

EMMA YOUNG

**HERE
LIE
THE
SECRETS**

LITTLE TIGER

LONDON

For Lucas, Jakob and James

STRIPES PUBLISHING LIMITED

An imprint of the Little Tiger Group
1 Coda Studios, 189 Munster Road,
London SW6 6AW

www.littletiger.co.uk

First published in Great Britain by Stripes Publishing Limited in 2020

Text copyright © Emma Young, 2020

Cover copyright © Stripes Publishing Limited, 2020

Cover images used under licence from Shutterstock.com

ISBN: 978-1-78895-034-3

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

All rights reserved.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition, being imposed upon the subsequent purchaser.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed and bound in the UK.



The Forest Stewardship Council® (FSC®) is a global, not-for-profit organization dedicated to the promotion of responsible forest management worldwide. FSC® defines standards based on agreed principles for responsible forest stewardship that are supported by environmental, social, and economic stakeholders. To learn more, visit www.fsc.org

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

PROLOGUE

Again, I go to look at myself in the mirror. This silvery jersey top is far too clingy. I peel it off and toss it behind me, on top of literally three-quarters of my meagre wardrobe. I'm meant to be going to Freja's house in about fifteen minutes. That should be plenty of time. Except that I've been getting ready – only getting no closer to actual readiness – for over an hour now.

At school yesterday, Freja filled me in on the final plans. Her parents have agreed to visit some friends and stay out until 11 p.m. They've also bought in some light beers and two bottles of white wine for her twelve sixteenth-birthday-party guests. Not that I like wine. Or light beer... Not that I drink, in fact. Or go to parties. Or put on anything other than my school uniform or jeans or leggings and baggy T-shirts and jumpers. It was Mum who got me the silvery top. "Freja's birthday! It's special," she said, by way

of explanation. And, since Freja is now my closest friend, yeah, it is special.

It's also complicated.

My nerves have nothing to do with the people she's invited. There's no guy in our class I'm hoping/terrified will be there, or some girl whose super-confidence would send me shrinking into my shell.

The problem is Holly. And I just don't know what to do.

I run a critical eye over the few remaining clothes in my wardrobe. There's nothing else. It'll have to be the silvery top. As I shake it out and pull it back on, I tell myself I'll go for an hour or two, then I'll slip back home. It's not like Freja won't understand.

On a shelf by my wardrobe is my detangling brush, a comb and my straighteners. I look away from the mirror for a moment, to pick up the hot tongs. When I turn back to it, I drop them.

A sudden rush of adrenalin has just drop-kicked my heart. My body's shaking. My legs feel hollow. I want desperately to look away. But I'm too scared to move even my eyes.

I knew Holly wouldn't like it. I *knew* I should've said no.

Because there she is – standing behind me, watching me intently in the mirror. Her dark blond hair is loose around her thin shoulders and her expression is one I know well by now: deep sadness, laced with scorn.

PART ONE

1

There's something about waiting to go through American immigration that always makes me feel a little nervous – even when I have no reason to be.

I think it's all the harsh lights. The uniforms. The holstered weapons. The uneasy fidgeting of the people waiting to be called forwards to explain their plans. We are guilty until proven innocent. But this time – as I stand here in the straggly line of travellers who've just hauled themselves off the 1.10 a.m. arrival into JFK – I do actually have a secret to conceal.

At last I'm waved forward. The immigration officer is a monumental guy with a scrubbed pink face. After making brief, scrutinizing eye contact, he flicks through my passport and scans my border-control form. Using two forefingers, he types something on his keyboard. Then he frowns at the screen. His deep-set eyes swivel up to my face.

“So you’re here on vacation?”

“I’m visiting my aunt. She lives in Brooklyn.” All of that is completely true.

“Have you visited with her before?”

The information on his screen has surely told him that I have.

“Last summer, and the summer before... Maybe five times in total.”

“And you want to stay in the United States for two months?”

I nod and smile.

“You have the financial means to support that?”

I’d been anticipating this. They asked me the exact same question last year – the first time I came to stay with Sadie without Dad. I was seventeen. Now that I’m technically an adult, I guess it’s an even more reasonable thing to ask.

“I’ve been working weekends in a restaurant. I’ve saved up some money, and my mum’s given me some, and my aunt looks after me.” Yeah, I’m gabbling but this is *all* true.

