



**МИНИСТЕРСТВО
ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ
РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ**
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«Южный федеральный университет»

кафедра иностранных языков

READ AND DISCUSS
учебно-методическое пособие по развитию
и совершенствованию навыков
чтения на английском языке

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Под общей редакцией Краснощековой Г.А.

Целью учебно-методического пособия **Read and Discuss** является развитие и совершенствование коммуникативной компетенции в чтении. Пособие предназначено для студентов старших курсов, занимающихся в группах факультатива.

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Предисловие

Данное учебно-методическое пособие представляет собой сборник рассказов английских и американских писателей и предназначено для развития навыков чтения и говорения в группах факультатива по английскому языку, а также для студентов и лиц, самостоятельно изучающих английский язык на старших курсах.

В предлагаемом пособии использованы только оригинальные тексты. Рассказы разнообразны по тематике, языку и стилю, представляют интересный сюжетный материал, дают возможность выйти на обсуждение проблемных вопросов и легко поддаются пересказу. Тексты могут быть использованы и для домашнего чтения, самостоятельной работы и в качестве каникулярного задания.

Пособие состоит из двух частей. Первая часть предназначена для студентов уровня Intermediate и включает 30 текстов. Небольшой объем текстов дает возможность проработать материал без большой затраты учебного времени. Вторая часть предназначена для студентов уровня Upper–Intermediate и включает 10 текстов. Тексты этой части гораздо больше по объему, с тем расчетом, что студенты старших курсов имеют в учебном плане меньше часов, предназначенных для аудиторных занятий и больше часов, выделенных на самостоятельную работу.

Тексты снабжены комментариями (лексическими, стилистическими, разъясняющими реалии и трудные для понимания обороты, а иногда фоновые знания), а также специально разработанными коммуникативными упражнениями, направленными на

- развитие лексических навыков,
- проверку понимания прочитанного,
- развитие навыков говорения.

Представляется, что данное пособие будет реальным помощником преподавателю в деле духовного обогащения студента, расширения его кругозора, углубления знаний о странах изучаемого языка, знакомства с их культурой и национальным своеобразием.

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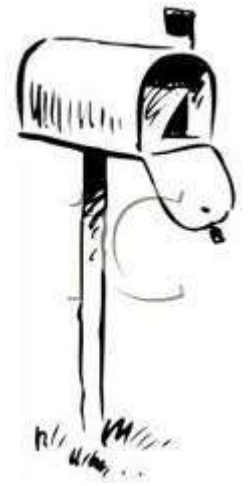
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PART I.

READING FOR INTERMEDIATE STUDENTS

TEXT 1. LOST IN THE POST

A. Philips



Ainsley, a post-office sorter, turned the envelope over and over in his hands. The letter was addressed to his wife and had an Australian stamp.

Ainsley knew that the sender was Dicky Soames, his wife's cousin. It was the second letter Ainsley received after Dicky's departure. The first letter had come six months before, he did not read it and threw it into the fire.

No man ever had less reason for jealousy than Ainsley. His wife was frank as the day, a splendid housekeeper, a very good mother to their two children. He knew that Dicky Soames had been fond of Adela and the fact that Dicky Soames had years back gone away to join his and Adela's uncle made no difference to him. He was afraid that some day Dicky would return and take Adela from him.

Ainsley did not take the letter when he was at work as his fellow-workers could see him do it. So when the working hours were over he went out of the post-office together with his fellow workers, then he returned to take the letter addressed to his wife. As the door of the post-office was locked, he had to get in through a window. When he was getting out of the window the postmaster saw him. He got angry and dismissed Ainsley. So another man was hired and Ainsley became unemployed. Their life became hard, they had to borrow money from their friends.

Several months had passed. One afternoon when Ainsley came home he saw the familiar face of Dicky Soames. "So he had turned up," Ainsley thought to himself.

Dicky Soames said he was delighted to see Ainsley. "I have missed all of you so much," he added with a friendly smile. Ainsley looked at his wife. "Uncle Tom has died," she explained, "and Dicky has come into his money". "Congratulation," said Ainsley, "you are lucky."

Adela turned to Dicky. "Tell Arthur the rest," she said quietly. "Well, you see," said Dicky, "Uncle Tom had something over sixty thousand and he wished Adela to have half. But he got angry with you because Adela never answered the two letters I wrote to her for him. Then he changed his will and left her money to hospitals. I asked him not to do it, but he wouldn't listen to me!" Ainsley turned pale. "So those two letters were worth reading after all," he thought to himself. For some

time everybody kept silence. Then Dicky Soames broke the silence, "It's strange about those two letters. I've often wondered why you didn't answer them?" Adela got up, came up to her husband and said, taking him by the hand. "The letters were evidently lost." At that moment Ainsley realized that she knew everything.

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

скучал без вас, остальное, изменил завещание, думал про себя, взяв его за руку, очевидно.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentence of your own:

be addressed to smb., make some (much, no) difference to smb., lock the door, get in through, become unemployed, borrow smth. from smb., be delighted, come into one's money, be lucky, turn pale (red), be worth doing, keep (break) silence.

III. Questions on the text.

1. What was Ainsley?
2. Who was Dicky Soames?
3. What was the main reason for Ainsley's hiding Dicky's letters from Adela?
4. How did Ainsley behave when the second letter arrived?
5. What happened as a result of his behaviour?
6. Was Adela's uncle a rich person? Prove it.
7. Did he want Adela to come into his money and why did he have to change his will?
8. What did Ainsley mean saying "Those two letters were worth reading"?
9. What proves that Ainsley's wife guessed everything?
10. Why do you think she said that the letters had been lost?

IV. True or false?

1. Ainsley read Dicky's letters before throwing them into the fire.
2. Adela often gave reason for jealousy.
3. It was a long time since Dicky Soames had gone away to Australia to join his uncle.

4. This fact made Ainsley forget his jealousy.
5. When the working hours were over Ainsley took the letter and left the post-office together with his fellow-workers.
6. The postmaster saw Ainsley getting out of the window and, thinking that he had stolen something, dismissed him.
7. Ainsley envied Dicky when he learned that the latter had come into his uncle's money.
8. When Ainsley understood that he was to blame for everything he told the truth.

V. "Adela was as frank as the day"—what does it mean? There are a lot of idioms of the same kind. Explain their meaning, try to give the corresponding Russian expressions and use these idioms in the sentences of your own.

- as strong as an ox
- as fresh as a cucumber
- as strong as nails
- as busy as a bee
- as sure as fate (as certainly as)
- as thick as thieves (very friendly)
- as hungry as a hunter
- as old as the sea
- as slow as a snail

VI. Retell the story on the part of 1) Ainsley, 2) Adela, 3) Dicky Soames.

TEXT 2. LETTERS IN THE MAIL

E. Caldwell



Almost everybody likes to receive letters. And perhaps nobody in Stillwater liked to get letters more than Ray Buffin. But unfortunately Ray received fewer letters in his box at the post-office than anybody else.

Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill were two young men in town who liked to play jokes on people. But they never meant anything bad. One afternoon they decided to play a joke on Ray Buffin. Their plan was to ask a girl in town to send Ray a love letter without signing it, and then

tell everybody in the post-office to watch Ray read the letter; then somebody was to ask Ray if he had received a love letter from a girl. After that somebody was to snatch the letter out of his hand and read it aloud.

They bought blue writing paper and went round the corner to the office of the telephone company where Grace Brooks worked as a night telephone operator. Grace was pretty though not very young. She had begun working for the company many years ago, after she had finished school. She had remained unmarried all those years, and because she worked at night and slept in the daytime it was very difficult for her to find a husband.

At first, after Guy and Ralf had explained to her what they wanted to do and had asked her to write the letter to Ray, Grace refused to do it.

"Now, be a good girl, Grace, do us a favour and write the letter." Suddenly she turned away. She didn't want the young men to see her crying. She remembered the time she had got acquainted with Ray. Ray wanted to marry her. But she had just finished school then and had started to work for the telephone company; she was very young then and did not want to marry anybody. Time passed. During all those years she had seen him a few times but only a polite word had passed between them, and each time he looked sadder and sadder.

Finally she agreed to write the letter for Guy and Ralph and said that she would send it in the morning. After they left the telephone office Grace thought about Ray and cried. Late at night she wrote the letter. The next day Guy and Ralph were in the post-office at 4 o'clock. By that time there was a large crowd in the post-office. When Ray came in and saw a letter in his box he looked at it in surprise. He couldn't believe his eyes. He opened the box, took out the blue envelope and went to the corner of the room to read it. When he finished he behaved like mad. He smiled happily and ran out of the room before Guy and Ralph had time to say anything to stop him. Ray hurried round the corner to the telephone office.

When Guy and Ralph ran into the room where Grace worked they saw Ray Buffin standing near the girl with the widest and happiest smile they had ever seen on his face. It was clear they had not spoken a word yet. They just stood in silence, too happy to worry about Guy and Ralph watching them.

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

к сожалению, разыгрывать людей, никогда не замыслили ничего плохого, без подписи, выхватить из рук, работала телефонисткой в ночную смену, так и не вышла замуж.

II. Questions on the text.

1. What was Guy and Ralph's plan?
2. Who was Grace Brooks?
3. Why did the two young men ask her to do them a favour?
4. Why didn't the girl agree at once?
5. What was Ray's reaction when he saw a letter in his box?
6. What did he do next?
7. What did Guy and Ralph see when they entered the telephone office?

III. Discuss the following.

1. Why did the girl agree to write the letter in the end?
2. Comment on the phrase "They were too happy to worry about Guy and Ralph watching them."
3. What do you think Grace wrote in her letter?
4. Why do people like to receive letters?
5. Do you agree that it is easier to express your feelings in a letter than during a talk?
6. Why do you think the art of writing letters is dying nowadays?

III. "Ray behaved like mad"—what does it mean? There are a lot of idioms of the same kind. Explain their meaning, try to give the corresponding Russian expressions and use these idioms in the sentences of your own.

My plan worked **like a dream**, and the problem was soon solved.

The boss has eyes **like a hawk**.

No wonder he's fat. He **eats like a horse** and drinks **like a fish**.

Did you sleep well? – Yes, thanks, **like a dog**.

Sorry, I forgot to ring you, I've got a **head like a sieve**.

The boss is **like a bear** with a sore head today.

She goes around **like a bull** in a china shop.

Criticizing the government in his presence is **like a red flag to the bull**.

IV. Retell the story on the part of 1) Ray 2) Grace.

TEXT 3. SUCCESS STORY

J. G. Cozzens

I met Richards ten or more years ago when I first went down to Cuba. He was a short, sharp-faced, agreeable chap, then about 22. He introduced himself to me on the boat and I was surprised to find that Panamerica Steel was sending us both to the same job. Richards was from some not very good state university engineering school. Being the same age myself, and just out of technical college I saw at once that his knowledge was rather poor. In fact I couldn't imagine how he had managed to get this job.

Richards was naturally likable, and I liked him a lot. The firm had a contract for the construction of a private railroad. For Richards and me it was mostly an easy job of inspections and routine paper work. At least it was easy for me. It was harder for Richards, because he didn't appear to have mastered the use of a slide rule. When he asked me to check his figures I found his calculations awful. "Boy," I was at last obliged to say, "you are undoubtedly the silliest white man in this province. Look, stupid, didn't you ever take arithmetic? How much are seven times thirteen?" "Work that out," Richards said, "and let me have a report tomorrow."

So when I had time I checked his figures for him, and the inspector only caught him in a bad mistake about twice. In January several directors of the United Sugar Company came down to us on business, but mostly pleasure; a good excuse to get south on a vacation. Richards and I were to accompany them around the place. One of the directors, Mr. Prosset was asking a number of questions. I knew the job well enough to answer every sensible question — the sort of question that a trained engineer would be likely to ask. As it was Mr. Prosset was not an engineer and some of his questions put me at a loss. For the third time I was obliged to say, "I'm afraid I don't know, sir. We haven't any calculations on that". When suddenly Richards spoke up.

"I think, about nine million cubic feet, sir", he said. "I just happened to be working this out last night. Just for my own interest".

"Oh," said Mr. Prosset, turning in his seat and giving him a sharp look. "That's very interesting, Mr. -er-Richards, isn't it? Well, now, maybe you could tell me about —"

Richards could. Richards knew everything. All the way up Mr. Prosset fired questions on him and he fired answers right back. When we reached the head of the rail, a motor was waiting for Mr. Prosset. He nodded absent-mindedly to me, shook hands with Richards. "Very interesting, indeed," he said. "Good-bye, Mr. Richards, and thank you."

"Not, at all, sir," Richards said. "Glad if I could be of service to you."

As soon as the car moved off, I exploded. "A little honest bluff doesn't hurt; but some of your figures...!"

"I like to please," said Richards grinning. "If a man like Prosset wants to know something, who am I to hold out on him?"

"What's he going to think when he looks up the figures or asks somebody who does know?"

"Listen, my son," said Richards kindly. "He wasn't asking for any information he was going to use. He doesn't want to know these figures. He won't remember them. I don't even remember them myself. What he is going to remember is you and me." "Yes," said Richards firmly. "He is going to remember that Panamerica Steel has a bright young man named Richards who could tell him everything, he wanted — just the sort of chap he can use; not like that other fellow who took no interest in his work couldn't answer the simplest question and who is going to be doing small-time contracting all his life."

It is true. I am still working for the Company, still doing a little work for the construction line. And Richards? I happened to read in a newspaper a few weeks ago that Richards had been made a vice-president and director of Panamerica Steel when the Prosset group bought the old firm.

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

приятный парень, с удивлением обнаружил, обладать природным обаянием, обычная канцелярская работа, уметь пользоваться логарифмической линейкой, проверить цифры, поймать на ошибке,

хороший повод, ряд вопросов, квалифицированный инженер, ставить в тупик, засыпать вопросами, рассеянно кивнуть, способный молодой человек, не интересоваться работой, мелкая работа.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

ten or more years ago, a sharp-faced chap, being the same age, just out of technical college, found his calculations awful, take arithmetic, every sensible question, be of service, just the sort of chap he can use, introduce smb. to smb., master smth., come on business, accompany smb., be likely to do smth., shake hands with smb., take a lot (some, no) interest in smth.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Describe Richards (age, appearance, education, manners)
2. Why was the author surprised that Richards had managed to get the same job?
3. What kind of work were the young men to do?
4. How did they cope with it?
5. Why did the author call his colleague stupid? Did it annoy Richards?
6. Why did the young men find themselves in the company of Mr. Prosser?
7. Why was the author unable to answer Mr. Prosser's questions?
8. What did Richard do and how did he explain his behaviour to the author later?
9. What made Mr. Prosser give Richards a sharp look?
10. What opinion had Mr. Prosser formed of the two young men, judging by the way he said good-bye to them?
11. Why did the author explode?
12. Whose theory proved to be right?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Explain why Richards took little trouble to do his job properly. What was Richards' ambition? Do you approve of his behaviour? Give your reasons.
2. What to your mind is more important: to have good knowledge in the field you work or the ability to be equal to the situation?

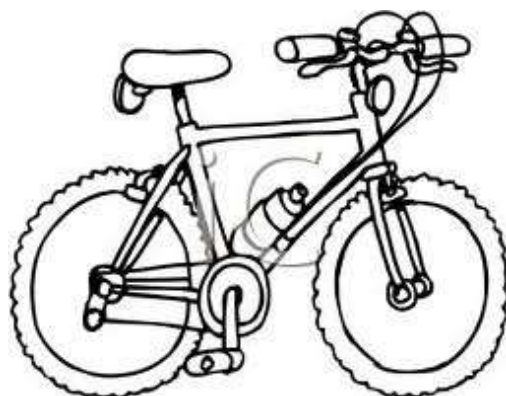
3. Can we say that Richards was a good "psychologist"? In what way did it help him?
4. Who had more advantages to win the top job: Richards or his friend?
5. Do you agree that hard work plus knowledge always leads to success?
6. Give a character sketch of a) Richards, b) the other young man, c) Mr. Prosset.
7. Whom do you think are the author's sympathies with? Prove your choice.

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Richards, 2) his friend, 3) Mr. Prosset.

TEXT 4. HUNTING FOR A JOB

S.S. McClure

I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Bennet. She lived in Somerville¹, and I immediately started out for Somerville. Miss Bennet and her family did all they could to make me comfortable and help me to get myself established² in some way. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was of utmost importance to me.



My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own. Every boy in the Western states knew the Pope Manufacturing Company, which produced bicycles. When I published my first work "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a "connection" of some kind. So I decided to go to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company to ask for a job. I walked into the general office and said that I wanted the president of the company.

"Colonel Pope?" asked the clerk.

I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope."

I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I

had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly.

He said he was sorry, but they were laying off hands³. I still hung on⁴. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me⁵, if I had to go out of that room without a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply.

"Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked.

I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks.

"Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the downtown⁶ rink?" he asked.

The clerk said he thought not.

"Very well", said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow."

The next day I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people.

Next day Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He didn't say: anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid that I would be told I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and I came back every day and went to work. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown⁷ rink.

Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I hadn't been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine.

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at — that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it. I could learn to do it as I went along⁸. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out.

This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been "willing to wash windows and scrub floors". I had been ready for anything.

NOTES:

- ¹ Sommerville — окраина Бостона
² to get oneself established — найти работу
³ laying off hands — увольняя рабочих
⁴ hang on — настаивать
⁵ everything would be all up with me — для меня все будет кончено
⁶ downtown — деловая часть города
⁷ uptown — жилая часть города
⁸ as I went along — по ходу дела

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

направиться куда-либо, помочь устроиться, гостеприимство, было необычайно важно, в соответствии с, рекламировать, энергичный человек, без работы, никогда в жизни не ездил на велосипеде, нанимать на работу, увольнять, назначить заведующим, издавать журнал, вымолвить, предупредить, с тех пор не сомневался.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

got out at, to make me comfortable, in some way, application for a job, wanted it badly, scrub floors, in a couple of hours, kept an eye on us, it flashed through my mind, be ready for anything.

III. Paraphrase the sentences using phrases from the text.

1. Miss Bennet and her family *received him very warmly*.
2. Everybody tried *to help him to find some kind of job*.
3. Their concern and hospitality were *very important to him*.
4. He told Colonel Pope that he *was unemployed and needed any job very much*.
5. The man thought that *everything would be lost for him* if he didn't find a job.
6. He had *never ridden a bicycle* in his life.
7. Mr. Wilmot *neither employed the journalist nor dismissed him*.
8. The boss *made him responsible for the uptown rink*.

9. *It suddenly occurred to him* that his willingness to do any job had helped him to get his first job.

IV. Questions on the text.

1. Who was the only person the author knew in Boston?
2. In what way was he received? Why was it of great importance to him?
3. What made the young man apply for a job to the Pope Company?
4. Describe Colonel Pope. What was his answer to the young man's story?
5. Why did the man still hang on though he found out that the company was laying off hands?
6. What question did the Colonel ask him?
7. Describe the young man's job and say whether he coped with it.
8. Why did the man continue to work for Mr. Wilmot though he hadn't engaged him?
9. What happened at the end of the week?
10. What job was the young man offered in the long run?
 11. What idea flashed through his mind?
 12. What helped the man to get his first job?

V. Discuss the following.

1. Say if you agree or disagree with the statement "water would find its level". How do you understand it? Give examples in support of your opinion.
2. Give a character sketch of the main hero. Compare him with the heroes of the story "Success Story."
3. Is the problem of unemployment acute nowadays? Why? Is this problem interconnected with the problem of wasted lives? Give your grounds.

IV. Retell the text using the following:

to start for, to make smb. comfortable, to get oneself established, to be of utmost importance to smb., application for a job, to give smb.. an advertisement, alert, by way of introduction, out of a job, to want badly, to lay off hands, to hang on, earnestness, to look sharply at, willing, to scrub floors, to ride, to engage, to discharge, to place in charge of, to have a chance with, to keep an eye on, to edit, to flash through one's mind, to run an ocean steamer, to get the words out of one's mouth, to change one's mind, to doubt.

TEXT 5. A FOUL PLAY¹

R. Ruark

In 1943 Lieutenant Alexander Barr was ordered into the Armed Guard aboard the merchant ship, like many other civilian officers with no real mechanical skills— teachers, writers, lawyers.



His men were the rag-tag² of merchant service and knew very little of it. Lieutenant Alec Barr had his crew well in hand except one particularly unpleasant character, a youngster called Zabinski. Every ship has its problem child, and Zabinski was Alec's cross. If anybody was drunk and in trouble ashore³, it was Zabinski. If anybody was smoking on watch, or asleep on watch⁴, it always was Zabinski. Discipline on board was hard to keep and Zabinski made it worse.

Alec called the boy to his cabin. "I've tried to reason with you⁵," he said. "I've punished you with everything from confinement to ship⁶ to extra duty. I've come to the conclusion that the only thing you may understand is force. I've got some boxing gloves. Navy Regulations say they should be used for recreation. We are going to have some."

"That's all right", Zabinski said smiling.

Alec announced the exhibition of boxing skill. A lot of people gathered on deck to watch the match.

It didn't take Lieutenant Barr long to discover that he was in the ring with a semiprofessional. They were fighting two-minute rounds. But from the first five seconds of the first round Alec knew that Zabinski could knock him out with a single punch⁷ if he wanted to. But Zabinski didn't want to, he was toying with his commander, and the snickers⁸ grew into laughter.

In the third round Alec held up a glove. "Time out!", he said. "I'm going to my cabin, I'll soon be back". He turned and ran up to his cabin. In the cabin there was a safe. Alec's duty was to pay wages to his personnel. Alec Barr opened the safe and took out a paper-wrapped roll of ten-cent coins. He put this roll of silver coins into his glove and returned on deck.

"Let's go!" he said and touched gloves with Zabinski. It had pleased Zabinski before to allow the officer to knock him from time to time because it gave him a chance for a short and painful punch. But now the silver-weighted glove crashed into the boy's chin and Zabinski was out. He was lying on the floor motionless. Alec Barr looked briefly at the boy. "Somebody throw some water on him," he said coldly to the seamen. And he went up to his room to clean his cuts⁹ and put the roll of coins back to the safe. After that Lieutenant Alexander Barr had no more personnel trouble aboard ship.

NOTES:

- ¹ foul play — нечестная игра
- ² rag-tag — случайные люди
- ³ ashore — на берегу
- ⁴ on watch — на вахте
- ⁵ to reason with smb. — убедить кого-то
- ⁶ confine to ship — оставлять без увольнения
- ⁷ punch — удар кулаком
- ⁸ snickers — смешки
- ⁹ cuts — раны

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

был назначен, на борту торгового корабля, держал команду корабля в подчинении, "трудный" ребенок, спать на вахте, поддерживать дисциплину, наряд вне очереди, демонстрация боксерских умений, на ринге, отправить в нокаут одним ударом, выплачивать зарплату, завернутый в бумагу, лежать без движений.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text:

with no skills, reason with smb., punish smb. with smth., come to the conclusion, take smb. (not) long to do smth., please smb., from time to time, have trouble with smb.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Why was Alexander Barr being a civilian officer ordered aboard the merchant ship?
2. Explain the phrase "He had his crew well in hand."
3. What proves that Zabinsky was a problem child?
4. What sort of measures did Lieutenant Barr use to reason with the youngster?
5. Did Alec Barr really mean to have some recreation when he spoke about boxing?
6. Why was Zabinski smiling when he accepted Lieutenant's suggestion?
7. Did it take Barr long to discover Zabinski's boxing skills?
8. What was the reaction of the seamen who had gathered on deck to watch the match?
9. Why did Barr ask for the time out?
 10. What was Zabinski's tactics during the match? Prove that he didn't expect a change in the course of the match.
 11. What did Alexander Barr do after he had knocked the boy out?
 12. Did the result of the match help Lieutenant to keep discipline on board?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Supposing Zabinski guessed something wrong in Lieutenant's behaviour. How do you think he would have acted?
2. What kind of methods did Alexander Barr use trying to reason with the boy? Were they proper methods? Which methods to your mind should he have applied? Could Barr's methods of keeping discipline be justified?
3. Comment on the title of the story. Is the word "foul" used in its direct or figurative meaning?
4. Give a character sketch of 1) Zabinski, 2) Lieutenant Barr.

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Alexander Barr, 2) Zabinsky, 3) one of the sailors.

TEXT 6. JIMMY VALENTINE'S REFORMATION

O. Henry

Jimmy Valentine was released¹ that day.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden², "you'll go out



today. Make a man of yourself. You are not a bad fellow really. Stop breaking open safes and be honest."

"Me?" said Jimmy in surprise. "Why, I've never broken a safe in my life." The warden laughed. "Better think over my advice, Valentine."

In the evening Valentine arrived in his native town and went directly to the cafe of his old friend Mike and shook hands with Mike. Then he took the key of his room and went upstairs. Everything was just as he had left it. Jimmy removed a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suitcase. He opened it and looked fondly at the finest set of burglar's³ tools. It was a complete set made of special steel. The set consisted of various tools of the latest design. Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him.

A week after the release of Valentine there was a new safe-burglary in Richmond. Two weeks after that another safe was opened. That began to interest the detectives. Ben Price, a famous detective, got interested in these cases.

"That's all Jimmy Valentine's work. He has resumed business. He has got the only tools that can open any safe without leaving the slightest trace."

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine came to Elmore, a little town in Arkansas. A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank". Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was and became another man. She lowered her eyes and blushed slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were not often met in Elmore. Jimmy called a boy who was standing on the steps of the bank and began to ask him questions about the town and the people of the town. From this boy he learnt that this girl was Annabel Adams and that her father was the owner of the bank. Jimmy went to a hotel and registered as Ralf Spencer. To the clerk he said that he had come to Elmore to start business. The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy and he was ready to give Jimmy any information. Soon Jimmy opened a shoe-store and made large profits. In all other respects he was also a success. He was popular with many important people and had many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams and she fell in love with him too. Annabel's father, who was a typical country banker approved of Spencer. The young people were to be married in two weeks. Jimmy gave up safe-burglary for ever. He was an honest man now. He decided to get rid of his tools.

At that time a new safe was put in Mr. Adams' bank. The old man was very proud of it and insisted that everyone should inspect it. So one day the whole family with the children went to the bank. Mr. Adams enthusiastically explained the workings of the safe to Spencer. The two children were delighted to see the shining metal and the funny clock. While they were thus engaged Ben Price, the detective, walked into the bank and stood at the counter watching the scene. He told the cashier that he was just waiting for the man he knew. Suddenly there was a loud scream from the women. Unseen by the elders, May, the smallest girl had shut herself in the vault⁴.

"It's impossible to open the door now," said Mr. Adams in a trembling voice, "because the clock of the safe hasn't been wound. Oh, what shall we do? That child — she can't stand it for long because there isn't enough air there!"

"Get away from the door, all of you," suddenly commanded Spencer. And it must be mentioned that Jimmy happened to have his suit-case with him because he was going to get rid of it that day. Very calmly he took out the tools and in ten minutes the vault was opened. The others watched him in amazement. The little girl, crying, rushed to her mother.

Jimmy took his suit-case and came up to Ben Price whom he had noticed long before. "Hello, Ben", he said, "Let's go. I don't think it matters much now." And then suddenly Ben Price acted rather strangely. "I guess, you are mistaken Mr. Spencer," he said. "I don't seem to recognize you. I think your fiancée is waiting for you, isn't she?" And Ben Price turned and walked out of the Bank.

NOTES:

¹was released — был освобожден из тюрьмы

²a warden — охранник

³a burglar — вор-взломщик

⁴vault — зд. внутренняя часть сейфа

EXERCISES

I. *Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

стань человеком, неплохой парень, обдумай мой совет, покрытый пылью чемоданчик, посмотрел с любовью, последней модели,

возобновить занятие, не оставляя ни малейших следов, слегка покраснеть, молодые люди с такой внешностью, владелец банка, открыть дело, получать хорошую прибыль, пользоваться популярностью среди важных персон, сокровенное желание, должны были пожениться, избавиться от инструментов, принцип работы сейфа, наблюдая за происходящим, громкий крик, пока взрослые не видели, часы не были заведены, чемоданчик случайно оказался с ним; не думаю, что теперь это имеет значение; повел себя странно, возлюбленная.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

be honest, say smth. in surprise, shake hands with smb., a set of tools, get interested in smth., become another man, register at a hotel, be impressed by smth., be a success, fall in love with smb., approve of smb./ smth., give up smth. for ever, be proud of smth., insist that smb. should do smth., say smth. in a trembling voice, stand smth. for long, it must be mentioned, watch smb./ smth. in amazement, be mistaken, recognize smb..

III. Questions on the text.

1. What kind of man was Jimmy Valentine? (age, looks, occupation)
2. Where did he go immediately after the release?
3. What was the first thing he did on entering his room?
4. There were a number of safe-burglaries in Richmond. Why did Ben Price get interested in them? Why did he suspect Jimmy?
5. How did Jimmy happen to meet Annabel Adams? What did he manage to find out about her?
6. Why did Jimmy register at the hotel under another name?
7. Explain the phrase, "In all respects Jimmy was a success".
8. What final decision did Jimmy make that proved that he wanted to give up his old business forever?
9. How did the child happen to find himself in the vault. Why was it dangerous?
10. Why did all the present watch Jimmy in amazement while he was opening the safe?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. By the time the incident happened Jimmy had completely changed his

way of life.

2. What did he risk when he showed everybody his skill? What could the price of this action have been?
3. Analyse Ben Price's behaviour through the cause of events.
4. Why do you think he said he didn't recognize Valentine? In what way does it characterize him?
5. Think of another end of the story supposing
 - a) Jimm didn't meet the girl,
 - b) Ben Price revealed everything to the people present in the bank.

TEXT 7. THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Ch. Mergendahl

As Fran Walker, one of the nurses of the Mills Memorial Hospital, was sitting between rounds behind her duty desk, she often recollected her childhood, which would return to her as it had existed in reality — bewildering, lonely, and frustrating. Her father, Mr. Walker, had owned a small lumber business¹ in Sagamore, one of Indiana's numerous smaller towns, where Fran had lived in a large frame house on six acres of unused pasture land². The first Mrs. Walker had died, when Fran was still a baby, so she did not remember her real mother at all. She remembered her stepmother, though — small, tight-lipped, thin-faced, extremely possessive of her new husband and the new house which had suddenly become her own. Fran had adored her father, tried desperately to please him. And since he desired nothing more than a good relationship between his daughter and his second wife, she had made endless attempts to win over her new mother. But her displays of affection had not been returned. Her stepmother had remained constantly jealous, resentful, without the slightest understanding of the small girl's motives and emotions.



Fran felt herself losing out, slipping away into an inferior position. She began to exaggerate — often lie — about friends, feelings, grades at school, anything possible to keep herself high in her father's esteem, and at the same time gain some small bit of admiration from her mother. The exaggerations, though, had constantly turned back on her, until eventually a disgusted Mrs. Walker had insisted she be sent away to a nearby summer camp. "They award a badge of honour there," she had

said, "and if you win it — not a single untruth summer — then we'll know you've stopped lying and we'll do something very special for you." "We'll give you a pony," her father had promised. Fran wanted the pony. More than the pony, she wanted to prove herself. After two months of near painful honesty, she finally won the badge of honour and brought it home clutched tight in her fist, hidden in her pocket while she waited, waited, all the way from the station, all during the tea in the living-room for the exact proper moment to make her announcement of glorious victory. "Well?" her mother had said finally. "Well, Fran?"

"Well—", Fran began, with the excitement building higher and higher as she drew in her breath and thought of exactly how to say it.

"You can't hide it any longer, Fran." Her mother had sighed in hopeless resignation. "We know you didn't win it, so there's simply no point in lying about it now. Fran had closed her mouth. She'd stared at her mother, then stood and gone out to the yard and looked across the green meadow where the pony was going to graze³. She had taken the green badge from the pocket, fingered it tenderly, then buried it beneath the rock in the garden. She had gone back into the house and said, "No, I didn't win it," and her mother had said "Well, at least you didn't lie this time," and her father had held her while she'd cried and known finally that there was no further use in trying. Her father had bought her an Irish setter as a consolation prize.

NOTES:

- 1 a lumber business — лесопилка
- 2 pasture land — пастбище
- 3 to graze — пастись

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

вспоминать детство, один из множества городков в штате Индиана, рубленый дом, с поджатыми губами, имеющая необычайную власть над своим мужем, отчаянно стараться угодить кому-либо, взять верх над кем-либо, не имея ни малейшего понятия, оставаться злой и ревнивой; чувствовала, что прокрывает; завоевать хоть небольшое проявление любви, выходило ей боком, значок честности, зажатый в кулаке, ждать подходящего момента,

объявить своей блистательной победе, нет смысла лгать, дальнейшие попытки бесполезны.

II. Answer the questions.

1. What was the reason of Fran's exaggerations?
2. What do you think she said about her friends, school, etc.?
3. What way out did Fran's stepmother find to make the girl stop lying?
4. Which phrase in the text proves that it wasn't easy for the girl to win the badge?
5. Fran was eager to announce her victory, wasn't she? Prove it by the text.
6. It was only once that Fran's stepmother believed her. When? Was it of any use?

III. Discuss the following.

1. Give a character sketch of the girl's stepmother.
2. Analyse relationship between the girl and her stepmother.
3. What prevented them from becoming friends?
4. Do you think stepmother may have become mother for the girl?
5. Whose side did Fran's father take? Give your grounds.
6. Why was it so difficult for the girl to announce her victory?
7. Which words of her stepmother killed all her three-month hopes and expectations?
8. What did the girl bury beneath a rock in the garden?
9. Was it only the badge?
10. Why was Fran's childhood "bewildering, lonely and frustrating"?

IV. Retell the text on the part of 1) Fran Walker, 2) her stepmother, 3) one of the teachers at the summer camp.

TEXT 8. THE BEARD¹

G. Clark

I was going by train to London. I didn't have the trouble to take anything to eat with me and soon was very hungry. I decided to go to the dining-car to have a meal.



As I was about to seat myself, I saw that the gentleman I was to face wore a large beard. He was a young man. His beard was full, loose

and very black. I glanced at him uneasily and noted that he was a big pleasant fellow with dark laughing eyes.

Indeed I could feel his eyes on me as I fumbled with the knives and forks. It was hard to pull myself together. It is not easy to face a beard. But when I could escape no longer, I raised my eyes and found the young man's on my face.

"Good evening," I said cheerily.

"Good evening," he replied pleasantly, inserting a big buttered roll within the bush of his beard. Not even a crumb fell off. He ordered soup. It was a difficult soup for even the most barefaced of men to eat, but not a drop did he waste on his whiskers². He kept his eyes on me in between bites. But I knew he knew that I was watching his every bite with acute fascination.

"I'm impressed," I said, "with your beard."

"I suspected as much," smiled the young man.

"Is it a wartime device?" I inquired.

