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MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

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Bridge to Success 9

Coursebook



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Grade
09

Bridge to Success

English Language

Coursebook

Book 9

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Coursebook

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Welcome to Bridge to Success

Bridge to Success is a twelve-grade course for learners of English as a second language (ESL). The twelve grades range from the beginning of cycle 1 to the end of cycle 3.

Bridge to Success 9 consists of nine thematic units of study, which include a range of activities, text types and objectives, split over three terms.



The materials reflect the following principles:

- **An Emirati focus, with an international perspective.** Specifically developed for young learners throughout the United Arab Emirates, the themes, situations and literature covered by *Bridge to Success* strive to reflect the Emirati context and encourage learners' curiosity about the wider world. This fosters respect and interest in other cultures and leads to awareness of global citizenship.
- **An enquiry-based, language-rich approach to learning.** *Bridge to Success* engages children as active, creative learners. As learners participate in a wide variety of curriculum-based activities, they simultaneously acquire content knowledge, develop critical thinking skills and practise English language and literacy. The materials incorporate a 'learning to learn' approach, helping children acquire skills and strategies that will help them approach new learning situations with confidence.

- **English for educational success.** To meet the challenges of the future, children need to develop facility with both conversational and academic English. From the earliest stage, *Bridge to Success* addresses both these competencies. *Bridge to Success* presents authentic listening and reading texts, writing tasks, and end-of-unit projects similar to those learners might encounter in English-medium and international schools.

In addition to this Coursebook, the accompanying Workbook provides additional support, reinforcement and practice. Comprehensive support for teachers is provided in the Teacher's Guide.

The following icons are used in this Coursebook:

-  pre-recorded listening activity
-  links to 21st Century Themes and/or Skills

We hope that you and your learners will enjoy using these materials as much as we enjoyed developing them for you.

The *Bridge to Success* team

	Reading/Topic	Listening/Speaking	Use of English	Vocabulary	Writing
Unit 5 Personality types Pages 145–157	Aspects of personality; presenting yourself well; talented children; competitions Reading: A description of a personality A personality text Making a good first impression A teenage millionaire Young inventors Talented children A child prodigy The Clever Teens competition A prize-winning story	Listening: First impressions A TV game show for talented children Listen to classmates' presentations and take notes Speaking: Future changes Making a good first impression Advice about how to behave in different situations Taking part in the <i>Clever Teens</i> competition A presentation about an app design	Adjectives + prepositions Use of so + adjective / adverb and <i>such</i> + <i>a(n)</i> + adjective + noun Prepositions + nouns Adjectives ending in <i>-ing</i> and <i>-ed</i>	Adjectives to describe a friend Phrases to organise opinions and points, eg. <i>First</i> <i>of all ...</i> , <i>in</i> <i>addition ...</i> , <i>for</i> <i>example</i> Deducing meaning of words from context	A paragraph to describe your personality Describe abilities Design an app Make notes about classmates' presentations
Unit 6 Shops and services Pages 158–170	All you need Special offers The psychology of shopping Help yourself! What kind of shopper are you? The future of shopping You know what I mean	Listening Listen to a conversation Listen to announcements Listen to a radio programme Speaking Give an opinion Discuss questions Ask survey questions Describe objects Put sentences in order	Prepositions followed by nouns Reflexive pronouns Prepositions after adjectives and verbs	Supermarkets Items sold in shops	Write an announcement for a supermarket offer Write a description of a department store that you have visited
Unit 7 Possessions and personal space Pages 171–182	Treasured possessions Lost and found My space Vincent's bedroom Organise your space For sale Living in a van	Listening Listen to a conversation Listen to a radio show Listen for information Speaking Discuss questions Explain language features Explain what is happening in pictures Give an opinion Give a definition	<i>to have something</i> <i>done</i> Tense changes in reported speech Compound adjectives	Treasured items Painting	Write an advert Write about a landscape Write your autobiography

Literature

LESSONS

Lesson Title	Reading Objective	Literature Focus
1-2 Courage and Bravery (p.185-186)	To read and identify how the theme of courage is presented in <i>The Jungle Book</i> .	To explore how animals symbolise courage and bravery in literature.
3-4 Symbolism (p.187-188)	To read and identify how symbolism is used in <i>The Jungle Book</i> .	To explore how metaphors and similes are used to create imagery in a story.
5-6 Human Nature versus Animal Nature (p.189-190)	To read and identify how human nature and animal nature are presented in <i>The Jungle Book</i> .	To explore the idea that humans and animals have differences, but also some similarities in their nature.
7-8 Emotive Language (p.191-192)	To read and identify how words are used to evoke emotion in <i>The Jungle Book</i> .	To explore how authors use emotive language in a story.
9-10 Identity (p.193-194)	To read and infer how identity is presented in the story.	To explore how the theme of identity and belonging is developed in <i>The Jungle Book</i> .

CORE READER

The Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling

Term 2 Chapters of Study

- 4. Monkey Business Part 2 (p.195-198)
- 5. Red Flower Part 1 (p.199-203)
- 5. Red Flower Part 2 (p.204-207)
- 5. Red Flower Part 3 (p.208-210)
- 6. Lives with the Humans (p.211-214)
- 7. Tiger! Tiger! (p.215-218)

EXTRA READING

The Sign of the Four by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (p.219-284)



Personality types

- **Topics** Aspects of personality; presenting yourself well; profile of a young inventor; clever children; child prodigies; entering a competition; winning a competition
- **Use of English** Adjectives followed by prepositions; prepositions followed by nouns



Lessons 1–2 What are you really like?

- Describe yourself using three adjectives.

Vocabulary

- 1 Choose the adjectives from the list to describe a good friend.

adventurous generous logical pessimistic
 calm hard-working loyal quick-tempered
 cautious honest modest shy
 decisive impatient optimistic sociable
 determined independent organised spontaneous
 easy-going kind patient sympathetic

Reading and speaking

- 2 Read Charlie's description of his personality. What personality traits do you have in common with him? Discuss in pairs.

Use of English: Adjectives followed by prepositions – part 1

Adjectives are sometimes followed by prepositions. It's helpful to learn them as whole phrases.

*I'm **good at** freestyle sports.*

*Subjects like Chemistry and Maths are really **difficult for** me.*

*I'm more **interested in** computers.*

What am I like? Well, I'd say I'm quite shy when I first meet people, but when I'm with friends I'm really chatty and fun to be with. I don't like playing team sports, but I'm really good at freestyle sports such as skateboarding and rollerblading. I love trying new things and being spontaneous. Last week, I registered for a computer programming course. It's online and for free, and it starts tomorrow. I'm so excited! Although I'm a hard-working and organised student, subjects like Chemistry and Maths are still really difficult for me. I'm more interested in computers and I'm determined to become a computer programmer one day.

Charlie

Writing

- 3 Write a short paragraph (80–100 words) in your notebook describing your personality. Then read your paragraphs out in groups. What similarities/differences are there between you and your partners?

Reading ^{21st}

- 4 Do the personality test opposite. Read the statements and give points from 1–5 depending on how much you agree/disagree with each statement. Then add up your score and find out what type of person you are. Compare with a partner.
- 5 Which sentences from the *Use of English* box are true for you? In your notebook, write two more sentences about yourself using adjectives and prepositions.

Use of English: Adjectives followed by prepositions – part 2

I'm **popular with** people of my own age.

I'm **aware of** what I can and can't do.

I get **annoyed with** people who aren't sensible and practical.

I get **upset by** last-minute changes to plans.

I'm **careful about** who I tell secrets to.

Honesty is very **important to** me.

Speaking

- 6 How would you like to change in the future? Think about your answer, and then discuss in small groups.

I'd like to become more ...

I think I ought to be more/less ...

I wish I was more/less ...

Personality Test

Part A

- 1 I like being with people.
- 2 I'm more interested in people than in their ideas.
- 3 I'm very sociable and I have a lot of friends.
- 4 I'm popular with people of my own age.
- 5 Being with other people cheers me up when I'm feeling sad.

Score for Part A: _____

Part B

- 1 I'm a logical person.
- 2 I'm good at practical things.
- 3 I'm aware of what I can and can't do.
- 4 I like dealing with facts.
- 5 I need to see the evidence before I believe something is true.

Score for Part B: _____

Part C

- 1 Before I make a decision, I think carefully about it.
- 2 I think you should always speak the truth, even if it's difficult for someone to hear.
- 3 I get annoyed with people who aren't sensible and practical.
- 4 I like people who can make decisions.
- 5 I like to be in control of what I'm doing.

Score for Part C: _____

Part D

- 1 I always know where everything is.
- 2 It's important to me to be on time with my work.
- 3 I like to know exactly what I'm doing and when.
- 4 I get upset about last-minute changes to plans.
- 5 I'm always on time.

Score for Part D: _____

Key

I strongly disagree = 1 point

I disagree = 2 points

I'm not sure = 3 points

I agree = 4 points

I strongly agree = 5 points

Analysis

Score	Part A	Part B	Part C	Part D
5–14	Cautious	Creative	Sympathetic	Spontaneous
15–25	Sociable	Realistic	Decisive	Organised

Lessons 3–4 **First impressions**

- 'Don't judge a book by its cover.' What do you think this expression means?
Is there a similar expression in your language?

Speaking

- 1 Think about a person you have met recently and answer the questions below. Then discuss in groups.

- 1 Who did you meet and when?
- 2 Where did you meet and how? Did you introduce yourself? Were you introduced by someone else?
- 3 How did you feel? Comfortable, awkward, bored? Why?
- 4 What was your first impression of this person?
Did it change?

Listening 23

- 2 Listen to four speakers talking about first impressions. Match each person with a statement (A–E). There is one statement you don't need to use.

Speaker 1: _____

Speaker 2: _____

Speaker 3: _____

Speaker 4: _____

- A Making a positive first impression is easier than most people think.
- B Your physical appearance is the most important factor if you want to make a good first impression.
- C Despite a good first impression, I didn't get what I wanted.
- D I realised the importance of first impressions through someone else's experience.
- E My cooking skills helped me make a good first impression on a group of people.

Language tip

Remember to use **so + adjective/adverb** (for example *so easy-going*) and **such + a(n) + adjective + noun** (for example *such a delicious cake*) to make the adjective/adverb/noun stronger.

- 3 Listen again and tick the ideas that the speakers mention. Listen again and check your answers.

To make a good first impression, you must ...

- a ☐ wear appropriate clothes.
- b ☐ look clean and tidy.
- c ☐ be friendly and confident.
- d ☐ keep eye contact with people.
- e ☐ speak loudly and clearly.
- f ☐ be on time.

Speaking

- 4 Order the tips a–f in Activity 3 from most important (1) to least important (6).
Compare with a partner.



5 Read the task below. Discuss your ideas in pairs.

"Making a good first impression on others is really important for people my age." Do you agree?

Reading

6 Read a student's ideas for the task in Activity 5 and complete with words and phrases from the box. Which of your ideas do they mention?

for example first of all in my opinion secondly also

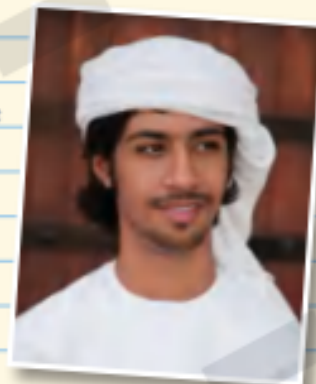
People form an opinion about you from the first moment they see you. In addition to what you say, they notice your clothes and behaviour.

We need to make a small effort to create a good impression on the new people we meet.

____¹, if you go to a new school, you will want to make friends. So, ____² looking nice and being friendly is helpful. ____³, it's a good idea to make a positive impression on your teachers early on. If you are noisy on the first day, they might think you are trouble.

____⁴, you must try to make a good impression if you want to get a good job. Maybe you have a good degree and experience, but the interviewers won't like it if you arrive late.

____⁵, everyone should try to make a good first impression no matter how old they are. It's important in everyday life and for your future.



Speaking 21st

7 Read the situations below and discuss your ideas in small groups.

What advice would you give to a friend who ...

- 1 is going to be interviewed for a summer job?
- 2 is new at your school?
- 3 wants to join a sports team?
- 4 is coming to visit your home for the first time?
- 5 is going to visit your country on holiday?
- 6 is going to the party of one of your classmates?

Language tip

In an opinion text, use words and phrases like *First of all ...*, *Secondly ...*, *Lastly ...*, to introduce ideas; *Also ...*, *In addition ...*, *Moreover ...*, to add arguments; *For example ...*, *For instance* to give examples. They all help to organise ideas and make the text easier to read.

Lessons 5–6 A teenage millionaire

- What's the latest app you downloaded? What's the most useful app you use on your phone?

Reading

- 1 Read this news story. Why is the title 'App-solutely amazing!'?

App-solutely amazing!

Nick D'Aloisio got his first laptop when he was nine. He started designing apps when he was 12 and at 15 he launched an iPhone app called 'Summly'. It was an app which **summarised** stories in the **news** and it was **downloaded** by nearly a million people. His app has recently been bought by an Internet **giant** for \$30 million.

"The **proudest** moment for me has been seeing these tweets coming through from teenagers saying, 'You've **inspired** me.' I'm so excited about that," says Nick.

His mother says she was never **worried** about the amount of time he was spending on the computer, "because he would always show us what he was doing. I remember him creating 3D **models** on his computer as a 10-year-old."



Nick isn't **arrogant** and self-centred, which you might expect of a boy who has been described as a '**genius**'. He is **polite**, likeable, enthusiastic and self-aware.

He enjoys the **humanities**, cricket and rugby. "I want to do Philosophy at university and I'm studying Chinese and Russian at school," he says. He doesn't want to work in computer programming. He's more interested in product design.

What's he going to do with the money from his app? He might buy some clothes, he says, and maybe a new computer. One thing he'd like to do is to **invest** in small companies. "That's what is exciting, and if you are **lucky** to have a bit of money, you can take those **risks**. That's what I would do if I was going to go and spend it."

What is Summly?

"It helps publishers reach out to a younger audience," Nick says. He feels that young people are interested in the news, but they don't want to spend a lot of time reading long stories if they're not relevant to their lives. With Summly, you quickly find out whether a story might be interesting.

Source: Adapted from *The Guardian*

Vocabulary

- 2 Look at the words in bold in the text. With a partner, try to work out what they mean from the context.
- 3 Read the article again and make a list of all the personality adjectives. Which qualities are positive (+) and which are negative (-)?

Speaking

4 Work with a partner. Ask and answer the questions.

- 1 What did Nick do when he was 15?
- 2 What is Summly?
- 3 Has Summly been successful? How do you know?
- 4 What is Nick most pleased about?
- 5 What's he like as a person?
- 6 What are his plans?

Use of English: Prepositions followed by nouns

Nouns sometimes have prepositions before them. It's helpful to learn them as whole phrases.

Use of English

5 Find these expressions in the newspaper story about Nick D'Aloisio.

- at 15 • at university • at school • in the news • on his computer

6 Complete these questions by choosing the correct preposition.

- 1 What languages did Nick D'Aloisio study **in / on / at** school?
- 2 Has Nick ever been **in / on / at** TV?
- 3 Was Nick still **in / on / at** school when he created Summly?
- 4 Were Nick's parents worried about the time he spent **in / on / at** the computer?
- 5 Does Summly allow you to read news stories **in / on / at** your phone?
- 6 **In / On / At** your opinion, is Summly a useful app?
- 7 Do you read the news **in / on / at** the Internet?
- 8 Would you like a job **in / on / at** computer programming?
(If so, why? If not, why not?)



Speaking

7 In pairs, ask the questions in Activity 6 and answer in your own words.

8 ^{21st} Find out about one of the people in the box. Use the questions to help you. Present the information you find in small groups.

Aisha Mustafa
Adeeb Al Blooshi
Thomas Suarez
Azza Abdel Hamid Faiad

- 1 What did this person invent/discover?
- 2 How old were they when they made their invention/discovery?
- 3 Did they win a prize for their work?
- 4 What are they doing now?

Lessons 7–8 **Who's the cleverest?**

- What does IQ mean?

Reading

- 1 Read the text. What does the winner of *Genius of the Year* have to spend the prize money on?

Vocabulary

season: a group of TV episodes

episode: one programme in a TV series

air: to show a programme on TV

Genius of the Year

The second season of *Genius of the Year* is going to be aired on Friday, January 10th at 8 pm. It features the UK's most intelligent and talented children all aged between 7 and 12 years old. The series is 20 episodes long, and the 20 participants test their skills at Maths, Spelling, Geography, Memory, Astronomy, Culture and many other categories. In the final episode, they name the winner, who goes home with £100 000. The prize money must be used to pay university or college fees.

The children who take part in the TV show must have very high IQs and they should train to answer lots of difficult questions. For instance, in the first season, one of the Maths questions was, "What comes next in the sequence 1, 3, 4, 15, 17?" and one of the Geography questions was, "What are the currencies in Mozambique and Papua New Guinea?"

- 2 Read the text again. Are these statements true or false?

- 1 The winner of *Genius of the Year* doesn't have to spend the prize money on their education.
- 2 This is the second time that you can watch *Genius of the Year*.
- 3 The writer gives two example questions to show how difficult the competition is.
- 4 You can watch *Genius of the Year* at the cinema.
- 5 Children who are younger than seven can't play on *Genius of the Year*.

Language tip

Remember, we use *must/mustn't* for obligation and *should/shouldn't* for advice. *Must/ Mustn't* is stronger than *should/ shouldn't*:

A: You **should** do your homework before you watch TV.

B: I'll think about it ...

A: You **must** do your homework before you watch TV.

B: Okay, Mum.

Listening 24

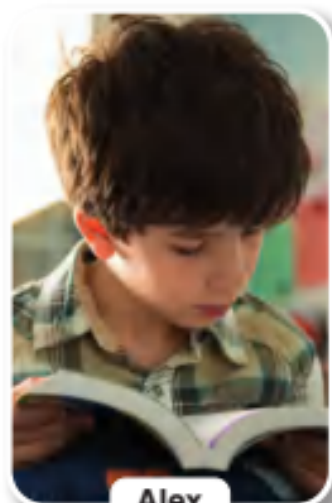
- 3 Listen to a man introducing two of the contestants in *Genius of the Year*. Make notes about each contestant in your notebook.
- 4 Listen again. For each question, choose the correct answer a, b or c.
- 1 Alex thinks he could win the category of ...
 a Maths.
 b reading.
 c spelling.
- 2 What's most important for Alex is ...
 a to show his friends he's the cleverest.
 b to enjoy himself on the show.
 c to win one of the prizes.
- 3 Who or what helps Alex to relax?
 a his books
 b his parents
 c his friends
- 4 What happened to May when she was six?
 a She started to read books.
 b She stopped going to school.
 c She began studying at university.
- 5 How many languages can May speak?
 a four
 b two
 c three
- 6 What does May say about her brother?
 a He's going to be in the final with her.
 b He will probably win the show.
 c He's less intelligent than she is.

Listening strategy

Find key words in the questions and options. Don't forget to listen for synonyms of the key words.

Vocabulary

fluent: able to speak a language well
home school: to educate a child at home



Alex



May

Speaking 21st

- 5 Work in groups of four. Have a debate about the statement below. Discuss your ideas and note down your conclusion.

"Children are too stressed with school exams and other competitions. This is bad for them."

Speaking tip

In a debate, two or more people discuss a topic. They have different opinions and they try to convince each other of their opinion. To win a debate, you must have strong arguments and give examples. Also, it's important to listen to other speakers and respect their opinions, even if you disagree with them.

Here are some useful phrases for debate:

I think/believe that ...

In my opinion, ...

What do you think?

Do you agree?

Yes, but ...

You may be right, but ...

Lesson 9 A child prodigy

- If you could be the best at something, what would that be?

Reading

- 1 You're going to read an interview with the young artist Melanie Williams. First read the interviewer's questions and predict Melanie's answers. Then read and check your answers.

Interviewer: Melanie, you've been called 'USA's most talented artist', 'child prodigy' and 'best painter of the decade'. You're only 12 years old. How do you feel about all this?

Melanie: I'm really proud of it. I never thought about becoming a famous painter. I started painting when I was six because I liked it as a hobby. And I had my first exhibition at my dad's gallery for fun. I was more surprised than anyone when people were interested in buying my paintings.

Interviewer: Yes, you sold all 30 paintings of your first exhibition within an hour and you made \$60 000! Did you spend it all?

Melanie: Some of it. I bought paints and paintbrushes, and a new doll that I'd wanted for ages. I was too young to know what to do with the rest, so my parents put it in a bank. I'll use it to go to Art college one day.

Interviewer: You have to sell your paintings. Are you in charge of this company?

Melanie: No, I haven't got much time because I have to go to school. My parents look after the company for me. They're really organised and they know how to invest the money we make. We're thinking of buying a holiday house somewhere in Italy, maybe Florence, so that I can paint there during my summer holidays.

Interviewer: That sounds interesting. Are you enjoying your life as 'child prodigy'?

Melanie: I'm really happy and it's great to have so many opportunities open up for me. Right now, I'm working on the illustrations for *Alice's Diary*, a new novel by James Banks. He's my favourite author so I couldn't believe it when he emailed me about it!

- 2 Read the interview again. Are the statements true or false?

Melanie ...

- 1 didn't take her first exhibition seriously.
- 2 expected that she would sell her art.
- 3 is saving money for her future education.
- 4 isn't responsible for running her company.
- 5 would like to spend time painting abroad.
- 6 helped James Banks write his new book.

Language tip

Adjectives ending in *-ed* describe people's feelings, whereas adjectives ending in *-ing* describe what causes those feelings:

*I was more **surprised** than anyone ...
That sounds **interesting**.*

Vocabulary

- 3 Look at the underlined words and phrases in the interview and match them to the definitions.

- 1 for a long time
- 2 a period of ten years
- 3 an event at which paintings are shown to people
- 4 responsible for something
- 5 a place where paintings are shown to people
- 6 situations when you can do something that you want to do

- 4 Read the article again and find all the adjectives ending in *-ed* and *-ing*. Can you use them in sentences of your own?

Lesson 10 Tough competition

- Do you prefer working alone or in a team? Why?

Reading

- 1 Read the information on the website. Make brief notes (20 words) and explain what *Clever Teens* is.



What is the *Clever Teens* Competition?

Clever Teens is a competition for secondary students in the Middle East region. It is organised by the Science and Education Foundation every year. There are three main prizes: 5000 AED for third place, 8000 AED for second place and 10 000 AED for first place.

What categories are there?

Business: This category is about new business ideas for any type of industry. It could be a new car, a new piece of furniture or a new shampoo. Students must show they're creative and that they have thought about where to sell their product and who to sell it to.

Environment: Projects in this category must present a scientific solution to an environmental problem such as global warming, lack of water or ocean pollution. Students must present information, diagrams, photos and/or drawings of their design.

Writing: Students can write a short story or up to five poems in the genre of their choice. The judges will look for beautiful language, interesting characters and a strong storyline. Short stories should be up to 2000 words and poems should be up to five pages long.

Art: This category covers photography, film and painting. Students can present a set of photos or paintings, but they can also choose to make a short film or documentary.

How can I apply?

To participate, you must be 13–17 years old and you need to send in your application by the end of December. You can work on your project on your own or as a team. You will be asked to present your project the first week of June. This year, the event will be held in *Dubai Hotel*.

- 2 Answer the questions. Then read the information on the website again and check your answers.
 - 1 How many categories are there in the *Clever Teens* competition? What are they?
 - 2 What's the smallest prize and who gets it?
 - 3 How long should a short story be in the Writing category?
 - 4 In which category can students present a video?
 - 5 When will the presentations take place?
 - 6 When is the last day for applications?

Speaking 21st

- 3 Do the following in pairs or small groups:
 - Choose one category from the *Clever Teens* competition.
 - Brainstorm ideas for the project you would present in *Clever Teens*.
 - Make brief notes about your project.
 - Present your project to the class.
- 4 Listen to your classmates' presentations and make notes in your notebook. Vote for the best idea.

Lessons 11–12 **We won first prize!**

- What would you do if you won first prize in *Clever Teens*?

Listening 25

- 1 You will hear a conversation between a girl called Dalal and her brother Ibrahim, who came third in the *Clever Teens* competition. Which category did they win a prize for? What did each of them do?

Language tip

Remember that we use the second conditional to describe imaginary situations. We form the second conditional like this:

if + Past Simple, would/could/might + infinitive

If they decided to do it, they would have help from the teachers.



- 2 Listen to the conversation again. Are the statements true or false?
 - 1 Ibrahim was confident that they would win a prize.
 - 2 Dalal agrees that the project that came first was the best.
 - 3 Ibrahim is keen on taking part in the competition again.
 - 4 Dalal is looking forward to showing their project in class.
 - 5 Dalal thinks that her classmates should also compete in *Clever Teens*.
 - 6 Ibrahim wouldn't mind helping others with their projects.

Speaking

- 3 Think about your answers to the questions below. Discuss in pairs.
 - 1 Who would you like to work with if you took part in *Clever Teens*?
 - 2 If you had a private jet, where would you travel to?
 - 3 If you could meet an important person from the past, who would you like to meet? What would you ask him/her?
 - 4 If you could speak another language, which would you choose?

Reading

- 4 You are going to read part of Ibrahim and Dalal's story, which won third prize. Look at one of Ibrahim's drawings below. What do you think the story will be about?



- 5 Read the story extract your teacher gives you, and answer the questions.

- 1 Where is the story set?
- 2 What information is there about Duha?
- 3 Why is Duha happy at the end of paragraph 1?
- 4 What do you think Duha wants to tell his brother?
- 5 How does Duha feel in paragraph 3?

Language tip

When we want to **report an order or command**, we use **told** + (not) infinitive:

He told him to wait until daylight.

Speaking

- 6 Work in pairs or small groups. Give a title to Ibrahim and Dalal's story. Then discuss how it might continue.



Unit 6

Shops and services

- **Topics** All you need; special offers; the psychology of shopping; help yourself!; what kind of shopper are you?; the future of shopping; you know what I mean
- **Use of English** Prepositions followed by nouns; reflexive pronouns; prepositions after adjectives and verbs

Lessons 1–2 All you need

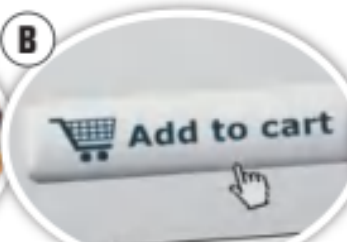
- When was the last time you went shopping? What did you buy? What kinds of things do you enjoy shopping for? Why?

Speaking

- 1 Look at these different types of shopping experiences. Discuss with a partner. Which of these types of shopping do you do? How often?



A
Supermarket shopping



B
Online shopping



C
Shopping at the mall



D
Shopping at a market

Reading

- 2 Read about four people's shopping habits. Match the people to the types of shopping in Activity 1 (A–D).

Khaled

I do most of my shopping on the Internet. You can get almost anything, and you don't have to leave your house. It's very **convenient**. One downside is that you have to wait a few days before you can get the thing you've bought. Sometimes you have to wait even longer. But I definitely prefer shopping this way. I think other kinds of shopping are really tiring.

Hala

In my opinion, this is the best way to shop. You can touch the items before you buy them, and the best thing is that you can usually get a **good deal** by talking to the salesperson. It's a little **old-fashioned** to shop this way. Also, it can take a long time to find what you want, and get the best price. Some people are too busy for this kind of shopping. It doesn't suit their **lifestyle**. But for me, it's perfect.

Ahmad

Shopping like this is like having a fun **day out**. It's not just about going to buy something that you need and then going home again. You can spend the whole day here. I like spending time with my friends, and looking in all the different shops. Another bonus is that it's not just shops. We can go to a café, or watch a film at the cinema. There are so many different things to do. My brother hates this kind of shopping. For him, looking in shops is really boring.

Deema

This is where I do most of my shopping. Of course, you can get all the food and drink that you need here, but there are also lots of other things that you can buy. I come here to buy DVDs, books, magazines – even clothes! One thing that's not so good is that they don't have a wide selection of things like DVDs, but I usually find something I like. It's convenient for me to do most of my shopping **in one go**, and that's the most important thing.

3 Read about the people's shopping habits again. Are these statements true or false?

- 1 Khaled thinks that going to a supermarket is more convenient than shopping online.
- 2 Hala isn't too busy to do her shopping at an outdoor market.
- 3 When Ahmad goes shopping, he also sees his friends and does other things.
- 4 Deema only buys food and drink at the supermarket.

4 Look at the underlined phrases from the speech bubbles. Decide if each phrase is used to introduce an advantage or a disadvantage.

- 1 "One downside is that ..."
- 2 "... the best thing is that ..."
- 3 "Another bonus is that ..."
- 4 "One thing that's not so good is that ..."



Speaking

7 Discuss with a partner:

- Do you agree with the advantages and disadvantages that Khaled and Ahmad mention?
- What other advantages and disadvantages of shopping at a mall and online shopping can you think of?

8 Think about shopping at a market. With your partner make a list of advantages and disadvantages of this kind of shopping. Join another pair and compare your ideas.

Listening 26

5 Listen to a conversation between Khaled and Ahmad. Answer the questions.

- 1 What does Ahmad need to buy?
- 2 Where is Ahmad going?
- 3 Which does Ahmad prefer, shopping online or shopping at the mall?
- 4 What final reason does Khaled give for not going to the mall with Ahmad?

6 Listen again. Make notes about the advantages and disadvantages they mention.

	Advantages	Disadvantages
Online shopping		
Shopping at a mall		

Lessons 3–4 Special offers

- What are the advantages and disadvantages of supermarkets?

Speaking

- Work with a partner. Identify the items in the photos.

I think it's a carton of yoghurt.
What do you think?



Vocabulary

- In which section of a supermarket would you find each item in Activity 1?

• stationery •

• dairy products •

• bakery •

• household and cleaning •

• frozen foods •

• chilled foods •

• health and beauty •

• home baking •

• tinned foods •

- Which other sections do you see in a supermarket?

Tea and coffee, ...

- Write a list of two more things you would find in each of the sections in Activity 2.

Dairy products
butter, ...

Listening 27

- 5 Listen to four announcements. Which section of the supermarket does each announcement refer to?

- 6 Listen again. Choose the correct answers to these questions.

Announcement 1

- 1 How many loaves can you get for the price of two?
a one **b** two **c** three
- 2 This offer is ...
a always available.
b available for a short time.
c finished.

Announcement 2

- 3 When is this offer available?
a last week **b** this week **c** next week
- 4 How much can you save on these types of products?
a five percent
b fifteen percent
c fifty percent

Announcement 3

- 5 When will this offer be available?
a from tomorrow
b from next week
c from next month
- 6 What do you need to have to get a discount?
a a pen and paper
b a special item
c a store card

Announcement 4

- 7 How much money can you save on frozen desserts?
a half the usual amount
b a third of the usual amount
c a quarter of the usual amount
- 8 How many varieties of frozen dessert are included in this offer?
a ten **b** twenty **c** thirty

Use of English

- 7 Complete the details of the offers with the correct prepositions.

at off (x 2) on (x 3) up to

- 1 This week, there's money _____ all dental products.
- 2 Did you know that this week you can get _____ 20% _____ all your household and cleaning items if you have a store card?
- 3 We have delicious frozen desserts _____ offer this week, _____ half price.
- 4 We have ten different varieties _____ display.
- 5 Don't forget that ice cubes are now _____ sale.

Writing

- 8 Write an announcement for a special offer in a supermarket. Think about:

- which products are on offer
- how much the offer is for
- when the offer is available

Listening strategy

In this type of listening activity, it's a good idea to read the questions and answer choices before listening.

Vocabulary

announcement: a statement that gives people information about something

offer (noun): a special price that is lower than the usual price

Use of English: Prepositions followed by nouns

It's common to find prepositions before nouns in sales language.