After what feels like forever he glances back at my form and stamps my passport. “Welcome to New York.”

*

Baggage carousel three is already crowded. The belt is juddering along but empty. I slip between an elderly

couple and a woman in uncomfortably tight-looking jeans. My own jeans are sticking to my thighs. My hair, which I re-dyed dark red, straightened and tied back yesterday morning, is half down and frizzy.

I rummage in my bag for my phone. After wiping the screen on my sleeve, I switch off flight mode and listen to the bleep-bleep of messages welcoming me to the United States. There's also one from Freja:

U there? So jealous! xx

I quickly type a reply.

Head still feels like it's over Atlantic. Body seems to have made it xx

Then I message Tamara, my best – and only – friend in New York.

Here! x

It's Tamara that I have to thank for the not entirely legal element of the reason I'm here. Actually not legal at all. Three weeks' cash-in-hand work, all off the books. That's the deal we were offered. And there was no way we couldn't take it, Tamara argued ... and I agreed.

Next I text Dad.

Arrived. Love you xx

Then I think about what to write to Mum. She's spending the summer as the yoga instructor at a mid-range spa hotel. It must be about 8 a.m. in Greece. I know she'll be waiting to hear from me but I can never just dash something off to Mum. I have to really think about what I write because she can twist a meaning like it's the plot of one of those Nordic noir novels that she loves so much.

The woman in tight jeans turns suddenly, jabbing me in the arm with her elbow. She doesn't apologize. Maybe she didn't even realize because the energy around us has just soared. The first cases are coming out. But I have to text Mum. Or she'll worry.

Arrived safely. Hope hotel good.
Will definitely get cab. Love you.

Then I add three kisses. Never more. Never fewer. Or she'd read something into it.

The elderly man to the other side of me shuffles forward. He reaches for the worn handle of an enormous brown leather case. But he's too slow. I lunge for it and, though my palms are sweaty, I manage to drag it off the carousel, nearly taking out the woman who elbowed me.

Karma, I think. The man smiles gratefully at me. I smile back. And I notice out of the corner of my eye my own

battered old purple case with a red ribbon round the handle
judder on by. *Not karma...?* Or maybe my good deeds still
don't outweigh the bad.

2

Sadie did offer to meet me at the airport but considering the time, and the fact that Mum had given me the money for the cab fare, I told Sadie I'd see her at the apartment.

The FDR is no good, my cab driver says, as he lifts my case into the boot. There's been a three-vehicle pile-up. So we take what he calls the "streets way", via Queens. Though it's past 2 a.m., it's still hot so I lower my window halfway. The sky has an unnatural orange tinge.

I text Sadie.

In cab but no FDR – will be a while x

I reread Mum's response to my text.

Let me know when you with Sadie. Be safe. xxxxxx

(Six kisses tell me that she's OK but concerned.) Then Tamara's.

Yes!!! At market tomorrow. Come find me!
Have news from Gunther.

Gunther, who runs the Ecco! Theater in Midtown is the guy who's giving us the job.

I reply to Tamara that I'll see her there tomorrow, throw my phone into my bag and watch New York speeding by. Smiling to myself, because it feels so good to be back, I notice what I always do in the first day or two – the clunky traffic lights, the all-night stores, LED signs on shopfronts rippling through the darkness.

Then I think my gaze must blur as I get caught up in thoughts of Tamara and the job at the theatre, and the road trip we have planned for later in the summer. Because suddenly we're slowing sharply – and I've lost track of where we are.

The taxi stops. Blinking, I peer hard through the window. The scene outside has a familiar effect: it's like a balm to my brain.

*

We've arrived at Sadie's building. It's a four-storey, nineteenth-century townhouse, with another on the left and a gap of wasteland to the right.

I dig around for my purse, and extract three twenties. After pocketing the cash, the driver jumps out and lifts my case out of the boot. Once he's driven off, I stand there for a few moments, just feeling what it's like to be back.

Over the broad road is a monumental church. It looms like a friendly spaceship. I can hear a Chinese TV station from one of the modern row houses behind me. There's a screech, and a hiss. Two cats are standing off behind a parked car.

When Sadie bought her apartment with her then-boyfriend, Levi, nine years ago, Bed-Stuy was pretty run-down. Now Levi has gone, and gentrification is here.

