

**МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ  
ПРИВАТНИЙ ВИЩИЙ НАВЧАЛЬНИЙ ЗАКЛАД  
МІЖНАРОДНИЙ ЕКОНОМІКО-ГУМАНІТАРНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ  
ІМЕНІ АКАДЕМІКА СТЕПАНА ДЕМ'ЯНЧУКА**

**Навчально-методичний посібник**

# **Home Reading**

## **Домашнє читання**

**для студентів педагогічних факультетів, вчителів  
англійської мови**

**Рівне - 2010**

**ББК 81.2 Англ – 9 - 923**  
**С-45**  
**УДК 811.111 (07)**

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Навчальний посібник затверджено та рекомендовано до друку Навчально-методичною радою Міжнародного економіко-гуманітарного університету імені академіка Степана Дем'янчука (протокол № 11 від „26” червня 2008 р.)

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Навчальний посібник *Home Reading Домашнє читання* для студентів педагогічних факультетів, вчителів англійської мови.

Посібник призначений для студентів вищих навчальних закладів, які спеціалізуються на фаховій підготовці вчителів англійської мови, а також для вчителів загальноосвітніх шкіл і всім, хто цікавиться англійською мовою.

Загалом матеріал посібника стимулює розвиток пізнавальних інтересів студентів і сприяє підвищенню мотивації до вивчення англійської мови.

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## ВСТУП

Посібник має на меті розширити уявлення читача про англійську та американську літературу.

Призначення навчального посібника – ознайомлення студентів з творами англійських та американських письменників, - К. Дойля, А. Крісті, Т. Харіса, О. Уальда, Джерома К. Джерома, Р. Кіплінга, О'Генрі, М. Твена, Д. Лондона та Ф. Стоктона - кожен з яких має свій власний неповторний стиль.

Пропоновані у посібнику тексти вміщують практичні завдання, розроблені для визначення рівня розуміння тексту студентами. Завдання складені таким чином, що рівень їх виконання для викладача є показником рівня підготовленості студента (навички читання, словниковий запас, граматичні та стилістичні навички тощо).

Оскільки книжкова, архаїчна лексика, діалекти та сленг, які містять тексти посібника, неадаптовані до вимог сучасної літературної мови, то робота над завданнями з такими текстами дасть змогу студентові не лише вдосконалити англійську мову, але й ознайомитися із скарбами англійської та американської культури.

Посібник укладено для студентів спеціальностей “англійська мова та література”, “початкове навчання, іноземна мова (англійська мова)”, “українська мова, література, іноземна мова (англійська мова)”.

## Arthur Conan Doyle

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the author of the Sherlock Holmes stories (and of many other writings, fictional and nonfictional) was born at Picardy Place, Edinburgh, on May 22, 1859. He was the son of Charles Doyle, a civil servant and his wife Mary Foley Doyle.

In 1876 he entered Edinburgh University which possessed a well-deserved reputation for the fine medical training. Trying to help his family in vacation times (Charles Doyle fathered six other children), he worked as a medical assistant to doctors in Sheffield and Aston.

It was here that Conan Doyle's first short story, *The Mystery of Sassassa Valley*, was written in October, 1879.

In February of 1880, Conan Doyle accepted a job as surgeon on a whaling ship, the *Hope*, and spent seven months in the Arctic. In the latter part of 1880 he returned to Aston where he remained until early in 1881 as assistant to Dr Hoare, after which he resumed his studies for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, which he took in August, 1881. A voyage to Africa as medical officer on the ship *Mayumba* followed; then he went into partnership, at Plymouth, with a friend he had made at Edinburgh, Dr George Budd. Through no fault of Conan Doyle's, there was friction between him and Budd, and he decided to leave. He arrived at Southsca, a suburb of Portsmouth

Soon young Arthur Conan Doyle was engaged to Louise Hawkins, the daughter of one of his patients; she became his first wife on August 6, 1885, a month after Conan Doyle had taken his doctorate.

Meantime, between 1878 and 1883, Conan Doyle had written and sold a few short stories and had completed two novels, *The Narrative of John Smith*, and *The Finn of Girdlestone*. Now, in the March of 1886, with time on his hands and creditors at his door, young Dr Conan Doyle - he was then only twenty-six - turned his mind to the writing of a detective story.

*A Study in Scarlet*, his first detective story with Sherlock Holmes, may have suggested itself to Conan Doyle by the real-life disappearance, in London, of a German baker, Urban Napoleon Stanger, whose name is echoed in the "Stangerson" of the story. A private detective named Wendel Scherer had been called in to find the missing man, but he failed to do so, and the baker's manager, Franz Felix Sounm, was charged with the murder.

Conan Doyle set out to create a private detective who would not fail in such an assignment because he would have developed "habits of observation and inference into a system", and he thought at once of one of his former teachers the University, Joseph Bell, M. D., consulting surgeon to the Royal Infirmary and Royal Hospital for Sick Children, member of University Court. Edinburgh University; born in Edinburgh in 1837.

Short stories about Holmes began to appear regularly in the *Strand Magazine* in 1891 and later made up several collections. Conan Doyle wearied of him and devised his death in 1893 - only to be forced by public demand to restore him ingeniously to Conan Doyle was knighted in 1902 for his work with a field hospital in Bloemfontda. South Africa, and for other activities concerning the South African (Boer) War. After the death of his son from wounds incurred in World War I, he dedicated himself to the cause of spiritualism.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is best known for his creation of the detective Sherlock Holmes - one of the most vivid characters in English fiction. Holmes's friend, the good-hearted but comparatively obtuse Dr. Watson, and the detective's principal enemy, the criminal Professor Moriarty, also have taken on an uncanny life that persists beyond the page. In New York the Baker Street Irregulars and in London the Sherlock Holmes Society peruse *Holmesiana* with a cultist fervour, and similar groups exist on the Continent. The brilliantly eccentric hero, in deerstalker or dressing gown, has been portrayed in a variety of media and has put the author's other works - chiefly historical romances - somewhat in the shade.

*Text 1**Read the story. Translate it***Arthur Conan Doyle  
FIVE ORANGE PIPS****(The story is told by Sherlock Holmes)**

It was in the end of September. The days were windy and rainy. As evening drew in the storm became louder and louder, and the wind became stronger. Sherlock Holmes sat at the side of the fireplace looking through his notes, while I at the other was reading one of fine sea stories. My wife visited her aunt and for a few days I stayed in my old room at Baker Street.

“Why”, said I, looking up at my friend, “that was the bell? Who could come in a night like this? Is it a client?”

“If so, it is a serious case. Nothing unimportant would bring a man out on such a night and at such an hour.”

Then we heard steps and a knock at the door. He turned the lamp away from himself and towards the vacant chair upon which a visitor must sit.

“Come in!” said he.

A young man of about 22 entered the room. His umbrella and shining waterproof told of the awful weather outside. He looked about himself, and I could see that his face was pale. “I am very sorry,” he said, putting his golden pence-nez onto his eyes. “I am afraid that I have brought the storm and the rain into your room.”

“Give me your coat and umbrella”, said Holmes. “You’ve come up from the Southwest, I see.”

“Yes, from Horsham. I have come for advice.”

“That is easily got.”

“And help.”

“That is not always so easy.”

“I have heard of you much, Mr. Holmes. You are very famous.”

“Draw your chair up to the fire, and tell the details as to your case.”

“It is no ordinary one. A mysterious and inexplicable chain of events has happened in my family.”

“It’s interesting”, said Holmes. “Tell us all the facts from the very beginning and I can later ask you about the details which seem to me to be most important.”

“My name”, said he, “is John Openshaw, but I am sure my own affairs have nothing to do with this awful business. I’ll start from the very beginning.

My grandfather had two sons - my uncle Elias and my father Joseph. My father had a small factory at Coventry. His business was so successful that he was able to sell it and to retire.

My uncle went to America when he was a young man, and became a planter in Florida, where he was also successful. At the time of the war he fought in Jackson’s army and became a colonel. When the war was over he returned to his plantation, where he lived for three or four years. About 1870 he came back to Europe, and took a small estate in Sussex, near Horsham. He had earned a lot of money in America. He was a single man. My uncle had a garden and two or three fields. He drank much and smoke heavily and didn’t want any friends, not even his brother.

But he liked me. He asked my father to let me live with him, and he was very kind to me in his way. He used to play draughts with me and I dealt with the servants, so that by the time I was 16 I was quite master of the house. I kept all the keys, and could go where I liked and do what I liked, so long as I did not disturb him. But he had a room up among the attic which was locked, and which he did not allow to enter.

One day - it was in March, 1883 - a letter with a foreign stamp was on the table in front of the Colonel’s plate. He never received letters. “From India”, said he. “What can this be?” He opened it, and out there jumped five little orange pips. I began to laugh, but stopped as I saw his



face. He looked scared at the envelope, which he still held in his trembling hand. "K.K.K.", he cried, and then: "My God, oh, my God."

"What is it, uncle?" I asked.

"Death", said he, and went to his room, leaving me in horror. I took up the envelope and saw three red letters K. There was nothing else except five pips. I left the room and when I was in the stairs I met him coming down with a key in one hand, and a small box in the other.

"Tell Mary that I'll want a fire in my room today, and send down to Fordham, the lawyer."

I did as he asked, and when the lawyer came they invited me to the room. The fire was bright, and near the fireplace there was a mass of black ashes and the box was open and empty. As I looked at the box, I saw the same letters K, which I had read in the morning on the envelope.

"I want you, John", said my uncle, "to witness my will. I leave my estate to my brother, your father, and it will be yours then. You can live here or sell it." Kindly sign the paper where Mr. Fordham shows you.

I signed the paper and the lawyer took it away with him. I thought that case was over but I was not able to understand anything. The weeks passed and nothing happened. My uncle changed greatly. He drank more than ever and wanted to be alone. Most of his time he would spend in his room, with the door locked, but sometimes he would burst out of the house and ran about the garden with a revolver in his hand, shouting that he was afraid of no one. And in one of such nights he never came back. We found him in a little green pool, which was in the garden. It was said that he killed himself, but I knew it was not so. My father became the master of the estate.

"Just a minute", Holmes said. "Tell me the date when you received the letter, and the date of your uncle's death."

"We got it on March the 10<sup>th</sup>, 1883. He died seven weeks later."

"Thank you. Go on."

"My father examined carefully the attic. We found that small box, it was empty. There was nothing important there, except the papers and notebooks with some facts about my uncle's life in Florida. "Well, it was the beginning of 1884 when my father came to live in Horsham, and all was well until the January of 1885. On the fourth day after the New Year I heard my father's cry of surprise. He had an opened envelope in one hand and five dried orange pips in the other one. He had always laughed at my story about his brother, but he looked very surprised and scared now. "What does it mean, John?" he murmured. "It is K.K.K." said I. He looked inside the envelope. Yes, he cried. "Here are the letters. But there are some words." "Put the papers on the sun-dial", I read. "What papers? What sun-dial?" he asked. "It is in the garden", said I; "but my uncle burnt the papers." "It is not serious. Where does the thing come from?" "From Dundee", I answered, looking at the postmark. "It's a silly joke", said he. "I am not going to pay attention to such nonsense." "I advise you to go to the police", I said. "No. They'll only laugh at us." It was useless to argue with him. I was very worried.

On the third day my father went to visit his old friend Major Freebody. I was glad that he should go, for I thought he was far away from danger when he was away from home. But it was a mistake. Two days later I got a telegram from the Major, asking me to come at once. My father had fallen over one of the deep chalk-pits, and was lying senseless. I hurried to him but he died. The jury decided that he had died accidentally. But I didn't agree with it.

Then I became the master of the estate. It was in January, 1885, that my poor father met his end, and more than two years have passed. During that time I have lived happily at Horsham. I hoped that this danger had passed. But yesterday morning I had to change my mind.

The young man took out an envelope and showed us five little orange pips.

"Here it is", he went on. "The postmark is London - eastern part. There are the same

words “K.K.K.” Put the papers on the sun-dial.”

“What have you done?” asked Holmes.

“Nothing. To tell the truth, I have felt helpless.”

“Oh”, cried Sherlock Holmes. “You must act, or you can die. You have very little time.”

“I have turned to the police. They listened to me with a smile. I am sure they think that these letters are just jokes.”

Holmes shook his head. “How stupid!”

“They have sent a policeman to be at my house.”

“Has he come with you now?”

“No. He is at the house.”

“Why didn’t you come at once?”

“I did not know.”

“It is two days since you had the letter. We should have acted earlier.”

“There is one more thing”, said John Openshaw. He took a piece of blue paper out of his pocket. I found this sheet on the floor of my uncle’s room, and I think that it may be one of his papers. It may be a page of his notebook.”

Holmes moved the lamp and we looked at the paper. It had a head “March, 1869”, and there were some lines:

“4<sup>th</sup> - Hudson came. 7<sup>th</sup> - Set the pips on McCauley, Paramore, and Swain. 9<sup>th</sup> - McCauley cleared. 10<sup>th</sup> - John Swain cleared. 12<sup>th</sup> - Visited Paramore. All well.”

“Thank you!” said Holmes, and returned the paper to our visitor. “You must go home immediately and act.”

“What shall I do?”

“There is only one thing to do. You must put this piece of paper into the box you’ve told us about. You must also put in a note to say that all the other papers were burned by your uncle. You must at once put the box on the sun-dial. Do you understand?”

“Completely. I thank you”, said the young man, rising. “You have given me hope. I shall follow your advice.”

“Do not lose time. Be careful. How do you go back?”

“By train from Waterloo. I have a gun.”

“That is well. Tomorrow I’ll start to work at your case.”

“I shall come to you in a day or two.” He shook hands with us, and went away.

Sherlock Holmes sat for some time in silence. Then he lit his pipe, and watched the blue smoke rings.

“I think, Watson”, he remarked at last, “that we have a very unusual case.”

“Yes. Who is this K.K.K., and why does he send these letters?”

“Will you please, give me the letter K of the American Encyclopaedia. “Thank you. Now let’s think. We may be sure that Colonel Openshaw had a very strong reason for leaving America. Men at this age do not change their life. His way of life in England shows that he was afraid of someone or something. And this fear drove him from America. Did you see the postmarks of the letters?”

“The first was from Pondicherry, the second from Dundee, and the third from London.”

“From East London?”

“They are seaports. The man who wrote them was on board a ship.”

“That’s right. Now we have a clue. In the first case seven weeks passed between the threat and its fulfilment, in the second it was three or four days. What do you think of it?”

“A bigger distance to travel.”

“The papers which Openshaw had are very important to this person or persons. I think that there must be more than one of them. One man could not have carried out two deaths in such a way. And the letters K.K.K. mean the society.”

“But what society?”

“Have you heard of the Ku Klux Klan?”

“No.”

Holmes opened the book. “Here it is”, said he. “Ku Klux Klan. This secret society was formed in the Southern States after the Civil War and was found in different parts of the country. They terrorised the Negro voters sending them melon seeds or orange pips. On receiving this, the victim might run away from the country or he was killed. For some years the organisation was successful, but in 1869, the movement stopped.”

“You see”, said Holmes, “that the sudden breaking up of the society was connected with the escape of Openshaw with the papers.”

“Then the page which we have seen ...”

“Yes. Sent the pips to A, B, C it means they sent the letters to them. Then A and B left the country, and finally C was visited, with an unhappy result for C. We can do nothing for today. Let’s have a rest.”

Sherlock Holmes was already at breakfast when I came down the next morning.

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

“It will depend on the results of my first inquiries.”

“Will you go to Horsham?”

“No, I shall start with the City. Ring the bell, and the maid will bring up your coffee.”

I took a newspaper and looked over it. “Holmes”, I cried, “You are too late.”

“Ah!” said he, “I feared as much. How has it happened?”

“There is an article “Tragedy near Waterloo Bridge”. Here it is: “Between nine and ten last night Policeconstable Cook, near Waterloo Bridge heard a cry for help and a splash in the water. The night was dark and stormy and it was not possible to help the man. But then the water police recovered the body. It was John Openshaw. This name was written on the envelope found in his pocket. It is thought that he may have missed his path, and have become the victim of an accident.”

We sat in silence for some minutes. Holmes was very sad.

“It becomes a personal matter with me now, and I am going to ruin this gang. He came to me for help, and I sent him away to his death!” He jumped out of his chair, and walked about the room excitedly.

“How could they have done this to him? The bridge, certainly, was too crowded, even on such a night, for their purpose. Well, Watson, we shall see who will win. I am going out now!”

All day I was very busy with my patients, and it was late in the evening before I returned to Baker Street. Sherlock Holmes was still out. He came back about ten o’clock.

“How have you succeeded?”

“Well.”

“You have a clue?”

“I have them in my hand. They are going to pay for young Openshaw’s death. Let us put their own mark upon them.”

“What do you mean?”

He took an orange from the cupboard, and took out the pips. Then he chose five of them and put them into an envelope. He wrote inside of it, “S.H. for J.O.” Then he sealed it and addressed it to “Captain James Calhoun, Barque *Lone Star*, and Savannah, Georgia.”

“That will await him in the port”, said he, chuckling. “It may give him a sleepless night.”

“Who is this Captain Calhoun?”

“The leader of the gang.”

“How did you find it out?”

He took a large sheet of paper from the pocket; there were dates and names on it.

“I have spent the whole day”, said he, “reading the registers and old papers, looking for

every ship that stopped at Pondicherry in January and in February in 1883. There were thirty-six of them. Of these, the *Lone Star* attracted my attention. I knew that the ship must have an American origin.”

“What then?”

“I searched the Dundee records, and when I found that the barque *Lone Star* was there in January, 1885, I knew I was right. Then I found out that the *Lone Star* had arrived to London last week. But she had been taken down the river early this morning, back to Savannah.”

“What will you do then?”

“The case is over. There are only three Americans in the ship. They were all three away from the ship last night. By the time their ship reaches Savannah the mail-boat will have carried this letter, and I will have informed the police that these three gentlemen are wanted here upon a charge of murder.”

But the murderers of John Openshaw never received the orange pips. Very long and hard were the winds that year. We waited long for the news of the *Lone Star* of Savannah, but none ever reached us. At last we heard that somewhere in the Atlantic a shattered sternpost of a boat was seen in the water, with the letters “L.S.” on it and that is all which we shall ever know of the fate of the *Lone Star*.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. The days were windy and sunny.
2. My wife visited her sister and for a few days I stayed in my old room at Baker Street.
3. A young man of about 19 entered the room. His umbrella and shining waterproof told of the awful weather outside.
4. He looked about himself, and I could see that his face was pale. “I am very sorry”, he said, putting his golden pence-nez onto his eyes.
5. My grandfather had two sons - my uncle Elias and my father Joseph. My father had a small factory at Coventry. His business was so successful that he was able to sell it and to retire.
6. About 1870 he came back to Italy, and took a small estate in Sussex, near Horsham.
7. One day - it was in March, 1883 - a letter with a foreign stamp was on the table in front of the Colonel’s plate. He never received letters.
8. I signed the letter and the lawyer took it away with him.
9. My father examined carefully the bed-room.
10. “From Dundee”, I answered, looking at the postmark.
11. On the fourth day my father went to visit his old friend Major Freebody.
12. Two days later I got a telegram from the Major, asking me to come at once.
13. The young man took out an envelope and showed us five little orange pips.
14. It is two days since you had the letter. We should have acted earlier.
15. Holmes moved the sofa and we looked at the paper. It had a head “March, 1869”, and there were some lines ...
16. Sherlock Holmes sat for some time in silence. Then he lit his pipe, and watched the blue smoke squares.
17. His way of life in England shows that he was afraid of someone or something. And this fear drove him from America. Did you see the photos of the letters?
18. Sherlock Holmes was already at dinner when I came down the next morning.
19. It was John Openshaw. This name was written on the envelope found in his bag.
20. We sat in silence for some minutes. Holmes was very sad.
21. All day I was very busy with my patients, and it was late in the evening before I returned to Baker Street. Sherlock Holmes was still out. He came back about half past ten o’clock.

22. He took a lemon from the cupboard, and took out the pips. Then he chose five of them and put them into an envelope. He wrote inside of it, "S.H. for J.O."
23. But the murderers of John Openshaw never received the orange pips.
24. Very long and hard were the winds that week.
25. My grandfather had two sons - my uncle Peter and my father Joseph.
26. My father had a small plant at Coventry.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. Where did Sherlock Holmes sit looking through his notes?
2. Describe the man entered the room?
3. What has happened in his family?
4. What are the names of his grandfather's sons?
5. What rank has Elias got in Jackson's army?
6. How many oranges pips were in the letter received by Elias?
7. What do three red letters K mean?
8. What did young man's father find in the attic?
9. When and where did his father die?
10. What was the article "Tragedy near Waterloo Bridge" about?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- кілька днів я провів в старій кімнаті ...
- він мав можливість продати ...
- придбав маленьку нерухомість ...
- біля каміну було багато ...
- хотів бути на самоті ...
- покінчив життя самогубством ...
- дивлячись на поштову марку ...
- звертати увагу на такі нісенітниці ...
- я скористаюся вашою порадою ...
- написано на конверті, що знайшли в його кишенях ...
- великий лист паперу ...
- знав, що цей корабель ...
- побачив три червоні літери ...
- ключ в одній руці, а маленьку ...
- коробка була відкрита та порожня ...
- вийшов з кімнати і коли я був на сходах ...
- все ще тримав ...
- прийшов за порадою ...
- не турбував його ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. Sherlock Holmes sat at the side of the fireplace looking through his notes, while I at the other was reading one of fine sea stories.
2. It is no ordinary one. A mysterious and inexplicable chain of events has happened in my family.
3. He looked scared at the envelope, which he still held in his trembling hand.
4. At the time of the war he fought in Jackson's army and became a colonel.
5. Put the papers on the sun-dial, I read.
6. The first was from Pondicherry, the second from Dundee, and the third from London.
7. It will depend on the results of my first inquiries.

8. As evening drew in the storm became **louder** and louder, and the wind became **stronger**.

9. There were **thirty-six** of them.

10. His business was so **successful** that he was able to sell it and to retire.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. My wife **visited** her aunt and for a few days I stayed in my old room at Baker Street.

2. I **have come** for advice.

3. **I'll start** from the very beginning.

4. ... so long as I **did not disturb** him.

5. ... which I **had read** in the morning on the envelope.

6. Most of his time he **would spend** in his room, with the door locked ...

7. It **was said** that he killed himself, but I knew it was not so.

8. **There are** the same words "K.K.K."

9. You **must act**, or you **can die**.

10. His way of life in England **shows** that he was afraid of someone or something.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. A young man of about \_\_\_\_ entered the room.

a) 22;                      b) 32;                      c) 30;

2. My father had a \_\_\_\_ at Coventry. His business was so successful that he was able to sell it and to retire.

a) *small company*;              b) *big farm*;              c) *small factory*;

3. He used to play \_\_\_\_ with me and I dealt with the servants, so that by the time I was 16 I was quite master of the house.

a) *chess*;                      b) *draughts*;                      c) *tennis*;

4. There was nothing else except five pips. I left the room and when I was in the stairs I met him coming down with a \_\_\_\_ in one hand, and a \_\_\_\_ in the other.

a) *key ... small box*;              b) *case, ... pip*;              c) *stick ... small bag*;

5. We found him in a \_\_\_\_, which was in the garden. It was said that he killed himself, but I knew it was not so.

a) *green lawn*;                      b) *little green pool*;                      c) *little green forest*;

6. Well, it was the beginning of \_\_\_\_ when my father came to live in Horsham, and all was well until the \_\_\_\_.

a) *1887 ... February 1889*;      b) *1786 ... March of 1788*;      c) *1884 ... January of 1885*;

7. Two days later I got \_\_\_\_\_, asking me to come at once.  
a) *a letter from the Colonel;*    b) *a letter from the Major;*    c) *pips from the strange;*
8. John Openshaw took \_\_\_\_\_ out of his pocket.  
a) *a pip;*    b) *a piece of white paper;*    c) *a piece of blue paper;*
9. The first postmark was from \_\_\_\_\_, the second postmark from \_\_\_\_\_, and the third one from \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) *Pondicherry, ... Dundee, ... London;*    b) *Shelton, ... Humpton, ... London;*    c) *Glasgow, ... Gatwick, ... London;*
10. For some years the organisation was \_\_\_\_\_, but in 1869, the movement stopped.  
a) *profitable;*    b) *successful;*    c) *promising;*

*Text 2**Read the story. Translate it***Arthur Conan Doyle  
THE LION'S MANE****(The story is told by Sherlock Holmes)**

This very strange story happened in the summer of the year 1907. I was living then in a little cottage in the country, at a small distance from the sea. My life was very quiet, as my old housekeeper, my bees and I were the only inhabitants of the house and garden. We had no visitors and even my good friend, Dr. Watson, seldom came to see us. Half a mile from my cottage there was a school – The Gables – where Harold Stackhurst, the headmaster, and several other teachers taught students and prepared them for various professions.

Stackhurst and I were on friendly terms and he was the only man in the neighbourhood who sometimes called at my cottage.

One day, at the end of July, a severe storm arose. The wind was very strong and the waves rose high at the base of the cliffs. It rained all day, but in the evening the wind fell. Next morning the weather was fine again. The sea was calm. The tide was out, but the waves had left a deep lagoon under the cliffs. It was impossible to stay at home on such a fine morning and I decided to take a walk along the path that led to the beach. At a short distance from the cliffs I was overtaken by Harold Stackhurst.

“What a morning, Mr. Holmes”, he cried, waving his hand in greeting.

“Very fine”, I answered. “Going for a swim, I see?”

“Yes, McPherson went to the beach some fifteen minutes ago and I want to join him there”.

McPherson was one of the teachers. He was young and a very good swimmer, though he suffered from a weak heart.

“I’ll come with you”, I said.

We walked on for a few minutes and suddenly Stackhurst exclaimed:

“Here comes McPherson!”

“What is the matter with him?” I cried in surprise. “He walks like a drunken man”.

The young teacher who appeared before us made a few steps along the path, and then suddenly threw up his hands and with a terrible cry fell on his face.

We rushed forward and turned him on his back. He tried to tell us something, but we could not understand him. At last he half raised himself from the ground and uttered a few words, very indistinctly.

“The lion’s mane”, was all that we could make out.

A moment later he was dead. Stackhurst stood by his side paralysed with horror, but I did not lose time and quickly stooped down to examine the body of the poor young man. He was dressed only in his coat and trousers and had an unlaced pair of canvas shoes on his feet.

“Look at this, Stackhurst”, I cried as I tore the coat from the body. Dark red lines covered the shoulders and the back of the dead man, and there was blood upon his lower lip and chin. The face was distorted with pain.

“Somebody has beaten him to death”, whispered Stackhurst in horror.

“But who could have done this cruel deed?” cried as I knelt by the body. “Had he any enemies?”

Stackhurst had no time to answer, for at the moment another person approached us. It was a tall dark man, always silent and gloomy. He had no friends and the other teachers did not like him for his hot temper.

When Murdoch saw the body of the poor young man he was quite shocked.

“Poor fellow!” he cried. “What can I do? How can I help him?”

“You cannot help a dead man”, I answered, “but you can help *us*. Were you with him?”



Can you tell us what happened?"

"No, no, I was late this morning and did not go to the beach at all. I am coming straight from school. What can I do?"

"Run to the police station and tell them what has happened", cried Stackhurst. "I shall wait for you here".

When Murdoch was gone I looked at the beach. From the spot where I stood I could see that it was quite deserted.

"I want to examine the beach carefully", I said to Stackhurst and went slowly down the path that led to the sea. I followed McPherson's footsteps, for I could see them clearly on the sand, and they brought me to a rock on which I saw his towel. It was quite dry.

"The man never entered the water", I thought to myself, "He has not used his towel".

I walked along the beach and approached the lagoon under the cliff. I examined the sand but saw only McPherson's footsteps. There were no other traces anywhere. All was silent around.

"This is indeed a very strange case, though the facts are quite clear", I said to myself as I walked slowly back. "McPherson was on the beach no more than fifteen minutes. He did not enter the water though he was going to have a swim. He did not use his towel, for it is quite dry. Somebody has beaten him to death. Why? Where to look for the murderer?"

When I returned to the spot where the poor teacher lay I found a small group of people round the body. The village policeman was already there. As he saw me he sighed with relief.

"I shall be very glad to have your advice, Mr.Holmes", he said.

"Send for a doctor at once and don't let anybody move anything", I told him. "Meanwhile we shall search the, dead man's pockets. We may find something that will be useful to us".

A minute later a handkerchief, a pocket knife and a small case were handed to me by the policeman.

"That is all, Mr.Holmes", he said.

I opened the case and found a slip of paper in it. I unfolded it and read the following: "I shall be on the beach. *Maudie*".

"Well, we must find out who this Maudie is", I said to Stackhurst as I replaced the note in its case. "Search McPherson's room. Perhaps you will find some other letters from that lady there. Meanwhile the base of the cliff must be thoroughly searched. I shall go home now and try to think the matter over".

An hour later Stackhurst came to my cottage.

"I have found several letters from Miss Maud Mellamy in McPherson's desk", he said. "It seems that they were very close friends, Mr. Holmes. I could not bring those letters to you, for the police have taken them".

"Do you think that they loved each other?"

"There is no doubt about it. I cannot understand why the young lady wanted to meet McPherson on the beach where there are generally many people. It is only by chance that some of his students were not there this morning".

"Was it by chance?" I asked.

Stackhurst thought a moment.

"Now I remember that Mr.Murdoch give them some work to do before breakfast", he said. "And they could not go until they had finished it".

"I understand that McPherson and Murdoch were not good friends?" I asked.

"No, no, they were on friendly terms".

"But I remember you once told me something about their quarrel over a dog which belonged to McPherson. Murdoch was in a bad temper and he hurled it through the window".

"That was long ago", Stackhurst replied. "No, no, I tell you they were real friends".

“Well, suppose they were. Now what about the girl? Do you know her?”

“Everybody knows her, because she is very pretty”.

“But who is she?”

“She is the daughter of old Tom Bellamy. He and his son William own all the boats in this neighbourhood. He was once a fisherman, but he is now a man of substance. They live at the village of Fulworth”.

“Then let us go there at once”, I cried. “This visit may help us to solve the mystery of poor McPherson’s death. He had very few acquaintances in this lonely place. If we see all of them, we shall perhaps come upon the motive of the crime and it will help us to find the criminal”.

Half an hour’s walk brought us to the village.

“That’s Bellamy’s house”, said Stackhurst, “not bad for a man who started with nothing ... Oh, but look there!”

At that moment the door of the house opened and a tall man came out. It was Murdoch, the mathematical teacher.

“Hallo!” said Stackhurst. The man nodded and wanted to pass on, but the headmaster stopped him, “What were you doing there?” he asked.

Murdoch’s face turned red.

“This is my private business, sir, and you have no right to question me”, he said.

At these words Stackhurst lost his temper.

“It is not the first time, Mr.Murdoch that you speak to me so rudely, but it will certainly be the last. You will leave my school as soon as possible”, he exclaimed angrily.

“It was my wish to do so”, Murdoch answered coldly, “For today I have lost the only friend that I had here”.

With these words the mathematical teacher walked away.

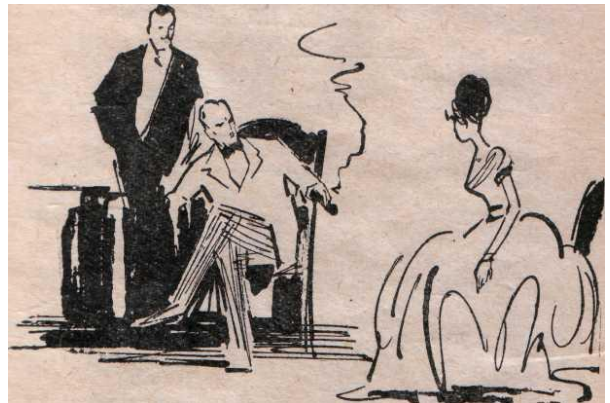
“What an impossible man!” Stackhurst cried.

“It is strange that he wants to leave so soon after the death of McPherson”, I said thoughtfully. “Well, let us go in. Mr.Bellamy must be at home. Perhaps he can throw some light upon the matter”.

Maud’s father was a middle-aged man with a red beard. He looked at us angrily when we tried to explain our visit.

“I don’t want to hear anything about this business”, he cried. “Maud has no mother and my son and I are her only protectors. We never liked those letters and meetings. The young gentleman never spoke about marriage to her”.

At that moment Maud herself entered the room and stood pale and wide-eyed at the door. She was indeed a very pretty girl.



“I know everything, Mr.Stackhurst”, she said quietly. “Mr. Murdoch has been here and he has told me all about it. I am ready to do everything if I can help you to find the criminals”.

“I tell you, Maud, not to mix yourself up in the matter”, her brother cried as he came into the room, his face red with anger.

“This is my business, William”, his sister said sharply. Then she turned to me.

“I’ll do anything to help you, only find the criminals, Mr.Holmes!” she cried.

“Why do you say ‘the criminals?’” I asked. “Do you think that there were many?”

“Fitzroy was very brave and strong though his heart was weak”, she said, “One man

could never have beaten him to death”.

“If you are ready to help us, Miss Maud”, I said, “will you tell us about the note which was found in the dead man’s pocket?”

“It is no mystery”, the girl answered. “We wanted to get married, but we decided to keep it secret for a time”.

“Why didn’t you tell us about it?” cried her father.

“You were always against Fitzroy McPherson”, she said, “I did not want to speak to you about him. As to the appointment on the beach; it was in answer to this”. With these words the girl took a note out of her pocket and handed it to me. It was short: “*Dearest, the old place on the beach just after sunset on Tuesday. F.M.*” “Tuesday is today”, Maud added and her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

I looked at the envelope. “This note did not come by post. How did you get it?” I asked.

“This question has nothing to do with the matter and I shall not answer it”, Maud said quietly but firmly.

“Do you think that McPherson had any enemies?” Stackhurst asked, after a moment’s silence.

“I have no reason to think so”, she answered.

“One more question”, I said. “Was Mr. Murdoch one of your admirers?”

The girl blushed.

“There was a time when I thought so”, she said. “But all that changed when he, saw that Fitzroy and I loved each other”.

“Yan Murdoch is a very strange man”, I said to Stackhurst as we walked home from Fulworth. “I must confess that I have my suspicions about him. We must try to find out more about his character and life. Search his room privately as soon as you have a chance”.

A week passed, but there were no new developments. We searched Murdoch’s room, without any result. I went to the beach several times, I thought over all the details again and again, but without any new conclusions. I saw no clue to the mystery of poor McPherson’s death. Even my imagination could not help me in this case. And then came the news about the dog.

One morning my old housekeeper entered my room with the breakfast. She seemed very much excited.

“Have you heard about the dog, sir?” she asked.

“What dog?” I said, looking at her in surprise.

“Mr. McPherson’s dog, sir”.

“Well, what about it?”

“The poor animal was found dead on the beach, at the very place where its master died”.

*At the very place!* These words struck me.

“At the very place”, I repeated to myself thoughtfully! “Why is this lonely beach so fatal? Was it possible? ...”

An idea was slowly forming in my mind. I finished my breakfast hastily and in a few minutes I was on my way to The Gables. I found Stackhurst in his study.

“I am so glad that you have come, my dear Holmes”, he cried when he saw me. “I have some news for you. Two of our students found the body of McPherson’s dog near the base of the cliff early this morning and brought it to the house”.

“My housekeeper has told me, about it”, I answered, “and I have come to see the body. Where is it?”

“On a mat in the hall”, he answered.

“Let us have a look at it, then”.

We examined the body of the dog carefully. It was quite stiff and the limbs were strangely distorted.

“The animal must have been in terrible agony”, I thought to myself.

From the school I walked down to the beach and approached the rock near the lagoon.

The place was deserted and there was no sign of life anywhere. I could see the little dog's traces upon the sand round the rock.

For a long time I stood by this place of death, thinking hard. I felt that that I was near the solution of the mystery.

Then at last I turned and walked slowly towards my cottage. And suddenly it came to me like a flash.

I hurried home, took a candle and went straight up to the garret full of all kinds of old books. After some time I found what I was looking for and went down to my room with a small volume.

That night I went to bed very late.

Early next morning I was up and ready to start for the beach when the police inspector came in.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir", he said, "but I have come to ask your opinion. The question is, shall I make an arrest, or shall I not?"

"Are you speaking of Mr. Murdoch?" I asked. "What have you against him?"

"Well, sir, all the facts point to him. And then why does he want to go away now? If *he* did not kill Mr. McPherson, then *who* did it?"

"If you want my opinion, Inspector", I said, "I can tell you that the case is too weak for an arrest. I advise you to wait a little. Perhaps by midday I shall be able to throw some light on this strange business".

"I wish I could read your thoughts, Mr. Holmes", said the inspector. "Perhaps it is Bellamy and his son? They never liked poor Mr. McPherson".

"No, no, I shall not tell you anything until I am ready", I said with a smile. "Now, Inspector, we each have our own work to do, and ..."

I had no time to finish my sentence, for the door was pushed open and Yan Murdoch almost fell into the room. Stackhurst rushed in after him. Murdoch's face was deadly pale, his clothes were in disorder, and he could hardly stand on his feet.

"Brandy, brandy!" he gasped and fell on the sofa.

"Quick, give him some brandy", cried Stackhurst, "or he will die".

After the brandy Murdoch felt a little better. He pulled off his coat and we saw red lines all over his back.

"For God's sake, oil, opium, morphia", he cried. "This pain is terrible!"

"It was impossible to question the poor man. We did what we could to help him and in some minutes he fell into a heavy sleep.

Then Stackhurst turned to me. He was as pale as death.

"What is it, Holmes?" he cried. "What is it?"

"Where did you find him?" I asked.

"Down on the beach, exactly where poor McPherson died. I think Murdoch is alive only because his heart is not as weak as his friend's was".

"Did you see him in the water?"

"I was not far from the lagoon when I heard his cry", Stackhurst explained. "He was not *in* the water; he was *at the edge* of the water. I rushed to him, helped him to put on his clothes and brought him up here. Oh, Mr. Holmes, can't you solve this terrible mystery?"

"I think I can, Stackhurst", I said. "You and the inspector will come with me to the beach at once and I shall try to deliver the murderer into your hands".

Leaving poor Murdoch to the care of my old housekeeper we hurried to the beach. We approached the fatal lagoon and I walked slowly round the edge of the water. My companions followed me in silence. Most of the lagoon was quite shallow, but under the cliff it was four or five feet deep.

I went along the line of the rocks above the lagoon and looked attentively into the water beneath me. Suddenly I saw something which made me utter a cry of joy.

“Stackhurst, Inspector look, here is the Lion’s Mane!” I exclaimed.

The strange object at which I pointed looked indeed like a tangled mass of hair torn from the mane of a lion. It lay on the rocky shelf about three feet under the water – a strange vibrating hairy creature with long yellow and silver tresses.

“Quick, Stackhurst, a heavy stone”, I cried. “We shall make an end of this murderer”.

There was a big piece of rock near by. We pushed it into the water and it fell straight upon the terrible creature. A thick oily scumzed out from below the stone and rose slowly to the surface.

“What was it, Mr.Holmes?” cried the inspector. “I know these parts of the country very well, but I’ve never seen such a thing”.

“It is possible that the storm brought it here from the sea”, I answered. “If you come with me to my cottage I will tell you more about this terrible creature”.

Half an hour later we were back in my room, Murdoch felt better and we saw that he was out of danger, though the pain was still very strong.

“I cannot explain what happened to me on the beach”, he said. “I felt a terrible pain quite suddenly when I was, at the edge of the water, and then I suppose I fell down senseless”.

“This book will help us to clear the mystery of the Lion’s Mane”, I said, taking a small volume from the table. “It will tell you all about this creature which is called *Cyanea Capillata*. The bite of the cobra is less dangerous than the touch of its fibres. If ever you see in the water a round mass of yellow fibres which remind you of a lion’s mane, remember that it is *Cyanea Capillata*. Then keep away if you value your life”.

I opened the book.

“The author, a famous traveller, describes this terrible creature with full knowledge, for one day he came into contact with it on one of his voyages when he was bathing in the sea. Let me read an extract from his book to you:

“The creature radiates almost invisible filaments to a distance of fifty feet. They reach the skin and burn it as with red-hot needles which pass through the nerves, and reach the heart”.

“Here is the book, Inspector. You will find all the details in it”.

“So this is the explanation of poor McPherson’s death!” exclaimed Stackhurst.

“And the end of your suspicions about me”, cried Murdoch.

“No, no, Mr.Murdoch”, I said. “On the eve of your arrest I was already on the track”.

“But how did you know?”

“Well, I have read some books on biology, and my memory is pretty good. So when I caught poor McPherson’s last words about the lion’s mane I was sure that I knew about it; and then suddenly I remembered about this little book”.

“Now that I am cleared”, said Murdoch, “I want to give you one or two words of explanation, for I know what you thought of me. It is true that I was in love with Maud, but when I saw that she loved my friend, McPherson, my only wish was to help them. I was in their confidence and carried their notes. I was the first to tell her of the death of McPherson, because I wanted to do it as gently as possible. That is all”.

Stackhurst held out his hand.

“Forgive me, Murdoch”, he said simply. “We shall understand each other better in the future”.

“Well, you’ve done it, Mr. Holmes”, exclaimed the inspector when Murdoch and Stackhurst had left the room. “It’s wonderful!”

I smiled and shook my head.

“No, no, Inspector”, I said. “I was slow at first, very slow. As the towel was dry, I thought the man had not been in the water at all. So I didn’t think about the attack of any water

creature. *Cyanea Capillata* very nearly beat me”.

### Post-reading task

#### **Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:**

1. Harold Stackhurst is the headmaster of the Hurbert&Son School.
2. Stackhurst and Sherlock Holmes were on friendly terms.
3. McPherson was one of the dockers.
4. McPherson was old pensioner and a bad swimmer.
5. McPherson he suffered from a weak heart.
6. McPherson was dressed only in his raincoat and jeans and had a pair of sport shoes.
7. “I want to examine the beach carefully”, Sherlock Holmes said to Stackhurst.
8. Sherlock Holmes examined the sand and saw many footsteps.
9. McPherson was on the beach no more than 10 minutes and entered the water.
10. Sherlock Holmes found a slip of paper with the following: “I shall be on the beach. *Maudie*”.
11. “I understand that McPherson and Murdoch were good friends?” Sherlock Holmes asked.
12. Murdoch was in a bad temper and he hurled it through the window.
13. Maudie is the daughter of old Tom Bellamy and she has two brothers.
14. Tom Bellamy is a poor fisherman.
15. Mr.Murdoch was the mathematical teacher.
16. “I can not do anything to help you, Mr.Holmes!” Maud cried.
17. Maud’s relatives were always against Fitzroy McPherson.
18. “The poor cat was found dead on the beach, at the very place where its master died”.
19. One student found the body of McPherson’s dog near the base of the cliff early this evening.
20. Sherlock Holmes saw Mr.Stackhurst entering the room, his face was deadly pale, and his clothes were in disorder, he could hardly stand on his feet.
21. “Tea, coffee, wine, water!” he gasped and fell on the sofa.
22. Murdoch pulled off his coat and we saw red lines all over his chest.
23. The strange object at which Sherlock Holmes pointed looked like a tangled mass of hair torn from the mane of a lion.
24. Holmes and Stackhurst pushed a heavy stone into the water-pool.
25. “It is possible that this terrible creature was born here”, Sherlock Holmes answered.
26. The bite of the cobra is more dangerous than the touch of its fibres.
27. “The author, a famous artist, describes this terrible creature with full knowledge, for one day he came into contact with it on one of his voyages when he was bathing in the sea”.
28. “The creature radiates almost invisible filaments to a distance of sixty feet. They reach the skin and burn it as with green needles which pass through the nerves, and reach the head”.
29. “Well, I have read some books on microbiology, and my memory is pretty good”.
30. “Forgive me, Murdoch”, McPherson said simply.

#### **Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What is Mr.Stackhurst?
2. Why the towel of McPherson was quite dry?
3. What things the policeman found in the dead man’s pockets?
4. What quarrel was between Mr.McPherson and Mr.Murdoch?
5. What character has Mr.Murdock?
6. What the note for Maud was about?
7. What happened with the dog of McPherson?
8. What police inspector asked Sherlock Holmes?
9. How did Sherlock Holmes know about lion’s mane?
10. What does the term “lion’s mane” mean?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- страждав на захворювання серця ...
- він йшов як п'яна людина ...
- пішов вздовж доріжки, що йшла до моря ...
- не скористався своїм рушником ...
- я розгорнув ...
- допомогти знайти злочинців ...
- у кишенях мертвої людини ...
- маю підозри стосовно нього ...
- на тому самому місці ...
- швидко поснідав ...
- сліди маленького собаки ...
- слова вразили мене ...
- почуватися краще ...
- що змусило мене закричати від радощів ...
- повільно піднялось на поверхню ...
- хоча ще біль був дуже сильний ...
- про це жахливе створіння ...
- з'ясувати таємницю ...
- невеличку книжку зі столу ...
- прочитати уривок з книги ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. My life was very quiet, as my old housekeeper, my bees and I were the only inhabitants of the house and garden.
2. "What dog?" I said, looking at her in surprise.
3. It was impossible to stay at home on such a fine morning and I decided to take a walk along the path that led to the beach.
4. Yes, McPherson went to the beach some fifteen minutes ago and I want to join him there".
5. He walks like a drunken man.
6. We rushed forward and turned him on his back.
7. Meanwhile we shall search the, dead man's pockets.
8. Murdoch's face was deadly pale, his clothes were in disorder, and he could hardly stand on his feet.
9. It was Murdoch, the mathematical teacher.
10. The young teacher who appeared before us made a few steps along the path, and then suddenly threw up his hands and with a terrible cry fell on his face.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. This very strange story happened in the summer of the year 1907.

2. I was living then in a little cottage in the country, at a small distance from the sea.
3. The tide was out, but the waves had left a deep lagoon under the cliffs.
4. At a short distance from the cliffs I was overtaken by Harold Stackhurst.
5. He walks like a drunken man.
6. He tried to tell us something, but we could not understand him.
7. I am coming straight from school.
8. I shall wait for you here.
9. He did not enter the water though he was going to have a swim.
10. Somebody has beaten him to death.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations “verb + preposition” and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. My life was very quiet, as my old housekeeper, my bees and I were the only inhabitants of the house and \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) farm;      b) garden;      c) yard;
2. McPherson was one of the teachers. He was young and a very good swimmer, though he suffered from \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) a cancer;      b) weak head;      c) a weak heart;
3. He was dressed only in his \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ and had an unlaced pair of canvas shoes on his feet.  
a) coat ... trousers;      b) jacket ... jeans;      c) shirt ... trousers;
4. “Somebody has beaten him to death”, whispered \_\_\_ in horror.  
a) Murdoch;      b) Stackhurst;      c) Watson;
5. I followed McPherson’s \_\_\_\_, for I could see them clearly on the sand, and they brought me to a rock on which I saw his towel.  
a) towel;      b) coat;      c) footsteps;
6. McPherson was on the beach no \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) more than fifteen minutes;      b) more than fourteen minutes;      c) more than ten minutes;
7. “Now I remember that Mr. Murdoch give them some work to do before \_\_\_\_\_”, he said. “And they could not go until they had finished it”.  
a) supper;      b) breakfast;      c) dinner;
8. At that moment the door of the house opened and \_\_\_\_\_ came out. It was Murdoch, the mathematical teacher.  
a) a small man;      b) a tall strange;      c) a tall man;
9. “Fitzroy was very brave and strong though his \_\_\_\_\_ was weak”, she said, “One man could never have beaten him to death”.  
a) head;      b) heart;      c) stomach;
10. With these words the girl took \_\_\_\_\_ out of her pocket and handed it to me.  
a) piece of paper;      b) a note;      c) memoranda;



## Text 3

Read the story. Translate it

Arthur Conan Doyle  
THE THREE STUDENTS

(The story is told by Dr. Watson)

In the year 1895 Sherlock Holmes and I were spending our holiday in one of the University towns of England. All day my friend worked at the town library, as he was interested in early English history,

One evening we had a visit from Mr. Hilton Soames, tutor and lecturer at one of the University Colleges. When he entered the room I saw that he was very much excited and I understood at once that something unusual had happened.

"I hope, Mr. Holmes, that you will find time to listen to me", he began. "We have had a very unpleasant incident at our college and I am simply at a loss what to do."

"I am very busy now; perhaps you had better go to the police", my friend answered dryly.

"I cannot go to the police. Think of the credit of the college! We cannot have a public scandal", the tutor said. "You are the only man in the world who can help us."

Holmes, who did not like visits of that sort when he was away from Baker Street, just shrugged his shoulders and the tutor started with his story.



"Tomorrow is the first day of the examination for a special scholarship", he said. "I am one of the examiners. My subject is Greek and the first of the papers consists of a translation of a passage which the students have never seen. The examination papers are locked in my desk. I have not shown them to anybody. Today at about three o'clock I took the papers out of my desk, for I wanted to read the text through once again and see that there were no mistakes in it. At four-thirty my work was not yet finished. As I was a little tired, I decided to have a cup of tea and went out, leaving the text upon the desk. I was absent for about an hour. When I came back I saw with some surprise that there was a key in my door. It was not my key because I had it in my pocket. The only duplicate of my key belongs to my servant, Bannister. He has looked after my rooms for ten years and he is an honest man. He told me that it was. His key, which he had entered my room during my absence, because he had wanted to make tea for me, and that he had left the key in the door when he came out. At first I paid no attention to this, but when I came up to my table I saw that someone besides Bannister had been in my room, for all my examination papers were in disorder. The passage for the Greek translation had been written on three long sheets of paper. I had left them all on my desk. Now, I found one of them on the floor, one on the side table near the window and one on the desk."

Holmes looked up for the first time: "The *first* page on the floor, the second near the window, and the *third* where you left it", said he.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. How could you know that?"

Holmes did not answer the question.

"Please go on with your story", he said, and I saw that my friend was interested.

"At first I thought that Bannister had dusted my desk and dropped the sheets on the floor", the tutor went on. "But he denied it and I am sure that he was speaking the truth. Then I thought that someone who was passing by had seen the key in the door and had come in. The

scholarship, you see, means a large sum of money; if a young man wants to continue his studies, the scholarship can be of great help to him. So possibly one of the students was ready to take the risk in order to find out what passage I had chosen for the Greek translation.”

“Old Bannister was very much upset by the incident. He almost fell into my armchair, looking so pale that I gave him a little brandy and told him to stay quietly where he was while I examined the room. I found several cuttings from a pencil which somebody had sharpened and a broken pencil-tip on the table at the window. It was clear that someone had started to copy the paper, had broken his pencil and then sharpened it.”

“Excellent!” said Holmes, rubbing his hands. “But this was not all”, Hilton Soames continued. “I have a new writing-table, the top of which is very smooth and clear. Now I found a cut in it, about three inches long. Not a scratch, but a cut. Besides this, I found on the table a small black ball of clay with something like sawdust in it. I am sure that those marks were left by the man who copied the examination paper. Mr.Holmes, you must help me. If I do not find the man, the examination will be postponed until a fresh paper is ready. And as this cannot be done without explanation there will be a scandal not only at the college but at the University too.”

“I shall be happy to do what I can”, said Holmes, rising from his chair. “The case is rather interesting. But I have a few questions. Did anyone see the papers in your room when you brought them there?”

“Yes, just after that young Daulat Ras, an Indian student who lives on the floor above came in to ask something about the examination.”

“And the papers were on the table?”

“Yes.”

“Did your servant, Bannister, know about the papers?”

“No, no, certainly not. No one knew anything about them.”

“This means that unless it was the Indian student, the man who visited your room came upon the papers accidentally”, said Holmes. “But where is Bannister now?”

“The poor man felt so bad that I left him in my armchair and came here. But I locked up the papers first.”

Holmes smiled.

“Well”, he said, “let us go to the college at once. I want to have a look at your rooms. Are you coming with us, Watson?”

It was rather late when we came to the college. Mr.Soames’ rooms were on the ground floor and the windows looked out into the court. Three students lived on the floor above. Holmes stopped under the windows and examined them attentively. Then he looked into the room.

“The person did not enter the room through the window”, said Mr.Soames. “He entered through the door. Let us go inside!”

The tutor unlocked the door and we entered the study. Bannister was no longer in the room. Holmes examined the carpet.

“I can see no traces here”, he said. “It is hopeless after such a dry day. In which arm-chair did you leave your servant?”

“There by the window.”

“Yes, I see, near this little table. Of course, what happened is very clear. Somebody entered the room and took the papers, sheet by sheet, from your desk. He then took them to the window, because from there he could see you at the entrance door and could run away in time.”

“But I entered by the side door”, said the tutor. “Our man did not expect it”, Holmes answered. “I think that he had copied the first sheet, dropped it and was just reading the second when you came. He had no time to put the paper back. Your return made him retreat. Did you hear anybody on the stairs?”

“No, I think not.”

“Now, the man wrote so quickly that he broke his pencil and sharpened it with a large

blunt knife. I can see that from the cuttings. This is important, Watson. The pencil was about the usual size, with a soft lead. The outer colour was blue with the maker's name in silver letters. Find this pencil, Mr. Soames, and you'll get your man. Now let us examine your desk. This, I think, is the black ball of clay which you mentioned. And I see the sawdust in it. Oh, this is very interesting! And the cut – it begins with a thin scratch and ends in a hole, I see. Well, where does this door lead to?"

"To my bedroom."

"Have you been in it since your return?"

"No, I went straight to find you."

"I should like to take a look at it." And Holmes entered the bedroom.

"What a charming room! Ah, there is a curtain here. There is no one behind it, I suppose."

With these words Holmes quickly drew aside the curtain, but we saw only some clothes hanging on a peg. Suddenly he stooped to the floor.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed, showing us a small black ball like the one upon the writing-table. "Your visitor has left the same traces in both your rooms, Mr. Soames."

"He has been in my bedroom! But why?" exclaimed the tutor in surprise.

"Because he had to hide quickly. He heard you when you were already at the door. So he caught up his things and rushed into your bedroom."

"But, Mr. Holmes, do you really think that the man was here while I was talking to Bannister?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then it is possible that the man entered my bedroom through the window, and then went out through the door", exclaimed the tutor. "But how could he ..."

Holmes shook his head impatiently.

"No, no, Mr. Soames, better tell me if you have any reason to suspect any one of the three students who live above you."

The tutor hesitated.

"It is a very difficult question", he said. "I should not like to suspect anybody."

"Still, tell me in a few words the character of these young men and your possible suspicions."

"Well, one of them is Gilchrist, a very good student and a brilliant sportsman – a long-distance jumper. His father was ruined, so Gilchrist is poor, but he works very much. Then there is Daulat Ras, the Indian. He is a quiet fellow. He works well, though he is rather weak in Greek. Miles McLaren is the name of the third student. He is very clever, one of the brightest student of the University when he wants to work. But he is unprincipled. He was mixed up in some scandal when he was in his first year. He has done nothing all this term, and I think he is not ready for the examination."

"Then you suspect this young man?"

"I don't say so, but ..."

"Well, Mr. Soames", Holmes interrupted, "we shall pay a visit to each of these three young men later. Now I should like to speak to your servant."

Bannister was a little pale-faced old man. He answered all my friend's questions, but I could see that he was very nervous. He explained that he had left the key in the door, because he had the tea-tray in his hands, and then forgot about it.

"Where were you when you began to feel bad?" asked Holmes kindly.

"Here, sir, near the door."

"That is strange. Why did you sit down in the armchair by the window, in the opposite corner of the room, when you had two other chairs quite near you?"

The servant looked confused.

"I was unwell, sir", he said. "I did not know where I sat."

"And you stayed here when Mr. Soames left the room?"

"Only for some minutes. Then I locked the door and went to my own room."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Oh, I don't think that there is any young man at the University who could do such a thing, sir!"

"Very good", said Holmes. "Now I should like to go up and see those three students. Is it possible?" he asked turning to Mr. Soames.

"Certainly", the tutor answered. "The students occupy the oldest rooms of the College and visitors who are interested in architecture often go up to see those rooms."

"Very good. Only don't tell my name to the students, please."

The first door at which we knocked was opened by a tall fair young man with a pleasant face. Holmes told him that he wanted to see the old college rooms and make a plan of them. He began to draw something on a bit of paper; but very soon broke his pencil and asked young Gilchrist for another one, then for a knife to sharpen it. The same thing happened when we entered the second room. We could see that the Indian student - a silent, little fellow, was very glad when we left him alone. The student who occupied the third room refused to open the door, and we could hear his angry voice from behind it.

"I have an exam tomorrow, and I don't want to see anyone", he cried.

"A rude fellow", Mr. Soames said angrily.

"Can you tell me his height?" Holmes asked suddenly. "I think that he is taller than the Indian and not so tall as Gilchrist", said the tutor. "But why do you want to know his height?"

"It is very important", my friend answered. "And now, Mr. Soames, I wish you good-night." The tutor was very much astonished.

"Mr. Holmes, are you leaving me?" he cried. "You don't understand my position. I must decide something definite tonight. The examination cannot proceed, as someone has seen the pipers."

"No, no, Mr. Soames, you must change nothing", Holmes answered. "I shall be here early tomorrow morning, and I hope to give you some advice then. Now I shall take the black clay with me, also the pencil cuttings. Good-bye." "Well, Watson, what do you think of it?" Holmes asked, as we came out into the main street. "There are your three students. It must be one of them. Choose your man."

"The rude fellow who did not open the door. But that Indian seemed very nervous as well."

"They have their examination tomorrow. I see nothing in that. And I had no luck with the pencils - both of them have the same sort of pencils."

Next day Holmes came into my room at eight in the morning with the words, "Hallo, Watson, are you coming with me to the college?"

"Certainly", I answered. "I shall be ready in a minute. But can you tell the tutor anything positive?"

"I think so", my friend answered gaily, "for I have, solved the mystery. I got up at six and had a long walk. Now, look at that."

He showed me three little balls of black clay.

"But, Holmes, you had only two yesterday", I exclaimed.

"And I found the third this morning. Well, come along. Our friend Mr. Soames will be very nervous if we are not there at the appointed time."

The tutor rushed towards Holmes as we entered his room.

"I am so happy that you have come", he cried. "Can the examination proceed?"

"Certainly."

"But this man?"

“Oh, he will not go in for the examination.”

“You know him?”

“I think so. We shall presently discuss this matter. You sit there, Mr. Soames, you here, Watson, and I shall take that arm-chair in the middle. Please ring the bell for your servant.”

“Now, Bannister”, said Holmes quietly when the old man came in, “close the door and tell us the truth about yesterday’s incident.”

The man turned pale.

“I have told you everything, sir”, he said.

“Well, then I shall add some details that you have not mentioned. You sat down in that arm-chair yesterday, because you wanted to conceal some object that was lying there. You knew that there was somebody in Mr. Soames’ bedroom and you let the man out when Mr. Soames had gone.”

“There was no one, sir”, Bannister cried.

“We shall soon find that out. Now, Mr. Soames, please tell young Gilchrist that we want to see him.”

A moment later the young man came into the room. He looked at us and then at Bannister in surprise.

“Close the door, please”, Holmes said. “Now, Mr. Gilchrist, we are all quite alone here, and no one shall ever know one word of what passes between us. We can be frank with each other. Tell us why you did such a thing, for we know that it was you who copied the text.”

The young man turned very red and looked at Bannister.

“No, no, Mr. Gilchrist, sir, I did not say anything”, the old man cried.

There was silence for a few moments. Then suddenly Gilchrist covered his face with his hands and began to sob like a child.

“Come, come”, Holmes said kindly. “I think that I shall tell Mr. Soames what happened and you can correct me where I am wrong. Shall I do so?”

As young Gilchrist did not say a word, Holmes proceeded:

“When you told me, Mr. Soames, that nobody knew about the papers I began to think that this was not so. When I examined your window I did not think that anyone could get into your room through it, but I thought that a tall man could very well see that the papers were on your desk. Your remark that Gilchrist was a long-distance jumper helped me very much. This young man spent the afternoon at the athletic grounds. He returned to the college, carrying his shoes, which are provided with several sharp spikes. As he passed your window he saw the papers on your desk. Then, when he was going by your door he noticed the key left by Bannister, He decided to step in and have a look at the papers. So he put his shoes on the side table and - what did you put on the chair near the window?”

“My gloves”, Gilchrist said in a very low voice.

Holmes looked at Bannister and then continued: “So he put his gloves on the chair and took up the papers. The temptation was too great, and he decided to copy them. But you, Mr. Soames, returned by the side door, and the young man heard your steps. He rushed to your bedroom. In his hurry to get away he forgot his gloves, but he caught up his shoes, and in doing so scratched your table with one of the sharp spikes. You can see that the scratch on the table deepens in the direction of the bedroom door. A small ball of black clay from his shoe fell on the table and another on the bedroom floor. I was at the athletic grounds this morning and saw that black clay with sawdust which is used to prevent the jumper from slipping. Is that correct, Gilchrist?”

The young man was silent.

“Have you nothing to say?” cried Mr. Soames.

“Yes, I have.” Gilchrist spoke with difficulty. Here is a letter for you, sir. I wrote it during my sleepless night. I did not know that everything was out. When you read it you will see

that I have decided not to go in for the examination.”

“I am very pleased to hear this”, the tutor exclaimed, “but what made you change your plans?”

Gilchrist looked at Bannister.

“I must thank *him* for it”, he answered.

“Now, Bannister”, Holmes said, turning to the servant, “help us with this last point.”

“Oh, it is very simple, sir. For many years I was butler in this young man’s house. When old Mr. Gilchrist was ruined I came to his son’s college as servant, but I did not forget the family. I loved the boy whom I had dandled on my knee. Well, sir, when I came into the room yesterday after Mr. Soames had given the alarm, I saw Mr. Gilchrist’s gloves in that armchair and understood everything. So I sank into the chair, saying that I was unwell, and remained there all the time. When Mr. Soames had gone, Mr. Gilchrist came out and told me the truth. “I knew the boy needed that scholarship badly, but I think, sir, it was natural for me to try to save him and speak to him about his deed as his father would have done.”

“You are a good man, Bannister”, Holmes said, shaking his hand heartily. “The matter is clear now, Mr. Soames, and your examination can start at the appointed hour. As for you, young man”, he said, turning to Gilchrist, “you have fallen low this time, but I hope that in the future you will rise high. Come, Watson. Our breakfast awaits us at home.”

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were spending their holiday in one of the University village of Spain.
2. Mr. Hilton Soames was a tutor and lecturer at one of the College.
3. We have had a very pleasant incident at our college.
4. The subject of Mr. Hilton Soames is History.
5. As Mr. Hilton Soames was a little tired, he decided to have a cup of black coffee.
6. Mr. Hilton Soames was absent for about two hours.
7. The passage for the Greek translation had been written on five long sheets of paper.
8. The scholarship means a small sum of money.
9. Mr. Hilton Soames found in the hall several cuttings from a pencil which somebody had sharpened and a broken pencil-tip on the table at the window.
10. Mr. Hilton Soames continued. “I have an old writing-table, the top of which is very smooth and clear.”
11. Mr. Hilton Soames was sure that those marks were not left by the man who copied the examination paper.
12. Did your servant, Bannister, told about ancient Greece?
13. “This means that unless it was the Greek student, the man who visited your room came upon the papers accidentally”, said Holmes.
14. Mr. Soames’ rooms were on the second floor and the windows looked out into the garden.
15. He entered through the window.
16. He had some time to put the paper back.
17. The pencil was about the usual size, with a soft lead.
18. “Look at this!” he exclaimed, showing us a small black dall like the one upon the writing-table.
19. Gilchrist, a very good student and a brilliant sportsman.
20. Gilchrist is a good football player.
21. Miles McLaren is the name of the third student.
22. Miles McLaren is principled person.

23. Bannister was a little pale-faced old man.

24. "Very good", said Holmes. "Now I should like to go up and see those two students. Is it possible?" he asked turning to Mr. Soames.

25. The students occupy the oldest rooms of the College and visitors who are interested in archeology often go up to see those rooms.

26. The first door at which we knocked was opened by a small fair young man with an unpleasant face.

27. Next day Holmes came into my room at ten in the morning with the words, "Hallo, Watson, are you coming with me to the college?"

28. Sherlock Holmes showed Dr. Watson four big balls of blue clay.

29. Servant Bannister was an old man.

30. "My right glove", Gilchrist said in a very low voice.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What were Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson doing in one of the University towns of England?

2. Where the examination papers are locked?

3. How much time Mr. Soames was absent?

4. What is Bannister?

5. What does the scholarship mean for some students?

6. Where does an Indian student live?

7. Why Mr. Soames thought that the person did not enter the room through the window but through the door?

8. What traces Sherlock Holmes found in both Soames' rooms?

9. What are the names of three students?

10. Who has stolen examination papers?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- дуже схвилюваний ...

- переклад незнайомого тексту ...

- дублікат ключа належить ...

- спочатку я не звернув уваги ...

- що хтось заточував ...

- сліди були залишені людиною, яка зробила копії ...

- не може бути зроблено без пояснення ...

- розташовані на першому поверсі ...

- це безнадійно після ...

- зламав свій олівець ...

- залишив однакові сліди в обох кімнатах ...

- хоча б одну причину підозрювати ...

- почав малювати щось на невеликому аркуші паперу ...

- відмовився відчинити двері ...

- вам нічого не потрібно змінювати ...

- розв'язав цю загадку ...

- чоловік почервонів і подивився ...

- написав це, коли не спав вночі ...

- щиро потиснувши йому руку ...

- можна почати у визначений час ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. When he entered the room I saw that he was very much excited and I understood at once that something unusual had happened.
2. "Tomorrow is the first day of the examination for a special scholarship", he said.
3. "The first page on the floor, the second near the window, and the third where you left it", said he.
4. I found several cuttings from a pencil which somebody had sharpened and a broken pencil-tip on the table at the window.
5. "Excellent!" said Holmes, rubbing his hands.
6. The outer colour was blue with the maker's name in silver letters.
7. With these words Holmes quickly drew aside the curtain, but we saw only some clothes hanging on a peg.
8. The students occupy the oldest rooms of the College and visitors who are interested in architecture often go up to see those rooms.
9. "Well, Watson, what do you think of it?" Holmes asked, as we came out into the main street.
10. There was silence for a few moments.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle ) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. In the year 1895 Sherlock Holmes and I were spending our holiday in one of the University towns of England.
2. When he entered the room I saw that he was very much excited and I understood at once that something unusual had happened.
3. I hope, Mr. Holmes that you will find time to listen to me.
4. We have had a very unpleasant incident at our college and I am simply at a loss what to do.
5. Holmes, who did not like visits of that sort when he was away from Baker Street, just shrugged his shoulders and the tutor started with his story.
6. My subject is Greek and the first of the papers consists of a translation of a passage which the students have never seen.
7. The examination papers are locked in my desk.
8. But he denied it and I am sure that he was speaking the truth.
9. It was clear that someone had started to copy the paper, had broken his pencil and then sharpened it.
10. I should like to take a look at it.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition". Translate:**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. "I hope, Mr. Holmes, that you will find time to listen to me", he began. "We have had \_\_\_\_\_ at our college and I am simply at a loss what to do."
  - a) an interesting event;
  - b) a very unpleasant incident;
  - c) horror;



2. My subject is \_\_\_\_\_ and the first of the papers consists of a translation of a passage which the students have never seen.

- a) *Math*;      b) *History*;      c) *Greek*;

3. The only duplicate of my key belongs to my \_\_\_\_\_, Bannister. He has looked after my rooms for \_\_\_\_\_ and he is an honest man.

- a) *servant ... ten years*;    b) *friend ... seven years*;      c) *relative ... six weeks*;

4. Now I found a cut in it, about three inches long. Not a scratch, but a cut. Besides this, I found on the table \_\_\_\_\_ of clay with something like sawdust in it.

- a) *a big black ball*;      b) *a small white box*;      c) *a small black ball*;

5. The tutor \_\_\_\_\_ and we entered the \_\_\_\_\_. Bannister was no longer in the room.

- a) *unlocked the door ... study*;    b) *locked the window ... sitting room*;    c) *opened the door ... bedroom*;    ...

6. "Well, one of them is Gilchrist, a very good student and a brilliant sportsman – \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) *a short-distance jumper*;    b) *a long-distance jumper*;      c) *a swimmer*;

7. The same thing happened when we entered the second room. We could see that \_\_\_\_\_ a silent, little fellow, was very glad when we left him alone.

- a) *the Indian student*;      b) *the Japanese student*;      c) *the Italian student*;

8. Tell us why you did such a thing, for we know that it was you who \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) *translated the text*;      b) *copied the text*;      c) *rewritten the text*;

9. Holmes looked at Bannister and then continued: "So he put his \_\_\_\_\_ on the chair and took up the papers."

- a) *gloves*;      b) *handkerchief*;      c) *hat*;

10. Well, sir, when I came into the room yesterday after Mr. Soames had given the alarm, I saw \_\_\_\_\_ gloves in that armchair and understood everything.

- a) *Mr. Miles McLaren's*;      b) *Bannister's*;      c) *Mr. Gilchrist's*;

## Text 4

Read the story. Translate it

Arthur Conan Doyle  
THE SIX NAPOLEONS

(The story is told by Dr. Watson)

One evening my friend Holmes and I were smoking in our room after supper, when Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard came in. He often visited us, since he could always get some help from Holmes, and my friend listened with interest to all his stories and was ready to give him advice.



“Good evening, gentlemen”, Lestrade said. “I should like to consult you about a very strange case, though perhaps it will interest Dr. Watson more than you, Mr. Holmes.”

“Me?” I exclaimed in astonishment.

“You see, Doctor”, Lestrade said, “I think that the man of whom I am going to speak is mad, but it is a very strange sort of madness.”

“Sit down in this armchair, Lestrade, and tell us all about it”, said Holmes. “My friend and I will be happy to help you if we can.”

“Well, it’s like this, Mr. Holmes”, Lestrade began. “There, is a man who hates Napoleon so much, that when he sees a bust of this French Emperor he breaks it at once.”

“That’s no business of mine”, said Holmes, sinking back in his chair.

“But, Mr. Holmes, the man commits burglary in order to break statues that do not belong to him!”

“Burglary! This is more interesting. Let me hear the details.”

Lestrade took out his note-book.

“It seems that the first bust was broken four days ago. It happened at the shop of Morse Hudson, who sells pictures and statues in Kennington Road. The assistant had left the shop for a moment and then he heard a crash. When he ran in, he saw that a plaster bust of Napoleon which stood upon the counter was broken to pieces. He ran out into the road, but could not find the man. As the price of the bust was only a few shillings, the whole thing was soon forgotten. But the second case was more serious. It happened last night.

