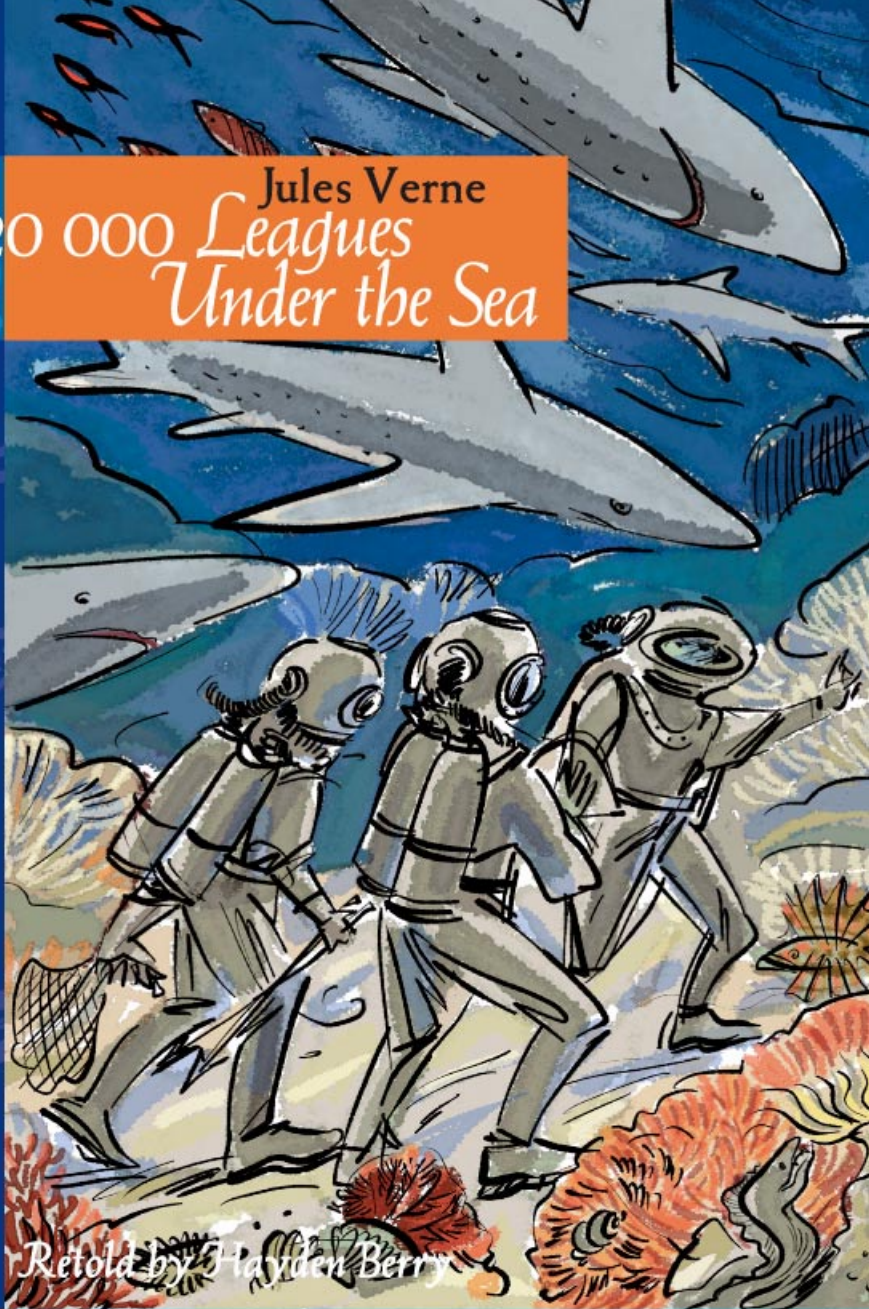


Jules Verne
20 000 *Leagues*
Under the Sea



Retold by Hayden Berry

Jules Verne
20 000 *Leagues*
Under the Sea



Retold by Hayden Berry

w o r y g i n a l e

c z y t a m y w



o r y g i n a l e



c z y t a m y



www.czytamy.pl

© Mediasat Poland Bis 2005

Mediasat Poland Bis sp. z o.o.
ul. Mikołajska 26
31-027 Kraków

www.czytamy.pl
czytamy@czytamy.pl

Projekt okładki i ilustracje: Małgorzata Flis
Skład: Marek Szwarnóg

ISBN 83 - 89652 - 36 - 6

Wszelkie prawa do książki przysługują Mediasat Poland Bis. Jakiegokolwiek publiczne korzystanie w całości, jak i w postaci fragmentów, a w szczególności jej zwielokrotnianie jakąkolwiek techniką, wprowadzanie do pamięci komputera, publiczne odtwarzanie, nadawanie za pomocą wizji oraz fonii przewodowej lub bezprzewodowej, wymaga wcześniejszej zgody Mediasat Poland Bis.

Chapter I

The Narwhale



In the year 1866 everybody in Europe and America was excited by a mysterious object that sailors and ships often saw at sea. This object was long and round and often glowed with light under the water. It was much longer than any whale that had been seen before, and it could move very fast. All over the world, everybody talked about it and asked what it could be? Scientists from every country wrote articles, gave lectures and talked about the animal. What was it, they asked, and did the monster really exist?

In 1867 the problem changed from a scientific problem to a serious danger. On April 13th, the steam boat *Scotia* was in the north east Atlantic. At 4.17pm the boat was hit by a sharp object and water quickly went into the boat. The captain told the passengers to stay calm, and told them there wasn't any danger. He then continued to sail the ship to Liverpool. When the engineers looked at the boat, they couldn't believe their eyes. Two metres below the water mark,

there was a large hole in the shape of a triangle. The newspapers wrote about the story and the public demanded that the monster must be caught.

At the time these things were happening, I was returning from a scientific trip in The United States of America. I was waiting to go back to my job as Professor in the Paris Museum of Natural History. As I waited in New York before my trip back to France, I was asked by the New York Herald newspaper to explain the problem. Here is what I wrote on April 30th 1867:

The ocean is totally unknown to us. What happens there? What animals can live 15 or 20 kilometres under the sea? We do not yet know all the living things that live at the bottom of the sea. The common narwhale, or sea unicorn is often 30 metres long. If the size and strength is increased by ten, then this could be the animal we are looking for. The narwhale has an ivory tusk, just like an elephant, which is as hard as iron. If this weapon were ten times stronger, then it could make a

large hole in the ship. Therefore, until I get more information, I have to think that the monster is a huge narwhale.

Professor Aronnax, Paris Museum.

The US Navy read my newspaper article and made plans for an expedition to catch the narwhale. A very fast, black boat called the *Abraham Lincoln* was prepared and loaded with guns and weapons. Three hours before the *Abraham Lincoln* left, I received the following letter:

To Mr Aronnax,
Professor of the Paris Museum,
2nd July

Sir, if you would like to join the expedition of the *Abraham Lincoln*, the United States Government will happily have you on board. Captain Farragut has a cabin waiting for you.

J B Hobson,
US Navy.



'Conseil!' I shouted in an impatient voice
'Conseil!'

Conseil was a loyal man from Holland who came with me on all my journeys.

'Did sir call me?' he said.

'Yes my boy. We must be ready to leave in two hours.'

'Where are we going?' he answered.

'You know about the monster, Conseil, the famous narwhale? We are going to catch it!'

