

Classic British Short Stories

Retold by Pieter Koster



Classic British Short Stories

Retold by
Pieter Koster

LEVEL 6

Series Editor: Ken Methold



feralan.com

Classic British Short Stories

Retold by Pieter Koster

© 2009 Compass Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without prior permission in writing from the publisher.

Series Editor: Ken Methold
Acquisitions Editor: John Thomas
Content Editor: Stephen Taylor
Copy Editor: Kelli Ripati
Cover Illustrator: Eric Freeburg
Cover/Interior Design: Design Plus

<http://www.compasspub.com>
email: info@compasspub.com

4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 - BA - 2017 2016 2015 2014

ISBN: 978-1-59966-334-0

Printed in Korea

Contents

The Storyteller (*Saki*)

CHAPTER 1	Railway Carriages	5
CHAPTER 2	The Mouse	9
CHAPTER 3	The Name-Day	13

The Secret Garden (*GK Chesterton*)

CHAPTER 2	Dinner with the Chief of Police	18
CHAPTER 2	A Mysterious Murder	22
CHAPTER 2	A Discussion in the Drawing Room	26
CHAPTER 4	Father Brown Answers Some Questions	30

Crowley Castle (*Elizabeth Gaskell*)

CHAPTER 1	The Residents of Crowley Castle	34
CHAPTER 2	Marriage, Property, Birth, and Death	39
CHAPTER 3	Theresa Comes Home	43
CHAPTER 4	Victorine's Secret	47

The Bottle Imp (*Robert Louis Stevenson*)

CHAPTER 1	Keawe Buys a Dangerous Bottle	51
CHAPTER 2	Keawe Marries a Beautiful Girl	55
CHAPTER 2	Kokua Makes a Brave Plan	59

Malachi's Cove (*Anthony Trollope*)

CHAPTER 1	When Neighbors Quarrel	64
CHAPTER 2	Gathering Seaweed in the Cove	69
CHAPTER 2	The Great Hole	73
CHAPTER 4	The Big Kitchen	77

The Man Who Would Be King (*Rudyard Kipling*)

CHAPTER 1	The Plan	80
CHAPTER 2	To Kafiristan and Back	85
CHAPTER 3	Carnehan Tells How He Became a King	89
CHAPTER 4	Kings, Gods, and Men	93

Casting the Runes (*M R James*)

CHAPTER 1	The Secretary Is Worried	97
CHAPTER 2	Mr. Dunning Is Worried	100
CHAPTER 3	Mr. Henry Harrington Is Worried	104
CHAPTER 4	Casting the Runes	108

Amy Foster (*Joseph Conrad*)

CHAPTER 1	The Shipwreck	112
CHAPTER 2	At the Farm	116
CHAPTER 2	The Marriage	120

New Words	124
------------------------	-----

Playlet	127
----------------------	-----

The Storyteller

CHAPTER 1

Railway Carriages

Preview Questions

1. Do you like stories? What kind of stories?
2. Have you ever traveled a long distance in a train?
3. Do good people always get rewarded?

It was a hot afternoon, so it was hot in the railway carriage. The passengers in the carriage were a small girl, a smaller girl and a small boy, and their aunt, who sat in one corner of the carriage. In the other corner sat a young bachelor who was a stranger to them. He thought that the aunt and the children had poor **conversational skills**, because everything the aunt said began with “Don’t” and everything the children said began with “Why.”

The small boy began to hit the cushions on the seat, making little clouds of dust. “Don’t, Cyril. Come and look out of the window,” said the aunt. The boy went slowly to the window and looked out.

“Why is that man chasing the sheep from one field into the next?” he asked.

“I suppose he is taking them to get some more grass,” suggested the aunt.

“But there is just as much grass in this field as in the next field.”

“Perhaps the grass in the next field is better.”

“Why is the grass in the next field better?”

“Oh, look at those cows!” said the aunt.

The bachelor **frowned**. Then the smaller girl began to sing. She only knew one line of the song, but that didn’t matter to her because she just sang the same line again and again. The aunt saw the bachelor frowning and told the children to come to her so that she could tell them a story. The children did not seem excited, but they went to her and listened as she began a boring story about a little girl who was very good and was therefore everybody’s friend. The children kept interrupting with questions, but finally heard that the little girl was saved from a bull because her rescuers thought she was such a good girl.

“Wouldn’t they have saved her if she wasn’t a good girl?” asked the bigger of the two girls. That was exactly the question, that the bachelor had in his mind.

“They probably wouldn’t have run so fast,” said the aunt.

“That’s a stupid story,” said the bigger girl.

“It was so stupid that I stopped listening after the first bit,” said Cyril.

The smaller girl made no comment because she was softly singing her song again.

“You’re not very good at story-telling,” said the bachelor.

“It’s very difficult to tell a story that young children both understand and enjoy,” replied the aunt in an annoyed way.

“I don’t agree,” said the bachelor.

“Perhaps you would like to tell them a story then,” said the **irritated** aunt.

“I will. Once upon a time, there was a little girl called Bertha, and she was very good.” The children were already beginning to lose interest, but the bachelor continued. “Bertha did everything that she was told, always told the truth, kept her clothes clean,

ate all her food, learned all her lessons perfectly, and was always polite.”

“Was she pretty?” asked the bigger girl.

“Not as pretty as any of you, but she was remarkably good.

5 She was so good that she won three medals, which she always wore on her dress. One for obedience, another for being on time, and the third was for politeness. They were large medals, and they **clinked** together when she walked. So everybody saw how good she was.”

10 “Remarkably good,” said Cyril.

“The Prince heard of her goodness and told her that because she was so good she could walk in his park once a week. No children were ever allowed in the park, so it was a very special reward for Bertha.”

15 “Were there any sheep in the park,” asked Cyril.

“No,” said the bachelor.

“Why not?” asked Cyril. The aunt smiled.

20 “Because the Prince’s mother had once dreamed that her son would be killed either by a sheep or by a clock falling on him. That’s why the Prince had no sheep in his park and no clocks in his palace.” The aunt was very **impressed**.

“Was the Prince killed by a sheep or a clock?” asked Cyril.

25 “The Prince is still alive, so we don’t know if the dream will come true or not. There were no sheep in the park, but there were lots of little pigs. There were no flowers either, which made Bertha very sad. She had promised her aunt that she wouldn’t pick any of the Prince’s flowers, but how could she keep her promise if there were no flowers to pick?”

“Why weren’t there any flowers?”

30 “Because the pigs had eaten them all. The Prince liked pigs better than flowers, so he kept the pigs and had no flowers.”

The children all thought the Prince was very wise.

“There were lots of other nice things in the park, however, and Bertha enjoyed walking in it and thinking how glad she was that she was so good, and her three medals clinked against each other on her dress. Just then, a huge wolf came into the park looking for a fat little pig for dinner.”

“What color was it?”

“It was a mud color with a black tongue and angry, gray eyes. The first thing it saw was Bertha because her dress was so white that you could see it from miles away. Bertha saw the wolf and began to wish that she had never been allowed into the park. She ran as quickly as she could, but the wolf chased her. She hid in some bushes, and the wolf couldn’t find her, but then she moved, and her three medals clinked together. The wolf heard them. He ran into the bushes, dragged Bertha out, and ate her. All that was left were her shoes and her three medals for goodness.”

“Were any of the pigs killed?”

“All the pigs escaped.”

“The story had a bad beginning but a good ending,” said the smaller girl.

“It is the most beautiful story I have ever heard,” said the bigger girl.

“It is the only beautiful story I have ever heard,” said Cyril.

The aunt thought it was a very bad story, but she didn’t dare to say anything.

Review Questions

1. Why were the children bored with their aunt’s story?
2. What were Bertha’s medals for?
3. How did the wolf know where Bertha was hiding?

The Mouse

Preview Questions

1. Are you afraid of mice?
2. Do you know any stories or songs about mice?
3. What is the best way to keep mice away from your home?

Theodore Voler was a middle-aged man who had led a very **sheltered life**. From the moment that he was born, his mother had protected him from the rough and rude parts of life. When she died, she left Theodore in a world that was much rougher and ruder than he had expected it to be, with the result that he was easily annoyed by things that “were not quite right.” For a man like Theodore, traveling in a railway carriage was not very pleasant, especially if he had to travel in second class. The windows were never clean enough, the seats were always either too soft or too hard, and his fellow-passengers annoyed him by coughing, talking, moving around, or **humming** tunes.

On this occasion, he was pleased to note, as he entered the carriage and settled into his seat, that he had only one fellow-passenger, a middle-aged lady who seemed to be fast asleep in the corner. He could smell something, however, and he didn’t like it, although he knew that it did not come from his fellow-passenger. He could smell mice. He had been staying with his mother’s friend, a vicar, and when the time came for him to go to the train station he went into the stable to help **harness** the horse. He did not like being in stables because they were always dirty and smelly. This time, he had smelled mice, and as he sat

in the carriage he imagined that some of the straw from the stable had stuck to his shoes or trousers and that he could still smell it. Fortunately, the middle-aged lady, being asleep, did not notice it.

5 The train had only just begun to move when he noticed that he was not alone in the carriage with the sleeping lady. In fact, he was not even alone in his own clothes. He felt a warm creeping movement on his leg and instantly realized that what he could smell was not straw from the stable, but a mouse from the stable
10 that had somehow got into his clothes while he was harnessing the horse. He stamped his foot and shook his leg, but the mouse did not want to leave the warm dark place it had found.

Theodore lay back against the cushions and wondered what to do. It would be an hour before the train stopped, and allowing
15 the mouse to stay there all that time was unthinkable. On the other hand, the only way to get rid of it was to remove most of his clothes, but just thinking about undressing in front of a lady made his face red with embarrassment. He looked at the lady in the corner, who was still asleep. The mouse seemed to be making
20 a grand tour of his body, and suddenly it bit him.

Theodore made the bravest decision of his life. His face turned the color of a beet as, keeping a nervous watch on the sleeping lady, he took his railway blanket, tied it to the luggage racks to make an almost private dressing room in the carriage, and began
25 to undress. Then when he was almost naked, several things happened all at once. The mouse escaped from his clothes and ran into a corner of the carriage. The railway blanket fell to the floor, and his sleeping fellow-passenger woke up and opened her eyes. Theodore moved almost as quickly as the mouse. He
30 picked up the blanket and covered himself with it as he sat in the other corner of the carriage. He could feel the blood racing

through his **veins** and beating in his neck and forehead as he waited for the lady to pull the emergency **cord** to stop the train and complain about the almost naked gentleman in her carriage, but she just sat and stared silently at him.

5 He wondered how much she had seen and what she thought about his present position, covered with a blanket. "I think I have caught a cold," he said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," she said. "I was just going to ask you if you would open this window."

10 "I think it is a serious cold," he said, his teeth **chattering** from fear.

"I've got some **brandy** in my bag if you'd like to get it down for me," she said. Of course, Theodore couldn't do that without revealing more of himself than he wanted his fellow-passenger to see.

15 "No, it's all right. I never take anything for it."

He wondered what to do next. How could he get dressed before they arrived at the station? He decided that he would try and tell her what had happened. "Are you afraid of mice?" he asked.

20 "No, not unless there are lots and lots of them," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I had one crawling inside my clothes just now, which was very uncomfortable."

25 "Yes, I suppose it would be."

"I had to get rid of it while you were asleep, and that's why I am like this," he said.

"Surely getting rid of one small mouse wouldn't give you a cold," she replied.

30 Theodore thought she was enjoying his problem, and he became redder than ever. Then he suddenly realized that the train would

arrive at the station soon, and he would still be undressed. He sat quietly, hoping that the lady would go back to sleep. She didn't.

"I think we must be getting close to the station now," she said.

Theodore had to act. He stood up, throwing the blanket onto the floor, and struggled back into his clothes. He was so embarrassed that he almost **choked**, but he did not dare to look at the corner where his fellow-passenger remained completely silent. Finally, he was dressed, and he sank back into his seat, his heart racing and his face throbbing. He had never felt so bad in all his life.

Then the lady spoke. "Would you be so kind as to get me a porter for my bag? I don't like to trouble you because you are unwell, but being blind makes things difficult at railway stations."

Review Questions

1. How did the mouse get inside Theodore's clothes?
2. Why did Theodore cover himself with a blanket?
3. Why did the lady ask Theodore to get her a porter?

The Name-Day

Preview Questions

1. Can you find Vienna on a map? In which country is it?
2. Can you find Fiume on a map? What is its modern name? In which country is it?
3. Do you celebrate name-days? What are they?

Adventures usually come to adventurous people, but sometimes they come to unadventurous people as well. That's what happened to John Ableway, who really didn't like adventures at all. He was not exactly a coward, but he was a very **timid** man who was easily frightened. When he was a boy, he was frightened of his teachers, and especially of his German teacher, with the result that he learned his German very well.

When he left school, he got a job with a company that sent him to Germany and other places where he could use his language skills. It was more difficult to avoid adventures in these foreign countries. His company sent him to Vienna and kept him there for some time. After two and a half years, John Ableway fell in love with an English girl called Miss Penning, whose brother worked for the same company as Ableway. It was not a **passionate** love affair, for neither of the lovers were passionate people, but it was successful in that he was accepted as her future husband.

The wedding was to take place a year later, when John Ableway would be living in England again. Miss Penning's brother had to go to Fiume, and Miss Penning went with him.

From there, she wrote to John and invited him to come and stay with them for a few days. Abbleway took leave of absence and boarded a train from Vienna for Fiume. It was a cold day when he left, and the clouds seemed to threaten snow, and indeed the train had traveled only for an hour when big white flakes of snow began to fall against the windows. Soon the trees that sped past the window were covered with a white blanket, and the telegraph wires became thick white ropes.

The railway line was also covered in snow, and the not-very-strong engine had to work hard to get through it, making John Abbleway afraid that the train would break down. It slowed down and stopped when it came to a part of the track where the wind had blown a lot of snow over it, but after much effort, it broke through the snow. Twenty minutes later, it stopped again and made another special effort to break through. This happened four or five times until, at last, the carriage in which Abbleway was sitting gave a huge jerk and then stopped, although Abbleway could hear the train puffing and rumbling further and further away.

Suddenly, he realized what had happened, jumped up, and put his head out of the window. The engine had broken through the snow and was continuing its journey, but the last two carriages had broken loose and had been left behind in the snowstorm. This was too much adventure for John Abbleway. He was alone in his carriage in the middle of a forest during a snowstorm. There were probably wolves in the forest, he thought unhappily.

He remembered that he had seen a peasant woman in the last carriage and thought he had better go and speak to her about this disaster. Perhaps she was a native of this land and would have some idea of what to do. He found her sitting quietly and patiently in her seat.

“Yes,” she said, “the train has broken away and left us here.” She did not seem to be very worried. “They will find out what has happened at the next station, and when the line is clear of snow they will send an engine, as they usually do.”

5 “We might be here all night!” exclaimed Ableway. The woman shrugged her shoulders and didn’t seem to be any more worried than she was before.

“Are there wolves around here?” he asked her quickly.

10 “There are many wolves here,” said the woman. “Three years ago, my aunt was attacked and eaten as she was coming home from the market. The horse and the young pig in the cart were eaten, too. The horse was very old, but the pig was young and fat, and I cried when I heard that it had been taken by the wolves.”

15 “They might attack us in here,” said Ableway nervously. “They could easily break in because the carriages are not very strong, and we could both be eaten!”

“They might eat you,” said the woman calmly, “but they won’t eat me.”

“Why not you?” demanded Ableway.

20 “Because it is the day of Saint Maria, and Maria is also my name. Saint Maria will not allow the wolves to eat me, but they might eat you.”

Ableway thought this was a strange belief, and he changed the subject.

25 “It is only afternoon now, and if we are left here until tomorrow morning we will be very hungry.”

“You might get hungry, but I won’t,” replied the woman. “I have five sausages with me, which cost me three dollars each in the town shops. They are very expensive in the town shops.”

30 “I will give you six dollars each for two of them,” said Ableway.

“Things are always very expensive in a railway accident,” said the woman, “and these sausages are now twenty dollars each.”

“Twenty dollars for one sausage!” exclaimed Ableway.

“You can’t get them any cheaper on this train,” said the woman, “because there are no others to get. I’m sure they are cheaper in Agram, and in heaven they are probably free, but here they cost twenty dollars each. I also have a piece of cheese for fifteen dollars and a piece of bread for five dollars. That’s sixty dollars, and I also have a piece of ham, but I can’t sell that on my name-day.” Ableway wondered what she would have sold it for, but quickly gave her the sixty dollars before the price went even higher.

As she was giving him the food, Ableway heard a noise outside the carriage, like the sound of an animal trying to get in. Then, through the snowy window, he saw a large head with ears pricked up, and a gaping jaw with a huge tongue.

A moment later, he saw another one. “There are hundreds of them,” he gasped. “They know we are here. They will tear the carriage to pieces and eat us!”

“They won’t eat me,” repeated the woman, “because it is my name-day.”

The heads disappeared, and the two passengers sat in silence until the woman spoke again. “It is getting cold. There’s a house over there,” she said, pointing through the window, “with smoke coming from its chimney. I will go to the house.”

“But the wolves . . .”

“Not on my name-day,” she said again; and before Ableway could stop her, she opened the door and climbed out into the snow. Ableway covered his face with his hands so that he would not see her being eaten by the wolves.

When he looked at last, he saw a miracle. The wolves were

jumping around her happily in the snow, and one of them barked happily. Then he realized that they were not wolves at all, but merely dogs.

“Yes, they are my cousin’s dogs,” said the woman. “That is his inn over there. I didn’t want to take you there because he always overcharges when he deals with strangers. However, it’s getting too cold in the train. Let’s go.”

At that moment, however, they heard the engine returning, and Ableway never found out if the woman’s cousin overcharged or not.

Review Questions

1. Why was John Ableway going to Fiume?
2. How did the carriage get left in the forest?
3. Who overcharged Ableway?

The Secret Garden

CHAPTER

1

Dinner with the Chief of Police

Preview Questions

1. What kind of house do you think the Chief of Police would live in?
2. Do you enjoy it when guests come for dinner?
3. Do you or your family give money to a religious group or church?

Aristide Valentin, Chief of the Paris Police, was late for his dinner, and some of his guests began to arrive before he did. These guests were reassured by his trusted servant, Ivan, that he would arrive soon. Ivan was an old man with a **scar** and a gray face that matched his gray **moustache**, who always sat at a table in the entrance hall of Valentin's house.

Valentin's house was unusual and almost as famous as Valentin himself. It was a very old house with high walls around its large garden. There was no way into or out of the garden or house except through the entry foyer where Ivan sat. The walls were too smooth to climb and had sharp spikes on top of them, which was good protection for a man whom more than a hundred criminals had sworn to kill.

Ivan told the guests that Valentin would arrive in about ten minutes. He was making some arrangements for **executions**, and although he didn't like executions he always planned them carefully. Although Valentin was ruthless in the pursuit of criminals, he was very mild about their punishment. He was effective at

lessening the severity of sentences, and he was also considered one of the great humanitarian freethinkers. The only problem with this is that his mercy seemed even colder than his justice.

When he arrived, Valentin was already dressed in black dinner clothes and looked quietly elegant. His black beard had some gray **streaks** in it, and this added to his distinguished appearance. He went straight through his house to his study, which opened onto the garden behind. The garden door was open, and after locking his box, he stood at the door looking at the moon and clouds in the dark sky moving over the garden. A few moments later, he entered the drawing room to see his guests.

