BUTLER WHITES
CONNOLLY SHAW LTD
NEVER YAWN

fruit market
HULL

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LIVE WORK PLAY

LIVE WORK PLAY
HUMBER FRUIT BROKERS LTD
HUMBER STREET GALLERY
Fruit Trade Music
BREWERY WHARF
THE WAREHOUSE

BUTLER WHITES
CONNOLLY SHAW LTD
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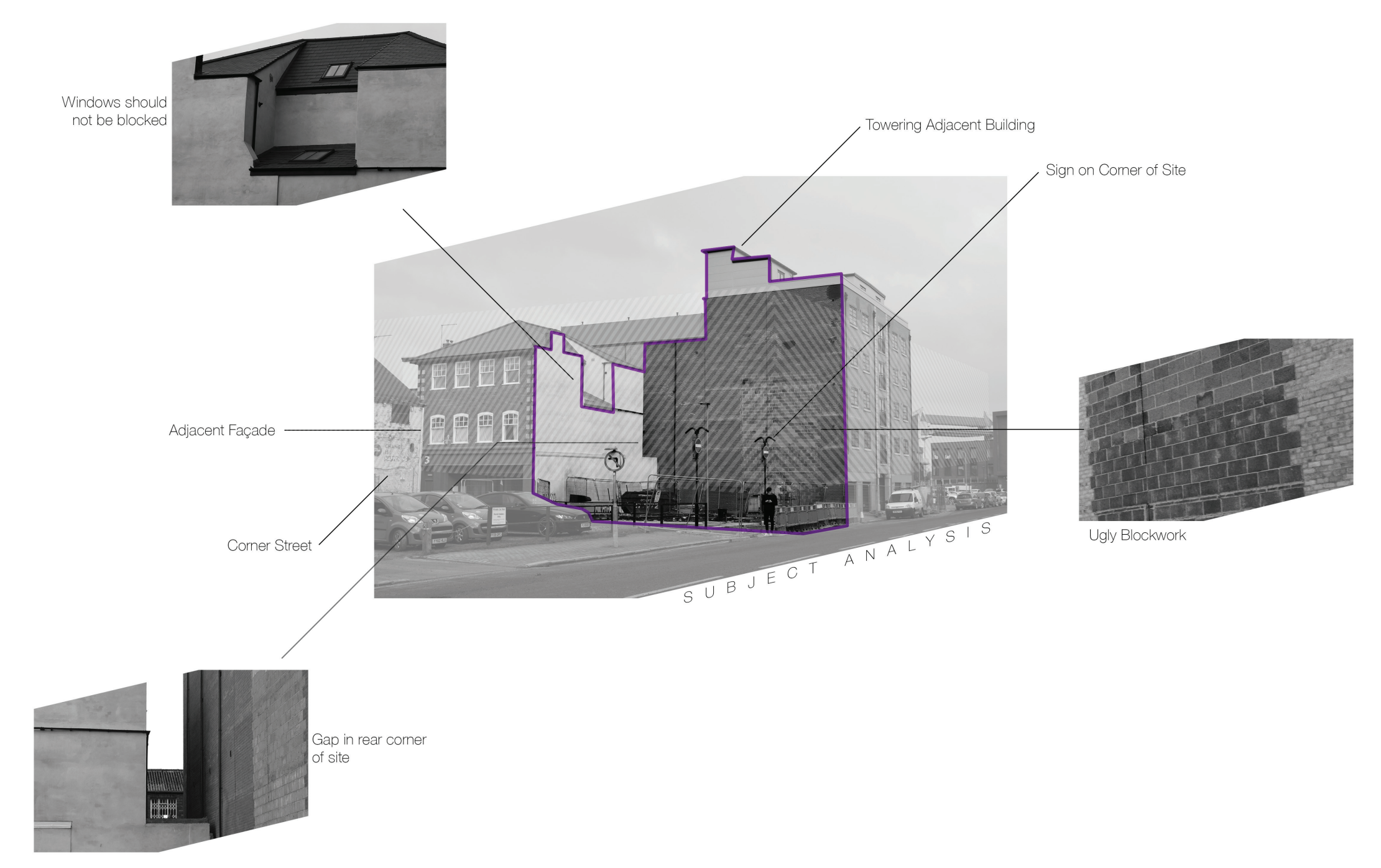
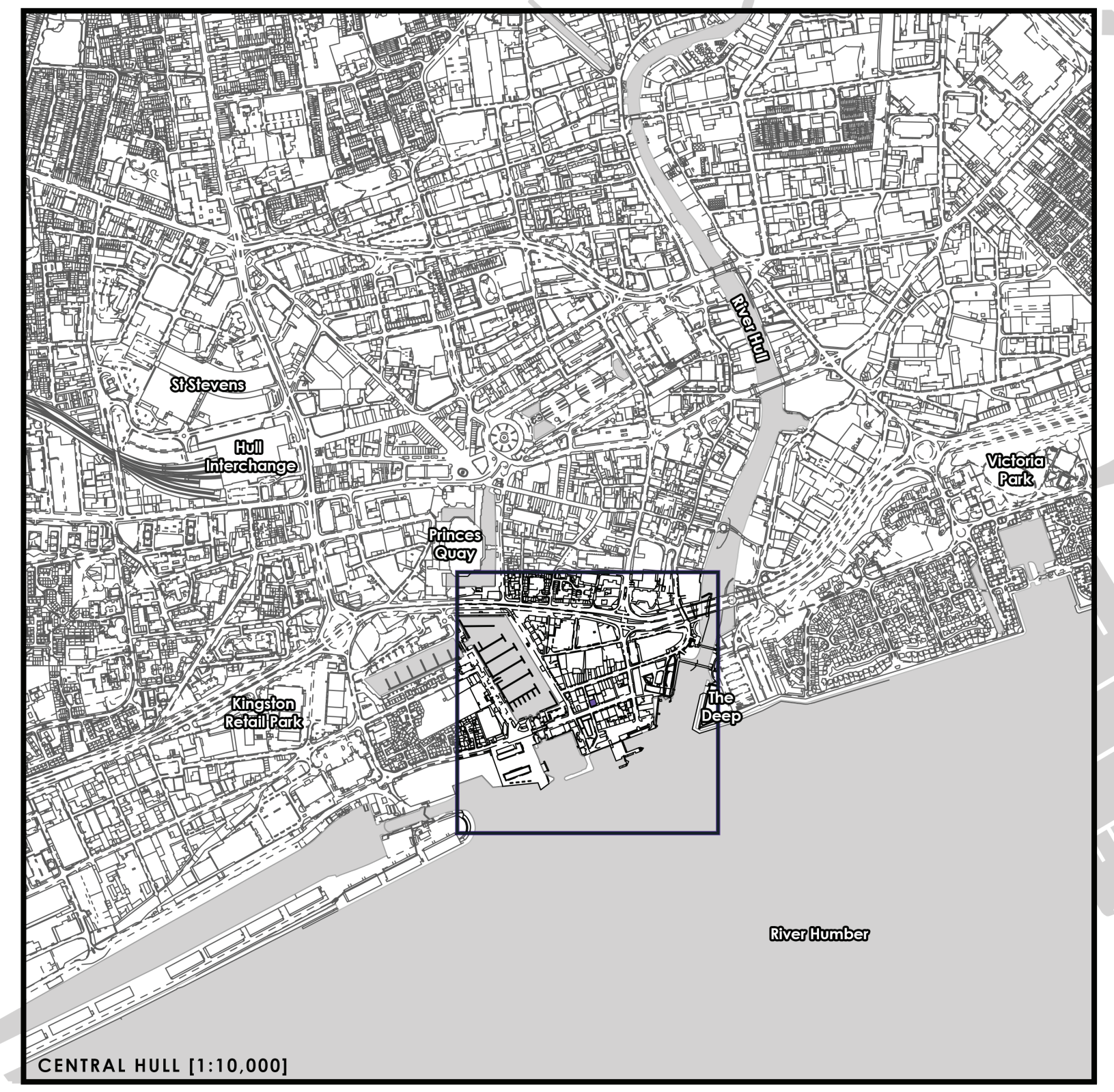

