



Danny and Charlotte are staying in an Amazonian village with the Yanomami people, researching an article for *First News*. Although they are having an amazing time, they're worried about a ghost-like woman they have seen in the village and at the airport. She seems to be up to no good. Something to do with the local wildlife. But what? Danny and Charlotte cannot resist investigating.

Chapter 3

It was late when Charlotte heard cheering coming from the other side of the village. It sounded just like football fans celebrating a goal. She wondered if it *could* be that. She had assumed no-one would be able to watch TV or listen to the radio out here in the Amazon jungle. Buy maybe she was wrong.

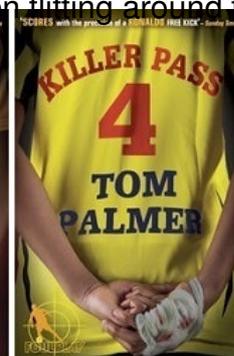
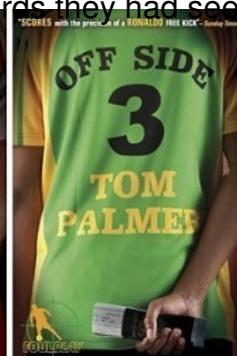
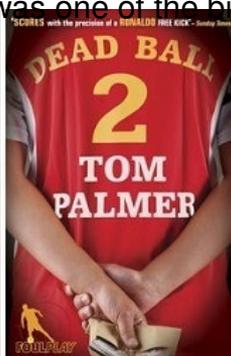
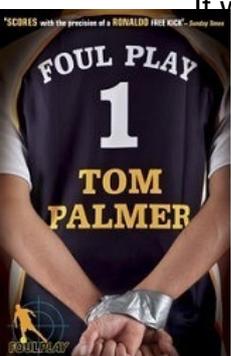
Then another thought came to her. If someone was cheering a goal here it meant that Brazil had scored. And that, Charlotte knew, might well be bad news.

She wondered if Danny was listening from the men's quarters on the other side of the village. But it was too dark to go and find him now.

In the morning, Danny was woken by a large black pig – or something like pig – snuffling underneath his hammock. As he came round, he could hear villagers talking in anxious voices. Anxious or excited? He couldn't be sure. But it sounded like something significant was happening.

Danny opened his eyes and gazed across the village at the dried earth stretching to the far side of the huge round camp, quickly noticing something caught in the mosquito netting that hung above his hammock. Something brightly coloured.

It was one of the birds they had seen flitting around the forest



The bird was dead, its neck limp, its feathers flat.

Danny looked around the village again. He quickly saw a villager carrying something. Another dead bird.

No!

Danny jumped down from his hammock, sending the pig skittering across the village floor. He jogged past the two men in security uniforms he had seen the day before. They appeared to be taking photographs. What *were* they doing here? They seemed so out of place.

He found Charlotte quickly.

'We need to talk,' she said.

'Not here,' Danny replied, eyeing the two guards who seemed more interested in them than the dead birds.

Charlotte and Danny walked out of the village calmly, but quickly. They couldn't help but notice that several other birds were lying around the village. And butterflies too. Several of them on the dry earth, like scraps of paper.

'This is to do with that woman,' Charlotte said.

'I know.' Danny felt sick.

'So what do we do?'

'Find her,' Danny said. 'Photograph her. Take the picture back to Manaus and ask for help.'

'Why Manaus? Why not here?'

