



*"Kind officer, what is your name?"*

woman with a bad arm. Then there is a man who cannot walk. All the poor, the weak, and the sick of Paris are moving slowly and painfully down this road. They pull at Gringoire's coat and ask for money, but he does not stop.

Finally, he reaches the end of the road and finds himself in a great square with a thousand lights and a crowd of noisy people. Everyone is suddenly strong and healthy when they arrive at the square.

"Where am I?" asks Gringoire.

"You're in the City of Thieves," answers a man in the clothes of a soldier. He is cleaning red paint from his head. Tomorrow, he will put more "blood" on his head. Then he will return to the city streets to ask for money from the good people of Paris.

"What are *you* doing here?" asks an old thief. "You're not one of us."

"I'm very sorry," begins Gringoire nervously. He knows that even the police are afraid to walk into the City of Thieves. "I'm lost. I was looking for a place to sleep and something to eat."

"You looked in the wrong place this time," the old man laughs.

"Let's take him to the king!" one of the women shouts, and everyone agrees.

The crowd pushes and pulls Gringoire to a large hall at one side of the square. Inside, people are drinking beer and eating at long tables. The King of Thieves is sitting at the best table.

"Who's our pretty friend?" asks the king. "Has he come for a cup of tea and a cookie?"

Everyone laughs at the king's joke, but Gringoire is shaking from head to toe.

"Dear sir, great King..." he tries to say.

"Stop!" shouts the king. He is serious now. "Tell us your name and nothing more."

"I'm Pierre Gringoire. I'm a writer."

"Enough! You've found the City of Thieves, and you're not one