He noticed immediately that his main guest had not yet arrived, but he did see Lord Galloway, the British Ambassador, who was an old man with a red-brown face and a blue ribbon on his jacket. Silver-haired Lady Galloway was there, too, with her daughter, Lady Margaret Graham, a pale and pretty girl with coppery hair and a small face. He saw the black-eyed and rich Duchess of Mont St. Michel and her two black-eyed rich daughters. Doctor Simon, a typical French scientist wearing glasses and a pointed beard, was there and so was Father Brown of Cobhole in Essex, whom he had recently met in England.

The most interesting person he saw, however, was a tall man in a military uniform, wearing a **saber** in a **scabbard** at his side, who was speaking to the Galloways. This was Commandant O'Brien of the French Foreign Legion, whose dark hair and blue eyes made him look romantic. He was Irish and had been friends with the Galloways when his family was richer; but now that he was poorer and had joined the French Foreign Legion, they did not really want to talk to him.

Valentin hoped that his main guest would arrive soon. His name was Julius Brayne, a very wealthy American whose generosity

toward small religions was famous around the world. Nobody knew why he supported these small religions, except that he liked new ideas and encouraged them as much as he could. Valentin had met him and made friends with him on a recent trip to America. When Julius Brayne did arrive, everybody noticed it because he was a huge man, as fat as he was tall, dressed in black. His hair was white, and his face was red and fierce.

As soon as he arrived, the guests were led to the dining room, with Lady Galloway taking Brayne's arm and her daughter Lady Margaret taking Dr. Simon's arm. Lord Galloway was pleased that she didn't take O'Brien's arm, but he was unhappy that O'Brien was there at all. Lord Galloway was pleasant during dinner but became rude afterward. The three younger men, Dr. Simon, Father Brown, and Commandant O'Brien, had gone to talk to the ladies, and he was left to talk to the big American, who believed in every religion, and Valentin, who believed in none. Their discussion did not interest him, because he was constantly worried that O'Brien was trying to talk to Lady Margaret.

He left his companions and began to walk along the passages in the house, eventually finding the drawing room and going in. He immediately noticed that neither Commandant O'Brien nor his daughter Lady Margaret were there. He left the drawing room almost as soon as he had entered it, and began to look for his daughter and the Irishman.

As he went toward the back of the house where Valentin's study was, he was surprised to meet his daughter, who walked past him with a white face but would not stop to speak to her father. Several questions came to Lord Galloway's mind. Where had she been, and why was she alone? Where was O'Brien?

He found his way to the servant's door at the back of the house and opened it, and in the moonlight he saw O'Brien

walking across the lawn to the study door. A moment later, the tall Irishman entered the study, and Lord Galloway decided to follow him. However, he tripped on something in the grass; and when he looked down to see what it was, he suddenly began to run across the lawn shouting loudly.

Review Questions

1. Why was Valentin's house suitable for a Chief of Police?
2. Why was Lord Galloway looking for his daughter and O'Brien?
Where did he find them?
3. What do you think Lord Galloway saw when he tripped in the garden?

A Mysterious Murder

Preview Questions

1. What would you do if you found a dead body?
2. Do you think the Chief of Police will solve the murder quickly?
3. Who do you think committed the murder?

Dr. Simon was in the study and was the first person to hear what Lord Galloway was shouting.

“There’s a **corpse** in the garden!” shouted the English Ambassador, having forgotten all about Commandant O’Brien. He tried to describe what he had seen to the doctor.

“We must call Valentin immediately,” said the doctor. “It is fortunate that he is at home tonight.” However, Valentin had already come to the study, attracted by the shouting. He seemed worried that somebody might be ill, but when he was told about the dead body on the lawn, he immediately became bright and businesslike, since, even though the subject matter was sudden and quite awful, this was his business.

“How strange, gentlemen, that I go all over the world to solve crimes and now I find one in my own yard! Where did you see the body, Lord Galloway?” The Ambassador led him to the place where he had tripped over the corpse, and they found the body of a tall man lying face-down in the grass. He was dressed in black, and he was bald.

“He’s bald, and nobody in our party is bald,” said Dr. Simon, “so at least we know he is not one of us.”

“Examine him, Doctor, for he may not be dead,” commanded

Valentin.

Dr. Simon knelt beside the body and told them that although the body was still warm, the man was definitely dead. All doubts about this were removed when they lifted the body, and the head
5 fell off. Whoever had cut his throat had managed to cut right through the neck as well. Even Valentin was slightly shocked.

“He must have been a very strong man,” said Valentin in a surprised voice. Dr. Simon picked up the head, and they could see that the face was large and swollen, with a nose like a bird’s
10 beak and heavy eyelids. Valentin went down on his hands and knees and examined the grass all around the dead man for about twenty yards. Dr. Simon helped him, but they found nothing but a few **twigs**, which Valentin looked at for a moment and then threw away. “Twigs,” he said seriously, “and a total stranger with
15 his head cut off. That is all there is on this lawn.”

“Who is that?” suddenly cried Lord Galloway, pointing to a small man near the garden wall. The small man came nearer to them, and they soon saw that it was the priest, whom they had left in the drawing room.

20 “I say,” he said, “there are no gates in the garden wall, you know.”

Valentin looked cross for a moment but then quickly agreed with the priest. “That’s right. So before we find out how he was killed, we may have to find out how he got here in the first
25 place.” Then he gave the men orders. He told Dr. Simon to go to the front door and tell Ivan to come to the garden, making sure that another servant took his place at the door. Nobody was to leave the house. He told Lord Galloway to tell the ladies what had happened and said that he and Father Brown would
30 stay with the body.

Dr. Simon and Lord Galloway went off to do their tasks, and

it wasn't long before Ivan ran out of the house to his master, excited and eager to help him. He asked permission to look at the body, and Valentin agreed. Ivan lifted the head and then almost dropped it.

“Why, it's—no, it can't be! Do you know this man, sir?” asked Ivan.

“No, I don't,” replied Valentin, “but we had better carry him into the house.”

Ivan looked very puzzled, but they carried the dead man into the study and put him on a sofa and then went to the drawing room. Lord Galloway had already told the ladies. The Chief of Police sat down and asked whether everybody was present. Only Brayne and O'Brien were absent, and Lord Galloway immediately told everybody that he had seen O'Brien on the lawn just before he found the corpse.

“Ivan,” said Valentin, “go and get Commandant O'Brien, who is walking in the conservatory, and Mr. Brayne, whom I saw smoking a cigar in the dining room.”

Ivan dashed out of the room and Valentin continued, “Dr. Simon, what kind of a weapon would you need to cut off a man's head? Could it be done with a very sharp knife?”

“It could not be done with a knife,” replied the doctor. “You would need an axe or a large sword.”

“Could it be done with a saber?”

“Yes, I suppose it could.”

Just at that moment, Ivan and Commandant O'Brien came into the room, and O'Brien asked angrily why he was wanted.

“Why are you not wearing your saber?” asked Valentin.

“It was getting in the way, so I took it off and put it on the library table,” replied O'Brien.

Valentin told Ivan to go to the library and bring the saber to

the drawing room, and then he asked O'Brien what he was doing in the garden.

"I was looking at the moon!" said O'Brien, just as Ivan returned with an empty scabbard.

"That's all I could find, sir," he said.

Review Questions

1. What was unusual about the dead body on the lawn?
2. Who thought that he recognized the dead man?
3. Who found that Commandant O'Brien's saber was missing?

A Discussion in the Drawing Room

Preview Questions

1. Why do you think the murder was committed? Why do you think that?
2. One person is still missing. Who is it, and why is he missing?
3. What questions would you ask if you were a detective trying to solve this case?

Valentin told Ivan to put the empty scabbard on the table. The room became silent, and the next person to speak was Lady Margaret.

“I can tell you why Commandant O’Brien was in the garden. He will not tell you himself, since he was asking me to marry him and I refused. However, I will swear that he never did anything like this.”

Her father was quite close to her and whispered loudly that she should keep silent. “Why are you protecting him? Where is his sword?”

He did not realize that everybody could hear him, and Lady Margaret silenced him with a look.

“You old fool!” she said. “This man is innocent, and if he isn’t innocent he was in the garden with me, who was it who must have seen him or at least known what he did. If you accuse him, you are accusing your own daughter!”

In the silence that followed this conversation between father and daughter, a voice asked, “Was it a long cigar?”

Everybody turned to look at Father Brown, who explained, “I mean the cigar that Mr. Brayne was smoking. He has been

gone so long that his cigar must have been as long as a walking stick.”

“Ivan,” said Valentin, “go and see where Mr. Brayne is and ask him to come here.”

As soon as Ivan had closed the door, Valentin turned to Lady Margaret, pointing out that O’Brien stayed in the garden after she had left him and could have committed the murder then. Before Lady Margaret could reply, Ivan knocked on the door and poked his head in to tell Valentin that Mr. Brayne had left the house.

“Left?” Valentin stood up.

“Yes, he is gone and so are his coat and hat. I ran out to see if I could find him, but all I found was this.” He brought the saber into the room, covered in blood.

“I found it in the bushes just fifty yards up the road to Paris, where Mr. Brayne must have thrown it away.”

Valentin looked at the sword for a moment, then put it into its scabbard and gave it to O’Brien. Everybody understood that meant Valentin now considered him innocent of the crime. By the next morning, Lord Galloway had apologized, and Lady Margaret walked with him in the garden. Everybody was much happier now because the cloud of suspicion had lifted off them all and gone to Paris with a rich American that they hardly knew.

Yet there were still many questions. Who was the murdered man? How had he come into the garden? Why had Brayne murdered him? How had Brayne escaped from the house without being seen?

“I suppose,” said O’Brien, when Dr. Simon asked some of those questions, “that Brayne hated some fellow, so he lured him into the garden and killed him with my sword, and then ran off to Paris, throwing the sword in the bush as he went.

Ivan says that they found American money in the dead man's pockets, so it must have been a countryman of Brayne's."

"I'm not sure," said Dr. Simon, "because there are some difficulties. I am sure that Brayne did it, but how did he get the man into the garden without being seen, and why did he kill him with a saber when he could have killed him with a knife? And why didn't the victim shout or make some noise? And how did Brayne get out without being seen? I also discovered, when I examined the head again, that many of the cuts on the dead body were made after the head was cut off. Why would anybody do that?"

As they were speaking, the little priest approached them. "I have come to tell you the news," he said. "There has been another murder." The two men stared at him in shock. "It is the same kind of murder," he continued, "only this time they found the head floating in the river a few yards along the road to Paris. Valentin has asked for Dr. Simon to come and see it."

Speechless, the two men stood up and followed the priest to the house. Valentin and Ivan were waiting for them in the library, where the body of the first man and his fleshy, yellow face lay on a table, and the second head lay next to it. It was still wet from being in the river. Dr. Simon and O'Brien stopped at the door, but Father Brown went into the room and carefully examined the second head. It had white hair, and its face was badly damaged from having hit rocks and trees in the river.

"Good morning, Commandant O'Brien," said Valentin. "Did Father Brown tell you of Brayne's latest effort in butchery?"

"I suppose it is quite certain that Brayne cut off this head, too?" asked Father Brown, who was still looking at the head.

"It seems very likely," said Valentin, "because he was killed in the same way, at about the same time, and with the same

weapon.”

“Yes, yes, I know,” replied the priest, “but I still do not think that he cut off this head.”

“Why not?”

“Because it is his own head.”

Review Questions

1. Why did Lady Margaret think that O'Brien was innocent?
2. What did Dr. Simon discover when he examined the head and body of the first victim?
3. Whose head was found floating in the river?

Father Brown Answers Some Questions

Preview Questions

1. Who do you think committed the first murder? Why do you think that?
2. Who do you think committed the second murder? Why do you think that?
3. Do you think that Valentin can solve the crimes?

O'Brien could hardly believe his ears. Was the little priest right, and was this really Brayne's own head?

"There is no doubt about it," said Father Brown. "I knew him quite well because he was thinking of joining our church."

"And," said Valentin, who hated all religions, "I suppose he was going to leave all his money to your church as well!"

"Perhaps he was," replied the little priest.

Valentin looked so angry that it seemed he might attack the priest, but he recovered himself and said he was going to write a report about the two murders, so if they wanted him he would be in the study.

"In the meantime, you must all stay in the house until I allow you to go," he added as he walked out of the room.

Dr. Simon turned to Ivan and asked him if there was any other news.

"Only this," replied Ivan. "At least we have found out who the first murdered man was. He was a criminal called Arnold Becker, who committed all sorts of small crimes in Germany. However, we know he went to America for a while, where Brayne must have met him. Becker had a twin brother called Louis, who committed some crimes in France, and he was sent

to the guillotine yesterday. When I first saw the head, I got a real fright because I was sure that it was Louis Becker. But I had seen the execution with my own eyes, so I knew that it could not be him. Then I remembered his twin brother and—, but nobody was listening anymore.

They were all staring at Father Brown, who had jumped up and was holding his head between his hands, shouting, “Stop, stop, I need to think! I can see only one half!”

He sat down again, still holding his head in his hands. The other men continued to stare at him, until he raised his head from his hands and said to Dr. Simon, “I think the best way for me to explain what I can see now is to answer the questions that you asked O’Brien this morning. Please ask them again.”

Dr. Simon looked at the little priest strangely but asked the questions again. “Why would a man kill another man with a saber when he could kill him with a knife more easily?”

“Because you cannot cut off a head with a knife, and for this murder, cutting off the head was essential.”

“Why?” asked O’Brien.

“Ask the next question, please,” said the priest.

“Why did the dead man not shout or make some other noise?”

“Twigs,” replied Father Brown. “Why were there twigs on the grass there, so far from any tree? And the twigs were cut, not broken. Somebody had been showing the dead man some tricks with the saber, and then when his enemy bent down to see the results he cut off his head.”

Dr. Simon did not seem to think this was a good answer, but he went on to the next question. “How did the strange man get into the garden?”

“There never was a strange man in the garden,” replied the little priest, looking out of the window.

Suddenly, Ivan began to laugh, saying, "I suppose we didn't carry that heavy body out of the garden because he never came into the garden!"

"He didn't come into the garden entirely," replied Father Brown.

"Either he came into the garden or he didn't," said Dr. Simon. "Your answers are becoming less convincing, but I will ask the next question. How did Brayne get out of the garden?"

"He didn't," replied Father Brown.

"He didn't get out of the garden?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Not completely," replied the priest.

"You are mad, and I will not listen to your silly answers any longer!" shouted the doctor.

"Please, Doctor, just ask the last question that I heard you ask O'Brien this morning."

"Very well, the head and shoulders had been cut in a strange way after the neck had been separated from the body. Why?"

"To make you believe that the head and the body belong together, while in fact they do not. You did not find Becker's body in the garden last night."

Suddenly, he picked up Becker's head and replaced it with Brayne's head, and there lay Brayne, complete and whole. "The murderer cut off his enemy's head and threw the sword as far as he could across the wall. Then he threw the head over the wall as well. After that, he just had to put another head on the body, and you all imagined another man."

"Another head? What other head? Heads don't grow on bushes, do they?" asked O'Brien.

"No, they don't, but they do grow at the guillotine, where the Chief of Police was standing just one hour before the murder took place. Valentin is an honest man, but he hates religion, and

it drives him mad. He hated Brayne for helping religious people. Valentin took Becker's head home in his box. He had a last argument with Brayne, then showed him some tricks with the saber and cut off his head."

8 "You are mad!" cried Ivan. "I will take you to my master now and—?"

"We have to go there anyway," said Father Brown, "to ask him to confess."

10 They went to the study, where they saw Valentin sitting at his desk. He did not hear them come in and did not move when they came closer. Then Father Brown saw the box of tablets at his elbow. Valentin had killed himself and sat dead in his chair.

Review Questions

1. Why did the murderer make cuts around the head and shoulders of the victim after killing him?
2. What did the murderer do with the saber after he had used it to kill the victim?
3. Who committed the murder?

Crowley Castle

CHAPTER

1

The Residents of Crowley Castle

Preview Questions

1. What kinds of people live in castles?
2. Have you ever quarreled with your friends? What did you quarrel about?
3. If you could visit a country you've never visited before, which one would you choose? Why?

Crowley Castle is nothing more than an ancient ruin on a hill in Sussex nowadays, but in the middle of the eighteenth century it was the home of Sir Mark Crowley, the last baronet of that name. You can still see how grand it must have been, for some of the walls still stand, although the roof, windows, and doors went long ago. Next to the castle are an old church and a churchyard, where you can see the graves of the Crowleys who are buried there. You can see, for instance, the grave of Lady Amelia Crowley, Sir Mark's wife, who died in 1756, leaving Sir Mark with a lovely little daughter but no male heirs.

The little girl, Theresa, would inherit her mother's fortune, but most of her father's fortune would be inherited by her cousin, Marmaduke Brownlow. Duke, as he was known, was the only son of Sir Mark's sister, but both she and her husband had died and so Duke lived with his Uncle Mark. He was about seven or eight years older than Theresa, and everybody expected that

when they were old enough, they would marry.

Theresa had a French nurse called Victorine, who had looked after her mother and now looked after Theresa, almost as if she were Theresa's mother now. She made all the important decisions about Theresa and was constantly with her, making sure that Theresa got everything that she wanted. She loved the child dearly and risked her own life to nurse Theresa when the child was sick with an infection. Sir Mark was a good-natured but rather lazy man, and he allowed Victorine to choose Theresa's tutors.

The parson's wife, Mrs. Hawtrey, who was a distant relative of Sir Mark and whose daughter, Bessy, had lessons together with Theresa, was sometimes consulted about the choice of tutors, but she was too afraid of Victorine to oppose her. Bessy was the same age as Theresa, but she was a much gentler, quieter girl than her classmate. They shared their lessons with Duke, who seemed like a young man to them, while they seemed like children to him.

When the girls were about fifteen years old, Bessy and Theresa quarreled, and Duke, believing that Theresa had been unfair, told her that the quarrel was her fault. Theresa was surprised.

"How can it be my fault? Bessy comes here for lessons, but she doesn't pay for them, so she should try to remember the lessons for me. If she doesn't want to do that, she can stay away because all she will ever be is a maid!"

As soon as she had said it, she was sorry because she could see that Duke thought it was mean. He told her how disappointed he was, and Theresa became so upset that she went to her room in tears.

Victorine found her there and asked what was bothering her.

"It was only something that Duke said, that is all."

"Duke should not say anything to you that you do not want

to hear because he is not your husband yet!”

This was the first time that Theresa had heard of the plan that her father had for her. She didn't say anything to Victorine, but walked to the parsonage and apologized to Bessy for being so mean. A few moments later, the girls were friends again; and when Duke next saw them, he was surprised and could only think to himself that women were very strange and that he would never understand them.

Duke was a fine young man by this time and was just finishing his studies at Oxford. Theresa would look at him from time to time, wondering whether she would marry him or not and continually changing her mind about it. He was about to go on a grand tour of Europe, which most young gentlemen did in those days, usually staying away for three years.

Before going on the tour, Duke spoke to Sir Mark about marrying Theresa when he returned, but Sir Mark thought it would be better not to say anything to Theresa about it yet so that she would not worry too much about Duke in his absence. Duke sadly agreed and set out for London the next day, leaving two very disappointed girls behind him. Theresa was angry that he was going, but Bessy was simply sad, and Duke noticed the difference.

Once Duke had gone, Sir Mark was lonely and decided to spend some time in Paris. He remained there for some months and the following year decided to go again, this time taking Theresa and Victorine with him so that Theresa would also have the experience of living in Europe for a while. He was afraid that Duke might find her too uneducated to be his wife and change his mind about marrying her.

