Just then he spotted the bus.

It was waiting at the traffic lights too.

Small round faces were pressed

against the steamy glass.

One or two of them had their tongues out.

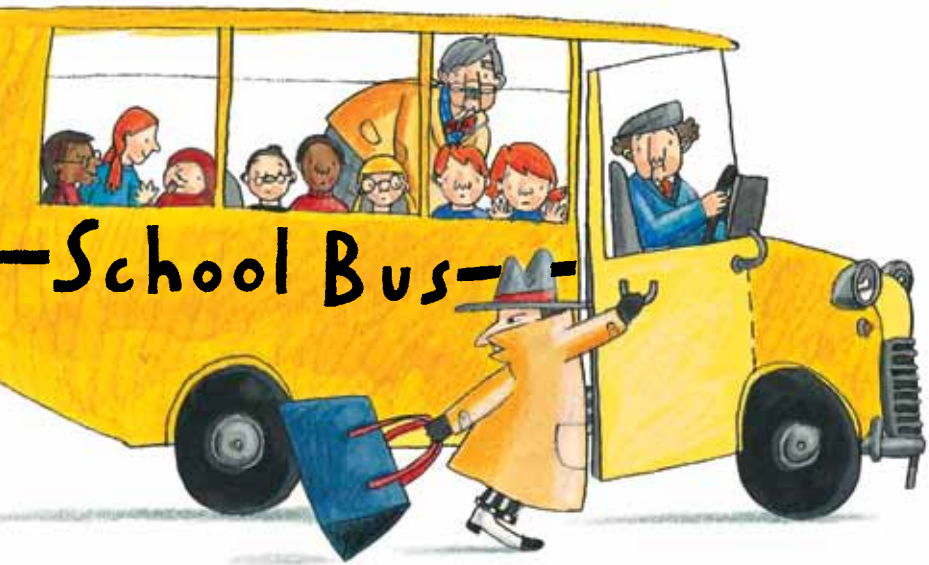


Meanwhile, Mrs Gaskitt was chasing the robber.

"Stop thief!" she cried.

Down the street, the police siren was getting louder.

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The robber opened

the door of the bus and jumped in.

Gus and Gloria were sitting on the front seat

with their swimming bags.

Mr Blotter stood up in the gangway.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Mind your own business," growled the man.

And to the driver he said, "Step on it!"

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Chapter Six

"Miaow!" said Horace



Mr Gaskitt was

still driving

along.





Up ahead he thought he could see

Mrs Gaskitt's taxi.

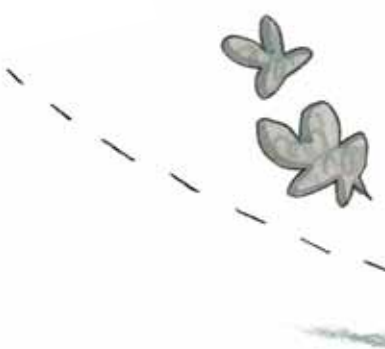


Mrs Gaskitt was

running after the bus.

She thought *she* could see

Gus and Gloria.



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Meanwhile, inside the bus Mr Blotter was asking,

"What's all this? What's going on?"

And the children were telling him.

"It's a hijack, Sir!"

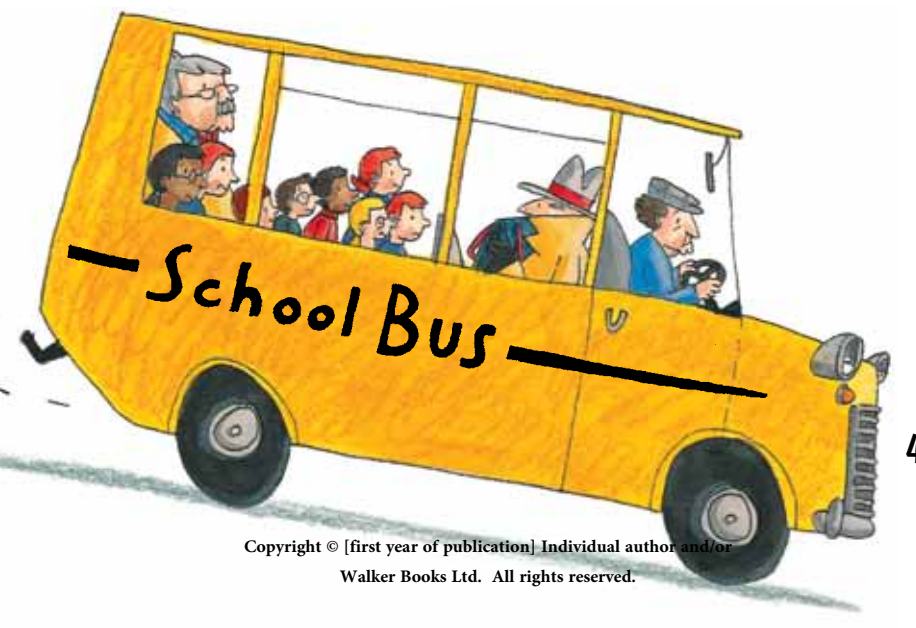
"A kidnappin'!"

