

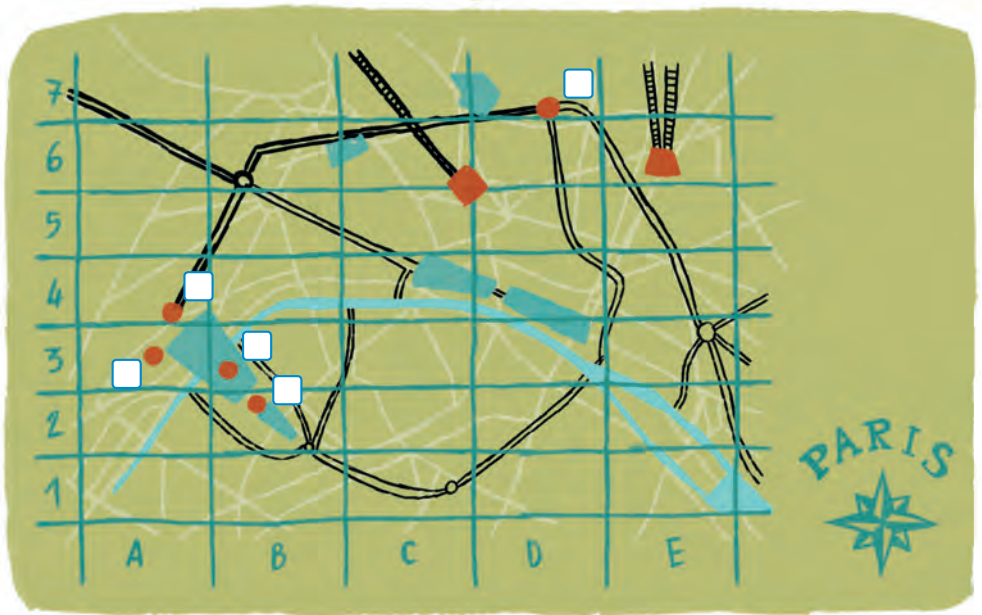
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BEFORE READING

1 Look at this map of Paris. Use the map references and write the correct letter (a-e) on the map below.

- a Sacré-Coeur (D7)
- b The Eiffel Tower (B2)
- c The Pont d'Iéna (B3)
- d The Trocadéro (A3)
- e The Palais de Chaillot (A4)

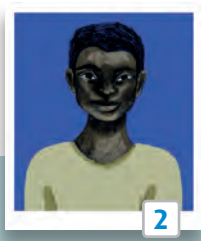


2 What do you know about Paris? With a partner write a list of things you know. Compare your list with another pair of students.

BEFORE READING



- 1 With a partner, look at the pictures of the characters and match them to the descriptions on page 9. Then read the sentences below (a-h) and write the correct names at the end of each sentence.
- a These three people study at the Royal College of Art in Battersea. They are friends.
 - b He used to work for the British Secret Service. Now he lives in Paris and he works as a taxi driver.
 - c He's French and he's a dangerous criminal.
 - d He's from Yolanda. His parents were killed in a car crash when he was a child.
 - e She likes adventures and she likes Josh.
 - f His father was a politician and he's a businessman. He's a commodity trader.
 - g He works in the special branch of the French police. He's an old friend of Morrow's.
 - h She's French and she lived in Yolanda when she was little. Now she works with Houdon.



Chapter 1



A dark car park, neon lights, the smell of petrol. Two men in suits are walking with a third. The third man's hands are tied tightly, he is wearing plastic handcuffs*. They arrive at an orange car. Car doors open. Car doors close. Boom! Boom! The turn of a key, the noise of an engine, the car moves forward.

Lewis Morrow's final journey has just begun.

The car drove quickly out of the car park and into bright sunshine. Anderson, who was driving, put on a pair of sunglasses. The man next to Morrow on the back seat, Morrow didn't know his name, sat back and relaxed. Morrow closed his eyes. The warmth* of the sun on his face was pleasant, the seat was comfortable, and the cuffs weren't hurting him too much. The men in the car, Anderson and the other one, were going to shoot him, but Morrow was neither sad nor angry. He did not regret what he had done. He was at peace with himself. He had done the right thing. He had given the kids the envelope about Sir Sheridan Swain and his son, Timothy, and the kids had given the information to the newspapers. It was the only way to protect them.

If nothing else, he had done that.