Theresa was overjoyed at the news and kissed her father until she was tired. Then she ran to her room to tell Victorine,

and then she ran to the parsonage to tell Bessy. She promised Bessy to bring back some dresses from Paris for her, but Bessy was not very excited by this, which was just as well because the promises were never kept. Sir Mark rented a very good apartment in one of the best streets of Paris, and Victorine was beside herself with joy. Now her young mistress would be seen for the beautiful young woman she was.

They went riding in a handsome carriage behind handsome horses, and Theresa was encouraged to buy whatever clothes she wished and attend whatever operas and plays that were being staged. Sir Mark introduced his daughter to Madame la Duchesse de la Grange, who promised to care for Theresa as if she was her own daughter and took her everywhere. Theresa was admired by all the men she met, particularly by a relative of Madame la Duchesse de la Grange, the Count de la Grange.

He was a handsome man who dressed well; and although Sir Mark heard some rumors about his past, the young man always behaved like a perfect gentleman when he was with Theresa. Victorine was very proud of her young lady and took great care to dress her well and make her look as beautiful as she could whenever she went out, and Theresa enjoyed the new experience of being popular in a large city. Every night, Victorine listened devotedly to the stories her young mistress told her and asked her to repeat the events that she liked best. Theresa's triumphs were her triumphs as well.

Several French noblemen visited Sir Mark to ask for Theresa's hand in marriage. Alarmed, he wrote to Duke and begged him to come to Paris as soon as he could. However, Duke replied that he still required three months to complete his tour and was eager to see Spain. Sir Mark was annoyed and read the letter to Theresa, who was also annoyed and was kinder to the Count

that day than she had been previously. Then, Sir Mark had to go back to England for a few weeks, and he left Theresa, Victorine, and one other servant with Madame la Duchesse de la Grange, and they all stayed in the Duchesse's house.

Of course, the Count was a frequent visitor there, and at every opportunity treated Victorine as if she were Theresa's mother and told her what a wonderful and pretty young mistress she had. He also told her about the large areas of land that he owned and the ancient family to which he belonged, and Victorine soon began to tell Theresa what a wonderful man he was. Victorine, however, did not know that the Count owed far more money than the value of the lands he possessed and that his family had a very bad reputation.

Review Questions

1. Who was Victorine?
2. Why did Bessy come to classes at the castle?
3. Why didn't Duke come to Paris when Sir Mark wrote to him?

Marriage, Property, Birth, and Death

Preview Questions

1. Will Duke return to Paris in time to save Theresa from the Count?
2. Why do people gamble? What are the dangers?
3. Is it possible to be happy when you are poor?

The Count continued to be friendly with Victorine and Theresa, and by the time Sir Mark returned from England he was dismayed to find out that his daughter had secretly married the worthless Count. He said nothing, but his health became poor from that moment, and he soon looked like an old, gray-haired man.

Because Theresa had married him under French law, the Count was able to take all the money that she had inherited from her mother. This made Sir Mark hate France, and he promised that he would never return there. He told his daughter that she was welcome to come and visit him at Crowley Castle, but that her husband must never come with her, for the Count was not welcome under his roof. Sir Mark was also angry with Duke for a few months, because he believed that if Duke had returned to Paris in time, Theresa would not have married the Count.

Duke did eventually go to Paris, but by then Sir Mark had left. Duke heard that many French people felt sorry for the poor English lady that had married the worthless Count, who was spending all her money at the gambling tables. He visited Theresa, who told him she was waiting for her husband to return

and take her out. However, the Count did not return, and Duke saw how much this disappointed Theresa.

They talked politely for a while, and then Duke left without meeting the Count. He wanted to visit them again and say goodbye before he left for England, but they did not answer his letters, and in the end he returned to England without seeing them. He did not tell Sir Mark any of this because he knew that it would only make him more miserable.

He helped his uncle by working on the property and visiting the tenants, and he was glad that he could in this way repay the kindness that Sir Mark had always showed him. Duke was busy, but after a while, he found that life in the castle with only Sir Mark as a companion was not as exciting as traveling around Europe, and he was bored. Sometimes he went to visit Mr. Hawtrey in the parsonage, and there, of course, he met Bessy again.

Mrs. Hawtrey thought it was a wonderful opportunity for Bessy to meet a rich man and perhaps even marry him. Although she knew about Theresa's unfortunate marriage and how disappointed Sir Mark and Duke were about it, she could see no reason why Duke should remain unmarried for the rest of his life. She thought Bessy would be as good a wife as any other and made sure that Bessy and Duke saw each other frequently.

Gradually, Duke's heart was won by the simple country charms of the parson's daughter. She had loved him for as long as she had known him, simply and purely. A little over a year after Duke's return from Europe, he decided that no girl, apart from perhaps the lost Theresa, could make him happier than Bessy and asked her to marry him. Meanwhile, very little was heard about Theresa. She wrote letters to Sir Mark, who always sighed and moaned over them but would not tell anybody what she had written. However, even he could not imagine how miserable

she had become.

Love had gone out the window long before poverty came in the door. The Count quickly spent all of Theresa's money, as Sir Mark had known he would, and then began to steal her jewels and gamble with them. One evening, she went into her room and found that the diamonds in a frame around a picture of her mother had been taken and the picture ruined. She sat and wept, crying out for her mother and father and all the good things she had lost in her foolish marriage. Victorine found her in her room, sitting on the floor in tears, and she knew what had happened. From that time, she began to watch the Count as a tiger watches its prey.

Then letters came from Bessy and Sir Mark, bringing news of the coming marriage, and Theresa was dismayed. Victorine was only angry. "He should not marry that poor country girl, no matter how pleasant she is! If he really loved you, he should have waited! The Count will not live forever!"

Theresa could not see Victorine's face when she said this, and how evil it looked.

A year went by, and Theresa became more and more miserable, while Duke and Bessy were married and had a little girl. Not long after the baby's birth, Bessy's father died, which meant that Mrs. Hawtrey had to leave the parsonage and find another place to live. Fortunately, the new parson was a bachelor, and he allowed Mrs. Hawtrey to stay in the parsonage as a housekeeper. Bessy wanted her mother to live at the castle, but Sir Mark would not allow it because, although he liked Bessy, he did not like her mother and blamed her for the marriage. He longed to see Theresa again and could not help thinking that Bessy was a poor **substitute** for his beautiful and passionate daughter.

In France, Theresa cried almost every night, although during

the day she pretended to be content. She imagined that Bessy and Duke were living happily with Sir Mark and that he never thought about her at all but busied himself with his new granddaughter.

5 Then, one day, when the Count had lost even more money, she said something to him which made him very angry, and he **punched** her. She stood in front of him, white and shaking. The Count laughed at her and left the room. Theresa called Victorine and asked her to bring the other servants to the room. She wanted to show them her bruises so that they could be witnesses
10 when she took her revenge. However, Victorine didn't call the other servants but gave Theresa some medicine which made her sleepy. When she fell asleep, Victorine looked at her bruises for a long time with an evil smile on her face.

15 She returned to her medicine cupboard and mixed another medicine, but she did not give it to Theresa. She kept it in the cupboard, waiting for an opportunity to give it to the Count. It was a very long night, but Victorine sat with Theresa and watched her sleep until morning.

20 Then she heard a noise downstairs and, going out to see what it was, found two servants carrying the Count into the house. He was dead. He had been killed in a sword-fight, and when Victorine saw his dead body she punched it.

25 "That is what you did to my darling!" she cried. She went to the cupboard, took out the medicine she had made, and poured it onto the wooden floor.

Review Questions

1. Why was Sir Mark angry with Duke?
2. How did the Count die?
3. What do you think Victorine's special medicine was?

Theresa Comes Home

Preview Questions

1. Will Sir Mark be happy to see Theresa? Why do you think that?
2. What effect will Theresa's return have on Duke and Bessy?
3. What is more important for a man: his family or his career?

Sir Mark had not received a letter from Theresa for several weeks when an old carriage arrived at Crowley Castle, carrying Victorine and Theresa. Victorine looked thinner and slightly sickly, while Theresa was dressed in her black widow's clothes, against her true wishes. Nobody knew how much Theresa had suffered since she had left home. She only wore the black dress to give the appearance that her marriage had been happy and prosperous. Everybody was surprised to see them, but Theresa was so tired that she fainted as soon as she walked into the castle. She would not tell anybody how much she had suffered and would not even mention the time that she had spent in Paris.

Sir Mark was so happy to have his daughter back in the castle that he wanted her to take her old place as lady of the house and look after the servants. Bessy would have agreed because she did not like looking after the servants. However, Theresa declined, and the servants continued to regard Bessy as their mistress.

Theresa was happy to spend many hours sitting with her father, and as she did so she grew stronger. But when he died in the autumn after her return, she shut herself up in her room, in

which she had put black curtains, and allowed nobody to see her except Victorine. It was not until winter was almost over that she came out of her room and began to take an interest in life again.

Now that her mind was no longer occupied with her father, she began to talk to Bessy, but soon she found her boring and preferred to talk to Duke about his travels. Sweet, innocent Bessy was pleased that Duke had somebody to talk to about his interests.

A year later, the local Member of Parliament died, and Theresa persuaded Duke to stand for election. Bessy did not really agree because she knew that Duke would then have to go to London for long periods of time, while she preferred him to stay at the castle. Her little daughter now had a baby brother, and she did not want to take the children to London or leave them at the castle in the care of servants.

When Duke was elected, Theresa advised Bessy to try and take an interest in his new work; and although Bessy tried, she could not do it. She was envious of Theresa, and their friendship grew colder. Bessy's mother, Mrs. Hawtrey, did not like Theresa either, blaming her for not allowing her to come and live in the castle. Mrs. Hawtrey was wrong, however, since it was Duke that did not want Theresa in the castle, but he did give her a good allowance so that she could travel and live a much more comfortable life.

Duke was becoming a very popular and successful Member of Parliament, and Theresa wanted him to have a house in London, but Bessy was against it. Theresa listened to Duke and Bessy talk about it, but said nothing. She went to her room and spoke to Victorine instead, saying how terrible it was that Duke did not have a wife who would help him to become even more successful.

“Duke could become a very important and powerful person

if he had the right kind of wife,” she complained. “Bessy does not understand him and is preventing him from doing all the things that he could do! She has such a narrow, weak mind!”

Duke made another speech in Parliament and suddenly became quite famous. When he came back to Crowley Castle, Theresa was waiting for him at the door, her eyes bright with love and pride, but Bessy was caring for the baby in her room because the poor child was ill. The servants all gathered in the hall to welcome home their famous master.

“Where is my wife?” asked Duke.

“She is in her room with the baby,” said Victorine, “because she thinks he is ill.”

The boy really was ill, however; and when Bessy came down to greet her husband, she returned almost immediately to the boy, leaving Theresa to talk to Duke about his speech. That night, Theresa spoke to Victorine and repeated her complaint that she thought Bessy was hindering her husband’s career, and Victorine thought she read a deeper meaning in what she heard.

Meanwhile, the boy grew worse, and a few days later he died. Duke thought that fame had little value compared to a child’s life. Theresa was very sad but did not know what to say to Duke because she realized that she cared for him too much. Bessy lay in her bed without speaking or crying, nor eating or drinking, and she ignored everyone who came to talk to her. The doctor gave her some medicine and advised them to ask Mrs. Hawtrey to come as soon as she could, but she was traveling and would take some time to arrive.

The servants sat up with Bessy all night, but she did not sleep. Throughout the whole of the next day, Bessy lay in her bed, still not sleeping, and on the next night Victorine sat up with her. Bessy had not spoken since the death of her son, nor

had she eaten or drunk. She simply lay in her bed with a sad look on her face. Victorine gave her some medicine she had made. At midnight, Duke came in, and Victorine told him that Bessy was asleep at last. The doctor came early the next morning and was pleased to see that Bessy was sleeping, but when he looked at her again, he suddenly realized that she was dead.

Review Questions

1. Why didn't Bessy want a house in London?
2. What did Theresa tell Victorine about Bessy?
3. Who looked after Bessy the night that she died?

Victorine's Secret

Preview Questions

1. Can you guess Victorine's secret?
2. Will Duke and Theresa marry now that Bessy is dead?
3. Do you think this story will have a happy ending? Why do you think that?

In the next few months, Theresa discovered that she missed Bessy now that she was gone. She was also glad that Duke had to stay in London more often. She didn't want people to think the wrong thing if she and Duke lived in the castle together, and she insisted that Mrs. Hawtrey move into the castle for that reason. Old friendships were renewed as autumn and winter passed, and Theresa agreed to become her cousin's wife.

Mrs. Hawtrey was offended and left the castle immediately. The other person to be affected was Victorine, who suddenly became less energetic and began to look and act like an old woman. Theresa went to stay with Duke in London and thought that Victorine would prefer to stay at the castle, but this angered Victorine. She came to London but argued with Theresa.

"You are not grateful for all I have done for you!" cried Victorine. "You do not care about my love for you when I was young and strong or about the secret that we share!"

Theresa went up to her and held her hand. "What do you mean, Victorine? What is the secret that we share?"

"As if you do not know! You know I make my own medicines. I also learned to make poisons, and I learned it for you!"

Theresa's face went white, and she could not move. She stared

at Victorine.

“Yes, my darling, I had the poison ready for the Count, but he saved me the trouble. He deserved to die because he punched you.”

“Let us not think of those days, Victorine. They have gone now, and we should try to be happy together.”

“Yes, and you should be grateful to me because all your happiness is due to the fact that I succeeded the next time!”

Theresa could hardly speak. “What do you mean?” she whispered.

“The doctor wanted her to sleep, and I helped her to do it, and now she is asleep forever so that you can enjoy your life. I did it for you!”

That evening, Theresa told Duke that she wanted to go back to the castle. He was surprised, but when he saw how sad she was, he agreed to let her go. However, he missed her very much and wrote to her often, although her replies seemed dull to him. Theresa lived with Victorine and Bessy’s daughter in the castle, but her life was miserable and lonely because of what she knew. She pleaded with Mrs. Hawtrey to come and stay with her, and at last she agreed.

When Duke returned to the castle, he was dismayed to see Theresa looking so tired and sad and could not understand what was wrong. The doctor advised that they should spend a few weeks at the seaside; and although Theresa insisted that there was nothing wrong with her, she finally agreed, and Duke made all the arrangements. However, he decided that he would not take Victorine and left her at the castle without telling either Theresa or Victorine about his plan.

When Victorine discovered that she had been tricked, she was very angry and became so ill that the servants called the doctor.

Mrs. Hawtrey sat by her bed and waited for the doctor, but Victorine, in her anger, told her that she had poisoned Bessy and repeated the story to the doctor when he came.

Theresa had a happy day at the seaside with her husband. He had to return to London briefly the next day and was very sad to leave. On his way to London, he was met by one of his servants from the castle, who told him that Victorine was dying and gave him a note from Mrs. Hawtrey asking him to go home immediately. When he arrived, the doctor told him that Victorine insisted on seeing him and getting his forgiveness.

“However,” he said, “you should read this confession first. I wrote it down as she said it to me.”

Duke read the note three times. “She is mad!” he exclaimed, but his blood ran cold. He went up the stairs to see Victorine, who whispered that the story was true. She had poisoned Bessy so that Theresa could marry him. The effort of waiting for him and speaking to him made Victorine very weak, and a moment later she died.

Duke had a long conversation with the doctor and then wrote a message to Theresa, asking her to send Bessy’s daughter to the castle. Theresa was puzzled by this strange request but did as she was asked. A few days later, she received a letter from her husband saying that Victorine had died but had not been able to keep her awful secret.

“All I can think of is my poor murdered Bessy and the cruelty of that awful woman. I loved you too, Theresa, but now we are strangers. By the time you receive this letter, my daughter and I will have left England. I do not know what we will do next, but my agent in London will look after you.”

Theresa read the letter and immediately called for a horse so that she could ride to Dover, but when she arrived all she could

see was the distant white sails of the ship carrying her husband and his child away. It broke her heart, and she lies buried in Dover cemetery. After many years, Duke returned to England, but his place in Parliament was no longer reserved, and his daughter's husband sold Crowley Castle to a stranger.

Review Questions

1. Why was Victorine angry with Theresa?
2. What was Victorine's terrible secret?
3. What did Theresa do when she received Duke's letter?

The Bottle Imp

CHAPTER 1

Keawe Buys a Dangerous Bottle

Preview Questions

1. What is an imp?
2. Describe your dream house.
3. If you could have whatever you wanted, what would you ask for?

Keawe lived in Hawaii. Keawe was not his real name, but he is still alive, so his real name must remain a secret. Keawe was poor but brave and intelligent. He was a good sailor and got a job on a ship going to San Francisco. He had never seen such a fine town, with its beautiful harbor and countless rich people. He walked around the city looking at all the beautiful houses, until he came to a house which, although it was not as big as some of the others, was more beautiful than them all.

Keawe thought how happy the owner of that house must be, but then he saw a very unhappy old man sitting near the front door. The man saw him looking at the house and invited him to come in and see all the rooms. When Keawe had seen all the beautiful rooms, he asked the old man why he was so sad while he had such a wonderful house.

“You could have a house just like this,” said the old man, “if you buy this bottle from me. Do you have any money?”

Keawe had about fifty dollars, and the old man offered to

sell the bottle to him for that price. Keawe did not understand, and the man explained that the house and garden, and everything else he owned, came from the bottle. Keawe could see that the bottle was filled with a kind of white mist and something dark was moving inside it.

The man said it was a magic bottle, but Keawe did not believe it until the man challenged him to try and break it. Keawe tried everything to break it but failed.

“An **imp** lives in this bottle,” said the man, “and this imp will give you everything that you want. However, when you sell it, you must be happy with what you have because if you try to get more, you will fail.”

“So why do you want to sell it?”

“I am old, and I have everything I want. The only thing that the imp cannot do is make your life longer. And I must also tell you that if you die before you sell it, you will burn in hell forever.”

“That really is a big disadvantage,” said Keawe, “and you can be sure that I will not buy the bottle from you.”

“Don’t be so afraid,” said the old man. “All you have to do is use the bottle sensibly for a while and then sell it to somebody else. The reason for selling it so cheaply is that you must sell it for less than you paid for it. If you try to sell it for the same price, it will come back to you. I paid ninety dollars for it, and I could sell it to you for eighty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. The problem is that people don’t believe you when you tell them that.”

“How do I know you are telling me the truth?”

“You can try it. Buy it from me for fifty dollars and ask the imp to put your fifty dollars back in your pocket. If it doesn’t happen, I will give you the money back.”

Keawe agreed to try. He gave the man his fifty dollars and asked the imp to put the money back in his pocket. It worked. “That’s very good,” said Keawe, “but that is enough for me. I don’t want it.”

“I’m sorry. You bought it from me for less than I paid for it, so it is yours now, and I don’t want to see you again. Goodbye.”

Now Keawe was worried and decided to test the bottle. First, he counted his money to make sure that the wish had come true. It had, because the money was exact. Then he tried to leave the bottle standing in the street, but as soon as he walked away from it, he found it in his coat pocket. He tried to open the bottle but couldn’t, and he became very afraid of it.

He took it to a shop and sold it for sixty dollars. When he returned to his ship, the bottle was in his cupboard. His friend Lopaka saw him and wondered why he was so sad. Keawe told him the secret of the bottle.

“This bottle will bring you trouble,” said Lopaka, “so you might as well enjoy it while you can. Tell it what you want, and if you get it I will buy the bottle from you because I would like to buy a ship.”

“I don’t want a ship,” replied Keawe. “I want a nice house with a garden on the beach in Hawaii and to live there with my friends and relatives.” He described the house he had seen in San Francisco and said it should be just like that but one story higher.