We arrived at the *Abraham Lincoln* and I was introduced to Captain Farragut. He was a good seaman and his sailors liked him very much. He gave everybody guns and harpoons to attack the animal. One of the sailors was a man called Ned Land. He was forty years old, tall and strong. He was known as 'The King of Harpooners' and could throw a harpoon with a lot of speed and strength. However, Ned Land didn't believe in the narwhale.

'But if the narwhale doesn't exist how do you explain the *Scotia's* accident?' I said.

'Because it's not true!' he answered.

On July 20th we arrived in the north Pacific, and for the next three months looked everywhere for the narwhale. We saw nothing. By November 2nd, the captain and the crew were ready to stop looking and so decided to spend only three more days looking for the whale. For two days we didn't see anything that looked like a giant narwhale. But at 8 o'clock on November 5th, Ned Land shouted 'Look out! The thing we are looking for is on our starboard side!'

We all looked out at the sea. The animal was under the water and was lit by a very strong light. Seeing the size of the whale, the captain ordered the boat to be turned around and we desperately tried to escape from the animal. But it followed us and then, after a few moments of panic on board, it disappeared.

No one slept that night thinking about the whale. At 8am the monster came back and I could see that it really was forty metres long. This time however, we were prepared for the shock of seeing such a beast.

'Is your engine ready?' asked Captain Farragut.

'Yes, Captain!' answered the engineer.

'Well let's go!'

Our ship chased the animal all day, but at no time did we manage to catch it.

'So,' said Captain Farragut, 'the animal goes faster than my ship. Well, we'll see if he goes faster than a bullet.' With this, he picked up his gun and fired. The bullet hit the narwhale but didn't go in and simply fell into the sea. The animal disappeared again, but later that night we saw the electric light only 5km away. It looked like it was asleep. We sailed up to it quietly and stopped about 100 metres away. Just then, Ned Land threw his harpoon. It hit the hard body of the narwhale and fell into the sea. Suddenly, the electric light went out, the animal dived under the water leaving a huge wave behind it. As the wave came nearer, everyone looked for something to hold onto. I was too late and was thrown dramatically into the sea.

When I came to the surface I looked around. It was very dark and all I could see was my



black ship disappearing in the distance.

'Help! Help!' I shouted desperately. But the ship was too far away and no one could hear me. Before I had time to consider my situation, somebody grabbed me.

'Conseil!' I cried 'Did the wave throw you into the sea too?'

'No' said Conseil 'I jumped into the sea to save you!'

At that moment we touched something hard. It was huge and we managed to climb up onto it.

'Ned!' I cried when I saw him 'Were you also thrown into the sea?'

'Yes, sir, but I climbed onto this floating island.'

'An island? This isn't an island' I said, 'It's the giant narwhale, but it's made of thick iron.'

I hit my foot against the animal and heard a metallic sound. The narwhale wasn't an animal. It was a machine. Suddenly a metal door opened. Eight men appeared and pulled us down into the strange metal machine.

Chapter II

Captain Nemo and the Nautilus



We were taken down a ladder into the machine, and pushed into a room. The door closed behind us with a loud bang. The room was made of iron and had a table and five stools. It seemed to have no door. About thirty minutes later, two men came into the room. One man was short with broad shoulders, strong arms and a thick black moustache. The other man was tall and about fifty years old. He had a straight nose and a wide forehead. He had very strange eyes. The two strangers were wearing hats made from sea otter fur, seal-skin boots and clothes made from a strange material. The tall man seemed to be the boss. He looked at us without speaking, then turned to his friend and spoke to him in a language I couldn't understand. The other man answered by shaking his head.

'Maybe,' said Conseil, 'if you tell him the story of how we got here, they would understand.'

So I began talking in French about our adventures on the *Abraham Lincoln*, without leaving out a single fact. I gave our names



and jobs, and asked the men where we were. They didn't seem to understand and didn't say anything at all. Next, we tried talking in English, German, and even Polish. Then the strangers went away, locking the door behind them. Five minutes later, a steward entered and brought us clothes similar to the clothes that the strange men were wearing. He set the table and brought out some large dishes of food.

'I bet there's nothing good to eat here.' said Ned, 'Shark-burgers, tortoise liver and sea-dog steak.'

However, the food was excellent and after we had eaten, we felt tired and fell asleep. When we woke up, the air was fresh and we could smell the sea. It was obvious that we were on the surface of the ocean.

'We must do something!' said Ned, 'We must escape, and quickly.'

'To escape from a prison on land is very difficult, but to escape from a prison at sea will be impossible.' I said.

'Well, we must do something!' cried Ned angrily.



Suddenly the door opened and before I could stop him, Ned attacked the steward who had just entered the room. He was choking him with his big powerful hands. Just then, I heard these words spoken clearly in French:

'Calm yourself, Mr Land, and you professor, please listen to me.'

It was the tall man with the strange eyes who spoke. Ned Land let go of the steward, and we waited for the tall man to continue speaking.

'Gentlemen, I speak French, English, German and Polish very well. I know now that I am in the presence of Mr Pierre Aronnax, Professor of Natural History in the Paris Museum, his servant Conseil, and Ned Land, harpooner on board the *Abraham Lincoln* of the US Navy. I'm sorry I have been so long in not talking to you, but I wanted to think about what to do with you. I have the right to treat you as enemies, since you chased me and tried to destroy my submarine.'

'But we thought we were chasing the sea monster that has caused so much trouble in Europe and America.' I said.

'However,' continued the man, 'I don't have to give you hospitality on my submarine, and I could throw you into the sea and forget about you. That is my right. I left human society and do not obey its laws. But I have decided that you can stay

on my submarine, and you will have the freedom to live with us. I will give each of you your own cabin to live in. However, no one on earth knows about my submarine. It is a secret and I will not allow you to ever leave the submarine.'

'So we will never see our country and families again? That's cruelty!' I cried.

'Sir' said the man, 'You are my prisoners. You have a simple choice. To drown in the sea or live a comfortable life on board my submarine. However, you will have the opportunity to study the ocean and see what no man has ever seen before. You will have a wonderful life on board my submarine.' There followed a moment of intense silence, only broken by my friend.

'But what is your name?' asked Conseil.

'Captain Nemo.' answered the man, 'And my submarine is called the Nautilus. Now gentlemen, breakfast is ready.'

Over breakfast he explained how all the food, clothing and furniture on board the submarine was produced by the sea. After breakfast, he said, 'Now Professor, if you want

to see the Nautilus, I will show you around.'

I stood up and followed him into another large room. It was a library. There were big wooden bookcases containing a huge number of books, brown leather sofas and desks to read on.

'Captain Nemo.' I said, 'This library is bigger than any other library I have seen. How many books do you have?'

'Twelve thousand, Mr Aronnax' he replied, 'You are welcome to use these books. I even have a copy of your book *Great Submarine Grounds*.'

Then he opened another door and we went into another big room. It was an enormous museum. There were pictures painted by the most famous artists, a large piano, and a huge collection of sea plants, shells and other things from the sea. Captain Nemo must have spent millions of dollars collecting them all.

'But how does the Nautilus work? Where do you get the power for the engines? And where do you get all this electricity when you are under the sea?' I said.



