

Zadanie maturalne

4 Przeczytaj tekst. Z podanych odpowiedzi A–D wybierz właściwą, zgodną z treścią tekstu.

1 Why did Henry spend a night in the castle?

- A To prove that ghosts exist.
- B Because he wanted to see a ghost.
- C Because it only cost twenty pounds.
- D To win a bet.

2 Before going to sleep, Henry

- A tried to catch a mouse.
- B looked for things to make himself comfortable.
- C heard a noise at the door.
- D switched off all the lights in the castle.

3 The ghost attacked Henry because

- A he was annoyed to find someone in his bedroom.
- B he loved frightening people whenever possible.
- C he felt scared when he saw someone in the room.
- D he didn't know where to hide from people.

4 What did Henry think of the ghost?

- A He was dull.
- B He was polite.
- C He was fascinating.
- D He was frightening.

5 What is the purpose of this text?

- A To attract visitors to Glamis Castle.
- B To prove ghosts exist.
- C To describe what life is like for ghosts.
- D To tell an entertaining story.

5 W parach odpowiedzcie na pytania.

If you had to spend the night in a haunted house,

- 1 who would you like to go with you? Why?
- 2 what objects would you take with you? Why?
- 3 what would/wouldn't you do during the night?

Language and Culture

Glamis Castle

Glamis Castle (pronounced /glæmz/), situated in the eastern part of Scotland, was built in the 14th century. According to legend its most famous ghost, Earl Beardie, lost his soul to the Devil when playing cards with him. Other ghosts include a Grey Lady and a young black boy who sits outside the Queen's bedroom. There's also a story of a hidden room in the castle, which holds a terrible secret. Glamis Castle appears in Shakespeare's play *Macbeth*. It is where Macbeth murders the king. This is not historically accurate: King Malcolm II of Scotland was indeed murdered in Glamis, but it happened about three hundred years before the castle was built. Shakespeare did not worry much about such details!

THE TERRIBLE GHOST

'I don't believe in ghosts but even if I did, I wouldn't be scared of them. They can't hurt you, can they?'

'OK, Henry,' said my friend Charlie, 'I'll give you twenty pounds to spend a night here.'

So that was why I was hiding in a cupboard preparing myself for a night in Glamis Castle, 'Scotland's most haunted house'. I was alone in the dark, and I felt a little scared.

I'd promised to walk through every room and sleep in the Queen's bedroom. It took me over an hour to go round the ancient castle, through the Great Hall, upstairs and downstairs from the attic to the cellar. I didn't see any ghosts, just a mouse that ran across the carpet and hid under the sofa in the sitting room.

In the bedroom, I found a blanket in a wardrobe, took a cushion from an armchair, and lay down on the bed. It was going to be a long night.

I woke up. It was very cold. I could see my breath in the moonlight from the window. Then I thought I heard a noise. Was the door handle turning? I didn't think so, but the door was opening, slowly, like in a film. In the light from the corridor, I could see the silhouette of a tall man standing in the doorway. As soon as he saw me, he rushed forwards, screaming. I closed my eyes and then ... nothing happened.

I opened my eyes. The man was there by the bedside table. I switched on the light and the most amazing thing happened. The man almost disappeared. I could see the wallpaper behind him. He was floating about a foot above the floor.

'You're a ghost!' I said.

He nodded.

'But I don't believe in ghosts.'

'And yet, here I am,' he said sadly.

'What's it like being a ghost?' I asked him.

'Terrible. I spend most of my time hiding from people. The chimney's a good place. And the laundry room's alright. The only thing I enjoy is scaring people, but I can't do it very often because it's exhausting. Ghosts don't have much energy. We can't eat, you see.'

I was fascinated. It was the first time I'd ever met something I didn't believe in. But four hours later, I was terribly bored. The ghost, whose name was Earl Beardie, was the least interesting person I've ever met. All he did was complain and talk about himself. Finally, he apologised and left. It was a great relief.

Later that morning, I met Charlie.

'Were you scared?' he asked as he handed me twenty pounds.

I shook my head. 'No, it was really boring!'

