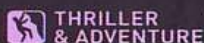


20,000 Leagues Under the Sea



It is 1866, and there is trouble in the world's oceans. What is the extraordinary thing that people have seen there, travelling faster than a whale and cutting holes in the bottom of the strongest ships? Professor Aronnax

joins the search for the 'monster', hoping for an exciting adventure. But when he meets the mysterious Captain Nemo, his adventure becomes more extraordinary than he had ever imagined, and he discovers a new underwater world, full of wonders, but of strange dangers too... (Word count 15,748)



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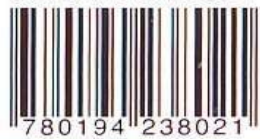
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20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

JULES VERNE



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Thriller & Adventure

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

JULES VERNE

Stage 4 (1400 headwords)

Retold by Rachel Bladon
Illustrated by Nick Harris

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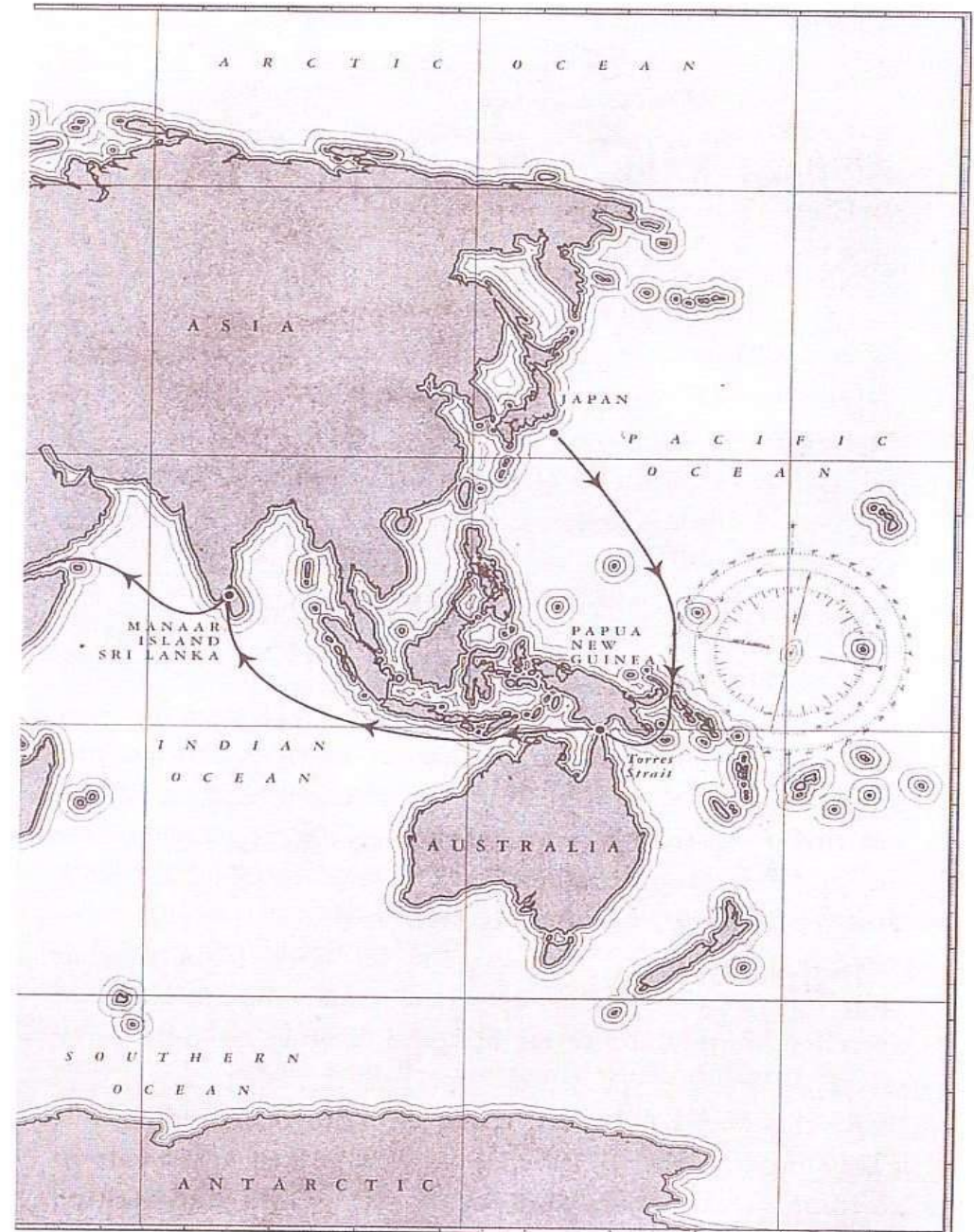
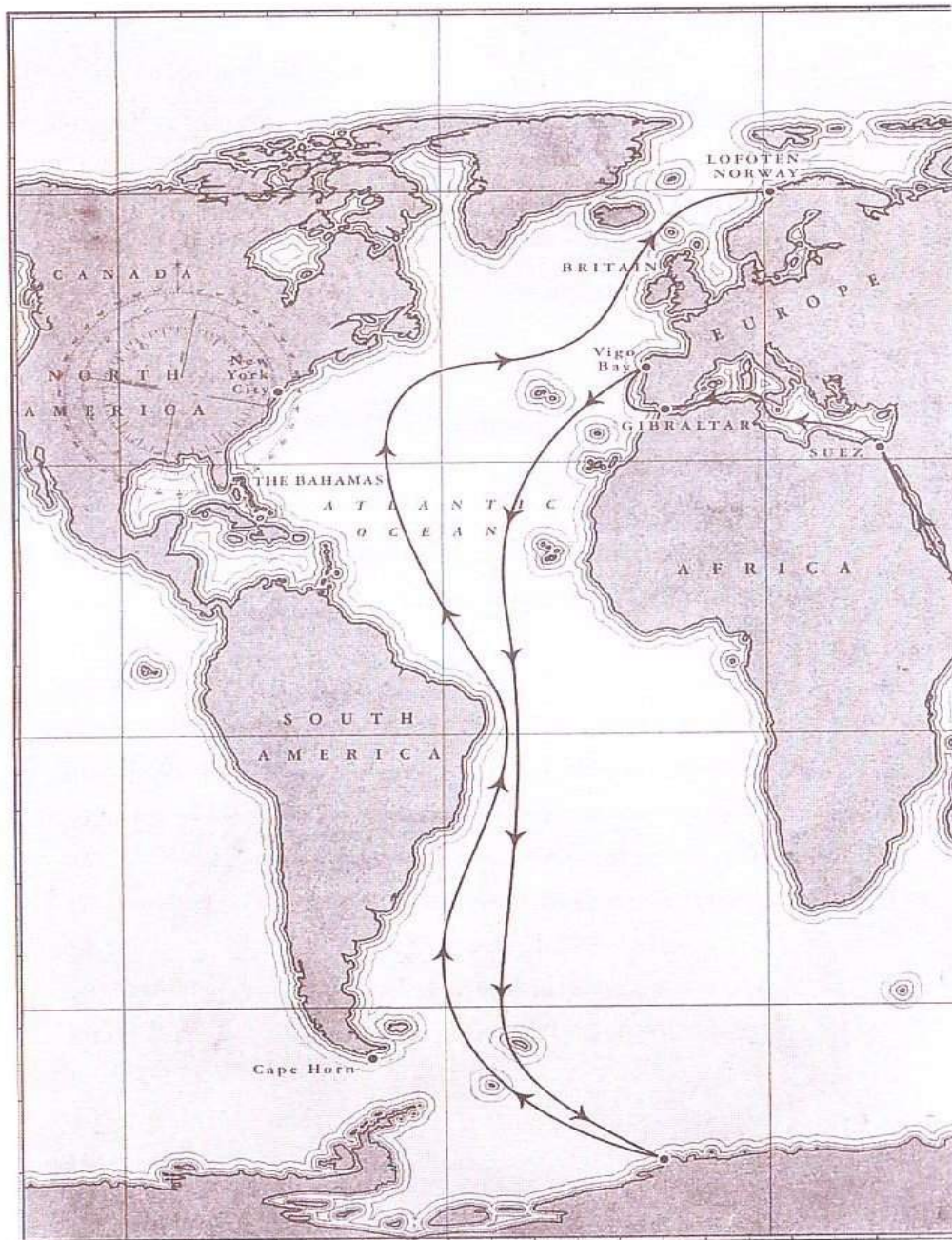
Peter Bull (pp.75-76).

Simon Gurr pp iv-v (world map)

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20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA



The Monster of the Deep

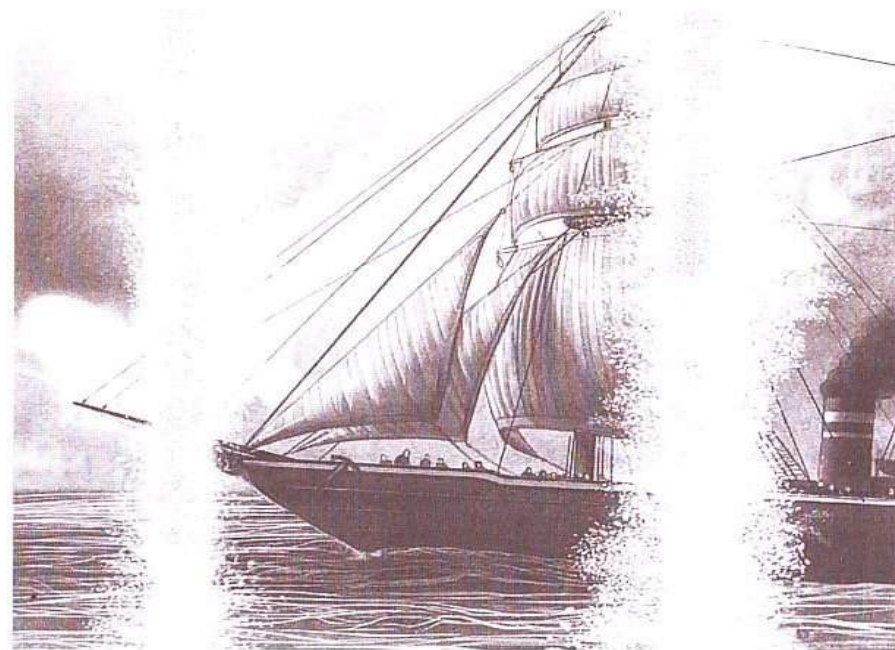
In the years 1866 and 1867, something extraordinary happened – something which nobody could explain, and which people still remember today. Across the world, people could not stop talking about it, and for those who worked on a boat or ship, nothing was more important.

For several months, sailors had reported seeing an ‘enormous thing’ at sea. They said that it was long and narrow, and sometimes gave out light, and that it was bigger and much faster than a whale. In fact, reports showed that it was much bigger than any sea animal that scientists knew of at that time.

On 20th July 1866, the ship *Governor Higginson* had met the ‘enormous thing’ near the east coast of Australia. The ship’s captain thought at first that he had found an island, but then two streams of water shot fifty metres up into the air, and the thing disappeared. The captain decided that it must be some strange sea monster.

Something similar was seen on 23rd July from another ship, but this time in the Pacific Ocean. So the monster had travelled more than seven hundred leagues in only three days!

As the weeks followed, more ships, in different oceans, gave similar reports. Newspapers were full of stories about the monster, and there were popular songs and plays written about it.



Two streams of water shot fifty metres up into the air.

People imagined all kinds of large and extraordinary creatures, and scientists all over the world started to argue about what it could be. Was there really a strange animal living in the sea, they asked, or were these just stories?

During the first months of 1867, nobody saw the creature and the question was almost forgotten for a while. Then, at the end of March, a ship called the *Scotia* was hit by a large object. The *Scotia* travelled on safely to shore, but when it was lifted out of the sea, engineers could not believe their eyes. A hole had been cut in the bottom of the ship, through four centimetres of iron, in the shape of a perfect triangle. Whatever had done it must be very strange indeed.

After that, the strange creature was no longer a problem for the scientists to solve, but a real and serious danger. Every accident at sea was blamed on the 'monster'. People now believed that every one of the two hundred ships that disappeared each year had probably been destroyed by it. Suddenly, travelling by sea seemed extraordinarily dangerous, and people wanted their governments to do something about it.

I was in New York when I heard the news about the *Scotia*. I had been working in Nebraska, and I was getting ready to go back to Paris, where I was a professor at the Museum of Natural History. I had read all the reports about the 'monster' and still could not decide what I thought.

There were now two main opinions about it: some people thought it was an extremely strong, living creature; others thought it was a submarine – faster than any other submarine known to man. But if that was true, then where did it come from, and who had built it? And how could anyone make something so powerful in secret?

Some time before, I had written a book called *Mysteries of the Deep Ocean*, so while I was in New York, a newspaper reporter asked for my opinion about the recent happenings. This is what I told him:

The deep bottoms of the sea are a mystery to us. We do not know what lives there, and it is possible that there are animals that we have never seen before. But if we believe that this is an animal that we already know, I think that it is probably some kind of large narwhal. The narwhals we see in the sea can be up to twenty metres long, and they have

a very long tooth growing out of the front of their head, which is as strong as iron. Imagine a narwhal five or ten times bigger and more powerful than this, travelling at thirty kilometres an hour. An animal of this kind could easily cause the damage we saw on the Scotia.



There was a lot of discussion about what I had written, and shortly after, the United States prepared one of their fastest ships, the *Abraham Lincoln*, to try and find the creature. The ship was ready to leave New York as soon as it was seen again. But for two months, there were no more sightings. The monster almost seemed to know that people were waiting for it.

Then, on 2nd July, news came that it had been seen again, in the North Pacific Ocean. At once, the *Abraham Lincoln* was made ready to sail – and three hours before it left, I received this message:

Professor Aronnax

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York

Sir,

The government of the United States invites you to join the *Abraham Lincoln* on its expedition.

Captain Farragut has a cabin ready for you.

Yours sincerely,

J. B. Hobson, for the US government

Three seconds before receiving this message, I had not even thought of trying to look for the strange monster. But

three seconds after I read it, I felt that my only goal in life was to find this thing. So I accepted the offer immediately, and called my servant, Conseil.

Conseil was now about thirty years old, ten years younger than me. He had worked for me for ten years, and he had followed me all over the world. He was a good, honest man who would do anything for me. I liked him, and he liked me, too. He was calm, organized, and hard-working, and was never surprised by anything. He never minded the long journeys I took him on, and he was always happy to follow me to the other side of the world.

‘Did you call, Master?’ asked Conseil now, coming into my room.

‘Yes, my boy,’ I said. ‘We need to pack. We’re leaving in two hours.’

‘Certainly,’ he replied quietly.

‘But we’re not going straight back to Paris, Conseil,’ I told him. ‘We are going on the *Abraham Lincoln*. We’re going to hunt the famous monster. It will be a wonderful expedition, but a dangerous one.’

‘As you wish, Master,’ said Conseil calmly.

When our bags were packed, we left the hotel and took a taxi to the *Abraham Lincoln*, where we were met by two of Captain Farragut’s sailors. As Conseil took our bags away to our cabins, the ship began to move. We had only just arrived in time! Crowds of people waved from the shore, and the *Abraham Lincoln* sailed away from New York and on into the dark waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

2

The Chase

Captain Farragut was a good seaman and he commanded a fast and powerful ship. He had no doubt that there was a monster in these waters, and he had decided that he was going to free the sea from it.

All the sailors had the same opinion as their captain, and they talked only of the monster, and their chances of finding it. Farragut had even offered \$2,000 to the first person who saw it, so everybody on board had their eyes on the waves from early morning until late at night.

The *Abraham Lincoln* was very well prepared for its expedition. It carried harpoons and guns of every kind, as well as a cannon, which could send a four-kilogram ball of metal over sixteen kilometres. But even better, the *Abraham Lincoln* had on board a harpooner named Ned Land. He was careful, calm, and clever, and only a very quick whale could escape his harpoon.

This king of the harpooners was a tall, strongly built man. He was about forty years old, and although usually quiet, he argued violently with anyone who disagreed with him. He seemed to like me, perhaps because I was French and he was from the Canadian city of Quebec, which had once belonged to France and where most people still spoke French.

Little by little, Ned began to talk to me about fishing, and about his adventures in the polar seas, and I loved to listen to

him. Ned was the only man on board who did not believe in the monster, and sitting on the deck one day as we looked out at the mysterious sea, I asked him why he was so doubtful.

‘I have followed many whales and narwhals, harpooned a lot and killed many. But not even the biggest was strong enough to make a hole in the bottom of a boat,’ he said.

‘But Ned,’ I argued. ‘If there is an animal that can live at the bottom of the sea, it must be extraordinarily strong. The pressure of the water down there is so great. It would flatten you or me in seconds. So think how strong this animal would be!’

‘Yes,’ said Ned, ‘it would have to have a body as strong as iron.’

‘So have I persuaded you?’

‘You have persuaded me that if there is an animal living at the bottom of the sea, then it must be very strong.’



