

(30 minutes later)

**A** traffic jam      tasty at all. It      there's a lot of traffic on the road and you just      and      , and      very slowly.

Finally, the nasty traffic jam is over. We are going shopping now! Are they going to buy something for me, too?

I      safe and cosy in the rucksack on Tom's back. He opened it a bit, so I can see things well. There      so many people here! I      the whole world is shopping. And the shop! It is called a "shopping centre". Tom      a button and we      into a small room. What a funny little room! There      no furniture here, just a mirror and buttons. Suddenly we are flying! The room is called a "lift". When we      to the top, we      out of the lift. Then Tom      around and      things. He      so many bags now! One of the shop assistants is looking at me. I say "Good evening! Nice day, isn't it?" but she just      at me. She      at me and I      back. After all, shopping is a very social thing.

Now Tom and his parents are going to have a snack in a café. They      all their bags, and the rucksack with me in it, on the floor. Tom's father      them cakes and tea. I      a cake, too!

Nice Tom. He      me a piece of his cake. Yummy! But I am so tired now. They're talking about a museum now, but I am falling asleep.

Oh, no. Where      I? I'm alone in the dark now. The bag is closed! Where      Tom? Help!