Windows should not be blocked
Towering Adjacent Building
Sign on Corner of Site
Adjacent Façade
Corner Street
Ugly Blockwork
Gap in rear corner of site
SUBJECT ANALYSIS



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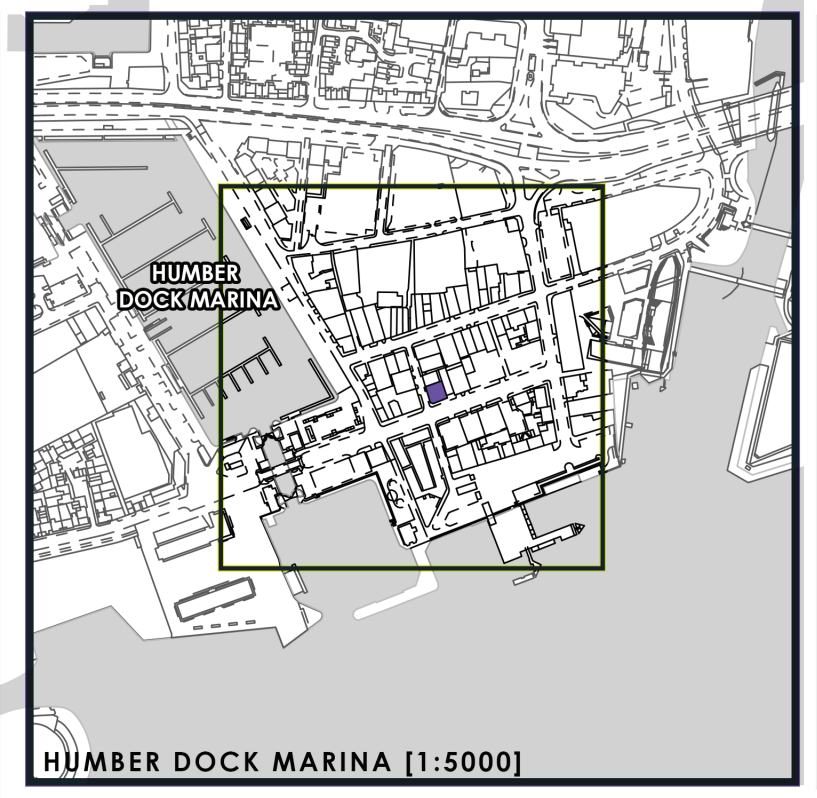

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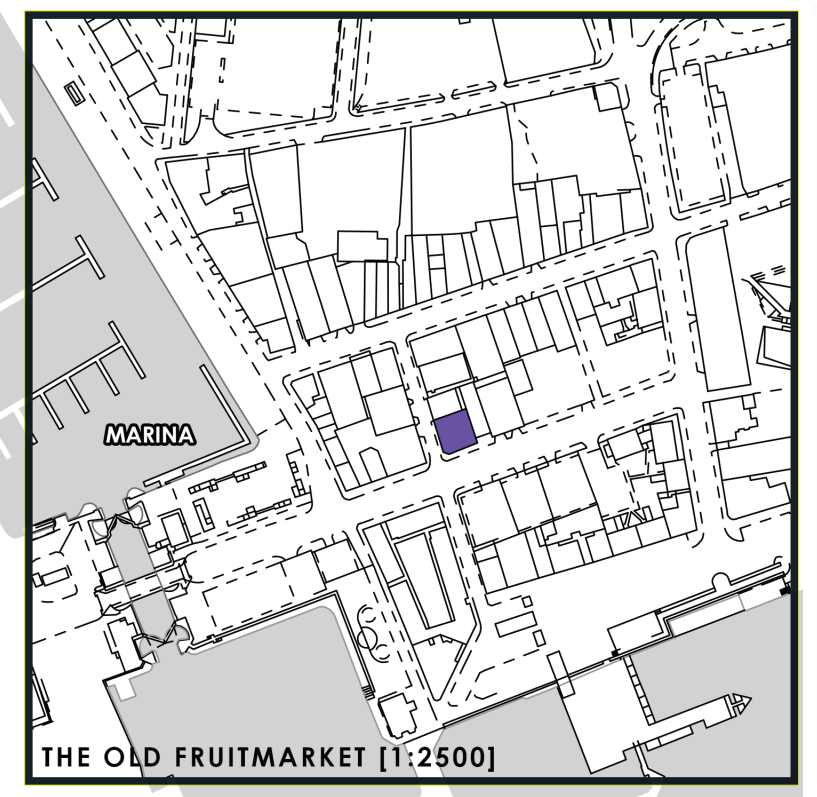
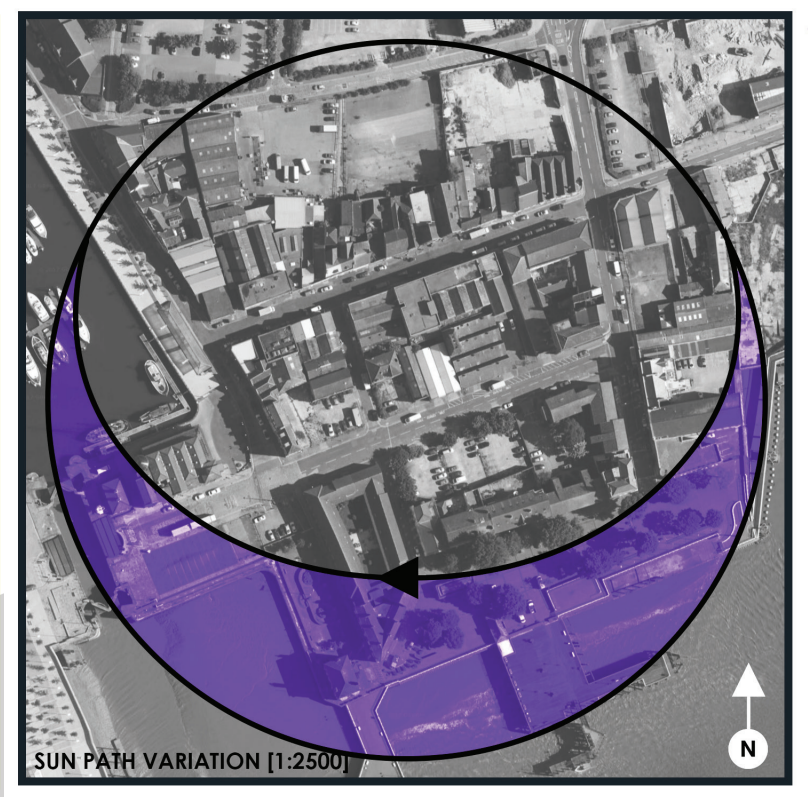


