

Spike nodded and waved an apology to the waiting driver.

As the bus trundled off down the road, the two kids hurried through the rain towards Spike's uncle's house: 13 Edison Street.



## Chapter Two

# Plan

“All the doors are locked,” said Spike as he rattled the handle to the front door. “Looks like my uncle is determined to keep anyone out. He’s even nailed the cat flap shut.”

“What about the letter box?” asked Mia.

“I don’t think either of us can fit through there,” replied Spike. “Plus, I haven’t got any stamps with me.”

“No,” said Mia. “Can you reach inside and open the door?”