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How to Use This Book (cont.)

Title	ELL Level	Below Level	On level	Above level
Setting Passages	 1.5–2.2	 3.0–3.5	 5.0–5.5	 6.5–7.2
<i>The Hound of the Baskervilles</i>	2.0	3.4	5.1	7.1*
<i>The Circular Staircase</i>	2.0	3.5	5.4*	6.7
<i>The Blue Ghost Mystery</i>	2.0	3.4	5.5*	6.7
Character Passages				
<i>The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle</i>	2.2	3.3	5.0	6.9*
<i>The Secret Adversary</i>	2.2	3.1	5.2	7.1*
<i>The Mysterious Affair at Styles</i>	2.2	3.5	5.3	6.5*
<i>Penny Nichols and the Knob Hill Mystery</i>	2.0	3.1	5.1	6.5*
Plot Passages				
<i>Penny Nichols Finds a Clue</i>	2.2	3.0	5.0*	6.5
<i>Penny Nichols and the Mystery of the Lost Key</i>	2.2	3.5	5.5*	6.5
<i>The Secret Adversary</i>	2.0	3.2*	5.0	6.5
<i>The Man with the Twisted Lip</i>	1.8	3.1	5.2*	6.6
Language Usage Passages				
<i>The Scarlet Lake Mystery</i>	2.1	3.1	5.1*	6.5
<i>The Red House Mystery</i>	2.2	3.5	5.0	6.8*
<i>The Thirty-nine Steps</i>	2.1	3.0	5.0	6.5*
<i>Ruth Fielding of the Red Mill</i>	2.2	3.2	5.3	7.0*

* The passages with an asterisk indicate the reading passage from the original work of fiction.

Excerpt from

The Hound of the Baskervilles

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

We had left the farm country. Now it was behind us in the lower lands. We looked back on it. We could see the slanting rays of a low sun. They turned the streams to threads of gold. Light glowed on the red ploughed dirt. And it shone on the broad tangle of woodlands. The road in front of us grew gloomy. There was wildness to the huge slopes. They were colored in a brownish red and green. They were spotted with giant boulders. Now and then we passed a cottage. Each had walls and roofs made from stone. There were no plants to break their harsh outlines. Suddenly we looked down into a cuplike dent. It had a few small oaks and firs. These trees had been twisted and bent by the fury of storms. Two high, narrow towers rose over them. The driver pointed with his whip.

“Baskerville Hall,” said he.

Its owner stood. He was staring with reddened cheeks. His eyes were shining. A few minutes later we had reached a maze of decorative iron. These were the gates. On either side were weathered pillars. These were blotched with lichens. They were marked by the boars’ heads of the Baskervilles. The house was a ruin of black granite. You could see its wooden rafters. But facing it was a new building. This was only half constructed. It was to be the first fruit of Sir Charles’s South African gold.

Through the gateway we passed into the avenue. Here the wheels were again hushed by the leaves. And the old trees shot their branches. This made a somber tunnel over our heads. Baskerville shuddered. He looked up the long, dark drive. The house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.



The avenue opened into a wide area of grass. The house was before us. In the fading light I could see that the center part was a heavy block. Attached to this was a porch. The whole front was draped in ivy. A patch was clipped bare here and there. In these places, a window or a coat of arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers. They were ancient. They had dents for firing arrows. And they had many holes for looking through. To the right and left were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy ribbed windows. High chimneys rose from the steep roof. From these sprang a single black column of smoke.



The wheels died away down the drive. Sir Henry and I turned into the hall. The door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves. It was large. It had a high ceiling. The many rafters were made from large beams. The oak wood had grown black with age. In the great, old-fashioned fireplace, a log-fire crackled and snapped. Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it. We were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us. We looked at the high, thin window of old stained glass. We viewed the oak paneling, the stags' heads, and the coats of arms upon the walls. Everything was dim and somber in the low light of the central lamp.

“It’s just as I imagined it,” said Sir Henry. “Is it not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it.”



Element Focus: Setting

How old is Baskerville Hall?
What would it be like to live there?

Excerpt from

The Hound of the Baskervilles

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

We had left the farm country behind us in the lower lands. We looked back on it now. We could see the slanting rays of a low sun turning the streams to threads of gold. They glowed on the red ploughed dirt. And they shone on the broad tangle of woodlands. The road in front of us grew bleaker. There was wildness to the huge slopes, colored in a brownish red and green. They were sprinkled with giant boulders. Now and then we passed a moorland cottage. Each was walled and roofed with stone. There were no plants to break their harsh outlines. Suddenly we looked down into a cuplike dent. It was patched with stunted oaks and firs. These trees had been twisted and bent by the fury of storms. Two high, narrow towers rose over them. The driver pointed with his whip.

