



JUNIOR 5

LITERATURE BOOKLET



MISS ANABELA

NAME: _____

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

This is the story of Captain Nemo and his submarine, the Nautilus. One day, Nemo finds three men in the sea. For months the men live on the Nautilus. They find a town on the sea floor, beautiful coasts and a lot of gold. But they want to go home. Can they escape from Nemo's submarine?

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea is available in audio CD pack with the book.


Series Editors: Andy Hopkins and Jocelyn Potter

Easystarts	200 headwords	
Level 1	300 headwords	<i>Beginner</i>
Level 2	600 headwords	<i>Elementary</i>
Level 3	1200 headwords	<i>Pre-Intermediate</i>
Level 4	1700 headwords	<i>Intermediate</i>
Level 5	2300 headwords	<i>Upper-Intermediate</i>
Level 6	3000 headwords	<i>Advanced</i>

Classic British English

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Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

Jules Verne





'One small whale has a long spear on its head.'

Chapter 1 The Giant Whale

In the year 1866, a new boat came back from sea every week with the same story. 'A giant whale, a hundred metres long, came near our boat,' the men said. The story was in the newspapers and a lot of people talked about it.

'It wasn't a whale,' scientists said. 'A big blue whale is only twenty-seven metres long. Perhaps it was a coral reef.'

'But a coral reef can't send water fifty metres into the air,' the seamen answered. 'This animal can.'

It went near one boat in Australian waters. Three days later, it was seven hundred leagues away in the Pacific.

'Whales can't swim seven hundred leagues in three days,' the scientists said. 'Perhaps it's a submarine.'

But only a country with a lot of money can build a submarine, and the same answer came back from every country: 'We haven't got a submarine!'

One day a British boat, the *Scotia*, was in the Atlantic. Suddenly, water started to come into the boat. The captain looked for the problem. There was a big hole in the boat. 'The *Scotia* is very strong,' he said. 'I don't understand this hole. Is it the work of the giant whale?'

To me, a French scientist, the stories of the whale were, of course, very interesting. In 1867 I visited New York, and newspapermen there asked me questions.

'You're famous for your book about sea animals, Mr Aronnax,' they said. 'What do you think about this giant whale?'

'The sea's very big,' I answered, 'and it's the home of many thousands of animals. Scientists don't know about all of them. But one small whale has a long spear on its head. Perhaps there's a

giant whale with a spear, too. And perhaps this animal's spear can make a hole in a boat.'

A week later, a letter arrived at my hotel. It said:

You know, of course, about the giant whale. One day this whale is going to kill people. But we are going to kill it first. Please come and look for it with us. Our boat, the *Abraham Lincoln*, is waiting for you.

I wanted to see this interesting animal. I went quickly to the *Abraham Lincoln* with my Belgian servant, Conseil.

From New York, we went down the Atlantic coast of North and South America and into the Pacific. Week after week, all day and all night, the seamen watched the water. Conseil and I watched with them. But we didn't see the giant whale.

Only one man on the boat didn't watch the water. His name was Ned Land. Ned was a big, strong Canadian, about forty years old, and he was a very good whaler.

'You're never going to find this whale,' he said. 'It was near Japan in May, but it's now July. Where is it today? The Mediterranean? The Arctic? Who knows?'

For five long months we looked for the whale. Then the men started to say, 'Perhaps Ned is right.'

'When can we go home?' they asked their captain.

But suddenly, one day, Ned said, 'There it is! I can see the giant whale!'

The animal moved very quickly in the water. It came near our boat.

'We don't want a hole in the *Abraham Lincoln*,' the captain said. 'Let's move away.'

But our boat was slow. We watched the whale. 'It's going to hit us!' we said. But it didn't. It went under the boat, not into it.

All day we went after the whale, but it stayed in front of us.



'There it is! I can see the giant whale!'

'We're never going to kill this animal,' the men said. 'It's playing games with us.'

But at night the whale didn't move. 'Perhaps it's sleeping,' Ned Land said. 'Let's get near. Be very quiet!'

Suddenly, water from the whale's back went up into the air and rained down on our boat. Then I was in the sea.

Chapter 2 The Nautilus

I'm not a young man, and I can't swim well. I started to go underwater. But then there was a strong hand on my back. I looked behind me. My servant was there!

'Conseil! Why are you in the water?' I asked.

'You were in the sea and I wanted to stay with you. That's my job, Mr Aronnax,' Conseil said. 'There's a problem with the *Abraham Lincoln*. It can't come back for us. Let's swim, and wait for morning.'

Before morning, my legs stopped working. 'Go, Conseil,' I said. 'I'm a dead man, but you're young and strong. You can find a boat . . .' Then water came into my mouth, and my eyes closed.

They opened a short time later. I was with Conseil, and Ned Land too.

'I don't understand. We're not swimming. Where are we?' I asked.

'On the back of the giant whale,' Ned said. Then he smiled. 'But it's not a whale.'

I looked, and he was right. We were on a submarine!

'You and I went into the sea at the same time, Mr Aronnax,' Ned said. 'After that, I waited here. We're OK now, but this boat can go underwater. What are we going to do then?'

Suddenly, the submarine started to move. 'Quickly!' I said. 'Make some noise. Hit the boat with your hands.'

A door opened and eight men came out. We went with them into the submarine.

'Where are you taking us?' we asked the men, but they didn't answer. We arrived in a dark room. The men went away and closed the door behind them. Ned tried the door, but it didn't open. 'We're never going to escape!' he said. 'Those men are going to kill us!'

We waited for a long time in the dark room. Then the lights came on and a man walked into the room. Perhaps he was thirty-five, or perhaps fifty. He was tall, with black eyes and an interesting, open face.

In French, I said our names and asked for food and drink. He listened quietly, but he didn't answer.

'He doesn't understand French,' I said. 'You try, Ned. Perhaps he understands English.'

Ned talked in English. Then Conseil tried in German. But they had the same problem.

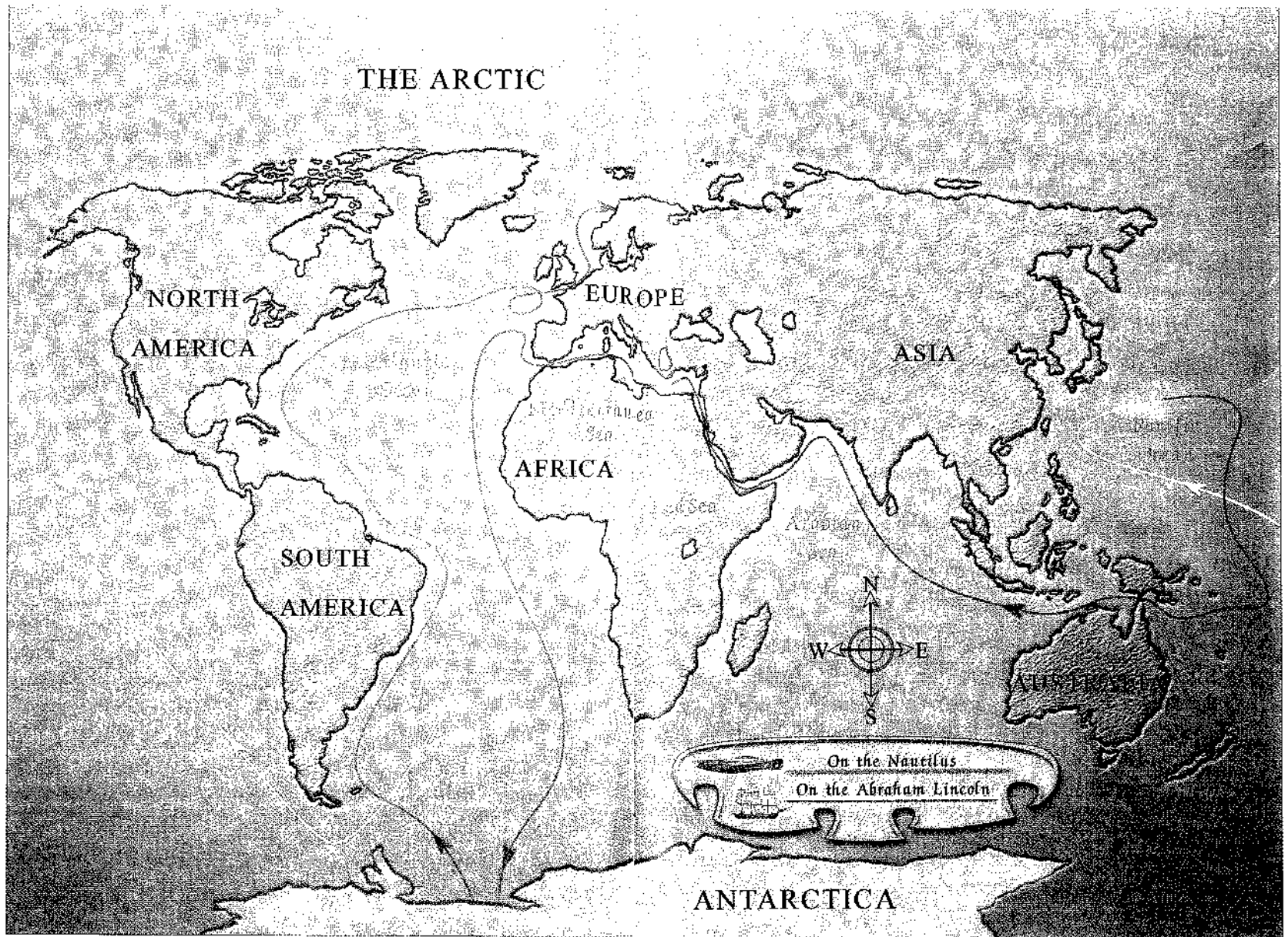
'What can we do now?' I asked my friends. But the man walked away and closed the door.

Again we waited. Ned was very angry. He didn't like the men on the submarine. He didn't like our room. And he didn't like waiting. 'I'm going to escape from this submarine,' he said.

A man came into the room, and Ned started to hit him in the face. Conseil and I wanted to stop Ned, but he was very strong. Suddenly, our first visitor was with us again.

'Stop, Mr Land!' he said, in very good French. 'And please listen to me, all of you. My name is Captain Nemo, and this is my boat, the *Nautilus*.'

'I didn't talk to you on my first visit. I'm sorry about that. But you're a problem for me. What can I do with you? My men and I are never going back to our countries; we're always going to live on the *Nautilus*. You can live with us, too, but you can't go back



At sea on the Abraham Lincoln and the Nautilus

to your countries after that. We don't want stories in the newspapers about us.'

'What are you saying?' I asked. 'We want to go home.'

'You can go now,' he answered. 'But it's going to be difficult for you, because you haven't got a boat. You're underwater and you aren't near the coast. Stay with us now, and you can see a lot of interesting things. But you can never go home.'

Chapter 3 Our First Weeks Underwater

We stayed, of course.

We walked with Nemo's men to our new bedrooms. Then I had some food with the captain.

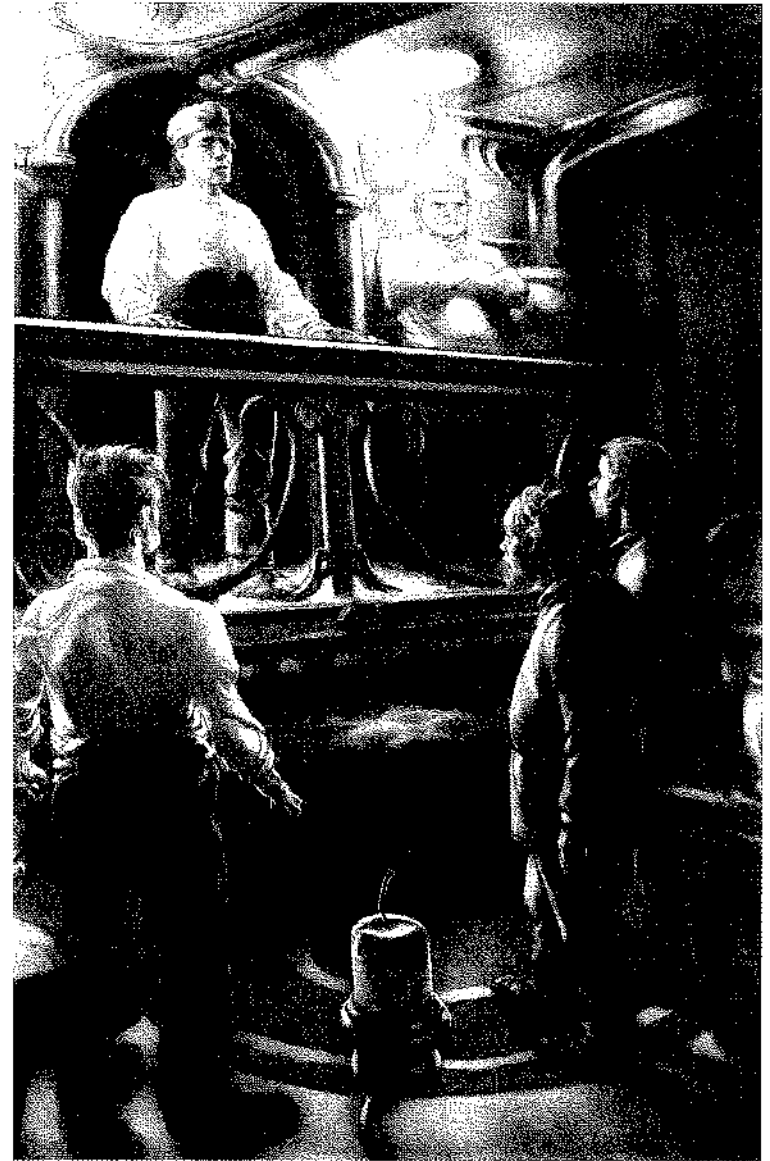
'Our food comes from the sea,' he said, 'and we eat very well. Our shirts, our shoes, our beds, our pens – we make all of them from sea animals, too. I love the sea! It's our only friend. People can't make problems for us here.'

'But you don't want to listen to me all day. Come and see my submarine.'

We went into a room with thousands of books. 'I often read your book about sea animals, Mr Aronnax,' the captain said. 'You write very well. But your time on the *Nautilus* is going to teach you a lot of new things. A submarine is a good home for a scientist.'

I visited every room on the *Nautilus*, the first and only submarine in the seas. Captain Nemo was its builder, and he talked about his answers to the problems of an underwater boat. He was a clever scientist and a very interesting man.

Later, Ned and Conseil asked me about Captain Nemo. Who was he? Where did he come from? Why did he stay away from people and live underwater? But I didn't know the answers to their questions.



'You can see a lot of interesting things. But you can never go home.'

Then, suddenly, the *Nautilus's* sea lights came on and we stopped thinking about the captain. The sea looked very beautiful, with fish of every colour, big and small. We didn't take our eyes from the sea all night. Captain Nemo was right: a submarine was a good home for a scientist.

The weeks after that were quiet but interesting. The submarine usually stayed about a hundred metres underwater. But every morning we went up for air, and my friends and I looked across the blue waters of the Pacific.

We didn't often see Captain Nemo. But Conseil and I looked at his books, and at the fish in the sea. Only Ned was unhappy. He wasn't a scientist and he didn't like reading. And he didn't like eating fish every day.

One day Captain Nemo said, 'There are a lot of animals in the Trees of Crespo. They make good food. Do you want to look for some with me?'

'Trees?' I asked. 'Are we near the coast?'

'They're underwater trees,' he answered.

Ned didn't want to come. But Conseil and I dressed in diving suits and walked on the sea floor with the captain and his men. It wasn't difficult. On a boat, diving suits are heavy, but they are light in the water. There was only one problem: I wanted to talk about the tall trees and beautiful fish with Conseil, but you can't hear people in a diving suit.

Captain Nemo and his men killed some big animals, and we went back to the *Nautilus* with a lot of good food.

Chapter 4 Papuan Spears

After two months on the *Nautilus*, we were near the coast of Australia. Captain Nemo wanted to take us to Asia, but the seas in front of us were very difficult. The coral reefs are famous



Conseil and I dressed in diving suits and walked on the sea floor.

because they are beautiful. But they are famous, too, because boats often hit them. There are a lot of dead seamen in those waters.

We went slowly, and looked for coral reefs under the water in front of us. For a long time we didn't have any problems. Then, suddenly, there was a big noise. The *Nautilus* stopped.

'What's wrong?' I asked the captain.

'The *Nautilus* is sitting on a coral reef. It can't move,' he answered quietly. 'But it's not a problem. After five days, the sea's going to take us away from here.'

The sea goes up and down every day, of course, and it goes up and down every month, too. Was Captain Nemo right?

Ned didn't want to wait and see. 'We can escape from the *Nautilus* today,' he said. 'The coast is near. Let's go!'

'No, Ned,' I answered. 'The Papuans live on that coast. Papuans often kill and eat their visitors.'

Every day, Ned looked across the water at the beautiful coast. 'Perhaps we can go there and look for food,' he said.

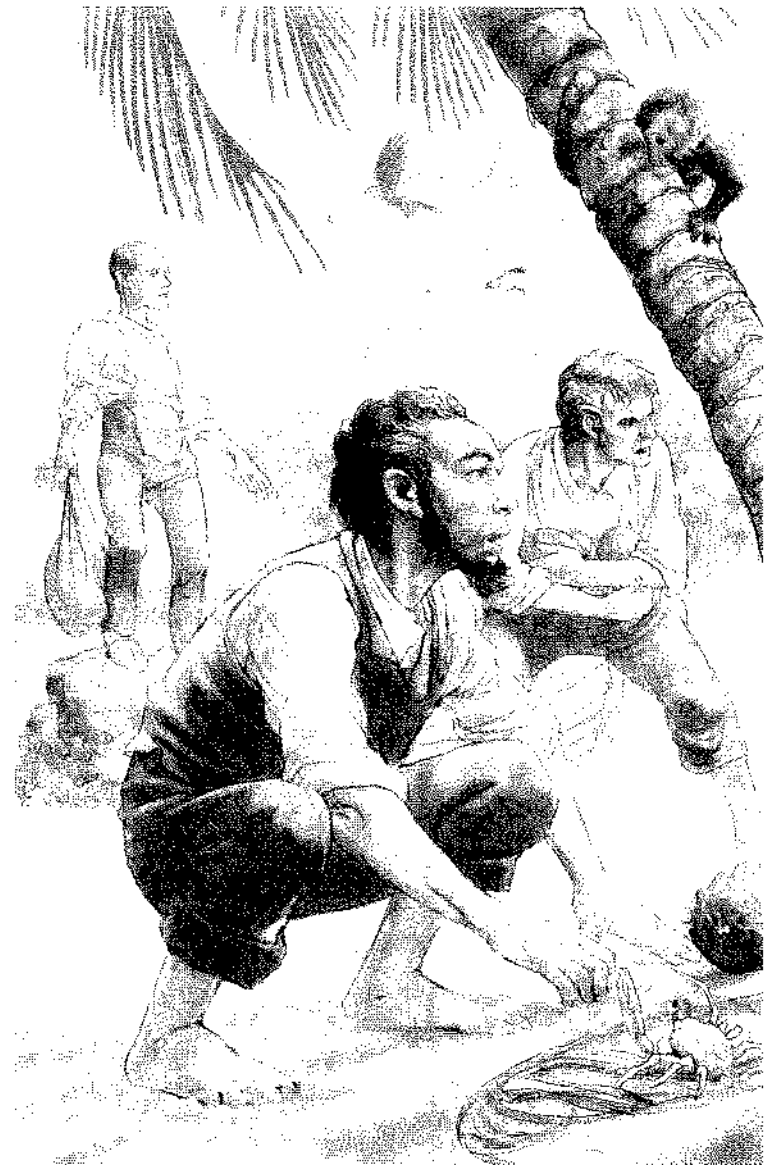
We asked the captain. 'Of course you can go,' he said, with a smile. 'Take the little boat, but be back here before night-time.'

Ned, Conseil and I arrived on the coast, and for a long time we didn't stop eating. There was a lot of fruit on the trees, and it was very good. Conseil and I looked at the beautiful animals. Ned looked at the animals, too, but he wanted them for food. He worked quickly, and that evening we had a lot of dead animals, and fruit, for the *Nautilus's* kitchen.

We started to put things in the little boat. But suddenly Conseil said, 'Ow! What was that on my hand?'

'Look!' Ned said. 'There are men in the trees. They've got spears. They're going to kill us!'

Conseil and I were quickly in the boat, but Ned wanted to get the food first. A rain of small spears came from the trees, then one hundred men started to run to our boat. We went quickly



Ned, Conseil and I arrived on the coast.

across the water to the *Nautilus*. The Papuans stayed on the coast, because they didn't have boats.

In the morning, there were six hundred Papuans on the coast, and some of them had boats. They came across the sea to the *Nautilus*.

'We've got a big problem now,' I said to Captain Nemo. 'The Papuans can't get into the *Nautilus* today, because the doors are closed. But tomorrow there isn't going to be any air in here, because we can't open the doors. What are we going to do then?'

Captain Nemo didn't look unhappy. 'We're going to wait and see,' he said.

I didn't sleep well that night. In the morning there were a lot of Papuans on the *Nautilus*. There wasn't much air for us now, but the doors stayed closed.

'We're going this afternoon,' the captain said.

That afternoon, after five days on the coral reef, the *Nautilus* suddenly started to move. Captain Nemo was right. The sea was up – and the submarine was in water again! We moved quickly away from the coast. We looked back, and the Papuans were in the sea. Then we opened the doors, and air came into the boat.

Chapter 5 Nemo's Gold

We went across Indian and Arabian waters and into the Red Sea. Ned didn't stop thinking about escape from the *Nautilus*.

'Where are we going after this?' he asked.

'Back to the Arabian Sea first,' I answered. 'Then perhaps down the African coast ...'

But we didn't go back to the Arabian Sea. One day Captain Nemo said, 'Tomorrow we're going to be in the Mediterranean.'

I didn't understand. 'We can't go from the Red Sea to the

Mediterranean in a boat!' I said. 'How are we going to take the *Nautilus* across Egypt?'

'We aren't going to go across Egypt. We're going to go *under* it,' the captain answered. 'I know an underwater tunnel.'

That evening, we went into the tunnel. It was very dark and very small. But Nemo was a good seaman, and the *Nautilus* didn't have any problems. In a very short time, we were in the Mediterranean.

We then moved quickly away from Egypt. Near Crete, I remembered stories in the newspapers. Crete was in Turkey, but the Cretans wanted to be Greek. A lot of Cretans were now dead, because the Turkish people were very angry with them.

I looked at the sea. There was a swimmer underwater, and he didn't have a diving suit.

'Quickly!' I said to Captain Nemo. 'Let's go to him now, or the sea's going to kill him.'

'He's OK,' the captain answered. 'His name's Nicolas, and he's a very good swimmer.'

Was this man a friend of the captain? I wanted to ask, but then I stopped thinking about the swimmer. Captain Nemo had gold in his hands! I looked behind him, and there was gold on the table, too – a lot of gold!

Later, I listened to the noises of the night. Men went away from the *Nautilus* in the little boat, and came back a short time later. Did they take gold with them? Where did they take it? Was it for the Cretans?

We didn't go near any coasts after this, and three days later we were in the Atlantic. Ned was angry. He wanted to escape to a European country, and Europe was behind us now.

But first we went up the coast of Portugal and Spain.

'We're going to escape this evening,' Ned said. 'Meet Conseil and me at the little boat at nine o'clock.'

I wanted to stay on the *Nautilus*, because it was a good home

for a scientist. But I wanted to see Paris again one day, and this was perhaps the only time for an escape.

'OK,' I said to Ned.

At nine o'clock, I opened my door and started to walk to the little boat. But suddenly, the *Nautilus* stopped on the sea floor. Then Captain Nemo arrived.

'You wanted the answer to a question, I think, Mr Aronnax,' he said. 'Come with me.'

I went with him to the window. There were some old boats on the sea floor, and Nemo's men were there in their diving suits. They walked to the old boats and came back with gold in their hands.

'These boats went down to the sea floor in 1702, heavy with South American gold. My men and I sometimes come here and take a little gold. But it isn't for us. There are unhappy people in many countries. The gold is for them.'

I remembered the problems in Crete and started to understand Captain Nemo.

But Ned was not a happy man. 'Where were you?' he asked me later. 'We waited for you, but you didn't come.'

Chapter 6 To the South Pole*

A day later, we were many leagues from the coast.

'The roads here are very bad, Mr Aronnax,' Captain Nemo said. 'But do you want to walk on them with me?'

Roads under the sea? I didn't understand. But I put on my diving suit and went with the captain.

Nemo walked quickly underwater. I wanted to stay with him,

* The South Pole, the North Pole: places in the Antarctic and the Arctic (see pages 6-7)



They came back with gold in their hands.

but it was very difficult. My feet came down on the sea floor, but the sea floor moved with me. What was under my feet?

For a long time we didn't stop walking, and then I had the answer to my question. There were old houses on the sea floor! But why were there buildings here in the Atlantic, under three hundred metres of water?

The sea floor went up. Captain Nemo stopped walking and started to write with his hand in the water: 'ATLANTIS'.

Atlantis! There were many stories about this underwater country, but for many people they were only stories. I looked down. There was a big town on the sea floor. For a long time, I didn't move. I was one of the first people in Atlantis for hundreds of years. I wanted to remember it.

