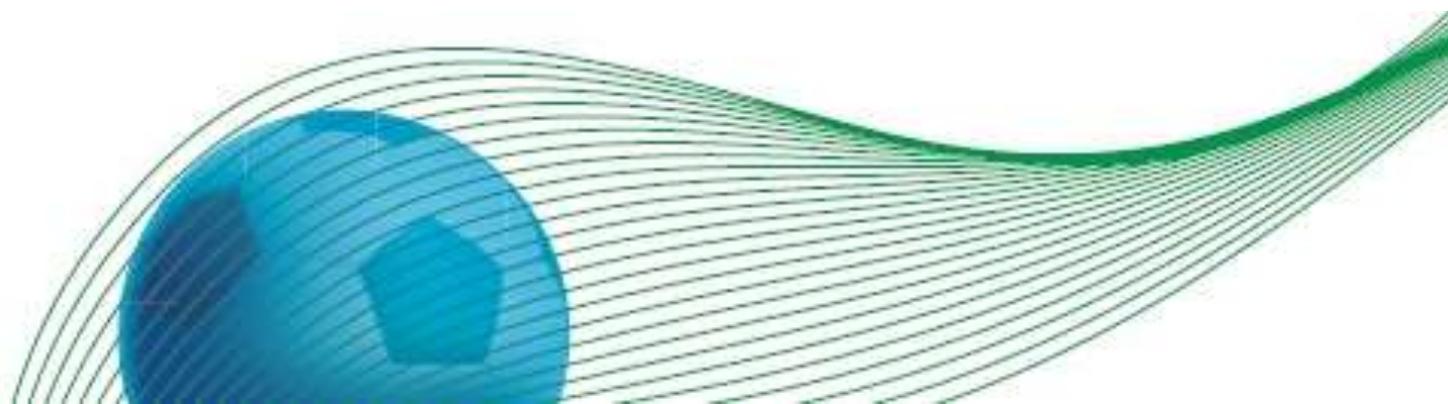
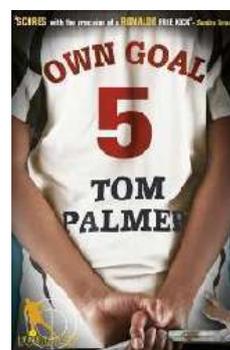
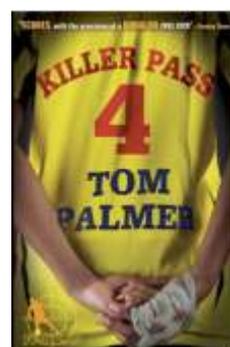
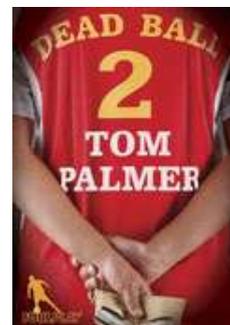
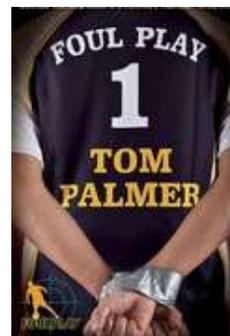




Foul Play: Brazil by Tom Palmer



Words for life



Chapter One

Charlotte felt Danny's hand grip her arm as their plane shuddered, then lunged, its lights flickering on and off. She ignored him and continued to stare out of a small window, at clouds piled like mountains of cotton wool. When the Boeing 777 slipped down through the clouds, all Charlotte could see was white. It was like a foggy day back home in the UK.

But Danny and Charlotte were *not* in the UK. They were thousands of miles away from home, passengers on a plane that was about to land at an airport in the centre of the famous Amazon rainforest. Brazil.

Danny looked at his hand, hesitated, then drew it away from Charlotte's arm.

Charlotte turned and smiled at him. "You're not a great flyer, are you?"

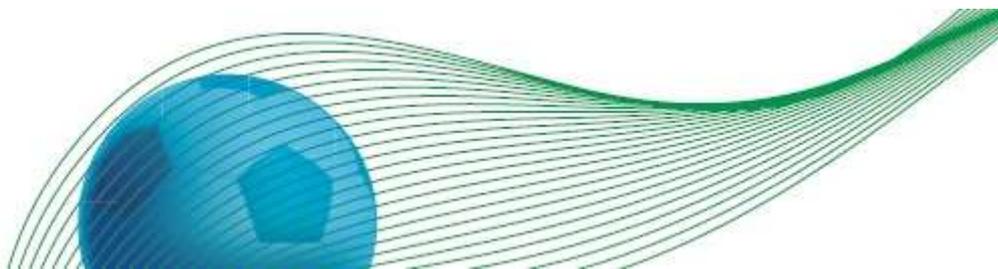
Danny shook his head, aware that the plane was still falling down through the clouds. He hated planes.

Suddenly, the clouds disappeared and the two fifteen-year-olds could see only green. A beautiful panorama of dark green. Millions of trees on thousands of hills. A wide river running through them.

"It's beautiful," Charlotte gasped. She rubbed her eyes, already thinking about how she could put this into words. She was cross that she had left her notebook in her suitcase.

"Can you see the stadium?" Danny asked, looking past her. Charlotte sighed. "No, I can't see the stadium," she said. "But I *can* see the Amazon rainforest. I *can* see one of the greatest wildernesses a human being can see. A wilderness that is filled with tens of thousands of species of animals and insects and birds. But, no Danny, I can't see the football stadium."

Danny scanned the Aeroporto Internacional Educardo Gomes, then the luggage belt as it hauled a



line of rucksacks and suitcases in a solemn circle. Men snatched bags from it, piling them onto trolleys. Very quickly Danny saw his own rucksack and lifted it from the belt. There was still no sign of Charlotte's bag.

But Charlotte didn't seem bothered. She was busy people watching. Men and women pushing past each other. Trolleys screeching, loaded down with bags. Some were dressed in interesting tops with leaf patterns and others wore large white hats. She took a sly photograph of one woman whose hair was in long dark plaits: she looked beautiful. Again Charlotte wished she had her notebook.

"I could write an article already," she said to Danny. "And we've only been here five minutes."

Danny wasn't listening. He was still watching the luggage belt.

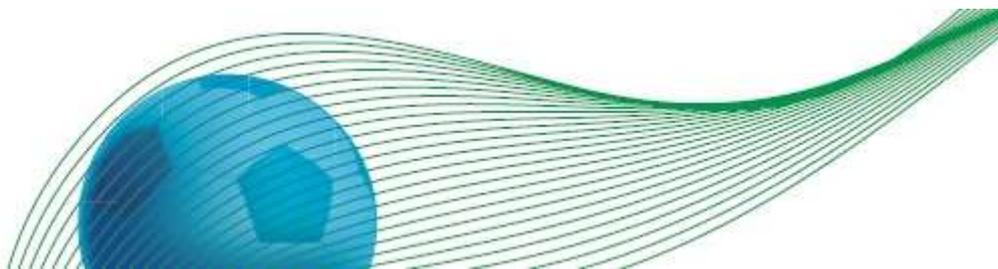
But writing articles was the reason why Charlotte and Danny were in Brazil. They had won a competition to be journalists. For the children's newspaper, *First News*. Their job was to cover the World Cup in Brazil, to write about the tournament and the country.

Then Danny pounced, lifting a black bag from the luggage belt and presenting it to Charlotte.

"Thanks," she said.

Charlotte took the bag and backed away from the crowd. She opened it quickly. She wanted her notebook now.

But when she unzipped the bag, she knew that something wasn't right. The first thing she saw was a sheet of paper with pictures of at least twenty creatures on it. Each with a red circle round it. Spiders. Birds. Even a monkey. Next to that - packed between clothes - she saw several small clear plastic bottles



filled with liquid and powder.

What were these doing in her bag?

Had someone planted them there?

Then, with a jolt of shock, Charlotte understood. This wasn't her bag. She felt herself flush red and snapped shut the suitcase.

"Put it back," she whispered to Danny.

"What?"

"Put it back. It's not mine. There's weird stuff in it."

Danny returned the bag to the luggage belt. Almost immediately he saw a woman in with spiky blonde hair pick the bag up, then stare at both of them. The woman had sharp piercing eyes and very pale skin. Like a ghost, Danny thought.

"What did you say about the bag?" he asked Charlotte.

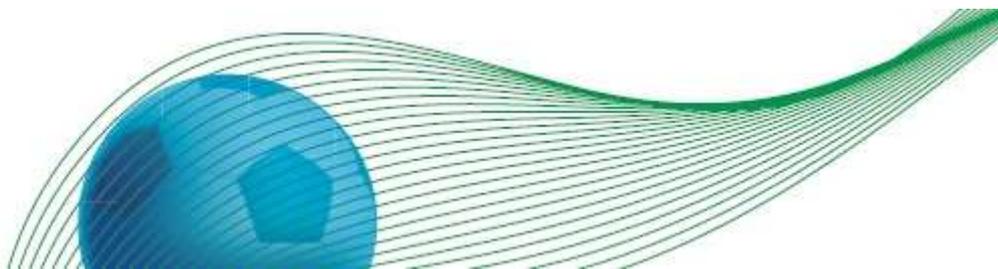
"It had funny stuff in it. Like liquids and pictures of animals. Bizarre. But forget that. We're here! We're in Brazil! Can you believe it?"

Soon Charlotte's real bag appeared and Danny handed it to her.

Over the next month Charlotte and Danny would have some amazing adventures. They would see things most other people would never see. They would go to places most other people would never go. And they would not be allowed to forget the contents of that other black bag. Because what Charlotte had seen inside would drag them into terrible danger.

Dangerous to them. Dangerous to the world's best 900 footballers. Dangerous for millions of creatures that were living in the Amazon rainforest.

They just didn't know that they were in danger yet.



The two children walked towards the arrivals hall to begin their World Cup adventure.



Read Chapter 2 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Thursday 12 June.

Chapter Two

Danny and Charlotte have arrived in Manaus, Brazil, to report on the World Cup for the children's newspaper, *First News*. At the airport Charlotte accidentally opened a woman's bag to see that she was carrying bottles of liquid and powder, as well as pictures of animals, some with red rings round them. And... the World Cup was about to begin.

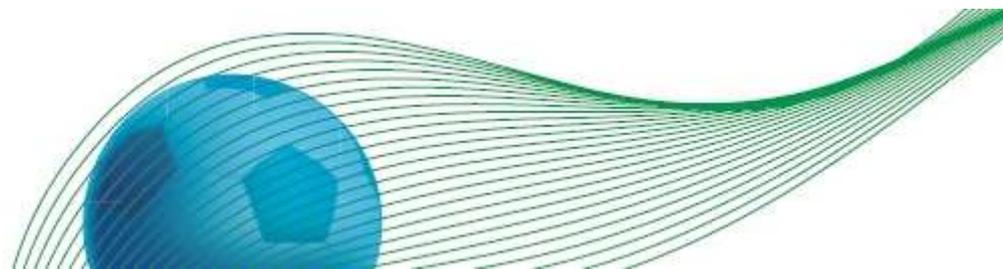
'Can you believe we're here?' Charlotte asked Danny.

Danny shook his head. He seriously *couldn't* believe it. That they had left the city and were now on a tour - with other journalists - to a remote Amazon village, where a tribe called the Yanomami lived.

'No,' Danny said. 'It's enough to make me forget that the World Cup kicks off tonight. Almost...'

Charlotte laughed and began taking photographs as they walked. It was her job - and Danny's - to write about the trip for *First News*.

They walked along a dry track with tall green plants on either side and flashes of coloured birds among the trees followed by strange shrieks. Danny saw that ahead of them were Yanomami tribesmen carrying spears, their faces painted with black and red lines. He felt nervous to be with them, but excited too.



When they entered the Yanomami village, it was not like anything Danny or Charlotte had seen before. It was made of a huge thatched building that circled an area as big as a cricket pitch. Rows of hammocks swung in the breeze under the cover of the sun.

Now they were going to be shown how the Yanomami people lived.

After the tour of the village, Charlotte decided to head into to the edge of the rainforest, leaving Danny to listen to some of the Yanomami people who were being translated. She wanted to take a picture of the village from the outside. She decided to go slightly into the forest to take the photo, so that she could frame it with Amazonian tree ferns.

As she stepped deeper into the rainforest she heard someone coming. Feeling silly for hiding in the forest, she stayed still and kept quiet. She nearly gasped out loud when she saw who was standing just a few feet away.

A woman. And not just any woman. The woman with spiky blonde hair. The one from the airport. How had Charlotte not noticed before that she was here too?

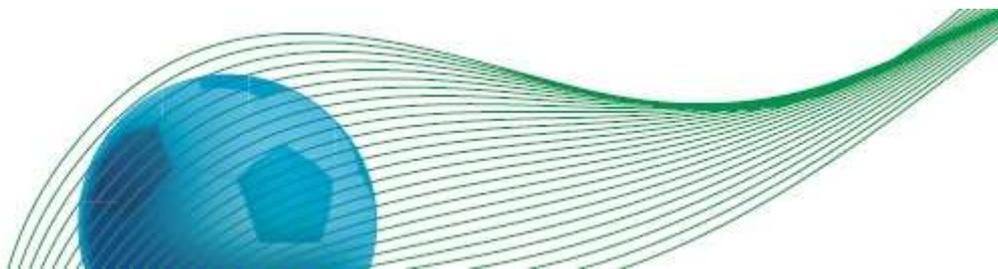
The lady took out a device and keyed in a number with her manicured fingernails. Some sort of satellite phone, Charlotte thought. Then the woman began to speak into it. The things she said terrified Charlotte.

Inside the Yanomami village, Danny was grabbed from behind, then pulled into the shadows underneath the thatched roof that circled the village.

'Charlotte?' Danny complained. 'What are you...'

'That woman is here.'

'Who?'



'The woman. From the airport. With the bottles. Looks like a ghost.'

Charlotte could hardly speak. She'd been running. She was breathless.

'She's here?' Danny asked.

'She said...'

Charlotte took a deep breath. 'I heard her. Speaking. On the phone. She talked about releasing the liquids she had. Into the Amazon rainforest.'

'Why?' Danny asked, shocked. 'Did she say why?'

'No. But she did say something like... when Brazil score a goal. Every goal. That she was going to release a liquid. It sounds mad. But...'

Danny had a sudden thought. Something that alarmed him.

'The animals on the pictures we saw in the suitcase,' he said. 'The ones with the red rings round them. What if there's a link with those liquids?'

'What?' Charlotte asked. 'Like poisons?'

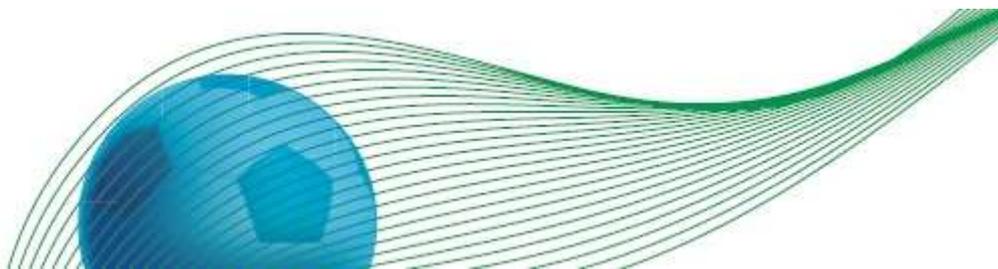
As they spoke, two Brazilian people in what looked like security uniforms came up behind them. They were both short with dark hair and looked out of place in the Yanomami village.

'Hello sir, madam,' one of them said.

'Hello,' Danny replied. Then he added, 'Bom dia,' That was one of the Portuguese phrases he'd learned for the trip. It meant good day.

The uniforms looked Charlotte and Danny up and down. Then one of them asked. 'What is it you are speaking about?'

'The Amazon. Endangered species,' Charlotte said quickly. 'We're writing an article about them.'



The two uniforms looked carefully at Danny and Charlotte then walked away without asking any more questions.

Later that night Danny tried to get comfortable. He was lying in one of the hammocks that hung under the village roof. Charlotte was in another one, in the women's area. Danny wished he could speak to Charlotte. Even text her. But there was no chance of network reception. Not out here.

He stared up at the dark and starry sky and tried to work out what was happening with the woman and her bottles. How it linked to the animals and what she had said. Danny had solved several mysterious crimes before. But this was nothing like those cases.

Normally, when he tried to solve crimes, Danny thought about detectives he had read about in books. He had read a lot of detective books. Sometimes if he thought like his favourite detectives, like Alex Rider, Ruby Redfort or Young Bond it helped.

What would a detective in a story do next?

They'd ask around. They'd look for clues. Try to find something out to put the pieces together.

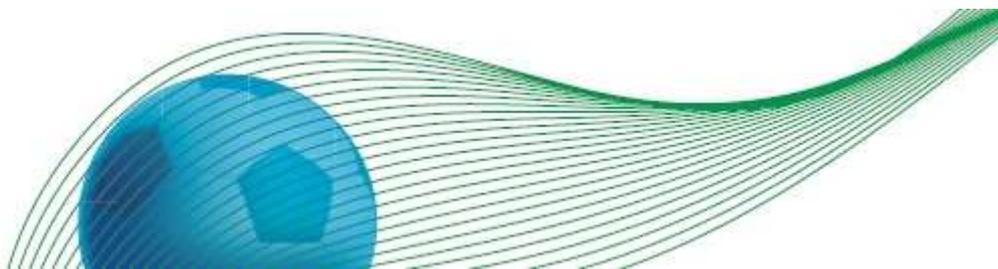
Danny frowned. This woman. She was trouble. There was something about her. He knew that much.

But what was it?

Danny drifted off to sleep with two things on his mind.

One, that he would try to find out more about the woman in the morning.

Two, a hope that Brazil would not score against Croatia tonight. Just in case Charlotte



was right. Just in case every time Brazil did score it would make something bad happen. Danny wished he could watch the game. But there was no TV out here in the middle of the Amazon jungle.

Fifty metres away Charlotte was finishing her report for *First News*. She had the photographs. She had her 200 words of text. But she - just like Danny - had nagging fears that something bad was about to happen.

Little did they know that they were both absolutely correct. Something bad *was* going to happen. And it would happen tomorrow.



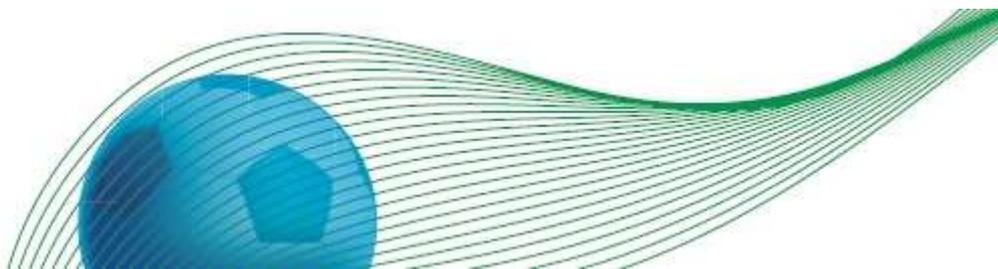
Read Chapter 3 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Friday 13 June.

Chapter Three

Danny and Charlotte are staying in an Amazonian village with the Yanomami people, researching an article for *First News*. Although they are having an amazing time, they're worried about a ghost-like woman they have seen in the village and at the airport. She seems to be up to no good. Something to do with the local wildlife. But what? Danny and Charlotte cannot resist investigating.

It was late when Charlotte heard cheering coming from the other side of the village. It sounded just like football fans celebrating a goal. She wondered if it *could* be that. She had assumed no-one would be able to watch TV or listen to the radio out here in the Amazon jungle. Buy maybe she was wrong.

Then another thought came to her. If someone was cheering a goal here it meant that Brazil had scored. And that, Charlotte knew, might well be bad news.



She wondered if Danny was listening from the men's quarters on the other side of the village. But it was too dark to go and find him now.

In the morning, Danny was woken by a large black pig - or something like pig - snuffling underneath his hammock. As he came round, he could hear villagers talking in anxious voices. Anxious or excited? He couldn't be sure. But it sounded like something significant was happening.

Danny opened his eyes and gazed across the village at the dried earth stretching to the far side of the huge round camp, quickly noticing something caught in the mosquito netting that hung above his hammock. Something brightly coloured.

It was one of the birds they had seen flitting around the forest.

The bird was dead, its neck limp, its feathers flat.

Danny looked around the village again. He quickly saw a villager carrying something. Another dead bird.

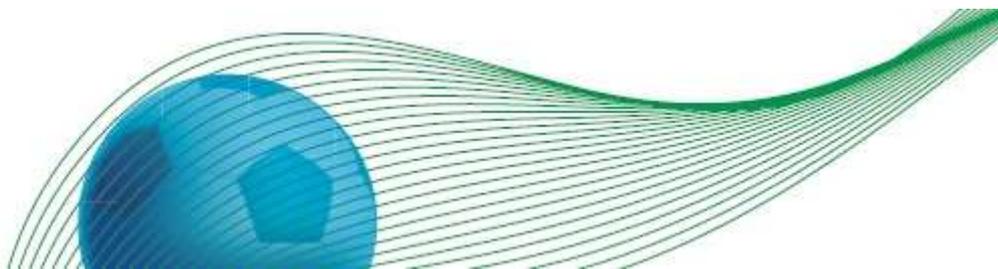
No!

Danny jumped down from his hammock, sending the pig skittering across the village floor. He jogged past the two men in security uniforms he had seen the day before. They appeared to be taking photographs. What *were* they doing here? They seemed so out of place.

He found Charlotte quickly.

'We need to talk,' she said.

'Not here,' Danny replied, eyeing the two guards who seemed more interested in them than the dead birds.



Charlotte and Danny walked out of the village calmly, but quickly. They couldn't help but notice that several other birds were lying around the village. And butterflies too. Several of them on the dry earth, like scraps of paper.

'This is to do with that woman,' Charlotte said.

'I know.' Danny felt sick.

'So what do we do?'

'Find her,' Danny said. 'Photograph her. Take the picture back to Manaus and ask for help.'

'Why Manaus? Why not here?'

'I just want to get away. Don't you? I don't like those guards. They're always watching us and I don't like that woman. We need to leave. I just wish we could see her to take a picture of her. Then someone back in the city may be able to help.'

'I've taken a photograph of her already,' Charlotte said.

Danny smiled, not surprised at Charlotte's resourcefulness. 'Nice one.'

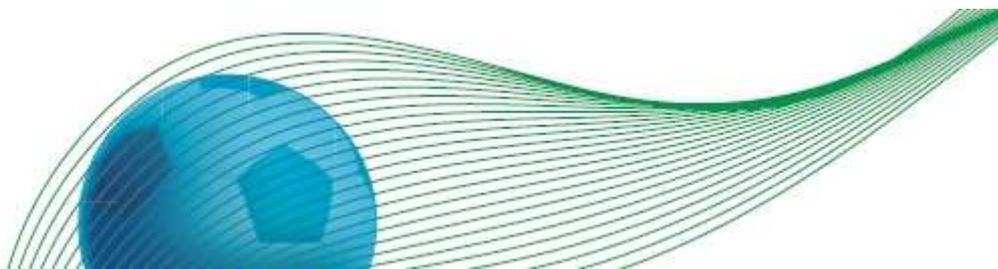
'But who do we ask for help?' Charlotte asked. 'In Manaus?'

'Anton,' Danny said.

'Anton's here? Great.'

Anton Holt was a football writer for a national newspaper. He was also a good friend of Danny's. They'd met on Danny's first case, when he'd solved the mysterious kidnap of his favourite player back in the UK. Since then they'd worked together on crime cases. If anyone was going to help them it was Anton. Danny trusted him more than anyone else in Brazil. It felt like the best thing to do.

'We'll just tell Anton when we reach Manaus. He'll help us. And we need internet access



too. To do some research. Let's just sit on this until we get back to the hotel.'

'But we tell someone by the end of the day?' Charlotte pressed.

'Agreed,' Danny said.

As soon as they were on board the plane to leave, Danny was sure to ask the pilot what the score was between Brazil and Croatia.

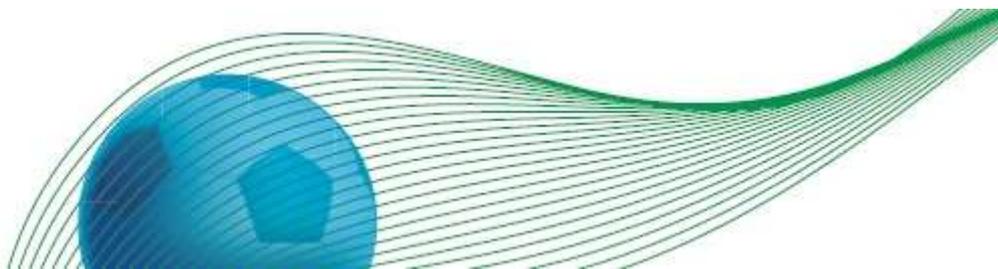
'3-1,' the pilot said. 'Is very good, yes?'

Danny smiled like he thought it was good that Brazil had scored three goals. But he was pretty sure it wasn't good at all. There was a link between the woman with the bottles, Brazil scoring goals and the birds and butterflies they had seen in the village. But what? What was the link?

In the air, with the thick vegetation of the Amazon jungle beneath them, Danny tried to think ahead. About the England-Italy game. About what he had to do the next day.

