

Major Meltdown

by K. S. Rodriguez

Based on the television series "Dawson's Creek™"
created by Kevin Williamson

This specially retold version by F. H. Cornish



ELEMENTARY LEVEL

Founding Editor: John Milne

The Macmillan Readers provide a choice of enjoyable reading materials for learners of English. The series is published at six levels - Starter, Beginner, Elementary, Pre-intermediate, Intermediate and Upper.

Level control

Information, structure and vocabulary are controlled to suit the students' ability at each level.

The number of words at each level:

Starter	about 300 basic words
Beginner	about 600 basic words
Elementary	about 1100 basic words
Pre-intermediate	about 1400 basic words
Intermediate	about 1600 basic words
Upper	about 2200 basic words

Vocabulary

Some difficult words and phrases in this book are important for understanding the story. Some of these words are explained in the story and some are shown in the pictures. From Pre-intermediate level upwards, words are marked with a number like this:....'. These words are explained in the Glossary at the end of the book.

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A Note About This Story

Kevin Williamson is a screenplay writer and a producer and director of movies. He was born on March 14th, 1965 and grew up in New Bern, a small town in the state of North Carolina, in the east of the U.S.A.

Kevin loved movies and his favorite director was Steven Spielberg. Kevin studied theater and film at East Carolina University. In 1987, he left New Bern and went to New York. He wanted to become an actor. When he went to *Los Angeles* a few years later, he worked as an assistant to a director of music videos. Kevin studied script *writing* and wrote screenplays for movies. The first successful movie that he wrote was *Scream* (1996). Paul Stupin worked for Columbia TriStar Television. He read the screenplay for *Scream* and he liked it. He asked Kevin to write a TV show. Kevin thought about his life in his small home town and he wrote the story for "Dawson's Creek™". The first episode of the show was made in 1997. Paul Stupin was the Executive Producer of "Dawson's Creek™".

Kevin wrote the screenplays for the movies *Scream 2* (1997), *I Know What You Did Last Summer* (1997) and *The Faculty* (1998). He wrote and directed the movie, *Teaching Mrs Tingle* (1999) and he produced the movie *Scream 3* in 2000.

The story of "Dawson's Creek™" takes place in a small town in the state of Massachusetts, in the northeast of the United States. The small towns and villages on the east coast have many visitors during the summer months. The tourists go fishing and they visit the restaurants. They play water sports on the sea and on the small rivers—the

creeks — in the area. "Dawson's Creek™" is based on Kevin Williamson's own life when he was a teenager. He called the town in his story *Capeside*. The characters of Dawson and Joey are based on Kevin himself and his best friend, Fanny Norwood.

K.S. Rodriguez has written books about television and about people in the movie industry. She lives in New York City.

script the words of a movie that actors have to speak.

screenplay the script of a movie that includes all the important information for everyone who is making the movie. For example, there are instructions for the actors, cameramen and film technicians. There are descriptions of where the scenes take place.

director the person who gives instructions to everyone as a scene is filmed. The director also decides how the movie is edited before it is shown to audiences.

producer the person who is responsible for getting the money to make a movie.



The People in This Story



Dawson Leery

Age: 15

Hair: blond

Eyes: light brown

A student at Capeside High School

Family

Father Mr Mitch (Mitchell) Leery — an architect

Mother Mrs Gale Leery — a news presenter at a TV station



Joey (Josephine) Potter

Age: 15

Hair: long, dark brown

Eyes: brown

A student at Capeside High School

Family

Father Mr Mike Potter — in jail

Mother: Mrs Lily Potter — dead

Sister: Bessie. Bessie and her boyfriend, Bodie, work in "The Ice House" cafe.

Nephew: Alexander — Bessie and Bodie's son



Pacey Witter

Age: 16

Hair: dark brown

Eyes: brown

A student at Capeside High School

Family

Father: Mr John Witter — Capeside's Chief" Police Officer

Mother: Mrs Mary Witter

Brother: Doug Witter — Capeside's Deputy Police Officer

Sisters: 3



Jen (Jennifer) Lindley

Age: 15

Hair: blond

Eyes: blue

A student at Capeside High School

Family

Father: Mr Theodore Lindley — lives in New York

Mother: Mrs Helen Lindley — lives in New York

Grandmother: "Grams" (Mrs Evelyn Ryan)

Grandfather: "Gramps" (Mr Joseph Ryan) — dead

Kyra Wolfson

Age: 16

Hair: red

Eyes: green

Lives in Steep Mountain, Vermont. Sometimes she sings and plays a guitar in her father's cafe.

Jean-Pierre

Age: 19

Hair: black

Eyes: blue

Lives in Montreal, Quebec. He is a Canadian ski racer.

Chad

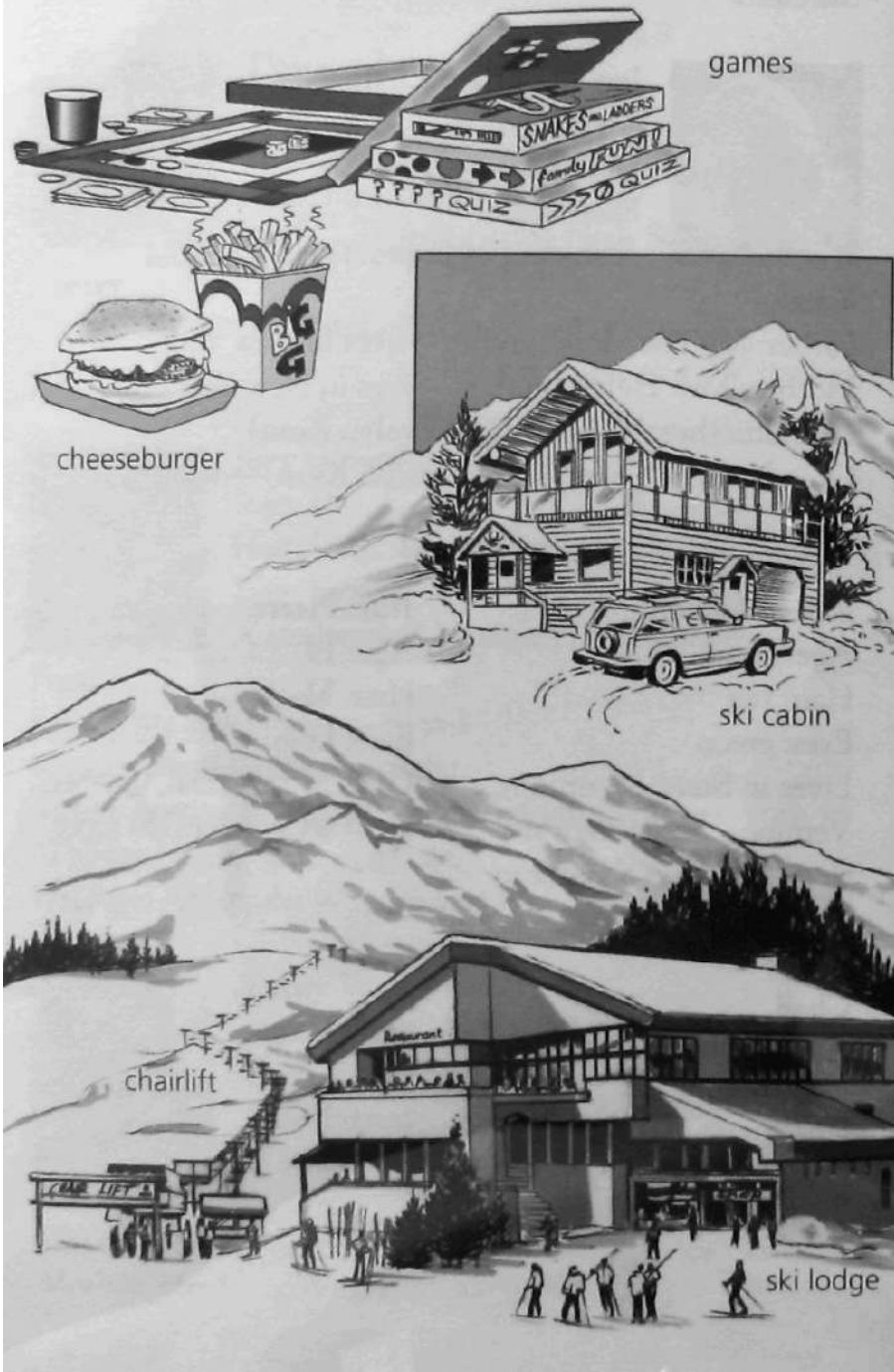
Age: 18

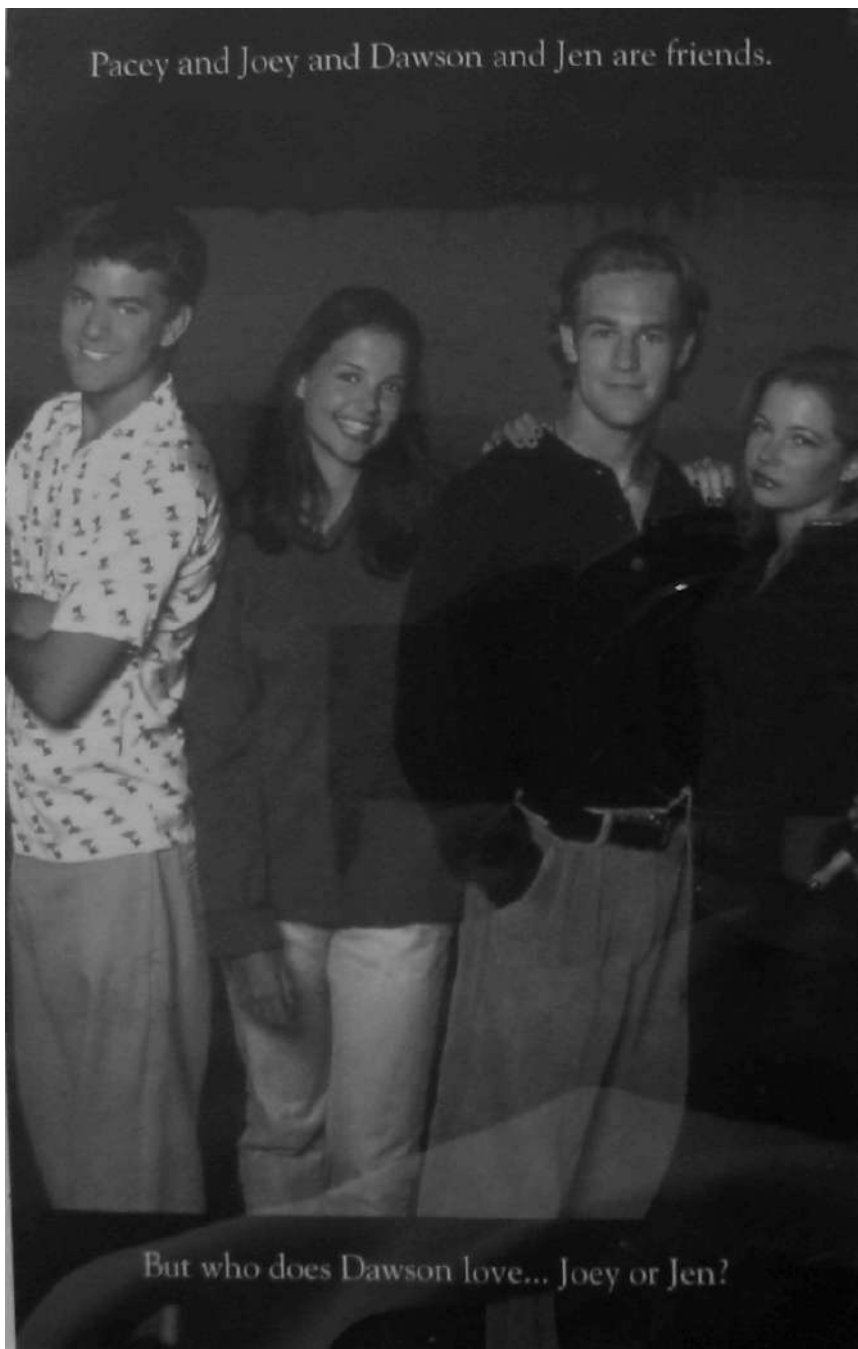
Hair; blond

Eyes: brown

He is a ski instructor in Steep Mountain, Vermont.

