

THE TIME DETECTIVES

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF  
DANNY  
DOYLE



## **ReadZone Books Limited**

50 Godfrey Avenue

Twickenham

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[www.ReadZoneBooks.com](http://www.ReadZoneBooks.com)

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This print edition published in cooperation with Fiction Express, who first published this title in weekly instalments as an interactive e-book.



Fiction Express

First Floor Office, 2 College Street,

Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1AN

[www.fictionexpress.co.uk](http://www.fictionexpress.co.uk)

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Design: Laura Durman & Keith Williams

Cover Image: Corbis Images

Printed in Spain by Edelvives

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ISBN 978-1-783-22458-6

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ALEX WOOLF

**FICTION  
EXPRESS**

## **What do other readers think?**

Here are some comments left on the Fiction Express blog  
about the book:

*"I am officially hooked with this book! Alex Woolf is  
a really talented writer!"*

**Sophia, Woking**

*"I didn't want the book to end!"*

**Isra, Coventry**

*"This is a phenomenal book, it has helped me in my  
reading and writing."*

**Liberty D, Bristol**

*"Your books are amazing, I love them lots!"*

**James, Telford**

*"My class is hooked by The Disappearance of Danny Doyle."*

**Jayne Fisher, Flint High School**

*"Hi Alex, I love your book because I love mysteries  
and adventure novels!"*

**Lainey, North Yorkshire**

*"I love this book because it is really interesting the way  
that they went back in time!"*

**Henna, Birmingham**

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*I would like to thank all the wonderful children who took the time to read this story and cast their votes on the Fiction Express website. Without your contribution, this book could not have been written. I would also like to thank Laura Durman, Paul Humphrey and Gill Humphrey at Fiction Express for their invaluable advice, support and editorial comments during the writing process.*

## *Chapter 1*

# **The Missing Twin**

“Come on, cuz! Let’s go in.”

Without waiting for Joe to answer, Maya pushed open the door and entered the old, tumbledown house. The hallway was dim, the air stuffy and filled with tiny specks of dust that sparkled as they floated through the sunlight streaming in from behind her. A rickety-looking staircase curved upwards into shadow.

“We should leave,” said Joe, still loitering at the doorway. “There might be someone living here.”

“No way!” said Maya. “Who would live in an old dump like this in the middle of a wood?” She turned and stared at him accusingly. “I can’t believe I’ve been down here in deepest, darkest Dorset for two whole weeks, bored out of my mind, and only now do you think to show me this place.”

Joe looked deflated, and Maya thought she might have been a bit hard on him. She grinned and did a twirl, making the floorboards creak beneath her. “Better late than never, though, eh? It’s wicked, Joe!”

Joe eyed the rickety staircase anxiously. "It looks dangerous to me."

"Come on!" she cried, and flew up the stairs, taking them three at a time. The ancient timbers groaned and shifted under her weight, but she was too excited to notice. She came to a crooked passageway with doors leading off it. She stopped, the smile fading from her face. Was that a door closing at the far end?

It was probably just the wind.

"Come on up, cuz!" she yelled at Joe.

He eventually arrived, having climbed the stairs much more carefully.

Maya led the way down the passage, deciding not to mention the closing door – she didn't want to scare Joe off just after finally tempting him in.

Opening a door on her left, she found a room piled high with very old cardboard boxes. Some of them were so full, or so squashed by those stacked above them, that they had split. Papers, yellow with age, were spilling on to the floor. Maya picked one up. It was a copy of a letter, dated 1st May 1956, addressed to someone in Dorsetshire County Council and signed Michael Doyle. He was asking if they had any information about his twin brother, a "missing evacuee" called Daniel Doyle.

Maya glanced up, her skin prickling. Was someone watching them?

No, it was just this house, giving her the creeps! She picked up another letter. It was addressed to the same official and was another enquiry from Michael Doyle about his missing brother, this time dated 1st June 1956.