

CHAPTER... ... FIVE



“Here are the rules,” said Voler, pacing up and down in front of Zac and Caz.

They had finished breakfast, and now Voler’s jet was hovering just above the Murky Swamp. Zac, Caz and Voler were down in the room full of flying machines, where Zac had first arrived.

“Rule number one,” said Voler. “You may go anywhere in the swamp and the forest.”

Zac nodded.

“Rule number two,” Voler continued. “You are only allowed to take the equipment you were carrying when you arrived.”

Caz held up her Electromagnetic Whip and grinned nastily at Zac.

Zac felt around in his pocket for the SpyPad. *Lucky for me this thing is about a hundred gadgets in one*, he thought.

“Rule number three,” said Voler. “You have until 6 p.m. to find the blueprints.”

Zac looked at his watch.

