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Carnival. Annette Keen

Jake arrives at Euston station in London. It is a holiday weekend and it is his first time away from Manchester.

Jake is eighteen years old and he lives with his family. Now he is in London. He is very happy. He stops and looks at his map. 'I can go to the Notting Hill Carnival and I can see some interesting places from the bus too,' he thinks.

Jake is sitting on a red London bus behind a big family. The children are standing at the windows. They are looking for famous places.

'Look! There's Madame Tussaud's! Can we go there?'

'Not today,' their mother answers. 'We're going to the carnival.'

'They're going to Notting Hill too,' Jake thinks.

It is a hot afternoon and Jake is sitting on a bench in Notting Hill. Suddenly, he sees some people in costumes. They have balloons and drums in their hands.

'Does the carnival start here?' Jake asks Mel, a girl in a green dress.

'Yes, near here. Look at the floats!' she says. 'Listen to the music! The procession is starting.'

Suddenly, a tall girl runs to the first float. Her costume is yellow and red and she has feathers in her hair. The young men on the float shout to her.

'Quickly, Maria! You're late!'

'Sorry - a little problem with my job,' she says. 'But it's OK now.'

The band moves slowly down the street.

Jake looks at the beautiful tall girl in her carnival costume. Their eyes meet and she smiles at him. Suddenly, he knows. It's love!

Jake's new friends are standing and waiting for him. But he walks away from them. He can only see Maria. Mel talks to Jake but he doesn't hear her. She looks at Maria and she understands.

The band moves slowly down the street.

Jake talks to Jake but he doesn't hear her. She looks at Maria and she understands.

The band moves slowly down the street. On the floats people are dancing to the music. Some people in the street are dancing too. There is a lot of music, noise and colour.

Jake is running but there are crowds of people near him. He can't stay with Maria's float. How can he meet this beautiful girl? Who is she? Maria looks down and sees Jake again. He has a friendly face and she likes him too.

'I'm Jake. What's your name?' he shouts.

'Hi, Jake! I'm Maria,' she answers.

'Can I telephone you? What's your number?'

She gives a big smile. But Jake can't hear her! The band is playing and people are shouting. The procession goes near a street cafe. People are drinking coffee at tables on the street. A tourist is standing on a chair. He is making a film of the carnival. His wife is watching him.
Jake sees a camera on the table. He wants a photograph of Maria. He takes the camera and runs quickly after the float.
'Maria! Maria! I want a photo! Smile, please!'
The procession is moving slowly. There are crowds of people in the street and Jake can't see Maria now.
'I can run down a quiet street and find her float,' he thinks.
He tries the first street. Suddenly, he hears the music from the band. He is near the procession now.
He sees Maria's float and shouts, 'Maria! I'm here!'
She sees him and she waves.
The tourist finds a policeman.
'A young man in a red T-shirt - he has my camera!' he says.
'Yes, I understand. Can you see him now?'
'It's very difficult in this crowd. But wait... yes, I can see him! There he is!'
Jake is standing on a bench.
'Look! That's him and that's my camera!'
Jake puts his photograph of Maria in his pocket. He is happy now. The policeman and the tourist run to him.
'Come down, young man,' the policeman says. 'Is that your camera?'
'No, it's my camera,' the man says.
Jake's face is red. Now he has a problem.
'Sorry, I only want one photo. Here's your camera.'
'I'm very sorry,' Jake says. 'I never do this.'
Jake thinks of his mother and he is very unhappy. The tourists think of their son and suddenly they are unhappy too.
'We have our camera now,' they say. 'He isn't a bad boy. Please, can he go?'
'No, I can't do that,' the policeman says.
Jake is standing in front of a police sergeant.
'Now, in your pockets you have . . . a map, a pen, £5.73, a train ticket. Is that all?'
'Let's see this important photo,' the first policeman says.
Jake takes the photo from his back pocket and gives it to the sergeant. The sergeant looks at the photograph for a long time. He is surprised.
'Where's Policewoman Day?' the sergeant asks.
'She's at the doctor's,' a policewoman says.
'No, she's here again now,' a policeman says. 'Do you want her?'
'Yes. Send her in. We have a problem.'
The policeman walks to the door and says, 'Please come in, Policewoman Day.'
The policemen look at the photo and they smile. Why?
Jake doesn't understand.
The door opens and Policewoman Day comes in. She looks at Jake. He looks at her. They are very surprised.
'It's you!' they say at the same time.
'Look at this photo, Maria,' the sergeant says. 'Here you are at the doctor's - or perhaps the carnival?'

READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a) The family on the bus was going to see Madame Tussaud's.
   b) Jake stole a tourist's camera from a table.
   c) Policeman forbade Jake for stealing the camera.
   d) The girl in the photograph was Maria, a policewoman.

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1. Why did Maria arrive late to the Carnival?
      a) Because she had to go to the doctor.
      b) Because she had a problem with her job.
      c) Because he fell asleep.
   2. Why didn't Maria give her telephone number to Jake?
      a) Because she didn’t like Jake.
      b) Because she didn’t remember her phone number.
      c) Because she couldn’t hear Jake because of the Carnival’s noise.
   3. Where were Maria while Jake was at commissary?
      a) In the Carnival.
      b) At home.
      c) In the commissary too.
   4. Did the sergeant know the girl in the photograph?
      a) No, he hasn’t seen her in his whole life.
      b) Yes, he knew her because she was his neighbour.
      c) Yes, he knew it because she was a policewoman.
3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)
   a) How would you describe the Carnival?
   b) Can you summarize Jake’s experience?

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)
   a) searching
   b) suits
   c) speak loudly
   d) amicable
   e) movie
   f) fastly
   g) sad
   h) trouble

Writing Extension (20 points)
5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.
6. Write a description of the most original disguise you have seen in Carnival.
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a. The family on the bus was going to see Madame Tussaud's. FALSE
   b. Jake stole a tourist's camera from a table. TRUE
   c. Policeman forbade Jake to steal the camera. FALSE
   d. The girl in the photograph was Maria, a policewoman. TRUE

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1. Why did Maria arrive late to the Carnival?
      a. Because she had to go to the doctor.
      b. Because she had a problem with her job.
      c. Because he fell asleep.
   2. Why didn’t Maria give her telephone number to Jake?
      a) Because she didn’t like Jake.
      b) Because she didn’t remember her phone number.
      c) Because she couldn’t hear Jake because of the Carnival’s noise.
   3. Where were Maria while Jake was at commissary?
      a) In the Carnival.
      b) At home.
      c) In the commissary too.
   4. Did the sergeant know the girl in the photograph?
      a) No, he hasn’t seen her in his whole life.
      b) Yes, he knew her because she was his neighbour.
      c) Yes, he knew it because she was a policewoman.
3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)

a) How would you describe the Carnival?

It’s a celebration with a lot of people where they are singing and dancing and wearing different disguises and moving around the town on floats. (possible answer)

b) Can you summarize Jake’s experience?

Jake only wanted to see the Carnival and be fun with the big party with the crowdy, when he met a beautiful girl called Maria and he felt in love with her. He stole a camera to take a photograph of her, but the camera’s owner called a policeman and Jake’s was caught and taken to comissary, where they found out that Maria was a policewoman too and she had lied to her boss to assist to Carnival. (possible answer)

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

   a. searching – looking for
   b. suits - costumes
   c. speak loudly - shout
   d. amicable - friendly
   e. movie - film
   f. fastly - quickly
   g. sad - unhappy
   h. trouble – problem

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.

   FREE ANSWER

6. Write a description of the most original disguise you have seen in Carnival.

   FREE ANSWER
Tales from The Arabian Nights. The Unhappy King

Long ago, there was a great king called Shahriah. He was a good king — until he found his wife loved another man. Then the King was very angry with his wife.

'Cut off her head!' he roared.

The executioner took the King's wife away, and cut her head off.

Every night after that the King lay in his great bed all alone and very sad. When he slept, he dreamed of his beautiful, dead wife. When he was awake, he thought he could see her in the arms of the other man. He did not know what to do. At last he called for the Wazir, the chief of his servants.

The sleepy Wazir hurried to the King's room.

'I will not spend another night by myself,' said the King.

'Oh, you have decided to marry again. I am so glad, dear King,' cried the Wazir, happily.

'Marry again? How can I do that? Women are so bad. A woman cannot love one man for more than one day.'

'Any woman would love you for ever, great King,' said the Wazir.

