



She stands up. Suddenly her hands are cold. Where is he? *Where is he?* She runs out of the café. There are a lot of people in the street. Holly looks left and right.

'I can't see him,' she thinks.

A boy on a **motorbike** is **passing** the café. He sees Holly's face and stops.

'What's wrong?' he asks her.

She starts to tell him. Then she looks across the street. A taxi is driving away. Fred Burns is sitting in the back.

'That's him!' she shouts. 'There he goes. He's got my bag. Stop! Stop!!!'



motorbike /'məʊtəbaɪk/ (n) He went across Europe on the back of his brother's *motorbike*.
pass /pɑːs/ (v) We are *passing* the shops, but we can't stop. We haven't got time.

'He can't hear you,' says the boy. 'The **traffic's** very noisy. Listen – do you want to **follow** him?'

Holly looks at the boy. 'How? On your motorbike?'

'Yes.'

Holly thinks about it. 'OK,' she says.

The boy gives her a **crash helmet**. 'Put this on,' he says.

Holly sits behind him and puts it on.

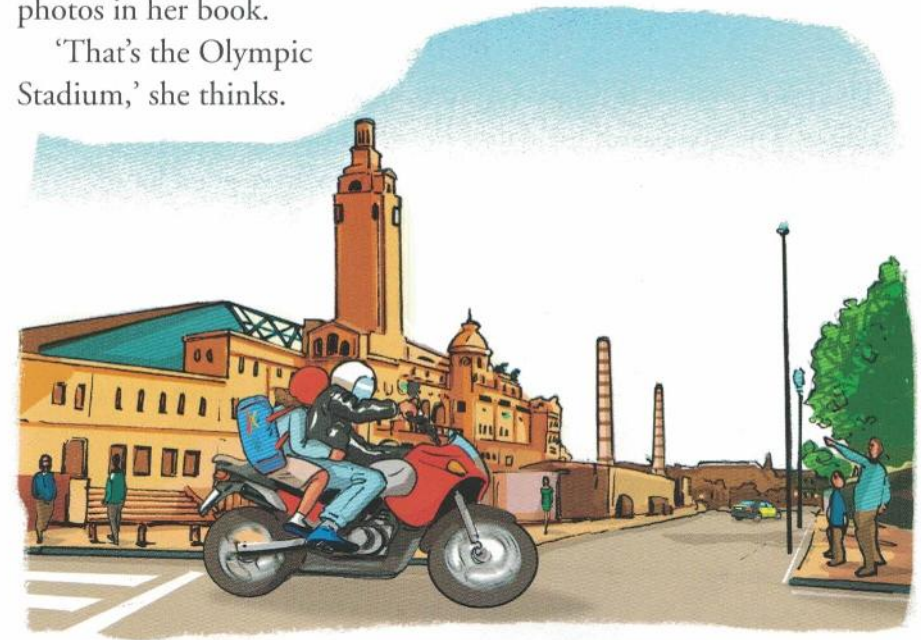
'What's your name?' she asks.

'Pere,' the boy answers.

Then he starts the bike and drives quickly away.

Holly closes her eyes. Fred Burns's taxi is yellow and black. It goes left, right and left again very quickly. Pere follows it. Holly opens her eyes. They are passing a big building. She remembers one of the photos in her book.

'That's the Olympic Stadium,' she thinks.



traffic /'træfɪk/ (n) There is a lot of *traffic* in this street because people drive their children to the school.

follow /'fɒləʊ/ (v) I know the place. *Follow* me!

crash helmet /'kræʃ ,helmt/ (n) People can't see your face under that *crash helmet*.