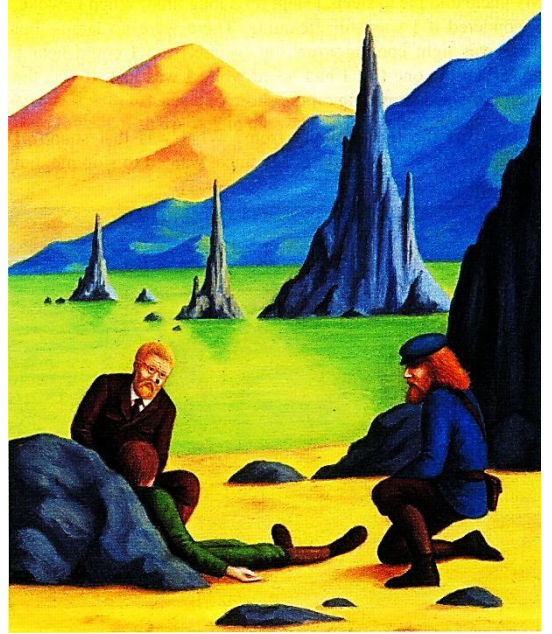


Chapter 6: Amazing Discoveries

الفصل السادس، اكتشافات مذهلة

①I don't know how long I lay there, but I was awakened by a noise. It sounded like thunder or waves crashing on the shore of a sea. Where did it come from? I listened carefully, but heard no more. And then I heard a noise that sounded like a human voice. I could make out words. I thought I heard my name and then the word 'lost'. Was I imagining things? But no, I heard my name again. It was my uncle's voice. 'Uncle Lidenbrock!' I called out. Seconds passed like years. Then I heard these words: 'Axel! Axel! Is it you?' 'Yes, yes! I am in complete darkness.'



②'Axel, my boy, be brave. Listen to me. We are in a big hall. All the passages lead into this hall. We can hear each other because sound travels down the passages into the hall. Call to me again and I will calculate how far apart we are. I called again and my uncle replied when he heard me. It took twenty seconds for my voice to reach my uncle. From this, he calculated that we were six kilometres apart. 'That's not so far,' my uncle said, cheerfully. 'Walk down the passage and we shall soon welcome you. It will not take long. On your way, my boy!'

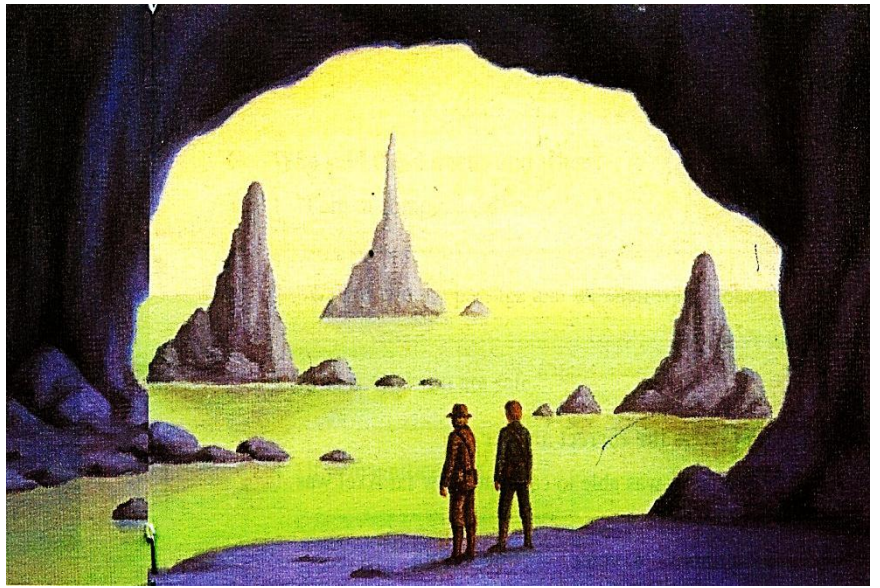
③I was filled with hope now and I set off eagerly. But I was very tired. The slope was very steep. I started to slide down the passage. I went faster and faster. I could not stop. The ground disappeared beneath my feet. I was falling down a well. My head hit a sharp rock and I lost consciousness again.

