

视听英语

Audio-Visual English

中国高校外语电教协会（筹）编

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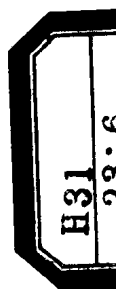
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谈谈设置《视听说》课的必要性

近几年来,我国的电化教育事业有了较大的发展,很多高等院校和中学都广泛使用电教设备进行外语教学,不少院校还专门设置了《视听说》课,教育部高等学校专业外语教材编审委员会制订并推荐的教学计划中,规定俄语专业开设《视听说》课。我们认为,《视听说》课的开设,是外语电化教学深入到学科领域的一个重要标志,是一个很好的尝试,会有助于打好学生的全面基础。

一、《视听说》课符合现代外语教学的需要

现代外语教学最明显的特点之一,就是高度的实践性。这是由语言是“交际工具”这一社会功能所决定的。大家都知道,学生学习外语,都要经过一个从不知到知,从不会到会,从不熟练到熟练的发展过程。这个过程可以概括为:听到或看到→理解→记忆→掌握→运用。而“用”中最难的是听和说。听不懂必然不会说;能听也不等于能说。听、说、写、读、译全面发展,是一个大量实践和刻苦训练的过程,而听说训练则是难中最难的。随着电教事业的发展,《视听说》课也就相应出现,它为大量的言语实践活动创造了所必需的条件,为训练和发展学生的听说能力和连贯语言的表达能力提供了一个崭新的、大有可为的训练方式,并能在最少的时间内取得最佳的训练效果。这是因为:

(1) 现代外语教学要求学生能在各种不同的场合灵活地运用所学的语言材料进行交际,因而在教学中十分强调实践第一的原则,并千方百计地为学生提供能够进行言语实践活动的自然情景和教学情景。《视听说》课能满足上述要求,并能为学生提供生动逼真的视听觉形象,为学生的言语实践活动开辟广阔的天地;

(2) 从心理学理论角度来看,记忆是思维和语言建立联系,加强语言刺激是建立联系的重要因素;反复呈现是加强记忆必不可少的手段。《视听说》课所使用的清晰的录音、色彩鲜艳的图片、幻灯片、电影、电视、录象不仅能为学生提供逼真的视听觉形象,并能反复呈现,以加强外语刺激,加深对所学语言材料的印象和理解。《视听说》课最大的特点之一,就是能充分调动学生的视听觉的积极性,强化教学过程,并能在较少的时间内取得最佳的学习效果;

(3) 《视听说》课可以促进教学过程的程序化和科学化。《视听说》课要求使用各种电教设备,并根据教学内容制作必需的软件。在教学过程中要求把人(学生、老师)、机器、声音、形象、言语密切地组织在一起,从而要求教学过程程序化和科学化。只有如此才能达到预期的教学目的。因此,《视听说》课首先要要求有比较稳定的教材,有与教材相配套的视听软件、有根据教学要求所编制的练习体系。其次,要根据教学要求设计教学程序,科学地安排课上、课下的人、机活动,使教学过程更科学地进行,以达到训练目的。

我们认为,《视听说》课的开设,是现代外语教学发展的需要,是科学技术发展和电教事业发展的产物。它不能代替、也不能排斥外语教学的其它课型,但它能起到别的课型所起不到的作用。同时,我们也认为,盲目地、无教学计划和训练目的地使用电教设备和视听软件不能称为《视听说》课,它不可能达到《视听说》课所规定的任务。

二、设置《视听说》课可以解决“电”和“教”的脱节现象

课堂教学是学校教学活动的基本形式,外语电化教学只有深入到学科领域才能充分发挥电教的优势。近几年来,各院、校虽然重视解决“电”“教”的脱节现象,但仍没有从根本上扭转过来。我们认为,设置《视听说》课是解决“电”和“教”脱节的一种很好的方式。它不仅充分调动外语教师的积极性,同时还可以把教学人员和技术人员、设备和软件密切地联系在一起。不少院、校设置了《听说》课、《视听说》课,并取得了显著成绩。可以预料,随着《视听说》课的开设,“电”和“教”脱节的情况必将改善,最后为“电”、“教”相结合的新局面所代替。

三、公共外语也可设置《视听说》课

有些同志认为,《视听说》只能在专业外语教学中设置,在公共外语教学中则不大可能。我们试就这个问题谈点肤浅的看法。

(1)不少同志都在呼吁尽快改变当前公共外语教学不能适应“四化”建设飞速发展的形势,必须根治为数众多的科技人员的外语“聋”“哑”症。但如何解决呢?这是大家共同关心和探索的问题。长期以来,公共外语教学的要求往往放在提高阅读能力方面。我们认为,在公共外语教学中也可以试验从听说领先入手。设置《视听说》课,是培养和训练学生听说能力的有效措施。尽管公共外语教学有它的个性,但它也有着外语教学的共性。训练学生的听说能力,提高学生的听说水平可以带动学生的阅读。那种从文字到文字,从书本到书本,单纯地依靠外语教师在为数不多的教学时间内讲课是很难取得很理想的教学效果的。

如在公共外语教学中设置《视听说》课,那就可以强化教学过程,可以在比较短的教学时间内,取得较好的学习效果。

(2)公共外语设置《视听说》课可以弥补师资力量不足,并能为学生提供规范的、地道的视听资料。生动、逼真的视听觉形象又可调动学生学习外语的积极性,从而提高学生的听说能力、培养学生正确的语音、语调、语感和连贯性语言的表达能力。

