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Opening extract from
Blink and You Die

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TWINFORD

CITY OF SPACE
1974

FLATLANDS

Wolf Paw Mountain

Great Bear Mountain

Little Bear Mountain

Wahilina camp

Emerald Lake

Mountain Ranch Camp

Big Sky Lake

Autumn Lake

SSI Water Pool

Boulevard

Fir Forest Edge

Big Pine Park

Dry River Canyon

Ruby rock albinos

Dry River Road

Red's House

SILVER HILLS

Frederick Lutz

DELLA DRIVE

Lucky Eight Gas Station

Desolate Cove

Master Island

Twinford River

UP TOWN (UPPER-EAST SIDE)

EAST 23RD STREET

23rd Street Hotel

UPPER EAST AVENUE

Central City Park

MAIN STREET

FLORER ROAD

DRY RIVER ROAD

WINE STREET

DELLA DRIVE

UPPER EAST AVENUE

UPPER EAST AVENUE

UPPER EAST AVENUE

Planetarium

COLLEGE TOWN

FINANCI STREET

SEVEN STREET

ROYAL MUSEUM

Star Park

US PARKWAY

Cathedral Subway

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

City Nurseries

Planetarium

COLLEGE TOWN

FINANCI STREET

SEVEN STREET

ROYAL MUSEUM

Star Park

US PARKWAY

Cathedral Subway

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers

Green Grocers



MOUNTAIN RD.

Big Sky Lake

Emerald Lake

Autumn Lake

Mountain Ranch Camp

Still Water House

LAKE RD.

MOUNTAIN RD.

Dry River Canyon

Ruby rock climbs

GAS

• Lucky Eight Gas Station

VINE ST.

