

Part 2 Lightning vision

The earth sizzled behind them. At that moment the geocachers came to a flat, open space with a block of rock in the middle. As the rain turned to thick, **swirling** fog, one last spear of lightning crashed down onto the rock. They all **gasp**ed. Before them stood a tall, **ancient** figure, in a **cloak** of silver. Strange symbols slid around on it, dancing like disco lights. The man's eyes were closed as in prayer. His face was **wrinkled**. Although ancient, he had shocking red hair which cascaded softly over his shoulders and
10 down to the ground.

Simon, too, was **stunned**. Then something way back from his past and half-forgotten kept him calm.

The man opened his eyes. Through the fog they glowed, the color of leaves in early spring. Then he spoke. The kids,
15 and the ground they stood on, **trembled** at his words.



3 **swirling** [ˈswɜːlɪŋ] wirbelnd • 5 **to gasp** [gɑːsp] nach Luft schnappen, schnaufen • 5 **ancient** [ˈeɪnʃnt] altertümlich • 6 **cloak** [kləʊk] Umhang • 8 **wrinkled** [ˈrɪŋkld] faltig • 11 **to be stunned** [bɪ ˈstʌnd] erstaunt, fassungslos • 15 **to tremble** [ˈtrembl] zittern, erschauern