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A Holiday to Remember sample
NOT FOR SALE

A HOLIDAY TO REMEMBER

Level 3 - A2/B1 Intermediate (1) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

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A Holiday to Remember
The Holiday Club Series Book 1
Copyright © 2014 by I Talk You Talk Press
ISBN: 978-4-907056-41-4
Publisher: I Talk You Talk Press

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1. One morning in Paris

It was 8:50am on a warm early summer morning in Paris. A tall man and a woman with short red hair were walking down a small side street near the Sorbonne. They were wearing shorts and T-shirts and carrying backpacks. The man pointed to a sign on a window across the street.

“Action and Adventure Tours,” he said. “That’s it.”

“Good,” said the red-haired woman. “We’re in the right place. Look. There are other people waiting.”

“Maybe they are going to join the same tour as us,” said the man.

They joined the small group outside the tour company’s office.

“Hi,” said the woman. “It’s a nice morning, isn’t it?”

The tall man put his backpack on the ground, and smiled at everyone. *If these people are joining the same tour as us, we will be together for a week, he thought. I wonder if they are friendly people.*

There was another woman in the little group. She was small and had long dark hair. She was holding a folder of papers and a map of Paris. She was looking at the sign on the office window of the adventure tour company and checking the papers in her folder. She was wearing jeans and a pink jacket. Next to her were two men. One was very thin. He had a big canvas bag on his shoulder. He was wearing jeans and a shirt. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up. The other man was shorter. He was dressed all in black. His blond hair was cut very short. He was leaning against the window reading a book.

Just before 9:00, a taxi stopped on the street in front of them, and a young woman got out. She had long blonde hair. Her clothes looked very stylish, and very expensive. She paid the driver, and carried her bag over to where the other young people were standing. She smiled.

“Good morning,” she said.

Everyone smiled back.

The door of the tour company’s office opened at exactly 9:00, and a man came out, closing the door behind him. He was carrying a plastic folder filled with papers.

“Are you the people for the bicycle tour of Provence?” he asked.

“Yes, I am one of them,” answered the blond man dressed in black. “I’m Jarmo Virtanen. I guess these other people are going on the bicycle tour too.”

Jarmo looked around at the rest of the group. Everyone smiled and nodded.

The man took a piece of paper from the folder and looked at it.

"There should be seven of you," said the man. "Someone is late."

The small woman in the pink jacket spoke. "I think maybe that's my friend. She had an accident in Tokyo three days ago. She broke her ankle, so she couldn't come."

"I see," said the man. "Is her name Akina Tanaka?"

"No. I'm Akina Tanaka. My friend's name is Mie Kobayashi."

"OK," said the man with the folder.

"Where is the minibus?" asked the woman with the red hair. "I thought we were leaving for Nimes at nine o'clock."

"Uh, yes. Well, there's a problem," said the man. "Your cycling tour has been cancelled."

"What! Why?"

"Well as you know, our cycle tours provide bicycles for everyone. We take you by bus to Nimes, and you meet the truck with the bicycles. Then we use the truck to carry your bags to your hotels. The problem is that our truck with the bicycles inside was stolen last night. We have no bicycles for you."

Everyone looked very disappointed.

"I'm very sorry," said the man. "But we can't do anything. The police are looking for the truck, but it might take them a long time to find it. And all the cycles might have been sold. But you will all get your money back."

"Good," said the red-haired woman. "At least we can do something else."

The man took some more papers from his folder. "Some of you booked your tour with us directly, and paid by credit card," he said. "That's Jarmo Virtanen, Chrysa Melias and Pachai Mehta. Shelley and Hehu Rakena paid for their tour through a travel agent in London. Is that right?"

"Yes," said the red-haired woman.

The man read some more papers. "And Mie Kobayashi and Akina Tanaka made their reservation in Tokyo, and paid a travel agent there."

"That's correct," said Akina.

"The people who paid by credit card will get a credit on their card. It will take three to four weeks. I'm afraid the people who booked through a travel agent will have to go back to that agency to get their money back."

"But I have a cheap air ticket from New Zealand," said the tall man. "I can't change it. My flight back to New Zealand is in seven days' time. What am I going to do until then?"

“I’m sorry. I don’t know,” said the tour agent. “But there is nothing we can do. Here is a letter here for each of you. It explains that the cycle tour was cancelled. You should take it to your travel agent. You will have no trouble getting your money back, but it will take a few weeks.”

He handed a letter to each person. Then he went back inside the agency and closed the door.

The six young people stood outside the agency and looked at each other.

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