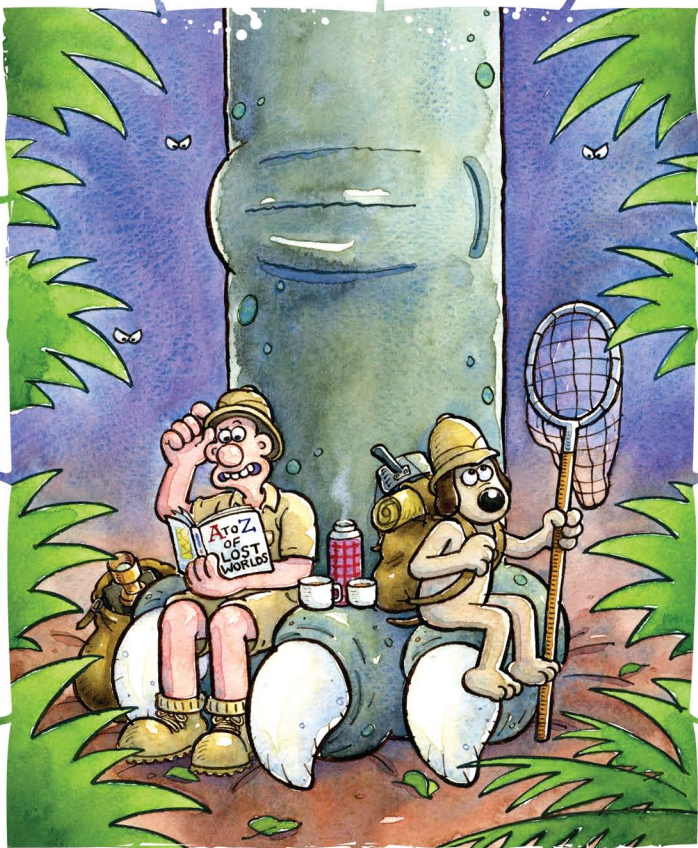


# THE LOST WORLD



ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

[www.lostworldread.com](http://www.lostworldread.com)

**The Lost World Read 2009 celebrates the 150th anniversary of the birth of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the bicentenary of the birth of Charles Darwin with a mass-read of the classic adventure story *The Lost World*.**

The project brings people together to share the joy of reading, learn about the past and discuss issues of current concern.

Conan Doyle's novel is being used to explore the themes of discovery, evolution, geology, environmentalism and natural history.

Thousands of copies of the full-text version of the book and a specially commissioned adaptation for younger or less confident readers are being distributed across the participating sites, along with a graphic-style biography of Darwin. Support material includes a dedicated website and a reading guide. Special events linked to the project will also be taking place.

Visit [www.lostworldread.com](http://www.lostworldread.com) for further details.



# THE LOST WORLD

*The Lost World:*

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Wallace and Gromit Lost World image

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Our thanks to the following for providing images used in this publication: Bristol Libraries; Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh; University of Bristol Library, Special Collections; Vicky Washington.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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# ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AND CHARLES DARWIN

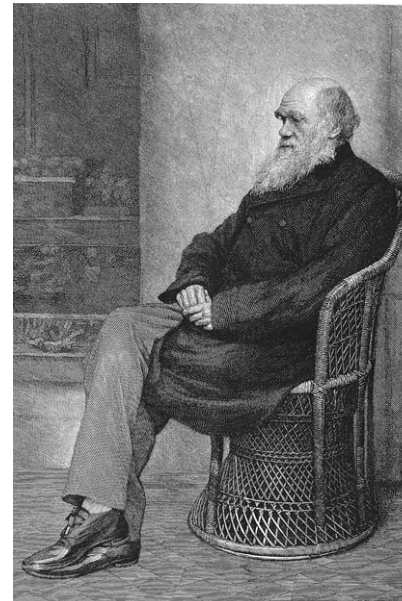
The naturalist Charles Darwin was born in Shrewsbury on 12 February 1809. He became one of the world's greatest scientists. The writer Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh on 22 May 1859. He became one of the world's favourite authors.

In 2009 we are celebrating Darwin's 200<sup>th</sup> birthday and Conan Doyle's 150<sup>th</sup> birthday by reading *The Lost World*.

When they were young, Darwin and Conan Doyle went to the University of Edinburgh to study medicine.

Darwin soon gave up trying to be a doctor. He hated to see the pain people suffered when they were being operated on (there was no anaesthetic in those days). He left Edinburgh in 1827 and went to the University of Cambridge instead. When he finished his studies there, he joined an expedition to sail around the world on board the ship *HMS Beagle*. He was the ship's naturalist. This meant he studied the animals, birds, plants, fishes, insects, rocks and fossils that he found during the voyage. Darwin was away from home for nearly five years. For the next 20 years, he thought about all the interesting things he had seen. He wanted to understand why different types of animals lived in different places at different times, and why some animals no longer existed. He wrote about this in his famous book *On the Origin of Species*. This was published in 1859, the year that Conan Doyle was born.

Conan Doyle passed his exams at Edinburgh in 1881 and, unlike Darwin, he *did* become a doctor. However, he had always wanted to be a writer. He used to send his stories to magazines, hoping they would publish them. Sometimes they did, but he didn't get much money so



*Charles Darwin and Arthur Conan Doyle.*

he had to keep on working as a doctor. This changed in 1887, when his story 'A Study in Scarlet' was published in Beeton's *Christmas Annual*. The hero was a London detective called Sherlock Holmes. The story was very popular and Conan Doyle wrote more stories about Holmes. They became so successful he was able to give up medicine and become a full-time writer. He also wrote other types of stories, including *The Lost World*, an exciting adventure about explorers and dinosaurs set in South America. This was one of the places Darwin had visited during his voyage on the *Beagle*.

So sit back and enjoy this version of *The Lost World*, specially written for Darwin and Conan Doyle's birthdays.

# CHAPTER 1

## THE AMAZING DISCOVERY

My name is Edward Malone and I'm here to tell you my amazing story.

The adventure began when I fell in love with Gladys Hungerton. I hoped that Gladys would be my wife, but when I asked her to marry me she turned me down. She said she could only marry someone who was a brave and famous hero. I would never be good enough to be her husband, she said, as I was only a newspaper reporter.

I was determined to prove her wrong. The bravest thing I could think to do was to go and visit Professor Challenger. He was one of the cleverest men in Britain and knew all there was to know about animals. He also had a terrible temper. He was violent, unpredictable and he *hated* reporters.

Back in 1909, he had gone to South America on an expedition and was away for two years. There had been a big fuss when he got back and now he refused to answer any more questions about what he had seen there. Only the other week, a reporter from the *Telegraph* had tried to talk to him and Challenger had hit him over the head with an umbrella. The poor man was still in hospital.

