

The story continues...

Lady Prescott broke ___ and – once again – they walked ___ in silence.

It was now mid-afternoon and the streets were empty. There was a stillness in the cool summer air, as if the world had paused for thought. No birds sang. No cows mooed. No ducks quacked. No sheep baaed. No dogs woofed. No cats miaowed. In fact, on that bright, soft, tranquil day, there was only one sound to be heard – the low, continuous rumbling of Frederick's empty stomach, for twenty-four hours starved of food.

They walked _____ a couple of alleyways and then, as they turned _____ the main road, they came _____ a postman riding a bicycle. The bicycle was very old and it had no springs. And so, as he rode _____ the cobblestones, he seemed to be nodding his head and shaking his head all at the same time.

Lady Prescott was talking again: 'Do you know where we are, Mr Carruthers? This is Crawford Street. And at the end of this row of shops, there's The Birmingham Big Burger Bar – where I met Gerald all those years ago. Look, I don't know about you, but I'm starving. Why don't we pop _____ there and have a late lunch? They serve the best beefburgers in town!'

Frederick seemed a little agitated. 'I could do with a meal too,' he said. 'But I'm afraid I don't have a penny on me. You see, I went _____ in rather a hurry last night.'

Lady Prescott smiled. 'But you must be my guest, Mr Carruthers. You've gone _____ of your way to help me and you've put _____ with all my complaints about Sir Gerald. Paying for lunch will be my way of paying you _____ for all your kindness. Come on, I insist. I've had a long and difficult day. I'm tired _____ and very worked _____ about my husband. I need a good meal to calm me _____ and I don't want to eat alone.'