



Н. В. ХОЛОДИНСКАЯ

Short Stories to Read
and to Enjoy
Короткие рассказы
для чтения
с удовольствием



ШКОЛЬНАЯ ПРОГРАММА

Н. В. ХОЛОДИНСКАЯ

**SHORT STORIES
TO READ
AND TO ENJOY**

**Короткие рассказы
для чтения с удовольствием**

*Пособие для учащихся учреждений,
обеспечивающих получение общего среднего образования*

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Книга представляет собой сборник рассказов английских и американских авторов для чтения на уроке и дома. К текстам предлагаются разнообразные тестовые задания и упражнения, направленные на развитие и тренировку навыков смыслового восприятия.

Все рассказы аутентичны, взяты с сохранением орфографии, пунктуации и особенностей речи героев оригинальных текстов.

Адресуется учащимся 9–11-х классов школ, лицеев, гимназий и учителям, работающим в этих классах. Сборник будет полезным также студентам неязыковых вузов и лицам, самостоятельно изучающим английский язык.

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От автора-составителя

Данная книга представляет собой сборник рассказов, которые составитель сборника использовал в работе с учащимися старших классов в школе с углубленным изучением английского языка.

В сборник входят рассказы английских и американских писателей. Тематика большинства рассказов соответствует программным требованиям к предметно-тематическому содержанию общения: отношение молодых людей к дружбе, любви, браку; взаимоотношения в семье между супругами, между родителями и детьми, представление об идеальной семье; эпизоды из истории страны изучаемого языка; человек, его чувства и эмоции, черты характера, формирование личности; посещение спортивных состязаний, болельщики и т.д.

Предлагаемые рассказы имеют интригующую фабулу. Чтение и последующее обсуждение их вызывает у учащихся неподдельный интерес и желание принять участие в дискуссии.

Сборник состоит из четырех частей.

В первую часть включены рассказы, предназначенные для чтения на уроке. После каждого рассказа даны слова, которые могут вызвать затруднения у учащихся, затем следует серия упражнений. В первой группе “Use of English” автор предлагает упражнения на расширение словарного запаса учащихся (упражнения на словообразование, подбор синонимов и антонимов), на правильное употребление лексики (выбор наиболее подходящего слова в отдельной ситуации, сочетаемость слов), на правильное использование предлогов, артиклей и на другие лексико-грамматические трудности английского языка. Некоторые упражнения нацелены на лучшее запоминание лексики с последующей активизацией ее в устной речи. Отдельные упражнения из этой группы имеют ключи в конце всех упражнений.

Во вторую группу “Reading Comprehension” включены упражнения для проверки общего понимания прочитанного рассказа. Упражнения разнообразны, но в целом помогают увидеть насколько полно и точно поняты основные факты и детали рассказа и связи между ними.

В третьей группе "Discussion" сформулированы задания, которые нацеливают учащихся на собственные рассуждения, на высказывание и отстаивание своей собственной точки зрения, возможно, противоположной авторской. Этого и следует добиваться на уроке, т.к. такой подход стимулирует мыслительную и речевую деятельность учащихся на английском языке.

Во второй части сборника предлагаются рассказы О. Генри. Чтение и обсуждение этих рассказов тоже использовалось автором-составителем на уроке при обсуждении вышеупомянутых программных тем.

В третью часть сборника включены рассказы для дополнительного чтения. Эти рассказы можно прочитать дома самостоятельно. Степень языковой трудности у них разная. Фабула этих рассказов может быть использована для обсуждения тех же программных тем на уроке.

Во всех трех частях рассказы разбиты на циклы. После указания каждого цикла автор приводит поговорку или цитату, которые подсказывают читателю, какая основная (иногда сопутствующая) тема поднята в рассказе.

В четвертой части даны тексты (рассказы) и тесты на понимание самостоятельно прочитанного текста. Тесты составлены с включением пятиуровневых заданий: первого (низкого), второго (удовлетворительного), третьего (среднего), четвертого (достаточного), пятого (высокого).

Все рассказы аутентичны, они взяты с сохранением орфографии, пунктуации и особенностей речи героев оригинальных текстов.

В конце книги даны два приложения: в первом приложении предлагаются речевые клише, необходимые для корректного ведения дискуссии, высказывания своих аргументов, согласия, возражения, сомнения и т.д., во втором – лексика для описания личностных особенностей и черт характера людей.

Предлагаемый сборник рассказов может быть предложен широкому кругу читателей: учителям английского языка, учащимся 9–11 классов учреждений, обеспечивающих получение общего среднего образования, а также студентам неязыковых вузов и лицам, самостоятельно изучающим английский язык.

PART ONE

Short Stories

Unit 1

"Marriages are made in heaven."

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

BEST LOOKING GIRL IN TOWN

Thyra Samter Winslow

From the time she was thirteen Rilla Marby had been ashamed of her appearance. It was then that she started growing taller than the other girls. She was also awkward as well as tall and she was too thin.

By the time she was twenty she was fully convinced that her appearance was really something terrible. All of the other girls seemed little and cute and attractive. No matter what Rilla wore it seemed wrong. She was much too tall to wear tailored clothes. And thin dresses simply hung around her loosely.

All of the boys and girls in the group liked Rilla. She was a fine girl – if you could forget the way she looked. Even her hair was wrong – rather stringy – but she had a pleasant and rather attractive face.

In spite of her looks Rilla had a boy-friend. He was Patrick Redding and his father kept a grocery store. Pat wasn't any great prize – but then you couldn't expect Rilla, with her looks, to do any better. People felt that Rilla ought to be well satisfied. Pat was a nice looking boy, and he shouldn't be considered unimportant.

Rilla didn't consider Pat unimportant. She was grateful to him for being nice to her. She was as pleasant and as friendly as she could be. As a matter of fact she liked Pat a lot. He was fun to be with. She would have been perfectly satisfied except for the fact that she was in love with Shane Tennant. All of which did her little good – for Shane

was the prize of the town. Shane's father was a banker – and rich. His mother was the social leader of the town. Shane was tall – much taller than Rilla – and handsome, besides.

Pat went into the grocery business with his father. Shane went into the bank. That's the way sons do in small towns unless they have definite ideals about law or one of the other professions. Rilla didn't do anything. Her parents had just enough money so she didn't have to work. She went to parties with Patrick – and admired Shane from a distance. The town people felt that she would marry Pat, that he'd take over his father's grocery store and that they'd settle down.

That might have happened if it hadn't been for Leslie Durant. Leslie Durant was – and still is – a well known magazine illustrator. And he came to Morrisville to visit an aunt. And he was taken everywhere to all the parties, of course. He was the social lion of the season. He stayed in town for only a few days – but that was long enough for a lot to happen.

He saw Rilla Marby! Rilla was standing near the door – and she was looking at Shane Tennant. She never knew how much her face showed what she was thinking about. No one else noticed – but Durant, being new, understood the situation. He saw Rilla, standing not quite straight because she didn't feel quite as tall that way, in a badly fitted dress and her hair not quite smooth – and he saw Shane, perfectly dressed, self-confident, good-looking. And then Pat came to Rilla to ask to dance.

On the second day of his visit Durant made his remarkable statement. He told anyone who would listen to him that Rilla Marby was by far the best looking girl in town. One of the best looking girls he had ever seen.

Rilla had never had a compliment about her looks before. She had always been shy, self-conscious, and often unhappy about her appearance. And now, the first authority on beauty who had ever been on town claimed that she was the prize.

When Durant, himself, told her what he thought of her she was filled with confusion. She managed finally to thank him. And lately, very shyly, she went up to him.

"I do wish that you'd tell me how I can look better," she said.

"That's not really my particular kind of work," he told her, "but maybe if we go together..."

They got together the next morning. Durant came to Rilla's house, and, with Rilla's mother acting as a helper, they did things to Rilla and to Rilla's clothes. Durant made her stand up straight. And he rearranged her hair. And he told her what was wrong with the clothes she wore.

That night there was a dance for Durant – his last evening in town. And, as he had thought when he started things, Rilla was, for the first time in her life, the center of attention. Toward the end of the evening Durant had the satisfaction of seeing Shane Tennant dancing very attentively with Rilla, Shane Tennant, whom Rilla had looked at with longing eyes – and who had never paid any attention to her.

Durant went back to his home and his work in New York. And forgot about the whole thing. And years passed. And then, just the other day, this happened:

Durant was launching alone at a restaurant when an attractive, tall woman, past her first youth, came up to him.

"You don't remember me?" she asked.

Durant didn't remember her.

"I'm Rilla Tennant – I was Rilla Marby when you knew me. You came to my home town and – and rather made my life over. Remember now?"

"Of course I do," said Durant. "I remember very well. It was my one attempt at changing the destiny of another person."

"You did a wonderful job!" said Rilla. There was a strange note in her voice which he didn't understand.

"You married the boy you were in love with, I see. His name was Tennant, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes," said Rilla. "But how did you remember the name? And how did you know I was in love with him?"

"I'm good at remembering names. And I saw you looking at him. Simplicity itself! And to think that I was the cause!"

"Yes, you were," said Rilla. "It was very funny, when you look back on it. There I was, going with Pat Redding and in love with Shane, and terribly unhappy and awkward. And you came down and said I was a beauty – so automatically I became a beauty. And the boys all wanted to go out with me. And I married Shane."

"Wonderful!" said Durant. And he smiled happily. "How are you getting along, now?"

"That's the difficult part," said Rilla. "You shouldn't have asked."

"Shane and I got married – and didn't get along very well though I was awfully happy in the beginning. The Tennants lost all of their money in a bank failure – and my family had its money in the Tennant bank by that time, so our money went, too. Then Shane fell in love with a chorus girl. I got a divorce, of course. I've been teaching in a girl's school for the past three years."

"That's too bad!" said Durant. "But maybe that was better than marrying that other boy whom you didn't love."

"Maybe," said Rilla. "You can never tell. Love goes... Patrick Redding took over his father's grocery store – and married the cutest girl in town. They have three children and are very happy. And, oh, yes, he became quite ambitious and started a chain of grocery stores. Now he is the richest and most important man in town."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **awkward** – неловкий, неуклюжий
- ◆ 2. **to convince** – убеждать, уверять
- ◆ 3. **cute** – привлекательный, умный, сообразительный
- ◆ 4. **a tailor** – портной
- ◆ 5. **loose** – свободный
- ◆ 6. **stringy** – тягучий, вязкий
- ◆ 7. **a grocery store** – бакалейно-гастрономический магазин
- ◆ 8. **grateful** – благодарный
- ◆ 9. **handsome** – красивый, статный
- ◆ 10. **to settle down** – устроиться
- ◆ 11. **to fit** – соответствовать, быть впору

- ◆ 12. **smooth** – гладкий, ровный
- ◆ 13. **self-confident** – самоуверенный
- ◆ 14. **self-conscious** – неловкий, застенчивый
- ◆ 15. **authority** – авторитет, крупный специалист
- ◆ 16. **to claim** – утверждать, заявлять
- ◆ 17. **confusion** – смущение, смятение, замешательство
- ◆ 18. **to long** – страстно желать чего-либо; стремиться; тосковать
- ◆ 19. **an attempt** – попытка
- ◆ 20. **a destiny** – судьба
- ◆ 21. **failure** – неуспех, неудача, провал
- ◆ 22. **a chorus** – хор, кордебалет
- ◆ 23. **a divorce** – развод
- ◆ 24. **ambition** – честолюбие

Use of English

I. Form the words from the given roots in brackets and according to the text.

1. Rilla Marby had been ashamed of her (appear).
2. Rilla Marby had a pleasant and rather (attract) face.
3. Pat was a nice looking boy, and he couldn't be considered (important).
4. Leslie Durant (arrange) Rilla's hair.
5. Towards the end of the evening Durant had the (satisfy) of seeing Shane Tennant dancing very attentively with Rilla.
6. Durant was lunching alone in a restaurant when a tall woman, past her first (young), came up to him.
7. "I'm good at remembering names. And I saw you looking at him. (Simple) itself!"
8. Patrick Redding became quite (ambition) and started a chain of grocery stores.

II. Match the following Russian words, phrases and sentences with their English equivalents from the text.

1. намного

a) to be a prize;

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 2. С ним было интересно | b) to do sth good |
| 3. одежда, сшитая в строгом стиле | c) to go out |
| 4. вид, наружность | d) to look back |
| 5. быть вожаемой мечтой | e) by far |
| 6. быть полезным | f) looks |
| 7. заняться чем-либо | g) He was fun to be with |
| 8. вступать во владение вместо
другого лица | h) to make over |
| 9. красота, миловидность | i) to go into |
| 10. изменить | j) look |
| 11. знаменитость | k) tailored clothes |
| 12. бывать в обществе | l) a social lion |
| 13. вспоминать | m) to take over |

III. Fill in the blanks with the necessary prepositions from the text.

1. Rilla Marby had been ashamedher appearance.
2. ...the time she was twenty she was fully convinced that her appearance was really something terrible.
3. ...spite...her looks Rilla had a boy-friend.
4. Rilla was grateful...Pat...being nice...her.
5. Rilla would have been perfectly satisfied... Pat except....the fact that she was...love...Shane Tennant.
6. Durant had the satisfaction... seeing Shane Tennant dancing very attentively with Rilla.
7. "I remember very well. It was my attempt.....changing the destiny of another person."
8. "I am good... remembering names."

Reading Comprehension

IV. Complete the following sentences inserting the omitted parts.

1. Thin dresses simply hung ...
2. Patrick Redding's father kept ...
3. Shane's father was His mother was
4. Rilla was standing near the door – and she ...

5. No one else noticed – but Durant, ...
6. Durant came to Rilla's house and with Rilla's mother ...
7. "Of course I do," said Durant. "I remember very well. It was my one attempt at ..."
8. "Shane and I got married – and ..., though I was awfully happy in the beginning.
9. "I got a divorce, of course. I've been teaching in a girl's school ..."

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Why did Rilla feel awkward?
2. What was her friends' attitude to her?
3. What made people think that Rilla ought to be well satisfied with Pat Redding as a boy friend?
4. What was Rilla's attitude to Pat Redding?
5. What made Rilla's friendly relations with Pat complicated?
6. Why was Shane Tennant considered to be the prize of the town?
7. Did Shane pay attention to Rilla?
8. What was the way of life of the young people in their town?
9. What was Leslie's occupation?
10. Why did he come to Morrisville?
11. For how many days did he stay in town?
12. How was he met by the young people of the town?
13. What thoughts appeared in Leslie's head when he saw Rilla looking at Shane Tennant?
14. What remarkable statement did Leslie make?
15. Why was Durant's opinion very important for the young people of the town?
16. What suggestions did Durant make to Rilla about changing her appearance?
17. Whom did Rilla marry?
18. Was her marriage happy?
19. How did the life of Shane Tennant and Patrick Redding develop?

Discussion

VI. Explain and expand on the following.

1. The town people felt that Rilla would marry Pat and that they would settle down.
2. Durant stayed in town for only a few days – but that was long enough for a lot to happen.
3. Rilla was filled with confusion.
4. Rilla was, for the first time in her life, the center of attention.
5. “Wonderful!” said Durant. And he smiled happily.” “How are you getting along now?”
6. “Maybe,” said Rilla. “You can never tell. Love goes.”

VII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. Why did Rilla Marby come up to Durant in a restaurant in New York?
2. “You did a wonderful job.” What strange note was in Rilla’s voice when she pronounced this phrase? Durant couldn’t understand this note. Why?
3. Do you approve of Durant’s attempt at changing the destiny of another person, Rilla Marby, namely?
4. Do you think that Shane Tennant’s love to Rilla was sincere and honest?
5. Was Rilla’s love to Shane unrequited from the very beginning?
6. Could Rilla be happy in her future life if she had married Pat Redding?
7. Do you feel any notes of regret in Rilla’s words that she didn’t marry Pat?
8. Did she admit another variant of her life? What makes you think so?
9. Do you admit that Rilla was unhappy through the fault of her own? If you think so, what was her fault?
10. Which point of view do you support: to marry a person whom you don’t love, but you can have a well-to-do family and nice chil-

dren or to marry a beloved person but your future happiness is rather vague?

11. Did all the misfortunes in Rilla’s life have any positive effects on her?

VIII. Explain how you understand the following quotations, if you agree with the authors and if they explain Rilla’s destiny.

1. “Marriage is the greatest earthly happiness when founded on complete sympathy.” *Diogenes*.
2. “For us, family means putting your arms around each other and being there.” *Barbara Bush*.

The new words:

- ♦ 1. **unrequited love** – любовь без взаимности
- ♦ 2. **vague** – неопределенный, неясный, смутный
- ♦ 3. **sympathy** – взаимное понимание, общность в чем-либо

Keys: ex.II: 1e 2g 3k 4j 5a 6b 7i 8m 9f 10h 11l 12c 13d

* * *

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

DETOUR TO ROMANCE

Gilbert Wright

Located in the check-room in Union Station as I am, I see everybody that comes up the stairs.

Tony – who owned the magazine stand to my left – studied the laws of probability because he likes to bet on the horse races. He claimed that he could calculate, according to his system, that if I held my job one hundred and twelve years more I would know everybody in the world by sight.

And I came to the theory that if you wait long enough in a big railroad station like Union Station you’ll see everybody that travels.

I've told my theory to lots of people but nobody ever did anything about it except Harry. He came in a little over three years ago and waited at the head of the stairs for the passengers from the 9:05 train.

I remember seeing Harry that first evening. He wasn't much more than a thin, anxious kid then. He was all dressed up and I knew he was meeting his girl and that they would be married twenty minutes after she arrived. There's no use my trying to explain how I knew all this but after you've watched people waiting at the head of the stairs for eighteen years as I have done, then it is easy.

Well, the passengers came up and I had to get busy. I didn't look toward the stairs again until nearly time for the 9:18 and I was very much surprised to see that the young fellow was still there.

She didn't come on the 9:18 either, nor on the 9:40, and when the passengers from the 10:02 had all arrived and left, Harry was looking pretty desperate. Pretty soon he came close to my window so I called out and asked him what she looked like.

You would have thought that I had checked her among the packages in my check-room from the way he came over and half crawled through my window. "She's small and dark," he says, "and nineteen years old and very neat in the way she walks. She has a face," he says, thinking a minute, "that has lots of spirit. I mean she can get mad but she never stays mad for long. And her eyebrows come to a little point in the middle. She's got a brown fur, but maybe she isn't wearing it."

I couldn't remember seeing anybody like that.

He showed me the telegram he'd received: Arrive Thursday meet me station love love love love - May. It was from Omaha, Nebraska.

"Well," I finally says, "why don't you phone to your home? She's probably called there if she got ahead of you."

He gave me a sick look, "I've only been in town two days. We were going to meet and then drive down South where I've got a job promised me. She - she hasn't any address for me." He touched the telegram. "I got this general delivery."

With that, he walked off to the head of the stairs to look over the people from the 11:22.

When I came on duty the next day he was still there and came over as soon as he saw me.

"Did she work anywhere? I asked.

He nodded. "She was a typist. I telegraphed her former boss. All they know is that she left her job to get married."

Well, that was how it began. Harry met every train for the next three or four days. Of course, the railroad lines made a routine check-up and the police looked into the case. But nobody was any real help. I could see that they all figured that May had simply played a trick on him. But I never believed that, somehow.

One day, after about two weeks, Harry and I were talking and I told him about my theory. "If you'll just wait long enough," I says, "you'll see her coming up those stairs some day." He turned and looked at the stairs as though he had never seen them before, while I went on explaining about Tony's figures on the Laws of Probability.

Next day when I came to work Harry was behind the counter of Tony's magazine stand. He looked at me rather sheepishly and says, "Well, I had to get a job somewhere, didn't I?"

So he began to work as a clerk for Tony. We never spoke of May any more and neither of us ever mentioned my theory. But I noticed that Harry always saw every person who came up the stairs.

Toward the end of the year Tony was killed in some argument over gambling, and Tony's widow left Harry in complete charge of the magazine stand. And when she got married again some time later, Harry bought the stand from her. He borrowed money and installed a soda fountain and pretty soon he had a very nice little business.

Then came yesterday. I heard a cry and a lot of things falling. The cry was from Harry and the things falling were a lot of dolls and other things which he had upset while he was jumping over the counter. He ran across and grabbed a girl not ten feet from my window. She was small and dark and her eyebrows came to a little point in the middle.

For a while they just hung there to each other laughing and crying and saying things without meaning. She'd say a few words like, "It was the bus station I meant-" and he'd kiss her speechless and tell her the many things he had done to find her. What apparently had happened three years before was that May had come by bus, not by train, and in her telegram she meant "bus station", not "railroad station". She had waited at the bus station for days and had spend all her money trying to find Harry. Finally she got a job typing.

"What?" says Harry. "Have you been working in town? All the time?"

She nodded.

"Well, Heavens - didn't you ever come down here to the station?" He pointed across his magazine stand. "I've been here all the time. I own it. I've watched everybody that came up the stairs."

She began to look a little pale. Pretty soon she looked over at the stairs and said in a weak voice, "I - I never came up the stairs before. You see, I went out of town yesterday on a short business trip. Oh, Harry!" Then she threw her arms around his neck and really began to cry.

After a minute she backed away and pointed very stiffly toward the north end of the station. "Harry, for three years, for three solid years, I've been right over there - working right in this very station, typing, in the office of the station-master."

The wonderful thing to me is how the Laws of Probability worked so hard and so long until they finally got May to walk up those stairs of ours.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **detour** - окольный путь
- ◆ 2. **a romance** - любовная история
- ◆ 3. **a check-up** - осмотр
- ◆ 4. **a check-room** - камера хранения
- ◆ 5. **a magazine stand** - киоск
- ◆ 6. **to bet** - держать пари
- ◆ 7. **to claim** - утверждать
- ◆ 8. **anxious** - озабоченный
- ◆ 9. **to dress up** - изысканно одеваться

- ◆ 10. **desperate** - отчаянный, безнадежный
- ◆ 11. **a package** - тюк, посылка
- ◆ 12. **to check** - (амер.) сдавать в камеру хранения
- ◆ 13. **to come over** - переходить на другую сторону
- ◆ 14. **a spirit** - дух, характер; душа
- ◆ 15. **an eyebrow** - бровь
- ◆ 16. **a fur** - мех
- ◆ 17. **to get in** - прибывать
- ◆ 18. **to deliver** - доставлять
- ◆ 19. **a counter** - прилавок
- ◆ 20. **to gamble** - играть в азартные игры
- ◆ 21. **to be in charge of sth** - заведовать чем-либо
- ◆ 22. **to install** - устанавливать, монтировать
- ◆ 23. **a soda fountain** - стойка, где продается содовая вода
- ◆ 24. **to grab** - схватывать
- ◆ 25. **apparently** - явно, очевидно
- ◆ 26. **to back** - пятиться
- ◆ 27. **stiff** - жесткий
- ◆ 28. **solid** - сплошной, целый

Use of English

I. Form the words from the roots given in brackets and according to the text.

1. Tony studied the law of (probable).
2. Harry was looking pretty (despair).
3. He touched the telegram, "I got this general (deliver)."
4. "She was a (type)."
5. He looked at me rather (sheep) and says "Well, I had to get a job somewhere, didn't I?"
6. Toward the end of the year Tony was killed in some (argue) over gambling.
7. ...and he'd kiss her (speech) and tell her many things he had done to find her.

II. Match the following phrasal verbs with their meanings.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. to come up | a) to investigate |
| 2. to come in | b) to shout |
| 3. to dress up | c) to move away backwards |
| 4. to call out | d) to appear above (the soil) |
| 5. to get in | e) to examine carefully |
| 6. to look over | f) to put on special clothes |
| 7. to look into | g) to arrive somewhere |
| 8. to back away | h) to arrive at a place |

III. Which word or two words given in brackets can be the best equivalent(s) to the italicized word in the sentence.

- I've told my theory to lots of people, but nobody ever *did* anything about it except Harry.
a) acted, b) performed, c) checked, d) solved
- Harry wasn't much more than a thin *anxious* kid then.
a) calm, b) nervous, c) puzzled, d) worried
- Of course, the railroad lines made a routine check-up and the police looked into the case. But nobody was any real help. I could see that they all *figured* that May had simply played a trick on him.
a) were sure, b) laughed, c) thought, d) decided
- "Well," I finally says, "Why don't you phone to your home? She's probably called there if she got in ahead of you?" He gave me a *sick* look.
a) dull, b) angry, c) sad, d) wistful
- After a minute she backed away and pointed very stiffly toward the north end of the station. "Harry, for three years, for three *solid* years, I've been right over there – working right in this very station."
a) hard, b) continual, c) continuous, d) endless

Reading Comprehension

IV. Identify if the following statements are true or false. Correct the false ones.

- The story-teller worked in the check-room for eighteen years.
- The first time Harry appeared in Union Station was over four years ago.

3. When Harry was waiting for his girl the first time he was dressed up.

4. Though Harry didn't meet his girl the first time he was not in despair.

5. When Harry didn't meet May, she couldn't find him either.

6. The author thought that May had played a trick on Harry.

7. Harry liked the story-teller's theory and hoped it would help him.

8. May looked proud when she learned that Harry had been working in Union Station all the time and looking and waiting for her.

9. May had been working for three years in the end of the station.

V. Answer the following questions:

- Who owned the magazine stand?
- What law did Tony study?
- What did Tony claim?
- What theory did the story teller come to?
- Why was Harry dressed up when he was meeting the girl the first time?
- What were Harry and May's plans?
- Why did Harry look desperate when he was waiting for his girl?
- How did Harry describe his girl when the author asked him to do it?
- What in Harry's description makes you think that he really loved May?
- How did Harry receive the telegram from May?
- Did May's former boss help Harry much to find May?
- What were Harry's attempts to find May?
- How did it happen that Harry became the owner of the magazine stand?
- What was the reason for Harry's cry and the noise of falling things?
- What was Harry and May's long-awaited meeting like?
- What was Harry and May's misunderstanding like?
- What was May doing in the office of the station-master?

18. What was the most amazing point in Harry and May's romance?

Discussion

VI. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. Did Harry hope against hope or did he have every reason to find May?

2. Was May sure that sooner or later she would meet Harry? Was she active enough to find him?

3. Harry and May displayed angelic patience. But what other qualities of their characters and their feelings helped them to meet each other?

4. Do you approve or disapprove of their long-suffering?

5. Do you have another idea of the way to happiness?

VII. a) Choose any proverb which conveys the central idea of the story "Detour to Romance" best.

b) Explain how this story can be an illustration to the following proverbs.

"Fortune is fickle."

"If it were not for hope, the heart would break."

"Patient waiters are never losers."

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to hope against hope – надеяться на чудо
- ◆ 2. fickle – непостоянный, переменчивый, ненадежный
- ◆ 3. smooth – гладкий, ровный
- ◆ 4. wistful – тоскующий, тоскливый, задумчивый
- ◆ 5. continual – постоянный, непрерывный, то и дело повторяющийся
- ◆ 6. continuous – непрерывный, длительный, сплошной

Keys: ex. III: 1b, 2b,d, 3c,d, 4c,d 5c,d.

* * *

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

THE BIG CHANCE

Frederick Laing

He wasn't the kind to pick a secretary by the color of her hair. Not Bill Hargrave. Both Paula and Nancy had been smart enough to know that. And for some time everyone in the office had known that one of them, Paula or Nancy, was going to get the job. In fact, the decision would probably be made this afternoon. Hargrave was leaving town and wanted to settle the matter before he left.

The two girls could see him from their desks outside his office. Maybe it was only some correspondence that he was looking at with cool, keen eyes. But for a moment his finger seemed to pause above those two efficient pushbuttons. If he pressed the left one, it would be Paula's pulse which would begin to beat faster.

Paula couldn't keep her eyes off that light on her desk. She kept making mistakes in her typing and nervously taking the sheets of paper out in order to start all over again.

She leaned across her typewriter and said to Nancy "The boss is all dressed up today. He must be going on a special trip."

She was just talking to relieve her nervousness. Nancy took her time about answering. She wasn't used to having Paula talk to her in such an intimate tone. Not since they'd learned a month ago that they were both in line for promotion, for the important job as Bill Hargrave's secretary.

"He does look nice."

Hargrave was young and outside of office hours he was said to be human. But that wasn't why he'd gotten to be one of the important officials of the company. He was quiet, and some of the other men in the office hadn't realized how fast he was succeeding in the company until they saw him one day in one of the top executive positions.

The two girls saw him get up from his desk and walk to the doorway of his office. He stood there with one hand in a pocket of his double-breasted blue flannel suit. There was a small white flower in his buttonhole and the usual keen, unrevealing smile on his face.

"Did you send for the tickets?" he asked Nancy.

"I got the tickets all right," she answered, "but"....and she tried to smile in the same hard way the boss did. She looked about as hardboiled as a white kitten. "But there just aren't any staterooms to be had," she told him. "Not for love nor money."

The boss was certainly disappointed. Anybody could see that.

"Suppose I try it?" Paula suggested quickly.

And for the next ten minutes, half the office employees could hear Paula telling the ticket-agent what she thought of him.

"Listen," she said, "I don't care whose reservations you have to cancel..."

Well, the job was worth going after. There was the salary, for one thing. And there was the prestige. The boss' secretary knew a great deal about the business. And there were the interesting people. And the boxes of perfume, flowers and candy they often left on her desk.

And there was Bill Hargrave for a boss. Young and clever and attractive. That was a factor, too. Because in the advertising business you called the boss "Bill", and he called his secretary "Nancy" or "Paula", and took her to dinner on the company expense account.

It was all strictly business, but it seemed intimate and informal.

Both Paula and Nancy knew about those dinners. Bill had tried to be fair. He would ask Paula to stay one night, and then it would be Nancy's turn the next night.

But Paula had been smart. She had soon learned how impersonal Bill Hargrave could be, even at those intimate dinners. About as personal as one of those advertisements that says, "This means you." And she saw how much harder to please he was during the overtime hours - more irritable, more inclined to be critical in his manner.

So when Nancy had said, "I don't mind staying nights, really. I know Paula usually has a date. She is popular with the men..."

well, Paula had been glad to let it go at that. She'd been quick to see that neither of them was going to get the job simply on a basis of physical attractiveness, and she was right.

Paula didn't need any lessons when it came to office politics. She was the one who was always busy when someone of little importance in the office wanted his material typed. "Sorry, but it's impossible, Jack. Why not ask Nancy?"

And they did ask Nancy. It left Paula free to do Bill Hargrave's work in a hurry. She was never too busy for Mr. Bill's work.

When Hargrave finally pressed one of those buttons it was at Paula's desk that the light went on. She started to make a grab for her note book, but she quickly took out her mirror first. Then she grabbed up her note book and an envelope that was on the desk.

As for Nancy, what else could she do but sit there with her pretty blonde head bent over her typewriter? Nancy was a natural blonde, and that seemed the best way to describe her. She just didn't seem to know any tricks, such as Paula did, for making herself more popular with the boss.

The moment Paula got inside Hargrave's office, he asked about that stateroom.

"Any luck, Paula?"

Paula wasn't dumb. It was the little things that would count with Mr. Bill. Orchestra seats at the theatre when an important client was in town and the show was sold out. Or a stateroom when there were "no staterooms to be had for love nor money."

She handed him the envelope. It contained the two sets of tickets. "That's your stateroom number on the outside," she said in a business-like way.

She had on a double-breasted blue flannel suit something like Bill's, and it was clear he thought she looked pretty smart in it.

"Don't forget the time," she added, "eight-fifteen."

Hargrave smiled. "So there were no staterooms for love nor money, eh?"

He looked again at the number of his stateroom and put the envelope carefully in his pocket.

Then he told her. She was going to have a new job. He mentioned the salary, too. He didn't neglect to mention the salary.

She took it just right – in a very business-like manner. Just enough of gratitude. And then, the old sportsmanship. How sorry she felt about Nancy. She didn't look sorry.

And neither did Bill. He told her it was okay, that she shouldn't worry about Nancy, that Nancy wasn't made for the job anyway, and that, besides, he and Nancy were leaving on their honeymoon tonight. Tonight at eight-fifteen.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **smart** – остроумный, находчивый
- ◆ 2. **a push button** – кнопка
- ◆ 3. **to be dressed up** – быть изысканно одетым
- ◆ 4. **to lean** – наклоняться
- ◆ 5. **to relieve** – облегчить
- ◆ 6. **intimate** – близкий, личный
- ◆ 7. **a promotion** – продвижение по службе
- ◆ 8. **an official** – служащий
- ◆ 9. **executive** – исполнительный
- ◆ 10. **double-breasted** – двубортный
- ◆ 11. **revealing** – раскрывающий новую информацию
- ◆ 12. **hardboiled** – бесчувственный, жесткий
- ◆ 13. **a stateroom** – (амер.) купе
- ◆ 14. **for love or money** – любой ценой
- ◆ 15. **a reservation** – заранее заказанное место
- ◆ 16. **to cancel** – аннулировать
- ◆ 17. **to go after** – искать, добиваться чего-либо
- ◆ 18. **expense** – трата, расход
- ◆ 19. **on account** – за счет кого-либо
- ◆ 20. **strictly** – строго
- ◆ 21. **fair** – честный, справедливый
- ◆ 22. **impersonal** – безличный
- ◆ 23. **irritable** – раздражительный
- ◆ 24. **a date** – свидание
- ◆ 25. **to make a grab** – быстро схватить

- ◆ 26. **dumb** – немой
- ◆ 27. **to neglect** – пренебрегать
- ◆ 28. **gratitude** – благодарность
- ◆ 29. **sportsmanship** – честность, прямота

Use of English

I. Pick out from the text the words having the same roots as the words given in the list below. Indicate what part of speech they are.

Decide, correspond, promote, employ, reserve, advertise, attract, nervous, sport, reveal, appoint, form, person, irritate.

II. Match the following adjectives with their definitions.

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| 1. hardboiled | a) working in an organized way and not wasting time or thinking about personal things |
| 2. unrevealing | b) lacking friendly human feelings or making you feel unimportant |
| 3. keen | c) having a close and friendly relationship |
| 4. dressed up | d) not giving you any new interesting information about sth |
| 5. impersonal | e) upset because sth you hoped for has not happened |
| 6. disappointed | f) not showing much emotions |
| 7. business-like | g) good at noticing sth |
| 8. intimate | h) wearing special clothes |

III. Match the following adjectives on the left with the nouns that collocate with them on the right. (Each word can be used once only).

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. smart | a) business |
| 2. efficient | b) blonde |
| 3. intimate | c) secretary |
| 4. important | d) manner |
| 5. flannel | e) tone |
| 6. unrevealing | f) person |

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 7. advertising | g) suit |
| 8. intimate | h) client |
| 9. impersonal | i) smile |
| 10. natural | j) man |
| 11. business-like | k) dinners |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Answer the following questions:

1. In what company did all the heroes work?
2. What positions were both of the girls interested in obtaining?
3. What was their boss's name?
4. Why was Paula very nervous that afternoon?
5. What facts prove that she was nervous?
6. What remark concerning the boss did Paula make?
7. Was Hargrave a successful official in the company?
8. What smile was there on his face when he was speaking to Nancy? Why?
9. Did Nancy cope with the task given to her by Hargrave?
10. What was Bill's reaction to Nancy's explanation?
11. Did Paula manage to reserve a stateroom?
12. What were some of the advantages to be promoted to the position of Bill's secretary?
13. What did Paula understand at those intimate and informal dinners?
14. What did Paula decide to do when she saw that neither of them was going to get the job on a basis of physical attractiveness?
15. Why was Paula always busy when some of the men of less importance in the office wanted to do some typing for them?
16. Which of the girls was more efficient for the position of a secretary?
17. Which of the girls did Hargrave finally select to be his secretary?

