

Finding the red glove, lodged between slats in the fence filled me with apprehension. Was this a message saying, 'You're on the right trail, or a warning of, 'You'll never find her again.'

Sitting by itself, lonely, abandoned, I wondered if this is how she felt...before she left with HIM.

Should I contact the police, could they collect precious DNA to locate her? I decided not to. I picked it up, holding it close to my face, breathing her in. I could still smell her perfume – she must be close.

Slipping it into my pocket I continued my search.

1. Who is the narrator searching for? How do you know?
2. Why do you think that the narrator does not contact the police?
3. What are slats? How do you know?
4. How does the narrator feel about the person they are searching for? What evidence can you find?
5. Who do you think HIM is? Why do you think this?
6. What do you think happened before this? Why do you think this?

Be a detective.



When were gloves invented? Where was this? Can you find it on a map?

What is DNA? When was it discovered?

How do the police track people?

If DNA could be altered to cure diseases, change eye colours, create superhumans, is this right or wrong?

A Starter for 10