

Chapter Three

The First Day on the River

- 4 Harris told me the story about the maze while we were at Moulsey lock*. We were the only boat there that day. However, normally it is very busy. Sometimes it is almost impossible to see the water; there are so many boats and people. On those days the place is full of colour: the men's blazers and the women's pretty dresses and parasols.

On Sundays, when the weather is good, there are lines of boats on both sides of the lock. Some are waiting to go up the river and some to go down. The lock is a place to meet and all the people from Moulsey and Hampton go there on a Sunday afternoon. They relax, talk and watch the boats. It is a place for fashion too.

I choose my clothes carefully. I like to have a little dark red in my clothes: I think it is nice with my fair hair. I like to wear a light blue tie too and a red handkerchief, not a belt.

Harris always wears oranges and yellows. I don't think he should. He is too dark. I think blue is better for him. I have told him many times but he never listens.

George has bought some new clothes for the trip but I don't like them. The blazer is a terrible colour. When Harris asked him the name of it he couldn't say. The problem is that when he wears that blazer everyone will look at our small boat.

lock place where boats go to move from one part of the river to the next



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