

THE POSTER COMES TO LIFE

DENNIS raced towards the house. "Come quick, Auntie Amy," he shouted. "It's the goat!" The goat had got free. It was in the vegetable garden eating all the plants.

"Accidents happen," Amy sighed.

But it wasn't an accident. Somebody had cut through the goat's rope with a knife.

"Could be sabotage," said Mr Jenkins.

Polly, Norman and Dennis had a different idea. They thought it was Grainger.

Mr Jenkins had brought Norman a letter from his mother. Reading it made Norman feel homesick. He wanted to be on his own, so he went for a walk down by the river.

Somebody came up behind him and grasped his shoulder. It made him jump. An American soldier was standing there. His name was Mike Johnson.



Polly and Dennis had gone to look for Mary. They were in luck. She was doing the washing in the washhouse.

Mary was surprised to see Polly and Dennis. She told them how nasty Grainger and Millington were to her.

Polly and Dennis asked Mary to keep an eye on Grainger for them. Then they decided to show her the hideout they had found.

Mary looked through the window. "It's Millington. She's coming this way," she said.

Polly and Dennis had nowhere to go. They were bound to get caught.

Millington stood in the doorway of the washhouse. She looked around. There was no sign of Polly and Dennis.

"What have you been doing?" Millington said to Mary. "This should be finished by now."

Mary didn't know what to say. But Millington didn't wait for an explanation. "Just get on it with it," she said as she went.

A moment later, Polly and Dennis jumped out from a laundry basket.

"You'd better go," said Mary.

As Polly and Dennis hurried back through the woods, they almost ran straight into a woman coming the other way.

Polly and Dennis couldn't believe their eyes. She looked just like the woman on the spy poster!

The woman said she was lost. "I thought I might get help from the house. But perhaps you can point me in the right direction for the village?"

The woman was carrying a pair of binoculars and an expensive camera.

"That's a nice camera," Polly said.

"It's a Leica," said the woman. "I take a lot of photographs."

Spies were always taking photographs. Everybody knew that. So Polly sent her the wrong way!



Mike Johnson had taken Norman back to Wells Farm in his jeep. He was just leaving as Polly and Dennis arrived. He decided to take a photograph of everybody in front of the jeep.

"Is a Leica a good camera?" Polly asked him.

"The best," said Mike. "Only I wouldn't use one now because it's German."

The woman in the woods had a German camera! That was even more proof.



That night, Polly was telling Norman about what had happened when there was a knock on the door. Polly ran to answer it.

The "spy-woman" was standing there. She was very angry. "I want a word with you!" she snapped.

POLLY backed across the scullery. The woman followed her in.

"You sent me in totally the wrong direction," she complained. "Why?"

Amy appeared at the kitchen door. "What are you doing in my house?" she said.

The woman stopped. "I'm sorry. My name is Vivienne Belling. And I've been riding round in circles for the last two hours. Thanks to her."

Amy looked at Polly. "What have you been up to now?" she said.

Amy told Vivienne Belling she could stay the night.

"You can sleep in Polly's bed," she said. "Polly can sleep down here."



Mary was too hungry to sleep. She had to get food from somewhere. The kitchen was the only place. She crept downstairs. Grainger and Millington were in the dining room. So Mary was safe.



She sneaked into the kitchen and helped herself to the food on the table. Suddenly, she heard the dining room door open. Grainger and Millington were coming. Mary dived under the table.

The next moment, Grainger came in. He was arguing with Millington. "It's me that takes all the risks," he told her.

"What's the matter? Losing your nerve?" she asked. "Once we've got rid of that lot at Wells Farm, we can step up operations," said Grainger.

He was going out into the night again. He got his torch from the drawer and stepped outside. But he felt uneasy. He was looking round.

"You're late already," Millington said. "They'll think you're not going to turn up."

Then Grainger saw it. There was a light coming from Mary's bedroom. "What's that girl up to?" he said.

Millington strode back into the house. "Leave this to me," she said.

Millington stormed up to Mary's bedroom. She couldn't believe it. She didn't know what to say. Mary was in bed.

"I must've fallen asleep reading," said Mary sleepily. Millington switched the light off and slammed the door shut.

Mary grinned and pulled a huge chunk of cheese out from under the bedclothes.

When Polly woke, Vivienne Belling had disappeared.

"She's gone about her business," Amy said. "She's taking photographs for the Government."

"Taking photographs for Hitler!" That was what Polly thought.

From then on, Polly, Norman and Dennis spent all their spare time keeping watch on Grainger and Vivienne Belling. Trying to prove that they were spies. But they never saw the two of them together.

Then, one day, the war came to the village. Polly and Dennis had gone to pick mushrooms in the fields. It was then that they heard a plane flying towards them.

"It's one of ours," said Polly.

But Dennis knew that it wasn't. "Run!" he shouted. Polly and Dennis raced across the field. The plane was getting nearer and nearer.

Suddenly there was the whine of falling bombs. Dennis and Polly fell to the floor. The next moment, the bombs exploded with a mighty roar. Then there was silence.

