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opening extract from

Salem Brownstone: All Along the Watchtowers

written by

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published by

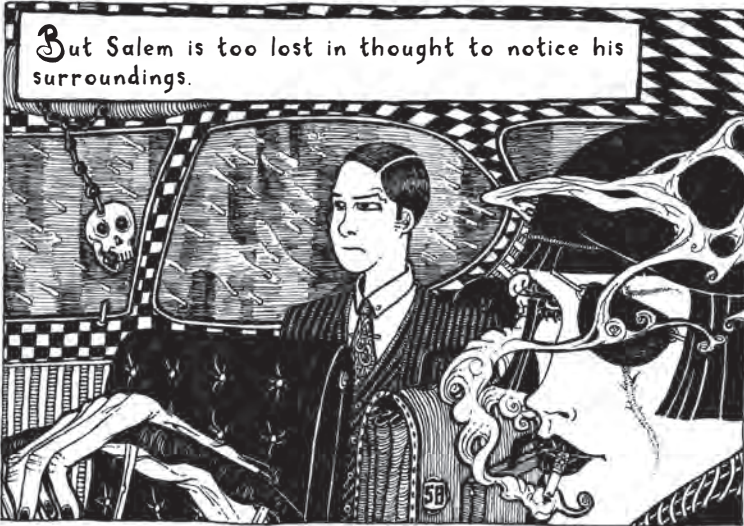
Walker Books Ltd

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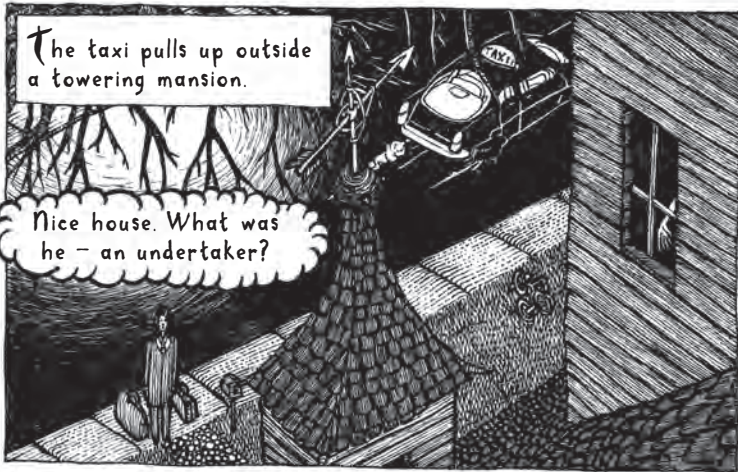
The low rumble of thunder rolls through the cement canyons of New Mecco City...



But Salem is too lost in thought to notice his surroundings.



After all these years of wanting to know my father, now it's too late. I've lost him.



The taxi pulls up outside a towering mansion.

Nice house. What was he - an undertaker?



If he knew where I was all along, why didn't he contact me before?



Strange music fills the air, mingled with sudden cries of joy or alarm.

Huh?



As he clutches the key to his inheritance, Salem turns to see the colourful shantytown of a circus encampment.

Hmm ... note to self: run away with the circus.



Well, here goes nothing...



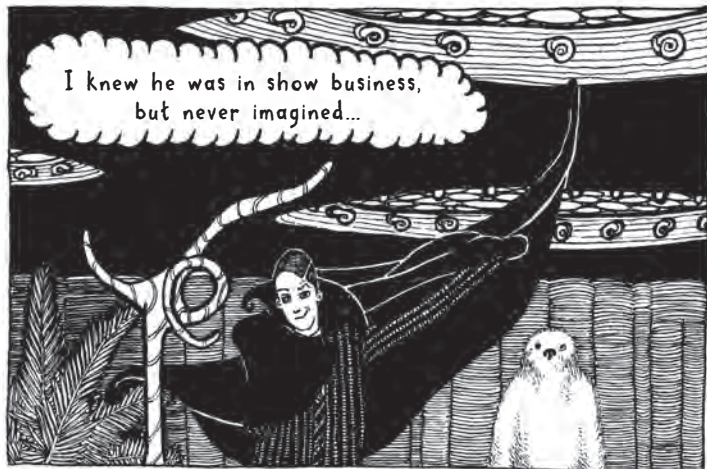
The key catches momentarily and Salem is almost relieved. Then the door opens with a nerve-shattering creak.



Salem gropes for the switch, then light floods the room revealing...



