CHAPTER ZERO

The speeding notorcycle took the sharp corner so fast in the daskness that both policemen in the pussing car Should i Shoa!' Sergent Esher slammed his large foot on the brake, thinking that the boy who was riding pillion was sure to be fluip under his inheals; however, the notorbike made the turn without unsecting either S) its riders, and with a wink S) its red tail light, vanished up the horrow side street.

narrow side street. "We've got 'en now!' cried PC Anderson excitedly.' That's a dead and!' heaving hard on the steering wheel and crashing his gears, fisher scraped half the point off he flank of the car as he forced it up the alley way in pursuit. There in the heading the sat their quarry. Stationary at last after a quarter of on how's chase. The two riders were trapped between a towards bride walk and the police car, which was now crashing towards then like some growing. whinows - eyed predator.

There was so little space between the car cloors and the walls of the alley that figher and Anderson had difficulty extricating transches from the vehicle. It injured their dignity to have to inch, crab-like, towards the nuscreasts. Ester

It injured their dignity to have to inch, crab-like, towards the miscreauto. Fisher drapped his generous belly along the wall, tearing buttons off his shirt as he went, and finally snopping off he wing nurvor with his backeride. "Get off he bike!" he bellowed at the shirthing youths, who sat bashing in the flashing blue light as though enjoying it. They did as they user told. Finally pulling free from the broken wing mirror, fisher glared at them. They seemed to be in their late team. The one sho had been driving had long black heir, his insolent good looks reminded fisher unplewourty of his doughter's guitar playing, layabout boyfiend. The second boy also had black hoir, though his was short and stuck up in all directions; he ware glasses and a broad srin. Both were dressed in T-shirts emblas need more glasses and a broad Srin. Both more dressed in T-shirts endolaroned 1.0

the speed that a broad Snn. Both there interested in family should charge folder bird; the employ no doubt, a) some deafering, tameless took bank. No helpets! Fisher yelled, pointing from one uncoursed head to the other. "Generating the speed thirt by by a considerable anound! Waterstone's. What's your stong? (In fact, the speed registered had been greater than Fisher was prepared to accept that any instoragele could travel.) Failing to stop for the police!"

"We'd have loved to stop for a chat,' said the boy in glasser, and we were trying-" "Dait get smart - you two are in a heap of broukle!' sharted Anderson. "Names !" "Names?' repeated the long-haired driver. "Er- well, Let's see. There's Wilberforce ...

Bath sheba... Elvendork...' "And what's nice about that one is, you can use it for a boy or a sir!'s aid the boy is flasser "On, our names, did you mean?" asked the first, and Anderson spluttered with rape. "You should be seried! This have is James Potter, and I'm Sirius Black!" "Invips" be seriensly black for you in a minute, you cheekly little -" But neither James nor Sirius was paying attention. They were suddenly as alert as "In the seller, Then, with identical fluid houseness, hey reached who breir back pockets. For he space of a healtbeak both policements, hey reached into back pockets. For hey space of a healtbeak both officement indigined grows flearning at them, but a second later they som hat he healtbeak both officement of jokes, areit you? Right, we're arreating "on a charge of -" But Anderson nuer 15th have the charge. James and Sirius hed should a should an the the theory for the arreating and Anderson nuer 15th have the charge. James and Sirius hed should and the them this

But Anderson never got to have the charge. James and Sirius had should something incompaction sible, and the beams from the headlights had noved. The policemen Sheelid around, then stagsied backwards. Three were vere flying -actually flying - up be alley on broomsticks - and at the same moment, the police car was rearing up on its back sheels.

rearing up on its back sheets. fisher's kneen buckeds. fisher's kneen buckeds. fisher's kneen buckeds. fisher's kneen buckeds. an top of him, as flump-bong-crunch-they heard the usen on browns stam into the upended car and fall, apparently insensible, to he ground, while boken bits of brownskick clattered down eround them. The nuborbike had roared into life again. this mouth hanging open, fisher nucleied the strength to look back at he two teanapers. "Thenks very nuck! called Sirius over the twood of the enjine." We over you one!" "yean, nice meeting you! said James. "And doil forget: Elvendork! It's unise!" There was an earth shaking arash, and fisher ad Anderson three where orns around each other in fight; their car had just fallen back to the ground. Now it was the noborgele's two to cear. Before the policenes's disbeliening reyes, it took off into this air: James and Srive zooned away into the night sky, their tail light

twinkling behind them like a variship ruby.