'You are wrong!' roared King Shahriah. 'A woman's love is like a leaf in the wind. One minute it goes this way, the next minute it goes another way. No one ever knows where it will go next.'

'Of course, you are right, O great King,' said the Wazir quickly. 'Women are just like leaves. But what can anyone do?'

'I know what I shall do,' said the King. 'And you are going to help me. Bring me a pretty, clever girl and I will marry her.'

The Wazir looked pleased.

Then the King added, 'And tell the executioner to come to the wedding. He must cut off the girl's head the next morning, before she can stop loving me.

After that, you must bring me another girl. As long as you do your job, I shall never be alone at night again. As long as the executioner does his job, no wife of mine will live long enough to love another man!'

The Wazir went away sadly. He hated to send all those lovely girls to their deaths. But he had to obey the King.

For three years King Shahriah married a new wife every day. Every morning the executioner cut off the head of the King's new wife. More than a thousand girls died.

The Wazir was very unhappy about this, but he was afraid of the King. He was afraid of the executioner, too. He often shut himself in his room and cried. He prayed to God to help him.

One day, someone heard the Wazir crying. That person was the Wazir's daughter. She was beautiful, clever and good, and her name was Sheherezade.

Sheherezade was sad, too, when she heard about the poor young girls. She thought carefully for a few minutes. Then she said:
'Listen, Father. I think I know how we can stop the King from killing any more young girls. Let me marry him.'

'You? Oh, my dear daughter, do not throw your life away! Do not leave your poor old father alone in the world!'

'Father, please do as I ask you. I have a plan.'

King Shahriah was very happy when he saw Sheherezade. 'Why didn't you bring this one to me before, Wazir?' he said.

'She is my own daughter, great King,' said the Wazir, very sadly.

That night Sheherezade lay beside the King in his great bed. She began to tell him a story. Shahriah had never heard a story like it before.

The story was about a place far, far away where people did strange things. Sometimes the story was funny, and the King laughed. He had not laughed so much for many years. Sometimes it was sad, and he could not stop crying. He had not cried so much for many years, either. Always it was interesting. But before Sheherezade reached the end of the story, day had come. The sun was up in a pink sky, and the birds were singing their morning song.

'It is day,' said the King. 'I have worked to do. Tonight, Sheherezade, you must come to me again. You can finish the story then.'

The executioner was standing outside the door.

'Not this morning,' the king told him. 'Come again tomorrow.'

So Sheherezade lived one day longer than all the other young girls.

The next night she finished her story. Then she started a new one. This story, too, was about a wonderful place far, far away. The King laughed even louder at the funny parts. He cried even longer at the sad parts. He was so interested in the story that before he knew it, it was daytime. And of course, Sheherezade had not finished.

Once again the King sent the executioner away. He asked Sheherezade to come back the next night to finish her second story.

So it went on, night after night, week after week, month after month. Sheherezade knew so many different stories. Each one was new. Each one was too long to finish before day came.

FUENTE: Tales from the Arabian Nights (Oxford Progressive English Readers, Level 1)
READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a) Long ago, there was a great king called Kassim.
   b) The king thinks that a woman's love is like a leaf in the wind.
   c) The king said to Wazir: ‘Bring me a pretty, silly girl and I will marry her.’
   d) The Wazir liked to send all those lovely girls to their deaths.
   e) Every week the King marries a new wife

2. Choose the answer to the following questions. (30p)

   1. What must the executioner cut off of the King’s new wife the next morning?
      a) the girl’s head
      b) the girl’s arm
      c) the girl’s hand

   2. Who heard the Wazir crying?
      d) His son
      e) His daughter
      f) His wife

   3. Why was the Wazir so sad?
      a) for a thousand lovely young girls.
      b) For the rainy day
      c) For a dead bird

   4. What’s the Wazir’s daughter’s name?
      a) Sarah
      b) Sheherezade
      c) None of the both answers above

      d) What did she do in the King’s great bed every night?
         a) Tell him a story
         b) Play cards
         c) Sing a song

      e) Why did Sheherezade live some days longer than the other young girls?
         a) Danced very good
         b) Sang beautiful songs
         c) Never finished the story
3. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

a) began
b) sad
c) pretty
d) happy
e) said
f) listened
g) finished

4. Put the beginning of each sentence with the right ending. (10p)

1. The King's wife loved another man ...
2. The King was lonely ...
3. Sheherezade said she would marry the king ...
4. The Wazir did not want his daughter to marry the king ...
5. The King told the executioner to come back the next day ...

a) ... so he told the Wazir to bring him a pretty girl  
b) ... because she wanted to stop him killing any more girls.  
c) ... because he did not want to be left alone in the world.  
d) ... because he wanted to hear the end of the story.  
e) ... so the King told the executioner to cut her head off.

Writing extension

5. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)

a) Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion

b) What story would you tell to the King?
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (10p)
   
   a) Long ago, there was a great king called Kassim. FALSE
   b) The king thinks that a woman's love is like a leaf in the wind. TRUE
   c) The king said to Wazir: 'Bring me a pretty, silly girl and I will marry her.' FALSE
   d) The Wazir liked to send all those lovely girls to their deaths. FALSE
   e) Every week the King marries a new wife. FALSE

2. Choose the answer to the following questions. (30p)
   
   1. What must the executioner cut off of the King´s new wife the next morning?
      
      a) the girl’s head
      b) the girl’s arm
      c) the girl’s hand

   2. Who heard the Wazir crying?
      
      a) His son
      b) His daughter
      c) His wife

   3. Why was the Wazir so sad?
      
      a) for a thousand lovely young girls.
      b) For the rainy day
      c) For a dead bird

   4. What’s the Wazir’s daughter´s name?
      
      a) Sarah
      b) Sheherezade
      c) None of the both answers above

   5. What did she do in the King´s great bed every night?
      
      a) Tell him a story
      b) Play cards
      c) Sing a song

   6. Why did Sheherezade live some days longer than the other young girls?
      
      a) Danced very good
      b) Sang beautifull songs
      c) Never finished the story
3. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

a) Began  started
b) Sad  unhappy
c) Pretty  beautiful
d) Happy  glad
e) said  told
f) listened  heard
g) finished  reached the end

4. Put the beginning of each sentence with the right ending. (10p)

1. The King’s wife loved another man ...  
   2. The King was lonely ...
   3. Sheherezade said she would marry the king ...
   4. The Wazir did not want his daughter to marry the king ...
   5. The King told the executioner to come back the next day ...

a... so he told the Wazir to bring him a pretty girl
b... because she wanted to stop him killing any more girls.
c... because he did not want to be left alone in the world.
d... because he wanted to hear the end of the story.
e... so the King told the executioner to cut her head off.

Answer

1-e  2-a  3-b  4-c  5-d

Writing Extension (20 points)

Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)

1. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion

Free Answers

2. What story would you tell to the King?

Free Answers
There was once a poor, old fisherman. Every day he went to the sea with his net. Every day he prayed to God to fill his net with fish. Sometimes God answered his prayers; often He did not.

One morning the fisherman pulled his net out of the water. There was nothing in it except a dirty, old bottle.

The fisherman was sad. He wanted fish, not an old bottle.

'Perhaps I can sell it,' he said to himself.

He washed the mud off the bottle and looked at it. It was very old, and it was fastened with a strange seal. The fisherman did not know much about old things. He did not know that the seal on the bottle was the seal of the great King Solomon himself.

'Perhaps there is something useful in the bottle,' he said to himself.

He opened the bottle with his knife. He looked inside. The bottle was empty. Then the fisherman turned it over and shook it. Dust came out, at first just a little, then more and more. Faster and faster, dust flew out of the bottle and up into the air like a dark cloud. The cloud grew and grew. Soon the fisherman saw the shape of a huge man of dust. It was a magic man, a genie.

Some genies are small and friendly, but this one was as tall as a mountain and as fierce as a tiger. It did not look at all friendly. It looked angry, and bad.

The fisherman's mouth hung open. His eyes were as big as plates, and he was very frightened. He knelt on the sand and prayed to God to save him. When the genie spoke, the earth shook and the sky grew dark.

'Oh Solomon, great king. I am sorry, and I will never do it again — ' The genie stopped and looked at the frightened little fisherman. 'You are not Solomon!' The fisherman shook his head. He said nothing. He was too frightened to speak.

'Who let me out of the bottle?' asked the genie.

'I did, sir,' said the fisherman.