One bright, sunny day we sailed around Cape Horn, and the next day we arrived in the Pacific Ocean, where the creature had last been seen.

‘Keep your eyes open!’ the sailors called out.

And we did. Day and night, everyone watched the sea. I myself took only a few minutes over my meals, slept for just a few hours, and spent the rest of my time on the deck, in rain or sun. How excited we all were each time something appeared above the waves! Sailors crowded onto the deck, and the *Abraham Lincoln* slowed its speed until we saw that the figure in the water was just a whale. Then there were cries of disappointment from everyone.

For three months, the *Abraham Lincoln* went up and down the waters of the Northern Pacific, exploring every little place on the Japanese or American coast. But we clearly could not continue for ever. As time passed with no sightings of the creature, the sailors slowly began to lose their excitement. They had given everything to the expedition, but now they were tired and impatient to go home. The search had been useless.

On 2nd November, Captain Farragut asked us all to wait for three more days. If we saw nothing at the end of that time, he said, we would turn back. This excited the crew once more, and for the next two days, they watched the sea again, hoping for one last chance to see the creature.

On the evening of 4th November, we were three hundred kilometres from the Japanese coast. As night fell, I stood on the deck next to Conseil.

‘So, Conseil,’ I said. ‘Tomorrow, at twelve o’clock, the *Abraham Lincoln* begins its journey back to the Atlantic. This is your last chance to make \$2,000.’

‘May I say, Master,’ replied Conseil, ‘that I never for one minute imagined that I or anyone else would get that money.’

‘You’re right, Conseil,’ I said. ‘It wasn’t a good idea. All that time we’ve lost! Why didn’t we just go back to France?’

‘Yes,’ agreed Conseil. ‘You would be in your little room, sir, or in your museum. And, must I say it?’

‘Go on, my boy.’

‘I’m afraid people may laugh at you. Someone as well-known as you are should not take chances like...’

But Conseil was not able to finish what he was saying. At that moment, a voice was heard above the general noise on the deck. It was Ned Land.

‘Look out there!’ he was shouting. ‘The thing we are looking for! There it is!’

At once, the whole ship’s crew hurried towards the harpooner and stared out into the darkness. In front of the ship, the sea was shining, and as we watched, a great dark shape came up out of the water, throwing out a strong and extraordinary light.

‘Look, it’s moving!’ I cried. ‘It’s moving backwards and forwards – and now it’s coming towards us!’

There were cries from the deck, and Captain Farragut ordered his engineer to sail the *Abraham Lincoln* away from the monster. Although we were travelling at about fourteen knots by now, the monster was moving at twice that speed, and it was soon circling the ship, followed by its strange light.

Then it slowly began to move away, for two, maybe three, kilometres. It was still for a moment, then it turned and came towards us at a frightening speed, stopping just a few metres away. Its light went out, and then it appeared on the other side of our ship.

At first, everyone on the deck was too shocked to move or speak, but then the captain turned to me.

‘Professor Aronnax,’ he said. ‘I do not know what this extraordinary thing is, but I cannot put my ship in danger in this darkness. We must wait for daylight to make our attack.’

No one slept that night. The *Abraham Lincoln* moved slowly forwards, and the monster stayed with us all the time. Then, around one o’clock in the morning, the monster disappeared, and after a moment we heard a terrible, high noise.

‘Ned Land,’ said the captain, ‘I expect that you have often heard the noise of whales?’

‘Often, sir,’ said Ned. ‘But I have never heard anything like this before.’

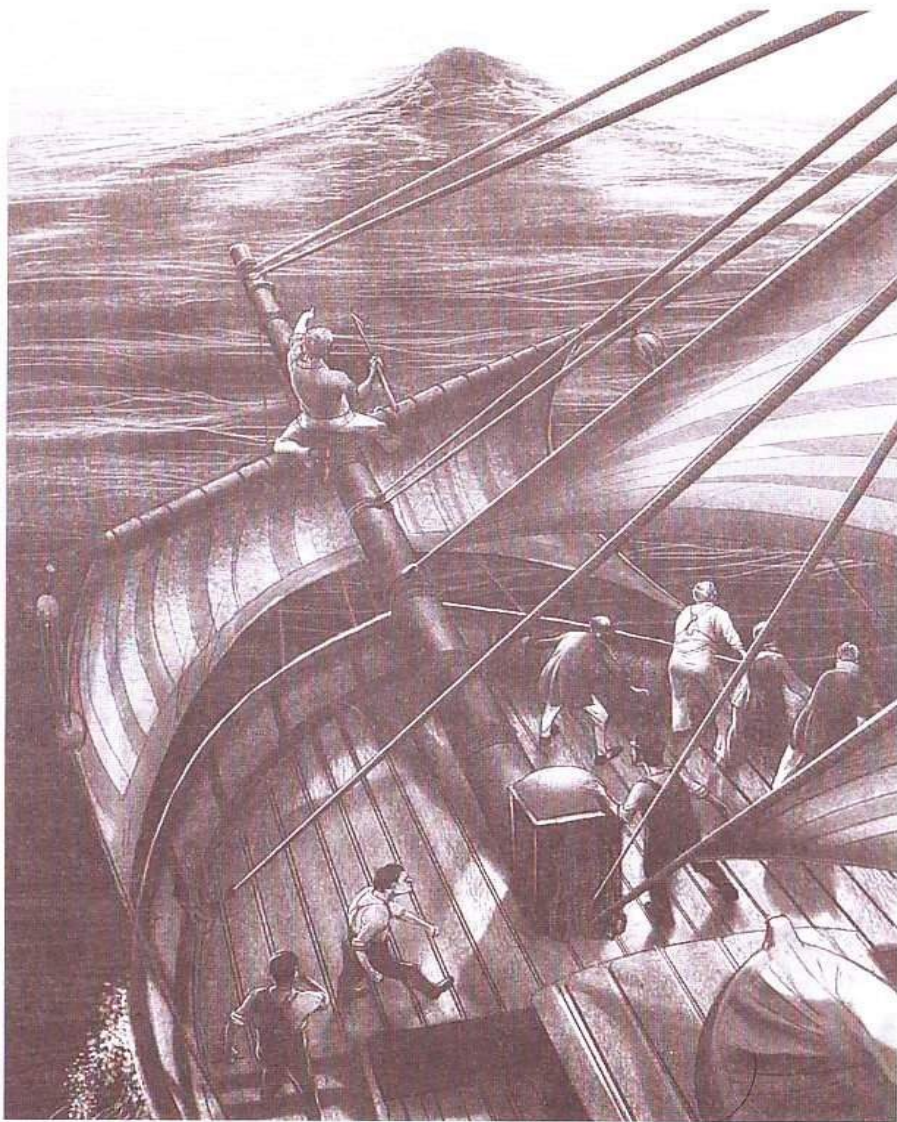
Morning came, but there was a thick mist, and we could see nothing. Then, slowly, the mist started to lift, and at eight o’clock Ned called out again.

‘Over there, look!’

About two kilometres away, we could see a dark shape in the sea. It was about eighty metres long, and its tail was beating violently against the water. As we watched, it shot two huge streams of water forty metres into the air. It seemed to be taking a breath, and I decided that it was indeed a great animal, like a whale or narwhal.

Captain Farragut watched the creature carefully, and then called to his engineer: ‘Full speed ahead!’

There were delighted shouts from the deck. It was time for battle, and Ned Land climbed onto the front of the ship, harpoon in hand. Soon, the *Abraham Lincoln* was sending black smoke into the air, and moving fast towards the monster. We came closer and closer, but when we were only a hundred metres away, it suddenly turned and moved far ahead of us, without warning. Again we came close, and again the monster moved ahead at the last minute.



It was time for battle, and Ned Land climbed onto the front of the ship, harpoon in hand.

The chase continued like this for an hour, and at last the engineer was called again.

‘We must go faster,’ said the captain.

The whole ship shook, and more black smoke filled the air. What a chase! Several times we came very close to the creature, and Ned Land cried, ‘We shall catch it!’ But before he could aim his harpoon, it always moved away.

‘Let’s try the cannon,’ said the captain.

The creature was about a kilometre away, and the first shot went over it. The second shot hit it, but then fell into the sea without causing any damage.

All day we followed the monster, and when night came and it disappeared for many hours, I thought we had lost it again and that our expedition was at an end. But then, just before eleven o’clock, the strange light appeared once more, a few kilometres away from the ship.

The creature was not moving, and we wondered if it had gone to sleep. Now, perhaps, we had a chance.

Ned Land took his place at the front of the ship again, and the *Abraham Lincoln* moved slowly forwards. We stopped just thirty metres from the centre of the light. I watched Ned Land straighten his arm and throw the harpoon, and then I heard it hit something hard, like metal. The next moment, the monster’s light went out, and two huge streams of water shot across the deck of the *Abraham Lincoln*. Then the ship shook violently, and I was thrown off the deck and into the sea.

Captain Nemo

I was pulled down deep under the water before I came back up to the surface. When my head was above the water once more, I looked around for the *Abraham Lincoln*. Had the crew seen me disappear? Was the captain putting out a boat for me? It was very dark, but I could see a ship's lights moving towards the east.

'Help! Help!' I cried out. I tried to swim towards the ship, but my clothes stuck to me and slowed me down. I was lost.

'Help!' I cried one last time, and then my mouth filled with water and my head began to sink under the surface.

But at that moment, a strong hand took hold of my clothes, and my face was lifted up.

'If you'd kindly put your head on my shoulder, Master,' said a voice, 'you'd be able to swim much more easily.'

'Conseil!' I cried. 'Is it you? Were you thrown into the sea as well?'

'No,' said Conseil. 'But you are my master. So when I saw you in the water, I followed you, and dived in.'

'And the *Abraham Lincoln*?' I asked.

'I don't think it can help us,' said Conseil. 'As I threw myself into the sea, I heard the men saying, "The ship is damaged, and we cannot steer it."''

'Then we are lost!'

'Perhaps,' said Conseil calmly. 'But we have several hours still, and a lot can happen in a few hours.'

For some time, we moved together through the water. We knew that we must not become exhausted, so Conseil swam for a while and pushed me as I lay on my back, and I then did the same for him. If we could continue swimming this way until morning, we thought, perhaps the ship would see us and send out boats to save us.

But by about one o'clock in the morning, I had become very tired, and I started having trouble moving my legs. As Conseil held me up, the moon appeared from behind the clouds, and we saw the ship beneath its light. It was several kilometres away. I could not move my mouth, but Conseil immediately called, 'Help! Help!'

I thought that I heard a cry answering his call. Conseil shouted again, and this time there was no mistake. A human voice was calling back!

Conseil started pulling me towards the voice, still calling as he swam. The voice came back, getting louder as we grew nearer. But I could only just hear it. My body was exhausted, and my mouth was filling with water again.

I began to go down under the surface, but at that moment my body touched something hard. Then I felt hands pulling me up onto it, and as I opened my eyes, I saw a face which I recognized.

'Ned!' I cried, when I could speak again. 'Were you thrown into the sea, too?'

'Yes, Professor Aronnax,' said Ned. 'But I was luckier than you, and soon found this floating island. It's our monster! Now I know why my harpoon didn't enter it. It's made of iron!'

I sat up and looked at the surface. It was a sheet of metal plates. There was no doubt about it. This 'monster', which professors across the world had been discussing, was a man-made machine. We were on the top of a submarine.

'I've been here for three hours and nothing has happened,' said Ned. 'But if it goes down under the water, we're finished.' Whoever was inside that submarine, we needed to tell them that we were here before it dived once more. We searched for a man-hole or hatch on the metal surface, but there was nothing, so we began to hit it loudly.

Soon we heard a noise inside, and one of the iron plates lifted. Then a man appeared from under it, cried out, and disappeared immediately.

A few moments later, eight strong men, their faces covered, silently appeared and pulled us down into the extraordinary machine. It all happened as quickly as lightning, and I was shaking from head to toe. Who were these strange men? And what did they want from us?

We were pushed quickly down an iron ladder and through a door at the bottom which shut behind us with a loud bang. We were alone, and in complete darkness.

'Well, can you believe it?' shouted Ned angrily. 'These people will probably come and eat us next!'

'Calm yourself, friend Ned,' said Conseil quietly. 'We are not hurt yet.'

At that moment, a bright light filled our prison, and we were able to see that we were in a small cabin with a table and chairs. There was a noise, then the door opened and two men appeared.

One was short and strongly built, but the other had something extraordinary about him. I could see from his face that he was a man who was calm but full of life, who believed in himself and had no fear. He was fine-looking, with a straight nose and soft eyes that seemed to see far and wide. He spoke to the first man in a strange language that I had never heard before.

Conseil turned to me. 'Perhaps if you tell our story, Master, they may understand some words,' he said.

So I began to tell them about our adventures, introducing each of us, and speaking slowly and carefully in French. The man with the soft, calm eyes listened to me quietly, but when I had finished, he said not a word.

After this, we tried in English and German, but the men just said a few more words to each other in their strange language, and then left.

'We speak to them in French, English, and German, and they are not polite enough to answer!' cried Ned angrily.

'Calm yourself, Ned,' I said. 'Being angry will not help us.'

'They are bad men, I know it,' he replied. 'We may die of hunger in this iron prison.'

But a few minutes later the short man returned, bringing some dry clothes and plates of different kinds of fish. We did not speak much after that, but ate the excellent food and then lay down on the floor. We slept deeply, and when we woke, the door was opening and the man with the soft, calm eyes was coming into our cabin. We sat up immediately, and he took a seat at the table and began to speak.

‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘I am the captain of this submarine. I speak French, English, and German, but I decided to say nothing yesterday because I wanted to hear your story. I know from what you told me yesterday that you are Pierre Aronnax, a professor of natural history; Conseil, his servant; and Ned Land, a harpooner on the US ship the *Abraham Lincoln*. I have been thinking for some time about what to do with you. It is very annoying for me to have you here. You have come to trouble the way I live.’

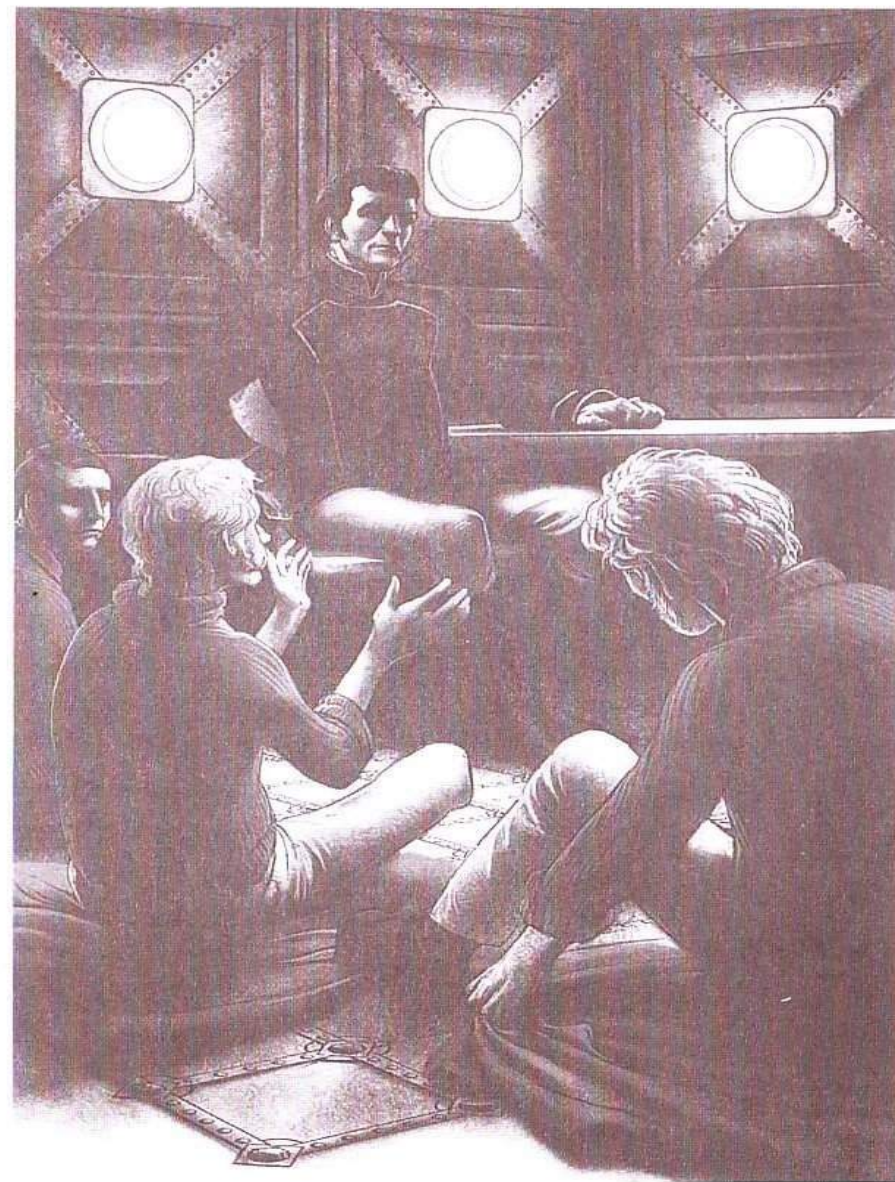
‘We did not want to trouble you,’ I said.