*Today we have a special offer of three loaves of bread **for** the **price** of two.*

preposition noun

Lessons 5–6 The psychology of shopping

- What do you think a supermarket can do to make its customers spend more money?

Vocabulary

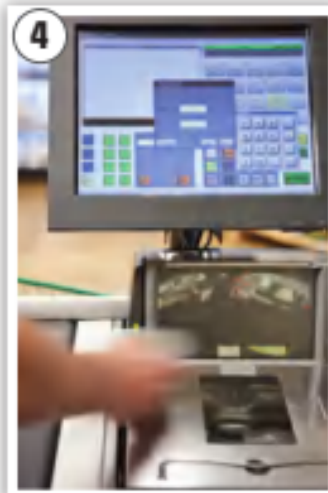
- 1 Match the words to the pictures.

- a checkout
- b trolley
- c aisle
- d entrance



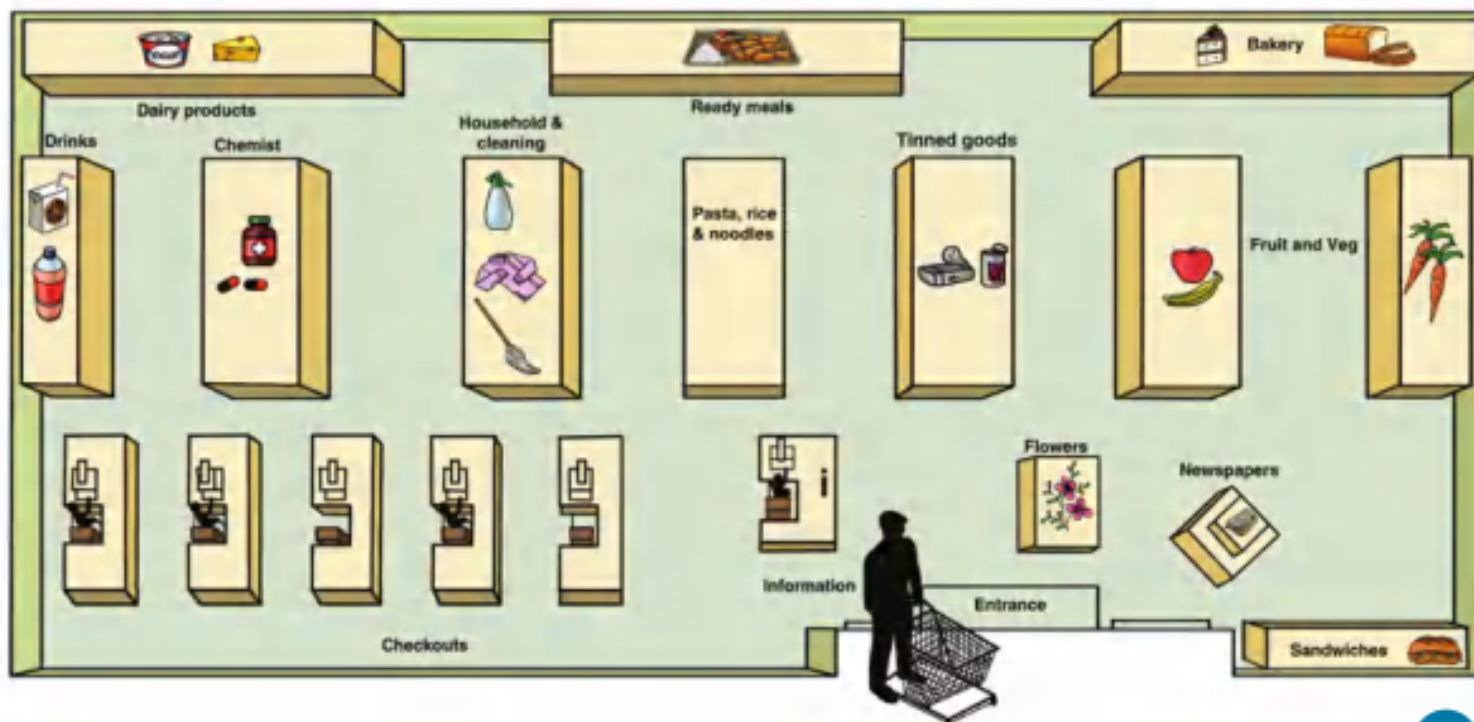
Vocabulary

psychology: the study of the way the human mind works



Listening 28

- 2 21st Listen to an interview with a supermarket designer. Which sections and items in the diagram does he mention?



3 Which section is Hamad describing in these phrases? Listen again to check your answers.

- 1 "This section is like a small shop."
- 2 "It's the perfect start to your shopping experience."
- 3 "It's near the back of the supermarket."

Speaking

4 Discuss these questions with a partner.

- Why do you think that supermarkets are planned in the way the article describes?
- When you go to a supermarket, how much time do you spend there?
- Do you only buy the things on your list, or do you sometimes buy extra items? If so, why?

5 With your partner, choose one of these types of shops and follow the instructions.

- Imagine you are going to plan a new shop.
- Think of a name for your shop and the products it will sell.
- Think about your customers.
 - Who do you think will want to come to your shop?
 - How will you get them to come?
- Decide on the layout of your shop.
 - Which areas and sections will it have?
 - Where will the different products be placed?
 - Why?

TOY SHOP

Electronics Shop

Accessories Shop

SPORTS SHOP

6 Present your ideas to another pair. Tell each other what you think about your ideas.

7 Listen to the other pairs' plans for a new shop. What do you think was good about their ideas? What could they do differently?

Speaking tip

When you present your ideas with your partner, make sure you plan carefully who will say what. You can make your presentation more exciting, by taking it in turns to deliver important information.

A: So, we're going to make a new sport shop called ...

B: "Ready, Set, Go!" And it's going to sell ...

A: All kinds of sport equipment! ...

Vocabulary

serve (verb): provide food or drink at a meal

order (noun): a request for food or drink in a restaurant or café

Lesson 7 Help yourself!

- Have you ever been to a buffet in a hotel or restaurant?
What did you eat? Why do you think people like to go to buffets?

Reading and Speaking

- Read the text and discuss these questions with a partner:
 - According to the text, what are the advantages of a buffet?
 - Would you prefer to eat at a buffet or a typical restaurant? Why?
 - Imagine that you are going to prepare a buffet menu yourselves. What kinds of food will you include?

Reading strategy

It's a good idea to read the questions before the text, so you know what kind of information you need to find.

What's so good about a buffet?

A buffet is a meal where people serve themselves different types of food. It's the perfect way to try lots of different kinds of things, and the really great thing is that you don't have to wait to be served.

In most restaurants or cafés, you sit at your table and wait for the waiter or waitress to come to you and take your order and then bring the food from the kitchen.

At a buffet, things are different. The food is on tables at the side of the room. You get what you want yourself – whenever you want it! Plus, you can choose to put as little (or as much) as you like on your plate. It's up to you!

People love buffets because they can help themselves, and they feel they're getting a good deal.



Use of English

- Choose the correct reflexive pronoun (a, b or c) to complete the sentences.
 - I made this meal ...
a myself b yourself c ourselves
 - He helped ... to all of the food on the table.
a themselves b herself c himself
 - I can't help you, Amir, so you'll have to do it ...
a yourselves b yourself c himself
 - My cousins and I did all the food shopping ...
a themselves b ourselves c myself
 - This machine can turn ... off.
a himself b herself c itself
 - Many people want to choose what they eat ...
a themselves b yourselves c ourselves

Use of English: Reflexive pronouns

*myself, yourself, himself, herself, itself
ourselves, yourselves, themselves*

We use reflexive pronouns with verbs when the **object** is the same person (or thing) as the **subject**.

A buffet is a meal where people serve themselves different types of food.

We also use reflexive pronouns to emphasise the subject or object.

You get what you want yourself.

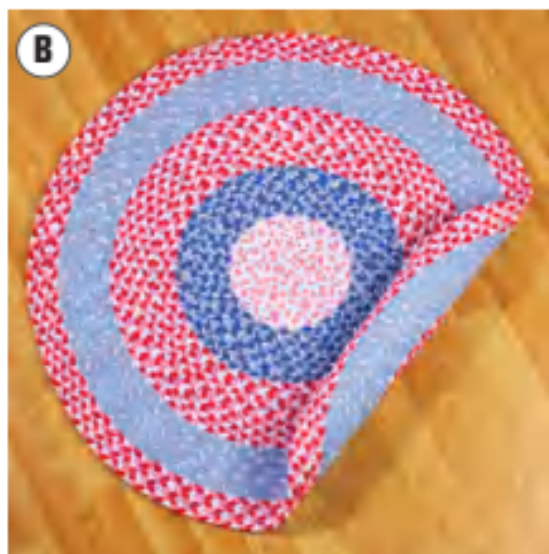
Lessons 8–9 What kind of shopper are you?

- Do you ever go shopping for fun, or do you know anyone who does? What do you/they buy? Where do you/they go? How much time can you spend shopping in one day?

Vocabulary

- 1 Match these words to the pictures.

handbag quad bike rug sunglasses



Listening 29

- 2 Listen to Lamya talking to a friend about her cousin. Number the pictures above from 1 to 4, to show the order in which the girls mention the things shown.

- 3 Listen again and choose the best description of a 'personal shopper'.

A A personal shopper is someone who usually works in a supermarket. They carry customers' bags and push their trolleys.

B A personal shopper is someone who usually works in a department store. They know a lot about fashion and take customers around the store and give them advice on what to buy.

- 4 Choose the correct options to complete the sentences. Listen again to check your answers.

- Lamya **bought/didn't buy** the handbag herself.
- Lamya's **friend/cousin** is an expert on fashion.
- A personal shopper needs to know what things **go well together/cost**.
- A personal shopper **only knows about fashion/knows about lots of things**.
- Lamya **likes/doesn't like** shopping.



Vocabulary

5 Match the adjectives to their definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| 1 careful | a not interested in trying anything new |
| 2 unadventurous | b doing things suddenly without thinking about the result |
| 3 impulsive | c ready to do something |
| 4 well-prepared | d thinking about what you are doing so that nothing goes wrong |

Language tip

Many adjectives are related to nouns.

impulse (noun) → *impulsive* (adjective)

adventure (noun) → *adventurous/unadventurous* (adjectives)

Other adjectives are related to verbs.

care (verb) → *careful* (adjective)

prepare (verb) → *prepared* (adjective)

If you are not sure what an adjective means, look to see if it is related to a noun or a verb.

Speaking

6 Work with a partner. Ask and answer the survey questions.

Listening 30

7 Choose the correct adjective from Activity 5 to complete the gaps (A–D). Listen to the report to check your answers.

Are you a **A** shopper?

- 1 Do you always go to the same shops?
- 2 Do you always buy the same things?

Are you a **B** shopper?

- 1 Do you always go shopping with a list?
- 2 Do you never buy anything that isn't on the list?

Are you a **C** shopper?

- 1 Do you make decisions quickly?
- 2 Do you never worry about price?

Are you a **D** shopper?

- 1 Do you think about every shopping decision?
- 2 Do you spend a long time in the shop before you buy?



Lessons 10–11 The future of shopping

- How do you think supermarkets will change in the future? What will shopping be like in 2050?

Reading and Speaking ^{21st}

- 1 Read about four methods of future shopping. Join the halves to complete the sentences that summarise each paragraph.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 A face-recognition camera reads your face, | a and a drone delivers it to your house. |
| 2 Your robot goes to the supermarket, | b and the 3-D printer makes it for you. |
| 3 You buy something on the Internet, | c and money goes out of your account. |
| 4 You download the code for something you want, | d and looks for all the items on your list for you. |

1 Face-recognition cameras

There will be no need for cash or bank cards in the future. The only thing you will need is your face! Just walk around a shop, and pick up the items you are **interested in**. A face recognition camera will read your face every time you choose something, and the money will leave your bank account.



2 Robots

In the future, people will have robots in their homes that will do the cleaning and other useful jobs, including shopping. You won't need to go to the supermarket at all. Your robot will do it all for you. Give your robot your shopping list so it can go out and **look for** all of the items for you.



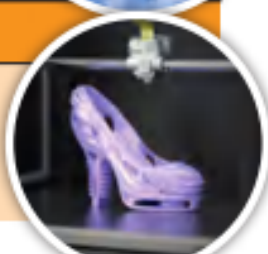
3 Drones

In the future, it's very likely that the sky will be full of small flying machines. But don't worry: they are nothing to be **afraid of**. They are drones and they will carry your shopping. These small flying machines will be able to deliver your shopping straight to your home as soon as you order it on the Internet.



4 3-D printers

One day, there will be a 3-D printer in every home. These clever machines can make almost anything you can **think of** from a simple set of digital instructions. Just download the code for an item you want and your 3-D printer will be able to make it for you. You won't need to go shopping at all.



- 2 With a partner, think about the methods of future shopping and discuss the questions.

- 1 How do you think these methods could help people to do their shopping?
- 2 Which of these methods will/won't happen in the future? Why?
- 3 How soon do you think each will be an everyday shopping method?
- 4 Do you think these will be positive or negative changes? Why?

Use of English: Prepositions after adjectives and verbs

Adjectives and verbs are sometimes followed by prepositions. Try to learn them as whole phrases.

Adjective + preposition

Just walk around a shop, and pick up the items you are **interested in**.

But don't worry: they are nothing to be **afraid of**.

Verb + preposition

Give your robot your shopping list so it can go out and **look for** all of the items for you.

These clever machines can make almost anything you can **think of** from a simple set of digital instructions.

3 Choose the correct options (a, b or c) to complete the sentences.

- 1 Dalal didn't pass the test, she's really disappointed _____ the result.
a to b with c for
- 2 I agree _____ you: we will all have a robot at home in the future.
a on b at c with
- 3 Maktoum isn't very keen _____ shopping for clothes.
a by b at c on
- 4 Do you like my sunglasses? I paid _____ them myself.
a to b for c of
- 5 I'm not pleased _____ my new computer. It broke the day after I bought it.
a in b with c to
- 6 Who does this book belong _____ ?
a to b for c from
- 7 Alia is good _____ English. She lived in Canada for three years.
a for b at c in
- 8 I'll meet you at the supermarket. Please wait _____ me at the entrance.
a of b with c for

Listening 31

- 4 Listen to a radio programme about the supermarket of tomorrow. Are these statements true or false? Correct the false statements.



- 1 The shopping experience in the supermarket of tomorrow will not be the same as the supermarket of today.
- 2 A drone will meet customers at the entrance.
- 3 The customers will pay with a special bank card that has their face on it.
- 4 The drone will take their shopping out of the supermarket.

- 5 Choose one word from each of the boxes to complete the sentences from the radio programme. Listen again to check your answers.

do interested look
pay thought wait

for(x3) in into of

- 1 Many supermarket companies are _____ the answer to this question.
- 2 Now, a company called FutuShop has _____ a plan of the supermarket of tomorrow, ...
- 3 The robots will _____ it _____ them.
- 4 The customers can relax, and have a drink while they _____ the robot to do their shopping.
- 5 At the end, the customer won't have to _____ their shopping with cash or a bank card.
- 6 They will _____ a face recognition camera, and the money will leave their bank accounts.

Lesson 12 You know what I mean

- Why do you think a customer might need to ask a shop assistant for help?
Have you ever asked a shop assistant for help? Why did you need help? How did they help you?

Listening 32

- 1 Listen to Ibrahim talking to a shop assistant. Which of these items does he want to buy?

A



B



C



D



- 2 Listen again. Which of these does Ibrahim do to explain the item he is looking for? He describes ...

- where or when you wear it.
- what shape it is.
- what it looks like.
- where you buy it.
- what it's used for.
- what it's made of.

Language tip

Ibrahim couldn't remember the name of the item he was looking for. Notice how he explained what he meant:

It's one of those things, you know, you wear it on your head.

It protects your eyes from the sun.

It's got a flat, hard bit at the front. You know what I mean.

You wear it for sports like tennis or golf.

Speaking

- 3 Work with a partner. Take turns to describe the things in the pictures without saying their names. Use *you know* and *you know what I mean*.



a paper clip



a coat hanger



a button



an envelope

- 4 Think of three more objects. Describe them to your partner without saying their names. Your partner has to guess what you're talking about.



Unit 7

Possessions and personal space



- **Topics** Treasured possessions; lost and found; my space; Vincent's bedroom; organise your space; for sale; living in a van
- **Use of English** *to have something done*; tense changes in reported speech; compound adjectives

Lessons 1–2 Treasured possessions

- What's your most treasured possession? Why is it special to you?
- Look at the photos. Why do you think these items might be special to someone?



Reading and speaking

- 1 In pairs, ask and answer the questions in the article.

I can't live without it!

We all have something very special that somebody gave us or that we bought in a special place or on a special occasion. It could be a stuffed toy that you've had since you were a baby and that's probably ready to **fall apart**. Or a T-shirt you bought while you were on holiday, which you don't want to **take off**. But why are things so important to us? After all, they're just *things*. Here are some questions to get you thinking:

1. Have you ever **saved up** to buy something? What was it?
2. How do you **look after** your favourite items?
3. Where do you **put away** things when you're not using them?
4. Have you ever **thrown away** something that you once treasured? Why did it stop being important to you?

- 2 The writer expresses one of these opinions in the article above. Which one is it? Underline the relevant sentence in the article.

- a We ought to look after old things more.
- b We worry about things too much.
- c Everybody should have a treasured possession.

- 3 Look at the six phrasal verbs in bold in the questionnaire. What do they mean?

Language tip

These phrasal verbs may be useful when you're talking about personal possessions: *fall apart, look after, save up, put away, take off, throw away.*



Listening 33

- 4 You are going to listen to a 14-year-old called Salman talking to a police officer about something he has lost. Listen and decide which of the items below Salman is looking for.



- 5 Listen again. Are these statements true or false?
- 1 Salman had his wallet in his bag while he was in the mall.
 - 2 Salman's brother bought a new tablet from the computer store.
 - 3 Salman is sure that he had his wallet in the computer store.
 - 4 The man in the sports store spoke politely to Salman.
 - 5 Salman knew that the man in the sports store was a thief.
 - 6 The police officer believes the man has stolen lots of wallets.

Vocabulary

pickpocket: a person who steals things out of people's pockets and bags

pick someone's pocket: to steal things out of people's pockets and bags

Use of English

- 6 Rewrite the sentences below using *have something done*.
- 1 The maid cleans my room once a week.
I have my room cleaned once a week.
 - 2 Our car broke down so a mechanic is fixing it for us.
 - 3 If you leave your bicycle out all night, someone will steal it.
 - 4 Some men are going to paint our house next weekend.
 - 5 Someone broke my sunglasses yesterday so I need to buy new ones.

Use of English: to have something done

If you *have something done*, someone does it for you or to you. You don't do it yourself. You can say who did the action using *by + person*, but often it's easy to understand who did it.

have + object + past participle

Salman's brother **had his tablet fixed**.

(= He didn't fix the tablet himself. He asked someone else to do it.)

*I think you've **had your wallet stolen**.*

(= Someone stole your wallet.)

Speaking 21st

- 7 Work in small groups. Discuss the questions below.
- 1 Do you think Salman found his wallet again? Explain.
 - 2 Read the definitions in the *Vocabulary box*. Do you know anyone who has had their pocket picked? What happened?
 - 3 How can you stay safe from pickpockets?

Lessons 3–4 **Lost and found**

- Have you ever lost something that was important to you? What was it and did you find it?

Reading

- 1 Read Mariam's story about a treasured possession of hers. Where did she lose it and how did she get it back?

It was a present from my aunt Kholoud who came to visit me before my school trip to London. She knew the weather forecast was bad so she thought it would be **useful**. It was a **beautiful** umbrella! It was **transparent** so that I could see through it and it had a pretty red border. It was **light** and it was just what I needed. I was really **pleased**.

Our school trip was great, although it rained most of the time. I didn't mind because I had my **wonderful** umbrella. Anyway, one morning we took the bus to go to the British Museum. I put my umbrella down on the seat next to me. We got off the bus and as we were walking around the museum, I suddenly realised my umbrella was still on the bus! I was so **upset** about it. The next day, Ms Al Hosani, our teacher, called the Lost and Found office. I was **afraid** nobody had found it, but it was there! I was so **happy** when we picked it up.



Vocabulary

- 2 Read Mariam's story again and write the adjectives in bold in the correct diagram in your notebook.



Language tip

We can form adjectives by adding the ending **-ful** to words:

use → **useful**

colour → **colourful**

wonder → **wonderful**

If the word ends in **-y**, we change it to **-i**:

beauty → **beautiful**

- 3 Which of the words below can you add the ending **-ful** to? Explain what the adjectives mean.

worry care help pain repair noise success colour annoy cheer stress



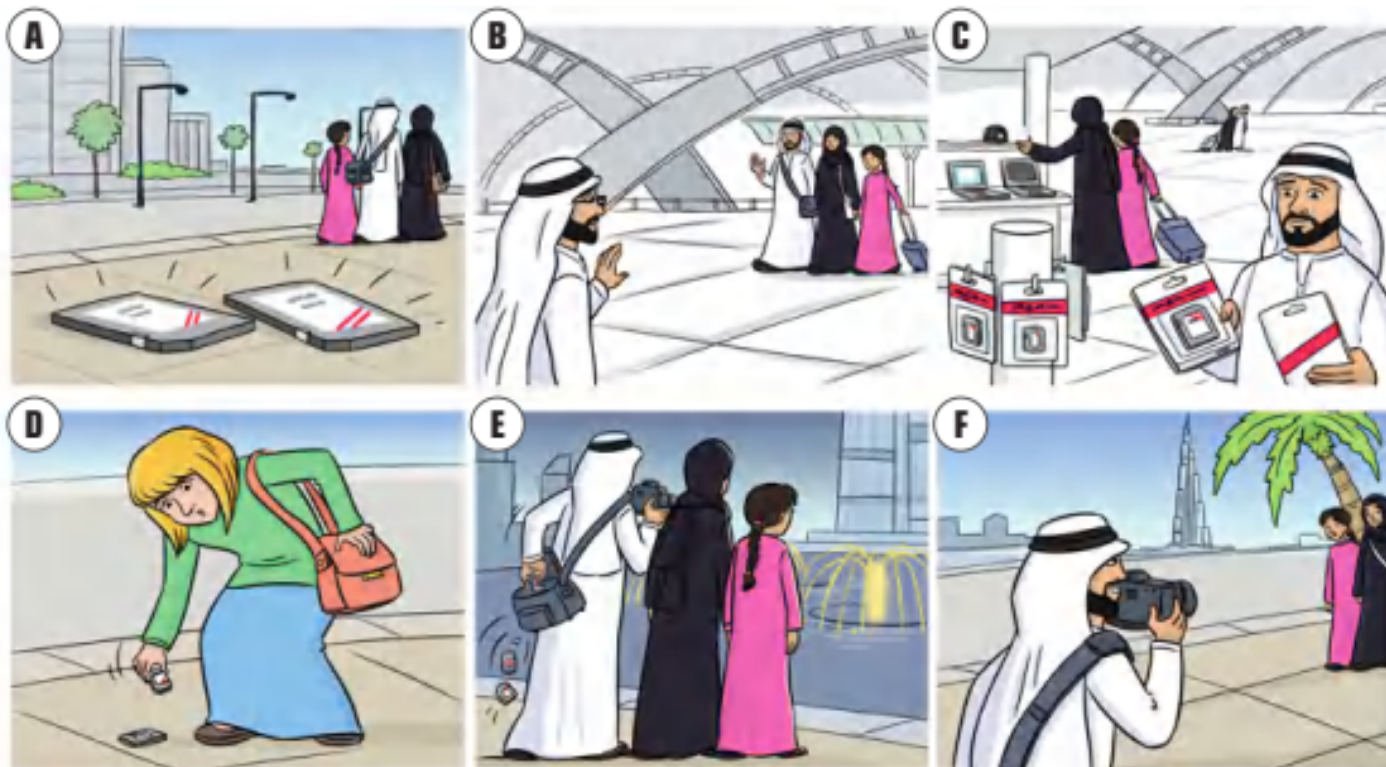
Speaking

The umbrella was useful because Mariam went to London and it was rainy.

- 4 Look at your diagrams from Activity 2 again.
Explain why Mariam uses each adjective in her story.

Listening 21st

- 5 Before you listen, order the pictures below and tell the story in pairs.



- 6 34 Listen to the first part of a radio show and check your answers. How do you think the memory cards reached Laila's family?
- 7 35 Listen to the rest of Laila's story and make notes. Check your answers to Activity 6.

Language tip

Some **compound verbs** and **nouns** are written as one word:

airport, skyscraper, website, upload, sightseeing

Others are written as two words:

memory card, palm tree, fountain show, camera case


Vocabulary

- 8 Your teacher is going to give you a sheet with Laila's story. Put it in order. What do the words in bold mean?

Lessons 5–6 **My space**



- Look at the picture. Do you think it shows a boy's room or a girl's room?

Listening

- 1  36 Look at the words and match them to the numbered items in the picture.
Listen, check and repeat.

calendar cushion frame ladder loft bed noticeboard reading lamp
rocking chair snowboard storage basket



- 2  37 Listen to Ahmed talking with his friend Tariq about his bedroom in Activity 1.
Which items (1–10) do they talk about?
- 3  37 Listen again and answer the questions.
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Why doesn't Tariq like loft beds? | 4 Where did Ahmed buy the cushion from? |
| 2 How is Ahmed similar to Tariq's brother? | 5 Who are the people in the photos? |
| 3 Why do Ahmed and Tariq disagree about the rocking chair? | 6 What are Ahmed and Tariq going to do? |



Speaking

- 4 Work in pairs. Take turns to say one of the sentences 1–6. Your partner must reply with one of the sentences a–f.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Ahmed: 'I really like the loft bed.' | a He said he had a similar cushion. |
| 2 Tariq: 'I might fall off the ladder or hit my head on the ceiling!' | b He said that he really liked the loft bed. |
| 3 Tariq: 'You remind me of my brother.' | c He told him that he could sit on the rocking chair if he wanted. |
| 4 Ahmed: 'You can sit on the rocking chair if you want.' | d He said that he might fall off the ladder or hit his head on the ceiling. |
| 5 Tariq: 'I've got a similar cushion.' | e He said that they were his friends from Abu Dhabi. |
| 6 Ahmed: 'They're my friends from Abu Dhabi.' | f He told him he reminded him of his brother. |

Use of English: Tense changes in reported speech

Remember that when we tell people what someone said, we usually change the tense because what they said was in the past. So, verbs in present simple are changed to past simple:

'I've got a similar cushion.' → He said that he **had** a similar cushion.

Modal verbs and auxiliary verbs often change too:

'She **can use** my computer.' → He said that she **could use** his computer.

'I'll **show him** my bedroom.' → He said that he **would show** him his bedroom.

Some modal verbs like **might** and **should** don't change:

'We **might buy** a new bunk bed.' → She said that they **might buy** a new bunk bed.

'You **should use** a reading lamp to study.' → He said that I **should use** a reading lamp to study.

- 5 Look at the pictures. What did each person say?
Act out in pairs.

He said they might lose the match.

He told him that he was sure they would score another goal.

He said that he needed to buy a new laptop.

He told him he would lend him his.

She said her necklace wasn't as nice as hers.

She said that nobody could touch it.

She said that grandma might visit this afternoon.

She said they should make a cake for her.



Lessons 7–8 Vincent's bedroom

- Look at the painting. How do you feel about it?

Reading

- 1 Work in pairs. Read a paragraph each about Vincent van Gogh. Then explain to your partner what you learned about him and his art.

Vincent van Gogh (1853–1890) was a painter from the Netherlands, who is known for his paintings of **landscapes** with fields, trees and flowers. He also painted beautiful pictures of streets and cafés in Paris and Arles, and **portraits** of his friends. His **self-portraits** are also well-known. His **style** was different from that of other painters as he used very bright colours and thick paint that took days to dry.

Vincent was never famous or rich. He only sold one painting while he was **alive**, so his brother Theo, who worked in an art **gallery** in Paris, had to send him money to **support** him. Vincent got sick and died alone in Arles, in the south of France. Today, his paintings are among the most **valuable** in the world. His painting *Portrait of Dr. Gachet*, for instance, became one of the ten most expensive paintings in history when it sold for over \$150m dollars at auction in 1990.



Vincent's Bedroom in Arles by Vincent van Gogh

Vocabulary

- 2 Match the words in **bold** from the text with their definitions below.
- 1 _____ a particular way of painting or drawing
- 2 _____ a place where art is shown
- 3 _____ a picture that the artist draws of himself/herself
- 4 _____ a painting of someone
- 5 _____ a painting of the countryside
- 6 _____ something that's worth a lot of money
- 7 _____ to help someone who has problems
- 8 _____ the opposite of *dead*

Speaking 21st

- 3 Work in small groups. Look at some paintings by Vincent van Gogh. Choose the one you like best and read some further information about it. Present the painting in your group, explaining why you like it.

Language tip

Remember, a non-defining relative clause gives us more information about someone or something. If we take it out, we can still understand the sentence. We use *who* and *whose* for people, *which* for things and *where* for places. We use commas to separate the non-defining relative clause.

Vincent van Gogh, whose paintings are worth millions of dollars, was a Dutch painter.

He had a brother called Theo, who sent him letters and money.

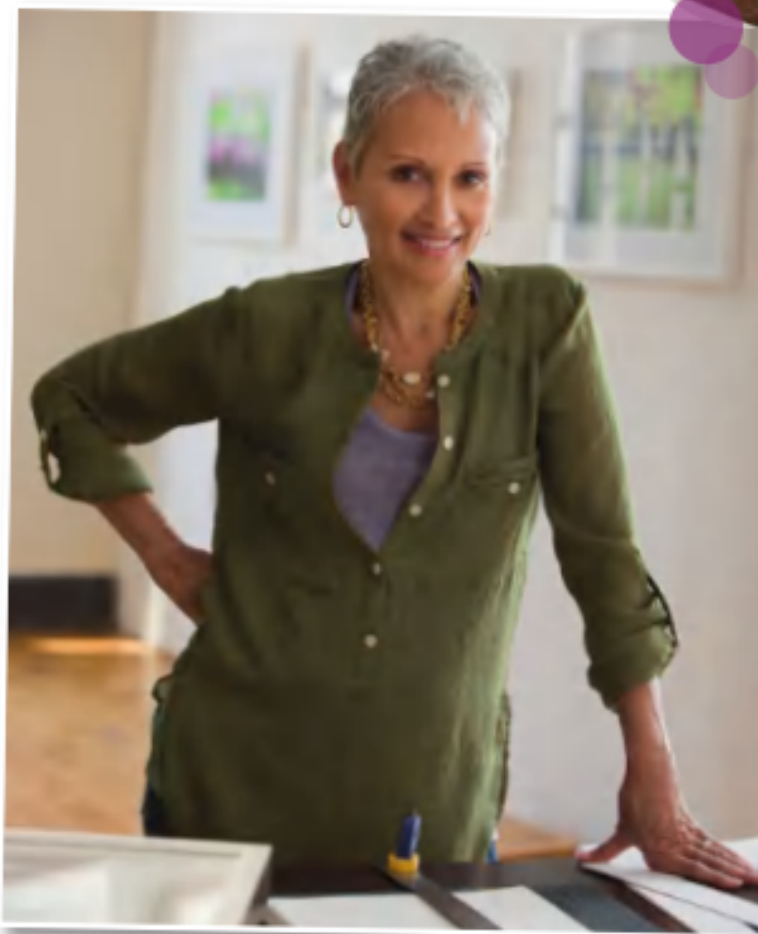
'Vincent's Bedroom in Arles', which Van Gogh painted in south France, is my favourite painting.

He spent some years in Paris, where he painted streets and cafés.



