

Prologue

Bleary-eyed, I went downstairs for breakfast. The house was empty – even the furniture had gone. I ventured into the kitchen and discovered a pile of filthy clothes. This was a lot more than just dirty laundry. I recognized them.

Chapter 1

Harley bolted up the stairs, taking them three at a time, and screamed, “Mum! Why are your clothes on the floor in the kitchen and why is nobody up yet? What’s happened?” Without really waiting for an answer, he checked all five upstairs rooms inquisitively, looking for any clues that may have led to an answer to all his bubbling questions which were building up inside him.

After finding nothing in the first four rooms, he was relying on his dad’s study to give him all the puzzle pieces in the correct places, however he knew he shouldn’t be too optimistic and not get his hopes up. He entered the room. On the left, an old guitar from the 1980s was hung up on the wall and posters from old bands were taped up on every square inch of wall in the room. Just as Harley was about to dismiss the room, something caught his eye. On the right hand side of the office, he noticed an area of wall wasn’t taken up by a poster. Harley remembered what had been there before. It had been a guns n’ roses poster but it was nowhere to be seen. for music. He knew it was the most valuable of all his dad’s posters. The only thing Harley could conclude was that he was not the first person to visit the room in the last twelve hours.

When he returned to the landing, he decided to enter his parents’ bedroom. Since he had discovered the peculiar clue with the poster, he had made the decision to recheck every upstairs room before heading back down the stairs. He suddenly remembered that he hadn’t seen his parents when he checked their bedroom, so he quickly dashed in there to check they were there and safe. They weren’t. They were far from safe.

Chapter 2

Three hundred miles away, on the small Isles of Scilly off the Cornish coast, a man entered a large factory. This man was a multi-millionaire American businessman that went by the name of Robin DaBank. Mr DaBank was most famous, or infamous, as some people might interpret him as for organising the kidnapping of many people. This peculiar man would take his victims prisoner and make them work for him at his factory on the remote Isles of Scilly, manufacturing and selling guns, bombs, poison and any other lethal weapon you could think of, to many different terrorist groups around the world.

Also entering the building in a private car, were Harley’s parents, gagged up and with their hands tied behind their back. They were the next new entries to the factory and they were not looking forward to it. When they ground to a halt inside the factory, the couple were thrown into separate cells. Mr Grant, Harley’s father immediately tried to get out of his cramped, bare cell by scraping at the thick walls. Mrs Grant, however had a rather different approach. Being a detective herself, she had observed that the room was an escape room and she was already working out how she was going to get out of the torture and free her husband.

Back in Middlesbrough at their house, Harley had just received a text from a number titled 'UR BEST FRIEND' telling Harley the current location of his parents. After taking one glance, he had done two things: Firstly, he decided that the text was most definitely not sent from his best friend and secondly, packed a small rucksack as fast as he could with the bare essentials to live inside: Two pairs of clothes, a toothbrush, a tube of toothpaste and finally, £20 worth of 1ps for the long journey ahead. He ran as fast as he could to Middlesbrough train station and hopped on the first train to Penzance, Cornwall. The train fare had cost him £9 and he would have to play his journey by ear. He knew that.

As he fought with his uncomfortable seat on the train, he remembered the guns n' roses poster that was missing from his dad's office. He was very perplexed. Four hours later, the train pulled into Penzance station. Harley was the first person to disembark the train and he dashed straight to the taxi rank outside the station. He hailed a taxi, earning a few strange looks, not for the first time, on his journey. He didn't care what people thought though; he was going to save his parents no matter what.

Chapter 3

When he arrived at Land's End, he began to search for the ferry terminal that would take him to St Mary's, the main town on the isles. He easily found it, and discovered that the next ferry across the water was in two hours' time, the perfect amount of time to find some food and take in his stunning surroundings.

Meanwhile, about five miles away, Harley's parents were being led into their first shift at the factory. When they were given their basic instructions, they looked at each other, trying to work out how exactly they were supposed to fulfil their mammoth task: Make a gun. They set to work.

At last, the ferry docked in the port of the Isles of Scilly and, with a little bit of help from random strangers, Harley reached Robin DaBank's colossal factory. It was an ugly, grey building with no windows and just bland cladding making up the exterior. He reached a huge, electronic gate and a bored guard was dozing in the little shelter. Because Harley was relatively small for his age, he easily got through the gate and headed onwards in the direction of the back door. So far so good.

When he reached the door, he smiled to himself. He had definitely lucked out on this one. The door was wide open, as if it were beckoning him to enter. He did so confidently. When he got inside, he was greeted by shelves and shelves of half-completed weapons. He picked up one pistol, weighed it in his hands, and slipped it into his back pocket. He was going to need that for later.

Advancing further into the compound, Harley ducked into the shadows as a man with a rifle strapped across his chest and a man wearing a suit and bow tie wandered across the room about fifty metres in front of him. That was Robin DaBank. He was sure of it. He stayed as low as possible, now completely regretting coming in here.

"Come out child," a voice bellowed, breaking the icy silence, "We can smell you. Show yourself," the man demanded. To everybody in the room's surprise, a boy rose up from behind the shelves of revolvers, pointed a half-finished gun at Mr. DaBank and fired. The large man crumpled to the floor, and Harley fired a second time at the other man, presumably Robin's bodyguard. He too fell to the ground. Harley advanced through the room and found a man and a woman. They were his parents.