



Join us for Part 9 of our drama Gulliver's Travels, based on the famous story by Jonathan Swift.

Horses can't talk, can they? In the world of Gulliver's Travels, anything is possible. Join Gulliver as he meets the incredible inhabitants of the last island on his journey.

While you listen to the audio you will hear different examples of **verb patterns**. Then take a look at the transcript to see them in bold.

Gulliver narrator

My name is Gulliver, and this is the story of my travels.

It was September 1710. I'd set sail from Portsmouth, but my luck ran out after just a few weeks. My crew rose up against me and **mutinied**. I was put **ashore** at the first island we saw.

On following a path from the beach, I was relieved to notice some **tracks** – a few looked human, but most were from horses. So I was not alone – thank goodness!

As I passed one field, I saw some animals. They were ugly looking with long beards like goats, and thick **ragged** hair on their chest and their heads. The rest of their bodies were bare. Some moved towards me and I hurried on. But one of them blocked my way. It raised its filthy claws.

I swiped at it with my sword.

Gulliver

Out of my way!

Gulliver narrator

I hit the creature and it howled. Within seconds, a herd of the creatures descended on me, their ugly faces **leering** and spitting...

Suddenly they all fled.

Gulliver narrator

Then I saw it – a beautiful grey **stallion** trotting gracefully out of the woods. Its smooth **mane** and back were gleaming in the **dappled** sunlight. It was this superb animal that had scared off the creatures.

Gulliver

Here boy... You're a beauty aren't you... Here...

Gulliver narrator

The horse stopped, **circled** around me, eyeing me all the time. It lifted its head away as I went to stroke it.

Gulliver

Where's your owner then? Won't you let me ride you? – I'm really tired ...

Gulliver

Are you trying to say something?

Gulliver narrator

It was as if he was talking to me...

Out of the trees another horse approached, a brown one. It stopped by us. Then the most extraordinary thing happened! Both horses lifted up their right **hooves** and touched each other's hoof in greeting.

I couldn't believe it... They were really talking to each other. They kept glancing at me and then bent their heads together as they communicated.

There was no doubt – I definitely heard the word 'yahoo' several times.

Gulliver

Ya... hoo.

Master (grey horse)

Yahoo.

Gulliver

Gentlemen, I see you are magicians who have taken the shape of horses. Please... take me to your master so I can find some food and drink.

Gulliver narrator

And so they led the way. After a mile, we came to a long, low building, made of logs. But when we went in, there were no people – just a **mare** and two **foals**.

I followed the grey stallion through the door and into a yard. Here, tied up, were two **deformed** creatures like those I'd seen earlier. They were eating lumps of meat.

Mare

Yahoo?

Gulliver narrator

The stallion picked up some meat and offered it to me, but the smell made me feel sick.

Then **it dawned on me**. This creature was a 'yahoo'. That's what the horses called them! They thought I was one of them! A yahoo!

Gulliver

No... no, I'm not a yahoo!

Gulliver narrator

But then I took a closer look at the yahoo. He had two legs and arms ... like mine, except his nails were long and shaped like claws. He was... in fact... a man... like me... but ... **savage!**

In the following days, I was looked after well by the stallion. It became clear to me that the houyhnhnms, as these horses were called, were no ordinary animals – they had their own language, which they pronounced through the nose and roof of the mouth. I set about learning it and was soon able to talk easily with the grey stallion, whom I called Master. He was a very patient teacher.

The houyhnhnms were the kindest, gentlest, most honest and civilized race I'd ever come across. Months passed and I felt healthy and happy to live among them. They saw me as some kind of superior yahoo – they were confused because, although I bore some resemblance physically to those beasts, they thought my clothes were part of my body.

I told Master where I came from and how I had got to their country, but he could not believe that there was another land beyond the sea or that yahoos could build boats... Nor could he understand when I described our society – where innocent people are killed in wars.

Gulliver

In England, Master, the horses work in the fields for the people.

Master

How can this be? How can there be a country where yahoos are in charge?

Gulliver narration

The more we talked and the more I learnt about their society, the more the failings of my own became clear. And it became clear, I was a yahoo after all.

Master

There is something I must tell you, Gulliver... now that I know your secret... There is one question we houyhnhnms, are at this very moment debating... whether we should get rid of the yahoos once and for all.

Gulliver narrator

He said yahoos were **vile** and dangerous and threatened the peace and tranquillity of his society...

Master

I know that you are different to the other yahoos. But there are many who think that you are just one of them...

Gulliver narrator

I knew what that meant. My life was in danger...

Vocabulary

mutinied

time when sailors take control of a ship against their captain's orders

ashore

on the shore

tracks

marks left by feet

ragged

(of hair or clothes) untidy

leering

making ugly faces

stallion

male horse

dappled

covered with areas of light and darkness

circled

moved in a circle

hooves

horse's feet

mare

female horse

foals

young horses

it dawned on me

I realised

savage

not civilised, wild

vile

disgusting