

Shocking discovery

I skidded the last few metres on my belly like a footballer scoring a goal. No cheers! Then rolled into a small grassy drain where Mick was struggling to his knees.

'Is he coming?' I asked, breathless.

The hunters had suddenly become the hunted.

'Can't see him,' replied Mick. He was squatting, peering back the way we had come.

'Yes, I can! At the corner of the building. He's looking everywhere.'

Mick was about to panic. And rightly so. If Mr Deasey left the cover of the building and walked our way he'd soon see us in the shallow ditch. I almost stopped breathing.

'He's turned around. Looking at the other buildings. Not happy. Going back around the corner. Heading to his cabin! Sam, we should get out of here!'

'Wait!' I ordered. 'He may come back.'

We waited. Mr Deasey didn't return.

I remembered the paper cutting I had found near Mr Deasey's cabin. I pulled it from my pocket and unfolded it carefully, then read it slowly. Mick peered over my shoulder.

Video Pirate's Treasure Chest

The Daily Times 24 July 2008

Police want to contact a Mr A.C. Deasey (alias Honest Frank Goodhart) for questioning. Young musicians and singers have lost thousands of dollars.

It is believed Deasey persuades young entertainers to sign shonky recording contracts, which give no protection to their records produced in his studios. Deasey then releases work by the artists in his own name stating they are his 'creations'.

Deasey is also wanted for the suspicious disappearance of a number of well-known music agents, which has given Deasey control of all new talent.

'This guy's a . . . a killer!' gasped Mick.

I had the same idea. This ditch was not a safe place for two defenceless small boys.

I nodded to Mick. He understood. We made a low dash to the corner of the building and swung around it. Then stopped. My turn to look back. Cautiously I poked my head around the corner.

