She listened to the steady breathing of the other three girls. Why couldn't one of them have been a snorer? If somebody had been snoring she could have given them a shake. A policeman going by outside would be better than nothing — his footsteps might make her feel safe. But there was no policeman. There wasn't even a car.

The bed creaked as she sat up and swung her legs out. She listened. Nothing. The steady breathing continued. She hadn't disturbed anybody. Perhaps she'd have to put the lights on to find the door — that would wake them. But no. There was moonlight and the curtains were thin and she could see quite clearly. It would be most unfair to wake them with the light.

She stood up and crept towards the door. There was sand in the carpet. A floorboard creaked and she paused, hopefully. One of the twins snored, mumbling, and Fliss whispered, 'Maureen? Joanne?' but there was no response.

She opened the door a crack and looked out. The only illumination came from a small window on the half-landing below. It was minimal. She could make out the dark shapes of the doors but not the pattern on the carpet. The air had a musty smell and felt cold.

As she hesitated for a moment in the doorway, peering into the gloom and listening, she became aware of a faint sound — the snuffling, grunting noise of somebody snoring beyond the door of room eleven. She found it oddly reassuring, and crossed the landing quickly in case it should stop.

Re-crossing a minute later with the hiss of the toilet cistern in her ears, she could still hear it. It seemed louder, and was accompanied now by a thin, whimpering noise, like crying. Fliss pulled a face. Somebody feeling homesick. Not Lisa, surely?

The idea that her friend might be in distress made her forget her fear for a moment. She took a couple of steps towards room eleven, unsure of what she intended to do. As she did so, she became aware that the noise was not coming from that room at all, but from the one next to it — the cupboard. Her eyes flicked to its door. On it, visible in the midnight gloom, was the number thirteen.

She recoiled, covering her mouth with her hand. When she had asked Mrs Marriott what lay beyond that door, there had been no number on it. She knew there hadn't, yet there it was. Thirteen. And somebody was in there. Somebody, or something.

She backed away. The hissing of the cistern dwindled and ceased. The other sounds continued, and now the whimpering was more persistent, and