'Get ready to die, little man,' roared the genie.

'But what have I done to you, Great One?'

'Choose the way you want to die, little man,' said the genie. 'Make it painful and nasty and very horrible. If it is not horrible enough I will think of a much more horrible way.'

'But what have I done?' repeated the poor fisherman. 'How have I made you so angry?'

'Listen, little man, I will tell you my story — but get ready to die afterwards. Don't think I will forget.' 'I am a great genie,' said the genie, 'and I fought against King Solomon himself. My army was beaten and King Solomon made me his prisoner. I knelt down and begged him for my life. He could see how sorry I was. "Stand up," King Solomon said to me. "Just obey me. Then I shall forgive you, and we can be friends." "You forgive me?" I roared. "Me! I am the greatest, strongest genie in the whole world. You will have to wait a long time before I will do as you tell me! And you will wait much, much longer before I will become your friend!"

'Then King Solomon said some magic words, and I suddenly felt myself getting smaller and smaller. He put me in this bottle. He closed it up with his own great seal. Then he told one of his soldiers to throw it into the sea. That's my story,' said the genie.

'But King Solomon died two thousand years ago!' said the fisherman.

'Two thousand years!' cried the genie. 'So my old enemy is dead and I cannot kill him! Well, little man, you can take his place. I shall kill you, instead. Get ready to die.' He took a long, shining knife out of his belt, and he smiled a big, ugly smile.
The genie looked down at the fisherman. He thought the little man would be very frightened. But the fisherman was looking at the genie with a smile on his tired, old face.

'Well, now,' said the fisherman, 'you don't think I am going to believe that, do you?'

'You don't believe me?' roared the genie.

He was so angry that the sea and the sky shook. He lifted the big knife above his head. But the fisherman just smiled again.

'Now, tell me the truth — where did you come from? You didn't come out of that little bottle, did you? I know I am a simple man, but I am not stupid. How could a great genie get inside such a small bottle?'

'I am a genie,' said the genie. 'Genies can do anything!'

'Well I am not going to believe that,' said the fisherman. 'Look — I am a lot smaller than you, and I can't get into that bottle.' He tried to push his foot down through the neck of the bottle, and of course he could not do it. 'You can't tell me,' the fisherman continued, 'that you and that big shining knife got inside this tiny little bottle. It's just silly.'

The genie was so angry. 'Me?' he roared. 'Silly?' he roared. 'You are the silly one, little man. Can't you understand? A great genie like me can do anything.

Watch!' The body of the genie, tall as a mountain, broke up into a cloud of many different colours. The cloud grew smaller and smaller. At last, all that was left was some dust. The dust went through the neck of the bottle.

'Oh!' smiled the old fisherman. 'So that's how you do it! Now I know you are a great genie.' Then he quickly took the seal and pushed it on top of the bottle. The bottle was fastened again — and the genie was inside!

'And you can stay there for another two thousand years!' cried the fisherman. 'I shall tell the people in my village about you, too! Then, if they find your bottle, they will know they must not let you out.'

He thanked God for His help and he threw the bottle far away into the sea.

FUENTE: Tales from the Arabian Nights (Oxford Progressive English Readers, Level 1)
READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a) The fisherman was poor and young.
   b) There was nothing in his net except a dirty, old bottle.
   c) When the genie spoke, the earth shook and the sky grew blue.
   d) The genie was small and friendly.
   e) King died three thousand years ago.

2. Choose the answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1. The bottle was:
      a) Brilliant
      b) Dirty
      c) Clean
   2. He opened the bottle with:
      a) scissors
      b) a knife.
      c) a fork
   3. The genie was as fierce as:
      a) A cat
      b) A tiger
      c) A lion
   4. The King made the genie his prisoner. His name was:
      a) Solomon
      b) Mustapha
      c) Aladdin
3. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (10p)
   a) Silly
   b) Tiny
   c) scared
   d) dirt
   e) closed

4. Choose the right words to say what this part of the story is about.
   The Genie said his army (1) won a war against/was beaten by King Solomon. The King made him his (2) friend/prisoner. The Genie begged for (3) his life/some gold.
   King Solomon could see how (4) happy/sorry he was.
   Then the King told the Genie to (5) stand up/sit down. He told the Genie to (6) obey/fight him. He said if the genie did that they would be (7) friends/enemies.

Writing Extension (20 points)

1. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.
2. Write a description of a genie
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a) The fisherman was poor and young.  false  old
   b) There was nothing in his net except a dirty, old bottle.  true
   c) When the genie spoke, the earth shook and the sky grew blue.  false  Dark
   d) The genie was small and friendly.  false
   e) King died three thousand years ago.  false  two

2. Choose the answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1. The bottle was:
      a) Brilliant
      b) Dirty
      c) Clean
   2. He opened the bottle with:
      a) scissors
      b) a knife.
      c) a fork
   3. The genie was as fierce as:
      a) A cat
      b) A tiger
      c) A lion
   4. The King made the genie his prisoner. His name was:
      a) Solomon
      b) Mustapha
      c) Aladdin
3. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (10p)
   a) Silly  
       stupid
   b) Tiny  
       little, small
   c) scared  
       Frightened
   d) dirt  
       dust
   e) closed  
       fastened

4. Choose the right words to say what this part of the story is about.
   The Genie said his army (1) won a war against/ was beaten by King Solomon. The King made him his (2) friend/ prisoner. The Genie begged for (3) his life/ some gold. King Solomon could see how (4) happy/ sorry he was.
   Then the King told the Genie to (5) stand up/ sit down. He told the Genie to (6) obey/ fight him. He said if the genie did that they would be (7) friends/ enemies.

Writing Extension (20 points)

1. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.
   FREE ANSWER

2. Write a description of a genie
   FREE ANSWER
April in Moscow. Stephen Rabley

April Fox is a dancer. She works for the British Dance Company in Leeds. Her boss there is Maria Grant. One Monday morning, April arrives early. She sees Maria at the coffee machine. “I’ve got some good news”, says Maria. There is an envelope in her hand. “Really? What is it?” April asks. Maria smiles. “Wait and see,” she says.

At ten o’clock the dancers are finishing their first class. Suddenly, Maria walks into the room. “Can I have a word with you all, please?” she says. “What’s this about?” asks April’s friend, Laura. “I don’t know,” April answers. The music stops. “I have a letter here from Moscow,” says Maria. “The Russians want us to dance there next month.”

Six weeks later, April is at Heathrow airport in London. “You’re going to have a very good time,” says her father. “Of course she is, George,” says Mrs Fox. “Now, April, have you got everything? Ticket, passport, money…?” April smiles. “Yes, Mum” She says goodbye to her parents. Then she sees Laura and Maria. “Come on,” says Laura. “It’s time to go.”

On the plane April and Laura talk about Moscow. They are both very happy. “I want to see everything,” says Laura. “The Kremlin – Red Square – the Bolshoi…” “Me, too,” says April, “and I want to meet lots of people” “Don’t forget we’re going there to work,” says Maria with a smile.

In Moscow a bus takes the dancers to their hotel. April and Laura’s hotel room is on the second floor. Laura walks in and puts her bags down. “Great! – there’s a TV.” She says and turns it on. A man is reading the news. She pushes another button. Now there’s a pop video. “Look, April,” she says. “Russian rock and roll.” But April is not listening. She is looking out of the window. “Moscow,” she thinks. “I’m in Moscow.”

Next day the dancer work very hard. Their dance for the festival, Green Oceans, is new and very difficult. They start at eight o’clock and finish at six. Then, after dinner, they go to the Bolshoi Theatre. “This is beautiful,” says April. Laura sits down next to her. “It really is,” she says. Then they watch the Russian dancers. They are all tall, strong, and very, very good.

The day after, April and Laura finish at three o’clock. They go to a café and drink Russian tea. Then Laura looks at ther map of Moscow. “Where do you want to go? The Pushkin Museum’s near here,” she says. “Ok – let’s go there,” says April. Then she looks at the people in the café. “I want to talk to them,” she thinks. “But how? I can’t speak Russian.”

In a street near the museum there is a small market. “Oh Laura, look,” says April. She can see some red and yellow boxes on a table. “Those are pretty.” “They’re music boxes,” says a young man with
glasses. “You speak English!” says April. The boy smiles. “I’m studying it at university. My friend Nikolai and I only work here at weekends.

April and Laura talk to the boys for a long time. Sasha – the one with glasses – speaks English very well. Nikolai only speaks a little.

