EGMONT
We bring stories to life

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DEPARTMENT OF SUPERNATURAL INVESTIGATIONS
Junior Agent
Minimum Badge Allowed to Perform this Job: Bronze
Chief Responsibilities: To serve and protect both humans and non-humans alike against supernatural threats, foreign and domestic. Enforcement of the laws that govern supernatural entities living in the known world. Those who excel in this position may be promoted to Senior Agents, Surveillance Agents, Special Agents and more.

Noteworthy Agents: Beowulf, Captain Ahab, Abraham Van Helsing, Captain Nemo, Dr Jekyll / Mr Hyde (part-time researcher / part-time agent), Sherlock Holmes, Maria Van Helsing & Quinton Peters

I can't believe it! Quinton's an agent! Just like this guy in the picture. Of all the crazy things, this might be the craziest. Agent Magnus looks like the person you'd call if a bear got loose at the zoo. Quinton is afraid of spiders. Even the tiny ones.

As the clock on the dashboard blinks to 5:26, a question pops into my head. 'Mama, how much do you know about this summer camp?'

'It's a really fancy leadership camp,' says Mama. 'You guys take classes and go on trips to meet with CEOs and government leaders. Plus you'll get to mingle and make friends with other high achievers. These kinds of programmes will really pay off

later as an adult – when it comes down to getting those cushy jobs, it's not what you know but who you know.'

So Mama thinks this is just a leadership camp. That must be what they told her when she called. And what Quinton used to tell her too.

'Just make me a promise, okay?' Mama continues. 'Promise me you'll go to college. You won't follow Quinton into whatever he was doing.'

'So you think this, um, programme had something to do with Quinton going missing?'

'Of course not,' says Mama, 'or I wouldn't let you near it. I don't know what could've happened to your brother. I just want you to use this programme to get into a good university somewhere and live a safe and happy life.'

Safe and happy life. I can't help wondering if maybe deep down Mama does know that his job is the reason he's gone. 'I promise,' I say. I'm only entering this programme to find out what happened to my brother. Once I do, I don't care if I ever see the supernatural world again.

Even with all Mama's shortcuts we don't turn on to the tree-lined entrance to the Vanderbilt Hotel until 6:02. I can't believe we're late.

The building looks so cool, like one of those famous cathedrals, topped with a beautiful golden dome. A large white guy in a grey suit is headed up the wide stairs leading up to the building. I recognise his cowboy hat.

'That's your escort,' says Mama. 'Catch him before it's too late!'

I push open the door and step outside. 'Agent Magnus!

I'm here!'

If Agent Magnus hears me, he doesn't stop or even turn around. I can't believe we've come all this way only to be too late.

'Hey! It's me. Quinton's little sister.' I bounce and back forth, waving my hands over my head, praying that Agent Magnus will turn around.

At Quinton's name Agent Magnus pauses and turns to face me. He's twice as intimidating in real life. Those intense grey eyes size me up as he comes down to meet us.

Mama gets out of the car and thanks him. He says something that makes her laugh and then gives her hand a kiss. Mama blushes and giggles. Of course they know each other, Mama used to drop Quinton off here every summer.

'Babygirl?' says Mama. 'Introduce yourself.'

Now that he's right here in front of me, I can't find any of the confidence I had a minute ago. 'Hello,' I say, not able to meet Agent Magnus's eyes.

'You're late.' His voice is deep, with a raspy southern twang. 'Believe Mr Ware said to be here by six.'

'I know,' I say. 'There was traffic and –'

He puts up a hand to cut me off. 'One thing you're gonna learn is we don't make excuses. If you were anybody else, you'd be headed back home. But you had one favour owed to you on account of being Quinton's little sister. That favour's used up now. Understand?'

I nod. 'Yes, sir.'

Agent Magnus turns his attention to Mama. 'Always a pleasure, Renee. I'll make sure Amari is well looked after.'

Mama smiles. ‘I know you will. You and Quinton were so close – I’m thankful you’d take the time to escort Amari on her first day.’

‘Great kid, Quinton.’ A flicker of emotion passes across Agent Magnus’s face. ‘I’ll send somebody down to collect Amari’s things.’ His eyes find me again. ‘You ready?’

‘I think so,’ I say.

Agent Magnus grins. ‘Oh, I doubt that very much.’