I had an idea. I wrote to the professor pretending to be a young student of zoology at the university. I said I thought Challenger was the greatest scientist in the whole world. I also said I had just read something he had written about Charles Darwin, and that there were one or two things I didn't understand. I asked if I could come to his house to talk about it with him.

He wrote a letter back to me. It said he didn't care if I admired him or not. He didn't need some pipsqueak like me to tell him he was a genius as he already knew that. He also said that his essay on Darwin was perfectly

clear and if I didn't understand it I must be a complete nincompoop. However, he did agree to see me at 11 o'clock on Wednesday.

So there I was on Wednesday morning, knocking on the professor's front door. It was opened by a miserable-looking butler who led me to Challenger's study. The butler tapped on the study door. There came a bellow from inside, like the noise of an angry bull. I thought the professor was saying 'Come in, blast you!' so I did.

Challenger sat behind a big desk. He had an enormous head, a thick neck and huge shoulders. He not only sounded like a bull, he looked a bit like one too. His face was very red and his hair very black. He had a long beard that covered his chest and his large hands were also covered with long black hair. His eyes were blue-grey and they glared out at me from under thick, dark eyebrows.

'So you're the idiot who doesn't understand plain English, are you?' he snarled.

'Yes,' I said, meekly.

'You do realise that the cranial index is a constant factor in all such cases as I discussed, and that the germ plasm is different from the parthenogenetic egg, don't you?' he snorted.

'Of course,' I agreed.

'And what does that prove?' he whispered. 'Shall I tell you?'

I nodded eagerly.

'It proves,' he roared, 'that you are an impostor. You're a vile, sneaky reporter who knows nothing about science. I was talking gibberish, you fool!'

I started backing nervously towards the door, but he was too quick for me. He rushed out from behind his desk. I was surprised to see that he was so short – he only reached my shoulders – but he was very strong. He grabbed hold of me and we went tumbling out the door together. We looked like a giant Catherine-wheel going round and round.

Along the passage we went, getting faster and faster. The butler opened the front door and we somersaulted down the steps and into the street. We landed with a thud in the gutter.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves,' said a policeman who was walking by. 'What's going on?'

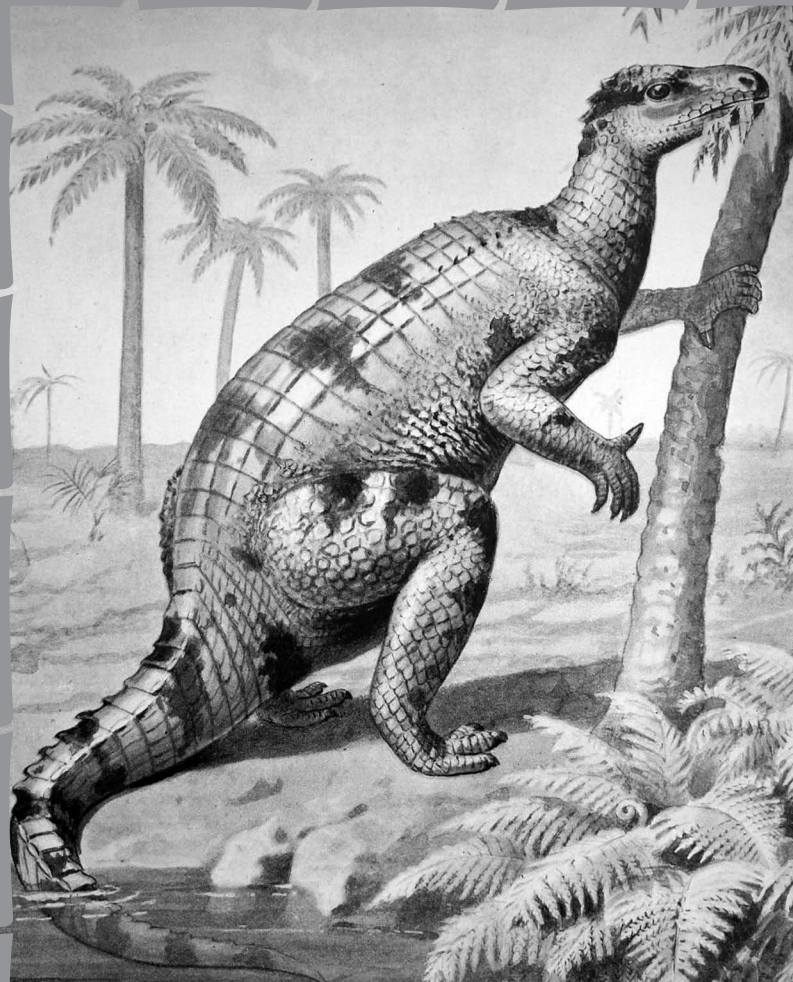
'This bully attacked me,' I said. But then I added, after a pause: 'Though I was partly to blame as I did try to trick him.'

Challenger looked at me and nodded. The policeman walked on and the professor invited me back inside the house.

'That was good of you to take the blame,' he said. 'If you promise to hold your tongue and not repeat a word of what I say to you, I'll tell you what happened in South America.'

I agreed and Challenger began to tell me his story.

While he was travelling along the Amazon River, he stopped at an Indian village. The village chief showed him a drawing book. It had belonged to an American named Maple White who had died of fever a few weeks before. In the book Challenger saw some curious pictures. There was one of a high, dark-red cliff with a tall pillar of rock beside it. Another was of an extraordinary creature with a head like a bird, a body like a fat lizard and a long tail covered in spikes. Maple White had drawn a figure of a man next to the monster to show how big it was. It must have been about four metres high and nine metres long. The professor had seen a picture just like this in a book about prehistoric animals. It was a stegosaurus. All the dinosaurs were thought to have died out millions of years ago but White must have seen one in South America!



## DID YOU KNOW...

... that there were **dinosaurs** on earth for around 135 million years? They died out about 65 million years ago. That was millions of years before the first humans appeared. This picture is of the iguanodon. This was one of the first dinosaurs to be given a name by scientists.

## NEW WORDS

<b>butler</b>	a type of servant
<b>expedition</b>	a journey to discover something
<b>gibberish</b>	nonsense words
<b>impostor</b>	someone pretending to be someone else
<b>meekly</b>	timidly
<b>nincompoop</b>	fool
<b>pipsqueak</b>	unimportant person (usually small)
<b>prehistoric</b>	before humans
<b>unpredictable</b>	behaving in unexpected ways
<b>zoology</b>	the study of animals

Are there other words in the chapter you don't know? Look them up in a dictionary and add them to the list. Memorise how to spell them. Now make up a sentence that uses at least three of these new words. Do this for all the chapters in this book.

## PUZZLES

Tick the words that describe Professor Challenger.

