This book contains four classic stories by famous writers. The stories are set in different countries and are about different subjects. But they all have something in common. They were written by authors who knew how to tell a good story. The plots are strong and easy to follow, and the characters are interesting and memorable.

The stories all have something else in common. They are all tales with a 'twist' - in other words, a surprise ending. You cannot predict what is going to happen. There is only one way to find out - continue reading!

The Man Who Would Be King

Two ambitious men travel to a far country and set themselves up as rulers of the local people. But things do not work out in the way they had planned . . .

The Necklace

When Matilde loses a valuable necklace, her life and that of her husband change forever. But things are not always what they seem . . .

Dr Heidegger's Experiment

Dr Heidegger's friends are very happy when he discovers the secret of eternal youth. But perhaps it is better for people to grow old . . .

The Treasure in the Forest

Two men travel to a remote island to search for buried treasure. But the treasure contains a hidden surprise . . .

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Four Stories of Suspense

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Four Stories of Suspense



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Grade 11 Reader

2016

Four Stories of Suspense

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This publication has been produced by:

The Directorate General of Curriculum Development
Ministry of Education
Sultanate of Oman

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First published in 2016

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His Majesty Sultan Qaboos bin Said, Sultan of Oman

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About These Stories

The four stories in this collection are adaptations of famous classic short stories. They have been specially chosen to help you enjoy reading in English, and develop your reading skills. Stories are easier to read than a novel, as they move forward more quickly, with more action and less description.

The stories are different lengths to suit all tastes; they are set in different countries and are about different subjects. But they have one thing in common – their authors all knew how to tell a good tale. The plots are strong and easy to follow, and the characters are interesting and memorable. When you start reading these stories, you will want to find out what happens next. The only way to do this is to continue reading! But be prepared. Each story has a surprise ending. It is a tale with a twist!

These stories are not modern, and were written in the days before people had computers, mobile phones, or e-mail. Today the world has moved on, and we are in a different place and time. But we can still relate to the themes of the stories, because human nature does not change. We can still understand the feelings and actions of the characters. Maybe we know people with the same personality traits as some of the people in the stories.

We ask ourselves how we would behave in the same situation. How would we feel? What would we do? We can understand the messages contained in the stories – "Be happy with your life" "It is wrong to want too much money." The stories also show us that, even if we achieve what we think we want, it often turns out to be disappointing or to bring hidden dangers.

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The Man Who Would Be King is an adventure story set in India and Kafiristan, a country near Afghanistan. It is about an ambitious soldier who sets himself up as king of a remote and wild land. It is an exciting story, which shows the danger of what happens when a person's desire for power becomes so strong, that he thinks he no longer listens to advice. In 1975 an excellent film of the story was made, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine.

The Necklace is a completely different type of story. It is set in France, and is about a beautiful but poor girl whose life changes overnight when she borrows a diamond necklace from a rich friend. This famous story teaches us that we should be happy with the way things are.

In the third story, ***Dr Heidegger's Experiment***, four foolish old people are delighted to find themselves the subjects of an experiment which enables them to become young again. This story has several messages, one of which is that some people never learn from their mistakes.

The last story, ***The Treasure In the Forest***, is a tale of two greedy men who learn about treasure hidden on an island and will stop at nothing to get it. But there is a surprise waiting for them in the forest.

We hope that you will enjoy these stories, and that they will encourage you to go on reading in English.

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1

The Man Who Would Be King

by Rudyard Kipling (1865 - 1936)

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Before Reading Activities



1. Think about the following questions and discuss them with your group.

   a What qualities do you consider important in a friend, for example:

   (a) loyalty (b) honesty (c) patience

   Discuss the importance of these and other qualities.

   b. Do you have a best friend? Have you ever had a serious disagreement with your friend? Tell a partner what happened.

2. This story takes place in Kafiristan, a country near Afghanistan. What do you know about Afghanistan? Think about the following:

   (a) Geography
   (b) Climate
   (c) People

There are other activities (While Reading and After Reading) at the end of the story. Also included is a Wordlist to help you with new/difficult words. And don't forget the story report right at the end of this book. But now ... onto ***The Man Who Would Be King.***

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The Man Who Would Be King

by Rudyard Kipling (1865 - 1936)

Part I. A crazy plan

Many years ago, I worked as a newspaper editor in India. In those days, India was a country that was very exciting and full of adventure. You never knew what would happen next. You could make a lot of money very quickly, or you could suddenly become very poor. You could be a beggar one day, a prince the next day, and then a beggar again.

My story is about two men, who had lived in India for a long time. They had been soldiers together in the British Army, and they were very good friends. When they left the Army, they did not want to go back home to England. So they stayed in India, looking for the chance to become rich.

One Saturday night in June, I was working late in my office, getting the newspaper ready for printing. The heat was so terrible that it was choking me. The night outside was very black, with a hot dry wind from the west. I sat working at the newspaper, with sweat running down my face.

By the time I had finished my work, it was three o'clock in the morning. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door and two men entered the room. One man was huge, with thick bushy

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eyebrows. The other had a big red beard. Their hair was untidy, and their clothes were scruffy and dirty.

'Who are you?' I said in surprise. 'What do you want?'

'We want to talk to you for half an hour,' said the man with the red beard. 'We need your advice. We were trying to sleep in a ditch across the road, but then we noticed that your light was on. My friend said, "That's a newspaper office. Perhaps they can help us." So we decided to visit you, and here we are.'

I was very tired and I wanted to go home. But the men had already sat down.

'All right,' I said. 'But please be quick. I can't stay long.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the man with the red beard. 'This is Peachey Carnehan, and I am Dan Dravot. We've had many jobs here in India. We've been soldiers, sailors, photographers, journalists and train drivers.'

'Yes,' said Peachey Carnehan. 'We've been all over India, mostly on foot. And we've decided that India isn't big enough for us.'

The two men were certainly too big for my office. Dravot's beard seemed to fill half the room, and Carnehan's shoulders filled the other half.

'But we don't like the laws in India,' said Carnehan. 'So we've decided to go somewhere else, where there aren't so many people. We're going to a country where we can be kings.'

I thought that the two men must be mad.

'You can't be serious,' I said, 'Perhaps you've been too long in the sun. Why don't you go and sleep, and come back tomorrow.'

'No,' said Dravot. 'We've been thinking about this idea for a long time. We've decided there is only one country in the world for two strong men like us. It's called Kafiristan. It's at the top right hand corner of Afghanistan, not more than three hundred miles from Peshawar. It's very mountainous.

'We've heard that there are tribes in Kafiristan, who are always fighting each other. So we plan to go there, and find a King or Chief of one of the tribes, and ask him, "Do you want to defeat your enemies?" Then we'll train his men to be soldiers. We've been in the Army and we know how to train men properly. Then, after the King has defeated his enemies, we'll overthrow him and take his place.'

'That's a crazy plan,' I said. 'You'll be killed before you can get to Kafiristan. First, you have to travel through Afghanistan. There are mountains and glaciers, and the people are very wild and unfriendly.'

The men were not listening to me.

'We want to learn about Kafiristan,' said Carnehan. He looked round the room at my bookcases. 'Please show us your books and maps. We're not very well educated, but we know how to read.'

I took out some maps and an Encyclopedia. The two men studied everything carefully.

'This Encyclopedia says there are a lot of tribes in Kafiristan,' said Dravot. 'Good. The more tribes there are, the more they'll fight each other. The more they fight each other, the better our plan will succeed.'

'You're mad,' I said. 'You'll be killed as soon as you get to Afghanistan. Look, do you need money? If you like, I can help you to find work.'

'We'll be working soon anyway,' said Dravot. 'We'll be in charge of our Kingdom. It isn't easy to be a King, you know. When we're settled, perhaps you can come and help us.'

'We're not mad,' said Carnehan. 'Could two madmen make

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a contract like this?' He took a piece of paper proudly out of his pocket.

CONTRACT

1. That you, Peachey Carnehan, and me, Dan Dravot, will settle this matter together – i.e. to be Kings of Kafiristan.

2. That if one of us gets into trouble, the other will stay with him and help him.

Signed: Peachey Carnehan and
Dan Dravot.

'That's a very strange contract,' I thought.

I sat with the two men while they looked at the maps. At last I went home.

'Come to the Serai tomorrow afternoon to say goodbye to us,' they said.

The next afternoon I went to the Serai. It was a huge market, where you could buy horses, sheep, jewels, camel-bags and many other things. It was always crowded with people of different nationalities. Travellers came there to load their camels and horses before starting a journey.

I looked around for Dravot and Carnehan, but I could not see them. Then I noticed a mad priest and his servant. The priest was carrying a child's toy, and the servant was carrying a heavy basket of toys. They were loading two camels with heavy bags. A crowd of people stood around them, laughing.

'This priest is mad,' said a horse-dealer to me. 'He says he's



I sat with the two men while they looked at the maps.

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going to Kabul[1] to sell toys to the Amir[2]. But I think the Amir will cut off his head.'

'But God protects mad people,' said another man. 'They can see what will happen in the future. Where are you going, mad priest?'

'I'm going to the North to sell toys to the Amir!' shouted the priest. 'Who will take me with them?'

'There's a caravan to Kabul starting from Peshawar[3] in twenty days,' said a man. 'I'm sending some men and camels to Peshawar to join it. You can go with my men and bring us luck.'

'Good!' shouted the priest, calling for his servant. The two men leapt on to their camels. Then he turned to me, and cried, 'Come with us, sir, and I'll sell you a magic charm to make you the King of Kafiristan.'

Suddenly I understood. The mad priest and his servant were Dravot and Carnehan in disguise!

When we got to the open road, Dravot stopped and started to laugh.

'Don't I speak their language well?' he said in English. 'We'll go to Peshawar and join that caravan, and go to Kabul. Then after we've crossed Afghanistan, we'll head for the border with Kafiristan. Toys for the Amir, indeed!' He laughed more loudly. 'Put your hand under those camel-bags. What can you feel?'

I put my hand under the camel-bags. To my surprise, I felt the handle of a gun. It was a Martini rifle[4], the best kind of rifle in the world. Then I felt another rifle, and another.