After twenty minutes, Sasha has an idea. “Listen,” he says. “We’re going to the country tomorrow for a week’s holiday. Some friends are going with us. Do you want to come for the day? It’s not very far.”

Next morning, Sasha and Nikolai arrive at the girls’ hotel in their fathers’ cars. There are three other people with them – Lara, Igor and Sonya. They are drive to a lake near Moscow. Everyone is laughing and talking. At the lake they have lunch. After that Nikolai plays his guitar and sings Russian songs. April listens to him.

Back in Moscow there is a lot to do. All the dancer work very hard and have no free time. April is tired. Sad, too. She want to see Nikolai again. “But how?” She thinks. “Where? When? He’s in the country and I’m here in Moscow.”

Then, the British Dance Company’s big night arrives. “Good luck, everyone.” Says Maria.

The evening goes very fast. April only thinks about one thing – Green Oceans. But then, two hours later, the music stops. She stands under a white light. Laura and all the other dancers are beside her. Everyone in the theatre is throwing flowers. “I think they like us,” says Laura. There is a sad smile on April’s face. “Yes,” she says. “I think they do.”

Twenty-four hours later, all the British dancers are at Moscow airport. “Now I’m never going to see Nikolai again,” thinks April. “And I can’t write to him. I don’t know his add…”

Then someone says her name. She turns. It’s Nikolai. “The plane’s leaving,” says Maria Grant. April looks at Nikolai. He gives her a parcel and walks away.

On the plane, April sits next to Laura. Her eyes are wet. She opens the parcel. “Oh, look,” says Laura. “It’s one of those music boxes – the ones in the market. And there’s a letter, too” What does it say? But April is too happy to speak. She looks at the letter. “Can I come and see you in England?” “Oh, Nikolais, yes,” she thinks. “Yes, you can!”

FUENTE: APRIL IN MOSCOW. STEPHEN RABLEY. PENGUIN READERS.
READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a) April is a player.
   b) April goes to Moscow.
   c) Nikolai speaks English very well.
   d) April receive a letter and a music box.

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1) Where does April work?
      a) She works for the British Dance Company in London.
      b) She works for the British Dance Company in Leeds.
      c) She works for the British Sing Company in Leeds.

   2) What do the Russians want?
      a) They want the company to dance in Moscow.
      b) They want the company to play in Moscow.
      c) They want the company to dance in Heathrow.

   3) April and Laura talk about Moscow
      a) On the plane.
      b) On the bus.
      c) On the car.

   4) What does Nikolai do in the country?
      a) He plays his trumpet and sings Russian songs.
      b) He plays his guitar and sings Russian songs.
      c) He plays his violin and sings Russian songs.
1. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)
   a) Why are April and Laura going to Moscow?
   b) What do April and Laura want to visit in Moscow?
   c) What happens in the market?

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)
   a) begin
   b) many people
   c) see you
   d) pub

Writing Extension (20 points).

5. Write a description of a travel you want to visit.
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a. April is a player. FALSE
   b. April goes to Moscow. TRUE
   c. Nikolai speaks English very well. FALSE
   d. April receive a letter and a music box. TRUE

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)

   1. Where does April work?
      a. She works for the British Dance Company in London.
      b. She works for the British Dance Company in Leeds.
      c. She works for the British Sing Company in Leeds.

   2. What does the Russians want?
      a. They want the company to dance in Moscow.
      b. They want the company to play in Moscow.
      c. They want the company to dance in Heathrow.

   3. April and Laura talk about Moscow
      a) On the plane.
      b) On the bus.
      c) On the car.

   4. What does Nikolai do in the country?
      a) He plays his trumpet and sings Russian songs.
         a. He plays his guitar and sings Russian songs.
         b. He plays his violin and sings Russian songs.

3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)

   a. Why are April and Laura going to Moscow?
      Because the Russians write a letter and they want the company to dance in
b. What do April and Laura want to visit in Moscow?

They want to visit The Kremlin-Red Square-the Bolshoi…

c. What happens in the market?

April and Laura meet two friends, Nikolai and Sasha. They can speak English.

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

a) begin → start
b) many people → lots of people
c) see you → goodbye
d) pub → café

Writing Extension (20 points)
1. Write a description of a travel you want to visit.

Free answer
Newspaper Chase. John Escott.

The time is one o'clock in the morning.
The place is the Ritesville town art gallery.
A window opens and a man comes in. His name is Harry Black, and he is a thief.
It is dark in the art gallery, but Harry has a light. He looks across the room at a painting.
-"There it is!" he says.
Harry moves quickly across the room. He stands and looks at the painting.
-"A million dollars for this?" he thinks. "I don't understand it."
But he takes a knife from his coat.
Then he takes the painting very, very slowly from its frame.
Harry goes back across the room to the window, but he walks into a table. There is a beautiful blue glass vase on the table. It falls on the floor and breaks into a hundred pieces.
Harry smiles. "Is that a million-dollar vase?" he thinks.
-"It isn't now!"
He runs across the pieces of glass to the window.
Harry has a room in Mrs. Allen's rooming house. He goes quietly up to his room and closes the door.
Mrs. Allen and her daughter, Janey, are sleeping. They don't hear him.
In his room, Harry takes the painting from his bag. He puts it in a newspaper. Then, he puts the newspaper under his bed.
In the morning, Janey Allen is in the kitchen. She is putting old bottles into a box.
-"Recycling is important," Janey thinks.
On the TV, a reporter is at the Ritesville art gallery. He is talking about the painting.
-"It's a million-dollar painting," he is saying. "Here's a photo of it."
Now the reporter is talking about the blue glass vase.
-"It's in a hundred pieces now," he says.
Janey looks at the photo of the vase. Then, she asks her mother, "Do you have any old bottles?"
-"No," Mrs. Allen says. "That's all, Janey. But the newspaper recycling truck is coming today."
- "Of course!" Janey says. "It's Friday!"
Harry isn't in his room. He is talking on his telephone to a man in Seattle. The man wants the painting, but Harry isn't happy.
- "Five thousand dollars?" Harry says. "No! It's a million dollar painting! . . . What? . . . No, I want fifty thousand, not five! . . . What? . . . The painting? Yes, I have it, and it's OK."
Janey is looking for old newspapers. Early on Friday mornings, she takes them from every room in the house.
Then later, the newspaper recycling truck arrives.
Janey opens Harry's door and looks into his room. She always takes his old newspapers or bottles for recycling.
"Ah!" she thinks. "There's a newspaper under Harry's bed."
Janey puts the old newspapers into a black recycling box. She runs from the house and sees the truck.
-"Wait!" she says. And she quickly gives the box to one of the men.
Harry is coming back to the house. He sees the recycling truck, and he sees Janey.
"It's Friday!" he says. "The newspaper — ! Oh, no!"
Harry chases after the truck.
-"Wait! Wait!" he says.
Janey watches him. "What is he doing?" she thinks.
Harry jumps into the back of the truck.
"I want my newspaper!" he says. "Where's my newspaper?"
But there are thousands of newspapers in the truck.
Janey walks quickly from the house to the truck.
-"Why is your newspaper important, Harry?" she asks.
-"It's two days old."
But Harry doesn't hear her. He is thinking, "My million dollar painting! Where is it?"
The men from the recycling truck are watching Harry, too. But now Janey is looking at Harry's shoe.
-"There's some blue glass in Harry's shoe," Janey thinks.
-"Where—? Oh!"
Suddenly, she remembers the photo of the blue glass vase on the TV. She looks again at the piece of glass in Harry's shoe.
-"Is it from the vase in the art gallery?" she thinks. "Is Harry Black the thief?"
The men from the recycling truck are angry.
-"We're going now," they are saying. "We're late."
-"But I want my newspaper!" Harry says.
In the house, Janey is talking to the police on the telephone. "Maybe I'm wrong," she is saying. -"But there's blue glass in his shoe . . . What? . . . Yes, he's looking for the newspaper now."
Two policemen arrive quickly.
"Let's look at your shoe," they say to Harry.
Harry doesn't understand. "What's wrong?" he asks.
One of the policemen takes the glass from Harry's shoe.
"This is a very expensive piece of glass," he says. "From a very expensive vase". Remember?"
Suddenly, Harry understands. "Oh, no!" he says.
Police cars and policemen arrive. The men look in the truck for the million-dollar painting. Later, they find the right newspaper—and they find the painting.
"Good work, Janey," one of the policemen says. "And there's a reward."
"Maybe I can buy a painting with the reward!" Janey says. "I like pictures!"

