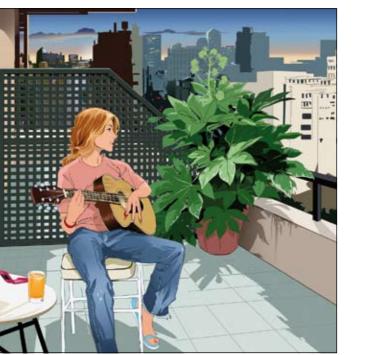


Read your way to better English







Tt's August. Anna is playing her guitar on the balcony of her new apartment. 'I like it here,' she thinks.

Then her phone rings. It's her friend Vicki. 'I'm coming now, Anna. It's Grandview Apartments,

Charlton, isn't it?'

'That's right. See you soon.'

Anna takes her guitar and goes out of her apartment She goes down in the elevator and goes outside.

Two Ships

The race began in the summer of 1910.

I On June 1st, in London, a black ship, the *Terra Nova*, went down the river Thames to the sea. Thousands of people stood by the river to watch it. They were all excited and happy.

On the Terra Nova, Captain Robert Falcon Scott smiled quietly. It was a very important day for him. He was a strong man, not very tall, in the blue clothes of a captain. He was forty-one years old, but he had a young face, like a boy. His eyes were dark and quiet.

One man on the ship, Titus Oates, smiled at Scott.

'What an exciting day, Captain!' he said. 'Look at those people! I feel like an important man!'

Scott laughed. 'You are important, Titus,' he said. 'And you're going to be famous, too. We all are. Do you see this flag? He looked at the big British flag at the back of the ship, and smiled at Oates. 'That flag is coming with us,' he said. 'In the Antarctic, I'm going to carry it under my clothes. We're going to be the first men at the South Pole, and that flag is going to be

* * * * *

Five days later, on June 6th, a man opened the door of h wooden house in Norway. He was a tall man, with a long face

The Festive Season in a Part of Africa

A story from South Africa, retold by Jennifer Bassett

If you are a poor farmer and you only have one cow, it is important that it doesn't get sick. Because if it does, and you need to get a vet to come and see it, that can be very

But if you are afraid that your cow will die, then you must send for the vet - even if it is the festive season and Christmas was only two days ago . .

wo days after Christmas a Zulu woman and her schoolboy son sat waiting for me to finish my morning's clinic in Ondini. She wanted me to visit her old mother's cow, which had a calf waiting to be born. But for two days now the calf would not come out, an the poor cow was getting very tired. 'We have heard that you are a good vet,' the woman said to me.

So off we went. The schoolboy in the front of my pickup, to show me the way, and the woman and my assistant Mbambo in the back. An hour of driving on bad roads ful

The Artist

hrough the open windows of the room came the rich scent of summer flowers. Lord Henry Wotton lay Lead back in his chair and smoked his cigarette. Beyond the soft sounds of the garden he could just hear the noise of

In the centre of the room there was a portrait of a very beautiful young man, and in front of it stood the artist himself, Basil Hallward.

'It's your best work, Basil, the best portrait that you've ever painted,' said Lord Henry lazily. 'You must send it to the best art gallery in London.'

'No,' Basil said slowly. 'No, I won't send it anywhere.' Lord Henry was surprised. 'But my dear Basil, why not?' he asked. 'What strange people you artists are! You want to be famous, but then you're not happy when you are famous. It's bad when people talk about you – but it's much worse

exhibit the picture in an art gallery. I've put too much of

don't look like him at all. He has a fair and beautiful face. And you – well, you look intelligent, of course, but with

when they don't talk about you.'

'I know you'll laugh at me,' replied Basil, 'but I can't

Lord Henry laughed. 'Too much of yourself into it! Yo

The Pepper-Tree

Retold by Christine Lindop

When we look back to childhood, we usually think about the happy times – the home where we grew up, the games we played, the dreams

Young Joe is growing up in the city, but his father has fond memories of his own childhood in a small country town. Joe listens to his father's stories, and imagines the great pepper-tree in the backyard . .

y father often spoke about the pepper-tree when I was a child, and it was clear that it meant a lot to him – like the Rolls Royce he was always going to buy. It wasn't what he said about the pepper-tree – my father was not very clever with words – but how he said it. When he spoke of the pepper-tree at Tullama where he had grown up, you saw it clearly: an enormous tree with long sheets of green leaves in a big wide backyard in a country town.