④When I awoke, I was lying against a rock. My uncle was watching me. When I opened my eyes, he gave a cry of joy. 'He's alive! He's alive!' he cried. 'Yes,' I answered, weakly. He held me in his arms. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'thank God you are safe.'

⑤My uncle told me to sleep. I slept for a long time. When I awoke, I wondered if I was still dreaming. There were no lamps, but there was light coming from somewhere. And I could hear a noise like the one that I had heard while I was lost. It was the sound of waves breaking on the shore of a sea. Where was the

light coming from? What was that sound? I wanted to get up and explore. My uncle wanted to stop me, but I insisted on going.

⑥At first I saw nothing. I closed my eyes. They were not used to the light. When I opened them again, I was amazed. 'The sea!' I cried. 'Yes,' said my uncle. 'I have named it the Lidenbrock Sea.' A great stretch of water lay before me. There was a beach of golden sand. There were waves breaking on the beach.



⑦The light was strange. It was cold and white, unlike sunlight or moonlight. There was a sky with white clouds. High above the clouds there was a roof of rock. We were in a huge cave.

⑧I walked with my uncle along the shore of this strange sea. There were towers of sharp rock in the water. Along the shore there was a forest of trees which looked like giant umbrellas. As we got closer, I saw that they were giant mushrooms. We saw other plants which were much taller than they were on the surface of the Earth. My uncle was excited. 'It is magnificent!' he cried. 'Look and admire, Axel. You will never see anything like this again.'



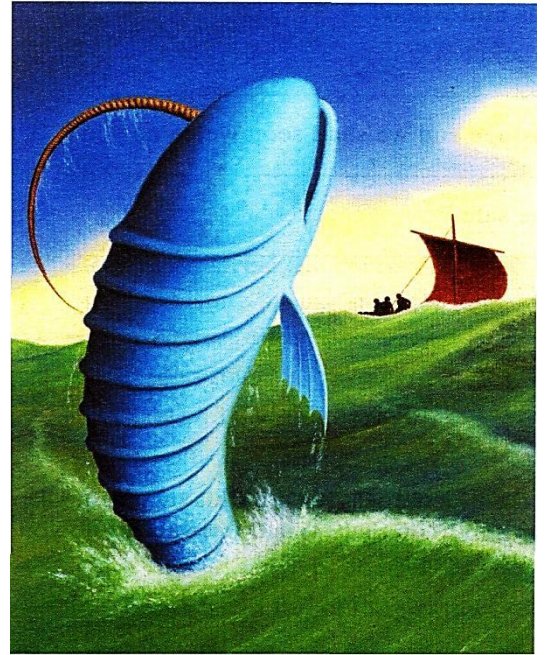
⑨On the shore we also found the bones of animals which had long disappeared from the Earth. We wandered for hours along the shore of this wonderful sea. We saw the tide rise and fall. Even here, the sea answers the call of the moon.

⑩My uncle told me he intended to cross the sea. When I asked him how he intended to do this, he smiled. 'Hans is making us a raft. Come and see.' Hans had cut down some of the trees and had tied them together to make a raft. Tomorrow we would start to explore the Lidenbrock Sea!

Chapter 7: Crossing the Lidenbrock Sea

الفصل السابع: عبور بحر ليدنبروك

①The wind blew our raft along quickly. By the end of the next day we had left the coast far behind. We had travelled one hundred and forty-five kilometres on the Lidenbrock Sea. Hans decided to try fishing. He tied a hook on to the end of a rope, put some meat on it, and threw it into the sea. At first nothing happened. Perhaps there was no life in these waters. But then Hans felt a tug on the line. He pulled it in and landed a fish on the deck of our raft. It had a flat head, but no tail. The strangest thing was that it had no eyes. My uncle examined it carefully. This fish belongs to a family of fish which no longer lives on Earth,' he said. This fish is extinct.'