A Picture Dictionary





Capeside in Winter

Winter had begun in the state of Massachusetts. The weather in the little town of Capeside was cold and wet.

Joey Potter looked around her at the empty tables in the cafe where she worked. Outside, the rain was falling heavily. It was nearly dark.

"This town is so quiet in the winter!" Joey said to her sister. "Life *is* boring here. People don't come to Capeside in the winter, because there's nothing to do here. If people want a vacation in the eastern states at this time of year, they go to the mountains. They go to places where there's a lot of snow—they take skiing vacations. I like working here in the summer, when the cafe is busy. But now—" She stopped speaking. She didn't need to tell Bessie all this.

Joey was a tall pretty girl with long brown hair. She, her sister Bessie, and Bessie's boyfriend, Bodie, took care of the cafe which was called The Ice House. And they lived together in a small house in Capeside. Bessie was older than Joey, who was only fifteen. Joey was a student at Capeside High School. But Bessie and Bodie had a little son. They needed Joey's help. She worked in The Ice House most evenings, after school. She often worked in the cafe on weekends too. And at other times, she looked after Bessie's baby.

Life was difficult for the Potter family. The girls' mother had died a few years before and their father was in jail. Mr Potter had made some mistakes in his life. These mistakes had made his daughters unhappy.

There was another problem for the girls. Some of the older people in Capeside were unhappy about Bessie's relationship with Bodie. Bessie and Bodie had a child, but they weren't married. And people said unkind things because Bodie was black. There weren't many African-Americans in Capeside. Some people didn't understand Bessie's feelings for Bodie. But he was a fine man and he loved Bessie and Alexander, their little son, very much.

Joey smiled at her sister. Then she sat down at a table and she waited.

"Maybe someone will come in soon," she thought.

A few minutes later three people came in. They were all Joey's friends—Dawson Leery, Pacey Witter, and Jen Lindley. The four teenagers were in the same class at Capeside High School. The two boys—Dawson and Pacey—had lived in Capeside all their lives. Joey had always lived there too. Dawson had been Joey's best friend since they were small children. Jen Lindley had arrived in the town earlier in the year. Her lovely face and her beautiful blond hair had soon made many boys' hearts beat faster!

Jen had grown up in New York City, where her parents still lived. She had come to Capeside to stay with her grandparents. They lived in the house next to Dawson's. Her grandfather had been very sick, and Jen had come to help her grandmother. Together they took care of the sick old man. But he had died, and now Jen was living in the little town. She had stayed in Capeside because her grandmother wanted someone to be in the house with her.

The three teenagers came to the table where Joey was sitting. They were cold and very wet. Joey stood up as the other three sat down.

"What can I get for you this evening?" she asked them.

Everybody asked for cheeseburgers and coffee. Joey wrote down the order and took it to her sister. Then she went back to the table where her friends were sitting.

"The food will be cooked soon," she said. And she sat down. "What's happening in the town?" she asked.

"Nothing," Dawson answered. "I hate Capeside at this time of year. I need to get away from here. I need to meet new people. I need to meet some new girls."

"That's right," Pacey said, "We both need to meet some new girls. Nobody in Capeside wants to be my girlfriend. Is that because I have two heads? Maybe girls don't like that!"

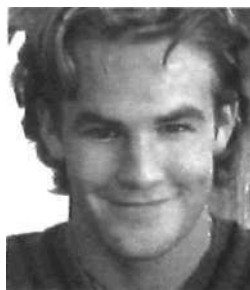
Jen and Joey laughed. Pacey always had problems with relationships—that was true. Why did this happen? Well, Pacey wasn't as handsome as his friend Dawson. And he didn't do well in school—Dawson *always* did well in school. Pacey was lazy at school—he didn't want to learn. He wasn't interested in the things that people learned in school. But when he *was* interested in something, he always became good at it. He was pleasant and he was funny. When he was with lots of young people, he was popular. He made jokes all the time and people laughed at these jokes. But when he was alone with a girl, he was different. He was too serious. He tried too hard *to* make girls like him. He always said the wrong things to them. He told them lies about his life. But he'd spoken the truth this evening. There weren't any girls in Capeside who wanted to be his girlfriend.

Joey and Jen had laughed at Pacey's joke, but they were



both thinking about Dawson. And for a few minutes, everyone was silent.

Dawson's problem with girls was different from Pacey's. All his life, Joey Potter had been Dawson's best friend. When they were younger, they had been together all the time. Joey often stayed at Dawson's house. She often stayed in his room at night. But then they had both started to have feelings which made their *lives* more difficult.



Joey had always loved Dawson as a friend, but the year before, things had changed. Suddenly, she'd wanted a more serious relationship with him. An adult relationship. She wanted to be his girlfriend. But Dawson hadn't wanted that. He'd wanted to go on being best friends. Life became very difficult for Joey then. Dawson didn't love her in the way that she wanted. He didn't have the feelings for Joey that she wanted him to have. This made Joey unhappy. And Dawson became unhappy because Joey, his dearest friend, was unhappy.



And then Jen Lindley had arrived in Capeside. Immediately, Dawson had fallen in love with her. For a few weeks the two *of* them had had a relationship. They had gone out on dates together. But Dawson's feelings had been more serious than Jen's feelings. She had become frightened and she had ended the relationship.

"I don't want a serious boyfriend at this time in my life," she'd told him. "I don't want to be your girlfriend any more. But I like you very much. Can we still be friends?"

Since then, they *had* been friends. But for a time, this had been difficult for both of them. Now at last, their friendship had become easier.

But that was only half of Dawson's problem. After the end of his relationship with Jen, he had started to have serious feelings about Joey. Suddenly, Dawson had started to have the feelings that Joey had wanted him to have. They had begun a relationship. But after a short time, Joey had ended the relationship. Her feelings had suddenly changed again. She was only fifteen. She was too young to be so seriously in love. That is what she thought. She still loved Dawson—she knew that. But now she wanted to meet other boys.



"I want to be sure about my feelings for you," she had told him, "Are you really the right guy for me? Maybe you are. But how will I know if I never meet other guys?"

That winter evening in the cafe, Joey and Jen laughed at Pacey's joke, but they were thinking about Dawson. They had both had relationships with him. And they had both ended their relationships with him. His friendship with Jen was easy now, but he still loved Joey very much. He wanted her to be his girlfriend again. Dawson had said, "I want to meet some new girls." But that wasn't really true—Jen and Joey both knew that. Dawson loved Joey. He was very jealous—he became angry if he saw her with other guys. He didn't want her to have a new boyfriend. And he didn't really want a new girlfriend. But maybe he also didn't want to think about Joey all the time.

Life is so difficult for teenagers who are learning how to love

Weekend Plans

While Jen and Joey had been thinking about Dawson, Pacey and Dawson had been thinking about something different. Earlier in the day, they had started to make a plan. Now they talked to Jen and Joey about it.

"Next weekend will be a long weekend," Dawson told the girls. "We don't have to go to school on Monday. It's President's Day—a holiday. Pacey and I are planning *to* leave town next weekend. But we don't know where to go. What do people do at this time of year?"

"They ski," Joey replied. "Why don't you go skiing somewhere?"

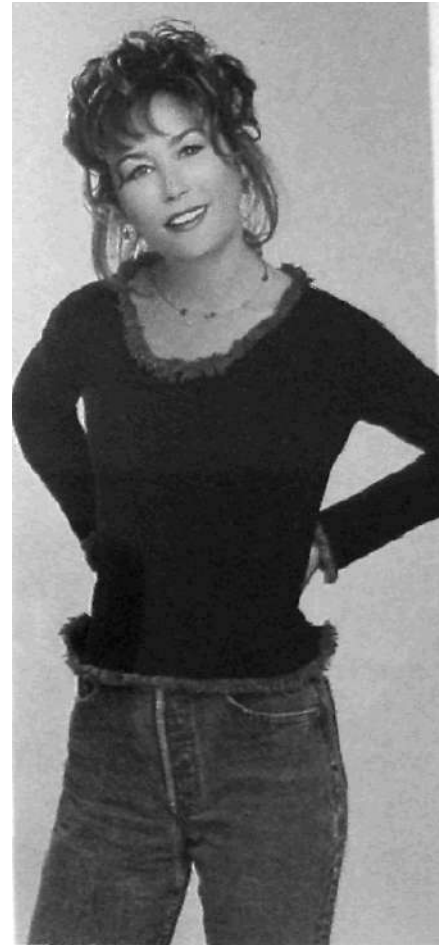
"That's a great idea," Dawson replied. "I love skiing. I'm a good skier. And now I want to ride a snowboard. Pacey can teach me. He's a really good snowboarder. But the hotels in the mountain towns are so expensive."

"That's not a problem, Dawson," Jen said. "I have a great idea. My parents own a cabin at Steep Mountain — a little mountain town in Vermont- I'll phone them tonight. I'll ask them to loan us the cabin for the weekend. All four of us can go together. I love skiing too, and Joey wants to learn to ski—I know that."

"Oh, I won't be able to go," Joey said sadly. "I have to work here on the weekend. But you three must go. You can tell me about it when you get back. Don't worry about me. You go and have some fun."

But at that moment, Bessie brought their cheeseburgers to their table. She heard Joey's last words.

"What's the problem, Joey?" she asked.



Dawson quickly told Bessie about their plan for the long weekend.

Bessie smiled at the four teenagers.

"Joey, go to Vermont with your friends," she said. "The cafe isn't busy at this time of year.

Bodie and I will take care of things here.

Go and have some fun."

Joey put her arm around her sister.

"Oh, thank you, Bessie," she said happily. "You're very good to me."

I But in school the next morning, Dawson thought of another problem.

"How will we get to Steep Mountain?" he asked the others. "My family has two cars, but I'm not old enough to drive one on the roads yet. I don't have a driver's license."

"You've forgotten something," Pacey said, smiling. "I'm sixteen years old now."

"OK, you're sixteen," Joey said slowly. "What other great news do you have for us?"

Jen laughed. Joey was always rude to Pacey.

"Well, I'm sixteen and I've passed my driving test," Pacey said proudly. "I'm the owner—the very proud

owner—of a driver's license from the state of Massachusetts."

"Yes, we *had* forgotten. That's great!" Jen said. "If you can borrow your dad's truck, you'll be able to take us all to Steep Mountain."

"Mmm—yes. Well, there's the problem," Pacey said. "My dad won't loan me the truck. My dad hates me."

