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CHEMICAL SECRET

TIM VICARY



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CHEMICAL SECRET

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There are two ways of committing a crime. You can do it with your eyes open, or you can do it with your eyes closed. Not many of us intend to do wrong, but almost all of us close our eyes to certain kinds of crime.

But what is a crime? Is it something that the law tells us is wrong, or something that we know in our hearts is wrong? There are many kinds of crime – crimes of greed, of violence, of anger and hate. But there are also less obvious crimes – the ones that we commit against the world: against the sky, the sea, the land. They are the crimes that we commit against the future and against our children – by closing our eyes and pretending that we cannot see.

John Duncan is a biologist. When he took the job at the chemical factory, he thought he was protecting his children. He wanted to buy them the good things of life: a big house, a boat, exciting holidays . . . But what kind of future was he buying them?





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Thriller & Adventure

Chemical Secret

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TIM VICARY

Chemical Secret

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A new start

'Mr Duncan? Come in please. Mr Wilson will see you now.'

'Thank you.' John Duncan stood up and walked nervously towards the door. He was a tall, thin man, about forty-five years old, in an old grey suit. It was his best suit, but it was ten years old now. He had grey hair and glasses. His face looked sad and tired.

Inside the room, a man stood up to welcome him. 'Mr Duncan? Pleased to meet you. My name's David Wilson. This is one of our chemists, Mary Carter.'

John Duncan shook hands with both of them, and sat down. It was a big office, with a thick carpet on the floor and beautiful pictures on the walls. David Wilson was a young man, in an expensive black suit. He had a big gold ring on one finger. He smiled at John.

'I asked Miss Carter to come because she's one of our best chemists. She discovered our wonderful new paint, in fact. When . . . I mean, if you come to work here, you will work with her.'

'Oh, I see.' John looked at Mary. She was older than Wilson – about thirty-five, perhaps – with short brown hair, and a pretty, friendly face. She was wearing a white coat with a lot of pens in the top pocket. She smiled at him kindly, but John felt miserable.

I'll never get this job, he thought. I'm too old! Employers want younger people these days.