

*(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 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!