THE OLD FRUITMARKET [1:2500]

CIRCULATION [1:1000]



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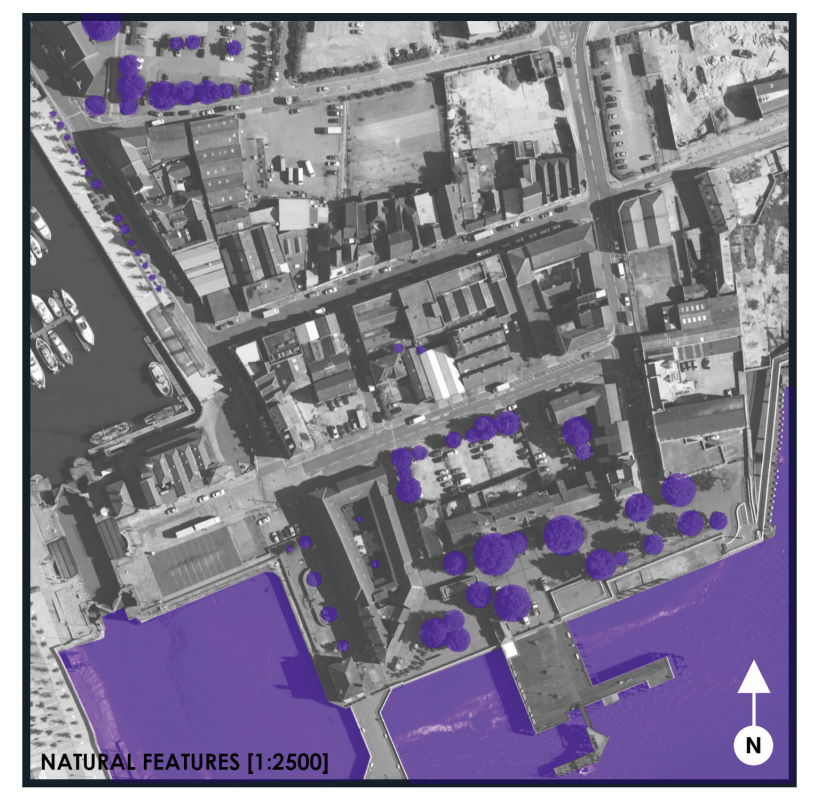
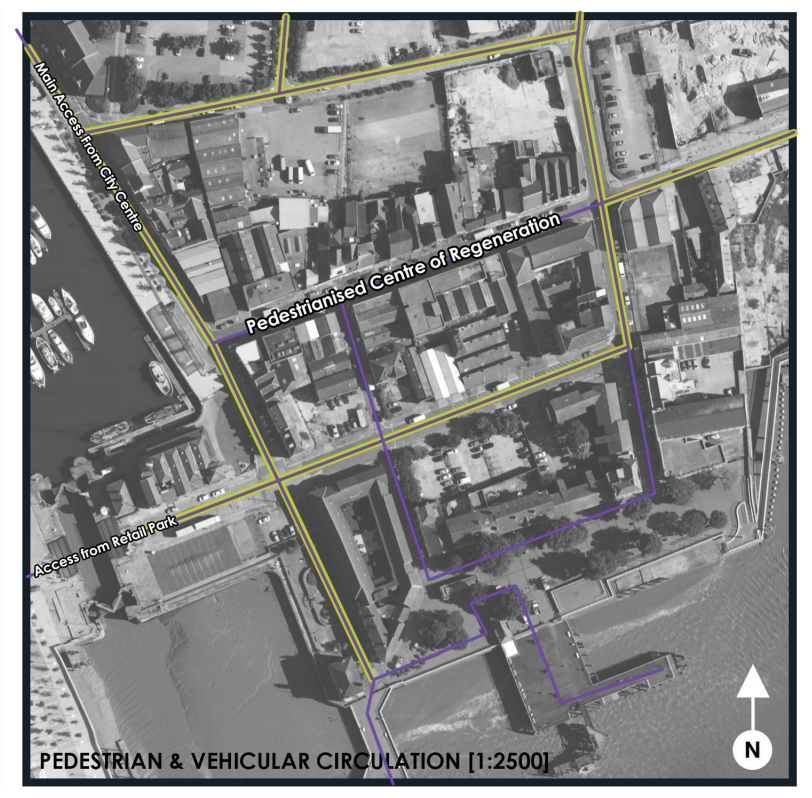


NATURAL FEATURES [1:2500]


Pedestrianised Centre of Regeneration
Main Access from City Centre
Access from Retail Park
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PEDESTRIAN & VEHICULAR CIRCULATION [1:2500]

NEVERWHERE - Chapter Ten □□■ - Page 216-225 - Serpentine Encounter

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Richard knows it waits for them. Each tunnel he goes down, each turning, each branch he walks, the feeling grows in urgency and weight. He knows it is there, waiting, and the sense of impending catastrophe increases with every step. He knows that it should have been a relief when he turns the final corner, and sees it standing there, framed in the tunnel, waiting for him. Instead he feels only dread. In his dream it is the size of the world: there is nothing left in the world but the Beast, its flanks steaming, broken spars and juts of old weapons prickling from its hide. There is dried blood on its horns and on its tusks. It is gross, and vast, and evil. And then it charges.

He raises his hand (but it isn't his hand) and he throws the spear at the creature.

He sees its eyes, wet and vicious and gloating, as they float toward him, all in a fraction of a second that becomes a tiny forever. And then it is upon him . . .

The water was cold, and it hit Richard's face like a slap. His eyes jerked open, and he caught his breath. Hunter was looking down at him. She was holding a large wooden bucket. It was empty. He reached up one hand. His hair was soaked, and his face was wet. He wiped the water from his eyes and shivered with cold.

"You didn't have to do that," said Richard. His mouth tasted like several small animals had been using it as a rest room. He tried to stand, and then he sat down again, suddenly. "Ooh," he explained. "How's your head?" asked Hunter, professionally.

"It's been better," said Richard.

Hunter picked up another wooden bucket, this one filled with water, and hauled it across the stable floor. "I don't know what you drank," she said. "But it must have been potent." Hunter dipped her hand into the bucket and flicked it at Door's face, spraying her with water. Door's eyes flickered.