'Come this way.' he said, and he took me through another door and into his own cabin. He showed me all the equipment on board. Then he explained that he had discovered how to make electricity from sea water. This electricity was used to power the submarine, to give light and heat. He explained that the Nautilus had large tanks on board. If these large tanks were filled with sea water, the submarine would sink to the bottom of the sea, and by pumping the water out of the tanks, it would rise back up to the surface.

'Ah, Captain!' I cried, 'Your Nautilus is certainly a marvellous boat. Are you an engineer? How did you manage all this without anyone finding out?'

'Yes, I am an engineer Professor. I studied in London, Paris and New York, and I built the Nautilus in a secret place on a desert island.' he said.

'One last question, Captain. Are you rich?'

'Yes, Professor.' he said, 'I am very, very rich.'

Chapter III

Walking at the Bottom of the Ocean



'Now, Professor.' said Captain Nemo, 'I am going up to the surface.' He pressed an electric bell three times and the pumps started to pump water out of the tanks. The Nautilus started to rise and then suddenly stopped.

'We have arrived.' said the Captain.

We climbed the iron ladder and went out onto the platform on top of the Nautilus. The sea was beautiful and calm, and we couldn't see anything except for the sea. The Captain made some calculations and then said 'Mr Aronnax, we are four hundred kilometres from Japan. Today, November 8th, we start our journey under the sea.'

We went back down into the submarine and I met Ned Land and Conseil in the museum room. We talked about what we had seen and where we were.

'I have seen nothing and heard nothing.' said Ned Land.

'Well, Ned, the only thing to do is keep quiet and watch what happens.' I said.

'Watch!' exclaimed Ned, 'But there's nothing to watch in this iron prison.'



Suddenly the light went off and a shutter opened. A large glass window was in front of us and a bright electric light shone out into the water.

'Wow! It's like being at an aquarium' said Conseil, and for the next two hours we watched, fascinated by the many different kinds of fish and sea animals swimming next to the Nautilus.

For the next eight days we travelled under the sea, and only came to the surface to get more air. I didn't see Captain Nemo at all, but on November 16th I found a note in my room:

To Professor Aronmax

Captain Nemo invites Professor Aronmax and his friends to go hunting tomorrow in the underwater forest of the island of Crespo.

Captain Nemo

The next day I woke up and got dressed and went to the museum room, where Captain Nemo, Conseil and Ned Land were waiting for me. After breakfast we

followed the Captain to a special room and put on our heavy diving suits, which were made of rubber and had arms, legs and heavy boots. We put on our metal helmets and were given a special underwater gun. We followed Captain Nemo into another small and very dark room. The door closed and then the room began to fill with water. When it was full, a door in the side of the Nautilus opened and, not really believing it was really happening, we walked out on the bottom of the sea.

We saw many interesting things and soon we were walking through thick mud and seaweed. After an hour and a half the ground sloped downwards and we arrived at the forest of Crespo Island, which was made of huge tree-like plants. It was incredibly beautiful, unlike anything I had seen on land.

At one o'clock we stopped to have a rest. We lay down on the soft seaweed and I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke up, there was a huge sea spider that was just about to jump on me.

Captain Nemo took his gun and killed the spider and I realised that many other more dangerous animals might live here at the bottom of the sea. I must be more careful, I thought. We walked on and reached a narrow valley between two high cliffs. We lit our lamps and continued walking down and down. At about 4 o'clock a wall of rock appeared. It was the Island of Crespo, and was impossible to climb. We stopped and turned around and started walking back to the submarine. Suddenly, Captain Nemo picked up his gun and shot an animal which had swum in front of us. It was a magnificent sea otter with a beautiful fur coat. He picked it up and we continued on our journey. After walking for another hour we saw the Nautilus in the distance. Just as I saw it, I felt Captain Nemo push me to the ground. After a moment of panic I looked up and saw two dangerous dog-fish pass by without seeing us. Again I had been saved by the captain. We climbed back into the submarine and took off our diving suits and I went back to my room and immediately



fell asleep from exhaustion. What an adventure!

For the next few weeks I didn't see Captain Nemo very much. I spent most of my time reading and working in the library and we continued on our journey. We passed the Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, the New Hebrides and by January 4th we were near Papua New Guinea. We were going through The Torres Straits, which are the most dangerous straits in the world. Suddenly, I felt a shock and I was thrown to the floor. The submarine had hit a small island made of coral and had stopped moving. Captain Nemo came into the museum room looking worried.

'We have had an accident' he said, 'We are stuck on this coral island and we will have to wait five days until the water level is higher. Then we will float off'

We were near land, and Captain Nemo allowed us to take the small boat and go to the shore. So at 8 o'clock the next morning, we rowed towards the mainland. Ned Land was extremely happy.

'Meat!' he said, 'We're going to eat meat!' We searched hard, and on our way we collected coconuts, bananas, mangoes and pineapple and took them back to the submarine. But Ned wasn't satisfied.

'We must find animals! We must have meat!' he said.

The next day, we went back to the mainland and caught a wild pig. We cooked and ate the pig, and in the afternoon we caught some small kangaroos. At 6 o'clock, as we were returning to where we had left the boat, I noticed a stone fly past me and hit the boat. We looked around and saw what must have been a hundred native men running towards us. They had bows and arrows and were shooting at us. In panic we jumped into the boat and quickly rowed back to the submarine

'Captain!' I cried, 'We have a problem. There are a hundred dangerous natives outside.'

'Mr Aronnax.' answered Captain Nemo, 'If all the natives on Papua New Guinea were on the shore, they wouldn't be able to hurt us.'

At 6 o'clock the next morning the natives were still there and I realised that they weren't going to leave. By 11 o'clock they had surrounded the Nautilus in their small boats. By the evening, some of them had climbed on top of the submarine and were shouting and screaming, but they couldn't get inside. I went to bed but I must say that I didn't sleep very well. In the morning the natives were still on the on top of the submarine making a terrible noise. At 2.35pm the submarine started to float and a few minutes later the Nautilus sailed under the waves and the natives all fell into the sea.

Chapter IV

Pearl Fishing and the Secret Tunnel



By January 21st 1868 we had travelled 6000 leagues of the Pacific and we were sailing across the Indian Ocean. On January 28th we were near Sri Lanka and I met Captain Nemo in the library.

'Sri Lanka is very famous for pearl fishing.' he said, 'Would you and your friends like to see where they grow?'

'Yes I would very much.' I said.

'But Mr Aronnax, I hope you are not afraid of sharks?'

'Sharks?' I cried.

'Don't worry,' he said laughing, 'we will have weapons with us.'