V. Paraphrase the italicized parts of the following sentences.

1. Hargrave was leaving town and wanted *to settle the matter before he left*.

2. Nancy *took her time about answering*.

3. Hargrave was quiet, and some of the other men in the office hadn't realized how fast he was succeeding in the company until they saw him one day *in one of the top executive positions*.

4. Nancy tried to smile in the same *hard* way the boss did.

5. Well, *the job was worth going after*.

6. *It was strictly business*, but it seemed intimate and informal.

Discussion

VI. Discuss the motives for the following actions and utterances of Paula.

1. Paula couldn't keep her eyes off that light on her desk.
2. Paula leaned across her typewriter and said to Nancy "The boss is all dressed up today. He must be going on a special trip."
3. Paula quickly suggested that she could obtain tickets for the stateroom for Bill Hargrave.
4. Paula was the one who was always busy when someone of little importance in the office wanted his material typed.
5. Paula had a double-breasted flannel suit something like Bill's.
6. Paula took it just right in a business-like manner. Just enough of gratitude. And then, the old sportsmanship. How sorry she felt about Nancy.

VII. Express your opinion and explain or prove your point of view.

1. Is the end of the story unexpected to you?
2. Did Hargrave make a right choice selecting Paula to be his secretary? What qualities did Paula have to be a secretary? Do you approve of Bill's choice?
3. Did Paula really display sportsmanship and did she sincerely feel sorry for Nancy that the latter was not selected to be a secretary?
4. Do you feel the author's attitude towards Paula in this episode? What was it: sympathy, irony, respect, mockery, etc.?
5. What attracted Bill to Nancy and he proposed her to marry? Do you approve or disapprove of Bill's choice?

6. The title of the story is "The Big Chance". Whose big chance is meant by the author: Bill's, Paula's, Nancy's?

VIII. Give the character sketches of Paula and Nancy. Use the words from the list given below. Use the facts from the text to support your point of view.

Energetic, generous (щедрый, великодушный), mean (низкий, подлый), assertive (чрезмерно настойчивый), easygoing (добродушно-веселый), chatty (болтливый), sensible (благоразумный, здравомыслящий), loyal (верный, преданный), rude (грубый), polite, kind, ambitious (честолюбивый, стремящийся, жаждущий), (in)sincere ((не)искренний), smart (остроумный, находчивый), selfish, yielding (уступчивый, покладистый), hypocritical (лицемерный, притворный), artless (простодушный, бесхитростный), double-faced (двуличный), industrious (исполнительный), hostile (враждебный), brave, sociable (общительный), reserved (скрытный), nervous, resourceful (находчивый, изобретательный), scornful (пренебрежительный), modest, disrespectful (непочтительный), cunning (хитрый), flattering (льстивый), uncommunicative (молчаливый, необщительный).

IX. Choose the proverb which conveys the central idea of the story best. Explain your choice.

"Marriages are made in heaven."

"Beauty lies in lover's eyes."

"Character is prosperity."

"To cry with one eye and laugh with the other."

"Avoid evil and it will avoid you."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. utterance – высказывание
- ◆ 2. to obtain – получать, добывать, приобретать
- ◆ 3. mockery – насмешка, осмеяние, издевательство

Keys: Ex. II: 1f, 2d, 3g, 4h, 5b, 6e, 7a, 8c. Ex. III: 1f, 2c, 3e, 4h, 5g, 6i, 7a, 8k, 9j, 10b, 11d.

Unit 2

*"True love doesn't consist of holding hands,
it consists of holding hearts."*

A. A. Batista

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

TO LOVE AND TO HONOR

Octavus Roy Cohen

It was rather surprising to discover a deep vein of sentiment in little George Potter. I had been his friend and his lawyer for many years and had watched the always fat, and once alert, little man settle into a domestic routine. He had been moderately successful in business, sufficiently successful to permit him to retire from business and to travel about the world a little if he had wanted to do so. But instead he and Esther were content to sit night after night in their pleasant living-room; she busy with her sewing or reading; he passing the time with his very excellent collection of postage-stamps.

Looking back over the years of my friendship with Potter, I can see that the vein of romance had probably been there all the time. There was, for instance, his very romantic love-affair with Althea Deane – an affair which almost became a scandal. But just when people began to gossip about them, George married her.

That marriage appeared to extinguish George Potter's last spark of romanticism. It never had a chance to be successful, and when Althea left him suddenly, George's friends considered that he was fortunate to lose her. Later came the news of Althea's death while living abroad, and a couple of years later George began to call upon Esther seriously. The people of our group were only slightly interested – it is difficult to become greatly excited over a possible marriage when both the man and the woman are equally rather dull and uninteresting.

The marriage was a very nice affair. There followed the usual series of parties for the newly married couple. Then it seemed that

George and Esther retired from life. Even his business affairs ran so well that there was little need on George's part for my services as his lawyer – and while I never ceased to like him, we found less and less in common as the years passed. I couldn't imagine that they were happy; perhaps they were contented, but not really happy. There was not enough sentiment. ... That's the way I figured George. And nothing happened to change my opinion until a few weeks before their twenty-fifth anniversary.

It was then that he came into my office, his fat little face shining with enthusiasm, and told me of his unusual plans for the silver anniversary. His bright little eyes shone as he explained the thing, and I'll confess that I was pretty well confused; not alone because his plan was very sentimental and profoundly impressive; but mainly because it was quiet, dull old George Potter who was planning this thing – the very George Potter who had lived a quiet life since his second marriage, and who had avoided social contacts.

According to what George told me, he was doing this thing for Esther's sake. "It'll please her," he explained. "Women like that sort of thing, you know – and this seems to me a real idea. You have to be a part of it, because you were best man when Esther and I were married. It's just a gesture on my part – a sort of sacrifice to please the Old Lady."

I'll say this for George; he didn't do things halfway.

Instead of the usual party, he presented a perfect duplication of his marriage to Esther twenty-five years before. There was even the same minister – very old now – and the same violinist who had played "Oh, Promise Me" at the other ceremony. A good many original guests were there: most of us rather gray-haired now. But the thing was very impressive: Esther in the same bridal dress she had worn twenty-five years before – let out around the hips perhaps – and carrying a bouquet of bride roses, the bridesmaids in pink, with bouquets of Killarney roses; even a person to carry the ring. It was great fun and very impressive where one might have expected it to be absurd.

As for Esther, I never saw a woman look more beautiful. She took on an aura of genuine beauty. Of course she would have been less than

human and far from feminine to have failed to respond to this magnificent exhibition of husbandry devotion. George himself was as frightened as he had been on the occasion of their first wedding.

But finally the ceremony was finished and the guests went to the dining-room for the rich supper which had been prepared by special cooks employed for the occasion. George and I were left alone and he sank exhausted into a chair. I placed my hand on his shoulder and congratulated him on the success of his party.

"You really think it was a success?"

"Wonderful! And," jokingly, "you certainly should feel completely married."

"Yes, I do." He became silent for a moment or two, and when he spoke again it was in a deeply serious tone. "There's something I've got to explain to you: as my friend and lawyer." He stopped for a second then asked suddenly, "You remember my first wife?"

"Althea?" I asked surprised by the question. "Certainly."

"Did you know," he went on in a strange voice, "that she died only last year?"

"Good Lord! I thought she died twenty-seven years ago."

"So did I," he said quietly. "And when I married Esther, I thought I was a widower. But I wasn't – and in case anything ever comes up – well, I want you to understand that this affair tonight was a real wedding for Esther and me."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **a vein** – настроение
- ◆ 2. **a sentiment** – сентиментальность
- ◆ 3. **alert** – бдительный, настороженный
- ◆ 4. **moderate** – умеренный
- ◆ 5. **sufficient** – достаточный
- ◆ 6. **to permit** – позволять
- ◆ 7. **to retire** – уходить в отставку
- ◆ 8. **content** – довольный
- ◆ 9. **to sew** – шить
- ◆ 10. **a postage stamp** – почтовая марка
- ◆ 11. **romance** – романтика; любовная история

- ◆ 12. to gossip – сплетничать
- ◆ 13. to extinguish – гасить
- ◆ 14. a spark – искра
- ◆ 15. fortunate – счастливый
- ◆ 16. slightly – слегка
- ◆ 17. a couple – пара, чета
- ◆ 18. to cease – прекращать
- ◆ 19. to confuse – смущать
- ◆ 20. profound – глубокий, основательный
- ◆ 21. for one's sake – ради кого-либо
- ◆ 22. a sacrifice – жертва
- ◆ 23. duplication – воспроизведение в точности
- ◆ 24. a bride – невеста
- ◆ 25. a bouquet – букет
- ◆ 26. a bridesmaid – подружка невесты
- ◆ 27. a hip – бок, бедро
- ◆ 28. an aura – аура
- ◆ 29. genuine – подлинный
- ◆ 30. feminine – женский, женственный
- ◆ 31. a widower – вдовец

Use of English

I. Pick out the adjectives having the same roots as the words given below.

Surprise, success, pleasure, romance, fortune, sentiment, impress, origin, gray hair, bride, feminism, husband, silence.

II. Choose the words from the given ones in brackets which can be the synonyms for the following words or close to their meanings.

1. uninteresting (a) bright, b) dull, c) pale, d) dim)
2. unusual (a) uninteresting, b) strange, c) ordinary, c) new)
3. surprising (a) strange, b) astonishing, c) original, c) new)
4. sentimental (a) reasonable, b) emotional, c) imaginative; d) inventive)
5. genuine (a) artificial, b) great, c) sincere, d) true)

III. Match the adjectives on the left with the nouns which collocate with them on the right. Each word can be used once only.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. alert | a) wedding |
| 2. domestic | b) devotion |
| 3. excellent | c) duplication |
| 4. silver | d) guests |
| 5. social | e) man |
| 6. real | f) collection |
| 7. perfect | g) routine |
| 8. genuine | h) anniversary |
| 9. husbandly | i) beauty |
| 10. original | j) contacts |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Identify if the following statements are true or false and correct the false ones.

1. The story was told by G. Potter's business companion.
2. G. Potter was an extremely rich man.
3. G. Potter's first marriage was perfect.
4. The people of G. Potter's group were disinterested in his second marriage.
5. After the second marriage G. Potter was out of business.
6. The silver wedding appeared to be an absurd ceremony.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. What was G. Potter's occupation?
2. How did G. Potter and his wife prefer to spend time night after night?
3. Do you think the atmosphere in their family was friendly and comfortable?
4. What romantic love-affair was in G. Potter's life in the past?
5. Did the couple lead a very active social life after their marriage?
6. What were G. Potter's unusual plans for the silver wedding anniversary?

7. How did G. Potter explain the reason for the wedding ceremony?

8. Was a wedding party a simple affair or carefully prepared and organized?

9. Was the wedding party impressive or did it look absurd?

10. What details reminded of the first wedding ceremony?

VI. Paraphrase the italicized parts of the following sentences or give synonymous words.

1. I had been his friend and his lawyer for many years and had watched the always fat, and *once* alert, little man *settle into* a domestic routine.

2. That's the way I *figured* George.

3. I'll say this *for* George; he did not do things half way.

4. He *presented a perfect duplication* of his marriage to Esther twenty-five years before.

5. Esther in the same dress she had worn 25 years before – *let out around the hips* perhaps.

6. Esther *took on an aura* of genuine beauty.

7. "You have to be a part of it, because you were *best man* when Esther and I were married."

8. "When I married Esther I thought I was a widower. But I wasn't – *and in case anything ever comes up* – well, I want you to understand that this affair tonight was a real wedding for Esther and me."

Discussion

VII. Give your detailed explanation to the following questions.

1. Why was G. Potter's second marriage with Esther of no interest to the people of his group?

2. Why did G. Potter and his wife retire from life and social contacts?

3. Why didn't G. Potter and his lawyer meet often as the years went on?

4. Why did the lawyer think that G. Potter's marriage was not happy?

5. Why did G. Potter's plans to organize his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary seem very unusual to his lawyer friend?

6. Why did G. Potter ask his friend to be best man at the silver wedding ceremony?

VIII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. Did G. Potter want to display his love and honour to his wife, organizing the silver wedding ceremony?

2. By the way, which feeling is stronger: love or honour (почет, уважение, почтение)? Are these feelings always present together in a loving heart?

3. Did G. Potter display his romanticism once again while duplicating the wedding ceremony?

4. Can you suppose that organizing the duplication of the wedding ceremony G. Potter proved that he was still an alert man who pursued some aims and even pragmatic ones? If you can, then what aims do you mean?

5. Do you notice any public changes in the attitude towards marriage in modern society in our country and abroad? If you do, what are they? Do you approve or disapprove of them?

The new word:

◆ **To pursue** – преследовать (цель)

Keys: Ex. II: 1b 2b 3b 4b 5c. Ex. III: 1e 2g 3f 4h 5j 6a 7c 8i 9b 10 d

* * *

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

WILL OF THE WIND

William Brandon

Mrs. Hackett found her in her bedroom crying. She stood in the doorway and said seriously: "I came in to borrow some sugar, Syl-

via. The door was open so I just walked in. Now what on earth's wrong with you?"

Sylvia sat up and dried her eyes. Her skirt was wrinkled and her back hair hung in disorder over her forehead. A pin had come out of her imitation lace collar and it had fallen down to catch in the little red buckle at her waist. She said shakily, "Hello, Mrs. Hackett. Nothing."

Mrs. Hackett drew down the corners of her mouth. "Nothing indeed. It's because of Chip wanting to leave here and go to Canton. Isn't it? Of course it is."

Sylvia pushed her hair aside out of her eyes. "I won't do it," she said angrily. "I won't."

"Mm, Mrs. Hackett said sourly. "'A boy's will is the wind's will.' That's a poem. It is the truest thing in the world. It doesn't do any good to fight against it. Remember that and you'll have it easier."

"I won't do it. I won't move around to one mill after another all my life, and never have anything, no home and no – no nothing! I won't!"

"Well, it's his job if he wants to give it up."

"It isn't! It's just as much mine as it is his. I don't believe in that old idea that a woman's just a – a slave, to follow a man around whatever he happens to want to do!"

"Oh, you don't," Mrs. Hackett said. "And just what can you do about it?"

Sylvia bowed her head and dried her cheeks with her handkerchief. "I don't know," she said.

"Of course you don't. You're nothing but a child," Mrs. Hackett said. "You'll be twenty years finding out what to do and by that time it'll be too late to do you any good. Unless there's somebody around to tell you to begin with. Somebody who knows."

Sylvia was not impressed. "What could you tell me, Mrs. Hackett? What could anyone do? I've argued with him until I'm almost crazy but he – he doesn't even listen any more. He's got his mind set on moving on, to something different that won't be any different at all, and then he'll want to go again, and –"

"'A boy's will is the wind's will,' " said Mrs. Hackett.

"That's what the poem says. It's just as true of a man or an old man, for that matter. The older they get the truer it gets, I guess. Only they rather give up trying to do anything about it after so long a time." She pushed up her lower lip and looked down her nose at Sylvia. "Like Mr. Hackett."

Sylvia looked up surprised. "You mean Mr. Hackett used to – want to –"

"He was the hardest man to hold down in this town. He got tired of everything, that was his trouble. It's a sort of laziness, that's all it is. But he stuck here. He stuck, all right."

"Why?" Sylvia asked. "What did you do?"

"Well," Mrs. Hackett said, "you can take it for what it's worth, Sylvia. It worked with Mr. Hackett, I know that."

"But what was it?"

"Whenever he got all excited about leaving here and going away some place to look for something he thought was better, I simply gave him his way. I didn't oppose him in the least."

Sylvia looked disappointed and confused. "Oh."

"But," Mrs. Hackett said profoundly, "he didn't know it. I always took him on a trip. Just a week or so. And I kept him on the jump every minute of it. I always liked little trips around, anyway. Well, by the time that man would get home again he'd be so tired of jumping around that he wouldn't have left for the thousand dollars. That," Mrs. Hackett said, "is something you find out about men, Sylvia. They like to start but they like to get back home a whole lot more."

Sylvia said doubtfully. "It doesn't seem that Chip would –"

"Maybe he wouldn't. I'm the last person in the world to try to give other people advice, Sylvia. Nobody wants it and I guess everyone has to live his own life, anyway. But Mr. Hackett says that they're shutting down the mill for a week, and if Chip was to spend that week in a car travelling along fast from one place to another, without even a chance to catch his breath. ... Well, 'a boy's will is the wind's will,' the idea of that is that the wind can change in a minute."

"But what if he wouldn't want to go?"

"Mm. You tell him you want a little vacation before you move to Canton. If he thinks that you've given in to him about moving to Canton, he'll take you. You try it and see."

They went up into Michigan, west to Wisconsin, down through Minnesota and Iowa and St. Louis to Memphis, east to Knoxville and up through Louisville to come home. They were gone six days. Each day Sylvia arranged it so that they got up very early and were on the highway by daylight and she kept on the job, planning the things to visit at the next stop, until late at night. She called upon Chip to stop often at roadside stands and she filled him with hot dogs, soft drinks and bad coffee. She was surprised and delighted at the dull look that appeared in his eyes on the third day.

Mrs. Hackett came over the day they returned to bring back the cup of sugar she had borrowed. She said, "Well!" and paused expectantly, holding the cup of sugar in both hands.

"He went back to work today," Sylvia said. There was a tired note in her voice. "He hasn't said a thing about going to Canton for several days."

"Mm! And what did he say when he got home?" She asked. "That he never thought home would look so good to him?"

Sylvia nodded. She sat down on a kitchen chair and for a moment seemed lost in thought. "He said exactly that," she said at last.

"You won't even be able to get him to move out of the house to go to a movie for a month. I told you. Wind's will, that's the poem. They're all alike, all men." She put the cup of sugar on the kitchen cabinet and looked at Sylvia. "But I wouldn't say that you look so happy about it, Sylvia. But you are tired."

Sylvia rested her chin on her hand. She sighed and said, "I'm a little tired of this town, I guess. I was just thinking when we came back yesterday, and it looked so...so old and so dirty and dull and tiresome.... And I thought that we'll spend all our lives here, with nothing to do except the same old....oh, I was just thinking."

Mrs. Hackett drew back and looked at Sylvia seriously and then said, "You're just tired, Sylvia. My goodness, that long trip –"

Sylvia looked up and her eyes were shining. "But I'm not tired," she said. "I had a wonderful time."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to wrinkle – мять(ся)
- ◆ 2. a pin – булавка
- ◆ 3. lace – кружево
- ◆ 4. collar – воротник
- ◆ 5. a buckle – пряжка
- ◆ 6. to catch – зацепиться
- ◆ 7. a waist – талия
- ◆ 8. shakily – нетвердо, неуверенно
- ◆ 9. sourly – кисло
- ◆ 10. to bow – наклонять
- ◆ 11. to stick (stuck, stuck) – застрять
- ◆ 12. not in the least – ничуть
- ◆ 13. on the jump – проворный, очень занятой
- ◆ 14. a vacation – отпуск
- ◆ 15. on the job – очень занятой, находящийся в движении, в действии
- ◆ 16. a chin – подбородок
- ◆ 17. to sigh – вздыхать
- ◆ 18. tiresome – скучный, утомительный

Use of English

I. Form the necessary words from the roots in brackets and according to the text.

1. Her skirt was wrinkled and her black hair hung in (order) over her forehead.
2. She said (shake), "Hello, Mrs. Hackett. Nothing."
3. He got tired of everything, that was his trouble. It's a sort of (lazy), that's all it is."
4. Sylvia said (doubt). "It doesn't seem that Chip would –"
5. Mrs. Hackett said, "Well!" and paused (expect), holding the cup of sugar in both hands.
6. "I am a little tired of this town, I guess. I was just thinking, when we came back yesterday, and it looked so old and so dirty and dull and (tire)..."

II. Match the following Russian words and phrases with their English equivalents from the text.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. решить достичь чего-либо | a) not to oppose |
| 2. смотреть свысока | b) to hold down |
| 3. удержать | c) to keep on the job |
| 4. уступить | d) to set on sth |
| 5. не быть против | e) to look down one's nose |
| 6. заставить попотеть | f) a whole lot more |
| 7. гораздо больше | g) to give sb one's way |

III. Complete the following sentences choosing one of the words given in brackets.

1. "That he never thought home would look so (well / good).
2. Mrs. Hackett looked at Sylvia (serious / seriously).
3. "But I wouldn't say that you look so (happy / happily) about it, Sylvia."
4. "I won't move around to one mill after (the other / another) all my life."
5. "I am the last person in the world to try to give (the other / other) people advice."
6. "It's just as much (my / mine) as it is his."
7. "It'll be too (late / lately) to do you any good."

Reading comprehension

IV. Complete the following sentences as they are given in the story.

1. On visiting Sylvia the first time Mrs. Hackett found her....
2. Mr. Hackett came to borrow....
3. The couple was gone ... days.
4. Each day the couple was on the highway by....
5. Sylvia was surprised and delighted ... on the third day of their journey.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. How does the story open?

2. What was the reason for Chop's decision to change his place to live in?

3. Why didn't Sylvia want to give Chip his way to go to Canton?

4. Who else in the story changed rather suddenly in attitude and idea?

5. Why did Mrs. Hackett consider her husband to be the hardest man?

6. How did Mrs. Hackett manage to hold down her husband in one town?

7. What did Mrs. Hackett advise Sylvia to do?

8. Did Sylvia manage to persuade Chip to travel?

9. Did they travel much or little?

10. What were Sylvia's arrangements during their trip?

11. What was Sylvia's purpose?

12. Was Sylvia's husband sad or happy to get back home?

13. Did Chip talk much or little about moving to Canton after their trip?

14. Did Sylvia enjoy their trip?

Discussion

VI. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. How do you understand the line from the poem "A boy's will is the wind's will"?

2. How do you understand the title of the story "Will of the Wind"?

3. Do you share Mrs. Hackett's opinion that men are lazy, they get tired of everything and that's why they are inclined to change their places to live in and to work in?

4. Do you approve or disapprove of a woman's desire to hold down their husbands in one town, on one place?

5. Are you inclined to follow the following proverb: "The rolling stone never gathers moss"? Explain your point of view.

6. Do you think that Sylvia's way to resolve their family conflict was chosen right? What makes you think so?

7. How will you explain that Sylvia was in low spirits and lost in thought after the trip?

8. Do you think that after the trip Sylvia was unhesitatingly ready to move to a new place together with her husband?

9. Do you think that Chip will try to realize his plan to change his work and the place to live in? What makes you think so?

10. Which of the following proverbs can be the best advice for a wife and a husband to resolve their family problems? Explain your choice.

"Birds in their little nests agree";

"Let your quarrel end before
Some foolish meddler makes it more."

"A bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit."

VII. "Marriage is like a life in it – it is a field of battle and not a bed of roses." (Robert Louis Stevenson)

But still what can the marriage be for Sylvia and Chip: a bed of roses or a field of battle? Explain your point of view.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a significance – значение, смысл
- ◆ 2. to resolve – разрешать (конфликт, сомнение)
- ◆ 3. a meddler – беспокойный, надоедливый, вмешивающийся во все человек
- ◆ 4. a lawsuit – тяжба

Keys: ex. II: 1d 2e 3b 4g 5a 6h 7f 8c

* * *

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

BETTER LATE

Edward Stevenson

Well, I'm certainly glad you're not seasick. When I first saw you leaning over the rail I said to myself that you must be seasick, though

I couldn't see how anybody could get seasick with the water so calm the way it is today. Our room steward says that anybody that gets seasick in this kind of weather wouldn't be safe on the lake in Central Park. He's a regular comedian... And that's reminds me, how much do you think I ought to tip him – the room steward, I mean? I'm not a person who has a lot of money, but still I want to do the right thing as to tipping.

You see, this is the first time we've been on a boat – my wife and I, I mean. Of course we've taken a trip up the Hudson with the kids, but I guess you wouldn't mention the Hudson River Day Line in the same breath with a big ship like this, would you? The kids thought it was wonderful, though. They're grown up and married now, with kids of their own – except Judy, that is, and she hardly has had time, not having been married a year yet – but it doesn't seem more than yesterday that they were running around like wild Indians and getting into all kinds of trouble. Time certainly flies.

Whew! It's getting hot, isn't it? We must be coming into the tropics from the way it feels. Ever been down here before, Mr. – I don't think you mentioned your name, did you? Arthur? Well, I'm glad to know you Mr. Arthur. My name is Bentham. I'd like you to meet my wife some time, too. That's my wife sitting in that deck chair down at the end. She is making believe she is reading the book, but she's sound asleep. The salt air seems to make her very tired.

As I was saying, time certainly flies. Now, you take me, Why, it seems only the other day that Ellen and I were getting married; and here we are grandparents of six already.

We've been married thirty-six years. It doesn't seem possible, but that's what it is, all right. Why, say, I can remember the wedding just as clearly as if it happened last week. It wasn't much of a wedding – you know, no ceremony and reception. Besides Ellen and me and the minister there were only the minister's wife and the church janitor, for witness. But I can still see the five of us standing there in the chapel, with the sun coming through a high window and falling around us and turning everything golden. I remember Ellen espe-

cially. She was so pretty and little. Lord, I felt big and awkward beside her.

Will you look at them flying fish! Aren't they the funny things?

When I look back, I think that Ellen and I must have been crazy, getting married the way we did. My goodness, I didn't have a cent to my name – it was all I could do to get together the money for the wedding ring. Engagement rings and honeymoons and all those special things were out of reach as far as we were concerned.

I felt pretty bad, taking her right from church to a \$2.50-a week furnished room. A wonderful girl like her deserved better, and I told her so. A big wedding, a reception at the Hotel Waldorf – the old Waldorf, you know – and a honeymoon at Niagara Falls was little enough for her. But she just laughed. "If I wanted such foolishness," she says, "I'd have married Mr. Astor and not Johnny Bentham." That's the way she is. I didn't mind so much not having a big church wedding, or a reception afterwards, but, gee, what's a wedding without a honeymoon? I mean, it made me feel rather low, not being able to provide even that.

You know, marrying Ellen was the making of me. I was just a shipping clerk at the time, but she made me studying bookkeeping and when an opening in the company came along I stepped right into it. I'm head bookkeeper now. Of course that isn't too much – there's only one other bookkeeper – but being head of anything is pretty good these days, I always say. A couple of years back when I'd been with the company thirty-five years they put on a dinner for me at Jack Dempsey's Restaurant and gave me a watch. Here it is. See what it says, "To John W. Bentham" – that's my full name – "for thirty-five years of devoted service. Atlas Paper & Supply Co." Mr. Stover, the President, made a speech.

I did too – but I was too choked up to say much. You can bet that I'd never have stayed in that company long enough to get that watch if it hadn't been for Ellen.

And the kids, too, of course. When you get to be a family man you have to be a little more serious. Kit – that's short for Christopher – was the first; then Roger, Cynthia, Anthony, and Judy, the baby. Nice names, aren't they? Ellen picked them out.

They're all grown up now – fine young men and women, if I do say so myself – but there were times when you just wondered if they ever would grow up. It was just one thing after another. Sick or healthy, they had you up to your neck in bills.

Is that land over there to the left? No, I guess it's just clouds.

Well, last year our company did pretty well and they gave all the old employees a month's pay for a bonus at Christmas – first bonus we had had in years. So what did I do? Well, I figured with all the kids married and no one to take care of but ourselves, that we didn't have any real need for the money, so I didn't breathe a word about it to Ellen. You see, I'd been seeing those cruise advertisements in the papers and I thought to myself that's just the thing for Ellen and me. Twelve days. Nassau, Jamaica, and Cuba. \$125 and up. I didn't say anything till about two weeks before we were about to sail. Then I broke the news. Well you could have knocked Ellen over with a feather.

"Johnny Bentham," she says, "are you out of your mind?"

"No," I says, "And I haven't robbed the bank, either." So I told her all about the bonus.

Well, she still thought I was crazy. "Spending all that money on a little trip," she says. "Do you think we are millionaires? Johnny, I'll never put foot on that boat."

"Now that's a fine way to feel!" I says, acting as if I were insulted. "A woman refusing to go on a honeymoon with her husband!"

Well, she just looked at me and I just looked at her, and first thing you know she threw her arms around me and began kissing me, and what did the two of us do but end up laughing and crying like a couple of kids.

"Gee, Mama," I says. "It's better late than never, isn't it?"...

Say, look at those flying fish...

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to lean over – наклоняться над
- ◆ 2. a rail – перекладина, поручень
- ◆ 3. a steward – стюард (на пассажирском судне)

- ◆ 4. all in the same breath – единым духом
- ◆ 5. to be sound asleep – крепко заснуть
- ◆ 6. a reception – прием
- ◆ 7. a janitor – привратник
- ◆ 8. a witness – свидетель
- ◆ 9. a chapel – часовня
- ◆ 10. awkward – неуклюжий, неловкий
- ◆ 11. crazy – безумный
- ◆ 12. out of reach – вне досягаемости
- ◆ 13. a honeymoon – медовый месяц
- ◆ 14. to provide – обеспечивать
- ◆ 15. bookkeeping – бухгалтерия
- ◆ 16. to choke – задыхаться от волнения
- ◆ 17. to bet – держать пари
- ◆ 18. up to one's neck – по горло, по уши
- ◆ 19. a bonus – премия
- ◆ 20. to knock over with a feather – ошеломлять
- ◆ 21. to insult – обижать, наносить оскорбление

Use of English

I. Form the words from the given roots in brackets and according to the text.

1. "It wasn't much of wedding – you know, no ceremony, and (receive)."
2. "(Engage) rings and honeymoons and all those special things were out of reach as far as we were concerned."
3. "If I wanted such (fool)", she says, "I'd have married Mr. As-ter and not Johnny Bentham."
4. "Well, last year our company did pretty well and they gave all the old (employ) a month's pay for a bonus at Christmas."
5. "You see, I'd been seeing those cruise (advertise) in the pa-pers."
6. "Do you think we are (million), Johnny? I'll never put foot on that boat."

II. Match the following adjectives as opposites.

- a) Crazy, healthy, happy, right, graceful, sick, rough, sensible, wrong, awkward, calm, (to feel) low.
- b) Safe, regular, possible, healthy, breath, married, sound, tire, real.

Give the negative adjectives from the following words using negative suffixes or prefixes.

III. Complete the following sentences choosing the right variant each time.

1. "That's my wife sitting (in, on) that deck chair down (at, in) the end.
2. "My goodness, I didn't have a cent (to, on) my name.
3. "I felt pretty (badly, bad), taking her right from (a,-,the) church to a \$ 2.50-a-week furnished room."
4. "Now, you take me, why, it seems only the other (day, days) that Ellen and I were getting married."
5. "There is only one (дополнительный, другой: other, an-other) bookkeeper."
6. "They gave a month's pay for a bonus (at, on) Christmas."
7. "A woman refusing to go (on, at) a honeymoon with her hus-band."
8. "(Besides, except) Ellen and me and the minister there were only the minister's wife and the church janitor, for witness."

Reading Comprehension

IV. Identify if the following statements are true or false and correct the false ones.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Bentham had six children and five grandchildren.
2. Judy, their daughter, was not married.
3. Mr. and Mrs. Bentham's wedding was magnificent.
4. Their cruise was to last twelve days.
5. Mr. Bentham came to a decision to take the cruise regardless of expenses.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Who told the story?
2. Had Mr. Bentham been on a boat previously?
3. Who was accompanying him on this boat trip?
4. Had Mr. and Mrs. Bentham been married only previously or many years ago?
5. Why did Mr. Bentham think that Ellen and he were *crazy*, getting married the way they did?
6. What made Mr. Bentham feel deep emotional distress after their wedding?
7. What kind of work was Mr. Bentham doing when he got married?
8. What position was Mr. Bentham prompted to in his company?
9. How did the company honour Mr. Bentham at the end of thirty-five years of his devoted service to the company?
10. How did Mr. Bentham unexpectedly get the money to take the cruise?
11. Did Mr. Bentham consult Ellen if to take a cruise?
12. When did Mr. Bentham break his secret?
13. Did Mrs. Bentham object to spending so much money on a cruise?
14. Did Mr. Bentham convince his wife that they should really go?
15. What was the final scene?
16. What places did they plan to visit?
17. Do you find that Mr. Bentham was a man with a sense of humour? In what episodes of this story did he display this quality?
18. How will you explain that Mr. Bentham interrupted his story all the time being attracted by flying fish or scenery (clouds, land in the sea)?

VI. Paraphrase the italicized parts of the following sentences.

1. "Of course, we have taken a trip up the Hudson with the kids, but I guess *you wouldn't mention the Hudson river Day Line in the same breath with a big ship like this, would you?*"

2. She is *making believe* she is reading that book, but *she's sound asleep*.
3. Engagement rings and honeymoons as all those special things were *out of reach* as far as we were concerned.
4. ...but gee, what's a wedding without a honeymoon? I mean it made me *feel rather low*, not being able to provide even that.
5. You know, *marrying Ellen was the making of me*.
6. Mr. Stover, the president, made a speech. I did too – but I *was too choked up to say much*.
7. ...but there were times when you just wondered if they ever would grow up. It was just one thing after another. Sick or healthy, *they had you up to your neck in bills*.
8. So I didn't *breathe a word about it to Ellen*.
9. Then I broke the news. Well *you could have knocked Ellen over with a feather*.

Discussion

VII. Express your opinion, comment on it or prove your point of view.

1. Will you reproduce the episodes from the text where Mr. Bentham spoke about his wife with love, tenderness, care and admiration?
2. How will you explain that Mr. Bentham had a clear and bright memory of their wedding ceremony? But first try to reproduce this scene.
3. Did Mrs. Bentham give support for her husband's interest and success?
4. How did Mr. Bentham explain the fact that he had been working in the company for a long time? Do you approve or disapprove of his choice?
5. Are you inclined to think that Mr. Bentham could easily move to another town and find another job if he had no children in the family?
6. Who do you think is the main hero of the story: Mr. Bentham or Mrs. Bentham?

7. Does the following quotation refer to the heroes of this story anyhow? "Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that." Sir J. M. Barrie.

8. What is the significance of the title of the story "Better Late"?

9. What helped Mr. Bentham and Mrs. Bentham to live to a green old age? Choose the necessary words given below. (Honesty, trust, a sense of humour, a sense of responsibility, love, mutual respect, mutual understanding, supportive relationship, etc.)

10. What rewards did they get in their green old age?

The new words:

- ♦ 1. a significance – значение, смысл
- ♦ 2. a green old age – счастливая старость, преклонный возраст.

Unit 3

"A mother never realizes that her children are no longer children."

Holbrook Jackson.

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

FINAL BREAK

Ian S. Thompson

They had been walking along Oxford Street, so they stopped, Greg's hand on her arm.

"This is the place," he said. "I thought you might get the sort of thing you like here."

Helen nodded, but there were tears in her eyes as she looked through the shop-window. The new hat had been his idea, not hers.