我们认为在公共外语教学中完全可以设置《视听说》课。有些院校进行了实验,并取得明显的效果,就是最有力的证明。当然,在公共外语教学中设置《视听说》课要根据本身的实际,不能和外语专业的《视听说》课完全一样。

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设置《视听说》课在我国还是一个尝试,还有待于大家在实践中创造经验,但我们认为它会得到发展,会表现出生命力来。我们将努力提供更多电教软件,包括录象带、录音带、幻灯片,促使更多院校来开设这样的课程,取得更大的成绩。

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Simplified Reading

I. The Prince and the Poor Boy¹

by Mark Twain²

Retold by Viola Huggins

Chapter One

Henry the Eighth³ was King of England from 1509 to 1547. This story is about life in London towards the end of this time. Perhaps it happened. Perhaps it is not true. But here is the story.

One day in London a poor family had a baby — Tom Canty.⁴ His father and mother did not want him. On the same day, a rich family in London also had a baby. They wanted him. And all England wanted him, too. This second baby boy was Edward Tudor.⁵ He was the son of King Henry the Eighth. He was the Prince. Edward Tudor wore beautiful clothes. But Tom Canty's clothes were always poor and old. He wore rags.

Years passed. The boys were now ten years old. Tom Canty lived in a poor part of London, near London Bridge. A lot of people lived in his street. Tom lived in Offal Street. The wood houses were very tall there. They were full of people, all poor. The street was full of poor families like the Cantys.⁶

John Canty, Tom's father, was a thief. He wanted Tom to be a thief too. But Tom would not take money from people. He asked them for money in the streets.⁷

Tom's father drank too much. He sometimes hurt Tom, hit him and banged him hard on the head. But his mother was very kind. Tom also had two sisters, Bet and Nan. All the children slept on the floor at night.

Father Andrew, a friend, taught Tom to read and write. And he told Tom old stories about kings and princes. Tom's head became full of these things. He read stories about kings and princes in books. At night he slept and dreamed he lived in a palace, a king's house. He thought he wore beautiful clothes. Sometimes he thought he was a prince, a king's son. He began to speak like one.⁸

His young friends liked to hear Tom. He was the king, and his friends were the great men of England. But after these games, Tom went out to ask people for money in the streets. Once or twice, Tom's friends laughed at his games.

Chapter Two

One day Tom went out early. His head was still full of kings and princes. He walked through the streets of London to Charing Village. Then he came to Westminster.⁹ And there stood the great palace, the palace of King Henry the Eighth of England.

Tom went up to the gates of the palace. People went in through the gates, but at each side a soldier stood. Each soldier held a bright sword. The people of London stood outside the gates and looked.

Poor little Tom Canty came nearer. He looked through the gates of gold. And suddenly his heart jumped. He saw the young Prince!

Prince Edward was very like Tom, and the same age. But he wore beautiful clothes. Poor Tom wore rags. Some men in rich clothes stood near the Prince. Tom's eyes grew big. He moved nearer. His face touched the gate.

Then one of the soldiers saw him and called:

"Go away, boy!" He hit Tom, and the people near the gates laughed.

But the young Prince ran to the gates. His eyes were on fire,¹⁰ and he cried:

"Open the gates! Let him in!"

The soldiers opened the gates. And so the little boy from the poorest part of London passed in to meet the prince of riches.¹¹

Prince Edward said:

"You are tired. You must have food." He took Tom to a big room in the palace. He told his men to bring in a rich meal for Tom.

Prince Edward sat alone with Tom. He asked him questions while he ate.

"What is your name?"

"Tom Canty, please, sir."

"What a strange name! And where do you live?"

"In the city, sir. In Offal Street."

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Yes, sir. And two sisters, Nan and Bet. My father often hits me. But my mother and my sisters are very kind."

"You speak well," said the Prince.

"Yes, my friend Father Andrew taught me from his books."

"Tell me about Offal Street. Do you have a happy life there?"

"Oh yes, sir. But not when I haven't any food.¹² At other times I like London life. We boys in Offal Street fight with bits of wood."

The Prince's eyes were bright.

"I'd like that," he said. "Tell me more."

"We run. And we swim in the river. We play in the water there. We enjoy that."

"I would like to play there, just once! I would give all my lands to do that!"¹³

"And if I could dress just once in your rich clothes, sir..."

"Oh, would you like to do that? You shall! Take off your old rags and put on my clothes. It is a small happiness for you!"

A few minutes later, Prince Edward stood in Tom's rags, and Tom wore his kingly clothes. The two boys went and stood in front of a looking-glass.

A strange thing! When Tom put on the Prince's clothes he was like the Prince. And when the Prince put on Tom's rags, he was like Tom. The Prince said:

"You have the same hair, the same eyes, and the same voice as I have. You are like me. And now I am like you. I can feel as you did when my soldier hit you. My soldier hurt your hand. Let me see it."

"It's nothing, sir. The poor soldier was..."

"Stop. If my father, King Henry, hears about that — Stay here a minute."

The Prince quickly took up something from the table. He put it away — What was

it? It was like a very big plate. The King used it at the end of letters, beside his name. It was the Great Seal of England.¹⁴ Then the Prince opened the door, and ran out. His face was hot and his eyes on fire. He looked for his father, the King. But he could not find him.