FUENTE: NEWSPAPER CHASE. JOHN ESCOTT. PENGUIN READERS EASY START.
READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   - The thief comes through the gallery’s window.
   - Janey is Harry’s sister.
   - Harry hides the painting in a newspaper.
   - Janey doesn’t want the reward.

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)
   - What is Harry looking for in the gallery?
     a) An expensive green vase.
     b) An old knife.
     c) A painting.
   - Why is Janey taking the old bottles?
     a) Because she thinks recycling is important.
     b) Because his mother cannot doing the housework.
     c) Because he gets money doing this.
   - What is Harry doing the police arrive?
     a) He is trying to escape.
     b) He is looking for the painting
     c) He is cleaning his shoes.

3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)
   - Where does Harry put the newspaper?
   - When does the recycling truck arrive?
   - Why is Harry chasing after the truck?
   - Why does Janey think Harry maybe the thief?
4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Synonym</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lorry</td>
<td>To persecute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burglar</td>
<td>Picture</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a new end for the story.
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

2. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   - The thief comes through the gallery’s window. True
   - Janey is Harry’s sister. False
   - Harry hides the painting in a newspaper. True
   - Janey doesn’t want the reward. False

3. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)
   - Where does Harry put the newspaper?
     - He puts it under his bed.
   - When does the recycling truck arrive?
     - It always arrives on Fridays.
   - Why is Harry chasing after the truck?
     - Because he wants to recover the painting.
   - Why does Janey think Harry maybe the thief?
     - Because he has a piece of blue glass in his shoe.
   - What is Harry looking for in the gallery?
     a) An expensive green vase.
     b) An old knife.
     c) A painting.
   - Why is Janey taking the old bottles?
     a) Because she thinks recycling is important.
     b) Because his mother cannot doing the housework.
     c) Because he gets money doing this.
What is Harry doing the police arrive?

a) He is trying to escape.

b) He is looking for the painting

c) He is cleaning his shoes.

4. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)

- Where does Harry put the newspaper?
  FREE ANSWER

- When does the recycling truck arrive?
  FREE ANSWER

- Why is Harry chasing after the truck?
  FREE ANSWER

- Why does Janey think Harry maybe the thief?
  FREE ANSWER

5. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lorry</th>
<th>Truck</th>
<th>To persecute</th>
<th>to chase</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burglar</td>
<td>Thief</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>painting</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Writing Extension (20 points)

6. Write a new end for the story.

FREE ANSWER
Darkness had no effect on my fancy, and a churchyard was to me merely the receptacle of bodies deprived of life, which, from being the seat of beauty and strength, had become food for the worm. Now I must examine the cause and progress of this decay and spend days and nights in vaults and charnel-houses. My attention was fixed on every object...the most insupportable to the delicacy of the human feelings. I saw how the fine form of man was degraded and wasted; I looked at the corruption of death succeed to the blooming cheek of life; I saw how the worm inherited the wonders of the eye and brain. I paused, examining and analysing all the minutiae of causation, as exemplified in the change from life to death, and death to life, until from the midst of this darkness a sudden light interfered me — a light so brilliant and marvellous, yet so simple, that while I became dizzy with the immensity of the prospect which it illustrated, I was surprised that among so many men of genius who had directed their inquiries towards the same science, that I alone should be reserved to discover such an astonishing secret.

It was on a dreary night of November that I witnessed the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning. The rain fell against the panes and my candle was nearly burnt out when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open. It breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how define the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had worked to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries underneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these exuberances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the white sockets in which they were set, his dry complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled
my heart. Unable to bear the aspect of the being I had created, I ran out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to sleep.

I was very tired and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, trying very hard to search a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain. I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the colour of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud covered her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel.

I started from my sleep with horror. A cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I contemplated the wretch — the miserable monster I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes were fixed on me. His jaws opened and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear. One hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me — but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it was going to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse I had so miserably given life to. Oh! No mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had looked at him fixedly while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground through tiredness and extreme weakness. Mixed with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (70 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false
   a) The writer says that he had made a beautiful creature.
   b) The writer saw his creation for the first time on a dark stormy night.
   c) The writer feels very sad that night he met the creature.
   d) He saw Elizabeth in dreams.

2. Answer the questions with your own words.
   c) How would you describe the monster's appearance?
   d) How would you describe the writer's meeting with the monster?

3. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading.
   a) questions
   b) arms and legs
   c) emotions
   d) very happy
   e) chosen
   f) stopped
   g) sadly
   h) defeat

Writing Extension (30 points)

4. Write a description of fancy dress you have ever worn.
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (70 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false

   a) The writer says that he had made a beautiful creature. **FALSE**
   
   b) The writer saw his creation for the first time on a dark stormy night. **TRUE**
   
   c) The writer feels very brave that night he met the creature. **FALSE**
   
   d) He saw Elizabeth in dreams. **TRUE**

2. Answer the questions with your own words.

   a) How would you describe the monster’s appearance? **His eyes were yellow and deep. He breathed hard, and moved its arms and legs. His skin was yellow, his hair was black and his teeth were white. Watery eyes. He had dry complexion and black lips.** (possible answer)

   b) How would you describe the writer’s meeting with the monster? **He was very afraid of the monster. He regretted having made the creature. He had to run and couldn’t avoid it. He thought he had failed.** (possible answer)

   c) Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading.

      a) questions - inquiries
      b) arms and legs - limbs
      c) emotions - feelings
      d) very happy - delighted
      e) chosen - selected
      f) stopped - detained
      g) sadly - wretchedly
      h) defeat – overthrow

Writing Extension (30 points)

1) Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.

   **FREE ANSWER**

2) Write a description of a....

   **FREE ANSWER**
Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major Andre was taken, and which stood in the neighbourhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, turned upon the favourite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favourite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust, trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favourite haunts of the Headless Horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the Horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the Horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the treetops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous -adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Headless Horseman as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighbouring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Horseman bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton
Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favourite swains, and their lighthearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away — and the late scene of ‘misc and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête à tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. Oh, these women! These women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor Ichabod all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen roost, rather than a fair lady’s heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavyhearted and crestfallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear.

No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighbouring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbourhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate Andre, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major Andre’s tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its
ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful laments told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate Andre was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge. But instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment something by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted schoolmaster rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Headless
Horseman, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for.

On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak; Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip — but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every hound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase, but just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat: sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes another, and sometimes jolted the ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.
The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, soberly cropping the grass at his master’s gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses’ hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered.

READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false.
   a. The Headless Horseman was most frequently encountered in the churchyard.
   b. Ichabod was afraid of the wooden bridge as he was approaching to it.
   c. Ichabod went away as quick as possible when he felt the presence of something by the side of the bridge.
   d. Ichabod was horrified when he saw that his fellow-traveller was headless.
   e. The Headless Horseman vanished when he got to the bridge.

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions.
   1. Who was the first victim of the Headless Horseman?
      a. Major Andre
      b. Old Brouwer
      c. Ichabod
   2. When was Ichabod coming back home?
      a. At midday
      b. In the evening
      c. At midnight
   3. What is the Major Andre’s tree?
      a. It’s the name of a wooden bridge.
      b. It’s the name of a tree.
      c. It’s the name of a village.
   4. What did Ichabod want to reach to be safe?
      a. The church.
      b. The wooden bridge.
      c. The brook.
3. Answer the questions with your own words.
   a. Would you have chosen the same route to Sleepy Hollow if you knew beforehand the Headless Horseman legend? Why? Why not?
   b. How would you feel if you were Ichabod in the moment he behold something in the bridge? Why?

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. You have in brackets the paragraph number where you can find these words or expressions. (20p)
   a. agonized screams (paragraph 1)
   b. decapitated (paragraph 1)
   c. small mountain and marsh (paragraph 2)
   d. afraid (paragraph 4)
   e. depressed (paragraph 5)
   f. destiny (paragraph 8)
   g. slight clothes (paragraph 13)
   h. clumsy (paragraph 15)
   i. elude (paragraph 16)

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.

