

“You shouldn’t touch those,” said Carrie. She was probably right, but I had to know. I tapped the bottom of the postbox. Metal. Solid.

I dropped the letters. I turned round. Both Carrie and Barrie were staring at me. Barrie, especially, seemed to have a “give it up, mate” look on his face.

I sighed and grabbed the postbox door to close it and, perhaps because I’d shifted my position slightly, I suddenly noticed a faint ring of light around the floor of the postbox. Was that light from the street lamp reflecting on the metal – or was it light coming from below?

Excitedly, I grabbed Dad’s screwdriver and poked the inside edge of the bottom of the postbox. There was a thin gap between the base and the side. With a bit of jiggling, I slid the screwdriver into it. I tried to lever up the bottom but couldn’t get a

good angle on it. Then I tried the edge closer to the door. I pushed the screwdriver down and nothing happened. At first.

All of a sudden the base of the postbox tilted up. I got my fingers underneath it and lifted it clean out. It was solid metal and heavy and took a lot of effort, but out it came.

I dropped it on to the pavement where it fell with a clang. Carrie gasped.

I stuck my head into the postbox and peered downwards. Removing the base had revealed a hole – and below it was a passage.

I didn't hesitate. I came out of the postbox, then swung my legs into the hole and wriggled in. It was a tight squeeze, but I lowered myself down as far as I could, then dropped down into the hole. It was deep enough for me to stand fully upright under the postbox.



I glanced up at Carrie, who was watching me from above, a look of shock on her face.

"Come on," I said. "What are you waiting for?"