

MACMILLAN READERS

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**BEGINNER LEVEL**

JOHN MILNE

# The Long Tunnel



**MACMILLAN**

## Holiday Plans

At universities in England, May is the month of examinations.

Paul was lying on the grass in front of the examination hall. His friends, Sheila and Charles, were sitting near him.

The three of them were first year students at university. They were sitting their first year exams. Paul and Charles were nineteen and Sheila was a year younger.

The next exam began in half an hour's time. But the three students were not talking about the next examination. They were talking about their holidays.



'Where are you going this summer?' Sheila asked Paul.

'To Wales,' Paul replied. 'I'm going to stay in a cottage in the country.'

'You have a cottage in Wales?' asked Charles.

'It's not my cottage,' replied Paul. 'It belongs to my uncle. He usually goes there for his holidays every summer. But this year he's going to Greece. And I'm going to stay in his cottage for two months – July and August.'

'Where are you going for your holidays?' Paul asked.

'We don't know,' replied Sheila. 'We haven't decided yet.'

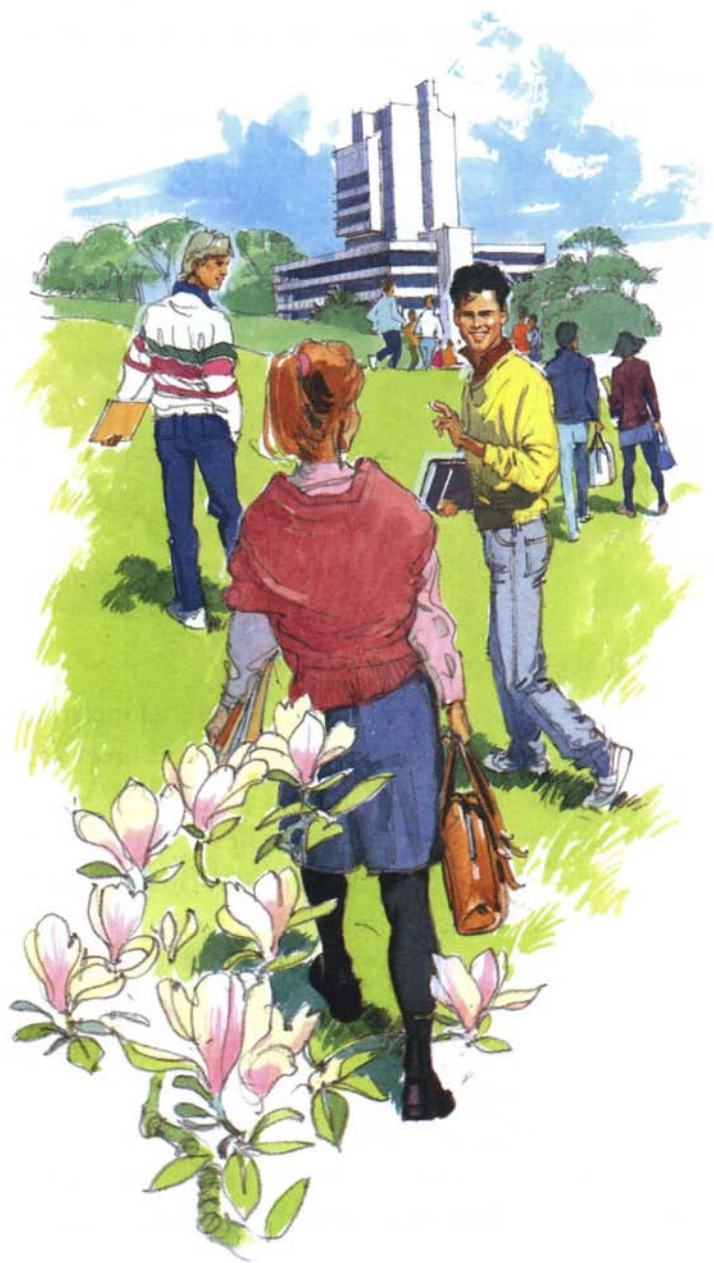
'Why don't you both come to Wales?' said Paul. 'You can stay with me for a week or two.'

'What do you think, Charles?' asked Sheila.

The college bell rang loudly. It was time for the next examination.

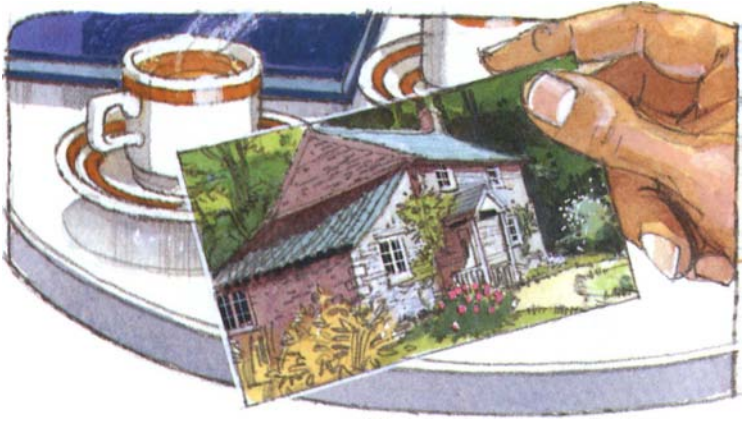
'We'll talk about it after this exam,' Charles replied. 'Let's go now.'

The students got up from the grass. They picked up their notebooks and hurried towards the examination hall.



Three hours later, the examination was over. Paul, Sheila and Charles were sitting in a café.

‘What’s your uncle’s cottage like?’ Sheila asked Paul. Paul took a photograph out of his wallet.



‘It looks lovely,’ said Sheila.

‘It is lovely,’ agreed Paul. ‘But it’s very lonely. There are no houses near the cottage. And there’s no electricity and no telephone.’

‘Let’s go and stay with Paul,’ Sheila said to Charles.

‘OK,’ agreed Charles. ‘We can stay there for a week.’

The three students made arrangements for their holiday in Wales.

‘Come on the fifth of August,’ said Paul. ‘That’s a Monday. The train from London arrives at Llanvoy Station at half past one.’

‘Where’s Llanvoy?’ asked Sheila.

‘It’s a small railway station near the cottage,’ answered Paul. ‘Fast trains from London stop there.’