He ran out to the gates and cried:

"Open the gates!"

The soldier who hurt Tom was there. He opened the gates, and the Prince went through. Then the soldier hit him very hard. He fell down in the road.

The soldier said:

"You son of a thief! I've seen you before! Don't come back!"

The London people near the gates laughed. The Prince got up and cried loudly:

"I am the Prince. You will die for this!"

But the people closed round the Prince and moved him away from the Palace. They went down the road, laughing and crying:

"Make way for the Prince!"¹⁵

And so the true Prince left his palace as a poor boy, Tom Canty. He didn't wear his beautiful clothes. He wore rags.

Chapter Three

The Prince walked through the streets of London. He wore no shoes and there was blood on his feet. He told people he was the Prince, but they laughed at him. It got dark, and he was very tired. He was in a poor part of London.

Suddenly Tom Canty's father saw him. "Come here! Have you brought some money home?" cried John Canty.

"No. I am the Prince," answered the Prince. "Take me to my father, the King."

"My son must be mad," thought John Canty. "He's ill, and cannot think right." He took the Prince home with him to Offal Street.

While all this happened, Tom Canty was alone in the King's palace at Westminster. First he walked about in the Prince's clothes, and held up the beautiful sword in front of him.

But the Prince did not come back. Tom began to be afraid. He opened the door. Six men sat near the door. They wore rich clothes. They got up from their chairs, ready to help him.

Tom shut the door fast. He was afraid.
"They will kill me for this," he thought.
Then the door opened, and a small boy said:

"Lady Jane Grey."

A little girl in rich clothes came in.

"What is wrong?" she asked. "They say you are not well."

"I am only poor Tom Canty. Let me see the King! And let me go away unhurt!" cried Tom. And he fell to the ground before her.¹⁶

The little girl ran away, afraid. She told the people outside that the Prince was ill. He was mad, he was wrong in the head.¹⁷

Tom heard the sound of voices by the door. Then a deep voice called:

"No more of this. We must not say that the Prince is mad. In the name of the King!"¹⁸

Tom waited for some time, afraid. Then he opened the door and walked out of the room. Great men walked on each side of him. And he came to the King's room.

King Henry the Eighth sat down with one foot on a chair. The famous King was now old and ill. His hair was grey. But great men fell to the ground in front of him. He spoke to Tom.

"My Prince," he said, "are you playing a game with me?"¹⁹

Tom fell to the ground and said: "You are the King! Now I shall die!"

The King did not understand him.

"Come to your father, child," he said. "You are ill. Don't you know your father, child? Don't break my old heart."²⁰

Tom answered:

"I'm the poorest of your people. But I'm young, I don't want to die."

"Die! Don't talk like that, my Prince. You shall not die."

"I want to go home, sir. Please let me go."²¹

The King was quiet. Then he said:

"Perhaps there is hope. Perhaps he's only mad in some things. His head may be all right in others. We will see."

Then he asked Tom a question in French, but Tom could not answer this. The King fell back on his seat afraid.²² The Prince knew French very well.

Then the King turned towards his courtiers and cried:

"My son is mad but he will soon be well. He has worked too hard with his books. This must stop. He is my son, and the future King. If any person speaks of his illness he will die."

The old King had no other son. He was afraid about the future of England when he died.²³

Chapter Four

They took Tom to a great room and asked him to sit down. All the other people stood. Two great men spoke to him. One was Lord²⁴ Hertford. The other was Lord St. John. Hertford said quietly:

"Tell the people they may go."

Tom moved his hand, and all left. Then Lord St. John said:

"The King wants you to hide your illness. You are the true prince, and must say that."

Tom answered:

"The King has asked this. And I will do it."

Lord Hertford said:

"You are not well. You have forgotten the great dinner tonight in the City of London."

"I am sorry. I have forgotten it," said Tom.

The two great men talked together. Lord Hertford said:

"The King is near his end.²⁵ The Prince is mad. I hope we can save England."

Lord St. John said:

"But is he the true Prince? I think he is very strange. He does not remember his French."

"Quiet, my Lord," answered Lord Hertford. "Have you forgotten? When the King dies he wants this boy to be King. For this wrong talk you could die."

St. John's face became white, and he said:

"I was wrong. Don't speak of this."

Lord Hertford said:

"This boy is my sister's son. I know his face and his voice. This is the true Prince."

Lord St. John left, and Lord Hertford was alone. He thought about the Prince. He walked up and down the room.²⁶ And he said:

"How can another boy be in his place? Another boy would hide the truth. This boy

must be the true Prince, but has become mad."

In the afternoon Tom dressed again in rich clothes. Then they took him to a big room. There was a great table with rich food on it. Before Tom ate the food, someone else tasted it.²⁷ Poor Tom ate with his fingers, but they said nothing. When he tried to take something, a courtier took it up and brought it to him. He could do nothing for himself. At the end of the meal, a courtier came and brought him some water to wash his fingers. He drank the water. But they did not laugh.

Then Tom asked to go to his room, and he was alone again. He found some books. One was about the life of the English kings in their palaces.

Chapter Five

King Henry woke from a short sleep. He said to Lord Hertford:

"My end is now near. I feel that my illness is worse. I must write a letter. Bring me the Great Seal."

Lord Hertford said:

"Sir, we remember that you gave the seal to the Prince two days ago."

