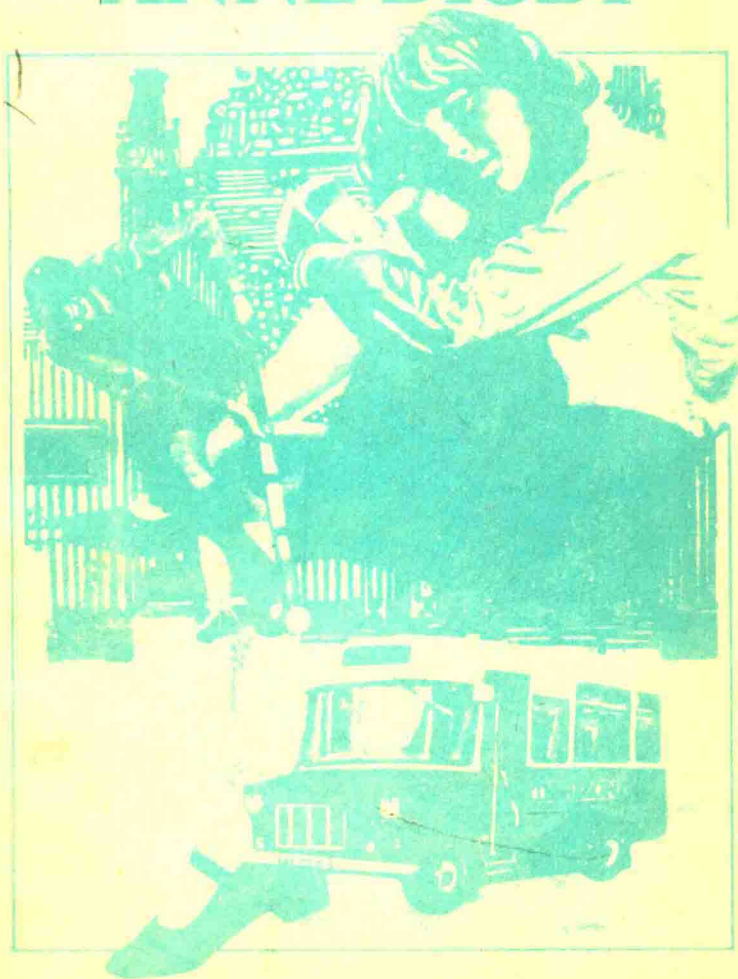


Second term at  
**TREBIZON**  
ANNE DIGBY



*Anne Digby*

# Second Term at Trebizon

*Illustrated by Gavin Rowe*

A DRAGON BOOK

**GRANADA**

London Toronto Sydney New York

Published by Granada Publishing Limited in 1980

ISBN 0 583 30428 1

First published in 1979 by W. H. Allen  
Copyright © Anne Digby 1979

Granada Publishing Limited  
Frogmore, St Albans, Herts AL2 2NF  
and  
3 Upper James Street, London W1R 4BP  
866 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017, USA  
117 York Street, Sydney, NSW 2000, Australia  
100 Skyway Avenue, Rexdale, Ontario, M9W 3A6, Canada  
PO Box 84165, Greenside, 2034 Johannesburg, South Africa  
61 Beach Road, Auckland, New Zealand

Printed and bound in Great Britain by  
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading

Set in Intertype Plantin

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Granada ®  
Granada Publishing ®

## Contents

1	Before the Term Began	7
2	Three Secret Wishes	16
3	The Team is Picked	26
4	Rebecca Counts her Blessings	36
5	The First Quarrel	43
6	Towards a Break-up	52
7	The Election is On	61
8	A Dirty Election	69
9	Right Out on a Limb	79
10	A Visit to the Hilary	86
11	The Big Showdown	95
12	Headline News	105
13	The Result of the Music Scholarship	116
14	How the Wishes Turned Out	121

Second term at  
**TREBIZON**  
ANNE DIGBY





*Anne Digby*

Second Term at  
Trebizon

*Illustrated by Gavin Rowe*

A DRAGON BOOK

**GRANADA**

London Toronto Sydney New York

Published by Granada Publishing Limited in 1980

ISBN 0 583 30428 1

First published in 1979 by W. H. Allen

Copyright © Anne Digby 1979

Granada Publishing Limited

Frogmore, St Albans, Herts AL2 2NF

and

3 Upper James Street, London W1R 4BP

866 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017, USA

117 York Street, Sydney, NSW 2000, Australia

100 Skyway Avenue, Rexdale, Ontario, M9W 3A6, Canada

PO Box 84165, Greenside, 2034 Johannesburg, South Africa

61 Beach Road, Auckland, New Zealand

Printed and bound in Great Britain by

Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading

Set in Intertype Plantin

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Granada ®

Granada Publishing ®



## Contents

1	Before the Term Began	7
2	Three Secret Wishes	16
3	The Team is Picked	26
4	Rebecca Counts her Blessings	36
5	The First Quarrel	43
6	Towards a Break-up	52
7	The Election is On	61
8	A Dirty Election	69
9	Right Out on a Limb	79
10	A Visit to the Hilary	86
11	The Big Showdown	95
12	Headline News	105
13	The Result of the Music Scholarship	116
14	How the Wishes Turned Out	121



## Before the Term Began

Rebecca Mason's second term at Trebizon School was to be full of surprises. It was going to be the term in which Tish Anderson behaved in a way that had everybody baffled, including Rebecca, and drove Sue Murdoch almost to despair.