He had been promised by the FA that he could interview an England player for *First News*. He hoped he'd get Wayne Rooney. But anyone would do. He felt vaguely nervous about that now. And very excited about watching an England match in the World Cup finals. And that was good. It was taking his mind off the dozens of dead birds he'd seen. And the butterflies. How awful it had looked. And how strange.

But Danny knew - as did Charlotte - that they had stumbled on something dreadful. And that it was their duty to deal with that before anything to do with football.



Behind the light aircraft that was carrying the two fifteen-year-olds and several other journalists, was a helicopter. On board were a pilot and two men wearing uniforms. The uniformed men were looking at photographs they had taken of the two European children. Two children that they thought were linked with the deaths of hundreds of birds, butterflies and beetles in the Yanomami village. Two children who needed to be dealt with. In private.

There would be no need to involve the police.



Read Chapter 4 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Monday 16 June.

Chapter Four

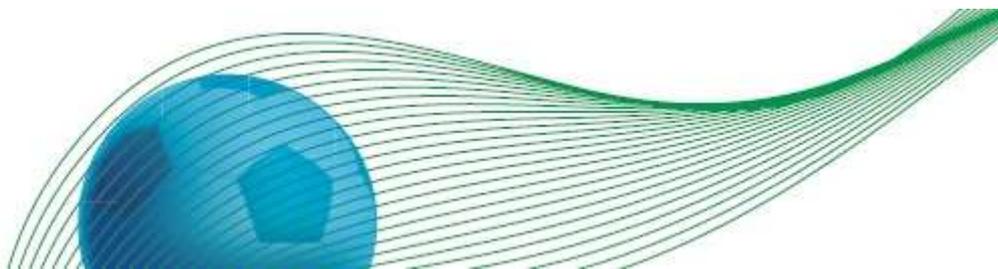
Danny and Charlotte have stumbled upon what they think is a crime. Someone trying to wipe out whole species of animals in the Amazon rainforest. It seems to be linked to the number of goals Brazil score. Three so far. Having spent the night in the rainforest, they rush back to the city, Manaus, to tell their friend, the journalist, Anton Holt, so that they can stop more carnage.

'Anton!'

Danny and Charlotte were back in the city. Manaus. They immediately spotted Anton Holt in the media hotel. Tall. Dark hair. Jeans and a jacket.

The journalist looked delighted to see them, a big smile on his face. But that smile faded when he heard Danny and Charlotte's story.

'We have to tell the police,' he said, believing every word they said. 'Now. Come on. The press have a special liaison police officer. She's great.'



Anton Holt led the two fifteen-year-olds to an office on the 26th floor of the hotel. Danny glanced out of the window at the stunning green view of the Amazon as they explained the situation to the police officer. He wondered how many more birds and other creatures were dying in under that canopy of trees that stretched to the horizon.

The policewoman laughed before they had been able to explain.

'No, no, no,' she shook her head. 'This is a little bit crazy. We have riots around the stadiums. We have transport workers for the strike. And other things we are asked to do. A few dead birds? No-one else has reported this. Children, go and enjoy the football. Forget about birds.'

Danny watched Charlotte try again to convince the policewoman, but she would not change her mind.

'I have a photograph of the woman we think is behind it,' Charlotte said. 'Look.'

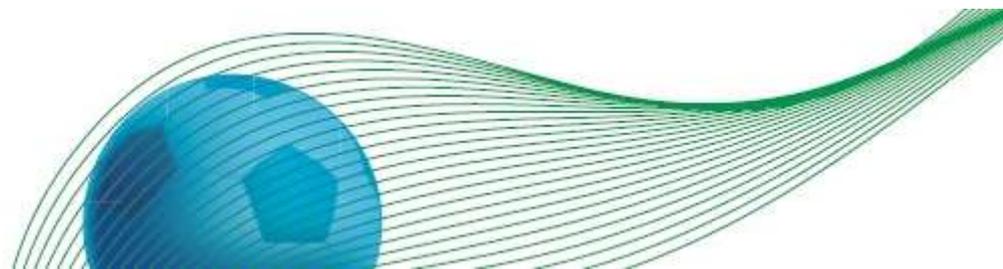
'No,' the policewoman pushed Charlotte's camera away. 'This is not important.' Then she left the room.

Danny could see that Charlotte was furious.

In the lift back down, Anton frowned. 'Let me think about how I can help you,' he said. 'Let's talk after the match. But I need to be at the stadium now. I've got a match report to write.'

'We can't miss the game either,' Danny said. 'We have been offered the chance to interview Raheem Sterling. For *First News*.'

Charlotte nodded. 'Okay. We do the *First News* job. Then, as *soon* as the game is over, we



find a way of telling the world about all the animals dying.'

Danny felt desperate about the animals, but could feel a thrill of excitement about the game bubbling inside him. But he swore to himself that, as soon as that was done, they would get back on the case.

The Manaus stadium was spectacular. It looked like a huge basket illuminated by strings of lights. Danny and Charlotte walked towards it, watching the sun set over the city and the Amazon rainforest beyond. They could smell fried foods for sale along the side of the road and hear dozens of different languages being spoken.

Danny knew it was an amazing opportunity. This was something most people - let alone children - would never experience. Watching England play in the World Cup finals. In the middle of the Amazon rainforest.

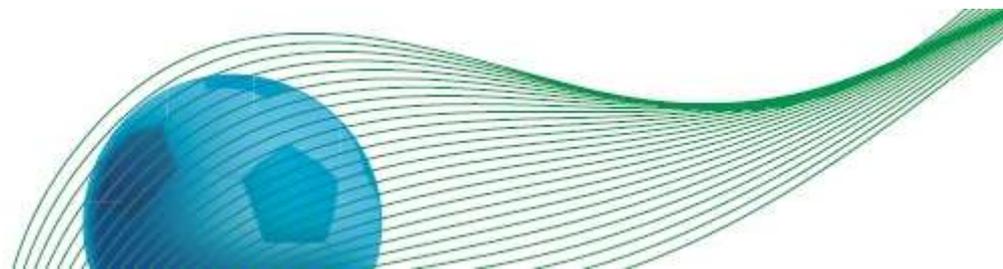
In fact, he and Charlotte were so distracted, they didn't notice that two men in Brazil tops, one carrying a Brazil flag, were following fifty metres behind them. Their faces were painted green, yellow and blue too.

The game was awesome. Danny was thrilled with England's start. Even more so that Raheem Sterling was playing so well and that they were going to get a chance to interview him about it later.

But when Italy scored the opener, Danny felt gutted. All that excitement drained away and he was left with that football feeling he knew well. Despair. England couldn't lose! It'd be a terrible start to the World Cup.

Charlotte noticed how crestfallen Danny looked.

'Don't worry,' she said, as England kicked off after the goal. 'We'll come back. Sturridge looks sharp.'



Danny shrugged. But sixty seconds later he was on his feet.

'YEAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!'

Sturridge had scored.

'See,' Charlotte smiled.

When Balotelli scored Italy's second - a bullet header, Cahill not challenging him in the air - Danny put his head in his hands. Charlotte said nothing. She never really knew how to talk to Danny when he had his football head on.

But after ten minutes of tense silence, she checked her watch and spoke. Gently.

'We should go to the media suite to register for our interview with Raheem Sterling.'

Danny nodded. 'I know. I need the loo first.'

'Fine,' Charlotte said, standing. 'But hurry up.'

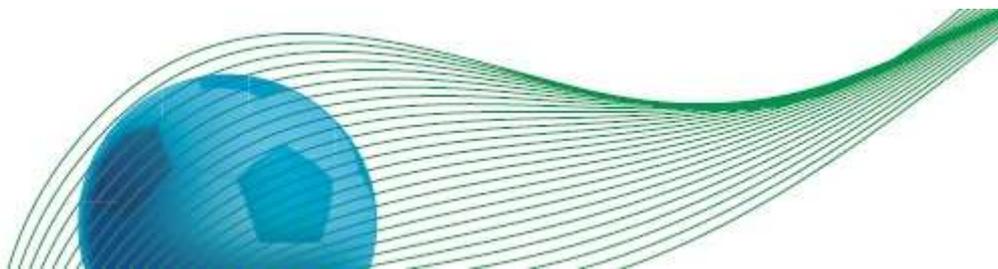
Danny smiled. England might be losing, but at least he was going to be able to meet his new hero.

Charlotte waited at the bottom of the steps, watching Danny weave between face-painted Brazilians towards the toilets. She laughed as a man tried to wrap a Brazil flag around his shoulders. That would make him even more cross than he already was, she thought.

Then a second man was wrapping the flag around Danny's head.

What?

And suddenly Charlotte recognised them. The security men from the Yanomami village. She looked on in horror as the flag was wrapped fully around Danny's head and he was being dragged to an open emergency exit.



Charlotte began to run. Fast. But, by the time she reached the emergency exit, Danny and the men had vanished. And the emergency exit was firmly closed.

After being bundled into a van and driven for ten minutes – six hundred seconds that Danny counted out – he was walked up a short staircase, then left along a corridor. He heard a door open as he was led into a room and sat down in what felt like a plastic chair.

This was it. Whatever happened next was going to be dangerous; even deadly.

The flag was taken off his head.

At first the sharp lights in the room blinded him. But soon he could see that he was sitting at a table in a small room – and that someone was sitting opposite him.

A woman. The ghost woman.

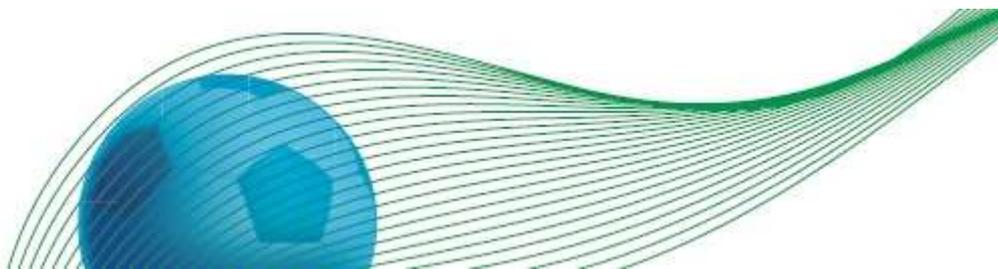
At the end of this week, readers of *Foul Play: Brazil* will be offered three directions the story will take for the following week. Find out more on Friday. Thanks for reading.



Read Chapter 5 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Tuesday 17 June.

Chapter Five

Danny and Charlotte are in Manaus reporting on the England-Italy game for a children's newspaper. During the game Danny is kidnapped by two men. After being bundled into a van, Danny finds himself the prisoner of the 'ghost woman', a lady that



he and Charlotte are convinced is mixed up with a series of very strange events they witnessed in the Amazon jungle.

When Danny woke up he had no idea where he was.

In a room. A small room. More of a cell than a room. A cell containing only a small table, two chairs and an old-style TV.

Then it came back to him. His capture at the England game. Being taken somewhere in a van. Finding himself face to face with the 'ghost woman'.

But the woman had not spoken to him last night. She had just studied him across the table, pushed a tray of food towards him, then left.

Danny had not touched the food.

He had no idea what day it was. If it was light or dark.

He didn't even know if England had managed to equalise against Italy.

Then a noise.

A key in the lock.

Someone coming in.

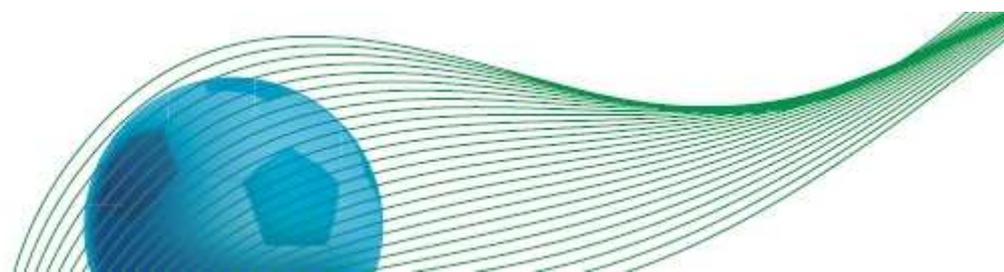
Danny stood and braced himself as a man walked into the room. The first thing the man did was point two fingers at Danny, making like he was holding a gun, pretending to shoot.

And Danny couldn't help himself: he flinched.

The man laughed, then backed out of the room, shouting down the corridor in what Danny assumed was Portuguese. Was he calling to the ghost woman? Was she coming back?

In the city centre of Manaus, Charlotte was going out of her mind. Where was Danny?

She had been to every police station and hospital. No-one wanted to help. She had asked



every England fan she saw on the street if they had seen Danny. But by lunchtime everyone English had moved on. To Sao Paulo, venue for England's next game. Along with all the journalists.

The city was now packed with Cameroon and Croatia fans, who were due to play in the city in two days.

Charlotte had turned up nothing.

Finally she asked the police if there was a British consulate, a place where British people could go to for help in a foreign country. She was told to go to a bigger city. Sao Paulo.

'I have things that I must tell you,' the ghost woman said to Danny. 'My name is Eva. Okay?'

'Okay,' Danny said, his voice cracking with nerves. He stared at the woman's skin. It was so pale it looked almost transparent.

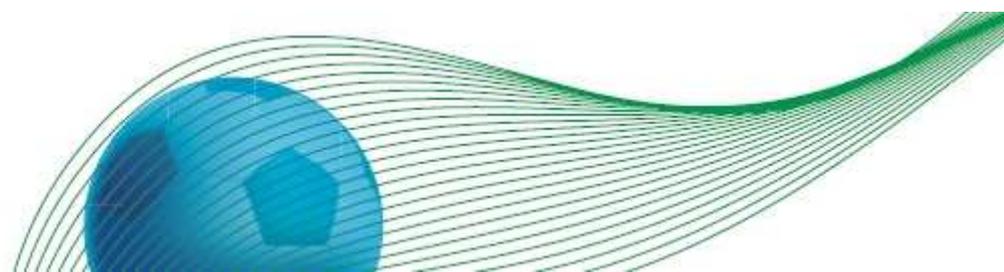
'We have taken you for a reason,' she went on. 'We have chosen you.'

'I don't understand,' Danny said, even more confused.

'Let me explain.'

Over the next ten minutes the woman described in detail who she was and what she was trying to do. Danny didn't interrupt. She said she was part of an eco-terror group called MANU. They were fighting against the big companies who used the rich resources of the Amazon rainforest to make massive profits. Entire species were dying out every year as the tearing up of the rainforest destroyed their habitats. MANU had been protesting for years to force the government to stop it. But nobody was listening. The World Cup was MANU's chance to alert the world to the problem.

Danny sat forward. He was confused. 'So who killed the birds in the



village? I thought it was you.'

'It was us. The birds. The butterflies. The beetles. Three species.'

'How many species?'

'Three. One species for each Brazil goal scored.'

'The whole species?'

'Yes, our technology can infect one creature and a virus spreads through the one species.'

Danny frowned. 'You killed three species to stop species being killed by deforestation.'

'Yes.'

'That doesn't make sense.'

Eva smiled.

'Does it?' Danny pressed. He felt bolder now. Bold enough to ask a question like that.

'It makes perfect sense,' Eva said.

Danny shook his head. 'How? How does that make sense?'

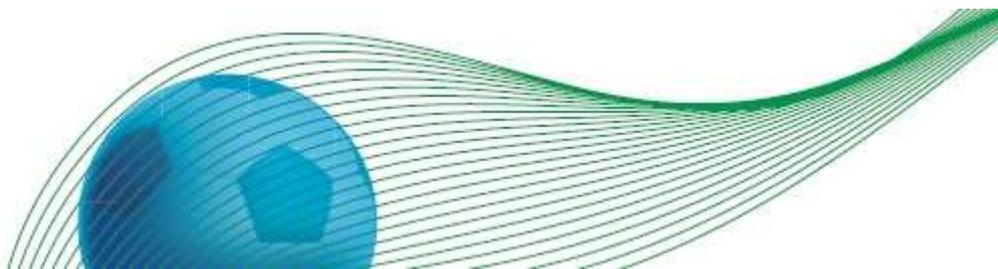
'One: we wipe out the species. Two: the world is horrified that we are killing birds and beetles, butterflies. Three: they want us to stop. Four: they want all the animals dying to stop. So they stop us, then they stop deforestation. It's simple.'

'And what about tonight? Brazil play Mexico. Do you plan to do the same?'

'Yes. Tonight it is the same.'

'I see,' Danny said. But he didn't see. He thought their plans were insane. They made him sick. But he had to be careful.

'Can I ask something else?' he said.



'Yes. Of course.'

'Why are you telling me all this?'

'Because you, Danny, are going to help us. After the Brazil-Mexico we have a job for you.'

After the 'ghost woman' had gone, Danny breathed deeply. She had offered him more food if he promised to eat it this time. Danny agreed. He was starving now: he couldn't think straight. And he needed to be able to think.

Danny hoped that the woman would bring the food back herself. But she didn't. The man who had made the shooting gesture brought it. He brought in a big tray. On the tray there was a bowl of food, a bottle of water and a gun.

The man flicked on the TV. The Brazil-Mexico match was about to start.

Then the man took the gun and set it on the table, pointing the barrel at Danny.

Danny didn't like the look in the man's eyes. There was a wildness there. A danger.

The man stood for the national anthem of Brazil, then looked hard at Danny.

'You want Brazil win?' he asked. His voice was rough and hard.

'Yes,' Danny said, guardedly.

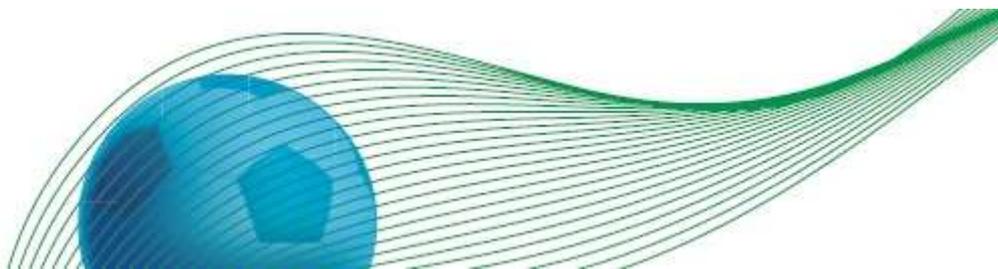
'That's good. If Brazil not win, you die. Okay?'

The man picked up his gun, drew back the bolt and set it back on the table.

'What?' Danny said, swallowing.

'I. Kill. You. If. Brazil. Not. Win.'

The Brazilian national anthem began. The man sang along. Loudly.



Danny realised that his mind was all over the place. Did the man mean it? Was he going to kill him? What about what the woman had said: that she needed him? Should Danny want Brazil to score lots of goals, so the man didn't carry out his threat?

But, if that happened, more species would be wiped out. And what had the woman really meant when she said they had a use for him? All these conflicting thoughts. All this confusion. Danny could barely cope.

On the TV the Brazil-Mexico game kicked off. Danny stared hard at the screen. He was about to watch a football match that might decide whether he lived or died.



Read Chapter 6 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Wednesday 18th June.

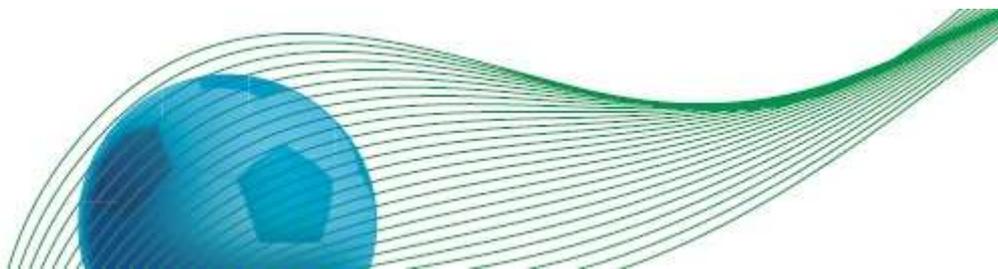
Chapter Six

Danny has been taken prisoner by eco-terrorists who have been killing species in the Amazon jungle. The 'ghost woman' who kidnapped him says that she has a role for him. Danny has no idea what it is. But he may never know because the man who is guarding him has said that Danny will die if Brazil doesn't win against Mexico.

Danny watched the Brazil-Mexico game with his prison guard; the TV on the table between them. Every minute or two - when Brazil attacked - Danny glanced at the gun on the window ledge behind the man. Its barrel was still pointing at Danny.

This was a crazy situation. Watching the football. Fearing for his life.

The guard was completely gripped by the game. Every attack, shot or foul and he was on his



feet shouting. He was drinking beer. Danny could see that already he was not as steady and alert as he had been earlier. Wasn't he supposed to be guarding Danny?

Danny noticed that the thing that angered the man most was how Neymar was being fouled by the Mexicans. They were trying to injure him, to put him out of the game, and that worried Danny. If Neymar was injured Brazil's chances of winning would decrease. And that spelt danger.

At half time the score was Brazil 0 Mexico 0. Not good. As soon as the whistle for the break blew, the man headed out of the room, taking the gun with him.

'Stay here. Yes?'

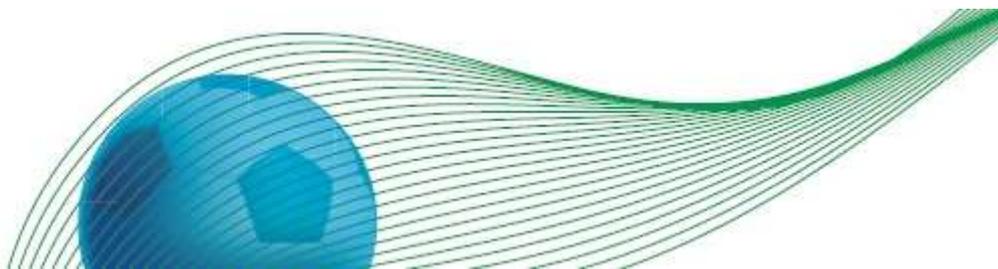
'Yes,' Danny said. Then he listened to the man's footsteps fade outside the room. The door was not closed. Danny hesitated, and then stood up. Could he escape? Just go?

He walked slowly across the room and pulled the door carefully open.

'BOO!'

The man was there, holding more cans of beer. And he was laughing. 'I am allowed to kill you if you are escaping; be careful, boy. You are easy to predict, yes?' Danny backed into the room. The man glared at him.

'So don't do that again. If you do, you die.' Danny slumped into his chair. He wanted the man to think he looked defeated. But he wasn't defeated. He would *never* be defeated.



The second half began. The man turned to Danny as he opened another beer.

'You know,' he laughed. 'The fridge. It keeps my beer cold. It keeps our bottles cold. For the animals. One bottle keeps me happy. The others are to wipe out whole species. It's funny. No?'

No, Danny said to himself. *It's not funny.*

Then, a few minutes later, the man asked. 'You want Brazil to score?'

'Yes,' Danny replied.

'Yes, you do. You know what happens to you if Brazil do not win? Do you remember?' 'Yes,' Danny said, grimly.

As the match went on Danny watched the man drink more and more beer. As a result, the man became more and more stupid. Laughing. Shouting. Especially at the Brazil striker Fred, who was useless.

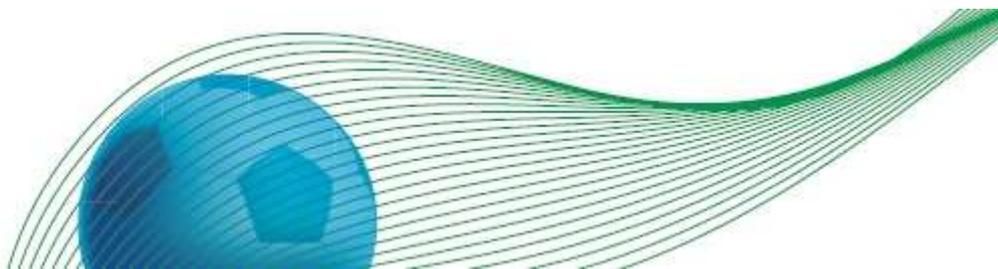
Danny sat on the edge of his seat as the clock ticked down.

Ten minutes to go. Five minutes to go. Three minutes of injury time.

The man had said nothing for ages. But Danny was too afraid to look at him in case he had already picked up his gun.

And then the final whistle blew. Nil-nil. Not good. Now Danny looked at the man. He was asleep. Drunk and asleep.

Danny breathed out a huge sigh. He couldn't believe it. The man was supposed to be guarding Danny, but he was drunk and asleep. Danny didn't hesitate this time. He walked to the door. It was open.



He was faced with a corridor. Could he really just walk out of here? To the left he saw into the back of what looked like a flat. To the right he saw a short staircase down and a door with chains and bolts on it. The door to the outside. It had to be.

Danny turned right. To the door. He undid the chains and locks, and then pulled the door open. Fresh air hit him. He was outside. He couldn't believe it. In the darkness Danny could see streetlights, and cars moving up and down. He was free. Then Danny stopped. He had to go back. Into the house. Into the kitchen. To the fridge.