“Baskerville Hall,” said he.

Its master had risen. He was staring with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A few minutes later we had reached a maze of decorative iron. These were the gates. On either side were weather-bitten pillars. These were blotched with lichens, and marked by the boars' heads of the Baskervilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite. You could see its bared ribs of rafters. But facing it was a new building. This was yet half constructed. It was to be the first fruit of Sir Charles's South African gold.

Through the gateway we passed into the avenue. Here the wheels were again hushed by the leaves. And the old trees shot their branches in a somber tunnel over our heads. Baskerville shuddered. He looked up the long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.



The avenue opened into a wide area of turf. The house lay before us. In the fading light I could see that the center was a heavy block of building. From this a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy. A patch was clipped bare here and there. In these places, a window or a coat of arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers. They were ancient, crenellated, and pierced with many loopholes. To the right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows. From the high chimneys which rose from the steep, a high-angled roof sprang a single black column of smoke.



The wheels died away down the drive while Sir Henry and I turned into the hall, and the door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves, large, lofty, and heavily raftered with huge baulks of age-blackened oak. In the great, old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs, a log-fire crackled and snapped. Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it, for we were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak paneling, the stags' heads, the coats of arms upon the walls, all dim and somber in the subdued light of the central lamp.

“It’s just as I imagined it,” said Sir Henry. “Is it not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it.”



Element Focus: Setting

Describe Baskerville Hall.

The avenue opened into a broad expanse of turf, and the house lay before us. In the fading light I could see that the center was a heavy block of building from which a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy. A patch was clipped bare here and there where a window or a coat of arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers, ancient, crenellated, and pierced with many loopholes. To the right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows. From the high chimneys which rose from the steep, high-angled roof there sprang a single black column of smoke.



The wheels died away down the drive while Sir Henry and I turned into the hall, and the door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves, large, lofty, and heavily raftered with huge baulks of age-blackened oak. In the great, old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs, a log-fire crackled and snapped. Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it, for we were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak paneling, the stags' heads, the coats of arms upon the walls, all dim and somber in the subdued light of the central lamp.

“It’s just as I imagined it,” said Sir Henry. “Is it not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it.”



Element Focus: Setting

Do you think Baskerville Hall would be a comfortable place to live? Explain.

Excerpt from

The Hound of the Baskervilles

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

We had left the fertile country behind and beneath us. We looked back on it now, the slanting rays of a low sun turning the streams to threads of gold and glowing on the red earth new turned by the plough and the broad tangle of the woodlands. The road in front of us grew bleaker and wilder over huge russet and olive slopes, sprinkled with giant boulders. Now and then we passed a moorland cottage, walled and roofed with stone, with no creeper to break its harsh outline. Suddenly we looked down into a cuplike depression, patched with stunted oaks and firs which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm. Two high, narrow towers rose over the trees. The driver pointed with his whip.

“Baskerville Hall,” said he.

Its master had risen and was staring with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A few minutes later we had reached the lodge-gates, a maze of fantastic tracery in wrought iron, with weather-bitten pillars on either side, blotched with lichens, and surmounted by the boars’ heads of the Baskervilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite and bared ribs of rafters. But facing it was a new building, half constructed, the first fruit of Sir Charles’s South African gold.

Through the gateway we passed into the avenue, where the wheels were again hushed amid the leaves, and the old trees shot their branches in a somber tunnel over our heads. Baskerville shuddered as he looked up the long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.



The avenue opened into a broad expanse of turf, and the house lay before us. In the fading light I could see that the center was a heavy block of building from which a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy, with a patch clipped bare here and there where a window or a coat of arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers, ancient, crenellated, and pierced with many loopholes. To right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows, and from the high chimneys which rose from the steep, high-angled roof there sprang a single black column of smoke.



The wheels died away down the drive while Sir Henry and I turned into the hall, and the door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves, large, lofty, and heavily raftered with huge baulks of age-blackened oak. In the great, old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs a log-fire crackled and snapped. Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it, for we were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak paneling, the stags' heads, the coats of arms upon the walls, all dim and somber in the subdued light of the central lamp.

“It’s just as I imagined it,” said Sir Henry. “Is it not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it.”



Element Focus: Setting

How does Sir Henry Baskerville feel about Baskerville Hall? Support your answers from the text. What if it were your house? How would you feel about it?