

Penguin



Readers

A dark, atmospheric illustration of a large, multi-story house at night. The house is black with numerous windows glowing with a warm yellow light. A central arched doorway is also brightly lit. The house is framed by tall, thin, bare trees with intricate branch structures. Above the house, a large, bright full moon is surrounded by concentric, swirling lines, suggesting a storm or a supernatural presence. The overall scene is set against a deep blue and black background.

GHOST STORIES

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Whistle and I'll Come to You

Professor Parkins was having dinner at Cambridge University, the day before the spring holidays.

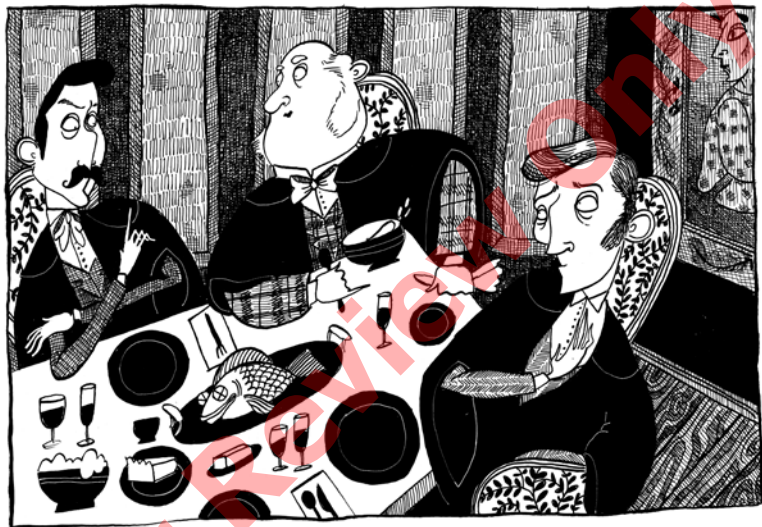
“What are your plans for the holidays, professor?” asked the man next to him.

“I’m going to Burnstow to play golf,” replied Parkins. He was a **serious** young man, and he wanted to learn to play better.

“Do you **mean** Burnstow in Suffolk?” said the man. His name was Disney, and he was a professor of **archaeology**. “This morning I read about an **archaeological site** there. If you have time, could you tell me if it looks interesting? It’s north of the town, close to the beach, half a mile from the Globe Hotel.”

“I’m staying at the Globe, so I will look, of course,” agreed Professor Parkins. “Many of the

hotels in Burnstow are still closed after the winter and I don't know if I'm going to be comfortable at the Globe. I wanted a large room, and they have given me one with an **extra** bed. But I don't need two beds, so I'm not very happy about that."



Another man was listening, and he began to laugh. He thought that Professor Parkins was too serious. "I'd like a holiday by the sea," he said with a smile. "I can come after a few days and use the extra bed, if you like."

Parkins did not like this idea because he wanted to be on his own, but he did not want to be **rude**.

“That’s a good idea, Mr Rogers, but I think that you may be bored. I’m going to play golf every day.”

“I won’t come if you don’t want me to,” said Rogers, laughing again. “But maybe I can help to keep the ghosts out of your room.”

Parkins looked angry. He thought that Mr Rogers was rude. “You know that I don’t **believe in** ghosts, and I don’t like talking about them. It’s not a serious **subject**. But come to Burnstow later in the week, if you like.”

The next day, Parkins travelled to Burnstow and found the Globe Hotel. His room with two beds was large and the windows looked three ways. One window looked north, along the beach, one window looked south, towards the town, and the middle window looked straight at the grey sea.

Parkins took his clothes out of his suitcase and put them away tidily. Then he was ready to go out to play golf. He played all afternoon with another hotel **guest**, an older man with a red face, a big grey moustache and a very loud voice. By the end

of the afternoon Parkins wanted to get away from **Colonel** Wilson. "I think that he has shouted at soldiers all his life," thought Parkins. "Now I really need a quiet walk before dinner."

So Parkins decided to walk down the beach and look for Professor Disney's archaeological site. The ground was not flat at the top of the beach and in one place he fell over a large stone under the grass. When he got up, he looked closely at the ground. He could see a lot more big stones below the grass, in a large circle.

"This might be Disney's site," he thought, feeling excited. He pulled away some grass and studied the stones. Then he moved some **earth** between two stones and found a **hole** in the ground below them. It was big enough to put his hand inside.

"What's this?" he thought, when his fingers touched something cold and hard. He was sure that it was not a stone, so he pulled it out. It was getting dark, but he could see that the thing was metal and very old. It was about the size of his little finger. He put it safely into his coat and began to walk back.

A cold wind was **blowing** off the sea and the sky was getting dark quickly. There was just a little light in the west, then the dark grey sky, the empty beach and the quiet noise of the sea. Once, Parkins looked back at the site and was happy to see that he was not the only man on the beach. There was someone behind him. The person was walking quickly but not getting any nearer. Parkins knew that it was stupid, but in this quiet and empty place he could not stop thinking of the frightening ghost stories from his old children's books.

"I must **hurry** or I'll be late for dinner," he thought, and he began to run.



He met Colonel Wilson for dinner, and then they played a quiet game of cards. When he went upstairs to bed, Parkins decided that he was happy with his holiday.

“I will enjoy my two weeks here,” he thought.

Seeing his coat on the back of his door, Parkins suddenly remembered the little metal thing from the hole at Disney’s site. He took it out, cleaned it and looked at it closely. He could see now that it was a whistle, but it was full of earth. Being a tidy man, he pushed the earth out on to a piece of paper with his knife and carried the paper to the window. When he opened the window, he was very surprised to see someone outside on the beach.

“People stay out very late here in Burnstow,” Parkins thought. Then he held the whistle up to the light and cleaned it some more. Now he could see some words on it:

Quis Est Iste Qui Venit