although only by a centimetre or two. So he waited impatiently as Anita climbed on to the crate and grasped the top of the wall with both hands. Now she was just tall enough to peer over it.

Anita looked around eagerly. A beautiful landscaped garden was laid out in front of her, with emerald-green lawns, tall trees, a marble fountain and borders swelling with the vibrant colours of flowers in full bloom. Dotted here and there throughout the garden were wonderful sculptures of elephants carved in white marble.

‘Elephants!’ Anita murmured to herself. ‘And, thank goodness, there’s Gran!’

Anita had spotted a wicker table and chairs laid out under the shade of the trees. Her gran sat in one of the chairs, sipping tea. She looked fine, Anita thought, overcome with relief. In the other chair was a man Anita had never seen before. He had black hair flecked with grey and a black beard, and he wore comfortable old clothes that were ripped and stained with paint.

‘What can you see, Anita?’ Vikram called urgently. Just a short distance away, Shanti was still talking into the intercom and hadn’t noticed what they were up to. ‘Can you see Gran?’

‘Yes, and I can see lots of elephants, and the man who made them!’ Anita replied. ‘He’s having tea with Gran.’

‘Let me see!’ Vikram urged, trying to climb up on to the crate alongside Anita. But there was only room for one of them, so, looking a bit annoyed, he had to get down again.

‘What should we do now?’ Anita asked, glancing over at Shanti. Their neighbour still hadn’t managed to persuade the housekeeper to open the gates.