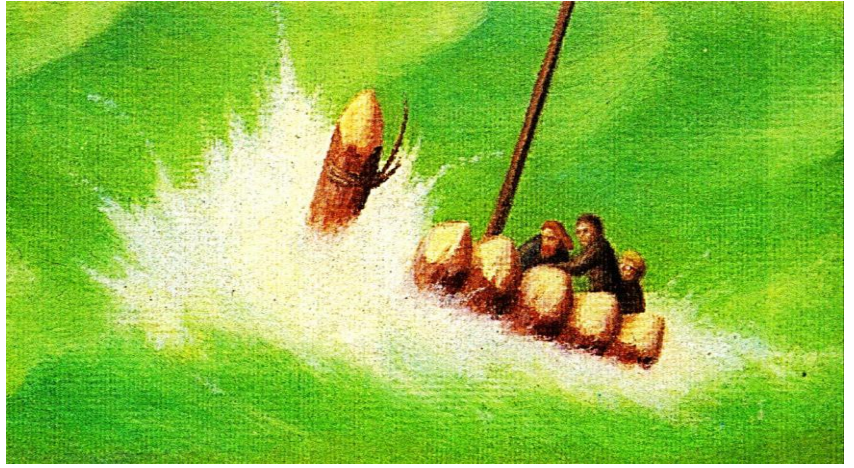
②I was very excited by this news. To think that we had caught a fish that only existed as a fossil on Earth. I wondered what other wonderful creatures we would meet on our voyage on this sea. We might see lizards or whales or birds that lived on the Earth millions of years ago! I started to dream of these fantastic creatures.

③It was wonderful to be out on the open sea. Our days in the darkness of the rocks under Sneffels seemed far away. My uncle tried to find out how deep the sea was. He tied a pickaxe to the end of a long rope and threw it into the sea. It did not touch the bottom. But when we pulled it up, Hans pointed to marks on the pickaxe. 'Teeth,' he said. What terrible monster had bitten into the iron of the pickaxe? We looked at each other in fear.

④Night came again and I fell asleep. However, I was awakened suddenly. The raft had been lifted out of the water. A huge sea monster had thrown us into the air. As we looked, we saw two other sea monsters. They were coming towards us. Were they going to attack? I picked up my gun, but it would be useless against these creatures. We could not escape. We were terrified. Surely this was the end of our journey beneath the Earth!



⑤But the sea monsters did not attack us. They attacked each other. They fought fiercely. Huge waves threw our raft up and down. The fight lasted for two or three hours. We watched in fear. Which monster would win this fight? And would it then go on to attack us? We had no chance of escaping.



⑥Suddenly the two sea monsters disappeared beneath the sea. Then the head of one of them appeared again. It twisted its long neck from left to right. It looked as if it was in great pain. The waves rose higher and higher. Gradually it moved more slowly. At last it stretched out on the surface of the water. It was dead.

⑦We continued our voyage. We were glad to escape the anger of the sea monsters. For two days we sailed on. Then, on the third day, we heard a roaring noise. We saw a huge fountain of water rising from the sea. It was many kilometres away. Was it another sea monster? If so, it must be even bigger than the ones we had already seen. I wanted to sail as far away as possible. But my uncle had other ideas. He told Hans to go straight ahead. As we got closer, we saw a huge dark shape in the sea. It was as high as a mountain and at least two kilometres long. I was terrified. I had never seen an animal as big as this. Suddenly, Hans stood up and pointed to the shape. 'It's an island,' he said. 'And the fountain of water is a geyser.' We landed on the island and began to explore it. We were careful to avoid the geyser. The ground trembled under our feet and it was very hot. My uncle named the island after me. Soon we set sail again, leaving Axel Island behind us.

⑧After a few hours, there was a change in the weather. I could see dark clouds coming towards us. Lightning flashed behind the clouds. I turned to my uncle. 'There's going to be a storm,' I said. 'We should lower the sail and take down the mast.' 'No, never,' my uncle cried. 'Let the storm take us away!' Immediately the storm hit us. The rain poured over us. The raft was thrown up in the air. Then the wind blew us forward at a great speed.

