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Birthdays to Remember sample  
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## **BIRTHDAYS TO REMEMBER**

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

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Birthdays to Remember  
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## 1. August 16 1977

Roger was 75 years old on August 16, 2020. His family held a special party for him at his big, old house near the beach. All his family came to stay for the weekend.

The party started at lunchtime on Saturday. Roger's daughters made delicious food, and the house was noisy with laughter and conversation. Many friends came to say 'hello' and 'happy birthday'.

Late in the day, one by one, Roger's friends drove away, until there was only the family left at the house. His daughters made a meal for the family from the leftover party food, and they sat on the verandah looking out over the sea.

Roger's granddaughter, Vanessa, was sitting next to him.

"So many people came to your party, and the food was wonderful. I guess it was your best birthday party ever," she said.

Roger laughed. "Yes. Your mother and your aunts cooked a delicious meal. I think it is the best birthday meal I have ever had, but you know, I am quite old. I have had many interesting birthdays."

"Tell us about another birthday!" said Vanessa.

Roger thought for a long time. "I have had seventy-five birthdays. Of course, I don't remember all of them," he said. "I remember my birthdays for different reasons, but I will tell you about a birthday meal I never forgot. Can you see that island out in the water?"

"Yes, yes," said Vanessa. "It's Rangitoto. It's a volcano. I learned about it in school."

"Well, many years ago, I was on another volcano on my birthday," said Roger. "It was Mount Etna, on the island of Sicily in Italy.

"In those days I worked for a university. I studied volcanoes in many parts of the world. One year, I went to Mount Etna to look at the rocks and to understand its history. I stayed in a small inn, called a rifugio, high on the mountain. Every day, I went out to look at the rocks. I took photographs, and I took samples of rocks to study back at my university.

"On my birthday, August sixteenth, I walked into the Valle del Bove. It is on the side of the volcano. It is very deep, and the ground is very rough. In many places it is hard to walk. There are no trees. There are dark rocks and stones everywhere. I had water and food, but then I had an accident. I saw some very interesting rocks in a high place, and I wanted to look at them. So I climbed up, but I fell over and I dropped my backpack. It fell down. I looked for a long time, but I could not find my backpack. It was very, very hot and I was thirsty and hungry.

"I thought, *This is dangerous. I have no water. I must get out of the Valle del Bove now. I can't go back to the entrance near the rifugio. It will take too long. It will be dark soon. I must try to climb up the side of the valley.*

"I found a place to climb, but it was very difficult. I fell down many times. But after about forty minutes I reached the top of the valley. I stood up and looked around me. I was surprised. In front of me were many small tents. There were young people everywhere. It was a camp. I didn't know what it was. *Maybe it is a young people's club or a sports club*, I thought.

"Some of the young people saw me.

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