

Chapter Two

Green Light

Still half asleep, Logan started to lift up the big, heavy bin bag from the kitchen bin.

“EWWWWW!” Bin juice!” he wrinkled his nose.

Dirty liquid leaked from a hole in the bag and covered his favourite slippers. Otis ran over and licked them.

“EWWWWW!” Bin juice and dog drool!” he cried. “Out. Get out now,” he said as he flung the kitchen door open.

He dragged the bin bag up the driveway leaving what looked like a giant slug trail of bin juice behind him.

“Good morning, Logan,” came a call from across the road. It was Eva.

“Is it?” asked Logan.

Eva walked over to him. “Is it what?” she asked.

“A good morning,” replied Logan. “So far I’ve been woken up at the crack of dawn... twice. Been told to do a million jobs. The bin is leaking all over me and my gran is coming to stay the week.”