"True, most true," cried the King. "Get it. Time flies."²⁸

But Tom, of course, could not give them the seal. They told the King this. He looked very sad, and said:

"My son is not well." He closed his eyes. After a time he opened them again. He looked round, and saw the Lord Chancellor.

"What, you are still here!" he cried. "Are you mad? The Great Seal has flown away. Bring me the small seal."

Lights shone over the River Thames that night.²⁹ There were many boats on the river, with bright lights. The boats were full of people. They all looked towards the Palace of Westminster.

Forty or fifty boats came to the steps by the river. They were full of soldiers who wore rich clothes. Music came from the boats. Suddenly, there was a cry:

"Make way for the Lord Edward, Prince of Wales!"³⁰ The big guns on the palace walls sounded. And Tom Canty stood up before the people.

He wore clothes of white and gold, with many bright stones.³¹ Oh, Tom Canty, the

poor boy from the worst part of London! It was a strange happening.

Chapter Six

Now let us go back to the true Prince. John Canty held him and took him home. As they went he hurt the Prince. A man tried to stop John Canty and help the boy. John Canty hit the man's head with a big piece of wood. The man fell to the ground. But the people passed on.

In John Canty's home there was a small light. The Prince could see Tom Canty's two young sisters, and their mother, by the wall. There was also an old woman with long grey hair and a bad look.³²

John Canty said to this woman:

"Listen to this boy!" Then he asked the Prince:

"What is your name? Who are you?"

The Prince stood and looked at him. "I'm Edward, Prince of Wales."

The old woman stood still. John Canty laughed. But the girls and their mother ran towards the Prince and cried:

"Oh, poor Tom, poor boy!"

The mother said:

"Oh, my poor boy. You have read too many books. They have made you mad. Poor boy! You have broken my heart."

The Prince looked into her face³³ and said quietly:

"Your son is well. Let me go to the Palace where he is. Then he will come back to you."

Mrs Canty cried:

"Am I not your mother?"

The Prince answered:

"I have never seen your face before."

One of the girls, Nan, said:

"Let him go to bed, father, please."

"Tomorrow," said Bet, "he will be all right again. Tomorrow he will bring home some money."

John Canty turned to the Prince and said:

"Tomorrow we must pay two pennies to the man who has this house. Show me today's money."

The Prince answered: "I tell you again, I'm the King's son."

Then John Canty began to bang and hit

the Prince. The mother and sisters tried to save him.

John Canty put out the light³⁴ and the family tried to go to sleep. The young girls went to the Prince and put a coat over him. The mother brought the Prince some old bits of bread. But his body hurt and he could not eat. The mother was very sad. She did not know what to believe. Was he her son? He was very like him. But he was also different.

The Prince could not sleep because his body hurt. But later he slept deeply. He awoke suddenly. He heard loud voices in the dark. The next minute someone banged on the door. John Canty cried:

"Who is there? What do you want?"

A voice answered:

"I am Father Andrew. The man who tried to stop you yesterday is nearly dead. You hit him too hard. You must fly."

Canty got up and called his family. Five minutes later the Cantys were in the street. They ran to save their lives. John Canty held the Prince hard and said he must keep quiet. They walked fast along dark streets near their home. The Prince's heart was high. Now he would escape!

Then a big boatman saw Canty. Canty tried to pass him. But the big man cried:

"It's a holiday. Come and drink!"

"Let me pass," said Canty.

"You must first drink to the Prince of Wales," said the boatman. He stood in John Canty's way, and Canty could not pass him.

Other people came near and cried:

"Yes, make him drink from the great cup. Or we'll give him to the fishes."

They brought a big drinking cup. The boatman gave it to Canty. Canty took it with one hand. But he used the other hand to take off the top of the cup. This left the Prince free.³⁵ He ran away at once.

Chapter Seven

In the Guildhall that night the people of London waited for the Prince. Tom came by boat on the River Thames, with Princess Elizabeth³⁶ and Lady Jane Grey. In a great room in the Guildhall³⁷ they had a rich dinner. The men of the city came to meet them. They wore rich gold and red dress, and carried the city sword in front of them.

While Tom sat in his high seat in the Guildhall, the real little Prince of Wales was in the street. He stood by the gates of the Guildhall. And he told the people who he was. They laughed, but he said again: "I tell you I am the Prince of Wales."

Suddenly a tall man came up to the Prince.

"I will help you, boy," he said. "Perhaps you are a prince, perhaps not. But I'm your friend." The tall man's name was Miles Hendon. He wore rich but old clothes.

The people laughed again. Then they cried:

"Take the boy from him. Put the boy in the water." One man took hold of the Prince's arm. Miles Hendon hit the man with his sword, and he fell to the ground. "Kill both the man and the boy!" cried the people.

Suddenly music sounded, and a voice cried loudly:

"Make way for the King's men!"

The people ran off as the horses came. And Miles Hendon took hold of the Prince and carried him away from the dangerous place.

In the Guildhall, suddenly music sounded. All voices were quiet. The King's man cried in a loud voice:

"The King is dead!"

The people in the Guildhall were quiet. Then they fell to the ground in front of Tom. They cried:

"Long life to the King, Edward the Sixth!"

Tom felt sad. How could he escape now?

"Long life to the King!" cried the people in the Guildhall.

Chapter Eight

Miles Hendon and the little Prince — no, King — went through the streets of London towards the river. And the people said:

"King Henry is dead. Edward the Sixth is King!"

