



BLANK

ANN EVANS

BLANK

Titles in Teen Reads:

Fascination DANIEL BLYTHE	Kidnap TOMMY DONBAVAND	The First Martian IAIN MC LAUGHLIN
I Spy DANIEL BLYTHE	Raven TOMMY DONBAVAND	Snow White, Black Heart JACQUELINE RAYNER
New Dawn DANIEL BLYTHE	Ward 13 TOMMY DONBAVAND	Silent Nation BEVERLY SANFORD
Underworld SIMON CHESHIRE	Fair Game ALAN DURANT	Remember Rosie BEVERLY SANFORD
Dawn of the Daves TIM COLLINS	Blank ANN EVANS	The Wishing Doll BEVERLY SANFORD
Joke Shop TIM COLLINS	By My Side ANN EVANS	Billy Button CAVAN SCOTT
Mr Perfect TIM COLLINS	Living the Lie ANN EVANS	Mama Barkfingers CAVAN SCOTT
Painkiller TIM COLLINS	Nightmare ANN EVANS	Pest Control CAVAN SCOTT
The Locals TIM COLLINS	Insectoids ROGER HURN	The Changeling CAVAN SCOTT
Troll TIM COLLINS	Vanishing Point CHERYL LANYON	The Hunted CAVAN SCOTT
Wasteland TIM COLLINS	Jigsaw Lady TONY LEE	Sitting Target JOHN TOWNSEND
Copy Cat TOMMY DONBAVAND	Mister Scratch TONY LEE	Deadly Mission MARK WRIGHT
Dead Scared TOMMY DONBAVAND	Noticed TONY LEE	Ghost Bell MARK WRIGHT
Just Bite TOMMY DONBAVAND	Stalker TONY LEE	The Corridor MARK WRIGHT
Home TOMMY DONBAVAND	Death Road JON MAYHEW	World Without Words JONNY ZUCKER
	Death Wheels JON MAYHEW	

BLANK

ANN EVANS

Blank ISBN 978-1-78464-621-9

Text © Ann Evans 2016

Complete work © Badger Publishing Limited 2016

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in any form or by any means mechanical, electronic, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the publisher.

The right of Ann Evans to be identified as author of this Work has been asserted by her in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

Publisher: Susan Ross

Senior Editor: Danny Pearson

Editorial Coordinator: Claire Morgan

Copyeditor: Cambridge Publishing Management

Designer: Bigtop Design Ltd

Cover: © Blend Images / Alamy Stock Photo

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1



CHAPTER 1

RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE

Run!

It was the only thought in Eric Penny's head.

Run! Run like his life depended on it. Ha! His life *did* depend on it.

Blanking out the last few sickening moments, Eric ran. Long legs sprinting down lamp-lit streets, jacket flying open, heart pounding, hands sticky with blood.

He tore on, zig-zagging traffic as horns blared. Passers-by jumped out of his way, shouting angrily.

“Sorry!”