

Family
and
Friends 4

The Lost World



By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Illustrated by Anders Westerberg

OXFORD

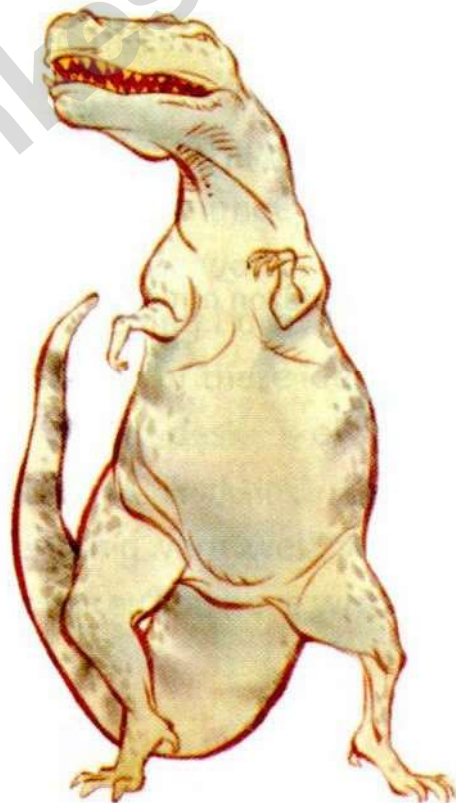


The Lost World

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Text adaptation by Susan Kingsley

Illustrated by Anders Westerberg



Original Dominoes Series Editors:
Bill Bowler and Sue Parminter

Activities

Before reading

'You said you wanted adventure, didn't you?' says Mr McArdle, the news editor of the *Daily Gazette*. And he sends his young reporter, Malone, on a strange journey into South America with the famous Professor Challenger.

Challenger believes he can find a lost world full of dinosaurs in the middle of the Amazon forest. But this is a dangerous part of the world. What adventures are waiting for them there? Will they all come back alive?

1 Read the introduction to the story. Then tick the correct boxes.

	Yes	No	Don't know
1 Malone works for a newspaper.	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2 Malone is looking for adventure.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3 Challenger is looking for diamonds in the Amazon forest.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4 They all come back from the Amazon alive.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

2 Write the places from the story.

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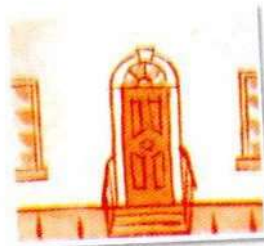
Amazon forest

Challenger's house

~~Daily Gazette office~~



Daily
Gazette
office







CHAPTER 1 **Where are these great adventures?**

A great man is a man who does brave things and has strange adventures,' explained my good friend Gerald Hungerton. 'He is a man who can look at death in the face, and is not afraid.'

'But we can't all have adventures,' I said. 'And where are these great adventures? I've never found one.'

'They are all around us. But it is only the great men who see them,' Gerald replied.

* * *

And that was how it all began. As I waited for my bus in the dark, rainy London streets, something was burning inside me. I was twenty-three, an unimportant young reporter on the *Daily Gazette* newspaper, but I felt inside me the fire of ambition. Tonight, I was sure, I was going to find something that would change my life – a brave adventure somewhere out in the world.

So that cold November evening I arrived at the office of the *Gazette* with my head full of these ideas. Mr McArdle, the news editor, was at his desk. I always liked old McArdle, and I hoped that he liked me.

'I hear that you are doing very well, Mr Malone,' he said in his kind Scottish voice. 'You have written some very good pieces for us.'

'Thank you,' I answered.

'Now, how can I help you?'

'Sir, I ... I have something to ask you. Could you possibly send me somewhere with a lot of adventure and danger? I'll try to write something good for the *Gazette*, I really will.'

brave not afraid of doing dangerous things

adventure something very exciting that happens to you

reporter a person who writes for a newspaper

ambition something you really want to do in your life

editor a person who decides which stories go in a newspaper

sir you say this when you talk to an important man



'Where would you like to go?'

'Somewhere very difficult. I want to do something really hard.'

'Oh dear me, Mr Malone. That's very brave of you,' replied McArdle. 'Do you really want to lose your life so young?'

'No, I want to find out what my life really means.'

'Mr Malone, these days editors only give jobs like that to famous reporters,' he said. But then he suddenly smiled. 'Wait a minute! I have an idea. Why don't you go and see Professor Challenger?'

'Professor Challenger! The famous zoologist!' was my surprised reply. 'Didn't he break the arm of that reporter from *The Times*?'

'Yes, but I'm hoping that you'll have better luck. And you said that you wanted danger, didn't you? Here are some notes for you to begin with.'

He gave me a paper and I read it quickly.

professor an important teacher at a university

zoologist a person who studies animals

Professor George Edward Challenger

Born: 1863, Scotland

Spent school and student days in Edinburgh

Job: Zoologist

Winner of Crayston Cup for his work as a zoologist (London 1892-3)

Has very different ideas from other zoologists

Likes: Mountain climbing, walking

Address: Enmore Park, London

'But, sir,' I said to McArdle, putting the paper in my pocket. 'I don't understand. Why do I need to talk to this man? What has he done?'

'He spent a year alone in a place somewhere in South America,' McArdle said. 'No one knows where it was. He came back to London last year, and he said one or two things about his travels, but then people started asking questions, and he stopped talking so freely. Either something wonderful happened there – or the man's a liar. Most people think he's a liar. So now he hits anybody who asks him questions, and he throws reporters down stairs. So, Mr Malone, go and see what you think of him.'

And that was the end of the conversation. I went out of the office, thinking hard. Then suddenly I knew what to do. I went immediately to see Tarp Henry, a scientist and an old friend of mine.

'Challenger?' said Henry. 'He was the man who came back from South America with that impossible story. He said that he discovered some strange animals there. There

liar a person who says things that are not true

throw to push something or somebody quickly through the air with your hands

scientist a person who studies the natural world

discover to find something new or important

believe to feel sure that something is true

enormous very big

beard the hair on a man's face

were even some photographs, but nobody believes that they're real.'

Tarp Henry showed me some of Challenger's books, and I opened the largest one. After a long time, I found a few words which I could nearly understand. I wrote them on a paper and began my letter.

*Dear Professor Challenger,
I am a young zoologist who has always been greatly interested in your works—*

'You liar!' laughed Henry.

I finished my letter, asking if the great Professor would kindly agree to see me on Wednesday to talk about some of the ideas in his book.

'He's a dangerous man,' said Henry, reading my letter. 'But luckily for you I don't think that he'll answer this.'

My friend was wrong. At eleven o'clock that Wednesday morning I knocked on the front door of Challenger's fine house with a letter from the Professor in my hand.

When I stood face to face with the Professor, I could not believe what I saw. He had the most enormous head that I have ever seen, a very big body and great hairy hands. His face was an angry red colour, and his great beard was blue-black. He sat and looked at me with very deep grey eyes.