Listening 38

- 4** Listen to Mrs Jessica Bradley, who owns an art gallery, talk about her favourite painter, Vincent van Gogh. Choose the correct options: a, b or c.
- 1** Mrs Bradley likes *Vincent's Bedroom in Arles* because
- a** of its bright colours.
 - b** the artist himself liked it.
 - c** it was Van Gogh's last painting.
- 2** Mrs Bradley explains that Van Gogh's favourite colour was probably
- a** yellow.
 - b** orange.
 - c** blue.
- 3** Why is *Vincent's Bedroom in Arles* unusual in Mrs Bradley's opinion?
- a** It looks very real.
 - b** It has very little furniture.
 - c** The room has a strange shape.
- 5** Listen again. What do these numbers refer to?
- 819 651 1888



Speaking

- 6** Complete the sentences with your ideas. Compare with a partner.
- 1** Art is something which/that ...
 - 2** My bedroom is a place where ...
 - 3** My parents are people who/that ...
 - 4** A friend is someone who/that ...
 - 5** English is a language which/that ...

Language tip

Remember, a defining relative clause gives important information to identify who or what we are talking about. If we take it out, we can't understand the sentence. We use *who* and *whose* for people, *which* for things and *where* for places. We can replace *who* and *which* with *that*. We don't use commas.

The painter whose paintings you can see in this gallery is my uncle.

The woman who lives in that house is a painter.

This is the painting which I was telling you about.

The art gallery where you can see my paintings is on West Street.

Lessons 9–10 Organise your space

- Who gives you advice when you need it?
- What kind of things do you ask advice about?

Reading and speaking

- 1 Alia has an online advice column. Match the readers' questions to Alia's advice.

HELP'S HERE!

If you need help or advice, you can ask Alia.
It's quick, easy and free!

Alia: Our topic today is 'personal space'. Post your questions below.

- 1 My daughter's 15 and her bedroom is a mess. You can hardly walk in it! What can I do?

Mai

- 2 I share a bedroom with my brother. He's really tidy and I'm not. I'm tired of arguing with him about it. Help!

Yassir

- 3 I like having my personal space organised, but I'm just too tired and busy to tidy up. Do you think I'm lazy?

Sameera

A You should come to some agreements, for example 'It's OK if **we**¹ leave our school bags on the floor, but we *must* make our beds every day'. You can also set a day as a 'clean together day'. I'm sure **he**² like that.

B No, I don't think so, but you can't really relax if **it's**³ always untidy. Why don't you try changing some bad habits? Like, put your clothes in the laundry basket instead of throwing **them**⁴ on the floor, or put your things back in their place when you've finished using them?

C Well, ask **her**⁵ about it first. Why is it a mess? Perhaps she doesn't mind. Then explain that there are house rules you all need to follow and one of them is keeping the house tidy. I'm sure she will understand **you**⁶.

- 2 Look at the words in bold in the text. Who or what do they refer to?
- 3 Do you agree with Alia's advice?

Reading strategy

Pronouns like *they*, *their*, *it*, *this*, *them*, *any* refer back to people and things that have already been mentioned in the text. Understanding what these words refer to, will help you understand the whole text.



- 4 Read the text below. Then look at the photos and captions. Can you guess what might be suggested by each? Discuss in small groups.

Live with less

Look around your room. Do you see too many things? Does this make you feel stressed? For a lot of people, having fewer things means less cleaning, less mess and less stress. Here are a few ideas for you to get rid of stuff you don't need.



48 hours



Buy one/throw one out

Fill a rubbish bag



Listening 39

- 5 Listen to four speakers explaining each idea in Activity 4. Make notes and compare in pairs.



The hanger experiment

Speaking

- 6 Discuss the questions with your partner. Then compare in small groups.
- Which of the ideas in Activity 4 would you like to try? Why?
 - Imagine you had to do the 'Fill a rubbish bag' idea. What would you throw away?
 - What did you buy recently that you didn't really need?
 - Do you know anyone who should do the '48 hours' idea?
- 7 Work in pairs. Read what Hessa says and think of three ideas to help her. Use the expressions below.

Speaking tip

Use the following expressions to give Hessa advice:

I think you/he/she should ...

You/He/She could ...

It would be a good idea if you/he/she ... (+ past simple)

If I were you/him/her, I'd ...

I really like my bedroom but sometimes I feel it's full of stuff. I've got old toys that I don't play with any more, books I never read and a cupboard full of clothes I don't wear.

Lessons 11–12 **For sale**

- What things do people in your country buy second-hand?

Reading

- 1 Read the adverts on a school noticeboard. Which item would you like to have?

HALF ORIGINAL PRICE

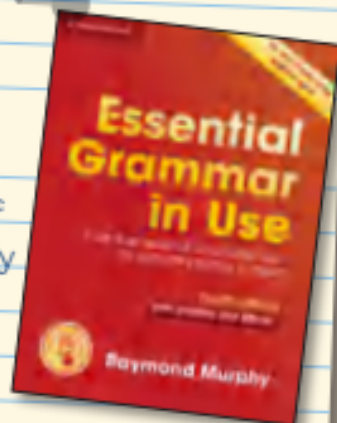
Junior tennis racket, almost new, comes with cover. Well-known brand and light. Perfect for young girl or boy.

Worth £80, but will accept £40.



To give away

320-page English grammar by best-selling author. Clear explanations, lots of activities. Self-study with answers at back. Hardly used.



Exchanging

Multi-sport helmet in good condition. Can be used for skateboarding, cycling, roller skating. Suitable for teenagers older than 14. Will exchange for bigger helmet or other sport equipment.



FREE IF YOU WANT IT

Book of bedtime stories. Classic stories from all over the world! Would suit younger brother or sister.



- 2 Look at the adverts again and answer the questions.

- 1 Which items can you have without paying money?
- 2 Which item will help you use a language better?
- 3 Which item protects you while doing sport?
- 4 Which item isn't appropriate for young children?
- 5 Which items would you use to play sports?



Use of English

- 3 Find the compound adjectives in the adverts on page 181. What do they mean?

well-known

someone or something that people know well

Writing 21st

- 4 Read the advert below and compare it to the first one in Activity 1. What extra words have been added?

This junior tennis racket is almost new and comes with a cover. It is a well-known make and it's light so it's perfect for a young girl or a boy.

It's worth £80, but I will accept £40.



- 5 Now think about something you have that you would like to sell or give away. Write an advert for it in full form. Then take out words to make it shorter.

Use of English: Compound adjectives

Just like compound verbs and nouns, two words can be used together to make compound adjectives.

It's a **well-known** brand of tennis racket.

It's written by a **best-selling** author.

When the compound adjective is made of number + noun, the noun is in singular form.

It's a **320-page** English grammar book.

They were tired after the **10-hour** flight.

Sometimes compound adjectives are joined with a hyphen:

multi-sport

Sometimes they don't need one:

bedtime

Language tip

In short adverts, we often write in note form to save space. We don't include words like pronouns or articles. The important words are nouns, adjectives and verbs. Note that when the verb is easily understood, we can leave it out:

~~This~~ junior tennis racket is almost new ~~and~~ comes with a cover.

When we remove words, we may have to change capitalisation and add punctuation:

Junior tennis racket, almost new, comes with cover.

Speaking

- 6 Display your adverts in class. Walk around and choose your top three objects. Compare in small groups and with the whole class.





LITERATURE

The Jungle Book

by Rudyard Kipling

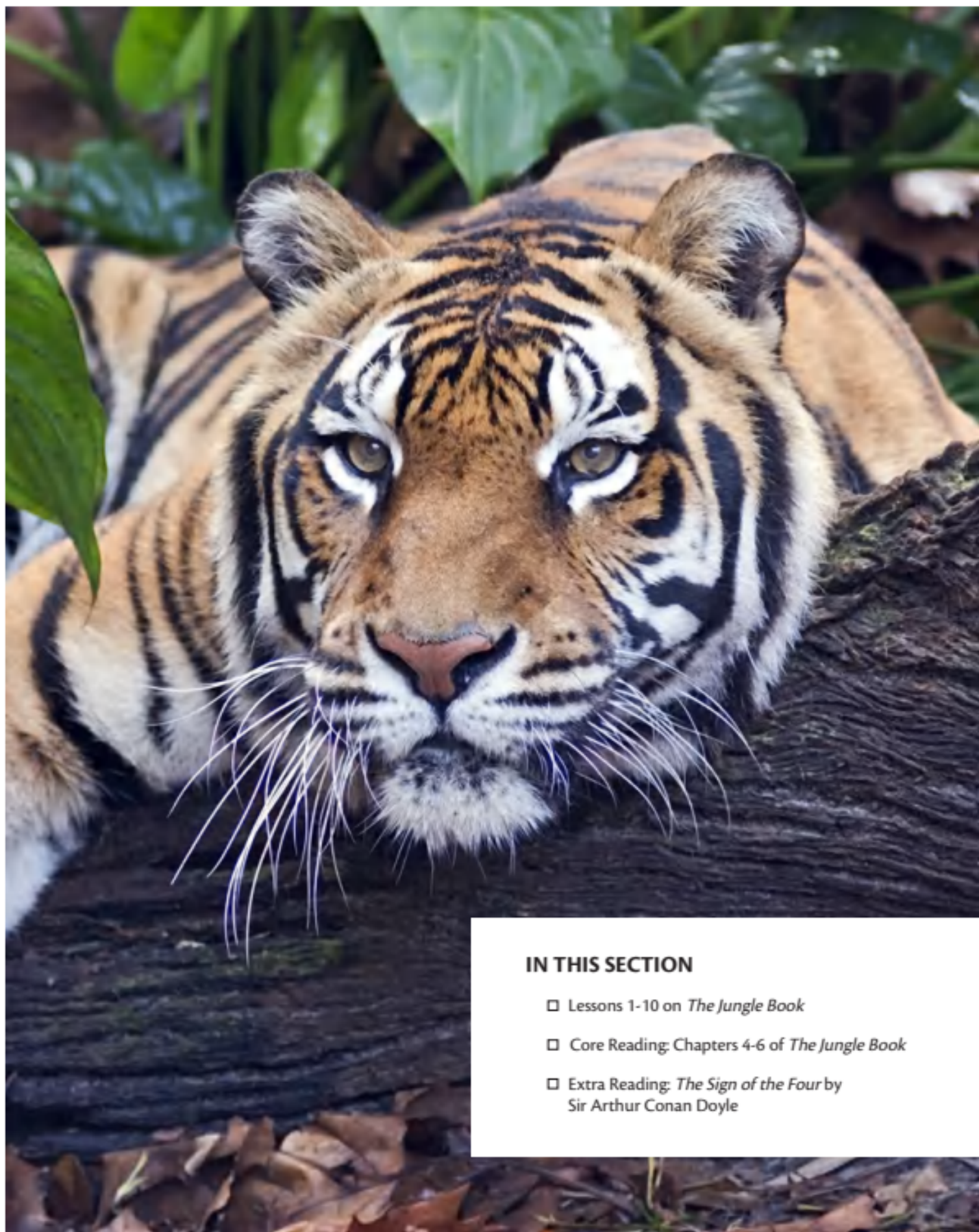
LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

READING

- ☐ To read and identify how the theme of courage is presented.
- ☐ To read and identify the use of symbolism.
- ☐ To read and identify how the theme of nature is explored.
- ☐ To read and identify how words are used to create emotion.
- ☐ To read and identify how the theme of identity is explored.

LITERATURE

- ☐ To explore the themes of courage and bravery.
- ☐ To explore how literary techniques are used to create imagery.
- ☐ To explore the themes of human and animal nature.
- ☐ To explore the use of emotive language.
- ☐ To explore the themes of identity and belonging.



IN THIS SECTION

- Lessons 1-10 on *The Jungle Book*
- Core Reading: Chapters 4-6 of *The Jungle Book*
- Extra Reading: *The Sign of the Four* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Lessons 1–2 **Courage and Bravery in *The Jungle Book***

- Prior reading: Chapter 4 Part 2.
- To read and identify how the theme of courage is presented in *The Jungle Book*.
- To explore how animals symbolise courage and bravery in literature.

Speaking

- 1 Read the definition of courage and discuss in groups what it means to you.

"the ability to control your fear in a dangerous or difficult situation"

- 2 Read the questions and discuss in groups.
 - 1 Have you ever faced a difficult or dangerous situation? What did you do?
 - 2 Do you know anyone who has shown acts of courage? What did they do?
 - 3 What is the word used for someone who is the opposite of courageous?

Reading

- 3 Read the questions and answer using evidence from the story so far.
 - 1 Which characters have shown acts of courage and bravery in *The Jungle Book*, and which are cowards? Are any characters a mix of the two?
 - 2 How have they been courageous and brave?
 - 3 Is Mowgli naturally courageous, or does his courage grow as he does? Give reasons for your answers.



Reading tip

When we read we can bring together what is spoken (written) in the text, what is unspoken (unwritten) in the text and what we already know to help create meaning.

Focus

In many stories, authors use animals to symbolise the **moral values** of humans. Moral values are the positive qualities that humans have to lead a good life. Being honest, brave, generous, fair and truthful are some examples of moral values.

Kipling reinforces moral values through the animals who are Mowgli's friends. They display their bravery, loyalty and strength when saving him from the Monkey people.

4 Read the extracts and answer the questions.

- 1 Why does Bagheera know that it is important not to waste time, as seen in line 6-7 of Extract 1?
- 2 Why does Kipling say that Bagheera is fighting for the first time in his life, as seen in line 5-8 of Extract 3?
- 3 What does this tell the readers about Bagheera's character and his feelings towards Mowgli?
- 4 What is meant by 'Baloo must be at hand', as seen in line 1 of Extract 4??
- 5 Why does Mowgli think Bagheera would not come alone?
- 6 What does this say about the relationship between Bagheera and Baloo?
- 7 Where have we seen Bagheera and Baloo come together before to help Mowgli?
- 8 Why do you think Kaa agrees to help save Mowgli?

1 Mowgli heard Bagheera's light feet on the terrace. The Black Panther had raced up the slope almost without a sound and was hitting the monkeys. He knew not to waste time.

2 A group of monkeys started biting, scratching, tearing, and pulling Bagheera, while five or six held Mowgli and pulled him up the wall of the summerhouse.

3 Mowgli stood as still as he could. He looked through the open walls and heard the furious noise of the fight around the Black Panther. For the first time since he was born, Bagheera was fighting for his life.

4 Baloo must be at hand; Bagheera would not have come alone," Mowgli thought. And then he called aloud: "To the tank, Bagheera. Roll to the water tanks. Roll and plunge! Get to the water!"

5 Kaa looked carefully until he found a crack in the marble design showing a weak spot. Then lifting six feet of his body he smashed the wall down. Mowgli jumped through the opening and threw himself between Baloo and Bagheera, an arm around each big neck.

Writing

5 Complete tasks 1-3, noting your answers in the graphic organiser.

- 1 Read the descriptions of moral values that animals in the story represent.
- 2 Write the name of the animal that each description represents; Kaa, Baloo and Bagheera.
- 3 Find examples where the characters have shown the moral values they represent in the story so far.

Name of character			
Moral Values they represent	strength, self-evaluation, spiritual journey, healing	transformation, rebirth, immortality	protection, power, pride
Quotations of examples			

- 6 Write a summary of one of the characters explaining how they have been courageous and how they have shown examples of the moral values they represent. Remember to use quotations to justify your answers.

Lessons 3–4 **Symbolism in *The Jungle Book***

- Prior reading: Chapter 5 Part 1
- To read and identify how symbolism is used in *The Jungle Book*.
- To explore how metaphors and similes are used to create imagery in a story.

Speaking

- 1 In groups, discuss what the colour red represents across the world. Use the questions to help you.
- 1 What does the colour red represent in traffic lights?
- 2 What does the colour red represent in the UAE flag?
- 3 Where else is red used to represent something?



Writing

- 2 Using words to describe what red could mean, complete the spider diagram.



Reading

- 3 Read the extract and answer the questions
- 1 What is the Red flower?
- 2 Why doesn't Bagheera get the Red Flower, but instructs Mowgli to get it?
- 3 Why does Bagheera call it the Red Flower?
- 4 Where does Mowgli go to get it?

Reading tip

We can scan through text to identify key words, phrases and sentences quickly. We do not need to read every word.

"Go down quickly to the humans' huts in the valley, and take some of the Red Flower that they grow there. So that when the time comes you may have an even stronger friend than Baloo or me and those in the Pack that love you. Get the Red Flower."

By Red Flower Bagheera meant fire. No creature in the jungle will call fire by its proper name. Every beast fears it, and invents a hundred ways of describing it.

5 "The Red Flower?" said Mowgli. "That grows outside their huts at night time? I will get some."

"Remember that it grows in little pots. Get one quickly, and keep it by you for your time of need," said Bagheera.

Focus

Metaphors and **similes** are used in stories to symbolise things and create **imagery**. They are both used to compare two things. However, there is a slight difference in their meaning.

A metaphor is a **figure of speech** that says that one thing is another different thing. For example, *the red flower is fire*.

A simile is a figure of speech that says that one thing is like another different thing, using the words 'like' or 'as'. For example, *the red flower is like fire* or *the red flower is as hot as fire*.

4 Read the questions and answer them using your knowledge of the text so far.

- 1 In what ways is Mowgli like the Red Flower?
- 2 How does the Red Flower represent Shere Khan's feelings towards Mowgli?
- 3 In what ways can the Red Flower cause damage in the jungle?
- 4 In what ways could Mowgli cause damage or bring trouble to the Jungle People?

Writing

5 Complete the graphic organiser following the steps.

- 1 Read the sentences in the graphic organiser and write in column B if they are a metaphor (M) or simile (S).
- 2 Change the metaphors to similes and the similes to metaphors in column C.

A	B	C
The wolf's teeth were as sharp as a knife		
The moon is a white balloon		
He is fast like a leopard		
The jungle is an animal's playground		
She is a walking dictionary		
The river is as cold as ice		

6 In groups, create a poster of a character in *The Jungle Book* and include metaphors and similes to describe them.

Lessons 5–6 Human Nature versus Animal Nature in *The Jungle Book*

- Prior reading: Chapter 5 Part 2
- To read and identify how human nature and animal nature are presented in *The Jungle Book*.
- To explore the idea that humans and animals have differences, but also some similarities in their nature

Speaking

- 1 Look at the picture. In groups, discuss what you think the picture is saying about the relationship between animals and humans.



Reading

- 2 Read the questions and note your answers in the graphic organiser, using evidence from the text where possible.
- 1 Are animals presented in a positive or negative way in the story?
- 2 Are humans presented in a positive or negative way in the story?

Reading tip

Sometimes, it is not always clear what message an author is trying to get across in a story. Therefore, when reading, we need to be able to use word clues and previous parts of the story to help identify meaning.

	Positive	Negative
Animals		
Humans		

- 3 Read the extracts and answer the questions.
- 1 Why does Bagheera ask Mowgli if he is afraid of the fire, as seen in lines 3–4 of Extract 1?
- 2 How does Mowgli view the fire in comparison to Bagheera and other animals?
- 3 Why is it important for Akeela to mention all the things Mowgli has done in the jungle, as seen in lines 2–8 of Extract 2?
- 4 Why is Shere Khan against Mowgli staying in the jungle, as seen in Extract 3?

1

"Good! I have seen how the humans push a dry branch into that stuff, and soon after the Red Flower grew at the end of it. Are you not afraid?" said Bagheera.

5 "No. Why should I be scared? I remember now, or maybe it was a dream. Before I was a Wolf, I used to lay next to the Red Flower. It was warm and pleasant."

2

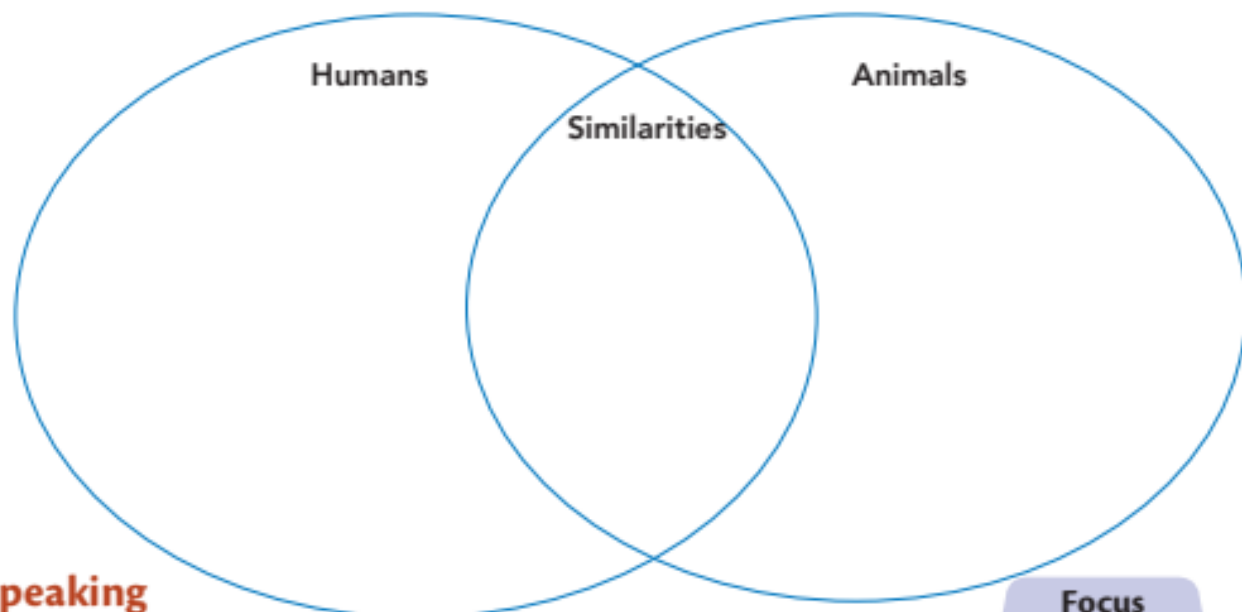
"Akela lifted his head again and said, "He has eaten our food. He has slept with us. He has helped us to catch our food. He has not broken any of the Laws of the Jungle."

3

"A man's cub cannot run with the people of the jungle," howled Shere Khan. "Give him to me!"

Writing

- 4 Complete the Venn diagram to show the similarities and differences between animals and humans.



Speaking

- 5 In your groups, present your Venn diagram.
- Introduce the topic
 - Explain the nature of humans
 - Explain the nature of animals
 - Explain where they are similar
 - Provide a conclusion

Focus

A Venn diagram is a visual tool used to compare and contrast two or more objects, events, people, or concepts. It helps us to understand and identify similarities and differences.

Lessons 7–8 **Emotive Language in *The Jungle Book***

- Prior reading: Chapter 5 Part 3.
- To read and identify how words are used to evoke emotion in *The Jungle Book*.
- To explore how authors use emotive language in a story.



Speaking

- 1 In groups, discuss the questions.
 - 1 How are you feeling today?
 - 2 How can you tell what emotions your friends are feeling?
 - 3 Do you think animals have feelings?
 - 4 How can you tell what emotions animals are feeling?

Reading

- 2 Read the extracts and answer the questions.

- 1 What emotion is Mowgli feeling when he stands up holding the fire pot in Extract 1?
- 2 Underline the adjectives and nouns that helped you answer the previous question.
- 3 What emotion does the word 'flung', as seen in line 1 of Extract 2, imply that Mowgli is feeling?
- 4 Underline the words that show the wolves are scared in Extract 3.
- 5 How is the fire described at the end of the branch in Extract 3?
- 6 What is meant by "furiously", as seen in line 3 of Extract 3?
 - a violently
 - b weakly
 - c mildly

- 7 How does the use of "sobbed" in line 3 of Extract 4 help us understand how Mowgli is feeling?
- 8 In what ways does the author show Mowgli's change of emotions from the beginning to the end of the chapter?

Reading tip

It can be easy to understand someone's emotions through pictures and images. However, it is not as easy to grasp feelings and emotions in a reading text, the use of nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs (parts of speech) can help us to do this

1 Mowgli stood up with the fire pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms, he was furious with rage and sadness "Listen you!" he cried. "

2 He flung the fire pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit a pile of dried moss that flared up. The Council jumped back in terror as the flames grew. "

- 3 Mowgli pushed his dead branch into the fire until the twigs lit and crackled, and **whirled** it above his head near the trembling wolves.

The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch. Mowgli struck right and left around the circle, and the wolves ran away howling with the fire burning their fur.

- 4 Something began to hurt Mowgli inside him. He had never been hurt in his life before. He caught his breath and **sobbed**, the tears running down his face.

- 5 "You are a man which means the jungle is shut to you. Let them fall, Mowgli. They are only tears." So, Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart was breaking.

- 6 "...But first I must say goodbye to my mother." He went to the cave where she lived with Father Wolf, and he cried on her coat, while the four cubs howled miserably.

- 3 Read the words in the chart and find the emotive synonyms of them in the extracts. Remember they can be verbs, adjectives or adverbs.

cry	
anger	
sad	

- 4 Identify and write down the key events of Chapter 5.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Writing

- 5 Using the key events in your answer to question 4, use emotive language to summarise Chapter 5.

Lessons 9–10 **Identity** in *The Jungle Book*

- Prior reading: Chapter 6.
- To read and infer how identity is presented in the story.
- To explore how the theme of identity and belonging is developed in *The Jungle Book*.

Speaking

- 1** In groups, read the questions and share your ideas.
 - 1 What does identity mean?
 - 2 What makes up someone's identity?
 - 3 Why do you think it is important to feel like you belong?
 - 4 Do you think Mowgli belongs in the jungle with the animals or with the humans in the village?
- 2** Look at the mnemonic of the word **IDENTITY**. Discuss what the words mean with your group.



Individual

DNA

Existence

Name

Talent

Interests

Truth

You

Speaking tip

The 'm' in the word *mnemonic* is silent.

A *mnemonic* is a way that we can remember information. For example, using a pattern of letters.

Writing

- 3** Create a mnemonic using your name.

Reading

- 4** Read the extracts and answer the questions.
 - 1 What is meant by "So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also" in lines 1-2 of Extract 1?
 - 2 What does Mowgli think about humans?
 - 3 What is meant by *uneasy* in line 1 of Extract 3?
 - 4 What is Mowgli struggling to do in Extract 4 and why?
 - 5 What simile is used to describe Mowgli's strength in Extract 5?

Reading tip

Scanning helps us to find key information in a text. Skimming helps us to understand the overall gist of a text.

1 So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also." He sat down by the gate.

2 "They have no manners, these humans," said Mowgli to himself. "Only the gray ape would behave as they do." So, he threw back his long hair and looked at the crowd confused.

3 Mowgli was uneasy, because he had never been under a roof before. But as he looked at the roof, he saw that he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away. "I must talk like men, not like the jungle people." He said to himself.

4 Mowgli found bedtime difficult, he was not used to sleeping in a room. So, when they shut the door, he went out through the window. "Let him do what he is used to, remember he has never slept in a bed. He will not run away." said Messua's husband.

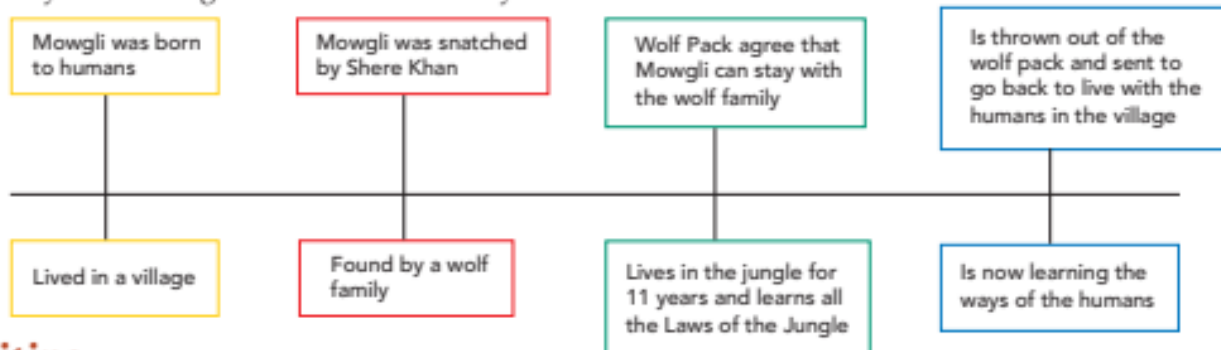
5 He did not know his own strength. In the jungle, he knew he was weak compared to the animals. But in the village, people said that he was as strong as a bull.

Focus

The theme of identity is commonly used in novels. Authors often use the theme of identity so that readers can relate to the characters and their emotions. It also helps them to think about their own identity.

5 Read the timeline to identify the key points in Mowgli's life and answer the questions.

- 1 What is meant by the word *snatched*?
- 2 How do you think Mowgli felt when he was taken away from his mother?
- 3 What pattern can you see in Mowgli's life so far?
- 4 How do you think Mowgli feels when he is learning the laws of the jungle?
- 5 Why does Mowgli need to learn the ways of humans?



Writing

- 6 Write a paragraph of the identity struggle Mowgli is facing and why. Use the points in the timeline to help you.

Core Reading

The Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling

Chapter 4 Monkey Business

Part 2

In the Cold Lairs the Monkey-People were not thinking of Mowgli's friends at all. Mowgli had never seen an Indian city before, and even though it was mostly a heap of ruins it seemed very wonderful.

Mowgli was sore and angry as well as hungry. He walked through the empty city giving the

- 5 Strangers' Hunting Call from time to time, but no one answered him. Mowgli felt that he was in a very bad place. "All that Baloo has said about the Monkey-People is true," he thought to himself.

"There is a cloud coming to cover the moon. If only it was big enough I could try to run away in the darkness. But I am tired."

- That same cloud was being watched by two good friends in the ditch below the city wall. Bagheera and Kaa, knew how dangerous the Monkey-People were in large numbers so they did not want to
10 take any risks.

"I will go to the west wall," Kaa whispered, "and will come down the slope quickly."

"When that cloud covers the moon, I will go to the walkway. They hold some sort of council meeting there," said Bagheera.

- 15 "Good hunting," said Kaa, and **slithered** away to the west wall.

Mowgli heard Bagheera's light feet on the terrace. The Black Panther had raced up the slope almost

Vocabulary

slither: to move easily across a surface like a snake

without a sound and was hitting the monkeys. He knew not to waste time.

There was a scary howl. As Bagheera tripped on the rolling kicking bodies of the Monkey-People beneath him, a monkey shouted, "There is only one here! Get him!"

- 20 A group of monkeys started biting, scratching, tearing, and pulling Bagheera, while five or six held Mowgli and pulled him up the wall of the summerhouse. They pushed him through the hole of the broken dome. Mowgli fell in the way that Baloo had taught him to fall, and landed on his feet.

"Stay there," shouted the monkeys, "after we have killed your friends, we will play with you, if you are still alive."

- 25 "We be of one blood, you and I," said Mowgli, quickly giving the Snake's Call. He could hear hissing in the rubbish all round him. He gave the Call a second time, to make sure they heard him.

The old summerhouse was alive with cobras. "Stand still, Little Brother, your feet may do us harm."

- Mowgli stood as still as he could. He looked through the open walls and heard the furious noise of the fight around the Black Panther. For the first time since he was born, Bagheera was fighting for his life.
- 30

"Baloo must be at hand; Bagheera would not have come alone," Mowgli thought. And then he called aloud: "To the tank, Bagheera. Roll to the water tanks. Roll and plunge! Get to the water!"

- Bagheera heard, and the cry that told him Mowgli was safe gave him new courage. A crash and a splash told Mowgli that Bagheera had fought his way to the tank where the monkeys could not follow.
- 35

Kaa had only just worked his way over the west wall. The monkeys ran away with cries of, "Kaa! It is Kaa! Run! Run!"

"Get the man-cub out of that trap; I can't do anymore," Bagheera said tiredly. "Let's take the man-cub and go. They may attack again."

- 40 "They will not move until I order them to." Kaa hissed, and the city was silent again.