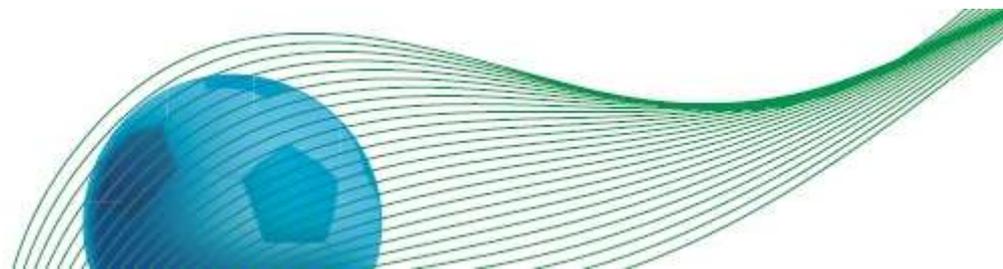
What was the point of just walking away? He might save himself, but MANU would still be able to wipe out millions of animals. Brazil might not have scored tonight, but they would in their next game. And the game after that, perhaps.

Danny sighed, then went back into the flat. For the animals. Past the door to the room where he had been held prisoner. He didn't look in. There was no point. He had to get the bottles and if he was stopped on the way, then he was stopped.

The kitchen was on the left at the end of the corridor. Danny could hear the fridge buzzing before he saw it. Into the kitchen. Opening the fridge.

There they were. Fifteen or twenty bottles. No question that they were the right ones. He recognised them from the airport.

Danny found a cotton bag and filled it with the bottles. Then he was out of there. Back



down the corridor. Past the room where his guard was no doubt snoring in front of the TV.

He opened the front door again.

Freedom once more.

He'd leave this house, get away from the neighbourhood he was in and find Charlotte. That was his thinking. Now there would be no more animals killed.

And then he saw her. The ghost woman. Walking up the path, staring at her mobile phone. Danny had no option but to turn back into the house. Now what?



Read Chapter 7 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Thursday 19th June.

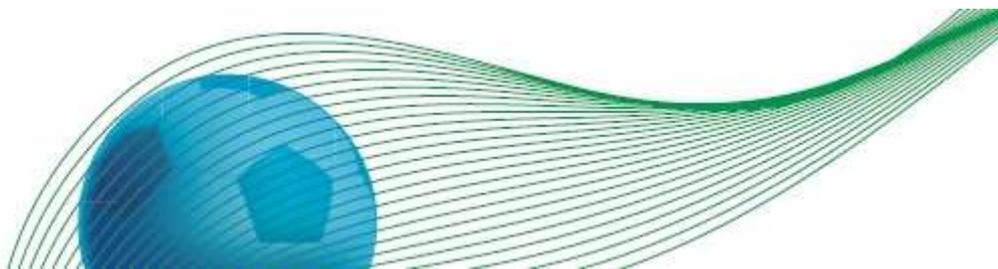
Chapter Seven

Danny had the chance to escape from his prison cell somewhere in Manaus, Brazil, after his guard fell asleep. But he went back into the flat to get the bottles of liquid that the eco-terror group – MANU – were planning to use to wipe out whole species of animals in the Amazon. He thought it was the right thing to do. But now his escape route was blocked by the 'ghost woman' leader of MANU.

Danny rushed into the flat. Back into his prison.

He cursed himself for not escaping when he had the chance. But going back for the bottles had seemed like the right thing to do.

How to get out now? The cell he'd been kept in? The kitchen? There was no way out of



either of those rooms. Then Danny heard footsteps. She was coming. The ghost woman.

Danny stumbled deeper into the flat. A bedroom. Large. A door at the far end. Wooden. He had no time to worry about choices. There was only one choice. Danny ran at the door and kicked it down. The noise echoed off buildings opposite, then trees beyond. There was no one else about. Danny had seconds. The woman would be in the flat. The man had a gun. He might be drunk and asleep, but *she* could use it.

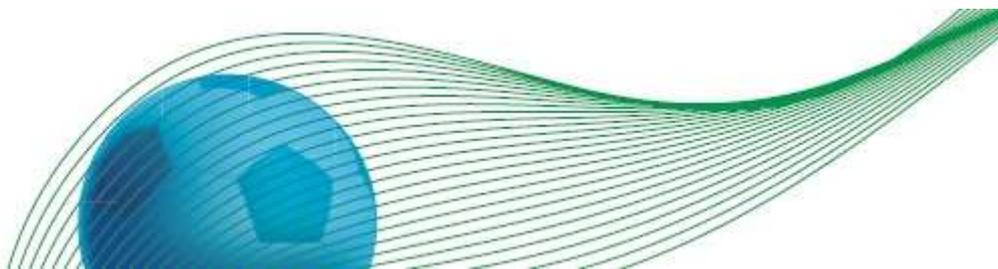
With the bag of bottles under his arm, Danny sprinted, zig-zagging across the open land between the houses, until he was among the cover of the trees and the night.

Charlotte was three miles away from Danny in the centre of Manaus. She had found a budget hotel with a free internet café on the street. The café was scruffy and the computer screens old; but some of them worked. The carpet was threadbare. There was a vending machine for Coke and water in the corner. Charlotte chose water. She had not drunk Coke since she found out that there were eight teaspoons of sugar in each can.

After hours of searching images of the World Cup on Twitter feeds and Facebook, Charlotte had discovered nothing relating to Danny, his kidnappers and the ghost woman.

Every five minutes she checked her email inbox too. Hoping to hear from Danny - or at least hear something *about* him.

But there was nothing. She felt sick with anxiety about her friend.



Hitting a dead end in her search for Danny, her mind returned to the birds and butterflies in the Amazon. She searched **Amazon, eco** and other words on Google. She scrolled through dozens of websites about the Amazon. About deforestation. About the loss of animals' habitats. But there was nothing about the birds, butterflies and beetles. She was starting to wonder if she had not invented it all. But she kept at it.

Then two things happened almost at once.

She found a blogger. A blogger called Beacon.

Beacon was writing about the mysterious death of thousands of birds around Manaus. And how a strange bird virus was spreading across the Amazon. That was it. At last. Someone else knew.

Then - at the same time - she saw an email come into her inbox.

She checked it immediately.

It was Danny. She grinned. He was safe. She had never felt so relieved.

When Danny showed up at the internet cafe he looked hot.

'You stink,' Charlotte said. Then she grabbed and hugged him.

Danny felt like he could cry. It was so good to see Charlotte. There was a time he thought he'd never see her again.

After he had explained what had happened to him, he sat next to her.

'So what have *you* found out?' he asked.

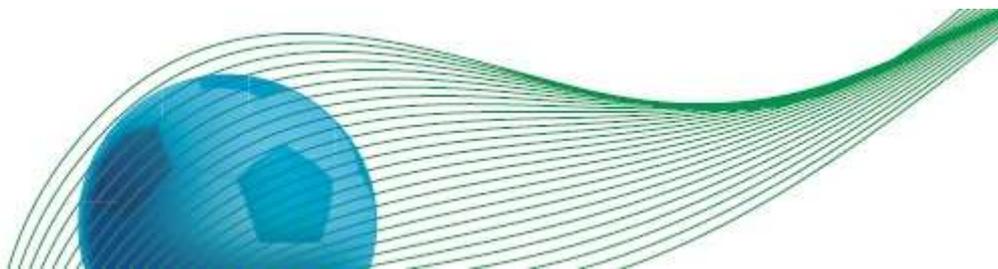
'What do you mean?'

'You'll have been finding things out. Things that can help us.'

'Maybe I have.'

'Go on.'

'I've found a blogger,' Charlotte explained. 'He's reporting the dead birds around Manaus.'



'Good,' Danny said. 'This is our way to help deal with MANU. Even if we do have their bottles, I bet they won't stop at that.'

'So we email Beacon?'

'Yes. Definitely.'

Charlotte drafted an email to the blogger. They said they wanted to talk to him; that they had information. She kept it simple.

'Shall I send it?' she asked.

'Yes,' Danny said. 'It's perfect.'

Charlotte pressed send.

'We have to write a report on the England match tonight,' Danny said, as they waited.

'We can watch it in our room,' Charlotte suggested. 'There's a TV.'

'Good.'

'I'm surprised you can think about football,' Charlotte said.

Danny was about to respond to her, when a reply came back from Beacon.

'That was quick,' Danny said. Charlotte nodded. 'Almost like he was waiting for us.'

'What does he say?' Danny asked.

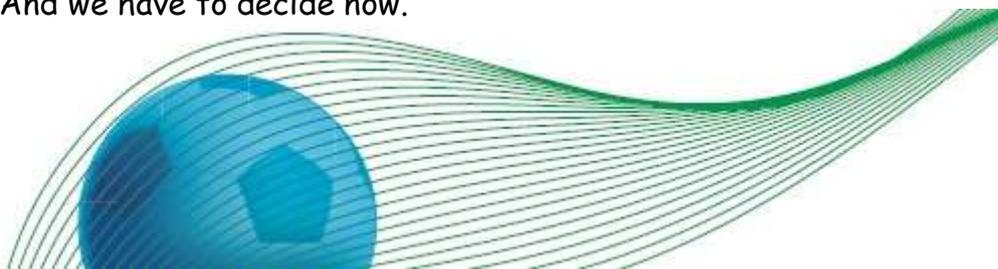
'He wants to meet in Manaus. Tomorrow. In the airport arrivals area.'

'So should we meet him? Is it safe?' Danny asked.

Charlotte shrugged.

'And what do we do with these bottles? Destroy them? Hide them? Keep them with us?'

'Big questions,' Danny said. 'We have to decide what we are going to do about this whole situation. And we have to decide now.'





Read Chapter 8 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Friday 20th June.

Chapter Eight

Danny has escaped from MANU and is now reunited with his friend, Charlotte. Charlotte has been busy doing detective work on the internet. She discovers a blogger called Beacon, who has blogged about birds dying in the Amazon. Charlotte and Danny have to decide whether to meet Beacon, or not, to help them solve the Amazon crimes. They also have to decide what to do with MANU's deadly bottles.

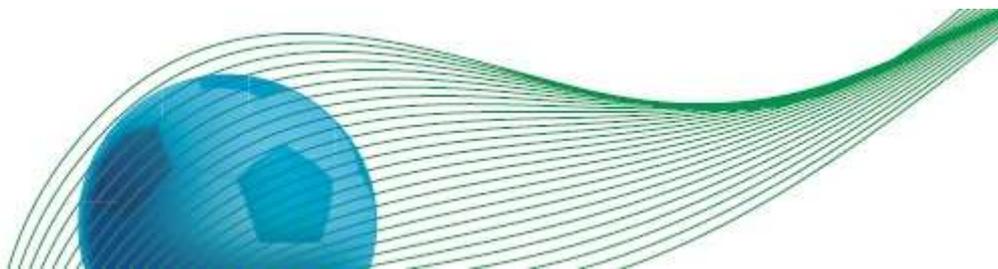
Hello everyone

It's Tom Palmer here. I want to say a big thank you for reading *Foul Play: Brazil*. I hope you are enjoying it so far. Thanks also to your teachers for reading it with you. I have called this section Chapter Eight, but it's not really a chapter. It's actually decision time.

You have three choices of which direction the story can go in next week. Read through each option and see which you like best. If you have time, you could talk about the pros and cons of each option. There are instructions on how to vote at the bottom of this document.

Good luck and thanks again for reading. And let's not mention the football last night.

Tom



***FOUL PLAY: BRAZIL* - the three storyline options for next week**

OPTION ONE

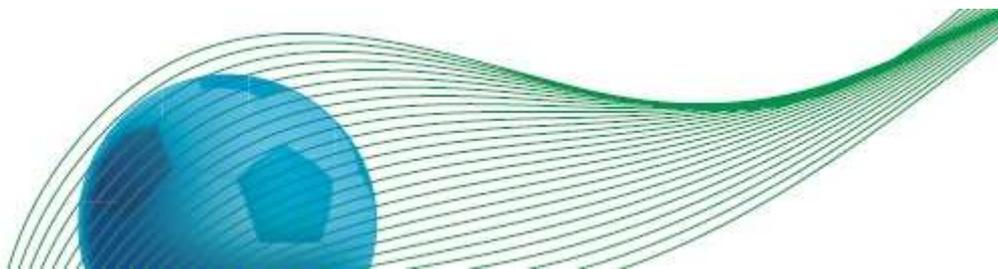
Charlotte and Danny don't meet Beacon, because it is a very bad idea to meet people you have 'met' on the internet. But they do speak by email. It is clear that he is a brilliant blogger with lots of readers. They agree to go back into the Amazon to gather information about the animals for him to use in his blog. But their flight back to the Amazon crashes and our two heroes are pitched into a terrifying survival story, hunted by both deadly animals and an old enemy of Danny's who is determined to destroy the Amazon rainforest to make billions - and who is working with MANU.

OPTION TWO

Beacon is not a real blogger. He is in league with MANU. His blog is a trap for Danny and Charlotte. He tries to hand over Danny and Charlotte to the ghost woman. Charlotte is captured. Danny gets away. Then MANU contact Danny to say he can have Charlotte back if he hands over the bottles he took when he escaped from them. These chapters will be mostly in a city setting.

OPTION THREE

Danny and Charlotte tell the police about what they have found out and - now that there is less civil unrest in Brazil - the police listen and together they catch MANU. Danny and Charlotte then decide to go and watch the Costa Rica game, hoping that England can stay in the tournament. Somehow. Because if England go out, they will have to go home and back to school.



IMPORTANT INFORMATION

- 1 Each class, group or family is allowed one vote each.
- 2 Please vote by emailing vote.tompalmer@talktalk.net. If that one fails, for some reason, please use info@tompalmer.co.uk
- 3 Please vote before 11:59pm BST on Friday 20 June (i.e. today).
- 4 Please put your choice of option in the SUBJECT LINE of the email only, leaving the body of the text blank,
- 5 Type either OPTION 1, OPTION 2 or OPTION 3.

VOTES NOW CLOSED



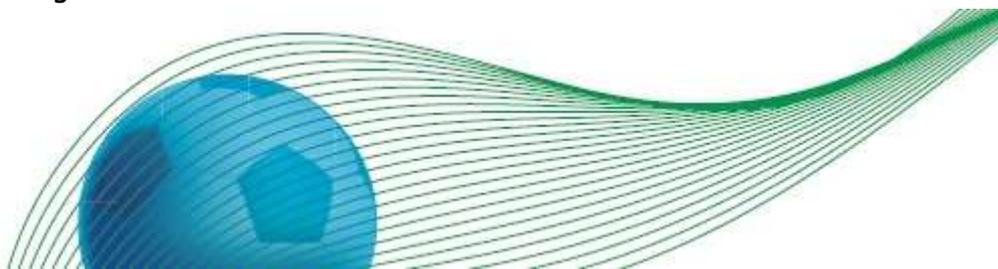
Read Chapter 9 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Monday 23 June.

Chapter Nine

Hello again

Thank you all very much for voting for what happens next in *Foul Play: Brazil*, along with over 1,200 other schools. It was exciting seeing votes come in from schools all over the world including Abu Dhabi, Australia, Canada and The Cayman Islands. It was very close between Options One and Two. You will see which storyline received the most votes in a minute. Thank you to your teachers and parents for helping with the voting too.

I am glad that Option Three didn't win because the story would have been very quickly tied up. As you know the best choice for any children in this situation would be to go to the police. But, in fiction, sometimes you have to do what they call 'suspending disbelief'. In other words, not worrying too much about what would, or should, happen in the real world. Thanks for doing that!



Another thing. In Option One, Danny and Charlotte work with a blogger. Someone they met on the internet, who they know nothing about. That's pretty daft in real life too, so I am glad they are going to be together. I expect 99% of you know that meeting people through the internet could be very dangerous. But just in case you're in the 1% who doesn't, please be careful on the internet and always tell an adult what you're doing.

But back to the fictional world of Charlotte and Danny.

Tom

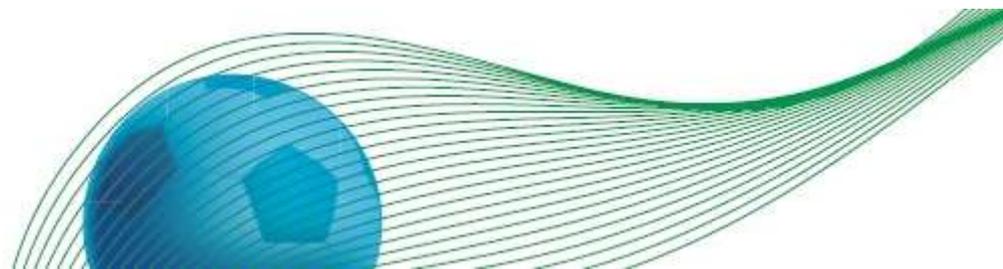
It was a much smaller aeroplane than the one that had brought Charlotte and Danny to Manaus. There were eight seats for passengers. That was all. With only the two English children - and a pilot - on board. Charlotte felt every bump as they passed through a stray cloud that hung over the lush green rainforest. She was looking forward to landing. The noise of the propellers was irritating her.

'Here we go again,' Danny said. Charlotte knew he was pretending not to be scared of flying.

'Yes,' she replied. 'We'll be there soon.'

Charlotte was glad they had chosen to work with Beacon. Glad too that they had chosen not to meet him. He had provided them with money for plane tickets, kit, and to pay for a guide to take them into the Amazon, leaving it at their hotel reception desk.

She really admired his blog too. He knew a lot about how the Amazon creatures were suffering because of deforestation and he seemed passionate about it. They had



seen him quoted by the BBC and other well-known news companies. And they both felt he was very different from the eco-terrorist group, MANU.

Charlotte pointed at the map she had been studying. 'There,' she said. 'To the north. That huge patch of grey out there. That's where Beacon suggested we should trek.'

'We'll meet our guide at the airfield, right?'

Charlotte nodded.

'Then we trek into the rainforest. Gather evidence of more animal deaths. Look at what's going on where the forest canopy has vanished?'

Danny nodded.

Then suddenly the noise of the plane stopped.

Silence.

No engines.

Danny and Charlotte watched over the shoulder of the pilot with concern as he flicked buttons and shouted into his radio. What was going on?

Their concern changed to panic as they watched him pull out a large rucksack, strap it to his back, then open the door at his side.

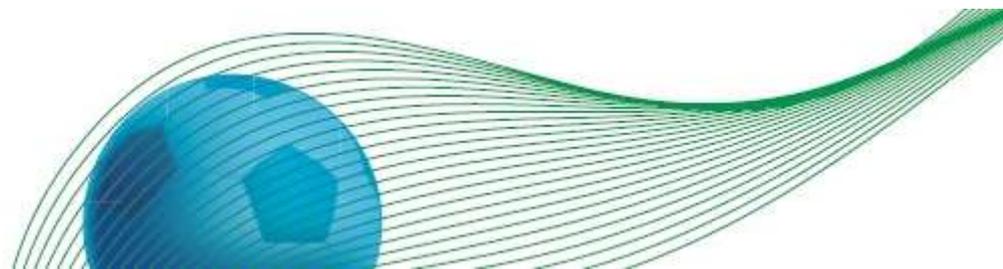
He looked at Danny and Charlotte. His eyes were red. His face pale.

'Engine kaput!' he shouted. 'Engine kaput. One parachute.'

Then he jumped.

Immediately the plane began to dive.

Danny followed Charlotte as she scrambled to the front of the plane with the almost hopeless task of trying to control it as it plunged towards the deep dark rainforest below.



On the edge of the devastated area of rainforest that Charlotte and Danny had seen from the sky, inside a luxury cabin, sat a man.

An Englishman.

He was watching the Italy v Costa Rica game on his satellite TV. Using his own giant portable satellite dish. And his own 60-inch plasma screen.

When the final whistle went he started to laugh. He could hardly breathe he was laughing so much. Costa Rica had beaten Italy, meaning England were out of the World Cup. He laughed again. He hated the England football team. More than that, he hated England football fans. He had been born and bred in England. He even used to own a Premier League football team there. City FC.

But that project went wrong.

And, because of that he had to leave England and set up here in Brazil. Now he ravaged the rainforest and made tens-of-thousands of pounds every day. It kept him busy. And rich.

He smiled again.

One day he would go back to England and find the reason he had to leave his home. Find the boy who stopped him living his dream of owning City FC. And kill him.

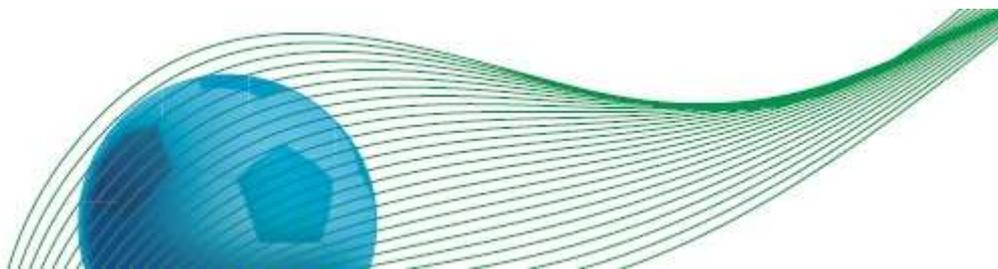
For now he would have to make do with knowing that because England were out of the World Cup, that boy would be unhappy. What was the boy's name? Danny Harte. A name he would never forget.

After laughing, the man - whose name was Sir Richard Gawthorpe - noticed a red light flashing in the top right hand corner of his TV screen.

An emergency.

He quickly flicked from the football to his bank of CCTV cameras.

Then he saw the problem.



A light plane plunging out of the sky and into the rainforest. He chuckled. Everyone on board would die. No question of that. It was certainly an emergency.

But not for him. So he let it go.

Sir Richard Gawthorpe switched his TV off and made to go to his office. He had a Skype meeting planned. A little trouble with another of his projects. Entering his office he could see the pale face of the woman he was scheduled to speak to on his computer screen.

'Eva,' said Sir Richard. 'How is our little project developing?'



Read Chapter 10 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Tuesday 24th June.

Chapter Ten

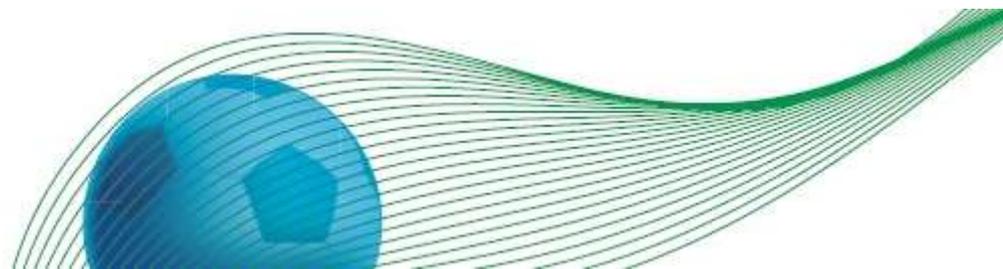
Danny and Charlotte are heading out to the Amazon rainforest again on a fact-finding mission suggested by the environmentalist blogger, Beacon. They are targeting an area of huge devastation – a place Beacon thinks is at the centre of the recent spate of species' deaths. Towards the end of their flight the engine fails and the pilot bails out, leaving them alone in a plane that is bound to crash. Meanwhile, in the Amazon below, an old enemy of Danny Harte appears to be the person responsible for the destruction of this area of rainforest.

The pilot is jumping.

The plane diving, then levelling out. Like a rollercoaster.

The dark green of the canopy of the rainforest. Too close. Far too close.

Then the first bangs and thuds as the underside of the plane hits the trees.



The noise of the wings ripping off the fuselage.

Slowing down.

No time for fear.

Just trying to hold on.

Heavy bumping.

Danny shouting.

Charlotte shouting.

Someone crying.

Holding on. Their hands like claws gripping.

Their arms feeling like they are being ripped off.

Then the plane stopping.

Sudden.

Rocking now.

Then dropping through the tops of the trees.

Expecting a crash when it hit the ground.

Expecting a fireball of pain.

Then a sudden jolt, Danny banging his head.

'We need to get out,' Charlotte saying.

Then forcing their way out of the door of the plane. Or was it just a hole
in the fuselage?

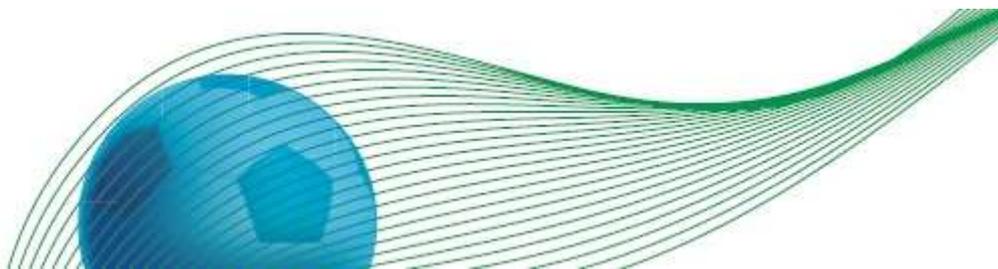
Scrambling down a tree.

Somehow.

It seemed impossible.

Then laughing. Then crying. Then silence.

After the shock of the landing - both convinced they were facing a painful
death - Charlotte



and Danny sat on a fallen tree and stared speechless at their surroundings. They were alive! They had walked away from a plane crash. That was impossible. Wasn't it?

Above them the canopy of the rainforest kept them out of the harsh sunlight. They could see huge ferns, flashes of animals and birds in the trees.