I switch my gaze from the cats to the low-walled patio area out front, with its built-in bench seat. Then to the imposing front door, veneered in patterned pressed tin. And up, over brick painted a brownish colour, and narrow sash windows, to the top floor – to Sadie's apartment. A soft white glow drifts from her bedroom window.

Yeah, so Levi has gone and Bed-Stuy is changing. But for me, since the first time I came here with Dad, when I was ten, Sadie's place has always been the same. My urban lighthouse across the ocean, signalling not danger, but safety.

*

Clump.

I drag my case up the final grimy, mosaic-tiled step. My bag's been vibrating, and I'm pretty sure it's Sadie trying

to get hold of me, to see where I am. But I want to walk in and find her, to add a tiny element of surprise.

Now sweat's running down my back, and my strappy top is stuck to my skin. But I've made it up to Sadie's landing. Like the rest of the communal areas, it's not exactly clean. Dead mosquitoes are splatted against the hospital-green walls. The greasy, bowl-shaped light fitting cradles a dry soup of dead insects. No one could argue that objectively this is an uplifting environment. But what I'm feeling is definitely joy.

Using my key, which Sadie gave me last year, I let myself in.

There's an intense flowery smell. I take a few more steps and hear the door swing shut behind me.

The L-shaped living-dining-kitchen area looks exactly how I remember it. Sparkling white fairy lights zigzag along the bare brick walls. Opposite me, in clear frames, are two of Levi's now-fêted sound paintings, generated from the vibrations of people crying, laughing, applauding, screaming. Gifts to Sadie. To the left, around the open folding door to Sadie's bedroom, white candles are flickering in little alcoves within a living wall of jasmine and ivy. That jasmine scent is powerfully sweet.

I drop my shoulder bag to the scratched bare floorboards and flex my right hand, which aches from lugging the case. I can't hear anyone.

“Sadie?”

No answer.

A twist of movement beneath a side table catches my eye. It's Marlowe, her Burmese cat, slinking out from a wicker basket. He arches his back against my leg. "Hey." I rub the soft milky-coffee-coloured fur under his chin.

As I pass the kitchen units, Marlowe glued to my leg, I notice something. There are *two* plates with the remains of what looks like a couscous salad and fish by the sink. Two pairs of knives and forks are resting on the top plate.

Above the black sink is an open window, which is grilled. The bars jut out to create a rectangular space meant for an air-conditioning unit. In that space is a chipped, flower-patterned plate holding a mango, and also a pair of walking boots that are far too big to be Sadie's.

"Whose are those?" I whisper to Marlowe as I pick him up, careful not to dampen his beautiful coat with my sweat.

I walk along the corridor that connects Sadie's studio, the bathroom and the spare bedroom – and notice that the door to the staircase up to the roof is open. Only the inner screen door is closed. I hear slow-beat hip hop.

After giving Marlowe a quick kiss, I put him down, and climb the external, meshed-cage, ironwork staircase to the roof. The thick layer of silver floor paint has someone's boot prints in it. Tin stovepipe chimneys stick out all over. There are a couple of satellite dishes, one obviously broken. As I turn, the Manhattan skyline slides into view, the Empire State Building lit up in electric blue.

Backdropped by the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan are

two heads, sticking up from deckchairs, which have their red-and-white-striped backs to me. Between the chairs is a wooden table carved to look like an oversized champagne cork. On it are glass tumblers, a pillar candle in a jar and a music system, which explains why they haven't heard me.

Sadie is on the left. Her thick black hair is streaming down the side of the wooden frame. Angling from the other chair are two hairy knees and large bare feet.

"Hey!" I call loudly.

Sadie's head twists. "*Mia!*"

Is there anything harder to get up from than a deckchair? And Sadie isn't fit – at least I've never known her to be. Or – at that particular time, I guess – especially sober.

By the time she's up, I'm already beside her. Her emerald-green tunic is the same shade as her eyes, which are beaming right into mine. She looks excited – and indignant. "I've been calling! Why didn't you pick up – or buzz me? I'd have helped you get your bags up!"

Nine years in New York, and her Leeds accent is as strong as ever.

She flings out her arms. I step into her soft, warm hug. It's like falling into bed. A relinquishing of all responsibilities. I feel myself start to properly relax for the first moment since leaving home.

"I managed," I tell her, my voice muffled by her neck.