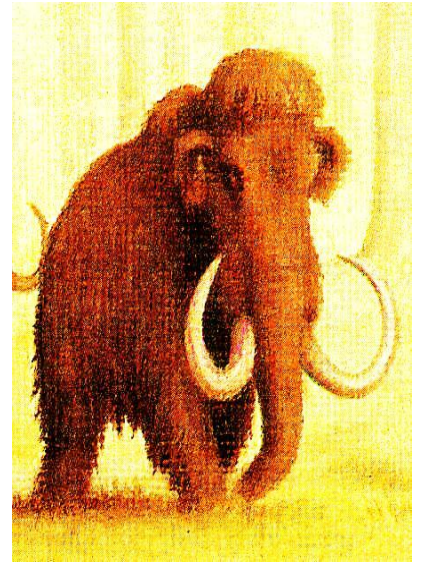
⑨For three days we were at the mercy of the storm. A ball of fire suddenly appeared in the sky. It was coming straight towards us. It burst as it hit our raft. Everything was covered in blue flames. Then I fainted and remembered no more.



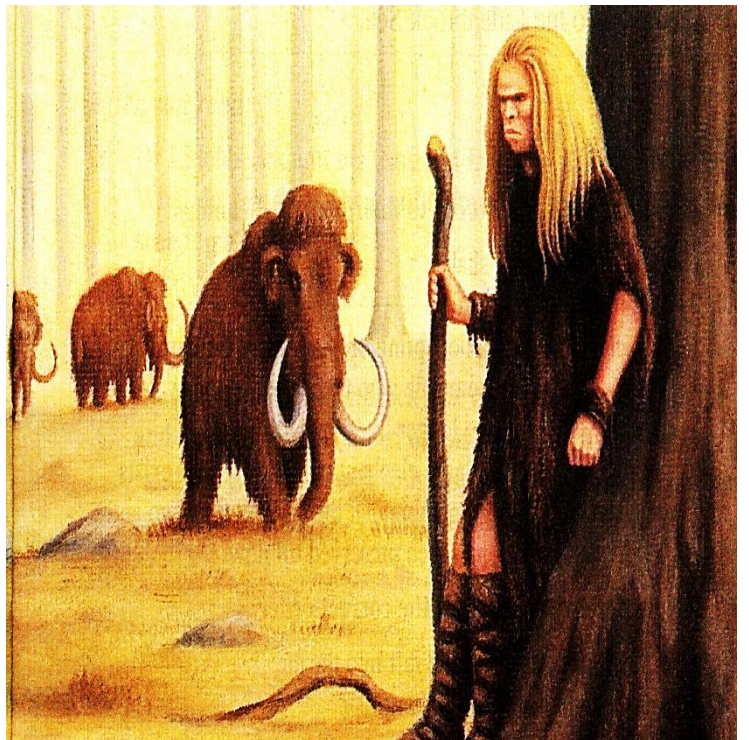
When I woke up, the storm had stopped and the sea was calm. In front of us we could see a shore. We had crossed the Lidenbrock Sea! We landed and rested on the shore.

⑩ Next morning we set out to explore the shore. We walked inland and soon came to a range of hills. The bones of extinct animals lay all around us. My uncle found the skull of a human. It was amazing: men had lived on the shores of this sea thousands of years ago! We came to a forest of strange trees. The forest was not green, but pale yellow, like the colour of sand. The trees had no lower branches and you could see through the forest.

⑪ Suddenly, I stopped and put my hand on my uncle's arm to warn him. I could see huge shapes moving about in the trees. When I approached, I saw giant animals. They looked like elephants, but they were much bigger and they had longer tusks. I recognised them from pictures in my science books. They were mammoths, which had died out on the Earth thousands of years ago! When my uncle saw them, he wanted to approach them, but I did not want to get any closer. 'These animals are dangerous,' I said. 'No man would risk his life with them. 'You are wrong, Axel,' my uncle replied. 'Look over there. I can see something that looks like a man.'



⑫ He pointed to one of the giant trees. A man was leaning against it. He was more than three metres tall and he had long hair. He held a long stick in his hand. He was looking after the herd of mammoths, just as a shepherd looks after his flock of sheep! We stood there for a few moments, unable to believe what we had seen. But what if this giant shepherd saw us? I was afraid and I pulled my uncle's arm. 'Come on!' I cried. 'Back to the raft!' For once, my uncle did what I asked him to do. We ran as fast as we could back to the Lidenbrock Sea.

