

Chapter Five

Camargue castle was an intriguing architectural hotch-potch. First to be built on the site had been a Jacobean fortified manor house; this still remained with many of its original features intact, and acted as a restaurant and administrative centre.

Attached to it was the annexe, where most residential guests were accommodated. It had been built in the year 2000 by an architect with good taste; there had been no attempt to mimic the style of the Jacobean house, although its overall shape was mirrored in the square, solid proportions of the new building, which was built with the same type of red brick. The actual conference centre was across the other side of a gentle stream, and this was the building most people thought of as Camargue Castle. It was a magnificent Palladian house, built in 1780, in dove-grey stone, with three storeys of huge rectangular windows and a graceful central staircase leading to the main door.

'I can't look at that entrance without hearing *Zadok the Priest*,' remarked Phil with awe and satisfaction in his voice.

'Ah, yes,' agreed Rhoda. She began to sing the famous, fortissimo choral entry from Handel's coronation anthem. '*ZADOK THE PRIEST*,' she warbled, quite unselfconscious, '*AND NATHAN THE PROPHET, ANNOINTED SO - LOMON KEENG!*'

Posy grinned.

'I'm sorry my dear, we are nutters, aren't we, Phil?' she reached out for his hand and squeezed it.

'Yes. As Sigmund himself observed, one is very crazy when in love.'

They looked adoringly into each other's eyes for a moment, and Posy could sense their utter trust in each other, a precious, unbreakable security.

'One is indeed,' replied Rhoda. 'But come on now, we don't want to make Posy start bringing up her breakfast. Let's not get too sentimental.'

'Sorry dear. I just love it when you sing,' Phil said.

'Well I was sort of hoping there'd be a choral element to the course this year,' Posy remarked. 'Hugh is very into it. He was talking about creating a joint composition, with the course delegates creating the music from scratch, and the text as well.'

Rhoda clapped her hands. 'Poetry as well as music! Manna from heaven!' she

exclaimed. 'I always knew Hugh Norbury would be our best course director yet. Such a talented composer. Such an imagination!'

'But it sounds to me like a logistical nightmare,' Posy continued.

'Now, now, don't be defeatist,' scolded Rhoda. 'Phil and I are great organisers. Once we get the bit between our teeth...'

'...there's no stopping us,' finished Phil. 'And I'd love to do a bit of poetry myself. Just wandering round these grounds makes me come over all literary. Something to do with nature, bursting out all over.'

'I know what you mean,' said Rhoda. 'Flowers are restful to look at. They have neither emotions nor conflicts.'

'Freud again,' explained Phil. Posy laughed; she found her friends' enthusiasm irresistible. 'Well then, I'll push for it to happen. I'll lean on Hugh, and let's hope he comes up with something.'

'Look!' said Rhoda, as Phil parked the car, 'there he is now!'

All thoughts of Millfields and of her troubles regarding Barnaby fled from Posy's mind as she saw her old friend standing in the magnificent doorway of Camargue Castle, looking out at the view with a skinny cigarette dangling between his fingers. He spotted Posy and raised his hand in a casual, but warm greeting. Posy got out of the car and trotted up the grand steps to meet him.

'Hugh!' she gave him a hug. He flicked his cigarette end onto the ground and trod on it before returning the embrace.

'Posy Gibson! It's great to see you!'

'You look like the Lord of the manor!'

'Oh, I could never be that,' he replied. 'Head Gardener, maybe...'

It had been almost a year since they'd last met, but Posy and Hugh were old friends, having been at music college together; they'd bumped into each other frequently over the years, and had always taken a keen interest in each other's projects. When MABO materialised, there was finally a chance to work together.

'Well, you look right at home, anyway,' Posy observed.

'I feel at home. Thanks for asking me back,' said Hugh with genuine modesty. 'I thought you might want different people this year. Go for variety, you know.'

'No way! You've no idea how *rare* your talent is, Hugh,' Posy replied. 'Where would I find another great workshopper who's also a great composer, a fantastic teacher, a conductor, can motivate people, can bring out the best in them...'

He shrugged, smiling. Posy noticed that his hair was looking a little longer, more unkempt, and slightly more colourless this year. But the blue eyes were still creased at the edges with dry humour, as they had been since she first set eyes on him when they were both eighteen.

'You know that idea you had, about introducing a choral element...'