"What about that black one?" He pointed. "It would go with your suit!"

Her lips trembled. One of the little things she loved so much about him was the really genuine interest he had always taken in what she wore. It had made you feel young somehow, loved, though in your heart you knew you were young no longer.

"Yes. Yes, it would, wouldn't it?" She carefully avoided meeting his eyes, because there was so much in her own eyes that he must never see.

They went into the shop. A clerk appeared to wait upon them.

Helen described the hat. It was in the window.

She was wishing now that they had never come into the shop. But Greg had been insistent. He wanted to give her something. A parting gift, he had called it.

He was smiling now out of blue, untroubled eyes. Which surprised her. And yet why should it, she asked herself, as she took the

hat from the clerk and placed it on her blue-gray hair? She had always tried to be modern, and part of modernity was to see these things through bravely, when and if they came.

Her mind turned back. And she saw herself in the hat-shop mirror, not as someone in a black tailored suit, but as a bride. Smiling, radiant, on Greg's arm. At least they had said she had looked that. She had never thought of it, never cared. She had been so completely, so blindly happy.

Five minutes later they were out again in the sunshine of the street and Greg, after looking at his watch, suggested tea.

"I know a place – "There was an expression of excitement in his eyes which she could not understand. "You'll like it there."

It was a small, very ordinary café in one of the side streets off Oxford Street. He ordered for them both, and then leaned back.

He didn't speak, but his hand came out across the table and took hers.

"Please, God, don't let me cry," she prayed. "Not now. Not so long as he's with me."

The tea arrived. He drank one cup quickly, lit himself a cigarette, and then said: "You're quite certain that you want to stay on in that house alone? I mean – well, I feel rather bad about the whole thing. And if there is anything I could do – "

There was one thing, but it would have been hysterical weakness to have suggested it. She shook her head. She didn't want him to have any feelings of regret, any pains of conscience. It had been wonderful having him for all those years.

"No, really," she said. "It'll be all right."

But he still didn't seem satisfied.

"There's another thing I'd like to mention," he said. "I didn't say anything about it because I know – well, I know how sensitive you are about that sort of thing – "He broke off and then went hurriedly on, his eyes avoiding hers. "It's money. I've arranged with the bank... "

The color came at once to her cheeks. Not because of any false pride. That was a luxury you couldn't afford if you had no one to support you. But –

"Oh, Greg, you shouldn't," she said with embarrassment.

He brushed that aside. Angrily almost.

"Why not? It's something I want to do. And Sandra – "He mentioned the girl's name – "she agrees. We were talking about it last night."

Sandra... We... How easily, familiarly, he spoke of her, Helen thought with an ache. And yet two months ago they hadn't even met. Two months... Was it really only that time since he'd gone up to London on that business trip?

She had realized, of course, after he came back that there was something, although he hadn't actually said a word then. Some deep-rooted woman's instinct had warned her that he wasn't all hers any longer, that she was sharing him with someone else.

A girl. Young, fresh, and lovely. The imagined picture had filled her with a sense of panic. He had changed his job for a better one and gone up to live in London. For a moment she hadn't seen him. And she had never met the girl.

Sandra... She worked in the advertising business, he had told her. And very clever. But that didn't matter to Helen. When you have loved somebody with every part of you, you did not think of cleverness in considering that younger person to whom you were losing him.

Was she really nice? Would she work to keep him happy as you had tried to do?

But Sandra... The name had a sharp quality. You couldn't imagine a girl with a name like that being – Helen's eyes were drawn to a girl who had just walked into the café, who was looking around hesitantly – well like that, for instance.

Then the girl turned. She was beautiful, with a shy, sweet loveliness that caught at your heart. Helen stared, quite unconscious that

she was staring. And then her eyes widened in surprise as she saw Greg rise to his feet. The girl was hurrying towards their table.

"So you were able to get here, darling!" She heard Greg's voice and then he had turned, was smiling down at her. "A little surprise," he said. "This is Sandra, Mother. Tomorrow's happy bride!"

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to nod – кивать головой
- ◆ 2. to point – указывать
- ◆ 3. genuine – искренний, подлинный
- ◆ 4. to avoid – избегать
- ◆ 5. to part – расставаться
- ◆ 6. to see through – видеть насквозь
- ◆ 7. troubled – беспокойный, встревоженный
- ◆ 8. modernity – современность
- ◆ 9. a tailor – портной
- ◆ 10. a bride – невеста
- ◆ 11. radiant – сияющий
- ◆ 12. to lean – наклоняться
- ◆ 13. to pray – молиться
- ◆ 14. to regret – сожалеть
- ◆ 15. pain – боль, страдание
- ◆ 16. conscience – совесть
- ◆ 17. sensitive – чувствительный
- ◆ 18. luxury – роскошь
- ◆ 19. to afford – позволить себе
- ◆ 20. to embarrass – смущать, приводить в замешательство
- ◆ 21. to brush aside – отодвигать, отмахиваться
- ◆ 22. familiar – бесцеремонный
- ◆ 23. an ache – боль
- ◆ 24. deep-rooted – глубоко укоренившийся, очень сильный
- ◆ 25. to warn – предупреждать
- ◆ 26. considering – учитывая, принимая во внимание
- ◆ 27. to hesitate – колебаться
- ◆ 28. lovely – красивый, прекрасный

Use of English

I. From the following words form 1) the nouns; 2) the adjectives from the text.

a) Modern, weak, proud, clever, lovely, to express, to excite, to embarrass;

b) To insist, to trouble, to wonder, to smile, to sense, to hesitate, to excite, to part, hysteria.

II. Match the following Russian words and expressions with their English equivalents from the story.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1. подходить | a) a parting gift |
| 2. прощальный подарок | b) to stay on |
| 3. женский костюм, сшитый в строгом стиле | c) considering |
| 4. командировка | d) to catch at one's heart |
| 5. трогать до глубины души | e) a tailored suit |
| 6. продолжать оставаться | f) to feel bad |
| 7. чувствовать себя виноватым | g) a business trip |
| 8. принимая во внимание | h) to go with |

III. Match the following adjectives on the left with the nouns that collocate with them on the right. (Each word can be used once only).

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1. genuine | a) musician |
| 2. untroubled | b) steps |
| 3. parting | c) voice |
| 4. hysterical | d) interest |
| 5. sensitive | e) feelings |
| 6. familiar | f) look |
| 7. deep-rooted | g) words |
| 8. hesitant | h) laughter |
| 9. unconscious | i) desire |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Identify if the following statements are false or true. Correct the false ones.

1. Helen asked her son to drop into the hat shop.
2. They had to wait for the clerk for some time.
3. It was difficult for Helen to describe the hat she wanted.
4. Greg and the clerk said that Helen looked as a bride.
5. After his business trip to London Greg had told his mother about his love.
6. Greg changed his job for a better one in London.
7. Helen didn't worry about her son's marriage.
8. Helen liked the name of Greg's girl.
9. Helen was quite prepared to meet her future daughter-in-law.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. In what city did the actions take place?
2. What was the first place Greg and Helen visited?
3. Whose idea was to drop into the hat shop?
4. Why did Greg insist on visiting the hat shop?
5. Was it pleasant for Helen to drop into this shop?
6. Where did they have tea?
7. Who was excited at the café?
8. What did Greg want to speak about with his mother?
9. Did Helen keep up the conversation and Greg's ideas?
10. In what situation did Greg show his temper?
11. When did Greg go on a business trip to London?
12. Did Helen guess that Greg had met his love?
13. Where did Greg's girl work?
14. How did Greg characterize his girl?
15. Why did the imagined picture of Sandra filled Helen with panic?
16. What worried Helen in her son's future life?
17. Did Sandra impress Helen at first sight?
18. What surprised Helen more when the girl walked into the café? Why?

Discussion

VI. Agree or disagree with the following statements and prove your point of view using some facts from the text.

1. Helen was a true woman.
2. The described day was unhappy and difficult for Helen.
3. Helen was about to say that she didn't want to part with her son.
4. It was very difficult for Helen to part with her son, but she thought more about him and his future happiness.
5. Greg was attentive to his mother and tried to comfort and to please her.
6. The described day was difficult for Greg, too.

VII. Express your opinion and explain it.

1. Which of the following adjectives describes Helen as a mother: generous, unselfish, possessive, modern?
2. To what extent do you sympathize with Helen and Greg?
3. Do you think that the described break will be a break and final?
4. What future relationship do you foresee between Helen and her son?
5. What do their future relationship depend on?
6. Do you agree with the quotation "A mother never realizes that her children are no longer children"?
7. Do you feel that your parents' attitude to you is the same? Can you remember any life situations?

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to show one's temper – проявлять раздражение
- ◆ 2. a daughter-in-law – невестка
- ◆ 3. to what extent – насколько, до какой степени
- ◆ 4. to remember – вспоминать
- ◆ 5. possessive – собственнический; demanding total attention or love; not wanting sb to be independent.

Keys: ex. II: 1h 2a 3e 4g 5d 6b 7f 8c; ex. III: 1d 2f 3g 4h 5a 6c 7i 8b 9e.

Unit 4

"We live in deeds, not in years."

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

IRENE'S SISTER

Vina Delmar

This is a story of 19 —, the year that the schools did not open on time, the year that plague descended and caught us as terrified and as defenseless as though we were inhabitants in some medieval city faced with a new and terrible sickness.

I was a child at that time. My friends and I did not understand. We asked questions but grown-ups were as confused and as frightened as ourselves. "It's infantile paralysis," they told us. It kills you or else it leaves you crippled forever. Don't go too close to anybody and don't touch anything that a strange child has handled."

Fear held us so completely that we forgot how to laugh or to play. I can remember lying in bed at night waiting for the disease to strike at me. I had no idea what form it might take and I lay very quietly praying that when next I wished to move my legs or arms I would be able to do so as I had always done in the past.

There was one among us, however, who had no fear of the terrible plague. That girl was Irene Crane. In my mind's eye I can still see her as she was back there in those difficult days. She was a yellow-haired child with a happy ring to her laughter and the greatest capacity for fun of anyone I've ever known. She was the school beauty, popular with teachers and pupils alike and if she was not the most intelligent of our group that was easily forgiven for one does not expect to find genius in a flower.

Irene had a sister who was a year younger. Her mother called her Caroline, but outside the house she was known simply as Irene's sister. It was natural for her to be Irene's sister just as it was natural for us to be a nameless group of girls known as Irene's friends. Irene was the center of our small world and we revolved about her brilliance

and asked for no recognition for ourselves. Irene's sister, conscious of her inability to compare with the beauty and enchanting manner of Irene, was perfectly content to be only a pale reflection of our yellow-haired commander.

Only once were we unable to think with Irene. That was when she said: "I'm not scared of that infantile paralysis. We won't get it. You'll see. None of us will."

We were ashamed of our fears but there they were just the same.

I can remember the day that we all went over to Ginny Smith's house for games and light refreshments. For our health's sake, the grown-ups looked upon the party with some doubts, but for the good of our morale they consented.

"After all," they said to one another, "it's the same group of girls who see each other almost every day anyway. It'll be all right."

"It's the same group except for Irene's sister." She hadn't been invited because she was not in our grade at school and Ginny Smith hadn't known that Irene had a sister.

"It doesn't matter," Irene said. "Caroline isn't feeling well. She has an upset stomach, I guess."

The games were fun, the food was wonderful, we thought. It had been a beautiful day in which we all seemed to forget for a while that something strange and terrible walked everywhere about us beyond the pleasant comfort of Ginny Smith's house. We were just collecting our hats and coats, ready to leave, and thanking Ginny for a lovely day when the phone rang.

I can still see Ginny Smith's mother as she stood talking on that phone. I can see the look of horror that appeared upon her face. I can still see the tears that were in her eyes when she hung up the receiver and turned to face us.

"Irene," she said in a choked voice, "that was your mother. Your sister has infantile paralysis. You can't go home. You'll have to stay here. " There was a horrible pause. Then, "It's too late for us to be afraid of you, child. You have been here all day."

We went away without touching Irene, some of us without speaking to her. The plague had reached out and struck at us. We hur-

ried home afraid of each other, ashamed of our fear and unable to keep back the thought that tomorrow we would all be attacked by death or lameness.

Irene stayed with the Smiths, I suppose. I don't know. I hurried home and wrote at once to my father. It must have been an emotional, crazy little letter in which I begged him to come and get me and take me to safety somewhere, anywhere. I did not know that the plague was widespread. I thought that it was just in our town. Anyway my father came and took me away. I went happily, thankfully, but I did not know as I went that it would be fifteen years before I ever saw that town again.

I was a woman when I returned to visit and the first night I was back I was surprised to find that my hostess's living room was decorated as though for a party.

"Just the old group," she explained, "and their husbands. You remember Ginny Smith, Lila Day, the Crane girls and that group."

A strange feeling of terror ran through me at the mention of the Crane girls. I was a child again frightened before a terrible mysterious force that wanted to kill me.

"I remember them all," I said. "How are the Crane girls?"

"The same as ever, just exactly the same. One popular and one a complete failure."

"It's cruel to say that," I protested. "Caroline had paralysis. How can you expect her to be —"

"But it's Irene who is the failure. She's silly. Remember how she used to laugh and play jokes all the time? She's still the same, but now everything she says sounds a little silly. But you can't invite Caroline without inviting Irene so we —"

"But is Caroline well?"

"Of course she is. She had good care and good sense used on her and she's as fine as anyone. A lot fine, I guess. She went through so much pain and suffering that she has more depth and understanding than most people. She is so strong and dependable. Of course she thanks her doctor and her nurse and her mother for everything and

they say that it was Caroline's patience and courage that helped them to help her. Wait till you see her. She's —"

It was at that moment that the door bell rang and that my hostess's mother, who was looking out of an upstairs window, called to us. I'll never forget her words. She called, "Daughter, go to the door. It's Caroline's sister."

My hostess looked at me and laughed. "What did I tell you?" she said.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **plague** — чума
- ◆ 2. **to descend** — нагрянуть, обрушиваться
- ◆ 3. **to terrify** — вселять ужас
- ◆ 4. **to defend** — обороняться
- ◆ 5. **an inhabitant** — житель
- ◆ 6. **medieval** — средневековый
- ◆ 7. **to confuse** — смущать
- ◆ 8. **infantile** — младенческий
- ◆ 9. **a cripple** — калека, инвалид
- ◆ 10. **to handle** — держать в руках
- ◆ 11. **to pray** — просить, умолять
- ◆ 12. **a ring** — звонок
- ◆ 13. **in one's mind's eye** — в воображении
- ◆ 14. **a capacity for** — способность к чему-либо
- ◆ 15. **intelligent** — умный
- ◆ 16. **to revolve** — вращаться
- ◆ 17. **to recognize** — узнавать
- ◆ 18. **brilliance** — яркость, блеск
- ◆ 19. **conscious** — сознающий
- ◆ 20. **to enchant** — очаровывать
- ◆ 21. **content** — довольный
- ◆ 22. **to scare** — пугать
- ◆ 23. **morale** — моральное состояние
- ◆ 24. **refreshments** — закуски; освежающие напитки
- ◆ 25. **to consent** — соглашаться

- ◆ 26. beyond – вдали, вне
- ◆ 27. a receiver – телефонная трубка
- ◆ 28. to choke – задыхаться
- ◆ 29. lame – хромой
- ◆ 30. to spread – распространяться
- ◆ 31. a host – хозяин
- ◆ 32. a hostess – хозяйка
- ◆ 33. dependable – надежный

Use of English

I. Form the nouns from the following words, but the nouns you have come across in the text.

To inhabit, sick, to reflect, lame, to suffer, deep, patient, to fail, dead, brilliant, to recognize, able, to refresh, to heal, pleasant, terrible, to laugh, intelligent, capable.

II. Form 1) the negative adjectives; 2) the negative nouns using negative suffixes or prefixes.

- a) able, equal, just, grateful, name, defense;
- b) ability, equality, justice, gratitude.

III. Choose one or two words from the given ones in brackets which can be the best equivalent(s) to the italicized word in the sentence.

1. We were just *collecting* our hats and coats, ready to leave, and thanking Ginny for a lovely day when the phone rang. (a) taking away, b) gathering, c) choosing, d) keeping)
2. "Irene," she said in a *choked* voice, "that was your mother. (a) blocked, b) emotional, c) breathless, d) nervous)
3. We hurried home afraid of each other, ashamed of our fear and unable to *keep back* the thought that tomorrow we would all be attacked by death or lameness. (a) to utter, b) to restrain, c) to conceal, d) to prevent)
4. She went through so much pain and suffering that she has more depth and understanding than most people. She is so strong and *dependable*. (a) trusty, b) reliable, c) honest, d) credible)

5. Don't go too close to anybody and don't touch anything that a *strange* child has handled. (a. unusual, b) unpleasant, c) unfamiliar, d) understanding)

6. Irene's sister, conscious of her inability to compete with the beauty and *enchanted* manner of Irene, was perfectly content to be only a pale reflection of our yellow-haired commander. (a) charming, b) attractive, c) beautiful, d) pleasing).

Reading Comprehension

IV. Complete the following sentences inserting the omitted parts.

1. Fear held us so completely that we forgot how ...
2. I can remember lying in bed at night waiting for the disease
3. Irene was a child with a happy ... to her laughter and the greatest ... of anyone.
4. Irene was the ..., popular with ...
5. Irene had a sister who was ...
6. It was natural for Caroline to be ... just as it was natural for us to be ... known as Irene's friends.
7. Irene's sister was perfectly content to be only ...
8. Irene's sister hadn't been invited because ... and Ginny Smith hadn't known that ...

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Who tells the story?
2. What happened in the city where the author lived in her childhood?
3. Did the schools open on time?
4. What did the parents warn their children of?
5. Who wasn't afraid of the terrible plague?
6. Did Irene's friends share her opinion concerning plague?
7. Why did the parents hesitate at first but then why did they come to a decision to organize a party for their children?
8. What was the party like?
9. What was the reason for horror and terrors in the eyes of Ginny Smith's mother?

10. How did the children leave Ginny's house after the party?
11. What did the author of the story do when she came home?
12. For how many years didn't she see her own town?
13. What did the hostess decide to organize?
14. What did the author hear about the Crane girls?
15. Why was the author filled with indignation at the hostess's words?
16. How did the hostess explain the situation?
17. How did Caroline's mother, doctor and nurse explain her recovery?
18. Why did the hostess look at the author and laugh at the end of the story?

Discussion

VI. Explain and expand on the following.

1. "It's infantile paralysis," they told us. "It kills you or else it leaves you crippled forever."
2. "I'm not scared of that infantile paralysis. We won't get it. You'll see. None of us."
3. "It doesn't matter," Irene said. "Caroline isn't feeling well. She has an upset stomach, I guess."
4. "It's too late for us to be afraid of you, child. You've been here all day."
5. "Just the old group," she exclaimed, "and their husbands. You remember Ginny Smith, Lila Day, the Crane girls and that group."

VII. Express your opinion and prove or explain your point of view.

1. Why did Irene's friends like her when they were children?
2. How do you imagine Irene's capacity for fun?
3. Why did Irene's friends and even her teachers easily forgive her being laughable?
4. Do you think that it was necessary to help Irene and to prompt her not to be so chatty and laughable, but modest, serious and have more respect for people? Explain your point of view.

5. Do you think it was a useless task to change Irene's character? Which proverb do you agree with: "Nature is stronger than rearing" or "It is never too late to mend"?

6. Can we say that Irene was a girl with lots of personality or vice versa did she lack personality?

7. About what kind of people do we usually say that he or she has lots of personality?

8. How did the author's friend describe Caroline when she was grown-up?

9. Did Caroline acquire all her positive qualities only because she went through pain and suffering during her illness?

10. Did Irene influence Caroline in any way?

11. Why did the author decide to entitle his story "Irene's Sister"?

VIII. Explain how you understand the following proverbs and sayings and if any of them refer(s) to Irene's or Caroline's characters.

"No wisdom like silence."

"Keep your mouth shut and eyes open."

"That man is best dressed whose dress no one observes."

"The tongue of idle persons is never idle."

"Empty vessels make the greatest sound."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **laughable** – смешной, смехотворный, забавный
- ◆ 2. **to forgive** – прощать
- ◆ 3. **to prompt** – подсказывать
- ◆ 4. **to rear** – растить и воспитывать детей
- ◆ 5. **to acquire** – приобретать
- ◆ 6. **to mend** – исправлять

Keys: Ex. III: 1a 2bd 3bd 4ab 5c 6bd

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

DECISION

Roy Hilligoss

Even after a year, Chad still called us Aunt Pat and Uncle Bill. But we thought our job had become that of mother and father – until that letter arrived from the 6th artillery headquarters in North Africa to our mailbox in East Orange Jersey.

Chad had come to us an English refugee. He was supposed to stay until they had put “Mr. Hitler in the bag,” as he expressed it, and he could go back to his adored father, Major Jollison of the Royal Artillery. In other words, he had been sent to the United States like many other English children to live with an American family for the duration of the war, after which time he planned to return home to London.

But Major Jollison had been killed while resisting a Nazi tank attack in the North African desert.

Chad had taken the news without the slightest show of emotion. Probably Pat and I alone realized the sharp pain that must have torn through his young heart when he learned that his father was dead. He was English and his people were fighting a desperate battle, so he could not let his own individual tragedy show.

English meant much to him too, but when he had recovered a little from the shock he seemed resigned to living with us and becoming an American. He had had no one else but his father.

“I shall try very hard,” he told us seriously in that thin, rather sharp voice, “to be as you would want your own boy to be. I shall get onto your American ways as quickly as I can and try to make you quite proud of me.” He smiled. “I shall even admire your revolutionary patriots.”

So we couldn’t help loving him, you see, and hoping he really wanted to stay with us forever, even after the war had ended.

He did brilliantly, and an early problem – the way the other boys at school kidded him about his English accent and manners – had dis-

appeared. Everyone in town knew how bravely his father had died, and this gave Chad a certain romantic interest.

In fact, everything had gone beautifully – till that letter came from a member of the 6th artillery, Captain Burroughs. The 6th artillery had been Major Jollison’s military unit.

Pat held the letter out to me one evening, the moment I came in the door. But she was too upset emotionally to wait until I’d read it.

“He was terribly fond of Chad’s father, Bill,” she said. “And he’d like to offer Chad a place to live – with his mother in her home just outside London.”

I looked up from the letter. “He says he recognizes the danger.”

“But he is like all Englishmen, I suppose,” Pat said. “Rain or shine, bombs or no bombs, they think that England is the only place in the world to live. And of course he thinks Chad will be company for his mother. She’s old and alone... Oh, Bill, do you think he’ll go?”

I shook my head. “I don’t know. But I’ve been afraid he would some day.”

“But he has no relatives there. Surely he’d rather be with us...”

“It’s like you said – rain or shine. And he is not our really boy, Pat; we just hoped he would be, and he’s tried to pretend.”

She sighed. “I know. I was only hoping, not talking sense. Well...” she took my arm, “– let’s go up to his room and tell him.”

Chad was lying on his small stomach, reading, when we entered his room. He got quickly to his feet and shook my hand – he always did that when I got home evenings. “How’d the stock-market go today, Uncle Bill?” He was picking up our ways fast.

I handed him the letter.

I watched his blue eyes move quickly back and forth across the page, and when they reached the bottom they stayed there. He was thinking rapidly. Suddenly I knew he’d made his decision because his face lost his expression: a habit of his.

“Are you going, dear?” Pat asked softly.

He nodded. “I must, Aunt Pat.”

“They are raining bombs on London, old son,” I said.

“I know,” he said. “That’s why I’m going.”

"I don't understand," I said.

"I mean..." For a moment he paused "— well, when your country's having its most difficult times, that's when it needs you most."

That sounded a bit grown-up, too like something he had read somewhere. I looked suspiciously at him, but his eyes met mine bravely. "All right, old son," I said. "I'm sorry, but if you..."

"I'm sorry too," he said quickly. "Really, Uncle Bill. But I must go."

"I'd better finish getting dinner," Pat said in a queer voice, and left us.

"And I have to wash," Chad said steadily.

I was left, staring down at the letter from Captain Burroughs, already missing this strange youngster as if he'd been all our own from the very start.

We didn't talk much about his going. But we might as well have discussed it constantly; it certainly was with us every moment. From that first night, on through the week following, there were few signs of cheerfulness in our house.

But the evening I came home with final details about his trip to New York, where a friend of mine would take charge and get him safely onto the boat...well, that about finished it. Chad's quiet, unrevealing face didn't change a bit, but Pat looked at me as if I'd struck her. I knew how she felt.

Late that night I woke up, frightened, sure I had heard Chad crying in the next room. But it was Pat.

"You are crying, darling?"

"Of course," she said shakily. "Oh, Bill, it hurts to lose him."

I held her close. "I know so well," I said. "He's like our own boy."

And then so quickly, it was the day for Chad to leave us. I had stayed home to drive him to the station, but Pat wasn't going along. She said she simply couldn't take it.

The three of us were standing in the doorway, just standing there with little to say. Chad was wearing the same clothes he had come to America in — he had wanted to wear them — the short coat, the small

cap, the wool stockings that left his knees bare. But when we had first seen him, on a dock in New York, he had been looking about him defiantly, with his chin out, trying to hide his fears; now his face was serious, his lower lip pulled slightly in.

"I've been happy here," he said.

He was interrupted by the mailman, who handed a letter to Pat. She passed it on to me.

"Goodbye, Chad," she said weakly. "Always remember that we..."

"Wait," I broke in. "this letter's from Captain Burroughs." But my enthusiasm was short-lived. "It's just a little consolation," I said. He says we won't have to worry about Chad. Mrs. Burroughs is being removed to Australia and Chad is supposed to join her there. There won't be any bombs anyway."

"That's something," Pat said.

But Chad was suddenly all animation. "Then I don't have to go!"

Pat dropped to her knees and stared at him. "You don't have to go? Didn't you want to go?"

"Why, no," Chad said. "But she was a very old lady and all alone in the bombings. I thought I would be able to protect her. But now that she's been sent to Australia..."

"Why on earth didn't you tell us how you felt?" I demanded.

He seemed a little embarrassed. "I was afraid," he said, "that it might seem forward of me to think I could protect Mrs. Burroughs. And I knew you wouldn't want a son who was forward."

Pat was half laughing, half crying, and hugging him wildly. To cover my own feelings, I said with an imitation English accent, "Then you're quite happy now, old boy?"

"Quite happy?" He smiled up at me "Uncle Bill, I feel like a million bucks!"

Chad Jollison — American schoolboy, our boy.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a head-quarter — штаб-квартира
- ◆ 2. a mailbox — почтовый ящик

- ◆ 3. a refugee – беженец
- ◆ 4. to adore – обожать
- ◆ 5. a major – майор
- ◆ 6. duration – продолжительность
- ◆ 7. to resist – сопротивляться
- ◆ 8. to tear – tore – torn – рвать; ранить; разрывать
- ◆ 9. desperate – отчаянный
- ◆ 10. to resign to – уступать
- ◆ 11. to recover – выздоравливать
- ◆ 12. a unit – часть, подразделение
- ◆ 13. to recognize – осознавать
- ◆ 14. to sigh – вздыхать
- ◆ 15. a stock market – фондовая биржа
- ◆ 16. suspiciously – подозрительно
- ◆ 17. queer – странный
- ◆ 18. steadily – неуклонно, твердо
- ◆ 19. a youngster – мальчик, юноша
- ◆ 20. to miss – скучать, чувствовать отсутствие
- ◆ 21. a sign – знак
- ◆ 22. cheerful – бодрый, веселый
- ◆ 23. to reveal – обнаруживать, показывать
- ◆ 24. to go along – сопровождать
- ◆ 25. bare – голый, обнаженный
- ◆ 26. a dock – (амер.) пристань, причал
- ◆ 27. defiantly – вызывающе, дерзко
- ◆ 28. a mailman – почтальон
- ◆ 29. consolation – утешение
- ◆ 30. animation – воодушевление
- ◆ 31. to demand – требовать
- ◆ 32. embarrassed – смущенный
- ◆ 33. forward – передовой
- ◆ 34. to hug – обнимать

Use of English

I. Form the necessary words from the given words in brackets and according to the text.

1. Chad came to us an English (refuge).
2. In other words he had been sent to the United States like many other English children to live with an American family for the (durable) of the war.
3. From that first night, on through the week following, there were few signs of (cheer) in our house.
4. Chad's quiet (reveal) face didn't change a bit.
5. "Of course," she said (shake). "Oh, Bill, it hurts to lose him."

II. Match the verbs on the left with the nouns that collocate with them on the right. (Each word can be used once only).

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. to adore | a) a decision |
| 2. to resist | b) a letter |
| 3. to realize | c) sense |
| 4. to fight | d) charge |
| 5. to admire | e) a pain |
| 6. to give | f) a person |
| 7. to recognize | g) a battle |
| 8. to talk | h) an attack |
| 9. to make | i) an interest |
| 10. to take | j) danger |
| 11. to hand | k) a patriot |

III. Choose the right explanation of the italicized words and phrases.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. ...and an early problem – | a) offended; |
| the way the other boys at | b) deceived; |
| school <i>kidded</i> him about | c) joked. |
| his English accent and man- | |
| ners – had disappeared. | |

2. "Rain or shine, bombs or no bombs, they think that England is the only place in the world to live."
 - a) in any weather;
 - b) in any case;
 - c) whatever happens.
3. Pat sighed, "I know I was only hoping, *not talking sense*."
 - a) not being reasonable;
 - b) not being understandable;
 - c) not being persuasive.
4. I had stayed home to drive him to the station, but Pat was not going along. She said she simply couldn't *take it*.
 - a) agree;
 - b) understand;
 - c) be able to bear.
5. "Wait," I *broke in*. "This letter's from Captain Burroughs."
 - a) said rudely;
 - b) broke off the conversation;
 - c) interrupted the conversation.

Reading Comprehension

IV. Paraphrase the italicized parts of the following sentences.

1. He was English and his people *were fighting a desperate battle*, so he could not *let his own individual tragedy show*.
2. But when Chad recovered a little from the shock he *seemed resigned to living with us* and becoming an American.
3. But my enthusiasm was *short-lived*.
4. I was left, staring down at the letter from Captain Burroughs, *already missing that strange youngster* as if he'd been all our own from the very start.
5. From that first night, on through the week following, *there were few signs of cheerfulness in our house*.
6. Chad's quiet, *unrevealing face* didn't change a bit, but Pat looked at me as if I'd struck her.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Why had Chad left England?
2. What was Pat and Bill's attitude towards Chad?

3. When did Chad want to come back to England?
4. What had happened to Chad's father?
5. Why were Pat and Bill upset to receive the letter from Captain Burroughs?
6. Why did Chad decide immediately to return to England?
7. Were Pat and Bill happy about Chad's decision?
8. What letter arrived when Chad and Bill were about to leave to the station?
9. What information upset Chad's plans?
10. Why didn't Chad explain to Pat and Bill why he wanted to go to protect Mrs. Burroughs?

Discussion

VI. Explain and expand on the following.

1. Chad had come to us an English refugee.
2. Chad had taken the news without the slightest show of emotion.
3. Chad did brilliantly, and an early problem had disappeared.
4. Chad got quickly to his feet and shook my hand.
5. Chad was thinking rapidly.
6. Chad's quiet, unrevealing face didn't change.
7. But Chad was suddenly all animation.
8. Chad seemed a little embarrassed.

VII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. Do you know history well? How had it happened that Chad's father had resisted a Nazi tank attack in the North African desert during WWII?
2. In which situations did Chad display the following traits of character: patriotism, self-control, resolution, modesty, decency, the decencies, the sense of humor, the sense of responsibility?
3. Which traits of his character could distinguish him from boys and girls of his age?

4. Can we say about Chad that he had lots of personality? How do you understand it?

5. Who and what life circumstances influenced Chad and helped him to mould his personality?

6. Explain if or how the title of the story "Decision" gives a clear-cut idea about Chad's personality.

7. Choose and say which of the following proverbs and sayings express Chad's main principles in his life. Explain what you mean.

"Delays are dangerous."

"Whilst I live, let me not live in vain."

"Better a glorious death than a shameful life."

"There is no place like home."

"Self-praise is not recommendation."

"A little help is worth a deal of pity."

Keys: Ex. II: 1f 2h 3e 4g 5k 6i 7j 8c 9a 10d 11b; ex. III: 1c 2c 3a 4c 5c.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to upset (plans) – расстраивать (планы)
- ◆ 2. to distinguish – отличать, выделять
- ◆ 3. to mould – формировать
- ◆ 4. whilst = while
- ◆ 5. clear-cut – ясно очерченный; четкий, ясный
- ◆ 6. persuasive – убедительный
- ◆ 7. to offend – обижать
- ◆ 8. to deceive – обманывать
- ◆ 9. resolution – решимость
- ◆ 10. decency – порядочность
- ◆ 11. the decencies – правила хорошего тона
- ◆ 12. a delay – отлагательство, отсрочка, задержка, промедление

Unit 5

"Some people are wise, some are otherwise."

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

ART FOR HEART'S SAKE

Rube Goldberg

Part 1

"Here, take your pineapple juice," gently persuaded Koppel, the male nurse.

"No!" said Collis P. Ellsworth firmly.

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

"No!"

Koppel heard the front door bell and was glad to leave the room. He found Doctor Caswell in the hall downstairs. "I can't do a thing with him," he told the doctor. "He won't take his pineapple juice. He doesn't want me to read to him. He hates the radio. He doesn't like anything."

Doctor Caswell received the information with his usual professional calm. He had done thinking since his last visit. This was no ordinary case. The old gentleman was in pretty good shape for a man of seventy-six years. But he had to be prevented from buying things. He had suffered his last heart attack after his disastrous purchase of that small railroad out in Iowa. The attack before that came from the excitement caused by the failure of the chain of grocery stores which he had previously bought at a very high price. All of his purchases of recent years had to be liquidated at a great sacrifice both to his health and his pocketbook. Though he was still very wealthy, his health had begun to show serious effects from these various business operations.

Collis P. Ellsworth sat in a huge armchair by the window. He looked around as Doctor Caswell asked, "Well, how's the young man today?"

"Umph!" said the figure in the chair in a rather disagreeable tone.

"I hear that you haven't been obeying orders," the doctor said.

"Who's giving me orders at my time of life?"

The doctor drew up the chair and sat down close to the old man. "I've got a suggestion for you," he said quietly.

Old Ellsworth looked suspiciously over his eyeglasses.

"What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides, more foolishness to keep me away from my office?"

"How would you like to take up art?" The doctor had his stethoscope ready in case the suddenness of the suggestion proved too much for the patient's heart.

But the old man's answer was a strong "Foolishness!"

"I don't mean seriously," said the doctor, relieved that nothing had happened. "Just play around with chalk and crayons. It'll be fun."

"Foolishness!"

"All right." The doctor stood up. "I just suggested it, that's all."

Collis P. paused a moment. The wrinkles in his forehead deepened a little. "Where'd you get this crazy idea, anyway?"

"Well, it's only a suggestion -"

"But, Caswell, how do I start playing with the chalk - that is, if I'm foolish enough to start?"

"I've thought of that, too. I can get a student from one of the art schools to come here once a week and show you. If you don't like it after a while, you can throw him out."

