

The Ice Palace

by Francis Scott Fitzgerald

(Adapted book. Pre-Intermediate level)

Part 1

“I want to go to places and see people. I want my mind to grow. I want to live in a place where bigger things happen.”

The sun shone down on the Happer house. The houses to the right and left stood behind tall trees and were covered in shadows. Only the Happer house had the full sun. It looked straight onto the street at the front. This was in the city of Tarleton in the far south of Georgia. It was a September afternoon in 1919.

Up in her bedroom, nineteen-year-old Sally Carrol Happer sat at the window and looked down at the street. She felt hot, lazy, and sleepy. She watched Clark Darrow’s old Ford turn the corner. Clark had the car windows open, but she could almost feel the heat inside it. He drove across the road and stopped in front of the Happer house. The old car made a loud noise, like a cough, then it was silent. Clark called her name out of the window.

Sally Carrol looked down sleepily. Clark was still sitting in the car. After a minute or two, he called again.

“Good morning,” she said.

Clark turned his tall body around and moved his head. He looked up at the window.

“It’s not morning, Sally Carrol.”

“Isn’t it?” she said lazily.

“What are you doing?”

“Eating an apple.”

“I’m going swimming - do you want to come?”

Sally Carrol thought about this. “OK,” she said, slowly.

“Then hurry,” said Clark.

Sally Carrol stood up and walked to her mirror. She looked at herself, then put a sunhat on her head. It covered most of her short fair hair, except for the front. She looked again and moved the hat a little. Then she left the room.

A minute later, she opened the car door.

“How are you, Clark?” she asked.

“Fine, Sally Carrol.”

“Where are we going?”

“Out to Walley’s Pool. We’re calling for Marylyn and Joe Ewing on the way.”

Clark was tall and dark. His eyes were large and he had a nice smile. Clark knew this, and smiled often. He finished his studies at Georgia College in 1917, but he didn’t work. His parents gave him enough money to put gas in the car and have some fun. Tarleton was a lazy town. Clark spent his time talking about work but not doing any.

Clark knew a lot of girls in the town from his school days. They were growing up beautifully and they all liked Clark very much. The best of them all was Sally Carrol. When the girls were busy, Clark spent time with other young men. They played tennis or football, talked, and drank together. Sometimes one of the boys left town and went up to New York, Philadelphia, or Pittsburgh. They left Tarleton to go into business. But most of the boys stayed in town.

Clark’s car coughed again, and moved off down the road. They drove along Valley Street, past the big expensive houses of the town. Then they came to Main Street and Tarleton’s stores. The town was busy and a lot of people were walking around. Clark slowed down behind some other cars. A local farmer and his sheep were in the road. Nobody was in a hurry - it was too hot. The doors to the stores were open onto the street to keep customers comfortable. But this didn’t help because the air wasn’t moving much.

“Sally Carrol,” said Clark suddenly, “is it true that you’re engaged?”

She looked at him quickly.

“Where did you hear that?”

“Tell me - are you engaged? I heard that you met a Yankee in Asheville last summer.”

“Everyone in this town tells stories about other people,” said Sally Carrol. “Don’t marry a Yankee, Sally Carrol. We need you around here.”

Sally Carrol was silent for a minute.

“Clark,” she asked suddenly, “then who shall I marry?”

“You could choose me.”

“You don’t have enough money for a wife,” she said, smiling. “And I know you too well to fall in love with you.”

“That’s not a good reason to marry a Yankee.”

“But maybe I love him.”

Clark shook his head. “You can’t. Yankees are too different from us, in every way.”

He stopped the car in front of an old house. Marylyn Wade and Joe Ewing were waiting at the door. They climbed into the car, and Clark started driving again.

“Sally Carrol,” Marylyn asked immediately, “are you engaged?”

“Where did this story start? Maybe I did meet a man. But now everybody in town thinks we’re engaged.”

Clark kept his eyes on the road. When he spoke again, he sounded sad.

“Sally Carrol, don’t you like us?” he asked.

“What?”

“Us down here?”

“Clark, you know I do. I love all you boys.”

“Then why are you getting engaged to a Yankee?”

“Clark, I don’t know. I’m not sure what I’ll do, but ... Well, I want to go to places and see people. I want my mind to grow. I want to

live in a place where bigger things happen. I love you, and Joe here, and Ben Arrot, and all of you but ... you'll ... you'll ..."

"We'll all fail?"

