

“We mustn’t lose any more time. The robots are looking for us,” said Tim. “We’ve got to leave immediately.” He put flashlights and a blanket in his bag, and Ola put food and drink in hers.

Ola turned to Popp and asked, “Will you be okay, Popp? Are you strong enough?”

Popp waved his walking stick. “I’ve never been better. Are you ready?” he asked.

“Yes!” they all shouted. “Show us the way Rosy and Bluey!”

So the old explorer, his brave young followers, and two little birds set off on a long and dangerous journey.



It was dark when Popp and the children reached the outside of the city. A long straight road lay ahead, and a cold wind moved over the island.

Tim pointed to some large rocks in a field. “Let’s stop there for the night,” he said. “It looks like a safe place.”

He made a tent between two rocks with the blanket. Then they sat under it and had some dried snacks and water.

“Tell us more about the day of the disaster, Popp.

We’re not ready to sleep yet,” said Carla.

“Sit close and listen carefully,” said Popp.