"No wonder Atlantis sank," muttered Richard. "If they all felt like this in the morning it was probably a relief. Where are we?"

Hunter flicked another handful of water at Door's face. "In the stables of a friend," she said. Richard looked around. The place did look a little like a stable. He wondered if it were for horses—and if so, what kind of horses would live beneath the ground? There was a device painted on the wall: the letter S (or was it a snake? Richard could not tell) circled by seven stars.

Door reached a tentative hand up to her head and touched it, experimentally, as if she were unsure just what she might find. "Ooh," she said, in a near-whisper. "Temple and Arch. Am I dead?"

"No," said Hunter.

"Pity."

Hunter helped her to a standing position. "Well," said Door, sleepily, "he did warn us it was strong." And then Door woke up completely, very hard, very fast. She grabbed Richard's shoulder, pointed to the device on the wall, the snaky S with the stars surrounding it. She gasped. "Serpentine," she said to Richard, to Hunter. "That's Serpentine's crest. Richard, get up! We have to run—before she finds out we're here . . . "

"And do you think," asked a dry voice from the doorway, "that you could enter Serpentine's house without Serpentine knowing, child?"

Door pushed herself back against the wood of the stable wall. She was trembling. Richard realized, through the pounding in his head, that he had never seen Door so actually and obviously scared before. Serpentine stood in the doorway. She was wearing a white leather corset and high white leather boots, and the remains of what looked like it had once, long ago, been a silk-and-lace confection of a white wedding dress, now shredded and dirt-stained and torn. She towered above them all: her shock of graying hair brushed the door lintel. Her eyes were sharp, and her mouth was a cruel slash in an imperious face. She looked at Door as if she took terror as her due; as if she had become so used to fear that she now expected it, even liked it.

"Calm yourself," said Hunter.

"But she's Serpentine," wailed Door. "Of the Seven Sisters."

Serpentine inclined her head, cordially. Then she stepped out of the doorway and walked toward them. Behind her was a thin woman with a severe face and long dark hair, wearing a black dress pinched wasp-thin at the waist. The woman said nothing. Serpentine walked over to Hunter. "Hunter worked for me long ago," said Serpentine. She reached out a white finger and gently stroked Hunter's brown cheek with it, a gesture of affection and possession. And then, "You've kept your looks better than I, Hunter." Hunter looked down. "Her friends are my friends, child," said Serpentine.

"You are Door?"

"Yes," said Door, dry-mouthed.

Serpentine turned on Richard. "And what are you?" she asked, unimpressed.

"Richard," said Richard. "I am Serpentine," she told him, graciously.

"So I gathered," said Richard.

"There is food waiting for all of you," said Serpentine, "should you wish to break your fast."

"Oh God no," whimpered Richard politely. Door said nothing. She was still backed against the wall, still trembling gently, like a leaf in an autumn breeze. The fact that Hunter had clearly brought them here as a safe haven was doing nothing to assuage her fear.

"What is there to eat?" asked Hunter.

Serpentine looked at the-wasp-waisted woman in the doorway. "Well?" she asked. The woman smiled the chilliest smile Richard had ever seen cross a human face, then she said, "Fried eggs poached eggs pickled eggs curried venison pickled onions pickled herrings smoked herrings salted herrings mushroom stew salted bacon stuffed cabbage calves-foot jelly—"

Richard opened his mouth to plead with her to stop, but it was too late. He was suddenly, violently, awfully sick.

He wanted someone to hold him, to tell him that everything would be all right, that he'd soon be feeling better; someone to give him an aspirin and a glass of water, and show him back to his bed. But nobody did; and his bed was another life away. He washed the sick from his face and hands with water from the bucket. Then he washed out his mouth. Then, swaying gently, he followed the four women to breakfast.

"Pass the calves-foot jelly," said Hunter, with her mouth full. Serpentine's dining room was on what appeared to be the smallest Underground platform that Richard had ever seen. It was about twelve feet long, and much of that space was taken up with a dinner table. A white damask cloth was laid on the table, and a formal silver dinner service on that. The table was piled high with evil-smelling foodstuffs. The pickled quails' eggs, thought Richard, smelled the worst.

His skin felt clammy, and his eyes felt like they had been put in their sockets wrong, while his skull gave him the general impression that someone had removed it while he had slept and swapped it for another two or three sizes too small. An Underground train went past a few feet from them; the wind of its passage whipped at the table. The noise of its passage went through Richard's head like a hot knife through brains. Richard groaned.

"Your hero is unable to hold his wine, I see," observed Serpentine, dispassionately.

"He's not my hero," said Door.

"I'm afraid he is. You learn to recognize the type. Something in the eyes, perhaps." She turned to the woman in black, who appeared to be some kind of majordomo. "A restorative for the gentleman." The woman smiled thinly and glided away.

Door picked at a mushroom dish. "We are very grateful for all this, Lady Serpentine," she said.

Serpentine sniffed. "Just Serpentine, child. I have no time for silly honorifics and imaginary titles. So. You're Portico's oldest girl."

"Yes."

Serpentine dipped her finger in the briny sauce that held what appeared to be several small eels. She licked her finger, nodded approvingly. "I had little time for your father. All that foolishness about uniting the Underside. Stuff and nonsense. Silly man. Just asking for trouble. The last time I saw your father, I told him that if he ever came back here, I'd turn him into a blindworm." She turned to Door. "How is your father, by the way?"

"He's dead," said Door.

Serpentine looked perfectly satisfied. "See?" she said. "My point exactly." Door said nothing. Serpentine picked at something that was moving in her gray hair. She examined it closely, crushed it between finger and thumb, and dropped it onto the platform. Then she turned to Hunter, who was demolishing a small hill of pickled herrings. "You're Beast-hunting then?" she said. Hunter nodded, her mouth full. "You'll need the spear, of course," said Serpentine.

The wasp-waisted woman was now standing next to Richard, holding a small tray. On the tray was a small glass, containing an aggressively emerald-colored liquid. Richard stared at it, then looked at Door.

"What are you giving him?" asked Door. "Nothing that will hurt him," said Serpentine, with a frosty smile. "You are guests."

Richard knocked back the green liquid, which tasted of thyme and peppermint and winter mornings. He felt it go down and prepared himself to try to keep it from coming back up again. Instead he took a deep breath and realized, with a little surprise, that his head no longer hurt, and that he was starving.

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SNIP

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Richard was halfway through his second plate of breakfast when Serpentine pushed her chair back from the table.

"I think I have had my fill of hospitality," she said. "Child, young man, good day. Hunter . . . " she paused. Then she ran one clawlike finger along the line of Hunter's jaw. "Hunter, you are always welcome here." She nodded to them, imperiously, and stood up and walked away, followed by her wasp-waisted butler.

"We should leave now," said Hunter. She stood up from the table, and Door and Richard, more reluctantly, followed her.