'A proper backyard – not one of your miserable city yards,' my father said. In this great tree there was always a noisy traffic of birds flying from branch to branch.

When we lived at Newtown, Sydney, I used to look for pepper-trees when my father took me for a walk on Sunday afternoons. 'Look, there's a pepper-tree,' I'd say to him when I saw one.

Pip meets a stranger

If y first name was Philip, but when I was a small child I could only manage to say Pip. So Pip was what everybody Lalled me. I lived in a small village in Essex with my sister, who was over twenty years older than me, and married to Joe Gargery, the village blacksmith. My parents had died when I was a baby, so I could not remember them at all, but quite often I used to visit the churchyard, about a mile from the village, to look at their names on their gravestones.

My first memory is of sitting on a gravestone in that churchyard one cold, grey, December afternoon, looking out at the dark, flat, wild marshes divided by the black line of the River Thames, and listening to the rushing sound of the sea in the distance.

'Don't say a word!' cried a terrible voice, as a man jumped up from among the graves and caught hold of me. 'If you shout I'll cut your throat!' He was a big man, dressed all in grey, with an iron chain on his leg. His clothes were wet and torn. He looked exhausted, and hungry, and very fierce. I had never been so frightened in my whole life.

'Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir!' I begged in terror.

'Tell me your name, boy! Quick!' he said, still holding me. 'And show me where you live!'

'My name's Pip, sir. And I live in the village over there.' He picked me up and turned me upside-down. Nothing fell out of my pocket except a piece of old bread. He ate it in two

bites, like a dog, and put me back on the gravestone. 'So where are your father and mother?' he asked.

'There, sir,' I answered, pointing to their graves.

PART ONE 🐕 A CHILD AT GATESHEAD

The could not go for a walk that afternoon. There was such a freezing cold wind, and such heavy rain, that we all **VV** stayed indoors. I was glad of it. I never liked long walks, especially in winter. I used to hate coming home when it was almost dark, with ice-cold fingers and toes, feeling miserable because Bessie, the nursemaid, was always scolding me. All the time I knew I was different from my cousins, Eliza, John and Georgiana Reed. They were taller and stronger than me, and they

These three usually spent their time crying and quarrelling, but today they were sitting quietly around their mother in the sittingroom. I wanted to join the family circle, but Mrs Reed, my aunt, refused. Bessie had complained about me.

'No, I'm sorry, Jane. Until I hear from Bessie, or see for myself, that you are really trying to behave better, you cannot be treated as a good, happy child, like my children.

'What does Bessie say I have done?' I asked.

'Jane, it is not polite to question me in that way. If you cannot speak pleasantly, be quiet.'

I crept out of the sitting-room and into the small room next door, where I chose a book full of pictures from the bookcase. I climbed on to the window-seat and drew the curtains, so that I was completely hidden. I sat there for a while. Sometimes I looked out of the window at the grey November afternoon, and saw the rain pouring down on the leafless garden. But most of the time I studied the book and stared, fascinated, at the pictures. Lost in the world of imagination, I forgot my sad, lonely existence for a while, and was



STAGE 6

2,500 Headwords CEF level B2/C1

1 = CAE. IELTS 6.5. TOEFL iBT 110-120. TOEIC 850*

250 Headwords CEF level A1

mic Strip Starters Average word count: 950 rative Starters Average word count: 1,540 active Starters Average word count: 1,635

400 Headwords CEF level A1/A2

 $A2 = KET, IELTS 3.0^{\circ}$

Average story length: 40 pages Average word count: 5,200

700 Headwords CEF level A2/B1

1 = PET. IELTS 4.0. TOEFL iBT 57-86. TOEIC 550*

verage story length: 56 page:

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STAGE 4

1,800 Headwords CEF level B2 2 = FCE. IELTS 5.5. TOEFL IBT 87-109. TOEIC 750*

STAGE 5

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