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OUT OF THE black night sky, branches reached for Matt as he sailed through the dark ravine. He kept hearing sounds he never heard in the daylight. Trees rustling ... creaking. Occasionally something snapped.

Matt rode alone, but that was just fine. He didn't need Lennox or David to help solve Mr. Grubb's old puzzle. He didn't need them for anything.

Downtown Pebble Creek was like a ghost town at night. Darkened storefronts glared out over deserted streets, dimly lit by eerie puddles of street light. A canopy flapped in the breeze. But the bike Matt rode gave him courage. After

all, it was a Night-Rider, and so was he.

A stream of bright light suddenly flooded across Matt's path. His heart almost stopped.

What if someone saw him here when he should be at home asleep? What if they wanted to know what he was doing, riding around in the middle of the night?

Pressing down hard on Night-Rider's pedals, Matt glanced quickly back over his shoulder. The light had been turned off. He choked out a laugh of relief.

The sound of his voice in the dark made him feel even more alone than before. Maybe he should just go home. The clue in his backpack was old. There might not be anything buried under the statue now, if there ever had been.

But what if there was something there? And what if solving the old puzzle could somehow help him get back in Mr. Grubb's good books? After what happened at Amanda's magic show, he had to try — even if it meant going into the graveyard. At night. By himself.