

THE SECRETS OF SILVER LAKE

CHAPTER 1

THE CABIN

It was three weeks before the summer vacation. My brother Jon and I were busy making plans with our friends, and we were surprised when my parents bought an old wooden **cabin** on Silver Lake in the Catskill Mountains, north of New York.

“It will be a good idea to get out of the city and your mum will enjoy swimming in the **lake**,” said Dad, when we came home from school one day. A few weeks later, we drove to Silver Lake for the first time. It was the beginning of a summer adventure for Jon and me, and I will never forget it.

We drove to the mountains on a **stormy** day. “Eddie, look at that **lightning**!” Jon said to me and he pointed to a long white line in the sky. The **thunder** was very loud and it was raining so heavily that it was hard to see the road.

“Let’s stop for some lunch until the storm passes,” Dad suggested.

“Not for long, though,” Mum said. “I want to see our cabin before dark.”

“Fine,” Dad said. “We’ll only stop for a short time.”

We stopped at an old café. There was a neon ‘Coca-Cola’ **sign** above the door and another wooden sign beside it with the word ‘Sandwiches’ on it. It was cold inside the café and there was a strong smell of rain. We were happy to return to our warm car.

We arrived at Silver Lake just before night. We saw some plain wooden bungalows for **rent**. Then, further down, there was a long road with trees and plants on either side. At the end of the road, near a **wood**, there was a small white cabin – our cabin. Next to the cabin there was an enormous old house, three **floors** high. The house was separated from our cabin by some

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bushes and a wide **path**. This house and our cabin were very **isolated**.

“Let’s take our things into the house!” Dad suggested. We quickly took **suitcases**, baseball equipment, **badminton** rackets, bags of food and boxes of kitchen things out of the car and ran with them through the rain and into the cabin. The cabin wasn’t in good **condition**.



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