‘No?’ said the captain, and his voice grew hard. ‘Your ship, the *Abraham Lincoln*, was trying to destroy my submarine. Mr Land here was aiming his harpoon at me. You must understand, Professor Aronnax, that this means you are my enemies. If I wanted to, I could put you on my deck, go under the water, and forget that I had ever seen you.’

‘But that would be murder!’ I cried.

‘Professor,’ the captain replied angrily, ‘you need to know that I have finished with society completely, for reasons that only I understand. I live under the ocean, not in your world. I do not therefore obey society’s laws. But I have decided to show you kindness. You will stay on board my submarine, and you will be free. I ask only one thing from you. At times, for reasons that I cannot explain, I may need to lock you in your cabins.’

‘Sir,’ I said, ‘do you mean that we must stay here? That we may never see our countries, our friends, and our families again?’



‘Sir,’ I said, ‘do you mean that we must stay here?’

‘Yes, Professor Aronnax.’

‘What? We cannot stay shut up here for ever!’ cried Ned Land.

‘Sir,’ I said, ‘you cannot behave like this towards us. It is cruelty.’

‘No, sir,’ the man replied. ‘It is kindness. You are my prisoners, you attacked me. You came here and found a secret that no one in the world should know – the secret of how I live. I cannot allow you to go back to that world and tell my secret.’

‘You mean you are simply giving us a choice between life and death?’ I said.

‘Yes, I am,’ he replied. ‘But you and your companions will perhaps not miss freedom as much as you think, Professor Aronnax. Your book, *Mysteries of the Deep Ocean*, is one of my favourites. You know a lot, but you still have things to learn about the sea. On my submarine, you will discover many new wonders.’

I must say that these words had a great effect on me, and for a moment I forgot that the wonders he spoke of were not worth losing my freedom for.

‘I have one last question,’ I said. ‘What should we call you?’

‘I am Captain Nemo,’ he replied, ‘and you are passengers on the *Nautilus*. Now, one of my men will take Mr Land and Conseil to their cabins, where breakfast is waiting for them. Professor Aronnax, please come with me.’

The Nautilus

I followed Captain Nemo into a beautiful room. It was filled with expensive furniture and there were fine paintings on the walls. In the centre of the room, there was a table laid with plates of wonderful food. Captain Nemo invited me to sit down, and we began to eat.

‘You may not know this food, Professor,’ he said, ‘because it all comes from the sea. We do not eat anything from the land. This, which you think is chicken, is actually turtle. We take our milk from whales, and our sugar from the plants of the North Sea. We throw our nets into the sea and when we bring them in they are so full of fish that they are ready to break.’

‘You love the sea, Captain?’ I said.

‘Yes, I love it!’ he cried, his eyes shining with excitement. ‘The sea is everything. It is full of nature, and man is never lonely here, because there is life all around. Here there are no masters! Here I am free!’

Captain Nemo went silent, then pushed his chair away from the table and started walking up and down. For a few moments, his face darkened, and he seemed angry or worried about something. Then he became calm once more, and sat down quietly to eat.

‘Now, Professor Aronnax,’ he said when the meal was finished. ‘If you would like to see the *Nautilus*, follow me.’

He got up, and I followed him through a door into a huge

library. Light filled the room, and books covered the walls from top to bottom.

‘There must be six or seven thousand books here!’ I cried. ‘And they have followed you to the bottom of the sea!’

‘Twelve thousand books, Professor Aronnax. These and my paintings are the only things that tie me to the world beyond these waters. You may use them freely.’

I thanked Captain Nemo, and then followed him into another big room. This one was like a museum, filled with wonderful paintings by Delacroix, Ingres, and many other famous painters. Lying next to the great artworks, on shelves around the room, were the most extraordinary collections of fish, shells, sea creatures, and plants.

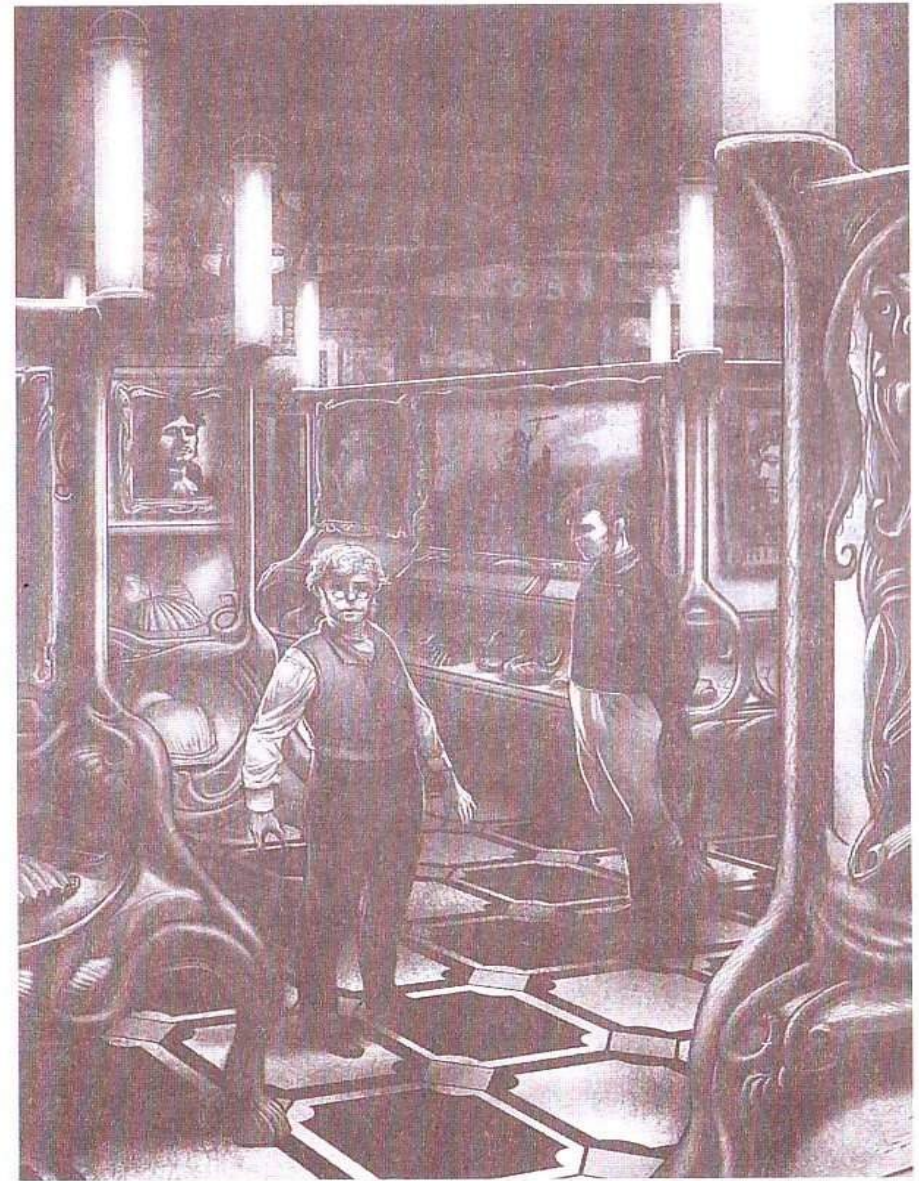
‘No museum in Europe has a collection like this,’ I said, my voice filled with wonder. ‘It must be priceless.’

‘Yes, and I have collected it all with my own hands,’ Captain Nemo replied. ‘Now, Professor Aronnax, let me show you your cabin.’

My cabin was near the front of the submarine, and it was a fine room, with a bed, a dressing-table, and several other pieces of furniture. I thanked the captain.

‘My cabin is next to yours,’ he said, opening a door and showing me in.

Unlike mine, the captain’s cabin felt empty and cold. There was an iron bed and a table, and a small window in the ceiling – but there was nothing to make it feel bright or homely. As I looked around, I noticed some control instruments on the wall, and when the captain led me to the large lounge next to his cabin, I saw the same ones there, too.



‘No museum in Europe has a collection like this.’

'Where does the *Nautilus* get its power from?' I asked.

'It is all electric,' he said, with excitement in his eyes. 'I take the salt from sea water, and use it to make electricity. There is more than enough to make the *Nautilus* sail, and to give it heat and light. I could make air for us too, but that is not necessary. We come to the surface every twenty-four hours, and collect fresh air, which we keep in large tanks and pump around the submarine.'

'Ah, Captain,' I said, 'the *Nautilus* really is a wonderful machine.'

'Yes, Professor Aronnax,' he replied, 'and I know it and I love it so well, it feels like a part of me.'

'And tell me, Captain, how were you able to build something like this in secret?'

He smiled. 'Every part of her was brought from a different place in the world. Then my men and I built her on a small island in the middle of the sea. When our work was finished, we destroyed all signs of what we had been doing.'

'You must be rich, Captain Nemo...' I said.

'Extremely rich,' he replied.

I stared at this extraordinary man, and did not know if I should believe him or not. After Captain Nemo had gone away, I sat down in the lounge to think about everything he had told me. I was deep in thought when Ned Land and Conseil appeared at the door.

'What have you discovered, Professor Aronnax?' asked Ned Land.

'We are on board the *Nautilus*, fifty metres below the surface of the sea,' I told my companions. 'I do not know

how many other people there are, but for the moment we cannot take control of the submarine or escape from it. For now, we just need to wait, and see what happens around us.'

'But we can see nothing from this iron prison!' cried Ned Land.

He had just spoken these words when the lights went out, and we heard a loud noise. Huge windows appeared at each end of the room as the submarine's metal plates slid open. What a beautiful sight! We could see the sea lit up for a kilometre around the *Nautilus*, and we watched, amazed, as fish of every colour, shape, and size moved before our eyes.

'You wished to see, friend Ned,' I said. 'And now you can!'



For the next five days, we did not see Captain Nemo. We ate well, and moved freely around the *Nautilus*, but I began to ask myself if we would ever meet this extraordinary man again.

So I was pleased and surprised when the following day, I arrived back at my cabin and found a note on my table.

Professor Aronnax

Captain Nemo invites Professor Aronnax and his companions to a hunting party tomorrow morning in the forest of the Island of Crespo.

Captain Nemo

‘So we are going onto land!’ said Ned, when I showed him the note.

‘It seems to say that,’ I replied, reading it once more.

‘Well, we must accept,’ answered Ned. ‘I know that I will be glad to eat a bit of meat at last.’

But when we were taken by one of Captain Nemo’s men to the top of the *Nautilus* the next morning, we found ourselves in a room full of diving equipment.

‘Why do we need this?’ said Ned.

‘The forest of the Island of Crespo is underwater,’ said Captain Nemo. ‘You do not have to come if you prefer to stay here, Mr Land,’ he added, noticing the disappointed look on Ned’s face.

But Ned was soon persuaded, and two of Captain Nemo’s men helped us to get ready, and then gave us each a gun.

‘If I understand correctly,’ I said to the captain, ‘we are going hunting at the bottom of the sea. How can these guns work underwater?’

‘They use air pressure,’ he replied. ‘The balls that they shoot are made of glass, and covered with iron. They explode when they hit something. Even the strongest animal falls dead as soon as it is shot.’

We followed Captain Nemo into a small wet-room. The electric door slid shut behind us, and after a minute I heard a loud noise and felt cold water rising from my feet to my chest. A second door on the outside of the submarine then opened, and in a moment we were standing on the seabed.

The surface was only ten metres above us, and the sun was shining down through the water, lighting up flowers,

rocks, shells, and plants in a pattern of amazing colours. The seabed under our feet was flat and smooth.

As we moved through the water, the seabed went deeper and deeper, and after ten minutes or so, Captain Nemo stopped and waited for me. He pointed ahead, where tall tree-plants rose up from the seabed.



As we moved through the water, the seabed went deeper and deeper.

'This must be the forest of the Island of Crespo,' I thought to myself.

As we got closer, I saw that the branches of every tree-plant pointed straight up towards the surface of the sea. The plants on the seabed pointed upwards too, and not a single one was broken or bent. Under these plants, there were beautiful flowers, and shoals of brightly coloured fish swam among them. It was an extraordinary place.

As we went forwards through the forest, the captain stopped once or twice and put his gun to his shoulder, but after a few moments, dropped it and moved on. Then he took the gun up once more, there was a noise, and a creature sank to the seabed. It was a beautiful sea otter, more than a metre long.

One of Captain Nemo's men put the animal on his shoulder, and we moved on through the water. We were beginning our return to the *Nautilus* by now, and I had just noticed the distant light of the submarine when the captain suddenly came back towards me and pushed me down. Conseil and Ned lay down too, and we waited on the seabed, our bodies very still.

Lifting my head, I saw a wide shadow moving through the water just above us. My blood froze as two terrible sharks swam past, their huge mouths filled with teeth that could easily cut a man to pieces.

We were lucky: they passed without seeing us, and in a minute or two we were able to continue our journey back to the *Nautilus*.

A Day on Land

Over the next few weeks, we became used to life on the *Nautilus*. We stayed mainly in our cabins, or in the library, the museum, or the lounge. Here, nearly every day, the metal plates on the windows were opened, and we were able to watch in amazement as life in the mysterious underwater world went on.

In the centre of the *Nautilus*, stairs led up to an open platform at the top of the submarine. I liked to go up there to watch as Captain Nemo's men brought in the fish that they had caught in the night. The *Nautilus*' sailors were strong, healthy men, and although they looked European, they always spoke to each other in that strange, unknown language that we had heard Captain Nemo use when we first met him.

By 4th January, we had been on board the *Nautilus* for almost two months. We had travelled more than seventeen thousand kilometres south through the Pacific, and had now arrived at the coast of Papua New Guinea.

On that day, we came into the Torres Strait, which is famously difficult to sail through because of the many rocks and islands under the water there. The *Nautilus* came up to the surface, and, interested to see how Captain Nemo would steer through the strait, Ned, Conseil, and I went up onto the platform to watch him.

Although the sea was rough, Captain Nemo guided the

Nautilus between the rocks without any trouble, and we could see that the captain knew his route well. But as we came close to the island of Gilboa, my companions and I were suddenly thrown violently forward without any warning. The *Nautilus* had hit some rocks, and it now stopped still, lying a little to one side.

‘An accident?’ I asked the captain as he came towards me.

‘Nothing serious,’ he said.

‘How will you move the *Nautilus* off the rocks?’ I asked.

‘In two days there will be a full moon, and then the tide will be strong enough to lift us off,’ he replied confidently.

After he had left the platform, Ned Land turned to me angrily. ‘Believe me, Professor Aronnax, Captain Nemo will never be able to sail this piece of iron off these rocks. I think it is time to make our escape.’

‘My friend,’ I said, ‘if we were close to the European coast, I would agree. But escaping through Papua New Guinea is too dangerous.’

‘Look at that island, though!’ cried Ned Land, pointing across to Gilboa. ‘There are trees, and under those trees there must be animals. If the *Nautilus* can’t move, let’s go hunting for food. I would love to sink my teeth into a bit of meat!’

‘Our friend Ned is right,’ said Conseil. ‘Master, perhaps if you asked Captain Nemo, he would allow us to visit the island – and then we can be on land again for a while?’

‘Well, I can ask him, but I am sure he will refuse,’ I said.

However, to my great surprise, Captain Nemo was happy for us to visit the island, and at eight o’clock the next

morning, carrying guns, we got into the small boat that was kept on board the *Nautilus*, and rowed towards the shore.

Ned was delighted. ‘Meat! We are going to eat some meat!’ he cried.

‘There may be no animals there,’ I warned him. ‘Or if there are, they may eat us first!’

The island was covered with beautiful forests, and when we had pulled the small boat onto the shore, we followed Ned Land up the coast towards the west, then across a big river and into the hills. There we collected some delicious fruit and vegetables, but we found no animals, and by eleven o’clock, as we crossed the mountains in the centre of the island, we were getting very tired.

‘Let’s go back towards the sea,’ suggested Conseil. ‘Perhaps we will find some animals around the coast.’

It seemed like a good idea, and after walking for a few hours, we came through some trees and saw a group of small kangaroos, which jumped out in front of us without warning.

‘Two! Three! Five down!’ cried Ned Land, shooting fast. ‘We can take these back to the *Nautilus* and have kangaroo for dinner every night!’

We shot about twelve of the kangaroos, and were delighted with the results of our hunt. Then we walked on down to the beach, where Ned made a fire and began to cook. Soon the air was filled with the delicious smell of cooking meat. We sat on the beach and enjoyed an excellent dinner, finished with some of the fruit we had collected during the day.

‘Perhaps we shouldn’t go back to the *Nautilus* this evening,’ said Conseil, biting happily into a piece of fruit.

‘Perhaps we should never go back!’ said Ned Land.