After our visit to Atlantis, the *Nautilus* didn't stop. For many weeks, the sun was very strong. Then the air started to get cold and there was ice in the sea. We were in the seas of the Antarctic.

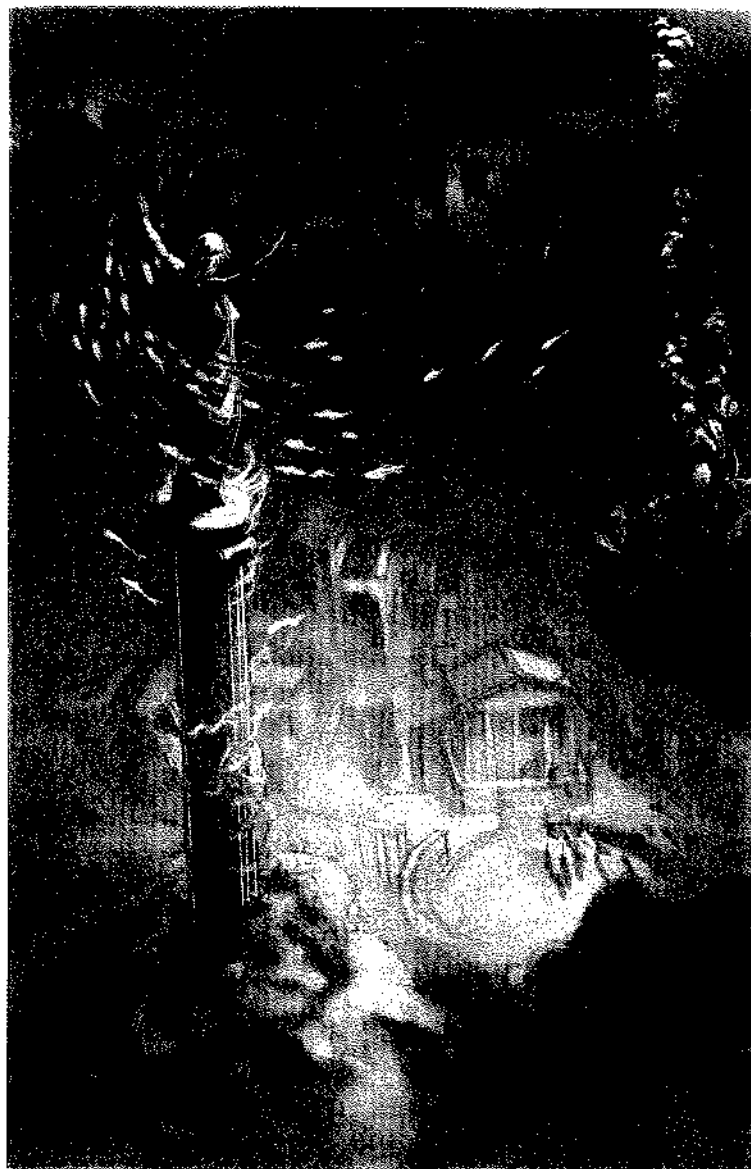
Four days after the first ice, the *Nautilus* stopped. There was ice in front of us and ice behind us.

'We can't move,' Ned said to Conseil and me. 'How are we going to escape from the ice?'

But Captain Nemo came to us and said, 'We're going to be the first people at the South Pole. We can get there in a submarine, because there's water under this ice. There's only one problem: we can't come up for air.'

The *Nautilus* went down and down. At three hundred metres, we were under the ice and there was water in front of us again. We started to move quickly to the South Pole. After a day, we were under a thousand metres of ice. But the morning after that, there were only fifty metres of ice ... then twenty ... ten ... five ... And then the *Nautilus* came up into the air and the open sea. We were at the South Pole!

It wasn't very cold – perhaps 3°C. We stayed there for three



I looked down. There was a big town on the sea floor.

happy days and looked at a lot of interesting animals and fish. Then we went under the ice again.

That night, there was a big noise. Captain Nemo said, 'The ice moved at the wrong time, and now we've got a problem. We're under three hundred metres of ice, but there's ice under us, too, and on our left and right. We're in a tunnel. But in front of us there's water, and it's going to take us up to the air.'

The *Nautilus* moved quickly in the tunnel, but then there was a noise again. There was now ice in front of us, too. The *Nautilus* started to go back. The same noise. Ice behind us.

'We're all dead!' Ned Land said.

'We've got air for two days,' Captain Nemo answered. 'After that, who knows? But there are only ten metres of ice under the *Nautilus*; under that, there's water again. We can make a hole in the ice with knives and spears, and the *Nautilus* can escape from the tunnel into open water.'

We dressed in diving suits and started to work with the knives and spears. But it was a big job – perhaps four or five days' work. And we didn't have five days . . .

After three days, we were all ill because there wasn't any new air. But we didn't stop working.

Captain Nemo worked with us. Then he said, 'Into the submarine, all of you! There are only two metres of ice under us now. The *Nautilus* is going to do our work for us.'

The *Nautilus* was strong and heavy. It went down into our hole again and again. The ice started to move, and suddenly we were in open water.

But there wasn't any air on the boat, and we were all very ill. The *Nautilus* moved under the ice. We waited and waited. I closed my eyes and started to sleep. Or was I dead?

Then, suddenly, my eyes opened. What was that noise?

'The *Nautilus* is hitting ice again, but this ice is thin,' Conseil said. 'Perhaps we're going to be OK.'



We started to work with the knives and spears.

The *Nautilus* tried again and again. First there were small holes in the ice. Then, suddenly, there was one big hole. The *Nautilus* went up into it. We weren't dead! We had air!

Chapter 7 Goodbye to the *Nautilus*

After our visit to the Antarctic, we didn't see Captain Nemo very often. The *Nautilus* went up the coast of South and North America. We wanted to escape, but every night there was a problem: we weren't near the coast, or the sea was difficult.

Then we went across the Atlantic to Europe and arrived in British waters.

Suddenly, there was a big noise: *Boom!* We looked across the sea. There was a big boat three leagues away.

'It was that boat!' Ned said. 'It wants to hit the *Nautilus* and kill us all.'

'Which country is it from?' I asked.

'I can't see,' Ned answered.

Boom! Water went up into the air only five metres from the *Nautilus*.

Captain Nemo arrived. He was very angry, and he didn't look at us. He looked at the boat across the water and said, 'First you take my country and my family, and now you want to kill me too. But can you find me underwater? No! The *Nautilus* is going to hit your boat and kill you all.'

I wanted to stop the captain, but he didn't listen to me. The *Nautilus* moved away from the coast, and the boat came after us. Then we went underwater. For a short time it was quiet. Then we started to move very quickly. Suddenly, the boat was in front of us. The *Nautilus* went into it.

There was a big hole in the boat now. A lot of water went in,

and the boat started to go down slowly under the sea. There were hundreds of men in the water. Captain Nemo watched them quietly. In a short time, they were all dead.

Nemo went back to his bedroom. I looked at him from the door. He was on the floor, and in his hands there was a photograph of a beautiful young woman and two small children. His dead family!

After that unhappy day, we went up the coasts of Britain and Norway and into the seas of the Arctic. For a week, Ned, Conseil and I didn't see Captain Nemo and his men.

Then one day Ned said, 'I can see the coast. It isn't near, but I can't stay on the *Nautilus*. I want to be home – or dead in the sea.'

I wanted to be away from the submarine, too. 'You're right, Ned,' I answered. 'Let's escape this evening.'

'I'm going to put food in the little boat. Be there at ten,' he said.

At ten o'clock, I went to the little boat. Ned and Conseil were there before me.

'OK, put the boat in the water,' Ned said.

But suddenly, there were noises from Nemo's men. Did they know about our escape?

'The Maelstrom, the Maelstrom!' the men said.

This was a big problem. All seamen know about the Maelstrom. Some of the seas of the Arctic move very quickly, and in one place, two of those seas meet. There, a giant hole opens in the water. Boats and whales ten leagues away can't escape it. The Maelstrom takes them all down to the sea floor.

The Maelstrom now wanted the *Nautilus*. We looked at the big hole in the sea in front of us. 'The Maelstrom's going to kill us!' we said.

There was a noise, and our little boat went into the sea. I went in, too. My head went under the water. Then my eyes closed . . .



I opened my eyes. Ned and Conseil were there. We were in the house of a Norwegian seaman.

How did we get here? We don't remember. But in a short time, we can go home. Every day we talk about the *Nautilus*. We have a lot of questions, but perhaps we are never going to know the answers. Where did Captain Nemo come from? Who killed his family? Did he and his men escape from the Maelstrom? And where is he now?

ACTIVITIES

Chapters 1–2

Before you read

- 1 Look at the Word List at the back of the book. Talk about these questions.
 - a What do you know about *whales*? Can you see whales near the *coast* in your country?
 - b What do you know about boats in the 1800s? Were there any *submarines* at that time?
 - c What can make *holes* in boats?
 - d What is a *scientist's* job? Name two famous scientists.
- 2 Look at the pictures in this book. What can you see? Is this a happy or an unhappy story? Why? What do you think?

While you read

- 3 Who says:
 - a 'It wasn't a whale.'
 - b 'I don't understand this hole.'
 - c 'You're famous for your books about sea animals.'
 - d 'One small whale has a long spear on its head.'
 - e 'You're never going to find this whale.'
 - f 'Let's swim, and wait for morning.'
 - g 'I'm going to escape from this submarine.'
 - h 'What can I do with you?'

After you read

- 4 Why are these people on the *Abraham Lincoln*?
Mr Aronnax Conseil Ned Land
- 5 Talk about these boats. What do we know about them?
the *Scotia* the *Abraham Lincoln* the *Nautilus*

- 6 Work with two friends. You are Mr Aronnax, Conseil and Ned Land. You are on the *Nautilus* and you want to go home. What are you going to do?

Chapters 3–5

Before you read

- 7 Look at the picture on pages 6–7. Where is the *Nautilus* now? Where is it going? What do you know about these places?

While you read

- 8 Are these sentences right (✓) or wrong (✗)?
- a Captain Nemo gets food from the sea.
 - b The submarine is a good home for a scientist.
 - c Ned is happy on the *Nautilus*.
 - d The men eat the animals in the Trees of Crespo.
 - e The Papuans give food to Ned.
 - f The *Nautilus* stays on the coral reef for a week.
 - g The *Nautilus* goes to Egypt, then to Crete.
 - h The gold is for Captain Nemo and his men.

After you read

- 9 Work with a friend. Ask and answer questions. Who are these people?
- a They make shirts and shoes from sea animals.
 - b He was the builder of the *Nautilus*.
 - c He doesn't like eating a lot of fish.
 - d They sometimes eat people.
 - e They want to be Greek.
 - f He gives gold to unhappy people in many countries.
- 10 Work with a friend. Look at a picture on pages 6–7. Where was the coral reef? Where is the *Nautilus* now? Where is the submarine going to go?

Chapters 6–7

Before you read

- 11 The *Nautilus* is going to visit these places. What do you know about them?
Atlantis the Antarctic Norway
- 12 Are Mr Aronnax, Conseil and Ned Land going to escape from the *Nautilus*? How? Is Captain Nemo going to stay on the *Nautilus*? What do you think?

While you read

- 13 What happens first? Number these sentences, 1–6.
- a They go to the South Pole.
 - b They visit an underwater town.
 - c They see the Maelstrom.
 - d Captain Nemo kills a lot of people.
 - e Mr Aronnax and his friends are in a house in Norway.
 - f There is no air in the submarine.

After you read

- 14 You are one of these people. Talk about your problems.
- a Captain Nemo. The *Nautilus* isn't moving in the ice.
 - b Mr Aronnax. There is a big boat near the *Nautilus*.
 - c Ned Land. You can see the Maelstrom.

Writing

- 15 Look at the first picture in the book. You are the newspaperman in the tall hat. Write a story for your newspaper.
- 16 You are one of Captain Nemo's men. Write a letter to your family from the *Nautilus*, before the Maelstrom. Do you like working on the *Nautilus*? Is Captain Nemo a good man? Do you want to stay on the submarine? Why (not)?
- 17 You are a friend of Mr Aronnax. You are going to visit him in Norway. What are you going to ask him? Write five questions and Mr Aronnax's answers.

THE CURSE OF THE MUMMY

For thousands of years the dead body of the young king Tutankhamun slept under the sands of Egypt. Then, in the autumn of 1922, Howard Carter and his friends find and open his tomb door. These are exciting times, and Carter's young helper Tariq tells the story in his diary.

But soon people begin to die. Who or what is the killer? Is Tutankhamun angry with them for opening his tomb? And who is the beautiful French girl with the face of Tutankhamun's long-dead wife?

Cover image shows a silver gilt head, 380-343 BC courtesy of the Werner Forman Library

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THE CURSE OF THE MUMMY JOYCE HANNAM

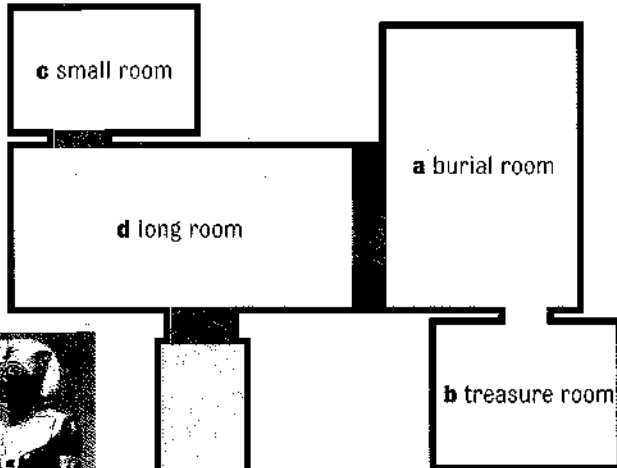
THE CURSE OF THE MUMMY

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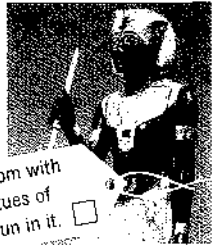


OXFORD

- 1 Look at the plan of Tutankhamun's tomb when Howard Carter found it. Match the pictures with the rooms on the plan.



1 A long room with two big statues of Tutankhamun in it.



2 A room with the dead king's body in it.



4 A room with lots of different smaller things in it.



3 A room with some of the most expensive things in it.



- 2 When did Carter go into the different rooms? What do you think? Put them in order. Number them 1-4.

- a burial room
- b treasure room
- c small room
- d long room

Where are Tutankhamun's treasures?

August 4th 1922: The Valley of the Kings

Here I am at last in the **Valley** of the **Kings!** It's a valley in the **desert** with lots of **sand** and the **tombs** of dead Egyptian kings in it. It took us a long time to get here, and we all felt very hot when we arrived, but that doesn't matter now. It's good to be here.

I'm happy to be working with Mr Carter. Lots of young men wanted to work with him in the Valley of the Kings, but he took me because of my father. My father and Mr Carter are good friends. They often meet at the **museum** in Cairo. My father works there. Also, I'm a good **artist**. And I know a lot about **Tutankhamun**, too. Did you know he was a king when he was only nine years old? But he wasn't king for very long. He died when he was eighteen. That's only one year older than me! Why did he die then? Perhaps we can find the answer when we find his tomb. Mr Carter thinks it's in the Valley of the Kings. He began looking for it five years ago, and he doesn't want to

valley land between two hills

king the most important man in a country

desert a place which has no water

sand it is yellow and we find a lot of it in the desert

tomb where people put a dead person

museum a building with old things in it

artist a person who makes pictures

Tutankhamun /tu:'tænka:'mu:n/



stop. Some people think he's **crazy**, but I don't. Nearly all the other old Egyptian kings have a tomb here, so why not Tutankhamun?

There are about twenty of us, men and boys, working here in the valley. Perhaps I can make friends later, but for now I'm going to write this **diary** and my diary can be my friend. There aren't any shops or cinemas here, so I need something to do in the evenings. And perhaps one day people are going to want to read my diary. Why? Well, perhaps we're going to find Tutankhamun's tomb, or a different king's tomb, or some new **treasures**. Egyptian tombs have lots of treasures in them, you know – **gold** and **jewels**. But **thieves** took treasures from many of the tombs in the past. And there are tomb thieves in Egypt today, too. People come from all over the world to look for gold and jewels. When they find a tomb, they take all the treasure home to their countries. I think that's very bad. I'm happy to say Mr Carter is not a thief. He says Egyptian treasures must stay in Egypt. I think he's right.

But our work's not going to be easy. Mr Carter has only one year now to find Tutankhamun's tomb. He's got a rich friend, **Lord** Carnarvon, and he gives Mr Carter money to help with our work. Lord Carnarvon likes Egypt a lot and he loves old Egyptian treasures. He's got lots of them in his home in England. But after giving Mr Carter money for five years he must be careful. Not long ago he called Mr Carter to England and told him, 'Only one more year looking for Tutankhamun, Howard.' Mr Carter came back to Egypt at once. He brought a little yellow **bird** with him.

'That bird is going to help us find Tutankhamun's tomb,' said Karim. He's one of the boys working in the valley with me. How can a little bird help us? I don't know. But it's

true we need some help – from something or someone.

Perhaps you think a year's a long time? It's not when you're looking for a little tomb in a very big valley. Where are all of Tutankhamun's treasures? Mr Carter thinks he knows – and I think he's right, but let's wait and see!

Well, good night, diary – from me, Tariq.

August 25th 1922

Today I'm going to tell you something about our days in the desert. We begin work very early every morning when the sun comes up. We **dig** for six hours with not much water to drink. At twelve o'clock, it is very, very hot. So we stop to eat, to drink, and to sleep. After two hours we begin digging again. We stop when it gets dark. My back and my arms always feel bad in the evenings. We're very hungry when the sun goes down and the nights in the desert are very cold. Everyone is tired, so we don't talk much when we're eating dinner.

I don't know what other people think about all day, but I think about Tutankhamun. Mr Carter says he lived with his brothers and sisters when he was a little boy. Later he **married** the beautiful **Ankhesenamun**. Some people say he has no tomb because he died suddenly when he was very young. But tombs were very important in old Egypt and Mr Carter thinks Tutankhamun has his tomb somewhere in this valley. But where?



crazy not thinking well

diary a book where you write about what happens every day

treasure something expensive, like gold or jewels

gold an expensive yellow metal

jewel an expensive stone

thief (plural **thieves**) a person who takes things without asking

lord an important, rich man

bird an animal that can fly through the sky

Good night, diary

dig (past **dug**) to take away sand or earth

marry to make someone your husband or wife

Ankhesenamun /ˌæŋkə'senəməŋ/

It's late now and the sky is dark. Suddenly I feel cold. Is Tutankhamun's body in a tomb somewhere near us now? Are we going to find it soon? Is Mr Carter's little yellow bird going to help us or not? Who knows?

September 12th 1922

Some visitors came to the Valley of the Kings today. People often come here to look at the open tombs. They look at the pictures in the tombs and the bodies of the dead kings – we call them **mummies**, you know. Today's visitors were artists from France. They said everyone in Europe is interested in Egypt now. They are building new 'Egyptian' cinemas and hotels in the big cities. And shops are selling 'Egyptian' beds, tables, chairs, and pictures too. Artists can make a lot of money with Egyptian things. A young girl with dark hair and a beautiful, strong face walked along the valley behind the other artists. For a minute, she looked at me. Then suddenly she dropped something in the sand and began to look for it. I went to help her. After a minute, I found it – a gold **bracelet** with an Egyptian eye on it. I gave it to her and she smiled.

'Thank you,' she said. 'My teacher, Mr Ayrton, gave it to me for my birthday. Isn't it nice? I didn't want to lose it.'

She had beautiful dark eyes. I wanted to speak to her, but what could I say? 'Excuse me, Anne, you have a beautiful face.' Of course not!

I know her name is Anne because an older man called to her 'Come on, Anne!'

'Coming, Mr Ayrton,' she said, and she ran after him.

In the evening, the French artists left and went back to their hotel in Luxor. Anne smiled at me when she left, but then her teacher, Mr Ayrton, called her and the smile left

her face and she ran after him again.

Am I going to see Anne again? I like her a lot, but I don't like her teacher, Mr Ayrton. He's a lot older than her. Perhaps he's a very good artist, but why must she run to him every time he calls her? She needs to be with young people, not old Mr Ayrton!

It's another beautiful night tonight. Desert nights are wonderful. But again I feel very cold. I think the dead kings come near us and watch us at night. I can feel their dead eyes looking at us coldly. Some people think they're angry with us for digging here. They say bad things happen to people when they go into Egyptian tombs looking for treasure. But Mr Carter is OK, and he began digging in Egypt years ago. So perhaps they're wrong!

*I gave it to her
and she smiled.*



mummy the
dead body of an
Egyptian king

bracelet a ring
that you wear on
your arm

READING CHECK

Are these sentences true or false? Tick the boxes.

- a Howard Carter is telling the story.
- b Tariq is helping Mr Carter look for Tutankhamun's tomb.
- c Lord Carnarvon is giving money to Mr Carter.
- d Tutankhamun died when he was very old.
- e Some Italian artists came to visit on September 12th 1922.
- f One of the artists, Anne, has an older teacher, Mr Ayrton.
- g Tariq likes Mr Ayrton.

True False

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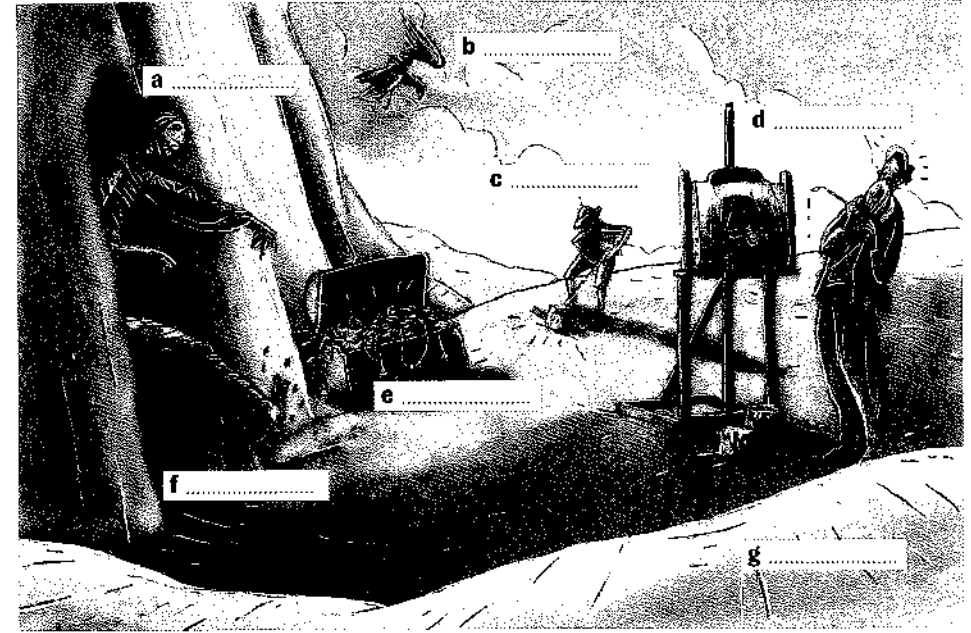
WORD WORK

1 Match the words with the pictures.

1 valley 2 marry 3 gold 4 diary 5 jewel
6 desert 7 king 8 thief 9 bracelet

2 Write the words to match the things in the picture.

artist bird dig mummy sand tomb treasure



GUESS WHAT

What happens in the next chapter? Tick four boxes.

- a Mr Carter's men find the door to a tomb in the sand.
- b Mr Carter wants to tell everyone all about his work.
- c Mr Carter's yellow bird dies.
- d A mummy begins to kill people.
- e Lord Carnarvon comes to Egypt with his daughter.
- f Carnarvon and Carter are excited when they look at the tomb door.

There's something here!

November 4th 1922

Something wonderful happened today! We found a **step** in the sand. It was about 4 p.m. when someone suddenly cried out behind me. It was my friend Karim.

'Tariq, quick, there's something here!' I ran to him and we dug fast. We soon found a step in the sand and under the first step we could see a second one.

I said 'Stop! We must get Mr Carter.' Someone found Mr Carter and he ran over to us. When he saw the step, he was very excited and he couldn't speak. We all waited. Then he found his **voice**. 'Dig' he cried. 'Dig I say!' So we all dug very quickly and we found five more steps before the sun went down. Then we stopped.

Now we are all very tired, but very excited. At dinner there were many questions in all our heads: 'What are we going to find next?' 'Is there a tomb here?' 'Is it going to be open or closed?'

step a part of a stair

voice you use this to speak

We soon found a step in the sand.



Early tomorrow morning we must dig more. I don't think I'm going to sleep very much tonight. At last there is something new in the sand. And my friend Karim found it!

November 6th 1922

Tonight I can tell my diary everything. But only my diary. Mr Carter says we can't tell people about the steps in the sand. He says they're very important.

Today we found sixteen steps in the sand. Then we found a door. And the most important thing – the door wasn't open, but had old Egyptian **seals** on it. Mr Carter went down the steps and looked at the seals very carefully for a long time. We all waited in the sand under the hot sun. Down in the dark, looking at that old Egyptian door, Mr Carter began to laugh.

'They're his seals,' he called up to us. 'Tutankhamun's seals! I think it's his tomb at last! Well done everybody!'

We all laughed and cried. It was very exciting! But after a time, Mr Carter said we must all be quiet. He doesn't want **newspaper** men to hear about this and to come to the Valley of the Kings bringing lots of visitors.