"Where is the manling?"

"Here, in a trap. I cannot climb out," cried Mowgli.



Kaa looked carefully until he found a crack in the marble design showing a weak spot. Then lifting six feet of his body he smashed the wall down. Mowgli jumped through the opening and threw
45 himself between Baloo and Bagheera, an arm around each big neck.

"Are you hurt?" said Baloo, hugging him softly.

"I am sore, hungry, and a little bruised."

"Kaa saved all of our lives, thank him Mowgli" said Bagheera.

Mowgli turned and saw the great Python's head swaying a foot above his own.

50 "We be one blood, you and I," Mowgli answered. "I owe you my life. If you are ever hungry I will bring you food."

"Go quickly my friends. Go and sleep as the moon is setting. We do not know what will happen next." said Kaa.

"Now," said Bagheera, "jump on my back, Little Brother, and we will go home."

55 One of the beauties of Jungle Law is that punishment settles all scores. There is no talking about it afterward."

Mowgli laid his head down on Bagheera's back and slept so deeply.



Check your Understanding

1 Put the sentences in the correct order to make a summary of Chapter 4 (Part 2).

- ___ Kaa smashes the wall of the dome down to free Mowgli.
- ___ The Monkey-People notice Kaa and run away because they are scared of him.
- ___ The Monkey-People push Mowgli through the dome.
- ___ Mowgli walks through the deserted city giving the Stranger's Hunting call, to no response.
- ___ Bagheera starts attacking the Monkey-People.
- ___ Bagheera, Baloo and Kaa rescue Mowgli.

2 How does Kaa free Mowgli from the trap?

3 Underline in the text where you got the evidence for your answer to the previous question.

4 What does Mowgli say he will do for Kaa to thank him for rescuing him?

5 Underline in the text where you got the evidence for your answer to the previous question.

6 Write down the Law of the Jungle mentioned in Part 2 of Chapter 4.



Chapter 5

Red Flower

Part 1

Eleven whole years passed and Mowgli lived a wonderful life among the wolves. He grew up with the cubs, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle. When he was not learning, he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate and went to sleep again. When he felt dirty or hot he swam in the forest pools; and when he wanted honey (Baloo told him that honey
5 and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat) he climbed up for it. Bagheera showed him how.

He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met. It was there he discovered that if he stared at any wolf, the wolf would drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun. At other times, he would pick the long **thorns** out of the furs of his friends. The wolves **suffer** terribly from thorns in their coats. He would go down the hillside into the lands by night, and look very curiously at the
10 villagers in their huts. He did not trust humans because once Bagheera had showed him a square box with a drop gate so cleverly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it. He told him that it was a trap.

He loved to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the **drowsy** day, and at night see how Bagheera did his hunting. Bagheera hunted right and left,
15 whenever he felt hungry. So did Mowgli, with one exception. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the Pack at the price of a bull's life. "All the jungle is yours," said Bagheera, "but for the sake of the bull that bought you, you must never kill or eat any cattle. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli **obeyed** this law.

20 He grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think about except things to eat.

Vocabulary

thorns: a small, sharp pointed growth on the stem of a plant or flower

suffer: to experience pain or something unpleasant

drowsy: feeling sleepy and not being entirely awake or alert

obey: to follow laws or rules



Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan was not a creature to be trusted, and that someday he must kill Shere Khan. Although a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy.

- 25 Shere Khan was always crossing his path in the jungle. As Akela grew older and weaker the tiger had become great friends with the younger wolves of the Pack. They followed him for everywhere looking for **scraps**. Then Shere Khan would talk to them about how they were being led by a dying wolf, Akela, and a man cub, Mowgli. "They tell me," Shere Khan would say, "that at Council you are scared to look him between the eyes." And the young wolves would growl. They began to dislike
- 30 Mowgli because of the horrible things Shere Khan would say.

Bagheera, who had eyes and ears everywhere, knew about this. He told Mowgli that Shere Khan would kill him some day. Mowgli would laugh and answer: "I have the Pack and I have you; and Baloo, even though he is so lazy, he will fight for me. Why should I be afraid?"

- It was a very warm day when something came to Bagheera's mind from something that he had
- 35 heard. Perhaps Ikki the Porcupine had told him. He said to Mowgli when they were deep in the jungle and Mowgli was laying his head on his beautiful black fur, "Little Brother, how many times have I told you that Shere Khan is the **enemy**?"

"As many times, as there are nuts on that tree," said Mowgli, who, naturally, could not count. "Why do you ask? I am sleepy, Bagheera, and Shere Khan is all talk, like Mao the Peacock."

- 40 "But this is no time for sleeping. Baloo knows it; I know it; the Pack know it; and even the foolish, **foolish** deer know. Tabaqui has told you too."

"Ho! Ho!" said Mowgli. "Tabaqui came to me the other day saying that I am just a man's cub and not good enough to do jungle work. But I caught Tabaqui by the tail and swung him twice against a palm-tree to teach him better **manners**."

- 45 "That was not a good idea. Even though Tabaqui is a mischief-maker, he would have told you something important. Open those eyes, Little Brother. Shere Khan will not kill you in the jungle. Remember, Akela is very old, and soon the day will come where he cannot hunt any longer and will not be the leader anymore. Many of the wolves that agreed to keep you in the Council are old too. The young wolves believe, as Shere Khan has taught them, that a man-cub has no place with
- 50 the Pack. You will be a man soon."

"And what kind of man does not run with his brothers?" said Mowgli. "I was born in the jungle. I

Vocabulary

scraps: small pieces of food that are left over and are usually thrown away

enemy: someone who is not a friend and tries to do bad things

foolish: not wise, stupid or silly; showing bad judgment

manners: polite behaviour that is respectful to others in social situations



have obeyed the Law of the Jungle, and there is no wolf from whose paws I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my brothers!"

Bagheera stretched himself at full length and half shut his eyes. "Little Brother, feel under my jaw."

- 55 Mowgli put up his strong brown hand, and just under Bagheera's silky chin, where the giant muscles were all hidden by the glossy hair, he found a little bald spot.

"There is no one in the jungle who knows that I, Bagheera, carry that mark. The mark of the **collar**; and yet, Little Brother, I was born among men, and it was among men that my mother died, in the cages of the king's palace at Oodeypore. It was because of this that I paid the price for you at
60 the Council when you were a little cub. I had never seen the jungle. They fed me behind bars from an iron pan. One night I felt that I was Bagheera the Panther. I am not a man's toy. So I broke the silly lock with one knock of my paw and ran away. And because I had learned the ways of humans, I became more feared in the jungle than Shere Khan."

"Yes," said Mowgli, "all the jungle fear Bagheera, all except Mowgli."

- 65 "Oh, you are a man's cub," said the Black Panther very softly. "Even I returned to my jungle, you must also go back to the humans, if you are not killed in the Council."

"But why...but why should anyone want to kill me?" said Mowgli.

"Look at me," said Bagheera. And Mowgli looked at him firmly between the eyes. The big panther turned his head away for half a minute.

- 70 "That is why," he said. "Not even I can look at you between the eyes, and I was born among men, and I love you, Little Brother. The others hate you because their eyes cannot meet yours. You are wise, you can pull out thorns from their feet, because you are a man."

"I did not know these things," said Mowgli sadly.

- "It is in my heart that when Akela misses his next kill, the Pack will turn against him and against
75 you. They will hold a jungle Council at the Rock, and then...and then...I have it!" said Bagheera, leaping up. "Go down quickly to the human's huts in the valley, and take some of the Red Flower that they grow there. So that when the time comes you may have an even stronger friend than Baloo or me and those in the Pack that love you. Get the Red Flower."

By Red Flower Bagheera meant fire. No creature in the jungle will call fire by its proper name. Every

Vocabulary

collar: a leather or metal strap around the neck of an animal



80 beast fears it, and invents a hundred ways of describing it.

"The Red Flower?" said Mowgli. "That grows outside their huts at night time? I will get some."

"Remember that it grows in little pots. Get one quickly, and keep it by you for your time of need."
Said Bagheera.

"Good!" said Mowgli. "I will go. But are you sure. Oh my Bagheera", he slipped his arm around his
85 neck and looked deep into the big eyes. "Are you sure that all this is Shere Khan's doing?"

"By the Broken Lock that freed me, I am sure, Little Brother."

"Then, by the bull that bought me, I will make sure Shere Khan pays for this," said Mowgli as he
made his way to the village.

"That is a man. That is all man," said Bagheera to himself, lying down again.



Check your Understanding

1 Put the sentences in the correct order to make a summary of Chapter 5 (Part 1).

- ___ Bagheera tells Mowgli to get the Red Flower from the humans' huts in the village.
- ___ Mowgli makes his way to the village to get the Red Flower.
- ___ Bagheera reminds Mowgli that Shere Khan is his enemy.
- ___ Mowgli learns that if he stares a wolf in the eyes, the wolf will look away in fear.
- ___ Bagheera tells Mowgli the story of how he was a caged animal and how he escaped.

2 What is the Red Flower?

3 Why does Bagheera tell Mowgli to get the Red Flower?

4 Underline in the text where you got evidence for your answer to the previous question.

5 Write down the Law of the Jungle that is mentioned in Part 1 of Chapter 5.



Chapter 5

Red Flower

Part 2

Mowgli was far into the forest, running hard, and his heart was beating fast. He came to the cave as the evening began, and took a deep breath. He looked down the valley and saw that the cubs were out. Mother Wolf was at the back of the cave. She knew by his breathing that something was troubling her 'frog'.

5 "What is it, Son?" she said.

"Some talk about Shere Khan wanting to kill me," he called back. "I will hunt in the village tonight," and he jumped down through the bushes, to the river at the bottom of the **valley**. He heard the yell of the Pack hunting and heard the roar of a hunted deer. Then there were unpleasant howls from the young wolves: "Akela! Akela! Let the Lone Wolf show his strength. Attack, Akela!"

10 Akela tried to attack and missed. Mowgli heard the bite of his teeth and then a cry as the deer knocked him over with his foot.

He did not wait and continued. The yells grew quieter behind him as he ran into the fields where the villagers lived.

15 "Bagheera was telling the truth," he panted, as he settled down in some cow food by the window of a hut. "Tomorrow is going to be a bad day for Akela and for me."

Then he put his face close to the window and watched the fire. He saw the man's wife get up and feed it with black pieces in the night. When the foggy morning came, he saw the man's child pick up a **wicker** pot filled with dirt. The boy started filling the pot with lumps of red-hot **charcoal**. He put it under his blanket, and went to the cows in the shed.

Vocabulary

valley: an area of low land between hills or mountains that often has a river running through it

wicker: a material made of very thin pieces of

wood twisted together, generally used to make furniture

charcoal: a hard, black substance that is generally burned for cooking or heat



20 "Is that all?" said Mowgli. "If a cub can do it, there is nothing to fear." So he stepped around the corner and met the boy. He took the pot from his hand, and disappeared into the fog while the boy cried with fear.

"They are very much like me," said Mowgli, blowing into the pot as he had seen the woman do.

25 "This thing will die if I do not give it things to eat" so he dropped twigs and dried bark on the red stuff. Halfway up the hill he met Bagheera.

"Akela has missed," said the Panther. "They would have killed him last night, but they needed you also. They were looking for you on the hill."

"I was in the fields. I am ready. See!" Mowgli held up the fire-pot.

30 "Good! I have seen how the humans push a dry branch into that stuff, and soon after the Red Flower grew at the end of it. Are you not afraid?" said Bagheera.

"No. Why should I be scared? I remember now, or maybe it was a dream. Before I was a Wolf, I used to lay next to the Red Flower. It was warm and pleasant."

35 That day Mowgli sat in the cave managing his fire pot by dipping dry branches into it to see how they looked. He found a good branch to use for his plan. In the evening when Tabaqui came to the cave and told him rudely that he was wanted at the Council Rock, he laughed until Tabaqui ran away. Mowgli went to the Council, still laughing.

Akela the Lone Wolf was laying by the side of his rock. The job to lead the Pack was now open. Shere Khan with his following of scrap-fed wolves walked backward and forward. Bagheera lay close to Mowgli, and the fire pot was between Mowgli's knees. When they were all gathered
40 together, Shere Khan began to speak. He would never have dared to do that when Akela was in his **prime**.

"He has no right," whispered Bagheera. "He is a dog's son."

Mowgli sprang to his feet. "Free People," he cried, "does Shere Khan lead the Pack? What has a tiger to do with our leadership?"

45 "Seeing that the leadership is yet open, and being asked to speak—" Shere Khan began.

"By who?" said Mowgli. "Are we all dogs that need to **grovel** to this cattle killer?"

There were yells of "Silence, you man's cub!" "Let him speak. He has kept our Law."

Vocabulary

prime: the time in one's life when he/she is most active or successful
grovel: to act towards someone in a way that shows they are powerful and more important

than oneself
doomed: certain to meet a bad end



The elders of the Pack shouted, "Let the Dead Wolf speak." When a leader of the Pack has missed his kill, he is called the Dead Wolf for as long as he lives, which is not long.

- 50 Akela raised his old head tiredly and said "Free People, and you too, dogs of Shere Khan. For twelve seasons, I have led you to and from the kill, and in all that time not one of you has been trapped or injured. Now I have missed my kill, your right is to kill me here on the Council Rock. So, I ask, who is going to kill me? It is my right, by the Law of the Jungle, that you come one by one."

- There was a long silence, no wolf wanted to fight Akela to the death. Then Shere Khan roared,
55 "Bah! He is **doomed** to die! It is the man-cub who has lived too long. Free People, he was my meat from the beginning. Give him to me. I am tired of this man-wolf foolishness. He has been in the jungle for ten seasons. Give me the man-cub, or I will always hunt here and not even give you one bone. He is a man, a man's child, and from the **core** of my bones I hate him!"

- Then more than half the Pack yelled: "A man! A man! What has a man to do with us? Send him
60 back to his own place."

"And turn all the people of the villages against us?" screamed Shere Khan. "No, give him to me."

Akela lifted his head again and said, "He has eaten our food. He has slept with us. He has helped us to catch our food. He has not broken any of the Laws of the Jungle."

- "Also, I paid for him with a bull when he was accepted. The bull is worth only a little, but my honor
65 is worth a lot more," said Bagheera in his gentlest voice.

"A bull that was paid ten years ago!" the Pack **scowled**.

"What about the honor of a **pledge**?" said Bagheera with his white teeth showing under his lip. "You are called the Free People!"

"A man's cub cannot run with the people of the jungle," howled Shere Khan. "Give him to me!"

- 70 "He is our brother in all but blood," Akela went on, "and you would kill him here! In truth, I have lived too long. Some of you eat cattle, and others I have heard that, under Shere Khan's teaching, you go by the dark night and snatch children from the villager's doorstep. So I know you are cowards. I will die and my life is of no worth, or I would offer that in the man-cub's place. But for the sake of the Honor of the Pack, I promise that if you let the man-cub go to his own place, I will
75 not fight you when it is my time to die. I will die without fighting. That will save at least three lives."

"He is a man! A man!" scowled the Pack. Most of the wolves began to gather around Shere Khan, whose tail was beginning to twitch.

Vocabulary

core: the center of something

scowl: to look at someone with a very annoyed expression

pledge: a formal promise



Check your Understanding

- 1** Put the sentences in the correct order to make a summary of Chapter 5 (Part 2).
- ___ Akela misses his prey.
 - ___ Mowgli takes the wicker pot from the boy.
 - ___ Mowgli says that Shere Khan cannot be the leader of the pack at the Council Rock.
 - ___ Shere Khan demands Mowgli is given to him.
 - ___ Akela argues for Mowgli to be sent away without being killed.

- 2** What is meant by the Dead Wolf?

- 3** What emotion is Shere Khan feeling?

- 4** Underline 3 words that show Shere Khan's emotion.

- 5** Write what you think will happen next in the story.



Chapter 5

Red Flower

Part 3

"Its time..." said Bagheera to Mowgli. "... to fight."

Mowgli stood up with the fire pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms, he was furious with rage and sadness. "Listen you!" he cried. "There is no need for this. You have told me so many times that I am a man and do not belong here. So I do not call you my brothers any more, but dogs, as a
5 man would.

He flung the fire pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit a pile of dried **moss** that **flared** up. The Council jumped back in terror as the flames grew.

Mowgli pushed his dead branch into the fire until the twigs lit and crackled, and **whirled** it above his head near the trembling wolves.

10 "You are the master," said Bagheera. "Save Akela. He is your friend."

Akela, the unwell old wolf who had never asked for **mercy** in his life, gave one sad look at Mowgli.

"Good!" said Mowgli, looking around slowly. "I see that you are dogs. I will go to my own people. The jungle is shut to me, and I will forget you and your friendship. I will be more forgiving than you are. Because I was all but your brother in blood, I promise that when I am a man among humans I
15 will not **betray** you as you have betrayed me." He kicked the fire with his foot, and the sparks flew up. "There will be no war between any of us in the Pack. But there is a **debt** to pay before I go." He walked towards Shere Khan who sat blinking stupidly at the flames, and caught him by his chin. Bagheera followed in case of any fight. "Up, dog!" Mowgli cried. "Up, when a man speaks, or I will set your coat on fire!"

Vocabulary

moss: a small, green or yellow-coloured plant that grows on rocks, walls and trees
flared: something that is wider at one end
whirl: to turn around or make turn around in circles

mercy: kindness that results in forgiveness
betray: to be disloyal to someone
debt: something that is owed to someone else as payment



- 20 Shere Khan's ears went flat back on his head, and he shut his eyes as the blazing branch was very close to him.

"This cattle-killer said he would kill me in the Council because he had not killed me when I was a cub." He beat Shere Khan over the head with the branch, and the tiger cried and whined in pain and fear.

- 25 "Remember when I come to the Council Rock again, it will be with Shere Khan's skin on my head. For the rest of you, Akela goes free to live as he pleases. You will not kill him, because that is not my will. Go now!" The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch. Mowgli struck right and left around the circle, and the wolves ran away howling with the fire burning their fur.

- Only Akela, Bagheera, and the ten wolves that had taken Mowgli's side were left. Something began
30 to hurt Mowgli inside him. He had never been hurt in his life before. He caught his breath and **sobbed**, the tears running down his face.

"What is this feeling?" he said. "I do not wish to leave the jungle, and I do not know what this is. Am I dying, Bagheera?"

"No, Little Brother. These are only tears, what humans use when they are sad," said Bagheera.

- 35 "You are a man which means the jungle is shut to you. Let them fall, Mowgli. They are only tears." So, Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart was breaking.

"Now," he said, "I will go to the humans. But first I must say goodbye to my mother." He went to the cave where she lived with Father Wolf, and he cried on her coat, while the four cubs howled miserably.

- 40 "You will not forget me?" said Mowgli.

"Never, we will follow your trail" said the cubs. "Come to the foot of the hill when you are a man, and we will talk to you, and we will come to the fields at night to play with you."

"Come soon!" said Father Wolf. "Oh, wise little frog, come again soon. We will be old, your mother and I."

- 45 "Come soon," said Mother Wolf, "little son of mine. Listen, child of man, I loved you more than I loved my cubs."

"I will come back," said Mowgli. "And when I come it will be to lay out Shere Khan's skin upon the Council Rock. Do not forget me! Tell them in the jungle never to forget me!"

- The dawn was beginning to break when Mowgli went down the hillside alone, to meet those
50 **mysterious** things, called humans.

Vocabulary

sob: to cry noisily while taking in deep breaths
problem

mysterious: strange or unknown





Check your Understanding

1 Put the sentences in the correct order to make a summary of Chapter 5 (Part 3).

- ___ Mowgli says his goodbyes to the Wolf Pack family.
- ___ Mowgli cries uncontrollably as he realises he needs to leave to the jungle.
- ___ Mowgli tells the Wolf Pack that they are not to kill Akela.
- ___ Mowgli reminds the Wolf Pack that when he returns to the Jungle he will return having killed Shere Khan.
- ___ Mowgli beats Shere Khan with the lit branch.

2 What emotion is Mowgli feeling?

3 Underline 3 words in the text that show the emotion.

4 What promise does Mowgli make to the Wolf Pack who have sent him out of the jungle?

5 Underline the text where you found your answer for the previous question.



Chapter 6

Lives with the Humans

After the fight with the Pack at the Council Rock, Mowgli went down to the fields where the villagers lived. He did not stop there because it was too near to the jungle, and he knew that he had made at least one bad enemy at the Council. So, he carried on, keeping to the rough road that ran down the valley, and followed it at a steady jog for nearly twenty miles. He came to a farmland
5 that he did not know. He saw a little village where cattle and buffaloes were eating. The little boys in charge of the **herds** saw Mowgli, they shouted out and ran away. Mowgli walked on, he was feeling hungry, he came to the village gate and pushed it open.

"So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also." He sat down by the gate. A man came out so Mowgli stood up, opened his mouth, and pointed down it to show that he wanted food. The
10 man stared, and ran back up the street of the village shouting. Then a man who was big and fat dressed in white came to the gate followed by at least a hundred people, who stared, shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

"They have no manners, these humans," said Mowgli to himself. "Only the gray ape would behave as they do." So, he threw back his long hair and looked at the crowd confused.

15 "What is there to be afraid of?" said the man dressed in white. "Look at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites of wolves. He is a wolf-child who has ran away from the jungle."

Of course, when playing together, the cubs had often **nipped** Mowgli harder than they meant to. There were white scars all over his arms and legs. But Mowgli knew these were not bites because he knew what real biting meant.

20 "Bitten by wolves? Poor child! He is a handsome boy. He has eyes like red fire. Messua, he looks like the boy that was taken by the tiger."

"Let me look," said a woman with heavy **copper** rings on her wrists and ankles, "Yes, he does. He is thinner, but he does look like my boy."

Vocabulary

herds: a large group of animals that live together, such as cows or goats

nip: to bite softly than oneself

copper: a metal that is a reddish-brown

colour, used to make wire, coins, jewellery and other things



The man dressed in white was a clever man, and he knew that Messua was the wife to the richest villager in the place. So, he looked up at the sky for a minute and said: "What the jungle has taken the jungle has given back. Take the boy into the house, my sister."

"By the Bull that bought me," said Mowgli to himself. "Well, if I am a man, a man I must become."

The crowd parted as the woman led Mowgli to her hut. There was a red bedframe, a great clay chest with funny raised patterns on it. There were half a dozen copper cooking pots, and on the wall a real **looking glass**.

She gave him a big cup of milk and some bread. She laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes. She thought that he might be her real son who has come back from the jungle where the tiger had taken him. So, she said, "Nathoo, Nathoo!" Mowgli did not show that he knew the name. "Do you not remember the day when I gave you new shoes?" She touched his foot, and it was almost as hard as a horn. "No," she said sadly, "these feet have never worn shoes. But you are like my Nathoo, and you shall be my son."

Mowgli was uneasy, because he had never been under a roof before. But as he looked at the roof, he saw that he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away. "I must talk like men, not like the jungle people." He said to himself.

So, as soon as Messua said a word Mowgli would **imitate** it almost perfectly. Before dark he had learned the names of many things in the hut.

Mowgli found bedtime difficult, he was not used to sleeping in a room. So, when they shut the door, he went out through the window. "Let him do what he is used to, remember he has never slept in a bed. He will not run away," said Messua's husband.

Mowgli stretched out on the grass at the edge of the field, but before he had closed his eyes a soft gray nose **poked** him under the chin.

"Phew!" said Gray Brother (he was the eldest of Mother Wolf's cubs). "I followed you for twenty miles. It smells like wood smoke and cattle. Wake up, Little Brother; I have some news."

"Is everything ok in the jungle?" said Mowgli, hugging him.

"Yes, except the wolves that were burned with the Red Flower. Now, listen. Shere Khan has gone away to hunt until his coat grows again, he is badly **singed**. When he returns he swears **revenge**."

"There are two words to that. I have also made a little promise. I am tired tonight, but Gray Brother,

Vocabulary

looking-glass: a mirror

imitate: to copy something or someone

poke: to push someone with a finger or other pointed object quickly and suddenly

singed: burnt

revenge: punishment for harm someone has done to another



always bring me the news of the jungle."

"You will not forget that you are a wolf? Being with these men will not make you forget?" said Gray
55 Brother anxiously.

"Never. I will always remember that I love you and everyone in our cave. But I will also always remember that I have been thrown out of the Pack."

"When I come down here again, I will wait for you in the **bamboos**."

For three months after that night Mowgli hardly ever left the village gate, he was so busy learning
60 the ways and customs of humans. First, he had to wear a cloth around him, which annoyed him. Then he had to learn about money, which he did not understand. And about working in the fields, of which he did not see as useful.

The little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the Law of the Jungle had taught him to keep his temper. When they made fun of him because he would not play games or fly kites,
65 or because he mispronounced some word, he knew it was bad to hurt them, so he ignored them.

He did not know his own strength. In the jungle, he knew he was weak compared to the animals. But in the village, people said that he was as strong as a bull.

Vocabulary

bamboo: a tall, green, grass-like plant that is common in the tropics





Check your Understanding

1 Put the sentences in the correct order to make a summary of Chapter 6.

- ___ Gray Brother comes to tell Mowgli that Shere Khan has gone away but seeks revenge.
- ___ Mowgli has been in the village for three months learning the way of humans.
- ___ Messua thinks Mowgli is the son she lost to the jungle many years ago.
- ___ People in the village see Mowgli for the first time.
- ___ Mowgli finds a village.

2 What do we learn about Mowgli and Messua in this chapter?

3 Underline in the text where you found the answer for the previous question.

4 Why has Shere Khan left the jungle?

5 What does Mowgli instruct Gray Brother to do?



Chapter 7

Tiger! Tiger!

Part 1

The custom of most Indian villages is for boys to take the cattle and buffaloes out to eat in the early morning, and bring them back at night. As long as the boys keep with the herds they are safe, not even the tiger will attack a **mob** of cattle.

Mowgli went through the village street in the morning, sitting on the back of Rama, the great bull.

- 5 The blue buffaloes, with their long, backward-sweeping horns and **savage** eyes, rose out their sheds. One by one, they followed him. Mowgli made it very clear to the children with him that he was the Master. He told Kamya, one of the boys, to **graze** the cattle by himself, while he went on with the buffaloes, and to be very careful not to stray away from the herd.

Mowgli drove them on to the edge of the village where the Waingunga river came out of the jungle.

- 10 He dropped from Rama's neck and ran off to a bamboo clump, where Gray Brother was waiting. "Ah," said Gray Brother, "I have waited here for many days. What is this cattle-herding work you are doing?"

"It is an order," said Mowgli. "I am village people for a while. Do you have any news about Shere Khan?"

- 15 "He has come back to the jungle, and was waiting for you for a long time. Now he has gone again to hunt. But he is still after you."

"Very good," said Mowgli. "While he is away you or one of the four brothers sit on that rock, so that I can see you as I come out of the village. When he comes back wait for me by the red tree in the center of the field. We do not want to walk into Shere Khan's trap."

- 20 Then Mowgli picked out a shady place, and lay down and slept while the buffaloes grazed round him.

Herding in India is one of the laziest things in the world. The cattle move and **crunch**, and

Vocabulary

mob: a large, angry crowd

savage: wild

graze: to take animals to a field for them to eat grass



lie down, and move on again. They only grunt, and the buffaloes hardly say anything. The children sleep and wake and sleep again. They weave little baskets of dried grass and put grasshoppers in them; or catch two mantis insects and make them fight; or string a necklace of red and black jungle nuts; or watch a lizard lying on a rock, or a snake hunting a frog. Then they sing long, long songs with odd **native** sounds at the end of them. The day seems longer than most people's whole lives. Then evening comes and the children call the buffaloes and they all walk across the field back to the **twinkling** village lights.

Day after day Mowgli would lead the buffaloes out to their mud pools. Day after day he would see Gray Brother's back a mile and a half away across the field. He knew that Shere Khan had not come back. Day after day he would lie on the grass listening to the noises around him, dreaming of the old days in the jungle. If Shere Khan had made a step with his weak paw up in the jungles by the Waingunga, Mowgli would have heard him in those long, still mornings.

At last a day came when he did not see Gray Brother at the signal place. He laughed and headed the buffaloes for the red tree, which was covered with golden-red flowers. Gray Brother was sitting there, every hair on his back lifted.

"He has hidden for a month to throw you off guard. He crossed the **ranges** last night with Tabaqui," said the Wolf, panting.

Mowgli answered. "I am not afraid of Shere Khan, but Tabaqui is very clever."

"Have no fear," said Gray Brother, licking his lips a little. "I met Tabaqui in the morning. He told me everything before I broke his back. Shere Khan's plan is to wait for you at the village gate this evening. He is getting ready now, in the big dry **ravine** of the Waingunga river."

"Has he eaten today, or is he hunting on an empty stomach?" said Mowgli. The answer meant life or death to him.

"He ate a goat in the morning. Remember, Shere Khan could never fast, even for the sake of revenge."

"Oh! What a Fool! He thinks that I will wait until he has slept! Now, where is he? If there were ten of us we could pull him down as he sleeps. These buffaloes will not charge unless they can smell him, and I cannot speak their language. Can we follow his trail so that they can smell it?"

"He swam far down the Waingunga to cut that off," said Gray Brother.

"Tabaqui told him that I know. He would never have thought of it alone." Mowgli stood with his

Vocabulary

crunch: to crush between the teeth

native: relating to the local inhabitants of a place

twinkling: shining brightly then less brightly,

almost flashing

ranges: a group of mountains

ravine: a valley that is deep and narrow, and has steep sides



finger in his mouth, thinking. "The big ravine of the Waingunga. That opens out on the field, less than half a mile from here. I can take the herd around through the jungle to the head of the ravine
55 and then sweep down. But he can get out at the end, we must block it. Gray Brother, can you cut the herd in two for me?"

"No, but I have brought a wise helper." Gray Brother ran off. Then a huge gray head lifted up, which Mowgli recognised.

"Akela! Akela!" said Mowgli, clapping his hands. "I should have known that you would not forget
60 me. We have a big job to do. Cut the herd in two, Akela. Keep the cows and calves together, and the bulls and the buffaloes together."

Akela separated the herd into two clumps. In one, the cows stood with their calves in the center, ready. In the other, the bulls and the young bulls grunted and stamped. Even though they looked fiercer they were much less dangerous than the cows because they didn't have any calves to protect.
65 Even six men could not have divided the herd so neatly.

"They are trying to join again" panted Akela.

Mowgli slipped on to Rama's back. "Drive the bulls away to the left, Akela. Gray Brother, when we are gone, hold the cattle together, and drive them into the end of the ravine."

"How far?" said Gray Brother, panting.

70 "Until the sides are higher than Shere Khan can jump," shouted Mowgli. "Keep them there until we come down." The bulls raced off as Akela barked, and Gray Brother stopped in front of the cows. They **charged** down on him, and he ran just before them to the end of the ravine, as Akela drove the bulls far to the left.

"Well done! Careful, now Akela. I didn't know these creatures could move so quickly" Mowgli
75 called.

"I have hunted these in my time," said Akela in the dust. "Shall I turn them into the jungle?"

"Yes! Turn. Quickly turn them! Rama is mad with rage. If I could only tell him what I need him to do today."

The bulls were turned, to the right this time, and crashed into the standing bush. The other herd
80 children saw that the cattle were half a mile away and hurried to the village as fast as their legs could carry them, crying that the buffaloes had gone mad and run away.

Vocabulary

charge: to run towards with the intention of hitting or running into





Check your Understanding

- 1 Put the sentences in the correct order to make a summary of Chapter 7 (Part 1).
 - ___ Mowgli spends days herding the cattle waiting for Gray Brother's signal.
 - ___ Gray Brother tells Mowgli about Shere Khan's plan to attack Mowgli.
 - ___ The herd children run back to the village to tell them what is happening.
 - ___ Mowgli meets Gray Brother by the bamboos and learns that Shere Khan has gone away to hunt.
 - ___ Akela comes to help Mowgli to trap Shere Khan.
- 2 Where does Mowgli instruct Gray Brother to meet him once Shere Khan has returned to the jungle?

