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

Triskellion 2: The Burning

Written by

Will Peterson

Published by

Walker Books

All text is copyright of the author and / or the illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk



Rachel woke up in a bed. In *her* bed.

Not the creaky brass bed in the flowery bedroom of her grandmother's cottage in Triskellion, but in her own bed, in her own room. Her own room in New York City.

She lay still for a moment, letting her eyes travel around the room, afraid to close them again in case it disappeared. Everything was there: the well-thumbed copy of *Where's Waldo?*, a childhood favourite; the china piggybank that only ever held a couple of dollars in change; the furry, glass-eyed cat; and a battered and grubby teddy bear that had belonged to her mother. Everything was in its place, each item a touchstone to memories that now seemed part of a distant past. Rachel's gaze drifted past the Johnny Depp poster to the window, where narrow shafts of light were squeezing their way through the wooden slats of the blind. She could hear the low rumble and honk of traffic on the street outside. The sounds of Manhattan coming to life…

Rachel blinked.

The room was still there. She was not dreaming. But how, she wondered, had she got here?

She remembered the helicopter ride – the flight from Triskellion with Adam, her mother and Laura Sullivan – and the landing, somewhere grey and misty, miles from anywhere. She remembered being separated from Adam and bundled into a building, feeling weak with exhaustion from the day's events.

Her thoughts began to spool back in fast rewind…

Rachel shuddered and felt a fearful lurch in her stomach as she remembered what Gabriel had revealed to them. That they were like him. That she and Adam were human but had … *something else* in their blood. In their genes. Something that made them very different. Her stomach knotted as she realized that *one* fact would inform every moment of the rest of their lives: their bloodline had been created centuries before, by the union of a human and someone from another world. Rachel felt a wave of nausea and, for a moment, thought she might be sick.

She breathed deeply and closed her eyes until the feeling passed.

Whatever had happened, at least she and Adam had been reunited with their mother. At least they were home. She just couldn't remember how she had got here. She must have slept for days. Maybe she'd been given something to *help* her sleep…

But she took comfort from the fact that, however she had got here, she was a safe distance from England, from the village where it had all started. It would be a huge relief to talk to her mum about everything; to Adam…

Then Rachel realized that, for the first time in her life, she couldn't hear her brother's voice in her head. Nor Gabriel's voice, or any voices at all. Not even the insistent humming, like the drone of bees, that told Rachel she was on their wavelength; that she was ready to receive their thoughts.

Just silence.

She felt a little panicked and climbed out of bed. She needed to find Adam and see if he felt the same. Her head was fuzzy, and her tongue was thick and heavy inside her mouth. She felt unsteady on her feet and, guessing that she'd stood up too quickly, she reached out for the desk beside the bed to steady herself.

The desktop was as tidy as she'd left it a month or so before, with pens in the plastic pot, a stack of CDs and the little round red mirror on it. Rachel picked up the mirror and stared at herself. She looked terrible. Her curly chestnut hair was greasy and matted and her face looked pale and puffy, as if she had been crying for days. She put the mirror face down and, as she raised her head, another thought struck her. This room – her room – looked and felt and sounded like it should, but it didn't *smell* right.

It smelled synthetic, like the inside of a new car.

Rachel slipped on her red plastic flip-flops and walked

over to the door. The handle felt unusually stiff. She gave it a jerk and let out an involuntary cry as the door flew back. It didn't open on to the carpeted hallway that led to her parents' room but on to a brightly lit, white corridor.

And somewhere near by an alarm went off.