6. Are you afraid of darkness? Many people used to have fears when they were children. They could be afraid of darkness, the bogeyman, witches, and so on. Write a description of a fear you had when you were a child.
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (70 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false.
   a. The Headless Horseman was most frequently encountered in the churchyard. false
   b. Ichabod was afraid of the wooden bridge as he was approaching to it. true
   c. Ichabod went away as quick as possible when he felt the presence of something by the side of the bridge. false
   d. Ichabod was horrified when he saw that his fellow-traveller was headless. true
   e. The Headless Horseman vanished when he got to the bridge. false

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions.
   1. Who was the first victim of the Headless Horseman?
      a. Major Andre
      b. Old Brouwer
      c. Ichabod
   2. When was Ichabod coming back home?
      a. At midday
      b. In the evening
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   3. What is the Major Andre’s tree?
      a. It’s the name of a wooden bridge.
      b. It’s the name of a tree.
      c. It’s the name of a village.
   4. What did Ichabod want to reach to be safe?
      a. The church.
      b. The wooden bridge.
      c. The brook.
3. Answer the questions with your own words.

b. Would you have chosen the same route to Sleepy Hollow if you knew beforehand the Headless Horseman legend? Why? Why not?

c. How would you feel if you were Ichabod in the moment he behold something in the bridge? Why?

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. You have in brackets the paragraph number where you can find these words or expressions. (20p)

a. agonized screams (paragraph 1) mourning cries

b. decapitated (paragraph 1) headless

c. small mountain and marsh (paragraph 2) hill and swamp

d. afraid (paragraph 4) fearful

e. depressed (paragraph 5) crestfallen

f. destiny (paragraph 8) fate

g. slight clothes (paragraph 13) flimsy garments

h. clumsy (paragraph 15) unskilful

i. elude (paragraph 16) dodge

Writing Extension (30 points)

1. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.

FREE ANSWERS

2. Are you afraid of darkness? Many people used to have fears when they were children. They could be afraid of darkness, the bogeyman, witches, and so on. Write a description of a fear you had when you were a child.

FREE ANSWERS
I have said that over the great Grimpen Mire there hung a dense, white fog. It was drifting slowly in our direction and banked itself up like a wall on that side of us, low but thick and well defined. The moon shone on it, and it looked like a great shimmering ice-field. Holmes' face was turned towards it, and he muttered impatiently as he watched its sluggish drift.

"It's moving towards us, Watson."

"Is that serious?"

"Very serious, indeed — the one thing upon earth which could have disarranged my plans. He can't be very long, now. It is already ten o'clock. Our success and even his life may depend upon his coming out before the fog is over the path."

The night was clear and fine. The stars shone cold and bright, while a half-moon bathed the whole scene in a soft, uncertain light. Before us lay the dark bulk of the house, its serrated roof and bristling chimneys hard outlined against the silver-spangled sky. Broad bars of golden light from the lower windows stretched across the orchard and the moor. One of them was suddenly shut off. There only remained the lamp in the dining room where the two men, the murderous host and the unconscious guest, still chatted over their cigars.

Every minute, that white woolly plain that covered one-half of the moor was drifting closer and closer to the house. Already the first thin wisps of it were curling across the golden square of the lighted window. The farther wall of the orchard was already invisible, and the trees were standing out of a swirl of white vapour. As we watched it the fog-wreaths came crawling round both corners of the house and rolled slowly into one dense bank on which the upper floor and the roof floated like a strange ship upon a shadowy sea. Holmes struck his hand passionately upon the rock in front of us and stamped his feet in his impatience.

"If he isn't out in a quarter of an hour the path will be covered. In half an hour we won't be able to see our hands."

"Shall we move farther back upon higher ground?"

"Yes, I think it would be as well."
So as the fog-bank flowed onward we fell back before it until we were half a mile from the house, our footsteps crunching in the remains of the snow, and still that dense white sea, with the moon silvering its upper edge, swept on.

"We are going too far," said Holmes. "We dare not take the chance of his being overtaken before he can reach us. At all costs we must hold our ground where we are." He dropped on his knees and clapped his ear to the ground. "Thank God, I think that I hear him coming."

A sound of quick steps broke the silence of the moor. Crouching among the stones we stared intently at the silver-tipped bank in front of us. The steps grew louder, and through the fog, as through a curtain, there stepped the man whom we were awaiting. He looked round him in surprise as he emerged into the clear, starlit night. Then he came swiftly along the path, passed close to where we lay, and went on up the long slope behind us. As he walked he glanced continually over either shoulder, like a man who is ill at ease.

"Hist!" cried Holmes, and I heard the sharp click of a cocking pistol. "Look out! It's coming!"

There was a thin, crisp, continuous patter from somewhere in the heart of that crawling bank. The cloud was within fifty yards of where we lay, and we glared at it, all three, uncertain what horror was about to break from the heart of it. I was at Holmes' elbow, and I glanced at his face. It was pale and exultant, his eyes shining brightly in the moonlight. But suddenly they started forward in a rigid, fixed stare, and his lips parted in amazement. At the same instant Lestrade gave a yell of terror and threw himself face downward upon the ground.

I sprang to my feet, my inert hand grasping my pistol, my mind paralyzed by the dreadful shape that had sprung out upon us from the shadows of the fog. A hound it was, an enormous coal-black hound, but not such a hound as mortal eyes have ever seen. Fire burst from its open mouth, its eyes glowed with a smouldering glare, its muzzle and hackles and dewlap were outlined in flickering flame. Never could anything more savage, more hellish be conceived than that dark form and savage face which broke upon us out of the wall of fog.

With long bounds the huge black creature was leaping down the track, following hard upon the footsteps of our friend. So paralyzed were we by the apparition that we allowed him to pass before we had recovered our nerve. Then Holmes and I both fired together, and the creature gave a hideous howl, which showed that one at least had hit him. He did not pause, however, but bounded onwards. Far away on the path we saw Sir Henry looking back, his face white in the moonlight, his hands raised in horror, glaring helplessly at the frightful thing.

But that cry of pain from the hound had blown all our fears to the winds. If he was vulnerable he was mortal, and if we could wound him we could kill him. Never have I seen a man run as Holmes ran that night. I am reckoned fleet of foot, but he outpaced me as much as I outpaced the little professional. In front of us as we flew up the track we heard scream after I earn from Sir Henry and the deep roar of the hound. I was in me to see the beast spring upon its victim, hurl him to the ground and worry at his throat. But the next instant Holmes had emptied five barrels of his revolver into the creature's flank. With a last howl of agony and a vicious snap in the air, it rolled upon its 'lack, four feet pawing furiously, and then fell limp upon its side. The giant hound was dead.
Sir Henry lay insensible where he had fallen. We tore away his collar, and Holmes breathed a prayer of gratitude when we saw that there was no sign of a wound and that the rescue had been in time. Already our friend's eyelids shivered. Lestrade thrust his brandy flask between the baronet's teeth, and two frightened eyes were looking up at us.

"My God!" he whispered. "Whatever, was it?"

"It's dead, whatever it is," said Holmes. "We've laid the family ghost once and forever."

READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a) It was a foggy night.  
   b) Holmes and Watson were waiting for Lestrade.  
   c) The hound was immortal.  
   d) They could kill the hound.

2. Choose the answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1. Why Holmes is worried about the fog?
      a) Because it could disarrange his plans.  
      b) Because it could bring bad luck.  
      c) Because it could catch Lestrade.
   2. How did Lestrade come?
      a) Running and shouting.  
      b) Quickly and glancing over his shoulders.  
      c) Running and glancing over either shoulder.
   3. What did the hound look like?
      a) Dreadful and huge.  
      b) Savage and hellish.  
      c) Both answers above are right.
   4. Who killed the hound?
      a) Sir Henry.  
      b) Holmes.  
      c) Watson.
3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)
   1. Which is the most disturbing part of the story for you? Why?
   2. How would you feel if you saw a creature like this hound?

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)
   a) glittering (paragraph 1)
   b) plantation (paragraph 3)
   c) plain (paragraph 3)
   d) nearer (paragraph 4)
   e) bending down (paragraph 8)
   f) demonic (paragraph 10)
   g) pulled out (paragraph 14)

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.

