

Match the extracts and the titles. Which stories would you like to read?

“Crete, I’m thinking. This is the island where Dad works. Maybe we can find out what he’s been working on. Maybe he went back to Crete. Maybe we’ll find him. And even though I’m really excited that I’m going to Crete, I also feel sad that Dad isn’t here. It’s just like being ten again and missing him when I play football for the school or have a part in the play. I ought to feel happy but I can’t because I miss Dad so much. And it’s so stupid, here I am at sixteen – well, almost sixteen – and I feel just the same. Days go by and there is no news about Dad. I’m sure that he just changed his mind about wanting to see me. I think Susie thinks the same. Only Nat is still certain that something has happened to him.”



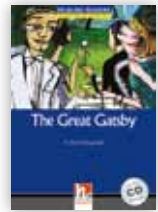
“It is a strange house, though,” continued Mr Enfield. “Since that night I have studied it closely. There is no other door, and nobody uses the one that we can see except, occasionally, the man who knocked down the girl. The passage leads to a courtyard, and there are three windows that overlook the courtyard on the first floor, but none on the ground floor. Someone must live there because the windows are always clean, although they are always shut, and there is usually smoke coming from the chimney.”
 “That is a good rule of yours about sleeping dogs, Enfield, but there is one question I want to ask. What’s the name of the man who knocked over the child?”
 “Well, I suppose I can tell you. That very unpleasant person was a man by the name of Hyde,” answered Mr Enfield.”



“A man digging in a drain stopped digging and looked at her. And for the first time in his life, Charles Tansley felt very proud. He was walking with a beautiful woman. He was holding her bag.
 ‘You can’t go to the Lighthouse, James,’ said Mr Tansley.
 ‘Nasty little man,’ thought Mrs Ramsay. ‘Why does he keep saying that?’
 ‘Perhaps we’ll wake up and find the sun shining and the birds singing,’ she said kindly, smoothing James’s hair. James really wanted to go to the Lighthouse.
 She couldn’t hear voices any more. They had stopped talking. She listened, and then heard something rhythmical, half said, half chanted, beginning in the garden. Suddenly there was a loud cry: ‘Stormed at with shot and shell!’”



“He found it odd that so many of these rich young people who went to the kiosks did not seem to be particularly happy. His friends in the favela, who had lots to complain about, were on the whole very cheerful and content. Go figure! Bruno said to himself. The girl quickly drank her coconut water, paid and walked away without saying another word. Bruno kept silent, too, while she was there, and just got on with his work. He watched her now as she crossed the road and went into one of the fancy apartment buildings with huge verandas, facing the sea, right opposite the kiosk.”



“I had expected Mr Gatsby to be fat, red-faced and middle-aged. I turned to Jordan and asked, ‘Who is he?’ ‘He’s just a man named Gatsby.’
 ‘No, I mean where is he from? What does he do?’
 ‘Now you’ve started on that subject,’ she answered, smiling.
 ‘He told me once he was an Oxford man... however, I don’t believe it.’
 Something in her voice reminded me of the other girl’s ‘I think he killed a man’, and increased my curiosity. Young men didn’t arrive from nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island.”

