

# ENGLISH



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VII

# АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

## КНИГА ДЛЯ ЧТЕНИЯ

### VII класс

**Пособие для учащихся общеобразовательных  
учреждений и школ с углублённым  
изучением английского языка**

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Книга для чтения является частью учебно-методического комплекта по английскому языку для VII класса общеобразовательных учреждений и школ с углублённым изучением английского языка.

Книга состоит из двух частей. Первая часть — повесть известной английской писательницы Инид Блайтон «Великолепная пятёрка на острове сокровищ». Вторая часть предназначена для чтения на отдыхе, во время каникул или в свободное время дома. В неё вошли тексты об интересных людях и фактах.

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## Preface

### Dear Reader,

This is an exciting story of four children and Tim, the dog, their adventures on Kirrin Island, with its ruined castle, treasure and mystery.

The author of the book, Enid Mary Blyton, was born in London in 1897. She began writing poetry in her early teens. She was trained as a kindergarten teacher, later became a journalist specialising in educational and children's publications. Maybe it was this personal and professional experience that gave her such insight into children's mind. Enid Blyton wrote a total of over 600 books. That made her one of the most famous and most translated British authors. Since her death in 1968 to the present day Enid Blyton has remained one of the most popular children's writers in Britain.

Enid Blyton's magic lies in her understanding of how to grip a child's interest and her stories are ideal for children learning English, as she writes in a clear, pure style.

We hope you will enjoy reading this story.



# PART ONE

## Five on a Treasure Island



### List of Proper Names

Julian ['dʒu:liən]	Quentin ['kwentɪn]
George [dʒo:ɔʒ]	Fanny ['fæni]
Kirrin ['kɪrɪn]	Georgina [dʒo:'dʒi:nə]
Alf [ælf]	Timothy ['tɪməθi]



## Lesson 1

### Chapter I. The Strange Cousin

"Mother, have you heard about our summer holidays yet?" said Julian, at the breakfast-table. "Can we go to Polseath as usual?"

"I'm afraid not," said his mother. "They are quite full up this year."<sup>1</sup>

"Cheer up," said Daddy. "We'll find somewhere else just as good for you. What about Quentin's for example?" Quentin was his brother, the children's uncle. They had only seen him once, and had been rather frightened of him. He was a very tall, unsmiling man, a clever scientist who spent all his time studying. He lived by the sea — but that was about all that the children knew of him!

"I had to see Quentin's wife in town the other day, about a business matter — and I don't think things are going too well for them," said Daddy. "Fanny said that she would be quite glad to have one or two people to live with her for a while, to bring a little money in."<sup>2</sup> Their house is by the sea, you know, just the thing for the children. Fanny is very nice — she will look after them well."

<sup>1</sup> They are quite full up this year. — В гостиницах уже нет свободных мест.

<sup>2</sup> ... she would be quite glad to have one or two people to live with her for a while, to bring a little money in. — ... она бы не возражала сдать ненадолго комнаты одному-двум гостям, чтобы немного заработать.

"Yes — and she has a child of her own too, hasn't she?" said the children's mother. "Let me see — what's her name — something funny — yes, Georgina! How old can she be? About eleven, I think."

"Same age as me," said Dick.

The children began to feel rather excited. It would be fun to go to a place they had never been to before, and stay with an unknown cousin.

"Oh Daddy, do telephone to Aunt Fanny and ask her if we can go there!" cried Dick.

They had all finished their breakfast, and they got up to wait for Daddy to telephone. He went out into the hall, and they heard him putting the call-through.<sup>1</sup> Daddy came back in about ten minutes' time, and the children knew at once that he had fixed up everything. He smiled round at them.

"Well," he said. "Your Aunt Fanny is delighted about it. She says it will be awfully good for Georgina to have company, because she's such a lonely little girl, always going off by herself. And she will love looking after you all. Only you'll have to be careful not to disturb your Uncle Quentin. He is working very hard, and he doesn't like it when he is disturbed."

"We'll be as quiet as mice in the house," said Dick. "Honestly we will. Oh, when are we going, Daddy?"

"Next week, if Mother can manage it," said Daddy.

"Well, what about Tuesday?"

"That would suit me well,"<sup>2</sup> said Mother.

And at last Tuesday came. They started for Kirrin Bay where their uncle's family lived. It was a long journey. At 6 o'clock they arrived.

"Now, let's look out for Aunt Fanny's house. It's called Kirrin Cottage," said Mother.

They soon came to it. It stood on the low cliff overlooking the bay, and was a very old house indeed. It wasn't really a cottage, but quite a big house, built of old white stone. Roses climbed over the front of it, and the garden was gay with flowers.

<sup>1</sup> they heard him putting the call-through — они слышали, как он заказывал телефонный разговор

<sup>2</sup> That would suit me well — Это бы меня устроило







"Here's Kirrin Cottage," said Daddy, and he stopped the car in front of it. "I think it is about three hundred years old! Now — where's Quentin? Hallo, there's Fanny!"

The children's aunt came running out of the old wooden door. The children liked the look of her at once.

"Welcome to Kirrin!" she cried. "Hallo, all of you! It's lovely to see you."

There were kisses all round, and then the children went into the house. They liked it. It felt old and rather mysterious somehow, and the furniture was old and very beautiful.

"Where's Georgina?" asked Anne, looking round for her unknown cousin.

"Oh, the naughty girl! I told her to wait in the garden for you, but she's gone off somewhere," said her aunt. "I must tell you, children, you may find George a bit difficult. And at first she may not like you being here. But you mustn't take any notice of that. She'll be all right in a short time."

"Do you call her 'George'?" asked Anne, in surprise. "I thought her name was Georgina."

"So it is," said her aunt. "But George hates being a girl, and we have to call her George."

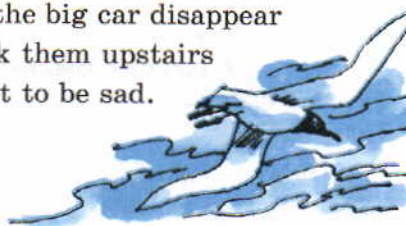
The children thought that Georgina sounded rather exciting. Their Uncle Quentin was a most extraordinary looking man, very tall, very dark, and very serious.

"Quentin is working on a very difficult book," said Aunt Fanny. "But I've given him a room all to himself on the other side of the house. So I don't expect he will be disturbed."

There was no room at Kirrin Cottage for Mother and Daddy to stay the night, so after a hurried supper they left.

Georgina still hadn't appeared. "I'm sorry we haven't seen Georgina," said Mother. "Just give her our love and tell her we hope she'll enjoy playing with Dick, Julian and Anne."

The children felt a little bit lonely as they saw the big car disappear round the corner of the road, but Aunt Fanny took them upstairs to show them their bedrooms, and they soon forgot to be sad.







The two boys were to sleep together in a room with low ceilings at the top of the house. It had a wonderful view of the bay. The boys were really delighted with it. Anne was to sleep with Georgina in a smaller room, whose windows looked over the moors at the back of the house. But one side window looked over the sea, which pleased Anne very much.

"I do wish Georgina would come,"<sup>1</sup> Anne said to her aunt. "I want to see what she's like."

"Well, she's a funny little girl," said her aunt. "She can be very rude but she's kind at heart, very loyal and absolutely truthful. Once she makes friends with you, she will always be your friend but she finds it very difficult indeed to make friends, which is a great pity."

Then she looked at the children and said:

"How tired you are! You must all go to bed straight away, and have a good long night."

And indeed they were all sleepy with their long drive.

"I wonder where Georgina is," said Anne, when she said goodnight to the boys, and went to her own room. "Isn't she strange not waiting to welcome us and not coming in to supper?"

All the three children were fast asleep before Georgina came up to bed. They didn't hear her open Anne's door. They didn't hear her get undressed and clean her teeth. They didn't hear her get into bed. They were so tired that they heard nothing at all until the sun awoke them in the morning.

When Anne awoke she couldn't at first think where she was. She lay in her little bed and looked up at the ceiling, and remembered all of a sudden where she was! "I'm at Kirrin Bay," she said to herself.

Then she looked across at the other bed. In it lay the figure of another child. When the figure stirred a little, Anne spoke, "I say, are you Georgina?"

The child in the opposite bed sat up and looked across at Anne. She had very short curly hair, almost as short as a boy's. Her face was dark brown with the sun, and her very blue eyes looked as bright as

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<sup>1</sup> I do wish Georgina would come — Мне бы так хотелось, чтобы Джорджина пришла

forget-me-nots in her face. But her mouth was rather sulky, and she had a frown like her father's.

"No," she said, "I'm not Georgina."

"Oh!" said Anne, in surprise. "Then who are you?"

"I'm George," said the girl. "I shall only answer if you call me George. I hate being a girl: I don't like doing the things that girls do. I like doing the things that boys do. I can climb better than any boy, and swim faster too. I can sail a boat as well as any fisherboy. You must call me George. Then I'll speak to you. But I shan't if you don't."

"Oh!" said Anne, thinking that her new cousin was most extraordinary. "All right! I don't care what I call you. George is a nice name, I think. Anyway, you look like a boy."

"Do I really?" said George, the frown leaving her face for a moment.

The two girls stared at one another for a moment. "Don't you simply hate being a girl?" asked George.

"No, of course not," said Anne. "You see I do like pretty dresses — and I love my dolls."

"Fancy bothering about pretty dresses," said George, in a low voice. "And dolls! Well, you are a baby, that's all I can say."

Anne felt offended. "You're not very polite," she said.

"I didn't want any of you to come anyway. Interfering with my life here," said George, jumping out of bed. "I'm quite happy on my own. Now I've got to share my room with a silly girl who likes dresses and dolls, and see two stupid boy cousins!"

Anne felt that they had made a very bad beginning. She said no more, but got dressed too. Just as they were ready the boys knocked on their door. "Aren't you ready? Is Georgina there? Cousin Georgina, come out and see us."

George opened the door and went out. She took no notice of the two stupid surprised boys at all. She went downstairs. The three children looked at one another. "She won't answer if you call her Georgina," explained Anne. "She's awfully strange, I think. She says she didn't want us to come because we'll be in her way. She laughed at me, and was rather rude."

Julian put his arm round Anne. "Cheer up!" he said. "You've got us to help you. Come on down to breakfast."







They were all hungry. The smell of bacon and eggs was very good. They ran down the stairs and said good morning to their aunt and uncle. George was there too, buttering a piece of toast. She looked and smiled not very pleasantly at the three children.

"Don't look like that, George," said her mother. "I hope you've made friends already. You must take your cousins to see the bay this morning and show them the best places to bathe."

"I'm going fishing," said George.

Her father looked up at once.

"You are not," he said. "You are going to show a few good manners for a change, and take your cousins to the bay. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," said George. It was clear she didn't like the idea.

So, after breakfast, the four children got ready to go down to the beach. An easy path led down to the bay, and they ran down happily. Even George smiled as she felt the warmth of the sun and saw the dancing waves on the blue sea.

"You go fishing if you want to," said Anne when they were down on the beach. "We won't tell tales<sup>1</sup> of you. We've got ourselves for company, and if you don't want to be with us, you needn't."

"But we'd like you, all the same, if you'd like to be with us," said Julian, generously.

George stared at him. "I'll see," she said. "I don't make friends with people just because they're my cousins. I only make friends with people if I like them."

"So do we," said Julian. "We may not like you, of course."

"Oh!" said George, as if that thought hadn't occurred to her. "Well you may not, of course. Lots of people don't like me, now I come to think of it."

Anne was staring out over the blue bay. At the entrance to it lay a curious rocky island with what looked like an old ruined castle on the top of it.

"Isn't that a funny place?" she said. "I wonder what it's called."

"It's called Kirrin Island," said George. "It's a lovely place to go to."

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<sup>1</sup> to tell tales — ябедничать

“Who does the funny island belong to?” asked Julian.

George made a most surprising answer. “It belongs to me,” she said. “At least, it will belong to me some day. It will be my very own island and my very own castle!”

**1. Say “True”, “False” or “Not mentioned in the text”.**

1. Kirrin Bay was situated by the sea.
2. Julian, Dick and Anne were the same age.
3. The children’s uncle was a very handsome man.
4. Georgina’s parents called their daughter George because they didn’t like the girl’s real name.
5. Anne thought Georgina was a strange girl and not very polite.
6. Georgina’s hair was dark.
7. Anne and her brothers loved the idea of going to the bay after breakfast.
8. George only made friends with people if she liked them.
9. Julian and Dick disliked George.
10. George’s cousins didn’t believe that Kirrin Island belonged to her.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. What made Anne and her brothers go to Kirrin Cottage?
2. Who did the cottage belong to?
3. What did the children find out about their cousin’s family?
4. Why did Dick promise his father to be as quiet as mice in Kirrin Cottage?
5. When did the family arrive at Kirrin Cottage? What did it look like?
6. What did Aunt Fanny tell the children about Georgina?
7. When did Georgina come home that day?
8. What was Georgina like? Did Anne like her new cousin?
9. Why did Georgina want everybody to call her George?
10. What was there at the entrance to the bay?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) Georgina;
- 2) Aunt Fanny;







- 3) Uncle Quentin;
- 4) Anne;
- 5) Kirrin Cottage.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) Anne and Aunt Fanny about Georgina;
- 2) Anne and Georgina in the morning;
- 3) Anne, Julian and George on the beach.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 6) and describe it.**

## **Lesson 2**

### **Chapter II. A Queer Story and a New Friend**

The three children stared at George in the greatest surprise. George stared back at them.

"What do you mean?" said Dick, at last. "Kirrin Island can't belong to you. You're just boasting."

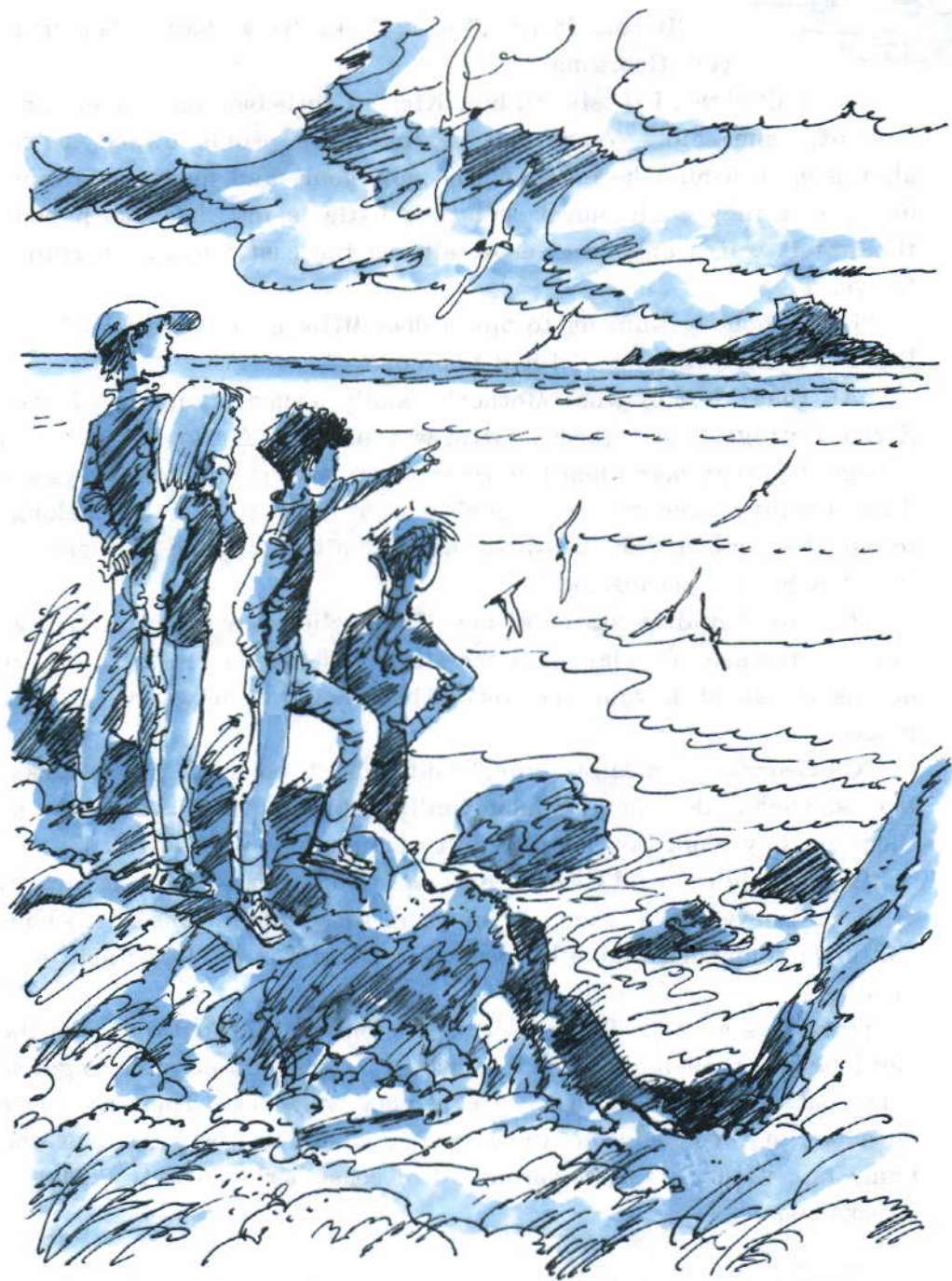
"No, I'm not," said George. "You ask Mother. If you're not going to believe what I say I won't tell you another word. But I don't tell lies. I think it's being a coward if you don't tell the truth and I'm not a coward."

Julian remembered that Aunt Fanny had said that George was absolutely truthful. He looked at George again. How could she be possibly telling the truth?

"Well, of course we'll believe you if you tell us the truth," he said. "But it does sound a bit extraordinary, you know. Really it does. Children don't usually own islands, even funny little ones like that."

"It isn't a funny little island," said George. "It's lovely. There are rabbits there, as tame as can be and the big cormorants<sup>1</sup> sit on the other side and all kinds of gulls go there. The castle is wonderful too, even if it is all in ruins."

<sup>1</sup> cormorants ['kɔ:mərənts] — бакланы







"It sounds fine," said Dick. "How does it belong to you, Georgina?"

"Well all right. I'll tell you how Kirrin Castle belongs to me. Come and sit," she said. "Years ago my mother's people owned nearly all the land around here. Then they got poor, and had to sell most of it. But they could never sell that little island, because nobody thought it worth anything, especially as the castle has been ruined for years."

"Fancy nobody wanting to buy a dear little island like that!" said Dick. "I'd buy it at once if I had the money."

"All that's left of what Mother's family owned is our own house, Kirrin Cottage, and a farm a little way off and Kirrin Island," said George. "Mother says when I'm grown up it will be mine. She says she doesn't want it now, either, so she's sort of given it to me.<sup>1</sup> It belongs to me. It's my own private island, and I don't let anyone go there unless they get my permission."

The three children stared at her. They believed every word George said, for it was quite plain that the girl was speaking the truth. Fancy having an island of your very own! They thought she was very lucky indeed.

"Oh Georgina, I mean George," said Dick. "I do think you're lucky. It looks such a nice island. I hope you'll be friends with us and take us there one day soon. You simply can't imagine how we'd love it."

"Well I might," said George, pleased at the interest she had caused. "I'll see. I never have taken anyone there yet, though some of the boys and girls round here have begged me to. But I don't like them, so I haven't."

There was a little silence as the four children looked out over the bay to where the island lay in the distance. "It's only possible to get to it by boat," said George. "The water is very, very deep. There are rocks all about too. You have to know exactly where to row a boat, or you bump into them. It's a dangerous bit of coast here. There are a lot of wrecks about."

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<sup>1</sup> she's sort of given it to me — можно сказать, что она подарила его мне

"Wrecks!" cried Julian, his eyes shining. "I say I've never seen an old wreck. Are there any to see?"

"Not now," said George. "They've all been cleared up. Except one, and that's the other side of the island. It's deep down in the water. That wreck really belongs to me too."

This time the children really could hardly believe George. But she nodded her head firmly.

"Yes," she said, "it was a ship belonging to one of my great-great-grandfathers, or someone like that. He was bringing gold — big bars of gold — back in his ship — and it got wrecked off Kirrin Island."

"Oooh — what happened to the gold?" asked Anne, her eyes round and big.

"Nobody knows," said George. "I expect it was stolen out of the ship. Divers have been down to see, of course, but they couldn't find any gold."

"This does sound exciting," said Julian. "I would like to see the wreck very much."

"Well — we may perhaps go this afternoon when the tide is right down," said George. "The water is so calm and clear today. We could see a bit of it."

"Oh, how wonderful!" said Anne. "I do so want to see a real wreck!"

The others laughed. "I say, George — what about a bathe?" said Dick.

"I must go and get Timothy first," said George. She got up.

"Who's Timothy?" said Dick.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked George. "Nobody must know at home."

"Well, go on, what's the secret?" asked Julian. "You can tell us. We're not sneaks."

"Timothy is my very greatest friend," said George. "I couldn't do without him. But Mother and Father don't like him, so I have to keep him in secret. I'll go and bring him."

She ran off up the cliff path. The others watched her go. They thought she was the strangest girl they had ever known.

The children lay back in the soft sand and waited. Soon they heard George's clear voice coming down from the cliff behind them.

"Come on, Timothy. Come on."







They sat up and looked to see what Timothy was like. They saw no fisherboy but instead a big brown dog with a long tail and a big wide mouth that really seemed to smile! He was bouncing all round George, mad with delight. She came running down to them.

"This is Timothy," she said. "Don't you think he is simply perfect?"

As a dog, Timothy was far from perfect. He was the wrong shape, his head was too big, his ears were too pricked, his tail was too long and it was quite impossible to say what kind of a dog he was supposed to be. But he was such a mad, friendly, clumsy, laughable creature that everyone of the children liked him at once.

"Oh, you darling Tim," said Anne.

"I say isn't he wonderful," said Dick, and gave Timothy a friendly smack that made the dog bounce madly all round him.

"I wish I had a dog like this,"<sup>1</sup> said Julian, who really loved dogs, and had always wanted one of his own. "Oh, George, he's fine. Aren't you proud of him?"

The little girl smiled and at once her face became sunny and pretty.

"I love him awfully," she said. "I found him out on the moors when he was just a puppy, a year ago, and I took him home. At first Mother liked him, but when he grew bigger he got terribly naughty."

"What did he do?" asked Anne.

