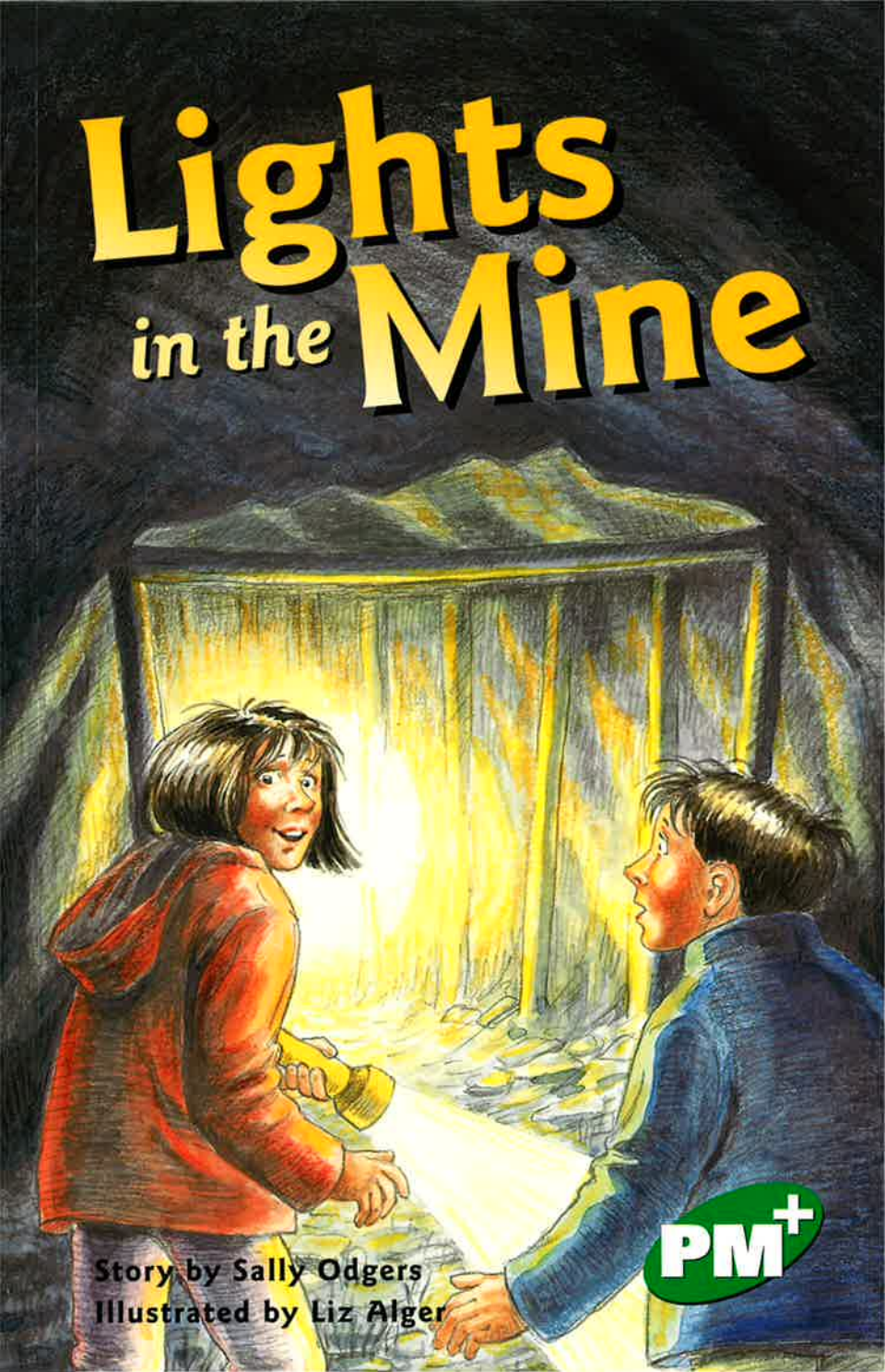
# Lights in the Mine



Story by Sally Odgers
Illustrated by Liz Alger

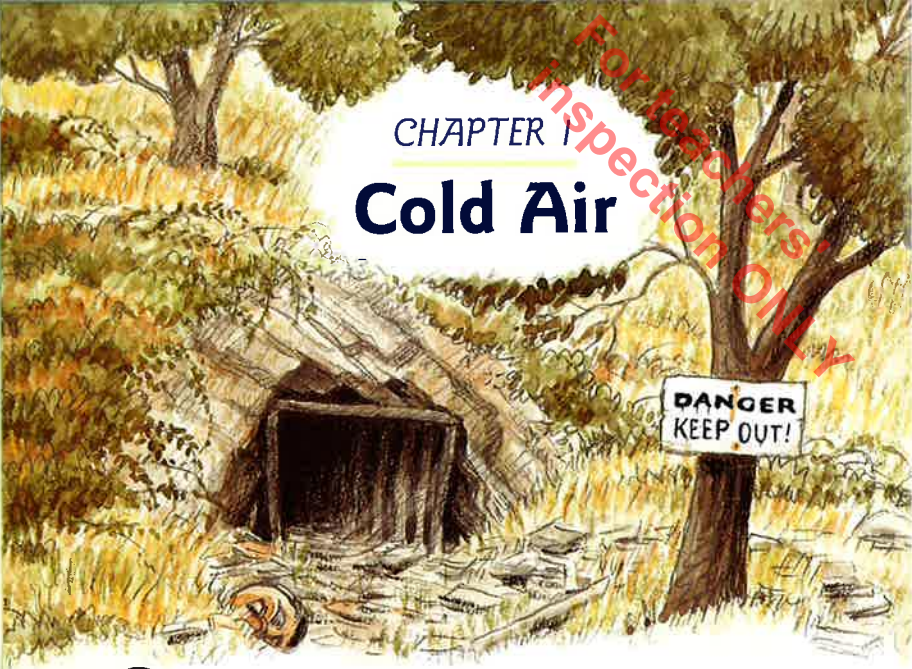
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## CHAPTER 1