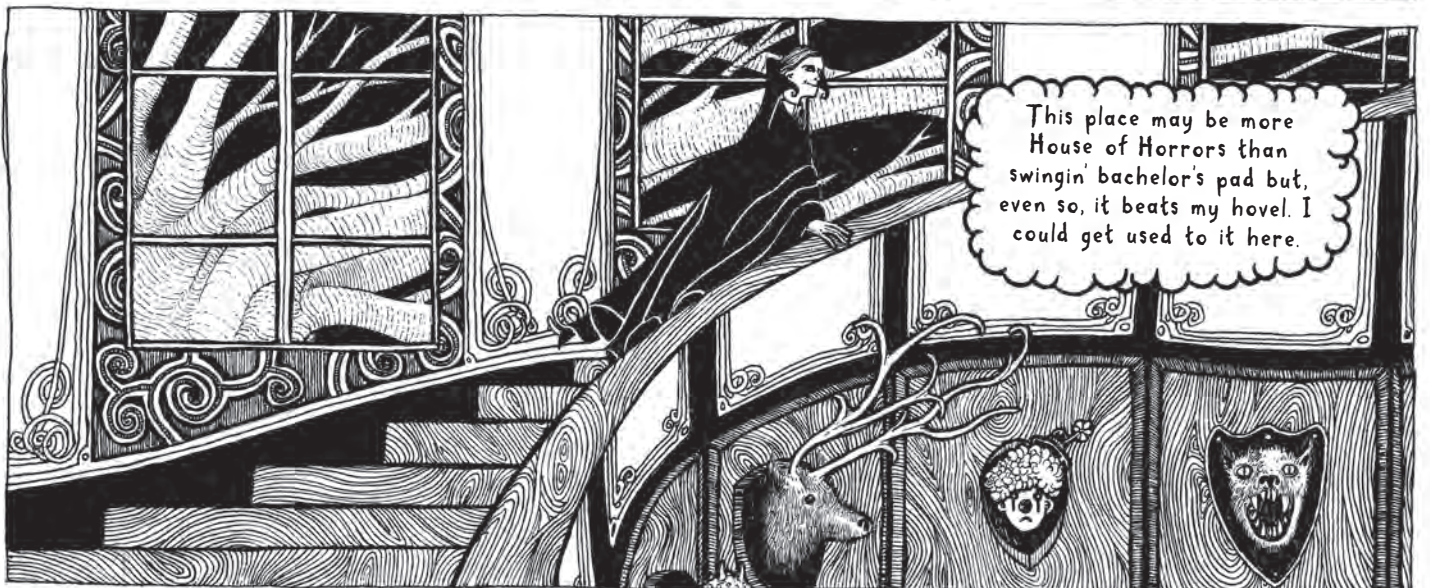
A wand and a cape!
What kind of a man
was my father?



I knew he was in show business,
but never imagined...



He was a
magic man!