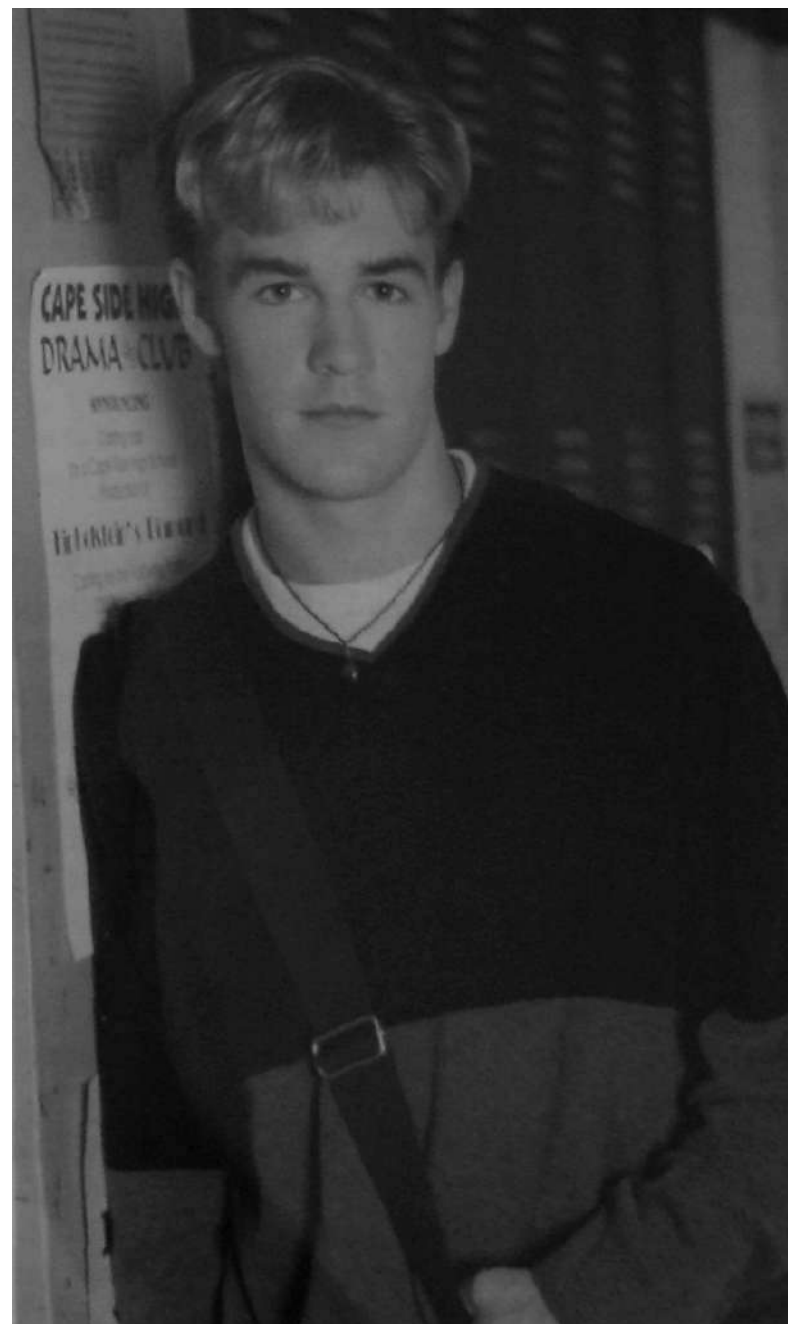
"Oh, he doesn't hate you Pacey," Joey said. "But we understand your problem."

Pacey's life at home wasn't easy—they all knew that. His father and his older brother, Doug, were both police officers. They didn't enjoy Pacey's jokes. And they didn't like people who were lazy. They became angry when Pacey did not do well at school. They became angry when he stayed out late in the evenings. They didn't change their ideas easily. And they certainly would not loan Pacey their cars.

"My friends, there's no problem here!" Dawson said happily. "I'll ask my dad to loan us one of *his* cars. Then Pacey can drive us to Steep Mountain."

On Friday afternoon, when school finished, the four friends loaded their bags into Mitch Leery's car. Dawson and Jen put their skis in after the bags, and Pacey added his snowboard. He wasn't taking any skis. Joey wasn't taking any skis either. She didn't own any. She was going to rent some skis at Steep Mountain. And Dawson didn't own a snowboard. He was going to rent a snowboard there.

The four teenagers were excited. Everything had been easy for them. Dawson's father had been happy *to* loan them a car. Jen's parents had been happy to loan them the cabin. Joey was going to have fun with her friends and



*"I'll ask my dad to loan us one of his cars.
Then Pacey can drive us to Steep Mountain."*

Bessie was happy. Pacey's family was happy to be without him for the weekend.

Three hours after they'd left Capeside, Pacey stopped the car outside a big wooden cabin. The house was at the end of a road in the little town of Steep Mountain. Behind the cabin, the huge mountain rose up against the sky.

"Welcome to the Lindley family's cabin," Jen said. "We're going to have a great weekend!"

Jealousy

Jen unlocked the front door of the cabin and her friends followed her inside. They all took their bags upstairs to their bedrooms. There were four bedrooms, so they each had a room. Joey was happy that she didn't have *to* share a room with Jen. She liked the girl from New York, but they were not best friends. When Jen had been Dawson's girlfriend for a few weeks, Joey had been very jealous. And maybe she was still a little jealous.

Soon Joey, Jen, Pacey, and Dawson were all downstairs again, and the boys lit a fire in the big living room. Jen and Joey went into the kitchen to look for some food. The refrigerator was empty, but they found some spaghetti and a jar of tomato sauce in a cupboard.

Joey looked around the kitchen. There was a big, expensive stove in one corner. And there were shiny, expensive cooking pans hanging on the walls.

"What beautiful pans," she said. "Your mother must be a good cook, Jen."

"Oh, no," Jen replied. "My mom never cooks anything—She hates cooking! We only look at those pans. We always eat in a restaurant."

After they had eaten their dinner, the four friends decided to play a game. There were lots of games in boxes in the living room. Dawson found a game called "Tell the Truth!"

"What's that?" Jen asked him. "I've never seen that game here before."

Dawson read the words on the side of the box.

"It's an adult game," he told her. "There are lots of cards. On each card, there's a question. The players choose cards in turn. They ask one of the other players the question on their card. The questions are about relationships. And there are questions about each player's feelings—their feelings about the other players. The box says, 'Be careful! In this game, honesty is important. You must always tell the truth!' Well, this will be fun."

"Yes," Pacey said. "It will be great. Let's play it."

Jen was worried. This wasn't the kind of game that her parents played. And questions about people's feelings could lead to trouble.

"No," she said. "I don't think it'll be a good game. Let's play a word game. Let's play 'Scrabble'. What do *you* think, Joey? Shall we play 'Scrabble'?"

As she asked the question, Jen was thinking.

"Joey will agree with me—I'm sure of that," she thought. "She won't answer questions from Dawson about relationships."

But Joey's answer surprised her.

"No," Joey said. "Let's play Tell the Truth! It'll be fun."

The first few questions were fun. Jen started the game.

She looked at Joey. Then she read the question on her card.

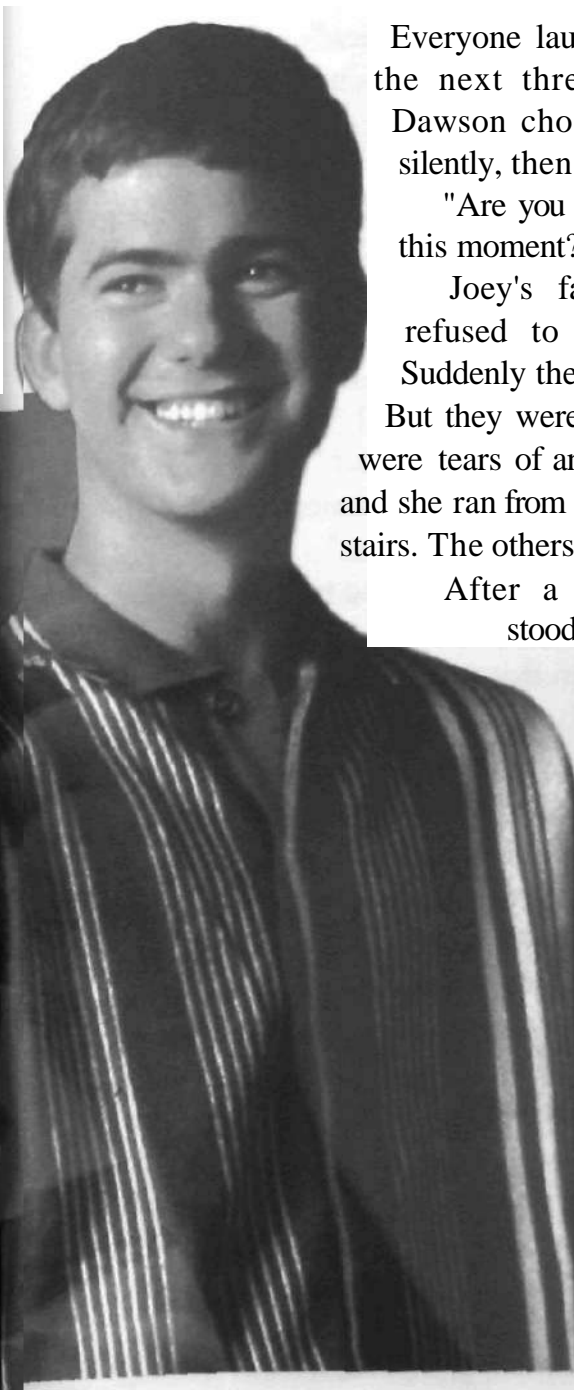
"Is the person on your left good-looking?" Jen asked Joey. "Tell us the truth."

Joey looked at Pacey who was standing on her left.

"He has an attractive—" Joey said.

Pacey smiled proudly.

"—behind!" Joey continued.



Everyone laughed. They laughed at the next three answers too. Then Dawson chose a card. He read it silently, then he spoke to Joey.

"Are you in love with anybody at this moment?" he asked her.

Joey's face became red. She refused to answer the question. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. But they weren't tears of sadness, they were tears of anger. She got up quickly and she ran from the room. She ran up the stairs. The others sat in silence.

After a few minutes, Dawson stood up.

"I'm going up to my room now," he said. "Goodnight."

Dawson was sitting in his bedroom. He was angry with himself and he was angry with Joey.

"Why didn't Joey answer the question?" he asked himself. "Why can't she talk about love? *Does* she love me? Did she ever love me?"

Did our relationship mean anything *to* her?"

He heard someone knock quietly on his door. Joey came into the room.

"Dawson, I'm sorry," she said. "I don't want to make you unhappy. That game was a stupid idea. We were stupid *to* play it. We have just ended our relationship. We're not ready for that kind of honesty yet."

"I'll never be ready for it," Dawson replied. "Being near you hurts me. But I don't want you to go away. What can I do?"

"We mustn't be jealous of each other," Joey said. "I need to meet other guys and you need to meet other girls. Maybe we'll love each other again one day."

"But you don't love me now. Is that the truth?" Dawson asked her sadly.

"No. I don't love you in *that* way," Joey replied quietly. "I love you as a friend. But I don't want you to be my boyfriend. That isn't right for us now. But maybe things *will* change one day. Please don't be unhappy. Goodnight, Dawson."

After Dawson followed Joey upstairs, Jen and Pacey talked for fifteen minutes. Then they decided to go up to their bedrooms too.

"We have to go to the ski lodge early in the morning," Jen said. "Joey needs to rent some skis. And she needs to join a ski class for beginners."

"Yes," said Pacey. "And Dawson needs to rent a snowboard. Can we get everything that we need at the lodge?"

