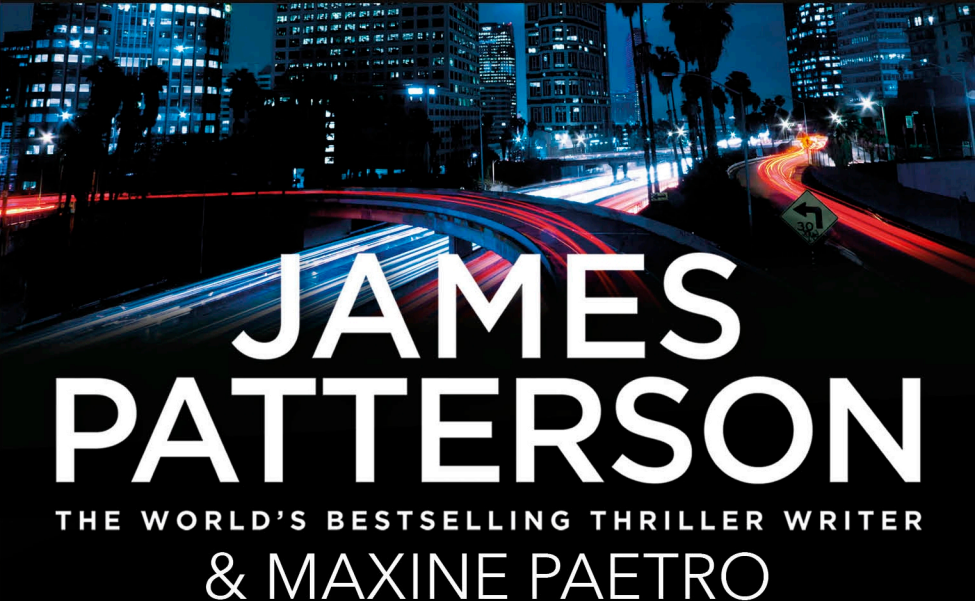


Penguin



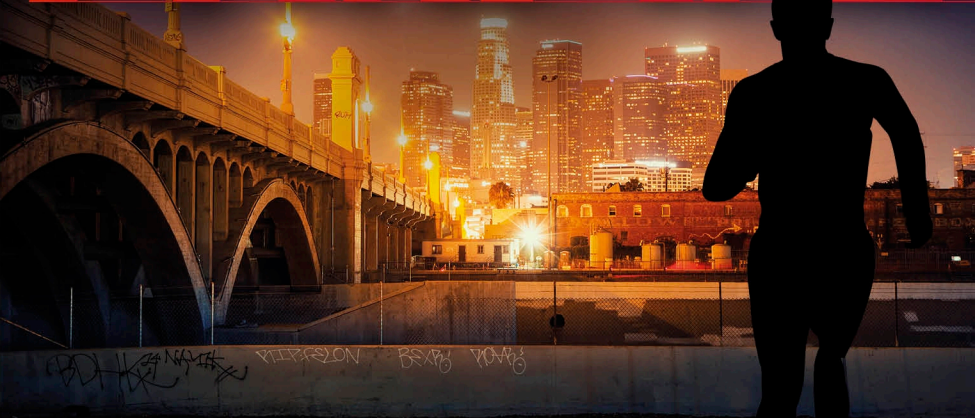
Readers



JAMES PATTERSON

THE WORLD'S BESTSELLING THRILLER WRITER
& MAXINE PAETRO

PRIVATE



Contents

People in the story	4
New words	5
Note about the story	6
Before-reading questions	6
Chapter One – At the Golden Globes	7
Chapter Two – A young woman dies	10
Chapter Three – At Private	13
Chapter Four – Another young woman	18
Chapter Five – Scylla's next game	23
Chapter Six – An angry husband can kill	28
Chapter Seven – Help from Sci's friends	31
Chapter Eight – They're going to kill again	35
Chapter Nine – Help from Carmine Noccia	38
Chapter Ten – DNA	42
Chapter Eleven – A dark blue van	48
During-reading questions	56
After-reading questions	57
Exercises	58
Project work	61
Glossary	62

CHAPTER ONE

At the Golden Globes

Jack Morgan got out of his dark blue Lamborghini near the Beverly Hilton. It was the night of the Golden Globes, and he was with a beautiful and famous **movie star**. He helped Guinevere Scott-Evans out of the car, and she held his hand hard. Guinevere **trusted** Jack, and she trusted his **company**, Private. Everyone trusted Private; it was the best.

But then Jack's oldest friend, Andy Cushman, **called** him.

Andy spoke quickly. "Jack, come to my house now! I need you."

"It's not a good time. What's wrong?" asked Jack.

"It's Shelby. She's **dead**," said Andy. Shelby and Andy married six months **ago**.

Guinevere wasn't happy, but Jack took her to

her table. Then, he was on the road to Andy's house in Bluffs. He stopped near the open front door, took out his **gun**, and went in.



“Andy?” shouted Jack.

“Jack! I’m in the bedroom.”

Jack went through the house, his gun in his hand. In the bedroom, there were clothes everywhere. Shelby was on the bed, with **blood** on her head.

“What happened?” asked Jack.

Andy was near Shelby, his head in his hands.
“Someone **shot** her. Please find him!”

Jack took photos of everything in the room.
“Did you call the police?” he asked.

“No, I wanted you here,” said Andy.

“Do you have a gun?” asked Jack.

“No,” said Andy.

“OK, you must understand. The police will want to talk to you. They always want it to be easy. They will think, ‘A woman is dead—did her husband kill her?’ But I can help,” said Jack.

He called the police and waited for them to arrive.

CHAPTER TWO

A young woman dies

Justine worked with Jack at Private. People trusted her, too. Tonight, she was in an expensive Italian restaurant. Then, the **chief of police** called her.

“**Another** young woman is dead,” Justine told her friend. “I must go.”

In two years, eleven young women in Los Angeles were dead. Now, it was twelve. The killer always took something from the women—hair, a **necklace**, clothes. Then, the killer emailed the chief of police and told him about the women’s things. Nobody knew where the emails came from, but the emails all had the same name—*Steemcleena*. The police found the women’s things, but they couldn’t find Steemcleena. The police wanted Justine, and Private, to help them find the killer.

Emilio Cruz, from Private, stopped his Mercedes at the restaurant door, and Justine got in. “What do you know about this girl?” asked Justine.

“Her name is Connie Yu. She was sixteen and very intelligent,” said Emilio. “She was on the ground behind a restaurant. There was an **earring** in her left ear. There was no right ear.”



Emilio stopped in a small, dark street near some police cars. They walked past the police and spoke to the doctor.

“We’ll get an email about the ear in a day or two,” Emilio said.

At 2 a.m., Justine and Emilio were at Private’s offices. They talked to Sci, Private’s **forensic expert**. “We have the woman’s bag and cell phone,” said Justine. “Can you look for **DNA** on them?”

“Of course,” said Sci. “I can work all night on it.”