



CHAPTER 1

SARAH

Jack Potter crept down the stairs as quietly as he could. He smiled to himself for being smart and remembering to take off his trainers before he started. His socks made almost no sound at all on the carpet.

But then — *Creak!*

Jack froze. He'd forgotten about the third step from the bottom! Maybe he wasn't so smart after all. This ancient house had loads of loose floorboards that could easily give him away. He made a mental note to draw a map of them all when this was over.

He paused a few seconds longer, just in case someone appeared in the hallway below to see who had made the noise. Thankfully, no one did. He'd got away with his blunder. This time. He'd have to be more careful in the future.

Once at the foot of the stairs, he pulled his portable camera from his pocket and clipped it to the frame of a painting that hung on the wall. Pressing his cheek against the canvas, he followed the camera's line of sight to check he would be filming in exactly the right place.

It was perfect!

Activating the camera's motion sensor, he tiptoed a few metres further then carefully pushed open the kitchen door — just enough to peek inside and check his victim was in there. Yep. There she was, chopping up a cucumber while listening to some boring classical music.

This was going to be great!