The Big Balloon Festival

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"Oh, no!" said Laura to her friend Sally. "Dad's slowing down! He's going to stop behind that trailer. We won't be in time to see the balloons lifting off now!"

"That trailer has a flat tyre," said Mum.

"They might need some help, Laura," said Dad. "They've got a balloon on board."



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"Thanks for stopping," said the driver to Dad. "I'm Paul Blake. This is my wife Debbie and our son Zak."

"We're taking our balloon to the festival at the park," said Debbie.
"But now we're going to be late.
The spare tyre is in the back of the trailer and we have to unpack everything."

"We'll help you," said Dad.
"Then we'll all get there in time."

"What does your balloon look like?"
asked Laura, as they lifted the basket out.

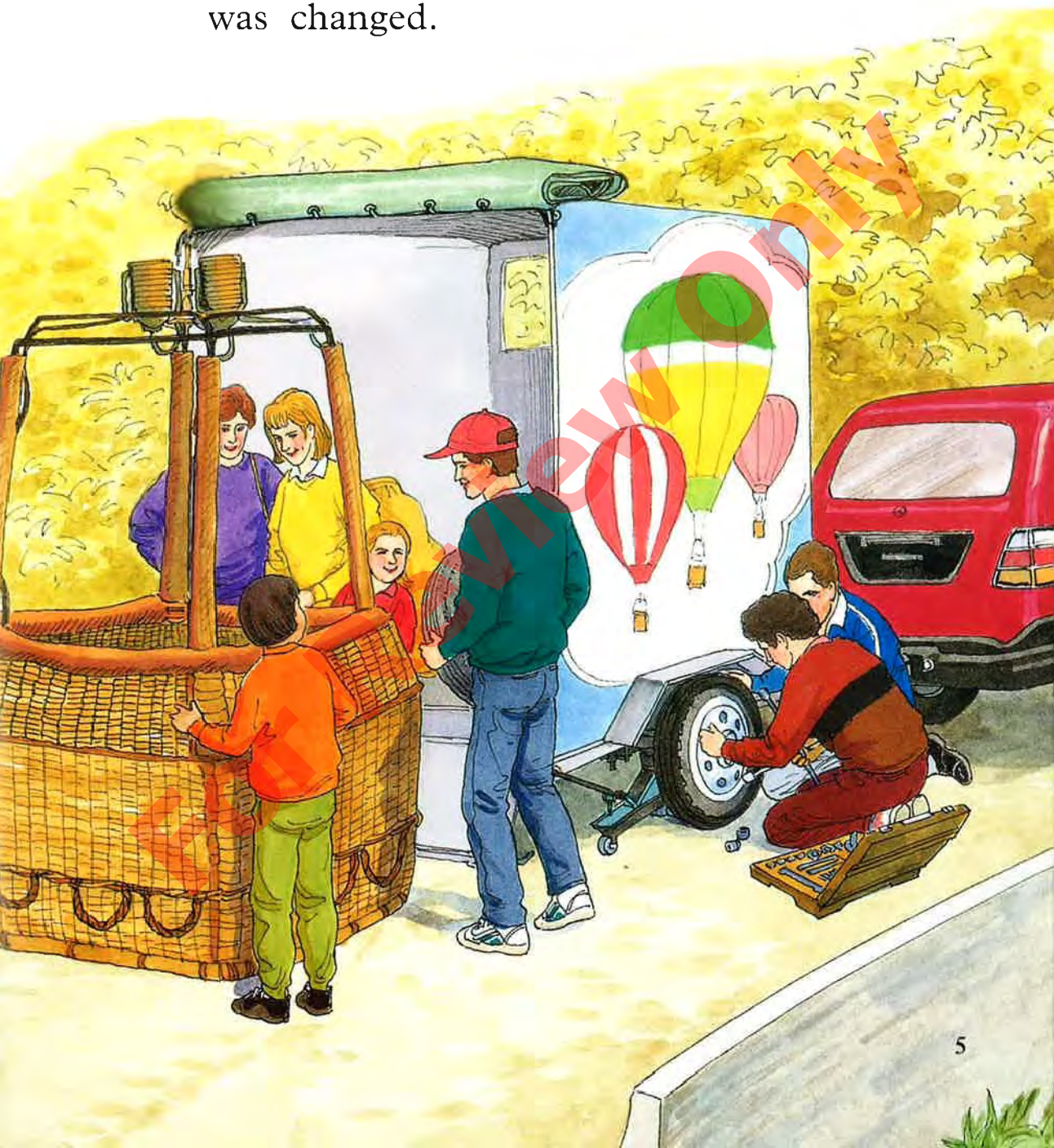
"It's an enormous dinosaur," grinned Zak.
"It's the biggest balloon in the festival."