Doctor Caswell went to his friend, Judson Livingston, head of the Atlantic Art Institute, and explained the situation. Livingston had just the young man - Frank Swain, eighteen years old and an excellent student. He needed the money. He ran an elevator at night to pay for his schooling. How much would he get? Five dollars a visit. Fine.

The next afternoon young Swain was shown into the big living room. Collis P. Ellsworth looked at him suspiciously.

"Sir, I'm not an artist yet," answered the young man.

"Umph!"

Swain arranged some paper and crayons on the table. "Let's try and draw that vase over there on the table," he suggested.

"What for? It's only a bowl with some blue stains on it. Or are they green?"

"Try it, Mr. Ellsworth, please."

"Umph!" The old man took a piece of crayon in a shaky hand and drew several lines. He drew several more and then connected these crudely. "There it is, young man," he said with a tone of satisfaction. "Such foolishness!" Frank Swain was patient. He needed the five dollars. "If you want to draw you will have to look at what you're drawing, sir."

Ellsworth looked. "Gosh, it's rather pretty. I never noticed it before."

Koppel came in with the announcement that his patient had done enough for the first lesson.

"Oh, it's pineapple juice again," Ellsworth said. Swain left.

Part 2

When the art student came the following week there was a drawing on the table that had a slight resemblance to a vase. The wrinkles deepened at the corners of the old gentleman's eyes as he asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"Not bad, sir," answered Swain. "But it's not quite straight."

"Gosh," old Ellsworth smiled, "I see. The halves don't match." He added a few lines with a shaking hand and colored the open spaces blue like a child playing with a picture book. Then he looked towards the door. "Listen, young man," he whispered, "I want to ask you something before old pineapple juice comes back."

"Yes, sir," answered Swain politely.

"I was thinking - do you have the time to come twice a week or perhaps three times?"

"Sure, Mr. Ellsworth."

"Good. Let's make it Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Four o'clock."

Koppel entered and was surprised when his patient took his pineapple juice without protest.

As the weeks went by Swain's visits grew more frequent. He brought the old man a box of water colors and some tubes of oils.

When Doctor Caswell called, Ellsworth would talk about the graceful lines of the chimney. He would mention something about the rich variety of color in a bowl of fruit. He proudly showed the various stains of paint on his dressing-gown. He would not allow his servant to send it to the cleaner's. He wanted to show the doctor how hard he'd been working.

The treatment was working perfectly. No more trips downtown to his office for the purpose of buying some business that was to fail later. No more crazy financial plans to try the strength of his tired old heart. Art was a complete cure for him.

The doctor thought it safe to allow Ellsworth to visit the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art and other exhibitions with Swain. An entirely new world opened up its mysteries to him. The old man showed a tremendous curiosity about the art galleries and in the painters who exhibited in them. How were the galleries run? Who selected the pictures for the exhibitions? An idea was forming in his brain.

When the late spring began to cover the fields and gardens with color Ellsworth painted a simply horrible picture which he called, "Trees Dressed in White." Then he made a surprising announcement. He was going to exhibit the picture in the summer show at the Lathrop Gallery.

For the summer show at the Lathrop Gallery was the biggest art exhibition of the year – in quality, if not in size. The life – time dream of every important artist in the United States was a prize from this exhibition. Among the paintings of this distinguished group of artists Ellsworth was now going to place his "Trees Dressed in White", which resembled a handful of salad thrown violently against the side of the house.

"If the newspapers hear about this, everyone in town will be laughing at Mr. Ellsworth. We've got to stop him," said Koppel.

"No," warned the doctor. "We can't interfere with him now and take a chance of ruining all the good work which we have done."

To the complete surprise of all three – and especially Swain – "Trees Dressed in White" was accepted for the Lathrop show. Not only was Mr. Ellsworth crazy, thought Koppel, but the Lathrop Gallery was crazy, too.

Fortunately the painting was hung in an inconspicuous place where it did not draw any special notice or comment. Young Swain slipped into the museum one afternoon and blushed to the top of his ears when he saw "Trees dressed in White", a loud ugly picture on a wall otherwise covered with paintings of beauty and harmony. As two laughing students stopped before the strange picture Swain left hurriedly. He could not bear to hear what they had to say.

During the course of the exhibition the old man kept on taking lessons, seldom mentioning his picture in the exhibition. He was usually cheerful. Every time Swain entered the room he found Ellsworth laughing to himself. Maybe Koppel was right. The old man was crazy. But it seemed equally strange that the Lathrop committee should encourage his craziness by accepting his picture.

Two days before the close of the exhibition a special messenger brought a long official-looking envelope to Mr. Ellsworth while Swain, Koppel and the doctor were in the room. "Read it to me," said the old man. "My eyes are tired from painting."

"It gives the Lathrop Gallery great pleasure to announce that the First Prize of \$1,000 has been awarded to Collis P. Ellsworth for his painting, "Trees Dresses in White."

Swain and Koppel were so surprised that they could not say a word. Doctor Caswell, exercising his professional self-control with a supreme effort, said "Congratulations, Mr. Ellsworth. Fine, fine... See, see ...Of course, I didn't expect such great news. But, but – well, now, you'll have to admit that art is much more satisfying than business."

"Art has nothing to do with it," said the old man sharply. "I bought the Lathrop Gallery last month."

The new words:

Part 1

- ◆ 1. a pineapple – ананас
- ◆ 2. to persuade – убеждать
- ◆ 3. male – мужчина
- ◆ 4. a male nurse – брат милосердия
- ◆ 5. to prevent – мешать, препятствовать
- ◆ 6. disastrous – бедственный, гибельный
- ◆ 7. purchase – покупка
- ◆ 8. failure – неудача
- ◆ 9. a chain – цепь
- ◆ 10. sacrifice – жертва
- ◆ 11. a pocket-book – бумажник
- ◆ 12. an effect – влияние
- ◆ 13. to obey – повиноваться
- ◆ 14. suspiciously – подозрительно
- ◆ 15. to relieve – облегчать, ослаблять напряжение
- ◆ 16. a crayon – цветной карандаш (мелок)
- ◆ 17. a wrinkle – морщина
- ◆ 18. a bowl – кубок, чаша
- ◆ 19. a stain – пятно
- ◆ 20. crudely – грубо

Part 2

- ◆ 21. to resemble – иметь сходство
- ◆ 22. slight – незначительный
- ◆ 23. straight – прямой, ровный
- ◆ 24. frequent – частый
- ◆ 25. a chimney – труба
- ◆ 26. a dressing gown – халат
- ◆ 27. curiosity – любознательность
- ◆ 28. distinguished – выдающийся
- ◆ 29. to interfere – вмешиваться
- ◆ 30. inconspicuous – незаметный
- ◆ 31. supreme – крайний, предельный
- ◆ 32. an effort – усилие

Use of English

I. From the following words form 1) nouns; 2) adjectives; 3) negative adjectives which you have come across in the text.

a) to fail, to heal, to suggest, to suspect, to treat, to announce, to draw, to resemble, to vary, to satisfy, weal, fool, sudden, art, strong, curious, crazy;

b) disaster, fool, grace, violence, to shake, to suspect, to vary, to surprise;

c) usual, agreeable, conspicuous.

II. Match the following Russian words and phrases with their English equivalents from the text.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. санитар, брат милосердия | a) to keep away from |
| 2. быть в хорошей спортивной форме | b) a life-time dream |
| 3. с большими убытками и жертвами | c) in case |
| 4. заняться чем-либо | d) a male nurse |
| 5. мечта всей жизни | e) to have nothing to do with |
| 6. решиться на что-либо | f) to be in good shape |
| 7. просто поразвлечься | g) to run an elevator |
| 8. в случае | h) to take a chance |
| 9. работать лифтером | i) to take up something |
| 10. не иметь ничего общего | j) at a great sacrifice |
| 11. не подпускать близко | k) just to play around |

III. Fill in the blanks with the necessary prepositions.

1. to prevent ... buying things
2. to buy ... a very high price
3. to liquidate ... a great sacrifice
4. to sit ... a huge armchair
5. to say ... a disagreeable tone
6. to be shown ... the big living room

7. to have a slight resemblance ... a vase
8. no trips ... the purpose of buying something
9. to show a tremendous curiosity ... something
10. to interfere ... somebody

IV. Match the following adjectives on the left with the nouns that collocate with them on the right. (Each word can be used once only.)

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. professional | a) hand |
| 2. ordinary | b) artist |
| 3. agreeable | c) effort |
| 4. crazy | d) tone |
| 5. shaky | e) place |
| 6. graceful | f) self-control |
| 7. financial | g) envelope |
| 8. life-time | h) case |
| 9. distinguished | i) plans |
| 10. inconspicuous | j) lines |
| 11. official-looking | k) dream |
| 12. supreme | l) idea |

Reading Comprehension

V. Complete the following sentences choosing a), b) or c).

1. Collis P. Ellsworth suffered heart attacks because a) he was rather old; b) he was drawn into business; c) some of his business operations failed.
2. Collis P. Ellsworth accepted the idea of learning to draw because a) he wanted to acquire some habits to draw; b) he felt some taste for drawing; c) he wanted to seek his fortune in a new business.
3. Collis P. Ellsworth showed a tremendous curiosity about the art galleries because a) art became a complete cure for him; b) a new idea was forming in his mind; c) he was fascinated by art.
4. The First Prize was awarded to the old gentleman for his picture because a) the Gallery committee wanted to encourage the old beginner in painting; b) his picture deserved the prize; c) Collis P. Ellsworth became the owner of the gallery.

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. Identify the following characters: Koppel, Swain, Ellsworth.
2. Why was Ellsworth under the care of a doctor?
3. Did Ellsworth follow the doctor's pieces of advice?
4. Had a male nurse any difficulties with Ellsworth?
5. What caused Ellsworth's heart attacks?
6. Was Ellsworth a very poor or wealthy man?
7. Had his recent business operations been very successful?
8. Why did the doctor consider that the case with Ellsworth wasn't an ordinary case?
9. What was the doctor's suggestion to prevent Ellsworth from buying things?
10. Did Ellsworth agree to take up art at once?
11. What kind of art teacher was Frank Swain?
12. Did Ellsworth's interest in art grow or lessen?
13. Where did Ellsworth begin to go with F. Swain?
14. What information did he become interested in?
15. What new ideas were forming in his brain?
16. What picture did he paint?
17. Did his picture really deserve to be exhibited in one of the best galleries?
18. What was the reaction of the people who surrounded Ellsworth to the fact that his picture was accepted for the show?
19. What message did a special messenger bring one day in an official-looking envelope?
20. What was the reaction of the people who were in the room?
21. What was Ellsworth's explanation after the doctor's stammering remark?

Discussion

VII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. What is your opinion about Mr. Ellsworth's health? Give the facts from the text and your own reasons for it too.

2. Was Mr. Ellsworth quite sensible and able to take a decision based on reason and experience rather than on emotions? Prove your point of view.

3. Can you suppose that he made different purchases only by force of habit and did nothing to go into business seriously? What makes you think so?

4. Can you suppose that the reason for Mr. Ellsworth's behaviour was his stupid wilfulness? Prove your point of view.

5. Does any of the following proverbs convey the main idea of the story? Explain your point of view.

"Wealth like want ruins many."

"He is a good man whom fortune makes better."

"Every man has his hobby-horse."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **sensible** – (благо)разумный, здравомыслящий
- ◆ 2. **(stupid) wilfulness** – (глупое) упрямство, самодурство
- ◆ 3. **to seek one's fortunate** – искать счастья,
- ◆ 4. **to fascinate** – очаровывать

Keys: Ex. II: 1d 2f 3j 4i 5b 6h 7k 8c 9g 10e 11a;
Ex. IV: 1f 2h 3d 4e 5a 6j 7i 8k 9b 10e 11g 12c.

* * *

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

ALL ABOARD

Walter Daveport

Part I

Ordinary men like you and me would have told young Hillegas the facts at the beginning, using no more words than would be necessary for simple courtesy.

But that wasn't Ham's way.

I have heard it said that Ham Mason should have been a dramatist or a public speaker because he loved to talk so much. However,

the Mason House, of which Ham was proprietor, clerk and general repair man, was obvious proof that he was no hotel man worth mentioning.

"Glad to take care of you, mister," said Ham to the young fellow who had arrived on the noon train with the most expensive travelling bag the Mason House had ever held.

"Let me see." Ham looked at the board where, in great disorder, hung the keys to the various rooms.

"Four, five, six, sev – I can let you have number six, mister – mister." Ham turned the register around in order to see the name of the new guest – Mr. Hillegas. "I can put you in number six, Mr. Hillegas, but I am sorry I can't give you any bath. There's a nice bath just down the hall a little ways."

And Ham took the young fellow's important looking bag and led the way up the stairs, talking constantly all the way about how he was very busy teaching a new maid her duties because Jennie Burkett, the regular maid, was home looking after her father, who had been struck by a street-car on Sunday night, and how number eight was the only room with a private bath and that Clyde Betts, his brother-in-law who travelled for Gibson's wholesale groceries, always had to have number eight and that Clyde was due on his monthly call at Milestown that afternoon.

Mr. Hillegas did not seem interested, yet he didn't show any irritation. An older man would have tried to silence Ham in one way or another. Ham always took advantage of a young audience, knowing its durability.

"From New York, you say," said Ham, showing Hillegas into room number six and setting down the impressive bag. "What's your business?"

"Investments," said the young fellow, "I'm with Crissman and Maginley, one of the oldest investment houses in New York. I haven't been with them long. I've come to see Mr. Edward Colesberry. Don't you know him?"

True genius can make use of any opportunity, and here Ham saw a real chance to exhibit his gifts of eloquence.

"Ed Colesberry?" he cried. "Why, Mr. Hillegas, if Ed Colesberry and me were blood brothers, I couldn't have known him no better. So you came all the way out here from New York to see Ed Colesberry, hey?"

Ham was very much pleased with himself.

"Mr. Colesberry and a few others," said the young man. "You see, I haven't been with the firm long. Mr. Colesberry used to do business with us, and they decided to send some of us younger men out to look up old customers who haven't been buying for a long while."

"Well, Mr. Hillegas," said Ham, "I don't plan to take up your good time, but maybe you'd like to get an idea about the kind of a fellow you came out to see."

Hillegas said that he would be glad to learn something about Ed Colesberry, and he gave Ham a large cigar.

"Ed was sixty years old last month," said Ham, "getting along in years. He and I went to school together, so what I'm telling you is so. Most popular boy in the country, Ed Colesberry. The most intelligent too. Half the business men in town wanted him to work for them when he graduated from his high school."

"Ham," he says to me, "I'm going to work for Willis Deemer for a while. Then as soon as I get a little money together, I'm going to New York where a fellow has a chance to do big things. I'm not going to bury myself here in Milestown. I'm not going to be happy until I hear the conductor on the New York train say, 'All aboard for New York City!'"

"Well, Ed worked in Willis Deemer's hardware store for a year and did so well that Willis who was getting along in years, offered to make him a partner. Ed was refusing for the fourth time, saying that he didn't want to be tied down, when Willis died and Willis' widow begged Ed to take over the business for a while because it was all that Willis had left to her and the children."

"Ed said all right, that he'd stay a little longer, and in a few months the Deemer hardware store was the biggest in the country

and getting bigger, and Ed was in love with Maureen Brent, whose father was our biggest real estate man."

"I'm only staying a while longer," Ed told me, "and then Maureen and I are getting married and moving to New York where we can get somewhere. I'll be smiling when the conductor on that train yells, 'All aboard.'"

Part 2

"Well, Mr. Hillegas, Maureen got sick, and the wedding had to be postponed a couple of times, and when they did get married the doctor said that it would not be good for her to move so close to the ocean as New York, for a year or so anyway."

"So Ed stayed in Milestown, making Willis Deemer's widow rich and at the same time becoming a partner in the business so that it would be easier for him to carry it on. Of course, at the same time, he was making money himself too."

"But as soon as Maureen can go east," said Ed, "we're going to New York. We're not going to bury ourselves in Milestown."

"Ed was a really ambitious fellow, Mr. Hillegas. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said young Hillegas. "And he was determined to go to New York, in a way."

"That's it exactly," said Ham. "And about a couple of years after the time I was just telling you about her father started that real estate development over on Gobbler's Hill, calling it Mount Airy, and though Ed objected strongly, saying that he didn't want to get tied down because he and Maureen were surely going to New York as soon as their baby was able to travel, they made him one of the big men in the business, since they thought that this was the best way to make it a definite success."

"Of course, you're wondering why Milestown didn't tell Ed to go to New York if he didn't like it here, but you have to remember, Mr. Hillegas, that Ed was of those fellows who can get away with that sort of thing, and besides Milestown just didn't want to lose Ed,

because everything he got into, no matter if he wanted to or not, went big, and people trusted him.

"For instance, the real estate development in which everybody had invested their money was doing just fine when Ketchum Brent, Maureen's father, died, and Ed simply had to take over Ketchum's work. Besides, all Ketchum's money was in the development, and, now that it came to Maureen, Ed just had to devote his time to it. I don't think Milestown has ever had a bigger money maker than that development, Mr. Hillegas. But Ed was as angry as a bear.

"Yes, sir," said Ham, "and it was very strange the way that things happened. The development was a big success, and Maureen had her second baby, and Ed made an arrangement with the bank to take care of his and Maureen's real estate holdings. He sold out his half of the hardware business at a big profit and was looking for someone to buy his house.

" 'Ham,' he said to me, 'I'm going to New York. Yes, sir, the time has come and I'm a younger man yet. Maureen's not any too well, and she needs care by special doctors, and the kids will have special schools, and it's only a matter of days now when I'll hear the conductor of the New York train yelling, "All aboard!" Yes, Sir.'

"And, Mr. Hillegas, just at that time the savings bank almost failed completely. Yes, sir. Tom Staub, the cashier, left town one night with almost all the money, and it looked as though most of the working people in Milestown had lost all their money.

"It certainly looked for a while as if the savings bank would have to close, and while the poor people would like to have killed Tom Staub they were thinking more about saving the bank in some way, and they just naturally began insisting that Ed Colesberry do something.

"Maureen, who by this time also wanted to go to New York, just made Ed take over the bank. Ed never had any banking experience, but he didn't need any as far as I could see. He just took over, and the bank did what everything else did – just what Ed wanted it to do. It took a little time but Ed saved it.

"He came out of it president of the bank. It's the biggest savings bank in this end of the state today. But when Ed took over the bank he came to me and said that no matter what happened he was going to New York and nobody could stop him. I couldn't help laughing a little."

Ham paused impressively.

"So I'll find him at the savings bank, hey?" said young Hillegas.

"No," said Ham, "you won't, Mr. Hillegas. Ed's gone to New York. I was coming to that. Ed died last week. Stroke. In his will which he made right after they made him head of the bank he gave a million dollars to Milestown and the rest to Maureen and the children – provided that they buried him in New York. He was determined to get there some how."

The new words:

Part 1

- ◆ 1. **courtesy** – вежливость
- ◆ 2. **proprietor** – владелец
- ◆ 3. **obvious** – очевидный
- ◆ 4. **a maid** – горничная
- ◆ 5. **regular** – постоянный
- ◆ 6. **wholesale** – оптовая торговля
- ◆ 7. **groceries** – бакалея
- ◆ 8. **due** – должный
- ◆ 9. **a call** – краткий визит
- ◆ 10. **to irritate** – раздражать
- ◆ 11. **durable** – длительный
- ◆ 12. **to set down** – положить, бросить на землю
- ◆ 13. **an opportunity** – удобный случай
- ◆ 14. **eloquence** – красноречие
- ◆ 15. **to look up** – навещать
- ◆ 16. **a customer** – покупатель, заказчик
- ◆ 17. **to take up** – отнимать время
- ◆ 18. **to bury** – хоронить
- ◆ 19. **hardware** – скобяные товары
- ◆ 20. **to tie down** – стеснять

- ◆ 21. a widow – вдова
- ◆ 22. a real estate man – владелец – торговец недвижимостью
- ◆ 23. to yell – выкрикивать, кричать

Part 2

- ◆ 24. to postpone – откладывать
- ◆ 25. to carry on – продолжать, вести дело
- ◆ 26. ambitious – честолюбивый
- ◆ 27. determined – непреклонный
- ◆ 28. in a way – в известном смысле
- ◆ 29. development – застройка, новое строительство
- ◆ 30. holdings – вклады
- ◆ 31. profit – прибыль
- ◆ 32. a savings bank – сберегательный банк
- ◆ 33. a cashier – кассир
- ◆ 34. a stroke – удар, паралич
- ◆ 35. a will – завещание
- ◆ 36. provided – при условии

Use of English

I. Form the words from the given roots in brackets and according to the text.

1. However, the Mason House, of which Ham was proprietor, clerk and general repair man, was obvious (prove) that he was no hotel man worth mentioning.
2. Ham looked at the board where in great (order), hung the keys to the (vary) rooms.
3. "Clyde was due on his (month) call at Milestown."
4. Mr. Hillegas did not seem interested, yet he didn't show any (irritate).
5. Ham always took advantage of a young audience, knowing its (durable).
6. "Tom Staub, the (cash), left town one night with almost all money."

II. Match the following Russian words and phrases with their equivalents from the text.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. заставить замолчать | a) to start over |
| 2. перехитрить, обмануть кого-либо | b) to take over the business |
| 3. использовать что-либо или кого-либо, чтобы извлечь выгоду | c) to make money |
| 4. договориться о чем-либо | d) to silence |
| 5. родной брат | e) real estate holdings |
| 6. разбогатеть | f) to take advantage of somebody |
| 7. деловой человек | g) to make use of sth or sb. |
| 8. всё, в чем он участвовал и вступал в пай | h) a man of business |
| 9. снова начать | i) at a big profit |
| 10. с большой прибылью | j) to make an arrangement |
| 11. вклады в недвижимость | k) everything he got into |
| 12. взять ответственность за бизнес вместо другого лица | l) a blood brother |

III. Match the words on the left with the words which collocate with them on the right. (Each word can be used once only).

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. ordinary | a) fellow |
| 2. public | b) store |
| 3. obvious | c) bath |
| 4. banking | d) bank |
| 5. ambitious | e) man |
| 6. popular | f) experience |
| 7. high | g) boy |
| 8. private | h) proof |
| 9. hardware | i) school |
| 10. savings | j) speaker |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Identify if the following sentences are true or false and correct the false ones.

1. Ham Mansom was dreaming of becoming a dramatist or a public speaker.
2. Ham Manson was a good proprietor and manager of his hotel.
3. Mr. Hillegas tried to silence Ham in one way or another, but couldn't.
4. Mr. Hillegas worked in the investment company in New York.
5. Mr. Hillegas came to Milestown to meet with some former customers, including Ed Colesberry.
6. Ed Colesberry was popular with the business men in town.
7. On the doctor's advice Ed Colesberry and his wife couldn't move so close to the ocean as New York.
8. Ed's father-in-law started the real estate development.
9. The savings bank failed completely after the cashier had left town one night with all the money.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. What was the name of the hotel of which Ham was a proprietor?
2. Was Ham Mason glad to take care of his visitor only due to his duties or did he notice anything unusual?
3. What adjectives did the author use before the word "bag"? Did the author use different adjectives to beautify his narration or to convey any idea?
4. Why was Ham Mason unable to give Mr. Hillegas a room with a bath?
5. Did Ham Mason claim that he knew Ed Colesberry well or only distantly?
6. How did Ham characterize Ed Colesberry when he was a boy, a young man?
7. What was Ed Colesberry's life-time dream?
8. Why was his dream important for him?
9. In what kind of store did Ed first begin to work?

10. What were the circumstances which finally forced Ed to take over Deemer's Hardware Store?

11. Whom did Ed marry?

12. What was Maureen Bret's father?

13. Did Deemer's Hardware Store do well or poorly under Ed Colesberry's management?

14. Why did Maureen's father involve Ed Colesberry in a new business, the real estate building?

15. Why didn't Ed wish to take part at first in the real estate building?

16. What was the attitude of the people who lived in Milestown to Ed Colesberry?

17. Why did Ed make an arrangement with the bank to take care of his and Maureen's real estate holdings and why did he sell his half of the hardware business?

18. What happened to the savings bank?

19. Why did the poor people insist that Ed Colesberry take over the bank?

20. Did Ed have any banking experience?

21. How did Ed come out of the situation with the bank?

22. Was Ed still going to New York at that time?

23. What happened to him?

24. What was his will?

25. Where was he buried?

Discussion

VI. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. Ham Mason was sure that Ed Colesberry was a really ambitious man. ('Ambitious' means to be determined to be successful, rich, powerful.) Do you share Ham Mason's point of view? Give arguments to prove your opinion.

2. Ed Colesberry was a prosperous businessman. What qualities of his character made him prosperous? Choose some of them from the list below and prove your choice using the facts from the story.

(Intelligent, hardworking, merciful, persuadable, honest, resourceful, just, capable, persistent, courageous, etc.).

3. Do you sympathize with Ed Colesberry, a rich businessman? Why?

4. Why didn't Ed Colesberry realize his life-time dream?

5. How would you imagine Ed Colesberry's activity and position in New York if he had realized his life-time dream?

6. How does the saying "A great ship asks deep waters" refer to Ed Colesberry?

VII. Discuss the following:

a) Which of the following proverbs and sayings given below express Ed Colesberry's strict principles in his life?

"Live and let live."

"Live and learn."

"Health is better than wealth."

"Business is the salt of life."

"The business of life is to go forward."

"The ruler shows the man."

b) Formulate the principles a true businessman should stick to.

The new words:

- ♦ 1. **ambitious** – честолюбивый, стремящийся, жаждущий
- ♦ 2. **determined** – решительный, непреклонный
- ♦ 3. **intelligent** – умный, смысленный
- ♦ 4. **merciful** – милосердный, сострадательный
- ♦ 5. **persuadable** – поддающийся убеждению
- ♦ 6. **persistent** – упорный, настойчивый
- ♦ 7. **to refer** – иметь отношение
- ♦ 8. **to stick to** – придерживаться, оставаться верным
- ♦ 9. **a narration** – рассказ, повествование

Keys: Ex. II: 1d 2f 3g 4j 5l 6c 7h 8k 9a 10i 11e 12b;
Ex. III: 1e 2j 3h 4f 5a 6g 7i 8c 9b 10d (other variants are possible)

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

CLOCKWORK

Howard Breslin

It was a small window with narrow pieces of paper pasted across it to prevent its breaking during the heavy air raids. In the small space at the center that remained, a little man with eyeglasses was carefully setting out his display of clocks and watches. He paid no attention to the Londoners hurrying by to begin another day.

When he finished placing his merchandise, the little man came out of the shop and stared in the window. He had placed the clocks and watches with great care – the clocks in a row at the back, and in front of them lying flat, a semi-circle of watches. All the clocks had their faces neatly divided in the middle by hands that pointed to six o'clock; all the watches, thin or flat, had their hands pointing straight at three o'clock.

"Yes," said the jeweler with a satisfied look. "Very nice."

About an hour later a passenger got out of the bus at the corner. He was a tall man with blonde moustache, and he wore a heavy overcoat and a black hat. He was slightly lame and carried a cane. He smiled when the policeman at the corner said "Good morning" to him. The lame man's name was Gebhardt, and the policeman's superior offices would have been very glad to know that.

Gebhardt walked slowly, leaning heavily on his cane. The meeting with the policeman never failed to amuse him, and he smiled to himself at the stupidity of the English. Gebhardt looked into the jewelry shop window.

There was no expression on his face as he looked from the clocks and six to the watches that said three. He had passed the shop faithfully every day for two weeks, but had never gone in. Gebhardt set his wrist watch and pushed open the door.

A salesman was talking with the jeweler at the far end of the counter, but they turned as the door shut. The jeweler walked toward Gebhardt and stared at him. "Yes?" asked the little man.

"My watch," said Gebhardt. "It seems to have stopped. An hour or so ago." He took off his watch and laid it on the counter.

The watch's hands indicated nine o'clock. "I see," said the jeweler. "Stopped."

Gebhardt looked toward the salesman but the salesman was busy examining a catalogue. The jeweler picked up the watch.

Gebhardt said: "And you might change the strap. That one is about worn out."

He leaned against the counter and waited. Once he looked into the back room where the jeweler had taken his watch. He could see the old man, bent over a desk, examining his watch. Gebhardt lit a cigarette and waited.

It was less than five minutes when the little man came back. He held out the watch with its new strap and Gebhardt put it on. "You should be careful," said the jeweler. "That is a fine watch."

"Yes, I know," said Gebhardt casually. "And I'm sure it will work perfectly now." He paid the jeweler, and left the shop.

All the way back to his room Gebhardt was conscious of the strap on his wrist, but he did not look at the watch even once. After all, in his business you couldn't be too careful.

Once inside the small room where he had lived since he first came to London, Gebhardt put aside all appearance of lameness and moved about the room with quick sureness, locking the door, pulling down the curtains. Finally, he lit the light over his desk, and took off his wrist watch.

Working rapidly, he removed the straps from both ends of the watch. Then with a knife he opened the ends of the straps and, finally, from one end took out a small piece of very thin paper. He spread the paper out on his desk and with a glass began to study the message, which was written in code.

The message was short and to the point. It read: "Trucks from King Charles Square will transport Regiment 55 tomorrow a.m. Act at once."

"So," said Gebhardt softly. He burned the paper in the ash-tray. For a moment he sat thinking. He previously knew that a large number of trucks in King Charles Square would be used to carry soldiers from London to the coast. And somewhere along the route trucks and soldiers would be blown to pieces with explosives.

Gebhardt drew his suitcase from under the bed and opened it on the desk. From its nest of cotton he picked up one of the bombs. It was wide and flat, quite different in form from the usual, old-fashioned type of bomb. Attached with wire to the bottom of an automobile engine the bomb was deadly when the motor heated.

He decided to take with him in a small package about fourteen of the bombs. That was about all he could take care of it in two hours. He had detailed information on all the places and garages where Army trucks were stationed, and now he consulted his information on King Charles Square. By midnight all the soldiers and mechanics were gone; at two o'clock a policeman looked in to check up. Gebhardt was very much pleased with himself. Thanks to British inefficiency, he would have the place to himself between twelve o'clock and two o'clock.

Thinking of the importance of time suddenly reminded him, and he put a new strap on his watch, and then put the watch on his wrist. Then, he sat very still, looking into space, mentally checking every detail of the plan.

Gebhardt smiled. Of course! Outside the jewelry shop he had set his watch sixty-four minutes for the signal to the jeweler. He smiled again as he now moved the minute hand of his watch exactly sixty-four minutes ahead. Never forgetting these small details made him a good secrete agent and he knew it.

When the time came Gebhardt moved carefully through the darkness of the blacked-out streets.

In the alley behind King Charles Square he stopped and looked at his watch. Twelve o'clock exactly. Gebhardt smiled. The whole thing was going like clockwork. He waited another ten minutes just to be on the safe side.

Gebhardt climbed a fence, moved carefully along a narrow space between two buildings, and came out in King Charles Square. He stood a moment, counting the black forms of the trucks.

Gebhardt moved over to the nearest truck. He set down his package, took some wire and a wire-cutter from a pocket. He slid under the truck and felt along the bottom of the engine. Lying flat on his back, working in the dark, he began to wire the bomb to the exact place he wanted it.

Somebody stepped on his ankle.

Pain shot up Gebhardt's leg, and he bit his lip, not breathing. No, he thought, there can't be anyone here at this hour. I have checked it many times. But that weight kept pressing into his ankle.

"All right, mister," said the voice. "Come out of there."

The wire-cutter fell from his fingers. Hands grabbed at Gebhardt's legs, pulled. In a panic, he kicked himself loose, got up and ran wildly.

A man shouted. Someone blew a whistle. A form jumped from nowhere and knocked him to the ground. Gebhardt drove his fist into a face, twice, pulled away free, ran on. He ran into a wall, turned the wrong way. A flashlight focused on him. He turned back, but too late.

"There! Get him!..."

Gebhardt drew his revolver. As he ran, he heard them shout as they came close to him.

There was the noise of rapid gun fire behind him, and something struck him in the back. No, thought Gebhardt, the plan was perfect. There was a sharp pain. He said weakly: "No." He was dead when the soldiers reached him. He lay with his one arm stretched out in front of him, his wrist watch showing the hour.

"Imagine the nerve of that guy!" said a young soldier. "He walked in here as though we didn't even exist. That's a nice watch he has on. But it broke when he fell."

"It's an hour fast," said a second soldier. "How did that happen?"

The little jeweler was even more surprised when he read the newspaper report the next day about Gebhardt's death. I can't understand it, he thought. The man must have been careless. Nothing went wrong on my part. Why, I even set his watch correctly before I gave it back to him."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **clockwork** – часовой механизм; точный
- ◆ 2. **to paste** – наклеивать
- ◆ 3. **to prevent** – предотвращать
- ◆ 4. **air raid** – воздушный налет
- ◆ 5. **to set out** – выставлять напоказ
- ◆ 6. **merchandize** – товары
- ◆ 7. **hands** – стрелки часов
- ◆ 8. **lame** – хромой
- ◆ 9. **a cane** – трость
- ◆ 10. **superior** – высший
- ◆ 11. **a jewelry shop** – ювелирный магазин
- ◆ 12. **faithfully** – верно, честно
- ◆ 13. **to set the watch** – установить стрелки часов
- ◆ 14. **to push** – толкать
- ◆ 15. **a counter** – прилавок
- ◆ 16. **a strap** – ремень, ремешок
- ◆ 17. **to wear out** – изнашиваться
- ◆ 18. **casually** – небрежно
- ◆ 19. **conscious** – сознающий, ощущающий
- ◆ 20. **once** – когда, как только
- ◆ 21. **appearance** – видимость
- ◆ 22. **to the point** – expressed in a simple clear way without any extra information or feelings
- ◆ 23. **an ash-tray** – пепельница
- ◆ 24. **a truck** – грузовик
- ◆ 25. **to heat** – нагревать
- ◆ 26. **to attach** – прикреплять
- ◆ 27. **a wire** – проволока
- ◆ 28. **deadly** – смертельный
- ◆ 29. **a package** – пакет
- ◆ 30. **to station** – размещать
- ◆ 31. **inefficiency** – неспособность, неумелость
- ◆ 32. **blacked-out** – затемненный (в связи с противоздушными оборонами)
- ◆ 33. **to set down** – положить, бросить на землю
- ◆ 34. **to slide (slid)** – скользить

- ◆ 35. an ankle – лодыжка
- ◆ 36. to shoot up – быстро расти
- ◆ 37. loose – свободный
- ◆ 38. to drive(drove, driven) – делать удар (в теннисе)
- ◆ 39. a fist – кулак
- ◆ 40. a flashlight – ручной электрический фонарь

Use of English

I. Form the words from the given words in brackets and according to the text.

1. When he finished placing his (merchant), the little man came out of the shop.
2. The meeting with the policeman never failed to amuse him, and he smiled to himself at the (stupid) of the English.
3. Gebhardt looked into the (jewel) shop window.
4. Gebhardt put aside all (appear) of (lame) and moved about the room with quick (sure).
5. And somewhere along the route trucks and soldiers would be blown to pieces with (explode).
6. Attached with wire to the bottom of an automobile engine the bomb was (dead) when the motor heated.
7. Thanks to British (efficiency), he would have the place to himself between twelve o'clock and two o'clock.
8. The little (jewel) was even more surprised when he read the newspaper report the next day about Gebhardt's (die).