The little King was first sad, and then began to hope.

They walked to London Bridge, with all the houses and shops on it. Miles Hendon stayed in one of the small houses on the bridge. As they came near it a loud voice cried:

"Ah, I have found you, boy. Come here! I'll bang and hit you and teach you a lesson." And John Canty tried to take the boy. But Miles Hendon stopped him. Canty said:

"He's my son."

"I'm not," cried the little King hotly.

"Do you want to stay with me?" asked Miles.

"I do. I will die before I go with him."³⁸

"He shall come with me, his father," cried Canty.

"If you touch him I will kill you!" said Hendon. He put his hand on his sword. Canty moved back and went away.

Hendon and the little King went up many stairs to his small room at the top of the house. Before they climbed up Hendon asked for a meal.

It was a poor room, with an old bed and a table and chairs in it. There were two small lights. The little King was very tired. He climbed on to the bed and slept. Miles Hendon looked at him and smiled.

"I have saved him. He is mad, and he has no friends. I will be his friend. He spoke to the people like a soldier. I will kill anyone who hurts him. His madness will go as time passes."³⁹

Hendon thought the boy was cold. He took off his coat and put it over him. A man came in with a hot meal and put it on the table. The noise awoke the boy, and he jumped up. He saw the coat, and said quietly:

"You are good to me. Take your coat and put it on."

The little King sat at the table. Miles took the other chair, but before he could sit down the boy said:

"Stop! You cannot sit with a King!"

The boy is still mad, thought Miles. But he stood behind the King and gave him the food. Then, as he stood, he ate his meal.

The King said:

"Tell me about your life. Is your family a great one?"

"We are not great, sir. My father is Sir Richard Hendon of Hendon Hall in Kent. He is rich and kind. My mother died when I was a boy. I have two brothers. My younger brother, Hugh, didn't like me. Bad things happened. They sent me away from my home and I became a soldier. I was a prisoner, and I was shut up in a prison in another country for seven years. Now I have escaped and

I am on my way home. That is my story."

The King said:

"Your brother has done wrong to you."⁴⁰ You saved my life. What do you want? It shall be yours."

Miles thought a minute. His legs were tired. He did not want to stand all the time with the 'king'. So he fell to the ground before the little King and said:

"I want to ask that I can always sit when I am with the King."

The little King touched Miles with his sword.

"From now on you shall not stand when you are with the King! *Sir Miles Hendon!*"

Miles Hendon thought: "Now I am a lord of dreams. But I can sit down and eat my food."

Chapter Nine

Hendon and the little King began to feel very tired and sleepy. The King said:

"Take off my rags." He meant his old clothes.

Hendon did this, and the boy climbed on to the bed. He said to Hendon:

"You will sleep across the door, on the ground."

Hendon thought:

"He plays the part of a king too well!"⁴¹ But he slept on the ground.

In the morning while the boy still slept Miles went out. He bought some clothes for the boy. They were cheap but clean and warm. He sat and looked at the clothes.

"I have paid for the room and the food. And I have money for two small horses. We will ride to my home, Hendon Hall. And the boy will get better."

Then he called the boy. But there was no answer. He put back the bed clothes. The boy was not there. At that minute, the man came in with their food.

"Tell me," cried Miles, "where is the boy?"

The man answered:

"A young man came here and said you wanted the boy. He said the boy must come to you at the end of the bridge. I took the young man up to this room. The boy went out with him."

"Was the young man alone?"

"Yes."

"Was he? Think hard!"

"He was alone when he came. But now I remember! I saw an older man. He followed them towards Southwark. He was a big man."

Miles Hendon ran out of the room. He was soon in the street.

"I've lost you, my poor little mad boy. But I'll look for you. And I'll find you again!"

Chapter Ten

Tom Canty awoke from a deep sleep at the palace. He thought he was at home again with his sisters. He thought he had money for his mother. But then he knew he was still in the palace. His courtiers were there to dress him.⁴²

This took a very long time because all the courtiers must help. Then he was ready to have his meal. He walked to the dining room. The courtiers fell to the ground as he passed.

Then he went to the King's room to do the business of the country.⁴³ There were a lot of papers. Lord Hertford stood near him to help him. Most of it was about money. King Henry spent more money than he had. The work was very slow. There were more papers. Once he fell asleep.

There was one bright time in the day. He met a boy of twelve called Humphrey Marlow. He had the job of 'hitting boy'.⁴⁴ They hit him when the King did his lessons badly. Humphrey told Tom a lot of things about the palace. He told Tom that soon he must eat dinners in front of the people.

But Tom felt he was in prison. The business of the country and the court took most of the day.

One morning he heard a great noise by the palace gates. He said:

"Find out what's happening."

The palace soldiers went out. They came back to the King and told him about it. "The people of London are following a man, a woman and a young girl. These three have done wrong and must die."

Tom was sorry when he heard this. He said:

"Bring them here."

They brought in the three prisoners. Tom thought:

"I have seen this man before. He saved a man's life last winter." He asked:

"What has this man done?"

"He killed a man. He gave the man bad food. Then the man died. Something in the food killed him."

"Then he must die," said Tom sadly. The prisoner cried:

"Oh my lord the King, they will kill me in hot oil.⁴⁵ Please let me die another way."

The King said loudly:

"There will be no more killings with hot oil in this country."

"There shall be no more," said Lord Hertford.

Tom asked:

"Did anyone see this man give the bad food?"