6. Write a description a disturbing experience in your life.
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   a) It was a foggy night.  false
   b) Holmes and Watson were waiting for Lestrade. true
   c) The hound was immortal.  false
   d) They could kill the hound. true

2. Choose the answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1. Why Holmes is worried about the fog?
      a) Because it could disarrange his plans.
      b) Because it could bring bad luck.
      c) Because it could catch Lestrade.
   2. How did Lestrade come?
      a) Running and shouting.
      b) Quickly and glancing over his shoulders.
      c) Running and glancing over either shoulder.
   3. What did the hound look like?
      a) Dreadful and huge.
      b) Savage and hellish.
      c) Both answers above are right.
   4. Who killed the hound?
      a) Sir Henry.
      b) Holmes.
      c) Watson.
3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)
   a) Which is the most disturbing part of the story for you? Why?
   b) How would you feel if you saw a creature like this hound?

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)
   a) glittering (paragraph 1)  shimmering
   b) plantation (paragraph 3)  orchard
   c) plain (paragraph 3)  plain
   d) nearer (paragraph 4)  closer
   e) bending down (paragraph 8)  crouching
   f) demonic (paragraph 10)  hellish
   g) pulled out (paragraph 14)  tore away

Writing Extension (20 points)

2. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.
   
   FREE ANSWERS

3. Write a description a disturbing experience in your life.
   
   FREE ANSWERS
Ghosts that have haunted me. G K Bangs (Extract)

It happened last Christmas, in my own home. I had provided as a little surprise for my wife a complete new solid silver service marked with her initials. The tree had been prepared for the children. I had lingered later than the others to put the silver service under the tree, where its happy recipient would find it when she went to the tree with the little ones the next morning. It made a magnificent display: the two dozen of coffee pot, water urn, and all; the salvers, the vegetable dishes, olive forks, cheese scoops, and other dazzling attributes of a complete service, not to go into details, presented a fairly scintillating picture which would have made me gasp if I had not, at the moment when my own breath began to catch, heard another gasp in the corner immediately behind me. Turning about quickly to see whence it came, I observed a dark figure in the pale light of the moon which streamed in through the window.

"Who are you?" I cried, starting back, the physical symptoms of a ghostly presence manifesting itself as usual.

"I am the ghost of one long gone before," was the reply, in sepulchral tones.

I breathed a sigh of relief, for I had for a moment feared it was a burglar.

"Oh!" I said. "You gave me a start at first. I was afraid you were a material thing come to rob me."

Then turning towards the tree, I observed, with a wave of the hand, "Fine layout, eh?"

"Beautiful," he said, hollowly. "But not as beautiful as things I've seen in realms beyond your ken."

And then he set about telling me of the beautiful gold and silverware they used in the Elysian Fields, and I must confess Monte Cristo would have had a hard time, with Sinbad the Sailor to help, to surpass the picture of royal magnificence the spectre drew. I stood enthralled until, even as he was talking, the clock struck three, when he rose up, and moving slowly across the floor, barely visible, murmured regretfully that he must be off, with which he vanished down the back stairs. I pulled my nerves, which were getting rather strained, together again, and went to bed.

Next morning, every bit of that silverware was gone; and, what is more, three weeks later I found the ghost's picture in the Rogue's Gallery in New York as that of the cleverest sneak-thief in the country.

All of which, let me say to you, dear reader, in conclusion, proves that when you are dealing with ghosts you mustn't give up all your physical resources you have definitely ascertained that the thing by which you are confronted, horrid or otherwise, is a ghost, and not an all too material rogue with a light step, and a commodious jute bag for plunder concealed beneath his coat.
"How to tell a ghost?" you ask.

Well, as an eminent master of fiction frequently observes in his writings" that is another story, which I shall hope one day to tell for your instruction and my own aggrandisement.

READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   - The silver service was displayed under the tree.
   - The ghost moved fast and got out through the window.
   - Three weeks later, the burglar’s picture was in the police office.

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)
   1. Who was the present for?
      - It was a present of the ghost.
      - It was a present for the children.
      - It was a present for his wife.
   2. Why did he feel relief?
      - Because he knew the burglar.
      - Because he thought he was a real ghost.
      - Because his wife was there to help her.
   3. What happen the next morning?
      - The silverware has disappeared.
      - The ghost was still there.
      - The tree was not there.
   4. The character defined a ghost as...
      - A material thing
      - A horrid creature.
      - A master of fiction.
3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)
   - What was he doing when the ghost appear?
   - What did the ghost think about the silver service?
   - How did he discover that it was a burglar?

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)
   - To fade away.
   - To remain.
   - To wave.
   - - Spoon.
   - - Thief.
   - - Kingdoms.

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.
6. Write a description of a ghost.
# READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

## Reading Comprehension (80 points)

### 1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)

- The silver service was displayed under the tree. **True**
- The ghost moved fast and got out through the window. **False**
- Three weeks later, the burglar’s picture was in the police office. **False**

### 2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)

5. Who was the present for?
   - It was a present of the ghost.
   - It was a present for the children.
   - **It was a present for his wife.**

6. Why did he feel relief?
   - Because he knew the burglar.
   - **Because he thought he was a real ghost.**
   - Because his wife was there to help her.

7. What happened the next morning?
   - The silverware has disappeared.
   - **The ghost was still there.**
   - The tree was not there.

8. The character defined a ghost as...
   - A material thing
   - A horrid creature.
   - **A master of fiction.**
3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)
   - What was he doing when the ghost appear?
     He was putting the presents under the tree.
   - What did the ghost think about the silver service?
     It was not as beautiful as what he had seen in other places.
   - How did he discover that it was a burglar?
     He saw the ghost’s picture in the Rogue’s Gallery in New York.

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)
   - To fade away. To vanish - Spoon. Scoop
   - To remain. To linger - Thief. Burglar
   - To wave. To stream - Kingdoms. Realms

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.
   FREE ANSWER

6. Write a description of a ghost.
   FREE ANSWER
I was awakened by the Count, who looked at me as grimly as a man could look as he said, "Tomorrow, my friend, we must part. You return to your beautiful England, I to some work which may have such an end that we may never meet. Your letter home has been despatched. Tomorrow I shall not be here, but all shall be ready for your journey. In the morning come the Szgany, who have some labours of their own here, and also come some Slovaks. When they have gone, my carriage shall come for you, and shall bear you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Bukovina to Bistritz. But I am in hopes that I shall see more of you at Castle Dracula."

I suspected him, and determined to test his sincerity. Sincerity! It seems like a profanation of the word to write it in Dracula connection with such a monster, so I asked him point-blank, "Why may I not go tonight?"

"Because, dear sir, my coachman and horses are away on a mission."

"But I would walk with pleasure. I want to get away at once."

He smiled, such a soft, smooth, diabolical smile that I knew there was some trick behind it. He said, "And your baggage?"

"I do not care about it. I can send for it some other time."

The Count stood up, and said, with a sweet courtesy which made me rub my eyes, it seemed so real, "You English have a saying which is close to my heart, for its spirit is that which rules our boyars, 'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.' Come with me, my dear young friend. Not an hour shall you wait in my house against your will, though sad am I at your going, and that you so suddenly desire it. Come!" With a stately gravity, he, with the lamp, preceded me down the stairs and along the hall. Suddenly he stopped. "Hark!"

Close at hand came the howling of many wolves. It was almost as if the sound sprang up at the rising of his hand, just as the music of a great orchestra seems to leap under the baton of the conductor. After a pause of a moment, he proceeded, in his stately way, to the door, drew back the ponderous bolts, unhooked the heavy chains, and began to draw it open.

To my astonishment I saw that it was unlocked. Suspiciously,

I looked all round, but could see no key of any kind.
As the door began to open, the howling of the wolves aside grew louder and angrier. Their red jaws, with champing teeth, and their blunt-clawed feet as they leapt, came in through the opening door. I knew then that to struggle at the moment against the Count was useless. With such allies as these at his command, I could do nothing.

But still the door continued slowly to open, and only the Count's body stood in the gap. Suddenly it struck me that this might be the moment and means of my doom. I was to be given to the wolves, and at my own instigation. There was a diabolical wickedness in the idea great enough for the Count, and as the last chance I cried out, "Shut the door! I shall wait till morning." And I covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of disappointment.

With one sweep of his powerful arm, the Count threw the door shut, and the great bolts clanged and echoed through the hall.

In silence we returned to the library, and after a minute or two I went to my own room. The last I saw of Count Dracula was his kissing his hand to me, with a red light of triumph in his eyes and a smile that Judas in hell might be proud of Dracula when I was in my room and about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard the voice of the Count.

"Back to your own place! Your time is not yet come. Wait! Have patience! Tonight is mine. Tomorrow night is yours!"

