

## **The London Eye Mystery – Extract 2**

We walked over to where Mum and Aunt Gloria were having coffee. ‘Let’s lie,’ hissed Kat.

‘About taking that ticket from a stranger.’

She grabbed me by the wrist so hard it hurt.

‘Lie,’ I repeated. ‘Hrumm. Lie.’

‘We could say that Salim got lost in the crowds, that he—’ She let my wrist go. ‘Oh, forget it,’ she said. ‘I know telling a lie with you is useless. And stop doing that duckthat’s-forgotten-how-to-quack look!’

We reached the table where Aunt Gloria and Mum sat talking up another storm. We stood by them in silence. A pounding started up in my ears, as if my blood pressure had shot up above normal, which is what Mum says happens to her when Kat drives her distracted.

‘There you are,’ Aunt Gloria said. ‘Have you got the tickets?’ Kat

waited for me to say something.

I waited for Kat to say something.

‘Where’s Salim?’ asked Mum. ‘Not still in the queue?’

‘Hrumm,’ I said. ‘No.’

Mum looked as if Salim might be behind us. ‘Where then?’