"Yes, but I don't mean only with money. You'll fail because you like Tarleton too much. You'll never want to change things or do more." She reached over and took Clark's hand. "Clark, I don't want you to change. You're sweet the way you are. I love everything about you. I even love the reasons why you'll fail."

"But you're going away?"

"Yes, because I can't ever marry you. You have a place in my heart that no other boy will ever have. But I can't rest, tied down here. There are two sides to me, you see. There's the sleepy side that you love. But there's an energy, too. That's the feeling that makes me wild. Maybe I can use that energy somewhere when I stop being beautiful. But not here."

Everybody was silent. Sally Carrol closed her eyes and put her head back. They were in the country now. The car hurried along, between green fields and under the shadows of tall trees. They passed lazy cotton-fields with families working under the sun. And everywhere there was the same heat.

"Sally Carrol, we're here!"

"She's gone to sleep."

"Water, Sally Carrol! Wonderful cold water waiting for you!"

Her eyes opened sleepily "Hi!" she said, smiling.

* * *

In November, Harry Bellamy - tall, handsome, and full of energy - came down from his northern city. He planned to stay for four days in Tarleton. He wanted to ask Sally Carrol to marry him. It didn't take four days for him to ask her. It only took one afternoon and one evening. Harry Bellamy had everything she wanted. And she loved him.

On his last afternoon they walked, and she took him to one of her favorite places, the church yard. They stopped by the gate, under the late sun.

“Do you mind going in here?” she asked. “Some people don’t like it, but I do.”

They passed through the gate and followed a path through the graves. Some had very big stones, with names and dates on them. They saw one or two people next to a grave, putting flowers on the earth. But most of the church yard was empty and silent.

They reached the top of the hill and Sally Carrol stopped at a grave.

“Margery Lee,” she read. “1844 to 1873. She died when she was twenty-nine.

Dear Margery Lee.”

She put her hand in Harry Bellamy’s.

“I can see her,” she said. “I think she had dark hair. She wore wide skirts in blue cotton - or rose pink. Can you see her, Harry?”

“Yes, I think I can.”

“Oh, I imagine that she was sweet,

Harry. A lot of Tarleton men went away to war. They probably wanted to come back to her. But none did.”

They stood together and looked down at Margery Lee’s grave.

Harry looked more carefully at the stone, but there was no record of a marriage.

Then Sally Carrol pointed down the other side of the hill.

“Those are the graves of local Confederate boys killed in the war, Harry. Some of them don’t have a name, just the date. Nobody knows who they were.” She looked up at Harry with tears in her eyes. “I want you to understand how real this is for me. They died for us, for the South.”

Hand in hand, they turned and walked slowly away. Then they sat on the grass with their backs against an old wall and they kissed.

“You’ll come up in the middle of January,” Harry said as they walked slowly home. “You have to stay for a month or more. There’s a winter carnival, and there’ll be a lot of snow. You’ve never seen snow, have you? It’ll be great fun. You’ll love it.”

“Will I be cold, Harry?” she asked suddenly.

“No!” he laughed. “Your nose, maybe, but you won’t really feel the cold. It’s dry, you know.”

“I think I’m a summer child. I don’t like the cold.”

“Sally Carrol,” he said, slowly, “what do you say to a wedding in March?”

“I say I love you.”

“March?”

“March, Harry.”

* * *

All night in the train, it was very cold. Sally Carrol tried to sleep but it was freezing. She asked for another blanket but couldn’t get one. Everyone on the train was cold and there were no more blankets. At six o’clock she went to get a cup of coffee. Sitting in the dining car, she looked out the window at fields white with snow. Sometimes, she saw a farmhouse. She felt colder as she thought about the people inside. She saw their poor animals out in the fields.

But as she left the dining car, she had a sudden feeling of great energy. This was the North - her land now!

Everything was different and new. Sally Carrol wanted to see and do as much as possible.

Soon, the view from the train changed. There were more houses, then she saw a bus. Then streets, more streets - the city!

She stood for a minute at the cold station before three people in big coats and hats came toward her.

“There she is!”

“Oh, Sally Carrol!”

Sally Carrol dropped her bag. Harry kissed her. His face was icy-cold.

He introduced her to the other people and she shook hands. First there was Gordon, Harry’s brother, a short man of about thirty. Then there was Myra, Gordon’s wife. Someone put Sally Carrol’s bag into a taxi, and they drove away from the station.

