

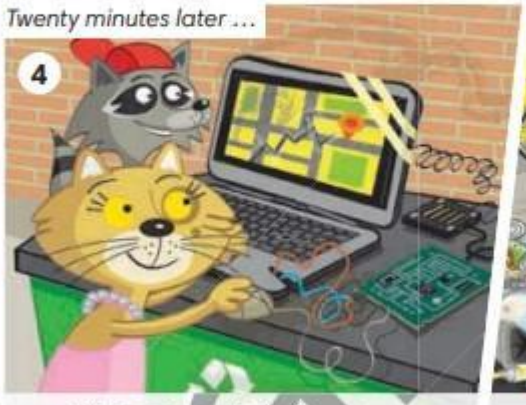
Rocco: What's that noise?
Carla: It's the rubbish lorry. It's coming!
Rocco: Quick, run!

Carla: Where's Big Al?
Rocco: I don't know. Are you calling him?
Carla: Yes, I am. But he isn't answering. I'm worried.



Rocco: Look, there he is! In the lorry!
Carla: Is he sleeping?
Rocco: Yes, he is. I'm scared, Carla. Where are they going?
Carla: I don't know. But I've got an idea …

Twenty minutes later …



Rocco: What are you doing?
Carla: I'm looking for Big Al's phone. Look, here it is!
Rocco: The lorry's driving down North Street. Come on!

Two hours later …



Carla: Al, are you OK?
Big Al: Where am I? Am I dreaming?
Carla: No, you aren't.
Big Al: You [illegible] tired. What's the [illegible]?
Rocco: Tire[illegible]! We[illegible]

LIVEWORKSHEETS