"No, my lord. But the man died after he ate it."

Tom said:

"Let the prisoner go free. The King has spoken."

The courtiers said quietly:

"This is not a mad King."

Then Tom spoke to the woman and the little girl.

"What have they done?" he asked.

"They went into an old church at night. They spoke to the Devil,⁴⁶ the Bad One. With the Devil's help they made a great storm. Many houses fell to the ground because of the storm."

"How did they make this storm?"

"They took off their shoes, sir. At midnight, in the church. And they talked to the Devil."

Tom turned to the woman.

"Make a storm for me now," he said. "Then you and your child will go free."

"Oh, my lord the King, I cannot make a storm."

"She has made no storm. She has done no wrong. Let them go free," said the King.

After this Tom was less afraid. He felt better. And the big dinner with all the people went well. Many eyes followed the food to his mouth. But he ate a very good dinner.

Chapter Eleven

Miles Hendon went out of London towards his home in Kent, Hendon Hall. He thought the boy would escape and try to find him there.

But the little King did not escape. He went with the young man over the bridge, and a long way out of London. The little King went with him into a wood.⁴⁷ They came to an old farmhouse, and went in. A big man followed them. It was John Canty.

"Where's Miles Hendon?" asked the little King.

John Canty laughed loudly.

"Who are you?" asked the King. John Canty wore different clothes, and had something over one eye.

Canty answered:

"I'm your father, boy. I've killed a man, and I must hide now. I have changed my name. It's John Hobbs. Yours is Jack. You're Jack Hobbs. Remember it. Now, where are your mother and sisters?"

The King answered:

"My mother is dead. My sisters are in the palace."

The young man laughed. The King tried to hit him. But Canty—or Hobbs, as he now was—stopped them.

"He's mad, Hugo. Leave him alone."⁴⁸

Then Hobbs and Hugo talked together quietly. The King went to the end of the room. He was tired and sad. He thought of his dead father, King Henry the Eighth. Henry was always kind to his son. The boy fell asleep, thinking about his father.

A loud noise awoke him. He sat up and looked. A bright fire burnt at the other end of the room. In the red light he could see many strange people. There were men, women and children. They wore old clothes and dirty rags. They ate and drank and talked and laughed.

John Hobbs was with them. He knew them all. Most of them were thieves. They move from place to place and took other people's things. One of them lost an ear because he asked for money in the street. One was a farmer who lost his farm.

They lived sad lives. Some were afraid they would die. The little King listened to their stories and their talk. He came towards the fire and cried:

"You shall not die! The King will save you!"

They all turned and saw the boy.

"Who is it? What is it?" they said.

"I am Edward, King of England," he answered.

They all laughed loudly.

John Hobbs stopped them.

"He's my son. He's mad. He thinks he is the King."

"I am the King!" cried the boy. "You say you killed a man. You shall die for that!"

A tall man, their leader, stopped the boy.

"You must not speak badly to your friends, boy. Be King, if you want to. But not King of England."⁴⁹ All of us here love the King!"

"Long life to King Edward of England," they all cried.

"I thank you, my good people," said the King.

They laughed again. Then they said:

"Take him and dress him like a king."

They put the boy on a box. Then they put a plate on his head and put a piece of wood in his hand. They fell to the ground and cried:

"Be kind to us, O King!"

"Do not kill us!"

"Warm us with your light, O sun!"

"Do not kick us to the ground, O King!"

The little King was very sad. He only wanted to help them, but they used him badly.⁵⁰

Chapter Twelve

The next day was wet and cold. The thieves and their friends began their long walk to the east of London. As they passed some little houses, they took clothes from the gardens. They went into one farmhouse and ate all the food. They laughed at the farmer's wife and daughters.

After a long walk they came to a large village. They wanted to take money from the people there.

The King walked with Hugo, the young man. Hugo said:

"It's a poor place. There's no money in

the houses. So we must ask for money in the streets."

"I won't," said the King.

"You've done it all your life, your father says."

"It's not true."

"Well, I believe your father. Here's a man with a kind face. You must help me. I shall fall down ill. You must say you are my brother."

Hugo began to make a loud noise. Then he fell to the ground.

"Oh, poor young man!" cried the stranger. "Let me help you up."

"Thank you, kind sir. My brother will tell you that I'm often ill like this. Please give me a penny and I'll buy a little food."

"You shall have three," said the stranger. "Come here, boy, and help carry your brother to that house."

"I'm not his brother," said the King.

"Not his brother? If he's not your brother, who is he?"

"A thief. He has got your money and taken more, too. Hit him before he runs away."

But Hugo was up and off like the wind.⁵¹ The stranger followed him. "Stop thief!" he cried.

The King was free. He ran away very fast, and was soon a long way from the village. Night came on, cold and cloudy. When he stopped he got very cold. So he went on.

Then he saw a light. It was by a small building in a farm. Two farm workers took the light through the door into the building. The King followed quietly. They talked and worked. Then they went away, with the light.

But the King found a warm place and began to fall asleep.

Suddenly, something touched him. He listened, afraid. But nothing moved. There was no sound. Then again he felt a touch. He moved his hand towards the sound. He felt a warm, hairy body. It was a young cow.

The King was not afraid any more. He had a friend, a young animal. He was happy again. The night wind grew stronger. But the King and the young cow were warm inside the building.