'You remembered!' smiled Hugh, looking pleased. 'I'm still thinking about it. In fact I'd like to do it, if you're interested. I thought you might feel it would detract from the instrumental element. I might have to get some people to sing instead of play.'

'I'm sure you'd have volunteers. Phil and Rhoda for a start.'

'And your new leader guy.'

'Oh, you've heard? Alexander Hamilton. God, I hope I've picked the right person. It was so last minute. But he's got the credentials. I've got high hopes,' she smiled.

'Actually, you haven't seen him, have you? A sort of tall, gangly English gentleman-type with brown hair going grey and probably wearing a summer suit?'

'That sounds like me,' came a voice from behind her. Posy spun round to find Alexander standing at the top of the steps with his suitcase. A taxi revved its engine and drove away down the drive, Alexander raising his free hand in a friendly acknowledgement.

'Posy, this is magnificent.'

'It is, isn't it?' she had to agree. 'And we rehearse in the Grand Ballroom, can you believe it? We're surrounded by Gainsboroughs. It's divine. Although the bedrooms are a little plain, in the annexe behind the admin wing.'

'My needs are simple,' Alexander replied. 'I'm sorry, I haven't introduced myself - you must be Hugh Norbury.'

The two men shook hands.

'How did you recognise me?'

'Well, I'm trying to think,' said Alexander scratching his head. 'You were leading a workshop at the Millfields Community Centre last Autumn, and I came along to the evening concert. Couldn't get to the workshop, but judging by the standards of the gig, it must have been a good one.'

'Why thank you, sir,' replied Hugh with ironic formality.

'Looking forward to working with you. I suppose Posy has told you - I'm leading the orchestra over the next two weeks.'

'Well come in, and tick off your name on the board,' said Hugh. 'There's tea and

biscuits inside.'

They went through the doorway and into a cool, oval porch with black and white tiles on the floor, and two niches set into the flanking walls, each containing a classical bust, thickly draped with cobwebs. There was an easel with a big list of names, waiting to be ticked off as people arrived, and telling them which was to be their bedroom. From a long table draped in a white cloth, two young volunteers on work experience were serving tea, and there was a large plate of shortbreads next to the cups and saucers. Posy hunted for her name on the list.

'Ooh, look, Hugh! They must have made a mistake with my room. I've been put in here, in the conference centre, not the annexe! That means I might have some huge, regal bedchamber!'

'Don't knock it!' responded Hugh. 'It's the annexe for me.'

Rhoda and Phil had arrived and were pleased to see that they had been given the same room as last year.

'Oh, marvellous!' cried Rhoda. 'It will be even more like coming home.'

Gradually, delegates began to arrive, appearing at the door with their suitcases and instrument cases. Conscious of the cost to the environment – and to their pockets - many had travelled together, and Posy was not surprised to notice a squashed, crumpled appearance among many of them, combined with an air of relief at having arrived. Amina Osman was there with her viola case and a colourful carpet bag, and with her was Roy Carlton, who still smelt deliciously of baking bread and had a little flour clinging to the shoulders of his bottle-green shirt; he'd already put in an early morning shift at Tesco. The two trumpet players, Kevin and Lloyd, arrived with Lloyd's dad, Leroy; at eighteen the lads were slightly too young to really fit in, but Posy had accepted them because she desperately needed brass players, Phil being the only other one, struggling with his trombone. Kevin and Lloyd had been playing for two years, barely qualifying as adult beginners, and yet they seemed to enjoy the noisy MABO atmosphere with its novel organisation which seemed very unlike their 6th form college, and which sometimes teetered on anarchy. Neil Havers, the timpanist, had brought along the two young clarinetists Hattie and Zoe; he looked tired after his journey, and Posy noticed two enormous patches of perspiration under the sleeves of his sage green, short-sleeved shirt. His black hair looked as if it were

plastered to his head, and two spots of high colour shone out from his pallid complexion like small rashes.

'I'm allergic to chatter,' he frowned, turning to Posy for sympathy as Hattie and Zoe clung to his arms, one on each side.

'God, his driving is amazing,' giggled Hattie.

'He's, like, really fast, but you feel totally, totally secure,' agreed Zoe.

The two young women were wearing identical, matte foundation in a luminous shade of pale peach, with mascara and eyeliner that transformed each eye into a black spider.

