THE THREE MUSKETEERS

“All for one, one for all” . . . the legendary, immortal motto of the colorful and courageous musketeers.

Alexandre Dumas lives up to his legendary reputation with his brilliant nineteenth-century historical classic adventure . . .

The Three Musketeers. The story exemplifies camaraderie and the loyalty the musketeers had to their king, queen, and country.

The main characters . . . Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the adventurous three musketeers, later joined by d’Artagnan, the colorful and courageous new musketeer . . . all unite in their dedication to the defense of France and the destruction of Lady de Winter, “Milady,” the conniving spy of Cardinal Richelieu and wicked murderer of Constance Bonacieux, the loyal seamstress and friend of the French queen.
THE THREE MUSKETEERS

ALEXANDRE DUMAS
Welcome to Saddleback’s Illustrated Classics™

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback’s Illustrated Classics™. Saddleback’s Illustrated Classics™ was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically Illustrated Classics™, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback’s Illustrated Classics™ are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!
Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback’s *Illustrated Classics™* was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world’s greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics™*, you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.
Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your Illustrated Classics™. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. **Listen!** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.

2. **Pre-reading Activities.** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.

3. **Reading Activities.** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)

4. **Post-reading Activities.** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.
Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”
Alexandre Dumas

Alexandre Dumas, a French novelist and dramatist, was born at Viller-Cotterets in 1802. His father, the illegitimate son of a marquis, was a general in the Revolutionary armies, but died when Dumas was only four-years-old. He received a basic education from a priest and entered the office of a local lawyer.

After he met General Foy he became a clerk in the service of the Duke of Orleans. At that time he began to collaborate with Leuven in the production of vaudevilles and melodramas.

In 1844 he produced, with the help of Auguste Maquet, his new collaborator, a famous cloak-and-dagger romance, *The Three Musketeers*, which is based almost solely on historical fact, as opposed to his other very successful novel, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, which was a product of his brilliant imagination.

Much has been written about Dumas’ share in the novels which bear his name. The Dumas-Marquet series is undoubtedly the best. But the manuscripts of novels still exist in Dumas’ handwriting and attest to his skill as a narrator, and he is considered by most literacy critics as “the master of narrative.”

Dumas died in 1870.
Saddleback’s Illustrated Classics™

The Three Musketeers
Alexandre Dumas

The Main Characters

Athos
Constance Bonacieux
D’Artagnan
Aramis
Porthos
Cardinal Richelieu
Lady de Winter
In France in 1627, fighting was very popular. Rich families fought each other, the King fought the cardinal and other leaders of the church. Everyone knew that the King and Queen no longer loved each other and did not agree on anything. So the cardinal plotted against the Queen. For the smallest reason, the King's guards called the musketeers, fought the cardinal's guards. Both these groups of soldiers were famous for their ability to use the sword.

Into this disagreement, one day in April, rode M. d'Artagnan, a very young gentleman whose greatest wish was to become one of the King's musketeers. He brought a letter from his father to M. de Treville, an old friend who was now Captain of the musketeers.
When he got to M. de Treville’s house in Paris, the courtyard was filled with musketeers who paid no attention to him.

A servant took him to de Treville’s office.
I hear that you were fighting in the street and were arrested by the cardinal's guards!

But, sir, we were arrested unfairly!

There were more of them, but we did not give up.

We were dragged away by force—but we escaped!
De Treville told the three men to go, then turned to d’Artagnan.

I liked your father very much. Now what can I do for his son?

What I wish most in the world is to become a musketeer.

That is not impossible! However, . . .
De Treville gave d’Artagnan a letter to the Director of the Royal Academy. Happy, d’Artagnan left, leaping down the stairs four at a time.
At the gate, d’Artagnan saw Porthos talking to the guard. As he passed, the wind suddenly blew out Porthos’ cloak and...
Now, on the street, d’Artagnan saw Aramis talking with friends. Having already made two of the three musketeers angry he had seen in de Treville’s office, he decided to be very polite and pleasant to the third one!

He approached Aramis with a deep bow and a smile. Then he saw that Aramis stood with one foot upon a fine, initialed handkerchief.
But it was under your foot!

Ah, he! Do you still say you are not fond of the lovely lady who gave you this?

Aramis’s friends left, laughing. He turned on d’Artagnan.

