



CHAPTER 2

RED MARK

Finn

Finn kicked at a stone as he walked past the biggest houses he'd ever seen. There was a man pulling up weeds in the front garden of one of them. Finn bet that he didn't live there. People who lived in houses like that didn't weed their own gardens. They had gardeners for that sort of thing.

Finn walked past the final garden in the row and cut down the alley that ran down the side of the huge house. When he came out the other side he was on the canal.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket and frowned. He had no reception here. Finn would never get why Gran had chosen to live on a shabby houseboat right behind the poshest houses in town. The lads at school would rip it out of him if they knew he was living on an old, busted canal boat.

Finn shoved his phone back in his pocket. No reception and no Wi-Fi. Great. How was he supposed to know if his mum was trying to get in touch? She might need him and he'd be stuck out here.

Well if she needs me, it will serve her right for kicking me out, thought Finn. But even as he thought it, Finn knew that it wasn't true. It wasn't his mum who had kicked him out. It was Mark.

Mark was his mum's new boyfriend and he hated Finn. Finn didn't care because he hated Mark too.

Mark had been alright when Finn had first met him. He'd taken Finn and his mum to the