'Come on, Neil, have a cuppa. And then sit down. He deserves a rest,' continued Zoe, whose dark brown hair was tinted a rich, metallic crimson.

'I can't rest yet. I need to send out a Tweet, and then see whether the timps have arrived,' said Neil wearily.

'Haven't you brought your own?' said Hattie, whose similarly dark brown hair was also fashionably coloured, blue-black being her current preference.

'How could I fit a set of huge kettledrums in the car with you two in there as well?'

'Oh, right. Yeah,' said Hattie.

'No - I'll pop round to the ballroom and just check that they're all here, and the other percussion,' said Neil, "after I've let the world know that the MABO summer school is underway."

He began twiddling with his BlackBerry.

'The guy from Wilsons' promised to deliver the percussion before midday. It should all be there by now,' said Posy, with a little gush of pride that she had arranged all the instrumental hire and had remembered to follow up with calls to confirm that the van drivers knew where they were going. She returned to the tea urn to get a refill.

This was all going swimmingly! The tea was here, the chart of names was here, everyone was arriving, looking cheerful and expectant, and the weather was glorious. Posy made a mental note to track down the conference manager, Amanda Hall, and thank her for making sure their arrival had gone smoothly. Amina came up to her, delicately nursing a cup of tea and grinned at Posy through her thick-lensed spectacles.

'Posy my love, I am so happy to be here,' she said. 'I can't believe that I am playing in a real orchestra, that I feel so needed and wanted. Valued; I feel valued. Even though I failed my Grade 3 only last week.'

'Oh, Amina, I told you not to bother with exams! They're no test of true musicianship. Who cares if you can't remember the scale of B major? D flat minor?'

'D flat minor! That's not on the syllabus for Grade 3. No, I got very muddled up with G major. And the set pieces too, they all went wrong. The fast one...I'm sure the pianist was going at double speed. I didn't recognise the music at all.'

'These pieces are becoming more and more irrelevant!' said Posy emphatically. 'Just bits of bourgeois time-filling with no depth, no originality! Most of them come from another age! And as for the scales! Composers nowadays don't always write pieces in a specific key. You shouldn't have to learn G major before you feel you can contribute as a musician. God, it makes me so cross!'

Amina sipped her tea calmly and smiled.

'I know it does, my love. But I like doing exams. I like the sense of achievement,' she argued gently. 'And G major is a very beautiful scale, even though I seem to stumble after the first three notes.'

How Posy admired her stoic patience! Amina had been rejected from various local music ensembles and had every reason to be embittered and defeatist - and yet, here she was, scraping away amidst the Millfields Adult Beginners' Orchestra, feeling important and excited about her future as a musician. She was about to say something, when Neil Havers rushed up to her. If anything, he was looking even more tired and pale, though his eyes were now bulging as if he had seen a frightening sight. Posy's mind worked quickly, and she remembered that she had put the phone number for Wilsons' Instrumental Supplies into her phone. If the timps and percussion had not arrived, then they had probably been delivered to the wrong room, or perhaps had been delayed en route. There was no reason for this to be a crisis. Posy felt a firm, muscular wall of confidence in her torso as she turned to Neil.

'What is it? Aren't they here yet?'

'No. No, it's something else.'

'What, then?'

'There's another orchestra here.'

'What?'

'In the Grand Ballroom. Rehearsing. *Another orchestra!*

'But there can't be another orchestra in there. We've booked the venue for two weeks. And they know we are coming - Amanda Hall prepared the arrival list and the tea & biscuits reception. They must know we are coming!'

'Well maybe this lot are only here for today,' said Neil grimly, 'though I doubt it. There are a million suitcases strewn all around the ballroom, as if they've only just arrived and are planning to stay for a month.'

'Oh my god,' said Posy, feeling her inner confidence evaporate. Her stomach turned to mush. If there had been a mistake, it was bound to be her fault. The players would have to go back to London. There was nowhere else they could stay without paying a fortune, and certainly nowhere else they could rehearse.

'Let's go to the ballroom. I must find out what's going on,' she said, with an inner conviction that whatever had happened could never be rectified. 'And I must find Amanda Hall!'

