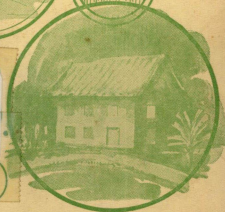




MS III Reader No.1

# THE HAUNTED HOUSE



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หนังสืออ่านประกอบ  
ชั้นมัธยมศึกษาปีที่ ๓  
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THE HAUNTED HOUSE

MS3 Reader No. I

หนังสืออ่านประกอบ

ชั้นมัธยมศึกษาปีที่ ๓

ของ

กรมวิชาการ กระทรวงศึกษาธิการ

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(ห้ามขายเกินกว่าราคาที่กำหนดไว้)

พิมพ์ที่โรงพิมพ์คุรุสภา

ปากคลองบางลำพูบน พระนคร

มีลิขสิทธิ์ตามพระราชบัญญัติ



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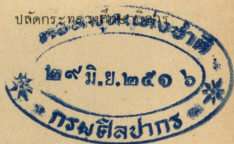
ประกาศกระทรวงศึกษาธิการ  
เรื่อง อนุญาตให้ใช้หนังสือในโรงเรียน

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ด้วยกรมวิชาการได้จัดทำหนังสืออ่านประกอบวิชาภาษาอังกฤษ  
เรื่อง The Haunted House เพื่อใช้สำหรับชั้นมัธยมศึกษาปีที่ ๓ ชั้น  
กระทรวงศึกษาธิการได้พิจารณาแล้ว อนุญาตให้ใช้หนังสือนี้  
ในโรงเรียนได้.

ประกาศ ณ วันที่ ๒๗ ธันวาคม ๒๕๐๕

ศรี วัฒน





## คำนำ

หนังสืออ่านประกอบวิชาภาษาอังกฤษ เรื่อง The Haunted House นี้ กรมวิชาการได้มอบหมายให้ ม.ร.ว.สุประภาดา เกษมสันต์ เป็นผู้เรียบเรียงขึ้น และ Miss Charlotte A. Reid แห่งหน่วยศึกษานิเทศก์ กรมวิสามัญศึกษา เป็นผู้ตรวจ เพื่อให้เป็นหนังสืออ่านประกอบชั้นมัธยมศึกษาปีที่ ๓ กรมวิชาการหวังว่าหนังสือเล่มนี้ จะเป็นประโยชน์แก่การศึกษาในชั้นนี้ตามสมควร.

กรมวิชาการ



## Chapter One

### Going to Ranong

"Why are we stopping, Daddy?" asked Maitree as his father, Mr. Kit Raksak, brought the car over to the left hand side of the road, and then stopped.

"We have a flat tyre," said Mr. Raksak. Maitree, who was fifteen, and very fond of working with cars, immediately got out to help his father. Mr. Raksak began to change the wheel. Nalinee, Maitree's younger sister, who was only eleven, looked at her mother. Mrs. Raksak was rather worried. "It's a good thing you've been this way before, Kit," she said to Mr. Raksak. "I'm sure it will be quite dark before we get to Aunt Ladda's house. We shouldn't have stopped so many times on the way." Nalinee did not agree with her mother's last sentence, but she kept quiet. The Raksak family were on their way to Ranong, where they were going to stay at the house of Mrs. Raksak's aunt. Mr. Raksak had work to do in the town of Ranong, and the children were delighted when he told them he would take them along with him because they had both passed their exams so well.

Maitree, who was a serious-looking boy, tall for his age, had done especially well in science and mathematics. He wanted to be an engineer. Nalinee did not look so serious as her brother, and certainly

she was more mischievous. She was very fond of reading, and, because she had a strong imagination, she was good at writing compositions. She was tall, too, but not so tall as her brother. She wore her long hair in a pony-tail which her brother sometimes pulled when she made him angry.

On that April day the family had started out at half past four in the morning, before the sun rose, on the long journey from their home in Bangkok. They had hoped to arrive in Ranong before dark. But they had stopped many times on the way, whenever either Nalinee or Maitree had asked to.

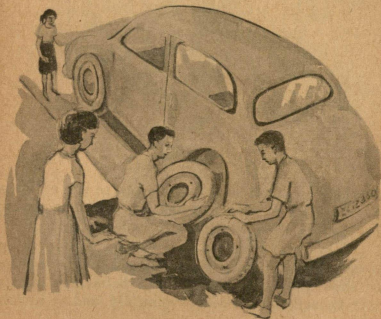
All the family had been delighted by the scenery from Chumporn to Ranong. And Maitree wanted to take photographs of it. He was very fond of taking photographs, and for his last birthday his father had given him a camera. So the family had stopped to take photographs at such places as the Kra river, and the marking stone between the provinces of Chumporn and Ranong where Their Majesties the King and Queen had cut their initials.

Mr. Raksak was willing to stop as often as he could, because he felt that it was good for the children to see their own beautiful country and to feel proud of it.

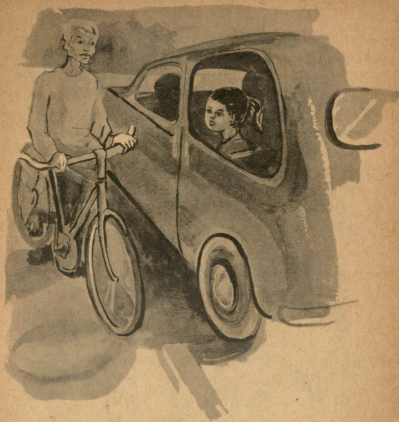
They were only about fifteen kilometers from the town, but by this time it was almost dark. Nalinee heard the cries of several birds as they flew overhead to their nests. She wanted very much

to see what kind of birds they were, as she had never heard or seen such birds in Bangkok. While Mr. Raksak was changing the wheel, a countryman, an old man on a bicycle, had stopped to watch him. He told Mr. Raksak that the cars often got flat tyres because of the nails on that part of the road.

When the car was ready to go, he asked them, "Where are you going to stay in Ranong?" The others were already in the car. Nalinee put her head out of the window, and said, "At Mrs. Ladda Chaowtai's house". "My! Aren't you afraid of







ghosts?" he asked as the car began to move. There was no time to stop and ask him what he meant. The family were silent in surprise.

"Do you believe there can be ghosts in the house, Daddy?" Maitree finally asked. He wanted to show that he himself didn't believe in ghosts, even though the old countryman did, and he wanted



also to show that he would be rather pleased to meet one.

"I thought there were only ghosts in story books," Nalinee said. She was clearly not so happy about them as Maitree.

