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opening extract from

Triskellion 3: The Gathering

written by

Will Peterson

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prologue: western australia

Molly Crocker stared across the yard to where the boy was working, cursing herself as she spilt the lemonade and reaching for a cloth to clean up the mess. When she looked up again, the boy had moved out of her line of sight and there was a large bee butting gently against the window from outside.

Zzzzz … dnk. Zzzzz … dnk.

Molly thought it was a bit early for bees, but it wasn't a complete surprise. Everything was going haywire with the climate these days. Global warming was never out of the news.

She was careful not to spill any more as she carried the lemonade outside, down the steps from the porch and out across the front yard to where the boy was painting one of the fence posts.

"Here you go," Molly said. She handed the cold drink across. "Looks like you could do with this."

The boy, whose name was Levi, had been working at their place for the last couple of weeks. He'd mended the roof on one of the barns, fixed the gate on the paddock where Molly's

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horse was kept and done some basic plumbing inside. He was sixteen, Molly guessed – about the same age as she and Dan were – and according to their mother, the Aboriginal tribe he belonged to had been living in the area for over forty thousand years.

Levi drank half the lemonade in one gulp. "Thirsty," he said.

While Molly waited for the glass, she stared around the compound. It was isolated for sure – their closest neighbour was seven kilometres away and it was half an hour in the truck to the nearest shops – but it was a nice place to live. They were only ten minutes from the sea and got to go surfing after school or ride horses in the hills whenever they fancied it.

Debbie, their mum, and Mel – the woman who shared the house with them – reckoned they were lucky.

They all had a pretty good life.

Molly wiped the sweat from the back of her neck and tried to remember how long they'd been here. Was it two years? Something like that…

Levi handed back the glass. "Thanks, Rachel."

Molly blinked. The glass slipped from between her fingers and shattered on the ground. "Excuse me?"

At that moment, Dan waved from the other side of the yard as he walked back to the house. Levi waved back enthusiastically and called out, "Hi, Adam."

Molly watched as her twin brother stared back, confused, before walking back to the house a little faster.

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"What did you call me?" Molly asked.

"I called you by your name," Levi said. "Your name is Rachel, but you've forgotten. You've forgotten everything."

Molly stared. The boy was making no sense, and yet … something was swimming forward from the recesses of her mind: something struggling to come into focus.

"I think maybe you should go," she said.

Levi didn't move. "It's good that you forgot; that you all started a new life. It was the only way you could stay alive. But now it's time to remember again."

"You're crazy," Molly said. She turned at a noise from the house and saw Mel and her mum marching quickly towards them across the yard. Dan was walking nervously a few metres behind them. Mel was carrying the shotgun.

"What is my name?" Levi whispered.

Molly stared, held by the boy's intense green eyes – funny how she'd never noticed that they were green before – and saw a beach.

An explosion and a boy running. Rocks falling and a ball of flame rising high into the sky. She felt desperately sad for no reason, and the word came out of her mouth without her brain telling it to: "Gabriel."

The boy smiled.

"Hey!" Mel was shouting as she, and Dan and Molly's mother got closer. Mel raised the shotgun. "Get the hell off our land right now. And don't come back."

"You'd best do it," Molly said.

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"I need you," the boy said. "You and Adam."

"Need us for … what?"

Mel and the others were only a few steps away. "Didn't you hear me?" Mel screamed.

"There are people in the shadows," Levi said. "They've stayed hidden for a long time, working quietly to destroy you – all of you."

Molly nodded. She could feel the danger and remember the urgency and the pain. She remembered running and running…

"You've been hidden for a long time, Rachel, but it can't go on for ever. It has to stop. It's time you came out of the shadows."

"Why?" Molly said. She hadn't been aware of the clouds gathering, and the first fat raindrops felt cold and heavy. "Why now?"

The boy's eyes darkened. "Because they're coming…"



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