"Well, he's an awfully chewy kind of dog,"<sup>2</sup> said George. "He chewed up everything he could — a new rug Mother had bought, her nicest hat, Father's slippers, some of his papers, and things like that. And he barked too. I liked his bark, but Father didn't. He said it nearly drove him mad. He hit Timothy and that made me angry, so I was awfully rude to him. The worst part of all was when Father said I couldn't keep Timothy any more, and Mother backed Father up and said Tim must go. I cried for days — and I never do cry, you know, because boys don't and I like to be like a boy."

"What happened then?" asked Julian.

"I went to Alf, a fisherboy I know," said George, "and I asked him if he'd keep Tim for me, if I paid him all the pocket money I get. He said he

<sup>1</sup> I wish I had a dog like this — Как бы мне хотелось иметь такую собаку

<sup>2</sup> he's an awfully chewy kind of dog — он из тех собак, что постоянно все жуют

would, and so he does. That's why I never have any money to spend, — it all has to go on Tim. He seems to eat an awful lot — don't you, Tim?"

"Woof," said Tim, and rolled over on his back, all his long legs in the air.

"How do you manage when you want any sweet or ice cream?" said Anne, who spent most of her pocket money on things of that sort.

"I don't manage," said George. "I go without, of course."

This sounded awful to the other children who loved ice creams, chocolate and sweets, and had a good many of them. They stared at George.

"Well — I suppose the other children who play on the beach share their sweets and ices with you sometimes, don't they?" asked Julian.

"I don't let them," said George. "If I can never give them any myself it's not fair to take anything from them, so I say no."

The sound of an ice-cream man's bell was heard in the distance. Julian felt in his pocket. He jumped up and ran off. In a few moments he was back again, carrying four fat chocolate ice-cream bars. He gave one to Dick, and one to Anne and then held out one to George. She looked at it longingly, but shook her head.

"Oh, thanks," she said. "You know what I just said. I haven't any money to buy them, so I can't share mine with you, and I can't take any from you."

It's not right to take from people if you can't give even a little back."

"You can take from us," said Julian, trying to put the ice into George's brown hand. "We're your cousins."

"No, thanks," said George again. "Though I do think it's nice of you."

She looked at Julian out of her blue eyes and the boy frowned as he tried to think of a way to make the obstinate little girl take the ice. Then he smiled.

"Listen," he said, "you've got something we badly want to share — in fact you've got a lot of things we'd like to share, if only you'd let us.<sup>1</sup> You share those with us, and let us share things like ices with you. See?"

"What things have I got that you want to share?" asked George, in surprise.

<sup>1</sup> if only you'd let us — если бы ты только позволила нам







"You've got a dog," said Julian. "We'd love to share him with you, he's such a darling. And you've got a lovely island. We'd be simply happy if you'd share it sometimes. And you've got a wreck. We'd like to look at it and share it too. Ices and sweets aren't so good as those things — but it would be nice to make a bargain and share with each other."

George looked at the brown eyes that gazed steadily into hers. She couldn't help liking Julian.<sup>1</sup> It wasn't her nature to share anything. She had always been an only child, a lonely, rather misunderstood little girl, and very hot-tempered. She had never had any friends of her own. Timothy looked up at Julian and saw that he was offering something nice and chocolate to George. He jumped up and licked the boy with his friendly tongue.

"There you are, you see — Tim wants to be shared," said Julian, with a laugh. "It would be nice for him to have three new friends."

"Yes — it would," said George, giving in<sup>2</sup> suddenly, and taking the chocolate bar. "Thank you, Julian. I will share with you. But promise you'll never tell anyone at home that I'm still keeping Timothy."

"Of course we'll promise," said Julian.

Then George turned and smiled at the three children.

"You're nice," she said. "I'm glad you've come after all. Let's take a boat out this afternoon and row round the island to have a look at the wreck, shall we?"

"Rather," said all three at once — and even Timothy looked as if he understood!

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. Anne and her brothers didn't believe that Kirrin Island belonged to George.
2. Kirrin Island belonged to Aunt Fanny.
3. George never told the truth.
4. Dick, Anne and Julian wanted to visit Kirrin Island in August.
5. As a dog Tim was perfect.

<sup>1</sup> She couldn't help liking Julian — *зд. Джулиан ей нравился всё больше*

<sup>2</sup> giving in — *уступая*

6. Timothy was grey.
7. George's father didn't like it when Tim barked.
8. George's cousins were afraid of her dog.
9. George's cousins were selfish children.
10. Anne decided to tell Aunt Fanny about Tim.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. The three cousins didn't believe George at first, did they?
2. Did George ever tell lies? Who told the children about that?
3. What did George tell her cousins about Kirrin Island and Kirrin Castle?
4. Why didn't George take other children to Kirrin Island? Why couldn't they go there without her?
5. What did Anne and her brothers learn about George's wreck?
6. Who was Timothy?
7. Where did George keep her dog?
8. Why couldn't she keep him at home?
9. In what way did George pay Alf for keeping her dog?
10. How did Julian make obstinate George take the ice?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) George's idea of telling lies;
- 2) Kirrin Island and Kirrin Castle as George's possessions;
- 3) George's wreck;
- 4) Timothy;
- 5) the way George and her cousins agreed to share things.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) George and her cousins on the beach — about Kirrin Island and the Castle;
- 2) George and her cousins about her wreck;
- 3) George and her cousins about Timothy;
- 4) George and her cousins about sharing things.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 13) and describe it.**





## Lesson 3

### Chapter III. An Exciting Afternoon

They all had a bathe that morning, and the boys found that George was a much better swimmer than they were. She was very strong and very fast, and she could swim under water, too, holding her breath for ages.

They were all very hungry at lunchtime. They went back up the cliff-path, hoping there would be lots to eat — and there was: cold meat and salad, plum pie and custard, and cheese.

“What are you going to do this afternoon?” asked George’s mother.

“George is going to take us out in a boat to see the wreck on the other side of the island,” said Anne. Her aunt looked most surprised.

“George is going to take you!” she said. “Why George — what’s come over you? You’ve never taken a single person before, though I’ve asked you to dozens of times!”

George said nothing, but went on eating her plum pie. She hadn’t said a word all through the meal. Her father had not appeared at the table, much to the children’s relief. He was having his meal in the study by himself. The four children finished the meal quickly and in fifteen minutes’ time they ran down to the beach. By a boat was a brown-faced fisherboy, about fourteen years old. He had Timothy with him.

“Boat’s all ready, Master<sup>1</sup> George,” he said with a grin. “And Tim’s ready, too.”

“Thanks,” said George, and told the others to get in. Timothy jumped in, too, waving his big tail. George pushed the boat off into the surf and then jumped in herself. She took the oars. She rowed splendidly, and the boat went quickly along over the blue bay. It was a wonderful afternoon, and the children loved the movement of the boat over the water.

“Tim’s funny on a wild day,”<sup>2</sup> said George, pulling hard. “He barks madly at the big waves, and gets so angry if they splash him. He’s an awfully good swimmer.”

<sup>1</sup> Master — устаревшая форма обращения к мальчику (зд. используется иронично)

<sup>2</sup> Tim’s funny on a wild day — Тим странно ведёт себя в непогоду

"Isn't it nice to have a dog with us?" said Anne. "I do so like him!"

"Woof," said Timothy, in his deep voice and turned round to lick Anne's ear.

"I'm sure he knew what I said," said Anne in delight.

"Of course he did," said George. "He understands every single word."

"I say we're getting near to your island now," said Julian in excitement. "It's bigger than I thought. And isn't the castle exciting?"

They came near to the island, and the children saw that there were sharp rocks all round it. In the very middle of it, on a low hill, rose the ruined castle. It had been built of big white stones. Broken archways, ruined walls — that was all left of a once beautiful castle, proud and strong. Now the jackdaws<sup>1</sup> nested in it and the gulls<sup>2</sup> sat on the top of the stones.

"It looks awfully mysterious," said Julian. "How I'd love to land there and have a look at the castle. Wouldn't it be fun to spend a night or two here!"

George stopped rowing. Her face lighted up. "I say!" she said, in delight. "Do you know, I never thought how lovely that would be! To spend a night on my island! To be there all alone, the four of us. To get our own meals, and pretend we really lived there. Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"Yes, rather," said Dick, looking at the island. "Do you think your mother would let us?"

"I don't know," said George. "She might. You could ask her."<sup>3</sup>

"Can't we land there this afternoon?" asked Julian.

"No, not if you want to see the wreck," said George. "We've got to get back for tea today, and it will take all the time to row round to the other side of Kirrin Island and back."

"Well, I'd like to see the wreck," said Julian, torn between the island and the wreck. "Here, let me take the oars for a bit, George. You can't do all the rowing."

<sup>1</sup> jackdaws — галки

<sup>2</sup> gulls — чайки

<sup>3</sup> She might. You could ask her — Она, может быть, разрешит. Вы могли бы спросить у неё







"I can," said George. "But I'd quite enjoy<sup>1</sup> lying back in the boat for a change!" George and Julian changed places in the boat. Julian rowed well, but not so strongly as George. The boat went along smoothly. They went right round the island, and saw the castle from the other side. It looked more ruined on the side that faced the sea. George took the oars after a while, and rowed steadily out a little beyond the island. Then she stopped and looked back towards the shore.

"How do you know when you are over the wreck?" asked Julian, puzzled. "I should never know!"<sup>2</sup>

"Well, do you see that church tower on the mainland?" asked George. "And do you see the tip of that hill over there? Well, when you get them exactly in line with one another, between the two towers of the castle on the island, you are pretty well over the wreck. I found that out ages ago."

The children looked eagerly down into the sea to see if they could spy the wreck. The water was perfectly clear and smooth. There was hardly a wrinkle. Timothy looked down into it too. "Woof!" said Timothy, suddenly, and wagged his tail — and at the same moment the three children saw something deep down in the water!

"It's the wreck!" said Julian, almost falling out of the boat in his excitement. "I can see a bit of a broken mast. Look, Dick, look!"

All four children and the dog, too, gazed down into the clear water. After a little while they could make out the outlines of a dark hulk, out of which the broken mast stood.

"It's a bit on one side," said Julian. "How it must hate lying there, gradually falling to pieces. George, I wish I could dive down<sup>3</sup> and get a closer look at it."

"Well, why don't you?" said George. "You've got your swimming trunks on. I've often dived down. I'll come with you, if you like." The girl took off her jeans and jersey and Julian did the same. They both had on bathing costumes underneath. George dived deep down into the

<sup>1</sup> I'd quite enjoy — я бы с радостью

<sup>2</sup> I should never know! — Я бы ни за что не сообразил!

<sup>3</sup> I wish I could dive down — жаль, что я не могу нырнуть

water, then down Julian went. The others watched them swimming. After a time they came up and climbed into the boat. "Most exciting," Julian said. "I would love to see that wreck properly, you know, go down under the deck into the cabins and look around. And oh, suppose we could really find the boxes of gold!"

"That's impossible," said George. "I told you proper divers have already gone down and found nothing. What's the time? I say, we'll be late if we don't hurry back now!"

They did hurry back, and managed to be only about five minutes late for tea. Afterwards they went for a walk over the moor, with Timothy, and by the time the bedtime came they were all so sleepy that they could hardly keep their eyes open.

"Well, goodnight, George," said Anne, getting down into her bed. "We've had a lovely day thanks to you!"

"And I've had a lovely day, too," said George, rather gruffly. "Thanks to you. I'm glad you all came. We're going to have fun. And won't you love my castle and my little island!"

"Oh, yes," said Anne, and fell asleep to dream of wrecks and castles and islands. Oh, when would George take them to her little island?

The children's aunt arranged a picnic for them the next day, and they all went off to a little cove not far off where they could bathe. They had a wonderful day, but Julian, Dick and Anne wished to visit George's island very much. They would rather have done that than anything!"<sup>1</sup>

They went off to bathe in the sea for the fifth time that day. Soon they were all splashing about happily, and George found time to help Anne to swim. The little girl hadn't got the right stroke, and George felt really proud when she had taught her.

"Oh, thanks," said Anne, smiling happily. "I'll never be as good as you but I'd like to be as good as the boys."

As they were going home, George spoke to Julian.

"What about going to my island tomorrow?"

<sup>1</sup> They would rather have done that than anything! — Они с большим удовольствием поехали бы туда, нежели заниматься чем-то ещё!







"Golly!" said Julian, his eyes shining. "That would be marvellous. Will you really take us tomorrow? Come on, let's tell the others!"

Julian told Anne and Dick what George had said. They all felt excited. George was pleased. She had always felt quite important before when she had refused to take any of the other children to see Kirrin Island — but it felt much nicer somehow now when she had agreed to row her cousins there.

"I used to think it was much, much nicer always to do things on my own," she thought. "But it's going to be fun doing things with Julian and the others."

The children were sent to wash themselves and to get tidy before supper. They talked eagerly about the visit to the island the next day. Their aunt heard them and smiled.

"Well, I really must say I'm pleased that George is going to share something with you," she said. "Would you like to take your dinner there, and spend the day? It's hardly worth while rowing<sup>1</sup> all the way there and landing unless you are going to spend some hours there."

"Oh, Aunt Fanny! It would be marvellous to take our dinner!" cried Anne.

George looked up. "Are you coming too, Mother?" she asked.

"You don't sound at all as if you want me to," said her mother, in a hurt tone. "No — I shan't come tomorrow — but I'm sure your cousins must think you are a strange girl never to want your mother to go with you."

George said nothing. The other children said nothing too. They knew perfectly well that it wasn't that George didn't want her mother to go — it was just that she wanted Timothy with her!

"Anyway, I couldn't come," went on Aunt Fanny. "I've some gardening to do. You'll be quite safe with George. She can handle a boat like a man."

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. George was a much better swimmer than the boys.
2. Anne could swim better than George.

<sup>1</sup> It's hardly worth while rowing — Вряд ли стоит грести







3. Tim couldn't swim very well.
4. Uncle Quentin didn't join the children at the meal as he had already had lunch.
5. George wanted her mother to go to Kirrin Island with them.
6. George asked Julian to help her row to the wreck.
7. The wreck was at a distance of six miles from Kirrin Bay.
8. All the children decided to dive down to have a better look at the wreck.
9. George thought they could find boxes of gold inside the wreck.
10. George's mother was glad her daughter was taking her cousins to the island.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. What made Aunt Fanny look most surprised?
2. What was left of the castle which once used to be proud and strong?
3. What did George think about Julian's idea to spend a night on Kirrin Island?
4. Why couldn't the children land on Kirrin Island that day?
5. Who helped George to row?
6. Who could row better — George or Julian?
7. What did the children think of the wreck?
8. Why did George tell her cousins it was impossible to find boxes of gold inside the wreck?
9. What did George begin to think about sharing things with other people?
10. Why didn't George want her mother to go to Kirrin Island with them?

**3. Read out sentences from chapter III to prove that:**

- 1) Aunt Fanny was surprised when she heard of the children's plans to go to Kirrin Island;
- 2) Anne liked Tim very much;
- 3) the children didn't feel quite comfortable when their Uncle Quentin was with them;
- 4) George could swim and row very well;

- 5) it wasn't very easy to get to Kirrin Island;
- 6) the children were rather tired after their trip to the island;
- 7) George began to change her ideas of sharing things with other people;
- 8) George's mother was a little offended.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) George and Anne about Tim;
- 2) Julian and George about the island;
- 3) George and her mother about the children's visit to Kirrin Island.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 24) and describe it.**

## *Lesson 4*

### *Chapter IV. A Visit to the Island*

The three children looked eagerly at the weather the next day when they got up. The sun was shining, and everything seemed splendid.

"Isn't it a marvellous day?" said Anne to George, as they dressed. "I'm so looking forward to going to the island."

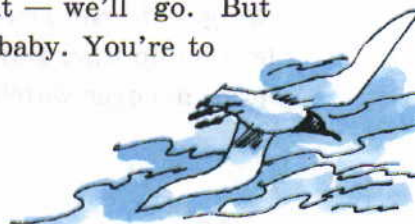
"Well, honestly, I think really we oughtn't to go," said George, unexpectedly. "I think there's going to be a storm or something."

"But, George, why do you say that?" said Anne. "Look at the sun — and there's hardly a cloud in the sky!"

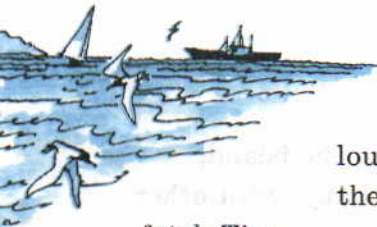
"The wind is wrong," said George. "And can't you see the little white tops to the waves out there by my island? That's always a bad sign."

"Oh George, — it will be the biggest disappointment of our lives if we don't go today," said Anne. "And besides," she added, "if we stay in about the house, afraid of a storm, we shan't be able to have dear old Tim with us."

"Yes, that's true," said George. "All right — we'll go. But mind — if a storm does come, you're not to be a baby. You're to try and enjoy it and not be frightened."







All the children felt very happy. It would be marvelous to visit the strange little island. They set off at last, the food in two bags. The first thing they did was to fetch Tim.

The children went to the beach, they got into the boat, and George pushed off. The fisherboy waved to them. "You won't be very long, will you?" he called. "There's a storm blowing up. Bad one it'll be, too."

"I know," shouted back George. "But maybe we'll get back before it begins. It's pretty far off yet."

George rowed all the way to the island. "George, where are you going to land?" asked Julian. "I simply can't imagine how you know your way in and out of these awful rocks. I'm afraid every moment we'll get into them!"

"I'm going to land at the little cove," said George. "There's only one way to it, but I know it very well. It's hidden away on the east side of the island."

They landed on the yellow sand. "We're really on the island!" said Anne. The others laughed. George pulled the boat high up on the sand.

"Why so far up?" said Julian, helping her. "The tide's almost in, isn't it? Surely it won't come as high as this."

"I told you I thought a storm was coming," said George. "If one does, the waves simply tear up this inlet and we don't want to lose our boat, do we?"

"Let's explore the island, let's explore the island!" cried Anne. They all followed her. It really was a most exciting place. Rabbits were everywhere! They ran about as the children appeared, but did not go into their holes.

"Aren't they awfully tame?" said Julian, in surprise.

"Well, nobody ever comes here but me," said George, "and I don't frighten them. Tim, Tim, if you go after the rabbits, I'll punish you."

Tim turned his big eyes on to George. He and George agreed about every single thing except rabbits. To Tim rabbits were made for one thing — to run after. He never could understand why George wouldn't let him do this. But he held himself in and walked quietly by the children, his eyes watching the running rabbits.

"There's the castle!" said Julian.

"Yes," said George. "Look! That is where the entrance used to be — through that big broken archway."

"This is the centre of the castle," she went on, as they entered through a ruined doorway into what looked like a great yard, whose stone floor was now overgrown with grass. "Here is where the people used to live. You can see where the rooms were — look, there's one almost whole there. Go through that little door and you'll see it."

They went through the doorway and found themselves in a dark, stonewalled, stone-roofed room, with a space at one end where a fireplace must have been.<sup>1</sup> Two narrow windows lighted the room. It felt very mysterious.

"What a pity it's all broken down," said Julian. "That room seems to be the only one quite whole."

"Well, I think it's a perfectly lovely place," said Anne. "Perfectly and absolutely lovely!"

"Do you really?" said George, pleased. "I'm so glad. Look! We're right on the other side of the island now, facing the sea. Do you see those rocks, with those queer big birds sitting there?"

The children looked. They saw some rocks, with great black shining birds sitting on them in strange positions.

"They are cormorants," said George. "They've caught plenty of fish for their dinner, and they're sitting there digesting it. Hallo — they're all flying away. I wonder why?"

She soon knew — for, from the Southwest there suddenly came an awful noise.

"Thunder!" said George. "That's the storm. It's coming sooner than I thought!"

The four children stared at the sky. They had all been so interested in exploring the exciting old castle that not one of them had noticed the sudden change in the weather. Another roll of thunder came. It sounded like a big dog barking in the sky. Tim heard it and barked back, sounding like a small roll of thunder himself.

<sup>1</sup> where a fireplace must have been — где, должно быть, был камин







"My goodness, we're in for it now," said George, half-alarmed. "We can't get back in time, that's certain. It's blowing up at top speed. Did ever you see such a change in the sky?"

The sky had been blue when they started. Now it was black, and the clouds seemed very low indeed. The wind blew round in such a way that Anne felt quite frightened.

"It's beginning to rain," said Julian, feeling an enormous drop fall on his hand. "We shall get wet through."

"Yes, we will in a minute," said George. "Dick and Anne, you go to the room that has a roof and walls and I think we'd better pull our boat up higher still."

She and Julian ran to the other side of the island. The two children pulled the boat up almost to the top of the low cliff and George tied it to a bush growing there.

By now it was raining hard. George and Julian ran to the others. They were in the room, looking rather cold and frightened. It was very dark there. "Could we light a fire to make things a bit more cheerful?" said Julian, looking round.

"Of course! There are lots of sticks on the ground below the tower!" cried George. "You know — where the jackdaws have their nests. They've dropped lots of sticks there."

Julian ran out into the rain and to the tower. He picked up an armful of sticks and ran back.

"Good," said George. "Anyone got any paper to start a fire — or matches?"

"I've got some matches," said Julian. "But nobody's got paper."

"Yes," said Anne, suddenly. "The sandwiches are wrapped in paper." So they undid the sandwiches, and put the paper under the sticks.

It was fun when they lighted the paper. The sticks at once caught fire, for they were very old and dry. Soon the little ruined room was lighted by dancing flames. "I've never, never heard the sea making such an awful noise," said Anne. "Never! It really sounds as if it's shouting at the top of its voice."

The children could hardly hear themselves speak! They had to shout at one another.

"Let's have our dinner!" cried Dick, who was feeling terribly hungry as usual. "We can't do anything much while this storm lasts."

"Yes, let's," said Anne, looking at the ham sandwiches.

They all felt better when they were eating the sandwiches and drinking the lemonade. The fire gave out quite a pleasant warmth.

Tim didn't seem to like the storm. He sat close by George, and growled whenever he heard the thunder. The children fed him with some sandwiches.

All the children had four biscuits each. "I think I shall give all mine to Tim," said George. "I didn't bring him any of his own biscuits, and he does seem so hungry."

"No, don't do that," said Julian. "We'll each give him a biscuit — that will be four for him — and we'll still have three left each. That will be plenty for us."

"You are really nice," said George. "Tim, don't you think they are nice?"

Tim did. He licked everyone and made them laugh.

The children had to fetch more sticks to feed the fire. When it came to Julian's turn to get more sticks, he disappeared out of the room into the storm. He stood and looked around, the rain wetting his bare head.

