



**RAHNAMA**  
P R E S S

@RAHNAMAPRESS  
WWW.RAHNAMAPRESS.COM



# Dead Man's Island

JOHN ESCOTT

2

OXFORD BOOKWORMS



## *Coming to England*



**M**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

## *Dead Man's Island*

---

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.  
‘Oh, please! Please!’



## *Coming to England*

---

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.*



## *Dead Man's Island*

---

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

## *Coming to England*

---

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.*

## *Dead Man's Island*

---

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 . . .*

# Dead Man's Island



Mr Ross lives on an island where no visitors come. He stops people from taking photographs of him. He is young and rich, but he looks sad. And there is one room in his house which is always locked.

Carol Sanders and her mother come to the island to work for Mr Ross. Carol soon decides that there is something very strange about Mr Ross. Where did he get his money from? How can a young man buy an island? So she watches, and she listens – and one night she learns what is behind the locked door. [Word count 5,215]



**THRILLER  
& ADVENTURE**



**AUDIO  
AVAILABLE**

Cover image by Age Fotostock  
courtesy of SuperStock

**STAGE 2 700 Headwords**

**THE OXFORD BOOKWORMS LIBRARY: GET MORE FROM YOUR READING**

**OXFORD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS

[www.oup.com/elt](http://www.oup.com/elt)

OXFORD ENGLISH

ISBN 978-0-19-479055-0



9 780194 790550

**2**

**OXFORD BOOKWORMS**