In the snowy streets Sally Carrol saw small boys playing games in the snow.

“Oh,” she cried. “I want to do that! Can we, Harry?”

“That’s for kids ... but maybe ...”

“It looks fun,” she said.

Harry’s home was a large, old house sitting on a blanket of snow. There she met his father, a big man with gray hair. Sally Carrol liked him immediately.

His mother was shaped like an egg. She kissed Sally Carrol, but there was something cold about her.

Then everybody started talking at the same time.

“Would you like a drink?”

“Or something to eat?”

“Let me show you your room.”

“I’ll take your bags.”

Sally Carrol started conversations with everybody, but didn’t finish any of them. There was too much happening in the house.

After about an hour, she and Harry were finally alone. They sat together in the library. There were plenty of books on the shelves. But most, she guessed, were never opened. The room was large and the furniture looked expensive. It wasn’t very comfortable. Sally Carrol thought of the library in her parents’ house. The books there were old and read many times. The sofa was comfortable, somewhere to sit and dream. It was all very different here.

“I hope they like me,” she said.

“Of course they do! I’m happy, so they’re happy,” said Harry.

Sally Carrol wasn’t sure about Mrs Bellamy. But she didn’t say any more to Harry.

“What do you think of it up here?” asked Harry. “Is it what you thought? Does it surprise you? Do you like it?”

Sally Carrol reached out her arms and kissed him.

“I like you, Harry,” she said, smiling.

“The town, I mean. What do you think of the town? Can you feel the energy?”

“Oh Harry,” she laughed. “You’ll have to give me time. I only just arrived.” She became quiet.

“One thing I want to say to you,” said Harry. “Down in the South you’re very proud of your families, and that’s good. But you’ll find that things are different here. You’ll notice some things that will seem strange. You see, our grandfathers started this town. They were ordinary men doing ordinary jobs in those days. So they did some strange jobs before they became rich. For example, there’s a very rich old lady here. You 11 probably meet her - she’s well-known in society. Well, her father picked up the trash in town.”

“Harry!” said Sally Carrol, surprised. “Do you think that matters to me? I don’t say bad things about people.”

“Of course it doesn’t matter,” said Harry. “But ... well, a girl from the South came up here last summer. She said some things that people didn’t like. It was only because she didn’t understand us.”

Sally Carrol felt a little angry but she didn’t say anything. Harry didn’t see the look on her face and continued happily.

“It’s carnival time,” he said suddenly, “the first carnival in ten years. And they’re building an ice palace. It’s made of clear ice and it’s very, very big.”

Sally Carrol stood up and walked to the window.

“Oh,” she said. “There are two little boys out here making a snowman.”

Harry, can I go out and help them?"

"You wonderful girl! Come here and kiss me."

She went back to the sofa, and to Harry's arms.

"I have a week's vacation," he said, "and there's a dinner-dance tonight."

"Oh, Harry, I don't know what people will think of me. I don't know if I like it here yet. And what do people want from me? You'll have to help me."

"I'll help you," he said softly. "But you must tell me that you're happy here. And happy with me."

"Oh yes, I'm happy," she said. "You're here, so this is home for me, Harry."

But for the first time in her life, Sally Carrol didn't feel like herself. She felt more like an actress in a play.

Part 2

Sally Carrol looked around. Harry was right. It was beautiful. The ice walls were almost clear and the lights shone on them.

That night, at the dinner party, Sally Carrol felt uncomfortable. Most of the men did the talking, and the girls sat and looked pretty. Harry told her about some of the other guests.

"They're a good-looking crowd, aren't they? That's Spud Hubbard - we were students together. And that's Junie Morton - he was the best football player at Yale. Some of the best sportsmen in the country come from around here. This is a man's country, you know ..."

She turned suddenly to a voice on her right.

"I guess they forgot to introduce us. My name's Roger Patton."

"I'm Sally Carrol Happer," she replied.

"Yes, I know. Harry's told me all about you."

"Are you a relative?"

“No, I’m a professor, at the college. You’re from the South, aren’t you?”

“Yes, she said proudly. “Tarleton, Georgia.”

She liked him immediately. He had a red-brown mustache and pale blue eyes. They spoke a little during dinner. She liked the idea of seeing him again.

After coffee, Harry introduced her to many good-looking young men. Some of them danced with her and talked about nothing except Harry. They were very different to the boys that she knew in the South. There, they joked and had fun with all the girls, engaged or not. Here, they were polite but a little cold.