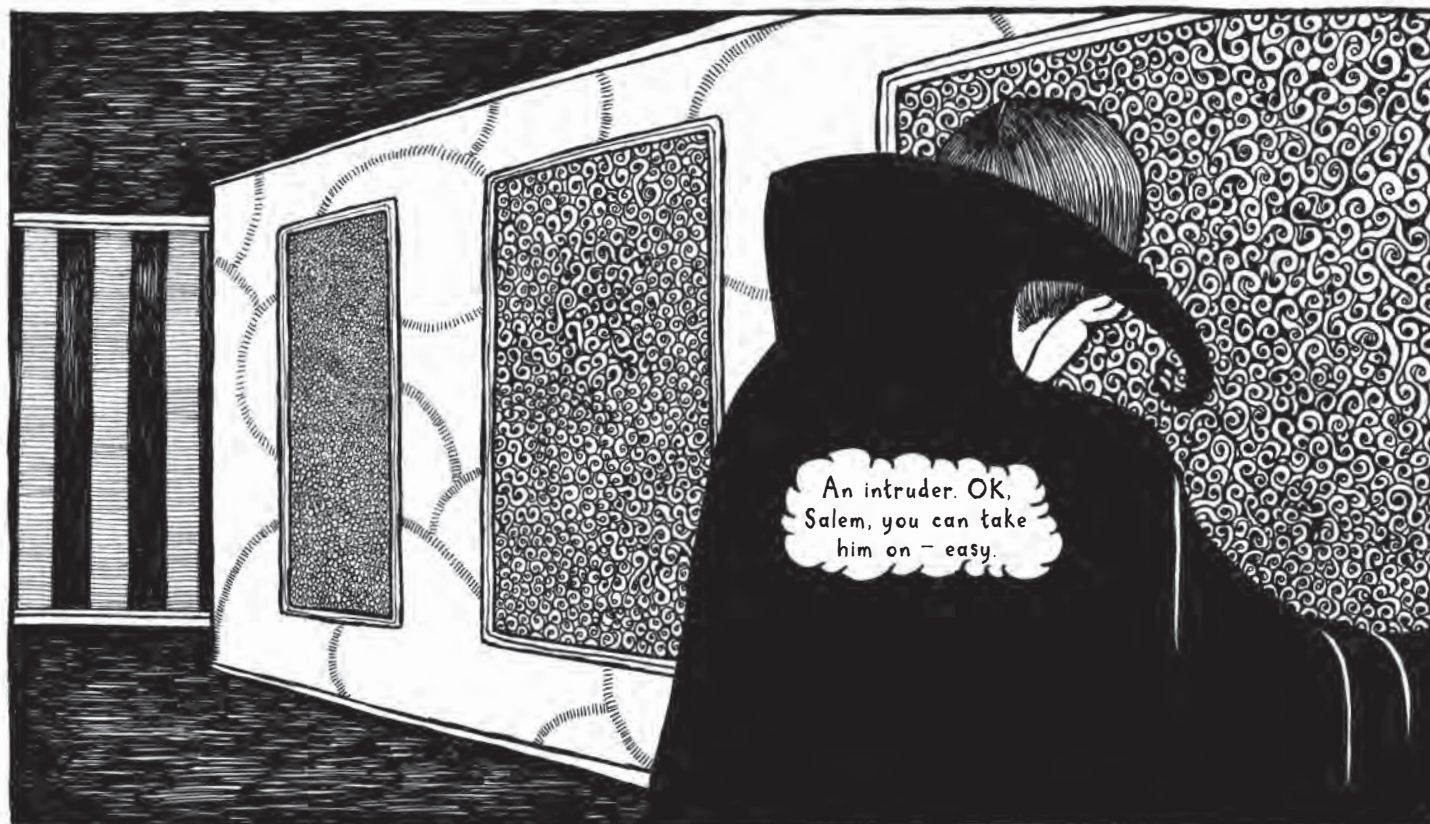
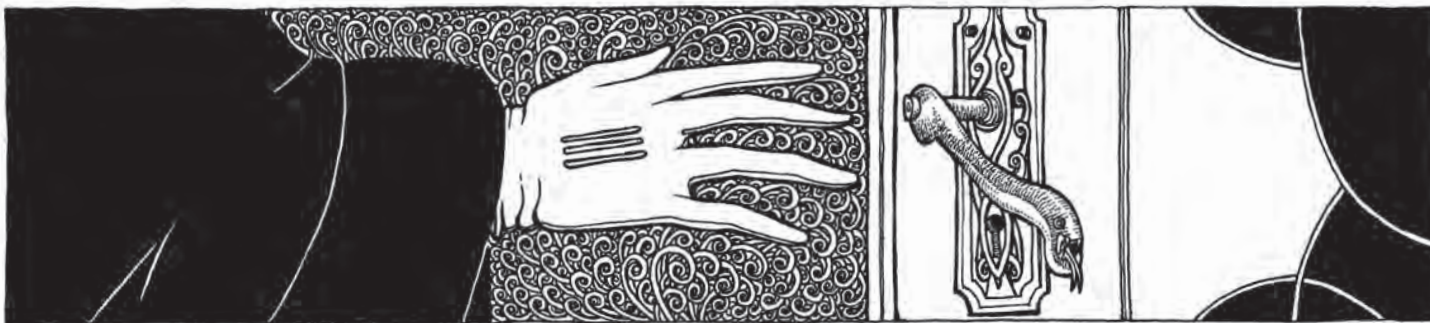
This place may be more
House of Horrors than
swingin' bachelor's pad but,
even so, it beats my hovel. I
could get used to it here.



A loud crash jolts Salem out of his reverie.



Sneaking through the labyrinthine passages upstairs Salem finally locates the source of the sounds...





But this nocturnal thief is much more than just a common thug.



For a moment, they are both stunned into silence.



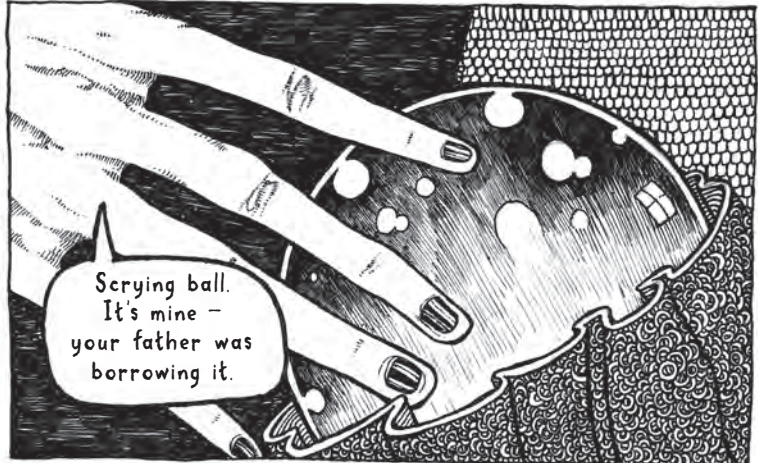
Then Salem finds his tongue...



Don't move. Who are you? What do you think you're doing here?



Put down that ... that...



Srying ball. It's mine - your father was borrowing it.



Let me introduce myself. I'm Cassandra Contortionist.



You seem to know who I am. How...?

But Salem's question is cut short as the lights flicker and die.



A sound drifts up from downstairs - a snickering that raises the hairs on Salem's neck.

What the hell is that?



Hell is right. Here come the Shadow Boys.

