

## The London Eye Mystery - Extract 1

'Kat?' I said.

'What?'

'What does it mean when something is up your street?'

'Huh?'

'Salim said The Tempest would be right up my street. He acted in it at school last term.'

Kat laughed. 'We've been reading it at school too. Mr Moynihan keeps making me read Miranda's part and she's such a ... dishrag.'

I considered this. 'So it's not up your street?'

'No way.'

The pod was nearing one o'clock. 'What d'you think of Auntie Glo?' Kat asked.

I remembered what Dad said about her leaving a trail of devastation in her wake. Then I remembered how she'd said I was like Andy Warhol, a cultural icon. 'I don't know.'

'Me neither. I heard Dad say to Mum that Auntie Glo drives him bananas. And I found two empty bottles of wine on top of the fridge.'

In my mind's eye, Aunt Gloria turned into a motorist with driving goggles and a huge consignment of bananas in the back seat.

'You mean, she drives him bananas the same way I drive you nuts?' I said.

'Bananas. Nuts. Round the bend. Off your trolley. Whatever.'

She laughed and I joined in because it showed I knew what she meant even if I wasn't sure what was funny about Aunt Gloria making Dad feel insane.