Helping your children choose books they will love

I ♥ reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

Jet Black Heart

Written by

Teresa Flavin

Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

For Maddie, Leanne and Camille

First published in 2014 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text and Illustrations © 2014 Teresa Flavin

The moral right of Teresa Flavin to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-404-8

Printed in China by Leo



CHAPTER 1

It happened so fast there was nothing Dory could do. One minute she was running down the hillside trying to catch up with her sister Gracie. The next minute Dory tripped so hard, the world flipped over and she tumbled down the rest of the hill, unable to stop herself.

Dory landed on flat mossy ground and lay there, stunned. After a moment she found she could move her arms and legs. She didn't seem to have broken anything, but the palms of her hands stung and she had a painful graze on one knee.

"Gracie?" she called, in a feeble voice. "Gracie!" But all she heard was the tinkle of a stream close by.

Dory and her sister were on a kind of treasure hunt called letter-boxing.

"Letter-boxing is really popular here," Dad had said when he handed Gracie the clue map that morning. "You'll have a great time."

Yeah, right. What you did was search for hidden plastic boxes with a map. When you found one, you took out the rubber stamp inside and used it to stamp a notebook. It was tragic. Things like that were for little kids and geeks like Gracie. But Dad and Mum wouldn't let Dory out of it. Gracie had called her a misery and they had bickered all the way along the Crake Ridge cliff path until they arrived at some stone steps.

The letter-boxing map showed that the steps led down into a wood, then a beach cove. Gracie had pushed past Dory and raced down the steps. That was when Dory had decided to take a shortcut down the hillside and sneak up on her sister. But it was Dory who had got a shock, not Gracie. Dory called again. "Gracie, I'm here! I've hurt my knee!" There was still no answer and Dory's anger rose. This was all Gracie's fault and she would laugh her head off at Dory lying in the dirt. That thought was

enough to make Dory take a deep breath and push herself up to a sitting position.

One of her knees was skinned raw, but at least there was no blood. She grabbed hold of a large tree root and hauled herself up, and straight away she stubbed her toe on something hard.

There was a big old jam jar half buried under ferns below a moss-covered tree. Dory dug it out, brushed the bugs and snails off the pale greenish glass and saw something inside. When at last she managed to pull out the cork stopper, a fragile rectangle of card fell to the ground. The handwriting on it was faded but Dory could just make it out –

'Dearest Eli, I cannot wait for the day that we escape …'

Before Dory could finish the first line, the air shimmered around her and somehow the light seemed less bright. The woods seemed denser and the ferns taller.

Even the card in Dory's hand felt different. She looked at the writing again and drew in a sharp breath. The card was now thick and

crisp, the ink deep black as if it had just been written.

Somewhere behind her, a male voice spoke.

"Miss Rachel," it said. "I never thought I'd see you again."