

# The Seven Cities of Gold

Many years ago, a Spanish officer named Coronado heard the story of seven great cities. “The walls of these cities are made of gold,” his friends told him. “The people eat **meat** from golden plates and dress in nice clothes,” they said. They called these cities the Seven Cities of Gold. Were the cities **real**? Coronado never **considered** asking his friends.

Coronado thought to himself, “The things in these cities must be **worth** a lot of money.” So he went to find the Seven Cities of Gold. He took along three hundred men, many horses, and **extra** food. They headed west. Coronado wanted to **achieve** his **goal** very badly.

Coronado and his men rode for many days. Then they saw some cities. “We found the Seven Cities of Gold!” his men yelled, but Coronado wasn’t happy. He had a different **opinion**. “These can’t be the Seven Cities of Gold,” he said. “Look, they’re made of dirt!”

Coronado was right. The cities weren’t bright and golden. They were dirty and brown. The people didn’t eat meat from golden plates. They ate **vegetables** from regular bowls. They wore the most **basic** clothes.

Coronado **regarded** the cities as ugly places. “What happened to the cities of gold?” he thought. “Did someone **destroy** them? Was there a **war**? Did someone **already** come and take the gold?”

That night, the people of the cities **entertained** Coronado and his men and **served** them food. They **advised** Coronado to go home. “There is no gold here,” they told him. Coronado was angry. Did his friends **lie** to him?

He left the next morning. He looked back at the cities one more time. The sun **reflected** light on the dirt houses. Coronado thought he saw a **bit** of gold. Were his friends right after all? “No,” he told himself. “It’s just the sun.” Then he turned away and went home.