FAST	BLONDE	GENTLE	FIERCE
JOLLY	ANGRY	WEAK	SHORT
STUPID	STRONG	CLEVER	MEEK

Fill the gaps in these sentences, using words from the list below.

Edward Malone was a ..... He wanted to be a ..... He visited Professor Challenger and ..... to be a ..... The professor ..... him and they ..... into the street. A policeman ..... the fight.

FELL	HERO	STOPPED	PRETENDED
ATTACKED	STUDENT		REPORTER

## GET CREATIVE

Draw a cartoon showing Challenger and Malone rolling down the front steps. How can you show movement in a picture? Look at other cartoons from comic books for ideas.



## CHAPTER 2 INTO THE UNKNOWN

As I listened in amazement, Professor Challenger continued his story.

Having seen the pictures, he went in search of the red cliffs that Maple White had drawn. After many adventures, he found them. He realised that they formed the sides of a high plateau which stretched for miles in both directions. The cliffs were too steep to climb up or down. This must be why some dinosaurs had been able to hide away up there for millions of years.

Challenger saw a huge flying lizard perched on a tree that grew out of the pillar of rock. It was a pterodactyl! He took photographs of the creature before shooting it. 'Won't everyone be astonished to see this when I get home to London?' he had thought.

But on his journey back through the forest there was a disaster. His canoe capsized when he was going over some rapids and his camera was lost in the water.

'I kept a tight grip on the pterodactyl,' he told me, 'but most of its body was torn away and carried off by the river. All I have is this.' From a drawer, he took out a piece of wing, about a metre long. 'I started to tell people about what I had seen, but they called me a fraud,' he said bitterly.

'But I believe you!' I said.

'Well, if you do, why don't you come along to the Zoological Society this evening? I'm going to try to tell my story again. It'll be nice to know that someone there is my ally – even if that person is only an ignorant newspaper reporter!'

The meeting was at eight o'clock. The hall was packed with people. At first Challenger spoke very calmly and the audience listened quietly, but as he began to explain that all the other scientists had got it wrong and that dinosaurs still existed, the audience got restless. There were murmurs of 'Bosh!' and 'Prove it!' Challenger started to lose his temper and his voice became louder. This only made the audience noisier. Now there were shouts of 'Liar!' and 'Throw him off the stage!' and 'Kick him out the hall!'

Challenger stopped trying to make his speech. He glared at the crowd and said: 'Very well. If you think I'm a liar then choose three men you *do* trust to come with me to South America and I'll *show* them the dinosaurs. Who wants to come?'

A tall, thin, shabby man with a pointed beard stood up. He was Professor Summerlee, one of Challenger's rivals. 'I'll go,' he said. 'You'll need a *proper* scientist to test the evidence.'

A handsome man with an elegant moustache and ginger hair stood up next. It was Lord John Roxton, the famous hunter and explorer. 'I'll go,' he said. 'You'll need someone like me on your trip as the Amazon's a dangerous place.'

I jumped up now, thinking this was my big chance to impress Gladys. 'I'll go,' I cried, excitedly. 'You'll need a newspaper reporter with you who can write up your story.'

Everyone cheered and a group of laughing students carried us around the hall on their shoulders. I felt like I was already a hero.

I won't bore you with all the details of how we planned our trip, how we crossed the Atlantic and what we did when we first arrived in Brazil. However, I will tell you a little more about my travelling companions.

Summerlee usually looked fed-up and he complained a lot. However, he did occasionally get excited, like when he saw an interesting insect that he could catch in his butterfly net. He was absent-minded, messy and liked to smoke a pipe.

Lord John was as tall and thin as Summerlee but very smartly dressed. He had a gentle voice and a friendly manner, but I also knew that he could be a fierce and ruthless fighter. A few years ago he had fought a war against the slave-drivers of South America and had killed their leader, Pedro Lopez.

Also with us were some hired men: a big, strong African man called Zambo, a rather shifty Portuguese called Gomez, and some Indians.

Our journey was by steamer then canoe then foot. It took us first through the Amazonian forests, where the trees reached high above our heads: it was like being in a green and leafy cathedral. Climbing plants wound their way around the trees, reaching up to the light: their scented flowers were enormous, bigger than anything I'd seen back home. There were a few animals on the ground – bears, tapirs and anteaters – but most of the life was way up above us – monkeys, sloths, snakes and hundreds of birds and insects. We also sometimes heard the sound of Indian war drums beating out the message: 'We will kill you if we can.'

When we had to leave the canoes behind and start walking, the path climbed up through thick groves of bamboo and then out onto the plains, where there was only the occasional clump of trees. Summerlee and Challenger were continually bickering as we went along. They couldn't agree on anything.

Many days later, there before us were the steep red cliffs, stretching as far as the eye could see. As we approached, a huge grey bird flapped slowly up from the ground and flew off, very low and straight.

'Did you see that?' cried Challenger excitedly. 'It was another pterodactyl!'

'Ptero-fiddlestick!' scoffed Summerlee. 'It was a stork!'

'It wasn't any bird that ever I clapped eyes on before,' said Lord John, quietly.

So there we were, on the edge of the unknown. Who knew what lay before us?



## DID YOU KNOW...

... that the **Amazon** region is home to the largest collection of animal and plant species in the world? When Europeans first arrived there about 400 years ago, they were amazed by how big the trees and flowers grew, and how much wildlife lived in the forest. This picture is from a nineteenth-century travel book.

## NEW WORDS

absent-minded	forgetful
ally	friend
bickering	arguing
capsized	sank
evidence	proof
fraud	imposter
groves	woods
plains	flat land
plateau	high, flat area
rapids	fast-moving water
scoffed	jeered
shabby	untidy
shifty	not to be trusted
slave-drivers	people who forced slaves to work
steamer	boat powered by steam

## PUZZLE

Decide whether these sentences are true or false.

Challenger lost his camera in South America. TRUE/FALSE

He didn't want Malone to come to the Zoological Society. TRUE/FALSE

Summerlee was a tidy man. TRUE/FALSE

Lord John had never been to South America before. TRUE/FALSE

Most of the animals were up in the trees. TRUE/FALSE

Summerlee and Challenger could never agree. TRUE/FALSE

## GET CREATIVE

Imagine Professor Summerlee wrote a postcard home, describing his fellow travellers. What would he write about each of them?

## CHAPTER 3

# TRAPPED!

We decided to walk along the bottom of the cliffs, looking for a place where we might be able to climb up. We had only gone a little way when we came across the remains of Maple White's campsite. Lord John spotted a piece of wood nailed to a nearby tree. It was a signpost! White must have marked out his route so others could follow him. Suddenly I spotted something white in a patch of tall bamboo canes at the base of the cliffs. It was a human skeleton.

