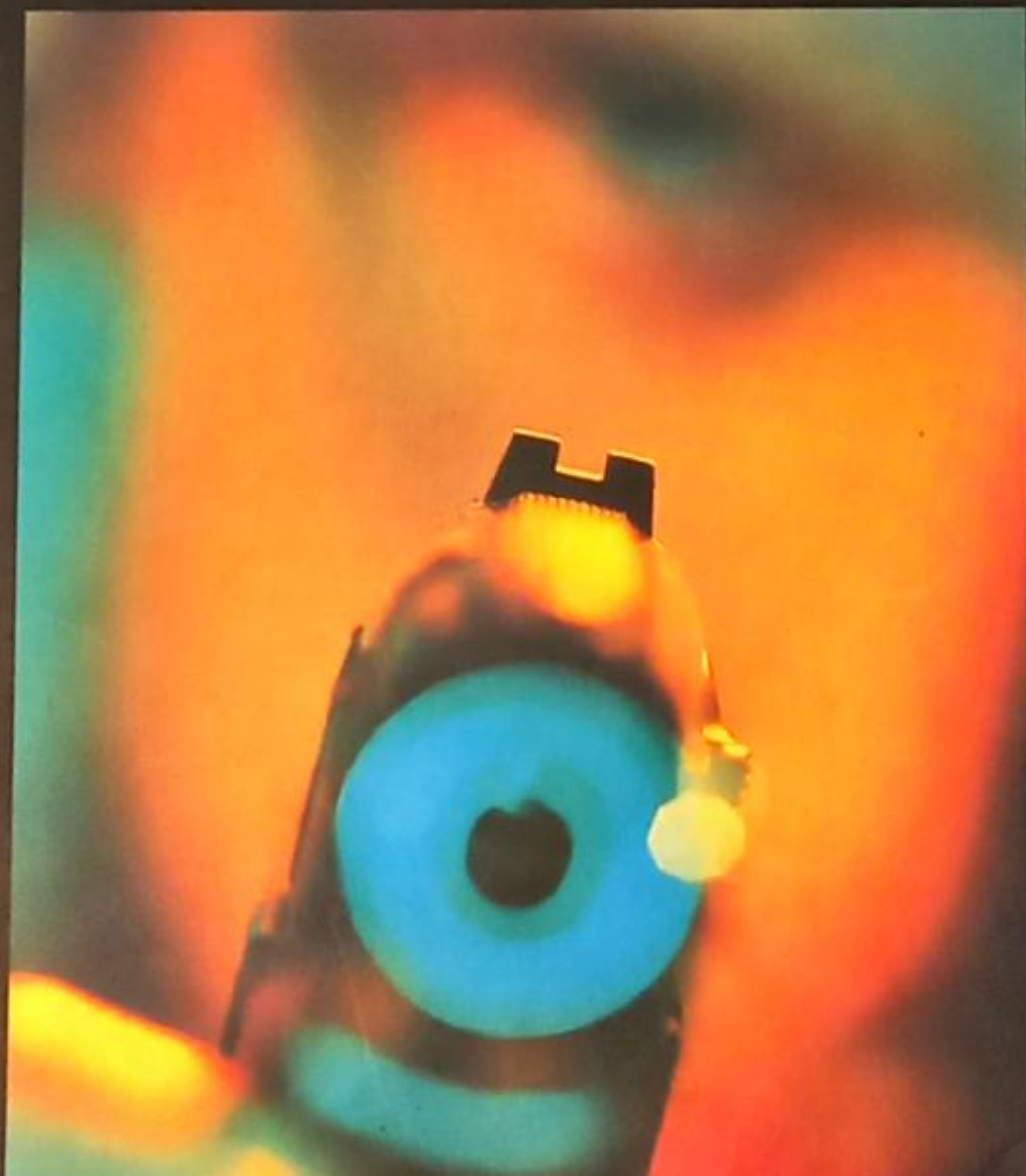


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3

# *Justice*

TIM VICARY



## JUSTICE

Terrorists don't care who they kill or hurt; they're not interested in justice for other people, only in bombs and guns and killing – and in escaping from the law themselves. But there is another kind of justice, an older kind, before there were police and laws and prisons. It's called an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life . . .