'First, I must tell Lord Carnarvon,' said Mr Carter. 'We can't open the door without him. Put all the sand back and say nothing about this.'

So we **covered** the door and all the steps under the sand again. And now we must wait for Lord Carnarvon. It's going to take two weeks or more for him to come to Egypt by ship from England. How can we keep quiet for two weeks? It's a good thing I'm far from my family. And that beautiful French artist Anne is far away now. I think she would like to hear all about this, too. Without them here, there's nobody to talk to – nobody but you, my diary.

seal something on a door which someone must break to open the door

newspaper people read about things that happen every day in this

cover to put something on so you can't see it

November 12th 1922

Something very **strange** happened today. A **snake** killed Mr Carter's yellow bird and ate it. Karim was ill, and his face went white, when he heard about it.

'The yellow bird helped us to find Tutankhamun's tomb,' he said, 'but now Tutankhamun sends this snake to kill the bird because he is angry with us. We must stop digging at once and never, never open the boy-king's tomb.'

Mr Carter told Karim to be quiet and not to say all those crazy things in front of the younger boys. 'Listen to me, Karim,' he said, 'Tutankhamun died thousands of years ago. He can't be angry with us, do you hear?'

Who is right about Tutankhamun? Mr Carter, or Karim? I don't know. But I'm beginning to feel afraid.

November 23rd 1922

Today at last Lord Carnarvon and his daughter, Evelyn, arrived. Lord Carnarvon doesn't look well. His face is very white and tired.

When they arrived, we took the sand off the steps and the door again. Lord Carnarvon and Mr Carter went down the steps to look at the seals on the door. They were very excited. Lord Carnarvon's daughter stood next to me on the first step and I heard her say: 'I **hope** there's something there this time. Oh, Father, you're very tired and ill! I hope this visit doesn't make you feel worse.'

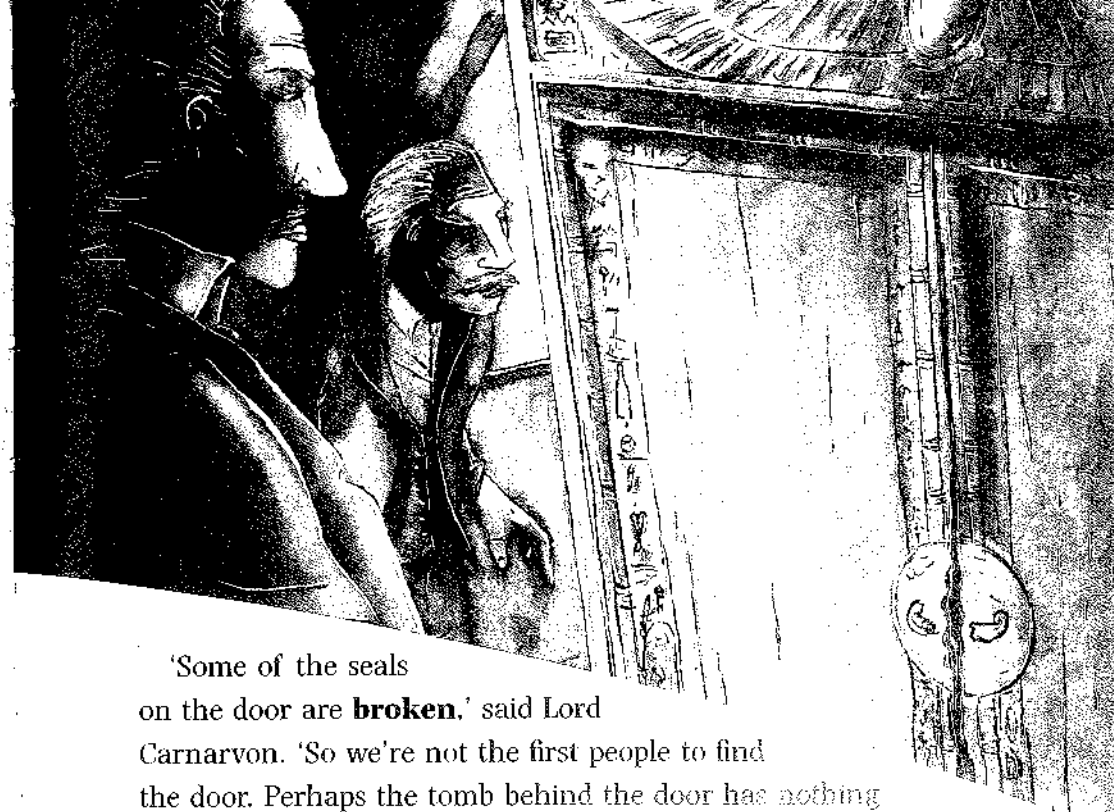
She spoke very quietly, but I heard her.

Lord Carnarvon and Mr Carter stayed down looking at the door for a long time. They were very quiet. We went away to have something to eat and drink. When we came back an hour later, they came up the steps to meet us.

strange not usual

snake a long animal with no legs

hope to want something to be true



'Some of the seals on the door are **broken**,' said Lord Carnarvon. 'So we're not the first people to find the door. Perhaps the tomb behind the door has nothing in it.'

Nobody spoke. Everybody thought of all the gold and treasures we hoped to find there.

'But,' Lord Carnarvon continued, 'it's a wonderful thing to find a new tomb. We may find pictures on the walls or mummies or other beautiful things. Our work is very important. There are stones behind the door, and we must now move away the stones.'

So we worked all afternoon. The stones are big and heavy and I don't know when we're going to finish – perhaps tomorrow.

It is cold again tonight. Are we going to find treasure in Tutankhamun's tomb? Is his angry **spirit** near us, watching us? I am too tired to think or to write any more now. Good night, diary.

Lord Carnarvon and Mr Carter looked at the seals.

broken in pieces

wall the sides of a room; a room usually has four of these

spirit the part of a person that is not the body; some people think that it leaves the body when a person dies

READING COMPREHENSION

Complete the sentences with the correct names.



Tariq Mr Carter Karim Lord Carnarvon

- a Tutankhamun finds the first step in the sand.
- b Lord Carnarvon knows the door in the sand is to Tutankhamun's tomb.
- c Mr Carter tells Lord Carnarvon about the door in the sand.
- d Lord Carnarvon thinks Tutankhamun is angry because people are opening his tomb.
- e Mr Carter says Tutankhamun can't be angry because he died thousands of years ago.
- f Lord Carnarvon looks ill when he comes to see the door in the sand.
- g Mr Carter hears Evelyn talking quietly to her father.

WORD WORK

1 Find the words in the stones to complete the sentences.

- a 'Which newspaper do you read every day?'
'Oh, The Times, of course.'



- b 'What's the time?'
'I don't know. My watch is broken.'



- c 'Look! Dad's asleep on the sand.'
'But it's cold! Let's cover him with something!'



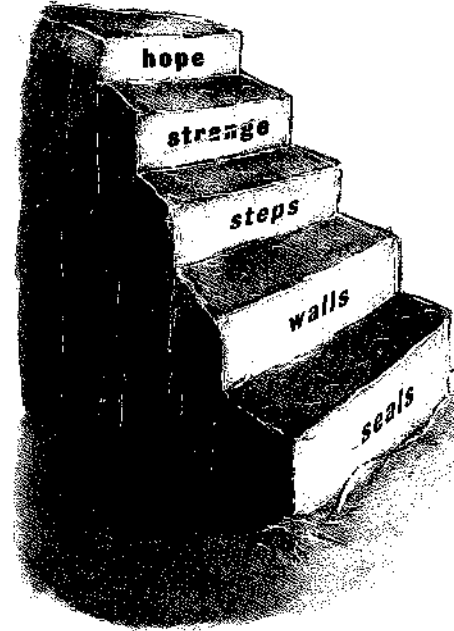
- d 'What's that long black thing in the road?'
'I think it's a snake.'



- e 'Does Tariq think Tutankhamun's spirit is angry with them?'
'He doesn't know.'



2 Use the words in the steps to complete Evelyn's letter.



Mother,
Here we are in Egypt. Father and I are very tired. It's (a) for us to be here after all that time on the ship. Daddy wanted to go down the (b) and see the door to the tomb when we arrived. There were (c) of an Egyptian king on it. I (d) we find something in the tomb and not only four (e) and no treasure!
love
Evelyn

WORD WORK

What happens in the next chapter? Match the first and the second parts of these sentences.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| a | Tariq thinks he sees ... | g | a second door to the tomb. |
| b | Carter's men find ... | h | Anne one night. |
| c | Carter, Carnarvon and Tariq look at ... | i | the spirit of Tutankhamun. |
| d | Carter, Carnarvon, Evelyn and Tariq go into ... | j | the tomb with lights one night. |
| e | Evelyn and Tariq are afraid of ... | k | the tomb last of all. |
| f | Carter and Carnarvon leave ... | l | the things through a hole in the door. |

Into the tomb

November 26th 1922

It was late at night. I saw that French artist Anne far away in the desert. I felt happy. She came nearer and nearer to me. Now I could see her face and it was very **sad**. I wanted

sad not happy

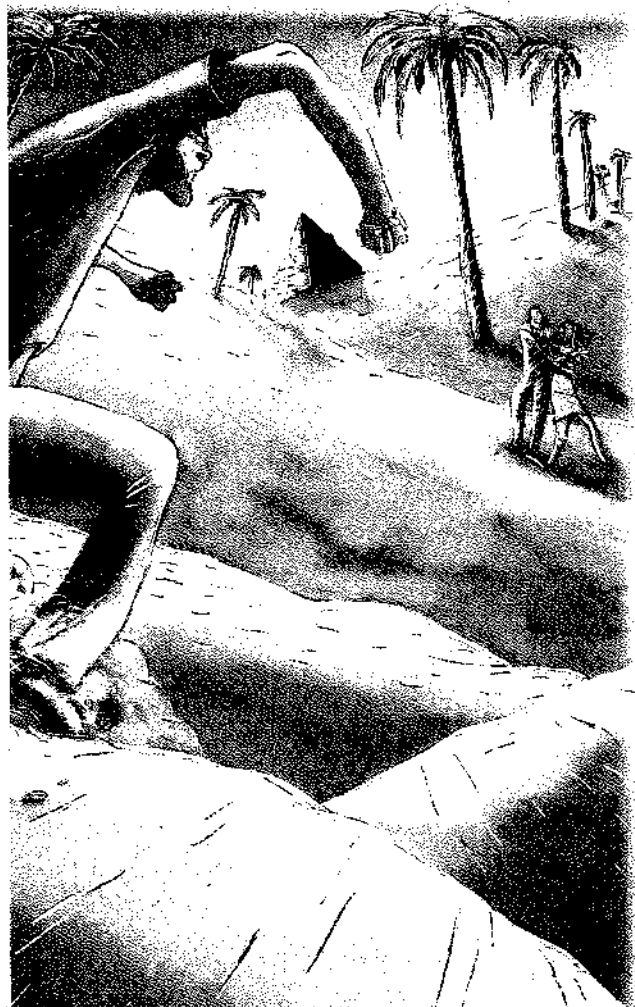
to speak to her, to take her in my arms, but she was far, far away from me. Then I saw something moving in the sand next to her feet. It was a head and an arm. At first I thought it was old Mr Ayrton, her teacher, but then I saw it was the mummy of an old Egyptian king. Worse than that, it was alive!

'Anne!' I cried, and I ran to help her.

Then the mummy came out of the sand. It took Anne in its black arms and down they went into the sand.

Anne cried 'Help me, Tariq!' but there was nothing I could do.

There was nothing I could do.



I **woke up** in my bed in our **camp** feeling cold and afraid. It was only a **dream** after all!

We moved the last big stone at 5 p.m. today and we saw a second door behind the first! There were seals on this door too, and Mr Carter said they were Tutankhamun's seals again. But this time the seals were not broken. I could see Lord Carnarvon and Mr Carter were happy. But they didn't want to look excited in front of us.

'It's late,' they said to us. 'Of course we can't open the tomb without the most important Egyptian people being here. So there is nothing more you can do today. Go and eat now. We want to look carefully at these seals again.'

We walked slowly away and everyone began talking excitedly.

'Tariq,' I heard suddenly. 'Could you please wait?'

It was Mr Carter's voice. My friends walked on to the camp, and I went back and looked down the steps.

'Come down,' said Lord Carnarvon. I went down the steps and stood next to him and Mr Carter in front of the tomb door.

'We're going to make a little **hole** in this door and look into the tomb,' said Mr Carter. 'We want you to be with us because your father wants to know everything about our work here. You can **draw** pictures of everything. Do you understand?'

Of course I said 'yes'.

They made a little hole in the door. Carter looked through it with one eye. Lord Carnarvon and I waited. Carter said nothing.

'What can you see?' asked Lord Carnarvon at last.

'Wonderful things!' answered Mr Carter slowly.

Then Lord Carnarvon and I looked. We saw gold and

wake up (*past woke up*) to stop sleeping

camp a place where people live in tents for a short time

dream the pictures you see in your head when you are sleeping

hole an opening in something that you can look through or go through

draw (*past drew*) to make a picture with a pen or pencil

jewels and treasure everywhere behind the door.

'I can see **golden** animals and chairs and—'

'Shh,' said Mr Carter. 'More quietly, please, Tariq! We don't want everyone to hear.'

'Tomorrow we must cover the doors and the steps with sand again,' said Lord Carnarvon. 'But tonight . . .'

He stopped speaking. He and Mr Carter looked at me.

I looked from Lord Carnarvon to Mr Carter. 'Can we go into the tomb tonight?' I asked. 'To have a look?'

'What do you want to do?' asked Lord Carnarvon. 'I think your father would like you to come with us.'

I didn't take long to answer. 'I'm coming,' I said.

We're going into the tomb at midnight with **lights**. We must wait for some hours. When everyone in the camp is sleeping we can go.

November 27th 1922

It took us two hours to make a hole in the door. We worked very quietly, so we couldn't finish by midnight. At 2 a.m. we were ready. Lord Carnarvon went first and then Mr Carter. I went in last, after Lord Carnarvon's daughter. The long room was hot and our lights nearly went out when the air in the tomb moved for the first time in three thousand years. Slowly we began to see strange animals and golden **statues** and chairs. We looked at everything without speaking. All those beautiful things!

I saw a little statue of an Egyptian girl and I remembered the face on it. But from where? Suddenly I knew. It was Anne's face. I remembered my dream. There was something strange happening here. Something between Tutankhamun, Anne and me.

'Look at the two black statues in front of us,' said Mr

Carter. 'I think they're statues of Tutankhamun. Between them there's a new door. Who wants to go through it with me?'

Lord Carnarvon wanted to go with him, but his daughter and I were afraid. I felt the spirit of Tutankhamun was in the long, hot, dark room with us, and I wanted to get out into the cold night air.

'It's all right,' said Mr Carter. 'You two can wait for us **outside**. But we need your help to make a hole in this new door. It won't take long.'

So we helped them. After they went through the door, we left the tomb. The **stars** looked down at us and it was very cold. At last the other two came through the door near us. We worked to close the hole carefully.

'What did you see in the second room?' we asked.

'A golden wall,' they answered. 'The body of Tutankhamun is somewhere behind that. This is a wonderful day for all of us.'

By then it was early morning and I went back to my **tent** and slept all day. Now it's evening again, and I'm afraid. But who can I talk to about my feelings?



It was Anne's face.

outside in the open, not in a building

star a far away sun that we see as a little light in the night sky

tent a kind of house made of cloth that you take with you when you move

golden made of gold

light something you use to see in the dark

statue a figure of a person made of metal or stone

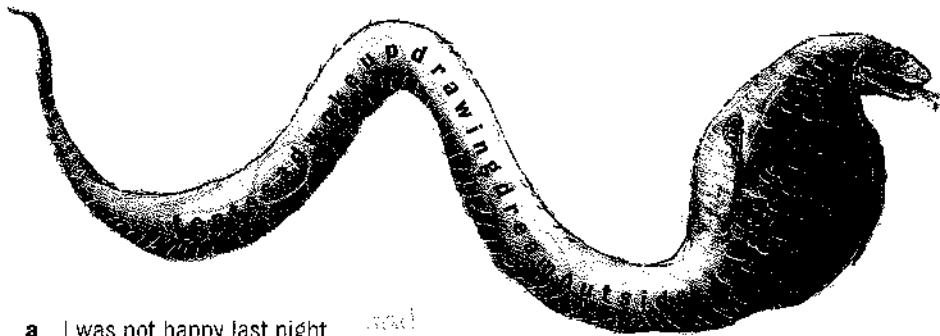
READING OBJECT

Correct the mistakes in these sentences.

- a Karim dreams of Anne and Mr Ayrton.
- b The seals on the tomb door are all broken.
- c Tariq can see dead animals through the tomb door.
- d Carter, Carnarvon, Tariq and Evelyn go into the tomb at midnight.
- e There is a door in the tomb between two gold statues of Tutankhamun.
- f Lord Carnarvon and Evelyn go through this door.
- g Tariq and Carter leave the tomb because they are afraid.

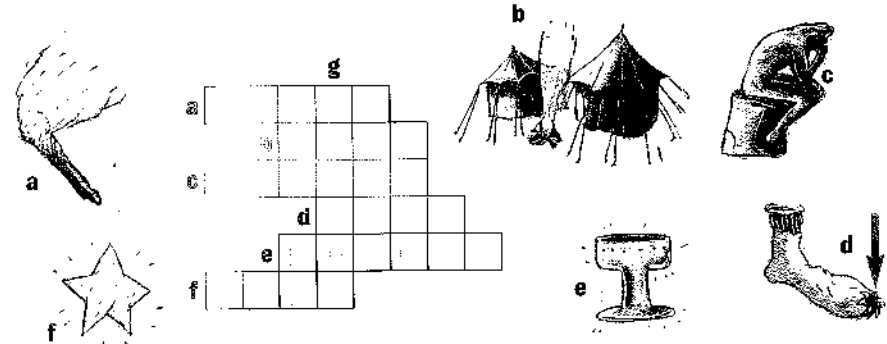
WORD GAMES

1 Match the words in the snake with the underlined words in the sentences.

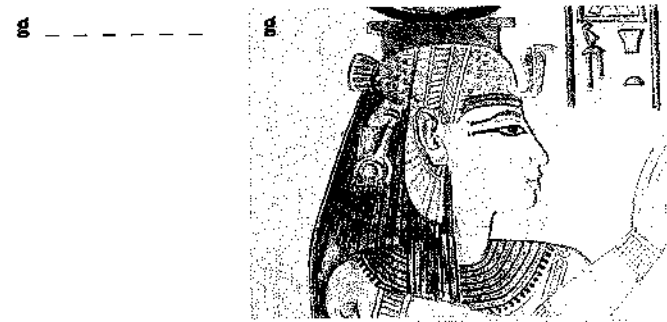


- a I was not happy last night. saw
- b I stopped sleeping in the middle of the night. open
- c I like making pictures with a pen. pen
- d In summer I like sleeping in the open. open
- e Carter and his men lived in cloth houses near the valley of the kings. clothes
- f People always see pictures in their heads when they sleep at night, but they don't always remember it. pictures

2 Look at the pictures and complete the crossword. All the words come from Chapter 3.



3 Look at the blue squares and write the name of this Egyptian person.



GUESS WHAT

What happens in the next chapter? Tick the boxes.

- 1 Who photographs the things in the tomb?
 - a Mr Carter.
 - b Tariq.
 - c Evelyn.
- 2 Who feels Tutankhamun is near him?
 - a Mr Carter.
 - b Lord Carnarvon.
 - c Tariq.
- 3 When do Carter and his men go into the second room in the tomb?
 - a Two months later.
 - b Never.
 - c Twenty years later.
- 4 What does Tariq dream about?
 - a Anne and Mr Ayrton.
 - b Treasure.
 - c His father in Cairo.

Every day we find new things

December 22nd 1922

Today, a month after my night visit to the tomb, we opened the tomb door again, this time in front of everybody. Many important Egyptians came to the Valley of the Kings with lots of newspaper men and interested people from all over the world. Many people talked to us, but I said nothing about the golden treasures in the tomb. Only my father knows about them.

When we opened the door in the sunlight, everybody could see the gold and the treasures. First Mr Carter is going to photograph everything we find in the tomb. After the photographs, we can move things and look at them carefully. Then we must write all about each treasure in a book. After that, we must send them to the Museum in Cairo. This work is going to take a long time, but we must be very careful when we move things. Mr Carter picked up a shoe in the tomb today and it broke into little **pieces** in his hands!

January 2nd 1923

Every day we find new things in the first room in the tomb. Today we found some pens and some old Egyptian games. Mr Carter says the **Ancient** Egyptians loved playing games. He says Tutankhamun was happy when he was a little boy. Most of the time, he played with his brothers and sisters in the **palace** gardens. He didn't go to school because he had a teacher in the palace. He couldn't go out of the palace very often because the Egyptian people

pieces when something breaks, it changes from one thing into lots of these

ancient very old

palace a big house where a king lives

thought he was a **god**. They thought all Ancient Egyptian kings and their families were gods. Near the games we found a beautiful golden chair, and there were also many different things to wear. Mr Carter says it took more than 3,000 hours to make only one of his shirts!

Sometimes, when I look at Tutankhamun's things, I feel he's near me. But he died when he was one year older than me. Why? I want to know the answer to that question more than anything.

February 18th 1923

Today, at last, we opened the second room in the tomb. It took us seven weeks to take everything out of the first room. All this time, everyone wanted to go through into the second room, but Mr Carter said: 'No! We must take all the things out of the first room – slowly and carefully – before we do that!'

I know it was difficult for him too, because he knew the second room was the **burial** room.

Lots of people were here again today for the opening of the burial room. It was very hot in the tomb. Mr Carter opened the door between the two black statues and he went in first. When he was in the second room he could see all of the golden wall.

'But it isn't a wall,' he called out to us. 'It's one **side** of a tall, golden **shrine**.'

The shrine nearly filled the second room. It was very difficult to move **around** the shrine because there were treasures on every side of it. On the far side of the burial room is an open door and a third room. This room also has lots of treasures in it. After a short time, Mr Carter asked all our visitors to leave. He said: 'We can't open the shrine

god an important 'person' who never dies, and decides what happens in the world

burial for a dead body to lie in

side a box has six of these

shrine a small, special place for a statue of a god

around all the way round



'Forget
Tutankhamun.
He is dying.'

now because it has lots of treasures around it and we must look at all of them first.'

The newspaper men took lots of photos of the shrine and of the treasures and then they left.

The walls of the burial room are covered with pictures. There are many pictures of Tutankhamun with a young woman. Mr Carter says she is his **queen**, Ankhesenamun. She has a strong, dark face. It makes me think of Anne, the French artist from my dream.

In some of the pictures, Ankhesenamun is giving Tutankhamun flowers, and he is smiling at her. They look very happy. Mr Carter thinks they *were* very happy when they married. Am I going to be happy when I marry? I'd like to marry Anne. But where is she now? Back in France? Or here in Egypt in a museum somewhere, looking at Ancient Egyptian jewels and statues?

After Tutankhamun died, Mr Carter says, the next king of Egypt was Lord Ay, a man twenty years older than Tutankhamun. When Mr Carter told me about this, I remembered my bad dream of Anne and the old Egyptian

queen the wife of
a king

mummy in the sands of the desert. And I remembered the time when her eye bracelet fell in the sand.

After work today I slept and had another dream. This time I saw Anne wearing a white Egyptian dress. She had Egyptian jewels in her hair and Egyptian bracelets on her arms. We were in a room in an old Egyptian palace. I **lay** with my eyes open on an old Egyptian bed and she sat next to the bed on an old Egyptian chair.

'Tutankhamun,' she said, holding my hand, 'Lord Ay is watching me all the time now, and I am afraid.'

I wanted to say, 'My name's Tariq', but I couldn't speak. 'What is going to happen to me when you die?' she asked. Again I could say nothing.

'First our two children, and now you. People say Lord Ay killed them. And they say he's killing you, too, with **poison** because he wants to marry me and be king of Egypt.'

Suddenly a man came quietly into the room behind her. He wore a white Ancient Egyptian skirt, but he had the face of Anne's teacher, Mr Ayrton! I wanted to tell Anne to look behind her, but I couldn't open my mouth. The man came to her and put his hand on her arm.

'Ankhesenamun,' he said, smiling coldly. 'Forget Tutankhamun. He is dying. You must take a new husband now. Are you ready to be my wife?'

I woke up suddenly, crying 'Anne! No! Don't do it!'

Karim sleeps in the tent next to me, and he woke up when he heard my voice.

'What's the matter, Tariq?' he said. 'It's three o'clock in the morning! Are you crazy?'