'Poor devil!' said Lord John. 'Every bone in his body seems to be broken.'

'The bamboo is sticking through his smashed ribs,' said Summerlee. 'He must have fallen from above and been impaled here.'

Did the man fall or was he pushed? With this worrying thought, we went on until we came to another of White's signs. It was an arrow pointing to a narrow gap in the cliff wall. We squeezed through and found ourselves in a cave. We had only gone a few hundred metres before our path was blocked: the roof of the cave had collapsed.

Disappointed, we had started walking back to the entrance when suddenly a huge rock came crashing past us. We only just managed to jump out of the way in time. It seemed that someone had deliberately tried to hit us. But who?

That night, while we were sitting by our camp fire roasting a wild pig, something swooped out of the darkness. We were covered in a canopy of leathery wings and I caught a glimpse of the long neck, fierce red eye and great snapping beak of a pterodactyl before it was gone – taking our supper with it.

'Professor Challenger,' said a solemn Summerlee. 'I owe you an apology, sir. I beg you to forget I ever doubted you.'

The two men shook hands and, for the moment, were friends.

It took us nearly a week to walk around the bottom of the cliffs. We passed through stony deserts and desolate marshes and, worst of all, a swamp filled with poisonous snakes. The morning after we completed our circuit, Challenger had another idea. He suggested we climb the pillar of rock. Its top was level with the top of the cliffs, but was separated from them by a 15-metre gap.

'When we're up there I'm sure I'll think of a way to cross that chasm,' he said, confidently.

It was a hard climb and for the last 30 metres we were clinging with our fingers and toes to tiny ledges and cracks in the rock. We made it at last and with a sigh of relief I wrapped my arms around the tree that grew there.

'This tree will be our saviour!' said the professor, patting it with his big, hairy hand.

'By George!' cried Lord John. 'A bridge!'

The tree was about 20 metres tall so when we cut it down it fell across the gap between the rock and the plateau. The four of us hurried across, leaving Zambo and the others behind. We had only just got to the other side when there was a terrible crash. Far below us, we saw our bridge, smashed upon the ground below. On the other side was Gomez. His angry eyes were flashing.

'Lord John, you English dog!' he shouted, shaking his fist. 'I tried to kill you in the cave with the stone but now I have destroyed your bridge, you are trapped there forever. Pedro Lopez, the man you killed five years ago, was my brother and now his death has been avenged.'

As Gomez started to climb down the rock, Lord John pulled out his gun and shot him. He fell to earth with a terrible scream. Any satisfaction we had in seeing our enemy dead was short-lived. Gomez had been right. We were trapped. We had a rope, but it wasn't strong enough or long enough for us to climb down it. There were trees on the plateau, but they were too far away for us to carry them to make another bridge.

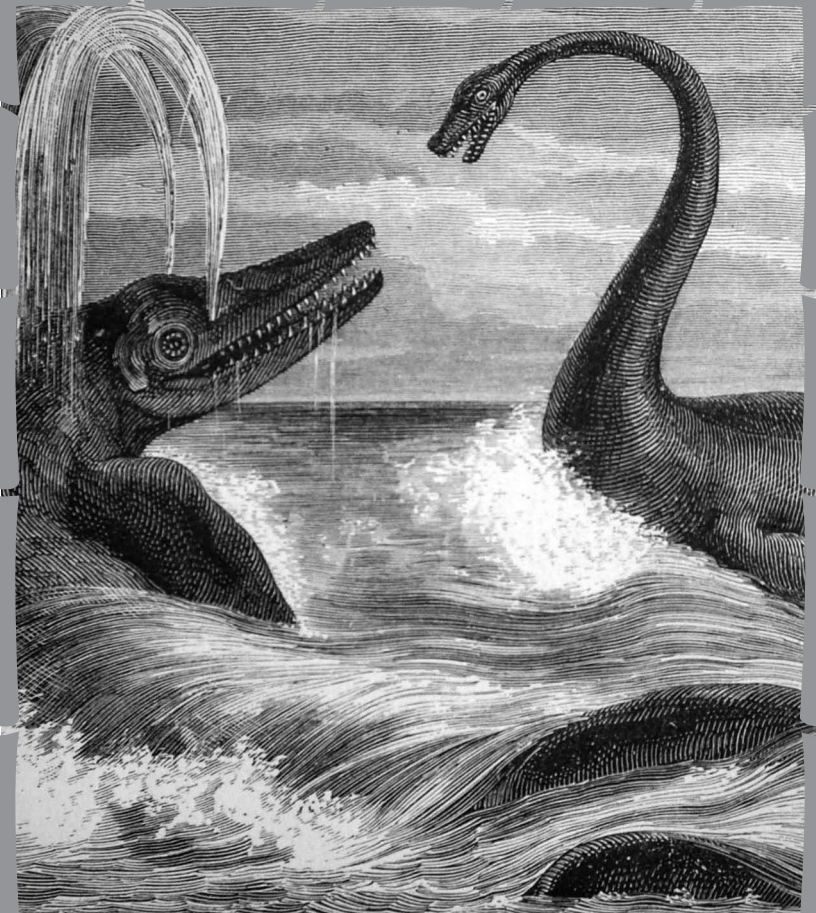
The Indians had all fled when Gomez was shot but loyal Zambo said he would wait for us and he threw over some of our supplies and equipment. We made ourselves a camp, using thorny bushes for its walls and building it around a broad tree so the branches would form a roof.

The next morning, as we explored, we came across strange tracks in the soft mud. There were a number of three-toed marks – some of them enormous – and the occasional five-toed one.

'I know what this is,' cried Challenger, happily. 'I've seen fossilised tracks like these in Sussex. It's the marks of the iguanodon. It moves on its three-toed back feet and sometimes puts its five-fingered front paws on the ground to rest.'

In a clearing ahead we saw a family of the creatures, two adults and three younger ones. They were big, lumbering beasts and did not seem dangerous, but our next encounter was very different. We had walked further on when we came upon hundreds of pterodactyls. They were gathered in a large volcanic crater. When they saw us they rose up in the air in a terrible cloud, then flew down to attack us. We all got nasty bites and scratches and if Lord John hadn't fired his gun to scare them away while we ran for cover, I think we'd have been killed.

When we got back to our camp, bleeding and battered, we had another nasty shock. Some of our supplies had been scattered and broken. Who could be out there, watching us?



## DID YOU KNOW...

... that fossils help us to know what animals that lived millions of years ago used to look like? Fossils are usually formed from the hard parts of dead bodies – like bones and teeth – but can also be formed by marks the creature made when it was alive, like footprints and bites. This picture is of an ichthyosaur and a plesiosaur. Some of the first fossils of these sea-monsters were found by a young girl called Mary Anning in the early nineteenth century.