Not far from Hudson’s shop there lives a doctor whose name is Barnicot. He is an admirer of Napoleon and his house is full of books, pictures and statues of the French Emperor. Some months ago he bought from Hudson two busts of Napoleon. He put one of them in the hall of his house at Kennington Road and the other in his surgery at Lower Brixton Road. Dr. Barnicot had been in the country for a few days and when he came home this morning he saw that the bust of Napoleon that stood in the hall was gone. A little later fragments of the broken bust were found near the garden gate.”

“Your story begins to interest me”, said Holmes, sitting up and rubbing his hands. “Please go on. This is certainly something quite new.”

“I thought the story might interest you”, said Lestrade. “But I have not got to the end yet. When the doctor went to his surgery in the afternoon, he found that somebody had opened the window in the night and the broken pieces of his second bust were scattered all over the room. These are the facts, Mr. Holmes. We have not found the man and we have no clue to this strange case.”

“Were the two busts of Dr. Barnicot the exact duplicates of the bust, from Hudson’s shop?” asked Holmes.

“Yes, they were.”

“Then your theory about the madness of the man is wrong”, said my friend.

“And what is *your* idea of the case, Mr. Holmes?” “Well, I think that it is not so simple as it seems at first. There are very many different statues and busts of Napoleon in London, but

your man has broken three duplicates of the same bust. Besides, this man has a certain method. For example, he did not break the second bust in the hall of the doctor's house, because the family could hear the noise. So he took it outside. But in the surgery, where there was nobody to give the alarm, he broke it where it stood. This case interests me, and I shall be glad to hear from you if there are any new facts."

"I shall certainly let you know, Mr.Holmes", said Lestrade.

Early next morning, when I was dressing in my bedroom, Holmes came in with a telegram in his hand.

"This is from Lestrade", he said. "He wants me to come to Kensington at once. It appears that our man has begun operations in another part of London. Will you come with me, Watson?"

"Certainly", I said. "I shall be ready in a minute."

Half an hour later we were in, Kensington at the house named by Lestrade. There were many people in front of it. Holmes whistled.

"It looks like murder, Watson. Nothing else can attract so many people. Ah, here is Lestrade."

The detective met us with a very grave face. We followed him into the sitting-room, where an elderly man was walking up and down. It was the owner of the house, Mr. Horace Harker.

"It's a Napoleon bust again", Lestrade said. "You seemed interested in this case last night, Mr.Holmes, so I sent you a telegram. But now the case is much more serious. Mr.Harker, please tell these gentlemen what has happened."

The man turned to us with a very melancholy face.

"I have heard your name, Mr.Holmes", he said, "and I hope that you will clear up this strange case. Some months ago I bought a bust of Napoleon from Harding Brothers in High Street. As I am a journalist, I often work at night and write until early morning. So it was this time. I was working in my study, when at about three o'clock in the morning I heard a sound downstairs. A moment later there came a loud cry from outside. I ran down into the hall. The window was open, but there was nobody there. When I entered this room, I saw at once that the bust of Napoleon had disappeared from the mantelpiece. "How strange", I thought. "If a burglar has been here, why has he taken only this bust which costs a few shillings?" I opened the hall door and nearly fell over the body of a dead man. Such are the facts, Mr.Holmes."

"We do not know yet who the dead man is", Lestrade added. "He is tall, sunburnt, not older than thirty. In his pocket we found a photograph. Here it is."

Holmes took the photograph and looked at it attentively. It was a snapshot of a man with dark hair and a very ugly face. My friend put the snapshot in his pocket and then turned to Lestrade.

"And what became of the bust?" he asked.

"It was found in the garden of an empty house not far from this place", said Lestrade. "It was broken to pieces. Will you come and see it, Mr.Holmes?"

"I should certainly like to. Only I must first take one look round", my friend said and began to examine the carpet and the window. "That fellow had very long legs, or perhaps he was simply a very active man. It was not an easy task to reach the window and then open it. Are you coming with us, Mr.Harker?" he said, turning to the journalist.

"No, no, I am sorry, Mr.Holmes, but I am too busy. I must write my article for the evening newspaper."

The house mentioned by Lestrade was quite near and we reached it in a few minutes. The fragments of the bust were scattered upon the grass. Holmes picked up two or three pieces and examined them very carefully. I watched his face and saw that at last he was upon a clue.

"Well?" asked Lestrade.

"I cannot tell you anything definite", my friend said, shrugging his shoulders, "and yet

we have here some interesting facts. This bust was worth more to our man than a human life. It is very strange that he did not break it in the house if he simply wanted to break it.”

“Then why did he choose just this garden and this house?” exclaimed Lestrade. “There is another empty house in the street, but he passed it on his way here.”

“Can’t you understand it?” Holmes pointed to the street lamp above the garden wall. “He could see what he was doing *here*, and he could not *there*”.

“I think you are right!” the detective said. “It reminds me that Doctor Barnicot’s first bust was also broken not far from the street lamp. But still, Mr.Holmes, I don’t understand.”

“Perhaps later on something will help us to make things clear?” said Holmes. “What steps will you take now, Lestrade?”

“I shall try to identify the dead man. When we know his name and some facts about his life it will be easier for us to find the criminal. And what are your plans, Mr.Holmes?”

“Oh, I think that it is better for you to go on your line and for me on mine”, said my friend quietly. “If you see Mr.Harker, tell him I’m quite sure that a dangerous madman was in his house last night: He’ll certainly write about it in his newspaper article.”



“But you don’t seriously believe it?” Lestrade asked.

“Well, perhaps I don’t”, Holmes answered, smiling, “but it will interest Mr.Horace and the public. Come to Baker Street at six o’clock this evening, Lestrade. If my ideas are correct I shall ask you to accompany me on a small expedition. And now good luck!

As soon as Lestrade had gone Holmes became very active.

“Come, Watson”, he said. “Let us go to the shop of Harding Brothers. We must trace those busts to their source. It may help us to clear the case.”

Mr.Harding was not in the shop and his young assistant could not tell us anything.

“Well, we shall come again later”, said Holmes; his face showed his disappointment. “Let us now visit Mr.Morse Hudson of Kennington Road and speak to him.”

Here we were luckier, for Mr.Hudson was in his shop.

“Yes, sir, I sold Dr.Barnicot two busts”, he said in answer to our question. “You want to know where I got them from? I bought them from Gelder and Co. in Church Street. How many had I? Three - two of them I sold to Dr. Barnicot and one was broken on my own counter. Do I know this man on the photograph? Certainly I do. It is Beppo. He did some work in the shop, but he left me last week, and I know nothing more about him.”

“I think, that we have got all we could expect from Mr.Hudson”, said Holmes when we were in the street again. “Now, Watson, let us visit Gelder and Co. in Church Street. I’m sure we’ll learn something useful there.”

The manager of the firm was a very polite man who readily answered all our questions. The three busts that he had sent to Morse Hudson were half a batch of six. Harding Brothers in Kensington bought the second half of this batch. The busts were all alike. The manager did not understand why anyone could wish to steal and then break them. They were cheap - only six shillings a piece. Such busts were usually made by Italian workers who lived in the Italian quarter. That was all he could tell us.

“Can you tell me who this man is?” said Holmes taking the snapshot out of his pocket.

“Why, it is Beppo”, cried the manager, and his face turned red with anger. “I know him very well, indeed. A year ago we had much trouble with him, though he was a very good worker. He quarrelled with another Italian in the street and struck him with his knife. Then he came here, but the police found him and he was arrested. The wounded man did not die, so Beppo only got a year. He must be out now, but where he is I cannot tell. We have his cousin here; perhaps he

knows where Beppo is.”

“No, no”, cried Holmes, “not a Word to his cousin, not a word! The matter is very important. I have only one more question to ask before we go. Could you name the date when Beppo was arrested?”

“Oh, let me see. We sold those busts on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of June last year and paid Beppo last on the 20<sup>th</sup> of May.”

“Thank you very much for your information”, said Holmes, “but I must beg you once more not to speak of our visit to anybody.”

As it was already late when we left the shop, we decided to have lunch at a restaurant. Holmes took up a newspaper and read it while he ate. Once or twice he smiled.

“This is all right, Watson”, he said. “Our journalist has written his article and the public think that the murderer was not a criminal, but a madman. This is very important for us. And now for Harding Brothers.”

This time Mr. Harding was there and ready to answer all our questions.

“Yes, sir”, he said, “Mr. Horace Harker is our customer. We sold him the bust some months ago. They are all sold now. To whom? Oh, I can easily tell that. Here is our sales-book. One to Mr. Harker, you see, one to Mr. Josiah Brown in Chiswick and one to Mr. Sandeford in Reading. No, I have never seen this face on the photograph. How ugly it is! Yes, we have some Italian workers here. You want to know whether they might get a look into the sales book? Of course they might if they wanted to. It’s a strange case indeed.”

Holmes had taken several notes during our conversation and I could see that he was satisfied.

It was late when we returned to Baker Street that evening. Mr. Lestrade was already there. “What news?” he asked as soon as we came in.

“We have had a busy day and now we can trace; each of the busts from the beginning”, Holmes told him.

“The busts!” Lestrade cried. “I don’t want to say anything against your methods, Mr. Holmes, but I think that I have done better work. I have identified the dead man and have found a motive for the crime. We have an inspector who knows the Italian quarter very well, He recognized the man at once. It is Pietro Venucci from Naples and he is one of the greatest cut-throats in London. The man whose photo we found must be an Italian too. I think that the case is clear now. The two men had a quarrel. In the night one followed the other, waited for him outside the house and then killed him. What do you think of this theory, Mr. Holmes?”

“Excellent, Lestrade, excellent!” Holmes cried. “But I don’t see the explanation of the broken busts.”

“The busts! You cannot get them out of your head. We are investigating the murder of a man, and that is more important than a few broken busts.”

“And what is your next step?” asked Holmes quietly.

“Oh, it is very simple. The inspector and I will go to the Italian quarter, find the man whose photograph we have got, and arrest him as a murderer. Will you come with us?”

“I think not”, answered my friend, “but if you come with me to Chiswick tonight, perhaps we shall not have to go to the Italian quarter tomorrow.”

“Why to Chiswick, Mr. Holmes?” Lestrade exclaimed in surprise.

“Because I have great hopes that we shall catch our man there”, answered Holmes. “You will dine with us, Lestrade, and then you are welcome to that sofa, for we start after eleven. Now I must write a very important letter which must be sent at once. Besides, I want to look through some old papers. They may help us in this case.”

Holmes spent the evening in his room looking through old newspapers. When at last he came down, I saw that he was satisfied with his work. I understood that he hoped to catch the criminal at Chiswick because one of the busts was there.

At about midnight our cab stopped before the door of a house in Chiswick. We told the cabman to wait for us in the next street and approached the house. In the light of the street lamp we read: "Laburnum Villa". Everything was quiet around and there were no lights inside. Very softly we opened the garden gate and stopped behind the fence.

"We can see everything from here", Holmes whispered, "though I fear that we shall have to wait for some time."

But this time my friend was wrong, for we did not wait for more than a few minutes. Quite suddenly a dark figure appeared on the path that led to the house. It ran past the front door and disappeared in the shadow of the wall. There was a long pause and then we heard a very soft sound. Somebody was opening the window. A moment later we saw a light in the room: the man was looking for the bust.

"Let us go to the open window and catch him as he climbs out", Lestrade whispered.

But we had no time to do so, for the man had already left the room and was on the path again, carrying something white under his arm. He ran straight to the lamp over the front door and threw the white thing on the pavement. At the same moment we rushed forward, and as the man turned we recognized the ugly face of Beppo.

The man had no time to escape and a minute later he was our prisoner. But Holmes did not even look at him. Sitting on the doorstep, he was carefully examining the pieces of the broken bust. He had just finished his work when the hall door opened and a stout man came out.

"Mr. Josiah Brown, I suppose?" Holmes said.

"Yes, sir", answered the owner of the house, "and you, I suppose, are Mr. Sherlock Holmes? I got your note and did exactly what you told me. We locked every door on the inside and waited in the dark. Well, I am glad to see that you have got the man, though I cannot understand why he wanted this bust. I hope, gentlemen that you will come in and have some refreshment."

We thanked Mr. Brown, but it was very late and we were in a hurry to get home, so we had to refuse.

On the way our prisoner did not say a word and sat still, turning his ugly face away from us. When we reached London Lestrade told the cabman to drive to the police station, where he left our dangerous prisoner.

"I am thankful to you, Mr. Holmes, for your help", said Lestrade as we parted. "We shall find things out about this man, but I must say that I don't quite understand it all yet."

"Now I fear it is rather late for explanations", said Holmes, "but if you come to Baker Street at six o'clock tomorrow, I think that I shall be able to give you some more details of this case."

When we met again next evening Lestrade could tell us something about Beppo. It appeared that, he had a bad reputation in the Italian quarter. He had twice been in prison, once for stealing and once, as we had already heard, for wounding a man in the street. He refused to give any explanation to the police when they asked him about the busts.

Holmes listened to Lestrade's story, but I could see that he was not interested in it. He sat with his face to the door and often looked at his watch. At last there was a ring at the door. A minute later we heard steps on the stairs and an elderly red-faced man came into the room. In his right hand he carried a bag.

"Can I see Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" he asked.

My friend bowed and smiled: "Mr. Sandeford, of Reading, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid that I am a little late, but it is because of the train. You wrote to me about that bust of Napoleon. I have your letter here. You offered me ten pounds for the bust. Is that right?"

"Certainly."

"I must say I was very much surprised, sir, for I could not understand how you found out

that I had this thing.” “Oh, it is very simple. Mr. Harding said that they had sold you the last bust, and he gave me your address.”

“Did he tell you the price of the bust?”

“No, he did not.”

“Well, Mr. Holmes, I am an honest man, though I am not very rich. I must tell you that I gave only fifteen shillings for it. You must know that before you pay me ten pounds.”

“I have named my price and I shall pay it to you”, said Holmes.

“You are very generous, sir”, the man exclaimed.

He opened his bag and took out the bust - the last of the six Napoleons.

“Here it is, sir”, he said.

“Thank you, Mr. Sandeford. Here is your money, and I wish you good evening.”

When our visitor had gone, Holmes took a clean white cloth and put it on the table. Then he placed the bust in the centre of the cloth, took his stick and struck Napoleon a blow on the top of the head. The bust broke into pieces and Holmes began to examine them very carefully. The next moment, with an exclamation of triumph, he lifted a fragment of plaster with a round dark object in it.

“Gentlemen!” he cried, “let me show you the famous black pearl which disappeared some time ago from the bedroom of the Princess of X.”

Lestrade and I sat silent for a moment and then we both broke into applause. Holmes bowed to us like an actor on the stage. His pale cheeks grew red with pleasure. The man who was cold to the praise of the public was deeply moved when it came from his friends.

“Yes, gentlemen”, said he, “it is one of the most famous pearls in the world. You remember the case, Lestrade. The London police could not find the stolen jewel. The maid of the princess was suspected. She was Italian and had a brother in London. Her name was Lucretia Venucci. I am sure that this man Pietro whom Beppo killed was her brother. The pearl disappeared two days, before the arrest of Beppo.”

Holmes paused for a moment and then continued!

“Now let us follow the events. We may think that the pearl was in Beppo’s hands for a certain time. Perhaps he had stolen it from Pietro, or he had been the go between of Pietro and his sister, or Pietro’s confederate. This is not so important. Well, he had the pearl in his pocket when he wounded that man in the street quarrel. The police was after him. He ran to the place where he worked, for he wanted to hide the pearl. Six plaster busts of Napoleon were drying in the passage. One of them was still soft. Beppo quickly made a hole in the wet plaster, put in the pearl and covered the hole with plaster again.

Nobody had seen him. But then he was arrested, got a year and during that time the busts were sold. He did not know which of them contained his treasure, and he could find it only by breaking them one by one. With the help of his cousin who works with Gelder, Beppo found out the names of the firms that had bought the busts. He got a job at Morse Hudson’s shop, and soon found and broke three of the busts. But the pearl was not there.

Then with the help of some Italian who works with Harding Brothers, he traced the other three busts. Meanwhile, Pietro learned that his confederate was out of prison, and followed him when he went to the journalist’s house, for he wanted to find out what Beppo had done with the pearl. In the fight that followed Beppo killed Pietro.”

“But why did Pietro carry Beppo’s photograph in his pocket?” I asked.

“Probably to show it to a third person, who did not know Beppo, but could help to find him. Well, only two busts remained, and I thought that he would go first for the one that was nearer to London. So I sent a note with my instructions to Mr. Josiah Brown. By that time I knew for sure what Beppo was looking for. If you remember I looked through several old papers and the name of Venucci helped me very much, for I remembered the story of the lost pearl.

After Beppo’s arrest there remained only one bust and I was sure that the pearl was there.

I bought the bust in your presence from the owner, and there it is:"

We sat in silence for a moment.

"Well", Lestrade said at last, "I think that this is your most wonderful case, Mr.Holmes. We at Scotland Yard are proud of you, and all of us would be glad to shake your hand."

"Thank you!" Holmes said, "thank you", and I could see that he was moved by these words. A moment later he was again cold and practical as usual.

"Put the pearl in the safe, Watson", he said. "It must be returned to its owner. Good-bye, Lestrade. If, any little problem comes your way I shall be happy to give you a hand."

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. "Sit down in this sofa, Lestrade, and tell us all about it", said Holmes.
2. There, is a man who loves Napoleon so much, that when he sees a bust of this French Emperor he breaks it at once.
3. It happened at the shop of Morse Hudson, who sells fabric and clothes in Kennington Road.
4. As the price of the bust was one thousand shillings, the whole thing was soon forgotten.
5. Not far from Hudson's shop there lives a teacher whose name is Barnicot.
6. Barnicot is an admirer of Napoleon and his house is full of books, pictures and statues of the French Emperor.
7. Some months ago Barnicot bought from Dr.Watson three busts of Napoleon.
8. When the doctor went to his dentist in the afternoon, he found that somebody had opened the window in the night and the broken pieces of his second bust were scattered all over the room.
9. There are very many different statues and busts of Napoleon in Washington, but your man has broken three duplicates of the same bust.
10. Early next morning, when I was dressing in my study, Holmes came in with a book in his hand.
11. "It was found in the room of an empty house not far from this place", said Lestrade.
12. No, no, I am sorry, Mr.Holmes, but I am too busy. I must write my essay for the morning magazine.
13. Come to Baker Street at nine o'clock this evening, Lestrade.
14. "Come, Watson", he said. "Let us go to the restaurant of Harding Brothers. We must trace those busts to their source. It may help us to clear the case."
15. Mr.Harding was not in the shop and his old assistant could not tell us anything.
16. "Yes, sir, I sold Dr.Barnicot fifteen busts", he said in answer to our question.
17. Three - one of them I sold to Dr.Barnicot and two was broken on my own counter.
18. "I think, that we have got all we could expect from Mr.Peterson", said Holmes when we were in the street again.
19. The manager of the firm was a very impolite man who readily answered all our questions.
20. The busts were expensive - only six shillings a piece.
21. Such busts were usually made by French workers who lived in the Italian quarter.
22. Beppo quarrelled with another Italian in the cafe and struck him with his fork.
23. Holmes took up a notebook and read it while he ate.
24. Our journalist has written his article and the public think that the murderer was not a criminal, but a madman.
25. "Yes, sir", he said, "Mr.Horace Harker is our teacher. We sold him the bust some months ago."



26. One to Mr.Harker, you see, one to Mr.Josiah Brown in Chiswick and one to Mrs.Sanmon in Reading.

27. “We have had a free day and now we can trace; each of the busts from the beginning”, Holmes told him.

28. It is Pietro Venucci from Naples and he is one of the greatest cut-throats in London.

29. “Let us go to the open door and catch him as he climbs out”, Lestrade whispered.

30. We locked every window on the inside and waited in the dark.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What is Mr.Lestrade by profession?
2. What did Mr.Lestrade say about strange sort of madness?
3. When the first bust was broken?
4. What can you say about the price of the bust of Napoleon?
5. What is Beppo?
6. What can you tell about the manager of the firm?
7. How much costs the busts?
8. What has the journalist written the article about?
9. What has Mr.Holmes found in one of the bust of Napoleon?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- дивний випадок божевілля ...
- був розбитий чотири дні тому ...
- точна копія бюста ...
- цей випадок зацікавив мене ...
- це був власник будинку ...
- почув якийсь шум на першому поверсі ...
- нам буде простіше знайти злочинця ...
- напевно напише про це ...
- він поїхав минулого тижня ...
- зазвичай виробляються італійськими робочими ...
- не злочинець, а божевільний ...
- знайшов мотиви злочину ...
- зупинились біля огорожі ...
- кинув щось біле на тротуар ...
- два рази був у в'язниці ...
- ми почули, як хтось йде по сходах ...
- під підозрою була служниця принцеси ...
- був вбитий її братом ...
- знав напевно, що Бенно ...
- потрібно повернути власнику ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. Mr.Lestrade of Scotland Yard often visited us ...
2. “Me?” I exclaimed in astonishment.
3. I must tell you that I gave only fifteen shillings for it.
4. But the second ease was more serious.
5. “Your story begins to interest me”, said Holmes, sitting up and rubbing his hands.
6. “Then your theory about the madness of the man is wrong”, said my friend.
7. And what is your idea of the case, Mr.Holmes?
8. Mr.Harker, please tell these gentlemen what has happened."

9. Holmes took the photograph and looked at it attentively.
10. It was a snapshot of a man with dark hair and a very ugly face.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle ) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. One evening my friend Holmes and I were smoking in our room after supper.
2. I should like to consult you about a very strange case, though perhaps it will interest Dr. Watson more than you, Mr. Holmes.
3. I exclaimed in astonishment.
4. I think that the man of whom I am going to speak is mad, but it is a very strange sort of madness.
5. My friend and I will be happy to help you if we can.
6. There, is a man who hates Napoleon so much, that when he sees a bust of this French Emperor he breaks it at once.
7. It seems that the first bust was broken four days ago.
8. The assistant had left the shop for a moment and then he heard a crash.
9. This case interests me, and I shall be glad to hear from you if there are any new facts.
10. I must write my article for the evening newspaper.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations “verb + preposition” and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. But, Mr. Holmes, the man commits burglary in order \_\_\_ that do not belong to him!  
a) to break statues;      b) to repair busts;      c) to clue statues;
2. “Were the two busts of \_\_\_ the exact duplicates of the bust, from Hudson’s shop?” asked Holmes.  
a) Dr. Berner;      b) Dr. Barnicot;      c) Dr. Watson;
3. Some months ago I bought a bust of Napoleon from Harding Brothers in High Street. As I am \_\_\_, I often work at night and write until early morning.  
a) a gardener;      b) a solicitor;      c) a journalist;
4. “I think you are right!” the detective said. “It reminds me that Doctor Barnicot’s first bust was also broken not far from the \_\_\_.”  
a) street lamp;      b) house;      c) bin;
5. The manager did not understand why anyone could wish to steal and then break them. They were cheap - \_\_\_ a piece.  
a) only five shillings;      b) only ten shillings;      c) only six shillings;
6. We have an inspector who knows the \_\_\_ very well, he recognized the man at once.  
a) Indian quarter;      b) Italian quarter;      c) Spanish quarter;

7. But this time my friend was wrong, for we did not wait for more than a few minutes. Quite suddenly \_\_\_\_\_ appeared on the path that led to the house.

- a) *a man;*                      b) *a dark figure;*                      c) *some men;*

8. The next moment, with an exclamation of triumph, he lifted a fragment of plaster with \_\_\_\_\_ in it.

- a) *a thick light object;*      b) *a round dark object;*      c) *a round transparent object;*

9. Beppo quickly made \_\_\_\_\_ in the wet \_\_\_\_\_, put in the pearl and covered the hole with plaster again.

- a) *a cut ... metal;*              b) *a hole ... plaster;*              c) *a hole ... leather;*

10. "Well", Lestrade said at last, "I think that this is your \_\_\_\_\_, Mr.Holmes."

- a) *most wonderful case;*      b) *most dangerous case;*              c) *most difficult case;*

## Text 5

*Read the story. Translate it*

**Arthur Conan Doyle**  
**THE NAVAL TREATY**

**(The story is told by Dr. Watson)**

In my schooldays I had a friend whose name was Percy Phelps. He was a very clever boy and he always won all the prizes at school. His uncle was Lord Holdhurst, the well-known statesman. Percy was two forms ahead of me and when he left-school I lost sight of him. Some years later I heard that Percy Phelps had a very good post at the Foreign Office, but we never saw each other, for we were both very busy with our work.

So I was very much surprised when I received the following letter:

*"Briarbrae, Woking*

*MY DEAR WATSON, - I am sure that you remember Percy Phelps, who was in the fifth form when you were in the third. You have perhaps heard that through my uncle's influence I got a good post at the Foreign Office. Everything went well until a terrible event crashed all my plans: I cannot write much, as I am still very weak after two months of brain fever, but if you come to see me, I shall tell you everything. Please try and bring your friend Mr. Holmes. I should like to have his opinion, though the police say that nothing more can be done. I did not ask your friend's advice earlier only because I was very ill. I am still so weak that I have to dictate my letter.*

*"Your old schoolfellow;*

*"PERCY PHELPS."*

"The matter must be very grave", I said to myself as I went to Baker Street. I was lucky to find my friend at home. He was working hard over some chemical problem. Chemistry was one of his hobbies.

"Ah, Watson, I shall be at your service in a moment", he said, turning to his desk and writing something down.

A minute later he was sitting in his armchair and smoking his pipe.

"I hope, Watson, that you have something interesting for me", he said. "What is it?"

I gave him the letter and he read it with great attention.

"It does not tell us very much", he remarked, "but the woman who has written this letter is a person of strong character."

"Do you think that it is a woman's writing?" I cried.

"I'm quite sure of it", he answered. "I shall certainly come with you. We can go and see your friend at once."

An hour later we were at Woking. Briarbrae was not far from the station. It was a large house with a garden round it. A stout man of about forty met us at the door. He had very red cheeks and merry eyes.

"I'm so glad that you have come", he said, shaking hands with us. "Poor Percy will be happy. He says that you are his last hope. His father and mother asked me to meet you; they cannot even speak about this matter."

"You are not a member of the family, I see", Holmes said.

For a moment the man looked surprised, and then began to laugh.

"Oh, you noticed the letters "J.H." on my locket", he said. "Indeed, I am not a member of the family, but I hope to become one. My name is Joseph Harrison, and Percy is to marry my sister Annie. She is in his room now. She has nursed him during these two months. Let us go to him at once."

The room of Percy Phelps was on the same floor as the drawing-room. We came in and saw a young man, very pale and weak, who was lying upon the sofa by the window. I could hardly recognize my old schoolfellow. A young girl was sitting beside him. She rose as we

entered.

“Shall I leave, Percy?” she asked.

He took her hand: “No, no, Annie, you must stay. I am so glad to see you, Watson!” he said. “This, I think, is your famous friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?”

I introduced Holmes and we both sat down. The stout man left us, but his sister remained. She was a very beautiful girl with large dark eyes and black hair.

“I do not want to waste your time”, Phelps said, raising himself upon the sofa, “so I shall tell you the facts at once.”

“Only a few weeks ago I was a happy man, Mr. Holmes, going to be married, when a terrible thing happened to me. As Watson knows, I was in the Foreign Office and held a responsible position there. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> of May, my uncle, who is Foreign Minister, called me into his room.

“This”, he said, taking a grey roll of paper from his desk, “is the original of the secret treaty between two foreign countries (I shall not name them). It is very important, and some other countries would pay much money to learn the contents of these papers. The document must be copied at once, and I trust you to do it. Have you a desk in your office?”

“I said that I had”.

“Then take the treaty and lock it up there. You must stay in your office after working hours and then copy the document without haste or fear. When you are ready lock the original and the copy in the desk and hand them over to me personally tomorrow morning.”

“Were you alone during the conversation?” Holmes asked.

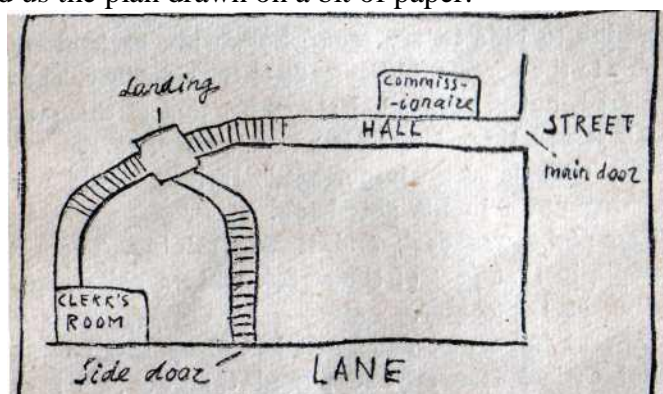
“Yes, we were in the centre of a large room and speaking low ...”

“Please go on with your story.”

“When all the clerks had gone, I went to my office and set to work at once, for I knew that Mr. Harrison, who met you here, was in town and I wanted to go to Woking with him by the eleven o’clock train. I read the document through and saw at once that my uncle was quite right when he spoke about its importance. Then I sat down to copy it. It was a very long document. At nine I saw that there was no hope to catch my train, and as I felt tired after a long day’s work, I decided to have a cup of coffee. A commissionaire remains all night in a little room at the foot of the stairs, and he usually makes coffee for those who work overtime. I rang the bell. To my surprise a tall elderly woman came into the room. She explained that she was the commissionaire’s wife, and I asked her to bring me a cup of coffee.

“For some time I continued my work, but then began to feel sleepy. As my coffee did not come, I opened the door and went down the corridor to the commissionaire’s room. The corridor ends in a staircase. Half way down it, there is a small landing with another passage which leads to a side door used by the servants. This is a plan of the place.”

Here Percy showed us the plan drawn on a bit of paper.



“I went down the stairs, and saw that the commissionaire was fast asleep and the kettle was boiling. I wanted to wake the man, when a bell over his head rang loudly, and he started up.”

“Mr. Phelps, sir!” he cried, looking at me in astonishment.

"I came down to see if my coffee was ready", I said.

"I am sorry, sir, I was boiling the kettle when I fell asleep. But if you are here who rang the bell then? It is the bell of the room in which you were working."

"I grew cold with fear. Someone was in my room and the document was upon the table! I ran like a madman up the stairs and along the corridor. The commissionaire followed me. There was nobody in the corridor and in the room, but the treaty was no longer on the desk. The copy was there, but the original was gone."

Holmes sat up in his chair and rubbed his hands. I could see that he was interested.

"Well, what did you do then?" he asked.

"I thought that the thief could have come only by the side door, for I saw nobody in the corridor and it was impossible to hide in my room. So we ran back along the corridor to the passage which leads to the side door. The door was closed, but not locked. I remember that at this moment a clock struck three times. It was a quarter to ten."

"Oh, that is very important", Holmes said, writing something down in his note-book.

"The night was dark and it was raining. There were no people in that part of the street. Only a policeman was standing at the corner: "A very important document has disappeared from the Foreign Office! Has anyone passed this way?" I cried, rushing towards him.

"I have been here for a quarter of an hour, sir. I saw only a tall elderly woman who passed here some time ago. She seemed to be in a hurry."

"Ah, that was my wife", the commissionaire cried, "we must not lose our time here; the thief went the other way."

His words and manner seemed very strange and I caught him by the hand.

"Where do you live?" I said.

"No. 16, Ivy Lane, Brixton, but, Mr. Phelps, don't lose your time. Come to the other end of the street and try to learn something there."

"We did so; but there was nobody who could help us in that part of the street. Then we returned to the office and searched the stairs and the corridor, but without result. We examined the floor carefully. There were no footmarks anywhere, though it had rained all the evening."

"Didn't the woman who came into your room about nine o'clock leave any traces on the floor?" Holmes asked.

"No, no", said Phelps, "she had taken off her boots and put on slippers."

"That is very clear. What did you do next?"

"We examined the room and did not find any place where the thief could hide. It was clear that he had come in through the door. The bell is to the right of my desk. So the man who rang it was at the desk. But I cannot understand why he did so."

"This is certainly very strange. By the way, didn't you find any other traces of the thief when you examined the room? A cigar end, a glove or a hairpin?"

"No, we found absolutely nothing." "What did you do then?"

"I telephoned to Scotland Yard and Mr. Forbes, the detective, came at once. I told him all about the commissionaire's wife. We took a cab and went straight to their house. A young girl opened the door and told us that her mother had not yet come. We decided to wait. Some minutes later we heard the bell and here we made a bad mistake; we let the girl open the door. She said something to her mother in a low voice, and the woman did not come into the room but ran down the corridor. Forbes opened the door and we followed her. The woman was in the kitchen. She turned to me and suddenly recognized me."

"Why, it is Mr. Phelps from the office!" she cried in astonishment, "my daughter told me that there were two gentlemen asking for me, and I was afraid that you were agents and had come for the payment of."

"That is not good enough", Forbes interrupted the woman, "we believe that you have taken a very important paper from the Foreign Office, and you ran here to hide it. We shall first

examine your rooms and then you will come with us to Scotland Yard.”

“The woman protested loudly and said that she had taken nothing, but we searched the kitchen and the living room. The document was not there.”

“What happened then I cannot tell you, for I began to feel so ill that I remember nothing more. I was brought home in an unconscious state. You can imagine how frightened my mother and poor Annie were when they saw me. They put me to bed at once and I have stayed in this room for nine weeks, for it is the best bedroom in the house. Poor Joseph, who occupied it, was moved to another room. Annie has been with me all the days and a nurse has looked after me by night so that I was never alone. Now I feel much better. Mr. Holmes, you are my last hope. If you do not help me, everything is lost for me.”

Percy looked very tired when he finished his story, and Annie gave him some medicine.

“You have made the facts very clear, Mr. Phelps”, said Holmes, “but I have one or two questions to ask before I go. Did your people know the way to your room in the office?”

“Oh yes, they all knew it.”

“Did you tell anyone about the document?”

“How could I? I stayed at the office that evening and saw nobody.”

“Do you know anything of the commissioner?”

“Only that he is an old soldier.”

“Well, I suppose I can get all the details about him from Forbes.”

Holmes was silent for a few moments.

“Your case is very complicated, Mr. Phelps”, he said at last; “still I shall do all I can to help you, though I cannot promise anything definite. Now Watson and I must go to London, but I hope to come here by the same train tomorrow. Good-bye and don’t lose heart.”

“I should like to have a little talk with Mrs. Phelps before we go”, Holmes said to me as we left the room.

All the way to the station Holmes did not open his mouth but when we came there, he said: “I shall have time to send a telegram to Forbes before the train starts.”

When we were in the train he turned to me: “I suppose this man Phelps does not drink?” he said.

“No, I don’t think so.”

“And what do you think of Miss Annie Harrison, Watson?!”

“Well, I think you were quite right about her when you said that she was a person of strong character”, I answered.

“Yes, and she seems a good girl. Phelps got engaged to her last winter as his mother told me. Annie and her brother came here on a visit. When this misfortune happened she nursed Percy, and her brother remained too, as he was comfortable there. Now I want to find out who profits by this crime. There are foreign Embassies and ... there is Lord Holdhurst.”

“But Phelps is his nephew and Lord Holdhurst must be an honest man.”

“Yes, I think so, but still ... Well, we shall go and see him today. I want to have a talk with that gentleman. I have got some clues. First of all, the thief left no traces on the floor, though it was a rainy day. That means he came in a cab. Perhaps we can find that cab. Another of my clues is the bell. Who rang it? Was it the thief? Or perhaps the person who wanted to prevent the crime? Or was it an accident? Or was it ... But here is London. Come, Watson. We must first see Forbes. Maybe he has some news which Phelps hasn’t heard.”

We found Forbes waiting for us at Scotland Yard. He could not tell us anything new.



“One thing is quite clear”, he said, “the commissionaire and his wife are honest people and have nothing to do with the disappearance of the document.”

“What do you think of the bell?” Holmes asked the detective.

“I must say that I do not understand it at all.”

“Yes, it is strange. Well, we shall not keep you any longer. Good-bye, Mr. Forbes.”

“Nothing new here, Watson”, said my friend when we were in the street. “I was quite sure that the commissionaire and his wife were not in it. Now let us go and see Lord Holdhurst.”

The Foreign Minister received us at once.

“I should like to ask you one or two questions, Lord Holdhurst”, said Holmes, when we were seated in the statesman’s study.

“I shall be happy to answer them if I can”, said the Minister.

“Was it in this room that you spoke to your nephew about the treaty?”

“Yes.”

“Did anybody know about it?”

“Nobody.”

“Well, if nobody knew anything about the matter, then the thief came into the room by chance. That is the first point. Then, since nine weeks have passed and nothing has been heard of this treaty, we may suppose that it has not reached any Foreign Office.”

Lord Holdhurst shrugged his shoulders.

“Perhaps the thief is waiting for a better price?” Holmes asked.

“If he waits a little longer, he will get no price at all. In a few months the treaty will no longer be a secret.”

“Oh, that is very important”, Holmes remarked. “Thank you for your information, Lord Holdhurst. We shall now wish you good-day.”

“He is a good fellow”, Holmes said as we came out. “But he is far from rich, and certainly needs money. Did you notice that his boots were quite old? Now, Watson, you may go to your patients; we shall do nothing more today. But if you can meet me tomorrow at the station we shall take the ten o’clock train to Woking.”

Next day I met my friend at the appointed hour. He was silent all the way to Woking and I did not want to interrupt his thoughts.

When we came to Briarbrae we found that Mr. Phelps was much better.

“Any news?” was his first question.

“I cannot tell you anything definite”, Holmes answered, “I have seen Forbes and I have seen your uncle, and I have some ideas which may help us.”

“Then you have not lost hope?”

“By no means.”

“I am so happy that you say so”, Miss Harrison cried. “But we have more news here”, Phelps said, and his face grew very grave. “I begin to think that my life is in danger, not only my honour.”

“Ah!” cried Holmes.

“Yes, it is very strange, for I always thought I had no enemies ... Last night I slept without a nurse in my room for the first time. About two o’clock in the morning I was suddenly aroused by a slight noise. First I thought that it was a mouse. But the sound grew louder and I understood that it came from the window. Someone was trying to open it; I jumped out of bed and rushed forward. The man, for there was a man at the window, was gone like a flash. But I had time to see that a cloak clogged his face. I am also sure that he had something like a long knife in his hand.”

“This is really very interesting”, Holmes said. “What did you do after that?”

“I was not strong enough to follow him through the open window, so I rang the bell and shouted. Some minutes later Joseph ran into the room. He called the servants and they examined



the ground near my window. They found marks on the flower-bed, but as the weather was very dry they could not follow the trail on the grass, though they found the place where the thief had got over the fence.”

The story had a strange effect upon Sherlock Holmes. He rose from his chair and began to walk up and down the room.

“Do you think you could walk round the house with me?” he asked turning to Mr. Phelps.

“Oh, yes, I am strong enough for that, and I should like a little sunshine. Joseph will come too.”

“And I also”, Miss Harrison cried.

“I am afraid not”, Holmes said, shaking his head.

“I must ask you to remain where you are.”

The young girl looked displeased, but she did what my friend told her. Joseph joined us, and we three went straight to the window of Phelps’s room. We saw the marks on the flower-bed, but they were so faint that Holmes shrugged his shoulders: “It is hopeless”, he said, “they will tell us nothing. Let us go round the house and see why the burglar chose this particular room. The windows of the drawing-room and of the dining-room are larger.”

“But they are seen from the road”, Harrison remarked.

“Ah, yes, of course. There is a door here; what is it for?”

“It is a side door for the servants. It is locked at night.”

“Do you keep anything valuable in the house?”

“No, nothing.”

Holmes went round the house with his hands in his pockets.

“By the way”, he said, turning to Joseph Harrison, “you said you found the place where the man had got over the fence. Let us have a look at it.”

Joseph took us to a spot where the top of the fence was broken. A small fragment of the wood was hanging down. Holmes examined it carefully.

“This was not done last night”, he said, “and I do not see any footmarks on the other side of the fence. No, no, that won’t help us. Let us go back to your room, Mr. Phelps.”

Percy, who was still very weak, walked slowly, leaning on Joseph’s arm. So Holmes and I were the first to enter the bedroom and he stepped quickly to the open window where the girl was sitting.

“Miss Harrison”, my friend said, “promise me that you will stay where you are all day. It is very important.”

“Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Holmes”, the girl said in astonishment.

“And when you go to bed lock the door of this room on the outside and take the key. Mr. Phelps will go to London with us, but you must remain here. Promise it, quick, and not a word to anybody. They are coming.”

She nodded and at that moment the two men came up to the window.

“Annie, why are you sitting there, come out into the sunshine!” her brother cried.

“No, thank you, Joseph. I am a little unwell and this room is cool.”

“Mr. Phelps”, said Holmes turning to the young man, “can you go to London with us?”

“At once?”

“Well, as soon as possible. Let us say in an hour.”

“Certainly, if I can be of use to you.”

“You will be of great use and you will return tomorrow. Dr. Watson will look after you. We shall have our lunch here and then start for London.”

Everything was arranged according to this plan, but when we came to the station Holmes suddenly said, “I am sorry, but I cannot go to London with you; I have forgotten to do one or two small things. You two must go straight to Baker Street and wait for me there. I hope to join you tomorrow in time for breakfast.”

“But you said that I could help you in London!” Phelps cried in astonishment.

“We shall speak about it tomorrow. Today my work here is more important.”

“I think your friend wants to find out something new about last night’s event”, Phelps said as we took the train for London.

“Holmes never does anything without a very good reason”, I answered.

Phelps and I spent a long day together. The young man was still weak and very nervous. I showed him some interesting books and talked about our schooldays, but he always came back to the treaty. It was quite late when we went to bed and for a long time we could not fall asleep. At eight o’clock next morning a cab stopped at our door and from the window we saw Sherlock Holmes. A minute later my friend was in the room. He looked pale and tired and his hand was bandaged.

“You are not wounded?” I cried.

“No, no, it is only a scratch”, he answered. “I shall tell you everything, but I want my breakfast first. I see that you have not had it yet. Will you ring the bell, Watson?”

A few minutes later the servant brought coffee and a covered dish. We all sat down to breakfast.

“Help yourself, Mr.Phelps”, said Holmes.

“Thank you, I can eat nothing.”

“Then perhaps you will raise the cover of that dish, because I cannot do it with my bandaged hand.”

Phelps raised the cover and grew as white as the plate before him. There was a roll of blue-grey paper on the dish. “You have saved my honour!” he cried, catching up the paper and dancing round the room like a madman.

“There, there”, said Holmes. “Sit down and let’s have our coffee. Then you will hear my story.”

When the breakfast was cleared and Holmes was seated in his arm-chair with his pipe, he told us what had taken place at Briarbrae the night before.

“When you took the train”, my friend said, “I returned to the station and stayed there till dark. Then I went to Briarbrae. There was nobody round the house and I hid in the bushes under your window, Mr.Phelps. From my hidings place I could see the room very well; Miss Harrison was sitting at the table and reading. At a quarter past ten she put her book down, closed the window and left the room. I heard the sound of the key in the lock. Miss Harrison had obeyed my instructions and you must thank her for this happy end. The room was now quite dark; but the moon was in the sky. I sat still and waited. At last, about two o’clock in the morning I again heard the sound of the key in the lock, the servants’ door opened and Mr.Joseph Harrison appeared in the moonlight.”

“Joseph!” exclaimed Phelps in surprise.

“Yes, Joseph”, continued Holmes. “He was bareheaded, but he had a black cloak over his shoulder. He walked softly to your window and opened it with a long knife. In a moment he was in the room. I rose and went up to the window to see what he was doing there. He had lit a candle and was turning back the corner of the carpet which covered the floor. Then he lifted a wooden board which was a little loose, and took out the document which was hidden under the board. A moment later he jumped out of the window, but I was there, waiting for him. He rushed at me with his knife and we had a short fight. He had to give me the paper in the end.”

“Do you mean to say that all those weeks, when I was so ill, the document was in my room?” Phelps cried.

“Yes, it was; and I must tell you that Mr.Harrison is a very dangerous man. I think he is ready to do anything to become rich. His sister’s happiness or your reputation did not interest him in the least. I had begun to suspect Harrison when I thought that he might have called for you at the Foreign Office that night. Well, I made him tell me the facts. It appears that he entered

the office through the side door, and as he knew the way he went straight to your room just after you had left it. He rang the bell because there was nobody in the room and he wanted to ask where you were. At that moment he saw the paper on the table and understood at once that it was a state document of great value. So he put it into his pocket and went out. He came to Woking by the first train and hid the paper in his bedroom. He wanted to take it out in a day or two, carry it to some Foreign Embassy, and sell it for a high price. Then you were brought to Briarbrae so suddenly, and he was moved to another room. He had no time to take the document out. He could not get at it because you were never alone. He tried to get into the room when your nurse was not there, but you were not asleep. "Well", I said to myself, "he will certainly try again ...". So I asked Miss Harrison not to leave the room all day. I told our man that we were all going to London. I knew that the document was probably somewhere in the room, but I had no chance to look for it. So I let him take it and then got it from him. That is all."

Percy Phelps was silent for a moment. Then he asked: "Do you think that he wanted to murder me?"

"The knife was only used to open the window", Holmes answered. "But Mr. Joseph Harrison is not a man to whom I should trust my life. I let him go, and though I sent a telegram to Forbes, I don't think the police will be quick enough to catch him. Well, perhaps it is best for everybody to let Mr. Joseph escape and not to make the matter public. Don't you think so?"

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Percy Phelps was a very stupid boy and he always won all the prizes at school.
2. Lord Holdhurst was the well-known scientist.
3. Some years later I heard that Percy Phelps had a very good post at the Foreign Office, but we never saw each other, for we were both very busy with our work.
4. Sherlock Holmes was working hard over some physical problem. Physics was one of his hobbies.
5. Mr. Holmes was sitting in his arm-chair and smoking his cigarette.
6. "It does not tell us very much", Mr. Holmes remarked, "but the woman who has written this letter is a person of weak character."
7. A stout man of about fifty met us at the door. He had very white cheeks and sad eyes.
8. My name is Joseph Harrison, and Percy is to marry my cousin Annie.
9. We came in and saw a young man, very pale and weak, who was lying upon the sofa by the window.
10. She was a very beautiful girl with small blue eyes and fair hair.
11. Percy was in the Foreign Office and held a irresponsible position there.
12. "This", he said, taking a black roll of letters from his desk, "is the original of the secret treaty between two foreign countries (I shall not name them)."
13. It is very important, and some other countries would pay much money to learn the contents of these papers.
14. Then at once, for I knew that Mr. Harrison, who met you here, was in town and I wanted to go to Woking with him by the ten o'clock train.
15. At nine I saw that there was no hope to catch my train, and as I felt tired after a long day's work, I decided to have a cup of green tea.
16. To my surprise a tall young woman came into the room. She explained that she was the commissionaire's wife, and I asked her to bring me a cup of coffee.
17. I ran like a madman down the stairs and along the corridor.
18. The night was light and it was not raining.
19. We examined the floor carefully. There were many footmarks anywhere, though it had rained all the evening.

20. We examined the room and did not find any place where the thief could hide. It was clear that he had come in through the door. The bell is to the right of my desk.

21. So the man who rang it was at the window. But I cannot understand why he did so.

22. We took a bus and went straight to their house. A young girl opened the door and told us that her mother had not yet come.

23. The woman protested loudly and said that she had taken nothing, but we searched the bedroom and the study. The document was not there.

24. You can imagine how frightened my mother and poor Helen were when they saw me.

25. Annie has been with me all the days and a nurse has looked, after me by night so that I was never alone.

26. Now I feel much better. Mr.Holmes, you are my last hope. If you do not help me, everything is lost for me.

27. Percy looked very tired when he finished his story, and Annie gave him some water.

28. But Phelps is his brother and Lord Holdhurst must be an dishonest man.

29. "Oh, that is not very important", Holmes remarked. "Thank you for your information, Lord Holdhurst. We shall now wish you good-day."

30. The story had a strange effect upon Sherlock Holmes. He rose from his chair and began to walk up and down the room.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What was Percy Phelps?
2. What was his uncle?
3. Where was Percy working?
4. Why did Percy's letter surprise Dr.Watson?
5. What kind of hobby has Sherlock Holmes?
6. What was Joseph Harrison?
7. Where was the room of Percy Phelps?
8. Describe appearance of Percy Phelps.
9. What did Mr.Phelps tell to Mr.Holmes and Dr.Watson?
10. Who has stolen the documents?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- жахливий випадок зруйнував ...
- людина з сильним характером ...
- ви його остання надія ...
- була на тому ж самому поверсі що і ...
- займає відповідальну посаду ...
- жахлива річ сталась зі мною ...
- скопіювати документ у спокійному стані ...
- мав залишитися на своєму робочому місці після роботи ...
- неможливо сховатися у моїй кімнаті ...
- грабіжник пішов іншою дорогою ...
- його слова та поведінка здавалися дуже дивними ...
- нікого не бачив ...
- не залишив слідів на підлозі ...
- не мають ніякого відношення до зникнення ...
- щось схоже на довгий ніж ...
- першими ввійшли у спальню ...
- згідно плану ...
- почув звук ключа у замку ...

- почав підозрювати Гаррісона ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. His uncle was Lord Holdhurst, the well-known statesman.
2. A minute later he was sitting in his armchair and smoking his pipe.
3. He came to Woking by the first train and hid the paper in his bedroom.
4. The room of Percy Phelps was on the same floor as the drawing-room.
5. She was a very beautiful girl with large dark eyes and black hair.
6. But the sound grew louder and I understood that it came from the window.
7. I opened the door and went down the corridor to the commissionaire's room.
8. Half way down it, there is a small landing with another passage which leads to a side door used by the servants.
9. I ran like a madman up the stairs and along the corridor.
10. "Oh, that is very important", Holmes said, writing something down in his note-book.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. In my schooldays I had a friend whose name was Percy Phelps.
2. He was working hard over some chemical problem.
3. I shall be at your service in a moment.
4. "It does not tell us very much", he remarked, "but the woman who has written this letter is a person of strong character."
5. He says that you are his last hope.
6. Only a few weeks ago I was a happy man, Mr.Holmes, going to be married, when a terrible thing happened to me.
7. It is very important, and some other countries would pay much money to learn the contents of these papers.
8. The document must be copied at once, and I trust you to do it. Have you a desk in your office?
9. As my coffee did not come, I opened the door and went down the corridor to the commissionaire's room.
10. I was brought home in an unconscious state.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. Percy was \_\_\_ ahead of me and when he left-school I lost sight of him.  
a) three forms;                      b) two forms;                      c) some forms;
2. Mr.Holmes was working hard over some \_\_\_ problem. \_\_\_ was one of his hobbies.  
a) chemical. Chemistry;    b) physical. Physics;    c) mathematical. Mathematics;
3. "Oh, you noticed the letters \_\_\_\_\_ on my locket", he said. "Indeed, I am not a

member of the family, but I hope to become one.

- a) "J.R.";                      b) "J.H.";                      c) "O.H.";

4. I read the document through and saw at once that my uncle was quite right when he spoke about its importance. Then I sat down \_\_\_\_\_ it.

- a) *to rewrite*;                      b) *to copy*;                      c) *to retell*;

5. The woman protested loudly and said that she had taken nothing, but we searched the \_\_\_\_\_ and the living room.

- a) *study*;                      b) *sitting room*;                      c) *kitchen*;

6. Phelps got engaged to her \_\_\_\_\_ as his mother told me.

- a) *last spring*;                      b) *last winter*;                      c) *last autumn*;

7. Then, since \_\_\_\_\_ have passed and nothing has been heard of this treaty, we may suppose that it has not reached any Foreign Office.

- a) *six days*;                      b) *six weeks*;                      c) *nine weeks*;

8. Phelps and I spent a long day together. The young man was still \_\_\_\_\_ and very \_\_\_\_\_ .

- a) *weak ... nervous*;                      b) *strong ... happy*;                      c) *weak ... marry*;

9. Phelps raised the cover and grew as white as the plate before him. There was \_\_\_\_\_ on the dish.

- a) *a roll of blue-grey paper*;                      b) *a Contract*;                      c) *a roll of white-grey paper*;

10. I had begun \_\_\_\_\_ Harrison when I thought that he might have called for you at the Foreign Office that night.

- a) *to think about*;                      b) *to suspect*;                      c) *to suppose*;

*Text 6**Read the story. Translate it***Arthur Conan Doyle  
SILVER BLAZE****(The story is told by Dr. Watson)**

"I think, Watson, that I shall have to go to Dartmoor", said Holmes one morning at breakfast. I knew that my friend was thinking of the strange disappearance of the favourite horse for the Wessex Cup when he spoke of Dartmoor.

"I should be most happy to go with you", I said.

"My dear Watson, I shall be very glad if you come. In the train we can discuss the strange events that took place at Dartmoor a few days ago."

An hour later we found ourselves in a first-class carriage to Tavistock, a small town in the middle of Dartmoor. For some time Holmes sat looking through a pile of fresh papers which he had bought at the station. Then he pushed the papers away and smoked his pipe in silence. I saw that he was deep in thought and did not want to interrupt him.

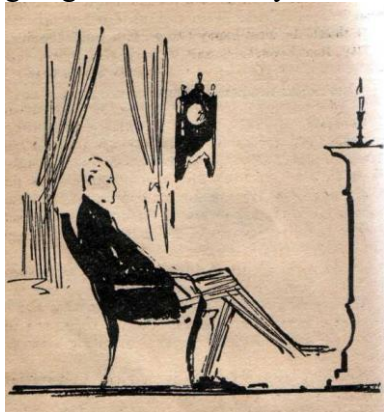
Suddenly he turned to me. "I think you have already heard of the disappearance of Silver Blaze and the tragic death of his trainer?" he asked.

"Yes, I have", I said. "I have seen some newspapers. But tell me more about the case, Holmes."

"Well, on Tuesday evening I received two telegrams - One from Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and the other from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case."

"But today is already Thursday morning", I interrupted. "Why did you not go yesterday?"

"My dear Watson, I did not waste my time. I have learned many facts and now I am going to tell them to you", Holmes said, putting aside the paper.



"Silver Blaze", he began, "is four years old and he has, brought in turn all the prizes of the turf to Colonel Ross, his owner. It is known that very large sums of money have been laid upon the horse, and therefore, very naturally, there were many people, among owners of horses, who had the strongest interest in the disappearance of Silver Blaze. Certainly the Colonel understood this very well and took every possible precaution to guard the horse. He kept it in his stables near Tavistock. The trainer, John Straker, had served the Colonel for five years as jockey and for seven as trainer and had always been a good and honest servant. Besides him, there were only three young stable-boys who helped to look after the horses.

One of the boys sat up each night in the stables while the other two slept in the loft. They are all good and honest fellows. John Straker himself lived with his wife in a small cottage about two hundred yards from the stables. He had no children and kept one maid-servant. The country around is very lonely, but about half a mile to the north there are some cottages; Tavistock lies two miles to the west, and across the moor, also about two miles' distance, are the larger stables of Capleton which belong to Lord Backwater. The trainer there is a man called Silas Brown. All around is the moor.

"On the evening of the catastrophe the horses had been exercised and watered as usual and the stables were locked up at nine o'clock. One of the boys remained in the stables and the other two went to the trainer's house to have their supper. At a few minutes after nine Straker's servant went to the stables with the supper for Ned Hunter, the boy on duty. That day it was a dish of curried mutton. The girl had a lantern with her, as it was very dark and the path led across the open moor. She was quite near the stables when suddenly a man appeared out of the dark and called to her to stop. As he came up she saw that he had a heavy stick in his hand, that his face

was pale and that he was very much excited. She was quite sure that he was not a worker.

“Can you tell me where I am?” he asked. “I had lost my way and was preparing to spend the night on the moor when I saw the light of your lantern.”

“You are near the training stables of Colonel Ross”, she said.

“Oh, indeed! What luck!” he cried. “I know that a stable-boy sleeps there alone every night. Perhaps this is his supper which you are carrying to him. Now, listen to me. If you want to have some money for a new dress, give this to the boy with his supper tonight”, and he took a piece of white paper out of his pocket.

“The girl was so frightened that she ran past him to the stables. The window through which she always handed the meals to the stable-boy on duty was open and Ned Hunter was sitting at a small table inside. She began to tell him about her meeting when the stranger came up again.

“Good evening!” he said. “I want to have a word with you. And as he spoke the girl noticed that he had a paper packet in his hand.”

“What business have you here?” the boy asked.

“You have some horses here for the Wessex Cup. Tell me which of them is the favourite?”

“So you are one of those damned touts”, the boy cried, “Get away from here!” With these words he ran out to unloose the dog.

“The girl fled away to the house, but as she ran she looked back and saw that the man was leaning through the window. A moment later, when Hunter rushed out with the dog he was gone and though the boy ran all round the buildings he did not find any trace of him.”

“One moment”, I asked. “When Hunter ran out to unloose the dog, did he leave the door unlocked behind him?”

“Excellent, Watson, excellent!” murmured my companion. “The point is indeed very important. The boy locked the door, and the window is so small that a man cannot get in through it. Straker was very much excited when the servant told him of the strange man’s visit. At one o’clock in the morning he suddenly began to dress. He told his wife that he could not sleep. He wanted to walk to the stables and see that everything was right there.” She begged him not to go because it was raining, but he put on his raincoat and went out, Mrs.Straker waited for some time, then fell asleep.

“She was up at seven o’clock in the morning, but her husband had not yet returned. Mrs.Straker and the servant girl went to the stables at once. They found the door open, the stall of Silver Blaze empty. The trainer was not there, and Hunter was fast asleep in his chair by the window. They woke the two boys who slept in the loft, but they had heard nothing during the night. It was clear that Hunter had been drugged. They could do nothing with him.

“The two women and the boys ran out to look for the trainer and the horse. They thought that possibly Straker had taken it out for early exercise. About a quarter of a mile from the stables they saw Straker’s raincoat on a bush, and a little further in a hollow they found his dead body. His head had been shattered by a heavy blow and he had a wound in the left leg - a long clean cut made by some very sharp instrument. It was clear that Straker had defended himself against his enemies, for in his right hand he held a small knife, which had blood-stains on it and in his left hand a red and black silk tie. The servant girl recognized it at once - she had seen it on the stranger. Near Straker’s body there were traces of a horse’s hoofs but the animal itself had disappeared. The remains of the stable boy's supper were sent to a chemical laboratory and a large quantity of opium was found in it. The stable-boy himself was sure that the stranger had drugged his curried mutton, while standing by the window. These are the main facts. Now I shall tell you what the police have done in the matter.

“Inspector Gregory found and arrested the stranger from the moor. His name is Fitzroy Simpson. He did not deny that he had come to Dartmoor because he had hoped to get some



information about Colonel Ross's horses. He had also intended to visit the Capleton stables. When he saw his tie he turned very pale and could not explain why it was found in the dead man's hand. He said he had lost it on the moor. He had a heavy stick with him."

"And what does Inspector Gregory think about it?" I asked.

"He is sure that Fitzroy Simpson drugged the boy, opened the door of the stables and led the horse away, for he wanted to hide it somewhere. The trainer ran after the thief, overtook him and there was a struggle. Simpson killed Straker with his stick. Then he hid the horse in some secret place or perhaps the animal ran away from him and is now wandering somewhere on the moor. But it does not seem very probable to me."

It was evening when we came to Tavistock. Inspector Gregory and Colonel Ross were waiting for us at the station.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Holmes", the Colonel said, "though I must say the inspector has done everything to find the murderer and to recover my horse."

"I believe that Fitzroy Simpson is our man", the inspector remarked as we drove to the house of Colonel Ross. "The evidence against him is very strong. We have learned that he had a great interest in the disappearance of Silver Blaze, because he had laid his money on another horse."

"And what did he say about the paper which he wanted to give to the stable-boy?" asked Holmes.

"Oh, he said it was a ten-pound note. We found it in his pocket."

"And what about the tie?"

"He cannot or will not explain why it was found in the dead man's hand. He only says that he lost it."

"And what about Straker's knife? You remember it was blood-stained. Have you found any wounds upon that man Simpson?"

"No, we haven't", said the inspector, "and this seems strange indeed."

"There is another stable at Capleton, as far as I know", said Holmes. "Do you think that Silver Blaze can be there?"

"We thought so", Inspector Gregory answered. "We knew they had an interest in the disappearance of Silver Blaze, because their horse is the second on the list of the favourites. Besides, John Straker and Silas Brown, the trainer at Capleton, were not on good terms. We visited the stables, but did not find Silver Blaze there."

"Will you show me what you found in Straker's pockets, Inspector?" said Holmes when we were sitting in the Colonel's room half an hour later.

The detective put a small box on the table, unlocked it and took out a box of matches, a bit of candle, a silver watch with a gold chain, some money, a few papers, and a knife with a very sharp blade.

"This is a very unusual knife", Holmes remarked examining it, "and it has blood-stains upon it. It must be the knife that was found in the trainer's hand. Just have a look at it, Watson, and tell us what you think of it."

"Such knives are used only for very delicate operations", I said.

"Oh, I thought so. It is very strange that Straker took it with him that night."

"Mrs. Straker told me that she had seen the knife on the dressing-table some days before the tragedy", said the inspector. "Perhaps it was the only weapon that he could find at the moment."

"That is all very strange", Holmes repeated thoughtfully. "Now let us see the papers. Hmm, bills, I see." And Holmes read them one by one.

For some minutes he was silent.

"Let us now go to the moor", he said at last. "I want to see the place where the body was found."

When we came to the hollow Inspector Gregory handed a bag to Holmes.

"I have here one of Straker's boots, one of Simpson's shoes, and a horse-shoe of Silver Blaze", he said. "I thought they might be useful to you."

"My dear Inspector, you are simply wonderful", exclaimed my friend, putting the horse-shoe into his pocket. He then examined the ground very carefully and compared the boots with the marks near the spot where Straker had fallen. Watson and I will now take a little walk on the moor", Holmes said. "I shall take the horse-shoe with me for luck."

Colonel Ross; who had shown some signs of impatience while Holmes was examining the spot, now looked at his watch.

"Must I take my horse's name from the list for the Cup?" he asked. "I want to know *that*."

"Certainly not", Holmes cried. "You must not change anything. I shall soon be back and perhaps I shall be able to tell you something definite about your horse."

"Thank you", said the Colonel dryly. "You will find us at poor Straker's house, when you have finished your walk."

He turned back with the inspector, while Holmes and I walked slowly across the moor.

"Now", my friend said, "we shall leave for some time the question of who killed John Straker. I want to try and find the horse. Let us think the facts over again. This part of the moor is very hard and dry, but in the direction of Capleton there is a long hollow, which was certainly very wet on Monday night because it was raining. If the horse went to Capleton, it certainly crossed that hollow and we shall find its traces there."

A few minutes' walk brought us to the hollow and there in the soft mud we saw the traces of the horse's hoofs. Our horse-shoe fitted them exactly. We crossed the hollow and passed over a quarter of a mile of dry, hard ground. But in the next hollow we found the traces again - quite close to Capleton. This time we saw a man's traces beside the horse's.

"The horse was alone before it came to this hollow", I cried.

"Well, let us follow the double tracks and we shall soon see where they lead. Ha! There are the gates of Capleton stables. So I was right after all. And here is Mr. Silas Brown, if I am not mistaken."

As Holmes said this, an elderly man came out of the gate.

"What do you want here?" he cried rudely.

"Ten minutes talk with you, my good sir", Holmes answered in his kindest voice.

"I've no time to talk to you. We do not want strangers here. Go away or I shall set the dog on you!"

Holmes stepped forward and whispered something in the man's ear.

Silas Brown grew very red.

"It's a lie", he shouted, "It's a lie!"

"Very good", Holmes answered. "Shall we speak about this business here, or shall we go in?"

"Oh, come in then", the man answered angrily.

Holmes smiled. "I shall not keep you long, Watson", he said and followed Silas Brown into the house.

About twenty minutes later my friend came out of the gate accompanied by Brown. The trainer's face was pale, his hands shook and it was clear that he was afraid of Holmes.

"I shall do what you have told me, sir, you can trust me", he said.

My friend looked at him attentively. "Very well", he said. "I think I can rely upon you now. You will have my note tomorrow. Good-bye."

"The man is a scoundrel, but he is also a coward", Holmes said as we walked back to the Colonel's house.

"He has the horse, then?"

“Oh, he denied it at first, but when I described to him all his actions he was frightened. You see, he thinks that I was watching him that morning. I told him that he had seen Silver Blaze alone on the moor, and as he knew that it was the only horse that could beat the one upon which he had laid his money, he decided to hide the horse until the race was over, and he took it to Gapleton. I had no definite facts, but I guessed the details when I saw the traces on the moor. Brown was frightened to death. He begged me not to tell the police.”

“But the inspector has been in his stables”, I said.

“Oh, this old humbug Brown knows how to hide a horse. I must ask you, Watson, to say nothing to Colonel Ross as yet. I want to wait till the day of the race.”

“Certainly”, I answered, “but what about John Straker? Who killed him?”

“We shall” soon find that out too.

As we approached the stables of Colonel Ross, Holmes addressed one of the boys who was doing some work in the yard.

“You have some sheep here, I think”, he said.

“Yes, sir”, the boy answered.

“Have you noticed anything unusual about them of late?”

“Well sir, nothing very serious, but three of them have gone lame.”

I could see that Holmes was very pleased with this answer.

“What a strange illness”, he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. “Inspector Gregory must really pay attention to this and also to another curious thing. Why did the dog not bark in the night when the horse was stolen?”

Colonel Ross and Inspector Gregory were very much astonished when Holmes told them that we were returning to London that night.

“So you have given up the hope to find the murderer of poor Straker?” exclaimed the Colonel.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. “There are many difficulties”, he said. “However, I hope that your horse will start on Tuesday and your jockey must be ready to ride it. I think that you know the animal well and can recognize it?” he added.

The Colonel grew very angry.

“A child can recognize Silver Blaze with his white forehead”, he exclaimed. “I must say that I am very disappointed, Mr. Holmes. You speak of the horse, but you do not tell me where it is. And the murderer of Straker is not found.”

For answer my friend only shrugged his shoulders again.

A few minutes later we left the Colonel’s house and returned to the station of Tavistock to catch the train for London.

Four days later my friend and I went to see the race for the Wessex Cup. Colonel Ross met us there. His face was very grave and his tone was dry.

“I have heard nothing of my horse, Mr. Holmes” he said. “His name is on the list, but where is he? The race begins in a few minutes!”

“Well, well. Let us watch it”, my friend answered quietly. “Here are the six horses that are to run and if I am not mistaken, I see your jockey on one of them.”

“That is indeed my jockey. He wears my colours, red and black”, cried the Colonel in great agitation. “But where is my horse? I do not see Silver Blaze. That horse has not a white hair upon its body! It’s a bay horse!”

“Well, let us see how it gets on”, said Holmes very calmly.

From our seats we could see everything quite clearly. For some time the six horses were running close together; but when they were near the final post, the bay horse suddenly rushed forward and passed the post long before its rivals.

“I don’t understand anything”, cried the Colonel. “Mr. Holmes, you have kept your secret long enough. Please explain what it all means!”

“Come and see the horse”, said Holmes laughing and leading the way to the stables, “and you will recognize your Silver Blaze as soon as you have washed his face and legs in spirits of wine. I found the horse in the hands of a scoundrel a few days ago and made him bring Silver Blaze to the races.”

For a moment the Colonel was too surprised to speak. He just stood and looked at the horse. “You have done me a great service, Mr. Holmes”, he said at last. “But you will do me a still greater service if you find the murderer of John Straker.”

“I have done it”, Holmes, said quietly.

“Where is he, then?” the Colonel cried.

“The murderer is standing behind you.” Holmes turned and laid his hand upon the horse’s neck.

“The horse!” the Colonel exclaimed.

“Yes, the horse. And it killed its trainer in self-defense. John Straker was not worthy of your confidence, as you will see when you hear what I have to tell you.”

Some time later we were sitting in the study of Colonel Ross, ready to listen to Holmes.

“When I had read all the police reports in the newspapers I thought that Fitzroy Simpson was the murderer”, he began. “But then I suddenly remembered about the stable-boy’s supper - the curried mutton. You know that opium has a special taste. But curried mutton is a very useful dish in such a case, for it can disguise the taste of opium. As the supper was sent to the stables from Straker’s kitchen, I began to suspect that *he* had drugged the boy because Simpson could not know that there was curried mutton for supper that evening. Then I thought about the dog. Somebody had entered the stables and taken out the horse. *Why had the dog not barked?* There was only one reason: the man who had done it was not a stranger; it was someone whom the dog knew well. I have heard of many cases when trainers made great sums of money by not letting their own horses win. They are paid for it by some rich rivals of their masters. When I read the bills which were found in Straker’s pockets, I saw that he had large debts and was badly in need of money. Then I was quite sure that Straker had decided to get the money in some dishonest way. But how?”

“You remember the strange knife in Straker’s hand. Dr. Watson told us that such knives were used for very delicate operations. Well, I decided that the trainer had wanted to use it for a *very* delicate operation that night. You must know that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the tendons of a horse’s leg and leave no trace. The horse develops lameness and the owner cannot find the reason.”

“And I trusted the scoundrel all those years!” cried the Colonel.

“You remember that Straker had a bit of candle and a match box in his pocket”, Holmes continued quietly. “It was clear that he was in need of a light on such a dark night. But the horse could make a noise in the stables and wake the two boys in the loft. So he decided to take the horse out. Simpson, when running away from the dog, must have lost his tie on the moor, and Straker picked it up, probably to fasten the animal’s leg. Then he took off his overcoat in order to perform his delicate task and led the horse into the hollow. There he got behind it and struck a match, but the animal was probably frightened by the sudden flash and lashed out. The steel horse-shoe struck the trainer on the forehead. The man fell down and the knife which he was holding in his hand cut his leg.”

“Wonderful!” cried the Colonel. “Wonderful! But how could you guess that Straker wanted to cut the horse’s tendons?”

“I have heard of such tricks”, Holmes answered, “but I understood that such a man as Straker must have had some practice before he decided to do the thing. I remembered that you had some sheep here, and asked a question which cleared the matter. Straker had practised on the sheep to be sure of success.”

“You are really a wonderful man, Mr. Holmes”, exclaimed the Colonel. “You have

explained all but one thing. Where was Silver Blaze?"

"Oh, one of your neighbours found the horse on the moor and kept it until the race. We shall not speak about that any more, I think. Silver Blaze has won the race for you and is back in your stables. Is that not enough?"



### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. I knew that your friend was thinking of the strange disappearance of the favourite horse for the Wessex Cup when he spoke of Dartmoor.
2. In the bus we can discuss the strange events that took place at Dartmoor a few days ago.
3. "I think you have-already heard of the disappearance of Silver Blaze and the tragic death of his horse?" he asked.
4. "Yes, I have", Dr. Watson said. "I have seen some magazines. But tell me more about the case, Holmes."
5. "Silver Blaze", he began, "is five years old and he has, brought in turn all the cup of the turf to Colonel Ross, his owner."
6. The trainer, John Straker, had served the Colonel for five years as jockey and for seven as trainer and had always been a good and honest servant.
7. Besides him, there were only three young stable-boys who helped to look after the children.
8. One of the students sat up each night in the stables while the other two slept in the loft.
9. The trainer there is a man called Peter Foxman.
10. On the morning of the catastrophe the horses had been exercised and watered as usual and the stables were locked up at five o'clock.
11. "You are near the training stables of Colonel Stainer", she said.
12. The shelf through which she always handed the meals to the stable-boy on duty was open and Ned Hunter was sitting at a small table inside.
13. "One moment", I asked. "When Hunter ran out to unloose the dog, did he leave the window unlocked behind him?"
14. She was up at six o'clock in the morning, but her husband had not yet returned.
15. They woke the two boys who slept in the loft, but they had heard nothing during the night. It was clear that Hunter had been drugged.
16. The four women and the boys ran out to look for the trainer and the horse.
17. It was clear that Straker had defended himself against his enemies, for in his right hand he held a small knife, which had blood stains on it and in his left hand a green and black leather tie.
18. He is sure that Fitzroy Simpson drugged the boy, opened the door of the stables and led the dog away, for he wanted to hide it somewhere.
19. Inspector Gregory and Colonel Ross were waiting for us at the airport.
20. We have learned that he had a great interest in the disappearance of Silver Fox, because he had laid his money on another horse.

21. We knew they had an interest in the disappearance of Silver Blaze, because their horse is the first on the list of the favourites.

22. The detective put a small bag on the table, unlocked it and took out a box of matches, a bit of candle, a silver watch with a gold chain, some money, a few papers, and a knife with a very sharp blade.

23. "This is a usual knife", Holmes remarked examining it, "and it has blood-stains upon it. It must be the knife that was found in the trainer's hand."

24. "Mrs. Straker told me that she had seen the knife on the dressing-table some days before the tragedy", said the inspector.

25. "My dear Inspector, you are simply wonderful", exclaimed my friend, putting the horse-shoe into his box.

26. "Must I take my horse's name from the list for the Cup?" he asked. "I want to know *that*."

27. This part of the moor is very hard and dry, but in the direction of Capleton there is a long hollow, which was certainly very wet on Sunday night because it was not raining.

28. About forty minutes later my friend came out of the gate accompanied by Brown.

29. I had no definite facts, but I guessed the details when I saw the traces on the moor. Brown was frightened to death.

30. Colonel Ross and Inspector Gregory were very much astonished when Holmes told them that we were returning to Milan that morning.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. What had happened in Dartmoor?
2. Whose horse was Silver Blaze?
3. Why the horse has the name Silver Blaze?
4. How old was this horse?
5. Why Straker was very much excited?
6. When did the boys find Straker's raincoat and his dead body?
7. What happened with Straker?
8. Why Fitzroy Simpson was arrested by Inspector Gregory?
9. What can you tell about the evidence against Fitzroy Simpson?
10. What did Inspector Gregory find in the Straker's pockets?

***Exercise 3. Find in the text:***

- думав про дивне зникнення ...
- у вагоні першого класу ...
- займається цією справою ...
- дуже зацікавлені у зникненні ...
- хороші і чесні хлопці ...
- відв'язати собаку ...
- зробив все, щоб знайти вбивцю ...
- кінь є другим у списку ...
- використовують тільки для дуже делікатних операцій ...
- сліди людини біля слідів коня ...
- якщо я не помиляюсь ...
- описав йому всі його дії ...
- дивна хвороба ...
- я дуже розчарований ...
- встигти на поїзд до Лондона ...
- зробили мені велику послугу ...

- не вартий вашої довіри ...
- вбивця знаходиться за вами ...
- опіум має особливий присмак ...
- не гавкав собака ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. ... was thinking of the strange disappearance of the favourite horse for the Wessex Cup when he spoke of Dartmoor.
2. ... One from Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and the other from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case.
3. He kept it in his stables near Tavistock.
4. John Straker himself lived with his wife in a small cottage about two hundred yards from the stables.
5. I know that a stable-boy sleeps there alone every night.
6. He wanted to walk to the stables and see that everything was right there.
7. He turned back with the inspector, while Holmes and I walked slowly across the moor.
8. "What a strange illness", he exclaimed, rubbing his hands.
9. It was a ten-pound note.
10. The horse killed its trainer in self-defense.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. "I think, Watson, that I shall have to go to Dartmoor", said Holmes one morning at breakfast.
2. I knew that my friend was thinking of the strange disappearance of the favourite horse for the Wessex Cup when he spoke of Dartmoor.
3. Then he pushed the papers away and smoked his pipe in silence.
4. "Yes, I have", I said. "I have seen some newspapers."
5. Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case.
6. It is known that very large sums of money have been laid upon the horse, and therefore, ...
7. The girl was so frightened that she ran past him to the stables.
8. His head had been shattered by a heavy blow and he had a wound in the left leg - a long clean cut made by some very sharp instrument.
9. He had also intended to visit the Capleton stables.
10. "Such knives are used only for very delicate operations", I said.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition". Translate:**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. Well, on Tuesday evening I received two telegrams - One from \_\_\_\_, the owner of the horse, and the other from \_\_\_\_, who is looking after the case.
  - a) Colonel Ross ...
  - b) Major Ross ... Inspector
  - c) Mr. Ross ... Inspector

*Inspector Gregory; Gregory; Gregory;*

2. The trainer, John Straker, had served the Colonel for \_\_\_ as jockey and for seven as trainer and had always been a good and honest servant.

- a) five years; b) seven years; c) some years;*

3. She begged him not to go because it was raining, but he put on his raincoat and went out, \_\_\_\_\_ waited for some time, then fell asleep.

- a) Mr.Straker; b) Mrs.Straker; c) Helen Straker;*

4. It was clear that Straker had defended himself against his enemies, for in his right hand he held \_\_\_\_, which had blood-stains on it and in his left hand a red and \_\_\_\_.

- a) a small knife ... b) a small book ... white c) a big knife ... black silk tie; black silk tie; leather tie;*

5. The detective put a small box on the table, unlocked it and took out a box of matches, a bit of candle, a silver watch with \_\_\_\_\_, some money, a few papers, and \_\_\_\_\_ with a very sharp blade.

- a) a silver chain ... a b) a gold chain ... a knife; c) a gold chain ... a big knife; knife;*

6. This part of the \_\_\_\_\_ is very hard and dry, but in the direction of Capleton there is a long hollow, which was certainly very wet on Monday night because it was raining.

- a) lawn; b) forest; c) moor;*

7. I told him that he had seen Silver Blaze alone on the moor, and as he knew that it was the only \_\_\_\_\_ that could beat the one upon which he had laid his money, he decided to hide the horse until the \_\_\_\_\_ was over, and he took it to Gapleton.

- a) man ... competition; b) horse ... race; c) horse ... day;*

8. "A child can recognize Silver Blaze with his \_\_\_\_\_", he exclaimed.

- a) black forehead; b) silver stain; c) white forehead;*

9. "You have done me a great service, Mr.Holmes", he said at last. "But you will do me a still greater service if you find the \_\_\_\_\_ of John Straker."

- a) criminal; b) murderer; c) friend;*

10. I have heard of many cases when trainers made great sums of money by not letting their own horses win. They are paid for it by \_\_\_\_\_ of their masters.

- a) some rich rivals; b) two poor competitors; c) some poor rivals;*



*Text 7**Read the story. Translate it*

**Arthur Conan Doyle**  
**THE BERYL CORONET**  
**(the story is told by Dr. Watson)**

“Holmes”, said I, as I stood one morning near the window looking down the street, “here is a madman coming along. His behaviour is very strange.”

My friend rose lazily from his armchair, and stood with his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, looking over my shoulder. It was a bright February morning, and the snow lay deep upon the ground, shining brightly in the sun. Down the centre of Baker Street it was dirty, but at either side it still lay as white as when it fell. The grey pavement had been cleaned, but was still very slippery. From the direction of Metropolitan station only one man, was coming whose strange behaviour had attracted my attention.

He was a man of about fifty, tall with an impressive figure. He was dressed in black frock-coat, shining hat and well-cut grey trousers. He was running hard. As he ran he jerked his hands up and down and waggled his head.

“What can be with him?” I asked. “He is looking up at the number of the houses.”

“He is coming here”, said Holmes, rubbing his hands.

“Here?”

“Yes; I think he is coming to consult me.” As he spoke the man rushed at our door, and pulled at our bell.

A few moments later he was in our room, still gesticulating, but with a look of grief and despair in his eyes. We stopped smiling. For a while, he could not speak. Then suddenly he beat his head against the wall. We rushed upon him, and took him away to the centre of the room. Sherlock Holmes pushed him down into the chair, and patted his hand and spoke to him calmly.

“You have come to me to tell me your story, haven’t you?” said he. “You are tired because of running. Please, wait a little, and then I shall be happy to look into your problem.”

The man sat for a minute, fighting against his emotion. Then he turned his face towards us.

“Do you think me mad?” said he.

“I see that you have had some great trouble”, answered Holmes.

“Yes, really, a very serious trouble.”

“Please, sir”, said Holmes, “tell me your name and your story.”

“I think you’ve heard my name”, answered our visitor. “I am Alexander Holder, of the banking firm of Holder and Stevenson.”

The name was well known to us. He was the partner of the second largest banking firm in London. What could have happened?

“I feel that I cannot lose time”, said he, “that is why I ran here when the police inspector advised me to turn to you. I came to Baker Street by the underground, and hurried from there on foot. Now I tell you the facts as shortly and as clearly as I can.”

“I think you know that success in the banking business depends on our ability to find investments to our funds and increase the number of our depositors. We usually lay out money by loans, where the security is necessary. There are many noble families to whom we have given large sums upon the security of their pictures, libraries.”

“Yesterday morning I was in my office at the Bank, when one of the clerks brought in a card. I was surprised when I saw the name because it was one of the noblest names in England. And the man who entered did not want to lose time.”

“Mr. Holder”, said he, “I have been told that you can give money.”

“The firm does so, when the security is good”, I answered.

“I need”, he said, “fifty thousand pounds at once. I could, of course, borrow this sum

from my friends, but I don't want to involve them in this business."

"For how long do you want this sum?" I asked.

"Next Monday I'll repay what you give and with the interest but I need the money now."

"I should be happy to give it to you from my own private purse", - said I, "but if I am to do it in the name of the firm, then every precaution should be taken."

"You have, certainly, heard of the Beryl coronet?" He took out a black case, opened it and I saw the beautiful piece of jewellery which he had named.

"There are thirty-nine large beryls", said he, "it is very expensive. I am ready to leave it with you as my security. I am sure that you can keep this matter secret and preserve this coronet with every precaution, because I need not say that a great public scandal would be caused. Any injury to it would be as serious as its complete loss. Because there are no such beryls in the world, and it would be impossible to replace them. I'll come personally on Monday morning."

"I called for my cashier and ordered him to pay over fifty thousand pound notes. When I was alone once more, I locked the coronet up in my private safe, and turned to my work."

"When evening came I decided that for the next few days I would always carry the case with me. I called a cab and drove out to my house at Streatham. At home I locked it in the bureau of my dressing-room."

"And now some words about my household, Mr.Holmes, because I want you to understand the situation. My groom and my page sleep out of the house. I have three maids who have been with me for a long time. And Lucy Parr, who has only worked for me for a few months. She came with excellent character. She is a beautiful girl, and has attracted admirers who sometimes appear around the house. This is the only thing I don't like about her."

"My family is very small. I am a widower, and have an only son, Arthur. People tell me that I have spoiled him. When my dear wife died I felt that he was all I had to love. I have never refused him."

"I hoped he would work in my business, but he was not a business man. To tell the truth I could not trust him in the handling of large sums of money. When he was young he learned to play cards and wasted money. Then he came to me again and again and asked to give him more money. His friend Sir George Burnwell has a great influence on him. And this is not good."

"He is older than Arthur, a man who has been everywhere, seen everything, a brilliant talker, and a man of great beauty. But I am sure no one can trust him."

"And now one more person. Mary, my niece. My brother died five years ago and left her, so she came to live with us. She is sweet, loving, beautiful, a wonderful housekeeper. She is my right hand. I do not know what I could do without her. There is only one thing she refused to do. Twice my boy has asked her to marry him, because he loves her very much."

"Now, Mr.Holmes, you know the people who live in my house, and I shall continue my sad story."

"When we were drinking coffee that night, after dinner, I told Arthur and Mary about the coronet. Lucy Parr, who had brought in the coffee, had left the room; but I am not sure that the door was closed. Mary and Arthur were interested, and wanted to see the famous thing, but I thought it better not to touch it."

"Where have you put it?" asked Arthur.

"In my own bureau."

"I hope the house won't be burgled tonight", said he.

"I locked it up", I answered.

"Any old key will open that bureau. When I was young, I have opened it with the key of the cupboard."

"I didn't pay much attention to his words. He went with me to my room that night with a very serious face."

"Look here, dad", said he. "Can you give me two hundred pounds?"

“No, I cannot!” I answered sharply. “I have already given you too much.”

“Yes”, said he, “but I must have this money, or I can never show my face in the club again.”

“Very good!” I cried.

“If you don't give me the money, then I must try other means.”

“I was very angry, because this was the third time during the month he asked me about the money.”

“You will not have a farthing from me”, I cried. He left the room without a word.

“Then I unlocked my bureau, looked at the treasure, and locked it again. Then I began to go round the house to see that everything was all right. Mary usually did this, but that night I decided to do it myself. As I came down the stairs I saw Mary at the side window of the hall, which she closed at once.”

“Tell me, dad”, said she, “did you allow Lucy to go out tonight?”

“No.”

“She came in just now by the back door. I am sure, she has only been to the gate to see someone, but I think it should be stopped.”

“You must speak to her in the morning, or I will, if you like. Are you sure that everything is all right?”

“Yes, dad.”

“Then good-night.” I kissed her, and went to my bedroom, where I was soon asleep.

“About two in the morning, I was awakened by some sound in the house. I lay listening with all my ears. Suddenly, there was a clear sound of footsteps moving in the next room. I jumped out of bed, all trembling with fear, and looked round the corner of my dressing-room door.”

“Ah!” I screamed. “You villain! You thief! How dare you touch the coronet?”

“My unhappy boy, dressed only in his shirt and trousers, was standing beside the light, holding the coronet in his hands. At my cry he dropped it, and turned. I took it up and examined it. One of the gold corners, with three of the beryls, was missing.”

“You thief!” I shouted with rage. “You have destroyed it! Where are the stones you have stolen?”

“Stolen!” he cried.

“Yes, you thief!” I cried, shaking him by the shoulder.

“There are none missing.”

“There are three missing. And you know where they are.”

“I will not listen to it any longer. I shall not say a word more about this business. I am leaving your house in the morning, and make my own way" in the world.”

“You can do it in the hands of the police!” I cried half mad with grief and rage. “I'll solve this problem.”

“You will learn nothing from me”, said he. “If you call the police, let them find what they can.”

“By this time the whole house was out of bed, because I had shouted loudly. Mary rushed in my room. When she saw the coronet, she fell down senseless on the ground. I sent the housemaid for the police. When the inspector and a constable entered the house, Arthur asked if I was going to send him to prison. And he asked me to let him leave the house for five minutes.”

“That you may get away, or hide what you have stolen”, said I. “If you tell us where the beryls are, all shall be forgiven and forgotten.”

“He refused, so I called in the inspector and told him everything. A search was made at once, but no trace of the gems was found. My son was taken to prison, and I have hurried to you. I have already offered a reward of a thousand pounds. What shall I do! I have lost my honour, my gems, and my son in one night. Oh, what shall I do?”

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for some time, with his eyes fixed upon the fire.

“Do many people come to you?” he asked.

“No. Only my partner, with his family, and a friend of Arthur’s. Sir George Burnwell has been several times. No one else, I think.”

“Do you go out much?”

“Arthur does. Mary and I stay at home.”

“That is unusual for a young girl.”

“She is very quiet. Besides she is not so very young. She is 24.”

“This matter seems to have been a shock to her.”

“Terrible! She is even more sad than I.”

“Are you sure in your son’s guilt?”

“Yes, I saw him with my own eyes with the coronet in his hands.”

“I do not think it’s a proof. Was the coronet injured?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t you think that he might have been trying to straighten it?”

“But what was he doing there at all? If he is innocent, why didn’t he say so?”

“Yes. But if he were guilty, why didn’t he tell a lie? There are some points about the case. What did the police think of the noise, which awoke you?”

“They thought that it might be caused by Arthur’s closing his bedroom door.”

“I see. What did they say of the disappearance of the gems?”

“They are still looking for them in the hope of finding.”

“Well, this case seems to me to be very difficult. You think that your son came down from his bed, went at great risk to your dressing-room, opened your bureau, took out your coronet, broke off a small part of it, went off to other place, hid three gems out of the thirty-nine so that nobody can find them, and then returned with the other thirty-six into the room where you found him. I ask now is such theory right?”

“But”, cried the banker with despair, “if his motives were innocent, why doesn’t he explain them?”

“It is our task to find that out”, answered Holmes, “so now, if you please, Mr. Holder, we will go to your house together and spend some time looking at the details.”

A short railway journey, and a shorter walk, brought us to the modest residence of the banker.

It was a good-sized square house of white stone. A double carriage sweep, with a snow-covered lawn, stretched down in front of the two large iron gates which closed the entrance. On the right side was a narrow path between two neat hedges stretching from the road to the kitchen door. On the left ran a lane which led to the stables. Holmes left us standing at the door, and walked slowly all round the house. Mr. Holder and I went into the dining-room, and waited for him by the fire. We were sitting there in silence when a young lady came in. She was rather tall, slim, with dark hair and eyes. She was very pale. Her lips were bloodless. She went straight to her uncle and passed her hand over his forehead.

“What have you done to help Arthur?”

“Nothing, the case must be solved.”

“But I am sure that he is innocent. I know that he has done no harm, and you will be sorry later”.

“Why is he silent then?”

“Who knows? Perhaps because he was so angry that you suspected him.”



“But I saw him with the coronet in his hand.”

“Oh, but he had only picked it up to look at it. Oh, please, believe me that he is innocent. I can’t think of our dear Arthur in prison!”

“No, the gems should be found. I have brought a gentleman down from London to look into the case.”

“This gentleman?” she asked turning round to me.

“No, his friend. He is round in the stable lane now.”

“The stable lane?” she raised her dark eyebrows. “What can he find there? Ah, this is he. I hope, sir, that you’ll be successful in proving that my cousin Arthur is innocent.”

“I agree with you and we’ll prove it”, answered Holmes. “I believe that I am speaking to Miss Mary Holder. Might I ask you a question or two?”

“Please do, sir, if it may help to clear this horrible affair up.”

“Have you heard anything last night?”

“Nothing. When my uncle began to speak loudly, I heard and came down.”

“You closed all the windows and doors that evening. Did you fasten all the windows?”

“Yes.”

“Were they all fastened this morning?”

“Yes.”

“You told your uncle that one of your maids had been out last night, didn’t you?”

“Yes, she was the girl who waited in the drawing-room, and who may have heard about the coronet.”

“I see. You think that she went to tell her boyfriend about the coronet.”

“But what is the use of all these words?” cried the banker. “When I have told you that I saw Arthur with the coronet in his hands?”

“Wait a little, Mr. Holder. About this girl, Miss Holder, you saw her return by the kitchen door, I think?”

“Yes; when I went to see if the door was locked for the night I met her coming in. I saw the man in the darkness.”

“Do you know him?”

“Yes, he is the greengrocer, who brings our vegetables round.”

“And is he a man with a wooden leg?”

The girl was very surprised.

“Why, you are like a magician”, she said. “How do you know that?” She smiled, but there was no smile on Holmes’ face.

“I want to go upstairs” said he. “Or, perhaps, I’d better look at the windows before I go up.”

He walked quickly from one to the other and stopped only at the large one which looked from the hall to the stable lane. He opened it and examined carefully the sill with his powerful lens.

“Now, we shall go upstairs”, said he at last.

The banker’s dressing-room was plainly furnished. There was a grey carpet, a large bureau, and a long mirror. Holmes went to the bureau first, and looked at the lock.

“Which key do you open it with?” he asked.

“That of the cupboard.”

“Do you have it here?”

“It is on the dressing-table.”

Sherlock Holmes took it up and opened the bureau.

“It makes no noise”, said he. “That is why it didn’t wake you. I think, the coronet is in this case. We must look at it. He opened the case and took out a diadem. It was magnificent, and the thirty-six stones were the finest that I have ever seen. One side of it was ruined.”

“Now, Mr. Holder”, said Holmes, “here is the corner which has been injured. Might I ask you to break it off?”

“I should not dream of trying”, said he with horror.

“Then I will.” Holmes tried to break the coronet, but without result. “Though I am very strong in the fingers, it would take me all my time to break it. An ordinary man could not do it. But if I broke it, there would be a noise like a pistol shot. Could it happen in the next room and that you heard nothing of it?”

“I do not know what to think.”

“Was your son without shoes when you saw him?”

“He had nothing on except his trousers and shirt.”

“Thank you. If you don’t mind, I shall now continue my examination outside.”

He went alone. For an hour or more he was at work, when he returned at last his feet were heavy with snow.

“I think that I have seen everything, Mr. Holder”, said he.

“But the gems, Mr. Holmes. Where are they?”

“I cannot tell.”

The banker was disappointed. “I shall never see them again!” he cried. “And my son? You give me hopes?”

“Certainly.”

“Then what was this dark business which took place in my house last night?”

“If you come to my place tomorrow morning between nine and ten I shall be happy to do what I can to make it clearer. Good-bye; may be I’ll have to come over here again today.”

I could see that my friend’s mind was now made up about the case, although I could imagine nothing about his conclusion. It was not yet three when we found ourselves in our room. He hurried to his room and was down again a few minutes later dressed as a common loafer. With his collar turned up, his shiny coat, his red scarf, and his worn boots, he looked unusual.

“I think that this should do”, said he, looking in the mirror above the fire-place. “I hope to come back in a few hours.”

I had just finished my tea when he returned.

“I am going right on”, said he.

“Where to?”

“To the West-end. It may be some time before I get back. I may be late. Don’t wait up for me.”

“How are you getting on?”

“So, so. Nothing to complain of. I have been to Streatham since I saw you last but now I have to change my clothes.”

He hurried upstairs and a few minutes later I heard the sound of the closed hall door.

I waited until midnight, but he didn’t return, so I went to my room. When I came down to breakfast in the morning, he was there with a cup of coffee in one hand and the paper in the other.

“You will excuse my beginning without you, Watson”, said he, “but you remember that our client is coming early this morning.”

“Yes, I thought I heard the bell.”

It was our friend, the banker.

“Only two days ago I was a happy and rich man, without a care in the world. Now one problem comes after another. My niece Mary has left me.”

“Left you?”

“Yes. Her room was empty, and a note lay for me upon the hall table. “My dear Uncle - I feel that I have brought this trouble upon you, and I should not have acted like this. I feel that I must leave you forever. Do not worry about me, and do not search for me, it will be useless. In

life or in death, I am ever your loving - Mary.” What could she mean by that note, Mr.Holmes?”

“It perhaps the best solution. I hope, Mr.Holder that your troubles are almost over.”

“You have heard something, Mr.Holmes. Where are the gems?”

Holmes walked over to his desk, took out a little piece of gold with three gems in it, and threw it down on the table.

With a cry of joy our client took it up.

“You have it! I am saved!”

“There is one thing you owe, Mr.Holder”, said Holmes sternly.

“Owe!” He took out a pen. “Name the sum, and I’ll pay it.”

“No, the debt is not to me. You owe an apology to your son.”

“Then it was not Arthur who took them?”

“No.”

“You are sure of it! Then let us hurry to him at once and tell him the truth.”

“He knows it already. I spoke to him.”

“Then tell me please, what is this mystery?”

“First I want to tell you that there has been sympathy between Sir George Burnwell and Mary. They have now run together.”

“My Mary? Impossible!”

“It is certain. You didn’t know this man when you admitted him into your family. He is one of the most dangerous men in England. The devil knows what he said to your niece but she was in the habit of seeing him nearly every evening.”

“I cannot believe it!” cried the banker.

“That night your niece went down and talked to her lover through the window that leads into the stable lane. His footmarks are on the snow. She told him of the coronet. She had hardly listened to his instructions when she saw you. She closed the window quickly, and told you about one of the maids.”

“Your boy, Arthur, went to bed after his talk with you, but he slept badly. In the middle of the night he heard soft steps pass his door, so he rose, looked out and was surprised to see his cousin walking along the passage towards your dressing-room. He put on some clothes, and waited there in the dark to see what would happen.”

“When she left the room, your son saw, in the light of the passage lamp, that she carried the coronet in her hands. He ran and hid behind the curtain, near your door. He saw her open the window, hand out the coronet to someone, and then hurry back to her room. Then he rushed down just as he was, opened the window, jumped out into the snow, and ran down the lane. Sir George Burnwell tried to get away, but Arthur caught him, and there was a struggle between them. Your son started to tug at one side of the coronet, and his opponent at the other. Then something suddenly snapped, and your son, finding that he had the coronet in his hands, rushed back, closed the window, went to your room, and had just noticed that the coronet had been ruined and wanted to straighten it, when you appeared. He could not explain what had happened. He kept your niece’s secret.”

“And that was why she fainted when she saw the coronet”, cried Mr.Holder. “Oh, what a fool I have been. My poor boy!”

“When I arrived in the house”, continued Holmes, “I at once went very carefully round it to see if there were any traces in the snow. I saw the traces of the woman that had stood and talked with a wooden-legged man. But at the stable lane I saw a double line of tracks of a booted man, and a second double line of a man without boots. I understood that the latter was your son. The first had walked both ways, but the other had run quickly, and it was clear that he had passed after the other. I followed them up, and found that they led to the hall window, where Boots had worn all the snow away while waiting. Then I walked to the other end, which was a hundred yards down the lane. I saw the place of their struggle. Boots had then run down the lane.”

“When I entered the house, I examined the sill of the hall window with my lens, and I saw that he had passed out. Then I could say what had happened. A man had waited outside the window; someone had brought him the gems; your son had seen all this, he had run after the thief, had struggled with him, they had each tugged at the coronet and ruined it. He had returned with the prize, but had left the fragment in the hand of his opponent. So the question now was who the man was, and who had brought him the coronet?”

“I thought about your niece and the maids. There was no reason for your son to go to prison for the maid. As he loved his cousin, there was a good explanation why he should keep her secret. When I remembered that you had seen her at that window, and how she had fainted when she saw the coronet again, I became sure.”

“And who could it be that man? I knew that you didn’t have many friends. But Sir George Burnwell came to your house. I had heard of him before as being a man of bad reputation among women. It must have been he.”

“I went as a loafer to Sir George’s house, spoke to his servant, learned that his master had been beaten the night before, and finally I bought a pair of his old shoes for six shillings. Then I returned to your house, and saw that they fitted the tracks.”

“Then I came home and changed my clothes. I went and saw him. At first, of course, he denied everything. But when I told him all the details he tried to beat me. I hit a pistol to his head before he could strike. Then he became calm. I told him that we would give him three thousand pounds for the stones. “But I’ve sold them at six hundred!” He said. “I soon managed to get the address of the receiver who had them. And at last I got the stones at three thousand. Then I came to your son, told him that all was right, and got to my bed about two o’clock, after what I may call a hard day’s work.”

“A day which has saved England from a great scandal”, said the banker, rising. “I cannot find words to thank you. And now I must run to my dear boy and ask to forgive me. It’s a pity I don’t know where our Mary is.”

“I think that we may say”, answered Holmes, “that she is wherever Sir George Burnwell is. It is clear that whatever her sins are, they will soon receive a proper punishment.”



### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. “Holmes”, said I, as I stood one morning near the window looking down the street, “here is a madman coming along. His behaviour is very normal.”
2. He was a man of about forty, tall with an unimpressive figure.
3. A few moments later he was in our room, still gesticulating, but with a look of grief and despair in his eyes.
4. “I think you’ve heard my name”, answered our visitor. “I am Alexander Peterson, of the banking firm of Holder and Stevenson.”
5. I think you know that success in the banking business depends on our ability to find investments to our funds and increase the number of our depositors.
6. There are many poor families to whom we have given large sums upon the security of their pictures, libraries.
7. “I need”, he said, “one hundred thousand pounds at once.”



8. "You have, certainly, heard of the Beryl ring?" He took out a black case, opened it and I saw the beautiful piece of jewellery which he had named.
9. I'll come personally on Saturday morning.
10. At home I locked it in the wardrobe of my dining-room.
11. Lucy Parr has only worked for me for a ten years.
12. My family is very big. I have a wife Mary and a son Arthur.
13. People tell me that I have spoiled him. When my dear wife died I felt that he was all I had to love. I have never refused him.
14. My brother died ten years ago and left his son Peter, so he came to live with us.
15. Any old key will open that bureau. When I was young, I have opened it with the key of the cupboard.
16. I was very angry, because this was the fifth time during the month he asked me about the money.
17. About three in the morning, I was awakened by some sound in the house.
18. My unhappy boy, dressed only in his shirt and trousers, was standing beside the light, holding the coronet in his hands. At my cry he dropped it, and turned. I took it up and examined it. One of the gold corners, with three of the beryls, was missing.
19. Only my partners, with his family, and friends of Arthur's. Sir George Burnwell and Mr. Watson have been several times. No one else, I think.
20. On the right side was a wide path between two neat hedges stretching from the road to the kitchen door.
21. Mary was rather small, slim, with chestnut long wavy hair and hazel eyes.
22. The banker's dressing-room was plainly furnished. There was a green carpet, a small bureau, and a long mirror.
23. The diadem was magnificent, and the thirty-six stones were the finest that I have ever seen. One side of it was ruined.
24. Sherlock Holmes hurried to his room and was down again a few minutes later dressed as a uncommon loafer. With his collar turned up, his shiny coat, his red scarf, and his worn boots, he looked usual.
25. Only two days ago I was a happy and rich man, without a care in the world. Now one problem comes after another. My niece Mary has died.
26. First I want to tell you that there has been an antipathy between Sir George Burnwell and Mary.
27. When Mary left the room, your son saw, in the light of the passage lamp, that she carried the coronet in her hands.
28. I went as a loafer to Sir George's house, spoke to his servant, learned that his master had been beaten the night before, and finally I bought six pairs of his old shoes for six shillings.
29. And at last I got the stones at three thousand.
30. Mary left the banker's house and ran with her lover.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. Describe the appearance of Alexander Holder.
2. What did the secret person ask Mr. Holder?
3. Describe the Beryl coronet?
4. What did Mr. Holder tell about his family?
5. Describe Mr. Holder's household.
6. Who has broken the diadem?
7. Why did Arthur hold the coronet in his hands?
8. Why has Mary left her uncle?
9. Characterise Mr. Burnwell.

10. What does success in the banking business depend on?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- дивна поведінка привернула мою увагу ...
- велику суму грошей під заставу картин, бібліотек ...
- зайняти таку суму у моїх друзів ...
- жодне пошкодження буде вважатися ...
- що він розбещений мною ...
- що йому довіряти не можна ...
- не звернув увагу на його слова ...
- мого сина забрали у в'язницю ...
- не можу уявити, що наш Артур ...
- чи закрили ви всі вікна ...
- сказав він з жахом ...
- був розчарований ...
- мабуть, це найкраще рішення ...
- потрібно вибачитися перед своїм сином ...
- побачив, що діадема зламана ...
- не зміг пояснити ...
- жодних слідів на снігу ...
- чоловік з дерев'яною ногою ...
- намагався вдарити ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. "Holmes", said I, as I stood one morning near the window looking down the street, "here is a madman coming along."
2. He was a man of about fifty, tall with an impressive figure.
3. He was dressed in black frock-coat, shining hat and well-cut grey trousers.
4. You are tired because of running.
5. Now I tell you the facts as shortly and as clearly as I can.
6. I was surprised when I saw the name because it was one of the noblest names in England.
7. I called for my cashier and ordered him to pay over fifty thousand pound notes.
8. Suddenly, there was a clear sound of footsteps moving in the next room.
9. Holmes left us standing at the door, and walked slowly all round the house.
10. She was rather tall, slim, with dark hair and eyes. She was very pale. Her lips were bloodless.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms:**

1. From the direction of Metropolitan station only one man, was coming whose strange behaviour had attracted my attention.
2. He was dressed in black frock-coat, shining hat and well-cut grey trousers.

3. He was running hard.
4. He is looking up at the number of the houses.
5. I have been told that you can give money.
6. I shall repay what you give and with the interest but I need the money now.
7. I should be happy to give it to you from my own private purse.
8. I called a cab and drove out to my house at Streatham. At home I locked it in the bureau of my dressing-room.
10. Lucy Parr, who has only worked for me for a few months.

**Exercise 9. Complete the sentences by using of the given words in the box:**

|                               |                                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>in the habit of</i>        | <i>angry</i>                     |
| <i>a look of</i>              | <i>to keep the matter secret</i> |
| <i>to talk one's all time</i> | <i>to put on</i>                 |
| <i>well known</i>             | <i>to tell the truth</i>         |
| <i>appear around</i>          | <i>to clear up</i>               |

1. She is a beautiful girl, and has attracted admirers who sometimes \_\_\_\_\_ the house.
2. I am sure that you can \_\_\_\_\_ and preserve this coronet with every precaution.
3. A few moment later he was in our room, still gesticulating, but with \_\_\_\_\_ grief and despair in our eyes.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ I could not trust him in handling of large sum of money.
5. The name was \_\_\_\_\_ to us.
6. I was very \_\_\_\_\_, because this was the third time during the month that he asked me about the money.
7. Please do, sir, if it may help \_\_\_\_\_ this horrible affair \_\_\_\_\_.
8. Though I am very strong in the fingers, it \_\_\_\_\_ to break it.
9. The devil knows what he said to your niece but she was \_\_\_\_\_ seeing him nearly every evening.
12. He \_\_\_\_\_ some clothes, and waited there in the dark to see what would happen.

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. He was a man of about \_\_\_\_, tall with an impressive figure.  
a) forty;                      b) thirty;                      c) fifty;
2. I came to Baker Street by the \_\_\_\_, and hurried from there on foot.  
a) cab;                      b) underground;                      c) bus;
3. When he was young he learned to \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_.  
a) play tennis ... keep    b) play cards ... wasted    c) play cards ... earn money;  
money;                      money;
4. My unhappy boy, dressed only in his \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_, was standing beside the light, holding the coronet in his hands.  
a) shirt ... trousers;                      b) t-shirt ... shorts;                      c) jacket ... jeans;
5. On the right side was \_\_\_\_ between \_\_\_\_ stretching from the road to the kitchen door.  
a) a wide path ...    b) a narrow path ... two    c) a narrow road ... some  
three neat hedges;                      neat hedges;                      hedges;
6. You \_\_\_\_ all the windows and doors that evening. Did you \_\_\_\_ all the windows?"

a) *opened ... unfasten;*      b) *closed ... fasten;*      c) *closed ... open;*

7. He opened the case and took out \_\_\_\_ . It was magnificent, and the \_\_\_\_ were the finest that I have ever seen.

a) *a diadem ... thirty-*    b) *a diamond bracelet ...*    c) *a diadem ... thirty-six stones;*  
*seven stones;*                      *thirty-six stones;*

8. He is one of \_\_\_\_ in England. The devil knows what he said to your \_\_ but she was in the habit of seeing him nearly every evening.”

a) *the most*    b) *the most interesting men ...*    c) *the biggest men ... wife;*  
*dangerous men ... sister;*  
*niece;*

9. I saw the traces of the woman that had stood and talked with \_\_\_\_.

a) *metal-legged man;*    b) *wooden-legged man;*      c) *woollen-legged man;*

10. I told him that we would give him \_\_\_\_ for the stones.

a) *three thousand pounds;*      b) *three hundred pounds;*      c) *four thousand pounds;*

*Text 8**Read the story. Translate it*

**Arthur Conan Doyle**  
**THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND STAIN**  
**(the story is told by Dr. Watson)**

One Tuesday morning in autumn we found two famous visitors within the walls of our humble room in Baker Street. The one, austere, high-nosed, and eagle-eyed, was none other than the illustrious Lord Bellinger, twice Premier of Britain. The other, dark, clear-cut, and elegant, hardly yet of middle age, was the Honourable Trelawney Hope, Secretary for European Affairs, and the most rising statesman in the country. They sat side by side upon our settee, and it was easy to see from their anxious faces that they came on the most important business. The Premier's thin, blue-veined hands were clasped tightly over the ivory head of his umbrella, and he looked gloomily from Holmes to me. The European Secretary pulled nervously at his moustache and fidgeted with the seals of his watch-chain.

"When I discovered my loss, Mr. Holmes, which was at eight o'clock this morning, I at once informed the Prime Minister. It was at his suggestion that we have both come to you."

"Have you informed the police?" "No, sir", said the Prime Minister, with the quick, decisive manner for which he was famous. "We have not done so. To inform the police means to inform the public. This is what we want to avoid."

"I understand. Now, Mr. Trelawney Hope, I should be much obliged if you would tell me exactly the circumstances under which this document disappeared."

"That can be done in a very few words, Mr. Holmes. The letter from a foreign potentate was received six days ago. It was of such importance that I have never left it in my safe, but I have taken it across each evening to my house in Whitehall Terrace, and kept it in my bedroom in a locked dispatch-box. It was there last night. I am certain. I opened the box while I was dressing for dinner and saw the document inside. This morning it was gone. The dispatch-box had stood upon my dressing-table all night. I am a light sleeper, and so is my wife. We can both swear that no one could have entered the room during the night. And yet I repeat that the paper is gone."

"What time did you dine?"

"Half-past seven."

"How long was it before you went to bed?"

"My wife had gone to the theatre. I waited up for her. We went to our room at half-past eleven."

"Then for four hours the dispatch-box had been unguarded?"

"No one is permitted to enter that room except the housemaid in the morning, and my valet, or my wife's maid, during the rest of the day. They are both trusty servants who have been with us for some time. Besides, neither of them could possibly have known that there were important papers in my dispatch-box."

"Who did know of that letter?"

"No one in the house."

"Surely your wife knew?"

"No, sir. I had said nothing to my wife until I missed the paper this morning."

The Premier nodded approvingly.

"Could she have guessed?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, she could not have guessed - nor could anyone have guessed."

"Have you lost any documents before?"

"No, sir."

"Who is there in England who did know of the existence of this letter?"

"Each member of the Cabinet was informed of it yesterday, but the pledge of secrecy

which attends every Cabinet meeting was increased by the warning which was given by the Prime Minister. Good heavens, to think that within a few hours I should myself have lost it!" His handsome face was distorted with despair, and his hands tore at his hair. For a moment we caught a glimpse of the natural man, impulsive, and keenly sensitive. The next the aristocratic mask was replaced and the gentle voice had returned. "Besides the members of the Cabinet there are two, or possibly three, departmental officials who know of the letter. No one else in England, Mr Holmes, I assure you."

"But abroad?"

"I believe that no one abroad has seen it except the man who wrote it. I am well convinced that his Ministers have not been employed."

Holmes considered for some little time.

"Now, sir, I must ask you more particularly what this document is, and why its disappearance should have such consequences."

The two statesmen exchanged a quick glance and the Premier's eyebrows gathered in a frown.

"Mr.Holmes, the envelope is a long, thin one of pale blue colour. There is a seal of red wax stamped with a lion. It is addressed in large, bold handwriting to –"

"I tear, sir", said Holmes, "that, interesting and indeed important as these details are, my inquiries must go more to the root of things. What was the letter?"

"That is a State secret, and I fear that I cannot tell you, nor do I see that it is necessary. If by the aid of the powers which you are said to possess you can find such an envelope as I describe with its enclosure, you will have deserved well of your country, and earned any reward which it lies in our power to bestow."

Sherlock Holmes rose with a smile.

"You are two of the most busy men in the country", said he, "and in my own small way I have also a good many calls upon me, I regret that I cannot help you in this matter, any continuation of this interview would be a waste of time."

The Premier sprang to his feet with quick, fierce gleam of his deep-set eyes. "I am not accustomed, sir", he began, but mastered his anger and resumed his seat. For a minute or more we all sat in silence. Then the old statesman struggled his shoulders.

"We must accept your terms, Mr.Holmes. No doubt you are right, and it is unreasonable for us to expect you to act unless our entire confidence."

"I agree with you", said the younger statesman.

"Then I will tell you, relying entirely upon honour and that of your colleague, Dr.Watson."

"You may safely trust us."

"The letter, then, is from a certain foreign potentate who has been ruffled by some recent Colonial developments of this country. It has been written upon his own responsibility entirely. His Ministers know nothing of the matter. At the same time it is couched in so unfortunate a manner, and certain phrases in it are of so provocative a character, that its publication would undoubtedly lead to a most dangerous state of feeling in this country. I do not hesitate to say that within a week of the publication of that letter this country would be involved in a great war."

Holmes wrote a name upon a slip of paper and handed it to the Premier.

"Exactly. It was he. And it is this letter – this letter which may well mean the expenditure of a thousand millions and the lives of a hundred thousand men - which has become lost in this unaccountable fashion."

"Have you informed the sender?"

"Yes, sir, a cipher telegram has been dispatched."

"Perhaps he desires the publication of the letter."

"No, sir, we have strong reason to believe that he already understands that he has acted in

a hot-headed manner. It would be a greater blow to him and to his country than to us if this letter were to come out."

"If this is so, whose interest is it that the letter should come out? Why should anyone desire to steal it or to publish it?"

"There, Mr. Holmes, you take me into regions of high international politics. The whole of Europe is an armed camp. There is a double league which makes a fair balance of military power. Great Britain holds the scales. If Britain were driven into war with one confederacy, it would assure the supremacy of the other confederacy, whether they joined in the war or not. Do you follow?"

"Very clearly. It is then the interest of the enemies of this potentate to secure and publish this letter, so as to make a breach between his country and ours?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Trelawney Hope dropped his head on his chest and groaned aloud. The Premier placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder.

"It is your misfortune, my dear fellow. No one can blame you. Now, Mr. Holmes, you know all the facts. What course do you recommend?"

Holmes shook his head mournfully.

"You think, sir, that unless this document is recovered there will be war?"

"I think it is very probable."

"Then, sir, prepare for war."

"That is a hard saying", Mr. Holmes."

"Consider the facts, sir. It is inconceivable that it was taken after eleven-thirty at night, since I understand that Mr. Hope and his wife were both in the room from that hour until the loss was found out. It was taken, then, yesterday evening between seven thirty and eleven-thirty, probably near the earlier hour, since whoever looks it evidently knew that it was there and would naturally secure it as early as possible. Now, sir, if a document of this importance were taken at that hour, where can it be now? No one has any reason to retain it. It has been passed quickly on to those who need it. What chance have we now to overtake or even to trace it?"

The Prime Minister rose from the settee.

"What you say is perfectly logical, Mr. Holmes. I feel that the matter is indeed out of our hands."

"Let us presume that the document was taken by the maid or by the valley". "They are both old and tried servants."

"I understand you to say that your room is on the second floor, that there is no entrance from without, and that from within no one could go up unobserved. It must, then, be somebody in the house who has taken it. To whom would the thief take it? To one of several international spies. There are three who may be said to be the heads of their profession. I will begin my research by going round and finding if each of them is at his post. If one is missing - especially if he has disappeared since last night - we will have some indication as to where the document has gone."

"Why should he be missing?" asked the European Secretary. "He would take the letter to an Embassy in London, as likely as not".

"I fancy not. These agents work independently."

The Prime Minister nodded.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Holmes. He would take so valuable a prize to headquarters with his own hands. Meanwhile, Hope, we cannot neglect all our other duties on account of this one misfortune. Should there be any fresh developments during the day we shall communicate with you, and you will no doubt let us know the results of your own inquiries."

The two statesmen bowed and walked gravely from the room.

When our visitors had departed Holmes lit his pipe in silence and sat for some time lost

in the deepest thought. I had opened the morning paper and was immersed in a sensational crime which had occurred in London the night before, when my friend gave an exclamation, sprang to his feet, and laid his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

“Yes”, said he, “there is no better way of approaching it. The situation is desperate, but not hopeless. Even now, if we could be sure which of them has taken it, it is just possible that it has not yet passed out of his hands. The fellow might hold it back to see what bids come from this side before he tries his luck on the other. There are only those three capable of playing so bold a game - there are Oberstein, la Rothiere, and Eduardo Lucas. I will see each of them.”

I glanced at my morning paper.

“Is that Eduardo Lucas of Godolphin Street?”

“Yes.”

“You will not see him.”

“Why not?”

“He was murdered in his house last night.”

My friend has so often astonished me in the course of our adventures that it was with a sense of exultation that I realized how completely I had astonished him. He stared in amazement, and then snatched the paper from my hands. This was the paragraph which I had been engaged in reading when he rose from his chair.

#### **MURDER IN WESTMINSTER**

*A crime of mysterious character was committed last night at 16 Godolphin Street, one of the old-fashioned eighteenth century houses which lie between the river and the Abbey, almost in the shadow of the great Tower of the Houses of Parliament. This small mansion has been inhabited for some years by Mr Eduardo Lucas, well-known in society circles both on account of his charming personality and because he has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the best amateur tenors in the country. Mr. Lucas is an unmarried man, thirty-four years of age, and his establishment consists of Mrs. Pringle, an elderly housekeeper, and of Mitton, his valet. The former retires early and sleeps at the top of the house. The valet was out for the evening, visiting a friend at Hammersmith. From ten o'clock onward Mr Lucas had the house to himself. What occurred during that time has not yet become public, but at a quarter to twelve Police-constable Barrett, passing along Godolphin Street, observed that the door of No. 16 was ajar. He knocked, but received no answer. Seeing a light in the front room, he advanced into the passage and again knocked, but without reply. He then pushed open the door and entered. The room was in a state of wild disorder, the furniture being all swept to one side, and one chair lying on its back in the centre. Beside this chair lay the unfortunate tenant of the house. He had been stabbed to the heart and must die instantly. The knife with which the crime had been committed was a curved Indian dagger, plucked down from a trophy of oriental arms which adorned one of the walls. Mr. Eduardo Lucas was so well-known and popular that his violent and mysterious fate will arouse painful interest and intense sympathy in a widespread circle of friends.*

“Well, Watson, what do you make of this?” asked Holmes, after a long pause.

“It is an amazing coincidence.”

“A coincidence! Here is one of the three men whom we had named as possible actors in this drama, and he meets a violent death during the very hours when we know that that drama was being enacted. No, my dear Watson, the two events are connected. It is for us to find the connection.”

“But now the official police must know all.”

“Not at all. They know all they see at Godolphin Street. They know nothing of Whitehall Terrace. Only we know of both events, and can trace the relation between them. There is one obvious point which would, in any case, have turned my suspicions against Lucas. Godolphin Street, Westminster, is only a few minutes' walk from Whitehall Terrace. The other secret agents



whom I have named live in the West End. It was easier for Lucas than for the others to receive a message from the European Secretary's household – a small thing, and yet where events are compressed into a few hours it may prove essential. Halloa! What have we here?"

Mrs. Hudson had appeared with a lady's card. Holmes glanced at it, raised his eyebrows, and handed it over to me.

"Ask Lady Hilda Trelawney hope if she will be kind enough to step up", said he.

A moment later our modest apartment, already so distinguished that morning, was further honoured by the entrance of the most lovely woman in London: I had often heard of the beauty of the youngest daughter of the Duke of Belminster, but no description of it, and no contemplation of colourless photographs, had prepared me for the subtle, delicate charm and the beautiful colouring of that exquisite head.

"Has my husband been here, Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes, madam, he has been here."

"Mr. Holmes, I ask you not to tell him that I came here." Holmes bowed coldly, and motioned the lady to a chair.

"Your ladyship places me in a very delicate position. I beg that you will sit down and tell me what you desire, but I fear that I cannot make any promise."

She swept across the room and seated herself with her back to the window.

"Mr. Holmes", she said - and her white-gloved hands clasped and unclasped as she spoke - "I will speak frankly to you and I hope you'll speak frankly in return. There is complete confidence between my husband and me on all matters except one. That one is politics. He tells me nothing. Now, I am aware that there was a most regrettable event in our house last night. I know that a paper has disappeared. But because the matter is political my husband refuses to take me into his complete confidence. You are the only person who knows the true facts. I beg you, Mr. Holmes, to tell me exactly what has happened and what it will lead to. Tell me all, Mr. Holmes. What was this paper which was stolen?"

"Madam, what you ask me is really impossible."

She groaned and sank her face in her hands.

"You must see that this is so, madam. If your husband thinks fit to keep you in the dark over this matter, is it for me, who has only learned the true facts under the pledge of professional secrecy, to tell what he has withheld? It is not fair to ask it. It is him whom you must ask."

"I have asked him. But without your telling me anything definite, Mr. Holmes, you may do a great service if you would enlighten me on one point."

"What is it, madam?"

"Is my husband's political career likely to suffer through this incident?"

Well, madam, it may certainly have a very unfortunate effect."

"Ah!" She drew in her breath sharply as one whose doubts are resolved.

"One more question, Mr. Holmes. From an expression which my husband dropped in the first shock of this disaster I understood that terrible public consequences might arise from the loss of this document."

"If he said so, I certainly cannot deny it." "Then I will take up no more of your time. Once more I beg that you will say nothing of my visit." Then she was gone. "Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department", said Holmes with a smile, when the dwindling frou-frou of skirts had ended in the slam of the front door. "What was the fair lady's game? What did she really want?"

"Surely her own statement is clear and her anxiety very natural."

"Hum! Think of her appearance, Watson - her manner, her excitement, her restlessness in asking questions. Remember that she comes of a caste that does not lightly show emotion. Remember also the curious earnestness with which she assured us that it was best for her husband that she should know all. What did she mean by that? And you must have observed,

Watson, how she manoeuvred to have the light at her back. She did not wish us to read her expression. Good morning, Watson.”

“You are off?”

“Yes, I will spend the morning at Godolphin Street with our friends of the regular establishment. With Eduardo Lucas lies the solution of our problem, though I must admit that I have not inkling as to what form it may take. Do you stay on guard, my good Watson, and receive visitors. I’ll join you at lunch if I am able.”

All that day and the next and the next Holmes was in a bad mood. He ran out and ran in, smoked, played his violin, sank into reveries, ate sandwiches at irregular hours, and hardly answered the casual questions which I put to him. It was evident to me that things were not going well with him or his quest. He would say nothing of the case, and it was from the papers that I learned the details of the inquest, and the arrest with the subsequent release of John Mitton, the valet of the deceased. The coroner’s jury brought in the obvious Wilful Murder, but the parties remained as unknown as ever. No motive was suggested. The room was full of articles of value, but none had been taken. The dead man’s papers had been carefully examined, and showed that he was a keen student of international politics, a remarkable linguist, and an untiring letter writer. He had been on intimate terms with the leading politicians of several countries. But nothing sensational was discovered among the documents which filled his drawers. He had many acquaintances among women, but few friends, and no one whom he loved. His habits were regular, his conduct inoffensive. His death was an absolute mystery and likely to remain so.

As to the arrest of John Mitton, the valet, it was a council of despair as an alternative to absolute inaction. But no case could be sustained against him. He had visited friends in Hammersmith that night. The alibi was complete. He had arrived at twelve o’clock, and appeared to be overwhelmed by the unexpected tragedy. He had always been on good terms with his master. Several of the dead man’s possessions had been found in the valet’s boxes, but he explained that they had been presents from the deceased, and the housekeeper was able to prove the story. Mitton had been in Lucas’s employment for three years. Lucas did not take Mitton on the Continent with him. Sometimes he visited Paris for three months, but Mitton was left in charge of the Godolphin Street house. As to the housekeeper, she had heard nothing on the night of the crime. If her master had a visitor he had himself admitted him.

### Post-reading task

**Exercise 1. Replace the italicized words and word-combinations with a synonym from the box in an appropriate form**

|  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| <i>to exchange a glance</i>                | <i>an unmarried man</i> |
| <i>to place</i>                            | <i>side by side</i>     |
| <i>to give smb one’s entire confidence</i> | <i>at once</i>          |

1) They sat *next to each other* upon our settee, and it was easy to see from their anxious faces that they came on the most important business.

2) When I discovered my loss, Mr.Holmes, which was at eight o’clock this morning, I *immediately* informed the Prime Minister.

3) The two statesmen *looked at each other* and the Premier’s eyebrows gathered in a frown.

4) No doubt you are right, and it is unreasonable for us to expect you to act unless we *trust you completely*.

5) Mr.Trelawney Hope dropped his head on his chest and groaned aloud. The Premier *put* his hand kindly upon his shoulder.

6) Mr.Lucas is *a bachelor*, thirty-four years of age, and his establishment consists of

Mrs.Pringle, an elderly housekeeper, and of Mitton, his valet.

**Exercise 2. Find in the text English equivalents of the following words and word-combinations**

наша скромна оселя; пліч-о-пліч; тягнути за; уникати; обставини, за яких; схвально кивати; обмінятися поглядом; державна таємниця надзвичайної важливості; марне витрачання часу; довіра; зашифрована телеграма; звинувачувати; поза нашим контролем; власноруч; заслужена репутація; дивовижний збіг; давати обіцянку; заперечувати; рішення проблеми

**Exercise 3. Open the brackets and use the verb in an appropriate form to complete the sentences**

- 1) "I \_\_\_ (to believe) that no one abroad \_\_\_ (to see) it except the man who (to write) it.
- 2) Holmes \_\_\_ (to glance) at it, \_\_\_ (to raise) his eyebrows, and \_\_\_ (to hand) it over to me.
- 3) The letter from a foreign potentate \_\_\_ (to be received) six days ago.
- 4) I \_\_\_ (to open) the box while I \_\_\_ (to dress) for dinner and \_\_\_ (to see) the document inside.
- 5) If one \_\_\_ (to be) missing - especially if he \_\_\_ (to disappear) since last night – we \_\_\_ (to have) some indication as to where the document \_\_\_ (to go).
- 6) When our visitors \_\_\_ (to depart) Holmes \_\_\_ (to light) his pipe in silence and \_\_\_ (to sit) for some time lost in the deepest thought.
- 7) My friend \_\_\_ so often \_\_\_ (to astonish) me in the course of our adventures that it \_\_\_ (to be) with a sense of exultation that I \_\_\_ (to realize) how completely I \_\_\_ (to astonish) him.

**Exercise 4. Match the words with their definitions**

|              |   |
|--------------|---|
| 1) humble    | a) not hurt; not in danger                    |
| 2) safe      | b) easily hurt in the spirit; easily offended |
| 3) trusty    | c) fine or delicate                           |
| 4) sensitive | d) not thinking too well of oneself; poor     |
| 5) gently    | e) honest and realible                        |
| 6) subtle    | f) in a careful manner                        |

**Exercise 5. Explain the usage of the tenses**

- 1) At the same time it is couched in so unfortunate a manner, and certain phrases in it are of so provocative a character, that its publication *would undoubtedly lead* to a most dangerous state of feeling in this country.
- 2) "You think, sir, that unless this document *is recovered* there will be war?"
- 3) *It has been passed* quickly on to those who need it.
- 4) When our visitors *had departed* Holmes *lit* his pipe in silence and *sat* for some time lost in the deepest thought.
- 5) This was the paragraph which I *had been engaged* in reading when *he rose* from his chair.

**Exercise 6. Match the two parts of the sentences**

|  |  |
|--|--|
| 1) I will begin my research by going round         | a) <i>to headquaraters with his own hands.</i>       |
| 2) He would take so valuable a prize               | b) <i>but I fear that I cannot make any promise.</i> |
| 3) I had opened the morning paper and was immersed | c) <i>snatched the paper from my hands.</i>          |

|  |   |
|--|---|
| 4) The fellow might hold it back to see                      | <i>d) in a sensational crime which had occurred in london the night before.</i> |
| 5) He stared in amazement, and then                          | <i>e) and finding if each of them is at his post.</i>                           |
| 6) I beg that you will sit down and tell me what you desire, | <i>f) what bids come from this side before he tries his luck on the other.</i>  |
| 7) The dead man's papers had been carefully examined,        | <i>g) and showed that he was a keen student of international politics.</i>      |

**Exercise 7. Make up questions to the given statements**

- 1) Eduardo Lucas was murdered in his house last night.
- 2) She swept across the room and seated herself with her back to the window.
- 3) Because the matter is political my husband refuses to take me into his complete confidence.
- 4) She groaned and sank her face in her hands.
- 5) John Mitton arrived at twelve o'clock.

**Exercise 8. Test**

1. When I discovered my loss, Mr.Holmes, which was at \_\_\_\_ this morning, I at once informed the Prime Minister.  
*a) eight o'clock;                      b) six o'clock;                      c) four o'clock;*
2. The \_\_\_\_\_ from a foreign \_\_\_\_\_ was received six days ago.  
*a) postcard ... potentate;                      b) letter ... king;                      c) letter ... potentate;*
3. Besides the members of the Cabinet there are \_\_\_\_, or possibly \_\_\_\_, departmental officials who know of the letter.  
*a) two ... three;                      b) two ... four;                      c) three ... five;*
4. At the same time it is couched in so unfortunate a manner, and certain phrases in it are of so provocative a character, that its \_\_\_\_ would undoubtedly lead to a most dangerous state of feeling in this country.  
*a) writing out;                      b) making up;                      c) publication;*
5. It is inconceivable that it was taken after eleven-thirty at night, since I understand that \_\_\_\_ and his wife were both in the room from that hour until the loss was found out.  
*a) Mr.Petty;                      b) Mr.Hoppe;                      c) Mr.Hope;*
6. I glanced at my \_\_\_\_\_ paper.  
*a) evening;                      b) yesterday;                      c) morning;*
7. There is complete confidence between my \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_ on all matters except one.  
*a) wife ... sister;                      b) sister ... mother;                      c) husband ... me;*
8. Remember that she comes of a caste that does not lightly \_\_\_\_ emotion.  
*a) express;                      b) show;                      c) keep;*
9. The \_\_\_\_ had been carefully examined, and showed that he was a keen student of international politics, a remarkable linguist, and an untiring letter writer.  
*a) dead man's papers;                      b) dead man's bag;                      c) dead man's clothes;*

10. He stared in \_\_\_\_\_, and then snatched the paper from my hands.  
*a) interest;                      b) amazement;                      c) curiosity;*

## Agatha Christie

Agatha Christie is the thriller writer who wrote 83 books, including sixty-seven novels and sixteen plays. The works of this “incredible sausage machine”, as she once described herself, have been translated into 44 languages and have sold 400 million copies. Her play “Mousetrap” written as a birthday card for Queen Elizabeth II is the longest running play in theatrical history.

And yet in some ways we know very little about her. She was intently private woman and there were certain things she would never talk about. She guarded her privacy like a tigress protecting her cubs. She never gave interviews and she would never comment on the gossip and scandal and rumour that surrounded her. And that makes her a compelling subject for any biographer.

Agatha Christie was born in 1890 in Devon. Her father died when she was young and she grew up with her sister and mother.

In 1914 she married Archibald Christie who was a colonel in the Royal army. A few years later in 1920 there was a publication of her first novel “The Mysterious Affair at Styles”, a book which introduced the public to one of her greatest characters - a Belgian detective Hercule Poirot. This was a beginning of a very rich creative period. She did some of her best works in the next two or three years.

Then one day in 1926 her husband called her into his study and announced that he had fallen in love with another woman and he wanted a divorce. After that followed a bizarre sequence of events. Agatha got into her car and disappeared for 6 days. Nobody knows where she went or what she did. Some people say she wanted to commit suicide, others suggest she went looking for the woman her husband loved and wanted to marry. And when they eventually found her in a hotel in Yorkshire she was in a terrible state: bruised, delirious, and disorientated. She never explained what had happened to her during those 6 days; it remains a complete mystery, one of many, in fact.

Anyway, she was divorced in 1928, but two years later she married again. Her second husband was an ardieologist famous for his work in the Middle East. From that time on she worked continuously for the next forty years.

Besides detective stories, novels and plays Agatha Christie also wrote 6 romantic novels and “Autobiography”. She died in 1976.

One French critic said, “Agatha Christie’s life was the greatest mystery story she ever wrote.” And this is probably true.

*Text 9**Read the story. Translate it***Agatha Christie****THE CASE OF THE PERFECT MAID**

“Oh, if you please, madam, could I speak to you a moment?”

It might be thought that this request was in the nature of an absurdity, since Edna, Miss Marple’s little maid, was actually speaking to her mistress at the moment.

Recognizing the idiom, however, Miss Marple said promptly, “Certainly, Edna come in and shut the door. What is it?”

Obediently shutting the door, Edna advanced into the room, pleted the corner of her apron between her fingers, and swallowed once or twice.

“Yes, Edna?” said Miss Marple encouragingly.

“Oh, please, ma’am, it’s my cousin Gladie. You see, she’s lost her place”.

“Dear me, I am sorry to hear that. She was at Old Hall, wasn’t she, and with Miss - Misses - Skinner?”

“Yes, ma’am, that’s right, ma’am. Gladie’s very upset about it - very upset indeed”.

“Gladys has changed places rather often before, though, hasn’t she?”

“Oh yes, ma’am. She’s always one for a change, Gladie is. She never seems to get really settled, if you know what I mean. But she’s always been the one to give the notice, you see!”

“And this time it’s the other way round?” asked Miss Marple dryly.

“Yes, ma’am, and it’s upset Gladie.”

Miss Marple looked slightly surprised. Her recollection of Gladys, who had occasionally come to drink tea in the kitchen on her “days out”, was a stout, giggling girl of equable temperament.

Edna went on: “You see, ma’am, it’s the way it happened - the way Miss Skinner looked”.

“How”, inquired Miss Marple patiently, “did Miss Skinner look?”

This time Edna got well away with news bulletin.

“Oh, ma’am, it was ever such a shock to Gladie. You see, one of Miss Emily’s brooches was missing, and such a hue and cry for it as never was and of course, nobody likes a thing like that to happen. And Gladie’s helped search everywhere and there was Miss Lavinia saying she was going to the police about it, and then it turned up again, pushed right to the back of a drawer in the dressing-table.

“And the very next day as ever was a plate got broken, and Miss Lavinia, she bounced out right away and told Gladie to take a month’s notice. And what Gladie feels is it must be because of the brooch and they think as she took it and put it back when the police was mentioned, and Gladie wouldn’t do such a thing, not never she wouldn’t and what she feels is as it will get round and tell against her, and it’s very serious thing for a girl as you know, madam”.

Miss Marple nodded. Though having no particular liking for the bouncing, self-opinioned Gladys, she was quite sure of the girl’s honesty and could well imagine that the affair must have upset her.

Edna said wistfully, “I suppose, madam, there isn’t anything you could do about it?”

“Tell her not to be silly”, said Miss Marple crisply. “If she didn’t take the brooch – which I am sure she didn’t – then she has no cause to be upset”.

“It’ll get about”, said Edna dismally.

Miss Marple said, “I am going up that way this afternoon. I’ll have word with the Misses Skinner”.

“Oh, thank you, madam”, said Edna.

Old Hall was a big Victorian house surrounded by woods and park land. Since it had

been proved unlettable and unsalable as it was, an enterprising spectacular had divided it into four flats with a central hot-water system, and the use of "the grounds" to be held in common by the tenants. The experiment had been satisfactory. A rich and eccentric old lady had a passion for birds and entertained a feathered gathering to meals every day. A retired Indian judge and his wife rented a second. A very young couple, recently married, occupied the third, and the fourth had been taken only two months ago by two maiden ladies of the name of Skinner. The four sets of tenants were only on the most distant terms with each other, since none of them had anything in common. The landlord had been heard to say that this was an excellent thing. What he dreaded were friendships followed by estrangements and subsequent complaints to him.

Miss Marple was acquainted with all the tenants though she knew none of them well. The elder Miss Skinner, Miss Lavinia, was what might be termed the working member of the firm. Miss Emily, the younger, spent most of her time in bed, suffering from various complaints which, in the opinion of St. Mary Mead, were largely imaginary. Only Miss Lavinia believed in her sister's martyrdom and willingly ran errands and trotted up and down to the village for things that my sister had suddenly fancied.

It was the view of St. Mary Mead that if Miss Emily suffered half as much as she said she did, she would have sent for Dr. Haydock long ago. But Miss Emily, when this was hinted to her, shut her eyes and murmured that her case was not a simple one - the best specialists in London had been baffled by it - and that a wonderful new man had put her on a most revolutionary course of treatment and that she really hoped her health would improve under it. No humdrum general practitioner could possibly understand her case.

"And it's my opinion", said the outspoken Miss Hartnell, "that she's very wise not to send for him. Dear Dr. Haydock, in that breezy manner of his, would tell her that there was nothing the matter with her and to get up and not make a fuss! Do her a lot of good!"

Failing such arbitrary treatment, however, Miss Emily continued to lie on sofas, to surround herself with strange little pillboxes, and to reject nearly everything, that had been cooked for her and ask for something else - usually something difficult and inconvenient to get.

The door was opened to Miss Marple by "Gladdie" looking more depressed than Miss Marple had ever thought possible. In the sitting-room (a quarter of the late drawing-room, which had been partitioned into a dining-room, drawing-room, bathroom, and housemaid's cupboard), Miss Lavinia rose to greet Miss Marple.

Lavinia Skinner was a tall, gaunt, bony female of fifty. She had a gruff voice and an abrupt manner.

"Nice to see you", she said. "Emily's lying down - feeling low today, poor dear. Hope she'll see you - it would cheer her up - but there are times when she doesn't feel up to seeing anybody. Poor dear, she's wonderfully patient".

Miss Marple responded politely. Servants were the main topic of conversation in St. Mary Mead, so it was not difficult to lead the conversation in that direction. Miss Marple said she had heard that that nice girl, Gladys Holmes, was leaving.

Miss Lavinia nodded. "Wednesday week. Broke things you know. Can't have that".

Miss Marple sighed and said we all had to put up with things nowadays. It was so difficult to get girls to come to the country.

"Know it difficult to get servants", admitted Miss Lavinia. The Devereuxs haven't got anybody - but then I don't wonder - always quarrelling, jazz on all nights - meals any time - that girl knows nothing of housekeeping. I pity her husband! Then the Larkins have just lost their maid. Mrs. Carmichael's Janet is a fixture, of course - though in my opinion she's the most disagreeable woman and absolutely bullies the old lady".

"Then don't you think you might reconsider your decision about Gladys. She really is a nice girl. I know all her family; very honest and superior".

Miss Lavinia shook her head. "I've dot my reasons", she said importantly.



Miss Marple murmured: "You missed a brooch, I understand –"

"Now who has been talking? I suppose the girl has. Quite frankly, I'm almost certain she took it. And then got frightened and put it back – but of course one can't say anything unless one is sure". She changed the subject. "Do come and see Emily, Miss Marple. I'm sure it would do her good".

Miss Marple followed meekly to where Miss Lavinia knocked on a door, was bidden enter, and ushered her guest into the best room in the flat, most of the light of which was excluded by half-drawn blinds. Miss Emily was lying in bed, apparently enjoying the half gloom and her own indefinite sufferings.

The dim light showed her to be a thin, indecisive looking creature, with a good deal of greyish yellow hair untidily wound around her head and erupting into curls, the whole thing looking like a bird's nest. There was a smell in the room of eau de cologne, stale biscuits, and camphor.

With half-closed eyes and in a thin, weak voice, Emily Skinner explained that this was "one of her bad days".

"The worst of ill-health is", said Miss Emily in a melancholy tone, "that one knows what a burden one is to everyone around one. Lavinia is very good to me. Lavvie dear, I do so hate giving trouble, but if my hot-water bottle could only be filled in the way I like it - too full it weighs on me so; if it is not sufficiently filled, it gets cold immediately".

"I'm sorry, dear. Give it to me. I will empty a little out".

"Perhaps, if you're doing that, it might be refilled. There are no risks in the house, I suppose – no, no it doesn't matter. I can do without. Some weak tea and a slice of lemon – no lemons? No, really, I couldn't drink tea without lemon. It doesn't matter. I can do without my tea. Only I do feel so weak. Oysters, they say, are nourishing. I wonder if I could fancy a few. No, no, too much bother to get hold of them so late in the day. I can fast until tomorrow".

Lavinia left the room murmuring something coherent about bicycling down to the village.

Miss Emily smiled feebly at her guest and remarked that she did hate giving anyone any trouble.

Miss Marple told Edna that evening that she was afraid her mission had met with no success. She was rather troubled that rumours as to Gladys' dishonesty were already going around the village.

In the post office Miss Wetherby tackled her: "My dear Jane, they gave her a written reference saying she was willing and sober and respectable, but saying nothing about honesty. I hear there was some trouble about a brooch. I think there must be something in it, you know, because one doesn't let a servant go nowadays unless it's something rather grave. They'll find it most difficult to get anyone else. Girls simply will not go to Old Hall. You'll see the Skinners won't find anyone else, and then perhaps that dreadful hypochondric sister will have to get up and do something!"

Great was the chagrin of the village when it made known that Misses Skinner had engaged, from an agency, a new maid who, by all accounts, was a perfect paragon.

"A three years reference recommending her most warmly, she prefers the country and actually asks less wages than Gladys. I really feel we have been most fortunate".

"Well, really", said Miss Marple, to whom these details were imparted by Miss Lavinia in the fishmonger's shop. "It does seem too good to be true".

It then became the opinion of St. Mary Mead that the paragon would cry off at the last minute and fail to arrive.

None of these prognostications came true, however, and the village was able to observe the treasure, by name Mary Higgins, driving through the village in Reed's taxi to Old Hall. It had to be admitted that her appearance was good. A most respectable-looking woman, very neatly dressed.

When Miss Marple next visited Old Hall, on the occasion of recruiting stall holders for the door. She was certainly a most superior-looking maid, at a guess 40 years of age, with neat black hair, rosy cheeks, a plump figure discreetly arrayed in black with a white apron and cap, and with a proper, inaudible, respectable voice, so different from the loud but adenoidal accents of Gladys.