If you are not a fool, sir, you should know that people do not walk on handkerchiefs without a reason!

I am begging your pardon, sir. Isn’t that enough?

Since it was near noon d’Artagnan took the road that would lead him to his first duel.

Sir, it is not enough... a lady’s name is at stake. I will meet you at two o’clock at M. de Treville’s house to arrange a duel.

I accept!

Three duels! I cannot back out; but at least, if I am killed, I’ll be killed by a musketeer!
He found Athos waiting at the meeting place.

*I am here, sir!*
I have asked two friends to be seconds. Here they come now.

But Athos has the right to kill me first! On guard!

But the two men had just crossed swords when Aramis cried out.

*But I am to fight this gentleman... at one o'clock.*

And I, at two o'clock.

The cardinal's guards! Gentlemen, put away your swords!

What, musketeers fighting? And what of the laws against duelling? You are under arrest!
Drawing their swords, d’Artagnan and the three musketeers charged the swordsmen of the cardinal’s guards.

In this fight d’Artagnan proved himself skillful with his sword. Soon all the guards were dead, wounded, or overpowered; the musketeers took the road back to de Treville’s.

They walked arm in arm. D’Artagnan’s heart swelled with happiness.

If I am not yet a musketeer, at least I have begun my training!
From then on, the four men were united in a close friendship. When not together, they were looking one for another. D'Artagnan learned from them something of life in Paris and at the Court. He became well-known and was brought to the notice of the King.

One day in his attic apartment, d'Artagnan received a visit from his landlord.

Ah, M. Bonacieux! What can I do for you?

You are spoken of as a brave, honest young man. Can I trust you?

Constance, my wife, has been kidnapped!

Do you know by whom?

She is the Queen's seamstress. But more... she is one of the few loyal people whom the Queen can trust. She knows the Queen's secrets.

I think someone has taken her to tell the Queen's secrets.

But who would do such a thing?
D’Artagnan thought about what he had heard of the unhappy Queen. The King cared nothing for her. The cardinal planned against her. The English Duke of Buckingham had fallen deeply in love with her, but the English were enemies of the French. Although the Queen was true to her husband, the Duke had given the cardinal a chance to get her into trouble.

As Bonacieux went one way and d’Artagnan started another, he heard noises...
Inside, he found a lovely woman fighting off three men. He came to her aid and drove them away.
Then deliver this message to the Duke of Buckingham in London. It asks that he send back twelve diamond studs the Queen gave him.

The cardinal suspects the Queen. He has had the King insist she wear the studs at a Ball next week. If she does not, all is lost!

I shall go at once!

D’Artagnan went to tell his friends, who agreed to go with him.

One man is too easily caught by the cardinal’s spies. Four men, shoulder to shoulder, might get through.

That is our motto, is it not? All for one, one for all!

All for one, one for all!
At two o’clock in the morning, they left Paris.

At the town of Chantilly, they stopped for breakfast.

As they finished the meal, a stranger came up to them.
The three men went on. Near Beauvais, they came upon a group of road workers.

Suddenly the men jumped into a ditch, took up muskets, and fired on the three friends.

Aramis, though wounded, rode on with the others. But later he could go no further.
At midnight, Athos and d’Artagnan stopped at an inn. The next morning Athos went into the office to pay the bill.

The innkeeper shouted. Armed guards rushed in and fell upon Athos.
D’Artagnan leaped on his horse and rode on, alone. Reaching the port of Calais, he saw another traveler just ahead.

I must cross to England at once. We had orders, this morning that no one can cross without the cardinal’s permission.

I have such permission here! You must have it stamped by the port governor. He lives just through the woods there.

The man started off. D’Artagnan followed.

Sir, a moment, please!
I must reach London quickly. I want the order you carry!

You must be joking! Let me pass!

Sorry, but I must have the order you carry!

In three seconds, d’Artagnan had wounded him three times.

The man fell unconscious. D’Artagnan took the order from his pocket.

For Athos, for Porthos, and for Aramis!

The order is in the name of the Count de Warde.
Going on to the Governor's house, d'Artagnan showed him the order.

You are Count de Wardes... the order is signed by the cardinal. Everything seems to be in order.

The cardinal wants to stop someone from crossing to England?

Yes... a certain d'Artagnan! Can you describe him?

D'Artagnan gave the Governor an exact description of Count de Wardes!

If he comes this way, I will surely arrest him!