## NEW WORDS

avenged	got even for something
canopy	roof
chasm	gap
circuit	route around something
desolate	miserable
encounter	meeting
fossilised	preserved in stone
glimpse	short look
impaled	stuck on something sharp
lumbering	moving clumsily
marshes	boggy places
saviour	helper
swooped	dived down
volcanic crater	hole with raised sides made when a volcano erupts

## PUZZLE

Fill the gaps in the sentences.  
The words are all hidden in  
the word box.

T	U	R	N	W
R	O	O	F	O
O	H	I	T	O
C	A	V	E	D
K	B	A	C	K

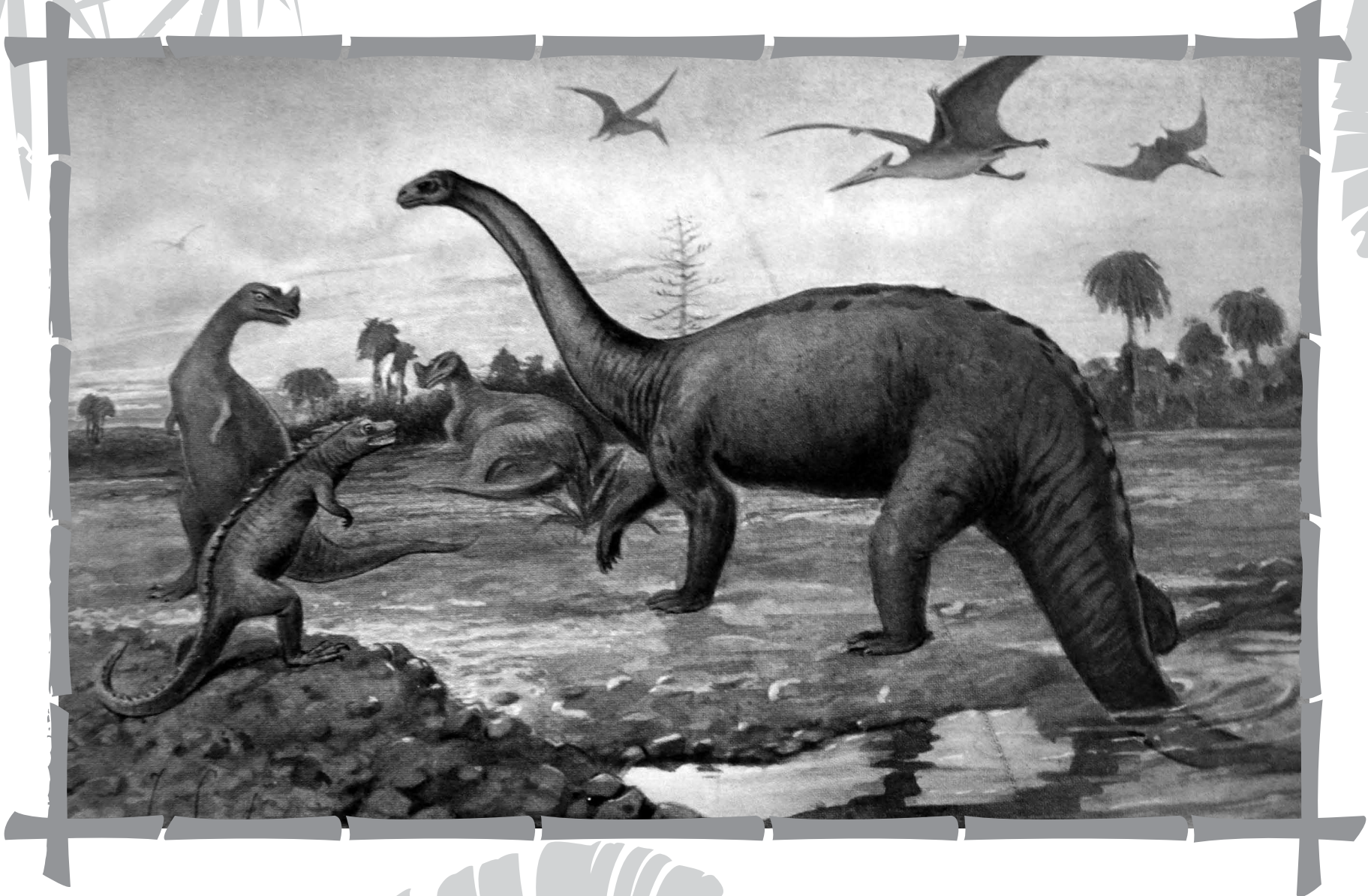
Maple White left a signpost  
made from .....

It led them to a .....

The ..... had collapsed so they had to  
..... They were nearly  
..... by a .....

## GET CREATIVE

Maple White drew a man next to the stegosaurus to  
show how big it was. The figure of the man was used for  
comparison. The iguanodon was about ten metres long.  
Draw an iguanodon with something beside. It needs to be  
something that people will recognise and know the size of,  
for example, a bus, a famous building or an elephant.



## CHAPTER 4

# DANGER IN THE FOREST

The next day we rested while we recovered from our injuries. That night we were woken from our sleep by terrible cries and screams. A cold sweat broke out over my body and my heart turned sick at the sound of a creature in agony. The cries were soon joined by a deep growl and then there was silence.

‘What was it?’ I whispered.

‘We shall know in the morning,’ said Lord John.

We tried to settle down again but there came the sound of padding footsteps and heavy breathing as something circled our camp. I peered through a gap in the thorn bushes and saw a hissing, panting creature about the size of a horse.

‘I believe it’s going to spring!’ I cried and reached for my rifle.

‘Don’t fire!’ said Lord John, softly. ‘The noise will be heard for miles on a night like this.’

He then did the bravest thing I have ever seen. He picked up a blazing branch from the fire, slipped through the gap and lunged at the beast, thrusting the branch at it. I saw a horrible face, like a giant toad’s, and a vicious mouth, and then with a dreadful snarl the creature was gone. Lord John returned and said that from now on we must take turns keeping watch through the night.

The next day we went exploring again. At the spot where we had seen the family of iguanodons there were now pools of blood and lumps of torn flesh.

‘What we heard last night must have been one of the carnivorous dinosaurs out hunting. The allosaurus, perhaps,’ said Challenger, looking at the marks left by savage teeth and claws.

‘Or the megalosaurus,’ suggested Summerlee.

‘Indeed,’ conceded Challenger. ‘We should be grateful that, apart from in this isolated spot, the dinosaurs died out long before human beings arrived on earth. We would have little with which to defend ourselves against such beasts. Even our rifles would be useless.’

