

# Flesh and Bones

Alan Durant

*Random House Children's Books*

# **Contents**

Cover

About the Book

Title Page

## **Part One**

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

## **Part Two**

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Chapter 24

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Chapter 28

Chapter 29

Chapter 30

Chapter 31

### Part Three

Chapter 32

Chapter 33

Chapter 34

Acknowledgements

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## About the Book

From the ruins of an ancient abbey, British archaeologists unearth the skull of a young monk. Using the very latest technology, Liam's Dad must attempt to put the flesh back on the bone and give life back to the skull. What did the young man look like?

But as his Dad works, Liam finds himself submitting to an irresistible force. As he looks into the cavities where eyes had once been, he hears a voice calling out across the centuries –

*'Foul deeds. Murder. The Black Arts.'*

Who was this young monk and how did he die? The questions keep coming as Liam is drawn into a centuries old mystery, embarking on a journey that will force him and his father to confront their own recent loss.

# Flesh and Bones

Alan Durant

DEFINITIONS

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## **MEDIEVAL MYSTERY OF SKULL AND 'SCRATCHCARD'**

A yellowing piece of parchment found beneath the altar of a ruined monastic church could be the world's earliest known scratchcard, archaeological experts believe.

The 10in by 8in document, whose authenticity is currently being researched with the help of the British Library, is considered to date from the late fifteenth century. It was discovered during excavations at Maundle Abbey near York.

The parchment, known as an incunabula, features three illuminated characters side by side, with a text promising the winner a spiritual reward. It is thought to be an indulgence sold by the Church to guilty Christians seeking forgiveness for their sins. Dr Malcolm Wagstaff, who is heading the excavation, says that the parchment may well be worth hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The dig also uncovered a skull, which it is believed may be the last remains of the monastery's founder, St Geronimus. If confirmed, this would be a very significant find for the Church. Dr Wagstaff said that while it was too soon to make any such claims, initial tests and research revealed that the skull dated back several centuries.

Dr Wagstaff told reporters that there was no evidence that the incunabula and the skull were connected, although, he added, this could not be ruled out. Tests continue.

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# **PART ONE**





# CHAPTER 1

THE SKULL MADE me feel sad, deeply sad. Staring into those cavities where eyes had once been, imagining the flesh that once covered the bare white bone . . . it brought a lump to my throat. Quite apart from anything else, a skull was a death's head, and death made me think of Mum; this skull more than any other, 'cause it had been dug up from its five-hundred-year-old rest a year to the day after Mum died. A whole year had gone by and I was still a mess. But then how could you ever get over something as terrible as that? Could there *be* anything as terrible as that? It seemed to me that even if I was five hundred years old like that skull, I could never come to terms with Mum's death.

I picked up the sheet of paper on which Dad had noted the main findings from the physical anthropologist's report. It was headed 'Brother Boniface'. How they must have laughed when someone had come up with that name. I could see why it had seemed appropriate: Boniface was a saint's name, and what was a skull but a bony face? But I hated it. It wasn't his name, was it? Nobody knew what his name had been. The one thing they knew for certain was that he wasn't St Geronimus the Venerable. Dr Wagstaff's enthusiasm for this theory had been misplaced – so Dad said. He didn't have much time for Dr Wagstaff. The two of them had worked together before on another dig and they hadn't exactly hit it off. Dad dismissed Wagstaff as a 'sensationalist', always trying to bend the facts to fit his theories.

So who was the person whose skull I was now staring into? A novice monk apparently. According to the report, he'd

been in his mid-teens when he'd died: 'Boniface was a male Caucasian of European ancestry and stood about 5' 4" tall.' The same height as me, which would have made him below average now, though in those days I reckoned it would probably have been quite tall. No one would have called him 'short arse' the way some of the kids at school did me. Not that I cared any more. What were a few taunts next to what I'd been through?

I stared once more into the hollow sightless eyes and again had that overwhelming feeling of sadness. I'd lost my mother, and so had he, I thought - well, actually, no, she'd abandoned him. We'd done a project on monastic life in RS and I knew that in medieval times parents put their sons into monasteries the way some parents these days pack their offspring off to boarding school. Only going into a monastery was for life; there was no going home for the holidays. It was final - final as death. How could any mother do that?

