Lady Jessica on her afternoon walk.

I was around nine, on the walk with Rásimok, when this weird older lady appeared out of nowhere. She was looking rather grumpy, scolding me, that I should look where I go. That’s when I saw her for the first time. Lady Jessica. Every day, around eight in the evening, she was going on a walk close to the lake. Always in a bad mood. She lived at the western end of the town in this huge mansion-like house.

Me and Andrew used to play close to their house because there were big grasslands where londogs grazed. We pretended to be spies. When I was ten Father bought me a tent, it was the best gift and the only gift that I remember from my childhood. So we were lying on a grass, halfway in the tent, spying on Lady Jessica. They were very rich, she was always wearing woolly coats, even had a summer version of it. Her husband, mister Nueshaft, was a small fat man. He was always working hard, coming home late, around eight, sometimes even later. Every time I saw him, he had the same brown suit with some funky tie. He had lots of them.

Woman was a Russian spy, me and Andrew thought. She was always on the phone, nervous, checking if her husband is close. After a year or so he left and never came back. Her mood hasn’t got worse, actually, she wasn’t grumpy anymore. This young guy, her son I think, came right after. She even looked happy. They were always together, from morning to evening. They even slept in the same room. You couldn’t see her near the lake anymore. Well, for a while, her son left, everything was again the same. Then we got bored with being spies.