"I really must see what the waves are like," thought the boy. "They must be simply enormous!"

He made his way out of the castle and climbed up on to the part of the ruined wall that had once run all round the castle. He stood up there, looking out to the open sea. It was really great sight he saw. He stared at the enormous waves coming in — and then he saw something rather strange. There was something else out on the sea by the rocks besides the waves — something dark, something big, something that seemed to come out of the waves and settle down again. What could it be?

"It can't be a ship," said Julian to himself. "And yet it looks more like a ship than anything else."

Julian decided to go and tell the others. He ran back to the firelit room.







"George! Dick! There's something strange out on the rocks beyond the island!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "It looks like a ship — and yet can't possibly be. Come and see!"

The others stared at him in surprise, and jumped to their feet. George hurriedly threw some more sticks on the fire to keep it going, and then she and the others quickly followed Julian out into the rain. The storm seemed to be passing over a little now. Julian led the way to the wall on which he had climbed to watch the sea. Everyone climbed up to look out at the sea.

"Now just watch — you'll see something very strange in a minute," said Julian.

They all watched. At first they saw nothing, for the waves were so high that they hid everything a little way out. Then suddenly George saw what Julian meant.

"Gracious," she shouted, "it is a ship! Yes, it is! Is it being wrecked? It's a big ship — not a sailing-boat, or a fishing-boat!"

The sea was bringing the ship nearer to shore.

"It will be brought on to those rocks," said Julian, suddenly. "Look — there it goes!"

As he spoke there came a tremendous loud sound. "She's stuck there,"<sup>1</sup> said Julian looking at the ship that got down on the rocks. "She won't move now. The sea will soon be going down a bit, and then the ship will find herself held by those rocks."

As he spoke, a ray of pale sunshine came out in the clouds. It was gone almost at once.

"Good!" said Dick. "The sun will be out again soon. We can warm ourselves then and get dry — and maybe we can find out what that poor ship is. Oh Julian, — I do so hope there was nobody in it. I hope they've all taken to boats and got safely to land."

They all stared at the ship on the rocks. The sun shone on it and lighted it up.

<sup>1</sup> She's stuck there — Он (корабль) сел на скалы там (Названия судов *boat*, *ship*, *steamer*, *liner* часто по традиции заменяются в английском языке местоимением *she*.)







"There's something strange about it somehow," said Julian, slowly. "Something awfully strange. I've never seen a ship quite like it."

George was staring at it with a strange look in her eyes. She turned to face the three children, and they were surprised to see the bright gleam in her blue eyes. The girl looked almost too excited to speak.

"What is it?" asked Julian, catching hold of her hand.<sup>1</sup>

"Julian — oh Julian — it's my wreck!" she cried, in a high excited voice. "Don't you see what's happened? The storm has lifted the ship up from the bottom of the sea, and has put it on those rocks. It's my wreck!"

The others saw at once that she was right. It was the old wrecked ship! No wonder it looked strange. No wonder it looked so old and dark. It was the wreck, lifted high out of its sleeping-place and put on the rocks nearby.

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. Anne didn't believe George that the storm was coming.
2. The children had a bag of food with them.
3. George rowed very fast.
4. The rabbits on the island were afraid of people.
5. There were two rooms that were quite whole in the ruined castle.
6. Anne called the ruined castle a perfectly lovely place.
7. Two hours later the weather changed for the worse.
8. The children could not build up a fire.
9. The children fed Tim with sandwiches and biscuits.
10. The strange ship on the rocks was absolutely green with seaweeds.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. What was the weather like when the children got up? What made George think that it was better for all of them to stay at home?
2. Why did George pull the boat high up on the sand when they arrived at the island?

<sup>1</sup> catching hold of her hand — хватая её за руку

3. How had the weather changed since the time they arrived at Kirrin Island?

4. How did the children build up a fire?

5. What did the children and their dog have for lunch?

6. Why did George tell Tim that her cousins were really nice?

7. Who saw something strange on the rocks?

8. Why did George throw some more sticks on the fire before they left the room?

9. What in Dick's opinion happened to the crew of the ship?

10. What did the storm do with the old wreck?

**3. Speak about:**

1) the signs that showed a storm was coming;

2) the ruined castle;

3) the storm and what the children did during it;

4) the ship that had appeared near Kirrin Island.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

1) George and Anne about the coming storm;

2) George, Anne and Julian about the island and the castle;

3) the four children during the storm when they were in the ruined castle;

4) Julian, George and Dick discussing the ship.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 33) and describe it.**

## **Lesson 5**

### *Chapter V. Exploring the Wreck*

The four children were so surprised and excited that for a minute or two they didn't say a word. They just stared at the dark old wreck, imagining what they might find. Then Julian smiled.

"Isn't this wonderful?" said Julian. "Oh, George, isn't it an extraordinary thing to happen?"







Still George said nothing, but stared at the wreck, all kinds of thoughts coming through her mind. Then she turned to Julian.

"If only the wreck is still mine now it's thrown up like this," she said. "I don't know if wrecks belong to the queen or anyone, like lost treasure does.<sup>1</sup> But after all, the ship did belong to our family."

"Well, don't let's tell anyone!"<sup>2</sup> said Dick. "Don't be silly," said George. "One of the fishermen is sure to see it when his ship goes out of the bay. The news will soon be out."

"Well then, we'd better explore it ourselves before anyone else does!" said Dick, eagerly. "No one knows about it yet. Only us. Can't we explore it as soon as the waves go down a bit?"

"We can't go out to the rocks, if that's what you mean," said George. "We might get there<sup>3</sup> by boat — but we can't possibly risk it now, while the waves are so big. They won't go down today, that's certain. The wind is still too strong."

"Well, what about tomorrow morning, early?" said Julian. "Before anyone has got to know about it? I bet<sup>4</sup> if only we can get into the ship first, we can find anything there is to find!"

"Yes, I expect we could," said George. The sun was now properly out, and the children's wet clothes dried in its hot rays.

The children watched the old wreck for a little time longer and then went all round the island again. It was certainly not very large, but it really was exciting.

"I do love it," said Anne. "I really do. It's just small enough to feel like an island. Most islands are too big to feel like islands. I mean, Britain is an island, but nobody living on it could possibly know it unless they were told. Now this island really feels like an island because wherever you are you can see to the other side of it. I love it."

George felt very happy. She had often been on her island before, but always alone except for Tim. She had always said that she never,

<sup>1</sup> like lost treasure does — как клады

<sup>2</sup> don't let's tell anyone — давайте не будем никому говорить

<sup>3</sup> We might get there — Мы могли бы добраться туда

<sup>4</sup> I bet — Спорим

never would take anyone there, because it would spoil her island for her. But it hadn't been spoilt. It had made it much nicer. For the first time George began to understand that sharing pleasures doubles their joy.<sup>1</sup>

All the children felt a little tired after the excitements of the morning. They said very little as they rowed home. Everyone took turns at rowing<sup>2</sup> except Anne, who was not strong enough with the oars to row against the tide. They looked back at the island as they left it. They couldn't see the wreck because that was on the opposite side, facing the open sea.

"I'll have to take Tim to Alf," said George, jumping out of the boat. "You go home, Julian. I'll join you in a few minutes."

It wasn't long before all four were sitting down to a good tea. "Did you have an exciting day?" asked their aunt.

"Oh yes!" said Anne, eagerly. "The storm was great. It threw up ..." Julian and Dick both kicked her under the table. Anne stared at the boys angrily, with tears in her eyes.

"Now what's the matter?" asked Aunt Fanny. "Did somebody kick you, Anne? Well, really, this kicking under the table has got to stop.<sup>3</sup> Poor Anne will be covered with bruises. What did the sea throw up, dear?"

"It threw up the most enormous waves," said Anne, looking proudly at the others. She knew they had thought she was going to say that the sea had thrown up the wreck — but they were wrong! They had kicked her for nothing!

"Sorry for kicking you, Anne," said Julian.

"I'm sorry too," said Dick. "Yes, Aunt Fanny, it was a great sight on the island."

"I wasn't really afraid of the storm," said Anne. "In fact, I wasn't really as afraid of it as Ti..." Everyone knew that Anne was going to mention Tim and they all began to speak very loudly.

<sup>1</sup> sharing pleasures doubles their joy — если делишь удовольствие с кем-то, то получаешь радость в два раза больше

<sup>2</sup> Everyone took turns at rowing ... — Все гребли по очереди ...

<sup>3</sup> this kicking under the table has got to stop — это пихание ногами под столом следует прекратить







"The rabbits were so tame," said Julian. "We watched the cormorants," said Dick, and George joined in too, talking at the same time.

"The birds made such a noise, they said 'Chack, chack, chack' all the time."

"Well, really, you sound like birds yourselves, talking all at once like this!" said Aunt Fanny, with a laugh. "Now, have you all finished? Very well, then, go and wash your hands. Then you had better go and play quietly in the other room, because it's raining, and you can't go out. But don't disturb your father, George. He's very busy."

The children went to wash. "Idiot," said Julian to Anne. "Nearly gave us away twice!"

"I didn't mean what you thought I meant the first time!" began Anne angrily.

"I'd rather you gave the secret of the wreck away<sup>1</sup> than my secret about Tim," said George. "I do think you've got a careless tongue."

"Yes, I have," said Anne, sorrowfully. "I think I'd better not talk at mealtimes any more, I love Tim so much I just can't seem to help wanting to talk about him."<sup>2</sup>

They all went to play in the other room. Julian turned a table upside down rather noisily.

"We'd better do something really quiet," said George. Anne went to get one of her dolls to play with. Julian fetched a book. George took up a beautiful little boat she was making out of a piece of wood. Dick lay back on a chair and thought of the exciting wreck. The rain poured down steadily, and everyone hoped it would have stopped by the morning.<sup>3</sup>

"We'll have to be up most awfully early," said Dick. "What about going to bed in good time tonight? I'm tired with all that rowing."

So, by eight o'clock, all the children were in bed, rather to Aunt Fanny's surprise. Anne fell asleep at once. Julian and Dick were not

<sup>1</sup> I'd rather you gave the secret of the wreck away — Уж лучше бы ты выдала тайну затонувшего корабля

<sup>2</sup> I just can't seem to help wanting to talk about him — мне постоянно хочется говорить о нём

<sup>3</sup> it would have stopped by the morning — что он прекратится к утру

long — but George lay awake for some time, thinking of her island, her wreck — and, of course, her beloved dog.

"I must take Tim too," she thought, as she fell asleep. "We can't leave old Tim out of this. He will share in the adventure too!"

Julian woke first the next morning. "Dick! Wake up! We're going to see the wreck! Do wake up!" he whispered.

Dick woke and smiled at Julian. He got out of bed and ran quietly to the girls' room. He opened the door.

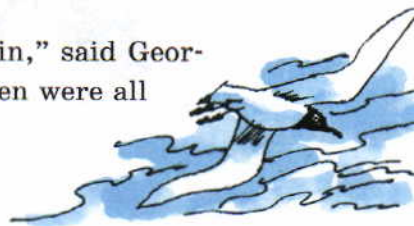
Dick shook George and then Anne. They awoke and sat up. "Get up!" whispered Dick. "We'll have to hurry."

It wasn't many minutes before they were all ready.

They went down the stairs and undid the little front door. Not a sound was made. George got her boat. Then she went to get Tim. They set off to the island. It was easy to row now, because the sea was so calm. They came to the island, and rowed around it to the other side. And there was the wreck. It lay a little to one side. The children looked at the wreck from their boat. It was big, much bigger than they had imagined. It was filled with shellfish of some kind, and brown and green seaweed hung down. It smelt strange. It had great holes in its sides. There were holes in the deck too. Altogether it looked a sad and old ship — but to the four children it was the most exciting thing in the whole world. They rowed to the rocks on which the wreck lay and tied their boat up to the wreck itself. They got on to the deck quite easily. They did it by climbing up the side. Soon all four were standing on the deck. It was slippery with seaweed. The children became rather quiet. It was mysterious somehow to look down into the dark inside of the big ship. What will they find? George switched on the torch and then went down the ladder. The light from the torch showed a very strange sight. The under-parts of the ship had low ceilings, made of thick oak. The smell was really horrid, though it was mostly of drying seaweed. It didn't seem so big inside after all.

There were places that had been cabins. The children couldn't go down because the water was too deep.

"Let's go round the other part of the ship again," said George, "to the place where the cabins are." The children were all







on the look-out for boxes in which gold could be — but there didn't seem to be one single box of any kind anywhere!

"Let's go," George said. "I don't like it much. It is exciting, I know — but it's a bit frightening too."

They turned to go. Julian flashed his torch round the little cabin for the last time, and then called to the others.

"I say! Wait a bit. There's a cupboard here in the wall. Let's see if there's anything in it."

Then George took out her big strong pocketknife and began to open the door. It was soon open and the children saw a shelf inside with a few curious things on it. There was a wooden box. And two or three things that looked like old books. There were some glasses and bottles too. On the top of the old box there were the initials — H. J. K.

"I expect those were the captain's initials," said Dick.

"No, they were the initials of my great-great-great-grandfather!" said George, her eyes shining suddenly. "I've heard all about him. His name was Henry John Kirrin. This was his ship, you know. This must be his private box in which he kept his old papers or diaries. Oh — we simply must open it!"

But it was quite impossible to do it with the tools they had there. They soon gave it up, and Julian picked up the box to carry it to the boat.

"We'll open it at home," he said, his voice sounding rather excited.

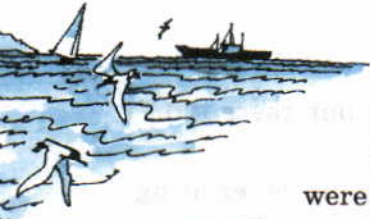
They all of them felt that they really had found something mysterious. Was there anything inside the box — and if so, what would it be? They longed to get home and open it! They had explored the wreck — and had come away with a box. They hid the box under the bed in the boys' room. Tim had been left with the fisherboy.

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. The children decided not to tell anybody about the ship.
2. They decided to explore the ship on Sunday.
3. All the children took turns at rowing on their way home from the island.
4. Anne nearly mentioned Tim when she was telling her aunt about the storm.







5. Anne had a careless tongue.
6. By nine o'clock in the evening all the children were fast asleep.
7. The next morning the children left the house with a lot of noise.
8. It took them half an hour to reach the island.
9. It was very mysterious and dark inside the wreck.
10. The children found a box full of gold in the cabin.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. Why didn't Dick want to tell anyone about the old ship?
2. What made George disagree with him?
3. What were Anne's impressions of Kirrin Island?
4. Why did the boys kick Anne during tea?
5. What made George say that Anne had a careless tongue?
6. How did the children spend the evening?
7. Why did they go to bed early?
8. Why did the children set off to the island very early the next morning?
9. What did they feel when they were inside the ship?
10. What did the children find in the cupboard?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) Anne's impressions of Kirrin Island;
- 2) Anne's careless tongue;
- 3) the quiet evening at home;
- 4) the way the children explored the wreck.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) Aunt Fanny and the children about their trip to Kirrin Island;
- 2) Julian, George and Anne about Anne's careless tongue;
- 3) the children exploring the wreck.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 40) and describe it.**

## Lesson 6

### Chapter VI. The Box from the Wreck

The first thing that the children did after breakfast was to go to the garden and to open the box. Julian tried several tools, but the box refused to open.

"I know what to do," said Anne at last. "Let's take it to the top of the house and throw it down to the ground. It will open then, I expect."

The others thought over the idea. "It might be worth trying,"<sup>1</sup> said Julian.

He carried it up to the top of the house. He went to the attic and opened the window there. Julian threw the box out of the window as violently as he could. It flew through the air and landed with a terrific noise.

At once the French window<sup>2</sup> there opened and their Uncle Quentin came out.

"Whatever are you doing?" he cried. "Surely you aren't throwing things at each other out of the window? What's this on the ground?"

The children looked at the box. It had burst open, and lay on the ground, showing a tin lining that was waterproof. Whatever was in the box would not be spoilt! It would be quite dry! Dick ran to pick it up.

"I said, what's this on the ground?" shouted his uncle and moved towards him.

"It's — it's something that belongs to us," said Dick, going red.

"Well, I shall take it away from you," said his uncle. "Give it to me. Where did you get it?"

Nobody answered. "Where did you get it?" Uncle Quentin barked, glaring at poor Anne, who was nearest.

"Out of the wreck," said the little girl frightened.

"Out of the wreck?" said her uncle, in surprise. "The old wreck that was thrown up yesterday? I heard about that. Do you mean to say you've been in it?"

"Yes," said Dick.

<sup>1</sup> It might be worth trying — Может быть, и стоит попробовать

<sup>2</sup> a French window — балконная дверь; двустворчатое окно до пола







"Well, this box may contain something important," Uncle Quentin said, and he took it from Dick's hands. "You have no right to go to that old wreck."

"Well, it's my wreck," said George. "Please, Father, let us have the box. We'd just got it opened. We thought a gold bar or something like that can be there."

"A gold bar!" said her father and laughed. "What a baby you are!"

"Oh, Father — please, please let us have our box," cried George, almost in tears. But without another word her father turned and went into the house, carrying the box.

Anne burst into tears. "Don't blame me for telling him we got it from the wreck," she cried. "Please don't."

"All right, Baby," said Julian, putting his arm round Anne. "Listen — I'm not going to stand this. We'll get that box somehow and look into it. I'm sure your father, George, will start writing his book again and forget all about the box."

"Good!" said George. "We'll all keep a watch and see if Father goes out. Then we can take the box."

But their Uncle Quentin remained in his study all the morning.

"Doesn't your father ever go out?" Dick said to George. "I don't think he leads a very healthy life."

"Scientists never do," said George, as if she knew all about them. "But I tell you what — he may go to sleep this afternoon! He sometimes does!"

Julian was left behind in the garden. He sat down under a tree and opened a book.

Soon he heard a curious noise that made him look up. He knew at once what it was!

"That's Uncle Quentin snoring!" he said in excitement. "It is!"

He came to the window and looked in. He saw his uncle lying back in a comfortable armchair, his mouth a little open, his eyes closed, fast asleep! And there's the box, just behind him, on that table. Julian got in. He took the box.

And then a bit of the broken wood of the box fell to the floor with a noise! His uncle opened his eyes. In a moment Julian was down behind his uncle's chair.







"What's that?" he heard his uncle say, Julian didn't move. Then his uncle shut his eyes. Soon there was the sound of his rhythmic snoring!

"Hurrah!" thought Julian. Quietly he stood up, came to the French window and soon he was running softly down the garden path. He ran to the beach where the others were lying in the sun. "I've got it," he cried.

They all sat up, happy to see the box in Julian's arms. They forgot all about the other people on the beach. Julian sat down on the sand and smiled and told the others what had happened.

George began to work at the box with her pocketknife and soon it was opened. Inside lay some old papers and a book of some kind with a black cover. Nothing else at all. No bar of gold. No treasure. Everyone felt a little bit disappointed.

"It's all quite dry," said Julian, surprised.

He picked up the book and opened it. "It's a diary your great-great-great-grandfather kept of the ship's voyages," he said. "I can hardly read the writing. It's so small and funny."

George picked up one of the papers. It was quite yellow with age. She put it out on the sand and looked at it. The others looked at it too, but they couldn't make out what it was at all. It seemed to be a kind of map.

"Perhaps it's a map of some place he had to go to," said Julian. But suddenly George's hands began to shake as she held the map. She looked up at the others. She opened her mouth but didn't speak.

"What's the matter?" said Julian. "What's up? Have you lost your tongue?"

George shook her head and then began to speak with a rush. "Julian! Do you know what this is? It's a map of my old castle — of Kirrin Castle — when it wasn't a ruin. And it shows the dungeons! And look — just look what's written in this corner of the dungeons!"

She put a trembling finger on one part of the map. There in old-fashioned letters was a curious word, *Ingots*.

"What does that mean? I've never heard that word before," asked Anne.

But the two boys had. "Ingots!" cried Dick. "Why — that must be the bars of gold! They were called ingots."

"Most bars of metal are called ingots," said Julian, going red with excitement. "But as we know there is gold missing from that ship, then it really looks as if ingots here meant bars of gold. Oh golly! To think they may still be hidden somewhere under Kirrin Castle. George! George! Isn't it terribly, awfully exciting?"

George nodded. She was trembling all over with excitement. "If only we could find<sup>1</sup> it," she whispered. "If only we could."

"It will be awfully difficult to find it because the castle is in ruins now. But somehow or other we'll find those ingots. What a lovely word. Ingots! Ingots! Ingots!" said Julian.

It sounded somehow more exciting than the word 'gold'. Nobody spoke about gold any more. They talked about the ingots.

Then Julian looked at the others and asked, "What are we going to do about the box? We'll have to give it back."

"Well, can't we take out the map and keep it?" said Dick. "He won't know it was there if he hasn't looked in the box. And we know he hasn't. The other things don't matter much — they are only that old diary, and a few letters."

"To be on the safe side, let's take a copy of the map," said Dick. "Then we can put the real map back and replace the box."

They all thought that a very good idea. They went back to Kirrin Cottage and made a copy of the map very carefully. It was a strange map. It was in three parts.

"This part shows the dungeons under the castle," said Julian. "And this part shows a plan of the ground floor of the castle — and this one shows the top part. My word, it was a fine place in those days! The dungeons ran all under the castle. I bet they were pretty awful places. I wonder how people got down to them."

"We'll have to study the map a bit more and see," said George. "It all looks rather strange to us at present — but once we take the map over to the castle and study it there, probably we'll be able to make

<sup>1</sup> If only we could find ... — Если бы только мы могли найти ...







out how to get down to the hidden dungeons. Ooooh! I don't expect any children ever had such an adventure as this."

Julian put their map carefully into his jeans pocket.

Then he put the real map back into the box and looked towards the house. "What about putting it back now?" he said. "Maybe your father is still asleep, George."

But he wasn't. He was awake. Luckily he came into the dining room to have tea with the family, and Julian took his chance. He found an excuse, went away from the table, and replaced the box on the table behind his uncle's chair.

When he came back they all felt O.K. They were all afraid of Uncle Quentin. Anne didn't say one word during the whole of the meal. She was so terribly afraid she would say something away, either about Tim or the box. The others spoke very little too. While they were at tea the telephone rang and Aunt Fanny went to answer it.

She soon came back. "It's for you, Quentin," she said. "There are men from a London newspaper who want to ask you questions about the wreck."

