

Last week, Nick got some money for his birthday. He and his sister Mary went to a department store because he wanted to buy some toys.

"The toys are on the sixth floor," said Mary.

"Where are the lifts?" asked Nick.

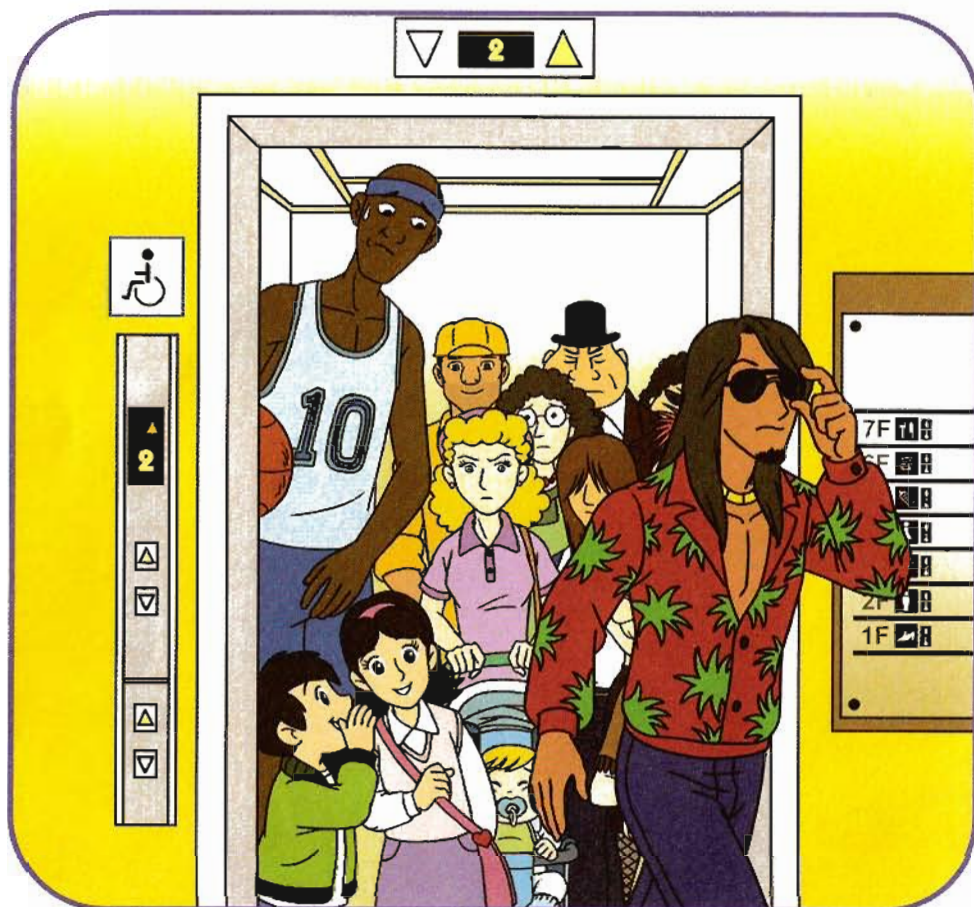


"Let's take this one! It's going up," said Mary.

"Wow! Look at all the people! It's almost full," said Nick.

There was an old lady, a young man, a boy with long hair, a young woman with a baby, and lots of other people.





The lift stopped at the second floor.  
The young man got out. He was wearing  
a cool shirt and sunglasses.

“Why is he wearing sunglasses?” asked  
Nick. “It isn’t sunny.”

“Shhh!” said Mary. “Don’t ask silly  
questions.”