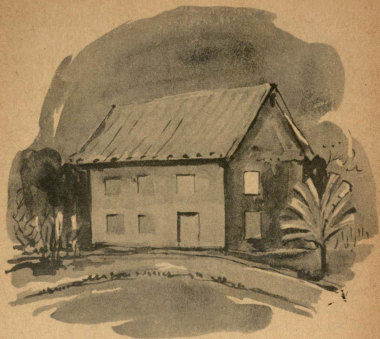
"It's all nonsense!" said their father. "I told you the house is rather old. Your great-aunt Ladda has been living in it with a few servants ever since her husband died. All her children have now grown up and are married. The house was built by her grand-parents, so of course it is old. People seem to think that every old house has a ghost."

"Aunt Ladda is a very kind old lady," said their mother. "She likes people to come and stay with her, so don't show that you don't like her house. It will hurt her feelings. I'm very sorry now that I haven't come to visit her before. Never mind what that old man said. He looked a bit mad to me. His eyes looked queer. He probably didn't know what he was saying."

Just then they passed a waterfall, right by the roadside, and the children stopped thinking of ghosts. Maitree cried, "I must have a picture of this, but it's too dark now. Will you stop here on our way home, please, Daddy?"

"You won't have to wait as long as that," answered his father. "We're only ten kilometers now from town. We can drive out here for a picnic one day. Many people in Ranong do that."

Nalinee, who thought that the waterfall was



very beautiful, was pleased by her father's promise. She stopped worrying about ghosts, or the darkness of the night, and began to see what she could do of these last few kilometers before Ranong.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Raksak at last. He turned the car past a gate into a dark garden and stopped in front of a large house. It looked very large and very dark against the sky. Perhaps it was a good place for ghosts after all!





## Chapter Two

### The Old House

The door opened, and a man carrying a lamp came out. He was old and bent, and walked slowly.

"Good evening!" he said politely. "I hope you have had a pleasant journey. The mistress is waiting to welcome you in the hall." He led the way into the house.

"Oh, but it's a wonderful house! Straight out of a story book!" cried Nalinee excitedly as she followed her parents.

The old man led them into a large hall. The oil-lamp threw long shadows on the walls, and out of the shadows an elderly lady came to greet them. This was Great-Aunt Ladda. Although she was old, she was not bent. Her voice was not shaky like the voices of all old people in Thai films and radio plays, and she stood as tall and as straight as many young people.

When Mrs. Raksak introduced the children, Great-Aunt Ladda smiled and the children immediately liked her. Her smile showed that she was really glad to see them. She said, "Make yourselves at home here, children. You've come a long way, so I want you to enjoy your stay. It's not often I have young relatives here with me. Now, you must be tired and hungry. Dinner is ready, but perhaps you would like to take a bath first."

Everyone agreed to this at once, as they were all dusty and tired after the long journey from Bangkok. For once Nalinee did not race to reach the bathroom before Maitree, as she felt that she should not be noisy in this old house.

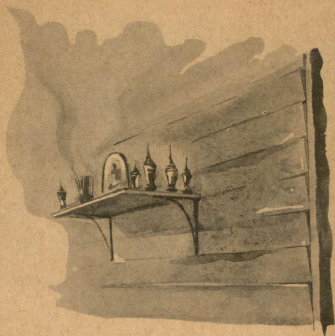
Like all the rooms in the house, the bathroom was very big, and the dim light of the oil-lamp threw shadows in the corners of it. Nalinee, seeing a row of very big water-jars standing against the wall, let Maitree have his bath first. She wanted



to make sure that none of Aladdin's forty thieves were hiding in these big jars!

Maitree, the future engineer, was surprised to find a house in these modern days that had no electricity or running water. He shook his head in despair at old Great-Aunt who lived so much in the past.

Dinner was served by the old servant, whose name was Paa Yu. The children found out later that he had cooked the meal too. He did most of



the work around the house and a woman from the town, who did not sleep in, helped him.

At ten o'clock the children could not keep their eyes open any longer, so Paa Yu took them upstairs to their rooms. They found the upper floor just as big as the lower. There was a wide hall from which many bedrooms opened off. The children had rooms next to one another. In the hall, Maitree's

eyes fell on a broad shelf fixed to one wall. On it, there were some joss sticks burning before several small urns.

"What are these?" He turned to ask the old man.

"The ashes of Madam's ancestors. You should pay your respects to them," Paa Yu answered.

The children did this at once. If there were any ghosts in the house, they wanted to get on the right side of them. Nalinee decided that it might be fun to see a ghost when she was with her parents, but she prayed silently that one would not appear before her when she was alone.

When Maitree saw his bedroom he called out to his sister that he had found something better than in the city. "I say, Nalinee, they don't need to use mosquito nets around here. That's better than Bangkok. I must find out how they drain their water."

There was no answer from Nalinee, as she was still saying her prayers. "There's a good girl! You should always remember to say your prayers!" said a voice from the doorway as Nalinee finished praying. Great-aunt Ladda had come to see that the two of them were comfortably settled for the night. Here was a good chance for Nalinee to ask the question that was on her mind. Her parents were not there to stop her. "Great-aunt, are there any ghosts in this house?"

Because Great-aunt Ladda was there, Maitree



did not make fun of his sister for this question. As a matter of fact, he, too, wanted to know the answer.

"Ghosts?" said Great-aunt Ladda. "Of course there are ghosts. But you mustn't be afraid these are not ordinary ghosts. They are the spirits of our ancestors waiting to protect us, their descendants, from harm. I am an old woman living alone, and they take care of me. Twice we have had thieves in this house; but nothing was stolen. The police were surprised at this, and they even said that the thieves seemed to be in a hurry to get out of the house. How would you explain that?"

"Do you keep many valuable things here, Great-aunt?" Maitree asked. "No, and no one would ever call me a rich woman, but my uncle Bee's treasure is hidden somewhere. Well, it's a long story, and you are both sleepy. I'll tell you about it tomorrow. Goodnight!"





## Chapter Three

### Exploring The Garden

That night Maitree and Nalinee slept in beds that were big enough for three people. If they had not been so tired after their journey, they would have found it difficult to decide whether to sleep on the left side, on the right side, or in the middle. As it was, they just laid their heads on their pillows and dropped right off to sleep. One by one the lamps in the house were put out, until the only two burning were the two small ones on the shelf of urns in the upper hall.

Not far down the road, the men working in the tin mines continued their work all through the night. The noise of the dredgers was one that visitors always noticed when entering Ranong. It was a steady rattle and hum. Any one who had difficulty in dropping off to sleep, could listen to that sound going on and on, instead of counting sheep, as most people have to do.

As for ghosts, if there were any wandering around the house that night, they went unnoticed. Maitree and Nalinee were much too tired to look out for them.

They woke up to the sound of wooden cow-bells and the cooing of several doves. Nalinee was up first, and she hurried over to her brother's room. She did not forget, as she passed, to pay her respects to the urns in the hall, and she never did

forget to do this all the time she stayed in that house.

