This mesmerising, teasing story, rich in literary allusions, is just the thing for any teenager wondering whether novels can still offer more than the latest screen game. Starting out from Mary Shelley's novel Frankenstein, Priestley describes what might have happened had the poor monster met Billy, a young orphan London pickpocket. Shades of the late, great and currently underestimated Leon Garfield are evoked in the almost operatic descriptions of the grime and squalor of Britain's capital city as Billy and Mister Creecher, the name he gives the man-made monster, build up an uneasy relationship, each convinced he is ultimately more to be pitied than the other. Shelley, his wife Mary, and the young Fagin also enter into this skilful mixture of fact, fiction, horror, revenge and atonement. Reserving a final, jaw-dropping twist for the last page, Priestley's fine achievement is marred only by a plot that occasionally goes round in circles. But for those looking for atmosphere, darkness and a highly intelligent as well as moving development of a classic tale, look no further.