At that moment, a stone fell at our feet. We looked at the edge of the forest without getting up, but when a second stone made the fruit fall from Conseil’s hand, we immediately picked up our guns and jumped to our feet. Twenty wild-looking men, carrying bows and arrows, were coming out towards us from the trees.

‘To the boat!’ I cried.

As we ran across the beach, stones and arrows rained down on us. We climbed into the boat and were soon rowing as fast as we could back towards the *Nautilus*.

There were almost a hundred men on the beach by now, and they ran into the water, shouting as their stones and arrows flew through the air.

Twenty minutes later, we were on board the *Nautilus*. I hurried down to the lounge, where Captain Nemo was looking at a map.

‘Ah, it’s you, Professor Aronnax. Have you had a good hunt?’ he asked.

‘Yes, Captain. But unfortunately we have been chased by some men from the island. There are a hundred or more of them. I’m afraid they may follow us and try to take the *Nautilus*.’

‘Professor Aronnax,’ said Captain Nemo calmly, ‘our hatches are closed. If all the men of Papua New Guinea joined together to attack the *Nautilus*, we would have nothing to fear. Tomorrow, at twenty minutes to three, the *Nautilus* will float away on the tide, and leave the Torres Strait.’



*We were soon rowing as fast as we could
back towards the Nautilus.*

Later that evening, twenty small boats filled with men from Gilboa began moving across the water towards the *Nautilus*. As I watched from the platform, the men shot a shower of arrows at us. But they only hit the metal plates of the *Nautilus* before falling back into the sea.

I did not sleep well that night. I could hear the island men climbing onto the *Nautilus*, hitting it and shouting.

The next day, I read in my cabin until midday. There were no signs on board the *Nautilus* that we were getting ready to leave, but at twenty-five to three, Captain Nemo appeared in the lounge.

‘We need air, so I have given orders to open the hatches,’ he said.

‘But the islanders!’ I said. ‘Won’t they come inside?’

Captain Nemo smiled. ‘They can never enter through the hatches of the *Nautilus*. Come and see.’

I followed him to the central stairs. There, Ned Land and Conseil were watching some of the submarine’s crew, who were getting ready to open the hatches. We could hear the cries of the island men outside.

As the hatches opened, twenty angry faces appeared. But the first man who put his hand on the edge of the hatch screamed and jumped away. Ten of his companions followed him, one by one, and the same thing happened each time.

‘They’re getting an electric shock from the hatch entrance!’ I cried.

‘Yes,’ said Captain Nemo. ‘Not strong enough to kill them, but it certainly helps to frighten them away!’

At that moment, I felt the tide lift the *Nautilus* off the seabed. It was exactly twenty to three. As the last of the islanders disappeared from the hatches, the *Nautilus* floated slowly for a moment, then picked up speed. Soon, she was carrying us safely away down the Torres Strait.

Trouble on the Nautilus

We saw so many extraordinary things on board the *Nautilus* that sometimes we almost forgot about the life we had left behind on land. Each day, there were more wonderful sights to see from the lounge windows: three-metre long swordfish that touched the glass with their amazing swords; porpoises that danced through the water; and shoals of smaller fish that coloured the ocean as they swam.

Because I have such a great love of the sea, I was never bored, and during the day I liked to walk on the submarine’s platform and watch the water. I also read in the library, and made notes about the amazing things we had seen.

But then one day, something happened to remind us of the strangeness of our situation. I had gone up onto the platform one morning and found Captain Nemo looking into the distance. For some minutes, he did not move, then he spoke with one of his men. When he turned to me, there was something in his face that I had never seen before. His eyes were full of anger, and his normal coolness was gone.

‘Professor Aronnax, I warned you when you came on board that at times I would ask you and your companions to stay in your cabins. I now need you to do exactly that.’

I could see from the captain’s face that it was useless to argue. I went to tell Ned Land and Conseil, and then Captain Nemo’s men took us to the cabin where we had spent our first night on board the *Nautilus*.

As soon as we were inside, we heard the door lock. Breakfast was waiting for us on the table, and as we ate we were deep in thought. Then the lights in the cabin went out, and we were left in darkness. I watched in surprise as Ned Land and Conseil lay down and immediately fell deep asleep, and then I felt my head begin to swim and realized that Captain Nemo had put something in our food to make us sleep. I tried to stay awake, but could not stop my eyes from closing. It had not been enough for Captain Nemo to lock us away – he needed us to be asleep, too.

When I woke the next day, I was amazed to find myself back in my own cabin. There was no sign on board the *Nautilus* that anything strange had happened, and Ned Land and Conseil, like myself, had woken in their cabins and could not remember anything.

I did not see Captain Nemo until the afternoon, when he walked into the library where I was writing some notes. He looked tired and worried, and he walked up and down as he spoke.

‘Professor Aronnax, I believe you studied medicine before you worked at the museum. Will you help one of my men?’

‘Is he ill?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ the captain replied.

‘Then take me to him.’

Captain Nemo led me to one of the sailors’ cabins, where a man of about forty was lying on a bed. His head was covered in blood, and when I looked closer, I saw that some weapon had given him a terrible wound. The man’s

breathing was very slow, and his hands and feet were already turning cold. I could see that he was dying.

I turned to Captain Nemo. ‘What caused this wound?’ I asked.

‘A shock broke a part of the engine, which hit him in the head,’ he replied quickly. ‘Tell me honestly how he is. He will not understand you.’

I looked at the wounded man one more time.

‘Nothing can save him, I’m afraid.’

To my great surprise, I saw tears shining in Captain Nemo’s eyes for a moment, and then he turned away.

‘You can go now, Professor Aronnax,’ he said.

For the rest of the day, I could think of nothing but the dying man. How had the sailor been injured, I wondered, and had something terrible happened on the *Nautilus* while we were locked away? That night, I slept badly. My mind was filled with strange fears about the future.

The following morning, Captain Nemo asked if my companions and I would join him and his men for a diving expedition. He did not mention the dying man and I did not ask about him.

We accepted the invitation and were ready with our equipment by half past eight to follow Captain Nemo as he led us out of the submarine. We moved slowly through the water for a while, and then came at last to a kind of coral garden, where shells, starfish, and sea plants covered the seabed like flowers. I looked around in amazement at the beauty of the place.

Captain Nemo had stopped, and looking back, I saw

that four of his men were carrying something large. As Ned Land, Conseil, and I watched, one of the sailors began to dig a hole in the seabed. There were several big piles of rock in this place, and suddenly I understood why. Captain Nemo came here to bury his dead, and now we were burying the man who had died in the night.

The hole was soon large enough, and as we watched, the men lowered the body carefully down into it. Then they covered it with rocks and coral.

Back on board the *Nautilus* later that afternoon, I thought about the conversations I had had with my companions about our captain. Conseil's opinion was that Captain Nemo was an extraordinary scientist who had run away from a society that did not understand him. But after the strange events of the last two days, I was not so sure. Had the captain built the *Nautilus* because he wanted freedom, or was there something darker happening here that we had not yet understood?



We had moved into the Indian Ocean by now, with its extraordinarily clear waters. For some days, I saw many kinds of fish that I had never seen before, and, when we came to the surface, a lot of sea birds. On 28th January, I saw from the platform that there were mountains in the distance, and the captain's maps showed me that we were coming closer to the island of Sri Lanka.

'Sri Lanka, famous for its pearl fishing,' said Captain Nemo as he joined me on the platform. 'Would you like to see some pearl fishing, Professor Aronnax?'

'Certainly, Captain,' I replied.

'Then we shall go out towards Manaar Island tomorrow. You are not afraid of sharks?'

I hesitated. 'I have not spent a lot of time around sharks, Captain.'

'Well, you will soon get used to them,' he said. 'We may see some tomorrow.'

The following morning, my companions and I were woken at four o'clock, and taken to the *Nautilus's* small boat. It was dark when Captain Nemo's men began to row us towards the land, but by six o'clock, as we came close to Manaar Island, the sun had risen. Captain Nemo stood up and watched the sea, then ordered his men to stop.

We put on our diving equipment, Ned Land took up his harpoon, and we followed Captain Nemo into the water. The sea was shallow here, but Captain Nemo led us quickly down into deeper water, where rocks carpeted the seabed. Soon we came to the oyster beds, and for a few minutes Captain Nemo and Ned Land collected pearls from the huge piles of oysters.

But then Captain Nemo moved on, taking us at last into a dark cave in the rocks. I wondered at first why he had brought us here, and then he pointed down at something. It was an enormous oyster, more than two and a half metres wide. The captain took out a knife, put it between the two sides of the shell to hold them open, and then waved at us to come near. Inside was a pearl that was as big as a man's head. With its perfect shape and colour, I thought, it must be worth millions of dollars.

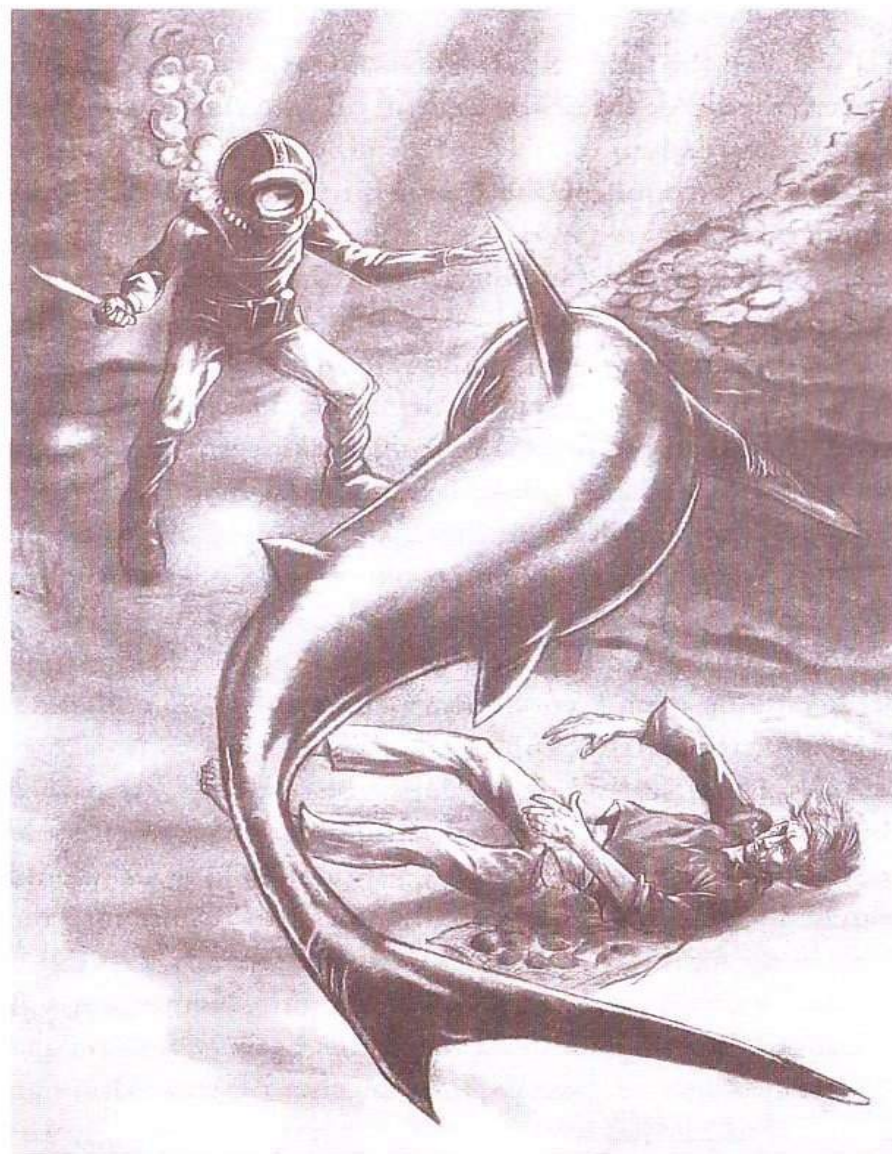
I put out my hand to touch the pearl and hold it, but the captain stopped me. Then he pulled his knife out of the shell, and it closed quickly. Immediately, I understood: the captain was leaving the pearl to grow slowly, and every year it was becoming bigger and more valuable.

We swam on, but after another ten minutes Captain Nemo stopped and waved at us to lie down behind some rocks. A second later, a shadow appeared a few metres away from us, moving quickly down towards the seabed. I thought for a moment that it was a shark, but then I saw that it was a man – a poor fisherman – who was diving for oysters.

The man was pulling the oysters from the rocks and putting them carefully in a bag. When he had about ten in his bag, he swam up to his boat to take a breath of air and empty the bag, then dived back down again. We watched him for a while, but when he turned to swim back up to the surface with his bag of oysters one time, he suddenly froze. His face filled with fear, and when we looked up we knew why. A huge shark was swimming towards him.

The man threw himself to one side, but the shark's tail hit him across the chest, and he sank to the seabed. As the shark swam back round towards the man, I saw Captain Nemo take out his knife and move forwards.

The shark's mouth was opened wide, showing clearly six rows of sharp teeth. It swam straight at Captain Nemo, but with wonderful quickness the captain threw himself away from it at the last moment, burying his knife into the creature's side. Large clouds of blood came from the wound as the captain held onto the shark, pushing his knife into it



*I saw Captain Nemo take out his knife
and move forwards.*

again and again.

I watched the fight, but, filled with fear, I could not move. At last, the shark threw the captain off and then swam back round towards him. Quick as lightning, Ned Land dived at the shark, harpoon in hand, and hit it hard. The creature moved violently from side to side, but the king of the harpooners had not failed us: he had hit the shark's heart, and it was dying.

The captain went immediately to the diver, then swam to the surface with the man in his arms. We three followed, and when we got to the diver's boat, he was beginning to open his eyes. What did he think, I wondered, when he saw our four faces looking down at him? And most of all, what did he think when Captain Nemo took a bag of pearls from his diving suit and put it in the man's hand?

When we arrived back at our boat, Captain Nemo took off his diving equipment and turned at once to Ned Land.

'Thank you, Mr Land,' he said.

As our boat sailed back towards the *Nautilus*, we passed the dead body of the shark floating on the water. I could see now that it was more than seven metres long. While we watched, more sharks appeared, and began to bite into the dead body, fighting with each other for its meat.

I had learned two things about Captain Nemo that day – first that he was a man of enormous bravery, and second that he could show great care for another person. Although he had shut himself away from other human beings, it was clear to me that he had not completely closed his heart off from the world.

A Plan of Escape

From the Indian Ocean, we moved north-west and on into the Red Sea, sometimes travelling at the surface and sometimes diving down to avoid a passing boat. My companions and I were surprised by the route that Captain Nemo was taking. The Suez Canal had not been completed at that time, and we knew that after the *Nautilus* had travelled to the end of the Red Sea, it would have to turn around and go back the same way. But one afternoon, when I was on the platform, Captain Nemo came up and walked across to talk to me.

'So, Professor Aronnax, tomorrow we will be in the Mediterranean.'

'In the Mediterranean?' I said in amazement.

'Why does that surprise you, Professor Aronnax?'

'Because the only way to get from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean is around the whole coast of Africa, and no boat – not even the *Nautilus* – can make that journey in a day.'

'Ah, but that is not the only way,' said Captain Nemo. 'For a very long time there has been an underwater tunnel which goes from the Red Sea into the Mediterranean.'

'What?' I cried in surprise. 'And have you passed through this tunnel?'

'Several times,' the captain said. 'And tomorrow we shall pass through it once more.'

At about nine o'clock the next evening, we reached the end of the Red Sea, at Suez, and the *Nautilus* dived deep under the water. I went into the lounge, where the metal plates were open, and through the windows I could see the high, straight wall of the coast beside us. For about an hour we followed the coast, until suddenly we came to a large hole, black and deep. We turned into the tunnel, and the *Nautilus* moved through it quickly. After less than twenty minutes, Captain Nemo came to join me in the lounge.

'We are in the Mediterranean!' he said.



The next afternoon, Ned Land took Conseil and me to a quiet corner of the platform. He had something important to say.

'We are in Europe now, and before Captain Nemo decides to take us to the bottom of the polar seas or back to the Pacific Ocean, I want to leave the *Nautilus*.'

I did not want to prevent my companions from finding freedom, but I had no strong wish to leave Captain Nemo. Thanks to the *Nautilus*, I was rewriting my book *Mysteries of the Deep Ocean*, and I knew, if we escaped, that I would never again have the chance to explore the wonders of the sea in this way.

'Friend Ned,' I said, 'are you already tired of life on the *Nautilus*?'

Ned thought for a moment. Then he said, 'I am glad that I have come on this journey under the seas. But I believe we must take any chance we get to escape. We cannot wait any more.'

'How do you think we could escape?' I asked him.

'If, one dark night, we are only a short distance from a European coast,' he replied, 'we must try to swim to shore. Or take the *Nautilus*' small boat.'

'I must tell you, Ned, that I do not think we'll get this chance. Captain Nemo must know that we still hope for freedom, and he'll watch us carefully while we're close to the European coast.'