They walked along a corridor that was too thin to allow more than one of them to pass at a time. They went up some stone steps. They crossed an iron bridge in the darkness, while Underground trains echoed by beneath them. Then they entered what seemed like an endless network of underground vaults that smelled of damp and decay, of brick and stone and time. "That was your old boss, eh? She seemed nice enough," said Richard to Hunter. Hunter said nothing.

Door, who had been somewhat subdued, said, "When they want to make children behave themselves in the Underside, they tell them, 'Behave, or Serpentine will take you.' "

"Oh," said Richard. "And you worked for her, Hunter?"

"I worked for all the Seven Sisters."

"I thought that they hadn't spoken to each other for, oh, at least thirty years," said Door.

"Quite possibly. But they were still talking then."

"How old are you?" asked Door. Richard was pleased she had asked; he would never have dared.

"As old as my tongue," said Hunter, primly, "and a little older than my teeth."

"Anyway," said Richard, in the untroubled tone of voice of one whose hangover had left him and who knew that, somewhere far above them, someone was having a beautiful day, "that was okay. Nice food. And no one was trying to kill us."

"I'm sure that will remedy itself as the day goes on," said Hunter, accurately. "Which way to the Black Friars, my lady?" Door paused and concentrated. "We'll go the river way," she said. "Over here."

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"Is he coming round yet?" asked Mr. Croup. Mr. Vandemar prodded the marquis's prone body with one long finger. The breathing was shallow. "Not yet, Mister Croup. I think I broke him." "You must be more careful with your toys, Mister Vandemar," said Mr. Croup.

NEVERWHERE - Chapter 18 ■■■ - Page 216-225 – Hunter's Body

EIGHTEEN

The Lady Serpentine, who was, but for Olympia, the oldest of the Seven Sisters, walked through the labyrinth beyond Down Street, her head held high, her white leather boots squashing through the dank mud. This was, after all, the furthest she had been from her house in over a hundred years. Her wasp-waisted majordomo, dressed from head to foot all in black leather, walked ahead of her, holding a large carriage-lamp. Two of Serpentine's other women, similarly dressed, walked behind her at a respectful distance.

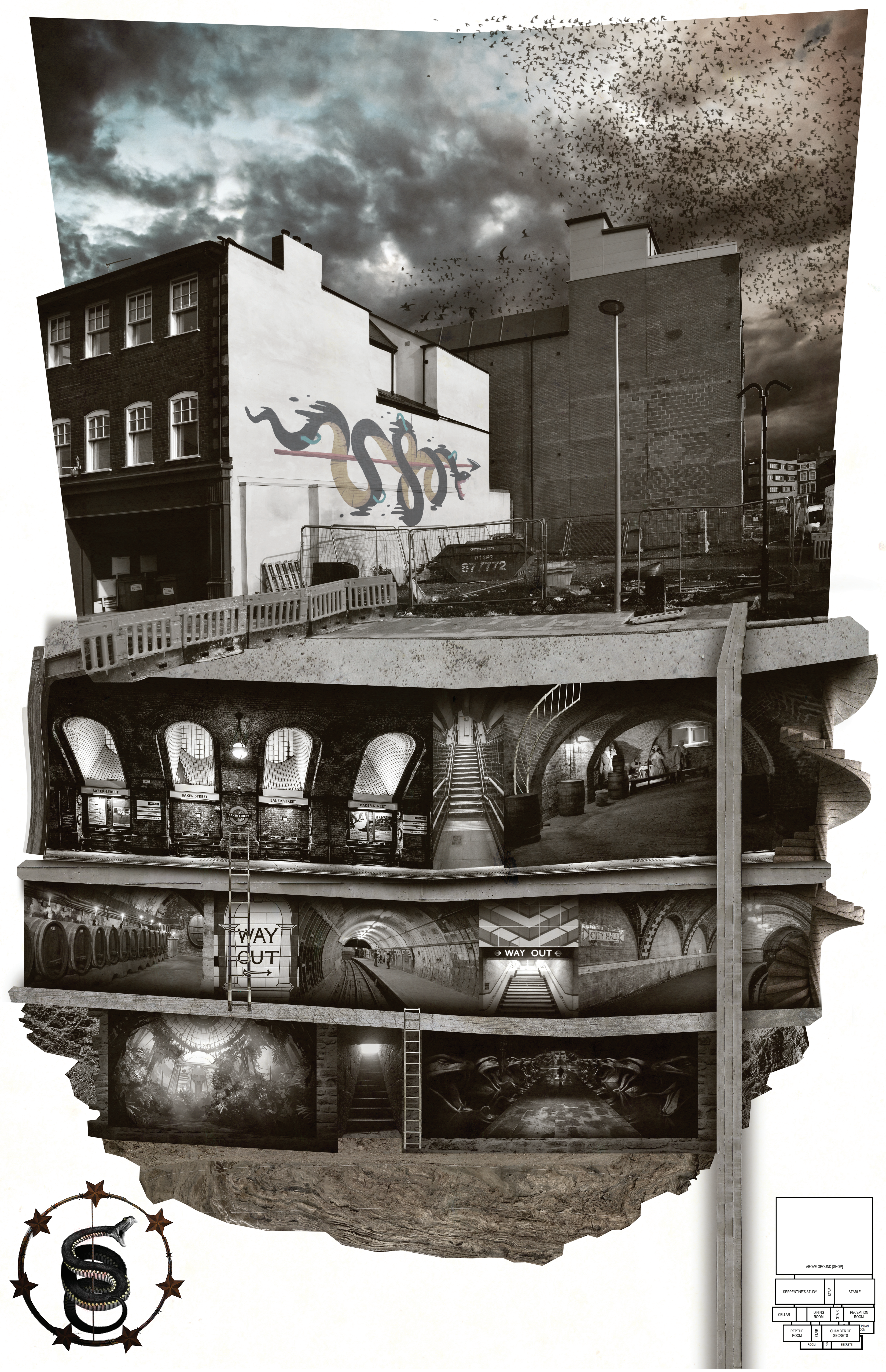
The ripped lace train of Serpentine's dress dragged in the mire behind her, but she paid it no mind. She saw something glinting in the lamplight ahead of them, and, beside it, a dark and bulky shape.