"Tell them I'll see them at six," said Uncle Quentin. The children looked at one another. They hoped that their uncle wouldn't show the box to the newspaper men. Then the secret of the hidden gold might come out.<sup>1</sup>

"It is good we have our own map," said Julian, after tea. "But I'm jolly sorry now we left the real map in the box. Someone else may guess our secret."

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. Julian opened the box quite easily.
2. There were diamonds inside the box.
3. There were some old coins in the box.
4. Uncle Quentin was glad that the children had visited the wreck.
5. There was a map of Kirrin Castle in the box.

<sup>1</sup> Then the secret of the hidden gold might come out — Тогда тайна спрятанного золота может выйти наружу

6. None of the children knew what ingots meant.
7. The children made a copy of the map very carefully.
8. Uncle Quentin was asleep when Julian wanted to put the box back.
9. Uncle Quentin said he could spend only half an hour on his talk with the men from a London newspaper.
10. Julian was sorry they had left the real map in the box.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. What was the first thing that the children did after breakfast?
2. Why did Uncle Quentin open the French window and come out?
3. What did Anne tell her uncle about the box?
4. How long did Uncle Quentin remain in his study?
5. How did Julian manage to get the box?
6. Why did the children feel disappointed when they opened the box?
7. What was there on one of the papers yellow with age?
8. What does the word *ingot* mean?
9. Why did Julian decide that ingots on the map meant bars of gold?
10. Why did the children make a copy of the map?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) the way the children tried to open the box;
- 2) the children's plan to get the box back from Uncle Quentin;
- 3) the contents of the box;
- 4) the way the children returned the box to Uncle Quentin's study.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) Uncle Quentin and the children when they were trying to open the box;
- 2) Dick, George, Anne and Julian discussing how to get the box from the study;
- 3) George, Anne, Dick and Julian discussing the contents of the box.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 45) and describe it.**





## Lesson 7

### Chapter VII. An Astonishing Offer

The next morning the papers were full of the extraordinary way in which the old wreck had been thrown up out of the sea. The newspaper men had got the tale of the wreck and the lost gold from the children's uncle and some of them even managed to land on Kirrin Island and take pictures of the old ruined castle.

George was furious. "It's my castle!" she said to her mother. "It's my island. You said it would be mine. You did, you did!"

"I know, George dear," said her mother. "But you really must be sensible. It can't hurt the island to be landed on, and it can't hurt the castle to be photographed."

"But I don't want it to be," said George, her face dark and angry. "It's mine. And the wreck is mine. You said so."

"Well, I didn't know it was going to be thrown up like that," said her mother. "Do be sensible, George. What can it possibly matter if people go to look at the wreck? You can't stop them."

George couldn't stop them, but that didn't make her less angry about it. The children were surprised at the interest that old wreck caused, and because of that, Kirrin Island became an object of great interest too. Sightseers from the places all around came to see it, and the fishermen managed to find the little harbour and land the people there. George cried and Julian tried to comfort her.

"Listen, George. No one knows our secret yet. We'll wait till this excitement has died down, and then we'll go to Kirrin Castle and find the ingots."

"If someone doesn't find them first," said George, drying her eyes. She was angry with herself for crying, but she really couldn't help it.<sup>1</sup>

"How could they?" said Julian.

Then Uncle Quentin sold the old box to a man who bought antique things. He came out from his study and told Aunt Fanny and the children, "You know that old box from the wreck? Well, this fellow

<sup>1</sup> but she really couldn't help it — *зд.* но она просто не смогла сдержать слёзы

collects different things like that, and he gave me a very good price for it. Very good indeed. More even than I could expect for the writing of my book! As soon as he saw the old map there and the old diary he said at once that he would buy the whole collection."

The children stared at him in horror. The box was sold! Now someone would study that map and perhaps jump to what 'ingots' meant. The story of the lost gold had been put into all the newspapers now. Nobody could fail to know what the map showed if they studied it carefully.

The children did not dare to tell Uncle Quentin what they knew.

When they were alone the children discussed the whole matter. It seemed very serious indeed to them.

"Now listen," said Julian, at last. "We'll ask Aunt Fanny if we can go to Kirrin Island and spend a day or two there — sleep there at night too, I mean. That will give us a little time to look round and see what we can find. The sightseers won't come after a day or two, I'm sure. Maybe we'll get in before anyone finds our secret. After all, the man who bought the box may not even guess that the map shows Kirrin Castle."

As soon as they had planned to act, they felt better.

When they went to ask Aunt Fanny, Uncle Quentin was with her. He was all smiles again. "Well," he said. "What's this deputation for?"

"We just wanted to ask Aunt Fanny something," said Julian, politely. "Aunt Fanny, as the weather is so fine, do you think you would let us go for the weekend to Kirrin Castle, please, and spend a day or two there on the island? You can't think how we would love to!"

"Well — what do you think, Quentin?" asked their aunt, turning to her husband.

"If they want to, they can," said Uncle Quentin. "My dears, we have had a wonderful offer for Kirrin Island! A man wants to buy it, rebuild the castle as a hotel, and make it into a proper holiday place! What do you think of that?"

All four children stared at the smiling man, shocked and horrified. Somebody was going to buy the island. Had their secret been discovered? Did the man want to buy the castle because he had read the map, and knew there was plenty of gold hidden there?







George looked at her parents. "Mother! You can't sell my island. You can't sell my castle! I won't let them be sold."

Her father became angry. "Don't be silly, Georgina," he said. "It isn't really yours. You know that. It belongs to your mother, and naturally she would like to sell it if she could. We need the money very badly. You will be able to have a great many nice things once we sell the island."

"I don't want nice things," cried poor George. "My castle and my island are the nicest things I could ever have. Mother! Mother! You know you said I could have them. You know you did! I believed you."

"George dear, I did mean you to have them to play on, when I thought they couldn't possibly be worth anything," said her mother. "But now things are different. Your father has been offered quite a good sum, far more than we ever thought of getting — and we really can't afford to turn it down."

"So you only gave me the island when you thought it wasn't worth anything," said George, her face white and angry. "As soon as it is worth money you take it away again. I think that's horrid. It — it isn't honourable."

"That's enough, Georgina," said her father, angrily. "You're only a child. Your mother didn't really mean what she said — it was only to please you. But you know well enough you will share in the money we get and have anything you want."

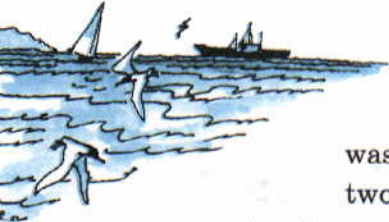
"I won't touch a penny!" said George, in a low voice. "You'll be sorry you sold it."

The girl turned and ran out of the room. The others felt very sorry for her. They knew what she was feeling. She took things so very seriously. Julian thought she didn't understand grown-ups very well. It wasn't a bit of good fighting grown-ups. They could do exactly as they liked. If they wanted to take away George's island and castle, they could. If they wanted to sell it, they could. But what Uncle Quentin didn't know was the fact that there might be a lot of gold ingots there.

"When are you selling the island, Uncle?" he asked quietly.







"The papers will be signed in about a week's time," was the answer. "So if you really want to spend a day or two there, you'd better do so quickly, for after that you may not get permission from the new owners."<sup>1</sup>

"Was it the man who bought the old box who wants to buy the island?" asked Julian.

"Yes," said his uncle. "I was a little surprised myself, for I thought he was just a buyer of old things. It surprised me that he decided to buy the island and rebuild the castle as a hotel."

"He's read that map — and has jumped to the same idea that we did," thought Julian. "He doesn't want to build a hotel. He's after the treasure. I expect he's offered Uncle Quentin some silly low price that poor old uncle thinks is great! Oh dear — this is a horrible thing to happen."

He went to find George. She was in the garden, looking quite green. She said she felt sick.

"Listen, George," said Julian. "We mustn't give up hope. We'll go to Kirrin Island tomorrow, and we'll do our very, very best to get down into the dungeons somehow and find the ingots. We'll jolly well stay there till we do. See? Now cheer up, because we'll want your help in planning everything. Thank goodness we have the map."

George cheered up a little. She still felt angry with her father and mother, but the thought of going to Kirrin Island for a day or two, and taking Timothy too, certainly seemed rather good.

"I do think my father and mother are unkind," she said.

"Well, they're not really," said Julian, wisely. "After all, if they need money badly, they would be silly not to part with something they think is quite useless. And you know, your father did say you could have anything you want. I know what I would ask for, if I were you."<sup>2</sup>

"What?" asked George.

"Timothy, of course," said Julian. And that made George smile and cheer up even more.

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<sup>1</sup> you may not get permission from the new owners — возможно, вам не удастся получить разрешение от новых владельцев

<sup>2</sup> I know what I would ask for, if I were you — Я знаю, о чем бы я попросил на твоём месте

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. George felt quite happy sharing her island with newspaper men, photographers and other people interested in the wreck.
2. Seven people took pictures of the old ruined castle.
3. Uncle Quentin sold the old box to a man who bought antique things for two hundred pounds.
4. The children were afraid that someone could find the lost gold on Kirrin Island.
5. Uncle Quentin was going to rebuild the castle as a hotel and make it into a proper holiday place.
6. George was sure her parents couldn't sell her island.
7. The offer for the island was two thousand pounds.
8. George said she wouldn't touch a penny of the money her parents could get for the island.
9. Uncle Quentin was going to sign the papers on Thursday.
10. The children guessed the man buying the island was not going to build a hotel. He was after the treasure.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. How did the newspaper men get the tale of the wreck and the lost gold?
2. Why was George angry with herself?
3. Why did George's father want to sell the island?
4. Who wanted to buy Kirrin Island? Why was George's father surprised when he understood who the buyer was?
5. What did the children think of the would-be buyer?<sup>1</sup>
6. Why did George's cousins feel sorry for her?
7. What did Julian think of fighting grown-ups?
8. Why did Uncle Quentin tell the children to spend a day or two on Kirrin Island in the near future?
9. Why was Julian sure they had to get down into the dungeons?
10. What did Julian tell George to ask her parents for when they got a lot of money for the island?

<sup>1</sup> would-be buyer — возможный покупатель







### 3. Give more details to these.

- 1) "What can it possibly matter if people go to look at the wreck?"
- 2) Nobody could fail to know what the map showed if they studied the map.
- 3) A man wants to buy Kirrin Island, rebuild the castle as a hotel, and make it into a proper holiday place.
- 4) "You only gave me the island when you thought it wasn't worth anything."
- 5) Julian thought George did not understand grown-ups very well.
- 6) "I know what I would ask for, if I were you."

### 4. Act out the talks between:

- 1) George, her mother and father about selling Kirrin Island.
- 2) Julian, his aunt and uncle about the children's idea to spend a day or two on Kirrin Island.

### 5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 53) and describe it.

## Lesson 8

### Chapter VIII. Off to Kirrin Island

Julian and George went to find Dick and Anne. They were waiting for them in the garden. They were glad to see Julian and George and ran to meet them.

Anne took George's hands. "I'm awfully sorry about your island, George," she said.

"So am I," said Dick. "Bad luck, old girl — I mean, old boy."

George smiled. "I've been behaving like a girl," she said, half-ashamed. "But I did get an awful shock."

Julian told the others what they had planned. "We'll go tomorrow morning," he said. "We'll make out a list of all the things we shall need. Let's begin now."

He took out a pencil and notebook. The others looked at him.

"Things to eat," said Dick at once. "Plenty because we'll be hungry."

"Something to drink," said George. "There's no water on the island — though I believe there was a well or something, years ago, that went right down below the level of the sea, and there was fresh water. Anyway, I've never found it."

"Food," wrote down Julian, "and drink." He looked at the others.

"Spades," he said.

Anne stared in surprise.

"What for?" she asked.

"Well, we'll want to dig about," said Julian.

"Ropes," said Dick. "We may want those too."

"And torches," said George. "It'll be dark in the dungeons."

"Oooh!" said Anne, feeling a pleasant shiver go down her back at the thought.<sup>1</sup> She had no idea what dungeons were like, but they sounded thrilling.

"Rugs," said Dick. "We'll be cold at night if we sleep in that little old room."

Julian wrote them down. "Mugs to drink from," he said. "And we'll take a few tools too — we may perhaps need them. You never know."

At the end of half an hour they had quite a nice long list, and everyone felt pleased and excited. George was beginning to recover from her rage and disappointment. Her cousins were so calm and sensible and cheerful. It was impossible to be angry for long when she was with them.

"Talking about things to other people does help a lot. They don't seem so awful then. I like my three cousins. I like them because they talk and laugh and are always cheerful and kind. I want to be like them. No wonder Father doesn't like me. Mother's a dear, but I understand now why she says I am difficult. I'm different from my cousins. They're easy to understand,<sup>2</sup> and everyone likes them. I'm glad they came. They are making me more like I ought to be."

<sup>1</sup> feeling a pleasant shiver go down her back at the thought — почувствовав, как приятный холодок пробежал у неё по спине от этой мысли

<sup>2</sup> They're easy to understand — Их легко понять







This was a long thought to think, and George looked very serious while she was thinking it. Julian looked up and caught her blue eyes fixed on him. He smiled.

"Penny for your thoughts!"<sup>1</sup> he said.

"They're not worth a penny," said George. "I was just thinking how nice you all are — and how I wished I could be like you."<sup>2</sup>

"You're an awfully nice person," said Julian. "You can't help being an only child.<sup>3</sup> They're always a bit strange, you know, unless they're very careful. You're a very interesting person, I think."

George flushed red again, and felt pleased. "Let's go and take Timothy for a walk," she said. "He'll be wondering what's happened to us today."

They all went off together, and Timothy greeted them at the top of his voice. They told him all about their plans for the next day, and he wagged his tail and looked up at them out of his soft brown eyes as if he understood every single word they said.

"He must feel pleased to think he's going to be with us for two or three days," said Anne.

It was very exciting the next morning, setting off in the boat with all their things packed at one end. Julian checked them all by reading out aloud from his list. It didn't seem as if they had forgotten anything.

"Got the map?" said Dick, suddenly.

Julian nodded. "I put on clean jeans this morning," he said, "but you may be sure I remembered to put the map into my pocket. Here it is!"

He took it out — and the wind at once blew it right out of his hands. It fell into the sea. All four children gave a cry of utter dismay. Their precious map.

"Quick! Row after it!" cried George, and swung the boat round. But someone was quicker than she was. Tim had seen the paper fly from Julian's hand, and had heard and understood the cries of dismay. With an enormous splash he jumped into the water and swam after the map.

<sup>1</sup> Penny for your thoughts! — Дам тебе пенни, если скажешь, о чём ты сейчас думаешь! (шутливое замечание, обращённое к задумавшемуся человеку)

<sup>2</sup> how I wished I could be like you — как бы мне хотелось быть похожей на вас

<sup>3</sup> You can't help being an only child — Ты же всё равно будешь единственным ребёнком в семье (ты не можешь не быть ...)







He could swim well for a dog, for he was strong and powerful. He soon had the map in his mouth and was swimming back, to the boat. The children thought he was simply marvellous.

They helped him get into the boat and took the map from his mouth. He had carried it so carefully, but it was wet, and the children looked anxiously at it. They were afraid it had been spoilt. But it was quite all right. Julian told Dick to hold it in the sun to dry.

George took the oars again, and they set off once more to the island, getting a perfect shower bath from Timothy when he stood up and shook his wet coat. He was given a big biscuit as a reward, and he ate it up with great enjoyment.

George made her way through the reefs of the rocks with a sure hand.

She was really wonderful. She brought all of them safely to the little harbour, and they jumped out on to the sand. They pulled the boat high up, in case the tide came far up the tiny cove, and then began to unload their goods.

"We'll carry all the things to that little stone room," said Julian. "They will be safe there and won't get wet if it rains. I hope nobody comes to the island while we are here, George."

"I don't think so," said George. "Father said it would be about a week before the papers were signed. The island will be ours till then. We've got a week, anyhow."

"Well, we don't need to keep a watch in case anyone else arrives then," said Julian. "Come on! You take the spades, Dick. I'll take the food and drink with George. And Anne can take the little things."

The food and drink were in a big box, for the children did not mean to starve while they were on the island. They had brought loaves of bread, butter, biscuits, jam, tins of fruit, ripe plums, bottles of lemonade, a kettle to make tea, and anything else they could think of. George and Julian went up the cliff with the heavy box. They had to put it down once or twice to give themselves a rest.

They put everything into the little room. Then they went back to get the collection of blankets and rugs from the boat. They arranged

them in the corners of the little room, and thought that it would be most exciting to spend the night there.

"The two girls can sleep together on this pile of rugs," said Julian. "And we two boys will have this pile."

George looked as if she didn't want to be put with Anne, and classed as a girl. But Anne didn't wish to sleep alone in her corner, and she looked at George in such a way that the bigger girl smiled at her and made no objection. Anne thought that George was getting nicer and nicer.

"Well, now we'll get down to business," said Julian, and he pulled out his map. "We must study this really carefully, and find out exactly under what spot the entrances to the dungeons are. Now come around and let's do our best to find out! It's up to us to use our brains and beat<sup>1</sup> that man who's bought the island."

They all bent over the map. It was quite dry now, and the children looked at it seriously. It was clear that in the old days the castle had been a very fine place.

"Now look," said Julian, putting his finger on the plan of the dungeons. "These seem to run all along under the castle — and here — and — here — are the marks that seem to be meant to represent steps or stairs."

"Yes," said George. "I think they are. Well, if so, there must be two ways of getting down into the dungeons. The first entrance to the dungeons seems to begin somewhere near this little room and the other seems to start under the tower there. And what do you suppose this thing is here, Julian?"

She put her finger on a round hole that was shown not only in the plan of the dungeons, but also in the plan of the ground floor of the castle.

"I can't imagine what that is," said Julian. "Oh yes, I know what it can be. You said there was an old well somewhere, do you remember? Well, that may be it, I think. It should have to be very deep to get fresh water right under the sea — so it probably goes down through the dungeons too. Isn't it thrilling?"

<sup>1</sup> It's up to us to use our brains and beat ... — Нам надо пошевелить мозгами и перехитрить ...







Everyone thought it was. They felt happy and excited. There was something to discover, something they could and must discover within the next day or two.

They looked at one another. "Well," said Dick, "what are we going to start on? Shall we try to find the entrance to the dungeons — the one that seems to start round about this little room? For all we know there may be a big stone that opens an entrance under one of the big stones above the dungeon steps!"

This was a wonderful thought, and the children jumped up at once. Julian took the precious map and put it into his pocket. He looked round.

"We'd better set to work," he said. "Let's clear away this grass with our spades and then examine every single stone."

They all took spades and soon the little stone room was full of loud sounds as the four of them were working with their spades. It wasn't very difficult to get the stones clean and the children worked with a will.

Tim got most excited about everything. He hadn't any idea at all what they were doing, but he wanted to help. He scraped away at the floor with his four paws, sending earth and plants flying high into the air.

"Hi, Tim," said Julian, shaking a clod of earth out of his hair. "You're being a bit too excited. My word, you'll send the stones flying into the air too, in a minute. George, isn't Tim wonderful the way he joins in everything?"

How they all worked! How they all wanted to find the entrance to the underground dungeons! What a wonderful thing that would be!

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. Julian told Dick and Anne about their plan to spend a day or two on Kirrin Island.
2. There were twenty-six items on the list of necessary things for the trip.
3. George didn't think her thoughts about her cousins were worth a penny.

4. Julian left the map in his old jeans.
5. Tim got the map out of the water in ten seconds.
6. Timothy got a big biscuit as a reward.
7. The children studied the map carefully before beginning their search.
8. The children decided to look for a well.
9. The children began clearing the grass and worked for three hours.
10. Everybody wanted to find an entrance to the underground dungeons.

## 2. Answer these questions.

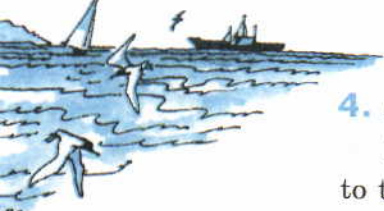
1. Where were Anne and Dick waiting for George and Julian?
2. What were some of the things the children were going to take with them to Kirrin Island?
3. When did George begin to recover from her rage and disappointment?
4. What did George think of her cousins?
5. What did Julian think of George?
6. Julian got the map from the water, didn't he?
7. What did Timothy get as a reward and why did the children think he had deserved one?
8. Who brought the children safely to the little harbour?
9. Where did the children put all the things they had brought to the island?
10. Why did Anne think that George was getting nicer and nicer?

## 3. Comment on these.

- 1) Talking about things to other people does help a lot. They don't seem so awful then.
- 2) You can't help being an only child. They're always a bit strange, unless they're very careful.
- 3) George looked as if she didn't want to be put with Anne for the night, and classed as a girl. But Anne didn't wish to sleep alone in her corner, and she looked at George in such a way that the bigger girl smiled at her and made no objection.







**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) the children discussing what to take with them to the island;
- 2) the children on the island (any episode).

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 59) and describe it.**

## **Lesson 9**

### *Chapter IX. Exciting Discoveries*

Soon the stones of the little room were clear of earth, sand and weeds. The children saw that they were all the same size — big and square, fitted well together. They went over them carefully with their torches, trying to find one that might move or lift.

“We should probably find one with an iron ring handle sunk into it,” said Julian. But they didn’t. All the stones looked exactly the same. It was most disappointing.

Julian tried inserting his spade into the cracks between the various stones, to see if by any chance he could move one. But they couldn’t be moved. It seemed as if they were all set in the solid ground. After about three hours of hard work the children sat down to eat a meal.

They were very hungry indeed, and felt glad to think there were so many things to eat. As they ate they discussed the problem they were trying to solve.

“It looks as if the entrance to the dungeons was not under this little room after all,” said Julian. “It’s disappointing — but somehow I don’t think now that the steps down to the dungeon started from here. Let’s measure the map and see if we can make out exactly where the steps do start. It may be, of course, that the measurements aren’t correct and won’t be any help to us at all. But we can try.”

So they measured as best they could, to try and find out in exactly what place the dungeon steps seemed to begin. It was impossible to tell, for the plans of the three floors seemed to be done to different

scales.<sup>1</sup> Julian stared at the map, puzzled. It seemed rather hopeless. Surely they wouldn't have to hunt all over the ground floor of the castle! It would take ages.

"Look," said George, suddenly, putting her finger on the hole that they all thought represented the well. "The entrance to the dungeons seems to be not very far off the well. If only we could find the well, we could hunt around a bit for the beginning of the dungeon steps. The well is shown in both maps. It seems to be somewhere about the middle of the castle."