They sailed back to Hawaii, where Keawe found that his uncle had died, and his cousin had drowned. He was very sad, but Lopaka suggested that it might be the work of the imp because Keawe would now inherit the land his uncle owned. Then Keawe discovered that his uncle had grown very rich.

An architect showed Keawe a picture of a house, and it was

exactly the house that Keawe wanted. It would cost exactly the amount of money that Keawe inherited from his uncle. The architect built the house, and Keawe was very satisfied. Lopaka said that he would keep his promise and buy the bottle, but he wanted to see the imp first.

Keawe was curious to see it as well, so he asked the imp to show itself to them. As soon as he said it, the imp came out of the bottle, just for one second, and then went back in again. Keawe and Lopaka sat like stones for many hours, and then Lopaka gave Keawe the money and took the bottle.

“I’ll get a ship and some money, and then I’ll sell it, because seeing the imp has made me very afraid of it,” he said.

Review Questions

1. Why was the man in the beautiful house so sad?
2. What rules did the old man tell Keawe about selling the bottle?
3. How did Keawe get his beautiful house?

Keawe Marries a Beautiful Girl

Preview Questions

1. Will Keawe enjoy living in his new house?
2. Keawe seems to have everything he wants. What does he still not have?
3. What could make Keawe sad?

Keawe enjoyed living in his new house, which became well known as the Great House. One day, he went to visit some friends in Kailua, and on the way home he saw a beautiful girl bathing in the sea. He stopped to talk to her and immediately fell in love. Her name was Kokua, and that same evening, Keawe went to her father and asked his permission to marry her. She had also fallen in love with him, and Keawe went home very happy that night.

When he undressed for bed that night, however, he found a small white patch on his skin, and he knew that he had **leprosy**. This meant that he would have to leave his home and go to live with other lepers because there was no cure for this awful disease. Keawe would never see his beautiful home again, but he didn't care. All he could think about was Kokua. He had met her and they had fallen in love, but now he would have to leave her. He could never marry her.

Of course, he could have hidden his leprosy, continued to stay in his house, and married Kokua, but he would not think of doing this because he truly loved Kokua and would not harm her. Then he remembered the bottle. "I risked the flames of hell to get a nice house," he thought. "Will I refuse to take that risk

for Kokua? I must find Lopaka and find out if he still has the bottle imp.”

The next day, he set out for Honolulu. He could not smile or talk to his friends as he usually did, but sat silently on the ship as it went through the waves. He did not sleep that night, and the next day, the ship arrived at Honolulu. He asked for Lopaka but was told that Lopaka had bought a ship and gone on a long voyage.

Keawe asked about another friend of his, a lawyer, and discovered that he had suddenly grown rich, so he decided to go and see him. When he told the lawyer what he was looking for, the lawyer told him to go to a certain place and find a certain man, whose name I had better not mention, and he might find what he wanted.

Keawe followed the lawyer’s advice and tracked the bottle imp to later and later owners. Everywhere he went, he met happy, rich men, until at last he came to another new house, but its owner’s face was white with fear, his eyes were black from lack of sleep, and his hair was falling out.

When he told the man that he had come to buy the bottle, the man was overjoyed, but when Keawe asked him the price of the bottle his joy disappeared. “Don’t you know the price?” asked the man.

“That is what I am asking you,” replied Keawe.

The man looked as if he was about to die when he told Keawe that he had bought it for two cents.

“Then you can only sell it for . . .”

“Yes, only for one cent.”

“And whoever buys it will not be able to sell it again . . .”

“And must burn in hell forever!”

The man explained that he had stolen money and had bought

the bottle so that he could avoid going to jail.

Keawe did not hesitate. If this man could risk the flames of hell to avoid jail, he thought, he could risk it for the love of Kokua. He paid the man one cent and took the bottle.

As soon as he had it in his hand, he asked to be cured of his leprosy. In his hotel that evening, he saw that he was cured. Keawe was afraid of what he had done, but his love for Kokua was very strong, and it made him happy.

The next day, he boarded a ship and returned home. As soon as he could, he married Kokua and brought her to his marvelous house. Whenever he was with Kokua, he was peaceful and calm; but when he was on his own, he was sad and afraid because he could not stop thinking about the burning fires of hell that awaited him. Kokua loved Keawe as much as he loved her, but after a while, she began to be as unhappy as he was.

When Keawe found her crying in the house one day, he asked her what made her sad. She explained that everybody thought that he was very happy before he married her but that now he was unhappy, and she didn't know how she had made him so unhappy.

"I love you so much, but I make you so sad!"

Keawe felt very bad about this and told his astonished wife about the bottle imp.

"Have you done all this for me?" she cried, and began to weep again. Then she dried her eyes and said, "I will save you! It is still possible to sell the bottle imp. What is the problem with one cent? In England, they have a coin called a farthing, which is worth only half a cent, and in France they have centimes, which are worth about five for one cent. We will go to French Tahiti! Kiss me, my love, and do not be afraid."

Keawe was delighted and called Kokua his gift from God.

He felt wonderful now that he had shared his secret and could see a way to solve his problem.

The next day, they sailed to Honolulu, and from there, they sailed to Papeete in Tahiti. They rented a house there and showed everybody how wealthy they were. Soon, everybody began to talk about them. It was not easy, however, to sell the bottle imp. People did not easily believe that they were serious when they offered to sell them this magic bottle for just four centimes, and if they did believe it Keawe still had to reveal the whole truth about the bottle and the risk that the purchaser was taking. After a while, nobody wanted to speak to them, claiming they had an agreement with the devil. They sat together in silence at night, each as miserable as the other.

Review Questions

1. What happened to Keawe to make him want the bottle again?
2. How did Keawe show his love for Kokua?
3. What solution did Kokua suggest for selling the bottle?

Kokua Makes a Brave Plan

Preview Questions

1. Do you think it is possible for Kokua to save Keawe?
2. Do you ever get angry to hide the fact that you know you are wrong?
3. Can this story have a happy ending?

One night, Kokua woke up and found that Keawe was not in the bed. Each of them often went walking by themselves, unwilling to share their misery with the other. On this night, she looked out of the window when she heard a sad noise coming from the garden and saw Keawe lying on the ground with his mouth full of dust and moaning loudly. She wanted to go to him but decided to leave him alone because he had always been brave in front of her, and she thought that he would be unhappy if she saw him like this.

“He has given himself this awful curse because he loves me,” she thought, “but I will show him that I love him, too, and I will take the curse myself!”

She took the coins that they had kept ready for the sale of the bottle and went out. She found an old man sitting on the beach, coughing, and asked him to do her a favor.

“I know who you are,” he said, “and I will not let you trick me.”

“I do not want to trick you,” she said, and she told him the whole story of Keawe. “What should I do? I am his wife and he bought this bottle at the expense of his own eternal happiness because he loves me. I would buy it from him, but he would

refuse to sell it to me. However, if you offer to buy it, he will quickly agree, and then you can come back to me, and I will buy it from you. You can buy it for four centimes, and I will buy it from you for three.”

8 The old man could see that she was not trying to trick him, so he took the coins and went to the house. As soon as he had gone, Kokua began to tremble with fear, thinking about what she had done. She had saved her husband but **condemned** herself. The sound of the wind in the trees was like the sound of the
10 devil’s breath. She saw the old man returning, carrying the bottle in one hand.

“I have done what you asked,” he said, “and I have left your husband weeping like a small child. He will sleep well tonight.” He held out the bottle to her.

15 “Before you sell it to me,” she said, “ask the imp to take away your cough.”

“I am an old man, and I do not want to enter into any deals with the devil. Why do you hesitate to buy it from me?”

“No, I am only weak. Please give me a moment.”

20 He looked at her kindly and said, “You poor child! You are afraid. Let me keep it, for I am old and cannot be happy in this world. As for the next—”

“Give it to me!” she cried. “Do you think I would do something so horribly mean?” She gave him the money, and he thanked
25 her. Then she hid the bottle under her coat and walked through the streets of Papeete, not knowing or caring where she went. All she could think about was the terrible burning fires of hell where she would spend eternity.

Toward daybreak, she went back to the house. Keawe was
30 sleeping like a child, and as Kokua looked at him it made her happy to think that now he would laugh and sing again. Now

it was her turn to be miserable. She lay next to him and fell into a deep sleep.

It was late the next morning when Keawe woke her up to tell her the good news. He was as excited as a small child and did not notice that she was unhappy and could not eat. Kokua found it very difficult to listen to him plan their return and continually thank her for helping him.

“What a fool that old man was to buy it from me,” he said. “I wonder what he needed it for?”

“It may have been for a good purpose,” said Kokua.

“I don’t think so,” laughed Keawe, almost angrily. “He is a rogue, I’m sure, as well as a fool. I bought it myself, I know, when I had no hope of selling it, but I have been lucky. He will never be able to sell it now, and he will burn in hell forever.”

“My husband, is it not a terrible thing to save yourself by condemning somebody else? Instead of laughing, you should be humble.”

Keawe knew that she was right, but he did not want to admit it. “You can be sad if you like,” he said, “but a good wife should be happy with her husband.”

He left the room and Kokua was left alone. She was sadder than ever. She could not sell the bottle for two centimes, and even if she could, her husband was planning their trip back to Hawaii, where there was nothing smaller than one cent. In addition, he was angry with her. She took out the bottle and looked at it, and then she put it back in the cupboard.

Keawe returned and wanted her to go out with him, but she told him she was not happy, and he got very angry, telling her that she should be happy. He went out and drank with his friends, but he knew that he was wrong, and therefore, he drank too much. There was an old sailor there who had a foul mouth

and a morally low, greedy mind, and he loved to drink and to see others drink and get into trouble.

He told Keawe that he should not trust women because they were all liars and spent too much money. Because Keawe was drunk, he believed the old sailor, and when he went home to get some more money the old man came with him.

“Wait here,” said Keawe. “I will go and get the money, and then we can drink some more.”

Keawe went into the house and saw Kokua sitting on the floor in the room, looking at the bottle with its white mist and dark moving shadow. He looked through the door for a long time, not knowing what to think. At first, he thought the sale had gone wrong, and the bottle had come back to him. Then he had another thought, and it made his cheeks burn. Kokua had not seen him because he had come in quietly.

He went out again and then came back in, making a lot of noise. When he came into the room, Kokua was sitting in a chair, and the bottle was gone. He went to the cupboard where they kept their money and where they used to keep the bottle. The bottle was not there, and he realized that she had bought it. The room spun around him, and the floor was moving like the waves of the ocean.

“I am going out to drink with my friends,” he told Kokua, “but I will enjoy it more if you forgive me.” She held his knees and kissed them.

Keawe went out with the centimes he had taken from the cupboard. He found the old sailor waiting for him and told him that he must help him buy back the bottle. He gave the sailor two centimes and told him to buy the bottle from Kokua. “Then I will buy it from you for one centime,” he added, “but you must not tell her that you come from me.”

The sailor went in and Keawe waited. At last, the sailor came out, holding the bottle in one hand and a bottle of **rum** in the other hand. “Don’t come near me,” he said, when Keawe approached him to take the bottle. “This is a good bottle, and I won’t let you have it.”

“But the person who owns that bottle when he dies will burn in hell forever!” exclaimed Keawe.

“I’m sure I’m going there anyway,” shouted the old sailor, “and this bottle will help me to enjoy the time I have left before then.”

Keawe tried to argue with him, but he held on to the bottle and walked away, drinking from the other bottle.

That’s how the Great House in Hawaii became a peaceful and happy place again.

Review Questions

1. How did Kokua buy the bottle from Keawe?
2. How did Keawe try to buy the bottle back from Kokua?
3. Why did the sailor refuse to sell the bottle?

Malachi's Cove

CHAPTER

1

When Neighbors Quarrel

Preview Questions

1. Can you find Tintagel on a map of England? Why is Tintagel famous?
2. What uses does seaweed have?
3. Have you ever quarreled with your neighbors? What did you quarrel about?

At the foot of the cliffs on the northern shore of Cornwall, between Tintagel and Bossiney, lived an old man who made his living by collecting seaweed from the waves and selling it to the farmers for fertilizer. His name was Malachi Trenglos, and the cove where he lived came to be known as Malachi's Cove. The cliffs there are very steep, and the waves hit them from the north with great power. In some places, there is a very narrow strip of sand between the sea and the cliff, and it was on one of those strips of sand that Malachi Trenglos had built a small hut in which he lived.

The people in that area called him Old Glos. He had built his hut at the bottom of a steep path that led down the cliff from the farms above it, and it was up this path that he hauled the seaweed he had collected, carrying it in a basket on his back. A few years before our story begins, Old Glos had bought a donkey and trained it to go up and down the steep and narrow path, keeping it in another hut that he built next to his own.

As he grew older, it became almost impossible for him to go up and down the path, or even to gather the seaweed from the waves, but he was fortunate to have a granddaughter who lived in the hut with him. This girl was called Mahala Trenglos, and she eventually did all the work of gathering the seaweed, taking it to the top of the cliff with the donkey, and selling it to the farmers. She was well known to all the farmers in the area and also to the shopkeepers and trades people of Camelford.

She was a wild-looking, small girl with long black uncombed hair, small hands, and bright black eyes. People said she was very strong and that she worked hard all day and night and never became tired. Because she was so small, some people thought she was no more than ten years old, although she was in fact a little over twenty.

The old people of the area liked her because she looked after her grandfather and gave him all the money from selling the seaweed. She never bought anything for herself but always made sure that her grandfather had enough tobacco and gin. She had no friends and hardly knew anybody her own age. She was fierce and bad-tempered and didn't care about her personal appearance. She always wore the same clothes, never wore stockings, and did nothing to make herself attractive to any young men that might see her on the farms or in the town.

She had lived with her grandfather all her life. He had never attended church, but in the last two years Mally, as she was known, had been to church regularly, although she refused to dress for it. The minister had told her that fine clothes did not matter, and she took him at his word. Some people said that Old Glos was rich and that he could buy her some good clothes if he wanted to. But when the minister suggested this to him, Old Glos became so angry that he never dared to mention it

again. So Mally continued to sit on a stone bench in the church in her everyday clothes and her long black hair tied up with string instead of a ribbon.

The fact that she worked hard could not be doubted, because she brought enormous quantities of seaweed to the top of the cliff. People said that Old Glos never collected half as much as Mally did, and some of them wondered if she had a secret helper who worked during the nights. Nobody ever heard Mally complain about the work that she had to do, but at the time of our story she was making some very loud complaints about what some of her neighbors were doing.

She took her complaints to the minister, but he could not help her, so she went to see a lawyer in Camelford, who took her money but was no greater help than the minister. Her complaint was that some of her neighbors at the farms were coming down into the cove and getting their own seaweed. It was an excellent cove in which to collect seaweed because of the position of the rocks and the direction of the winds and waves.

The seaweed would come in on the tide and be trapped by the rocks when the tide went out. There was always more seaweed there than at any other place along the coast. It was a difficult and dangerous job to pull the seaweed from the waves, but there was always more than Mally could gather by herself. She did not mind when the next tide carried away what she had not been able to collect; but when other people came to the cove and began to carry away what she had not collected, she became angry. These people were stealing her grandfather's wealth, and that was the complaint that she took to the lawyer in Camelford.

She knew that the sea and the rocks did not belong to her grandfather, but she liked to think that the path down the cliff to her grandfather's hut was his because he had built it, and she

had helped him build it. How often had she repaired the path with her own little hands so that the donkey would be safe using it, and how dare other people now use this path to bring their donkeys down to the sand and take seaweed to the top of the cliffs?

Farmer Gunliffe's son even came down the path with a pony, and she accused him of robbing a poor, old man and a young girl. If you tried to explain to her that there was enough seaweed for her to work as hard as ever and for others to take some as well, she simply replied that they should not use the path that her grandfather had built, because it was his and because they got in her way.

One day, Farmer Gunliffe's son was coming down the path on his pony, and she had to turn back to let him pass! Mally told her grandfather that she would injure the pony the next time Farmer Gunliffe's son brought it down the path, but he told her not to do that. He knew that it would lead to a lot of trouble, and he would not be able to stay in the hut if Mally was in jail.

Farmer Gunliffe's farm was not far from the top of the path, and seaweed was the only fertilizer that he could get, so he was annoyed that Mally tried to stop his son.

"There are lots of other places where you can get seaweed, Barty," Mally told Gunliffe's son.

"Yes, but none of them are as close as this or have as much seaweed as this," he replied. Then he explained to her that, because he was bigger and stronger than she was, he would only gather seaweed from the more difficult places and leave the easier one for her.

This made her even angrier, and she shouted that she could get seaweed from places where he would not dare to go. He

laughed at her and called her a mermaid, and she said that he was not a real man because he stole from old men and young girls. Barty Gunliffe, however, was a man, and a very fine one, if you listened to the girls in the village. He was a good height, and had strong arms and legs and curly brown hair and blue eyes. Everybody liked him, except Mally Trenglos. She hated him.

Review Questions

1. Describe Mally.
2. Why did Mally get angry when people came to take seaweed?
Was she right?
3. What did Barty Gunliffe call Mally?

Gathering Seaweed in the Cove

Preview Questions

1. Do you agree that Mally and her grandfather owned the seaweed? Why or why not?
2. Do you ever say things when you are angry and later wish that you hadn't said them?
3. Can you think of some activities where skill is more important than strength?

Barty Gunliffe continued to come down the path on his pony to gather seaweed, claiming that the seaweed didn't belong to anybody. He promised that if Mally could ever speak kindly to him, he would pay a toll for the use of the path, but Mally refused to speak nicely to him at all.

"Not while I have a tongue in my mouth!" she said. Old Glos thought that it might be a good idea to damage the path and make it more difficult for the pony to come down it, as this might stop the young man from coming down at all.

Mally set to work and put some large rocks on the path, but the next time Barty came he rolled the rocks out of the way as Mally watched, and she was angrier than ever.

"The sea is free for all," he said when he saw Mally watching him.

"So is the sky," exclaimed Mally, "but that doesn't mean I can climb onto the roof of your farm and look at it from there."

She had a long hook in her hand, which she used to fish the seaweed out of the waves. "If you were fair, you wouldn't come down here to make a poor, old man angry."

“I don’t want to make him angry, and I am sure that if you left me alone for a while we would soon become friends.”

“Who would want to be friends with you?”

5 “Don’t bother with him, Mally,” said her grandfather. “One day he will get his punishment and be drowned when he tries to collect seaweed while the wind is wrong.”

“Yes, let him drown,” she cried. “If he was in the great hole with the tide turning, I wouldn’t lift a hand to help him out!”

10 The great hole was an unusually large hole in the rocks where the water seemed to boil as if it was in a pot, and which seemed to be so deep that it had no bottom.

“Yes, you would, Mally. You would come and fish me out with that big hook as if I were a piece of seaweed!” said Barty.

15 It was an afternoon in April at about four o’clock. The wind had been strong from the northwest all day and lots of seagulls had come into and out of the cove, telling Mally that there would be a lot of seaweed on this tide.

20 It was time to collect the seaweed now because it would be dark by seven o’clock, and at nine o’clock, it would be high tide, and the water would carry the precious seaweed away again. Mally understood all this very well, and Barty was beginning to understand some of it, too. When Mally went down to the water on her bare feet, carrying her hook, she saw Barty’s horse standing on the sand. She wanted to attack it with her hook because she
25 hated it almost as much as she hated Barty. She could see him standing on the rocks on the northern side of the cove, looking for a place where he could get seaweed without interfering with her work. She took a step toward the horse, but her grandfather saw her and called out to her not to touch the horse, so she
30 went down to the water and began her work.

