



## *Foul Play: Brazil* By Tom Palmer

Danny and Charlotte have arrived in Manaus, Brazil, to report on the World Cup for the children's newspaper, *First News*. At the airport Charlotte accidentally opened a woman's bag to see that she was carrying bottles of liquid and powder, as well as pictures of animals, some with red rings round them. And... the World Cup was about to begin.

### Chapter 2

'Can you believe we're here?' Charlotte asked Danny.

Danny shook his head. He seriously *couldn't* believe it. That they had left the city and were now on a tour – with other journalists – to a remote Amazon village, where a tribe called the Yanomami lived.

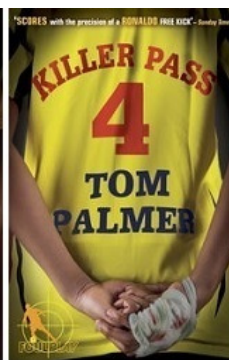
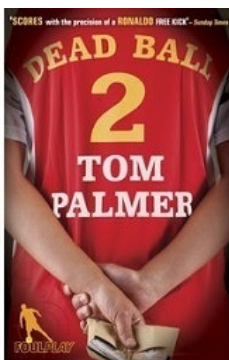
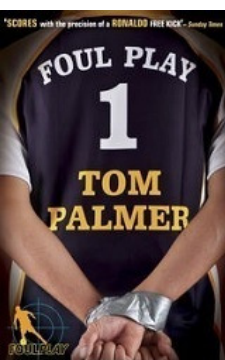
'No,' Danny said. 'It's enough to make me forget that the World Cup kicks off tonight. Almost...'

Charlotte laughed and began taking photographs as they walked. It was her job – and Danny's – to write about the trip for *First News*.

They walked along a dry track with tall green plants on either side and flashes of coloured birds among the trees followed by strange shrieks. Danny saw that ahead of them were Yanomami tribesmen carrying spears, their faces painted with black and red lines. He felt nervous to be with them, but excited too.

When they entered the Yanomami village, it was not like anything Danny or Charlotte had seen before. It was made of a huge thatched building that circled an area as big as a cricket pitch. Rows of hammocks swung in the breeze under the cover of the sun.

Now they were going to be shown how the Yanomami people lived.



After the tour of the village, Charlotte decided to head into to the edge of the rainforest, leaving Danny to listen to some of the Yanomami people who were being translated. She wanted to take a picture of the village from the outside. She decided to go slightly into the forest to take the photo, so that she could frame it with Amazonian tree ferns.

As she stepped deeper into the rainforest she heard someone coming. Feeling silly for hiding in the forest, she stayed still and kept quiet. She nearly gasped out loud when she saw who was standing just a few feet away.

A woman. And not just any woman. The woman with spiky blonde hair. The one from the airport. How had Charlotte not noticed before that she was here too?

The lady took out a device and keyed in a number with her manicured fingernails. Some sort of satellite phone, Charlotte thought. Then the woman began to speak into it. The things she said terrified Charlotte.

Inside the Yanomami village, Danny was grabbed from behind, then pulled into the shadows underneath the thatched roof that circled the village.

‘Charlotte?’ Danny complained. ‘What are you...’

‘That woman is here.’

‘Who?’

‘The woman. From the airport. With the bottles. Looks like a ghost.’ Charlotte could hardly speak. She’d been running. She was breathless.

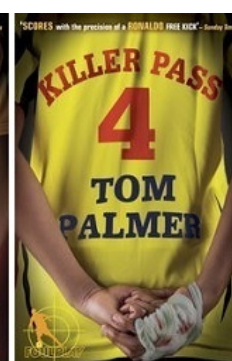
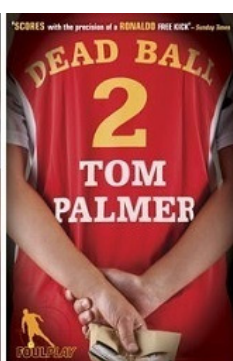
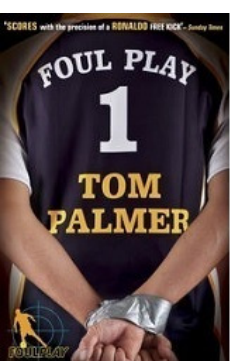
‘She’s here?’ Danny asked.