She followed Neil out of the cool porch and into the red-carpeted corridor that led to the grand ballroom. The rectangular windows set along the corridor cast huge patches of light on the carpet, turning the carpet into a path of burning coals under Posy's thin sandals as she tried her best to walk slowly and calmly towards the ballroom. She could hear the distinct sound of an orchestra playing. How could she not have noticed before? She cursed herself for being so engrossed in her chitchat, her tea and biscuits, her all-too-premature feelings of triumph. The door to this magnificent room was open, and as she entered, a wave of pure intimidation swept over her. She found herself facing a chamber orchestra of perhaps twenty-five people; the conductor was just a few steps away from her, his back to the door, his shoulders hunched as he grasped a slim baton and shouted a few instructions. But the music was wheedling to a standstill, chairs were scraping uncertainly, the players were looking up expectantly, and the conductor gradually realised that there had been a distraction. He turned round and looked directly at Posy.

'Ah, is it about the *climatisation*?' His accent was French, and very strong, though he spoke quickly and with confidence. 'Still we are too hot here. There is no air which can come in through the *fenêtres*. Please - can you have it mended?'

Posy began to splutter with rage, tempered only with extreme embarrassment.

'I'm not here about the heat or whatever your problem is. I'm here with the Millfields Adult Beginners Orchestra. I am the, er, the manager.' Posy regretted not giving herself an impressive official title - the members generally knew her as the person who organised things, nothing more. The conductor looked blank. His arms relaxed and he allowed the baton to fall to the floor, while the players behind him turned and shrugged to each other, some of them sniggering a little.

'I'm so sorry. But we are rehearsing. 'Ow can I 'elp you?'

'How many days have you booked this room for?' Posy asked, trying to stay calm.

'Er, *pour combien de jours...*'

'*Non, non, je comprends*, I understand,' replied the conductor impatiently. 'We are booked 'ere for fourteen days.'

'I'm sorry, but that's impossible,' said Posy. 'The Millfields Adult Beginners Orchestra is booked here for a fortnight. Starting this afternoon. Starting now!' she urged herself to stay in control, not to lose her temper. The man had an aristocratic arrogance that she instinctively hated. She had met men like this before; super-confident Europeans who believed they held the keys to culture, slamming its gilded door in the face of people like Amina Osman and Roy Carlton. People who wore exquisite designer watches, linen suits and tasteful tan sandals which did not expose too much of the bare foot. People who spoke several different languages, including the language of American Express. People who were profoundly talented, and why not, they'd had it drummed into them by pushy parents since the age of three. It never helped that they were always mercilessly handsome.

The conductor scratched his head and glanced at the leader of his orchestra, who shrugged his shoulders and pulled a helpless face, saying something in French which Posy did not quite catch.

'Let's take a break,' the conductor said in English to his players, and Posy was disconcerted and further humbled to find that they all understood, and began to put down their instruments and to chatter. The conductor returned to scratching his head, then tugged on the elastic band which was holding his hair back. A thick, blonde cascade fell around his face, and with it, a cloud of masculine perfume puffed itself into Posy's nostrils. In a gesture which to Posy spelt pure vanity, he then raked his hand backwards through his hair to scrape it off his forehead, which was lightly tanned as if he had just been on a skiing holiday.

'I'm sorry,' he said mildly, but without contrition, 'but there 'as been a mistake. We are booked here.'

'And who are you, exactly?' Posy demanded.

'We are *l'Orchestre Élite des Intimes du Louvre*,' he responded smoothly. 'You may call us *L'OEIL*.'

Posy's hackles rose further. She did not quite grasp the full title, but she heard the word *élite*. The instinctive contempt she had felt for this man was justifying itself

triumphantly.

‘And my orchestra is the Millfields Adult Beginners Orchestra: MABO,’ she said, feeling stupid, as MABO had no meaning as a word.

‘*Ma Beau? C’est joli,*’ murmured the man. His blond, straight hair had fallen forwards again, and he raked it back with one of his elegant, tanned hands. ‘Well, Mademoiselle *Ma Beau*, I’m sorry for you, but I have a contract with Chateau Camargue. My *orchestre* is booked here. You will have to go somewhere else for your rehearsals.’

‘On the contrary. This is a problem for us both. There has obviously been a double booking. And there is no reason why my orchestra should suffer. We have fought for a whole year for a special grant to allow us to come and work here for two weeks.’

‘Then you are fortunate that none of your own money ‘as been wasted,’ the man smiled. Before Posy had chance to riposte, he added, ‘My name is Leif Le Carré. Leif is a Norwegian name but I am French.’