[1] *Kabul*: the capital of Afghanistan

[2] *Amir*: title of the ruler of Afghanistan in the past

[3] *Peshawar*: a city in Pakistan

[4] *Martini rifle*: a make of rifle first used by the British Army in 1871

'We've got twenty rifles with us, and ammunition as well. They're under the toys,' said Dravot.

'Be careful,' I said. 'If anyone finds those guns, they'll kill you.'

'Don't worry,' said Dravot. 'Who would touch a poor mad priest? Goodbye.' He leaned down, and shook hands with me, and Carnehan did the same.

I watched the two camels for a long time, getting smaller and smaller in the distance. I was worried about the men. How could they think such a crazy plan would succeed?

Ten days later, I had a letter from a friend of mine in Peshawar. He wrote that he had met a mad priest and his servant, who had joined a caravan going to Kabul. The priest had told my friend he was going to sell toys to the Amir. My friend thought the priest was very funny.

So I knew the two men had entered Afghanistan safely. But what would happen to them in Kafiristan? I was sure they would find only death there. Death, certain and awful death.

~

Three years passed . . .

One night I was working late again in the newspaper office. It was very hot. I had just finished my work and was getting ready to go home. Suddenly a strange creature crept into the room. It was a man, dressed in rags. His body was bent like a cripple, and he moved one foot slowly over the other. He came towards me, calling out my name.

'Can you give me something to drink?' he said, groaning with pain.

I turned up the lamp so I could see him better.

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'Don't you know me?' he said, dropping down into a chair, and turning his face to the light. He had a lot of grey, untidy hair. There was something familiar about his face, but I could not remember him.

'I don't know you,' I said, handing him a glass of water. Who are you?'

He drank the water. Although it was a hot night, he shivered.

'I've come back from Kafiristan,' he said. 'Don't you remember me? I came to your office with Dan Dravot. We sat here and you showed us your books and maps. I'm Peachey Carnehan!'

I was very surprised. Was this poor cripple really Carnehan? I looked at him again. Then I saw that he had the same thick eyebrows as Carnehan.

'It's true,' said Carnehan. 'We were Kings, with crowns on our heads – me and Dan Dravot – poor Dan, oh poor, poor Dan. He didn't take my advice, although I begged him to listen to me.'

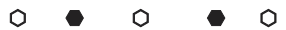
'Drink the water,' I said. 'Tell me everything, from beginning to end. You got across the border from India into Afghanistan. Dan was dressed as a mad priest, and you were his servant."

'Yes,' said Carnehan, 'Keep looking at me, or I'll forget everything.'

I leaned forward and looked into his face. He dropped one hand upon the table, and I took hold of it. It was terribly twisted like a bird's claw. There was a red scar on the back, shaped like a diamond.

'Don't look at that,' said Carnehan. 'Look into my eyes.'

Then he told me his story.



Part II. Peachey Carnehan's story

'We joined a caravan and entered Afghanistan,' Carnehan began. 'Then we left the caravan and crossed the border into Kafiristan. But our camels couldn't go up and down the mountains. So we killed the camels and ate them. Then we met four men with mules. They attacked us, but we fought them and took their mules. We loaded the mules with the boxes of rifles, then we continued our journey.'

'What was Kafiristan like?' I asked.

'It was a very difficult country, because there were so many mountains. The roads were narrow and dangerous, and it was extremely cold. We journeyed along for ten days, then we came to a big valley. We had nothing to eat, so we killed the mules and ate them.

'Suddenly ten men with bows and arrows ran down into the valley, chasing twenty other men with bows and arrows.

"'Look, Peachey," said Dan, "Here's our chance to start the business of being kings. Let's help the ten men fight the twenty men."

'He unpacked the guns and fired at one of the twenty men. The man fell dead, and the others ran away. Dan and I fired more bullets, and more of the men fell dead. Then Dan went up to the ten men, and fired another shot into the air above their heads. They all fell down flat on the ground.

'Dan made the men get up, then he shook hands with them in a friendly way. He made them carry our boxes of guns across the valley and up the hill to their village. When we got to the village, he opened his mouth and pointed down it. First one man, and then another man, brought him food. But he refused to eat it. At last, the oldest and most important man in the village offered him food. Then he accepted it.

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That was how we came to our first village.'

I gave Carnehan some more water. 'What happened next?' I asked.

'We stayed in that village for some time,' continued Carnehan. 'One day, some men from another village came to attack the village, and Dan and I shot them with our guns. They ran away, and we chased them back to their village. Everybody was afraid of us. But Dan made the people in the two villages become friends, and start farming together. We began to learn the local language. Then we chose twenty strong men and showed them how to use rifles. They were very happy when we did this. We called these twenty men our Army.

'We took the Army and found another valley, all snow and ice and very mountainous. We came to another village, and made friends with the priest there. Dan left me and two men from the Army in that village, and went away to find more villages. So I trained the men in the village, and showed them how to use guns.

'A few days later, a big Chief came across the mountains to the village. This Chief had heard that there was a new chief in the area, and he wanted to find out what was going on. When I saw the Chief and his men approaching, I sent a man to him with a message. The message was, "If you don't want to be killed, you must come and shake hands with me, and don't bring any weapons." So the Chief came alone, and we shook hands.

'Then I said to the Chief, "Do you have an enemy you hate?" "Yes," he said. So I showed the Chief and his men how to use guns. After two weeks, I went with the Chief and his men to his enemy's village. We rushed into the village, firing our guns, and we captured it quickly. Then I sent a

message to Dan, asking him to come back because everything was getting too big for me to look after by myself.

'The Chief and I were good friends now. I don't know what his real name was, but I called him Billy Fish, because he looked like a soldier I had once known in India.'

'So did Dan come back?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Carnehan. 'One morning, two months later, I heard the sound of drums and horns. I looked out, and saw Dan Dravot marching down the hill with an army of hundreds of men – and a big gold crown on his head!

"'Hello, Peachey," said Dan excitedly. "This is an amazing business. We've got control of this whole country. These people think I am a god, and that you're my younger brother, and that you're a god too! I've been marching and fighting for six weeks with the Army, and we've taken control of all the villages for fifty miles!" He stopped, then went on, "We found a place where gold lies deep in the rock, and precious stones too. I've never seen such beautiful jewels. So I told them to make a gold crown for me, and another one for you.'"

'He opened his bag and took out a gold crown. He gave it to me and I put it on my head. It was heavy, and not very comfortable, but I wore it anyway.

'That night we held a big meeting on the hillside. Dan made a speech to all the people. He said that he and I were gods, who had come to make Kafiristan into a peaceful country, where everyone could live safely. There would be no more fighting, and killing. After the speech, Billy Fish and all the other Chiefs came round and shook our hands. They were very happy with Dan, their new King.

'The Chiefs told us that sometimes men came from other countries to attack them. "Don't worry," said Dan. "Next time they come, you'll fight them. Bring men from your

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We built bridges made of rope across the ravines.

villages to this valley, and my brother and I will train them to be soldiers. "You're my people now, and I'll make you into a strong nation"'

'We did a lot of things over the next six months. I taught the people about farming, and I continued training men for the Army. I showed them how to use guns, and I went out with them to the villages. **We built bridges made of rope across the ravines.** The people were afraid of me and the Army, but they loved Dan. Sometimes there were quarrels between the villagers about land or other things. Dan listened carefully to the complaints, then he decided who was right and who was wrong, like a judge.

'Dan was very good friends with the priests and the Chiefs. He often asked Billy Fish and the other chiefs for advice. He called them his Council. The Council decided when we had to send the Army into villages to fight.

'A few months later, Dan and the Council ordered me to take soldiers, and go to the Ghorbrand country[5] to buy more guns. We carried precious stones with us. In the Ghorband country I exchanged the jewels for more Martini rifles, and ammunition. After a month, I came back and gave the rifles and ammunition to the Army, and I trained more men. Now the Army was very large and strong.

'My job was with the Army, but Dan was only interested in being a King. He had great plans for the future. "I won't make a nation," he said, "I'll make an Empire! I can make an Army of two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men. We'll capture other countries too. We'll be Emperors, Peachey – Emperors of the Earth!"

[5] *Ghorband country*: area of Afghanistan, in the southern part of the Hindu Kush mountains

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'But time was passing. Now it was autumn, and every day, winter was getting closer.

"'Dan," I said, "We have to stop work for a few months. No more men are coming to be trained. Winter is coming. Look at those clouds. They're bringing the snow. When the snow is here, we won't be able to move around easily. You're a King, and you have a strong Army now. We've done many good things here, but let's stop and have a rest."

'Dan put his hand on my shoulder.

"'I'm not blaming you, Peachey," he said. "I know that no other man would have followed me here. You are an excellent Commander. But it's a big country, Peachey, and maybe your advice isn't always the best advice. Maybe I need other people to advise me now."

'I felt hurt and angry. I had done everything that Dan had told me. I had trained all the men in the Army. But now he thought he knew better than I did.

"'All right," I said. "Don't listen to me. Go to your priests and take their advice instead!"

"'Let's not quarrel, Peachey," said Dan. "And there's something else. You're right. Winter is coming and there will be lots of snow. So if we can't travel around and we have to stay here, I want a wife."

"'No, Dan!" I said. "That's a very bad idea. Remember the trouble that women have brought us in the past. Please don't do it, Dan!"

'But Dan did not want to listen to me.

"I'm going to do it," he said. "And you can't stop me, Peachey." He walked away through the trees. The sun shone on his crown, and beard. He looked as if he was on fire.

'But getting a wife was not as easy as Dan thought. He asked Billy Fish and the Chiefs to help him, but they did not

want to give him any advice. But Dan told the Chiefs that they had to find a queen for him.

"'I've done many things for you," he said to the Chiefs. "Now do something for me. Find a girl for me to marry tomorrow." He walked angrily out of the Council room.

'Billy Fish and the other Chiefs said nothing.

"'What's the problem with this marriage?" I asked Billy Fish.

"'Well, you're gods," replied Billy Fish. "And ordinary girls can't marry gods. They believe that if they marry a god, they'll die."

'That night we heard the sound of horns blowing from the temple down the hillside. There was another sound too. It was the sound of a girl crying. It was terrible to listen to her.

