shops you needed to give them money, much like on Pyna. However, he had no money on him. He went into the shop, and selected a few items that smelled like they would suit him – a few sandwiches, and a carton of orange juice. When he reached the checkout area he saw the exit. Somehow, before anyone else in the shop realised what was going on, he raced for the exit, and he kept on running. Quite where he found the energy to do this he did not know, but he kept on running down the street, and into Whitehall. He then crossed the road, and then ran down King Charles Street, which is between the Foreign Office and the Treasury. He ran all the way to the end, down some steps, across another road, and into St James's Park. Once he found a bench, and was convinced that he wasn't being followed, he sat down. He then quickly devoured the goods that he had stolen.

But his energy had been drained once more, and he ended up spending the rest of the day and the following night in St James's Park.

On the eighth day he found that he was now feeling stronger than he had been feeling at the start of the seventh day. But he knew that he couldn't stay here much longer. He couldn't keep stealing from the local shops. He had to find himself a new base of operations.

Just as he was thinking this a word came into his head. He didn't know what this word meant, or where it had come from, but it kept repeating itself over and over in his mind. That word was 'Queensbury'.

Now some of you will know what this word means, and some of you will not. For those of you who don't, I will quickly explain it to you. Queensbury is a part of London, specifically a part that can be found in Harrow (although part of it also lies in neighbouring Brent). It is a fair distance away from Belmont, Harrow Weald, and Harrow's town centre that we have visited previously. It has an Underground station on the Jubilee Line (although this part of the line is above ground). Those of you who have been paying attention will also remember that the Jubilee Line also runs to Westminster.

He started to wander about the area. He didn't know what this word meant, but he felt that it was important that he did know. And so he went up to random people and just said, 'Queensbury?' Most people just ignored him and kept on walking. However, eventually, whilst he was near one of the entrances to Westminster station (the one nearest the Treasury) a man responded, 'Yeah, you want the Jubilee Line.'

'The Jubilee Line?'

'Yeah, you can get it from here. You'll want a westbound train that's going Stanmore.'

'The Jubilee Line to Stanmore?'

'Yeah, you've got it.'

'Thank you.' Welt felt that he understood – Queensbury was another part of London, and he was being instructed to go there. I dread to think what it is that waits for him there, but I have a suspicion as to what it might be.

He went down into the station and made his way to the barriers. He looked at his ticket from when he came into London with Steve. He didn't fully understand what everything that was printed on the ticket meant. He tried putting it into the barriers, but it came straight back out again, with the indicator instructing him to 'Seek Assistance'. He stepped back from the barriers before he drew attention to himself. He needed to get through them so that he could travel, but he had no means of buying a ticket.

He saw several other people passing through the barriers. And then an idea came to him. He walked up to a person who was headed towards the barriers, and he walked very closely behind him. This man used an Oyster card to get through the barrier. As he walked through the barrier Welt followed very closely behind, and he was able to get through before the barrier closed behind them. Thankfully (for him at least rather than for us) no one had spotted him doing this.

He then followed the signs for the Jubilee Line, and then eventually made his way to Queensbury, where he used the same trick to pass through the barriers at the other end.

Once he arrived in Queensbury he saw precious little of interest to him. He was given no more clues as to what it was that he was meant to do. He ended up spending another night on the street.

Prince Gratson pulled up his horse at the base of Mount Dynia. The legends instructed that the prince would first have to climb the mountain alone, to the crystal cave. Once there he would be informed as to what to do next. His people came to a halt behind him – they had had an exhausting march from the city. Many of them were relieved that they could finally have a rest, although most of them were dreading what was to come next.

The prince turned to face his people and said, ‘Citizens of Drydon, we have arrived at the mountains. We can all see the cave that the legends spoke of. Our time to serve Lisa has now arrived. As the legends instruct, I shall now climb the mountain to the cave alone. I know that many of you are anxious about what task it is that we have to perform. I can only say that soon we will know what the answer to that is. Whatever this task may be, I hope that each and every one of you will do yourselves proud as we carry it out, for however long is required of us.’ And with that he turned to face the mountain, and started to climb it.

It wasn’t very far to the cave’s entrance. As he approached it he was surprised by what he saw – four people sitting around a crystal table, and eating.

It was Parto who first saw the prince approaching. He pointed him out to the others, who all stopped what they were doing.

Once the prince entered the cave he dropped to his knees. Prion looked at him and said, ‘Please, stand up. There is no need to kneel down before us.’

‘But, you are the Chosen Ones, as spoken of in the legends.’

Prion remembered that the voice that had spoken to them earlier had referred to them as the Chosen Ones. He said, ‘That may be so, but we don’t know what exactly it is that we have been chosen for. Please, stand up. It would make us more comfortable if you did. We’re not used to people kneeling down before us.’

The prince rose to his feet. He then said, ‘I am Prince Gratson, ruler of the Principedom of Drydonia. As instructed by the legends, I have brought my people to the cave to serve Lisa, at the call of the siren.’

Before Prion or the others could say anything in reply to this, the voice of the cave spoke again, ‘Greetings to Prince Gratson. Greetings to Drydon. Now is the time to serve, as you have

been instructed.’ At that moment, the doors at the back of the cave began to open. Behind them was a passageway, again made of crystal which was also illuminated like the cave. They could also see what looked like chutes near the entrance to the passageway.

The voice of the cave continued, ‘Prince Gratson, you will lead your people into the crystal mine. You will mine the crystal. Deposit the crystal in the chutes. Continue this until you have been informed that sufficient crystal has been mined.’

The prince then asked, ‘If I could be so bold, could I ask how much crystal we are to mine? How long will this task take us? What will the crystal be used for?’ He received no reply.

‘Well,’ said Parto, ‘That all seems pretty clear! Mine a load of crystal for who knows how long, and then not even know what it is for!’

‘Excuse me,’ said the prince, ‘I have to inform my people.’ He bowed, and then turned and exited the cave.

He climbed back down the mountain to his people, and informed them that they were here to mine the crystal, that he didn’t know how much was needed, or what it would be used for. But he asked his people to work hard, for the faster that they mined the crystal, the sooner their work would be done, and then they could be satisfied that they have served Lisa as they had been instructed to. He then led them up the mountain.

As they entered the cave they all filed past the party. Every citizen of Drydon, without exception, bowed their heads before the party as they passed.

‘This is different,’ said Parto, ‘Being treated like royalty! I could get used to this!’

‘I would try not to,’ said Gramshaw. ‘Once sufficient crystal has been mined I imagine that the cave will have a task for us to perform. Only ours will be a lot more difficult...’