

Edie gave a thumbs up, tapped his watch, and then turned away.

'Five minutes to burn o'day. I got to get back on my ploth. Be good and you can't be good, be lucky!' and he was gone in a sudden tackety-booted clatter, heading back towards Holborn.

Edie stared after him. She felt at the end of her tether. She could barely keep standing. She felt numb. And now, once more, she felt abandoned as he disappeared round the corner.

'Edie,' said George. 'Edie! You don't want to miss this.'

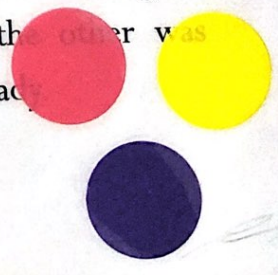
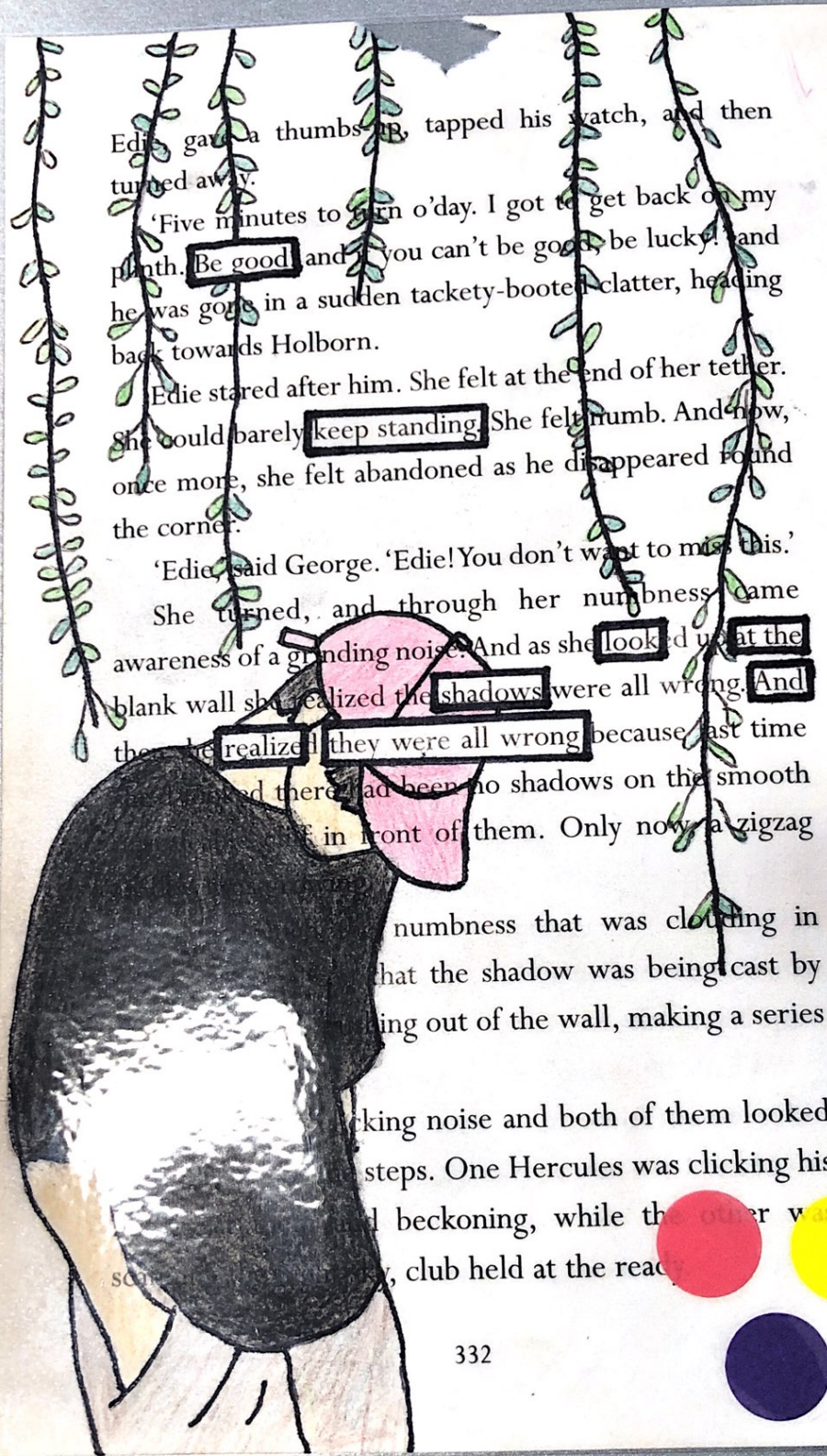
She turned, and through her numbness came awareness of a grinding noise. And as she looked up at the blank wall she realized the shadows were all wrong. And then she realized they were all wrong because last time she had seen there had been no shadows on the smooth wall in front of them. Only now, a zigzag

numbness that was clouding in that the shadow was being cast by coming out of the wall, making a series

clicking noise and both of them looked at their

steps. One Hercules was clicking his

beckoning, while the other was
somebody, club held at the ready



Markus Zusak. You all give this profession a good name.

I also want to thank the many musicians I've played
alongside. **every writer needs a break sometimes.**

but special mentions go to Sophie Chapman,
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in students' hands. It's an honour to be your go-to guy for
reluctant readers, and voracious ones alike.

Thank you to the fans, for trusting me and **allowing** me
the **freedom to** try something new. **Hope** you like it!

Lastly, a special thank you to Paul Kopetko, to
whom this book is dedicated. Everyone needs a friend like
Paul. The tragedy is that he's one of a kind.