"Did you sleep well, Maitree? I slept like a log. I didn't hear even a whisper from a ghost. Isn't Great-Aunt a character? I'm looking forward to hearing her story about the treasure. Let's get dressed quickly and explore the garden before Daddy and Mummy are up. We could look around for hiding-places for the treasure....."

Nalinee stopped for breath, so Maitree was able to say: "I'm sure you're disappointed you didn't see any ghosts. But just you wait for other nights when you're not so sleepy. The ghosts don't know you. When they see you, they'll think you're like the thieyes and have no business here, and they'll chase you out of the house."

Nalinee made a face at him and raced off to the bathroom as soon as Maitree picked up his tooth-brush and bath-towel. Maitree was annoyed, but let her go. At home, he would have raced her to the bathroom, and they would have made a lot of noise. Now they were guests in an elderly relative's house, and Maitree felt that being noisy was very impolite. As the elder brother, too, he had to give way to his younger sister over unimportant matters, such as who got first to the bathroom.

It did not take them long to get dressed, and to go downstairs before their parents or their Great-Aunt had appeared. They saw Paa Yu busy cooking breakfast in the big kitchen, so they went



outside. Three small boys were watering the vegetable garden and the flowers. They stopped watering, and stared at the children from Bangkok with big round eyes. Nalinee giggled, and said, "Great-Aunt has youth and age to serve her."

Maitree was looking at the house. "You know," he said seriously, "this is not a house for ghosts. It is for people. I mean, people have been born here, have been happy and sad in it, and have died in it. The old house knows all this. And so it has a personality of its own, quite different from those

*London*

modern houses we often see in the grand parts of Bangkok. This is a house to be proud of."

Nalinee turned to stare at her brother. This was not Maitree the scientist. It did not sound like the old Maitree at all. She began to think that the ghosts of their ancestors had somehow influenced her brother already.

"Well, then," she said, "it ought to have ghosts. All distinguished old English family homes have ghosts. I've often read about them."

"You and your story books!" said her brother. "This isn't an English house at all. Don't you remember ever seeing pictures of old China? This house is built in the style of a Chinese nobleman's house. Look at the unusual tiles on the roof. Look at those thick walls, and the big courtyard."

A look round the garden revealed a cowshed and a very big dove-cote. The cows had wooden bells round their necks, and there were plenty of white doves fluttering and cooing round the cote.

"The house is like something out of China, the cows with their bells are like something out of Switzerland, and the white doves are something out of the land of peace and plenty," said Nalinee dreamily.

"Never heard of *that* particular land," said Maitree, "but I hope Paa Yu has put plenty on the breakfast table. I'm hungry. Let's go in."



## Chapter Four

### Uncle Bee's Treasure

At the breakfast table the children learned what a determined person their Great-Aunt was. When they told her how much they liked the old house, she said, "My children enjoyed living here when they were young. Now they have all grown up and married and gone away to live in Bangkok. But I hope to live here myself till the end of my days."

"Don't you ever feel lonely, living here all by yourself, Aunt?" asked Mrs. Raksak. "But, then, of course, you always have many guests to stay with you."

"Your cousins are always telling me to sell the place and move to Bangkok with them. They say, and they are right, that to put modern conveniences into the house will cost more money than I have got. But I am happy here, and here I'll stay. When friends and relations want to visit Ranong, they will always be welcome here," declared Great-Aunt Ladda.

"Have you had any more offers from the mining companies?" asked Mr. Raksak.

"Oh, yes. Almost every month they send someone over to try to make me change my mind," replied Great-Aunt Ladda.

"The mining companies would like to buy this house and land because they are certain there is

tin ore under the ground," Mr. Raksak explained to the interested children.

"If there is gold and diamonds under the house, I still wouldn't sell it," Great-Aunt declared. "There are quite enough mines in this province already. When all the mines are worked out, and the tin all taken out, there will only be a ghost town here, good for nobody. Besides, I can't let Uncle Bee's treasure fall into other people's hands, can I?" This last sentence was said with a twinkle in her eyes as she looked at her great-nephew and great-niece.

"Yes, do tell us about the treasure," Nalinee said eagerly. "You promised us last night that you would tell us today."

"Long, long ago," began Great-Aunt Ladda, "when I was a child, I had an uncle named Bee. We have always had unusual people in our family, but he was the most unusual one of all. He could never stay in one place, and he was for ever wandering; one day he was here, the next day he was away. He never told anyone where he went to, but he always returned home after his travels. He loved this house, and always came back to it. We children always looked forward to his return, because he loved children, and he always came back with presents for every child in the place.

He always had money, although he didn't seem to do any work for it. I know that my grandfather never gave him any because he was displeased with



Uncle Bee's way of living. It was said that he had a lot of precious stones, rubies from Burma, for instance, that he kept hidden here in this old house. We asked him about these stones, but he only laughed, and said, "I'll tell you before I go away for the last time."

"Did he finally tell you, Great-Aunt?" Maitree asked. "If Nalinee had been there, she would have been able to make him tell his secret. No one can keep a secret from Miss Know-All Nalinee, or hide anything that she can't find."

"That's enough, Maitree," said Mr. Raksak, cutting in before Nalinee could get angry. "Let's listen to Great-Aunt."

"There's not much more to tell," said the old lady. "When I was fifteen Uncle Bee went away for the last time. He himself did not know that it would be for the last time, probably, for he did not tell us about the treasure before he went away. I'm sure he would have told us if he had known he wouldn't come back. He wouldn't break a promise. Well, that was the last time any of us saw him. We don't know where he went, or what became of him, to this very day. Oh, he was such a character, he was!"

Her listeners were silent after she had finished her story, for they could see that at that moment she was happily recalling the days of her youth, and perhaps she was even seeing Uncle Bee clearly in her mind's eye. Then she said. "Well, then, it's



up to you two to look for the treasure. You may go where you wish in doors or out of doors, but don't go up the hill. Piak!" she called the eldest of the three little boys. "You go with Master Maitree and Miss Nalinee and show them round."

The children did not wait for more, but ran off at once with their small guide. After they had gone, Great-Aunt Ladda said to Mrs. Raksak, "Do you think that's enough to keep them occupied in this sleepy old provincial town until their father is free to take them on trips? I hate to see children bored on their holidays."

"I'm sure they won't be bored," Mrs. Raksak said, and smiled. "But I'm afraid treasure hunting will give them a lot of chances to be very naughty."

"Good," was the answer. "I like naughty children. I was a naughty child myself. Didn't your mother ever tell you about me? As for Maitree and Nalinee, I hope that this holiday will be the best that they have ever had."

"Lucky children," grumbled Mr. Raksak, as he got up and reached for his brief-case. "It's no holiday for me, though, I have to go and meet Mr. Udom-pan. It's almost nine o'clock."