'I got up very early next morning while Dan was still asleep. It was very cold and there was snow on the ground. I saw the priests talking together in whispers, and the Chiefs were talking too. They looked at me out of the corners of their eyes. I felt very uncomfortable.

"'What's going on?" I asked Billy Fish.

"'I don't know exactly," he said. "But please persuade the King to give up this idea of marriage. It will be better for him, and better for us."

"'You know he won't change his mind," I said. "But Billy, I'm going to tell you something. The King and I aren't gods. We're only men, like you, nothing more."

"'Don't tell the people that you aren't gods," said Billy. "Listen, whatever happens today, I'll stay with you. I have twenty men from Bashai, my village, and they'll follow me. If there's any trouble, we'll go to Bashai."

'The ground was white with snow, and big clouds blew down from the north. Dan came out with his crown on his

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head, swinging his arms. He was very pleased that he was getting married.

"'Please, Dan, stop this," I whispered to him. "Billy Fish says there is going to be trouble."

"'Don't be silly, Peachey," replied Dan. "Where's the girl? Call the Chiefs and priests. Tell them to bring my queen to me!"

'The priests went to fetch the girl, and the horns started blowing loudly. Billy Fish and his twenty men stood close behind Dan to protect him. I stood next to him, with some soldiers from the Army. The priests came back with the girl. She was covered with silver and beautiful jewels. But her face was as white as death. Crowds of people were standing, staring at Dan and the girl. The silence was terrible.

"'Come here, girl," said Dan, kindly. "Don't be afraid." He put his arm around her. The girl shut her eyes and put her face in Dan's big red beard. A few seconds later, he gave a sharp cry of pain.

"'She's bitten me!" he said, putting his hand to his neck. I saw that it was covered with blood.

'Immediately, the priests started to shout.

"He's bleeding! He's not a god, he's only a man! He's not a god, only a man!"

'At once Billy Fish took hold of Dan, and dragged him into the group of men from Bashai. "Come away!" he said. "Run! Everything is finished."

'I gave an order to the soldiers, but they did not obey me. The crowds were shouting loudly, "He's not a god, he's only a man! Not a god, only a man!" They started to move towards us.

"We can't stay here!" said Billy Fish. "The whole place is against us." We ran down the valley, taking Dan with us. He



"'Come here, girl," said Dan, kindly. "Don't be afraid."

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was shouting wildly that he was a King. The priests rolled big stones down on us, and the soldiers fired at us. By the time we got to the bottom of the valley, only six of Billy Fish's twenty men were left alive, as well as Dan, Billy Fish and me.

'Then the soldiers stopped firing, and the horns in the temple started blowing again.

"'The priests will send runners with messages to all the villages," said Billy Fish. "They'll tell all the people that you aren't gods. I can't protect you here. We have to try and get to Bashai."

"'Come on, Dan," I said. But when I looked at Dan, I saw madness in his eyes. He started to blame me.

"'It's your fault," he said to me. "You lost control of your Army. Why didn't you look after them better?" He began to call me bad names.

"'We can't escape," said Billy Fish. "I'm sure the priests have sent messages to all the villages. I'm a dead man." He threw himself on the ground and began to pray.

'We walked all that day and all that night towards Bashai. It was a terrible journey. The country was cruel and mountainous. We had nothing to eat, and we were very hungry. At noon the next day, we came to a mountain covered with snow, with a flat top. But when we climbed up to the top, we found many soldiers from the Army waiting for us. There was no way out.

"'We're finished," said Billy Fish.

'Three or four soldiers fired at us, and one of the bullets hit Dan in the leg. He looked across the snow at the Army. They were carrying the Martini rifles that we had given them. I looked at Dan. I saw that his madness had disappeared, and that he was my old friend again.

"'This is all my fault," he said. "Billy Fish, take your men

away. You've done what you could. You go with them, Peachey," he said. "I'll go and meet these people alone. It's my fault. Me, the King!"

"'No, Dan," I said. "I'm staying with you. Billy Fish, you go."

"'No," said Billy Fish, quietly. "I'm a Chief. I'll stay with you too. My men can go."

'Billy Fish's six men ran away. Dan and Billy Fish and I walked across to the Army. They started blowing their horns and playing their drums. It was terribly cold. I still feel that cold.'

It was hot in the office, and sweat was pouring down my face. But Carnehan was shivering with cold. I was afraid that he was going mad. I took his hands.

'What happened after that?' I asked quietly.

'First, they killed Billy Fish,' said Carnehan. 'They cut his throat, so the snow became all bloody. Then they marched Dan across the snow to a ravine. There was a bridge of rope across this ravine. Dan turned to me and said, "Peachey, I got you into this. Before I die, please say you forgive me." I was crying and crying. "Of course I forgive you, Dan," I said. "Shake hands, Peachey," he said. "I'm going now." Then he walked out onto the bridge. When he reached the middle, he shouted, "Cut the ropes!" and the men cut the ropes. Dan fell down and down, all the way to the bottom of the ravine. I looked down and saw his body far below on a rock, with his gold crown lying beside it.

'And do you know what they did to me? They took me to some trees, and nailed me to the trees with wooden nails through my hands and feet. The next morning they were very surprised because I wasn't dead. So they took me to a temple and gave me some food. They turned me out on the snow

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and told me to go home. It took me about a year to get back to India. I begged for food along the road.'

'But that journey is very dangerous,' I said. 'How did you survive?'

'I was safe all the time,' said Carnehan. 'Dan came with me every step of the way, and looked after me.'

'But Dan was dead,' I said.

'Listen,' said Peachey. 'When the priests took me into the temple, they gave me a present. You remember Dan, don't you? Well, look at this.'

Carnehan took out a black bag made of horsehair. He shook the bag, and onto my table fell a terrible object. It was Dan Dravot's head! It was dried up, and the eyes were blind and sunken, but I could still recognize him. The pale morning sun struck his beard and made it pale red.

Then Carnehan took out something else too. I saw a heavy circle of gold with bright jewels. He placed it gently on the terrible dried up head.

'Look!' he cried. 'The King of Kafiristan with his crown!'

I stared at the head and shivered. Then Carnehan put the head and crown back in the bag.

'I have to leave now,' he said. 'Can you give me a little money? I'll go to the hospital until I'm well again.'

I never saw Carnehan again. A few days later, I met the doctor who was in charge of the hospital. He told me that Carnehan had entered the hospital but had died the next day.

'Did he have anything with him when he died?' I asked.

'No,' said the doctor.

I never found out what happened to the head of the King of Kafiristan, or his gold crown.

While Reading Activities



Any writing tasks need to be done in your exercise book Please do not mark or answer the questions here. These books will be given to other students next year.

1- Put these events in the order in which they happen in the story.

a. Dan insists on getting a wife. ☐

b. Peachey goes to hospital. ☐

c. Dan and Peachey meet the newspaper editor and ask him for help. 1

d. Dan and Peachey train the people in the villages to be soldiers. ☐

e. The girl bites Dan in the neck. ☐

f. Dan and Peachey arrive in Kafiristan through Afghanistan. ☐

g. The priests give Dan's head to Peachey. ☐

h. Dan becomes a king. ☐

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2. Who in the story speaks these words?
Who or what are they talking about?

   a. 'He's bleeding! He's not a god, he's only a man!'

   b. 'But God protects mad people.'

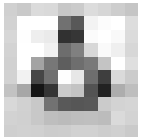
   c. 'Could two madmen make a contract like this?'

   d. 'That's a crazy plan. You'll be killed before you can get to Kafiristan."

   e. 'I won't make a nation; I'll make an Empire!'

   f. 'Please persuade the King to give up this idea of marriage. It will be better for him, and better for us.'

After Reading Activities



1. In groups, discuss what might have happened to Dan's head and the gold crown at the end of the story.
For example, Could it have been stolen, hidden or sold to a museum? Discuss these and other ideas.

2. Imagine that the newspaper editor has written a short article in a newspaper about the events in the story. Read the following summary of his article and fill in each blank with the most suitable verb from the box. Put each verb into the past tense.

		return		come		survive		
show			kill		tell			
		plan		find		go		

Daily Times

One night, three years ago, I was in my office when two men (1)_____ to me. They (2)_____ me a very strange contract. They (3)_____ to go to Kafiristan and become kings there. Last night, one of them (4)_____ to India and (5)_____ me the whole story. He said that at first, everything (6)_____ well for them in Kafiristan, but then the priests (7)_____ out that they were just two ordinary men, not gods. They (8)_____ one of them, but the other one (9)_____. It was really a sad story!

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Wordlist

ammunition (n) material fired from a weapon such as a gun

arrow (n) thin straight weapon with a sharp point, shot from a bow

blame (v) say that a situation is the fault of a particular person

border (n) official line that separates two countries

bow (n) long thin piece of wood, held in a curve by a tight string and used for shooting arrows

bullet (n) small piece of metal fired from a gun

capture (v) take control of something such as another country

caravan (n) group of people with animals travelling together for safety, especially across a desert or dangerous country

charm (n) small object believed to have special magic powers

choke (v) be unable to breathe properly because something is blocking your throat, or you cannot get enough air

claw (n) sharp, curved nail on the foot of an animal or bird

Commander (n) officer in charge of a group of soldiers

cripple (n) someone who cannot walk properly because their legs have been damaged

defeat (v) win a victory over someone

disappear (v) if something disappears, you can no longer see it

disguise (n) if you are in disguise, you change your appearance so that people cannot recognise you

ditch (n) long narrow hole dug at the side of a road for holding water

drum (n) musical instrument of a round shape which you hit with your hand or a stick to make a loud noise

editor (n) person in charge of a newspaper or magazine

Emperor (n) ruler of an Empire

Empire (n) group of countries all controlled by one ruler or government

familiar (adj) well-known to you

glacier (n) large river of ice which moves slowly down a mountain

groan (v) make a long, deep sound because you are in pain or upset

horn (n) musical instrument in the shape of a long thin tube that you blow

mule (n) animal that is half donkey, half horse

persuade (v) try and make someone decide to do something

precious stone (n) valuable jewel such as a diamond

priest (n) religious man

rags (n) if you are dressed in rags, you are wearing clothes that are old and torn

ravine (n) deep narrow valley with steep sides

rifle (n) long gun which you hold up to your shoulder to shoot

scar (n) mark that is left on your skin after you have been cut or injured

scruffy (adj) dirty and untidy

shiver (v) shake because you are cold, frightened or excited

sweat (n) drops of liquid that come out through your skin when you are hot

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temple (n)	building where people of some religions go to worship, e.g. Buddhists or Hindus
throat (n)	front part of your neck
tribe (n)	group of people of the same race who have the same language and traditions
weapon (n)	object that you use to fight or attack someone with



Story 2 - Necklace_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:50 AM Page 1

2

The Necklace

by Guy de Maupassant
(1850 - 1893)

Story 2 - Necklace_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:50 AM Page 2

Before Reading Activities



1. Think about the following questions and discuss them with your group:

   a. Have you ever borrowed anything from a friend ?
   b. What did you borrow?
   c. Why did you borrow it?