"Oh, yes," Jen replied. "The ski lodge is great. On the lower floor, there's a store where you can buy everything that you need. And you can rent things there too—boots,

skis, snowboards. And on the upper floor, there's a good cafe. A lot of people go to the cafe in the evenings, when the ski slopes close. You can eat and drink there, and there's music too. Sometimes there's a singer. It's easy to meet people there. It's easy to make new friends."

"Excellent!" Pacey said. "Maybe I'll meet some girls there. That will be wonderful!" They turned off the lights in the living room and they went upstairs.

"Goodnight, Jen," Pacey called.

"Goodnight," Jen replied, as she closed the door of her room.

A few minutes later, Jen had taken her clothes from her bag. She was going to put them in a big closet that was in the corner of the room. But when she opened the closet door, she had a surprise. There were lots of clothes in there. They were women's clothes. But they weren't her mother's clothes. They were much smaller than the clothes that her mother wore. Jen looked at them carefully. There were short skirts. There were robes made of lace.

"These are the clothes that a woman wears when she wants to make a man's heart beat faster," she thought. "But which woman wears them here? And which man's heart beats faster? And who brought the honesty game here—the Tell the Truth' game?"

Jen was worried when she got into bed that night. She lay awake for a long time. Then, at last, she slept.

The next morning, everybody was feeling happier. It was a fine day. There was thick snow on the mountain. Everybody was dressed in warm clothes. They ate their breakfast quickly, then they walked to the ski lodge. Pacey carried his snowboard and Jen carried her skis.

"Shall we all meet at lunchtime?" Dawson asked.

"That will be difficult," Joey replied. "I don't know the times of my lessons. Let's meet later in the day, when the ski *slopes* close."

"OK, we'll meet in the cafe at the ski lodge, when the slopes close this afternoon," Jen said. "That will be at about four o'clock. Then we'll go into the town and buy some food. We'll cook a great meal this evening. We'll be hungry after a day on the slopes."

At the ski lodge, Dawson rented a snowboard. Pacey helped him to choose a good one. Then the two boys walked away towards the chairlifts. The lifts took people from the lodge, near the bottom of the mountain, to the tops of the slopes. The chairs hung from strong metal cables.

Jen helped Joey to choose some skis. Then Joey talked to a friendly woman who was sitting at a desk. She arranged the skiing lessons for beginners. While they were talking, a young man came up to the girls. He was a ski instructor. He had blond hair and a wide smile. He was very handsome. When he spoke, his voice was deep.

"I'll give this young lady her lesson this morning," he said *to* the woman at the desk. "That will be a great pleasure for me."

He held out his hand to Joey and she shook it. He didn't look at Jen.

"My name is Chad," he said. "What's your name?"

Joey told him.

"Joey—that's a fine name," he said. "Let's go to the chairlift now. We'll start on the easiest slope."

"When shall I meet you, Joey?" Jen asked.

"The first lesson will last for three hours," Chad said.

"You can meet her at lunchtime."

"Well, you're a lucky girl, Joey," Jen said quietly. "He's very cute! I'll see you later. Have a good time!"

Joey was excited. Her heart was beating fast as she followed Chad to the chairlift. She had forgotten about Dawson and their problems very quickly!

Jen watched Joey go with the handsome instructor. Suddenly, she felt a little jealous.

4

On the Slopes

Dawson and Pacey had a good morning on the mountain. Dawson was a very good skier, but he had never ridden a snowboard before. Pacey was a really good snowboarder, and he helped Dawson to learn the sport. They rode their snowboards down some steep slopes.

"This morning, we'll stay on these slopes," Pacey said. "But after lunch, I want to ride in the half-pipe."

The half-pipe was like half a tube. It was a U-shaped track in the snow of the mountainside. A good snowboarder could move very fast along this tube. He could move from side to side. He could jump and turn. It was very exciting to watch.

"But it's more exciting to be the person on the board," Pacey told his friend.

At the end of the morning, the two boys were waiting at the bottom of the mountain. They were standing in a long line of people who were waiting to get on a chairlift.

"We'll ride down once more before lunch," Pacey said.

"We haven't seen Joey and Jen since we left them at the ski lodge. Will Joey enjoy learning to ski?"

"I don't want to talk about Joey and Jen," Dawson said. He was thinking about his relationships with the two girls—the relationships which the girls had ended. "We came here to meet some *new* girls."

And a few minutes later, they *were* talking to some new girls. Four girls joined the line for the chairlift. They were all pretty.

"Hi'." Pacey said to them. "Are you having a good morning? My name is Pacey and this is my friend Dawson. We're from Massachusetts."

"Oh, hi! We're from Connecticut," one of the girls replied. "I'm Carla." She pointed to each of her friends in turn. This *is* Suki, JoAnne, and Frances."

"The snow is great for riding snowboards today,** Pacey said. "Maybe you—"

Then he stopped speaking. Someone was coming down the slope towards them on a snowboard. The person was wearing a purple jacket and purple ski pants. And the person was moving very, very fast. But the person was not in control of the board. And he or she was moving straight towards

Pacey I I

"Aaaagh!" Pacey shouted. Suddenly, his legs were in the air and he was falling into the deep snow beside the track. The person in purple clothes, who had come off the snowboard, fell next to him.

"You idiot!" Pacey shouted. "Why are you riding that board! You can't control it. You nearly killed me!."

Then he heard the sound of laughter. Carla, Suki, JoAnne, and Frances were laughing at him.

"I'm sorry," said the snowboarder in the purple jacket. It

was a girl—a girl with red hair and green eyes. The girl's hair was tied at the back of her head.

"I'm very sorry," she said again. "I've never ridden a snowboard before. I thought, 'This will be easy.' But it isn't easy—I know that now. I'll take some lessons before I ride a board again. I always do stupid things. Did I hurt you?"

"Oh, go away!" said Pacey as Dawson helped him to stand up. "Go away. And *please*—don't come near me again!"

After her lesson with Chad, Joey met Jen. The two girls were going to ski together for half an hour before lunch. They stood in the line of people who were waiting for one of the chairlifts.

"Please, will you tell me the time?" a voice behind them asked.

The girls turned around. A tall young man with black hair was standing behind them. He had blue eyes and he was very handsome. He spoke English with an unusual accent. He did not sound like an American.

Before Jen could speak, Joey had answered his question.

"It's eleven forty-five," Joey said.

"Thank you," the young man said. He smiled at Joey, but he did not look at Jen. "My name is Jean-Pierre," he continued.

"And my name is Joey," Joey said. "Where do you come from, Jean-Pierre? You don't sound like an American."

"You're right—I'm a Canadian," the young man replied. "I'm from Montreal, in Quebec. English is my second language. My first language is French. I'm here at Steep Mountain with the ski racing team from my university."

"Oh, you must be very good at skiing," Joey said.

"Yes, I'm a very good skier," said Jean-Pierre. "I have an important race here tomorrow. I want to win it very much. Are you a good skier too!"

"No, I'm a beginner," Joey said. "I'm taking lessons and I'm staying on the easy slopes. I'm going to ski down once more before lunch."

That's good," Jean-Pierre said. "I'll ski down with you. You can meet your friend later." He turned to Jen for the first time. "Don't worry about Joey," he said to her. "I'll take care of her."

Joey smiled at Jen. "Is that OK?" she asked her friend. "Can I meet you at the ski lodge in half an hour?"

"Ok," Jen said. "Have fun, Joey." And she left the line and walked towards the lodge.

"What is happening here?" she asked herself. "What's wrong with me? In Capeside, all the boys want to know me. Nobody is interested in Joey—well nobody except Dawson! But here, two handsome young guys want to ski."

In the afternoon, Dawson and Pacey rode their boards down the slopes again. Then Pacey rode in the half-pipe. Dawson watched his friend. Lots of other people watched him too. Pacey was very good. He did amazing things as his snowboard traveled very fast down the track in the snow. He controlled his board wonderfully. He jumped into the air and turned around twice. Then he was back on his board in the half-pipe. Lots of people waved their arms and cheered. Dawson was proud of Pacey.

"Pacey isn't a good student at school," he thought. "And he always says the wrong things to girls. But when he's really interested in something, he learns. He works

hard. He practices the thing until he is really good at it. He practices until he's the best."

The two boys had a good afternoon together. But they didn't meet any more girls who wanted to talk to them.

Fifteen minutes before the chairlift closed for the day, Pacey looked up at the sky.

"It'll start to get dark soon," he told Dawson. "Shall we ride down the long slope once more?"

The two boys stood in the line of people and they climbed onto the chairlift. They started to move. But before their chairs reached the top of the slope, the lift suddenly stopped. The chairs were hanging above the ground and the wind was blowing strongly. It was very cold.

"What's wrong?" Dawson asked. "How long are we going to be up here?"

Pacey looked down.

"Someone has fallen out of their chair," he told his friend. "It's a girl. We won't move until somebody rescues her."

Pacey looked down again.

"Yes, it's a girl," he went on. "It's a very *stupid* girl—a girl with a purple jacket and purple ski pants. We met her this morning. Don't you remember her? She always does stupid things she told us that. She can't do anything right! She can't control a snowboard and now she can't stay on the chairlift. She's stupid, so we're going to get very cold!"

A Strange Evening

At the end of the afternoon, Joey met Jen in the cafe at the ski lodge. They sat at a table and they ordered hot chocolate drinks. While they waited for Pacey and Dawson, they talked about their day on the slopes.

"Jen, I'm having a great vacation," Joey said. "Thank you for asking me to come here. I'm going to have lunch with Jean-Pierre tomorrow. We'll have lunch together, then I'm going to watch his race. He's a wonderful skier! And Chad is a wonderful teacher. This is his first winter as an instructor here. Each of his students has to give him a grade for each lesson. We have to write the grade on a form. We get the papers from the lady who arranges the lessons. I've given Chad an 'excellent' grade for my first lesson!"

A few minutes later, Dawson and Pacey arrived at the cafe. They sat at the table with Jen and Joey and they ordered hot chocolate drinks too.

"Did you girls have a good day?" Dawson asked.

"It was OK," said Jen.

"It was great!" said Joey.

"When we've drunk our chocolate, we need to go into the town," Jen said. "We have to go to a foodstore. We need to buy food to take back to the cabin. Then tonight, we'll make a wonderful meal!"

At that moment, Chad came over to their table. He spoke to Joey. He didn't look at the others.

"Hi, Joey," he said. "Do you have any plans for tonight? I want to take you to dinner in a restaurant. I'll buy you a

meal and we'll talk about skiing."

"We were all planning to eat together," Jen said. "And—"

But Joey wasn't listening to her. "No, I don't have any plans," she said quickly. "I'll be happy to have dinner with you, Chad."

"That's great," the handsome blond instructor said. He told Joey about the restaurant where he wanted to eat. "I'll meet you there at eight o'clock. Goodbye for now!"

As Joey spoke to Chad, Jen was watching Dawson's face. He looked very unhappy.

Jen spoke to Pacey and Dawson.

"Well, Joey has made a date for the evening—she's going to meet Chad," Jen said. "There'll only be the three of us for dinner at the cabin. But it will be fun."



As she said the last word, Pacey suddenly felt something on the back of his neck. The something was very wet and very hot.

"Aaaagh!" he shouted.

"*I am* sorry," said a voice behind him.

Someone had spilled hot coffee on Pacey's neck—someone who was standing behind him. Pacey didn't have to look around. He knew who was behind him. It was the girl with the purple jacket and the purple pants—he knew that. It was the girl who always did stupid things. It was the girl who couldn't control a snowboard. It was the girl who couldn't sit on a chairlift. And now she couldn't carry a cup of coffee either!