Miss Lavinia was looking far less harassed than usual and tendered a handsome monetary contribution and promised to produce a consignment of penwipers and babies' socks.

Miss Marple commented on her air of well-being.

"I really feel I owe a great deal to Mary. I am so thankful I had the resolution to get rid of that other girl. Mary is really invaluable. Cooks nicely and waits beautifully and keeps our little flat scrupulously clean - mattresses turned over every day. And she is really wonderful with Emily!"

Miss Marple hastily inquired after Emily.

"Oh, poor dear, she has been very much under the weather lately. She can't help it, of course, but it really makes things a little difficult sometimes. Wanting certain things cooked and then, when they come, saying she can't eat now - and then wanting them again half an hour later and everything spoiled and having to be done again. It makes, of course, a lot of work - but fortunately Mary does not seem to mind it. She's used to waiting on invalids, she says, and understands them. It is such a comfort".

"Dear me", said Miss Marple. "You are fortunate".

"Yes, indeed. I really feel Mary has been sent to us as an answer to prayer".

"She sounds to me", said Miss Marple, "almost too good to be true. I should - well, I should be a little careful if I were you".

Lavinia Skinner failed to perceive the point of this remark. She said, "Oh, I assure you I do all I can to make her comfortable. I don't know what I should do if she left".

"I don't expect she'll leave until she's ready to leave", said Miss Marple and stared very hard at her hostess.

Miss Lavinia said, "If one has no domestic worries, it takes such a load off one's mind, doesn't it? How is your little Edna shaping?"

"She's doing quite nicely. Not like your Mary. Still I do know all about Edna, because she's a village girl".

As she went out into the hall she heard the invalid's voice fretfully raised: "This, compress has been allowed to get quite dry - Dr. Allerton particularly said moisture continually renewed, There, there, leave it, I want a cup of tea and a boiled egg - boiled three minutes and a half, remember, and send Miss Lavinia to me."

The efficient Mary emerged from the bedroom and, saying to Lavinia, "Miss Emily is asking for you, madam", proceeded to open the door for Miss Marple, helping her into her coat and handing her umbrella in the most irreproachable fashion.

Miss Marple took the umbrella, dropped it, tried to pick it up, and dropped her bag which flew open. Mary politely retrieved various odds and ends - a handkerchief, an engagement book, an old-fashioned leather purse, two shillings, three pennies, and a striped piece of peppermint rock.

Miss Marple received the last with some signs of confusion.

"Oh, dear, that must have been Mrs. Clement's little boy. He was sucking it, I remember, and he took my bag to play with. He must have put it inside. It's terribly sticky, isn't it?"

"Shall I take it, madam?"

"Oh, would you? Thank you so much".

Mary stopped to retrieve the last item, a small mirror, upon recovering which Miss Marple exclaimed fervently, "How lucky now that isn't broken".

She thereupon departed. Mary standing politely by the door holding a piece of striped

rock with a completely expression face.

For ten days longer St.Mary Mead had to endure hearing of the Excellencies of Miss Lavinia's and Miss Emily's treasure.

On the eleventh day the village awoke to its big thrill.

Mary, the paragon, was missing! Her bed had not been slept in and the front door was found ajar. She had slipped out quietly during the night.

And not Mary alone was missing! Two brooches and five rings of Miss Lavinia's, three rings, a pendant, a bracelet, and four brooches of Miss Emily's were missing also!"

It was the beginning of catastrophe.

Young Mrs.Devereux had lost her diamonds which she kept in an unlocked drawer and also some valuable furs given to her as a wedding present. The judge and his wife also had jewellery taken and a certain amount of money. Mrs. Carmichael was the greatest sufferer. Not only had she some very valuable jewels but she also kept a large sum of money in the flat which had gone. It had been Janet's evening out and her mistress was in the habit of walking round the gardens at dusk, calling to the birds and scattering crumbs. It seemed clear that Mary, the perfect maid, had had keys to fit all the flats!

There was, it must be confessed, a certain amount of ill-natured pleasure in St.Mary Mead. Miss Lavinia had boasted so much of Mary. And all the time, my dear, just a common thief!

Interesting revelation followed. Not only had Mary disappeared into the blue, but the agency which had provided her and vouched for her credentials was alarmed to find that Mary Higgins who had applied to them and whole references they had taken up had, to all intents and purposes, never existed. It was the name of a bona fide servant who had lived with the bona fide sister of a dean, but the real Mary Higgins was existing peacefully in a place in Cornwall.

"Clever", Inspector Slack was forced to admit. "And if you ask me, that woman works in with a gang. There was a case of much the same kind in Northumberland a year ago. Stuff was never traced and they never caught her. However, we'll do better than that in Much Benham!"

Inspector Slack was always a confident man.

Nevertheless, weeks passed and Mary Higgins remained triumphantly at large. In vain Inspector Slack redoubled that energy that so belied his name.

Miss Lavinia remained tearful. Miss Emily was so upset and felt so alarmed by her condition that she actually sent for Dr.Haydock.

The whole of the village was terribly anxious to know what he thought of Miss Emily's claims to ill health but naturally could not ask him. Satisfactory data came to hand on the subject, however, through Mr.Meek, the chemist's assistant, who was walking out with Clara, Mrs.Price-Ridley's maid. It was then known that Dr.Haydock had prescribed a mixture of asafoetida and valerian which, according to Mr.Meek was the stock remedy for malingeress in the army!

Soon afterward it was learned that Miss Emily, was declaring that in the state of her health she felt it her duty to be near the specialist in London who understood her case. It was, she said, only fair to Lavinia.

The flat was put up for subletting.

It was a few days after that that Miss Marple, rather pink and flustered called at the police station in Much Benham and asked the Inspector Slack.

Inspector Slack did not like Miss Marple. But he was aware that the chief constable, Colonel Melchett, did not share that opinion. Rather grudgingly, therefore, he received her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Marple. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, dear", said Miss Marple, "I'm afraid you're in a hurry".

"Lot of work on", said Inspector Slack, "but I can share a few moments".

"Oh, dear", said Miss Marple. "I hope I shall be able to put what I say properly. So difficult, you know, to explain oneself, don't you think? But you see, not having been educated

in the modern style - just a governess, you know, who taught one the dates of the Kings of England and General Knowledge - and how needles are made and all that. Discursive, you know, but not teaching one to keep to the point. It's about Miss Skinner's maid, Gladys, you know".

"Mary Higgins", said Inspector Slack.

"Oh yes, the second maid. But its Gladys Holmes I mean - rather an impertinent girl and far too pleased with herself, but really honest, and it's so important that that should be recognized".

"No charge against her so far as I know", said the inspector.

"No, I know there isn't a charge - but that makes it worth. Because, you see, people go on thinking things. What I really mean is that the important thing is to find Mary Higgins".

"Certainly", said Inspector Slack. "Have you any ideas on the subject?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I have", said Miss Marple. "May I ask you a question? Are fingerprints of no use to you?"

"Ah", said Inspector Slack, "that's where she was a bit too artful for us. Did most of her work in gloves, of housemaid's gloves, it seems. And she'd been careful - wiped off everything in her bedroom and on the sink. Couldn't find a single fingerprint!"

"If you did have her fingerprints, would it help?"

"It might, madam. They may be known at the Yard. This isn't her first job, I'd say!"

Miss Marple nodded brightly. She opened her bag and extracted a small cardboard box. Inside it, wedged in cotton wool, was a small mirror.

"From my handbag", said Miss Marple. "The maid's prints are on it. I think they should be satisfactory - she touched an extremely sticky substance a moment previously".

Inspector Slack stared.

"Did you get her fingerprints on purpose?"

"Of course".

"You suspected her then?"

"Well, you know, it did strike me that she was a little too good to be true. I told Miss Lavinia so. But she simply wouldn't take the hint! I don't believe in paragons. Most of us have our faults - and domestic service shows them up very quickly!"

"Well", said Inspector Slack, recovering his balance, "I'm obliged to you, I'm sure. We'll send these up to the Yard and see what they have to say".

He stopped. Miss Marple had put her head a little on one side and was regarding him with a good deal of meaning.

"You wouldn't consider, I suppose, Inspector, looking a little nearer home?"

"What do you mean, Miss Marple?"

"It's very difficult to explain, but when you come across a peculiar thing you notice it. Although, often, peculiar things may be the merest trifles. I've felt that all along, you know; I mean about Gladys and the brooch. She's an honest girl; she didn't take that brooch. Then why did Miss Skinner think she did? Miss Skinner's not a fool, far from it! Why was she so anxious to let a girl go who was a good servant when servants are hard to get? It was peculiar, you know. So I wondered. I wondered a good deal. And I noticed another peculiar thing! Miss Emily's hypochondriac, but she's the first hypochondriac who hasn't sent for some doctor or other at once. Hypochondriacs love doctors. Miss Emily didn't!"

"What are you suggesting, Miss Marple?"

"Well, I'm suggesting, you know, that Miss Lavinia and Miss Emily are peculiar people. Miss Emily spends nearly all her time in a dark room. And if that hair of hers isn't a wig, I - I'll eat my own back switch! And what I say is this - it's perfectly possible for a thin, pale, grey-haired, whining woman to be the same as a black-haired, rosy-cheeked, plump woman. And nobody that I can find ever saw Miss Emily and Mary Higgins at one and the same time.

"Plenty of time to get impressions of all the keys, plenty of time to find out all about the

other tenants, and then - get rid of the local girl. Miss Emily takes a brisk walk across country one night and arrives at the station as Mary Higgins next day. And then, at the right moment, Mary Higgins disappears, and off goes the hue and cry after her. I'll tell you where you'll find her, Inspector. On Miss Emily Skinner's sofa! Get her fingerprints if you don't believe me, but you'll find I'm right! A couple of clever thieves, that's what the Skinners are - and no doubt in league with a clever post and rails or fence or whatever you call it. But they won't get away with it this time! I'm not going to have one of our village girl's characters for honesty taken away like that! Gladys Holmes is as honest as the day and everybody's going to know it! Good afternoon!"

Miss Marple had stalked out before Inspector Slack had recovered.

"Whew!" he muttered. "I wonder if she's right".

He soon found out that Miss Marple was right again.

Colonel Melchett congratulated Slack on his efficiency, and Miss Marple had Gladys come to tea with Edna and spoke to her seriously on setting down in a good situation when she got one.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Miss Marple looked slightly surprised. Her recollection of Gladys, who had occasionally come to drink coffee in the kitchen on her "days out", was a slim, giggling girl of equable temperament.

2. You see, one of Miss Emily's rings was missing, and such a hue and cry for it as never was and of course, nobody likes a thing like that to happen.

3. And the very next day as ever was a plate got broken, and Miss Lavinia, she bounced out right away and told Mary to take a month's notice.

4. Modern Hall was a big Victorian house surrounded by woods and park land.

5. A rich and polite old lady had a passion for birds and entertained a feathered gathering to meals every day.

6. Miss Marple was acquainted with all the tenants though she knew everybody of them well.

7. Only Miss Lavinia believed in her sister's martyrdom and willingly ran errands and trotted up and down to the village for things that my sister had suddenly fancied.

8. "And it's my opinion", said the outspoken Miss Hartnell, "that she's very wise not to send for him. Dear Dr. Haydock, in that breezy manner of his, would tell her that there was nothing the matter with her and to get up and not make a fuss!"

9. Lavinia Skinner was a short, gaunt, bony female of forty. She had a tender voice and an abrupt manner.

10. Miss Emily was lying in arm-chair, apparently enjoying the half gloom and her own indefinite sufferings.

11. There was a smell in the room of medicine.

12. Some strong tea and two slices of lemon - no lemons?

13. Miss Emily smiled feebly at her guest and remarked that she did hate giving anyone any trouble.

14. Miss Marple told Edna that evening that she was afraid her mission had met with success.

15. A four years reference recommending her most warmly, she prefers the country and actually asks less wages than Gladys. I really feel we have been most fortunate.

16. When Miss Marple next visited Old Hall, on the occasion of recruiting stall holders for the door.

17. Miss Lavinia was looking far less harassed than usual and tendered a handsome monetary contribution and promised to produce a consignment of penwipers and ladies' socks.

18. She's doing quite nicely. Not like your Mary. Still I do know all about Edna, because she's a girl from town.

19. There, there, leave it, I want a cup of tea and a boiled egg – boiled five minutes and a half, remember, and send Miss Lavinia to me.

20. Miss Marple took the bag, dropped it, tried to pick it up, and dropped her bag which flew open.

21. Mary stopped to retrieve the last item, a small mirror, upon recovering which Miss Marple exclaimed fervently, "How lucky now that isn't broken".

22. On the tenth day the village awoke to its big thrill.

23. Old Mrs. Devereux had lost her diamonds which she kept in an unlocked drawer and also some valuable furs given to her as a wedding present.

24. It was the surname of a bona fide servant who had lived with the bona fide sister of a dean, but the real Mary Higgins was existing peacefully in a place in Cornwall.

25. There was a case of much the same kind in Northumberland a year ago.

26. Inspector Slack was always a confident man.

27. Satisfactory data came to hand on the subject, however, through Mr. Meek, the physicist's assistant, who was walking out with Clara, Mrs. Price-Ridley's maid.

28. It was twenty days after that that Miss Marple, rather pink and flustered called at the police station in Much Benham and asked the Inspector Slack.

29. Miss Marple nodded brightly. She opened her bag and extracted a small cardboard box. Inside it, wedged in cotton wool, was a small mirror.

30. "From my pocket", said Miss Marple. "The maid's prints are on it. I think they should be satisfactory - she touched an extremely sticky substance a moment previously".

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. What did Edna say to Miss Marple?
2. What is Miss Marple?
3. Describe Gladys.
4. What happened with Miss Emily's brooches?
5. What can you tell about Old Hall and its tenants?
6. Why did Dr. Haydock come?
7. Characterise Lavinia Skinner.
8. What kind of smell was in the room?
9. Where has Mrs. Devereux kept her diamonds?
10. What is Inspector Slack and why he did not like Miss Marple?

***Exercise 3. Find in the text:***

- дуже засмучена з цього приводу ...
- могла добре уявити, які зусилля ...
- дуже молоде подружжя ...
- була знайома з усіма ...
- найсучасніший курс лікування ...
- вести розмову у цьому напрямку ...
- мені шкода її чоловіка ...
- хоча на мою думку ...
- схоже на пташине гніздо ...
- пообіцяла зробити накладну на ...
- все було зіпсовано ...
- зварені за три з половиною хвилини ...

- старомодний шкіряний гаманець ...
- зберігала у незамкненому комоді ...
- мала звичку прогулюватися по саду ...
- почувалась стурбованою ...
- прописав ліки ...
- стан її здоров'я ...
- провели майже весь час ...
- багато часу з'ясувати ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. **Recognizing** the idiom, however, Miss Marple said promptly, "Certainly, Edna come in and shut the door. What is it?"
2. "Yes, Edna?" said Miss Marple **encouragingly**.
3. Her **recollection** of Gladys, who had occasionally come to drink tea ...
4. Old Hall was a big Victorian house **surrounded** by woods and park land.
5. ... that a wonderful new man had put her on a most revolutionary course of **treatment** and that she really hoped her health would improve under it.
6. In the sitting-room (a quarter of the late drawing-room, which had been partitioned into a dining-room, drawing-room, bathroom, and **housemaid's** cupboard) ...
7. She is **wonderfully** patient.
8. Miss Emily was lying in bed, apparently enjoying the half gloom and her own indefinite **sufferings**.
9. Lavinia left the room **murmuring** something coherent about bicycling down to the village.
10. Miss Marple told Edna that evening that she was afraid **her** mission had met with no success.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Obediently shutting the door, Edna **advanced** into the room, **pleated** the corner of her apron between her fingers, and **swallowed** once or twice.
2. Gladys **has changed** places rather often before, though, hasn't she?
3. "**It'll get** about", said Edna dismally.
4. Miss Emily continued to lie on sofas, to surround herself with strange little pillboxes, and to reject nearly everything, that **had been cooked** for her ...
5. The door **was opened** to Miss Marple by "Gladdie" looking more depressed than Miss Marple had ever thought possible.
6. "Now who **has been talking**?" I suppose the girl has.
7. I **can fast** until tomorrow.
8. Miss Lavinia **was looking** far less harassed ...
9. I **don't know** what I should do if she left.
10. Her bed **had not been slept** in and the front door was found ajar.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. Miss Marple looked slightly surprised. Her recollection of Gladys, who had occasionally come \_\_\_\_\_ in the kitchen on her "days out", was a stout, giggling girl of equable temperament.

- a) *to drink coffee;*      b) *to drink tea;*      c) *to drink milk;*

2. Old Hall was a big Victorian house surrounded by \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ .

- a) *flowers beds ... hedges;*      b) *trees ... bushes;*      c) *woods ... park land;*

3. Only Miss Lavinia believed in her \_\_\_\_\_ martyrdom and willingly ran errands and trotted up and down to the village for things that my sister had suddenly fancied.

- a) *sister's;*      b) *brother's;*      c) *parents';*

4. There was a smell in the room of \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) *eau de cologne, stale biscuits, ... camphor;*      b) *champagne, tea, ... cigarette;*      c) *coffee, juice, ... camphor;*

5. You'll see the Skinners won't find anyone else, and then perhaps that dreadful \_\_\_\_\_ will have to get up and do something!

- a) *hypochondric brother;*      b) *hypochondric sister;*      c) *hypochondric father;*

6. There, there, leave it, I want a cup of tea and a boiled egg - \_\_\_\_\_, remember, and send Miss Lavinia to me.

- a) *boiled two minutes and a half;*      b) *boiled four minutes and a half;*      c) *boiled three minutes and a half;*

7. Mary standing politely by the door holding \_\_\_\_\_ with a completely expression face.

- a) *a piece of striped rock;*      b) *a piece of flowered paper;*      c) *a piece of polka-dot plastic;*

8. Satisfactory data came to hand on the subject, however, through Mr. Meek, \_\_\_\_\_, who was walking out with Clara, Mrs. Price-Ridley's maid.

- a) *the shop assistant;*      b) *the chemist's assistant;*      c) *the chemist's cashier;*

9. Did most of her work in \_\_\_\_\_, of housemaid's \_\_\_\_\_, it seems.

- a) *suits ... suits;*      b) *jackets ... trousers;*      c) *gloves ... gloves;*

10. Colonel Melchett congratulated Slack on his efficiency, and Miss Marple had Gladys come \_\_\_\_\_ with Edna and spoke to her seriously on setting down in \_\_\_\_\_ when she got one.

- a) *to tea ... a good situation;*      b) *to coffee ... a bad situation;*      c) *to milk ... a good situation;*



*Text 10**Read the story. Translate it***Agatha Christie****THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. DAVENHEIM**

Poirot and I were expecting our old friend Inspector Japp of Scotland Yard to tea. We were sitting round the tea-table awaiting his arrival. Poirot had just finished carefully straightening the cups and saucers which our landlady was in the habit of throwing, rather than placing, on the table. The kettle was on the boil, and a small enamel saucepan beside it contained some thick, sweet chocolate which was more to Poirot's palate than what he described as "your English poison".

A sharp "rat-rat" sounded below, and a few minutes afterwards Japp entered briskly.

"Hope I'm not late", he said as he greeted us. "To tell the truth, I was yarning with Miller, the man who's in charge of the Davenheim case."

I pricked up my ears. For the last three days the papers had been full of the strange disappearance of Mr. Davenheim, senior partner of Davenheim and Salmon, the well-known bankers and financiers. I looked forward to extracting some interesting details from Japp.

"I should have thought", I remarked, "that it would be impossible for anyone to "disappear" nowadays."

Poirot moved a plate of bread and butter, and said sharply: "Be exact, my friend. What do you mean by disappear? To which class of disappearance are you referring?"

"And disappearance classified and labelled, then?" I laughed. Japp smiled also. Poirot frowned at us both.

"But certainly they are! They fall into three categories: First, and most common, the voluntary disappearance. Second, the much abused "loss of memory" case-rare, but occasionally genuine. Third, murder, and a more or less successful disposal of the body. Do you refer to all three as impossible of execution?"

"Very nearly so, I should think. You might lose your own memory, but someone would be sure to recognize you - especially in the case of a well-known man like Davenheim. Then "bodies" can't be made to vanish into thin air. Sooner or later they turn up, concealed in lonely places. Murder will out. In the same way, the absconding clerk, or the domestic defaulter, is bound to be run down in these days; of wireless telegraphy. He can be headed off from foreign countries ports and railways stations are watched; and, as for concealment in this country, his features and appearance will be known to everyone, who reads a daily newspaper."

"Mon ami", said Poirot, "you make one error. You do not allow to the fact that a man who had decided to make away might be that rare machine, a man of method. He might bring intelligence, talent, a careful calculation of detail to the task; and then I do not see why he should not be successful in baffling the police force."

"But not you, I suppose", said Japp good-humouredly, winking at me. "He couldn't baffle you, eh, Monsieur Poirot?"

Poirot endeavoured, with a marked lack of success. "Me also! Why not?"

Japp grinned more widely.

"I don't know", he said. "Miller, the man who's on this case, is a smart chap. You may be very sure he won't overlook a footprint, or a cigar-ash, or a crumb even. He's got eyes that see everything."

"So, mon ami", said Poirot, "has the London sparrow. But all the same, I should not ask the little brown bird to solve the problem of Mr. Davenheim."

"Come now, monsieur, you're not going to run down the value of details as clues?"

"By no means. These things are all good in their way. The danger is they may assume undue importance. Most details are insignificant; one or two are vital. It is the brain, the little grey cells" - he tapped his forehead - "on which one must rely. The senses mislead. One must

seek the truth within - not without."

"You don't mean to say, Monsieur Poirot that you would undertake to solve case without moving from your chair, do you?"

"That is exactly what I mean. I regard myself as a consulting specialist."

Japp slapped his knee. "Bet you a fiver that you can't lay your hand - or rather tell me where to lay my hand - on Mr.Davenheim, dead or alive, before a week is out."

Poirot considered. "Eh bien, mon ami, I accept. Le sport, it is the passion of you English. Now - the facts."

"On Saturday last, as is his usual custom, Mr.Davenheim took the 12.40 train from Victoria to Chingside, where his palatial country place, The Cedars, is situated. After lunch, he strolled round the grounds, and gave various directions to the gardeners. Everybody agrees that his manner was absolutely normal and as usual. After tea he put his head into his wife's boudoir, saying that he was going to stroll down the village and post some letters. He added that he was expecting a Mr. Lowen on business. If he should come before he himself returned, he was to be shown into the study and asked to wait. Davenheim then left the house by the front door, passed leisurely down the drive, and out at the gate, and - was never seen again."

"Pretty, a charming little problem", murmured Poirot. "'Proceed, my good friend."

"About a quarter of an hour later a tall, dark man with a thick black moustache rang the frontdoor bell, and explained that he had an appointment with Mr.Davenheim. He gave the name of Lowen, and in accordance with the banker's instructions was shown into the study. Nearly an hour passed. Mr.Davenheim did not return. Finally Mr.Lowen rang the bell and explained that he was unable to wait any longer, as he must catch his train back to town. Mrs.Davenheim apologized for her husband's absence. Mr.Lowen reiterated his regrets and took his departure.

"Well, as everyone knows, Mr.Davenheim did not return. Early on Sunday morning the police were communicated with, but could make neither head nor tail of the matter. Mr.Davenheim seemed literally to have vanished into thin air. He had not been to the post office; nor had he been seen passing through the village. At the station they were positive he had not departed by any train. If he had hired a car to meet him in some lonely spot, it seems almost certain that by this time, in view of the large reward offered for information, the driver of it would have come forward to tell what he knew. True, there was a small race-meeting at Entfield, five miles away, and if he had walked to that station he might have passed unnoticed in the crowd. But since then his photograph and a full description of him have been circulated in every newspaper, and nobody has been able to give any news of him. We have, of course, received many letters from all over England, but each clue, so far, has ended in disappointment."

"On Monday morning a further sensational discovery came to light. Behind a portiere in Mr.Davenheim's study stands a safe, and that safe had been broken into and rifled. The windows were fastened securely on the inside, which seems to put an ordinary burglary out of court, unless, of course, an accomplice within the house fastened them again afterwards. On the other hand, Sunday having intervened, and the household being in a state of chaos, it is likely that the burglary was committed on the Saturday, and remained undetected until Monday."

"Precisement", said Poirot dryly. "Well, is Mr.Lowen arrested?"

Japp grinned. "Not yet. But he's under pretty close supervision."

Poirot nodded. "What was taken from the safe? Have you any idea?"

"We've been going into that with the junior partner of the firm and Mrs.Davenheim. Apparently there was a considerable amount in bearer bonds, and a very large sum in notes, owing to some large transaction having been just carried through. There was also a small fortune in jewellery. All Mrs.Davenheim's jewels were kept in the safe. The purchasing of them had become a passion with her husband of late years, and hardly a month passed that he did not make her a present of some rare and costly gem."

"Altogether a good haul", said Poirot thoughtfully. "Now, what about Lowen? Is it

known what his business was with Davenheim that evening?"

"Well, the two men were apparently not on very good terms. Lowen is a speculator in quite a small way. It was a matter concerning some South American shares which led the banker to make his appointment."

"Had Davenheim interests in South America, then?"

"I believe so. Mrs.Davenheim happened to mention that he spent all last autumn in Buenos Aires."

"Any trouble in his home life? Were the husband and wife on good terms?"

"I should say his domestic life was quite peaceful and uneventful."

"Mrs.Davenheim is a pleasant, rather unintelligent woman."

"Then we must not look for the solution of the mystery there. Had he any enemies?"

"He had plenty of financial rivals, and no doubt there are many people whom he has got the better of who bear him no particular goodwill. But there was no one likely to make away with him - and, if they had, where is the body?"

"Exactly. As Hastings says, bodies have a habit of coming to light with fatal persistency."

"By the way, one of the gardeners says he saw a figure going round to the side of the house towards the rose-garden. The long French window of the study opens on to the rose-garden, and Mr.Davenheim frequently entered and left the house that way. But the man was a good way off, at work on some cucumber frames, and cannot even say whether it was the figure of his master or not. Also, he cannot tell the time. It must have been before six, as the gardeners cease work at that time."

"And Mr.Davenheim left the house?"

"At half-past five or thereabouts."

"What lies beyond the rose-garden?"

"A lake."

"With a boathouse?"

"Yes, a couple of punts are kept there. I suppose you're thinking of suicide, Monsieur Poirot? Well, I don't mind telling you that Miller's going down tomorrow expressly to see that piece of water dragged. That's the kind of man he is!"

Poirot smiled faintly, and turned to me. "Hastings, I pray you, hand me that copy of Daily Megaphone. If I remember rightly, there is an unusually clear photograph there of missing man."

I rose, and found the sheet required. Poirot studied the features attentively. "H'm!" he murmured. "Wears his hair rather long and wavy, full moustache and pointed beard, bushy eyebrows. Eyes dark?"

The detective nodded. "Well, Monsieur Poirot, what have you got to say to it all? Clear as daylight, eh?"

"On the contrary, most obscure."

The Scotland Yard man looked pleased. "Which gives me great hopes of solving it", finished Poirot placidly.

"Eh?"

"I find it a good sign when a case is obscure. If a thing is clear as daylight - eh bien, mistrust it! Someone made it so."

Japp shook his head almost pityingly. "Well, each to their fancy. But it's not a bad thing to see your way clear ahead."

"I do not see", murmured Poirot. "I shut my eyes - and think."

Japp sighed. "Well you've got a clear week to think in."

"And you will bring me any fresh developments that arise - the result of the labours of the hardworking and lynx-eyed Inspector Miller?"

"Certainly. That's in the bargain."

"Seems a shame, doesn't it?" said Japp to me as I accompanied him to the door. "Like

robbing a child!"

I could not help agreeing with a smile. I was still smiling as I re-entered the room.

"Eh bien!" said Poirot immediately. "You make fun of Papa Poirot, is it not so?" He shook his finger at me. "You do not trust his grey cells? Ah do not be confused! Let us discuss this little problem."

"The lake!" I said significantly.

"And even more than the lake, the boat-house!"

I looked sidewise at Poirot. He was smiling. I felt that, for the moment, it would be quite useless to question him further.

We heard nothing of Japp until the following evening, when he walked in about nine o'clock. I saw at once by his expression that he was bursting with news of some kind.

"Eh bien, my friend", remarked Poirot. "All goes well? But do not tell me that you have discovered the body of Mr. Davenheim in your lake, because I shall not believe you."

"We haven't found the body, but we did find his clothes - the identical clothes he was wearing that day. What do you say to that?"

"Any other clothes missing from the house?"

"No, his valet is quite positive on that point. The rest of his wardrobe is intact. There's more. We've arrested Lowen. One of the maids, whose business is to fasten the bedroom windows, declares that she saw Lowen coming towards the study through the rose-garden about a quarter past six. That would be about ten minutes before he left the house."

"What does he himself say to that?"

"Denied first of all that he had ever left the study. But the maid was positive, and he pretended afterwards that he had forgotten just stepping out of the window to examine an unusual species of rose. Rather a weak story! And there's fresh evidence against him come to light. Mr. Davenheim always wore a thick gold ring set with a solitaire diamond on the little finger of his right hand. Well, that ring was pawned in London on Saturday night by a man called Billy Kellett! He's already known to the police - did three months last autumn for lifting an old gentleman's watch. It seems he tried to pawn the ring at no less than five different places, succeeded at the last one, got gloriously drunk on the proceeds, assaulted a policeman, and was run in inconsequence. I went to Bow Street with Miller and saw him. He's sober enough now, and I don't mind admitting we pretty well frightened the life out of him, hinting he might be charged with murder. This is his yarn, and a very queer one it is."

"He was at Entfield races on Saturday, though I dare say scarf pins were his line of business, rather than betting. Anyway, he had a bad day, and was down on his luck. He was tramping along the road to Chingside, and sat down in a ditch to rest just before he got into the village. A few minutes later he noticed a man coming along the road to the village, "dark-complexioned gent, with a big moustache, one of them city toffs", is his description of the man.

"Kellett was half concealed from the road by a heap of stones. Just before he got abreast of him, the man looked quickly up and down the road, and seeing it apparently deserted he took a small object from his pocket and threw it over the hedge. Then he went on towards the station. Now, the object he had thrown over the hedge had fallen with a slight 'chink' which aroused the curiosity of the human derelict in the ditch. He investigated and, after a short search, discovered the ring! That is Kellett's story. It's only fair to say that Lowen denies it utterly, and of course the word of a man like Kellett can't be rolled upon in the slightest. It's within the bounds of possibility that he met Davenheim in the lane and robbed and murdered him."

Poirot shook his head.

"Very improbable, mon ami. He had no means of disposing the body. It would have been found by now. Secondly, the open way in which he pawned the ring makes it unlikely that he did murder to get it. Thirdly, your sneak-thief is rarely a murderer. Fourthly, as he has been in prison since Saturday, it would be too much of a coincidence that he is able to give so accurate a

description of Lowen.”

Japp nodded. “I don’t say you’re not right. But all the same, you won’t get a jury to take much note of a jailbird’s evidence. What seems odd to me is that Lowen couldn’t find a cleverer way of disposing of the ring.”

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. “Well, after all, if it were found in the neighbourhood, it might be argued that Davenheim himself had dropped it.”

“But why remove it from the body at all?” I cried.

“There might be a reason for that”, said Japp. “Do you know that just beyond the lake, a little gate leads out on to the hill, and not three minutes’ walk brings you to - what do you think? - a lime kiln.”

“Good heavens!” I cried. “You mean that the lime which destroyed the body would be powerless to affect the metal of the ring?”

“Exactly.”

“It seems to me”, I said, “that explains everything. What a horrible crime!”

By common consent we both turned and looked at Poirot. He seemed lost in reflection, his brow knitted, as though with some supreme mental effort. I felt that at last his keen intellect was asserting itself. What would his first words be? We were not long left in doubt. With a sigh, the tension of his attitude relaxed, he asked: “Have you any idea, my friend, whether Mr. and Mrs. Davenheim occupied the same bedroom?”

The question seemed so ludicrously inappropriate that for a moment we both stared in silence. Then Japp burst into a laugh. “Good Lord, Monsieur Poirot, I thought you were coming out with something startling. As to your question, I’m sure I don’t know.”

“You could find out?” asked Poirot with curious persistence.

“Oh, certainly - if you really want to know.”

“Merci, mon ami. I should be obliged if you would make a point of it.”

Japp stared at him a few minutes longer, but Poirot seemed to have forgotten us both. The detective shook his head sadly at me, and murmuring, “Poor old fellow! War’s been too much for him!” gently withdrew from the room.

As Poirot seemed sunk in a daydream, I took a sheet of paper, and amused myself by scribbling notes upon it. My friend’s voice aroused me. He had come out of his reverie, and was looking brisk and alert.

“Que faites vous la, mon ami?”

“I was jotting down what occurred to me as the main points of interest in this affair.”

“You become methodical - at last!” said Poirot approvingly.

I considered my pleasure. “Shall I read them to you?”

“By all means.”

I cleared my throat.

“One: All the evidence points to Lowen having been the man who forced the safe.

Two: He had a grudge against Davenheim.

Three: He lied in his first statement that he had never left the study

Four: If you accept Billy Kellett’s story as true, Lowen is unmistakably implicated.”

I paused. “Well?” I asked, for I felt that I had put my finger on all the vital facts.

Poirot looked at me pityingly, shaking his head very gently. “Mon pauvre ami! But it is that you have not the gift! The important detail, you appreciate him never! Also, your reasoning is false.”

“How?”

“Let me take your four points.”

“One: Mr. Lowen could not possibly know that he would have the chance to open the safe. He came for a business interview. He could not know beforehand that Mr. Davenheim would be absent posting a letter, and that he would consequently be alone in the study!”

“He might have seized his opportunity”, I suggested.

“And the tools? City gentleman does not carry round housebreaker’s tools on the off chance! And one could not cut into that safe with a penknife, bien entendu!”

“Well, what about Number Two?”

“You say Lowen had a grudge against Mr.Davenheim. What you mean is that he had once or twice got the better of him. And presumably those transactions were entered into with the view of benefiting himself. In any case you do not as a rule bear a grudge against a man, you have got the better of - it is more likely to be the other way about. Whatever grudge there might have been would have been on Mr.Davenheim side.”

“Well, you can't deny that he lied about never having left the study?”

“No. But he may have been frightened. Remember, the missing man's clothes had just been discovered in the lake. Of course, as usual, he would have done better to speak the truth.”

“And the fourth point?”

“I grant you that. If Kellett’s story is true, Lowen is undeniably implicated. That is what makes the affair so very interesting.”

“Then I did appreciate one vital fact?”

“Perhaps - but you have entirely overlooked the two most important points, the ones which undoubtedly hold the clue to the whole matter.”

“One, the passion which has grown upon Mr.Davenheim in the last few years for buying jewellery. Two, his trip to Buenos Aires last autumn.”

“Poirot, you are joking!”

“I am most serious. Ah, sacred thunder, but I hope Japp will not forget my little commission.”

But the detective, entering into the spirit of the joke, had remembered it so well that a telegram was banded to Poirot about eleven o'clock the next day. At his request I opened it and read it out: “Husband and wife have occupied separate rooms since last winter.”

“Aha!” cried Poirot. “And now we are in mid June! All is solved!”

I stared at him.

“You have no moneys I the bank of Davenheim and Salmon, mon ami?”

“No”, I said, wondering. “Why?”

“Because I should advise you to withdraw it - before it is too late.” “Why, what do you expect?”

“I expect a big smash in a few days - perhaps sooner. Which reminds me, we will return the compliment of a depeche to Japp. A pencil, I pray you, and a form. Voila! “Advise you to withdraw any money deposited with firm in question.” That will intrigue him, the good Japp! His eyes will open wide-wide! He will not comprehend in the slightest - until tomorrow, or the next day!”

I remained sceptical, but the morrow forced me to render tribute to my friend’s remarkable powers. In every paper was a huge headline telling of the sensational failure of the Davenheim bank. The disappearance of the famous financier took on a totally different aspect in the light of the revelation of the financial affairs of the bank.

Before we were half-way through breakfast, the door flew open and Japp rushed in. in his left hand was a paper; in his right was Poirot’s telegram, which he banged down on the table in front of my friend.

“How did you know Monsieur Poirot? How the blazes could you know?”

Poirot smiled placidly at him. “Ah, mon ami, after your wire, it was a certainly! From the commencement, see you; it struck me that the safe burglary was somewhat remarkable. Jewels, ready money, bearer bonds - all so conveniently arranged for - whom? Well, the good Monsieur Davenheim was of those whose “look after Number One” as your saying goes! It seemed almost certain that it was arranged for - himself! Then his passion of late years for buying jewellery!

How simple! The funds he embezzled, he converted into jewels, very likely replacing them in turn with paste duplicates, and so he put away in a safe place, under another name, a considerable fortune to be enjoyed all in good time when everyone has been thrown off the track. His arrangements completed, he makes an appointment with Mr. Lowen (who has been imprudent enough in the past to cross the great man once or twice), drills a hole in the safe, leaves orders that the guest is to be shown into the study, and walks out of the house - where?" Poirot stopped, and stretched out his hand for another boiled egg. He frowned. "It is really insupportable", he murmured, "that every hen lays an egg of a different size! What symmetry can there be on the breakfast table? At least they should sort them in dozens at the shop!"

"Never mind the eggs", said Japp impatiently. "Let them lay 'em square if they like. Tell us where our customer went to when he left The Cedars - that is, if you know!"

"Eh bien, he went to his hiding-place. Ah, this Monsieur Davenheim, there may be some malformation in his grey cells, but they are of the first quality!"

"Do you know where he is hiding?"

"Certainly! It is most ingenious."

"For the Lord's sake, tell us, then!"

Poirot gently collected every fragment of shell from his plate, placed them in the egg-cup, and reversed the empty egg-shell on top of them. This little operation concluded, he smiled on the neat effect, and then beamed affectionately on us both.

"Come, my friends, you are men of intelligence. Ask yourself the question which I asked myself. "If I were this man, where should I hide?" Hastings, what do you say?"

"Well", I said, "I'm rather inclined to think I'd not do a bolt at all. I'd stay in London - in the heart of things, travel by tubes and buses; ten to one I'd never be recognized. There's safety in a crowd."

Poirot turned inquiringly to Japp. "I don't agree. Get clear away at once - that's the only chance. I would have had plenty of time to prepare things beforehand. I'd have a yacht waiting, with steam up, and I'd be off to one of the most out-of-the-way corners of the world before the hue and cry began!"

We both looked at Poirot. "What do you say, monsieur?" For a moment he remained silent. Then a very curious smile flitted across his face.

"My friends, if I were hiding from the police, do you know where I should hide? In a prison!"

"What?"

"You are seeking Monsieur Davenheim in order to put him in prison, so you never dream of looking to see if he may not be already there!"

"What do you mean?"

"You tell me Madame Davenheim is not very intelligent woman. Nevertheless I think that if you took her to Bow Street and confronted her with the man Billy Kellett, she would recognize him! In spite of the fact he has shaved his beard and moustache and those bushy eyebrows, and has cropped his hair close. A woman nearly always knows her husband, though the rest of the world may be deceived!"

"Billy Kellett? But he's known to the police!"

"Did I not tell you Davenheim was a clever man? He prepared his alibi long beforehand. He was not in Buenos Aires last autumn - he was creating the character of Billy Kellett, "doing three months", so that the police should have no suspicions when the time came. He was playing, remember, for a large fortune, as well as liberty. It was worth while doing the thing thoroughly. Only - "

"Yes?"

"Eh bien, afterwards he had to wear a false beard and wig, had to make up as himself again, and to sleep with a false beard is not easy - it invites detection! He cannot risk continuing

to share the chamber of his wife. You found out for me that for the last six months, or ever since his supposed return from Buenos Aires, he and Mrs.Davenheim occupied separate rooms. Then I was sure! Everything fitted in. the gardener who fancied he saw his master going round to the side of the house was quite right. He went to the boathouse, donned his “tramp” clothes, which you may be sure had been safely hidden from the eyes of his valet, dropped the others in the lake, and proceeded to carry out his plan by pawning the ring in an obvious manner, and then assaulting a policeman, getting himself safely into the haven of Bow Street, where nobody would ever dream of looking for him!”

“It's impossible”, murmured Japp.

“Ask Madame”, said my friend, smiling.

The next day a registered letter lay beside Poirot's plate. He opened it, and a five-pound note fluttered out. My friend's brow puckered.

“Ah, sacre! But what shall I do with it? I have much remorse! Ah, an idea! We will have a little dinner, we three! That consoles me. It was really too easy. I am ashamed. I, who would not rob a child! Mon ami, what have you that you laugh so heartily?”

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. The kettle was on the boil, and a small enamel saucepan beside it contained some thick, sweet black chocolate which was more to Poirot's palate than what he described as “your English poison”.

2. They fall into three categories: First, and most common, the voluntary disappearance. Second, the much abused “loss of memory” case-rare, but occasionally genuine. Third, murder, and a more or less successful disposal of the body.

3. These things are all good in their way. The danger is they may assume undue importance. Most details are insignificant; one or two are vital.

4. On Sunday last, as is his usual custom, Mr.Davenheim took the 12.40 train from Victoria to Chingside, where his palatial country place, The Cedars, is situated.

5. About a quarter of an hour later a tall, dark man with a thick fair moustache rang the frontdoor bell, and explained that he had an appointment with Mr.Davenheim.

6. If he had hired a car to meet him in some lonely spot, it seems almost certain that by this time, in view of the large reward offered for information, the driver of it would have come forward to tell what he knew.

7. The windows were unfastened securely on the inside, which seems to put an ordinary burglary out of court, unless, of course, an accomplice within the house fastened them again afterwards.

8. Well, the man was apparently not on very good terms. Lowen is a speculator in quite a small way.

9. The long French window of the study opens on to the rose-garden, and Mr.Davenheim frequently entered and right the house that way. ]

10. Poirot smiled faintly, and turned to me. “Hastings, I pray you, hand me that copy of Daily Megaphone. If I remember rightly, there is an unusually clear photograph there of missing man.”

11. We heard nothing of Japp until the following morning, when he walked in about nine o'clock. I saw at once by his expression that he was bursting with news of some kind.

12. One of the maids, whose business is to fasten the dining-room windows, declares that she saw Lowen coming towards the study through the rose-garden about a quarter past six.

13. But the maid was positive, and he pretended afterwards that he had forgotten just stepping out of the window to examine an unusual species of rose.

14. Billy Kellett is already known to the police - did three months last autumn for lifting



an old gentleman's watch.

15. "Good heavens!" I cried. "You mean that the lime which destroyed the body would be powerless to affect the metal of the diadem?"

16. Have you any idea, my friend, whether Mr. and Mrs. Davenheim occupied the same bedroom?

17. As Poirot seemed sunk in a daydream, I took a sheet of paper, and amused myself by scribbling accounts upon it.

18. One, the passion which has grown upon Mr. Davenheim in the last few years for buying jewellery. Two, his trip to Buenos Aires last autumn.

19. I expect a big smash in a few days - perhaps sooner. Which reminds me, we will return the compliment of a depeche to Japp.

20. Before we were half-way through supper, the door flew open and Japp rushed in. In his left hand was a paper; in his right was Poirot's telegram, which he banged down on the table in front of my friend.

21. Poirot ungently collected every fragment of shell from his plate, placed them in the egg-cup, and reversed the empty egg-shell on top of them.

22. I pricked up my ears. For the last ten days the papers had been full of the strange disappearance of Mr. Davenheim, senior partner of Davenheim and Salmon, the well-known bankers and financiers.

24. Then "bodies" can't be made to vanish into thin air. Sooner or later they turn up, concealed in lonely places.

25. "Mon ami", said Poirot, "you make some errors. You do not allow to the fact that a man who had decided to make away might be that rare machine, a man of method."

26. On Saturday last, as is his usual custom, Mr. Davenheim took the 12.40 train from Victoria to Chingside, where his palatial country place, The Cedars, is situated.

27. After coffee he put his head into his wife's boudoir, saying that he was going to stroll down the village and post some letters.

28. About some hours later a tall, dark man with a thick black moustache rang the frontdoor bell, and explained that he had an appointment with Mr. Davenheim.

29. Finally Mr. Lowen rang the bell and explained that he was unable to wait any longer, as he must catch his train back to town.

30. Murder will out. In the same way, the absconding clerk, or the domestic defaulter, is bound to be run down in these days; of wireless telegraphy.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. Tell about strange disappearance of Mr. Davenheim.
2. What is Mr. Poirot?
3. What time did Mr. Davenheim took the train from Victoria to Chingside?
4. Describe the tall dark man.
5. Where did all Mrs. Davenheim's jewels were kept?
6. What kind of person is Mrs. Davenheim?
7. Why Mr. Poirot was smiling?
8. Who made an appointment with Mr. Lowen?
9. Why Mr. Davenheim shaved his beard and moustache?
10. What did the gardener see?

***Exercise 3. Find in the text:***

- як «ваша англійська отрута» ...
- ти робиш помилку ...
- за своєю звичкою ...

- що його поведінка була цілком нормальна ...
- пояснив, що в нього зустріч ...
- найняв машину ...
- його фото та повний опис ...
- мешканці будинку були у стані ...
- велика сума грошей у банкнотах ...
- були не в хороших стосунках ...
- мені здається, що ви думаєте про самогубство ...
- ясно як день ...
- обговоримо це маленьке питання ...
- новий доказ проти нього ...
- темнолиций джентльмен ...
- якщо б я його знайшов серед сусідів ...
- біля одинадцятої години наступного дня ...
- зникнення відомого фінансиста ...
- ретельно збирав кожну яєчну шкаралупку з тарілки ...
- з нього випала п'ятифунтова банкнота ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. ... which our landlady was in the habit of throwing, rather than placing, on the table.
2. Second, the much abused “loss of memory” case-rare, but occasionally genuine.
3. In the same way, the absconding clerk, or the domestic defaulter, is bound to be run down in these day; of wireless telegraphy.
4. “But not you, I suppose”, said Japp good-humouredly, winking at me.
5. That is exactly what I mean. I regard myself as a consulting specialist.
6. “Pretty, a charming little problem”, murmured Poirot.
7. ... in view of the large reward offered for information, the driver of it would have come forward to tell what he knew.
8. But since then his photograph and a full description of him have been circulated in every newspaper, and nobody has been able to give any news of him.
9. I should say his domestic life was quite peaceful and uneventful.
10. He’s already known to the police - did three months last autumn for lifting an old gentleman’s watch.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle ) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Poirot had just finished carefully straightening the cups and saucers which our landlady was in the habit of throwing, rather than placing, on the table.
2. “Hope I’m not late”, he said as he greeted us. “To tell the truth, I was yarning with Miller, the man who’s in charge of the Davenheim case.”
3. I looked forward to extracting some interesting details from Japp.
4. “I should have thought”, I remarked, “that it would be impossible for anyone to “disappear” nowadays”.

5. Everybody agrees that his manner was absolutely normal and as usual.
6. He added that he was expecting a Mr. Lowen on business.
7. If he should come before he himself returned, he was to be shown into the study and asked to wait.
8. We've been going into that with the junior partner of the firm and Mrs. Davenheim.
9. It must have been before six, as the gardeners cease work at that time.
10. And you will bring me any fresh developments that arise - the result of the labours of the hardworking and lynx-eyed Inspector Miller?

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. For the last three days the papers had been full of the strange disappearance of Mr. Davenheim, \_\_\_\_\_ of Davenheim and Salmon, the well-known bankers and financiers.  
a) *secret partner;*      b) *silent partner;*      c) *senior partner;*
2. In the same way, the absconding clerk, or the domestic defaulter, is bound to be \_\_\_ in these days; of wireless telegraphy.  
a) *gone down;*      b) *run down;*      c) *run away;*
3. About a quarter of an hour later a tall, dark man with \_\_\_ rang the frontdoor bell, and explained that he had an appointment with Mr. Davenheim.  
a) *a thick black moustache;*      b) *a thin grey moustache;*      c) *a black moustache;*
4. Lowen is a speculator in quite a small way. It was a matter concerning \_\_\_ which led the banker to make his appointment.  
a) *two South American shares;*      b) *some South American shares;*      c) *some Western American shares;*
5. The long French window of the study opens on to the \_\_\_, and Mr. Davenheim frequently entered and left the house that way.  
a) *garden;*      b) *yard;*      c) *rose-garden;*
6. Mr. Davenheim always wore \_\_\_\_\_ set with a solitaire diamond on the \_\_\_\_\_ of his right hand.  
a) *a thick gold ring ... little finger;*      b) *a thin silver ring ... thumb;*      c) *a thick gold ring ... middle finger;*
7. In any case you do not as a rule bear \_\_\_\_\_ against a man, you have got the better of - it is more likely to be the other way about.  
a) *an idea;*      b) *any thought;*      c) *a drudge;*
8. Before we were half-way through breakfast, the door flew open and Japp rushed in; in his left hand was \_\_\_; in his right was \_\_\_, which he banged down on the table in front of my friend.  
a) *a paper ... Poirot's telegram;*      b) *a pen ... Poirot's telegram;*      c) *a paper ... Poirot's letter;*
9. You tell me Madame Davenheim is not very \_\_\_\_\_ woman.  
a) *interesting;*      b) *intelligent;*      c) *responsible;*

10. He went to the \_\_\_\_\_, donned his “tramp” clothes, which you may be sure had been safely hidden from the eyes of his valet, dropped the others in the lake, and proceeded to carry out his plan by pawning the \_\_\_\_\_ in an obvious manner, and then assaulting a policeman, getting himself safely into the haven of Bow Street, where nobody would ever dream of looking for him!”

*a) house ... diadem;*

*b) boathouse ... ring;*

*c) house ... ring;*

*Text 11**Read the story. Translate it***Agatha Christie  
TAPE-MEASURE MURDER**

Miss Politt took hold of the knocker and rapped politely on the cottage door. The parcel under her left arm shifted a little as she did so, and she readjusted it. Inside the parcel was Mrs. Spenlow's new green dress, ready for fitting. From Miss Politt's left hand dangled a bag of black silk, containing a tape measure, a pincushion, and a pair of scissors.

Miss Politt was tall, with a sharp nose, pursed lips, and iron-grey hair. She hesitated before using the knocker again. Glancing down the street, she saw a figure rapidly approaching. Miss Hartnell, jolly, weather-beaten, fifty-five, shouted out in her usual loud voice, "Good afternoon, Miss Politt!"

The dressmaker answered, "Good afternoon, Miss Hartnell." Her voice was excessively thin and genteel. She had started life as a lady's maid. "Excuse me", she went on, "but do you happen to know if by any chance Mrs. Spenlow isn't at home?"

"Not the least idea", said Miss Hartnell.

"It's rather awkward, you see. I was to fit on Mrs. Spenlow's new dress this afternoon. Three thirty, she said."

Miss Hartnell consulted her watch. "It's a little past the half-hour now."

"Yes. I have knocked, but there doesn't seem, to be any answer, so I was wondering if Mrs. Spenlow might have gone out and forgotten. She doesn't forget appointments as a rule, and she wants the dress to wear the day after tomorrow."

Miss Hartnell entered the gate and walked up the path to join Miss Politt.

"Why doesn't Gladys answer the door?" she demanded. "Oh, no, of course, it's Thursday – Gladys's day out. I expect Mrs. Spenlow has fallen asleep. I don't expect you've made enough noise with this thing."

Seizing the knocker, she executed a deafening rat-a-tat-tat.

There was no response. Miss Politt murmured. "Oh, I think Mrs. Spenlow must have forgotten and gone out. I'll call round some other time." She began edging away down the path.

"Nonsense", said Miss Hartnell firmly. "She can't have gone out. I'd have met her. I'll just take a look through the windows and see if I can find any signs of life."

She laughed in her usual hearty manner, to indicate that it was a joke, and applied a quick glance to the nearest windowpane - quick because she knew that the front room was seldom used, Mr. and Mrs. Spenlow preferring the small back sitting room.

Miss Hartnell, it is true, saw no signs of life. On the contrary, she saw, through the window, Mrs. Spenlow lying on the hearthrug - dead.

"Of course", said Miss Hartnell, telling the story afterward, "I managed to keep my head. That Politt creature wouldn't have had the least idea of what to do. I said to her. "You stay here and I'll go for Constable Palk." She said something about not wanting to be left, but I paid no attention at all. So I was just going off when, at that very moment. Mr. Spenlow came round the corner of the house."

Here Miss Hartnell made a pause. It enabled her audience to ask. "Tell me, how did he look?"

Miss Hartnell would then go on: "I suspected something at once." He was far too calm. He didn't seem surprised. And it isn't natural for a man to hear that his wife is dead and display no emotion."

Everybody agreed with this statement. The police agreed with it too. When they discovered that Mrs. Spenlow had been the moneyed partner, and that her money went to her husband under a will made soon after their marriage, they were more suspicious than ever.

Miss Marple, that sweet-faced elderly spinster who lived in the house next to the rectory,

was interviewed very early - within half an hour of the discovery of the crime. She was approached by Police Constable Palk, importantly thumbing a notebook. "If you don't mind, ma'am, I've a few questions to ask you."

Miss Marple said, "In connection with the murder of Mrs. Spenlow?"

Palk was startled. "May I ask, madam, how you got to know of it?"

"The fish", said Miss Marple.

The reply was perfectly intelligible to Constable Palk. He assumed correctly that the fishmonger's boy had brought it, together with Miss Marple's evening meal. Miss Marple continued gently. "Lying on the floor in the sitting room, strangled - possibly by a very narrow belt. But whatever it was, it was taken away."

Palk's face was wrathful. "How that young Fred gets to know everything -"

Miss Marple cut him short. She said, "There's a pin in your tunic."

Constable Palk looked down, startled. He said, "They do say: "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck."

"I hope that will come true. Now what is it you want me to tell you?"

Constable Palk cleared his throat, looked important, and consulted his notebook. "Statement was made to me by Mr. Arthur Spenlow. He says that at two thirty, as far as he can say, he was rung up by Miss Marple, and asked if he would come over at a quarter past three as she was anxious to consult him about something. Now, ma'am, is that true?"

"Certainly not", said Miss Marple.

"You did not ring up Mr. Spenlow at two thirty!"

"Neither at two thirty nor any other time."

"Ah", said Constable Palk.

"What else did Mr. Spenlow say?"

"Mr. Spenlow's statement was that he came over here as requested, leaving his own house at ten minutes past three; that on arrival here he was informed by the maid servant that Miss Marple was not at home."

"That part of it is true", said Miss Marple. "He did come here, but I was at a meeting at the Women's Institute."

"Ah", said Constable Palk again.

Miss Marple exclaimed, "Do tell me, Constable, do you suspect Mr. Spenlow?"

"It's not for me to say at this stage, but it looks to me as though somebody, naming no names, had been trying to be artful."

Miss Marple said thoughtfully. "Mr. Spenlow?"

She liked Mr. Spenlow. He was a small, thin man, stiff and conventional in speech. It seemed odd that he should have come to live in the country; he had lived in towns all his life. To Miss Marple he confided the reason. He said: "I have always intended, ever since I was a small boy, to live in the country some day and have a garden of my own. My wife, you know, kept a flower shop. That's where I saw her first."

Mr. Spenlow, however, really knew nothing about flowers. He had no idea of seeds, of cuttings, of bedding out. He had only a vision - a vision of a small cottage garden thickly planted with sweet-smelling, brightly coloured blossoms. He had asked for instruction, and had noted down Miss Marple's replies to questions in a little book.

The late Mrs. Spenlow had begun life as a between-maid in a large house. She had left that position to marry the second gardener, and with him had started a flower shop in London. The shop had prospered. Not so the gardener, who before long had sickened and died.

His widow carried on the shop and enlarged it. She had continued to prosper. Then she had sold the business at a handsome price and embarked upon matrimony for the second time - with Mr. Spenlow, a middle-aged jeweller who had inherited a small business. Not long afterward, they had sold the business and come down to St. Mary Mead.

Mrs. Spenlow was a well-to-do woman. The profits from her florist's establishment she had invested – “under spirit guidance”, as she explained to all and sundry. The spirits had advised her with unexpected acumen.

All her investments had prospered, some in quite a sensational fashion. Instead, however, of this increasing her belief in spiritualism, Mrs. Spenlow basely deserted mediums and sittings, and made a brief but wholehearted plunge into an obscure religion with Indian affinities which was based on various forms of deep breathing. When, however, she arrived at St. Mary Mead, she had relapsed into a period of orthodox Church-of-England beliefs. She was a good deal at the vicarage, and attended church services with careful attention. She patronized the village shops, took an interest in the local happenings, and played village bridge.

A humdrum, everyday life. And – suddenly - murder.

Colonel Melchett, the chief constable, had summoned Inspector Slack.

Slack was a positive type of man. When he had made up his mind, he was sure. He was quite sure now. “Husband did it, sir”, he said.

“You think so?”

“Quite sure of it. You've only got to look at him. Never showed a sign of grief or emotion. He came back to the house knowing she was dead.”

“Wouldn't he at least have tried to act the part of the distracted husband?”

“Not him, sir. Some gentlemen can't act. Too stiff. As I see it, he was just fed up with his wife. She'd got the money, and I should say was a trying woman to live with. He decided to do away with her and live comfortably on his own.”

“Yes, that could be the case, I suppose.”

“Depend upon it that was it. Made his plans careful. Pretended to get a phone call – ”

Melchett interrupted him: “No call been traced?”

“No, sir. That means either that he lied or that the call was put through from a public telephone booth. The only two public phones in the village are at the station and the post office. Post office it certainly wasn't. Mrs. Blade sees everyone who comes in. Station it might be. Train arrives at two twenty-seven and there's a bit of a bustle then. But the main thing is he says it was Miss Marple who called him up, and that certainly isn't true. The call didn't come from her house, and she herself was away.”

“You're not overlooking the possibility that the husband was deliberately got out of the way - by someone who wanted to murder Mrs. Spenlow?”

“You're thinking of young Ted Gerard, aren't you, sir? He doesn't stand to gain anything.”

“He's an undesirable character, though. Quite a pretty little spot of embezzlement to his credit.”

“I'm not saying he isn't a wrong 'un. Still, he did go to his boss and own up to that embezzlement. And his employers weren't wise to it.”

“An Oxford Grouper”, said Melchett.

“Yes, sir. Became a convert and went off to do the straight thing and own up to having pinched money. I'm not saying, mind you, that it mayn't have been astuteness. He may have thought he was suspected and decided to gamble on honest repentance.”

“You have a skeptical mind, Slack”, said Colonel Melchett. “By the way, have you talked to Miss Marple at all?”

“What's she got to do with it, sir?”

“Oh, nothing. But she hears things, you know. Why don't you go and have a chat with her?”

Slack changed the subject. “One thing I've been meaning to ask you, sir: That domestic-service job where the deceased started her career - Sir Robert Abercrombie's place. That's where that jewel robbery was - emeralds - worth a packet. Never got them. I've been looking it up -

must have happened when the Spenlow woman was there, though she'd have been quite a girl at the time. Spenlow, you know, was one of those little tuppenny-ha'penny jewellers - just the chap for a fence."

Melchett shook his head. "Don't think there's anything in that. She didn't even know Spenlow at the time. I remember the case. Opinion in police circles was that a son of the house was mixed up in it awful young waster. Had a pile of debts, and just after the robbery they were all paid off - some rich woman, so they said, but I don't know - old Abercrombie hedged a bit about the - tried to call the police off."

"It was just an idea, sir", said Slack.

Miss Marple received Inspector Slack with gratification, especially when she heard that he had been sent by Colonel Melchett.

"Now, really, that is very kind of Colonel Mechett. I didn't know he remembered me."

"He remembers you, all right. Told me that what you didn't know of what goes on in St. Mary Mead isn't worth knowing."

"Too kind of him, but really I don't know anything at all. About this murder, I mean."

"You know what the talk about it is."

"Of course - but it wouldn't do, would it, to repeat just idle talk?"

Slack said, with an attempt at geniality, "This isn't an official conversation, you know. It's in confidence, so to speak."

"You mean you really want to know what people are saying."

"That's the idea."

"Well, of course, there's been a great deal of talk and speculation. And there are really two distinct camps, if you understand me. To begin with, there are the people who think that the husband did it. A husband or a wife is, in a way, the natural person to suspect, don't you think so?"

"Maybe", said the inspector cautiously.

"Such close quarters, you know. Then, so often, the money angle. I hear that it was Mrs. Spenlow who had the money, and therefore Mr. Spenlow does benefit by her death. In this wicked world I'm afraid the most uncharitable assumptions are often justified."

"He comes into a tidy sum, all right."

"Just so. It would seem quite plausible wouldn't it, for him to strangle her, leave the house by the back, come across the fields to my house, ask for me and pretend he'd had a telephone call from me, then go back and find his wife murdered in his absence - hoping, of course, that the crime would be put down to some tramp or burglar."

The inspector nodded. "What with the money angle - and if they'd been on bad terms lately -"

But Miss Marple interrupted him. "Oh, but they hadn't."

"You know that for a fact?"

"Everyone would have known if they'd quarrelled! The maid, Gladys Brent - she'd have soon spread it round the village."

The inspector said feebly. "She mightn't have known -" and received a pitying smile in reply.

Miss Marple went on. "And then there's she other school of thought. Ted Gerard. A good-looking young man. I'm afraid, you know, that good looks are inclined to influence one more than they should. Our last curate but one - quite a magical effect! All the girls came to church - evening service as well as morning. And many older women became unusually active in parish work - and the slippers and scarves that were made for him! Quite embarrassing for the poor young man.

"But let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, this young man, Ted Gerard. Of course, there has been talk about him. He's come down to see her so often. Though Mrs. Spenlow told me herself



that he was a member of what I think they call the Oxford Group. A religious movement. They are quite sincere and very earnest, I believe, and Mrs. Spenlow was impressed by it all.”

Miss Marple took a breath and went on. “And I’m sure there was no reason to believe that there was anything more in it than that, but you know what people are. Quite a lot of people are convinced that Mrs. Spenlow’d lent the young man quite a lot of money. And it’s perfectly true that he was actually seen at the station that day. In the train - the two twenty-seven down train. But of course it would be quite easy, wouldn’t it, to slip out of the other side of the train and go through the cutting and over the fence and round the hedge and never come out of the station entrance at all. So that he need not have been seen going to the cottage. And, of course, people do think that what Mrs. Spenlow was wearing was rather peculiar.”

“Peculiar?”

“A kimono. Not a dress.” Miss Marple blushed. “That sort of thing, you know, is perhaps, rather suggestive to some people.”

“You think it was suggestive?”

“Oh no, I don’t think so. I think it was perfectly natural.”

“You think it was natural?”

“Under the circumstances, yes.” Miss Marple’s glance was cool and reflective.

Inspector Slack said, “It might give us another motive for the husband. Jealousy.”

“Oh, no. Mr. Spenlow would never be jealous. He’s not the sort of man who notices things.”

Inspector Slack was puzzled by the intent way she was looking at him. He had an idea that all her conversation was intended to hint at something he didn’t understand. She said, “Didn’t you find any clues, Inspector – on the spot?”

“People don’t leave fingerprints and cigarette ash nowadays, Miss Marple.”

“But this, I think”, she suggested, “was an old-fashioned crime -”

Slack said sharply, “Now what do you mean?”

Miss Marple remarked slowly, “I think, you know that Constable Palk could help you. He was the first person on the - on the “scene of the crime”, as they say.”

Mr. Spenlow was sitting in a deckchair. He said, in his thin, clear voice, “I may, of course, be imagining what occurred. My hearing is not as good as it was. But I distinctly think I heard a small boy call after me, “Yah, who’s a Crippen?” It conveyed the impression to me that he was of the opinion that I had - had killed my dear wife.”

Miss Marple, gently snipping off a dead rose head, said, “That was the impression he meant to convey, no doubt. But what could possibly have put such an idea into a child’s head?”

Miss Marple coughed. “Listening, no doubt, to the opinions of his elders.”

“You - you really mean that other people think that, also?”

“Quite half the people in St. Mary Mead.”

“But - my dear lady - what can possibly have given rise to such an idea? I was sincerely attached to my wife. She did not, alas, take to living in the country as much as I had hoped she would do, but perfect agreement on every subject is an impossible idea. I assure you I feel her loss very keenly.”

“Probably. But if you will excuse my saying so, you don’t sound as though you do.”

Mr. Spenlow drew his meagre frame up to its full height. “My dear lady, many years ago I read of a certain Chinese philosopher who, when his dearly loved wife was taken from him, continued calmly to beat a gong in the street - a customary Chinese pastime, I presume - exactly as usual. The people of the city were much impressed by his fortitude.”

“But”, said Miss Marple, “the people of St. Mary Mead react rather differently. Chinese philosophy does not appeal to them.”

“But you understand?”

Miss Marple nodded. “My Uncle Henry”, she explained, “was a man of an unusual self-

control. His motto was "Never display emotion". He, too, was very fond of flowers."

"I was thinking", said Mr. Spenlow with something like eagerness, "that I might, perhaps, have a pergola on the west side of the cottage. Pink roses and, perhaps, wisteria. And there is a white starry flower, whose name for the moment escapes me —"

In the tone in which she spoke to her grandnephew, age three, Miss Marple said, "I have a very nice catalogue here, with pictures. Perhaps you would like to look through it - I have to go up to the village."

Leaving Mr. Spenlow sitting happily in the garden with his catalogue, Miss Marple went up to her room, hastily rolled up a dress in a piece of brown paper, and, leaving the house, walked briskly up to the post office. Miss Politt, the dressmaker, lived in rooms over the post office.

But Miss Marple did not at once go through the door and up the stairs. It was just two thirty, and, a minute late, the Much Benham bus drew up outside the post office door. It was one of the events of the day in St. Mary Mead. The postmistress hurried out with parcels; parcels connected with the shop side of her business, for the post office also dealt in sweets, cheap books, and children's toys.

For some four minutes, Miss Marple was alone in the post office.

Not till the postmistress returned to her post did Miss Marple go upstairs and explain to Miss Politt that she wanted her old grey crepe altered and made more fashionable if that were possible. Miss Politt promised to see what she could do.

The chief constable was rather astonished when Miss Marple's name was brought to him. She came in with many apologies. "So sorry - so very sorry to disturb you. You are so busy, I know, but then you have always been so very kind, Colonel Melchett, and I felt I would rather come to you instead of to Inspector Slack. For one thing, you know, I should hate Constable Palk to get into any trouble. Strictly speaking, I suppose he shouldn't have touched anything at all."

Colonel Melchett was slightly bewildered. He said, "Palk? That's the St. Mary Mead constable, isn't it? What has he been doing?"

"He picked up a pin, you know. It was in his tunic. And it occurred to me at the time that it was quite probable he had actually picked it up in Mrs. Spenlow's house."

"Quite, quite. But after all, you know, what's a pin? Matter of fact, he did pick the pin up just by Mrs. Spenlow's body. Came and told Slack about it yesterday - you put him up to that, I gather? "Oughtn't to have touched anything, of course, but as I said, what's a pin? It was only a common pin. Sort of thing any woman might use."

"Oh, no, Colonel Melchett, that's where you're wrong. To a man's eye, perhaps, it looked like an ordinary pin, but it wasn't. It was a special pin, a very thin pin, the kind used mostly by dressmakers."

Melchett stared at her, a faint light of comprehension breaking in on him. Miss Marple nodded her head several times, eagerly.

"Yes, of course. It seems to me so obvious. She was in her kimono because she was going to try on her new dress, and she went into the front room, and Miss Politt just said something about measurements and put the tape measure round her neck - and then all she'd have to do was to cross it and pull - quite easy, so I've heard. And then, of course, she'd go outside and pull the door to and stand there knocking as though she'd just arrived. But the pin shows she'd already been in the house."

"And it was Miss Politt who telephoned to Spenlow?"

"Yes. From the post office at two thirty - just when the bus comes and the post office would be empty."

Colonel Melchett said, "But my dear Miss Marple, why? In heaven's name, why? You can't have a murder without a motive."

"Well, I think, you know, Colonel Mechett, from all I've heard, that the crime dates from

a long time back. As I see it, the two women were in it together.”

“In what?”

“The robbery. Long ago. Very valuable emeralds, so I’ve heard. The lady’s maid and the tweeny. Because one thing hasn’t been explained - how, when the tweeny married the gardener, did they have enough money to set up a flower shop?”

“The answer is, it was her share of the - the swag, I think is the right expression. Everything she did turned out well. Money made money. But the other one, the lady’s maid, must have been unlucky. She came down to being just a village dressmaker. Then they met again. Quite all right at first, I expect, until Mr. Ted Gerard came on the scene.”

“Mrs. Spenlow, you see, was already suffering from conscience, and was inclined to be emotionally religious. This young man no doubt urged her to “face up” and to “come clean”, and I dare say she was strung up to do it. But Miss Politt didn’t see it that way. All she saw was that she might go to prison for a robbery she had committed years ago. So she made up her mind to put a stop to it all. I’m afraid; you know that she was always rather a wicked woman. I don’t believe she’d have turned a hair if that nice, stupid Mr. Spenlow had been hanged.”

Colonel Melchett said slowly, “We can - er - verify your theory - up to a point. The identity of the Politt woman with the lady’s maid at the Abercrombies”, but -”

Miss Marple reassured him. “It will be all quite easy. She’s the kind of woman who will break down at once when she’s taxed with the truth. And then, you see, I’ve got her tape measure. I - er - abstracted it yesterday when I was trying on. When she misses it and thinks the police have got it - well, she’s quite an ignorant woman and she’ll think it will prove the case against her in some way.”

She smiled at him encouragingly. “You’ll have no trouble, I can assure you.” And he had passed.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. The dressmaker answered, “Good morning, Miss Hartnell.”
2. Miss Hartnell consulted her watch. “It’s a little past the half-hour now.”
3. She laughed in her usual hearty manner, to indicate that it was a joke, and applied a quick glance to the nearest windowpane - quick because she knew that the front room was seldom used, Mr. and Mrs. Spenlow preferring the small back dining room.
4. Everybody agreed with this statement. The police didn’t agree with it too.
5. Miss Marple, that sweet-faced elderly spinster who lived in the house next to the rectory, was interviewed very early - within half an hour of the discovery of the crime.
6. Miss Marple continued gently. “Lying on the floor in the kitchen, strangled - possibly by a very narrow belt.”
7. Constable Palk cleared his chest, looked important, and consulted his notebook.
8. “That part of it is true”, said Miss Marple. “He did come here, but I was at a meeting at the Women’s Institute.”
9. She didn’t like Mr. Spenlow. He was a small, stout man, stiff and conventional in speech.
10. I have always intended, ever since I was a small boy, to live in the country some day and have a garden of my own. My wife, you know, kept a flower shop. That’s where I saw her at the second time.
11. His widow carried on the library and enlarged it. She had continued to prosper. Then she had sold the business at a handsome price and embarked upon matrimony for the second time - with Mr. Spenlow, a middle-aged jeweller who had inherited a small business.
12. Quite sure of it. You’ve only got to look at him. Never showed a sign of grief or emotion. He came back to the house knowing she was dead.