Squeezing me tighter, she says. "*Mia cuore!* I'm so happy you're here!"

Mia cuore...

To be grammatically correct, it should be *Il mio cuore*. My heart. Masculine. How do I know? Because the first time I remember Sadie calling me this, when she still lived in England, and Mum and Dad were still together, I also remember Mum, who studied modern languages at university, correcting her. “But her name’s not Mio...” Sadie had said, making us both laugh. Then I’d noticed the look on Mum’s face.

But I just don’t share Mum’s grammatical qualms. Hearing these words is like a shot of hot strength to my heart.

Still holding on to my arm, Sadie half turns to the guy in the other deckchair. He’s watching us with what I think is an amused smile.

“Mia, meet Rav. Rav, don’t even look at her, just, like, the air around her, because I swear if you look at her in a way I don’t like, you will be *out*.”

She’s joking. Obviously. And I’m smiling but now mostly because I’m a little embarrassed. I’d guess that Rav’s maybe twenty-one or twenty-two, and he’s good-looking enough for me to feel slightly nervous around him even without Sadie’s comments.

He does look at me. He has warm, very dark, almost black eyes. His black hair is knotted back. Faded khaki shorts and a charcoal T-shirt hang on his lanky frame.

I resist the urge to smooth my messed-up hair and to

wipe the sheen of sweat from my face and try to return his friendly smile.

And I think: *Two plates by the sink. Men's boots in the air-con space. What Sadie said to him: "You will be out"...?*

Sadie's thirty-three, fifteen years younger than Dad, who is actually her half-brother. (Same father, different mother; Sadie's is from Naples.) She has a heart-shaped face and the kind of full figure that Victorian painters would have fought each other to use as a model for a mortal desired by a god.

Then realization dawns. Actually, it dawns about a millisecond before Sadie says, "Rav is my lodger... I told you, right?"

I'd totally forgotten. In an email maybe six months ago, she said she was thinking of taking in a lodger. Someone to help pay the bills. She hadn't mentioned it since. And I hadn't asked. I wonder suddenly where we'll all be sleeping.

"Hi," he says, still with that friendly smile, showing even white teeth. American, then.

"Hi," I say back.

"Good flight?" he asks.

I guess he reads my expression because he smiles and says quickly, "Dumb question. Rum – and what was it?" He glances at Sadie.

"Lime, clove and vanilla," she says.

He smiles, nodding. "That eternal classic. Rum, vanilla, lime, clove cocktail? With Coke."

“It’s one of the best I’ve ever made,” Sadie says. “Not too strong. It’s all about the flavours.”

My head’s pounding dully. My top has dried a little in the gentle rooftop breeze, but my jeans are still sticking to my legs. I need a shower. A litre of water. A couple of ibuprofen. Sleep. But I can’t say no when Sadie’s so pleased with her concoction.

“I’d love one,” I say.

Rav jumps up from his chair. Grabs the empty tumblers from the table.

“Are you hungry?” Sadie asks me. “I’ve got Kalamata olives, jams, and this incredible goat’s cheese from a little farm in Long Island. And a mango. But it might not be quite ripe.”

I shake my head. “Thanks. I’m OK.”

From over by the stairwell, Rav says, “You overdid the gourmet delicacies on the plane, right?”

My stomach, which is bloated from the flight, seems to swell even further at the memory of the shredded-cardboard salad and gloopy mac ’n’ cheese. “Yeah, all that caviar... I just couldn’t eat another thing.”

His smile broadens a little. As he disappears down the steps, Sadie says, “Come, sit.”

She drags a third deckchair over and positions it beside hers. I ease myself on to the rough, warm canvas.

The sky, which is dusted with stars, is no longer actually shifting above me. I’m technically still for the first time in

so many hours. But my brain seems to be having trouble processing the fact. I feel like I'm still juddering.

"I totally forgot about you getting a lodger," I tell her. "I'm so sorry."

"Sorry for what? Like it would stop me having you to stay?"

"But where—"

"I'm putting Rav in my studio while you're here."

"Doesn't he mind?"

"It was either that or a tent in the basement. And I think we might have a rat..."

"But where will you work?"

She smiles at me over the arm of her chair, and changes the subject. "Remember the first time you came? I offered you wine and your dad went nuts."

"To be fair to him, I was only ten."