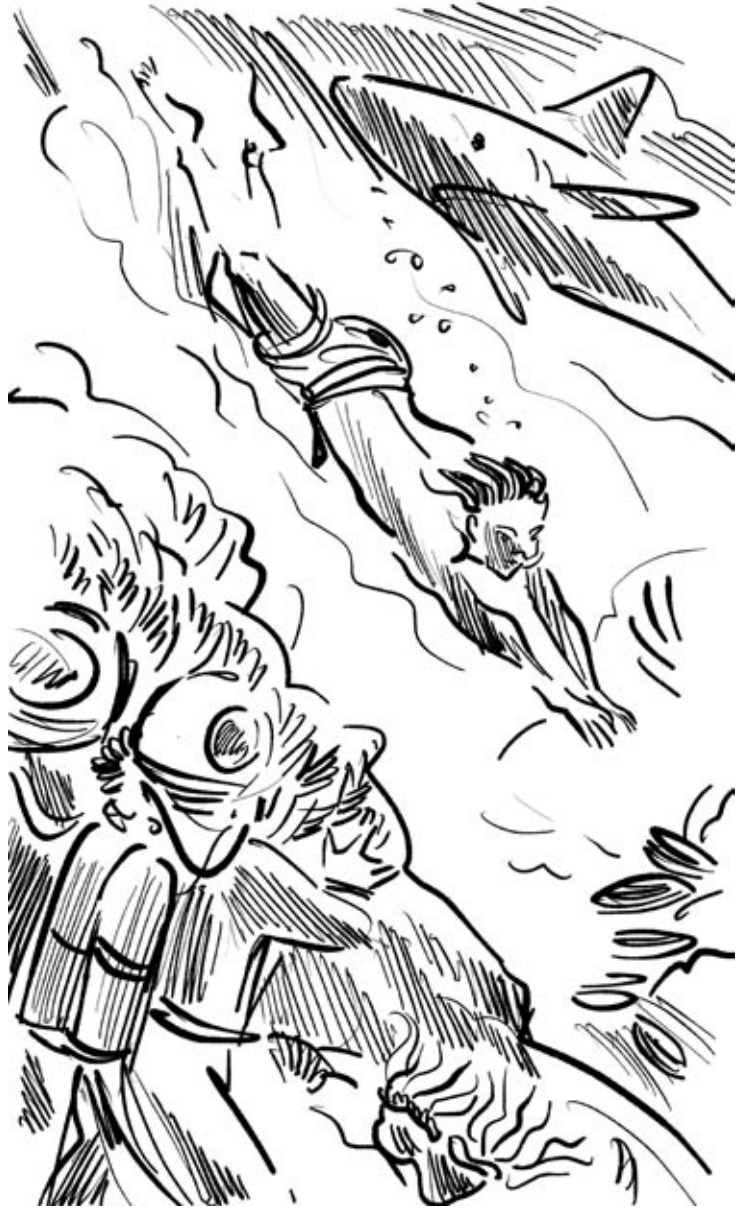
'It could be dangerous, but yes, I'll be ready.'

I told Ned Land and Conseil, and they were very excited.

The next morning I woke up at 4 o'clock and went into the museum room to meet Captain Nemo and my friends. Five sailors from the Nautilus were waiting in the small boat, and rowed us towards the shore. At 6 o'clock we put on our diving suits and I said, 'Where are our guns?'

'Guns?' said Captain Nemo, 'What for? Here is a knife. This is all you will need. OK. Let's go.'

Rather frightened, I put on my metal helmet and climbed out of the boat into the water. We followed the captain down a hill and under the waves, and went down and down. At the bottom we stopped where Captain Nemo pointed to a huge oyster. Inside the oyster I could see an enormous pearl. It was as big as a coconut and was probably worth about four million dollars. I stretched out my hand to take it, but the captain stopped me and shook his head. We turned around and walked back up to shallow water. Suddenly the captain stopped and he pointed to something. About twenty metres away, an Indian man was diving into the sea and collecting oysters. He didn't see us and we watched him collecting oysters from the bottom of the sea. Just then a huge shark with its mouth open swam towards the Indian. Within seconds, Captain Nemo had jumped up and stabbed his knife into the shark's stomach. The sea went red and



all I could see was Captain Nemo fighting with the shark through clouds of blood. He fell on the ground and was just about to be eaten by the shark, when Ned Land jumped in and killed the shark with his harpoon. The Captain walked to the Indian and helped him back to his boat. The poor Indian man was clearly very scared to see us in our metal helmets and rowed away quickly. We walked back to the Nautilus and took off our diving suits.

'Thank you, Ned.' said the Captain, 'You saved my life.'

The next day we left Sri Lanka and sailed towards the Sea of Oman. Ned wanted to know where we were going. 'I think we must be going to the Red Sea to visit the oceans of Egypt.' I said

On February 11th, the Nautilus entered the Red Sea, and on that day I met Captain Nemo on the platform.

'Well, Professor, do you like the Red Sea?' he asked.

'Yes, Captain.' I answered, 'It is very beautiful.'

'Unfortunately we cannot go through the Suez Canal. However we will be in the Mediterranean, the day after tomorrow.'

'In the Mediterranean?' I cried, 'But how will the Nautilus move over the land between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean?' I asked.

'Mr Aronnax,' he said, 'The Nautilus will pass under the land through an underwater tunnel.'

When I told Ned Land, he said, 'Impossible! We will see!'

However, later that night, while Conseil and Ned Land were asleep, I watched as Captain Nemo sailed his submarine through a narrow tunnel and out into the Mediterranean. The next morning, the Nautilus went back up to the surface. I went up to the platform with Ned and Conseil.

'Where are we?' said Ned.

'We are in the Mediterranean. Look and you will see the coast of Egypt' I said.

'Wow! You are right. The Captain is a very clever man. But now we are near Europe, we must escape.' he said.



I didn't want to stop my friends from leaving, but I personally didn't want to leave Captain Nemo.

'If Captain Nemo offered you freedom today. Would you accept it?' he said.

'I don't know.' I replied, 'But if we try to escape, we must be successful first time, because if we fail, we won't have another chance.'

'I agree.' said Ned, 'We must find a good opportunity to escape. For example, if we were near the coast, we could take the small boat at night and row to the shore.'

'OK.' I said, 'When we find a good opportunity, Conseil and I will be ready.'

On February 14th, I realised that the Nautilus was travelling towards Crete and the Greek islands. After breakfast, I went to the museum room and began to work. I studied until 5 o'clock when I started to feel very hot. This was very strange because the sea shouldn't change temperature. I continued with my work but it got hotter and hotter. I wondered if the submarine was on fire. Just as I was about to leave and

look for help, Captain Nemo came in and said 'Forty two degrees centigrade!'

'I can feel it, Captain.' I answered, 'And if it increases I hope you realise that we will all die.'

'The heat won't increase, unless we want it to.' he said, 'Look, we are sailing through boiling water.'

The metal shutter opened and I saw thick sulphurous smoke that smelt like bad eggs, rising from the water.

'Where are we?' I asked.

'Near the island of Santorini. There is an underwater volcano here which makes the water very hot.'

'Well, we can't stay here any longer.' I said.

'No of course.' he replied, 'We will leave at once.'

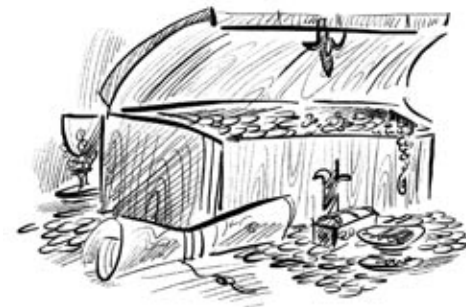
He pressed an electric bell and the Nautilus turned around and left the boiling sea. Half an hour later, we were breathing fresh sea air at the surface.