My eyes moved to the bigger cavity in the crown of the skull where the fatal blow had been struck before the head had been severed from the body. As yet, no one knew why. Had the boy suffered? Had he had time to know what was happening, to register the identity of his killer - or had death been instantaneous? Dad said that the experts inclined towards the latter theory. They'd finished all their tests, carbon dating and all the rest - they knew when he lived, how tall he'd been, how he'd died; now they'd passed the skull on to Dad to try to discover what he'd really looked like. That was Dad's job: putting flesh on the bones - well, clay anyway.

Once again I gazed into the eyes. The eyes! I started, blinked, frowned. The skull was eyeless. *But brown eyes had gazed back.* It wasn't possible, but it shook me all the same - not just the eyes, but for a second I'd heard a sound too, oddly muffled like someone talking to you when your head

was under water. I turned to see if anyone had come into the room. I was alone.

That evening me and Dad and Dad's brother, Uncle Jack, sitting having supper. Jack on his favourite subject: *what I'd do if I won the lottery*. Tonight he was going to buy himself a yacht – 'A great gin palace,' he said – and cruise around the world, visiting exotic places.

'You've as much chance of that happening as Wagstaff has of making a sensible diagnosis,' said Dad.

Jack raised his hands in a stop-right-there gesture; pursed his lips. 'You may scoff,' he said. 'But I have faith. One day it's going to happen, you'll see. And then you'll laugh on the other side of your face.'

'Not me.' Dad again. 'I'd wish you luck, Jack, because that's when you'd need it. You may need incredibly good fortune to win the thing; but not to let it ruin your life when you do – now that's when you'd need all the luck in the world. Riches – and especially unearned riches – never brought anyone happiness. Winning the lottery has ruined more lives than it's benefited, I'm certain of that.'

'Ah, you scientists,' Jack tutted. 'You have no imagination – no soul.' He turned to me. 'Isn't that right, Liam?'

I shrugged. 'I reckon there are better things to put your faith in than the lottery.'

'Oh yes, and what might they be?'

'Well' – a hesitation – 'God.'

'God? Now you *are* clutching at straws. Tell him, Will.'

Dad sighed. 'I can't say I find either helpful.'

'I suppose you believe in science,' Jack irked.

'It seems as good a thing as any to put your faith in. At least it doesn't promise what it can't deliver.' Dad pushed at a dollop of mash with his fork. 'Take that skull I'm working on. What good did believing in God do him, poor beggar?'

I wasn't having that. 'You don't know that. Maybe he was better off dying. Maybe he went to heaven and he's looking

down on us right now, shaking his head at what a mess we've made of things putting all our faith in science or the lottery.'

'Hey, don't knock the lottery,' Jack sparked. 'Anyway, didn't I hear they found some kind of scratchcard in with that monk of yours?'

'It was an incunabula, offering absolution from sins,' said Dad. 'And I think the reward it offered was to be collected *after* death.'

'After death?' Jack was aghast. 'What's the use in that?'

'If you believed in hell and damnation, which most people did in those days, then getting rid of your sins was essential: you didn't want to live for ever in the burning fires of hell. So you did everything you could to be absolved from your sins – go on a pilgrimage, buy an indulgence, give money to a church or monastery – so that when you died, you'd be rewarded with a place in heaven. And knowing this, the Church cashed in any way they could. Selling incunabula, or spiritual scratchcards, was just one wheeze they came up with.'

My hackles were up and I couldn't let it pass. 'You think science has got so much to be proud of? What's it ever done for us except help create nuclear missiles and mutant tomatoes?'

Dad smiled wearily. 'That's ridiculously simplistic, Liam, and you know it. I'm going back to work.'