Charlotte ran through the last minutes in her mind.

'We should be...' she stopped.

'It's a... what do you call it?' Danny asked.

'Miracle.'

'A miracle. That's it.'

'That was...' Charlotte again.

Danny heard a catch in her voice. Like she was about to cry, unable to say more than three words. And he felt the same. Overwhelmed with emotion.

Shocked.

He looked at her.

'That was bad,' he said. 'We're lucky to be alive. I thought... you know.'

'Are you hurt?' Charlotte asked.

'Everything hurts.'

'Me too.'

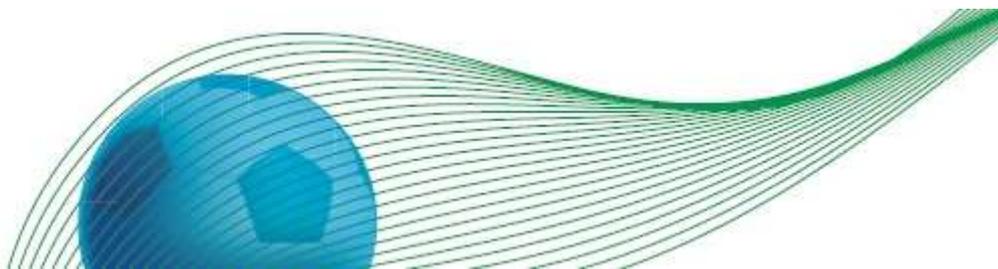
'How's your head. It's cut.'

They spoke in that way for a few minutes. Short sentences. Barely making sense. They were in deep shock.

Eventually Charlotte felt a surge of adrenaline. She knew what it was. The survival instinct overcoming her shock.

'Where's the map?' she asked Danny.

'Here.' Danny held it up.



'Have you got your compass?'

'I think so.' Danny scrambled through his rucksack. He found it.

'Then we need to get on,' Charlotte said. 'The clearing we saw. North east of here. There'll be people there. They might be ruining the rainforest, but they're our only hope of surviving this.'

'They will have tracked the plane,' Danny said. 'They'll know we crashed.'

'Will they? What about that plane from Malaysia in March?'

Danny stood up. 'Come on then,' he said. His legs felt unsteady.

'Let's go back to the plane first,' he suggested. 'There was some food. Some bottled water. In the hold.'

'Good idea,' Charlotte nodded.

Having loaded a rucksack with water and food, the two children began to walk along a narrow overgrown track, the leaves brushing against their faces and arms.

The light began to fade very quickly into their walk. Danny noticed that as well as going dark, the animal sounds they could hear were changing too. Different bird calls. More clicking and buzzing.

'We need to find somewhere safe to sleep,' Danny said.

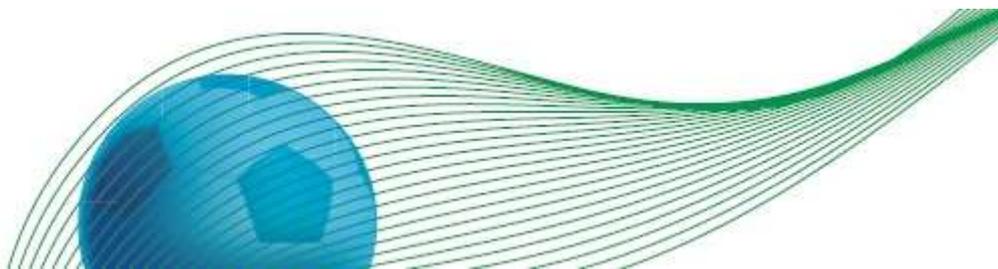
Charlotte laughed dryly. 'Perhaps there's a B&B up ahead.'

Danny smiled.

'What animals do we need to worry about tonight?' he asked. 'You read the guide book.'

'Snakes. Alligators. Jaguars. That sort of thing.'

'Nice,' Danny joked. But he did not feel that funny: deep down he knew that he and Charlotte were out of their depth. In danger of death.



Another few minutes of silence.

'Remind me how this all started?' Charlotte asked. 'You trying to solve football crimes.'

'Yes,' Danny sounded defensive. 'When my favourite player was kidnapped.'

'That's it. Couldn't you have just left it alone? We could be at home. Enjoying Wimbledon.

That started today.'

Danny noticed an irritation in Charlotte's voice.

'No way,' he replied. 'When Sir Richard kidnapped Sam Roberts I was the only one who worked out what really happened. No one believed me. I had to do it.'

No reply from Charlotte. She was kneeling a few metres further up the track.

'I had to, Charlotte,' Danny pleaded.

'It's not that,' Charlotte said, brushing leaves out of her brown hair. 'Look.'

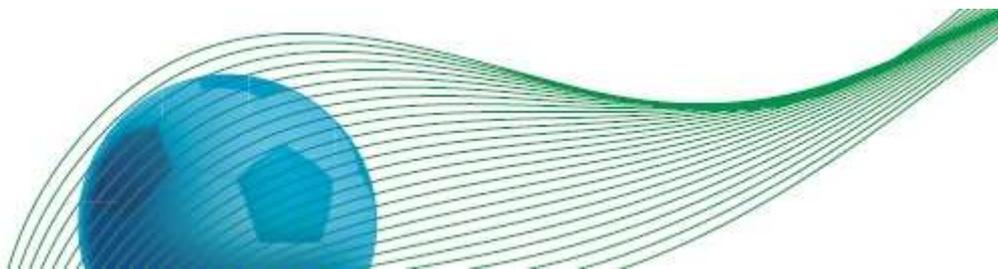
Danny looked.

There was a small monkey on the track in front of them. It was dead. And another. And another. Danny counted four in all.

'MANU must have some more liquids,' Charlotte gasped in horror. 'We haven't stopped it. We've failed.'

Danny frowned. 'Brazil played last night. Cameroon. It looks like they scored this time.'

'Come on,' Charlotte said. 'This isn't over yet. But it will be. We have to act. And fast.'





Read Chapter 11 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Wednesday 25 June.

Chapter Eleven

After their miraculous escape from a plane crash, Danny and Charlotte are lost in the Amazon rainforest without a guide or any protection. And, to make things worse, they have just seen more dead animals, making them suspect that MANU have used more of their deadly liquids to wipe out whole species. But that has not made our two heroes want to give up. It has made them angry. And *now* they are ready to fight back.

Charlotte and Danny walked determinedly through the rainforest. They tried to keep to tracks or vaguely open areas, so that they could see what they were stepping on. Or see what might be coming up behind them.

It was hard going. After they set off, the heavens opened. But this was not British drizzle. It was like every rainstorm they had ever experienced all falling at once. They could barely see ahead of themselves.

Danny held the compass, making sure that the rain didn't make them deviate from their plan to go north. Charlotte walked slightly ahead, working out the best path to take.

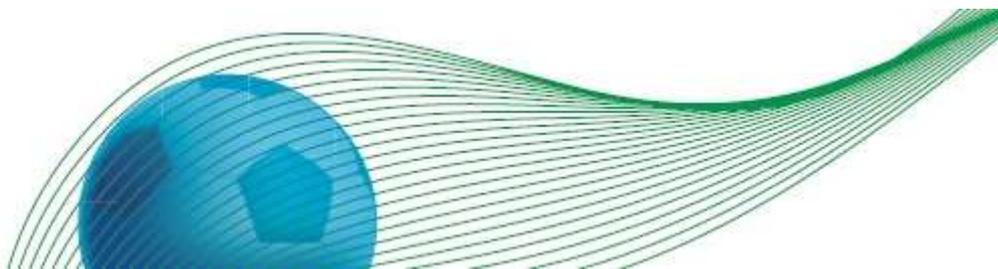
'I suppose that's why this place is called a rainforest,' Danny joked.

'You're so funny,' Charlotte replied dryly.

'At least it's keeping the jaguars and snakes away,' Danny said.

After three hours of walking, the light changed slightly ahead of them.

'Is that the sun coming out?' Charlotte asked.



Danny shook his head. 'No. I think... I think... it's a clearing. A massive clearing.'

It was true that there were no deadly animals coming after Danny and Charlotte. Most animals in that area of the rainforest knew to avoid humans. Or else they had left the area because so many of the trees had been cleared, meaning they needed to move on to find food and shelter.

But Danny and Charlotte *weren't* safe from the group of people cautiously tracking them, about 100 metres to their left, among the thicker rainforest undergrowth.

Charlotte thought she would feel happy that they had found the clearing. It was so obviously a place that was in the process of being deforested, stripped of its trees and grasses and life. In the distance they saw smoke coming off piles of vegetation and three huge diggers working the land.

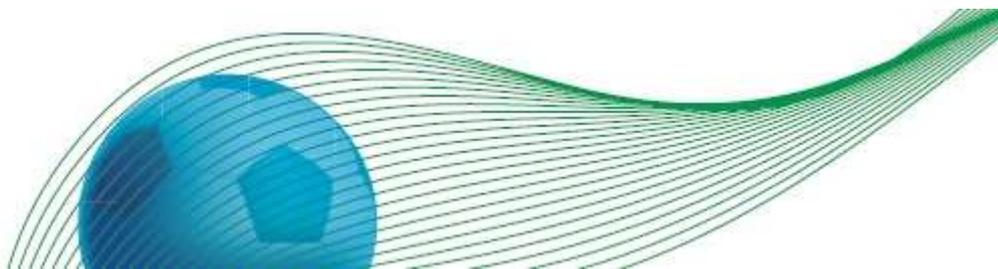
When Charlotte saw all this she burst into tears.

Danny knew why she was so distressed.

Instead of lush beautiful greenery and the cry of birds and animals, there was just mud. Mud that was running in streams because of the heavy rain. Mud slopping around shredded tree stumps. Mud causing landslides, pulling even more trees down.

Danny thought that it looked like a great wound in the forest. He could see two hills behind the first rise, equally devastated. It went on for miles. He felt sick.

He put his arm round Charlotte.



'The world's gone mad,' she said. 'And we're partly responsible for this. You know that!'

Danny nodded.

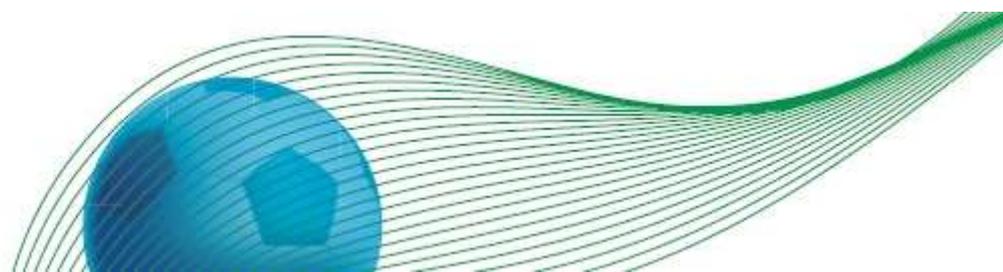
'If we all bought furniture made of wood that isn't from the rainforest...' Charlotte ranted. 'If we all recycled more and used less electricity... If we wrote to our MPs to tell them we wanted them to talk to the Prime Minister about it... Even if we read a bit more about what was going on... so we knew more about it... this wouldn't be happening so much.'

'You're right.'

'If we were at home we could do things like that. At least we'd be *doing* things. But what can we do here? Nothing. All we can do is look at it and feel like I feel now.'

'We can do a lot, Charlotte,' Danny argued. 'We can take photos. We can write about it for *First News*. Give Beacon what he needs. He's not only interested in unmasking MANU. He wants to save the rainforest. And we do too. We can spread the word about it.'

Danny and Charlotte's stalkers were only five metres away now. They were hiding skilfully - without making a noise - in the last layers of rainforest. They wore lines on their faces - reds and blacks - and had feathers tangled in their hair. They also had spears held ready to throw at the two people they had been tracking, once they were close enough to strike. Because these people looked very like the men who had stripped their country bare. And these people would have to pay.



Danny saw it first. Ahead of them, caught in the mud.

A small deer. A faun.

'Look,' he said gently.

Charlotte gasped, startling the animal, which tried to struggle free. But it couldn't move more than a few centimetres. It was trapped, its legs sucked deep into the mud.

Silently understanding what needed to be done, both Danny and Charlotte waded towards the young deer, slipping and falling themselves, quickly filthy.

The deer's eyes were wild with fear as they approached. But Danny spoke to it gently as Charlotte eased it from the mud and held it tight, until she could release it back into the rainforest.

Wading back to the trees, brown with mud from head to foot, Charlotte began to laugh.

She set the deer down carefully and it immediately sprinted into the deep undergrowth. Gone.

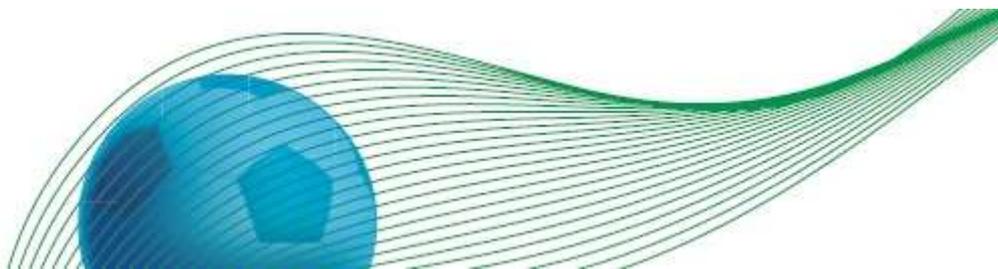
Watching it skitter away, Charlotte spotted the tribespeople as they emerged from the woods, spears raised.

As Danny slipped beside her, she steadied him; then pointed.

'Look,' she said, her voice trembling. 'We're not alone.'



**Read Chapter 12 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil*
on Thursday 26th June.**



Chapter Twelve

Charlotte and Danny are trying to find their way out of the Brazilian rainforest after their plane crashed, leaving them helpless and hopeless. They have managed to avoid being attacked by the more dangerous animals of the rainforest, but now they find themselves face to face with a spear-bearing Amazon tribe.

Danny and Charlotte stood, up to their knees in mud, as two fierce tribesmen moved towards them. The men had angry white and red lines painted onto their chests. The skin around their eyes was blackened by paint or mud. The effect of the paint and their expressions were terrifying.

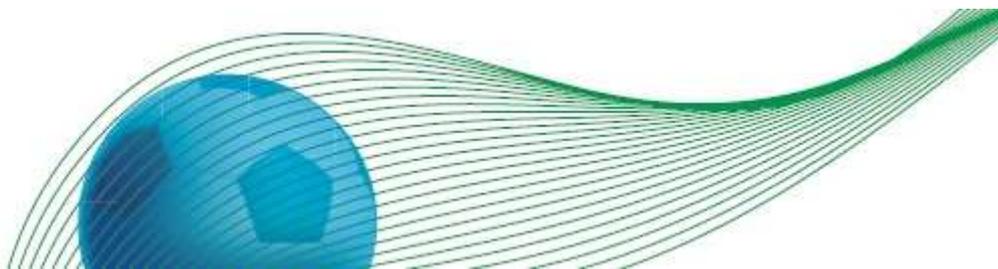
Danny reached out and took Charlotte's hand.

And then a tall woman stepped forward in the space between the two warriors. She had jet-black hair and a huge piece of bone jewellery pierced through her lips. She stared hard at Danny and Charlotte, as if she was trying to read their minds. She raised her hand, making the warriors lower their spears. Then she snapped her fingers.

An old man appeared. He had white hair and very brown skin. The tall woman spoke to him. Her voice sounded a little like the language of the Yanomami tribe. Incomprehensible to Danny and Charlotte. But they were so frightened of the tribe and what they might do that everything was confusing to them.

'English?' the old man said.

Danny stepped forward, surprised to hear his own language spoken so far from home. The tribesmen raised their spears as a reaction to his movement. For a second time the tall woman raised her hand and they lowered the spears again.



'Why you here?' the old man asked. 'What you doing?'

Danny knew that the only thing to do was to be honest. He had a feeling the tall woman - who was still staring at him - would notice a lie whatever language he spoke.

'We have come to find out how the rainforest is being destroyed,' Danny said.

'And why so many animals are dying,' Charlotte added. 'Then we will write about it in a newspaper for children. And on the internet.'

The old man translated what the pair had said, as the woman still stared hard at them. Charlotte wondered if she even knew what the internet was.

The conversation went on. Danny and Charlotte explained in detail what had happened to them. The woman nodded when they spoke about animals dying and the plane crashing.

But then the old man spoke.

'My leader not believe words,' he said. 'Words not mean a thing. We can all say words, but not mean them. She say she judge you by your acts. She judge you how you help the small deer. This has saved you.'

Charlotte felt Danny's hand tighten around hers. It made her feel a little better.

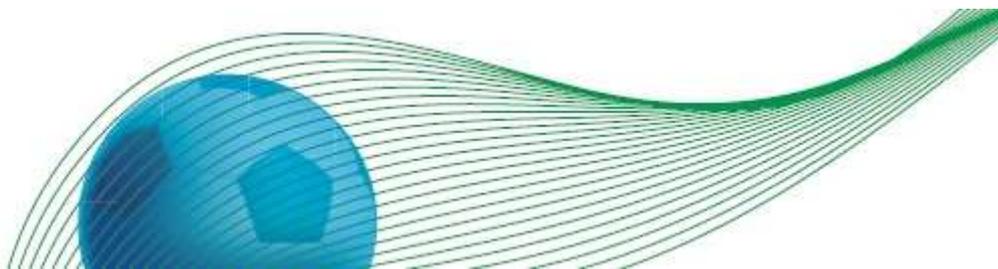
Next the man explained how they knew a disaster was happening with so many animals dying. He spoke about what he called the *stolen land* and how that was affecting both his tribe and the wildlife.

'Our leader wish to show you how land is stolen. She know you truthful.'

'Thank you,' Danny said. 'We will try to help you.'

'May I ask a question?' Charlotte asked. 'Please.'

The old man nodded.



'How is it that you can speak English?'

The old man smiled. 'I learn from other tribe. I learn to speak to men who steal. To tell them no.'

'And what did the men who steal say to you when you spoke to them?'

'Nothing. They not listen.'

Over the next few hours Danny and Charlotte were given a breath-taking tour through the forest. To show them what they had asked to see.

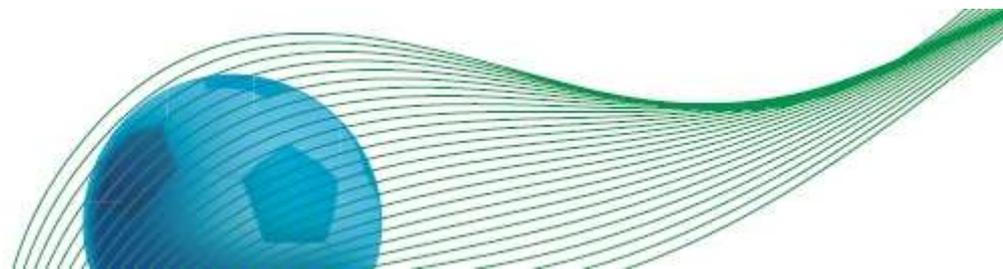
Danny wanted to record every detail, however small. He remembered from books that he had read and that had inspired him to become a football detective, that the best detectives knew that even the smallest piece of information might be useful.

They were shown small burrows dug into trees that had been torn down. Tarantula spider burrows. 'Now no tarantulas here,' the old man said mournfully.

They were taken to what had once been a great pool where turtles lived. Now the only evidence of the turtles was their shells. Their water had been poisoned.

Danny and Charlotte gathered evidence. They took photos. They recorded the man's words. They knew that they were being shown the terrible damage that the world was doing to the Amazon in a way that had not been seen before. By the people who knew the Amazon best. They would give this information to Beacon. They would write about it and tell people at home in *First News*. They were determined to help.

Finally the man spoke, his voice a rasping whisper. 'Now our tribe leave our place. We lose too much. We leave the land we live for all time.'



High above the Amazon tribe and the two English children a small unmanned plane was circling. A drone. It was relaying images back to a 60 inch TV screen in a luxurious dwelling nearby.

Sir Richard Gawthorpe watched with interest.

He knew of this tribe. He saw them very occasionally on his screens. They were interesting in a little way. But what was *really* interesting was the two western-looking people.

He used his controls to focus in more on the pair.

Then he stood up in shock, knocking his drink onto the floor, the glass shattering.

'The boy!' he said. 'The boy!'

He looked again.

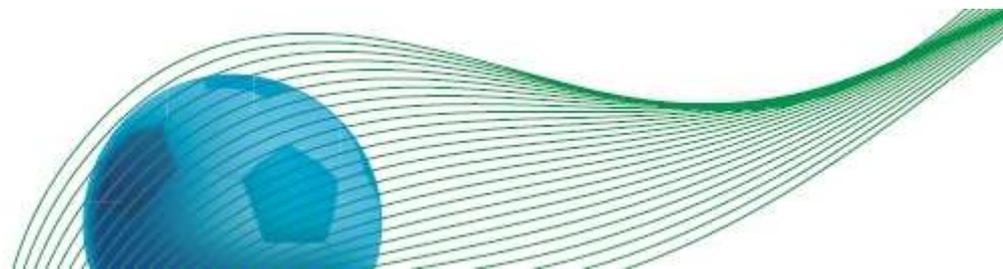
His heartbeat was going hard. He felt himself sweating. And then he began to laugh. Loud laughter. Echoing through his house.s

'Danny Harte,' he said to himself. 'We meet again.'

There will be no vote in tomorrow's Friday chapter, but there **will** be a vote on Friday **next** week, when you will be able to decide what happens in the final week of *Foul Play: Brazil*. I'm sorry there is not much football this week. But for the football fans, next week will include a storyline that will depend on who wins through to the quarter finals.

Thank you for reading this far. I hope you are enjoying it this week. I have some hopefully exciting plans for next week to keep you on the edges of your seats.

Please say thank you to your teachers too.





Read Chapter 13 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil*
On Friday 27th June.

Chapter Thirteen

Charlotte and Danny have been shown how deforestation is ruining the rainforest by a friendly Amazon tribe. They have taken photos and interviewed one of the tribespeople in English so that they have information to give to Beacon, the blogger, and to use for their articles for *First News*. But unknown to them they have been spotted by the man responsible for all the destruction. Danny's oldest enemy: Sir Richard Gawthorpe.

Danny and Charlotte had spent the whole day with the Amazon tribe, seeing how the rainforest was being destroyed by deforestation. As night drew in they were taken to see the place that shocked them most.

A compound. A set of luxury buildings surrounded by a huge electrified fence. And a huge quantity of machinery. All lit up by blinding floodlights against the black shadows of the ancient rainforest.

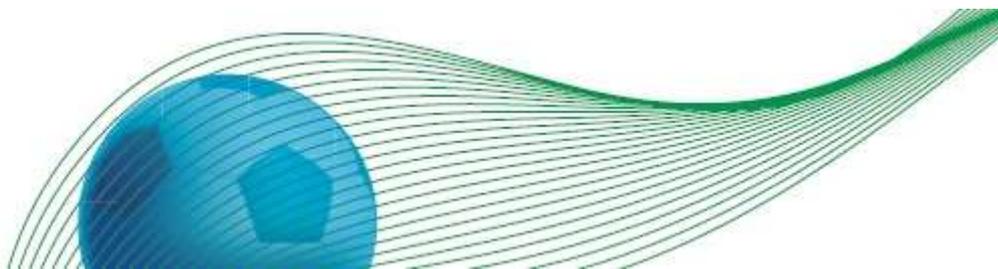
'This is place of the men who steal,' the old man explained.

Danny cast his eyes across the compound. There were dozens of diggers, cranes and well-drilling machines. It looked like they had enough machinery to tear up far more of the rainforest than they had so far. It was very frightening and extremely depressing.

Charlotte snapped more photographs. With all the evidence she had gathered so far she knew she had the makings of a front page newspaper article that would make the world listen and act.

'Would you like me to take a photo of you?'

Charlotte laughed at the old man's joke, then she realised that he wasn't speaking.



'Who said that?' Charlotte asked Danny.

'I did.' The voice again.

Then a click. An unmistakable noise to Danny: a gun being readied to be fired.

Charlotte noticed Danny looking around him frantically. His face was a shocking white.

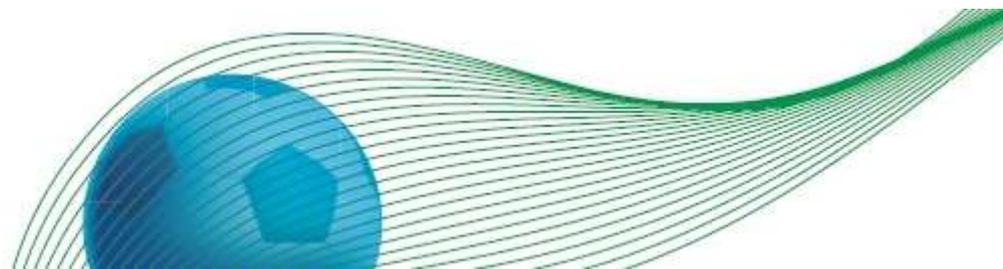
And then a man emerged from behind the main gate to the compound. He was followed by four more armed men. All in jungle camouflage, black paint covering parts of their faces.