2. Look at the picture on page 47 and answer the following questions:

   a. Where do you think this scene is taking place?
   b. What is happening?
   c. What do you think the two women are saying?

There are other activities (While Reading and After Reading) at the end of the story. Also included is a Wordlist to help you with new/difficult words. And don't forget the story report right at the end of this book. But now ... onto ***The Necklace.***

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The Necklace

by Guy de Maupassant (1850 - 1893)

Part I. An exciting invitation

Mathilde Loisel was pretty and charming, but her family had very little money. They were hard-working people who came from a poor area in Paris. Mathilde had no opportunity to meet a rich man with a high position in society. So she married a clerk who worked in a government office in one of the ministries in France.

Mathilde was very unhappy. Her husband did not earn much money, so their house was small and poor. The walls looked shabby, the chairs were worn and the curtains were ugly. They had one servant – a girl who came from a family even poorer than Mathilde's. But this girl was common and uneducated, and this made Mathilde even more unhappy.

Mathilde loved fine clothes and jewels. She wanted to be attractive and charming, and to be invited to elegant parties and important dinners. She imagined living in a fine house with lots of servants. She imagined rooms full of beautiful furniture and carpets, and decorated with fine ornaments.

When Mathilde sat down to dinner with her husband, she imagined delicious meals with shining silver cutlery, served in a dining room with splendid paintings on the wall. While she ate her plain soup, she imagined eating delicious fish or

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chicken, while listening to the conversation of her guests.

Mathilde had one rich friend, Madame Forestier, a girl whom she had known at school. Madame Forestier had everything that Mathilde wanted. But Mathilde stopped visiting her, because Madame Forestier's life was so different from her own, and this made Mathilde sad. She cried for days with grief, regret and despair.

Mathilde's husband tried his best to find ways to please her. One day he came home, holding a large envelope in his hand. He looked very pleased.

'Here's something for you,' he said in an excited voice.

Mathilde opened the envelope quickly and took out a card.



Mathilde's husband had thought that she would be pleased with the invitation. But she threw it angrily across the table.

'What do you expect me to do with this?' she asked.

'But, my dear, I thought you would be happy,' he said in surprise. 'You never go out, and this party is a very special occasion. It was very difficult for me to get an invitation. They don't usually give invitations to clerks. A lot of important people will be there.'

Mathilde looked at him angrily. 'And what am I going to wear?' she asked.

Her husband had not thought about that.

'What about the dress you wear when we go to the theatre? It looks very nice.'

He stopped because Mathilde had begun to cry. Two tears ran slowly down from the corners of her eyes towards her mouth.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'Nothing,' she sobbed, wiping her wet cheeks. 'But I can't go to this party without a nice dress. Give your invitation to some friend of yours whose wife has better clothes than me.'

Her husband was heart-broken.

'How much would a suitable dress cost, which you could wear for other occasions as well? Something very simple?'

Mathilde thought about it carefully. She did not want to ask her husband for too much money, in case he refused. At last she said,

'I don't know exactly, but I think I could get a dress made for four hundred francs[1].'

Her husband's face turned pale. Four hundred francs was a

[1] *franc*: currency used in France before the euro

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lot of money. He had been saving it to buy a gun for a shooting holiday in the summer. But he only said, 'All right. I'll give you four hundred francs. But try and get a really nice dress.'

It was almost the day of the party. Mathilde's dress was ready, but she still seemed sad and anxious.

'What's the matter, Mathilde?' asked her husband.

'I haven't got any jewellery,' she replied. 'I can't go to the party without jewellery. I would rather stay at home.'

'Why don't you wear flowers?' suggested her husband. 'Fresh flowers look very nice. You can get two or three lovely roses for only ten francs.'

'No,' said Mathilde. 'All the other women will have beautiful jewels. I don't want to look poor among all those rich women. It will be embarrassing.'

'Well,' said her husband. 'Why don't you go and see your friend, Madame Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewellery?'

'That's an excellent idea,' said Mathilde, happily.

Next day she went to see Madame Forestier, and asked if she could borrow some jewellery for the Ministry party.

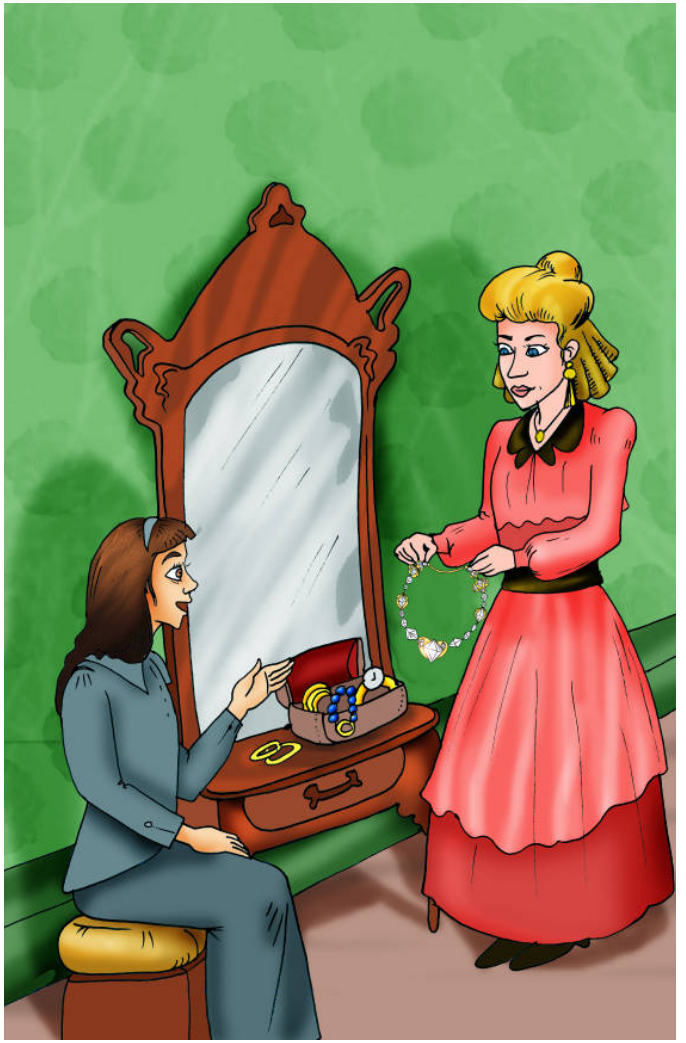
'Of course,' said Madame Forestier. She went to her dressing-table and took out a large box.

'Choose what you like, my dear,' she said.

Mathilde saw beautiful bracelets and necklaces made of gold, pearls and other precious stones. She sat in front of the mirror, trying everything. **Then Madame Forestier showed her a gorgeous diamond necklace.** When Mathilde put it on and saw how beautiful she looked, she was very happy.

'Can you lend me this diamond necklace, please?' she asked.

'Yes, of course,' said Madame Forestier.



Then Madame Forestier showed her a gorgeous diamond necklace.

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Mathilde gave her friend a hug, and went away with the diamond necklace. The evening of the party arrived. Mathilde had great success. She was the prettiest woman at the party – elegant, graceful and smiling. Everyone looked at her. Many important people asked her name, and if they could be introduced to her. She danced all evening in a cloud of happiness.

Mathilde left the party about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been ready to go since midnight. He came and threw her coat over her shoulders. It was old and shabby, not like the expensive furs of the other women. Mathilde wanted to leave quickly, so that the other women would not notice her old coat.

'Wait inside,' said her husband. 'You'll catch a cold if you come outside. I'll go and find a cab for us.'

But Mathilde did not listen. She ran quickly down the staircase. However, when the Loisels were out in the street, they could not find a cab. They walked a long way towards the River Seine, shivering with cold. At last they found a cab which took them back to their apartment.

Mathilde walked sadly up the stairs. For her, it was the end of a wonderful evening. But her husband was thinking only that he had to be at the office at ten o'clock the next morning.

Mathilde took off her coat and looked in the mirror. Then she cried out with shock. The diamond necklace was no longer around her neck!

'What's the matter?' asked her husband. He had already started to get ready for bed.

Mathilde turned towards him with a terrible expression on her face.

'I . . . I . . . I've lost Madame Forestier's necklace . . . !'

He stared at her in astonishment.

'What! . . . That's impossible!'

They searched in the folds of Mathilde's party dress, her coat, in the pockets, everywhere. But they could not find the necklace.

'Are you sure that you still had it when you left the party?' asked her husband.

'Yes. I remember touching it in the hall.'

'But if you had lost it in the street, we would have heard it fall,' he said.

'Yes, probably. Perhaps it fell off my neck in the cab. Did you take the cab's number?' she asked.

'No,' he said.

They stared at each other in shock. At last her husband put his coat on again.

'I'll have to go back,' he said. 'I'll go over all the streets where we walked, and look for it.'

Her husband went out. Mathilde remained sitting in her party dress. She had no energy to get into bed. At about seven in the morning, her husband returned. He had not found the necklace.

Later that day, he went to the police station, and the newspapers, and the cab companies. He offered a reward to anyone who found the necklace.

That night, when he came home, he looked pale and worried.

'You must write to Madame Forestier,' he said to Mathilde. 'Tell her that you've broken the clasp of the necklace, and you are getting it repaired. That will give us more time to find it.'

So Mathilde wrote a letter to her friend.

By the end of the week, Mathilde and her husband had lost all hope of finding the necklace. Her husband looked five years older.

