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## Jarvis

by MaryPat Campbell

Jones is making plans, I can tell from the way he paces round and round the centre courtyard, looking as if he will drown in his own intensity any moment. He walks on the black flags only, as if obsessive about what could happen if he didn't. This is so unlike his usual, almost placid character, it means something is afoot and I should take notice.

He will not talk to me or anyone else about his plans, not even to hear himself voice them and make adjustments as necessary. Clearly troubled and probably afraid of getting things wrong, of making a plans for his departure and risking re-capture. A lot is at stake.

I want to go with him. It would be my only chance to get out of this god-forsaken place. He needs my ability to grasp the nettle, to force a way through. He needs my violent outbursts, the reason they locked me up here in the first place. He needs a savage killer by his side on occasion and I'm the man for it. Jones is a fool if he thinks he can do this by himself. Although I have great faith in fools; self-confidence my friends call it, it's their unpredictable qualities that win me over every time. Perhaps I am this sort of fool myself.

Jones is about to come into his inheritance from the man of the cloth who sired him. I could both help him and benefit from this myself. How do I persuade him to take me and not Ursula, who will slow him down and make travel on the roads impossible. I know Jones is in love with her, or thinks he is. But he lacks all practical experience life presents most of us with, to be bold enough to manage this kind of escape. I have plenty of experience in this regard.

Denby, our illustrious superintendent, has summoned me to his chamber before supper this evening. He must guess I know something of Jones's plans for escape. I will play the fool of course and keep my trap shut. This, Jones does very well, he is well practiced at keeping his trap shut when confronted with important questionings and on this occasion I must do likewise.