Am I crazy? Why am I having these dreams? I don't understand them. Are they telling me to stop working for Mr Carter and to leave the Valley of the Kings?

lie (*past lay*) to
have all of your
body on a bed

poison
something that
kills people when
they eat or drink it

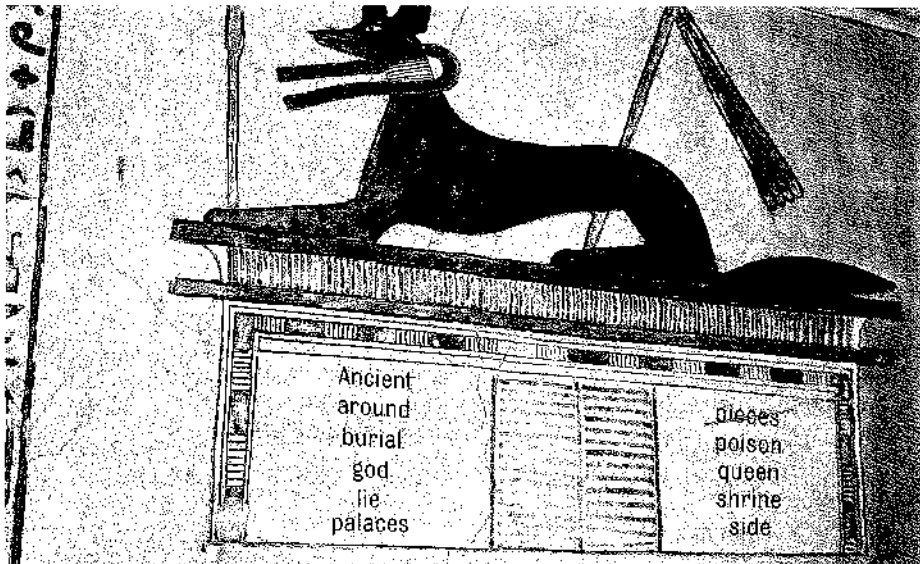
MISSING WORDS

Correct seven more mistakes in this summary of Chapter 4.

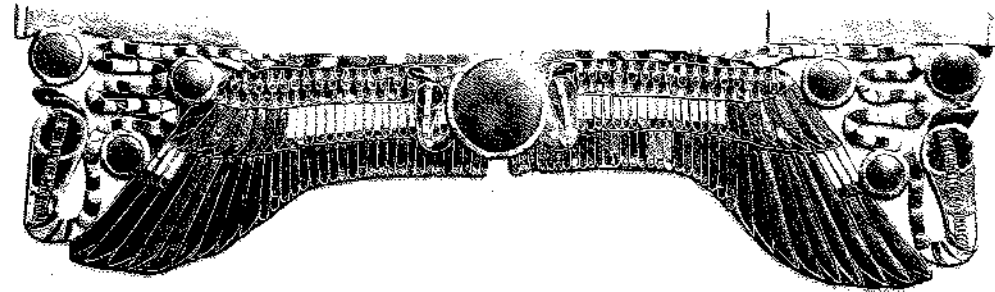
Many important people come to see the closing of Tutankhamun's tomb. Mr Carter is going to draw and write about all the things in the tomb before sending them to the Museum in London. Carter and his men find pens, games, shirts and a beautiful golden bed in the first room of the tomb. After seven days of hard work there are no more things in it. Then Carter and his men can go through into the second room. This room has pictures of King Tutankhamun and his mother, Ankhesenamun, on its walls. After work Tariq sleeps, and he has a dream about being Lord Ay. He sees Ankhesenamun in his sleep. She has the face of the German artist, Anne.

WORD BOX

Use the words in the picture to complete the sentences on page 25.



- a He broke the bread into very small _____ for the birds.
- b I like reading about _____ Egypt – about Tutankhamun and Nefertiti and their times.
- c Ra was the Egyptian _____ of the sun. They thought he moved the sun through the sky on his ship.
- d Egyptian kings didn't live in small houses, they lived in very big _____.
- e Cleopatra was _____ of Egypt in Julius Caesar's time.
- f Would you like to _____ on this bed and sleep?
- g Don't drink that! It's got _____ in it!
- h There was a statue of Hathor in a golden _____.
- i The dead king lay in one room of the tomb – the _____ room.
- j Carter and Lord Carnarvon walked _____ the tomb, looking at everything.
- k Each _____ of the box had a different picture on it.



TRUE OR FALSE

- What happens in the next chapter? Tick the boxes.**
- | | Yes | Perhaps | No |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| a Tariq goes to England. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| b Lord Carnarvon dies. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| c Carter dies. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| d Carter finds the bodies of Tutankhamun's children. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| e Lord Carnarvon's daughter dies. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| f All the lights in Cairo go out. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Tutankhamun's mummy is killing people

March 15th 1923

We had some bad news today. Lord Carnarvon is very ill. Mr Carter says it's because of the poison from a bad **mosquito bite**. Mosquitoes can be **dangerous** in Egypt. Some people are saying that he's ill because the spirit of Tutankhamun is angry. In the newspapers, a woman called Maria Corelli says that he's going to die because Tutankhamun is angry. Some people say that all of us here are going to die soon because we opened the tomb. So nobody is sleeping easily in their tents tonight. We're all thinking about the spirit of Tutankhamun. Is he angry with us? And why am I dreaming about that French girl, the artist, Anne? Where is she now? I'm **sure** we're going to meet again. But where?

April 6th 1923

Lord Carnarvon is dead. I am sorry because I liked him and his daughter, Evelyn. The newspapers say that all the lights in Cairo went out when he died. The city was dark for many hours. Mr Carter told us that Lord Carnarvon's dog died in England on that night too. Mr Carter only laughs at the things in the newspapers. He's not afraid of anything. But he's sorry too: Lord Carnarvon was a good friend.

May 29th 1923

People are talking about Lord Carnarvon dying. They are saying that we were wrong to go into a dead man's tomb. But Mr Carter doesn't listen to anybody. He wants to open

mosquito a small insect that drinks people's and animals' blood

bite where a mosquito takes blood from someone

dangerous something that could kill you

sure when you feel something is true

the shrine in the burial room soon and find the body of Tutankhamun. It's going to take us all summer to finish our work on the things in the burial room and the treasure room, but what happens then? Are we all going to die after finding the body of the boy-king?

October 3rd 1923

A week ago we sent the last treasure from the first room to the museum. My father has everything now. In his last letter, he told me they are looking for more workers at the museum in Cairo. My father has a lot of work to do there now because the museum has lots of visitors every week. Everyone wants to see Tutankhamun's beautiful things.

Mr Carter thinks we can open the shrine some time in the winter, perhaps in December.

December 12th 1923

Today we opened the shrine. In it there was a second golden shrine. We must open this very carefully!

January 20th 1924

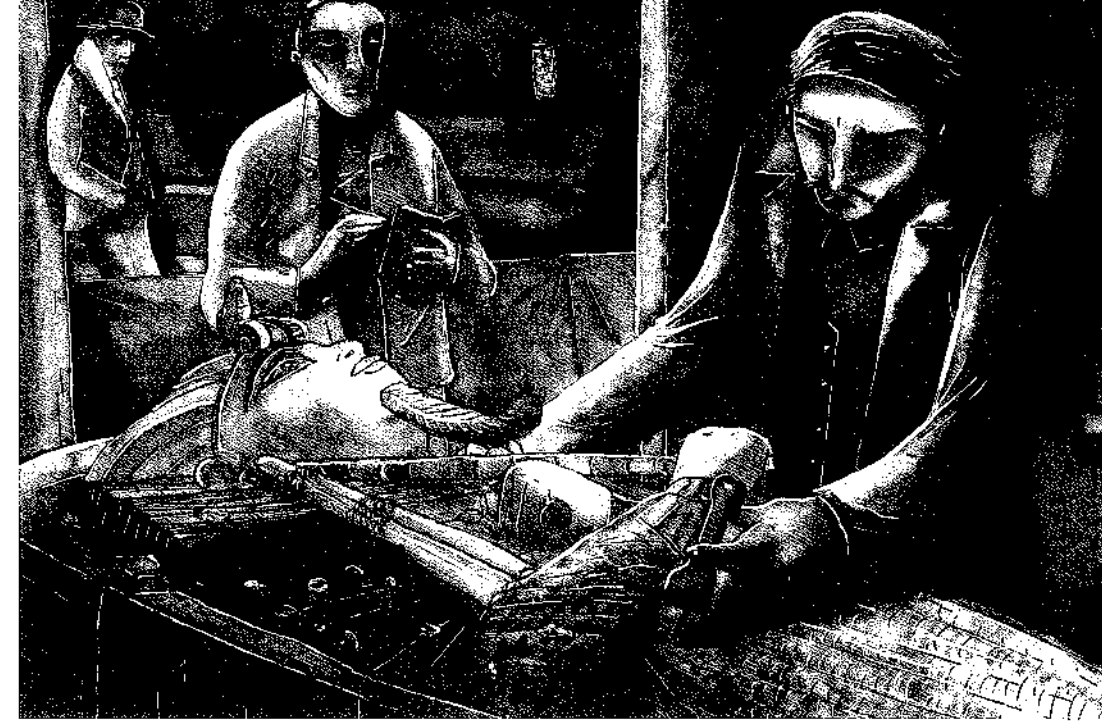
There are three golden shrines! After opening all three of them, we found a stone **sarcophagus**. How much more must we open before we find Tutankhamun?

November 12th 1924

When we opened the sarcophagus we found a golden **coffin**, with two more golden coffins inside it. On each we saw a beautiful golden face – the face of Tutankhamun. I know his face well now from all the pictures on the walls of the tomb. On the last coffin, his head is blue and gold, and he has a golden snake and a bird's head over his big, dark

sarcophagus a stone box that you put a dead person's body in

coffin a wooden or metal box that you put a dead person's body in



On the last coffin, his head is blue and gold.

eyes. These mean he was king of the North and the South of Egypt. Mr Carter says.

Today, at last, we found the mummy of Tutankhamun. It is only a young boy's body inside all that gold and treasure. Around the mummy were 143 jewels of all colours: red, green, white and blue. There were also some blue flowers. I'm sure his beautiful queen Ankhesenamun put them there. When we found the body, there were lots of people in the room and it was very hot, but I felt cold and afraid. Mr Carter was very excited. But I could only hear a little voice in my head. The voice said to me it was wrong to be there. I left the tomb and ran outside into the warm sun. But I felt cold out there, too.

In the evening, Mr Carter came to my tent.

'Why did you suddenly leave us, Tariq?' he asked.

I told him that I felt afraid of Tutankhamun's spirit.

'You're tired,' he said. 'You need a holiday. Why don't you visit your father for one or two weeks? I know he'd like to see you. You can help him in the museum.'

'Thank you, Mr Carter,' I answered.

'And remember, Tutankhamun died three thousand years ago. He can't be angry with anybody any more.'

'Perhaps not,' I said, but I wasn't sure.

So tomorrow morning I'm going back to Cairo! All my things are ready in my bag and my diary's coming with me too. I'm going to be far away when the doctor comes to cut up Tutankhamun's body. I don't want to see that. I hope my father understands.

I'm looking at the stars now. I must say goodbye to my best friends in the desert.

January 14th 1925: Cairo

I'm not going back to the camp. My father and I spoke about it today. All over the world, people are saying Tutankhamun's mummy is killing people. And my friend Karim died last week at the camp. How did he die? I don't know, but I know everybody's going to say Tutankhamun's angry spirit killed him. Mr Carter still isn't afraid, but he's the only one now. My father doesn't believe in 'the **curse** of the mummy', but he wants me to stay with him and help him in Cairo in the museum.

Last week Mr Carter found more coffins and the mummies of two little children. He thinks they are Tutankhamun's children. They died before they were born. I feel sorry for the boy-king and his beautiful young queen. We're going to look after all his things very carefully here in Cairo. Then perhaps he isn't going to get angry with me or my father.

curse to make something bad happen to someone by saying that it is going to happen

USE THE PICTURE

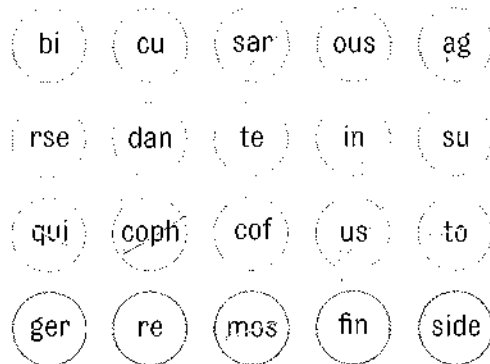
- 1 Are these sentences true or false? Tick the boxes.**
- | | True | False |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| a Some people think Tutankhamun is angry with Mr Carter. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| b They say Tutankhamun wants to kill Carter and his men. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| c Tariq is happy when Lord Carnarvon dies. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| d Mr Carter is very excited when he opens the mummy. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| e Tariq feels happy about opening the mummy. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| f Carter's father writes to him. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| g Tariq goes to work in England. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

**2 Put the correct letters at the end of each sentence:
HC (Howard Carter), LC (Lord Carnarvon), or T (Tariq).**

- He becomes ill.
- He thinks of the French girl, Anne.
- His dog dies.
- He laughs at the things in the newspapers.
- He wants to go on working in Tutankhamun's tomb.
- He hears a voice in his head.
- He doesn't think Tutankhamun is angry with anyone.

WORD POOL

Find words in the puzzle and complete the sentences on page 31.



- I can hear a flying around the bedroom and I can't get to sleep.
- There's a snake on his foot. Perhaps that killed him.
- It's very to go across the desert without taking any water with you.
- There's picture writing over the door to the tomb. I think it's a and it says we are all going to die.
- Are you this is Tutankhamun's tomb? I don't think it is.
- The dead king's body lay in a gold and that was in a big stone
- Is there anything in that box? No, there's nothing it.

THE NEXT CHAPTER

The next chapter is seven years later. What happens? Tick the boxes.

- Mr Carter ...
 - is suddenly ill and dies.
 - finishes his work in Tutankhamun's tomb.
 - goes crazy.
- Tariq ...
 - meets the French artist Anne again.
 - never sees the French artist Anne again.
 - reads about the French Artist Anne in the newspaper.
- Tariq's father ...
 - doesn't like Anne.
 - thinks Anne is bad for his son.
 - thinks Anne is a good artist.
- Anne and Tariq ...
 - learn to say goodbye to the past.
 - die in a car accident.
 - marry.



The end of a wonderful time

February 13th 1932

It's time for me to finish my diary now. I stopped writing it seven years ago, but the story of Tutankhamun's tomb didn't finish then. For seven more years Mr Carter and his workers stayed in the Valley of the Kings. They found a small fourth room in the tomb. There was **food** and drink there. (Would anyone like some 3,000-year-old bread?) There were also thirty bottles of **wine**! There were many more beautiful treasures in the fourth room too. We have them all in the museum here in Cairo now. I'm happy to say no more workers died at the camp and Mr Carter is still alive and very well.

The last treasure arrived at the museum three weeks ago and then Mr Carter at last left the Valley of the Kings. He's coming to our house tonight, and we're all going out to have dinner at the best restaurant in Cairo.

'It's the end of a wonderful time,' my father says. 'We're going to have an evening to remember.'

Four of us are going to the restaurant: Mr Carter, my father, the French artist Anne, and me. I met Anne again at the museum a year ago. She came to make some pictures of Tutankhamun's treasures. When she arrived at the museum, I remembered her at once and she remembered me. So it was easy to begin to talk.

'And what happened to your old teacher, Mr Ayrton?' I asked soon after we met.

'Oh, him!' said Anne and she laughed, 'What a bad man he was!'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'He wasn't a good teacher. He was a tomb thief, only interested in getting ancient Egyptian treasures.'

I looked at the Egyptian eye bracelet on her arm. Anne's eyes met my eyes.

'Yes. He liked beautiful things, and in the end, I think I was only one more beautiful thing for him to look at. So I left him. I'm much happier now. I feel free without Mr Ayrton, without his eyes watching me all the time.'

Anne and I worked in one of my father's offices at the museum for some weeks and in that time we talked about many things – often about Tutankhamun. Anne feels the boy-king is her friend. And I feel I understand him very well, too.

We talked about many things.



food you eat this

wine a red or white drink; when you drink a lot you feel happy and sleepy



We all had a wonderful time last night.

My father likes Anne. He says she's a very good artist, and she loves Egypt – the ancient country and the new country, too. She says she would like to live here always. Would she like to marry an Egyptian man? I'm not sure. But I think I'm going to ask her one day soon.

A taxi is stopping outside our door. It's Anne and Mr Carter. I must go downstairs and meet them.

February 14th 1932

We all had a wonderful time last night. The food and wine were very good and everybody talked and laughed a lot in the restaurant. Mr Carter looks very happy and not much older than seven years ago. It was nice to see him again.

Nobody could think that Tutankhamun's spirit is angry with him. Mr Carter and I talked more about Karim. Some people are saying there were dangerous **bacteria** inside the tomb and these killed my friend. But why only Karim? Other people say the ancient Egyptians put poison in the tombs to kill tomb thieves. Mr Carter thinks these stories are wrong. He says there was nothing strange about it. One day Karim got dangerously ill and died before the doctor could get to the camp.

My father told Mr Carter about the new stories in the English newspapers. People in England are now afraid of having mummies and ancient Egyptian treasures in their houses. They're sending them all to the British Museum. And the Museum is going to need a new room to keep all these things in. Some people think that the great *Titanic* accident happened because the ship had an Egyptian mummy on it. A museum in New York wanted the mummy for its Egyptian rooms, but when the *Titanic* went down in the Atlantic, the mummy went down with the ship.

After dinner my father asked Mr Carter, 'Do you want to go and see *The Mummy*?' It's a new film here in Cairo and everybody loves it. Boris Karloff is the mummy. He's a very famous **film star** in Cairo these days.

Mr Carter laughed again and said 'Why not?' So he went to the cinema with my father.

But Anne and I didn't want to go with them. We can't laugh about the curse of the mummy. I think the spirit of Tutankhamun doesn't do anything bad to Mr Carter because he isn't a tomb thief. He found Tutankhamun's treasure, but he's leaving it here in Egypt. With my father's help the Tutankhamun rooms in the Cairo museum are

bacteria these small things can make you ill

film star you see this famous person in a film

now beautiful. So Tutankhamun isn't angry with my father or with Mr Carter. But I'm not sure about Lord Carnarvon or my friend Karim. Why did they die? And what about me and Anne?

Anne and I walked slowly back to her hotel from the restaurant. The stars over Cairo were wonderful that night and I told her how the stars were my friends in the desert.

'Let's go to the museum,' she said suddenly. 'You've got your **key**, haven't you?'

'Yes, of course,' I answered. 'I always have it with me.'

We went there at once and, with my key, I opened the museum door and we went into Tutankhamun's rooms. We looked at one of the golden shrines there. On it there's a picture of Tutankhamun and his queen Ankhesenamun at a table. She's putting some wine into his glass. Some women are playing **music** for them. It's wonderful to think this all happened thousands of years ago!

'I think they were happy for a time,' Anne said, 'before Lord Ay came along, before their children died, and before Tutankhamun died. And perhaps they can be happy again now. Who knows?'

She took my hand.

'I want to leave my bracelet here, Tariq,' she said. 'For Tutankhamun and Ankhesenamun. I don't need it now, you see. Now I have you. So I can close the door on Mr Ayrton, and on Lord Ay.' She took the Egyptian eye bracelet from her arm and put it down in front of the golden shrine. When she put the bracelet down, I thought I could hear far away music, and some strange and beautiful singing coming from somewhere. In my head I closed the door on Lord Carnarvon, on my friend Karim, and on Tutankhamun's curse, and I felt happy.

key you can close or open a door with this

music singing or playing instruments



Then Anne and I left the museum, arm in arm.

She was free of Mr Ayrton and I was free of the mummy's curse at last. I smiled at Anne and she smiled at me. We walked slowly back to her hotel and said goodbye at the door.

'See you tomorrow morning,' said Anne looking at me, with stars in her eyes.

'Yes, see you tomorrow morning,' I answered, and I walked back home, happy and excited, dreaming of asking Anne to marry me.

'I want to leave my bracelet here.'

READING

Match the first and second parts of these sentences.

- | | |
|---|--|
| a Mr Carter and his men find ... | 1 to Cairo museum to draw Tutankhamun's treasures. |
| b Anne comes ... | 2 Mr Ayrton and feels free now. |
| c Mr Ayrton thinks ... | 3 to the cinema after dinner. |
| d Anne leaves ... | 4 a fourth room in Tutankhamun's tomb. |
| e Tariq and his father are going ... | 5 Anne is beautiful. |
| f Mr Carter doesn't think ... | 6 to a restaurant with Anne and Mr Carter |
| g Tariq's father and Carter go ... | 7 in the Tutankhamun rooms of the museum. |
| h Tariq and Anne ... | 8 there is a curse on Tutankhamun's tomb. |
| i Anne leaves her Egyptian eye bracelet ... | 9 to marry him. |
| j Tariq wants to ask Anne ... | 10 walk to the museum. |

WRITING

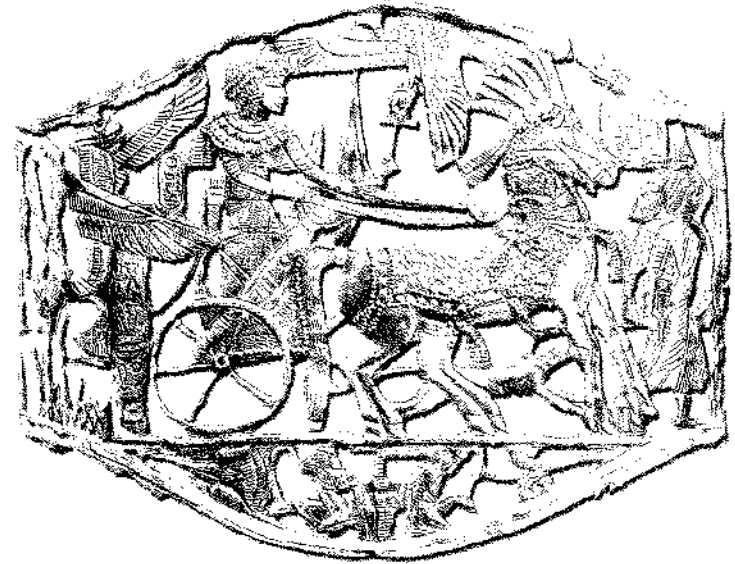
Use the words in the Egyptian mummy to complete the sentences.

- a 'When do you like listening to?'
'When I am working in my room.'
- b 'Where's the to this door?'
'I don't know. Can't you open the door without it?'
- c 'Which do you like the best?'
'Julia Roberts.'
- d This kitchen is very dirty. And a dirty kitchen has everywhere and that can make you very ill.



- e 'Would you like some?'
'No thanks. I'm not hungry.'

- f 'I'd like some to drink.'
'Red or white?'



WRITING

What happens after the story ends? Choose from these ideas or add your own.

- a Howard Carter dies suddenly.
- b Howard Carter lives to be an old man.
- c Tariq and Anne get married.
- d Mr Ayrton comes angrily to take Anne from Tariq.
- e The mummy of Tutankhamun really starts killing people.
- f
- g
- h

PROJECT A

Anne's Diary

1 Read this page from Anne's diary. Answer the questions.

- What does she think of Egypt?
- What does she feel and why?
- What does she want to do next year?
- Where did she go in the morning?
- What is she doing these days?
- Who did she meet?
- What did he do?
- What does she think about this?
- What must she do?



September 12th 1922

Egypt is golden, hot and wonderful! I'm sad because we're here for only two weeks. I want to come back next year and stay here for longer. I'm drawing lots of pictures these days. In the morning I went to the

Valley of the Kings. I met a young Egyptian man in the Valley. He helped me to find my Egyptian bracelet when it fell into the sand. I think it was nice of him to help but I don't think Mr Ayrton was very happy about it. I must be careful.

2 Anne goes back to France. Write a page from her diary. Use these words to complete the sentences.

January 14th 1923

France is

I'm not very happy because

I want to go

I'm not drawing

This morning, I

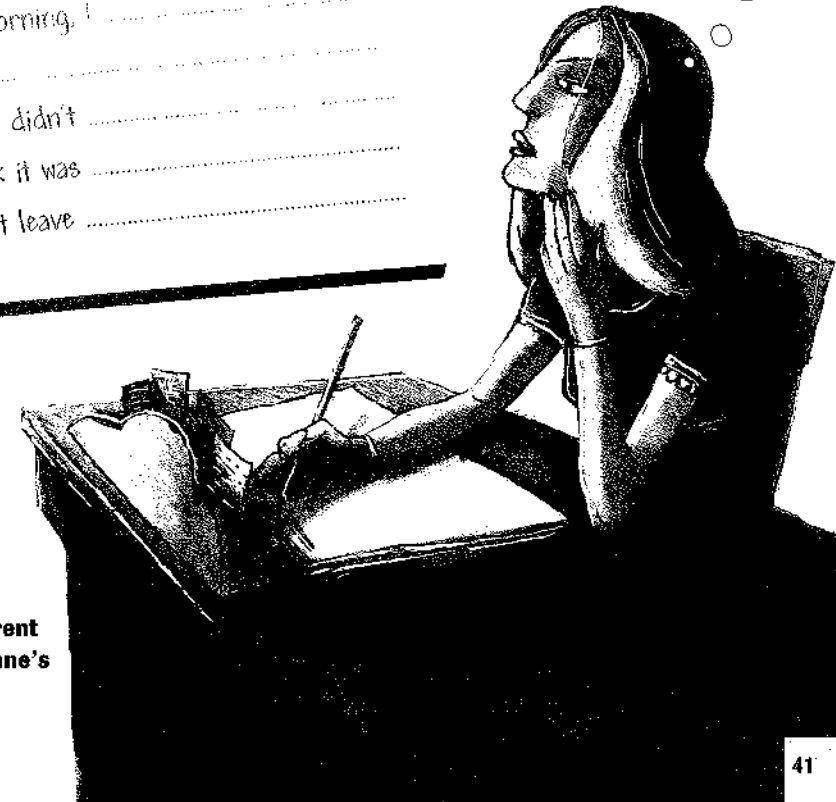
I met

but he didn't

I think it was

I must leave

back to Egypt!
much these days.
went to Art School.
crazy of me to like him.
cold, dark and strange.
Paris soon.
Mr Ayrton in his office,
it's wintertime here.
speak to me.