We continued our exploration and saw many wonderful things that day. When we got back to camp we started to make plans for where we would go next, but Summerlee, who had been in a bad mood since that morning, said irritably: ‘What we *ought* to be doing is finding some way out of this trap.’

‘I am surprised, sir,’ boomed Challenger, stroking his beard. ‘I never expected a man of science would want to miss the chance to study such a fascinating place.’

‘Our mission,’ said Summerlee, ‘was to test your claims. We have tested them and found you spoke the truth. We now must return and let others know.’

We agreed with Summerlee but also said it was a shame we weren’t able to make a map of the plateau to take back with us. I then had an idea. The tree in the middle of our camp was enormous. If I climbed it, I’d be able to see for miles and would be able to draw a map of what I saw.

‘By George, young fellah, what a capital idea!’ exclaimed Lord John.

I blushed with pride. I was an excellent tree-climber and I was soon high up among the branches. I was about halfway to the top, however, when I nearly fell out of the tree with surprise. I had come nose-to-nose with an ape with an almost human face. The face was long, white, blotched with pimples and had coarse bristles on its chin. The ape-man glared at me then darted from view.



I almost decided I should climb back down again because I was so shocked, but managed to carry on. When I reached the top I took out my notebook and spyglass, and made a sketch of the view before me. In the centre of the plateau was a large lake – I named it Lake Gladys on my map – with wooded slopes leading down to it on three sides. On the side facing me, however, there was a steep cliff dotted with caves.

My companions congratulated me when I got back down again. I was still feeling proud of myself later that night, when Summerlee was on watch and the others asleep. I decided I would go for a walk to Lake Gladys in the moonlight. The others would be very impressed with me when they heard about my adventure, I thought. Summerlee was a useless guard – he was dozing over his pipe – so I was able to get by him without him noticing me.

Once I was outside I regretted my rashness. I remembered the dreadful cry and the torn flesh of last night's dinosaur hunt. But I was stubborn and forced myself to go on. After several hours in which I was alternately full of fear and full of wonder, I reached the lake and spent some time watching all the activity there. I noticed that there were lights in the caves in the cliff opposite. They were the lights of fires! So humans *did* live here, after all.

When my watch said it was gone two o'clock I headed back to camp. I was thinking of all the amazing things I had seen when suddenly I remembered the danger I was in. I heard a strange noise behind me. I started to run but the noise came louder and closer than before. There was no doubt now: something was chasing me. I changed direction, running along a new path, but the beast was at my heels, crashing and thudding through the undergrowth. In the moonlight I could see a row of enormous teeth in its open mouth and the gleaming claws on its powerful forearms. I screamed with terror as it sprang towards me and then I was falling in space and all was darkness.



## ▶▶ YOU KNOW...

... that of all the species that have ever lived on earth, over 99 per cent are now **extinct**? Extinction happens for lots of different reasons. Sometimes it happens because of something that humans do. This picture is of the great auk. This was a large, flightless bird that lived on islands in the Atlantic Ocean. It was hunted to extinction in the nineteenth century.

## NEW WORDS

agony	pain
blazing	on fire
blotched	marked
capital	old-fashioned word for 'great'
carnivorous	meat-eating
conceded	agreed
isolated	cut off
lunged	charged at
mission	task
rashness	recklessness
spring	jump
spyglass	like a telescope
stubborn	refusing to change
undergrowth	low bushes

## PUZZLE

Make six sentences about what happens in this chapter. Each sentence has one phrase each from columns 1, 2 and 3.

1	2	3
Malone climbed up	to escape	in the caves.
Everyone was	to the lake	to draw a map.
The iguandons	the lights of fires	in the moonlight.
Malone walked	into the tree	by another dinosaur.
Summerlee wanted	woken by the	from the plateau.
Malone could see	were attacked	sound of screams.

## GET CREATIVE

In this chapter Malone feels proud, surprised, afraid and amazed, among other things. Imagine you are Malone. Write a short poem about some of the emotions you feel.

## CHAPTER 5 BATTLE WITH THE APE-MEN

I had been knocked out by my fall. When I came to, I was aware of a terrible smell. I was in a deep pit with sloping sides. The bottom was covered with rotting flesh. In the middle of the pit-floor was a tall post which had been sharpened to a spike. It was black with the blood of the creatures that had been impaled upon it. Nervously I crawled out of the trap, worried that the dinosaur that had been chasing me was still near. It was now early morning. Suddenly I heard a rifle shot. It must be my companions. Perhaps they were firing the gun to guide me home.

I hurried on and at last could see the thorn walls ahead of me. I gave a cheery shout and rushed into camp. What a terrible sight! My companions were gone, the grass was stained with blood and all our belongings had been wrecked. I had never felt so afraid and so alone. My only consolation was that faithful Zambo was still nearby, even if I couldn't reach him.

I spent a restless day and night at the camp, not knowing what had happened. I was shaken awake the following morning by Lord John. But how different he looked! He was pale and wild-eyed, his face was scratched and bloody, his clothes were in rags and his hat gone.

'Quick, young fella! Quick!' he cried. 'Get the other rifles! Fill up your pockets with cartridges! Now some food! Don't wait to talk or think! Get a move on, or we are done for!'

Still half-awake, I followed him as we ran madly into the woods and hid ourselves in a thick clump of bushes. He then told me what had happened.

'It was the ape-men! My God, what brutes! It was early mornin'. Suddenly it rained apes. They came down out of the trees. I got one shot off, but they knocked us to the ground and tied up our hands with creepers, jabberin' all the while. Then they dragged us off to this town of their's – thousands of huts made from branches and leaves. The big chief took a shine to Challenger. And you could see why. He had red hair and Challenger has black, but other than that they looked exactly the same. If it wasn't so horrible, you'd have laughed.

'Challenger was taken off to the big chief's hut, but me and Summerlee were tied to a tree along with some other men. Poor little devils they were. Must be some kind of Indian. My God! What a nightmare! You remember those bamboo canes we saw with the skeleton? Well, that's just below the ape-men's town. They took a bunch of those Indians and threw them over. Some were dashed to pieces, some were skewered. They saved some over for today – including me and Summerlee, and probably Challenger too.

'This morning I loosened my ropes, gave my guard a kick and ran back to the camp to fetch the guns. We'll have to take care as those devils will be out searchin' for me – and you too – but we've got to go and rescue the professors.'

We hid some of our provisions in the bushes, as we couldn't risk going back to our camp, then made our way to the town. When we got there, we could see Summerlee had been hauled to the top of the cliff. Challenger was begging the big chief to spare Summerlee's life. The ape-man pushed him aside roughly and shook his head. There was a crack from a rifle and the chief fell to the ground, dead.

'Shoot into the thick of them! Shoot! sonny, shoot!' Lord John cried.