II. Match the following phrasal verbs and phrases on the left with their meanings on the right.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1. to set out | a) to put or to throw on the ground |
| 2. on the safe side | b) to start moving |
| 3. to shoot up | c) to arrange or to display things |
| 4. to set down | d) to separate oneself from people or their influence |
| 5. to kick oneself loose | e) to cause great damage to something |
| 6. to pull away | f) being especially careful, taking no risk |

III. Match each adjective on the left with its synonym or near-synonym on the right.

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| 1. flat | a) accurate |
| 2. neat | b) complete; completely correct |
| 3. fat | c) aware of something; noticing something |
| 4. stupid | d) smooth, even |
| 5. faithful | e) right |
| 6. perfect | f) foolish, silly |
| 7. conscious | g) thick or wide |
| 8. rapid | h) preceding |
| 9. previous | i) loyal |
| 10. deadly | j) very quick |
| 11. exact | k) tidy and in order |
| 12. correct | l) extreme |

IV. a) Form the negative adjectives from the following words using negative prefixes.

Conscious, exact, perfect, faithful, correct.

b) Find the opposites of the following words in the text.

Tight, inferior.

Reading Comprehension

V. Identify if the following statements are false or true Correct the false ones.

1. A salesman was carefully setting out his display of clocks and watches.
2. A short passenger got out of the bus at the corner.
3. Gebhardt pretended to be lame.
4. Gebhardt entered the jewelry shop exactly at 10 o'clock.
5. The jeweler examined and repaired Gebhardt's watch for less than five minutes.
6. In the message Gebhardt was ordered to act immediately.
7. Gebhardt kept bombs in the room where he had lived since he first came to London.

8. Mentally, checking every detail of the plan, Gebhardt decided not to move the minute hand of his watch exactly sixty-four minutes ahead.

9. Gebhardt began to realize his plan exactly at twelve o'clock according to his watch.

10. At the moment of death Gebhardt understood the reason for his failure.

VI. Paraphrase the italicized parts of the following sentences or give synonymous words.

1. Gebhardt *set* his wrist watch and pushed open the door.

2. "You should be careful," said the jeweler. "That is a fine watch." – "Yes, I know," said Gebhardt *casually*.

3. Once inside the small room where he had lived since he first came to London, Gebhardt put aside all appearance of lameness and moved about the room with quick sureness

4. He spread the paper out of his desk and with a *glass* began to study the message, *which was written in code*.

5. The message was short and *to the point*.

6. When the time came Gebhardt moved carefully through the darkness of the *black-out streets*.

7. "Imagine the nerve of that guy!" said a young soldier.

8. The little jeweler thought, "That man must have been careless. *Nothing went wrong on my part.*"

VII. Answer the following questions:

1. During what historical event did the narrated actions take place?

2. On the territory of what country did the action take place?

3. Why did the jeweler's shop window have narrow pieces of paper pasted across it?

4. Why was Gebhardt sure that the policeman's superior officers would have been very glad to know him?

5. Why did Gebhardt pay attention to the watches and clocks which showed definite but different time?

6. Why did the meeting with the policeman amuse Gebhardt?

7. At what time did Gebhardt plan to begin his operation?

8. What happened when Gebhardt was wiring a bomb to the motor of one of the trucks?

9. What was the final aim of his operation?

10. What amazed a British soldier who saw Gebhardt lying dead?

Discussion

VIII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. Reproduce the situations from the text where Gebhardt was very pleased with himself and explain why.

2. Do you agree that Gebhardt was really a good secret agent and what makes you think so?

3. Who was guilty of the failure? Whose serious error was the reason for it?

4. What qualities of Gebhardt's character let him down? Remind about the situations from the text. Choose some of the qualities in the list below. You may add whatever you need.

Careless, resourceful, light-minded, careful, courageous, strong-willed, brave, merciless, (in)humane, thoughtless, dashing, haughty, vain, presumptuous, etc.

5. Give the character of Gebhardt. Express and explain your attitude towards him.

The new words:

- ♦ 1. **dashing** – лихой, стремительный
- ♦ 2. **haughty** – надменный, высокомерный
- ♦ 3. **vain** – тщеславный
- ♦ 4. **presumptuous** – нахальный, самонадеянный
- ♦ 5. **an error** – ошибка

Keys: Ex. II: 1c, 2f, 3e, 4a, 5d, 6b; Ex. III: 1d, 2k, 3g, 4f, 5i, 6b, 7c, 8j, 9h, 10l, 11a, 12e.

Ex. IV(b): loose, superior.

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

A CASE OF SUSPICION

Ed Wallace

He threw back the covers and sat up on his bed, his feet feeling along the cold floor for his house slippers, the telephone ringing insistently a little distance away.

He turned on the light and walked to the phone, took down the receiver.

"This is Doctor Benson," he said.

The November wind was bringing sounds of winter as it blew around the little white house. The doctor got into his clothes. He went to the table and stared a moment at his watch, his spirit complaining of the job ahead of him.

Two o'clock. His mind also complained at the horrible hour and he wondered why children always had to be born at such improper times. He took up two small handbags, the short pill bag as the people of the town knew it, and the long obstetrical case, the baby bag they called it.

Doctor Benson stopped a moment to light a cigarette, then put the pack of cigarettes in his overcoat pocket. The wind felt like a surgeon's knife at his face as he opened the door and ran, bending low, around the driveway to the garage.

His car started with difficulty, coughed a half dozen times as he drove down the driveway but then began to run more smoothly as he turned down Grass Street and on to the deserted highway.

Mrs. Ott Sorley, whom Doctor Benson was on his way to visit, had almost a dozen children, but it seemed to the doctor that never once had she had a baby in good weather, nor in daylight. And while Doctor Benson was a country doctor, he was still a young man and couldn't find the pleasure that his father, "the old Doc Benson" had found in seeing Ott, the father, always two or three babies behind in the payment of his baby bills.

It was a long ride out to the Sorley farm and the sight of a man walking alone along the country road, as seen just ahead by the lights of the car, was a welcome relief to the doctor. He slowed down and looked at the man walking along with difficulty against the wind, a little package under his arm.

Coming alongside, Doctor Benson stopped and invited the man to ride. The man got in.

"Are you going far?" asked the doctor.

"I'm going all the way to Detroit," said the man, a rather thin man with small black eyes filled with tears from the wind. "Could you give me a cigarette?"

Doctor Benson unbuttoned his coat, then remembered the cigarettes in the outer pocket of his overcoat. He took out the package and gave it to the rider who then looked in his own pockets for a match. When the cigarette was lighted, the man held the package a moment, then asked, "Do you mind, mister, if I take another cigarette for later?" The rider shook the package to remove another cigarette without waiting for the doctor to answer. Doctor Benson felt a hand touch his pocket.

"I'll put them back in your pocket," the little fellow said. Doctor Benson put his hand down quickly to receive the cigarettes and was a little irritated to find them already in his pocket.

After a few minutes Doctor Benson said: "So you're going to Detroit?"

"I'm going out to look for work in one of the automobile plants."

"Are you a mechanic?" asked the doctor.

"More or less. I've been driving a truck since the war ended. But I lost my job about a month ago."

"Were you in the army during the war?"

"Yeah, I was in the ambulance section. Right up at the front. Drove an ambulance for four years."

"Is that so?" said Doctor Benson. "I'm a doctor myself. Doctor Benson is my name."

"I thought this car smelled like pills," the man laughed. Then he added, more seriously, "My name is Evans."

They rode along silently for a few minutes and the rider moved himself in his seat and placed his package on the floor. As the man leaned over, Doctor Benson caught his first good look at the small catlike face.

The doctor also noticed the long deep scar on the man's cheek, bright and red-looking as though it were of recent origin. He thought of Mrs. Ott Sorley and reached for his watch. His fingers went deep into his pocket before he realized that his watch was not there.

Doctor Benson moved his hand very slowly and very carefully below the seat until he felt the leather holster in which he always carried with him his automatic pistol.

He drew out the pistol slowly and held it in the darkness at his side. Doctor Benson stopped the car quickly and pushed the nose of his gun into Evans' side.

"Put that watch into my pocket," he said angrily.

The rider jumped with fear and put up his hands quickly. "My God, mister," he whispered, "I thought you...."

Doctor Benson pushed the pistol still deeper into the man's side and repeated coldly, "Put that watch into my pocket before I let this gun go off."

Evans put his hand in his own vest pocket and later, with trembling hands, tried to put the watch into the doctor's pocket. He opened the door and forced the man out of the car.

"I'm out here tonight, probably to save a woman's life, but I took the time to try to help you," he said to the man angrily.

Doctor Benson started the car quickly and the wind closed the door with a loud noise. He put the pistol back into the leather holster under the seat and hurried on.

The drive up the mountain to the Sorley farm was less difficult than he had feared and Ott Sorley had sent one of his older boys down the road with a lantern to help him across the old wooden bridge that led up to the little farm house.

Mrs. Sorley many previous experiences with bringing children into the world apparently helped her greatly because she delivered

this child with little difficulty and there was no need on Doctor Benson's part for the instruments in the long bag.

After it was all over, however, Doctor Benson took out a cigarette and sat down to smoke.

"A fellow I picket up in my car on my way up here tonight tried to rob me," he said to Ott, feeling a little proud. "He took my watch. But when I pushed my 45 pistol into his side he decided to give it to me back."

Ott smiled wide at such an exciting story coming from young Doctor Benson.

"Well I'm glad he gave it to you back," Ott said. "Because if he hadn't, we wouldn't have any idea what time the child was born. What would you say it happened, Doc?"

Doctor Benson took his watch from his pocket.

"The baby was delivered about thirty minutes ago, and right now it's..." He walked over to the lamp on the table.

He stared strangely at the watch in his hand. The crystal was cracked, the top was broken. He turned the watch over and held it closer to the lamp. He studied the worn inscription there:

"To Private T. Evans, Ambulance Section, whose personal bravery preserved our lives the night of Nov. 3, 1943, near the Italian front. Nurses Nesbitt, Jones and Wingate."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a cover – покрывало
- ◆ 2. to complain – жаловаться, выражать недовольство
- ◆ 3. a receiver – телефонная трубка
- ◆ 4. a pill – пилюля
- ◆ 5. obstetric(al) – акушерский
- ◆ 6. driveway – дорога, проезд
- ◆ 7. to start – пускать (машину)
- ◆ 8. to cough – кашлять
- ◆ 9. smoothly – ровно, плавно
- ◆ 10. to stare – пристально смотреть
- ◆ 11. to feel – давать ощущение

- ◆ 12. **outer** – внешний, наружный
- ◆ 13. **a match** – спичка
- ◆ 14. **to irritate** – раздражать, сердить
- ◆ 15. **ambulance** – машина скорой помощи
- ◆ 16. **a scar** – шрам
- ◆ 17. **a cheek** – щека
- ◆ 18. **recent** – недавний
- ◆ 19. **leather** – кожа
- ◆ 20. **holster** – кобура
- ◆ 21. **a vest** – жилет
- ◆ 22. **apparently** – очевидно, видимо
- ◆ 23. **to deliver** – рожать
- ◆ 24. **crystal** – стекло для карманных и других часов
- ◆ 25. **to preserve** – сохранять, охранять, оберегать

Use of English

I. Form the words from the roots given in brackets and according to the text.

1. He threw back the covers and sat up on his bed, his feet feeling along the cold floor for his house (slip), the telephone ringing (insist) a little distance away.
2. It was a long ride out to the Sorley farm and the sight of a man walking alone along the country road was a welcome (relieve) to the doctor.
3. He drew out the pistol slowly and held it in the (dark) at his side.
4. One of the older boys was sent down the road with a lantern to help the doctor across the old (wood) bridge.
5. "To private T. Evans, Ambulance Section, whose personal (brave) preserved our lives the night of Nov. 3, 1943, near the Italian front."

II. Find the words in the text 1) which mean the opposite of the given ones; 2) which have the same meaning.

- a) Proper, rough, inner, shallow.
- b) Arrogant, abandoned.

III. Match the verbs on the left with their definitions on the right.

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| 1. to irritate | a) to notice or to be aware of something because it is touching you or having a physical effect on you |
| 2. to stare | b) to keep sb/sth alive, or safe from harm or danger |
| 3. to start | c) to say/to express that you are annoying, unhappy or not satisfied about something or somebody |
| 4. to complain | d) to break without dividing into separate parts; |
| 5. to feel | e) to give birth to a baby |
| 6. to deliver | f) to annoy somebody |
| 7. to crack | g) to look at something for a long time |
| 8. to preserve | h) to begin to operate |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Identify if the following statements are true or false. Correct the false ones.

1. The doctor was displeased with the telephone call.
2. Doctor Benson differed from his father, the old Doc Benson.
3. The Sorley farm was not far from the place where Doctor Benson lived.
4. Doctor Benson hesitated if to invite a man to ride.
5. Doctor Benson lit a cigarette and proposed one to the rider.
6. The rider guessed that Benson was a doctor.
7. The rider was a male nurse during the war.
8. The rider was wounded during the war.
9. Doctor Benson reached the Sorley farm quite easily.
10. Doctor Benson told Ott the story how he had been robbed with pride and amusement.

V. Paraphrase the italicized parts of the following sentences or give their synonymous meanings.

1. *The doctor got into his clothes.*
2. The doctor went to the table and stared a moment at his watch, *his spirit complaining at the job ahead of him.*
3. *The wind felt like a surgeon's knife at his face* as he opened the door and ran bending low, around the driveway to the garage.
4. It seemed to the doctor that *never once* had Mrs. Ott Sorley had a baby in good weather, nor in daylight.
5. It was along ride out to the Sorley farm and the sight of a man walking alone along the country road, *as seen just ahead by the lights of the car*, was a *welcome relief* to the doctor.
6. Doctor Benson stopped the car quickly and *pushed the nose of his gun into Evan's side.*
7. "Put that watch into my pocket *before I let this gun go off.*"
8. The doctor opened the door and *forced the man out of the car.*

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. At what time did the telephone awake Doctor Benson?
2. Who was calling him?
3. Why was the ride unpleasant for the doctor?
4. Was this Mrs. Sorley's first child or did she have any children previously?
5. Why was the doctor pleased to see a man walking alone along the road?
6. To what city was the man going to and why?
7. What did the man tell the doctor about his participation in the war?
8. At what moment did the doctor realize that his watch was not in his pocket?
9. What were Doctor Benson's further actions?
10. To whom did Doctor Benson tell the story about the man he had picked up on his way to the Sorley farm?
11. What was Ott's reaction to Doctor Benson's story?
12. Why did Doctor Benson stare strangely at the watch in his hand?

Discussion

VII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. What kind of man and doctor was Doctor Benson?
2. Express your opinion if Doctor Benson was a man who easily suspected people of doing something wrong, illegal or dishonest. What makes you think so?
3. What circumstances influenced Doctor Benson and he began to suspect the rider of stealing his watch? Use the facts from the text.
4. Do you approve or disapprove of the doctor's sudden action to drive away the rider?
5. How will you explain that Doctor Benson acted on impulse?
6. Are such actions quite natural or are there any ways to avoid them?
7. Is it good to have a suspicious mind?
8. Would you like to have a friend with a suspicious mind?

The new words:

1. a male nurse – брат милосердия
2. to act on impulse – поддаваться порыву

Keys: Ex. III; 1f 2g 3h 4c 5a 6e 7d 8b

Unit 6

"Once a thief is always a thief."

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

JOHN ROSSITER'S WIFE

Charles G. Norris

The most fascinating place in the United States today, I consider, is Palm Beach and the most interesting spot in it is "Whitney's". The name isn't Whitney's at all, but anyone who has ever been to Palm Beach will know the establishment to which I refer.

Whitney's is a restaurant and a gambling place, and sooner or later everybody who comes to Palm Beach visits Whitney's.

There is no restaurant or hotel in France, Germany or Spain that can compare with Whitney's in the matter of food! At Whitney's there are no menus; you order what you wish from an endless variety of special foods, anything from duck soup to bird's tongues – and the surprising fact is that you get what you order. But on your first visit to Whitney's you often pay little attention to what you eat, for very soon, as the room commences to fill, you can hardly believe your eyes. At every table you soon recognize someone who is either famous or notorious.

After lunch this brilliantly dressed group of persons goes down to the gambling room. By two o'clock this room is well filled, by three it is crowded, and it remains so until the early hours of the morning. It is far more interesting and better conducted than Monte Carlo. I was deeply impressed, and soon I welcomed an opportunity to meet Mr. Whitney himself.

We found him in a small, businesslike office hardly large enough to hold the big old-fashioned roll-top desk and a chair or two. Perhaps there was a safe; I can't remember. The office was protected by some iron bars, and there was a uniformed attendant at the door who admitted us after Mr. Whitney had given the word he would see us.

I found him a man square of jaw, cold of eye, his face rather unexpressive – much what I expected. He runs his gambling place as a business – and it is a matter of pride with him that it is conducted in an efficient, businesslike way. It is said that his profits are two million dollars a season, and I doubt this just as one doubts the salaries of motion picture stars.

However, the man had strong a personality. He interested me. I liked him. I wanted to talk to him, but it was difficult. He was not a communicative person. Soon I asked him how much he lost a season in the way of bad checks and bad debts. He said approximately two hundred thousand dollars, which he didn't seem to consider as heavy. As he spoke of this a light came into his eyes, and a faint smile appeared on his lips.

"I had a rather interesting experience the other day," he said. "I was sitting in my office one morning when word was brought to me that a lady wanted to see me; 'Mrs. John Rossiter', the man told me. I knew who John Rossiter was, so I told him to show her in.

"Before she said a word she began to cry, not bitterly; but the tears came into her eyes and began to run down her cheeks, and she kept wiping them away with her handkerchief, trying all the time to control herself. I don't like that sort of thing, you know, and I usually avoid it, but this rather impressed me. I felt sorry for her before she opened her mouth.

"Her husband had been gambling, she told me, and on Wednesday – the day before – had lost thirty thousand dollars. I have been acquainted with John Rossiter off and on for five or six years. Every year he has been coming down here, and I've known him well enough to say "Hello", but not much more intimately than that. At any rate, I've always had a good feeling about Rossiter. He was a clean-cut man, a good sport, and was pretty well liked, belonged to a good club, and was rather popular everywhere. I had seen him year after year here, but I hadn't an idea of how he played or what he won or lost. He had an account with me and always paid very promptly at the end of the month if there was any paying to be done.

"Mrs. Rossiter explained that the great problem of her life had been her husband's gambling. She had begged him to keep away from the stock market and from cards, and he'd promise her that he'd stop, but then he'd slip and get caught again. The thirty thousand dollars he had lost on Wednesday about cleaned him and his wife out. It meant – oh, I've forgotten what she told me exactly: selling the home, – it was mortgaged already, she said, taking the two girls out of school; herself perhaps having to find a position. It was a long story, I don't remember the details, but I confess that I felt very sorry for her. Taking those two girls out of school was what I believe impressed me, I don't know why exactly. Well, at any rate I told her that I didn't like the idea of anybody coming here and losing everything. Sentiment, if you like, but it's good business at the same time. It doesn't help an establishment like this to get a reputation that people can lose everything they have here. The result of it all was that I agreed to give her back the money which her husband had lost, but on one condition, and I made that point very clear: John Rossiter was never to enter my place again. I don't like that kind of 'loser' around here. If he hasn't got the money, he oughtn't to play. She promised me with the tears running down her cheeks, and I gave her the money, and she made me feel like a damn fool by kissing both my hands, and asking God to bless me – all that foolishness that a grateful woman feels she has to do when you do her a favor.

"I didn't think anything more about the affair until the very next afternoon when it was clearly brought back to my mind. My floor manager came to me and told me that John Rossiter had just come in, had gone to the gambling room, and was playing at one of the tables. As a rule, I never mix up with what happens outside, but this made me pretty mad, so I walked out there myself.

"I went straight to him and said: 'May I speak to you a minute?' And when we were off in a corner away from the crowd, I asked him what he meant by coming into my place.

" 'I want to know what this means,' I demanded. 'Your wife came to see me yesterday morning and told me about your troubles and about your losing thirty thousand dollars on Wednesday, and I

gave her back the money you'd lost on one condition and that was that you were never to enter my door again. Now, what do you mean by coming here?' "

Rossiter looked at me for a moment. Then he said:

"Why, Mr. Whitney, there must be some mistake. *I'm not married.*"

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **fascinating** – обворожительный
- ◆ 2. **establishment** – заведение, учреждение
- ◆ 3. **to refer** – говорить о чем-либо, упоминать
- ◆ 4. **to gamble** – играть в азартные игры
- ◆ 5. **to commence** – начинать
- ◆ 6. **notorious** – пользующийся дурной славой
- ◆ 7. **to conduct** – руководить делом
- ◆ 8. **a roll-top desk** – письменный стол с убирающейся крышкой
- ◆ 9. **bars** – решетки
- ◆ 10. **an attendant** – слуга, сопровождающее лицо
- ◆ 11. **to admit** – допускать
- ◆ 12. **a jaw** – челюсть
- ◆ 13. **efficient** – действенный, эффективный
- ◆ 14. **a profit** – прибыль
- ◆ 15. **a salary** – жалование, оклад
- ◆ 16. **approximately** – приблизительно
- ◆ 17. **faint** – слабый
- ◆ 18. **to wipe** – вытирать
- ◆ 19. **intimately** – лично, близко
- ◆ 20. **a sport** – славный малый (разг.)
- ◆ 21. **an account** – счет
- ◆ 22. **promptly** – сразу, быстро, точно
- ◆ 23. **a stock market** – фондовая биржа
- ◆ 24. **to slip** – скользить
- ◆ 25. **to mortgage** – закладывать
- ◆ 26. **to bless** – благословлять

- ◆ 27. grateful – благодарный
- ◆ 28. to do a favor – оказывать любезность
- ◆ 29. to mix up – спутать, перепутать

Use of English

I. Form the words from the roots given in brackets and according to the text.

1. At Whitney's there are no menus; you order what you wish from an (end) (vary) of special foods.
2. I found him a man square of jaw, cold eye, his face rather (express) – much what I expected.
3. Mr. Whitney runs his gambling place as a (busy) –and it is a matter of (proud) with him that it is conducted in an efficient (busy) way.
4. However, Mr. Whitney had a strong (person).
5. Mr. Whitney was not a (communicate) person.
6. "I don't like that kind of ("lose") around there.
7. "Why, Mr. Whitney, there must be some (take). I am not married."

II. Match the following adjectives with the definitions with which they are used in the text.

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| 1. fascinating | a) not enthusiastic |
| 2. notorious | b) feeling or showing thanks because somebody has done something kind for you, or has done as you asked |
| 3. efficient | c) having a close and friendly relationship |
| 4. faint | d) extremely interesting and attractive |
| 5. prompt | e) doing something well and thoroughly with no waste of time or energy |
| 6. intimate | f) inexact |
| 7. approximate | g) infamous |
| 8. grateful | h) immediate |

III. Match the following verbs with the definitions with which they are used in the text.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1. to commence | a) to have enough place for somebody or something |
| 2. to refer | b) to risk money on a card game, horse, race, etc |
| 3. to admit | c) to steal everything from a person or a place |
| 4. to clean out | d) to organize or to do a particular activity |
| 5. to gamble | e) to mention or to speak about somebody or something |
| 6. to slip | f) to start |
| 7. to hold | g) to pass into a difficult and unpleasant state or situation |
| 8. to conduct | h) to allow to enter or to join |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Choose a), b) or c) which is the right variant of the italicized part of the following sentences.

1. "*I have been acquainted with John Rossiter off and on* 5 or 6 years.

a) I haven't been a close friend;
b) I have made myself aware of...;
c) I have met him and started to know him.
2. "John Rossiter was a clean-cut man, a good sport, and was pretty well liked...."

a) regularly;
b) from time to time;
c) by chance.

3. "John Rossiter was never to enter my place again. I don't like that kind of "loser" around here.
- a) a whiner;
 - b) a person who is defeated in the competition or a game;
 - c) a person who is regularly unsuccessful.

V. Paraphrase the italicized parts of the following sentences.

1. Mr. Whitney *had given the word* he would see us.
2. I doubt this just as one doubts the salaries *of motion picture stars*.
3. Soon I asked him how much he lost a season *in the way of bad checks and bad debts*.
4. He said approximately two hundred thousand dollars, which he didn't *seem to consider as heavy*.
5. "I was sitting in my office one morning *when word was brought to me*."
6. "At any rate I've always *had a good feeling about Rossiter*."
7. "She said, taking the two girls out of school; herself perhaps *having to find a position*."
8. "I didn't think anything more about the affair until the very next afternoon *when it was clearly brought back to my mind*."

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. What is Whitney?
2. Where is it situated?
3. What was Whitney famous for?
4. What kind of people usually visited Whitney?
5. What impressed the author at Whitney's?
6. What kind of office did Mr. Whitney occupy?
7. Give Mr. Whitney's appearance and some traits of his character.
8. What were Mr. Whitney's profits in one season?
9. What woman had come to see Mr. Whitney one day?
10. Why did the woman begin to cry before telling Mr. Whitney her story?

11. What, according to "Mrs. Rossiter", had been the great problem of her life?
12. What were the consequences of Mr. Rossiter's gambling, according to the words of his "wife"?
13. What did Mr. Whitney agree to do?
14. What one condition did Mr. Whitney make before returning the money to the woman?
15. Why did Mr. Whitney become very angry the next day?
16. What was John Rossiter's answer?

Discussion

VII. Express your opinion and prove it using facts from the text.

1. Was Mr. Whitney's establishment prosperous?
2. Speak about Mr. Whitney's principles to run his establishment.
3. What kind of people did Mr. Whitney consider to be "losers"?
4. What made Mr. Whitney believe "John Rossiter's wife"?
5. Which was Mr. Whitney's main reason for returning the money to "Mrs. Rossiter": was he sentimental by nature or did he care about his business?
6. What qualities of "Mrs. Rossiter" helped her to achieve her goal? (False, vulgar, dishonest, resourceful, self-possessed, brave, artful, cruel, deceitful, impudent, adventurous.
7. Did "Mrs. Rossiter" succeed in reaching her goal due to her qualities or any circumstances?

VIII. Express your point of view.

What is your viewpoint on the following statement: "It's the society who prepares the crime and a criminal only commits it"?
What should be done to prevent crimes?

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to be aware of – знать, сознавать
- ◆ 2. a whiner – нытик
- ◆ 3. prosperous – процветающий, удачный, успешный

- ◆ 4. due to – благодаря
- ◆ 5. a goal – цель
- ◆ 6. artful – ловкий, хитрый
- ◆ 7. deceitful – лживый
- ◆ 8. impudent – нахальный

Keys: Ex. II: 1d, 2g, 3e, 4a, 5h, 6c, 7f, 8b; Ex. III: 1f, 2e, 3h, 4c, 5b, 6g, 7a, 8d; ex. IV: 1a, 2b, 3c, 4c.

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

THE WRONG HOUSE

James N. Young

The night was dark. And the house was dark. Dark – and silent. The two men ran toward it quietly. They slipped quickly through the dark bushes which surrounded the house. They reached the porch, ran quickly up the steps, kneeled down, breathing heavily, in the dark shadows. They waited – listening.

Silence. Perfect silence. Then – out of the blackness – a whisper: “We can’t stay out here... Take this suitcase....Let me try those keys. We’ve got to get in!”

Ten – twenty – thirty seconds. With one of the keys the one man opened the door. Silently, the two men then entered the house, closed the door behind them, locked it.

Whispering, they discussed the situation. They wondered if they had awakened anyone in the house.

After a time: “Let’s have a look at this place.” “Careful, Hasty!” “Oh, there isn’t anybody awake!” And the soft rays of a flashlight swept the room.

It was a large room. A living-room. Rugs, carefully rolled, lay piled on one side. The furniture – chairs, tables, couches – was covered by sheets. Dust lay over everything.

The man who held the flashlight spoke first. “Well, Blackie,” he said, “we’re in luck. Looks as if the family’s away.”

“Yeah. Gone for the summer, I guess. We better make sure, though. Huh.”

Together they searched the house. They went on tiptoe through every room. There could be no doubt about it. The family *was* away. Had been away for weeks.

Yes, Hasty Hogan and Blackie Burns were in luck. Only once in the past ten days their luck failed them. It had been with them when they made their big robbery – their truly magnificent robbery – on the Coast. It had been with them during their thousand mile trip eastward, by automobile. It had been with them every moment – but one.

That moment had come just one hour before. It came when Blackie, driving the car, ran over a policeman. And Blackie, thinking of the suitcase at Hasty’s feet, had driven away. Swiftly.

There had been a chase, of course. A wild, crazy chase. And when a bullet had punctured the gasoline tank they had had to abandon the car. But luck or no luck, here they were. Alone, and without a car, in a completely strange town. But safe and sound – with the *suitcase*.

The suitcase lay in the center of the table, in the center of the room. In the suitcase, neat little package on neat little package, lay nearly three hundred thousand dollars!

“Listen,” said Mr. Hogan. “We have to get a car. Quick, too. And we can’t steal one – and use it. It’s too dangerous. We have to buy one. That means that we have to wait until the stores open. That will be about eight o’clock in this town.”

“But what are we going to do with that?” And Mr. Burns pointed to the suitcase.

“Hide it right here. Sure! Why not? It’s much safer here than with us – until we get a car.”

And so they hid the suitcase. They carried it down to the cellar. Buried it deep in some coal which lay in a corner of the cellar. After this, just before dawn, they slipped out.

“Say, Blackie,” Mr. Hogan remarked as they walked down the street, “the name of the gentleman we’re visiting is Mr. Samuel W. Rogers.”

"How do you know?"

Saw it on some of them books. He's surely got a wonderful library, hasn't he?"

The automobile salesrooms opened at eight o'clock, as Mr. Morgan had supposed. Shortly before nine, Mr. Hogan and Mr. Burns had a car. A very nice little car. Very quiet. Very inconspicuous. And very speedy. The dealer lent them his license plates and away they rode.

Three blocks from the house, they stopped. Mr. Hogan got out. Walked down the house. He'd just go around to the rear, he thought, and slip in.

Fifty yards from the house he stopped. Stared, swore softly. The front door was open. The window shades were up. The family had returned!

Well, what bad luck. And what could they do? Break into the cellar that night, and pick up the suitcase? No – too dangerous. Mr. Hogan would have to think of something.

"Leave it to me, kid," he told Mr. Burns. "You drive the car. I'll do the special brain work. Let's find a telephone. Quick!"

Ten minutes later, Mr. Hogan was consulting a telephone directory. Yes, there it was – Samuel W. Rogers, Plainview 6329. A moment later he was talking to the surprised Mr. Rogers.

"Hello," he began, "is this Mr. Rogers – Mr. Samuel Rogers?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Rogers."

Mr. Hogan cleared his throat. "Mr. Rogers," he said – and his tone was sharp, official, impressive – "this is Headquarters, Police Headquarters, talking. I am Simpson. Sergeant Simpson, of the detective division –"

"Yes, yes!" came over the wire.

"The Chief – the Chief of Police, you know," – here Mr. Hogan lowered his voice a little – "has ordered me to get in touch with you. He's sending me out with one of our men to see you."

"Am I in trouble of some kind?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"No, no, no. Nothing like that. But I have something of great importance to talk to you about."

"Very well," came the voice of Mr. Rogers. "I'll wait for you."

"And, Mr. Rogers," Mr. Hogan cautioned, "please keep quiet about this. Don't say anything to anybody. You'll understand why when I see you."

On the way back to the house Mr. Hogan explained his idea to Mr. Burns.

Within ten minutes "Sergeant Simpson" and "Detective Johnson" were conversing with the surprised Mr. Rogers. Mr. Rogers was a small man. Rather insignificant. He had pale blue eyes. Not much of chin. A funny little face. He was nervous – a badly frightened man.

Mr. Hogan told the whole story. Somewhat changed. *Very much* changed. And Mr. Rogers was surprised, but delighted.

He accompanied Mr. Hogan to the cellar. And together they dug up the suitcase. Took it to the living-room, opened it, saw that it had not been touched – that it really did hold a small fortune. Bills, bills, bills.

Mr. Hogan closed the suitcase.

"And now, Mr. Rogers," he announced, in his best official manner, "Johnson and I must run along. The chief wants a report – quick. We have to catch the rest of the robbers. I'll keep in touch with you."

He picked up the suitcase and rose. Mr. Burns also rose. Mr. Rogers also rose. The trio walked to the door. Mr. Rogers opened it. "Come on in, boys," he said pleasantly – and in walked three men. Large men. Strong men. Men in police uniform who, without fear, stared at Mr. Hasty Hogan and Mr. Blackie Burns.

"What does *this* mean, Mr. Rogers," asked Mr. Hogan.

"It's quite simple," said Mr. Rogers. "It just happens that *I* am the chief of the police."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a porch – подъезд, крыльцо
- ◆ 2. to kneel – становиться на колени
- ◆ 3. a shadow – тень, полумрак
- ◆ 4. to whisper – шептать
- ◆ 5. to awaken/to awake – будить

- ◆ 6. a ray – луч
- ◆ 7. to pile – складывать
- ◆ 8. a rug – коврик
- ◆ 9. a couch – кушетка
- ◆ 10. to search – искать
- ◆ 11. on tiptoe – на цыпочках
- ◆ 12. magnificent – великолепный
- ◆ 13. swiftly – быстро
- ◆ 14. a chase – погоня
- ◆ 15. to puncture – прокалывать
- ◆ 16. to abandon – покидать, оставлять
- ◆ 17. a gasoline – бензобак
- ◆ 18. a cellar – подвал, погреб
- ◆ 19. coal – (каменный) уголь
- ◆ 20. dawn – рассвет
- ◆ 21. conspicuous – заметный
- ◆ 22. license plates (number plates) – номера
- ◆ 23. to lend – одолжить на время
- ◆ 24. a rear – тыл
- ◆ 25. to swear – swore – sworn – ругаться
- ◆ 26. a telephone directory – телефонная книга
- ◆ 27. to caution – предостерегать
- ◆ 28. to converse – беседовать
- ◆ 29. significant – значительный
- ◆ 30. delight – восхищение
- ◆ 31. to accompany – сопровождать

Use of English

I. Form the words from the following roots in brackets and according to the text.

1. Then – out of the (black) – a whisper: “We can’t stay out here....”
2. It had been with them when they made their big (rob) – their truly magnificent (rob).

3. It had been with them during their thousand mile trip (east), by automobile.

4. (Short) before nine, Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns had a car. A very nice little car. Very quiet. Very (conspicuous).

5. “The Chief – the Chief of the Police, you know,” – here Mr. Horgan (low) his voice a little –

6. Mr. Rogers was a small man. Rather (significance).

7. Mr. Rogers (company) Mr. Horgan to the cellar.

II. Form the adjectives from the following nouns.

Care, danger, office, impress, nerve, fright, pleasure, speed.

