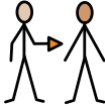
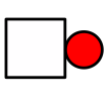
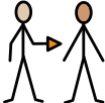
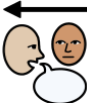
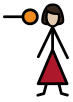
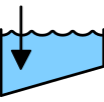
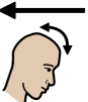
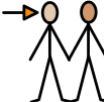
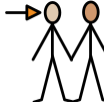


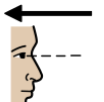
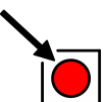
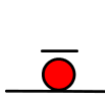
 "Now,
 I
 don't want
 you
 two
 playing
 down
 by
 the old

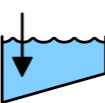
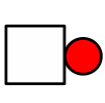
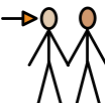
 canal.
 You
 know
 it's playing
 with fire,"
 said
 Mrs Mac,

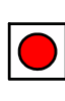
 digging
 her
 hands
 deep
 into
 the washing-up bowl.
 Tom and

 Tiree noded
 as if
 they understood.

 Ten minutes
 later,
 they reached
 the old,
 deserted canal.

 Cautiously,
 they
 peered in.
 The water
 was still,
 black and

 deep.
 By the
 bank,
 they
 could see
 a rusted

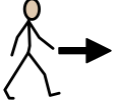
 shopping trolley,
 old
 crisp packets
 and
 soggy
 newspapers.
 In

 the reeds,
 something rustled.


 took the rope swing that dangled from an overhanging branch

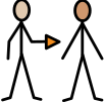


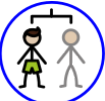
 and leaped out over the canal. Swinging backwards and


 forwards, he whooped like a siren. Although Tiree was laughing,




 inside his heart was thudding. It was his turn next.


 "You scared?" asked Tom, staring at him. Tiree did not want his


 brother to think that he was a coward, so he ran back, leaped




 sailed across the canal. Halfway over, the rope


 snapped... Tiree crashed down into the foul, stagnant water.


 Tom gasped. Tiree was no swimmer!

Desperate, Tom leaped in. At first, he could see

nothing - just darkness and weed tangling his feet. Then

he saw red! It was Tiree's hoodie. Frantically, Tom grabbed it

and tugged Tiree to the side. They lay on the bank,

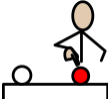
gasping and wheezing like old men.

Twenty minutes later, they were standing in Mrs Mac's

kitchen. They had to explain what had happened and Mrs

Mac grounded them for a week! After all, she had

warned them often enough. The canal was dangerous. They

 had been  lucky -  this  time.