

# Chapter 1

Jim shivered. It was October and it was nearly midnight. It was the first time he'd been out so late without his parents. He'd crept out without telling them. As far as his mum and dad knew, he was safely tucked up in bed. He was beginning to wish that he was.

He stared up at a sign above the entrance to a fairground ride. The writing was faded and the metal was rusty. The ride itself wasn't much better. Paint flaked off the walls and some of the wood looked rotten.

"I thought it was supposed to be brand new," Jim said.



Jim's best friend, Karl, stood beside him. Karl was taller than Jim, and sportier too. He ran or cycled everywhere. Jim was the opposite. He never hurried anywhere and preferred playing FIFA on the computer to playing football in real life. Despite their differences, the two boys had been friends for as long as they could remember.

"It is new. That's all just for effect," Karl replied. He caught Jim by the arm and pulled him towards the entrance.

A small crowd had gathered around the ride. Jim tried to stop near the back, but Karl pulled him on until they were right at the front. The painted walls of the ride loomed above them.