- 3 Underline in the text where you found your answer to the previous question.
- 4 Where does Mowgli instruct Gray Brother to take the cows?

- 5 Where does Akela drive the bulls?



Extra Reading

The Sign of the Four by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Chapter 1

The Science of Deduction

Sherlock Holmes had a cool, calm air which could make you uncomfortable. His great powers, his masterly **manner**, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me careful in how I spoke to him. He put his long, white finger-tips together and rested his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who particularly enjoys conversation.

"My mind," he said, "hates inactivity. Give me problems, Watson, give me work, and I am in my proper atmosphere. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession — or rather created it — for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial advising detective," he answered. "When police detectives are lost and out of their depths, the matter is put before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and give a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name does not appear in newspapers. The work itself, the pleasure of using my unusual powers, is my highest reward. But you have had some experience of my work methods in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, with respect. "I was never so **impressed** by anything in my life. I even wrote about it in a small leaflet with the title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. **Detection** is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have added fantasy to the case."

"But the fantastic was there," I argued. "I did not change the facts."

"Some facts should be hidden, or at least not focused on. The only point in the case which deserved to be written about was the analysis I used to solve it."

Vocabulary

manner: the way someone talks or acts with others

impressed: feeling or showing that you admire or respect someone or something

detection: the process of discovering something, or the discovery of information about a crime by the police

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I admit, too, that I was irritated by his attitude that seemed to demand every word of my writing be about him and his actions alone. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker Street, I had observed this **vanity** in my quiet **companion**. I made no comment, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had a bullet through it some time before, and, though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached at every change of the weather.

"My work has extended recently to Europe," said Holmes, after a while, filling up his old pipe. "I was contacted last week by Francois Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has risen to the top lately in the French detective service. Here is the letter which I had this morning thanking me for my help." He threw over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign notepaper. I glanced my eyes down it, and saw many notes of admiration from the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a student to his teacher," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has great gifts himself. He has two out of the three qualities needed for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He only needs more knowledge; and that may come in time."

"You speak of observation and deduction. Surely the one suggests the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, sitting back in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue clouds from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore Street Post-Office this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there, you sent a **telegram**."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden decision upon my part, and I have told no one."

"It is very simple," he replied, laughing at my surprise,— "so simple that an explanation is not needed; and yet it may help in defining the difference between observation and deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish dust on your shoe. Just opposite the Seymour Street Office, they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth. The earth is this reddish colour which is found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. This is an observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick pile of postcards. What could you go into the post office for, then, but to send a telegram? Remove all other options, and the one that is left must be the truth."

Vocabulary

vanity: behaviour that shows someone is too interested in their own appearance or abilities
companion: someone you spend a lot of time with or go places with

telegram: a message that was sent in the past by radio, written on a card and delivered

"In this case, it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, a simple example. What if I were to put your theories to a more difficult test?"

"I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might give me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object without leaving his personality upon it. Now, I have here a watch which I have recently received. Could you give me your opinion upon the character or habits of the previous owner?"

I handed him the watch with some **amusement**, for the test was, I thought, an impossible one, and I wanted to teach him a lesson. He held the watch in his hand, looked hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful **lens**. I could hardly keep from smiling at his disappointed face when he finally closed the case and handed it back.

"There is hardly any data," he said. "The watch has recently been cleaned."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart, I accused my companion of giving a poor excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been completely without result," he observed, looking up at the ceiling with dreamy eyes. "I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who **inherited** it from your father."

"That you understand, no doubt, from the H. W. on the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch. Jewellery usually goes to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits — very untidy and careless. He was born into a family with money, but he threw away his chances, he was poor for some time, with occasional short periods of wealth, and finally, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and walked impatiently about the room with anger in my heart.

"I cannot believe this of you, Holmes," I said. "You have researched the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is an unkind trick."

Vocabulary

amusement: a feeling you have when something makes you smile or laugh

lens: a curved piece of glass used for looking at things more closely

inherit: when you receive money or possessions from someone who has died

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "please accept my apologies. Looking at the watch as just a problem to be solved, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I promise you, however, that I never knew you had a brother until you gave me the watch."

"Then how did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every detail."

"Ah, that is good luck. I did not expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not just guess-work?"

"No, no: I never guess. It is a terrible habit. It only seems strange to you because you do not follow my train of thought. For example, I began by saying that your brother was careless. When you look at the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. So, a man who treats an expensive watch in this way must be a careless man. Also, a man who inherits one object of this value must come from a fairly wealthy family."

I nodded, to show that I followed his explanation.

"It is usual for **pawnbrokers** in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin on the inside of the case. I can see four numbers on the inside of this case. Therefore, I can first deduce that your brother was often low of money. Secondly, that he had occasional periods of wealth, or he could not have paid the money to get the watch back. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I am sorry for what I said to you. I should have had more confidence in your amazing abilities. May I ask if you have any cases to work on at the moment?"

"None. I cannot live without brainwork. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was there ever such a grey, gloomy world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and moves slowly across the dull houses. What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one cannot use them?"

I had opened my mouth to reply, when with a crisp knock our landlady entered with a card upon the metal tray.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, speaking to my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum! I have no memory of the name. Ask the young lady to come in, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I should prefer that you stay."

Vocabulary

pawnbroker: someone who will lend you money in exchange for an item that they will sell if you do not pay them back



Chapter 2

The Statement of the Case

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and a calm manner. She was a blonde young lady, small and dressed in the most perfect taste. However, her clothes were a little plain and simple, which suggested she was not particularly wealthy. The dress was a greyish beige, and she wore a small hat in the same dull colour, with a small, white feather in the side. Her face had no particular beauty, but her **expression** was sweet and friendly, and her large blue eyes were kind. I observed that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip **trembled**, her hand shook, and she showed every sign of strong inner nervousness.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once helped my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester. She was much impressed by your kindness and ability."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some small service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange than my situation."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes shone. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawklike face. "State your case," said he, in **brisk**, business **tones**.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise, the young lady held up her gloved hand to stop me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stay, he might be of help to me."

I returned to my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who

Vocabulary

expression: the look on someone's face that shows what they are thinking or feeling
tremble: to shake a little because you are cold, scared, nervous or excited

brisk: quick and with energy
tone: the quality, general feeling or style of a sound



sent me home when I was a child. My mother was dead, and I had no family in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding school in Edinburgh, and there I stayed until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878, my father received twelve months' leave and came home. He sent me a message from London that he had arrived safe, and asked me to come down at once, giving the Langham Hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London, I drove to the Langham, and was told that Captain Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not yet returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and the next morning, we advertised in all the papers. However, from that day to this, no word has ever been heard of my father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead—" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking cry cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his notebook.

"He disappeared upon the 3rd of December, 1878 — nearly ten years ago."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a **clue** — some clothes, some books, and a large number of items from the Andaman Islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the men there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of — Major Sholto — of his own military unit. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"An interesting case," commented Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most interesting part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882 — an advertisement appeared in the Times asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address. I had, at that time, just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester as a tutor. By her advice, I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day, there arrived through the post a small cardboard box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large pearl. There was no letter. Since then, every year upon the same date, there has always appeared a similar box, containing a similar pearl, without any clue as to the sender. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me

Vocabulary

clue: a piece of information that helps solve a problem or answer a problem



six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else happened?"

"Yes, and no later than today. That is why I have come to you. This morning, I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope too, please. Postmark, London, S.W. Date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumb-mark on corner — probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at six pence a packet. Particular man in his stationary. No address. 'Be at the third door from the left outside the Lyceum Theatre tonight at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have **justice**. Do not bring police. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What will you do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and — yes, why, Dr. Watson is the very man. The writer says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But will you come?" she asked me.

"I should be proud and happy," said I, **eagerly**, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a quiet life, and have no friends whom I could ask for help. Should I come here at 6 o'clock?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point, however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model **client**. Let us see, now." He spread out the papers upon the table, and glanced quickly from one to the other. "The person who wrote these papers tried to hide their true hand, except in the letter," he said, "but there can be no question as to the author. See the twirl of the final's'. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any similarity between this handwriting and your father's?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Please let me keep the papers. *Au revoir*, then."

Vocabulary

justice: behaviour or treatment that is fair

eager: wanting to do something very much

client: someone who pays another for their services or help



"*Au revoir*," said our visitor, and, with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she picked up her pearl-box and hurried away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking quickly down the street, until the grey hat and white feather were but a speck in the sombre crowd.

"What a very nice woman!" I said, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with his eyelids low over his eyes. "Is she?" he said, sleepily. "I did not observe."

"You really are a robot — a calculating-machine!" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be affected by personal qualities. A client is to me only a unit — a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities do not help one think clearly."

"In this case, however—"

"I never make exceptions. An **exception** disproves the rule. Have you ever studied character in handwriting? What do you make of this person's writing?"

"It is clear and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and strong character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "That 'd' might be an 'a', and that 'l' an 'e'. Men of business always **differentiate** their long letters, however badly they may write. I am going out now. I shall be back in an hour."

Vocabulary

exception: something that is not included in a set of rules

differentiate: to understand or see how two things are different from each other



Chapter 3

In Search of a Solution

It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager, and full of energy — a mood which in his case could easily change to the blackest **depression**.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured for him.

"There is only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well, that would be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found that Major Sholto, of Upper Norwood died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very slow, Holmes, but I can't see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London who he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto says that he didn't know that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now she receives a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it mean except this loss of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's son or **heir** knows something about the mystery and wants to make it right? Do you have another explanation?"

"But it's all so strange! And why pearls? Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is very unlikely that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, thoughtfully. "But our meeting tonight will solve them all. Ah, here is a **carriage**, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you

Vocabulary

depression: a state of feeling very unhappy, worried and nervous

heir: someone who legally receives property, money or titles when someone dies

carriage: a vehicle with four wheels that is pulled by animals, such as horses and was used more in the past



all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past six."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his gun from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was wearing a dark **cloak**, and her gentle face was calm, but pale. She must have been worried about tonight's meeting, yet her self-control was perfect, and she answered the few extra questions which Sherlock Holmes asked her.

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "He and papa were in **command** of the men at the Andaman Islands, so they were together a lot. By the way, a paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I'm not sure it will be of any importance, but I thought you might like to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically studied it all over with his magnifying glass.

"The paper is from India," he commented. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram looks like a plan of part of a large building with halls and **passages**. At one point is a small cross in red ink, and above it is '3.37 from left,' written in pencil. In the left-hand corner is a strange **symbol** like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough letters, 'The sign of the four, — Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I do not see how this connects to the mystery. Yet it is clearly a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

We found it in his pocket-book."

"Keep it safe, then, Miss Morstan, for it may be useful to us. I begin to think that this case may be much deeper than I first thought." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see that he was thinking carefully. Miss Morstan and I chatted quietly about our coming meeting and its possible result, but our friend was quiet and thoughtful until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but a thick fog lay low upon the great city. Dirt-coloured clouds drooped sadly over the wet, brown streets. Down the Strand, the lamps threw misty spots of light upon the wet pavement and across the crowded streets. There was, to my mind, something ghost-like in the faces which moved across these narrow bars of light — sad faces and glad, tired and happy. Like all human kind, they moved from the **gloom** into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. The dull, heavy evening, with the strange business we were going out to

Vocabulary

cloak: an outer piece of clothing that is like a coat without sleeves

command: to give an order; to have control over someone or something

passages: a long, narrow part of a building

that has rooms on either side

symbol: a sign, shape or object that is used to represent something else

gloom: nearly dark or difficult to see well

do, made me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's face that she felt the same. Holmes alone seemed unaffected by the atmosphere. He held his open notebook upon his knee, and from time to time he wrote down figures and notes in the light of his pocket-light.

At the Lyceum Theatre, the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front, a continuous stream of cabs and carriages were rattling up, with men and women in evening dress. We had hardly reached the third door, which was the meeting point, before a small, dark, man dressed as a coachman spoke to us.

"Are you the people who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He focused his questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a sharp whistle, on which a cab approached. The man who had spoken to us climbed up to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we drove off at a furious **pace** through the foggy streets.

The situation was a strange one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown mission. Yet our invitation was either a trick, or something very important. Miss Morstan was as calm and collected as ever. I tried to cheer and amuse her by stories of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly mixed up. To this day, she tells me that I told her one story as to how a gun looked into my tent in the dead of night, and how I fired a tiger cub at it. At first, I had some idea of the direction in which we were driving; but soon, I knew nothing, except that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes; however, quietly named the streets as the cab rattled through squares and in and out of by-streets.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now, Vincent Square. Now, we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. We are going to the Surrey side, it seems. Yes, I thought so. Now, we are on the bridge. You can catch **glimpses** of the river."

We did indeed get a quick view of a part of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab drove on, and was soon in a maze of streets upon the other side.

Vocabulary

pace: the speed at which something moves

glimpse: to see something for a short time or see only a part of it

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our mission does not seem to take us to very fashionable areas."

We had, indeed, reached an interesting neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses followed by rows of two-storied villas each with a small garden at the front, and then again lines of new plain, brick buildings — the monster arms which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last, the cab drew up at the third house in a new row. No-one seemed to live in any of the other houses, and the house we stopped at was as dark as its neighbors, except for a single light in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was immediately opened by a **servant** wearing white loose-fitting clothes and a yellow belt. There was something strange in this figure framed in the commonplace doorway of a third-rate house.

"The **master** is waiting for you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

Vocabulary

servant: a person who is employed in another person's house

master: a person who employs a servant



Chapter 4

The Story of the Bald-Headed Man

We followed the Indian man down a common hallway, poorly lit and badly **furnished**, until he came to a door upon the right, which he opened. Bright yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the centre of the room there stood a small man with a very high head, short, stiff red hair all round the edge of it, and bald and shining skin in the middle. He rubbed his hands together as he stood, and his face was always changing, now smiling, now **scowling**, but never for a moment was it relaxed. Nature had given him yellow and irregular teeth, which he tried to cover by passing his hand over the lower part of his face. Although he was bald, he seemed to be young. In fact, he had just turned thirty years old.

"Your servant, Miss Morstan," he kept repeating, in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Please step inside. A small place, miss, but furnished to my own liking. An **oasis** of art in the desert of South London."

We were all surprised by the appearance of the apartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house, it looked as out of place as a diamond in a setting of iron. The richest of curtains hung on the walls, there were paintings and vases. The carpet was a rich orange and black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it. Two great tiger-skins thrown across it increased the suggestion of luxury. A lamp shaped like a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the centre of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a light and aromatic **odour**.

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," said the little man. "That is my name. You are Miss Morstan, of course. And these gentlemen—"

"This is Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and this is Dr. Watson."

"A doctor, eh?" he cried excitedly. "Do you have your **stethoscope**? I have doubts about my heart; I should value your opinion. You will excuse me, Miss Morstan, I have long been worried about my heart. Had your father, Miss Morstan, taken more care with his heart, he might have

Vocabulary

furnished: a place that has furniture in it or furniture of a particular type
scowl: to look at someone or something with a very annoyed or angry expression on your face

oasis: a calm, pleasant place in the middle of somewhere that is not calm or pleasant
odour: a smell
stethoscope: a piece of medical equipment that doctors use to listen to your heart or lungs



been alive now."

I could have hit the man across the face, so angry was I at this unfeeling way of mentioning such an upsetting matter. Miss Morstan sat down, and her face grew white to the lips. "I knew in my heart that he was dead," said she.

"I can give you all the information," said he. "It must take some time, however, for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Brother Bartholomew. He is very angry with me for doing this. You cannot imagine what a terrible man he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood, it would perhaps be better to go at once," I suggested.

"That would hardly do," he cried. "I must prepare you first. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several facts in the story of which I do not know. I can only tell you what I know myself.

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Major John Sholto, once of the Indian Army. He retired about eleven years ago, and came to live at Pondicherry Lodge in Upper Norwood. He had brought back with him a large sum of money, a collection of valuable items, and a staff of servants. With these advantages, he bought himself a house, and lived in great luxury. My twin-brother Bartholomew and I were the only children.

"I remember the disappearance of Captain Morstan very well. We read the details in the papers, and, knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely around him. He used to join in our discussions about what could have happened. We never thought that he knew the whole secret — that he alone knew what happened to Arthur Morstan.

"We did know, however, that some mystery — some danger — was hanging over our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize-fighters to work at Pondicherry Lodge. Our father would never tell us what he was scared of, but he was definitely frightened of men with wooden legs, and events have since explained why.

"Early in 1882, my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly **fainted** at the breakfast table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never find out. At the end of April, we were told that he was going to die, and that he wished to speak to us.

"When we entered his room, he was in bed and breathing heavily. He asked us to lock the door and to come stand by the bed. Then, holding our hands, he told us an amazing story, in a voice which was broken by emotion and pain. I shall try to repeat it to you in his own words.

Vocabulary

faint: to feel weak and fall unconscious

"I have only one thing," he said, "which weighs upon my mind at this moment. It is poor Morstan's **orphan**. My **greed** has made me keep the **treasure**, half of which should have been hers. Look at that necklace with pearls on the table. I got it out to send it to her, and I still could not do it. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the treasure. But send her nothing—not even the necklace—until I am gone.

"I will tell you how Morstan died," he continued. "He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he hid it from everyone. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I came into possession of a large treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival, he came straight over here for his share. Morstan and I did not agree on how the treasure should be split, and we argued. Morstan had jumped out of his chair in anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side. His face turned red and he fell backwards, cutting his head against the corner of the treasure chest. When I looked down at him, I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

"For a long time, I didn't know what to do. My first thought was, of course, to call for help; but I knew that people would think I killed him. His death at the moment of an argument, and the cut in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry would bring out some facts about the treasure, which I wanted to keep secret. He had told me that no one else knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no reason why anyone should ever know.

"I was still thinking over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the doorway. He came in and locked the door behind him. "Do not fear," he said. "No one needs to know that you have killed him. I heard your argument, and I heard the blow. But I will not say a word about it. Everyone is asleep in the house. Let us hide him away together." That was enough for me to decide what to do. If my own servant could not believe I was **innocent**, how could I hope to persuade anyone else? Lal Chowdar and I moved the body that night, and within a few days the London papers reported the mysterious disappearance of Captain Morstan. You will see from what I say that I cannot be blamed in the matter. My only mistake is that I hid the body and treasure, and that I have kept Morstan's share. Therefore, I want you to give the orphan her share. Put your ears to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in—" At this moment a horrible change came over his face; his eyes stared wildly, his mouth dropped open, and he yelled, in a voice which I can never forget, "Keep him out! Keep him out!" We both stared round at the window behind us which was where he was looking. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild cruel eyes. My brother and I ran towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father, his head had dropped and his heart had stopped beating.

Vocabulary

orphan: a child whose parents are both dead

greed: a very strong wish to get more of something, usually money

treasure: very valuable or expensive things,

especially precious stones, metals and money

innocent: to not be guilty of a particular crime

"We searched the garden that night, but did not find the man. We did, however, find a single footprint in the flower-bed just under the window. Then, the window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been searched through, and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper, with the words 'The sign of the four' written across it. What those words meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can guess, none of my father's property had actually been stolen. The reason for this is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped and looked at us thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat listening to his extraordinary story. At the short account of her father's death, Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I thought that she was about to faint. She was better however, after drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with his lids low over his thoughtful eyes. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto seemed proud of the effect his story had had on us.

"My brother and I," said he, "were very excited about the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months, we dug in every part of the garden, without finding it. It was **frustrating** to think that the hiding-place was on our father's lips at the moment he died. We could guess the value of the missing riches by the necklace he had taken out. My brother Bartholomew and I discussed this necklace. The pearls were clearly very expensive, and he wanted to keep them, for my brother was greedy like my father. He thought, too, that if we gave Morstan's orphan the necklace, people might talk of the treasure. So, I could only persuade him to let me find Miss Morstan's address and send her a pearl each year."

"It was a kind thought," said our companion. "It was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand. "We had plenty of money ourselves," he said. "I did not need more. However, Brother Bartholomew thought differently. So, I thought it best to move to a different home and left Pondicherry Lodge. Yesterday, however, I learned that the treasure had been discovered. I immediately sent my letter to Miss Morstan, and now, we only need to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew: so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto stopped, and sat trembling on his **luxurious** sofa. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon this new development in the mysterious business. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to help

Vocabulary

frustrating: feeling annoyed because you can't achieve what you want to

luxurious: very comfortable and expensive



you in return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan commented just now, it is late, and we had better begin our journey to Norwood without delay."

Our cab was waiting for us outside, and our programme was clearly prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a fast pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked continuously, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels.

"Bartholomew is a clever man," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere indoors: so he made measurements everywhere. He found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, the total was no more than seventy feet. There were four feet missing. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the ceiling of the highest room, and there he found another little room above it. In the centre stood the treasure-chest. He moved it through the hole, and there it lies. He has calculated the value of the jewels at not less than half a million."

At the mention of this huge sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan would change from a poor tutor to the richest woman in England. We sat listening to our companion until we arrived at our destination.

"This, Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as the driver opened the door.



Chapter 5

The Tragedy of Pondicherry Lodge

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew and heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side-lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry Lodge stood in its own grounds, and had a very high stone wall with broken glass along the top. A single narrow iron door was the only way to enter. On this, our guide knocked.

"Who is there?" cried a deep voice from within.

"It is I, McMurdo. You must know my knock by this time."

There was a **grumbling** sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a short, strong-looking man stood in the opening, with the yellow light of the **lantern** shining upon his face and twinkling distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them from the master."

"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He hasn't been out of his room today, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. I can let you in, but your friends must just stop where they are. They may be friends of yours, and yet no friends of the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none of your friends."

"Oh, yes you do, McMurdo," cried Sherlock Holmes, stepping forward.

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" shouted the prize-fighter. "How did I not recognise you? In you come, sir, in you come — you and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your friends before I let them in."

Inside, there was a stone path that snaked around the gardens and led to a huge, square house, all in shadow except for a moonbeam that shone on one high window. The huge size of the

Vocabulary

grumble: to complain in an annoyed way

lantern: a light inside a container with a handle

building, with its gloom and its deathly silence, sent a cold chill to the heart. Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed nervous, and the lantern shook and rattled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "There must be some mistake. I told Bartholomew that we should be here, and yet there is no light in his window. That is Bartholomew's window up there where the moonshine strikes. It is quite bright, but there is no light from within, I think."

"None," said Holmes. "But I see the glint of a light in that little window beside the door."

"Ah, that is the **housekeeper's** room. That is where old Mrs. Bernstone sits. She can tell us all about it. But perhaps you could wait here for a minute or two, for if we all go in together and she has no word of our coming she may be alarmed." He hurried for the door, and knocked. We could see a tall old woman open the door and seem very pleased to see him.

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus, sir, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come, Mr. Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her repeating until the door was closed and her voice died away.

Our guide had left us the lantern. Holmes swung it slowly round, and looked keenly at the house, and at the great piles of rubbish which littered the gardens.

"These are the results of the treasure seekers," said Holmes. "You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the grounds look like a **gravel pit**."

At that moment, the door of the house burst open, and Thaddeus Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and fear in his eyes.

"There is something wrong with Bartholomew!" he cried. "I am frightened!" He was half crying with fear, and his twitching face **peeping** out from his great top-coat with the helpless expression of a terrified child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes, in his crisp, firm way.

"Yes, do!" begged Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel able to give instructions."

We all followed him into the housekeeper's room. The old woman was walking up and down with a scared look. "Master has locked himself in and will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone; but an hour ago, I feared that something was wrong, so I went up and peeped through the keyhole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus — you must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sadness for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Vocabulary

housekeeper: someone who is employed to look after someone's home

gravel pit: a place where gravel (small stones usually mixed with sand) are dug out of the

ground

peep: to look through, over or around something for a short time, often secretly

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way. Miss Morstan remained behind with the frightened housekeeper. The third flight of stairs ended in a straight passage and three doors upon the left. Holmes knocked on the third door without receiving any answer, and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however. Sherlock Holmes bent down to the keyhole, and immediately rose again with a sharp intake of the breath.

"There is something awful in this, Watson," said he, with more feeling than I had ever before seen in him. "What do you make of it?"

I bent down to the hole, and looked away in horror. Looking straight at me, lit by the moonlight streaming through the window, there was a face — the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high, shining head, the same circle of red hair, the same pale face. But, there was a horrible smile fixed upon it. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I remembered that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins.

"This is terrible!" I said to Holmes. "What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and, jumping against it, he put all his weight upon the lock. It creaked and **groaned**, but did not give. Together we threw ourselves upon it once more, and this time the door opened with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's room.

Inside, it looked like a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass bottles was upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was covered with Bunsen burners and test tubes. One of the bottles had leaked a stream of dark-coloured liquid on to the floor, and the air was heavy with a strong, unpleasant odour. A ladder stood at one side of the room, and above it there was an opening in the ceiling large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the steps was a long rope.

By the table, in a wooden armchair, the master of the house was seated with his head upon his left shoulder, and that horrible smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold, and had clearly been dead many hours. By his hand upon the table, there was a strange instrument — a brown stick, with a stone head like a hammer. Beside it was a torn sheet of notepaper with some words **scribbled** upon it. Holmes glanced at it, and then passed it to me.

"You see," he said, raising his eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read, with horror, "The sign of the four."

Vocabulary

groan: a deep, long sound showing great pain or unhappiness

scribble: to write something carelessly or quickly

"What does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," said he, leaning over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a **thorn**," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is **poisoned**."

I picked it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin leaving hardly any mark behind. One tiny spot of blood showed where the thorn had been.

"This is all a mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have a completely connected case."

We had almost forgotten our companion's presence since we entered the room. He was still standing in the doorway, the very picture of terror, **wringing** his hands and **moaning** to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke out into a sharp cry.

"The treasure is gone!" he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure! There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it! I was the last person who saw him! I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came downstairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was ten o'clock. And now he is dead, and the police will be called in, and they will think it was me. Oh, yes, I am sure they will. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know that I shall go mad!" He threw up his arms and stamped his feet.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes, kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice, and drive down to the station to report this matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return."

The little man obeyed and we heard him **stumbling** down the stairs in the dark.

Vocabulary

thorn: a short, sharp point on the stem or part of a plant

poison: to give a person or an animal a chemical or substance that kills or harms them

wring: to hold something tightly and twist

it with both hands by turning your hands in opposite directions

moan: to make a long, low sound of pain

stumble: to walk in a way that does not seem controlled or as if you are about to fall down

Chapter 6

Sherlock Holmes Gives a Demonstration

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete. However, simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underneath."

"Simple!" I cried.

"Surely," said he, like a professor explaining to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your footprints may not complicate things. Now to work! In the first place, how did these people come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. What about the window?" He carried the lamp across to it. "Window is closed on the inner side. Let us open it. No water-pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has come in by the window. It rained a little last night. Here is the print of a foot upon the **windowsill**. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson!"

I looked at the round, muddy discs. "This is not a footprint," said I.

"No, it is the mark of a wooden stump."

"It is the wooden-legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been someone else. Could you climb that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that side of the house. We were about sixty feet from the ground, and I could see no foothold in the brick.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without help it is so. But if you had a friend up here who lowered you this good strong rope which I see in the corner, tying one end of it to this hook in the wall. Then, you might be able to climb up, even with a wooden leg. You would leave, of course, in the same way, and your friend would pull up the rope, untie it from the hook, shut the window, and get away in the way that he originally came. Also, it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that there is more than one

Vocabulary

windowsill: a shelf forming the bottom part a window, either inside or outside the building can't achieve what you want to

bloodmark on this rope, especially towards the end, from which I conclude that our wooden-legged friend slipped down so fast that he took the skin off his hand."

"This is all very well," said I, "but how about this mysterious friend? How did he get into the room?"

"Yes, the friend!" repeated Holmes, thoughtfully.

"How did he get in, then?" I repeated. "The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the **chimney**?"

"No, it is much too small," he answered.

"How then?" I asked.

"You do not remember," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have removed the impossible whatever is left, however improbable, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window, or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been hidden in the room, as it is not possible. Where, then, did he come from?"

"He came through the hole in the roof," I cried.

"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will hold the lamp for me, we shall look in the room above — the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He climbed the steps up into the room above. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The room was about ten feet one way and six the other. The roof ran up to a tip, and was clearly the inner part of the roof of the house. There was no furniture, and the dust of years lay thick upon the floor.

"Here you are, you see," said Sherlock Holmes, putting his hand against the wall. "This is a **trapdoor** which leads out on to the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself. This, then, is the way by which Number One entered. Let us see if we can find any other clues."

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his **gaze** my skin was cold under my clothes. The floor was covered thickly with the prints of a naked foot — clear, perfectly formed, but half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said, in a whisper, "a child has done the horrible thing."

Vocabulary

chimney: a narrow, hollow pipe-like structure that allows smoke from a fire inside a home to get outside

trapdoor: a small door in a floor, roof or

ceiling

gaze: a long look often with surprise or admiration

He had recovered himself in an instant. "I was surprised for the moment," he said, "but the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to predict it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"I think that there is nothing else of importance here, but I will look." He said when we had reached the lower room. Then, he took out his lens and a tape measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the floor, and his eyes shining and deep-set like those of a bird. As he hunted about, he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into a loud **crow** of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has stepped in this chemical. You can see the outline of his small foot here at the side of this evil-smelling mess. The bottle has been cracked, you see, and the stuff has leaked out. I know a dog that would follow that **scent** to the world's end. —But halloo! here are the police."

Heavy steps and loud voices could be heard from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor man's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. Far more than that found in a more usual death. This and the horrible expression on his face, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"Death from some powerful poison," I answered.

"That is what I thought the moment I saw his face. On getting into the room, I looked for how the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn in his head. You observe that the part that was hit was facing the hole in the ceiling. Now, examine the thorn."

I picked it up carefully and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp, and black, with a smooth, shiny look near the point. The other end had been rounded off with a knife.

"Is that an English thorn?" he asked.

"No, it certainly is not."

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly in the passage, and a very large man in a grey suit **strode** heavily into the room. He was red-faced and broad, with a pair of

Vocabulary

crow: to make a loud, high noise or cry

scent: a strong, individual smell

stride: to walk with long, purposeful steps

very small twinkling eyes. He was closely followed by an officer in uniform, and by the still shaking Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business!" he cried, in a deep, low voice. "But who are all these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a **rabbit-warren**!"

"I think you must remember me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes, quietly.

"Why, of course I do!" he **wheezed**. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you! I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and meanings and effects in the Bishopgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track, but it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple analysis."

"Oh, come, now, come! Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business! Bad business! Hard facts here — no room for theories. What d'you think the man died of?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorise over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still, we must admit that you are right sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

"Locked; but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was locked the steps could have nothing to do with it. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then the jewels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. —Just step outside, officer, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain. —What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, as he admits, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a problem there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto was with his brother; there was an argument; so much we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed had not been slept in. Thaddeus is clearly upset. You see that I am **weaving** my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

"You are not quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This thorn, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's head where you still see the mark; this card was on the table; and beside it lay this rather strange stone-headed instrument. How does all that fit

Vocabulary

rabbit-warren: a series of connected underground tunnels and holes where rabbits live
wheeze: to make a rough noise while

breathing because of some difficulty in breathing
weave: to join different things together to make something new

into your theory?"

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective. "House is full of strange objects. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this thorn is poisonous, Thaddeus may as well have made murderous use of it as any other man. The card is — well, unimportant, as like as not. The only question is, how did he leave? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his size, he jumped up the steps and squeezed through into the room, and immediately afterwards we heard his voice shouting that he had found the trapdoor.

"He can find something," commented Holmes, **shrugging** his shoulders. "He has occasional moments of reason."