3 Write a different page from Anne's diary.

The Crown

M R James

British English

Classic

'You aren't from Seaburgh', the old man said. 'Go back to your hotel. Don't think about the crown again.'

Paxton is on holiday in Seaburgh, a small English town near the sea. He likes old things and old stories ... but he doesn't always listen. He takes a famous old crown from the ground. Suddenly, there is a shadow behind him, and Paxton is very afraid.

Easystarts 200 headwords

Level 2 600 headwords *Elementary*

Level 3 1200 headwords *Pre-intermediate*

Level 4 1700 headwords *Intermediate*

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9 781405 852005 >



What's the book about?

1 Look at the man in the picture on page 1. What does he like doing on holiday? What do you think? Write in the words.

walks holiday talking sea quiet evenings hotel



I like going to Seaburgh on holiday. Seaburgh is a very English town. I stay in a small there. Every day I go for long near the In the I like sitting in the hotel and to my friend, Henry Long.

2 Look at the picture of Seaburgh on page 1. Which places are in the story? What do you think? Put ✓ or X.

a beach	✓	a hotel	
the sea		shops	
an airport		a bus station	
a river		a cinema	

What happens first?

Look at the words in *italics> on page 1. Then look at the pictures on pages 1 and 2. Put the right words in these sentences.*

1 Seaburgh is a town country town house

2 It has a very long river street beach

3 The story starts in the morning in the afternoon at night

4 The men are in a hotel a cinema an office

5 They are working talking watching TV

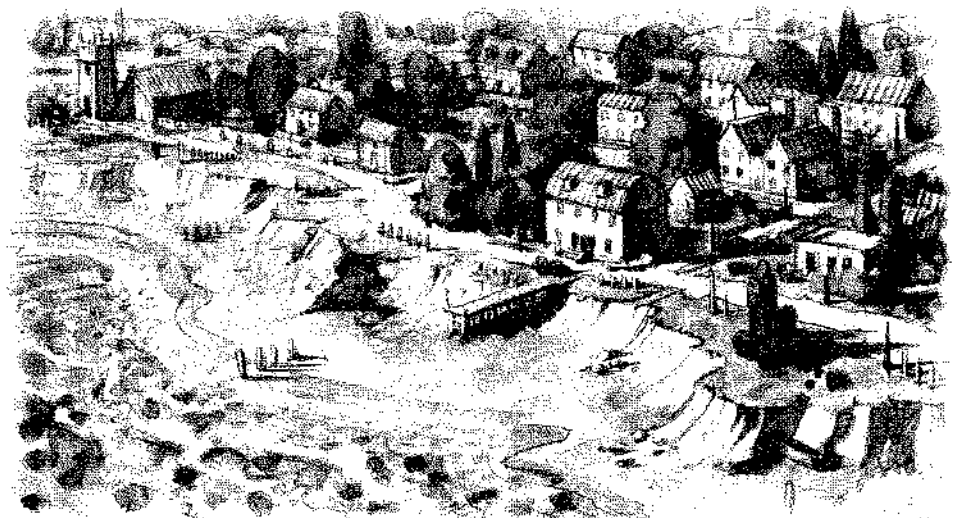
6 The young man looks happy unhappy afraid

Paxton's Story

*'Do you want to see a doctor?' Long asked.
'No, no,' the young man said. 'I ... I'm afraid.'*

It's a cold night. Come in and sit down. Don't be **afraid**. That noise is only the **wind** in the trees. Please listen to my story.

It started on a dark, dark night in Seaburgh. Do you know Seaburgh? It's a small English town near the sea. There's a train station near it, and there are some houses and shops. There's one small hotel. The **beach** is good and long, but the sea is usually very cold. (That isn't a problem for me. I don't like swimming!)



afraid /ə'freɪd/ (adj) I never go in the sea because I am *afraid* of water.
wind /wɪnd/ (n) The *wind* is very strong; that tree is going to fall.
beach /bi:tʃ/ (n) Let's go to the *beach* and swim in the sea.



I was at the hotel there with my friend, Henry Long. It was cold that April and there weren't many people in Seaburgh. That was good for us because it was quiet.

It was a good holiday. Every day Long and I walked near the sea. In the evenings we liked to sit in the hotel and talk.

Suddenly, one evening, there was a noise at the door. A young man opened it.

'I'm sorry,' he said to us. 'Please excuse me.'

'That's OK,' I said.

'Come in,' Long said.

The young man came into the light. He was short and he had dark hair. I looked at his unhappy face.

'What's wrong?' I asked. 'Are you OK?'

'Do you want to see a doctor?' Long asked.

'No, no,' the young man said. 'I ... I'm afraid.'

'Why?' Long asked.

The young man didn't answer my friend's question.

'Sit down and have a drink,' I said. 'What's your name?'

'Paxton.'

He didn't say his first name. (I don't know it today.)

'What's wrong, Paxton?' I asked.

The young man looked at me and then at Long. His eyes were big and his face was white.

'You don't know me,' he said.

'I understand that. But please **believe** me. Please.'

This was very important to him.

Then Paxton started his story. Long and I listened for a long time. Here is his story.

Paxton was on holiday in Seaburgh, too. He liked old buildings, and there were a lot of them near Seaburgh.



believe /bɪ'li:v/ (v) His friends *believe* his story, but the police don't.

One day he went on his bicycle to a **church** near the town. It was a beautiful small church.

There was an old picture on it with **three crowns**. It was very interesting and Paxton wanted to know about it.

There was an old man in the church garden.

'Excuse me,' Paxton said. 'What do you know about this picture?'

The old man **put** down his **spade** and looked at the young man.

'Do you know the story of the **three crowns**?' he asked.

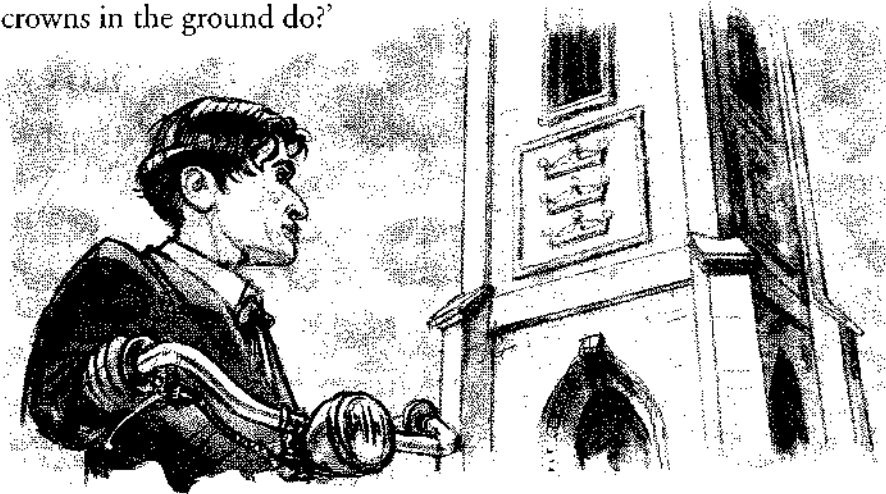
'No,' Paxton answered.

'Seaburgh was always an important place,' the old man said. 'It is today, too. It's important because it's on the sea.'

'I don't understand,' Paxton said.

'The English wanted to **protect** their country from countries across the sea,' the old man said. 'They put three crowns in the **ground** near the sea. One of the crowns was here, near Seaburgh.'

'But why?' Paxton asked. He didn't understand. 'What did three crowns in the ground do?'



church /tʃɜːtʃ/ (n) There are a lot of people in the *church* on Sundays.
crown /kraʊn/ (n) In the picture, Elizabeth I has a beautiful *crown* on her head.
put /pʊt/ (v, past) I *put* my bag under my chair but now it isn't there!
spade /speɪd/ (n) I have three *spades* because I am a builder.
protect /prə'tekt/ (v) It is a thin coat but it *protects* me from the rain.
ground /graʊnd/ (n) There was a lot of water on the *ground* after the rain.



'The three crowns were **magic**,' the old man said. 'Their magic protected the country.'

'Do people believe that?' Paxton asked with a smile.

'Many people here in Seaburgh believe it,' the old man answered.

'But do *you* believe it?' Paxton said.

The old man looked at the dark sea. His eyes were dark, too. He didn't answer Paxton's question.

'And where are these crowns now?' Paxton asked.

He looked at the water, too. There was a boat on the sea. It was small on the dark water.

'That's a difficult question,' the old man said. 'One of them is in London now. Every day people on holiday can go and look at it. One of the crowns is in the sea. Now only one crown is in the ground. But its magic is working today.'

'Do you know about the **last** crown?' Paxton asked. 'Where is it?'

'I don't know that,' the old man said.

magic /'mædʒɪk/ (adj/n) You can't see it because it is a *magic* hat!
last /lɑːst/ (adj) What time is the *last* bus at night?



'Who knows?' Paxton said.

'Only the Agers family.'

'Who are they?'

The old man looked into Paxton's eyes.

'Agers is a very old name in Seaburgh. The Agers were a family here for many years. Families come and go. But the Agers always stayed. They never moved away.'

'Why not?'

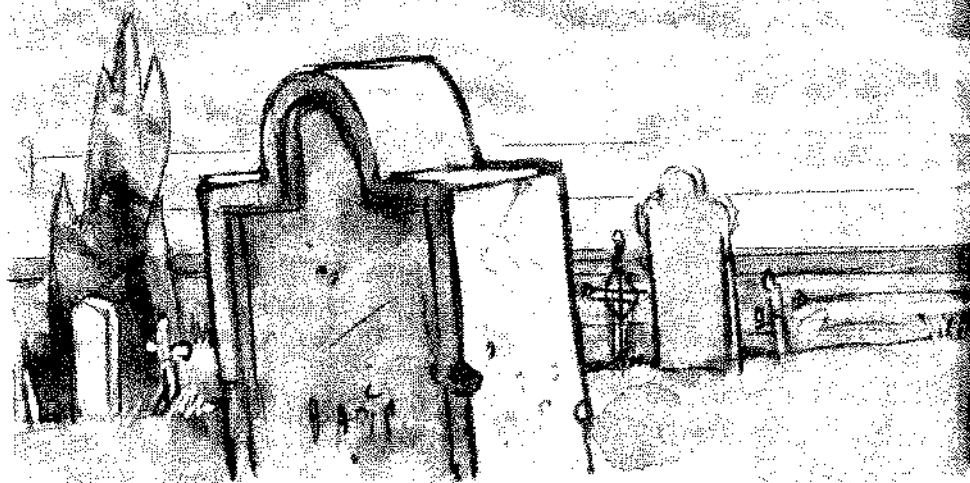
'The men of the family had a very important job.' The old man was quiet now. 'The crown protected the country, and the Agers protected the crown.'

Paxton didn't believe the old man's story, but it was very interesting to him.

'Where are the Agers?' he asked. 'Can I talk to them?'

'The Agers can't answer any questions about the crown now,' the old man said. 'William Agers was the last person in the family. He lived near here. But he isn't talking now.'

'Why not?'



Suddenly it was very quiet at the church. The old man put his hand on a **gravestone**. He looked at Paxton's face. His eyes were cold now.

'You aren't from Seaburgh,' he said. 'Go back to your hotel. Don't think about the crown again.'

'I'm sorry,' Paxton started, 'but ...'

The old man didn't listen. He walked away from Paxton and from the church.

'What did I say?' Paxton asked. Only the wind listened to him.

Then he looked down at the gravestone.

WILLIAM AGERS

This was William Agers's gravestone. The man was dead! Who protected the crown now?



gravestone /'grɛvstəʊn/ (n) His mother is dead and this is her *gravestone*.

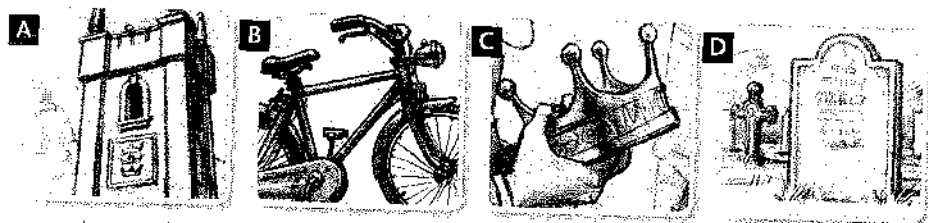
Were you right?

Look again at Activity 1.2 on page iv. Are your answers right? Finish the sentences with the words on the right.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Seaburgh is a small town | a comes into their room. |
| 2 The writer and Long | b about three crowns. |
| 3 They like walking | c protected the crowns. |
| 4 A young man | d near the sea. |
| 5 The young man's name | e are on holiday. |
| 6 He talks to them | f is in the ground. |
| 7 One of the crowns | g on the beach. |
| 8 The Agers family | h is Paxton. |

What more did you learn?

Write the names under the pictures. Then write the right letter.



church

- 1 Paxton asks the old man about this.
- 2 The old man is working with this.
- 3 Its magic protects England.
- 4 Agers's name is on this.
- 5 Paxton visits places on this.
- 6 This old building is near Seaburgh.

Language in use

Look at the sentence in the box. Then put these words in the sentences.

There was an old man in the church garden.

in near about at to for with on

- The writer stays at the hotel Henry Long.
- Seaburgh is a small town the sea.
- Only one crown is the ground.
- The Agers family lived in Seaburgh many years.
- This story is a magic crown.
- Paxton goes to the church his bicycle.
- The two men listen Paxton's story.
- Paxton looks down the gravestone.

What's next?

Paxton is thinking about the crown. What is he going to do now? What do you think? Look at the picture and write in the words.

story find crown dead interesting
questions protects family



This story of the crowns is very I have a lot of I want to know about the Agers William Agers is Who the last now? Where is it? Perhaps I can it!

The Man on the Hill

*He was there in the sun, he was there in the rain.
He was there on cold days ... He was always there.*



Paxton had many questions, but there were no answers here at the church. It was cold now and the wind was strong. Paxton went back on his bicycle to the town.

He didn't want to think about the crown or William Agers. He stopped at a small shop. There were some old books there. Paxton looked at them because he wanted to read in the hotel that evening.

Suddenly he stopped. The book in his hands was old and black. It was a book for church. There was a name and year in the book: Nathaniel Agers, 1754.

There were a lot of names and years. But the last name was always the same – Agers. This book was in the Agers family for years and years. It went from father to son, from father to son in the family.

Paxton looked at the last name in the book – 'William Agers'. He had William's book in his hands!

'Excuse me,' Paxton said to the tall, thin woman in the shop. 'What do you know about William Agers?'

'That isn't a happy story,' the woman said. 'William Agers is dead. He was young – only twenty-eight.'

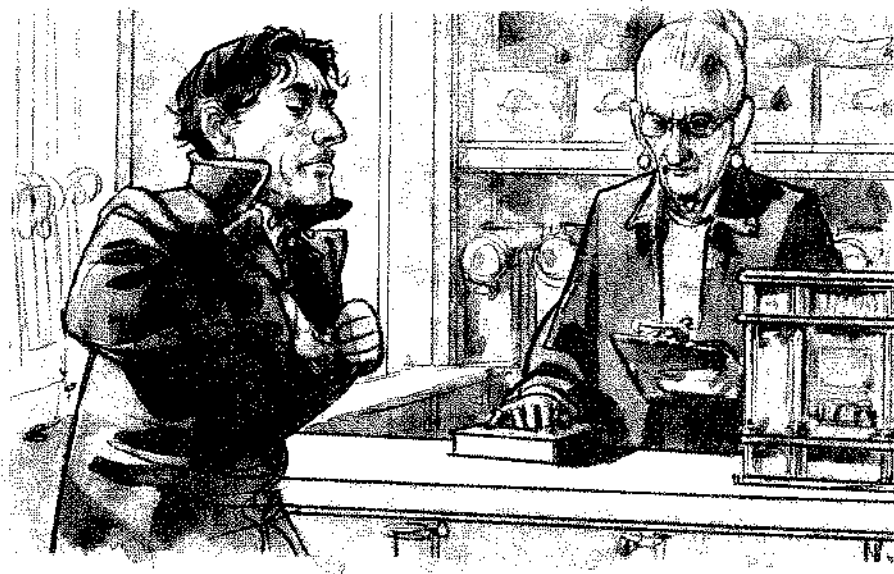
'And he didn't have a son?'

'That's right,' the woman answered. 'Mr Agers didn't have a son or a daughter.'

'Where did he live?' Paxton asked. 'I'm an old friend of the family.'

'He lived in a small house near the sea,' the woman said. 'Do you want the address?'

'Yes, please!' Paxton said. He looked for some money in his coat. 'And how much is this book?'



Paxton went to his bicycle again. Later, he arrived at William Agers's small house near the sea. It was dark and quiet there. Behind the house was a **hill**.

There was a man near the house. 'Can I **help** you?' he asked Paxton. Paxton asked the man about William Agers.

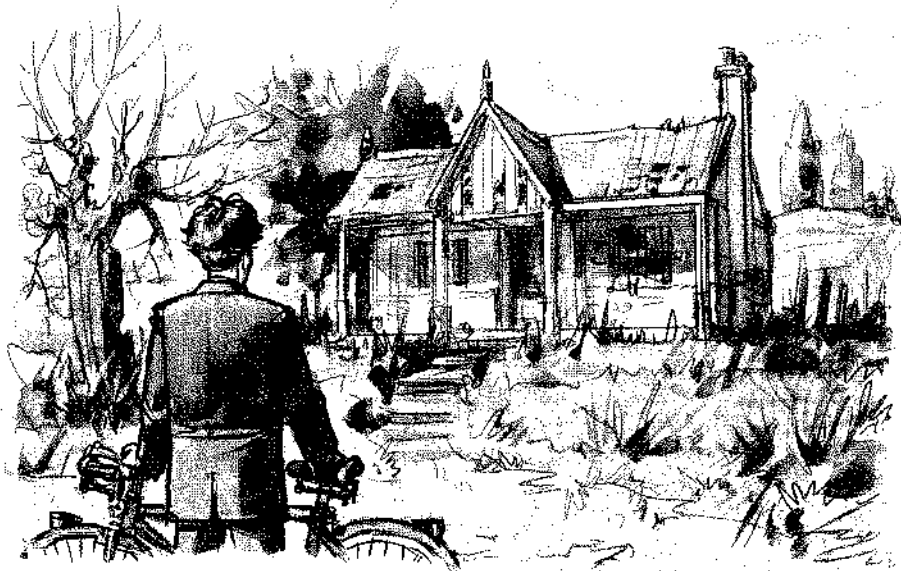
'I didn't know him very well,' the man said. 'William Agers was very quiet.'

'Did he have friends?' Paxton asked.

'No,' the man answered. 'Agers didn't like people. He was never in his house. He was always on that hill. He was there in the sun, he was there in the rain. He was there on cold days ... He was always there.'

'I understand,' Paxton said. The man walked away, but Paxton didn't move.

He looked at the small hill and smiled slowly. Was the last crown there?



hill /hɪl/ (n) We walked up the *hill* and looked down at the town.
help /help/ (v) Please *help* me with my homework!



It was late now. The room was dark. Long and I looked at Paxton's white face.

'And?' Long said. 'Was it? Was the crown there?'

'Yes, it was,' Paxton answered. 'But it isn't there now.'

'Where is it?' I asked.

'It's in my room.'

I didn't believe him. 'The crown is here in this hotel?' I said.

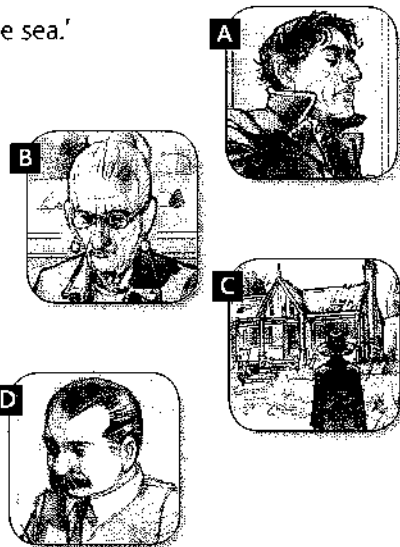
'Can ... can we see it?' Long asked.

Paxton didn't answer. We all listened to the wind. Then he said, 'Yes.'

Were you right?

Look back at your answers to Activity 2.4. Then look at the sentences. Who is speaking? Write A, B, C or D.

- 1 'He lived in a small house near the sea.'
- 2 'Can ... can we see it?'
- 3 'I'm an old friend of the family.'
- 4 'Was the crown there?'
- 5 'He was always on that hill.'
- 6 'This isn't a happy story.'
- 7 'William Agers was very quiet.'
- 8 'It's in my room.'



What more did you learn?

These sentences are wrong. Write good sentences.

- 1 Paxton has William Agers's pen in his hands.
Paxton has William Ager's book in his hands
- 2 William Agers had one son and one daughter.
.....
- 3 Agers lived in a big house near the river.
.....
- 4 Paxton goes to Agers's house in his car.
.....
- 5 Agers had many friends.
.....
- 6 Agers was always in his house, never on the hill.
.....

Language in use

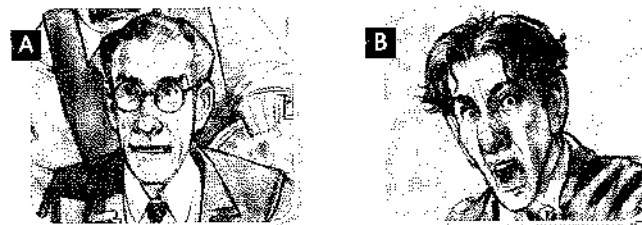
Look at the sentence in the box. Then finish these sentences.

He **lived** in a small house near the sea.

- 1 Paxton back to the town on his bicycle. (go)
- 2 He Agers's book in his hands. (have)
- 3 William Agers always on the hill. (be)
- 4 The three men to the wind. (listen)
- 5 The writer to Seburgh on holiday. (come)
- 6 The man Paxton's questions. (answer)

What's next?

Look at the pictures on pages 16 and 17. What is Paxton thinking? What is the writer of the story thinking? Write A or B.



- 1 'I'm very afraid of the crown's magic.'
- 2 'The crown is very old and interesting.'
- 3 'I don't want this crown!'
- 4 'Why is Paxton afraid?'
- 5 'I want to put the crown back in the ground.'
- 6 'The crown is very beautiful.'
- 7 'I want to put my hand on it.'
- 8 'Can this man help me?'

The Shadow in the Night

*There was a person near the door to our room.
No, it wasn't a person. It was a shadow.*

Paxton closed the door to his room quickly. Then he put a black bag on the table.

'Is it in there?' I asked.

Paxton didn't answer. Slowly he opened the bag.

In his hand was a black book. It was very old. Paxton opened it for us.

'Can you see the names?' he said.

Long looked at the names in the book. 'William Agers,' he said.

But I didn't look at it. No, I looked at the crown in our new friend's hands. It was very old, but it was beautiful.



I had a lot of questions. How old was the crown? Was it light or heavy? I moved my hand to the crown, but Paxton **shouted**, 'No!'

I stopped asking questions and looked at Paxton.

'I'm sorry,' he said to me. 'But you don't understand my problem ... I want to put the crown back in the ground.'

I didn't believe him. 'You can't put it back!' I said. 'This crown is very important. Telephone the newspapers in London ...'

'No, you don't understand,' Paxton said again. His eyes were big and afraid.

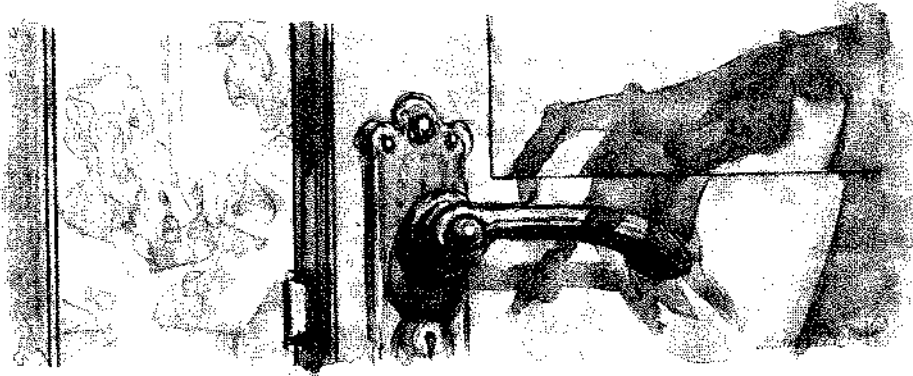
'OK, let's go to our room,' Long said. 'We can talk about the problem there.'

Paxton put the crown back in the black bag. He went to the door, but then he stopped.

'Wait! Go before me and look in your room,' he said. 'Please!'

'But why?' Long said. 'We're the only visitors in this hotel!'

shout /ʃaʊt/ (v) My mother *shouted* at me because I arrived home late.



But then we remembered the crown in Paxton's black bag. I opened the door and we looked left and right. There was a person near the door to our room. No, it *wasn't* a person. It was a **shadow**. It moved quickly.

'Who was that?' Long asked. We were in our room now.

'I don't know,' I answered. 'A hotel worker?'

'No, it wasn't a hotel worker,' Paxton said. He finished his story for us.