From the prequel I am not working on-but that was fun! Il how it

CHAPTER ZERO

THE PREQUEL

The speeding motorcycle took the sharp corner so fast in the darkness that both policemen in the pursuing car shouted "Whoa!" Sergeant Fisher slammed his large foot on the brake, thinking that the boy who was riding pillion was sure to be flung under his wheels; however, the motorbike made the turn without unseating either of its riders, and with a wink of its red tail light, vanished up the narrow side street.

"We've got 'em now!" cried PC Anderson excitedly. "That's a dead end!"

Leaning hard on the steering wheel and crashing his gears, Fisher scraped half the paint off the flank of the car as he forced it up the alleyway in pursuit.

There in the headlights sat their quarry, stationary at last after a quarter of an hour's chase. The two riders were trapped between a towering brick wall and the police car, which was now crashing towards them like some growling, luminous-eyed predator.

There was so little space between the car doors and the walls of the alley that Fisher and Anderson had difficulty extricating themselves from the vehicle. It injured their dignity to have to inch, crab-like, towards the miscreants. Fisher dragged his generous belly along the wall, tearing buttons off his shirt as he went, and finally snapping off the wing mirror with his backside.

"Get off the bike!" he bellowed at the smirking youths, who sat basking in the flashing blue light as though enjoying it.

* 2 *

They did as they were told. Finally pulling free from the broken wind mirror, Fisher glared at them. They seemed to be in their late teens. The one who had been driving had long black hair; his insolent good looks reminded Fisher unpleasantly of his daughter's guitar-playing, layabout boyfriend. The second boy also had black hair, though his was short and stuck up in all directions; he wore glasses and a broad grin. Both were dressed in T-shirts emblazoned with a large golden bird; the emblem, no doubt, of some deafening, tuneless rock band.

"No helmets!" Fisher yelled, pointing from one uncovered head to the other. "Exceeding the speed limit by - by a considerable amount!" (In fact, the speed registered had been greater than Fisher was prepared to accept that any motorcycle could travel.) "Failing to stop for the police!"

"We'd have loved to stop for a chat," said the boy in glasses, "only we were trying —"

"Don't get smart - you two are in a heap of trouble!" snarled Anderson. "Names!"

"Names?" repeated the long-haired driver. "Er — well, let's see. There's Wilberforce . . . Bathsheba . . . Elvendork . . ."

"And what's nice about that one is, you can use it for a boy or a girl," said the boy in glasses.

"Oh, *our* names, did you mean?" asked the first, as Anderson spluttered with rage. "You should've said! This here is James Potter, and I'm Sirius Black!"

"Things'll be seriously black for you in a minute, you cheeky little —"

But neither James nor Sirius was paying attention. They were suddenly as alert as gundogs, staring past Fisher and Anderson, over the roof of the police car, at the dark mouth of the alley. Then, with identical fluid movements, they reached into their back pockets.

For the space of a heartbeat both policemen imagined guns gleaming at them, but a second later they saw that the motorcyclists had drawn nothing more than —

"Drumsticks?" jeered Anderson. "Right pair of jokers, aren't you? Right, we're arresting you on a charge of —"

But Anderson never got to name the charge. James and Sirius had shouted something incomprehensible, and the beams from the headlights had moved.

The policemen wheeled around, then staggered backwards. Three men were flying - actually *flying* - up the alley on broomsticks - and at the same moment, the police car was rearing up on its back wheels.

Fisher's knees bucked; he sat down hard; Anderson tripped over Fisher's legs and fell on top of him, as *flump* — *bang* — *crunch* they heard the men on brooms slam into the upended car and fall, apparently insensible, to the ground, while broken bits of broomstick clattered down around them.

The motorbike had roared into life again. His mouth hanging open, Fisher mustered the strength to look back at the two teenagers.

"Thanks very much!" called Sirius over the throb of the engine. "We owe you one!"

"Yeah, nice meeting you!" said James. "And don't forget: Elvendork! It's unisex!"

There was an earth-shattering crash, and Fisher and Anderson threw their arms around each other in fright; their car had just fallen back to the ground. Now it was the motorcycle's turn to rear. Before the policemen's disbelieving eyes, it took off into the air: James and Sirius zoomed away into the night sky, their tail light twinkling behind them like a vanishing ruby.

From the prequel I am <u>not</u> working on — but that was fun! J.K. Rowling 2008.