The cardinal will be most thankful.

The passport signed, d'Artagnan had no more trouble in reaching London. There, he went to the Duke.

The Queen? She is in trouble?

This message explains.
Great Heavens! I will get the studs at once.

I had promised the diamond studs would be buried with me! But I will obey the Queen’s wish.

All is lost! Two of the diamond studs are missing...

The only time I wore them was at a ball last week. Countess de Winter made an excuse to talk to me for some time!

Stolen?

But why should she...?
The Duke put his jeweler to work. Two days later, d’Artagnan was ready to return to France with twelve diamond studs.

She is a spy of the cardinal! She must have taken them.

What can be done? The ball is in five days. That will be enough time to have copies made.

How can I ever thank you for what you have done?

Your Grace, with our countries on the edge of war, I must think of you as an enemy. What I did was for my Queen!

Your hand, young man. Perhaps we shall soon meet on the field of battle, but now we part good friends.
D’Artagnan returned to Paris safely and gave the diamonds to Madame Bonacieux. And the next evening the King and Queen received the cardinal at a great ball.

My diamonds are very lovely... are they not? All twelve of them!

Indeed, yes, your majesty!

And the next day, d’Artagnan received a message.

He went to St. Cloud and waited. At 11 o’clock he grew uneasy.

Great thanks are due you. Come this evening at ten o’clock to the pavillon at St. Cloud.
At last he swung himself up into a tree.

Empty... and there has been an awful fight!

On the ground again, he made another discovery.

Her glove, torn and muddy!

Sure that Mme. Bonacieux had been carried off again, he went to de Treville with the story.

The cardinal is a dangerous enemy! You must leave Paris for a while.

But I must find Mme. Bonacieux! If only my friends were here to help.

All this smells of the cardinal! He was very angry at the ball. He must know how the diamonds were returned to Paris.
D’Artagnan went to Chantilly, to the inn where he had left Porthos.

There is nothing you can do. I will tell the Queen. She may be able to help.

Then I will go and look for my friends.

Can you tell me what has happened to my friend?

M. Porthos? He is here, recovering from a chest wound.

He lost his money gambling with another guest... he owes a terrible bill... .

When I ask him to pay, he says he will blow my brains out! Please take him away!

D’Artagnan! Welcome! Did you hear my story? I slipped on a stone and sprained my ankle.
At a second inn, he found Aramis.

**Indeed?**

Otherwise I should have killed the devil I was fighting with!

**As you are well cared for, I will go find the others. We'll call for you coming back.**

Yes, I'm fine. The landlord is afraid of me!

**Is this Aramis, or am I in the room of a churchman?**

I have long planned to take holy orders. Now I do so!

**I give up the world... especially love!**

Then let us burn this letter I brought you... from some heartbroken woman.
As Aramis had not completely recovered, d’Artagnan went on alone. Angrily he entered the inn where he had left Athos.
He fought like a tiger! He shut himself up in the cellar.

He is a prisoner there?

No! He will not come out! He will not let us in! All our supplies are there, and we cannot serve our customers. In another week I will be broke!

D’Artagnan went to the cellar.

Athos, open the door.

D’Artagnan! For you, at once!
You have eaten and drunk well, I see, dear fellow.

I am dead drunk! I must have finished 150 bottles.

Sixty sausages gone! And my wine!

No, I left some wine. Now bring a bottle to my room!

Come, let us drink and talk. My ideas are never so clear as when I've had plenty of wine!
She lived with her brother, a parish priest. They were unknown, penniless...but she was so lovely, her brother so good, who could not trust them?

The young Count could have taken her and carried her away, but he was an honorable man. He married her and made her his Countess.

One day when they were hunting, she fell from her horse and fainted. The Count loosened her dress, and what do you think he found on her shoulder?
The next day d’Artagnan and Athos set out for Paris, stopping on the way for Aramis and Porthos. At home, there was news.

Out riding one day, d’Artagnan came upon a beautiful lady in a parked carriage.

We go to war on May 1! Only two weeks! We must see to our supplies.

They quarrel! I wonder...
As the carriage rolled on, d’Artagnan looked after it thoughtfully. Hoping to learn more news of Constance Bonacieux, d’Artagnan accepted Lady de Winter’s invitation. He called several times in the next few days. At last, one night, he overheard her talking to her maid.
If you hate d’Artagnan so, milady, why ask him to call?