She was happy when Roger Patton found her again. He suggested that they should sit down.

“So,” he asked, “how’s the lady from the South?”

“I’m fine. Are you from this area?”

“No, I’m from Philadelphia. I teach French at the college. I’ve been here for ten years.”

“That’s ... nine years, three hundred and sixty four days longer than me.” “Do you like it here? Really?”

“Yes I do. Well, why not?”

“I saw you look out of the window a minute ago. You shivered.”

“Oh, it was nothing,” laughed Sally Carrol. “Sometimes I look out and see the snow in the wind. I think that the dead are moving out there. It’s silly, I know.”

“Have you ever been north before?”

“Only two days in Asheville, North Carolina.”

They watched the dancers.

“They’re a nice-looking crowd, aren’t they?” said Roger.

Sally Carrol was surprised.

“Harry said that, too. Yes, they are.”

“But I think they’re becoming frozen,” Roger continued. “Like all people in cold countries with long winters, they become sad and narrow-

minded - they lose the possibility of great happiness. There are a lot of people here from Sweden. It's because the weather is so similar, I guess. Did you know that more Scandinavians kill themselves than any other people in the world?"

"So why do you stay here?"

"It doesn't worry me. I think that's because books are more important to me than people. But there's something that I want to say to you. You're marrying a very fine man."

"I know. I need someone to look after me. I'm sure he will."

"So you know why you're marrying. That's good. Most girls don't. They see too many happy endings in movies. They think real life is the same."

Sally Carrol laughed.

"Shall we dance?" said Roger.

She decided that he could become a real friend.

Two hours later, on the way home, Sally Carrol sat in Harry's arms in the back of the car.

"Oh, Harry, it's so cold," she said. "Listen to that wind!"

"But it's warm in here," said Harry.

She shivered again as his cold mouth kissed the top of her ear.

* * *

The first week of Sally Carrol's visit went very quickly. The January days were short and cold. Dark mornings and evenings were new to her. There was some pale yellow sunshine in the afternoons, but it soon disappeared. The Georgia sunshine was nothing like this.

Sally Carrol tried some winter sports for the first time. She wasn't very good at them, and she often fell over on the snow and ice. She enjoyed some sports, but they were all quite difficult for her. Sometimes, small children stopped to help her. They were surprised that an adult was having difficulty. But Sally Carrol tried hard and she had fun. They were new activities and they were different.

“I wanted new people and new things,” she thought, “and now I have them. My friends in Georgia will be surprised!”

But she soon realized that these activities were for children. The adults around her organized them for her, to make her happy.

At first, the Bellamy family seemed strange to her. She liked the men, and Harry’s father was her favorite. She found that he was born in Kentucky. This made him special to her - a bridge between the old life and the new. But she didn’t like the Bellamy women. Myra, her future sister-in-law, was very pretty but had no interesting conversation. She was completely different to any of the girls back home.

“If these women aren’t beautiful,” Sally Carrol thought, “they’re nothing. They don’t do anything. They have nothing to say. Men are the center of every mixed group.”

And there was Mrs. Bellamy, Harry’s mother. Sally Carrol hated her. It was clear that Mrs. Bellamy didn’t like strangers. She called Sally Carrol “Sally.” She didn’t believe that she really had a double name.

“I feel like half a person,” Sally Carrol thought.

She soon realized that Mrs. Bellamy didn’t like her hair. She didn’t like her clothes, either.

“I don’t think Mrs Bellamy likes anything about me,” she thought.

She met a lot of men in town, but she liked Roger Patton best of all. He was often a visitor to the Bellamy house. They talked about books and poems. They found that they liked the same writers.

One day, Sally Carrol and Harry were walking home through the snowy streets. They passed a little girl, in a gray wool coat.

“Look, Harry!” said Sally Carrol. “That little girl. Did you see her face? It was as red as an apple! She looked so sweet.”

“Your face is almost as red as hers,” said Harry. “Everybody’s healthy here - it’s this wonderful weather. We’re out in the cold as soon as we can walk.”

Sally Carrol had to agree. Harry and his brother were very healthy.

Suddenly, they saw a poor man at the corner of the street. His dirty old clothes didn't fit him well. He was cold and shivering.

"He's probably from the South," said Harry. "Look at those old pants!"

"Harry, that's not fair," said Sally Carrol.

