



Extract 3

'He's in the cellar.' Maia's voice was very quiet. She turned her head away.

'Where's that? How do you get down there?'

'There's a trapdoor. It's under the giant sloth. The skeleton. In the lab.'

The crows barged ahead, holding Maia by the arm, and Miss Minton followed. Still no chance to warn her governess.

They reached the sloth. 'There, look. You can see the handle,' said Mr Low.

Mr Trapwood pushed him aside and caught the edge of the stand with his arm.

The sloth crashed to the ground.

Miss Minton and Maia cried out, seeing the jumbled bones.

'There it is! Come on. Heave!'

Mr Trapwood heaved. The door creaked slowly upwards...And out of the dark hole there sprang, not a cowering, frightened boy, but a furious, thrashing figure. A boy with black hair and a headband who charged at the two men, shouting and jabbering in an Indian dialect. The crows tried to grab his arm – and missed. The Indian boy ran past Mr Low, but was tripped up by Mr Trapwood and stumbled, cursing in his strange babble; screaming like a trapped animal.

Maia gave a moan of despair and stood there, her hand over her mouth. What was Finn doing here? What had gone so terribly wrong? And where was Clovis?