There is something to settle between us that he does not know. He very nearly made me lose credit with the cardinal over the diamond studs!

I will pay him back for that!

You were at least partly paid by having Madame Bonacieux kidnapped.

D’Artagnan grabbed milady by the shoulder. As she pulled away, her gown tore.

Monster! What have you done with Constance Bonacieux?

D’Artagnan!

Great God! The fleur-de-lis! You are branded!
She turned upon him like a wounded animal.

Shocked, d’Artagnan ran from the house and half across Paris.

He did not stop until he came to Athos’ door.

How pale you are! Are you wounded?

I have just made an awful discovery. Milady is branded with the fleur-de-lis on her shoulder!

The other... the woman you told me about... are you sure she is dead?
Two days later, the troops marched from Paris toward La Rochelle to fight the English. D'Artagnan's small unit went forward as part of the advance guard. The King, becoming ill, stopped at Villeroi; and as always, the musketeers stayed with the King. So d'Artagnan was separated from his three friends.
Several days later, after a night in the fields, d’Artagnan returned to his inn.

Wine, sir... a gift from Messieurs Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

Good! They thought of me as they drank the famous Anjou wines!

About to taste the wine, he heard noise and cheers from outside.

The musketeers are coming with the King!

They hurried to d’Artagnan’s room where they found...

You come at a good time! I was about to drink the wine you sent.

What wine?

We sent you no wine!

They hurried to d’Artagnan’s room.

He’s dead!

The wine was poisoned! Milady must have sent it.

You see, it is war to the death! Take care!
The three musketeers returned to their camp. One night, out riding, they came upon a horseman.

Who goes there? Answer or we charge!

Beware gentlemen! Who are you?

King’s musketeers. And you?

Cardinal Richelieu!

Monsieur le Cardinal!

I should like your company for the evening, gentlemen!
The musketeers rode with the cardinal to an inn. As they waited, Athos walked restlessly.

Wait for me here. I shall be not more than half an hour.

Through the stovepipe, he heard voices.

Shh! The cardinal speaks to someone in the room above!

You have orders for me?

A lady's voice!
You will sail for England tomorrow morning.

You will go to the Duke of Buckingham and tell him that I have proofs of his meetings with the Queen... and that I will make them known unless he ends this war.

And if he refuses? Then a way must be found to kill him!

I will find a way. In return, I want the death of one of my enemies... d'Artagnan.

Very well. Give me pen and paper.

This will approve whatever you do.

It is by my order and for the good of the state that the execution of what he has done...

3rd December, 1607
A few minutes later, the cardinal returned.

But when the others left, Athos returned.

Let us go, gentlemen. Where is M. Athos? Gone ahead to see that the road is safe.

Who are you? What do you want?

The Count de la Fere, Madame, once your husband!

Give me that paper from the cardinal or I will blow out your brains.

Take it and be damned! Now I have spoiled your evil plans!
The next day the musketeers met d’Artagnan for breakfast. Swiss guards and musketeers crowded into the inn.

Something has happened? We can’t have a private talk here!

Ho, guard! Did you not take a fort last night? We blew up part of the fort of St. Gervais.

The enemy will probably send men this morning to repair and hold it.

I’ll bet my friends and I can go and breakfast there. We will stay there an hour, whatever the enemy may do!

He is going to get us all killed.

No, this will give us a chance to talk in private without being suspected!
Carrying their breakfast, they soon reached the fort.

Now, Athos, what did you wish to tell me?

I saw Milady last night.

What!

Athos told him what had happened the night before.

Suddenly. . . .

Some twenty of the enemy approach.

They are mostly workmen. I will tell them to leave.

We are having breakfast. Please wait till we have finished.
The four friends fired back and put the enemy to flight.

To continue... suppose we write to Lord de Winter, her brother-in-law, to warn him of her plans to kill Buckingham.

And be careful of this letter of the cardinal’s!

We will do it!

Get ready! Mon. troops come.
The four friends fired and four of the enemy fell.

In spite of the shots coming from the Frenchmen, a dozen enemy troops reached the foot of the wall.

At a push from the four friends, a great sheet of wall fell with a crash upon the enemy.

We’ll finish them at one blow. To the wall!
The four men returned to camp as heroes. And because of his part in the event, d'Artagnan was made a musketeer.