The bomb goes off in the Queen's coach outside Parliament, killing five people, and only just missing the Queen. Jane Cole is watching from the crowd. Her father was driving the Queen's coach, and now Jane, sick with fear, pushes through the terrified crowd to look for him. She finds him lying on the ground, covered in blood and screaming in pain.

Alan Cole lives, but he loses his leg. And the terror for him and his daughter is only just beginning, because Alan knows something about the terrorists. He hasn't realized it yet, but he soon will.

And somebody, somewhere, desperately wants to stop Alan Cole realizing . . . and talking.





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*Thriller & Adventure*

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## Justice

Stage 3 (1000 headwords)



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Founder Editor: Tricia Hedge  
Activities Editors: Jennifer Bassett and Christine Lindop

TIM VICARY

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# Justice

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# 1

## BOMB

'Look!' Jane Cole said. 'Here she comes now!'

The two Americans looked along the street. There were crowds of people everywhere. In the middle of the road, soldiers were riding towards them on horseback. Behind them came a golden coach, pulled by six black horses.

'That's my father,' Jane said. 'He's the coachman – the man driving the horses.'

The American woman said: 'Fantastic! Your father's driving the Queen! Quick, Harry, use the video camera!'

'I *am* using it!' her husband said. 'But she's too far away. Can't we get a little nearer, Jane?'

'We can try,' Jane said. 'Follow me!' She took them nearer to the entrance to Parliament. 'This is where the coach will stop and the Queen will get out. Then she'll go upstairs to open Parliament for this year.'

'Didn't someone put a bomb under your Parliament once?' the American man asked. 'I read about that at school. Guy . . . something?'

'Guy Fawkes,' Jane said. 'In 1605. He tried to blow up Parliament, that's right. But don't worry. There's no Guy Fawkes here today.'

She smiled at the Americans. She was a student, and this was her part-time job – to show tourists round London.

She felt proud to show them her father, driving the Queen on a wonderful day like this.

Then the Queen's coach came past in front of them, the golden roof bright in the sunlight.

There were people everywhere, trying to take photos. Jane saw a woman with red-brown hair behind the American man, pressing the button of her camera. That's stupid, Jane thought; she can only see the backs of people's heads there. The woman shook her camera angrily; there seemed to be something wrong with it. The American woman pulled Jane forward, laughing happily. 'Come on,' she said, 'let's get to the front! Use that video, Harry!'

Alan Cole stopped the coach outside Parliament, and sat there, quietly holding the horses. A man opened the coach door, and Prince Charles and the Duke of Edinburgh got out. Then the Queen got out. She was wearing a long white dress, and carrying a gold handbag. She walked slowly towards the entrance to the building.

'Excuse me, please,' the woman with red-brown hair said. 'I must get closer.' She pushed past Jane and held out her small black camera.

'Oh, all right,' Jane said. 'But . . . *my God!*'

There was a loud BANG! Jane saw a bright white light in front of her eyes, and felt a terrible hot wind on her face. The wind threw her backwards, and she fell to the ground with a lot of other people. For a moment she lay there, not thinking, not seeing.

Her eyes were open but she saw nothing. Only . . . blue





*The woman shook her camera angrily.*

BOOKWORMS • FANTASY & HORROR • STAGE 3

# Frankenstein

MARY SHELLEY

*Retold by Patrick Nobes*

Victor Frankenstein thinks he has found the secret of life. He takes parts from dead people and builds a new 'man'. But this monster is so big and frightening that everyone runs away from him – even Frankenstein himself!

The monster is like an enormous baby who needs love. But nobody gives him love, and soon he learns to hate. And, because he is so strong, the next thing he learns is how to kill . . .

BOOKWORMS • CRIME & MYSTERY • STAGE 4

# Death of an Englishman

MAGDALEN NABB

*Retold by Diane Mowat*

It was a very inconvenient time for murder. Florence was full of Christmas shoppers and half the police force was already on holiday.

At first it seemed quite an ordinary murder. Of course, there are always a few mysteries. In this case, the dead man had been in the habit of moving his furniture at three o'clock in the morning. Naturally, the police wanted to know why. The case became more complicated. But all the time, the answer was right under their noses. They just couldn't see it. It was, after all, a very ordinary murder.