



‘So how come we never see your Uncle Dave?’ pondered Lisa as she slouched over an armchair, flicking ferociously through the hundreds of channels that was ‘American TV’. She didn’t want to say it but it had been a bit boring staying with Sam’s relations. After all, this was supposed to be a holiday.

Sam lifted his head. He knew only too well how Lisa felt because he felt it himself. But at least he had come to expect it. Every few years Sam and his mother visited Uncle Dave and Aunt Grace in Mexico and unless you were into going shopping with his mother and aunt, there wasn’t that much to do. That’s why he had invited his best friend Lisa to tag along this year.

‘He has some big important job working for the government, doing research or something,’ replied Sam.

‘Oh?’ said Lisa, flicking onto *Oprah*.

‘He’s an astronomer, I think. I don’t really know. His work is top secret. That’s why he never talks about it.’

Lisa sat up in the chair. ‘Is that why we’re not allowed in his study?’

‘Probably.’

Lisa arched her eyebrows into a suggestion.

‘No . . . we shouldn’t,’ warned Sam.

‘Come on!’ she shrieked, already racing out the door.

‘Wait!’ called Sam jumping up after her.

He chased her out the double doors and up the hall, turning left and then right. The third door on the left was open. Lisa had ignored the ‘Do not enter’ sign.



**What number room is the study?
Turn to the same page as your answer.**