On February 16th we left the Greek islands and sailed west. During the night we

entered the western Mediterranean, and instead of fish and sea plants, all we could see were shipwrecked boats at the bottom of the sea. We saw anchors, cannons, bullets and pieces of broken ships. They were all covered in rust and seaweed. Some of these ships had crashed into other ships, while some had hit rocks and sank. As we came closer to the Straits of Gibraltar, I noticed more and more shipwrecks. How many sailors had died here I wondered. Had anybody survived to tell the story? In the meantime, the Nautilus was travelling on at full speed amongst the shipwrecks, and on February 18th, at about 3 o'clock, we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. A few minutes later we were at the surface and sailing on the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

Chapter V

The Atlantic



We had already been sailing for three and a half months, and had travelled nearly ten thousand leagues. Now the Nautilus was sailing on the Atlantic. I walked out onto the top of the submarine with Conseil and Ned Land. We could see Cape Vincent in Spain and we were travelling up the coast of Portugal. The sea was very rough and we all went back downstairs to my room.

'Tonight we escape.' said Ned Land seriously, 'We agreed to wait for a good opportunity, and by tonight, we will only be a few kilometres from Spain.'

He came closer to me.

'This evening at 9 o'clock.' he whispered, 'At that time Captain Nemo will probably be in bed. We will go to the stairs and out onto the platform. We will take the small boat and put it into the sea. Then we will row to Spain. Everything is ready for tonight.'

Then Ned Land and Conseil went to their rooms to wait for evening.

At about 6 o'clock I heard the tanks filling up with water and the Nautilus went under

the waves. I stayed in my room and waited. At 7 o'clock I ate my dinner. I got dressed in my sea boots, seal-skin hat and warm clothes and went into the museum room. Suddenly I felt a shock and realised that the Nautilus was on the bottom of the ocean. How could we escape when we were at the bottom of the sea? I thought. At that moment Captain Nemo came into the museum and said:

'Ah, Professor, I was looking for you. Do you know the history of Spain?'

'Not very well.' I replied.

'Well, on October 22nd 1702, a battle took place on the sea in Vigo Bay. English ships destroyed many Spanish ships, which sank to the bottom of the ocean. However the Spanish ships were full of silver, gold and jewels.'

Just then, the metal shutters opened and I looked out of the glass window into the water. The whole ocean was lit by a strong light and I could see sailors from the Nautilus in their diving suits. They were collecting all the gold, silver and jewels



from wooden boxes on the sea floor, and bringing them back to the Nautilus.

'This is the place where the Spanish ships sank' said Captain Nemo.

I could see shipwrecks of a whole fleet of ships, and each one of them had boxes and boxes of gold, silver and jewels.

'Now do you understand why I am so rich?' he said and smiled, 'All I have to do is collect all this treasure!'

When the sailors had finished, they came back to the Nautilus and we continued sailing under the sea. Our plan to escape had failed, so I went to bed.

The next morning, the Nautilus went up to the surface and we all went up to the platform. We couldn't see anything except for the sea and we were sailing southwards away from Europe. Ned was very sad.

'Well, Ned, we don't have a lot of luck, do we?' I said.

'No. The Captain stops every time we want to escape.' he replied, 'But next time, we will be successful.'

At 12 o'clock noon, the Nautilus went

up to the surface of the ocean, and we all went up to the top of the submarine. We couldn't see any land. Nothing but the sea. We had changed direction and we were sailing away from Europe.

Later that evening, Captain Nemo came to see me.

'I have an idea, Mr Aronnax.' he said.

'You have seen the bottom of the sea during the day. Would you like to see it on a dark night? It will be a very difficult walk, and we will have to climb an underwater mountain.'

'I would like to go very much.' I replied.

'OK. Let's go.' he said, and we put on our diving suits.

It was midnight and the water was very dark. Captain Nemo pointed to a red glow in the distance and we started walking towards it. As I looked at the red light, I realised that it shone from the top of an enormous underwater mountain. At 1 o'clock, we reached the foot of the mountain. The path was full of seaweed and I had to climb over rocks



and dead underwater trees. I followed Captain Nemo up the mountain and we didn't stop once. But Captain Nemo went on and on, higher and higher. After quite a climb we were at the top and I looked down the other side of the mountain. There was a huge volcano and I could see red fire coming out of a hole in the bottom of the mountain. On the ground next to the volcano, I could see a town. It was completely ruined, but I could still see houses, churches and streets. Captain Nemo wrote the word 'ATLANTIS' on a rock. We stayed there looking at the lost underwater city for an hour. Then, the Captain pointed back down the mountain, and we made our way back to the Nautilus.

The next day, I woke up very late. The shutters were open and I could see that we were travelling over Atlantis. At 4 o'clock we passed the Canary Islands and were travelling across the Sargasso Sea.

From February 23rd to March 12th, the Nautilus travelled south. The sea was

empty, but sometimes we saw ships going to America or the Cape of Good Hope. Where were we going? I thought. Were we going to the South Pole? On March 14th, a group of whales swam alongside the Nautilus. We were sitting on the platform. Captain Nemo came onto the platform to look at the whales.

'Look over there.' he said, and pointed at something in the distance, 'Do you see those black animals swimming towards us? They are killer whales. They are cruel animals and they kill other whales. We must attack them before they kill all the whales in the sea. The Nautilus has a huge metal harpoon at the front and we will attack them with it.'

We all went down into the submarine and looked out of the glass window. The Nautilus started to kill the whales and after an hour, we all went back up to the platform. The sea was covered with dead whales and the Nautilus was floating in a sea of blood. Captain Nemo sailed next to a dead whale and two sailors climbed

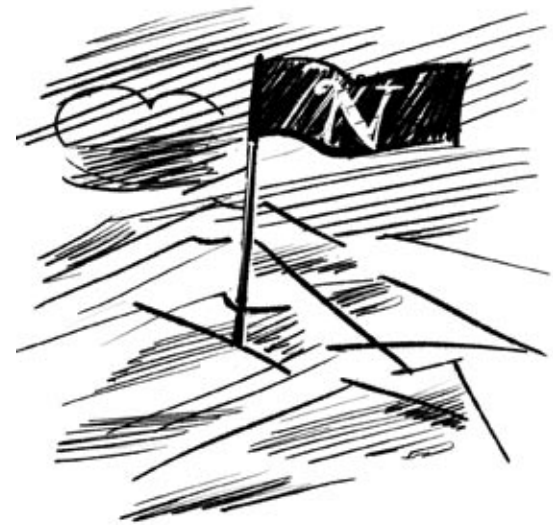
on top of it. They took all the milk from its udders and pumped it into large glass bottles. The Captain gave me a glass of fresh whale milk. It was still warm and the smell made me feel sick.

'It's delicious.' he said, 'It's different from cow's milk and is very important for making butter and cheese.'

I risked a taste, and actually it was delicious. Then the Nautilus left the sea of blood and travelled on towards the South Pole.

Chapter VI

The South Pole



On March 14th I saw ice floating in the sea. The further south we went, the more ice we saw, and it became thicker and thicker. Two days later, the sea had frozen into an ice field, but the Nautilus was strong and broke the ice as it sailed through. However the next day, the Nautilus got completely stuck.

'It's the ice bank.' said Ned Land, and we could see ice mountains in the distance.

'No one can pass the ice bank.' he said, 'All there is behind the ice bank, is ice, ice, ice!' I went up to the platform to have a look. The Captain was there and said: 'Well, Professor, what do you think of it?'

'I think we are stuck, Captain' I said, 'Where are we going?'

'To the South Pole.' he answered.

'But we can't get through the ice bank!' I cried.

'That's true.' he said, 'But we can go under it. Once we get under the ice bank, we will get to the sea at the South Pole.'