# Cold Air

Cold air breathed from the old mine tunnel, like smoke from a dragon's throat. Tig shivered, and wrinkled up his face. His skin felt chilled, as if he had been leaning over an open deep-freeze.

"That mine is creepy!" said Jamie. She sounded pleased. Interested.

"Creepy or not," said Alfonso Tonelli, "stay *out* of the mines." He pointed to a sign on a nearby tree. "DANGER KEEP OUT! I put this sign up a month ago to keep the Beales boys from poking about."

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"We wouldn't go in anyway," urged Tig. "Would we, Jamie?"

His sister frowned. "Oh, Grandad! There might be lots of stuff in there!"

"There's nothing but mud and dust," said Alfonso. "So stay out."

Tig nodded. He was grateful to their grandfather for being stern. Otherwise Jamie would have nagged Tig to explore the mines with her.

"Jamie?" said Alfonso.

"All right," replied Jamie. "Who are the Beales boys?"



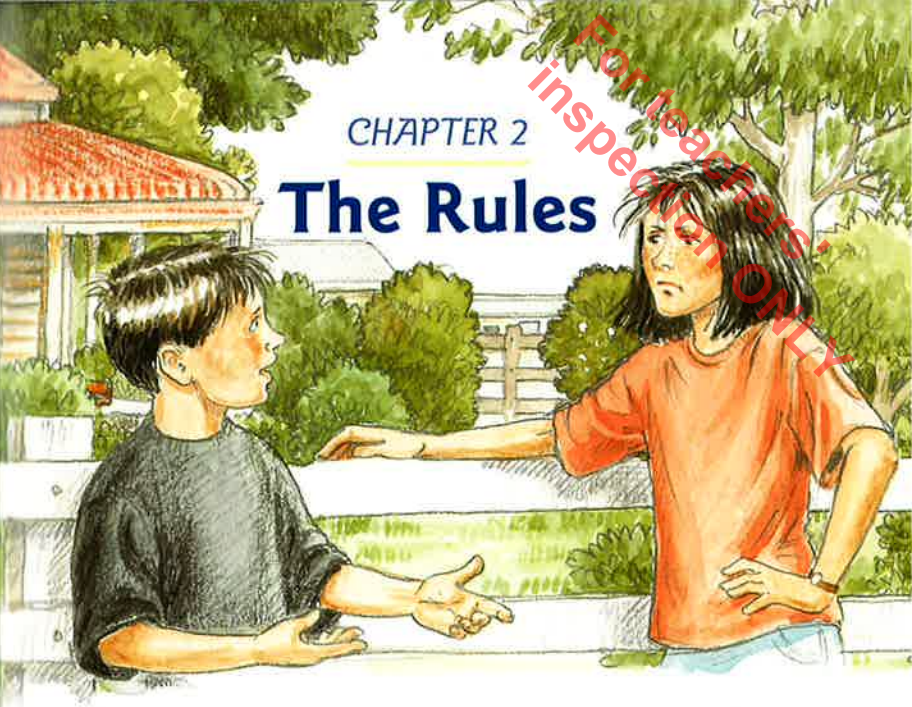
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"Two young men with a lot of ideas and not much sense," said Alfonso. His face relaxed into a smile. "What shall we cook for lunch?"

"Pasta!" said Tig. "With mushrooms!" Alfonso made wonderful pasta. He had once owned an Italian restaurant, but had sold it and bought himself a little hillside property, stocked with Hereford cattle.

Alfonso had bought his farm cheaply because of the abandoned shale mines. Alfonso planned to fill them in one day. So far he hadn't had time, which was why the biggest mine was open, breathing cold air in the faces of Tig and Jamie.





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CHAPTER 2

# The Rules

After lunch, Alfonso said Jamie and Tig could go exploring. "Here are the rules," he said. "Stay away from the bulls. Don't move hay in the barn. And *don't* go into the mines up on the hill."

Tig wanted to look at the calves, but Jamie preferred to go and see the bulls.

"Grandad said to stay away from them," protested Tig.

"We won't go into the paddock," said Jamie impatiently. "Don't be a chicken."

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Jamie's pointed, freckled face looked stubborn. Tig knew if he refused to go, she'd sulk, so he followed her to the paddock. There were two dark-red bulls, with white faces and short curved horns.

"Mooo!" said Jamie, leaning against the fence.

"Don't do that," said Tig nervously. "They mightn't like it."

