



PROLOGUE

I've never solved a mystery before.

I've never been held hostage before, either. But here I am.

I have to find a way out of here soon so I can tell everyone who did it. Coming here without letting anyone know where I'd be wasn't the smartest decision I've ever made. I probably should have been more careful, but then it's always easy to say that *after* you've been taken hostage, isn't it? And when you're right in the middle of unravelling a big mystery, you don't stop for a moment and think, *Hang on, this could get me into*

trouble. I should probably alert the police instead. You're too busy solving to be sensible.

Anyway, I'm not sure the police would have believed my story.

I'm not sure *anyone* would have.

It's a good story, though, and I'm glad to have been a part of it, even if it ends like this. Before this began, I didn't really have a story and I think that's worse.

This story began when I met a dog.

A dog called Hero.