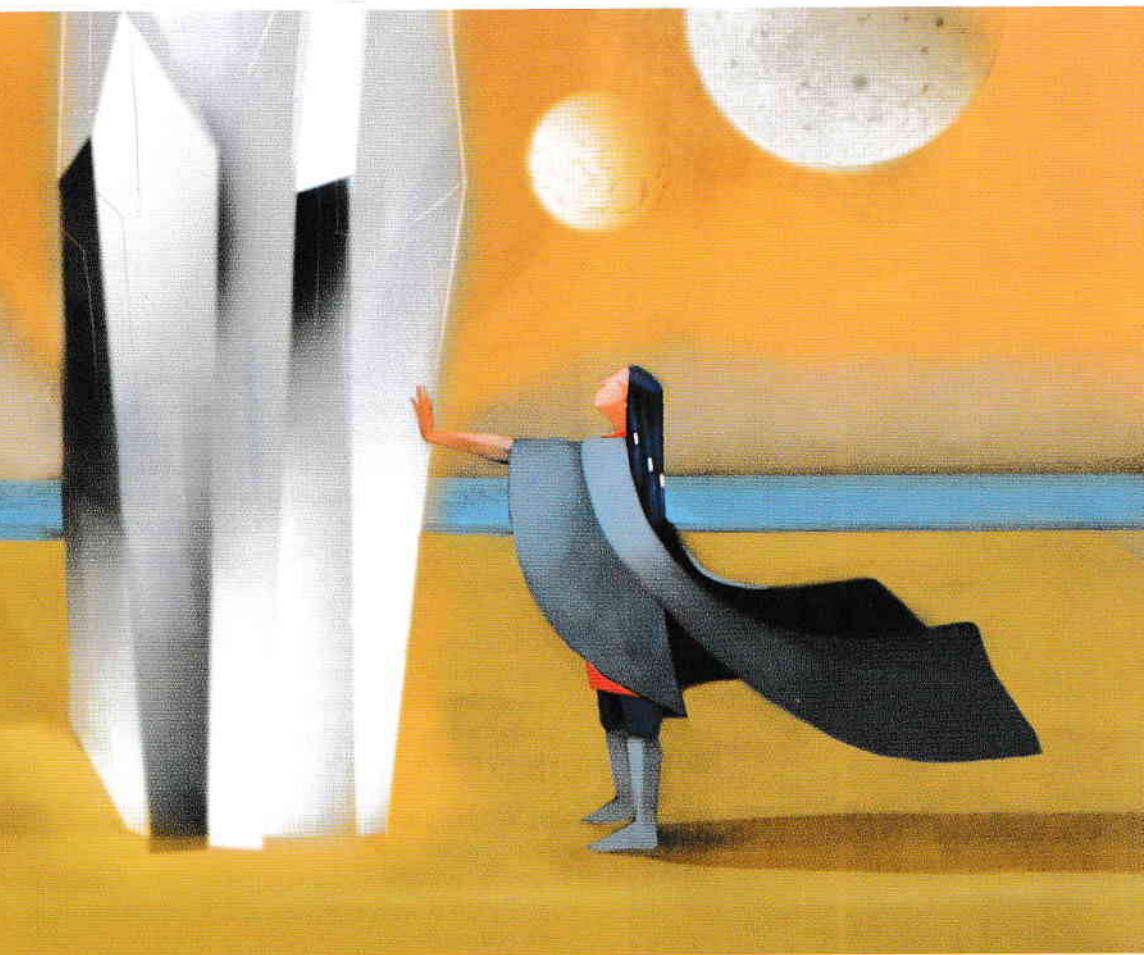


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A New **Atlantis**

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*Illustrated by* **Alberto Stefani**

## Contents

CHAPTER ONE	<b>Ryan – The Black Pyramid</b>	9
CHAPTER TWO	<b>Daria – The Light Crystal</b>	17
CHAPTER THREE	<b>Ryan – The rains are coming</b>	25
CHAPTER FOUR	<b>Daria – The right moment</b>	36
CHAPTER FIVE	<b>Ryan – The magic word</b>	45
CHAPTER SIX	<b>Daria – The truth</b>	53
CHAPTER SEVEN	<b>Ryan – Goodbye to Atlantis</b>	62
CHAPTER EIGHT	<b>Daria – Another time, another place</b>	70

<b>DOSSIERS</b>	Atlantis	4
	The pyramids	32
	Cinema	76

<b>ACTIVITIES</b>	Before you read	8, 16, 24, 35, 44, 52, 61, 69
	Understanding the text	13, 22, 30, 41, 50, 58, 67, 74
	After reading	77

### KEY

This icon indicates Key-style activities

### T: GRADE 3

This icon indicates Trinity-style activities (Grade 3)



THE STORY IS FULLY RECORDED.



Ryan  
**The Black  
Pyramid**

**R**

yan... Ryan?!

Somebody is calling my name and I look around. It's my old grandfather. It's evening. The colours in the desert are beautiful but I can see that he isn't happy.

'Come on boy,' he shouts. 'Your work isn't finished. What are you doing?' He is old and tired but he knows we must continue working. We are slaves and we mustn't stop working until the sun leaves the sky every evening. My grandfather is one of the Elders. The Elders are slaves but they don't have to work... only because they are too old.

When I hear his voice, I remember where I am. In front of me I can see the sea and the desert. Hundreds of people are working near

**track 03**

a pyramid. They are carrying black rocks, cutting black rocks, lifting black rocks. I look out across the sea; the two moons are starting to move across the pink evening sky. It's almost night time but we must continue working! My brothers, my father, my cousins and our friends are all slaves working to build the Black Pyramid for King Darius.

The days here are usually hot and the nights are very cold. But there is a beautiful moment when the sun is low in the sky, when the moons come up and the temperature is perfect. The Elders call it Light Time. They say that a long time ago it was always like this.

They say that a long time ago everything in the island of Atlantis was perfect. The people lived in peace. They knew secret ways to travel through time and space, they programmed big crystals like computers to create perfect weather. They built crystal towers and beautiful buildings. Everybody was healthy and happy. Then things changed.

The perfect world of Atlantis was attacked by people from another planet. They were very strong and they started wars. They wanted to know the secrets but the people of Atlantis refused to tell them. This is why we are now slaves. We have to work for King Darius and do everything he tells us to do.

Sometimes I listen to my grandfather. 'This isn't the way to build a pyramid. King Darius doesn't know all the things that we know. That's why he asks us to carry rocks. Nobody *carries* rocks!'

'What are you talking about, grandfather? How can you make a pyramid if you don't carry the rocks?' I asked him once.

The old man started to laugh. There was a special light in his green eyes. 'Our people know the truth about the pyramids, boy... But we're not going to tell King Darius, are we?!' He laughed again but I didn't know what he meant.

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There are lots of things I don't really understand. I don't know why our people don't do something. Why don't they try to escape? <sup>1</sup>

In the evenings we finally have time to rest. <sup>2</sup> We sit around the fire, eating and talking together. The Elders talk about things that I find very confusing. They talk about mysterious legends and things that happened a long time ago, when everything in Atlantis was different. When everything was perfect.

- 
1. **escape** : get free from something.
  2. **rest** : stop doing something, relax.