In bed that night I picked at the conversation – science, the lottery, the skull, God . . . I hadn't always believed in God. It was only since Mum died that I'd gone down that route – and it had brought me some comfort where nothing else had been able to. I'd talked to friends, doctors, bereavement counsellors, listened to countless words of advice, sympathy and consolation, but nothing could break through the crust of despair that had grown over me. Certainly not Dad. Not that he'd really tried.

I'd gone into a church to annoy Dad as much as anything. I couldn't bear the way he seemed so matter-of-fact about our tragedy. He just carried on working with his old bones as if nothing had changed. When I told him that one of the counsellors had suggested talking to a priest, Dad had dismissed it out of hand. 'Pie in the sky,' he'd called it. 'A waste of time.' So I, who hadn't been thinking of following up the suggestion, did so the very next day.

The priest, Father Christopher, was very approachable. He invited me to a service. And I liked it. I liked being part of a . . . well, yes, a family. It made me feel wanted, supported. I found praying a release. I could say what I felt without having anyone opposite, pitying or judging or analysing. There was comfort too in the idea of an afterlife – that monk in heaven looking down . . .

*The bones are false.*

The words came out of the air. Or were they in my head? Had they insinuated themselves in one of those nano-seconds of unconsciousness when my eyes had closed and almost at once opened again. I sat up, knew myself to be wide awake, my room just as it always was, the sky outside dark, starless, a fuzzy glimmer at the window from the streetlights.

*Foul deeds. Murder. The Black Art.*

The same voice again, and this time a figure too, superimposed on my vision like one of those overhead projector overlays they were so fond of at school: a boy, about my own age, earnest brown eyes staring out from under the cowl of a black serge habit. A monk's habit.

Brother Boniface.



## CHAPTER 2

THE VISIONS AND the voices became more and more frequent. I heard whispers of bones and murder, saw shadowy hooded figures – and the eyes, always the eyes, staring out at me, imploring me in. I was drawn to the skull compulsively. It no longer made me feel sad. Now it evoked in me a range of new feelings – fascination, elation, terror.

I watched Dad in his workshop with his ultrasound equipment, attempting to gauge the depth of the tissue there would have been on the living face of the skull. As Dad had explained a number of times, the results were only approximate – they gave you ‘average’ information and you couldn’t be sure your subject had been average. Some people had small heads, some – Neanderthals, for example – had large ones. But you got some basic guidelines – ‘Good enough for someone like Wagstaff, but not for a proper scientist.’ Dad preferred the anatomical method. This is where his real expertise came to the fore. He drew on his deep knowledge of the muscles, glands and fat pads that most affect the way people look to give life to the skull.

It wasn’t the first time I had watched Dad carry out this operation, but I’d never before been affected like this. I could barely watch as he painstakingly sculpted the defining anatomical structures onto the skull. I winced as if these structures were being applied to my own head: the zygomaticus muscle between the eyes, the parotid gland above the left eye, the orbicularis oris at the bridge of the nose . . . There were seven structures in all, and with each one, my hand went involuntarily to the corresponding area on my own face. I felt giddy, like I’d been given an

anaesthetic and was in that mid state between consciousness and unconsciousness when light intensifies and sound muffles.

*Brother Martin will be your keeper. He will make sure that you are well looked after and that you carry out the vows and duties you are bounden to.*

Two figures in tunics whispering in the darkness.

*You know too much, and knowledge is a dangerous, dangerous thing.*

*Murder. The Black Art.*

‘Are you all right, Liam?’ A voice floating in the ether. Then Dad’s face coming into focus.

I blinked, squinted. ‘I feel sort of faint.’ My breathing was fast, desperate, as if I were drowning.

‘Slow down. Deep breaths.’ Dad’s voice again. And yet, no, not Dad’s.

And then another voice. *The indulgences are worthless. The bones are false. There is no truth in them.*

A cloister. A hooded figure. The sound of bells.

And then nothing.

‘Thomas, Thomas.’ He opened his eyes and his mother was sitting at the end of the bed. Her hair was down, flowing about her pale face in all its golden glory. He loved that. He loved her eyes too, gazing at him, smiling sadly – sapphire blue with a fleck of brown to one side of the dark pupils. He blinked in the dusty sunlight, his eyes and mind coming slowly into focus. He took in the burned tallow candle at his bedside, remembered what day it was.