Preparations were made to go under the ice bank, and at 4 o'clock, the Captain



told me that everything was ready. The Nautilus went under the sea. It went down and down, and through the glass window we saw the ice bank disappear. I couldn't believe that we could get so low, but it was true, we were travelling under the ice bank. The next day, I went back to the museum room and watched as we slowly started to go back to the surface. The ice bank became thinner and thinner, and suddenly, we broke through the thin ice and into the open sea. I went up to the platform on top of the submarine. I saw many different kinds of birds and the sea was full of fish. It felt like spring.

'Are we at the South Pole, Captain?' I asked excitedly.

'I don't know.' He replied, 'I must do some calculations.'

We got into the small boat and rowed to the shore, got out and walked to the top of a mountain. At the top, the Captain measured the position of the sun in the sky. He did some calculations and smiled.

'I, Captain Nemo, on March 19th 1868,

have reached the South Pole.' he said proudly. Then he stuck a large black flag with the letter 'N' written on it into the ground. We were the first people to get to the South Pole.

The next morning, we left the South Pole and travelled under the ice bank again. We had travelled 14,000 leagues and I had seen many interesting things. I went to sleep that night dreaming of all the places we had been to. Suddenly, I woke up with a shock. The Nautilus was lying on its side. I went to the museum room and met Conseil, Ned Land and Captain Nemo.

'We have had an accident.' he said seriously.

'An enormous block of ice turned over and we are stuck on the ice. It is pushing us upwards. If the block of ice doesn't stop, we might be crushed against the ice bank.' For the next five minutes the whole ship was in a state of deep horror. Was the block going to stop? We looked out of the window and could see the ice back above us. We were all sure that this was the end. But suddenly

we all fell forward as the enormous block of ice stopped. I looked out of the window and saw the ice bank right above us.

'Wow! That was close!' I said, 'Another thirty metres and we would have been crushed against the ice bank.'

Ice was on both sides of the submarine and all that we could see was a huge wall of ice. Above us was the ice bank. Below us was the enormous block of ice. We were in a tunnel of ice. The only way to get out was to go forwards or backwards until we found a way out. The Captain started the engine and the Nautilus moved forwards through the ice tunnel. A minute later it hit ice. The tunnel was blocked. So, the Captain started to go backwards through the tunnel. It moved through the tunnel for about twenty five minutes and then hit the ice again. Ned Land and Conseil looked worried.

'What's happening?' shouted Ned Land, 'Where is the Captain? We must find out what's going on!'

The door opened and Captain Nemo

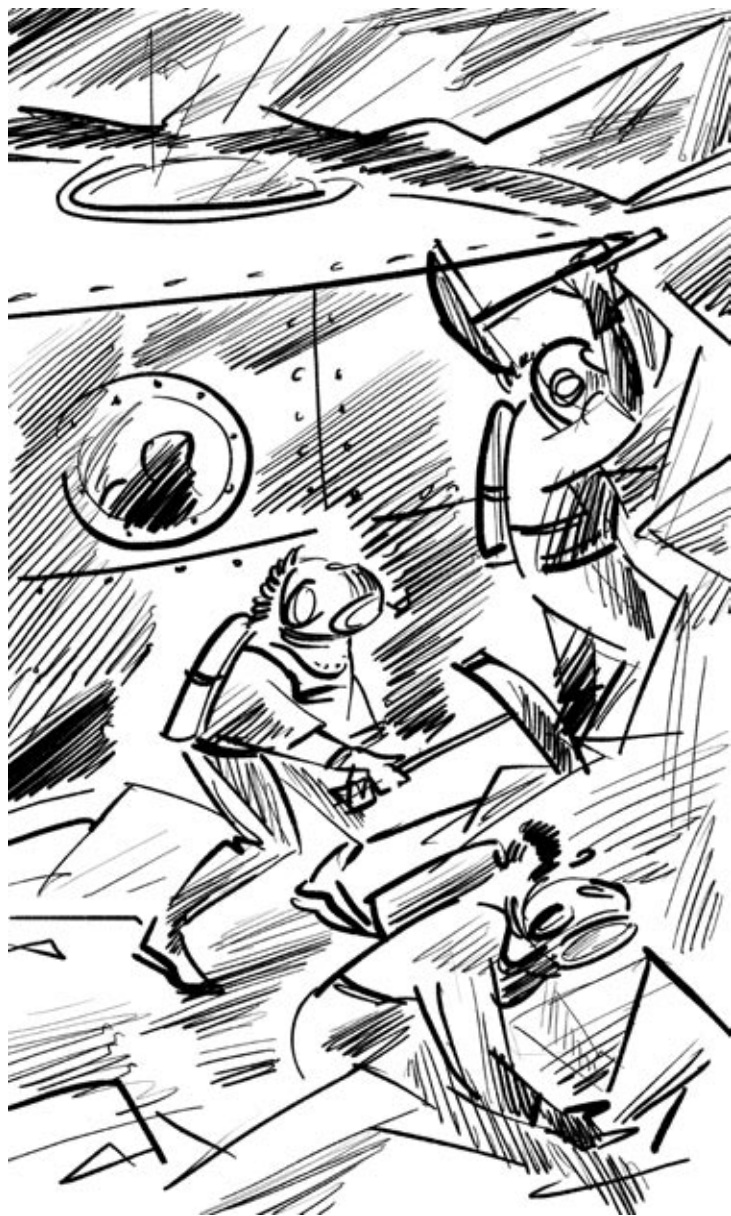
came in. For a moment he didn't speak.

'We have a problem.' he said seriously, 'We are stuck in this tunnel of ice. Above us there is the ice bank. Below us there is the block of ice. Both forwards and backwards are blocked.'

'What are we going to do?' cried Ned Land.

'I don't know.' replied the Captain, 'We are trapped. There are two ways we might die. The first is to be crushed to death by the ice. The second, is to suffocate as we don't have very much air. The air tanks will only give us two days of air. But we can put on our diving suits and start digging the ice.'

The ice was about ten metres thick and about twelve sailors from the Nautilus went out to dig the ice. Ned Land, Conseil and myself went with them. After twelve hours of work, we had only dug a small part of the ice. It was taking a long time to dig through the ice and we didn't have much air left. The next day, we continued digging the ice, and we dug about six metres of ice.



The air inside the submarine wasn't very good, and I had got a headache. By the next day there were only two metres left to dig. I lay down on my bed. I had no strength. My head and lungs were hurting and it was difficult to walk as there was almost no air left. Everyone was desperate.

Later that evening, Captain Nemo decided he would try to use the submarine to break through the ice beneath us. All the sailors came back into the Nautilus and the tanks were filled with water to make the submarine heavier. The Captain started the engine. The Nautilus started to push down against the ice. It was pushing and pushing, when suddenly, we heard a loud cracking noise. The ice below us broke and the submarine was free! But we were still under the ice bank and had no air, but we travelled as fast as we could towards the open sea. I was lying on a sofa in the library. My face was purple and my lips were blue. I couldn't move and when I opened my eyes, I couldn't see. I don't know how long this lasted, but I knew I was

dying. How long would it take to get to the sea? I thought. Hours and hours went by, and the Nautilus was still travelling as fast as it could. Suddenly, I felt pure air in the submarine. I breathed and stood up. It was still difficult to walk, but I climbed up onto the platform and breathed in the fresh sea air. Slowly my strength came back to me. Ned Land, Conseil and Captain Nemo were all on the platform, and we thanked God that we were still alive.