Soon Milady arrived in England. Because of the musketeer’s letter to de Winter, she was met by a naval officer. She was taken to a fine house and into a room with barred windows.
Lord de Winter appeared in the doorway.

Leave us, Master Felton.

I know what brings you to England. But you shall not succeed!

In a week I will have an order to send you thousands of miles from England. Until then, here you stay!

Alone, Milady walked the floor, as angry as could be.

All this I owe to d’Artagnan! The affair with the studs, my awful secret, and now a prisoner! Oh, to get even!

To get d’Artagnan, I must be free! The officer who brought me here . . . he looks young and innocent. . . perhaps. . .
Felton came several times a day to take care of her. On one visit he brought a book.

Suddenly, Milady guessed that Felton was a Puritan.

It may comfort you to read about your religion and your mass. This book tells about it.

My mass? I am not of that religion. It is for my Puritan faith that I am held a prisoner.

He finally had to question her.

Are they treating you badly?

Truly, I am a martyr... a victim of the awful Buckingham! May I tell my story?

She took care that he should find her often at her prayers.
Fooled by her beauty, Felton believed her lies and agreed to help her. During a storm, the night she was to be sent away, she heard a tap at the window.

When he had finished... Slowly they climbed down Felton’s rope ladder.
Felton led Milady to the sea.

The next day Felton found the Duke of Buckingham...and plunged his knife into the Duke's side!
The four musketeers, on leave continued their search for Constance Bonacieux. Milady, reaching France, went to await orders from the cardinal. She met another young woman who had found safety there.

And why are you here, my dear?
I was kidnapped by the cardinal’s spies. But the Queen had me rescued, and brought here for safety.

You are Constance Bonacieux!

We have a friend in common, d’Artagnan! Have you news of him?

Yes, but how did you know?

I expect him here this very evening.
Suddenly a clatter of hoofs was heard.

Is it he...or the cardinal’s spies? Oh, I am frightened!

Secretly Milady poured a reddish powder into a glass of wine.

Drink this! It will give you strength.

Constance drank and sank to the ground, as Milady fled.

A fatal poison...for which there is no cure!

Constance! Who gave this to you?

She called herself...Milady!
Athos spoke to the Mother Superior.

We leave this lady’s body to your holy care. We will return later to pray at her grave.

Wait for me at the inn. I have a job to do.

Later he came back with a tall, masked man.

He led the party through a stormy night to a lonely house.

She is there.

Seeing Athos, Milady screamed.
What do you want?

We have come to judge you. D'Artagnan, it is for you to accuse her first.

I accuse this woman of having poisoned Constance Bonacieux, and of having tried to poison me!

I accuse her of having caused the death of the Duke of Buckingham!

I married this woman...gave her my name and my wealth...and one day discovered she was branded with the fleur-de-lis!

Milady is found guilty and sentenced by the musketeers.

You will never find any man who will carry out such a sentence.

I am that man!

The executioner of Lillie!
The sentence was death. Tying Milady’s hands, carrying his great sword, the executioner led her to a boat and rowed across the river. From the other bank, the musketeers saw his sword rise and fall.

The musketeers returned to La Rochelle. There d’Artagnan was arrested and brought before the cardinal.

I have my pardon in my pocket, cardinal, signed by yourself!

He gave the cardinal the note taken from Milady.

You are accused of crimes...for which you shall be tried.
D’Artagnan hurried to find his friends.

The war ended. One more time, the four friends met to give their toast.

Then Porthos quit the musketeers to marry a rich widow. Aramis entered a monastery, and Athos left the service to live on his country estate. D’Artagnan became a lieutenant and continued to serve bravely, and live adventurously.
THE THREE MUSKETEERS

“All for one, one for all" ... the legendary, immortal motto of the colorful and courageous musketeers.

Alexandre Dumas lives up to his legendary reputation with his brilliant nineteenth-century historical classic adventure ... The Three Musketeers. The story exemplifies camaraderie and the loyalty the musketeers had to their king, queen, and country.

The main characters ... Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the adventurous three musketeers, later joined by d’Artagnan, the colorful and courageous new musketeer ... all unite in their dedication to the defense of France and the destruction of Lady de Winter, “Milady,” the conniving spy of Cardinal Richelieu and wicked murderer of Constance Bonacieux, the loyal seamstress and friend of the French queen.