

Chapter 1

'Has your brother done it?'

'He says he has.'

'Your brother reckons he's done everything.'

'That's true.'

My brother can do anything he tries. He's smart. Very smart. Probably much too smart to risk his life doing something silly like riding his bike down a track as steep and twisty as the Killer Trail.

It's not called Killer Trail for nothing. It snakes around between the trees, getting steeper and steeper. If the trees don't get you, the rocks on the steepest part will bust your head.

But the really terrible part is at the bottom. If you make it that far, there's Dead

Man's Drop. Your bike has to fly out from the top of a cliff, and somehow you have to find the ground with your wheels when you are blasting like an out-of-control cannon ball.

'My dad told me that a kid broke his neck doing it. He was in a wheelchair for the rest of his life,' I said.

'When my Pop was a kid, a boy killed himself doing it,' said Jonty.

'My dad says if I ever come near this place he'll kill me, but if I ever try to ride the Killer Trail, he won't have to bother doing any killing, because I'll be dead by the time he sees me.'

We stand astride our bikes and kick stones. They rattle on the rocks and bounce down the slope till they crash into the trees.

'We could just do the first bit,' suggests Jonty.

‘You could never stop if you start,’ I
mutter.

‘We could just say we did it. Nobody
would know.’

‘We would.’