13. No, sir. That means either that he lied or that the call was put through from a private telephone booth.
14. The only three public phones in the village are at the station and the post office.
15. Oxford Group - a political movement.
16. Oh, nothing. But she hears things, you know. Why don't you go and have a letter with her?
17. Opinion in police circles was that a son of the house was mixed up in it awful young waster. Had a pile of debts, and just after the robbery they were all paid off – some rich woman, so they said, but I don't know – old Abercrombie hedged a bit about the – tried to call the police off.
18. Ted Gerard is a bad-looking young man.
19. People think that Mrs.Spenlow was wearing a kimono.
20. Inspector Slack was puzzled by the intent way she was looking at him. He had an idea that all her conversation was intended to hint at something he didn't understand.
21. People left many fingerprints and cigarette ash nowadays, Miss Marple.
22. Mr.Spenlow was sitting in a deckchair. He said, in his thin, clear voice, "I may, of course, be imagining what occurred. My hearing is not as good as it was."
23. Miss Marple nodded. "My Uncle Henry", she explained, "was a man of a usual self-control. His motto was "Never display emotion". He, too, was very fond of flowers."
24. Miss Politt, the dressmaker, lived in rooms over the post office.
25. The chief constable was rather astonished when Miss Marple's name was brought to him. She came in with many invitations.
26. "Oh, no, Colonel Melchett, that's where you're right. To a man's eye, perhaps, it looked like an ordinary pin, but it wasn't.
27. It was a unspecial pin, a very thin pin, the kind used mostly by dressmakers.
28. The robbery. Long ago. Very valuable emeralds, so I've heard. The lady's maid.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. Characterise Miss Politt.
2. What was in Miss Politt's bag?
3. What did the dressmaker say?
4. What room were Mr. and Mrs.Spenlow preferring?
5. How did Miss Marple find out the murder of Mrs.Spenlow?
6. What did Constable Palk see in the notebook?
7. What can you tell about liked Mr.Spenlow.
8. Tell about life and character of Mrs.Spenlow.
9. How Miss Marple has thrown light on this matter?

***Exercise 3. Find in the text:***

- *готове для примірки ...*
- *пішла вздовж стежки зустріти ...*
- *але я не приділила цьому уваги ...*
- *її гроші переходять до її чоловіка по заповіту ...*
- *чи підозрюєте ви М.Спенлоу ...*
- *мав намір, навіть коли ще був маленький ...*
- *звільнилась з роботи, для того, щоб вийти заміж ...*
- *я думаю, що йому обридла його дружина ...*
- *це не офіційна розмова ...*
- *знає, що вони сварились ...*
- *майже дивовижний ефект ...*

- була вражена всім цим ...
- погляд Міс Марпл був холодний ...
- ніколи не був ревнивим ...
- не лишають відбитки пальців та ...
- багато років тому я прочитав книгу одного китайського філософа ...
- можливо, ви хотіли б продивитись це ...
- збиралась поміряти свою нову сукню ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. Miss Politt took hold of the knocker and rapped politely on the cottage door.
2. Inside the parcel was Mrs. Spenlow's new green dress, ready for fitting.
3. She doesn't forget appointments as a rule, and she wants the dress to wear the day after tomorrow.
4. "Nonsense", said Miss Hartnell firmly.
5. It enabled her audience to ask.
6. She was approached by Police ... , importantly thumbing a notebook.
7. Constable Palk cleared his throat, ... and consulted his notebook.
8. ... a small cottage garden thickly planted with sweet-smelling, brightly coloured blossoms.
9. Mrs. Spenlow was a well-to-do woman.
10. And many older women became unusually active in parish work - and the slippers and scarves that were made for him!

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle ) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. She had started life as a lady's maid.
2. Yes. I have knocked, but there doesn't seem, to be any answer, so I was wondering if Mrs. Spenlow might have gone out and forgotten.
3. She can't have gone out.
4. I'd have met her.
5. I'll just take a look through the windows and see if I can find any signs ...
6. ... she knew that the front room was seldom used, Mr. and Mrs. Spenlow preferring the small back sitting room.
7. It's not for me to say at this stage, but it looks to me as though somebody, naming no names, had been trying to be artful.
8. You're not overlooking the possibility that the husband was ... ?
9. But Miss Politt didn't see it that way.
10. But the other one, the lady's maid, must have been unlucky.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. She doesn't forget \_\_\_ as a rule, and she wants the dress to wear the day after

tomorrow.

a) *ideas;*                      b) *deals;*                      c) *appointments;*

2. And it isn't \_\_\_ for a man to hear that his wife is dead and display no \_\_\_.

a) *essential ... feelings;*                      b) *natural ... emotion;*                      c) *natural ... feelings;*

3. He says that at \_\_\_\_, as far as he can say, he was rung up by Miss Marple, and asked if he would come over at a quarter past three as she was anxious to consult him about something.

a) *three forty;*                      b) *three thirty;*                      c) *two thirty;*

4. Then she had sold the business at a handsome price and embarked upon matrimony for the \_\_\_ time – with Mr. Spenlow, a middle-aged jeweller who had inherited \_\_\_\_.

a) *third ... a small*                      b) *second ... a small business;*                      c) *first ... a big business;*  
*factory;*

5. All her investments had \_\_\_\_, some in quite a sensational fashion.

a) *prospered;*                      b) *failed;*                      c) *continued;*

6. Opinion in police circles was that \_\_\_ of the house was mixed up in that awful young \_\_\_.

a) *a sister ... brother;*                      b) *a son ... waster;*                      c) *a host ... waster;*

7. Just so. It would seem quite plausible wouldn't it, for him to strangle her, leave the house by the back, come across the fields to my house, ask for me and pretend he'd had \_\_\_ from me, then go back and find his wife murdered in his absence - hoping, of course, that the crime would be put down to some tramp or burglar.

a) *a call;*                      b) *a visit;*                      c) *a telephone call;*

8. Miss Marple, gently snipping off \_\_\_\_, said, "That was the impression he meant to convey, no doubt."

a) *a dead rose head;*                      b) *a dead tulipe head;*                      c) *a dead camomole head;*

9. Oughtn't to have touched anything, of course, but as I said, what's \_\_\_? It was only a common \_\_\_\_.

a) *a pin ... a pin;*                      b) *a comb ... a pin;*                      c) *a comb ... a comb;*

10. All she saw was that she might go to \_\_\_ for a robbery she had committed years ago.

a) *prison;*                      b) *house;*                      c) *police station;*

*Text 12**Read the story. Translate it***Agatha Christie  
STRANGE JEST**

“And this”, said fane Helier, completing her introductions, “is Miss Marple!”

Being an actress, she was able to make her point. Her tone was equally compounded of reverent awe and triumph.

The odd part of it was that the object thus proudly proclaimed was merely a gentle elderly spinster. In the eyes of the two young people who had just made her acquaintance, there showed incredulity and a tinge of dismay. They were nice-looking people - the girl, Charmian Stroud, slim and dark; the man, Edward Rossiter, a fair-haired, amiable young giant.

Charmian said, a little breathlessly, “Oh, we’re awfully pleased to meet you.” But there was doubt in her eyes. She flung a quick, questioning glance at fane Helier.

“Darling”, said Jane, answering the glance, “she’s absolutely marvellous. Leave it to her. I told you I’d get her here and I have.” She added to Miss Marple: “Tou’ll fix it for them, I know. It will be easy for you.”

Miss Marple turned her placid, blue eyes toward Mr Rossiter. “Won’t you tell me”, she said, “what all this is about?”

“Jane’s a friend of ours”, Charmian broke in impatiently. “Edward and I are in rather a fix. Jane said if we would come to her party, she’d introduce us to someone who was - who would - who could ...”

Edward came to the rescue. “Jane tells us you’re the only person who can help us, Miss Marple!”

The old lady’s eyes twinkled, but she protested modestly: “Well, living in a village as I do, one gets to know so much about human nature. But really you have made me quite curious. Do tell me your problem.”

“I’m afraid it’s terribly hackneyed - just buried treasure”, said Edward.

“Indeed? But that sounds most exciting!”

“I know. Like Treasure Island. But our problem lacks the usual romantic touches. No point on a chart indicated by skull and crossbones, no directions like “four paces to the left, west by north”. It’s horribly prosaic - just where we ought to dig.”

“Have you tried at all?”

“I should say we’d dug about two solid acres! The whole place is ready to be turned into a market garden. We’re just discussing whether to grow vegetable marrows or potatoes.” Charmian said, rather abruptly, “May we really tell you all about it?”

“But, of course, my dear.” Then let’s find a peaceful spot. Come on, Edward.” She led the way out of the overcrowded and smoke-filled room, and they went up the stairs, to a small sitting room on the second floor.

When they were seated, Charmian began abruptly: “The story starts with Uncle Mathew, uncle - or rather, great-great-uncle - to both of us. Edward and I were his only relations. He was fond of us and always declared that when he died he would leave his money between us. Well, he died last March and left everything he had to be divided equally between Edward and myself. What I’ve just said sounds rather callous - I don’t mean that it was right that he died - actually we were very fond of him. But he’d been ill for some time. “The point is that the “everything” he left turned out to be practically nothing at all. And that, frankly, was a bit of a blow to us both, wasn’t it, Edward?”

The amiable Edward agreed. “You see”, he said, “we’d counted on it a bit. I mean, when you know a good bit of money is coming to you, you don’t - well - buckle down and try to make it yourself. I’m in the Army - not got anything to speak of outside my pay. Charmian works as a stage manager in a repertory theatre - quite interesting and she enjoys it - but no money in it.

We'd counted on getting married but weren't worried about the money side of it because we both knew we'd be well off some day."

"And now, you see, we're not!" said Charmian. "What's more, Ansteys – that's the family place, and Edward and I both love it - will probably have to be sold. And Edward and I feel we just can't bear that! But if we don't find Uncle Mathew's money, we shall have to sell."

Edward said, "You know, Charmian, we still haven't come to the vital point."

"Well, you talk then."

Edward turned to Miss Marple. "It's like this, you see. As Uncle Mathew grew older, he got more and more suspicious. He didn't trust anybody."

"Very wise of him", said Miss Marple. "The depravity of human nature is unbelievable."

"Well, you may be right. Anyway, Uncle Mathew thought so. He had a friend who lost his money in a bank and another friend who was ruined by a solicitor. He thought that the only safe and sane thing to do was to convert the money into solid bullion and bury it."

"Ah", said Miss Marple. "I begin to see."

"Yes. Friends argued with him, pointed out that he'd get no interest that way, but he held that that didn't really matter. The bulk of your money, he said, should be "kept in a box under the bed or buried in the garden". Those were his words."

Charmian went on: "And when he died, he left hardly anything at all in securities, though he was very rich. So we think that that's what he must have done."

Edward explained: "We found that he had sold securities and drawn out large sums of money from time to time, and nobody knows what he did with them. But it seems probable that he lived up to his principles and that he did buy gold and bury it."

"He didn't say anything before he died? Leave any paper? No letter?"

"That's the maddening part of it. He didn't. He'd been unconscious for some days, but he rallied before he died. He looked at us both and chuckled - a faint, weak, little chuckle. He said, "You'll be all right, my pair of doves". And then he tapped his eye - his right eye - and winked at us. And then - he died ... Poor old Uncle Mathew."

"He tapped his eye", said Miss Marple thoughtfully.

Edward said eagerly, "Does that convey anything to you?"

Miss Marple shook her head. "No - I can't think of anything at the moment."

Charmian said, disappointedly, "Jane told us you'd say at once where to dig!"

Miss Marple smiled. "I'm not a conjurer, you know. I didn't know your uncle, or what sort of man he was, and I don't know the house or the grounds."

Charmian said, "If you did know them?"

"Well, it must be quite simple really, mustn't it?" said Miss Marple.

"Simple!" said Charmian. "You come down to Ansteys and see if it's simple!"

It is possible that she did not mean the invitation to be taken seriously, but Miss Marple said briskly, "Well, really, my dear, that's very kind of you. I've always wanted to have the chance of looking for buried treasure. And", she added, looking at them with a smile, "with a love interest too!"

"You see!" said Charmian, gesturing dramatically. They had just completed a grand tour of Ansteys. They had been round the kitchen garden - heavily trenched. They had been through the little woods, where every important tree had been dug round, and had gazed sadly on the pitted surface of the once smooth lawn. They had been up to the attic, where old trunks and chests had been rifled of their contents. They had been down to the cellars, where flagstones had been heaved unwillingly from their sockets. They had measured and tapped walls, and Miss Marple had been shown every antique piece of furniture that contained or could be suspected of containing a secret drawer.

On a table in the morning room there was a heap of papers - all the papers that the late Mathew Stroud had left. Not one had been destroyed, and Charmian and Edward were wont to



return to them again and again, earnestly perusing bills, and business correspondence in the hope of spotting a hitherto unnoticed clue. "Can you think of anywhere we haven't looked?" demanded Charmian hopefully.

Miss Marple shook her head. "You seem to have been very thorough, my dear. Perhaps, if I may say so, just a little too thorough. I always think, you know, that one should have a plan. It's like my friend, Mrs. Eldritch; she had such a nice little maid, polished linoleum beautifully, but she was so thorough that she polished the bathroom floors too much, and as Mrs. Eldritch was stepping out of the bath the cork mat slipped from under her and she had a very nasty fall and actually broke her leg! Most awkward, because the bathroom door was locked, of course, and the gardener had to get a ladder and come in through the window - terribly distressing to Mrs. Eldritch, who had always been a very modest woman."

Edward moved restlessly. Miss Marple said quickly, "Please forgive me. So apt, I know, to fly off at a tangent. But one thing does remind one of another. And sometimes that is helpful. All I was trying to say was that perhaps if we tried to sharpen our wits and think of a likely place \_"

Edward said crossly, "You think of one, Miss Marple, Charmian's brains and mine are now only beautiful blanks!"

"Dear, dear. Of course - most tiring for you. If you don't mind I'll just look through all this." She indicated the papers on the table. "That is, if there's nothing private."

"I'm afraid you won't find anything."

She sat down by the table and methodically worked through the sheaf of documents. As she replaced each one, she sorted them automatically into tidy little heaps. When she had finished she sat staring in front of her for some minutes.

Edward asked, not without a touch of malice, "Well, Miss Marple?"

She came to herself with a little start. "I beg your pardon. Most helpful."

"You've found something relevant?"

"Oh no, nothing like that, but I do believe I know what sort of man your Uncle Mathew was. Rather like my own Uncle Henry, I think. Fond of rather obvious jokes. A bachelor, evidently - I wonder why - perhaps an early disappointment? Methodical up to a point, but not very fond of being tied up - so few bachelors are!"

Behind Miss Marple's back Charmian made a sign to Edward. It said, "She's ga-ga."

Miss Marple was continuing happily to talk of her deceased Uncle Henry. "Very fond of puns, he was. And to some people puns are most annoying. A mere play upon words may be very irritating. He was a suspicious man too. Always was convinced the servants were robbing him. And sometimes, of course, they were, but not always. Toward the end he suspected them of tampering with his food and finally refused to eat anything but boiled eggs! Said nobody could tamper with the inside of a boiled egg. Dear Uncle Henry, he used to be such a merry soul at one time - very fond of his coffee after dinner. He always used to say, "This coffee is very Moorish", meaning, you know, that he'd like a little more."

Edward felt that if he heard any more about Uncle Henry he'd go mad.

"Fond of young people, too", went on Miss Marple, "but inclined to tease them a little, if you know what I mean. Used to put bags of sweets where a child just couldn't reach them."

Edward and Charmian pounced on the find together. With trembling fingers Edward unfolded the paper. He dropped it with an exclamation of disgust.

"A cookery recipe. Baked ham!"

Charmian was untying a ribbon that held the letters together. She drew one out and glanced at it. "Love letters!"

Miss Marple reacted with Victorian gusto. "How interesting! Perhaps the reason your uncle never married."

Charmian read aloud: "My ever dear Mathew, I must confess that the time seems long

indeed since I received your last letter. I try to occupy myself with the various tasks allotted to me, and often say to myself that I am indeed fortunate to see so much of the globe, though little did I think when I went to America that I should voyage off to these far islands!”

Charmian broke off. “Where is it from? Oh, Hawaii!” She went on: “Alas, these natives are still far from seeing the light. They are in an unclothed and savage state and spend most of their time swimming and dancing, adorning themselves with garlands of flowers. Mr Gray had made some converts but it is up-hill work and he and Mrs Gray get sadly discouraged. I try to do all I can to cheer and encourage him, but I, too, am often sad for a reason you can guess, dear Mathew. Alas, absence is severe trial to a loving heart. Your renewed vows and protestations of affection cheered me greatly. Now and always you have my faithful and devoted heart, dear Mathew, and I remain - Your true love, Betty Martin “P.S. - I address my letter under cover to our mutual friend, Matilda Graves, as usual. I hope Heaven will pardon this little subterfuge.”

Edward whistled. “A female missionary! So that was Uncle Mathew’s romance. I wonder why they never married?”

“She seems to have gone all over the world”, said Charmian, looking through the letters. “Mauritius - all sorts of places. Probably died of yellow fever or something.”

A gentle chuckle made them start. Miss Marple was apparently much amused. “Well, well”, she said. “Fancy that, now!”

She was reading the recipe for baked ham. Seeing their inquiring glances, she read out: “Baked Ham with Spinach. Take a nice piece of gammon, stuff with cloves and cover with brown sugar. Bake in a slow oven. Serve with a border of pureed spinach.”

“What do you think of that now?”

“I think it sounds filthy”, said Edward.

“No, no, actually it would be very good - but what do you think of the whole thing?”

A sudden ray of light illuminated Edward’s face. “Do you think it’s a code - cryptogram of some kind?” He seized it. “Look here, Charmian, it might be, you know! No reason to put a cooking recipe in a secret drawer otherwise.”

“Exactly”, said Miss Marple. “Very, very significant.”

Charmian said, “I know what it might be - invisible ink! Let’s heat it. Turn on the electric fire.”

Edward did so. But no signs of writing appeared under the treatment.

Miss Marple coughed. “I really think, you know, that you’re making it rather too difficult. The recipe is only an indication, so to speak. It is, I think, the letters that are significant.”

“The letters?”

“Especially”, said Miss Marple, “the signature.”

But Edward hardly heard her. He called excitedly, “Charmian! Come here! She’s right. See - the envelopes are old enough, but the letters themselves were written much later.”

“Exactly”, said Miss Marple.

“They’re only fake old. I bet anything old Uncle Mat faked them himself—”

“Precisely”, said Miss Marple. “The whole thing’s a sell. There never was a female missionary. It must be a code.”

“My dear, dear children – there’s really no need to make it all so difficult. Your uncle was really a very simple man. He had to have his little joke that was all.”

For the first time they gave her their full attention. “Just exactly what do you mean, Miss Marple?” asked Charmian.

“I mean, dear, that you’re actually holding the money in your hand this minute.”

Charmian stared down. “The signature, dear. That gives the whole thing away. The recipe is just an indication. Shorn of all the cloves and brown sugar and the rest of it, what is it actually? Why, gammon and spinach to be sure! Gammon and spinach! Meaning - nonsense! So

it's clear that it's the letters that are important. And then, if you take into consideration what your uncle did just before he died. He tapped his eye, you said. Well, there you are - that gives you the clue."

Charmian said, "Are we mad, or are you?"

"Surely, my dear, you must have heard of the expression meaning that something is not a true picture, or has it quite died out nowadays: Ali my eye and Betty Martin."

Edward gasped, his eyes falling to the letter in his hand. "Betty Martin -"

"Of course, Mr. Rossiter. As you have just said, there isn't - there wasn't any such person. The letters were written by your uncle, and I dare say he got a lot of fun out of writing them! As you say, the writing on the envelopes is much older - in fact, the envelopes couldn't belong to the letters anyway, because the postmark of the one you are holding is eighteen fifty-one."

She paused. She made it very emphatic: "Eighteen fifty-one. And that explains everything, doesn't it?"

"Not to me", said Edward.

"Well, of course", said Miss Marple, "I dare say it wouldn't to me if it weren't for my great-nephew Lionel. Such a dear little boy and a passionate stamp collector. Know all about stamps. It was he who told me about rare and expensive stamps and that a wonderful new find had come up for auction. And I actually remember his mentioning one stamp - an 1851 blue 2 cent. It realized something like 525,000, believe. Fancy! I should imagine that the other stamps are something also rare and expensive. No doubt your uncle bought through dealers and was careful to "cover his tracks", as they say in detective stories."

Edward groaned. He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"What's the matter?" demanded Charmian.

"Nothing. It's only the awful thought that, but for Miss Marple, we might have burned these letters in a descent, gentlemanly way!"

"Ah", said Miss Marple, "that's just what these old gentlemen who are fond of their joke never realize. My Uncle Henry, I remember, sent a favourite niece a five-pound note for a Christmas present. He put it inside a Christmas card, gummed the card together, and wrote on it: "Love and best wishes. Afraid this is all I can manage this year."

"She, poor girl, was annoyed at what she thought was his meanness and threw it all straight into the fire. So then, of course, he had to give her another."

Edward's feelings toward Uncle Henry had suffered an abrupt and complete change.

"Miss Marple", he said, "I'm going to get a bottle of champagne. We'll drink the health of your Uncle Henry."

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Being an engineer, she was able to make her point. Her tone was equally compounded of reverent awe and triumph.
2. They were nice-looking people - the boy, Charmian Stroud, slim and dark; the man, Edward Rossiter, a fair-haired, amiable young giant.
3. Miss Marple turned her placid, black eyes toward Mr Rossiter. "Won't you tell me", she said, "what all this is about?"
4. The old lady's eyes twinkled, but she protested modestly: "Well, living in a village as I do, one gets to know so much about human nature."
5. No point on a chart indicated by skull and crossbones, no directions like "four paces to the left, west by north."
6. We're just discussing whether to grow vegetable marrows or carrots.
7. Charmian works as a sales manager in a repertory theatre - quite interesting and she enjoys it - but no money in it.

8. Edward turned to Miss Marple. "It's like this, you see. As Uncle Mathew grew older, he got more and more suspicious. He didn't trust anybody."

9. He had a friend who lost his money in a bank and another friend who was ruined by a state manager.

10. Charmian went on: "And when he died, he left hardly anything at all in securities, though he was very rich. So we think that that's what he must have done."

11. He'd been unconscious for five days, but he rallied before he died.

12. Miss Marple shouted. "I'm not a conjurer, you know. I didn't know your uncle, or what sort of man he was, and I don't know the house or the grounds."

13. They had been round the kitchen garden - heavily trenched.

14. They had measured and tapped walls, and Miss Marple had been shown every antique piece of furniture that contained or could be suspected of containing a secret drawer.

15. Miss Marple shook her hand. "You seem to have been very thorough, my dear. Perhaps, if I may say so, just a little too thorough."

16. Most awkward, because the bathroom window was locked, of course, and the gardener had to get a ladder and come in through the window - terribly distressing to Mrs Eldritch, who had always been a very modest woman."

17. Edward said crossly, "You think of one, Miss Marple, Charmian's brains and mine are now only beautiful blinks!"

18. She indicated the pictures on the table. "That is, if there's nothing private."

19. She sat down by the sofa and methodically worked through the sheaf of documents.

20. She came to herself with a little start. "I beg your pardon. Most helpful."

21. Methodical up to a point, but not very fond of being tied up - so few solicitors are!

22. Dear Uncle Henry, he used to be such a merry soul at one time - very fond of his coffee after breakfast.

23. Edward and Charmian pounced on the find together. With trembling fingers Edward unfolded the paper. He dropped it with an exclamation of disgust.

24. Charmian read aloud: "My ever dear Mathew, I must confess that the time seems long indeed since I received your last postage."

25. They are in an unclothed and savage state and spend most of their time swimming and dancing, adorning themselves with garlands of flowers.

26. "She seems to have gone all over the world", said Charmian, looking through the papers.

27. A sudden ray of light illuminated Edward's hands.

28. Miss Marple sneezed. "I really think, you know, that you're making it rather too difficult. The recipe is only an indication, so to speak. It is, I think, the letters that are significant."

29. They're only fake old. I bet anything young Uncle Mat faked them himself—.

30. For the third time they gave her their full attention. "Just exactly what do you mean, Miss Marple?" asked Charmian.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. Who introduced Miss Marple?
2. Describe Charmian Stroud and Edward Rossiter?
3. What colour of eyes has Miss Marple?
4. Why did they dig?
5. What were they just discussing?
6. What story Charmian told?
7. What position hold Charmian?
8. What did Edward explained?

9. Why did Miss Marple say that she can't think of anything at the moment.
10. What was on a table in the morning room?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- сумнів в її очах ...
- жоден напрямок ...
- тільки одна людина, яка може ...
- маленька вітальня на третьому поверсі ...
- хворів деякий час ...
- став дуже підозрілим ...
- я починаю розуміти ...
- сперечалися з ним ...
- майже нічого в усіх цінних паперах ...
- розчаровано сказав ...
- виміряли стіни ...
- таємна шухлядка ...
- що покійний Метью Строуд лишив ...
- садівник був змушений принести ...
- помітила папери на столі ...
- я знаю, якою людиною був ...
- я дивуюсь чому ...
- відмовлявся їсти нічого крім варених яєць ...
- третячими пальцями Едвард розгорнув ...
- я намагався зробити все, щоб підбадьорити та підтримати ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. They were nice-looking people ... the man a fair-haired, amiable young giant.
2. "Jane's a friend of ours", Charmian broke in impatiently.
3. Indeed? But that sounds most exciting!
4. The old lady's eyes twinkled, but she protested modestly: "Well, living in a village as I do, one gets to know so much about human nature."
5. She led the way out of the overcrowded and smoke-filled room, and they went up the stairs, to a small sitting room on the second floor.
6. We'd counted on getting married but weren't worried about the money side of it because we both knew we'd be well off some day.
7. As Uncle Mathew grew older, he got more and more suspicious.
8. They had just completed a grand tour of Ansteys.
9. ... and as Mrs Eldritch was stepping out of the bath the cork mat ...
10. And sometimes that is helpful.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Being an actress, she was able to make her point. Her tone was equally compounded of

reverent awe and triumph.

2. They were nice-looking people - the girl, Charmian Stroud, slim and dark; the man, Edward Rossiter, a fair-haired, amiable young giant.

3. It will be easy for you.

4. Jane tells us you're the only person who can help us, Miss Marple!

5. But really you have made me quite curious.

6. But he had been ill for some time.

7. I mean, when you know a good bit of money is coming to you, you don't - well - buckle down and try to make it yourself.

8. They had just completed a grand tour of Ansteys.

9. They had measured and tapped walls, and Miss Marple had been shown every antique piece of furniture that contained or could be suspected of containing a secret drawer.

10. All I was trying to say was that perhaps if we tried to sharpen our wits and think of a likely place.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. No point on a chart indicated by \_\_\_\_, no directions like "four paces to the left, west by north".

a) a skull and crossbones;      b) flowers and plants;      c) cats and dogs;

2. She led the way out of the \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_, and they went up the stairs, to a small sitting room on the \_\_\_\_ floor.

a) overcrowded ... b) spacious ... smoke-filled c) big ... fresh-aired room ...  
smoke-filled room ... room ... ground floor;      second floor;  
second floor;

3. But it seems probable that he lived up to his principles and that he did buy \_\_\_\_ and bury it.

a) silver;      b) jewellery;      c) gold;

4. They had \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_ walls, and Miss Marple had been shown every antique piece of furniture that contained or could be suspected of containing a \_\_\_\_.

a) measured ... b) measured ... tapped ... c) papered ... painted ...  
tapped ... wardrobe;      secret drawer;      wardrobe;

5. Most awkward, because the \_\_\_\_ was locked, of course, and the gardener had to get \_\_\_\_ and come in through the window - terribly distressing to Mrs. Eldritch, who had always been a very \_\_\_\_ woman."

a) bathroom door ... b) bedroom door ... a sofa c) room door ... an arm-chair ...  
a ladder ... modest;      ... polite;      modest;

6. As she replaced each one, she sorted them automatically into \_\_\_\_.

a) big stones;      b) tidy little heaps;      c) untidy heaps;

7. Dear Uncle Henry, he used to be such a merry \_\_\_\_ at one time - very fond of his \_\_\_\_ after dinner.

a) soul ... coffee;      b) character ... tea;      c) soul ... drink;

8. Now and always you have my faithful and devoted heart, dear Mathew, and I remain -

Your true love, Betty Martin “P.S. - I address my letter under cover to our \_\_\_\_, Matilda Graves, as usual.

*a) mutual friend;            b) closed friends;            c) relatives;*

9. She was reading the recipe for baked \_\_\_\_.

*a) ham;                            b) apple pie;                    c) meat;*

10. No doubt your uncle bought through dealers and was careful to “cover his tracks”, as they say in \_\_\_\_.

*a) detective stories;        b) belles-lettres;            c) mystery;*

*Text 13**Read the story. Translate it***Thomas Harris****THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS**

The FBI section that deals with serial murder is on the bottom floor of the Academy building at Quantico, half-buried in the earth. Clarice Starling reached it flushed after a fast walk from Hogan's Alley on the firing range. She had grass in her hair and grass stains on her FBI Academy windbreaker from diving to the ground under fire in an arrest problem on the range.

No one was in the outer office, so she fluffed briefly by her reflection in the glass doors. She knew she could look all right without primping. Her hands smelled of gunsmoke, but there was no time to wash - Section Chief Crawford's summons had said *now*.

She found Jack Crawford alone in the cluttered suite of offices. He was standing at someone else's desk talking on the telephone and she had a chance to look him over for the first time in a year. What she saw disturbed her.

Normally, Crawford looked like a fit, middle-aged engineer who might have paid his way through college playing baseball - a crafty catcher, tough when he blocked the plate. Now he was thin, his shirt collar was too big, and he had dark puffs under his reddened eyes. Everyone who could read the papers knew Behavioral Science section was catching hell. Starling hoped Crawford wasn't on the juice. That seemed most unlikely here.

Crawford ended his telephone conversation with a sharp "No." He took her file from under his arm and opened it.

"Starling, Clarice M., good morning", he said.

"Hello." Her smile was only polite.

"Nothing's wrong. I hope the call didn't spook you."

"No." *Not totally true*, Starling thought.

"Your instructors tell me you're doing well, top quarter of the class."

"I hope so, they haven't posted anything."

"I ask them from time to time."

That surprised Starling; she had written Crawford off as a two-faced recruiting sergeant son of a bitch.

She had met Special Agent Crawford when he was a guest lecturer at the University of Virginia. The quality of his criminology seminars was a factor in her coming to the Bureau. She wrote him a note when she qualified for the Academy, but he never replied, and, for the three months she had been a trainee at Quantico, he had ignored her.

Starling came from people who do not ask for favors or press for friendship, but she was puzzled and regretful at Crawford's behavior. Now, in his presence, she liked him again, she was sorry to note.

Clearly something was wrong with him. There was a peculiar cleverness in Crawford, aside from his intelligence, and Starling had first noticed it in his color sense and the textures of his clothing, even within the FBI-clone standards of agent dress. Now he was neat but drab, as though he were molting.

"A job came up and I thought about you", he said. "It's not really a job, it's more of an interesting errand. Push Berry's stuff off that chair and sit down. You put down here that you want to come directly to Behavioral Science when you get through with the Academy."

"I do."

"You have a lot of forensics, but no law-enforcement background. We look for six years, minimum."

"My father was a marshal, I know the life."

Crawford smiled a little. "What you *do* have is a double major in psychology and criminology, and how many summers working in a mental health center - two?"



“Two.”

“Your counselor’s license, is it current?”

“It’s good for two more years. I got it before you had the seminar at UVA - before I decided to do this.”

“You got stuck in the hiring freeze.”

Starling nodded. “I was lucky though - I found out in time to qualify as a Forensic Fellow. Then I could work in the lab until the Academy had an opening.”

“You wrote to me about coming here, didn’t you, and I don’t think I answered - I know I didn’t. I should have.”

“You’ve had plenty else to do.”

“Do you know about VI-CAP?”

“I know it’s the Violent Criminal Apprehension Program. The *Law Enforcement Bulletin* says you’re working on a database, but you aren’t operational yet.”

Crawford nodded. “We’ve developed a questionnaire. It applies to all the known serial murderers in modern times.” He handed her a thick sheaf of papers in a flimsy binding. “There’s a section for investigators, and one for surviving victims, if any. The blue is for the killer to answer if he will, and the pink is a series of questions an examiner asks the killer, getting his reactions as well as his answers. It’s a lot of paperwork.”

Paperwork. Clarice Starling’s self-interest snuffled ahead like a keen beagle. She smelled a job offer coming - probably the drudgery of feeding raw data into a new computer system. It was tempting to get into Behavioral Science in any capacity she could, but she knew what happens to a woman if she’s ever pegged as a secretary - it sticks until the end of time. A choice was coming, and she wanted to choose well.

Crawford was waiting for something - he must have asked her a question. Starling had to scramble to recall it: “What tests have you given? Minnesota Multiphasic, ever? Rorschach?”

“Yes, MMPI, never Rorschach”, she said. “I’ve done Thematic Apperception and I’ve given children Bender-Gestalt.” “Do you spook easily, Starling?” “Not yet.”

“See, we’ve tried to interview and examine all the thirty-two known serial murderers we have in custody, to build up a database for psychological profiling in unsolved cases. Most of them went along with it - I think they’re driven to show off, a lot of them. Twenty-seven were willing to cooperate. Four on death row with appeals pending clammed up, understandably. But the one we want the most, we haven’t been able to get. I want you to go after him tomorrow in the asylum.”

Clarice Starling felt a glad knocking in her chest and some apprehension too.

“Who’s the subject?”

“The psychiatrist – Dr. Hannibal Lecter”, Crawford said.

A brief silence follows the name, always, in any civilized gathering.

Starling looked at Crawford steadily, but she was too still. “Hannibal the Cannibal”, she said.

“Yes.”

“Yes, well - okay, right. I’m glad of the chance, but you have to know I’m wondering - why me?”

“Mainly because you’re available”, Crawford said. “I don’t expect him to cooperate. He’s already refused, but it was through an intermediary - the director of the hospital. I have to be able to say our qualified examiner went to him and asked him personally. There are reasons that don’t concern you. I don’t have anybody left in this section to do it.”

“You’re jammed - Buffalo Bill - and the things in Nevada”, Starling said.

“You got it. It’s the old story - not enough warm bodies.”

“You said tomorrow – you’re in a hurry. Any bearing on a current case?”

“No. I wish there were.”

"If he balks on me, do you still want a psychological evaluation?"

"No. I'm waist-deep in inaccessible-patient evaluations of Dr.Lecter and they're all different."

Crawford shook two vitamin C tablets into his palm, and mixed an Alka-Seltzer at the water cooler to wash them down. "It's ridiculous, you know; Lecter's a psychiatrist and he writes for the psychiatric journals himself - extraordinary stuff - but it's never about his own little anomalies. He pretended to go along with the hospital director, Chilton, once in some tests - sitting around with a blood-pressure cuff on his penis, looking at wreck pictures - then Lecter published first what he'd learned about Chilton and made a fool out of him. He responds to serious correspondence from psychiatric students in fields unrelated to his case, and that's all he does. If he won't talk to you, I just want straight reporting. How does he look, how does his cell look, what's he doing. Local color, so to speak. Watch out for the press going in and coming out. Not the real press, the supermarket press. They love Lecter even better than Prince Andrew."

"Didn't a sleazo magazine offer him fifty thousand dollars for some recipes? I seem to remember that", Starling said.

Crawford nodded. "I'm pretty sure the *National Tattler* has bought somebody inside the hospital and they may know you're coming after I make the appointment."

Crawford leaned forward until he faced her at a distance of two feet. She watched his half-glasses blur the bags under his eyes. He had gargled recently with Listerine.

"Now. I want your full attention, Starling. Are you listening to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be very careful with Hannibal Lecter. Dr.Chilton, the head of the mental hospital, will go over the physical procedure you use to deal with him. Don't deviate from it. *Do not deviate from it one iota for any reason.* If Lecter talks to you at all, he'll just be trying to find out about you. It's the kind of curiosity that makes a snake look in a bird's nest. We both know you have to back-and-forth a little in interviews, but you tell him no specifics about yourself. You don't want any of your personal facts in his head. You know what he did to Will Graham."

"I read about it when it happened."

"He gutted Will with a linoleum knife when Will caught up with him. It's a wonder Will didn't die. Remember the Red Dragon? Lecter turned Francis Dolarhyde onto Will and his family. Will's face looks like damn Picasso drew him, thanks to Lecter. He tore a nurse up in the asylum. Do your job, just don't ever forget what he is."

"And what's that? Do you know?" "I know he's a monster. Beyond that, nobody can say for sure. Maybe you'll find out; I didn't pick you out of a hat, Starling. You asked me a couple of interesting questions when I was at UVA. The Director will see your own report over your signature - if it's clear and tight and organized. I decide that. And I *will* have it by 9.00 Sunday. Okay, Starling, carry on in the prescribed manner."

Crawford simled at her, but his eyes were dead.

Dr.Frederick Chilton, fifty-eight, administrator of the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, has a long, wide desk upon which there are no hard or sharp objects. Some of the staff calls it "the moat". Other staff members don't know what the word *moat* means. Dr. Chilton remained seated behind his desk when Clarice Starling came into his office.

"We've had a lot of detectives here, but I can't remember one so attractive", Chilton said without getting up.

Starling knew without thinking about it that the shine on his extended hand was lanolin from patting his hair. She let go before he did.

"It is *Miss* Sterling, isn't it?"

"It's Starling, Doctor, with an *a*. Thank you for your time."

"So the FBI is going to the girls like everything else, ha, ha." He added the tobacco smile he uses to separate his sentences.

"The Bureau's improving, Dr.Chilton. It certainly is."

"Will you be in Baltimore for several days? You know, you can have just as good a time here as you can in Washington or New York, if you know the town."

She looked away to spare herself his smile and knew at once that he had registered her distaste. "I'm sure it's a great town, but my instructions are to see Dr.Lecter and report back this afternoon."

"Is there someplace I could call you in Washington for a follow-up, later on?"

"Of course. It's kind of you to think of it. Special Agent Jack Crawford's in charge of this project, and you can always reach me through him."

"I see", Chilton said. His cheeks, mottled with pink, clashed with the improbable red-brown of his coif. "Give me your identification, please." He let her remain standing through his leisurely examination of her ID card. Then he handed it back and rose. "This won't take much time. Come along."

"I understood you'd brief me, Dr.Chilton", Starling said.

"I can do that while we walk." He came around his desk, looking at his watch. "I have a lunch in half an hour."

*Dammit, she should have read him better, quicker. He might not be a total jerk. He might know something useful. It wouldn't have hurt her to simmer once, even if she wasn't good at it.*

"Dr.Chilton, I have an appointment with you now. It was set at your convenience, when you could give me some time. Things could come up during the interview - I may need to go over some of his responses with you."

"I really, really doubt it. Oh, I need to make a telephone call before we go. I'll catch up with you in the outer office."

"I'd like to leave my coat and umbrella here."

"Out there", Chilton said. "Give them to Alan in the outer office. He'll put them away."

Alan wore the pajama-like garment issued to the inmates. He was wiping out ashtrays with the tail of his shirt. He rolled his tongue around in his cheek as he took Starling's coat.

"Thank you", she said.

"You're more than welcome. How often do you shit?" Alan asked.

"What did you say?"

"Does it come out lo-o-o-o-nng?"

"I'll hang these somewhere myself."

"You don't have anything in the way - you can bend over and watch it come out and see if it changes color when the air hits it, do you do that? Does it look like you have a big brown tail?" He wouldn't let go of the coat.

"Dr. Chilton wants you in his office, right now", Starling said.

"No, I don't", Dr.Chilton said. "Put the coat in the closet, Alan, and don't get it out while we're gone. *Do it.* I had a full-time office girl, but the cutbacks robbed me of her. Now the girl who let you in types three hours a day, and then I have Alan. Where are all the office girls, Miss Starling?" His spectacles flashed at her. "Are you armed?"

"No, I'm not armed."

"May I see your purse and briefcase?"

"You saw my credentials."

"And they say you're a student. Let me see your things, please."

Clarice Starling flinched as the first of the heavy steel gates clashed shut behind her and the bolt shot home. Chilton walked slightly ahead, down the green institutional corridor in an atmosphere of Lysol and distant slammings. Starling was angry at herself for feting Chilton put his hand in her purse and briefcase, and she stepped hard on the anger so that she could concentrate. It was all right. She felt her control solid beneath her, like a rood gravel bottom in a fast current.

“Lecter’s a considerable nuisance”, Chilton said over his shoulder. “It takes an orderly at least ten minutes a day to remove the staples from the publications he receives. We tried to eliminate or reduce his subscriptions, but he wrote a brief and the court overruled us. The volume of his personal mail used to be enormous. Thankfully, it’s dwindled since he’s been overshadowed by other creatures in the news. For a while it seemed that every little student doing a master’s thesis in psychology wanted something from Lecter in it. The medical journals still publish him, but it’s just for the freak value of his byline.”

“He did a good piece on surgical addiction in the *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry*, I thought”, Starling said.

“You did, did you? *We* tried to study Lecter. We thought, “Here’s an opportunity to make a landmark study” – it’s so rare to get one alive.”

“One what?”

“A pure sociopath, that’s obviously what he is. But he’s impenetrable, much too sophisticated for the standard tests. And, my, does he hate us. He thinks I’m his nemesis. Crawford’s very clever – isn’t he? - using you on Lecter.”

“How do you mean, Dr.Chilton?”

“A young woman to “turn him on”, I believe to call it. I don’t believe Lecter’s seen a woman in several years - he may have gotten a glimpse of one of the cleaning people. We generally keep women out of there. They’re trouble in detention.”

*Well fuck off, Chilton.* “I graduated from the University of Virginia with honors, Doctor. It’s not a charm school.”

“Then you should be able to remember the rules: Do not reach through the bars, do not touch the bars. You pass him nothing but soft paper. No pens, no pencils. He has his own felt-tipped pens some of the time. The paper you pass him must be free of staples, paper clips, or pins. Items come back out through the sliding food carrier. No exceptions. Do not accept anything he attempts to hold out to you through the barrier. Do you understand me?”

“I understand.”

They had passed through two more gates and left the natural light behind. Now they were beyond the wards where inmates can mix together, down in the region where there can be no windows and no mixing. The hallway lights are covered with heavy grids, like the lights in the engine rooms of ships. Dr.Chilton paused beneath one. When their footfalls stopped, Starling could hear somewhere beyond the wall the ragged end of a voice ruined by shouting.

“Lecter is never outside his cell without wearing full restraints and a mouthpiece”, Chilton said. “I’m going to show you why. He was a model of cooperation for the first year after he was committed. Security around him was slightly relaxed - this was under the previous administration, you understand. On die afternoon of July 8, 1976, he complained of chest pain and he was taken to the dispensary. His restraints were removed to make it easier to give him an electrocardiogram. When the nurse bent over him, he did this to her.” Chilton handed Clarice Starling a dog-eared photograph. “The doctors managed to save one of her eyes. Lecter was hooked up to the monitors the entire time. He broke her jaw to get at her tongue. His pulse never got over eighty-five, even when he swallowed it.”

Starling didn’t know which was worse, the photograph or Chilton’s attention as he gleaned her face with fast grabby eyes. She thought of a thirsty chicken pecking tears off her face.

“I keep him in here”, Chilton said, and pushed a button beside heavy double doors of security glass. A big orderly let them into the block beyond.

Starling made a tough decision and stopped just inside the doors. “Dr.Chilton, we really need these test results. If Dr.Lecter feels you’re his enemy - if he’s fixed on you, just as you’ve said - we might have more luck if I approached him by myself. What do you think?”

Chilton’s cheek twitched. “That’s perfectly fine with me. You might have suggested that

in my office. I could have sent an orderly with you and saved the time.”

“I could have suggested it there if you’d briefed me there.”

“I don’t expect I’ll see you again, Miss Starling - Barney, when she’s finished with Lecter, ring for someone to bring her out.”

Chilton left without looking at her again. Now there was only the big impassive orderly and the soundless clock behind him and his wire mesh cabinet with the Mace and restraints, mouthpiece and tranquilizer gun. A wall rack held a long pipe device with a U on the end for pinioning the violent to the wall. The orderly was looking at her. “Dr.Chilton told you, don’t touch the bars?” His voice was both high and hoarse. She was reminded of Aldo Ray. “Yes, he told me.”

“Okay. It’s past the others, the last cell on the right. Stay toward the middle of the corridor as you go down, and don’t mind anything. You can take him his mail; get off on the right foot.” The orderly seemed privately amused. “You just put it in the tray and let it roll through. If the tray’s inside, you can pull it back with the cord, or he can send it back. He can’t reach you where the tray stops outside.” The orderly gave her two magazines, their loose pages spilling out, three newspapers and several opened letters. The corridor was about thirty yards long, with cells on both sides. Some were padded cells with an observation window, long and narrow like an archery slit, in the center of the door. Others were standard prison cells, with a wall of bars opening on the corridor. Clarice Starling was aware of figures in the cells, but she tried not to look at them. She was more than halfway down when a voice hissed, “I can smell your cunt.” She gave no sign that she had heard it, and went on.

The lights were on in the last cell. She moved toward the left side of the corridor to see into it as she approached, knowing her heels announced her.

Dr.Lecter’s cell is well beyond the others, facing only a closet across the corridor, and it is unique in other ways. The front is a wall of bars, but within the bars, at a distance greater than the human reach, is a second barrier, a stout nylon net stretched from floor to ceiling and wall to wall. Behind the net, Starling could see a table bolted to the floor and piled high with softcover books and papers, and a straight chair, also fastened down.

Dr.Hannibal Lecter himself reclined on his bunk, perusing the Italian edition of *Vogue*. He held the loose pages in his right hand and put them beside him one by one with his left. Dr.Lecter has six fingers on his left hand.

Clarice Starling stopped a little distance from the bars, about the length of a small foyer.

“Dr. Lecter.” Her voice sounded all right to her. He looked up from his reading.

For a steep second she thought his gaze hummed, but it was only her blood she heard.

“My name is Clarice Starling. May I talk with you?” Courtesy was implicit in her distance and her tone.

Dr.Lecter considered, his finger pressed against his pursed lips. Then he rose in own time and came forward smoothly in his cage, stopping short of the nylon web without looking at it, as though he chose the distance.

She could see that he was small, sleek; in his hands and arms she saw wiry strength like her own.

“Good morning”, he said, as though he had answered the door. His cultured voice has a slight metallic rasp beneath it, possibly from disuse.

Dr.Lecter’s eyes are maroon and they reflect the light in pinpoints of red. Sometimes the points of light seem to fly like sparks to his center. His eyes held Starling whole.

She came a measured distance closer to the bars. The hair on her forearms rose and pressed against her sleeves.

“Doctor, we have a hard problem in psychological profiling. I want to ask you for your help.”

“We are being Behavioral Science at Quantico. You’re one of Jack Crawford’s, I expect.”

“I am, yes.”

“May I see your credentials?”

She hadn’t expected this. “I showed them at the ... office.”

“You mean you showed them to Frederick Chilton, Ph.D.?”

“Yes.”

“Did you see *his* credentials?”

“No.”

“The academic ones don’t make extensive reading, I can tell you. Did you meet Alan? Isn’t he charming? Which of them had you rather talk with?”

“On the whole, I’d say Alan.”

“You could be a reporter Chilton let in for money. I think I’m entitled to see your credentials.”

“All right.” She held up her laminated ID card.

“I can’t read it at this distance, send it through, please.”

“I can’t.”

“Because it’s hard.”

“Yes.”

“Ask Barney.”

The orderly came and considered. “Dr.Lecter, I’ll let this come through. But if you don’t return it when I ask you to - if we have to bother everybody and secure you to get it - then I’ll be upset. If you upset me, you’ll have to stay bundled up until I feel better toward you. Meals through the tube, dignity pants changed twice a day - the works. And I’ll hold your mail for a week. Got it?”

“Certainly, Barney.”

The card rolled through on the tray and Dr.Lecter held it to the light.

“A trainee? It says “trainee”. Jack Crawford sent a *trainee* to interview me?” He tapped the card against his small white teeth and breathed in its smell.

“Dr.Lecter”, Barney said.

“Of course.” He put the card back in the tray carrier and Barney pulled it to the outside.

“I’m still in training at the Academy, yes”, Starling said, “but we’re not discussing the FBI – we’re talking about psychology. Can you decide for yourself if I’m qualified in what we talk about?”

“Ummm”, Dr.Lecter said. “Actually ... that’s rather slippery of you. Barney, do you think Officer Starling might have a chair?”

“Dr.Chilton didn’t tell me anything about a chair.”

“What do your manners tell you, Barney?”

“Would you like a chair?” Barney asked her. “We could have had one, but he never - well, usually nobody needs to stay that long.”

“Yes, thank you”, Starling said.

Barney brought a folding chair; from the locked closet across the hall, set it up, and left them.

“Now”, Lecter said, sitting sideways at his table to face her, “what did Miggs say to you?”

“Who?”

“Multiple Miggs, in the cell down there. He hissed at you. What did he say?”

“He said, “I can smell your cunt.”

“I see. I myself cannot. You use Evyan skin cream, and sometimes you wear L’Air du Temps, but not today. Today you are determinedly unperfumed. How do you feel about what Miggs said?”

“He’s hostile for reasons I couldn’t know. It’s too bad. He’s hostile to people, people are

hostile to him. It's a loop."

"Are you hostile to him?"

"I'm sorry he's disturbed. Beyond that, he's noise. How did you know about the perfume?"

"A puff from your bag when you got out your card. Your bag is lovely."

"Thank you."

"You brought your best bag, didn't you?"

"Yes." It was true. She had saved for the classic casual handbag, and it was the best item she owned.

"It's much better than your shoes."

"Maybe they'll catch up."

"I have no doubt of it."

"Did you do the drawings on your walls, Doctor?"

"Do you think I called in a decorator?"

"The one over the sink is a European city?"

"It's Florence. That's the Palazzo Vecchio and the Duomo, seen from the Belvedere."

"Did you do it from memory, all the detail?"

"Memory, Officer Starling, is what I have instead of a view."

"The other one is a crucifixion? The middle cross is empty."

"It's Golgotha after the Deposition. Crayon and Magic Marker on butcher paper. It's what the thief who had been promised Paradise really got, when they took the paschal lamb away."

"And what was that?"

"His legs broken of course, just like his companion who mocked Christ. Are you entirely innocent of the Gospel of St John? Look at Duccio, then - he paints accurate crucifixions. How is Will Graham? How does he look?"

"I don't know Will Graham."

"You know who he is. Jack Crawford's protégé. The one before you. How does his face look?"

"I've never seen him."

"This is called 'cutting up a few old touches', Officer Starling, you don't mind, do you?"

Beats of silence and she plunged.

"Better than that, we could touch up a few old cuts here. I brought —"

"No, no, that's stupid and wrong. Never use wit in a segue. Listen, understanding a witticism and replying to it makes your subject perform a fast, detached scan that is inimical to mood. It is on the plank of mood that we proceed. You were doing fine, you'd been courteous and receptive to courtesy, you'd established trust by telling the embarrassing truth about Miggs, and then you come in with a ham-handed segue into your questionnaire. It won't do."

"Dr. Lecter, you're an experienced clinical psychiatrist. Do you think I'm dumb enough to try to run some kind of mood scam on you? Give me some credit. I'm asking you to respond to the questionnaire, and you will or you won't. Would it hurt to look at the thing?" "Officer Starling, have you read any of the papers coming out of Behavioral Science recently?" "Yes."

"So have I. The FBI stupidly refused to send me the *Law Enforcement Bulletin*, but I get it from secondhand dealers, and I have the *News* from John Jay, and the psychiatric journals. They're dividing the people who practice serial murder into two groups - organized and disorganized. What do you think of that?" "It's ... fundamental, they evidently —" "*Simplistic* is the word you want. In fact, most psychology is puerile, Officer Starling, and that practiced in Behavioral Science is on a level with phrenology. Psychology doesn't get very good material to start with. Go to any college psychology department and look at the students and faculty: ham radio enthusiasts and other personality-deficient buffs. Hardly the best brains on the campus."

*Organized and disorganized* - a real bottom-feeder thought of that.”

“How would you change the classification?”

“I wouldn’t.”

“Speaking of publications, I read your pieces on surgical addiction and left-side, right-side facial displays.”

“Yes, they were first-rate”, Dr.Lecter said.

“I thought so, and so did Jack Crawford. He pointed them out to me. That’s one reason he’s anxious for you –”

“Crawford the Stoic is anxious? He must be busy if he’s recruiting help from the student body.”

“He is, and he wants -”

“Busy with Buffalo Bill.”

“I expect so.”

“No. Not “I expect so.” Officer Starling, you know perfectly well it’s Buffalo Bill. I thought Jack Crawford might have sent you to ask me about that.”

“No.”

“Then you're not working around to it.”

“No, I came because we need your –”

“What do you know about Buffalo Bill?”

“Nobody knows much.”

“Has everything been in the papers?”

“I think so. Dr.Lecter, I haven't seen any confidential material on that case, my job is –”

“How many women has Buffalo Bill used?”

“The police have found five.”

“All flayed?”

“Partially, yes.”

“The papers have never explained his name. Do you know why he’s called Buffalo Bill?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me.”

“I’ll tell you if you’ll look at this questionnaire.”

“I’ll look, that’s all. Now, why?”

“It started as a bad joke in Kansas City homicide.”

“Yes ...?”

“They call him Buffalo Bill because he skins his humps.”

Starling discovered that she had traded feeling frightened for feeling cheap. Of the two, she preferred feeling frightened.

“Send through the questionnaire.”

Starling rolled the blue section through on the tray. She sat still while Lecter flipped through it. He dropped it back in the carrier. “Oh, Officer Starling, do you think you can dissect me with this blunt little tool?”

“No. I think you can provide some insight and advance this study.”

“And what possible reason could I have to do that?”

“Curiosity.”

“About what?”

“About why you’re here. About what happened to you?”

“Nothing happened to me, Officer Starling, I happened. You can’t reduce me to a set of influences. You’ve given up good and evil for behaviorism, Officer Starling. You’ve got everybody in moral dignity pants - nothing is ever anybody’s fault. Look at me, Officer Starling. Can you stand to say I’m evil? Am I evil, Officer Starling?”

“I think you’ve been destructive. For me it’s the same thing.”



“Evil’s just destructive? Then *storms* are evil, if it’s that simple. And we have *fire*, and then there’s *hail*. Underwriters lump it all under “Acts of God.”

“Deliberate –”

“I collect church collapses, recreationally. Did you see the recent one in Sicily? Marvelous! The facade fell on sixty-five grandmothers at a special Mass. Was that evil? If so, who did it? If He’s up there, He just loves it, Officer Starling. Typhoid and swans - it all comes from the same place.”

“I can’t explain you, Doctor, but I know who can.”

He stopped her with his upraised hand. The hand was shapely, she noted, and the middle finger perfectly replicated. It is the rarest form of polydactyly.

When he spoke again, his tone was soft and pleasant. “You’d like to quantify me, Officer Starling. You’re so ambitious, aren’t you? Do you know what you look like to me, with your good bag and your cheap shoes? You look like a rube. You’re well-scrubbed, hustling rube with a little taste. Your eyes are like cheap birthstones - all surface shine when you stalk some little answer. And you’re bright behind them, aren’t you? Desperate not to be like your mother. Good nutrition has given you some length of bone, but you’re not more than one generation out of the mines, *Officer* Starling. Is it the West Virginia Starlings or the Okie Starlings, Officer? It was a toss-up between college and the opportunities in the Women’s Army Corps, wasn’t it? Let me tell you something specific about yourself, Student Starling. Back in your room, you have a string of gold add-a-beads and you feel an ugly little thump when you look at how tacky they are now, isn’t that so? All those tedious thank-yous, permitting all that sincere fumbling, getting all sticky once for every bead. Tedious. Tedious. Bo-o-o-r-i-ing. Being smart spoils a lot of things, doesn’t it? And taste isn’t kind. When you think about this conversation, you’ll remember the dumb animal hurt in his face when you got rid of him.

“If the add-a-beads got tacky, what else will as you go along? You wonder, don’t you, at night?” Dr.Lecter asked in the kindest of tones.

Starling raised her head to face him. “You see a lot, Dr.Lecter. I won’t deny anything you’ve said. But here’s the question you’re answering for me right now, whether you mean to or not: Are you strong enough to point that high-powered perception at yourself? It’s hard to face. I’ve found that out in the last few minutes. How about it? Look at yourself and write down the truth. What more fit or complex subject could you find? Or maybe you’re afraid of yourself.”

“You’re tough, aren’t you, Officer Starting?”

“Reasonably so, yes.”

“And you’d hate to think you were common. Wouldn’t that sting? My! Well, you’re far from common, Officer Starling. All you have is tear of it. What are your add-a-beads, seven millimeter?”

“Seven.”

“Let me make a suggestion. Get some loose, drilled tiger’s eyes and string them alternately with the gold beads. You might want to do two-and-three or one-and-two, however looks best to you. The tiger’s eyes will pick up the color of your own eyes and the highlights in your hair. Has anyone ever sent you a Valentine?”

“Yep.”

“We’re already into Lent. Valentine’s Day is only a week away, hummmm, are you expecting some?”

“You never know.”

“No, you never do ... I’ve been thinking about Valentine’s Day. It reminds me of something funny. Now that I think of it, I could make you very happy on Valentine’s Day, *Clarice* Starling.” “How, Dr.Lecter?”

“By sending you a wonderful Valentine. I’ll have to think about it. Now, please excuse me. Good-bye, Officer Starling.” “And the study?”

“A census taker tried to quantify me once. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a big Amaranone. Go back to school, little Starling.” Hannibal Lecter, polite to the last, did not give her his back. He stepped backward from the barrier before he turned to his cot again, and, lying on it, became as remote from her as a stone crusader lying on a tomb.

Starling felt suddenly empty, as though she had given blood. She took longer than necessary to put the papers back in her briefcase, because she didn't immediately trust her legs. Starling was soaked with the failure she detested. She folded her chair and leaned it against the utility closet door. She would have to pass Miggs again. Barney in the distance appeared to be reading. She could call him to come for her. Damn Miggs. It was no worse than passing construction crews or delivery louts every day in the city. She started back down the corridor.

Close beside her, Miggs's voice hissed, “I bit my wrist so I can diiiieeeeeeeee - see how it bleeds?”

She should have called Barney but, startled, she looked into the cell, saw Miggs flick his fingers and felt the warm spatter on her cheek and shoulder before she could turn away.

She got away from him, registered that it was semen, not blood, and Lecter was calling to her, she could hear him. Dr.Lecter's voice behind her, the cutting rasp in it more pronounced. “Officer Starling.” He was up and calling after her as she walked. She rummaged in her purse for tissues.

Behind her, “Officer Starling.” She was on the cold rails of her control now, making steady progress toward the gate. “Officer Starling.” A new note in Lecter's voice.

She stopped. *What in God's name do I want this bad?* Miggs hissed something she didn't listen to.

She stood again in front of Lecter's cell and saw the rare spectacle of the doctor agitated. She knew that he could smell it on her. He could smell everything.

“I would not have had that happen to you. Discourtesy is unspeakably ugly to me.”

It was as though committing murders had purged him of lesser rudeness. Or perhaps, Starling thought, it excited him to see her marked in this particular way. She couldn't tell. The sparks in his eyes flew into his darkness like fireflies down a cave.

*Whatever it is, use it, Jesus!* She held up her briefcase. “Please do this for me.” Maybe she was too late; he was calm again. “No. But I'll make you happy that you came. I'll give you something else. I'll give you what you love the most, Clarice Starling.” “What's that, Dr.Lecter?”

“Advancement, of course. It works out perfectly – I'm so glad. Valentine's Day made me think of it.” The smile over his small white teeth could have come for any reason. He spoke so softly she could barely hear. “Look in Raspail's car for your Valentines. Did you hear me? Look in *Raspail's car* for your Valentines. You'd better go now, I don't think Miggs could manage again so soon, even if he *is* crazy, do you?”

### Post-reading task

#### ***Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:***

1. Clarice Starling had grass in her hair and grass stains on her FBI Academy windbreaker from diving to the ground under flood in an arrest problem on the range.
2. Clarice Starling found Jack Crawford in the company of officers.
3. Crawford ended his telephone conversation with a sharp “No.” He took her four from under his arm and opened it.
4. Clarice Starling had met Special Agent Crawford when he was a guest lecturer at the University of Virginia.
5. My father was a colonel, I know the life.
6. VI-CAP – is the Violent Criminal Application Program.
7. Clarice Starling's self-interest snuffled ahead like a keen beagle.

8. It was tempting to get into Behavioral Science in any capacity she could, but she knew what happens to a woman if she's ever pegged as a chief - it sticks until the end of time.

9. Starling looked at Crawford steadily, but she was too still. "Hannibal the Cannibal", she said.

10. Crawford shook two vitamin C tablets into his palm, and mixed an Alka-Seltzer at the water cooler to wash them down.

11. Lecter a specialist in chemistry.

12. Crawford leaned forward until he faced her at a distance of three feet. She watched his half-glasses blur the bags under his eyes.

13. Dr.Chilton, the head of the mental hospital, will go over the physical procedure you use to deal with him.

14. Starling knew without thinking about it that the shine on his extended hand was lanolin from patting his hair. She let go before he did.

15. Alan wore the jeans jacket issued to the inmates.

16. Clarice Starling flinched as the first of the heavy steel gates clashed shut behind her and the bolt shot home.

17. Starling was angry at herself for feting Chilton put his hand in her purse and briefcase, and she stepped hard on the anger so that she could concentrate.

18. "He did a good piece on surgical addiction in the *Journal of Clinics*, I thought", Starling said.

19. I don't believe Lecter's seen a man in several years - he may have gotten a glimpse of one of the cleaning people.

20. Starling and Chilton had passed through two more gates and left the natural light behind.

21. "Lecter is never inside his cell without wearing full restraints and a mouthpiece", Chilton said.

22. Chilton handed Clarice Starling a dog-eared photograph.

23. Lecter was hooked up to the monitors the entire time. He broke her jaw to get at her tongue. His pulse never got over one hundred and ten, even when he swallowed it.

24. Starling didn't know which was worse, the photograph or Chilton's attention as he gleaned her face with fast grabby eyes. She thought of a thirsty chicken pecking tear off her

25. Clarice Starling was aware of figures in the rooms, but she tried not to look at them. She was more than halfway down when a voice hissed, "I can smell your cunt."

26. Dr.Lecter's eyes are maroon and they reflect the light in pinpoints of yellow.

27. Crayon and Magic Marker on butcher paper. It's what the thief who had been promised Paradise really got, when they took the paschal lamb away.

28. Starling said: "You see a lot, Dr.Lecter. I won't deny anything you've said. But here's the question you're answering for me right now, whether you mean to or not: Are you strong enough to point that high-powered perception at yourself?"

29. By sending you a awkward postcards. I'll have to think about it. Now, please excuse me. Good-bye, Officer Starling.

30. Starling held up her briefcase. "Please don't give this for me."

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. What is Clarice Starling?

2. Why did Clarice go to Lecter?

3. What is Lecter?

4. What did he do?

5. When did Clarice Staring find Jack Crawford?

6. Describe Mr.Crawford.

7. In what way did Crawford end his telephone conversation?
8. What about did Clarice and Lecter talk?
9. Please, decode the abbreviation VI-CAP.
10. Why did Crawford ask Clive to be very careful with Hannibal Lecter?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- має справу з серійним вбивцею ...
- але вона не мала часу їх помити ...
- кожен, хто міг читати, знав, що ...
- ми розробили анкету ...
- він взяв її папку ...
- одна з жертв, яка залишилась живою ...
- працювали у базі даних ...
- у будь-якому цивілізованому суспільстві ...
- після того, як я призначу зустріч ...
- директор психічної лікарні ...
- завдяки Лектору ...
- інші співпрацівники не знають, що це слово ...
- одязі подібним ночній сорочці ...
- ви озброєні ...
- я закінчила університет Вірджинії з відзнакою ...
- папір, що ви передаєте йому, має бути без ...
- ніколи не виходить із своєї камери без ...
- він поскаржився на біль у грудях ...
- намагалися зберегти хоча б одне її око ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. She had grass in her hair ... on her FBI Academy windbreaker from diving to the ground ...
2. She knew she could look all right without primping.
3. He was standing at someone else's desk talking on the telephone ...
4. Crawford looked like a fit, middle-aged engineer who might have paid ...
5. Now he was thin, ... and he had dark puffs under his reddened eyes.
6. Starling came ... for friendship, but she was puzzled and ...
7. There was a peculiar cleverness in Crawford, aside from his ...
8. C. Starling felt a glad knocking in her chest and some apprehension too.
9. ... be able to say our qualified examiner ... and asked him personally.
10. Thankfully, it's dwindled since he's been overshadowed by other creatures in the news.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. The FBI section that deals with serial murder is on the bottom floor ...

2. She **found** Jack Crawford alone in the cluttered suite of offices.
3. He **was standing** at someone else's desk talking on the telephone ...
4. Everyone who **could read** the papers knew ...
5. That surprised Starling; she **had written** Crawford off as ...
6. See, **we've tried** to interview and examine all the ...
7. Most of them went along with it - I think **they're driven** to show off ...
8. But the one we want the most, we **haven't been able to get**.
9. I'm glad of the chance, but you have to know **I'm wondering** - why me?
10. Things **could come up** during the interview - I may need to go ...

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations “verb + preposition” and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. Normally, Crawford looked like a fit, \_\_\_\_ who might have paid his way through college playing baseball - a crafty catcher, tough when he blocked the plate.  
a) *twenty-eight-year-old* b) *middled-aged* c) *twenty-six-year-old*  
*doctor;* *engineer;* *policeman;*
2. She wrote him \_\_\_\_ when she qualified for the Academy, but he never replied, and, for the \_\_\_\_ she had been \_\_\_\_ at Quantico, he had ignored her.  
a) *a memory ... two months* b) *a note ... two days* c) *a note ... three months ...*  
*... a policewoman;* *... a student;* *a trainee;*
3. See, we've tried to interview and examine all the thirty-two known \_\_\_\_ we have in custody, to build up a database for psychological profiling in unsolved cases.  
a) *serial murderers;* b) *criminals;* c) *people;*
4. Crawford shook \_\_\_\_ into his \_\_\_\_, and mixed an Alka-Seltzer at the water cooler to wash them down.  
a) *two vitamin C tablets* b) *two vitamin C* c) *three vitamin C tablets ...*  
*... palm;* *tablets ... cup;* *glass;*
5. Be very careful with Hannibal Lecter. Dr.Chilton, the head of the \_\_\_\_, will go over the physical procedure you use to deal with him.  
a) *mental hospital;* b) *psychiatric hospital;* c) *hospital;*
6. You don't have anything in the way - you can bend over and watch it come out and see if it changes color when the air hits it, do you do that? Does it look like you have \_\_\_\_ ?  
a) *a small black tail;* b) *a big brown tail;* c) *a small brown tail;*
7. He has his own felt-tipped pens some of the time. The paper you pass him must be free of \_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_, or \_\_\_\_ .  
a) *ink ... memories ...* b) *staples ... metal clips ...* c) *staples ... paper clips ... pins;*  
*notes;* *pins;*
8. The corridor was about thirty yards long, with cells on both sides. Some were padded cells with an \_\_\_\_ window, long and narrow like an archery slit, in the center of the door.  
a) *observation;* b) *big;* c) *small;*
9. He held the loose pages in his right hand and put them beside him one by one with his

left. Dr.Lecter has \_\_\_\_ fingers on his left hand.

*a) four;*

*b) five;*

*c) six;*

10. Back in your room, you have a string of \_\_\_\_ and you feel \_\_\_\_ when you look at how tacky they are now, isn't that so?

*a) gold add-a-beads b) silver rings ... an ugly c) gold jewellery ... a little  
... an ugly little little thump; thump;  
thump;*

*Text 14**Read the story. Translate it***Oscar Wilde****THE STAR-CHILD**

Once upon a time two poor Woodcutters were making their way home through a great forest. It was a cold winter night. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and upon the branches of the trees. So cold was it that even the animals and the birds did not know what to make of it.

Terribly cold it certainly was. The little Squirrels, who lived inside the tall fir-tree, kept rubbing each other's noses to keep themselves warm, and the Rabbits curled themselves up in their holes, and did not venture even to look out of doors. The only people who seemed to enjoy it were the great horned Owls. Their feathers were quite stiff with rime, but they did not mind, and they rolled their large yellow eyes, and called out to each other across the forest, "Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! What delightful weather we are having!"

On and on went the two Woodcutters, blowing lustily upon their fingers, and stamping with their huge boots upon the snow. Once they thought that they had lost their way, and a great terror seized on them, for they knew that the Snow is cruel to those who sleep in her arms. But they put their trust in the good Saint Martin, who watches over all travellers, and retraced their steps, and at last they reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw, far down in the valley beneath them, the lights of the village in which they lived.

So overjoyed were they that they laughed aloud, and the Earth seemed to them like a flower of silver, and the Moon like a flower of gold. Yet, after that they had laughed they became sad, for they remembered their poverty, and one of them said to the other, "Why did we make merry, seeing that life is for the rich, and not for such as we are? Better that we had died of cold in the forest."

"Truly", answered his companion.

But suddenly a strange thing happened. There fell from heaven a very bright and beautiful star. It slipped down the side of the sky, passing by the other stars in its course, and, as they watched it wondering, it seemed to them to sink behind a clump of willow-trees.

"Why! There is a cask of gold for whoever finds it", they cried, and they set to and ran, so eager were they for the gold. And one of them ran faster than his mate, and outstripped him, and forced his way through the willows, and came out on the other side, and saw a thing of gold lying on the white snow. So he hastened towards it, and stooping down placed his hands upon it, and it was a cloak of golden tissue with stars, and wrapped in many folds. And he cried out to his comrade that he had found the treasure that had fallen from the sky, and when his comrade had come up, they sat them down in the snow, and loosened the folds of the cloak that they might divide the pieces of gold. But no gold was in it, nor silver, nor, indeed, treasure of any kind, but only a little child who was asleep. And one of them said to the other: "This is a bitter ending to our hope, nor have we any good fortune, for what does a child profit to a man? Let us leave it here, and go our way."

