Jack stumbled through the dark alleyways, tripping over this, tumbling over that. The floor was slippery and Jack kept losing his balance.

“Stop right there.” Jack looked behind him and saw the bobby chasing him up the street. With one more look behind him, Jack leapt onto the roof. Grinning to himself he saw the bobby’s surprised look as he turned the corner to see no one there. Jack lay on the roof his tummy hurting with laughter when he was lifted up of the ground. He craned his neck and to his intense surprise no one was there. Then he heard a little giggle and forcing his body to turn (it was still in the air) he saw a small, grey-wispy haired man leaning on a bin that had somehow found its way up there.

“Let me down” shouted Jack and then he hit the floor with a hard thump. Jack glared at the small man who was wearing a bright purple suit and crazy glasses that after a close analysis seemed to be made out of many cogs, watches and other various pieces of junk. The man’s face was twisted in an ugly smile and his eyes were large but they seemed to have no pupils, his overall appearance was mad and ever so scary.

“Hello my friend” snarled the man, “You have a talent, many in fact, you can twist and turn but there is something else, something a lot more dangerous isn’t there.” Jack’s face went from confusion to horror as the strange man repeated everything Jack had kept secret from the world. It was true, Jack ever since he had been born and been able to jump onto anything whether it was moving or intensely tall. But there was something else, Jack had a power that was more dangerous than any weapon there was or would be. Jack had the power that no one else had in the world.

“How do you know about that,” whispered Jack fear creeping into his body. The man laughed a harsh piercing cackle and shook his head at Jack who was growing more and more terrified by the minute.

“We all have our ways of knowing things Jack and mine is slightly more advanced than yours, I say how is your mother.” Jack winced at the mention of his mother. Only he knew where his mother was and he wasn’t proud where she was. She was in jail and the worst of it was that she was in jail for murder. She had killed a man and it was so she could protect Jack. It was in the papers but no one recognised the name of his mother. They wouldn’t because his mother had lied about their family, their names and their past. Everyone had known Jack Willow as Thomas Hinnings and his mother who was called Alice Willow was known as Greta Hinnings. Jack’s mother had lied about his father and Jack’s grandparents. The truth was that…

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