Chapter Thirteen

Early in the morning the King awoke. He heard the sound of children's voices. The door of the building opened. Two little girls came in. They stopped and looked at him. Then they talked together in quiet voices. They came nearer, and again stopped to look.

"He hasn't got a bad face."

"He's got pretty hair."

"But his clothes are rags."

"Yes, and he wants food."

They came nearer. Then they stood in front of the King. They held hands, and looked at him with big eyes.

Then one said:

"Who are you, boy?"

"I am the King," he answered.

The children jumped. Their eyes got bigger. Then one asked:

"What King?"

"The King of England."

The two little girls believed him. They took him to the farmhouse to eat.

The King thought:

"When I'm in my palace I'll remember little children. They have believed me when older people haven't."⁵²

The children's mother was sorry for the boy. Her husband was dead and she was poor, but she gave him food. She thought he was mad. She asked him many questions. He knew a lot about food, so she thought he was a young cook.

After the meal he washed the plates. He didn't do it very well.

Then suddenly through the door he saw John Canty — or John Hobbs, as his new name was — with Hugo. They were coming to the gate of the farm.

The King ran out of the back door, and down the road at the back of the farm.

Chapter Fourteen

The King ran towards a wood. It began to get dark. He could hear strange sounds. But he went on into the wood. And then he came to a very small building. He went up to it and looked through the window.

He saw a small room. An old man sat on a box and read a book. He had white hair

and was tall and thin. There were a few things in the room — a cup, a plate, an old bed.

The boy banged on the door, and a deep voice said:

"Come in. But leave wrong-doing behind."⁵³

The King went in.

"Who are you?" asked the old man.

"I am the King."

"Come in, come in. Sit down." The old man put some wood on the fire, and walked round the room.

"You are a king and you have left your country. You can stay here. No man shall find you here."

The King tried to speak but the old man did not listen.

"He's mad," thought the boy.

But the old man gave him food, and showed him a bed in the other little room.

The boy was tired and wanted to sleep. But the old man suddenly said:

"What king are you?"

"King of England," the boy answered, sleepily.

"Of England? Then King Henry the Eighth is dead?"

"Yes, I am his son."

The face of the old man changed. His eyes became cold. He said: "I lost my home, because of King Henry."

But the boy now slept. The old man went out. He found a large old knife and went back to the King's room. He held the knife over the boy. Then he let the knife drop.⁵⁴

"Perhaps a man will hear," he thought.

He got some pieces of rag. He put them round the King's hands and feet. The boy still slept. The old man put some rags round the boy's mouth. Then the King opened his eyes, and saw the knife! But he could not speak.

And he could not move.

It was nearly daylight. The old man held the knife very near the boy. Suddenly there were voices. The knife dropped from his hand. He jumped up.

Suddenly the door opened.

In front of them stood John Canty — or John Hobbs — and Hugo. They soon cut off the rags round the King — and hit the old man on the head. The King was free. But

each took one of his arms. They ran out into the wood with him.

Chapter Fifteen

The young King was with the thieves again. Most of them liked him, but not Hugo.

The leader of the thieves now told the King he must become a thief. He must take money from people and from their houses.

But Hugo hoped someone would see the King and take him to prison. So he took the King to a village, and they waited. A woman came along. She carried something with brown paper round it — a big parcel.

"We'll take that parcel," said Hugo. "Stay here. I'll come back." Then Hugo walked behind the woman very quietly. And he took the parcel from her and ran away. In a minute he was back with the King.

He put the parcel in the King's hands and ran off. The woman turned round and cried: "Stop thief!"

The King dropped the parcel. But the woman took hold of his arm. He could not get away. Hugo ran fast out of the village.

"Let me go, woman."⁵⁵ I didn't take your parcel," cried the King.

A lot of people now stood round them. One big man tried to hit the King. Suddenly a long sword shone in the sun. Miles Hendon cried loudly:

"Good people, don't let's go too fast. The police must know of this."

The woman let the King go free. The people didn't like it, but they were quiet. Miles was tall and strong and had a sword. The King jumped to Miles's side and said:

"Sir Miles, you have taken a long time to find me. But now, cut these people to pieces!"

A policeman arrived. Miles held the King and said to the policeman:

"He will go quietly. Lead on, and we will follow."

The policeman went first. Then the woman followed with her parcel. Next came Miles, with his hand on the King's arm. A lot of people followed. They came to the building where the court was. People who did wrong came to the court and a judge said what must happen about it.⁵⁶

The woman told the judge that the King was the thief. She took the paper off the parcel. Inside was a fat little pig. Miles Hendon's face became white.

The judge said to the woman:

"What is the price of this pig?"

"Thirty-eight pence," answered the woman.

The judge told the policeman to empty the room.⁵⁷ All the people must go. Then he said to the woman:

"This boy wants food. He hasn't a bad face. Do you know this? If a thief takes a thing which costs thirty pence, he must die."

The King's eyes opened wide. The woman cried:

"Oh, what have I done? I don't want the boy to die! Save him from this, sir."

The judge said:

"You can say the pig cost less than thirty pence."

The woman said:

"Oh, yes. The pig cost only eight pence!"

She went away with her pig. The judge began to write down what happened.

Miles saw the policeman follow the woman out. So he followed the policeman, and heard what he said to the woman.

"It's a fat pig. I'll buy it from you. Here's the eight pence."

"Eight pence!" cried the woman. "You won't have it for eight pence."⁵⁸ It cost thirty-eight pence."

