

The horror of imminent danger made Simon's hair **stand on end** and he was back in Oregon on that stormy midsummer night, the iron gate swinging wildly in the wind. He had played in the **front yard** and left it open, so  
5 now his dad was out there to shut it again. The creeping feeling grew more intense as he hurried downstairs. He swung the door open, yelling *No, Dad, don't!*

A blinding flash of lightning crashed down before him like the stream of light from a powerful projector. It zapped  
10 down into the solid metal frame just as his father grabbed hold of it. Simon watched as the shock of electricity from death's gate shuddered through his dad's body. Blackout.

Simon came out of his trance, **drenched** in sweat. Tears of pain and anger burned his eyes: Shock had blacked out  
15 his memory of the tragedy, but now it had returned out of the hidden past. As a boy he always had dreams in which he was **desperately** following someone, or something – and he even sleepwalked. Once, he was told, the cops picked him up on the highway, near the spot where people  
20 said his dad was killed. All that car crash **bullshit!** Why didn't someone just tell him that his dad died before his very eyes ...

Just then something brushed Simon's face, bringing the image of the golden eagle into his mind, and then the  
25 memory of Logan in a dark hollow, moaning helplessly. Logan! Maybe his operation had gone wrong – Oh, God! Logan was at death's door, calling to him. And somehow he was sure he had to find that rod. He had no idea *how* it could help, but without it, Logan wouldn't survive.

30 Simon phoned Helen, grabbed his mom's car keys off the table in the hall and slipped quietly out of the house.



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1 **stand on end** [ˈstænd ɒn ˌend] *hier*: die Haare zu Berge stehen • 4 **front yard** [ˈfrʌnt ˈjɑ:d] Vorgarten • 13 **drenched** [ˈdrenʃt] durchtränkt mit • 17 **desperately** [ˈdesprətli] verzweifelt • 20 **bullshit** [ˈbʊlʃɪt] Schwachsinn