

Chapter Two

Cat

“Hey,” hissed Spike as he and Mia crept across Dr Dire’s front garden, “I wonder if Uncle Darius has got me a birthday present, as well?”

“If he has, it will probably be something he’s stolen from the past using that weird little invention of his,” said Mia.

Spike stopped to stare at his friend again. “I’ve told you before, it’s not a ‘weird little invention’, his name is Igor. And I’m pretty sure my uncle didn’t invent cats.”

“I wasn’t talking about his cat,” Mia sighed. “I meant the gizmo that allows him to open a portal to the past.”

“Oh, that gizmo thing?” said Spike. “What does he call it again?”

“The Gizmo,” Mia reminded him.

“Sshhh! Someone’s coming!”

The pair hid behind a bush and watched as a man in a red Royal Mail shirt made his way up the garden path, whistling.

He was carrying a handful of letters and a parcel wrapped in bright yellow paper.