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'We'll have to replace the necklace,' he said.

Next day they took the box which had held the necklace, and went round all the jewellers' shops in Paris, searching for a diamond necklace similar to Madame Forestier's necklace. At last they found a necklace in a shop in the Palais-Royal[2]. It cost forty thousand francs, but the jeweller said he would sell it to them for thirty-six thousand.

Mathilde's husband had a little money which his father left him when he died. It was very difficult, but he managed to borrow the rest of the money - a thousand francs from one man, five hundred from another. He made deals with money-lenders. He knew he would have to spend many years working to pay back these debts, and he felt black despair. But finally he had enough money to buy the new necklace. He went back to the jeweller's, and gave him the thirty-six thousand francs.

Mathilde put the new necklace in the box, and took it to Madame Forestier.

'You should have brought it back before,' Madame Forestier said coldly. 'I might have needed it.'

She did not open the box, and Mathilde was glad. If Madame Forestier had noticed that the diamond necklace inside was a different necklace, perhaps she would have thought that Mathilde was a thief.

○ ● ○ ● ○

[2] *Palais-Royal* : expensive shopping area in Paris

Part II. A different life

The Loisels sent their servant away. They moved from their small house to a tiny garret under a roof. It was at the top of many flights of stairs, and was very dark and cold.

Mathilde learned what heavy housework was like, and kitchenwork. She washed plates and pans, damaging her beautiful hands and breaking her pink nails. She washed dirty linen, shirts and cloths, and hung them out to dry on a string. Every morning she took the garbage down many flights of stairs to the street, and carried up the heavy water in a bucket. She had to stop on each stair to get her breath.

She went out to buy food from the fruit seller, the grocer, and the butcher. She dressed in old clothes and carried a basket on her arm. She fought with the shopkeepers, so that they would not cheat her even by the smallest amount.

Her husband took on extra work, and in the evenings he wrote out the accounts for local businesses. For every page he wrote, he got a very small amount of money.

This life lasted ten years. The Loisels worked hard all the time. They had no free time or holidays or days off. They never bought anything new, and they had only the plainest food to eat. They had no friends. Nobody came to see them, and they did not visit anyone.

Every month, they paid back some of the money they had borrowed, little by little. It took a long time, but after ten years, everything was finally paid back.

Mathilde looked old now. She had lost her beauty, and become strong and hard like other very poor women. Her hair was untidy, her clothes were old and shabby, and her hands were rough and red. She spoke in a loud shrill voice, and she was clumsy. When she scrubbed the floors, the water

Story 2 - Necklace_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:50 AM Page 14

slopped out of the bucket all over the floor.

But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat in a chair and thought of that evening long ago. She thought of the Ministry party when she was beautiful and everyone had admired her.

'What would have happened if I had not lost that necklace?' she thought.

One Sunday, Mathilde went for a walk along the Champs-Élysées[3]. She had worked hard all week, and she needed a rest. **Suddenly, she saw a woman with a little girl coming towards her.** It was Madame Forestier, taking her daughter for a walk. Madame Forestier was still young and beautiful.

Mathilde had not seen her friend since the day when she took the necklace back. She did not know what to do. But finally she decided that she would speak to Madame Forestier. She went up to her.

'Good morning,' she said.

But Mathilde looked so different that Madame Forestier did not recognize her. She was very surprised that this shabby old woman was speaking to her, and knew her name.

'I'm sorry, but I don't know you,' she said. 'You must be making a mistake.'

'No . . . I am Mathilde Loisel. Don't you remember me?'

'Mathilde!' cried Madame Forestier. 'Is it really you? But what has happened to you? How you've changed!'

'Yes,' said Mathilde. 'I've had some very hard times since I saw you last, and it's all because of you!'

'Because of me?' said Madame Forestier in astonishment.

[3] *Champs-Élysées* : one of the most famous streets in Paris



Suddenly, she saw a woman with a little girl coming towards her.

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'Yes,' said Mathilde.

'Do you remember the diamond necklace you lent me for the Ministry party?'

'Yes. What about it?' asked Madame Forestier.

'Well, I lost it.'

'What are you talking about, Mathilde?' said Madame Forestier in surprise. You gave the necklace back to me.'

'No, I bought another necklace just like it and gave it to you. And for the last ten years we've been paying for it. It wasn't easy for us; we had no money . . . . But it's paid for at last, and I'm very glad.'

Madame Forestier stopped walking. She looked very shocked.

'You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace my necklace?'

'Yes. And you didn't notice. The two necklaces were very similar.'

Madame Forestier took Mathilde's hands. There was an expression of great sadness in her eyes.

'Oh, my poor Mathilde! But the diamonds in that necklace weren't real. They were imitation diamonds. That necklace was only worth about five hundred francs.'

While Reading Activities

Any writing tasks need to be done in your exercise book Please do not mark or answer the questions here. These books will be given to other students next year.

1. Are these sentences True, False or is there no information given? If the sentence is False, rewrite it with the correct information in your exercise book.

a. Mathilde was very happy with her life.

b. Madame Forestier was a rich friend of Mathilde's.

c. Mathilde's husband bought her an old dress for the party.

d. Madame Forestier lent Mathilde a beautiful necklace.

e. The party started at 8.00 in the evening.

f. Nobody took any notice of Mathilde at the party.

g. Mathilde and her husband borrowed another necklace.

h. The Loisels lived a very difficult life for 10 years.

Story 2 - Necklace_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:50 AM Page 18

2. Answer these questions in your exercise book.

a. What was Mathilde's husband's job?

b. Why did Mathilde stop visiting Madame Forestier?

c. Why was Mathilde not happy at first with the party invitation?

d. Who suggested borrowing the necklace from Madame Forestier?

e. How did Mathilde and her husband get home from the party?

f. How much did they pay for the new necklace?

g. What did Mathilde's husband do in the evenings to get more money?



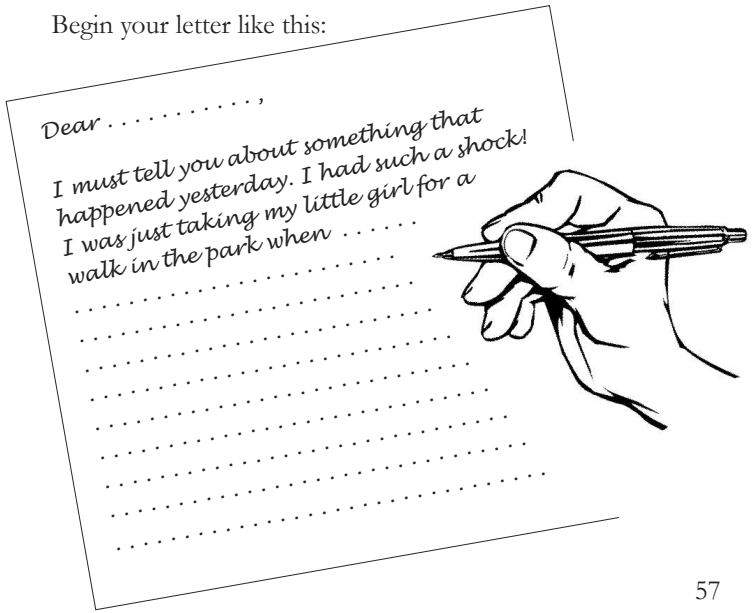
After Reading Activities

1. Imagine that it is six months after the story ends. What do you think has happened to Mathilde and her husband?

2. You are Madame Forestier. Write a letter to a friend, describing how you met Mathilde in the park. Include information about:

- What Mathilde looked like
- What she said
- How you felt
- What you are going to do now

Begin your letter like this:



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Wordlist

accounts (n) records of the money that a company has received and spent
admire (v) think that someone or something is beautiful or impressive
anxious (adj) very worried
astonishment (n) great surprise
bucket (n) container with a handle for carrying liquid
cab (n) carriage pulled by horses, used like a taxi in the past
charming (adj) attractive and pleasing
cheat (v) take money from someone by behaving in a way that is not honest
cheek (n) soft round part of your face below each eye
clasp (n) small metal part that you fasten something with
clerk (n) someone who keeps records or accounts in an office
clumsy (adj) awkward in movement and tending to break things
Colonel (n) officer with an important position in the army
common (adj) from a low social class
cutlery (n) knives, forks and spoons
debt (n) money that you owe someone
despair (v) feeling that you have no hope at all
elegant (adj) beautiful and graceful
embarrassing (adj) making you feel ashamed and uncomfortable
energy (n) strength that makes you able to do things

fold (n) piece of cloth that hangs down in a loose way
furs (n) expensive coats made of animal skins and hair
garbage (n) food or kitchen waste that is thrown out
garret (n) small uncomfortable room at the top of a house
gorgeous (adj) extremely beautiful or attractive
graceful (adj moving in a smooth and pleasing way
grief (n) feeling of terrible sadness
heart-broken (adj) extremely sad
imitation (n) copy of something else
linen (n) tablecloths, sheets and other bedding
occasion (n) special event
ornament (n) small beautiful object
plain (adj) ordinary
precious stone (n) valuable jewel such as a diamond
recognise (v) know someone because you have seen them before
regret (n) sadness that you feel about something
scrub (v) rub something hard to clean it
shabby (adj) looking old and in bad condition
slop (v) spill over the edge of a container
wipe (v) rub a surface in order to clean it
worn (adj) looking old and damaged because of too much use

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Story 3 - Experiment_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:55 AM Page 1

3

Dr Heidegger's Experiment

by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804 - 1864)

Story 3 - Experiment_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:55 AM Page 2

Before Reading Activities

1. Imagine your life in 20 years time. What do you hope to achieve between now and then? Discuss the ideas below with a partner. Think about other things you would like to do.

   (a) where you would like to live
   (b) the job you would like to do
   (c) the places you would like to visit
   (d) your personal ambitions (climb a mountain, discover a cure for cancer)

2. Look at the four people in the picture on page 69. Then look at the people in the picture on page 74. How are the two pictures connected? Think about the title of the story. Can you guess what has happened?

There are other activities (While Reading and After Reading) at the end of the story. Also included is a Wordlist to help you with new/difficult words. And don't forget the story report right at the end of this book.