Red's House

Frederick Lutz's

DRY RIVER ROAD

SILVER HILLS

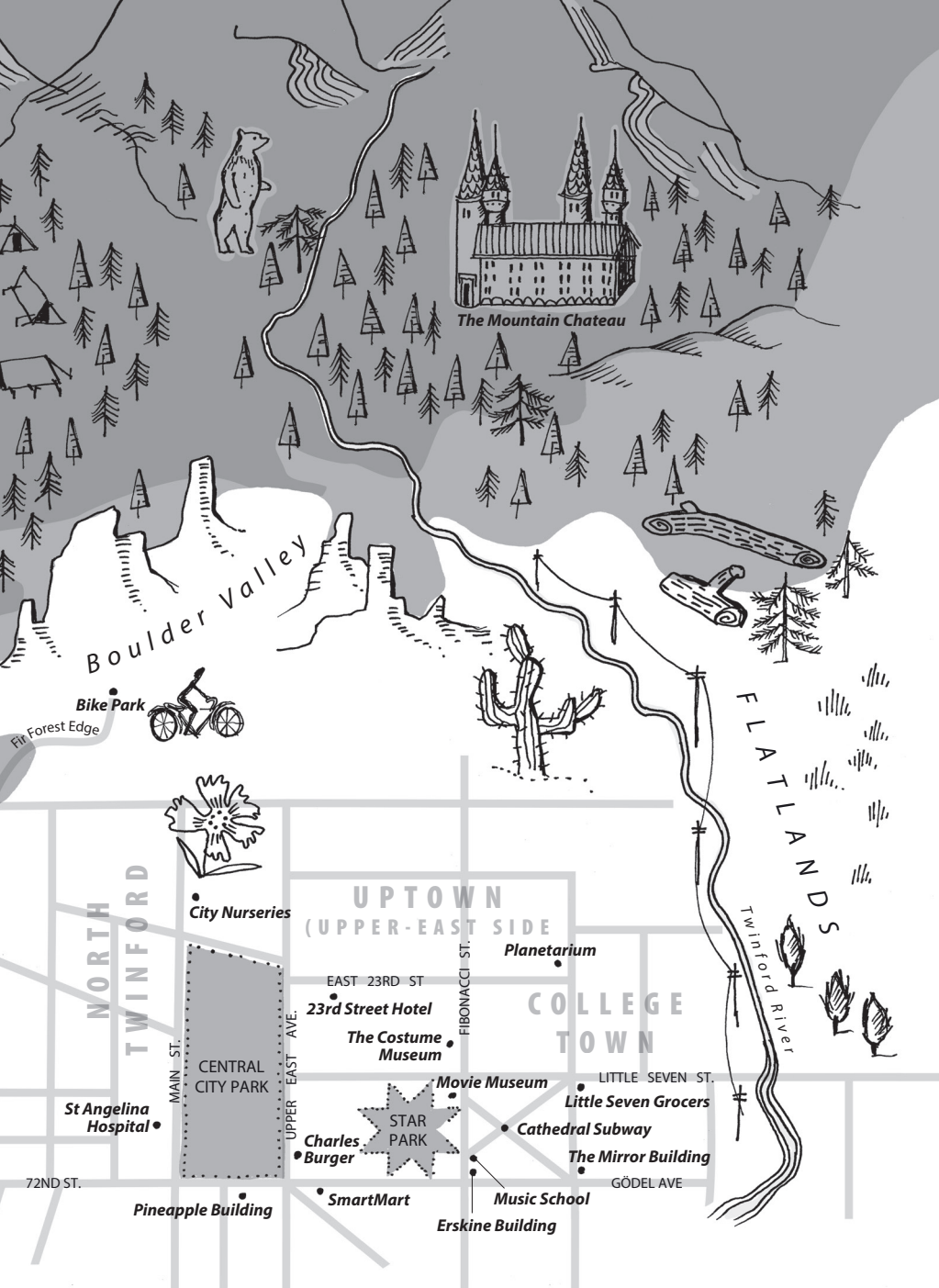
DERILLA DRIVE

FLOWER ROAD

• City Pool

Desolate Cove
Meteor Island

NORTHWEST TWINFORD



The Mountain Chateau

Boulder Valley



Bike Park

Fir Forest Edge



City Nurseries

UPTOWN
(UPPER-EAST SIDE)

Planetarium

EAST 23RD ST

23rd Street Hotel

The Costume Museum

FIBONACCI ST.

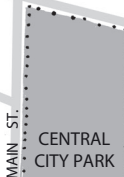
COLLEGE TOWN

Movie Museum

LITTLE SEVEN ST.

Little Seven Grocers

St Angelina Hospital



CENTRAL CITY PARK

Charles Burger



STAR PARK

Cathedral Subway

The Mirror Building

72ND ST.