Paxton went back to the hotel from William Agers's house that afternoon. In his room, he looked at the Agers's book for a long time. Then he closed the book and went down for some food. Later, he

went back to the room. The book was open at William Agers's name.

Paxton was afraid, but that didn't stop him. He went to the hill again with his spade. It was dark now, but he didn't stop working. Suddenly there was a noise. Was it the wind?



shadow /'ʃædəʊ/ (n) In the evening the *shadows* of the trees fall on the house and it is very dark.

Paxton looked behind him. Was there a man in the trees? A dark shadow? No, of course not!

Paxton started to work again. The spade was heavy now and it was a difficult job. He wanted to sleep, but he wanted to find the crown, too.

And then it was there. The crown! Paxton smiled. He put his hands on it. Suddenly there was a noise behind him again. It wasn't the wind and it wasn't an animal. It was the noise of a man – an angry man.

Paxton looked behind him. Again, no man was there. But wait! Did a shadow move? Paxton didn't know, but he was suddenly very afraid. He quickly put the crown in his bag and started to go back to the hotel.

But now the shadow was with him. It was always behind him. Paxton looked back and the shadow always moved quickly away. But then it came back. Sometimes it was near him and sometimes it was **far away**.

Paxton was very afraid. Who – or what – was the shadow? And what did it want from him?



far away /'faɪr ə'weɪ/ (adv) We never visit them because they live *far away* from here.

Were you right?

Look again at Activity 3.4. Are your answers right? Then circle the right words in the sentences.

- 1 The crown is very *small / new / old*.
- 2 Paxton *wants / doesn't want* to telephone the newspapers.
- 3 The writer *puts / doesn't put* his hand on the crown.
- 4 William Agers's name is on the *book / crown / bag*.
- 5 Paxton is very *happy about / afraid of* the crown's magic.
- 6 Paxton puts the crown in a *red / white / black* bag.
- 7 Paxton goes back to the *beach / hill / sea* with the crown.
- 8 He has a *book / bicycle / spade* with him.

What more did you learn?

Put these sentences in the right order. Write the numbers, 1–9.

- A He starts to go back to the hotel.
- B There is an angry noise behind him.
- C Paxton looks at Agers's book for a long time. 1
- D He puts his hand on the crown.
- E Later he goes to the hill.
- F But a dark shadow moves with him.
- G Then he has some food in the hotel.
- H He starts to work with his spade.
- I He puts the crown in his black bag.

Language in use

Look at the sentence in the box. Then write sentences with these words.

The spade was heavy.

dark shadow bag afraid difficult interesting beautiful

- 1 The crown was beautiful.
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6

What's next?

What do you think? Look at the pictures on pages 22 and 23. Answer the questions.

- 1 Who are the men in the pictures?
.....
- 2 Which men have coats?
.....
- 3 What is in the black bag?
.....
- 4 What are they going to do?
.....
- 5 What can the writer see under the trees?
.....

A Cold, Dark Night

I wanted to be far away from this cold, dark place.

I wanted to be at home.

Paxton stopped. ‘That’s my story,’ he said. ‘Do you believe me?’ I didn’t believe it, but I didn’t say that to Paxton.

‘You believe it,’ I answered, ‘and that’s the important thing.’

But then I remembered the shadow near the door to our hotel room.

‘What can I do now?’ Paxton asked.

I looked at Long, then at Paxton.

‘OK,’ I said. ‘We’re going to help you. We’re going to come with you and put the crown back in its place under the ground. Let’s go!’

Paxton smiled, but it wasn’t a very happy smile. ‘Thank you, thank you!’ he said. He went to his room.

I looked at the window. It was a dark night. Long and I put on our coats and went to the hotel door. Paxton was there in front of the hotel. He had the black bag and the spade in his hands.

It was cold and we walked quickly. We walked near the church. I put my head down and didn’t look up. I didn’t want to see the gravestone of William Agers that night.

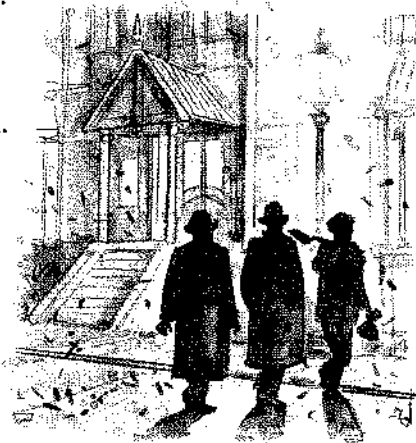
‘Are we near the place?’ Long asked. (My friend Henry Long likes walking, but he doesn’t usually walk very quickly.)

‘Yes,’ Paxton answered.

Suddenly I looked left.

‘What’s that?’ I said.

‘What did you see?’ Long asked.



‘There’s a man. He’s watching us from those trees! I know it!’

We looked and looked at the trees. There wasn’t a man there now. But I was afraid. What *did* I see? Was it Paxton’s shadow? Perhaps his story wasn’t wrong ... I didn’t like this.

‘Let’s be quick,’ Paxton said. ‘The shadow knows about us. He’s watching us.’

We arrived at the hill. Paxton didn’t wait. He started to work with the spade. Long and I only watched.

‘Can I help now?’ I said to Paxton, but he didn’t stop.

‘This is my job,’ he said.

Then he said to us, ‘Give it to me.’

We put the bag on the ground near him, but we didn’t open it. Paxton did that. I looked at the crown for the last time in Paxton’s hands. He finished the job quickly.

‘Is it in the ground?’ I asked him.

‘Yes.’

I smiled, but Paxton didn’t smile.

‘Let’s go back to the hotel,’ Long said. ‘It’s very late and our beds are waiting for us!’

We started to walk down the hill. Suddenly Long said, ‘Remember your coat, Paxton! It’s up on the hill.’

I looked up the hill behind us. Long was right. Paxton’s long, dark coat was there on the ground. But our new friend didn’t move.

‘What’s wrong, Paxton?’ I asked.

His face was white. His mouth moved but he didn’t talk.

‘Are you OK?’ Long asked.

‘I ... I didn’t bring my coat,’ Paxton said. ‘It’s in my hotel room.’

The dark thing on the hill wasn’t his coat! But what was it?

I looked again. It wasn’t there now!

We went down the hill very quickly. We didn’t talk. We only listened to the noise of the sea.

Sometimes I looked behind us. Was that a shadow behind the trees? Did a shadow move in the church garden? Was there a dark shadow behind the gravestones?



I didn’t know, and I didn’t want to know. I wanted to be in my bed. No, I wanted to be far away from this cold, dark place. I wanted to be at home.

We arrived at the hotel at twelve o’clock. A hotel worker opened the door for us. He looked at the three of us.

‘It’s a cold night,’ he said.

I was afraid, but I smiled.

‘Yes, it is.’

The hotel worker looked up the road behind us.

‘Did you meet any people on the road?’ he asked.

‘No,’ Paxton said. ‘We were the only people in Seaburgh.’

‘But there was a man behind you ...’ the hotel worker said.

Paxton looked back into the night with big eyes. The shadow wasn’t there now.

The three of us went to our room. Paxton went to the window.

‘It’s OK now,’ I said to him. ‘The crown is in its place again. You’re not in **danger** now.’

Paxton’s eyes stayed on the night.

‘Perhaps,’ he said.

He went to the door. He said, ‘Thank you’ to Long and me, and then he went to his room.

‘Good night,’ I said. ‘Sleep well.’



Were you right?

Look back at your answers to Activity 4.4. Are your answers right? Finish the sentences with the words on the right.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 The writer went out | a back in the ground. |
| 2 Paxton had the black bag | b at twelve o'clock. |
| 3 There was a shadow | c wasn't Paxton's coat. |
| 4 Paxton put the crown | d with Long and Paxton. |
| 5 The dark thing on the hill | e opened the door. |
| 6 They arrived at the hotel | f under the trees. |
| 7 A hotel worker | g in his hand. |

What more did you learn?


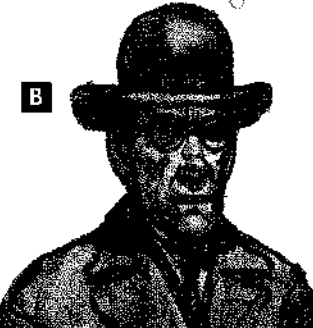

Look at these pictures of the three men. What are they thinking? Write the words.

hotel far away hill afraid quickly
shadow crown danger animal

I want to go back to the hotel. I can't walk very

I want to be from this place! What was that dark shadow on the hill? Was it a person? Was it an animal?

The crown is in its place again. But I am in danger because I put my hand on it. I am afraid of the dark.

Language in use

Look at the sentence in the box.

He's watching us from those trees!

- 1 Finish the sentences under the pictures.
- 2 Put the pictures in the right order. Write the numbers, 1-4.




The hotel worker	The shadow	The three men	Paxton
is opening			
the door. (open)	with the men. (move)	to the hill. (walk)	crown in the ground. (put)

What's next?

Is the writer happy now? What is he thinking? Look at the pictures on pages 28 and 29. What do you think? Write in the words.

It's a beautiful day! There's no dark shadow now. Our beach is going to be good again. Long and I are going to meet at a café. Later we can walk on the dangerous holiday. Paxton isn't in danger now.

beautiful shadow
beach meet danger
café holiday



A Long Run on the Beach

Long and I started to run. It was difficult on the beach, but we didn't stop.

I don't know about Paxton, but sleep didn't come to me for a long time that night. And then I didn't sleep well. It was a long, long night.

I opened my eyes in the morning and went to the window. The sun's light came into the bedroom. It was late. I looked at the trees. It was a beautiful April day.

I washed and went down. Long was in a big chair with his newspaper and some coffee.

'Do you want some food?' he asked.

'Yes!'

A man was at our table. It was Paxton.

'How are you today?' Long asked.

'I'm ... OK,' our friend answered.

'Did you sleep well?' I asked.



'Yes, thank you. I didn't see the ...' He stopped. 'There wasn't a problem all night.'

'Good!' I smiled. 'Long and I are going for a walk this morning. Please come with us.'

'No, thank you,' Paxton answered. 'I want to stay in the hotel this morning. I'm going to write some letters.'

'This afternoon?' Long said.

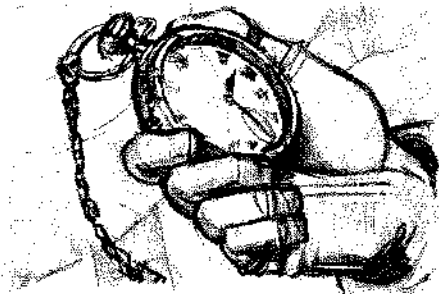
'Yes, thank you.'

'Good, good! Let's meet at three o'clock,' Long said. 'Come to our room.'

We said goodbye to him.

Long and I had a good morning. Then we had some food in a café in a town near Seaburgh.





'I like this,' Long said. 'We can have a good holiday again.'

'It's two-thirty,' I said. 'We're meeting Paxton at the hotel at three o'clock.'

Paxton was at the hotel. He had a book in his hands and there was a smile on his face.

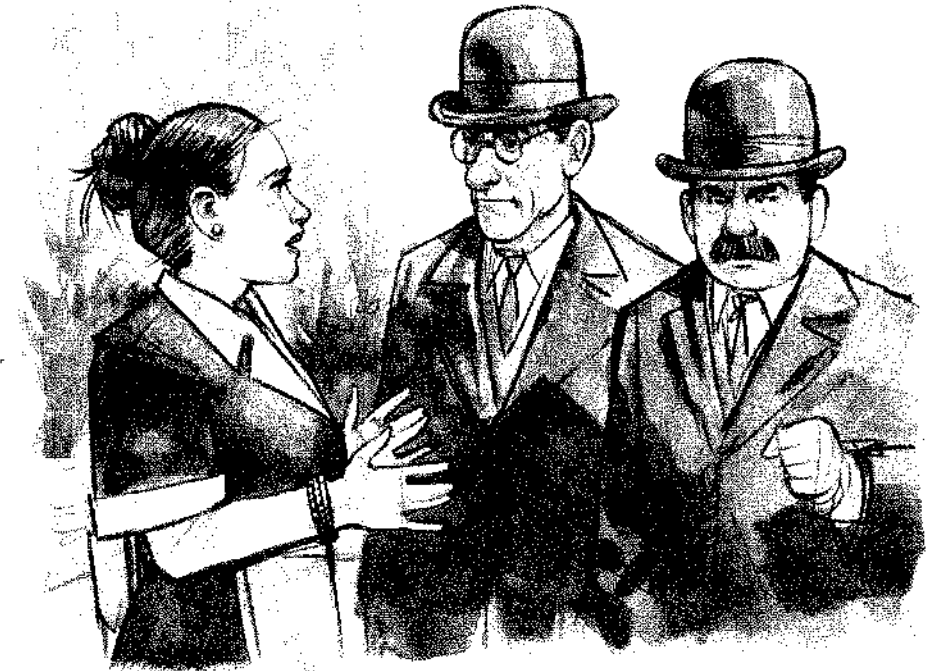
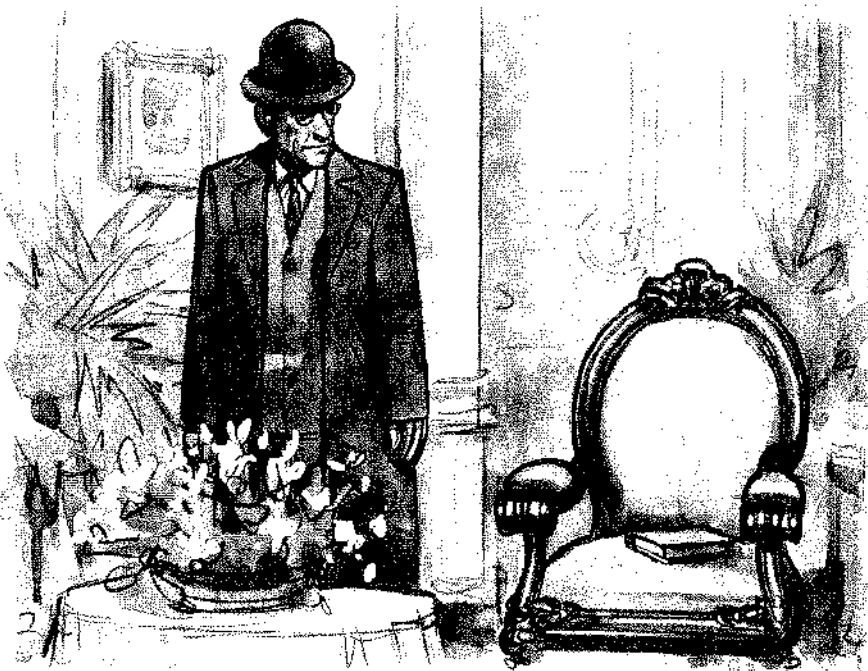
'Did you have a good morning, Paxton?' I asked.

'Yes, thank you,' he said. 'I did.'

Long and I wanted to wash. Paxton waited for us.

I went down again quickly, but Paxton wasn't there. Only his book was on the chair.

Long came down, too. 'Where's Paxton?' he asked.



'I don't know,' I said. 'Perhaps he's in his room.'

But there was no answer at Paxton's door. We looked in the hotel garden but Paxton wasn't there. I was a little afraid now.

A hotel worker came to us. 'You're here!' she said.

'Yes,' I answered. 'Why did you say that?'

'Mr Paxton isn't here,' she said. 'He wanted to see you and Mr Long. You were in front of the hotel. You shouted to him. He said ...'

'We didn't shout to him. We were in our room!'

We didn't shout to Paxton. Who did? I was very afraid now.

'Paxton!' I said. 'He's in danger!'

In front of the hotel, we looked for our friend.

'I can't see him!' I shouted.

The hotel worker was at the door behind us.

‘He went to the beach,’ she said. ‘He wanted to see you and Mr Long.’

‘Thank you!’

Long and I started to run. It was difficult on the beach, but we didn’t stop.

‘There! I can see him,’ Long said.

There was a person on the beach, but he was far away.

We shouted again and again.

‘Paxton! Come back, Paxton!’

‘We’re here!’

But there was a lot of noise from the wind and the sea. Paxton didn’t hear us.



‘What ... what’s he doing?’

‘I don’t know. I can’t see from here.’

‘Look at this, Long!’ I shouted.

There were **footprints** on the beach from Paxton’s shoes.

‘And look at this!’

This was a footprint, too. But it wasn’t Paxton’s.

‘But what’s wrong with it?’ Long asked.

‘This person didn’t have shoes,’ I said.

‘Was it a person?’ Long said. ‘Perhaps it was an animal ...’ The footprint was very thin.

I didn’t answer. A name came into my head – William Agers. But William Agers was dead!

‘Quick!’ I shouted.

We started to run again. Where was Paxton now?

Were you right?

Look back at your answers to Activity 5.4. Are your answers right? Then put the sentences in the right order. Write the numbers, 1–8.

- A There is a person far away on the beach.
- B Paxton waits for them.
- C The writer and Long eat in a café.
- D They shout but he doesn't hear them.
- E They go to the beach and look for Paxton.
- F The writer and Long wash.
- G They come down, but Paxton isn't there.
- H They go back to the hotel at two-thirty.

○
○
○
○
○
○
○
○

What more did you learn?

Look at these pictures. Put them in order. Then write the right sentence under each picture.

'Paxton! Are you in there?'

'Wait for us, Paxton!'

'He went to the beach.'

'What's this footprint?'



.....
.....
.....

Language in use

Look at the sentences in the box. Then write sentences with *not/n't*.

Paxton wasn't there.
I didn't sleep well.

- 1 We shouted to Paxton.
.....
- 2 Paxton waited for us at the hotel.
.....
- 3 Paxton went back to the hill.
.....
- 4 The person on the beach had shoes.
.....
- 5 It was a man's footprint.
.....

What's next?

What do you think? Look at this picture. Answer these questions.

- 1 Who is the dead man by the sea?
.....
- 2 Who or what was on the beach with Paxton?
.....
- 3 What are the writer and Long going to do now?
.....



The Dead Man by the Sea

*I don't remember my time at the police station very well.
Only questions, questions, questions.*

We arrived at a tall old building on the beach. Long and I started to go up it.

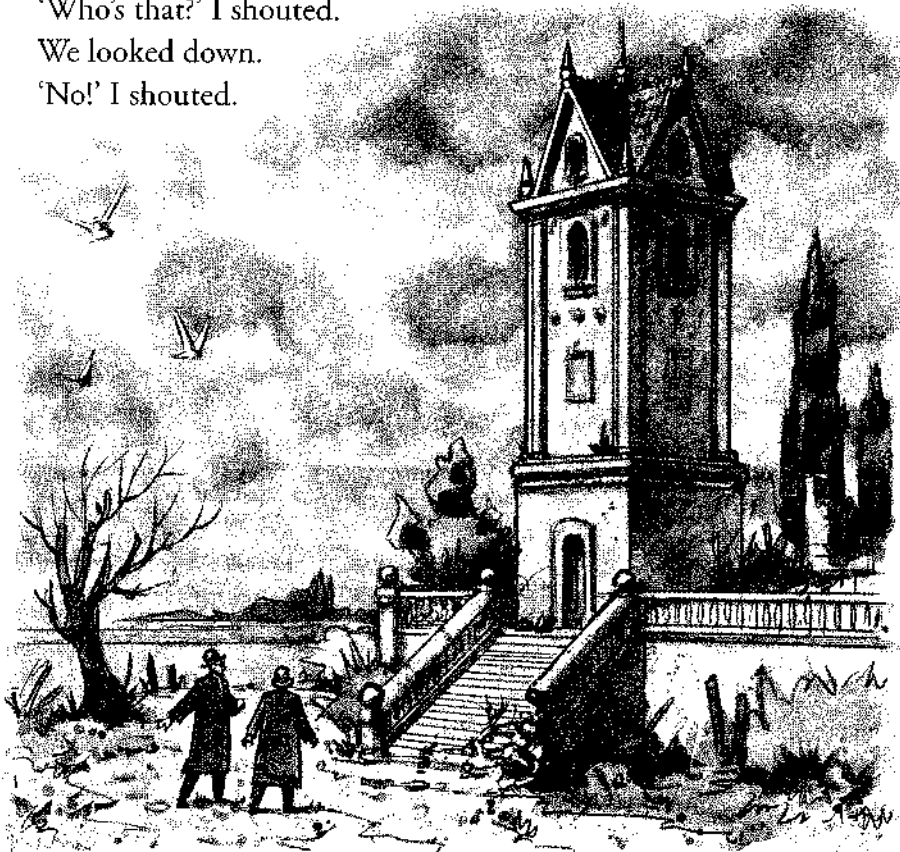
'Where is he?' I asked Long.

Long opened his mouth but he didn't answer. There wasn't time. Suddenly there was a noise. It was a person. A shout. But where did it come from?

'Who's that?' I shouted.

We looked down.

'No!' I shouted.



There was a man on the ground. It was our friend Paxton. He didn't move. His dead eyes looked up at us.

I looked at the dark sea.

'Paxton was right,' I said. 'He did it.'

'Who?' Long asked. 'I don't understand.'

'Agers protected the crown. He was dead, but he protected the crown.'

'But how?' Long said.

I had an answer but I didn't want to say it.

It was *magic*. Paxton wanted to find us. He went to the old building. He started to run. Suddenly the shadow was there. But now it wasn't only a shadow. It was William Agers and he was angry. Paxton looked into those cold, dead eyes.

And now Paxton was dead, too.

'What now?' I asked.

'There's a police station in town,' Long said.



We walked back on the beach. The footprints weren't there now. They were under the cold waters of the sea.

I don't remember my time at the police station very well. Only questions, questions, questions:

'Why were you on the beach?'

'Who was there?'

'How did you know Paxton?'

'What did you see?'

Long and I answered all of them. Yes, there was a man on the beach with Paxton. No, we didn't know him. He was very far away. Long and I had the same story, and the police believed us.

But we didn't talk to them about the crown – or about William Agers.



Long and I went away from Seaburgh. That was my last visit there. I'm never going to go to Seaburgh again.

And that's my story. You don't believe me! That's OK – I understand. Before this, I didn't believe stories about magic and dead people.

But listen to this, please.

Don't go to the small town of Seaburgh.

The little church near the sea is beautiful, but don't go near it.

Don't walk up the hill near the sea and don't look for the last crown.

Why? Because a person in Seaburgh is watching and waiting. He's dead, but that doesn't stop him. He has a job. The crown protects England, and he protects the crown.

He is *always* going to protect the crown.

And me? I'm at home again. I see my friend Long sometimes, but we never talk about our holiday in Seaburgh.

I do my job every day and I'm happy. But at night I don't sleep very well.

In my bedroom, in the dark, I close my eyes and listen to the wind. I see a cold, dark sea. And under a hill the last crown sits and waits.



The Woman in Black

The children wanted Arthur to tell them a story. But he could not do so, for there was too much to tell.

His story was of a lonely house among the marshes. There a woman in black with hair that waited and watched, and a child and a child.

There is a file of this story.

1	Starter
2	Beginner
3	Elementary
4	Pre-intermediate
5	Intermediate
6	Upper

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The Woman in Black

Susan Hill



THE WOMAN IN BLACK
SUSAN HILL

with extra exercises
and
audio CD

A Note About This Story

This story is set in England, many years ago. At this time, London often had bad fogs in the winter. This fog was a very thick, dirty mist. The fog mixed with the smoke from fires and factories. It was difficult to see or breathe in these fogs.

Arthur Kipps is the hero in this story. In Chapter 2, Arthur is twenty-three years old. He is soon to be married. His *fiancée*, the woman he is going to marry, is called Stella.

Arthur works as a *solicitor* in London. He helps people with their legal business. For example, he writes the documents when land or buildings are bought or sold. He also prepares *wills*. These papers say who people want to give their money or property to when they die. When someone dies, the solicitor sometimes goes to their *funeral*. Later, the solicitor arranges for their money or property to be given to the dead person's family.



Christmas Eve

My name is Arthur Kipps. When I was a young man, I worked in London. I was a solicitor. I worked for the same company all my life.

Fourteen years ago, I bought this house called Monk's Piece. I live here with my dear wife, Esmé.

Esmé's first husband had died. She was a widow when I married her. I became the father of her four young children. Our years at Monk's Piece have been happy ones.

It was Christmas Eve. All the family were at Monk's Piece for the holiday. We were all sitting by the big fire at the end of the day.

I was in my armchair, listening to the laughter and the talking.

'Wake up, Father!' someone called. 'We're going to tell ghost stories!'

The lights were turned off. Suddenly the room was dark and shadowy. I smiled as I listened to the young people's stories. The stories were full of horror, but they did not frighten me. They were not true.

Then I remembered. I remembered terrible things. These memories were terrible – because they were true!

'Tell us a ghost story, Father!' someone cried. 'You must know one story!'

I stood up, cold and shaking.

'No, no!' I shouted. 'I have no story to tell!'



'No, no!' I shouted. 'I have no story to tell!'

I hurried from the room, away from them all. I went out into the garden. I stood there in the cold and in the darkness. My heart was beating fast. I was shaking with fear. Will I never forget? Will I never find peace?

How can I find peace? There is only one way. I must write down my terrible story. All the horror. Everything. Then I will find peace.

I turned and walked back into the house.

2

London Fog

My story begins in November, many years ago. I was a young man of twenty-three. I worked for a solicitor called Mr Bentley. Sometimes the work was uninteresting, but I worked hard. I wanted to do well.