"Ransom!"

"No, it ain't – it's a joke!"

"A trick!"

"He's pullin' our legs!"



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Now the robber took charge.

From his pocket he pulled … a gun.

Well, a toy gun, actually,

the one he'd used in the bank.

"That ain't real!" yelled the children.

"I've got one of them!"

"It's plastic!"

"Silence!" growled the robber. "Blasted kids."

And he said, "Fingers on lips – hands on heads."

He was old-fashioned too.

Then to Mr Blotter he said, "And you!"

And to the driver, "Drive!"

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The chase began.

The bus drove down the street.

Mrs Gaskitt in her taxi chased after it.

Mr Gaskitt in his car chased after her.

And the police chased after him.

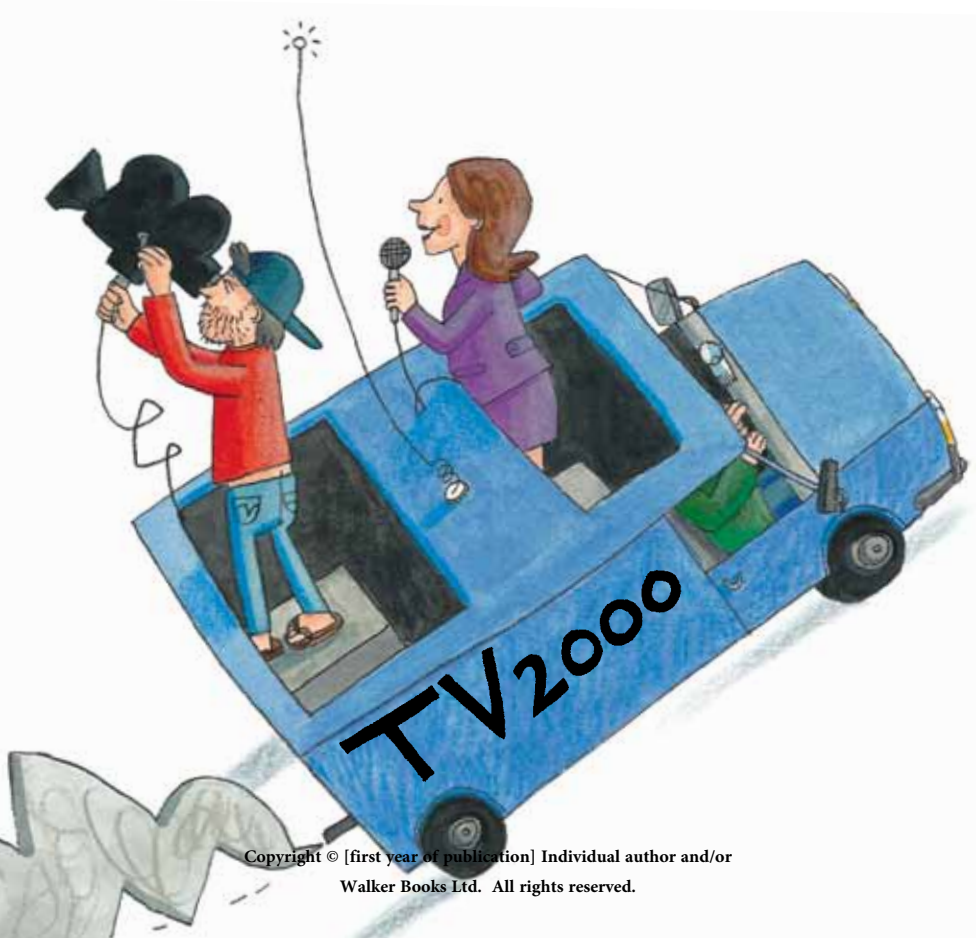
And the *TV news reporter*,

with her TV camera man and her TV van,

chased after them.

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Meanwhile, Horace was at his friend's house

watching TV.

It was a cat food ad for Crunchy Mice,

Horace's favourite food.

