



Three days later, on Tuesday, Pam has got her photos from the shop.

"Look at these," she says to Martin. "They're the photos of us in Cambridge."

"Oh, these are all very good," says Martin.

"But not this last one," says Pam. "Look, it's that man with the rucksack."



In the photo the man is in front of Martin. You cannot see Martin behind the man's rucksack.

"Wait a minute," says Martin. "I know that face. It's in the newspaper. Have you got it?"

"Today's newspaper?" says Pam. "Yes, it's here. Why?"

"Yes, here he is. Look at this picture," says Martin.

Pam looks at the photo in the newspaper.



"Who's that?" she asks.

"It says in the paper his name's Alan Rook," says Martin. "And he works in a bank in London. But on Monday morning – yesterday morning – no Alan Rook! The people at the bank don't know where he is. And they say he's got a hundred thousand pounds with him. The police are looking for him, too."



"But is that the man in my photo?" asks Pam. "He hasn't got a beard and he hasn't any hair."

"Look at his ears. Look at his nose," says Martin. "It's him. I know it is."

Martin has an idea. He takes a pencil and starts to draw on the newspaper.

"What are you doing?" asks Pam.