

SHARP SHADES 2.0



GUNSHOTS AT DAWN

A wooden fence is visible in the foreground, partially obscured by a thick mist or fog. The fence is made of dark wood and has a cross-brace design. The background is a hazy, blue-tinted landscape with some trees and a distant structure.

Mary Chapman

GUNSHOTS AT DAWN

“ The next time, they’d just driven into the barn when they heard gunshots. They peered out. The yard was empty. They made a dash for it.

Then Robbie slipped on the wet grass. He put out his hand to save himself. He touched something. It was firm, yet soft. Wet.

‘Eurgh!’ He peered at his hand. His fingers glistened. Was it blood? ”



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GUNSHOTS
AT DAWN

Fifteen great
SHARP SHADES 2.0 reads:

What About Me? *by Helen Orme*

Flood *by David Orme*

The Real Test *by Jill Atkins*

Aftershock *by Jill Atkins*

Mau Mau Brother *by Tish Farrell*

Sixteen Bricks Down *by Dennis Hamley*

Crying Out *by Clare Lawrence*

Gunshots at Dawn *by Mary Chapman*

The Calling *by Penny Bates*

Ben's Room *by Barbara Catchpole*

The Phoenix Conspiracy

by Mary Chapman

The Team with the Ghost Player

by Dennis Hamley

Death on Toast *by John Townsend*

Flashback *by John Townsend*

No Good *by Helen Orme*

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Mary Chapman



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Gunshots at Dawn
by Mary Chapman

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ONE

Grange Farm had been empty for months. One summer evening, Robbie and Jim were having a nose round. In the open-fronted barn they saw a car – an old Audi.

The driver's door was unlocked and the key was in the ignition. Jim took it and had another one cut the next day. They took the original key back that night.

Jim and Robbie overheard Dad telling Mum some rich folk had bought the farm, as a second home. They'd only be there at weekends.

So some nights during the week, Jim and Robbie would slip out of the house. They'd cycle down the lane, hide their bikes in the ditch, and hurry to the old barn.

At first Jim drove the Audi. He was seventeen, though he hadn't taken his test.

Then Robbie had a go.

He soon got the hang of it. From then on they shared the driving. Robbie loved the feel of the steering wheel, the sense of being at one with the car, headlights sweeping over the dark hedgerows.