But now ... onto *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.*

Story 3 - Experiment_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:55 AM Page 4

Dr Heidegger's Experiment

by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804 - 1864)

Part I. The Fountain of Youth

Dr Heidegger was a very unusual old man. The people in his small town told many interesting stories about him. His profession was a doctor, but he was also a scientist who did many strange experiments.

One afternoon, he invited four friends to come and visit him at his home.

Dr Heidegger's four friends were three very old gentlemen and one very old lady. The names of the three gentlemen were Mr Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew and Mr Gascoigne. The old lady was called Widow Wycherly. All four of them were sad old people, who were disappointed with their lives. Their lives had not turned out as well as they had hoped. Now their only pleasure was remembering the happy days of their youth.

When Mr Medbourne was young, he had been a rich businessman, but he had made a bad business deal and lost all his money. Colonel Killigrew had wasted most of his life on foolish pleasures. Now his health was very bad, and he could not walk well. Mr Gascoigne had been a politician, but not a very good one. He had been dishonest, and had told many lies.

Story 3 - Experiment_Layout 1 7/26/16 9:55 AM Page 6

Widow Wycherly had been very beautiful. But she was not popular with the other ladies in the town, and there had been a lot of gossip about her. After her husband died, she lived alone and did not go out very much. Now she had lost all her beauty.

At one time, when the three old men were very young, they had all been rivals for Widow Wycherly's love. One day, they had nearly killed each other in a fight about her. But that had happened many years ago. These days they were all good friends with each other.

'Welcome, my dear old friends,' said Dr Heidegger. 'How nice to see you all. Please come in. I've invited you here today because I need your help.'

Dr Heidegger led his four guests into his study. This study was a very strange room. It was dark and old, and had cobwebs all around it. There were bookcases against the wall, filled with important books. On one bookcase, there was a statue of the ancient Greek doctor, Hippocrates[1]. People said that sometimes, Dr Heidegger talked to Hippocrates when he had a difficult medical problem to solve.

In the darkest corner of Dr Heidegger's study, there was a cupboard with a human skeleton inside. There was a tall mirror between two of the bookcases. There were many stories about this mirror. People said that when Dr Heidegger looked into the mirror, he saw the faces of all his patients who had died.

On the opposite side of the room, there was a portrait of a beautiful young girl in a lovely dress. But there was a very sad story about this girl. Her name was Sylvia. Fifty years

[1] *Hippocrates* : a very important figure in the history of modern medicine, sometimes called the 'father of Western medicine'

ago, when Dr Heidegger was young, he had been in love with her and wanted to marry her. But the night before the wedding, Sylvia had felt unwell. Dr Heidegger had given her some medicine to drink, but after drinking it, she had died.

'Please sit down,' said Dr Heidegger to his guests.

The four old people sat down slowly. In the middle of the room, they saw a small round table. On top of the table there was a beautiful vase with water inside. There were four tall glasses around the vase.

'My dear old friends,' said Dr Heidegger, 'I have been working on an interesting new experiment. Will you please help me?'

In the past, Dr Heidegger had often asked his four old friends to help him with his experiments. So when they heard that he wanted them to help him again, they did not feel interested or excited.

'This experiment will be nothing new,' they thought.

Without waiting for a reply, Dr Heidegger walked slowly across the room to one of the bookcases, and took out a big black book. The four old people had seen this book before. Everybody said that it was a book of magic. It was bound with a silver clasp, and there was no title or letters on the cover.

Dr Heidegger undid the silver clasp, and opened the book. He took out an old rose from its pages. The rose was dry and brown, and looked as if it was going to crumble into dust.

'This rose,' said Dr Heidegger sadly, 'is over fifty years old. It was given to me by my dear Sylvia, whose portrait hangs on the wall over there. I was planning to wear it at our wedding. But, as you know, our wedding never took place.'

He sighed, then said, 'Do you think it's possible that this old rose can bloom again?'

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'Nonsense!' said Widow Wycherly. 'That rose is old and withered. Of course it can't bloom again. You might as well ask, "Can an old woman's face be young again?"'

'Well, look at this,' said Dr Heidegger.

He threw the dry old rose into the vase of water on the table. At first, nothing happened. The rose lay for a few moments on top of the water. But gradually, as it became wet, it began to sink. Suddenly, the old people saw that the rose was changing. **It began to turn a beautiful red colour.** Its stalk and leaves became green. Soon it was a fresh and beautiful rose again.

But Dr Heidegger's four old friends were not impressed. He had done better experiments for them before.

At last, Mr Medbourne asked in a bored kind of voice, 'Well, so how did you do that?'

'Have you ever heard of the Fountain of Youth?' asked Dr Heidegger.

'No,' said Widow Wycherly. 'What's the Fountain of Youth?'

'The water from the Fountain of Youth has a special power,' replied Dr Heidegger. 'It contains the secret of eternal youth. It can make something or someone that is old, become young again.'

'That's not possible,' said Mr Gascoigne, laughing. 'That fountain doesn't really exist. It's only a story.'

'Well,' replied Dr Heidegger. 'People have been looking for the fountain for centuries. The famous Spanish explorer, Ponce de León[2], was looking for it hundreds of years ago.'

'And did he ever find it?' asked Widow Wycherly.

[2] *Ponce de León* : a Spanish explorer (1474 – 1521) who led the first European expedition to Florida in 1513



It began to turn a beautiful red colour.

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'No, he didn't,' said Dr Heidegger. 'But he was looking in the wrong place. He had heard that the fountain was in Florida, in the US. So he started looking for it in the northern part of Florida. But it's in the southern part! A friend of mine found it recently, and sent me some water from it.

'See that vase on the table? It contains water from the Fountain of Youth. That's why the rose became fresh and beautiful again.'

Colonel Killigrew did not believe a word of Dr Heidegger's story, but he asked, 'And what effect would this wonderful water have on the human body?'

'You'll soon be able to find that out for yourselves,' said Dr Heidegger. 'I'd like all of you to drink this water. Drink as much as you want, my dear old friends, and be young again. I don't want to be young myself, so I'm not going to drink the water. I'm only going to watch and observe the experiment. I want to see what happens to you when you become young again.'

As he spoke, Dr Heidegger filled the four glasses on the table with the water from the Fountain of Youth. The clear water shone in the afternoon light, and little silver bubbles rose up to its surface. The old people did not believe that it had any magic powers, but they were happy to drink it. It was clear and sparkling with a pleasant smell. They raised their glasses and got ready to drink.

'Wait a moment,' said Dr Heidegger. 'Before you drink this water, think carefully. Remember all the mistakes you made when you were young. This time, don't repeat the same mistakes. Instead, learn from your mistakes, and use the experience you have gained to guide others. You'll be excellent role models for other young people around you.'

The four old people did not say anything, but they laughed

to themselves.

'What is this mad old doctor talking about?' they thought. 'We are experienced in life now. Of course we are not going to repeat our mistakes!'

'Please drink!' said Dr Heidegger. 'I'm glad I chose such excellent people for my experiment!'



Part II. 'We're young again!'

The four friends raised their glasses to their lips and drank the water from the Fountain of Youth. Their old hands were shaking with age, but at last they finished drinking and put their glasses down on the table.

Almost at once, there was a change in their appearance. A healthy pink colour started to appear on their grey cheeks. Their wrinkles started to disappear. It was as if the sun was suddenly shining on them. They looked at each other, and when they saw that their faces were changing and becoming younger, they were amazed. They all started shouting at Dr Heidegger.

'Give us some more of that wonderful water!' cried Mr Gascoigne.

'We're younger now, but we're still too old,' said Widow Wycherley.

'Give us some more water!' shouted Colonel Killigrew.

'Yes, give us more!' called Mr Medbourne.

'My dear old friends, don't be so impatient,' said Dr

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Heidegger. 'You've taken many years to grow old. Surely you can wait half an hour to grow young again. But please drink as much of the water as you want.'

He filled their glasses with more water from the Fountain of Youth. Even before he had finished pouring the water, the four old people snatched their glasses from him and drank the water as quickly as possible. As they were drinking, more changes started happening. Their eyes grew clear and bright, and their grey hair became darker. Now the four old people had disappeared. In their places were three attractive middle-aged gentlemen, and one attractive middle-aged lady.

Colonel Killigrew looked at Widow Wycherly.

'My dear widow, you look lovely!' he said.

Widow Wycherly did not believe Colonel Killigrew. She remembered from her past experience that he had often told her lies. So she ran to the mirror to look at herself.

'I hope I don't see an ugly old woman in the mirror,' she thought.

But to her surprise and delight, there was an attractive middle-aged woman looking back at her. She was very happy.

The three gentlemen were feeling excited, young and full of energy. Mr Gascoigne began thinking about political matters again, and talking about patriotism and national glory. He was still a politician. Colonel Killigrew started singing a loud song. Mr Medbourne was thinking about an idea for a new business deal.

Widow Wycherly continued to stand in front of the mirror. She put her face close to the glass, and examined it carefully. She looked at her hair, which was becoming darker and darker every minute. She felt young and attractive again.

'Now I can throw away the cap I wear to hide my white hair,' she thought.

At last she turned away and went back to the table, dancing a little dance.

'My dear old doctor,' she cried happily, 'please give me another glass of that wonderful water.'

'Of course,' replied the doctor. 'I've already filled the other glasses.' He poured her some more water.

It was now almost sunset. The room was dark, but the water from the Fountain of Youth shone like diamonds in the late afternoon light. Dr Heidegger sat in his chair, looking quietly at his friends.

The four friends drank their third glass of water. Now they were young again. They had forgotten all about being old. They remembered old age, and all its illnesses and problems, as a kind of bad dream. They felt as if they had been born for the second time.

'We're young again! We're young again!' they cried.

The four friends started laughing at the clothes which they had been wearing as old people. None of their old people's clothes fitted their bodies now. They got up and started dancing around the room.

Widow Wycherly was a beautiful young girl again. She danced up to Dr Heidegger in his chair. Her cheeks were pink and shining with excitement. She put out her hands to Dr Heidegger.

'Doctor, please get up and dance with me,' she said in a very charming way.