That November morning, the weather was cold. A thick, yellow fog covered London. The fog filled people's ears and eyes. It got into houses, shops and offices.

Mr Bentley called me into his office.

'Sit down, Arthur, sit down,' Mr Bentley said. He pointed to a paper on his desk.

'This is the will of Mrs Drablow. Mrs Alice Drablow of Eel Marsh House in Yorkshire. A strange old lady and a strange house. Have you ever been to Yorkshire, Arthur?'

'No, sir.'

7

'Well, my boy, go home and pack your bag. Mrs Drablow is dead. She has no relatives in England. And we are her solicitors. I want you to go to the funeral.'

Mr Bentley saw that I was surprised. 'I can't go myself,' Mr Bentley said quickly. 'I'm too busy.'

'After the funeral,' he went on, 'I want you to go to Eel Marsh House. I want you to look at the old lady's papers. Bring back anything important.'

Mr Bentley stood up.

'The funeral's at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning,' he said. 'Take the afternoon train from King's Cross Station. Here is the key to Eel Marsh House. Mrs Drablow's will and other important papers are in this envelope.'

And he held out a large, brown envelope. Written on the front of the envelope was: *Mrs Alice Drablow, Eel Marsh House, Nine Lives Causeway, Crythin Gifford, Yorkshire.*

'What a strange address!' I said.

'Yes, it's a strange address and it's a strange place,' Mr Bentley said. 'Now off you go, my boy.'

There wasn't much time to get ready for the journey. I quickly packed my bag. Then I wrote a note to Stella, my fiancée. Then I set off for King's Cross Station.

The fog was thicker now. The smell of fog was everywhere. At last I reached the big, noisy station. I was beginning to feel excited. I was going on a journey. I had an important job to do.

I was soon sitting in the train. And then it was moving. Slowly at first and then faster. The fog of London was left behind. Darkness fell. I was on my way north – to Eel Marsh House.

I changed trains at Crewe. Then I changed trains again at a small town called Homerby, in Yorkshire. The air was cold. The wind blew rain on my face.

The little train I got into at Homerby was old and dirty. I put the brown envelope on the seat beside me. I opened my newspaper and began to read.

A few minutes later, a big man with a red face got into the carriage. He sat down as the train began to move out of Homerby.

'It's cold in here,' I said. 'But I've left the fog of London behind me.'

'We don't have fogs here. We have mists. The mists come in from the sea,' the big man said.

We sat for a few moments in silence. Then I saw the big man look at the envelope on the seat beside me.

'Drablow,' he said. 'Are you a relative?'

'No, I'm a solicitor,' I said. 'I'm going to the funeral.'

'You'll be the only one there, Mr . . .?'

'My name's Kipps, Arthur Kipps,' I told him.

'I'm Samuel Daily,' the big man said.

'Didn't Mrs Drablow have any friends?' I asked.

'No, she didn't have any friends,' Mr Daily said. 'People become strange when they live in strange places.'

I smiled.

'Are you trying to frighten me, Mr Daily?' I asked.

He stared at me.

'No, I'm not trying to frighten you,' he said. 'But there are other people in Crythin Gifford who will try to frighten you.'

I suddenly felt very cold.

'Where are you staying tonight?' Mr Daily asked me.

'I'm going to stay at the Gifford Arms.'

'The Gifford Arms is a comfortable inn,' said Mr Daily. 'I go past it on my way home. You can come with me in my car.'

Mr Daily's car was waiting at the station. A few minutes later, it stopped outside the inn. Mr Daily gave me his card with his address on it.

'That's where I live,' he said. 'If you need any help, come and see me.'

The Gifford Arms was warm and comfortable. After a good supper, I went to bed.

I slept well. Thank God I did. I never slept so well again.

3

The Funeral of Mrs Drablow

The next morning was bright and sunny. I ate a good breakfast. Then I walked round the little town of Crythin Gifford. It was market-day. The little town was busy. Farmers were buying and selling animals in the market-square.

The streets of Crythin Gifford were completely flat. The countryside all round the town was flat too. There were no hills at all. To the east of the town were the marshes – and on the marshes was Eel Marsh House.

I walked back to the inn and got ready for the funeral. I put on a dark suit and went downstairs again.

Mr Jerome was waiting for me downstairs. Mr Jerome was Mrs Drablow's agent – he looked after her house and land. Mr Jerome was a small man dressed in black. He smiled politely and we left the inn.

As we walked through the square, people stared at us. They stopped talking. No one smiled.

The church stood in an old graveyard. There were old gravestones on either side of a long path.

It was very cold inside the church. Mr Jerome and I were the only people at the funeral. Poor Mrs Drablow, I thought. Didn't she have any friends at all? Then I heard a sound behind me.

I turned. A young woman was standing at the back of the church. She was dressed in old-fashioned black clothes – clothes of sixty years ago. A large, old-fashioned bonnet covered her face. She raised her head and looked at me. The young woman's face was white and very thin. How ill she looked!

When we left the church I looked for the woman. But I did not see her. Then in the graveyard, I saw her again. In the sunshine her face was whiter and thinner.

I closed my eyes to pray. When I opened them, the woman had gone. Beyond the graveyard I saw the estuary. And beyond the estuary was the open sea.

The funeral was over. I followed Mr Jerome from the churchyard.

'Who was that young woman?' I asked him.

Mr Jerome stopped and looked at me.

'Young woman?' he said.

'Yes, a young woman. She was dressed in black and she looked very ill.'

Mr Jerome's face went white.

'I did not see a young woman,' he said.

I looked behind me. The young woman was standing beside Mrs Drablow's grave.

'Look, there she is!' I said.



The young woman was standing beside Mrs Drablow's grave.

Mr Jerome made a strange sound. He did not turn round to look at the woman. He held my arm tightly. He began to shake.

'Mr Jerome!' I cried. 'Are you ill? Let go of my arm and I'll bring a car for you.'

'No, no,' he cried. 'No, sir. Stay with me!'

After a few moments, Mr Jerome spoke again.

'I'm very sorry, sir,' he said quietly. 'I felt ill for a moment. I can go on now.'

We walked slowly back to the Gifford Arms.

'Are you taking me to Eel Marsh House, Mr Jerome?' I said politely.

The little man shook his head.

'No, not me,' he said. 'Keckwick will take you. You have to go across a causeway to get to Eel Marsh House. When the tide is in, the sea covers the causeway. You can't get across. You can only cross the causeway when the tide is out. That will be after one o'clock.'

'There may be a lot of papers to look at,' I said. 'I may stay in Eel Marsh House tonight.'

'You will find the inn more comfortable,' Mr Jerome said quietly.

'Perhaps you are right,' I said.

The lunch at the Gifford Arms was a good one and I ate well.

At half past one, I was waiting outside the inn. The key to Eel Marsh House was in my pocket. I listened for the sound of Keckwick's car.

Eel Marsh House

After a few minutes, a pony and trap came into the square. It stopped beside me.

'Mr Kipps?' the driver said.

'Are you Keckwick?' I asked. I was surprised that Keckwick did not come in a car.

The man nodded his head.

I got into the trap. The pony started off at once.

We drove quickly through the quiet little town. We passed the churchyard and were soon in open country.

The country around the town was completely flat. There was a beautiful, grey sky above us.

After a time, we reached the marshes. The marshes were strange and beautiful. No trees grew in the marshes. There was water everywhere. There were no people and no houses. There was silence. The only sound was the noise made by the hooves of the pony and the wheels of the trap.

We drove along the path until we came to the causeway. The long causeway went across the estuary. The sandy causeway was not much higher than the water on each side.

This is Nine Lives Causeway, I thought. At high tide the water will completely cover it.

The bright winter sun shone in my eyes. I shut them for a moment.

When I opened my eyes, we were near the end of the causeway. In front of us was a tall, grey house. It stood alone looking over the marshes and the water of the estuary.



In front of us was a tall, grey house.

The lonely house was on a little island. This was Eel Marsh House!

The trap stopped in front of the house. For a few moments I did not move. What a strange, lonely place! But the place was so beautiful that I did not feel afraid.

I got out of the trap.

'When will the water cover the causeway again?'

'In two hours,' Keckwick answered.

I did not want to leave so soon. I wanted more time in this beautiful place.

'Two hours won't be enough time for me to do my work here,' I said. 'I'll come back here again tomorrow. I'll bring food and drink with me and stay for a day or two. But now that I'm here, I'll have a look round the house. What are you going to do? Will you wait here or come back for me later?'

Keckwick did not answer. He turned the pony and trap round and drove off. I watched the trap going back across the causeway. I was alone.

I stood there without moving. The key to the house was in my hand. A sea-bird flew by. It gave a cry. Then there was silence again.

What a place to live! I thought. Perhaps, one day, Stella and I will stay here. I wanted to be with her in this beautiful place.

There was a field behind the house. It went from the house to the water. The setting sun made the water red. The wind from the sea was getting colder.

At the end of the field, I saw a little church. It looked very old. It had no roof and its walls were broken. Some old gravestones stood round the old building.

It was beginning to grow dark. It was time to go inside the house.

And then I saw the young woman again. She was standing beside one of the gravestones. It was the woman in black. She was wearing the same old-fashioned clothes. She looked pale and ill. Her eyes were dark in her pale face.

Those eyes! How can I describe them? Her eyes were evil. They stared at me with a terrible hate. There was something the woman wanted from me – something she had lost. What was it?

I began to shake with fear. I felt very cold. My heart beat faster and faster. I wanted to run. But I was not able to move. What was wrong with me?

The woman stepped behind the gravestone. She had gone. My fear left me.

I ran down into the graveyard. I looked for the young woman everywhere. But she had disappeared.

There were the marshes. And there was the shining causeway. I was able to see for miles. But there were no houses. There was no place to hide. I did not understand it.

Suddenly my fear returned. I ran back to the house. I did not look back. I was too frightened to look back!

I reached the house and tried to open the door. My hand was shaking. At last the key was in the lock.

I opened the door and stepped inside. The door shut with a bang. The sound went through the empty house.

What had happened to me? Who was the woman in black? I did not believe in ghosts. But I had seen one. A ghost that was evil and terrible.

But I was inside the house now. I was safe. I smiled. I did not believe in ghosts. I had work to do. And I wanted to do it well. I must forget the woman in black.

I looked around. I was standing in a dark hallway. In front of me was a wide staircase. On one side was a passage.

The Cry of a Child

Perhaps it led to the kitchen. There were several doors, all of them closed.

It was getting darker. I switched on a light in the hall. I went to the nearest door and opened it. I then opened one door after another. One door was locked.

There was old furniture in every room. It was all large and heavy. There were old pictures on all the walls. Every room had desks and cupboards. And my job was to look through all of them!

There was a damp smell in the house. Some of the rooms had not been used for many years. The whole house was dark and shadowy. Mrs Drablow had lived here alone, I thought. I was not surprised that people said she was strange!

I pulled up the blinds at every window. From each window I was able to see the marshes and the estuary. It was a beautiful place. But silent and lonely!

I used the keys to open some desks and cupboards. All of them were full of papers. I was sure that some of these papers were important. I had to look at all of them. This job will take a long time, I thought.

It was too late to start work that afternoon. I looked at my watch. Keckwick was not coming back for another hour.

I decided to walk back along the causeway. I was able to see the path from the window. It went straight ahead. It was not possible for me to lose my way. I was sure to meet Keckwick on the way.

I went back into every room. I pulled down the blinds. I turned off all the lights. I locked the front door behind me.

Then I started to walk along the causeway.

Outside the house, everything was quiet. I looked back once, but I did not see the woman in black.

The causeway was dry. But the tide was coming in. The water on either side of the causeway was higher now. As I walked on, I felt very alone. The path over the causeway seemed longer too. I walked faster.

The sky and the water were beautiful in the grey light. Then I saw the sea-mist. The sea-mist was moving quickly over the marshes. In a few moments, the sea-mist covered everything.

It was a damp, white mist. It was very different from the yellow fog of London. The mist moved about in front of my eyes. Soon my hair and clothes were wet.

Now I saw only a short way in front of me. I looked back. I was not able to see Eel Marsh House. It had completely disappeared in the mist.

I walked on, very slowly. Then I stopped. If I went on, I might walk off the causeway into the deep mud. I decided to go back.

But going back was difficult too. The mist was moving all round me. Where was the house? Was I going the right way? I felt very afraid.

And then I heard the pony and trap. Thank God! Keckwick was coming back for me. I stopped and waited. But now the sounds of the pony and trap were going away from me. Now the sound was coming from somewhere on the marshes. What was wrong? Had Keckwick gone off the path?

I stood very still. For a moment, there was complete silence.

Suddenly a pony shrieked with fear. Then I heard a sound I shall never forget. The terrible cry of a child. A child in fear of death.

And now the trap was sinking. There was a strange sucking sound. The trap was going down under the mud. And still the child cried out.

There was nothing I could do! I shouted. But no one answered. How could I find the trap in that terrible mist? It was impossible.

I had to get back to the house. If I turned on all the lights, someone might see them. Someone might help.

It was dark now. The mist was thicker too. I heard the sea-water moving nearer.

At last I was standing on hard ground in front of the house. I found the front door and opened it. Behind me the marshes were silent.

I sat down on the nearest chair. I began to shake. Oh, the horror of that terrible cry! That poor child dying in the marshes. I began crying and was not able to stop.

After a time, I made myself stand up. I walked into every room and turned on the lights.

I found some brandy in a cupboard. I drank some and my fear turned to anger. Why had Mr Bentley sent me here? Why had I left London?

I walked in and out of the rooms. I wanted only one thing. I wanted to get away from this terrible place.

I walked slowly along a passage on the second floor. The door at the end was locked. I kicked the door angrily. But it did not open. I turned away and walked back.

As I went, I looked through every window. The white



Suddenly a pony shrieked with fear.

sea-mist was all around the house. I could see nothing.

I drank some more brandy. The brandy helped me to forget. To forget that terrible sound of the child crying. At last I fell asleep.

A bell was ringing. It rang again and again. I opened my eyes slowly. I looked through the window. The moon shone white in the black sky.

How long had I been asleep? I did not know. The bell rang again.

Then I remembered with horror the sound I had heard. I remembered the screams of the child. I remembered the shrieks of the pony. I remembered the noise of the trap as it sank down in the mud.

Had I heard those noises? Had I dreamt them? I did not know.

The bell rang again. Someone was at the door. Who was there? All the lights in the house were on. People had seen the lights and come to help me.

I got up slowly and walked to the door. There was only one man at the door. It was Keckwick. And behind him was his pony and trap. They were real and they were not harmed at all.

'I had to wait till the mist cleared,' said Keckwick. 'And when the mist cleared, the tide was in. I had to wait until the tide went out and the water left the causeway.'

Then I looked at my watch and saw the time. It was two o'clock in the morning.

'It's very good of you to come here for me at this time,' I said.

'I would not have left you to stay here all night,' Keckwick said. 'No, no. I would not have left you here all night.'

'How did you get out of the mud . . . ?' I began to say. Then I knew. It had not been Keckwick. It had been someone else. But who? Who had been driving on the marshes on a dark November evening? Who?

Keckwick looked at me strangely.

'You'd better get in the trap,' he said. 'I'll drive you back.'

Keckwick knew that something strange had happened to me. But he was not going to ask me about it. And he did not want to hear about it. I got into the trap and we drove off.

I sat in the trap in a dream. A dream of horror and fear. I now knew the truth. But I did not want to believe it.

The woman in black was a ghost. And the child was a ghost too. I had seen the woman. I had heard the child. They had died long ago. But they did not rest in peace.

The innkeeper of the Gifford Arms had not gone to bed. He was waiting up for me. He let me in without a word. It was after three o'clock in the morning when I got to bed. I slept. But in my dreams, I heard the cry of a child. I stood once more in the white sea-mist. And always, near me, was the woman in black.

I Go Back

When I woke, the sun was shining. At first, I felt weak and ill. But after a bath and breakfast I felt better.

I was not going to run away. I had a job to do. I was afraid. I had seen and heard terrible things. But I was a young man. And young men forget easily.

I was going back to Eel Marsh House. I was going to look at Mrs Drablow's papers. But not today and not alone.

I wanted some exercise. I told the innkeeper I was going for a long walk.

'Can you ride a bicycle, sir?' he said. 'There's a bicycle here you can use.'

I was very pleased. Stella and I often rode bicycles into the country. Yes, an hour or two on a bicycle. That's what I needed! Then tomorrow, I would go back to Eel Marsh House. But not alone.

I decided to talk to Mr Jerome. He probably had a boy who worked in the office. The boy can help me, I thought. Together we will finish the job quickly.

I walked through the town to Mr Jerome's office. He did not look pleased to see me.

'The house is full of papers,' I said. 'I must look at them all. I need help.'

A look of fear came into Mr Jerome's face.

'I can't help you, Mr Kipps,' he said quickly.

'But can your office-boy help me?' I said.

'I don't have an office-boy,' Jerome answered.

'Well, any other boy in the town,' I said. 'I'll pay him of course.'

Mr Jerome stood up. His face was white.

'You will find no one to help you! No one!' he shouted.

'I think I understand you, Mr Jerome,' I said. 'No one in this town will stay at Eel Marsh House. Everyone is too afraid. Afraid of seeing . . .' I stopped.

'The woman in black?' Mr Jerome said.

'Yes,' I answered. 'I saw her again.'

'Where?' he whispered.

'In the graveyard behind Eel Marsh House. But she's not going to stop me – whoever she is – or was!'

I laughed. My laugh did not sound true.

'I must be brave, Mr Jerome,' I added. 'I'm not going to run away.'

'That's what I said . . .' the little man replied very quietly.

I did not understand him.

'Well, I'll go back alone,' I said. 'Perhaps I'll not see the woman again.'

'I pray that you do not,' Mr Jerome said slowly. 'I pray that you do not.'

I went back to the inn. I wrote a letter to Mr Bentley. I told him I wanted to stay for a few days. I said nothing about the woman in black.

Then I took the bicycle and rode off. The weather was perfect for cycling. The wind was cold. But the air was bright and clear.

I decided to ride west, away from the marshes. I was going to ride to the next village and have lunch there.

At the end of the town, I looked to the east. I was looking back to the water of the marshes. The marshes were pulling me back. I knew I had to go back to them. But not now. Not today.

Taking a deep breath, I turned my bicycle. My back was to the marshes now. I cycled away from the marshes along the country road.

7

Dinner With Mr Daily

I rode back to Crythin Gifford about four hours later. I was feeling happier. Eel Marsh House did not frighten me now. I knew I was brave enough to go there alone. The sea-mist and loneliness of the place had frightened me. How silly I had been to be afraid! That would not happen again.

I turned the corner into the town square. A big car was coming towards me. I stopped quickly. But I almost fell off the bicycle.

The car slowed down and stopped. Mr Samuel Daily looked out of the window.

'How are you, young man?' he called.

'Fine,' I said. 'I've had a good ride. I feel hungry and I'm looking forward to my dinner tonight!'

'And what about your business? Have you been out to the house?'

'Yes, of course,' I answered. 'It won't take me long.'

Mr Daily looked at me for a few moments. He said nothing.

'I'm enjoying the work,' I went on quickly. 'It's all very interesting. But there are many papers to look at.'

Mr Daily went on staring at me.

'Mr Kipps,' he said, 'those are brave words. But I don't believe them. Come to my house for dinner tonight. The innkeeper knows where I live.'

He sat back and the car drove on.

Mr Daily's words did not make me change my mind. I was going back to Eel Marsh House.

I went shopping in the town. I bought tea, coffee and bread. Then a large torch and rubber boots. I wanted to be ready for anything at Eel Marsh House.

I told the innkeeper what I was going to do.

'Tomorrow,' I said, 'I am going to go to Eel Marsh House. I am going to stay there for two nights. Can I use your bicycle?'

The innkeeper nodded. He said nothing. But he looked at me sadly.

In the evening, I cycled out to the Dailys' house. It was a very large house. Mr Daily was clearly a rich man.

Mr Daily and his wife gave me a friendly welcome. The food and drink were very good. All through dinner, Samuel Daily talked about himself. He had worked hard all his life. Now he owned land and houses.

I told him about Stella and our plans for the future.

After dinner, Mrs Daily left us. Until then, Mr Daily had not spoken about Mrs Drablow or Eel Marsh House.

He filled my glass and his own with wine.

'You're a fool to go on with it,' he said.

I knew what he meant.

'I've got a job to do, Mr Daily,' I said. 'And I want to do it well.'

'Listen to me, Arthur,' Daily said. 'There are stories about that place. Stories I'm not going to tell you. You'll hear them from other people. Perhaps you've heard them

already. You've been out to the house, haven't you?

'Yes, I've been there,' I answered. 'And I heard and saw things. Things I cannot understand.'

And then I told him everything.

Mr Daily listened carefully, but said nothing.

'I think the woman in black is a ghost,' I said. 'She made me afraid. She has the power to make people afraid. But that is all. She did me no harm.'

'And what about the pony and trap? The child's cry?' Daily asked.

Yes, I thought to myself, the child's cry was the worst of all. But I did not say that to Mr Daily.

'I'm not running away,' I said.

'You shouldn't go back,' Daily said.

'I must.'

'Then don't go alone.'

'No one will go with me,' I answered. 'I'll be all right. After all, Mrs Drablow lived there alone for sixty years!'

'Alone? I wonder,' Mr Daily said. He stood up. It was time for me to go. A servant brought my coat. When the man had left, Daily said, 'Are you really going back to that house?'

'I am,' I answered.

'Then if you must go, take a dog,' Daily said.

I laughed. 'I haven't got a dog!' I said.

'But I have a dog,' Daily answered. 'You can take her with you now.'

We walked out of the house together.

'Wait here a moment,' Daily said.

He walked round to the back of the house. I stood there smiling. I liked dogs. I was happy to have a dog with me in that empty old house.

After a few moments, Daily returned with a bright-eyed little dog.

'Take her,' he said. 'Bring her back when you've finished.'

'What's her name?'

'Spider.'

Hearing her name, the little dog wagged her tail.

'Thank you,' I said. 'Come on, girl. Come on, Spider!'

I began to walk away. The dog did not move. She looked at Daily.

'Go on, girl,' he said. Spider ran over to me at once.

Waving goodbye, I got on my bicycle. Then, with Spider running behind me, I rode back to the town.

I felt happy. Happy and safe. I was looking forward to the morning.

Sounds in the Night

Next day, the weather was good. At nine o'clock, Mr Bentley phoned from London.

'I've received your letter,' he said. 'You can stay for a few days. Send me any papers that look important. Leave the other papers in the house. Don't stay too long!'

'I'll finish the work as quickly as I can,' I answered. 'It's a strange old house,' I added.

'Mrs Drablow was a strange old woman,' Mr Bentley said. And he put the phone down.

By nine thirty, I was ready. There was a basket on the front of the bicycle. I put everything in the basket. I cycled off happily. The little dog, Spider, ran along behind me.



Hearing her name, the little dog wagged her tail.

The tide was coming in. Very soon it would cover the causeway. But that did not worry me. The air was clear. The sun was shining on the water. Sea-birds were flying and calling over the estuary.

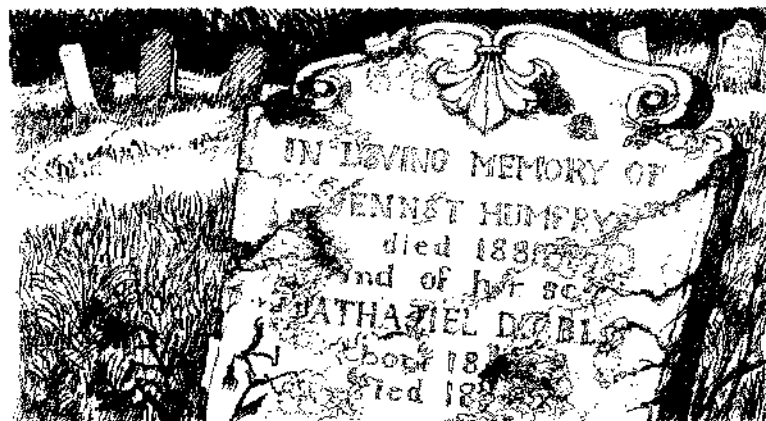
I was soon at Eel Marsh House. I opened the windows. I lit fires in several rooms. Then I sat down at a big desk. The desk was in front of a window. I could see the sky, the marshes and the water.

I started work. The desk was full of papers. Most of them I threw away. But I kept a few to look at later.

I opened a cupboard and then another. Papers, more and more papers. I looked at everything carefully.

I worked hard all the morning. At two o'clock, I had some lunch. Then I called Spider and we went outside. I walked down to the old graveyard. Spider ran up and down. She was happy too.

I tried to read the words on the gravestones. But they were too old. Most of the words were difficult to read. The writing on one stone was a little clearer. Some letters were



worn away. But I could read most of the words.

Two people were buried here. I wondered who they had been.

I looked around me. It was a sad place. But I did not feel afraid.

The air was colder now. I went back to the house and Spider followed me. I was soon back at my desk again. I read paper after paper. But there was nothing important. I made myself a cup of tea. I went on working.

When it was dark, I closed the curtains. I turned on every light in the house. I put more coal on the fire.

I brought papers from other rooms. Papers, so many papers. Mrs Drablow had thrown nothing away in sixty years!

