



## CHAPTER 2

# DREAMING

Over the next few days it started to bug me. I saw his parents. They went in and out of the house and garden. They smiled and said hello. But no sign of the guy.

Lying in bed reading one night, I heard someone singing and playing piano — *keyboard!* Of course, his dad had asked where the keyboard should go.

Wow! So he played keyboard and sang. This was getting better and better!

He was good enough to be on *The X Factor* or *Britain's Got Talent*. And as I lay in bed listening to

him singing his songs, I dreamed he was singing just for me.

Later in the week, I saw his mum and dad going out in their car. He wasn't with them. So, I made sure I was looking my best, this time in a floaty top with my hair clipped up. The curls that hung around my face had taken half an hour to get right.

I set up my easel and chair. The painting was coming along well. I tried not to glance too much at his house. I saw that today all the windows and the back door were open to let the fresh air blow through, but the curtains and kitchen blinds were shut. There was even a bead curtain in the back doorway so you couldn't see into the kitchen.

I was starting to think someone liked the dark.

I was busy painting when he started to sing. He must have been in the kitchen, and his voice rang out across the gardens. It sent goosebumps up and down my arms.