## Chapter Five

### Piak as a guide

Maitree and Nalinee decided they would go over again the places they had been to look at earlier in the morning, but this time they would think of possible hiding places for the treasure. However, the sight of the unexplored hill at the back of the house was like a magnet pulling their eyes to look there.

"We'll go in that direction, just to the end of the grounds, and look around the trees at the foot of the hill," Maitree said.

Ten-year-old Piak was full of importance at the job that the old Mistress had given him. Though he had never been in Bangkok, and though he had never seen a trained guide in action, his common sense told him how to behave as a guide. He was ready to show all his little part of the world to the two visitors from the big city.

"This small stream that we are following comes from the big stream up the hill," he explained, and he pointed to a narrow, shallow channel of water which went into a pool in the garden. "The Mistress said that when she lived here as a little girl, tigers often came down from the hill right into the garden. They ate the chickens, and the cows. Maybe they ate some people too," he added, to make his story more exciting.



Maitree could not help laughing. "The past is all-important here. Everybody knows all about the history of the place. Even Piak can tell us about things that happened long before he was born."

"Are you sure that there aren't more tigers up on that hill?" Nalinee asked, and she really wanted to know.

Piak was sure that Bangkok itself did not have any tigers coming into people's gardens, but he did not like to say that Ranong did not have any tigers now either. "They never come down here now," was his only answer.

"Look how tall the trees are growing here," Maitree said. "How Bamrung would enjoy it if he were here!" Bamrung was his best friend, and already quite an expert on trees and plants. "Daddy said there are hills on the other side of the town that look rather like the Downs in the south of England. I'm sure we could find lots of flowers and plants there, Bamrung and I."

There were also plenty of flowers and plants around them, for Great-Aunt Ladda had planted plenty in her garden, including one tree with tiny, white, sweet-smelling flowers that she said had been brought to her all the way from China. The trees on the hill, however, had not been planted by man. They grew as tall as in the forests of Europe. At the foot of the hill the stream got wider, and there were many rocks and stones in it.

"Do you think all those trees were there when Great-Uncle Bee was living?" Nalinee asked.

"I guess so," Maitree answered, "or else they wouldn't be so tall as they are now."

Nalinee sighed, and said, "Then there are only a thousand and one places where a man could hide treasure. He could do it at the foot of a tree, for instance, and then he would be the only one to know which tree. It's no use looking when we haven't a map or anything to tell us where to begin looking."

"There's a cave farther up on the other side of the hill. I can take you there, but we need

torches. It's dark inside, even in the daytime," said Piak, adding yet another possible hiding-place to the list the brother and sister were already making.

"Is the cave a very deep one, Piak?" Maitree asked. "It's rather dangerous to go in caves when you don't know anything about them."

"No, it's not deep, and I've been there before. There's nothing to be afraid of. Don't you want to look at it?" Piak asked.

"Not to-day, thank you. We'll go some other time," Maitree replied. "Great-Aunt asked us not to go up the hill."

The children walked slowly back to the house. Piak followed them, his face full of disappointment that Master Maitree, who he thought would be a good ring leader for him and his two brothers, was such an obedient boy. "Never mind," he thought, "I'll ask them to go again another day." He picked up little round stones as he walked along, and put them in his pocket, just in case they would be useful to play with, or perhaps to throw at something.

Before they went indoors, Maitree and Nalinee went to examine the cowshed and the dovecote, in case the treasure was hidden in either of them. They even looked down the old well. But they could see nothing, and they had to go back to the house. The treasure remained hidden.



## Chapter Six

### Mad Pong Again

The treasure was almost forgotten during the next three days when Mr. Raksak took his family sightseeing. Maitree was able to take as many pictures as he wanted. There was one small disappointment: the waterfall seen by day was not so beautiful as it had looked at twilight. Still, it looked so cool and refreshing that Nalinee said, "I wish Bangkok was a seaside town like Hua Hin! I wish it had at least a waterfall like this! Then after a hard day at school we could cool off before getting on with our homework. I'm sure we would get better marks at school."

"Then how about staying here, with Great-Aunt, and going to the girls' school?" Mrs. Raksak asked, smiling.

"No, thank you, Mummy," Nalinee did not hesitate to answer.

The children were specially interested in two other places, the hot spring, and the burial place of the Na-Ranong family. Great-Aunt had told them that the spring was hot enough to boil an egg in, so the children took eggs with them when they went to see it one day.

A well had been dug round the spring, but tiny streams of hot water still flowed from it. The eggs were lowered into the well, and they were soon cooked. Nalinee was a little disappointed,



because, as she said, "They taste just the same as other eggs!"

The burial place was very impressive. Here was the last resting place of the founder of the province and his descendants. Kor Su Chieng had come from China a poor man, but he was intelligent enough to know the value of the ore that he found in the streams around here. The town of Ranong was founded because of that tin ore. Later it became a province. Kor Su Chieng himself became a Thai citizen, and served his new country and his king so faithfully that he was given the title of Praya Dumrong Sucharit Mahisra Pakdi.

Maitree liked this story, and he began to dream that he himself was also a discoverer of new territory, and of new wealth, for Thailand. He



was just about to be given a title by the king when Nalinee pulled at his arm and asked him whether he wanted to spend all day standing and dreaming.

On the way home they stopped in the main street to find a photographer's where Maitree's films could be developed. Just as they were leaving the shop, Nalinee saw the old, crazy-looking country man who had told them about Great-Aunt's house being haunted. She was excited, and pointed him out to her brother. The old man was standing talking to another man whose clothes showed that he was a well-to-do person and probably not a native of the province. The strange thing was that this man seemed to be quite interested in the Raksak family, and he was obviously talking to the the old man about them.

When they got home, the children decided to ask old Paa Yu what he knew about the crazy old man. Paa Yu knew everything about Ranong and its citizens, and everyone knew him. Maitree had once gone with him on one of his shopping trips to the town and when they came back he told Nalinee that Paa Yu spent more of his time in social conversation with everyone they met than buying things in the shops.

"Paa Yu, you know almost everyone in Ranong," began Nalinee. "Do you know a crazy-looking old man....." and went on to describe the old man so well that Paa Yu exclaimed, "Oh, yes. You

must mean Mad Pong. He goes around telling everyone that this place is haunted. This began after we had seen him one night in the grounds. He was running as quickly as he could, and screaming loudly. He wouldn't say what he was doing on your aunt's private land. Of course, he's not a thief. No one has ever known him to steal anything.

Well, from that time on, old Pong told the whole town that he would not come here again for all the money in the world. His story was that the lord who built this house, one of those now in the urns upstairs, stood right in front of him and ordered him to get out.