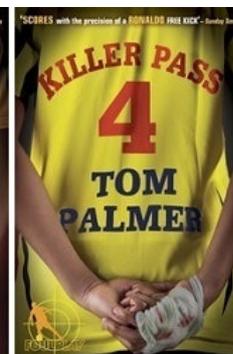
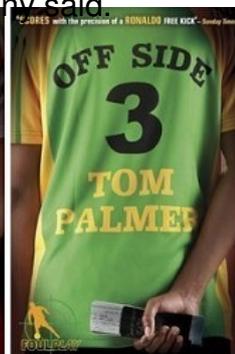
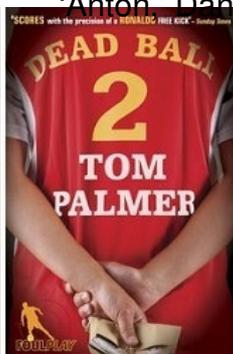
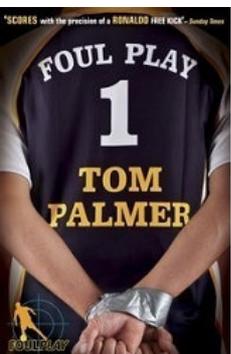
'I just want to get away. Don't you? I don't like those guards. They're always watching us and I don't like that woman. We need to leave. I just wish we could see her to take a picture of her. Then someone back in the city may be able to help.'

'I've taken a photograph of her already,' Charlotte said.

Danny smiled, not surprised at Charlotte's resourcefulness. 'Nice one.'

'But who do we ask for help?' Charlotte asked. 'In Manaus?'

'Anton,' Danny said.



‘Anton’s here? Great.’

Anton Holt was a football writer for a national newspaper. He was also a good friend of Danny’s. They’d met on Danny’s first case, when he’d solved the mysterious kidnap of his favourite player back in the UK. Since then they’d worked together on crime cases. If anyone was going to help them it was Anton. Danny trusted him more than anyone else in Brazil. It felt like the best thing to do.

‘We’ll just tell Anton when we reach Manaus. He’ll help us. And we need internet access too. To do some research. Let’s just sit on this until we get back to the hotel.’

‘But we tell someone by the end of the day?’ Charlotte pressed.

‘Agreed,’ Danny said.

As soon as they were on board the plane to leave, Danny was sure to ask the pilot what the score was between Brazil and Croatia.

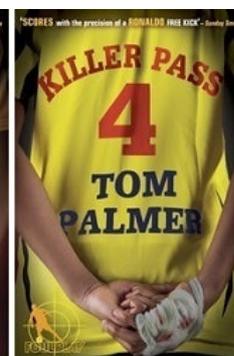
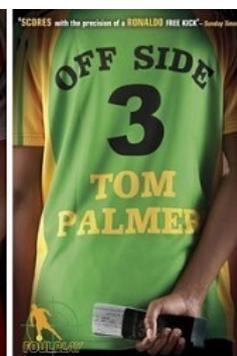
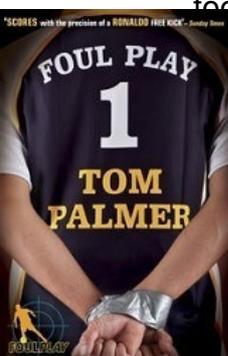
‘3-1,’ the pilot said. ‘Is very good, yes?’

Danny smiled like he thought it was good that Brazil had scored three goals. But he was pretty sure it wasn’t good at all. There was a link between the woman with the bottles, Brazil scoring goals and the birds and butterflies they had seen in the village. But what? What was the link?

In the air, with the thick vegetation of the Amazon jungle beneath them, Danny tried to think ahead. About the England-Italy game. About what he had to do the next day.

He had been promised by the FA that he could interview an England player for *First News*. He hoped he’d get Wayne Rooney. But anyone would do. He felt vaguely nervous about that now. And very excited about watching an England match in the World Cup finals. And that was good. It was taking his mind off the dozens of dead birds he’d seen. And the butterflies. How awful it had looked. And how strange.

But Danny knew – as did Charlotte – that they had stumbled on something dreadful. And that it was their duty to deal with that before anything to do with football



Behind the light aircraft that was carrying the two fifteen-year-olds and several other journalists, was a helicopter. On board were a pilot and two men wearing uniforms. The uniformed men were looking at photographs they had taken of the two European children. Two children that they thought were linked with the deaths of hundreds of birds, butterflies and beetles in the Yanomami village. Two children who needed to be dealt with. In private.

There would be no need to involve the police.



Read Chapter 4 of Tom Palmer's *Foul Play: Brazil* on Monday 16 June.