III. Match the following phrasal verbs with their definitions.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| 1. to run over | a) to go away |
| 2. to break into | b) used in orders to tell somebody to hurry or to try harder |
| 3. to dig up | c) to knock a person or an animal down and drive over their body |
| 4. to run along | d) to enter a building by force |
| 5. to come on | e) to remove something from the ground by digging |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Choose the right continuation of the following sentences.

1. As the story opens, the two characters Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns
 - a) are running towards the house;
 - b) are lying in the bushes;
 - c) are trying different keys.
2. When Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns found themselves in the empty house they thought they were in luck because
 - a) they could have a good rest;
 - b) they could think of future plans;
 - c) the suitcase lay in the center of the table.

3. The only occasion when the luck of Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns failed them was

- a) when their car ran at breakneck speed;
- b) when Blackie Burns ran over a policeman;
- c) when there were no gasoline in the tank of their car.

4. Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns obtained a large sum of money

- a) in a little town in the east;
- b) in one of the automobiles during their thousand mile trip east-

ward;

- c) on the coast.

5. Mr. Horgan found out the name of the owner of the house

- a) on a door plate of the house;
- b) on one of the books of the home library;
- c) in a telephone directory.

6. Finally, Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns decided to hide the suitcase

case

- a) in one of the rooms of the empty house;
- b) in the bushes;
- c) in the cellar.

7. Having bought a car, Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns came up to the house and discovered that the family had returned. They saw

- a) a car standing near the house;
- b) the window shades being up;
- c) a man standing on the porch.

8. Mr. Rogers cooperated with "Sergeant Simpson" and "Detective Johnson" because

- a) he believed them sincerely;
- b) he pretended to believe them;
- c) he was at a loss and didn't know what to do.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Why did Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns think that the family from the house was away for the summer?
2. When had Mr. Horgan and Mr. Burns had to abandon their car?
3. How much money did they have in their suitcase?
4. Why did they get up at dawn and slip out of the house?

5. Why did they decide to buy an automobile but not to steal it?

6. What kind of car did they decide to buy and why?

7. What did Mr. Horgan speak about with Mr. Rogers over the telephone?

8. What did Mr. Horgan caution Mr. Rogers against?

9. What made Mr. Rogers insignificant when he spoke to Mr. Horgan?

10. What is the end of the story?

Discussion

VI. Agree or disagree with the following statements and find facts in the text to prove your point of view.

1. Hasty Hogan and Blackie Burns were artful robbers.
2. They were brave, but careful.
3. They were dashing.
4. They were resourceful, but vain.
5. They were cruel and merciless.
6. They were risky.

VII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. At what moment did Mr. Rogers understand the situation?
2. What were Mr. Rogers' actions? Were they all professional enough?
3. Did it take a lot of nerve on Mr. Rogers' part to face "Sergeant Simpson" and "Detective Johnson"?
4. Did the police act professionally from the very beginning of the robbery? Suppose the necessary actions on the part of the police.
5. Which proverb conveys the main idea of the story best? Prove your choice.
 - "Truth filters through stone."
 - "Good can never grow out of evil."
 - "He who swims in sin will swim in sorrow."

The new words:

- ♦ 1. to obtain – получать
- ♦ 2. artful – ловкий, хитрый

- ◆ 3. **dashing** – лихой, стремительный
- ◆ 4. **resourceful** – изобретательный, находчивый
- ◆ 5. **vain** – полный самомнения, тщеславный
- ◆ 6. **merciless** – безжалостный, беспощадный
- ◆ 7. **at breakneck speed** – сломя голову; с головокружительной скоростью

Keys: Ex. III: 1c, 2d, 3e, 4a, 5b.

* * *

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

TEN STEPS

Robert Littell

I put on a clean collar. I was in our room on the second floor where I could see into the Hubbells' yard, and the ring on the stone post where they tie up their dog. The dog was not there. The collar which I took off had two kinds of laundry marks on the inside, one mark from the laundry where I used to take my shirts and a second mark from the present laundry. Then I washed my hands.

The soap was worn down so that there was almost none left. It was a soap that smelled like salad. I turned off the water, but the water still went drip-drip from the faucet. I dried my hands. I hung the towel on the left end of the rod. The right end of the rod is for Mae. The rod is glass, and some day it will come loose and fall down and break. I shut the bathroom door so that I would not hear the drip-drip of the water from the faucet.

I went into the room again which is Mae's and mine. On her bed in the daytime she keeps a French doll with big eyes. Where the back of the bed hits the wall there is a mark. I moved out the bed, and I saw the mark. It is black, and a yard long. The doll fell off and I put it back on the bed so it could not look at me when I went out. Then I went out.

I was in the hall, and I shut my eyes. I did not know what kind of wallpaper there was in the hall. I thought that it would be green, but

when I opened my eyes again it was more blue than green, with a woman, and a basket and a lamb. Around the door the paper was cut off, and there was only the lamb; eight times, from the ceiling to the floor, no woman, and no basket, but only the lamb. I could touch the ceiling when I stood on my toes.

Next to our room is the extra room, which we do not use. I went into that. The back of the mirror was peeling off, and both windows were closed. On the window there was a large fly, and I opened the window and drove him out and he flew away: and in the window frame there was a long nail, and I took off my shoe and drove in the nail with the heel of my shoe. Then I put on my shoe again. I measured the room by walking across it in each direction from one wall to the other. It is ten by fourteen.

I came into the parlor from the door across from the desk. The desk has three drawers down one side. I took out an envelope from the bottom drawer and put some money in it and wrote "For Mae" on it and put it on the top of the desk. The curtains in the parlor were red. Where the sun hits them there is a part that is not red, but pink. There was a magazine on the table called *Movieland*, and I started to read it. I went over to the fireplace and looked at the rest of the room from there, and I saw the table and the carpet and how two chairs were facing right toward each other. I sat down on one of them and one of its legs was shorter than the others and I got up and went into the kitchen.

In the kitchen I saw Mae shelling peas. She forced the peas out of the shell with her thumb and they fell into the bowl. There were three peas on the floor and I picked them up and put them in my pocket. The kitchen floor was laid in linoleum with blue and white squares two inches square. Mae was sitting on a stool, reading a paper placed in front of her. She did not turn around when I came in. She said, "When you come back bring some stove-polish with you."

There was a pan on the stove and steam was coming from it. The stove had places for six pans. Two of the places had smaller rings inside of them for smaller pans. Mae said:

"They found Matthews doubled up inside his car. He had bled to death. The bullet went through his left lung and he bled to death."

Mae was looking at the paper and shelling peas. The sun was on part of the paper and she moved it a little. Then she said, "I suppose you're going now."

I said I was going now.

I went out through the back door into the yard. There I saw my kid playing with some sand and toys in the sand. He was putting the sand into a toy truck, and then running the truck back and forth through the sand. The sand was wet, and I could see the print of his hand on it. It was his left hand. I said, "So long, son", to him, but he didn't say anything. He was too busy with his truck and the sand.

Then I went to the garage, and unlocked the door. I ran a cloth over the windshield of the car, and it was scratched in a half circle where the windshield wiper wipes it. And I stood there for a couple of minutes, and then I closed the doors, and walked along outside of the house to the front and looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to ten.

Then I walked down the wooden steps to the sidewalk, and I counted the steps. I counted ten steps, I thought I counted the last step, but perhaps I didn't. I walked down the street, and looked back, and saw the house, and there was one window with a shade halfway down, and I wanted to go back and count the steps again to make sure, but I didn't. I walked down to the corner and took the street-car and got off at the police-station and found Captain Rogers and told him that if they were looking for the man who killed Sam Matthews they should arrest me because I had done it.

Captain Rogers asked me if I wanted to write out a confession and I said that I would, but before I tell them how I killed Matthews I want to write down the last things which I saw in my house and how I remember them, because now I'll want always to be able to remember about all those things that I won't ever see again, maybe.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a collar – воротник
- ◆ 2. a post – столб
- ◆ 3. a laundry – прачечная

- ◆ 4. soap – мыло
- ◆ 5. to drip – капать
- ◆ 6. a faucet – водопроводный кран
- ◆ 7. a rod – рейка
- ◆ 8. loose – болтающийся
- ◆ 9. a lamb – ягненок
- ◆ 10. to peel off – чистить (фрукты, овощи)
- ◆ 11. a fly – муха
- ◆ 12. a frame – рама
- ◆ 13. a nail – гвоздь
- ◆ 14. a heel – каблук
- ◆ 15. a parlor – гостиная
- ◆ 16. across from – opposite
- ◆ 17. a drawer – выдвижной ящик (стола, комода)
- ◆ 18. to hit – ударять
- ◆ 19. a fireplace – камин
- ◆ 20. to shell – лущить
- ◆ 21. peas – горох
- ◆ 22. a thumb – большой палец
- ◆ 23. a bowl – кубок, чаша
- ◆ 24. a stove-polish – паста для чистки плиты
- ◆ 25. a pan – кастрюля
- ◆ 26. to double up – скрючиться, сгибаться
- ◆ 27. to bleed (bled) – истекать кровью
- ◆ 28. a print – отпечаток
- ◆ 29. a windshield = a windscreen – переднее стекло (авто), ветровое стекло
- ◆ 30. to scratch – царапать
- ◆ 31. a wiper – стеклоочиститель
- ◆ 32. a sidewalk – тротуар
- ◆ 33. to confess – признавать

Use of English

I. Form the words from the given roots in brackets and according to the text.

1. Then I went to the garage and I (lock) the door.
2. "He had bled to (die)."

3. Then I walked down the (wood) steps.
4. Captain Rogers asked me if I wanted to write out a (confess).

II. Match the following phrasal verbs with their definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1. to wear down | a) to make sth/sb disappear or stop doing sth |
| 2. to tie up | b) to write sth on paper including details |
| 3. to drive out | c) to attach sth to a fixed object with a rope |
| 4. to write out | d) to become, or make sth become, gradually smaller or smoother by continuously using or rubbing it |

III. Insert the articles *a, the* or no article.

1. I was in our room on ... second floor where I could see into ... Hubbell's yard.
2. ... collar which I took off had two kinds of laundry marks on the inside, one mark from ... laundry where I used to take my shirts and ... second mark from ... present laundry.
3. I didn't know what kind of wallpaper there was in ... hall.
4. I measured the room by walking across it in each direction from one side of the wall to ... other.
5. Where ... sun hits ... curtains there is part that is not red, but pink.
6. I sat down on one of ... chairs and one of its legs was shorter than ... others.

Reading Comprehension

IV. Arrange the following sentences in a right order.

1. He unlocked the doors of the garage.
2. He went over to the fireplace and looked at the rest of the room from there.
3. He was in the room which was Mae's and his.
4. He sat down on one of the chairs.
5. He was ready to write a confession.

6. He tried to remember the color of the wallpaper and the pictures on the wallpaper in the hall.

7. He put on a clean collar.

8. He observed a black mark on the wall in the room which was Mae's and his and went out.

9. He watched his son playing with some sand and toys in the sand.

10. He started to read the magazine "Movieland".

11. He shut the bathroom door.

12. He opened the window and drove out a large fly.

13. He counted the wooden steps to the sidewalk.

14. He washed and dried his hands.

15. He picked up three peas on the floor.

V. Identify if the following statements are false or true. Correct the false ones.

1. He looked at the dog in the Hubbell's yard.
2. He used to take his shirts to the laundry himself.
3. He repaired the faucet and the rod in the bathroom.
4. He didn't pay attention to the French doll with big eyes.
5. He tried to touch the ceiling in the hall, but couldn't do it.
6. In the extra room he drove in the nail in the window frame with a hammer.
7. He came into the parlor from the door opposite the desk.
8. He put the envelope with the money for Mae into the bottom drawer.
9. Mae was sitting on the stool, reading a paper placed in front of her.
10. The son didn't pay attention to his father.
11. He was not sure if there were ten wooden steps.
12. He drove to the police-station in his car.

Discussion

VI. Express your opinion and prove it.

1. What crime had the story-teller committed?
2. Did his wife guess about his crime?

3. What was his purpose in observing the minor things in his house?

4. Why didn't he go back and didn't count the steps again?

5. How will you explain his decision to go to the police and confess to the murder?

Did he suffer the pangs of remorse or did he hope not to be sentenced to death penalty or life imprisonment of solitary confinement?

6. The proverb says "A fault confessed is half redressed." Can a sincere confession of the story-teller help him in such a case?

7. What is the significance of the title of the story, "Ten Steps"?

8. Do you find the story realistic or absurd?

9. Is the story poorly written or well written?

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **minor** – незначительный, второстепенный
- ◆ 2. **to confess to the murder** – признаваться в убийстве
- ◆ 3. **to suffer the pangs of remorse** – чувствовать угрызения совести
- ◆ 4. **to sentence** – приговаривать, осуждать
- ◆ 5. **a penalty** – наказание
- ◆ 6. **a solitary confinement** – одиночное заключение
- ◆ 7. **to redress** – исправлять, восстанавливать, заглаживать (обиду)

Keys: Ex. II: 1d 2c 3a 4b; ex. IV: 3, 7, 14, 11, 8, 6, 12, 10, 2, 4, 15, 9, 1, 13, 5.

Read the following text and try to understand it in details.

RED BALLOONS

Elmer Davis

Lundy told himself afterward that he had been tempted beyond his strength. In fact he had never been really tempted before, for he had never had such an opportunity. He had gone to the bank – the

branch bank in the poor, run-down neighborhood to which he had recently moved – to cut a coupon from his last bond; all the rest of his bonds and his money he had lost in his crazy attempt to make money on the stock-market so that he could give up his job and live in Florida. He took his safe-deposit box to one of the booths where people shut themselves in while they open their safe-deposit boxes in order to cut coupons or to put in or remove valuables. The booth had just been vacated by a fat woman wearing many jewels who had left it covered with torn papers.

A little annoyed, Lundy brushed away the torn papers – and came upon an envelope filled with money which the fat woman had obviously overlooked. A bank failure in the town had recently frightened many people; the fat woman looked like the sort of person who would turn her bank balance into cash and lock it in her safe-deposit box. Lundy half opened the door to call her back and saw her walking out of the bank. Quickly he shut the door, counted the money. Nearly thirty thousand dollars; enough to keep a man comfortable, in some little Florida town, for the rest of his life.

Quickly, Lundy slipped the envelope into his inside pocket.

Then he left the bank, crossing the street into a little park with a high iron fence around it. It was, he knew, a private park, the possession of the old families that had once lived on the square; at night its gates were locked, a watchman guarded it. But by day it was open to all. He sat down on a bench, trembling in the winter wind; the envelope in his pocket felt like a piece of hot metal.

What a fool he had been! He had thought when he took it that it wouldn't be missed for a month – not until the woman came again to cut coupons. But if she kept all her money in her safe-deposit box she might come back and find it missing tomorrow – this afternoon. The bank employees would remember Lundy – he had recently rented his safe-deposit box; they might remember that he had followed her into the booth. If he gave up his job now and left for Florida, that would be a confession. But tonight, tomorrow, he might be questioned, his rooms examined. Where could he hide the money?

His throat was dry; he got up, walked to the center of the park, where he had seen a drinking fountain. Unable to decide what to do, he stared at the drinking fountain, at its tall concrete base. Then his eyes narrowed; the base was broken on one side – a hole big enough to put your hand through. Inside, there was a dark space where no one would think of looking for anything; where a man who had hidden something could come back and get it almost any time.

Beside the drinking fountain, Lundy kneeled down; anyone who had passed would have seen only a man with an unbuttoned overcoat hanging loose about him, kneeling down, tying his shoes. But when he went on, the envelope of money no longer lay like a piece of hot metal in his pocket. He had hidden it in the hole at the base of the drinking fountain.

That evening two detectives from police headquarters came to see him, to question him very politely and he met them smiling.

"Why, yes," he said. "there was a fat woman in the booth just before me; she left it covered with torn pieces of paper and I brushed them aside into the waste-paper basket. Find out where the waste-paper basket went, and you'll probably find the money... No, I've no objection at all if you want to look around here, just to satisfy yourself."

Afterward he wondered whether he had not overdone it. They went away apparently convinced, but he couldn't feel safe. He better leave the money where it was, for a while. There wasn't a chance in a million that anyone would look into the broken drinking fountain. There was no hope of recovering the money at night; the park gate was locked; the watchman was on duty. Some day, when no one was near, he would kneel down as if to tie his shoe –

As he entered the park the next morning, he saw something like a red cloud just above the drinking fountain. A red warning of danger. He became very nervous but then saw that it was only a group of toy balloons held by an old man. Lundy had never seen anyone selling balloons here in the three weeks in which he lived nearby: business couldn't be good, the old man would soon leave. But when Lundy came back in the evening, he was still there on the same spot near the drinking fountain.

Lundy looked at him in passing; he was old but he looked strong. He might be a younger man in disguise – not a seller of balloons; he might be a detective placed there to watch him. Lundy went home trembling. No one could have seen him put the money away – but suppose that by some accident the money had been found. The police would know the thief must come back for it; thus they had left a man on guard. *But had they left the money there in order to trap him?*

The next morning the balloon seller was still there. That day Lundy went to the bank and risked a question. No, said the manager of the bank, they hadn't found the money; but they expected to find it. It seemed to Lundy that the manager looked at him in a rather suspicious manner.

That evening he spoke, in passing, to the balloon seller.

"You work late, eh? Business must be good."

"Not so good. But I stay around until they lock the gates each night and the watchman arrives to guard the place."

There was not a moment then when the fountain was not being watched. That was the first night that Lundy could not sleep. In the morning the red cloud was still there, hanging above his treasure.

Well, if business was bad, the balloon-seller would soon leave and go somewhere else to sell his balloons. Lundy waited three more days, in which he saw, morning and evening, that red sign of danger. He couldn't stand this much longer: a balloon-seller, staying in a place where Lundy had never seen one before, couldn't be a balloon seller. But, there was one chance, if the police had left the money. Policemen in uniform seldom came here; Lundy could wait for his chance until there was no one around, attack the balloon-seller, knock him out, take the money and escape before anyone came.

And so he waited his chance, found the old man alone, walked up to him, pretended to buy a balloon, then hit him, straight and hard, on the jaw. Down went the old man – down and out; down went Lundy on his knees, his arm reaching into the hole at the base of the fountain.

Up into the air went a dozen red balloons, released from the old man's hand as he fell; a dozen sudden red danger signals which could

be seen everywhere in the park and from the nearby streets as well. As Lundy rose, pushing the money into his pocket, he saw a policeman coming up; he turned only to face another; tried to walk away coolly –

“Here!” said the policeman. “What’s the matter with old Joe?”

“I don’t know. I’ve done nothing.” But the balloon man was talking now, explaining to the policeman what had happened. The policeman turned toward Lundy, severe.

“What’s the idea of knocking down an old man that’s just out of the hospital?”

“Just out of the hospital?” Lundy asked.

“Sure. He’s been sick for a month. Haven’t you noticed that for the past month he hasn’t been here, at his regular place near the fountain. First time he’s been away for twenty years. Here, you – take your hand out of the pocket! Oh, it isn’t a gun? Just papers? Well, come along with me and show them to the captain in the police headquarters.”

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to tempt – искушать
- ◆ 2. afterwards (amer.) – afterward – впоследствии, потом
- ◆ 3. beyond – вне, сверх, выше
- ◆ 4. the branch bank – филиал банка
- ◆ 5. run-down – захудалый, жалкий
- ◆ 6. neighborhood – окрестности
- ◆ 7. a coupon – купон, талон
- ◆ 8. a bond – долговое обязательство
- ◆ 9. a stock market – фондовая биржа
- ◆ 10. a safe-deposit – сейф, хранилище
- ◆ 11. a booth – будка, киоск
- ◆ 12. to shut – затворять(ся)
- ◆ 13. to vacate – освобождать
- ◆ 14. to annoy – раздражать
- ◆ 15. obviously – очевидно, явно
- ◆ 16. to overlook – проглядеть, не заметить
- ◆ 17. balance – (разг.) остаток

- ◆ 18. cash – деньги
- ◆ 19. to slip – сунуть
- ◆ 20. to miss – обнаружить пропажу или отсутствие
- ◆ 21. a confession – признание
- ◆ 22. concrete – бетонный
- ◆ 23. to kneel – становиться на колени
- ◆ 24. loose – свободный
- ◆ 25. to object – возражать
- ◆ 26. to overdo – заходить слишком далеко
- ◆ 27. apparently – очевидно
- ◆ 28. to recover – обретать снова
- ◆ 29. to warn – предупреждать
- ◆ 30. disguise – маскировка; in disguise – переодетый
- ◆ 31. to trap – заманивать, обманывать
- ◆ 32. suspicious – подозрительный
- ◆ 33. treasure – сокровище
- ◆ 34. a jaw – челюсть
- ◆ 35. to release – освобождать
- ◆ 36. cool – спокойный, невозмутимый, хладнокровный
- ◆ 37. severe – строгий, суровый

Use of English

I. Form the words from the given roots in brackets and according to the text.

1. Lundy told himself afterward that he had been tempted beyond his (strong).
2. He had gone to the bank – the branch bank in the poor run-down (neighbor).
3. People shut themselves in the booths while they open their safe-deposit boxes in order to cut coupons or to put in or remove (value).
4. The fat woman had obviously (look) the envelope filled with money.
5. A bank (fail) in the town had recently (fright) many people.

6. It was a private park, the (possess) of the old families.
7. The bank (employ) would remember Lundy – he had recently rented his safe-deposit box.
8. If he gave up his job now and left for Florida, that would be a (confess).
9. (Able) to decide what to do, Lundy stared at the drinking fountain.
10. Lundy kneeled down: anyone who had passed would have seen only a man with an (button) overcoat hanging loose about him.
11. "No, I have no (object) at all.
12. Afterward he wondered whether he had not (do) it.
13. A red (warn) of danger.
14. It seemed to Lundy that the (manage) looked at him in a rather (suspect) manner.

II. Match the following phrasal verbs on the left with their definitions on the right.

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1. to brush away | a) to put something in a safe place that cannot be locked |
| 2. to come upon | b) to lose strength or feelings |
| 3. to lock up | c) to remove something from the surface with a brush or with your hand |
| 4. to give up | d) to save money to spend later |
| 5. to go out | e) to ignore somebody or something, to treat somebody or something as unimportant |
| 6. to put away | f) to meet or find somebody or something by chance |
| 7. to brush aside | g) to stop trying to do something |

III. Match the words on the left with the words that collocate with them on the right. (Each word can be used once only).

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. to cut | a) a man |
| 2. to wear | b) a policeman |
| 3. to vacate | c) the rooms |

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| 4. to lock | d) a person |
| 5. to possess | e) balloons |
| 6. to rent | f) coupons |
| 7. to examine | g) a booth |
| 8. to question | h) a park |
| 9. to recover | i) the gates |
| 10. to attack | j) the money |
| 11. to face | k) money |
| 12. to release | l) a safe-deposit box |
| 13. to make | m) jewels |

Reading Comprehension

IV. Complete the following sentences as they are given in the story using a), b) or c).

1. Lundy came upon the envelope in which he found
a) 35 000 dollars; b) 30 000 dollars; c) 13 000 dollars.
2. Lundy slipped the envelope into his ... pocket.
a) outside; b) inside; c) own.
3. ... the gates of the private park were locked. A watchman guarded it.
a) in the daytime; b) at night; c) on round the clock.
4. When the detectives went away Lundy
a) felt safe; b) gave up the idea of recovering the money; c) regretted that he had overdone it in the conversation with them.
5. The man with the balloons in the park was
a) a seller of balloons; b) a bank employee in disguise; c) a detective placed there to watch him.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Was it the first theft Lundy committed?
2. Was Lundy unemployed?
3. Did he need money?
4. What did he need money for?
5. What did Lundy find in the booth of the bank?
6. How did the envelope happen to be in the booth?

7. What did Lundy do with the envelope?
8. Where did Lundy go when he left the bank?
9. What was he afraid of?
10. Why didn't he give up his job immediately and leave for Florida?
11. Why did a drinking fountain attract his attention?
12. Why did Lundy kneel down beside the drinking fountain?
13. Why did two detectives from police headquarters come to see Lundy at home?
14. What made Lundy feel nervous the next morning?
15. In what situation did the bank manager look at Lundy in a suspicious manner?
16. For three days Lundy waited and watched the place in the park. What information did he get? What decision did he come to?
17. How did Lundy try to behave in this situation? Was he excited? Did he have a desire to tell the truth?
18. Don't you think that the police knew the everyday life in their district well? What makes you think so?
19. Did Lundy find the money in the dark space of the drinking fountain?
20. Does the end of Lundy's adventures suppose any problems in his future life?

Discussion

VI. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. Do you find any traits in Lundy's character which explain his criminal inclinations? Name some of them.
2. What feelings did Lundy experience after committing a theft?
3. Why did Lundy perceive the red balloons as a sign of danger?
4. Speak about Lundy's character. Give facts from the text to prove your point of view. Choose the necessary words from the list below. You may add and use some other words: *dishonest, cruel, mean, lazy, aggressive, unsuccessful, violent, fanatic, greedy, (in)consistent, etc.*

5. Express your opinion if or how the title of the story conveys the main idea of the story.

6. Choose the proverb which can be the best conclusion of the story:

"A good name is better than riches."

"He that deceives is ever suspected."

"As you brew, so must you drink."

"We know not what good is until we have lost it."

VII. Explain how you understand the following quotations which give the reasons for people's crimes and which of the reasons are (is) God's truth.

"The greatest crimes are caused by excess and not by necessity."

(Aristotle)

"If crimes and misdemeanors increase, this is proof that misery is on the rise and that society is badly governed." (Napoleon)

"Starvation, and not sin, is the parent of modern crime." (Oscar Wilde.)

The new words:

- ♦ 1. **an inclination** – склонность, влечение
- ♦ 2. **to commit** – совершать (преступление)
- ♦ 3. **(in)consistent** – (не)последовательный
- ♦ 4. **to brew** – варить пиво
- ♦ 5. **God's truth** – истинная правда, святая истина
- ♦ 6. **an excess** – излишек, избыток
- ♦ 7. **misdemeanor** – проступок
- ♦ 8. **starvation** – голод
- ♦ 9. **sin** – грех; порок, недостаток

Keys: Ex. II: 1c, 2f, 3a, 4g, 5b, 6d, 7e; ex. III: 1f, 2m, 3g, 4i, 5h, 6l, 7c, 8a, 9j, 10d, 11b, 12e, 13k.

PART TWO

O. HENRY

Short Stories

Unit 1

"Love lives in cottages as well as in courts."
(Proverb)

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. Every day, when she went to the shops, she spent very little money. She bought the cheapest meat, the cheapest vegetables. And when she was tired, she still walked round and round the shops to find the cheapest food. She saved every cent possible.

Della counted the money again. There was no mistake. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And the next day was Christmas.

She couldn't do anything about it. She could only sit down and cry. So she sat there, in the poor little room, and she cried.

Della lived in this poor little room, in New York, with her husband, James Dillingham Young. They also had a bedroom – all poor little rooms. James Dillingham Young was lucky, because he had a job, but it was not a good job. These rooms took most of his money. Della tried to find work, but times were bad, and there was no work for her. But when Mr. James Dillingham Young came home to his rooms, Mrs. James Dillingham Young called him 'Jim' and put her arms round him. And that was good.

Della stopped crying and she washed her face. She stood by the window, and looked out at a grey cat on a grey wall in the grey road. Tomorrow was Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and

eighty-seven cents to buy Jim a Christmas present. Her Jim. She wanted very much to buy him something really fine, something to show him how much she loved him.

Suddenly, Della turned round and ran over to look in the glass on the wall. Her eyes were bright.

Now, the James Dillingham Young had two very special things. One was Jim's gold watch. It once belonged to his father, and, before that, to his grandfather. The other special thing was Della's hair.

Quickly, Della let down her beautiful, long hair. It fell down her back, and it was almost like a coat around her. Then she put her hair up again, quickly. For a second or two she stood still, and cried a little.

Then she put on her old brown coat, and her old brown hat, turned, and left the room. She went downstairs and out into the road, and her eyes were bright.

She walked along by the shops, and stopped when she came to a door with "Madame Eloise – Hair" on it. Inside there was a fat woman. She did not look like an 'Eloise'.

"Will you buy my hair?" Della asked.

"I buy hair," Madame replied. "Take your hat off, then, and show me your hair."

The beautiful brown hair fell down.

"Twenty dollars," Madame said, and she touched the hair with her hand.

"Quick! Cut it off! Give me the money!" Della said.

The next two hours went quickly. Della was happy because she was looking round the shops for Jim's present.

At last she found it. It was a gold chain for The Watch. Jim loved his watch, but it had no chain. When Della saw this gold chain, she knew immediately that it was right for Jim. She must have it.

The shop took twenty-one dollars from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents.

When she arrived there, she looked at her very short hair in the glass. "What can I do with it?" she thought. For the next half an hour she was very busy.

Then she looked again in the glass. Her hair was now in very small curls all over her head. "Oh, dear. I look like a schoolgirl!" she said to herself. "What's Jim going to say when he sees me?"

At seven o'clock the dinner was nearly ready and Della was waiting. "Oh, I hope he thinks that I'm still beautiful!" she thought.

The door opened and Jim came in and closed it. He looked very thin and he needed a new coat. His eyes were on Della. She could not understand the look on his face, and she was afraid. He was not angry or surprised. He just watched her, with that strange look on his face.

Della ran to him.

"Jim," she cried. "Don't look at me like that. I sold my hair because I wanted to give you a present. It will soon be long again. I had to do it, Jim. Say 'Happy Christmas', please. I have a wonderful present for you!"

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim.

"Yes. I cut it off and sold it," Della said. "But don't you love me any more, Jim? I'm still me."

Jim looked round the room.

"You say your hair has gone?" he said, almost stupidly.

"Yes. I told you. Because I love you! Shall I get the dinner now, Jim?"

Suddenly Jim put his arms round his Della. Then he took something from his pocket and put it on the table.

"I love you, Della," he said. "It doesn't matter if your hair is short or long. But if you open that, you'll see why I was unhappy at first."

Excited, Della pulled off the paper. Then she gave a little scream of happiness. But a second later there were cries of unhappiness.

Because there were The Combs – the combs for her beautiful hair. When she first saw these combs in the shop window, she wanted them. They were beautiful combs, and now they were her combs. But she no longer had her hair!

Della picked them up and held them. Her eyes were full of love.

"But my hair will soon be long again, Jim."

And then Della remembered. She jumped up and cried, "Oh! Oh!" She ran to get Jim's beautiful present, and she held it out to him.

"Isn't it lovely, Jim? I looked everywhere for it. Now you'll want to look at your watch a hundred times a day. Give it to me! Give me your watch, Jim! Let's see it with its new chain."

But Jim did not do this. He sat down, put his hands behind his head, and he smiled.

"Della," he said. "Let's keep our presents for a time. They're so nice. You see, I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now, let's have dinner."

And this was the story of two young people who were very much in love.

Use of English

I. Find in the text the English for:

обнять кого-либо; распусть волосы; уложить волосы в причёску; экономить каждый цент; развернуть упаковку; отложить что-либо на время.

II. Choose the item which explains the definition of the word used in the story:

1. a chain a) a tool with sharp teeth;
 b) a series of connected metal rings;
 c) a series of connected things.
2. a comb a) a flat piece of plastic or metal with a row of thin teeth along one side, used for making your hair neat;
 b) a small flat piece of metal or plastic worn by women in their hair to hold it in place and as an ornament;
 c) a soft red piece of flesh on the head of a male chicken.
3. a curl a) a thing that forms a round thing;
 b) the tendency of hair to form curls;
 c) a small bunch of hair that forms a round shape.
4. a glass a) a hard substance used for making windows;
 b) a container made of glass;
 c) a mirror.
5. a scream a) a person or thing that causes you to laugh;
 b) a loud high cry made by sb who is very excited.

III. Fill in the blanks with appropriate prepositions and adverbs used in the story.

1. Della still walked ... and ... the shops to find the cheapest food.
2. Della stood ... the window, and looked ... a grey cat ... a grey wall ... the grey road.
3. Suddenly Della turned ... and ran ... to look ... the glass ... the wall.
4. Quickly Della let ... her beautiful long hair.
5. She walked ... the shops, and stopped when she came ... a door ... 'Madame Eloise - Hair' ... it.
6. He just watched her, ... that strange look ... his face.
7. "You have cut ... your hair?" asked Jim.
8. "Take your hat ... , then, and show me your hair."
9. The beautiful brown hair fell ...
10. Della picked the combs ... and held them.
11. Della jumped ... and cried, "Oh! Oh!" She ran to get Jim's beautiful present, and she held it ... him.

Reading Comprehension

IV. Complete the following sentences from the text inserting the omitted parts.

1. Della counted the money again. There was no mistake. One dollar and ...
2. They also had a bedroom and ...
3. Della tried to find work, but times were bad, and ...
4. Della walked along by the shops, and stopped when she came to the door with "Madame Eloise - Hair" on it. Inside there was ...
5. Then Della looked again ... Her hair was now in very small curls all over her head.
6. "Oh, dear. I look like ... !" she said to herself.
7. At seven o'clock the dinner was nearly ready and Della was waiting. "Oh, I hope he thinks that I am ... !" she thought.
8. "My hair will soon be long again. I had to do it. Say " ... , please. I have a wonderful present for you."

V. Identify if the following sentences are true or false. Correct the false ones.

1. The couple lived in Washington.
2. The couple had a sitting-room, a kitchen and a bathroom.
3. Della was unemployed.
4. Della walked round the shops because she was fond of shopping.
5. When James came home Della called him Jim.
6. Della was standing by the window in her room and she could not think of a present for Jim.
7. Della's hair was brown.
8. Della put on her coat and her hat and went downstairs; her eyes were bright because she went to meet her husband.
9. Della sold her hair for twelve dollars.
10. The chain cost eighteen dollars.
11. Della hesitated if to buy a gold chain for her husband's watch.
12. At seven o'clock Della worried if dinner would be ready.
13. On coming home James was not happy.
14. James' present for Della was beautiful cheap combs.
15. Della saw the combs in the shop window, and she dreamed to have them.
16. Della's present was useless, because James did not want to have his watch with a chain.

VI. Reproduce different situations from the story where Della was upset, determined, happy, unhappy, joyful, regretful and James was at a loss, reserved, reasonable.

Discussion

VII. Discuss the motives for Della's actions and utterances.

1. Della stopped crying and she washed her face. She stood by the window, and looked out at a grey cat on a grey wall in the grey road.

2. Then she put her hair up again, quickly. For a second or two she stood still, and cried a little.

3. Inside there was a fat woman. She did not look like an "Eloise".

4. "Quick! Cut it off! Give me the money!"

5. "Oh, dear, I look like a schoolgirl." She said to herself.

6. "Jim, don't look at me like that. I sold my hair because I wanted to give you a present. It will soon be long again. I had to do it, Jim."

7. "Della, let's keep our presents for a time. They are so nice. You see I sold the watch to get the money, to buy you combs. And now, let's have dinner."

VIII. Prove the following statements. Give the facts from the text.

1. The couple lived in poverty.

2. Poverty did not influence the sincerity of their love.

3. Their love for each other was sacrificial.

4. James and Della were not afraid to reveal their feelings, but they were always tactful and displayed mutual understanding.

IX. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. What were true values the couple had: material or spiritual? What were they?