"That's a good idea of yours," said Julian, pleased. "Let's go out into the middle of the castle — we can more or less guess where the old well ought to be, because it definitely seems to be about the middle of the old yard out there."

Out they all went into the sunshine. They felt very important and serious. It was marvellous to be looking for lost ingots of gold. They all felt perfectly certain that they really were somewhere beneath their feet. It didn't occur to any of the children that the treasure might not be there.<sup>2</sup>

They stood in the ruined courtyard that had once been the centre of the castle.

"Look! There's a rabbit!" cried Dick, as a big sandy rabbit ran slowly across the yard. It disappeared into a hole on the other side. Then another rabbit appeared, sat up and looked at the children, and then vanished too. The children were thrilled. They had never seen such tame rabbits before.

A third rabbit appeared. It was a small one with absurdly big ears, and the tiniest white bob of a tail. It didn't even look at the children. It bounced about in a playful way, and then, to the children's enormous delight, it sat up on its hind legs, and began to move its big ears, pulling down first one and then another.

But this was too much for Timothy. He had watched the other two run across the yard and then disappear without so much as barking at

<sup>1</sup> seemed to be done to different scales — казалось, (планы) были составлены в разном масштабе

<sup>2</sup> the treasure might not be there — возможно, сокровища там не окажется







them. But to see this youngster actually sitting there washing its ears under his very nose was really too much for any dog. He gave an excited yelp and rushed full-tilt at the surprised rabbit.

For a moment the little thing didn't move. It had never been frightened or chased before, and it stared with big eyes at the rushing dog. Then it turned itself about and tore off at top speed, its white bobtail going up and down as it ran away. It disappeared under a gorse bush<sup>1</sup> near the children. Timothy went after it, vanishing under the big bush too.

Then a shower of sand and earth was thrown up as Tim tried to go down the hole after the rabbit and scraped and scrabbled with his strong front paws as fast as he could. He yelped and whined in excitement, not seeming to hear George's voice calling to him. He meant to get that rabbit! He went almost mad as he scraped at the hole, making it bigger and bigger.

"Tim! Do you hear me! Come out of there!" shouted George. "You're not to chase the rabbits here. You know you mustn't. You're very naughty. Come out!"

But Tim didn't come out. He just went on and on scraping away madly. George went to fetch him. Just as she got up to the gorse bush the scraping suddenly stopped. There came a scared yelp — and no more noise was heard. George peered under the prickly bush in astonishment.

Tim had disappeared! He just simply wasn't there any more. There was the big rabbit-hole, made enormous by Tim — but there was no Tim.

"I say, Julian — Tim's gone," said George in a scared voice. "He surely can't have gone down that rabbit's hole, can he?<sup>2</sup> I mean — he's such a big dog!"

The children crowded round the big gorse bush. There came the sound of a muffled whine from somewhere below it. Julian looked astonished.

<sup>1</sup> a gorse bush — куст золотистого дрока

<sup>2</sup> He surely can't have gone down that rabbit's hole, can he? — Ведь не мог же он пролезть внутрь этой кроличьей норы?

"He is down the hole!" he said. "How queer! I never heard of a dog really going down a rabbit-hole before. However are we going to get him out?"

"We'll have to dig up the gorse bush, to begin with," said George, in a determined voice. She would have dug up the whole of Kirrin Castle to get Tim back,<sup>1</sup> that was certain! "I can't have poor old Tim whining for help down there and not do what we can to help him."

The bush was far too big and prickly to creep underneath. Julian was glad they had brought tools of all kinds. He went to fetch an axe. They had brought a small one with them and it would do to chop away the prickly branches and trunk of the gorse bush. The children slashed at it and soon the poor bush began to look a sorry sight.

It took a long time to destroy it, for it was prickly, sturdy and stout. Every child's hands were scratched by the time the bush had been reduced to a mere stump. Then they could see the hole quite well. Julian shone his torch down it.

He gave a shout of surprise. "I know what's happened! The old well is here! The rabbits had a hole at the side of it — and Tim scraped away to make it bigger and uncovered a bit of the well-hole — and he's fallen down the well!"

"Oh no, oh no," cried George, in panic. "Oh Tim, Tim, are you all right?"

A distant whine came to their ears. Evidently Tim was there somewhere. The children looked at one another.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," said Julian. "We must get our spades now and dig out the hole of the well. Then maybe we can let a rope down or something and get Tim."

They set to work with their spades. It was not really difficult to uncover the hole, which had been blocked only by the spreading roots of the big gorse bush, some fallen earth, sand and small stones. Apparently a big slab had fallen from part of the tower across the well-hole, and partly closed it. The weather and the growing gorse bush had done the rest.

<sup>1</sup> She would have dug up the whole of Kirrin Castle to get Tim back ... —  
Она перевернула бы весь замок Кирина, чтобы вернуть Тима ...







It took all the children together to move the slab. Underneath was a very rotten wooden cover, which had plainly been used in the old days to protect the well. It had rotted so much that when Tim's weight had been pressed on it, it had given just there and made a hole for Tim to fall through.

Julian removed the old wooden cover and then the children could see down the well-hole. It was very deep and very dark. They could not possibly see the bottom, Julian took a stone and dropped it down. They all listened for the splash. But there was no splash. Either there was no longer any water there, or the well was too deep even to hear the splash! "I think it's too deep for us to hear anything," said Julian. "Now — where's Tim?"

He shone his torch down — and there was Tim! He sat there, his big eyes staring up in fright. He simply could not imagine what had happened to him.

There was an old iron ladder fastened to the side of the well. George was on it before anyone else could get there! Down she went, not caring if the ladder held or not, and reached Tim. Somehow she got him on to her shoulder and, holding him there with one hand, she climbed slowly up again. The other three pulled her out and Tim jumped round her, barking and licking for all he was worth!<sup>1</sup>

"Well, Tim!" said Dick. "You shouldn't chase rabbits — but you've certainly done us a good turn,<sup>2</sup> because you've found the well for us! Now we've only got to look around a little to find the dungeon entrance!"

Soon they uncovered a big stone with an iron ring in it.

All the children took turns at pulling on the iron ring, but the stone did not move. Then Julian tied two or three turns of rope through it and the four children put out their full strength and pulled for all they were worth.

The stone moved. The children distinctly felt it stir. "All together again!" cried Julian. And all together they pulled. The stone stirred again and then suddenly gave way. It moved upwards — and the children fell over on top of one another like a row of dominoes suddenly

<sup>1</sup> for all he was worth — из всех сил

<sup>2</sup> but you've certainly done us a good turn — ты сослужил нам хорошую службу







pushed down! Tim darted to the hole and barked madly down it as if all the rabbits of the world lived there!

Julian and George shot to their feet and rushed to the opening that the moved stone had disclosed. They stood there, looking downwards, their faces shining with delight. They had found the entrance to the dungeons! A steep flight of steps, cut out of the rock itself, led downwards into deep darkness.

"Come on!" cried Julian, snapping on his torch.

"We've found what we wanted! Now for the dungeons!"

The steps down were slippery. Tim darted down first, lost his foothold and rolled down five or six steps, yelping with fright. Julian went after him, then George, then Dick and then Anne. They were all tremendously thrilled. Indeed, they quite expected to see piles of gold and all kinds of treasure everywhere around them!

It was dark down the steep flight of steps, and smelt very musty.

The steps went down a long way. Then they came to an end. Julian stepped down from the last rock-stair and flashed his torch around. It was a weird sight that met his eyes.

The dungeons of Kirrin Castle were made out of the rock itself. Whether there were natural caves there, or whether they had been hollowed out by man the children could not tell. But certainly they were very mysterious, dark and full of echoing sounds.

"Where did you suppose the ingots are?" said Dick. And at once the caves threw him back his words. "Ingots! Ingots are! Ingots are! Are! Are!"

Julian laughed — and his laugh was split up into dozens of different laughs that came out of the dungeons and spun round the listening children. It really was the queerest thing.

"Come on," said Julian. "Maybe the echoes won't be so bad a little farther in."

"Farther in," said the echoes at once. "Farther in!"

They moved away from the end of the rocky steps and explored the nearby dungeons.

"I wonder which dungeon was used for storing the ingots," said Julian. He stopped and took the map out of his pocket. He flashed his

torch on to it. But although it showed him quite plainly the dungeon where *Ingots* were marked, he had no idea at all of the right direction.

"I say — look — there's a door here, shutting off the next dungeon!" suddenly cried Dick.

"I bet this is the dungeon we're looking for! I bet there are ingots in here!"

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. From the map it was clear that the entrance to the dungeons was not far from the well.

2. The children saw three rabbits.

3. Tim chased a rabbit and fell down the well.

4. The well was not deep and the children got Tim out easily.

5. It was George who found the entrance to the dungeons.

6. The entrance was covered with an iron cover.

7. The children got down to the dungeons with the help of a piece of rope.

8. The dungeons were full of echoing sounds.

9. As soon as the friends went down the steps they saw the ingots of gold they were looking for.

10. Dick saw a wooden door behind which the children hoped to find the ingots.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. Did the friends find the entrance to the dungeons under the floor of the little room?

2. Where did they go to look for it?

3. Did the children have any doubt that they would find the gold?

4. What helped the children find the old well?

5. What did the children have to do with the big gorse bush?

6. How did George feel when she realized that Tim had fallen down the well?

7. What did the friends see when they removed the old wooden cover of the well?

8. Who went down to get Tim?

9. What was there under the stone with an iron ring?







10. Where did the friends get when they walked down the slippery stone steps?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) the way the children tried to find the stone that could move and be above the entrance to the dungeons;
- 2) the way the children found the old well;
- 3) the way the children found the entrance to the dungeons;
- 4) the impression the dungeons made on the children.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) the children discussing the problem of the entrance to the dungeons;
- 2) the children discussing how to get Tim back;
- 3) the children discussing the dungeons.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 69) and describe it.**

## **Lesson 10**

### *Chapter X. Down in the Dungeons*

Four torches were flashed on to the wooden door. It was big and stout, studded with great iron nails. Julian gave a cry of delight and rushed to it. He felt certain that behind it was the dungeon used for storing things.

But the door was fast shut. No amount of pushing or pulling would open it. It had a great keyhole — but no key there! The four children stared in exasperation at the door. Bother it!<sup>1</sup> Just as they really thought they were near the ingots, this door wouldn't open!<sup>2</sup>

"We'll fetch the axe," said Julian, suddenly. "We may be able to smash the lock." "That's a good idea," said George, delighted. "Come on back!"

<sup>1</sup> Bother it! — Вот досада!

<sup>2</sup> this door wouldn't open — эта дверь никак не открывалась

They left the big door, and tried to get back the way they had come. But the dungeons were so big and so rambling that they lost their way. Soon they came to what looked like a chimney, stretching down from the roof of the dungeon to the floor. Julian flashed his torch on to it. He was puzzled.

"I know what it is!" said George, suddenly. "It's the well, of course! You remember it was shown in the plan of the dungeons, as well as in the plan of the ground floor. Well, that's the shaft of the well going down and down. I wonder if there's any opening in it just here — so that water could be taken into the dungeons as well as up to the ground floor."

They went to see. On the other side of the well-shaft was a small opening big enough for one child at a time to put his head and shoulders through and look down. They shone their torches down and up. The well was so deep that it was still impossible to see the bottom of it. Julian dropped a stone down again, but there was no sound of either a thud or a splash. He looked upwards, and could see the faint gleam of daylight that slid round the broken slab of stone lying a little way down the shaft — the slab on which Tim had sat, waiting to be rescued.

"Yes," he said, "this is the well all right. Isn't it queer? Well — now we've found the well we know that the entrance to the dungeons isn't very far off!" That cheered them all up tremendously. They took hands and hunted around in the dark, their torches making bright beams of light here and there.

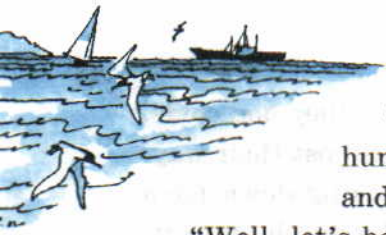
Anne gave a cry of excitement. "Here's the entrance! It must be, because I can see faint daylight coming down!"

The children rounded a corner and sure enough, there was the steep, rocky flight of steps leading upwards. Julian took a quick look round so that he might know the way to go when they came down again. He didn't feel at all certain that he would find the wooden door!

They all went up into the sunshine. It was delicious to feel the warmth on their heads and shoulders after the cold air down in the dungeons. Julian looked at his watch and gave a loud exclamation.







"It's half-past six! Half-past six! No wonder I feel hungry. We haven't had any tea. We've been working, and wandering about those dungeons for hours."

"Well, let's have a kind of tea-supper before we do anything else," said Dick. "I don't feel as if I've had anything to eat for about twelve months."

"I feel the same as you," Julian said. "Come on! — let's get a really good meal. George, what about boiling a kettle and making some cocoa, or something? I feel cold after all that time underground."

It was fun boiling the kettle on a fire of dry sticks. It was lovely to lie about in the warmth of the evening sun and eat bread and cheese and enjoy cake and biscuits. They all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Tim had a good meal too. He hadn't very much liked being underground, and had followed the others very closely indeed, his tail well down. He had been very frightened, too, of the curious echoes here and there.

It was past eight o'clock by the time that the children had finished their meal and tidied up. Julian looked at the others. The sun was sinking, and the day was no longer so warm.

"Well," he said, "I don't know what you feel. But I don't somehow want to go down into those dungeons again today, not even for the sake of smashing in that door with the axe and opening it! I'm tired — and I don't like the thought of losing my way in those dungeons at night."

The others heartily agreed with him, especially Anne, who had secretly been dreading going down again with the night coming on. The little girl was almost asleep; she was so tired out with hard work and excitement.

"Come on, Annel!" said George, pulling her to her feet. "Bed for you. We'll cuddle up together in the rugs on the floor of that little room — and in the morning when we wake we'll be simply thrilled to think of opening that big wooden door."

All four children, with Tim close behind, went off to the little stone room. They curled up on their piles of rugs, and Tim crept in with George and Anne. He lay down on them, and felt so heavy that Anne had to push him off her legs.

The children felt perfectly safe with Tim on guard. They slept peacefully until the morning, when Tim saw a rabbit through the broken archway leading to the little room, and sped away to chase it. He awoke George as he got up from the rugs, and she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Wake up!" she cried to the others. "Wake up, all of you! It's morning! And we're on the island!"

They all awoke. It was really thrilling to sit up and remember everything. Julian thought of the big wooden door at once. He would soon smash it in with his axe, he felt sure. And then what would they find?

They had breakfast, and ate just as much as ever. Then Julian picked up the axe they had brought and took everyone to the flight of steps. Tim went too, wagging his tail, but not really feeling very pleased at the thought of going down into the queer places where other dogs seemed to bark, and yet were not to be found. Poor Tim would never understand echoes!

They all went down underground again. And then, of course, they couldn't find the way to the wooden door! It was most tiresome.

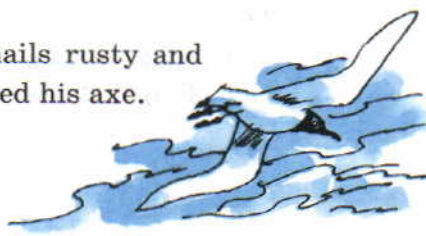
"We shall lose our way all over again," said George, desperately.

Julian had a bright idea. He had a piece of white chalk in his pocket, and he took it out. He went back to the steps, and marked the wall there. Then he began to put chalk-marks along the passages as they walked in the musty darkness. They came to the well, and Julian was pleased.

"Now," he said, "whenever we come to the well we shall at least be able to find the way back to the steps, because we can follow my chalk-marks. I'll put chalk-marks along the walls here and there — but if we go the wrong way and have to come back, we'll rub out the marks, and start again from the well another way."

This was really a very good idea. They went the wrong way, and had to come back, rubbing out Julian's marks. They reached the well, and set off in the opposite direction. And this time they did find the wooden door!

There it was, stout and sturdy, its old iron nails rusty and red. The children stared at it in delight. Julian lifted his axe.







Crash! He drove it into the wood and round about the keyhole. But the wood was still strong, and the axe only went in an inch or two. Julian drove it in once more. The axe hit one of the big nails and slipped a little to one side. A big splinter of wood flew out — and struck poor Dick on the cheek!

He gave a yell of pain. Julian jumped in alarm, and turned to look at him. Dick's cheek was pouring with blood!

"Something flew out of the door and hit me," said poor Dick.

"You'd better get up into the open air for a bit," said Julian. "And we'll have to bathe your cheek and stop it bleeding somehow."

"I'll go with Dick," said Anne. "You stay here with George. There's no need for us all to go."

But Julian thought he would like to see Dick safely up into the open air first, and then he could leave him with Anne while he went back to George and went on with the smashing down of the door. He handed the axe to George.

"You can do a bit of chopping while I'm gone," he said. "It will take some time to smash that big door in. You get on with it — and I'll be down in a few minutes again. We can easily find the way to the entrance because we've only got to follow my chalk-marks."

"Right," said George, and she took the axe. "Poor old Dick — you do look a sight."<sup>1</sup> Leaving George behind with Tim, Julian took Dick and Anne up to the open air. Anne dipped her hanky<sup>2</sup> into the kettle of water and dabbed Dick's cheek gently. It was bleeding very much, as cheeks do, but the wound was not really very bad. Dick wanted to go down into the dungeons again.

"No, you'd better lie down on your back for a little," said Julian. "I know that's good for nose-bleeding — and maybe it's good for cheek-bleeding too. What about Anne and you going out on the rocks over there, where you can see the wreck, and staying there for half an hour or so? Come on — I'll take you both there, and leave you for a bit. You'd better not get up till your cheek's stopped bleeding, old boy."

<sup>1</sup> you do look a sight — ну и вид у тебя

<sup>2</sup> hanky = handkerchief — носовой платок







Julian took the two out of the castle yard and out on to the rocks on the side of the island that faced the open sea. The dark hulk of the old wreck was still there on the rocks. Dick lay down on his back and stared up into the sky, hoping that his cheek would soon stop bleeding. He didn't want to miss any of the fun!

Anne took his hand. She was very upset at the little accident, and although she didn't want to miss the fun either, she meant to stay with Dick till he felt better. Julian sat down beside them for a minute or two. Then he went back to the rocky steps and disappeared down them. He followed his chalk-marks, and soon came to where George was attacking the door.

She had smashed it well round the lock — but it simply would not give way.<sup>1</sup> Julian took the axe from her and drove it hard into the wood.

After a blow or two something seemed to happen to the lock.<sup>2</sup> It became loose, and hung a little sideways. Julian put down his axe.

"I think somehow that we can open the door now," he said, in an excited voice.

They both pushed — and the lock gave way with a lot of noise.

The big door opened, and the two children went inside, flashing their torches in excitement.

The room was not much more than a cave, hollowed out of the rock — but in it was something quite different from the old barrels and boxes the children had found before. At the back, in untidy piles, were curious, brick-shaped things of dull yellow-brown metal. Julian picked one up.

"Georgel!" he cried. "The ingots! These are real gold! Oh, I know they don't look like it — but they are, all the same. George, oh George, there's a small fortune here in this cellar — and it's yours! We've found it at last!"

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<sup>1</sup> but it simply would not give way — но она (дверь) никак не поддавалась

<sup>2</sup> something seemed to happen to the lock — казалось, что-то произошло с замком

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. Near the wooden door the children found a big key which helped them unlock the door.
2. They went to get the axe but lost their way in the dungeons.
3. All the passages looked exactly the same.
4. The children came to the well and found an opening in it.
5. The friends found the entrance to the dungeons.
6. Though it was half-past six the friends were so excited that they didn't feel hungry.
7. That night the children decided to sleep in the dungeons.
8. Tim woke George up when he chased a rabbit.
9. Dick and Anne had to get up into the open air.
10. No matter how hard George and Julian worked they couldn't open the door.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. Who had the idea to smash the lock of the wooden door?
2. What helped the friends find their way out of the dungeons?
3. What did they decide to have after they got out into the sunshine?
4. What did they do after it?
5. Where did Tim sleep?
6. What bright idea did Julian have after the friends had nearly lost their way again?
7. What made Dick's cheek bleed?
8. Who went up with Dick and Anne and who stayed with George?
9. What was George doing when Julian came down into the dungeons again?
10. What did the children find behind the door?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) the way the four children lost their way in the dungeons and tried to get back;
- 2) the children's evening meal and preparations for the night;
- 3) the second trip to the dungeons and Julian's idea to use chalk-marks;
- 4) the accident that happened to Dick.







**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) the children in the dungeons when they got lost;
- 2) the children during their second trip to the dungeons.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 77) and describe it.**

## **Lesson 11**

### *Chapter XI. Prisoners!*

George couldn't say a word. She just stood there, staring at the pile of ingots, holding one in her hand. She could hardly believe that these strange brick-shaped things were really gold. Her heart thumped fast. What a wonderful, marvellous find!

Suddenly Tim began to bark loudly. He stood with his back to the children, his nose towards the door — and how he barked!

"Shut up, Tim!" said Julian. "What can you hear? Is it the others coming back?"

He went to the door and yelled down the passage outside. "Dick! Anne! Is it you? Come quickly, because we've found the ingots! We've found them! Hurry! Hurry!"

Tim stopped barking and began to growl. George looked puzzled. "Whatever can be the matter with Tim?" she said. "He surely can't be growling at Dick and Anne."

Then both children got a most tremendous shock — for a man's voice came booming down the dark passage, making queer echoes all around.

"Who is here? Who is down here?"

"Well, well, well!" said a voice. "Look who's here! Two children in the dungeons of my castle."

"What do you mean, your castle!" cried George.

"Well, my dear little girl, it is my castle, because I'm in the process of buying it," said the voice. Then another voice spoke, more gruffly.

"What are you doing down here? What did you mean when you shouted out "Dick" and "Anne" and said you had found the ingots? What ingots?"

"Don't answer," whispered Julian to George. But the echoes took his words and made them very loud in the passage. "Don't answer! Don't answer!"

"Oh, so you won't answer," said the second man, and he stepped towards the children. Tim bared his teeth, but the man didn't seem at all frightened of him. The man went to the door and flashed his torch inside the dungeon. He gave a long whistle of surprise.

"Jake! Look here!" he said. "You were right. The gold's here all right. And how easy to take away! All in ingots — my word, this is the most amazing thing we've ever struck."