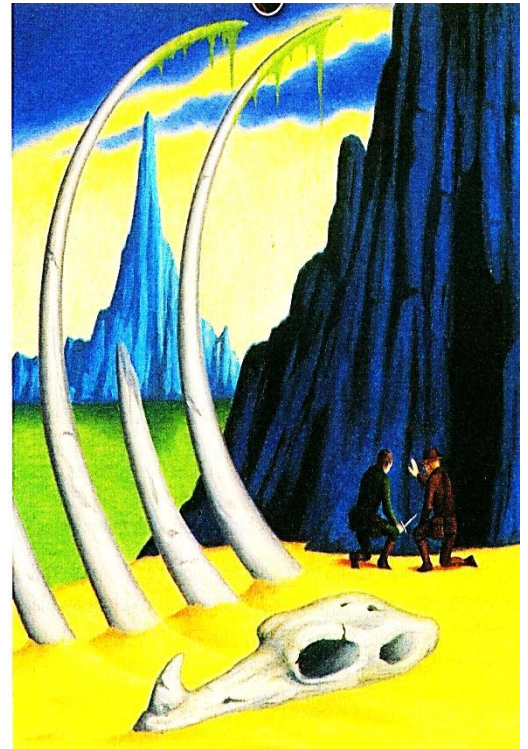


Chapter 8: The Great Explosion

الفصل الثامن: الانفجار العظيم

①As I ran along the shore, I saw something shining in the sand. I bent down and picked it up. It was a knife. I showed it to my uncle. 'That is your knife, Axel. You must have dropped it.' 'No, uncle. I did not bring a knife with me. What about you?' 'No,' my uncle replied. 'I have never seen this knife before. Perhaps it belongs to Hans.' But it was not Hans's knife. My uncle picked it up and looked at it carefully.

②This knife has been here for many years,' he said. 'It is made of steel; therefore it can only be a few hundred years old. But the blade of the knife is rough. Someone has used this knife to carve his name on a stone. And that stone is somewhere near here. We must find it.' The three of us looked all over the rocks around us. At the foot of a cliff we found the entrance to a dark tunnel. There we saw two letters carved on the rock: A.S. 'A.S.,' my uncle exclaimed. 'Arne Saknussemm again!' All my doubts about our journey disappeared. A great traveller had been here before us. He had carved his initials in the rock to guide us on our way. And I was holding his knife!



③I forgot the dangers of our journey. I was not worried about how we would return. Now I was filled with as much excitement as my uncle. I turned to him. 'Uncle, I think that something is guiding us on our journey,' I said. 'Let us enter this tunnel and continue to the centre of the Earth! We had only travelled a few metres, when we came up against a huge rock. It blocked our path, so we could not continue. We looked to the left and to the right of it, but there was no way past it. 'This rock must have fallen since Saknussemm was here,' I said. 'If we cannot break it down, we do not deserve to reach the centre of the Earth!'

④Hans and I tried to break the rock with pickaxes, but it was too hard. Then I had an idea. 'Gunpowder!' I exclaimed. 'Let's blow it up with gunpowder!' Hans made a hole in the rock with his pickaxe. We packed the hole with gunpowder. I made a long fuse out of cloth and laid it against the gunpowder. By midnight

everything was ready. I wanted to light the fuse then, but my uncle refused. 'Tomorrow,' he said. 'We need to sleep now.'

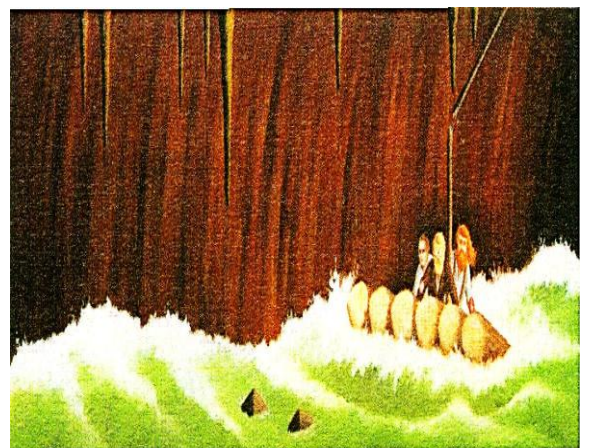
⑤The next day was the most important day in our journey. I cannot write about it now without my heart beating with fear. At six o'clock I was ready to light the fuse. There would be a delay of ten minutes before the gunpowder exploded. I told my uncle I was ready. I lit the fuse and returned to the raft. We counted the time on my uncle's watch. 'Five seconds more,' he said. 'Four ... three ... two ... one. Now!' I don't think I heard the explosion.