Charlotte backed away and secretly passed the old man her camera, containing all her images and her recording device. She wanted the tribe to have them. They might be able to pass them on to someone. She had a feeling she and Danny were about to be prisoners. That she had to act fast. She was pleased that she had not let her panic overwhelm her before she handed them over. Now, though, she was sick with fear.

Danny never expected to see Sir Richard Gawthorpe again. They had last met in Russia, when Danny was trying to solve who was threatening England goalkeepers to force them to let goals in against Russia. He had discovered that it was Sir Richard. Danny had stopped Sir Richard and cost him millions, if not billions of pounds. But he wasn't dead, like Danny had thought.

Danny said nothing. He felt afraid too. But still in control. He always found that dealing with men like this, you needed to be in control of your feelings. And he wanted to wait to see what Sir Richard was going to do. His enemy had the upper hand this time.

Danny noticed that the tribespeople had vanished into the undergrowth. At least they had escaped from Sir Richard! Danny didn't blame them at all.



Later - over dinner - Sir Richard told Danny and Charlotte exactly what he was going to do.

It was strange to be eating with someone who was keeping them prisoner. Sir Richard, Danny and Charlotte sat around a beautiful polished wooden table, eating amazing food with silver cutlery, drinking out of crystal glasses. There was an armed man at each end of the room, guns pointing at the floor, but ready.

'I recall that you like to read, Danny?'

'I do,' Danny replied. He knew this was Sir Richard gearing up to tell him his mad plan for the two of them.

'Yes. You read detective stories and it helped you solve crimes. My crimes.'

'I thought you were dead,' Danny said, changing the subject.

Sir Richard laughed. 'No Danny. I'm not dead. But you could be very soon.'

Danny had passed from fear to irritation. This man was insane. He acted like some sort of villain off Scooby Doo. Danny wanted to take him down. A third time.

'What are you planning?' Danny asked. 'Just tell us. Stop playing.'

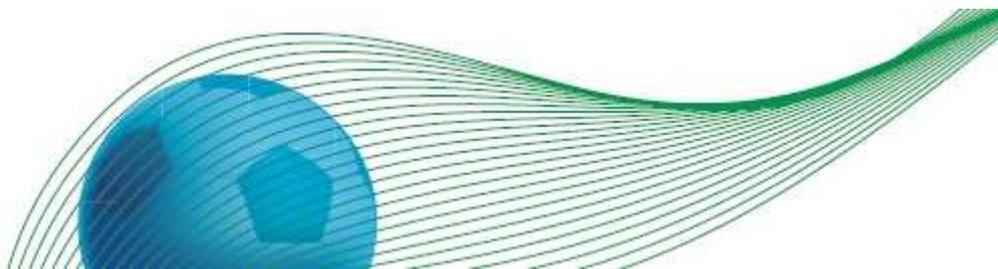
'I am playing. Yes. I'm planning on playing a game,' Sir Richard chuckled.

'What sort of game?'

'A game for you and your new friend. A game based on a book. Just for you.'

'Which book?'

'A bestselling book. With a game in it. And with death in it.' Sir Richard laughed again. 'This is going to be such fun.'



Danny glanced at Charlotte. She was staring right at him.

'What?'

'He means *The Hunger Games*, Danny,' she said.

'What a clever girl,' Sir Richard smirked. 'You've met your match, Danny.'

Over the next hour Sir Richard Gawthorpe explained his crazed plan. He would put Danny and Charlotte in a fenced off area of the rainforest, an area that he was going to deforest quite soon. They would have to survive the whole week, finding food and water. And he would be watching. All the time. He didn't want them to try to kill each other, like in *The Hunger Games*. But they would occasionally be under attack. From something.

'But the good news is you can decide how many attacks I send in. Both of you. And it's to do with your other great love, Danny. Football.'

'How? What?' Charlotte asked. 'I don't understand.'

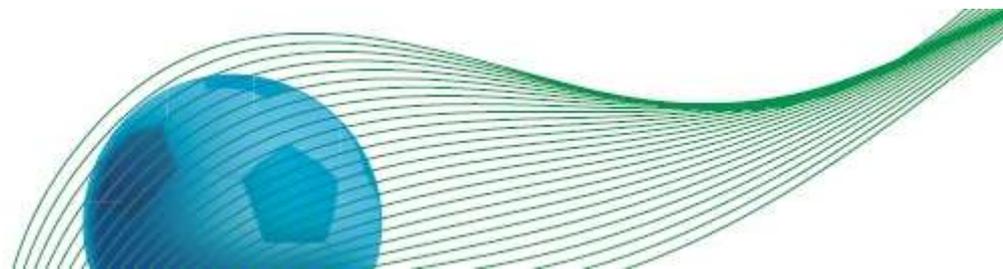
Sir Richard explained. 'I want you two to predict the eight second round winners. Every time you get one wrong and I will send in something deadly. Your own private attack. Something for you to deal with. Just like I had to deal with you in England and Russia, Danny. But this time I'm in control.'

Danny shook his head. This man was mad. Now it was official.

Sir Richard gave Danny and Charlotte five minutes to decide on their eight winners from the second round games.

'You do it,' Charlotte said. 'You know about football.'

'Okay.' Danny underlined the eight teams he thought would win.



Brazil v Chile

Colombia v Uruguay

Holland v Mexico

Costa Rica v Greece

France v Nigeria

Germany v Algeria

Argentina v Switzerland

Belgium v USA

Charlotte glanced at his sheet of paper.

'Chile are going to beat Brazil?' she asked.

Danny nodded. 'I think so. Brazil are too nervy.'

Sir Richard stood over them, causing the guards at each end of the room to raise their guns again. Then he laughed. 'You've lost it, Danny boy. Chile to beat Brazil? You can expect your first attack on Sunday morning, after Brazil have beaten Chile.'

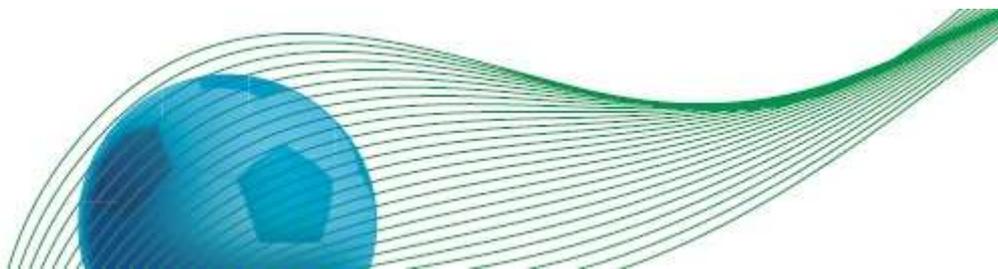
'If,' Danny said. 'If Brazil beat Chile.'



Read Chapter 14 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Monday 30 June.

Chapter Fourteen

Sir Richard Gawthorpe has captured Danny and Charlotte. Clearly insane, he has decided to put the pair through a crazy game. A version of *The Hunger Games*, a book about children who have to survive in an enclosed and dangerous zone. Danny and Charlotte are put in a fenced off area of the rainforest and left to survive. And, to make things worse, every time one of Danny's second round World Cup predictions is wrong, they will face some sort of attack. Their hopes of helping Beacon tell the world about deforestation look remote.



The towering barbed-wire fence gates closed behind Charlotte and Danny. On the other side Sir Richard Gawthorpe waved. He looked like he was saying goodbye to relatives after a family visit. A madman.

As he walked away they could hear him laughing.

'Five days in here?' Danny said.

'That's what he said,' Charlotte replied. 'Survive five days and we're free.'

'He's a liar,' Danny countered. 'We need to escape.'

Sir Richard had told the children that they were in a massive fenced off area ten miles by ten miles. An area that would be deforested in a few days' time.

They looked around them. This part of the rainforest was beautiful. Huge trees, thirty metres high. And, in them, thousands of colourful birds and butterflies. Danny thought he could see monkeys swinging high above. A larger breed of monkey than the ones he'd seen dead, killed by MANU.

'Look,' Charlotte said. 'A hummingbird.'

'Wow!' Danny gasped.

They were surrounded by the most beautiful natural world they had ever seen.

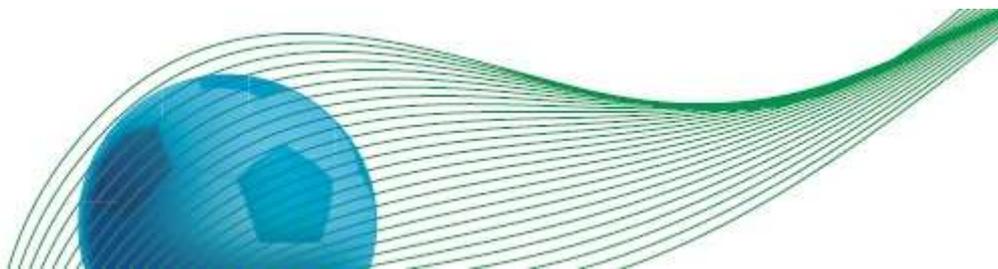
'We just can't let this forest be destroyed,' Charlotte fumed, 'Come on. There's no point in playing his dumb game. Let's just climb the fence and walk out of here.'

'It's high,' Danny cautioned.

'We'll be careful.'

'Okay.'

The two children edged around the perimeter of their fenced-off prison, dodging between



bushes and around tree trunks, picking up their feet to avoid lines of ants and nests on the floor. There were living creatures of all shapes and sizes in every part of this forest. And you could hear them as well as see them. Chirps. Clicks. Growls. An orchestra of sound. Once they were far enough away from where Sir Richard had left them, they approached the fence again.

It *really* was high.

'Me first?' Charlotte suggested.

'Wait,' Danny said. 'It's too easy, this.'

Charlotte nodded. She knew he was right. But she wanted a simple solution to their mad situation.

'Let's test the fence,' Danny suggested.

Charlotte picked up a long thin tree branch.

'Wood doesn't conduct electricity, right?' she asked.

'Right.'

Charlotte touched the fence with the branch. It immediately burst into flames and a shower of sparks exploded around them, sending dozens of birds, butterflies and other unseen creatures out of the trees in a mad squawking shrieking flurry.

Danny and Charlotte walked the perimeter of the fence for what seemed like hours.

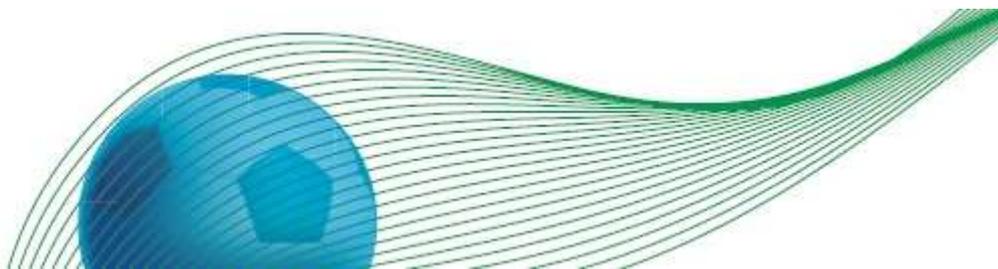
The heat was rising. The air feeling heavier and heavier.

'I can hear water,' Charlotte said.

Both children stopped and listened, then pointed in the same direction.

Towards the sound of the water. Through a dense part of the jungle.

It took several minutes to break through. They used large branches they had torn from two



bushes to slash the foliage to make a path. Emerging into a clearing, they saw a stream. Running downhill.

'Towards the fence,' Danny said.

'What?'

'It must run towards the fence. That's how we escape. Not over it by climbing. Or round it. Under it. In the water.'

Again they set off. Following the deepening stream.

An hour later they came to the electric fence. They could see the water, running out and into the unfenced rain forest.

'Bingo,' Danny said. 'All we have to do it wade through the water and we'll be out.'

Charlotte and Danny began to wade.

As they did there was a fluttering sound. And the water by the fence seemed to ripple. There was some sort of cage or mesh just under the water. Weird.

'What was that?' Danny asked.

'I don't know,' Charlotte replied. 'Maybe we should be careful...'

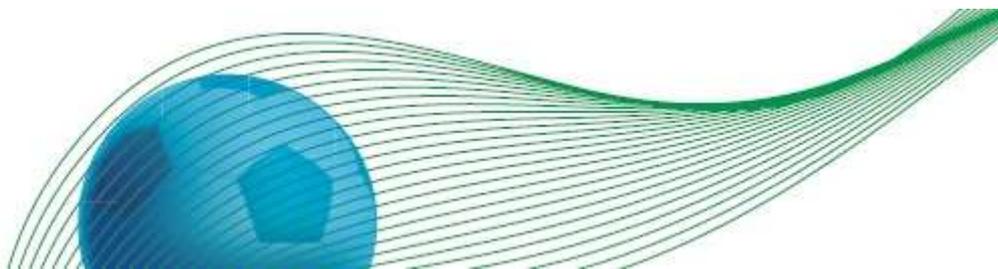
But just as she spoke they heard a crash from above. A large bird. A bit like a heron or a small goose. Falling through the trees.

Then another.

Danny wondered if that meant Brazil had scored in their latest game. Was this bird's species the latest victim of MANU? Probably. And if they'd scored, had they won? Was there an attack coming in from Sir Richard?

The first bird hit the water by the fence.

Danny was behind Charlotte. He watched her wading towards where the bird had fallen.



Then he saw her stumble, putting her arm deep down in the water. And, beyond her, that fluttering again. That rippling. And the water around the fallen bird was churning. The froth white, then red. Blood red.

Piranahas!

'Charlotte. Out.'

'What?'

'Out of the water. It's...'

'What?'

'Piranha fish. Sir Richard's first attack. Get out.'

Danny watched as Charlotte turned to make for the riverbank. He ran towards her. Then she

slipped, her arms crashing into the water again.

Danny's heart stopped. If the fish reached her they could tear her to pieces in seconds.

He took her arm and pulled. Hard.

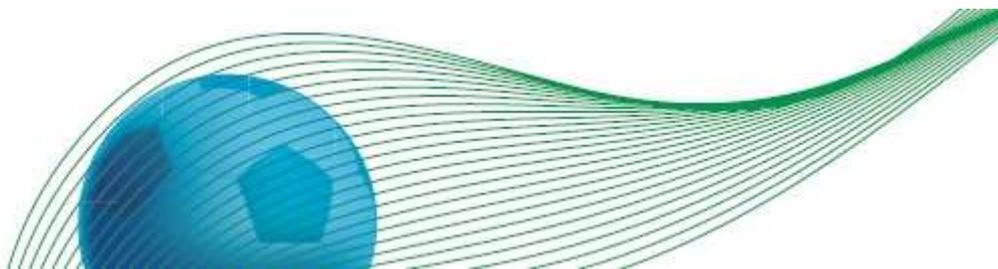
Then she was on top of him, soaking wet with water, clutching her ankle.

Once they had their breath back, knowing they were safe, they both examined Charlotte's ankle. There was a small rip in the flesh of her heel. A bite mark.

Charlotte stared at Danny. 'Thanks,' she said.

Danny couldn't speak. He just tried to smile. But he wasn't happy.

As night fell, Danny let Charlotte sleep first. They had made a makeshift tent out of long creepers and the huge leaves of some of the plants. It would protect them from some of the creatures in the rainforest.



There was enough moonlight for Danny to watch over Charlotte, to make sure there were no animals or insects attacking her. When she woke up she would do the same for him. Then at first light they would try to find a way out of here before Sir Richard sent in another attack.



Read Chapter 15 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil*

On Tuesday 1st July.

Chapter Fifteen

Charlotte and Danny have been imprisoned in a huge fenced-off area of rainforest that is due to be deforested in a few days time. Sir Richard Gawthorpe – their insane captor – has challenged them to survive five days there. Every time one of Danny's World Cup predictions is wrong he has vowed to send an attack of some kind into their part of the rainforest. They have already faced piranha fish when Danny wrongly predicted Brazil would lose. The two teenagers don't know the results of the latest matches. But they *do* know that they must try to escape and not wait for the madman's next move. Sir Richard's word is worth nothing.

Neither Charlotte nor Danny slept well on their first night in the rainforest.

When Danny awoke he saw Charlotte staring at the river.

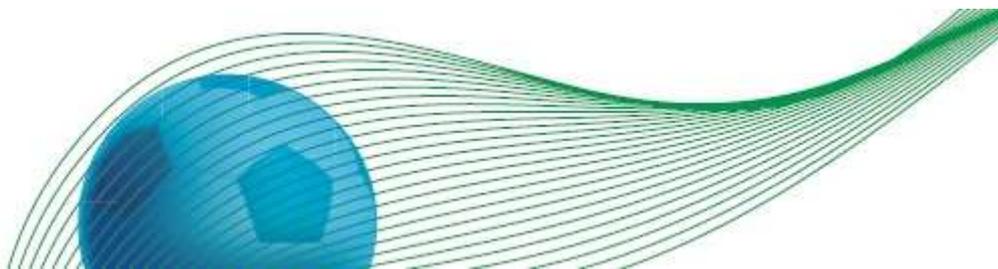
'Do you think Sir Richard sent those piranhas?' she asked, not looking around.

Danny scratched his head and sat up. 'I do. They seemed to come out of that cage.'

'So maybe,' Charlotte went on, 'we could escape that way now. The piranhas might have gone downstream, dispersed.'

'They might.'

Wasting no time, Charlotte walked towards the stream. She wanted to face her demons. She had so



nearly been a victim of the piranhas herself. She picked up the remaining dead bird they had seen fall the night before. The one that had *not* been savaged by the piranhas. She deftly tossed it into the water by the electric fence.

For a few seconds nothing happened. Then Danny and Charlotte watched as the water began to froth and bubble as the dead bird was sucked beneath the water to be devoured.

After a long silence, Danny spoke.

'We need to eat,' he said. 'And drink.'

'Did seeing those piranhas dining whet your appetite?' Charlotte smiled.

Danny laughed. 'Seriously, though, we need to find something to eat if we're ever going to get out of here. But we must recognise it as safe. If we don't know for sure what it is it could poison us.'

They searched the rainforest for hours. They saw berries and mushrooms, fruit and nuts. But nothing they could say was definitely edible. They knew even a single berry or mushroom could kill a person in seconds.

They were hot and now dangerously thirsty, as well as hungry.

'Bananas!' Charlotte said.

'Sir Richard?' Danny groaned. 'Certainly.'

'No. Look.' Charlotte pointed at up at a vast bunch of small green fruits.

'Are they bananas?'

'Yes. Remember when I started supporting fair trade products?' Charlotte said. 'I read up about them. That's what they look like in the wild. The long yellow ones are grown for supermarkets.'

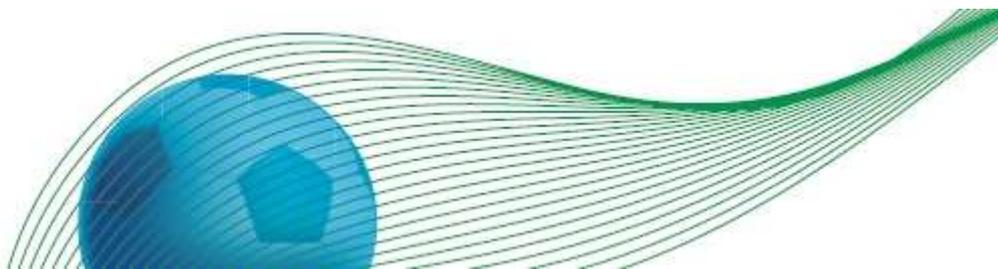
Danny shimmied up the tree and knocked several clumps of bananas down.

Then they ate.

They were nothing like as sweet or soft as the bananas from home. But they were food. Danny immediately felt less hungry. And stronger.

'Eat slowly,' Charlotte said. 'You pig.'

Danny grinned. 'I'm thirsty now.'



And then something amazing happened. As soon as he had spoken, drops of rain fell. First a few large plops of water. Then - suddenly - a downpour. Danny and Charlotte laughed as they held out huge leaves, folding them to channel water directly into their mouths.

That night Danny let Charlotte sleep first. He could tell that she was exhausted. They had tried so hard to get out of their prison.

As she slept, Danny listened. It was darker tonight. Less easy to see threats - or attacks - coming in. He had no idea if France had beaten Nigeria or if Germany had beaten Algeria. He hoped

they had. Just so there would be no more attacks.

And then he heard rustling.

Twenty metres away to the left.

He swallowed. What now?

This could be the next attack, he thought. What could it be? A jaguar? A boa constrictor? Or something smaller. Tarantulas? Millions of ants? Or it could just be a parrot stretching its wings.

Danny decided to check first before waking Charlotte. He stayed low and moved very slowly, trying to not make a sound, towards the noise he had heard.

Silence.

Not a whisper of wind.

Nothing.

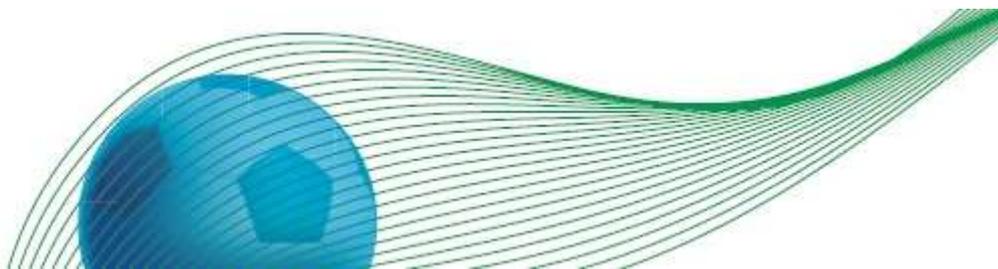
And then he saw her.

A pale figure.

Glowing in the depths of the undergrowth.

Eva.

The ghost woman.



She was here in the rainforest. And she was armed with a spear that she held pointed directly at Danny.



Read Chapter 16 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Wednesday
3 July.

Chapter Sixteen

Danny and Charlotte are trapped in a massive fenced-off section of the Amazon rainforest, the prisoners of Sir Richard Gawthorpe, an old enemy of Danny's. They have avoided being devoured by piranha fish. But now they face an even more frightening enemy. Eva – the warped eco-terrorist – is in the rainforest too. And she has a spear pointed directly at Danny, while Charlotte sleeps on, unaware of this new threat.

Eva approached Danny, holding the spear poised as if she intended to use it. She edged slowly towards him. Her eyes fixed on his eyes. He felt like he was being hypnotised.

'I should have killed you when I had you in that prison cell,' she said.

Danny swallowed. His mouth felt too dry to speak. He could only stare at her pale face and short spiky blonde hair. He noticed that she was carrying a small brown rucksack.

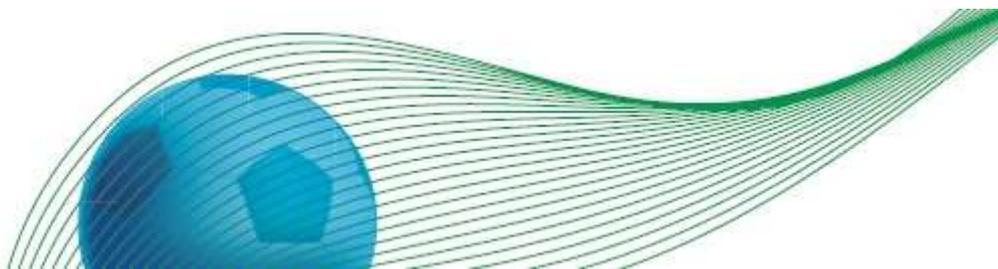
'But it is time to kill you now,' she went on.

'He's not going to help you,' Danny managed to say.

'What?'

'Sir Richard. He wants to destroy the rainforest. He's not on your side.'

The woman's eyes were wild. She was close to Danny now. He was backed



up against a huge tree trunk. Nowhere to go. She raised the spear and held its tip against Danny's throat.

'Sir Richard is a good man. He has promised to help me. But first,' she growled, 'he asked me to do two things.'

Danny knew he was meant to ask what the two things were, but he was pinned against the tree and he could feel the spear tip pressing on his throat.

'And those two things are: to kill you and your little girlfriend; then to release the bottle of liquid in my rucksack to kill off all the parrots in this rainforest.'

The woman was crazy. It was obvious now. She looked mad enough to ram the spear into his throat whatever he said, so Danny decided to be bold, to fight back with words. If she was going to kill him he might as well be honest.

'I still don't get it,' Danny said.

'Get what?'

'Why you want to kill all the parrots when you say you want to save animals. It's stupid.'

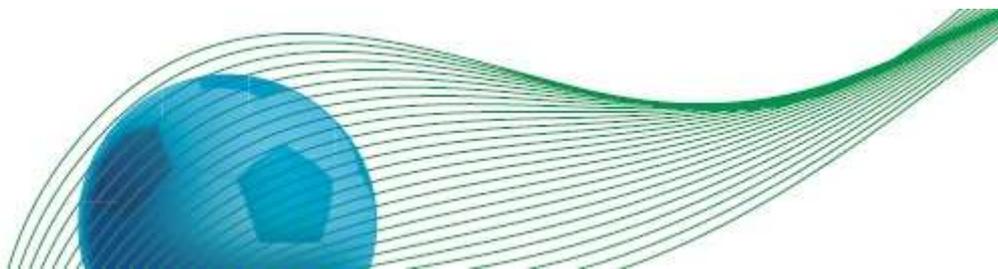
'Little boys will never understand how complicated these things are,' Eva snapped. 'Only grown-ups understand the world.'

