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# EXCLUSIVE: TrojKat Signs To Arcadia

Melinda Tuza, Senior Reporter
*August 11, 14:15*

After intense speculation, RME can exclusively report that TrojKat, South London's streaming sensation, has signed on the dotted line with New York-based record label Arcadia in a seven-figure deal.

The previously-unsigned TrojKat (known to friends and family as Katarzyna Clarke) has committed to a five-album deal at the age of 23. Her new labelmates at Arcadia include the chart-topping Dame GoGo, AKA Swigs, Kay-V and Lunero.

The *Cusp* singer said: 'I'm delighted. I'm amazed. I've mostly worked alone… tirelessly… my entire life to make my music, so I'm thrilled to be working with the dedicated, supportive team at Arcadia to bring my vision to the whole world.'

'TrojKat has a rare freshness and an exciting energy,' remarked Jessica Holbrook, Director of Artist Development at Arcadia. 'Her talent for lyrics is especially exceptional. We're so ready to take her – and her genius – to the next level. Welcome to the Arcadia family, TrojKat!'

But local fans shouldn't worry: TrojKat's transatlantic deal does not mean she'll be leaving the UK any time soon. 'I love London, and I have something very special planned for the video of *Cusp*. Watch this space!'

*They didn't listen to me.*

*If they had, perhaps this wouldn't be happening.*

*Perhaps she wouldn't be looking me in the eye, her face twisted with terror, as she succumbed to the inevitable.*

*I will never forget that face. Never.*

*Katarzyna 'Kat' Clarke. 23. Better known as TrojKat.*

*Her talent was undoubtedly on the rise, but her body was mere milliseconds away from a fatal fall.*

*This former resident of The Tri was definitely about to die.*

*Katarzyna fell.*

*I stood still, frozen on the spot. My heart raced in my chest. 500 beats per minute. I didn't lean to look over the side. Why would I? Zero desire. There were exactly 0.0 recurring reasons to witness her body meet the concrete. For what reason?*

*No, her expression was enough trauma. Enough trauma for an entire lifetime. Somewhere, in another dimension, possibly, Future Me was thanking Current Me for this wise decision.*

*Why were we here at all? How did all the small decisions we made through our lives lead us here tonight? Standing on the edge of a tower block, with Katarzyna's film crew – her four friends and colleagues – witnessing a pop star lose her life? My sister and fellow investigator Norva had said. 'Nik, you defo have to be involved, it's going to be awesome.'*

*It was 'awesome' in all the negative ways 'awesome' could be.*

*Wait, let me give you the facts.*

*The Tri – better known as The Triangle, consisting of three tall towers called Corners – is the estate where we live. We being Norva and I, and her best friend George.*

*Tonight, we found ourselves on the roof of Corner Three. Many meters in the sky, overlooking the entire city, participating in a video shoot for Katarzyna's new song, Cusp.*

*The song that was supposed to break her into the big leagues.*

*Katarzyna's scream curdled my blood, twisted my stomach, implanted itself in my brain, never to leave. It was followed by a smacking, echoing thud I would never forget.*

*The worst sound I've ever heard.*

*It was the rope that broke this evening. Along with thousands of hearts – and Katarzyna's body.*

*TrojKat was dead. 31/10. 19:56.*

*A terrible, terrible accident.*

*Or so it seemed.*

*That's what everyone else said.*

*But not us.*

# 1

Friday, 30 October. 18:02.
The sun had set. Two hours and one minute ago.
Pap's office. His desk lamp was on.
Pap. Joseph Alexander. 39. Our dad. Cool head. Kind heart. The Building Manager here on The Tri was working.
Or trying to.
He placed his thumbs on his temple and fashioned a sort of visor on his forehead with his fingers.
He tried to concentrate on his screen, but it was futile.
I sat at the other side of his desk. My feet swung gently against his leg.
I was content, mostly. 75% relaxed.
I typed a list of my top five favourite equations on my phone. Pi was winning, of course. How could it not?
'We're living at the cusp!'
A voice behind me.
That voice. The source of my 25% of discontent.
Norva Alexander. 13. Cascading braids, drama in spades. Sleuthing was her trade – or at least she wanted it to be when she was older. She stood in the corner of the office. She wasn't still, though. If only.
My sister is never still, unless something is seriously wrong.
Her phone in her left hand, a full can of Hola-Cola in her right. Black headphones (broken, but hastily fixed with yellowing sellotape) barely covered her ears.
Tinny music spilled into the room. She flipped her braids from her left shoulder, and over to her right.
She danced around her backpack. No, that's too generous – she stumbled with enthusiasm. Between breaths, she sang. No – again, too generous. She screeched in search of a key.

I didn't recognise the lyrics:

*We're living at the cusp*

*Existing by the brink*
*What happens if we swim?*
*Do I sink?*

Terrible. 4/10 – and that was generous.
I could feel Norva behind me.
From the corner of my left eye, I saw her hand approach my face. Her third attempt in the last fifteen minutes.
'Don't!' I warned. I rolled away from the desk and blocked her arm. 'Stop touching me! Respect my boundaries. I mean it.'
'But so much growth for three months, though' she shouted over her music.
'107 days,' I muttered.
'What'd you say? Eh – doesn't matter, I love it, truly.'
Norva took off her headphones. Thin music emanated from her neck. 'That barnet is serving me both body and movement. Imagine if you put some actual effort into a costume for tomorrow, Nik? You'd smash it.' She put her can to her lips and gulped.
'I'm not dressing up tomorrow. Or ever. I'm telling you now, like I've told you before, I don't believe in Halloween. It's unnecessary.'
'Yeah, so you say, but just listen, right. Hear me out, now. If we –'
I kicked Pap under the desk. 'Pap! tell her.'
'Norva please –' Pap said, not looking away from his screen '– and move your feet, Nik.'
'Alright, alright, I'll leave it,' said Norva. She raised her hands in the air, pretending to surrender. 'I get it, I hear you.'
She placed her palms on Pap's desk. 'I'm. Just. Buzzing. About. Tomorrow,' she said, slapping it between each word. The lamp shook. 'I cannot wait.'
'And I can't wait for you two to go back to school,' Pap muttered under his breath.
I detected a slight smile on his lips.
Norva kissed her teeth. 'Pap come on… cut me some slack! It's Halloween in a few hours. The reigning Queen of The Tri, excluding me, obvs, is coming home. Isn't that epic?!'
She crouched down and whispered in my ear. 'What an excellent addition to The Tri Files.' She stood up, slapping me on the back, before winking and taking another swig from her can.
The Tri Files. Our observations of occurrences on our estate. As Norva always says: 'If something's going down on The Tri, we know what's up.'
I looked up at her and rolled my eyes, but she had a point.
'It's only little Kat,' said Pap. 'Calm down.'
'Yeah, only TrojKat,' Norva replied. 'Only one of London's best new pop artists. Just a tiny one point eight
million followers on Instagram, Pap. Only just signed a record deal that's going to change her life. Only –'
'Only me,' said a cool voice behind us.