"You see!" said Athelney Jones, reappearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trapdoor communicating with the roof, and it is
110 partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed! You did notice it, then?" He seemed a little disappointed at the discovery. "Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Officer!"

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way. — Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the queen's name as being involved in the death of your brother."

"There, now! Didn't I tell you!" cried the poor little man, throwing out his hands, and looking from one to the other of us.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes. "Not only will I clear you, but I will give the name and description of one of the two people who were in this room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly-educated man, with his right leg off, and wearing a wooden stump. He is a middle-aged man, much sunburned, and has been a convict. Also, there is a good deal of skin missing from his hand. The other man—"

"Ah! the other man—?" asked Athelney Jones, in a **sneering** voice, but impressed I could see.

"Is a rather interesting person," said Sherlock Holmes, turning upon his heel. "I hope before very long to be able to introduce you to the pair of them. — A word with you, Watson." He led me out to the top of

Vocabulary

shrug: to raise and lower your shoulders

sneer: to smile, laugh or have an expression that shows you do not have respect for someone or something



the stairs. "You must take Miss Morstan home; it is not right for her to stay in this house. I will wait for you here if you will drive out again. Or perhaps you are too tired?"

"By no means. I don't think I could rest until I know more of this fantastic business."

"You will be of great service to me," he answered. "We shall work the case out independently. When you have dropped Miss Morstan home, I wish you to go on to No. 3 Pinchin Lane, down near the water's edge at Lambeth. The third house on the right-hand side: Sherman is the name. Knock old Sherman up, and tell him that I want Toby at once. You will bring Toby back in the cab with you."

"A dog, I suppose."

"Yes — a dog with a most amazing power of scent. I would rather have Toby's help than that of the whole detective force of London."

"I shall bring him, then," said I. "It is one now. I ought to be back before three."



Chapter 7

The Episode of the Barrel

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servants had gone to bed hours ago, but Mrs. Forrester had been so interested by the strange message Miss Morstan had received that she had sat up waiting for her return. She opened the door, a middle-aged, **graceful** woman, put her arm around Miss Morstan, and greeted her how a mother would greet a daughter. I was introduced, and I promised to visit them tomorrow to report any progress with the case. As I drove away, I looked back, and I still saw that little group on the step, the two graceful figures, holding each other in the half-opened door, and the hall light shining through the coloured glass. It was comforting to see that picture of a peaceful English home in the middle of this wild, dark business.

And the more I thought of what had happened, the wilder and darker it grew. I reviewed the whole extraordinary course of events as I travelled through the silent gas-lit streets. There was the original problem: that at least was pretty clear now. The death of Captain Morstan, the sending of the pearls, the advertisement, the letter — we had had light upon all those events. They had only led us, however, to a deeper and far more tragic mystery. The Indian treasure, the strange plan found among Morstan's baggage, the scene at Major Sholto's death, the rediscovery of the treasure immediately followed by the murder of the discoverer, the footprints, the weapons, the words upon the card, matching those upon Captain Morstan's chart — here was indeed a strange puzzle for my friend to solve.

Pinchin Lane was a row of old two-storied brick houses. I had to knock for some time at No. 3 before I could get an answer. At last, however, there was the glint of a candle behind the blind, and a face looked out at the upper window.

"Go on, you," said the face. "If you make any more noise, I'll let out forty-three dogs upon you."

"But I want a dog," I cried.

"I won't be argued with!" shouted Mr. Sherman.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes—" I began, but the words had a most magical effect, for the window immediately slammed down, and within a minute the door was open. Mr. Sherman was a tall, thin

Vocabulary

graceful: moving or having the appearance of being relaxed, smooth and attractive

old man, with round shoulders, a stringy neck, and blue-tinted glasses.

"A friend of Mr. Sherlock is always welcome," said he. "Step in, sir. You must not mind my bein' just a little short wi' you at first. What was it that Mr. Sherlock Holmes wanted, sir?"

"He wanted a dog of yours."

"Ah! That would be Toby."

Toby proved to be an ugly, long-haired creature, brown-and-white in color. He accepted after a small pause a lump of sugar which the old man handed to me, and then, followed me to the cab. It had just struck three when I found myself back once more at Pondicherry Lodge. Two officers guarded the narrow gate, but they allowed me to pass with the dog on my mentioning the detective's name.

Holmes was standing on the doorstep, with his hands in his pockets, smoking his pipe.

"Ah, you have him there!" said he. "Good dog, then! Athelney Jones has gone. He has arrested not only friend Thaddeus, but the gatekeeper, the housekeeper, and the Indian servant. We have the place to ourselves, but for an officer upstairs. Leave the dog here, and come up."

We tied Toby to the hall table, and climbed the stairs. The room was as he had left it, except that a sheet had been placed over the body. A tired-looking police officer rested in the corner.

"Now, I must kick off my boots and socks. — Just you carry them down with you, Watson," said my companion. "I am going to do a little climbing. And dip my handkerchief into the liquid. Now, run downstairs and loose the dog."

By the time I got out into the grounds, Sherlock Holmes was on the roof, and I could see him **crawling** very slowly along the edge. I lost sight of him behind some chimneys, but he reappeared, and then disappeared once more upon the opposite side. When I made my way round there, I found him seated at one of the corners.

"That you, Watson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"This is the place. What is that black thing down there?"

"A water **barrel**."

"Top on it?"

Vocabulary

crawl: to move forward on your hands and knees

barrel: a large, round container traditionally made of wood with a flat top and bottom

"Yes."

"No sign of a ladder?"

"No."

"I ought to be able to come down where he could climb up. The water-pipe feels pretty firm. Here goes, anyhow."

There was a scuffling of feet, and the lantern began to come steadily down the side of the wall. Then, he jumped lightly on to the barrel, and from there to the earth.

"It was easy to follow him," he said, putting on his socks and boots. "Tiles were loose the whole way along. Are you ready for a six-mile walk, Watson?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Here you are, doggy! Good old Toby! Smell it, Toby, smell it!" He pushed the handkerchief under the dog's nose, while the creature stood with its fluffy legs separated, and with a funny tilt to its head. Holmes attached a **leash** to the dog's collar, and led him to the foot of the water barrel. The creature yelped and, with his nose on the ground, and his tail in the air, pattered off upon the scent at a pace which kept us at the top of our speed.

The east had been whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold grey light. The square, huge house, with its black, empty windows and high, bare walls, towered up, sad and depressing, behind us. Our path led right across the grounds, in and out among the pits with which they were **scarred**. The whole place, with its dirt-piles and shrubs, had a ruined look which matched the black tragedy that hung over it.

"Do not think," said Holmes, "that I depend upon the chance of one of these men having put his foot in the chemical. I have knowledge now that I could use to find them in many different ways. This, however, is the easiest and fastest way, so I should use it."

"You can be sure, Holmes," said I, "that I am amazed at how you have found your results in this case, even more than I did in the Jefferson Hope Murder. It seems to me to be deeper and more strange. How, for example, could you describe with such confidence the wooden-legged man?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy! It was simplicity itself. Two officers who are in command of convicts learn an important secret as to buried treasure. A map is drawn for them by an Englishman named Jonathan Small. You remember that we saw the name upon the chart in Captain Morstan's possession. He had signed it for himself and his **associates**,—the sign of the four. Using this chart, the officers—or

Vocabulary

leash: a piece of rope or chain tied to an animal, usually to a dog when taking it for a walk

scar: a sign or mark of damage

one of them—gets the treasure and brings it to England. Now, then, why did not Jonathan Small get the treasure himself? The answer is clear. Jonathan Small did not get the treasure because he and his associates were convicts and could not get away.”

“But that is just guesswork,” said I.

“It is more than that. It is the only theory which covers the facts. Let us see how it fits in with the second part. Major Sholto remains at peace for some years, happy in the possession of his treasure. Then he receives a letter from India which fills him with fear. What was that?”

“A letter to say that the men whom he had wronged had been set free.”

“Or had escaped. That is much more likely, for he would have known how long they should have been in prison. It would not have been a surprise to him. What does he do then? He guards himself. Do you think the analysis is wrong?”

“No: it is clear and concise.”

“Well, now, let us put ourselves in the place of Jonathan Small. He comes to England to take back what he believes is his and of having his **revenge** upon the man who had wronged him. He found out where Sholto lived, and very possibly contacted someone inside the house. There is this servant, Lal Rao, whom we have not seen. Small could not find out, however, where the treasure was hidden, for no one ever knew, except the major and one **faithful** servant who had died. Suddenly, Small learns that the major is on his death-bed. Worried that the secret of the treasure would die with him, he makes his way to the dying man’s window, and is only stopped from entering because his two sons are in the room. Mad with hate, however, against the dead man, he enters the room that night, searches his private papers hoping to find some note about the treasure, and finally leaves a mark of his visit in the short note upon the card. He had most likely planned that should he kill the major, he would leave some such record upon the body as a sign that it was not a common murder, but, from the point of view of the four associates, something in the nature of an act of justice. Do you follow all this?”

“Very clearly.”

“Now, what could Jonathan Small do? He could only continue to keep a secret watch upon the efforts made to find the treasure. Possibly he leaves England and only comes back now and then. Then comes the discovery of the hidden room, and he is immediately informed of it. Again, there must be someone in the house who is working with him. Jonathan, with his wooden leg, is unable to reach the high room of Bartholomew Sholto. He takes with him, however, a rather strange associate, who gets over this

Vocabulary

associate: someone who is closely connected to another person, usually in business

revenge: the action of harming or hurting someone as a punishment for a harm or

wrong they have done to someone else

faithful: firm and not changing in your friendship or support for another person

difficulty, but dips his naked foot into this liquid, so comes Toby, and our six-mile walk."

"But it was the associate, and not Jonathan, who committed the crime."

"Quite so. And rather to Jonathan's **disgust**, to judge by the way he stamped about when he got into the room. Bartholomew Sholto did not wrong him. He did not wish to kill him. There was no help for it, however: the poison had done its work: so Jonathan Small left his record, lowered the treasure box to the ground, and followed it himself. That was the train of events as far as I can work them out. Of course as to his personal appearance he must be middle-aged, and must be sunburned after serving his time in the Andamans. His height can be calculated from the length of his stride, and we know that he was bearded. His hairiness was the one point that Thaddeus Sholto remembered when he saw him at the window. I don't know that there is anything else."

"The associate?"

"Ah, well, there is no great mystery in that. But you will know all about it soon enough. You have not a gun, have you?"

"I have my stick."

"It is just possible that we may need something of the sort if we find them. Jonathan I shall leave to you, but if the other turns nasty, I shall shoot him dead." He took out his gun as he spoke, and, having loaded two of the chambers, he put it back into the right-hand pocket of his jacket.

We had during this time been following Toby down the villa-lined roads which lead to the city. Now, however, we were beginning to enter busier streets where men were about to go to work. Strange dogs walked up and stared wonderingly at us as we passed, but our Toby looked neither to the right nor to the left, but continued onwards with his nose to the ground.

The men whom we followed seemed to have taken a zigzag road, with the idea probably of not being seen. They had never used the main road if a side-street went the same way. At the foot of Kennington Lane, they had gone left through Bond Street and Miles Street. When we entered Miles Street, Toby stopped, and began to run backwards and forwards with one ear up and the other down. Then he walked round in circles, looking up to us from time to time.

"What is the matter with the dog?" **growled** Holmes. "They surely would not take a cab, or go off in a balloon."

"Perhaps they stood here for some time," I suggested.

Vocabulary

disgust: a strong feeling of dislike or disapproval at something unpleasant

"Ah! It's all right. He's off again," said my companion, **relieved**.

He was indeed off, for after **sniffing** round again he suddenly made up his mind, and pushed on. The scent seemed to be much hotter than before, for he had not even to put his nose on the ground, but pulled at his leash and tried to break into a run. I could see by the shine in Holmes's eyes that he thought we were nearing the end of our journey.

On the dog raced through narrow streets, round passages, and finally, jumped upon a large barrel. With his tongue hanging from his mouth and blinking eyes, Toby stood upon the cask, looking from one to the other of us for some sign of appreciation. The barrel and the wheels of the trolley were coated with a dark liquid, and the whole air was heavy with the smell of the chemical.

Sherlock Holmes and I looked blankly at each other, and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Vocabulary

growl: to make a low, rough sound, usually in anger; the sound a dog makes when angry

relieved: happy that something unpleasant is over or didn't happen; no longer feeling

worried about something unpleasant happening

sniff: to take in air through the nose, usually to smell something better

Chapter 8

The Baker Street Irregulars

"What now?" I asked. "We must get on the main scent again, I suppose."

"Yes. And, fortunately, we have no distance to go. Clearly, what puzzled the dog at the corner of Knight's Place was that there were two different **trails** running in opposite directions. We took the wrong one. We need only follow the other."

There was no difficulty about this. We took Toby to the place where he had made his mistake, he walked about in a wide circle and finally ran off in a new direction.

We went down towards the riverside, running through Belmont Place and Prince's Street. At the end of Broad Street, we followed the scent right down to the water's edge, where there was a small wooden landing place. Toby led us to the very edge of this, and there stood crying, looking out on the dark water beyond.

"We are out of luck," said Holmes. "They have taken to a boat here." Several small boats were lying about in the water and on the edge of the landing place. We took Toby round to each in turn, but, though he sniffed each closely, he made no sign.

Close to the landing-stage was a small brick house, with a wooden sign hanging in the second window. "Mordecai Smith" was printed across it in large letters, and, underneath, "Boats to hire by the hour or day." A second sign above the door informed us that a **steam launch** was kept. Sherlock Holmes looked slowly round, and his face went dark.

"This looks bad," said he. "These men are sharper than I expected. They seem to have covered their tracks."

He was approaching the door of the house, when it opened, and a little, curly-headed boy of six came running out, followed by a large, red-faced woman with a big sponge in her hand.

"You come back and be washed, Jack," she shouted. "Come back; for if your father comes home and finds you like that, he'll let us hear of it."

Vocabulary

trail: a path; the smell left by a person, animal or thing as it moves along

steam launch: a boat or ship that moves by steam power

"Dear little chap!" called Holmes. "What a rosy-cheeked young man! Now, Jack, is there anything you would like?"

The youth thought for a moment. "I'd like a **shillin'**," said he.

"Here you are, then! Catch! —A fine child, Mrs. Smith!"

"Bless you, sir, he is that, and bold. He gets a'most too much for me to manage, 'specially when my man is away days at a time."

"Away, is he?" said Holmes, in a disappointed voice. "I am sorry for that, for I wanted to hire his steam launch."

"Why, bless you, sir, it is in the steam launch that he has gone. That's what puzzles me; for I know there aren't more **coals** in her than would take her to about Woolwich and back. What good is a steam launch without coals?"

"He might have bought some down the river."

"He might, sir, but it weren't his way. Many a time I've heard him call out at the prices they charge for a few bags. Besides, I don't like that wooden-legged man, wi' his ugly face and strange talk. What did he want always knockin' about here for?"

"A wooden-legged man?" said Holmes, with plain surprise.

"Yes, sir, a brown, hairy-faced chap. It was him that woke him up yesternight. I tell you straight, sir, I don't feel easy in my mind about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Smith," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, "You are frightening yourself about nothing. How could you possibly tell that it was the wooden-legged man who came in the night? I don't quite understand how you can be so sure."

"His voice, sir. I knew his voice, which is kind o' thick and foggy. He tapped at the window —about three it would be. 'Time to go, matey' says he. My old man woke up Jim — that's my eldest — and away they went, without a word to me. I could hear the wooden leg clackin' on the stones."

"And was this wooden-legged man alone?"

"Couldn't say, I am sure, sir. I didn't hear no one else."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a steam launch, and I have heard good reports of the — Let me see, what is her name?"

"The Aurora, sir."

Vocabulary

shilling: an old coin used in England in the past
coal: a hard, black rock that is dug from the earth and can be burned for heat or power

"Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line?"

"No, indeed. She's been fresh painted, black with two red stripes."

"Thanks. I hope that you will hear soon from Mr. Smith. I am going down the river; and if I should see anything of the Aurora I shall let him know that you are uneasy. A black **funnel**, you say?"

"No, sir. Black with a white band."

"Ah, of course. It was the sides which were black. Good-morning, Mrs. Smith. —There is a boatman here, Watson. We shall take it and cross the river."

"The main thing with people of that sort," said Holmes, as we sat in the boat, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the smallest importance to you. If you do, they will shut up like an **oyster**."

"Our course now seems pretty clear," said I.

"What would you do, then?"

"I would get a launch and go down the river on the track of the Aurora."

"My dear man, it would be an enormous task. She may have touched at any landing place on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich. Below the bridge, there is a maze of landing places for miles. It would take you days and days to look at them all, if you set about it alone."

"Could we advertise, then, asking for information?"

"Worse and worse! Our men would know that the we were hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they are likely enough to leave, but as long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry."

"What are we to do, then?" I asked, as we landed near Millbank prison.

"Take this cab, drive home, have some breakfast, and get an hour's sleep. It is quite on the cards that we may be out tonight again. Stop at a post office, cabby! We will keep Toby, for he may be of use to us yet."

We pulled up at the Great Peter Street post office, and Holmes sent his message. "Whom do you think that is to?" he asked, as we continued our journey.

"I am sure I don't know."

"You remember the Baker Street detective police force whom I employed in the Jefferson Hope case?"

"Well," said I, laughing.

Vocabulary

funnel: a tube or pipe that is wide at the top, narrow at the bottom and used for guiding liquids or powders into containers with small openings

oyster: a large, flat sea creature that lives in a shell

"That message was to my dirty little Wiggins, and I expect that he and his **gang** will be with us before we have finished our breakfast."

It was between eight and nine o'clock now, and I was worn and tired. I had not the professional drive which carried my companion on, nor could I look at the matter as an interesting problem to be solved. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no strong hatred to his murderers. The treasure, however, was a different matter. That, or part of it, belonged to Miss Morstan.

A bath at Baker Street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room, I found the breakfast laid and Homes pouring out the coffee.

At this moment, there was a loud ring at the bell, and I could hear Mrs. Hudson, our **landlady**, raising her voice in a cry.

"By heaven, Holmes," I said, half rising, "who is that?"

"No need to worry. It is the unofficial force — the Baker Street irregulars."

As he spoke, there came a quick pattering of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in **rushed** a dozen dirty and **ragged** little street boys. There was some show of order among them, however, for they formed a line and stood facing us. One of their number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of relaxed **authority**, which was very funny in such a naughty little **scarecrow**.

"Got your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp."

"In future," said Holmes, "they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have them all come to the house in this way. However, it is good that you should all hear the instructions. I want to find a steam launch called the Aurora, owner Mordecai Smith, black with two red stripes, funnel black with a white band. She is down the river somewhere. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.

"The old rate of pay, and extra to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.

"If the launch is above water they will find her," said Holmes, as he rose from the table and lit his pipe.

"They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear everyone. I expect to hear before evening

Vocabulary

gang: a group of young people, usually males, who spend time together often behaving badly

landlady: a woman who is paid money in rent for a room, building or land that she owns

rush: to do something very quickly

ragged: untidy, dirty, or wearing old, torn clothes

authority: the power or moral or legal right to give orders or make decisions

scarecrow: an object made to look like a person dressed in old clothes placed in a field to frighten birds away from growing crops

that they have spotted her. In the meanwhile, we can do nothing but wait for results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the Aurora or Mr. Mordecai Smith."

"Toby could eat these leftovers, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No: I am not tired. I never remember feeling tired by work, though doing nothing exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this strange business. If ever man had an easy task, this of ours ought to be. Wooden-legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."

"That other man again!"

"I have no wish to make a mystery of him — to you, anyway." He stretched his hand up, and took down a large volume from the shelf. "This book has just been published. Let's see what it has to say. 'Andaman Islands, situated 340 miles to the north of Sumatra, in the Bay of Bengal.' Hum! hum! What's all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, convict camps, cottonwoods—Ah, here we are. 'The tribes of the Andaman Islands may be the smallest people upon this earth. The average height is under four feet, although many full-grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are violent and **stubborn** people, though they are able to form strong, faithful friendships.' Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this. 'They have large, misshapen heads, and small, wild eyes. Their feet and hands, however, are very small. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, attacking those who survive with their stone-headed clubs, or shooting them with their poisoned arrows.' Nice, friendly people, Watson! I think that, even as it is, Jonathan Small wishes he hadn't employed him."

"But how came he to have so strange a companion?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell. Since, however, we had already concluded that Small had come from the Andamans, it is not so very wonderful that this islander should be with him. No doubt we shall know all about it in time. Look here, Watson; you look very tired. Lie down there on the sofa, and see if I can put you to sleep."

He picked up his violin from the corner, and as I laid down, he began to play a low, dreamy tune. I have a foggy memory of his long, thin arms, his serious face, and the rise and fall of his bow before I floated peacefully away upon a soft sea of sound, until I found myself in dreamland.

Vocabulary

stubborn: someone who will do what they want to do and will not agree to do anything else



Chapter 9

A Break in the Chain

It was late in the afternoon before I woke, stronger and refreshed. Sherlock Holmes still sat exactly as I had left him, except that he had put down his violin and was deep in a book. He looked across at me, and I noticed that his face was dark and troubled.

"You have slept well," he said. "I feared that our talk would wake you."

"I heard nothing," I answered. "Have you had fresh news, then?"

"Unfortunately, no. I am surprised and disappointed; I expected something by this time. Wiggins has just been up to report. He says that no clue about the location of the launch can be found."

"Can I do anything? I am perfectly fresh now, and quite ready for another night **investigating**."

"No, we can do nothing. We can only wait. If we go ourselves, the message might come while we are out, and cause delay. You can do what you will, but I must stay here."

"Then I shall run over to Camberwell and call upon Mrs. Cecil Forrester. She asked me to, yesterday. I shall be back in an hour or two," I said.

At Camberwell, I found Miss Morstan a little tired after her night's adventures, but very eager to hear the news. Mrs. Forrester, too, was full of **curiosity**.

"It is unbelievable!" cried Mrs. Forrester. "An injured lady, half a million in treasure, and a wooden-legged **villain**."

"And two **knight**s to the rescue," added Miss Morstan, with a bright glance at me.

"Why, Mary, your future depends upon the result of this search. I don't think that you are nearly excited enough. Just imagine what it must be to be so rich, and to have the world at your feet!"

"No, I am worried about Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," she said. "I think that he has behaved most kindly and we must clear him of this terrible charge."

Vocabulary

investigate: to examine or study a crime or problem carefully to find the truth

curiosity: a strong wish or desire to know or learn something

villain: a bad person who hurts other people or breaks the law

knight: a gentleman of high social position who serves a king or queen or fights for good causes



It was evening before I left Camberwell, and quite dark by the time I reached home. My companion's book and pipe lay by his chair, but he had disappeared. I looked about in the hope of seeing a note, but there was none.

"I suppose that Mr. Sherlock Holmes has gone out," I said to Mrs. Hudson as she came up to lower the blinds.

"No, sir. He has gone to his room, sir. Do you know, sir," sinking her voice into a whisper, "I am afraid for his health?"

"Why so, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Well, he's that strange, sir. After you was gone, he walked and he walked, up and down, and up and down, until I was tired of the sound of his footstep. Then, I heard him talking to himself and every time the bell rang out, he came to the top of the stairs with 'What is that, Mrs. Hudson?' And now, he has slammed off to his room, but I can hear him walking away the same as ever. I hope he's not going to be ill, sir."

"I don't think that you need to worry, Mrs. Hudson," I answered. "I have seen him like this before. He has something on his mind which makes him restless." I tried to speak lightly to our landlady, but I was a little uneasy when through the long night I still heard the sound of his step, and knew how his lively mind was **struggling** against this inaction.

At breakfast-time, he looked worn and exhausted, with a feverish color upon either cheek.

"You are tiring yourself out, old man," I commented. "I heard you marching about in the night."

"No, I could not sleep," he answered. "It's this case. I know the men, the launch, everything; and yet I can get no news. The whole river has been searched on either side, but there is no news, nor has Mrs. Smith heard of her husband. If no news comes today, I shall start off myself tomorrow, and go for the men rather than the boat. But surely, surely, we shall hear something."

We did not, however. Not a word came to us either from Wiggins or from any other. There were articles in most of the papers upon the Norwood tragedy. No fresh details were to be found, however, in any of them. I walked over to Camberwell in the evening to report to the ladies, and on my return I found Holmes a little depressed. He would hardly reply to my questions, and busied himself all evening in a chemical analysis. Up to the small hours of the morning, I could hear the clinking of his test tubes which told me that he was still working on his experiment.

Early in the morning, I woke with a start, and was surprised to find him standing by the side of my bed, dressed as a sailor with a rough red scarf round his neck.

Vocabulary

struggle: to find something difficult to do and try very hard to do it

"I am off down the river, Watson," said he. "I have been thinking and thinking, and I can see only one way out of it. It is worth trying, at least. You must stay here. I do not want to go, for I think that some message may come during the day. I want you to open all notes and telegrams, and to act if any news should come. I shall have news of some sort or other before I get back."

It was a long day. Every time that a knock came to the door, or a sharp step passed in the street, I imagined that it was either Holmes returning or some news regarding the case. I tried to read, but my thoughts would **wander** off to our strange case and to the villainous pair whom we were chasing. Could there be, I wondered, something that my companion had missed in his deduction? I had never known him to be wrong; and yet the best mind may occasionally be wrong. Yet, on the other hand, I had myself seen the **evidence**, and I had heard the reasons for his deductions. When I looked back on the long chain of events, I could not hide from myself that even if Holmes's explanation was incorrect, the true theory must be equally strange and surprising.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a loud ring at the bell, an authoritative voice in the hall, and, to my surprise, Mr. Athelney Jones was shown up to me. Very different was he, however, from the masterful professor of common sense who had taken over the case so **confidently** at Upper Norwood. He was gloomy, quiet and even sounded sorry.

"Good day, sir; good day," said he. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is out, I understand."

"Yes, and I cannot be sure when he will be back. But perhaps you would care to wait. Take that chair and try one of these cigars."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I do," said he, mopping his face with a red handkerchief. "You know my theory about this Norwood case?"

"I remember that you spoke of one."

"Well, I have had to rethink it. I had my net drawn tightly round Mr. Sholto, sir, when pop, he went through a hole in the middle of it. He was able to prove an **alibi** which could not be shaken. From the time that he left his brother's room he was never out of sight of someone or other. So it could not be he who climbed over roofs and through trapdoors. I should be very glad of a little assistance."

"We all need help sometimes," said I.

"Your friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes is a wonderful man, sir," said he, in a low and secretive voice.

Vocabulary

wander: to move in a slow, relaxed way with no clear direction; to move away from where you should be going

evidence: one or more facts, reasons or pieces of information that make you believe something is true

confidently: to do something in a way that

shows you are certain of your abilities, having little or no doubt

alibi: proof or evidence that someone could not have committed a crime, usually because they were somewhere else when the crime took place

"I have known that young man go into a good many cases, but I never saw the case yet that he could not throw a light upon. He is irregular in his methods, but, on the whole, I think he would

have made a good officer, and I don't care who knows it. I have had a message from him this morning, by which I understand that he has got some clue to this Sholto business. Here is the message."

He took the telegram out of his pocket, and handed it to me. "Go to Baker Street at once," it said.

"If I have not returned, wait for me. I am close on the track of the Sholto gang. You can come with us tonight if you want to be in at the finish."

"This sounds well. He has clearly picked up the scent again," said I. "But there is someone at the door. Perhaps this is he."

A heavy step was heard coming up the stairs, with a great wheezing and rattling as from a man who struggled for breath. Once or twice he stopped, as though the climb were too much for him, but at last he made his way to our door and entered. His appearance matched the sounds which we had heard. He was an aged man, wearing seafaring clothes, with an old pea-jacket buttoned up to his throat. His back was bent and his knees were shaky. He had a coloured scarf round his chin, and I could see little of his face except for a pair of dark eyes, with thick white brows over them. Altogether, he looked like a respectable master seaman who had fallen into years and reduced income.

"What is it, my man?" I asked.

He looked about him in the slow methodical fashion of old age.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" said he.

"No, but I am acting for him. You can tell me any message you have for him."

"It was to him himself I was to tell it," said he.

"But I tell you that I am acting for him. Was it about Mordecai Smith's boat?"

"Yes. I knows well where it is. An' I knows where the men he is after are. An' I knows where the treasure is. I knows all about it."

"Then tell me, and I shall let him know."

"It was to him I was to tell it," he repeated stubbornly.

"Well, you must wait for him."

"You will be none the worse," I said. "We shall repay you for your lost time. Sit over here on the sofa, and you will not have long to wait."

He came across and seated himself with his face resting on his hands. Jones and I continued with our cigars and our talk. Suddenly, however, Holmes's voice broke in upon us.

"I think that you might offer me a cigar too," he said.

We both started in our chairs. There was Holmes sitting close to us with a smile on his face.

"Holmes!" I cried. "You here! But where is the old man?"

"Here is the old man," said he, holding out a pile of white hair. "Here he is,—wig, whiskers, eyebrows, and all. I thought my **disguise** was pretty good, but I hardly expected that it would stand that test. I have been working dressed like this all day. You see, many criminals begin to know me, so I can only go on the war-path under some simple disguise like this. How is the case, detective?"

"It has all come to nothing. I have had to **release** two of my prisoners, and there is no evidence against the other two," replied the police detective.

"Never mind. We shall give you two others in the place of them. But you must put yourself under my orders. You are welcome to all the official credit, but you must act on the line that I point out. Is that agreed?"

"Entirely, if you will help me to the men."

"Well, then, in the first place I shall want a fast police-boat—a steam launch—to be at the Westminster Stairs at seven o'clock."

"That is easily managed. There is always one about there; but I can step across the road and telephone to make sure."

"Then I shall want two strong men, in case of trouble."

"There will be two or three in the boat. What else?"

"When we have the men, we shall get the treasure. I think that it would be a pleasure to my friend here to take the box round to the young lady to whom half of it belongs. Let her be the first to open it. —Eh, Watson?"

"It would be a great pleasure to me."

"That is rather strange," said Jones, shaking his head. "However, the whole thing is strange. The

Vocabulary

disguise: something someone wears to change their appearance or hide their true identity

release: to give someone freedom or allow them to move freely

treasure must afterwards be handed over to the authorities until after the official investigation."

"Certainly. That is easily managed. One other point. I should much like to have a few details about this case from the lips of Jonathan Small himself. You know I like to work the detail of my cases out."

"Well, you are master of the situation. I have seen no evidence yet of this Jonathan Small. However, if you can catch him, I don't see how I can refuse you an interview with him. Is there anything else?"

"Only that I insist upon your dining with us. It will be ready in half an hour. I have oysters and a roast chicken. —Watson, you have never yet recognised my abilities as a housekeeper."



Chapter 10

The End of the Islander

Our meal was a happy one. Holmes could talk very well when he chose, and that night he did choose. I have never known him so brilliant. He spoke about many subjects — art, music, and the warships of the future —speaking about each as though he had made a special study of it. His bright mood was very different from his black depression of the days before. Athelney Jones was also sociable and relaxed. For myself, I felt excited at the thought that we were nearing the end of our task. None of us mentioned during dinner the cause which had brought us together.

When the table was cleared, Holmes glanced at his watch, “And now it is high time we were off,” said he. “Have you a gun, Watson?”

“I do; I have my old service revolver in my desk.”

“You had best take it, then. It is well to be prepared. I see that the cab is at the door. I ordered it for half-past six.”

It was a little past seven before we reached the Westminster landing place, and found our launch waiting for us. We stepped on board, and the ropes were cast off. Jones, Holmes, and I sat at the front. There was one man at the **rudder**, one on the engines, and two strong policemen.

Our ship was clearly a very fast one. We shot past long lines of boats as though they weren’t moving. Holmes smiled to himself as we passed a river steamer and left her behind us.

