

## Chapter 1

‘Can I go next door, Dad?’

‘Jack, I think I should say, no.’

‘I think you should say, yes. I’ll just go in the garden. I would not go in the house.’

‘You cannot just go strolling in and out of a property that you don’t own.’

My dad is a property dealer. If you are sick of your house or your farm, he will sell it for you. He thinks a lot about what land belongs to which person. I don’t. I don’t have to. I’m a kid. I don’t think there is a problem with going into the garden of a house that has been empty for years and years.

‘Don’t you have to go to school?’

asked Dad

‘No Dad. It’s the summer holidays.’

‘Really? How long will that go on?’

‘Weeks and weeks. I need something to do so I will not bother you. So can I go next door? Or should I play the drums?’

‘Drums? You play the drums?’

‘Not very well, but I am having lessons.’

‘Really? How long has that been going on?’

‘All this term. You pay for them.’

‘Do I? How did I let that happen?’

‘Do you want to hear me play?’

‘Not now. I have to do my tax.’ He sat thinking for a second. ‘Hmm, would your mum let you go next door?’

‘Yes, no problem.’



In fact, my mum would never let me go to the garden next door. She thinks the garden next door is filled with creepy insects and moths.

My mum is really smart, but she has a big fear of moths. She had a dream when she was a kid, about a flock of

moths that went in her mouth. I don't think moths would want to go in my mum's mouth. They would get crushed by her teeth. Moths are not that silly. But she still cannot stand them.

Now Mum was away for the week and I just had to ask Dad. Dad is not bothered by moths. He is upset by tax. He cannot stand doing his tax and he cannot stand a sound in the house when he is doing it.

'Well,' said Dad. 'Strictly speaking, I should say ...'

'Thanks Dad,' I said. 'I will leave you to get on with it.'

I grabbed my jacket and ran.