
A2 · PRE-INTERMEDIATE

Footprints In The Snow

Full version reader.

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Fiction · A2 · Pre-Intermediate · Apex English Graded Readers

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How to use this reader

Read each chapter once without stopping, and don't worry about every word. Then read it again slowly and underline the language you want to keep. Use the **Ask the teacher** page at the end for your notes, doubts and favourite lines, and bring them to your next Apex class.

Footprints in the Snow

My name's Sally. When I was fourteen years old, my family and I lived in an old house near the hills in New Zealand. There was me, Mum, Dad, my brother Richard, and my Gran.

My Gran was old - nearly eighty-two years old - and sometimes she told us strange stories. She loved talking about our grandfather, George. He died before I was born.

'He's always here with us,' she told me. 'I sometimes hear him at night. He walks about in the garden.'

Of course, I didn't believe her stories.

'How do you know?' I asked her. 'Perhaps it's an animal.'

'Because I can see his footprints,' Gran told me. 'George had very big feet. We always laughed about his big feet.'

But we never saw the footprints. 'She's old and she can't see very well,' we all thought.

When winter came, there was snow everywhere, and it was very cold.

One morning I went to the kitchen to make breakfast. But when I opened the kitchen door and walked into the room, I screamed. There were things all over the floor, and the kitchen window and the fridge door were open.

Mum came into the kitchen after me.

'Oh, dear! What's this?' she said. She called Dad. 'Look at all this! Who did it?'

'Perhaps it was the children,' Dad said, and he looked at me.

'Don't look at me, Dad. I was in bed!' I said.

Just then, Gran walked into the kitchen.

'Good morning, everybody. I - Oh! What's all this?' Everybody helped to put away the kitchen things. When we finished, Dad looked in the fridge for something to eat.

'Look at this!' he said.

Everything in the fridge was suddenly old and bad. The milk was yellow and the bread was green.

'I don't believe it!' said Mum. 'It was OK yesterday. What is happening?'

That night, we were all very tired and everybody went to bed early. It was not a good night. At three o'clock in the morning, my brother Richard ran into my room.

'Come quickly!' he cried. 'There's somebody in my room!'

I ran after him, and Mum and Dad followed.

Richard's room looked bad. His computer was on the floor and his books were everywhere.

'I heard somebody in my room, Dad,' said Richard. 'They took all the things off my table and put them on the floor!'

'I'm going to phone the police,' said Dad. 'Perhaps there are some bad people in the hills near our house.' But, when the police came, they didn't know about any bad people in the hills.

Nothing strange happened for two days. But on the third day, the radio began to make unusual noises. Then the TV broke down. And when we all sat down for dinner, the lights suddenly went out.

Mum screamed, but Dad got angry.

'What is going on?' he asked.

'Perhaps it's George,' said Gran.

'Oh, Gran,' said Dad. 'We don't believe in ghosts.'

Later that night, I heard some very strange noises. They came from the living room.

'Somebody's moving the table and chairs,' I thought.

Quickly, I went into Richard's room.

'Listen,' I said. 'Someone's downstairs.'

We ran down to the living room and opened the door. Nobody was there. But the chairs were all up on the table, the pictures, the radio and the TV were all on the floor, and the door to the garden was open.

Mum, Dad and Gran soon came downstairs, too. 'Someone's in the garden,' said Dad. 'I'm going after him.'

'Be careful!' called Mum.

The lights went out again, and there were more strange noises. We were all very scared by now.

'Follow Dad!' Mum screamed. So we all ran out into the garden. Just then, the ground began to move under our feet. Then there was a very big noise.

'It's an earthquake!' screamed Dad.

The ground moved again and again. We stopped running and looked back at our house. It suddenly fell to the ground in front of our eyes.

After the earthquake finished, we all stood quietly for some minutes. Then Gran spoke.

'Well, we lost our house, but we're all alive! It was George. He helped us.' she said quietly. 'He took us out of the house. Look, there are his footprints in the snow.'

We all looked down at the ground. It was dark, but we could see some footprints in the snow. They were the footprints of very big feet.

'Thank you, Grandad,' I said quietly. 'Thank you for helping us.'

Ask the teacher

Notes, doubts and favourite lines to take to your next class:

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