"No," said he; "I'm too young to have been in the war. I grew this beard two years ago."

"It's magnificent," I informed him.

"Thank you," he replied. "As a matter of fact this beard is an experiment in psychology. I suffered horribly from shyness. I was so shy it amounted to a phobia. At university I took up psychology and began reading books on psychology³. And one day I came across chapter on human defence mechanisms, explaining how so many of us resort to all kinds of tricks to escape from the world, or from conditions in the world which we find hateful. Well, I just turned a thing around, decided to make other people shy of me. So I grew this beard.

The effect was astonishing. I found people, even tough, hard-boiled people, were shy of looking in the face. They were panicked by my whiskers. It made them uneasy. And my shyness vanished completely."

He pulled his fine black whiskers affectionately and said: "Psychology is a great thing. Unfortunately people don't know about it. Psychology should help people discover such most helpful tricks. Life is too short to be wasted in desperately striving to be normal."

"Tell me," I said finally. "How did you master eating the way you have? You never got a crumb or a drop on your beard, all through dinner."

"Nothing to it, sir," said he. "When you have a beard, you keep your eyes on those of your dinner partner. And whenever you note his eyes fixed in horror on your chin, you wipe it off."

NOTES:

- ¹ beard — борода
- ² whiskers — бакенбарды
- ³ psychology — психология

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

не позаботился, вагон-ресторан, только я собирался есть, чувствовал на себе его взгляд, в самую гущу своей бороды, безбородый, внушительная, дело в том, что, психологический эксперимент, смущение, занялся психологией, защитные силы человека, прибегать к различным уловкам, уйти от реальности, потрясающий эффект, черствые люди, бакенбарды наводили на них панику, чувствовать себя не в своей тарелке, полностью исчезла, отчаянно пытаюсь, ничего сложного.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text:

face smb., glance at smb., pull oneself together, keep one's eyes on smb., be impressed with smth., suffer from smth., read books on smth., come across, find smth. hateful, make smb. do smth., be shy of doing smth., waste life (time), master (doing) smth.

III. Discuss the following.

1. Is the knowledge of psychology important for a person? Why? Give your grounds.
2. What do you know about human defense mechanisms? In what situations are they displayed?
3. What kind of world conditions do you consider "hateful"? What are the ways to improve them?

4. How do you understand the phrase "escape from the world"? When and why do people have to do it?

TEXT 9. LAUTISSE PAINTS AGAIN

H.A. Smith

Everybody knows by this time that we met Lautisse on board a ship, but few people know that in the beginning, Betsy and I had no idea who he was.

At first he introduced himself as Monsieur Roland, but as we talked he asked me a lot of questions about myself and my business and finally he asked me if I could keep a secret and said: "I am Lautisse."

I had no idea who he was. I told Betsy and after lunch we went up and talked to the ship's librarian, asked him a few questions. And then we found out that my new friend was probably the world's best living painter. The librarian found a book with his biography and a photograph. Though the photograph was bad, we decided that our new acquaintance was Lautisse all right. The book said that he suddenly stopped painting at 53 and lived in a villa in Rivera. He hadn't painted anything in a dozen years and was heard to say he would never touch the brush again.

Well, we got to be real friends and Betsy invited him to come up to our place for a weekend.

Lautisse arrived on the noon train Saturday, and I met him at the station. We had promised him that we wouldn't have any people and that we wouldn't try to talk to him about art. It wasn't very difficult since we were not very keen on art.

I was up at seven-thirty the next morning and I remembered that I had a job to do. Our vegetable garden had a fence around it which needed a coat of paint. I took out a bucket half full of white paint and a brush and an old kitchen chair. I was sitting on the chair thinking, when I heard footsteps and there stood Lautisse. I said that I was getting ready to paint the garden fence but now that he was up, I would stop it. He protested, then took the brush from my hand and said, "First, I'll show you!" At that moment Betsy cried from the kitchen door that breakfast was ready. "No, no," he said. "No breakfast, — I will paint the fence." I argued with him but he wouldn't even look up from his work. Betsy laughed and assured me that he was having a good time. He spent three hours at it and finished the fence. He was happy the whole day. He went



back to town on the 9. 10 that evening and at the station he shook my hand and said that he hadn't enjoyed himself so much in years.

We didn't hear anything from him for about 10 days but the newspapers learnt about the visit and came to our place. I was out but Betsy told the reporters everything and about the fence too. The next day the papers had quite a story and the headlines said: LAUTISSE PAINTS AGAIN. On the same day three men came to my place from different art galleries and offered 4.000 dollars for the fence. I refused. The next day I was offered 25.000 and then 50.000. On the fourth day a sculptor named Gerston came to my place. He was a friend of Lautisse. He advised me to allow the Palmer Museum in New York to exhibit it for a few weeks. He said that the gallery people were interested in the fence because Lautisse had never before used a bit of white paint. I agreed. So the fence was put in the Palmer Museum. I went down myself to have a look at it. Hundreds of people came to see the fence, and I couldn't help laughing when I saw my fence because it had a fence around it.

A week later Gerston telephoned me and asked to come to him. He had something important to tell me. It turned out that Lautisse visited the exhibition and signed all the thirty sections of my fence. "Now," said Gerston, "you have really got something to sell." And indeed with Gerston's help, 29 of the 30 sections were sold within a month's time and the price was 10.000 each section. I didn't want to sell the 30th section and it's hanging now in our living-room.

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

на борту корабля, не имел понятия, в конце концов, хранить тайну, наш новый знакомый, мы стали настоящими друзьями, огород, его надо было покрасить, уже давно не проводил так хорошо время, заголовки гласили, никогда не использовал белую краску, не мог удержаться от смеха, оказалось, в течение месяца.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text:

introduce oneself, the world's best painter, be keen on smth., look up from one's work, assure smb., hear from smb., exhibit smth., be interested in smth., sign smth.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Where did the author and his wife meet Lautisse for the first time?
2. Was his name known to them? What did they find out at the library? What did they promise the painter when they invited him to their place?
3. What kind of job did the author have to do in the morning?
4. Who did the job in the long run? What proves that he enjoyed it?
5. Was Lautisse's visit a kind of sensation for the reporters? Why?
6. What effect did the newspaper articles produce?
7. How much money was the author offered for the fence?
8. How did the gallery people explain their deep interest in the fence?
9. What do the author's words "the fence had a fence around it" mean?
10. What made the fence price rise?
11. Why did Lautisse's visit become a lucky chance for the author?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Does advertising mean a lot in life? Prove it by the text.
2. How did Lautisse use people's interest in his so-called "art" to prolong his fame?
3. Do people who visit picture galleries or collect pieces of art always understand art? Why do they do it then?
4. Does it often happen that a name means more than talent?

V. Retell the text on the part of 1) Lautisse, 2) Betsy, 3) Gerston.

TEXT 10. A GOOD START

Bill liked painting more than anything in life. He started painting when he was 15 and people said that as a painter he had quite a lot of talent and had mastered most of the technical requirements. At 22 he had his first one-man show when he was discovered by the critics and his pictures were all sold out. With the money he could afford to marry Leila, rent a studio and stop being a student. To complete his education he went to Italy but after 5 months all the money was spent and he had to return.

Bill never had another show like the first one, though he became a better painter. The critics did not think him modern enough and said he



was too academic. From time to time he managed to sell some of his paintings but eventually things had got very tight and he was obliged to look for a job.

The day before he went for an interview with his uncle Bill was especially gloomy. In the morning he went up to one of his unfinished pictures in the studio but he felt he couldn't paint. He threw down his brush and a bright red spot appeared on the board already covered with black and yellow paint from his previous work. The board had been used to protect the floor and was at that moment a mixture of bright colours.

When Bill left, Leila got down to cleaning the studio. She took up the board and put it against the wall to clean the floor. At that moment Garrad, Bill's dealer, came in. Bill had asked him to come, look at his work and arrange a show but the dealer had for some time been uncertain on the matter. So he was looking around the studio, explaining how the gallery was booked up for a year and how he could not really promise Bill a show yet for two years or so.

Suddenly the board against the wall attracted his attention.

"Leila, my dear," he exclaimed. "I felt that there must be something like this. Tell me, why is he keeping it away from us?"

Leila was too shocked to answer. But Garrad went on: "I think it's wonderful. I never doubted Bill would catch up with the modern trends. Now Leila, are there more pictures for a full show? I must go now but I'll be ringing him up. I'm going to change the whole plan and show his new work in the autumn. Tell him not to waste time. As to this one if he wants to sell it, I'll buy it myself."

Leila stayed in the studio till Bill came back. She was too excited to tell him the story clearly and Bill could not understand anything at first. When he realised what had happened he shook with laughter. "You didn't explain the whole thing about the board to him, did you?" he managed to say at last.

"No, I didn't. I couldn't really, I believe I should have, but it would have made him look too silly. I just said I didn't think you'd sell it". What was Bill to do? Think of your own ending.

(What was Bill to do? What a thing, he thought, to find waiting for you on your return from taking a job at two pounds a week. He could paint more for an exhibition that very evening and show them to Garrad the next day. After all, why not use it as a start for a good painter's career?)

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

больше всего в жизни, индивидуальная выставка, о ней узнали критики, мог позволить себе, чтобы закончить образование, не считали его достаточно современным, в конце концов, дела пошли совсем плохо, мрачный день, ярко-красное пятно, начала убирать студию, поставила у стены, организовать выставку, современные тенденции, выставить его новую работу, не терять время, была слишком взволнована, вразумительно рассказать, затрясся от смеха.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

master smth., manage to do smth., be (un) certain on smth., be booked up, attract smb.'s attention, keep smth. away from smb., be too shocked to do smth., doubt smth., catch up with smth. (smb..).

III. Questions on the text.

1. When did Bill start painting and what did people say about his abilities?
2. What did he do with the money he got for his first show?
3. Why wasn't his further activity as a painter a success?
4. What was the reason of his going for an interview?
5. How did Garrad explain to Bill's wife the fact that he didn't want to arrange the show of Bill's pictures?
6. What attracted his attention suddenly?
7. What had the board been used for before?
8. Why was Garrad so impressed?
9. What did Garrad mean by the words "catch up with the modern trends?"
10. Why did he change his mind at once?
11. What was Bill's reaction when his wife told him everything?
12. What trick did he decide to play on Garrad?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. What do you know about abstract manner of painting? Can you guess from the story what the author's attitude to this trend in painting is?
2. Comment on the title of the story. Do you think Bill will continue to

paint in this manner?

3. Sometimes (or often) your life or your future depends on the opinion of some people. Is that so?

4. Compare Bill and Lautisse. Is there anything in common in their careers? What is the difference?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Bill, 2) his wife 3) Bill's dealer.

TEXT 11. THE FILIPINO AND THE DRUNKARD¹

W. Saroyan

This loud-mouthed guy in the brown coat was not really mean², he was drunk. He took a sudden dislike to the small well-dressed Filipino and began to order him around the waiting-room, telling him to get back, not to crowd among the white people. They were waiting to get on the boat and cross the bay to Oakland. He was making a commotion in the waiting-room, and while everyone seemed to be in sympathy with the Filipino, no one seemed to want to come to his rescue, and the poor boy became very frightened.

He stood among the people, and this drunkard kept pushing up against him and saying: "I told you to get back. Now get back. I fought twenty-four months in France. I'm a real American. I don't want you standing up here among white people."

The boy kept squeezing politely out of the drunkard's way, hurrying through the crowd, not saying anything and trying his best to be as decent as possible. But the drunkard didn't leave him alone. He didn't like the fact that the Filipino was wearing good clothes.

When the big door opened to let everybody to the boat, the young Filipino moved quickly among the people, running from the drunkard. He sat down in a corner, but soon got up and began to look for a more hidden place. At the other end of the boat was the drunkard. He could hear the man swearing. The boy looked for a place to hide, and rushed into the lavatory. He went into one of the open compartments and bolted the door. The drunkard entered the lavatory and began asking others in the room if they had seen the boy. Finally he found the compartment where the boy was standing, and he began swearing and demanding that the boy come out.

"Go away," the boy said.

The drunkard began pounding on the door. "You got to come out some time," he said. "I'll wait here till you do."

"Go away," said the boy. "I've done you nothing."

Behind the door the boy's bitterness grew to rage. He began to tremble, not fearing the man but fearing the rage growing in himself. He brought the knife from his pocket.

"Go away," he said again. "I have a knife. I don't want any trouble."

The drunkard said he was a real American, wounded twice. He wouldn't go away. He was afraid of no dirty little yellow-faced Filipino with a knife.

"I will kill you," said the boy. "I don't want any trouble. Go away. Please, don't make any trouble," he said earnestly.

He threw the door open and tried to rush beyond the man, the knife in his fist, but the drunkard caught him by the sleeve and drew him back. The sleeve of the boy's coat ripped, and the boy turned and thrust the knife into the side of the drunkard, feeling it scrape against the ribbone³. The drunkard shouted and screamed at once, then caught the boy by the throat, and the boy began to thrust the knife into the side of the man many times. When the drunkard could hold him no more and fell to the floor, the boy rushed from the room, the knife still in his hand.

Everyone knew what he had done, yet no one moved. The boy ran to the front of the boat, seeking some place to go, but there was no place to go, and before the officers of the boat arrived he stopped suddenly and began to shout at the people.

"I didn't want to hurt him, why didn't you stop him? Is it right to chase a man like a rat? You knew he was drunk. I didn't want to hurt him, but he wouldn't let me go. He tore my coat and tried to choke me. I told him I would kill him if he wouldn't go away. It is not my fault. I must go to Oakland to see my brother. He is sick. Do you think I'm looking for trouble when my brother is sick. Why didn't you stop him?"

NOTES:

- 1 drunkard — пьяный
- 2 mean — грубый, зловредный
- 3 ribbon — ребро

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

невзлюбил, сесть на корабль, казалось все ему симпатизировали, продолжал толкать его, старался не попадаться ему на пути, не оставлял его в покое, был хорошо одет, искать более укромное место, тебе все равно придется выйти, горечь сменилась яростью, дважды ранен, зажав нож в руке, поймал за рукав, никто не двинулся с места, деваться было некуда, пытался задушить меня, это не моя вина.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

come to one's rescue, try one's best to do smth., demand that smb. do smth., fear smth., make some trouble, hold smb./smth., shout at smb., chase smb., let smb. go, hurt smb.

III. Questions on the text.

1. How did it happen that the boy and the American found themselves in the same room?
2. In what condition was the man?
3. What did he begin to do?
4. Did anybody try to save the Filipino when the man began to tease him?
5. How did the man explain his behaviour?
6. What did the poor boy do?
7. Why did the boy rush into the lavatory?
8. What made the Filipino bring the knife out of his pocket?
9. He warned the man of the possible trouble, didn't he?
10. What happened when the boy opened the door?
11. What did the Filipino accuse the people of?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Give a character sketch of the drunkard. Find in the text the words and phrases he used to hurt the boy and to praise himself.
2. Do you think the man would have behaved so if he hadn't felt the silent support of the people? Do you agree that silence is sometimes more dangerous than words?
3. Comment on the words "the boy's bitterness grew to rage." Why did the boy feel bitterness? Why did he fear the rage growing in him?

4. How would you qualify the boy's behaviour if you were a fair judge? Was the man's death the Filipino's fault?
5. What is the main problem raised in the text? Is it acute nowadays? Does it exist in this country? Give examples.
6. Where do the roots of the problem of race discrimination lie? What do you think must be done to eliminate this phenomenon? Why is it dangerous?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) the boy, 2) one of the passengers, 3) a police-officer.

TEXT 12. THE DINNER PARTY

N. Monsarrat

There are still some rich people in the world. Many of them lead lives of particular pleasure. But rich people do have their problems. They are seldom problems of finance, since most rich people have enough sense to hire other people to take care of their worries. But there are other, more genuine problems. They are the problems of behaviour.



Let me tell you a story which happened to my uncle Octavian a full thirty years ago. At that time I myself was fifteen. My uncle Octavian was then a rich man. He was a charming and accomplished host whose villa was an accepted rendezvous of the great. He was a hospitable and most amiable man—until January 3, 1925.

There was nothing special about that day in the life of my uncle Octavian, except that it was his fifty-fifth birthday. As usual on such a day he was giving a party, a party for twelve people. All of them were old friends.

I, myself, aged fifteen, was deeply privileged. I was staying with my uncle at his exquisite villa, on holiday from school, and as a special concession on this happy day, I was allowed to come down to dinner. It was exciting for me to be admitted to such company, which included a newspaper proprietor of exceptional intelligence and his fabulous¹ American wife, a recent prime-minister of France and a distinguished German prince and princess.

At that age, you will guess, I was dazzled. Even today, 30 years later, one may fairly admit that the company was distinguished. But I should also stress that they were all old and intimate friends of my uncle Octavian.

Towards the end of a wonderful dinner, when dessert had been brought in and the servants had left, my uncle leant forward to admire a magnificent diamond ring on the princess's hand. She was a handsome² woman. She turned her hand gracefully towards my uncle. Across the table, the newspaper proprietor leant across and said: "May I also have a look?" She smiled and nodded. Then she took off the ring and held it out to him. "It was my grandmother's — the old empress," she said. "I have not worn it for many years. It is said to have once belonged to Genghis Khan."

There were exclamations of delight and admiration. The ring was passed from hand to hand. For a moment it rested on my own palm, gleaming splendidly. Then I passed it on to my neighbour. As I turned away again, I saw her pass it on.

It was some 20 minutes later when the princess stood up and said: "Before we leave you, may I have my ring back?" ... There was a pause, while each of us looked expectantly at his neighbour. Then there was silence.

The princess was still smiling, though less easily. She was unused to asking for things twice. The silence continued, I still thought that it could only be a practical joke, and that one of us—probably the prince himself—would produce the ring with a laugh. But when nothing happened at all, I knew that the rest of the night would be dreadful.

I am sure that you can guess the sort of scene that followed. There was the embarrassment of the guests— all of them old and valued friends. There was a nervous search of the whole room. But it did not bring the princess's ring back again. It had vanished—an irreplaceable thing, worth possibly two hundred thousand pounds—in a roomful of twelve people, all known to each other.

No servants had entered the room. No one had left it for a moment. The thief (for now it could only be theft) was one of us, one of my uncle Octavian's cherished friends.

I remember it was the French cabinet minister who was most insistent on being searched, indeed, in his excitement he had already started to turn out his pockets, before my uncle held up his hand and stopped him. "There will be no search in my house," he commanded. "You are all my friends. The ring can only be lost. If it is not found"— he bowed towards the princess— "I will naturally make amends³ myself."

The ring was never found, it never appeared, either then or later.

To our family's surprise, uncle Octavian was a comparatively poor man, when he died (which happened, in fact, a few weeks ago). And I

should say that he died with the special sadness of a hospitable host who never gave a single lunch or dinner party for the last thirty years of his life.

NOTES:

¹fabulous — зд. известная, роскошная

²handsome – статная, солидная, представительная (о женщине)

³make amends (for) — зд. возместить ущерб

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

вести жизнь, состоящую из одних удовольствий, проблемы, связанные с деньгами, очаровательный хозяин, место, где обычно встречались великие мира сего, радушный и хороший человек, устраивал прием на 12 персон, мне оказали особую привилегию, человек необычайного ума, я был ослеплен, общество было избранным, великолепное кольцо с бриллиантом, передавали из рук в руки, выжидательно посмотреть, смущение гостей, старые, проверенные друзья, незаменимая вещь, больше всех настаивал на обыске, выворачивать карманы, ни тогда, ни потом.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

hire smb., have enough (much, little, no) sense to do smth., be allowed to do smth., admire smth., have a look at, be (un) used to doing smth., to smb.'s surprise.

III. Questions on the text.

1. How old was the author of the story which happened to his uncle?
2. What kind of man was uncle Octavian?
3. In what way did he want to celebrate his fifty-fifth birthday?
4. Describe the guests.
5. Why did the boy consider himself to be deeply privileged?
6. What was peculiar about all those people present at the party?
7. What did the princess tell the guests about her ring?
8. Why did the boy think it was a joke when the ring had disappeared?
9. What attempts were made to find the ring?

10. Could the servants take the ring?
11. Why didn't uncle Octavian allow the guests to be searched?
12. Why did he tell the princess he would make amends though it was clear he wasn't the thief?
13. What was the reason of Uncle Octavian's not giving parties in the last years of his life?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. What did the author mean saying that rich people do have their problems?
2. "Problems of behaviour"—what are they? Have you ever run across them? What do you know about them?
3. Discuss the situations you find most interesting. In what way are these problems connected with the text?
4. Why does the author stress many times that the guests were close, valuable friends?
5. Do high moral principles and well-being always go together?
6. Why did the author say that his uncle had died with sadness? What kind of sadness was it? Was it more than sadness, perhaps?
7. Think of another end of the story.

V. Retell the text on the part of 1) uncle Octavian, 2) one of the guests

TEXT 13. CAGED

L.E. Reeve

Purcell was a small, fussy¹ man; red cheeks and a tight melonlike stomach. Large glasses so magnified his eyes as to give him the appearance of a wise and kind owl.

He owned a pet shop. He sold cats and dogs and monkeys; he dealt in fish food and bird seed, prescribed remedies for ailing canaries, on his shelves there were long rows of cages. He considered himself something of a professional man.

There was a constant stir of life in his shop. The customers who came in said:



"Aren't they cute²! Look at that little monkey! They're sweet."

And Mr. Purcell himself would smile and rub his hands and nod his head.

Each morning, when the routine of opening his shop was completed, it was the proprietor's custom to perch on a high stool, behind the counter, unfold his morning paper, and digest the day's news.

It was a raw, wintry day. Wind gusted against the high, plateglass windows. Having completed his usual tasks, Mr. Purcell again mounted the high stool and unfolded his morning paper. He adjusted his glasses, and glanced at the day's headlines.

There was a bell over the door that rang whenever a customer entered. This morning, however, for the first time Mr. Purcell could recall, it failed to ring. Simply he glanced up, and there was the stranger, standing just inside the door, as if he had materialized out of thin air.

The storekeeper slid off his stool. From the first instant he knew instinctively, that the man hated him; but out of habit he rubbed his hands, smiled and nodded.

"Good morning," he beamed. "What can I do for you?"

The man's shiny shoes squeaked forward. His suit was cheap, ill-fitting, but obviously new. Ignoring Purcell for the moment, he looked around the shadowy shop.

"A nasty morning," volunteered the shopkeeper. He clasped both hands across his melonlike stomach, and smiled importantly. Now what was it you wanted?"

The man stared closely at Purcell, as though just now he became aware of his presence. He said, "I want something in a cage".

"Something in a cage?" Mr. Purcell was a bit confused.

"You mean—some sort of pet?" "I mean what I said!" snapped³ the man. "Something in a cage. Something alive that's in a cage."

"I see," hastened the storekeeper, not at all certain what he did. "Now let me think. A white rat, perhaps? I have some very nice white rats."

"No!" said the man. "Not rats. Something with wings. Something that flies."

"A bird!" exclaimed Mr. Purcell.

"A bird's all right." The customer pointed suddenly to a cage which contained two snowy birds. "Doves?"

How much for those?"

"Five-fifty," came the prompt answer. "And a very reasonable price. They are a fine pair."

"Five-fifty?" The man was obviously disappointed.

He produced a five-dollar bill. "I'd like to have those birds. But this is all I've got. Just five dollars." Mentally, Mr. Purcell made a quick calculation, which told him that at a fifty cent reduction he could still reap tidy profit. He smiled kindly: "My dear man, if you want them that badly, you can certainly have them for five dollars."

"I'll take them." He laid his five dollars on the counter. Mr. Purcell unhooked the cage and handed it to his customer. "That noise!" The man said suddenly: "Doesn't it get on your nerves?"

"Noise? What noise?" Mr. Purcell looked surprised. He could hear nothing unusual.

"Listen." The staring eyes came closer. "How long d'you think it took me to make that five dollars?"

The merchant wanted to order him out of the shop. But oddly enough, he couldn't. He heard himself asking, "Why—why, how long did it take you?"

The other laughed. "Ten years! At hard labor⁴. Took years to earn five dollars. Fifty cents a year."

It was best, Purcell decided, to humor him. "My, my! Ten years. That's certainly a long time. Now—"

"They give you five dollars," laughed the man, "and a cheap suit, and tell you not to get caught again."

The man swung around, and stalked abruptly from the store.

Purcell sighed with sudden relief. He walked to the window and stared out. Just outside, his peculiar customer had stopped. He was holding the cage shoulder-high, staring at his purchase. Then, opening the cage, he reached inside and drew out one of the doves. He tossed it into the air. He drew out the second and tossed it after the first. They rose like balls and were lost in the smoky gray of the wintry city. For an instant the liberator's silent gaze watched them. Then he dropped the cage and walked away.

The merchant was perplexed. So desperately had the man desired the doves that he had let him have them at a reduced price. And immediately he had turned them loose. "Now why," Mr. Purcell muttered, "did I do that?" He felt vaguely insulted.

NOTES:

- ¹ fussy — суетливый
² cute — очаровательный
³ snap — огрызнуться
⁴ at hard labor — зд. на каторге

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

придать сходство, зоомагазин, лекарства для больных канареек, считал себя большим специалистом, потирать руки, кивать головой, усаживаться на высокую табуретку, разворачивать газету, не зазвонил, возник из воздуха, с первой минуты, плохо сшитый костюм, сложил руки на животе, немного смущен, быстро прикинул в уме, при скидке 50 центов, получить существенную прибыль, снял клетку с крючка, хотел выпроводить, облегченно вздохнул, достал одного из голубей, на мгновение, выпустил на свободу, чувствовал себя оскорбленным.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

own smth., consider himself, digest the day's news, nod in agreement, ignore smb./smth., stare closely, get reasonable price, be disappointed, want badly, on one's nerves, toss into the air.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Describe Mr. Purcell.
2. What did he own and what did he sell?
3. What did the customers say about the pets?
4. What did Mr. Purcell do every morning?
5. What was the weather like on that day?
6. When did he notice the stranger?
7. What did the stranger look like?
8. What did he want to buy?
9. What shows that Mr. Purcell didn't understand the man at first?
10. In what manner did the man speak to the owner of the shop?
11. Why did Mr. Purcell have to reduce the price?
12. How had the man earned the five dollars?
13. What scene did the shopkeeper watch through the window?
14. What was his reaction to the stranger's behaviour?

IV Discuss the following.

1. Characterize Mr. Purcell. Find in the text all the details that show the author's attitude to the shop-keeper.
2. Describe the stranger. Explain why he let loose the birds.
3. Compare the shopkeeper and the customer. Find in the text the details that prove the contrast between them.
4. Comment on the title of the story. Who was "caged"?
5. Describe the stranger's previous life.
6. Why did Mr. Purcell feel insulted?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) the owner of the shop 2) the stranger.

TEXT 14. THE TV BLACKOUT¹

Art Buchwald

A week ago Sunday New York city had a blackout and all nine television stations in the area went out for several hours. This created tremendous crises in families all over New York and proved that TV plays a much greater role in people's lives than anyone can imagine.

For example, when the TV went off in the Bufkins's house panic set in. First Bufkins thought it was his set in the living-room, so he rushed into his bedroom and turned on that set. Nothing. The phone rang, and Mrs. Bufkins heard her sister in Manhattan tell her that there was a blackout.

She hung up and said to her husband, "It isn't your set. Something's happened to the top of the Empire State Building."

Bufkins looked at her and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm your wife, Edith."

"Oh," Bufkins said. "Then I suppose those kids² in there are mine."

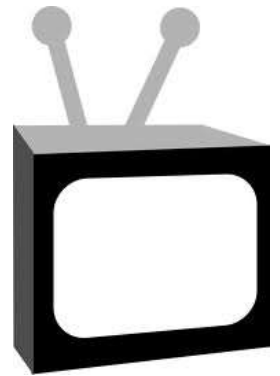
"That's right," Mrs. Bufkins said. "If you ever got out of that armchair in front of the TV set you'd know who we are."

"Oh! They've really grown," Bufkins said, looking at his son and daughter. "How old are they now?"

"Thirteen and fourteen," Mrs. Bufkins replied.

"Hi, kids!"

"Who's he?" Bufkins's son, Henry, asked.



"It's your father," Mrs. Bufkins said.

"I'm pleased to meet you," Bufkins's daughter, Mary, said shyly.

There was silence all around.

"Look," said Bufkins finally. "I know I haven't been a good father but now that the TV's out I'd like to know you better."

"How?" asked Henry.

"Well, let's just talk," Bufkins said. "That's the best way to get to know each other."

"What do you want to talk about?" Mary asked.

"Well, to begin with, what school do you go to?"

"We go to High School," Henry said.

"So you're both in high school!" There was a dead silence.

"What do you do?" Mary asked.

"I'm an accountant³," Bufkins said.

"I thought you were a car salesman," Mrs. Bufkins said in surprise.

"That was two years ago. Didn't I tell you I changed jobs?" Bufkins said.

"No, you didn't. You haven't told me anything for two years."

"I'm doing quite well too," Bufkins said.

"Then why am I working in a department store?" Mrs. Bufkins demanded.

"Oh, are you still working in a department store? If I had known that, I would have told you could quit last year. You should have mentioned it," Bufkins said.

There was more dead silence.

Finally Henry said, "Hey, you want to hear me play the guitar?"

"You know how to play the guitar? Say, didn't I have a daughter who played the guitar?"

"That was Susie," Mrs. Bufkins said.

"Where is she?"

"She got married a year ago, just about the time you were watching the World Series⁴."

"You know," Bufkins said, very pleased. "I hope they don't fix the antenna for another couple hours. There's nothing better than a blackout for a man who really wants to know his family."

NOTES:

1 blackout—a period of complete darkness (when all the electric lights go out) due to the power failure.

² kids (Am.) — children

³ an accountant — бухгалтер

⁴ World Series — baseball contest in America

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

вышли из строя, создало огромный кризис, началась паника, бросился в спальню, повесила трубку, смущенно, воцарилось молчание, лучший способ узнать друг друга, я преуспеваю, могла бросить работу в прошлом году, как раз в то самое время, починить антенну, еще пару часов.

II. Questions on the text.

1. What did the blackout in New York city cause?
2. What was the result of it?
3. Why did the panic set in the Bufkins's house?
4. Why was Bufkins surprised to see his wife and children?
5. What did father learn about his children?
6. What did Bufkins tell the members of his family about himself?
7. Why didn't he know that his elder daughter had got married?
8. Why did Bufkins come to the conclusion that a TV-blackout is the best time for a man to get to know his family?

III. Discuss the following.

1. What role does TV play in the life of people?
2. What are the advantages and disadvantages of TV?
3. Can you prove that the life of the American family is dominated by TV?
4. What about your family? What kind of programmes do you watch? Explain your choice.
5. Do you think that immense cultural possibilities of television are used to the utmost? Give your grounds.
6. Suggest improvements on our TV programmes.
7. What else would you like to see on TV?
8. Which programmes do you want to be taken off the screen? Why?

IV. Retell the text using indirect speech on the part of 1) Bufkins's wife, 2) one of the children.

TEXT 15. THEN IN TRIUMPH

F. L. Parke

There were cars in front of the house. Four of them. Clifford Oslow cut across the lawn and headed for the back steps. But not soon enough. The door of a big red car opened and a woman came rushing after him. She was a little person, smaller even than Clifford himself. But she was fast. She reached him just as he was getting through the hedge.



"You're Mr. Oslow, aren't you?" she said. She pulled out a little book and a pencil and held them under his nose. "I've been trying to get her autograph all week," she explained. "I want you to get it for me. Just drop the book in a mail-box. It's stamped and the address is on it."

And then she was gone and Clifford was standing there holding the book and pencil in his hand.

He put the autograph book in his pocket and hurried up the steps.

There was a lot of noise coming from the living-room. Several male voices, a strange woman's voice breaking through now and then, rising above the noise. And Julia's voice, rising above the noise, clear and kindly and very sure.

"Yes," she was saying. And, "I'm very glad." And, "People have been very generous to me."

She sounded tired.

Clifford leaned against the wall while he finished the sandwich and the beer. He left the empty bottle on the table, turned off the kitchen light and pushed easily on the hall door.

A man grabbed him by the arm and pushed him along the hall and into the parlor¹. "Here he is," somebody shouted. "Here's Mr. Oslow!"

There were a half-a-dozen people there, all with notebooks and busy pens. Julia was in the big chair by the fireplace, looking plumper than usual in her new green dress.

She smiled at him affectionately but, it seemed to him, a little distantly. He'd noticed that breach in her glance many times lately. He hoped that it wasn't superiority, but he was afraid that it was.

"Hello, Clifford," she said.

"Hello, Julia," he answered.

He didn't get a chance to go over and kiss her. A reporter had him right against the wall. How did it seem to go to bed a teller² at the Gas Company and to wake up the husband of a best-selling novelist? Excellent, he told them. Was he going to give up his job? No, he wasn't. Had he heard the news that "Welcome Tomorrow" was going to be translated into Turkish? No, he hadn't.

And then the woman came over. The one whose voice he'd heard back in the kitchen where he wished he'd stayed.

"How", she inquired briskly, "did you like the story?"

Clifford didn't answer immediately. He just looked at the woman. Everyone became very quiet. And everyone looked at him. The woman repeated the question. Clifford knew what he wanted to say. "I liked it very much," he wanted to say and then run. But they wouldn't let him run. They'd make him stay. And ask him more questions. Which he couldn't answer.

"I haven't," he mumbled, "had an opportunity to read it yet. But I'm going to," he promised. And then came a sudden inspiration. "I'm going to read it now!" There was a copy on the desk by the door. Clifford grabbed it and raced for the front stairs.

Before he reached the second flight, though, he could hear the woman's voice on the hall phone. "At last", it was saying, "we have discovered an adult American who has not read "Welcome Tomorrow". He is, of all people, Clifford Oslow, white, 43, a native of this city and the husband of..."

On the second floor Clifford reached his study, turned on the light over the table and dropped into the chair before it. He put Julia's book right in front of him, but he didn't immediately open it.

Instead he sat back in the chair and looked about him. The room was familiar enough. It had been his for over eighteen years. The table was the same. And the old typewriter was the one he had bought before Julia and he were married.

There hadn't been many changes. All along the bookcase were the manuscripts of his novels. His rejected novels. On top was his latest one, the one that had stopped going the rounds six months before. On

the bottom was his earliest one. The one he wrote when Julia and he were first married,

Yes, Clifford was a writer then. Large W. And he kept on thinking of himself as one for many years after, despite the indifference of the publishers. Finally, of course, his writing had become merely a gesture. A stubborn unwillingness to admit defeat. Now, to be sure, the defeat was definite. Now that Julia, who before a year ago hadn't put pen to paper, had written a book, had it accepted and now was looking at advertisements that said, "over four hundred thousand copies.