‘She said...’ Charlotte took a deep breath. ‘I heard her. Speaking. On the phone. She talked about releasing the liquids she had. Into the Amazon rainforest.’

‘Why?’ Danny asked, shocked. ‘Did she say why?’

‘No. But she did say something like... when Brazil score a goal. Every goal. That she was going to release a liquid. It sounds mad. But...’

Danny had a sudden thought. Something that alarmed him.



‘The animals on the pictures we saw in the suitcase,’ he said. ‘The ones with the red rings round them. What if there’s a link with those liquids?’

‘What?’ Charlotte asked. ‘Like poisons?’

As they spoke, two Brazilian people in what looked like security uniforms came up behind them. They were both short with dark hair and looked out of place in the Yanomami village.

‘Hello sir, madam,’ one of them said.

‘Hello,’ Danny replied. Then he added, ‘Bom dia,’ That was one of the Portuguese phrases he’d learned for the trip. It meant good day.

The uniforms looked Charlotte and Danny up and down. Then one of them asked. ‘What is it you are speaking about?’

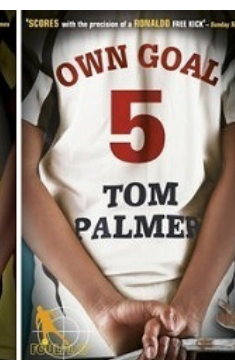
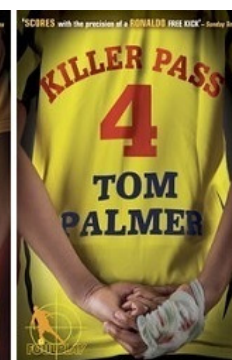
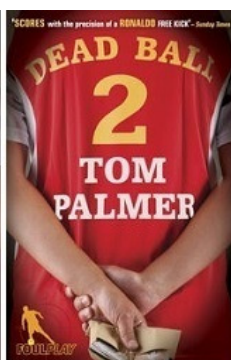
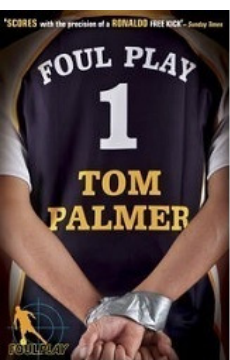
‘The Amazon. Endangered species,’ Charlotte said quickly. ‘We’re writing an article about them.’

The two uniforms looked carefully at Danny and Charlotte then walked away without asking any more questions.

Later that night Danny tried to get comfortable. He was lying in one of the hammocks that hung under the village roof. Charlotte was in another one, in the women’s area. Danny wished he could speak to Charlotte. Even text her. But there was no chance of network reception. Not out here.

He stared up at the dark and starry sky and tried to work out what was happening with the woman and her bottles. How it linked to the animals and what she had said. Danny had solved several mysterious crimes before. But this was nothing like those cases.

Normally, when he tried to solve crimes, Danny thought about detectives he had read about in books. He had read a lot of detective books. Sometimes if he thought like his favourite detectives, like Alex Rider, Ruby Redfort or Young Bond it helped.





What would a detective in a story do next?

They'd ask around. They'd look for clues. Try to find something out to put the pieces together.

Danny frowned. This woman. She was trouble. There was something about her. He knew that much.

But what was it?

Danny drifted off to sleep with two things on his mind.

One, that he would try to find out more about the woman in the morning.

Two, a hope that Brazil would not score against Croatia tonight. Just in case Charlotte was right. Just in case every time Brazil did score it would make something bad happen. Danny wished he could watch the game. But there was no TV out here in the middle of the Amazon jungle.

Fifty metres away Charlotte was finishing her report for *First News*. She had the photographs. She had her 200 words of text. But she – just like Danny – had nagging fears that something bad was about to happen.

Little did they know that they were both absolutely correct. Something bad was going to happen. And it would happen tomorrow.



**Read Chapter 3 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Friday 13 June.**