Danny felt the spear cut into his skin. It stung. But the fear he felt meant it didn't hurt properly. Not yet.

'Close your eyes,' the woman said.

This was it, Danny was helpless.

But he could save Charlotte by calling out to warn her. It would be the last word he said. Her name.



He breathed in, ready to shout.

And then there was a crash. Danny saw something fall on top of Eva. And then he understood what it was. Or who! It was Charlotte. She was awake. For a few seconds Eva was confused and sprawling on the floor.

Danny shouted. 'The rucksack. Get it.'

Charlotte snatched the bag from Eva and ran towards the piranha stream. Danny went after her. She had saved him. He really had thought he was dead this time.

They ran hard scrambling across a thick branch that lay over the stream.

Once they were both on the other side, Danny pulled the branch away and let it fall so that Eva couldn't reach them.

The couple crouched, gasping for breath as they heard Eva approaching, but there was no way she could reach them. The stream was too wide.

Eva approached again with the spear.

'I'm not done yet,' she raged. She was at the edge of the water. Charlotte saw the flash of a fish's silver body under the surface. Then another.

'Don't go in the...!' Charlotte stopped herself.

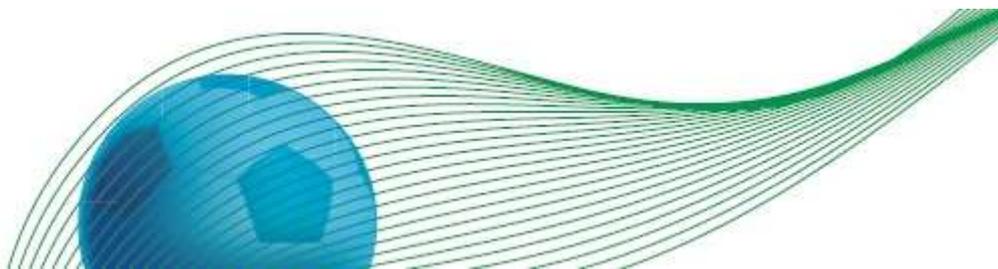
Eva smiled. 'What? Do you think I'm afraid of drowning in a stream?'

Charlotte said nothing, then cursed under her breath. She couldn't let it just happen. She had to warn Eva. 'Don't go in the water. There are piranha fish. They could kill you.'

'Ha!' Eva shouted, 'You can't fool me.'

She stepped into the water.

'Really,' Danny said. 'We've seen them. Stop!'



Eva shook her head and began to wade in.

Danny and Charlotte could only watch. Watch as her face twisted and she looked down at the water - the first bite. Watch as she fell, scrambling to get back up; more fish attacking her now. Watch as the water began to froth and churn and Eva was rolled over and dragged into the water by the dozens of vicious killer fish.

It was horrible. Charlotte and Danny didn't say anything; they just turned away. There was nothing they could do to help her.

Eventually Charlotte spoke. Her voice was low and sad. What they had just seen was appalling, even if it had been that terrible woman who had died. 'We need to get out of here. We might have stopped MANU killing animals. But we need to stop Sir Richard from destroying any more rainforest.'

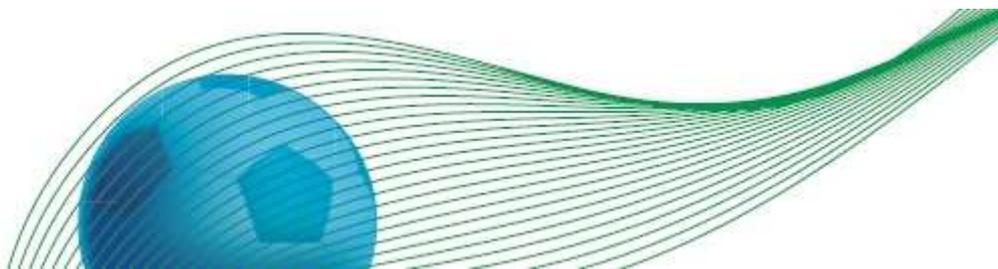
'And there might be an attack,' Danny added. 'I doubt Switzerland will beat Argentina, even if it goes into extra time. But USA could beat Belgium.'

Charlotte nodded. 'But how? How! We've tried to get out of here. And we've failed miserably.'

Then she felt Danny's hand on her shoulder. He was pointing beyond the fence. There, holding their spears in the air, all of them smiling, were the tribespeople. Their tall, beautiful leader walked to the fence. She was holding a sack. She swung the sack several times, then tossed it perfectly over the high fence. The bag landed at Charlotte's feet.

'What's that?' Danny asked.

Charlotte stooped and looked inside the bag.



Don't forget that on Friday you'll be able to vote - again - for what happens in the last week of *Foul Play: Brazil*. In preparation, you might like to talk about your favourite genre of book. Do you like ghost stories or action thrillers most? Or, do you prefer a love story or a family saga? Why do you think your chosen genre is your favourite?



Read chapter 17 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Thursday 3rd July.

Chapter Seventeen

Eva – the MANU eco-terrorist – has been feasted on by piranha fish. Now Danny and Charlotte must escape the section of rainforest that Sir Richard Gawthorpe has fenced off and made into their prison. If they can take the evidence that they gathered with the Amazon tribespeople they can show the world that his part of rainforest will be deforested, destroying the thousands of animals and plants living there. And help may be at hand. The tribe has arrived and they have thrown a bag over the fence.

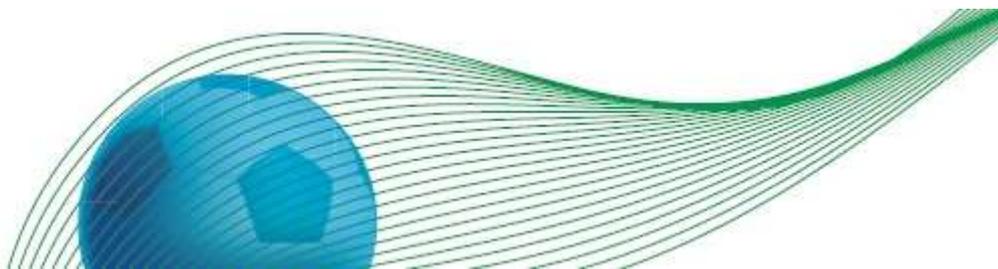
Charlotte stooped and looked inside the sack.

'Leaves,' she said.

'What?'

Charlotte held up a huge bunch of dark green leaves. 'Leaves. And they whiff.' She scrunched her nose up.

Danny shrugged and they both looked through the fence at the leader of the tribe. Hoping for some explanation. The tall woman immediately began to



rub her legs furiously. As did the rest of the tribe. Then they pointed at the stream.

'They've lost it,' Danny said under his breath.

'Or,' Charlotte began, looking at the water, then the leaves.

'Or what?'

'Well... the Amazon is full of herbs and leaves that most of the world don't know about, right? Scientists think there are cures for most of the world's diseases in the Amazon alone. Plants that haven't been discovered yet. That the tribes are aware of. But nobody else.'

'So?'

'So that's another reason why it's so important that the Amazon is not destroyed. To save the trees, the animals - *and* to save us.'

'So why are they rubbing their legs?' Danny asked.

Charlotte hesitated. Then she spoke slowly, but clearly.

'I think they're saying we should rub the leaves on our legs. Then we can walk through the piranha stream.'

'Are *you* mad too?' Danny said.

Charlotte shook her head.

A few minutes later, Danny had rubbed his legs and feet until they were green with the pith of the leaves they'd been thrown. Charlotte too.

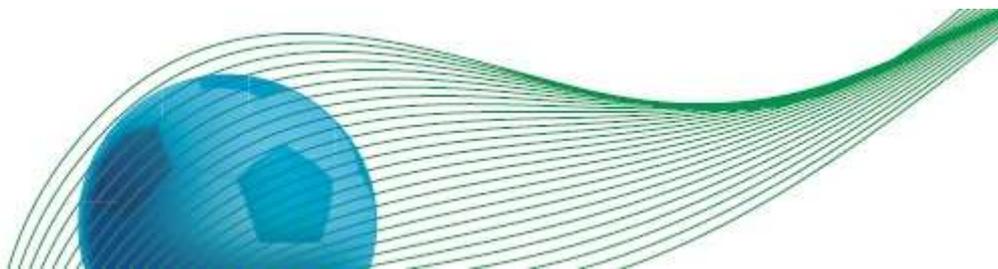
Danny looked over to the tribe to see them nodding.

'So we're going to do this?' Danny asked.

'Yes,' Charlotte said. 'Look at them. They know we're their only chance of saving this rainforest.'

'But...'

'But what?'



'But what if this is the second attack? What if this is a trick? Sir Richard would do something like this.'

Charlotte walked towards the stream. She could see a pair of piranhas near the edge, shimmering under the surface of the water. They looked beautiful.

'Let's test the water,' Charlotte said, slipping her bare foot into the stream.

'I'll do it,' Danny snapped. 'Not you.'

Charlotte shook her head. 'Stop being so chivalrous, Danny. And look.'

Danny watched the two piranha fish glide past Charlotte's foot. No reaction. No attack.

Next Danny put his foot in. He kicked the water a couple of times to see if that made a difference.

Nothing.

The fish were not interested.

Danny went first.

One step from the bank.

Deeper.

Towards the foot of the fence, where he would be able to dodge beneath it without being electrocuted.

Then a second step from safety.

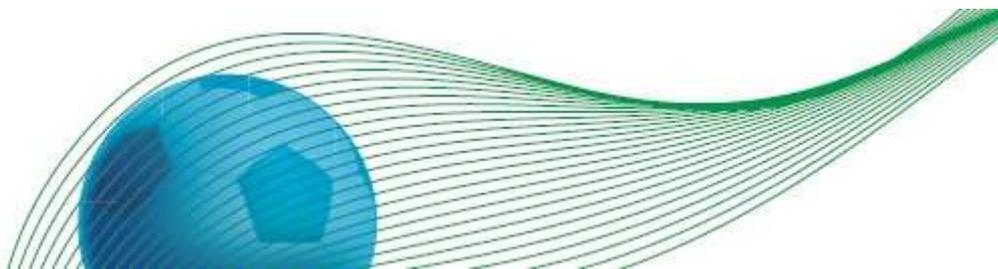
Now he was standing where Eva was when the fish took her.

The water was above his knees.

Warm and swift-moving.

He could see the piranhas going to and fro in currents of water.

He remembered seeing Eva dragged down.



This was horrible.

What if?

Danny stopped his mind and focussed on the job at hand. With Charlotte close behind him, he approached the cage where the piranha fish appeared to have been released from two days before. He felt sick. He really felt like he *might* be sick. What would happen then?

Danny cleared his mind. These random thoughts weren't helping him. He had to get a grip.

There were several piranhas around the cage.

Swift silver flicks under the surface of the stream.

Danny swallowed.

Then he moved forward another step.

Why was he doing this?

What if the leaves he had rubbed into his skin wore off?

What if they didn't work at all?

But it was too late to worry about that. He was in the middle of the stream now. Nearly at the fence. He began to let himself think that he might just make it out of this stream without being ripped to pieces.

But everything changed when he stumbled on a slippery stone.

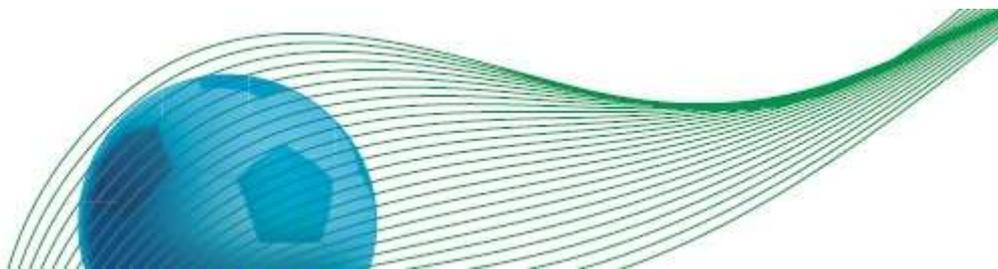
His heart stopped. He coughed.

Because now the fish had become a shoal. They moved as one towards Danny and Charlotte. Their movements different. An electricity passing through them.

'They're...'

'I know...'

'Shall we...'



'No. Just keep walking.'

The fish moved closer.

Danny felt one against his leg.

Was it biting?

Drawing blood?

No. It had passed by. Ignored him.

No attack.

Danny closed his eyes, then found a strength inside himself, and moved on.

Following Danny, Charlotte focussed on the eyes of the tribe's leader on the other side of the fence. Charlotte thought that she looked amazing. Strong. Brave. Honest. And she trusted her. And knew then that they were going to be okay.

When they were safely out of the water, the old man of the tribe handed Charlotte her camera and notebook.

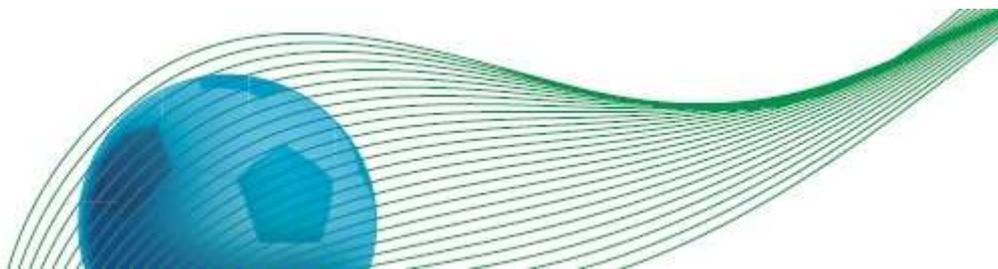
'We take you to road,' he said quickly. 'The road they use. You tell world about this forest?'

Charlotte nodded. 'Yes. Help us get back to the city and we will do everything we can.'

Danny followed Charlotte and the rest of the tribe as they began to walk through the rainforest.

They had very little time to get to the city and show the world what they had discovered.

Would they be able to do it before Sir Richard began to destroy the rainforest?



Or was Sir Richard about to strike again? Was he watching them now?

Danny and Charlotte had no idea what the next week would hold. But they were determined to do something to save the rainforest whose leaves had just saved them.



Read chapter 18 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Friday 4th July. It's decision time!

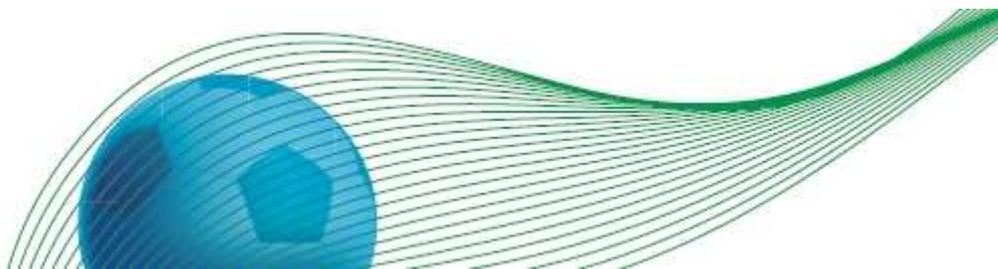
Chapter Eighteen

Charlotte and Danny have escaped from the rainforest where Sir Richard Gawthorpe kept them prisoner, with the help of the tribespeople they have befriended. They have evidence to save the rainforest from being destroyed and they plan to take it to write about in *First News* and to give to Beacon, the blogger. But do they have time to save the part of the rainforest that Sir Richard has lined up for destruction?

Hello again

First of all, I would like to say a massive thank you to all the schools and children who are still reading Foul Play: Brazil. I really appreciate your messages and all the hard work your teachers are doing to keep you in touch with the story. Thank you.

There are six episodes of the story left. Five next week and one on the Monday after the World Cup final. The story can go three ways, each based around a popular genre. I'd love it if you could talk in class about which option you want to vote for. I will write whatever the most popular choice is.



Thanks again and have a great weekend.

Tom

OPTION ONE: ACTION THRILLER

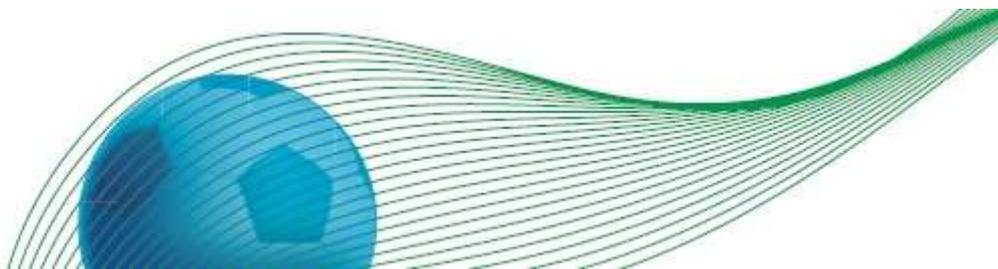
The story will be based in the cities of Brazil where the World Cup semi-finals and final take place. Danny and Charlotte try to get the evidence they have against Sir Richard published by Beacon and in First News. But Sir Richard is also in the cities. And he's coming after them. Car chases. Rooftop escapades. One-way streets. And famous footballers. But will our heroes be in time to save the rainforest they have come to love, despite its dangers?

OPTION TWO: GHOST STORY

When Charlotte and Danny finally meet Beacon he has been murdered. They get hold of his laptop and work out how to operate his blog and social media channels. They go about telling the world about Sir Richard's deforestation, basing themselves in a hotel room in Rio. Then someone who they thought was dead appears before them. A ghost. A ghost with powers more frightening than any of the challenges they have faced in Brazil so far.

OPTION THREE: DETECTIVE STORY

Danny and Charlotte go to Beacon for help. But he betrays them and goes underground, taking their evidence, meaning they have very little even to put in *First News*. They turn detective and scour the streets of the city - as well as the blogs of the eco-world - to find Beacon and get back the evidence in time to publish it.



Please vote by visiting

www.literacytrust.org.uk/schools_teaching/world_cup_2014/vote and selecting the option you would like to see Tom write. Each class, group or family is allowed one vote each. **VOTES NOW CLOSED**



Read chapter 19 of on Monday 7 July and find out what the 2000 schools reading choose for the last week of *Foul Play: Brazil*.

Chapter Nineteen

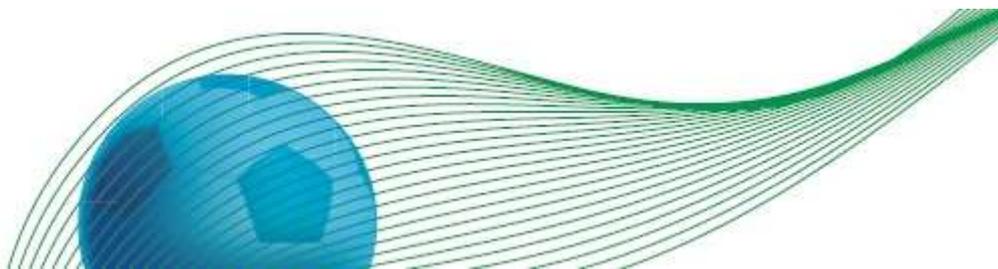
With the help of the tribespeople they have befriended, Charlotte and Danny have escaped from the rainforest where Sir Richard Gawthorpe kept them prisoner. They have evidence to save the rainforest from being destroyed and they plan to take it to write about in *First News* and to give to Beacon, the blogger. But do they have time to save the home of millions of birds and animals that Sir Richard has lined up for destruction?

Danny and Charlotte trekked with the tribe for two days through the rainforest. They were fed and given water by their hosts. Soups made from plants collected along the way, as well as two geese that the tribespeople shot down with bows and arrows. Each night they slept in hammocks, made by the tribe too.

It was a luxury tour - rainforest style.

The night before they left they made a short video using their camera, with Charlotte interviewing the tribe leader about the patch of rainforest that Sir Richard was planning to destroy. They would post the video on Beacon's blog.

On the third day they reached a small airstrip. By chance, a light plane was about to leave. The Brazilian pilot was very excited to meet children who could speak English. He wanted to talk to them, about football. Brush up his language skills. He



said he was a big fan of Leeds United and offered to take them to Manaus without charge.

Charlotte and Danny were sad to leave their new friends. But they had no choice. And little time.

As soon as they arrived in the Manaus airport, Charlotte found a public computer.

'We need to contact Beacon,' she said. 'Now.'

'Agreed,' Danny replied.

They found Beacon's blog and messaged him.

He replied immediately.

Beacon: So happy you are safe. Do you have information for me?

Charlotte: Yes. Photographs. Audio. And a video of the tribe.

Beacon: Superb. Bring it to the *Socrates Café* in Manaus. We meet in public. I am here now. I am wearing an England football shirt. So you will know me.

Charlotte: Okay. We will see you there. We should tell you now that Eva is dead.

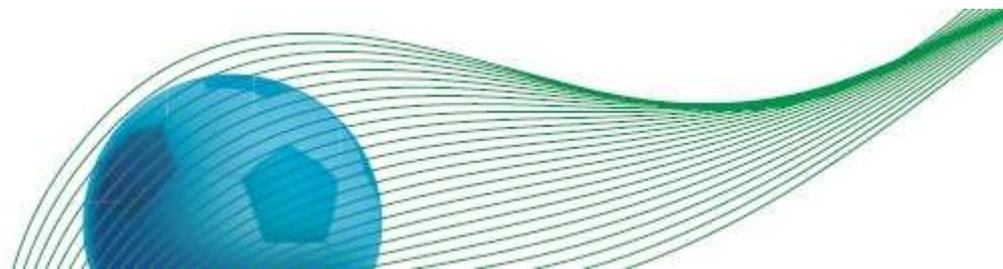
Beacon: Ah, that makes sense. MANU have disappeared off the internet. There were no more reported animal deaths after Brazil beat Colombia. I think we have defeated them.

Charlotte told Beacon about Sir Richard and his plans for the rainforest.

Beacon did not reply for a few minutes. As they waited the screen of the public computer began to pulse and fade. A pale face seemed to appear on the screen.

Charlotte blinked, not sure what was happening - or if she believed her senses.

She felt a chill pass through her body. A bad feeling.



'Did you see that?' she asked Danny.

'What?'

'That face.'

Danny shook his head.

Charlotte was about to say that the face reminded her of someone. Then Beacon came back online and she turned her focus to him.

Beacon: Come quickly. We must send out your material now.

Charlotte and Danny left Manaus airport in a hurry, heading to the city.

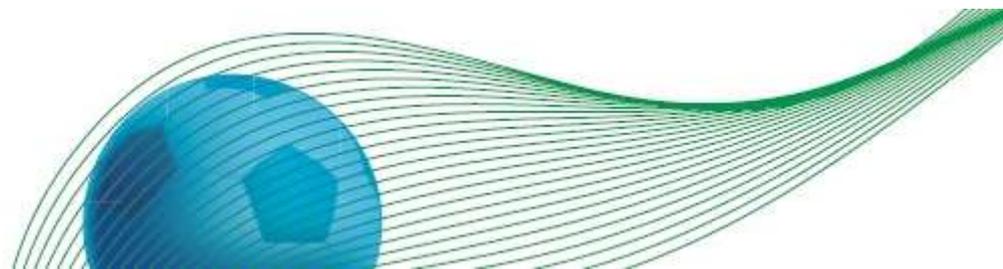
But they were in too much of a hurry. They had made an error. A very costly error.

A man approached the public computer the children had been using within a minute of their departure. Sir Richard Gawthorpe, hot on their trail. He tapped a couple of keys. Then he smiled. The exchange between the children and Beacon was all there for him to read. He scanned it, chuckled, then made a call on his iPhone.

It was easy for Danny and Charlotte to find the *Socrates Café*. There was a huge image of Socrates at the front of the building. The great Brazilian football captain. Danny registered a police van sat outside, two officers chatting and laughing.

Entering the café, they saw a man in the corner with his back to the door. He was wearing an England football top.

'Come on,' Danny said. 'It's Beacon. We're in public. We're safe. We can always just leave.'



And the police are here too!

Charlotte nodded. She did not want to meet a stranger off the internet. But this was too important and it did seem as safe as it could possibly be.

'Beacon?' she said.

There was no reply. He was sat in front of a laptop, the Beacon blog on the screen. No doubt it was him.

'Hello?' Danny put his hand on the man's shoulder.

Still no response.

Charlotte moved round the table to look him in the face.

'Danny,' she said. Her voice was so quiet it surprised Danny.

'What?'

'He's... I think he's dead.'

Danny stood next to Charlotte and looked. The man was young. His face was pale. His eyes staring at them, but they were lifeless. He was dead. The look on his face was one of utter terror. As if he had died of fear.

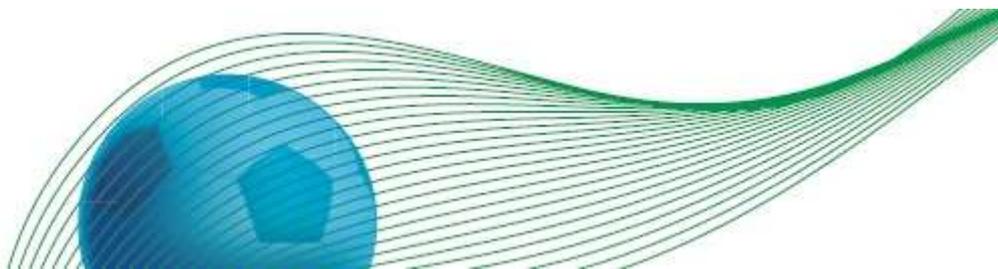
Then, suddenly, a shout from the door of the café.

