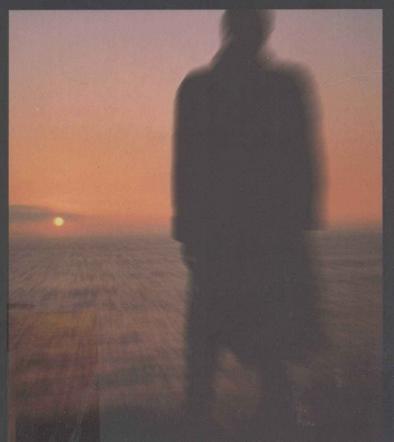
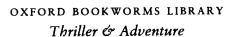


DEAD IVIAN'S ISLAND

JOHN ESCOTT





Dead Man's Island

Stage 2 (700 headwords)

江苏工业学院图书馆 藏 书 章

Series Editor: Jennifer Bassett Founder Editor: Tricia Hedge Activities Editors: Jennifer Bassett and Alison Baxter



Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship, and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Bangkok Buenos Aires Cape Town Chennai Dar es Salaam Delhi Hong Kong Istanbul Karachi Kolkata Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Mumbai Nairobi São Paulo Shanghai Taipei Tokyo Toronto

Oxford and Oxford English are registered trade marks of Oxford University Press in the UK and in certain other countries

ISBN 0194229688

© Oxford University Press 2000

Tenth impression 2004

First published in Oxford Bookworms 1991
This second edition published in the Oxford Bookworms Library 2000

A complete recording of this Bookworms edition of *Dead Man's Island* is available on cassette.

ISBN 0 19 422738 3

No unauthorized photocopying

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of Oxford University Press, or as expressly permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate reprographics rights organization. Enquiries concerning reproduction outside the scope of the above should be sent to the ELT Rights Department, Oxford University Press, at the address above

You must not circulate this book in any other binding or cover and you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

Illustrated by Alan Marks

Printed in Spain by Unigraf s.l.

CONTENTS

	STORY INTRODUCTION	i
1	Coming to England	1
2	The Island	12
3	The Photograph	18
4	The Locked Room	26
5	A Dead Man	30
	GLOSSARY	41
	ACTIVITIES: Before Reading	44
	ACTIVITIES: While Reading	46
	ACTIVITIES: After Reading	48
	ABOUT THE AUTHOR	52
	ABOUT BOOKWORMS	53

Coming to England



y name is Carol Sanders.

I live in England now, but when I was younger, I lived in Hong Kong. My father was a businessman there and my mother worked as a secretary. We lived in Hong Kong for seven years.

I was happy at school, with lots of friends, and we had a good time. I liked pop music – the Rolling Stones, David Bowie and Jake Rosso were my favourites.

Jake Rosso was my favourite singer. He died in a car accident the year I left school, but I listened to his pop records all the time. I had hundreds of pictures and photos of him on my bedroom wall.

Then one day in winter when I was seventeen, things began to go wrong for me.

My father went to Australia on business. I loved him very much and didn't like him going away.

'Come home quickly,' I always said to him.

He was in Australia for two weeks. Then, on the day of his journey home, an aeroplane from Sydney crashed into the sea just south of Hong Kong. Everybody on the plane died.

I heard about the plane crash on television. At first, I did not think about my father. Then I remembered he was

flying back from Sydney on that day.

'Oh, no!' I cried.

I telephoned the airport but they did not know the names of all the passengers then.

'Perhaps my father didn't get that plane,' I thought.

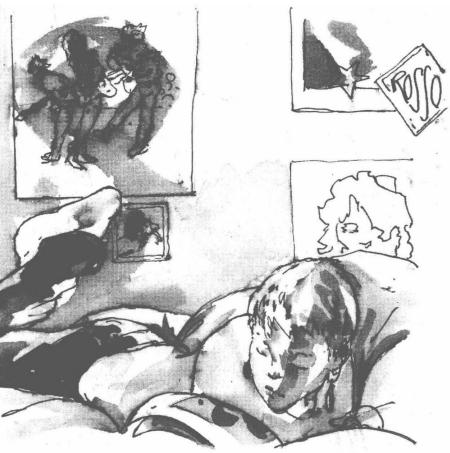


My mother was at work and I called her on the telephone. She came home quickly and we went to the airport and waited for news.

Later, we learned my father was on the plane.

'It's not true!' I shouted.

But it was true, and I began to cry.



I was happy in Hong Kong.

I cried for weeks and weeks. I spent many days alone in my room. I was lonely and sad and I wanted to die, too.

I stopped going out with my friends. I didn't want to see other people. I stopped listening to Jake Rosso's records, and took his pictures off my bedroom wall. I didn't listen to music or watch television. Nothing mattered any more.

Then I stopped crying. I stopped feeling sad and began to feel angry.

'Why did it happen to him?' I asked my mother. 'Why do the best people die? Jake Rosso. My father.'

'I... I don't know, Carol,' my mother said. She was unhappy, too.

At the time of the plane crash, I was a student at college. I enjoyed the work and college life very much, but after my father's death I stopped doing my work at the college. I began to go out with some new friends. They were different from my other friends, and my mother didn't like them.

'They're bad people, Carol,' she told me. 'They do dangerous things.'

'They're exciting,' I said. 'And I like them.'

I knew she was angry but I didn't care. But then I learned my new friends took drugs, and I began to take drugs, too. It was wrong and stupid, I know that now, but I was unhappy and angry.

The police came to the college to arrest some of the

students. They didn't arrest me, but I had to leave the college. It was a bad time.

My mother was very unhappy with me. 'What am I going to do with you, Carol?' she said.

'I'm sorry,' I told her.

'We'll go back to England,' she said. 'You can find a college there. Perhaps you can be happier in England.'