But his companion answered him: "No, but it were an evil thing to leave the child here in the snow, and thought I am as poor as you are, and have many mouths to feed yet I will bring it home with me, and my wife shall have care of it."

So he took up the child, and wrapped the cloak around it to shield it from the cold and made his way down the hill to the village.

When his wife opened the door and saw that her husband had returned safe to her, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and asked him come in. But he said to her, "I have found something in the forest, and I have brought it to you to have care of it", and he stirred not from the threshold.

"What is it?" she cried. "Show it to me, for the house is bare, and we have need of many things." And he drew the cloak back, and showed her the sleeping child.

“It is a Star-Child”, he said; and told her the strange manner of the finding of it. But she spoke angrily, and cried: “Our children have no bread, and shall we feed the child of another? Who cares for us? And who gives us food?”

“God careth for the sparrows even, and feeds them”, he answered.

“Do not the sparrows die of hunger in the winter?” she asked. “And is it not winter now?”

The man answered nothing, but stirred not from the threshold. And a bitter wind from the forest came in through the open door, and made her tremble, and she shivered, and said to him: “Will you close the door? There comes a cold wind into the house, and I am cold.”

“Into a house where a heare is hard comes there not always a bitter wind?” he asked. And the woman answered him nothing, but crept closer to the fire. And after a time she turned round and looked at him, and her eyes were full of tears. And he came in swiftly, and placed the child in her arms, and she kissed it, and laid it in a little bed where the youngest of their own children was lying. And the Woodcutter took the cloak of gold and placed it in a chest, and a chain of amber that was round the child's neck his wife took and set it in the chest also. So the Star-Child was brought up with the children of the Woodcutter, and sat at the same board with them, and was their playmate. And every year he became more beautiful to look at. He was white and delicate as sawn ivory, and his curls were like the rings of the daffodil. His lips, also, were like the petals of a red flower, and his eyes were like violets by a river of pure water. Yet did his beauty work him evil. For he grew proud, and cruel, and selfish. The children of the Woodcutter, and the other children of the village, he despised, saying that they were of mean parentage, while he was noble, being sprung from a Star, and he made himself master over them, and called them his servants. No pity had he for the poor, or for those who were blind, but would cast stones at them and drive them forth on to the highway, and bid them beg their bread elsewhere.

The old priest often sent for him, and tried to teach him the love of living things, saying to him: “The fly is your brother. Do it no harm. The wild birds that roam through the forest have their seldom. Snare them not for your pleasure. God made the blind-worm and the mole, and each has its place. Who are you to bring pain into God's world?”

But the Star-Child heeded not their words, but would frown and flout, and go back to his companions, and lead them. And his companions followed him, for he was fair, and fleet of foot, and could dance, and pipe, and make music. And wherever the Star-Child led them they followed, and whatever the Star-Child bade them do, that did them. And in all things he ruled them, and they became hard of heare, even as he was. Now there passed one day through the village a poor beggar-woman. Her clothes were torn and ragged, and her feet were bleeding from the rough road on which she had travelled. And being weary she sat her down under a chestnut-tree to rest. But when the Star-Child saw her, he said to his companions, “See! There a beggar-woman under that fair and green-leaved tree. Come, let us drive her hence, for she is ugly and ill-favoured.” So he came near and threw stones at her, and mocked her, and she looked at him with terror in her eyes. And when the Woodcutter, who was cleaving logs in a haggard hard by, saw what the Star-Child was doing, he ran up and rebuked him, and said to him: “Surely you are hard of heare and don't know mercy, for what evil has this poor woman done to you?”

And the Star-Child grew red with anger, and stamped his foot upon the ground, and said, “Who are you to question me what I do? I am no son of you to do your bidding.”

“You speak truly”, answered the Woodcutter, “yet did I show you pity when I found you in the forest.”

And when the woman heard these words she gave a loud cry, and fell into a swoon. And the Woodcutter carried her to his own house, and his wife had care of her, and when she rose up from the swoon into which she had fallen, they set meat and drink before her.

But she would neither eat nor drink, but said to the Woodcutter, “Did you not say that the child was found in the forest? And was it not ten years from this day?”



And the Woodcutter answered, "Yes, it was in the forest that I found him, and it is ten years from this day."

"And what signs did you find with him?" she cried. "Bare he not upon his neck a chain of amber? Was not round him a cloak of gold tissue brodered with stars?"

"Truly", answered the Woodcutter, "it was even as you say." And he took the cloak and the amber chain from the chest where they lay, and showed them to her.

And when she saw them she wept for joy, and said, "He is my little son whom I lost in the forest. I pray you send for him quickly, for in search of him I have wandered over the whole world."

So the Woodcutter and his wife went out and called to the Star-Child, and said to him, "Go into the house, and there shall you find your mother, who is waiting for you."

So he ran in, filled with wonder and great gladness. But when he saw her who was waiting there, he laughed and said, "Why, where is my mother? For I see none here but this beggar-woman."

And the woman answered him, "I am your mother."

"You are mad to say so", cried the Star-Child angrily. "I am no son of you, for you are a beggar, and ugly, and in rags. Therefore get you hence, and let me see you no more."

No, but you are indeed my little son, whom I bare in the forest, she cried, and she fell on her knees, and held out her arms to him. "The robbers stole you from me, and left you to die", she murmured, "but I recognized you when I saw you, and the signs also have I recognized, the cloak of golden tissue and the amber-chain. Therefore I pray you come with me, for over the whole world have I wandered in search of you. Come with me, my son, for I have need of your love."

But the Star-Child stirred not from his place, but shut the doors against her, nor was there any sound heard save the sound of the woman weeping for pain.

And at last he spoke to her, and his voice was hard and bitter. "If in very truth you are my mother", he said, "it had been better had you stayed away, and not come here to bring me to shame. Therefore let me see you no more."

"Alas! my son", she cried, "will you not kiss me before I go? For I have suffered much to find you."

"No", said the Star-Child, "but you are too foul to look at and rather would I kiss the adder or the toad than you."

So the woman rose up, and went away into the forest weeping bitterly, and when the Star-Child saw that she had gone, he was glad, and ran back to his playmates that he might play with them.

But when they beheld him coming, they mocked him and said, "Why, you are as foul as the toad, and as loathsome as the adder. Get you hence, for we will not suffer you to play with us", and they drove him out of the garden.

And the Star-Child frowned and said to himself, "What is this that they say to me? I will go to the well of water and look into it, and it shall tell me of my beauty."

So he went to the well of water and looked into it, and looked his face was as the face of a toad, and his body was scaled like an adder. And he flung himself down on the grass and wept, and said to himself, "Surely this has come upon me by reason of my sin. For I have denied my mother, and driven her away, and been proud, and cruel to her. Wherefore I will go and seek her through the whole world, nor will I rest till I have found her."

And there came to him the little daughter of the Woodcutter, and she put her hand upon his shoulder and said, "What does it matter if you have lost your comeliness? Stay with us, and I will not mock at you."

And he said to her, "No, but I have been cruel to my mother, and as a punishment has this evil been sent to me. Therefore I must go, and wander through the world till I find her, and she

give me her forgiveness.”

So he ran away into the forest and called out to his mother to come to him, but there was no answer. All day long he called to her, and when the sun set he lay down to sleep on a bed of leaves, and the birds and the animals fled from him, as they remembered his cruelty, and he was alone save for the toad that watched him, and the slow adder that crawled past. And in the morning he rose up, and plucked some bitter berries from the trees and ate them, and took his way through the great wood, weeping sorely. And of everything that he met he made enquiry if perchance they had seen his mother.

He said to the Mole, “You can go beneath the eareh. Tell me, is my mother there?”

And the Mole answered, “You have blinded mine eyes. How should I know?”

He said to the Linnet, “You can fly over the tops of the tall trees, and can see the whole world. Tell me, can you see my mother?”

And the Linnet answered, “You have clipt my wings for your pleasure. How should I fly?”

And to the little Squirrel who lived in the fir-tree, and was lonely, he said, “Where is my mother?”

And the Squirrel answered, “You have slain mine. Do you seek to slay your also?”

And the Star-Child wept and bowed his head, and prayed forgiveness of God’s things, and went on through the forest, seeking for the beggar-woman. And on the third day he came to the other side of the forest and went down into the plain.

And when he passed through the villages the children mocked him, and threw stones at him, and the carlots would not suffer him even to sleep in the byres lest he might bring mildew on the stored corn, so foul was he to look at, and their hired men drave him away, and there was none who had pity on him. Nor could he hear anywhere of the beggar-woman who was his mother, yough for the space of three years he wandered over the world, and often seemed to see her on the road in front of him, and would call to her, and run after her till the sharp flints made his feet to bleed. But overtake her he could not, and those who dwelt by the way did ever deny that they had seen her, or any like to her, and they made sport of his sorrow.

For the space of three years he wandered over the world, and in the world there was neither love nor loving-kindness nor charity for him, but it was even such a world as he had made for himself in the days of his great pride.

And one evening he came to the gate of a strong-walled city that stood by a river, and, weary and footsore yogh he was, he made to enter in. But the soldiers who stood on guard dropped their halberds across the entrance, and said roughly to him, “What is your business in the city?”

“I am seeking for my mother”, he answered, “and I pray you to suffer me to pass, for it may be that she is in this city.”

But they mocked at him, and one of them wagged a black beard, and set down his shield and cried, “Of a truth, your mother will not be merry when she sees you, for you are more ill-favoured than the toad of the marsh, or the adder that crawls in the fen. Get you gone. Your mother dwells not in this city.” And another, who held a yellow banner in his hand, said to him, “Who is your mother, and why are you seeking for her?”

And he answered, “My mother is a beggar even as I am, and I have treated her evilly, and I pray you to suffer me to pass that she may give me her forgiveness.” But they would not, and pricked him with their spears.

And, as he turned away weeping, one whose armour was inlaid with gilt flowers, and on whose helmet couched a lion that had wings, came up and made enquiry of the soldiers who it was who had sought entrance. And they said to him, “It is a beggar and the child of a beggar, and we have driven him away.”

“No”, he cried, laughing, “but we will sell the foul thing for a slave, and his price shall be

the price of a bowl of sweet wine.”

And an old and evil-visaged man who was passing by called out, and said, “I will buy him for that price”, and, when he had paid the price, he took the Star-Child by the hand and led him into the city.

And after that they had gone through many streets they came to a little door that was set in a wall that was covered with a pomegranate tree. And the old man touched the door with a ring of graven jasper and it opened, and they went down five steps of brass into a garden filled with black poppies and green jars of burnt clay. And the old man took then from his turban a scarf of figured silk, and bound with it the eyes of the Star-Child, and drove him in front of him. And when the scarf was taken off his eyes, the Star-Child found himself in a dungeon that was lit by a lantern of horn.

And the old man set before him some mouldy bread on a trencher and said, “Eat”, and some brackish water in a cup and said, “Drink”, and when he had eaten and drunk, the old man went out, locking the door behind him and fastening it with an iron chain.

And on the morrow the old man, who was indeed the subtlest of the magicians of Libya and had learned his art from one who dwelt in the tombs of the Nile, came in to him and frowned at him, and said, “In a wood that is nigh to the gate of this city of Giaours there are three pieces of gold. One is of white gold, and another is of yellow gold, and the gold of the third one is red. Today you shalt bring me the piece of white gold, and if you bringest it not back, I will beat you with a hundred stripes. Get you away quickly, and at sunset I will be waiting for you at the door of the garden. See that you bringest the white gold, or it shall go in with you, for you are my slave, and I have bought you for the price of a bowl of sweet wine.” And he bound the eyes of the Star-Child with the scarf of figured silk, and led him through the house, and through the garden of poppies, and up the five steps of brass. And having opened the little door with his ring he set him in the street. And the Star-Child went out of the gate of the city, and came to the wood of which the Magician had spoken to him.”

Now this wood was very fair to look at from way-out, and seemed full of singing birds and of sweet-scented flowers, and the Star-Child entered it gladly. Yet did its beauty profit him little, for wherever he went harsh briars and thorns shot up from the ground and encompassed him, and evil nettles stung him, and the thistle pierced him with her daggers, so that he was in sore distress. Nor could he anywhere find the piece of white gold of which the Magician had spoken, yoh he sought for it from morn to noon, and from noon to sunset. And at sunset he set his face towards home, weeping bitterly, for he knew what fate was in store for him.

But when he had reached the outskirts of, the wood, he heard front a thicket a cry as of someone in pain. And forgetting his own sorrow he ran back to the place, and saw there a little Hare caught in a trap that some hunter had set for it.

And the Star-Child had pity on it, and released it, and said to it, “I am myself but a slave, yet may I give you your freedom.”

And the Hare answered him, and said: “Surely you have given me freedom, and what shall I give you in return?”

And the Star-Child said to it, “I am seeking for a piece of white gold, nor can I anywhere find it, and if I bring it not to my master he will beat me.”

“Come you with me”, said the Hare, “and I will lead you to it, for I know where it is hidden, and for what purpose.”

So the Star-Child went with the Hare, and lo! in the cleft of a great oak-tree he saw the piece of white gold that he was seeking. And he was filled with joy, and seized it, and said to, the Hare, “The service that I did to you have rendered back again many times over and the kindness that I showed you hast repaid, a hundredfold.”

“No”, answered the Hare, “but as you dealt with me, so I did deal with you”, and it ran away swiftly, and the Star-Child went towards the city.

Now at the gate of the city there was seated one who was a leper. Over his face hung a cowl of grey linen and through the eyelets his eyes, gleamed like red coals. And when he saw the Star-Child coming, he struck upon a wooden bowl, and clattered his bell, and called out to him, and said, "Give me a piece of money, or I must die of hunger. For they have thrust me out of the city, and there is no one who has pity on rite."

Alas! cried the Star-Child, "I have but one piece of money in my wallet, and if I bring it not to my master he will beat me for I am his slave."

But the leper entreated him, and prayed of him, till the Star-Child had pity, and gave him the piece of white gold. And when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened to him, and brought him in, and said to him, "Have you the piece of white gold?" And the Star-Child answered, "I have it not." So the Magician fell upon him, and beat him, and set before him an empty trencher, and said "Eat", and an empty cup, and said, "Drink", and flung him again into the dungeon.

And on the morrow the Magician came to him, and said, "If today you bring me not the piece of yellow gold; I will surely keep you as my slave, and give you three hundred stripes."

So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of yellow gold, but nowhere could he find it. And at sunset he sat him down and began to weep, and as he was weeping there came to him the little Hare that he had rescued from the trap. And the Hare said to him, "Why are you weeping? And what do you seek in the wood?"

And the Star-Child answered, "I am seeking for a piece of yellow gold that is hidden here, and if I find it not my master will beat me, and keep me as a slave."

"Follow me", cried the Hare, and it ran through the wood till it came to a pool of water. And at the bottom of the pool the piece of yellow gold was lying.

"How shall I thank you?" said the Star-Child, "this is the second time that you have succoured me."

"No, but you had pity on me first", said the Hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child took the piece of yellow gold, and put it in his wallet, and hurried to the city. But the leper saw him coming, and ran to meet him and knelt down and cried, "Give me a piece of money or I shall die of hunger."

And the Star-Child said to him, "I have in my wallet but one piece of yellow gold, and if I bring it not to my master he will beat me and keep me as his slave."

But the leper entreated him sore, so that the Star-Child had pity on him, and gave him the piece of yellow gold. And when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened to him, and brought him in, and said to him, "Have you the piece of yellow gold?" And the Star-Child said to him, "I have it not." So the Magician fell upon him, and beat him, and loaded him with chains, and cast him again into the dungeon.

And on the morrow the Magician came to him, and said, "If today you bring me the piece of red gold I will set you free, but if you bring it not I will surely slay you." So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of red gold, but nowhere could he find it. And at evening he sat him down, and wept, and as he was weeping there came to him the little Hare. And the Hare said to him, "The piece of red gold that you seek is in the cavern that is behind you. Therefore weep no more but be glad."

"How shall I reward you", cried the Star-Child, "this is the third time you have succoured me."

"No, but you had pity on me first", said the Hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child entered the cavern, and in its farthest corner he found the piece of red gold. So he put it in his wallet, and hurried to the city. And the leper seeing him coming, stood in the centre of the road, and cried out, and said to him, "Give me the piece of red money, or I must die", and the Star-Child had pity on him again, and gave him the piece of red gold, saying, "Your need is greater than mine." Yet was his heart heavy, for he knew what evil fate awaited him. But

as he passed through the gate of the city, the guards bowed down and made obeisance to him, saying, "How beautiful is our lord!" and a crowd of citizens followed him, and cried out, "Surely there is none so beautiful in the whole world!" so that the Star-Child wept, and said to himself, "They are mocking me, and making light of my misery." And so large was the concourse of the people, that he lost the threads of his way, and found himself at last in a great square, in which there was a palace of a King.

And the gate of the palace opened, and the priests and the high officers of the city ran forth to meet him, and they abased themselves before him, and said, "You are our lord for whom we have been waiting, and the sort of our King."

And the Star-Child answered them and said "I am no king's son, but the child of a poor beggar-woman. And how say you that I am beautiful, for I know that I am evil to look at?"

Then he, whose armour was inlaid with gilt flowers, and on whose helmet couched a lion that had wings, held up a shield, and cried, "How says my lord that he is not beautiful?"

And the Star-Child looked, and his face was even as it had been, and his comeliness had come back to him, and he saw that in his eyes which he had not seen there before.

And the priests and the high officers knelt down and said to him, "It was prophesied of old that on this day should come he who was to rule over us. Therefore, let our lord take this crown and this sceptre, and be in his justice and mercy our King over us."

But he said to them, "I am not worthy, for I have denied the mother who bares me, nor may I rest till I have found her, and known her forgiveness. Therefore, let me go, for I must wander again over the world, and may not tarry here." And as he spake he turned his face from them towards the street that led to the gate of the city, and amongst the crowd that pressed round the soldiers, he saw the beggar-woman who was his mother, and at her side stood the leper, who had sat by the road.

And a cry of joy broke from his lips, and he ran over, and kneeling down he kissed the wounds on his mother's feet, and wet them with his tears. He bowed his head in the dust, and sobbing, as one whose heart might break, he said to her: "Mother, I denied you in the hour of my pride. Accept me in the hour of my humility. Mother, I gave you hatred. Do you give me love? Receive your child now." But the beggar-woman answered him not a word.

And he reached out his hands, and clasped the white feet of the leper, and said to him: "Thrice did I give you of my mercy. Bid my mother speak to me once." But the leper answered him not a word. And he sobbed again, and said: "Mother, my suffering is greater than I can bear. Give me your forgiveness, and let me go back to the forest."

And the beggar-woman put her hand on his head, and said to him, "Rise", and the leper put his hand on his head, and said to him "Rise", also. And he rose up from his feet, and looked at them, and they were a King and a Queen. And the Queen said to him, "This is your father whom you have succoured."

And the King said, "This is your mother, whose feet you have washed with your tears."

And they fell on his neck and kissed him, and brought him into the palace, and clothed him in fair raiment, and set the crown upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and over the city that stood by the river he ruled, and was its lord. "Much justice and mercy did he show to all, and the evil Magician he banished, and to the Woodcutter and his wife he sent many rich gifts, and to their children he gave high honour. Nor would he suffer any to be cruel to bird or beast, but taught love and loving-kindness and charity, and to the poor he gave bread, and to the naked he gave raiment, and there was peace and plenty in the land. Yet ruled he not long, so great had been his suffering, and so bitter the fire of his testing, for after the space of three years he died. And he who came after him ruled evilly."

### Post-reading task

*Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. The little Squirrels, who lived inside the tall chestnut tree, kept rubbing each other's noses to keep themselves warm, and the Rabbits curled themselves up in their holes, and did not venture even to look out of doors.

2. But suddenly a strange thing happened. There fell from heaven some very bright and beautiful stars.

3. And he cried out to his comrade that he had found the treasure that had fallen from the sky, and when his comrade had come up, they sat them down in the snow, and loosened the folds of the cloak that they might divide the pieces of gold.

4. So he took up the child, and wrapped the cloak around it to shield it from the cold and made his way down the hill to the village.

5. And the woman answered him some words, but crept closer to the fire.

6. And the Woodcutter took the cloak of gold and placed it in a chest, and a chain of amber that was round the child's neck his wife took and set it in the chest also.

7. The children of the Woodcutter, and the other people of the village, he despised, saying that they were of mean parentage, while he was noble, being sprung from a Star, and he made himself master over them, and called them his servants.

8. The young priest often sent for him, and tried to teach him the love of living things, saying to him: "The fly is your brother. Do it no harm."

9. Her clothes were torn and ragged, and her feet were bleeding from the rough road on which she had travelled.

10. And the Woodcutter carried her to her own house, and his wife had care of her, and when she rose up from the swoon into which she had fallen, they set meat and drink before her.

11. "And what signs did you find with him?" she cried. "Bare he not upon his neck a chain of amber? Was not round him a cloak of silver tissue brodered with stars?"

12. But when he saw the boy who was waiting there, he laughed and said, "Why, where is my mother?"

13. But the Star-Child stirred not from his place, but shut the doors against her, nor was there any sound heard save the sound of the woman weeping for pain.

14. And the Star-Child frowned and said to himself, "What is this that they say to me? I will go to the well of water and look into it, and it shall tell me of my beauty."

15. For I have denied my father, and driven her away, and been proud, and cruel to her.

16. And in the evening he rose up, and plucked some bitter berries from the trees and ate them, and took his way through the great wood, weeping sorely.

17. But overtake her he could not, and those who dwelt by the way did ever deny that they had seen her, or any like to her, and they made sport of his sorrow.

18. And one morning he came to the gate of a strong-walled city that stood by a river, and, weary and footsore yough he was, he made to enter in.

19. And they said to him, "It is a beggar and the child of a beggar, and we have driven him away."

20. And the ill old man took then from his turban a scarf of figured silk, and bound with it the eyes of the Star-Child, and drave him in front of him.

21. One is of black gold, and another is of yellow gold, and the gold of the third one is red.

22. Now this wood was very fair to look at from way-out, and seemed full of singing birds and of sweet-scented flowers, and the Star-Child entered it gladly.

23. "No", answered the Hare, "but as you dealt with me, so I did deal with you", and it ran away swiftly, and the Star-Child went towards the village.

24. But the leper entreated him, and prayed of him, till the Star-Child had pity, and gave him the piece of red gold.

25. "How shall I thank you?" said the Star-Child, "this is the second time that you have

succoured me.”

26. And when he came to the Magician’s house, the Magician opened to him, and brought him in, and said to him, “Have you two pieces of yellow gold?”

27. And the Star-Child entered the cavern, and in its farthest corner he found the piece of red gold.

28. Therefore, let our king take this crown and this sceptre, and be in his justice and mercy our King over us.

29. And he reached out his hands, and clasped the white feet of the leper, and said to him: “Thrice did I give you of my mercy. Bid my mother speaks to me once.”

30. And they fell on his chest and kissed him, and brought him into the palace, and clothed him in fair raiment, and set the crown upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and over the city that stood by the river he ruled, and was its lord.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What did two poor Woodcutters in the forest?
2. What was the weather that day?
3. What does the Moon like?
4. What happened suddenly?
5. What did one Woodcutter ask and what did his companion answer him?
6. Describe the child who was found by the Woodcutters.
7. What character has Star-child?
8. Did the Woodcutter’s children and the other children of the village like the Star-child?
9. Who was the mother of the Star-child?
10. What did the Star-child say when he saw his mother?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- на землі лежав сніг товстим шаром ...
- крутили своїми великими жовтими очима ...
- прочитали молитву ...
- сталася дивна річ ...
- виховувався разом з дітьми ...
- річка з чистою водою ...
- жорстоким та егоїстичним ...
- почервонів від злості ...
- нічого не їла і не пила ...
- ти дійсно мій маленький син ...
- побачив, що вона пішла, він зрадів ...
- я стрибну у колодязь з водою ...
- кидав каміння в нього ...
- наздогнати її не зміг ...
- тримав жовтий прапор ...
- стара людина вийшла, замкнувши двері ...
- зав’язав очі ...
- порожня чашка ...
- шукав в лісі ...
- або я помру з голоду ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. The little Squirrels lived inside the tall fir-tree, kept rubbing ...
2. On and on went the two Woodcutters, blowing lustily ...

3. Once they thought that they had **lost** their way, ...
4. Why did we make merry, **seeing** that life is for the rich ...
5. There fell from heaven a very bright and **beautiful** star.
6. ... hastened towards it, and **stooping down** placed his hands ...
7. But she spoke **angrily**, and cried: ...
8. ... they beheld him **coming**, they mocked him and said ...
9. Come, let us drive her hence, for she is ugly and **ill-favoured**.
10. the Star-Child entered the cavern, and in its **farthest** corner he ...

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Terribly cold it certainly **was**.
2. What delightful weather we **are having**!
3. Once they thought that they **had lost** their way, and a great terror ...
4. "Truly", **answered** his companion.
5. ... I will bring it home with me, and my wife **shall have** care of it.
6. So the Star-Child **was brought up** with the children of the ...
7. ... saw what the Star-Child **was doing**, he ran up and rebuked him ...
8. I **am seeking** for a piece of yellow gold ...
9. And they fell on his neck and kissed him, and **brought** him into the ...
10. Yet ruled he not long, so great **had been** his suffering, and so ...

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. But they put their trust in the good Saint Marein, who watches over all travellers, and retraced their steps, and at last they reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw, far down in the valley beneath them, the \_\_\_\_\_ of the village in which they lived.

- a) lights;                      b) houses;                      c) people;

2. And he cried out to his \_\_\_\_\_ that he had found the treasure that had fallen from the sky, and when his comrade had come up, they sat them down in the \_\_\_\_\_, and loosened the folds of the cloak that they might divide the pieces of gold.

- a) father ... ground;                      b) comrade ... snow;                      c) friend ... grass;

3. He was \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ as saffron, and his curls were like the rings of the \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) white ... delicate ... daffodil;                      b) red ... intelligent ... tulipe;                      c) white ... polite ... rose;

4. The \_\_\_\_\_ often sent for him, and tried to teach him the love of living things, saying to him: "The fly is your \_\_\_\_\_ . Do it no harm."

- a) old gentleman ... father;                      b) old priest ... brother;                      c) young priest ... mother;



5. But she would neither \_\_\_\_\_ nor \_\_\_\_\_, but said to the Woodcutter, "Did you not say that the child was found in the forest? And was it not ten years from this day?"

- a) eat ... drink;                      b) has lunch ... has dinner;                      c) go ... speak;*

6. And the Star-Child wept and bowed his head, and prayed forgiveness of God's things, and went on through the \_\_\_\_\_, seeking for the beggar-woman.

- a) forest;                                      b) village;                                      c) house;*

7. And after that they had gone through many streets they came to a little \_\_\_\_ that was set in a wall that was covered with a \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) window ... apple tree;              b) door ... pomegranate tree;              c) door ... cherry tree;*

8. And the Star-Child took the \_\_\_\_\_, and put it in his \_\_\_\_\_, and hurried to the city.

- a) piece of paper ...              b) piece of yellow gold ...              c) piece of chalk ... wallet;  
purse;                                      wallet;*

9. And the Star-Child entered the cavern, and in its farthest corner he found the piece of red gold. So he put it in his wallet, and hurried to the \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) village;                                      b) city;                                      c) town;*

10. And they fell on his \_\_\_\_ and kissed him, and brought him into the palace, and clothed him in fair \_\_\_\_\_, and set the \_\_\_\_\_ upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and over the city that stood by the river he ruled, and was its lord.

- a) neck ... raiment ...              b) chest ... baggage ... hat;              c) neck ... clothes ... diadema;  
crown;*

*Text 15**Read the story. Translate it***Jerome K. Jerome****REPAIR THE BICYCLE OR RIDE IT?**

There are people who very much like to repair things. I have had some experience of such people.

There was a man at Folkestone, his name was Ebbson. One day he came to me and proposed to go on a long bicycle ride together the next day. I agreed. The following day I got up very early, but he came half an hour late. It was a lovely day. He said: "That's a good-looking machine. How does it run?"

"Oh, like most of them", I answered.

He took it by the front wheel and the fork, and shook it. I said: "Don't do that; you'll hurt it."

He said: "This front wheel wobbles."

I said: "It does not if you don't wobble it." In fact, it did not wobble at all.

He said: "This is dangerous; have you got a spanner?"

I thought that perhaps he really knew something about the business. I went to my room to see what I could find. When I came back he was sitting on the ground with the front wheel between his legs. He was playing with it, turning it round and round between his fingers; the rest of the machine was lying on the path beside him.

He said: "Something has happened to this front wheel."

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" I answered. But he was the sort of man that never understands satire.

He said: "I think the ball-bearings are all wrong."

I said: "Don't trouble about it; you will get tired. Let us put it back and start."

He said: "We must see what is the matter with it."

I could not stop him. He unscrewed something somewhere, and many little balls rolled out all over the path.

"Catch them!" he shouted; "Catch them! We must not lose them."

We looked for the ball-bearings for half an hour, and found sixteen.

I put them in my hat, and I put my hat upon the doorstep.

He said: "I hope we have got them all, if not, it will make a serious difference to the machine."

Then he began taking off the gear-case. I tried to stop him. I told him what one of my friends had once said to me.

"If anything goes wrong with your gear-case, sell the machine and buy a new one; it will be cheaper."

He said: "Your friend understands nothing about machines. It is very easy to take off a gear-case."

He was right. In less than five minutes he had the gear-case in two pieces, lying on the path, and was looking for the screws. He said he could never understand how screws disappeared.

We were still looking for the screws when my wife came out. She was very much surprised to find us still there.

He said: "We shan't be long now. I'm just helping your husband to repair this machine. It's a good machine; but all machines want repairing from time to time."

My wife said: "If you want to wash yourselves when you have finished, go to the kitchen. Meanwhile I shall go for a walk with Kate, and we shall be back for lunch."

If only I could go with them, I thought! I was already tired of standing there and looking at this fool who was breaking up my bicycle.

He was not looking for the rest of the screws any longer now. He was trying to get the

front wheel back into its place again.

I held the fork open, and he tried to put the wheel back. At the end of ten minutes we changed places. At the end of his first minute he dropped the machine, and took a short walk round the garden with his hands pressed together; when he came back he said: "You must never put your fingers between the forks and the wheel. It is dangerous for your hands."

I agreed with him, and we began again. At last we got the thing into position; and when it was in position he began laughing.

"What is the matter?" I asked. He said: "I am a fool! We have forgotten the ball-bearings!"

I looked for my hat - it was lying in the middle of the path, and my wife's little white dog was swallowing the balls one by one as quickly as he could.

"He will kill himself", shouted Ebbson. "They are of the hardest steel!"

"I am not troubling about the dog", I said. "He has eaten a packet of needles this week already. I am thinking about my bicycle."

He said: "Well, we must put back all we can find."

We found eleven ball-bearings. We put six on one side and five on the other, and half an hour later the wheel was in its place again. It really wobbled now.

Ebbson said: "That's all right for the present." I thought he was getting a little tired.

Then he tried to put the gear-case back again. He put the bicycle against the house, and worked from one side. Then he put it against a tree, and began working from the other side. Then I held it for him, while he lay on the ground with his head between the wheels, and worked at it from below, and dropped oil upon himself. Three times he said: "Oh, that's right; at last!"

And twice he said: "No, it is not, after all!"

And then there began a real fight between him and the machine. One moment the bicycle was lying on the path, and he was on top of it; the next moment, the position changed - he was on the path and the bicycle on top of him. Now he was standing victorious, the bicycle between his legs. But the triumph was very short. With a quick movement, the bicycle turned upon him, and hit him over the head with one of its handles.

At a quarter to one, dirty and tired, he said: "I think that will do"; and rose from the ground. I took him into the kitchen, where he washed himself. Then I sent him home.

I took the bicycle to the nearest repairing shop. The foreman looked at it and said:

"What do you want to do with that?"

"I want to repair it", I said.

"That is difficult now", said he; "but I will do my best."

He did his best, and I paid two pounds for it. But it was never the same machine again; and at the end of the season I sold it.

Yes, there are two ways you can get sport out of a bicycle: you can "repair" it, or you can ride it. But it is impossible to get both forms of sport out of the same machine; no machine will stand it.

### *Conversation Books*

The other day my friend George came to see me and brought a small book with him. It was a guide to English conversation for the use of foreign travellers. It began "On a Steamboat", and ended "At the Doctor's"; its longest chapter was devoted to conversation in a railway carriage. But the conversation produced a rather strange impression, there were such sentences in it as: "Can you not get further away from me, sir?" - "It is impossible, madam; my neighbour, here, is very stout." - "Shall we not try to arrange our legs?" - "Please, keep your elbows down." - "I really must ask you to move a little, madam, I cannot breathe."

How to say these sentences, sarcastically or not, was not indicated.

"It is not a brilliant publication"; I said, handing the book back to George; "it is not a book that personally I can recommend to a foreign traveller in England; if he uses it, people will not

like him. But I have read books published in London for the use of English travellers abroad just as foolish.”

“However”, said George, “I know that these books are bought by the thousand. In every town in Europe there are travellers who, probably, go about and talk this sort of thing.”

“Perhaps”, I answered, “but fortunately nobody understands them. I have noticed, myself, men standing on rail-way platforms, at street corners reading aloud from such books. Nobody knows what language they are speaking; nobody knows what they are saying. It is, perhaps, better that nobody understands them.”

George said: ‘Perhaps you are right. My idea is to go to London early on Wednesday morning, and spend an hour or two going about and shopping with the help of this book. I want one or two little things - a hat and a pair of bedroom slippers. I want to try this sort of talk. I want to see how the foreigner feels when you talk to him in this way.’

I found it an interesting idea. In my enthusiasm I offered to accompany him.

We went to our friend Harris, showed him the book, and offered him to go with us. He examined the book, especially the chapters about buying shoes and hats. He said: “But if George says to any bootmaker or any hatter the things that are put down here, he will not need our moral help; he will need to be sent to the hospital.”

Then George got angry.

“But I am not a foolish boy. I shall select from the more polite and less irritating speeches.”

At last, Harris agreed to go with us; and our start was fixed for early Wednesday morning.

We arrived at Waterloo Station a little after nine, and went to a small boot shop which was not far from the railway station. We wanted to begin George’s experiment at once.

It was one of those shops that display their goods everywhere. Boxes of boots filled the shelves. Black and brown boots hung in festoons about its doors and windows. The shop was storage of boots. The man, when we entered, was opening with a hammer a new case full of boots.

George raised his hat, and said “Good morning.”

The man did not even turn round. I did not like him from the first. He said something which was perhaps “Good morning”, and went on with his work.

George said: “I have been recommended to your shop by my friend, Mr.X.”

The answer to this in the book was: “Mr.X. is a worthy gentleman; it will give me the greatest pleasure to serve a friend of his.”

What the man said was: “Don’t know him; never heard of him.”

This was not the answer we expected. The book gave three or four methods of buying boots; George had selected the most polite of them centred round “Mr.X.” You talked with the shopkeeper about this “Mr.X.”, and then, when friendship and understanding had been established, you began to speak about your desire to buy boots, “cheap and good”. But with this unpleasant man it was necessary to come to business with brutal directness. George left “Mr.X.”, and turning back to a previous page, took another sentence. It was not a good selection; it was useless to make such a speech to any bootmaker, and especially in a boot shop full of boots.

George said: “One has told me that you have here boots for sale.”

For the first time the man put down his hammer, and looked at us. He spoke slowly, in a thick voice. He said: “What do you think I keep boots for - to smell them?”

He was one of those men that begin quietly and get more angry as they go on.

“What do you think I am”, he continued, “a boot collector? What do you think I’m keeping this shop for - my health? Do you think I love the boots, and can’t part with a pair? Do you think I hang them about here to look at them? Where do you think you are - in an international exhibition of boots? What do you think these boots are - a historical collection? Did you ever hear of a man keeping a boot shop and not selling boots? Do you think I decorate the shop with them? What

do you think I am - a prize idiot?"

I have always said that these conversation books are practically useless. We could not find the right answer in the book from beginning to end. I must say that George chose the best sentence that was there, and used it. He said: "I shall come again, when, perhaps, you will have more boots to show me. Till then, good-bye."

With that we went out. George wanted to stop at another boot shop and try the experiment once more; he said he really wanted a pair of bedroom slippers. But we advised him to buy them another time, and went with him to a small shop in the next street to buy a hat.

The shopkeeper was a cheerful little man with bright eyes, and he was ready to help us.

When George asked him in the words of the book, "Have you any hats?" he did not get angry; he just stopped in thought and fully looked at us.

"Hats", said he. "Let me think. Yes" – here a smile of real pleasure appeared on his face – "yes, I think I have a hat. But, tell me, why do you ask me?"

George explained to him that he wished to buy a cap, a "good cap".

The man's face changed. "Ah", said he, "I can find you a bad cap, which is not worth" the price we ask for it. But a good cap - no; we don't keep them. But wait a minute", he continued, "don't hurry. I have a cap here", he went to a drawer and opened it, "it is not a good cap, but it is not so bad as most of the caps I sell."

"He brought it to George.

"What do you think of that?" he asked. "Do you like it?"

George put it on before the glass, chose another sentence from the book, and said: "This hat fits me well, but, tell me, do you think that it becomes me?"

The man stepped back and looked at him.

"Truly", he answered, "I can't say that it does."

George wanted to finish the conversation with the man, and said: "That is all right. We don't want to lose the train. How much?"

The man answered: "The price of that cap, sir, which, I think, is twice as it is worth, is four-and-six."

George paid the man four-and-six and went out. Harris and I followed.

In the train we agreed that we had lost the game by two points to one; and George threw the book out of the window.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. There was a woman at Folkestone, his name was Ebbson.
2. The following day I got up very late, but he came half an hour late. It was a lovely day.
3. I could not stop him. He unscrewed something somewhere, and many little balls rolled out all over the path.
4. "Catch them!" he shouted; "Catch them! We must not lose them."
5. He said: "I hope we have got them all, if not, it will make a serious difference to the machine."
6. He said: "Your friend understands nothing about cars. It is very easy to take off a gear-case."
7. He was right. In less than four minutes he had the gear-case in two pieces, lying on the path, and was looking for the screws. He said he could never understand how screws disappeared.
8. My wife said: "If you want to wash yourselves when you have finished, go to the bathroom. Meanwhile I shall go for a walk with Kate, and we shall be back for lunch."
9. You must never put your fingers between the forks and the wheel. It is dangerous for your hands.
10. "What is the matter?" I asked. He said: "I am a clever man! We have forgotten the

ball-bearings!”

11. Ebbson put the bicycle against the house, and worked from one side. Then he put it against a tree, and began working from the other side.

12. And then there began a real fight between him and the machine. One moment the bicycle was lying on the path, and he was on top of it; the next moment, the position changed - he was on the path and the bicycle on top of him.

13. At half past one, dirty and tired, he said: “I think that will do”; and rose from the ground. I took him into the kitchen, where he washed himself. Then I sent him home.

14. Yes, there are three ways you can get sport out of a bicycle: you can “repair” it, or you can ride it. But it is impossible to get both forms of sport out of the same machine; no machine will stand it.

15. “It is not a brilliant publication”; I said, handing the letter back to George; “it is not a book that personally I can recommend to a foreign traveller in England; if he uses it, people will not like him.”

16. Everybody knows what language they are speaking; everybody knows what they are saying. It is, perhaps, better that everybody understands them.”

17. We went to our friend Peter, showed him the book, and offered him to go with us. He examined the book, especially the chapters about buying shoes and hats.

18. We arrived at Waterloo Station a little after nine, and went to a small boot shop which was not far from the railway station. We wanted to begin George’s experiment at once.

19. It was one of those shops that display their goods everywhere. Boxes of boots filled the boxes.

20. The shop was storage of boots. The man, when we entered, was opening with a ball a new case full of boots.

21. The book gave three or four methods of buying boots; George had selected the most polite of them centred round “Mr.X.” You talked with the shopkeeper about this “Mr. X”, and then, when friendship and understanding had been established, you began to speak about your desire to buy boots, “cheap and good”.

22. For the first time the man put down his hammer, and looked at us. He spoke slowly, in a thick voice.

23. Where do you think you are - in an international exhibition of books? What do you think these books are - a historical collection?

24. George explained to him that he wished to buy a cap, a “good cap”.

25. The man answered: “The price of that cap, sir, which, I think, is twice as it is worth, is four-and-six.”

26. In the bus we agreed that we had lost the game by three points to four; and George threw the book out of the window.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. What this story is about?
2. What was a man from Folkestone?
3. What kind of machine does the teller say?
4. We looked for the ball-bearings for half an hour, and found sixteen.
5. What colour of dog has the teller’s wife?
6. What has the dog already eaten this week?
7. How many ball-bearings did they find?
8. Why did the teller take the bicycle to the nearest repairing shop?
9. What did the foreman say?
10. In what way was the man opening a new case full of boots?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- це був чудовий день ...
- не роби цього ...
- що він дійсно знає дещо про ...
- біля переднього колеса поміж ногами ...
- пів години і знайшли 16 ...
- це буде дешевше ...
- твоєму чоловіку лагодити цю машину ...
- він почав сміятися ...
- проковтнув шарики один за одним ...
- з'їв пакет голок цього тижня ...
- наступного разу вони помінялись місцями ...
- вдарив його по голові ...
- перемога була недовгою ...
- приніс з кухні ...
- найближчу майстерню ...
- піднявся з землі ...
- зроблю все, що зможу ...
- найдовша частина присвячена ...
- пішли в невеликий взуттєвий магазин ...
- книга пропонує три – чотири способи ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. I thought that perhaps he really knew something about the business.
2. He was playing with it, turning it round and round between ...
3. We must see what is the matter with it.
4. I could not stop him. He unscrewed something somewhere, and ...
5. If you want to wash yourselves when you ...
6. It is dangerous for your hands.
7. ... and my wife's little white dog was swallowing the balls ...
8. They are of the hardest steel!
9. ... the next moment, the position changed - he was on the path ...
10. But it is impossible to get both forms of sport out ...

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle ) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. I have had some experience of such people.
2. I thought that perhaps he really knew something about the business.
3. He was playing with it, turning it round ...
4. I hope we have got them all, if not, it will make a serious difference ...
5. We were still looking for the screws when my wife came out.
6. I'm just helping your husband to repair this machine.
7. If only I could go with them, I thought!

8. He ***has eaten*** a packet of needles this week already.
9. I ***did not like*** him from the first.
10. I ***have been recommended*** to your shop by my friend, Mr.X.

***Exercise 9. Find the combinations “verb + preposition” and translate***

***Exercise 10. Test***

1. There was a man at Folkestone, his name was \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) *Dodson;*                      b) *Ebbson;*                      c) *Hannson;*
2. We looked for the \_\_\_\_\_ for half an hour, and found sixteen.  
a) *ball-bearings;*              b) *balls;*                      c) *wheels;*
3. “I am not troubling about the dog”, I said. “He has eaten a packet of \_\_\_\_ this week already. I am thinking about my bicycle.”  
a) *needles;*                      b) *pins;*                      c) *chips;*
4. And then there began a real \_\_\_\_\_ between him and the machine.  
a) *fight;*                      b) *training;*                      c) *lesson;*
5. “It is not a brilliant publication”; I said, handing the book back to George; “it is not a book that personally I can recommend to \_\_\_\_\_ in England; if he uses it, people will not like him.”  
a) *a foreign traveller;*      b) *a stranger;*                      c) *a friend;*
6. He examined the \_\_\_\_\_, especially the \_\_\_\_\_ about buying shoes and hats.  
a) *book ... chapters;*      b) *letter ... abstracts;*              c) *text ... exercises;*
7. It was not a good \_\_\_\_\_; it was useless to make such a speech to any bootmaker, and especially in a boot shop full of boots.  
a) *selection;*                      b) *purchase;*                      c) *idea;*
8. “What do you think I am”, he continued, “\_\_\_\_\_ collector?”  
a) *a book;*                      b) *a boot;*                      c) *a chess;*
9. The shopkeeper was a cheerful little man with \_\_\_\_\_, and he was ready to help us.  
a) *bright eyes;*                      b) *fair hair;*                      c) *crooked nose;*
10. The man answered: “The price of that cap, sir, which, I think, is twice as it is worth, is \_\_\_\_\_.”  
a) *five-and-six;*                      b) *four-and-six;*                      c) *six-and-seven;*



*Text 16**Read the story. Translate it***Jerome K. Jerome****ON THE ART OF MAKING UP ONE'S MIND**

"Now, which would you advise, dear? You see, with the red I shan't be able to wear my magenta hat". "Well, then, why not have the grey?" "Yes, yes, I think the grey will be more useful". "It's a good material!" "Yes, and it's a pretty grey. You know what I mean, dear; not a common grey. Of course grey is always an uninteresting colour". "It's quiet." "And then again, what I feel about the red is that it is so warm-looking. Red makes you feel warm even when you're not warm. You know what I mean, dear." "Well, then, why not have the red? It suits you – red". "No; do you really think so?"

"Well, when you've got a colour, I mean, of course". "Yes, that is the drawback to red. No, I think, on the whole, the grey is safer". "Then you will take the grey, madam." "Yes, I think I'd better; don't you, dear?" "I like it myself very much." "And it is good wearing stuff. I shall have it trimmed with - Oh! You haven't cut it off, have you?" "I was just about to, madam." "Well, don't for a moment. Just let me have another look at the red. You see, dear, it has just occurred to me - that chinchilla would look so well on the red." "So it would, dear." "And, you see, I've got the chinchilla." "Then have the red. Why not?" "Well, there is the hat I'm thinking of." "You haven't anything else you could wear with that." "Nothing at all, and it would go so beautifully with the grey - Yes, I think I'll have the grey. It's always a safe colour - grey." "Fourteen yards I think you said, madam?"

"Yes, fourteen yards will be enough; because I shall mix it with - one minute. You see, dear, if I take the grey I shall have nothing to wear with my black jacket." "Won't it go with grey?" "Not well - not so well as with red". "I should have the red, then. You evidently fancy it yourself". "No, personally I prefer the grey. But then one must think of everything, and - Good gracious! That's surely not the right time?" "No", madam, it's ten minutes slow. We always keep our clocks a little slow." "And we were to have been at Madame Jannaway's at a quarter past twelve. How long the shopping does take!" "And we don't seem to have done much, do we?" "Done literally nothing and I meant to have done so much. I must go to Madame Jannaway's. Have you got my purse, dear? Oh, it's all right, I've got it."

"Well, now you haven't decided whether you're going to have the grey or the red."

"I'm sure I don't know what I do want now. I had made up my mind a minute ago, and now it's all gone again - oh, yes, I remember, the red. Yes, I'll have the red. No, I don't mean the red; I mean the grey."

"You were talking about the red last time, if you remember, dear."

"Oh; so I was; you're quite right. That's the worst of shopping. Do you know, I get quite confused sometimes?"

"Then you will decide on the red, madam?"

"Yes, yes, I shan't do any better, shall I, dear? What do you think? You haven't got any other shades of red, have you? This is such an ugly red."

The shopman reminds her that she has seen all the other reds, and that this is the particular shade she selected and admired.

"Oh, very well", she replied, with the air of one from whom all earthly cares are falling, "I must take that, then; I suppose. I can't be worried about it any longer. I've wasted half the morning already."

Outside she recollects three insuperable objections to the red, and four unanswerable arguments why she should have selected the grey. She wonders would they change it, if she went back and asked to see the shopwalker. Her friend thinks not.

"That is what I hate about shopping", she says. "One never has time to really think." She says she shan't go to that shop again.

### Post-reading task

#### **Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:**

1. You see, with the red I shan't be able to wear my magenta dress.
2. Well, then, why not have the green?
3. You know what I mean, dear; not a common white.
4. Red makes you feel warm even when you're not warm.
5. Yes, that is the drawback to white.
6. And it is good wearing stuff.
7. You see, dear, it has just occurred to me - that fox would look so well on the red.
8. Well, there are the trousers I'm thinking of.
9. Yes, fifteen yards will be enough; because I shall mix it with - one minute.
10. No, madam, it's ten minutes slow. We always keep our clocks a little slow.
11. And we were to have been at Madame Jannaway's at a half past twelve.
12. I must go to Madame Jannaway's. Have you got my purse, dear? Oh, it's all right, I've got it.
13. Well, now you haven't decided whether you're going to have the green or the red."
14. You were talking about the red last time, if you remember, dear.
15. You haven't got any other shades of red, have you? This is such an ugly red."
16. Outside she recollects two insuperable objections to the red, and four unanswerable arguments why she should have selected the grey.
17. One never has time to really read. She says she shan't go to that shop again.

#### **Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What did the woman want?
2. What colour she wanted?
3. Describe the red and grey colours from the woman's point of view.
4. What did the shopman say to woman?
5. How many yards will be enough?
6. What colour was a jacket?
7. How long does shopping take?
8. What does the shopman remind the woman?

#### **Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- *думаю, що сірий буде більш ...*
- *відчуваю, що червоний ...*
- *ви дійсно так думаєте ...*
- *якщо я візьму сірий, мені не буде що вдягнути із ...*
- *у вас немає жодних відтінків червоного ...*
- *відтінки червоного кольору, що вона обрала ...*
- *можу не турбуватися про ...*
- *ось чому я ненавиджу ...*

#### **Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. Yes, yes, I think the grey will be more useful.
2. Of course grey is always an uninteresting colour.
3. I like it myself very much.
4. I shall have it trimmed with - Oh! You haven't cut it off, have you?
5. ... it would go so beautifully with I the grey - ...
6. Fourteen yards I think you said, madam?

7. I shall have **nothing** to wear with my black jacket.
8. How long the **shopping** does take!
9. ... with the air of one from whom all **earthly** cares are falling ...
10. I can't be worried about it any **longer**.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Now, which **would** you **advise**, dear?
2. You see, with the red I **shan't be able** to wear my magenta hat.
3. Well, when **you have got** a colour, I mean, of course.
4. Then you **will take** the grey, madam.
5. You **haven't cut** it off, have you?
6. Well, there is the hat **I'm thinking** of.
7. I **should have** the red, then.
8. I **must go** to Madame Jannaway's.
9. I **had made up** my mind a minute ago, and now it's all ...
10. You **were talking** about the red last time, if you remember, dear.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. Of course grey is always \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) an uninteresting colour;      b) an interesting colour;      c) a visual colour;
2. And then again, what I feel about the red is that it is so \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) cool-looking;      b) warm-looking;      c) warm colour;
3. Yes, that is the drawback to \_\_\_\_\_. No, I think, on the whole, the grey is safer.  
a) grey;      b) white;      c) red;
4. You see, dear, it has just occurred to me - that \_\_\_\_\_ would look so well on the red.  
a) chinchilla;      b) fox;      c) wild chinchilla;
5. \_\_\_\_\_ yards I think you said, madam?  
a) fifteen;      b) fourteen;      c) thirteen;
6. You see, dear, if I take the grey I shall have nothing to wear with \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) his black skirt;      b) my black jacket;      c) mine black coat;
7. And we were to have been at Madame Jannaway's at a \_\_\_\_\_.  
a) quarter to twelve;      b) ten minutes past eleven;      c) quarter past twelve;
8. Done literally nothing and I meant to have done so much. I must go \_\_\_\_\_.

a) *to Madame Jannaway's;*      b) *from Madame Jannaway's;*      c) *with Madame Jannaway;*

9. You were talking about the \_\_\_\_\_ red last time, if you remember, dear.

a) *grey;*      b) *red and grey;*      c) *red;*

10. Outside she recollects \_\_\_\_\_ to the red, and four unanswerable arguments why she should have selected the grey.

a) *three insuperable objections;*      b) *two insuperable objections;*      c) *four insuperable objections;*

*Text 17**Read the story. Translate it***R. Kipling****ELEPHANT'S CHILD**

Once upon a time the Elephant had no trunk. He had only a blackish, flat nose, as big as a boot. He could move it from side to side, but he could not pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant - a new Elephant - an Elephant's Child who was full of curiosity, and so he asked very many questions. And he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his curiosity. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt, the Ostrich, spanked him with her hard, hard claws. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, why his skin was so spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of curiosity! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And still he was full of curiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of curiosity!

One fine morning the Elephant's Child asked a new question. He asked, "What does the Crocodile have for dinner?" Then everybody said, "Hush" in a loud voice, and they spanked him without stopping for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he went to Kolokolo Bird who lived in the middle of a thorn-bush, and he said, "My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my curiosity; and still I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!"

Then Kolokolo Bird said, "Go to the banks of the great grey-green Limpopo River and find out."

That very next morning, this Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas, and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane, and seventeen melons, and said to all his dear family, "Good bye. I am going to the great grey-green Limpopo River to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner." And they all spanked him once more, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, eating melons, and throwing the rind about. He went from one town to another, from one country to another, and he went east, and he went north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the grey-green Limpopo River.

Now you must know and understand that till that very week and day, and hour, and minute, this Elephant's Child never saw a Crocodile, and did not know what he was like.

The first thing that he found on the bank was a Black and White Rock-Snake.

"Excuse me", said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile here?"

"Have I seen a Crocodile?" said the Black and White Rock-Snake. "What will you ask me next?"

"Excuse me", said the Elephant's Child, "but could you tell me what he has for dinner?"

Then the Black and White Rock-Snake came down from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his hard, hard tail.

"How strange", said the Elephant's Child to himself, "my father and my mother, and my uncle and my aunt, and my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my curiosity - and I think this is the same thing."

So he said goodbye most politely to the Black and White Rock-Snake, and helped him to coil up round the rock again, and went on, eating melons and throwing the rind about, till he stepped on something. He thought that it was a piece of wood on the bank of the great grey-green Limpopo River.

But it was really the Crocodile, and the Crocodile winked one eye.

“Excuse me”, said the Elephant’s Child most politely, “but haven’t you seen a Crocodile here?”

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the water, and the Elephant’s Child stepped back most politely, because he did not want to be spanked again.

“Come here, Little One”, said the Crocodile. “Why do you ask such things?”

“Excuse me”, said the Elephant’s Child most politely, “but my father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me, and my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick very hard, and my broad aunt, the Hoppopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, and the Black and White Rock Snake, with his hard tail, - everybody has spanked me for my curiosity; and so, if it’s all the time to you, I don’t want to be spanked again.”

“Come here, Little One”, said the Crocodile, “I am the Crocodile”, and he wept crocodile tears to show how that it was quite true.

The Elephant’s Child was very glad to hear it, and he went on his knees on the bank and said: “You are the person that I am looking for. Please, tell me what you have for dinner?”

“Come here, Little One”, said the Crocodile, “I’ll whisper.”

Then the Elephant’s Child put his head close to the Crocodile’s mouth, and the crocodile caught him by his little nose, which till that very week, day, hour, and minute, was no bigger than a boot.

“I think, said the Crocodile – and he said it between his teeth, - “I think today I’ll have an Elephant’s Child for dinner!”

The Elephant’s Child did not like it, and he said through his nose: “Let go! You are hurting me!”

Then the black and White Rock snake came down from the rock very quickly and said: “My young friend, if you do not pull now as hard as you can, I think that the Crocodile will pull you into the river before you can say a word.”

Then the Elephant’s Child sat back on his little hind legs, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile held the Elephant’s Child’s nose, and he also pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant’s Child’s nose stretched and stretched; and the Elephant’s Child spread all his four little legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose stretched and stretched; and the Crocodile pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant’s Child’s nose grew longer and longer.

Then the Elephant’s Child felt that he could not pull any more, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, “This is too much for me!”

Then the Black and White Rock-Snake came down from the rock, and he coiled up round the Elephant’s Child’s hind legs, and said, “Little traveller, let us pull together, because if we do not pull hard enough, the Crocodile will have you for dinner.”

So the Black and White Rock-Snake pulled, and the Elephant’s Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant’s Child and the Black and White Rock-Snake pulled harder; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant’s Child’s nose.

Then the Elephant’s Child sat down, and though his nose hurt him badly he did not forget to say “Thank you” to the Black and White Rock-Snake; and then he covered his poor pulled nose with cool banana leaves, and put it into the great grey-green Limpopo River to cool.

“Why are you doing that?” said the Black and White Rock-Snake.

“Excuse me”, said the Elephant’s Child, “but my nose is too long now, and perhaps it will shrink in the water.”

“Then you must wait a long time”, said the Black and White Rock-Snake. “Some people do not know what is good for them.”

The Elephant’s Child sat there for three days, and though his nose was in the water it did

not grow any shorter. Now it looked like a trunk, the same as all Elephants have today.

At the end of the third day a fly came and bit him on the shoulder, and very quickly he lifted up his trunk and killed that fly with the end of it.

“You see how useful your trunk is”, said the Black and White Rock-Snake. “You could not do that before with your little flat nose, which was no bigger than a boot. Try and eat a little now.”

Very quickly the Elephant’s Child put out his trunk, picked some grass, and put it into his mouth.

“You see how useful your trunk is”, said the Black and White Rock-Snake. “You could not do that before with your little flat nose, which was no bigger than a boot. Now tell me, do you want to be spanked again?”

“Excuse me, I do not want it at all”, said the Elephant’s Child.

“But do you want to spank somebody?” said the Black and White Rock-Snake.

“O yes, of course I do!” said the Elephant’s Child.

“Very well”, said the Black and White Rock-Snake, “you will find that it is quite easy to spank people with your trunk.”

“Thank you”, said the Elephant’s Child, “I’ll remember that; and now I think I’ll go home to all my dear family and try.”

So the Elephant’s Child went home across Africa. When he wanted to eat fruit he just pulled it down from a tree, and before, when he had no trunk, he had to wait till the fruit fell down. When he wanted grass he just picked it up from the ground, and before, when he had no trunk, he had to go on his knees to do so. When flies bit him he broke off a branch of a tree and used it to get rid of them. And once he even spanked a fat Hippopotamus (though she was not his aunt) and was very happy.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear family and he coiled up his trunk and said, “How do you do?” They were very glad to see him, and said, “Come here and we shall spank you for your curiosity.”

“No”, said the Elephant’s Child. “I don’t think you know how to do it; but I do, and I’ll show you.”

And very quickly he knocked down two of his dear brothers with his new trunk.

“Oh!” said they, “where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?”

“I got a new nose from the Crocodile on the banks of the great grey-green Limpopo River”, said the Elephant’s Child. “I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this trunk.”

“It looks very ugly”, said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

“It does”, said the Elephant’s Child. “But it’s very useful.”

Then that bad Elephant’s Child spanked all his dear family without stopping for a long time. He pulled out all the tail-feathers of his tall aunt, the Ostrich; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by his hind legs, and pulled him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew water into her ear when she went to sleep after her dinner; but he never let anybody touch Kolokolo Bird.

At last when all the Elephant’s Child’s sisters and brothers saw how useful the trunk was, they went one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green Limpopo River to get new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back nobody spanked anybody any more; and since that day all the Elephants which you will ever see, besides all those that you won’t see, have trunks exactly like the trunk of the Elephant’s Child.

### Post-reading task

*Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. The Elephant had only a blackish, flat nose, as big as a house.

2. And he lived in Auvstralia, and he filled all Australia with his curiosity.
3. He asked his tall aunt, the Big Elephant, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt, the ...
4. He asked his broad aunt, the Snake, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt spanked him with her broad hoof ...
5. One fine morning the Elephant's Child asked an old question.
6. Then Kolokolo Bird said, "Go to the banks of the great grey-green Limpopo River and find out."
7. Then he went away, eating melons, and gathering the rind into a basket.
8. The first thing that he found on the bank was a Black Monkey.
9. The Black and White Rock-Snake came down from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his hard, hard tail.
10. He thought that it was a piece of plastic on the bank of the great grey-green Limpopo River.
11. But it was really the Crocodile, and the Crocodile winked one mouth.
12. The Elephant's Child was very glad to hear it, and he went on his feet on the bank and said: "You are the person that I am looking for. Please, tell me what you have for dinner?"
13. Then the Elephant's Child put his nose close to the Crocodile's mouth, and the crocodile caught him by his little ...
14. The Elephant's Child sat back on his little hind legs, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch.
15. The Black and White Rock-Snake came down from the rock, and he coiled up round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, "Little traveller, let us pull together, because if we do not pull hard enough, the Crocodile will have you for dinner."
16. "Excuse me", said the Elephant's Child, "but my eyes are too long now, and perhaps they will see better in the water."
17. The Elephant's Child sat there for two days, and though his nose was in the water it did not grow any shorter.
18. Now it looked like a trunk, the same as all Elephants have today.
19. "You see how useful your hand is", said the Black and White Rock-Snake.
20. So the Elephant's Child went home across New Zealand.
21. One dark evening he came back to all his dear family, and he coiled up his trunk and said, "How do you do?"
22. They were very glad to see him, and said, "Come here and we shall thank you for your curiosity."
23. And very quickly he knocked down four of his dear brothers with his new trunk.
24. Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear family without stopping for a short time.
25. At last when all the Elephant's Child's sisters and brothers saw how useful the trunk was, they went one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green Limpopo River to get new hands from the Crocodile.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. Describe the appearance of Elephant's Child.
2. What character has the Elephant's Child?
3. Why did all his relatives spank him?
4. Who was his tall aunt?
5. What new question was asked by the Elephant's child?
6. Where did the Elephant's Child go?
7. What did the Crocodile do with nose of the Elephant's Child?



8. Who helped the Elephant's Child to save from the Crocodile?
9. Why did the Elephant's Child sit for three days with keeping his nose in the water?
10. How the new nose helps the Elephant's Child?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- рухати із боку на бік ...
- чому в неї червоні очі ...
- на берег сіро-зеленої ...
- сімнадцять гарбузів ...
- сказав слоненя сам собі ...
- дуже ввічливо сказав «до побачення» ...
- схопив його за маленький ніс ...
- ти робиш мені боляче ...
- відпустив ніс маленького слоненя ...
- забувся сказати «дякую» ...
- у прохолодне бананове листя ...
- став схожим на хобот ...
- був змушений вставати навколішки ...
- почали сміятися з нього ...
- отримав цей ніс від крокодила ...
- це виглядає жахливо ...
- але дуже корисно ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. He had only a blackish, flat nose, as big as a boot.
2. ... an Elephant's Child who was full of curiosity, and so he ...
3. ... the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle ...
4. ... voice, and they spanked him without stopping for a long time.
5. ... Go to the banks of the great grey-green Limpopo River and find out.
6. I am going to the great Limpopo River to find out what the ...
7. "Excuse me", said the Elephant's Child most politely ...
8. ... he said goodbye most politely to the ... till he stepped on something.
9. "I think, said the Crocodile – and he said it between his teeth, ...
10. Very quickly the Elephant's Child put out his trunk ...

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle ) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. He had only a blackish, flat nose, as big as a boot.
2. He could move it from side to side, but he could not pick up things with it.
3. What does the Crocodile have for dinner?
4. My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; ...
5. Go to the banks of the great grey-green Limpopo River and find out.
6. I am going to the great grey-green Limpopo River ...

7. Now you ***must know*** and ***understand*** that till that very week and day ...
8. ... said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but ***have you seen*** such ...
9. What ***will*** you ***ask*** me next?
10. The Elephant's Child ***did not like*** it, and ... You ***are hurting*** me!

***Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate***

***Exercise 10. Test***

1. He asked his tall \_\_\_\_, the Giraffe, why his skin was so spotty, and his tall \_\_\_\_, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof.  
 a) *aunt ... uncle;*                      b) *uncle ... aunt;*                      c) *uncle ... uncle;*
  
2. That very next morning, this Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of \_\_\_\_, and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane, and seventeen melons, and said to all his dear family, "Good bye. I am going to the great grey-green Limpopo River to find out what the \_\_\_\_ has for dinner."  
 a) *bananas ... Tiger;*    b) *kiwi ... Crocodile;*                      c) *bananas ... Crocodile;*
  
3. Then the Black and White Rock-Snake came down from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his hard, hard \_\_\_\_\_.  
 a) *leg;*    b) *claw;*    c) *tail;*
  
4. So he said goodbye most politely to the Black and White Rock-Snake, and helped him \_\_\_\_\_ round the rock again, and went on, eating melons and throwing the rind about, till he stepped on something.  
 a) *coil up;*    b) *sit down;*    c) *come in;*
  
5. The Elephant's Child was very glad to hear it, and he went on his \_\_\_\_ on the bank and said: "You are the person that I am \_\_\_\_\_. Please, tell me what you have for dinner?"  
 a) *knees ... looking*    b) *legs ... speaking to;*                      c) *knees ... going to; for;*
  
6. "I think, said the Crocodile – and he said it between his \_\_\_\_\_, - "I think today I'll have an Elephant's Child for dinner!"  
 a) *legs;*    b) *teeth;*    c) *banks;*
  
7. Then the Elephant's Child sat down, and though his nose hurt him badly he did not forget to say "Thank you" to the Black and White Rock-Snake; and then he covered his \_\_\_\_\_ pulled nose with cool \_\_\_\_\_ leaves, and put it into the great grey-green Limpopo River \_\_\_\_\_.  
 a) *poor ... banana ...*    b) *big ... melon ... to cool;*    c) *small ... banana ... to freeze; to cool;*
  
8. Very quickly the Elephant's Child put out his \_\_\_\_\_, picked some grass, and put it into his mouth.  
 a) *trunk;*    b) *nose;*    c) *leg;*
  
9. When he wanted \_\_\_\_\_ he just picked it up from the ground, and before, when he had no trunk, he had to go on his \_\_\_\_\_ to do so.  
 a) *grass ... knees;*                      b) *melons ... bananas;*                      c) *melons ... knees;*
  
10. Then that \_\_\_\_\_ Elephant's Child spanked all his dear family without stopping for a

long time. He pulled out all the tail-feathers of his tall aunt, the Ostrich; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by his hind legs, and pulled him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew water into her ear when she went to sleep after her dinner; but he never let anybody touch Kolokolo Bird.

*a) little;*

*b) big;*

*c) bad;*

*Text 18**Read the story. Translate it***O'Henry****THE ROMANCE OF A BUSY BROKER**

Pitcher, a clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless face when his chief briskly entered at half-past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy "Good morning, Pitcher", Maxwell dashed at his desk and then got himself busy with the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful. She wore no chains, bracelets, or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was gray and plain, but it fitted her figure well. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly shining. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks were pink, her expression was happy.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk near enough for him to notice her.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing heels and uncoiling springs.

"Well - what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply.

His opened mail lay like snow on his crowded desk. His gray eye flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher", she said to the clerk, "did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did", answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I turned to the agency yesterday afternoon and asked to send over somebody this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, but no one has come yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then", said the young lady, "until someone comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green parrot wing in its usual place.

This day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The telegraphic machine began to reel out jerkily its coils of tape; the desk telephone rang all the time. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railing. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during the storm.

On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and volcanoes, and those things were reproduced in miniature in the broker's office.

Maxwell jumped from a telegraphic machine to phone, from desk to door.

In the middle of this growing and important stress the broker suddenly saw a mass of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet ostrich tips. There was a self-possessed young lady and Pitcher was there to introduce her.

"Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position", said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and tape.

"What position?" he asked with a frown.

"Position of stenographer", said Pitcher. "You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning."

"You are losing your mind, Pitcher", said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you such instructions? Miss Leslie has worked perfectly during this year. The place is hers as long as she chooses to leave it. There's no place open here, madam. Inform the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of them in here."

The young lady left the office. Pitcher found a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

The rush and the pace of business grew faster. On the floor there were half a dozen stocks in which Maxwell's customers were heavy investors. Orders to buy and sell were coming and going quickly. Some of his own holdings were in danger, and the man was working like some machine, going at full speed, accurate, never hesitating, with the right word and decision, and act. Stocks and bonds, loans and securities - here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

When the luncheon hour drew near there came a slight lull in the uproar.

Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of telegrams, with a pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorder over his forehead. His window was open, for the spring had brought a little warmth.

And through the window came a delicate, sweet odor of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. This odor belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odor brought her vividly before him. The world of finance became suddenly smaller. And she was in the next room - twenty steps away.

"Well, I'll do it now", said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He came up the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk.

"Miss Leslie", he began hurriedly, "I have only one moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you and snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They are calling me for the phone now. Tell them to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very strangely. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her surprised eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now", she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at eight o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner."

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Pitcher, a clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, teacher, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless face when his chief briskly entered at half-past nine in company with his young lady stenographer.

2. The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful. She wore many of chains, bracelets, or lockets.

3. In her neat white turban hat was the gold-green wing of macaw.

4. The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a woman; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

5. His green eye flashed upon her half impatiently.

6. I turned to the agency yesterday afternoon and asked to send over somebody this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, but no one has come yet.

7. The telegraphic machine began to reel out jerkily its coils of tape; the desk telephone did not ring all the time.

8. In the middle of this growing and important stress the broker suddenly saw a mass of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet ostrich tips.

9. "You are losing your mind, Pitcher", said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you such lectures?"

10. Stocks and bonds, loans and securities - here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

11. Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of notebooks, with a pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorder over his forehead.

12. And through the window came a delicate, bitter odor of forget-me-nots that fixed the broker for a moment immovable.

13. The world of finance became suddenly smaller. And she was in the next room - forty steps away.

14. A soft red crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank.

15. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my husband?

16. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her surprised gaze; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her eyes slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

17. It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. What is Pitcher?
2. Describe the young lady.
3. What kind of jewelry the young lady prefers to wear?
4. Who is Maxwell?
5. What colour was the parrot wing?
6. What can you tell about Exchange.
7. What can you tell about of the young lady's odour?
8. What did Mr. Maxwell ask Miss Leslie?
9. What did Miss Leslie answer to Maxwell?

***Exercise 3. Find in the text:***

- сукня дуже лічила їй ...
- з легкою усмішкою ...
- ще ніхто не приходив ...
- просив надіслати когось цього ранку ...
- телефон дзвонив весь час ...
- були представлені у мініатюрі ...
- були схожі на моряків під час шторму ...
- вакансій у нас немає ...
- пів дюжини акцій ...
- чоловік працював як машина ...
- з ручкою за правим вухом ...
- столу стенографіста ...
- її погляд був добрий і щирий ...
- вона почервоніла з голови до п'ят ...
- попросить їх зачекати хвилину ...
- поклав лікоть на її стіл ...

