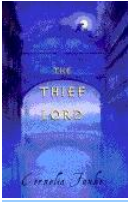


Passages

Reading Level 7



Title: The Thief Lord

Author: Cornelia Funke

Sample From The Book

Victor leaned against his window and looked out through the dusty glass. Surely no other place on earth was more proud of its beauty than Venice, and as he watched its spires and domes, each caught the sun as if trying to outshine one another. Whistling a tune, Victor turned away from the window and walked over to his large mirror. Just the weather for trying out his new disguise, he thought, as the sun warmed the back of his sturdy neck. He had bought this new treasure only the previous day: an enormous mustache, so dark and bushy that it would make any self-respecting walrus extremely jealous. He stuck it carefully under his nose and stood on his toes to make himself taller. He turned to the left, to the right, and became so engrossed in his reflection that he only heard the footsteps on the stairs when they stopped outside his door.

Clients. Blast! Why were they bothering him now of all times?

With a deep sigh he sat behind his desk. He heard voices whispering outside his door. They were probably admiring his nameplate, Victor thought, a handsome black shiny sign with his name engraved in gold letters.

VICTOR GETZ

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

INVESTIGATIONS OF ANY KIND

It was written in three languages – after all, he often had clients from abroad. Next to the sign was a knocker – a lion's head with a brass ring in its mouth, which Victor had polished just that morning.



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