"I'm sorry, but they've lived too long down there. It's made them lazy.

Sally Carrol was angry. "If they're lazy, it's because of the heat. Some men from the South are the finest in the world. And they're my best friends. Please don't talk like that."

"Oh, I know. Some are OK. There was one in my class at college. They're all right when they come north to college."

"Nobody from the South talks the way you're talking now."

"But you said that you didn't want to marry a man from the South," said Harry.

"That's different. I didn't want to tie myself to a boy from Tarleton. I didn't make any general statements like that."

They walked in silence.

"I'm sorry, Sally Carrol. Maybe I said too much," said Harry, as they reached home.

Sally Carrol said nothing, but then suddenly she threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Harry, let's get married next week. These disagreements won't happen after we're married."

"That's silly. We decided on March," he said.

"Yes, of course. I'm sorry. I guess it was a stupid idea," said Sally Carrol, quietly.

Harry took her hand. "Come and kiss me, and let's forget about it," he said.

They kissed, but Sally Carrol didn't forget.

It was a very cold night, after a day that was only a little warmer. But now there was snow on the streets again and the wind was coming from the north. The sky was completely gray. Sally Carrol and Harry drove through the silent streets. There were lights in all the houses. But Sally Carrol sometimes felt there was nobody living there.

“This is a sad, lonely place,” she thought.

She thought again of the country houses outside the city. She pictured the people inside. In her mind they were looking outside. They were waiting for the snow to go. They were waiting all winter for spring to arrive. She knew that spring in the North came slowly. It was still cold, and wet when the snow cleared. It was nothing like the sunny, flower-filled spring days of the South.

“If I die in this place,” she thought, “there’ll be snow on my grave all winter. I’ll have to lie under a great blanket of it.” The thought made her sad. She wanted her grave washed with sun and rain and the warm, sweet days of the South.

Slowly, a storm arrived. There was more snow and the wind grew stronger. They continued driving through the snow. After another ten minutes, they turned a corner - and there it was! The ice palace stood on a tall hill. It was three floors high, with a lot of narrow windows. Electric lights inside the palace shone out over the snow.

“It’s beautiful!” said Harry. “They haven’t had a palace here since eighty-five!”

Sally Carrol felt sadder when he said that. This palace of ice was surely filled with the shadows of dead people from the eighties. She pictured their pale faces and snow-filled hair, and she shivered.

Harry took her hand and they started to walk toward the palace. Another group of people arrived - Gordon and Myra, Roger Patton, and another girl.

There were a lot of people there already, dressed in warm coats and hats. They called to other people and talked together as they walked.

“It’s a hundred and seventy feet tall,” Harry told someone.

Sally Carrol heard other people discussing the palace.

“There’s one main room,” someone said.

“The walls are twenty to forty inches thick,” another man said.

It seemed everyone knew about the palace.

They went inside and found seats. Sally Carrol looked around. Harry was right. It was beautiful. The ice walls were almost clear and the lights shone on them.

“Look!” cried Harry.

A band in the corner started to play. And then the lights went out. The music grew softer and then stopped. From outside came the sound of men singing. It came nearer.

Suddenly, lines of men walked into the main room, carrying lights.

The first line wore gray hats and each man had a gray blanket over his shoulders. As their singing continued, more men arrived, this time in red blankets. Then another line of men with lights walked in.

Their color was blue. The last group had white hats and blankets.

“The men in white are people that you’ve met at dances,” Harry said quietly.

The singing grew louder, their lights were brighter. It seemed that the room was on fire. The men gave a great shout! The electric lights came on again and the band started playing. The musicians walked toward the palace entrance and the lines of men followed. Soon, they were all outside the palace again.

“Let’s go!” shouted Harry. “We want to see the underground rooms before they turn the lights off.”

Everybody stood up and moved at the same time. Some people went outside, some went downstairs. Sally Carrol put her hand in Harry’s and they followed a lot of people down to a long room. They couldn’t stand up, it was so low. Suddenly, their hands were parted and Sally Carrol couldn’t see Harry in the crowd. She looked around at the

many exits from the room. She thought she saw him disappear through an opening on her right. She looked through to a long passage.

“Harry!” she called.

“Follow me!” he shouted back.

Most of the other people in the room were already leaving. Sally Carrol followed the sound of Harry’s voice, but she couldn’t see him.

“Harry!” she called again.

Sally Carrol reached a turning-point in the passage.