Pineapple Building

SmartMart

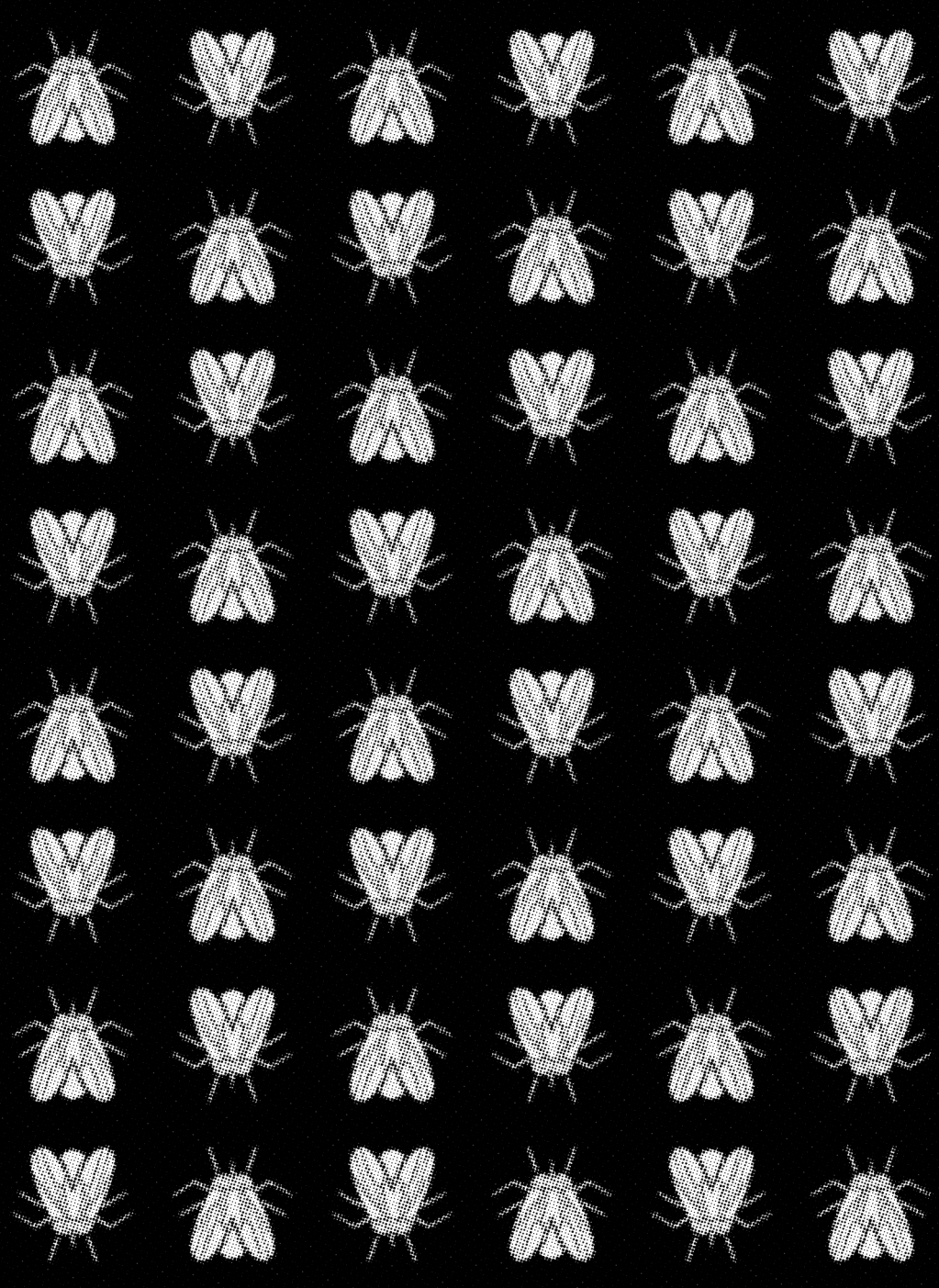
Music School

GÖDEL AVE

Erskine Building

FLATLANDS

Twinford River



**'Close your eyes and
see the truth'**

*Author anonymous,
from the indigo
code-breaker's bible*

The buried fear

IT HAPPENED ONE BRIGHT APRIL DAY when the child, then barely five weeks old, was sleeping. The world crashed down and the baby opened its eyes, but there was only darkness to see. The walls were packed around it, almost touching, and the doors and the windows all gone. The baby cried out, but no one came. It screamed and clenched its furious fists, trying in vain to push at the tomb of rubble, but nothing happened. Its little mind began to panic, its eyes closed shut and its heart began to hurt.

She was alone and no one would ever find her.

The baby had been left in the care of the housekeeper, who had just put some cookies to cool on the porch when, without warning, the ground began to shift and the buildings began to shake, trees creaked and then cracked. Some of them – the big oak on Amster Green – stood firm, others – the giant cedar of west Twinford – fell.

Sidewalks buckled and streetlights toppled. The earth tremor lasted just a few seconds and Twinford City escaped by-and-large unscathed – a few buildings needed repair, but remarkably no

one, not a soul, lost their life. The townsfolk mourned their fallen trees, but counted their blessings: no one had died. There was only one real casualty; the Fairbank house on Cedarwood was completely destroyed. After 200 years of standing just exactly where it was, looking out across the ever-changing townscape of west Twinford, this historic house was gone.

It was the housekeeper who dug the child out with nothing but 'the hands God gave her'. This woman had endured more than earthquakes in her time and no mere earth tremor was going to have her standing by while an infant lay buried, perhaps dead, perhaps alive. By the time the baby's parents returned to their home, now a wreckage of wood and brick, their daughter was lying in the housekeeper's lap quiet as a lamb and smiling up at them. Everyone was very relieved, their little girl saved, not a scratch to her perfect face, no damage done.

Or so they thought, for in that baby's head a tiny kernel of fear had lodged, a fear which would grow and grow until in her thoughts a monster lurked.

An ordinary kid

WHEN RUBY REDFORT WAS THIRTEEN AND THREE QUARTERS, she found herself confronting the biggest dilemma of her short life. On the desk was an apple split in two. In her hand was a tiny piece of paper.

On the paper were printed two small letters; small letters which spelled something so vast and so terrifying that it made her eyes water.

The letters told of betrayal and murder.

It was the Count who had planted suspicion, posed the grim question and introduced the poisonous thought that the untimely death of Spectrum's most valuable agent, Bradley Baker, might have been 'arranged'.

'The question is,' he'd said, *'who pulled the trigger?'*

It was the apple, the messenger of doom, which held the answer.

If Ruby was to believe in its truth then life had suddenly become dramatically more dangerous. She looked down at the paper inscribed with the initials of the woman who called the