"All right, come back into the court. Tell judge you paid thirty-eight pence. And the boy will die."

"No, no. I'm happy. Give me the eight pence, and say nothing about it."

The woman went off sadly, without her pig, and with only eight pence for it. Miles went back into the court room. The judge finished his writing.

Then he told the King he must go to prison. The King opened his mouth to speak, but Miles Hendon stopped him. They both went out with the policeman. As they walked towards the prison, the King said to Miles:

"Madman, do you think I'll go into a prison *alive*?"

"Be quiet," answered Miles. "I'll help you."

It was now nearly dark. People walked home fast. Soon there weren't many people.

In a wide street, now empty, Miles said to the policeman:

"Let this boy escape."

"How can you ask me to do that?" cried the policeman. "I cannot do it."

Miles said quietly into his ear:

"Think about that pig. You took it for only eight pence. Perhaps *you'll die for that!*"

He then said the policeman's words.

"Now, is that right? I'll tell the judge . . ."

"I have a wife and children. What do you want?" asked the policeman.

"Let the boy escape."

"You know I cannot do this."

"Well, the judge will hear about the pig, and you will die."

The poor policeman thought of his wife and children, and said:

"All right. I'll turn my back, and see nothing."

"Right," said Miles, "and you'll give the pig back to the woman?"

"Yes, yes, I will," said the policeman, sadly.

He turned his back. Miles Hendon and the King ran away into the dark night.

Chapter Sixteen

The King and Miles Hendon rode on horseback towards Miles's home, Hendon Hall.

They didn't ride fast. They stopped in a village for the night. Next day they went on slowly. They talked about what happened. As Miles got nearer to his home he became very happy. He spoke of his old father, and his brother Arthur, and the beautiful Edith. He wanted very much to see her again. He said his younger brother, Hugh, was a bad brother. But he wanted to see them all again.

Miles cried:

"Look, there's the village. Hendon Hall is close to it. It's that big house in the trees. We'll soon be there. My family will be happy when we arrive!"

They went down the hill and through the village. Then they passed through some big gates and saw the house.

Miles Hendon jumped to the ground, and helped the King down from his horse. Then he took the King's hand and led him in.

They came into a big room. A young man sat at a table in front of a warm fire.

"Hugh!" cried Miles. "I know you will be happy. I'm home! And call our father, let me see him!"

Hugh looked at Miles for a long time. Then he said:

"Stranger, who am I?"

"I think you're Hugh Hendon."

"And who are you?"

"Think! Don't you know I'm your brother, Miles Hendon?"

"I know you aren't my brother," said Hugh. "I had a letter."

"What letter?"

"One that came from over the sea, six or seven years ago. It said my brother died in a war."

"It wasn't true. Call my father. He'll know me."

"One cannot call the dead."⁵⁹

"Dead!" Miles's voice was very quiet. "My father dead! This is sad, sad. Half my happiness has gone now. Let me see my brother Arthur. He'll know me."

"He's dead too."

"The good have gone, and we are here. Don't say that Edith is dead, I cannot . . ."

"No, she lives."

"She'll know me. Let me see her."

Hugh Hendon left the room. Miles walked up and down. He forgot the little King. But the King saw his sadness and said:

"No one believes me. You're not alone."

The door opened. Hugh Hendon came in with a beautiful woman. She wore rich clothes. But her face was sad. She looked at the ground.

Miles ran towards her, and said:

"Oh, Edith, my dear. . . ."

Hugh said to Edith:

"Look at him. Do you know him?"

She was very white. She said:

"No, I don't know him."

She turned and left the room. Miles dropped into a chair.

Then Hugh brought in some servants, men who worked in the house. They all said they didn't know him.

"These people don't know you. And you have seen that my wife didn't know you. . . ."

"Your wife!" cried Miles. He jumped at Hugh, and tried to hit him.⁶⁰ "I loved Edith! You wrote a letter about my death. Then you took my place at Hendon Hall and married Edith."

Hugh answered: "I'll send for the police. They will take you to prison. Don't try to escape."

"Escape! This is my home. I'll stay here." Hugh and his servants left the room.

Chapter Seventeen

The King and Miles waited in the big room at Hendon Hall. The King was very quiet. Then he said:

"It's strange. My people do not try to find me."

"True, my King. I forgot that," said Miles Hendon. He thought sadly, "He is still mad, poor boy."

The King said:

"I'll write a paper in English and French. And you will take it to London in the morning. Give it to Lord Hertford. Then he'll send for me."⁶¹

And the King sat down and wrote his letter in English and French. It began, "I am Edward the Sixth, King of England." Then he gave the paper to Miles.

Miles put the paper in his pocket and forgot about it. He thought the boy was mad.

"Edith does know me," he thought. "But she said she did not. Perhaps Hugh has told her to say that. It's very strange. She loved me years ago. . . ."

The door opened and Edith came in. She was very white, and her face was sad.

"Sir," she said, "I have come to tell you this. It's very dangerous for you here. My husband is rich. He's the leader in this part of the country. All the people are afraid of him. He will say you aren't his brother. They will believe it. Go away. Take this money to help you. Go while you can."⁶²

Miles did not take the money. He said:

"Look at me. Am I not Miles Hendon?"

"No. I know you aren't. Go while you can."

Suddenly the door opened. Some policemen ran in. They took hold of Miles Hendon, and led him to prison. They took the King, too.