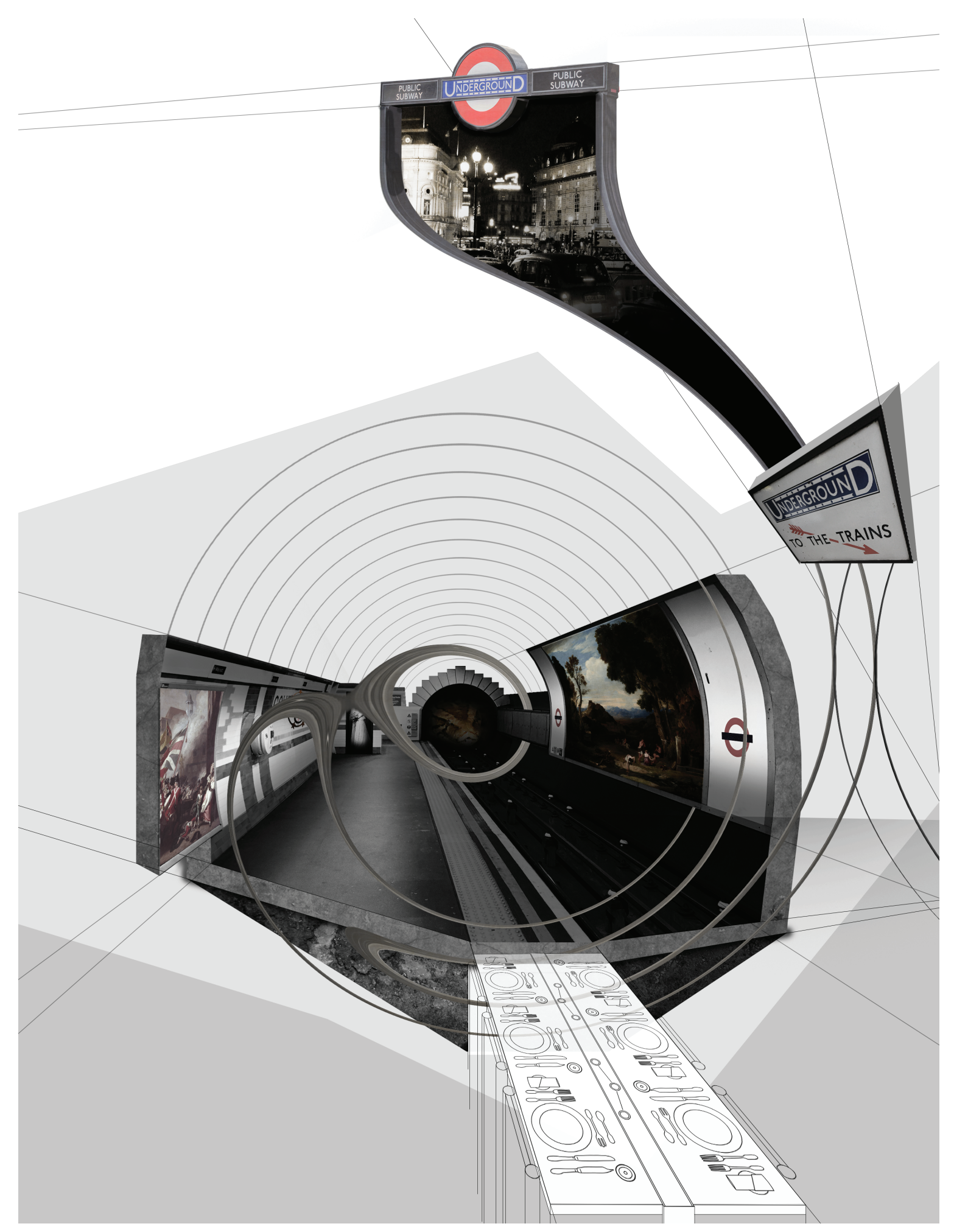
"There it is," she said.

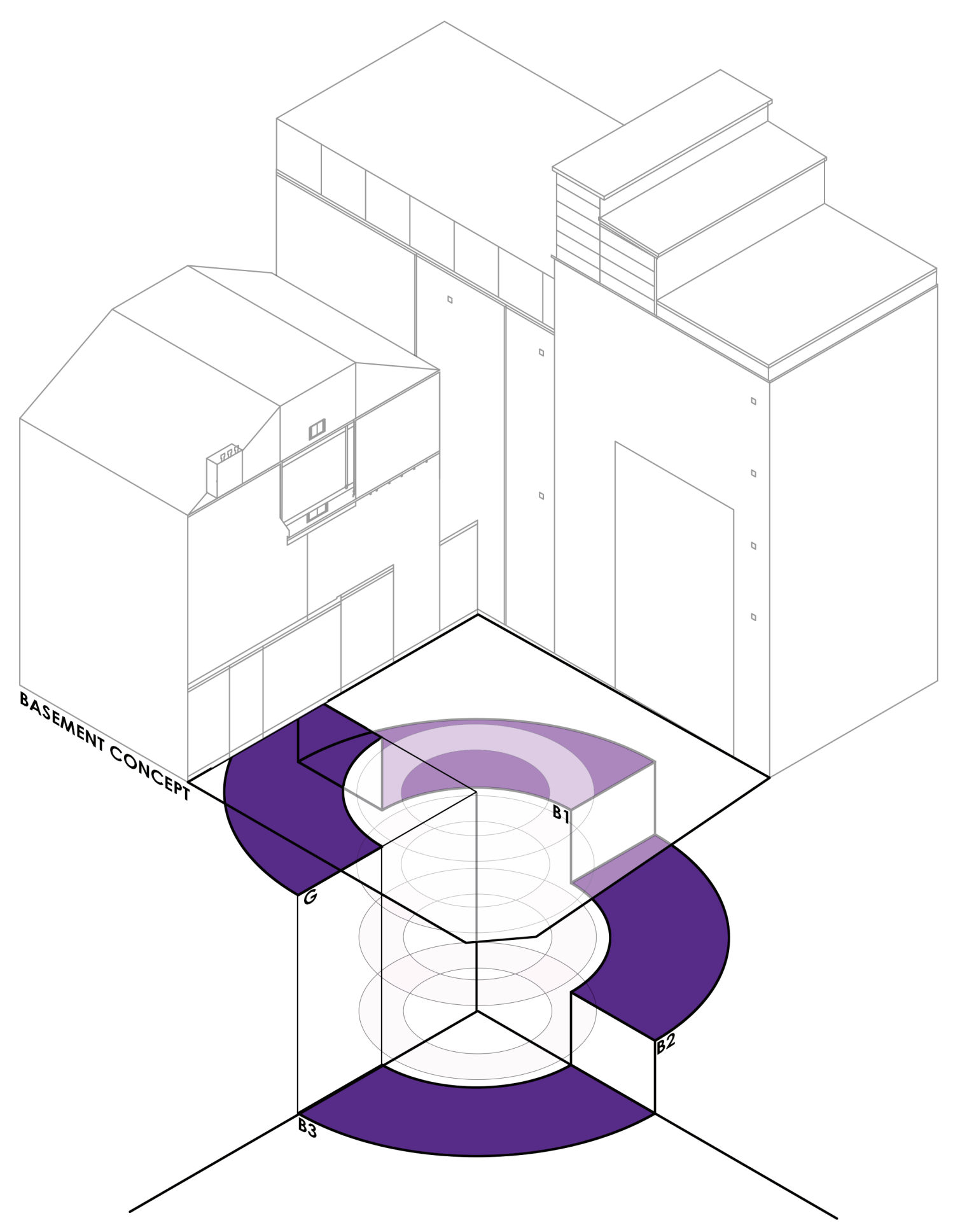
The two women who had been walking, behind her hurried forward, splashing through the marsh, and as Serpentine's butler approached, bringing with her a swinging circle of warm light, the shape resolved into objects. The light had been glinting from a long bronze spear. Hunter's body, twisted and bloody and wretched, lay on its back, half-buried in the mud, in a large pool of scarlet gore, its legs trapped beneath the body of an enormous boar-like creature. Her eyes were closed.

