



“Where’s your mum?” asked Katrina.

Hayden shrugged. “Gone shopping.”

“Great,” said Katrina, with a laugh. “She’s supposed to be looking after me. She’s supposed to be looking after *both* of us! My mum’s gone to a doctor’s appointment. Your mum must have forgotten.”



Hayden looked as if he was about to cry. “That means we’re ... **alone**. What about our lunch?”

Katrina patted Hayden’s shoulder. “We’re not going to die,” she said. “Come on.”