When people asked him why he came here in the first place, Pong refused to answer. He can't be called a liar, for several times he's refused to speak rather than invent a story. It's all rather mysterious."

"Perhaps he came here to look for the treasure," Maitree said.

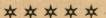
"Perhaps that's right," Paa Yu replied. "The Mistress does not really believe in the treasure, you know; but many other people do believe in it, and I am one of them. I've been here nearly all my life. Something tells me that the treasure exists, but I am not clever enough to discover where it is. You know there weren't any banks in the old days, so where do you think people would put valuable things?"

"They would hide them in their houses," said Nalinee.

"Exactly," Paa Yu agreed. "Or somewhere near the house. I'll tell you what. You're going over to Koh Song, you know, Victoria Point, the day after tomorrow, aren't you? Well, then, when you're there you should look for a man called Mong Aung. He's a Burmese man who sells pots and pans. His shop there is very well known, so you can ask anyone where to find it. They say that his family knew old Master Bee and even helped him to get rubies from the Burmese mines. So, perhaps, he might even know where Master hid the stuff."

"If Great-Aunt herself does not believe in the treasure, then why did she tell us about it?" said Nalinee to Maitree later when they were getting ready for bed. "I bet Mummy and Daddy don't believe in it either. Let's not tell them we are going to see Mong Aung."

"All right," Maitree agreed. "But won't Daddy be surprised to see us interested in buying Burmese pots and pans at Victoria Point!"



## Chapter Seven

### A Souvenir of a Visit

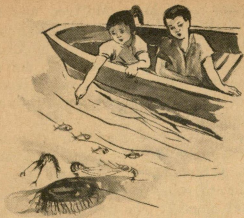
The day the children were looking forward to had arrived. They were going to go to Victoria Point, better known to the people of Ranong as Koh Song. They hoped that it would not rain as it so often does in the south of Thailand and spoil their trip. Luckily, the weather was fine, with a lot of little white clouds in the sky that provided some shade from the sun. It was a perfect day for a boat trip.

"Can these little boats really go out to sea?" Nalinee asked her Great-Aunt when she saw the boat. They were ordinary sampans, driven by outboard motors.

"They certainly can, and take passengers too. It's not a very long journey," said Great-Aunt Ladda. "It's only half an hour."

The first part of the trip was to the mouth of the river. The scenery was not particularly attractive, so Maitree did not take many pictures. But when the river joined the sea, then the children's "Oohs!" and "Aahs!" of surprise and delight started again.

"Maitree, do look at the muddy river water trying to mix with the sea," Nalinee called to her brother when their boat passed the mouth of the river and sailed out to sea. "It's as if the sea was saying to the river, 'Don't send your dirty



water out here, you ugly thing, you'll spoil my beautiful blue and green!

It was just as Nalinee said. The two kinds of water did not at first mix at all, and there was one wide stretch of muddy brown water, and one stretch of blue-green water.

"Better not fall in!" Maitree said to his sister. "Take a look at all those jelly-fish. My goodness! Aren't they horrible!"

"They would make nice comfortable seats to sit on if only they didn't sting," said Nalinee looking at the moving jelly-fish of which the sea was full. Then their attention was attracted, not by the sea, but by the mountains, which seemed to come right down to the water's edge. Maitree took his camera out, and declared. "Next time I'll get some colour film".

When they got there, Maitree and Nalinee were both a little disappointed. "So this is Victoria Point!" said Maitree. "Koh Song is a much better name for it, though I don't know what that means. Victoria Point is just too grand. It leads one to expect too much of the place, and that's not fair to it."

But Great-Aunt Ladda and Mrs. Raksak were not at all disappointed. For them Koh Song was a good place for shopping. The prices were not high and the merchants could speak Thai and accepted Thai money. The two ladies went from shop to shop looking for the things they wanted to buy.

Mr. Raksak did not generally enjoy shopping, but he thought that he should keep an eye on his wife, or she might, perhaps, spend a lot of money. He did not want to overload the car with a lot of things when the time came to go back to Bangkok. So the chance that the children were looking for had come. Unnoticed by the grown-ups, they slipped away among the crowds to look for Mong Aung.

They did not have much difficulty in finding the pot-seller. After asking two or three times, they found his little shop. They began by looking at his pots, which were of the same kind as those sold on the island. After a few minutes, Maitree felt brave enough to ask him questions.

"You are Mong Aung, aren't you?" When the pot-seller nodded, Maitree went on, "They





say that Mr. Bee Kerd-Ranong of Ranong often came here and visited your family when he was alive. Do you remember him?"

"Yes, I do. I was a young lad then, even younger than you, or your sister here. Why are you asking this?" The old man seemed rather



interested that the two children should know of his friendship with their great-uncle.

"We're members of his family, and we would like to hear about him from people who used to know him," Naline explained.

"He was a merry old gentleman," said Mong Aung. "He loved to joke, especially with children. One never knew if he was joking about anything, or serious. For instance, he often said that he was a rich man. I know that he often bought precious stones from Burmese mines, because my father helped him to choose them. "I am worth my own weight in rubies" he often said.

"When anyone asked what he did with these stones, he always said that he had hidden them away for a future day when he might be poor. Once he said the hiding-place was a cavity of some sort, and at another time he said that when the moon was full the moonbeams shone directly on to his treasure at two o'clock in the morning. He had a little song which he had made up about this hiding-place, and he would sing it, and laugh. 'He was a nice man, but quite mad.'"

Maitree's eyes lit up when he heard this story, and Naline could hardly stand still for excitement. They thanked Mong Aung and bought a small set of pots from him, as a souvenir of their visit to Victoria Point, though they both felt that the story they had just heard was a much better souvenir.

On their way out of the shop to rejoin their parents, they were too busy discussing the story to look back at Mong Aung. If they had looked back, they would have seen him laughing at something he found very funny indeed.

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## Chapter Eight

### In the middle of the night

"It must be in that cave," Maitree decided, two days after the trip to Victoria Point. "What else is a cavity? A well might be a cavity, because it's dug out, but I have a feeling that the treasure is not down the well. Great-Uncle Bee would have had a difficult job to get it out of there, himself."

That night it would be full moon, and the children were determined to find the treasure when the moonbeams were shining on it, at two o'clock in the morning. They found it almost impossible not to let their parents see how excited they were. They did not really like having a secret from their parents, but they had talked it over and decided that they should not tell them about hunting for the treasure.

For one thing, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Raksak really believed in the treasure. For another thing, they would never allow the children to go out of the house at two o'clock in the morning. So Maitree and Nalinee decided to go, and to say nothing about it beforehand. They promised themselves that if they found the treasure they would give it all to Great-Aunt Ladda to spend on some things for her old family house.

"What time shall we go, Maitree?" asked Nalinee. "Half past one, or before that?"