We fired our guns and the ape-men ran around in confusion. Challenger quickly realised what was happening and grabbed the bewildered Summerlee, dragging him towards us. Four of the Indians joined him. The chattering brutes gave chase and for mile after mile they were at our heels, until they grew tired of dodging bullets.

We went to where we had hidden our supplies and Summerlee slumped to the ground. 'My word! You've pulled us all out of the jaws of death,' he said weakly.

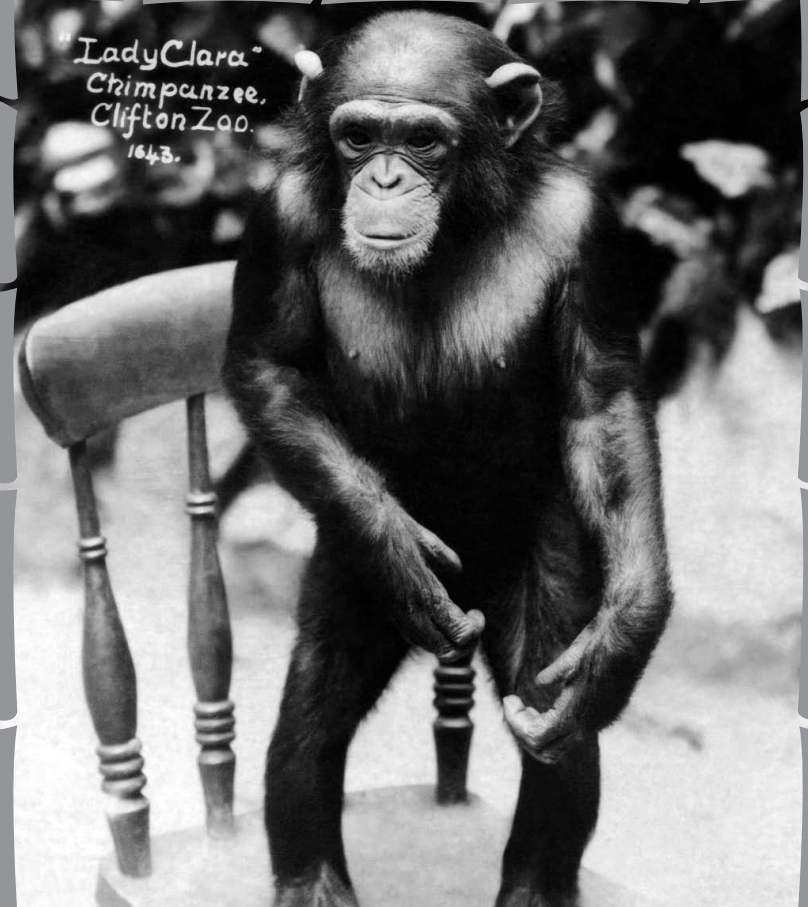
I told the others that the Indians must live in the caves I'd seen and we should take them home when things had quietened down. The next morning, always on the look out for the ape-men, we set off for Lake Gladys. When we drew near, the Indians gave a shout of joy. Hundreds of canoes were being paddled across the water towards us. It was the Indian tribe. They were coming to the rescue.

When they reached the bank, the Indians gathered together for a council of war. Although we couldn't understand the words they spoke, from their gestures and the tone of their voices we worked out that they wanted to finish off the ape-men once and for all, and they wanted our help.

'For my part, I'm goin' with our little pals,' said Lord John. 'What do you fellahs say?'

Challenger and I agreed at once, but Summerlee hesitated. 'It seems very far from the objective of this expedition,' he said, crossly. 'However, if you're all going I can't very well stay behind.'

The battle took place the next day. We had our rifles, the Indians had arrows and knives, the ape-men clubs and stones. It was brutal and bloody and lasted several hours, but at last the ape-men were driven back to their town. Those who weren't killed fighting were forced to jump from the cliff onto the bamboo spikes below. The long rivalry of many centuries had come to an end.



## DID YOU KNOW...

... humans and apes have **evolved** from the same ancestor? Evolution refers to the changes that take place in living things over many generations. This picture is of Lady Clara, a chimpanzee who lived at Bristol Zoo over a 100 years ago. The scientist Charles Darwin could see that humans and chimps must be related. Some people got upset about this. They thought it was an insult to say they had anything in common with apes.

## NEW WORDS

cartridges	the cases carrying the explosive charge used in a gun
consolation	comfort
council of war	meeting to plan a battle
creepers	long vines
gestures	body language
jabbering	talking quickly
objectives	aims, purpose
rivalry	competition
skewered	pierced by something sharp
slumped	collapsed
took a shine to	liked

## PUZZLE

Complete the puzzle using the clues below. Make up your own clue for the word revealed in the shaded column.

	1				
2					
3					
	4				
	5				
	6				

1. Lord John came to fetch the .....
2. His face was scratched and .....
3. The Indians crossed the lake in .....
4. They rescued the professors from the jaws of .....
5. Lord John called Malone a '..... fellak'.
6. Each ape-man had a club or .....

## GET CREATIVE

Imagine Lady Clara the chimp could talk and she gave a five-minute interview to a newspaper reporter. With a partner, take it in turns being the chimp and the reporter. What questions would you like to ask her? What do you think she would answer? One thing you might like to find out is what she thinks about being related to humans.

## CHAPTER 6

# JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS

Someday I will write a detailed account of all the marvellous things we saw and did when we were up on the plateau – we called it Maple White Land in honour of the dead American. There was the time a young ichthyosaurus – half seal, half fish – got caught up in our fishing nets; the night when a green water-snake carried off the man steering our canoe; the carnivorous dinosaurs that killed a group of Indians by falling upon them and squashing them flat... There are many more tales, but I need to bring this one to a close.

After the battle with the ape-men, we set up a new camp beneath the Indians' caves close to the lake. We had hoped the Indians would help us leave the plateau but whenever we suggested this, they just smiled, shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads. They were friendly and generous, but we sometimes felt as if we were their prisoners.

Our thoughts were constantly turning to how we might escape but we also kept ourselves busy with pet projects. Summerlee collected insects for his collection; Lord John spent a lot of time rooting about in the blue mud that could be found near the volcanic craters; Challenger built a workshop around a geyser that blew out natural gas. One night he invited us to see what he had been doing there.

'I have exerted my whole brain force upon the problem of how we shall descend these cliffs,' he said, pompously. 'And my solution? A gas balloon! I have made a balloon from the dried stomach of one of those gigantic fishes in the lake and behold the result!'

He held the empty balloon over the geyser and pointed proudly as it filled with gas and began to rise, tugging at the rope that kept it tethered to the ground.

'What madness!' snorted Summerlee.

'Clever old dear, ain't he?' Lord John whispered to me, delightedly.