"I only meant like the French do. A little wine, with water, so you weren't *the child*. You were totally part of us."

I nod. I understand. Maybe I understood even then.

Certainly I remember that summer in fine-grained slow motion. Mum and Dad explaining that they'd made the difficult decision to separate and that Mum was moving into her own place. Being allowed whatever I wanted to eat at the airport, and feeling sick from the caramel doughnuts. Levi telling us – considerately, I now realize – that he had to go visit his parents in South Carolina. Sleeping with Sadie in her carved orangewood bed. Waking every morning to

the solid weight of her arm draped over my waist. Feeling sad, of course, and confused – but not devastated. I was so much closer to Dad.

“You’re looking great,” Sadie says, bringing me back to the present. “Leaving school must agree with you!”

“I’m doing OK,” I say, half smiling and half meaning it.

“And your dad?”

“Absolutely no different.” I take a breath. Trying to mentally sweep the past away, I meet her warm gaze. “Down to the coat hangers labelled ‘Monday’ to ‘Friday’, with his identical shirts for the week. I still haven’t asked him why.”

She smiles. “And your mum?”

There are things that maybe I’d like to tell her about Mum, but I’ve just got here, and Rav will be back any minute. And she’s clearly had a couple of cocktails. So I say, “Fine, and how about *you*?”

Sadie smiles. “I’m always good, remember.” Keeping her eyes locked on mine, she says, “So, should I be expecting you to be on your phone all the time to some desperate, pining boyfriend?”

I roll my eyes and try to keep the blood out of my cheeks.

“Uni in a few months,” she says. “Best to go with an open heart.”

“...Yeah.”

She twists further towards me. “Mia, is this seriously where I tell you again that you have no idea how amazing

you are, and you tell me I'm biased because we're related, and this goes on till eventually I get so frustrated, I shout, 'Just own your awesomeness, girl!'"

For the record, she shouts it.

"Yeah, OK, I'll just *own* it, American aunt," I tell her, with an expression that's meant to let her know I'm being good-naturedly sarcastic.

She reaches for my hand. "Like my hairdresser, Giuseppe, says when he's frustrated, *sheesh!*"

The gentle slap of bare feet on the roof makes me turn my head. I wonder how much Rav just overheard.

He comes over with a wooden tray of tumblers clinking with ice, and squats beside the little table. A blue halo shines round his head, courtesy of the Empire State.

It's hard not to watch him – the lean muscle in his arms, the dark burnt caramel of his neck. Around his narrow right wrist I notice a bracelet of woven silver, with a blue thread twisted through it.

Rav passes Sadie a glass. Hands one to me. It's beautifully cold. "Thank you."

"You are very welcome." He drags his chair round, so now we're in a rough circle. "It's good to finally meet you, Mia," he says and I realize that Sadie must have talked to him about me. About what exactly? "Here's to a—" He breaks off. "What kind of summer would you like?"

I don't have to think too hard. "Hot. Interesting. Relaxed."

“Hot ... yeah, that’s a given. Interesting – what exactly are your plans?”

“I’m going to be working with a friend at this theatre,” I tell him. “Helping to create the set for an immersive performance. Then we’re going to use the money to fix up her mum’s car and drive out to Burning Man in Nevada.”

“Tamara, right?” Rav says.

“You know her?”

Sadie says, “She may have been to a seriously wild party here last month...” She gives Rav a look I can’t quite translate.

“So, interesting,” he says quickly. “But *relaxed*? You do realize which city you’re in?”

But that’s how I feel here – at least relatively. In New York, I’m not quite the same me that exists back in Sheffield. Out here, I can leave so many things behind. “There’s *something* about the Empire State in the skyline that gives it away.”

He smiles. “OK ... well, here’s to all that for you. And to a hot, interesting, relaxed ... new man for Sadie.”

She pulls a face. “Whoever said I wanted a new man!”

He looks surprised. “Well, you...”

She shakes her head vigorously.

“How long have you been living here?” I ask him, to change the subject.

“Since February. I kinda had to leave where I was staying. A fine arts friend who’d done a course with Sadie said she knew an artist who was looking for a lodger—”

“And we met up for tacos at La Lupe,” Sadie says, still looking put out, “and he seemed too serious to be the kind of guy who’d invite a hundred friends back to make my parties even wilder... But I said yes anyway.” Now she sighs and smiles.

