



THE ICARUS SHOW



**SALLY
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CHAPTER 1

COMING SOON

I was on the school bus, going home, when I found it. I opened my bag to get out my book, and spotted it straight-away. Someone had put it there, tucked it inside the secret pocket where I keep my spare pen and my money for lunch. There'd been 20p change that day. As I searched for my book, I did a quick check: still there. My fingers touched *it* as they felt for the coin.

All the way home I kept my book open and turned a page now and then. But I wasn't really reading. I was congratulating myself on my outstanding self-control. Don't React. That was my new Lambourn motto. Don't miss a beat.

I'd gotten the idea from Shadow, I think, who was definitely the expert. If you put Shadow outside when she'd been on the sofa, she never tried to run back in. She'd just sit down and wash herself, then saunter away. She made you believe it was what she'd always wanted.

The opposite was what David Marsh had done on the first day of term. Alan Tydman had stuck out a foot to trip him up. He did it to everyone—but David Marsh had turned round and come back. Come right back to Alan and said, “Was that you?” Big mistake. Now we all called him David Bog (which means *toilet* in case you didn’t know) and he must have wished he’d just laughed and carried on, like a normal person.

I am a normal person. No one will ever call *me* a toilet. I’m constantly on my guard to protect my status. It’s hard work because you can be put to the test any time: scooped up and shoved out into the garden if you’re a cat; tripped up and shoved in the ribs by Alan Tydman if you’re a person in our year at Lambourn Secondary School.

Or have a sealed brown envelope put in your bag.

Don’t React. Don’t miss a beat.

When the bus reached my stop, I closed my book. No one would notice my bookmark hadn’t moved because no one was sitting beside me. Good. But Bogsy was already getting off. Bad. If he got off first, I had to hang back to make sure I didn’t get off *with* him—since it was only us two at this stop. Once, I had waited too long and missed my chance to get off altogether. Everybody had laughed and I’d nearly panicked. But then I’d laughed, too, at myself—made a funny “Stupid Me” face and saved the

situation. I'd had to get off at the next stop and walk an extra half a mile home, but that didn't matter.

Today I just had to dawdle a bit to put distance between Bogsy and me. I got home safely, and went straight down the garden to Don's shed.

You need to understand about Don's shed. It's important, so I'll tell you: It's not really Don's shed, it's ours. Don's dead. He was old and he died and Maisie went into a Home. There. Now you know. Even though Maisie and Don had been our next-door neighbors—the houses are joined—we sold ours and bought theirs and moved in. We did it because of their garden, which is bigger than our old one. Mum and Dad fancied growing their own vegetables, just like Don.

Anyway, Don's shed is nice. It's old and it's full of Don's stuff, which I like. Mum and Dad's stuff still stands in one corner, as if it's dropped by but hasn't been asked to sit down.

I sat down now—on an old wooden box—and opened my bag.

The strange thing about the envelope was it didn't have my name on. It didn't have anyone's name on. It was blank. Envelopes from teachers say, "To the parents of Alex Meadows"—and anyway, you get given them, they don't just turn up in your bag. Invitations to people's parties get

put in your bag—Timmy still gets them—but people don't have that kind of party in my year anymore. I think they go to the movies with just one or two good friends. I'm not really sure.

Anyway, this envelope was mysterious—sinister, even. I was glad I'd handled the situation so well and was able to open it alone. I unsealed the flap and took out a slip of paper. A feather came out of the envelope, too, and fell to the floor. Those were the only two things. The feather was gray and looked like a pigeon's. The paper was white, with computer writing on it. But the writing didn't make sense. **“Coming soon!”** it said. **“A boy is going to fly! Do you believe it? Can you believe it?? Will you be there???”**

I quickly glanced up at the cobwebby window of Don's shed. Autumn sunshine filtered through dust. A largish spider in one corner. But nobody watching. No one (not counting the spider) there.

In a way, it *was* like an invitation. Invitations used to end with things like “Hope to see you there!” But invitations said where “there” was—and also when—and who was asking. There was so much missing from this—it made me nervous. Somebody had a plan and I was in it but they weren't giving out the details and so I was at a disadvantage.

And what kind of plan was it, anyway? Crazy! A boy is

going to fly? How? Like a bird? That's what the feather suggested, but that was mad. Or was this boy going to fly in a plane? Go on a vacation and I was to see him off? That made hardly more sense than the bird. What was the big deal in that? There seemed no explanation between the boring and the totally unbelievable.

But maybe unbelievable was the point. I was being dared to believe. Someone was challenging me to react, watching to see what I'd do. I looked again toward the window. This time I noticed a fly had been caught at one edge of the spider's web. The spider was spidering over to take a look. Maybe finish it off.

I felt horribly trapped. This whole thing was a trap. Did I believe that a boy was going to fly? What if I did? Would somebody laugh? And what if I didn't? Didn't—or couldn't. Would somebody call me useless?

My stomach felt so tight it ached. Flying boys: I didn't want to know. But here was this envelope, forcing the question. Could I believe it? Would I believe it? I squirmed on my seat. Was I *supposed* to believe it?

Well, was I? What was the right thing to do?