'We shall see,' said Ned.

'Well, we'll talk no more about it for now,' I told him. 'The day that you're ready, Ned, come and tell us, and we'll follow you.'

I had been right, it seemed, and for the next few days we sailed far from the coast and deep under the ocean. One evening, I was looking at maps in the lounge when Captain Nemo came into the room. There was a large, strong box in the corner, and the captain, who had not noticed me, now opened it. I stared in amazement. The box was full of pieces of gold – several million dollars' worth of it. Where had it come from? And what was the captain going to do with it?

He locked the box, wrote an address on the lid, and then called for some of his men, who pushed it out of the lounge and up the central stairs. I felt the *Nautilus* rising up to the surface of the water, and soon after, I heard the sound of the captain's small boat going out.

I knew from looking at the maps that the nearest coast was that of Greece. Were Captain Nemo's men taking the gold there?

It was another of the mysteries of Captain Nemo, who

now brought us through the Mediterranean at top speed. It seemed to me that he did not like this sea. Perhaps its countries were the ones that he wanted to avoid; perhaps its winds and waters made him remember times he wanted to forget. But we hurried through, coming to the surface only at night to take in more air – and Ned Land soon saw his dreams of escape disappear.

As soon as we had passed through the Strait of Gibraltar and arrived in the Atlantic, the *Nautilus* came to the surface once more, and my companions and I were able to go up onto the platform for some fresh morning air. A strong wind was blowing, and the sea made the *Nautilus* move around violently.

When I came back down to my cabin, Ned Land followed me, shutting the door behind him.

‘We must try to escape tonight,’ he said. ‘We are only a few kilometres from the Spanish coast. We agreed to wait for our chance, and our chance has come.’

I said nothing, and he went on.

‘I have warned Conseil, and made the small boat ready. We shall go at nine o’clock. Captain Nemo will be in his cabin then, and probably in bed. Conseil and I will check that the central stairs are empty, and you must wait in the library until I call you.’

‘The sea is very rough,’ I said.

‘It is,’ said Ned Land, ‘but we must take a chance. The boat is strong, and the wind will carry us towards the coast.’

With these words, Ned Land was gone.

That day was a difficult one for me. I wanted, of course,

to find freedom once more, but I did not want to leave the *Nautilus*, or my studies of the underwater world, which were not yet complete.

What would Captain Nemo think of our escape? I asked myself. And what would he do if he discovered us? I hoped that I would see him one more time before we left. But I feared it, too.

This day of waiting seemed never to end. I did not eat much at dinner time, and went to visit the lounge and the museum room for one last time. I told myself that I would perhaps never see again those wonders of nature and art that I had enjoyed so much since we had been on board the *Nautilus*.

At eight o’clock, I dressed myself warmly, and at a few minutes to nine I went into the library and waited for Ned Land to call me. But at that moment, the library door opened and Captain Nemo appeared.

‘Ah, Professor Aronnax!’ he said. ‘I’ve been looking for you. Do you know the history of Spain?’

I was too confused to answer, and for a moment I did not say a word.

‘A little,’ I replied at last.

‘Sit down,’ said the captain, ‘and I shall tell you about an important moment in Spanish history. At the end of 1702, Spanish ships filled with gold and silver from America arrived in Vigo Bay, and on 22nd October, they were attacked by the English. The Spanish fought bravely, but they were losing the battle. As they did not want the gold and silver to fall into English hands, they decided to burn every ship.

The ships went to the bottom of the sea, still carrying their treasure.'

Captain Nemo stopped.

'Well?' I asked. I could not understand why he was telling me this story, or why he had come to see me at this hour. Had he discovered our plans to escape?

The captain did not answer, but he led me into the lounge, where the metal plates were open. All around the *Nautilus*, the water was lit up by the submarine's light. On the seabed, I saw the blackened wrecks of old ships, and huge piles of gold and silver. Some of the captain's men, in their diving suits, were taking boxes from the wrecks back to the *Nautilus*, and pieces of gold and silver were falling from the boxes as they swam.

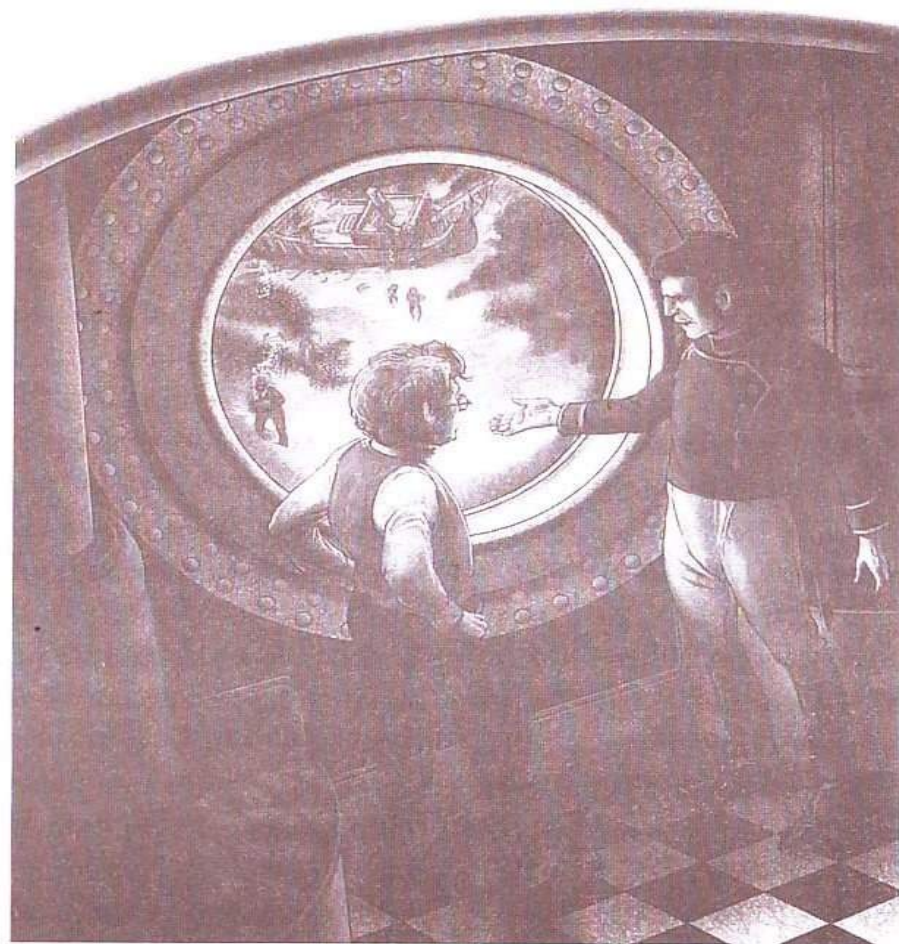
Now I understood why the captain had told me about the battle of Vigo Bay. These were the wrecks of the Spanish boats that had been attacked on that day in 1702. The Spanish had never found them, but Captain Nemo had, and now he came here to collect the gold and silver.

'I take what man has lost,' he said. 'And not only in Vigo Bay, but in a thousand other places where there are shipwrecks. Now you understand why I'm so rich?'

'These lost treasures could make so many people's lives easier,' I said. 'It's difficult to think of all those people in the world who have so little...'

Captain Nemo turned to me, and he looked hurt and angry.

'Do you think then, Professor Aronnax, that these treasures are lost because I collect them? Do you think that



'I take what man has lost,' Captain Nemo said.

I collect them for myself alone? Do you think I don't realize that there are people in this world living in misery who need help? Don't you understand...?'

Captain Nemo stopped at these last words. But I knew now that although something had made him look for freedom under the sea, it had not stopped him from caring

deeply for other people. And I understood where he had sent the gold that I saw him packing up off the coast of Greece. It had gone to help others who were less fortunate.

The next morning Ned came into my cabin looking very disappointed. The captain had brought the *Nautilus* down below the surface at the very moment when we had planned to leave, and it had remained on the seabed all night.

‘Well, Ned, luck was against us yesterday,’ I said.

‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘but we will succeed another time – tonight if necessary.’

When we went up onto the platform later, however, there was no land in sight. We were sailing south-west, and turning our backs on Europe.

For the next three weeks, we sailed down the middle of the Atlantic, far from land. As we left Europe behind, Ned Land became angry and disappointed.

We expected that the captain would sail on towards Cape Horn and then back into the Pacific, and we knew that in these large seas we would not be able to leave the *Nautilus*. My friends were becoming impatient for their freedom, and as we were not able to escape, we talked about persuading the captain to free us. But he had told us right from the start that we would always be his prisoners. If we asked for our freedom, would that make it more difficult for us to escape, if a chance ever came again?

Prisoners of the Ice

By 13th March, the *Nautilus* had arrived as far south as Cape Horn. But to my surprise, the captain did not steer to the west, but continued sailing southwards. Where was he going?

For some time, Ned Land had not spoken of his plans for escape. He talked much less now, and I could see how much he hated this long imprisonment. Whenever he met the captain, Ned’s eyes lit up angrily, and I could feel the violent pain burning inside him.

‘Poor Ned is desperate for the things he cannot have,’ Conseil said to me. ‘He thinks every day of his past life.’

We continued southwards, and before long we began to see ice floating in the water. Ned Land had fished in polar seas before, but this was the first time Conseil and I had seen icebergs. We were amazed by these floating islands, which became bigger and stranger as we sailed on. Sometimes lit brightly by the sun, and sometimes lost in a grey fog of snow, they gave this place an extraordinary beauty.

Captain Nemo guided us cleverly through the ice-fields, which became thicker as we went on, but after a few days, there were no more openings that we could pass through. At first, this did not stop Captain Nemo, and he pushed the *Nautilus* violently forward until the ice broke. But in the end, even the great submarine was defeated. Huge icebergs rose up in front of it, and behind us every opening had closed up. We could not move.

'Well, Professor Aronnax, what do you think of this?' Captain Nemo said to me as we looked out from the platform.

'I think that we are caught, Captain,' I replied. 'Winter is coming here, and the ice will only get thicker.'

'Ah, Professor Aronnax,' said Captain Nemo. 'You are always so quick to see difficulties and problems. The *Nautilus* can get out of this ice easily, and continue southwards.'

'Southwards, Captain?' I asked, looking at him in amazement.

'Yes, Professor Aronnax. We are going to the South Pole!'

'To the Pole?' I repeated, unable to believe what I had heard. Not even the world's bravest explorers had succeeded yet in travelling to the South Pole: surely he was mad to think of trying to reach it?

'We cannot go through these icebergs, so we will go under them instead!' said Captain Nemo. 'They will not reach more than three hundred metres below the surface. And what are three hundred metres to the *Nautilus*?'

If there was water under the ice all the way to the South Pole, the *Nautilus* could do something which no other ship had been able to – and reach the Pole under the water! I could feel the excitement rising in my blood.

At four o'clock that afternoon, a group of the captain's men went out to break the ice around the *Nautilus*, and I heard the submarine's large tanks filling with air. We all went below, and Conseil and I took our place in the lounge.

A few moments later, the *Nautilus* began to sink deep

into the water, and after we had dived about three hundred metres, we began to pass under the bottom of the icebergs.

'I do believe we'll get past them!' cried Conseil, looking up at the mountains of ice above.

'I think we will,' I said.

We continued slowly southwards, sailing on under the icebergs, and Conseil and I, amazed by this wonderful new world around us, stayed at the window late into the night. Finally, at about two in the morning, I went to bed, but I had only just fallen asleep when there was a violent shock which threw me into the middle of my cabin. I felt the *Nautilus* move sharply to one side, and then it went still.

I arrived in the lounge just as Conseil and Ned Land entered.

'What's happened?' I said.

'We've hit an iceberg,' said Ned Land, 'and we're lying on our side. I don't know how the captain will move us off this iceberg, but I'm sure we won't escape as easily as we did in the Torres Strait.'

We waited in the lounge, and after twenty minutes, Captain Nemo came in. His face, normally so calm, was filled with worry.

I asked him the same question I had asked in the Torres Strait: 'Has there been an accident, Captain?'

'Yes, Professor Aronnax,' he said. 'It was the fault of nature, not of my crew. A huge iceberg has turned upside-down. The bottom part of the iceberg lifted us from below as it moved up through the water, but there are more icebergs above. We are trying to sail upwards, and hoping

that the *Nautilus* will move off her side.'

He went out, and in a few moments I could feel the submarine rising through the water. After ten minutes or so, there was a sudden movement. No one spoke. With beating hearts, we watched and felt the *Nautilus* straightening.

She had moved off her side, but when the metal plates on the lounge windows opened a few moments later, we saw that our troubles were not over. On each side of the *Nautilus*, a few metres from us, rose walls of ice. There were walls above and below us, too. We were stuck in a tunnel of ice.

The *Nautilus* started to move forwards, and I guessed that the captain was trying to find a way out. But after a short time, there was a shock from the front of the submarine. Then we started to move backwards.

'What's happening?' said Conseil.

'There's no way out of the front of this tunnel,' I said, 'so the captain is taking us out at the other end.'

I tried to sound more confident than I felt, and when Ned and Conseil got up to go, I stopped them.

'Stay here, my friends,' I said, 'Let's stay together until we are out of this tunnel.'

Some hours passed, and the *Nautilus* still moved backwards. But then we felt another shock, this time from behind. I looked at my companions: our faces were white with fear.

'Is there no way out of the tunnel?' I asked the captain, when he came into the lounge a moment later.

'No, Professor Aronnax.'

'We are trapped, then?'

'Yes. There are two dangers for us now,' he said calmly. 'Firstly, the ice around us may slowly thicken, breaking the *Nautilus* into pieces. Secondly, we will soon have no air. In about three days, our air tanks will be empty.'

'Can we free ourselves from this tunnel in three days, Captain?' I asked.

'We will certainly try,' he said.

'I'm strong, Captain,' said Ned Land at once. 'If I can be useful to you, then I'm happy to help.'

'I won't refuse your help, Mr Land,' said the captain.

While Ned Land went to put on his diving suit and join Captain Nemo's men, Conseil and I watched from the lounge. Captain Nemo had found that the walls of ice on both sides of us were fifteen metres thick, and the iceberg above us was more than four hundred metres high. His men, therefore, began to dig into the bottom of the tunnel, which had the thinnest wall. But even here, ten metres of ice still separated us from the water below.

After two hours' hard work, Ned Land and the first group of men came in exhausted. The captain then sent out a second group, which Conseil and I joined. But in twelve hours, we were only able to dig one metre into the ice below the *Nautilus*, and the air on board was already noticeably thinner. It was becoming hard to breathe. At this speed, we would need to work for five days to get through the ice – and we had only enough air for two and a half.

The next morning, when I went out to dig again, I noticed that the side walls of the tunnel were thickening.



Captain Nemo's men began to dig into the bottom of the tunnel.

By the following day, as we began on the fifth metre of tunnel floor, the ice was only a metre from each side of the *Nautilus*. I touched the captain's hand and showed him the walls of our prison.

When we came back on board, the captain followed me into the lounge.

'Professor Aronnax, we must do something, or the ice walls will soon break us into pieces!'

'How much more air do we have?' I asked him.

Captain Nemo looked into my face. 'After tomorrow, the air tanks will be empty!'

A terrible fear came over me, and already I felt unable to breathe.

'Boiling water!' the captain said suddenly. 'We can pump boiling water onto the walls. That will stop them from thickening! Then perhaps we can dig ourselves out of the tunnel before it closes itself around us.'

'Let's try it,' I said.

In less than an hour, the *Nautilus* was pumping boiling water onto the walls of the ice tunnel. The temperature of the ice rose quickly, and soon the walls around the *Nautilus* were warm enough to stop them from thickening.

'It's working,' I said to the captain, when I came in from digging that afternoon.

'Yes,' he said, 'we're saved from one danger.'

By the next morning, six metres of ice had been dug out, and only four remained. But it was difficult now to breathe on board the *Nautilus*. We were glad when we were sent out to dig, and could use the diving equipment and breathe again. Our arms ached, our hands bled, but we had air – we breathed! We all worked even harder that day, and only two metres of ice now separated us from the sea. But when I went back on board, the *Nautilus* was almost empty of air.

That last night under the ice was the worst night of our lives. There was a terrible pain in our heads, as we tried desperately to breathe. By morning, many of us could not think or move. But Captain Nemo's coolness and control never left him. Only one metre of ice remained by now, and he brought all his men on board, then drove the *Nautilus* up and crashed her hard down onto the floor of the tunnel. It was our last chance.

Suddenly, the ice broke. The *Nautilus* was free at last!

'We are out!' Conseil said softly in my ear.

I could not answer him. I felt the *Nautilus* begin to sail away through the water, but I knew that if we had to go for much longer under the icebergs before we arrived at the open sea, I would be dead. We all desperately needed air. Lying in the library, my face was purple and my lips were blue.

The *Nautilus* was flying through the water at great speed now. Just when I felt that the life was beginning to leave my body, we rose upwards, and the *Nautilus* came to the surface. The hatches were pulled open, and air filled the submarine.