“We ought to be able to catch anything on the river,” he said.

“Well, hardly that. But there are not many launches to beat us.”

“We shall have to catch the Aurora, and she has a name for being fast. I will tell you what has happened, Watson. You remember how annoyed I was at not being able to find the boat?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I gave my mind a complete rest by working on a chemical analysis. Some say that a change of work is the best rest. So it is. When I had finished my analysis, I came back to our problem of the Sholtos, and thought it all out again. My boys had been up the river and down the river without

Vocabulary

rudder: a flat piece of wood or metal at the back of a boat that is used to move the boat left or right



result. I knew this man Small had certainly been in London some time—as we know that he watched over Pondicherry Lodge for some years—he could not leave immediately, but would probably need some little time, if it were only a day, to organise things before he left.”

“It seems to me to be a little weak,” said I. “It is more probable that he had arranged his things before he went to get the treasure.”

“No, I don’t think so. Jonathan Small must have felt that the strange appearance of his companion would attract attention, and possibly be connected to this Norwood tragedy. They had started from his apartment in darkness, and he would wish to get back before it was daylight. Now, it was after three o’clock, according to Mrs. Smith, when they got the boat. It would be quite bright in an hour or so. Therefore, I argued, they did not go very far. They paid Smith well to hold his tongue, booked his launch for the final escape, and hurried to their apartment with the treasure box. In a couple of nights, when they had time to see the newspaper reports, they would go under cover of darkness to some ship where they had booked their travel to America or some other faraway country.”

“But the launch? They could not have taken that to their apartment.”

“Quite so. I put myself in the place of Small, and looked at it as he might. How could he hide the launch and yet have her at hand when wanted? I could only think of one way of doing it. I might land the launch over to some boat builder or repairer, with directions to make a small change in her. She would then be removed to his workshop or yard, and be hidden, while at the same time I could have her at a few hours’ notice.”

“That seems simple enough.”

“It is just these very simple things which are extremely likely to be overlooked. However, I decided to act on the idea and asked at all the yard’s down the river. I had no luck with the first fifteen, but at the sixteenth—Jacobson’s—I learned that the Aurora had been handed over to them two days ago by a wooden-legged man, asking for some small changes to her rudder. ‘There ain’t nothing wrong with her rudder,’ said the workman. ‘There she lies, with the red stripes.’ At that moment, who should come down but Mordecai Smith, the missing owner? I should not, of course, have known him, but he shouted out his name and the name of his launch. ‘I want her tonight at eight o’clock,’ said he. They had clearly paid him well, for he was throwing shillings about to the men. I put one of my boys at the yard to watch over the launch. He is to stand at the water’s edge and wave his handkerchief to us when they start. We shall be waiting in the stream, and we should take men, treasure, and all.”

While this conversation had been taking place, we had been shooting down the Thames as the last rays of the sun glimmered over the city. It was **twilight** before we reached the Tower.

Vocabulary

twilight: the period of time between daylight and darkness, before it becomes completely dark

"That is Jacobson's Yard," said Holmes, pointing to a row of boats and rigging on the Surrey side. "Cruise gently up and down here." He took a pair of night-glasses from his pocket and gazed some 60 time at the shore. "I see my man at his post," he commented, "but no sign of a handkerchief."

"How about if we go downstream and wait for them," said Jones, eagerly. We were all eager by this time, even the policemen, who had a very vague idea of what was going forward.

"We cannot be certain that they will go down stream," Holmes answered. "We must stay where we are. But do I see a handkerchief? Surely there is something white moving over there."

"Yes, it is your boy," I cried. "I can see him plainly."

"And there is the Aurora," cried Holmes, "and going fast! Full speed ahead, engineer. I shall never forgive myself if she outruns us!"

She had slipped unseen through the yard entrance and passed behind two or three small boats, so that she had reached a good speed before we saw her. Now, she was flying down the stream. Jones looked seriously at her and shook his head.

"She is very fast," he said. "I doubt if we shall catch her."

"We MUST catch her!" cried Holmes, between his teeth. "Pile it on, men! Make her do all she can! Even if we burn the boat, we must have them!"

We were fairly after her now. The fires roared, and the powerful engines whizzed and clanked, like a great metallic heart. With every **throb** of the engines we sprang and quivered like a living thing. One great yellow lantern in our **bows** threw a long, flickering funnel of light in front of us. Right ahead a dark **blur** upon the water showed where the Aurora lay, and the swirl of white behind her spoke of the pace at which she was going. We flashed past boats, steamers, in and out, behind this one and round the other. Voices shouted at us out of the darkness, but still the Aurora thundered on, and still we followed close upon her track.

"I think we gain a little," said Jones, with his eyes on the Aurora.

"I am sure of it," said I. "We shall be up with her in a very few minutes."

At that moment, however, a ship came in between us. We only just managed to avoid a crash, and by the time we moved around the ship, the Aurora had gained a good two hundred yards. She was still, however, well in view, and the gloomy uncertain twilight was setting into a clear starlit night. Jones turned our searchlight upon her, so that we could plainly see the figures upon her **deck**. One man sat by the **stern**, with something black between his knees over which he bent. Beside him lay a dark shape which looked like a large dog. The boy held the rudder, while against the red light of the fire I could

Vocabulary

throb: to produce a strong, regular beat

bow: the front part of a ship or boat

blur: something you cannot see clearly

deck: the floor of a ship, the flat part you

stand or walk on

stern: the back part of a ship or boat

see old Smith, **shovelling** coals for dear life. They may have not been sure at first if we were really chasing them, but now as we followed every winding and turning which they took, there could no longer be any question about it. At Greenwich, we were about three hundred metres behind them. At Blackwall, we could not have been more than two hundred and fifty. Never did sport give me such wild excitement as this mad, flying manhunt down the Thames. Little by little, we drew in upon them, metre by metre. In the silence of the night, we could hear the panting and clanking of their machinery. The man in the stern was still bent over something upon the deck, and his arms were moving as though he were busy. Nearer we came and nearer. Jones yelled to them to stop. At this, the man in the stern sprang up from the deck and shook his two **fists** at us, shouting the while in a high, cracked voice. He was a good-sized, powerful man, and as he stood I could see that from the thigh downwards there was but a wooden stump upon the right side. At the sound of his angry cries, there was movement from the dark shape upon the deck. It straightened itself into the smallest man I have ever seen with a great, misshapen head and messy hair. Holmes had already drawn his gun, and I whipped out mine at the sight of this creature. He was wrapped in some sort of dark blanket, so we could only see his face; but that face was enough to give a man a sleepless night. His small eyes glowed and burned with a dark light, and his thick lips were drawn back from his teeth, which **grinned** and chattered at us with a half animal **rage**.

"Fire if he raises his hand," said Holmes, quietly. We were within a boat's-length by this time, and almost within touch of them.

It was well that we had so clear a view of them. Even as we looked, the small man pulled out from under his blanket a short, round piece of wood, like a school-ruler, and put it to his lips. Our guns rang out together. He spun round, threw up his arms, and with a kind of **choking** cough fell sideways into the water. I caught one glimpse of his poisonous, angry eyes in the white swirl of the waters. At the same moment, the wooden-legged man threw himself upon the rudder and put it hard down, so that his boat went straight in for the southern bank, while we shot past, only missing her by a few feet. We were round after her in a moment, but she was already nearly at the bank. It was a wild and lonely place, where the moon glimmered upon a large area of muddy land, with pools of dirty water. The man sprang out, but his stump instantly sank its whole length into the wet earth. He yelled and kicked into the mud with his other foot, but his struggles only buried his wooden leg deeper into the sticky bank. When we brought our launch alongside, he was so firmly stuck that it was only by throwing the end of a rope over his shoulders that we were able to pull him out, and to drag him, like some evil fish, over

Vocabulary

shovel: a tool with a large, square metal head and a handle, often used to move coal or earth

fist: a person's hand when their fingers and thumb are held in tightly

grin: to smile a wide smile

rage: extreme or violent anger

choke: to have difficulty breathing because something is blocking your throat



our side. The two Smiths, father and son, sat gloomily in their launch, but came aboard quietly enough when commanded. A heavy iron chest of Indian workmanship stood upon the deck of the Aurora. This, there could be no question, was the same that had contained the treasure of the Sholtos. There was no key, but it was very heavy, so we moved it carefully to our own little cabin. As we steamed slowly up-stream again, we lashed our searchlight in every direction, but there was no sign of the Islander. Somewhere in the dark bottom of the Thames lie the bones of that strange visitor to our shores.

"See here," said Holmes, pointing to the wooden side of the boat. "We were hardly quick enough with our guns." There, sure enough, just behind where we had been standing, stuck one of those murderous darts which we knew so well. It must have flown between us at the moment that we fired. Holmes smiled at it and shrugged his shoulders in his easy fashion, but I admit that it turned me sick to think of the horrible death which had passed so close to us that night.



Chapter 11

The Great Agra Treasure

Our **captive** sat in the cabin opposite to the iron box for which he had done so much and waited so long to gain. He was a sunburned, wild-eyed man, with a network of lines all over his brown face, which told of a hard, open-air life. He had a large, **prominent**, bearded chin which marked a man who was not to be easily turned from his purpose. His age may have been fifty or so, for his black, curly hair had thick areas of grey. His face while relaxed was not an unpleasing one, though his heavy brows and **aggressive** chin gave him, as I had lately seen, a terrible expression when moved to anger. He sat now with his hands tied, and his head upon his breast, while he looked with his keen, twinkling eyes at the box which had been the cause of his ill-doings. It seemed to me that there was more sadness than anger in his hard and controlled face. Once he looked up at me with a gleam of something like humour in his eyes.

"Well, Jonathan Small," said Holmes, lighting a cigar, "I am sorry that it has come to this."

"And so am I, sir," he answered. "I don't believe that I can swing over the job. I give you my word on the book that I never raised hand against Mr. Sholto. It was that little Tonga who shot one of his evil darts into him. I had no part in it, sir. I was as sad as if it had been my blood-relation, but it was done, and I could not undo it again."

"Have a cigar," said Holmes. "How could you expect so small and weak a man as this black man to overpower Mr. Sholto and hold him while you were climbing the rope?"

"You seem to know as much about it as if you were there, sir. The truth is that I hoped to find the room clear. I knew the habits of the house pretty well, and it was the time when Mr. Sholto usually went down to his supper. I shall make no secret of the business. The best defence that I can make is just the simple truth. Now, if it had been the old major I would have swung for him with a light heart. I would have thought no more of knifing him than of smoking this cigar. But with this young Sholto, I had no disagreement whatever."

"You are under the charge of Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard. He is going to bring you up to my rooms, and I shall ask you for a true account of the matter. You must tell the truth, for if you do,

Vocabulary

captive: a person or animal who has been taken prisoner or are not able to move freely

prominent: something that sticks out or is easy to see

aggressive: behaving in an angry or violent way to another person

I hope that I may be of use to you. I think I can prove that the poison acts so quickly that the man was dead before ever you reached the room."

"That he was, sir. I never got such a turn in my life as when I saw him grinning at me with his head on his shoulder as I climbed through the window. It fairly shook me, sir. I'd have half killed Tonga for it if he had not ran off. That was how he came to leave his club, and some of his darts too, as he tells me, which I dare say helped to put you on our track; though how you kept on it is more than I can tell. It does seem a strange thing," he added, with a bitter smile, "that I who have a fair claim to nearly half a million of money should spend the first half of my life building a seawall in the Andamans, and am like to spend the other half digging at Dartmoor. It was a terrible day for me when first I saw the **merchant** Achmet and had to do with the Agra treasure. To him it brought murder, to Major Sholto it brought fear and guilt, to me it has meant prison for life."

At this moment Athelney Jones pushed his broad face and heavy shoulders into the tiny cabin. "Quite a family party," he commented. "Well, I think we may all congratulate each other. Pity we didn't take the other alive; but there was no choice. I say, Holmes, you must admit that you cut it rather fine. It was all we could do to catch her."

"All is well that ends well," said Holmes. "But I certainly did not know that the Aurora was such a clipper."

"Smith says she is one of the fastest launches on the river, and that if he had had another man to help him with the engines we should never have caught her. He says he knew nothing of this Norwood business."

"Neither he did," cried our prisoner, "not a word. I chose his launch because I heard that she was a flier. We told him nothing, but we paid him well, and he was to get something handsome if we reached our ship, the Esmeralda, at Gravesend, outward bound for the Brazils."

"Well, if he has done no wrong we shall see that no wrong comes to him. If we are pretty quick in catching our men, we are not so quick in convicting them." It was amusing to notice how Jones was already beginning to congratulate himself on solving the case. From the small smile which played over Sherlock Holmes's face, I could see that the speech had not been lost upon him.

"We will be at Vauxhall Bridge soon," said Jones, "and shall land you, Dr. Watson, with the treasure-box. I need hardly tell you that I am taking a very serious **risk** in doing this. It is most irregular, but of

Vocabulary

merchant: a person whose job it is to buy and sell products

risk: the possibility of something bad happening

course an agreement is an agreement. I must, however, as a matter of duty, send an officer with you, since you have so valuable a charge. You will drive, no doubt?"

"Yes, I shall drive."

"It is a pity there is no key, that we may make a list of the items first. You will have to break it open. Where is the key, my man?"

"At the bottom of the river," said Small, shortly.

"Hum! There was no use your giving this unnecessary trouble. We have had work enough already through you. However, doctor, I need not warn you to be careful. Bring the box back with you to the Baker Street rooms. You will find us there, on our way to the station."

They landed me at Vauxhall, with my heavy iron box, and with a loud, friendly officer as my companion. A quarter of an hour's drive brought us to Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servant seemed surprised at so late a visitor. Mrs. Cecil Forrester was out for the evening, she explained, and likely to be very late. Miss Morstan, however, was in the drawing-room: so to the drawing-room I went, box in hand, leaving the kind officer in the cab.

She was seated by the open window, dressed in some sort of white thin material, with a little touch of scarlet at the neck and waist. The soft light of a shaded lamp fell upon her as she leaned back in the basket chair, playing over her sweet, serious face, and giving the rich coils of her luxuriant hair a dull, metallic sparkle. One white arm and hand hung over the side of the chair, and her whole figure spoke sadness. At the sound of my foot-fall she sprang to her feet, however, and a bright **flush** of surprise and of pleasure coloured her pale cheeks.

"I heard a cab drive up," she said. "I thought that Mrs. Forrester had come back very early, but I never dreamed that it might be you. What news have you brought me?"

"I have brought something better than news," said I, putting down the box upon the table. "I have brought you something which is worth all the news in the world. I have brought you a fortune."

She glanced at the iron box. "Is that the treasure, then?" she asked, coolly enough.

"Yes, this is the great Agra treasure. Half of it is yours and half is Thaddeus Sholto's. You will have a couple of hundred thousand each. Think of that! There will be few richer young ladies in England."

Vocabulary

flush: a red colour that appears on your face because you are embarrassed or hot

"If I have it," said she, "I owe it to you."

"No, no," I answered, "not to me, but to my friend Sherlock Holmes. With all the will in the world, I could never have followed up a clue which has taxed even his analytical mind. As it was, we very nearly lost it at the last moment."

"Pray sit down and tell me all about it, Dr. Watson," said she.

I narrated briefly what had happened since I had seen her last —Holmes's new method of search, the discovery of the Aurora, the appearance of Athelney Jones, our expedition in the evening, and the wild chase down the Thames. She listened with parted lips and shining eyes to my story of our adventures. When I spoke of the dart which had so narrowly missed us, she turned so white that I feared that she was about to faint.

"It is nothing," she said, as I hurried to pour her out some water. "I am all right again. It was a shock to me to hear that I had placed my friends in such horrible danger."

"That is all over," I answered. "It was nothing. I will tell you no more gloomy details. Let us turn to something brighter. There is the treasure. What could be brighter than that? I got leave to bring it with me, thinking that it would interest you to be the first to see it."

"It would be of the greatest interest to me," she said. There was no eagerness in her voice, however. It had struck her, doubtless, that it might seem rude upon her part to be uninterested in a prize which had cost so much to win.

"What a pretty box!" she said, leaning over it. "This is Indian work, I suppose? And so heavy!" she cried, trying to raise it. "The box alone must be of some value. Where is the key?"

"Small threw it into the Thames," I answered. "I must borrow Mrs. Forrester's poker." There was in the front a thick and broad lock. Under this I pushed the end of the poker and twisted it outward like a **lever**. The lock sprang open with a loud snap. With trembling fingers, I threw back the lid. We both stood gazing in **astonishment**. The box was empty!

No wonder that it was heavy. The iron-work was two-thirds of an inch thick all round. It was huge, well made, and solid, like a chest constructed to carry things of great price, but not one piece or crumb of metal or jewellery lay within it. It was absolutely and completely empty.

Vocabulary

lever: a bar that moves around a fixed point, often used to move a heavy or stiff object

astonishment: very great surprise

Chapter 12

The Strange Story of Jonathan Small

Part 1

Mr Athelney Jones' face clouded over when I got to Baker Street and showed him the empty box. They had only just arrived, Holmes, the prisoner, and he. My companion relaxed in his armchair, while Small sat opposite to him with his wooden leg crossed over his good one. As I displayed the empty box, he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"I have put it away where you shall never lay hand upon it," he cried. "I tell you that no living man has any right to it, unless it is three men who are on the Andaman Islands and myself. It's been the sign of four with us always. Well I know that they would have had thrown the treasure into the Thames rather than let it go to any Sholto or Morstan. You'll find the treasure where the key is, and where little Tonga is."

"This is a very serious matter, Small," said the detective. "If you had helped justice, you would have had a better chance at your **trial**."

"Justice!" grumbled the ex-convict. "Whose is it, if it is not ours? Twenty long years all day at work under the mangrove tree, all night chained up in the filthy convict-huts, bitten by mosquitoes, racked with pain. I would rather die twenty times, or have one of Tonga's darts in my back, than live in a prison and feel that another man is in a palace with the money that should be mine." All this came out in a wild whirl of words, while his eyes blazed, and his **handcuffs** clanked together with the movement of his hands. I could understand, as I saw the anger and the rage of the man, Major Sholto's fear of him.

"You forget that we know nothing of all this," said Holmes quietly. "We have not heard your story, and we cannot tell how far justice may have been on your side at first."

"Well, sir, you have spoken kindly to me. If you want to hear my story, I have no wish to hold it back. What I say to you is the truth, every word of it."

"I am a Worcestershire man myself—born near Pershore. When I was about eighteen, I joined the army and went to India. I wasn't there long when I was fool enough to go swimming in the

Vocabulary

trial: the hearing of statements and the showing of evidence to decide if someone is guilty of a crime or not

handcuffs: two metal rings that go around a prisoner's wrists and are joined by a chain

Ganges. When I was halfway across, a crocodile took me and bit off my right leg as clean as a **surgeon**, just above the knee. What with the shock and the loss of blood, I fainted, and should have **drowned** if my company sergeant, John Holder had not caught hold of me and swam for the bank.

"I was five months in hospital, and when at last I left with this wooden toe strapped to my stump, I found myself out of the army and unfit for any active work at the age of twenty. However, a man named Abelwhite, who had come out there as an indigo-planter, wanted an overseer to work on his farm. To make a long story short, the colonel recommended me strongly for the post and, as the work was mostly on horseback, my leg was no great problem. The pay was fair, I had a comfortable home, and altogether I was happy to spend the rest of my life in indigo-planting.

"Well, I was never in luck's way long. Suddenly, without warning, the country was at war. Night after night, the whole sky was alight with the burning houses, and day after day, we had people passing through with their wives and children, on their way to Agra. Mr. Abelwhite, however, believed that it would all be over soon and he refused to leave. Well, one fine day, I had been away on another farm far away, and was riding slowly home in the evening when I saw thick smoke curling up from Abelwhite's house and the fire beginning to burst through the roof. From where I stood, I could see hundreds of men dancing and shouting round the burning house. Some of them pointed at me, and a couple of bullets sang past my head; so I broke away across the fields, and found myself late at night safe within the walls at Agra.

"I don't know if any of you gentlemen have ever read or heard anything of the old **fort** at Agra. It is a very strange place — the strangest that ever I was in. First of all, it is enormous in size. There is a modern part, which took all our men, women, children, stores, and everything else, with plenty of room over. But the modern part is nothing like the size of the old quarter, where nobody goes, and which is given over to the scorpions and the centipedes. It is all full of great empty halls, and **winding** passages, and long walkways twisting in and out, so that it is easy enough for people to get lost in it.

"I was selected to take charge of a small, lonely door upon the southwest side of the building with two men under my command. I was pretty proud at having this small command given me, for two nights I kept the watch with Mahomet Singh and Abdullah Khan. They were tall, **fierce**-looking men. They could talk English pretty well, but they preferred to stand together and chat all night in their own language. For myself, I used to stand outside the gateway, looking down on the broad, winding river and on the twinkling lights of the great city. The beating of drums, and the yells and howls, were

Vocabulary

surgeon: a doctor who is specially trained to complete operations on patients

drown: to die by not being able to breathe under water stand or walk on

fort: a military building designed in a way

that it can be defended from attack, usually an old building

winding: a path or course that repeatedly turns in different directions

fierce: physically violent and frightening

enough to remind us all night of our dangerous neighbors across the stream.

"The third night of my watch was dark and dirty, with a small, driving rain. It was dull work standing in the gateway hour after hour in such weather. I tried again and again to make the other two talk, but without much success. Finding that my companions would not be led into conversation, I took out my pipe, and laid down my gun to strike the match. In no more than a moment, the two men were upon me. One of them grabbed my firelock and pointed it at my head, while the other held a great knife to my throat and said between his teeth that he would sink it into me if I moved a step.

"Listen to me," said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. "You must either be with us now or you must be silenced forever. Which is it to be, death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide for the time is passing."

"How can I decide?" said I. "You have not told me what you want of me. But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort, I will have nothing to do with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome."

"It is nothing against the fort," said he. "If you will be one of us this night, we will **swear** to you that you shall have a quarter of the treasure."

"But what is the treasure, then?" I asked. "I am as ready to be rich as you can be if you will but show me how it can be done."

"You will swear, then," said he, "to raise no hand and speak no word against us, either now or afterwards?"

"I will swear it," I answered, "provided that the fort is not endangered."

"Then my associate and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure which shall be equally divided among the four of us."

"There are but three," said I.

"No. Dost Akbar must have his share. We can tell the story to you while we wait for them."

"There is a prince in the north who has much wealth, and when the war started, he would be friends with both sides. He made such plans that, come what might, half at least of his treasure should be left to him. That which was in gold and silver, he kept by him in his palace, but the most precious stones

Vocabulary

swear: to make a promise or say that you will do something or behave in a certain way

and pearls he put in an iron box, and sent a trusty servant to take it to the fort at Agra until the land is at peace.

"His trusted servant, who travels under the name of Achmet, is now in the city of Agra, and wishes to enter the fort. He has with him as travelling-companion my close friend Dost Akbar, who knows his secret. Dost Akbar has promised this night to lead him to a side gate of the fort, and has chosen this one. The place is lonely, and none shall know of his coming. The world shall know of Achmet no more, but the great treasure shall be divided among us. What say you to it?"

"In Worcestershire, the life of a man seems a great thing; but it is very different when there is fire and blood all round you and you have been used to meeting death at every turn. Whether Achmet lived or died was a thing as light as air to me, but at the talk about the treasure my heart turned to it, and I thought of what I might do with it. I had, therefore, already made up my mind.

"I am with you heart and soul," said I.

"The rain was still falling, for it was just the beginning of the wet season. Brown, heavy clouds were drifting across the sky, and it was hard to see far. It was strange to me to be standing there with those two men waiting for the man who was coming to his death.

"Suddenly my eye caught the glint of a shaded lantern at the other side of the river. It disappeared and then appeared again coming slowly in our direction.

"Who goes there?" said I, in a clear voice.

"Friends," came the answer. I uncovered my lantern and threw a flood of light upon them. The first was an enormous man, with a long, black beard. The other was a little, fat, round man, with a package in his hand. He seemed to be all in a quiver with fear, for his hands twitched, and his head kept turning to left and right with two bright little twinkling eyes, like a mouse when he comes out from his hole. It gave me a chill to think of killing him, but I thought of the treasure, and my heart set as hard as a stone within me.

"Your protection," he panted — "your protection for the unhappy Achmet. I have been robbed and beaten, and I look for safety at the fort of Agra."

"I could not trust myself to speak longer with the man. The more I looked at his fat, frightened face, the harder did it seem that we should kill him in cold blood. It was best to get it over.

"Take him to the main guard," said I. My two companions closed in upon him on each side, and the giant walked behind, while they marched in through the dark gateway. Never was a man so surrounded by death. I stayed at the gateway with the lantern.

"I could hear their footsteps sounding through the lonely walkways. Suddenly, it stopped, and I heard voices and the sound of blows. A moment later there came, to my horror, a rush of footsteps coming in my direction, with the loud breathing of a running man. I turned my lantern down the long, straight passage, and there was the fat man, running like the wind, with a **smear** of blood across his face, and close at his heels, bounding like a tiger, the great black-bearded man, with a knife flashing in his hand. I have never seen a man run so fast as that little man. I could see that if he passed me, he would save himself yet. My heart softened to him, but again the thought of his treasure turned me hard and bitter. I threw my gun between his legs as he raced past, and he rolled twice over like a shot rabbit. Before he could get to his feet, the other was upon him, and buried his knife twice in his side. You see, gentlemen, that I am keeping my promise. I am telling you every detail of the business just exactly as it happened, whether it will help me or not."

He stopped, and held out his handcuffed hands for the water which Holmes had poured for him. For myself, I believed I could see the full horror of the man, not only for this cold-blooded business, but even more for the careless way in which he told his story. Whatever punishment he received, I felt that he might expect no sympathy from me. Sherlock Holmes and Jones sat with their hands upon their knees, deeply interested in the story, but with the same disgust written upon their faces.

"It was all very bad, no doubt," said he. "I should like to know how many men in my shoes would have refused a share of this treasure when they knew that they would have their throats cut. It was my life or his when once he was in the fort. If he had got out, the whole business would come to light, and I should have been shot as likely as not."

"Go on with your story," said Holmes, shortly.

"Well, we carried him in. We took him to a place some distance off, where a winding passage leads to a great empty hall, the brick walls of which were all falling to pieces. The earth floor had sunk in at one place, making a natural **grave**, so we left Achmet there, having first covered him over with 140 loose bricks.

"We agreed to hide the treasure in a safe place until the country should be at peace again, and

Vocabulary

smear: to spread a liquid or thick substance over a surface

grave: a place in the ground where a dead person is buried

then to divide it equally among ourselves. We carried the box, therefore, into the same hall where we had buried the body, and there, under certain bricks, we put our treasure. We made careful note of the place, and next day I drew four plans, one for each of us, and put the sign of the four of us at the bottom.

“Well, there’s no use my telling you gentlemen what came of the war. Fresh men came pouring in to Agra and cleared the enemy away from it. Peace seemed to be settling upon the country, and we four were beginning to hope that the time was coming when we might safely go off with our shares of the treasure. In a moment, however, our hopes were **shattered** by our being arrested as the murderers of Achmet.

“It came about in this way. When the northern prince put his jewels into the hands of Achmet, he did it because he knew that he was a trusty man. But what does this prince do but take a second even more trusty servant and set him to spy upon the first? The second man went after Achmet that night and saw him pass through the doorway. He entered the fort himself the next day, but could not find Achmet anywhere. This seemed to him so strange that he spoke about it to a sergeant, and a thorough search was quickly made and the body was discovered. Thus, at the very moment that we thought that all was safe, we were all four brought to trial on a charge of murder. Not a word about the jewels came out at the trial, for the murder, however, we were all **sentenced** for life.

Vocabulary

shattered: to break into very small pieces

sentence: a punishment given by a judge or a court when a person is found guilty of a crime

Chapter 12

The Strange Story of Jonathan Small Part 2

Part 2

"It was rather a strange position that we found ourselves in then. There we were all four tied by the leg and with little chance of ever getting out again, while we each held a secret which might have put each of us in a palace. It might have driven me mad; but I was always a pretty stubborn one, so I just held on and waited for a chance.

"At last it seemed to me to have come. I was moved from Agra to Blair Island in the Andamans. It is a gloomy place surrounded by wild tribes, who would blow a poisoned dart at us if they saw a chance. There was digging and planting, and a dozen other things to be done, so we were busy enough all day; though in the evening we had a little time to ourselves. All the time, I was looking for a chance of escape, but it is hundreds of miles from any other land, and there is little or no wind in those seas, so it was a terribly difficult job to get away.

"Often, if I felt lonely, I used to turn out the lamp in my hut and then, standing by the door, I could hear the talk of Major Sholto, Captain Morstan, and Lieutenant Bromley Brown, who were in command.

"I was sitting in my hut one night when Major Sholto and Captain Morstan came stumbling along on the way to their quarters. They were good friends, those two, and never far apart. The major was talking about money.

"'It's all up, Morstan,' he was saying, as they passed my hut. 'I shall have to send in my papers. I am a poor man.'

"'Nonsense, old friend!' said the other, clapping him upon the shoulder. That was all I could hear, but it was enough to set me thinking.

"A couple of days later Major Sholto was walking on the beach, so I took the chance of speaking to him.

"'I wish to have your advice, major,' said I.

"'Well, Small, what is it?' he asked, taking his pipe from his lips.

"I wanted to ask you, sir," said I, "who is the proper person to whom hidden treasure should be handed over. I know where half a million lies, and, as I cannot use it myself, I thought perhaps the best thing that I could do would be to hand it over to the proper authorities, and then perhaps they would get my sentence shortened for me."

"Half a million, Small?" he **gasped**, looking hard at me to see if I was serious.

"Quite that, sir — in jewels and pearls. It lies there ready for any one."

"To government, Small," he **stammered** — "to government." But he stumbled so much over his words that I knew in my heart I had got him.

"You think, then, sir, that I should give the information to the Governor-General?" said I, quietly.

"Well, well, you must not do anything that you might regret. Let me hear all about it, Small. Give me the facts."

"I told him the whole story, with small changes so that he could not **identify** the places. When I had finished, he stood still and full of thought.

"This is a very important matter, Small," he said, at last. "You must not say a word to anyone about it, and I shall see you again soon."

"Two nights later, he and his friend Captain Morstan came to my hut in the dead of the night with a lantern.

"I want you just to let Captain Morstan hear that story from your own lips, Small," said he.

"I repeated it as I had told it before.

"Look here, Small," said the major. "We have been talking it over, my friend here and I, and we think that this secret of yours is hardly a government matter, after all, but a private one. Now, the question is, what price would you ask for it?" He tried to speak in a cool, careless way, but his eyes were shining with excitement and greed.

"Why, as to that, gentlemen," I answered, trying also to be cool, but feeling as excited as he did, "I shall want you to help me to my freedom, and to help my three companions to theirs. We shall then take you into **partnership**, and give you a fifth share to divide between you."

Vocabulary

gasps: to take a quick, short breath through the mouth, usually because of surprise or pain
stammer: to speak with difficulty and with lots of pauses or repeating the first sound in

words, usually because of fear or nervousness
identify: to recognise who or what something is
partnership: to be closely involved with a person or organisation

"Hum!" said he. "A fifth share! That is not very **tempting**."

"It would come to fifty thousand each," said I.

"But how can we gain your freedom? You know very well that you ask an impossibility."

"Nothing of the sort," I answered. "I have thought it all out to the last detail. We only need a boat with food and water to last us until we reach safety. You bring one over, we shall go aboard by night, and if you will drop us on any part of the Indian coast, you will have done your part of the **bargain**."

"If there were only one," he said.

"None or all," I answered. "We have sworn it. The four of us must always act together."

"You see, Morstan," said he, "Small is a man of his word. I think we may very well trust him. We must first, of course, test the truth of your story. Tell me where the box is hidden, and I shall go back to India to check your story."