- *стенографіст дуже дивно повівся ...*
- *сльози скотились з її здивованих очей ...*

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. ... and surprise to visit his usually expressionless face when ...
2. Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference ...
3. ... she lingered, slightly irresolute in the outer office.
4. ... it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing heels and ...
5. "Nothing", answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.
6. ... hung ... turban hat with the gold-green parrot wing in its usual place.
7. ... and those things were reproduced in miniature in the broker's office.
8. His window was open, for the spring had brought a little warmth.
9. The world of finance became suddenly smaller.
10. We were married last evening at eight o'clock in the ...

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Maxwell dashed at his desk and then got himself busy with ...
2. The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year.
3. The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man ...
4. ... she said "did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday ..."
5. "I will do the work as usual, then", said the young lady ...
6. ... and those things were reproduced in miniature in the broker's office.
7. You are losing your mind, Pitcher.
8. Why should I have given you such instructions?
9. ... and the man was working like some machine ...
10. I wanted to tell you and snatched a minute when things ...

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. The young \_\_\_ had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. \_\_\_ was beautiful. \_\_\_ wore no chains, bracelets, or \_\_\_.

- a) lady ... She ... She    b) man ... He ... He ...    c) madam ... She ... She ...  
 ... lockets;                      bags;                      rings;

2. His opened \_\_\_ lay like snow on his crowded desk.

- a) mail;                      b) book;                      c) pencil-box;

3. "He did", answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I turned to the agency yesterday afternoon and asked to send over somebody this morning. It's \_\_\_ o'clock, but no one has come yet."

- a) 9.45;                      b) 10.15;                      c) 9.05;

4. Messenger \_\_\_ ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like \_\_\_ during the storm.

- a) *clerks ... director;*    b) *boys ... sailors;*    c) *machines ... ship;*

5. In the middle of this growing and important stress the broker suddenly saw a mass of \_\_\_ under a nodding \_\_\_ of velvet \_\_\_ tips.

- a) *golden hair ... canopy*    b) *fair hair ... hat ... bird;*    c) *black hair ... cap ... fox;*  
*... ostrich;*

6. The young lady left the office. Pitcher found a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ every day of the world.

- a) *absent-minded ... forgetful;*    b) *ambitious ... stubborn;*    c) *polite ... accurate;*

7. Stocks and bonds, \_\_\_ and securities - here was a world of \_\_\_, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

- a) *loans ... finance;*    b) *credit ... money;*    c) *certificates ... paper;*

8. The odor brought her vividly before him. The world of finance became suddenly smaller. And she was in the next room - \_\_\_ away.

- a) *eleven pages;*    b) *twenty steps;*    c) *forty miles;*

9. He dashed into the \_\_\_ with the haste of a short trying to cover. He came up the desk of the stenographer.

- a) *inner office;*    b) *sitting room;*    c) *study;*

10. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at \_\_\_ eight o'clock in the Little \_\_\_ Church Around the Corner."

- a) *seven ... Church;*    b) *eight ... House;*    c) *eight ... Church;*



*Text 19**Read the story. Translate it***O'Henry****ONE THOUSANDS DOLLARS**

"One thousand dollars", repeated Lawyer Tolman solemnly, "and here is the money."

Young Gillian took the thin package of new fifty-dollar notes.

"It's such an awkward sum of money", he said to the lawyer. "I don't know what to do with it. I know how I could have spent ten thousand dollars. Even fifty dollars would have been less trouble."

"You heard your uncle's will", continued Lawyer Tolman, "I don't know if you paid attention to its details. I must remind you of one. You have to give us an account of the manner in which you spend this \$1000. I believe you will fulfill this wish of the late Mr. Gillian."

"Certainly", replied the young man.

Gillian went to his club. There he found a friend of his who was known by the name of Old Bryson.

Old Bryson was sitting in a corner of the room reading a book. When he saw Gillian, he sighed, laid down his book and took off his glasses.

"Hello, Old Bryson", said Gillian. "I have a funny story to tell you."

"I wish you would tell it to someone else", said Old Bryson. "You know how I hate your stories."

"This is a better one than usual", said Gillian, "and I want to tell it to you. I have just come from my late uncle's lawyers. He has left me a thousand dollars. Now, what can a man do with a thousand dollars?"

"I thought", said Old Bryson, "that the late Mr. Gillian was worth something like half a million."

"He was", Gillian agreed, "but he left all his money to a microbe. That is, part of it goes to a man who invents a new microbe, and the rest to establish a hospital that would do away with it again. There are two more people who got a ring and \$10 each - the butler and the housekeeper. His nephew gets \$1000."

"Any other heirs?" asked Old Bryson.

"There is a Miss Hayden, a ward of my uncle, who lived in his house. She's a quiet girl - musical - the daughter of one of my uncle's friends. I forgot to say that she also got a ring and \$10. Now, really, Bryson, tell me what a fellow can do with a thousand dollars?"

Old Bryson smiled. "A thousand dollars", he said, "means much or little. One man may buy a happy home with it. Another could send his wife South and save her life. A thousand dollars would buy milk for one hundred babies during June, July and August and save fifty of their lives. It would pay for the education of an ambitious boy. A picture of Corot was sold for this sum at an auction yesterday. You could go to a little town and live decently for two years on \$1000."

"Oh, Bryson, don't moralize", said Gillian, "I asked you to tell what I could do with a thousand dollars."

"You?" said Bryson, with a laugh. "Why, Bobby Gillian, there is only one thing you can do. You can buy a diamond necklace for Miss Lauriere with the money and then go to the West and live on a sheep ranch."

"Thanks", said Gillian, rising. "That's exactly what I'll do. I wanted to spend the money in a lump, because I have to turn in an account for it, and I hate itemizing."

Gillian took a taxi and said to the driver:

"The stage entrance of the Columbine Theatre."

Miss Lauriere was almost ready for her call at the performance when her dresser said that Mr. Gillian wanted to see her.

“Let him in”, she said. “Now, what is it, Bobby? I’m going in two minutes.”

“Oh, I won’t take more than two minutes”, said Gillian. “What would you say if I gave you a thousand dollar necklace?”

“As you wish”, replied Miss Lauriere. “By the way, did you see the necklace Delia Stacey wore last night? It cost 2,500 dollars.”

“Miss Lauriere!” cried the callboy.

Gillian went out to where his taxi was waiting.

“What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it?” he asked the driver.

“I would open a saloon”, answered the driver. “I know a place that would be wonderful for a saloon. If you want to invest a capital I can show you ...”

“No, thank you. I just asked from curiosity. Drive till I tell you to stop.”

They drove silently for a while, and then Gillian said suddenly: “I forgot something. You may drive to the law offices of Tolman and Sharp, on Broadway.”

Lawyer Tolman looked at Gillian with surprise as he entered the office.

“I beg your pardon”, said Gillian, cheerfully, “but may I ask you a question? Has my uncle left anything to Miss Hayden besides the ring and the \$10?”

“Nothing”, said Mr. Tolman.

“I thank you very much, sir”, said Gillian, and went out to his taxi. He gave the driver the address of his late uncle’s home.

Miss Hayden, dressed in black, was writing letters in the library. She was small and slender and she had beautiful eyes.

The door of the library opened and Gillian came in.

“I’ve just come from Mr. Tolman”, he explained. “They have been going over the papers there and found” - Gillian tried hard to recall the legal term - “a codicil to the will. It seemed that the old man left you a thousand dollars. I was driving up this way and Mr. Tolman asked me to bring you the money. Here it is.” And Gillian laid the money beside her on the desk.

Miss Hayden turned white, “Oh”, she said, and again “Oh!”

Gillian turned to the window.

“I suppose”, he said in a low voice, “that you know that I love you.”

“I am sorry”, said Miss Hayden, taking the money.

“There is no use?” asked Gillian.

“I am sorry”, she said again.

“May I write a note?” asked Gillian, with a smile. He sat down at the big library table. She gave him a pen and some paper and then went back to her desk.

Gillian made out his account of his expenditure of the thousand dollars in these words:

“Paid by Robert Gillian \$1000 for the happiness of the best and dearest woman on earth.”

Gillian put the note into an envelope, bowed and went out.

His taxi stopped again at the offices of Tolman and Sharp.

“I have spent the thousand dollars”, he said cheerfully to Tolman, “and here is the account.” And he put the white envelope on the lawyer’s table.

Without touching the envelope, Mr. Tolman went to the door and called his partner, Mr. Sharp. Together they opened a large safe and took out a big envelope sealed with wax. They opened it and, together, they read the contents of the document that was inside. Then Mr. Tolman spoke.

“Mr. Gillian”, he said, formally, “there was a codicil to your uncle’s will. It was given to us privately, with instructions not to open it until you have given us a full account of how you spent the thousand dollars. As you have already done so, my partner and I have read the codicil. As it is written in legal phraseology, I’ll tell you its contents in simpler language.”

“If you have spent the \$1000 in a way that deserves reward, that is, if your disposal of the money has been prudent, wise, or unselfish, you are to get \$50,000. But if you have used this

money as you have used the money in the past - the \$50,000 is to be paid to Miriam Hayden - ward of the late Mr. Gillian. Now, Mr. Gillian, Mr. Sharp and I shall look through your account.”

Mr. Tolman reached for the envelope. But Gillian was a little quicker than he. He seized the envelope and tore the account into pieces and put them into his pocket.

“It’s all right”, he said, smilingly. “You needn’t bother about this. I have lost all the money on the races. Good-day to you, gentlemen.” He went out of the office, whistling gaily in the corridor as he waited for the lift.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Young Gillian took the thin package of new fifty-dollar notes.
2. I know how I could have spent ten thousand dollars. Even fourty dollars would have been less trouble.
3. “You heard your uncle’s letter”, continued Lawyer Tolman, “I don’t know if you paid attention to its details.”
4. Gillian went to his club and found a friend of his who was known by the name of Old Bryson.
5. Old Bryson was sitting in a corner of the room writing a note.
6. “This is a better one than usual”, said Gillian, “and I want to tell it to you. I have just come from my late uncle’s lawyers.”
7. The part of his money goes to a man who invents a new microbe, and the rest to establish a hospital that would do away with it again.
8. Miss Hayden is a musical girl and she is the sister of one of my uncle's friends.
9. A thousand dollars would buy bread for three hundred babies during June and July.
10. Somebody could go to a little town and live decently for two years on \$1000.
11. Gillian took a taxi and said to the driver: “The stage entrance of the Columbine Theatre.”
12. Miss Lauriere was almost ready for her call at home when her dresser said that Mr. Gillian wanted to see her.
13. Gillian asked: “What would you say if I gave you a thousand dollar ring with a diamond?”
14. “What would you do with a two thousand dollars if you had it?” he asked the driver.
15. The driver said that he would open a saloon.
16. Lawyer Tolman looked at Gillian with astonishment as he entered the office.
17. Miss Hayden, dressed in red, was writing letters in the library.
18. Gillian explained: “I’ve just come from Mr. Tolman, they have been going over the books there and found.”
19. “May I write a note?” asked Gillian, with a smile. He sat down at the big library armchair. She gave him a pencil and some paper and then went back to her desk.
20. His taxi stopped again at the offices of Tolman and Sharp.
21. Without touching the envelope, Mr. Gillian went to the door and called his partner, Mr. Sharp.
22. Mr. Tolman reached for the envelope. But Gillian was a little slower than he.
23. He seized the envelope and tore the account into pieces and put them into his pocket.

#### *Exercise 2. Answer the questions:*

1. What is Lawyer Tolman?
2. What package the young Gillian took?
3. What can you tell about the late Gillian will.
4. What is Old Bryson?

5. Where did Gillian find Old Bryson?
6. What kind of story Gillian wants to tell to his friend?
7. What was in the Gillian's will?
8. What did Gillian ask the driver?
9. What was Miss Hayden doing in the library?
10. What was written in a codicil to Gillian will?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- чого ти приділяєш стільки уваги ...
- вірю, що виконаєш це бажання покійного ...
- в кутку кімнати і читав книгу ...
- від адвоката мого покійного ...
- щось схоже на півмільона ...
- який винайде новий мікроб ...
- інші спадкоємці ...
- забув сказати, що вона також ...
- це візьме більше, ніж дві хвилини ...
- якщо ти хочеш вкласти гроші ...
- в неї були гарні очі ...
- попросив мене передати вам гроші ...
- мені нема на що сподіватися ...
- виписав рахунок на ...
- для найкращої і наймилішої жінки в світі ...
- разом вони відкрили великий сейф і вийняли з нього ...
- скажу вам зміст простими словами ...
- розірвав рахунок на маленькі шматочки ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. There he found a friend of his who was known by the name ...
2. Old Bryson was sitting in a corner of the room reading a book.
3. ... tell me what a fellow can do with a thousand dollars?
4. during June, July and August and save fifty of their lives.
5. I forgot something.
6. He gave the driver the address of his late uncle's home.
7. I was driving up this way and Mr. Tolman asked me ...
8. Gillian made out his account of his expenditure of the ...
9. Paid by Robert Gillian \$1000 for the happiness of the best ...
10. Gillian put the note into an envelope, bowed and went out.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. I know how I could have spent ten thousand dollars.
2. I don't know if you paid attention to its details.
3. I believe you will fulfill this wish of the late Mr. Gillian.



*Text 20**Read the story. Translate it***O'Henry****THE ETHICS OF PIG**

On an east-bound train I went into the smoker and found Jefferson Peters, the only man with a brain west of the Wabash River who can use his cerebrum and cerebellum, and medulla oblongata at the same time.

Jeff is in the line of unillegal garf. He is not to be dreaded by widows and orphans; he is a reducer of surplusage. His favourite disguise is that of the target-bird at which the spendthrift or the reckless investor may shy a few dollars. He is readily vocalized by tobacco; so, with the aid of two thick and easy-burning brevas, I got the story of his latest adventure.

"In my line of business", said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find a trustworthy, strictly honorable partner to work with. Some of the best men I ever worked with would resort to trickery at times."

"So, last summer, I think I will go over into this section of country where I hear the serpent has not yet entered, and see if I can find a partner with a talent for crime."

"I found a village that seemed to show the right kind of a layout. The inhabitants hadn't found out that Adam had been dispossessed, and were going right along naming the animals and killing snakes just as if they were in the Garden of Eden. They call this town Mount Nebo, and it's up near the spot where Kentucky and West Virginia and North Carolina corner together."

"After putting in a week proving I wasn't a revenue officer, I went over to the store where the rude fourflushers of the hamlet lied, to see if I could get a line on the kind of man I wanted."

"Gentlemen", say I, after we had rubbed noses and gathered round the dried-apple barrel. "I don't suppose there's another community in the whole world into which sin and chicanery has less extensively permeated than this. Life here, where all the women are brave and propitious and all the men honest and expedient, must, indeed, be an idol. It reminds me, say I, "Of Goldstein's beautiful ballad entitled "The Deserted Village", which says:

*"Ill fares the land, to hastening' ills a prey; What art can drive its charms away? The judge rode slowly down the lane, mother, For I'm to be Queen of the May."*

"Why, yes, Mr. Peters", says the storekeeper, "I reckon we air about as moral and torpid a community as there be on the mounting, but I reckon you ain't ever met Rufe Tatum."

"Why, no", says the town constable, "he can't hardly have ever. That air Rufe is shore the monstrousest scalawag that has escaped hanging on the galluses. And that puts me in mind that I ought to have turned Rufe out of the lockup day before yesterday. The thirty days he got for killing Yance Goodloe was up then. A day or two more won't hurt Rufe any, though."

"Shucks, now", say I, in the mountain idiom, "don't tell me there's a man in Mount Nebo as bad as that."

"Worse", says the storekeeper. "He steals hogs."

"I think I will look up this Mr. Tatum; so a day or two after the constable turned him out I got acquainted with him and invited him out on the edge of town to sit on a log and talk business."

"What I wanted was a partner with a natural rural make-up to play a part in some little one-act outrages that I was going to book with the Pitfall & Gin circuit in some of the Western towns; and this Tatum was born for the role as sure as nature cast Fairbanks for the stuff that kept *Eliza* from sinking into the river."

"He was about the size of a first baseman; and he had ambiguous blue eyes like the china dog on the mantelpiece that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was a child. His hair waved a little, but the color of it reminded you of the "Sunset in the Grand Canon, by an American Artist", that they hang over the stove-pipe holes in the salongs."

“I told him what I wanted, and found him ready to jump at the job. “Overlooking such a trivial little peccadillo as me habit of manslaughter”, say I, “what have you accomplished in the way of indirect brigandage or non-actionable thriftiness that you could point to, with or without pride, as an evidence of your qualifications for the position?”

“Why”, says he, in his kind of Southern accent, “haven’t you heard tell? There arn’t any man, black or white, in the Blue Ridge that can tote off a shoat as easy as I can without being heard, or seen. I can lift a shoat”, he goes on, “out of a pen, from under a porch, at the trough, in the woods, day or night, anywhere or anyhow, and I guarantee nobody won’t hear a squeal. It’s all in the way you grab hold of them and carry them afterwards. Some day”, goes on this gentle despoiler of pigpens, “I hope to become reckernized as the champion shoat-stealer of the world.”

“It’s proper to be ambitious”, says I; “and hog-stealing will do very well for Mount Nebo; but in the outside world, Mr.Tatum, it would be considered as crude a piece of business as a bear raid on Bay State Gas. However, it will do as a guarantee of good faith. We’ll go into partnership. I’ve got a thousand dollars cash capital; and with that homeward-plods atmosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out a few shares of Soon Parted, preferred, in the money market.”

“So I attach Rufe, and we go away from the Mount Nebo down into the lowlands. And all the way I coach him for his part in the grafts I had in mind. I had idled away two months on the Florida coast, and was feeling all to the Ponce de Leon, besides having so many new schemes up my sleeve that I had to wear kimonos to hold them.

“I intended to assume a funnel shape and mow a path nine miles wide through the farming belt of the Middle West; so we headed in that direction. But when we got as far as Lexington we found Binkley Brothers’ circus there, and the blue-grass peasantry romping into town and pounding the Belgian blocks with their hand-pegged sabots as artless and arbitrary as an extra session of a Datto Bryan duma. I never pass a circus without pulling the valve-cord and coming down for a little Key West money; so I engaged a couple of rooms and board for Rufe and me at a house near the circus grounds run by a widow lady named Peevy. Then I took Rufe to a clothing store and gent's-outfitted him. He showed up strong, as I knew he would, after he was rigged up in the ready-made rutabaga regalia. Me and old Misfitzky stuffed him into a bright blue suit with a Nile-green visible plaid effect, and riveted on a fancy vest of a light Tuskegee Normal tan color, a red necktie and the yellowest pair of shoes in town.

They were the first clothes Rufe had ever worn except the gingham layette and the butternut top-dressing of his native kraal, and he looked as self-conscious as an Igorrote with a new nose-ring.

“That night I went down to the circus tents and opened a small shell game.” Rufe was to be the capper. I gave him a roll of phony currency to bet with and kept a bunch of it in a special pocket to pay his winnings out of. No; I didn’t mistrust him; but I simply can’t manipulate the ball to lose when I see real money bet. My fingers go on a strike every time I try it.

“I set up my little table and began to show them how easy it was to guess which shell the little pea was under. The unlettered hinds gathered in a thick semicircle and began to nudge elbows and banter one another to bet. Then was when Rufe ought to have single-footed up and called the turn on the little joker for a few tens and fives to get them started. But, no Rufe. I’d seen him two or three times walking about and looking at the side-show pictures with his mouth full of peanut candy; but he never came nigh.”

“The crowd piked a little; but trying to work the shells without a capper is like fishing without bait.” I closed the game with only forty-two dollars of fee unearned increment, while I had been counting on yanking the yeomen for two hundred at least. I went home at eleven and went to bed. I supposed that the circus had proved too alluring for Rufe, and that he had succumbed to it, concert and all; but I meant to give him a lecture on general business principles in the morning.

“Just after Morpheus had got both my shoulders to the shuck mattress I hears a houseful of unbecoming and ribald noises like a youngster screeching with green-apple colic.” I opens my door and calls out in the hall for the widow lady, and when she sticks her head out, I says; “Mrs Peevy, ma’am, would you mind choking off that kid of yours so that honest people can get their rest?”

“Sir”, says she, “it’s no child of mine. It’s the pig squealing that your friend Mr. Tatum brought home to his room a couple of hours ago. And if you are uncle or second cousin or brother to it, I’d appreciate your stopping its mouth, sir, yourself, if you please.’

“I put on some of the polite outside habiliments of external society and went into Rufe’s room.” He had gotten up and lit his lamp, and was pouring some milk into a tin pan on the floor for a white, half-grown, squealing pig.

“How is this, Rufe?” says I. “You flimflammed in your part of the work tonight and put the game on crutches. And how do you explain the pig? It looks like back-sliding to me.’

“Now, don’t be too hard on me, Jeff”, says he. “You know how long I’ve been used to stealing shoats. It’s got to be a habit with me. And tonight, when I see such a fine chance, I couldn’t help taking it.”

“Well”, says I, “maybe you’ve really got kleptopigia. And maybe when we get out of the pig belt you’ll turn your mind to higher and more remunerative misconduct. Why you should want to stain your soul with such a distasteful, feeble-minded, perverted, roaring beast as that I can’t understand.”

“Why, Jeff”, says he, “you ain’t in sympathy with shoats. You don’t understand them like I do. He walked half across the room on his hind legs a while ago.’

“Well, I’m going back to bed”, says I. “See if you can impress it upon your friend’s ideas of intelligence thai he’s not make so much noise.”

“He was hungry”, says Rufe. “He’ll go to sleep and keep quiet now.”

“I always get up before breakfast and read the morning paper. The next morning I got up early, and found a Lexington daily on the front porch where the carrier had thrown it. The first thing I saw in it was a double-column ad on the front page that read like this:

***FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD***

*The above amount will be paid, and no questions asked, for the return, alive and uninjured, of Beppo, the famous European educated pig, that strayed or was stolen from the side-show tents of Binkley Bros’ circus last night*

*GEO. B. TAPLEY,*

*Business Manager*

*At the circus grounds*

I folded up the paper flat, put it into my inside pocket, and went to Rufe’s room. He was nearly dressed, and was feeding the pig the rest of the milk and some apple-peelings.”

“Well, well, well, good-morning all”, I says, hearty and amiable. “So we are up? And piggy is having his breakfast. What had you intended doing with that pig, Rufe?”

“I’m going to crate him up”, says Rufe, “and express him to ma in Mount Nebo. He’ll be company for her while I am away.”

“He’s a mighty fine pig”, says I, scratching him on the back.

“You called him a lot of names last night”, says Rufe.

“Oh, well”, says I, “he looks better to me this morning. I was raised on a farm, and I’m very fond of pigs. Tell you what I’ll do, Rufe”, I says. “I’ll give you ten dollars for that pig.”

“I reckon I wouldn’t sell this shoat”, says he. “If it was any other one I might.”

“Why not this one?” I asked.

“Why, because”, says he, “it was the grandest achievement of my life. There ain’t any other man that could have done it. If I ever have a fireside and children, I’ll sit beside it and tell them how their daddy toted off a shoat from a whole circus full of people. And maybe my



grandchildren, too. Why”, says he, “there was two tents, one opening into the other. This shoat was on a platform, tied with a little chain. I seen a giant and a lady with a fine chance of bushy white hair in the other tent. I got the shoat and crawled out from under the canvas again without him squeakin' as loud as a mouse. I put him under my coat, and I must have passed a hundred folks before I got out where the streets were dark. I wouldn't sell that shoat, Jeff I'd want ma to keep it, so there'd be a witness to what I done.”

“The pig won't live long enough”, I say, “to use as an exhibit in your fireside mendacity. Your grandchildren will have to take your word for it. I'll give you one hundred dollars for me animal.”

Rufe looked at me astonished. “The shoat can't be worth anything like that to you”, he says. “What do you want him for?”

“Viewing me casuistically”, says I, with a rare smile, “you wouldn't think that I've got an artistic side to my temper. But I have. I'm a collector of pigs. Over in the Wabash Valley I've got a hog ranch with most every specimen on it, from a Merino to a Poland China. This looks like a blooded pig to me, Rufe”, say I. “I believe it's a genuine Berkshire, that's why I'd like to have it.”

“I'd shore like to accommodate you”, says he, “but I've got the artistic tenement, too. I don't see why it ain't art when you can steal a shoat better than anybody else can. Shoats is a kind of inspiration and genius with me. Specially this one. I wouldn't take two hundred and fifty for that animal.”

“Now, listen”, says I, wiping off my forehead. “It's not so much a matter of business with me as it is art. Being a connoisseur and disseminator of pigs, I wouldn't feel like I'd done my duty to the world unless I added that Berkshire to my collection. I offer you five hundred dollars for the animal.”

“Jeff”, says this pork esthete, “it arn't money; it's sentiment with me.”

“Seven hundred”, says I.

“Make it eight hundred”, says Rufe, “and I'll crush the sentiment out of my heart.”

I went under my clothes for my money-belt, and counted him out forty twenty-dollar gold certificates.

“I'll just take him into my own room”, says I, “and lock him up till after breakfast.”

“I took the pig by the hind leg.” He turned on a squeal like the steam calliope at the circus.

“Let me tote him in for you”, says Rufe, and he picks up the beast under one arm, holding his snout with the other hand, and packs him into my room like a sleeping baby.

After breakfast Rufe says he believes he will amble down to Misfitzky's and look over some royal-purple socks. And then I got as busy as a one-armed man with the nettle-rash pasting on wall-paper. I found an old Negro man with an express wagon to hire; and we tied the pig in a sack and drove down to the circus grounds.

“I found George B. Tapley in a little tent with a window flap open. He was a fattish man, in a black scull-cap, with a four-ounce diamond screwed into the bosom of his red sweater.”

“Are you George B. Tapley?” I ask.

“I swear it”, says he.

“Well, I've got it”, say I.

“Designate”, says he. “Are you the guinea pigs for the Asiatic python or the alfalfa for the sacred buffalo?”

“Neither”, say I. “I've got Beppo, the educated hog, in a sack in that wagon. I found him in my front yard this morning. I'll take the five thousand dollars in large bills, if it's handy.”

“George B. hustles out of his tent, and asks me to follow. We went into one of the sideshows. In there was a jet black pig with a pink ribbon around his neck lying on some hay and eating carrots that a man was feeding to him.”

“Hey, Mac”, calls G.B. “Nothing wrong with the world-wide this morning, is there?”

“Him? No”, says the man.

“How’d you get this pipe?” says Tapley to me. “Eating too many pork chops last night?”

I pulls out the paper and shows him the ad.

“Take it”, says he, “Don’t know anything about it. You’ve beheld with your own eyes the world-wide wonder of the four-footed kingdom unstayed and unstole. Good-morning.”

“I was beginning to see. I got in the wagon and told Uncle Ned to drive to the most adjacent orifice of the nearest alley. There I took out my pig, got the range carefully for the other opening, set his sights, and gave him such a kick that he went out the other end of the alley twenty feet ahead of his squeal.”

“Then I paid Uncle Ned his fifty cents, and walked down to the newspaper office. I got the advertising man to his window.”

“To decide a bet”, say I, “wasn’t the man who had this ad put in last night short and fat, with long, black whiskers and a club-foot?”

“He was not”, says the man. “He would measure about six feet by four and a half inches, with corn-silk hair, and dressed like the pansies of the conservatory.”

“At dinner time I went back to Mrs.Peevy’s.

“Shall I keep some soup hot for Mr.Tatum till he comes back?” she asks.

“If you do, ma’am”, say I, “you’ll more than exhaust for firewood all the coal in the bosom of the earth and all the forests on the outside of it.”

“So there, you see”, said Jefferson Peters, in conclusion, “how hard it is ever to find a fair-minded and honest business-partner.”

“But”, I began, with the freedom of long acquaintance, “the rule should work both ways. If you had offered to divide the reward you would not have lost -”

Jeff’s look of dignified reproach stopped me.

“That don’t involve the same principles at all”, said he. “Mine was a legitimate and moral attempt at speculation. Buy low and sell high – don’t Wall Street indorse it? Bulls and bears and pigs – what’s the difference? Why not bristles as well as horns and fur?”

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Jeff is not to be dreaded by widows and orphans; he is a reducer of surplusage.
2. His favourite disguise is that of the target-bird at which the spendthrift or the reckless investor may shy a four dollars.
3. “In my line of business”, said Jeff, “the hardest thing is to find a trustworthy, strictly honorable partner to work with. Some of the best men I ever worked with would resort to trickery at times.”
4. So, last autumn, I think I will go over into this section of country where I hear the serpent has not yet entered, and see if I can find a partner with a talent for crime.
5. They call this town Mount Nebo, and it’s up near the spot where Kentucky and West Virginia and North Carolina corner together.
6. “Why, yes, Mr. Peters”, says the stop assistant, “I reckon we air about as moral and torpid a community as there be on the mounting, but I reckon you ain't ever met Rufe Tatum.”
7. The twenty days he got for killing Yance Goodloe was up then. A day or two more won’t hurt Rufe any, though.’
8. What I wanted was a partner with a natural rural make-up to play a part in some little one-act outrages that I was going to book with the Pitfall & Gin circuit in some of the Western towns; and this Tatum was born for the role as sure as nature cast Fairbanks for the stuff that kept *Eliza* from sinking into the river.
9. He was about the size of a second baseman; and he had ambiguous blue eyes like the

china dog on the mantelpiece that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was a child.

10. "Overlooking such a trivial little peccadillo as me interest of manslaughter," say I, "what have you accomplished in the way of indirect brigandage or non-actionable thriftiness that you could point to, with or without pride, as an evidence of your qualifications for the position?"

11. "There arn't any woman, black or white, in the Blue Ridge that can tote off a shoat as easy as I can without being heard, or seen. I can lift a shoat", he goes on, "out of a pen, from under a porch, at the trough, in the woods, day or night, anywhere or anyhow, and I guarantee nobody won't hear a squeal."

12. However, it will do as a sertificate of good faith. We'll go into partnership.

13. I've got a thousand dollars cash capital; and with that homeward-plods atmosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out a few shares of Soon Parted, preferred, in the money market.'

14. I had idled away three months on the Florida coast, and was feeling all to the Ponce de Leon, besides having so many new schemes up my sleeve that I had to wear kimonos to hold them.

15. But when we got as far as Lexington we found Binkley Brothers' circus there, and the blue-grass peasantry romping into town and pounding the Belgian blocks with their hand-pegged sabots as artless and arbitrary as an extra session of a Datto Bryan duma.

16. I never pass a theatre without pulling the valve-cord and coming down for a little Key West money; so I engaged a couple of rooms and board for Rufe and me at a house near the circus grounds run by a widow lady named Peevy.

17. That night I went down to the circus tents and opened a small shell game.

18. I gave him a roll of phony currency to bet with and kept a bunch of it in a special bag to pay his winnings out of.

19. The unlettered hinds gathered in a thick semicircle and began to nudge elbows and banter one another to bet.

20. I'd seen him two or three times walking about and looking at the side-show pictures with his mouth full of peanut candy; but he never came nigh.

21. The crowd piked a little; but trying to sing the shells without a capper is like fishing without bait.

22. I went home at eleven a. m. and went to bed. I supposed that the circus had proved too alluring for Rufe, and that he had succumbed to it, concert and all; but I meant to give him a lecture on general business principles in the morning.

23. "Sir", says she, "it's no child of mine. It's the cat squealing that your friend Mr. Tatum brought home to his room a couple of hours ago."

24. He had gotten up and lit his candle, and was pouring some milk into a tin pan on the floor for a white, half-grown, squealing pig.

25. "Well", say I, "maybe you've really got kleptopigia. And maybe when we get out of the pig belt you'll turn your mind to higher and more remunerative misconduct. Why you should want to stain your soul with such a distasteful, feeble-minded, perverted, roaring beast as that I can't understand."

26. "Well, I'm going back to bed", say I. "See if you can impress it upon your relative's ideas of intelligence thai he's not make so much noise."

27. I always get up before lunch and read the morning paper. The next morning I got up early, and found a Lexington daily on the front porch where the carrier had thrown it.

28. I folded up the paper flat, put it into my inside pocket, and went to Rufe's room. He was nearly dressed, and was feeding the pig the rest of the milk and some apple-peelings.

29. "The pig won't live short enough", I say, "to use as an exhibit in your fireside mendacity."

30. I went under my clothes for my money-belt, and counted him out forty fifty-dollar

silver certificates.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What is Jeff by profession?
2. What is favourite disguise?
3. Where did he go last summer?
4. What happened with a pig?
5. Why did Jeff find the partner?
6. What will do as a guarantee of good faith?
7. What Rufe looks like?
8. What did write in the announsmen?
9. What was Rufe feeding the pig?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- вдовами та сиротами ...
- найкраща людина, з якою я працював ...
- в ту частину країни, де я чув ...
- назвали це місто ...
- чудова балада під назвою ...
- я познайомився з ним ...
- збирався придбати ...
- народився для ролі ...
- він готовий почати працювати ...
- я гарантую, що жоден не почує ...
- я замовив дві кімнати ...
- я бачив його дав чи три рази ...
- прочитати йому лекцію про основні принципи бізнесу ...
- це не моя дитина ...
- не розумієш їх так як я ...
- перше, що я побачив ..
- прив'язаний маленьким ланцюжком ...
- я колекціоную поросят ...
- пропоную вам п'ятсот доларів ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. I got the story of his latest adventure.
2. "In my line of business", said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find ...
3. So, last summer, I think I will go over into this section ...
4. After putting in a week proving I wasn't a revenue officer, ...
5. ... we had rubbed noses and gathered round the dried-apple barrel.
6. ... so a day or two after the constable turned him out I got ...
7. His hair waved a little, but the color of it reminded you of the ...
8. "In my line of business", said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find a ...
9. ... a fancy vest of a light tan color, a red necktie and the yellowest pair ...
10. ... he looked as self-conscious as an Igorrote with a new nose-ring.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. He is not to be dreaded by widows and orphans ...
2. So, last summer, I think I will go over into this section of country ...
3. The inhabitants hadn't found out that Adam had been dispossessed, and were going right along naming the animals and killing snakes ...
4. And that puts me in mind that I ought to have ...
5. ... he had ambiguous blue eyes like the china dog ...
6. ... say I, "what have you accomplished in the way of indirect ...
7. ... it would be considered as crude a piece of business as a ...
8. ... Rufe ought to have single-footed up and called the ...
9. ... I had been counting on yanking the yeomen for two hundred at least.
10. It's the pig squealing that your friend Mr. Tatum brought ...

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. So, last summer, I think I will go over into this \_\_\_\_ of country where I hear the serpent has not yet entered, and see if I can find \_\_\_\_ with a talent for crime.  
a) section ... a partner;      b) region ... a partner;      c) part ... a friend;
2. Life here, where all the \_\_\_\_\_ are brave and propitious and all me men honest and expedient, must, indeed, be an idol.  
a) children;      b) men;      c) women;
3. The \_\_\_\_ days he got for killing Yance Goodloe was up then.  
a) forty;      b) thirty;      c) some;
4. "He was about the size of a first baseman; and he had ambiguous \_\_\_\_ eyes like the china dog on the mantelpiece that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was \_\_\_\_.  
a) blue ... a child;      b) hasel ... a girl;      c) grey ... a child;
5. I've got \_\_\_\_ cash capital; and with that homeward-plods atmosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out \_\_\_\_ of Soon Parted, preferred, in the money market.  
a) a thousand dollars      b) a million dollars ... a      c) a thousand pounds ... a few  
... a few shares;      few prizes;      shares;
6. Me and old Misfitzky stuffed him into \_\_\_\_ with a Nile-green visible plaid effect, and riveted on \_\_\_\_ of a light Tuskegee Normal tan color, a red necktie and the yellowest pair of shoes in town.  
a) a blue suit ... a      b) a bright blue coat ... a      c) a bright blue suit ... a fancy  
fancy trousers;      fancy vest;      vest;
7. Being a connoisseur and disseminator of \_\_\_\_, I wouldn't feel like I'd done my duty to the world unless I added that Berkshire to my collection. I offer you \_\_\_\_ hundred dollars for the animal."  
a) swine ... four;      b) pigs ... five;      c) sheep ... five;

8. In there was \_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_ around his neck lying on some hay and eating \_\_\_\_ that a man was feeding to him.

- a) *a jet black sheep ... a red ribbon ... cabbage;*    b) *a jet white pig ... a blue ribbon ... carrots;*    c) *a jet black pig ... a pink ribbon ... carrots;*

9. Then I paid Uncle Ned his \_\_\_\_, and walked down to the newspaper office. I got the advertising \_\_\_\_ to his \_\_\_\_.

- a) *thirty cents ... clerk ... window;*    b) *thirty pounds ... woman ... door;*    c) *fifty cents ... man ... window;*

10. "That don't involve the same \_\_\_\_ at all", said he.

- a) *ideas;*    b) *problems;*    c) *principles;*

*Text 21**Read the story. Translate it***Mark Twain****LUCK**

It was at a banquet in London in honor of one of the two or three conspicuously illustrious English military names of this generation. For reasons which will presently appear, I will withhold his real name and titles, and call him Lieutenant General Lord Arthur Scoresby, V.C., R.C.B., etc., etc., etc. What a fascination there is in a renowned name! There sat the man, in actual flesh, whom I had heard of so many thousands of times since that day, thirty years before, when his name shot suddenly to the zenith from a Crimean battlefield, to remain forever celebrated. It was food and drink to me to look, and look, and look at that demigod; scanning, searching, noting: the quietness, the reserve, the noble gravity of his countenance; the simple honesty that expressed itself all over him; the sweet unconsciousness of his greatness – unconsciousness of hundreds of admiring eyes fastened upon him, unconsciousness of the deep, loving, sincere worship welling out of the breasts of those people and flowing toward him.

The clergyman at my left was an old acquaintance of mine - clergyman now, but had spent the first half of his life in the camp and field, and as an instructor in the military school at Woolwich. Just at the moment I have been talking about, a veiled and singular light glimmered in his eyes, and he leaned down and muttered confidentially to me - indicating the hero of the banquet with a gesture:

“Privately – he’s an absolute fool.” This verdict was a great surprise to me. If its subject had been Napoleon, or Socrates, or Solomon, my astonishment could not have been greater. Two things I was well aware of: that the Reverend was a man of strict veracity, and that his judgement of men was good. Therefore I knew, beyond doubt or question, that the world was mistaken about this hero: he was a fool. So I meant to find out, at a convenient moment, how the Reverend, all solitary and alone had discovered the secret.

Some days later the opportunity came, and this is what the Reverend told me. About forty years ago I was an instructor in the military academy at Woolwich. I was present in one of the sections when young Scoresby underwent his preliminary examination. I was touched to the quick with pity, for the rest of the class answered up brightly and handsomely, while him - why, dear me, he didn't know anything, so to speak. He was evidently good, and sweet, and lovable, and guileless; and so it was exceedingly painful to see him stand there, as serene as a graven image, and deliver himself to answers which were veritably miraculous for stupidity and ignorance. All the compassion in me was aroused in his behalf. I said to myself, when he comes to be examined again, he will be flung over, of course; so it will be simply a harmless act of charity to ease his fall as much as I can. I took him aside, and found that he knew a little of Caesar's history; and as he didn't know anything else, I went to work and drilled him like a galley slave on a certain line of stock questions concerning Caesar which I knew would be used. If you'll believe me, he went through with flying colors on examination day! He went through on that purely superficial “cram”, and got compliments too, while others, who knew a thousand times more than he, got plucked. By some strangely lucky accident - an accident not likely to happen twice in a century he was asked no question outside of the narrow limits of his drill.

It was stupefying. Well, all through his course I stood by him, with something of the sentiment which a mother feels for a crippled child; and he always saved himself - just by miracle, apparently.

Now of course the thing that would expose him and kill him at last was mathematics. I resolved to make his death as easy as I could; so I drilled him and crammed him, and crammed him and drilled him, just on the line of questions which the examiners would be most likely to use, and then launching him on his fate. Well, sir, try to conceive of the result: to my consternation he took the first prize! And with it he got a perfect ovation in the way of

compliments.

Sleep? There was no more sleep for me for a week. My conscience tortured me day and night. What I had done I had done purely through charity, and only to ease the poor youth's fall - I never had dreamed of any such preposterous result as the thing that had happened. I felt as guilty and miserable as the creator of Frankenstein. Here was a woodenhead whom I had put in the way of glittering promotions and prodigious responsibilities, and but one thing could happen: he and his responsibilities would all go to ruin together at the first opportunity.

The Crimean war had just broken out. Of course there had to be a war, I said to myself: a chance to die before he is found out. I waited for the earthquake. It came. And it made me reel when it did come. He was actually gazetted to a captaincy in a marching regiment! Better men grow old and gray in the service before they climb to sublimity like that. And who could ever have foreseen that they would go and put such a load of responsibility on such green and inadequate shoulders? I could just barely have stood it if they had made him a cornet; but a captain - think of it! I thought my hair would turn white.

Consider what I did - I who so loved repose and inaction. I said to myself, I am responsible to the country for this, and I must go along with him and protect the country against him as far as I can. So I took my poor little capital that I had saved up through years of work and grinding economy, and went with a sigh and bought a cornetcy in his regiment, and away we went to the field.

And there - oh dear, it was awful. Blunders? Why, he never did anything *but* blunder. But, you see, nobody was in the fellow's secret - everybody had him focused wrong, and necessarily misinterpreted his performance every time - consequently they took his idiotic blunders for inspirations of genius; they did, honestly! His mildest blunders were enough to make a man in his right mind cry; and they did make me cry - and rage and rave too, privately. And the thing that kept me always in a sweat of apprehension was the fact that every fresh blunder he made increased the luster of his reputation! I kept saying to myself, he'll get so high, that when discovery does finally come, it will be like the sun falling out of the sky.

He went right along up, from grade to grade, over the dead bodies of his superiors, until at last, in the hottest moment of the battle of - down went our colonel, and my heart jumped into my mouth, for Scoresby was next in rank! Now for it, said I; we'll all land in Sheol in ten minutes, sure.

The battle was awfully hot; the allies were steadily giving way all over the field. Our regiment occupied a position that was vital; a blunder now must be destruction. At this crucial moment, what does this immortal fool do but detach the regiment from its place and order a charge over a neighboring hill where there wasn't a suggestion of an enemy! "There you go!" I said to myself; "this *is* the end at last".

And away we did go, and were over the shoulder of the hill before the insane movement could be discovered and stopped. And what did we find? An entire and unsuspected Russian army in reserve! And what happened? We were eaten up? That is necessarily what would have happened in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But no, those Russians argued that no single regiment would come browsing around there at such a time. It must be the entire English army, and that the sly Russian game was detected and blocked; so they turned tail and away they went, pell-mell, over the hill and down into the field, in wild confusion, and we after them; they themselves broke the solid Russian center in the field, and tore through, and in no time there was the most tremendous rout you ever saw, and the defeat of the allies was turned into a sweeping and splendid victory! Marshal Candrobert looked on, dizzy with astonishment, admiration, and delight; and sent right off for scoreby, and hugged him, and decorated him on the field, in presence of all the armies!

And what was Scoreby's blunder that time? Merely the mistaking his right hand for his left - that was all. An order had come to him to fall back and support our right; and instead, he



fell *forward* and went over the hill to the left. But the name he won that day as a marvelous military genius filled the words with his glory, and that glory will never fade while history books last.

He is just as good and sweet and lovable and unpretending as a man can be, but he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains. Now that is absolutely true. He is the supremest ass in the universe; and until half an hour ago nobody knew it but himself and me. He has been pursued, day by day and year by year, by a most phenomenal and astonishing luckiness. He has been a shining soldier in all our wars for a generation; he has lettered his whole military life with blunders, and yet has never committed one that didn't make him a knight or a baronet or a lord or something. Look at his breast; why, he is just clothed in domestic and foreign decorations. Well, sir, every one of them is the record of some shouting stupidity or other; and taken together, they are proof that the very best thing in all this world that can befall a man is to be born lucky. I say again, as I said at the banquet, Scorceby's an absolute fool.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. There sat the man, in actual flesh, whom I had heard of so many thousands of times since that day, forty years before, when his name shot suddenly to the zenith from a Crimean battlefield, ...
2. Just at the moment I have been talking about, a veiled and singular light glimmered in his eyes, and he leaned down and muttered confidentially to me - indicating the hero of the dinner with a gesture:
3. "Privately - he's an absolute fool." This verdict was a great surprise to me.
4. Two things I was well aware of: that the Reverend was a man of strict veracity, and that his judgement of women was good.
5. About forty years ago I was an instructor in the university at Woolwich.
6. He was evidently good, and sweet, and lovable, and guileless; and so it was exceedingly painful to see him stand there, as serene as a graven image, and deliver himself to answers which were veritably miraculous for stupidity and ignorance.
7. I took him aside, and found that he knew a little of Caesar's history; and as he didn't know anything else, I went to work and drilled him like a galley slave on a certain line of socks questions concerning Caesar which I knew would be used.
8. He went through on that purely superficial "cram", and got compliments too, while others, who knew a thousand times more than he, got plucked.
9. Now of course the thing that would expose him and kill him at last was history.
10. What I had done I had done purely through charity, and only to ease the poor youth's fall - I never had dreamed of any such preposterous result as the thing that had happened.
11. Of course there had to be a war, he said to himself: a chance to die before I am found out.
12. Worse men grow old and gray in the service before they climb to sublimity like that.
13. I could just barely have stood it if they had made him a cornet; but a colonel - think of it! I thought my hair would turn white.
14. I said to myself, I am responsible to the country for this, and I must go along with him and protect the country against him as far as I can.
15. His mildest blunders were enough to make a child in his right mind cry; and they did make me cry - and rage and rave too, privately.
16. I kept saying to myself, he'll get so high, that when discovery does finally come, it will be like the sun falling out of the sky.
17. The battle was awfully hot; the allies were steadily giving way all over the field.
18. At this wonderful moment, what does this immortal fool do but detach the regiment

from its place and order a charge over a neighboring hill where there wasn't a suggestion of an enemy!

19. The full and suspected Russian army in reserve! And what happened?

20. It must be the entire English army, and that the sly Russian game was detected and blocked; so they turned tail and away they went, pell-mell, over the hill and down into the field, in wild confusion, and we after them; they themselves broke the solid Russian center in the field, and tore through, and in no time there was the most tremendous rout you ever saw, and the defeat of the allies was turned into a sweeping and splendid victory!

21. Merely the mistaking his left hand for his left - that was all.

22. But the surname he won that day as a marvelous military genius filled the words with his glory, and that glory will never fade while history books last.

23. He is the supremest ass in the universe; and until half an hour ago nobody knew it but himself and us.

24. Look at his breast; why, he is just clothed in domestic and foreign decorations.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What kind of banquet was in London?
2. Describe Lieutenant General Lord Arthur Scoresby?
3. Who was at the teller left an old acquaintance?
4. Who was fool?
5. What did the Reverend tell?
6. How many years the teller was an instructor in the military academy at Woolwich?
7. Why the teller was touched to the quick with pity?
8. Who took the first prize?
9. Why the teller felt as guilty and miserable as the creator of Frankenstein?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- про кого я чув тисячі разів ...
- був мій давній знайомий ...
- першу половину свого життя ...
- інструктор військової школи ...
- був присутнім на одному з засідань ...
- він знав про що говорив ...
- було дуже болісно бачити його ...
- з'ясував, що він дуже мало знав про історію ...
- я почувався як ...
- при першій можливості ...
- чекав на землетрус ...
- дивовижної вдачі ...
- у 99 випадках із сотні ...
- сказав собі ...
- день за днем, рік за роком ...
- заставили мене плакати ...
- буде схоже на сонце, що ...
- пів години тому ...
- все своє військове життя ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. ... one of the two or three conspicuously illustrious English ...
2. What a fascination there is in a renowned name!

3. The clergyman at my left was an old acquaintance of mine - ...
4. ... talking about, a veiled and singular light glimmered in his eyes, ...
5. ... had been Napoleon, my astonishment could not have been greater.
6. I said to myself, ... it will be simply a harmless act of charity to ease ...
7. ... an accident not likely to happen twice in a century ...
8. My conscience tortured me day and night.
9. He has been pursued by a most phenomenal and astonishing luckiness.
10. I kept saying to myself, he'll get so high, ...

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle ) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. I had heard of so many thousands of times since that day ...
2. The clergyman now, but had spent the first half of his life ...
3. Just at the moment I have been talking about ...
4. If its subject had been Napoleon, my astonishment could not have been greater.
5. He was evidently good, and sweet, and lovable, ...
6. All the compassion in me was aroused in his behalf.
7. ... so it will be simply a harmless act of charity to ease his fall ...
8. It was stupefying.
9. My conscience tortured me day and night.
10. ... thing could happen: he and his responsibilities ...

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. There sat the \_\_\_\_, in actual flesh, whom I had heard of so many thousands of times since that day, thirty years before, when his name shot suddenly to the zenith from a Crimean battlefield, to remain forever celebrated.

- a) man;                      b) woman;                      c) clerk;

2. Therefore I knew, beyond doubt or question, that the world was mistaken about this hero: he was a \_\_\_\_.

- a) young man;                      b) old man;                      c) fool;

3. About \_\_\_\_ years ago I was an instructor in the military academy at Woolwich.

- a) forty;                      b) some;                      c) fifty;

4. I said to myself, when he comes to be examined again, he will be flung over, of course; so it will be simply a harmless act of \_\_\_\_ to ease his fall as much as I can.

- a) charity;                      b) interest;                      c) work;

5. Here was a woodenhead whom I had put in the way of glittering promotions and prodigious responsibilities, and but one thing could happen: he and his responsibilities would all



*Text 22**Read the story. Translate it***Mark Twain****THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT**

The following curious history was told by a railway acquaintance. He was a gentleman more than seventy years of age, and his gentle face and earnest and sincere manner imprinted the unmistakable stamp of truth upon every word which fell from his lips. He said: "You know in what reverence the royal white elephant of Siam is held by the people of that country. You know only kings may have it, and that it is indeed in a measure even superior to kings, since it receives not honor but worship. Five years ago, when the troubles concerning the frontier line arose between Great Britain and Siam, it was presently manifested that Siam had been in the wrong. Therefore every reparation was quickly made, and the British representatives stated that he was satisfied and the past should be forgotten. This greatly relieved the King of Siam, and he wished to send the Queen a present. This present ought not only to be royal one, but transcendently royal. Wherefore, what offering could be so meet as that of a white elephant? My position in the Indian civil service was such that I was worthy of the honor of conveying the present to Her Majesty. A ship was fitted out for me and my servants and the officers and attendants of the elephant, and in due time I arrived in New York harbor and placed my royal charge in admirable quarters in Jersey City. It was necessary to remain awhile in order to recruit the animal's health before resuming the voyage.

All went well during a fortnight; then my amities began. The white elephant was stolen! I was called up at dead of the night and informed of this fearful misfortune. For some moments I was beside myself with terror and anxiety; I was helpless. Then I grew calmer and collected my faculties. I flew to New York and got a policeman to conduct me to the headquarters of the detective force. Fortunately I arrived in time, though the chief of the force, the celebrated Inspector Blunt, was just on the point of leaving for his home. He was a man of middle size and compact frame, and when he was thinking deeply he had a way of knitting his brows and tapping his forehead reflectively with his finger, which impressed you at once with the conviction that you stood in the presence of a person of no common order. The very sight of him gave me confidence. I stated my errand. He motioned me to a seat, and said calmly:

"Allow me to think a moment, please."

So saying, he sat down at his office table and earned his read upon, his hand. Several clerks were at work at the other end of the room: the scratching of their pens was all the sound I heard during the next six or seven minutes. Finally he raised his head, and there was that in the firm lines of his face which showed me that his brain had done its work and its plan was made. Said he - and his voice was low and impressive - "This is no ordinary case. Every step must be made sure before the next is ventured. And secrecy must be observed. Speak to no one about the matter, not even the reporters. I will take care of *them*; I will see that they get only what it may suit my ends to let them know." He touched a bell; a youth appeared. "Alaric, tell the reporters to remain for the present." The boy retired. "Now let us proceed to business."

He took a pen and some paper. "Name of the elephant?"

"Hassan Ben Ali Ben Selim Abdallah Mohammed Moise Alhammal Jamsetjeebhoy Dhuleep Sultan Ebu Bhudpoor."

"Very well. Given name?"

"Jumbo."

"Very well. Place of birth?"

"The capital city of Siam."

"Very well. Now please describe the elephant, and leave out no particular."

I described, he wrote. When I was done, he said: "Now listen. If I have made any mistakes, correct me."

He read as follows.

“Height, 19 feet; length from apex of forehead to insertion of tail, 26 feet; length of trunk, 16 feet; length of tail, 6 feet; total length, including trunk and tail, 48 feet; length of tusks, 9 ½ feet; ears in keeping with these dimensions; footprint resembles the mark left when one upends a barrel in the snow; color of the elephant, white; had a hole the size of a plate in each ear for the insertion of jewelry, limps slightly with his hind leg, and has a small scar in his left armpit caused by a former boil; had on, when stolen, a castle containing seats for fifteen persons, and a gold-cloth saddle-blanket the size of an ordinary carpet.”

There were no mistakes. The inspector touched the bell, handed the description to Alaric, and said: “Have fifty thousand copies of this printed at once and mailed to every detective office and pawnbroker's shop on the continent.” Alaric retired. “There - so far, so good. Next, I must have a photograph of the property.”

I gave him one. He examined it critically, and said:

“It must do, since we can do no better.” He touched his bell.

“Alaric, have fifty thousand copies of this photograph made, the first thing in the morning, and mail them with the descriptive circulars.” Alaric retired to execute his orders. The inspector said: “It will be necessary to offer a reward, of course. Now as to the amount?”

“What sum would you suggest?”

“To *begin* with, I should say, well, twenty-five thousand dollars. It is an intricate and difficult business. These thieves have friends and pals everywhere -”

“Do you know who they are?”

The face, practiced in concealing the thoughts and feelings within, gave me no token, nor yet the replying words, so quietly uttered.

“Never mind about that. We generally gather a pretty shrewd inkling of who our man is by the manner of his work and the size of the game he goes after. This property was not “lifted” by a novice. But, as I was saying, considering the amount of travel which will have to be done, and the diligence with which the thieves will cover up their traces as they move along, twenty-five thousand may be too small a sum to offer, yet I think it worth while to start with that.”

So we determined upon that figure, as a beginning. Then this man, whom nothing escaped which could by any possibility be made to serve as a clew, said: “There are cases in detective history to show that criminals have been detected through peculiarities in their appetites. Now, what does this elephant eat, and how much?”

“Well, as to *what* he eats, he will eat *anything*. He will eat a man, he will eat a Bible, he will eat anything *between* a man and a Bible.”

“Good, but too general. Details are necessary, details are the only valuable things in our trade. Very well - as to men. At one meal - or, if you prefer, during one day - how many men will he eat, if fresh?”

“At a single meal he would eat five ordinary men.”

“Very good; five men; we will put that down. What nationalities would he prefer?”

“He is indifferent about nationalities.”

“Very good. Now, as to Bibles. How many Bibles would he eat at a meal?”

“He would eat an entire edition.”

“Very well; he likes men and Bibles; so far, so good. What else will he eat? I want particulars.”

“He will leave Bibles to eat bricks, he will leave bricks to eat bottles, he will leave bottles to eat clothing, he will leave clothing to eat cats, he will leave cats to eat ham, he will leave ham to eat sugar, he will leave sugar to eat pie, he will leave pie to eat potatoes, he will leave potatoes to eat hay, he will leave hay to eat oats, he will leave oats to eat rice, for he was mainly raised on it. There is nothing whatever that he will not eat but European butter, and he would eat that if he could taste it.”

“Very good. General quantity at a meal - say about -”

“Well, anywhere from a quarter to half a ton.”

“And he drinks - ”

“Everything. Milk, water, whiskey, castor oil, carbolic acid - it is no use to go into particulars. He will drink anything that is fluid, except European coffee.”

“Very good. As to quantity?”

“Put it down five to fifteen barrels - his thirst varies; his other appetites do not.”

“These things are unusual.” He touched the bell.

“Alaric, summon captain Burns.”

Burns appeared. Inspector Blunt unfolded the whole matter to him, detail by detail. Then he said in the clear, decisive tones of a man whose plans are clearly defined in his head, and who is accustomed to command: “Captain Burns, detail Detectives Jones, Davis, Halsey, Bates, and Hackett to shadow the elephant.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Detail Detectives Moses, Dakin, Murphy, Rogers, Tupper, Higgins, and Bartholomew to shadow the thieves.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Place a strong guard - a guard of thirty picked men, with a relief of thirty - over the place from whence the elephant was stolen, to keep strict watch there night and day, and allow none to approach - except reporters - without written authority from me.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Place detectives in plain clothes in the railway, steamship, and ferry depots, and all roadways leading out of Jersey City, with orders to search all suspicious persons.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Furnish all these men with photograph and description of the elephant, and instruct them to search all trains and outgoing ferryboats and other vessels.”

“Yes, sir.”

“If the elephant should be found, let him be seized, and the information forwarded to me by telegraph.”

“Yes, sir.”

Let me be informed at once if any clews should be found.

“Yes, sir.”

“Dispatch detectives in plain clothes over all the railways, north as far as Canada, west as far as Ohio, south as far as Washington.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Place experts in all the telegraph offices to listen to all messages.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Let all these things be done with the utmost secrecy - mind, the most impenetrable secrecy.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Report to me promptly at the usual hour.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Go!”

“Yes, sir.” He was gone.

Inspector Blunt was silent and thoughtful a moment, while the fire in his eye cooled down and faded out. Then he turned to me and said in a placid voice: “It is not my habit to boast but - we shall find the elephant.”

I shook him warmly by the hand and thanked him; and I felt my thanks, too. The more I had seen of the man the more I liked him. Then we parted for the night, and I went home with a far happier heart than I had carried with me to his office.

Next morning it was all in the newspapers, in the minutest detail. It even had additions - consisting of Detective This, Detective That and Detective The Other's "Theory" as to how the robbery was done, who the robbers were, and whither they had flown with their booty. There were eleven of these theories. No two theories were alike, or even much resembled each other, save one striking particular, and in that one all the eleven theories were absolutely agreed. That was, that although the rear of my building was torn out and the only door remained locked, the elephant had not been removed through the rent, but by some other outlet. All agreed that the robbers had made that rent only to mislead the detectives. That never would have occurred to me or to any other layman, perhaps, but it had not deceived the detectives for a moment. The eleven theories all named the supposed robbers, but no two named the same robbers; the total number of suspected persons was thirty-seven. The various newspaper accounts all closed with the most important opinion of all - that of Chief Inspector Blunt. A portion of this statement read as follows:

*"The chief knows who the two principles are, namely, "Brick" Duffy and "Red" McFadden. Ten days before the robbery was achieved he was already aware that it was to be attempted, and had quietly proceeded to shadow these two noted villains; but unfortunately on the night in question their track was lost, and before it could be found again the bird was flown - that is, the elephant.*

*Duffy and McFadden are the boldest scoundrels in the profession; the chief has reasons for believing that they are the men who stole the stove out of the detective headquarters on a bitter night last winter - in consequence of which the chief and every detective present were in the hands of the physicians before morning, some with frozen feet, others with frozen fingers, ears, and other members."*

When I read the first half of that I was more astonished than ever at the wonderful sagacity of this strange man. He not only saw everything in the present with a clear eye, but even the future could not be hidden from him. I was soon at his office, and said I could not help wishing he had had those men arrested, and so prevented the trouble and loss; but his reply was simple.

"It is not our province to prevent crime, but to punish it. We cannot punish it until it is committed."

I remarked that the secrecy with which we had begun had been marred by the newspapers; not only all our facts but all our plans and purposes had been revealed; even all the suspected persons had been named; these would go into hiding.

"Let them. They will find that when I am ready for them my hand will descend upon them, in their secret places, as unerringly as the hand of fate. As to the newspapers, we *must* keep in with them. Fame, constant public mention - these are the detective's bread and butter. He must publish his facts, else he will be supposed to have none; he must publish his theory, for nothing is so strange or striking as a detective's theory; we must publish our plans, for these the journals insist upon having, and we could not deny them without offending. We must constantly show the public what we are doing, or they will believe we are doing nothing."

"I see the force of what you say. But I noticed that in one part of your remarks in the papers this morning you refused to reveal your opinion upon a certain minor point."

"Yes, we always do that; it has a good effect. Besides, I had not formed any opinion on that point, anyway."

I deposited a considerable sum of money with the inspector, to meet current expenses, and sat down to wait for news. We were expecting the telegrams to begin to arrive at any moment now. Meantime I reread the newspapers and observed that out \$25 000 reward seemed to be offered only to detectives. I said I thought it ought to be offered to anybody who would catch the elephant. The inspector said: "It is the detectives who will find the elephant. If other people found the animal, it would only be by watching the detectives and taking advantage of



clews and indications stolen from them, and that would entitle the detectives to the reward, after all. The proper office of a reward is to stimulate the men who deliver up their time to this sort of work, and not to confer benefits upon chance citizens who stumble upon a capture without having earned the benefits by their own merits.”

This was reasonable enough, certainly. Now the telegraphic machine in the corner began to click, and the following dispatch was the result:

*Flower Station, N. Y, 7:30 a.m.*

*Have got a clew. Found a succession of deep tracks across a farm near here. Followed them two miles east without result; think elephant went west. Shall now shadow him in that direction.*

*Darley, Detective.*

“Darley’s one of the best men on the force”, said the inspector. Telegram No. 2 came:

*Barker’s. N. 1, 7:40 a.m.*

*Just arrived. Glass factory broken open here during night and eight hundred bottles are taken. Only water in large quantity near here is five miles distant. Shall strike for there. Elephant will be thirsty. Bottles were empty.*

*Baker, Detective.*

“That promises well, too”, said the inspector. “I told you the creature’s appetites would not be bad clews.” Telegram No. 3 came:

*Taylorville, L. I., 8:15 a.m.*

*A haystack near here disappeared during night. Probably eaten. Have got a clew, and am off.*

*Hubbard, Detective.*

“How he does move around!” said the inspector. “I knew we had a difficult job on hand, but we shall catch him yet.”

*Flower Station, N. Y, 9 a.m.*

*Shadowed the tracks three miles westward. Large and deep. Have just met a farmer who says they are not elephant tracks. Says they are holes where he dug up saplings for shade trees when ground was frozen last winter. Give me orders how to proceed.*

*Darley, Detective.*

“Aha! a confederate of the thieves! The thing grows warm”, said the inspector. He dictated the following telegram to Darley:

*Arrest the man and force him to name his pals. Continue to follow the tracks - to the Pacific, if necessary.*

*Chief, Blunt.*

Next telegram:

*Coney Point, Pa, 8:45 a.m.*

*Gas office broken open here during night and three months’ unpaid gas bills taken. Have got a clew and am away.*

*Murphy, Detective*

“Heavens!” said the inspector; “would he eat gas bills?” “Through ignorance, yes; but they cannot support life.” Presently came another telegram:

*Sage Corners. N. Y. 10:50*

*Just arrived. Elephant passed through here at 8:15. All escaped from the town but a policeman. Apparently elephant did not strike at policeman, but at the lamppost. Got both. I have secured a portion of the policeman as clew.*

*Stumm, Detective*

“So the elephant has turned westward”, said the inspector. “However, he will not escape, for my men are scattered all over that region.” The next telegram said:

*Glover’s, 11:15*

*Just arrived. Village deserted, except sick and aged. Elephant passed through three quarters of, an hour ago. Detectives Cross and O'Shaughnessy were passing through town, but going south - so missed elephant. Whole region for many miles around in terror - people flying from their homes. Wherever they turn they meet elephant, and many are killed.*

*Brant, Detective*

I could have shed tears. But the inspector only said:

"You see - we are closing in on him. He feels our presence; he has turned eastward again." Then the telegraph brought this:

*Hoganport, 12:19*

*Just arrived. Elephant passed through half an hour ago, creating fright and excitement. Elephant raged around streets; two plumbers going by, killed one - other escaped. Regret general.*

*O'Flaherty, Detective*

"Now he is right in the midst of my men", said the inspector. "Nothing can save him."

A succession of telegrams came from detectives who were scattered through New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and who were following clues consisting of ravaged barns, factories, and Sunday school libraries. The inspector said: "I wish I could communicate with them and order them north, but that is impossible. A detective only visits a telegraph office to send his report; then he is off again, and you don't know where to put your hand on him." Now came this dispatch:

*Bridgeport, Ct., 12:15*

*Barnum offers rate of \$4000 a year for exclusive privilege of using elephant as traveling advertising medium from now till detectives find him. Wants to paste circus posters on him. Desires immediate answer.*

*Boggs, Detective*

"That is perfectly absurd!" I exclaimed. "Of course it is", said the inspector. "Evidently Mr. Barnum, who thinks he is so sharp, does not know me - but I know him." Then he dictated the answer to the dispatch:

*Mr. Barnum's offer declined. Make it \$7000 or nothing.*

*Chief, Blunt*

"There. We shall not have to wait long for an answer. Mr. Barnum is not at home; he is in the telegraph office - it is his way when he has business on hand. Inside of three - "

*Done. - P.T.Barnum*

So interrupted the clicking telegraphic instrument. Before I could make a comment upon this episode, the following dispatch carried my thoughts into another and very distressing channel:

*Bolivia, N.Y., 12:15*

*Elephant arrived here from the south and passed through toward the forest at 11:50, dispersing a funeral on the way. Citizens fired some small cannon balls into him, and then fled. Detective Burke and I arrived ten minutes later, from the north, but mistook some excavations for footprints, and so lost a good deal of time; but at last we struck the right trail and followed it to the woods. We then got down on our hands and knees and continued to keep a sharp eye on the track, and so shadowed it into the brush. Burke was in advance. Unfortunately the animal had stopped to rest; therefore, Burke having his head down, intent upon the track, butted up against the elephant's hind legs before he was aware of his vicinity. Burke instantly rose to his feet, seized the tail, and exclaimed joyfully, "I claim the re -" but got no further, for a single blow of the huge trunk laid the brave fellow's fragments low in death. The elephant turned and shadowed me to the edge of the wood, making tremendous speed, and I should inevitably have been lost, but that the remains of the funeral providentially intervened again and diverted his attention. The elephant has disappeared again.*

*Mulrooney, Detective.*

We heard no news except from the diligent and confident detectives scattered about New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia - who were all following fresh and encouraging clues - until shortly after 2 p. m., when this telegram came:

*Baxter Center, 2:15 Elephant been here, plastered over with circus bills, and broke up a revival, striking down and damaging many who were on the point of entering upon a better life. Citizens established a guard. When Detective Brown and I arrived, some time after, we entered enclosure and proceeded to identify elephant by photograph and description. All marks tallied exactly except one, which we could not see - the boil-scar under armpit. To make sure, Brown crept under to look, and was immediately brained - that is, head crushed and destroyed, though nothing issued from debris. All fled; so did elephant, striking right and left with much effect. Has escaped, but left bold blood track from cannon-wounds. He broke southward, through a dense forest.*

*Brent, Detective*

That was the last telegram.

Next morning the papers were as full of detective theories as before; they had all our tragic facts in detail. Column after column was occupied, a third of its way down, with glaring headlines, which it made my heart sick to read. Their general tone was like this:

**“THE WHITE ELEPHANT AT LARGE! WHOLE VILLAGES DESERTED BY THEIR FRIGHTSTRICKEN OCCUPANTS! PALE TERROR GOES BEFORE HIM, DEATH AND DEVASTATION FOLLOW AFTER! THEORIES OF THIRTY-FOUR OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED DETECTIVES ON THE FORCE! THEORY OF CHIEF BLUNT!”**

“There!” said Inspector Blunt, almost betrayed into excitement, “this is magnificent! This is the greatest windfall that any detective organization ever had. The fame of it will travel to the ends of the earth, and endure to the end of time, and my name with it.”

But there was no joy for me. I felt as if I had committed all those red crimes. And how the list had grown! In one place he had “interfered with an election and killed five repeaters”. And in another place he had “killed a lightning-rod agent”. And so the list went on, growing redder and redder, and more and more heartbreaking. Sixty persons had been killed, and two hundred and forty wounded. All the accounts bore just testimony to the activity and devotion of the detectives, and all closed with the remark that three hundred thousand citizens and four detectives saw the dread creature, and two of the latter he destroyed.

I dreaded to hear the telegraphic instrument begin to click again. By and by the messages began to pour in, but I was happily disappointed in their nature. It was soon apparent that all trace of the elephant was lost. Telegrams from the most absurdly distant points reported that a dim vast mass had been glimpsed there through the fog at such and such hour, and was “undoubtedly the elephant”. This dim vast mass had been glimpsed in New Haven, in New Jersey, in Pennsylvania, in interior New York, in Brooklyn, and even in the city of New York itself! But in all cases the dim vast mass had vanished quickly and left no trace. Every detective of the large force scattered over this huge extent of country sent his hourly report, and each and every one of them had a clue, and was shadowing something, and was hot upon the heels of it.

But the day passed without other result. The next day the same.

By advice of the inspector I doubled the reward.

Four more dull days followed. Then came a bitter blow to the poor, hard-working detectives - the journalists declined to print their theories, and coldly said, “Give us a rest.”

Two weeks after the elephant’s disappearance I raised the reward to \$75 000 by the inspector’s advice. It was a great sum, but I felt that I would rather sacrifice my whole private fortune than lose my credit with my government. Now that the detectives were in adversity, the newspapers turned upon them, and began to fling the most stinging sarcasms at them. The caricaturists made pictures of detectives scanning the country with spyglasses, while the

elephant, at their backs, stole apples out of their pockets. And they made all sorts of ridiculous pictures of the detective badge - it is a wide-starring eye, with the legend, "We Never Sleep." When detectives called for a drink, the would-be facetious barkeeper resurrected an obsolete form of expression and said, "Will you have an eye-opener?" All the air was thick with sarcasms.

But there was one man who moved calm, untouched, through it all. It was that heart of oak, the Chief Inspector. His brave eye never drooped, his serene confidence never wavered. He always said:

"He laughs best who laughs last."

My admiration for the man grew into a species of worship. His office had become an unpleasant place to me, and now became daily more and more so. Yet if he could endure it I meant to do so also; at least, as long as I could. So I came regularly, and stayed - the only outsider who seemed to be capable of it.

About three weeks after the elephant's disappearance I was about to say, one morning, that I should have to strike my colors and retire, when the great detective arrested the thought by proposing one more superb and masterly move.

This was to compromise with the robbers. He said he was confident he could compromise for \$100 000 and recover the elephant. I said I believed I could scrape the amount together, but what would become of the poor detectives who had worked so faithfully? He said: "In compromises they always get half."