Pacey stood up quickly. He turned to the girl, whose race had become red.

"You stupid idiot!" Pacey shouted at her. "Stay away from me. You're dangerous!"

The girl nodded her head. She didn't speak. There were tears in her eyes. She walked away.

"You were unkind to her, Pacey," said Dawson. "She wasn't *crying* to hurt you. You behaved badly."

Half an hour later, the four teenagers were still in the cafe in the ski lodge. A tall man with a beard walked onto a small stage at one end of the room. The man was the owner of the cafe. He stood in the middle of the stage. There were colored lights shining on him—red lights, orange lights, purple lights. He looked around *at* the happy people in the room.

"You all had a great day—I can see that," he said. "And this evening, we'll have some great music. The singer tonight is my daughter Kyra Wolfson. Kyra is a wonderful

singer and I'm very proud of her!"

Then a teenage girl came onto the stage. She was holding a guitar. Pacey and Dawson looked at her in surprise. Dawson started to laugh quietly.

"It's not funny," Pacey said. "She'll fall off the stage. She'll injure someone with her guitar. She'll break the lights and start a fire."

Kyra wasn't wearing her purple jacket and her purple pants now. She was wearing simple black clothes. And her lovely red hair wasn't tied at the back of her head now. It was hanging loosely down to her shoulders. Her green eyes were shining. She was beautiful!

When she sang, her voice was high and clear. She sang and played the guitar very well. Everybody in the room was quiet. Everybody was listening to Kyra. And one person was listening more carefully than anyone else. It was Pacey. Suddenly, his heart was beating fast. Pacey was in love!

When Kyra finished singing, Pacey hurried to the little stage. Kyra saw him coming towards her and she looked unhappy.

"Please don't worry," she told him. "I'm going to leave now. I won't injure you. I won't push you to the ground. I won't spill hot coffee over you,"

"Please listen to me, Kyra," Pacey said. "You were wonderful. I love your voice. You're a great singer. I wanted to tell you that. And I'm sorry about my behavior earlier. I behaved badly. I was unkind to you. I was wrong and I'm sorry about it. Will you have dinner with me tonight?" I

Kyra looked at Pacey for a moment. Then she smiled "OK," she said. "I *will* have dinner with you. Thank you very much. But are you sure about this? Maybe I'll injure

you with my knife and fork when we're eating! I always do stupid things—you know that!" And she laughed.

Pacey laughed too. "Where shall I meet you?" he asked.

Kyra told him the name of a restaurant in the town. She told him how to find it.

Pacey went back to his friends. He told them about his date with Kyra.

"Well, Dawson," Jen said. "I'll cook dinner at the cabin for you and me. Joey and Pacey will be busy this evening. They both have dates."

That evening, Joey met Chad for dinner. But she didn't enjoy her date with him. Chad talked about himself all the time. He didn't ask Joey about her *life*, or about her friends. He wasn't interested in her family. He wasn't interested in Capeside. He was only interested in himself and in his job as a ski instructor.

"He wants me to give him an 'excellent' grade for every lesson," Joey thought. "That's the reason for this date."

When they had finished their meal, Joey stood up.

"Our lesson *starts* early tomorrow morning," she told Chad. "I need to be in bed early tonight. Goodnight."

Joey's date wasn't a success, but Pacey had a wonderful time.

He and Kyra had a good meal, and they talked about many things. Pacey didn't tell any lies about his life and Kyra laughed at his jokes. They both laughed a lot.

"What are you going to do tomorrow?" Pacey asked his new friend at the end of the evening.

"Well, I won't ride a snowboard again," Kyra said. "If I do that I might kill someone!"

"I can ride a snowboard. I'll help you," Pacey said quickly. "I'll give you lessons. You'll soon be a good snow*boarder. Please try it again. Please let me help you."

Kyra smiled happily.

"OK," she said. "I'll meet you at the ski lodge at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

At the Lindley family's cabin, Dawson was upstairs in his bedroom. He was putting on some clean clothes for the evening.

Downstairs in the kitchen, Jen was thinking about Dawson. He had been her boyfriend for only a few weeks, and she still liked him a lot. He was unhappy about Joey—Jen knew that. And Jen was feeling jealous of Joey. Joey had made dates with two new boys, but Jen hadn't met anyone new. Nobody had wanted to make a date with *her*. Did she want Dawson to be her boyfriend again?

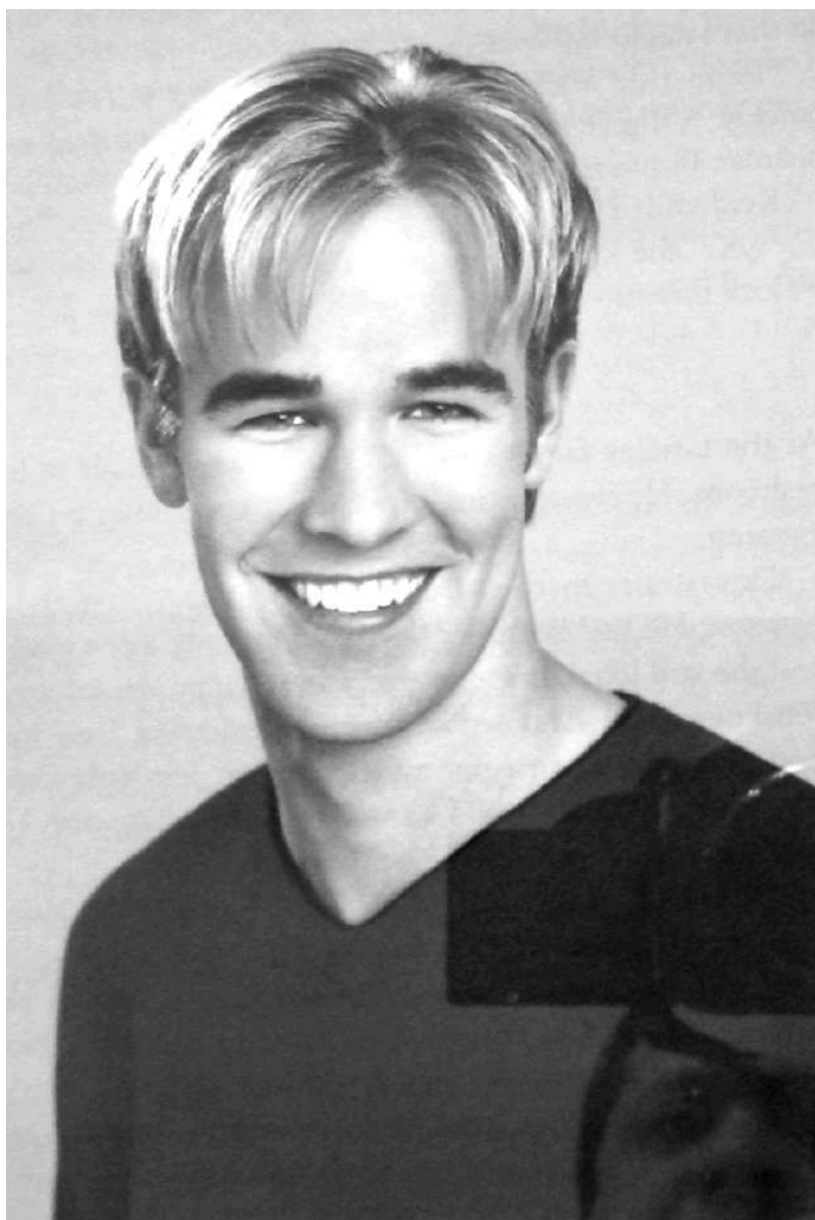
"Maybe I *do* want that," she told herself. "I'm lonely here, and Dawson is lonely too."

A few moments later, Dawson joined her in the kitchen. They had bought some food in the town, Now they were going to make a meal with it.

Jen opened a cupboard. She was looking for some salt. She saw some books at the back of the cupboard.

"What are these?" she asked.

"They're cook books—er, books about cooking food," Dawson said, smiling at her. "Don't they belong to your mother?"



"No, I've never seen them before," Jen said. "My mom isn't interested in cooking. She never cooks anything—I told you that yesterday."

Jen picked up one of the books and opened it. Inside, someone had written these words.

*This book is for the man that
I love. I'll cook him fine meals
in our secret winter place.*

The writing wasn't her mother's writing. Suddenly, Jen felt cold and frightened. She hadn't seen her parents for a long time. Was there something wrong with their marriage?



"Maybe my father has a secret girlfriend," she said to Dawson. "When he goes away from New York, does he really go on business trips? Or does he come here with this girlfriend? Yesterday, I found some clothes in a closet. They're not my mom's clothes. Does my mom know about my father's girlfriend? Does everybody tell me lies? This is terrible!"

"You're a Lazy Fool!"

The next morning was Sunday. Pacey got up before the others. He was happy. He sang as he made breakfast.

"We have two more days at Steep Mountain," he said to himself. "I have two more days to ski and ride my snowboard. I have two more days to see Kyra too! Life is great!"

When his three friends joined him in the kitchen, he looked at their faces. They were *not* happy. Pacey couldn't understand this.

"What's wrong with you three?" he asked them. "We're having a great holiday weekend. Kyra will learn to ride a snowboard this morning. I'm going to teach her."

"Well, I'm going to have my skiing lesson with Chad this morning," Joey said. "Then I'll have lunch with Jean-Pierre and I'll watch his race."

Dawson and Jen rode up on a chairlift together. Both of them were going to practice skiing.

"Jen, are you going to ask your parents about their marriage?" Dawson asked gently.

"I want to know the truth," Jen said. Her voice was soft and sad. "I don't want people to tell me lies. My father is in love with another woman. I must know about it. I must know about the future of our family. But does my *mother* know about my father's girlfriend? I have to call my father. I know about his secret now and I have to tell him that I must ask *him* for the truth."

Dawson felt sad too.

"I behaved badly last night," he told himself. "I love

A moment later, there were tears running down Jen's face and Dawson was holding her in his arms. He was kind and gentle. She looked up into his eyes and opened her mouth to say something. And suddenly Dawson put his mouth on Jen's mouth and kissed her.

They were kissing when Joey came back from her date. She walked into the living room and saw them sitting on the couch. She turned around quickly and ran up the stairs to her bedroom. She fell onto her bed and she cried.

"I'm a fool," she told herself. "When we played that game yesterday, I couldn't tell Dawson about my love for him. I don't want to be his girlfriend—I've told him that. I've made dates with two-cute boys. I've made Dawson angry and unhappy. And now I'm angry and unhappy myself because he was kissing Jen."

A few minutes later, she heard Jen going to her own bedroom. Jen was alone and that made Joey feel better. And when she felt better, she asked herself some serious questions.

"What's wrong with me?" she asked herself. "Do I want to be the only person who kisses Dawson? Maybe that's the **truth!**"

Downstairs, Dawson was asking himself questions too. He had enjoyed kissing Jen again. But Joey was the girl that he loved.

"Is Joey jealous?" he asked himself. "Is she jealous because I was kissing Jen? Will Joey ever be my girlfriend again?"

It had been a strange evening.

Joey and I was wrong to kiss Jen. I was happy when Joey saw me kissing Jen. I wanted Joey to be jealous. But I'm *using* Jen and that's wrong. Jen is so unhappy and I mustn't make her *more* unhappy. I want Joey to be my girlfriend again. But jealousy isn't good for any of us."

At lunchtime, Joey met Jean-Pierre in the cafe at the ski lodge. He looked very handsome. As Jean-Pierre ordered their food, Joey thought about her morning with Chad. Her lesson with him had been great.