I do not know how I got onto the platform – perhaps Ned Land carried me up there. But I drank in the sea air and the life slowly returned to my body.

'How wonderful this air is!' cried Conseil.

Ned Land did not speak, but he opened his mouth wide enough to frighten a shark.

We could breathe – we were alive.

The Battle of the Giant Squid

I did not see much of Captain Nemo in the weeks after our adventures in the Southern Ocean. I felt he was avoiding me. Before, we had always had long discussions together about the wonders of the underwater world; now, he never visited me in the library when I was studying, and he came no more to the lounge.

The *Nautilus* had turned away from the South Pole now and we were going back to the north through the Atlantic. We travelled at great speed up the coast of South America, but when the Gulf of Mexico came in sight, the *Nautilus* moved many kilometres out into the sea. This was disappointing for Ned Land, who hated our imprisonment more and more. With every day that passed, I could see his face changing, and feel the anger and pain growing inside him.

He, Conseil, and I had talked about his plans for escape many times, and I was beginning to see things differently now. We had been prisoners on board the *Nautilus* for nearly six months, and we had travelled seventeen thousand leagues. It was time for our journey to come to an end. I had made many studies since coming on board the *Nautilus*, and I did not want them to go to the bottom of the sea with me.

A few days later, on 20th April, we were sailing near the Bahamas when there was a sudden shock, and the *Nautilus* came to a stop. As the metal plates on the lounge windows

opened, an extraordinary sight met our eyes: an enormous monster, eight metres long, with eyes the size of dinner plates. Its eight legs, each twice as long as its body, were reaching out towards the *Nautilus*.

'A giant squid!' I cried.

Captain Nemo came into the lounge a few moments later with one of his men. He did not speak to us, but went straight to the windows and then said something to the sailor.

'Is there a problem, Captain?' I asked.

'We've met a group of giant squid,' Captain Nemo replied. 'One has caught its leg in our propeller.'

'What are you going to do?' I asked.

'Rise to the surface and kill these creatures,' he said.

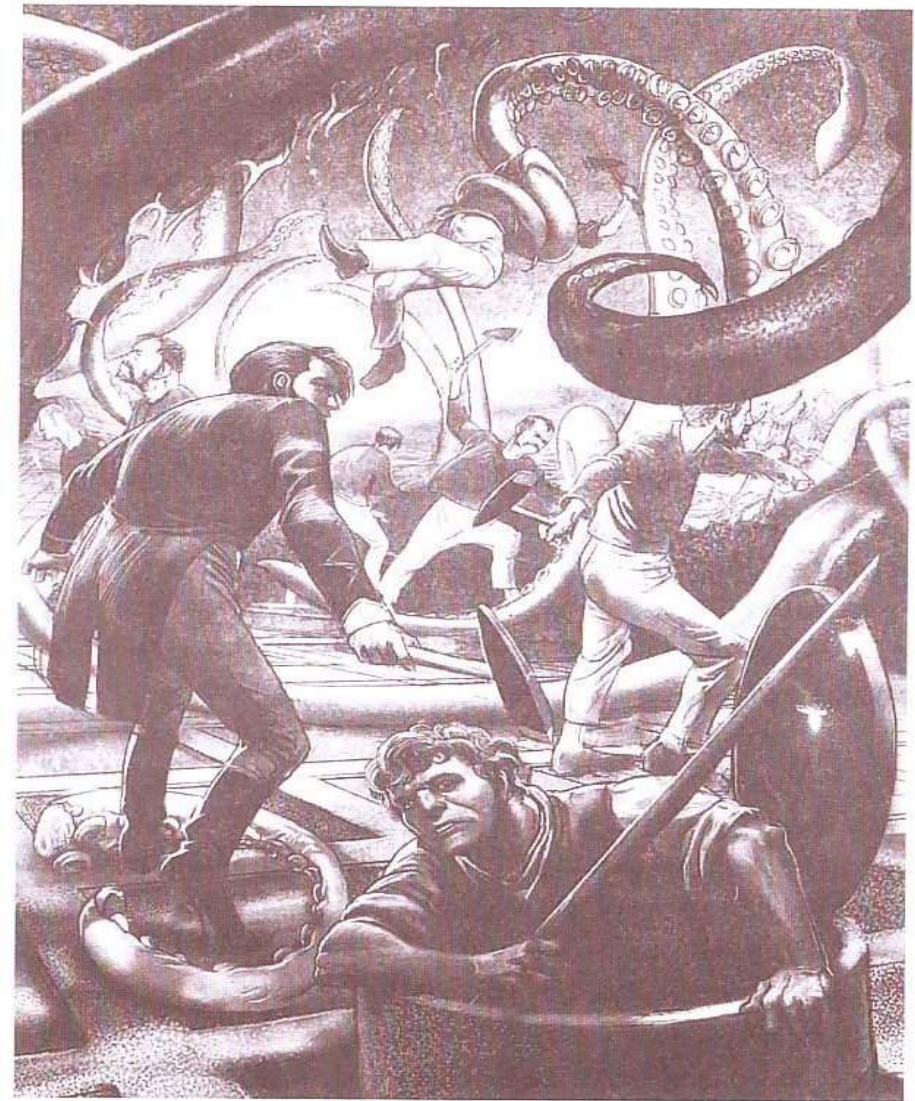
'That won't be easy.'

'No,' he said. 'Our electric guns are powerless against them because of their soft skin. So we shall attack them with axes instead.'

'And the harpoon, Captain,' said Ned, 'if you will accept my help?'

'Gladly, Mr Land.'

We followed Captain Nemo to the central stairs, where ten men were waiting with axes for the attack. Conseil and I were given an axe each, and Ned Land took up his harpoon. When the *Nautilus* had risen to the surface, the captain opened the hatches. At once, the leg of a giant squid slid through the opening. With one movement, Captain Nemo cut off its leg, but as we pushed our way up onto the platform, it brought another leg down towards us and lifted one of the captain's men into the air.



As we pushed our way up onto the platform, the giant squid lifted one of the captain's men into the air.

Captain Nemo ran out onto the platform, and we hurried after him. What a sight! The poor man was held in mid-air, crying out for help, as several more giant squid climbed onto the sides of the *Nautilus*. Captain Nemo attacked the legs of the first creature while the rest of us fought desperately against the others.

I thought for a moment that the squid which held the sailor was going to drop him, but as Captain Nemo attacked it, a stream of black ink came from its body. We were blinded for a few seconds, and when the black cloud cleared, the giant squid was gone, and the sailor, too. Ten or twelve giant squid now moved onto the platform and sides of the *Nautilus*, and blood and ink rained down on us as we fought violently with them.

At one moment, Ned Land was knocked to the floor by one of the creatures, and it reached down quickly to lift him away. But Captain Nemo saw at once what was happening, and like lightning he buried his axe between the two eyes of the monster while Ned Land jumped to his feet and pushed his harpoon deep into the squid's heart.

Finally, the monsters disappeared under the water. Captain Nemo, covered with blood, looked out at the sea that had taken one of his sailors, and tears filled his eyes.

The awful cries of that poor sailor rang in my ears. What a death! It was the second companion that Captain Nemo had lost since we had been on board, and we did not see him for some time after that. But we felt his sadness in the movements of the *Nautilus*, which for ten days floated aimlessly around in the sea, moving nowhere.

Captain Nemo's Revenge

On 1st May, the *Nautilus* continued northwards once more. We saw many ships now, sailing between New York City or Boston and the Gulf of Mexico, but the weather was bad and the sea was rough.

'Professor Aronnax,' Ned said to me one day, 'this has to end. Captain Nemo is moving away from land now and going north. But I had enough of the South Pole, and I will not follow him to the North Pole.'

'What can we do, Ned?' I said. 'The weather is not good enough for an escape.'

'I want you to speak to the captain,' he replied. 'Soon we will pass close to the land where I come from, and when I think of that, it breaks my heart. I cannot stay here! I would rather throw myself in the sea!'

'But I never see the captain now,' I said. 'He avoids me.'

'Then you must go and find him, Professor Aronnax.'

I went to the captain's cabin, and knocked at the door. There was no answer. I knocked again, then pushed the door open. Captain Nemo was there, working at his desk, and he looked up crossly when he saw me.

'What do you want, Professor Aronnax?' he said. 'I'm busy; I'm working. Can you not give me the same freedom to be alone that I give you?'

'I need to speak to you, Captain,' I said. 'I'm afraid it cannot wait. My companions and I have been here on board

for six months now and we need to know what your plans for us are. Are you going to keep us here for ever?’

‘Professor Aronnax,’ Captain Nemo replied. ‘I told you six months ago that no one who enters the *Nautilus* can ever leave it. I have nothing more to say to you.’

When I had left his cabin, I went to find Ned Land and Conseil.

‘We know now that we can expect nothing from this man,’ said Ned, when I had repeated the captain’s words. ‘We must escape as soon as we have a chance.’

But a terrible storm soon sent us eastwards, and all hope of escape on the shores of New York or St Lawrence was lost. We continued sailing in a north-east direction, and by 1st June, we were some distance from the coast of Britain.

The *Nautilus* came to the surface of the sea that day, and as it did, I heard a loud noise. I hurried up to the platform, and found Conseil and Ned Land already there.

Looking out across the sea, I saw a ship. It was about ten kilometres away, and it was coming towards us.

‘It’s a warship,’ said Ned, ‘and it’s shooting. I hope it comes close and sinks this hateful *Nautilus*.’

‘But why are they shooting at us?’ I cried. ‘Can’t they see that there are people on the platform?’

‘Professor Aronnax,’ replied Ned Land, ‘after the *Nautilus*’ battle with the *Abraham Lincoln* in the Pacific, everyone must now know that the “monster” is a submarine and not a narwhal. Ships on every sea are probably hunting for us.’

At that moment, Captain Nemo appeared on the platform,

white-faced. The ship had moved closer now, and as shots landed around the *Nautilus*, he cried at me, ‘Go down, you and your companions, go down!’

‘Captain,’ I said, ‘you’re not going to attack this ship?’

‘Professor Aronnax, I am going to sink it.’

‘You will not do that!’ I cried.

‘I shall,’ he replied. ‘The attack has begun. Go down!’

As I arrived in my cabin, the *Nautilus* began to move at speed away from the ship, and for the next few hours we sailed forwards and then waited, again and again. By about four in the afternoon, I could stay in my cabin no more, and I went up to the platform. The captain was walking up and down, looking at the ship, which was still following us.

‘Where is this ship from?’ I asked him.

‘You don’t know?’ he said. ‘Well, good. It’s better that it remains a secret from you. It’s a ship from the country that I hate. The country that took from me everything I loved – my wife, my children, my father, and my mother. I saw them all die!’

Now I understood that Captain Nemo had been looking for revenge as well as an escape from society in his adventures under the sea. And I knew that my companions and I had to leave the *Nautilus* as soon as possible. We could not be part of this terrible attack that he was planning.

Night arrived, and there was deep silence on board the *Nautilus*. I went up onto the platform at three in the morning, my heart heavy with worry. Captain Nemo was still there. The warship was a few kilometres from us, and he did not take his eyes from it.

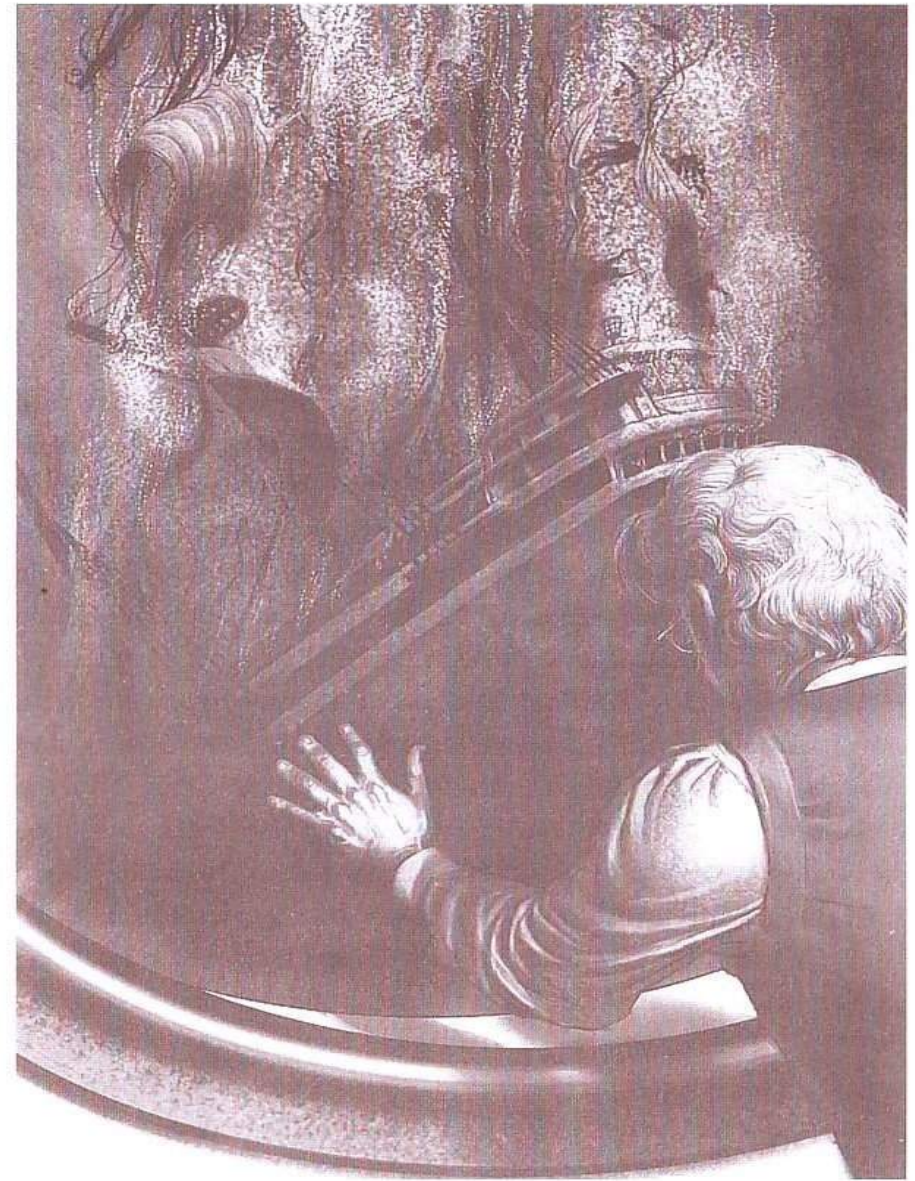
When daylight came, the warship began shooting again, and at once the *Nautilus* slowly sank beneath the surface. Captain Nemo was preparing to attack.

My companions and I went to my cabin. We looked at each other without speaking, and as we waited, the *Nautilus* began to move faster and faster, until it was shaking. There was a shock, followed by the most terrible noise of metal breaking and crashing.

Immediately, I ran from my cabin to the lounge. Captain Nemo was there, looking through the window. Ten metres away, I saw the open side of the warship, where the *Nautilus* had hit it. Water was running into it, and there was a noise like thunder. Through the lounge's windows I saw the poor sailors crowding onto the top of the ship, or falling into the water, and as I watched, the ship slowly sank beneath the surface.

Captain Nemo went to his cabin and I stood unable to move, unable to breathe. Through his open door I saw the picture of a woman, still young, and two little children. Captain Nemo looked at them for a few moments, reached out his arms towards them, and kneeling down, began to cry loudly.

Night came, and I went to my cabin but could not sleep. The terrible pictures of that day would not leave my head. I felt horror at what Captain Nemo had done. However much he had been hurt, I did not believe he should punish other people in this way.



As I watched, the ship slowly sank beneath the surface.

For the next few days, we travelled northwards at great speed. I saw nothing of Captain Nemo or his crew, and the *Nautilus* was underwater almost all the time, coming up only for air. The instruments in the lounge had been turned off, and we had no way of knowing where we were.

One morning, in the early hours, I awoke and saw Ned Land standing in front of me.

‘We’re going to escape,’ he said in a low voice. ‘Tonight, at ten o’clock. I saw land this morning through the fog. It was about thirty kilometres to the east.’

‘What country is it?’

‘I don’t know,’ he said. ‘The sea is rough, the wind violent, but thirty kilometres in that little boat doesn’t frighten me. If they follow, I’ll fight them.’

‘We will die together, friend Ned,’ I said.

As I waited for that long day to pass, I thought of all the wonderful and terrible things that had happened during our time on board the *Nautilus*: the hunt in the Crespo forest and our adventures in the Torres Strait; the fight with the shark and our imprisonment in the ice; and then the battle with the giant squid, and the terrible sinking of the warship. In my thoughts, Captain Nemo seemed to grow in size. He became not just another human being, but an ocean creature, a ghost of the seas.

Just before ten o’clock, I dressed myself in warm clothes, and collected my notes. I had arranged to meet my companions at the small boat, but as I went quietly towards the central stairs, my heart beating, I suddenly heard Captain

Nemo’s voice. I stopped at once and turned to see him through the open door of the library, sitting at a desk, tears running down his face.