It was a wild day with a strong wind and white-topped,

blue-green waves rushing in to the shore. It rained heavily for short periods of time, and the sky was black with clouds. It was a truly beautiful scene, but Barty and Mally did not see the beauty. Barty was still looking for a place where he could go and where Mally would be unlikely to go, while Mally was watching him closely, ready to prove that she could go further than he could.

Mally knew every rock of that cove and could tell you which ones were safe to stand on and which were not. She had lived her life on those rocks. Barty was stronger than she was, but he did not know how to use the power of the waves to help him. Mally watched Barty and was pleased to see that he was going the wrong way. The wind would not carry the seaweed there that day, and he was also going too close to the great hole.

She set to work, pulling the seaweed from the waves with her big hook and piling it up on the sand. Barty also worked, pulling the seaweed out of the waves with a garden fork and piling it up. His pile grew bigger and bigger until he noticed that he would never get all the seaweed up the cliff that night. However, he would not stop, because Mally had not stopped, and he would not let a girl beat him.

Mally's hook was better than his fork, her skill was better than his strength, and when he remembered that she had said he was not a real man, he became angry with himself for not dragging in more of the seaweed from the waves. She saw him and laughed at him. At first, he laughed back. But then, becoming angrier, he ignored her, though he promised himself that he would work as long as she worked and then continue a while longer.

The wind blew harder and the waves grew bigger, and then he saw the great hole. There was a lot of seaweed in the great hole, and Mally knew that it was useless to try and fish it out. The hole went in under the rocks, and the shore side of it was

slippery and steep. Barty, however, did not know this, and Mally watched him as he tried to balance on the slippery rock above the seething water. He managed to pull some weed out, but then she saw him slip. He got up and slipped again and got up again.

5 “Get away from there,” she screamed at him. “If you fall in there, you will never get out again.”

“What do you care about me?” he shouted back angrily. “Get on with your own work and leave me alone!”

10 “Who cares about you!” she shouted back, just as angrily, and turned back to her work; but as she did so, she heard the splash of his falling in.

Review Questions

1. What did Mally say when Barty told her that the sea belongs to everybody?
2. Why did Mally get more seaweed than Barty?
3. What tools did Mally and Barty use to pull the seaweed from the waves?

The Great Hole

Preview Questions

1. Will Mally let Barty drown in the great hole? Why do you think that?
2. Have you ever run so fast that you thought you wouldn't be able to breathe? Why did you run so fast?
3. Have you ever been accused of doing something wrong when you were trying to do something good? How did you feel?

Barty had fallen into the great hole, and Mally had turned just in time to see him. The tide was high now, and each wave came crashing into the hole and then **receded** with a noise like loud **cataracts**. For a moment, the water would be almost still, and then the next angry wave thundered into it and rushed out of it. Mally rushed to the edge of the hole and got down on her hands and knees to be safe.

As the wave receded, Barty's head and face came close to her, and she could see that his forehead was covered in blood, but she could not see whether he was alive or dead. Then the water carried him away from her, but she managed to get her hook into his coat and dragged him back to where she crouched on the slippery rock. She managed to touch his shoulder, but could not hold him as the water pulled him away from her again.

She saw him open his eyes and look at her, and then he held on to the hook. The next wave was so large that Mally was sure that she would be sucked into the hole with Barty and they would both die, so she lay on the rock and held on as well as she could.

The wave broke over her and she saw that it had carried Barty half out of the hole. She took hold of his coat and held it tight. She had never held anything tighter. The next wave lifted him again, and she managed to drag him a yard or two above the hole, with his bleeding head in her lap. She saw that he was alive, but she did not know what to do next. He was too heavy for her to carry, and in fifteen minutes, the water would reach them.

He was very pale, his eyes stayed closed, and the blood flowed slowly from his forehead. She gently put her hand on his hair and pulled it away from his face. She leaned over his mouth to see if he was still breathing, and she saw that he was very beautiful. How she wanted him to live! There was nothing more precious in the world than this life that she had so far rescued from the great hole. She dragged him backward, surprised at her own strength. She protected him from the rocks by letting him fall on top of her, until she was back on the sand where the water would not come for another two hours.

Her grandfather met her, having seen what happened from the door of his hut.

"He fell into the great hole, Dada."

"Mally, I think he is already dead."

"No, Dada, he is not dead, but he may be dying. I'll go up to the farm at once."

"Mally, look at his head. They will say we murdered him."

"Who would say that? Didn't I pull him out of the hole?"

"What does that matter? His father will say that we killed him."

It was very clear to Mally that, whatever anybody might say, it was her duty to run up to the farm and get help. If the world was as bad as her grandfather said it was, she no longer wished

to live in it, but first she had a job to do. She went up the steep path as fast as her bare feet would carry her, but when she got to the top she was disappointed to see that there was nobody within sight. She ran to Farmer Gunliffe's house and saw Barty's mother leaning on the gate. She tried to tell her what had happened, but she was out of breath from running.

"He's dying" was all that she could say. Mrs. Gunliffe thought that she meant Old Glos and promised to send somebody down to help. "Not Dada! Barty!"

Mrs. Gunliffe began to scream for her husband, and before long, they were all hurrying along the path back to the cliff. They could not walk as quickly as Mally, who now had the opportunity to get her breath and tell the story of the great hole. When they reached the top of the steep path, Farmer Gunliffe stopped her and said, "If you have caused his death, your blood will be taken for his."

When his wife heard this, she began to scream that her son had been murdered, and when Mally looked around, she could see that her grandfather's words had come true. They all thought that she had murdered the man she had risked her life to save. She looked at them and led them down the path without speaking. If they chose to believe that she had pushed him into the pool and hit him with her hook, how could she prove that it wasn't true?

She went down the path so quickly that they could not keep up with her, and then she waited for them at the bottom, standing close to the door of the hut to let them go past her. The mother and father stumbled past her and ran through the sand to where Barty lay. Old Glos stood there with his walking stick and told them that he had not moved since Mally had left.

The mother knelt down next to him and began to cry, but

the father told her to stand up and stop crying because crying would not help him. Then he looked at Old Glos and asked, “Who hit him?”

“He hit himself when he fell into the waves.”

“Liar!” The mother began to scream again. “They murdered him! They murdered him!”

“Keep quiet, woman,” said her husband. “They will give us blood for blood.” Mally, leaning against the corner of the hut, heard it all but did not move. They might call her a murderer and might take her to court and to jail, and they might hang her, but they could never take away the truth that she had done her best to save him. She remembered what she had said about not caring if he died, and she knew that these were bad things to say, but she had made up for it by risking her life to save him. They could say what they liked about her and to her. She knew what she knew.

Review Questions

1. What part of Barty was injured when he fell in the great hole?
2. What did Mally notice when she looked at his face to see if he was still alive?
3. What did Old Glos think Barty's parents would say? Did they?

The Big Kitchen

Preview Questions

1. Will Barty die? Why do you think that?
2. Will Barty's parents discover the truth? How?
3. Will this story have a happy ending?

The father and mother picked him up and carried him toward the path where Mally was standing. She watched them but did not move or try to help them. She saw that his face was very pale and that his forehead had stopped bleeding, but the big cut in his head could be seen clearly. How beautiful he was in Mally's eyes! As they passed her, she heard a noise that made her move. She followed the little group to the bottom of the path, and she saw Barty open his eyes.

"He is not dead," she said. "He is not dead."

He looked around.

His mother said, "Speak to me, Barty, speak to me!"

His father said, "How are you, boy?"

He smiled at his mother, and then he saw Mally. "Mally!" he said. "Mally!" The way that he said her name made it clear to everybody that Mally had not been his enemy but his savior. Since nobody doubted it, Mally could happily go back into the hut.

"Barty is alive, Dada, and I don't think they will say anything more about our hurting him."

Old Glos shook his head, because he felt sure that people would still say that they had tried to kill him.

Mally went back out, gathered more seaweed, and gave some of it to Barty's pony standing on the beach. It grew dark, but she was still dragging seaweed from the waves when she saw a lantern coming down the path to the beach. She watched the lantern come down slowly and saw a man standing at the bottom of the path. It was Farmer Gunliffe.

"He won't sleep until he has seen you," he said. "Please come."

"Of course I'll come, if I'm wanted," she said, and she led the way back up the path. Gunliffe took her hand at the top of the hill. He knew that the girl had saved his son's life and that he had abused her instead of thanking her. This was his way of showing her that he was taking her into his heart because he did not have the words to say it. He stopped at the farmyard gate.

"Mally, he will not be happy until he has seen you, but you must not stay with him long because he is very weak, and the doctor says he needs to sleep."

Mally agreed and they entered the house. She looked at all the furniture in a kitchen so large that she wondered why anyone needed such a big kitchen. They took her straight upstairs to Barty's room.

"Is it Mally herself?" he asked.

"It's Mally herself, so now you can say what you please," said his mother, who was sitting by the side of his bed.

"Mally, it's because of you that I am alive this minute," he said.

"I'll always be grateful," said the father.

"He is our only child," sobbed the mother.

"Mally, will you be friends with me now?" asked Barty. Mally could not speak, but she went quietly to Barty's bed and put her hand on his.

"I'll come and get seaweed, Mally, but I will give it all to

you.”

“No, you won’t, Barty,” said his mother, “because you will never go anywhere near that awful place again.”

Then Mally told them what she wouldn’t tell Barty before the accident. “You must not go near the great hole when the wind is from the north. It is not safe.”

“She had better go down now,” said the father. Barty kissed the hand that lay on his, and Mally thought he looked like an angel.

The Gunliffes gave her tea and hotcakes before she went back down to the hut, and she began to think that they were good people.

“Mally, you are my child now,” said the mother, “and I will always think of you that way.”

“I’ll always be grateful,” the father had said.

Those words stuck in her head all night, and she often thought about the mother’s words, too. How could she become Mrs. Gunliffe’s child?

After a while, she did become Mrs. Gunliffe’s child by marrying her son, and she went to live in the house with the big kitchen, and it became her kitchen. Old Glos went to live there, too, for the last few years of his life. Since that time, the cove and its seaweed have been considered part of Gunliffe’s farm, and nobody disputes that right.

Review Questions

1. How did Barty’s parents discover that Mally had saved Barty?
2. What did Barty’s father and mother say to Mally before she went back down the cliff?
3. How did Mally become Mrs. Gunliffe’s child?

The Man Who Would Be King

CHAPTER

1

The Plan

Preview Questions

1. Have you ever been to India? What do you know about it?
2. Have you read any other books by Rudyard Kipling? Did you like them?
3. What was the quickest way for people to communicate with each other before the telephone was invented?

India was a wild, strange, and dangerous place when I worked there as a journalist many years ago. It was even wilder, stranger, and more dangerous than it is today. It was the kind of place where you never knew what was going to happen next. It was a place where people lived by laws that nobody could understand, and where you could be suddenly rich or suddenly poor and then suddenly rich again. You could be a beggar one day, a prince the next, and then a beggar again. All sorts of strange people came from England to try and make money there, and they found very unusual ways to make it. There was enormous wealth in India, and if you could find a way to get some of it you could live very well. If you couldn't find a way, you would live very badly indeed; begging is not fun.

At the time that my story begins, I wasn't a beggar, but I was certainly not a prince. I was traveling to Mhow from Ajmir on the train, and because of lack of funds, I had to travel in third class, which is not very nice. There are no cushions on the seats,

and the passengers carry their food in bundles and pots and drink water from the roadside. In summer, when it is really hot, third-class passengers are sometimes carried out of the carriages dead. I was the only person in the carriage until we reached Nasirabad, when a huge Englishman in shirt sleeves came in and began to talk to me.

He was also a traveler, and we shared stories of our past adventures. He then wondered how he could send a telegram to his friend, who was in Ajmir, because he only had enough money for his dinner. I had no money at all, and although I would be paid when I reached Mhow there was no telegraph office there, so I was not able to help him.

“Did you say that you would be traveling back along this line soon?” asked my big friend.

“In about ten days,” I replied.

“Can’t you make it eight? My business is urgent.”

“I can send your telegram for you in ten days’ time if that will help you,” I said.

My fellow-passenger thought about it for a moment. “My friend is traveling from Delhi to Bombay on the twenty-third, so I don’t think the telegram will reach him in time, but perhaps there is another way. He will pass through Marwar Junction early in the morning of the twenty-fourth, and you might be returning through there at about that time. Do you think you could be there to give him a message? If I don’t tell him where I am, he won’t know where to go.” I thought that this might just be possible.

“All you have to say to him is, ‘He has gone south for the week.’ He’ll know what that means. He’s a big man with a red beard, and he’ll be asleep in a second-class carriage. Just wake him up and tell him the message.”

I said that I would do it if I could, and then he told me that

he was on his way to Degumber because he had heard that the Raja had done something bad. His plan was to blackmail the Raja by pretending to be a journalist and threatening to publish the story in his newspaper. People like him generally lived a hard life and died suddenly.

I kept my promise and was at Marwar Junction on the twenty-fourth. I found the red-bearded man in a second-class carriage, woke him up, and told him the message. "I am to tell you that he has gone south for the week."

The red-bearded man rubbed his eyes. "That's just like him. Did he say I was to give you anything? I won't."

I told him that he did not have to give me anything, and I watched the train pull away from the station. I didn't want the two men to get into trouble in Degumber, so I described them to the authorities. This prevented them from entering Degumber at all.

I got a job at the newspaper office, where we reported all the important events from Europe as well as India. Kings died, wars began and ended, politicians made speeches, and ladies had afternoon teas. During the hot summer, the only things that happen in India happen in the hill towns, where it is cooler, and nobody comes into the office where I work. One hot summer Saturday night, I was in the office alone, waiting for a telegram about a sick king so that the paper could be up-to-date with the news before it was printed.

It was a very black night with a westerly wind blowing in hot air from the desert. I was surprised to see two men wearing white clothes come into the office, and when they saw me, they laughed. One was the man I had met on the train, and the other was the red-bearded man to whom I had given a message. I asked them what they wanted.

“We’d like to talk to you for half an hour,” said the red-bearded man, “and ask you for some advice. We think you owe it to us because you stopped us from going to Degumber.”

I invited them to sit down, and they introduced themselves. “This is Peachey Carnehan,” said the red-bearded man, pointing to the other, “and I am Daniel Dravot, and we have been most things in our lives, including soldiers, sailors, proof-readers, photographers, street preachers, journalists, engine drivers, and so on, but we think India is not big enough for us.” They were certainly too big for the office. Dravot’s red beard filled half of it, and Carnehan’s shoulders filled the other half.

“We don’t like all the laws that the government makes,” said Carnehan, “so we are going away to be kings, and we have signed a **contract** that we will not drink alcohol or go near any women until we are kings. It is alcohol and women that give us most trouble and stop us from **getting ahead**.”

I thought they had been out in the heat and were affected by the sun, but they were serious, and Carnehan continued to tell me their plan. “There’s a place to the north of India called Kafiristan, where no Englishman has ever been and where the people are always fighting each other. We will teach one of the tribes to have a proper army and then **overthrow** the king and take his place and establish a **dynasty**.”

“You’ll never get there,” I said. “No Englishman has ever crossed Afghanistan because of its wild mountains and even wilder people.”

Despite my warning, they wanted to look at maps, so I gave them some, as well as an encyclopedia and some other books so that they could read about Kafiristan. I sat and smoked and watched them for a while and then went home, leaving them with the books.

“Come to the market tomorrow,” they said as I left, “and we will say goodbye to you then.”

“You will never get past the border,” I repeated. “Stay here, and I will try to find you some work.”

“No, we are going,” said Carnehan, and he showed me the contract they had made as proof that they were serious.

Review Questions

1. Why couldn't the storyteller's fellow-passenger send a telegram?
2. What message did the storyteller have to give the red-bearded man?
3. Why did Dravot and Carnehan want to go to Kafiristan?

To Kafiristan and Back

Preview Questions

1. Can you find Kabul on a map?
2. Are you a lucky person? What makes a person lucky?
3. Would you like to be a king or queen? Why?

I went to the market the next day. It was a place where all the nationalities of Central Asia come, as well as people from all over India, and where you could buy ponies, precious stones, cats, sheep, and hundreds of other things, many of which don't even have names in English. A priest approached me, carrying a child's toy, and his servant walked behind him, carrying a heavy basket full of children's toys. Everybody laughed at them, and a horse trader told me they were mad.

"He is going to Kabul to sell the toys to the Amir, but I think that he will have his head cut off."

"God protects the mad," said an Uzbek, "and they always bring good luck."

The Uzbek shouted to the mad priest, "Where do you come from?"

"I come from Roum, blown by the breath of a hundred devils across the sea! Listen all you liars and thieves. Who will take me north to help me sell these magic toys to the Amir? God will protect you if you protect me."

A trader from Eusufzai told him there was a caravan leaving from Peshawar in twenty days and that he was welcome to join it. The priest and his servant leapt onto their camels.

As they left, the priest turned to me and invited me to come a little way along the road with him, promising to give me a ring that would make me the King of Kafiristan. Suddenly, I understood, and I followed the priest and his servant out of the market. When we reached the open road, the priest spoke to me in English. It was Dravot. Carnehan was his servant, and they had twenty of the best rifles that money could buy, with **ammunition** for them, hidden under their basket of toys. They both shook hands with me and said goodbye, and I watched the camels go down the road. I was certain that I would never see them again because their plan was insane and full of danger.

Two years passed. Lots of things happened in those two years, and all of the important ones were recorded in our newspaper. Kings died, but the daily work in our office remained the same. On another one of those hot dark nights, I was again sitting alone in the office, waiting for some news to come by telegram when a strange creature crept into my room. It was a man, but his head was sunk between his shoulders, and he **shuffled** along like a bear. He was dressed in rags, but he called out my name and told me that he had returned.

“Give me a drink!” he **croaked**. “Don’t you know me? I am Peachey Carnehan, and I was the King of Kafiristan, together with Daniel Dravot, and you have been sitting here all that time!” I was more than astonished and said so.

“We were real kings, with crowns on our heads! Poor Daniel, he would not take advice, though I begged him.”

I gave him a whiskey and told him to stay calm and tell me his story slowly.

“I’m not mad,” he said, “but you need to look into my eyes, or I will forget.” I saw his hands and they were like bird claws, with a strange scar on the back of each. Then I looked into his

eyes.

“You left the market on your camels, with Dravot dressed as a mad priest, and you were his servant. Can you remember that?” I asked.

“Yes, and we joined a caravan, but we left it before Jagdallak, because we heard that the roads to Kafiristan were good from there. We dressed in all sorts of strange clothes. Dravot burned off half his beard and shaved his head into strange patterns. We went into the mountains, which were tall and black and they always fought each other.”

I looked at him strangely and said to him slowly, “Here, have another glass of whiskey.”

He continued, “After a while, our camels could go no further. We killed the camels, but first we unloaded the guns and ammunition, and when two men came along with four mules we killed one of the men. The other one ran away, leaving us the four mules, so we put the rifles on the mules and went further into the mountains. Dravot sang as he went along, but I was afraid and begged him to stop. Dravot wouldn’t stop, saying that if a king could not sing, it was not worth being a king.

“We marched through the mountains with our mules and our guns for ten cold days, and then we came to a wide valley. The mules were almost dead, so we killed them and sat on the boxes of guns. Ten men came running into the valley, carrying bows and arrows and chasing twenty men with bows and arrows. We could see that this was an opportunity to start the business of becoming kings. We took out our rifles and began to shoot at the twenty men and killed most of them. Then the ten men fired an arrow at us, but Dravot fired a bullet over their heads, and they all fell down. Dravot walked over to them and began to kick them, and then he shook hands with them in a friendly

way. He made them carry the boxes of guns across the valley and up a hill to their village, as if he were already their king.