Rebecca sensed there was something different about Tish, even before the new term began.

The Christmas holidays were nearly over and Rebecca was at a loose end. Her London friends had already gone back to their school and her father had flown back to his job in Saudi Arabia. Her mother was dashing around getting their little terraced house in south London ready for the new tenants, before seeing Rebecca off to school and then joining up with Mr Mason abroad.

The previous September, Rebecca had dreaded going away to Trebizon, a boarding school in the west country. At the time, she didn't know a soul there and she was going to be the only new girl in the Second Year. Now, waiting for her second term to begin, she felt differently about Trebizon. In Ishbel Anderson (who was known as Tish) and Sue Murdoch she had found the perfect friends. Tish and Sue had come to Trebizon-as First Years and had been best friends from the start. But after a clash with a mighty Sixth Former called Elizabeth

Exton, and a lot of drama and excitement, the other two had taken to Rebecca wholeheartedly and now they were a threesome.

It was Friday and Rebecca took it for granted that she wouldn't be meeting up with Tish and Sue again until the following Tuesday, on the London to Trebizon train. Sue lived right up in north London somewhere and Tish lived outside the city altogether.

So she was overjoyed when Sue rang her at home.

'Can you come for the weekend?' she asked. 'Tish is here already. I'm playing at a fairly crummy concert tomorrow afternoon, with Nicola Hodges - remember her? - but the main thing is that my parents are giving a party afterwards, you should see the food! Will your parents let you come? You can stay the night.'

'I'll go and ask!' said Rebecca.

Mrs Mason gave her permission at once and Rebecca returned to the 'phone. She felt pleased and excited.

'It's fine! I'll come to the concert, shall I? Where is it?'

'It's in a hall near Hendon Central underground station.'

'Hendon Central - that's straight through from here on the Northern Line!' said Rebecca.

'Tish can meet you outside the station at half-past two and bring you to the hall. The concert starts at three o'clock. Nicola and I will be trying to get our fiddles in tune. Don't expect anything good.'

'You can play as many wrong notes as you like,' said Rebecca. 'I won't be able to tell the difference.'

'That's exactly what Tish said!'

'Nicola Hodges - oh, I remember her now,' said Re-

becca. 'She's in the First Year isn't she? I didn't know you knew her out of school.'

Nicola had flaxen hair in plaits and a round cherubic face. Like Sue, she was already good enough at the violin to be in the school orchestra, and she had played a solo at the school's Christmas concert.

'I *didn't* know her out of school,' said Sue. 'But last term I told her about this music place I go to in the holidays and the next thing I knew her father had got her into it. Then the two of us were chosen to play together at this concert tomorrow. There'll be lots of other turns, too, like recorders and ballet and tap.'

'Can't wait,' said Rebecca. 'Is Tish by the 'phone?'

'She's gone out,' said Sue. 'But don't worry. She's dying for you to come. She'll meet you all right.'

'Where's she gone?'

'Up to Hampstead. That Outer Space Art Exhibition.'

'*What?*' said Rebecca. 'The one that's been in the papers? Twisted lumps of metal suspended from the ceiling and flashing lights—'

'That's the one.'

'That's not like Tish!'

'She just marched out,' said Sue. Rebecca could tell that she, too, was baffled. 'Didn't seem to expect anyone would want to come. Said she suddenly felt like going to it.'

'Hope Tish isn't changing for the worse,' said Rebecca solemnly.

That evening she ironed her best pale green angora wool sweater, which went well with her fair hair, and hummed to herself. Then she ironed her trousers.

'Shouldn't you wear something smarter for a party?'

enquired Mrs Mason anxiously. 'They're very well off, aren't they?'

Howard Murdoch, Sue's father, was the chairman of a big company called Metternex, though Rebecca had only found that out by chance once.

'Dead casual - that's what Sue said. She should know.'

'I expect they live in a lovely house,' sighed Mrs Mason.

'I'll describe it to you in tiny detail when I get back, Mum,' promised Rebecca. 'Even what sort of washing machine they have.'

Mrs Mason laughed. It was true, she loved to know such things.

Next day, after an early lunch, Rebecca set off across the common.