As I watched, he took his head in his hands and cried in a voice full of pain, ‘Enough! Enough!’

I ran desperately up the central stairs to the small boat, and found Ned Land and Conseil waiting for me.

‘Let’s go! Let’s go!’ I cried.

As Ned quickly undid the fastenings that held the small boat to the submarine, we heard a voice from inside calling loudly. Had they discovered our escape?

No: we heard just one terrible word again and again.

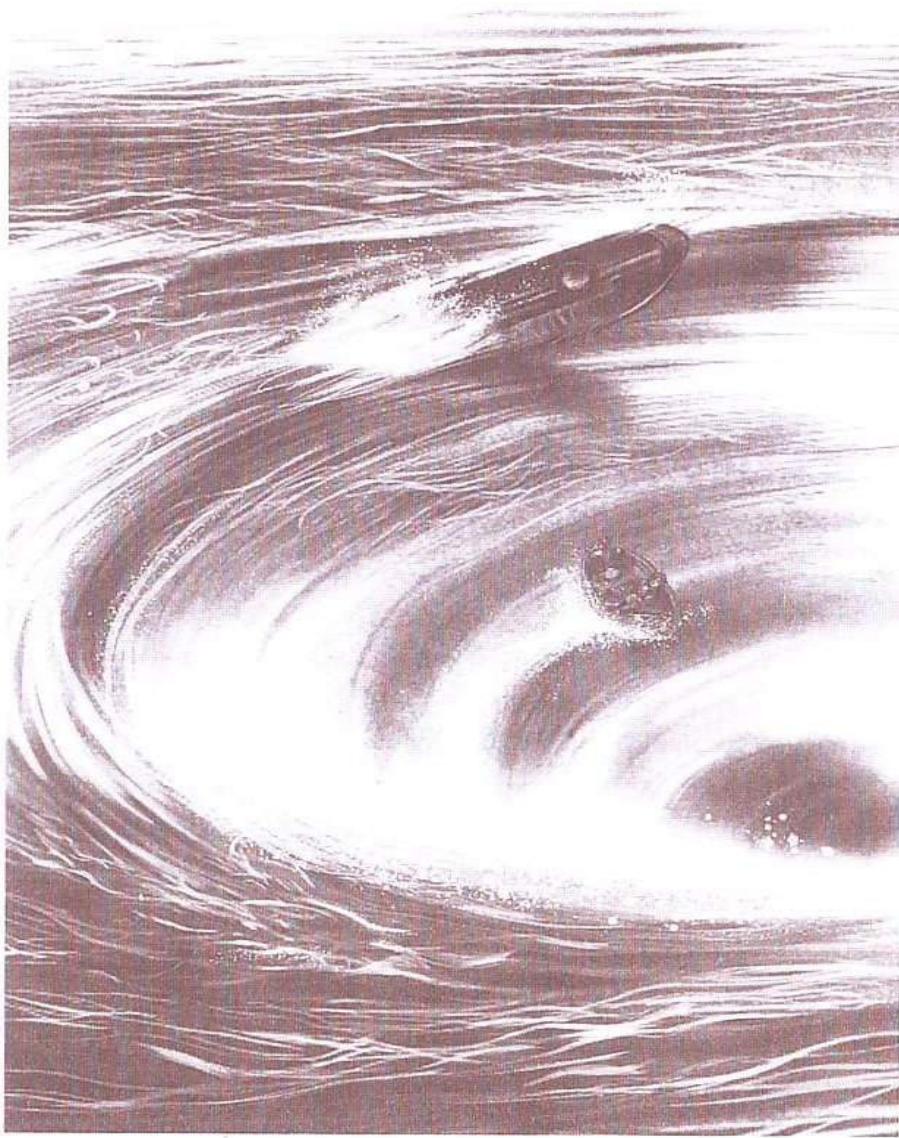
‘The maelstrom! The maelstrom!’ voices were shouting.

We knew that we must be near the coast of Norway – in that terrible place where the waters between the islands of Ferroe and Lofoten run violently together, making an enormous whirlpool from which, some say, no ship ever escapes. Had the captain chosen to bring the *Nautilus* here, or had we arrived here by chance?

We were still fastened to the side of the *Nautilus*, and we now began to move wildly down into the whirlpool. There was a deafening noise as the waters broke on the sharp rocks at the bottom, and we heard the iron body of the *Nautilus* bending and breaking.

‘Don’t let go of the *Nautilus*!’ cried Ned. ‘Perhaps we will be saved if we can stay with her!’

But his words were lost in a terrible crashing noise, as the fastenings of the small boat broke away, and we were thrown like a stone into the middle of the whirlpool.



We were thrown like a stone into the middle of the whirlpool.

That is all I remember. What happened that night – how Ned Land, Conseil, and I came out of the whirlpool, I cannot say.

When I became conscious, I was lying in the little wooden house of a fisherman. My two companions were near me, holding my hands.

We have been on the island of Lofoten for four weeks, waiting for the monthly ship from Norway to France. As we prepare now to leave, I look back again at the pages I have written about our adventures on the *Nautilus*. Will anyone believe me? I do not know. In nine months, I have travelled 20,000 leagues on this underwater tour of the world, which has shown me so many extraordinary things.

But where is the *Nautilus*? Is Captain Nemo still alive, and will I ever know what turned him against the world and sent him looking for revenge at the bottom of the sea? I hope that the *Nautilus* survived the pressures of the maelstrom. And if it has, I hope that the many wonders of the sea will at last put an end to the terrible hate that burns in the heart of Captain Nemo!

GLOSSARY

- amazed** (*adj*) very surprised
amazement (*n*) great surprise
arrow (*n*) a long, thin piece of wood with a sharp end
attack (*v*) to start fighting somebody or something
axe (*n*) a piece of metal with a sharp edge fixed to a wooden handle
boiling (*adj*) very hot
bow (*n*) a piece of wood with a thin rope between the two ends, used to send arrows through the air.
cabin (*n*) a small bedroom on a ship or submarine
coral (*n*) a type of sea creature that looks like a plant
creature (*n*) any living thing that is not a plant
crew (*n*) all the people who work on a ship or an aeroplane
deck (*n*) the top outside floor of a ship or boat
dive (*v*) to jump into water with your arms and head first; to go to a deeper level under the water
enormous (*adj*) very big
equipment (*n*) special things that you need for doing something
expedition (*n*) a journey to find or do something special
explore (*v*) to travel around a new place to learn about it
flatten (*v*) to make something flat
float (*v*) to move slowly on water or in the air
government (*n*) the group of people who control a country
harpoon (*n*) a piece of metal fixed to a long rope and thrown by hand or shot from a gun; it is used for catching large sea creatures
hatch (*n*) a door in an aeroplane or submarine
huge (*adj*) very big
hunt (*v* & *n*) to chase animals to kill them

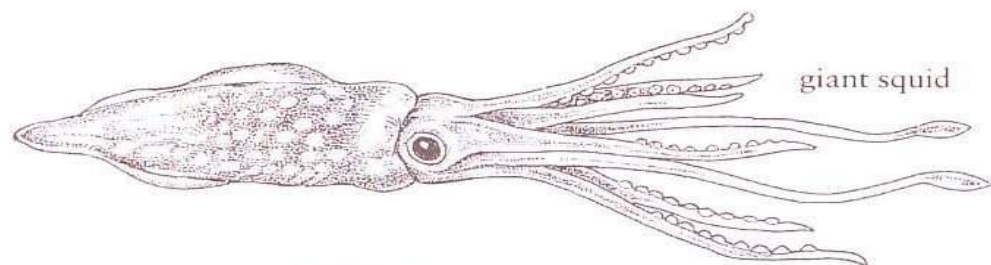
- iceberg** (*n*) a very big piece of ice in the sea
imprisonment (*n*) being in a prison
ink (*n*) coloured liquid for writing
instrument (*n*) something that you use in a car, aeroplane, or ship to see how far, fast, etc. you are going
iron (*n*) a strong, hard metal
kangaroo (*n*) an animal that jumps on its strong back legs and carries its babies in a pocket on its front
knot (*n*) a way of measuring speed in ships and submarines; 1 knot = 1.9 km/hr
league (*n*) a way of measuring distance at sea; 1 league = 5.6 km
lounge (*n*) a room where people sit together and read or talk, for example
master (*n*) a man who has people in his control
monster (*n*) an animal that is big, ugly, and frightening
natural history (*n*) the study of plants and animals
net (*n*) a piece of material with holes in it, used for catching fish
ocean (*n*) a very big sea
on board (*adv*) on or onto a ship, train, bus, or aeroplane
pearl (*n*) a small round white thing that grows inside the shell of an oyster; it is valuable and used for making rings, bracelets, and other jewellery.
pile (*n*) a lot of things on top of one another
polar (*adj*) around the North Pole and the South Pole
powerful (*adj*) very strong
pressure (*n*) When one thing pushes on something else, it makes pressure.
professor (*n*) a university teacher of the highest level
propeller (*n*) a part that turns round very fast to make a ship or aeroplane move
pump (*v*) to make water, air, gas, etc. move somewhere
scientist (*n*) a person who studies science (natural things)

- seabed** (*n*) the floor of the sea
- shell** (*n*) the hard outside part of eggs and of some animals
- shoal** (*n*) a large group of fish that swim together
- shock** (*n*) a violent shaking movement caused by hitting something; a sudden pain when electricity goes through your body
- shocked** (*adj*) angry or surprised in a bad way
- shore** (*n*) the land next to the sea or a lake
- sink** (*v*) to go down under water
- society** (*n*) a large group of people who live in the same country and have the same ideas about how to live
- steer** (*v*) to make a car, boat, bicycle, etc. go left or right
- stream** (*n*) moving liquid (milk, oil, water, etc.) or gas
- submarine** (*n*) a ship that can travel under the water
- surface** (*n*) the top of water; the outside part of something
- tank** (*n*) a large container for holding liquid (milk, oil, water, etc.) or gas
- tide** (*n*) the movement of the sea towards and away from the land
- treasure** (*n*) gold, silver, jewellery (bracelets, rings, etc.), or other things that are worth a lot of money
- tunnel** (*n*) a long hole under the ground or sea
- whirlpool** (*n*) a place in a river or the sea where the water moves very quickly round in a circle
- wreck** (*n*) a ship that has sunk or been very badly damaged

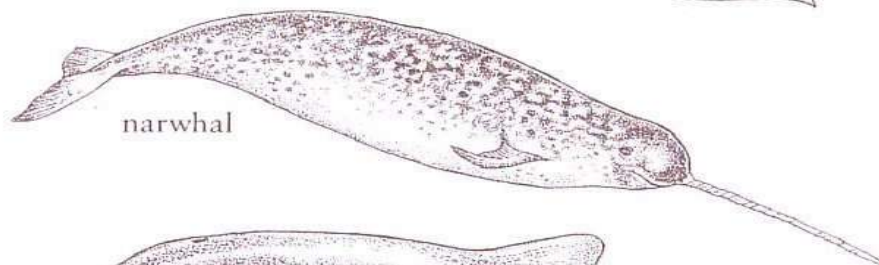
STORY NOTES

- Boston** in the eighteenth century, one of the largest towns in North America
- Cape Horn** the land at the southern edge of South America, where the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans meet
- electricity** In the late eighteenth century, the use of electricity for lights and motors was very new and still unusual.
- Gulf of Mexico** an area in the Atlantic Ocean on the coast of North America which has land almost all around it
- maelstrom** a powerful whirlpool; the maelstrom near Norway's Lofoten islands is one of the most famous in the world
- Mediterranean** a sea that lies between Europe and Africa, with land almost all around it; it goes into the Atlantic Ocean
- Red Sea** a long narrow sea between Africa and Asia which goes into the Indian Ocean
- South Pole** The South Pole is the place on Earth that is furthest south. It lies on the continent of Antarctica, and the ice there is 2,700 metres thick. In the nineteenth century, many expeditions tried to reach the South Pole, but they were unsuccessful; the first person to arrive there was Roald Amundsen in 1911.
- St Lawrence** a river that goes from the Atlantic coast of Canada to the Great Lakes of North America
- Strait of Gibraltar** a narrow waterway that goes between Gibraltar and Spain to the north and North Africa to the south; it joins the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea
- Suez Canal** a narrow man-made waterway that was built between 1859 and 1869 to join the Mediterranean and the Red Sea
- Torres Strait** a narrow waterway in the Pacific Ocean between Australia and New Guinea

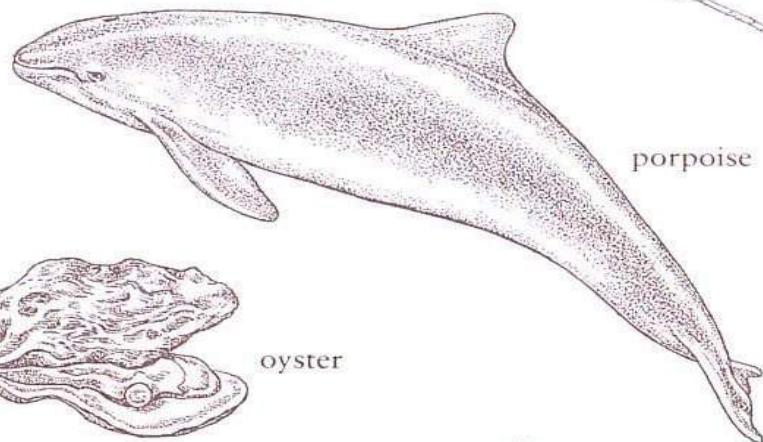
SEA CREATURES IN THIS STORY



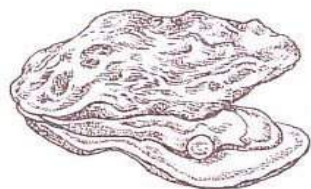
giant squid



narwhal



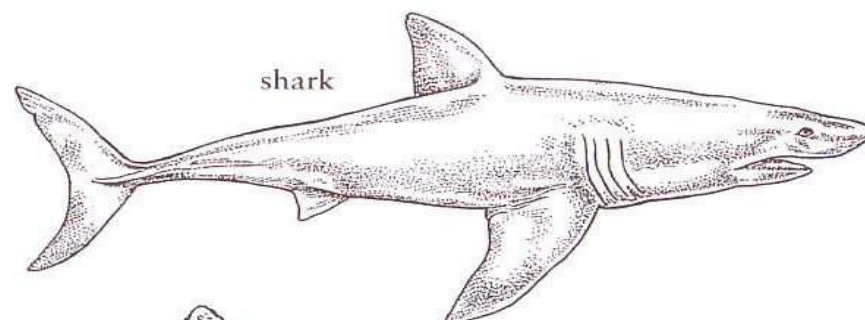
porpoise



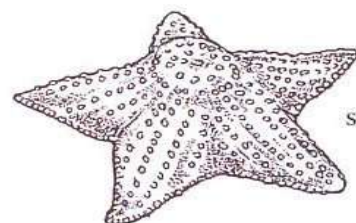
oyster



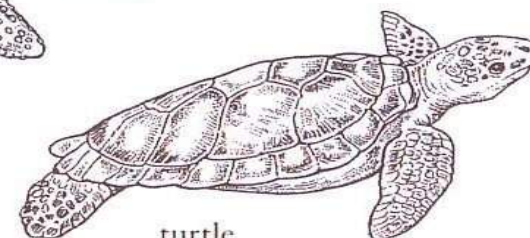
sea otter



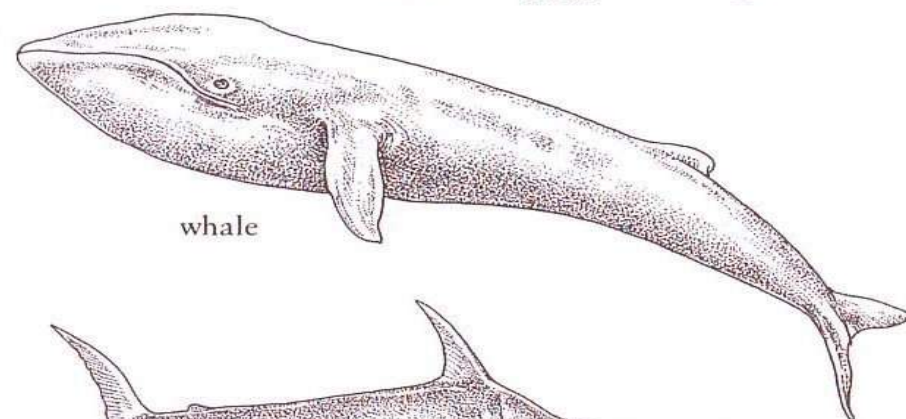
shark



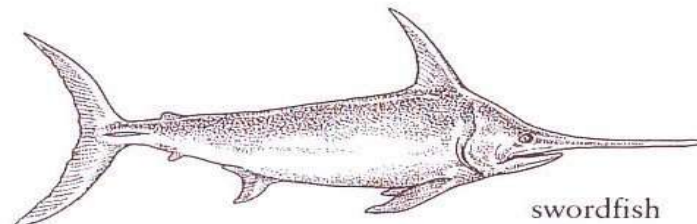
starfish



turtle



whale



swordfish

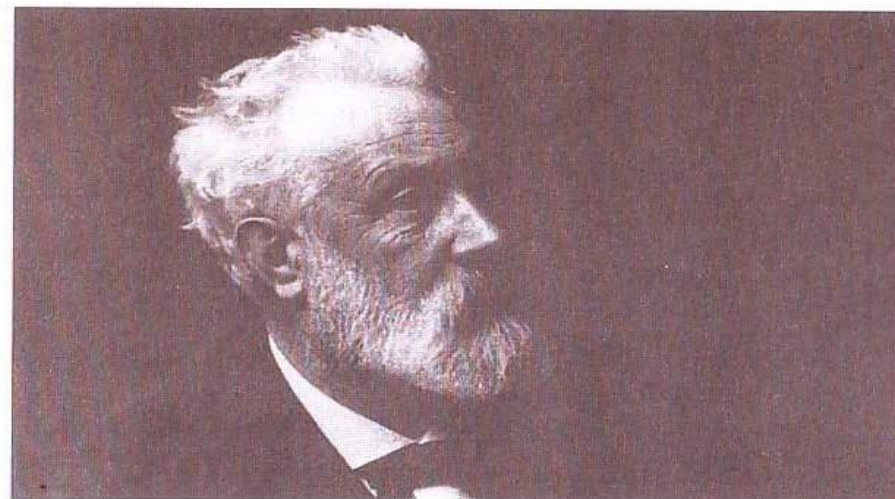
ABOUT THE WORLD'S OCEANS

The world's five oceans cover about seventy per cent of the surface of the Earth, and contain ninety-seven per cent of our water. The largest of the five oceans is the Pacific, which (at more than 150 million square kilometres) covers more of the world's surface than all the land put together.