This removed my only objection. So the inspector wrote two notes, in this form:

*Dear Madam - Your husband can make a large sum of money by making an immediate appointment with me.*

*Chief, Blunt*

He sent one of these by his confidential messenger to the "reputed wife" of Brick Duffy, and the other to the reputed wife of red McFadden.

Within the hour these offensive answers came:

*Ye Owld Fool: brick McDuffey's bin ded 2 yere.*

*Bridget Mahoney*

*Chief Bat - Red McFaclden is hung and on heving 18 month. Any Ass but a detective knose that.*

*Mary O'Hooligan*

"I had long suspected these facts", said the inspector, "this testimony proves the unerring accuracy of my instinct."

He immediately wrote an advertisement for the morning papers, and I kept a copy of it.

*A. - xwblv. 242N. Tjnd - fz 328 wmlg. Ozpo -; 2mo. ogw.*

*Mum*

He said that if the thief was alive this would bring him to the usual rendezvous. This meeting would take place at twelve the next night.

We could do nothing till then, and I lost no time in getting out of the office, and was grateful indeed for the privilege.

At eleven the next night I brought \$ 100 000 in banknotes and put them into the chief's hands, and shortly afterward he took his leave, with the brave old undimmed confidence in his eye. An almost intolerable hour dragged to a close; then I heard his welcome tread, and rose gasping and tottered to meet him. How his fine eyes flamed with triumph! He said: "We've compromised! The jokers will sing a different tune tomorrow! Follow me."

He took a lighted candle and strode down into the vast vaulted basement where sixty detectives always slept, and where a score were now playing cards to while the time. I followed close after him. He walked swiftly down to the dim remote end of the place, and just as I succumbed to the pangs of suffocation and was swooning away he stumbled and fell over the outlying members of a mighty object, and I heard him exclaim as he went down:

“Our noble profession is vindicated. Here is your elephant!”

I was carried to the office above and restored with carbolic acid. The whole detective force swarmed in, and such another season of triumphant rejoicing ensued as I had never witnessed before. The reporters were called, baskets of champagne were opened, toasts were drunk, the handshakings and congratulations were continuous and enthusiastic. Naturally the chief was the hero of the hour, and his happiness was so complete and had been so patiently and worthily and bravely won that it made me happy to see it, though I stood there a homeless beggar, my priceless charge dead, and my position in my country’s service lost to me through what would always seem my fatally careless execution of a great trust.

So ended that marvelous episode of the stolen elephant. The newspapers were pleasant with praises once more, the next day, with one contemptible exception. This sheet said, “Great is detective! He may be a little slow in finding a little thing like a mislaid elephant - he may hunt him all day and sleep with his rotting carcass all night for three weeks, but he will find him at last - if he can get the man who mislaid him to show him the place!”

Poor Hassan was lost for me forever. The cannon shots had wounded him totally, he had crept to that unfriendly place in the fog, and there, surrounded by his enemies and in contrast danger of detection, he had wasted away with hunger and suffering till death gave him peace.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. He was not a gentleman more than seventy years of age, and his gentle face and earnest and sincere manner imprinted the unmistakable stamp of truth upon every word which fell from his lips.

2. He said: “You know in what reverence the royal black elephant of Siam is held by the people of that country.”

3. Four years ago, when the troubles concerning the frontier line arose between Great Britain and Siam, it was presently manifested that Siam had been in the wrong.

4. All went well during a fortnight; then my amities began. The white elephant was wounded!

5. I flew to New York and got a policeman to conduct me to the headquarters of the detective force.

6. He took a pen and some paper. “Name of the elephant?” – “Hassan Ben Ali Ben Selim Abdallah Mohammed Moise Alhammal Jamsetjeebhoy Dhuleep Sultan Ebu Bhudpoor.” – “Given name?” – “Jumbo.” – “Place of birth?” – “The capital city of Spain.”

7. The inspector touched the bell, handed the description to Alaric, and said: “Have twenty thousand copies of this printed at once and mailed to every detective office and pawnbroker’s shop on the continent.”

8. Good, but too general. Details are necessary, details are the only valuable things in our trade. Very well - as to men. At one meal - or, if you prefer, during one day - how many men will he eat, if fresh?

9. “And he drinks –” – “Everything. Milk, water, whiskey, castor oil, carbolic acid - it is no use to go into particulars. He will drink anything that is fluid, except European coffee.” “Very good. As to quantity?” “Put it down five to sixteen barrels - his thirst varies; his other appetites do not.”

10. Inspector Blunt unfolded the whole matter to him, detail by detail.

11. Inspector Blunt was silent and thoughtful a moment, while the fire in his eye cooled down and faded out. Then he turned to me and said in a placid voice: “It is my habit to boast.”

12. All theories in newspapers agreed that the robbers had made that rent only to mislead the detectives.

13. The eleven theories all named the supposed robbers, but no two named the same

robbers; the total number of suspected persons was thirty-nine.

14. He must publish his facts, else he will be supposed to have none; he must publish his theory, for nothing is so strange or striking as a detective's theory; we must publish our plans, for these the journals insist upon having, and we could not deny them without offending.

15. I deposited a considerable sum of money with the inspector, to meet current expenses, and sat down to wait for news. We were expecting the post cards to begin to arrive at any moment now.

16. The inspector said: "It is the detectives who will find the monker and tiger. If other people found these animals, it would only be by watching the detectives and taking advantage of clues and indications stolen from them, and that would entitle the detectives to the reward, after all."

17. Have got a clew. Found a succession of deep tracks across a farm near here. Followed them two miles east without result; think elephant went west. Shall now shadow him in that direction.

18. Glass factory broken open here during night and eight hundred bottles are taken. Only water in large quantity near here is five miles distant. Shall strike for there. Elephant will be thirsty. Bottles were full of water.

19. "So the elephant has turned eastward", said the inspector. "However, he will not escape, for my men are scattered all over that region."

20. Elephant arrived here from the south and passed through toward the forest at 11:50, dispersing a funeral on the way. Citizens fired some small cannon balls into him, and then fled.

21. Sixty persons had been killed, and two hundred and forty wounded. All the accounts bore just testimony to the activity and devotion of the detectives, and all closed with the remark that three hundred thousand citizens and four detectives saw the dread creature, and two of the latter he destroyed.

22. Two or five weeks after the elephant's disappearance I raised the reward to \$75 000 by the inspector's advice.

23. The caricaturists made pictures of detectives scanning the country with spyglasses, while the elephant, at their backs, stole apples out of their pockets.

24. But there was one woman who moved calm, untouched, through it all.

25. This was to compromise with the robbers. He said he was confident he could compromise for \$100 000 and recover the elephant.

26. At eleven the next night I brought \$ 100 000 in banknotes and put them into the chief's hands, and shortly afterward he took his leave, with the brave old undimmed confidence in his eye.

27. He took a lighted candle and strode down into the vast vaulted basement where seventy detectives always slept, and where a score were now playing cards to while the time.

28. The reporters were called, baskets of champagne were opened, toasts were drunk, the handshakings and congratulations were continuous and enthusiastic.

29. The letters were pleasant with praises once more, the next day, with one contemptible exception.

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. Who was told such curious history?
2. What was happened with white elephant?
3. What was the elephant's name?
4. Describe the elephant.
5. How many peoples had he been killed and wounded?
6. What did inspector write in two notes?
7. How much money was out the robbers?

8. What can you tell about the episode of the stolen elephant?
9. What does the elephant eat, and how much?
10. What the last telegram was about?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- королівський білий слон ...
- проблеми, що стосувалися кордону між ...
- заспокоївся та зібрався з думками ...
- попросив полісмена проводити мене на штаб-квартиру ...
- це незвичайний випадок ...
- крім європейської кави ...
- прикрити слона ...
- втратив мене назавжди ...
- закінчився ця чудова розповідь про вкраденого слона ...
- надіслав одне з повідомлень ...
- той сміється краще, хто сміється останнім ...
- написав дві записки ...
- дайте нам спокій ...
- дві з решти він зруйнував ...
- всі газети містили різні версії детективів ...
- слон хотів пити ...
- спробуємо знайти його у цьому напрямку ...
- в мене немає звички хвалитися, але ...
- викрити злочинців ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. Five years ago, when the troubles concerning the frontier line ...
2. I placed my royal charge in admirable quarters in Jersey City.
3. I was called up at dead of the night ... of this fearful misfortune.
4. ... I was beside myself with terror and anxiety; I was helpless.
5. I got a policeman to conduct me to the headquarters of the detective force.
6. Fortunately I arrived in time, though the chief of the force, the celebrated Inspector Blunt, was just on the point of leaving for his home.
7. Several clerks were at work at the other end of the room: the scratching of their pens was all the sound ...
8. Every step must be made sure before the next is ventured.
9. ... 5000 copies of this photograph made, the first thing in the ...
10. So we determined upon that figure, as a beginning.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. ... it was presently manifested that Siam ...
2. This greatly relieved the King of Siam ...

3. ... he was thinking deeply he had a way of knitting ...
4. ... that his brain had done its work and its plan was made.
5. Every step must be made sure before the next is ventured.
6. I will see that they get only what it may suit my ends to let them know.
7. If I have made any mistakes, correct me.
8. It must do, since we can do no better.
9. ... and the size of the game he goes after.
10. The reporters were called, baskets of champagne were opened ...

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations “verb + preposition” and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. A ship was fitted out for me and my \_\_\_\_\_ and the officers and attendants of the elephant, and in due time I arrived in New York \_\_\_\_\_ and placed my royal charge in admirable quarters in Jersey City.

- a) servants ... harbor;      b) friends ... city;      c) colleagues ... region;

2. Several clerks were at work \_\_\_\_ of the room: the scratching of their \_\_\_\_ was all the sound I heard during the next six or seven minutes.

- a) at the other end ... pens;    b) in the middle ... pens;    c) in the left hand ... pencils;

3. Then this man, whom nothing escaped which could by any possibility be made to serve as a clew, said: “There are cases in \_\_\_\_\_ to show that criminals have been detected through peculiarities in their appetites.

- a) story;      b) detective history;      c) history;

4. Everything. Milk, water, whiskey, castor oil, carbolic acid - it is no use to go into particulars. He will \_\_\_\_ anything that is fluid, except European \_\_\_\_.

- a) drink ... coffee;      b) eat ... tea;      c) drink ... drink;

5. The proper office of a reward is to stimulate the men who deliver up their time to this sort of work, and not to confer \_\_\_\_ upon chance citizens who stumble upon a capture without having earned the benefits by their own merits.

- a) benefits;      b) money;      c) dole;

6. \_\_\_\_ factory broken open here during night and eight hundred bottles are taken. Only \_\_\_\_ in large quantity near here is five miles distant.

- a) Glass ... water;      b) Our ... food;      c) Their ... goods;

7. Column after column was occupied, a \_\_\_\_ of its way down, with glaring headlines, which it made my \_\_\_\_ sick to read.

- a) third ... heart;      b) second ... heart;      c) third ... head;

8. By and by the \_\_\_\_ began to pour in, but I was happily disappointed in their nature. It was soon apparent that all \_\_\_\_ of the elephant was lost.

- a) letters ... stamp;      b) messages ... trace;      c) news ... place;

9. It was a great sum, but I felt that I would rather sacrifice my whole private fortune than lose my \_\_\_\_\_ with my government.

- a) credit;      b) loan;      c) money;



10. The reporters were called, \_\_\_\_\_ were opened, toasts were drunk, the handshakings and congratulations were continuous and enthusiastic.

*a) baskets of champagne;    b) boxes of wine;    c) baskets of fruits;*

*Text 23**Read the story. Translate it***Jack London  
TO THE MAN ON TRAIL**

“Go ahead and put it all in”.

“But I say, Kid, won’t that make the drink too strong? That is a lot of liquor!”

“Put it in. Who is making this drink?” And Malemute Kid smiled kindly through the clouds of steam. “When you have been in the country as long as I have, you will learn that the holidays come only once a year. And without some strong drinks they are like digging for gold and hitting rock.”

“And that is the truth”, approved Big Jim Belden, who had traveled from his mining camp to observe the holidays in Malemute Kid’s cabin. “Have you forgotten the stuff we gave the Tananas to drink?”

“I guess I did”, replied Malemute Kid. “Boys, that was something to see. The whole tribe was ready to fight because of the drinks we gave them.”

“That was before your time”, Malemute Kid continued, as he turned toward Stanley Prince, a young mining engineer who had been in the country two years. “There were no white women in the country then and Mason wanted to get married. Ruth’s father was chief of the Tananas and he objected. The rest of the tribe did, too. But we gave them some really strong drinks! And you should have seen them try to catch us when we ran away with Ruth.”

“What happened to the girl?” asked Louis Savoy, the tall French Canadian, becoming interested.

Malemute Kid, who was a good story-teller, proceeded with the rest of the tale. “We reached the Yukon at the right moment. The tribe was only a quarter of an hour behind us. But that saved us. When they arrived, the ice on the river had started to break up and move and they could not cross. When they finally got into the town, everyone was ready for them. Ask Father Roubeau here. He married the couple.”

The missionary took the pipe he was smoking from his lips and smiled to see whole company approved the story.

Then, as the first cups of the drink were passed around, Bettles leaped to his feet and began to sing a well-known song.

Malemute Kid’s drink did its work; the men of the camps and trails felt its warmth. Soon jokes and songs and tales of past adventure were told around the table. They were strangers from a dozen lands, but they drank to the good health and fortune of each and all.

Then Malemute Kid arose, cup in hand, and glanced at the window where the frost stood three inches thick. “A health to the man on trail this night; may his food be enough; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire.”

Suddenly they heard the familiar music of the dog whip and the sound of a sled as it stopped in front of the cabin. Conversation ceased while they waited to see what would happen next.

“It is someone who knows life on the trail. Hear how he cares for his dogs first and then himself”, whispered Malemute Kid to Prince. They listened to the barks of pain which told their practiced ears that the stranger was beating back their dogs while he fed his own.

Then came the expected knock, sharp and confident. The stranger entered. Blinded for a moment by the light, he hesitated at the door. He made a handsome picture in his warm clothing of wool and fur. He stood six feet two or three inches tall; his face was pink from the cold, and his hair was frosted with ice. On a belt outside his jacket he wore two guns and a hunting knife. In addition, he carried a dog whip and another gun. As he came forward into the room, they could see that he was very tired.

There was a moment when no one spoke. Then his greeting, “What cheer, my lads?”, put

them at ease. In the next instant, Malemute Kid and he had grasped hands. Although the two men had never met, each had heard of the other and recognized the other at once. The stranger was introduced all around and a cup of liquor was forced upon him before he could explain his presence.

“How long since that sled with three men and eight dogs passed?” he asked.

“About two days ahead. Are you trying to catch them?”

“Yes. They have my team. They stole them from under my nose. But I have gained two days already. I will find them soon.”

“Do you think they will give you a fight?” asked Belden, to keep the conversation going. Malemute Kid already had the coffee pot on the stove and was busy cooking some meat.

Answering the question, the stranger pointed to his guns. “When did you leave Dawson?”

“Twelve o’clock.”

“Last night?” Belden asked. “Today.”

A murmur of surprise spread around the circle. And it was with good reason. It was then exactly midnight, and traveling over 75 miles of rough river trail was an unusual accomplishment in 12 hours.

But soon they began talking of other things. And the young stranger sat down to eat. As he did so, Malemute Kid studied his face. He was not long in deciding that it was a fair and honest face and that he liked it. It was still young, but the lines on it had been firmly traced by much work. His blue eyes were calm when resting, but they gave the promise of a hard steel-like shine when called into action. The lower part of his face had a firmness that showed an unyielding character. The qualities of the lion could be seen there. But there was no lack of a kind of softness which indicated that emotions were part of his nature.

“So that is how my wife and I got married”, said Belden, concluding the exciting tale of his wedding.

“Are there any children waiting for you at home?” asked the stranger, joining the talk again.

“No. My wife died before any came. That is why I am here.” Belden tried to light his pipe, not noticing that he had already done so. He was thinking of the past. Then he turned to the stranger and his face brightened somewhat as he said, “How about you? Are you a married man?”

As a reply, the stranger opened his watch and handed it to Belden. He examined the inside of the watch case carefully and admired its contents quietly. Then he handed it to Louis Savoy. Exclaiming softly, he showed it to Prince, too. As he did so, they noticed that his hands trembled and his eyes took on a strange softness. And so it went from hand to hand - the picture of a woman with a baby at the breast. Those who had not yet seen the watch case were most curious. Those who had seen it became silent and thoughtful. They could face famine or quick death. But the picture of a woman and child made women and children of them all.

“I have never seen the child. He is a boy and two years old”, said the stranger as his treasure was returned to him. For a moment he gazed upon it. Then he closed the case and turned away, but not quickly enough to hide the tears.

Malemute Kid led him to a bed and told him to get some sleep.

“Call me at four o'clock in the morning. Don’t fail me”, were his last words. A moment later he was breathing heavily in sleep.

“My God! He is a brave one”, Prince remarked. “Three hours of sleep after 75 miles with the dogs. And then he plans to return to the trail again. Who is he, Kid?”

“Jack Westondale. He has been here almost three years, with nothing to reward him except being known as a good worker. He had been much bad luck, too. I never new him, but Sitka Charley told me about him.”

“It seems unfair that a man with a sweet young wife like his should be wasting his years

in this wild place.”

“His problem is that he won’t accept defeat. He has had a grubstake twice, but lost it both times.”

Here the talk was interrupted by Bettles. The effect of the stranger had begun to wear away and soon the merriment had started again. Malemute Kid alone seemed unable to forget the stranger and cast many an anxious look at his watch. Once he put on his mittens and cap and, leaving the cabin, went out to his cache.

Nor could he wait until the hour that had been set by the stranger. He was a quarter of an hour early in waking his guest. The young fellow had become quite stiff because of his long hours on the trail, and it was necessary to rub his body and his legs to bring him to his feet. He walked painfully out of the cabin to find his dogs already harnessed and everything ready for the start. The company wished him good luck and a short hunt for his enemies, while Father Roubeau hurriedly blessed him. Then everyone ran quickly to the cabin, because it is not good to face such cold with naked ears and hands. They became frozen within moments!

Malemute Kid went with him to the main trail, and there, grasping his hand firmly, gave him advice.

“You will find 100 pounds of fish eggs on the sled”, he said. “The dogs will go as far on that as with 150 pounds of fish. You can’t get dog food at Pelly, as you probably expected.” The stranger looked surprised, but he did not interrupt. “You can’t get any food for dog or man until you come to the town of Five Fingers, and that is 200 miles away. Be careful to avoid open water on the Thirty Mile River.”

“How did you know the truth about me? Surely the news can’t have traveled ahead of me already?”

“I don’t know it. And what is more, I don’t want to know it. But you never owned that team you are following. Sitka Charley sold it to those people last spring. But he told me you were a good man once, and I believe him. I have seen your face; I like it. And I have seen - Oh, hell! Start moving, for the sake of that wife of yours, will you?” Here the Kid took off his mittens and pulled out his money.

“No. I don’t need it”, and the tears began to freeze on his face as he grasped Malemute Kid’s hand.

“Then don’t spare the dogs. Cut them out of the harnesses as fast as they drop. Buy dogs, and think they are cheap at ten dollars a pound. You can get them at Five Fingers, Little Salmon, and Hootalinqua. And don’t get wet feet”, was his parting advice. “Keep traveling until it gets too cold. Then build a fire and change your socks.”

No more than a quarter of an hour had passed when the sound of sled bells announced new arrivals. The door opened and a policeman of the Northwest Territory entered. He was followed by two dog drivers. Like Westondale, they carried many guns and were very tired. The drivers had been born to the trail and endured it easily; but the young policeman could go no farther.

“When did Westondale leave?” he asked. “Did he stop here?” The question was unnecessary, because the tracks in the snow told their own tale too well.

Malemute Kid had given Belden a knowing look. Belden began to realize what the true situation was and answered accordingly. “Oh, he left a long time ago.”

“Come, my man. Tell me”, the policeman ordered.

“You seem to want him very badly. Did he have some trouble down in Dawson?”

“He stole 40 thousand dollars from Harry McFarland’s gambling house. Who is to stop him from leaving the country if we don’t catch him? When did he leave?”

Every eye did its excitement, because Malemute Kid had shown them how to act. The young officer met with unknowing faces on every side.

Walking toward Prince, he asked him the same question. Prince gave him an indefinite

reply concerning the condition of the trail.

Then the policeman saw Father Roubeau, who could not lie. "A quarter of an hour ago", the missionary answered. "But he had four hours of rest for himself and his dogs."

"A quarter of an hour! And he is fresh! My God!" The unhappy fellow sat down, half-fainting because of his own tired state. He murmured that he had come from Dawson in ten hours and the dogs could travel no farther.

Malemute Kid forced him to drink a cup of the liquor. Then the policeman turned toward the door, ordering the dog drivers to follow. But the drivers did not want to leave the warmth and the promise of rest. They objected strongly. The Kid could understand the strange language they spoke and followed their words anxiously.

They insisted that the dogs were too tired and that it would be necessary to shoot two of them before the first mile had been traveled. They said it would be better for everyone to rest.

"Would you lend me five dogs?" the policeman asked, speaking to Malemute Kid.

But the Kid shook his head, meaning "no".

"I will sign a note of payment for you in the name of the chief of police. I have the authority to do so."

Again the Kid refused silently.

"Then I must take your dogs in the name of the law."

Smiling, the Kid glanced at his stock of guns. The policeman, realizing his lack of power, turned toward the door. The dog drivers still objected and he spoke to them fiercely, calling them women and dogs. The older driver rose to his feet. With a curse, he promised that he would travel fast. He would travel so fast, he added, that the policeman's legs would break. Then he threatened that he would happily plant him in the snow.

The young policeman walked steadily to the door, displaying a freshness that he did not possess. But they all knew and admired his proud effort. Covered with frost, the dogs were sleeping in the snow. It was almost impossible to force them to stand. The tired animals cried as they were whipped, because the dog drivers were angry and cruel. Not until Babette, the leader dog, was cut from the harnesses could they load the sled and start traveling.

"He lied! Worse than an Indian! He is no good!"

It was easy to see that the men were angry. First, because they had been fooled by Westondale. And, second, they knew the principles by which men lived in the Northland; and honesty was the chief of these.

"And to think that we helped him, after knowing what he had done." All eyes turned toward Malemute Kid, who rose from the corner where he had been comforting Babette. He silently emptied the bowl for a final drink.

"It is a cold night, boys - a very cold night", was what he said as he began to defend himself. "You have all traveled the trail and know how difficult it is. Don't judge a man without knowing his whole story. You have only heard one side. A better man than Jack Westondale never ate from the same pot with you and me. Last year he gave his whole earnings, 40 thousand dollars, to Joe Castrell to buy a share in a mining company for him. Today he would be a rich man. But while he stayed behind at Circle City to help his sick companion, what did Castrell do? He went into McFarland's and lost all the money by gambling. They found him dead in the snow the next day. And Jack had made his plans to leave this winter to join his wife and the boy he had never seen. You will notice that he took exactly what Castrell lost - 40 thousand dollars. He will be out of the country soon. And what are you going to do about it?"

The Kid glanced around the circle of his judges. He noted the softening of their faces, and then raised his cup high. "So a health to the man on trail this night; may his food be enough; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire. God help him; good fortune go with him; and -"

"Bad luck follows the Northwest Police!" cried Bettles, to the crash of the empty cups.

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. And Malemute Kid smiled qngrily through the clouds of steam.
2. "I guess I did", replied Malemute Kid. "Boys, that was something to see". The whole tribe was ready to work because of the drinks we gave them.
3. Malemute Kid, who was a good wruter, proceeded with the rest of the tale.
4. Then, as the second cups of the drink were passed around, Bettles leaped to his feet and began to sing a well-known song.
5. Then Malemute Kid arose, cup in hand, and glanced at the window where the frost stood three inches thick.
6. "It is someone who knows life on the trail. Hear how he cares for his pets first and then himself", whispered Malemute Kid to Prince.
7. Blinded for a moment by the light, he hesitated at the door. He made a handsome picture in his warm clothing of wool and fur.
8. He stood six feet two or three inches tall; his face was pale from the cold, and his hair was frosted with ice.
9. The stranger was introduced all around and a glass of liquor was forced upon him before he could explain his presence.
10. "Do you think they will give you a fight?" asked Belden, to keep the conversation going. Malemute Kid already had the tea pot on the stove and was busy cooking some meat.
11. A murmur of surprise spread around the circle. And it was with bad reason.
12. And the old strangers sat down to eat. As he did so, Malemute Kid studied his face.
13. The lower part of his face had a firmness that showed an unyielding character. The qualities of the lion could be seen there. But there was no lack of a kind of softness which indicated that emotions were part of his nature.
14. "Are there any children waiting for you at home?" asked the stranger, joining the talk again.
15. As a reply, the stranger opened his bag and handed it to Belden.
16. And so it went from hand to hand - the picture of a woman with two babies at the breast.
17. "I have never seen the child. He is a girl and two years old", said the stranger as his treasure was returned to him.
18. "My God! He is a brave one", Prince remarked. "Two hours of sleep after 75 miles with the dogs. And then he plans to return to the trail again. Who is he, Kid?"
19. Jack Westondale. He has been here almost three years, with nothing to reward him except being known as a good worker. He had been much good luck, too. I never new him, but Sitka Charley told me about him.
20. The effect of the stranger had begun to wear away and soon the merriment had started again. Malemute Kid alone seemed unable to forget the stranger and cast many an anxious look at his watch.
21. The young fellow had become quite stiff because of his long hours on the trail, and it was necessary to rub his body and his legs to bring him to his feet.
22. "You will find 100 pounds of hen eggs on the sled", he said. "The dogs will go as far on that as with 150 pounds of fish. You can't get dog food at Pelly, as you probably expected."
23. Sitka Charley sold it to those people last winter.
24. Cut them out of the harnesses as fast as they drop. Buy dogs, and think they are expensive at one hundred dollars a pound.
25. The window opened and a policeman of the Northwest Territory entered.
26. Malemute Kid had given Belden a knowing look. Belden began to realize what the

true situation was and answered accordingly. “Oh, he left a long time ago.”

27. Then the policeman saw Father Roubeau, who could not lie. “Two quarters of an hour ago”, the missionary answered. “But he had four hours of rest for himself and his dogs.”

28. Malemute Kid forced him to drink a cup of the liquor. Then the policeman turned toward the door, ordering the dog drivers to follow.

29. The policeman, realizing his lack of power, turned toward the door.

30. “It is a warm night, boys - a very warm night”, was what he said as he began to defend himself.

**Exercise 2. Answer the questions:**

1. What is Malemute Kid?
2. Where did Big Jim Belden travel from?
3. What did Big Jim Belden tell?
4. What kind of story-teller was Malemute Kid?
5. Who was the missionary and what did he do?
6. What did they suddenly hear?
7. Why was a moment when no one spoke?
8. Describe the stranger.
9. What did Belden see in the stranger's watch?
10. Why did the strangers ask to wake up him at four o'clock in the morning?

**Exercise 3. Find in the text:**

- що сталося з дівчиною ...
- намагалися спіймати нас ...
- вийняв трубку, яку курил і подивився з посмішкою ...
- почав співати добре знайому пісню ...
- випили за здоров'я та успіх кожного з них ...
- раптом вони почули ...
- обличчя було рожевим від холоду ...
- він був дуже стомлений ...
- відкрите та чесне обличчя і це йому сподобалось ...
- вказувало, що він був емоційною людиною ...
- вони помітили, що його руки тремтіли ...
- компанія чоловіків побажала йому успіху та ...
- був дуже здивований, але не перебивав ...
- заради вашої дружини ...
- не більше ніж чверть години ...
- якщо ми не спіймаємо його ...
- вони наполягали, що собаки втомились і потрібно пристрелити двох з них ...
- знав, як це важко ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. And without some strong drinks they are like digging for gold ...
2. And you should have seen them try to catch us when we ran away ...
3. ... Bettles leaped to his feet and began to sing a well-known song.
4. It is someone who knows life on the trail.
5. ... listened to the barks of pain which told their practiced ears that ... beating back their dogs while he fed his own.
6. Then his greeting, “What cheer, my lads?”, put them at ease.
7. ... asked Belden, to keep the conversation going.

8. ... rough river trail was an **unusual** accomplishment in 12 hours.
9. But there was no lack of a kind of **softness** which indicated that ...
10. "Are there any children **waiting for** you at home?" asked the stranger.

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Who **is making** this drink?
2. When you **have been** in the country ... you **will learn** that the ...
3. "That was before your time", Malemute Kid **continued**, ...
4. ... a young mining engineer who **had been** in the country two years.
5. And you **should have seen** them try to catch us when we ran away ...
6. The missionary took the pipe he **was smoking** from his lips ...
7. Hear how he **cares** for his dogs first and then himself.
8. The stranger **was introduced** all around and a cup of liquor ...
9. The qualities of the lion **could be seen** there.
10. Those who **had not** yet **seen** the watch case were most curious.

**Exercise 9. Find the combinations "verb + preposition" and translate**

**Exercise 10. Test**

1. "That was before your time", Malemute Kid continued, as he turned toward Stanley Prince, \_\_\_\_ who had been in the country two years.  
a) a young mining engineer;      b) an old mining engineer;      c) a young doctor;
2. Suddenly they heard the \_\_\_\_ music of the dog whip and the sound of a sled as it stopped in front of the cabin.  
a) familiar;      b) unknown;      c) classical;
3. He made a handsome picture in his warm clothing of \_\_\_\_ .  
a) wool and fur;      b) leather and plastics;      c) wood and metal;
4. It was then exactly midnight, and traveling over 75 miles of rough river trail was \_\_\_\_ accomplishment in 12 hours.  
a) an interesting;      b) an unusual;      c) an ugly;
5. And so it went from hand to hand - the picture of \_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_ at the \_\_\_\_ .  
a) a woman ... a baby      b) a man ... flowers ...      c) a woman ... fruits ... table;  
... breast;      basket;
6. Once he put on his \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_ and, leaving the cabin, went out to his cache.  
a) mittens ... cap;      b) scarf ... coat;      c) gloves ... cap;
7. Then everyone \_\_\_\_ quickly to the cabin, because it is not good to face such cold with



naked \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) *run ... ears ...*    b) *went ... body ... legs;*    c) *run ... head ... hands;*  
*hands;*

8. He stole 40 thousand dollars from Harry McFarland's \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) *hotel;*                      b) *motel;*                      c) *gambling house;*

9. The \_\_\_\_\_ animals cried as they were whipped, because the dog drivers were angry and cruel.

- a) *frightened;*                      b) *tired;*                      c) *wild;*

10. The Kid glanced around the circle of his \_\_\_\_\_.

- a) *judges;*                      b) *relatives;*                      c) *friends;*

*Text 24**Read the story. Translate it***Frank Stockton****LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST**

I was still a young man when I came into the possession of an excellent estate. This consisted of a large country house, surrounded by gardens, and situated not far from the little town of Boynton. Being an orphan with no brothers or sisters, I set up here a bachelor's hall, in which, for two years, I lived with great satisfaction and comfort. When I had made all the improvements which were really needed, and feeling that I now had a most delightful home to come back to, I thought it would be an excellent thing to take a trip to Europe.

It was the custom of the residents in my neighborhood who owned houses and traveled in the summer to let their houses during their absence, and my business agent and myself agreed that this would be an excellent thing for me to do. My agent assured me that I would have no trouble in letting my place, for it offered many advantages and I expected but a reasonable rent. I desired to leave everything just as it stood, house, furniture, books, horses, cows, and poultry, taking with me only my clothes and personal things, and I desired tenants who would come in bringing only their clothes and personal things, which they could quietly take away with them when I should return home.

In spite of the assurances of the agent, it was not easy to let my place. The house was too large for some people, too small for others. I had engaged my steamer passage, and the day for my departure drew near, and yet no suitable tenants had presented themselves. I had almost come to the conclusion that the whole matter would have to be left in the hands of my agent, for I had no intention whatever of giving up my travels, when early one afternoon some people came to look at the house. The family consisted of an elderly gentleman and his wife, with a daughter of twenty. This was a family that suited me exactly. Three in number, no children, people of intelligence and position, fond of the country and anxious for just such a place as I offered them - what could be better?

The more I walked about and talked with these people and showed them my possessions, the more I desired that the young lady should take my house. Of course her parents were included in this wish, but it was for her ears that all my remarks were intended, although sometimes addressed to the others. Apart from the obvious advantages of the arrangement, it would be a delight to me during my summer wanderings in Europe to think that that beautiful girl would be strolling through my grounds, enjoying my flowers, and sitting with her book in the shady nooks I had made so pleasant, spending her evening hours in my study, reading my books, and writing at my desk.

Long before we had completed the tour of inspection I had made up my mind that this young lady should come to live in my house. I would tear down, I would build, I would paper and paint, I would put in all sorts of electric bells, I would reduce the rent until it suited their notions exactly, I would do anything to make them decide to take the place before they left me. I trembled to think of her going elsewhere and giving other householders a chance to tempt her. She had looked at a good many country houses, but it was quite plain that none of them had pleased her so well as mine.

I left them in my library to talk the matter over by themselves, and in less than ten minutes the young lady herself came out on the lawn to tell me that her father and mother had decided to take the place and would like to speak with me.

"I am so glad", she said as we went in. "I am sure I shall enjoy every hour of our stay here."

When everything had been settled I wanted to take them again over the place and point out a lot of things I had omitted. But there was no time, for they had to catch a train.

Her name was Vincent - Cora Vincent.

As soon as they departed I had my mare saddled and rode into town to see my agent. I went into his office exultant.

"I've let my house", I said, "and I want you to make out the lease and have everything fixed and settled as soon as possible. This is the address of my tenants."

The agent asked me a good many questions, being particularly anxious to know what rent had been agreed upon.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, when I mentioned the sum, "that is ever so much less than I told you you could get. I am in communication now with a party whom I know would pay you considerably more than these people. Perhaps it is not too late to withdraw."

"Withdraw!" I cried. "Never! They are the only tenants I want. You see", said I, very impressively, "these Vincents exactly suit me." And then I went on to state fully the advantages of the arrangement, omitting, however, any references to my visions of Miss Vincent swinging in my hammocks or musing in my study-chair.

It was now May 15, and my steamer would sail on the twenty-first. The intervening days I employed, not in preparing for my travels, but in making every possible arrangement for the comfort and convenience of my incoming tenants. The Vincents did not wish to take possession until June 1, and I was sorry they had not applied before I had engaged my passage, for in that case I would have selected a later date. A very good steamer sailed on June 3, and it would have suited me just as well.

Happening to be in New York one day, I went to the Vincents' city residence to consult with them in regard to some awnings which I proposed putting up at the back of the house. I found no one at home but the old gentleman, and it made no difference to him whether the awnings were black and brown or red and yellow. I invited him to come out before I left, and bring his family, that they might look about the place to see if there was anything they would like to have done which had not already been attended to. Mr. Vincent was a very quiet and pleasant gentleman, and thanked me very much for my invitation, but said he did not see how he could find the time to get out to my house before I sailed. I did not like to say that it was not at all necessary for him to neglect his affairs in order to accompany his family to my place, but I assured him that if any of them wished to go out at any time before they took possession they must feel at perfect liberty to do so.

I mentioned this matter to my agent, suggesting that if he happened to be in New York he might call on the Vincents and repeat my invitation. It was not likely that the old gentleman would remember to mention it to his wife and daughter, and it was really important that everything should be made satisfactory before I left.

"It seems to me", he said, smiling a little grimly, "that the Vincents had better be kept away from your house until you have gone. If you do anything more to it you may find out that it would have been more profitable to have shut it up while you are away."

He did call, however, partly because I wished him to and partly because he was curious to see the people I was so anxious to install in my home, and to whom he was to be my legal representative. He reported the next day that he had found no one at home but Miss Vincent, and that she had said that she and her mother would be very glad to come out the next week and go over the place before they took possession.

"Next week!" I exclaimed. "I shall be gone then!"

"But I shall be here", said Mr. Barker, "and I'll show them about and take their suggestions."

This did not suit me at all.

"After all." said I, "I suppose that everything that ought to be done has been done. I hope you told her that."

"Of course not." said he. "That would have been running dead against your orders. Besides, it's my business to show people about places. I don't mind it."

This gave me an unpleasant and uneasy feeling. I wondered if Mr. Barker were the agent I ought to have, and if a middle-aged man with a family and more experience might not be better able to manage my affairs.

“Barker”, said I, a little later, “there will be no use of your going every month to the Vincents to collect their rent. I shall write to Mr. Vincent to pay as he pleases. He can send a check monthly or at the end of the season, as it may be convenient. He is perfectly responsible, and I would much prefer to have the money in a lump when I come back.”

Barker grinned. “All right”, said he.

On the day before that on which I was to sail, my mind was in such a disturbed condition that I could not attend to my packing or anything else. It almost enraged me to think that I was leaving the country ten days before my tenants would come to my house. There was no reason why I should do this. There were many reasons why I should not. There was Barker. I was now of the opinion that he would personally superintend the removal of the Vincents and their establishment to my home. I remembered that the only suggestion he had made about the improvement of the place had been the construction of a tennis court. I knew that he was a champion player. Confound it! What a dreadful mistake I had made in selecting such a man for my house-agent. With my mind’s eye I could already see Miss Vincent and Barker selecting a spot for tennis and planning the arrangements of the court.

I took the first train to New York and went directly to the steamboat office. It is astonishing how many obstacles can be removed from a man’s path if he will make up his mind to give them a good kick. I found that my steamer was crowded. The applications for passage exceeded the accommodations, and the agent was delighted to transfer me to the steamer that sailed on June 3. I went home exultant. Barker drove over in the evening to take his last instructions, and a blank look came over his face when I told him that business had delayed my departure, and that I should not sail the next day. Of course the date of my departure did not concern the Vincents, provided the house was vacated by June 1, and I did not inform them of the change in my plans, but when the mother and daughter came out the next week they were much surprised to find me waiting to receive them instead of Barker. I hope that they were also pleased, and I am sure that they had every reason to be so.

I invited Miss Vincent to come out with me to select a spot for a tennis-court. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, for tennis, she declared, was a passion with her.

The selection of that tennis-court took nearly an hour, for there were several good places for one and it was hard to make a selection; besides, I could not lose the opportunity of taking Miss Vincent into the woods and showing her the walks I had made and the rustic seats I had placed in pleasant nooks. Of course she would have discovered these, but it was a great deal better for her to know all about them before she came. At last Mrs. Vincent sent a maid to tell her daughter that it was time to go for the train.

The next day I went to Miss Vincent’s house with a plan of the grounds, and she and I talked it over until the matter was settled.

I also had a talk with the old gentleman about books. There were several large boxes of my books in New York which I had never sent out to my country house. Many of these I thought might be interesting to him, and I offered to have them taken out and left at his disposal. When he heard the titles of some of the books in the collection he was much interested.

Instantly I proposed that I should send the books to the Vincent house, that they should there be taken out so that Mr. Vincent could select those he might care to read during the summer, that I would make a list of these, and if Vincent would assist me I would be grateful for the kindness, and those that were not desired could be returned to the storehouse.

What a grand idea was this! I had been internally groaning because I could think of no possible pretence, for further interviews with Miss Vincent, and here was something better than I could have imagined. Her father declared that he could not put me to so much trouble, but I

would listen to none of his words, and the next morning my books were spread over his library floor.

The selection and cataloguing of the volumes desired occupied the mornings of three days. The old gentleman's part was soon done, but there were many things in the books which were far more interesting to me than their titles, and to which I desired to draw Miss Vincent's attention. All this greatly protracted our labors. I could not help telling her what a great pleasure it would be to me to think, while wandering in foreign lands, that such an appreciative family would be enjoying my books and my place.

"You are so fond of your house and everything you have", said she, "that we shall almost feel as if we were depriving you of your rights. But I suppose that Italian lakes and the Alps will make you forget for a time even your beautiful home."

I went to that house the next day to see that the boxes were properly repacked and I actually went the next day to see if the right boxes had gone into the country, and the others back to the storehouse. The first day I saw only the father. The second day it was the mother who assured me that everything had been properly attended to. I began to feel that if I did not wish a decided rebuff I would better not make any more pretences of business at the Vincent house.

There were affairs of my own which should have been attended to, and I ought to have gone home and attended to them, but I could not bear to do so. There was no reason to suppose she would go out there before the first of June.

Thinking over the matter many times, I came to the conclusion that if I could see her once more I would be satisfied. Then I would go away, and carry her image with me into every art-gallery, over every glacier, and under every sky that I should enjoy abroad, hoping all the time that, taking my place she would indirectly become so well acquainted with me that when I returned I might speak to her without shocking her.

To obtain this final interview there was but one way. I had left my house on Saturday, the Vincents would come on the following Monday, and I would sail on Wednesday. I would go on Tuesday to inquire if they found everything to their satisfaction.

When I reached Boynton I determined to walk to my house, for I did not wish to encumber myself with a hired vehicle. I might be asked to stay to luncheon. A very strange feeling came over me as I entered my grounds. They were not mine. For the time being they belonged to somebody else. I was merely a visitor or a trespasser if the Vincents thought proper so to consider me. If they did not like people to walk on the grass I had no right to do it.

None of my servants had been left on the place, and the maid who came to the door informed me that Mr. Vincent had gone to New York that morning, and that Mrs. Vincent and her daughter were out driving. I ventured to ask if she thought they would soon return, and she answered that she did not think they would, as they had gone to Rock Lake, which, from the way they talked about it, must be a long way off.

Rock Lake! When I had driven over there with my friends, we had taken luncheon at the inn and returned in the afternoon. And what did they know of Rock Lake? Who had told them of it? That Barker, of course.

"Will you leave a message, sir?" said the maid.

"No", said I, and as I still stood gazing at the piazza floor, she remarked that if I wished to call again she would go out and speak to the coachman and ask him if anything had been said to him about the time of the party's return.

Worse and worse! Their coachman had not driven them! Some one who knew the country had been their companion. They were not acquainted in the neighborhood, and there could not be a shadow of a doubt that it was that Barker who had indecently thrust himself upon them on the very next day after their arrival, and had thus snatched from me this last interview upon which I had counted so earnestly.

I had no right to ask any more questions. I got back to my hotel without having met any

one whom I knew, and that night I received a note from Barker, stating that he had intended coming to the steamer to see me off, but that an engagement would prevent him. He sent, however, his best wishes for my safe passage, and assured me that he would keep me informed of the state of my affairs on this side.

“Engagement!” I exclaimed. “Is he going to drive with her again tomorrow?”

My steamer sailed at two o’clock the next day, and after an early breakfast I went to the company’s office to see if I could dispose of my ticket. It had become impossible, I told the agent, for me to leave America at present. He said it was a very late hour to sell my ticket, but that he would do what he could, and if an applicant turned up he would give him my room and refund the money. He wanted me to change to another date, but I declined to do this. I was not able to say when I should sail.

I now had no plan of action. All I knew was that I could not leave America without finding out something definite about this Barker business. That is to say, if it should be made known to me that instead of attending to my business Barker should mingle in sociable relations with my tenants, and drive or play tennis with the young lady, then would I immediately have done with him. I would withdraw my business from his hands and place it in those of old Mr. Poindexter. More than that, it might be my duty to warn Miss Vincent’s parents against Barker. I did not doubt that he was a very good agent, but in selecting him as such I had no idea of introducing him to the Vincents in a social way. In fact, the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that if ever I mentioned Barker to my tenants it would be to warn them against him. From certain points of view he was actually a dangerous man.

Now that I had determined I would not start for Europe until I had satisfied myself that Mr. Barker was contenting himself with attending to my business, and not endeavoring to force himself into social relations with my tenants, I was anxious that the postponement of my journey should be unknown to my friends, and I was, therefore, very glad to see in a newspaper, published on the afternoon of the day of my intended departure, my name among the list of passengers. For the first time I commended the super-enterprise of a reporter who gave more attention to the timeliness of his news than to its accuracy.

I was stopping at a New York hotel, but I did not wish to stay there. Until I felt myself ready to start on my travels the neighborhood of Boynton would suit me better than anywhere else. I did not wish to go to the town itself but there were farmhouses not far away where I might spend a week. After considering the matter, I thought of something that might suit me. About three miles from my house was a mill which stood at the end of an extensive sheet of water, in reality a mill-pond, but commonly called a lake. The miller, an old man, had recently died, and his house near by was occupied by a newcomer whom I had never seen. If I could get accommodations there it would suit me exactly. I left the train two stations below Boynton and walked over to the mill.

The place suited my requirements very well. It was near her, and I might live here for a time unnoticed, but what I was going to do with my opportunity I did not know. Several times the conviction forced itself upon me that I should get up at once and go to Europe by the first steamer, and so show myself that I was a man of sense.

This conviction was banished on the second afternoon of my stay at the mill. I was sitting under a tree in the orchard near the house; thinking and smoking my pipe, when along the road which ran by the side of the lake came Mr. Vincent on my black horse General and his daughter on my mare Sappho. Instinctively I pulled my straw hat over my eyes, but this precaution was not necessary. They were looking at the beautiful lake, with its hills and overhanging trees, and saw me not!

When the very tip of Sappho’s tail had melted into the foliage of the road, I arose to my feet and took a deep breath of the air. I had seen her.

I do not believe I slept a minute that night through thinking of her and feeling glad that I

was near her, and that she had been riding with her father.

When the early dawn began to break an idea brighter than the dawn broke upon me: I would get up and go nearer to her. It is amazing how much we lose by not getting up early on the long summer days.

How beautiful the morning might be on this earth I never knew until I found myself wandering by the edge of my woods and over my lawn with the tender gray-blue sky above me and all the freshness of the grass and flowers and trees about me, the birds singing among the branches, and she sleeping sweetly somewhere within that house with its softly defined lights and shadows. How I wished I knew what room she occupied!

Quietly and stealthily stepping from bush to hedge, I went around the house, and as I drew near the barn I fancied I could hear from a little room adjoining it the snores of the coachman. The lazy rascal would probably not awaken for two or three hours yet, but I would run no risks, and in half an hour I had sped away.

Now I knew exactly why I was staying at the house of the miller. I was doing so in order that I might go early in the mornings to my own home, in which the girl I loved lay dreaming, and that for the rest of the day and much of the night I might think of her.

“What place in Europe”, I said to myself, “could be so beautiful, so charming, and so helpful to reflection as this sequestered lake, these noble trees, these stretches of undulating meadow?”

Every morning, soon after break of day, I went to my home and wandered about my grounds. If it rained I did not mind that. I like a summer rain.

Day by day I grew bolder. Nobody in that household thought of getting up until seven o'clock. For two hours, at least, I could ramble undisturbed through my grounds, and much as I had once enjoyed these grounds, they never afforded me the pleasure they gave me now. In these happy mornings I felt all the life and spirits of a boy. I went into my little field and stroked the sleek sides of my cows as they nibbled the dewy grass. I even peeped through the barred window of Sappho's box and fed her, as I had been used to doing, with bunches of clover. I saw that the young chickens were flourishing. I went into the garden and noted the growth of the vegetables, feeling glad that she would have so many fine strawberries and tender peas.

Once again I had seen Miss Vincent. It was in the afternoon, and I had rowed myself to the upper part of the lake, where, with the high hills and the trees on each side of me, I felt as if I were alone in the world. Floating, idly along, with my thoughts about three miles away, I heard the sound of oars, and looking out on the open part of the lake, I saw a boat approaching. The miller was rowing, and in the stern sat an elderly gentleman and a young lady. I knew them in an instant: they were Mr. and Miss Vincent. With a few vigorous strokes I shot myself into the shadows, and rowed up the stream into the narrow stretches among the lily-pads, under a bridge, and around a little wooded point, where I ran the boat ashore and sprang upon the grassy bank. Although I did not believe the miller would bring them as far as this, I went up to a higher spot and watched for half an hour; but I did not see them again. How relieved I was! It would have been terribly embarrassing had they discovered me. And how disappointed I was that the miller turned back so soon!

I now extended the supervision of my grounds. I walked through the woods, and saw how beautiful they were in the early dawn. I threw aside the fallen twigs and cut away encroaching saplings, which were beginning to encumber the paths I had made, and if I found a bough which hung too low I cut it off. There was a great beech-tree, between which and a dogwood I had the year before suspended a hammock. In passing this, one morning, I was amazed to see a hammock swinging from the hooks I had put in the two trees. This was a retreat which I had supposed no one else would fancy or even think of! In the hammock was a fan - a common Japanese fan. For fifteen minutes I stood looking at that hammock, every nerve a-tingle. Then I glanced around. The spot had been almost unfrequented since last summer. Little bushes, weeds,

and vines had sprung up here and there between the two trees. There were dead twigs and limbs lying about, and the short path to the main walk was much overgrown. I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to six. I had yet a good hour for work, and with nothing but my pocket-knife and my hands I began to clear away the space about that hammock. When I left it, it looked as it used to look when it was my pleasure to lie there and swing and read and reflect.

To approach this spot it was not necessary to go through my grounds, for my bit of woods adjoined a considerable stretch of forest-land, and in my morning walks from the mill I often used a path through these woods. The next morning when I took this path I was late because I had unfortunately overslept myself. When I reached the hammock it wanted fifteen minutes to seven o'clock. It was too late for me to do anything, but I was glad to be able to stay there even for a few minutes, to breathe that air, to stand on that ground, to touch that hammock. I did more than that. Why shouldn't I? I got into it. It was a better one than that I had hung there. It was delightfully comfortable. At this moment, gently swinging in that woodland solitude, with the sweet odors of the morning all about me, I felt myself nearer to her than I had ever been before.

But I knew I must not revel in this place too long. I was on the point of rising to leave when I heard approaching footsteps. My breath stopped. Was I at last to be discovered? This was what came of my reckless security. But perhaps the person, some workman most likely, would pass without noticing me. To remain quiet seemed the best course, and I lay motionless.

But the person approaching turned into the little pathway. The footsteps came nearer. I sprang from the hammock. Before me was Miss Vincent!

What was my aspect I know not, but I have no doubt I turned fiery red. She stopped suddenly.

"Oh. Mr.Ripley", she exclaimed, "good morning! You must excuse me. I did not know – " That she should have had sufficient self-possession to say good morning amazed me.

"You must be surprised", I said, "to see me here. You supposed I was in Europe, but - "

As I spoke I made a couple of steps toward her but suddenly stopped. One of my coat buttons had caught in the meshes of the hammock. It was awkward. I tried to loosen the button, but it was badly entangled. Then I desperately pulled at it to tear it off.

"Oh, don't do that", she said. "Let me unfasten it for you." And taking the threads of the hammock in one of her little hands and the button in the other, she quickly separated them. "I should think buttons would be very inconvenient things - at least, in hammocks", she said smiling. "You see, girls don't have any such trouble."

I could not understand her manner. She seemed to take my being there as a matter of course.

"I must beg a thousand pardons for this - this trespass", I said.

"Trespass!" said she, with a smile. "People don't trespass on their own land."

"But it is not my land", said I. "It is your father's for the time being. I have no right here whatever. I do not know how to explain, but you must think it very strange to find me here when you supposed I had started for Europe."

"Oh! I knew you had not started for Europe", said she, "because I have seen you working in the grounds."

"Seen me!" I interrupted. "Is it possible?"

"Oh, yes", said she. "I don't know how long you had been coming when I first saw you, but when I found that fresh bed of pinks all transplanted from somewhere, and just as lovely as they could be, instead of the old ones, I spoke to the man; but he did not know anything about it, and said he had not had time to do anything to the flowers, whereas I had been giving him credit for ever so much weeding and cleaning up. Then I supposed that Mr.Barker, who is just as kind and attentive as he can be, had done it; but I could hardly believe he was the sort of man to come early in the morning and work out of doors, and when he came that afternoon to play tennis I found that he had been away for two days, and could not have planted the pinks. So I simply, got



up early one morning and looked out, and there I saw you, with your coat off, working just as hard as ever you could.”

I stepped back, my mind for a moment a perfect blank.

“What could you have thought of me?” I exclaimed presently.

“Really, at first I did not know what to think”, said she. “Of course I did not know what had detained you in this country, but I remembered that I had heard that you were a very particular person about your flowers and shrubs and grounds, and that most likely you thought they would be better taken care of if you kept an eye on them, and that when you found there was so much to do you just went to work and did it.”

I was humbled, abashed. She had seen me at my morning devotions, and this was the way she interpreted them. She considered me a fellow who was so desperately afraid his place would be injured that he came sneaking around every morning to see if any damage had been done and to put things to rights.

She stood for a moment as if expecting me to speak, brushed a buzzing fly from her sleeve, and then, looking at me with a gentle smile, she turned a little as if she were about to leave. I could not let her go without telling her something. Her present opinion of me must not rest in her mind another minute. And yet, what story could I devise? How, indeed, could I devise anything with which to deceive a girl who spoke and looked at me as this girl did? I could not do it. I must rush away speechless and never see her again, or I must tell her all. I came a little nearer to her.

“Miss Vincent”, said I, “you do not understand at all why I am here, why I did not go to Europe. The truth is, I could not leave. I do not wish to be away; I want to come here and live here always.”

“Oh, dear!” she interrupted, “of course it is natural that you should not want to tear yourself away from your lovely home. It would be very hard for us to go away now, especially for father and me, for we have grown to love this place so much. But if you want us to leave, I dare say.”

“I want you to leave!” I exclaimed. “Never! When I say that I want to live here myself, that my heart will not let me go anywhere else, I mean that I want you to live here too - you, your mother and father - that I want ...”

“Oh, that would be perfectly splendid!” she said. “I have ever so often thought that it was a shame that you should be deprived of the pleasures you so much enjoy, which I see you can find here and nowhere else. Now, I have a plan which I think will work splendidly. We are a very small family. Why shouldn’t you come here and live with us? There is plenty of room, and I know father and mother would be very glad, and you can pay your board, if that would please you better. You can have the room at the top of the tower for your study and your smoking den, and the room under it can be your bedroom, so you can be just as independent as you please of the rest of us, and you can be living on your own place without interfering with us in the least. In fact, it would be ever so nice, especially as I am in the habit of going away to the sea-shore with my aunt every summer for six weeks, and I was thinking how lonely it would be this year for father and mother to stay here all by themselves.”

The tower and the room under it! For me! The words with which I strove to tell her that I wished to live here as lord, with her as my queen, would not come. She looked at me for a moment as I stood on the brink of saying something but not saying it, and then she turned suddenly toward the hammock.

“Did you see anything of a fan I left here?” she said. “I know I left it here, but when I came yesterday it was gone. Perhaps you may have noticed it somewhere ...”

Now, the morning before, I had taken that fan home with me. It was an awkward thing to carry, but I had concealed it under my coat. It was a contemptible trick, but the fan had her initials on it, and as it was the only thing belonging to her of which I could possess myself, the

temptation had been too great to resist. As she stood waiting for my answer there was a light in her eye which illuminated my perceptions.

“Did you see me take that fan?” I asked.

“I did”, said she.

“Then you know”, I exclaimed, stepping nearer to her, “why it is I did not leave this country as I intended, why it was impossible for me to tear myself away from this house, why it is that I have been here every morning, hovering around and doing the things I have been doing?”

She looked up at me, and with her eyes she said, “How could I help knowing?” She might have intended to say something with her lips, but I took my answer from her eyes, and with the quick impulse of a lover I stopped her speech.

“You have strange ways”, she said presently, blushing and gently pressing back my arm. “I haven’t told you a thing.”

“Let us tell each other everything now”, I cried, and we seated ourselves in the hammock.

It was a quarter of an hour later and we were still sitting together in the hammock.

“You may think”, said she, “that, knowing what I did, it was very queer for me to come out to you this morning, but I could not help it. You were getting dreadfully careless, and were staying so late and doing things which people would have been bound to notice, especially as father is always talking about our enjoying the fresh hours of the morning, that I felt I could not let you go on any longer. And when it came to that fan business I saw plainly that you must either immediately start for Europe or ...”

“Or what?” I interrupted.

“Or go to my father and regularly engage yourself as a ...” I do not know whether she was going to say “gardener” or not, but it did not matter. I stopped her. It was perhaps twenty minutes later, and we were standing together at the edge of the woods. She wanted me to come to the house to take breakfast with them.

“Oh, I could not do that!” I said. “They would be so surprised. I should have so much to explain before I could even begin to state my case.”

“Well, then, explain”, said she. “You will find father on the front piazza. He is always there before breakfast, and there is plenty of time. After all that has been said here, I cannot go to breakfast and look commonplace while you run away.”

“But suppose your father objects?” said I.

“Well, then you will have to go back and take breakfast with your miller”, said she.

I never saw a family so little affected by surprises as these Vincents. When I appeared on the front piazza the old gentleman did not jump. He shook hands with me and asked me to sit down, and when I told him everything he did not even ejaculate, but simply folded his hands together and looked out over the railing.

“It seemed strange to Mrs. Vincent and myself”, he said, “when we first noticed your extraordinary attachment for our daughter, but, after all it was natural enough.”

“Noticed it!” I exclaimed. “When did you do that?”

“Very soon”, he said. “When you and Cora were cataloguing the books at my house in town I noticed it and spoke to Mrs. Vincent, but she said it was nothing new to her, for it was plain enough on the day when we first met you here that you were letting the house to Cora, and that she had not spoken of it to me because she was afraid I might think it wrong to accept the favorable and unusual arrangements you were making with us if I suspected the reason for them. We talked over the matter, but, of course, we could do nothing, because there was nothing to do, and Mrs. Vincent was quite sure you would write to us from Europe. But when my man Ambrose told me he had seen some one working about the place in the very early morning, and that, as it was a gentleman, he supposed it must be the landlord, for nobody else would be doing such things, Mrs. Vincent and I looked out of the window the next day, and when we found it was

indeed you who were coming here every day, we felt that the matter was serious and were a good deal troubled. We found, however, that you were conducting affairs in a very honorable way, - that you were not endeavoring to see Cora, and that you did not try to have any secret correspondence with her, - and as we had no right to prevent you from coming on your grounds, we concluded to remain quiet until you should take some step which we would be authorized to notice. Later, when Mr. Barker came and told me that you had not gone to Europe, and were living with a miller not far from here ...”

“Barker!” I cried. “The scoundrel!”

“You are mistaken, sir”, said Mr. Vincent. “He spoke with the greatest kindness of you, and said that as it was evident you had your own reasons for wishing to stay in the neighborhood, and did not wish the fact to be known, he had spoken of it to no one but me, and he would not have done this had he not thought it would prevent embarrassment in case we should meet.”

“Do you suppose”, I asked, “that he imagined the reason for my staying here?”

“I do not know”, said the old gentleman, “but after the questions I put to him I have no doubt he suspected it. I made many inquiries of him regarding you, your family, habits, and disposition, for this was a very vital matter to me, sir, and I am happy to inform you that he said nothing of you that was not good, so I urged him to keep the matter to himself. I determined, however, that if you continued your morning visits I should take an early opportunity of accosting you and asking an explanation.”

“And you never mentioned anything of this to your daughter?” said I.

“Oh, no”, he answered. “We carefully kept everything from her.”

“But, my dear sir”, said I, rising, “you have given me no answer. You have not told me whether or not you will accept me as a son-in-law.”

He smiled. “Truly”, he said, “I have not answered you; but the fact is, Mrs. Vincent and I have considered the matter so long, and having come to the conclusion that if you made an honorable and straightforward proposition, and if Cora were willing to accept you, we could see no reason to object to ...”

At this moment the front door opened and Cora appeared.

“Are you going to stay to breakfast?” she asked. “Because, if you are, it is ready.”

I stayed to breakfast.

I am now living in my own house, not in the two tower rooms, but in the whole mansion, of which my former tenant, Cora, is now mistress supreme. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent expect to spend the next summer here and take care of the house while we are travelling.

Mr. Barker, an excellent fellow and a most thorough business man, still manages my affairs, and there is nothing on the place that flourishes so vigorously as the bed of pinks which I got from the miller’s wife.

By the way, when I went back to my lodging on that eventful day, the miller’s wife met me at the door.

“I kept your breakfast waitin’ for you for a good while”, said she, “but as you didn’t come, I supposed you were taking breakfast in your own house, and I cleared it away.”

“Do you know who I am?” I exclaimed.

“Oh, yes, sir”, she said. “We did not at first, but when everybody began to talk about it we couldn’t help knowin it.”

“Everybody!” I gasped. “And may I ask what you and everybody said about me?”

“I think it was the general opinion, sir”, said she, “that you were suspicious of them tenants of yours, and nobody wondered at it, for when city people gets into the country and on other people’ property, there’s no trusting them out of your sight for a minute.”

I could not let the good woman hold this opinion of my tenants, and I briefly told her the truth. She looked at me with moist admiration in her eyes.

“I am glad to hear that, sir”, said she. “I like it very much. But if I was you I wouldn’t be

in a hurry to tell my husband and the people in the neighborhood about it. They might be a little disappointed at first, for they had a mighty high opinion of you when they thought that you was laying low here to keep an eye on them tenants of yours.”

### Post-reading task

#### *Exercise 1. Decide which of these statements are false and which are true:*

1. Being a favourite child with no brothers or sisters, I set up here a bachelor's hall, in which, for two years, I lived with great satisfaction and comfort.

2. It was the custom of the residents in my neighborhood who owned houses and traveled in the summer to let their houses during their absence, and my business agent and myself agreed that this would be an excellent thing for me to do.

3. I had engaged my steamer passage, and two days for my departure drew near, and yet no suitable tenants had presented themselves.

4. The family consisted of an elderly gentleman and his wife, with a daughter of nineteen. This was a family that suited me exactly.

5. Long before we had completed the tour of inspection I had made up my mind that this old lady should come to live in my house. I would tear down, I would build, I would paper and paint, I would put in all sorts of electric bells, I would reduce the rent until it suited their notions exactly, I would do anything to make them decide to take the place before they left me.

6. “Heavens!” he exclaimed, when I mentioned the sum, “that is ever so much less than I told you you could get. I am in communication now with a dinner whom I know would pay you considerably more than these people.”

7. The intervening days I employed, not in preparing for my travels, but in making every possible arrangement for the comfort and convenience of my incoming tenants.

8. Mr. Vincent was a very quiet and unpleasant gentleman, and thanked me very much for my invitation, but said he did not see how he could find the time to get out to my house before I sailed.

9. He reported the next day that he had found no one at home but Miss Vincent, and that she had said that she and her father would be very glad to come out the next week and go over the place before they took possession.

10. It almost enraged me to think that I was leaving the country seven days before my tenants would come to my house.

11. What a wonderful mistake I had made in selecting such a man for my house-agent. With my mind's eye I could already see Miss Vincent and Barker selecting a spot for tennis and planning the arrangements of the court.

12. I went home exultant. Barker drove over in the evening to take his last instructions, and a blank look came over his face when I told him that business had delayed my arrival, and that I should not sail the next day.

13. I invited Miss Vincent to come out with me to select a spot for a tennis-court. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, for tennis, she declared, was a passion with her.

14. Of course she would have discovered these, but it was a great deal better for her to know all about them before she came. At last Mrs. Vincent sent a maid to tell her daughter that it was time to go for the train.

15. The next day I went to Miss Vincent's house with a plan of the grounds, and she and I talked it over until the matter was settled.

16. I also had a talk with the young gentleman about books. There were several large boxes of my books in New York which I had never sent out to my country house.

17. The selection and cataloguing of the volumes desired occupied the mornings of three days. The old gentleman's part was soon done, but there were many things in the books which were far more interesting to me than their titles, and to which I desired to draw Miss Vincent's

attention.

18. The second day I saw only the father. The third day it was the mother who assured me that everything had been properly attended to.

19. To obtain this final interview there was but one way. I had left my house on Sunday, the Vincents would come on the following Monday, and I would sail on Wednesday. I would go on Tuesday to inquire if they found everything to their satisfaction.

20. Some one who knew the country had been their companion. They were acquainted in the neighborhood, and there could be a shadow of a doubt that it was that Barker who had indecently thrust himself upon them on the very next day after their arrival, and had thus snatched from me this last interview upon which I had counted so earnestly.

21. My steamer sailed at three o'clock the next day, and after an early breakfast I went to the company's office to see if I could dispose of my ticket.

22. This conviction was banished on the second afternoon of my stay at the mill. I was sitting under a tree in the orchard near the house; thinking and smoking my pipe, when along the road which ran by the side of the lake came Mr. Vincent on my black horse General and his daughter on my mare Sappho.

23. When the early dawn began to break an idea brighter than the dawn broke upon me: I would get up and go nearer to her. It is amazing how much we lose by not getting up early on the long summer days.

24. Quietly and stealthily stepping from bush to hedge, I went around the room, and as I drew near the barn I fancied I could hear from a little room adjoining it the snores of the coachman.

25. Now I knew exactly why I was staying at the house of the miller. I was doing so in order that I might go early in the mornings to my own home, in which the girl I loved lay dreaming, and that for the rest of the day and much of the night I might think of her.

26. Nobody in that household thought of getting up until six o'clock. For three hours, at least, I could ramble undisturbed through my grounds, and much as I had once enjoyed these grounds, they never afforded me the pleasure they gave me now.

27. I knew them in an instant: they were Mr. and Miss Vincenty.

28. In passing this, one morning, I was amazed to see a hammock swinging from the hooks I had put in the two bushes.

29. I had yet a good hour for work, and with nothing but my pocket-knife and my hands I began to clear away the space about that hammock.

30. "Oh! I knew you had not started for Spain", said she, "because I have seen you working in the grounds."

***Exercise 2. Answer the questions:***

1. Characterise the teller.
2. Tell about the teller's family.
3. What was the the custom of the residents in his neighborhood?
4. What was the tour of inspection about?
5. What was Cora Vincent?
6. Why did the agent ask the teller many questions?
7. What did Mr.Barker say?
8. Where did the teller invite Vincent?
9. What plans did the teller go to Miss Vincent's house?
10. Why did the teller grow bolder day by day?

***Exercise 3. Find in the text:***

- тільки свій одяг і особисті речі ...

- я пам'ятав, що тільки пропозиція, яку він зробив стосовно ...
- не сказав йому про зміни в своїх планах ...
- вибрати місце для тенісного корту ...
- коли він почув назви деяких книжок ...
- я прийшов до висновку, якщо б я її побачив ...
- в мене не було можливості сказати, коли ...
- чим більше я про це думав, тим більше ...
- я хвилювався, що мої друзі не узнають про відкладення моєї поїздки ...
- моє ім'я було у списку серед решти пасажирів ...
- який приділив багато уваги ...
- після розгляду справи ...
- старий чоловік, який нещодавно помер ...
- зійшов з поїзда за дві зупинки до ...
- це місце відповідало всім моїм вимогам ...
- високої думки про ...
- прийшли до висновку, що ...
- від кущів до огорожі ...
- тільки одна річ, що належала їй ...
- не міг зрозуміти його поведінку ...

**Exercise 4. Explain the underlined grammar phenomena:**

1. It was the custom of the residents in my neighborhood who owned ...
2. I left them in my library to talk the matter over by themselves, and in less than ten minutes the young lady herself came out on the lawn to tell me that ...
3. It was now May 15, and my steamer would sail on the twenty-first.
4. The intervening days I employed, not in preparing for my travels ...
5. He did call, however, partly because I wished him to and partly ...
6. ... and the agent was delighted to transfer me to the steamer that ...
7. Thinking over the matter many times, I came to the conclusion ...
8. I got back to my hotel without having met any one whom I knew, ...
9. I walked through the woods, and saw how beautiful they were ...
10. I am now living in my own house, ...

**Exercise 5. Make up own questions of different types:**

**Exercise 6. Find Adjectives in the text and define their type according to morphological structure (Simple, Derived, Compound). Translate:**

**Exercise 7. Find Verbals (Infinitive, Gerund, Present Participle, Past Participle) in the text and define their type. Translate:**

**Exercise 8. Explain the usage of verb forms**

1. Is he going to drive with her again tomorrow?
2. Now that I had determined I would not start for Europe until I ...
3. I threw aside the fallen twigs ..., which were beginning to encumber ...
4. ... whereas I had been giving him credit for ever so much ...
5. ... I had taken that fan home with me.
6. After all that has been said here, I cannot go to breakfast ...
7. ... when I told him everything he did not even ejaculate, ...
8. ... your morning visits I should take an early opportunity of accosting ...

9. I ***have considered*** the matter so long and having come to the ...  
 10. I ***am now living*** in my own house, not in the two tower rooms ...

***Exercise 9. Find the combinations “verb + preposition” and translate***

***Exercise 10. Test***

1. It was the custom of the residents in my neighborhood who owned houses and traveled in the \_\_\_ to let their houses during their absence, and my business agent and myself agreed that this would be an excellent \_\_\_ for me to do.  
 a) *summer ... thing;*      b) *summer ... event;*      c) *autumn ... thing;*
2. The family consisted of an elderly gentleman and his wife, with a \_\_\_ of twenty.  
 a) *daughter;*      b) *son;*      c) *grandmother;*
3. She had looked at a good many country \_\_\_, but it was quite plain that none of them had pleased her so well as mine.  
 a) *houses;*      b) *valleys;*      c) *products;*
4. The \_\_\_ asked me a good many questions, being particularly anxious to know what \_\_\_ had been agreed upon.  
 a) *agent ... rent;*      b) *shop assistant ... salary;*      c) *driver ... wages;*
5. A very good \_\_\_ sailed on June 3, and it would have suited me just as well.  
 a) *steamer;*      b) *ship;*      c) *vessel;*
6. He reported the next day that he had found no one at home but Miss Vincent, and that she had said that she and her \_\_\_ would be very glad to come out the next week and go over the place before they took possession.  
 a) *sister;*      b) *mother;*      c) *daughter;*
7. What a \_\_\_ I had made in selecting such a man for my house-agent.  
 a) *dreadful mistake;*      b) *wonderful chance;*      c) *dreadful event;*
8. None of my servants had been left on the place, and the \_\_\_ who came to the door informed me that Mr.Vincent had gone to New York that \_\_\_, and that Mrs.Vincent and her daughter were out driving.  
 a) *maid ... morning;*      b) *hostess ... evening;*      c) *maid ... afternoon;*
9. I would withdraw my business from his \_\_\_ hands and place it in those of old Mr.Poindexter.  
 a) *hands;*      b) *property;*      c) *bank;*
10. Every morning, soon after break of day, I went to my home and wandered about my grounds. If it rained I did not mind that. I like \_\_\_\_\_.  
 a) *a summer rain;*      b) *an autumn tree;*      c) *spring flowers;*

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