Morrow felt the car go faster. He opened his eyes. Across the river in the distance, he saw Big Ben. Morrow looked at the streets around him. Life was continuing as normal: people were walking, cycling and driving all around him. They all had their own lives to live, their own destinations to reach.

And no one knew or cared about him.

- **handcuffs:** object used to tie someone's hands together
- **warmth:** heat

Morrow looked at the back of Anderson's head. He wondered what Anderson was thinking. For so many years, Morrow had been Anderson's boss. But now Anderson was in charge. He looked comfortable with it. He reminded Morrow of himself when he was young. Anderson was ready to follow orders, any orders. Perhaps that would change in time. Time had changed Morrow. The accident that had killed his family, his wife Alison and his kids, had done that. He should have left his job after it happened. But he hadn't. He had worked even harder. But that hadn't helped. The world, his world, no longer made sense°. He should have seen that.

They were driving southeast along Harleyford Street, moving past the Oval cricket ground, with Anderson using the bus lane to avoid traffic jams. Near a bus stop, a white van sounded its horn° at them. Anderson ignored° it and drove fast towards the traffic lights. The lights changed to red and Anderson braked° hard. The car stopped. While they waited for the lights to change again, Anderson whistled° quietly. It was a busy junction°. Morrow glanced to his left. Someone was buying a newspaper from a kiosk°. Morrow looked at the newspaper headlines. Now the whole country knew about the story, about the British prime minister's resignation°, Sir Sheridan Swain's fall from power° and Timothy Swain's failure° to buy Yolandan copper°. Tomorrow it would be something else. But not his death, not Lewis Morrow's death. He would be gone, dead and buried, and no one would ever know.

- **braked:** stopped (a car)
- **copper:** reddish-brown metal
- **failure:** not being able to
- **fall from power:** stops being in an important job
- **ignored:** paid no attention to
- **junction:** place where roads cross each other
- **kiosk:** small shop
- **made sense:** had meaning
- **resignation:** when someone tells their employer that they are leaving their job
- **sounded its horn:** made a loud sound as a warning or signal
- **whistled:** made a sound with his lips

Morrow thought about the photograph in his jacket pocket. He had taken it from his desk just before going to see Control^o. In his mind, he saw the beach again. He had bought ice creams for his kids: vanilla for Elizabeth, chocolate for Jake. He had stolen a bite from Elizabeth's ice cream while she was eating. She had screamed, and Jake had laughed, until he took a bite of his too. He could almost taste it now.

Morrow

Where is Morrow going?

Who are the two men in the car with him?

Why do you think Morrow is thinking about the photograph?

 Discuss in small groups.



The lights changed to green. Anderson accelerated^o and the car raced^o into the junction.

Afterwards, Morrow guessed that a truck had gone through the red light. But at the time, it felt like a hurricane^o had hit them. Glass exploded everywhere. Metal screamed. The car they were in turned over once, twice. The three of them were thrown forwards and backwards, from side to side, hitting against the doors of the car. There were cries. Then, suddenly, it was over. Silence.

- **accelerated:** went faster
- **Control:** (here) head of government department
- **hurricane:** very strong wind storm
- **raced:** moved very quickly

Morrow was lying under the man whose name he didn't know. The man wasn't breathing. Morrow looked at Anderson in the front seat. He wasn't moving either. Morrow knew dead when he saw it. He also knew he had to be quick. He moved the plastic handcuffs across a piece of broken metal. In seconds, they broke. Then, he kicked the door and climbed out. He stood up. There was a strong smell of petrol. He checked himself. He was fine, a cut on his arm, and one on his leg, but nothing too serious. He reached^o back into the car and searched Anderson's pockets. He found a wallet with money inside and took it all.

'Are you okay?'

Morrow turned and saw the worried face of a cyclist.

'There's an ambulance on its way,' the man said. 'I phoned.'

Morrow didn't reply. For a moment, he watched the people running towards the accident, then he walked to the truck and looked inside. The driver was badly injured^o. Morrow pointed to the truck driver. 'Make sure the ambulance deals with^o him first,' he told the cyclist. Morrow looked around. He saw a Tube^o station, Oval. Morrow walked down the street as fast as he could. In the distance, he could hear ambulances and police cars approaching. He went into the Tube station and found a ticket machine. Then, with Anderson's money, he bought a ticket to Camden Town.

Home first. Then, after that, as far away from London as possible.



- **deals with:** looks after
- **injured:** hurt; physically harmed
- **reached:** put out a hand
- **Tube:** underground train service in London