The polar Southern and Arctic Oceans are much smaller. In the winter, large areas of these oceans are covered with ice, but in the summer months, some of the ice melts and breaks up. Here, and in the north of the Atlantic Ocean, too, you can see enormous icebergs. The Atlantic lies in an S-shape with Africa and Europe to the east, and America to the west. It is only a little larger than the Indian Ocean, which lies south of Asia, between Africa and Australia.

The oceans give us food, and have for years allowed us to travel and move things around the world. They control our weather, make the clouds that give us water, and clean our air. The oceans are home to the biggest animal in the world, the blue whale, and to some of the smallest, too. Scientists already know that there are more than one million different species of plant and animal in the world's oceans, but they believe that there may be as many as nine million that we have not discovered yet. The oceans are very important for us – but humans have explored less than ten per cent of them!

ABOUT JULES VERNE



Jules Gabriel Verne is the second most translated author in the world. He wrote more than seventy books, which have been translated into 140 different languages.

Verne was born in 1828 in Nantes, France, and began to write short stories and poetry while still at school. In 1847, he went to Paris to study law, but while there he fell in love with the theatre. He began writing plays and short stories, and from 1852 until 1855 worked as a secretary at the Théâtre Lyrique.

Verne did not have a lot of success with his plays, but in September 1862, he met the publisher Pierre-Jules Hetzel, who agreed to publish his adventure story *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. It became an international bestseller, and over the next ten years, Verne wrote many of his most famous stories, including *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1864), *From the Earth to the Moon* (1865), and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1873).

Verne went on to work with Hetzel as his publisher for the next forty years.

Verne had married Honorine de Viane in 1857, and they had a son, Michel, in 1861. He bought a small ship and began sailing to many European countries, also visiting the United States in 1867. No doubt, expeditions at this time to the North and South Poles and across the Arctic Ocean, as well as Verne's own travels, gave him many ideas for the story *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, which was published in France in 1870.

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea caught people's imagination: several films have been made of the story, most famously a 1954 movie with James Mason. There have also been radio and theatre shows and cartoons.

The later part of Jules Verne's life was sometimes difficult, and his works during these years were darker than his earlier writing. He had problems with money and disagreements with his son, and was left with a life-long leg injury after an attack in 1886. He died in 1905 in Amiens, France.

Many people think of Jules Verne as the 'father of science fiction'. He wrote about exciting developments like deep-sea exploration long before these things were really possible, and his stories of travel and adventure were also full of clever scientific, historical, and geographical details. 'Anything one man can imagine, other men can make real,' he once wrote.

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

ACTIVITIES

publisher (*n*) a person or company that makes books

science fiction (*n*) stories about things like life in the future

translate (*v*) to change what somebody has said or written in one language to another language

ACTIVITIES

Before Reading

1 Match the words below to their meanings.

attack
expedition
knot
league
ocean

- 1 a journey to find something
- 2 a way of measuring distance
- 3 to fight someone or something
- 4 a very big sea
- 5 a way of measuring speed

2 Look at the title, front cover, and back cover.

- 1 *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* was written by _____.
- 2 The main characters are Professor _____ and Captain _____.
- 3 The story begins in the year _____.
- 4 People think that there is a _____ in the oceans.

3 Choose the best answer. Is *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*...

- 1 a love story?
- 2 a story of mystery and adventure?
- 3 a true story from many years ago?

ACTIVITIES

While Reading

Read Chapter 1. Match the dates below with the sentences.

20th July 1866 23rd July 1866 March 1867 July 1867

- 1 The *Scotia* is hit by a large object.
- 2 The monster is seen in the Pacific Ocean, soon after a sighting near Australia.
- 3 The monster is seen in the North Pacific, and the *Abraham Lincoln* prepares to sail from New York.
- 4 The monster is seen near Australia.

Now answer the questions about people in the story.

Who...

- 1 has a job at the Museum of Natural History?
- 2 works for a professor?
- 3 is responsible for the crew of the *Abraham Lincoln*?

Read Chapter 2. Complete the sentences with numbers.

- 1 Captain Farragut offers \$_____ to the first person who sees the monster.
- 2 Ned Land is about _____ years old.
- 3 By 4th November in the evening, the *Abraham Lincoln* is _____ kilometres from the coast of Japan.
- 4 The monster is about _____ metres long.
- 5 When Ned Land's harpoon hits the monster, the *Abraham Lincoln* is about _____ metres away from it.

Read Chapter 3. Choose the best word to complete the questions, and then answer them.

What / Who / Where

- 1 _____ saves Professor Aronnax when he falls into the sea?
- 2 _____ is the floating island made of?
- 3 _____ do the eight men take their prisoners?
- 4 _____ does the short man bring to them?
- 5 _____ is the name of Professor Aronnax's book?
- 6 _____ is the fine-looking man with the straight nose?

Read Chapter 4. Correct the underlined word in each sentence to make the sentences true.

- 1 All the food on board the *Nautilus* comes from the land.
- 2 There are seven thousand books in the library.
- 3 There are some control instruments on the wall in Captain Nemo's room, and in the library, too.
- 4 The *Nautilus* is powered by fire.

Which four of these things does Professor Aronnax see when he goes to the Island of Crespo?

- 1 a giant squid
- 2 two sharks
- 3 rocks
- 4 shells
- 5 porpoises
- 6 oysters
- 7 a sea otter
- 8 a shipwreck

Read Chapter 5. Match the sentence halves.

- 1 While the *Nautilus* is in the Torres Strait, ...
 - 2 Because they want to find some meat, ...
 - 3 While they are eating, ...
 - 4 When they row back to the *Nautilus*, ...
 - 5 At exactly twenty to three, ...
- a some island men begin to attack them.
 - b the men follow them.
 - c Professor Aronnax and his companions go to Gilboa.
 - d the tide lifts the *Nautilus* off the rocks.
 - e it hits some rocks.

Read Chapter 6. Put the events in order.

- 1 Professor Aronnax and his companions go to Manaar Island.
- 2 Captain Nemo buries one of his men.
- 3 Captain Nemo thanks Ned Land.
- 4 Professor Aronnax goes to see a wounded man.
- 5 Captain Nemo saves a poor fisherman.
- 6 The captain locks Professor Aronnax, Ned Land, and Conseil in a cabin.

Read Chapter 7. Complete the sentences with the place names below.

Greece the Mediterranean Suez Vigo Bay

- 1 At _____, the captain collects treasure from wrecks.
- 2 At _____, Captain Nemo takes the boat into a tunnel.
- 3 In _____, the *Nautilus* stays away from the coast.
- 4 Near _____, men from the *Nautilus* take gold to the shore.

Read Chapter 8. Are the sentences true or false?

- 1 Ned Land talks all the time about escaping from the *Nautilus*.
- 2 Ned Land has never seen icebergs before.
- 3 Professor Aronnax does not want to be alone in the lounge when the *Nautilus* gets stuck in the ice.
- 4 Captain Nemo's men have to dig through fifteen metres of ice.
- 5 When they pump boiling water onto the ice tunnel, the walls stop thickening.

Read Chapter 9. Answer the questions with Ned Land, Nemo, or Aronnax.

Who...

- 1 feels angry and disappointed?
- 2 is finally ready to escape?
- 3 cuts off the leg of a giant squid?
- 4 is knocked to the floor by a giant squid?
- 5 is very sad after the fight with the squid?

Read Chapter 10. Choose the correct words to complete the sentences.

- 1 Professor Aronnax and his companions cannot escape to America because of a *storm / warship*.
- 2 A warship attacks the *Nautilus* near *New York City / Britain*.
- 3 Ned Land thinks that everyone has forgotten / *is looking for the Nautilus*.
- 4 *Captain Nemo / Professor Aronnax* knows where the warship was from.
- 5 Professor Aronnax and his companions escape to *France / an island in Norway*.

ACTIVITIES

After Reading

Vocabulary

1 Put the words in the correct group.

things you can find in a boat/submarine

things you can find in the ocean

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------|----------------|
| 1 cabin | 5 whirlpool | 9 oyster |
| 2 narwhal | 6 propeller | 10 instruments |
| 3 iceberg | 7 lounge | 11 shark |
| 4 deck | 8 coral | 12 crew |

2 Complete the sentences with the words below.

axe expedition pearl tunnel whirlpool

- 1 Captain Nemo uses an _____ to attack the giant squid.
- 2 The *Nautilus* enters the Mediterranean through a _____.
- 3 Captain Nemo invites Professor Aronnax on an _____ to the forest of the Island of Crespo.
- 4 One day Captain Nemo shows Professor Aronnax an enormous _____ that he had found in the oyster beds.
- 5 Professor Aronnax wonders whether the *Nautilus* has been lost in the _____.

Grammar

- 1 Complete the sentences in the second conditional. Use the words in brackets.

'If the *Nautilus* (come) close to the coast, I (swim) to the shore.'

'If the Nautilus came close to the coast, I would swim to the shore.'

- 1 'If I (see) a whale now, I (kill) it with my harpoon.'
 - 2 'If my master (fall) in the sea, I (jump) in after him.'
 - 3 'If I (have) a collection of shells and sea creatures like this, I (never leave) the room.'
 - 4 'If we (attack) this strange monster in the darkness, my ship (be) in danger.'
 - 5 'If I (allow) you to go back on land, you (tell) everyone about the *Nautilus*.'
- 2 Choose the correct words to complete the sentences.
- 1 Ned Land desperately wants *escaping / to escape* from the *Nautilus*.
 - 2 Professor Aronnax enjoys *walking / to walk* on the platform of the *Nautilus* every day.
 - 3 Captain Nemo avoids *meeting / to meet* Professor Aronnax after the battle with the giant squid.
 - 4 The crew of the *Abraham Lincoln* hopes *finding / to find* the monster in the Pacific Ocean.

Reading

- 1 Who is saying these things, and where are they? Choose the correct person, and write the place.

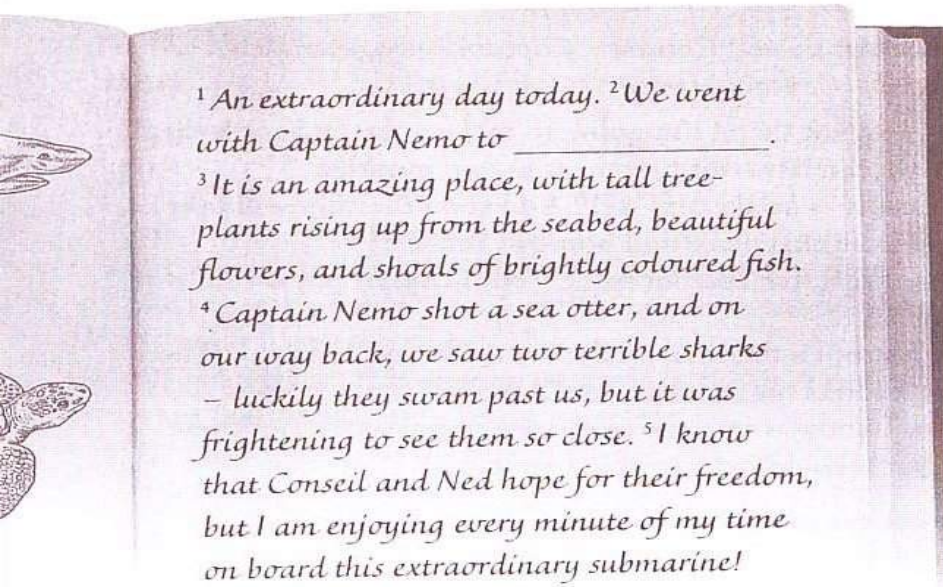
Professor Aronnax Conseil Captain Farragut
Ned Land Captain Nemo

- 1 'Yes, I've got them! I'm going to make a fire and cook them, and we can have our first meat in two months!'
 - 2 'At last he is awake and well! And soon the ship will take us away from this place and home to France.'
 - 3 'I want to catch that monster – but I cannot put the crew in danger.'
 - 4 'I'll just open the shell and show Professor Aronnax. There it is; it looks bigger than ever!'
 - 5 'Now I know where all his money comes from. But these treasures could help so many people.'
- 2 Complete the sentences with words from the story.

It is 1867, and people believe that there is a _____ in the ocean which is attacking ships. But as Professor Aronnax soon discovers, a _____ called the *Nautilus* is causing the trouble. He and his companions are taken prisoner on board, and have some extraordinary adventures. They go hunting on an _____ where they are attacked by men with stones and _____; they try to reach the _____ and have to dig their way out of a tunnel made of _____; they watch a fisherman diving for _____ and then help to save him from a _____; and at last they escape from the *Nautilus* but are nearly drowned in a terrible _____.

Writing

- 1 Read Professor Aronnax's diary entry and complete the gap.



¹ An extraordinary day today. ² We went with Captain Nemo to _____.
³ It is an amazing place, with tall tree-plants rising up from the seabed, beautiful flowers, and shoals of brightly coloured fish.
⁴ Captain Nemo shot a sea otter, and on our way back, we saw two terrible sharks – luckily they swam past us, but it was frightening to see them so close. ⁵ I know that Conseil and Ned hope for their freedom, but I am enjoying every minute of my time on board this extraordinary submarine!

- 2 Which sentence of the diary entry answers each question below? Write the correct number.
- Where did Professor Aronnax and his companions go for the day?
 - What were the main events of the day?
 - What was the place they went to like?
 - How is Professor Aronnax feeling at the moment?
 - What was his opinion of the day?
- 3 You are going to write an entry in Professor Aronnax's diary for the day on Gilboa Island or on Manaar Island.
- Choose a place and answer the questions in exercise 2.
 - Now write the diary entry, using your answers.

Speaking

- 1 Professor Aronnax, Ned Land, and Conseil are discussing escaping from the *Nautilus*. Put the conversation in order. Then roleplay the conversation in groups of three.
- Yes, but on the other hand, the crew are busy with their man who is ill, and probably won't notice us.
 - Well, that's as may be, but the weather isn't good for rowing to shore.
 - Ned Land has a point there, Master. It's possible that we won't come back near the coast again.
 - In my opinion, we should wait for a little. If we're patient, perhaps Captain Nemo will release us anyway.
 - If you ask me, we should try to escape tonight.
 - He's absolutely right, Master. I went up on the platform a while ago and there was nobody there.
 - I don't think so. And this may be our only chance to escape. What do you think, Conseil?
- 2 Underline the words and phrases in exercise 1 that...
- give opinions
 - show disagreement
 - show agreement
- 3 Think of arguments for the discussion below, and roleplay it, using words and phrases in exercise 1.
- Professor Aronnax, Ned Land, and Conseil are returning home from Norway. Professor Aronnax does not want to tell anyone about Captain Nemo and the *Nautilus*, but Ned Land does. Conseil agrees with parts of both their arguments.

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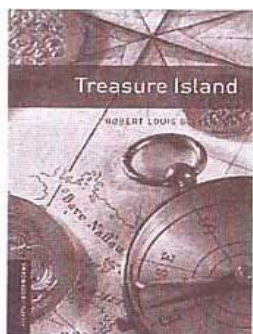
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