He picked up "Welcome Tomorrow" and opened it, as he opened every book, in the middle. He read a paragraph. And then another. He had just started a third when suddenly he stopped. He put down Julia's book, reached over to the shelf and pulled out the dusty over the crisp pages. Then he began to read aloud.

Clifford put the manuscript on the table on top of the book. For a long time he sat quietly. Then he put the book in his lap and left the manuscript on the table and began to read them, page against page. He had his answer in ten minutes.

And then he went back downstairs. A couple of reporters were still in the living-room. "But, Mrs. Oslow, naturally our readers are interested," one was insisting. "When," he demanded, "will you finish your next book?"

"I don't know," she answered uneasily.

Clifford came across the room to her, smiling. He put his arm around her and pressed her shoulder firmly but gently. "Now, now, Julia," he protested. "Let's tell the young man at once."

The reporter looked up.

"Mrs. Oslow's new novel," Clifford announced proudly, "will be ready in another month."

Julia turned around and stared at him, quite terrified.

But Clifford kept on smiling. Then he reached into his pocket and brought out the autograph book and pencil that had been forced on him on his way home. "Sign here," he instructed.

NOTES:

¹ parlor — гостиная

² teller — кассир в банке

EXERCISES

1. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

пересек лужайку, направился к заднему крыльцу, бросилась за ним, достала записную книжку, прислонился к стене, нежно ему улыбнулась, отчужденный взгляд; пожалел, что не остался; побежал к лестнице, взрослый американец, уроженец этого города, рукописи его романов, перестал посылать из одного издательства в другое, писатель с большой буквы, упрямое нежелание, в жизни не написала ни слова, плод его авторских усилий, сравнивая страницы рукописи и книги, с чувством неловкости, в ужасе.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

rise above the noise, be generous to smb., a best-selling novelist, inquire briskly, have an opportunity to do smth., be familiar, keep on doing smth., admit defeat, have smth. accepted, turn over the pages, read aloud, demand, insist on smth., announce proudly, make smb. stay, answer uneasily, be forced on smb.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Why did Mr. Oslow try to get into the house through the back door?
2. Who stopped him?
3. What did the woman want Mr. Oslow to do?
4. Why was the living- room noisy?
5. What were the people in the room doing?
6. What did Mr. Oslow think of his wife's attitude towards him?
7. Was it different from her usual attitude?
8. What questions did the reporters ask Mr. Oslow?
9. Why did Mr. Oslow say that he was going to read the book just then?
10. Were his words a sensation? Prove it.
11. What did he remember sitting in his study?
12. Why did he think that his defeat as a writer was definite now?
13. What did he discover when he began reading his wife's novel?
14. Why did Mr. Oslow give an answer to the reporter's questions?
15. What did he feel?
16. Why was his wife terrified at his answer?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Was Mr. Oslow a talented writer? Why were his novels rejected? Why was his rejected novel published under his wife's name and had a success?
2. Mr. Oslow was not a selfish man. Fame wasn't his only aim. What about Julia?
3. Is genuine talent always recognised? Who has a right to judge real talent?
4. What scene do you think will follow Clifford's last words?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Clifford, 2) his wife, 3) one of the reporters.

TEXT 16. THE VERGER¹

W. S. Maugham

There had been a wedding that afternoon at St. Peter's Church, and Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He had been verger for 16 years and liked his job. The verger was waiting for the vicar. The vicar had just been appointed. He was a red-faced energetic man and the verger disliked him. Soon the vicar came in and said: "Foreman, I've got something unpleasant to say to you. You have been here a great many years and I think you've fulfilled your duties quite satisfactorily here; but I found out a most striking thing the other day. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write. I think you must learn, Foreman."

"I'm afraid I can't now, sir. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks."

"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."

"Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be happy to hand in my resignation as soon as you have found somebody to take my place."

Up to now Edward's face hadn't shown any signs of emotion. But when he had closed the door of the church behind him his lips trembled. He walked slowly with a heavy heart. He didn't know what to do with himself. True, he had saved a small sum of money but it was not enough to live on without doing something, and life cost more and more every year.



It occurred to him now that a cigarette would comfort him and since he was not a smoker and never had any in his pockets he looked for a shop where he could buy a packet of good cigarettes. It was a long street with all sorts of shops in it but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"That's strange," said Edward. "I can't be the only man who walks along the street and wants to have a smoke," he thought. An idea struck him. Why shouldn't he open a little shop there? "Tobacco and Sweets." "That's an idea," he said. "It is strange how things come to you when you least expect it."

He turned, walked home and had his tea.

"You are very silent this afternoon, Edward," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinking," he said. He thought the matter over from every point of view and the next day he went to look for a suitable shop. And within a week the shop was opened and Edward was behind the counter selling cigarettes.

Edward Foreman did very well. Soon he decided that he might open another shop and employ a manager. He looked for another long street that didn't have a tobacconist's in it and opened another shop. This was a success too. In the course of ten years he acquired no less than ten shops and was making a lot of money. Every Monday he went to all his shops, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning the bank manager said that he wanted to talk to him.

"Mr. Foreman, do you know how much money you have got in the bank?"

"Well, I have a rough idea."

"You have 30 thousand dollars and it's a large sum. You should invest it." We shall make you out a list of securities² which will bring you a better rate of interest³ than the bank can give you."

There was a troubled look on Mr. Foreman's face. "And what will I have to do?"

"Oh, you needn't worry," the banker smiled. "All you have to do is to read and to sign the papers."

"That's the trouble, sir. I can sign my name but I can't read." The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his seat. He couldn't believe his ears.

"Good God, man, what would you be if you had been able to read?!"

"I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman. "I would be verger of St. Peter's church."

NOTES:

- 1 verger — служитель в церкви
- 2 securities — ценные бумаги
- 3 a better rate of interest — больше процентов

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

энергичный человек, недолюбливал, на днях, к своему изумлению, найти кого-то вместо меня, до сих пор, признаки переживания, губы дрожали, скопить небольшую сумму денег, становилась дороже с каждым днем, успокоит, ни одного магазина, его осенило, со всех сторон, в течение недели, нанять управляющего, приобрел не менее 10 магазинов, подписать документы, в том-то и беда, не поверил своим ушам.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

wear smth., be appointed, have something (un) pleasant to say, fulfil one's duties, find out smth., neither... nor..., with a heavy heart, live on smth., occur to smb., think smth. over, be a success, have a rough idea of smth., a striking thing (idea), to one's astonishment, do well, invest money in smth..

III. Questions on the text.

1. For how long had Edward Foreman worked at St.Peter's Church?
2. What did the verger think of the new vicar?
3. What had the vicar become aware of?
4. Did the verger's face betray any emotions at first?
5. Did it really make no difference for him that he had to leave his position? Give your grounds.
6. What caused his idea to open a tobacco shop?
7. "He thought the matter over from every point of view". What do you think he may have considered?
8. His business was a success, wasn't it? Prove it.
9. How did Foreman accept the idea of investing his money?
10. What was it that made the banker jump up from his seat?

IV. True or false?

1. The vicar said that the verger hadn't done his job properly that's why he had to dismiss him.
2. Foreman promised to start learning to read.
3. The verger was a very reserved person and didn't show how offended he was by the vicar's words.
4. The sum of money Edward had saved was enough to live on and he didn't worry about work.
5. Edward didn't smoke that's why when he needed a cigarette he began looking for a tobacconist's.
6. The new business brought Foreman no profit and he thought of giving it up.
7. Mr. Foreman hid it from the banker that he couldn't read and followed his advice.

V. Discuss the following.

1. "It's strange how things come to you when you least expect it." Comment on this phrase. Has the same ever happened to you? Speak about it.
2. Describe how the verger's feelings and emotions have changed since the moment he was awaiting the new vicar.
3. Mr. Foreman was a promising businessman. Why do you think he said he would be a verger if he had been able to read?
4. "I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks." What did the verger mean saying these words? Do you agree that there's an age limit for starting a new life?

VI. Retell the text on the part of 1) Mr. Foreman, 2) the banker, 3) Edward's wife.

TEXT 17. A LION'S SKIN

W.S. Maugham

A good many people were shocked when they read that Captain Forestier had met his death in a fire trying to save his wife's dog, which had been accidentally shut up in the house. Some said they never knew he had it in him; others said it was exactly



what they would have expected him to do. After the tragic occurrence Mrs. Forestier found shelter in the villa of some people called Hardy, their neighbours.

Mrs. Forestier was a very nice woman. But she was neither charming, beautiful nor intelligent; on the contrary she was absurd and foolish; yet the more you knew her, the more you liked her. She was a tender, romantic and idealistic soul. But it took you some time to discover it. During the war she in 1916 joined a hospital unit. There she met her future husband Captain Forestier. This is what she told me about their courtship¹. "It was a case of love at first sight. He was the most handsome man I'd ever seen in my life. But he wasn't wounded. You know, it's a most extraordinary thing, he went all through the war, he risked his life twenty times a day, but he never even got a scratch. It was because of carbuncles² that he was put into hospital."

It seemed quite an unromantic thing on which to start a passionate attachment, but after 16 years of marriage Mrs. Forestier still adored her husband. When they were married Mrs. Forestier's relations, hard-bitten Western people, had suggested that her husband should go to work rather than live on her money (and she had a nice sum of money on her account before the marriage), and Captain Forestier was all for it. The only stipulation he made was this: "There are some things a gentleman can't do, Eleanor. If one is a sahib one can't help it, one does owe something to his class."

Eleanor was too proud of him to let it be said that he was a fortune-hunter who had married her for her money and she made up her mind not to object if he found a job worth his while. Unfortunately, the only jobs that offered were not very important and gradually the idea of his working was dropped.

The Forestiers lived most of the year in their villa and shortly before the accident they made acquaintance of the people called Hardy who lived next door. It turned out that Mr. Hardy had met Mr. Forestier before, in India. But Mr. Forestier was not a gentleman then, he was a car-washer in a garage. He was young then and full of hopes. He saw rich people in a smart club with their ease, their casual manner and it filled him with admiration and envy. He wanted to be like them. He wanted — it was grotesque and pathetic — he wanted to be a GENTLEMAN. The war gave him a chance. Eleanor's money provided the means³. They got married and he became a "sahib"⁴. But everything ended very tragically. Once the Forestiers' villa caught fire. The Forestiers were out. When they

arrived it was already too late to do anything about it. Their neighbours, the Hardies saved whatever they could, but it wasn't much. They had nothing left to do but stand and look at the roaring flames. Suddenly Eleanor cried: "God! My little dog, it's there in the fire!"

Forestier turned round and started to run to the house. Hardy caught him by the arm. "What are you doing? The house is on fire!" Forestier shook him off. "Let me go. I'll show you how a gentleman behaves!"

It was more than an hour later that they were able to get at him. They found him lying on the landing, dead, with the dead dog in his arms. Hardy looked at him for a long time before speaking. "You fool," he muttered between his teeth, angrily. "You damned fool!"

Bob Forestier had pretended for so many years to be a gentleman that in the end, forgetting that it was all a fake, he found himself driven to act as in that stupid, conventional brain of his he thought a gentleman must act.

Mrs. Forestier was convinced to her dying day that her husband had been a very gallant⁵ gentleman.

NOTES:

- ¹ courtship — ухаживание
- ² carbuncles — карбункулы
- ³ means — средство
- ⁴ sahib — сайб (господин)
- ⁵ gallant — благородный

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

погиб при пожаре, случайно, именно то, что от него ожидали; трагическое событие, нашла приют, как раз наоборот, романтическая душа, страстная привязанность, на счету, единственное возражение, охотник за состоянием, найти достойную работу, постепенно эта мысль отпала, незадолго до, жили по-соседству, наполняло его завистью, спасли все, что могли, им ничего не оставалось как, пробормотал сквозь зубы, так долго

притворялся, забыв, что все это была фикция, своим глупым умишком, до последнего дня.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

join smth., love at first sight, risk one's life, put into hospital, adore smb., suggest that smb. should do smth., owe smth. to smb., can't help doing smth., be proud of smb., make acquaintance with smb., catch fire.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Describe Mrs. Forestier.
2. Where did she meet her future husband?
3. Was it because of his wound that he was put into hospital?
4. Why did Mrs. Forestier's relatives suggest that her husband should find some work after the marriage?
5. Why couldn't Mr. Forestier find a job?
6. What was Mr. Forestier's occupation when he lived in India?
7. What was his dream?
8. What happened during the fire?
9. What were Hardy's words when he saw the dead body? Do you agree with them?
10. Is there any difference between a wish to be a gentle man and being a gentleman? Is only a wish enough?
11. Did Mr. Forestier manage to become a real gentleman? Prove it by the text.
12. Why was Mrs. Forestier convinced to her dying day that her husband had been a very gallant gentleman?
13. What is the difference between a sensible risk and a silly risk?
14. Discuss some risks that you think would be worth talking.

IV. Retell the story on the part of 1) Mrs. Forestier, 2) Mr. Hardy.

TEXT 18. FOOTPRINTS IN THE JUNGLE

W.S. Maugham

It was in Malaya that I met the Cartwrights. I was staying with a man called Gaze who was head of the police and he came into the billiard-room, where I was sitting, and asked if I would play bridge with them. The Cartwrights were planters and they came to Malaya because it gave their daughter a chance of a little fun. They were very nice people and played a very pleasant game of bridge. I followed Gaze into the card-room and was introduced to them.



Mrs. Cartwright was a woman somewhere in the fifties. I thought her a very agreeable person. I liked her frankness, her quick wit, her plain face. As for Mr. Cartwright, he looked tired and old. He talked little, but it was plain that he enjoyed his wife's humour. They were evidently very good friends. It was pleasing to see so solid and tolerant affection between two people who were almost elderly and must have lived together for so many years.

When we separated, Gaze and I set out to walk to his house.

"What did you think of the Cartwrights?" he asked me.

"I liked them and their daughter who is just the image of her father."

To my surprise Gaze told me that Cartwright wasn't her father. Mrs. Cartwright was a widow when he married her. Olive was born after her father's death. And when we came to Gaze's house he told me the Cartwrights' story.

"I've known Mrs. Cartwright for over twenty years," he said slowly. "She was married to a man called Bronson. He was a planter in Selantan. It was a much smaller place than it is now, but they had a jolly little club, and we used to have a very good time. Bronson was a handsome chap. He hadn't much to talk about but tennis, golf and shooting; and I don't suppose he read a book from year's end to year's end. He was about thirty-five when I first knew him, but he had the mind of a boy of eighteen. But he was no fool. He knew his work from A to Z. He was generous with his money and always ready to do anybody a good turn.

One day Mrs. Bronson told us that she was expecting friend to stay with them and a few days later they brought Cartwright along. Cartwright was an old friend of Bronson's. He had been out of work

for a long time and when he wrote to Bronson asking him whether he could do anything for him, Bronson wrote back inviting him to come and stay till things got better. When Cartwright came Mrs. Bronson told him that he was to look upon the place as his home and stay as long as he liked. Cartwright was very pleasant and un-assuming; he fell into our little company very naturally and the Bronsons, like everyone else, liked him.

"Hadn't the Bronsons any children at that time?" I asked Gaze.

"No," Gaze answered. "I don't know why, they could have afforded it. Bronson was murdered," he said suddenly.

"Killed?"

Yes, murdered. That night we had been playing tennis without Cartwright who had gone shooting to the jungle and without Bronson who had cycled to Dulong to get the money to pay his coolies¹ their wages and he was to come along to the club when he back. Cartwright came back when we started play-bridge. Suddenly I was called to police sergeant outside. I went out. He told me that the Malays had come to the police station and said that there was a white man with red hair lying dead on the path that led through the jungle to Kabulong. I understood that it was Bronson.

For a moment I didn't know what to do and how to break the news to Mrs. Bronson. I came up to her and said that there had been an accident and her husband had been wounded. She leapt to her feet and stared at Cartwright who went as pale as death. Then I said that he was dead after which she collapsed into her chair and burst into tears.

When the sergeant, the doctor and I arrived at the scene of the accident we saw that he had been shot through the head and there was no money about him. From the footprints I saw that he had stopped to talk to someone before he was shot. Whoever had murdered Bronson hadn't done it for money. It was obvious that he had stopped to talk with a friend.

Meanwhile Cartwright took up the management of Bronson's estate. He moved in at once. Four months later Olive, the daughter, was born. And soon Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright were married. The murderer was never found. Suspicion fell on the coolies, of course. We examined them all—pretty carefully—but there was not a scrap of evidence to connect them with the crime. I knew who the murderer was..."

"Who?" - "Don't you guess?"

NOTES:

¹ coolies — рабочие носильщики

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

возможность развлечься, ей было за 50, откровенность и сообразительность, прочная привязанность, точная копия отца, симпатичный парень, за год не прочитал ни книги, знал свое дело в совершенстве, долгое время был без работы, пока дела не поправятся, вписался в нашу компанию, сообщить новости, побледнел как полотно, приехали на место происшествия, по следам, стал управляющим поместья, сразу вошел в курс дела, ни малейшей улики.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

be introduced to smb., elderly people, do smb. a good turn, be wounded, burst into tears (laughter), it is obvious, connect smth. with smth./smb., play a game of, an agreeable person, a handsome chap, fall into the company naturally.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Describe Mrs. Cartwright and her husband.
2. Why did they come to Malaya?
3. Who was Mrs. Cartwright's first husband and where did Gaze get acquainted with him?
4. How did he characterize Bronson?
5. Why did Bronson invite Cartwright to come and stay at their place?
6. What kind of a person was Cartwright? Did his traits help him to get along with the local society?
7. Why were Bronson and Cartwright absent at club on the night of the murder?
8. Who found Bronson's body?
9. How did Mrs. Bronson take the news?
10. What did Gaze and the others see at the scene of the accident?
11. Can you prove that Bronson was killed by some whom he knew well?

12. What were Cartwright's actions after Bronson death?
13. Was the crime disclosed?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Who was Olive's real father? Which phrases from the text prove it?
Has this fact anything to do with the crime?
2. Does Cartwright's behaviour after Bronson's disprove that the crime was well-planned?
3. Follow through the text Cartwright's characteristics and say whether they coincide with the reality.
4. Try to continue the story.

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Mrs. Cartwright 2) Bronson, 3) the doctor.

TEXT 19. THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

W.S. Maugham



When I was a small boy I was made to learn by heart some fables of La Fontaine and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among them was "The Ant and the Grasshopper". In spite of the moral of this fable my sympathies were with the grasshopper and for some time I never saw an ant without putting my foot on it.

I couldn't help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lurching in a restaurant. I never saw an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again.

I went up to him. "How are you?" I asked. "Is it Tom again?" He sighed. "Yes, it's Tom again."

I suppose every family has a black sheep. In this family it had been Tom. He had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married and had two children. The Ramsays were respectable people and everybody supposed that Tom would have a good career. But one day he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself.

He left his wife and his office. He spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe. His relations were shocked and wondered what

would happen when his money was spent. They soon found out: he borrowed. He was so charming that nobody could refuse him. Very often he turned to George. Once or twice he gave Tom considerable sums so that he could make a fresh start. On these Tom bought a motor-car and some jewellery. But when George washed his hands of him, Tom began to blackmail him. It was not nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favourite restaurant or driving a taxi. So George paid again.

For twenty years Tom gambled, danced, ate in the most expensive restaurants and dressed beautifully. Though he was forty-six he looked not more than thirty-five. He had high spirits and incredible charm. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew him. You couldn't help liking him. Poor George, only a year older than his brother, looked sixty. He had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year. He was in his office every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest and industrious. He had a good wife and four daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. His plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country. His life was blameless. He was glad that he was growing old because Tom was growing old, too. He used to say: "It was all well when Tom was young and good-looking. In four years he'll be fifty. He won't find life so easy then. I shall have thirty thousand pounds by the time I'm fifty. We shall see what is really best to work or to be idle."

Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now what else Tom had done. George was very much upset. I was prepared for the worst. George could hardly speak. "A few weeks ago," he said, "Tom became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she has died and left him everything she had: half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London and a house in the country. It is not fair, I tell you, it isn't fair!"

I couldn't help it. I burst into laughter as I looked at George's face, I nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asks me to dinners in his charming house and if he sometimes borrows money from me, it is simply from force of habit.

EXERCISES

1. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

мне тщательно объясняли, не раздавив его, на днях, смотрел в никуда, занялся бизнесом, уважаемые люди, семейная жизнь не для

него, когда деньги закончатся, значительные суммы денег, шантажировать, всегда был в прекрасном настроении, его нельзя было не любить, лучший из отцов, симпатичный, бездельничать, приготовился к худшему, это несправедливо, чуть не упал, приглашает на обеды, по привычке.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

make smb. do smth., in spite of smth., cause trouble, enjoy oneself, borrow smth. from smb., turn to smb. for smth., wash one's hands of smb. (smth.), be upset, burst into laughter (tears).

III. Questions on the text.

1. Give a short sketch of the Ramsay family.
2. How do you understand the expression "a black sheep"? Why is it applied to Tom?
3. What was the "decent" beginning of Tom's life?
4. What did Tom announce one day?
5. What was the point of his life according to his words?
6. How did he spend his time?
7. Why did George give Tom considerable sums of money not once?
8. What did Tom do with the money?
9. In what way and why did Tom blackmail his brother?
10. Describe Tom at the age of forty-six.
11. Was his brother much older than him? Describe his way of life.
12. Why was George glad that he was growing older?
13. What news did George break to the author?
14. What was the author's reaction?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Why does the author make such an introduction to the story? Who is the "ant" and who is the "grasshopper" in the story? Give your grounds.
2. When the author was a small boy and heard the fable for the first time his sympathies were with the grasshopper. Did he remain stick to his sympathies throughout his life? Prove it by the text.
3. What did "causing trouble" mean to the Ramsays? Why?

4. Why couldn't people help liking Tom in spite of everything? He was an idler, wasn't he? How would you explain such a contradiction?
5. Compare the two brothers. Tom's life was pleasure and entertainment. George's life was honesty and labour. Is the end of the story fair? Whom are your sympathies with? Why?
6. All his life George had to help his brother. What did he get in exchange? Could you suggest any other way of behaviour on the part of George?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) George, 2) Tom, 3) one of the Ramsays, 4) one of Tom's friends.

TEXT 20. THE HAPPY MAN

W.S. Maugham

It is a dangerous thing to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and such like who are prepared to force upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself; I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it?

But once I knew that I advised well.

I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name. I told him. He asked if he might come in.

"Certainly."

I led him into my sitting-room and begged to sit down. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette and he had some difficulty in lighting it.

'I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this,' he said, 'My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You're in the medical¹, I believe?'

'Yes, but I don't practise.'

'No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it.'

"It's not a very good book, I'm afraid."

The fact remains that you know something about Spain and there's no one else I know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information.'

"I shall be very glad."

He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absent-mindedly stroked it with the other.

"I hope you won't think it very odd for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this." He gave an apologetic laugh. 'I'm not going to tell you the story of my life.' When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. In fact I rather like it.

"I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm a medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't bear it any more."

There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thickset and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily.

"You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to for the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?"

"It's a means of livelihood," I answered.

"Yes, I know. The money's pretty good."

"I don't exactly know why you've come to me."

"Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain?"

"Why Spain?"

"I don't know, I just have a fancy for it."

"It's not like Carmen, you know," I smiled.

"But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's colour, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainty?"

“What does your wife think about it?”

“She's willing,”

“It's a great risk.”

“I know. But if you say take it, I will: if you say stay where you are, I'll stay.”

He was looking at me with those bright dark eyes of his and I knew that he meant what he said. I reflected for a moment.

“Your whole future is concerned: you must decide for yourself. But this I can tell you: if you don't want money but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go. For you will lead a wonderful life.”

He left me, I thought about him for a day or two, and then forgot. The episode passed completely from my memory.

Many years later, fifteen at least, I happened to be in Seville and having some trifling indisposition asked the hotel porter whether there was an English doctor in the town. He said there was and gave me the address. I took a cab and as I drove up to the house a little fat man came out of it. He hesitated, when he caught sight of me. “Have you come to see me?” he said. “I'm the English doctor.”

I explained my matter and he asked me to come in.

He lived in an ordinary Spanish house, and his consulting room was littered with papers, books, medical appliances and lumber. We did our business and then I asked the doctor what his fee was. He shook his head and smiled. “There's no fee.” “Why on earth not?”

“Don't you remember me? Why, I'm here because of something you said to me. You changed my whole life for me. I'm Stephens.”

I had not the least notion what he was talking about. He reminded me of our interview, he repeated to me what we had said, and gradually, out of the night, a dim recollection of the incident came back to me.

“I was wondering if I'd ever see you again,” he said, “I was wondering if ever I'd have a chance of thanking you for all you've done for me. It's been a success then?”

I looked at him. He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good humour. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor and his hat was the wide-brimmed sombrero of the Spaniard. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it. He had an entirely sympathetic appearance. You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix², but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with. “Surely

you were married?" I said. "Yes. My wife didn't like Spain, she went back to Camberwell, she was more at home there." "Oh, I'm sorry for that." His black eyes flashed a smile. "Life is full of compensations," he murmured.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a Spanish woman, no longer in her first youth, but still beautiful, appeared at the door. She spoke to him in Spanish, and I could not fail to feel that she was the mistress of the house.

As he stood at the door to let me out he said to me: "You told me when last I saw you that if I came here I should earn just enough money to keep body and soul together, but that I should lead a wonderful life. Well, I want to tell you that you were right. Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by heaven I've enjoyed myself. I wouldn't exchange the life I've had with that of any king in the world."

NOTES:

- ¹ be in the medical — work in the field of medicine
² remove appendix — вырезать аппендицит

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

вершить судьбы других, самоуверенность политических деятелей, навязать, изменить привычки и точки зрения, мы можем лишь догадываться, скромная квартира, совершенно незнакомый человек, с трудом зажег сигарету, рассеянно, не сочтете это очень странным, я посмотрел на него с любопытством, один день похож на другой, способ заработать на жизнь, случайно узнал, все ваше будущее поставлено на карту; объяснил, что со мной; спросил, сколько я ему должен; вы изменили всю мою жизнь; понятия не имел, смутное воспоминание, ужасно потрепанная одежда, был не прочь выпить, невозможно представить более подходящего человека, не успел он это произнести, не первой молодости, не мог не почувствовать.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words or expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

hesitate to do smth., be embarrassed, would you mind... (doing smth.)?, be brought up by smb., look forward to smth., be worth (doing) smth., have a fancy for smth./smb., give up smth., be content to (do) smth., catch sight of smb., shake one's head, remind smb. of smth., be a success, keep body and soul together.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Who visited the author of the story once?
2. What did he look like?
3. How did he explain the reason of his coming?
4. What showed that the man was embarrassed?
5. What did Stephens tell the author about his life?
6. Why did he say that he couldn't bear it any longer?
7. What kind of advice did Stephens want to get?
8. What did the author recommend him?
9. How did the author happen to meet with Stephens many years later?
10. What had changed in the man?
11. What proves that Stephens was really happy?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Stephens wasn't rich, he had money only to keep body and soul together. But nevertheless he said that he had led a wonderful life. Can a man be happy without money? Are there things in life that more important? Compare Stephens at the beginning and at the end of the story. What in his appearance showed that he was pleased with life?
2. Is it easy to advise people? Who to your mind has the right to give advice?
3. Speak on the author's attitude to the main hero of the story.

V. Retell the text on the part of a) Stephens, b) his wife, c) say what happened to Stephens during fifteen years of his life in Spain.

TEXT 21. THE ESCAPE

W.S. Maugham

I have always believed that if a woman made up her mind to marry a man nothing could save him. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to save himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had enough experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift that makes most men defenceless. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs. Barlow was twice a widow¹. She had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw. They seemed to be always on the point of filling with tears and you felt that her sufferings had been impossible to bear. If you were a strong fellow with plenty of money, like Roger Charing, you should say to yourself: I must stand between the troubles of life and this helpless little thing. Mrs. Barlow was one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing goes right. If she married the husband beat her; if she employed a broker had cheated her; if she took a cook she drank.

When Roger told me that he was going to marry her, I wished him joy. As for me I thought she was stupid and as hard as nails².

Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the nearest future. Roger was very pleased with himself, he was committing a good action.

Then suddenly he fell out of love. I don't know why. Perhaps that pathetic look of hers ceased to touch his heart-strings. He realized that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore that nothing would make him marry her. Roger knew it wouldn't be easy.

Roger didn't show that his feelings to Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes, he took her to dine at restaurants, he sent her flowers, he was charming.

They were to get married as soon as they found a house that suited them; and they started looking for residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view³ and he took Ruth to see some houses. It was very difficult to find anything satisfactory. They visited house after house. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the centre and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy. Roger always found a

fault that made the house unsuitable. He couldn't let his dear Ruth to live in a bad house.

Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger asked her to have patience. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs. Ruth was exhausted and often lost her temper. For two years they looked for houses. Ruth grew silent, her eyes no longer looked beautiful and pathetic. There are limits to human patience.

"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him one day.

"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find" a house."

"I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses."

Ruth Barlow took to her bed⁴. Roger remained gallant as ever. Every day he wrote her and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week later he received the following letter:

'Roger —

I do not think you really love me. I've found someone who really wants to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.

Ruth.'

He sent back his reply:

'Ruth —

I'll never get over this blow. But your happiness will be my first concern. I send you seven addresses. I'm sure you'll find among them a house that will exactly suit you.

NOTES:

¹ widow — вдова

² as hard as nails — упрямая

³ orders to view — смотровые ордера

⁴ take to one's bed — соблюдать постельный режим

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

при таких обстоятельствах, был уже не молод, был достаточно опытен, беззащитный, трогательный, беспомощное создание, всегда что-то происходит, обмануть, повсюду возил ее, совершал доброе дело, перестал затрагивать струны его сердца, ничто не заставит его, продолжал внимать всем ее желаниям, подходящий дом,

требовали ремонта, измучен, уже не выглядели, есть пределы человеческого терпению, слегла, оправиться от удара.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text.

make up one's mind, fall in (out of) love with, have gift, splendid eyes, be on the point of smth., bear, sufferings, employ smb., introduce smb. to smb., announce smth., swear, start doing smth., be far (close) from centre, a stuffy (airy) house, find faults, have patience, lose one's temper, take care of smb., be one's first concern.

III. Questions on the text.

1. How old was Roger Charing when he fell in love?
2. What gift did Ruth Barlow possess?
3. Describe Ruth Barlow. Why does the author call her "an unfortunate person"?
4. How did Roger court Ruth Barlow?
5. Why was he pleased with himself?
6. Why did his feelings suddenly change and what did he swear?
7. Why didn't Ruth feel that his attitude towards her had changed?
8. What was Roger's plan? In what way did he put it into life?
9. How many houses did they visit and what faults did Roger find?
10. What had changed in Ruth's disposition by the time she began to doubt if Roger would marry her?
11. What was Ruth's letter about?
12. Prove that Roger was stuck to his plan to the end.

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Was Roger really in love with Ruth Barlow or was he only committing a good action?
2. Comment on Roger Charing's plan. Do you find it interesting?
3. Was Roger a good psychologist? Prove it by the facts from the story.
4. Follow through the text how the author shows his attitude to the main heroes.

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Roger, 2) Ruth, 3) one of Roger's close friends.

TEXT 22. MR. KNOW-ALL

W.S. Maugham

Once I was going by ship from San-Francisco to Yokohama. I shared my cabin with a man called Mr. Kelada. He was short and of a sturdy build, clean-shaven and dark-skinned, with a hooked nose and very large liquid eyes. His long black hair was curly. And



though he introduced himself as an Englishman I felt sure that he was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England. Mr. Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures and politics. He was familiar. Though I was a total stranger to him he used no such formality¹ as to put mister before my name when he addressed me. I didn't like Mr. Kelada. I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I couldn't walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was glad to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face.

Mr. Kelada was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, organized the concert and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr. Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable: He knew everything better than anybody else and you couldn't disagree with him. He would not drop a subject till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him.

We were four at the table: the doctor, I, Mr. Kelada and Mr. Ramsay.

Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs. Ramsay was a very

pretty little thing with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. She was dressed always very simply, but she knew how to wear her clothes.

One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There was some argument between Mr. Kelada and Ramsay about the value of culture and real pearls. I did not believe Ramsay knew anything about the subject at all. At last Mr. Kelada got furious and shouted: "Well, I know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade. I know the best pearls in the world, and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing."

Here was news for us, for Mr. Kelada had never told anyone what his business was. Ramsay leaned forward.

"That's a pretty chain, isn't it?" he asked pointing to the chain that Mrs. Ramsay wore.

"I noticed it at once," answered Mr. Kelada. "Those are pearls all right."

"I didn't buy it myself, of course," said Ramsay. "I wonder how much you think it cost."

"Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it."

Ramsay smiled. "You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ramsay bought that string the day before we left New York for eighteen dollars. I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation."

"Done."

"But how can it be proved?" Mrs. Ramsay asked. "Let me look at the chain and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars," said Mr. Kelada.

The chain was handed to Mr. Kelada. He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his face. He was about to speak. Suddenly he saw Mrs. Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as if she were about to faint². She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. Mr. Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself. "I was mistaken," he said. "It's a very good imitation." He took a hundred-dollar note out of his pocket and handed it to Ramsay without a word. "Perhaps that'll teach you a lesson," said Ramsay as he took the note. I noticed that Mr. Kelada's hands were trembling.

The story spread over the ship. It was a fine joke that Mr. Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs. Ramsay went to her cabin with a headache.

Next morning I got up and began to shave. Suddenly I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Mr. Kelada. I handed it to him. He took out of the envelope a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and reddened. "Were the pearls real?" I asked. "If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe," said he.

NOTES:

- ¹ formality — формальность
- ² faint — упасть без сознания

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

жить в одной каюте, невысокий, водянистые глаза, фамильярный, были совершенно чужими, никогда не приходило в голову, спустить с лестницы, захлопнуть дверь перед носом, проводить аукционы, прямо в глаза, особенно невыносим, сменить тему разговора, склонить на свою сторону, случайно зашел разговор о..., красивая нитка, держу пари, подделка, увеличительное стекло, победная улыбка, не говоря ни слова, покраснел.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

a chatty man, address smb., be certain, be a good mixer, take smth. as a compliment, a way of thinking, be mistaken, pleasant manners, a sense of humour, dress simply, get furious, be worth doing, can afford to do smth., examine smth. closely, stare at smb. with wide eyes, make an effort over oneself, trembling hands.

III. Questions on the text.

1. Where did the author get acquainted with Mr. Kelada?
2. What did Mr. Kelada look like?
3. Why did the author doubt whether his companion was an Englishman?