There was a low, sweet ripple of laughter, and in a rage I threw open the door, and saw beyond the three terrible women licking their lips. As I appeared, they all joined in a horrible laugh, and ran away.

I came back to my room and threw myself on my knees. It is then so near the end? Tomorrow! Lord, help me!

I slept till just before the dawn, and when I woke threw myself on my knees, for I determined that if Death came he should find me ready.

At last I felt that subtle change in the air, and knew that the morning had come. Then came the welcome cock crow, and I felt that I was safe. With a glad heart, I opened the door and ran down the hall. I had seen that the door was unlocked, and now escape was before me. With hands that trembled with eagerness, I unhooked the chains and threw back the massive bolts.

But the door would not move. Despair seized me. I pulled and pulled at the door, and shook it till, massive as it was, it rattled in its casement. I could see the bolt shot. It had been locked after I left the Count.

Then a wild desire took me to obtain the key at any risk, and I determined then and there to scale the wall again, and gain the Count's room. He might kill me, but death now seemed the happier choice of evils. Without a pause I rushed up to the east window, and scrambled down the wall as before, into the Count's room. It was empty, but that was as I expected. I could not see a key anywhere, but the heap of gold remained. I went through the door in the corner and down the
winding stair and along the dark passage to the old chapel. I knew now well enough where to find
the monster I sought.

The great box was in the same place, close against the wall, but the lid was laid on it, not fastened
down, but with the nails ready in their places to be hammered home.

I knew I must search the body for the key, so I raised the lid, and laid it back against the wall. And
then I saw something which filled my very soul with horror. There lay the Count, but looking as if his
youth had been half restored. For the white hair and moustache were changed to dark iron-grey.
The cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby-red underneath. The mouth was redder
than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood, which trickled from the corners of the mouth and
ran down over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh,
for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. It seemed as if the whole awful creature were
simply gorged with blood. He lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion.

I shuddered as I bent over to touch him and every sense in me revolted at the contact — but I had to
search, or I was lost.

The coming night might see my own body a banquet in a similar way to those horrid three. I felt all
over the body, but no sign could I find of the key. Then, I stopped and looked at the Count. There
was a mocking smile on the bloated face which seemed to drive me mad. This was the being I was
helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps, for centuries to come he might, amongst its teeming
millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever-widening circle of semi-demons to
batten on the helpless.

The very thought drove me mad. A terrible desire came upon me to rid the world of such a monster.
There was no lethal weapon at hand, but I seized a shovel that the workmen had been using to fill
the cases, and lifting it high, struck, with the edge downward, at the hateful face. But as I did so the
head turned, and the eyes fell upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to
paralyze me, and the shovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face, merely making a deep
gash above the forehead. The shovel fell from my hand across the box, and as I pulled it away the
flange of the blade caught the edge of the lid, which fell over again, and hid the horrid thing from my
sight. The last glimpse I had was of the bloated face, bloodstained and fixed with a grin of malice
which would have held its own in the nethermost hell.

I thought and thought what should be my next move, but my brain seemed on fire, and I waited with
a despairing feeling growing over me. As I waited I heard in the distance a gipsy song sung by
merry voices coming closer and through their song the rolling of heavy wheels and the cracking of
whips. The Szgany and the Slovaks of whom the Count had spoken were coming. With a last look
around and at the box that contained the vile body, I ran from the place and gained the Count's
room, determined to rush out at the moment the door should be opened. With strained ears I
listened, and heard downstairs the grinding of the key in the great lock and the falling back of the
heavy door. There must have been some other means of entry, or someone had a key for one of the
locked doors.

Then there came the sound of many feet tramping and dying away in some passage which sent up
a clanging echo. I turned to run down again towards the vault, where I might find the new entrance,
but at the moment there seemed to come a violent puff of wind, and the door to the winding stair blew to with a shock that set the dust from the lintels flying. When I ran to push it open, I found that it was hopelessly fast. I was again a prisoner, and the net of doom was closing round me.

As I write there is in the passage below a sound of many tramping feet and the crash of weights being set down heavily, doubtless the boxes, with their freight of earth. There is a sound of hammering. It is the box being nailed down. Now I can hear the heavy feet tramping again along the hall, with many other idle feet coming behind them.

The door is shut; the chains rattle. There is a grinding of the key in the lock. I can hear the key withdrawn, then another door opens and shuts. I hear the creaking of lock and bolt.

Hark! In the courtyard and down the rocky way the roll of heavy wheels, the crack of whips, and the chorus of the Szgany as they pass into the distance.

I am alone in the castle with those horrible women. Faugh! Mina is a woman, and there is nought in common. They are devils of the Pit!

I shall not remain alone with them. I shall try to scale the castle wall farther than I have yet attempted. I may find a way from this dreadful place.

And then away for home! Away to the quickest and nearest train! Away from the cursed spot, from this cursed land, where the devil and his children, still walk with earthly feet!

At least God's mercy is better than that of those monsters, and the precipice is steep and high. At its foot a man may sleep — as a man. Goodbye, all Mina!

READING ACTIVITIES

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. **Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)**
   a) The writer was proud of meeting Count’s friends.
   b) The Count told the writer that he wasn’t allowed to leave the castle.
   c) The writer changed his mind because he didn’t want to be given to wolves.
   d) The writer struck at Count’s face with a shovel.

2. **Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)**
   1. What did the writer do when he realized that he couldn’t open the door?
      a) He remained disappointed and went back to the room.
      b) He decided to look for Count’s coffin to obtain the door’s key.
      c) He tried to ask for help to wolves.
   2. Once in the coffin, what did the writer do?
      a) He thought about body’s Count inside and he scared and escaped from there.
      b) He opened the coffin and it was empty, so he decided to go on looking for the key.
      c) He raised the lid and looked for the key in the body’s Count, but he found nothing.
   3. What did the writer do when arrived Szgany and the Slovaks?
      a) He gained the Count’s room, to rush out at the moment the door should be opened.
      b) He took a sword and waited for them in the hall.
      c) He got out through a window using a rope.

3. **Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)**
   a. Why didn’t the writer escaped from the castle when the Count decided to let him go?
   b. What did he do to look for the door’s key?
4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

a) horrible
b) inclined
c) spade
d) smile
e) happy
f) close
g) swelled
h) conceal

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.

6. Write a description of a....
READING ACTIVITIES: CORRECT ANSWERS

Reading Comprehension (80 points)

1. Tick if the following sentences are true or false. (20p)
   
   a. The writer was proud of meeting Count’s friends. **FALSE**
   
   b. The Count told the writer that he wasn’t allowed to leave the castle. **FALSE**
   
   c. The writer changed his mind because he didn’t want to be given to wolves. **TRUE**
   
   d. The writer struck at Count’s face with a shovel. **TRUE**

2. Choose the correct answer to the following questions. (20p)

   1. What did the writer do when he realized that he couldn’t open the door?
      
      a. He remained disappointed and went back to the room.
      
      b. He decided to look for Count’s coffin to obtain the door’s key.
      
      c. He tried to ask for help to wolves.
   
      2. Once in the coffin, what did the writer do?
      
      a. He thought about body’s Count inside and he scared and escaped from there.
      
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      c. He raised the lid and looked for the key in the body’s Count, but he found nothing.
   
      3. What did the writer do when arrived Szgany and the Slovaks?
      
      a. He gained the Count's room, to rush out at the moment the door should be opened.
      
      b. He took a sword and waited for them in the hall.
      
      c. He got out trough a window using a rope.

3. Answer the questions with your own words. (20p)

   a. Why didn’t the writer escaped from the castle when the Count decided to let him go?
      
      Because he heard the howling of the wolves outside and he realized that if he left the castle, they’d eat him. So he decided to leave it the following day. (possible answer)

   b. What did he do to look for the door’s key?
First of all, he went to the Count's room. He was looking for the key for a long time, but it didn’t appeared. Then he decided to go to the chapel, where the Count’s body was resting in his coffin. He opened the coffin and tried to find the key by everywhere, but it was unuseful. He didn’t find the key either. (possible answer)

4. Search synonym words or expressions for the following words in the reading. (20p)

   a. horrible – horrid
   b. (he) inclined – (he) bent over
   c. spade – shovel
   d. smile – grin
   e. happy – merry
   f. close - shut
   g. swelled – bloated
   h. conceal – hide

Writing Extension (20 points)

5. Write a short summary of the story and give us your opinion.
   
   FREE ANSWER

6. Write a description of a....
   
   FREE ANSWER