

Chapter 3

A little army came along the road. They lifted their legs high and stamped their feet as they marched. They stopped when they reached me.

‘Tie him up, boys,’ said the leader.

‘Yes, captain,’ said the men. They clicked their heels, grabbed my hands and twisted a rope around them.

I had been amazed when I saw the troopers and the underground town, but now I was angry.

‘Why are you doing this to me?’ I asked.

‘No talking,’ said the captain. ‘What is your name?’

I did not say anything.

‘What is your name,’ shouted the captain, stamping on my foot.

‘Ouch. That hurt. You said no talking.’

‘Saying your name is not talking.’

‘Yes, it is.’

I saw some of the men trying to hide their grins.

‘Say your name and no other talking.’

‘Morgan.’

‘What are you doing here?’

‘Do you want me to talk or not?’

The captain scratched his head. The men looked at the ground, trying not to grin.

‘No,’ said the captain. ‘Don’t talk. I know what you are doing here. You are an invader. Just like the other one.’

‘The other one? Do you mean Uncle Floyd? Where is he?’