'I will now,' said Challenger, with a smile of anticipation, 'demonstrate the carrying power of the balloon.' As he said this he took hold of the rope and cut it from its moorings. Instantly, he was pulled off his feet with terrifying speed as the balloon shot up in the air. I grabbed his waist and Lord John grabbed my legs, and we would all have been carried off to who knows where if the rope hadn't snapped and the balloon disappeared from view.

'Splendid!' cried Challenger, rubbing his elbow where he'd landed with a bump on the ground. 'Give me another week, gentlemen, and I'll have made a second balloon to replace that one.'

Fortunately, we did not have to use this method. One of the Indians who we had saved from the ape-men came to us one evening with a rough drawing. He put his fingers to his lips to show that we had to keep this secret, but we worked out that the drawing was showing us a route through the caves to the outside. That night we gathered up our belongings and crept away. Within two hours we were back at the foot of the red cliffs and hurrying to be reunited with Zambo.

And now I've just a few loose ends to tie up before I finish.

When we got back to Britain I dashed round to see my beloved Gladys Huntingdon. Only she wasn't Gladys Huntingdon anymore. She was Gladys Potts. She'd married a junior clerk in a bank, a weedy chap with even less chance of becoming a hero than I had!

A week later there was a big meeting at the Zoological Society. Summerlee told the members what we had seen and done, and said that Challenger had been telling the truth about the dinosaurs. Most people were ready to believe us, but there were still some who had doubts. The photographs we had taken? They could be fakes. The specimens we had collected? They could be from anywhere. Our own stories? We could be four liars, not just one.

It was at this point that Challenger signalled to me and Zambo who were waiting at the side of the stage. We carried forward a large packing case. Challenger pulled off the lid and peered inside, cooing: 'Come, then, my pretty!' There was a scratching and rattling sound, and out came a hideous baby pterodactyl. It perched on the edge of the case for a moment, glaring maliciously at the audience, then took off, flying round and round the hall before disappearing out an open window.

Well, no one could doubt us now. The crowd cheered and clapped and sang 'For They Are Jolly Good Fellows', and they carried us on their shoulders out into the streets, stopping traffic and causing chaos.

Finally, do you remember that blue mud Lord John was looking at? It turns out it was full of diamonds. Lord John got it valued in London and it was worth half a million pounds.<sup>1</sup> Because Lord John was a true gentleman he divided the money equally between the four of us. Challenger was going to spend his share on setting up a private museum about his work. Summerlee was going to retire from the university and write up his study of fossils. Lord John was going to pay for another expedition to Maple White Land.

'As to you, young fellah,' he said to me. 'You, of course, will use your money to get married.'

'Not just yet,' I said, with a smile. 'I think, if you will have me, that I would rather go with you.'

Lord John said nothing, but he stretched out a brown hand and shook mine.

<sup>1</sup> That would be worth about £30 million in today's money.



## DID YOU KNOW...

... that *The Lost World* was made into a silent film, way back in 1925? This is a picture from that film. It was made using stop-motion animation – the same way that Wallace and Gromit make their films. Conan Doyle showed a group of magicians a few minutes of the film, but didn't tell them how it was made. Some of them thought they were actually watching a film of real dinosaurs in a prehistoric swamp! They were amazed.

## NEW WORDS

anticipation	looking forward to something
clerk	someone who works in an office
descend	go down
exerted	applied
geyser	a hole in the ground that blows out gusts of water, steam or gas
maliciously	cruelly
method	way of doing something
moorings	used to stop something drifting away
pet projects	special things to do
pompously	self-importantly
tethered	tied
weedy	weak

## PUZZLES

The Indians wanted the travellers to stay with them.	TRUE/FALSE
Challenger planned to make a second balloon.	TRUE/FALSE
Zambo came to London.	TRUE/FALSE
Lord John kept all the money for himself.	TRUE/FALSE
Summerlee was going to retire.	TRUE/FALSE
Malone wanted to stay at home.	TRUE/FALSE

## GET CREATIVE

Imagine you work for a newspaper – perhaps the same one where Malone is a reporter. Design a front page for the sensational story of the events at the Zoological Society. What will be your headline? What will be your opening paragraph? What will be your picture?



# THE LOST WORLD WORD SEARCH

Fill in the gaps in these sentences using words hidden in the box. Can you find them all? Some words go down, and others go across. The number in brackets tells you how many letters are in the missing word. Letters can be used more than once.

M	A	U	K	B	H	O	R	S	E
E	D	W	A	R	D	M	U	D	E
D	I	J	P	I	G	B	M	L	N
I	E	G	A	S	X	E	A	A	G
C	D	P	I	T	G	A	R	D	L
I	Z	O	O	L	O	G	Y	Y	I
N	F	I	V	E	C	L	A	W	S
E	R	I	B	S	T	E	E	T	H

## DOWN

Darwin sailed around the world on the ..... (6).  
 ..... Anning discovered fossils of sea-monsters (4).  
 Gomez called Lord John an ..... dog (7).  
 Darwin and Conan Doyle studied ..... at Edinburgh (8).  
 Maple White ..... of fever (4).  
 The ape-man's chin was covered with ..... (8).  
 ..... Clara was a chimp in Bristol Zoo (4).

## ACROSS

There were diamonds hidden in the blue ..... (3).  
 The iguanodon had ..... fingers (4).  
 The dinosaur that circled the camp was the size of a ..... (5).  
 The pterodactyl stole the wild ..... they were roasting (3).  
 Fossils can be formed from bones and ..... (5).  
 Malone's first name was ..... (6).  
 The giant ..... was hunted to extinction (3).  
 Malone pretended to be a ..... student (7).  
 Malone fell into a deep ..... (3).  
 Challenger filled his balloon with ..... (3).  
 The bamboo stuck through the skeleton's ..... (4).  
 The dinosaur that chased Malone had gleaming ..... (5).

The Lost World Read 2009 is a collaborative project and our thanks go to all our partners:

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The Lost World Read 2009 is part of Darwin 200.



DARWIN200

[www.darwin200.org](http://www.darwin200.org)

Designed by: Qube Design Associates Ltd

Printed by: Bookmarque Ltd

Published by: BCDP, Leigh Court, Abbots Leigh, Bristol BS8 3RA

For an intriguing, 21st-century spin on *The Lost World*, go to The Lost Book at [www.thelostbook.net](http://www.thelostbook.net) where you can explore, contribute a story and help solve a whodunit through a series of online animations.





“WE CAME UPON HUNDREDS  
OF PTERODACTYLS. THEY  
WERE GATHERED IN A LARGE  
VOLCANIC CRATER. WHEN THEY  
SAW US THEY ROSE UP IN THE AIR  
IN A TERRIBLE CLOUD, THEN FLEW  
DOWN TO ATTACK US.”

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