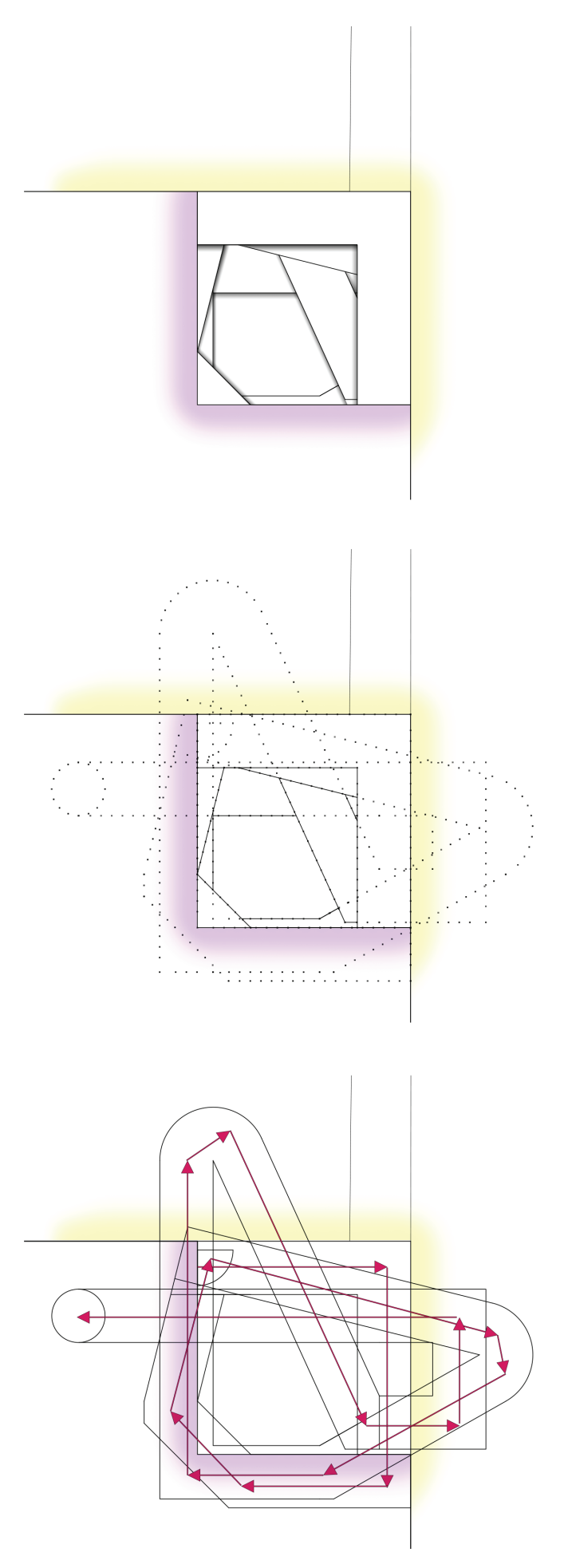
Serpentine's women hauled the body out from under the Beast, and lay it in the mud. Serpentine knelt in the wet mire and ran one finger down Hunter's cold cheek, until it reached her blood-blackened lips, where she let it linger for some moments. Then she stood up. "Bring the spear," said Serpentine.

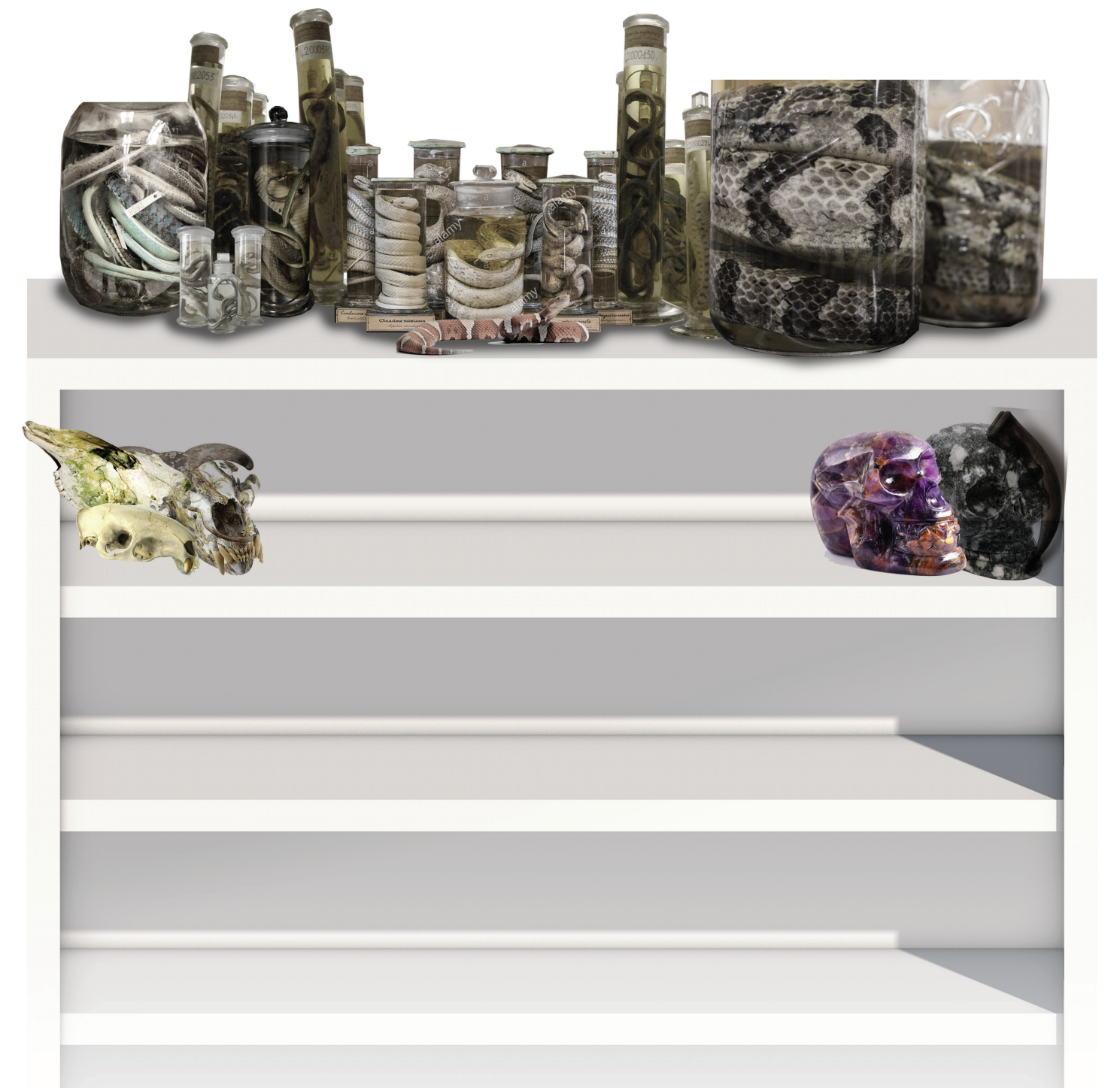
One of the women picked up Hunter's body; the other pulled the spear from the carcass of the Beast and put it over her shoulder. And then the four figures turned, and went back the way they had come; a silent procession deep beneath the world. The lamplight flickered on Serpentine's ravaged face as she walked; but it revealed no emotion of any kind, neither happy nor sad.

