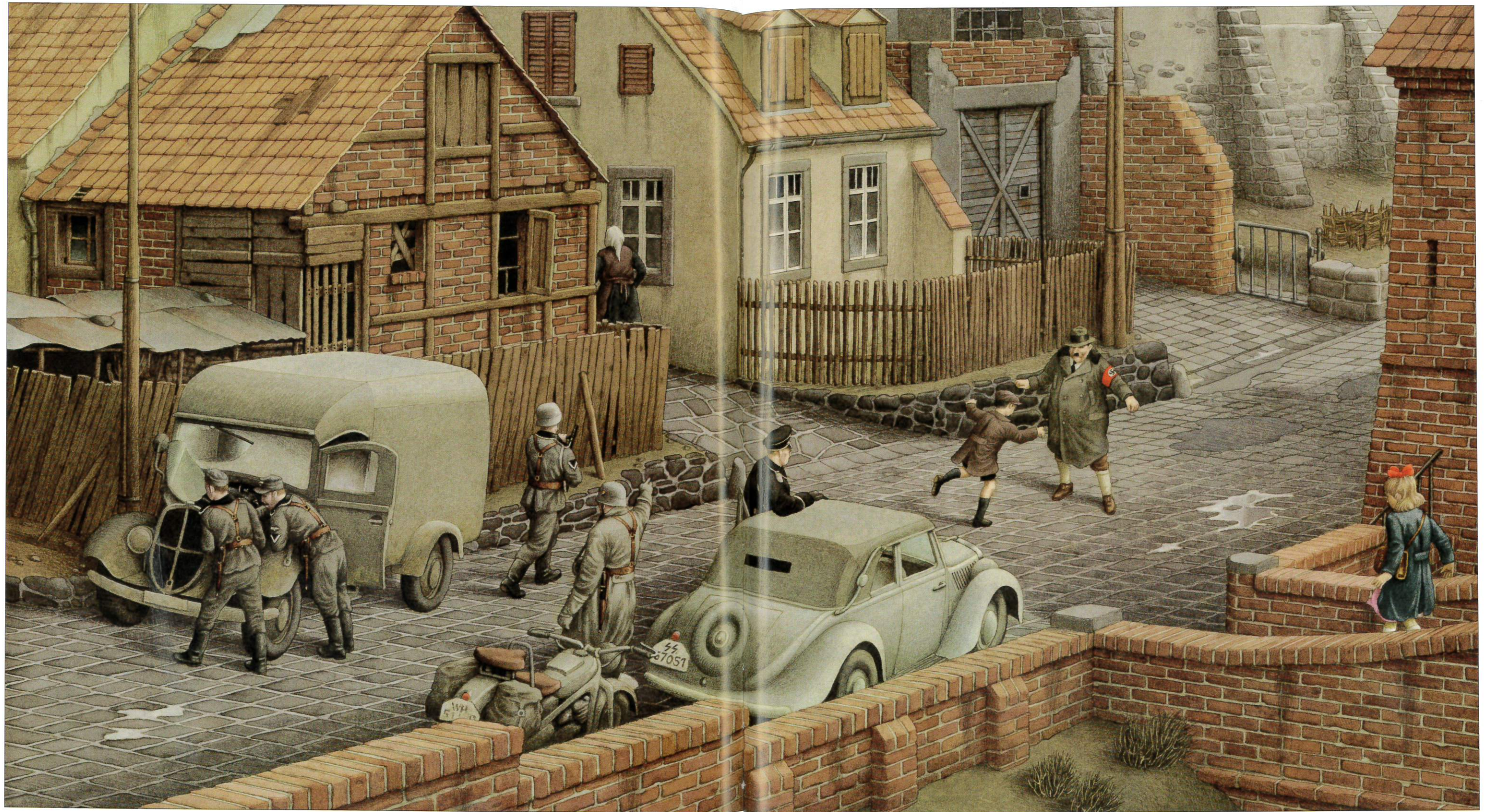


Nobody knew where all the lorries were going. But people in the town talked about them. Some said they were going to a place just outside the town.

One day a lorry broke down. Rose Blanche saw two soldiers trying to repair the engine. Suddenly a little boy leapt from the back of the lorry and ran down the street.

A soldier shouted, Stop or I'll shoot.

The boy ran straight into the arms of the fat mayor.





The mayor was immensely pleased with himself. He dragged the boy by the scruff of the neck back to the lorry.

One of the soldiers was furious and shouted at the boy who burst into tears.



The boy was thrown back into the lorry. Rose Blanche saw other pale faces in the gloom, when the door banged shut and the lorry drove away in a cloud of diesel fumes.





Rose Blanche was furious at the way they had treated the little boy. Where were they taking him? She followed the lorry right through the town. She was a fast runner; she knew all the short-cuts. Winding streets forced the lorry to go slowly.





She ran along rutted tracks, across fields, over ditches and frozen puddles. She climbed under fences and barriers in places she wasn't meant to go.



Rose Blanche took a short-cut through the forest where bare branches scratched her face. The road was below her, the lorry was a long way ahead. She was so tired, she felt like giving up.

Then she stumbled into a clearing and could hardly believe what she saw.