She didn’t know which way to go. She listened carefully.

Was that Harry’s voice on her left? She went that way.

Then she passed another turning point on her right.

“Harry!”

There was no answer. She started to run straight forward, but then an icy fear took hold of her. She turned quickly and ran back. She reached a turn.

“This is where I turn left,” she thought. “This will take me back to the long room.”

But it only took her to another long passage. At the end there was only darkness. She called again, but there was no reply. Her voice came back to her from the ice walls.

She turned around again. There was another corner, and another passage. It was difficult to walk now because of the ice on the bottom of her boots. She had to be careful not to fall. She put her hands out to the wall.

“Harry!”

Still there was no answer.

And then the lights went out and it was completely dark. Sally Carrol gave a small cry and fell onto the ice. She imagined the ice walls closing around her. She imagined them taking her life.

But fear made her move again. She suddenly felt great energy in her body.

She got up and started moving carefully along the passage. She held her hands in front of her in the darkness.

“I must get out,” she thought.

Harry was probably outside by now. Maybe he thought she was with other people. Maybe he wasn’t looking for her. Maybe nobody was.

“No one will know until tomorrow. If they don’t find me for days,” she thought, “I’ll freeze to death. I must keep moving until I find the right way.”

She reached her hand out for the wall. Forty inches thick, they said—forty inches!

“Oh, send somebody - send somebody!” she cried loudly.

Her friends at home, Clark Darrow or Joe Ewing - they understood her. She couldn’t stay here to die. Not in this ice palace in a freezing northern town. Not Sally Carrol. She was a happy girl! She loved the sun and the warm South. The ice and these other cold, northern things - they were foreign to her. This wasn’t her land. She didn’t belong here.

“You’re not crying,” something said from the darkness. “You’ll never cry again. Your tears will freeze.”

Sally Carrol fell forward onto the ice.

“Oh, God!” she cried.

Minutes passed. She was becoming tired. She felt her eyes closing. Then someone seemed to sit near her and take her head in warm, soft hands. She looked up slowly.

“It’s Margery Lee!” she said softly. “I was hoping to see you.”

Margery Lee looked exactly as Sally Carrol imagined her that day in the graveyard. She had wide, welcoming eyes and dark hair. Her hands held Sally Carrol’s head and smoothed her hair. She was wearing a rose pink skirt made of soft cotton. Sally Carrol rested her head on that skirt.

“Margery Lee,” she said.

She stopped worrying and felt safe again. Everything was all right.

It was getting darker and darker.

The minutes passed quickly, and then slowly. Suddenly, Sally Carrol heard a great noise above her. It was the sun, wasn't it? No, it was a light. It was more than one light. Then she saw a face under the light and felt arms lifting her. Someone touched her face, someone put a blanket around her.

“Sally Carrol, Sally Carrol!”

It was Roger Patton, and two other faces that she didn't know.

“Child, child! We've looked for you for more than two hours! Harry's halfcrazy with worry!”

Sally Carrol started to remember things: the singing, the lights, the music. She moved in Roger Patton's arms and gave a long, low cry.

“Oh, I want to get out of here! I'm going back home. Take me home ...”

Her words became a scream.

Harry heard the scream as he raced along the passage toward her. An icy hand took hold of his heart. He knew that it was the end.

“I'm going home! Tomorrow!” she cried. “Tomorrow! Tomorrow!”

* * *

Golden sunlight poured down, warming the house. The road at the front of the house was comfortably quiet in the heat. Two birds in the yard next door were making a noise. They flew around a tree until they found a place out of the sun. Then they became quieter. Down the street, a black fruit seller called out. It was an April afternoon, and the first hot day of spring.

Sally Carrol Happer sat in her bedroom. She rested her head on her hands and looked out the window. She was watching a very old Ford as it turned the corner. It stopped outside the house, the car coughed,

then it was silent. Sally Carrol made no sound. A minute later, she heard a voice calling her name. She smiled and lifted her head.

“Good morning.”

A head looked out the car window.

“It’s not morning, Sally Carrol.”

“Oh, isn’t it?” she said, smiling. “Well, maybe you’re right.”

“What are you doing?”

“Eating a green apple. It’ll probably kill me.”

Clark moved his body a little more, so he could see her face.

“The water’s warm, Sally Carrol. Want to go swimming?”

“I hate to move,” she said, sleepily. “But yes, I think I do.”

- THE END -

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