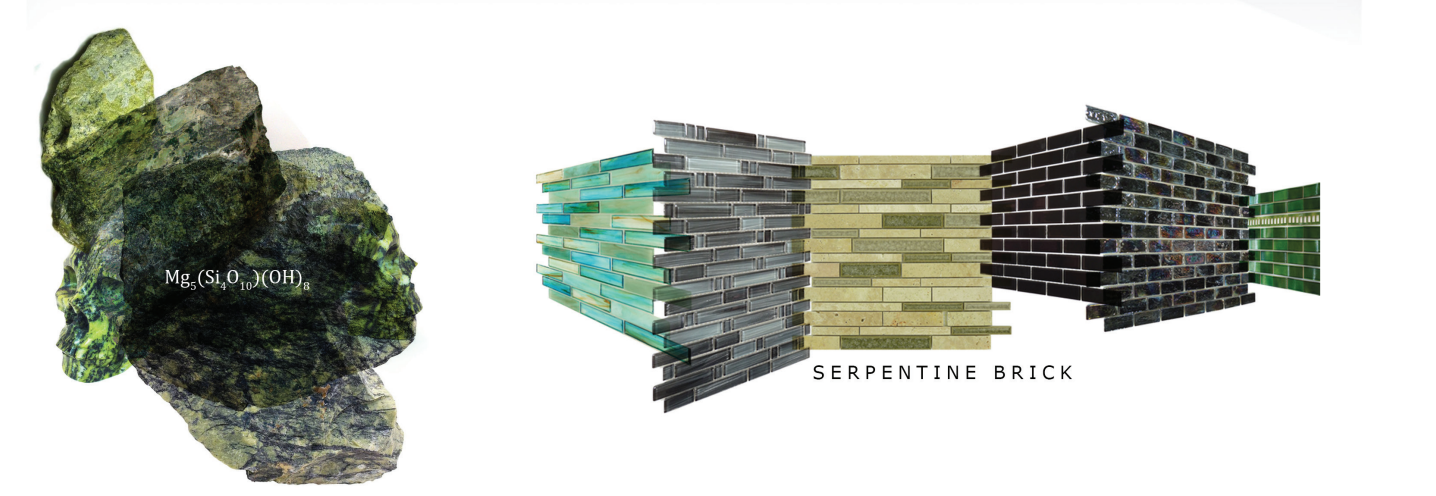
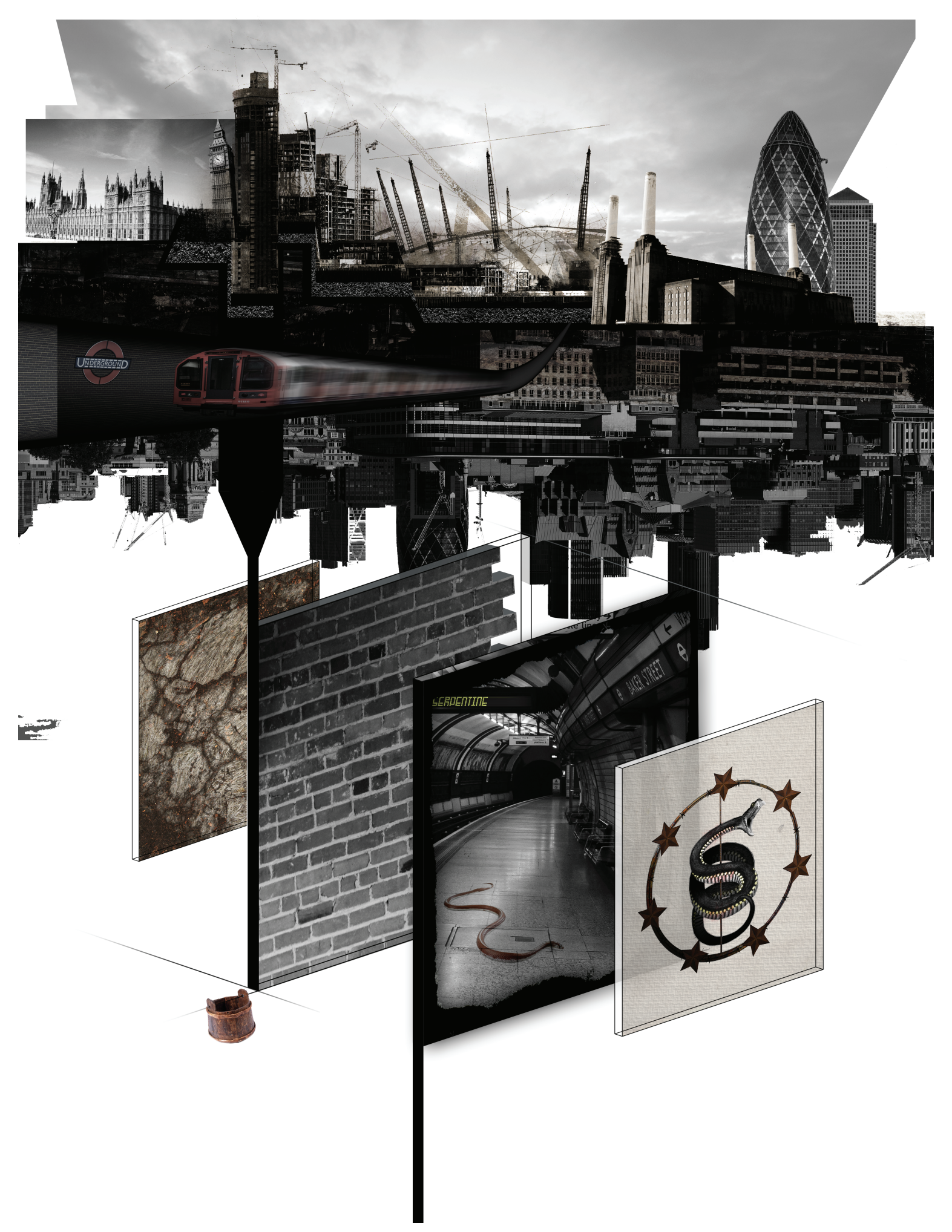










ΣΕΠΡΕΝΤΙΝΕ'Σ ΣΗΟΡ