"Wow!" said Sally. "We'll be able to see it when we get to the park."



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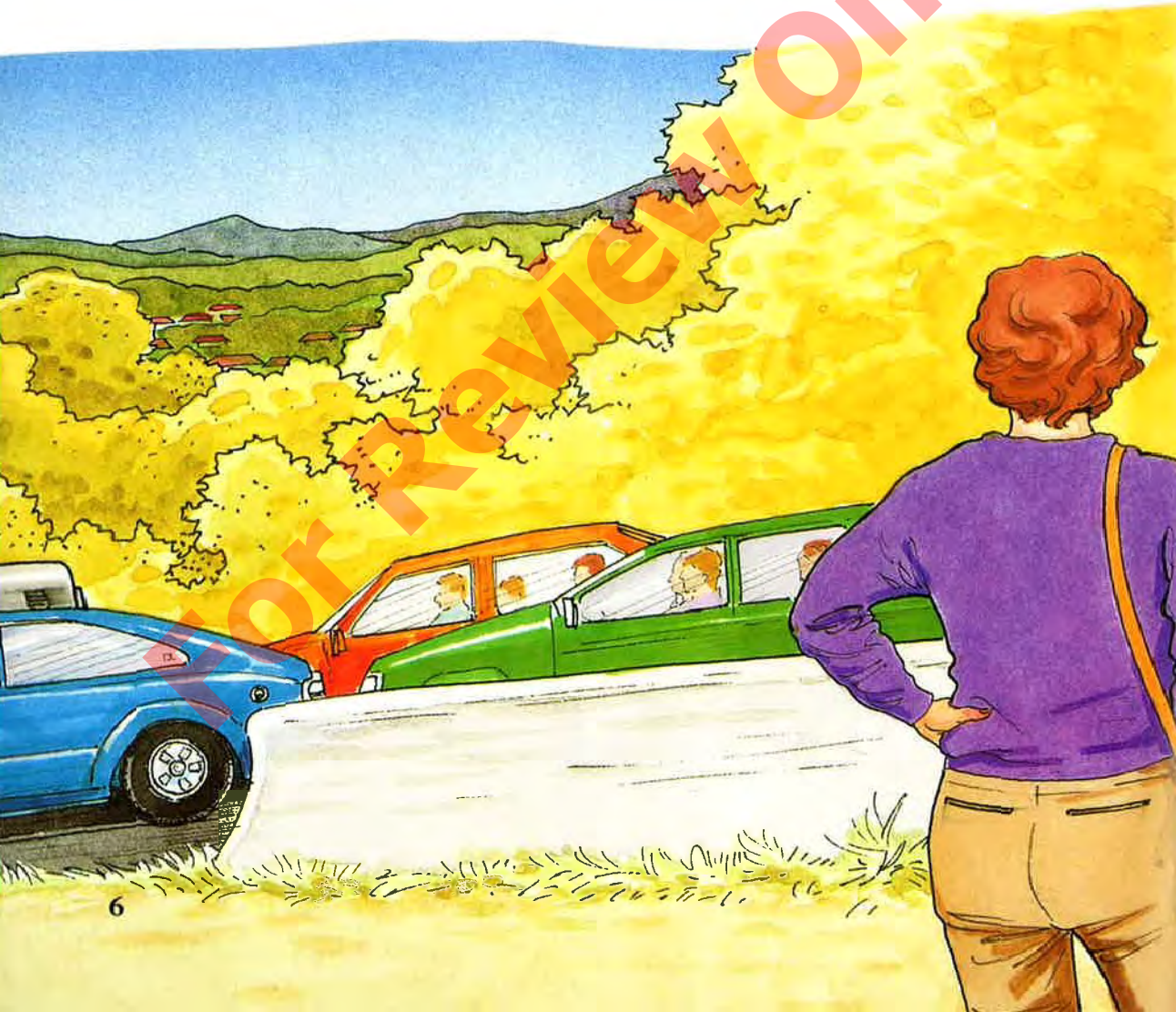
Everyone helped, and soon the tyre was changed.



Preview Only

"Right!" said Paul, as he locked the trailer. "We're ready to go, thanks to you."

"But look at all the cars!" cried Laura. "There's a traffic jam!
Everyone is going to the park."



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They stood and looked at the long line of cars. It stretched all the way down the hill.

"We'll never get there now," said Sally.



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