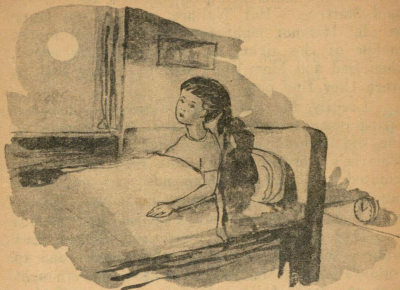
"Well, I think half past one is a good time." said Maitree. "But, Nalinee, you are not going at all. It's not right for you to go out in the middle of the night. If you stay safely inside, then Dad and Mum won't feel too angry with us when they find out."

Luckily, Mr. and Mrs. Raksak had gone out <sup>41</sup>viting some friends with Great-Aunt Ladda, so they did not hear the terrible quarrel that followed Maitree's words. Nalinee was very angry. She shouted, she cried, she commanded and she begged, but Maitree would not change his mind. "I'll go with Piak, and you must stay at home," he repeated.

That night they all went early to bed. But Nalinee was determined to stay awake and to follow Piak and Maitree to the cave. She thought that she could follow them in secret until they got to the hill. Then Maitree could not send her back, or else he would be late at the cave, and they could find the treasure together.

Things turned out quite differently from what she had planned, and only later did she realize that it was a change for the better.

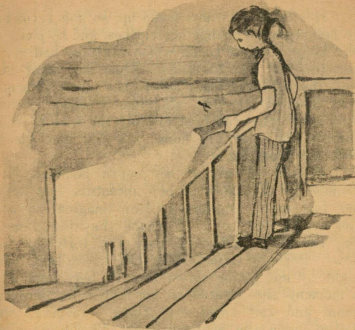
It really was quite impossible for Nalinee to stay awake once she got into bed, no matter how hard she tried to keep her eyes open. Shortly after the lights went out, in spite of all her efforts, she fell asleep. She woke up only when the moonbeams shone directly on to her face. "Oh, dear! I've been sleeping! What's the time?"



Two o'clock! Then Maitree and Piak must have gone already!"

She was very angry with herself for falling asleep, and more angry at the thought that Maitree was going to find the treasure without her. But she was not sure what to do. She wasn't sure that she was brave enough to go out of the dark house by herself, and to run through the garden till she got to the hill. Even then perhaps she would have to climb among the trees, and find the cave, by herself.

Still unable to make up her mind, Nalinee got



out of bed and tip-toed along to Maitree's room. He had not fallen asleep as she had. His bed was empty. What was she going to do? It was not so hard for a boy — or two boys — to walk that distance to the hill in the middle of the night — but could she, a girl, do it alone? "Well," thought Nalinee, "Why not? I'll go by myself, and then Maitree will know how brave I am, and he'll never be able to laugh at me again."

Her mind was now made up, so she returned to her room, to change her clothes, and to pick up the large electric torch which Maitree had given her for her last birthday. Then she went out into the hall, and knelt before the urns. "Please, dear Great-Uncle Bee," she silently asked, "please help me to find the treasure for the sake of your family and your old home. If you can, please keep me from harm."

Instead of giving her more courage, her request to the ashes of her ancestors had made her feel more frightened. Her imagination was too strong for her. "Perhaps they heard me," she thought. "Perhaps they are watching me now. Perhaps Great-Uncle Bee is walking now right by me!" She shivered with fear, and for a moment she wanted to rush into her parents' room and tell them everything. Instead, she looked down the stairs. Everything was quiet. Everything was dark. She bit her lip, and then, with the torch in her hand, she went slowly down the stairs.

At the end of the first flight of stairs there was a small landing. The moonlight streamed in through the window, and Nalinee could see the big vase which stood there. Great-Aunt Ladda had spoken jokingly about this vase. She said she did not know which ancestor had had it made. Out of respect, she had always left it standing there, as it had stood when her parents were



alive. It was big, ugly and heavy, and not at all beautiful. Once, she had tried to lift it up, but it was too heavy for that, so she had given up the idea of ever putting flowers or plants in it.

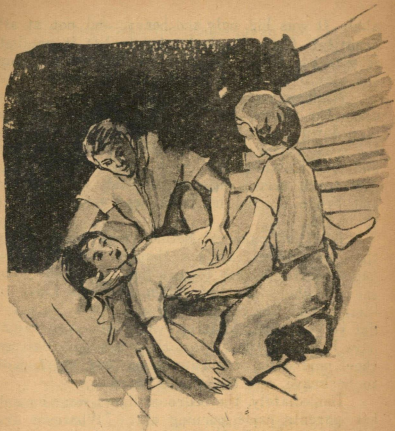
Nalinee, on her slow and cautious journey down the stairs, had her foot stretched out to step down on to this little landing, when suddenly she was pushed hard from behind. She shrieked and fell, clutching her torch tightly in her hand. The torch struck against the side of the vase and broke it, and her own head struck against the wall.

At that moment Nalinee was more angry than frightened, as she thought that Maitree had come behind her to give her that push. She sat up where she had fallen, and called out to him, though she couldn't see him, "Why on earth did you do that, Maitree, you fool! You might have broken my leg!" But there was no Maitree there, and when Nalinee realized that, she forgot to be brave, and burst into tears.

Immediately, the bedroom lights went on and her parents came running out. "Whatever are you doing there? Have you been having a bad dream? Are you all right?" Mr. Raksak was the first to reach his daughter. When her mother also put her arms round her, Nalinee cried all the more.

"I've broken Great-Aunt Ladda's vase," she said, through her tears.

41 a's va:, vase,



"Who cares about that ugly old thing!" said Great-Aunt Ladda, joining in comforting the weeping child. "It's you we are worried about. Stop crying now and tell us what this is all about—why! look at that!" Everyone's eyes



followed Great-Aunt's pointing finger. From the broken side of the vase there were pouring out a lot of stones—red stones, stones that shone in the moon-light like rubies! Nalinee had found the treasure!

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## Chapter Nine

### Smugglers in the Cave

That was only the beginning of the excitements of that night. They were still staring in wonder at the stones falling from the vase when Maitree rushed in, with Piak close behind him.

"Daddy! Quick! Get the car! Smugglers in the cave! We must get the police." Mr. Raksak was too surprised to ask questions. He allowed Maitree to hurry him into his clothes and out to where the car was, while everyone else was asking, "What's it all about? Where are you going? Who are the smugglers?" Only Nalinee was asking something different—"If Maitree wasn't in the house, and it wasn't him who pushed me, then who did it? Because I was pushed—I wasn't dreaming."

Great-Aunt Ladda was the first to show some sense. She got hold of Piak and shook him "Young Piak, what have you and Master Maitree been doing tonight?" It was difficult to get the story out of Piak, he was so excited, but it went something like this—

Maitree had not, like Nalinee, fallen asleep, and in the middle of the night he and Piak set out for the cave. At first they whistled and joked to keep up their courage. At the foot of the hill, they fell silent and talked only in whispers; they were both, though they didn't say this, a little frightened.