‘Mother,’ he said simply. But his thoughts were far from simple. How could he bear to leave her? How could she bear to part from him?

‘You must bathe and dress, Thomas,’ she said. ‘I’ll have Robin fill the tub.’ She paused. ‘The Lord knows when you will next have such an opportunity.’ As she spoke these words, tears glistened in her eyes.



His pity for her overcame his own apprehension. 'Why, Mother, don't be sad,' he said gaily. 'That's one of the benefits of becoming a monk.'

It was well known that monks did not believe in regular bathing, once a month or so being considered quite sufficient; to bathe more frequently was unholy self-indulgence. His own family bathed at least twice a week. His mother insisted upon it. Now all that was going to change. Everything was going to change. His old life was over. Today he was being taken into Maundle Abbey to begin his training as a novice monk.

When his mother left to supervise Robin, he lay back on his bolster and looked up at the curved roof-beams. He wondered for a moment what his new bedroom would be like. The monks slept in dormitories, he knew that. There would be none of the privacy he had been accustomed to at home these past months, since his older brother Giles had gone to live with a wealthy churchman to learn to be a gentleman. With Giles there had been no chance of privacy at all. He had a way of discovering any hiding place. He would lift every floorboard if he felt there was something to uncover, no matter how trivial it might be. He took after their father in that way. As the owner of a lucrative goldsmith's shop, Father was always wary of theft, and was meticulous about security. He watched over his wares like a hawk. His craftsmen even wore special sheepskin aprons to catch the tiny gold chippings from their labour, so that nothing of any value was wasted. As the oldest son, Giles would take over their father's business one day, and Thomas knew he would be suited to the task in a way that he himself would never have been. He was much more like his mother - trusting, haphazard, devout. His business would be to serve God, and he was prepared to do so, though he could not help but feel apprehension at taking this new step and leaving behind all he knew and loved.

Thomas examined his chamber for the last time. His eyes took in the wall-hangings, peacock blue with a pattern of yellow roses, the badge of his father's family, and the dark oak chest, chipped and scarred with age, decorated with carvings of mythical beasts. His gaze settled on the objects on top of the chest: the off-white skulls of a fox and a ferret, complete with teeth, which had been his greatest treasures through his boyhood. His mother hated them. 'Horrible old bones', she called them, and he smiled now as he recalled it. They would give him nightmares, she said, and she couldn't understand what he saw in them. Her incomprehension only deepened when he told her that he found the skulls strangely comforting – not in the way that so many people these days found succour in sacred bones and relics (there was nothing sacred about the animal skulls), but because they had a lifelike quality about them, even in death, that was reassuring. He didn't find the fierce set of their teeth frightening. His imagination put flesh upon the bones and they became his friends. He hated the thought of leaving them now. He had little faith that they would be properly looked after.

*The bones are false, the indulgences worthless. There is no truth in them. It is nothing but wicked deceit and greed.*

*They practise the Black Art.*

'Thomas, come!' Mum's voice calling.

But, no, how could it be? Mum was dead. Dead and buried.

I heard from the street the grating whine of the failing fan-belt like the shriek of an injured animal. I heard the wild crescendo of the accelerating engine, the squeal of tyres skidding, the thump and smash of metal and glass imploding as they crashed into thick, unyielding concrete. Then a terrible, ear-exploding scream.

I woke up; realized it was my own.



## CHAPTER 3

DAD TOOK ME to the doctor, told him how I'd seemed to lose consciousness. For several minutes he'd been unable to communicate with me, he said; then suddenly I'd come to with a piercing scream ('a scream loud enough to wake the dead' is how Uncle Jack had described it – with no trace of irony. If only, I'd thought. If only . . .). The doctor couldn't find anything wrong. He talked of prescribing some kind of sedative but Dad would have none of it. I knew that Mum had taken Prozac and other stuff – and that Dad hadn't agreed with it. He didn't want his son to have anything to do with drugs and he told the doctor so.