"This gold is mine," said George in a fury. "The island and the castle belong to my mother — and so does anything found here. This gold was brought here and stored by my great-great-great-grandfather before his ship got wrecked. It's not yours, and never will be. As soon as I get back home I shall tell my father and mother what we've found — and then you may be sure you won't be able to buy the castle or the island! You were very clever, finding out from the map in the old box about the gold — but just not clever enough for us. We found it first!"

The men listened in silence to George's clear and angry voice. One of them laughed. "You're only a child," he said. "You surely don't think you can keep us from getting our way? We're going to buy this island — and everything in it — and we shall take the gold when the deeds are signed. And if by any chance we couldn't buy the island, we'd take the gold just the same. It would be easy enough to bring a ship here and transfer the ingots from here by boat to the ship. Don't worry — we shall get what we want all right."

"You will not!" said George, and she stepped out of the door. "I'm going straight home now — and I'll tell my father all you've said."

"My dear little girl, you are not going home," said the first man, putting his hands on George and forcing her back into the dungeon. "And, by the way, unless you want me to shoot this unpleasant dog of yours, call him off, will you?"







George saw, to her dismay, that the man had a shining revolver in his hand. In fright she caught hold of Tim's collar and pulled him to her. "Be quiet, Tim," she said. "It's all right." But Tim knew quite well that it wasn't all right. Something was very wrong. He went on growling fiercely.

"Now listen to me," said the man, after he had a hurried talk with his companion. "If you are going to be sensible, nothing unpleasant will happen to you. But if you want to be obstinate, you'll be very sorry. What we are going to do is this — we're going off in our motorboat, leaving you nicely locked up here — and we're going to get a ship and come back for the gold. We don't think it's worth while buying the island now we know where the ingots are."

"And you are going to write a note to your companions above, telling them you've found the gold and they are to come down and look for it," said the other man. "Then we shall lock up all of you in this dungeon, with the ingots to play with, leaving you food and drink till we come back. Now then — here is a pencil. Write a note to Dick and Anne, whoever they are and send your dog up with it. Come on."

"I won't," said George, her face furious. "I won't. You can't make me do a thing like that. I won't get poor Dick and Anne down here to be made prisoners. And I won't let you have my gold, just when I've discovered it."

"We shall shoot your dog if you don't do as you're told," said the first man, suddenly. George's heart sank down and she felt cold and terrified.

"No, no," she said, in a low, desperate voice. "Well, write the note then," said the man, offering her a pencil and paper. "Go on. I'll tell you what to say."

"I can't!" sobbed George. "I don't want to get Dick and Anne down here to be made prisoners."

"All right — I'll shoot the dog then," said the man, in a cold voice and he levelled his revolver at poor Tim. George threw her arms round her dog and gave a scream.

"No, no! I'll write the note. Don't shoot Tim, don't shoot him!"

The girl took the paper and pencil in a shaking hand and looked at the man. "Write this," he ordered. "Dear Dick and Anne. We've found







the gold. Come on down at once and see it. Then sign your name, whatever it is."

George wrote what the man had said. Then she signed her name. But instead of writing "George" she put "Georgina". She knew that the others would feel certain she would never sign herself that — and she hoped it would warn them that something queer was up. The man took the note and fastened it to Tim's collar. The dog growled all the time, but George kept telling him not to bite.

"Now tell him to go and find your friends," said the man.

"Find Dick and Anne," commanded George. "Go on, Tim. Find Dick and Anne. Give them the note."

Tim did not want to leave George, but there was something very urgent in her voice. He took one last look at his mistress, gave her hand a lick and sped off down the passage. He knew the way now. Up the rocky steps he bounded and into the open air. He stopped in the old yard, sniffing. Where were Dick and Anne?

He smelt their footsteps and ran off, his nose to the ground. He soon found the two children out on the rocks. Dick was feeling better now and was sitting up. His cheek had almost stopped bleeding.

"Hallo," he said in surprise, when he saw Tim. "Here's Timothy! Why, Tim, old chap, why have you come to see us? Did you get tired of being underground in the dark?"

"Look, Dick — he's got something twisted into his collar," said Anne, her sharp eyes seeing the paper there. "It's a note. I expect it's from the others, telling us to go down. Isn't Tim clever to bring it?"

Dick took the paper from Tim's collar. He undid it and read it.

"Dear Dick and Anne," he read out aloud. "We've found the gold. Come on down at once and see it. Georgina."

"Oooh!" said Anne, her eyes shining. "They've found it. Oh Dick — are you well enough to come now? Let's hurry'."

But Dick did not get up from the rocks. He sat and stared at the note, puzzled.

"What's the matter?" said Anne, impatiently.

"Well, don't you think it's funny that George should suddenly sign herself Georgina?" said Dick, slowly. "You know how she hates being

a girl, and having a girl's name. You know how she will never answer if anyone calls her Georgina. And yet in this note she signs herself by the name she hates. It does seem a bit funny to me. Almost as if it's a kind of warning that there's something wrong."

"Oh, don't be so silly, Dick," said Anne. "What could be wrong? Do come on."

"Anne, I'd like to pop over to that inlet of ours to make sure there's no one else come to the island," said Dick. "You stay here."

But Anne didn't want to stay there alone. She ran round the coast with Dick, telling him all the time that she thought he was very silly.

But when they came to the little harbour, they saw that there was another boat there, as well as their own. It was a motorboat! Someone else was on the island!

"Look," said Dick, in a whisper. "There is someone else here. And I bet it's the men who want to buy the island. I bet they've read that old map and know there's gold here. And they've found George and Julian and want to get us all together down in the dungeons so that they can keep up safe till they've stolen the gold. That's why they made George send us that note — but she signed it with a name she never uses — to warn us! Now — we must think hard. What are we going to do?"

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. Tim smelt someone in the passage outside.
2. There were three strangers standing in the passage.
3. The man with a torch said that the castle was his.
4. George had to call off Tim and order him to be quiet as she was afraid that he could be shot.
5. The men made George write a note to Anne and Dick telling them to come down.
6. George signed the note in a usual way.
7. One of the men took the note to Anne and Dick.
8. Anne wanted to join George and Julian immediately.
9. Dick decided to make sure that they were alone on the island.
10. He saw a boat in the little harbour and understood everything.







## 2. Answer these questions.

1. What did George and Julian think when Tim began barking?
2. When did they understand that they had been wrong?
3. Did the two men see the gold?
4. To whom did George say the gold belonged and had belonged before?
5. What did the men want to do with the children?
6. How did the men make George write the note?
7. How did Tim carry the note?
8. What was unusual about the note?
9. Which of the two children — Dick or Anne — understood George's warning?
10. Did the children guess whose boat was in the harbour?

## 3. Speak about:

- 1) what happened to George and Julian after they had found the gold;
- 2) Dick's and Anne's reaction to the note from their cousin;
- 3) what Dick thought about the situation on the island after he and Anne had discovered another boat in the harbour.

## 4. Act out the talks between:

- 1) George and the man who was going to buy the island;
- 2) George and one of the men about writing a note to her cousins;
- 3) Dick and Anne when they got the note from their cousin.

## 5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 83) and describe it.

# Lesson 12

## Chapter XII. Dick to the Rescue!

Dick caught hold of Anne's hand and pulled her quickly away from the cove. He was afraid that whoever had come to the island might be somewhere about and see them. The boy took Anne to the little stone room where their things were and they sat down in a corner.

"Whoever has come has discovered Julian and George smashing in that door, I think," said Dick, in a whisper. "I simply can't think what to do. We mustn't go down into the dungeons or we'll most certainly be caught. Hallo — where's Tim off to?"

The dog had kept with them for a while but now he ran off to the entrance of the dungeons. He disappeared down the steps. He meant to get back to George, for he knew she was in danger. Dick and Anne stared after him. They had felt comforted while he was there, and now they were sorry he had gone.

They really didn't know what to do. Then Anne had an idea. "I know!" she said. "We'll row back to the land in our boat and get help."

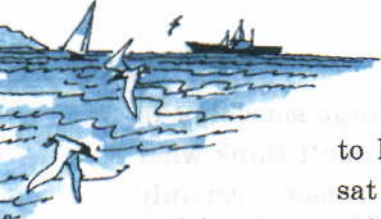
"I'd thought of that," said Dick, gloomily. "But you know perfectly well we'd never know the way in and out of those awful rocks. We'd wreck the boat. I'm sure we're not strong enough either to row all the way back. Oh, dear — I do wish we could think what to do."

They didn't need to puzzle their brains long. The men came up out of the dungeons and began to hunt for the two children! They had seen Tim when he came back and had found the note gone. So they knew the two children had taken it — and they couldn't imagine why they had not obeyed what George had said in the note, and come down to the dungeons! Dick heard their voices. He clutched hold of Anne to make her keep quiet. He saw through the broken archway that the men were going in the opposite direction.

"Anne! I know where we can hide!" said the boy, excitedly. "Down the old well! We can climb down the ladder a little way and hide there. I'm sure no one would ever look there!" Anne didn't at all want to climb down the well even a little way. But Dick pulled her to her feet and hurried her off to the middle of the old courtyard. The men were hunting around the other side of the castle. There was just time to climb in. Dick slipped aside the old wooden cover of the well and helped Anne down the ladder. She was very scared. Then the boy climbed down himself and slipped the wooden cover back again over his head, as best he could. The old stone slab that Tim had sat on when he fell down the well was still there. Dick climbed down to it and tested it. It didn't move.







"It's safe for you to sit on, Anne, if you don't want to keep clinging to the ladder," he whispered. So Anne sat shivering on the stone slab across the well-shaft, waiting to see if they were discovered or not. They kept hearing the voices of the men, now near at hand and now far-off. Then the men began to shout for them.

"Dick! Anne! The others want you! Where are you? We've exciting news for you."

"Well, why don't they let Julian and George come up and tell us then?" whispered Dick. "There's something wrong, I know there is. I do wish we could get to Julian and George and find out what has happened."

The two men came into the courtyard. They were angry. "Where have those kids got to?" said Jake. "Their boat is still in the cove, so they haven't got away. They must be hiding somewhere. We can't wait all day for them."

"Well, let's take some food and drink down to the two we've locked up," said the other man. "There's plenty in that little stone room, I suppose it's a store the children brought over. We'll leave half in the room so that the other two kids can have it. And we'll take their boat with us so that they can't escape."

"Right," said Jake. "The thing to do is to get the gold away as quickly as possible, and make sure the children are prisoners here until we've made a safe getaway. We won't bother any more about trying to buy the island. After all, it was only the idea of getting the ingots that put us up to the idea of getting Kirrin Castle and the island."

"Well — come on," said his companion. "We will take the food down now, and not bother about the other kids. You stay here and see if you can spot them while I go down."

Dick and Anne hardly dared to breathe when they heard all this. How they hoped that the men wouldn't think of looking down the well! They heard one man walk to the little stone room. It was plain that he was getting food and drink to take down to the two prisoners in the dungeons below. The other man stayed in the courtyard, whistling softly.

After what seemed a very long time to the hidden children, the first man came back. Then the two talked together, and at last went off to the cove. Dick heard the motorboat being started up.

"It's safe to get out now, Anne," he said. "Isn't it cold down here? I'll be glad to get out into the sunshine."

They climbed out and warmed themselves in the hot summer sunshine. They could see the motorboat streaking towards the mainland.

"Well, they're gone for a moment," said Dick. "And they've not taken our boat, as they said. If only we could rescue Julian and George, we could get help, because George could row us back."

"Why can't we rescue them?" cried Anne, her eyes shining. "We can go down the steps and unbolt the door, can't we?"

"No — we can't," said Dick. "Look!"

Anne looked to where he pointed. She saw that the two men had piled big, heavy slabs of broken stone over the dungeon entrance. It had taken all their strength to put the big stones there neither Dick nor Anne could hope to move them.

"It's quite impossible to get down the steps," said Dick. "They've made sure we shan't do that! And you know we haven't any idea where the second entrance is. We only know it was somewhere near the tower."

Anne sat down on a stone and thought hard. She was very worried. Then she brightened up a little and turned to Dick.

"Dick! Can we possibly climb down the well?" she asked. "You know it goes past the dungeons — and there's an opening on the dungeon floor from the well-shaft, because don't you remember we were able to put in our heads and shoulders and look right up the well to the top? Could we get past that slab, do you think — the one that I sat on just now, that has fallen across the well?"

Dick thought it all over. He went to the well and peered down it. "You know, I believe you are right, Anne," he said at last.

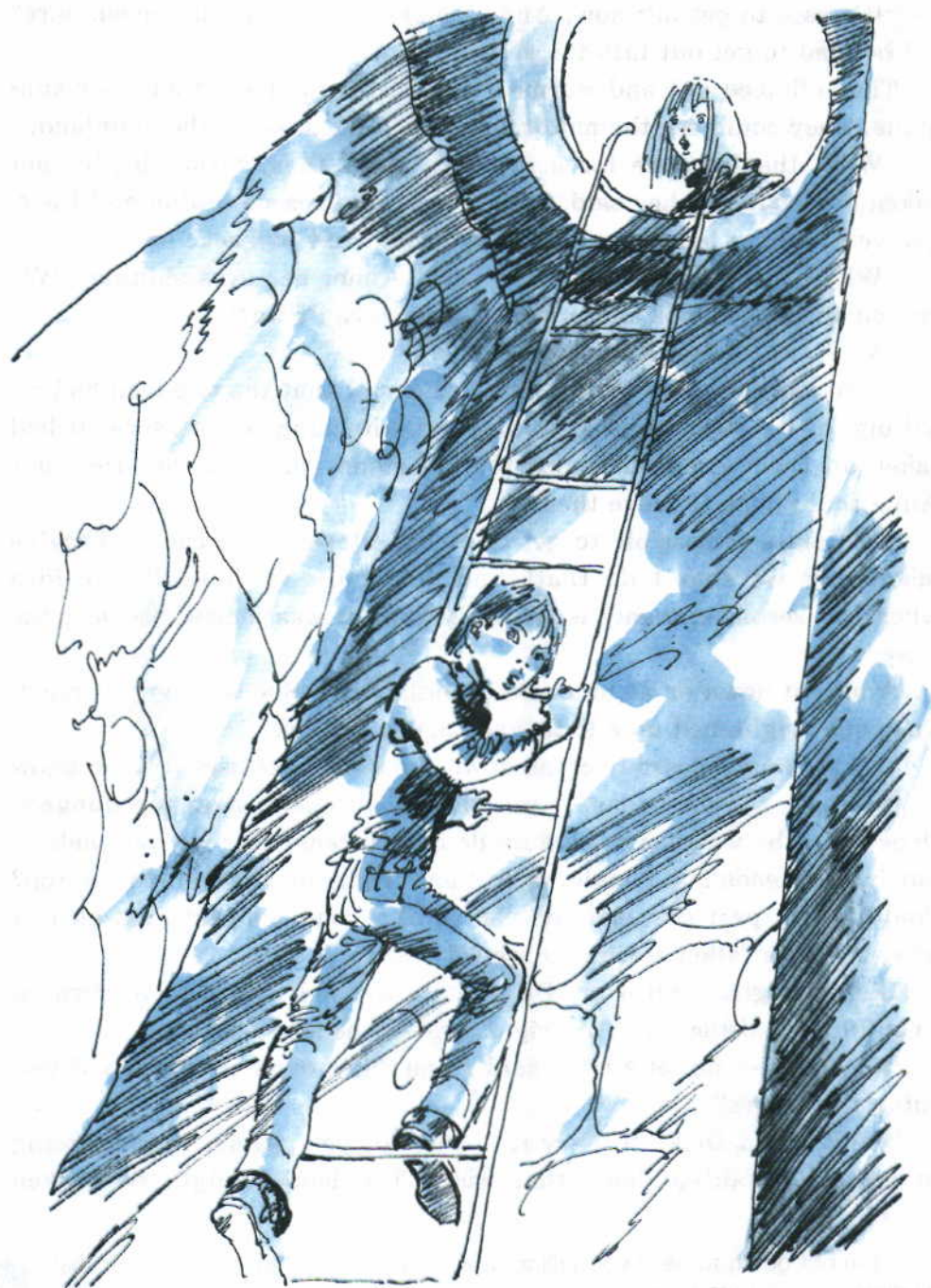
"Oh, Dick — do let's try," said Anne. "It's our only chance of rescuing the others!"

"Well," said Dick, "I'll try it — but not you, Anne. I'm not going to have you falling down that well.<sup>1</sup> The ladder might be broken

<sup>1</sup> I'm not going to have you falling down that well — Я не позволю, чтобы ты свалилась в этот колодец







half-way down — anything might happen. You must stay up here and I'll see what I can do."

"You will be careful, won't you?" said Anne, anxiously. "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

Anne was rather white. She was terribly afraid that Dick might fall right down to the bottom of the well. She watched him climb down the iron ladder to the slab of stone. Then Anne could see him no more. But she could hear him, for he kept calling up to her.

"Ladder's still going strong, Anne! I'm all right. Can you hear me?"

"Yes," shouted Anne down the well. When Dick came to the end of the ladder he tied a piece of rope firmly to it.

"I'm going down the rope now!" he shouted to Anne. "Don't worry. I'm all right. Here I go!"

Anne couldn't hear what Dick said after that. The boy slid down the rope, holding on to it with hands, knees and feet, glad that he was so good at gym at school. He wondered if he was anywhere near the dungeons. He managed to get out his torch. He put it between his teeth after he had switched it on, so that he might have both hands free for the rope. The light from the torch showed him the walls of the well around him. He couldn't make out if he was above or below the dungeons. He didn't want to go right down to the bottom of the well!

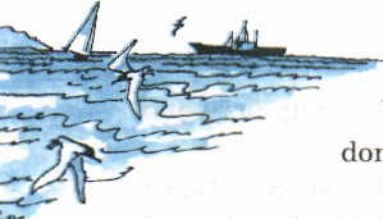
He decided that he must have just passed the opening into the dungeon-caves. He climbed back up the rope a little way and to his delight saw that he was right. The opening on to the dungeons was just by his head. He climbed up till he was level with it and then swung himself to the side of the well where the small opening was. He managed to get hold of the bricked edge, and then tried to scramble through the opening into the dungeon.

It was difficult, but luckily Dick was not very big. He managed it at last and stood up straight with a sigh of relief. He was in the dungeons! He could now follow the chalk-marks to the room or cave where the ingots were — and where he felt sure that George and Julian were imprisoned!

He shone his torch on the wall. Yes — there were the chalk-marks. Good! He put his head into the well-opening and yelled at the top of his voice.







"Anne! I'm in the dungeons! Watch out that the men don't come back!"

Then he began to follow the white chalk-marks, his heart beating fast. After a while he came to the door of the storeroom. As he had expected, it was fastened so that George and Julian couldn't get out. Big bolts had been driven home at the top and bottom, and the children inside could not possibly get out. They had tried their hardest to batter down the door, but it was no good at all.

They were sitting inside the store-cave, feeling angry and exhausted. The man had brought them food and drink, but they had not touched it. Tim was with them, lying down with his head on his paws.

Suddenly Tim gave a growl. He leapt to his feet and went to the closed door, his head on one side. He had heard something, that was certain.

"I hope it's not those men back again already," said George. Then she looked at Tim in surprise, flashing her torch on to him. He was wagging his tail!

A great bang at the door made them all jump out of their skins! Then came Dick's cheerful voice. "Hi, Julian! Hi, George! Are you here?"

"Wufffffff!" barked Tim, joyfully and scratched at the door.

"Dick! Open the door!" yelled Julian in delight. "Quick, open the door!"

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. Tim stayed with Anne and Dick.
2. Anne and Dick couldn't go back in their boat and get help.
3. The two men looked for Anne and Dick.
4. Anne and Dick hid in the old well.
5. The two men were planning to get away with the gold.
6. They piled heavy stones at the dungeon entrance to keep George and Julian prisoners.
7. It was Anne who climbed the iron ladder down the well.
8. The ladder went all the way down and Dick didn't have to use his rope.
9. Dick managed to get to the dungeons through the opening in the well-shaft.

10. The two men got to the room where George and Julian were imprisoned before Dick did.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. Was it Dick or George who could row the children back home?
2. Did Anne like the idea of hiding in the well?
3. The two men could find Anne and Dick, couldn't they?
4. Did the men change their minds about buying the island?
5. What was the children's only chance of rescuing George and Julian?
6. How did Dick get to the dungeons?
7. Why was it Dick's good luck that he wasn't big?
8. What helped Dick find the right room in the dungeons?
9. How did George and Julian feel sitting inside the store-cave?
10. How did they understand that it was a friend standing behind the door?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) Dick and Anne's plans to help the others;
- 2) what Dick and Anne heard when they were in the well;
- 3) how the two men blocked the dungeon entrance;
- 4) Dick's climbing down the well.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) the two men looking for Dick and Anne;
- 2) Dick and Anne discussing what to do and how to help Julian and George.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 90) and describe it.**

## **Lesson 13**

### **Chapter XIII. A Plan and a Narrow Escape**

Dick unbolted the door at the top and bottom and flung it open. He rushed in and thumped George and Julian happily on the back.







"Hallo!" he said. "How does it feel to be rescued?"  
"Fine!" cried Julian, and Tim barked madly round them.  
George grinned at Dick.

"Good work!" she said. "What happened?"

Dick told them in a few words all that had happened. When he related how he had climbed down the old well, George and Julian could hardly believe their ears. Julian slipped his arm through his younger brother's.

"You're a brick!"<sup>1</sup> he said. "A real brick! Now quick — what are we going to do?"

"Well, if they've left us our boat I'm going to take us all back to the mainland as quickly as possible," said George, "I'm not playing about with men who brandish revolvers all the time. Come on! Up the well we go and find the boat."

They ran to the well-shaft and squeezed through the small opening one by one. Up the rope they went, and soon found the iron ladder. Julian made them go up one by one in case the ladder wouldn't bear the weight of all three at once.

It really wasn't very long before they were all up in the open air once more, giving Anne hugs, and hearing her exclaim gladly, with tears in her eyes, how pleased she was to see them all again.

"Now come on!" said George after a minute. "Off to the boat, quick! Those men may be back at any time."

They rushed to the cove. There was their boat, lying where they had pulled it, out of reach of the waves. But what a shock for them!

"They've taken the oars!" said George, in dismay. "Now we're stuck. We can't possibly get away."

It was a great disappointment. The children were almost ready to cry. After Dick's marvellous rescue of George and Julian, it had seemed as if everything was going right — and now suddenly things were going wrong again.

"We must think this out," said Julian, sitting down where he could see at once if any boat came in sight. "The men have gone off — prob-

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<sup>1</sup> You're a brick! — Ты молодчина! (устаревшее выражение)

ably to get a ship from somewhere in which they can put the ingots and sail away. They won't be back for some time, I should think."