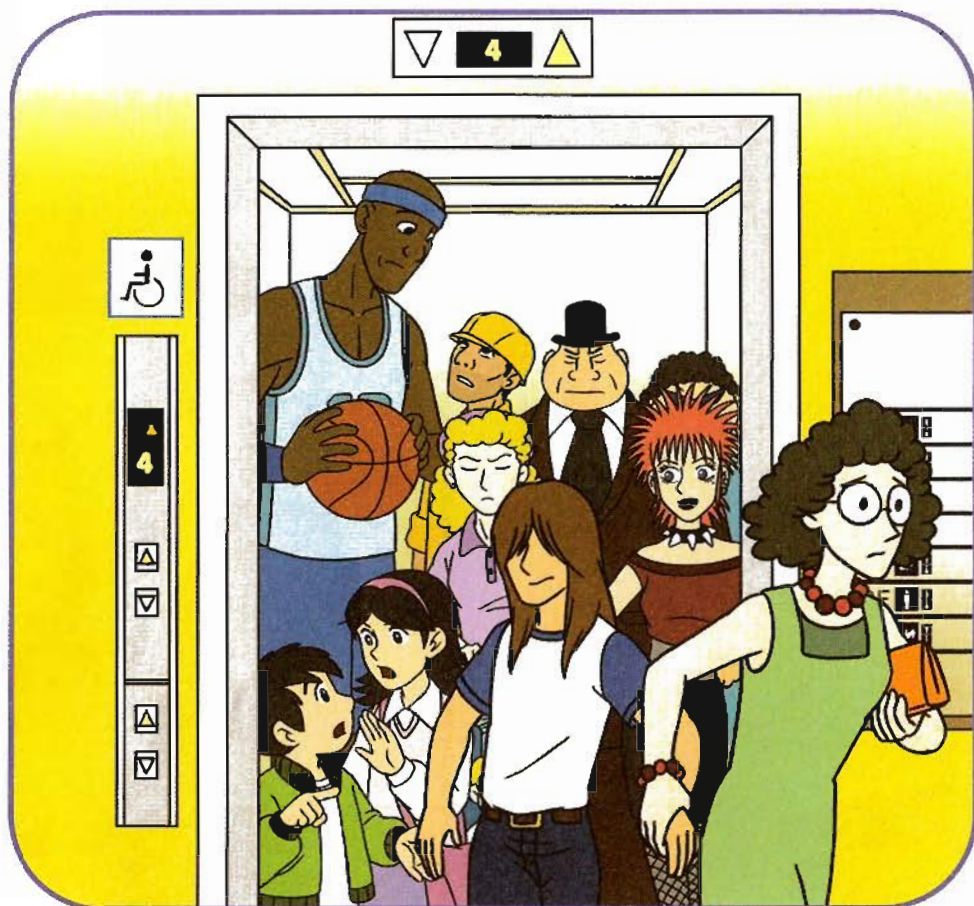


The lift stopped at the third floor.  
The old lady got out at the teenage fashion  
department.

“She looks really old!” said Nick. “Why is  
she getting out here?”

“Shhh!” said Mary. “Don’t ask silly  
questions.”





The lift stopped at the fourth floor.  
The boy got out with his mother. He didn't look very happy.

"Why does he look so unhappy?" asked Nick.

"Shhh!" said Mary. "I said stop! No more silly questions!"



The lift stopped at the children's department on the fifth floor. The young woman got out with her baby.

"Why is that baby crying so much?" asked Nick.

"Shhh!" said Mary. "I said stop! No more silly questions!"





The lift stopped at the toy department on the sixth floor.

"This is where we get out," said Mary.

"Great," said Nick. "Look at all the toys. Can we go and look at the computer games?"

"OK! Let's go!"



Nick was so happy to see all the computer games. He looked at the car games. He looked at the sports games. He looked at the puzzle games. He looked at all the games. Mary was getting very bored.

"I want this one," he said.

"At last!" said Mary.





“That’s fifteen pounds, please,” said the lady.

Nick took out his money and looked up.

“I know him!” said Nick, pointing at the television. “He was in the lift.”

“You’re right!” said Mary. “That’s Ricky Dee. I love his songs.”



“Maybe we’ll see Ricky Dee again in the lift,” said Mary.

“I wish I was a rock star,” said Nick.

“I could be Nicky Dee.”

“Stop dreaming,” said Mary. “There’s the lift now. Come on, it’s time to go home.”



The lift stopped at the fifth floor again. The lady with the baby got in. The baby was pushing his mother in the pushchair.

“Why is she sitting in the pushchair?” asked Nick.

“Shhh!” said Mary. “She’ll hear you.”



The lift stopped at the fourth floor again. The boy and his mother got in. The boy’s hair was now short.

“Poor boy! What happened to his hair?” asked Nick.

“Shhh!” said Mary. “I think it looks very nice.”





The lift stopped at the third floor. The old lady got into the lift in some new clothes. She was wearing cool sunglasses and she was listening to music.

"Is that the same old lady? What happened to her?" asked Nick.

"Shhh!" said Mary. "She looks so cool!"



The lift stopped at the second floor. Ricky Dee ran into the lift. He wanted to get away from all his fans.

"That's Ricky Dee," said Nick.

"Are you sure that's him?" asked Mary.

"Shhh!" said Nick. "Don't ask silly questions."



On the first floor, there were lots of people. They wanted to see Ricky Dee, but he ran out of the department store.

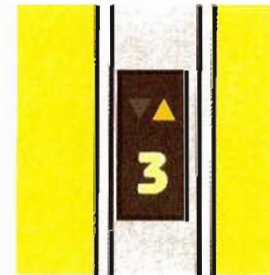
"Do you really want to be a rock star, Nick?" asked Mary.

"Not any more," said Nick. "Maybe I want to be a film star."

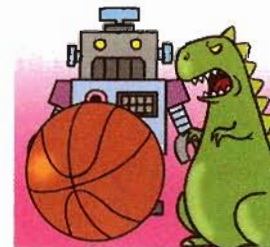
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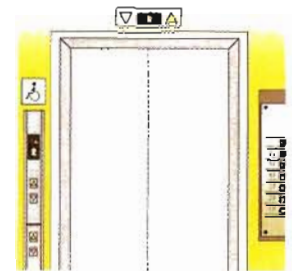
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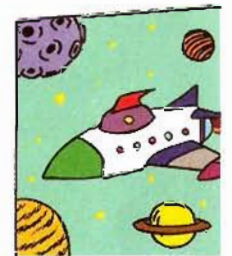
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