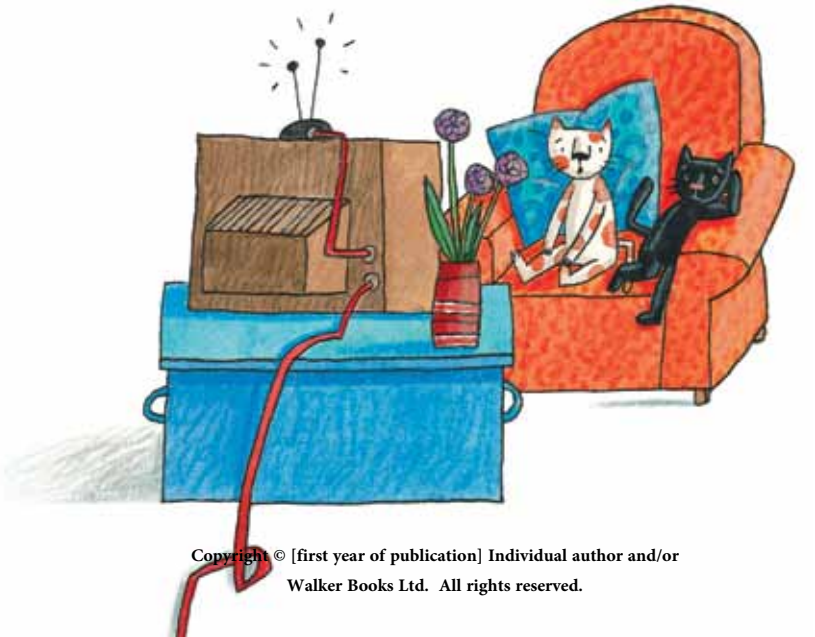
Suddenly, a voice said,

"We interrupt this cat food ad

for Crunchy Mice with live coverage of …

A POLICE CHASE!"

"Miaow!" said Horace.