"They're both cute," Joey told herself. "Chad is cute and Jean-Pierre is cute too. I'm lucky to have two handsome new friends."

But her lunch with Jean-Pierre had not been great. Chad was handsome and Jean-Pierre was too. And he and Chad were similar in another way. Jean-Pierre was only interested in himself. He wanted to talk about his success as a skier. He wanted to talk about all the races that he had won.

"Are you worried about your race this afternoon?" Joey asked him.

"No, I'm never worried about races," he replied. "I'm a wonderful skier. I don't need to worry."

Soon Joey understood something.

"Chad and Jean-Pierre are cute," she said to herself. "But they *know* this—that's their problem. It makes them behave badly. They are both *using* me. Chad made a date with me last night because he wants good grades for our lessons. Jean-Pierre made this date for another reason. He wants the other people on his team to see me. I have to watch his race and look pretty. Then his friends on the team will be jealous. Dawson never behaves like this.

Dawson really *is* cute, but he doesn't *know* it. And that makes him a nice person."

Joey didn't enjoy talking to the Canadian. But she did want to watch Jean-Pierre's race.

"Maybe having dates with two cute men is fun," she thought. "It makes both Dawson and Jen jealous. There were weeks when I was jealous of *them*. This is a nice change!"

The four friends watched Jean-Pierre's race together. Each skier came down the slope alone. Each skier's time was written down. The skier who raced down the slope in the fastest time was the winner of the race.

Joey cheered and waved her arms as Jean-Pierre passed them. He was traveling very fast.

"Jean-Pierre is the best skier in Steep Mountain," Joey told the others.

Jean-Pierre didn't win his race. He was fifth. But there were lots of skiers in the race, so he had done very well. Dawson laughed.

"Well, you were wrong," he told Joey. "Your new friend isn't the best skier in Steep Mountain."

Joey was angry with him.

"Jean-Pierre is a great skier," she said to Dawson. "He's a much better skier than you are. And he's proud to be on his team. You never want to be on school teams. You want to watch movies all the time. You're a lazy fool!"

Then she walked away from her friends, towards Jean-Pierre.

At that moment, a voice came from the loudspeakers at the bottom of the slope.

"There will be a race tomorrow afternoon for amateur

snowboarders," the voice said. "Only very *good* amateur snowboarders can be in tomorrow's race. The race will be on a slope which is fast and difficult."

"I'm going to be in that race," Dawson said. "I'm going to put my name on a form now!"

"Dawson, don't do that," Jen said, "Don't listen to Joey. You aren't a lazy tool—we all know that. The race will be dangerous. You haven't practiced enough. You might injure yourself."

Pacey agreed with Jen. "Don't do this, Dawson," he said.

But Dawson didn't listen to his friends. He walked towards the ski lodge. He had decided. He was going to be in the race for amateur snowboarders the next day.

"Maybe Joey will change her mind about me after that," he thought.

2

Pacey's Plan

That evening, Pacey had another date with Kyra. They had dinner in a restaurant. After that, they talked for a long time.

The two young people were happy together. They asked questions about each others' lives. Kyra's life at home was good. She told Pacey about it. She loved her parents and they loved her. She was happy on Sleep Mountain.

"Kyra is a very lucky person," Pacey thought. "My father hates me and my brother hates me too. My mother and my sisters don't care about me. And I hate living with them. I want a life like Kyra's life. She loves living here on

the Steep Mountain. But I want to leave Capeside. I want to leave it forever. I want to live somewhere different. I want to live in a place where people like me."

Then Pacey had an idea.

"I'll live here," he thought, "I'll leave school. I'm old enough to leave school now. I'll live here in Steep Mountain. I'll need money to pay for a room, so I'll get a job in a restaurant. I'll see Kyra every day. It will be wonderful."

He didn't tell Kyra about his plan. He needed to think more about it before he told anyone.

"I'll tell her about this tomorrow," he thought. "She'll be so happy."

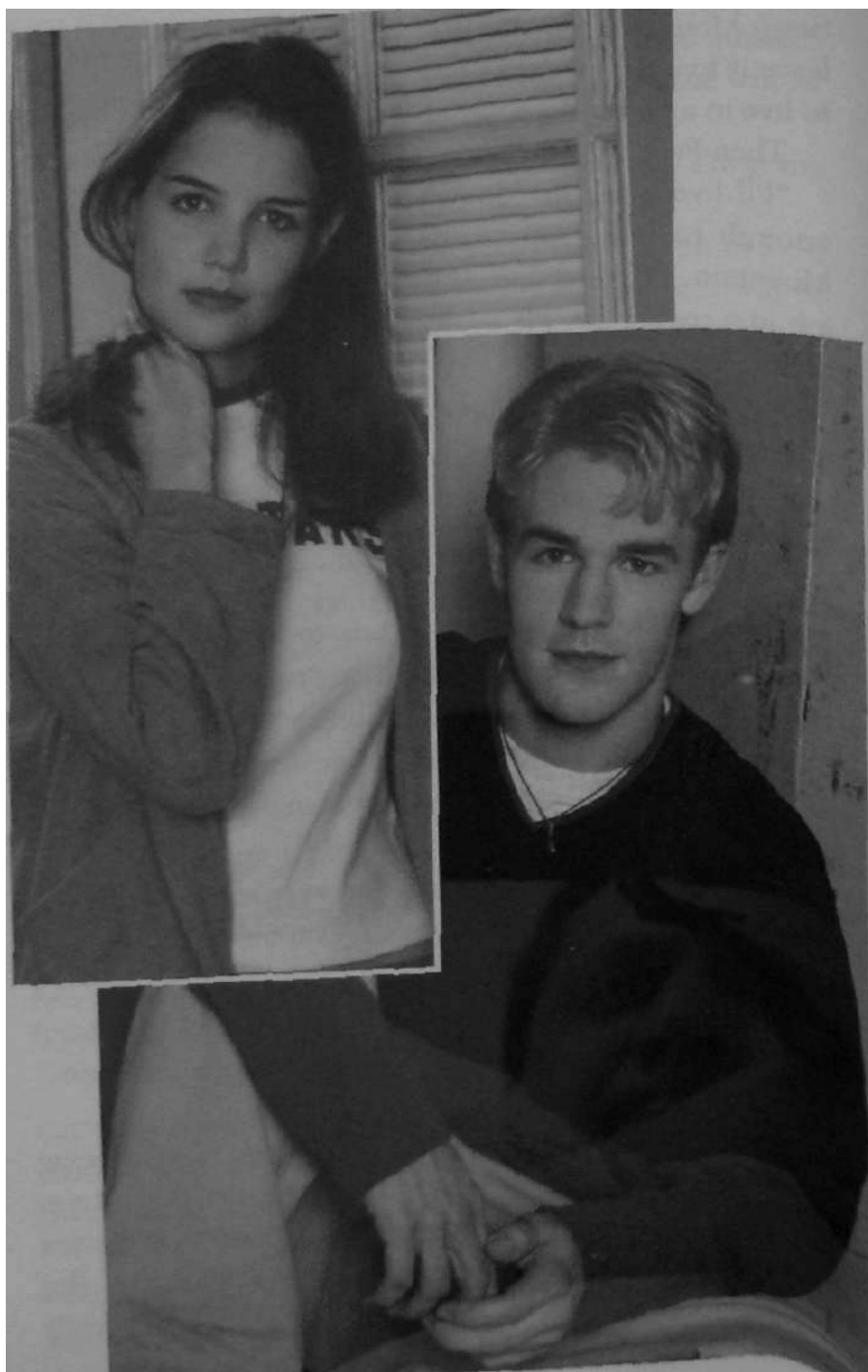
That evening, Dawson tried to talk to Joey about his love for her. They were alone in the living room at the cabin.

At first, Joey didn't want to listen to him. When he spoke, she answered him. But her answers were short and her voice was quiet. Dawson became more and more unhappy.

"I behaved badly," he said. "I'm very sorry. When you saw me kissing Jen, I was pleased I wanted you to be jealous. I tried to make you jealous. That was a terrible thing to do. I wanted to make you love me. I wanted to control your feelings. But I can't control them—I know that now."

Suddenly, Joey smiled.

"Oh, Dawson, I'm sorry too," she said. "You're being honest with me—you're telling me the truth. Thank you for that. I have to tell the truth too. I tried to make you jealous. I wanted you to see me with those other boys. But I don't really like Chad or Jean-Pierre. They aren't really interested in me. They only care about themselves."



Joey looked at Dawson. He was so different from most boys. As Joey thought about this, she suddenly wanted to kiss him.

And she did kiss him. She leaned towards him and kissed him on the mouth. Immediately, Dawson pulled her into his arms and held her tightly. He gave her a long and gentle kiss. And suddenly, Joey felt happy.

But at that moment, Jen came into the living room. She saw Joey and Dawson kissing. She turned and she left the room. She went quickly upstairs to her bedroom.

A minute later, her bedroom door opened, and Dawson came in. He saw the tears that were running down his friend's face.

"Jen, I'm sorry," he said. "Do you hate me? Maybe you do. Last night, I was kissing you. Tonight, I was kissing Joey. I don't know what to say. I didn't want to use you—please believe me. I want us to be good friends."

"It's OK, Dawson," Jen said. She tried to smile. "You weren't trying to use me—I know that. And you've always loved Joey—I know that too. I want you to be happy with her. I'm not crying about you and Joey. I'm crying because I'm so worried about my parents."

"What *does* Joey want? I don't know what it is," Dawson said sadly. "When she saw you come into the room, she looked frightened. She was frightened because she had kissed me! What shall I do?"

"She needs time to understand her own feelings," Jen replied after a moment.

"You're right—I know that," Dawson said. "There are too many feelings in my life at the moment."

"Sometimes, strange things happen in the mountains," Dawson went on. "One day, the weather is cold and there's

deep soft snow everywhere. Everyone skis. Everyone is happy. Perhaps the next day, the weather is warm and some of the snow melts. Then nobody knows what to do. Our lives are changing all the time. Everything changes all the time. Even strong metal can change. If metal gets too hot, it melts too—there's a meltdown. That's what is happening in my life at the moment, Jen. My life has become too—too *heated*. And now there's a major meltdown!"

When Dawson returned to the living room, Joey had already gone to her bedroom. Dawson sat alone and he thought. He tried to forget about his problems with girls. He tried to think about the amateur snowboard race the next morning.

He was still thinking when Pacey returned to the cabin.

"I had another wonderful date with Kyra," Pacey said.

"You're lucky," Dawson replied. "But it'll be difficult for you to leave her tomorrow."

"I'm *not* going to leave her," Pacey said. "I've had an excellent idea. I'll drive you and the girls back to Capeside. I'll get some clothes from my house. Then I'll come back here. I'm going to live here for the rest of my life. I'm going to get a job in a restaurant. I'm going to find a place to live. I'll be able to see Kyra every day."

"Pacey, you're crazy!" Dawson said. "You can't do that. Don't be so stupid. You have to finish school. You'll never get a good job if you don't finish school."

"I can go back to school later," Pacey said. "I can go to school here, in Steep Mountain. I'll work at night and go to school in the daytime. That's what Joey does in Capeside."

"If you do that, you'll never see Kyra," Dawson said.

"You won't have any *time* to see her. Think, Pacey, think!"

"I've thought about it all evening," Pacey replied. "I won't change my mind."

"What does Kyra say about your plan?" Dawson asked his friend. "And what does her father say?"

"I haven't told them about my plan," Pacey said. "I'll tell them about it tomorrow. But Kyra will be happy. And her father wants her to be happy. So he'll be happy too. We'll *all* be very happy!"