4. Prove that Mr. Kelada was chatty and familiar.
5. In what way did Mr. Kelada force himself upon his fellow-travellers?
6. Why did the passengers call him Mr. Know-All?
7. When and why was he most intolerable?
8. Who was Mr. Ramsay and why had he flown to New York?
9. Describe his wife.
10. What subject did the conversation drift to one evening?
11. What did Mr. Kelada's companions find out about his business?
12. How did Mr. Kelada value Mrs. Ramsay's string of pearls?
13. Why did Mr. Kelada and Mr. Ramsay make a bet?
14. Why was Mr. Know-All so certain that he would win the bet?
15. What made him say the thing he didn't want to?
16. What was Mr. Ramsay's and other passengers' reaction?
17. What happened next morning?
18. How did Mr. Kelada explain his strange behaviour the night before?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Give a character sketch of Mr. Kelada.
2. Was his gentle behaviour during the last argument a surprise to you? Does it contradict to the author's previous portrait of his? Why do you think the author gave such a contrast?
3. Why did Mr. Kelada's words cost him a lot of effort? Analyse other possible variants of his behaviour.
4. Who wrote the letter? What for?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Mr. Kelada, 2) Mr. Ramsay, 3) the doctor.

TEXT 23. ART FOR HEART'S SAKE¹

R. Goldberg

"Here, take your juice," said Koppel, Mr. Ellsworth's servant and nurse.

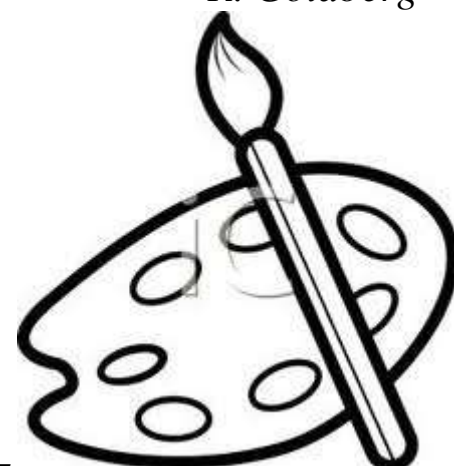
"No," said Collis P. Ellsworth.

"But it's good for you, sir!"

"No!"

"The doctor insists on it."

"No!"



Koppel heard the front door bell and was glad to leave the room. He found Doctor Caswell in the hall downstairs.

"I can't do a thing with him," he told the doctor. "He doesn't want to take his juice. I can't persuade him to take his medicine. He doesn't want me to read to him. He hates TV. He doesn't like anything!"

Doctor Caswell took the information with his usual professional calm. This was not an ordinary case. The old gentleman was in pretty good health for a man of seventy. But it was necessary to keep him from buying things. His financial transactions always ended in failure, which was bad for his health.

"How are you this morning? Feeling better?" asked the doctor. "I hear you haven't been obeying my orders."

The doctor drew up a chair and sat down close to the old man. He had to do his duty. "I'd like to make a suggestion," he said quietly. He didn't want to argue with the old man.

Old Ellsworth looked at him over his glasses. The way Doctor Caswell said it made him suspicious. "What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides to keep me away from the office?" the old man asked with suspicion. "Not at all," said the doctor. "I've been thinking of something different. As a matter of fact I'd like to suggest that you should take up art. I don't mean seriously of course," said the doctor, "just try. You'll like it."

Much to his surprise the old man agreed. He only asked who was going to teach him drawing. "I've thought of that too," said the doctor. "I know a student from an art school who can come round once a week. If you don't like it, after a little while you can throw him out." The person he had in mind and promised to bring over was a certain Frank Swain, eighteen years old and a capable student. Like most students he needed money. Doctor Caswell kept his promise.

He got in touch with Frank Swain and the lessons began. The old man liked it so much that when at the end of the first lesson Koppel came in and apologised to him for interrupting the lesson, as the old man needed a rest, Ellsworth looked disappointed.

When the art student came the following week, he saw a drawing on the table. It was a vase. But something was definitely wrong with it.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the old man stepping aside.

"I don't mean to hurt you, sir...", began Swain.

"I see," the old man interrupted, "the halves don't match. I can't say I am good at drawing. Listen, young man," he whispered. "I want to ask

you something before Old Juice comes again. I don't want to speak in his presence."

"Yes, sir," said Swain with respect.

"I've been thinking... Could you come twice a week or perhaps three times?"

"Sure, Mr. Ellsworth," the student said respectfully. "When shall I come?" They arranged to meet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

As the weeks went by, Swain's visits grew more frequent. The old man drank his juice obediently. Doctor Caswell hoped that business had been forgotten forever.

When spring came, Ellsworth painted a picture which he called "Trees Dressed in White." The picture was awful. The trees in it looked like salad thrown up against the wall. Then he announced that he was going to display it at the Summer Show at the Lathrop Gallery. Doctor Caswell and Swain didn't believe it. They thought the old man was joking.

The summer show at the Lathrop Gallery was the biggest exhibition of the year. All outstanding artists in the United States dreamt of winning a Lathrop prize. To the astonishment of all "Trees Dressed in White" was accepted for the Show.

Young Swain went to the exhibition one afternoon and blushed when he saw "Trees Dressed in White" hanging on the wall. As two visitors stopped in front of the strange picture, Swain rushed out. He was ashamed that a picture like that had been accepted for the show. However Swain did not give up teaching the old man. Every time Koppel entered the room he found the old man painting something. Koppel even thought of hiding the brush from him. The old man seldom mentioned his picture and was usually cheerful.

Two days before the close of the exhibition Ellsworth received a letter. Koppel brought it when Swain and the doctor were in the room. "Read it to me," asked the old man putting aside the brush he was holding in his hand. "My eyes are tired from painting." The letter said: "It gives the Lathrop Gallery pleasure to announce that Collis P. Ellsworth has been awarded the First Landscape Prize of ten thousand dollars for his painting "Trees Dressed in White".

Swain became dumb with astonishment. Koppel dropped the glass with juice he was about to give Ellsworth. Doctor Caswell managed to keep calm. "Congratulations, Mr. Ellsworth," said the doctor. "Fine,

fine... Frankly, I didn't expect that your picture would win the prize. Anyway I've proved to you that art is more satisfying than business."

"Art is nothing. I bought the Lathrop Gallery," said the old man highly pleased with the effect of his deception.

NOTES:

¹ art for heart's sake — искусство для души

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

ничего не могу с ним поделаться, с привычным профессиональным спокойствием, необычный случай, сел рядом, вызвало подозрение; дело в том, что; заняться живописью, к большому удивлению, через некоторое время, способный студент, одна половина не соответствует другой, говорить в его присутствии, два раза в неделю, стали чаще, послушно, забыт навсегда, выставить картину, была принята, покраснел, убежал, ему было стыдно, редко говорил о картине, откладывая в сторону кисть, онемел от изумления, сохранить спокойствие, довольный результатами своего обмана.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

insist on smth., persuade smb. to do smth., keep smb. from doing smth., end in failure, obey smb.'s orders, make a suggestion, argue with smb., ask with suspicion, keep one's promise, get in touch with smb., apologise to smb. for (doing) smth., look disappointed, be good at smth., whisper smth., arrange to do smth., an awful picture, an outstanding artist, dream of (doing) smth., give up doing smth., be awarded smth., prove to smb..

III. Questions on the text.

1. Who was Koppel and why wasn't he satisfied with the behaviour of his patient?
2. Was Mr. Ellsworth really ill? Why was his case not an ordinary one?
3. What suggestion did Dr. Caswell make to Ellsworth?
4. Who was Frank Swain?
5. Prove that Ellsworth enjoyed painting.

6. Why did Ellsworth ask Swain to come three times a week?
7. Was Dr. Caswell pleased with the results of his "treatment"?
8. What picture did Ellsworth paint?
9. What did he want to do with the picture?
10. Why did everybody think at first that Ellsworth was joking?
11. What was Swain's reaction when he saw Ellsworth's picture at the show?
12. Why didn't Swain give up teaching Ellsworth?
13. What happened two days before the close of the exhibition?
14. What did the letter say?
15. What was the reaction of all present?
16. What did Ellsworth tell them about?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Ellsworth tried to prove to everybody that business is more important than art. Did he succeed? What do you consider more important?
2. Why do you think Ellsworth didn't give up taking lessons after he had sent the picture to the show? Was it a part of his plan of deception? Comment on his plan. Find in the text other details of his clever scheme.
3. Why didn't Ellsworth read the letter himself? Were his eyes really tired?
4. All Ellsworth's financial transactions ended in failure. Do you think the purchase of the Gallery was also a transaction of this kind?
5. What do you think he will do with the Gallery later?
6. "Life is short, art is long." Do you agree with it?
7. Why do people need art?
8. What is more satisfying art or business?

V. Retell the text on the part of 1) Ellsworth, 2) Koppel, 3) Dr. Caswell, 4) Frank Swain.

TEXT 24. WAGER WITH DESTINY

E.E. Gatti

Anderson was alone in camp when the native boy brought him Barton's book.

"The boss has dropped it on the trail," the boy said. Anderson knew the book well, a cheap, shabby little notebook. He had heard

Barton say a dozen times that he'd bought it with the first dime he'd earned, and every financial transaction he'd made since was entered in that book.

The camp was inside a mountain jungle in the Kuvi region of the Congo. And the heavy clouds overhead made Anderson feel gloomy. He was not well, and he was nervous. And he was unreasonably disturbed about the cage.

He had come on this hunting safari as Barton's guest. Barton, now, was one of the richest men in America; a hard man, who was proud of his power. It was surprising, therefore, to Anderson, that after fifteen years of silence, Barton had looked him up, renewed their boyhood friendship and made him this invitation. Anderson was grateful for it; for he, himself, was penniless and a failure.

Barton had made a bet at his club that he could capture alive a full-grown gorilla and bring it back to America. Hence the safari. And hence the portable steel cage with its automatic door.

Anderson couldn't bear to think of a great gorilla, unable to use his magnificent strength, shut up in the cage. But Anderson, of course, was sensitive about steel bars.

He did not mean to look in Barton's book. It had fallen into the mud, and Anderson only wanted to clean it.

But as he turned the pages shaking out the dried mud, his eyes fell upon a date—April 20, 1923. That was the date that had been seared into Anderson's mind with a red-hot iron, and mechanically he read the entry. Then he opened his mouth and the air swam around him.

"April 20, 1923, received \$50,000" the book stated. Nothing more than that. And on April 20, 1923, he, Anderson, an innocent man, a young accountant in the same firm where Barton was just beginning his career, had been sentenced to fifteen years in prison for embezzlement¹ of \$50,000.

Anderson was as shaken as if the very ground had opened under his feet. Memories rushed back to him. The books² had been tampered³ with, all right. But they had never been able to locate the money.

And all the time it was Barton who had stolen the money; had used it as the cornerstone⁴ of his vast success; had noted it down, laconically, in his little book!

"But why did he bring me here?" Anderson asked himself. His body was burning with heat, and his head was heavy; he felt the first sign of malaria. And his heart was filled with the terrible, bitter rage of

one betrayed. "Does he think I suspect him? Does he plan to kill me now?"

And then the reason came, cold and clear. There was a power of justice in life, and that power had made Barton bring him, so that he, Anderson, could take the law in his own hands, and the guilty would be punished instead of the innocent.

At once his mind was made up, and he had never known his thinking to be so clear and direct. He would kill Barton while he slept—they shared the same tent. And he would go to bed now and pretend sleeping, so that he would not have to speak to Barton.

It was already late in the afternoon. Anderson uneasily walked into the tent. But he did not have to play a role, for as soon as he touched the bed he fell into the heavy sleep of increasing malaria.

It was bright moonlight outside the tent when he awoke. He could hear Barton's regular, rhythmic breathing in the darkness near him. He dressed quickly and noiselessly, turned the safety catch of his revolver and bent above Barton. But a sudden shock of revulsion came over him.

He put the revolver down carefully on the table near his bed. Then he was outside the tent and trying to run, to get away from that accusing voice that cried within him, again and again, "Murderer!"

He did not know where he was until his hand touched something cold and hard—a steel bar of the cage. God, it knew steel bars, that hand. He closed his eyes against the thought, and took a few steps forward. Then a noise behind him made him turn around. The steel door of the cage had dropped! He had walked into the cage, closing the automatic door!

"Where you should be," cried the accusing voice, "where murderers ought to be, in a cage!"

Anderson sobbed hysterically. Then he fell and the flames of his fever licked him.

Anderson opened his eyes with great effort, and saw above him the face of the friendly planter who lived some miles from the camp.

"You'll be all right now," the man said, "the fever's over. But how did you get into the cage?"

Anderson tried to explain, but he didn't have strength enough to speak. He knew where he was, in a bed in the planter's house. And gradually he became aware that there was another white man in the room, one he had never seen before.

"He was lucky," the planter was saying to this strange man. "If he hadn't been safe in that cage, the gorillas would have got him as they did Barton and those pygmies."

"Do you feel able to talk now?" the stranger asked. "I expect you're wondering who I am. I am Barton's lawyer, I flew down from New York to take charge of Barton's affairs as soon as I got the news. You've been delirious three weeks, you know."

The lawyer sat down beside Anderson's bed. "As you know, my late client was a superstitious man, and a great gambler⁵," he said. "You two, as young men, started your careers together. And on the very day that he received the capital that gave him his chance, you were sentenced to prison on a charge of embezzling the identical⁶ sum—fifty thousand dollars. Barton took the coincidence as an act of fate⁷."

"He made a kind of bet with fate," the lawyer went on. "If he were allowed to succeed, he promised to do something good for you. And he kept the bet, he remembered you in his will⁸. I thought you'd like to know why."

"I know why all right," said Anderson. A little word called "conscience⁹", he thought.

"I happened to know all about it," the lawyer added, "Because I was the executor of the will of Barton's aunt. She hadn't liked him, and he'd expected nothing from her. So that fifty thousand was like money falling from the skies."

NOTES:

¹ embezzlement — растрата

² books — бухгалтерские книги

³ tamper — подделывать

⁴ cornerstone — основа

⁵ gambler — игрок

⁶ identical — такая же

⁷ fate — судьба

⁸ will — завещание

⁹ conscience — совесть

EXERCISES

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

туземец, обронил на тропе, беспричинно волновался, гордился своей властью, возобновил, заключил пари, стальная решетка, упала в грязь, была выжжена в мозгу Андерсена каленым железом, был приговорен к пятнадцати годам заключения, как будто земля разверзлась под ногами, обнаружить деньги, приступ малярии, жили в одной палатке, внезапно его охватило отвращение, постепенно он начал понимать, гориллы убили бы его, заняться делами Бартона, суеверный, воспринял это совпадение как волю судьбы, исполнитель завещания.

II. Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

make a financial transaction, feel gloomy, be grateful for smth., be a failure, be unable to do smth., begin one's career, vast success, bitter rage, suspect smb., punish the guilty, pretend sleeping, make smb. turn around, with great effort, be delirious, make a bet, keep the bet, happen to know, expect smth. from smb..

III. Questions on the text.

1. Where does the action take place?
2. How did Barton's notebook get into Anderson's hands?
3. What information did he become aware of?
4. What kind of man was Barton?
5. Why did he come on a hunting safari?
6. Why did Anderson think of killing Barton?
7. Why couldn't he put his idea into life?
8. How did Anderson find himself in the cage?
9. What happened to Barton?
10. Where was Anderson when he came to himself?
11. Why did Barton's lawyer come to Africa?
12. Why and when did Barton make a note about \$50,000 in his notebook?
13. What kind of bet had he made?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Anderson said about himself that he was a failure. What does it mean?
2. In spite of his hard life Anderson remained a kind, soft-hearted man. What facts from the text prove it?
3. Anderson could kill Barton. Was it conscience that stopped him? What

role does conscience play in the life of people according to Anderson?

4. A businessman cannot afford conscience. Do you agree with it? Discuss this problem taking into consideration Barton's example.
5. Coincidence can play an important role in people's life. Do you agree with it? Discuss some situations connected with this problem.

V. Retell the text on the part of 1) Anderson, 2) Barton, 3) Barton's lawyer.

TEXT 25. CLEAN UP YOUR ROOM

by Art Buchwald

You don't really feel the generation gap ¹ in this country until a son or daughter comes home from college for Christmas. Then it strikes you how out of it you really are. This dialogue is probably taking place all over America this week.

"Nancy, you've been home from school for three days now. Why don't you clean up your room?" "We don't have to clean up our room at college, mother."

"That's very nice, and I'm happy you're going to such a free-wheeling institution. But while you are in the house, your father and I would like you to clean up your room." "What difference does it make? It's my room."

"I know, dear, and it really doesn't mean that much to me. But your father has a great fear of the plague. He said this morning if it's going to start anywhere in this country, it's going to start in your room."

Mother, you people aren't interested in anything 'that's relevant. Do you realize how the major corporations are polluting, our environment?"

"Your father and I are very, worried about it. But right now we're more concerned with the pollution in your bedroom. You haven't made your bed since you came home."

"I never make it up at the dorm."²

"Of course you don't, and I'm sure the time you save goes toward your education. But we still have these old-fashioned ideas about making beds in the morning and we can't shake them. Since

you're home for such a short time, why don't you do it to humor us?"

"For heaven's sake, mother, I'm grown up now. Why do you have to treat me like a child?"

"We're *not* treating you like a child. But it's very hard for us to realize you're an adult when you throw all your clothes on the floor"

"I haven't thrown all my clothes on the floor. Those are just the clothes I wore yesterday."

"Forgive me. I exaggerated. Well, how about the dirty dishes and empty soft-drink cans on your desk? Are you collecting them for a science project?"

"Mother, you don't understand us. You people were brought up to have clean rooms. But our generation doesn't care about things like that. It's what you have in your head that counts."

"No one respects education more than your father and I do, particularly at the prices they're charging. But we can't see how living in squalor can improve your mind."

"That's because of your priorities. You would rather have me make up my bed and pick up my clothes than become a free spirit who thinks for myself."

"We are not trying to stifle your free spirit. It's just that our Blue Cross³ has run out, and we have no protection in case anybody catches typhoid."

"All right I'll clean up my room if it means that much to you. But I want you to know you've ruined my vacation."

"It was a calculated risk I had to take. Oh, by the way — I know this is a terrible thing to ask of you, but would you mind helping me wash the dinner dishes?" "Wash dishes? Nobody washes dishes at school."

"Your father and I were afraid, of that."

NOTES

¹generation gap – the problem of estrangement between the older and the younger generation;

²dorm – dormitory, a building providing sleeping and living accommodations for students;

³Blue Cross – an organization providing hospital treatment at a 70 % discount.

EXERCISES

I. Replace the italicized parts of the sentences by words and phrases from the text.

1. It's good to hear *that there are no strict rules at the college you go to*. 2. *What does it matter* whether I do my room or not? 3. Your father is *very much afraid of infectious diseases*. 4. Unfortunately you *don't take an interest in things that really matter*. 5. There is no doubt *that the time you save is spent on your education*. 6. I'm awfully sorry we *still stick to* our old-fashioned ideas. 7. Why don't you try *to do things that will please us*? 8. I've been wondering whether you're *storing up soft-drink cans* for some *scientific experiment*. 9. It's what you have in your head that *is of importance*.

II. Find in the text English equivalents for the following:

убирать комнату, стелить постель, мыть посуду, засорение окружающей среды, поколение, разрыв между поколениями, плата, которая взимается за обучение, жить в грязи, самостоятельно мыслить, подавлять, заразиться тифом, испортить каникулы, сознательный риск, идти на сознательный риск, кстати, не могла бы ты.

III. Answer the following questions.

1. What is it that the parents don't realize until the children come from college for Christmas?
2. What question does the mother ask her daughter after a couple of days?
3. Why does the girl believe she doesn't have to clean up her room? And why is she not used to doing it?
4. What does her father fear?
5. What was he heard saying in the morning?
6. What shows that the girl looks down upon her parents and believes herself to have a wider scope of mind?
7. What are the parents concerned with under the circumstances?
8. How does the girl supposedly use the time saved from not doing things every normal person does?
9. What makes the girl feel hurt?
10. Why is it hard for the mother to realize the girl is an adult?
11. In what way does the girl think her generation differs from the older one?

12. What would humoring her parents mean to the girl?
13. What terrible discovery does the mother make toward the end of the conversation?

IV. Retell the story using the following words and phrases

generation gap, home for Christmas, to strike one, probably, to clean up, a free-wheeling institution, to make a difference, to mean that much, a great fear of, to start in this country, to be interested in, relevant, major corporations, to pollute environment, to be more concerned with, dorm (dormitory), to. save time, old-fashioned ideas, to humor, grown up, to treat (like), hard to realize, adult, to throw, to exaggerate, empty cans, desk, science project, to be brought up, to care about, it counts, to respect education, particularly, to charge prices, to live in squalor, to improve one's mind, priorities, would rather, to pick up, free spirit, to think for oneself, to stifle, Blue Cross, to run out, in case, to catch typhoid, to ruin, to take a calculated risk, to ask of smb., would you mind, dinner dishes.

TEXT 26. A DAY'S WAIT

Ernest Hemingway

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, "his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

"What's the matter, Schatz?"¹ "I've got a headache." "You better go back to bed." "No. I'm all right." "You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed."

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

"You go up to bed," I said, "you're sick."

"I'm all right," he said. When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature. "What is it?" I asked him. "One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different coloured capsules with instructions for giving them. He



said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you want me to read to you?"

"All right. If you want to," said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read aloud but could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him. "Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very strangely.

"Why don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you for the medicine."

"I'd rather stay awake."

After a while he said to me, "You don't have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you." "It doesn't bother me."

"No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little lightheaded and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground was covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare, trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and, the bare ground had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered and I fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide away over the ice.

We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and I killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day.

At the house they said the boy had refused to let anyone come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have."

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said. "Who said so?" "The doctor."

"Your temperature is all right," I said. "It's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said, "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.² "Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course, it will."

I sat down and opened the book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

"About what time do you think I'm going to die?" he asked.

"What?"

"About how long will it be before I die?"

"You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two."

"People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk."

"I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two."

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

"You poor Schatz," I said. "Poor old Schatz. It's like miles and kilometres. You aren't going to die. That's a different thermometer. On that thermometer thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," I said. It's like miles and kilometres. You know, like how many kilometres we make when we do seventy miles in the car?"

"Oh," he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

NOTES

¹ Schatz – (нем.) сокровище.

² He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.
— Он, очевидно, напряженно думал о чем-то своем.

EXERCISES

I. Give the Russian equivalents:

to look ill, to have a headache, miserable boy, to have a fever, to take one's temperature, instructions for giving medicines, there is nothing to worry about, to avoid pneumonia, to seem very detached from, to follow what somebody is reading, to sit at the foot of the bed, to read to oneself, if it bothers, to be a little lightheaded, the prescribed capsules, close to the house, to be flushed by the fever, it's nothing to worry about, to do any good, to be of no importance.

II. Give the English equivalents:

наконец, напряжение спало, ему ничего не стоило заплакать над пустяками, которые не имели значения, с температурой 44° жить нельзя, глупо так говорить, что с тобой, он не следил за тем, что я читал, ты думаешь, пилюля не поможет, выпей пилюлю и запей водой, относись к этому спокойно, я не могу не думать, не о чем беспокоиться, измерять температуру, я не попал пять раз, возможно, он немного бредил, мне не скучно, почему бы тебе не попытаться заснуть, он смотрел очень странно, у него были круги под глазами, у меня болит голова.

III. Answer the questions.

1. What did Schatz look like?
2. How did his father find out that Schatz had a fever?
3. What did the doctor do?
4. What was the boy's temperature?
5. Why was there nothing to worry about?
6. When was there no danger to the boy's life?
7. Why did the father read to himself when he was sitting at the foot of the bed?
8. What was the weather like when the father went out for a walk?
9. Why did the father return home pleased and happy?
10. What was the father told at the house?
11. How did Schatz feel when his father returned?
12. Why had Schatz been waiting to die all day?
13. Why did the father say it was a silly way to think and talk?
14. When did the boy relax?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. What was Schatz thinking about?
2. What do you think of the boy's character?
3. What did this experience teach him?
4. Why didn't he want to tell his father about his worries?
5. Why did he cry a lot the next day?

V. Retell the text on the part of 1) Schatz, 2) the Doctor.

TEXT 27. THE UNICORN IN THE GARDEN

James Thurber

Once upon a sunny morning a man who sat in a breakfast nook looked up from his scrambled eggs to see a white unicorn with a gold horn quietly cropping the roses in the garden. The man went up to the bedroom where his wife was still asleep and woke her. "There's a unicorn in the garden," he said. "Eating roses." She opened one unfriendly eye



and looked at him. "The unicorn is a mythical beast," she said, and turned her back on him. The man walked slowly downstairs and out into the garden. The unicorn was still there; he was now browsing among the tulips. "Here, unicorn," said the man, and he pulled up a lily and gave it to him. The unicorn ate it gravely. With a high heart, because there was a unicorn in his garden, the man went upstairs and roused his wife again. "The unicorn," he said, "ate a lily." His wife sat up in bed and looked at him, coldly. "You are a booby¹," she said, "and I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch²." The man, who had never liked the words "booby" and "booby-hatch," and who liked them even less on a shining morning when there was a unicorn in the garden, thought for a moment. "We'll see about that," he said. He walked over to the door. "He has a golden horn in the middle of his forehead," he told her. Then he went back to the garden to watch the unicorn; but the unicorn had gone away. The man sat down among the roses and went to sleep.

As soon as the husband had gone out of the house, the wife got up and dressed as fast as she could. She was very excited and there was a gloat³ in her eye. She telephoned the police and she telephoned a psychiatrist; she told them to hurry to her house and bring a strait-jacket. When the police and the psychiatrist arrived they sat down in chairs and looked at her, with great interest. "My husband," she said, "saw a unicorn this morning." The police looked at the psychiatrist and the psychiatrist looked at the police. "He told me it ate a lily," she said. The psychiatrist looked at the police and the police looked at the psychiatrist. "He told me it had a golden horn in the middle of its forehead," she said. At a solemn signal from the psychiatrist, the police leaped from their chairs and seized the wife.

They had a hard time subduing her, for she put up a terrific struggle, but they finally subdued her. Just as they got her into the strait-jacket, the husband came back into the house.

"Did you tell your wife you saw a unicorn?" asked the police. "Of course not," said the husband. "The unicorn is a mythical beast." "That's all I wanted to know," said the psychiatrist. "Take her away. I'm sorry, sir, but your wife is as crazy as a jay bird⁴." So they took her away, cursing and screaming, and shut her up in an institution. The husband lived happily ever after.

MORAL: *Don't count your boobies until they are hatched⁵.*

NOTES

- ¹ booby - someone who is insane;
- ² booby - hatch an insane asylum, a hospital for the mentally ill;
- ³ gloat - Thurber invented this noun from the verb *gloat* "to look at with selfish delight" and the expression *to have a gleam in one's eye*.
- ⁴ as crazy as a jay bird - insane.
- ⁵ Don't count your boobies.... - The actual proverb is *Don't count your chickens until they are hatched* meaning "don't count on something before it happens." Cf. *hatch* – "to break out of an egg" and *hatch* – "to put someone in a booby-hatch".

EXERCISES

I. Give the Russian equivalents:

Breakfast nook, scrambled eggs, crop, browse, gravely, was asleep, mythical beast, with a high heart, forehead, psychiatrist, a strait-jacket, solemn, seize, subdue, curse, scream.

II. Give the English equivalents:

мифическое животное, повернулась к нему спиной, пасся среди тюльпанов, вскочили со стульев, с трудом усмирили, устроила ужасную борьбу.

III. Answer the questions.

1. What kind of day was it? Where was the man sitting? What was he eating?
2. What did he see in the garden? What was it doing?
3. What did the man do? What was his wife doing?
4. How did the wife react to her husband's announcement about the unicorn?
5. What was the unicorn doing when the man went into the garden?
6. How did the wife respond to the news that the unicorn had eaten a lily?
7. What did the man do when he found that the unicorn had left?
8. Why did he want to tell his wife about the unicorn?
9. Was the husband worried by his wife's threat?
10. What did the wife do as soon as her husband had left the house?
11. How did the police and the psychiatrist react to her news about the unicorn?
12. When did the husband come back into the house?

13. Why did the psychiatrist tell the police to take the wife away?
14. Why did they have to subdue the wife?
15. What sort of institution was the wife taken to?

IV, Discuss the following.

1. Why did it make the man so happy to have a unicorn in his garden?
2. What suggests that the husband was disappointed by his wife's reaction?
3. Why didn't the husband come as soon as he heard the struggle begin?
4. Did they make a good family?
5. Comment the moral of the parable.

V. Retell the parable using the clues:

once upon a sunny morning, looked up to see, went up, opened one unfriendly eye, turned her back on him, walked downstairs, pulled up a lily, roused her again, sat up in bed, never liked the words, liked them even less, we'll see about that, walked over to the door, went back to watch, went to sleep, as soon as, as fast as, was very excited, looked with great interest, at a solemn signal, they had a hard time, lived happily ever after.

TEXT 28. THE PHOENIX¹

Sylvia Townsend Warner

Lord Strawberry collected birds. He had the best collection in Europe but for many years the finest place in it remained empty with just a label saying "Phoenix". Many authorities on bird life had assured



Lord Strawberry that the phoenix does not exist but Lord Strawberry was unconvinced: his family had always believed in phoenixes. At intervals he received from his agents birds which they declared were the phoenix but which turned out to be something else. Finally he went himself to Arabia, where after many months, he found a phoenix, won its confidence, caught it, and brought it home in perfect condition. It was a remarkably fine phoenix, with a charming character, friendly to the

other birds, and much attached to Lord Strawberry. On its arrival in England it made a great stir among ornithologists, journalists and poets but when it was no longer in the news and visits became fewer it showed no disappointment. It ate well and seemed perfectly happy.

It costs a great deal of money to keep up birds. When Lord Strawberry died he died penniless and the collection came on the market. The London *Times* urged in a leader that the phoenix be bought for the London Zoo saying that a nation of bird-lovers had a moral right to own such a rare bird and a public fund was opened. Students, naturalists, and schoolchildren contributed according to their means; but their means were small, there were no large contributions so the collection was sold to Mr. Poldero, owner of Poldero's Wizard Wonderland.

For quite a while Mr. Poldero considered his phoenix a bargain. It did not cost much to feed, it did not mind children; and though it had no tricks, Mr. Poldero supposed it would soon pick up some. The publicity of the fund was now most helpful². Almost every contributor now saved up another half-crown in order to see the phoenix. Others who hadn't contributed to the fund even paid double to look at it. But then business slackened. The phoenix was as handsome as ever but it was too quiet, too classical. So people went instead to watch the baboons or to admire the crocodile who had eaten the woman. One day Mr. Poldero said to his manager Mr. Ramkin: "How long since any fool paid to look at the phoenix?" "Matter of three weeks," replied Mr. Ramkin. "Eating his head off."³ I wonder if we can get a livelier one," said Mr. Poldero. "Impossible. There's only one of him at a time. Haven't you ever read what it says on the label?" They went to the phoenix's cage and read: "This bird is UNIQUE. When it is old it sets fire to itself and emerges miraculously reborn. Specially imported from the East."

"I've got an idea. How old do you suppose the bird is?" said Mr. Poldero. "Looks in its prime to me," said Mr. Ramkin. "Suppose," continued Mr. Poldero, "we could somehow get him alight? We'll advertise it beforehand, of course, work up interest. Then we'll have a new bird, and a bird with some romance about it, a bird with a life-story. We can sell a bird like that." Mr. Ramkin nodded. "I've read about it in a book. But they won't do it till they are old." "Leave that to me," said Mr. Poldero. "I'll do the ageing."⁴ It was not easy to age the phoenix. Its food was halved and then halved again but though it grew thinner it was as beautiful as ever. The heating was turned off, but the phoenix seemed

none the worse. Other quarrelsome birds were put into the cage but the phoenix was so civil and polite that after a day or two they became friendly. Then Mr. Poldero tried cats. These couldn't be won by manners but the phoenix flew above and flapped its golden wings in their faces and frightened them. Mr. Poldero turned to a book on Arabia and read that the climate was dry. "Aha," said he and moved the phoenix to a small cage with a sprinkler in the ceiling. Every night he turned the sprinkler on. The bird began to cough. Then Mr. Poldero had another good idea. Every day he stood in front of the cage and jeered and insulted the bird.

In spring Mr. Poldero began the publicity campaign about the ageing phoenix. The old public favourite, he said, was nearing its end. Finally the day came. It was a fine Saturday evening in May. For some weeks the public interest in the phoenix had been working up and the admission charge had risen to five shillings. The lights and cameras focussed on the cage. The phoenix turned his head from side to side. The cameras clicked, the lights blazed full on the cage. Rushing to the loudspeaker, Mr. Poldero exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the thrilling moment the world has breathlessly awaited. The legend of the centuries is materializing before our modern eyes. The phoenix..."

At that moment the phoenix burst into flames which leaped out on every side and in a minute or two everything was burned to ashes and some thousand people, including Mr. Poldero, perished in the flames.

NOTES

¹ Phoenix - a mythical bird of great beauty, the only one of its kind, believed to live 500 years in the Arabian desert, to burn itself when old and to rise from its ashes in the freshness of Youth (often an emblem of immortality).

² The publicity of the fund was most helpful. - Рекламирование фонда было крайне необходимо.

³ Eating his head off. - Да его не прокормишь.

⁴ I'll do the ageing. - Я сам его состарю.

EXERCISES

I. Give the Russian equivalents:

collect, remain, empty, label, authorities, assure, be unconvinced, declare, turn out, to win smb.'s confidence, remarkably, attached, made

a stir, penniless, urge, rare, contribute, bargain, tricks, slacken, emerge, miraculously, prime, beforehand, quarrelsome, flap, cough, jeer, insult, leap out, perish.

II. Give the English equivalents:

крупные специалисты, оставался при своем мнении, время от времени, очень привязанный к, передовица, не возражал против детей, около трех недель, возбудим интерес, входная плата.

III. Answer the following questions.

1. What do you know about Lord Strawberry? Find all the facts about his hobby, his interests, his character.
2. What kind of bird was the phoenix? Describe it.
3. How did the phoenix come to live in Mr. Poldero's Wizard Wonderland?
4. What did you learn about Mr. Poldero and his Wizard Wonderland?
5. Why did Mr. Poldero consider the phoenix a bargain at first? Why did he change his mind later?
6. Why did he decide to set the phoenix alight?
7. How did he do the ageing?
8. How did he plan his publicity campaign? Find all the advertising phrases about the phoenix and express the same ideas in ordinary English.
9. Describe the day the phoenix burst into flames.

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Why was it Lord Strawberry and not somebody else who found the phoenix? Did he keep the birds for money?
2. How did Lord Strawberry win the phoenix's confidence? Give possible explanations.
3. Why were ornithologists interested in the phoenix? Were journalists interested in the bird for the same reasons? What about poets? Why did it make a great stir among them?
4. Why did the phoenix show no disappointment when the visits to see him became fewer? Was he vain (тщеславный)?
5. Why was a public fund opened? Could the London Zoo afford the bird?

