



JANET LORIMER

AN
EYE FOR AN
EYE



PAGETURNERS®

Chapter 1

Sandy Norris took a deep breath. She closed her eyes and concentrated. A large brown envelope was on the table in front of her. Her right hand moved lightly over it. Little by little, her breathing slowed.

Detective Sam Kennedy sat across from her. He leaned forward, watching her closely.

Sandy suddenly slumped forward. Her hand continued to make a circular motion over the envelope. Only the movement of her hand told Sam that she was still awake.

The small room they were in was bare. One thing broke up the monotony of the décor. It was a large mirror on the far wall. Behind the one-way mirror stood a man in a

dark suit. He gazed fixedly at the curly-haired young woman.

Sandy suddenly gasped. "I'm in the country," she said. A slight frown drew her eyebrows together. She tilted her head to one side. "I'm in the foothills, not on a main highway. I see a dirt road leading into this place. Dry grass. A fence is falling down. There's a barn with big holes in the roof. No one's been in this place for a long time."

Her hand began to move faster. Her breathing speeded up. "I'm going into the barn."

Then she paused again, frowning. Her face crumpled. Tears began to trickle out from under her lashes. "I'm so scared," Sandy said in a strange, high voice. She sounded like a frightened child. "Oh, please help me. I'm so scared. There's a"—Sandy gulped—"snake!" she cried. "I see it."

Sam's lips drew back over his gritted teeth.

Sandy huddled down in the chair. “It’s too dark in here. I’m scared,” she said in the childish voice. “I’m so tired. Mommy? Where are you? Daddy, why did you leave me here alone? Mommy? Daddy? Help me!”

“Good work, Sandy,” Sam said. “Now tell me where you are.”

Sandy groaned. She straightened up in her chair. A moment later she opened her eyes. She blinked. Then she shook her head and gazed at Sam. “I need a map.”

Sam opened a laptop. He pulled up Google Earth. Then he put the computer in front of her. She typed on the keyboard. *Click. Click.* Again she closed her eyes. Her hand hovered over the screen. Then her finger pointed directly to a spot on the map.

Sam leaned over the table. She opened her eyes. He took a closer look at the map. “Hmm,” he said. “Carson Meadows. Look at the satellite image. There was a ranch here fifty years ago.”

“You’d better hurry,” Sandy said softly. “I think the little girl is in or near a building. But there are snakes. And she’s scared.”

“I’ll get right on it,” Sam called over his shoulder. He bolted out of the room. She sighed in relief. Then she leaned back in her chair. She closed her eyes.

A moment later Sam returned. He handed her a glass of water. “How do you feel?” he asked.

Sandy opened one eye. She grinned and reached out for the glass. “I feel like someone just dropped me off a ten-story building,” she said.

“Huh!” Sam said. “If you fell off a building, you wouldn’t feel a thing. You’d be giving violin lessons to the angels.”

Sandy laughed. “Thanks for the support, Sam. You’ve always been my cheering section.”

The detective grinned. But then he grew serious.

“The search party has been contacted. They were told what you’d come up with. They’re on it.”

“How long has that child been missing?” Sandy asked.

Sam’s red face got a bit redder. He was a seasoned detective. He’d hunted for many missing children. The worry never stopped. Would a lost child be found alive?

“Just a few hours,” Sam said. “She was on a hiking trip with her family. The little girl wandered off after lunch.”

“How old is she?” Sandy asked.

“Six,” Sam said quietly. He glanced over at the wall clock. “It’ll be dark in fifteen minutes,” he said. “We’d better not lose any time. The temperature has dropped. It’s been below freezing the last couple of nights.”

Sandy shivered. Then she was again overwhelmed by the child’s feelings. She felt wave after wave of fear and loneliness. And

something else. She struggled to identify the last powerful emotion.

Anger! The child was angry. Her father had left her alone on the hillside. The little girl hadn't accidentally wandered away. She'd been deliberately left behind. Sam wasn't telling her the truth.

Chapter 2

Sandy felt sick. Sam was her friend. A person she trusted. What was going on? It made no sense. Why would he lie to her? They'd worked together on so many missing persons cases. What was different about this one? She couldn't help feeling disappointed. Betrayed.

The minutes ticked by. Finally she couldn't stand it. "Hey, can we get out of this room?" she said. "I feel like I'm trapped in a cell."

"Aw, come on," Sam said. "Don't you like it in here? The lovely paint job? The comfortable furniture?"

She made a face. "What is this room? Why are we here? It looks like an interrogation room."

“It is.” Sam grinned. His laugh was forced. For some reason he seemed on edge.

“Okay, what’s going on?” she asked.

“Nothing.” Sam started tugging at his earlobe. That was a clear sign to her that he was uncomfortable. “There was no other place to put you. Sorry about that.”

She gazed at him for a moment. He was still lying. That really hurt. He’d never lied to her before.

“I need to wash my face,” she said.

Sam nodded. “Okay, but hurry back. We might need you to ...” His voice trailed away. He looked even more uncomfortable. Oh! She was in this particular room for a reason.

She stood up and closed her eyes. Sandy focused her mind. Then she got cold. Really cold! She turned to see what was behind her. Nothing. Except for the mirror on the far wall.

She could feel his eyes. A man was watching her. He was on the other side of the mirror. She was getting a bad feeling about the stranger.

She picked up her purse and left the room. There was a door on her right. It led into the observation room next door.

She'd never been in an interrogation room before. Usually she did her work in an office.

In the restroom she gazed at her reflection in the mirror. She looked tired. Sam's joke about music lessons was not far off. She did give violin lessons. Sandy was a graduate student in music. Someday she planned to play with the city symphony. Music lessons helped pay for school.

Sandy also had another talent. She was a psychic. It had always been this way. She'd been able to see things that no one else could see. And even as a small child she

had the gift. She'd often known in advance that certain things were going to happen.

She was lucky. Her family didn't think of her as a freak. Her grandmother had also been a psychic. Gran told Sandy that she had a special gift. It was what Gran called "second sight."

"Some people are able to paint beautiful pictures," Gran had said. "Some people can compose wonderful songs. Those are their special gifts. Your gift is different. But it's still a very special gift."

Gran taught her how to control her gift. She taught her how to use it wisely to help other people.

Then she grew up. Sandy learned not to say too much about her second sight. Such talk frightened most of her friends. Some people thought of her as a freak. Others wanted to use her.

Then one day she'd had a vision about

a lost child. The news story had been on TV for nearly a week. She was on her way to school one morning. Sandy “saw” the little boy. He was lying at the bottom of an abandoned well.

PAGETURNERS® | SPY

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It sounds like the founder of MiraMed needs a detective, not a young psychic who specializes in finding missing persons. A lifesaving formula has been stolen. Is Sandy's new client really interested in saving humanity? Or is he just looking for money?

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EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING
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LEXILE HL360L

ISBN: 978-1-68021-399-7



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