“In the village, there were some very large **carved** rocks, and Dravot stood in front of the biggest one, opened his mouth, and pointed down it. One of the men offered him some food, but he refused. Another man offered him food, but he refused again. Then the oldest and most important looking man in the village offered him some food, and he accepted it.

“That’s how we came to our first village, as if we had tumbled out of the sky, but later we tumbled from one of those rope bridges, and you can’t laugh much after that.”

“Have some more whiskey,” I said to him, “and tell me how you became kings.”

Review Questions

1. How did Dravot and Carnehan disguise themselves at the market?
2. How did they get some mules after they had killed the camels?
3. Why did Dravot refuse the food that the first two men brought him?

Carnehan Tells How He Became a King

Preview Questions

1. How can a person become a king?
2. What can you find out about Alexander the Great and Queen Semiramis?
3. Why do some people belong to secret clubs?

“Dravot sat by the large rock every day, and the people in the village came to worship him. Then some other people came into the valley. Dravot and I shot them before they knew what was happening. We ran down into the valley and up the other side and found another village, and all the people there were afraid of us. Dravot made the two villages work together in the valley digging up the land, and we began to learn some of their language. We chose twenty good men and showed them how to use a rifle and make a military formation. They were our army.

“Then we went into the next valley and found another village, which was very poor because the land was too rocky, so we took the people from there and gave them some land in the good valley. We found another valley, but the army was afraid to go there, so Dravot shot one of them, and the others were suddenly more courageous. We made friends with the people, and Dravot left me there while he searched for more villages.

“A big chief came across the mountains to us because he had heard that there was a new chief in the area. I shot one of his men as they were approaching and told the big chief to come forward alone and shake hands, or they would all die. The big

chief obeyed. I asked him if he had an enemy, and when he said that he did we trained some of his men, and together we marched to a plain on top of a hill where the enemy was, and we shot some people there and made the others our friends. I sent a message to Dravot because I was worried that our kingdom was becoming too big to look after by myself, but it was two months before he returned. When he did, he had an army of hundreds of men with him and was wearing a golden crown.

“He was very excited because the people all thought that he was a god, descended from Alexander the Great and Queen Semiramis, and they thought I was his younger brother and also a god. He opened a bag and gave me a golden crown as well. It was very heavy, but I wore it for a while because it made me look so grand. He brought one of the chiefs to me and asked me to shake hands with him. Dravot had given him the name of Billy Fish. I shook hands with him and nearly fell over; he had given me the secret **Freemason’s** handshake!

“Does he know the secret words, too?” I asked. Dravot assured me that he did, that all the priests and chiefs knew them, and that they had made Freemason marks in the rocks, but that they did not know the **Third Degree**. Dravot could hardly believe it himself, but he declared that he would make himself **Grand Master**, as well as king and a god, because it would help him to run the country more easily. I agreed, and we ordered the women to make lots of Freemason **aprons** for the men to wear.

“Then we held a meeting, where we told all the people that we were gods and descendents of Alexander, as well as Grand Masters, and that we had come to make Kafiristan a place where everyone could live happily and in peace. One of the old priests saw the Freemason marks on our aprons, which made him shout and try to push over one of the large rocks. It was

very frightening because I thought he was going to reveal that we were **frauds**. But when he and his friends pushed over the stone and cleaned the bottom of it, we could see the ancient Freemason mark on the stone. It was exactly like the one on our aprons. The old priest fell to the ground and kissed Dravot's feet. It was a miracle, or, as Dravot said, luck.

"After that day, we had no trouble convincing the villages to stop fighting each other and to form an army to protect themselves against people from places further away. We worked very hard for the next six months, teaching the people about farming and helping them to build rope bridges across the deep **ravines**. We trained the army, which became quite large, and settled complaints and disputes with the help of Billy Fish and some other chiefs.

"Then we took some of the gold and valuable gems that were in the country, and I took them to the Ghorband country, where we bought a hundred more rifles and ammunition and gave them to the army. I was very busy training the army, and Dravot did most of the other work of kingship. He was becoming so excited that he started talking about establishing an empire rather than just a kingdom. He reckoned that there were about two million people in his kingdom, and he could have an army of two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men, who would help England protect India if the Russians ever decided to attack.

"He was sure that Queen Victoria would be grateful. His plans became grander and grander, and he decided that he needed more men to help him run the country, insisting that they had to be clever and wise and have skills that I did not possess. I was angry when he said this because I knew he thought I was not wise or clever enough to help him. However, he told me that I was still a king and that half the kingdom was mine, and that

the men he needed had to be cleverer than either of us because the kingdom was now so large. Then he told me something else that he wanted to do, but this time I could not agree with him at all.”

Review Questions

1. How did Dravot and Carnehan discover that the priests and chiefs knew about Freemasonry?
2. How did Carnehan get more guns for the army?
3. Why did Dravot want more men to help him run the kingdom?

Kings, Gods, and Men

Preview Questions

1. What do you think Dravot wants to do that Carnehan doesn't like?
2. Have you ever walked on a suspension bridge? Was it scary?
3. What are some problems that kings or gods face?

““Winter is coming,” said Dravot, “and nothing much will happen then because it is too cold, so I am going to get a wife, and I think you should, too.”

“I don’t think it is a good idea,” I replied. “We still have a lot to do. Remember all the trouble that women have brought us in the past. We made a contract!”

“But the contract was only until we became kings, and we have been kings for many months now. We should both have nice, young, healthy girls to keep us warm in winter, and we can take any one of them that we choose, perhaps even more than one, because we are kings.”

“I’m staying away from women until we are a lot more settled than we are now! I haven’t forgotten the trouble they made for me when we were living in Mogul Street in Bengal.”

“But this will not be a Bengali woman. This will be a queen.”

“I warned him that it could only lead to trouble. ‘Don’t do it, Daniel.’

“I will do it,” he said, and walked away from me. The sun shone on his red beard and on his crown, and he looked as if he was on fire.

“Getting a wife was not as easy as Dravot thought. He asked

the chiefs about it, but they did not give any advice, until Billy Fish said he had better ask the girls which of them wanted to be the queen, but this made Dravot angry. He thought that a king should not ask a girl to be queen but that the chiefs should find one for him. He shouted at the chiefs about all the things he had done for them and walked away.

"I asked Billy Fish what the problem was, and he told me that no girl would marry a god or a devil because they thought they would die if they did. I tried to explain this to Dravot, but he would not listen and ordered the chiefs to give him a wife the next day. I was awake very early the next morning, and when I went out I saw the chiefs and priests standing around whispering to each other, and they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes.

"What's the matter?" I asked Billy Fish.

"I can't really say, but if the king would give up this idea of marriage it would be better for him and also for us."

"I knew that Dravot would not change his mind. I told Billy Fish that we were not gods but only men. He said that it would be better to let the people believe that we were gods. Nevertheless, he told me that he had twenty men who would be loyal to the two kings no matter what happened.

"Winter was already beginning, and there was a little snow on the ground when Dravot arrived for the wedding. I urged him once more to drop the plan and warned him that there would be trouble, but he would not take any notice.

"There will be no trouble, Peachey," he said, "for they are my people, and they love me more than they love their fathers. Where's the girl? Let the emperor see if his wife suits him!" All the chiefs and priests were there, and a group of priests brought a girl to Dravot.

"She was beautifully dressed and wore a large number of jewels. The priests blew the trumpets loudly enough to wake the dead. The girl looked back at the priests as she came toward Dravot, her face as white as death.

8 "She'll do," said Dravot. "Come and kiss me, girl. You don't need to be afraid." He put his arms around her, and she closed her eyes and put her face into his red beard. "She's bitten me!" exclaimed Dravot, putting his hand on his neck where her teeth had broken the skin. His hand had blood on it, and the priests
10 began to howl. "Not a god, not a devil, but just a man!"

"Billy Fish pushed us both to where his loyal twenty soldiers were, just as the army attacked. The loyal twenty tried to protect us, but the army had too many people in it now, and we had to run. Dravot blamed me for not keeping the army under control
15 and called me every bad name under the sun.

"We cannot escape," said Billy Fish, "because the priests will be telling everybody in the valley that you are not gods or devils but just men. I am a dead man."

"He fell to the ground and began to pray. We got away from
20 the village, but only six of the twenty men were still alive. It was very steep country, and when we came to a village, the people there began to shoot at us because they had already received the priests' message. A bullet hit Dravot in the leg, and this woke him up.

25 "It is my fault, Billy Fish. You get away from here and save yourself! And you go, too, Carnehan. They may not kill you."

"But Billy Fish would not leave us, and I would not leave Dravot, either. We told the last six men that they could run, and they did. Then Dravot, Billy Fish, and I walked to the village,
30 where trumpets, drums, and horns were making a lot of noise. It was very cold up there, and I have a lump of that cold in the

back of my head right now.”

* * *

I realized that Carnehan’s story was almost at an end. “What happened after that?” I asked him.

“They took the three of us without making a sound. I shot a few of them, but they did not care. The others closed in around us, and I could smell them. They cut Billy Fish’s throat as if he were a pig. Then they took the king and made him walk to the middle of one of his rope bridges. They cut the ropes of the bridge, and the king fell into the ravine, and I saw his body on the rocks below, with the golden crown next to it.

“They took me to some trees and nailed me to the trees with wooden nails through my hands and feet, but I didn’t die. They took me down the next day and let me go. Sir, you knew Daniel Dravot,” he cried out. “Would you like to see him now?”

He reached into his loose clothes and brought out a bag, from which he pulled a red-bearded head and a golden crown which he placed gently on the head. I shuddered, for it was strange to see the head of a man you had once spoken to when he was alive. “I must go now,” Carnehan said quietly.

I gave him a bottle of whiskey and a little money, put him in my carriage, and drove him to a hospital. The next day, he died, and nobody ever saw the head of the king or his crown again.

Review Questions

1. Why didn’t any of the girls want to marry Dravot?
2. How did the priests discover that Dravot was not a god?
3. What did Carnehan have in his bag?

Casting the Runes

CHAPTER

1

The Secretary Is Worried

Preview Questions

1. Do you belong to any clubs? What are they?
2. Do you like scary movies? Have you ever stopped watching a movie because it was too scary?
3. Has anybody ever taken revenge on you for something you did?

A couple of years after the beginning of the twentieth century, the secretary of a scientific club in London wrote three letters to a man called Mr. Karswell. In the first of them, he returned a paper on alchemy which Mr. Karswell had offered to read to the club, and wrote that the club could not fit it into its program. The second letter said that he was too busy to meet with Mr. Karswell and that his paper had been checked by a well-known expert on alchemy. In the third letter, he refused to name the well-known expert and said he would not reply to any further letters from Mr. Karswell. Shortly after sending the third letter, the secretary and his wife had lunch with some friends from Lufford, where Mr. Karswell also lived.

They knew Mr. Karswell but said that he was not their friend. He was a strange man who lived in a large house by himself. They said he was a mean man who was easily offended and never forgave anybody. One day, they said, he surprised everybody by inviting all the children in the village to come and

see some short films in his house. The children were afraid of him because he always chased them away from his land, but they wanted to see the pictures, so they went. The first film he showed them was scary, and the second film was scarier. The third film was so scary that some of the smaller children began to cry and had to leave. The last one was so frightening that the remaining children rushed out of the room screaming and crying. Some people in the village said their children still had bad dreams because of that night.

“Didn’t he write a book about alchemy about ten years ago?” asked the secretary.

“Yes,” said his friend, “but it was such a bad book that it got terrible reviews, and there is a strange story about that, too. Do you remember John Harrington?” The secretary nodded. “He wrote a review that said the book was rubbish, and a few months later he died when he fell out of a tree.”

“Why was he up in a tree?” asked the secretary’s wife.

“Nobody knows, but his face had an expression of terror when he was found. It seems he was afraid of something that chased him. He climbed into the tree to escape, but the branch broke, and he fell and broke his neck. His brother Henry thinks there was foul play and has been trying to find out what happened, but he has had no luck so far.” When the secretary and his wife heard this story, they agreed that Mr. Karswell was certainly a strange man.

On their way home, the secretary looked so worried that his wife asked him what was wrong.

“I am afraid that Mr. Karswell is a dangerous enemy,” he said. “We asked the best expert on alchemy in the country, Mr. Dunning, to look at his paper. He said it was rubbish, and that’s why we rejected it. I’m worried that Karswell will hurt Mr.

Dunning in some way if he finds out his name.”

“But how can he find out?” asked his wife.

5 “I’m certainly not going to tell him,” said the secretary, “and I am sure that Mr. Dunning won’t say anything either. However, there are other ways to find out, if Karswell is clever enough. For instance, he could go to the British Museum and ask the staff about who goes there to read the alchemy books. There are only a few people who read those books, and he is sure to find Dunning’s name before long. Let’s hope that Karswell does
10 not think of that.”

Mr. Karswell, however, was a clever man.

Review Questions

1. Who was Mr. Karswell?
2. Who was John Harrington? How did he die?
3. Why was the secretary worried?

Mr. Dunning Is Worried

Preview Questions

1. Do you ever worry? What do you do when you get worried?
2. Do you enjoy visiting museums? What do you like and not like about them?
3. Will Mr. Karswell find out that Mr. Dunning rejected his paper?

A few days after the secretary had sent his last letter to Mr. Karswell, Mr. Edward Dunning was going home after studying at the British Museum. He lived in a comfortable house with two servants who looked after him. He traveled part of the way by train and then caught an electric tram. The tram had some advertisements on its windows, but Mr. Dunning did not usually take much notice of them because he was always busy reading books and journals. This evening, however, he was too tired to read, and he looked at the advertisements. He had seen them all before, except for one in the corner. It was a yellow square with some blue writing on it, which said, "In memory of John Harrington of Ashbrooke, who died September 18, 1889. He was given three months."

"That's an unusual advertisement," he said to the conductor. The conductor had never seen it before and thought it was somebody's idea of a joke. However, he couldn't remove it because it seemed to be inside the glass rather than stuck to it. "I wonder how it got there?" said Dunning.

The conductor was so interested in this unusual advertisement that he promised to find out about it if he could and then tell

Dunning the next time he was on the tram.

The next day, however, the conductor was very puzzled, because when he had asked about the yellow advertisement with the blue letters, the manager had told him there was no such advertisement, and when he had gone to show him, the advertisement had disappeared, although it had seemed to be right inside the glass. Nobody could explain how it had got there or how it had gone. Dunning wondered what it could mean.

The following afternoon, Dunning was walking from his club to the train when he saw a man some way ahead of him with a bunch of leaflets in his hands. Dunning expected him to hand the leaflets to passers-by, but he didn't. However, he did give one to Dunning, and the hand that gave it to him felt rough and hot and gave his hand a shock. Dunning looked up, but he had already gone. He looked at the leaflet, which was blue, and he saw the name Harrington written in large letters. Before he could read any more, the paper was snatched from his hand and was gone.

A few days later, he went to the British Museum and began reading some old manuscripts about alchemy. He thought he heard somebody whisper his name behind him and turned around, knocking some papers onto the floor. There was nobody there, apart from a large, bad-tempered looking man sitting at the table behind him. Dunning picked up his papers, and then the large man came to him and gave him a folder with his name on it.

"May I give you this?" he said. "I think it is yours."

"Yes, it is. Thank you," said Dunning, and the large man left the museum. Later that afternoon, Dunning asked a museum attendant about the large man who had given him his folder.

"Oh, that's Mr. Karswell, sir. Last week, he asked about authorities on alchemy, and of course I told him about you. I'll

try to arrange for him to meet you.”

Dunning remembered that he had read a paper by Mr. Karswell for the science club and that it was a very bad paper. Why did Karswell want to meet him? Did Karswell know that it was Dunning who had rejected his paper? He was sure that the reason for wanting to meet him could not be good.

“Please don’t. I do not want to meet him,” replied Dunning, “and in fact I would prefer to stay as far away from him as possible.”

On the way home that evening, Dunning could not help thinking that something was wrong, although he could not say what it was. When he arrived home, he found his doctor waiting for him. He wondered what could be wrong now. The doctor told him that both his servants had become ill after eating some fish that a man had sold them at the door. They were so ill that he had sent them to the hospital. The doctor had warned the neighbors about the fish-seller, but none of them had seen him. Dunning felt even more uncomfortable than he did before. He cheered up a little when the doctor invited him to have dinner at his house, and he enjoyed his meal.

It was almost midnight when he returned to his empty home and went to bed. He was almost asleep when he heard a door open. He got out of bed to investigate and stood at the top of the stairs to listen. He heard nothing, but felt some warm air go past his bare legs. He went back to his room and locked himself in. Back in bed, his hand suddenly touched something which he later said was a mouth with teeth and also hair around it, and it was not a human mouth. He was so terrified that he quickly moved into spare room, locked the door, and pressed his head to the doorknob before he became aware of what he was doing. He did not sleep that night, but sat near the door of the room

listening for anything strange; nothing happened. In the morning, he went back to his own room. He found that the door was wide open and the blinds were up. It appeared that the servants had been there earlier to clean up.

He searched the room, but found that nothing was out of place. It seemed that nothing had happened.

Review Questions

1. What did Dunning see on the tram window and what happened to it?
2. How did Dunning's two servants become ill?
3. What did Dunning feel in his bed that night?

Mr. Henry Harrington Is Worried

Preview Questions

1. Do you like going to concerts? Do you buy a program and save it?
2. Does it make you feel better if you tell somebody about your problems when you are worried?
3. Why will Mr. Harrington be worried?

Mr. Dunning loved going to the museum to study Alchemy, but the day after his frightening night he did not want to go anymore because he did not want to meet Karswell again. He was equally unhappy to be alone in his own house, so he went to the hospital to visit his two sick servants, who were feeling better. Then he went to his club, where he was pleased to see his friend, the secretary of the science club. When the secretary heard that Dunning's servants were in the hospital, he invited Dunning to stay with him, and Dunning accepted happily. He did not want to spend another night alone in his own house. That evening, Dunning enjoyed his dinner with the secretary and his wife, although they thought he looked miserable.

After dinner, Dunning spoke to the secretary. "I think that alchemist knows that I rejected his paper," he said.

"What makes you think that?" asked the secretary. Dunning told him about the man in the museum, and the secretary had to agree.

"I really would prefer not to meet him," said Dunning. "There is no reason to speak to him, and he seems to be a bad-tempered man." He looked so miserable that the secretary asked him what

was wrong. Dunning seemed relieved and told the secretary about the mysterious signs about Harrington and the strange things that had happened in his house the previous night.

“Do you know John Harrington?” he asked the secretary.

The secretary was surprised and worried when he heard Dunning talk about Harrington. He remembered the story about Harrington’s death that his friend had told him a few days ago, but he decided not to tell Dunning the story in case it made him more miserable and afraid.

“I knew Harrington at Cambridge,” he said, “but he died suddenly about ten years ago. I heard that he has a brother called Henry. Perhaps you would like to meet him.”

Dunning was not sure at first, but finally agreed, thinking that Henry might be able to help him understand the strange sign in the tram and the man handing out leaflets.

A few days later, the two men met, and Dunning told Henry Harrington about the strange sign and the other things that had happened to him since he saw it. Harrington was surprised to hear this unusual story and told Dunning about his brother’s death.

“My brother behaved quite strangely in the weeks before his death,” he said. “He believed that he was being followed, which made him very worried and unhappy.”

“That’s exactly how I feel,” replied Dunning. “I believe that a few months before your brother died he wrote a bad review of a book about alchemy. I recently rejected a paper written by the same man, and I think that he is angry with me and perhaps wishes to do me harm. His name is Karswell.”