V. Retell the text on the part of 1) Mr.Poldero, 2) a visitor of the zoo.

TEXT 29. HOW WE KEPT MOTHER'S DAY

Stephen Leacock

Dear Reader: I have experienced enough disappointing Mother's Days to be able to relate totally and get a laugh out of this article found in a very old Reader's Digest. Guess life hasn't changed all that much! Hope it makes you smile, and furthermore, I hope those who love you make your Mother's Day special indeed!

One year our family decided to have a special celebration of Mother's Day, as a token of appreciation for all the sacrifices that Mother had made for us. After breakfast we had arranged, as a surprise, to hire a car and take her for a beautiful drive in the country. Mother was rarely able to have a treat like that, because she was busy in the house nearly all the time.

But on the very morning of the day, we changed the plan a little, because it occurred to Father that it would be even better to take Mother fishing. As the car was hired and paid for, we might as well use it to drive up into the hills where the streams are. As Father said, if you just go driving you have a sense of aimlessness, but if you are going to fish there is a definite purpose that heightens the enjoyment.

So we all felt it would be nicer for Mother to have a definite purpose; and anyway, Father had just got a new fishing rod the day before, which he said Mother could use if she wanted to; only Mother said she would much rather watch him fish than try to fish herself.

So we got her to make up a sandwich lunch in case we got hungry, though of course we were to come home again to a big festive dinner.

Well, when the car came to the door, it turned out that there wasn't as much room in it as we had supposed, because we hadn't reckoned on Father's fishing gear and the lunch, and it was plain that we couldn't all get in.

Father said not to mind him, that he could just as well stay home and put in the time working in the garden. He said that we were not to

let the fact that he had not had a real holiday for three years stand in our way. He wanted us to go right ahead and not to mind him.

But of course we all felt that it would never do to let Father stay home. The two girls, Anna and Mary, would have stayed and gotten dinner, only it seemed such a pity to, on a lovely day like this, having their new hats. But they said that Mother had only to say the word and they'd gladly stay home and work. Will and I would have dropped out, but we wouldn't have been any use in getting the dinner.

So in the end it was decided that Mother would stay home and just have a lovely restful day around the house, and get the dinner. Also it turned out to be just a bit raw out-of-doors, and Father said he would never forgive himself if he dragged Mother round the country and let her take a severe cold. He said it was our duty to let Mother get all the rest and quiet she could, after all she had done for all of us, and that young people seldom realize how much quiet means to people who are getting old. He could still stand the racket, but he was glad to shelter Mother from it.

Well, we had the loveliest day up among the hills, and Father caught such big fish that he felt sure that Mother couldn't have landed them anyway, if she had been fishing for them. Will and I fished too, and the two girls met some young men friends along the stream, and so we all had a splendid time.

We sat down to a roast turkey dinner when we got back. Mother had to get up a good bit during the meal fetching things, but at the end Father said she simply mustn't do it, that he wanted her to relax, and he got up and got the walnuts from the buffet himself.

The dinner was great fun, and when it was over all of us wanted to help clear the things up and wash the dishes, only Mother said that she would do it, and so we let her, because we wanted to humor her.

It was late when it was all over, and when we kissed Mother before going to bed, she said it had been the most wonderful day in her life. Funny that there were tears in her eyes.

EXERCISES

I. Find the Russian equivalents:

as a token of appreciation, sacrifices, treat, a sense of aimlessness, heighten the enjoyment, it turned out, room, put in the time, stand in our way, drop out, stand the racket, to shelter, a good bit, fetch, to humour her.

II. Find the English equivalents:

в то самое утро, пришло на ум, поскольку машина была оплачена, с таким же успехом, ощущение бесцельности, усиливает удовольствие, охотнее, не предусмотрели, рыболовные снасти, удочка, одно только мамино слово.

III. Answer the questions.

1. What did they want to do for their Mother?
2. Why did they change the plan in the morning?
3. Could Father stay at home?
4. Why couldn't the girls stay at home?
5. Why couldn't the boys stay at home?
6. Was Mother really so weak to spend the day out-of-doors?
7. Did Mother like mentioning describing her as a person who is getting old?
8. Did they have a good time?
9. Can you describe Mother's day? What was she doing?
10. Did she relax during dinner?
11. Why were there tears in her eyes?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Is it a good idea to please your relatives only on special dates?
2. What was wrong with this holiday?
3. Can you remember a similar Mother's Day in your family?

V. Retell the text on the part of 1) the mother, 2) the father.

TEXT 30. THE TIGRESS AND HER MATE

by James Thurber

Proudfoot, a tiger, became tired of his mate, Sobra, a few weeks after they had set up housekeeping, and he fell to leaving home earlier and earlier, in the morning, and returning later and later at night. He no longer called her "Sugar Paw", or anything else, but merely clapped his paws when



he wanted anything, or, if she was upstairs, whistled. The last long speech he ever made to her at breakfast was "What the hell's the matter with you? I bring you rice and peas and coconut oil, don't I? Love is something you put away in the attic with your wedding dress. Forget it." And he finished his coffee, put down the *Jungle News*, and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Sobra asked.

"Out," he said. And after that, every time she asked him where he was going, he said, "Out", or "Away", or "Hush".

When Sobra became aware of the coming of what would have been, had she belonged to the chosen species,¹ a blessed event,² and told Proudfoot about it, he snarled, "Growp." He had now learned to talk to his mate in code, and "growp" meant "I hope the cubs grow up to be xylophone players or major generals." Then he went away, as all males do at such a moment, for he did not want to be bothered by his young until the males were old enough to box with and the females old enough to insult. While waiting for the unblessed event to take place, he spent his time fighting water buffaloes and riding around with plainclothes tigers in a prowler car.³

When he finally came home, he said to his mate, "Eeps," meaning "I'm going to hit the sack,⁴ and if the kids keep me awake by yowling I'll drown them like so many common house kittens,"⁵ Sobra stalked to the front door of their house, opened it, and said to her mate, "Scat."⁶ The fight that took place was terrible but brief. Proudfoot led with the wrong paw,⁷ was nailed with the swiftest right cross in the jungle, and never really knew where he was after that. The next morning, when the cubs, male and female, tumbled eagerly down the stairs demanding to know what they could do, their mother said, "You can go into the parlour and play with your father. He's the tiger rug just in front of the fireplace. I hope you'll like him."

The children loved him.

Moral: Never be mean to a tiger's wife, especially if you are the tiger.

NOTES

¹the chosen species (*periphr.*)—люди

²blessed event (*euphem.*) — роды

- ³prowl car — полицейская патрульная машина (игра слов: to prowl - рыскать)
- ⁴to hit the sack (*slang*) — to take a nap
- ⁵like so many . . . kittens— подобно многим
- ⁶Scat, (*colloq.*) — Вон!
- ⁷led with the wrong paw (*boxing*) — ударил не той лапой

EXERCISES

I. Find the Russian equivalents for the following:

fell to leaving home, water buffalo, become aware, snarl, yowling, stalk, tumble down, be mean.

II. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and phrases and use them in sentences or situations:

завести общее хозяйство, убирать на чердак, гостиная (общая комната), приносить горюх (кокосовое масло), надоедать кому-л., направиться к двери, какого дьявола ..., подвенечное платье, принадлежать (к), супруг(а), самец, самка, детеныши (тигрята), достаточно взрослые, не давать кому-л. спать, утопить, больше не говорил (не называл), краткое сражение, пригвоздить.

III. Answer the following questions.

1. How soon did Proudfoot become tired of his mate?
2. What did he get into the habit of doing?
3. What did he no longer call her?
4. What did he do when he wanted something?
5. What was the last long speech he ever made to her?
6. Why was his mate obviously displeased with the kind of food he brought her?
7. How did he answer his mate's questions?
8. What did Sobra become aware of one day?
9. How did Proudfoot take the news?
10. How had he learned to talk to his mate?
11. Why did he go away after learning that his mate was expecting to have cubs?
12. What shows that he didn't care to have cubs?
13. How did he spend his time while he was away from home?

14. What did he say to Sobra when he finally came home?
15. Why did Proudfoot's words have such an effect on Sobra?
16. How long did the fight last?
17. What did Sobra say when the cubs came tumbling down the stairs the next morning?
18. What's the moral of the story?

IV. Topics for discussion.

1. Trace the change in Sobra's character and account for it.
2. Give a character sketch of Proudfoot.
3. What kind of relationship does the author satirize in the fable?
4. To what extent do you find the situation outlined here typical?
5. Describe a character from a story (or novel) that Proudfoot reminds you of.

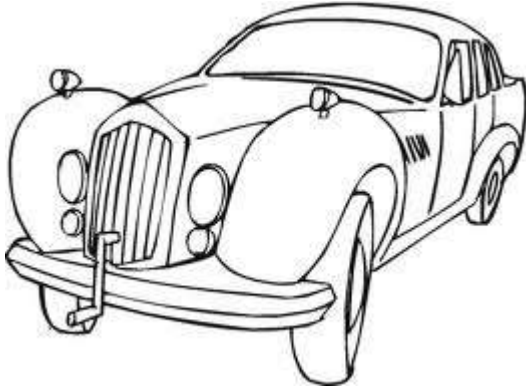
V. Retell the text using the following words and phrases:

tired of, to set up housekeeping, to fall to leaving home, no longer, merely, to clap one's paws, upstairs, to whistle, to make a speech, what the hell ..., rice, peas, coconut oil, to put away, attic, wedding dress, to start for, hush, to become aware of, to belong to, the chosen species, blessed event, to snarl, in code, to be bothered, males, females, old enough, to insult, to box with, to ride around, prowler car, finally, to keep somebody awake, to drown, like so many, to stalk, front door, fight, brief, never really knew, to tumble down the stairs, parlour, tiger rug, fireplace, to be mean to.

PART II
READING FOR UPPER-INTERMEDIATE
STUDENTS

TEXT 1. WHILE THE AUTO WAITS

O. Henry



Promptly at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half hour in which print could be accomplished.

To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its impeccancy of style and fit. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that, and there was one who knew it.

The young man who knew it hovered near, relying upon burnt sacrifices to the great joss, Luck. His piety was rewarded, for, in turning a page, her book slipped from her fingers and bounded from the bench a full yard away.

The young man pounced upon it with instant avidity, returning it to its owner with that air that seems to flourish in parks and public places - a compound of gallantry and hope, tempered with respect for the policeman on the beat. In a pleasant voice, he risked an inconsequent remark upon the weather that introductory topic responsible for so much of the world's unhappiness - and stood poised for a moment, awaiting his fate.

The girl looked him over leisurely, at his ordinary, neat dress and his features distinguished by nothing particular in the way of expression.

"You may sit down, if you like," she said, in a full, deliberate contralto. "Really, I would like to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk."

The vassal of Luck slid upon the seat by her side with complaisance.

"Do you know," he said, speaking the formula with which park chairmen open their meetings, "that you are quite the stunningest girl I have seen in along time? I had my eye on you yesterday. Didn't know

somebody was bowled over by those pretty lamps of yours, did you, honeysuckle?"

"Whoever you are," said the girl, in icy tones, "you must remember that I am a lady. I will excuse the remark you have just made because the mistake was, doubtless, not an unnatural one -- in your circle. I asked you to sit down, if the invitation must constitute me your honeysuckle, consider it withdrawn."

"I earnestly beg your pardon," pleaded the young man. His expression of satisfaction had changed to one of penitence and humility. It was my fault, you know -I mean, there are girls in parks, you know - that is, of course, you don't know, but -- "

"Abandon the subject, if you please. Of course I know. Now, tell me about these people passing and crowding, each way, along these paths. Where are they going? Why do they hurry so? Are they happy?"

The young man had promptly abandoned his air of coquetry. His cue was now for a waiting part, he could not guess the role he would be expected to play.

"It is interesting to watch them," he replied, postulating her mood. "It is the wonderful drama of life. Some are going to supper and some to -- er --other places. One wonders what their histories are."

"I do not," said the girl, "I am not so inquisitive. I come here to sit because here, only, can I hear the great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beats are never felt. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr. -- ?"

"Parkenstacker," supplied the young man. Then he looked eager and hopeful.

"No," said the girl, holding up a slender finger, and smiling slightly. "You would recognize it immediately. It is impossible to keep one's name out of print. Or even one's portrait. This veil and this hat of my maid furnish me with an incog. You should have seen the chauffeur stare at it when he thought I did not see. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in the holy of holies, and mine, by the accident of birth, is one of them. I spoke to you, Mr. Stackenpot -- "

"Parkenstacker," corrected the young man, modestly.

" -- Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk, for once, with a natural man -- one unspoiled by the despicable gloss of wealth and supposed social superiority. Oh! you do not know how weary I am of it - - money, money, money! And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all cut by the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure,

of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds." "I always had an idea," ventured the young man, hesitatingly, "that money must be a pretty good thing."

"A competence is to be desired. But when you leave so many millions that -- !" She concluded the sentence with a gesture of despair. "It is the monotony of it" she continued, "that palls. Drives, dinners, theatres, balls, suppers, with the gilding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad."

Mr. Parkenstacker looked ingenuously interested.

"I have always liked," he said, "to read and hear about the ways of wealthy and fashionable folks. I suppose I am a bit of a snob. But I like to have my information accurate. Now, I had formed the opinion that champagne is cooled in the bottle and not by placing ice in the glass."

The girl gave a musical laugh of genuine amusement.

"You should know," she explained, in an indulgent tone, "that we of the non-useful class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent. Just now it is a fad to put ice in champagne. The idea was originated by a visiting Prince of Tartary while dining at the Waldorf. It will soon give way to some other whim. Just as at a dinner party this week on Madison Avenue a green kid glove was laid by the plate of each guest to be put on and used while eating olives."

"I see," admitted the young man, humbly.

"These special diversions of the inner circle do not become familiar to the common public."

"Sometimes," continued the girl, acknowledging his confession of error by a slight bow, "I have thought that if I ever should love a man it would be one of lowly station. One who is a worker and not a drone. But, doubtless, the claims of caste and wealth will prove stronger than my inclination. Just now I am besieged by two. One is a Grand Duke of a German principality. I think he has, or has had, a wife, somewhere, driven mad by his intemperance and cruelty. The other is an English Marquis, so cold and mercenary that I even prefer the diabolism of the Duke. What is it that impels me to tell you these things, Mr. Packenstacker?"

"Parkenstacker," breathed the young man. "Indeed, you cannot know how much I appreciate your confidences."

The girl contemplated him with the calm, impersonal regard that befitted the difference in their stations.

"What is your line of business, Mr. Parkenstacker?" she asked.

"A very humble one. But I hope to rise in the world. Were you really in earnest when you said that you could love a man of lowly position?"

"Indeed I was. But I said 'might.' There is the Grand Duke and the Marquis, you know. Yes, no calling could be too humble were the man what I would wish him to be." "I work," declared Mr. Parkenstacker, "in a restaurant."

The girl shrank slightly.

"Not as a waiter?" she said, a little imploringly. "Labor is noble, but personal attendance, you know -- valets and -- "

"I am not a waiter. I am cashier in" -- on the street they faced that bounded the opposite side of the park was the brilliant electric sign "RESTAURANT" -- "I am cashier in that restaurant you see there."

The girl consulted a tiny watch set in a bracelet of rich design upon her left wrist, and rose, hurriedly. She thrust her book into a glittering reticule suspended from her waist, for which, however, the book was too large.

"Why are you not at work?" she asked.

"I am on the night turn," said the young man, it is yet an hour before my period begins. May I not hope to see you again?"

"I do not know. Perhaps - but the whim may not seize me again. I must go quickly now. There is a dinner, and a box at the play -- and, oh! the same old round. Perhaps you noticed an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body.

"And red running gear?" asked the young man, knitting his brows reflectively.

"Yes. I always come in that. Pierre waits for me there. He supposes me to be shopping in the department store across the square. Conceive of the bondage of the life wherein we must deceive even our chauffeurs. Good-night."

"But it is dark now," said Mr. Parkenstacker, "and the park is full of rude men. May I not walk -- "

"If you have the slightest regard for my wishes, "said the girl, firmly, "you will remain at this bench for ten minutes after I have left. I do not mean to accuse you, but you are probably aware that autos generally bear the monogram of their owner. Again, good-night"

Swift and stately she moved away through the dusk. The young man watched her graceful form as she reached the pavement at the park's

edge, and turned up along it toward the corner where stood the automobile. Then he treacherously and unhesitatingly began to dodge and skim among the park trees and shrubbery in a course parallel to her route, keeping her well in sight.

When she reached the corner she turned her head to glance at the motor car, and then passed it, continuing on across the street. Sheltered behind a convenient standing cab, the young man followed her movements closely with his eyes. Passing down the sidewalk of the street opposite the park, she entered the restaurant with the blazing sign. The place was one of those frankly glaring establishments, all white, paint and glass, where one may dine cheaply and conspicuously. The girl penetrated the restaurant to some retreat at its rear, whence she quickly emerged without her hat and veil.

The cashier's desk was well to the front. A red-head girl at the stool climbed down, glancing pointedly at the clock as she did so. The girl in gray mounted in her place.

The young man thrust his hands into his pockets and walked slowly back along the sidewalk. At the corner his foot struck a small, paper-covered volume lying there, sending it sliding to the edge of the turf. By its picturesque cover he recognized it as the book the girl had been reading. He picked it up carelessly, and saw that its title was "New Arabian Nights," the author being of the name of Stevenson. He dropped it again upon the grass, and lounged, irresolute, for a minute. Then he stepped into the automobile, reclined upon the cushions, and said two words to the chauffeur:

"Club, Henri."

EXERCISES

I. Find the Russian equivalents:

there was yet to come a half hour, instant avidity, air that seems to flourish in parks, on the beat, consider it withdrawn, postulating her mood, furnish me with an incog, the despicable gloss of wealth, departure from precedent, a fad, whim, diversions of the inner circle, acknowledging his confession of error, to keep one's name out of print, a drone, a box at the play, running gear, the bondage of the life, to dodge, frankly glaring establishments.

II. Find the English equivalents:

с началом сумерек, разобрать шрифт, безупречность стиля, вуаль в крупную сетку, полагаясь на подношения великому божееству, его благочестие было вознаграждено, с почтительностью, раскаяние, оставим тему, бьющееся сердце человечества, предположить, честно говоря, по праву рождения, неподдельное изумление, ценю Ваше доверие, в ночную смену, засунул руки в карманы, постоял в нерешительности.

III. Find the expressions in the text with the same meaning as those below:

very boldly, waiting to see what would happen to him, to avoid newspaper publicity, a person with too much respect for money and position, I like to get my facts right, the highest levels of society, an idle person, to get on in life, the same boring series of activities, leaned back in comfort.

IV. Answer the questions on the story.

1. What subject did the young man choose for his first remark to the girl in gray?
2. Why did the girl invite him to sit down upon the bench?
3. Why did he change his manner of speaking to her?
4. What did the girl want him to tell her about?
5. What reason did she give for not telling him who she was?
6. What did she say about her way of life and her attitude to it?
7. What did the young man tell her about his position in life and why did he tell her this?
8. Why did she ask him to stay in the park when she left?
9. How did the other girl make clear to her that she was late on duty?
10. What does the last sentence of the story tell us about the young man?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. What is the significance in the story of the book that she had been reading?
2. How does this story illustrate O. Henry's ability to invent a clever plot?
3. Have you ever been tempted to pretend that you were someone else?

4. These are two tests of a good 'surprise' ending: (a) you should not be able to see it coming. (b) when you think over the story again, you realise that you should have seen it coming, as there were plenty of clues. Does *While the Auto Waits* satisfy these tests? What clues to the ending are given?

TEXT 2. A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA

Arthur Conan Doyle

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage separated us from each other. I was very happy with my family while Holmes remained in our flat in Baker Street, with his old books. He was still interested in the study of crime and managed to find those clues and clear up those mysteries, which had been thought as hopeless by the police. From time to time I heard of him and was very proud of my friend.



One night — it was on the 20th of March, 1888 — I was coming home from work (because I had now returned to civil practice), and I was walking through Baker Street. As I passed the well-known door, I felt a great desire to see Holmes again and know how he was. His rooms were brightly lit and I saw his tall figure walking about the room. As I knew him well I saw that he was at work again. I rang the bell and was shown up to the room that used to be my own. I think Holmes was glad to see me. Without a word he waved me to an arm-chair. Then he stood before the fire and looked me over carefully.

"I think, Watson, you have put on weight since I saw you," he said. "I see you have been getting yourself wet lately, and that you have a very careless servant girl."

"My dear Holmes," I was surprised, "this is too much. I really had a walk to the country and came home very dirty; but as I have changed my clothes, I can't understand how you deduce it. As to our maid she is really careless, but how do you know?"

He laughed quietly and rubbed his hands together.

"It is very simple," said he, "my eyes tell me that you have some parallel cuts on your left shoe. I think they have been made by someone who tried to remove mud from it carelessly. This makes me think that you had been out in bad weather. And I also see a black mark of nitrate of silver on your finger and you smell of iodoform, that's why I understand you started your medical practice."

I could not keep from laughing listening to his explanations of his process of deduction.

"When you give your reasons," I remarked, "everything is so clear to me that I could easily do it myself. But I am always baffled¹, until you explain your process. And yet I am sure I have as good eyes as you do."

"Quite right," he agreed, lighting a cigarette and sitting down into an arm-chair. "You see, but you do not notice. Do you see the difference? For example, you have often seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room."

"Yes."

"How often?" "Well, hundreds of times." "Then how many are there?" "I don't know."

"That's right! You have seen but have not noticed. But I know that there are seventeen steps there. By the way, since you are interested in these little cases, you may be interested in one more." He gave me a sheet of thick pink paper, which had been lying on the table. "It came by post. Read it aloud," he said.

There was no date on the paper, it was either without address.

"At a quarter to eight o'clock you'll have a visitor," it said, "a gentleman who wants to consult you on the matter of great importance². Your help to one of the Royal Houses of Europe have shown that you may safely be trusted. This account of you we have from all quarters received¹. Be at home at that hour and do not take it the wrong way if the visitor wear a mask."

"It's a real mystery," I said. "What does it mean?"

"I don't know yet. It's a mistake to make conclusions when you know nothing. But as for the note, what do you think of it?"

I looked carefully at the writing and the paper.

"The man who wrote it was rich," I remarked, imitating my friend's explanations. "Such paper is not cheap. It is strong and stiff."

"Yes," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Raise it up to the light."

I did so, and saw large and small letters.

"What do you think of it?"

"It's the name of the maker, of course."

"No. The *G* with the small *t* means the word "Company" in German. *P*, of course, stands for "Papier". Now for the *Eg*. Let's look at our reference book." He took a heavy brown book from the shelves. "Eglow, Eglonitz — here we are, Egria. It is a place in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'It is famous for its glass factories and paper mills.' So what can you say now?"

"The paper was made in Bohemia," I said.

"Exactly. And the man who wrote it is a German. I can say that seeing this odd construction of the sentence — 'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' The only thing is to find out what this strange German wants. And here he comes."

"I think that I'd better go, Holmes."

"No, Doctor. Stay here. I am sure this case is interesting."

"But your client"

"Never mind him. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and be all ears."

Heavy-steps, which had been heard on the stairs, paused outside the door. Then there was a loud tap.

"Come in!" said Holmes.

A very tall man with the chest and limbs of a Hercules entered the room. He wore a black mask across the upper part of his face. Looking at the lower part of his face I understood he was a man of strong character.

"Have you got my note?" he asked, in a harsh voice with a strong German accent. He looked from one to the other of us, hesitating which to address.

"Please, take a seat," said Holmes. "This is my friend, Dr. Watson, who is very kind to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?"

"I am the Count von Kramm from Bohemia. I hope that your friend is a man whom I may trust?"

"You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

"Then I begin," the Count said, "I ask you to keep this secret for two years. As this case may change European history."

"I promise," said Holmes.

"And I."

"Excuse me this mask," our strange visitor went on. "The august person I work for wants his agent to be unknown to you. The name I've told you is not my real name."

"I know it," said Holmes.

Our visitor glanced with surprise at the man who had been told to be the most clever and energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly opened his eyes and looked impatiently at the client.

"If Your Majesty would start telling your problem," he remarked, "I should be better able to advise you."

The man jumped from his chair and walked up and down the room excitedly. Then he tore his mask from his face. "You are right," he cried, "I am the King."

"Yes," murmured Holmes. "Your Majesty had not spoken before I knew that I was addressing Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, and the King of Bohemia."

"But you can understand that I never did such things personally. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not tell it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come to consult you."

"Then, do consult," said Holmes closing his eyes again.

"About five years ago, during a visit to Warsaw, I met Irene Adler. I am sure you know this name."

"Doctor, please look her up in my index," murmured Holmes, without opening his eyes. For many years he gathered all kinds of information about people and things. If he needed, he had everything about someone immediately. In this case I found her biography quickly.

"Let me see," said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in 1858. Hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw — Yes! Living in London — quite so! Your Majesty as I understand fell for this woman,² wrote to her some letters and now you want those letters back."

"Yes. But how..."

"Was there a secret marriage?"

"No."

"No legal papers?" "No."

"Then I don't understand. If this young woman should use her letters for blackmailing, how can she prove that they are real?"

"My writing." "Copied."

"My private paper."

"Stolen."

"My own seal."

"Imitated."

"My photograph."

"Bought."

"We were both in the photograph." "Oh, dear! That's very bad. Your Majesty has made a mistake."

"I was mad."

"It must be got back."

"We have tried and failed."

"It must be bought. Pay to her."

"She will not sell."

"Stolen, then."

"Five attempts have been unsuccessful." Holmes laughed. "It is quite a pretty little problem," said he.

"But a very serious for me," returned the King.

"I see. And what is she going to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"But how?"

"I am going to marry."

"Yes, I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. They have very strict principles. A shadow of a doubt as to my behaviour would put an end to our marriage."

"And Irene Adler?"

"She says she will send them the photograph. And she will do it, because she has a soul of steel."³

"Are you sure that she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"Why?"

"She has said that she would send it on the day when the engagement was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday."

"Oh, we have three days yet," said Holmes. "That is good, as I have some important matters to look into. Will you stay in London?"

"Certainly. You can find me at the Langham, under the name of the Count von Kramm." "I shall inform you." "Please do." "Then, as to money?" "You have full freedom." "And for present expenses?"

The King took a heavy leather bag from under his cloak, and laid it on the table.

"There are three hundred pounds in gold, and seven hundred in notes," he said.

Holmes wrote a receipt on a sheet of his notebook, and handed it to him.

"And her address?" he asked.

"Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St. John's Wood."

Holmes wrote it down. "Then good night, Your Majesty. And good night, Watson. If you will be so kind to come tomorrow, at three o'clock, I should like to discuss this matter over with you."

At three o'clock I was at Baker Street, but Holmes was still out. I sat down beside the fire as I wanted to wait for my friend. I liked his system of work and methods he used, so I was always glad to help him.

It was almost four o'clock when the door opened, and a drunken-looking groom with a red face and poor clothes walked into the room. I had to look three times before I recognized him. He nodded to me and went to the bedroom to change his clothes. He stretched out his legs in front of the fire, and laughed for some time.

"What is it?"

"It's very funny. I bet you never guess how I spent my morning."

"I think you have been watching the house of Miss Irene Adler."

"You are right. I left the house a little after eight o'clock in the morning, in the character of a groom looking for work. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is an elegant villa, with a garden at the back. Large sitting-room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor. I walked round it and looked carefully, but didn't notice anything interesting. I talked to horsemen and got as much information as I could wish about Miss Adler."

"And what of her?"

"She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five o'clock every day, and comes back at seven. She doesn't often go out at other time. Has only one male visitor,¹ but very often. He is dark and handsome. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton, he stays at the Inner Temple. When I had found out everything, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge. I had to work out a good plan.

"Godfrey Norton was a lawyer. What was the relation between them? Was she his client or his friend? If the former, she had probably given the photograph to him. If the latter she hadn't. On the answer to

this question depended whether I should continue my work at her house, or watch the man's place. I know I say many details but I want you to see my difficulties."

"Go on," I answered.

"Some time later a cab drove up to Briony Lodge and a very handsome man jumped out. He was in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait and entered the house.

"He was there for about thirty minutes, and I could see him in the windows of the sitting-room, walking up and down, talking excitedly. I didn't see her. Then he came out, stepped up to the cab and said, 'Drive like the devil to the Church of St. Monica in the Edgware Road.'

"Then some minutes later a little nice landau drove up the house and she ran out of the door and into it.

"The Church of St. Monica, John,' she cried.

"And I knew I had to follow her. At that moment a cab came through the street. I jumped in and repeated the words I had heard twice. My cabby drove fast. The cab and the landau were in front of the church door when I arrived. The church was empty except those two whom I had followed and a clergyman. They were all three standing in front of the altar. I pretended to be just a visitor who has dropped into a church. Suddenly Godfrey Norton ran quickly towards me.

"Come with me. Come!' he cried.

"What then?' I asked.

"Come, man, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal.'

"So I became their witness. That was the thing that made me laugh. My lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to go out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I'm going to wear it on my watch-chain in memory of this day."

"This is a very unexpected turn of affairs," said I, "and what then?"

"It looks as if the pair might run away immediately, so I have to do something quickly. At the church door they separated, he went back to the Temple, and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. These were the only words I heard. They drove away in different directions, and I went my own way."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to have some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered. "I have been too busy to think of food and suppose I'll be more busier tonight. By the way, Doctor, I'll need your help."

"I'll help you with pleasure."

"I was sure that I might rely on you."

"But can you tell me the details?"

"When Mrs. Hudson has brought in the food⁴ I will explain them to you. Now," he said beginning to eat, "I have only time to discuss it when I eat. It's nearly five now. In two hours we must be at the place. Miss Irene, or Madame, returns from her drive at seven. We must meet her."

"And what then?"

"Leave everything to me. There is only one thing I want you to remember. You must not interfere." "Am I to be neutral?"

"You are to do nothing. I must be conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes later, the sitting-room window will open. You must stand near the window."

"Yes."

"You are to watch me." "Yes."

"When I raise my hand — so — you will throw into the room what I give you to throw and, at the same time, cry of fire. Do you understand?"

"Certainly."

"It is just a plumber's smoke rocket, with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is this. When you raise your cry of fire, a number of people will shout with you. Then you walk to the end of the street, and I'll catch you up in ten minutes. Is it clear?"

"Yes. You may rely on me."

"That is very good. Now I have a new role to play."

He went to his bedroom, and returned a few moments later. He was dressed like a clergyman.

It was a quarter past six when we left Baker Street and some time later found ourselves in Serpentine-avenue. The house was such as I'd imagined it from Sherlock Holmes' description.⁵ The street was rather busy. There was a group of poor-dressed men smoking in a corner, a scissors-grinder, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse-girl, and several well-dressed young men.

"Now," remarked Holmes, when we walked in front of the house, "the question is — where are we going to look for a photograph?"

"Where really?"

"I am sure she doesn't carry it with her. It may be her banker or her lawyer who keep it. But I think that women have the habit of keeping things secret and they like to do their own secreting themselves. So it must be in her own house."

"But it has twice been burgled."

"Well, they did not know where to look."

"But where will you look?"

"I will get her to show me. Now follow my instructions. I hear her carriage."

As he spoke the carriage came up to the house. It was a nice little landau. One of the loafing men ran forward to open the door, hoping to get some money, but was pushed away by another man who wanted to do the same. They began to fight and the guardsmen and the scissors grinder took both sides. A blow was struck and the lady was in the centre of fighting men who beat each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes ran forward to help the lady; but suddenly he cried and fell down.

The blood was running down his face. Just then the fighters took to their heels⁴ in different directions, while some well-dressed men gathered to help. Irene Adler had hurried up the steps, but then stopped and turned back.

"How is the poor gentleman?" she asked.

"He is dead," someone said.

"No, no, he's still alive," shouted another, "but he may die soon."

"He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in?"

"Certainly. Take him into the sitting-room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please."

So, Holmes found himself in the main room, and I was watching from my post near the window. I could see him lay upon the sofa. I took the smoke rocket.

Holmes had sat up upon the sofa, and I saw him motion like a man who needed fresh air. A maid opened the window. At the same moment I saw him raise his hand, and I threw the rocket into the room with a cry of "Fire!" Everybody who was in the street started shouting "Fire!" I saw rushing figures in the room, and a moment later I heard the voice of my friend, saying that it was a false alarm. I made my way to the corner of the street, and ten minutes later my friend caught me up and we went home.

"You did it nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "It is all right."

"Do you have the photograph?"

"I know where it is. She showed me."

"I don't understand."

"The matter was very simple," he said laughing. "You, of course, noticed that people in the street helped us a lot. I engaged them for the evening."

"I understood."

"When the fight broke out, I ran forward having a little moist red paint in my hand and clapped it to my face. It is not a new trick. They carried me into the house. They put me on a sofa in the sitting-room, the very room I needed. Then I pretended that I was in want of air, and you did your work well."

"How did it help you?"

"You see, when a woman thinks that her house is on fire, she saves her dearest thing. And our lady had nothing in the house more dear to her than the photograph. It is in the recess behind a sliding-panel. She was there in a moment and I even saw the photograph. When I calmed them down she replaced it and left the room. I excused and left the house. First I wanted to take the photograph, but one of her servants had come in and was watching me, so I decided to wait."

"And what now?" I asked.

"The case is almost over. I let the King know and we'll go there tomorrow. We will be shown into the sitting-room to wait for the lady, and His Majesty may take it with his own hands."

"When are we to go?"

"At eight o'clock in the morning. I must send a telegram to the King right now."

We had got to Baker Street, and had stopped at the door. At that moment someone passing said: "Good night, Mister Sherlock Holmes." These words came from a young man who had hurried by.

"I know that voice," said Holmes, looking at the street. "I wonder who that could have been."

I slept at Baker Street that night, and we were sitting down to our breakfast when the King of Bohemia entered the room.

"You have done it!" he cried. "Not yet."

"But you have hopes." "Yes."

"Let's go. I'm very impatient."

We came down and went for Briony Lodge.

"Irene Adler is married," said Holmes.

"When?"

"Yesterday. To an English lawyer named Norton." "But she could not love him." "I hope that she does." "But why?"

"Because if the lady loves her husband she does not love Your Majesty. And she would never interfere with Your Majesty's plans."

"You are right."

The door of Briony Lodge was open, and there was an elderly woman on the steps. She watched us as we stepped from the cab.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" asked she.

"I am Mr. Holmes," answered my friend with surprise.

"My mistress told me you were going to come. She left this morning with her husband from Charing Cross, for the Continent."

"Do you mean that she has left England?"

