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Trouble in Paris sample
NOT FOR SALE

TROUBLE IN PARIS

Level 2 - A1/A2 Starter (2) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

Copyright

Trouble in Paris

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Chapter One

Mariko Kato was excited. She was at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris. She was waiting for her suitcase.

Many other people were also waiting for their suitcases. Mariko had a small handbag and a larger black bag. She put the black bag down on the floor. There was a man next to her. He put his bag down on the floor too. She looked at him. He was tall, and had dark hair. He looked about thirty-five years old.

"The suitcases are taking a long time!" said Mariko, in English.

The man looked at her, then he looked away. He didn't say anything. He didn't smile at her.

Maybe he doesn't speak English, thought Mariko.

The suitcases started to come out. Mariko watched them.

Where is my suitcase? she thought. *I hope it comes out soon.*

While she was waiting, Mariko took her smartphone out of her handbag and switched it on. She had two phones. She couldn't use her Japanese phone in Europe, so she bought a cheap smartphone before she left Japan.

She opened her Facebook page and wrote:

---I had a wonderful time in Rome. Now, I've just arrived in Paris! I'm waiting for my suitcase! I have six nights in Paris!!!!---

After a few minutes, she saw her suitcase. The man next to her saw his suitcase too. They both moved forward to get their suitcases. Mariko took her suitcase off the belt. It was heavy.

I did too much shopping in Rome, she thought. *I can't buy too many things in Paris. My suitcase will be too heavy to take back to Japan! Now, how can I get into the centre of Paris?*

She walked back to her black bag, picked it up, and looked for the bus stop sign. The man was gone.

Chapter Two

Mariko sat next to the window on the bus. After about forty minutes, the bus arrived in the centre of Paris. From the window, Mariko saw cafes and boutiques.

There are so many cute shops! I want to go shopping! she thought. *I can buy one more pair of shoes...shoes are not so heavy...*

Mariko opened her guidebook. *OK, so I'll check in at the hotel, have something to eat in a café for lunch, go shopping, then visit the Orsay Museum in the evening. Tomorrow, I'll go to the Louvre, and the Eiffel Tower, and...*

---We will soon be arriving at Opera---

Mariko looked up when she heard the announcement.

Opera! We are here! she thought.

Mariko picked up her bag and stood up. There were some other tourists on the bus. They stood up too. The bus stopped. Mariko and the other tourists pulled their suitcases out of the rack, and got off the bus. Opera was very busy. There were many people and many cars.

I need to find a taxi, she thought. She saw some taxis across the road. She crossed the road and walked up to a taxi.

The driver got out of the car and said, "Bonjour." He put Mariko's suitcase in the boot of the car.

"Bonjour!" said Mariko. "To the Opera Vino Hotel please."

The taxi drove through the backstreets. The streets were very narrow.

Wow! The buildings are really beautiful! thought Mariko.

Mariko saw a bakery and a small café. *I can buy bread in that bakery and have a coffee in that cafe,* she thought.

The taxi stopped outside a small hotel.

"Nine Euros please," said the taxi driver.

Mariko gave him nine Euros and a three Euro tip. The taxi driver took her suitcase out of the boot.

"Merci," she said. She took her suitcase and walked into the hotel.

"Bonjour," said the young woman at the reception desk.

"Bonjour. I have a reservation. My name is Mariko Kato," said Mariko.

"Just a moment please, Ms Kato," said the receptionist. She found Mariko's reservation. "Could you fill in this form please?"

Mariko filled in the form.

"Here is your key. Your room is on the fourth floor. The elevator is over there. Breakfast is served in the dining room over there, next to the elevator. Enjoy your stay."

"Thank you," said Mariko. She walked to the elevator and waited. She looked around. It was a small, old hotel, but it was clean, and looked comfortable.

On the fourth floor, Mariko got out of the elevator. There were only three rooms on the fourth floor, and there was a spiral staircase in front of her.

Mariko put the key into the lock and opened the door. She went into the room. It was small, but Mariko liked it. There was a single bed, an antique table and an old style chair. Near the window, there was an armchair. She put her bag on the floor and walked to the window. She opened the window and looked outside.

This is a nice view! she thought. She had a view of the quiet street.

She started to feel sleepy. *I'll have a rest, and then I'll go to that café for a coffee and some lunch,* she thought.

Mariko lay down on the bed and went to sleep. She woke up about two hours later.

She looked at the clock. *Three o'clock,* she thought. *I feel great. But I'm hungry. And I want a shower.*

She went to the window and looked down at the street.

That's strange, she thought. *I know that man. I've seen his face before.*

There was a man across the road. He was looking up at the hotel. When he saw Mariko at the window, he walked away very quickly.

Who is he? she thought. Then, she remembered. *The man in the airport! We were standing next to each other, waiting for our suitcases! But why is he here? Why is he outside my hotel?*

Mariko started to feel a little scared.

-----END OF SAMPLE-----