Danny spun around to see the two police officers. Coming towards them. Both were pulling their guns out, as if they were ready to shoot first and ask questions later.

Note for teachers: a certificate for children who have read – or listened to you read – *Foul Play: Brazil* will be available online from Thursday. Please say thank you to the children for voting. Thank you to you also. Tom



Read chapter 20 of *Foul Play: Brazil* on Tuesday 8 July.



Chapter Twenty

Charlotte and Danny have arrived in Manaus after gathering evidence of terrible deforestation in the Amazon rainforest. They go to meet the eco-blogger, Beacon, to share their evidence and message with the world, unaware that Sir Richard Gawthorpe is on their trail. When they reach Beacon in the Socrates Café, they find him slumped dead at his screen. Without any time for the duo to work out what is going on, the police arrive. And they're heading towards the children.

Without exchanging a word, Charlotte and Danny scrambled to the back door of the Socrates Café.

They didn't need to talk through what might happen if they were found with a dead man in a Manaus café. Who knew what the Brazilian police would make of that? They had to get away and ask questions later.

There were shouts as soon as they began to run. Then the sound of tables and chairs being knocked over. The police were after them.

Through a door. A long passageway. Then another door.

Bursting outside. To see a wall. A dead end.

Danny reached the foot of wall and knelt down, allowing Charlotte climb up his back and onto the top of the wall.

Then Charlotte pulled Danny up.

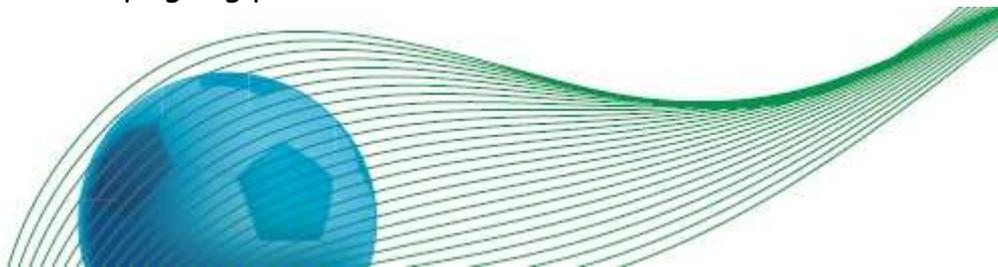
The pair dropped down into an alley, sprinting as soon as they hit the ground.

A siren. A screech of brakes.

Another doorway. Slipping through it.

A small yard. Dirty. But safe.

Hiding. The sound of footsteps going past.



Then Charlotte stared into Danny's eyes. Danny stared back.

'The computer,' Charlotte said. 'We needed to bring his computer.'

Once he had his breath back, Danny nodded. Then he smiled and held up a small silver laptop computer. He'd had it all along. Under his jacket.

Charlotte put her hand out to high-five Danny. She felt sick about Beacon being dead and about being chased by the police. But at least they had the laptop.

Charlotte and Danny found a hotel with free Wifi and booked in. There were no more World Cup games in Manaus, so prices were cheap in the city now. They paid with the credit card *First News* had given them for emergencies.

In their twin-bedded room they set up Beacon's laptop.

'I hope it's still logged in,' Danny said.

He pressed the right keys and powered the machine up.

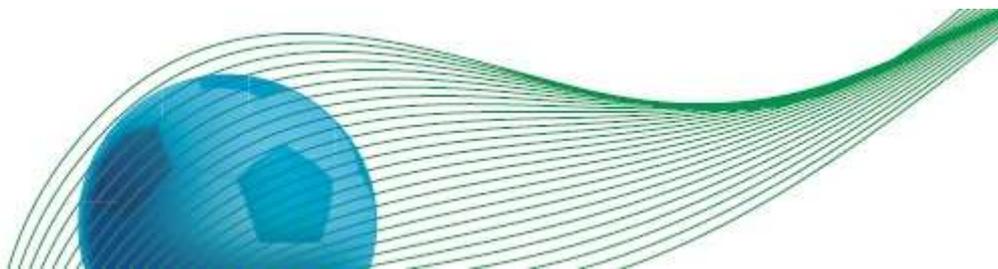
'It is,' he smiled. 'We're in.'

Charlotte took her camera and began to upload their film onto Beacon's blog. Danny typed as the film loaded. Five hundred words to describe what they had seen. The fenced-off forest. The tribe and its leader. The machines ready to rip the forest down for Sir Richard. The duo wanted to get that message out. And fast.

Once done, they double-checked the film and text. Then they pressed PUBLISH.

Danny attached the blog to Beacon's Facebook and Twitter accounts, adding the hashtags #rainforest #eco #deforestation.

Now they would have to wait to see what the blogging community made of their film.



'It doesn't feel good using a dead man's laptop,' Charlotte said.

Danny nodded. 'But this is what he would have wanted.'

Now Charlotte nodded. They would do this for the animals, the tribe *and* for Beacon.

Half an hour later, the blog had been retweeted 567 times and liked 236 times on Facebook. Replies were flooding in. But, before Danny and Charlotte had a chance to read them, a pop up message appeared at the foot of the screen.

WARNING: OUTSIDE HACKER IS TRACKING YOUR BLOG.

'What does that mean?' Charlotte asked.

'Not sure,' Danny replied. 'Maybe someone in the hotel is using this Wifi too. Trying to hack the blog?'

'What can we do?'

'I'll go and check around the hotel. See if anyone is looking at Beacon's blog. It could be nothing'.

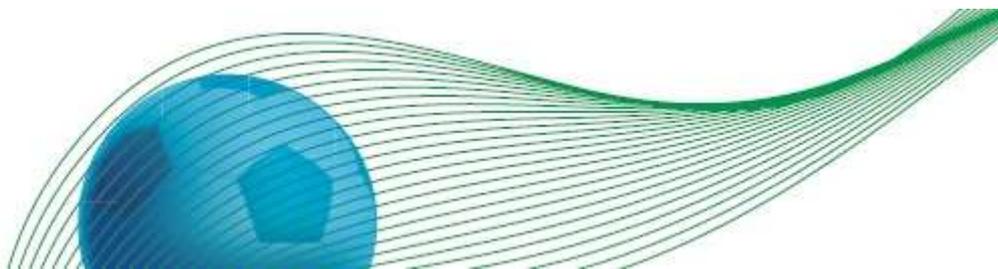
With Danny gone, Charlotte surfed the internet, looking for news about the Amazon or anything that might be linked to Sir Richard. After a few minutes the screen began to flicker.

Charlotte wondered if the Wifi was going to fail.

Then - suddenly - the lights in the room went out. Darkness.

Charlotte stared at her screen, the only source of light in the room. She was sure that she could see a face there. She felt a slight chill in the air and walked over to the light switch.

She flicked it on and off. Nothing.



Then Charlotte turned to look at the computer screen for a second time.

The face again.

A familiar face.

'Hello Charlotte,' the face on the screen said, grinning wickedly.

Charlotte backed away from Beacon's laptop. Her heart was hammering several times faster than it should be. What was going on? Who was talking to her? How was it happening? She had to get away.

'Come closer, Charlotte,' the voice beckoned.

And Charlotte knew whose face it was. There was no doubt about it.

Eva.

Charlotte began to move towards the laptop, as if hypnotised.

Closer still.

There was a strange glow in the eyes of the pale and ghostly face. The air was freezing now.

'Touch the screen,' Charlotte,' the voice said.

Charlotte reached out to touch the screen, like she had been asked.

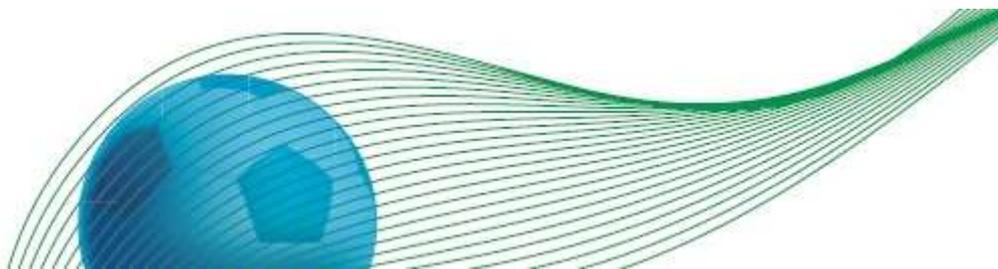
She knew what she was doing was dangerous, but she also felt like she was in a dream, that she couldn't move her arms, even though they were moving. That her mind was not her own.

And then the lights were on, Danny was in the room and the face was gone.

Charlotte shook her head. She felt utterly drained.

'What's up?' Danny asked, half smiling.

Charlotte didn't know what to say for a moment. What had just happened to her? Then, slowly, she felt she had control back of her mind. And she knew.



'Eva,' she said, her voice a broken whisper. 'She's back.'



Read chapter 21 of *Foul Play: Brazil* on Wednesday 9th July.

Chapter Twenty-one

Having discovered their blogging contact, Beacon, dead in the Socrates Café, Charlotte and Danny hole themselves up in a Manaus hotel, uploading their rainforest film to Beacon's blog. Pursued by the police – and by Sir Richard Gawthorpe – they need to lie low. But alone in their hotel room, Charlotte is confronted by a ghostly image of Eva, the woman they saw killed by piranha fish days before. For Charlotte and Danny, it would seem the danger is far from over.

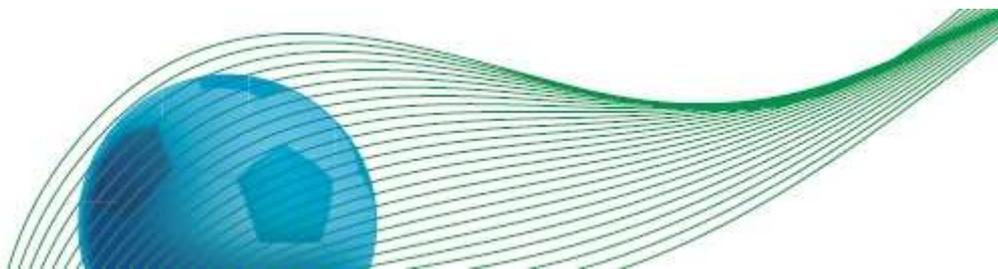
It took Danny ages to fall asleep in the hotel room. He waited up and watched over Charlotte for the first couple of hours, terrified that Eva would return to haunt them somehow. He was even more scared of her now that she was dead than when she was alive.

But, as dawn came, the daylight made him feel more at ease – and he finally slept.

Danny didn't know that for the next three hours Charlotte was awake watching over *him*.

At breakfast, which they had delivered to their room, Danny and Charlotte checked Beacon's blog.

They couldn't believe what they saw. Their film had been viewed 25,392 times overnight. There were 734 replies to the blog.



'It's gone viral,' Charlotte gasped. 'It's working.'

Whilst Danny wrote an article for *First News*, describing what was happening in Brazil, Charlotte scanned the messages on the blog.

'I think we should go to Rio,' she said. 'There are loads of eco-activists there. They want to meet us. Help us get our story to the media.'

'This is mad,' Danny said. 'Aren't you nervous?'

'No,' Charlotte said. 'I mean... I would be... but we can stop Sir Richard destroying the rainforest with all this help. We don't have time to be nervous. We have to get to Rio now and we have to save the rainforest.'

'Yes,' Danny smiled. He loved Charlotte when she was passionate like this. 'I'll sort some tickets online,' he added.

Danny found some cheap flights and booked them straight away.

'We fly in four hours,' he said.

A young hacker sat staring at his computer screen in Albrighton, England. He tapped a couple of keys, then picked up his iPhone and dialled.

'Yes,' the gruff male voice at the other end of the crackling international phone line said.

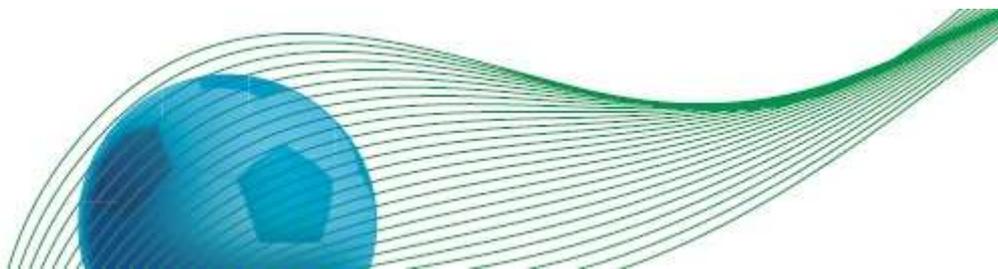
'They arrive in Rio at 6.30 p.m. sir. On flight BR24601 from Manaus.'

'Good. Can you do anything more?'

'I can arrange a free taxi for them sir.'

'Yes?'

'The kind of taxi they'll wish they never climbed into. I can arrange for you to be in that taxi too.'



'Do that,' the man said, a hint of excitement in his voice.

After confirmation of the flights had come through on Beacon's computer, three unusual things happened.

First, another pop-up message. It read that someone was trying to access their computer.

Charlotte stood up, opened the hotel room door and looked down the corridor. She knew it was crazy to try and look to see if someone was using the same Wifi as them, but it was all she could do.

Second, Danny saw a message from the flight company.

'They've offered us a free taxi into Rio,' he shouted to Charlotte who was still in the corridor.

'Great,' Charlotte said.

Danny accepted the offer and wrote down the name and number of Samba Taxis.

Then - with Charlotte still outside the room - it happened again.

A blurring on the screen.

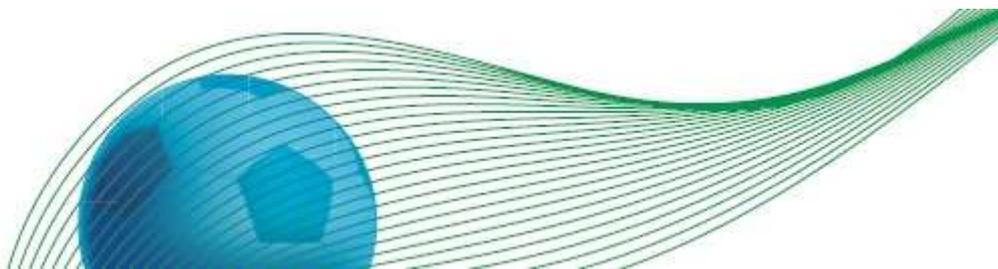
A face.

Eva's face.

With Danny so close to the screen, he couldn't resist. He was in a trance; hypnotised. He put his hand out to touch the screen. To touch the face.

It felt like an electric shock when his hand was grabbed and pulled away from the screen just before he made contact.

'It was her again, wasn't it?'



Danny coughed and said yes. He felt dizzy and breathless. That had been close. Very close.

'I don't know what will happen if we touch the screen,' Charlotte said. 'But we could end up like Beacon.'

Danny nodded.

'So let's write down all the information we need and ditch his laptop. It looks like she appears only when one of us is alone. So let's do it together.

Agreed?'

Danny nodded again. Then he asked Charlotte a question. 'Is she a ghost? Or online? Or what?'

Charlotte shrugged. 'I don't know. That's why we need to ditch the laptop.'

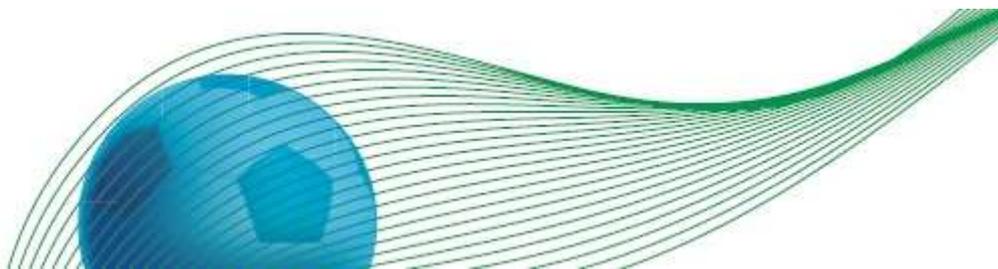
The flight from Manaus to Rio began smooth, but eventful. The bonus for Danny was that the Brazil v Germany semi-final was on the in-flight TV screens.

The match was astonishing; 5-0 to Germany at half time; 7-1 by the end!

Most of the other passengers on the flight were angrily shouting at the screens; others were crying. Danny couldn't decide whether to watch the match, or the reactions of the Brazilians. The drama of both was irresistible.

He shook his head; 7-1 at home. Not good.

After the game Danny went to the toilet. But as soon as he was inside the cubicle, the flight was hit by turbulence, the plane feeling like it was falling out of the sky, then gathering speed again with a terrifying lunge. He could hear screams and bangs from outside the toilet.



Danny rushed back to his seat, ushered by an anxious-looking flight attendant.

What now? Danny thought. They'd already had to cope with one plane crash on this trip. He sat down, buckled his seatbelt and looked at Charlotte.

She was staring at him. Her face was pink and her eyes red. She looked terrified.

'It'll be okay,' Danny said, trying to reassure her. 'It's just turbulence.'

But Charlotte was shaking her head. 'It wasn't turbulence, Danny.' She pointed at the screen. 'It was Eva. She appeared on the screen. She said she was going to bring the plane out of the sky.'

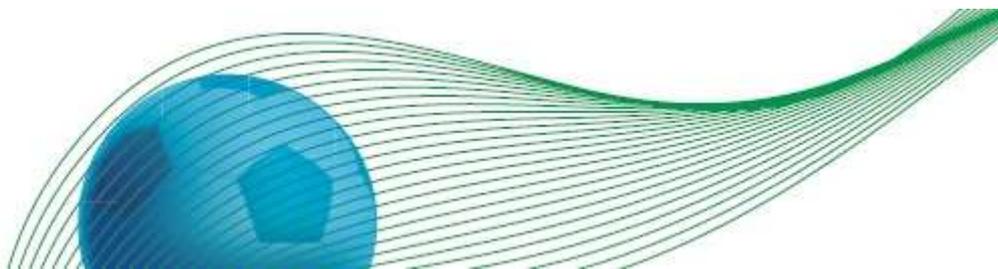
'Eva?'

'She's haunting us, Danny. We're still not safe from her. She's not just in Beacon's laptop. She's everywhere.'

Sir Richard Gawthorpe stretched his arms and yawned. He was hidden from view at the very back of a minibus, marked Samba Taxis. There was a female driver and a man in the two front seats. Sir Richard had been watching the locals. They all looked so miserable. He didn't know the score in the semi-final, but he was starting to wonder if Brazil had lost.

Sir Richard saw the two children emerging from arrivals before his colleagues. Danny and the girl looked tired and anxious. The girl - Sir Richard couldn't remember her name - looked very unhappy. Danny had his arm round her.

'That's them,' Sir Richard told the pair up front. 'Treat them like tourists. Give them a map or something. Get them inside. Lock the door. Then I'll say...'
Sir Richard began to giggle. Then he burst in to laughter. Calming himself down, he finally managed



to speak. 'Then I'll say hello. I can't wait to see their faces.'

Then Sir Richard Gawthorpe exploded with laughter.



Read chapter 22 of *Foul Play: Brazil* on Thursday 10th July. Then there will episode 23 on Friday 11th, with a final episode on Monday 14th.

Chapter Twenty-two

Charlotte and Danny have arrived in Rio to gather support for their campaign to stop Sir Richard destroying the rainforest. During the flight Eva's face appeared on the plane's screens, meaning that the woman they had seen killed by piranhas could now haunt – and possibly kill – them through any screen. Exiting Rio airport, they easily found their free taxi to the city centre and were about to get into it. Little did they know it was a trap and Sir Richard was waiting inside.

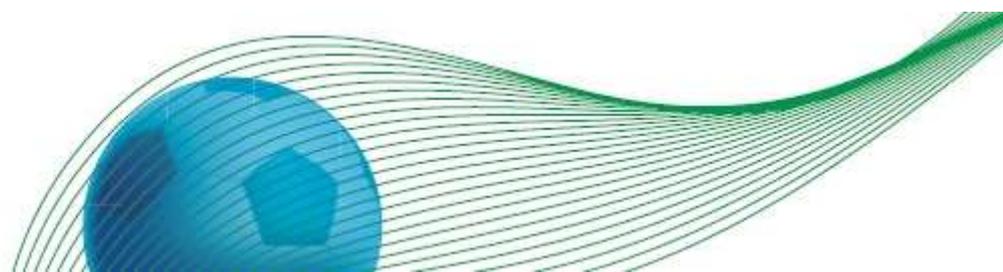
Danny opened the door of the taxi and let Charlotte climb in first.

'Welcome to Rio,' the lady driver said, smiling. 'Please look at this free map of our city as we drive. Begin to enjoy our famous landmarks.'

'Thanks,' Charlotte said, watching Danny climb in after her.

Once they had fastened their seatbelts, the driver started her engine and the taxi's central locking clicked shut. Danny knew he had made a mistake at the very moment he heard the noise of the central locking. Two thoughts flashed through his mind. The offer of a free taxi. And, before that, Beacon's laptop telling him someone was trying to access the computer.

They were in danger. He could sense it. Danny turned to look behind them.



The first thing he saw was teeth. Sir Richard's gleaming white false teeth.

'Ahhh... Danny. We meet again.'

Then the click of a gun. A man in the passenger seat, pointing a pistol at the duo, the taxi accelerating from the airport and away from the last chance the pair had of escape.

Danny said nothing. Nor did Charlotte. They both knew that there was no point. They glanced around the black leather interior of the taxi, desperate for a way out. But there was none.

Sir Richard made up for their silence. He ranted and raved, said how Danny had ruined his life in England, Russia and now Brazil. And that this was the last time he'd let Danny get in his way.

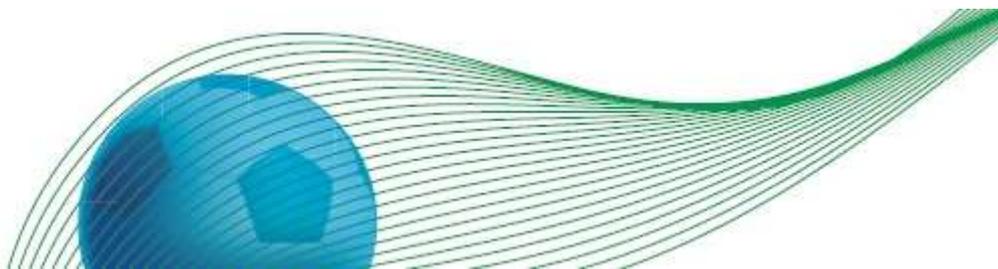
As they drove on wide motorways and between the huge sky-scrappers of Rio, Danny noticed thousands of people on the streets. At first he thought it was home fans returning from watching the Brazil-Germany match on big screens. But there was more to it than that.

He saw they were carrying banners. With words like Amazonia on them. Bearing images of the rainforest. This was a protest about the Amazon.

'You see what you've done,' Sir Richard confirmed. 'You've set Brazil on fire. Everyone is enraged about the rainforest. You two are heroes. And soon you'll be bigger heroes. Soon you'll be dead heroes. And everybody loves a martyr.'

Danny swallowed. But still he said nothing. He wanted to keep Sir Richard guessing as to his mood. Or what he might do.

As they passed a huge screen, both Charlotte and Danny watched



helicopter footage from the Amazon on it. Thousands of people converging on the rainforest. In boats. In buses. On trains. In cars. Chanting and clapping.

Danny and Charlotte shared a quick look. They didn't smile. But they wanted to. They knew that they were in massive danger. But they also knew that they had inspired other people to want to save the rainforest.

The statue of Christ the Redeemer loomed huge from a long way off. Charlotte watched it grow larger as they drove ever closer to it.

Then Sir Richard's menacing face was between them.

'You've seen the Redeemer,' he sniggered. 'Did you know you can hire it? In the evening. You can book it for parties. That sort of thing.'

The children stayed silent.

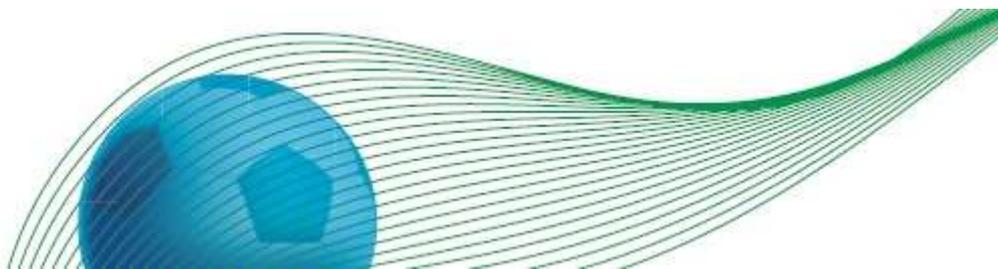
'So tonight we'll have it all to ourselves. A private party.' The old man laughed again. 'A party to celebrate your execution.'

Danny closed his eyes. This was typical Sir Richard. He could never just shoot someone. He always had to make some grand gesture like this. But that was his weakness. He was like a Bond villain. The more he made his grand gestures, the more opportunity he gave his victims the chance to escape. Danny had read enough James Bond books to recognise that at one point between now and when they were scheduled to die there would be a chance for them to escape.