The Snowboard Race

Early in the afternoon of the next day, Joey was standing near the ski lodge. She and Jen were going to watch Dawson in the snowboard race. Then they were going to eat a late lunch and return to the cabin. They had to pack their bags for the journey back to Capeside. Pacey had gone somewhere on his own.

Suddenly, Joey heard a voice behind her.

"Joey! Joey!" the voice called. It was Chad. A moment later he was standing next to her.

Joey was not happy to see the instructor.

"My life is too full of men at the moment," she said to herself. "I want all of them to leave me alone."

But she had to speak to Chad.

"Hi," she said quietly. "How are you?"

"Joey, I must thank you," Chad said. "You gave me excellent grades for your lessons. And now you're going away. I'm sad about that."

He put his arm around her shoulders.

"Joey!" said another voice behind her. It was Jean-Pierre's voice and it sounded angry. "Joey, who is this petson? Why does he have his arm around you?"

Joey and Chad turned around.

"Who are you?" Chad asked the young Canadian.

"I'm Joey's boyfriend," Jean-Pierre replied.

"No," Chad said. "I'm her boyfriend. I've been dating her since Saturday."

Joey started to laugh.

"Neither of you is my boyfriend," she said. "You only care about yourselves. I like guys who are interested in me!"

She turned and walked away. As she left them, she heard Chad speaking to Jean-Pierre.

"Don't worry about her," he said. "Let's have a drink together in the cafe. There are lots of cute girls there."

A *few* minutes later, Joey and Jen were waiting by the track where the snowboard race was going to take place, They were waiting *to* see Dawson *in* the race.

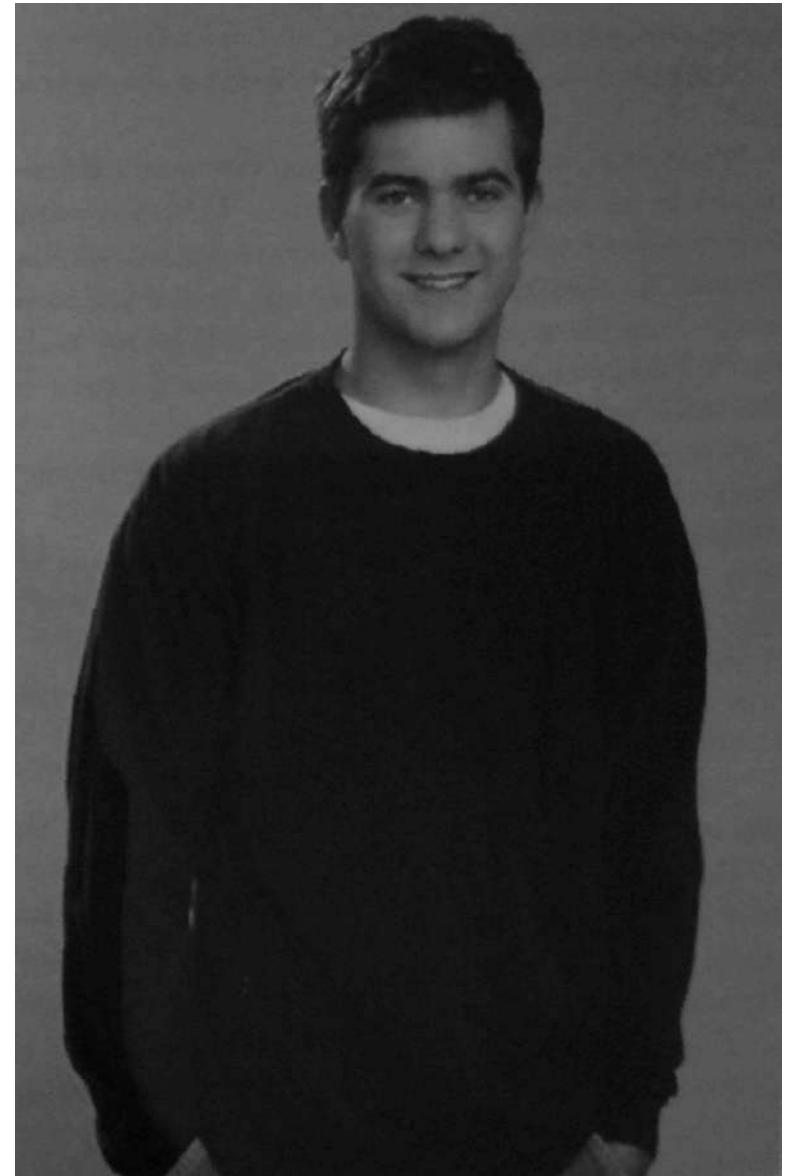
"I'm worried about this," Joey said. "Dawson is in this race because I called him a lazy fool. If he injures himself, it'll be my fault."

"It *is* a difficult slope," Jen said. "And Dawson hasn't practiced enough- But you didn't ask him to be in the race. If he injures himself, it'll be his *own* fault. Please don't worry, Joey."

While the girls were waiting for the snowboard race, Pacey was in the cafe in the ski lodge. He was talking to Kyra. He was smiling happily.

"I have some great news for you," he told her. "I've

decided to live in Steep Mountain. I have to go back to Capeside for two days. Then I'll return here. I'll find a place to live and I'll find a job."



"Pacey, that's a crazy idea," Kyra said. "Why do you want to live here?"

Pacey looked at Kyra's face. Suddenly he felt terrible! He wanted Kyra to be happy about his plan. But she wasn't happy. She looked very worried.

"I want us to be together," he said. "Don't *you* want that too?"

"Pacey," Kyra said gently. "I like you very much. But we mustn't be too serious about each other. We're too young to be together forever. We're too young for a serious relationship. We don't know each other very well. If you leave school, your life might go wrong, and it'll be my fault. Pacey, I don't want you to do this. Please go back to Capeside. Please go back to school."

"Kyra, doesn't our relationship mean anything to you?" Pacey asked sadly.

Kyra did not answer. She got up and walked quickly away.

A few minutes later, Pacey joined Joey and Jen by the race track. He looked very sad.

"What's wrong, Pacey?" Jen asked him.

"Kyra doesn't want me to live here," he replied. "She told me to go back to Capeside."

The two girls looked at each other. When Dawson had told them about Pacey's plan, they had both said. That's a stupid idea!" But neither of them said that to Pacey now. He looked so unhappy and they felt sorry for him.

Then the snowboard race started. Dawson was the third person to come down the slope. He started well

"He's good," Joey said. "He's moving very fast."

"He's moving too fast," said Pacey. "Soon, he won't be

in control of his snowboard."

Pacey was right. A few seconds later, Dawson fell. Then he was bouncing on the hard snow down the steep slope.

"I can't watch this," Pacey said. "It's *your* fault, Joey. If you hadn't called him lazy, he wouldn't be doing this. You girls are all crazy. What *do* you really want from guys? You don't know!"

"Stop quarrelling, you two," Jen said. "Dawson might be hurt!"

Dawson had stopped moving when he reached the bottom of the slope. He was tying on his back. Now they all ran towards him.

Pacey, Joey, and Jen got to Dawson at the same time as the paramedic team. These people, who helped injured skiers and snowboarders, were looking carefully at him.

Dawson sat up in the snow.

"Am I still alive?" he asked. He laughed for a moment. Then he said, "Aaargh!"

"Don't move," the leader of the paramedic team said. "Are you injured anywhere?"

"Yes, my arm hurts," Dawson replied.

"OK, we'll take you to the doctor," the man told him.

Half an hour later, Dawson was with his friends again. The doctor had examined his arm. It wasn't badly injured

"I was a fool," Dawson said to the others. "Why was I in that race? It was a stupid idea!"

"We're both fools, Dawson," Pacey said sadly. "I had a stupid idea too. Girls make us become fools!"

Joey and Jen said nothing.

Good News

Dawson had finished packing his bag. His arm still hurt, but it wasn't so painful now. He heard someone knock on the door of his bedroom.

The door opened and Joey came into the room.

"Hi," she said. She smiled at him. "I want to tell you something, Dawson. Being in that race was a very stupid thing to do! You frightened me. Now I want to tell you something else. My dates with Chad and Jean-Pierre taught me something. You aren't like them and I'm very happy about that. You're a really fine person, Dawson." She smiled again. "And I loved kissing you last night," she said.

"Will you be my girlfriend again, Joey?" Dawson asked.

"No," the girl replied. "I don't want that. I need time alone. I need to think about my life. But I do care about you a lot—I want you to know that. We need to make our friendship stronger."

She left the room. Dawson sat down on the bed.

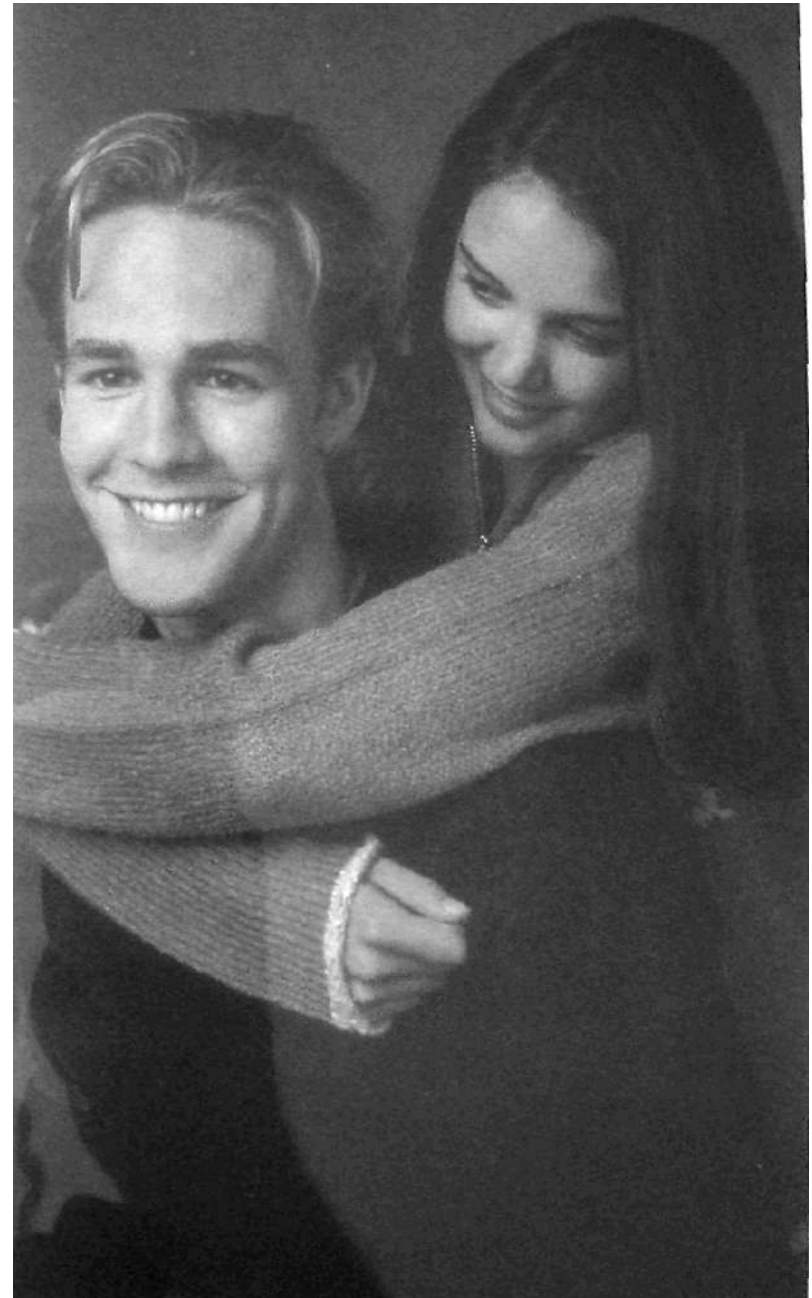
"Will she change her mind one day?" he asked himself. "I'll always love her."