“It’s the same man,” answered Harrington, “and I would like to tell you a story about my brother that might interest you. My brother was very fond of music and often went to concerts.

Three months before he died, he was at a concert when he dropped his program and began to look for it under his seat. He told me later that a large, bad-tempered looking man sitting behind him offered him his program, saying that he no longer wanted it. My brother accepted it and showed it to me when he got home. I think that the large man was Karswell.”

“Oh dear!” said Dunning, as he remembered the incident in the British Museum, when Karswell had given him a folder of papers that he had dropped.

“While we were looking at the program,” continued Harrington, “a thin piece of paper fell out of it, with some odd writing on it. The letters had been carefully written in black and red and looked like runic letters, like the very old writing from Iceland that you sometimes see in old manuscripts. It looked important, and my brother thought that he should give it back to the large gentleman who gave him the program. However, we didn’t know how to find him, so John decided to keep it and look out for the man at the next concert.”

“Did he give it back?” asked Dunning.

“He couldn’t,” replied Harrington. “It was a cold night, and we were sitting by the fire. As we were talking about the odd writing, a warm gust of air blew the piece of paper into the fire, and it burned up. I remarked that he wouldn’t be able to give it back now, and he told me to stop telling him that. I had only said it once, but he was sure I had said it four times. I remember it very clearly because John did not often make mistakes like that, and it seemed very strange.

“After my brother died, I read some parts of Karswell’s book. It was badly written, but there was a very interesting chapter called ‘Casting the Runes.’ When I read it, I felt that if my brother had given the paper with runic letters on it back to Karswell, he

might still be alive today.”

Dunning told him about the incident with the folder in the British Museum.

“Have you looked inside that folder since he gave it to you?” asked Harrington.

“No, I haven’t,” replied Dunning.

The two men hurried back to Dunning’s house, and Dunning found the folder. When he opened it, a thin piece of paper fell out of it and was almost blown out of the window by a warm gust of air, but Harrington closed the window just in time and caught the piece of paper. It had carefully written red and black runic letters on it. The two men looked at the strange writing together, but neither of them could read it.

“It looks just like the piece of paper that was given to my brother,” said Harrington, who looked very worried. “You will have to look out, Dunning, because it could mean something very serious for you.”

Review Questions

1. Why did Dunning agree to meet Harrington’s brother Henry?
2. How did Karswell give John Harrington the piece of paper with runic writing on it?
3. What did Dunning find in his folder?

Casting the Runes

Preview Questions

1. Do you know any magic spells?
2. Are you patient when you are waiting for a train or bus? What do you do while you are waiting?
3. Will Dunning be able to give the runes back to Karswell? How?

Dunning and Harrington examined the piece of paper with runic writing on it very carefully. They tried hard to read the writing but failed, and they did not dare to copy it in case that would cause more problems. They read the chapter in Karswell's book that spoke about casting the runes and decided that the writing brought an evil presence with it and that the only safe thing to do was to return it to its writer. The book also told them that the only way to return it was to hand it over personally. They realized that this would be difficult because Karswell would refuse to take it if he knew that Dunning was trying to return it.

"We have to give it back fairly soon," said Harrington. "My brother died exactly three months after Karswell gave him the program with the runic writing in it. When did Karswell give you your folder in the British Museum?"

"It was April twenty-third," said Dunning, looking in his diary.

"Then we have to give it back to Karswell before July twenty-third," said Harrington.

"Did anything else happen to your brother?" asked Dunning.

“He always felt that he was being watched,” replied Harrington. “In the end, I slept in the same room with him, to make him feel safer. He often talked in his sleep, but it is probably better if I don’t tell you what he said. Then he received a letter in the mail. It was a picture of a man walking on a moonlit road. The man was being followed by a frightening demon. Under the picture, there was some poetry written about a man who does not dare to look behind him because he knows something terrible is following him.

“A week later, he received another letter. This time, it was a calendar with all the dates after September eighteenth torn out of it. That turned out to be the day that he died. The only other thing I should mention is that during the last ten days of his life he felt much better and no longer felt that he was being watched.”

When he heard this, Dunning was even more determined to give the runes back to Karswell. But how would they do it? Harrington said that he would keep watch on Karswell and tell Dunning about his movements. Dunning’s job was to keep the paper safe and be ready to give it to Karswell whenever the opportunity came. Dunning waited nervously for news from Harrington, and the days and weeks went by. Karswell stayed in his house in Lufford and gave them no opportunity to give the piece of paper to him.

At last, less than a week before the twenty-third of July, Dunning received a telegram from Harrington, who had found out that Karswell was leaving Victoria Station by train the following night and going to Dover. This would be their only opportunity to return the runes. Harrington came to London as quickly as he could, and the two men made a plan. First, Dunning changed his appearance by shaving off his beard. Harrington would get on the train with Karswell at Victoria Station and watch him.

Dunning would get on the train at Croydon, bringing the piece of paper with him.

Dunning was nervous as he waited on the platform at Croydon Station. He didn't feel that he was being watched now, but after Harrington's story about his brother this only made him more nervous. He walked up and down the platform for twenty minutes, wondering what would happen if Karswell was not on the train after all, or if he was not able to give him the runes.

At last, the train came, and he saw Harrington through the window. He got on the train and made his way to the carriage where Harrington and Karswell were sitting. He was pleased to see that Karswell did not seem to recognize him. Dunning, of course, gave no sign of recognition of Harrington, and found a seat opposite Karswell.

Karswell's coat was on the seat next to Dunning, and Dunning thought about slipping the piece of paper into it. But he remembered that he had to offer it to Karswell and that Karswell had to accept it willingly. Putting the runes secretly into his coat would not work. Karswell also had a small bag on the seat next to him, and Dunning began to think how he might secretly take it, put the runes into it, and then offer it back to Karswell. That would work, but how could he do it? He wished that he could ask Harrington's advice, but he didn't want Karswell to know that the other two men in the carriage knew each other.

Karswell stood up and went out into the corridor, and Dunning was about to take the bag when he noticed that Karswell was watching through the corridor window. Karswell came back in and sat down. As the train approached Dover, he got up again, but this time he dropped something as he went into the corridor. As soon as he had passed the window, Dunning picked up what Karswell had dropped. It was his ticket wallet, and Dunning

quickly put the piece of paper with the runes into it. Harrington stood at the window and warned Dunning that Karswell was returning.

5 When Karswell came in, Dunning handed him the ticket wallet, saying, “May I give you this, sir? I believe it is yours.”

Karswell looked at the ticket wallet and then at Dunning. Dunning was afraid that he would be recognized, but Karswell simply thanked him, took the wallet, and put it into his pocket. Dunning sat down, trying not to look nervous. What if Karswell
10 suddenly recognized him? Would he be able to give the runes back? The train stopped, and they followed Karswell toward the ticket barrier.

The ticket inspector examined Karswell’s ticket and then, as Karswell was walking away, called out to him. “Your friend did
15 not show his ticket!”

“What friend?!” snarled Karswell. “There is nobody with me!”

“Sorry, sir, I thought I saw somebody.” Karswell walked away, and the inspector stood scratching his head, puzzled.

20 Dunning and Harrington saw Karswell get on a ship that was going to France. They were very relieved to see him go. A few days later, they read that an Englishman had been killed while standing in front of an old church. A large stone had fallen from the roof of the church and hit his head, killing him instantly.
25 His name was Karswell.

Review Questions

1. Why did Dunning shave off his beard?
2. How did he give the runes back to Karswell?
3. How was Karswell killed?

Amy Foster

CHAPTER

1

The Shipwreck

Preview Questions

1. Have you read any other stories about shipwrecks? Did you like them? Why?
2. Would you prefer to live in a large city or a small village? Why?
3. Can you find Darnford on a map of England? In which county is it?

My name is Kennedy. This story isn't really about me. I'm just telling it because I happened to be there when it happened, and because I'm the village doctor, so I know more about it than most people. Our village is called Colebrook, on the shores of Eastbay. A thick stone wall stops the sea from coming into the village, and behind the village there are some fairly steep hills. If you look across the bay, you can see the village of Brenzett. You can see the trees and the church **spire poking** into the air. That's where the land seems to end because there are no hills behind Brenzett.

Sometimes a ship comes into the bay, looking for shelter from a storm at sea. The bay is deep in some places, but mostly it is just mud and shells. If you look behind the village, you'll see a couple of farms, and if you keep following the white road, you'll come to Darnford, about fourteen miles away. I used to be in the Navy, and I've traveled all over the world. Colebrook is not an exciting place, but it's a good place for a rest, and

that's what I needed. So I came here, and I stayed.

Over the first row of hills, there is a low black cottage with a small porch and a weedy rose garden. There are two apple trees in the yard with a rope tied between them. There are usually
5 clothes or sheets on the rope, drying in the sunlight and wind. This is where Amy Foster lives with her small son. Although the story is not really about her or the boy, she is certainly an important person in it. Amy is quite plain and seems very dull. She doesn't speak to people very often. Her face is often red
10 from work, and her hair is a dusty-brown color, just like her slow eyes. You would think that she has never been surprised in her life, and yet she once had enough imagination to fall in love. Her father's name was Isaac. He was the son of a rich farmer, but he married his father's cook, which made his father angry.
15 Isaac ran away and became a shepherd.

He and his wife had a large family, and as soon as Amy was old enough they found her a job as a maid for an old couple called Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Amy was very kind to them, and although they thought she was a bit stupid, they were pleased
20 to have her because she worked hard. At the time that she fell in love, she had lived with the Smiths for four years. She had never been away further than Colebrook, or perhaps Darnford.

The Smiths' house was a mile from the road, but Amy was happy to see the same fields, the same stones, the same trees
25 and hedges, and the same faces of the same men who worked at the farm. It was always the same, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. She never seemed unhappy, but she never smiled. Every Sunday, she put on her best clothes and walked to her mother's house, not far away.
30 She would help with some work in the house and kiss her little brothers and sisters and return to the farm. That was her life.

The men in this part of England are short and heavy, and they **trudge** along the roads with bowed shoulders, as if they were part of the earth. But a few years ago, you could have seen a taller man with long legs who almost bounced along the road as he walked. He was so different from everybody else that you would notice him from a great distance. He came from the sea. He was a survivor of a shipwreck.

Later, when he had learned some English and could tell me his story, I learned that he came from Central Europe, where he was a poor farm worker. He was on his way to America when the ship was wrecked. All the other people on the ship drowned. He thought he had drowned, too, and was now in the after-life. He knew nothing about the world and had never heard of England. His story was tragic. He did not know the name of his ship and did not even know that ships had names. He had never seen the sea.

He had boarded the ship in the river Elbe, in Germany, and was locked up with the other passengers in the damp darkness below the **decks**. He lay there in a box with his **bundle** and his stick by his side. He heard the noise and felt the shaking and became very sick. Before that, he had traveled for a long time on an iron track. He was very frightened of the huge crowds of people he saw, and his eyes grew tired watching the country pass by as he looked through the window. At the end of the iron track, he was put in a dark building with a lot of men who could not understand what he said. The next morning, he was taken to the river and put in what he thought was a large floating house.

The men who had brought him there left, and he never saw them again. They had told him that in America he would have three dollars every day and that clever people sometimes picked

up gold that was just lying on the ground. His father sold a cow, two ponies, and a small piece of his land to pay for him to go to America. He promised to send money back to his parents. Of course, he never arrived in America.

5 The first person to see him was the carrier from Brenzett, who saw him lying on the side of the road, asleep in the rain. He left him there. Later in the morning, some children saw him and ran frightened into the school. The teacher angrily told the “strange man” to go away, and he did. The milk-cart driver tried
10 to hit him with his whip because the strange man tried to stop his horse. Three boys saw a wet and muddy **tramp** and threw stones at him. They thought he was drunk. Mrs. Finn was walking with her baby in a pram when the man came near her, **babbling** and waving. She hit him with her umbrella and ran
15 into the nearest house. She and old Lewis, who lived there, watched him run over a field toward the Smiths’ farm.

Review Questions

1. Who was Amy Foster?
2. Where did the shipwreck survivor come from and where was he going?
3. What did the stranger’s father sell to pay for the trip to America?

At the Farm

Preview Questions

1. Why were the people of the village angry when they saw the stranger?
2. What would be the most difficult thing about suddenly living in a country where you couldn't understand anybody?
3. Have you ever been cheated out of money by not getting what was promised?

When Mr. Smith arrived home that afternoon, he found the doors locked, the dog barking, and his wife in a state of uncontrollable panic. Amy Foster told him about the dirty tramp in the barn, saying that she was sure he meant no harm. Smith walked angrily to the barn and saw the man sitting quietly on some straw. He stood up when Smith entered and suddenly began to speak rapidly and without sense. Smith thought that the man was a **lunatic**. He managed to push the man into the woodshed and lock the door. The lunatic began to howl. Mrs. Smith had gone upstairs, where she was screaming, and Amy sat at the back door crying loudly because the poor man meant no harm.

It was months later that we read in the papers about the Austrian **peasants** who had been tricked out of their money by people promising them riches in America and about the ship that had been wrecked in the storm. It had come from Hamburg and sank in our bay. A few days later, some of the passengers' bodies floated to the shore. The only **survivor** was locked in Mr. Smith's woodshed. He told me later how **bewildered** he

was that nobody wanted to listen to him, that the men were all angry, the women fierce, and the children cruel.

In his country, children did not throw stones at beggars. In the morning, Amy got up early and brought the man some white bread before anybody else was awake. Only rich men ate such bread in his country. He ate it greedily, being very hungry, and began to cry. Suddenly, he dropped the bread, took Amy's hand, and kissed it. She was not frightened but shut the door and walked slowly back to the kitchen.

The same morning, old Mr. Swaffer came to give Smith his advice and ended up taking the stranger home with him. Only then would Mrs. Smith come downstairs. Later that morning, Swaffer asked me to come inside his home. He had locked the stranger in a long, low room with white walls and a small window. In one corner was a pile of straw, on which the stranger lay under some rough blankets. I thought he looked like a bird caught in a trap.

"You've seen a lot of the world, Doctor," said Swaffer. "Do you think he might be a Hindu?"

I thought he might be Spanish or French and tried my few words of those languages on him. Miss Swaffer could speak a little German, and her friend could speak a little Italian, but nobody could understand a word the stranger said. Everybody wondered what Mr. Swaffer would do with him. He simply kept him.

Swaffer is an unusual man in Colebrook. He is at least eighty-five years old, and people say he sits up till late at night reading books. He owns a large amount of land and breeds cattle. He loves things that are unusual, and I guess that's why he kept the stranger.

Three weeks later, I saw the stranger digging Swaffer's garden. He had very long, black hair and was wearing one of Swaffer's

old shirts. He had not been to the village yet, but everything he saw made him think the people here were very rich, and he wondered why they were so cruel and angry.

He slept in a shed at night and got his food at the kitchen door. He seemed to be very religious. He always bowed whenever he saw Swaffer. He would also bow to Miss Swaffer. She was a large woman with broad shoulders whose fiancé had been killed in an accident on the night before the wedding twenty-five years ago. In memory of him, she always wore black clothes and a small steel cross on a belt around her waist.

He could not speak to anyone and could understand no-one. All the faces around him were sad, and he didn't know where he was, except that he was a long way from his home over the water. "Was this America?" he wondered. Everything was different. The earth and the water were different, and the grass was different. The trees were different, and there were no religious pictures on the roadside.

The only thing that was familiar to him was the steel cross on Miss Swaffer's belt. There were also three Norwegian pine trees in front of Swaffer's house, and he said later that he loved those trees like brothers. At night, when he could not sleep, he would think about the girl who had given him that wonderful bread. It was the first act of kindness that he had experienced in this strange place.

He did all the work that was given to him. Swaffer discovered that he could milk the cow and help with the **plowing**. He could look after the sheep and feed the **bullocks**. He began to learn some words in English.

One day, he saved Swaffer's little granddaughter from death. Swaffer's younger daughter was married to Willcox, the **solicitor** in Colebrook, and she came to visit her father with her husband and three-year-old daughter. The little girl ran out of the house

and fell into a muddy shallow pond where the horses drank. Nobody in the house had seen her go out or fall into the pond. The stranger saw it happen as he was plowing in the field. He ran and pulled the muddy little girl out of the pond and gave her back to her surprised mother. He walked away without a word. The child would have died if he had not seen her, and Swaffer knew it. Nor did he ever forget it. From that day, the laborer ate his meals in the kitchen with the other servants, and Swaffer began to pay him wages. He cut his hair short and began to visit the village.

Children no longer shouted at him or threw stones at him. However, he remained a foreigner. There was nothing he could do about it. People got used to seeing him in the village, but they never got used to him as a person because there were so many little things that made him different—the way he walked, the way he wore his hat and coat, and the way he sang sad tunes while he worked. He seemed full of kindness that nobody wanted. And, he spoke too quickly.

One night, someone took him to the hotel, and he drank some beer. Then he danced on the table, banging his heels together and spinning around as he sang a love song. The hotelier gave him a black eye and threw him out. He was a tough man, and brave, too. He could see the sea from the top of the hill behind the farm, and it was the only thing that made him afraid. He did not want to go to America now, and he did not want to go home. How could he go home with nothing when his father had sold a cow, two horses, and some land to send him away?

Review Questions

1. What did Mr. Smith do with the stranger?
2. How did the stranger save Mr. Swaffer's granddaughter?
3. Why did the hotelier throw the stranger out of the hotel?

The Marriage

Preview Questions

1. Is it better for your marriage partner to be similar to you or very different from you?
2. Have you ever insisted on doing something when everybody else thought it was a bad idea?
3. Do you think this story will have a happy or a sad ending? Why do you think that?

His name was Yanko, which he explained meant little John, and he always said that he lived in the mountains, which he called Goorall. So his name became Yanko Goorall, and you can see it written in the marriage **register** at the church, where it was written by the **rector**.

Yanko could not write his name and marked the register with a cross. His courtship of Amy Foster began when he went to Darnford and bought her a green ribbon, because that is what you do in his country. Amy didn't know what to do with it, but that didn't matter; he had given her the ribbon and therefore his intentions were clear. When at last he declared that he wanted to marry her, I discovered how much people in the village didn't like him. Every old woman wanted to stop it.

Smith visited him and told him to stay away. "I'll break your head if you come near the farm again!" he said, but Yanko rolled his big black eyes at him and wouldn't take any notice. Smith warned Amy that she was making a mistake to marry somebody who was really a lunatic, but Amy took no notice either. Mrs. Smith said she was shameless, but she didn't listen

to the old woman, either. She did what she wanted to do and ignored what people said, as if she were deaf. She answered nobody and said nothing. Her mother complained about it, and her father pretended he didn't know about it. Amy would put on her best clothes and walk along the road with her man.

One day, Yanko was tending the sheep when he saw Amy's father. He took off his hat and asked for permission to marry Amy.

"I suppose the girl is stupid enough to marry you," replied Foster. Amy used to give all her wages to her mother, and I suppose they did not want to lose the income, but Foster also really didn't like the idea of the marriage.

"He's very good with sheep, but he's not fit to marry. He's too foreign. Who knows what he will do?" He tried to change his daughter's mind, but she didn't even answer him.

Yanko regarded old Swaffer as his father and asked his permission, too. Swaffer listened, and his daughter said, "He won't get any other girl to marry him!" Swaffer nodded to Yanko, and a few days later he gave the stranger who had saved his granddaughter a house and an acre of land. After that, nothing could stop them from getting married. They married and lived in the house and seemed happy.