"Exactly."

"All is lost," cried the King.

"We shall see." Holmes ran into the sitting-room, with me and the King following him. He pulled a sliding-panel and took out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in an evening dress, the letter was signed to 'Sherlock Holmes'. My friend opened it and we all read it together. It ran in this way:

*'My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes — you were really wonderful. I almost believed you. But after alarm of fire, when I found how I betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you long ago. And your address had been given to me. When I became suspicious I ran upstairs, put on my male clothes, and followed you to your house. So I was sure that I had been visited by a famous Sherlock Holmes. I wished you good night and went to my husband. We decided to run away, so you will find the nest empty. As to the photograph, your client may be sure that I will not use it. I leave a photograph which he might like to have. Very truly yours,
Irene Adler.'*

"I am sorry that I have not been able to bring Your Majesty's case to a more successful end."

"Oh, my dear sir," cried the King. "Don't worry. I know I can trust her word. The photograph is safe now."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Tell me how can I thank you. This ring..."

"Your Majesty has something which I should value more, said Holmes.

"You just say."

"This photograph!"

The King was very surprised. "Irene's photograph!" he cried. "If you wish it."

"Thank you very much. Then there is no more to be done in this case. I have the honour to wish you a very good morning." He bowed and we went out of the room.

And that was how a scandal threatened to ruin the King of Bohemia, and how a famous Mr. Sherlock Holmes was beaten by a woman. He used to laugh at the cleverness of women, but I have not heard him to do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, it is always under the title of *the* woman.

NOTES

¹This account of you we have from all quarters received — Так вы охарактеризованы во всех имеющихся источниках.

²fell for this woman — влюбились в эту женщину.

³a soul of steel — непреклонна.

⁴took to their heels — разбежались.

EXERCISES

I. Replace the italicized words and word combinations with a synonym from the box in an appropriate form.

<i>to inform smb</i>	<i>to be all ears</i>	<i>to take a seat</i>	
<i>to consult</i>	<i>to be unsigned</i>	<i>cheap</i>	<i>from time to time</i>
<i>to enter</i>	<i>without opening one's eyes</i>		

1. *Sometimes* I heard of him and was very proud of my friend.
2. There were *neither date nor name* on the paper.
3. "Sit down in that arm-chair, Doctor, and *listen carefully.*"
4. A very tall man *came into* the room.
5. "Please, look her up in my index," said Holmes *with his eyes closed.*
6. We shall *let you know.*
7. Such paper is *expensive.*
8. "I *want you to advise me,*" he said.
9. "Please, *sit down,*" said Holmes.

II. Find in the story the English equivalents for the following words and phrases:

Интересоваться чём-л., время от времени, это уже слишком, потер руки, кстати, проконсультироваться по (какому-л. вопросу), делать выводы, прославиться чём-л., присаживайтесь, взволнованно, ошибаться, обсудить это дело с вами, грубым голосом.

III. Answer the following questions.

1. Why had Watson seen little of Holmes?
2. What did Watson feel on the 20th of March?
3. What conclusions did the two friends make when they had examined the paper?
4. How did the visitor react when Holmes had called him by his real name?
5. What was the visitor's problem?
6. Why did the King want the photograph back?
7. How much money did he give to Holmes?
8. Why did Holmes want Watson to come the next day?
9. Who came at four o'clock? Why did he need to change his clothes?
10. What information could Holmes get and where?
11. Who was Irene's visitor? Why was he in a great hurry?
12. Where did they go some time later?
13. What surprised Holmes and made him laugh?
14. What were Holmes' instructions given to Watson?
15. What happened in the evening?
16. How did Holmes find the place where the photograph was?
17. Did Holmes help the King?
18. What was the letter they got about?

IV, Discuss the following.

1. Do you agree that Holmes was beaten by a woman?
2. Why did he call Irene "the woman"?
3. What is the process of deduction?

TEXT 3. THE FLOCK OF GERYON¹

A. Christie

"I really apologize for bothering you, M. Poirot."

Miss Carnaby leaned forward, looking anxiously into Poirot's face. She said: "You do remember me, don't you?"

Hercule Poirot smiled. He said: "I remember you as one of the most successful criminals that I have ever met."

"Oh dear me, M. Poirot, must you really say such things? You were so kind to me. Emily and I often talk about you, and if we see anything about you in the paper we cut it out at once. As for Augustus, we have taught him a new trick. We say, 'Die for M. Hercule Poirot,' and he goes down and lies like a log."

"I'm gratified," said Poirot. "He is so clever. But what has brought you here, Miss Carnaby?"

Miss Carnaby's nice round face grew worried and sad. She said: "Oh M. Poirot, I was going to consult you. I have been anxious lately about a friend of mine. Of course, you may say it is all an old maid's fancy—just imagination."

"I do not think you would imagine things, Miss Carnaby. Tell me what worries you."

"Well, I have a friend, a very dear friend, though I have not seen very much of her lately. Her name is Emmeline Clegg. She married a man and he died a few years ago leaving her a big sum of money. She was unhappy and lonely after his death and I am afraid she is in some ways a rather foolish woman. Religion, M. Poirot, can be a great help and consolation—but not these odd sects there are so many around. They have a kind of emotional appeal but sometimes I have very grave doubts as to whether there are any true religious feelings behind them at all."

"You think your friend has become a victim of a sect of this kind?"

"I do. Oh! I certainly do. The Flock of the Shepherd,² they call themselves. Their headquarters is in Devonshire—a very lovely estate by the sea. The whole sect centres round the head of the movement, the Great Shepherd, he is called. A Dr. Andersen. A very handsome



man, I believe."

"Which is attractive to the women, yes?"

"I am afraid so," Miss Carnaby sighed.

"Are the members of the sect mostly women?"

"At least three quarters of them, I think. It is upon the women that the success of the movement depends and— and on the funds they supply."

"Ah," said Poirot. "Now I see. Frankly, you think the whole thing is a ramp?"

"Frankly, M. Poirot, I do. And another thing worries me. I know that my poor friend is so devoted to this religion that she has recently made a will leaving all her property to the movement. What really worries me is—" "Yes—go on—"

"Several very rich women have been among the devotees. In the last year three of them have died." "Leaving all their money to this sect?" "Yes."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully. Miss Carnaby hurried on: "Of course I've no right to suggest anything at all. From what I have been able to find out, there was nothing wrong about any of these deaths. One, I believe, was pneumonia following influenza and another was attributed to gastric ulcer. There were absolutely no suspicious circumstances and the deaths did not take place in Devonshire, but at their own homes. I've no doubt it is quite all right, but all the same—I—well—I shouldn't like anything to happen to Emmie." Poirot was silent for some minutes. Then he said: "Will you give me, or will you find out for me, the names and addresses of these members of the sect who have recently died?" "Yes indeed, M. Poirot."

Poirot said slowly:

"Mademoiselle, I think you are a woman of great courage and determination. Will you be able to do a piece of work that may be associated with considerable danger?"

"I should like nothing better," said the adventurous Miss Carnaby.

Poirot said warningly:

"If there is a risk at all, it will be a great one. You understand—either this is all a mare's nest³ or it is serious. To find out which it is, it will be necessary for you yourself to become a member of the Great Flock. You'll pretend to be a rich woman with no definite aim in life. You'll allow your friend Emmeline to persuade - you to go down to

Devonshire. And there you will fall a victim to the magnetic power of Dr. Andersen. I think I can leave that to you?"

Miss Carnaby smiled modestly. She murmured: "I think I can manage that all right."

"Well, my friend, what have you got for me? Have you learned anything about this Dr. Andersen?"

Chief Inspector Japp looked thoughtfully at Poirot. He said: "I've looked up Dr. Andersen's past history. He was a promising chemist but was expelled from some German University. He was always keen on the study of Oriental Myths and Religions and has written various articles on the subject—some of the articles sound pretty crazy to me."

"So it is possible that he is a genuine fanatic?"

"It seems quite likely."

"What about those names and addresses I gave you?"

"Nothing suspicious there. Miss Everitte died of ulcerative colitis. Mrs. Lloyd died of pneumonia. Lady Western died of tuberculosis. Had suffered from it many years ago. Miss Lee died of typhoid somewhere in the north of England. There is nothing to connect these deaths with the Great Flock or with Andersen's place down in Devonshire. Must be no more than coincidence."

Hercule Poirot sighed. He said:

"And yet, mon cher, I have a feeling that this Dr. Andersen is the Monster Geryon whom it is my mission to destroy."

Hercule Poirot said:

"You must obey my instructions very carefully, Miss Carnaby. You understand?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Poirot. You may rely on me."

"You have spoken of your intention to benefit the sect?" "Yes, Mr. Poirot, I spoke to the Master—excuse me, to Dr. Andersen, myself. I told him very emotionally how I had come to Flock and remained to believe. Really it seemed quite natural to say all these things. Dr. Andersen, you know, has a lot of magnetic charm."

"So I think," said Hercule Poirot dryly.

"His manner was most convincing. One really feels he doesn't care about money at all. "Give what you can," he said smiling. "It does not matter. You are one of the Flock just the same." "Oh, Dr. Andersen," I said, "I am not poor at all." And then I explained that I had inherited a considerable amount of money from a distant relative and that I wanted

to leave in my will all I had to the Brotherhood. I explained that I had no near relatives."

"And he accepted the gift?"

"He was very indifferent about it. Said it would be many long years before I died, that he could tell I had a long life of joy in front of me. He really speaks most movingly."

"So it seems."

Poirot's tone was dry. He went on: "You mentioned your health?"

"Yes, Mr. Poirot, I told him I had lung trouble, though why it is necessary for me to say that I am ill when my lungs are as sound as a bell I really cannot see." "Be sure it is necessary. You mentioned your friend?" "Yes. I told him strictly confidentially that dear Emmeline, besides the fortune she had inherited from her husband, would inherit an even larger sum shortly from an aunt who was deeply attached to her."

"Good. That must keep Mrs. Clegg safe for some time."

"Oh, Mr. Poirot, do you really think there is anything wrong?"

"That is what I am going to find out. Have you met a Mr. Cole at the Sanctuary?"

"There was a Mr. Cole there last time I went down to Devonshire. A most extraordinary man. He wears grass-green shorts and eats nothing but cabbage. He is a very ardent believer."

"All progresses well—I make you my compliments on the work you have done—all is now set for the Autumn Festival."

On the afternoon preceding the Festival Miss Carnaby met Hercule Poirot in a small restaurant. Miss Carnaby was flushed and even more breathless than usual.

Poirot asked several questions to which she replied only "yes" or "no". Then he said: "Good. You know what you have to do?"

There was a moment's pause before Miss Carnaby said in a rather odd voice: "I know what you told me, Mr. Poirot." "Very good."

Then Amy Carnaby said clearly and distinctly: "But I am not going to do it."

Hercule Poirot stared at her. Miss Carnaby rose to her feet. Her voice was fast and hysterical.

"You sent me here to spy on Dr. Andersen. You suspected him of all sorts of things. But he is a wonderful man—a great Teacher. I believe in him heart and soul. And I am not going to do your spying work any more, M. Poirot. I am one of the Sheep of the Shepherd. And I'll pay for my tea myself."

With these words Miss Carnaby threw down one shilling and rushed out of the restaurant.

The waitress had to ask him twice before Poirot realized that she was giving him the bill. He met the curious stare of an unfriendly looking man at the next table, flushed, paid the bill and went out.

The Sheep were assembled for the traditional festival.

The Festival took place in the white concrete building called by the Sheep the Sacred Fold. Here the devotees assembled just before the setting of the sun. They wore sheep-skin cloaks and had sandals on their feet. Their - arms were bare. In the centre of the Fold on a raised platform stood Dr. Andersen. The big man, golden-haired and blue-eyed, with his fair beard and handsome profile had never seemed more magnificent. He was dressed in a green robe and carried a shepherd's crook of gold.

The ritual questions and answers had been chanted.

Then the Great Shepherd said:

"Are you prepared for the Sacrament?"

"We are."

"Shut your eyes and hold out your right arm."

The crowd obediently shut their eyes. Miss Carnaby like the rest held her arm out in front of her. The Great Shepherd, magnificent in his green robe, moved along the waiting lines... He stood by Miss Carnaby. His hands touched her arm...

"No, you won't do it!"

Mr. Cole aided by another devotee grasped the hand of the Great Shepherd who was struggling to get himself free. In rapid professional tones, the former Mr. Cole was saying: "Dr. Andersen, I have here a warrant for your arrest."

There were other figures now at the door of the Sheep Fold—blue uniformed figures.

Someone cried, "It's the police. They're taking the Master away. They're taking the Master..."

Everyone was shocked—horrified... To them the Great Shepherd was a martyr, suffering, as all great teachers, from the ignorance and persecution of the outside world.

Meanwhile Detective Inspector Cole was carefully packing up the syringe that had fallen from the Great Shepherd's hand.

"My brave colleague!"

Poirot shook Miss Carnaby warmly by the hand and introduced her to Chief Inspector Japp.

"First class work, Miss Carnaby," said Chief Inspector Japp. "We couldn't have done it without you."

"Oh dear!" Miss Carnaby was flattered. "It's so kind of you to say so. And I'm afraid, that I've really enjoyed it all. The excitement, you know, and playing my part. I really felt I was one of those foolish women."

"That's where your success lay," said Japp. "You were very genuine. Otherwise you wouldn't have been hypnotized by that gentleman. He's a pretty smart scoundrel."

Miss Carnaby turned to Poirot.

"That was a terrible moment in the restaurant. I didn't know what to do. It was such a shock. Just when we had been talking confidentially I saw in the glass that Lipscomb, who keeps the Lodge of the Sanctuary,⁴ was sitting at the table behind me. I don't know now if it was an accident or if he had actually followed me. I had to do the best I could in this situation and hope that you would understand."

Poirot smiled.

"I did understand. There was only one person sitting near enough to overhear anything we said and as soon as I left the restaurant I followed him. He went straight back to the Sanctuary. So I understood that I could rely on you and that you would not let me down—but I was afraid because it increased the danger for you."

"Was—was there really danger? What was there in the syringe?"

Japp said: "Will you explain or shall I?" Poirot said gravely:

"Mademoiselle, this Dr. Andersen devised a scheme of exploitation and murder—scientific murder. Most of his life has been spent in bacteriological research. Under a different name he has a chemical laboratory in Sheffield. There he makes cultures of various bacilli. It was his practice at the Festivals to inject into his followers a small but sufficient dose of Cannabis Indica—which is also known by the name of Hashish. It gives the sensation of great and pleasurable enjoyment. It bound his devotees to him. These were the Spiritual Joys that he promised them."

"Most remarkable," said Miss Carnaby. "Really a most remarkable sensation." Hercule Poirot nodded.

"That was the secret of his popularity—a dominating personality, the power of creating mass hysteria and the reactions produced by this drug. But he had a second aim in view."

"Lonely women made wills leaving their money to the Cult. One by one, these women died. Without being too technical I will try to explain. It is possible to make intensified cultures of certain bacteria. The bacillus Coli Communis, for instance, is the cause of ulcerative colitis. Typhoid bacilli can be introduced into the system. So can the Pneumococcus. You realize the cleverness of the man? These deaths would occur in different parts of the country, with different doctors attending them and without any risk of arousing suspicion.

"He's a devil, if there ever was one," said Chief Inspector Japp.

Poirot went on.

"By my orders, you told him that you suffered from tuberculosis. There was a tuberculin in the syringe when Cole arrested him. It is harmless to a healthy person but stimulates any old tubercular lesion into activity. Since you were a healthy person it would not have harmed you, that is why I asked you to tell him you had suffered from a tubercular trouble. I was afraid that even now he might choose some other germ, but I respected your courage and I had to let you take the risk."

"Oh, that's all right," said Miss Carnaby brightly. "I don't mind taking risks. I'm only frightened of bulls in fields and things like that. But have you enough evidence to convict this dreadful person?"

Japp grinned. "Plenty of evidence," he said. "We've got his laboratory and his cultures and the whole equipment."

Poirot said:

"It is possible, I think, that he has committed a long line of murders." Miss Carnaby sighed.

"I was thinking," she said, "of a marvellous dream I had. I arranged the whole world so beautifully! No wars, no poverty, no diseases, no cruelty..."

"It must have been a fine dream," said Japp enviously.

Miss Carnaby jumped up. She said:

"I must get home. Emily has been so anxious. And dear Augustus has been missing me terribly, I hear."

Hercule Poirot said with a smile:

"He was afraid, perhaps, that like him, you were going to 'die for Hercule Poirot!'"

NOTES:

¹"The Flock of Geryon" — "Стадо Гериона". Миф о том, как Геракл победил великана Гериона и увел его стадо.

²The Flock of the Shepherd — Стадо Пастуха.

³a mare's nest — "бред сивой кобылы".

⁴who keeps the Lodge of the Sanctuary — привратник святилища.

I. Find the Russian equivalents in the text:

lean forward, consolation, odd, appeal, frankly, ramp, devotee, warningly, persuade, modestly, expelled, was keen on, as sound as a bell, Sanctuary, ardent, Fold, crook, martyr, scoundrel, convict, grin, enviously.

II. Find the English equivalents in the text:

извините, что потревожила, обеспокоенно, бревно, благодарен, в последнее время, серьезные сомнения, штабквартира, поместье, некий доктор Андерсен, вздохнула, значительная сума, дальний родственник, близкий родственник, равнодушный, всеми фибрами души, послушно, была польщена, подвести (разочаровать).

III. Answer the following questions.

1. What did Miss Carnaby tell Poirot about her friend Emmeline Clegg?
2. What was it that worried Miss Carnaby most?
3. What was Poirot's plan?
4. Why did Miss Carnaby behave in such a way when she was sitting with Poirot in the restaurant?
5. What was the real secret of the Great Shepherd?
6. Why did Poirot call his murders scientific murders?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. What makes people believe scoundrels?
2. Can you give examples of such sects in our country?

TEXT 4. HOW TO AVOID TRAVELLING

George Mikes

'Travel' is the name of a modern disease which became rampant in the mid-fifties and is still spreading. The disease — its scientific name is *travelitis furiosus* — is carried by a germ called prosperity. Its symptoms are easily recognizable. The patient grows restless in the early spring and starts rushing about from one travel agent to another collecting useless



information about places he does not intend to visit, then he, or usually she, will do a round of tailors, summer sales, sports shops and spend three and a half times as much as he or she can afford, finally, in August, the patient will board a plane, train, coach or car and proceed to foreign parts along with thousands of fellow-sufferers not because he is interested in or attracted by the place he is bound for, nor because he can afford to go, but simply because he cannot afford not to. The disease is highly infectious. Nowadays you catch foreign travel rather as you caught influenza in the twenties, only more so.

The result is that in the summer months (and in the last few years also during the winter season) everybody is on the move. In Positano you hear no Italian but only German (for England is not the only victim of the disease), in some French parts you cannot get along unless you speak American, and the official language of the Costa Bravo is English.

What is the aim of all this travelling? Each nationality has its own different one. The Americans want to take photographs of themselves in: (a) Trafalgar Square with the pigeons, (b) in St Mark's Square, Venice, with the pigeons and (c) in front of the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris, without pigeons. The idea is simply to collect documentary proof that *they have been there*. The German travels to check up on his guide-books: when he sees that the Ponte di Rialto is really at its proper venue, that the Leaning Tower is in its appointed place in Pisa and is leaning at the promised -angle — he ticks these things off in his guide-book and returns home with the gratifying feeling that he has not been swindled. But why do the English travel?

First, because their neighbour does and they have caught the bug¹ from him. Secondly, they used to be taught that travel broadens the mind

and although they have by now discovered the sad truth that whatever travel may do to the mind, Swiss or German food certainly broadens other parts of the body, the old notion still lingers on.² But lastly — and perhaps mainly — they travel to avoid foreigners. Here, in our cosmopolitan England, one is always exposed to the danger of meeting all sorts of peculiar aliens. Not so on one's journeys in Europe, if one manages things intelligently. I know many English people who travel in groups, stay in hotels where even the staff is English, eat roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Sundays and Welsh rarebit³ and steak-and-kidney pudding on weekdays, all over Europe. The main aim of the Englishman abroad is to meet people, I mean, of course, nice English people from next door or from the next street. Normally one avoids one's neighbour ('It is best to keep yourself to yourself, 'We leave others alone and want to be left alone', etc., etc.). If you meet your next door neighbour in the High Street or at your front door you pretend not to see him or, at best, nod coolly, but if you meet him in Capri or Granada, you embrace him fondly and stand him a drink⁴ or two, and you may even discover that he is quite a nice chap after all and both of you might just as well have stayed at home in Chipping Norton.

All this, however, refers to travelling for the general public. If you want to avoid giving the unfortunate impression that you belong to the lower-middle class, you must learn the elementary snobbery of travelling:

1) Avoid any place frequented by others. Declare: all the hotels are full, one cannot get in anywhere. (No one will ever remark: hotels are full of people who actually managed to get in.)

2) Carry this a stage further and try to avoid all places interesting enough to attract other people — or, as others prefer to put it — you must get off the beaten track. In practice this means that in Italy you avoid Venice and Florence but visit a few filthy and poverty-stricken fishing villages no one has ever heard of, and if your misfortune does take you to Florence, you avoid the Uffizi Gallery and refuse to look at Michelangelo's *David*. You visit, instead, a dirty little pub on the outskirts where Tuscan food is supposed to be divine and where you can listen to a drunken and deaf accordion player.

3) The main problem is, of course, **where** to go? This is not an easy question. The *hoi polloi*⁵ may go to Paris or Spain, but such an obvious choice will certainly not do for anyone with a little self-respect. There is a small international set that leads the fashion and you must watch them. Some years ago they discovered Capri, but now Capri is teeming with rich German and English businessmen, so you can't go near the place. Majorca was next on the list, but Majorca has become quite ridiculous in the last few years: it is now an odd mixture of Munich and Oxford Street, and has nothing to offer (because, needless to say, beauty and sunshine do not count). At the moment I may recommend Tangier, Rhodes is fairly safe too. The year after that, who knows, Capri may be tried again.

Remember: travel is supposed to make you sophisticated. When buying your souvenirs and later when most casually — you really must practise how to be casual — you refer to any foreign food, you should speak of these things in the vernacular. Even fried chicken sounds rather romantic when you speak of Backendl.⁵

It is possible, however, that the mania for travelling is declining. I wonder if a Roman friend of mine was simply an eccentric or the forerunner of a new era in snobbery.

'I no longer travel at all', he told me. 'I stay here because I want to meet my friends from all over the world.'

'What exactly do you mean?' I asked.

'It is simple,' he explained. 'Whenever I go to London, my friend Smith is sure to be in Tokyo and Brown in Sicily. If I go to Paris, Dupont is sure to be in London and Lebrun in Madagascar or Lyons. And so on. But if I stay in Rome, all my friends are absolutely sure to turn up at one time or another. The world means **people** for me. I stay here because I want to see the world.'

And he added after a short pause:

'Besides, staying at home broadens the mind.'

NOTES

¹to catch the bug from (*colloq.*)— to get infected.

²to linger on — (*here*) to be still alive.

- ³Welsh rarebit ['resbit] — melted cheese served on toasted bread
⁴to stand a drink (*colloq.*) — to buy smb. a drink
⁵*hoi polloi* ['hoi pa'loi] (*Greek*) — most people, the masses
⁶*Backhendl* ['bAkhendl] (*Germ.*) — fried chicken

EXERCISES

I. Replace the italicized parts of the sentences by words and phrases from the text.

1. A new term has been coined for a modern disease that *is spreading rapidly and becoming dangerous*. 2. When spring comes a man *gets on board a plane* or ship and goes abroad, because he can't help doing it. 3. In the summer months everybody seems *to be travelling*. 4. In many parts of France and Spain *you will find things difficult* if you don't speak English. The Americans take photographs of themselves *so that nobody should doubt their having visited* all the famous places in Europe. The Germans want *to make sure that the information the guide-books contain is correct* and *feel satisfied* they have not been misinformed. 7. An Englishman firmly believes that *you learn a lot by travelling* (travelling adds to one's education). 8. Another reason that makes an Englishman leave his native land is the desire *to keep away from those damned foreigners*. 9. One is always willing *to treat his fellow-countryman to a glass of wine*. 10. If you don't want people to suspect that you belong to the lower-middle class you *should by no means visit places where most people usually go*.

II. Find in the text English equivalents for:

свирепствовать (принимать угрожающие размеры), весьма заразное заболевание, в середине 50-х годов, передаваться возбудителем, проявлять беспокойство, носиться (из одного места в другое), может (не может) себе позволить, путешествовать (переезжать с места на место), жертва заболевания, делать фотоснимки, собирать документальные доказательства, проверить что-л., поставить галочку, чувство удовлетворения, расширить кругозор, представление о чем-то, избегать, подвергать опасности, иностранец, сосед (2), лучше ни с кем не общаться, холодно кивнуть головой, нежно обнять, славный парень, часто посещать, на этом не останавливайтесь, не пользоваться заезженными маршрутами,

грязный, нищий (бедный), на окраине, божественный, то, что явно напрашивается, это не годится, кишеть, странная помесь, в счет не идет, изощренный (утонченный), небрежно (без нажима), предвестник новой эры, появиться

III. Answer the following questions:

1. What disease became rampant in the mid-fifties?
2. What germ is it carried by?
3. What are its symptoms?
4. What - will the patient finally do?
5. Why will he proceed to foreign parts?
6. Why do people of different nationalities travel?
7. What is one always exposed to in England?
8. How do many English people manage to travel?
9. What is their main aim abroad?
10. In what case must one learn the elementary snobbery of travelling?
11. What sort of places are you supposed to avoid?
12. What is travel supposed to do to you?
13. What makes the author think that the mania for travelling may be declining?
14. What does he call a Roman friend of his?

IV. Retell the text using the following words and phrases:

modern disease, to become rampant, highly infectious, carried by a germ, prosperity, to grow restless, to start rushing about, to collect information, to do a round of, three times as much as, to board a plane, foreign parts, to be bound for, on the move, victim, to get along, to check up on, to tick smth. off, gratifying feeling, to be swindled, to catch the bug (from), to broaden the mind, sad truth, to linger on, to avoid, to be exposed to the danger (of), peculiar aliens, to manage things intelligently, in groups, staff, all over Europe, from next door, to nod coolly, to embrace fondly, to stand a drink, nice chap, might just as well, to refer (to), general public, unfortunate impression, snobbery, frequented by, carry smth.. a stage further, to attract, to get off the beaten track, filthy, poverty-stricken, on the outskirts, divine, obvious choice, small international set, to lead the fashion, to discover, to teem with, next on the list, odd mixture, to have nothing to offer, needless to say, casually, to decline, forerunner, no longer, whenever, is sure to, to turn up.

TEXT 5. DOG STAR

Arthur Ch. Clarke

When I heard Laika's frantic barking, my first reaction was one of annoyance. I turned over in my bunk and murmured sleepily, "Shut up, you silly bitch." That dreamy interlude lasted only a fraction of a second, then consciousness returned - and, with it, fear. Fear of loneliness, and fear of madness.



For a moment I dared not open my eyes, I was afraid of what I might see. Reason told me that no dog had ever set foot upon this world, that Laika was separated from me by a quarter of a million miles of space - and, far more irrevocably, five years of time.

"You've been dreaming," I told myself angrily. "Stop being a fool - open your eyes! You won't see anything except the glow of the wall paint."

That was right, of course. The tiny cabin was empty, the door tightly closed. I was alone with my memories, overwhelmed by the transcendental sadness that often comes when some bright dream fades into drab reality. The sense of loss was so desolating that I longed to return to sleep. It was well that I failed to do so, for at that moment sleep would have been death. But I did not know this for another five seconds, and during that eternity I was back on Earth, seeking what comfort I could from the past.

No one ever discovered Laika's origin, though the Observatory staff made a few enquiries and I inserted several advertisements in the Pasadena newspapers. I found her a lost and lonely ball of fluff, huddled by the roadside one summer evening when I was driving up to Palomar. Though I have never liked dogs, or indeed any animals, it was impossible to leave this helpless little creature to the mercy of the passing cars. With some qualms, wishing that I had a pair of gloves, I picked her up and dumped her in the baggage compartment. I was not going to hazard the upholstery of my new '92 Vik¹, and felt that she could do little damage there. In this, I was not altogether correct.

When I had parked the car at the Monastery - the astronomers' residential quarters, where I'd be living for the next week - I inspected my find without much enthusiasm. At that stage, I had intended to hand the puppy over to the janitor, but then it whimpered and opened its eyes. There was such an expression of helpless trust in them that - well, I changed my mind.

Sometimes I regretted that decision, though never for long. I had no idea how much trouble a growing dog could cause, deliberately and otherwise. My cleaning and repair bills soared, I could never be sure of finding an unravaged pair of socks or an unchewed copy of the *Astrophysical Journal*. But eventually Laika was both housetrained and Observatory-trained: she must have been the only dog ever to be allowed inside the two-hundred-inch dome. She would lie there quietly in the shadows for hours, while I was up in the cage making adjustments, quite content if she could hear my voice from time to time. The other astronomers became equally fond of her (it was old Dr. Anderson who suggested her name), but from the beginning she was my dog, and would obey no one else. Not that she would always obey me.

She was a beautiful animal about ninety-five per cent Alsatian². It was that missing five per cent, I imagine, that led to her being abandoned. (I still feel a surge of anger when I think of it, but since I shall never know the facts, I may be jumping to false conclusions.) Apart from two dark patches over the eyes, most of her body was a smoky gray, and her coat was soft as silk. When her ears were pricked up, she looked incredibly intelligent and alert, sometimes I would be discussing spectral types or stellar evolution with my colleagues, and it would be hard to believe that she was not following the conversation.

Even now, I cannot understand why she became so attached to me, for I have made very few friends among human beings. Yet when I returned to the Observatory after an absence, she would go almost frantic with delight, bouncing around on her hind legs and putting her paws on my shoulders - which she could reach quite easily - all the while uttering small squeaks of joy which seemed highly inappropriate from so large a dog. I hated to leave her for more than a few days at a time, and though I could not take her with me on overseas trips, she accompanied me on most of my shorter journeys. She was with me when I drove north to attend that ill-fated seminar at Berkeley.

We were staying with university acquaintances, they had been polite about it, but obviously did not look forward to having a monster in

the house. However, I assured them that Laika never gave the slightest trouble and rather reluctantly they let her sleep in the living room. "You needn't worry about burglars tonight," I said. "We don't have any in Berkeley," they answered, rather coldly.

In the middle of the night, it seemed that they were wrong. I was awakened by a hysterical, high-pitched barking from Laika which I had heard only once before - when she had first seen a cow, and did not know what on earth to make of it. Cursing, I threw off the sheets and stumbled out into the darkness of the unfamiliar house. My main thought was to silence Laika before she roused my hosts - assuming that this was not already far too late. If there had been an intruder, he would certainly have taken flight by now. Indeed, I rather hoped that he had.

For a moment I stood beside the switch at the top of the stairs, wondering whether to throw it.

Then I growled, "Shut up, Laika!" and flooded the place with light. She was scratching frantically at the door, pausing from time to time to give that hysterical yelp. "If you want out," I said angrily, "there's no need for all that fuss." I went down, shot the bolt, and she took off into the night like a rocket.

It was very calm and still, with a waning Moon struggling to pierce the San Francisco fog. I stood in the luminous haze, looking out across the water to the lights of the city, waiting for Laika to come back so that I could chastise her suitably. I was still waiting when, for the second time in the twentieth century, the San Andreas Fault woke from its sleep³.

Oddly enough, I was not frightened - at first. I can remember that two thoughts passed through my mind, in the moment before I realized the danger. Surely, I told myself, the geophysicists could have given us some warning. And then I found myself thinking, with great surprise, "I'd no idea that earthquakes make so much noise!"

It was about then that I knew that this was no ordinary quake, what happened afterward, I would prefer to forget. The Red Cross did not take me away until quite late the next morning, because I refused to leave Laika. As I looked at the shattered house containing the bodies of my friends, I knew that I owed my life to her, but the helicopter pilots could not be expected to understand that, and I cannot blame them for thinking that I was crazy, like so many of the others they had found wandering among the fires and the debris.

After that, I do not suppose we were ever apart for more than a few hours. I have been told - and I can well believe it - that I became less and less interested in human company, without being actively unsocial or misanthropic. Between them, the stars and Laika filled all my needs. We used to go for long walks together over the mountains, it was the happiest time I have ever known. There was only one flaw, I knew, though Laika could not, how soon it must end.

We had been planning the move for more than a decade. As far back as the nineteen-sixties it was realized that Earth was no place for an astronomical observatory. Even the small pilot instruments on the Moon had far outperformed all the telescopes peering through the murk and haze of the terrestrial atmosphere. The story of Mount Wilson, Palomar, Greenwich⁴, and the other great names was coming to an end, they would still be used for training purposes, but the research frontier must move out into space.

I had to move with it, indeed, I had already been offered the post of Deputy Director, Farside Observatory. In a few months, I could hope to solve problems I had been working on for years. Beyond the atmosphere, I would be like a blind man who had suddenly been given sight.

It was utterly impossible, of course, to take Laika with me. The only animals on the Moon were those needed for experimental purposes, it might be another generation before pets were allowed, and even then it would cost a fortune to carry them there - and to keep them alive. Providing Laika with her usual two pounds of meat a day would, I calculated, take several times my quite comfortable salary.

The choice was simple and straightforward. I could stay on Earth and abandon my career. Or I could go to the Moon - and abandon Laika.

After all, she was only a dog. In a dozen years, she would be dead, while I should be reaching the peak of my profession. No sane man would have hesitated over the matter, yet I did hesitate, and if by now you do not understand why, no further words of mine can help.

In the end, I let matters go by default⁵. Up to the very week I was due to leave, I had still made no plans for Laika. When Dr. Anderson volunteered to look after her, I accepted numbly, with scarcely a word of thanks. The old physicist and his wife had always been fond of her, and I am afraid that they considered me indifferent and heartless - when the truth was just the opposite. We went for one more walk together over the

hills, then I delivered her silently to the Andersons, and did not see her again.

Take-off was delayed almost twenty-four hours, until a major flare storm had cleared the Earth's orbit, even so, the Van Allen belts were still so active that we had to make our exit through the North Polar Gap. It was a miserable flight, apart from the usual trouble with weightlessness, we were all groggy with antiradiation drugs. The ship was already over Farside before I took much interest in the proceedings, so I missed the sight of Earth dropping below the horizon. Nor was I really sorry, I wanted no reminders, and intended to think only of the future. Yet I could not shake off that feeling of guilt, I had deserted someone who loved and trusted me, and was no better than those who had abandoned Laika when she was a puppy, beside the dusty road to Palomar.

