

## Vocabulary & Listening



1 Write the prices in full. Notice when you use *and*.

- a) \$1,250,620 *One million, two hundred and fifty thousand, six hundred and twenty dollars*
- b) \$85,590
- c) \$11,302,650
- d) \$65,208



Listen, check and repeat.



2 Work with a partner. Match the things (1–4) with the prices (a–d) in Exercise 1.

1



▲ the most valuable watch

2



▲ the most valuable pair of jeans

3



◀ the most valuable dress

4



▲ the most valuable pair of shoes



Listen and check your answers.

3 What is your most valuable possession?  
Tell your partner.

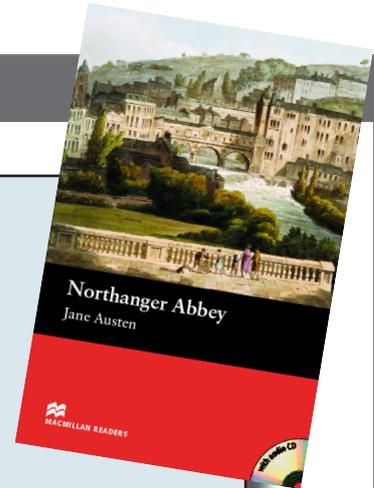
My most valuable possession is my car.

## Transcript



Henry Tilney talked to Catherine at breakfast.  
'It was a stormy night,' he said. Then he smiled.  
'Did you sleep, Miss Morland? Were you frightened?'  
'Oh, no,' Catherine replied quickly.  
'I have to go to Woodston today,' Henry said. 'But my sister will be here with you.'

General Tilney always walked in the gardens after breakfast.  
'Please walk with me,' he said to Catherine and Eleanor.  
Some parts of Northanger Abbey were very old. Other parts were modern.  
'I love old houses,' Catherine said. 'And the trees and hills are so beautiful here!'  
The General was happy. He took Catherine and Eleanor into all the gardens. He showed them the fruit and the flowers. Eleanor, Catherine and the General were in the gardens for two hours.  
At last, they started to walk back to the house. There was a path through some tall trees. Eleanor started to walk towards the path and Catherine followed her.  
'I will not walk that way, Eleanor,' General Tilney said. 'The path is too wet.' He turned and walked away.  
The two young women walked along the path. 'My mother often walked here,' Eleanor said.  
'But the General does not like this path,' Catherine said to herself. 'Why not?'  
'Eleanor, is there a picture of your mother in the Abbey?' asked Catherine.  
'Yes, I have a picture in my room,' Eleanor replied. 'My father does not like it.'  
Catherine said nothing. She was thinking. The General did not want to see his wife's picture! Had he loved her? Or had he been a bad husband?  
In the afternoon, the General, Eleanor and Catherine walked through the rooms of the Abbey. They walked through room after room. They looked at all the rooms downstairs. General Tilney talked about the furniture, the books and the paintings.



Chapter Eleven: 'My Dear Miss Morland!'

Transcript

Then the General, Catherine and Eleanor went upstairs and they walked through some more rooms. Eleanor walked towards an old door.

'Miss Morland has seen everything!' the General said quickly. 'Come downstairs, both of you!'

'That was my mother's room,' Eleanor said quietly.

'When did your mother die?' Catherine asked. 'Were you with her?'

'She died nine years ago,' Eleanor replied. 'She died very suddenly. I was not here. My father was with her.'

Catherine thought about Mrs Tilney. Had the General murdered his wife? Was she alive? Was she locked in a small, dark room? These things happened in horror-stories about old abbeys!

'I must see Mrs Tilney's room,' Catherine said to herself. 'That is the secret of Northanger Abbey!'

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On Monday afternoon, Catherine went upstairs to her bedroom. Very quickly, she ran along to Mrs Tilney's room. She opened the door and she went into the room. She was surprised. The door was old but the room was modern. The room was not part of the old building. It was full of modern furniture. Catherine went out of the room and closed the door.

At that moment, she heard a noise. Somebody was coming up the stairs. It was Henry Tilney.

'What are you doing here?' Catherine asked.

'I have come from Woodston,' Henry replied. 'Have you been looking at my mother's room? Has Eleanor been talking about her?'

'Yes,' said Catherine. She spoke quickly. 'Your mother died very suddenly. She was alone with your father. Your father did not love her. Was your mother —?'

'My dear Miss Morland,' Henry said. 'What are you saying? I was here. The doctor was here. My father was very unhappy. He loved my mother very much. Miss Morland, you have read too many horror-stories!'

Catherine ran back to her room and cried.

'I have been very foolish,' she said to herself. 'I love Henry. But he will never love me now. I will never read a horror-story again.'

But Henry was very kind to Catherine that evening. Soon, she was happy again.