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Chapter Seven

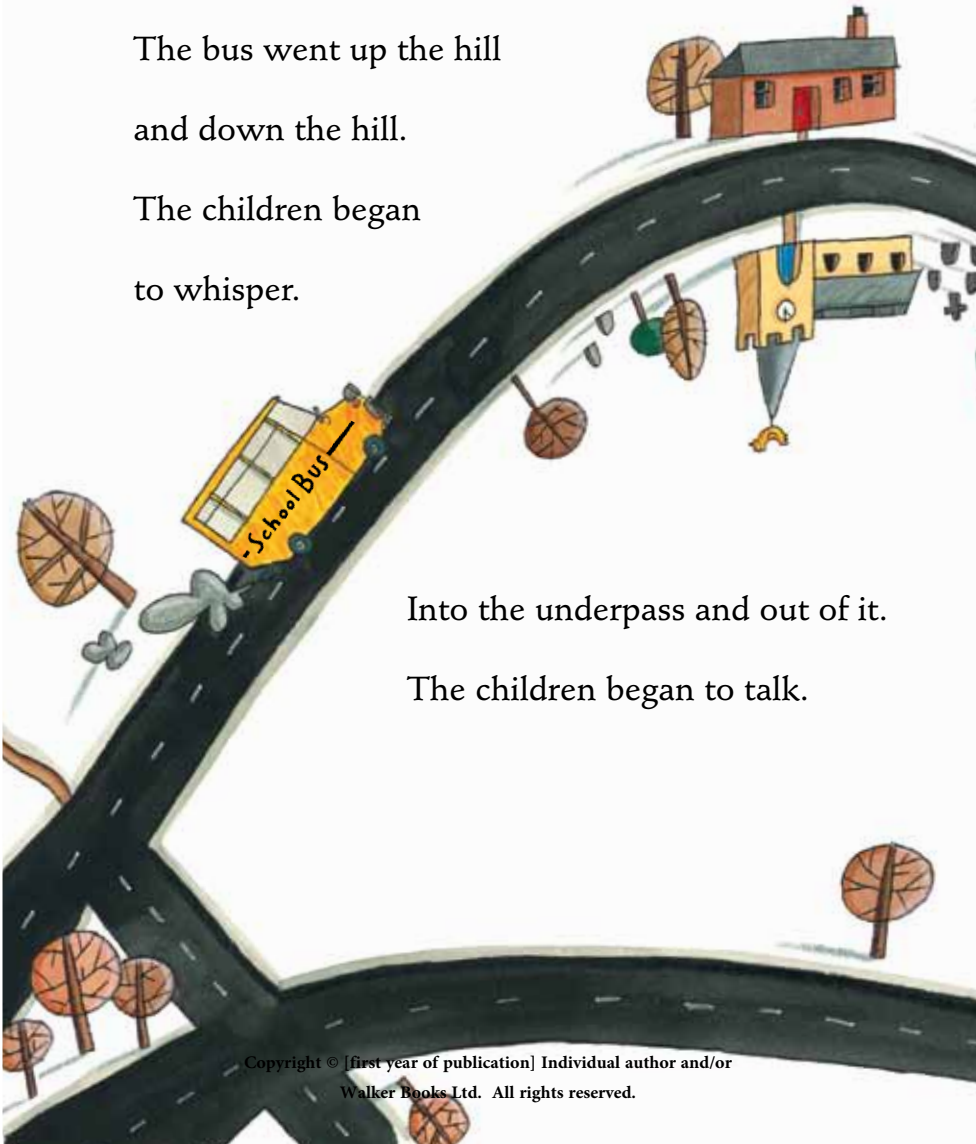
The Unhappy Robber

The bus went up the hill

and down the hill.

The children began

to whisper.



Into the underpass and out of it.

The children began to talk.

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Round the roundabout

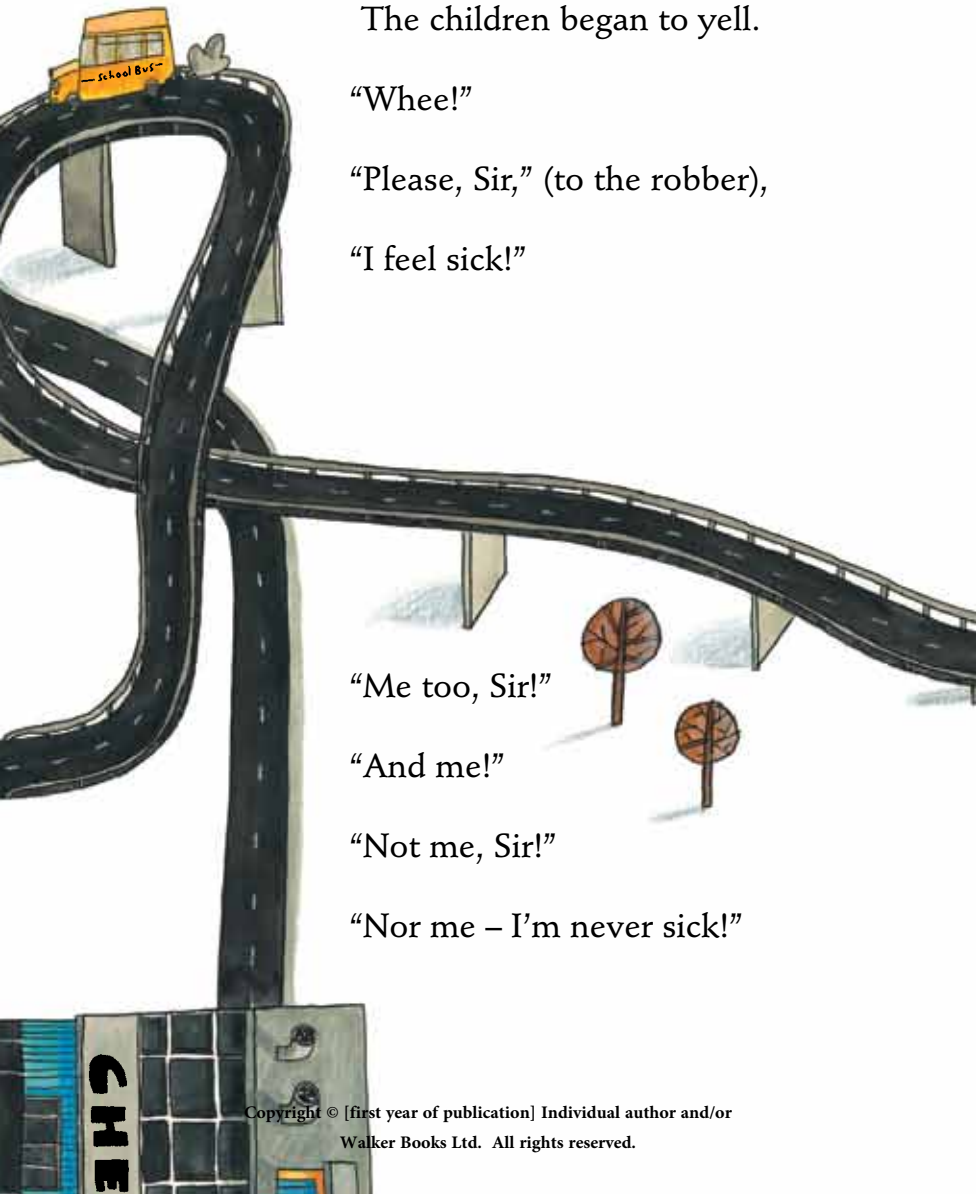
and up and over the flyover.

