

At the corner of a little street in Bournemouth there was antique shop. Mr Alfred Green was the owner of the shop. He knew a lot about antiques of all kinds. He was fond of art.

One Tuesday morning in October, Mr Green was waiting for customers. He had lit the open fire in the back of the shop. The shop bell rang. Mr Green went to see who it was.



It was a boy of about fifteen. Under his arm he had a brown paper parcel. "Hello. Are you Mr Green?" "Yes, that's right. Come in, please. And what can I do for you, son?" "Oh, it's this awful old picture," the boy said, and he unwrapped the parcel. He showed Mr Green a painting of boats on the sea in a beautiful old frame. Mr Green had never been more surprised in all his life. "We're selling our house. We're moving north, you see," the boy told him, "and for the last few days we've been looking through old boxes and things. We've got an awful lot of rubbish. Like this picture. Dad found it in the attic yesterday, and he thought perhaps the frame was worth a few pounds. Perhaps you could sell it to one of

your customers." Mr Green was still looking at the picture. He was not really listening to what the boy was saying. "Well, yes," he said at last. "I mean - well, no. People aren't much interested in old pictures nowadays, you know."

It was fantastic. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He had seen at once that the awful old picture was not rubbish at all - it was an original Turner! Yes, an original Turner, he knew it! It was difficult to keep calm. But Mr Green knew that he had to. The frame was certainly not worth more than a few pounds, but the picture - he could make half a million out of the picture! But he must keep quiet. Of course, he must be very careful! How had this fabulous work of art ever got into the hands of this boy's parents? How could they have an original Turner in the house and not know what it was? It was all so fantastic. The important thing now was to talk calmly. Try not to show the boy how excited he felt, and the picture would be his. "You don't think you could sell the frame, then?" The boy was looking sad. "I didn't say that exactly." Mr Green took the picture from the boy for a moment. "Well, perhaps I'll be able to find a customer for it. Er - fifty pounds?" He hoped his voice sounded calm. "Fifty pounds? But that's great!" The boy had not expected so much. "Thanks very much, Mr Green!" He asked the boy to sit down near the fire in the back of the room for a moment while he went upstairs to fetch the money.

When he came down a few minutes later, something smelt strange. And the fire was burning more brightly than before. "Here you are, Mr Green, it's yours," said the boy and gave him the old frame. I took the picture out and threw it into the fire. You only wanted the frame."

about: environ  
at last: finalement  
at once: tout de suite  
attic: grenier  
awful: affreux  
bright: clair, lumineux  
business: affaires  
corner: coin  
customer: client  
ever: jamais  
excited: excité  
few: quelques

frame: cadre  
like: comme  
not...at all: pas du tout  
of all kind: de toutes sortes  
owner: propriétaire  
parcel: colis  
perhaps: peut-être  
really: vraiment  
rubbish: déchets  
still: encore  
through: à travers  
to be able: être capable de

to expect: attendre  
to fetch: aller chercher  
to happen: arriver, se passer  
to keep calm: rester calme  
to move: bouger  
to offer: offrir  
to sell: vendre

to surprise: surprendre  
to unwrap: déballer  
upstairs: en haut  
while: pendant  
be worth: valoir