'All right,' I said. 'I want to forget what's happened. I want to forget what I've done and begin a new life, be a new person.'



I knew my mother was angry, but I didn't care.

A month later, we came back to England. We lived in London, in a hotel. It was strange, at first, with all the red buses and everybody speaking English. It was the beginning of the summer, three months before college began in the autumn. London was full of tourists.

We looked at all the famous buildings – Buckingham Palace, The Tower of London. And we went to restaurants and theatres in the evenings. It was interesting and exciting and I began to forget the bad times in Hong Kong.

'I'm pleased we came to London,' I told my mother.

But after a few weeks, she said, 'You need to find a college, Carol. You must go on studying. And I need a job.'

That evening, we looked in the newspapers.

'What about this?' I said. I showed my mother a job in the newspaper.

SECRETARY

for the summer months
on a small private island in Scotland.
Live with the family in a big house.
Interesting work and good pay
for the right person.

Phone Greta Ross. Telephone number 071 . . .



London was interesting and exciting, and I began to forget the bad times in Hong Kong.

7

'Well, that sounds interesting,' said my mother. 'I'd like to work as a secretary on an island in Scotland. It's a beautiful country, Carol, and you can go to a college there in the autumn.'

'And it's a place to live for the summer,' I said. 'Hotels are expensive.'

My mother telephoned Greta Ross.

'Come and see me tomorrow,' Greta Ross told her. 'Come to the Savoy Hotel at eleven o'clock.'

I went to the Savoy Hotel with my mother. It was big and expensive, bigger than our hotel, and in the centre of London.

'Mum needs this job,' I thought. 'And a private island in Scotland is a nice place to live. Perhaps I can forget what's happened if I go there.'

'Room twenty-two,' said the woman at the hotel desk.
'Go on up. Mrs Ross will see you now.'

Greta Ross was waiting for us. She was about thirty years old and very beautiful. She wore an expensive red dress and her hair was very long and dark.

'This is my daughter, Carol,' said my mother.

'Hallo, Carol,' said Greta Ross.

'Hallo,' I said.

'Carol is eighteen years old,' said my mother. 'Can she come with me, if I get the job? Perhaps she can help in the



Greta Ross was waiting for us.

house or in the gardens. She likes gardening. She's studying farming at college.'

'Perhaps,' said Greta Ross. 'There's a small farm on the island.'

'I'd like to work on the farm,' I said.

Greta Ross looked at my mother. 'How long did you live in Hong Kong, Mrs Sanders?'

'Seven years,' answered my mother. 'My husband died in a plane crash last year, so we've come back to live in England.'

'Where did you live before Hong Kong?'

'We lived in India for three years.'

Then Greta Ross took my mother into a room and asked her more questions. I waited outside.

'Greta Ross is nice,' I thought. 'I hope my mother gets the job.'

Soon after, the door opened and my mother came out. She was smiling.

Greta Ross said, 'Please wait here for a minute, Mrs Sanders. I want to make a phone call.' She went back into the room, and closed the door.

I was sitting on a chair near the door, and I could just hear Greta Ross's voice speaking on the phone.

'I think I've found someone,' she was saying. 'She has a daughter, but the girl can work in the garden or on the farm . . . Don't worry, they've been away from England for ten years . . . It'll be all right, I tell you . . . Don't worry.'

After a few minutes, Greta Ross put down the phone and came out of the room.

'You've got the job,' she told my mother.

My mother was pleased. 'Thank you,' she replied.

I was pleased, too, but now I was worried about that phone call. I didn't understand it.



I could just hear Greta Ross's voice speaking on the phone.

The Island

e went to Scotland the next day, first by plane, then

by train. Greta Ross travelled with us.

I looked out of the train window and saw fields and

I looked out of the train window and saw fields and villages and mountains. 'Mum is right,' I thought. 'Scorland is a very beautiful place.'

'You're going to be my husband's secretary,' Greta Ross told my mother. 'He's a businessman, but he never leaves the island. He does all his work by telephone and letter and computer. He invests money in companies, all over the world.'

'Do many people live on the island?' I asked.

'Not many,' said Greta Ross. 'You'll meet them soon.'

'Greta Ross is young,' I thought. 'Is her husband young, too? How can a young man buy an island? Is he very rich?'

After the train, we went on Mr Ross's boat, which took us out to the island. The boatman was a young man. He had dark hair and was brown from the sun.

'This is Tony,' said Greta Ross. 'He works for Mr Ross.'

'Hi,' said Tony.

Soon we were near the island. I could see the beaches and the cliffs. The boat slowed down.

'There are dangerous rocks around the island,' explained

Tony. 'A lot of them are under the water and you can't see them. I have to be careful. But the rocks keep other boats away, and that pleases Mr Ross.'

'Why?' I asked.

Tony looked at Greta Ross but she wasn't listening. 'Mr Ross doesn't like visitors to the island,' Tony said in a quiet voice.

Then Greta Ross looked at us and Tony said no more. 'Why doesn't Mr Ross like visitors?' I thought. 'Has he something to hide?'

When we arrived on the island, my mother and I followed Greta up to the house. It was very big and there were trees all around it.

A woman was waiting inside the house.

'This is Mrs Duncan, Tony's mother,' said Greta. 'She's the housekeeper and her husband is the gardener. Mrs Duncan will take you up to your rooms. I'm going to tell Mr Ross you've arrived.'

The housekeeper was a little woman with short hair. She went up the stairs, and my mother and I went after her.

My room was next to my mother's. I looked out of the window and saw the gardens at the back of the house. A man was working in the garden, near some trees. 'Is that Mr Duncan?' I thought. I looked between the trees and saw the sea. 'It's a beautiful house and a beautiful island.'