But forty minutes later no chance had come.

Danny and Charlotte were alone with Sir Richard and his henchman. Two guns pointing at them. The statue of Christ the Redeemer was lit brightly above them. This close up it looked more like a cliff face than a statue.

The noise of whistles and shouting from the crowds protesting about the Amazon reached



up to the balcony that surrounded the foot of the vast statue. Below the balcony was a great drop. Down to a public square. Danny looked over the edge and saw thousands of people waving flags and banners. It was a most terrifying drop. Gazing down, Danny caught the eye of a woman. She looked up at him and waved. Then she was back among the crowds, chanting and dancing.

'Let's not draw this out,' Sir Richard interrupted. 'You have a choice. You can die in two ways. I can blow your heads off with this gun. Or you can jump.'

'We'll jump,' Danny said.

He saw Charlotte shoot him a look.

'Jump?' Sir Richard said. 'He speaks at last. Go on then. Jump! Before I tear you to pieces.'

Danny climbed onto the edge of the balcony, a circle of stone balustrades. He reached his hand to Charlotte. She climbed up next to him.

'What are you doing?' she whispered, terror on her face. 'We'll be smashed to pieces.'

'Do you trust me?' Danny asked.

'You know I do.'

'Then close your eyes and when I say jump, jump.'

Danny felt Charlotte's hand tighten in his.

'I trust you.'

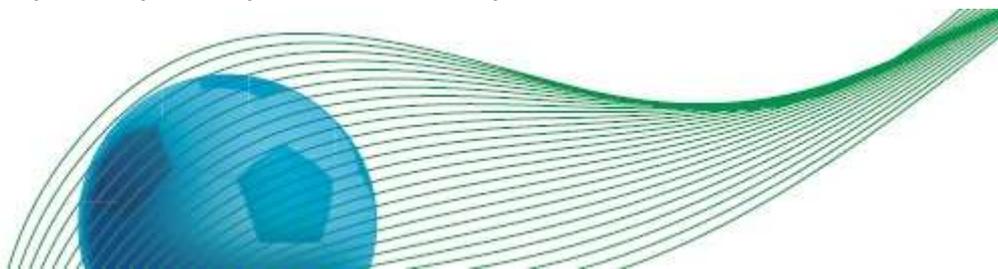
'I know,' Danny said, gazing down into the darkness at the crowds far below.

'Jump,' Danny said.

And they jumped.



Read chapter 23 of *Foul Play: Brazil* on Friday 11th July. The final chapter will be published on Monday 14th July, the day after the World Cup final.



Chapter Twenty-three

Danny and Charlotte have been kidnapped by Sir Richard Gawthorpe and taken to the statue of Christ the Redeemer to be executed. Sir Richard is raving mad because the kids' film has galvanised the population of Rio into protesting against deforestation and because hundreds of people are gathering in the Amazon to stop him destroying his own patch of rainforest. Sir Richard has offered the children a choice. To jump off the statue to their deaths – or to be shot.

Charlotte took Danny's hand, closed her eyes and they jumped.

Her body went into panic mode.

She gulped for air.

She opened her eyes, but could only see colours swirling.

They began to spin.

Her thoughts fragmented.

This was it. She was going to die.

She braced herself for the pain.

Her last feeling was Danny letting go of her hand and pushing her away.

Her last thought, *Why did he push me away?*

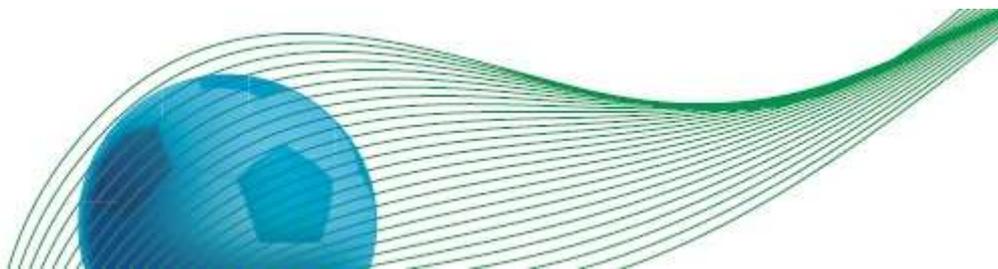
The protesters below saw the two children falling. A woman among them had alerted the others. She had seen an anxious boy peering over the edge.

Quickly they took the largest Brazilian flag they had amongst them and stood around it, twenty of them holding firm to catch the children.

They watched the pair fall. Faster and faster. And caught them.

Safe.

Unharmmed.



Immediately the protesters recognised the girl. She was the one from the Amazon video. The one who had started the protests by interviewing the Amazon tribal leader. The crowd began to chant and sing.

Charlotte looked at Danny and smiled.

'You pushed me,' she said.

'So we didn't fall on top of each other,' he replied.

Events gathered speed from then. It was dizzying.

The protesters set up a press conference for the next morning. In a Rio sports hall. Over a thousand TV cameras gathered to hear from the two English children.

As Charlotte and Danny waited nervously to speak about the tribe they had met and about Sir Richard's plans for the rainforest, TV images showed how the part of the Amazon Sir Richard was planning to destroy was now surrounded by *thousands* of people, refusing to let the bulldozers through.

Everyone was excited and happy. Something good was happening.

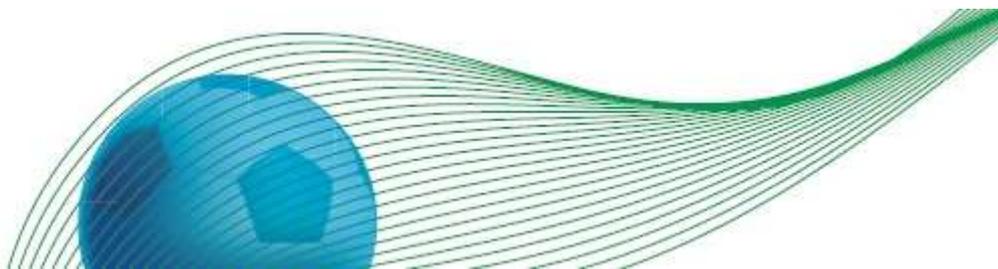
There was a hush amongst the waiting TV camera crews when they saw the leader of the Amazon protests stand to address the hall. Danny breathed in and out deeply to steady his nerves. Charlotte stared ahead. This was the chance she had wanted: to tell the world about deforestation. And she was going to take it.

And then, from the left, another man walked on the stage. Towards the microphone.

Danny saw him first. He was wearing a light brown suit. He had grey hair.

Sir Richard Gawthorpe.

'That's him,' Danny shouted.



But Sir Richard had hold of the microphone now. 'Don't move, anyone.'

The room went utterly quiet.

'Look on the screen,' the old man ordered.

Everyone looked at the helicopter images from the Amazon rainforest.

They could see a small plane, maybe a glider, circling the trees.

'That is a drone. It is my drone. It is armed with an incendiary bomb that will set fire to hundreds of miles of rainforest, killing everyone down there and wiping out thousands of animals and plants. It will take centuries for the Amazon to recover. I just need to press this button.'

Silence. Everyone looking at the remote control device in the madman's hand.

Then the leader of the protest spoke. 'Should we believe him, Danny?'

Danny nodded. 'He's capable of anything,' he said, walking slowly towards Sir Richard, ready to act.

'I am,' ranted Sir Richard. 'That's right. But I only want one thing.'

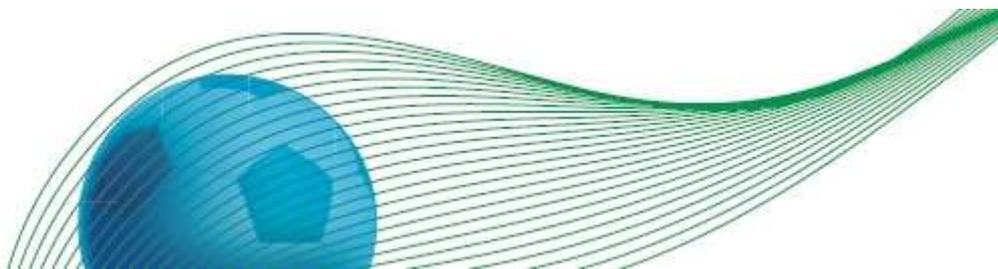
'What's that?' the leader said.

'I want the boy. I know my rainforest project is over. Just give me the boy and I'll call off the attack.'

Sir Richard had dark rings under his eyes. His face was scarlet with rage. Danny knew he meant it. And he knew what he had to do.

As the drama unfolded at the front of the stage, Charlotte grabbed a laptop from one of the journalists and began to send out messages via Beacon's social network accounts. *Is there a hacker? she asked. Someone who can get into Sir Richards' drone and disable it?*

As she typed the screen began to go blurry.



She knew what was coming.

Her heart pounded.

She had already had to deal with Danny being in danger. But now this.

Eva.

Her face.

Pale and grinning.

'Charlotte,' the ghost in the machine whispered. 'Come to me.'

Charlotte had to choose. Shut down the computer and save herself from Eva - or keep going and try to save Danny from Sir Richard.

There was only one choice she wanted to make.

A choice for Danny. She would carry on typing.

But, before she did, she put her hand into her bag and pulled out some of the leaves she had been given by the Amazon tribe. The ones that had protected them from the piranha fish. Would they work with Eva? Probably not. But she had to try. It was the only defence she had.

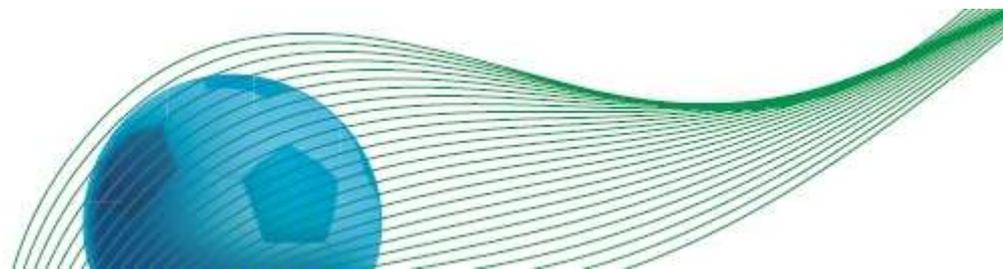
With her hands were covered in the green leaf residue she went back to the laptop.

'Touch the screen,' Eva grinned again.

And Charlotte couldn't resist. Eva was too powerful. She put her hand to the screen. And there was a monstrous flash.

As Danny walked off the stage with Sir Richard he saw the flash at the back of the stage. He had been looking for Charlotte. To say goodbye. Perhaps forever. But he could not see her.

The crowd of media and protesters booed as he was led away. They knew it was wrong. But they knew too that they had to let Danny go. In giving up his life he would save



the rainforest and countless birds, animals, insects, plants and protesters.

Danny was forced into a dark van towards the back of the sports venue. He was pushed in with such force that he was unconscious and defenceless by the time the van sped away from the crowds.

Before he drove off, Sir Richard threw the remote control for the drone out of the window. The leader of the protests picked it up and disabled it. The madman had kept his word. The rainforest would be safe.

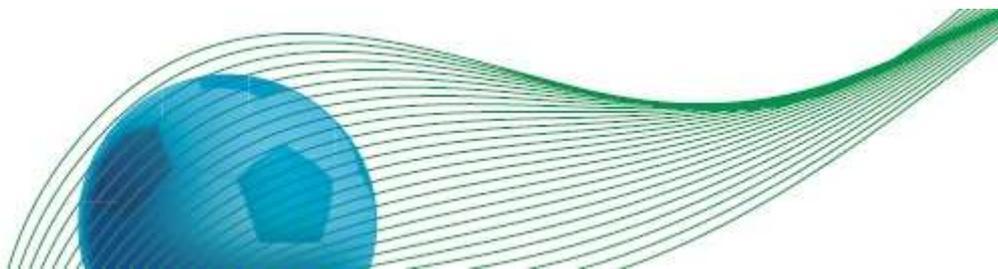
He regretted that the same would not be true for the English boy, Danny. Or his friend.

Thank you very much for reading. A signed certificate for taking part is now available online for you, your school and pupils. There's plenty of space to add your name. You can download it from my homepage, just below the introduction, here: <http://www.tompalmer.co.uk>. Just click on the green script where it says "Print off your Foul Play Brazil certificate".

Thanks again. And enjoy the final. Tom



Read the final chapter of *Foul Play: Brazil* on Monday 14 July.



Chapter Twenty-four

Danny and Charlotte's blog has galvanised the population of Brazil into protesting against Sir Richard Gawthorpe's plans for the destruction of the Amazon rainforest. Sir Richard is furious with Danny and has vowed to deal with him once and for all, taking him prisoner again. Meanwhile Charlotte – trying to find a way to rescue Danny – comes face to face with the ghost of Eva and has bravely touched the screen, hoping that the leaves from the Amazon rainforest tribe will protect her.

Charlotte recoiled as the computer screen in front of her shattered.

After a few moments, she shook her head. She had survived touching Eva's ghost. The Amazon leaves had worked.

Then she saw a flicker in the black space where, a second before, the screen had been.

A pale shape. Oval. A face.

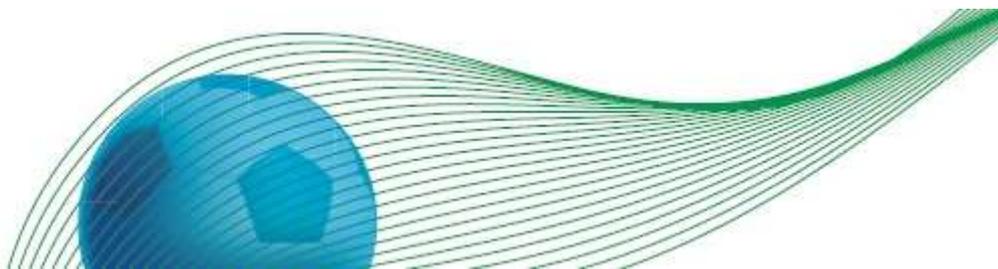
For a second Charlotte saw Eva staring back at her. But the image of the ghost woman that Charlotte had first seen in the airport at Manaus over a month ago, faded and finally died.

And Charlotte knew that Eva's ghost was laid to rest.

Danny was held in a cell for two days, but he was still alive. He wasn't sure if that was a miracle – or down to Sir Richard Gawthorpe being a madman.

On the third day, Sir Richard came to move Danny on. But before they left the cell, Sir Richard forced Danny to drink a liquid. At first, Danny thought it was one of the liquids Eva had used to kill animals in the Amazon. But he was still alive!

He did feel drowsy, however, and – as much as he tried – he couldn't speak.



He felt himself losing consciousness.

When Danny came to, he realised that he was now in a football stadium.

The Maracana, he thought. The place where the World Cup final was due to be played.

He was slumped in a chair near the wooden box that contained the World Cup trophy. He knew the box. He'd seen it at the last World Cup.

Or was he dreaming?

Danny watched Sir Richard swap the box containing the trophy for another one, putting the one with the World Cup under a table at the far end of the room. What was he planning?

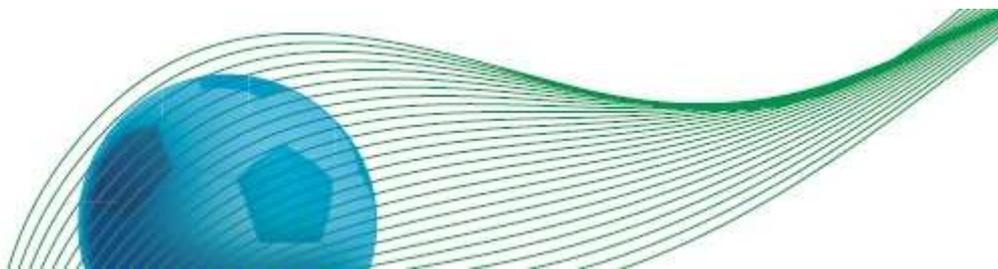
'Can you hear me, Danny?' Sir Richard said coming closer. 'In this box there is a bomb that will blow up everyone in this stadium while I am watching from the balcony of Christ the Redeemer. And, if you want to diffuse the bomb, you can.'

Danny looked at his tormentor. Why would he tell him that?

'In frozen water,' Sir Richard grinned. 'And you won't find any of that in Brazil. So it's all over. For you. For the stadium. For all the players. And the fans. And they will know that I did it. In revenge for what you and they have done to me.'

Sir Richard forced Danny to drink more of the liquid. And quickly Danny blacked out.

Charlotte had been at the stadium for hours, hoping that she might find Danny. She tried to anticipate what Sir Richard would do. Might he come here to stage some dramatic



finale to his crazed plans?

Thousands of people were searching Brazil for Danny - the many protesters who had been inspired by the children's attempts to save the rainforest. But Charlotte knew she had to be here. She felt closer to Danny in a football stadium. It felt right. She stood with the photographers in the press area, near the players' benches, hoping to see him.

When Danny woke up, he was slumped in a seat behind the German players' bench.

He had to make himself alert. He had to overcome whatever Sir Richard had drugged him with. And where was Charlotte?

Danny was sure she would be looking for him. But would she be looking here? Or maybe she had given up? Maybe she was already back in England?

Both Danny and Charlotte searched frantically for each other in the crowd.

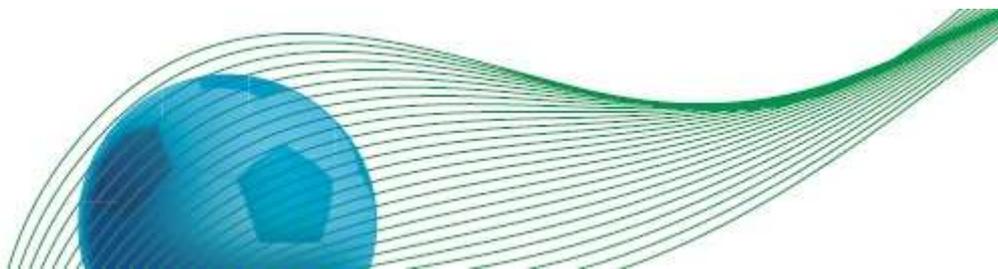
When their eyes locked they felt a moment of magic. Charlotte's was a feeling of relief. Danny's was a burst of adrenaline. He roused himself out of the stupor Sir Richard had put him in and stood up.

Steadying himself on Charlotte's shoulder, once she had rushed to him, he told his friend what Sir Richard had done. The bomb. The statue. The frozen water. And a plan he had formed.

Charlotte acted quickly. She found the real World Cup trophy box under the table and stood near the players' tunnel.

Then the flags of Germany and Argentina were carried on for the national anthems.

Hiding under the German flag, Charlotte made her way onto the pitch to be close to the



World Cup. And - as they passed by the trophy - she switched the boxes and ran to the players dressing rooms, empty now. She plunged the bomb in the box into an ice bath, prepared just in case a player was injured during the game. Just like Danny had told her it should be.

When she returned to find Danny he was gone.

Charlotte knew exactly where he would be. She stared at the sun as it set behind the Christ the Redeemer statue and closed her eyes.

Danny saw that there was only one man on the Christ the Redeemer statue balcony. Everyone else was watching the World Cup final.

The game had begun. Danny could hear the noise of the crowd from across the city.

He crept carefully and hid a few feet from Sir Richard, who was leaning over the edge of the stadium muttering.

'Why hasn't it gone off... what's happened?' Sir Richard said.

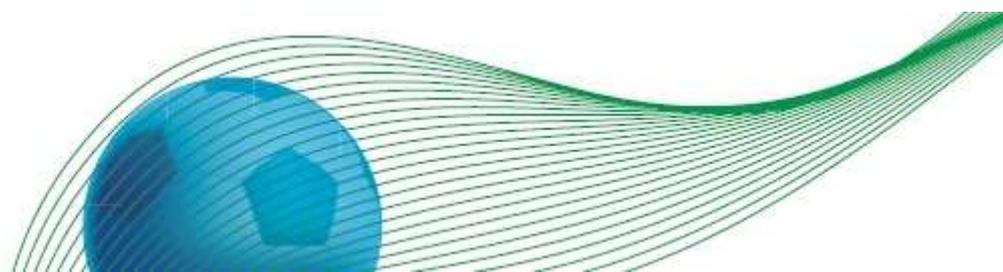
Then Danny saw Sir Richard stand on the edge of the statue. Danny knew more than anyone how far the drop was.

Sir Richard shouted 'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BOMB, DANNY HARTE? WHERE ARE YOU?'

Danny couldn't resist. He walked slowly up to the enemy he had taken on so many times as a football detective.

'I'm here,' he said in a quiet voice.

Sir Richard spun round and stared at Danny. 'You!' he said, stepping backwards in shock.



And then the old man fell. Sudden and fast.

Instinctively, Danny ran to try to help.

He looked down. Sir Richard Gawthorpe was dead. Smashed to pieces; illuminated by the thousand lights around Christ the Redeemer.

As he lay there a helicopter flying above relayed film of the dead man to TV screens and hand-held devices across Brazil. When they saw that Sir Richard Gawthorpe had died the protesters celebrated. The Englishman's demise meant that at least one part of rainforest they had been so worried about would be safe.

Danny was back in the Maracana for when extra time in the World Cup final kicked off.

He worked his way down to the front of the stands and found Charlotte in the seat where Sir Richard had left Danny. There were seven minutes to go in the match.

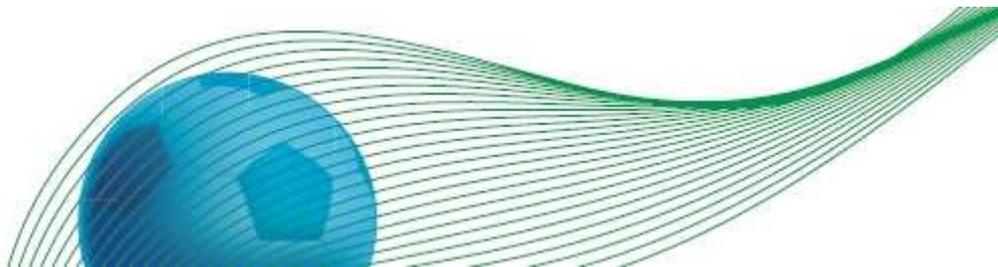
When she saw Danny, Charlotte turned and hugged him.

'We did it,' she said.

Danny nodded. He was too emotional to reply.

As they hugged there was a massive cheer. They knew someone had scored the winning goal. But neither of them looked up. It didn't matter who had scored. It didn't matter who had won the World Cup. What *mattered* was that they were both safe.

The protesters left the rainforest that they had circled and helped to save. Slowly and steadily animals came out of hiding. Birds took to the skies, flashes of red and green and blue. Monkeys swung in the tops of the trees and



butterflies filled the air.

Then a small tribe of people arrived, led by a tall woman; the leader.

She watched the creatures and listened to the river running through her rainforest and she smiled. This part of the rainforest was safe. For now.

She looked to the heavens and began to pray. She prayed that there would be more children in the world like the English girl and boy who had come to help them. Then maybe their rainforest would live on as it had for tens of thousands of years.



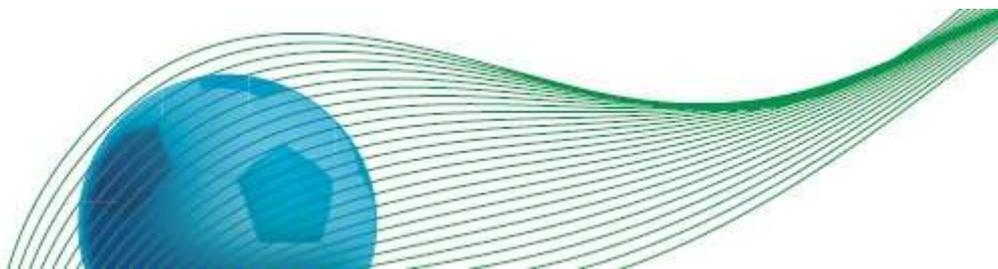
Thank you very much for reading *Foul Play: Brazil*. Please see the short letter from its author, Tom Palmer, below.

Hello

Thank you very much for reading to the end of *Foul Play: Brazil*. I would like to say a big thank you to all of you - and to your teachers. It has been great to hear how schools have been using the story during the World Cup.

If you have taken an interest in the rainforest there are lots of ways you can help stop deforestation - from the actions you take at home, to supporting charities that work to save places like the Amazon. Ask your teachers what you can do over the summer and when you return to school next year.

If you want to know more about Danny and Charlotte - and Sir Richard - you can read the five *Foul*



Play books, published by Puffin. They are available in most libraries and bookshops. Ask a librarian or bookseller if you can't find what you are looking for. If you visit your public library this summer you can sign up for the Summer Reading Challenge. It's free and you can earn prizes.

I wish you all a very happy summer holiday. I'll be going to Cornwall for a week's holiday with my family. I'm taking three books to read with me. They are *Pride and Penalties* by Chris Higgins, *Russian Roulette* by Anthony Horowitz and *Rugby Warrior* by Gerard Siggins.

Happy reading and thanks again,

Tom Palmer

www.tompalmer.co.uk

Thank you very much for reading. A signed certificate for taking part is now available for you, your school and pupils. There's plenty of space to add your name. Email admin.tompalmer@talktalk.net for your copy.

Thanks again.