It was getting late, but I went on working. I'll be finished in a day and a half, I thought to myself. Then I'll return to London and my dear Stella.

At last, I was too tired to go on. I took a book to read in bed. Then, taking Spider with me, I went upstairs. I was going to sleep in a bedroom at the back of the house.

I read for about half an hour. Then I turned out the light. Spider was already asleep, near the bed.

Sometime later, I woke up. The moonlight was shining into the room. Why was I awake? What had happened? I sat up.

And then I saw Spider. The little dog was standing at the door. She was staring at the door, listening.

The little dog was terrified. And so was I. I listened too.

Yes, I could hear something. The sound came from somewhere inside the house. Bump. Bump. Bump. What was it?

Spider looked at me, growled and listened again. I got

slowly out of bed. My heart was beating fast. I opened the bedroom door. The passage outside was dark and empty.

Spider ran down the passage. I heard her sniffing at every closed door.

I heard the sound again. Bump. Bump. Bump. It came from a passage on the left. Very slowly, I began to walk towards the sound.

I opened the doors, one by one. Every room was dark and silent.

There was a door at the end of the passage. Spider sniffed under this door. Her growling became louder.

It was the door I had found locked on my first visit to the house. It was the only door I could not open. Yes, the sound came from behind this door. Bump. Bump. Bump.

I had heard this sound long ago. I had heard it when I was a child. What was it?

Spider howled. The frightened little dog pressed against my legs. We were both shaking with fear. And still the sound went on. Bump. Bump. Bump.

I heard another sound. It came from behind me. It came from the front of the house.

The bumping noise stopped. I turned away from the locked door. Slowly and carefully, I walked back to my bedroom.

Everything was quiet. The second sound had come from inside the house. I was sure of that. I looked round the room. Perhaps the sound had come from outside? I looked out of the window. I saw nothing, no one. The marshes were silver and grey in the moonlight. Did I hear a cry? I listened again. No.

I felt something warm against my leg. I bent down to stroke the little dog. She was quiet again.



The sound came from behind this door. Bump. Bump. Bump.

I listened. Everything was quiet. The house and the marshes were completely silent.

After a time, I went back to the closed door. I turned the handle. The door did not open. I pushed my shoulder against the door. It did not move. There was no keyhole in the door. I could not see into the room.

I went back to bed. But it was a long time before I fell asleep.

9

Behind the Door

The morning was cold and wet. The sky was covered with thick clouds. It was raining.

I was very tired. But after breakfast, I felt better. I went back to the locked door. I stood and listened. But I heard nothing.

At nine o'clock, I rode back along the causeway on the bicycle. Spider ran beside me.

There was a letter from Stella at the Gifford Arms inn. Her loving words made me feel very happy. In two or three more days we would be together again.

I walked round the town, buying more food. Then I rode back along the causeway. I was back at Eel Marsh House in time for lunch.

The clouds were thicker now. The sea-mist was coming in over the marshes.

Inside the house, it was already dark. I put on all the lights. But the house stayed dark and shadowy. My fears returned. I decided to go back to the town.

I went outside. There was some mist around the house. But I was able to see the causeway. However, it was completely covered by water. I could not return to Crythin Gifford that day.

So I whistled to Spider. She ran to me quickly. We both went back inside the house. I emptied papers from more cupboards. I started work again.

I worked hard for several hours. I found a packet of letters tied together. They looked interesting.

After supper, I sat down by the fire and opened the packet.

There were some papers and some letters. The letters were all in the same handwriting. They were signed 'Jennet' or 'J'. I remembered the gravestone I had seen. It was in the graveyard at the back of Eel Marsh House. One of the names on that gravestone had been Jennet! Was this the same Jennet?

There were dates on the letters. The letters had been written sixty years ago. Each letter began with the words, 'Dearest Alice'. Alice was Mrs Drablow's first name. All the letters were written to Mrs Alice Drablow.'

I looked through them quickly. Jennet was Mrs Drablow's younger sister.

I began to read the letters carefully. They were short and in simple language. They told a sad story.

Jennet was unmarried, but she was going to have a child. The child's father refused to marry Jennet and he left the country. Jennet did not know what to do. Her family refused to help her.

Then the child was born – a boy. For a few months, there were no letters. Then Jennet began writing again. And now her letters were full of anger.

The child is mine, Jennet wrote. I will never give him to strangers.

But Jennet was unmarried. She was poor and she could not keep the child. At last, she had to agree that Alice could take the boy.

In her last letter, Jennet wrote:

Love him, Alice. Love him as your own child. But remember, he is mine – mine! He can never be yours. Forgive me. My heart is breaking.

Poor Jennet, I thought. What a sad story! I began to look at the other papers. The first one was from a solicitor's office.

The paper was about a boy called Nathaniel. Nathaniel was the son of Jennet Humfrye. Nathaniel had been adopted by Thomas and Alice Drablow of Eel Marsh House.

Alice Drablow was Jennet Humfrye's married sister. Nathaniel had been given the name Drablow.

So the child, Nathaniel Drablow, had lived here, I thought. Away from the mother who loved him.

I thought for a few moments about Jennet Humfrye and her sad life. Then I picked up the next paper.

At that moment, Spider growled. The little dog was standing at the door. Every hair on her body was stiff with fear.

I sat there for a few moments, frozen with fright. Then I stood up. If this was a ghost, I must face it.

I made myself walk to the door. I opened it. Spider rushed out of the room and up the stairs. I heard her run along the passage. She stopped. I knew she had stopped outside the locked door!

I heard the sound again. Bump. Bump. Bump.

I knew what I must do. I must open that door. There was

an axe in the wood-shed. I must get that axe.

Taking my torch, I stepped outside the house. It was very dark. But I found the wood-shed. And the axe.

As I was walking back, I heard the sound of the pony and trap. It came from the front of the house. Had Keckwick come back for me?

No one was there, no one at all. I could still hear the pony and trap. But now the sound was coming from the marshes.

I stood there, Spider beside me. I was terribly afraid. Again, I heard the sounds of the water and the mud. I heard the pony shriek. I heard the child's awful cry. And then, silence.

I was shaking now. My mouth was dry with fear. I had heard these sounds before. The pony and child were not alive. I knew this. A pony and trap and all the people in it had sunk beneath the water.

Spider began to howl and howl. I put down the axe and the torch and picked up the little dog. I carried her into the house. She was afraid and so was I.

After a few moments, the dog jumped out of my arms. She ran upstairs, towards the locked door. I hurried outside, picked up the axe and torch and followed her.

The sound was louder now. When I reached the door, I saw why. The door of the locked room was open – wide open. I thought I was going to die of fear.

The dog ran inside the room. The bumping sound went on. And now I remembered. I knew what the sound was.

When I was a child, my mother had a rocking-chair. Sometimes I couldn't sleep. Then my mother held me in her arms. She sat in the chair and rocked me back and

forwards. Bump. Bump. Bump. That was the sound made by the rocking-chair on the floor.

I was no longer afraid. The sound meant peace and rest.

There was evil in that room. I knew that. But it had gone away. Perhaps it was my happy thoughts. They had driven the evil away from that place. Holding the torch in front of me, I walked into the room.

I pressed the light switch. Nothing happened. But my torch was powerful. I shone the bright torch round the room.

The room had been a child's bedroom. There was a small bed in one corner. A tall rocking-chair stood in front of the fireplace. The chair was rocking gently.

But there was no one there. The room was empty. No one had passed me in the passage. There was no other door. I shone my torch at the window. It was shut. There were two wooden bars across it. The chair stopped moving. There was complete silence.

The little room was clean and tidy. There were sheets and pillows on the bed. I opened a chest and a cupboard. They were both full of clothes. Clothes for a boy of six or seven. The clothes were beautifully made. But they were old-fashioned clothes – clothes of sixty years ago.

The room was full of children's toys. They were neat and tidy. There was no dust on them at all.

I saw toy soldiers and a sailing-ship. There were games, paints and books. All things that little boys love.

They had been here for sixty years. But everything was neat, tidy and clean.

There was nothing frightening in this room. Only a feeling of sadness – a feeling of something lost. I felt sad, very sad.



*A tall rocking-chair stood in front of the fireplace.
The chair was rocking gently.*

I went slowly out of the room. Spider followed and I closed the door. I felt too tired to do any more work.

I had a hot drink and went upstairs. The door to the child's bedroom was still closed. Everything was quiet. I went into my bedroom and closed the door.

10

Terror on the Marshes

That night, there was a very strong wind. It whistled and howled around the house. The windows shook. I slept, woke and slept again.

Then suddenly I was wide awake. I thought I heard a cry. The wind blew more loudly. Then I heard the cry again. It was the cry of a child. A cry for help. The cry of a child dying in the marshes. For how many years had the child cried out?

Rest in peace, I prayed. But that child could not.

I could not sleep. I got up. I opened the bedroom door. Spider followed me into the passage.

Suddenly two things happened. Someone or something went past me. The wind howled, louder than ever. And all the lights went out.

I stood there in the darkness. I could not move. Who had gone by? Who was in the house with me? I had seen and heard nothing. But I was sure of one thing. Someone had gone along the passage to the child's bedroom. Someone dead for many years – a ghost.

I had to have a light. I walked back carefully into my bedroom.

I went slowly to the table near my bed. I found the torch and picked it up. But it slipped from my fingers. It fell and broke on the floor.

Spider came close and touched my hand. As I held the little dog, the wind howled again. And once more, louder than the wind, I heard the child's cry.

I could not sleep. I must have a light, I thought. I cannot stay here in the dark. Then I remembered. I had seen a candle in the child's bedroom.

For a long time, I did not move. There was something evil in the child's bedroom. But I had to go back to get that candle.

I went down the passage slowly. I opened the door of the child's bedroom. Everything was quiet. I found the candle and picked it up.

Now I was in the bedroom, I was not afraid. But I felt sad. I had a feeling of something lost. Someone who had died. I had never had that feeling before. Why did I have it now?

After a few minutes, I walked slowly out of the room. I closed the door. At once, the sadness left me.

In my bedroom, I found some matches. I lit the candle. I opened my book and began to read. Some time later, I fell asleep. When I woke up again, the sky was light. It was morning.

Spider was standing at the door. She wagged her tail and looked at me. The dog wanted to go out.

I got up and dressed quickly. Spider ran to the front door.

I opened the door. Spider ran out happily. The air was very cold. Then I heard a whistle. A high, clear sound.

Spider heard it too. Before I could stop her, she was running. She was running away from the house onto the marshes. I called and called, but she did not hear me. I watched the little dog running on and on. But who had whistled? The marshes were completely empty.

Then I saw the dog slow down and stop. I knew at once what had happened. The poor animal was caught in the mud. The mud was pulling the dog down. Pulling her down deeper and deeper.

I could not let the little dog die. Without thinking, I ran out across the marshes towards her.

The cold wind blew in my face. I could not see clearly. My feet stuck in the mud. I pulled myself free. The tide was coming in quickly.

I called out to the dog. Most of her body was now under mud and water. I could not get any nearer to her.

I could do nothing. We will both die here, in this terrible place, I thought. No, it could not happen!

Very carefully, I lay down. I stretched forward, little by little. The dog sank deeper into the mud.

Just in time, I got hold of the leather collar round the dog's neck. I pulled and pulled.

At last, the dog was free from the mud! We lay there side by side, wet and muddy. We were safe, thank God. The dog was alive and so was I.

How long we lay there, I do not know. At last, I got up. I began to walk slowly back to the house.

As I got nearer to the house, I looked up. I saw the window of the child's bedroom. Someone was standing there, looking out. It was the woman in black.

She stared at me. The hate in her eyes was terrible.



*I got hold of the leather collar round the dog's neck.
I pulled and pulled.*

I began to shake. Somehow, I reached the front door of the house.

Then, to my horror, I heard the sound I feared most – the sound of a pony and trap.

11

I Leave Eel Marsh House

The next thing I knew, I was lying on a couch in the sitting-room. Mr Daily was leaning over me. I tried to sit up, but I couldn't. I did not know what had happened to me.

'The trap – the pony and trap,' I said.

'Oh, that was me,' Samuel Daily said with a smile. 'I've come here in a pony and trap. It's safer than a car on that causeway. What's the matter? What did you think?'

'I've . . . I've heard another . . .' I said.

'Keckwick, perhaps.'

'No, not Keckwick,' I said. 'But why did you come?'

'I was worried about you,' said Daily. 'It's a good thing I came. People have drowned in those marshes, you know.'

'Yes. I was nearly pulled under. And the dog . . .'

Then I remembered.

'Spider!' I cried. 'Where's Spider? Did she . . .?'

'She's safe,' Daily said. 'She's here.'

At the sound of her name, the little dog jumped up and wagged her tail.

'Now I'm taking you home with me,' said Daily. 'You can't stay here.'

For a few moments, I said nothing. I remembered what had happened to me. I knew that the woman in black was a ghost. But why was she here? I knew there was evil here. And sadness too. Why? I wanted to know. And I had to finish my work too.

'Thank you, Mr Daily,' I said after a few moments. 'I want to leave Eel Marsh House. But what about my work? I must look at all Mrs Drablow's papers. I don't think there's anything important. But they must be looked at.'

'I found some letters last night,' I went on. 'They looked interesting. I'll bring them with me.'

Very slowly, I got up. I picked up the packet of letters from the desk. Then I went upstairs to get my things. My fear had gone. I was leaving Eel Marsh House. If I came back, I would not come alone.

I packed my bag and left the room. I decided to have one last look at the child's bedroom.

The door was open. But I was sure I had closed it.

I could hear Mr Daily downstairs. I was safe. I walked slowly towards the open door.

Then I stopped. Did I want to go in? She had been here. I had seen her.

I pushed open the door.

I could not believe my eyes. Everything in the room was broken and torn. The cupboards were all open. Toys, clothes and books lay on the floor. They had been thrown there by some terrible power. Everything was destroyed.

Everything except the rocking-chair. It had been pushed into the centre of the room. The chair was not moving now. Who or what had done this terrible thing?



Everything in the room was broken and torn.

Feeling ill and shaking, I got into the trap beside Mr Daily. He knew that something had happened. But he did not ask any questions.

He put Spider on my knees. I held the dog tightly. Then we drove off away from the house, across the Nine Lives Causeway.

Everything was grey and quiet. There was no colour, no sound. I looked back at Eel Marsh House. No one was watching us. The house stood there, grey and terrible.

As we crossed the estuary, I turned my eyes away. I did not want to see that terrible place again.

12

The Death Certificates

The Dailys invited me to stay with them for a few days. I agreed thankfully. After a few days, I would go straight back to London. Not to Eel Marsh House. I would never go back there again.

But I was angry. I had not finished my work. The woman in black had stopped me.

Then I remembered the papers I had brought with me from Eel Marsh House. The letters told a sad story. I wanted to know how the story ended.

I read the letters again. Poor Jennet! She had loved her child so much. But she was unmarried. She could not keep her boy. She had to give him to her sister, Mrs Drablow. The child had lived at Eel Marsh House. What had happened to him?

I picked up the other papers and looked at them. They were death certificates.

The first was for a boy. *Name: Nathaniel Drablow. Age: six years. Cause of death: drowning.*

I looked at the second certificate. *Rosa Judd – nursemaid. Cause of death: drowning.*

On both certificates, the date of death was the same.

I held the death certificates tightly in my hand. I felt myself grow cold. I got up and walked about the room.

Then I looked at the last piece of paper. It was another death certificate. This time, the date was twelve years later.

The certificate was for *Jennet Humfrye, unmarried. Age: thirty-six years. Cause of death: heart failure.*

I sat down in my chair. One thing was clear – the woman in black was Jennet Humfrye or her ghost. I did not believe in ghosts, but I had seen her.

And now I knew something else. Long, long ago, a pony and trap had left the causeway. It had sunk down in the mud of the marshes. A child and a nursemaid had been drowned.

Jennet, the boy's mother, had died twelve years after her son. I knew where they were buried. They were buried in the old graveyard behind Eel Marsh House.

Nathaniel had slept in that bedroom. For sixty years the bedroom had stayed the same. Those clothes, those toys, were his.

Jennet Humfrye was the woman in black. Her hatred had never left her. Her ghost followed anyone who went near Eel Marsh House.

What power did Jennet Humfrye have? Could the dead harm the living? I did not know the answer. I wanted to find out the answer.

'Nothing Can Happen Now . . .'

That evening, after dinner, I had a long talk with Mr Daily. Spider was asleep in front of the bright fire.

Daily gave me a drink and I began my story. I told him everything I had seen and heard.

When I had finished, there was silence. My story was told. I was at peace.

'Well, young man,' Samuel Daily said at last, 'you've had an unhappy time here.'

'Yes,' I said. 'But it's finished. Those things can't harm me now, can they?'

Daily said nothing. But he looked unhappy.

'Nothing can happen now,' I said with a smile. 'I'm never going back there. All is well.'

Daily said nothing. I began to feel worried.

'Can there be anything else?' I asked. 'Nothing will harm me now, will it?'

'Not you, perhaps,' Daily said slowly. 'You can leave. But the rest of us must stay here. We have to live with it.'

'With what? Live with what?' I asked.

'This town has lived in fear for a long time,' Daily said. 'For more than fifty years. Terrible things have happened. But people don't talk about them.'

My heart beat faster. I did not want to know any more. But Mr Daily went on talking.

'You know most of the story. But not all of it,' he said.

'Jennet Humfrye sent her boy to Eel Marsh House. To her sister, Mrs Drablow. At first, Jennet went away to another

part of the country. But she had to be near her son. She came back to Crythin.'

'She got work in the town. But Alice Drablow refused to see her. She refused to let Jennet see the child. Jennet's anger was terrible. So Alice Drablow allowed her to visit the house. But she must never tell the boy who she was.'

'But the boy looked like his mother. And he loved her. He loved his mother more than Alice Drablow. Jennet wanted her son back. She planned to take him away from Eel Marsh House.'

'Then the accident happened. The sea-mist came down suddenly. The boy and the nursemaid were drowned. The driver of the trap too - he was Keckwick's father. And the boy's little dog. They were all drowned,' Daily said.

'All drowned,' I said slowly.

'Yes. And Jennet saw everything. She saw everything from the bedroom window.'

'Oh, my God!' I said quietly.

'Jennet Humfrye began to go mad,' Samuel Daily said. 'She was mad with sorrow and anger. She said her sister had killed her son.'

'Then poor Jennet became ill. She became thin and pale. Children were frightened of her. When she died, people began to see her ghost.'

'There is something more terrible. Each time she is seen, something else happens.'

'What?' I asked.

'A child has died. Either by illness, or in a terrible accident.'

'Any child? A child in the town?'

'Any child,' said Daily. 'Once, it was Jerome's child. You

may find this hard to believe, Arthur,' Daily added. 'But it is true.'

I looked into his eyes.

'I believe it, Mr Daily,' I said. 'I believe it.'

That night, I slept badly. I woke up again and again. I had terrible dreams. When morning came, I felt weak and ill.

I was very ill for five days. In my illness, I had terrible dreams. In my dreams, the woman in black pushed her terrible face near mine. She sat on my bed, watching, watching.

I heard the cry of her dying child, again and again. I heard the bump, bump, of the rocking-chair.

Slowly, I got better. At the end of twelve days, I was well again.

It was a day of winter sunshine. I was sitting downstairs by the open window. Spider lay at my feet. A bird was singing in the garden. I listened to it with peace in my heart.

I heard the sound of a car and voices. I heard footsteps. The door behind me opened.

'Arthur?' a voice said quietly. It was a voice I knew. I turned quickly. My dear Stella was walking towards me. She had come to take me home!

The next morning, Stella and I left together. We did not go back into the town. We went straight to the railway station in Mr Daily's car.

The Dailys had looked after me well. I was sad to say goodbye to them. They agreed to visit us in London. And I was sad to say goodbye to Spider.

There was a question I had to ask Mr Daily. I waited until



In my dreams, the woman in black pushed her terrible face near mine.

Stella was saying goodbye to Mrs Daily.

'There is something I must know,' I said to Mr Daily. 'You told me that a child always died . . .'

'Yes, always.'

'Then has a child . . .?'

'No, nothing has happened,' Daily said. 'A child hasn't died – yet.'

'Then pray God, the woman in black has gone for ever,' I said. 'Pray God her power is at an end.'

'Yes, yes,' Daily said. 'We all hope that.'

I began to feel sorry for poor Jennet Humfrye. She had lost her son. Her sorrow and anger had made her mad. Now Mrs Drablow was dead. Eel Marsh House was empty. Wasn't that the end? Could Jennet Humfrye rest in peace now?

The train was waiting. I said goodbye to the Dailys.

Thank God, my business in Crythin Gifford was finished.

14

The Story Ends

That is nearly the end of my story. I have one last thing to write. But it is the most terrible thing of all.

For days and nights, I have sat at my desk here at Monk's Piece. I have tried to write down the rest of my story. But my tears have stopped me. My dear wife, Esmé, sees I am unhappy. But she doesn't know why.

But now I am ready to finish my story.

Stella and I returned to London. Six weeks later, we were married. My wife and I were not rich. But we were happy.

A year later, our son was born. Our happiness was complete. I did not think of the past. And I had no more bad dreams.

Another year passed. Our son was about a year old. It was a sunny Sunday afternoon. Stella and I took our boy to one of the parks in London.

Everyone was happy. The sun was shining. Children were running about on the green grass. Music was playing. Everyone was enjoying the holiday.

Someone was giving rides to children in a pony and trap. Our son saw the trap. He shouted and pointed at it.

It was a small trap. There was room for only two passengers. So Stella took the boy. I stood watching them happily.

The trap went behind some trees. I looked around me at the happy people.

And then I saw her. The woman in black. She was standing near a big tree.

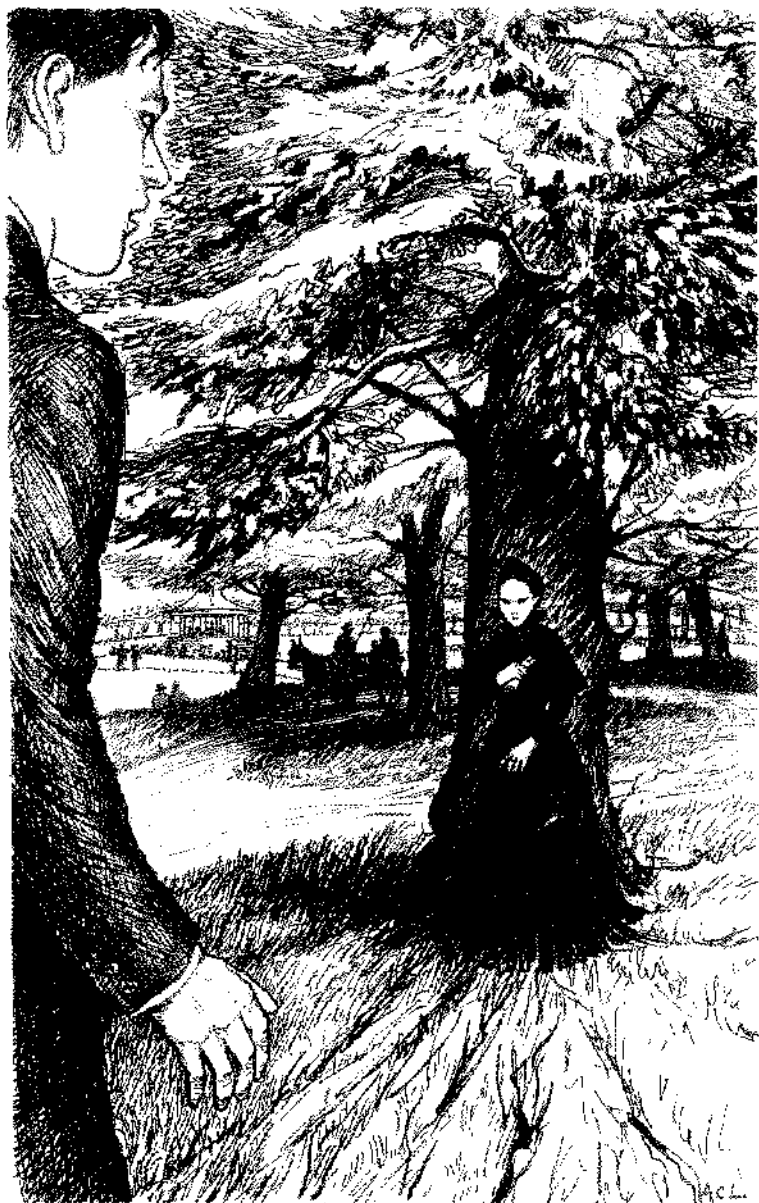
She looked at me. There was no mistake. I was looking at the white face and staring eyes of Jennet Humfrye.

My body was icy cold. I could not move. I saw the terrible hate in the woman's eyes.

At that moment, the pony and trap came back. It came towards me, between the tall trees. My dear Stella was smiling. Our little son was laughing. I stepped forward.

They passed the tree where the woman in black was standing.

She moved quickly in front of the pony. The frightened pony shrieked. It turned and ran back under the trees. The driver could not stop it.



*I was looking at the white face and staring eyes of
Jennet Humfrye.*

There was a terrible crash. Then silence. The woman in black had gone. But my darling Stella and my dear son lay on the grass. They did not move.

Our baby son was dead. Stella's body was broken. But she did not die. Not then. For ten long months, I sat by her bed. Then Stella died at last from her terrible injuries.

They asked me for my story. I have told it. There is nothing more to write.