They had taken torches but they didn't use them, as they could see their way by the light of the full moon almost as clearly as by day. They talked in whispers, and they climbed the hill silently, and it was lucky they did, for when they got near the mouth of the cave, they saw a light, and they heard men's voices.

"Who can it be at this time of night?" Maitree asked Piak.

"I don't know," whispered Piak. "There's no reason for anyone going in there. Hardly anyone goes in the cave except us at the house. And how did they get there? The easiest way is by the house, the way we came. The other side of the hill is very steep."

Maitree then had to decide what to do. He showed his bravery by telling Piak he must stay behind, and hide behind a tree. Then Maitree himself crept carefully forward, inch by inch, until he could see into the cave, and hear what the men were saying.

Then he came back to Piak, with a very pale face, and whispered, "Come away at once. Don't make any noise!" Together they made their way down the hill, as quickly but as quietly as possible.

When they were far away enough and were sure that no one was following them, Maitree told Piak rapidly what he had seen in the cave. "I think they're smugglers. They're moving boxes out of the cave. There are three men working, and one



man directing them. He's the man Nalinee and I saw in the town, talking to Mad Pong. Everyone's in a great hurry, and I think they're afraid of someone coming — they are always looking over their shoulders."

"What are we going to do?" asked Piak, still trembling with excitement. "We're going to



get my father," said Maitree. "And he'll go for the police." And so they ran toward the house, and rushed in just as everyone was comforting Nalinee and discovering the rubies.

Mr. Raksak drove so fast to the police station that the police arrived just after Piak had finished his story. They all hurried up the hill and were in time to catch the whole lot of smugglers, though there was some shooting, as they were desperate men who carried guns. When the police captain had seen his prisoners safely off, he came into the house, had a cup of coffee, and told the family the whole story.

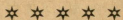
The men were opium smugglers, and the well-dressed man was their leader. They had kept opium in the cave for some time, as it was a safe place. None of the towns people went there, and they knew that Mrs. Ladda Chaotai lived with only one old servant. When, however, the leader heard from Mad Pong that there was a family from Bangkok staying at the house, they had decided to move the opium to another hiding-place.

Unfortunately for the smugglers, they chose the very same night that Maitree decided to go treasure-hunting. The police captain said it was a good thing the smugglers had not seen the boys, as they might have hurt them, or even killed them.

By the time all this story was told, it was morning. And the excitement began to die down. Nalinee and Piak, and Maitree too, were so tired



that they hardly knew if they were awake, or asleep and dreaming. The rubies, however, were very real indeed, and very valuable too!



## Chapter Ten

### A Private Ghost

"I'm very sorry to leave Ranong, and I'll never forget this visit as long as I live" declared Nalinee as she settled in the back seat of the car for the long journey home to Bangkok.

"Yes, it's been an exciting time," said Maitree. "Wasn't it wonderful that you broke that old vase at exactly the right spot, where it was meant to be done! I'm sure it was the first time you ever broke something and didn't get scolded for it!"

"Luck, just luck!" said Nalinee. She knew that Maitree was rather disappointed that he had not been the one to find the treasure after all, that when he had guessed the "cavity" meant the cave, he had guessed wrong.

She had not yet told him that she had been pushed down the stairs to make that lucky break in the vase in exactly the right spot. She did not know what he would say if she said "someone" had pushed her. Far away from Great-Aunt's house, where believing in ghosts was possible, Maitree would go back to being his scientific self. He would only laugh if Nalinee said that a ghost had helped her to find the treasure.

Nalinee, however, had grown fond of the idea of that helpful ghost, and it would make her angry if people did not believe in it. So she

decided she would keep the ghost as a private ghost that only she knew about.

Anyway, Maitree would not laugh at her so much now, when she had shown her courage in trying to follow him, all by herself, in the middle of the night. As for Maitree, he had received so much praise for his own courage that his parents were afraid he would begin to think a great deal too much of himself. All the important officials in Ranong province had praised him, and it had taken a lot of talking on Mr. Raksak's part to keep his son's name out of the newspapers. Even Great-Aunt Ladda, when his parents were not there to listen, had praised him for his presence of mind and his courage.

His parents, however, worried in case Maitree would become proud and boastful, and perhaps even find his ordinary life dull and uninteresting after such adventures. So they reminded him that he had done wrong in not telling them what he had intended to do that night, and in going out in the middle of the night without permission.

Now Maitree, sitting in the back of the car and watching the scenery pass the car windows, said thoughtfully, "I think when I grow up I'll go in for police work—in the scientific division, of course."

Nalinee was wondering what she would do with her share of the treasure money. The money they had got from selling the rubies and other

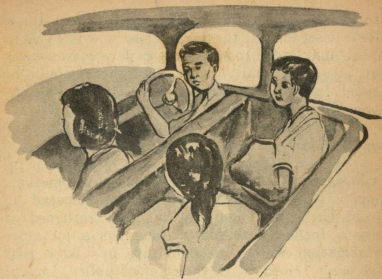
stones was to be divided among all Great-Uncle Bee's descendants; the largest share was to go to Great-Aunt Ladda, to have some modern conveniences put into the family house, but there would be enough left to give Nalinee more money than she knew what to do with.

"Let's come back again to Ranong for our next holiday, next year, Daddy," she suggested.

"That's a good idea," said Maitree with enthusiasm. "I rather want to find out something more. I want to find out what happened to Great-Uncle Bee and why he never returned. I have a feeling that Mong Aung has a lot more information which he could give us. Now that I've made friends with the chief of police, I might be able to get some help from him if we cannot do the investigation ourselves."

"Haven't you had enough excitement?" Mrs. Raksak asked. "Nalinee finds a treasure, Maitree captures some smugglers. That's enough excitement for a lifetime, it seems to me. I suggest that we stay at home next year for our holiday. It's nice and dull there."

"I couldn't agree more," said Mr. Raksak and he looked round to see the children's face as he said this. So loudly did Nalinee and Maitree protest against this idea, that even the passengers in a passing bus turned round to see what was going on. Smiling, Mr. Raksak said, "All right then, all right then. We'll come back next year



to Ranong and to the haunted house and who knows what will happen then?"