"And in the meantime we can't get off the island to get help, because they've got our oars," said George. "We can't even signal to any passing fishing-boat because they won't be out just now. The tide's wrong. It seems as if all we've got to do is wait here patiently till the men come back and take my gold! And we can't stop them."

"You know — I've got a sort of plan coming into my head," said Julian, slowly. "Wait a bit — don't interrupt me. I'm thinking."

The others waited in silence while Julian sat and frowned, thinking of his plan. Then he looked at the others with a smile.

"I believe it will work," he said. "Listen! We'll wait here in patience till the men come back. What will they do? They'll drag away those stones at the top of the dungeon entrance, and go down the steps. They'll go to the storeroom, where they left us — thinking we are still there — and they will go into the room. Well, what about one of us being hidden down there ready to bolt them into the room? Then we can either go off in their motorboat or our own boat if they bring back our oars — and get help."

Anne thought it was a marvellous idea. But Dick and George did not look so certain. "We'd have to go down and bolt that door again to make it seem as if we are still prisoners there," said George. "And suppose the one who hides down there doesn't manage to bolt the men in? It might be very difficult to do that quickly enough. They will simply catch whoever we plan to leave down there — and come up to look for the rest of us."

"That's true," said Julian, thoughtfully. "Well — we'll suppose that Dick, or whoever goes down, doesn't manage to bolt them in and make them prisoners — and the men come up here again. All right — while they are down below we'll pile big stones over the entrance, just as they did. Then they won't be able to get out."

"What about Dick down below?" said Anne, at once.

"I could climb up the well again!" said Dick, eagerly. "I'll be the one to go down and hide. I'll do my best to bolt the men into the room. And if I have to escape I'll climb up the well-shaft







again. The men don't know about that. So even if they are not prisoners in the dungeon room, they'll be prisoners underground!"

The children talked over this plan, and decided that it was the best they could think of. Then George said she thought it would be a good thing to have a meal. They were all half-starved and, now that the worry and excitement of being rescued was over, they were feeling very hungry!

They fetched some food from the little room and ate it in the cove, keeping a sharp look-out for the return of the men. After about two hours they saw a big fishing-smack<sup>1</sup> appear in the distance, and heard the chug-chug-chug of a motorboat too.

"There they are!" said Julian, in excitement, and he jumped to his feet. "That's the ship they mean to load with the ingots, and sail away in safety — and there's the motorboat bringing the men back! Quick, Dick, down the well you go, and hide until you hear them in the dungeons!"

Dick shot off. Julian looked at the others. "We'll have to hide," he said. "Now that the tide is out we'll hide over there, behind those uncovered rocks. I don't somehow think the men will do any hunting for Dick and Anne — but they might. Come on! Quick!"

They all hid themselves behind the rocks, and heard the motorboat come into the tiny harbour. They could hear men calling to one another. There sounded to be more than two men this time. Then the men left the inlet and went up the low cliff towards the ruined castle.

Julian crept behind the rocks and peeped to see what the men were doing. He felt certain they were pulling away the slab of stone that had been piled on top of the entrance to prevent Dick and Anne going down to rescue the others.

"George! Come on!" called Julian in a low tone. "I think the men have gone down the steps into the dungeons now. We must go and try to put those big stones back. Quick!"

George, Julian and Anne ran softly and swiftly to the old courtyard of the castle. They saw that the stones had been pulled away from the

<sup>1</sup> a fishing-smack — одномачтовое рыболовное судно







entrance to the dungeons. The men had disappeared. They had plainly gone down the steps.

The three children did their best to tug at the heavy stones to drag them back. But their strength was not the same as that of the men, and they could not manage to get any very big stones across. They put three smaller ones on, and Julian hoped the men would find them too difficult to move from below. "If only Dick has managed to bolt them into that room!" he said to the others. "Come on, back to the well now. Dick will have to come up there, because he won't be able to get out of the entrance."

They all went to the well. Dick had removed the old wooden cover, and it was lying on the ground. The children leaned over the hole of the well and waited anxiously. What was Dick doing? They could hear nothing from the well and they longed to know what was happening.

There was plenty happening down below! The two men, and another, had gone down into the dungeons, expecting, of course, to find Julian, George and the dog still locked up in the storeroom with the ingots. They passed the well-shaft not guessing that an excited small boy was hidden there, ready to slip out of the opening as soon as they had passed.

Dick heard them pass. He slipped out of the well-opening and followed behind quietly, his feet making no sound. He could see the beams made by the men's powerful torches, and with his heart thumping loudly he crept along the smelly old passages, between great caves, until the men turned into the wide passage where the store-cave lay.

"Here it is," Dick heard one of the men say, as he flashed his torch on to the great door. "The gold's in there — so are the kids!"

The man unbolted the door at top and bottom. Dick was glad that he had slipped along to bolt the door.

The man opened the door and stepped inside. The second man followed him. Dick crept as close as he dared, waiting for the third man to go in too. Then he meant to slam the door and bolt it!

The first man swung his torch round and gave a loud exclamation, "The children are gone! How strange! Where are they?"

Two of the men were now in the cave — and the third stepped in at that moment. Dick darted forward and slammed the door. It made a crash that went echoing round and round the caves and passages. Dick fumbled with the bolts, his hand trembling. They were stiff and rusty. The boy found it hard to shoot them home in their sockets. And meanwhile the men were not idle!

As soon as they heard the door slam they spun round. The third man put his shoulder to the door at once and heaved hard. Dick had just got one of the bolts almost into its socket. Then all three men forced their strength against the door, and the bolt gave way!

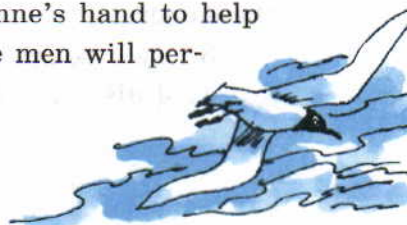
Dick stared in horror. The door was opening! He turned and fled down the dark passage. The men flashed their torches on and saw him. They went after the boy at top speed.

Dick fled to the well-shaft. Fortunately the opening was on the opposite side, and he could get into it without being seen in the light of the torches. The boy only just had time to squeeze through into the shaft before the three men came running by. Not one of them guessed that the runaway was squeezed into the well-shaft they passed! Indeed, the men did not even know that there was a well there. Trembling from head to foot, Dick began to climb the rope. He undid it when he reached the ladder itself, for he thought that perhaps the men might discover the old well and try to climb up later. They would not be able to do that if there was no rope dangling down. The boy climbed up the ladder quickly, and squeezed round the stone slab near the top. The other children were there waiting for him.

They knew at once by the look on Dick's face that he had failed in what he had tried to do. They pulled him out quickly. "It was no good," said Dick, panting with his climb. "I couldn't do it. They burst the door open just as I was bolting it, and chased me. I got into the shaft just in time."

"They're trying to get out of the entrance now!" cried Anne, suddenly. "Quick! What shall we do? They'll catch us all!"

"To the boat!" shouted Julian, and he took Anne's hand to help her along. "Come along! It's our only chance. The men will perhaps be able to move those stones."







The four children fled down the courtyard. George darted into the little stone room as they passed it, and caught up an axe. Dick wondered why she bothered to do that. Tim dashed along with them, barking madly.

They came to the cove. Their own boat lay there without oars. The motor-boat was there too. George jumped into it and gave a yell of delight.

"Here are our oars!" she shouted. "Take them, Julian, I've got a job to do here! Get the boat down to the water, quick!"

Julian and Dick took the oars. Then they dragged their boat down to the water, wondering what George was doing. All kinds of crashing sounds came from the motorboat!

"George! George! Buck up. The men are out!" suddenly yelled Julian. He had seen the three men running to the cliff that led down to the cove. George leapt out of the motorboat and joined the others. They pushed their boat out on to the water, and George took the oars at once, pulling for all she was worth.

The three men ran to their motorboat. Then they paused in the greatest dismay — for George had completely ruined it! She had chopped wildly with her axe at all the machinery she could see — and now the boat could not possibly be started! It was damaged beyond any repair the men could make with the few tools they had.

"You wicked girl!" yelled one of the men, shaking his fist at George. "Wait till I get you!"

"I'll wait!" shouted back George, her blue eyes shining dangerously. "And you can wait too! You won't be able to leave my island now!"

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. It took Dick a lot of time to tell George and Julian what had happened.
2. The children got out of the dungeons climbing up the rope and the ladder.
3. The friends went back in their boat.
4. Julian thought of a new plan.

5. He wanted one of them to go down to the dungeons and bolt the thieves in.
6. The men returned some hours later.
7. The children forgot to pile the stones at the entrance.
8. Dick found it hard to bolt the men in the storeroom.
9. When Dick climbed out of the well there was no one waiting for him there.
10. The men chased the children in their motorboat.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. What did George and Julian say to Dick when he opened the door of the storeroom for them?
2. How did they get out of the dungeons?
3. What gave the children a shock when they came to their boat?
4. What was Julian's plan?
5. Which two things in his plan failed?
6. How did the men manage to open the door?
7. What did George get from the storeroom?
8. What did George do with the motorboat?
9. Did the men manage to get out of the dungeons?
10. How did the men feel when they saw what had happened to their boat?

**3. Speak about:**

- 1) how the three children got out of the dungeons and what they saw in the cove;
- 2) Julian's plan to make the men prisoners;
- 3) what happened after the men got into the dungeons.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) Dick, Julian and George in the dungeons;
- 2) the four children discussing the problem of the oars and some way to get back home;
- 3) the four children after Dick got out of the well.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 97) and describe it.**





## **Lesson 14**

### **Chapter XIV. The End of the Great Adventure**

The three men stood at the edge of the sea, watching George pull away strongly from the shore. They could do nothing. Their boat was quite useless.

"The fishing-smack they've got waiting out there is too big to use that little inlet," said George, as she pulled hard at her oars. "They'll have to stay there till someone goes in with a boat. I guess they're as wild as can be!"

Their boat had to pass fairly near to the big fishing-boat. A man hailed them as they came by.

"Ahoy there! Have you come from Kirrin Island?"

"Don't answer," said George. "Don't say a word." So no one said anything at all, but looked the other way as if they hadn't heard.

"Ahoy there!" yelled the man, angrily. "Are you deaf? Have you come from the island?"

Still the children said nothing at all, but looked away while George rowed steadily. The man on the ship gave it up, and looked in a worried manner towards the island. He felt sure the children had come from there — and he knew enough of his comrades' adventures to wonder if everything was right on the island.

"He may put out a boat from the smack and go and see what's happening," said George. "Well, he can't do much except take the men off — with a few ingots! I hardly think they'll dare to take any of the gold though, now that we've escaped to tell our tale!"

Julian looked behind at the ship. He saw after a time that the little boat it carried was being lowered into the sea. "You're right," he said to George. "They're afraid something is up. They're going to rescue the three men. What a pity!"

Their little boat reached land. The children leapt out into the shallow water and dragged it up to the beach.

They made their way to Kirrin Cottage at top speed. Aunt Fanny was gardening there. She stared in surprise to see the hurrying children.

"Why," she said, "I thought you were not coming back till tomorrow or the next day! Has anything happened? What's the matter with Dick's cheek?"

"Nothing much," said Dick.

"Aunt Fanny, where's Uncle Quentin? We have something important to tell him!"

Aunt Fanny looked at the untidy children in amazement. Then she turned towards the house and called, "Quentin! Quentin! The children have something to tell us!"

Uncle Quentin came out, looking rather cross, for he was in the middle of his work. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Uncle, it's about Kirrin Island," said Julian, eagerly. "Do you know why the men wanted to buy the island and the castle? Not because they really wanted to build a hotel or anything like that — but because they knew the lost gold was hidden there!"

George's father looked amazed and annoyed. He simply didn't believe a word! But his wife saw by the solemn and serious faces of the four children that something important really had happened.

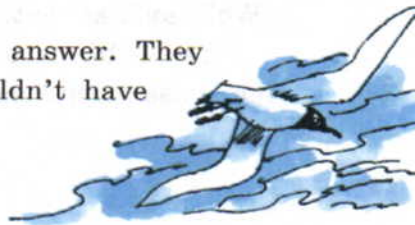
"Come indoors," she said. "We shall have to hear the story from beginning to end."

They all trooped indoors. Anne sat on her aunt's knee and listened to George and Julian telling the whole story. They told it well and left nothing out. Aunt Fanny grew quite pale as she listened, especially when she heard about Dick climbing down the well.

Uncle Quentin listened in the utmost amazement. He had never had much liking or admiration for any children — he always thought they were noisy, tiresome, and silly. But now, as he listened to Julian's tale, he changed his mind about these four children at once!

"You've been very clever," he said. "And very brave too, I'm proud of you. Yes, I'm very proud of you all. No wonder you didn't want me to sell the island, George, when you knew about the ingots! But why didn't you tell me?"

The four children stared at him and didn't answer. They couldn't very well say. "Well, firstly, you wouldn't have







believed us. Secondly, you are bad-tempered and unjust and we are frightened of you. Thirdly, we didn't trust you enough to do the right thing."

"Why don't you answer?" said their uncle. His wife answered for them, in a gentle voice.

"Quentin, you scare the children, you know, and I don't expect they liked to go to you. But now that they have, you will be able to take matters into your own hands. The children cannot do any more. You must ring up the police and see what they have to say about all this."

"Right," said Uncle Quentin, and he got up at once. He patted Julian on the back. "You have all done well," he said. Then he ruffled George's short curly hair. "And I'm proud of you, too, George," he said. "You're as good as a boy any day!"

"Oh Father!" said George, going red with surprise and pleasure. She smiled at him and he smiled back. The children noticed that he had a very nice face when he smiled.

George's father went off to telephone the police and his lawyer too. The children sat and ate biscuits and plums, telling their aunt a great many little details they had forgotten when telling the story before.

As they sat there, there came a loud and angry bark from the front garden. George looked up. "That's Tim," she said, with an anxious look at her mother. "I hadn't time to take him to Alf, who keeps him for me. Mother, Tim was such a comfort to us on the island, you know. I'm sorry he's barking now — but I expect he's hungry."

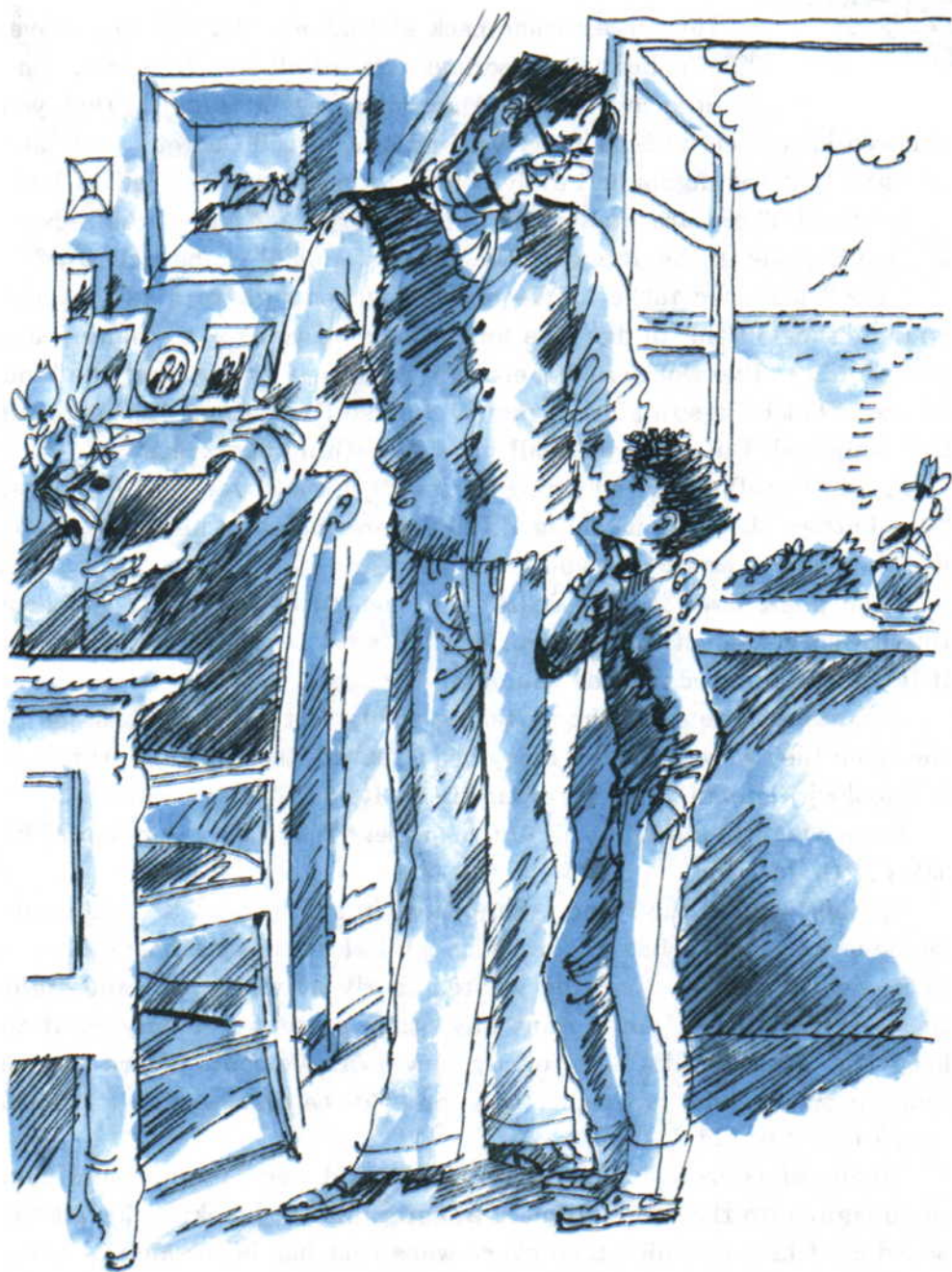
"Well, fetch him in," said her mother, unexpectedly. "He's quite a hero, too — we must give him a good dinner."

George smiled in delight. She ran out of the door and went to Tim. She set him free and he came running indoors, wagging his long tail. He licked George's mother.

"Good dog," she said, and actually patted him. "I'll get you some dinner!"

Tim trotted out to the kitchen with her. Julian grinned at George. "Well, look at that," he said. "Your mother's a brick, isn't she?"

"Yes — but I don't know what Father will say when he sees Tim in the house again," said George, doubtfully.







Her father came back at that minute, his face grave. "The police take a serious view of all this," he said, "and so does my lawyer. They all agree in thinking that you children have been remarkably clever and brave. And George — my lawyer says that the ingots definitely belong to us. Are there really a lot?"

"Father! There are hundreds!" cried George. "Simply hundreds — all in a big pile in the dungeon. Oh, Father — shall we be rich now?"

"Yes," said her father. "We shall. Rich enough to give you and your mother all the things I've longed to give you for so many years and couldn't. I've worked hard enough for you — but it's not the kind of work that brings in a lot of money, and so I've become irritable and bad-tempered. But now you shall have everything you want!"

"I don't really want anything I haven't already got," said George. "But Father, there is one thing I'd like more than anything else in the world — and it won't cost you a penny!"

"You shall have it, my dear!" said her father, slipping his arm round George, much to her surprise. "Just say what it is — and even if it costs a hundred pounds you shall have it!"

Just then there came the pattering of big feet down the passage to the room they were in. A big hairy head pushed itself through the door and looked inquiringly at everyone there. It was Tim, of course!

Uncle Quentin stared at him in surprise. "Why, isn't that Tim?" he asked. "Hallo, Tim!"

"Father! Tim is the thing I want most in all the world," said George, squeezing her father's arm. "You can't think what a friend he was to us on the island — and he wanted to fly at those men and fight them. Oh, Father, I don't want any other present — I only want to keep Tim and have him here for my very own. We could afford to give him a proper kennel to sleep in now, and I'd see that he didn't disturb you, I really would."

"Well, of course you can have him!" said her father — and Tim came right into the room at once, wagging his tail, looking for all the world as if he had understood every word that had been said. He actually licked Uncle Quentin's hand! Anne thought that was very brave of him. And then the police arrived.

They came up to the door and had a few words with Uncle Quentin. One of them stayed behind to take down the children's story in his notebook and the others went off to get a boat to the island.

The men had gone from there!

The police brought back with them some of the ingots of gold to show Uncle Quentin. They had sealed up the door of the dungeon so that no one else could get in until the children's uncle was ready to go and fetch the gold. Everything was being done thoroughly and properly — though far too slowly for the children! They had hoped that the men would have been caught and taken to prison<sup>1</sup> — and that the police would bring back the whole of the gold at once!

The children sat talking.

"And to think I hated the idea of you all coming here to stay!" said George. "I was going to be such a beast to you! And now the only thing that makes me sad is the idea of you going away — which you will do, of course, when the holidays end. And then, after having three friends with me, enjoying adventures like this, I'll be all on my own again. I've never been lonely before — but I know I shall be now."

"No, you won't," said Anne, suddenly. "You can do something that will stop you being lonely ever again."

"What?" said George in surprise.

"You can ask to go to the same boarding school as I go to," said Anne. "It's such a lovely one — and we are allowed to keep our pets, so Tim could come too!"

"Gracious! Could he really?" said George, her eyes shining. "Well, I'll go then. I always said I wouldn't — but I will because I see now how much better and happier it is to be with others than all by myself. And if I can have Tim, well that's simply wonderful!"

"You'd better go back to your own bedrooms now," said Aunt Fanny, appearing at the doorway. "Look at Dick, almost dropping with sleep! Well, you should all have pleasant dreams tonight, for you've had an adventure to be proud of."

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<sup>1</sup> the men would have been caught and taken to prison — мужчин схватят и посадят в тюрьму







Four happy children snuggled down into their beds. Their wonderful adventure had come to a happy end. They had plenty of holidays still in front of them — and now that Uncle Quentin was no longer poor, he would give them the little presents he wanted to. George was going to school with Anne — and she had Tim for her own again! The island and castle still belonged to George — everything was marvellous!

"I'm so glad Kirrin Island wasn't sold, George," said Anne, sleepily. "I'm so glad it still belongs to you."

"It belongs to three other people too," said George. "It belongs to me — and to you and Julian and Dick. I've discovered that it's fun to share things. So tomorrow I am going to draw up a deed, or whatever it's called, and put in it that I give you and the others a quarter-share each. Kirrin Island and Castle shall belong to us all!"