⑥But the shape of the rocks changed before my eyes. A huge hole opened and the sea became one big wave. It lifted us and threw us forward. In less than a second we were in complete darkness. The water carried us along at a frightening speed. An hour passed - perhaps two. We held on to each other to prevent us being thrown off the raft. It was then that I found that we had lost everything we owned.



⑦Our tools and instruments and most of our food and water had been swept away by the waves. All we had were some biscuits and a small piece of meat. I decided not to tell my uncle of my discovery. In any case, there was no point in worrying about food: we would probably be killed quite soon! We continued to go faster. It felt as if we were falling. But where were we falling?



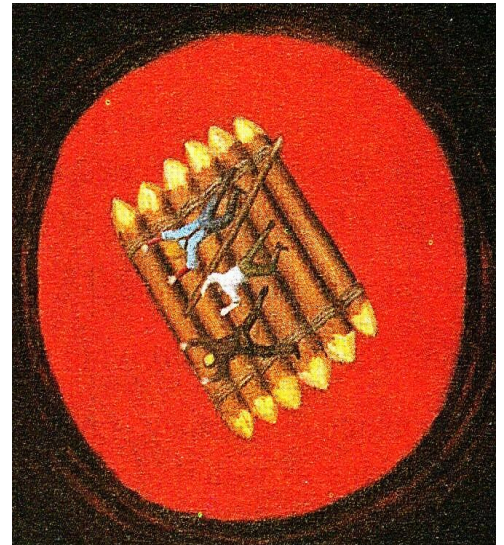
Chapter 9: In the Middle of a Volcano

الفصل التاسع: في وسط بركان

① We were going over a big waterfall. There was a huge splash as we landed, then we rushed on as before. But now there was a change. My uncle felt it too. 'We're going up!' he exclaimed. It was true. The water was driving us up very quickly. 'We are in a kind of chimney,' my uncle explained. 'The water is rising and taking us with it. 'But where is it taking us?' 'Who knows? We must be ready for anything. So let us eat to keep up our strength.'

② Then I had to tell my uncle that nearly all our food was gone. He said nothing, but I knew what he thought. We would never see our beloved Hamburg again. As the water drove us upwards, it got hotter. 'Uncle, these rocks are burning hot. And the water is boiling. The rock walls seem to be moving.' My uncle shook his head. He did not want to listen. 'But look at the compass, Uncle. It's going crazy!' It was true. The needle of the compass was going from north to south and from east to west. My uncle looked at it with interest. He looked very excited.

③ 'What's the matter, Uncle?' I asked. 'We must be in the middle of an active volcano,' he said. 'There's going to be an eruption. And I think it's the best thing that could happen to us. It's our only chance of returning to the surface of the Earth.' I was sure now that my uncle had gone mad. However, I said nothing. There was nothing we could do. We continued our journey upwards. It got hotter and hotter. The water under the raft boiled. Flames licked the walls of the tunnel. We were pushed up with terrific force. We held on to each other and clung to the raft.



④ The heat was unbearable now. I lost consciousness and my eyes closed. For part of that time I have no clear memory of what happened next. I remember explosions, and falling rocks. I remember the raft spinning around in circles. There were waves of red-hot lava. Ashes rained down on us. There were flames everywhere. My last memory was of Hans looking at me. His face was calm as always. There was one last explosion and then I remembered no more. When I opened my eyes again, Hans was holding me. I was lying on a steep mountain slope. I could see the sky, so I knew that we were back on the surface of the Earth. But where were we?

Chapter 10: The Homecoming

الفصل العاشر: الرجوع للوطن

① 'Is this Iceland?' I asked. 'No,' Hans replied. He was right. The sun was very hot and the ground was dry. Above our heads was the edge of the crater. This is where the volcano had thrown us out. It was still erupting. Every ten minutes stones were thrown out. The ground around us was shaking. When I looked down the mountain, I could see tall green trees and little gardens. Below that I could see the blue waters of a sea or a lake. There were small boats on the water. We seemed to be on an island. In the distance I could see the shapes of other islands. It was all very beautiful. 'We must be in Asia,' I exclaimed, 'on the coast of India or Malaysia. We have travelled right across the world!'

