







Book #3: Wipeout February 2017



Book #4: Killswitch April 2017



Book #5: Crimewave June 2017



Book #6: Terrortide August 2017



Book #7: Battlefront October 2017

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Prologue O 2 3 4 4 6 4 5 2 5

The girl knew she was going to die. Her heart thumped. Mouth dry, throat tight, she could barely breathe. She looked at the madman with the gun, who'd trapped her on top of a train rushing through the night. There was no way she could get out of this alive. The next few seconds could go one of two ways. He would shoot her or she'd jump. Either way, it would be the same result. She'd be dead.

The girl didn't want to die but she knew pleading for her life would be useless. The mad gleam in his eyes promised her that begging wouldn't change his mind.

The man moved closer, along the roof of the carriage. Walking casually, as if he wasn't in such a precarious position, himself. His sneer said he was enjoying this, said he was savouring her last terrified moments.

Buffeted by the wind, arms seesawing for balance, the girl backed away as the train swayed along the tracks.

'There's nowhere to go,' he yelled, following, his pistol aimed right at her heart. 'You know that, don't you?'

The girl glanced behind her. Her stomach dropped and her heart hammered harder. The heels of her sneakers were wobbling over the edge of the deadly gap between the train carriages. Another inch or bump and she'd fall, get sucked beneath the train, be thrown under dozens of steel wheels. Somehow that seemed an even worse fate than being shot or jumping to her death.

The train lurched. The girl screamed and staggered, fearing the worst—arms flailing, fighting for balance. She tipped, fell forwards and landed hard on her knees, grabbing hold of the pipes that ran along the edge of the carriage roof so she didn't slide off. In that brief moment, the girl felt a flash of hope. Maybe the train's sudden movement had surprised her pursuer, sent him toppling from the train. But when she looked up, the man still stood steady as a statue before her.

'On your feet!' He waved her up with the gun barrel. 'Now!'

The girl got to her feet, swaying, trying to be brave as she stared down the certain death reflected in his horrible face.

'You could have lived!' he shouted, shaking his head in mock regret as the train howled past a deserted railway station. 'Things didn't have to be this way.' 9 > 4 T A

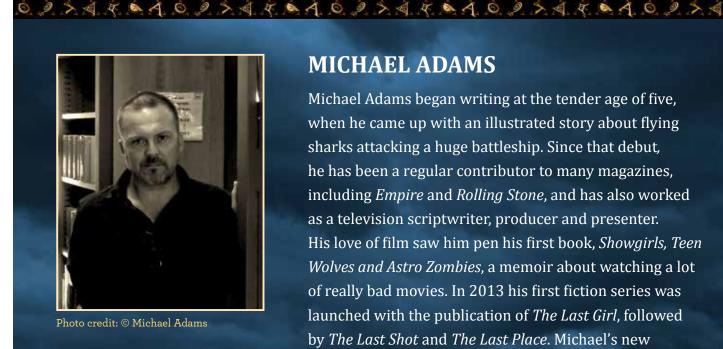
The girl flinched. This was it. Her heart felt like it was going to burst. She looked around desperately, as though an escape portal might magically appear. Who was she kidding?

The moonlit landscape flashed by around her. It was so fast that she knew if she jumped it would take the authorities, or anyone, ages to find her-once they even realised she was missing. But she had no choice. She took a deep breath and tried to tell herself it was like diving into a cold swimming pool. Once she leaped, it would be too late to turn back. Everything would be over in a second.

As if reading her mind, the man snapped his pistol up so its ghastly black muzzle pointed right at her face.

'There's nowhere to hide this time,' he shouted. 'You're going to die.





MICHAEL ADAMS

Michael Adams began writing at the tender age of five, when he came up with an illustrated story about flying sharks attacking a huge battleship. Since that debut, he has been a regular contributor to many magazines, including *Empire* and *Rolling Stone*, and has also worked as a television scriptwriter, producer and presenter. His love of film saw him pen his first book, Showgirls, Teen Wolves and Astro Zombies, a memoir about watching a lot of really bad movies. In 2013 his first fiction series was launched with the publication of *The Last Girl*, followed by The Last Shot and The Last Place. Michael's new series, The Seven Signs, is for younger readers. He researched it by travelling the world and reading a lot about symbols.

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