"Not so fast," said I, growing colder as he got hot. "I must speak to the other three first. I tell you that it is four or none with us."

"Nonsense!" he broke in. "What have they to do with our agreement?"

"No," said I, "they are in with me, and we all go together."

"Well, the matter ended by a second meeting, at which Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, and Dost Akbar were all present. We talked the matter over again, and at last we came to an arrangement. We were to provide both the officers with maps of the part of the Agra fort and mark the place in the wall where the treasure was hidden. Major Sholto was to go to India to test our story. If he found the box, he was to leave it there, to send out a small boat for us to which we were to make our way, and finally to return to his duties. Captain Morstan was then to apply for leave of **absence**, to meet us at Agra, and there we were to have a final division of the treasure, he taking the major's share as well as his own.

"Well, gentlemen, the villain Sholto went off to India, but he never came back again. Morstan went over to Agra shortly afterwards, and found, as we expected, that the treasure was indeed gone. Sholto had stolen it all, without carrying out one of the conditions on which we had sold him the secret. From that day, I lived only for revenge. I thought of it by day and I nursed it by night. I cared nothing for the law — nothing for death. To escape, to track down Sholto, to have my hand upon his throat — that was

Vocabulary

tempting: something you want to do or have words, usually because of fear or nervousness

bargain: an agreement between two or more people as to what each will do for the other

absence: being away from a person or place

my one thought. Even the Agra treasure had come to be a smaller thing in my mind than the killing of Sholto.

"Well, I have set my mind on many things in this life, and never one which I did not carry out. But it was many years before my time came. One day when the doctor was down with a fever, a little Andaman Islander was found by some of the men on the island. He was sick to death, and had gone to a lonely place to die. I took him in, though he was as dangerous as a young snake, and after a couple of months, I got him all right and able to walk. He took a kind of fancy to me then, and was always hanging about my hut. I learned a little of his language from him, and this made him like me more.

"Tonga—for that was his name—was a fine boatman, and owned a big **canoe** of his own. When I found that he would do anything to serve me, I saw my chance of escape. I talked it over with him. He was to bring his boat round on a certain night to a place which was never guarded, and there he was to pick me up.

"No man ever had a more faithful friend than little Tonga. At the night named, he had his boat at the wharf. As it chanced, however, there was one of the convict-guard down there — a horrible man who had never missed a chance of **insulting** and injuring me. He stood on the bank with his back to me, and his gun on his shoulder. I looked about for a stone to beat out his brains with, but none could I see. Then I had a strange thought. I sat down in the darkness and unstrapped my wooden leg. With three long hops I was on him. I struck him and knocked the whole front of his head in. You can see the split in the wood now where I hit him. I made for the boat, and in an hour, we were well out at sea.

"Here and there we drifted about the world, something always turning up to keep us from London. All the time, however, I never lost sight of my purpose. I would dream of Sholto at night. A hundred times, I have killed him in my sleep. At last, however, some three or four years ago, we found ourselves in England. I had no great difficulty in finding where Sholto lived, but I wanted to know if he still had the treasure. I made friends with someone who could help me — I name no names, for I don't want to get anyone else in trouble — and I soon found that he still had the jewels. Then I tried to get at him in many ways, but he was pretty smart, and had always two prize-fighters, besides his sons on guard over him.

"One day, however, I heard that he was dying. I hurried at once to the garden, furious that he should slip away from my revenge like that, and, looking through the window, I saw him lying in his bed, with his sons on each side of him. I'd have come through and taken my chance with the

Vocabulary

canoe: a light, narrow boat with pointed ends that is moved with paddles

insult: to speak to someone or treat someone with disrespect, usually by saying something offensive or rude

three of them, only even as I looked at him his mouth dropped, and I knew that he was gone. I got into his room that same night, though, and I searched his papers to see if there was any record of where he had hidden our jewels. There was not a line, however. So, I left a mark of our hatred and wrote down the sign of the four of us, as it had been on the map, and I pinned it on his chest.

"Tonga and I went away again, but I still heard all the news from Pondicherry Lodge. For some years, there was no news to hear, except that they were hunting for the treasure. At last, however, came what we had waited for so long. The treasure had been found. It was up at the top of the house, in Mr. Bartholomew Sholto's chemical laboratory. I learned about a trapdoor in the roof, and also about Mr. Sholto's supper-hour. I brought Tonga out with me with a long rope around his waist. He could climb like a cat, and he soon made his way through the roof, but, as ill luck would have it, Bartholomew Sholto was still in the room. Tonga thought he had done something very clever in killing him, for when I came up by the rope I found him walking about as proud as a peacock. He was very surprised when he saw how angry I was. I took the treasure box and let it down, and then slid down myself, having first left the sign of the four upon the table, to show that the jewels had come back at last to those who had most right to them. Tonga then pulled up the rope, closed the window, and left the way that he had come.

"I don't know that I have anything else to tell you. I had heard a waterman speak of the speed of Smith's launch the *Aurora*, so I thought she would be useful for our escape. I was to give old Smith a big sum if he got us safe to our ship. He knew, no doubt, that there was something wrong, but he was not in our secrets. All this is the truth, and if I tell it to you, gentlemen, it is not to amuse you, but because I believe the best defence I can make is just to hold back nothing, and let all the world know how badly I have been treated by Major Sholto, and how innocent I am of the death of his son."

"A very interesting account," said Sherlock Holmes. "There is nothing at all new to me in the second part of your story, except that you brought your own rope. That I did not know.

"Well, Holmes," said Athelney Jones, "I shall feel more comfortable when we have our storyteller here safe under lock and key. Thank you both for your assistance. Of course you will be wanted at the trial. Goodnight to you."

"Goodnight, gentlemen both," said Jonathan Small.

"You first, Small," said the cautious Jones as they left the room. "I'll take particular care that you



don't club me with your wooden leg."

"Well, and there is the end of our little drama," I commented, after we had sat some time smoking in silence. "But you look tired."

"Yes," he answered, "the **reaction** is already upon me. By the way, you see that they had, as I deduced, an **informant** in the house, who could be none other than Lal Rao, the butler: so at least Jones actually caught one fish."

"It seems rather unfair," I said. "You have done all the work in this business and Jones gets the credit, tell me, what remains for you?"

"For me," said Sherlock Holmes, "there is the exercise of my mind and knowing that the wrong man does not sit behind bars." And he reached his long white hand up to the bookshelf, removing a heavy volume.

Vocabulary

reaction: a feeling or an action that is a result of a situation or event

informant: a person who gives information to another person or organisation





Wordlists

Unit 5

adventurous
air
also
amazing
annoyed with
arrogant
author
aware of
calm
careful about
cautious
creative
decade
decisive
determined
difficult for
download
easy-going
enthusiastic
episode
excited
exhibition
fluent
gallery
generous
genius
giant
good at
hard-working
home school
honest
humanities
impatient
important to

adjective
verb
adverb
adjective
adjective
adjective
noun
adjective
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verb
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adjective
adjective
verb
adjective
noun
adjective
adjective

independent
intelligent
interested (in)
invest (in)
judge
kind
lastly
likeable
logical
loyal
lucky
mark
model
modest
moreover
news
opportunity/ies
optimistic
organised
patient
pessimistic
polite
popular with
prize
proud
quick-tempered
realistic
risk
season
secondly
self-aware
self-centred
shy
skill
so
sociable

adjective
adjective
adjective
verb
noun
adjective
adverb
adjective
adjective
adjective
adjective
noun
noun
adjective
adverb
noun
noun
adjective
adjective
adjective
adjective
noun
adjective
adjective
adjective
noun
conjunction
adjective

spontaneous	adjective	announcement	noun
such	determiner	bakery	noun
summarise	verb	bonus	noun
sympathetic	adjective	buffet	noun
talented	adjective	careful	adjective
upset by	adjective	checkout	noun
winner	noun	chilled foods	noun
worried	adjective	convenient	adjective

Phrases

Do you agree?
 First of all, ...
 for ages
 For example ...
 I believe that ...
 I'd like to become more ...
 I think I ought to be less ...
 I think that ...
 I wish I was more/less ...
 In addition, ...
 in charge of
 In my opinion, ...
 It would be better if you ...
 Think about ...
 Try to ...
 We really liked ...
 We think that you should ...
 What do you think?
 You may be right, but ...

Unit 6

3-D printer	noun
accessories shop	noun
advantage	noun
aisle	noun

customer	noun
dairy products	noun
department store	noun
disadvantage	noun
downside	noun
drone	noun
electronics shop	noun
entrance	noun
face-recognition camera	noun
floor	noun
food hall	noun
frozen foods	noun
fruit and vegetables	noun
handbag	noun
health and beauty home	noun
baking	noun
household and cleaning	noun
impulsive	adjective
lifestyle	noun
offer	noun
old-fashioned	adjective
order	noun
personal shopper	noun
prepared	adjective
quad bike	noun
ready meals	noun
robot	noun

rug	noun
serve	verb
sports shop	noun
sunglasses	noun
tinned goods	noun
toy shop	noun
trolley	noun
unadventurous	adjective

Phrases

a day out
a good deal
Another bonus is that ...
I think it's ...
in one go
One downside is that ...
One thing that's not so good is that ...
The best thing is that ...
What do you think?
You know (what I mean)

Unit 7

120-page	adjective
afraid	adjective
airport	noun
alive	adjective
art gallery	noun
beautiful	adjective
bedtime	adjective
best-selling	adjective
bill	noun
calendar	noun
camera case	noun
careful	adjective

cheerful	adjective
colourful	adjective
cushion	noun
exhausted	adjective
fall apart	verb
fountain show	noun
frame	noun
good condition	adjective
happy	adjective
hardly used	adjective
headphones	noun
huge	adjective
ladder	noun
landscape	noun
light	adjective
loft bed	noun
look after	verb
memory card	noun
multi-sport	adjective
noticeboard	noun
painful	adjective
palm tree	noun
pick someone's pocket	verb
pickpocket	noun
pleased	adjective
pop up	verb
portrait	noun
pretty	adjective
put away	verb
reading lamp	noun
rent	verb
rocking chair	noun
save up	verb
savings	noun
second-hand	adjective
self-portrait	noun

self-study	adjective
sightseeing	noun
skateboard	noun
skyscraper	noun
snowboard	noun
storage basket	noun
store	verb
stressful	adjective
style	noun
successful	adjective
sunglasses	noun
support	verb
tablet	noun
take off	verb
thrilled	adjective
throw away	verb
tiny	adjective
transparent	adjective
turn into	verb
upload	verb
upset	adjective
useful	adjective
valuable	adjective
vehicle	noun
wallet	noun
website	noun
well-known	adjective
when	adverb
wildlife	noun
wonderful	adjective

Phrases

I think he should ...

If I were you, I would ...

It would be a good idea if
you ... She could ...

Audioscript

Unit 5

Track 23

Girl: My grandma always told me that making a good impression on people is such an important thing in life. I didn't understand what she meant until recently. A new student, Jamila, came to class and on her first day, she didn't arrive on time. She was only five minutes late, but on top of that she had mixed up her books and didn't have the right ones. So, everyone's first impression of Jamila was that she was disorganised and irresponsible even though she was a really good, hard-working student. She had to work extra hard to make up for the wrong first impression.

Man: I'll never forget my first job interview. I'd read about how to make a positive impression on future employers so I bought myself a new suit and had a haircut before the big day. Normally, I'm a calm and confident person, but I felt really nervous walking into the interview room. The owners of the company who interviewed me were so easy-going that I felt relaxed straight away. Although I made a great first impression, I didn't get the job because there was someone more qualified than me. Oh well. It was still a useful experience.

Woman: I've been married to my husband for 12 years now but it feels like yesterday when I first met his family. After we were married, he organised a big dinner at his parents' house and everyone was going to come and meet me: aunts, uncles, cousins ... I really wanted to make a good first impression so I made a big cake to show them how generous I am. It was a great idea! It was such a delicious cake that they all loved it and my mother-in-law wanted the recipe. Thanks to that cake, we got along from the very first day.

Boy: My friends say that I'm one of the most popular people at school. They're probably right because I know how to make a good impression on others. I make sure my clothes and shoes are always clean, but it's not just that. I try to look confident so I always have a smile on my face and stand up straight. I also look people in the eyes when we're talking and ask them questions to show that I'm interested in them. It's not such a difficult thing to do. Even if you're shy, try smiling a bit more. It'll make a big difference.

Track 24

Presenter: Let's meet two of this season's competitors ...

Alex is seven and when he's not solving algebra problems, he loves reading books. He hardly ever makes a mistake at spelling and he hopes to come first in this category. Alex doesn't mind if he doesn't win first prize. "I just want to have fun and make friends," he says. His mother disagrees. "You

should try hard to win. You're the cleverest!" she tells him. Alex never gets stressed before an episode – he reads to relax. When May was two years old she could read and answer questions about books. At the age of six she got so bored at school that her parents decided to home school her. Now she is eight and she is fluent in three languages (English, Chinese and Arabic) and is learning Russian. She's very good at Maths, but finds Geography more interesting. May's parents didn't make her appear on *Genius of the Year*, but she insisted. "I really want to win!" she says. May also wants to be a doctor like her mum and grandma. Her brother Stephen is also a contestant so this season is going to be really interesting. Are both May and her brother going to be in the final? "I think I'm smarter than Stephen and now I get a chance to prove it," May says and laughs.

Track 25

Dalal: I still can't believe we won third prize! I mean, I knew ours was a good one but there were so many great short stories in the competition.

Ibrahim: Well, you write really well and my drawings weren't too bad either. I was sure we'd win something. I just didn't know which prize.

Dalal: I'm so happy! And I thought those two boys who came first deserved it. What a great idea they had with that weather app!

Ibrahim: I know! I could think of a good app as well.

Dalal: I'm sure you could. Maybe you should take part in the Business category next year?

Ibrahim: Erm ... no, thanks. I'll be too busy. So, when are you presenting our story to your class? Is it next week?

Dalal: Yes. At first I thought maybe my classmates wouldn't be interested. But they're all looking forward to it and so am I!

Ibrahim: Don't you think that more people should take part in *Clever Teens*?

Dalal: Well, it's a tough competition. You have to work really hard on your project and our friends already have a lot to do for school.

Ibrahim: You may be right. But if they decided to do it, they'd have help from the teachers.

Dalal: For sure. And we could help them as well with their application and presentation, right?

Ibrahim: Of course. I think it's important to give others a hand. So maybe you could suggest this to the girls in your class next week, and I'll tell the boys in mine? Tell them we'd love to help out if they want to apply for the competition.

Dalal: Good idea. Let's do that!

Unit 6

Track 26

Khaled: Hi Ahmad, where are you going?

Ahmad: I need to buy some clothes, so I'm going to the new mall in the town centre.

Khaled: Why don't you get them online?

Ahmad: Online? No way.

Khaled: That's what I do. The advantage is that you can sometimes get things much cheaper.

Ahmad: No way. The problem with shopping online for clothes is that you can't try them on before you buy. Anyway, I prefer shopping at the mall.

Khaled: I don't like going to the mall.

Ahmad: Why not?

Khaled: There are too many downsides for me. There are always so many people at the mall. It's too busy. And it takes too long to find what you are looking for. It's really tiring.

Ahmad: I think that the best thing about shopping at the mall is that you can take your time. I enjoy looking in all the shops. I often buy things I wasn't looking for. It's fun. Are you sure you don't want to come with me?

Khaled: I'm sure. I have to do some work, anyway. Have fun!

Track 27

Narrator: One

Speaker: Today we have a special offer of three loaves of bread for the price of two. This is a limited offer, so make sure you get yours now. Remember, when it's gone, it's gone. That's three loaves for the price of two.

Narrator: Two

Speaker: This week there's money off all dental products. Toothpaste, toothbrushes, mouthwash, they're all at 15 per cent off.

Narrator: Three

Speaker: Did you know that from next Monday you can get up to 20 per cent off all your household and cleaning items if you have a store card? And if you haven't already got a store card, it's time to get one.

Narrator: Four

Speaker: We have delicious frozen desserts on offer this week, at half price. Don't miss them. We have ten different varieties on display.

Track 28

Presenter: Welcome to The Psychology Show. In today's programme, we're talking to Hamad Al Shamsi, a supermarket designer. Hamad, what is the psychology behind supermarket design?

Hamad: It's all about helping the customers to find what they need and to give them an enjoyable shopping experience. Every section in a supermarket is there for a reason. Think about the entrance. You arrive at the supermarket and what do you see? Newspapers, sandwiches and snacks. All things that people buy when they are in a hurry. This section is like a small shop. It's easy to find what you want.

Presenter: I notice that in many supermarkets the fruit and vegetable section is also near the entrance? Why?

Hamad: It's because fresh food is healthy. It looks bright and colourful, and it makes you feel good about yourself. It's the perfect start to your shopping experience.

Presenter: Do you think that the way supermarkets are designed helps people to find more items?

Hamad: Yes. For example, there are some items that you always have to get when you go to a supermarket. For many people, these are things like bread. But where is the bakery section? It's near the back of the supermarket. You go along all of the other aisles, until you find the items you wrote on your shopping list. But on the way, you see lots of other things, and some special offers too. You don't need them, but they look good and they are on offer. You put them in your trolley and you go to the checkout.

Track 29

Jamila: That's a great handbag, Lamyia. Where did you get it?

Lamyia: I don't know. My cousin bought it for me. I think she got it from the department store where she works.

Jamila: Well, she's got great taste. It looks really nice.

Lamyia: Thanks. I don't know much about fashion, but she's an expert. It's her job to know what looks good.

Jamila: What does she do at the department store?

Lamyia: She's a personal shopper.

Jamila: What's that?

Lamyia: It's someone who helps other people with their shopping.

Jamila: How does she help people with their shopping? Does she carry their bags?

Lamyia: No, I don't think so. She takes people around the department store and gives them advice on what to buy.

Jamila: Like handbags?

Lamya: Yes, it could be handbags, or sunglasses or clothes. She needs to know what things go well together, and what will look good on each customer.

Jamila: So she's an expert in fashion?

Lamya: Yes, she knows a lot about fashion. But she helps people shop for all kinds of different things. Once, she helped someone buy a quad bike. Another time, she chose all of the rugs and furniture for a customer's new house.

Jamila: What an interesting job. I'd love to do a job like that when I'm older.

Lamya: Not me. I don't like shopping at all. There are too many things to choose from. I'm happy she's there to make the decisions for me.

Track 30

Presenter: What kind of shopper are you? We all need to go shopping sometimes. It can be shopping for food, clothes, computer games, books or sports equipment. Shopping is a part of life. But we all shop in different ways, and the way we shop can say a lot about the kind of people we are. So, what kind of a shopper are you?

Are you an unadventurous shopper?

This person always goes to the same shops, and always buys the same things. They don't like change, and they are not interested in finding new things. They know what they like, and that's what they want to buy. Every time!

Are you a prepared shopper?

This person always goes shopping with a list. They know the shops they are going to visit and what they are going to buy when they get there. They never buy anything that isn't on the list, and they never spend more than they were planning to.

Are you an impulsive shopper?

This person doesn't know what they are going to buy until they get to the shop. They make decisions about what they want very quickly. They will buy anything they see that they like, and they don't worry too much about price.

Are you a careful shopper?

This person doesn't like to make decisions quickly. The important thing for them is to think about every decision, and not to spend too much money. For this person, a shopping trip can take a very long time.

Track 31

Presenter: What do you think supermarkets will be like in the future?

Many supermarket companies are interested in the answer to this question. Now, a company called FutuShop has thought

of a plan of the supermarket of tomorrow, and it's a very different shopping experience from today's supermarkets.

In the supermarket of tomorrow, customers will arrive at the entrance, where a robot will greet them. The customers won't have to do the shopping themselves. The robots will do it for them. The customer tells the robot what items they would like, and the robots go and fetch them. The customers can relax, and have a drink while they wait for the robot to do their shopping.

At the end, the customer won't have to pay for their shopping with cash or a bank card. They will look into a face recognition camera, and the money will leave their bank accounts.

When it's time to leave the supermarket, a drone will carry the bags to the car for them. The customer won't have to carry anything.

It sounds as though shopping at the supermarket of tomorrow will be a very relaxing experience – just not for the robots!

Track 32

Shop assistant: Can I help you?

Ibrahim: Yes, please. I'm looking for a ... erm. A ... what's it called?

Shop assistant: I don't know.

Ibrahim: Sorry, I've forgotten the name. It's one of those things, you know, you wear it on your head.

Shop assistant: A hat?

Ibrahim: It's a kind of hat. It protects your eyes from the sun.

Shop assistant: A sun hat?

Ibrahim: No, it's not a sun hat. It's got a flat, hard bit at the front. You know what I mean.

Shop assistant: A helmet?

Ibrahim: No, no! It's definitely not a helmet.

Shop assistant: So, it protects your eyes, and it's got a flat, hard bit at the front?

Ibrahim: That's right. You wear it for sports like tennis or golf.

Shop assistant: Do you mean a baseball cap?

Ibrahim: It's like a baseball cap, but it hasn't got a top.

Shop assistant: A sun visor?

Ibrahim: Yes, that's it. Thank you. Have you got any sun visors?

Shop assistant: Sorry. We're out of sun visors.

Unit 7

Track 33

Policeman: Salman ... you said?

Salman: Al Rashedi. Salman Al Rashedi.

Policeman: OK. And where are you from?

Salman: From the United Arab Emirates. I'm here on vacation with my older brother.

Policeman: OK. And where exactly did you lose it?

Salman: I'm not sure, sir. I was in the mall with my brother and I had it in my pocket – right here.

Policeman: Mm hm ...

Salman: I remember first we went in the computer store to pick up my brother's tablet. The screen had broken so he had it fixed. I know I had it there because I took it out to pay for a new set of headphones.

Policeman: I see. So you lost it while you were walking around the stores ...

Salman: Yes, that's right.

Policeman: Did you see anyone acting strangely?

Salman: Erm ... No ... I ... Oh wait! Yes. We were in the sports store looking at skateboards when this man walked past me. He pushed me with his shoulder and he said 'I'm really sorry'. I thought it was a bit weird because the store was empty. He didn't have to walk so close to us.

Policeman: Well, then, Salman. I think you had your wallet stolen!

Salman: Really? By that man?

Policeman: It's very possible.

Salman: But I didn't see him take my wallet.

Policeman: Well, he probably took it when he pushed you. That's the trick.

Salman: Wow ...

Policeman: Do you remember what he looked like?

Salman: Yes. He had short dark hair and a moustache. He wore a baseball cap ... Oh, and really big sunglasses.

Policeman: Is this the man in the photo?

Salman: Yes! That's him!

Policeman: We've been looking for him for three months. Many people have had their wallets stolen like you. We think it's him. Now go home and if we find your wallet, we'll call you.

Track 34

Presenter: Welcome to our radio show 'Life's Funny!'. We have lots of stories today that we hope will make you laugh. Let's start with your story, Laila.

Girl: OK. This happened about two years ago. I went on a trip to Dubai with my parents. While we were waiting for our flight, my dad bought a new memory card for his camera. He always takes lots of photos when we go abroad. Anyway, we arrived in Dubai – it's an amazing place! My dad took so many photos of the buildings, the palm trees and us that he used up a memory card by the second day of our trip.

Presenter: OK. So far so good.

Girl: Yes. On our last day, we went up the Burj Khalifa – you know the famous skyscraper. We went to the top for the view and my dad took loads of photos again. When we went back down to see the fountain show, the second memory card was full so he put in the new one he had bought at the airport.

Presenter: Yes, OK.

Girl: Unfortunately, he didn't close the camera case properly and the two full memory cards fell out. The next day we flew back home to Manama and my uncle picked us up at the airport. It was only when we were putting our luggage in my uncle's car that my dad realised that he'd lost them. We were so upset because we thought we'd lost all the photos.

Presenter: Oh no! That's horrible.

Girl: But a woman who was visiting the Burj Khalifa the next day found my dad's memory cards and she returned them to us.

Presenter: But how? How did she find you?

Track 35

Presenter: But how? How did she find you?

Girl: Well, Mrs Williams – that's her name and she's from the UK – took the cards home and went on a website called ifoundyourcamera.com. She uploaded our photos and wrote the date when she found them.

Presenter: And ... ?

Girl: One day, my cousin Huda, was looking for photos of the Burj Khalifa online. I think she needed them for a geography project. Anyway, she found the ifoundyourcamera website and started looking at photos.

Presenter: And she found your dad's photos!

Girl: That's right. She saw a photo of me on the top of the skyscraper and called me straight away. I told my dad and we got in touch with Mrs Williams. The following week we received the memory cards in the post!

Presenter: That's an amazing story! Thank you, Laila. Now let's carry on with ...

Track 36

Narrator: One

Speaker: loft bed

Narrator: Two

Speaker: snowboard

Narrator: Three

Speaker: frame

Narrator: Four

Speaker: noticeboard

Narrator: Five

Speaker: calendar

Narrator: Six

Speaker: reading lamp

Narrator: Seven

Speaker: ladder

Narrator: Eight

Speaker: storage basket

Narrator: Nine

Speaker: cushion

Narrator: Ten

Speaker: rocking chair

Track 37

Tariq: Wow, Ahmed, you've got a great room here.

Ahmed: Thanks, it's not bad. I really like the loft bed – it's a nice place to relax after I've done all my homework.

Tariq: I'm not sure I could sleep up there. I might fall off the ladder or hit my head on the ceiling!

Ahmed: Don't be silly.

Tariq: And what's this?

Ahmed: Don't! It's my special football signed by Xabi Alonso. Sorry, but nobody can touch it. I'll show it to you.

Tariq: OK, OK, relax! You remind me of my brother. I share a bedroom with him and he doesn't let me touch his things either. Anyway, it's a cool football.

Ahmed: Thanks. You can sit on that rocking chair if you want.

Tariq: It's really comfortable.

Ahmed: Not really ... but it was my granddad's and it's really special. I used to sit with him on this chair and he would tell me stories.

Tariq: And what about this cushion? Was it his too?

Ahmed: No. I got that when I went on a trip to Egypt last year. A woman was selling them in a market and I really like camels, so I had to have it.

Tariq: I've got a similar cushion but my mum bought it for me here in Dubai, I think. Who are these people in the photos?

Ahmed: Oh those frames – they're my friends from Abu Dhabi. You know we used to live there. We moved here four years ago.

Tariq: Yes, you told me. Shall we play something? Have you got any good computer games?

Ahmed: Sure. They're over there on the bookshelf. Have a look.

Track 38

Presenter: Welcome to our weekly show All About Art. Today, I'm talking to Mrs Jessica Bradley, who has her own art gallery. Hello.

Mrs Bradley: Hi. Thank you for inviting me.

Presenter: You know a lot about paintings, modern and old. Do you have a favourite one?

Mrs Bradley: That's a difficult question to answer. But if I had to choose, I'd say Vincent's Bedroom in Arles by van Gogh. I like all his later paintings because of their beautiful bright colours, but this one is a bit more special. It's the room where he spent the last years of his life and it's also one of his personal favourites. We have this information from the letters that he wrote to his brother Theo.

Presenter: That's interesting. Did he write many letters to him?

Mrs Bradley: We know of 819 letters that van Gogh wrote himself and 651 of these he wrote to his brother. Many people think they're valuable because the painter used beautiful language and reading these letters we can understand what he was like. He also described his paintings and explained when he started and finished them. The most important information they give us, however, is which paintings that exist today are really van Gogh's and which are copies.

Presenter: That's so interesting! Going back to Vincent's bedroom in Arles – can you tell us a bit more about it?

Mrs Bradley: Well, he really loved this painting which he described in thirteen letters! He finished it in 1888, just two years before he died. He used bright colours like blue and orange which became his style after leaving Paris for Arles in the south of France. He loved walking in the countryside under the strong sun, so yellow was probably the colour he preferred most because it reminded him of the fields.

Presenter: I see. So in this painting we can see what van Gogh's bedroom really looked like.

Mrs Bradley: That's right. I think he liked painting life the way he saw it. So, you can see the wall at the back looks really small. And the bed is bigger at the end. Some say it's not real, while others say that the room was actually shaped like that. I think it just makes it unusual. On the wall we can see paintings that van Gogh actually painted and there's very little furniture. I think that suited van Gogh because all he really cared about was art.

Presenter: He must've been an amazing man. You recently wrote a book about his life?

Mrs Bradley: Yes. It's called 'A journey through Vincent's art' and you can find it ...

Track 39

Speaker 1: This is what I do to stop filling my bedroom with stuff. I call it the "48 hours" idea. It helps me decide whether I really need something. Imagine you're in a shop and you see a pair of shoes you really like. Before you buy them, stop and think: 'Do I really need them?' Let two days go by and then decide. Most times, I can't even remember what I wanted!

Speaker 2: In my family we have a rule: Buy one? Then throw one out. My room is full of clothes and books – there's really no space for more. So, when I want to buy something, I have to throw something out. It doesn't have to be the same type of thing, but they must be about the same size. So, for example, last time I bought a new book, I gave away three DVDs to my cousin. This means that I always have the same amount of stuff in my bedroom.

Speaker 3: Every year at my house we have a day when we get rid of things we don't use. We call it 'Fill a rubbish bag' day. My dad gives me and my sister a big plastic bag and we fill it up with clothes, toys, books – anything we don't need or use anymore. We don't throw the bag in the rubbish. We give stuff to our cousins, our friends and sometimes to charities. It's funny how quickly you forget about things you don't really need.

Speaker 4: I really like buying clothes. I have a cupboard full of T-shirts and shirts on hangers. I usually complain that I don't have anything to wear so my brother made me do this 'hanger experiment'. I pushed all the hangers to the right of the cupboard. Every time I wore a T-shirt or a shirt, I put it back on the hanger and moved it to the left. Ten of my T-shirts stayed on the right for months – so I never really wore them and I could throw them away.

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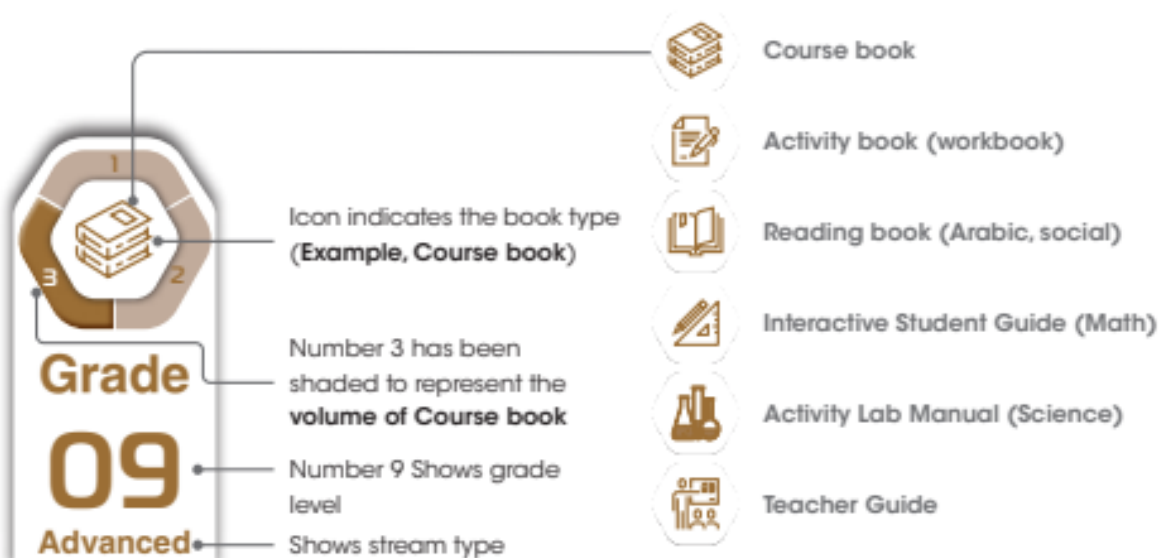
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