‘And my name is Posy Gibson.’

She looked into his eyes for more signs of arrogance and hostility, but instead there was a sort of amused curiosity, bordering on rudeness. The eyes were dark grey and surrounded by conspicuous black lashes. Posy had been told by an actress friend that it was quite common for men in the world of the performing arts to dye their eyelashes and even have them permed. She wondered if it were true for Leif le Carré. But despite her scorn, Posy found herself squirming uncomfortably, disadvantaged by her casual, dowdy appearance next to her adversary’s effortless smartness: a black T-shirt and black jeans, which contrasted sharply with his ash blonde hair. Instinctively she smoothed her skirt, and at a loss for what to say next, turned to Neil for help. He was just walking through the door, having gone to fetch the conference manager, Amanda Hall.

Amanda was a tall, striking woman in her early forties, with a fruity Birmingham accent and dark brown hair which had been henna’d for the best part of two decades, leaving it brilliantly glossy and the colour of polished mahogany. She wore a glamorous trouser suit in a navy pin-striped fabric, over a white shirt with extravagant ruffles down the front, and her high heeled court shoes - patent navy leather - made a loud tapping sound on the black and white tiles of the ballroom floor. To Posy’s surprise and alarm, she was smiling broadly.

‘Posy! Ooh, it’s great to see you.’

She gave the stiffly unresponsive Posy a large hug.

'You've met Leif,' she added with a twinkle in her dark eyes. 'Now, Posy, I'm really sorry I wasn't at the tea & biscuits reception when you arrived. I did leave you a note attached to the notice board. Just to say, that as we've got Leif's orchestra here as well, I've had to put MABO in the little ballroom. You know, it's the room right next to this one which we sometimes use as a banqueting hall.'

'But why couldn't we have the grand ballroom?' said Posy, afraid that she was sounding childish, spoilt and petulant.

'It's to do with the piece which Leif's orchestra are preparing. The reason they're here is that Godfrey Maxwell-Minniver's having a big premiere in a couple of weeks' time - well, I'm sure you'll have heard all about it - L'OEIL have commissioned a new work from him.'

'So?'

Posy had little time for Godfrey Maxwell-Minniver, who had recently spoken out about falling standards in music education and had condemned the 'deadly spate of glorified amateurism and unbridled multiculturalism which was replacing true standards of excellence in the UK.'

'Well, it's a double percussion concerto,' explained Amanda. 'Two soloists playing two marimbas, two vibraphones, twenty tomtoms, two sets of tubular bells, two tamtams, sixteen gongs...er....'

'Two *Glockenspielen*, two *grands casses*, er, bass drums, zeelophon...,' continued Leif le Carré. '*Alors*, we need all the space.'

'And all the percussion instruments,' Neil interjected. 'There's a message on my mobile from Wilsons', saying they've cocked up and can't supply us with the timps we need for the Beethoven.'

'*Ah, oui*, and twelve timps,' said Leif, responding to Neil's prompt.

'You have taken our percussion instruments as well?' demanded Posy. 'Now that is beyond the pale!'

'Surely, you are one of these, er, improvising ensembles where everyone is welcome and can play whatever they like,' said Leif. 'You can replace the timpani with - you know, cardboard boxes.' He grinned, and Posy felt as if a flame had been turned into a raging inferno in the pit of her stomach.

'We are adult beginners, not complete idiots. When we play Beethoven, we do our best to interpret the music in an appropriate manner. We try to use the instruments

he would have preferred. And if that's not possible,' - she remembered back to last year when the trumpets didn't turn up to the Town Hall concert, and Hattie Boden had played their parts on an amplified electronic keyboard - 'well we just do our best. And I promise you, we can do a lot better than a *cardboard box*.'

Amanda butted in tactfully. 'Anyway, Posy, to make up for the disappointment, I've swapped your bedroom for something a bit more upmarket. I've put you in the Kingsbury Suite over here in the conference centre. It's a beautiful room. The Queen Mother stayed there once.'

Posy glared at her.

'I hope that'll help a bit,' Amanda continued, still smiling broadly though her hands were clenched tightly together.

'I should 'ope so,' commented Leif. 'My *orchestre* are staying down at the Travel Lodge on the M40! They are very peessed off with me!'