'I'm sorry, my dear,' replied Dr Heidegger. 'I can't dance with you. I'm old now and I have rheumatism. My dancing days are over. But please ask one of these young gentlemen. I'm sure they will be very happy to dance with a lovely girl like you.'

At once the three men started shouting loudly.

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Suddenly, the table was pushed over.

'Dance with me!' cried Colonel Killigrew.

'No, no, I'll be her partner!' shouted Mr Gascoigne.

'No, let me dance with her!' cried Mr Medbourne.

The three men all gathered round Widow Wycherly in a circle. They had become rivals again. Each man wanted to win the attention of the beautiful young girl. They looked at each other angrily. Then Colonel Killigrew gave Mr Medbourne a push. Mr Medbourne pushed the Colonel and he fell against Mr Gascoigne. Mr Gascoigne pushed the Colonel back.

'Gentlemen, stop this! Stop it immediately!' cried Dr Heidegger.

But the men did not listen. They were very angry with each other now. They continued pushing each other, then they began to fight. The fighting became more dangerous and violent. **Suddenly, the table was pushed over.** The vase with the water from the Fountain of Youth fell on the floor and broke into a thousand pieces. The precious water flowed in a bright stream across the floor.

At once, the young men stopped fighting. They stood still and shivered, for they felt a sudden coldness in their bodies. They looked at Dr Heidegger, sitting in his chair. He leaned down and picked up the rose which his dear Sylvia had given him fifty years ago. Then he waved his hand, and the three men and Widow Wycherly went and sat in their chairs. Suddenly, they all felt very tired.

'My poor rose,' said Dr Heidegger quietly, holding it up in the evening light. 'It seems to be dying again.'

As everybody looked at the rose, it withered and died. At last, it became as dry and brown as when Dr Heidegger had first shown it to them.

'This rose is old and dry again,' he said. 'But I still love it. It's just as dear to me as when it was fresh and beautiful.' He

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held it to his lips and kissed it gently.

Dr Heidegger's four old friends shivered again. A strange coldness was creeping over them. They looked at each other's faces. They did not want to believe what they saw.

'Are we becoming old again too?' they cried.

It was true. The effects of the water from the Fountain of Youth had only lasted for a short time. And now all the water had gone.

Widow Wycherly put her hands in front of her face to hide it. She felt very unhappy.

'Yes, my friends, you are all old again,' said Dr Heidegger, 'and the Water of Youth is lying all over the floor. Well, I'm not sorry about that. I never want to drink this water, even if its effects last for years. I've learned a valuable lesson from your behavior this afternoon. I don't want to become young again.'

But the four old people were not listening to him. They were silent for a while, thinking.

Then suddenly Widow Wycherly said excitedly,

'I've got a great idea. Let's go to Florida and find the Fountain of Youth. Then we can stay beside it and drink the water all the time!'

While Reading Activities



Any writing tasks need to be done in your exercise book Please do not mark or answer the questions here. These books will be given to other students next year.

1. Choose the correct answer to each question.

a What happened after the four friends drank the first glass of water?
   (a) They felt sick.
   (b) They danced around the room.
   (c) They started becoming younger.

b What did the three men fight about?
   (a) They wanted more of the water of youth.
   (b) They wanted to dance with Widow Wycherly.
   (c) They had an argument about a business deal.

c What happened when the rose started dying?
   (a) Dr Heidegger gave it more water.
   (b) Widow Wycherly started to scream.
   (c) The four friends became old again.

d What do you think is the message of this story?
   (a) Be happy with how you are.
   (b) Don't take part in strange experiments.
   (c) Only drink bottled water.

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2. How are these people or things important in the story?

(a) a withered rose
(b) a portrait of a beautiful girl
(c) an old widow
(d) a fountain in Florida
(e) a broken vase



After Reading Activities

1. Discuss the following questions.

a. What did Dr Heidegger learn from his experiment?
b. What did the four friends learn from their experience?
c. Do you think they succeeded in finding the Fountain of Youth? What happened after that?

2. a. Interview an older person in your family or a friend. Ask them the following questions:

- What did you most enjoy about being young?
- What do you most enjoy about their life today?
- From your personal experience, what message would you give to young people today?

b. Give a presentation to the class about the person you interviewed.

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Wordlist

bloom (v) if a plant or flower blooms, the flowers appear or open

charming (adj) attractive and pleasing

clasp (n) small metal part that you fasten something with

cobweb (n) net of sticky threads made by a spider

crumble (v) break into tiny pieces

deal (n) agreement, especially in business

disappointed (adj) feeling sad because something you expected or were hoping for did not happen

dishonest (adj) not honest or truthful

effect (n) result

eternal (adj) continuing for ever

experiment (n) scientific test to find out what will happen to something or someone in certain conditions

foolish (adj) silly

fountain (n) structure from which water is pushed up into the air, often found in a garden or park

glory (n) important achievements

gossip (n) bad or unkind talk about someone

impatient (adj) not willing to wait for something

impressed (adj) thinking that something or someone is important and worthy of admiration

observe (v) watch

patient (n) someone receiving medical treatment from a doctor

patriotism (n) great love of your country

politician (n) someone who works in politics or government

portrait (n) painting of a person

precious (adj) important and valuable

rheumatism (n) disease that makes your muscles painful

rival (n) someone you are in competition against

role model (n) someone whose behaviour you try to copy because you admire them

shiver (v) shake because you are cold, frightened or excited

snatch (v) pull or take something away from someone quickly

stalk (n) long narrow part of a plant that supports the leaves

study (n) room in a house that is used for work

valuable (adj) very important and useful

violent (adj) likely to cause harm or damage

widow (n) woman whose husband has died and who has not married again

wither (v) if a plant withers, it dries up and dies

wrinkle (n) line on your face that you get when you grow old

youth (n) period of time when you are young

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Story 4 - Treasure _Layout 1 7/26/16 9:56 AM Page 1

4

The Treasure in the Forest

by H.G. Wells (1866 - 1946)

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Before Reading Activities

1 Look at the title of this story, and the pictures. What kind of story do you think it is? Give your reasons.

(a) romance	(b) science-fiction	(c) adventure
(d) ghost	(e) comedy	(f) horror
(g) spy	(h) mystery	(i) historical

2 Have you ever taken part in a game where you had to find treasure, or something else that was hidden? Talk about it with a partner. Include information about the following:

(a) when you played this game
(b) who took part
(c) what the 'treasure' was
(d) what happened in the game

There are other activities (While Reading and After Reading) at the end of the story. Also included is a Wordlist to help you with new/difficult words. And don't forget the story report right at the end of this book.

But now ... onto ***The Treasure in the Forest.***

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The Treasure in the Forest

by H.G.Wells (1866 - 1946)

Part I. The way to the treasure

The canoe moved quickly across the sparkling blue waters of the bay, towards the small island. It was noon, and the sky blazed with heat. In front of the canoe was a reef with a line of white surf. There was a gap in the surf, where a little river ran out to the sea. Beyond, was a lagoon, whose waters lapped onto a sandy beach. Beyond the beach was a hillside covered with thick green forest.

Two men were sitting inside the canoe. Their names were Hooker and Evans. They had come from the mainland, and had been paddling for two days. Evans sat in the back, paddling with a wooden paddle. Hooker was in front, leaning forwards and staring at the island. From time to time he looked at a piece of yellow paper on his knee.

'Come and look at this, Evans,' he said, pointing to the paper.

Evans leaned forwards until he could look over Hooker's shoulder. The paper was old and very creased. It had been folded many times, and some parts of it were torn. But you could just see that it was a map of the bay.

'Look,' said Evans excitedly, pointing to the map. 'That's the reef, and there is the gap. We'll reach the island very soon.

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That curved line on the map must be the river. And that star marks the place where the treasure is.'

'You see that dotted line,' said Hooker. 'It runs from the opening in the reef to the island. The star is at the place where the dotted line crosses the river.'

'Do you see those strange little marks beside the star?' said Evans. 'I wonder what they mean. And what does this writing mean?'

'No idea,' said Hooker. 'It's all in Chinese.'

'Of course,' said Evans. 'Chang-hi *was* Chinese, wasn't he?'

They both sat for some minutes, staring at the island, while the canoe drifted slowly along. Then Evans handed the paddle to Hooker.

'It's your turn now,' he said.

Hooker quietly folded up the map, and put it in his pocket. He sat down behind Evans and began to paddle. But he was tired and thirsty, and paddled very slowly.

Evans sat with his eyes closed. He was thinking about the treasure. The sun grew hotter, and soon he fell into a half-sleep. He began to dream about what had happened two nights ago.

Hooker and Evans were travelling together around the South Pacific. Two nights ago, they had stayed in a small hotel on the mainland. There they had met a Chinese man, Chang-hi, and had begun talking to him.

Chang-hi had an interesting story. He said that he knew about an island where treasure was buried. The crew of a Spanish ship had been shipwrecked on the island hundreds of years ago, and had left their treasure there. They had intended to return for it, but they never did. Chang-hi had gone to the island a year ago and found the treasure. But it consisted of many gold bars, which were too heavy for him to carry alone.



'Do you see those strange little marks beside the star?' said Evans.

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So he buried the treasure again in a secret place. He had drawn a map, so that he could easily find it again.

Now Chang-hi wanted to go back for the treasure, but he needed help to lift the gold bars and take them to his boat. He had asked another Chinese man to go with him, and the man had agreed. But later he found the man making a copy of the map. He had been planning to go to the island without Chang-hi, and find the treasure. They had quarrelled, and the man had run away.

So Changi-hi asked Evans and Hooker to go to the island with him, and help him take the treasure away.

'Are you sure that the treasure is still where you buried it?' Evans had asked.

Chang-hi smiled a strange smile. 'Oh yes, I'm sure,' he said. 'The treasure is still there. It's very, very safe.' He smiled again.

Later, Evans and Hooker talked together. They decided that they would go to the island, and find the treasure for themselves. But first they needed to steal Chang-hi's map. So when Chang-hi was asleep, they crept into his room. Hooker grabbed the map, but Chang-hi woke up and tried to stop him. So Evans took out his knife and cut Chang-hi's throat.

But before Chang-hi died, he smiled at Evans with that strange smile. Evans did not understand that smile, and he did not like it. Whenever he closed his eyes, he saw Chang-hi's face smiling at him.