**1. Say "True", "False" or "Not mentioned in the text".**

1. The children's boat passed by a big fishing-boat on their way home.
2. The men were rescued from the island.
3. The children didn't tell anything either to Aunt Fanny or Uncle Quentin.
4. George's father believed their story at once.
5. Uncle Quentin called the police.
6. He didn't allow Tim to be brought into the house.
7. The police came to say that the men had been caught and taken to prison.
8. George was sorry to part with her friends.
9. Anne said they would meet again the next summer.
10. George decided to share Kirrin Island with her friends.

**2. Answer these questions.**

1. Who rescued the men from the island?
2. Did Uncle Quentin change his opinion of children in general and particularly of his daughter?
3. What news delighted him?

4. What "present" did George ask her father for?
5. In what way did George's father change?
6. What did the police say when they came?
7. What did the children think about their adventure?
8. Why did George change her opinion about going to school?
9. What did Anne tell George about the school she was going to?
10. What did George discover about sharing things? Do you agree with her?

**3. Find in Chapter XIV some facts to prove that:**

- 1) the fishing-smack couldn't go to Kirrin Island;
- 2) Aunt Fanny believed the children's story at once;
- 3) Uncle Quentin began to have some liking for children;
- 4) George's parents liked Tim;
- 5) George was not selfish, she was kind and generous.

**4. Act out the talks between:**

- 1) George's parents and the four children about the events on Kirrin Island;
- 2) George and her parents about Tim;
- 3) George and Anne about George's future school life.

**5. Look at the picture that illustrates an episode from the chapter (p. 105) and describe it.**

### Summing Up

**1. Give a summary of the story. Follow this outline.**

- 1) The three children arrive at Kirrin Cottage.
- 2) They meet their cousin.
- 3) The children explore the island.
- 4) The storm lifts the old wreck.
- 5) The famous five find the map.
- 6) Uncle Quentin decides to sell the island.
- 7) The children find the ingots.
- 8) The famous five run away from the thieves.





- 9) Uncle Quentin and his family become rich.  
10) The children make plans for the future.

**2. Say as much as you can about these characters:**

- a) Uncle Quentin
- b) Aunt Fanny
- c) George
- d) Julian
- e) Dick
- f) Anne
- g) Tim

**3. Say which of the characters in the story changed most and how.**

**4. Describe your favourite character and say why you like him or her.**

**5. Speak about the character(s) you like least of all. Say why you dislike them.**

**6. Say what in your view will happen to the children and the dog in the future.**

**7. Describe the island where the most important events of the book took place. You can illustrate your story with a plan of the island.**

## PART TWO

### *Interesting People and Interesting Facts*

#### 1. Noah Webster

Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:

1. What important events were taking place in America when Webster was a young man?
2. Why did Webster write his first books for American children?
3. In what way did they differ from old books?
4. What problem was Noah ['nəʊə] Webster interested in?
5. What was Webster's great work?

As a young man, Noah Webster was a teacher. At that time the colonies in America were fighting for independence from Britain. Yet the books that American children used in school all came from Britain. The books were all about British people and British places. Webster wanted books that would mean more to American children. So he wrote three books that used American examples — a grammar book, a spelling book, and a reader. These books were very popular, and millions of them were sold.



Webster was interested in changing the spelling of words. He wanted words to be spelled the way they were pronounced. For example, he thought the word *head* should be spelled '*hed*' and the word *laugh* should be spelled '*laf*'. People liked Webster's suggestions. Unfortunately, though, few words were changed. One group of words that were changed were words in which an unpronounced *e* followed an *o*. That is



why Americans write *color* and *labor*, and the British write *colour* and *labour*.

With the money he made from the books Webster was able to start on his great work. This work took more than twenty years to write. It was the first American English dictionary, published in 1828. Webster's dictionary had over 70,000 words, and gave the meaning and origin of each. To this day, Webster's work is the example that most dictionaries of American English follow.

## 2. Jane Addams

Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:

1. What country did Jane Addams come from?
2. What was the idea of her Hull House?
3. For whom was Hull House organized?
4. What kind of campaigns did Jane Addams lead?
5. What was Jane Addams' activity during the First World War?



Jane Addams [ˈædəmz] was for many years one of the best known and most admired women in the world — some people even called her “Saint Jane”. All her life she fought for social justice, peace and human rights. She worked in Chicago [ʃiˈkɑːɡəʊ] in a place called Hull [hʌl] House.

Hull House was a community and residential centre in one of the poorest, most run-down areas of the city, where many of the local people were immigrants. Jane's purpose was “to feed the hungry and care for the sick ... give pleasure to the young, comfort the aged” — and provide a place where people could meet. Eventually, the settlement occupied thirteen buildings. It received money from one of her supporters. It became a model for many other similar projects throughout the USA.

Up to two thousand people came to Hull House every day, where they were offered opportunities they couldn't get elsewhere. There were social clubs, lectures and readings, an art gallery, museum, theatre, music school and gymnasium. Jane led campaigns for better housing and sanitation, for school playgrounds, juvenile courts, and an improved educational system. She upheld the rights of exploited workers — often women and children — and fought hard against political corruption.

Soon after the First World War broke out in 1914, she became president of the newly formed "Women's International League [li:g] for Peace and Freedom". She led fifty American women to a peace congress in Holland, where there were delegates from most of the major European countries. But the women's petitions to various governments had no effect. Her anti-war campaigning didn't always find understanding among her countrymen. But in 1931, she received the Nobel [nəu'bel] Peace Prize for all her work.

### 3. Mahatma Gandhi

**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. What was Gandhi's native country?
2. What were his ways of working for human rights?
3. Why did Gandhi and his supporters break laws?
4. What was Gandhi's activity in India after 1915?
5. How did Gandhi die?

Mahatma [mə'hɑ:təmə] Gandhi ['gændi] opposed all forms of injustice and oppression — his guiding principle was "non-violence". He was a social reformer, a political leader and an outstanding moral and religious teacher. He taught by example, as well as by speech and the written word; and he led a great nation to independence.





Gandhi's first campaigns took place in South Africa, where he went in 1893. He directed his campaigns against laws that restricted the rights of people in the South African Indian community. He set to work, calling public meetings, organizing groups, arranging petitions and writing to the press.

Gandhi developed a form of public protest by large numbers of people. For breaking certain laws, he and many thousand others were frequently imprisoned, but finally they succeeded in having most of these laws repealed. He called this form of protest *satyagraha*, which means "love-force" or "truth-power".

After returning to his native India in 1915, he became a leader in the movement for national independence. This meant not just a struggle against the British authorities, but also a struggle for unity among the Indian people themselves. Gandhi toured the country, speaking against religious divisions, against the Hindu ['hɪndu:] caste system, and in favour of equality for women.

The independence struggle involved many millions of people led by Gandhi who himself was imprisoned several times. At government conferences, he spoke for peace and justice for the Indian people. When violence between Muslims ['mʌzli:mz] and Hindus broke out in India he fasted in protest until it stopped. His home was very modest — by choice, he owned almost nothing. His murder, six months after India became independent, seemed to many people a blow against humanity.

#### 4. Florence Nightingale

**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. Was Florence Nightingale Italian? Did she come from a poor family?
2. In what way did she help the British soldiers in the Crimean War?
3. Why did the soldiers call her the "Lady of the Lamp"?
4. What kind of school did Florence Nightingale establish in London?
5. Why is she remembered today?

Florence ['flɒrəns] Nightingale ['naɪtɪŋgeɪl] was born on 12 May 1820 in the city of Florence in Italy. Her rich parents hoped that she would follow the path of most upper-class English girls and spend her time visiting friends and going to parties, in the hope of meeting a wealthy husband. But Florence had other ideas.

When she was eighteen, Florence became convinced that her aim in life was to care for the sick. This idea horrified her parents, because in those days nurses were usually rough women, with little or no medical training. But in spite of her parents' objections, Florence secretly studied nursing and worked out plans for improving the running of hospitals. Gradually she overcame her parents' opposition, and began visiting and working in hospitals.

In 1854 Florence Nightingale was asked to lead a group of nurses to care for British soldiers wounded in the bloody battles of the Crimean [kraɪ'mɪən] War.

When she arrived with her nurses, Florence Nightingale found thousands of sick and wounded British soldiers crammed into a filthy hospital with not enough food and supplies. Within a few weeks she had arranged for the hospital to be cleaned and had organized food and medical supplies.

As a result, the sick and wounded were far more comfortable. She was devoted to the care of her patients and the soldiers loved her. They called her the "Lady of the Lamp" because each night she walked through the dark wards with her lamp, bringing comfort to the sick and dying.

Florence Nightingale returned home in 1856 and was met as a heroine. But she took no notice of all the praise and instead set about working to improve army hospitals in England. She also concerned herself with health problems in British colonies overseas, especially India.





Florence Nightingale became a well-known adviser on nursing all over the world. In 1860 she established the first training school for nurses, the Nightingale School for Nurses at St Thomas's Hospital in London. She did not teach at the school, but instead organized the training and provided much advice. She laid down strict rules for the behaviour of nurses and made sure they were taught basic skills of first aid and hygiene. The nurses were also taught to run hospital wards in an organized and orderly way. Many of them went on to work abroad and brought her ideas to other countries; her methods form the basis of nursing training today.

After a long life of service to other people, Florence Nightingale died in 1910, at the age of ninety.

## 5. Robert Owen

**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. What was Robert Owen ['əʊn] more interested in: business or social work?
2. What were his communities like?
3. What and how were children taught in Owen's schools?
4. Did Owen share his ideas with other people?
5. Which of Owen's communities is the best known?

Robert Owen owned cotton mills at New Lanark ['lænək], in Scotland, and organized his business unlike any other mill-owner of the time. The whole enterprise was more of an experiment in community living than a business. To begin with, he built a village for the workers. They were provided with good housing, and clean, healthy surroundings; and they could buy good food cheaply in the village shops.

There was also education for all children up to the age of twelve. This in itself was unusual because most children started work much younger in those days. Teaching meth-



ods at New Lanark were very progressive for the time. Physical punishment was banned; the children were kindly spoken to and instructed 'to make each other happy'. Believing that people's characters are formed by their environment and education Owen used his business profits to improve conditions even further. The workers were also allowed to take part in making all decisions important for their lives. New Lanark was visited and much admired by many leading political figures of the day.

Owen published his ideas in books and talked about them during travels to France, Switzerland ['switsələnd] and Germany. He recommended the formation of 'villages of cooperation', made up of 200 to 300 families, where members would work according to their ability, for the good of the whole community.

Communities based on 'Owenite' ['əʊnait] principles were started in several places. The best known was called New Harmony ['hɑ:məni], which Owen himself set up in the USA in 1824.

## 6. Mother Teresa

**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. What was Mother Teresa's real name and where was she born?
2. What kind of job did she believe to be the right one for herself?
3. What did the missionaries do for the poor and homeless people of Calcutta?
4. What was the most important prize that Mother Teresa got?
5. What was her religion? Did she help only people of her own religion?

In 1946, a Catholic ['kæθlik] nun teaching in a girls' school in Calcutta [kæl'katə], India heard a call from God, telling her to go and serve amongst the "poorest of the poor". Mother Teresa headed a worldwide religious organization dedicated to serving the poor. She preached a message of hope, love and dignity to all people everywhere.

On 27 August 1910 a girl called Agnes ['ægnis] was born in Skopje ['skəʊpjə], Macedonia [ˌmæsi'dəʊniə], into an Albanian [æl'beɪniən]





Catholic family. By the time she was twelve years old, the young Agnes knew that God had a plan for her life; she would become a missionary nun.

At the age of eighteen Agnes joined an order of nuns in Ireland. Soon she was sent to India, where she adopted the religious name of Sister Teresa. She was later sent to a Catholic girls' school in Calcutta, where

she was a teacher.

At first Sister Teresa was contented with her life, but after a few years she began to feel that God was calling her to do another job: to go and work in the slums to "serve among the poorest of the poor". She had a difficult task persuading the church authorities to allow her to go out into the Calcutta streets to work among the poor.

While she waited for permission from the Church, she took a course in first aid to be able to care for the sick. She also learnt the local language, Bengali [ben'gɔ:lɪ]. Finally, in 1950, Pope Pius ['paɪəs] XII allowed her to found a religious group *The Missionaries of Charity*.

The missionaries started simply, running a small school and distributing food and medicines where they were most needed. As their numbers grew they opened homes for the poor and homeless people of Calcutta. They devoted themselves to working whole-heartedly among the poor of all religions. They also ran homes for abandoned children, and clinics and shelters for lepers.

Mother Teresa was awarded many prizes for her work, including the Nobel Peace Prize in 1979. She accepted these prizes not for herself, but for the people she served. She said: "Let us always meet each other with a smile, for a smile is the beginning of love."

## 7. Chewing Gum

**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. Is it quite true to say that chewing gum is a modern American invention?

2. Who brought chicle<sup>1</sup> to the United States?
3. Who was the first to sell gum balls for chewing?
4. What was William Wrigley's idea?
5. How did chewing gum spread from the United States to other countries?

We think of chewing gum as a modern American invention. But this is only partly true. For thousands of years people have chewed gum resin,<sup>2</sup> a juice collected from trees. In Mexico ['meksɪkəʊ], for example, Indians have long chewed chicle, the gum resin from the sapodilla tree.

In 1850 Mexico and the United States fought a war over Texas ['teksəs]. General Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana [æn'təʊniəʊ 'ləʊpəz də 'sæntə 'ænə] led the Mexican soldiers. When Mexico lost the war, Santa Ana had to leave his country. He went to live in New York and he took with him a large amount of chicle.

An American inventor, Thomas Adams [təməs 'ædəmz], bought some chicle from Santa Ana. He wanted to make the chicle into rubber but his plan failed. Adams then decided that chicle was better as something to chew. In 1871 he made and sold the first gumballs. These gumballs were a great success.

Then, in the 1890s, a man named William Wrigley first made chewing gum, as we know it today. William Wrigley had little education or money, but he had an idea. He made gums into flat sticks and added special flavours. Today, *Wrigley's Spearmint* ['spiəmint] gum and *Juicy Fruit* gum are among the most popular chewing gums in America.



<sup>1</sup> chicle ['tʃɪkl] — каучук

<sup>2</sup> gum resin ['rezɪn] — смола



How did modern chewing gum spread from the United States to other countries? During World War I and World War II, the U.S. Army found that chewing gum kept soldiers from getting thirsty. So American soldiers were given chewing gum each day. The soldiers who fought in Europe often gave gum to the people they met. Gum became as popular as it was in the United States. Today, of course, chewing gum can be found around the world.

## 8. Baseball

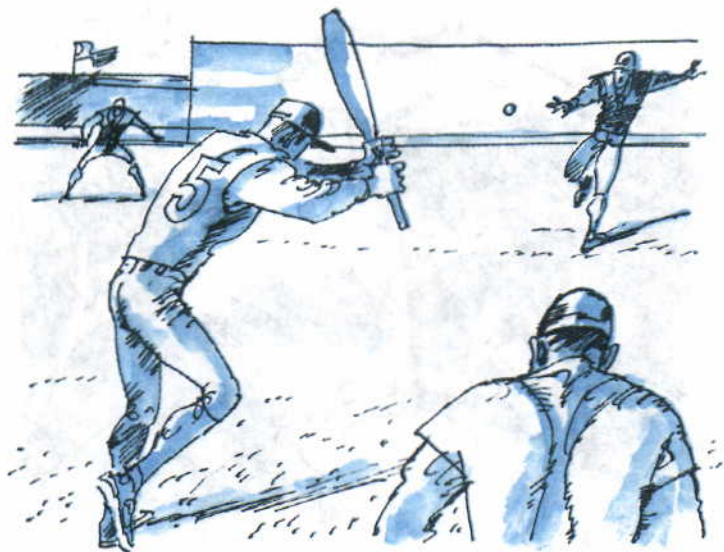
**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. What rules of baseball playing are mentioned in the text?
2. Do we know for sure where the game of baseball came from?
3. Who wrote down the rules of baseball and when?
4. When were the first professional teams started?
5. What are the names of the first two American professional baseball leagues?

Baseball is America's most popular sport. In a baseball game there are two teams of nine players. Players must hit a ball with a bat and then run around four bases. A player who goes around all the bases scores a run for his team. The team that finishes with more runs wins the game.

Where did baseball come from? No one knows for sure. Many people believe that the idea came from a game played by children in England. Other people believe that a man named Abner Doubleday ['æbnə 'dʌbldeɪ] invented the game in Cooperstown ['kʊpəztaʊn], New York, in 1839. But the first real rules of baseball were written in 1845 by Alexander Cartwright [æliɡzəndə 'kɑ:traɪt]. Two teams from New York played a game following Cartwright's rules. The rules worked well. Soon there were many teams.

These early teams were not professional. They played only for fun, not money. But baseball was very popular from the start. Businessmen saw that they could make money with professional baseball teams.



The first professional team was started in 1869. This team was the Red Stockings of Cincinnati [ˌsɪnsəˈnæti]. Within a few years there were professional teams in other cities. In 1876 these teams came together in a league, or group, called the *National League*. The teams in the National League played one another.

In 1901 a new league, called the *American League*, was formed. To create some excitement, in 1903 the two leagues decided to have their first-place teams play each other. This event was called the World Series.

Each year since then the National League winner and the American League winner play in the World Series. And, each year, millions of people look forward to this exciting sports event.

## 9. Hollywood

**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. What are the two meanings of the word 'Hollywood' [ˈhɒliwʊd]?
2. What was Hollywood at the beginning of the 20th century?
3. How did people find "the perfect place for making films"?





4. What years were the greatest years for Hollywood?
5. What can visitors to Hollywood see there today?

To many people, the word 'Hollywood' has two meanings. *Hollywood* is an area in Los Angeles [ləs 'ændʒəli:z]. *Hollywood* is also the American movie industry.

Hollywood was just farmland at the beginning of the 20th century. Early American movies were made in other places: for example, in New York and Chicago [tʃi'kɑ:gəʊ].

In 1917 a director was making a movie in Chicago. Because of cold weather, he couldn't finish the movie. He took a trip to southern California [kælə'fɔ:njə], and there he found just the weather and scenery he needed to finish his movie. The director realized that southern California was the perfect place for making movies. The next year his company built a movie studio in Hollywood. Other companies followed. Before long nearly all important American movie studios were in Hollywood, Los Angeles.

The next thirty years were Hollywood's greatest years. Thousands of movies were made, most by a few large and powerful studios. Directors, actors, and writers worked for these studios. They made some movies that today are considered great art.

Hollywood, the area in Los Angeles, also reaches its high point in these years. Many famous and glamorous stars, like Bette Davis [bet 'deɪvɪs] and Clark Gable [ˌklɑːk 'geɪbl], lived in Hollywood.

Today, Hollywood is not what it was. More movies are made outside of Hollywood. Many studios have moved. The movie stars have also moved to areas like Beverly ['beɪvəli] Hills and Malibu ['mælɪbuː].

But visitors to Hollywood today can go to the famous Chinese Theatre and see the footprints and autographs of movie stars. They can go down the Walk of Fame, on Hollywood Boulevard, and see the golden stars in the sidewalk.

## 10. The White House

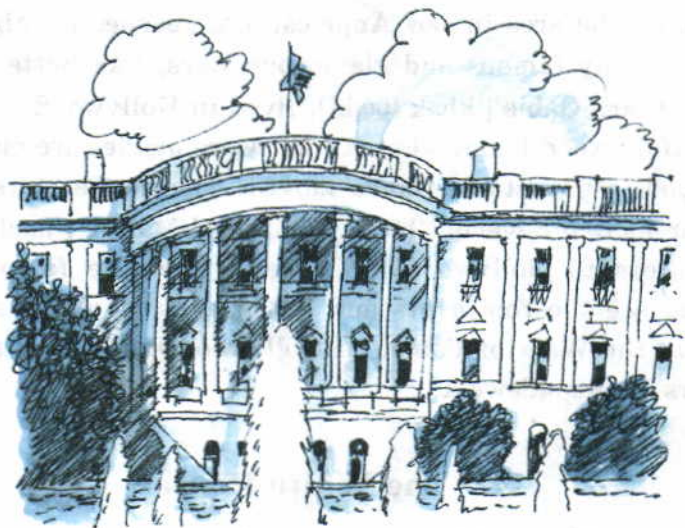
**Read the text and find in it the answers to these questions:**

1. What is the address of the White House?
2. What colour was the building that used to be the home of the US president? What was its name?
3. Who chose the place for the nation's capital city?
4. What were the drawbacks of the Presidential Palace?
5. What happened to the Presidential Palace in 1814? Who rebuilt it?
6. How did the White House become white?
7. What is the White House nowadays?
8. In what way is the term "White House" often used colloquially?

In Washington, DC, 1600 Pennsylvania [ˌpensɪl'veɪnjə] Avenue ['ævɪnjʊː] is a very special address. It is the address of the White House, the home of the president of the United States.

Originally the White House was grey and was called the Presidential Palace. It was built from 1792 to 1800. At that time, the city of Washington itself was being built. It was to be the nation's new capital city. George Washington, the first president, and Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, chose the place for the new city. L'Enfant then planned the city. The president's home was an important part of the plan.





A contest was held to pick a design for the president's home. An architect named James Hoban ['həʊbən] won. He designed a large three-story house of grey stone.

President Washington never lived in the Presidential Palace. The first president to live there was John Adams ['ædəmz], the second president of the United States, and his wife. Mrs Adams did not really like her new house. In her letters, she often complained about the cold. Fifty fireplaces were not enough to keep the house warm!

In 1812 the United States and Britain went to war. In 1814 the British invaded Washington. They burned many buildings, including the Presidential Palace.

After the war James Hoban, the original architect, partially rebuilt the president's home. To cover the marks of the fire, the building was painted white. Before long it became known as the White House.

In 1901 President Theodore Roosevelt issued an order changing the official name to the "White House".

Since it was burnt down in 1814 by British troops during the war of 1812, the White House has gone through numerous changes. Today it contains reception and dining room, living quarters for the President and his family (on the second floor), the President's Oval Office, and offices for the President staff.

Here, in the White House, the President holds meetings that decide national and international policy, signs new legislation and carries out the many duties of the office.

Besides being a residence, the White House is also a public building and as such is open at certain times for tours. The White House is one of the most popular tourist attractions in the United States.

Each year more than 1.5 million visitors come to Washington to tour the President's residence; however they can see only a few of mansion's 132 rooms, as only five of them are open to the public.

The term "White House" is often used colloquially to denote the President, or the executive branch of the US government.



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