2. What is the central idea of the story? Does any of the following proverbs convey it? Explain your choice.

a) "Lovers live by love like larks by leeks."

b) "Love lives in cottages as well as in courts."

c) "Life is not a bed of roses."

3. What do you think about the author's ability to draw characters?

4. Do you feel the author's attitude towards his characters? What is his attitude?

5. What emotions do you as a reader have as you read the story?

The new words:

◆ 1. a lark – жаворонок

◆ 2. leek – лук-порей

◆ 3. an ornament – украшение

◆ 4. appropriate – подходящий, соответствующий

◆ 5. an utterance – высказывание

◆ 6. sincerity – искренность

◆ 7. sacrificial – жертвенный

◆ 8. to reveal – открывать, показывать

Keys: Ex. II: 1b, 2b, 3b, 4c, 5b.

NO STORY

I was doing work on a newspaper.

One day Tripp came in and leaned on my table. Tripp was something in the mechanical department. He was about twenty-five and looked forty. Half of his face was covered with short, curly red whiskers that looked like a door-mat. He was pale and unhealthy and miserable and was always borrowing sums of money from twenty-five cents to a dollar. One dollar was his limit. When he leaned on my table he held one hand with the other to keep both from shaking. Whisky.

"Well, Tripp," said I, looking up at him rather impatiently, "how goes it?" He was looking more miserable than I had ever seen him.

"Have you got a dollar?" asked Tripp looking at me with his dog-like eyes.

That day I had managed to get five dollars for my Sunday story. "I have," said I; and again I said, "I have," more loudly, "and four besides. And I had hard work getting them. And I need them all."

"I don't want to borrow any," said Tripp, "I thought you'd like to get a good story. I've got a really fine one for you. It'll probably cost you a dollar or two to get the stuff. I don't want anything out of it myself."

"What is the story?" I asked with an editorial air.

"It's a girl. A beauty. She has lived all her life on Long Island and never saw New York City before. I ran against her on Thirty-fourth Street. She stopped me on the street and asked me where she could find George Brown. Asked me where she could find George

Brown in New York City! What do you think of that?! I talked to her. It's like this. Some years ago George set off for New York to make his fortune. He did not reappear. Now there is a young farmer named Dodd she is going to marry next week. But Ada – her name is Ada Lowery – couldn't forget George, so this morning she saddled a horse and rode eight miles to the railway station to catch the 6.45 a.m. train. She came to the city to look for George. She must have thought the first person she inquired of would tell her where her George was! You ought to see her! What could I do? She had paid her last cent for her railroad ticket. I couldn't leave her in the street, could I? I took her to a boarding-house. She has to pay a dollar to a landlady. That's the price per day."

"That's no story," said I. "Every ferry-boat brings or takes away girls from Long Island."

Tripp looked disappointed. "Can't you see what an amazing story it would make? You ought to get fifteen dollars for it. And it'll cost you only four, so you'll make a profit of eleven dollars."

"How will it cost me four dollars?" I asked suspiciously.

"One dollar to the landlady and two dollars to pay the girl's fare back home."

"And the fourth?" I inquired.

"One dollar to me," said Tripp. "Don't you see he insisted, 'that the girl has got to get back home today?'"

And I began to feel what is known as the sense of duty. In a kind of cold anger I put on my coat and hat. But I swore to myself that Tripp would not get the dollar.

Tripp took me in a street-car to the boarding-house. I paid the fares.

In a dim parlour a girl sat crying quietly and eating candy out of a paper bag. She was a real beauty. Crying made her eyes brighter.

"My friend, Mr. Chalmers. He is a reporter," said Tripp, "and he will tell you Miss Lowery, what's best to do."

I felt ashamed of being introduced as Tripp's friend in the presence of such beauty. "Why – er – Miss Lowery," I began felling terribly awkward, "will you tell me the circumstances of the case?"

"Oh," said Miss Lowery, "there aren't any circumstances, really. You see, everything is fixed for me to marry Hiram Dodd next Thursday. He's got one of the best farms on the Island. But last night I got to thinking about G – George –"

Down went the golden head upon her hands. What a storm of tears! By and by she took another candy and went on.

"You see, I can't help it. George and I loved each other since we were children. Four years ago he went to the city. He said he was going to be a policeman or a railroad president or something. And then he was coming back for me. But I never heard from him any more. And I – I – liked him."

Down went the head again.

"Now, Miss Lowery," broke in Tripp, "you like this young man Dodd, don't you? He's all right and good to you, isn't he?"

"Of course I like him. And of course he is good to me. He's promised me an automobile and a motor-boat. But somehow I couldn't help thinking about George. Something must have happened to him or he would have written. On the day he left, he got a hammer and a chisel and cut a cent into two pieces. I took one piece and he took the other, and we promised to be true to each other and always keep the pieces till we saw each other again. I've got mine at home. I guess I was silly to come here. I never realized what a big place it is."

Tripp broke in with an awkward little laugh. "Oh, the boys from the country forget a lot when they come to the city. He may have met another girl or something. You go back home, and you'll be all right."

In the end we persuaded Miss Lowery to go back home. The three of us then hurried to the ferry, and there I found the price of the ticket to be but a dollar and eighty cents. I bought one, and a red, red rose with the twenty cents for Miss Lowery. We saw her aboard her ferry-boat and stood watching her wave her handkerchief at us until it was a tiny white patch. And then Tripp and I faced each other.

"Can't you get a story out of it?" he asked. "Some sort of a story?"

"Not a line," said I.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. There was disappointment in his tone. Tripp unbuttoned his shabby coat to reach for something that had once been a handkerchief. As he did so I caught sight of something shining on his cheap watch-chain. I stretched out my hand for it and seized it curiously. It was the half of a silver cent that had been cut in halves with a chisel.

"What?!" I exclaimed looking at him in amazement.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "George Brown, alias Tripp. What's the use?"

I produced a dollar from my pocket and unhesitatingly laid it in his hand.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **miserable** – несчастный, жалкий, убогий
- ◆ 2. **to borrow** – занимать, брать на время
- ◆ 3. **to inquire** – спрашивать
- ◆ 4. **a boarding house** – пансион, меблированные комнаты со столом
- ◆ 5. **a ferry-boat** – паром
- ◆ 6. **a candy** – конфета, леденец
- ◆ 7. **to swear – swore – sworn** – клясться
- ◆ 8. **a fare** – плата за проезд
- ◆ 9. **dim** – тусклый
- ◆ 10. **to fix** – решать, назначать
- ◆ 11. **chisel** – долото, резец
- ◆ 12. **a patch** – пятно неправильной формы
- ◆ 13. **tiny** – крошечный
- ◆ 14. **to hesitate** – колебаться, не решаться

Use of English

I. Find in the text the English for:

работать в газете; Как поживаешь? с видом редактора
извлечь выгоду; разбогатеть; пансион; чувствовать неловко
вскоре; вернуться за мной; цена билета была только доллар и ...

и увидел что-то сверкающее; Джордж Браун, он же ... ; схватить
что-либо с любопытством.

II. Match the following words on the left with their definitions on the right.

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| 1. a door-mat | a) a woman from whom you rent a room, a house, etc. |
| 2. a ferry- boat | b) a tool with a sharp flat edge at the end, used for shaping wood, stone or metal |
| 3. a department | c) a tool with a handle and a heavy metal head, used for breaking things or hitting nails |
| 4. a boarding-house | d) a small area of something, especially one which is different from the area around it |
| 5. a landlady | e) a small piece of strong material near a door that people can clean their shoes on |
| 6. a street-car | f) a section of a large organization |
| 7. a patch | g) a boat that carries people, vehicles and goods across a river or a narrow part of the sea |
| 8. a chisel | h) a private house, where people can pay for accommodation and meals |
| 9. a hammer | i) a tram |

III. Form the necessary word from the word given in brackets and according to the text.

1. He was pale and (healthy) and (misery).
2. "Well, Tripp," said I, looking up at him rather (patience).
3. "Have you got a dollar?" asked Tripp looking at me with his (dog) eyes.
4. George left Long Island and he did not (appear) there.

5. Tripp looked (appoint).
6. "How will it cost me four dollars?" I asked (suspect).
7. "I am sorry, he said (quiet). There was (appoint) in his tone. Tripp (button) his shabby coat.
8. I produced a dollar from my pocket and (hesitate) laid it in his hand.

IV. Fill up the gaps with correct prepositions from the text.

1. I ran ... her on Thirty-fourth Street.
2. Some years ago George set New York to make his fortune.
3. She came to the city to look ... George.
4. She must have thought the first person she inquired ... would tell her where her George was.
5. She has to pay a dollar ... the landlady. That's the price ... day.
6. In a dim parlour a girl sat crying quietly and eating candy a paper bag.
7. I felt ashamed ... being introduced as Tripp's friend.
8. "But I never heard ... him any more. And I - I liked him."
9. Tripp broke an awkward little laugh.
10. ... the end we persuaded Miss Lowery to go back home.
11. I bought a red, red rose ... the twenty cents ... Miss Lowery.
12. We stood watching her wave her handkerchief ... us.
13. "Can't you get a story it?" he asked.
14. I stretched ... my hand ... it.
15. "What?" I exclaimed looking ... him ... amazement.

Reading Comprehension

V. Identify if the following statements are true or false. Correct the false ones.

1. Tripp was a successful newspaperman.
2. Tripp's native land was Long Island.
3. Tripp met Ada in New York by chance.
4. Tripp was the first to speak to Ada when he met her.
5. It was Ada's first visit to New York.

6. Ada did not see her beloved for five years.
7. Tripp displayed interest in Ada's life and fate.
8. Mr. Chalmers and Tripp persuaded Ada not to stay in New York.
9. Mr. Chalmers got to know that Tripp was George Brown by chance.

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. How did Tripp make his living?
2. What did Tripp look like?
3. How do you imagine Tripp's way of life?
4. Why did Tripp look miserable when he came to Mr. Chalmers?
5. Did Tripp's hands shake only because of whisky when he came to Mr. Chalmers?
6. What did Tripp's dog-like eyes express when Tripp began to speak with Mr. Chalmers?
7. Did Mr. Chalmers immediately support Tripp's idea to write a story about the girl Tripp had met in New York? Why?
8. What was the reason for Ada's visit to New York?
9. What was Ada's story about her love for George Brown?
10. Whom was Ada Lowery going to marry? What is said about him in the story?
11. What was Ada's attitude towards Hiram Dodd?
12. What difficulties did Ada meet on her way to New York and in New York?
13. Why was Ada crying all the time?
14. How did Tripp try to comfort Ada? Why was his laugh awkward at this time?
15. Was Mr. Chalmers sorry that he had come with Tripp to see Ada Lowery? Explain why.

VII. Reproduce different situations from the text where Tripp experienced disappointment and awkwardness and Mr. Chalmers experienced impatience, anger, arrogance, shame, suspicion, awkwardness and amazement.

Discussion

VIII. Express your point of view and comment on it.

1. Why didn't Tripp come back to his native village?
2. Why did Tripp ask Ada about Dodd's attitude towards her?
3. Can you suppose what feelings Tripp experienced when he knew that Ada Lowery was still waiting for him?
4. Why didn't Tripp confess to Ada that he was George Brown?
5. Imagine that Tripp confessed to Ada that he was G. Brown. What could Ada's reaction and decision have been concerning their future?
6. Was Tripp unhappy and miserable through the fault of his own?
7. Why did Mr. Chalmers buy a red, red rose for Miss Lowery?
8. Why did both the men stand for a long time watching Ada Lowery standing on the ferry-boat?
9. Why didn't Mr. Chalmers hesitate and give a dollar to Tripp?
10. Why is the story called "No Story"? («Без вымысла» in Russian)
11. Is it a happy or a sad story?
12. Can you agree that the story is a typical O. Henry's story? Why?

IX. Which of the following proverbs conveys the central idea of the story best? Make a choice and comment on it.

1. "Great talkers are little doers."
2. "Better deny at once than promise long."
3. "If you run after two hares you will catch neither."
4. "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window."
5. "Promise is debt."
6. "Promise little, but do much."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **arrogance** – высокомерие, надменность
- ◆ 2. **awkward** – неудобный, неловкий
- ◆ 3. **suspicion** – подозрение

- ◆ 4. **to confess** – признаваться, исповедываться
- ◆ 5. **a fault** – недостаток, ошибка, вина
- ◆ 6. **to comfort** – утешать, успокаивать
- ◆ 7. **to deny** – отказывать(ся), отрицать, отвергать

Keys: Ex: II: 1e, 2g, 3f, 4h, 5a, 6i, 7d, 8b, 9c.

TILDY'S MOMENT

Bogle's Family Restaurant on Eighth Avenue is not a famous place, but if you need a large cheap meal, then Bogle's is the place for you. There are twelve tables in the room, six on each side. Bogle himself sits at the desk by the door and takes the money. There are also two waitresses and a Voice. The voice comes from the kitchen.

At the time of my story, one of the waitresses was called Aileen. She was tall, beautiful and full of life. The name of the other waitress was Tildy. She was small, fat and was not beautiful.

Most of the people who came to eat at Bogle's were men, and they loved beautiful Aileen. They were happy to wait a long time for their meals because they could look at her. Aileen knew how to hold a conversation with twelve people and work hard at the same time. And all the men wanted to take Aileen dancing or gave her presents. One gave her a gold ring and one gave her a little dog.

And poor Tildy?

In the busy, noisy restaurant men's eyes did not follow Tildy. Nobody laughed and talked with her. Nobody asked her to go dancing, and nobody gave her presents. She was a good waitress, but when she stood by the tables, the men looked round her to see Aileen.

But Tildy was happy to work with no thanks, she was happy to see the men with Aileen, she was happy to know that men loved Aileen. She was Aileen's friend. But deep inside, she, too, wanted a man to love her.

Tildy listened to all Aileen's stories. One day Aileen came in with a black eye. A man hit her because she didn't want to kiss him. "How wonderful to have a black eye for love!" Tildy thought.

One of the men who came to Bogle's was a young man called Mr. Seeders. He was a small, thin man, and he worked in an office. He knew that Aileen was not interested in him, so he sat at one of Tildy's tables, said nothing, and ate his fish.

One day when Mr. Seeders came in for his meal, he drank too much beer. He finished his fish, got up, put his arm round Tildy, kissed her loudly, and walked out of the restaurant.

For a few seconds Tildy just stood there. Then Aileen said to her, "Why, Tildy! You bad girl! I must watch you. I don't want to lose my men to you!"

Suddenly Tildy's world changed. She understood now that men could like her and want her as much as Aileen. She, Tildy, could have a love-life, too. Her eyes were bright, and her face was pink. She wanted to tell everybody her secret. When the restaurant was quiet, she went and stood by Bogle's desk.

"Do you know what a man in the restaurant did to me today?" she asked. "He put his arm round me and he kissed me!"

"Really!" Bogle answered. This was good for business. "Next week you'll get a dollar a week more."

And when, in the evening, the restaurant was busy again, Tildy put down the food on the tables and said quietly, "Do you know what a man in the restaurant did to me today? He put his arm round me and kissed me!"

Some of the men in the restaurant were surprised; some of them said, "Well done!" Men began to smile and say nice things to her. Tildy was very happy. Love was now possible in her grey life.

For two days Mr. Seeders did not come again, and in that time Tildy was a different woman. She wore bright clothes, did her hair differently, and she looked taller and thinner. Now she was a real woman because someone loved her. She felt excited, and a little afraid. What would Mr. Seeders do the next time he came in?

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day, Mr. Seeders came in. There were no people at the tables, and Aileen and Tildy were working at the back of the restaurant. Mr. Seeders walked up to them.

Tildy looked at him, and she could not speak. Mr. Seeders' face was very red, and he looked uncomfortable.

"Miss Tildy," he said, "I want to say that I'm sorry for what I did to you a few days ago. It was the drink, you see. I didn't know what I was doing. I'm very sorry."

And Mr. Seeders left.

But Tildy ran into the kitchen, and she began to cry. She could not stop crying. She was no longer beautiful. No man loved her. The kiss meant nothing to Mr. Seeders. Tildy did not like him very much, but the kiss was important to her – and now there was nothing.

But she still had her friend, and Aileen put her arm round Tildy. Aileen did not really understand, but she said, "Don't be unhappy, Tildy. That little Seeders has got a face like a dead potato! He's nothing. A real man never says sorry!"

Use of English

I. Find in the text the English for:

обильная еда; вести разговор; ресторан, заполненный людьми; Здорово; невеселая жизнь; подбитый глаз; замечательное место; провожать кого-либо взглядом.

II. Form the negative adjectives from the following adjectives or word combinations from the text using suffixes or prefixes with a negative meaning.

Different, important, happy, real, surprised, full of life, interested, possible, comfortable.

III. Find antonyms of the following adjectives in the text.

Unknown (place), expensive (meal), unattractive (waitress), slender (woman), tall (woman), quiet (restaurant), empty (restaurant), not fat (man), dimmed (eyes), pale (face).

IV. Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions from the text.

1. Bogle himself sits ... the desk ... the door and takes the money.
2. When Tildy stood ... the tables, the men looked ... her to see Aileen.
3. Mr. Seeders knew that Aileen was not interested ... him.

4. ... four o'clock ... the afternoon ... the third day, Mr. Seeders came ... There were no people ... the tables, and Aileen and Tildy were working ... the back ... the restaurant. Mr. Seeders walked ... them.

Reading Comprehension

V. Rearrange the sentences from the story in the right order.

1. Tildy could not stop crying.
2. One day Mr. Seeders finished his fish, got up, put his arm round Tildy, kissed her loudly, and walked out of the restaurant.
3. Most of the people who came to eat at Bogle's were men.
4. But Tildy still had her friend.
5. Tildy was happy to work with no thanks.
6. Tildy looked at Mr. Seeders and could not speak.
7. Suddenly Tildy's world changed.
8. All the men wanted to take Aileen dancing or gave her presents.
9. For two days Mr. Seeders did not come again.

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. What were the peculiarities of Bogle's Family Restaurant?
2. What was the difference in the appearances of Aileen and Tildy?
3. What differed Aileen from Tildy?
4. What were the "rewards" for Aileen's beauty and sociability?
5. What event made Tildy extremely happy?
6. How did Tildy's world change after this event?
7. What feelings did Tildy experience when her happy world was ruined?
8. How did Aileen try to comfort Tildy?

Discussion

VI. Explain and expand on the following.

1. "How wonderful to have a black eye for love," Tildy thought.

2. "Really!" Bogle answered. This was good for business. "Next week you'll get a dollar a week more."

3. "Do you know what a man in the restaurant did to me today? He put his arm round me and kissed me!"

4. Now Tildy was a different woman.

5. "Miss Tildy," he said, "I want to say that I'm sorry for what I did to you a few days ago. It was the drink, you see. I did not know what I was doing. I am very sorry."

VII. Comment on the following statements and give arguments to prove your point of view.

1. Tildy was Aileen's sincere friend.
2. Tildy was a true woman.
3. Tildy was naïve and unaware of life and people.
4. The final situation was difficult even for Aileen to understand and to explain it to Tildy.
5. There are two opinions concerning the last phrase Aileen pronounced: "A REAL man never says sorry."
 - a) Aileen said it quite sincerely.
 - b) Aileen said it on purpose to comfort Tildy somehow.
 Which one do you support? Give arguments.

VII. Which of the following proverbs conveys the central idea of the story best?

"Laugh today and cry tomorrow."

"The morning sun never lasts a day."

"Every heart knows its bitterness."

"When the heart is afire, some sparks will fly out at the mouth."

The new words:

- ♦ 1. to dim – потускнеть, затумяниться
- ♦ 2. a peculiarity – особенность
- ♦ 3. sociability – общительность
- ♦ 4. sincere – искренний
- ♦ 5. to last – продолжаться, длиться
- ♦ 6. bitterness – горечь

◆ 7. **afire** – в огне

◆ 8. **a spark** – искра, вспышка

THE MEMENTO

The window of Miss D'Armande's room looked out onto Broadway and its theatres. But Lynnette D'Armande turned her chair round and sat with her back to Broadway. She was an actress, and needed the Broadway theatres, but Broadway did not need her.

She was staying in the hotel Thalia. Actors go there to rest for the summer and then try to get work for the autumn when the little theatres open again. Miss D'Armande's room in this hotel was a small one, but in it there were many mementoes of her days in the theatre, and there were also pictures of some of her best friends. She looked at one of these pictures now, and smiled at it.

"I'd like to know where Lee is now," she said to herself.

She was looking at a picture of Miss Rosalie Ray, a very beautiful young woman. In the picture, Miss Ray was wearing a very short skirt and she was sitting on a swing. Every night in the theatre she went high in the air on her swing, over the heads of all the people.

When she did this, all the men in the theatre got very excited and stood up. This was because, when her long beautiful legs were high in the air, her yellow garter flew off and fell down to them below. She did this every evening, and every evening a hundred hands went up to catch the garter. She did other things. She sang, she danced, but when she got onto her swing, all the men stood up. Miss Ray did not have to try very hard to find work in the theatre.

After two years of this, Miss D'Armande remembered, Miss Ray suddenly left the theatre and went to live in the country.

And seventeen minutes after Miss D'Armande said, 'I'd like to know where Lee is now,' somebody knocked on the door.

It was, of course, Rosalie Ray.

"Come in," Miss D'Armande called, and Miss Ray came in. Yes, it was Rosalie. She took off her hat, and Miss D'Armande could see that she looked very tired and unhappy.

"I've got the room above you," Rosalie said. "They told me at the desk downstairs that you were here."

"I've been here since the end of April," Lynnette replied. "I begin work again next week, out in a small town. But you left the theatre three months ago, Lee. Why are you here?"

"I'll tell you, Lynn, but give me a drink first." Miss D'Armande passed a bottle to her friend.

"Ah, that's good!" said Rosalie. "My first drink for three months. Yes, Lynn, I left the theatre because I was tired of the life, and because I was tired of men – well, the men who come to the theatre. You know we have to fight them off all the time. They're animals! They ask you to go out with them, they buy you a drink or two – and then they think that they can do what they want! It's terrible! And we work hard, we get very little money for it, we wait to get to the top – and it never happens. But most of all, I left because of the men."

"Well, I saved two hundred dollars and when summer came, I left the theatre and went to a little village by the sea on Long Island. I planned to stay there for the summer, and then learn how to be a better actress."

"But there was another person who was staying in the same house – the Reverend Arthur Lyle. Yes, Lynn, a man of the church! When I saw him for the first time, I fell in love with him at once. He was a fine man and he had a wonderful voice!"

"Well, it's only a short story, Lynn. A month later we decided to marry. We planned to live in a little house near the church, with lots of flowers and animals."

"No, I didn't tell him that I was an actress. I wanted to forget it and to put that life behind me."

"Oh, I was happy! I went to church, I helped the women in the village. Arthur and I went for long walks – and that little village was the best place in the world. I wanted to live there for ever."

"But one morning, the old woman who worked in the house began to talk about Arthur. She thought that he was wonderful, too. But then she told me that Arthur was in love once before, and that it ended un-

happily. She said that, in his desk, he kept a memento – something which belonged to the girl. Sometimes he took it out and looked at it. But she didn't know what it was – and his desk was locked.

"That afternoon I asked him about it."

"Ida," he said, (of course I used my real name there) "it was before I knew you, and I never met her. It was different from my love for you."

"Was she beautiful?" I asked.

"She was very beautiful," replied Arthur.

"Did you see her often?"

"About ten times," he said.

"And this memento – did she send it to you?"

"It came to me from her," he said.

"Why did you never meet her?" I asked.

"She was far above me," he answered. "But, Ida, it's finished. You are not angry, are you?"

"Why, no. I love you ten times more than before." And I did, Lynn. Can you understand that? What a beautiful love that was! He never met her, never spoke to her, but he loved her, and wanted nothing from her. He was different from other men, I thought – a really good man!

"About four o'clock that afternoon, Arthur had to go out. The door of his room was open, his desk was unlocked, and I decided to look at his memento. I opened the desk and slowly I took out the box and opened it.

"I took one look at the memento, and then I went to my room and packed my suitcase. My wonderful Arthur, this really good man, was no different from all the other men!"

"But, Lee, what was in the box?" Miss D'Armande asked.

"It was one of my yellow garters!" cried Miss Ray.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a memento – напоминание
- ◆ 2. a swing – качели
- ◆ 3. a garter – подвязка

Use of English

I. Match the following words on the left with their definitions on the right.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1. a memento | a) a band, usually made of elastic, that is worn around the leg to keep up a sock or stocking |
| 2. a swing | b) a thing that you keep or give to sb to remind you or them of a person or a place |
| 3. a garter | c) a case with flat sides and a handle, used for carrying clothes, etc., when you are travelling |
| 4. a suitcase | d) a seat for swinging on, hung from above on ropes or chains |

II. Insert proper articles (a, an, the) where necessary and explain their use.

1. Lynette D'Armande sat with her back to ... Broadway.
2. She was ... actress and needed ... Broadway theatres.
3. She was staying in ... Hotel Thalia.
4. "She did ... other things."
5. She was looking at ... picture of Miss Rosalie Ray.
6. "There was another person ... Reverend Arthur Lyle."
7. "We planned to live in ... little house near ... church."
8. "Oh, I was happy! I went to ... church, I helped ... women in ... village."
9. "But one morning, ... old woman who worked in ... house began to talk about Arthur."
10. "She said that, in his desk, he kept ... memento which belonged to ... girl he loved."
11. "He was different from ... other men, I thought."
12. "My wonderful Arthur was no different from all ... other men."

III. Fill up the gaps with the correct prepositions from the text.

1. Actors go there to rest ... the summer and then try to get work ... the autumn.
2. She looked ... one of these pictures now and smiled ... it.
4. Every night in the theatre she went high in the air ... her swing, ... the heads of all the people.

5. She took ... her hat.
6. "I've got the room ... you," Rosalie said. "They told me ... the desk downstairs that you were there."
7. "I've been here ... the end of April," Lynnette replied.
8. "I left the theatre and went ... a little village ... the sea ... Long Island.
9. "When I saw him ... the first time, I fell ... love ... him ... once."
10. Arthur and I went ... long walks.
11. Arthur was ... love once before.
12. "It was before I knew you, and I never met her. It was different ... my love ... you."

Reading Comprehension

IV. Choose the right item to complete the following sentences.

- I. Lynnette D' Armande turned her chair round and sat with her back
 - a) to the door of the room;
 - b) to the window of the room;
 - c) to the picture of her friend.
- II. When Miss Ray went high in the air on her swing all the man stood up because
 - a) Miss Ray's tricks were dangerous;
 - b) she was hardly seen high up in the air;
 - c) the men tried to catch her garter.
- III. Miss Ray left her career at the theatre because
 - a) she got little money;
 - b) she could hardly be promoted;
 - c) she was extremely irritated at men's behaviour.
- IV. Miss Ray left Arthur because
 - a) once before he loved another woman;
 - b) she thought she did not deserve his love;
 - c) she was disappointed with him.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. What was Miss Ray's performance like?
2. For how many years did she perform in the theatre?

3. Did she have to try very hard to find work in the theatre?
4. How did Miss Ray explain the reason for having left the theatre?
5. What were Miss Ray's plans for the future?
6. Why did Miss Ray fall in love with the Reverend Arthur Lyle?
7. What were the young couple's plans?
8. What did Miss Ray occupy herself with when she lived in the village?
9. Did Miss Ray tell Arthur that she had been an actress in the past?
10. How did Miss Ray get to know that Arthur had been in love with some other woman once before?
11. Did Arthur tell Miss Ray all the truth about his love to another woman?
12. Was Miss Ray proud of Arthur or jealous of him? Why?
13. How did it happen that Arthur became a bitter disappointment to Miss Ray?

Discussion

VI. The following sentences are Miss Ray's quotations or some information about her. Comment on the situations where they are used and explain how they reveal her personality.

1. Miss Ray was a very beautiful young woman... Every night in the theatre she went high in the air on her swing, over the heads of all the people... When her long beautiful legs were high up in the air, her yellow garter flew off and fell down to the men below.
2. "I'll tell you, Lynn, but give me a drink first."
3. "But most off all I left the theatre because of the men."
4. "I planned to stay in the village for the summer, and then learn how to be a better actress."
5. "When I saw him for the first time I fell in love with him at once. He was a fine man and he had a wonderful voice."
6. "No, I didn't tell him that I was an actress. I wanted to forget it and to put that life behind me."
7. "The door of his room was open, his desk was unlocked, and I decided to look at this memento."
8. "I took one look at the memento, and then I went to my room and packed my suitcase."

VII. Express your opinion and prove your point of view.

1. Summarize your comments on Miss Ray's character traits including defects if she has.
2. Agree or disagree that Miss Ray was a principled woman with high moral principles.
3. Give your idea of Miss Ray's ideal of her beloved, of her future husband.
4. Express your opinion if Miss Ray loved Arthur or her ideal.
5. Try to explain why Miss Ray used a trick with a garter during her performance.
6. Can we exclaim about Miss Ray in delight "She is a character!"?
7. How will you explain that the Reverend Arthur loved an actress but did not try to make acquaintance with her and to tell her about his love?
8. Could Arthur have agreed to marry Miss Ray if he had known that she had been an actress in the past? Was Miss Ray afraid to lose him? Could it be the reason for her decision not to tell Arthur about her past? Could her confession help her stay with Arthur and marry him and be happy?

VIII. Which of the following proverbs conveys the central idea of the story best. Explain your choice.

- "Faults are thick where love is thin."
"Wink at small faults."
"Life is not all cakes and ale."
"Money is the root of all evil."
"Muck and money go together."

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to irritate – раздражать
- ◆ 2. to promote – продвигать, повышать в чине
- ◆ 3. to reveal – открывать, показывать
- ◆ 4. a confession – признание
- ◆ 5. to wink – моргать, смотреть сквозь пальцы
- ◆ 6. ale – пиво
- ◆ 7. muck – грязь, мерзость
- ◆ 8. evil – зло, вред
- ◆ 9. a fault – недостаток, вина, ошибка
- ◆ 10. a root – корень

Unit 2

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
(Proverb)

SOAPY'S CHOICE

Soapy sat on a seat in Madison Square, New York, and looked up at the sky. A dead leaf fell onto his arm. Winter was coming, and Soapy knew that he must make his plans. He moved unhappily on his seat.

He wanted three months in a nice, warm prison, with food and good friends. This was how he usually spent his winters. And now it was time, because, at night on his seat in the square, three newspapers did not keep out the cold.

So Soapy decided to go to prison, and at once began to try his first plan. It was usually easy. He ate dinner in an expensive restaurant. Then he told them he had no money and they called a policeman. Nice and easy, with no trouble.

So Soapy left his seat, and walked slowly along the street. Soon he came to a bright restaurant on Broadway. Ah! This was all right. He just had to get to a table in the restaurant and sit down. That was all, because, when he sat down, people could only see his coat and his shirt, which were not very old. Nobody could see his trousers. He thought about the meal – not too expensive, but good.

But when Soapy went into the restaurant, the waiter saw Soapy's dirty old trousers and terrible shoes.

Strong hands turned him round and helped him out into the street again.

So now he had to think of something different. Soapy walked away from Broadway and soon he found himself on Sixth Avenue. He stopped in front of a shop window and looked at it. It was nice and bright, and everybody in the street could see him. Slowly and carefully he picked up a stone and threw it at the window. The glass broke with a loud noise. People ran round the corner and Soapy was

happy, because the man in front was a policeman. Soapy did not move. He stood there with his hands in his pockets, and he smiled. "I'll soon be in prison now," he thought.

The policeman came up to Soapy. "Who did that?" he asked.

"Perhaps I did," Soapy replied.

But the policeman knew that people who break windows do not stop to talk to a policeman. They run away. And just then the policeman saw another man, who was running to catch a bus. So the policeman ran after him. Soapy watched for a minute. Then he walked away. No luck again. He began to feel cross.

But on the opposite side of the road he saw a little restaurant. "Ah, that'll be all right," he thought, and he went in. This time nobody looked at his trousers and his shoes. He enjoyed his meal, and then he looked up at the waiter, smiled and said, "I haven't got any money, you know. Now, call the police. And do it quickly. I'm tired!"

"No police for you!" the waiter answered. "Hey! Jo!"

Another waiter came, and together they threw Soapy out into the cold street. Soapy lay there, very angry. With difficulty, he stood up. His nice warm prison was still far away, and Soapy was very unhappy. He felt worse because a policeman, who was standing near, laughed and walked away.

Soapy moved on, but he walked for a long time before he tried again. This time it looked easy.

A nice young woman was standing in front of a shop window. Not very far away there was also a policeman. Soapy moved nearer to the young woman. He saw that the policeman was watching him. Then he said to the young woman, with a smile, "Why don't you come with me, my dear? I can give you a good time."

The young woman moved away a little and looked more carefully into the shop window. Soapy looked at the policeman. Yes, he was still watching. Then he spoke to the young woman again. In a minute she would call the policeman. Soapy could almost see the prison doors. Suddenly, the young woman took hold of his arm.

"OK," she said happily. "If you buy me a drink. Let's go before that policeman sees us."

And poor Soapy walked away with the young woman, who still held on to his arm. He was very unhappy. At the next corner he ran away from the woman.

Suddenly he was afraid. "I'm never going to get to prison," he thought.

Slowly, he walked on and came to a street with a lot of theatres. There were a lot of people there, rich people in their best clothes. Soapy had to do something to get to prison. He did not want to spend another night on his seat in Madison Square. What could he do? Then he saw a policeman near him, so he began to sing and shout and make a lot of noise. This time they must send him to prison. But the policeman turned his back to Soapy and said to a man who was standing near, "He's had too much to drink, but he's not dangerous. We'll leave him alone tonight."

What was the matter with the police? Soapy was really unhappy now, but he stopped making a noise. How could he get to prison? The wind was cold, and he pulled his thin coat around him.

But, just then, inside a shop, he saw a man with an expensive umbrella. The man put his umbrella down near the door, and took out a cigarette. Soapy went into the shop, picked up the umbrella, and, slowly, he began to walk away. The man came quickly after him. "That's my umbrella," he said.

"Oh, is it?" Soapy replied. "Then why don't you call a policeman? I took it, and you say that it's your umbrella. Go on then. Call a policeman! Look! There's one on the corner."

The umbrella man looked unhappy. "Well, you know, perhaps I've made a mistake. I took it from a restaurant this morning. If it's yours, well, I'm very sorry..."

"Of course it's my umbrella," Soapy said.

The policeman looked at them – and the umbrella man walked away. The policeman went to help a beautiful young girl to cross the road.

Soapy was really angry now. He threw the umbrella away and said many bad things about policemen. Just because he wanted to go to prison, they did not want to send him there. He could do nothing wrong!

He began to walk back to Madison Square and home – his seat.

But on a quiet corner, Soapy suddenly stopped. Here, in the middle of the city, was a beautiful old church. Through one purple window he could see a soft light, and sweet music was coming from inside the church. The moon was high in the sky and everything was quiet. For a few seconds it was like a country church and Soapy remembered other, happier days. He thought of the days when he had a mother, and friends, and beautiful things in his life.

Then he thought about his life now – the empty days, the dead plans. And then a wonderful thing happened. Soapy decided to change his life and be a new man. "Tomorrow," he said to himself, "I'll go into town and find work. My life will be good again. I'll be somebody important. Everything will be different. I'll..."