Chapter VII

The End of the Journey



We were alive and happy to be alive. But what would Captain Nemo do now? I thought. Would we go back to the Pacific? Or would we travel towards the Atlantic? I soon realised that the Nautilus was sailing towards South America, and on April 16th we saw the islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe in the Caribbean. We had travelled for 17000 leagues and I thought that this journey would never end. On April 20th we passed The Bahamas and we sailed towards America. Later that morning, Ned Land pointed to something out at sea and five minutes later, the Nautilus was surrounded by hundreds of small octopuss.

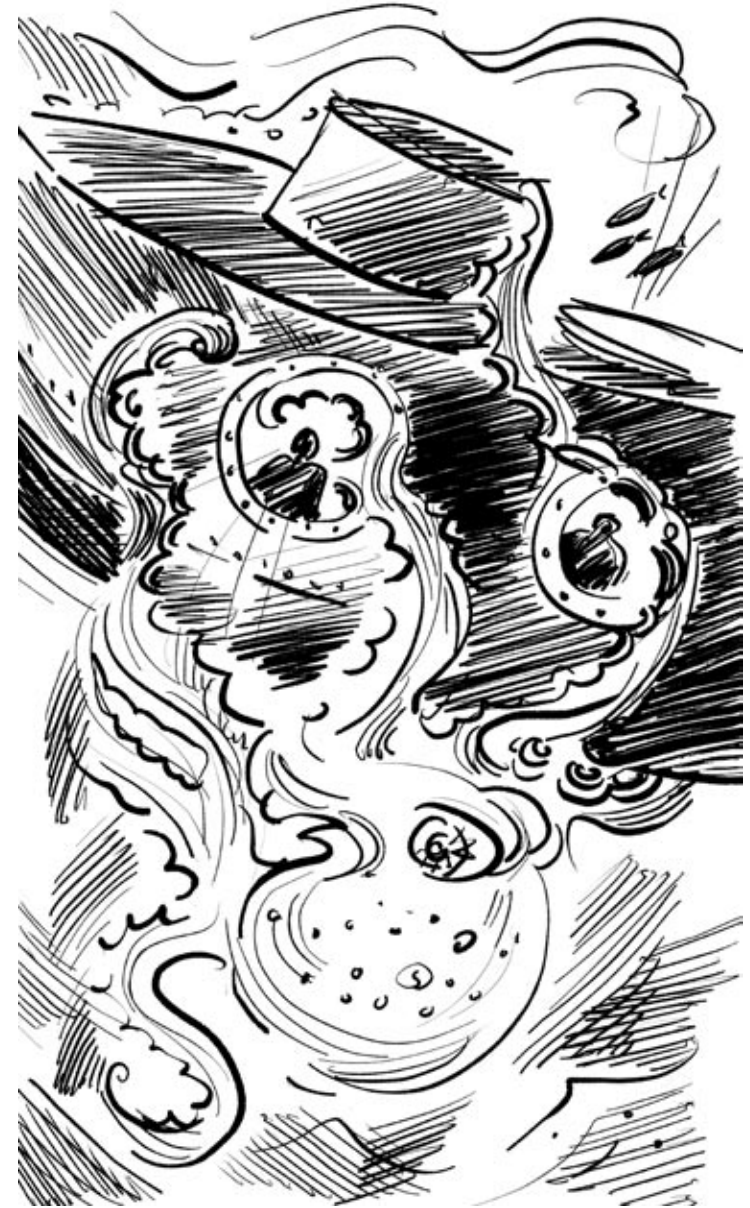
'I have heard of giant octopuss that can drag a ship down to the bottom of the sea.' said Conseil, 'Do you believe in giant octopuss?'

'No I don't!' answered Ned Land.

Just then, out of the window, we saw something very big.

'Look! A giant octopus!' said Conseil.

We couldn't believe our eyes. The



octopus was enormous. It was about twelve metres long and was swimming towards the submarine very quickly. It had huge green eyes and eight long tentacles. It had its mouth open, and we could see its large sharp teeth. At that moment the Nautilus stopped and the Captain came into the museum looking worried.

'One of the octopus's tentacles is stuck in the propeller.' he said, 'We will have to kill it.'

All the sailors went up to the platform on top of the submarine, and before anyone could do anything, the octopus picked up a sailor and lifted him into the air.

'Help! Help!' he cried.

Captain Nemo and the other sailors cut off seven of the octopus's tentacles. But the last tentacle was in the air holding the poor sailor. Just then, the octopus sprayed a huge cloud of black liquid. We couldn't see anything, and when the liquid disappeared, the monster wasn't there. Captain Nemo stood still and looked out to sea. He was crying because one of his sailors was dead.

We had now been on the Nautilus for seven months, and we were travelling up the coast of America. I decided to speak to Captain Nemo about when we would be free. I knocked on his door and went inside. The Captain was working at his desk.

'I would like to speak to you, Captain' I said.

'But I'm, busy, Mr Aronnax.' he replied.

'Captain.' I said, 'We have now been on your submarine for seven months. I would like to know when you will let us leave the Nautilus? When will we be free?'

'Mr Aronnax.' he said, 'I have the same answer now as I gave you seven months ago. Whoever enters the Nautilus, never leaves it.'

I told Conseil and Ned what the Captain had said.

'Well, we must escape.' said Ned Land, 'As soon as possible. As soon as the weather is good.'

However on May 18th, there was a storm and we had to travel east. We left the sea near New York and sailed towards England,



and on May 30th, we saw Land's End. Later that day, I heard a loud explosion.

'What was that noise?' I asked.

'A gunshot.' answered Ned Land.

We were on the platform and I looked out to sea. I saw a large warship which was about ten kilometres away. It was sailing very quickly towards us. I heard another shot and a cannonball landed in the water very close to the submarine.

'Why are they firing at us?' said Conseil.

'Maybe they think we are the narwhale.' I said.

Just then Captain Nemo came onto the platform and said:

'Go down stairs! All of you go down into the submarine!'

'What are you going to do Captain?' said Ned Land.

'I have no choice but to attack and destroy the warship.' he said.

We all went down into the submarine and it went under the waves. However it didn't go down to the bottom of the sea, but it stayed just under the surface. The

Captain pressed a button and the Nautilus started to go faster and faster towards the warship. Suddenly, it hit the warship and went straight through it. The enormous warship started to sink and I could see all the sailors drowning in the sea. I felt terrible because I couldn't do anything to help them. The warship disappeared under the water and sank to the bottom of the ocean. Captain Nemo went to his room. I could see him and saw that he was looking at a photograph of a young woman and two small children. He started to cry and kissed the photograph.

Later that evening, I saw that the Nautilus was going through the English Channel. I couldn't sleep that night and thought about the terrible things Captain Nemo had done. The next morning, Ned Land came to see me.

'We are going to escape tonight.' he whispered.

'Yes, Ned, we will go tonight.' I said.

'The sea is rough and the wind is strong, but we will take the small boat and row to



the shore. We will leave at 10 o'clock.' He said.

'I will be ready!' I said.

Later that evening, I put on my warm clothes and boots and lay down on my bed. I thought about everything that had happened on board the Nautilus: hunting near Crespo Island, the Torres Strait, the natives of Papua New Guinea, the Red Sea tunnel, the Mediterranean, Santorini, Atlantis, the South Pole, the giant octopus and the sinking of the warship. All these things went through my mind, as I thought about escaping. At 10 o'clock I left my room, walked quietly through the museum room, and met Ned Land and Conseil in the library.