In time, they had a son. To celebrate, he went to the hotel and danced on the table, and the hotelier threw him out again. People felt sorry for Amy and wondered how she could live with such a strange man, but she didn't care. He said now that he had a son and he would teach him his language and his music and dances, but after a while, he began to walk slowly and heavily, like the men who were born here. He looked unhappy, and one day he told me that women were strange. Amy wouldn't let him sing his sad songs to his son, and she wouldn't let him

pray aloud before going to bed or teach the boy his own strange language.

“She is strange, but she has a good heart,” he said.

The next time I saw him, he was ill. He was tough, but it was winter, and he was **depressed**. He had a fever and **muttered** to himself. Amy sat on the other side of the room and stared at him with her blank brown eyes. I told her that he should be in bed upstairs, but she replied that she couldn’t be there with him.

“He keeps saying something, and I don’t know what it is.” I saw that she was afraid. “He wanted me to give him the baby, but I can’t understand what he says to it.”

I told her that she should keep him warm and look after him, and I then went to my next patient. “I hope he won’t talk,” I heard her say.

During the night, the fever got worse, and as she watched him she became more and more afraid for herself and her son. Suddenly, he sat up and asked for a drink of water. She did not understand. Perhaps he thought he was asking in English. He looked at her sitting still, not moving, and began to shout. “Water! Give me some water!”

She became scared, and she jumped to her feet and picked up the child. For a moment, she stood still, and he spoke to her again. She didn’t answer, and he became angry. He jumped up and tried to move around the table toward her, but she was so frightened now that she opened the door and ran out, carrying the child with her. He tried to follow her but fell into a muddy **puddle**.

I found him there the next morning. He was still alive, and I got him back into the house. I called out for Amy, but the house was as empty as a desert.

“Gone,” he clearly said. “I had only asked for water—only

for a little water” Slowly, he told me what had happened. Again he looked like a wild animal in a trap. “Why?” He cried in protest to heaven.

The wind blew against the door, and rain fell against the window, and he died. I went to the Fosters’ to find Amy. Her father was angry with his son-in-law for frightening his daughter. When I told him that the man was dead, he thought about it for a moment and said, “It’s probably for the best.” That’s what he said. Amy said nothing and still never speaks about him.

Later, I saw her tenderly looking over her little boy lying in his bed. He looked at me with his big black eyes. I seemed to see the eyes of his father, who was sent out mysteriously by the sea, and who had died in a disaster of loneliness and despair.

Review Questions

1. What did Yanko buy for Amy and what did it mean?
2. Why did Old Swaffer give Yanko and Amy a house and some land?
3. Why did Amy run away?

NEW WORDS

The Storyteller

Chapter 1

conversational skills *n.* the ability to speak with ease to others

frown *v.* to look annoyed or angry

irritated *adj.* annoyed

clink *v.* to make a sound like two pieces of metal or glass hitting each other

impressed *adj.* deeply affected or surprised by something good

Chapter 2

sheltered life *n.* a simple, quiet life, with little adventure

hum *v.* to sing without opening your mouth

harness *v.* to put straps on a horse so that you can ride it

beet *n.* a deep red vegetable

luggage rack *n.* a shelf where bags and cases are stored in a railway carriage

vein *n.* a thin tube in your body through which blood flows

cord *n.* a thin rope

chatter *v.* to knock together quickly, making a clicking sound

brandy *n.* an alcoholic drink sometimes used as medicine

choke *v.* to stop breathing

Chapter 3

timid *adj.* easily frightened

passionate *adj.* having strong feelings

shrug *v.* to raise your shoulders

gasp *v.* to speak with surprise or fear

The Secret Garden

Chapter 1

scar *n.* a mark left on the skin by an old cut or other injury

moustache *n.* hair that grows between the nose and the mouth

execution *n.* the legal act of killing a criminal

streak *n.* a line

saber *n.* a long sword

scabbard *n.* a leather cover in which a sword is kept

Chapter 2

corpse *n.* a dead body

twig *n.* a small piece of wood from a tree

conservatory *n.* a building with glass walls used to grow plants; a greenhouse

Chapter 4

guillotine *n.* a device used to cut off people's heads

Crowley Castle

Chapter 1

heir *n.* a person who inherits an older family member's belongings after the relative's death

parson *n.* the minister of a church

triumph *n.* a victory

Chapter 2

tenant *n.* a person who pays money to live on another person's land

prey *n.* an animal that is hunted

substitute *n.* something or someone who takes the place of something or someone else

punch *v.* to hit with a closed hand

Chapter 4

energetic *adj.* lively

plead *v.* to ask sincerely or beg

The Bottle Imp

Chapter 1

imp *n.* a little devil

architect *n.* a person who designs houses and other buildings

Chapter 2

leprosy *n.* a terrible disfiguring disease that can be spread easily to other people

Chapter 3

condemn *v.* to give a bad punishment

rogue *n.* a person who always does bad things

have a foul mouth *v.* to say bad things

rum *n.* an alcoholic drink

Malachi's Cove

Chapter 1

fertilizer *n.* a substance that farmers put in the ground to make their plants grow better

cove *n.* a small bay

haul *v.* to pull or carry something heavy

gin *n.* an alcoholic drink

Chapter 2

splash *n.* the sound of something falling into water

Chapter 3

recede *v.* to go further away

cataract *n.* a river flowing rapidly over large rocks

lap *n.* the space at the top of your legs when you sit

Chapter 4

lantern *n.* a light that is carried by a handle, usually used outside

sob *v.* to cry

The Man Who Would Be King

Chapter 1

contract *n.* a formal agreement

get ahead *v.* to do well in life

overthrow *v.* to take power from a king or other ruler

dynasty *n.* a family line of kings

Chapter 2

ammunition *n.* bullets

shuffle *v.* to walk with your feet dragging along the ground

croak *v.* to speak with a very dry throat

mule *n.* an animal like a donkey

carve *v.* to cut into a surface in order to form a shape

Chapter 3

Freemason *n.* a member of a secret organization for men

Third Degree *n.* the highest stage of Freemasonry

Grand Master *n.* the leader of the Freemasons

apron *n.* a garment worn in front of the body to protect clothing; specially marked clothing used in Freemason ceremonies

fraud *n.* a deceitful person; a liar

ravine *n.* a deep, narrow valley

Casting the Runes

Chapter 1

alchemy *n.* a kind of science that deals with magical powers

Chapter 2

journal *n.* a serious magazine

leaflet *n.* a small sheet of paper with something printed on it

manuscript *n.* the original text of an author's work

Chapter 3

incident *n.* an individual event or occurrence

runic *adj.* of a very old kind of writing from Scandinavia

gust *n.* a strong, sudden short blast of wind

Chapter 4

corridor *n.* a long, narrow hallway

Amy Foster

Chapter 1

spire *n.* a tall, narrow tower with a sharp point on top

poke *v.* to stick out

hedge *n.* a fence made of bushes or trees

trudge *v.* to walk slowly and heavily

deck *n.* the top part of a ship that you can walk on

bundle *n.* a group of things bound together

tramp *n.* a homeless person

babble *v.* to speak nonsense

Chapter 2

lunatic *n.* a madman; an insane person

peasant *n.* a poor worker on a farm

survivor *n.* a person who stays alive

bewildered *adj.* very puzzled

plowing *n.* tilling the land with a plow

bullock *n.* a young bull

solicitor *n.* a kind of lawyer

Chapter 3

register *n.* a book where important events are recorded

rector *n.* the minister of a church; a priest

acre *n.* an area of land, measuring about 4,000 square meters

depressed *adj.* gloomy and sad for a long time

mutter *v.* to talk softly so that nobody can understand you

puddle *n.* a small pool of water on the ground



The Secret Garden

Cast

Lord Galloway	Lady Galloway
Dr. Simon	Duchess's daughter 1
Valentin	Duchess's daughter 2
Father Brown	Commandant O'Brien
Ivan	Lady Margaret
Duchess of Mont St. Michel	

There is a dead body lying on the grass. Commandant O'Brien walks across the stage but does not see the body.

As he is walking, Lord Galloway enters and sees him. O'Brien walks off the stage, and Lord Galloway tries to follow him but trips over the dead body.

Lord Galloway: (*running off the stage in the same direction that O'Brien went, and shouting*) There's a corpse in the garden! There's a corpse in the garden!

Lord Galloway reappears with Dr. Simon, walking toward the body.

Lord Galloway: (*pointing to the body*) It's over there. It's a corpse! I can't believe it!

Dr. Simon: If it really is a corpse, we had better tell Valentin about it immediately. It's fortunate that he is at home tonight.

Valentin: *(rushing in after Dr. Simon and Lord Galloway)*
What is it? What's the matter? What is all the shouting about?

Lord Galloway: It's a dead body, I tell you, in your own garden!

Valentin: How strange, gentlemen, that I go all over the world to solve crimes and now I find one in my own backyard. Where did you see the body, Lord Galloway?

Lord Galloway: *(leading the others to the dead body)* Over here!

The three men stand by the body and look at it.

Dr. Simon: He's bald, and nobody in our party is bald, so at least we know he is not one of us.

Valentin: Examine him, Doctor, for he may not be dead.

Dr. Simon kneels by the body and touches it.

Dr. Simon: The body is still warm, but he is definitely dead. Look at this! Whoever cut his throat cut right through the neck as well! His head has been cut off!

Lord Galloway: What? You can't be serious! How could . . .

Valentin: It must have been a very strong man!

Valentin goes down on his hands and knees and looks carefully all around the body in the grass. Dr. Simon helps him.

Valentin: *(holding up some small twigs and then throwing them away)* Twigs, and a total stranger with his head cut off. That is all there is on this lawn.

Father Brown walks onto the stage, as far away as possible from the others. Lord Galloway sees him and points to him. Dr. Simon and Valentin stand up and look to where Lord Galloway is pointing.

Lord Galloway: (*sounding afraid*) Who is that?

Father Brown: (*walking toward them*) I say, there are no gates in the garden wall, you know.

Valentin: That's right. So before we find out how he was killed, we may have to find out how he got here in the first place. Let's get to work. Dr. Simon, you go to the front door and tell Ivan to come here. Tell him to ask another servant to stay at the door to make sure that nobody leaves the house. Lord Galloway, you go and tell the ladies what has happened. Father Brown and I will stay with the body.

Dr. Simon and Lord Galloway leave the stage, while Valentin and Father Brown stand near the body and look at it. A few moments later, Ivan rushes in.

Ivan: (*looking at the body*) Why, it's—no, it can't be! Do you know this man, sir?

Valentin: No, I don't, but we had better carry him into the house.

Valentin, Ivan, and Father Brown pick up the dead body and carry it to one side of the stage. Valentin sits in a chair as all the other guests come in. They include Lady Margaret, Dr. Simon, Lord Galloway, Lady Galloway, the Duchess of Mont St. Michel and her two daughters, Father Brown, and Ivan.

Valentin: Is everybody here?

Duchess: Yes, I think so.

Lady Galloway: I don't see Mr. Brayne. I think he is not here.

Daughter 1: And what about the handsome young man from Ireland? (*giggles*)

Daughter 2: Oh yes, I think his name is Commandant O'Brien. (*giggles*)

Lord Galloway: Yes, O'Brien. I'd almost forgotten him. I saw him walking in the garden just before I found the corpse. I think that could be important.

Everybody looks at him.

Valentin: Ivan, go and get Commandant O'Brien. I saw him walking in the conservatory. Then get Mr. Brayne. I think he is smoking a cigar in the dining room.

Ivan leaves.

Valentin: Dr. Simon, what kind of a weapon would you need to cut off a man's head? Could it be done with a very sharp knife?

Dr. Simon: It could not be done with a knife. You would need an ax or a large sword.

Valentin: Could it be done with a saber?

Dr. Simon: Yes, I suppose it could.

Ivan and Commandant O'Brien enter.

O'Brien: (*angrily*) Why am I wanted?

Valentin: Why are you not wearing your saber?

O'Brien: It was getting in the way, so I took it off and put it on the library table.

Valentin: Ivan, go and get the saber from the library table.

Ivan leaves.

Valentin: Now, Commandant O'Brien, would you like to tell us what you were doing in the garden?

Commandant O'Brien does not answer but looks at Lady Margaret.

Valentin: Commandant O'Brien, I asked you a question. What were you doing in the garden?

O'Brien: (*still looking at Lady Margaret*) I was looking at the moon!

Ivan returns, carrying an empty scabbard, which he gives to Valentin.

Ivan: That's all I could find, sir!

Everybody looks at Ivan in astonishment. Nobody speaks for a few moments.

Valentin: (*giving the scabbard back to Ivan*) Put it on the table, Ivan.

Ivan puts the scabbard on a table.

Lady Margaret: I can tell you why Commandant O'Brien was in the garden. He will not tell you himself, since he was asking me to marry him and I refused. However, I will swear that he never did anything like this.

Lord Galloway: (*whispering very loudly*) Why are you protecting him? Where is his sword?

Lady Margaret: You old fool! This man is innocent, and if he isn't innocent he was in the garden with me, so I must have seen him or at least known what he did. If you accuse him, you are accusing your own daughter!

Father Brown: Was it a long cigar?

Everybody turns to look at him.

Father Brown: I mean the cigar that Mr. Brayne is smoking. He has been gone so long that his cigar must have been as long as a walking stick.

Valentin: Ivan, go and see where Mr. Brayne is and ask him to come here.

Ivan leaves.

Valentin: Lady Margaret, isn't it true that Commandant O'Brien stayed in the garden after you left him? Don't you think it is possible that he could have committed the murder then?

Ivan returns.

Ivan: I'm sorry to tell you, sir, that Mr. Brayne has left the house.

Valentin: (*standing up*) Left?

Ivan: Yes, sir. He is gone and so are his coat and hat. I ran out to see if I could find him, but all I could find was this!

He brings the saber, covered in blood, into the room. The two daughters say “Ooooooh!” and faint.

Ivan: I found it in the bushes just fifty yards up the road to Paris, where Mr. Brayne must have thrown it away.

He gives the saber to Valentin, who puts it into its scabbard and hands it to Commandant O’Brien.

Valentin: You are free to leave the room, ladies and gentlemen, but please remain in the house until tomorrow. I must make a report.

Everybody leaves the room except O’Brien and Dr. Simon.

O’Brien: I suppose Brayne must have hated somebody, so he lured him into the garden and killed him. Then he ran away and threw the saber into the bushes.

Dr. Simon: I’m not so sure. There are still many questions. I am sure that Brayne did it, but how did he get the man into the garden without being seen, and why did he kill him with a saber when he could have killed him with a knife? And why didn’t the victim shout or make some noise? And how did Brayne get out without being seen? I also discovered, when I examined the head, that many of the cuts on the dead body were made after the head was cut off. Why would anybody do that?

Father Brown enters the room.

Father Brown: I have come to tell you the news. There has been another murder!

COMPASS CLASSIC READERS Series

LEVEL 1

- **The Emperor's New Clothes** by Hans Christian Andersen
- **Black Beauty** by Anna Sewell
- **Grimm's Fairy Tales** by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm
- **Favorite Asian Folk Tales** by Various Authors
- **The Wind in the Willows** by Kenneth Grahame
- **Doctor Dolittle** by Hugh Lofting
- **Just So Stories** by Rudyard Kipling
- **The Jungle Book** by Rudyard Kipling
- **Aesop's Fables** by Aesop
- **The Happy Prince** by Oscar Wilde

LEVEL 2

- **The Arabian Nights** by Various Authors
- **Robin Hood** by Howard Pyle
- **Alice in Wonderland** by Lewis Carroll
- **The Wizard of Oz** by L. Frank Baum
- **The Railway Children** by Edith Nesbit
- **The Secret Garden** by Frances Hodgson Burnett
- **White Fang** by Jack London
- **The Adventures of Tom Sawyer** by Mark Twain
- **Peter Pan** by J.M. Barrie
- **Anne of Green Gables** by Lucy Maud Montgomery

LEVEL 3

- **The Merchant of Venice** by William Shakespeare
- **Treasure Island** by Robert Louis Stevenson
- **King Solomon's Mines** by Henry Rider Haggard
- **The Time Machine** by H.G. Wells
- **Robinson Crusoe** by Daniel Defoe
- **Romeo and Juliet** by William Shakespeare
- **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde** by Robert Louis Stevenson
- **Frankenstein** by Mary Shelley
- **A Christmas Carol** by Charles Dickens
- **20,000 Leagues Under the Sea** by Jules Verne

LEVEL 4

- **David Copperfield** by Charles Dickens
- **The Thirty-Nine Steps** by John Buchan
- **Oliver Twist** by Charles Dickens
- **Little Women** by Louisa May Alcott
- **Sherlock Holmes** by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
- **Tales of Mystery & Imagination** by Edgar Allan Poe
- **Around the World in Eighty Days** by Jules Verne
- **The Moonstone** by Wilkie Collins
- **The Prisoner of Zenda** by Anthony Hope
- **Sense and Sensibility** by Jane Austen

LEVEL 5

- **The Invisible Man** by H.G. Wells
- **Shakespeare's Tragedies** by William Shakespeare
- **Shakespeare's Comedies** by William Shakespeare
- **A Tale of Two Cities** by Charles Dickens
- **Vanity Fair** by William Makepeace Thackeray
- **Pride and Prejudice** by Jane Austen
- **Moby Dick** by Herman Melville
- **The Importance of Being Earnest** by Oscar Wilde
- **More Tales of Mystery and Imagination** by Edgar Allan Poe
- **The Hound of the Baskervilles** by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

LEVEL 6

- **Wuthering Heights** by Emily Brontë
- **Great Expectations** by Charles Dickens
- **Nicholas Nickleby** by Charles Dickens
- **The Three Musketeers** by Alexandre Dumas, père
- **The Phantom of the Opera** by Gaston Leroux
- **Jane Eyre** by Charlotte Brontë
- **Tess of the d'Urbervilles** by Thomas Hardy
- **Classic American Short Stories** by Various Authors
- **Classic British Short Stories** by Various Authors
- **The War of the Worlds** by H.G. Wells

LEVEL 6

Classic British Short Stories



© 2009 Compass Publishing All rights reserved.

Track	Story	Chapter	Track	Story	Chapter	Track	Story	Chapter
1	1	1	11	3	4	21	6	3
2		2	12	4	1	22		4
3		3	13		2	23	7	1
4	2	1	14	5	3	24		2
5		2	15		1	25		3
6		3	16		2	26		4
7		4	17		3	27	8	1
8	3	1	18	6	4	28		2
9		2	19		1	29		3
10		3	20		2	30		Playlet

Classic British Short Stories

Compass Publishing brings this adapted British anthology of eight celebrated stories to its line of *Compass Classic Readers*. English language learners of all ages will enjoy developing their vocabulary and reading fluency as they read the murder mystery of GK Chesterton's *The Secret Garden*, the magical being that lives in the story of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Bottle Imp*, and the mysterious man who comes from the sea in Joseph Conrad's *Amy Foster*. Five more stories are included. Students and teachers alike will enjoy reading these classic British short stories.

Compass Classic Readers provide beginning and intermediate English language learners accessible adaptations of the greatest works of literature. Carefully designed to retell the stories using vocabulary and sentence structure appropriate for one of six different grade levels, each reader includes:

- discussion questions before and after each chapter
- a glossary of key vocabulary words
- a short playlet for classroom performance
- an MP3 CD

Other key features of the *Compass Classic Readers* series:

- a companion workbook for each title
- online teachers' tips

Series Editor: Ken Methold

Levels	1	2	3	4	5	6
Family Words per Reader *	550	750	950	1150	1350	1550
Family Words per Level *	1500	2000	2500	3000	3500	4000

* Average number of family words.