

STUNT DOUBLE JUNGLE CURSE

SOMETIMES REAL LIFE CAN BE
MORE EXCITING THAN THE MOVIES.

TAMSIN COOKE



GET READY FOR AN
**ACTION-PACKED
PAGE-TURNER**

WITH FEARLESS
FREE-RUNNER AND
STUNT DOUBLE, FINN

SET IN **THAILAND**, AS
FILMING BEGINS ON THE
LATEST **RIO DINONI**
BLOCKBUSTER

ANOTHER FAST-PACED THRILLER
FROM **TAMSIN COOKE**,
AUTHOR OF
THE SCARLET FILES

ARE YOU FEARLESS
ENOUGH TO BE A
STUNT DOUBLE?



THE
FORBIDDEN
JEWEL

A RIO DINONI MOVIE
COMING SOON

we loved its high-adrenaline action sequences and can't wait to see where this franchise goes next.

FILM INSIDER

A cursed jewel in the Dinoni crown

A crew member has confided to us that they are thinking of leaving the latest Rio Dinoni project, *The Forbidden Jewel*, due to safety concerns. Dramatic accidents seem to have plagued the production since the cast and crew arrived in Thailand last week. Luckily there have been no serious casualties on set so far, but it's been close. A spokesperson for Blake Saunders assured us that they are 'taking health and safety very seriously, and every guideline has been met'. If this is true, we can only assume that the production is experiencing a spell of rather bad luck. We're keeping our fingers crossed that this film makes it to cinemas in one piece.

Trailer Talk

To loving dads everywhere.

Especially to my wonderful dad, who always makes me feel like a superstar.
And to Graham, not only an amazing husband, but such a fun and adventurous dad.

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CHAPTER

1

I inhale sharply, sensing rather than seeing the fiery torch approach. I hear a *whoosh* and know I've been lit. The flames must be blazing down my back, over my legs. It's weird there's no heat. The fire builds, rumbling louder than a high-speed train. I'm supposed to do something, but what? My brain has frozen as if it can't quite believe I'm alight.

Then instinct kicks in.

I lurch towards fresh air, away from the smoke. Pumping my arms, I see they're covered in bright orange flames and I stumble faster as if I can outrun my limbs. Fire spreads to my stomach. I want to breathe, but I can't. It'll scorch my lungs. Suddenly I feel heat seep into the

back of my knee and remember my training. I belly-flop to the ground as if shot in the back. Fire extinguishers explode from all directions and a blanket's thrown over me. I lie still.

'You did it!' yells Seb, my instructor. 'You were a human torch.'

At last I dare to breathe.

'Tell me you got that on film,' I croak, clambering to my feet.

A cameraman grins from behind a tripod. 'Oh no. I forgot to press record.'

'Hah!'

'Are you all right or did you get burnt?' asks Seb.

'I dropped to the ground as soon as I felt some heat behind my knee.'

'Good, you did well.' He throws me a tube of cream. 'After your shower, rub that into the places that hurt. The awards ceremony is in about ninety minutes so you've got some time off. Right, Emma, you're up next,' he adds, turning to the next trainee.

I head for the washroom. It's a bit mad. Out of all the stunts I've done over the last two weeks, being set on fire was the easiest. I didn't really have to do anything. I just needed a team who made sure I was prepared and put the flames out afterwards. It's not like learning to fight with swords or rolling down spiral staircases. I yank off the gloves, my hood, and the many outer layers of clothes, then peel off the fire-retardant long

underwear. I can't wait to get in the shower. My face and hair are covered in a special cooling gel and I bet I look like a blobfish.



Half an hour later, I return to the common room where most of my course mates are laughing and chatting. Grabbing a can of lemonade, I notice a newspaper lying open on a table. I stare at the headline and the temperature in the room seems to drop.

Is The Forbidden Jewel heading for the cutting-room floor?

I take the newspaper over to a corner where I can be alone and I read the article, my body growing colder and colder with each word.

Things are not looking good for the latest Rio Dinoni movie. Before filming's even begun, The Forbidden Jewel is being plagued with strange incidents. Equipment's not working, crew members are failing to turn up, and, word has it, Vance Jackson—everyone's favourite villain—has been badly hurt and has had to pull out.

Angus Strider, the director, is keen to say that everything's fine. They've had a few teething problems, but what movies haven't? And a spokesperson for teen Hollywood heart-throb Blake Saunders says, 'He's eager to start filming and take on the role of Dinoni again.'

But with rumours of disasters flying about, I'm wondering if this is another Ropen's Revenge, the last

Dinoni movie, which was shut down under suspicious circumstances. Action hero Rio might be able to save the world, but he can't seem to save his own films.

No, no, nooooo!

I stare at the article. I can't be in another failed film.

If this movie is cancelled, what was the point of me being set alight . . . or even being here? And this film looks like it's going to be even better than the last one. Rio's on a mission to stop an ancient sect of Thai warriors from stealing the Queen's Sapphire. I might get to use swords and do ninja-style fighting.

'You all right, Finn? You look shocked.'

I tear my eyes away from the paper to find Calum Somwan standing in front of me. Unlike the rest of my course mates who are at least four years older, he's only eighteen and for some reason thinks he's God's gift to the planet.

'Is it because you finally passed a stunt?' he asks with a sneer.

'What are you talking about? I passed them all.'

'Really? What about the horse stunt?'

My stomach squirms. I've been trying to forget that one. 'All right, you got me. I'm not good with horses, but I've only ever ridden once before. Some of us haven't had riding lessons all our lives.'

Calum smirks. 'I don't think I'll ever forget your face when that horse started trotting.'

‘It didn’t trot, it galloped. Anyway, I don’t have to be good on horses. I chose bikes and cars.’

‘Some of us are good at all the stunts.’ He tilts his head. ‘Some of us don’t just scrape by.’

‘I didn’t just scrape by,’ I say. *Why do I let him get to me?* He raises his eyebrow, and I grab my can, snapping back the tab. ‘But tell me, Calum, exactly how many stunts have you performed in a film? And not just during this course so you can get a tick in the box. I mean on actual movie sets?’

‘Like you have?’ he says.

Argh! How I’d love to see his face if he knew I was the stunt double for Blake Saunders; that I was in *The Ropen’s Revenge*; and that I’m about to be in *The Forbidden Jewel*. I hate secrecy contracts, but the world must think Blake does his own stunts.

Calum shakes his head. ‘I don’t know why you’re even here.’

‘I could say the same about you,’ I lie.

‘Loser,’ he mutters before turning away, joining the rest of our course.

I sip my lemonade, hardly tasting it. Have I really been that bad? Because I have to pass this course or Strider won’t let me be in the film. Surely if I’ve failed, someone would have told me by now. They wouldn’t be waiting to announce it at the awards ceremony in front of an audience.

Would they?