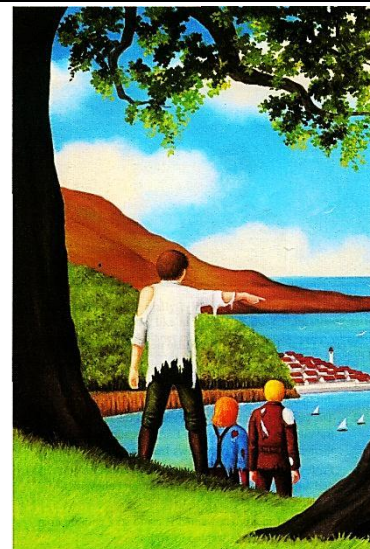


② After we had rested, we began to climb down the mountain. We descended carefully. After our adventures, we did not want to fall to our deaths. Soon we came to fields full of fruit trees. We picked the fruit and ate it. It tasted



wonderful! As we were eating, a small boy appeared. He watched us eating. He looked frightened, but my uncle spoke to him. 'What is the name of this mountain, my boy?' he asked. The boy did not reply, so my uncle asked the same question in different languages. At last, he asked in Italian. 'Stromboli,' the boy said and ran away. Now we knew where we were. We were on a volcanic island off the south coast of Italy. We had been thrown out of the famous volcano of Stromboli. The blue waters before us were the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. What a wonderful journey we had made! We had entered the Earth through the extinct volcano of Sneffels and returned through the active volcano of Stromboli. We had exchanged the cold of the North for the warmth of the South.

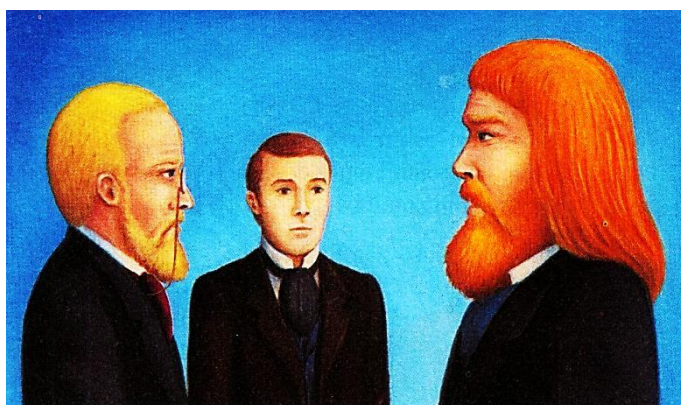
③ We saw houses below us and we walked on towards the little town. In an hour we reached the port of San Vincenzo. The people were very kind to us. They gave us food and drink. They gave us new clothes, because our old clothes were no more than rags. We were all happy to have completed our journey safely. Even Hans was smiling! After resting at San Vincenzo for two days, we took a boat to Messina, then another ship to Marseilles, in the south of France. From there we took a train through France and into Germany. On September 9th, we finally arrived home in Hamburg.



④ The return of Professor Lidenbrock caused great excitement in Hamburg. Everyone had known of his plans to journey to the centre of the Earth. Nobody had believed that it was possible. At first they still found it hard to believe. But the fact that Hans was with us changed people's minds and there was news from Iceland about our journey. My uncle became a great man in Hamburg and I shared a little in his glory.

⑤ All our friends welcomed us back. The city held a celebration for us, where the most important people in Hamburg made speeches in our honour. My uncle told the story of our journey. After that, he had to tell it again many more times. People seemed to enjoy hearing it! My uncle wrote about what he had seen. Other scientists argued with him.

⑥ They did not believe such things were possible. My uncle argued with these scientists. He enjoyed himself very much. The only sorrow was that Hans decided to return to Iceland. My uncle wanted him to stay with us in Hamburg but he refused. He wanted to go home. I was sad, too. I



loved the big Iclander. He was so calm and sensible. We shook hands for the last time on the ship that took him to Reykjavik. But I will never forget him.