'Well your application did come in very late, Leif. I could supply the rehearsal premises but not the accommodation. Apart from yourself, of course.'

Posy shot him a look.

'Ah yes, I am in the Aldridge Suite. But it is not so grand as the Kingsbury, *n'est-ce pas?*'

Not so grand, perhaps, but this man was still putting himself above the rank-and-file members of his orchestra; staying in a luxurious suite while they were forced to travel a few miles back down the motorway to the stark identikit rooms of the Travel Lodge.

'Well I'm not happy about staying in your finest room while the other players are over in the annexe,' said Posy.

'You mean you'd be set apart? Stuck here on your own?' queried Amanda.

'You won't be alone, Mademoiselle Ma Beau,' said Leif, 'If you are in distress I will not be far away.'

Posy ignored his innuendo, which seemed too mocking to be acceptable as flirtation.

'It's not that, *obviously*. It's just that it doesn't seem fair,' she said firmly to Amanda.

'I've done nothing to earn that privilege.'

'Well...' said Amanda, 'if you're really not happy, how about the Bostwicks, Rhoda and Phil, the elderly couple? They might appreciate a little more comfort.'

'Certainly not!' Rhoda's voice resounded round the ballroom, which was now cleared of musicians, who had all gone in search of coffee.

'I do not wish to stay in the Kingsbury Suite. Phil and I are more than happy in our annexe room. It's where we stayed last year, and I like the feeling of familiarity. It would take me at least a week to settle into a new environment.'

Phil approached from behind her. 'But we think that Posy should take the room. Why not, my dear? You deserve a little special treatment. You've been working so hard.'

He turned to Amanda. 'She's been through some tough times.'

Posy was mortified. She was sure that Leif le Carré had registered what Phil had just said; she saw him glance at her with those knowing, grey eyes. How contemptuous he would be, knowing that there were probably some neurotic troubles behind her confrontation of him. Her cheeks went hot and she felt distinctly unstable, as if she might cry. Amanda, more sensitive than many people realised, ushered them all out of the ballroom.

'Now hurry up and get some coffee. I've got better suppliers than last year. Even Leif can't complain. It's freshly ground Italian stuff.'

'Italian? Pfff!'

'Now, now, Italian coffee is the best in the world,' chided Rhoda, who seemed not the least bit disconcerted by the handsome, arrogant stranger. 'I don't care what you French say. You can't beat Illy.'

'And before you protest, one *can* get a perfectly good cup of coffee here in the UK,' added Phil, quite indifferent to any offence he might be causing. 'We're not in the dark ages, you know.'

'I did not say such a thing,' protested Leif. 'But you are still in love with the 1960's, *je crois*.'

'What on earth do you mean?' demanded Rhoda, as they walked down the red-carpeted corridor towards the foyer and the smell of coffee.

'*Regard* - your clothes, your orchestra, you are all into free love and free *musique*, for people with no talent. In my orchestra, everybody auditions, and they must be musically of the highest standard. This year I had a hundred auditions for one place - first flute. One hundred! And they must all be *intimes du Louvre* - artistically educated to the highest degree. I do a test about all the paintings. If you do not know, you cannot join, because if you were ignorant you would not fit in and you would make no friends.'

Rhoda and Phil smiled to themselves as if he were a sweetly deluded child. Posy found their acceptance infuriating.

'I'm surprised anybody wants to join your orchestra,' she burst out, 'you're only fit for a museum! I'm surprised anybody wants to come and hear you with your prissy classical symphonies, your ... sterile pseudo-perfection!'

Leif stopped at the coffee urn and raised his eyebrows. 'You must tell me what that means, some time. You seem educated. Can you play?'

'Yes I can, to a professional standard!' Posy shot back.

'Ah, then you do have some pride,' said Leif. He drank his coffee black. 'Shall I pour one for you?'

Posy's mouth fell open; this was too confusing. She was relieved to find Alexander Hamilton standing behind her.

'Posy! I've been looking for you. Would you like me to take your case up to your room?'

She was flooded with relief.

'Oh, thanks, Alexander. Yes please. I'm here in the main building, in the Kingsbury Suite.'

Posy was sure that Alexander had glared briefly at Leif le Carré, and she felt gratified; he too had obviously felt that instinctive mistrust on regarding the man, with his tight-fitting black T shirt and shoulder-length blonde hair.