The January skies were grey and the trees on the common were bare, but she was in high spirits. She wore a thick navy-blue duffel coat over her clothes, her fair hair cascading over the thrown-back hood. She carried her night things in her denim shoulder bag. The day was cold and she was pleased to get down into the warm underground station, and into the train.

When she emerged in north London, forty minutes later, Tish was waiting for her beyond the ticket barrier.

She looked the same old Tish all right, except that instead of school uniform she was wearing bright red ski pants and a heavy, patterned black-and-yellow long jumper with hood attached. Slung from her shoulder she carried a small cassette recorder in a bright blue case. The grin was as big as ever, the black curls still as bouncy, although her face had a slight winter pallor.

'What have we here?' exclaimed Rebecca, pointing at the cassette recorder. 'You lucky thing!'

'Got it for Christmas,' said Tish. 'I thought we'd try and tape their duet for them!'

The idea of recording Sue and Nicola's violin performance during the show appealed to Rebecca. As it turned out, it livened up the afternoon quite considerably.

Six budding ballerinas had come out on to the stage, and were dancing rather badly. According to the programme, Sue and Nicola would be on next. Tish sat fiddling with the cassette recorder in her lap, getting it ready. The tape was already half-filled with very tuneless pop music, Tish's favourite kind, which she had got from the radio earlier. She was trying to wind the tape on to a blank part, ready to record.

Unfortunately, she pressed the wrong button.

Suddenly, as the ballet reached its most delicate point, the hushed piano in the hall was drowned by loud, thumping pop music. People in the crowded hall turned at once, pulling threatening faces and making strangled shushing noises. Tish was so taken aback that the case slid right off her lap and under the chair in front, still thumping out the loud music. She rescued it and switched it off and the whole incident was over in a matter of seconds, but both girls were attacked by a giggling fit so severe that they had only just recovered their composure by the time Sue and Nicola appeared on the stage with their violins.

None of this was in the least untypical of Tish. Rebecca had no reason to think there was anything different about her at all.

The first slightly odd thing came during the interval.

Because the hall was so small and crowded, everybody had to stay in their seats, and cups of tea were brought round in paper cups. Rebecca and Tish talked about the

holidays and then Rebecca, suddenly remembering, asked:

'What was the exhibition like?'

'What exhibition?' asked Tish.

'The funny one at Hampstead. Sue said you'd gone there yesterday. Could have knocked me down with a feather.'

Instead of laughing and joking about it, Tish just looked embarrassed. She stared down into her cup of tea.

'I didn't go to it after all. I just went for a walk.'

'Oh.'

There was an awkward silence. Rebecca tried to pick up the threads of conversation again, but Tish seemed to be sunk in thought. It was almost as though Rebecca had, unwittingly, touched on a very tender spot. But why? How? Finally she gave up and just drank her tea in silence. What on earth had got into Tish?

Her eyes strayed down to the front of the hall. The front rows were reserved for the people in the concert, who could take a place there once their own performances were over. Sue was sitting there with Nicola. Earlier Sue had turned and waved and signalled to them, but now she and the flaxen-haired girl were deep in conversation, their heads bent close together.

Could Tish and Sue have quarrelled in the last couple of days? Rebecca wondered, groping for an explanation. Had Sue got thick with Nicola Hodges in the holidays, over this concert? Serious music wasn't exactly Tish's scene. Maybe she felt left out...

The lights dimmed and the second half of the concert began. A particularly bad rendering of 'Oh, for the wings of a dove,' by an elderly soprano began to revive Tish.



Rebecca noticed her taping it, surreptitiously. By the end of the show she seemed her normal self again.

A lot of people piled into cars afterwards to go to the party at the Murdochs' home. The house was everything Rebecca's mother could have imagined, high on a hill and standing in its own grounds, with far-reaching views of the lights of London. Rebecca made mental notes of some of the lovely furnishings and fabrics, in order not to disappoint her mother.

The food, as Sue had promised, was everything that Rebecca could have imagined. The trifle was the most mouth-wateringly sweet concoction she had ever tasted, and the pastries had real cream in them.

Sue introduced Rebecca to her parents and her two brothers, David and Edward. Mrs Murdoch, like Sue herself, wore spectacles and had the same sandy-coloured hair, delicate features and high cheekbones. The boys were dark like their father. Howard Murdoch was a big man, who had played rugby for Cambridge in his youth. He had very thick beetling eyebrows that, like his head of hair, were black touched with grey. His face was craggy and strong-looking, yet kind. Rebecca could see why Sue adored him.

Nicola Hodges' parents were a surprise. They travelled with Nicola to the party in a rather battered old lorry which said *Hodges Road Haulage* on the side. Brian Hodges had had to come straight to the hall, it seemed, from delivering a load of timber nearby and was still in his working clothes. He was a thin, spare little man whereas his wife was on the large side, and looked even larger in a bright pink coat and matching hat with feathers on it.