The children began to yell.

“Whee!”

“Please, Sir,” (to the robber),

“I feel sick!”



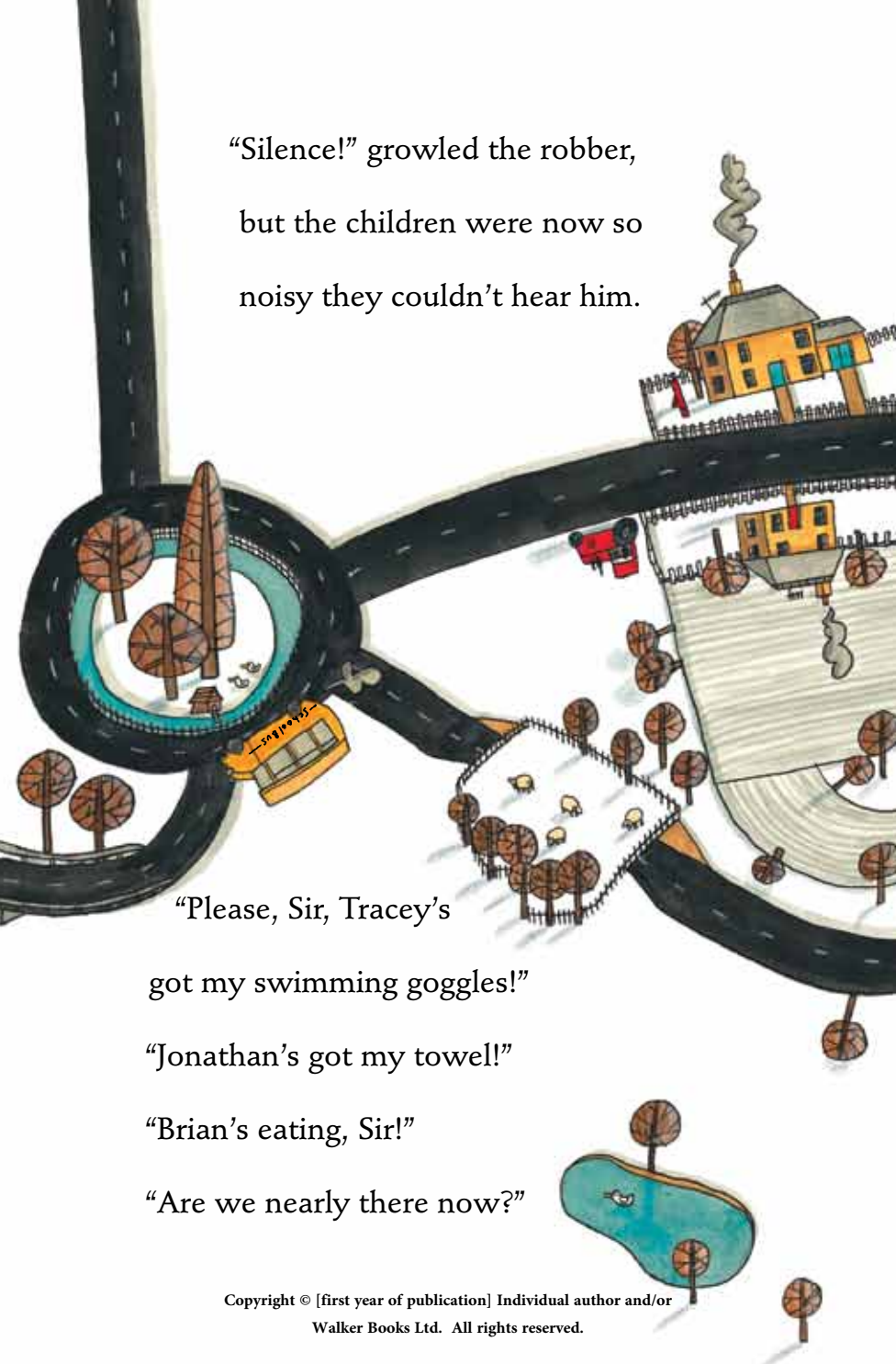
“Me too, Sir!”

“And me!”

“Not me, Sir!”

“Nor me – I’m never sick!”

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"Silence!" growled the robber,
but the children were now so
noisy they couldn't hear him.

"Please, Sir, Tracey's
got my swimming goggles!"

"Jonathan's got my towel!"

"Brian's eating, Sir!"

"Are we nearly there now?"

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