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The Temple Treasure sample  
NOT FOR SALE

## **THE TEMPLE TREASURE**

Level 4 - B1/B2 Intermediate (2) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

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## Chapter One

Shuzo woke up. He turned and looked at the clock next to his futon. It was 2:30am.

*Why did I wake up at this time?* he asked himself. The moonlight was shining through the paper screens which covered the window. He looked around the room. There was nothing in there except his futon, a clock, and a chest-of-drawers for his clothes.

*Maybe I was having a bad dream,* he thought. Then, he heard a noise outside the room. He sat up. His heart started to beat faster. It sounded like someone was walking.

“Who’s there?” he called. Then, the door opened slowly. In the moonlight, Shuzo could see the figure of a man.

“Who are you? How did you get in here? Why....”

The man stood next to Shuzo’s futon and looked down at him. “Give me the key to the special cabinet,” he said.

Shuzo couldn’t see the man’s face clearly, but he knew the voice.

“Shuji, what are you doing here?” he asked.

“Give me the key,” said the man again. He knelt down next to Shuzo.

“But I can’t do that. Why do you want....” Shuzo stopped talking. He felt something cold and sharp against his neck. It was a knife.

“Do it! Now!” shouted the man. “Give me the key!”

Shuzo was upset and frightened. “Shuji, why are you doing this? You know I can’t give you the key. Put the knife away, and we’ll talk. Maybe I can help you.”

“Now!” shouted the man again. He pressed the knife harder against Shuzo’s neck. “If you don’t give me the key, I will kill you, and I will find the key myself!”

“But Shuji, you can’t....”

“Now!” shouted the man.

Shuzo looked up at the man’s face. In the moonlight, he could see his eyes. They looked hard and mean.

*He is going to kill me,* he thought.

The man pushed Shuzo. “The key!” he shouted again.

Shuzo sighed. *I have no choice,* he thought sadly.

“OK, I will give you the key, but please take that knife away from my neck,” he said.

The man moved back. The man had a torch. He switched it on, and the room became bright. Shuzo looked at the man. He was wearing black clothes. He looked tired and angry. The knife was long, and it looked very sharp.

“Oh Shuji, why are you doing this? Are you in trouble?” asked Shuzo.

"The key!" shouted the man again.

Shuzo took a set of keys from under his pillow. He stood up and went to the chest-of-drawers. At the back of the bottom drawer, there was a small wooden box. He took it out of the drawer.

"Open it!" shouted the man.

Shuzo's hands were shaking. He found the small key on the set of keys, and unlocked the box. He opened it, and the man shone the torch on it. There was a large key inside the box. The man took the key quickly.

Shuzo looked at him. "Are you satisfied now?" he asked.

The man shook his head. "No. You might go to the police before I have chance to escape."

The man pushed Shuzo hard. He fell back onto his futon. The man took some rope out of a backpack.

"Shuji, no!" shouted Shuzo. "Stop! I can help you!"

"Be quiet!" shouted the man. He tied Shuzo's hands and feet.

"Shuji, you can't do this!" shouted Shuzo.

"I said be quiet!" shouted the man again. He took out some tape and stuck it to Shuzo's mouth. Shuzo tried to speak, but he couldn't. The man switched his torch off and went out of the room. Shuzo looked up at the ceiling. He tried to move his arms and legs, but the ropes were tied tightly.

*What am I going to do?* he asked himself. He listened carefully. He could hear the man leaving the house. A few minutes later, he heard the sound of a car in the distance.

*It's too late,* he thought. *It's gone.*

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