'Wake up, Evans!' Hooker was shouting.

Evans woke up. The canoe had passed through the gap in the reef and reached the lagoon. Soon they reached the shore. They jumped out of the canoe and pulled it far up the beach. Then they took out two spades which they had brought with them.

Hooker took out the map.

'We have to follow the dotted line,' he said. 'Then when we come to the place where it crosses the river, we'll find the treasure.'

It was difficult to walk through the forest, carrying the spades. The bushes were thick, and grew close together. The tall trees rose up to form a green canopy, high above their heads. White flowers hung down, and creepers swung from tree to tree. The hot sun was replaced by cool shadow.

Evans shivered.

'It's cold in this forest after the heat outside,' he said.

At last the men saw a gap ahead, where bright sunlight shone between the trees. Then they heard the rush of water.

'That's the river. We must be close now,' said Hooker.

Huge plants were growing by the river bank and among the roots of the trees. The surface of the river was covered with a plant that looked like a water-lily, with big flat leaves, and pink flowers.

'Well?' said Evans. 'Here's the river. So where's the treasure?'

Hooker turned and looked into the dark shadows of the forest.

'Chang-hi said there was a heap of stones,' he said. 'Let's walk for a little way beside the river, and look for the stones.'



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'It's all right!' he cried. 'The treasure's still here.'

Part II. Chang-hi's surprise

The men walked slowly, looking carefully around them. They came to a place where the ground rose up into a little hill. When they got to the top, they saw something lying on the ground in front of them.

'What's that?' asked Evans. 'That blue thing lying on the grass?'

The two men went down towards the blue object. As they got closer, they saw that it was the body of a man. He was lying face down on the ground, dressed in a loose blue shirt and trousers. They stared at it in silence. Then Hooker moved forwards and turned the body over. It was a dead Chinese man.

Near the body was a heap of stones. Beside the stones was a hole, which had been freshly dug. The brown earth lay all around.

Hooker looked down at the body of the dead Chinese man. He saw that the neck was purple, and the hands and ankles were terribly swollen.

'This must be the man Chang-hi told us about,' he said. 'He came here alone to take the treasure. But he didn't succeed. I wonder what killed him?'

'He was probably bitten by a poisonous snake,' said Evans.

Hooker went to the hole, and looked inside.

'It's all right!' he cried. 'The treasure's still here.'

Evans hurried forwards. The Chinese man had already started digging the hole, and the earth lay fresh all around. Evans saw a large number of bars of gold. He bent down and quickly pulled a bar out of the hole. As he lifted it up, he felt a tiny prick on his hand. He looked down and saw a little black thorn sticking out of his hand. Quickly, he pulled it out with

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his fingers.

'This gold is very heavy,' said Evans. 'How shall we get it to the canoe?'

He took his coat off, and spread it on the ground. Then he lifted out a few more gold bars from the hole, and threw the bars on top of the coat. While he was doing this, another tiny thorn pricked his hand.

Hooker had still not moved.

'What are you staring at?' said Evans angrily. 'Come and help me.'

Hooker turned to him. Then he nodded towards the dead Chinese man. 'I can't stand looking at that thing. It scares me. I'm going to bury it first, then I'll come and help you.'

'Forget about him, Hooker,' said Evans. 'How are we going to carry the gold to the canoe?'

Hooker did not reply. He stood, staring up among the tall trees. Then he looked down again at the dead body, and shivered.

'What's the matter with you, Hooker?' said Evans. 'Are you going crazy?'

'All right, let's take the gold to the canoe,' said Hooker.

He picked up the ends of the coat in his hands, and Evans took the other ends, and together they lifted up the coat with the heavy bars of gold.

They started walking back down the path. But they had only gone a little way when Evans said, 'It's strange, but my arms really hurt. It must be from paddling the canoe.'

They went a few steps further, then Evans said,

'I've got to stop and have a rest. My arms hurt so much.'

They put the coat down. Evans's face was white, and little drops of sweat stood out on his forehead.

'It's difficult to breathe in this forest,' he said. Suddenly, he

shouted at Hooker angrily.

'Come on, help me. You've done nothing to help since we saw that dead Chinese man.'

Hooker looked at Evans. Then he helped him lift the coat with the gold bars, and they walked for nearly a hundred metres in silence. Evans began to breathe heavily.

'What's the matter with you?' said Hooker.

Evans tripped and fell. He threw down his end of the coat. Then he went and leaned against a tree, and put his hand to his throat.

'Don't come near me,' he said. 'I'll feel better in a minute.'

But after a while, Evans could not stand any more. His body slipped down the tree until he was sitting in a heap at the bottom. His eyes were shut and his face was twisted with pain. Hooker approached him, but Evans said in a broken voice, 'Don't touch me! Put the gold back on the coat.'

'Can't I do anything for you?' asked Hooker.

'Put the gold back on the coat!'

Hooker started to obey his friend. But as he lifted the gold bars, he felt a tiny prick on his thumb. He looked down and saw a tiny black thorn.

Evans gave a cry and rolled over.

Hooker stared at the thorn with wide eyes. Then he looked at Evans, lying on the ground. His body was bending and twitching in horrible spasms. Then he looked through the trees to where the body of the dead Chinese man lay.

'It's poison!' he thought. 'It's a poisonous thorn, like the ones that the island people put in their blowpipes, to kill their enemies.'

Now Hooker understood why Chang-hi had said the treasure was 'safe, very safe'. He understood why Chang-hi was smiling when he died. He understood what the strange

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little marks on the map meant.

'Chang-hi was very clever,' he thought.

Hooker began to suck his thumb hard. But soon he felt a strong pain in his arms and shoulders. He could no longer bend his fingers. Then he knew that sucking was no good.

He stopped and sat down by the pile of bars of gold, staring at the body of Evans.

'Evans!' he cried. But now Evans lay quiet and still.

The pain spread towards Hooker's throat, growing stronger all the time. Chang-hi's smiling face floated before his eyes.

Far above, a breeze blew through the tops of the trees, and the petals of a white flower floated gently down.

While Reading Activities

Any writing tasks need to be done in your exercise book. Please do not mark or answer the questions here. These books will be given to other students next year.

1 Are these sentences True or False? If the sentence is False, rewrite it with the correct information in your exercise book.

a. The story takes place in the North Pacific islands.
b. On the map, the treasure is marked by a star.
c. Hooker and Evans sail to the small island in the early morning.
d. The Chinese man, Chang-hi, is killed by a knife in his heart.
e. It is not easy for Hooker and Evans to walk in the forest.
f. The gold bars are very heavy.
g. Hooker and Evans carry the treasure away from the island.

2 Choose the correct answer from the options given.

a. Hooker and Evans spend _____ days paddling in the canoe.
(i) two (ii) three (iii) four

b. The writing on the map is _____.
(i) English (ii) Chinese (iii) Japanese

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c. The small thorns contain _____.
(i) water (ii) mercury (iii) poison

d. When Evan tries to lift the gold bar, the thorns prick him in the _____.
(i) leg (ii) hand (iii) face

e. The treasure was left on the island by the crew of a _____ ship.
(i) Spanish (ii) French (iii) Dutch



After Reading Activities

1 Work in groups, or with a partner.
You are Chang-hi. Draw the map of the island as a guide to reach the treasure. Mark the treasure with a star and draw a dotted line to show the way to it.

Include the following on your map:

- a beach
- a lagoon
- a river
- a reef
- a pile of stones
- small thorns

2 Imagine that it is fifty years after the story ends. A group of sailors comes to the island. They find three skeletons and the gold bars. What do you think happens next? Think about the following, and add some ideas of your own.

(a) Do the sailors find the map showing the treasure?
(b) Are the thorns still there? If yes, are they still poisonous?
(c) What do the sailors decide to do?

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Wordlist

ankle (n) joint between your foot and your leg
blaze (v) shine with very bright light or heat
blowpipe (n) tube through which you can blow something small and thin
breeze (n) light wind
bury (v) put a dead body in the ground and cover it with earth
canoe (n) long light boat that is pointed at both ends
canopy (n) leaves and branches of trees, that make a kind of roof in a forest
creased (adj) marked with lines because of being folded
creeper (n) long trailing plant
curved (adj) not straight
dotted line (n) line consisting of a series of small round marks
drift (v) move slowly on water in no particular direction
float (v) move slowly and lightly up through the air
grab (v) take hold of something roughly
heap (n) large untidy pile
lagoon (n) lake of sea water often separated from the main sea by rocks
lap (v) if water laps against something, it moves against it gently in small waves
paddle (n and v) short flat piece of wood used to move a canoe through water
petal (n) coloured leaf-shaped part of a flower
poison (n) something that can cause death or serious illness if you eat or drink it

prick (n) small pain that you get when something sharp enters your skin
reef (n) line of sharp rocks
root (n) part of a plant or tree that grows underground
scare (v) frighten, make afraid
shipwrecked (adj) if someone is shipwrecked, they have been in a boat or ship which has been destroyed in an accident
slip down (v) move slowly down
spade (n) tool with a long handle, used for digging
spasm (n) strong, sudden burst of pain
suck (v) hold something in your mouth, and pull on it with your lips
surf (n) white foam that forms on the top of waves
sweat (n) drops of liquid that come out through your skin when you are hot
swollen (adj) if part of your body is swollen, it has become larger than normal
thorn (n) very thin sharp point that grows on a plant or tree
throat (n) front part of your neck
thumb (n) part of your hand shaped like a short thick finger
treasure (n) collection of valuable things such as gold or precious stones
twisted (adj) with changed shape
twitch (v) make a small sudden movement

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Story Report



Choose **ONE** of the stories from this book and write a story report in your exercise book. Include the following information in your report.

Story Title:

_____

A. Plot Summary

- Where does the story take place?
- What happens in the story? Give a short summary of the events.

B. Characters

List the main characters in the story. Then:

- Choose a character and describe him or her.
- Say why the character is important in the story.

C. Opinion

Think about the story.

- Did you enjoy this story? Give your reasons.
- Would you recommend it to a friend? Why/why not?

D. Vocabulary

Look at the Wordlist for the story.

- Write down ten useful words that you have learned from reading this story.
- Use these words in your own sentences to show that you understand their meanings.