Jen was in the living room. She was waiting for the others to bring their bags downstairs.

The phone rang, and she answered it. It was her mother calling.

Suddenly, Jen felt frightened. Had her mother called to give her some bad news?

"Mom, where are you?" Jen asked her.



"You're a really fine person, Dawson."

"I'm in England, with your father," Mrs Lindley replied. "We're staying in London. Is everything OK at the cabin?"

"Yes, we've had a great vacation,** Jen said. "Are you OK?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Your father is fine too," her mother told her. "You were lucky this weekend, Jen. The Martins are usually at the cabin on weekends this winter."

"The Martins? Who are the Martins?" Jen asked.

"Didn't your father tell you about Mr and Mrs Martin?" Mrs Lindley replied. "They're friends of ours. They got married in the summer. They're renting the cabin from us for part of the year. They want to be alone together. Didn't they leave some of their things there?"

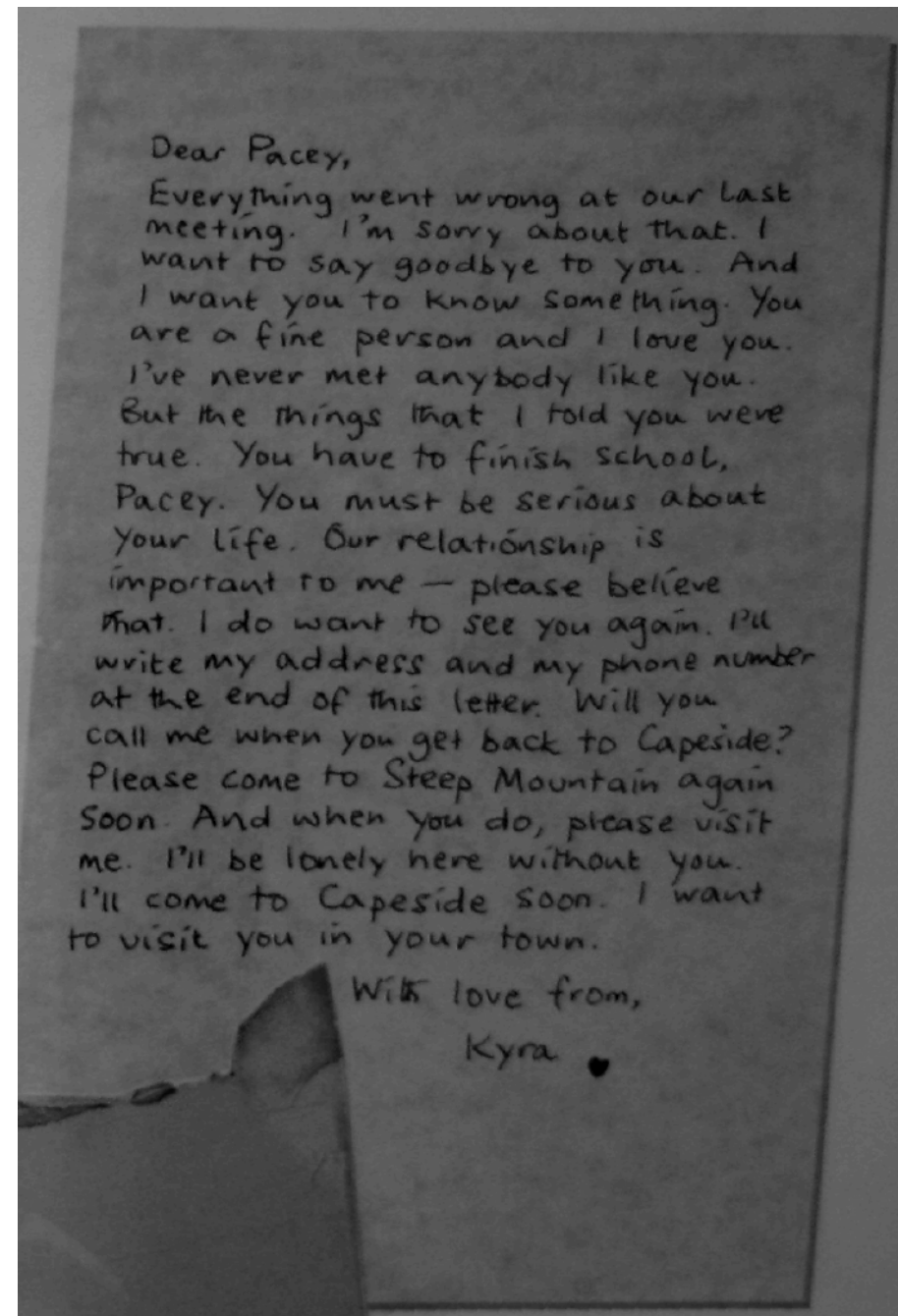
"Oh, yes, I did see some clothes," Jen said. "There were some cook books too. They weren't yours—I knew that. Well, it's good to hear from you, Mom. I'm happy that you're happy."

When she put the phone down, Jen laughed. All her worries had gone. She had been wrong about her father.

"I was so wrong!" she said to herself. "And I'm so happy!"

A minute later, the four friends were ready to put their bags in the car. As they walked to the front door of the cabin, they saw an envelope on the floor. Someone had pushed it under the door. Pacey's name was written on the envelope.

Pacey opened it and read the letter that was inside.



Before they left Steep Mountain, Pacey drove the car to the address on Kyra's letter. He wanted to see her. He wanted to say goodbye.

"Will she be at home?" he asked himself. "If she isn't there, what will I do?"

But Kyra was at home. When Pacey knocked on the door, she opened it. She looked worried.

"I got your letter," Pacey told her. "I came to say goodbye. And I want *to* give you my address and phone number. And I want to *tell* you something—I love you too!"

Kyra smiled.

"You came to see me. I'm so happy about that," she said. "I behaved badly at the cafe. I ran away from you. That was wrong and I'm sorry, Pacey. Thank you for understanding me."

She put her arms around him and kissed him gently on the lips. "Goodbye," she said quietly. "Please come back soon."

When Pacey got back to the car, the others looked happy.

"You did that well, my friend," said Dawson.

"Kyra is a lucky girl," said Joey.

A few evenings later, Pacey, Dawson, and Jen were sitting in The Ice House. Joey was bringing their food. There was nobody else in the cafe. It was still very cold outside, but this week there was no rain. This week, it was snowing in Capeside,

"When do you finish work here, Joey?" Dawson asked.

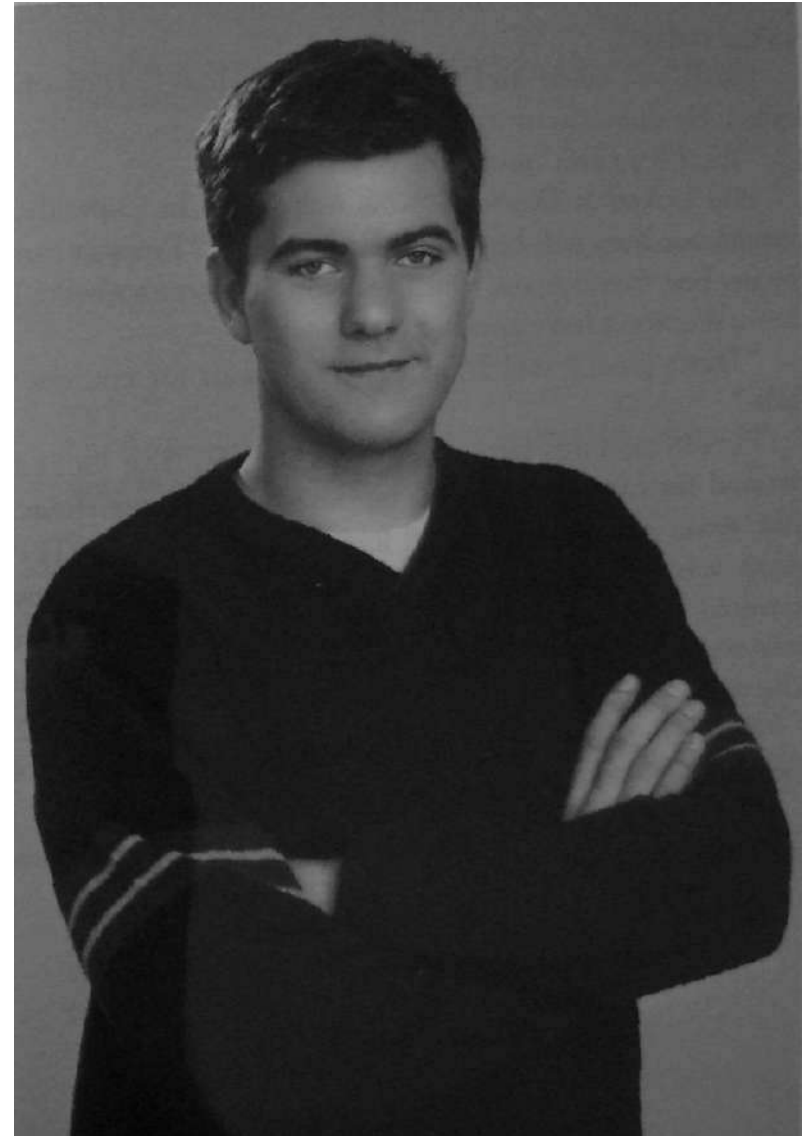
"I finish work ten minutes after you three leave," Joey replied.

"Shall we all go to my house and watch a movie?"

Dawson asked his friends.

"OK, that will be good," said Jen.

"I won't go," Pacey said. "I want to write to Kyra."



"But you're going to see her next weekend," said Dawson. "You're going back to Steep Mountain for two days."

"Well, that's true," Pacey replied. "But I want to write to her today!"

"Will you come and watch a movie, Joey?" Dawson asked. He didn't want to be alone with Jen.

"Yes, I'll go too," said Joey.

She looked at Dawson. "Now we're back in Capeside, maybe our lives will be easier," she thought. "Dawson can be my best friend *again*. Our lives won't become *so* heated here. We won't have another meltdown."

"That's great," said Dawson. "We'll wait for you outside."

Fifteen minutes later, Joey left the cafe. She looked around for Dawson and Jen, but she couldn't see them. She stood still for a moment, looking up at the sky. The snow *was* falling gently all around her. Soft white snow covered everything—the road, the buildings, the cars. It was a perfect night—Capeside's first cold winter night of the year.

Suddenly, a big ball of wet snow hit her on the side of her face.

"Perfect!" Dawson and Jen shouted together as they came from behind a car.

Joey laughed and followed them down the street.

Points for Understanding

On the evening when the story begins, The Ice House is not busy. Why is this?

2

Pacey is a few months older than his friends. How does this help them with a problem?

3

On the first night in the ski cabin at Steep Mountain, Jen lies awake for a long *time*. Why *is* this?

4

Why does Jen feel jealous of Joey?

5

"I'm so stupid," Joey tells herself. Why does she think this?

6

Why does Dawson want to be in the amateur snowboard race?

7

Dawson doesn't like Pacey's plan. Why not?

"Girls make us become fools," says Pacey. Why does he say this?

—

When her mother calls from England, Jen is frightened at first. Why is this?

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