The End

## Glossary

### Chapter One

|                                  |                          |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| a flat tyre                      | ยางแบน                   |
| to be worried                    | เป็นห่วง                 |
| mischievous                      | ซุกซน                    |
| a strong imagination             | ชอบสร้างภาพจินตนาการ     |
| she wore her hair in a pony-tail | ไว้ผมยาวแล้วรวบ          |
|                                  | เป็นแบบหางม้า            |
| scenery                          | ภาพภูมิประเทศ            |
| a marking stone                  | หลักหินที่แสดงการแบ่งเขต |
| initials                         | อักษรย่อของชื่อ          |
| to look queer                    | หน้าตาประหลาด            |
| waterfall                        | น้ำตก                    |

### Chapter two

|                         |                                 |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| bent                    | หลังโก่ง                        |
| shadow                  | เงา                             |
| elderly                 | สูงอายุ                         |
| ,shaky                  | สั่นเครือ                       |
| to race                 | แข่ง                            |
| Aladdin's forty thieves | โจรทั้งสี่สิบในนิยายอาหรับราตรี |
|                         | เรื่องอลาดิน                    |

|                    |                              |
|--------------------|------------------------------|
| to open off        | เปิดออก                      |
| joss sticks        | ธูป                          |
| urn                | โกฐ, โถใบเล็กสำหรับใส่กระดูก |
| ashes of ancestors | อัฐิบรรพบุรุษ                |
| to pay respects to | กราบไหว้                     |
| to pray, prayers   | สวดมนต์                      |
| thief, thieves     | โจร                          |
| treasure           | ขุมทรัพย์                    |

### Chapter Three

|                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| pillow              | หมอน                  |
| to drop off         | ผลอยหลับ              |
| tin mines           | เหมืองดีบุก           |
| dredgers            | เรือขุด               |
| rattle and hum      | เสียงเครื่องจักรดัง   |
| dove                | นกเขา                 |
| dove cote           | กรงนกเขา              |
| The cooing of doves | นกเขาคู (= ชัน)       |
| to sleep like a log | นอนเป็นตาย            |
| a character         | เป็นคนที่ไม่ซ้ำแบบใคร |



|                           |                    |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| to explore                | สำรวจ              |
| to make a face at someone | ทำหน้าหลอก         |
| to be annoyed             | ไม่พอใจ            |
| to giggle                 | หัวเราะก๊ิก ๆ      |
| distinguished             | ท่าทางสง่า         |
| tiles                     | กระเบื้องมุงหลังคา |

### Chapter Four

|                                |                                                                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| modern conveniences            | เครื่องใช้สมัยใหม่ที่จำเป็นเพื่อ<br>ความสะดวก หมายถึงไฟฟ้า<br>และน้ำประปา เป็นต้น |
| mining companies               | บริษัททำเหมืองแร่                                                                 |
| to be worked out               | ขุดแร่จนหมดเหมือง                                                                 |
| a ghost town                   | เมืองผีหลอก, เมืองร้าง                                                            |
| a twinkle in her eye           | ตาเป็นประกาย                                                                      |
| great-nephew, great-niece      | เหลน                                                                              |
| cutting in                     | ตัดบท                                                                             |
| recalling the day of her youth | ย้อนระลึกถึงชีวิตเมื่อ<br>ยังเป็นเด็ก                                             |
| her mind's eye                 | ห้วงนึกคิด                                                                        |
| to grumble                     | บ่น                                                                               |
| brief-case                     | กระเป๋าใส่เอกสาร                                                                  |

## Chapter Five

|                    |                                     |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------|
| hiding-place       | ที่ซ่อน                             |
| a magnet           | แม่เหล็ก                            |
| a trained guide    | พนักงานนำเที่ยวผู้เคยได้รับการฝึกฝน |
| cave               | ถ้ำ                                 |
| (electric) torch   | ไฟฉาย                               |
| disappointment     | ความผิดหวัง                         |
| to be disappointed | ผิดหวัง                             |
| ringleader         | หัวโจก                              |
| just in case       | เผื่อ (ว่า)                         |

## Chapter Six

|                            |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| sightseeing                | การไปชมสถานที่สำคัญ ๆ  |
| refreshing                 | น่าสดชื่น, ทำให้สดชื่น |
| to cool off                | ให้หายร้อน             |
| burial place               | ที่ฝังศพ, ฮวงซุ้ย      |
| impressive                 | น่าทึ่ง                |
| to dream                   | ฝัน                    |
| to be developed (of films) | อัดรูป                 |
| crazy-looking              | ท่าทางบ้า ๆ บอ ๆ       |
| well-to-do                 | มั่งคั่ง               |
| a native of the province   | ชาวจังหวัดนั้น         |

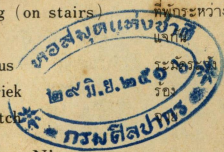
## Chapter Seven

|                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| trip            | การไปเที่ยว        |
| outboard motor  | เครื่องติดท้ายเรือ |
| stretch         | ระยะหนึ่ง          |
| jellyfish       | แมงกะพรุน          |
| My goodness!    | โอโฮ, แหม          |
| to sting        | ทำให้ไหม้, แสบ     |
| the chance      | โอกาส              |
| to slip away    | หลบหนี             |
| to joke         | ทำตลก              |
| cavity          | โพรง               |
| moonbeams       | แสงจันทร์          |
| his eyes lit up | ดาววาว             |
| souvenir        | ของที่ระลึก        |

## Chapter Eight

|                         |                     |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| beforehand              | ก่อน, ล่วงหน้า      |
| a secret                | ความลับ             |
| quarrel                 | ทะเลาะ, วิวาท       |
| to turn out differently | กลายเป็นอย่างอื่นไป |
| to realize              | ได้คิด              |
| to tip-toe              | ย่อง                |

|                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| to shiver with fear | กลัวจนตัวสั่น |
| landing (on stairs) | ขั้นบันได     |
| vase                | แจกัน         |
| cautious            | ระมัดระวัง    |
| to shriek           | ร้อง          |
| to clutch           |               |



### Chapter Nine

|                           |                                |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| smugglers                 | นักลักลอบนำของเถื่อนเข้าประเทศ |
| to keep up their courage  | เพื่อเร้าใจให้กล้า             |
| to creep (crept)          | ย่อง, คลาน                     |
| trembling with excitement | ตื่นเต้นจนตัวสั่น              |
| to see them safely off    | ส่งมอบตัวไปเรียบร้อยแล้ว       |

### Chapter Ten

|                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| to be scolded for something | ถูกดุเรื่อง .....    |
| helpful                     | ช่วยเหลือดี          |
| share                       | ส่วนแบ่ง             |
| with enthusiasm             | ด้วยความกระตือรือร้น |
| investigation               | การสืบสวน            |
| to capture                  | จับ                  |
| to protest                  | คัดค้าน              |





องค์การศาสนา

# พิมพ์ที่โรงพิมพ์ตรา

นายกำจร สัตถกุล ผู้พิมพ์และผู้โฆษณา

๕ พฤษภาคม ๒๕๐๖

พิมพ์ครั้งที่ ๑ พ.ศ. ๒๕๐๖