The news that she was dead reached me a month later. There was no reason that anyone knew, the Andersons had done their best, and were very upset. She had just lost interest in living, it seemed. For a while, I think I did the same, but work is a wonderful anodyne, and my program was just getting under way. Though I never forgot Laika, in a little while the memory ceased to hurt.

Then why had it come back to haunt me, five years later, on the far side of the Moon? I was searching my mind for the reason when the metal building around me quivered as if under the impact of a heavy blow. I reacted without thinking, and was already closing the helmet of my emergency suit when the foundations slipped and the wall tore open with a short-lived scream of escaping air. Because I had automatically pressed the General Alarm button, we lost only two men, despite the fact that the tremor - the worst, ever recorded on Farside - cracked all three of the Observatory's pressure domes.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I do not believe in the supernatural, everything that happened has a perfectly rational explanation, obvious to any man with the slightest knowledge of psychology. In the second San Francisco earthquake, Laika was not the only dog to sense approaching disaster, many such cases were reported. And on Farside, my own memories must have given me that heightened awareness, when my never sleeping subconscious detected the first faint vibrations from within the Moon.

The human mind has strange and labyrinthine ways of going about its business, it knew the signal that would most swiftly rouse me to the

knowledge of danger. There is nothing more to it than that, though in a sense one could say that Laika woke me on both occasions, there is no mystery about it, no miraculous warning across the gulf that neither man nor dog can ever bridge.

Of that I am sure, if I am sure of anything. Yet sometimes I wake now, in the silence of the Moon, and wish that the dream could have lasted a few seconds longer - so that I could have looked just once more into those luminous brown eyes, brimming with an unselfish, undemanding love I have found nowhere else in this or in any other world.

NOTES

¹92 Vik - марка легкового автомобиля

²Alsatian - восточноевропейская овчарка

³the San Andreas Fault woke from its sleep - вероятно, Кларк имеет в виду сильное землетрясение в Сан-Франциско в 1906 году, в результате которого была разрушена значительная часть города.

⁴Fault (геол.) - разлом, сдвиг (породы).

⁵Mount Wilson, Palomar, Greenwich - астрономические обсерватории.

⁶I let matters go by default - зд. решил, что уладится без меня.

I. Find the Russian equivalents:

transcendental sadness, desolating, made a few enquiries, residential quarters, bills soared, a surge of anger, ill-fated, take flight, chastise, outperform, anodyne, get under way, haunt, heightened awareness.

II. Find the English equivalents:

бесповоротный, неясный, сомнение, нить, воспарять, убывающая, выпороть, развалины, порок, мрак, вспышка, шаткий, болеутоляющее, трястись.

III. Answer the questions.

1. What is the setting of the story?
2. When does the flashback begin?
3. How do you see the narrator of the story?
5. Where did he find his pet?
6. What was his attitude towards animals?
7. What happened at Berkeley?

8. Why did he stay in a ruined city for another 24 hours?
9. What choice did he have to take?
10. Why did he feel guilty?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. What role does the flashback play in the story?
2. How can a beautiful story be ruined by an ugly fact?
3. Do you approve of his choice?
4. How important is the career in your life?

TEXT 6. THE LUNCHEON

by W. Somerset Maugham

I caught sight of her at the play and in answer to her beckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her and if someone had not mentioned her name, I hardly think I would have recognised her. She addressed me brightly.



"Well, it's many years since we first met. How time does fly! We're none of us getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon." Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin Quarter overlooking a cemetery and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me, but her time was limited and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday, she was spending the morning at the Luxembourg and would I give her a little luncheon at Foyot's afterwards? Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered and I was too young to have learned to say no to a woman. (Few men, I may add, learn this until they are too old to make it of any consequence to a woman what they say.) I had eighty francs (gold francs) to last me

the rest of the month and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet my friend—by correspondence—at Foyot's on Thursday at half-past twelve. She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty (a charming age, but not one that excites a sudden and devastating passion at first sight), and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was ' talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.

I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated. But she reassured me.

"I never eat anything for luncheon", she said.

"Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not ' on the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was, any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked. "No", she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless you had a little caviare. I never mind caviare."

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not very well tell her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you're unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don't believe in overloading my stomach."

Then came the question of drink.

"I never drink anything for luncheon," she said.

"Neither do I," I answered promptly.

"Except white wine," she proceeded as though I had not spoken. "These French white wines are so light. They're wonderful for the digestion."

"What would you like?" I asked, hospitable still, but not exactly effusive.

She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne."

I fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

"What are you going to drink, then?" "Water."

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task.

"I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel ever so much better for it."

"I *am* only going to eat one thing," I said as the waiter came again with the bill of fare.

She waved him aside with an airy gesture.

"No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything else. I couldn't possibly eat anything more—unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them."

My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.

"Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus," I asked the waiter.

I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad, priest-like face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus." I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?" "No, I never eat asparagus."

"I know there are people who don't like them. The fact is, you ruin your palate by all the meat you eat."

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left over for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be mortifying to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much I had and if the bill came to more I made up my mind that I would

put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say it had been picked. Of course it would be 'awkward if she had not money enough either to pay the bill. Then the only thing would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous, succulent and appetising. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils as the nostrils of Jehovah were tickled by the burned offerings of the virtuous Semites. I watched the abandoned woman thrust them down her throat in large voluptuous mouthful and in my polite way I discoursed on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.

"Coffee?" I said.

"Yes, just an ice-cream and coffee," she answered.

I was past caring now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice-cream and coffee for her.

"You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in", she said, as she ate the ice-cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more."

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry, you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you."

"Oh, I see"

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with an ingratiating smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. They had the blush of an innocent girl, they had the rich tone of an Italian landscape. But surely peaches were not in season then? Lord knew what they cost. I knew too—a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absentmindedly took one.

"You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat"—my one miserable little chop—"and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach."

The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for an instant on the three francs I left for the waiter and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hands, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon."

"I'll do better than that," I retorted, "I'll eat nothing for dinner tonight."

"Humorist!" she cried gaily, jumping into a cab. "You're quite a humorist!"

But I have had my revenge at last. I do not believe that I am a vindictive man, but when the immortal gods take a hand in the matter it is pardonable to observe the result with complacency. Today she weighs twenty-one stone.

EXERCISES

I. First choose one of the following words which corresponds to the definition. Then use it in the sentences below. Don't forget to use the right form of the word.

to mention	splendid	talkative	promptly	a gesture
tiny	to say no	a stomach	to wave	attentive

a) to refuse, to deny _____

It was difficult to _____ but he had to do that.

b) at once, immediately _____

She promised to keep it secret and _____ went and told Ben!

c) chatty, very communicative _____

She's a lively, _____ person.

d) very small, Lilliputian _____

They are thinking of moving to a larger flat since they live in a very _ flat.

e) to move back and forth, to signal _____

I _____ to him from the window but he didn't see me.

f) beautiful, luxurious _____

We had _____ food there.

g) a digestive organ, belly _____

The doctor asked him to lie down on his _____.

h) concentrating, all ears _____

He was glad to have such an _____ audience.

i) to bring up, to speak about something quickly _____

I promised never to _____ the incident again.

j) a movement of the hands, arms or head to express an idea or feeling, action _____

She made a rude _____ at the driver.

II. Join the opposites and make 5 sentences with any of the words.

Horribly

To borrow

To flatter

Dramatic

To remember

Before

To afford

A drink

Giant

Revenge

To answer

Heavy

Pale

Expensive

Usual

Cheap

Not to be able to have

After

Tiny

To criticize

Bright

To ask

To forget

Food

Light

Kindly

Forgiveness

To give

III. Choose the expression which has the same meaning as the underlined one.

He didn't order anything because he wasn't hungry.

a) he didn't want to pay.

b) he didn't want to eat.

c) he didn't have money.

I hoped that I could get the job.

a) I told her

b) I wished

c) I thought

This car is beyond my means.

a) costs too much.

b) is not a good means of transport.

c) belongs to me.

The bus arrived at last.

a) in the morning

b) finally

c) with the passengers.

Many people don't keep body and soul together.

a) study well.

b) want to go to Moscow.

c) have enough money.

If you cut out going to discos, you'll manage to save money and buy a laptop.

a) keep on going to discos

- b) stop going to discos
- c) start going to discos

IV. How do you understand the sentences? Paraphrase.

- 1) I caught sight of her at the play and in answer to her beckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her.
- 2) Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat and it was so far beyond my means that I have never thought of going there.
- 3) I was startled when the menu was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had expected.
- 4) I think you are unwise to eat meat.
- 5) My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne.
- 6) A happy smile spread over his broad face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that is was a marvel.
- 7) I knew exactly how much money I had and if the bill came to more I made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say my money had been stolen.
- 8) The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip.

V. True or false statements? Make necessary corrections in the statements you think are false.

1. He met her at the theatre.
2. It had gone twenty-five years since they first met.
3. She had changed a lot.
4. Twenty years ago he didn't earn much money.
5. She wanted to talk to him while she was in Paris.
6. She was not in a hurry and could meet him any time he liked.
7. They met on Tuesday at half past twelve.
8. Foyot's was not the place he had ever thought he would go to, but he could't say no to a lady.
9. She didn't say much during the luncheon.
10. When he saw the menu, he got surprised because the prices were higher than he had thought.
11. She said she never ate anything for luncheon.
12. All in all, she ate a salmon, caviar, giant asparagus and a peach.
13. He ordered meat, water and coffee for himself.

14. He wasn't nervous because he knew he had enough money to pay the bill.
15. She said no to coffee and an ice-cream.
16. The head waiter was bearing a huge basket full of large peaches and on purpose came up to their table.
17. She thought that he wasn't generous because he left only three francs for the waiter.
18. Though he paid a lot of money, he had some francs left for the rest of the month.
19. Now he was pleased at least with one thing: she had put on many kilos.
20. She was young.

6. Act out the dialogue at Foyot's.

TEXT 7. THE STORY OF HERMIONE

by Cyril Hare

When Richard Armstrong, explorer and mountaineer, disappeared in a blizzard in the Karakoram, his only daughter Hermione was just turned twenty. He bequeathed¹ her a good deal of unusual experience gathered in remote parts of the world, but very little else. For more tangible aids to living she had to look to her Uncle Paul, who was in a position to supply them on a very lavish scale.² Paul Armstrong had confined his explorations to the square mile of the earth's surface lying east of Temple Bar and found them extremely fruitful.

Hermione was a slender, fragile creature, with observant blue eyes, a determined chin and a small mouth that remained closed unless speech was absolutely necessary. She gave her uncle and aunt no sort of trouble, submitted quietly to the horse-play³ which passed for humour with her tall, athletic cousins Johnny and Susan, and kept her own counsel.⁴ In that cheerful, noisy household she -passed almost unobserved.



In the following winter Susan Armstrong was killed by a fall in the hunting field. Six months later, Johnny, playing a ridiculous game of leap-frog with Hermione on the springboard of his parents swimming-bath, slipped, crashed into the side of the bath and broke his neck. Paul and his wife had worshipped their children with uncritical adoration. The double blow deprived them of all motive for living, and when shortly afterwards they fell victims to an influenza epidemic they made not the slightest resistance.

Even with death duties⁵ at the present level, Hermione was a considerable heiress. With the calm deliberation that had always characterized her she set out to look for a husband suitable to her station in life. After carefully considering the many applicants for the post, she finally selected Freddy Fitzhugh. It was an altogether admirable choice. Freddy was well-to-do, well connected, good-looking and no fool. Their courtship was unexciting but satisfactory, the engagement was announced and on a fine spring morning they went together to Bond Street to choose a ring.

Freddy took her to Garland's, those aristocrats among jewellers, and the great Mr. Garland himself received them in his private room behind the shop. Hermione examined the gems which he showed her with dispassionate care and discussed them with an expertise that astonished Freddy as much as it delighted Mr. Garland. She ended by choosing a diamond as superior to the rest as Freddy had been to his rival suitors, and they took their leave.

Meanwhile, the shop outside had not been idle. Shortly after the door of Mr. Garland's room closed on Freddy and his beloved, two thick-set men entered and asked the assistant at the counter to show them some diamond bracelets. They proved to be almost as difficult to please as Hermione, without displaying her knowledge of precious stones, and before long there were some thousands of pounds worth of brilliants on the counter for their inspection.

To the bored assistant it began to seem as though they would never come to a decision. Then, just as Mr. Garland was bowing Freddy and Hermione out of the shop,⁶ everything began to happen at once. A large saloon car slowed down in the street outside, and paused with its engine running. At the same moment one of the men with lightning speed scooped up half a dozen bracelets and made for the door, while his companion sent the doorkeeper flying with a vicious blow to the stomach.

Freddy, who had stopped to exchange a few words with Mr. Garland, looked round and saw to his horror that Hermione was standing alone in front of the doorway, directly in the path of the man. She made no attempt to avoid him as he bore down upon⁷ her. It flashed across Freddy's mind that she was too paralysed by fear to move. Hopelessly, he started to run forward as the man crashed an enormous fist into Hermione's face.

The blow never reached its mark. With a faintly superior smile, Hermione shifted her position slightly at the last moment. An instant later the raider was flying through the air to land with a splintering of glass head first against the show case. The whole affair had only occupied a few seconds of time.

"You never told me you could do Ju-Jitsu, Hermione," said Freddy, when they eventually left the shop.

"Judo," Hermione corrected him. "My father had me taught by an expert. It comes in handy⁸, sometimes, of course, I'm rather out of practice."

"I see," said Freddy. "You know, Hermione, there are quite a few things⁹ about you I didn't know."

They parted. Hermione had an appointment with her hairdresser. Freddy went for a quiet stroll in the park. Then he took a taxi to Fleet Street, where he spent most of the afternoon browsing in the files of various newspapers.

They met again at dinner that evening. Freddy came straight to the point.¹⁰

"I've been looking at the reports of the inquest on your cousin Johnny," he said.

"Yes?" said Hermione with polite interest.

"It was very odd the way he shot off the spring-board on to the edge of the bath. How exactly did it happen?"

"I explained it all to the coroner. I just happened to move at the critical moment and he cannoned off¹¹ me."

"Hard luck on Johnny."

"Very."

"Hard luck on that chap this morning that you just happened to move at the critical moment. I don't think you told the coroner that you could do this Judo stuff?"

"Of course not."

"Hard luck on Susan, too, taking that fall out hunting." "That," said Hermione flatly, "was pure accident. I told her she couldn't hold the horse." Freddy sighed.

"I'll have to give you the benefit of the doubt¹² over that one," he said. "But I'm afraid the engagement's off."

Hermione looked at the diamond on her finger and screwed her hand into a tight little fist.

"I can't stop you breaking it off, Freddy," she said. "But you'll find it very expensive."

He did. Very expensive indeed. But he thought it well worth the money. As has been said, Freddy was no fool.

NOTES

¹to bequeath — to leave money, property, etc. by will.

²on a lavish scale — lavishly, generously, in abundance.

³horse-play — rough, noisy play.

⁴kept her own counsel — kept her plans secret.

⁵death duties — a tax or duty imposed on the transfer of property to an heir at the owner's death.

⁶to bow smb. out of the shop — *Russ.* проводить . . . с поклонами.

⁷to bear down upon — to move quickly upon.

⁸to come in handy — to prove useful.

⁹quite a few things (*colloq.*) — a fairly large number of things.

¹⁰to come to the point — not to waste time on talking about unimportant things (*Russ.* сразу перейти к делу).

¹¹to cannon off — *Russ.* отскочить рикошетом.

¹²to give a person the benefit of the doubt — to free from punishment as there is not enough evidence to prove a person's guilt, *Russ.* оправдать за недостаточностью улик.

EXERCISES

I. Replace the italicized parts of the sentences by equivalents from the text.

1. He *left her much* unusual experience gathered in *distant* parts of the world. 2. Uncle Paul *was able* to provide for his niece and he did this

most generously. 3. Hermione was a *slim, delicate* creature with a *decided* chin. 4. When Paul and his wife *caught the flue* they *did not resist the disease*, because *life had become purposeless*. 5. Hermione *did not look for a husband in a hurry*. As a result she made a *very good* choice. 6. To Freddy's great surprise the girl examined the diamonds *calmly but carefully* and discussed them with expert knowledge. 7. One of the men *caught hold of* half a dozen bracelets and *rushed to* the door. Hermione, however, *didn't try* to get out of his way. It *suddenly occurred to Freddy* that she *couldn't move because fear had turned her to stone*. 8. When they met at dinner Freddy *did not beat about the bush*. 9. "*Johnny was most unlucky,*" said Freddy. 10. Freddy admitted he *couldn't be a hundred per cent sure Hermione was to blame for Susan's death*.

|

II. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following:

отдаленные уголки земного шара, завещать, щедро, плодотворный, подчиниться чему-л., твердый (волевой) подбородок, оставаться незаметным, лишить, вскоре, оказать сопротивление, подходящий (к), отличный выбор, объявить о помолвке, бесстрастный, бездействовать, провожать с поклонами, замедлить ход, молниеносно, сгребать, ужасный удар (в), огромный кулак, оцепенеть от страха, изменить положение, пригодиться, прогуляться, подшивка газет, странно, не повезло, поверить на слово, расторгнуть помолвку.

III. Answer the following questions.

1. What sort of man was Hermione's father? Under what circumstances did he die?
2. What did Hermione owe to her father?
3. In what way did her uncle differ from his brother?
4. What was Hermione like? Describe her looks and ways.
5. Under what circumstances did Hermione's cousins die?
6. How did it come about that the girl soon found herself a considerable heiress?
7. What sort of husband did Hermione believe suitable to her station in life?
8. Where did Freddy and Hermione go to choose a ring?
9. What diamond did Hermione choose?

10. What was going on in the shop after the door of Mr. Garland's room closed on Freddy and his fiancée?
11. What happened just as Mr. Garland was bowing his customers out of the shop?
12. What did Freddy see with horror?
13. What flashed across Freddy's mind?
14. Why did the man fail to crash an enormous fist into the girl's face?
15. What had Hermione been taught by an expert?
16. What kind of suspicions were aroused in Freddy's mind and where did he go to check them?
17. What made Freddy break off the engagement? Why did he find it an expensive thing to do?
18. What proves that Freddy was no fool?

IV. Retell the story according to the outline below using the following words and phrases:

Hermione becomes a member of Uncle Paul's household

explorer, remote parts of the world, to bequeath, to look to smb.. (for), on a lavish scale, cheerful, noisy household, to give no trouble, to pass unobserved, to keep her own counsel

Hermione finds herself a considerable heiress

slender, fragile, observant eyes, determined chin, killed by a fall, game of leap-frog, spring-board, slip, to crash (into), to worship, double blow, to deprive (of), to fall a victim (to), to make no resistance

Hermione is engaged to be married

calm deliberation, to set out (to), suitable (to), station in life, to consider carefully, to select, admirable choice, well-to-do, well-connected, unexciting courtship, to announce the engagement

Hermione calls at Garland's

private room, to examine, dispassionate care, delight, superior to, to take one's leave, shortly after, to close on, thick-set, assistant, to prove to be, to display, before long, thousands of pounds worth of

Hermione proves equal to the occasion

bored, to come to a decision, to bow out of to slow down, with lightning speed, to scoop up, to make for, vicious blow, in the path of, no attempt to avoid, to flash across one's mind, paralysed by fear, to crash (into), faintly superior, to shift one's position, to land head first

Freddy breaks off the engagement

to do Ju-Jutsu, to have smb.. taught, to come in handy, quite a few, to have an appointment, to go for a quiet stroll, files of newspapers, to come to the point, inquest (on), odd, to shoot off, coroner, at the critical moment, hard luck (on), flatly, pure accident, to give the benefit of the doubt, to break off the engagement, well worth the money

V. Topics for discussion.

1. Give your opinion of Hermione.
2. When does the reader begin to realize that there is more to her than meets the eye?
3. Does Hermione remind you of some character from a novel, play or story you have read? If so, describe that character.
4. Try to analyze Hermione's motives and account for her behaviour.
5. Retell the story in the person of a) Hermione, b) Freddy.
6. Tell the story of Hermione's life preceding the events described in the story.
7. Discuss social crimes typical of a society ruled by money.

TEXT 8. MORTMAIN¹

by Graham Greene

How wonderfully secure and peaceful a genuine marriage seemed to Carter, when he attained it at the age of forty-two. He even enjoyed every moment of the church service, except when he saw Josephine wiping away a tear as he conducted Julia down the aisle. It was typical of this new frank relationship that Josephine was there at all. He had no secrets from Julia, they had often talked together of his ten tormented years with Josephine, of her extravagant jealousy, of her well-timed hysterics. "It was her insecurity," Julia argued with understanding, and she was quite convinced that in a little while it would be possible to form a friendship with Josephine.

"I doubt it, darling."

"Why? I can't help being fond of anyone who loved you."

"It was a rather cruel love."



"Perhaps at the end when she knew she was losing you, but, darling, there were happy years."

"Yes." But he wanted to forget that he had ever loved anyone before Julia.

Her generosity sometimes staggered him. On the seventh day of their honeymoon, when they were drinking retsina² in a little restaurant on the beach by Sunium³, he accidentally took a letter from Josephine out of his pocket. It had arrived the day before and he had concealed it, for fear of hurting Julia. It was typical of Josephine that she could not leave him alone for the brief period of the honeymoon. Even her handwriting was now abhorrent to him — very neat, very small, in black ink, the colour of her hair. Julia was platinum-fair. How had he ever thought that black hair was beautiful? Or been impatient to read letters in black ink?

"What's the letter, darling? I didn't know there had been a post."

"It's from Josephine. It came yesterday."

"But you haven't even opened it!" she exclaimed without a word of reproach.

"I don't want to think about her."

"But, darling, she may be ill."

"Not she."

"Or in distress."

"She earns more with her fashion designs than I do with my stories."

"Darling, let's be kind. We can afford to be. We are so happy."

So he opened the letter. It was affectionate and uncomplaining and he read it with distaste:

Dear Philip,

I didn't want to be a death's head⁴ at the reception, so I had no chance to say goodbye and wish you both the greatest possible happiness. I thought Julia looked terribly beautiful and so very, very young. You must look after her carefully. I know how well you can do that, Philip dear. When I saw her, I couldn't help wondering why you took such a long time to make up your mind to leave me. Silly Philip. It's much less painful to act quickly.

*I don't suppose you are interested to hear about my activities now, but just in case you are worrying a little about me — you know what an old worrier you are — I want you to know that I'm working very hard at a whole series for — guess, the French **Vogue**. They are paying me a*

fortune in francs, and I simply have no time for unhappy thoughts. I've been back once — I hope you don't mind — to our apartment (slip of the tongue) because I'd lost a key sketch. I found it at the back of our communal drawer — the ideas-bank, do you remember? I thought I'd taken all my stuff away, but there it was between the leaves of the, story you started that heavenly summer, and never finished at Napoule.⁶ Now I'm rambling on when all I really wanted to say was: Be happy, both of you.

Love, Josephine

Carter handed the letter to Julia and said, "It could have been worse."

"But would she like me to read it?"

"Oh, it's meant for both of us." Again he thought how wonderful it was to have no secrets. There had been so many secrets during the last ten years, even innocent secrets, for fear of misunderstanding, or Josephine's rage or silence. Now he had no fear of anything at all: he could have trusted even a guilty secret to Julia's sympathy and comprehension.

He said, "I was a fool not to show you the letter yesterday. I'll never do anything like that again." He tried to recall Spenser's⁷ line — *Port after stormie seas*.

When Julia had finished reading the letter she said, "I think she's a wonderful woman. How very, very sweet of her to write like that. You know I was — only now and then of course — just a little bit worried about her. After all I wouldn't like to lose you after ten years."

When they were in the taxi going back to Athens she said, "Were you very happy at Napoule?"

"Yes. I suppose so. I don't remember. It wasn't like this."

With the antennae⁸ of a lover he could feel her moving away from him, though their shoulders still touched. The sun was bright on the road from Sunium, the warm sleepy loving siesta lay ahead, and yet... "Is anything the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Not really ... It's only ... do you think one day you'll say the same about Athens as about Napoule, 'I don't remember, it wasn't like this.'"

"What a dear fool you are," he said and kissed her. "You aren't really a cold man, are you?" she asked, and he knew that all was right again. It was Josephine's fault that — momentarily — there had been a small division.

When they got out of bed to have supper, she said, "We must write to Josephine."

"Oh no!"

"Darling, I know how you feel, but really it was a wonderful letter."

"A picture postcard then." So they agreed on that.

Suddenly it was autumn when they arrived back in London—if not winter already, for there was ice in the rain falling on the tarmac⁹ and they had quite forgotten how early the lights came on at home—passing Gillette and Lucozade and Smith's Crisps, and no view of the Parthenon anywhere. The BOAC¹⁰ posters seemed more than usually sad — BOAC takes you there and brings you back.

"We'll put on all the electric fires as soon as we get in," Carter said, "and it will be warm in no time at all." But when they opened the door of the apartment they found the fires were already alight. Little glows greeted them in the twilight from the depths of the living room and the bedroom.

"Some fairy has done this," Julia said.

"Not a fairy of any kind," Carter said. He had already seen the envelope on the mantelpiece addressed in black ink to Mrs. Carter. Julia read it aloud.

Dear Julia,

You won't mind my catting you Julia, will you? I feel we have so much in common, having loved the same man. Today was so icy-cold that I could not help thinking of how you two were returning from the sun and the warmth to a cold flat. (I know how cold the flat can be. I used to catch a chill every year when we came back from the South of France.) So I've done a very presumptuous thing. I've slipped in and put on the fires, but to show you that I'll never do such a thing again I've hidden my key under the mat outside the front door. That's just in case your plane is held up in Rome or somewhere. I'll telephone the airport and if by some unlikely chance you haven't arrived, I'll come back and turn out the fires for safety (and economy! the rates are awful). Wishing you a very warm evening in your new home,

Love from Josephine

P. S. I did notice that the coffee jar was empty, so I've left a packet of Blue Mountain in the kitchen. It's the only coffee Philip really cares for."

"Well," Julia said laughing, "she does think of everything."

"I wish she'd just leave us alone," Carter said.

"We wouldn't be warm like this, and we wouldn't have any coffee for breakfast."

"I feel that she's lurking about the place and she'll walk in any moment. Just when I'm kissing you." He kissed Julia with one careful eye on the door.

"You are a bit unfair, darling. After all, she's left her key under the mat."

"She might have had a duplicate made."

She closed his mouth with another kiss.

He enjoyed marriage. So much that he blamed himself for not having married before, forgetting that in that case he would have been married to Josephine. He found Julia, who had no work of her own, almost miraculously available. There was no maid to mar their relationship with habits. As they were always together, at cocktail parties, in restaurants, at small dinner-parties, they had only to meet each other's eyes... Julia soon earned the reputation of being delicate and easily tired, it occurred so often that they left a cocktail party after a quarter of an hour or abandoned a dinner after the coffee — "Oh dear, I'm so sorry, such a vile headache, so stupid of me. Philip, you must stay..."

"Of course I'm not going to stay."

Once they had a narrow escape from discovery on the stairs while they were laughing uncontrollably. Their host had followed them out to ask them to post a letter. Julia in the nick of time changed her laughter into what seemed to be a fit of hysterics...

Several weeks went by. It was a really successful marriage . . . they liked—between whiles — to discuss its success, each, attributing the main merit to the other. "When I think you might have married Josephine," Julia said. "Why didn't you marry Josephine?"

"I suppose at the back of our minds we knew it wasn't going to be permanent."

"Are we going to be permanent?"

"If we aren't, nothing will ever be."

It was early in November that the time bombs began to go off. No doubt they had been planned to explode earlier, but Josephine had not taken into account the temporary change in his habits. Some weeks

passed before he had occasion to open what they used to call the ideas-bank in the days of their closest companionship—the drawer in which he used to leave NOTES for stories, scraps of overheard dialogue and the like, and she would leave roughly-sketched ideas for fashion advertisements.

Directly he opened the drawer he saw her letter. It was labelled heavily *Top Secret* in black ink, with a whimsically-drawn exclamation mark in the form of a girl with big eyes (Josephine suffered in an elegant way from exophthalmic goitre¹¹) rising genie-like out of a bottle. He read the letter with extreme distaste:

Dear, you didn't expect to find me here, did you? But after ten years I can't now and then say, Goodnight or good morning, how are you? Bless you. Lots of love (really and truly).

Your Josephine.

The threat of "now and then" was unmistakable. He slammed the drawer shut and said "Damn" so loudly that Julia looked in.

"Whatever is it, darling?" "Josephine again."

She read the letter and said. "You know I can understand the way she feels. Poor Josephine. Are you tearing it up, darling?"

"What else do you expect me to do with it? Keep it for a Collected Edition of her letters?"

"It just seems a bit unkind."

"Me unkind to her? Julia, you've no idea of the sort of life that we led those last years. I can show you scars: when she was in a rage she would stub her cigarettes anywhere."

"She felt she was losing you, darling, and she got desperate. They are my fault really, those scars, every one of them." He could see growing in her eyes that soft amused speculative look which always led to the same thing.

Only two days passed before the next time bomb went off. When they got up Julia said, "We really ought to change the mattress. We both fall into a kind of hole in the middle."

"I hadn't noticed."

"Lots of people change the mattress every week."

"Yes. Josephine always did."

They stripped the bed and began to roll the mattress. Lying on the springs was a letter addressed to Julia. Carter saw it first and tried to push it out of sight, but Julia saw him.

"What's that?"

"Josephine of course. There'll soon be too many letters for one volume. We shall have to get them properly edited at Yale like George Eliot's."

"Darling, this is addressed to me. What were you planning to do with it?"

"Destroy it in secret."

"I thought we were going to have no secrets."

"I had counted without Josephine."

For the first time she hesitated before opening the letter. "It's certainly a bit bizarre to put a letter here. Do you think it got there accidentally?"

"Rather difficult, I should think."

She read the letter and then gave it to him. She said with relief "Oh, she explains why. It's quite natural really."

He read:

Dear Julia, how I hope you are basking in a really Greek sun. Don't tell Philip (Oh, but of course you wouldn't have secrets yet) but I never really cared for the South of France. Always that mistral, drying the skin. I'm glad to think you are not suffering there. We always planned to go to Greece when we could afford it, so I know Philip will be happy. I came in today to find a sketch and then remembered that the mattress hadn't been turned for at least a fortnight. We were rather distracted you know the last weeks we were together. Anyway I couldn't bear the thought of your coming back from the lotus islands¹² and finding bumps in your bed the first night, so I've turned it for you. I'd advise you to turn it every week: otherwise a hole always develops in the middle. By the way I've put up the winter curtains and sent the summer ones to the cleaners at 153 Brompton Road.

Love, Josephine

"If you remember, she wrote to me that Napoule had been heavenly," he said. "The Yale editor will have to put, in a cross-reference."

"You are a bit cold-blooded," Julia said. "Darling, she's only trying to be helpful. After all I never knew about the curtains—or the mattress."

"I suppose you are going to write a long cosy letter in reply, full of household chat."

"She's been waiting weeks for an answer. This is an ancient letter."

"And I wonder how many more ancient letters there are waiting to pop out. By God, I'm going to search this flat through and through. From attic to basement."

"We don't have either."

"You know very well what I mean."

"I only know you are getting fussed in an exaggerated way. You really behave as though you are frightened of Josephine."

"Oh hell!"

Julia left the room abruptly and he tried to work. Later that day a squib went off¹³ — nothing serious, but it didn't help his mood. He wanted to find the dialling number for overseas telegrams and he discovered inserted in volume one of the directory, a complete list in alphabetical order, typed on Josephine's machine — on which O was always blurred—a complete list of the numbers he most often required. John Hughes, his oldest friend, came after Harrods, and there were the nearest taxi rank, the chemist's, the butcher's, the bank, the dryelearter's, the greengrocer's, the fishmonger's, his publisher and agent, Elizabeth Arden's¹⁴ and the local hairdresser's — marked in brackets (*For J. , please note quite reliable and very inexpensive*) — it was the first time he noticed they had the same initials.

Julia who saw him discover the list said, "The angel-woman. We'll pin it up over the telephone. It's really terribly complete."

"After the crack¹⁵ in her last letter I'd have expected her to include Carrier's."

"Darling, it wasn't a crack. It was a bare statement of fact. If I hadn't had a little money, we would have gone to the South of France too."

"I suppose you think I married you to get to Greece."

"Don't be an owl.¹⁶ You don't see Josephine clearly, that's all. You twist every kindness she does."

"Kindness?"

"I expect it's the sense of guilt."

After that he really began a search. He looked in cigarette-boxes, drawers, filing-cabinets, he went through all the pockets of the suits he had left behind, he opened the back of the television-cabinet, he lifted the lid of the lavatory-cistern and even changed the roll of toilet-paper (it was quicker than unwinding the whole thing). Julia came to look at him, as he worked in the lavatory, without her usual sympathy. He tried the pelmets (who knew what they mightn't discover when next the curtains

were sent for cleaning?), he took their dirty clothes out of the basket in case something had been overlooked at the bottom. He went on hands and knees through the kitchen to look under the gas stove, and - once when he found a piece of paper wrapped around a pipe, he exclaimed in a kind of triumph, but it was nothing at all — a plumber's relic. The afternoon post rattled through the letterbox and Julia called to him from the hall—"Oh good, you never told me you took in the French *Vogue*."

"I don't."

"Sorry, there's a kind of Christmas card in another envelope. A subscription's been taken out for us by Miss Josephine Heckstall-Jones. I do call that sweet of her."

"She's sold a series of drawings to them. I won't look at it."

"Darling, you are being childish. Do you expect her to stop reading your books?"

"I only want to be left alone with you. Just for a few weeks. It's not so much to ask."

"You're a bit of an egoist, darling."

He felt quiet and tired that evening, but a little relieved in mind. His search had been very thorough. In the middle of dinner he had remembered the wedding-presents, still crated in a box-cupboard for lack of room, and insisted on making sure between the courses that they were still nailed down — he knew Josephine would never have used a screwdriver for fear of injuring her fingers, and she was terrified of hammers. The peace of a solitary evening at last descended on them: the delicious calm which they knew either of them could alter at any moment with a touch of the hand. Lovers cannot postpone as married people can.

"I am grown peaceful as old age tonight," he quoted to her.

"Who wrote that?"

"Browning."

"I don't know Browning.¹⁷ Read me some."

He loved to read Browning aloud—he had a good voice for poetry, it was his small harmless narcissism. "Would you really like it?"

"Yes."

"I used to read to Josephine," he warned her.

"What do I care? We can't help doing some of the same things, can we, darling?"

"Here is something I never read to Josephine. Even though I was in love with her, it wasn't suitable. We weren't—permanent." He began:

How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark
Autumn evenings come...

He was deeply moved by his own reading. He had never loved Julia so much as at this moment. Here was home — nothing else had been other than a caravan.