'Let's go!' I said, and we climbed up the iron ladder. Suddenly, the Nautilus started to spin around and around. I realised that we were caught in a whirlpool. We climbed onto the platform and tried to get into the small boat. The Nautilus was spinning around and around and I knew that we wouldn't escape. Just then, there was a huge



crash and a terrible noise. I hit my head on the iron platform and lost consciousness.

I don't know what happened next, but when I woke up, I was lying in a fisherman's hut on an island near Norway. Conseil and Ned Land were there. We were all safe. It is here that I decided to write the story of our adventures under the sea. I don't know what happened to Captain Nemo and the Nautilus. Is he still alive? Did the Nautilus survive? Or was it destroyed in the whirlpool? Maybe, we will never know.

Glossary

above us – nad nami
accident – wypadek
against – przeciw, wbrew
alive – żywy
alongside – obok
among – między, pośród
an adventure – przygoda
anchor – kotwica



arrow – strzała
bad egg – nieświeże jajko
bank – brzeg
beast – bestia
beneath us – pod nami
bird – ptak



black liquid – czarny płyn
blood – krew
bookcase – szafa na książki, regał
boot – but
bottom – dno
bow – łuk
bullet – kula, pocisk
calculation – kalkulacja, obliczenie
cannon – armata, działo
cannonball – kula armatnia
centigrade – stopnie Celsjusza
church – kościół
clever – sprytny, zdolny, utalentowany,
zręczny
close – blisko
coast – wybrzeże



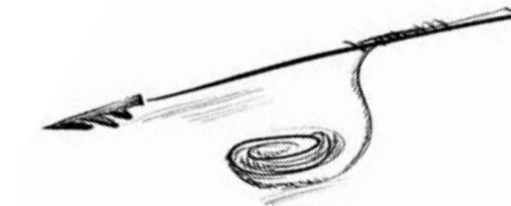
coconut – kokos
comfortable – wygodne
consciousness – przytomność,

świadomość
coral – koral



cracking noise – trzaskający dźwięk, hałas
cruel – okrutny
dangerous – niebezpieczne
deep – głęboki
delicious – smaczne, wyborne
desert – pustynia
desperate – zrozpaczony
desperately – rozpaczliwie, desperacko
difficult – trudno
diving suit – kombinezon do nurkowania
downstairs – na dole
electric bell – elektryczny dzwonek
electricity – elektryczność
engine – silnik
enormous – ogromny
excitedly – podekscytowanie
exhaustion – wyczerpanie

explosion – wybuch
extremely – niezmiernie, nadzwyczajnie
forehead – czoło
fur coat – futro, płaszcz futrzany
giant – olbrzym
glass bottle – szklana butelka
gunshot – strzał z pistoletu
harpoon – harpun
headache – ból głowy



heavy – ciężki
helmet – hełm
house – dom
huge oyster – olbrzymia ostryga
huge volcano – ogromny wulkan
impossible – niemożliwe
impossible – niemożliwe
instead of – zamiast
iron ladder – żelazna drabina
island – wyspa
kangaroo – kangur

library – biblioteka
lung – płuco
magnificent – wspaniały
mainland – kontynent, stały ląd
mango – mango
marvelous – cudowny, zdumiewający
mediterranean – śródziemnomorski
metal shutter – metalowa okiennica
moustache – wąsy
narwhale – gatunek ssaka morskiego
native – tubylec
nobody – nikt
octopus – ośmiornica



opportunity – sposobność
otter – wydra
outside – na zewnątrz
passenger – pasażer
path – ścieżka
pearl – perła

pearl fishing – połowy pereł
photograph – zdjęcie
piece of broken ship – kawałek
uszkodzonego statku
pig – świnia
pineapple – ananas



platform – platforma, peron
preparation – przygotowanie
propeller – śmigło
proudly – dumnie
pure – czysty
rough – szorstki, wzburzony
rubber – guma
rust – rdza
sailor – marynarz
satisfied – usatysfakcjonowany
scared – przestraszony
scientific – naukowy
scientist – naukowiec

sea unicorn – morski jednorożec
seal – skin hat – kapelusz z foczej skóry
seaweed – wodorost
seriously – na serio, na poważnie
servant – sługa
shallow water – płytka woda
shark – rekin



sharp teeth – ostre zęby
shell – muszelka



shipwreck – wrak statku
shock – wstrząs, szok
shore – brzeg
shoulder – ramię, bark

shutter – okiennica
smoke – dym
society – towarzystwo
sterboard – prawa burta
steward – zarządca; steward
still – wciąż
stomach – brzuch
stool – stołek
strait – cieśnina
strength – siła
submarine – łódź podwodna



sulphurous – siarkowy
surface – powierzchnia
tank – zbiornik
temperature – temperatura
tentacle – macka
terrible – okropny
thick – gęsta

to be excited – być podekscytowanym
to allow us – pozwolić nam
to attack – zaatakować
to be blocked – być zablokowanym
to be dead – być nieżywym
to be ruined – być zrujnowanym,
zniszczonym
to be safe – być bezpiecznym
to be trapped – być w pułapce
to calm – uspokoić, uciszyć (się)
to contain – zawierać
to continue – kontynuować
to crush - zgniatać, zmiażdżyć
to cry – płakać
to destroy – zniszczyć
to dig – kopać
to disappear – zniknąć
to disappeare – zniknąć
to drown – tonąć
to escape – uciec
to escape – uciekać
to fascinate – urzekać, fascynować
to feel – czuć
to feel sick – poczuć się źle
to fire at – strzelać do

to float – płynąć
to float off – odpłynąć
to freeze – zamarzać
to get completely stuck – całkowicie
utknąć
to go backwards – iść powrotem
(cofać się)
to hit – uderzyć
to hold – trzymać
to hunt – polować
to increase – zwiększać, przyrastać
to jumped – skakać
to kiss – pocałować
to land – lądować
to manage – zdołać
to pump – (w)pompować
to pump out – wypompowywać
to realise – zdawać sobie sprawę
to row – wiosłować
to sail – żeglować
to scream – krzyczeć
to shake – potrząsnąć
to sink – zatonać
to spin – wirować
to spray – rozpylać, spryskiwać

to stab – dźgnąć, zaszczyletować
 to stuck – utknąć
 to suffocate – dusić się
 to survive – ocaleć, przetrwać
 to swim – pływać
 to worry – martwić się
 tooth – ząb
 top – wierzch
 tusk – kieł
 underwater tunnel – podwodny tunnel
 warship – okręt wojenny
 wave – fala
 weapon – broń
 whale – wieloryb



whale milk – wielorybie mleko
 whirlpool – wir
 wind – wiatr

Contents

Chapter 1 – <i>The Narwhale</i>	3
Chapter 2 – <i>Captain Nemo and the Nautilus</i>	13
Chapter 3 – <i>Walking at the Bottom of the Ocean</i>	23
Chapter 4 – <i>Pearl Fishing and the Secret Tunnel</i>	33
Chapter 5 – <i>The Atlantic</i>	43
Chapter 6 – <i>The South Pole</i>	53
Chapter 7 – <i>The End of the Journey</i>	63
<i>Glossary</i>	75



ISBN 83 - 89652 - 36 - 6

