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Together Again sample
NOT FOR SALE

TOGETHER AGAIN

Level 3 - A2/B1 Intermediate (1) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

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Together Again
The Holiday Club Series Book 2
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1. Facebook

Chrysa Melias walked onto the balcony of her parents' house. She looked down at the Aegean Sea far below. It was a beautiful day, and she was free to do anything. She could call her family's driver and tell him to take her into town, or she could drive herself. She could call a friend and meet for lunch, go shopping, have a manicure, or go to a movie.

I don't want to do any of those things, she thought. I'm very lucky. I have everything I need. I have no money worries. I can have an easy and luxurious life. But I am bored. If I didn't have the Internet, I would go crazy.

She went to her room and turned on her computer. She signed into Facebook and went to a private group page called 'The Holiday Club'. It had only six members. After their adventure and wonderful vacation in France in the summer, Jarmo had set the page up for them all.

My friends here in Greece are boring, Chrysa said to herself. They are only interested in fashion and parties, and getting married. I wish I were with my new friends. I wish I were with Pachai, Jarmo, Hehu, Shelley and Akina. I wish we were on a bus somewhere, with no money, and some kind of crazy plan.

There was a new message from Hehu. He had posted a picture of himself with a cow. ---*"Farmers don't have pets, but this cow is special. I call her Brieuc. I gave up my university studies when I had to come back here to help run the farm. I thought I didn't need to study European languages anymore. But after our time in France, I changed my mind. I have applied for a distance learning course, and I am going to finish my degree."*---

Chrysa added a comment.

--- *"Good for you! Tell me what you are going to study! Maybe I can learn the same language and we can practice together."*---

She read through the other news. Shelley was going back to Australia.

---*"It is very far from most of you, but my Mum has been ill. I think I need to spend some time with her. And I miss the sun!"*---

Akina had added a comment to Shelley's message.

---*"Come to Tokyo on your way back to Australia!"*---

Chrysa smiled. When she first met her, Chrysa thought Akina was very sweet and cute and shy. But Akina was a very surprising and strong person. She had a job with an international company in Tokyo. She was doing very well in her career.

Not like me, thought Chrysa. I don't do anything.

There was a new post from Jarmo too. He had posted a map of the world with Helsinki in the middle. Underneath he had written,

---"Anywhere you want to go in the world, you have to travel through Helsinki!"---

There were no new messages from Pachai. Chrysa was worried about him. A month ago, Jarmo's mother had died in Helsinki. Pachai and Chrysa met in Paris and travelled together to Finland to support Jarmo, and to go to the funeral. On the way back Pachai had told Chrysa about his problem. His family wanted him to marry soon. His mother was choosing a wife for him. "I will marry the woman my mother chooses," he told Chrysa. "But not yet. I have told my family that I will be a better doctor and a better husband if I have more experience of life. My uncle has lived in Paris for many years. He understands, but my family in India cannot understand."

Chrysa understood Pachai's problem very well. "My family wants me to marry the son of a family in our town," she said to Pachai. "It would be a good marriage. But I don't want it. Not now. I have known Michalis all my life. He is like a child, and he is very spoilt."

"Chrysa! Chrysa!" Chrysa's mother was calling her. "Come down here. Michalis has come to visit you."

2. Jacques Villemont

While Chrysa was talking to Michalis, a doctor was standing next to a hospital bed in St Briec in France. The man in the bed was very old. He had recovered from a bad head injury two months before, but then later, he had got sick. This time, it was cancer.

"I'm very sorry M. Villemont," said the doctor. "The results of the tests are not good. It is bad news."

"Am I going to die?" asked the old man.

"Well, yes," said the doctor.

"How long do I have to live?"

"Maybe three weeks," answered the doctor. The doctor was unhappy. He liked M. Villemont.

The old man reached out and touched the doctor's hand.

"I know it was hard for you to tell me. But it's OK. I'm tired. It's time for me to die. I will see my wife again, and I will see my nephew who died twenty years ago."

The doctor went away and Jacques Villemont lay in his bed and thought about the things he wanted to do before he died. He rang the bell next to his bed. A nurse came running.

“M. Villemont. What is wrong? Can I help you?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Jacques. “I want you to call the police station. I want you to find the policemen who came to my house two months ago. Some young people came into my house by mistake, and then a poor man with mental problems tried to kill them. The police will remember. Find the policemen who came to my house that night, and ask one of them to come and see me.”

The nurse thought it was very strange, but she telephoned the police station. After a while, she was able to talk to one of the policemen who had talked to the young foreigners.

“M. Villemont is dying,” she said. “He wants to talk to you as soon as possible. Could you come?”

The policeman was puzzled, but he said, “I’ll come to the hospital in the afternoon.” Jacques talked to the policeman for a long time. The policeman was listening carefully. The nurse was worried that M. Villemont was getting too tired, but then the policeman stood up. “It is very unusual, but I think I can help you.”

The next day a messenger delivered a letter from the police to M. Villemont.

“Do you want me to read it to you?” asked the nurse.

“No. It’s not necessary, but thank you,” answered Jacques. “Please call my lawyer. The name and telephone number are in the notebook in that drawer. Please tell him to visit me.”

When the lawyer came, Jacques said he wanted to make a will. He said, “When I die, I want the young people to have my money.” The lawyer was shocked.

“M. Villemont! You only met these young people once. Why do you want to give them your money? There must be better people to give your money to!”

-----END OF SAMPLE-----