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Opening extract from

My Name is O

Written by

Sam Enthoven

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My Name is O

by

Sam Enthoven

To find out more about Sam and his writing, check his homepage –

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Chapter 1

How to Break into the Bank of England

London. On the roof of Tower 42. 2:16 am.

My name is O. Not zero. It's O like the letter that comes after N in the alphabet. Or what you say when you get a surprise – "oh!"

I am 15 years old, I'm 189 metres above ground level and I'm nervous.

Tower 42 is the fifth tallest skyscraper in London. The twinkling lights of the city spread out below me, as far as I can see. Between the

lights are great black shadows where the buildings are. Inside the buildings I imagine the people – eight million humans, most of them asleep.

Do you ever get the feeling that your life isn't your own? Do you ever feel like everything you do, or everything you ever can do, has been chosen for you already? That it was all planned out before you were born, so all you can do is go along with it? Have you felt that way?

I have news for you. *It's true*.

I work for the people who mapped out your life for you. They rule you and they rule me too. They planned my life from the start. I was born in a special breeding programme run by our secret masters, and then trained for years until my skills met their needs. Every second of my life has belonged to them. But that will end tonight – one way or another.

I walk to the edge of the roof, and step off.

The silk above me takes my weight no problem – there's not even a jolt. I swing my legs forward and settle the straps until I sit in mid air.

I'm flying.

Relax. I may not be ... normal, but I'm no superhero. I'm using a paraglider. It's a bit like a para*chute*, but it's open before you jump. Imagine a wing made of silk, 8 metres wide and as black as a shadow. That's all that anyone who happens to look up will see as I pass above them – a shadow in the night.

It takes 4 minutes for the glider to drop me to my target. I have cords in each hand that open flaps in the wings made to act like air brakes. Once or twice I pull these to change course but for the rest of the time I have nothing to do but wait. Between my feet I watch a black taxi head north up Old Broad Street. From up here, it is the size of the nail on my thumb.

I look at my target – a low, grey chunk of a building just two blocks away from me to my south-west. That's where I'm going – the Bank of England.

I've chosen to break in to the Bank through the top of one of the lift shafts. That means that I am on the look-out as I approach for a sort of hut on the roof where the lift gear will

be. You find these on the roofs of most big buildings. They have a door so workmen can get in to do repairs. Handy for me.

After 3 minutes and 58 seconds I pull the cords hard to fold the paraglider wing. My feet meet the rooftop and I jog five steps to lose some speed. Then I've landed, making no sound other than a whisper as the black silk of the glider falls behind me. It's perfect. It should be – I did my first parachute jump when I was six. The door I want is right beside me. The lock is so easy to pick I'm almost insulted.

And I'm inside.