

The book cover features a central image of a tiger's face with its eyes open, set against a background of green ferns. The text is overlaid on this image.

THE MOST

*Dangerous*

GAME

*RICHARD CONNELL*

*RETOLD BY SARA SIMPSON*

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After Whitney went to bed, Rainsford was alone on the ship's deck. It was totally quiet except for the sound of the ship's engine and the sound of the water. It was totally dark. Rainsford started to doze off.

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A loud sound woke him up. It was someone shooting a gun somewhere in the distance. The gun went off three times. Rainsford jumped up and tried to see where the shots came from, but it was still too dark. As he leaned over the rail trying to see, Rainsford lost his balance. He fell into the water.

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Rainsford tried to yell for help, but water kept going into his mouth. He tried to swim back to the ship, but he was getting tired quickly. Rainsford stopped swimming. He had to stay calm. The ship was getting farther and farther away. Rainsford took off all his clothes so they wouldn't drag him down. He yelled as loud as he could, but the ship got farther away. After a while, Rainsford couldn't see the ship at all. It was gone.

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Rainsford remembered the sound of the gunshots. He swam in the direction from which he had heard them. He was starting to get tired, but he knew he couldn't stop swimming.

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Then Rainsford heard a sound. It was a loud scream. It sounded like an animal that was in pain and afraid.

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Rainsford wasn't sure what animal was making the sound. He didn't care. If there was an animal, that meant there was also land. Rainsford swam towards the sound. He heard a gunshot. He was getting closer to safety.

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Rainsford could hear the sound of the ocean hitting the shore. Rainsford barely had enough time to see the rocks in the water and swim around them; one second later, and he would have been thrown against them by the waves and died. Rainsford used the last of his strength to pull himself up onto a flat rock. He could see there was a jungle and steep cliffs. He knew there might be dangerous animals or unfriendly people in the jungle, but he was too tired to care. Rainsford dragged

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“I hope you weren’t surprised that I knew who you were when you got here,” Zaroff said. “I read all books on hunting written in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt.”

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“I can see that you love to hunt,” Rainsford said, pointing at the animals heads on the walls. “That buffalo head is the largest I’ve ever seen.”

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“Yes. That one,” Zaroff said. “He was a monster.”

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“Did the buffalo attack you?” Rainsford asked.

“He did,” Zaroff said. “He threw me against a tree. The hit was so hard it broke my skull, but I got him.”

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“I think the buffalo is the most dangerous game to hunt,” Rainsford said.

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General Zaroff didn’t say anything for a minute. He just smiled his strange, red-lipped smile.

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“You’re wrong,” Zaroff said. “Buffalo isn’t the most dangerous big game to hunt. Here on my island, I hunt something even more dangerous.”

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Rainsford was surprised. “Is there big game to hunt on this island?”

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Zaroff nodded. “The biggest game. It isn’t here naturally, though. I have to bring it here so I can hunt it.”

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“Is it tigers?” Rainsford asked.

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“No, it isn’t tigers,” Zaroff said. “I stopped hunting tigers years ago. It got boring. It wasn’t enough of a challenge. It wasn’t dangerous enough. I live for danger. We will have a great time hunting together, Mr. Rainsford. I’m happy you are here.”

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“But what are we hunting?” Rainsford asked.

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