'He's suffering from grief, that's all,' he said. 'He'll get over it in time, in his own way.'

He told the doctor what had happened: that Mum had died in a car crash, that her car had gone out of control and smashed into a concrete wall. The way he told it was so cool and matter-of-fact it was like he was telling the doctor the plot of a movie he'd seen. There wasn't a tremor of emotion in his voice. I wondered sometimes whether he felt any sense of loss at all. As soon as the doctor left, he went back to work, and I lay in bed seething.

Uncle Jack came by later.

'How are you feeling?' he asked.

'OK.' I shrugged. 'Tired.' Tired of carrying this grief around like an Olympic torch.

'We were worried about you.'

'Sorry. I didn't mean to cause all this fuss. I know how busy Dad is.'

'Yeah. That skull. He's obsessed with it.'

I thought about that. *Was* he obsessed with it? I was. 'There's something strange about that skull,' I said at last.

'How, strange?' Uncle Jack raised an eyebrow mock-quizzically.

'I don't know. When I'm near it, staring at it, it seems to take a hold of me.' I paused. 'I hear things.'

'Hear things!' Uncle Jack's voice teetered on laughter. 'What things?'

I sighed. I wished I hadn't said anything, but it was too late now. 'Voices, whispering. And I see things too.'

'Now you *are* starting to worry me.'

'It sounds mad, I know,' I conceded. 'It's all so confused. I saw Mum crashing her car. But before that I saw this boy, about my age, a young monk. He was in bed. His mother woke him. He was about to enter a monastery.' It came in sections, as if I was recalling a dream. 'But it's like I *was* him, like I was living his life – or he was living it through me. I see his thoughts, his dreams even.' I sighed again. I was starting to scare myself.

But for the first time Uncle Jack actually looked interested. He put down his newspaper – opened at the racing selections, of course. 'Maybe you've got some sort of gift,' he suggested quite seriously. 'You know, second sight. It could be very significant.'

I laughed. 'I can't tell you this week's winning lottery numbers or who's going to win the Grand National, Uncle Jack, if that's what you're thinking.'

Uncle Jack raised a hand. 'You can scoff,' he said, 'but there *are* people who have these paranormal abilities.'

Jack's seriousness had the opposite effect on me. It made me smile and shy away from the possibilities he was suggesting. 'Not me. I'm just your idiot nephew with an over-active imagination.' But still, I thought when I was alone again, it was strange the effect that skull had on me.

The next day I felt stronger, more normal. I got up and had breakfast, then went to Dad's workshop. There were photographs and sketches of the skull from many different viewpoints pinned up on a large board, in front of which Dad was now standing, contemplating his subject. The work had moved on to the next stage now – the clay sculpting. The skull rested on its plinth, still eyeless, but now fleshed with clay. I watched silently for a few moments, before giving a quiet cough. Dad turned and looked at me, but for some instants seemed unable to recognize his son. 'Oh, hello, Liam,' he uttered eventually.

I nodded at the skull. 'I see you're making progress.'

'Yes. Just having a few difficulties with the ears.' He sighed. 'The problem is the bones don't give you much of an indication like they do with the other features. I know where the centre of the ears should be located' – he pointed with his pencil – 'and that their angle would usually be in line with the angle of the jaw, but whether they were large or small or how the lobes hung, well, it's just about impossible to say.'

I had to smile at Dad's discomfort. How he hated imprecision or uncertainty. He had to know or at least explain everything absolutely.

A picture flashed in my mind. 'He had quite small ears,' I said without thinking. 'A bit like mine.'

Dad frowned. 'How on earth could you know that?'

'Just a feeling. Intuition.'

Dad huffed. 'Speculation more like. I have enough of that from that damn fool Wagstaff. Now he's on about dark practices. His latest theory is that the boy was a victim of a ritualistic pagan sacrifice, which culminated in beheading.'

I have to admit I was intrigued. 'Well, he could be right, couldn't he?'

'He could be, but he could equally well not be. That's my point. It's just speculation. Why not wait till we've got more evidence and then make an informed judgement. He just