. . . I will speak now,
No longer watch you as you sit
Reading by firelight, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it,
Mutely, my heart knows how—

He rather wished that Julia had really been reading, but then of course she wouldn't have been listening to, him with such adorable attention.

If you join two lives, there is oft a scar,
They are one and one, with a shadowy third,
One near one is too far...

He turned the page and there lay a sheet of paper (he would have discovered it at once, before reading, if she had put it in an envelope), with the black neat handwriting.

Dearest Philip, only to say goodnight to you between the pages of your favourite book—and mine. We are so lucky to have ended in the way we have. With memories in common we shall for ever be a little in touch.

Love, Josephine

He flung the book and the paper on the floor. He said, "The bitch. The bloody bitch."

"I won't have you talk of her like that," Julia said with surprising strength. She picked up the paper and read it.

"What's wrong with that?" she demanded. "Do you have memories? What's going to happen to our memories?"

"But don't you see the trick she's playing? Don't you understand? Are you an idiot, Julia?"

That night they lay in bed on opposite sides. Neither slept much. In the morning Carter found a letter in the most obvious place of all which he had somehow neglected: between the leaves of the unused single-lined foolscap on which he always wrote his stories. It began: "*Darling. I'm sure you won't mind my using the old term...*"

NOTES

¹Mortmain ['mo:tmein] — a term used in law to denote perpetual ownership, inalienable possession (*Russ.* мертвая рука), here used figuratively.

²Retsina — a Greek wine.

³Sunium — Cape Sunium in Greece, the South extremity of Attic Peninsula, on the Aegian Sea, the site of ruins of the ancient temple of Poseidon.

⁴death's head = a death's head (or skeleton) at the feast — a person or thing that mars the gaiety, pleasure, etc. In ancient Egypt there was a custom of placing a skeleton at a feast in a conspicuous place, so as to remind the guests of death.

⁵ideas-bank (*metaph.*) — a hiding place where Carter and Josephine used to keep their notes, sketches, etc.

⁶Napoule (— Golfe de la Napoule) — a bay of the Mediterranean, S. E. France, along French Riviera. Cannes is on its N. E. shore.

⁷Spenser's line — Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) — English poet-laureat, the greatest poet of the English Renaissance period.

⁸antennae (*pl.*) — feelers on the head of an insect, here used figuratively, meaning the kind of sixth sense the lover possesses (*Russ.* чутье, инстинкт).

⁹tarmac (*abbrev.*) — tar of macadam — a macadam road, i.e. a road made of layers of broken stone, surfaced with a tar composition, (*here*) a runway, i.e. a track along which aeroplanes move (*Russ.* взлетно-посадочная дорожка)

¹⁰BOAC = British Overseas Airways Company

¹¹suffered in an elegant way from exophthalmic goitre — Josephine had prominent eyeballs as a result of the enlargement of the thyroid gland (*Russ.* увеличение щитовидной железы), but it didn't affect her looks.

¹²lotus islands — an allusion to Greece, where the couple spent their honeymoon in a happy, dreamy state, according to Greek mythology lotus is a plant whose fruit is supposed to cause careless ease and forgetfulness (Homer's *Odyssey*), *comp.* lotus-eater — idle dreamer.

¹³a squib went off (*metaph. periphrasis*) — (*here*) a very small time bomb.

¹⁴Elizabeth Arden's — Elizabeth Arden's beauty parlour.

¹⁵crack (*slang*) — a sarcastic hint (at Julia's wealth).

¹⁶owl (*colloq.*) — fool.

¹⁷Browning, Robert (1812-1889) — an outstanding poet of the Victorean era.

EXERCISES

I. Replace the italicized parts of the sentences by words and phrases from the text:

1. Carter had hidden the letter *because he was afraid of causing pain to Julia*. 2. He couldn't understand how he *had ever longed* to read her letters; he *hated even her handwriting now*. 3. Josephine stayed away from the wedding feast because she didn't want to *mar the couple's joy and happiness*. 4. She *took the liberty of entering the flat* and putting on the fires. 5. He had a feeling that Josephine *was hiding somewhere in the flat, lying in wait*. 6. Carter didn't marry Josephine because *he knew instinctively it wouldn't last*. 7. He *felt disgusted while reading her letter*. 8. *There was no doubt about the words "now and then" being a threat*. 9. They *removed the bedding*. 10. Julia found it a bit *queer to place* a letter under the mattress. 11. It couldn't have possibly got there *by chance*. 12. We *didn't have money enough to go* to Greece on holiday, but I never *liked* the Southern provinces of France.

II. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following and use them in sentences of your own:

а) настоящий брак; откровенные отношения; мучительные . годы; безудержная ревность; неуверенность; великодушие; поражать; ему претило; аккуратный почерк; упрек; любящий (нежный); мучительный; на случай если; божественное лето; невинная (преступная) тайна; маленькое расхождение (размолвка); я осмелилась (сделать); включить электрообогреватели; маловероятный случай; ради безопасности; прятаться (скрываться); несправедливый; запасной ключ; доступный; портить (отношения); приобрести репутацию; хрупкий; покидать вечеринку; адская головная боль; чуть-чуть не попались; мгновенно; приписывать кому-л. основную заслугу; где-то в подсознании; постоянный

б) бомба взорвалась; подслушать обрывки разговоров; надписать жирным шрифтом; причудливо; несомненная угроза; несколько странно; стараться быть полезной; основательно

обыскать квартиру; волноваться из-за пустяков; номер телефона; телефонная книга; полный список; приколоть над телефоном; стоянка такси; аптека; химчистка; овощная лавка; снять с кровати матрац; постельные принадлежности; свернуть матрац; повесить шторы; отвертка; молоток; выдвижной ящик; картотека; крышка бака; уборная; туалетная бумага; слесарь; почтовый ящик.

III. Answer the following questions.

1. What did Carter often talk to Julia about?
2. What did Julia think of Josephine?
3. What happened on the seventh day of Carter's honeymoon?
4. Why did Julia insist on opening the letter?
5. Why did Carter enjoy so much that he had no secrets from Julia?
6. Why did he recall Spenser's line?
7. What made Julia move away from her husband in the taxi? Whose fault was it?
8. What surprise awaited the couple in London?
9. What was the difference in the way they, reacted to it?
10. How soon did the first time bomb go off?
11. Where did he find the letter and what feeling did he read it with?
12. Where was the next letter found?
13. What did Carter try to do when he noticed it?
14. What instructions and information did the letter contain?
15. What was discovered in the directory later that day?
16. On what point did Carter and Julia disagree again?
17. What made Carter undertake a thorough search of the flat?
18. Where did he look for Josephine's letters?
19. What did he remember in the middle-of dinner?
20. Why did Carter feel peaceful and relieved in the evening?
21. What was Carter's small harmless narcissism?
22. What did he feel while reading to Julia?
23. Why did he fling the book on the floor?
24. What caused the first quarrel?

IV. Retell the story according to the outline below using the following words and phrases.

1. Carter gets married

secure; genuine; to enjoy; except when; to wipe away; down the aisle; typical of; frank; tormented; extravagant; well-timed; insecurity; to be.

convinced; to form a friendship; to doubt; can't help being . . . ; cruel love; to want to forget.

2. *Letter No 1*

generosity; to stagger; accidentally; to conceal; for fear, of; to leave one alone; brief period; abhorrent; neat; in black ink; platinum-fair; to be impatient to open (a letter); reproach; ill; in distress; to earn (with); can afford; affectionate; with distaste; a death's head; no chance; terribly beautiful; couldn't help wondering; to take such a long time; silly; less painful; just in case; worrier; to pay a fortune; to be back to; a slip of the tongue; a key sketch; at the back of; stuff; there it was; heavenly summer; to ramble on; could have been; to be meant for; to thrust smth. to; guilty secret; very sweet of; after, all; is anything the matter; what a dear fool; fault; momentarily; a small division.

3. *Letter No 2*

suddenly; autumn; more than usually sad; to put on. the electric fires; in no time; apartment; alight; fairy; mantelpiece; addressed to; won't mind; much in common;-icy-cold; couldn't help thinking; to catch a chill; presumptuous thing; to slip in; to hide under the mat; in case; to be helped up; by some unlucky chance; to turn out; for safety; the only coffee; to care for; to lurk about the place; to walk in; with one eye on; a bit unfair; duplicate.

4. *Carter enjoys marriage*

to blame oneself for; miraculously available; to mar; always together; to earn the reputation of; delicate; to occur; to abandon; vile headache; to have a narrow escape; to follow out; in the nick of time; a fit of; to go by; to attribute (to); at the back of one's mind; permanent.

5. *The time bombs begin to go off (or Letter No 3)*

to explode; to have occasion to; drawer; notes; scraps of; and the like; directly; with extreme distaste; to label; now and then; threat; unmistakable; to slam shut; damn; to tear up; unkind scars; in a rage; desperate.

6. *The next time bomb pops out (or Letter No 4)*

to change the mattress; to strip the bed; on the springs; to push out of sight; volume; to get edited; to hesitate; bizarre; accidentally; with relief; to bask in the sun; to care for; could afford; distracted; to bear the "thought; bumps; to advise; otherwise; curtains; the cleaners; a bit cold-blooded; trying to be helpful; household chat; ancient; to pop out; to search; to get fussed; abruptly.

7. *A small division caused by the list inserted in the directory*

complete; dialling number; in alphabetical order; typed; the same initials; to pin up; crack; bare statement of fact; to twist; the sense of guilt.

8. *The first quarrel*

thorough search; relieved in mind; delicious calm; to read aloud; a good voice for; used to; what do I care; suitable; deeply moved; other than; adorable attention; would have discovered; favourite; lucky; memories; to be a little in touch; to fling; I won't have you (talk)...; what's wrong with ...; to be playing a trick; idiot; obvious place; to neglect; unused foolscap; use old term.

TEXT 9. THE BLACK CAT

Edgar Allan Poe's

For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit¹ belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not - and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburden my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified - have tortured - have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but horror - to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter,² perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm² to the commonplace - some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.



From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing

them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and, in my manhood, I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature of the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere *Man*.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and *a cat*.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion, which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever *serious* upon this point - and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens, just now, to be remembered.

Pluto - this was the cat's name - was my favourite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character - through the instrumentality of the fiend Intemperance - had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way. But my disease grew upon me - for what disease is like alcohol? - and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish - even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill-temper.

One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my waistcoat pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning - when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch - I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart - one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should *not*? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be such? This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul *to vex itself* - to offer violence to its own nature - to do wrong for the wrong's sake only - that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree - hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart - hung it *because* I knew that it

had loved me, and *because* I felt it had given me no reason of offence - hung it *because* I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin - a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it - if such a thing were possible - even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep by the cry of 'Fire!' The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the conflagration³. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect between the disaster and the atrocity. But I am detailing a chain of facts, and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day succeeding the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls, with one exception, had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here, in great measure, resisted the action of the fire - a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words 'strange!' 'singular!' and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity. I approached and saw, as if graven in bas-relief⁴ upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic *cat*. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvellous. There was a rope about the animal's neck.

When I first beheld this apparition - for I could scarcely regard it as less - my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire, this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd - by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown, through an open window, into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames and the *ammonia* from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail

to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat; and, during this period, there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal, and to look about me, among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented, for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night as I sat, half-stupefied, in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheads⁵ of gin, or of rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of this hogshead for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat - a very large one - fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indefinite, splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it - knew nothing of it - had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses, and when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favourite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated; but - I know not how or why it was - its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed me. By slow degrees, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise violently ill- use it; but gradually - very gradually - I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed, in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk, it would get between my feet, and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner, to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly - let me confess it at once - by absolute *dread* of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil - and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own - yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own - that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite; but, by slow degrees - degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful - it had, at length, resumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name - and for this, above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster *had I dared* - it was now, I say, the image of a hideous - of a ghastly thing - of the GALLOWS! - oh, mournful and terrible engine of horror and of crime - of agony and death!

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere humanity. And a *brute beast* - whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed - a *brute beast* to work out for *me* - for me, a man, fashioned in the image of the High God - so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of rest any more! During

the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of *the thing* upon my face, and its vast weight - an incarnate nightmare that I had no power to shake off - incumbent eternally upon my *heart*!

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates - the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of *all* things and of all mankind; while, from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp, and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbours. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it into the well in the yard - about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar - as the monks of the Middle Ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney, or fire-place, that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily

displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect anything suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crowbar I easily dislodged the bricks, and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with little trouble, I relaid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brickwork. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself, 'Here at least, then, my labour has not been in vain.'

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night - and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; aye, *slept* even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a free man. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises for ever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted - but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar

from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied, and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

'Gentlemen,' I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, 'I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By-the-by, gentlemen, this - this is a very well-constructed house.' (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.) 'I may say an *excellently* well-constructed house. These walls - are you going, gentlemen? - these walls are solidly put together'; and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brickwork behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs on the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! - by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

NOTES

¹Solicit - to seek for smth. by earnest or respectful request, formal application, etc.

²Phantasm - an illusory likeness of something.

³Conflagration - a destructive fire, usually an extensive one.

⁴Bas-relief - relief sculpture in which the figures project slightly from the background.

⁵Hogshead - a large cask, esp. one containing from 63 to 140 gallons.

EXERCISES

I. Find the words in the text that correspond to the following definitions.

1. expressed in few words; concise; terse; 2. easily managed or handled; 3. having or showing keen discernment, and sound judgment; 4. lacking in importance or worth; trivial; 5. something delicate, light, or flimsy; 6. to get by special effort; obtain or acquire; 7. the act of alluding; indirect reference; 8. to treat in a rough or cruel way; abuse; 9. a moral or ethical consideration or standard that acts as a restraining force or inhibits certain actions; 10. ill will; malice; hatred; 11. the quality of being extremely or shockingly wicked, cruel, or brutal; 12. a period of wanton self-indulgence, an excessive party which includes consumption of alcohol; 13. a mental feeling; emotion; 14. complete, highest or most extreme degree; 15. extremely bad reputation, public reproach, or strong condemnation as the result of a shameful, criminal, or outrageous act; 16. something that is considered harmful, destructive, or evil; 17. the quality of being stubborn or obstinate; 18. to give way to superior force; yield; 19. to encourage, urge, or drive, or stimulate; 20. to show or feel a lively or triumphant joy; rejoice exceedingly; be highly elated or jubilant; 21. to transfer to another's custody or charge; entrust.

II. Find the English equivalents for the following words:

безумный, нрав, верность, невоздержанность, жестоко обращаться, сожаление, двусмысленный, совесть, виселица, напрасно, глупо, блаженство.

III. Answer the questions.

1. Who are the main characters of the story.
2. What are the settings.
3. Where is the narrator as he writes this story?
4. What crime did the narrator commit?
5. Is he remorseful for his crime?
6. Why is this story considered a flashback?
7. Why did he get caught by the police?
8. How does the narrator describe himself?
9. How does the narrator behave?
10. On what does the narrator blame his behavior?

IV. Discuss the following.

1. Discuss the disconnect between the way the narrator views himself and his actual behavior.
2. Compare the two cats in the story.
3. The story was published in 1843. What differences do you see between this story and modern horror stories?

TEXT 10. A SOUND OF THUNDER

Ray Bradbury

The sign on the wall seemed to quaver under a film of sliding warm water. Eckels felt his eyelids blink over his stare, and the sign burned in this momentary darkness:



TIME SAFARI, INC.
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST.
YOU NAME THE ANIMAL.
WE TAKE YOU THERE.
YOU SHOOT IT.

Warm phlegm gathered in Eckels' throat, he swallowed and pushed it down. The muscles around his mouth formed a smile as he put his hand slowly out upon the air, and in that hand waved a check for ten thousand dollars to the man behind the desk.

"Does this safari guarantee I come back alive?"

"We guarantee nothing," said the official, "except the dinosaurs." He turned. "This is Mr. Travis, your Safari Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to shoot. If he says no shooting, no shooting. If you disobey instructions, there's a stiff penalty of another ten thousand dollars, plus possible government action, on your return."

Eckels glanced across the vast office at a mass and tangle, a snaking and humming of wires and steel boxes, at an aurora that flickered now orange, now silver, now blue. There was a sound like a

gigantic bonfire burning all of Time, all the years and all the parchment calendars, all the hours piled high and set aflame.

A touch of the hand and this burning would, on the instant, beautifully reverse itself. Eckels remembered the wording in the advertisements to the letter. Out of chars and ashes, out of dust and coals, like golden salamanders, the old years, the green years, might leap, roses sweeten the air, white hair turn Irish-black, wrinkles vanish, all, everything fly back to seed, flee death, rush down to their beginnings, suns rise in western skies and set in glorious easts, moons eat themselves opposite to the custom, all and everything cupping one in another like Chinese boxes, rabbits into hats, all and everything returning to the fresh death, the seed death, the green death, to the time before the beginning. A touch of a hand might do it, the merest touch of a hand.

"Unbelievable." Eckels breathed, the light of the Machine on his thin face. "A real Time Machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think, If the election had gone badly yesterday, I might be here now running away from the results. Thank God Keith won. He'll make a fine President of the United States."

"Yes," said the man behind the desk. "We're lucky. If Deutscher had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of dictatorship. There's an anti everything man for you, a militarist, anti-Christ, anti-human, anti-intellectual. People called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Deutscher became President they wanted to go live in 1492. Of course it's not our business to conduct Escapes, but to form Safaris. Anyway, Keith's President now. All you got to worry about is-

"Shooting my dinosaur," Eckels finished it for him.

"A Tyrannosaurus Rex. The Tyrant Lizard, the most incredible monster in history. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry."

Eckels flushed angrily. "Trying to scare me!"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going who'll panic at the first shot. Six Safari leaders were killed last year, and a dozen hunters. We're here to give you the severest thrill a real hunter ever asked for. Traveling you back sixty million years to bag the biggest game in all of Time. Your personal check's still there. Tear it up." Mr. Eckels looked at the check. His fingers twitched.

"Good luck," said the man behind the desk. "Mr. Travis, he's all yours."

They moved silently across the room, taking their guns with them, toward the Machine, toward the silver metal and the roaring light.

First a day and then a night and then a day and then a night, then it was day-night-day-night. A week, a month, a year, a decade! A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1999! 1957! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their oxygen helmets and tested the intercoms.

Eckels swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arms and he looked down and found his hands tight on the new rifle. There were four other men in the Machine. Travis, the Safari Leader, his assistant, Lesperance, and two other hunters, Billings and Kramer. They sat looking at each other, and the years blazed around them.

"Can these guns get a dinosaur cold?" Eckels felt his mouth saying.

"If you hit them right," said Travis on the helmet radio. "Some dinosaurs have two brains, one in the head, another far down the spinal column. We stay away from those. That's stretching luck. Put your first two shots into the eyes, if you can, blind them, and go back into the brain."

The Machine howled. Time was a film run backward. Suns fled and ten million moons fled after them. "Think," said Eckels. "Every hunter that ever lived would envy us today. This makes Africa seem like Illinois."

The Machine slowed, its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped.

The sun stopped in the sky.

The fog that had enveloped the Machine blew away and they were in an old time, a very old time indeed, three hunters and two Safari Heads with their blue metal guns across their knees.

"Christ isn't born yet," said Travis, "Moses has not gone to the mountains to talk with God. The Pyramids are still in the earth, waiting to be cut out and put up. Remember that. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler-none of them exists." The man nodded.

"That" - Mr. Travis pointed - "is the jungle of sixty million two thousand and fifty-five years before President Keith."

He indicated a metal path that struck off into green wilderness, over streaming swamp, among giant ferns and palms.

"And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Safari for your use,

It floats six inches above the earth. Doesn't touch so much as one grass blade, flower, or tree. It's an anti-gravity metal. Its purpose is to

keep you from touching this world of the past in any way. Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat. Don't go off. For any reason! If you fall off, there's a penalty. And don't shoot any animal we don't okay."

"Why?" asked Eckels.

They sat in the ancient wilderness. Far birds' cries blew on a wind, and the smell of tar and an old salt sea, moist grasses, and flowers the color of blood.

"We don't want to change the Future. We don't belong here in the Past. The government doesn't like us here. We have to pay big graft to keep our franchise. A Time Machine is finicky business. Not knowing it, we might kill an important animal, a small bird, a roach, a flower even, thus destroying an important link in a growing species."

"That's not clear," said Eckels.

"All right," Travis continued, "say we accidentally kill one mouse here. That means all the future families of this one particular mouse are destroyed, right?"

"Right"

"And all the families of the families of the families of that one mouse! With a stamp of your foot, you annihilate first one, then a dozen, then a thousand, a million, a billion possible mice!"

"So they're dead," said Eckels. "So what?"

"So what?" Travis snorted quietly. "Well, what about the foxes that'll need those mice to survive? For want of ten mice, a fox dies. For want of ten foxes a lion starves. For want of a lion, all manner of insects, vultures, infinite billions of life forms are thrown into chaos and destruction. Eventually it all boils down to this: fifty-nine million years later, a caveman, one of a dozen on the entire world, goes hunting wild boar or saber-toothed tiger for food. But you, friend, have stepped on all the tigers in that region. By stepping on one single mouse. So the caveman starves. And the caveman, please note, is not just any expendable man, no! He is an entire future nation. From his loins would have sprung ten sons. From their loins one hundred sons, and thus onward to a civilization. Destroy this one man, and you destroy a race, a people, an entire history of life. It is comparable to slaying some of Adam's grandchildren. The stomp of your foot, on one mouse, could start an earthquake, the effects of which could shake our earth and destinies down through Time, to their very foundations. With the death of that one caveman, a billion others yet unborn are throttled in the womb. Perhaps Rome never rises on its seven hills. Perhaps Europe is

forever a dark forest, and only Asia waxes healthy and teeming. Step on a mouse and you crush the Pyramids. Step on a mouse and you leave your print, like a Grand Canyon, across Eternity. Queen Elizabeth might never be born, Washington might not cross the Delaware, there might never be a United States at all. So be careful. Stay on the Path. Never step off!"

"I see," said Eckels. "Then it wouldn't pay for us even to touch the grass?"

"Correct. Crushing certain plants could add up infinitesimally. A little error here would multiply in sixty million years, all out of proportion. Of course maybe our theory is wrong. Maybe Time can't be changed by us. Or maybe it can be changed only in little subtle ways. A dead mouse here makes an insect imbalance there, a population disproportion later, a bad harvest further on, a depression, mass starvation, and finally, a change in social temperament in far-flung countries. Something much more subtle, like that. Perhaps only a soft breath, a whisper, a hair, pollen on the air, such a slight, slight change that unless you looked close you wouldn't see it. Who knows? Who really can say he knows? We don't know. We're guessing. But until we do know for certain whether our messing around in Time can make a big roar or a little rustle in history, we're being careful. This Machine, this Path, your clothing and bodies, were sterilized, as you know, before the journey. We wear these oxygen helmets so we can't introduce our bacteria into an ancient atmosphere."

"How do we know which animals to shoot?"

"They're marked with red paint," said Travis. "Today, before our journey, we sent Lesperance here back with the Machine. He came to this particular era and followed certain animals."

"Studying them?"

"Right," said Lesperance. "I track them through their entire existence, noting which of them lives longest. Very few. How many times they mate. Not often. Life's short, When I find one that's going to die when a tree falls on him, or one that drowns in a tar pit, I note the exact hour, minute, and second. I shoot a paint bomb. It leaves a red patch on his side. We can't miss it. Then I correlate our arrival in the Past so that we meet the Monster not more than two minutes before he would have died anyway. This way, we kill only animals with no future, that are never going to mate again. You see how careful we are?"

"But if you come back this morning in Time," said Eckels eagerly, you must've bumped into us, our Safari! How did it turn out? Was it successful? Did all of us get through-alive?"

Travis and Lesperance gave each other a look.

"That'd be a paradox," said the latter. "Time doesn't permit that sort of mess-a man meeting himself. When such occasions threaten, Time steps aside. Like an airplane hitting an air pocket. You felt the Machine jump just before we stopped? That was us passing ourselves on the way back to the Future. We saw nothing. There's no way of telling if this expedition was a success, if we got our monster, or whether all of us - meaning you, Mr. Eckels - got out alive."

Eckels smiled palely.

"Cut that," said Travis sharply. "Everyone on his feet!"

They were ready to leave the Machine.

The jungle was high and the jungle was broad and the jungle was the entire world forever and forever. Sounds like music and sounds like flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with cavernous gray wings, gigantic bats of delirium and night fever.

Eckels, balanced on the narrow Path, aimed his rifle playfully.

"Stop that!" said Travis. "Don't even aim for fun, blast you! If your guns should go off - - "

Eckels flushed. "Where's our Tyrannosaurus?"

Lesperance checked his wristwatch. "Up ahead, We'll bisect his trail in sixty seconds. Look for the red paint! Don't shoot till we give the word. Stay on the Path. Stay on the Path!"

They moved forward in the wind of morning.

"Strange," murmured Eckels. "Up ahead, sixty million years, Election Day over. Keith made President. Everyone celebrating. And here we are, a million years lost, and they don't exist. The things we worried about for months, a lifetime, not even born or thought of yet."

"Safety catches off, everyone!" ordered Travis. "You, first shot, Eckels. Second, Billings, Third, Kramer."

"I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but now, this is it," said Eckels. "I'm shaking like a kid."

"Ah," said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. "Ahead," he whispered. "In the mist. There he is. There's His Royal Majesty now."

The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came Tyrannosaurus Rex.

"It," whispered Eckels. "It....."

"Sh!"

It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit area warily, its beautifully reptilian hands feeling the air.

"Why, why," Eckels twitched his mouth. "It could reach up and grab the moon."

"Sh!" Travis jerked angrily. "He hasn't seen us yet."

"It can't be killed," Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed a cap gun. "We were fools to come. This is impossible."

"Shut up!" hissed Travis.

"Nightmare."

"Turn around," commanded Travis. "Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee."

"I didn't realize it would be this big," said Eckels. "I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out."

"It sees us!"

"There's the red paint on its chest!"

The Tyrant Lizard raised itself. Its armored flesh glittered like a thousand green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

"Get me out of here," said Eckels. "It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of."

"Don't run," said Lesperance. "Turn around. Hide in the Machine."

"Yes." Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

"Eckels!"

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

"Not that way!"

The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

The rifles cracked again, Their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweler's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulderstone eyes leveled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris,

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell.

Thundering, it clutched trees, pulled them with it. It wrenched and tore the metal Path. The men flung themselves back and away. The body hit, ten tons of cold flesh and stone. The guns fired. The Monster lashed its armored tail, twitched its snake jaws, and lay still. A fount of blood spurted from its throat. Somewhere inside, a sac of fluids burst. Sickening gushes drenched the hunters. They stood, red and glistening.

The thunder faded.

The jungle was silent. After the avalanche, a green peace. After the nightmare, morning.

Billings and Kramer sat on the pathway and threw up. Travis and Lesperance stood with smoking rifles, cursing steadily. In the Time Machine, on his face, Eckels lay shivering. He had found his way back to the Path, climbed into the Machine.

Travis came walking, glanced at Eckels, took cotton gauze from a metal box, and returned to the others, who were sitting on the Path.

"Clean up."

They wiped the blood from their helmets. They began to curse too. The Monster lay, a hill of solid flesh. Within, you could hear the sighs and murmurs as the furthest chambers of it died, the organs malfunctioning, liquids running a final instant from pocket to sac to spleen, everything shutting off, closing up forever. It was like standing by a wrecked locomotive or a steam shovel at quitting time, all valves being released or levered tight. Bones cracked, the tonnage of its own flesh, off balance, dead weight, snapped the delicate forearms, caught underneath. The meat settled, quivering.

Another cracking sound. Overhead, a gigantic tree branch broke from its heavy mooring, fell. It crashed upon the dead beast with finality.

"There." Lesperance checked his watch. "Right on time. That's the giant tree that was scheduled to fall and kill this animal originally." He glanced at the two hunters. "You want the trophy picture?"

"What?"

"We can't take a trophy back to the Future. The body has to stay right here where it would have died originally, so the insects, birds, and bacteria can get at it, as they were intended to. Everything in balance. The body stays. But we can take a picture of you standing near it."

The two men tried to think, but gave up, shaking their heads.

They let themselves be led along the metal Path. They sank wearily into the Machine cushions. They gazed back at the ruined Monster, the stagnating mound, where already strange reptilian birds and golden insects were busy at the steaming armor. A sound on the floor of the Time Machine stiffened them. Eckels sat there, shivering.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

"Get up!" cried Travis.

Eckels got up.

"Go out on that Path alone," said Travis. He had his rifle pointed, "You're not coming back in the Machine. We're leaving you here!"

Lesperance seized Travis's arm. "Wait-"

"Stay out of this!" Travis shook his hand away. "This fool nearly killed us. But it isn't that so much, no. It's his shoes! Look at them! He ran off the Path. That ruins us! We'll forfeit! Thousands of dollars of insurance! We guarantee no one leaves the Path. He left it. Oh, the fool! I'll have to report to the government. They might revoke our license to travel. Who knows what he's done to Time, to History!"

"Take it easy, all he did was kick up some dirt."

"How do we know?" cried Travis. "We don't know anything! It's all a mystery! Get out of here, Eckels!"

Eckels fumbled his shirt. "I'll pay anything. A hundred thousand dollars!"

Travis glared at Eckels' checkbook and spat. "Go out there. The Monster's next to the Path. Stick your arms up to your elbows in his mouth. Then you can come back with us."

"That's unreasonable!"

"The Monster's dead, you idiot. The bullets! The bullets can't be left behind. They don't belong in the Past, they might change anything. Here's my knife. Dig them out!"

The jungle was alive again, full of the old tremorings and bird cries. Eckels turned slowly to regard the primeval garbage dump, that hill of nightmares and terror. After a long time, like a sleepwalker he shuffled out along the Path.

He returned, shuddering, five minutes later, his arms soaked and red to the elbows. He held out his hands. Each held a number of steel bullets. Then he fell. He lay where he fell, not moving.

"You didn't have to make him do that," said Lesperance.

"Didn't I? It's too early to tell." Travis nudged the still body. "He'll live. Next time he won't go hunting game like this. Okay." He jerked his thumb wearily at Lesperance. "Switch on. Let's go home."

1492. 1776. 1812.

They cleaned their hands and faces. They changed their caking shirts and pants. Eckels was up and around again, not speaking. Travis glared at him for a full ten minutes.

"Don't look at me," cried Eckels. "I haven't done anything."

"Who can tell?"

"Just ran off the Path, that's all, a little mud on my shoes-what do you want me to do-get down and pray?"

"We might need it. I'm warning you, Eckels, I might kill you yet. I've got my gun ready."

"I'm innocent. I've done nothing!"

1999.2000.2055.

The Machine stopped.

"Get out," said Travis.

The room was there as they had left it. But not the same as they had left it. The same man sat behind the same desk. But the same man did not quite sit behind the same desk. Travis looked around swiftly. "Everything okay here?" he snapped.

"Fine. Welcome home!"

Travis did not relax. He seemed to be looking through the one high window.

"Okay, Eckels, get out. Don't ever come back." Eckels could not move.

"You heard me," said Travis. "What're you staring at?"

Eckels stood smelling of the air, and there was a thing to the air, a chemical taint so subtle, so slight, that only a faint cry of his subliminal senses warned him it was there. The colors, white, gray, blue, orange, in the wall, in the furniture, in the sky beyond the window, were . . . were . . . And there was a feel. His flesh twitched. His hands twitched. He stood drinking the oddness with the pores of his body. Somewhere, someone must have been screaming one of those whistles that only a dog can hear. His body screamed silence in return. Beyond this room, beyond this wall, beyond this man who was not quite the same man seated at this desk that was not quite the same desk . . . lay an entire world of streets and people. What sort of world it was now, there was no telling. He could feel them moving there, beyond the walls, almost, like so many chess pieces blown in a dry wind

But the immediate thing was the sign painted on the office wall, the same sign he had read earlier today on first entering. Somehow, the sign had changed:

TYME SEFARI INC.
SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST.
YU NAIM THE ANIMALL.
WEE TAEK YU THAIR.
YU SHOOT ITT.

Eckels felt himself fall into a chair. He fumbled crazily at the thick slime on his boots. He held up a clod of dirt, trembling, "No, it can't be. Not a little thing like that. No!"

Embedded in the mud, glistening green and gold and black, was a butterfly, very beautiful and very dead.

"Not a little thing like that! Not a butterfly!" cried Eckels.

It fell to the floor, an exquisite thing, a small thing that could upset balances and knock down a line of small dominoes and then big dominoes and then gigantic dominoes, all down the years across Time. Eckels' mind whirled. It couldn't change things. Killing one butterfly couldn't be that important! Could it?

His face was cold. His mouth trembled, asking: "Who - who won the presidential election yesterday?"

The man behind the desk laughed. "You joking? You know very well. Deutscher, of course! Who else? Not that fool weakling Keith. We got an iron man now, a man with guts!" The official stopped. "What's wrong?"

Eckels moaned. He dropped to his knees. He scabbled at the golden butterfly with shaking fingers. "Can't we," he pleaded to the world, to himself, to the officials, to the Machine, "can't we take it back, can't we make it alive again? Can't we start over? Can't we-"

He did not move. Eyes shut, he waited, shivering. He heard Travis breathe loud in the room, he heard Travis shift his rifle, click the safety catch, and raise the weapon.

There was a sound of thunder.

EXERCISES

I. Be able to define the following words and understand them when they appear in the story or class discussion:

quaver, parchment, twitch, graft, snort, expendable, delirium, dangle, pelvic, talon, annihilate, expendable, infinitesimally, bisect, resilient, remit, lash, forfeit, revoke, oddness, shiver.

II. Assign some of the following characteristics to the characters you associate them with: Travis, Eckels, Lesperance (be ready to justify your answers.)

Determined	Worries a lot	Gets angry easily
Risk Taker	Coward	Knows a lot about
Likes hunting	Pessimistic	technology
Doesn't believe in	Very observant	Patient

communism Glad that a democrat won He is only concerned with hunting Nervous Doesn't care about animals dying	Sure of himself Knows a lot of history Is not compassionate Worries a lot	Not frightened easily Very conscious Compassionate Vindictive
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III. Reach conclusions within your group

1. When does a time paradox occur?
2. What measures do they take to avoid a time paradox?
3. The full title of the story appears twice. What does ***“The Sound of Thunder”*** stand for in both instances?
4. Which subtle changes do they notice in the present?
5. How influential has this story been as regards other arts and science
6. Can you think of anything we (20th.Century born people) have done which can be compared to what Eckels did?

IV. Post Analysis Task: visit the site

<http://www.moviemaze.de/media/trailer/1397/a-sound-of-thunder.html>, watch the movie trailer (not the teaser) and write down 5 differences between the short story and the movie.

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