The Secret of the Old Mill

When Cassie discovers a book in the library with her name on it, she can't believe how much it mirrors her own life. After a series of strange coincidences, she is convinced that her book can tell the future. But will anyone else believe her in time to keep Grandad out of danger?



Book Band
Lime
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Jill Atkins

Maverick

The Secret of the Old Mill

written by Jill Atkins

Illustrated by Amy Lane



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‘The Secret of the Old Mill’
An original concept by Jill Atkins
© Jill Atkins 2022

Illustrated by Amy Lane

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For Review Only

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Chapter 1

Cassie ran ahead of Grandad and pushed open the library door.

"I'll see you later," Grandad said as Cassie headed for the fiction shelves. "I want to find a book about photography."

Cassie smiled. Grandad was mad about photography.

It was a big library and there were rows and rows of books for her age group. She liked scary books best, especially ghost stories.



For Preview Only

She walked slowly along the line of books. Suddenly, she stopped and stared as she read the spine of one of them. The author's name stood out as if it was lit up. It was *her* name: Cassandra Florakis! The book was called *The Secret of the Old Mill.*

She pulled it out and looked at the front cover. Her stomach clenched. The picture was of a girl who looked exactly like her! And in the background, there was an old mill like the one close to where she lived.

Quickly, Cassie sat down in the corner, opened the book and began to read.

For Review Only



Cassandra leapt up from her chair as she heard the knock on the door. She knew it would be Grandad. He always came round on Saturdays so they could go to the library.

Cassie gasped and read it again. That was just like her and her grandad!

Grandad came inside. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," said Cassandra, pulling on her jacket.

For Review Only

At that moment, her big brother, Hector, came downstairs two at a time. He was very tall and dark-haired, and towered over Cassandra and Grandad.

Cassie couldn't believe it. She had a big brother called Hector too. He was eighteen and could drive.

Cassandra and Grandad climbed into Grandad's car and set off.

After a few minutes, Grandad paused when they reached the old mill.