He smiles back.

I take a sip of the cocktail. It’s fruity, sweet, sharp ... odd. But in a nice way.

“What about you?” I ask Rav, lowering the glass. “What kind of summer do you want?”

He looks like he’s about to reply, then remembers something. “Sadie says you’re starting a degree in psychology this fall.”

I take another sip of the cocktail. “If I get the grades.”

“I just graduated in psychology from Gessen College. Now I’m enrolled in a masters programme, and I’m focused on some ongoing research. It’s become kinda addictive. It’ll take up my summer, and more probably.”

“Rav’s at the Parapsychology Research Institute,” Sadie says.

I feel my forehead crease. “Parapsychology – what, like ESP, moving stuff with your mind?”

He leans forward. “Do you believe in ghosts?”

I stiffen. It feels suddenly like my blood’s been cured, like some kind of glue. “No,” I say automatically, hearing my voice as though it’s not quite mine.

His eyes narrow. “That’s pretty definite. Most people,

when they say no, actually mean, well, I don't know but I don't think so, though there are things surely that science can't explain, et cetera."

I don't say anything. Don't even move. The skyscrapers glitter sharply behind him.

"So," he says, "this study is to investigate why some people see ghosts. Twenty-eight per cent of American adults report having had some kind of ghostly experience. Forty-two per cent believe ghosts are real. In the UK, the percentage is more like fifty. That's a *lot* of people."

"Fifty per cent of people probably think NASA faked the moon landings," I manage to say, though my mouth feels so dry.

"Oh," Sadie says. "She has you there. Unless NASA did fake them—"

"She doesn't *have me* anywhere," Rav says, his tone not irritated but firm. He focuses his gaze on me. "You know what, we could do with more non-believers for the study. Why don't you volunteer? It'd be good experience for college. I could talk you through the protocol afterwards. You'd just have to wear this VR headset—"

I shake my head quickly. "Actually, I don't think parapsychology's on the course I've applied for—"

"*And* you get twenty bucks."

I open my mouth, but before I can say no he's talking again.

"The study itself runs for up to fifty minutes. With the

initial briefing and inventories and the exit questionnaire, total involvement runs to one hour twenty. How about tomorrow, maybe? Ten? Eleven?”

I shake my head again. But this time more definitely. I take another sip from my glass. The dull buzzing in my head that was there before I even started drinking or talking about ghosts intensifies. “I’m meeting Tamara. But anyway I don’t think so. Sorry.”

Rav slumps a little in his chair. “If we can just run five more non-believers, we’ll have enough data for the statistical analysis.”

“I’ll ask at my class tomorrow,” Sadie says. “You’ll get them. Don’t worry.” Then she looks at me. “I’d make some rubbish joke about that being as big as the Lincoln Tunnel, but actually I think it was bigger.”

For a moment, I’m confused. Then I realize she’s referring to the fact I just yawned.

“Mia, honey, go to bed,” she says. “The spare room’s all ready.”

Go to bed ... yeah. I’m exhausted. And it would get me out of this conversation about the study, and ghosts.

But, as I get up, Rav says hopefully, “Sure you won’t change your mind?”

Sadie says: “You’re the psychic research guy. Can’t you read her thoughts?”

He cups a hand to one side of his mouth and in a loud whisper says to me: “I don’t actually read thoughts.”

Before I can tell her not to get up, Sadie's out of her chair and reaching for a hug. She squeezes me tight. Still holding on to me, she says, "I have to give some classes tomorrow. But I could wake you at what – nine thirty?"

"With a Roberto's?" I say hopefully but not wildly hopefully. Sadie waking me with a mug of coffee made from ground Nicaraguan Bourbon beans from Roberto's stall at Prospect Park market has become a summer tradition.

She grins. "Mind-reading, right here on my roof. Proven. Beyond doubt!"

Rav shakes his head. "As your hairdresser Giuseppe would say, *sheesh!*"

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Emma Young is an award-winning science and health journalist who has written for the *Guardian*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, *BBC Online*, *The Atlantic*, *Mosaic* and *New Scientist*. She has also written fiction and non-fiction for adults and children. Her books include the Storm series of science-based thrillers for 9-11 year olds under the name E. L. Young and the YA novel *She, Myself and I*. Emma lives in Sheffield with her husband and two children.

@EmmaELYoung