Soapy felt a hand on his arm. He jumped and looked round quickly – into the face of a policeman!

"What are you doing here?" Asked the policeman.

"Nothing," Soapy answered.

"Then come with me," the policeman said.

"Three months in prison," they told Soapy the next day.

The new words:

- ♦ 1. **cross** – злой, сердитый
- ♦ 2. **purple** – пурпурный, фиолетовый

Use of English

I. Find in the text the English for:

приятная музыка; неяркий свет; неосуществленные планы; оглядывать вокруг; пустые (бессодержательные) дни; держаться за руку; помочь выйти.

II. Find antonyms of the following adjectives in the text.

Alive, gloomy, similar, quiet, dangerous, noisy, harsh, unpleasant

III. Form antonyms from the following adjectives using negative prefixes.

Expensive, important, happy, different.

IV. Choose the item which is the best equivalent of the italicized words.

1. Soapy began *to feel cross*.
a) to feel quite angry;
b) to feel surprised;
c) to feel relieved.
2. Three newspapers did not *keep out of the cold*.
a) prevent from being affected by cold;
b) prevent from entering a place;
c) make him stay outdoors.
3. The young woman moved away a little and *looked more carefully into* the shop win-dow.
a) stared at sth;
b) examined sth;
c) looked for sth.
4. The policeman *turned his back to Soapy*.
a) supported Soapy;
b) stopped annoying Soapy;
c) turned and faced in the opposite direction.

Reading Comprehension

V. Rearrange the following sentences from the story in the right order.

1. Slowly he walked on and came to a street with a lot of theatres.
2. Soapy remembered other happier days.
3. Winter was coming, and Soapy knew that he must make his plans.
4. But just then he saw a man with an expensive umbrella.
5. Soapy came to a bright restaurant on Broadway.
6. On the opposite side of the road he saw a little restaurant.

7. On sixth Avenue he stopped in front of a shop window and looked at it.

8. He said to a young woman with a smile, "Why don't you come with me, my dear?"

VI. Complete the following sentences.

1. It was time for Soapy to think of a nice, warm prison because ...

2. Usually it was easy for him to get into prison because ...

3. Soapy was turned round and helped out from the first restaurant because ...

4. The policeman did not believe that Soapy had broken the window because ...

5. Soapy was thrown into the cold street out of the second restaurant because ...

6. Soapy's pretence "to enjoy a nice young woman's company" failed because ...

7. Near the theatre Soapy made much noise, but again he was out of luck because ...

8. The case with an umbrella ended in failure because ...

9. Soapy suddenly stopped near the church because ...

10. Soapy's thoughts near the church were pleasant because ...

11. His meeting with a policeman near the church was quite unexpected because ...

Discussion

VII. Give your detailed explanation of Soapy's problems and different situations he happened to get into.

1. Why was Soapy unhappy at the beginning of the story?

2. Why did Soapy dream of prison?

3. Why did Soapy have to make different attempts to get into prison?

4. Why did Soapy come to his final and right decision only when he was standing near the church?

5. Why was Soapy arrested near the church?

6. Why couldn't Soapy take the right decision earlier: did anybody or anything (his relatives, the society, circumstances, his personal qualities, etc.) prevent him from doing it?

VIII. Express your point of view and comment on it.

Is the story "Soapy's Choice" a good illustration of the following quotations?

1. "Every man is a maker of his fortune." (Richard Steel)

2. "Work keeps at bay three main evils: boredom, vice and need." (Voltaire)

3. "City life: millions of people being lonesome together." (Henry David Thoreau)

IX. Discuss the central idea of the story and choose the proverb which conveys it best.

Explain your choice.

"It is never too late to mend."

"Idleness is the mother of all evil."

"A lazy man is the beggar's brother."

The new words:

♦ 1. to relieve – облегчать, уменьшать тяжесть, давление

♦ 2. to keep sb at bay – держать кого-либо в страхе

♦ 3. evil – зло, вред

♦ 4. boredom – скука

♦ 5. vice – порок, зло

♦ 6. lonesome – одинокий

♦ 7. to mend – исправлять(ся)

Keys: Ex. IV: 1a, 2a, 3b, 4c.

A BUSY BROKER

At nine o'clock sharp Harvey Maxwell, a broker, entered his office together with his young stenographer. Pitcher, a clerk, who was sitting at the desk, looked at them with a smile.

"Good morning, Pitcher," said Maxwell and hurried to his desk where a heap of letters and telegrams was waiting for him. A busy day began.

But the young stenographer was not in a hurry. Instead of going straight into the next room she stood before Mr. Maxwell's table and watched him for some time. The man sitting at the desk was no longer a man. It was a machine, phoning, selling, buying.

"Well, what is it?" asked Maxwell impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer. She looked a bit disappointed and hurt.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the clerk, "did Mr. Maxwell tell you anything yesterday about finding another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to find another one. I promised to do it."

"I'll do the work as usual," said the young stenographer, "until someone comes to take my place."

It was a busy day. The telephone rang. Men entered the office, and shouted at Maxwell, and went away. Messenger boys ran in and out with letters and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during a storm.

Suddenly a young girl entered the office. Pitcher came up to Maxwell's desk, apologized for interrupting him and introduced the girl.

"The new stenographer," said Pitcher.

"What stenographer?" asked Maxwell.

"You told me yesterday to get a new stenographer," said Pitcher.

"But we have a stenographer, don't we?" said Maxwell. "Miss Leslie is a very good one. I never told you to get another stenographer, Pitcher. I'm in no mood for joking. I'm sorry, madam, but there is no place open here."

With these words he began to read the great heap of telegrams and letters which were lying on the table before him.

The young girl shrugged her shoulders and went away. Pitcher remarked to his colleagues that the boss was getting more forgetful with every passing day.

When the luncheon hour drew near, there came a relaxation. Maxwell stood by his desk, with his hands full of telegrams, with a fountain-pen over his right ear, and his hair hanging in disorder over his forehead. The window was open, and suddenly through it came a delicate sweet smell of lilac. The smell reminded Maxwell of something...

"I'll do it now," he said to himself. "I'll ask her now. I have just five minutes before business begins again."

He ran into the next room and came up to the stenographer. She looked at him with a smile. Maxwell was still holding telegrams in both hands, and his fountain-pen was over his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly. "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something. I don't know how to put it. Will you be my wife? I love you. Talk quick, please."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and looked at him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell impatiently. "I want to marry you. I love you, Miss Leslie. Oh, I'm wanted on the phone. Tell them to wait a minute, Pitcher. Will you marry me, Miss Leslie?"

At first the stenographer seemed surprised. Tears filled her eyes. But then she smiled, and much to Maxwell's surprise put one of her arms around his neck.

"Oh, I know now," she said softly. "Business makes you forget everything. But don't you remember, Harvey, don't you remember that we were married yesterday in the Little Church Round the Corner?"

The new words:

- ♦ 1. lilac – сирень
- ♦ 2. a messenger boy – посыльный, курьер, связной
- ♦ 3. to apologize – извиняться
- ♦ 4. to spare – уделять (время, внимание)

Use of English

I. Find in the text the English for:

кипа писем и телеграмм; рабочий день начался; выглядеть огорченным и разочарованным; пожать плечами; легкий, приятный запах сирени; мне не до шуток; меня просят к телефону; у меня только одна минута свободного времени.

II. Form the necessary word from the word given in brackets and according to the text.

1. "Well, what is it?" asked Maxwell (patience).
2. "Nothing," answered the stenographer. She looked a bit (appoint) and hurt.
3. Pitcher remarked to his colleagues that the boss was getting more (forget) with every passing day.
4. Maxwell stood by his desk, with his hands full of telegrams, ... and his hair hanging in (order) over his forehead.
5. "Miss Leslie," he began (hurry).
6. "Oh, I know now," she said (soft).
7. When the luncheon hour drew nearer, there came a (relax).
8. The clerks in the office jumped about like (sail) during a storm.

III. Fill up the gaps with correct prepositions.

1. Letters and telegrams were waiting ... him.
2. The stenographer was not ... a hurry.
3. Men entered the office and shouted ... Maxwell.
4. Pitcher came ... Maxwell's desk, apologized ... interrupting him and introduced the girl.
5. The smell ... lilac reminded Maxwell ... something.
6. Maxwell was still holding telegrams ... both hands and his fountain pen was ... his ear.

Reading Comprehension

IV. Identify if the following sentences are false or true. Correct the false ones.

1. At 9 o'clock sharp Harvey Maxwell, a broker, entered his office and saw a new stenographer.

2. Pitcher, a clerk, handed Maxwell a heap of letters and telegrams.

3. Maxwell was irritated to see a young stenographer in front of his desk.

4. Pitcher forgot that Maxwell postponed inviting a new stenographer.

5. A new stenographer came to the office at the invitation of Pitcher.

6. During the whole day there was no relaxation for Maxwell.

7. During the luncheon Maxwell reminded Miss Leslie about their marriage.

8. Miss Leslie laughed when Maxwell told her something about their marriage.

9. Maxwell was surprised when Miss Leslie put her arm round his neck.

V. Complete the following sentences from the story inserting the omitted parts.

1. "Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to feet and looked at him, ...

2. "Don't you understand?" said Maxwell ... "I want to marry you, Miss Leslie."

3. At first the stenographer seemed ... Tears filled her eyes. But then she smiled and much to Maxwell's surprise ...

3. "Oh, I know now," said Miss Leslie. "Business makes you ... But don't you remember, Maxwell, don't you remember that we were married yesterday ..."

VI. Rearrange the sentences from the story in the right order.

1. Suddenly a young girl entered the office.
2. Instead of going straight into the next room the young stenographer stood before Mr. Maxwell's table and watched him for some time.
3. "I am sorry, madam, but there is no place open here."
4. Harvey Maxwell ran into the next room and came up to the stenographer.

5. Pitcher, a clerk, who was sitting at his desk, looked at them with a smile.

6. "I'll do the work as usual," said the young stenographer.

7. The young girl shrugged her shoulders and went away.

8. "He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to find another stenographer. I promised to do it."

VII. Answer the following questions:

1. Why did Pitcher look at Miss Leslie and Harvey Maxwell with a smile when they entered the office at the beginning of a busy day?

2. Why did Miss Leslie stand in front of Mr. Maxwell's table and was at a loss?

3. What was strange in the situation when a young girl came to apply for a job of a stenographer?

4. What reminded Maxwell of his love affairs?

5. What did he hurry to do?

6. Why did Miss Leslie look at him, round-eyed?

7. Why did Maxwell speak to Miss Leslie impatiently and in irritation when he came up to her during the luncheon?

8. Why did Miss Leslie finish their conversation with a smile?

9. What made Harvey Maxwell so forgetful and absentminded?

Discussion

VIII. Express your point of view and prove it.

1. How do you imagine Maxwell's way of life?

2. Do you approve or disapprove of his intensive style of work?

3. Is it necessary for Maxwell to remember the proverb "Health is above wealth"? Why?

4. Is Maxwell an easygoing man or rather ambitious? Which is better? Why?

5. Maxwell's speed, tempo and rhythm of life are extreme. But is he a creator of them or is he a captive of them? Should they be changed? Why? How?

6. Is such a way of life a sense of life or vice versa is the sense of life lost in this case?

IX. How do the following proverbs and one quotation convey the important ideas raised in the story? Comment on them using the contents of the story.

"The best fish swim near the bottom."

"Business is the salt of life."

"The busiest man finds the most leisure."

"Money often costs too much." (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

The new words:

♦ 1. a captive – пленник

Unit 3

"Actions speak louder than words."
(Proverb)

A WALK IN AMNESIA

That morning my wife and I said our usual goodbyes. She left her second cup of tea, and she followed me to the front door. She did this every day. She took from my coat a hair which was not there, and she told me to be careful. She always did this. I closed the door, and she went back to her tea.

I am a lawyer and I work very hard. My friend, Doctor Volney, told me not to work so hard. "You'll be ill," he said. "A lot of people who work too hard get very tired, and suddenly they forget who they are. They can't remember anything. It's called amnesia. You need a change and a rest."

"But I *do* rest," I replied. "On Thursday nights my wife and I play a game of cards, and on Sundays she reads me her weekly letter from her mother."

That morning, when I was walking to work, I thought about Doctor Volney's words. I was feeling very well, and pleased with life.

When I woke up, I was on a train and feeling uncomfortable after a long sleep. I sat back in my seat and I tried to think. After a long time, I said to myself, "I must have a name!" I looked in my pockets. No letter. No papers. Nothing with my name on. But I found three thousand dollars. "I must be someone," I thought.

The train was crowded with men who were all very friendly. One of them came and sat next to me. "Hi! My name is R. P. Bolder - Bolder and Son, from Missouri. You're going to the meeting in New York, of course? What's your name?"

I had to reply to him, so I said quickly, "Edward Pinkhammer from Cornopolis, Kansas."

He was reading a newspaper, but every few minutes he looked up from it, to talk to me. I understood from his conversation that he was a druggist, and he thought that I was a druggist, too.

"Are all these men druggists?" I asked.

"Yes, they are," he answered. "Like us, they're all going to the yearly meeting in New York."

After a time, he held out his newspaper to me. "Look at that," he said. "Here's another of those men who run away and then say that they have forgotten who they are. A man gets tired of his business and his family, and he wants to have a good time. He goes away somewhere and when they find him, he says that he doesn't know who he is, and that he can't remember anything."

I took the paper and read this:

Denver, June 12th

Elwyn C. Bellford, an important lawyer in the town, left home three days ago and has not come back. Just before he left, he took out a lot of money from his bank. Nobody has seen him since that day. He is a quiet man who enjoys his work and is happily married. But Mr. Bellford works very hard, and it is possible that he has amnesia.

"But sometimes people do forget who they are, Mr. Bolder," I said.

"Oh, come on!" Mr. Bolder answered. "It's not true, you know! These men just want something more exciting in their lives - another woman perhaps. Something different."

We arrived in New York at about ten o'clock at night. I took a taxi to a hotel, and I wrote the name, 'Edward Pinkhammer', in the hotel book. Suddenly I felt wild and happy - I was free. A man without a name can do anything.

The young man behind the desk at the hotel looked at me a little strangely. I had no suitcase.

"I'm here for the Druggists' Meeting," I said. "My suitcase is lost." I took out some money and gave it to him.

The next day I bought a suitcase and some clothes and I began to live the life of Edward Pinkhammer. I didn't try to remember who or what I was.

The next few days in Manhattan were wonderful - the theatres, the gardens, the music, the restaurants, the night life, the beautiful

girls. And during this time I learned something very important – if you want to be happy, you must be free.

Sometimes I went to quiet, expensive restaurants with soft music. Sometimes I went on the river in boats full of noisy young men and their girlfriends. And then there was Broadway, with its theaters and bright lights.

One afternoon I was going back to my hotel when a fat man came and stood in front of me.

"Hallo, Bellford!" he cried loudly. "What are you doing in New York? Is Mrs. B. with you?"

"I'm sorry, but you are making a mistake, sir," I said coldly. "My name is Pinkhammer. Please excuse me."

The man moved away, in surprise, and I walked over to the desk. Behind me, the man said something about a telephone.

"Give me my bill," I said to the man behind the desk, "and bring down my suitcase in half an hour."

That afternoon I moved to a quiet little hotel on Fifth Avenue.

One afternoon, in one of my favourite restaurants on Broadway, I was going to my table when somebody pulled my arm.

"Mr. Bellford," a sweet voice cried.

I turned quickly and saw a woman who was sitting alone. She was about thirty and she had very beautiful eyes.

"How can you walk past me like that?" she said. "Didn't you know me?"

I sat down at her table. Her hair was a beautiful red-gold colour.

"Are you sure you know me?" I asked.

"No." She smiled. "I never really knew you."

"Well, my name is Edward Pinkhammer," I said, "and I'm from Kansas."

"So, you haven't brought Mrs. Bellford with you, then," she said and she laughed. "You haven't changed much in fifteen years, Elwyn."

Her wonderful eyes looked carefully at my face.

"No," she said quietly, "you haven't forgotten. I told you that you could never forget."

"I'm sorry," I answered, "but that's the trouble. I *have* forgotten. I have forgotten everything."

She laughed. "Did you know that I married six months you did? It was in all the newspapers." She was silent for a minute. Then she looked up at me again. "Tell me one thing, Elwyn," she said softly. "Since that night fifteen years ago, can you touch, smell or look at white roses – and not think of me?"

"I can only say that I don't remember any of this," I said carefully. "I'm very sorry." I tried to look away from her.

She smiled and stood up to leave. Then she held out her hand to me, and I took it for a second. "Oh, yes, you remember," she said, with a sweet, unhappy smile.

"Goodbye, Elwyn Bellford."

That night I went to the theater and when I returned to my hotel, a quiet man in dark clothes was waiting for me.

"Mr. Pinkhammer, he said, "can I speak with you for a minute? There's a room here."

I followed him into a small room. A man and a woman were there. The woman was still beautiful, but her face was unhappy and tired. I liked everything about her. The man, who was about forty, came to meet me.

"Bellford," he said, "I'm happy to see you again. I told you that you were working too hard. Now you can come home with us. You'll soon be all right."

"My name", I said, "is Edward Pinkhammer. I've never seen you before in my life."

The woman cried out, "Oh, Elwyn! Elwyn! I'm your wife!" She put her arms round me, but I pushed them away.

"Oh, Doctor Volney! What is the matter with him?" the woman cried.

"Go to your room," the doctor said to her. "He'll soon be well again."

The woman left, and so did the man in the dark clothes. The man who was a doctor turned to me and said quietly, "Listen. Your name is not Edward Pinkhammer."

"I know that," I replied, "but a man must have a name. Why not Pinkhammer?"

"Your name", the doctor said, "is Elwyn Bellford. You are one of the best lawyers in Denver – and that woman is your wife."

"She is a very fine woman," I said, after a minute. "I love the colour of her hair."

"She is a very good wife," the doctor replied. When you left two weeks ago, she was very unhappy. Then we had a telephone call from a man who saw you in a hotel here."

"I think I remember him," I said. "He called me 'Bellford'. Excuse me, but who are you?"

"I'm Bobby Volney. I've been your friend for twenty years, and your doctor for fifteen years. Elwyn, try to remember."

"You say you are a doctor," I said. "How can I get better? Does amnesia go slowly or suddenly?"

"Sometimes slowly. Sometimes suddenly."

"Will you help me, Doctor Volney? I asked."

"Old friend," he said, "I'll do everything possible."

"Very well. And if you are my doctor, you can't tell anybody what I say."

"Of course not," Doctor Volney answered.

I stood up. There were some white roses on the table. I went over to the table, picked up the roses and threw them far out of the window. Then I sat down again.

"I think, it will be best, Bobby," I said, "to get better suddenly. I'm a little tired of it all now. Go and bring my wife Marian in now. But, oh, Doctor," I said with a happy smile. "Oh, my good old friend – it was wonderful!"

The new words:

- ◆ 1. **amnesia** – амнезия, потеря памяти
- ◆ 2. **a druggist** – аптекарь, фармацевт

Use of English

I. Find in the text the English for:

нуждаться в перемене обстановки; продолжайте!; чувствовать себя возбужденным и счастливым; приятный голос; вводить; делать что-либо; удаляться, посмотреть холодно.

II. Choose the right definition for the following verbs: *to pull*, *to go over*, *to hold out*, *to crowd*.

1. to move from one place to another crossing sth (a room, a city, etc.)
2. to fill a place so there is little room to move;
3. to try to move sth towards yourself;
4. to put your hand or arm or sth in your hand towards sb.

III. Divide the following words into two groups: words which can be only adverbs and words which have one form for adjectives and adverbs.

Suddenly, hard, weekly, friendly, late, quickly, hardly, yearly, happily, lately, loudly, softly, well, fast.

IV. Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions from the text.

1. When I woke ... , I was ... a train.
2. I had to reply ... him.
3. Just before he left, he took ... a lot of money ... the bank.
4. We arrived ... New York ... about 10 o'clock.
5. "How can you walk ... me like that?" she said.
6. "You haven't changed much ... fifteen years, Elwyn."
7. "Give me my bill," I said ... the man ... the desk, "and bring down my suitcase ... half an hour."

Reading Comprehension

V. Choose the right item to complete the following sentences.

1. Elwyn Bellford travelled

a) to Washington;
b) to New York;
c) to Denver.

2. Elwyn Bellford travelled
 - a) to take part in the Druggists' Meeting;
 - b) to have fun and to feel free;
 - c) to meet some old friends.
3. Elwyn Bellford was happy on the arriving at the hotel because
 - a) he was a man without a name;
 - b) he was free;
 - c) the hotel was crowded with friendly people.
4. Elwyn Bellford met some people who recognized him:
 - a) a fat man;
 - b) a woman with beautiful eyes;
 - c) a druggist;
 - d) a young man at the hotel.
5. Elwyn Bellford was absent
 - a) for a month;
 - b) for ten days;
 - c) for two weeks.
6. The hero came to himself because
 - a) the doctor helped him;
 - b) his wife helped him;
 - c) he decided to come back to the realities of life.

VI. Complete the following sentences from the text inserting the omitted parts.

1. She took from my coat a hair which ...
2. That morning, when I was walking to work, I was feeling ...
3. I looked into my pockets. No letter. No papers. Nothing ...
4. She was about ... and she had very ...
5. Her hair was a beautiful ...
6. "Very well. And if you are my doctor, you can't tell ..."

VII. Answer the following questions:

1. What was the usual morning parting of Elwyn C. Bellford and his wife like?
2. What was Elwyn Bellford's profession and his attitude towards his work?

3. What did his friend Doctor Volney warn him about?
4. What was E. Bellford's first thought when he came to himself after a long sleep?
5. What kind of people did E. Bellford meet on the train?
6. What news-story attracted his neighbour's attention in the newspaper?
7. Did E. Bellford share his neighbour's opinion about the reasons for the events described in the news-story?
8. Why did the young man at the hotel look at E. Bellford a little strangely?
9. How did E. Bellford spend time in a new city?
10. What important condition was necessary for E. Bellford to be happy?
11. Why did E. Bellford decide to change a hotel?
12. Who did E. Bellford meet in the restaurant on Broadway?
13. What made the woman beautiful?
14. Did E. Bellford remember or recognize the woman?
15. Whom did E. Bellford see in a small room of his hotel after the theatre?
16. How did he meet his wife?
17. What was his conversation with his friend Bobby Volney about?
18. What secret did E. Bellford want his friend to keep?
19. Did E. Bellford tell Doctor Volney true reasons for his disappearance and strange behaviour?

Discussion

VIII. Express your opinion and comment on it.

1. When did E. Bellford come to the decision to be free and happy? At what moment?
2. Why did E. Bellford examine his pockets carefully? What did he want to find there and why?
3. How will you explain the woman's reaction to E. Bellford's phrase "Are you sure you know me?"

4. When the beautiful woman found out that E. Bellford hadn't brought his wife with him, she laughed and said: "You haven't changed much in fifteen years, Elwyn." What did she mean? What did she want to stress?

5. What betrayed E. Bellford when he tried to convince the woman that he didn't remember her?

6. Why do you think he asked Doctor Volney if amnesia went slowly or suddenly?

7. Why did he want Doctor Volney to keep his secret?

8. How will you explain E. Bellford's wild action to throw the white roses from the table far out of the window?

9. Was E. Bellford in the state of amnesia? What makes you think so?

IX. Agree or disagree with the following statements and comment on them.

1. E. Bellford's life was monotonous and he needed relaxation.

2. E. Bellford chose an inappropriate form of relaxation (unfriendly, asocial, dangerous, etc.).

3. By his actions E. Bellford proved that he was a narrow-minded man with no serious interests, hobbies, passions, etc.

4. E. Bellford was a selfish and dishonest man.

X. Make your choice and explain it if any of the following proverbs conveys the central idea of the story.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"Still waters run deep."

"He that loses his honesty has nothing else to lose."

"The wolf may lose his teeth, but never his nature."

XI. Can the following quotation explain the reason for E. Bellford's behaviour?

"How many crimes committed merely because their authors could not endure being wrong!" (Albert Camus). Explain why you agree or disagree with this quotation.

The new words:

◆ 1. to betray – выдавать

◆ 2. inappropriate – неподходящий

◆ 3. asocial – необщественный, нарушающий интересы общества

◆ 4. to commit a crime – совершать преступление

◆ 5. to endure – выдерживать, стойко переносить

◆ 6. merely – просто, только, единственно

THE GREEN DOOR

Rudolf Steiner, a young piano salesman, was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings when he did not go to look for the unexpected. It seemed to him that the most interesting thing in life was what might lie just around the corner. He was always dreaming of adventures.

Once when he was walking along the street, the chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk drew his attention to a dentist's advertisement. Then his attention was attracted by a Negro distributing the dentist's cards. This way of dentistic advertising was not new to Rudolf. The Negro slipped a card into Rudolf's hand. When he had travelled a few yards further he glanced at the card indifferently. Surprised, he turned it over and looked again with interest. One side of the card was blank; on the other three words were written in ink "The Green Door". And then Rudolf saw, three steps in front of him, a man throw the card the Negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. The dentist's name and address were printed on it.

The adventurous piano salesman stopped at the corner and considered. Then he returned and joined the current of people again. When he was passing the Negro the second time, he again got a card. Ten steps away he examined it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green Door" was written upon it. Three or four cards were lying on the pavement. On all of them there were the name and the address of the dentist. Whatever the written words

on the cards might mean, the Negro had chosen him twice from the crowd.

Standing aside from the crowd, the young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie. It was a five-storey building. On the first floor there was a store. The second was the dentist's. Above this dressmakers and doctors. Still high up were apartments.

After finishing his inspection Rudolf walked rapidly up the stairs into the house. The hallway there was dimly lighted. Rudolf looked toward the nearer door and saw that it was green. He hesitated for a moment, then he walked straight to the green door and knocked on it. The door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there. She was very pale and as it seemed to Rudolf was about to faint.

Rudolf caught her and laid her on the sofa. He closed the door and took a quick glance around the room. Neat, but extreme poverty was the story he read.

The girl lay still. He began to fan her with his hat. That was successful, for he struck her nose with the hat and she opened her eyes.

"Fainted, didn't I?" she asked, weakly. "Well, no wonder. You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back."

He rushed out of the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back bringing bread and butter, cold meat, cakes, pies, pickles, a bottle of milk and one of hot tea.

"It is foolish to go without eating. You shouldn't do it again," said Rudolf. "Supper is ready."

The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her colour. She cheered up a little and began to tell him her little story. It was one of a thousand such as the city hears with indifference every day – a shop girl's story of low wages, further reduced by fines that go to increase the store's profits; of time lost through illness; and then of lost jobs, lost hope and unrealized dreams and – the knock of the adventurer upon the green door.

Rudolf looked at the girl with sympathy.

"To think of you going through all that," he exclaimed. "And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"As a matter of fact, I am all alone in the world too," said Rudolf, after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his having no relatives.

Then she sighed deeply. "I'm awfully sleepy," she said.

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good-night. A long night's sleep will do you good."

He held out his hand, she took it and said "Good-night". But her eyes asked a question so frankly that he answered it with words.

"I'm coming back tomorrow to see how you are getting on. You can't get rid of me so easily."

Then at the door, she asked, "How did it happen that you knocked at my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards. Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He pretended indifferent and said, "One of our piano tuners lives in this house. I knocked at your door by mistake."

There was no reason why the girl should not believe him.

In the hallway he looked curiously about him and then went to its other end. Much to his surprise he discovered that all the doors were green.

Wondering he went out into the street. The Negro was still there. Rudolf came up to him with his two cards in his hand.

"Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

In a broad smile the Negro showed a wonderful advertisement of his master's profession.

"There it is," he said, pointing down the street to the entrance to a theatre with a bright electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door."

"The theatre agent gave me a dollar to distribute a few of his cards along with the dentist's. May I offer you one of the doctor's cards, sir?" said the Negro.

The explanation did not satisfy Rudolf. "Still it was the hand of Fate that showed me the way to her," said Rudolf to himself stubbornly. This proves that Rudolf was a true follower of Romance and Adventure.

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to chatter – стучать зубами
- ◆ 2. a case – ящик
- ◆ 3. a sidewalk – тротуар
- ◆ 4. to distribute – распределять
- ◆ 5. to slip – сунуть
- ◆ 6. blank – чистый, пустой
- ◆ 7. to consider – думать
- ◆ 8. a current – поток
- ◆ 9. a pavement – тротуар
- ◆ 10. a store – магазин
- ◆ 11. an apartment – квартира
- ◆ 12. rapid – быстрый
- ◆ 13. dim – тусклый
- ◆ 14. a hallway – коридор
- ◆ 15. to faint – терять сознание
- ◆ 16. poverty – бедность
- ◆ 17. to fan – обмахивать
- ◆ 18. pickles – соленье, пикули; соленые или маринованные огурцы
- ◆ 19. to reduce – сокращать, понижать
- ◆ 20. fine – штраф
- ◆ 21. to increase – увеличивать
- ◆ 22. profit – прибыль
- ◆ 23. to sigh – вздыхать
- ◆ 24. frank – откровенный
- ◆ 25. to pretend – притворяться
- ◆ 26. a fate – судьба
- ◆ 27. stubbornly – упрямо

Use of English

I. Find in the text the English for:

за углом; обращать чье-либо внимание; привлекать чье-либо внимание; взглянуть мельком; отойдя в сторону; после того как закончил осмотр; без всякой еды; осуществлять свои мечты.

II. In each case a) choose or b) show with which definition the italicized word is used in the text.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. And then Rudolf saw, three <i>steps in front of him</i> | a) a distance that you cover when you take a step; |
| | b) a surface that you put your foot on in order to walk to a higher or lower level. |
| 2. The hallway was <i>dimly</i> lighted | a) not very brightly; |
| | b) not very clearly. |
| 3. The tea <i>brightened</i> the girl's eyes ... | a) to make somebody to look happier; |
| | b) to make sth look more attractive and colourful. |
| 4. ... a shop girl's story ... of time lost <i>through</i> illness ... | a) from the beginning to the end of something; |
| | b) as the result of something. |

III. Remember the following phrases: to draw sb's attention, to attract sb's attention, to pay sb's attention. Use them in the following sentences.

1. The Negro ... Rudolf's attention to a wonderful advertisement of his master's profession.
2. The Negro ... Rudolf's attention.
3. Rudolf did not ... attention to all the doors in the hallway.
4. What ... Rudolf's attention in the street?
5. Who ... Rudolf's attention to the electric sign?
6. Did Rudolf ... attention to what was printed on different cards?
7. Rudolf's attention was ... by a Negro distributing the dentist's cards.

IV. Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions from the text.

1. He was always dreaming ... adventures.
2. Once when he was walking ... the street, the chattering ... teeth ... a glass case ... the sidewalk drew his attention ... a dentist's advertisement.
3. His attention was attracted ... a Negro.
4. Rudolf turned the card ... And looked again ... interest.
5. Rudolf stopped ... the corner and considered.
6. Standing aside ... the crowd, the young man looked ... the building.
7. ... twenty minutes he was back bringing bread and butter.
8. I knocked ... your door ... mistake.
9. "I am glad ... that," said the girl, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved ... his having no relatives.

V. Form an appropriate word from the word in brackets and according to the text.

1. Few were the evenings when Rudolf did not go to look for (expect).
2. When Rudolf had travelled a few yard further he glanced at the card (differ).
3. The (adventure) piano salesman stopped at the corner and considered.
4. After finishing his inspection Rudolf walked (rapid) up the stairs into the house.
5. Neat, but extreme (poor) was the story he read.
6. It was one of a thousand stories such as the city hears with (differ) every day.
7. Rudolf listened to a shop girl's story of lost hope and (realize) dreams and – the knock of the (adventure) upon the green door.
8. "And you have no (relate) or friends in the city?"
9. "I am awfully (sleep)," she said.
10. Much to his surprise he (cover) that all the doors were green
11. The Negro pointed down the street to the (enter) to a theatre
12. "I knocked at your door by (take)."

Reading Comprehension

VI. Complete the following sentences from the text inserting the omitted parts.

1. The young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie. It was a ...
2. Rudolf looked towards the ... and saw that it was green.
3. A girl not yet ... stood there. She was ... and it seemed to Rudolf she was about ...
4. It is foolish to go without eating. You shouldn't do it again," said Rudolf. "...".
5. But her eyes asked a question so ... that he answered it with words.
6. In the doorway he looked curiously about him and went to ...
7. The Negro pointed down the street to the entrance to a theatre with a bright ... of its new play, "The Green Door".

VII. Say if the following statements are true or false. Correct the false ones.

1. In the evening Rudolf usually stayed at home.
2. Once when he was walking along the street his attention was attracted by a theatre agent advertising a new play.
3. The Negro gave Rudolf a card.
4. Rudolf's first look at the card was indifferent.
5. On the card Rudolf read the name and the address of the dentist.
6. Rudolf was sure that his adventure waited for him in the dentist's room.
7. Rudolf went up the stairs and returned at once.
8. The girl that opened the door was glad to see him.
9. Soon the girl fainted because Rudolf frightened her.
10. After supper the girl cheered up.
11. When Rudolf told her that he had knocked at her door by mistake she doubted it.
12. Rudolf was sure that his meeting with a girl was by chance.

Discussion

VIII. Explain the following facts from the story.

1. Why did Rudolf pick up the card thrown by a man?
2. Why did Rudolf decide to pass the Negro the second time?
3. Why did Rudolf decide to look for his adventure in the nearest building?
4. Why did he choose the nearer door to knock at?
5. Why did he look at the girl with sympathy after she had told him her life story?
6. Why did Rudolf pretend to be indifferent when he was answering the girl's question?
7. Why didn't Rudolf answer the girl's question truthfully?
8. Why was the girl glad that Rudolf had no relatives?
9. Why was Rudolf pleased to hear that she approved of his having no relatives?

IX. Express your point of view and expand on it.

1. Rudolf was a curious young man. Prove it. Is it good or bad to be curious? What does the expression "Curiosity killed a cat" mean? Can you suppose that our hero could face tragic consequences while being very curious?
2. Rudolf was a stubborn young man. Prove it. Do you think stubbornness is a good quality? Is it good or bad to be stubborn and not to be ready to change your opinion or attitude to anybody or anything? Is it necessary and possible to get rid of stubbornness? How (if yes).
3. It goes without saying that Rudolf was a responsive, generous, kind-hearted young man. Give facts to prove it. Can the proverb "Whilst I live, let me not live in vain" be considered the motto of his life? Yes or no, but what makes you think so?
4. Rudolf was surprised to discover that all the doors in the hallway were Green. What could his thoughts have been at that moment?

Can you suppose that he could find anything interesting and adventurous for himself behind every door? Why do you think so?

5. Rudolf was very attentive to different signs of Fate. Agree or disagree with it. Do you think that we should be attentive to different signs of Fate though we know and often use the proverb "No flying from Fate" in our speech?

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a consequence – (по)следствие
- ◆ 2. in vain – напрасно, тщетно

Keys: Ex. II: 1a, 2a, 3a, 4b.

PART THREE

(Additional Reading)

Unit 1

"Love makes all hearts gentle."
(Proverb)

THE BOY NEXT DOOR

After *L. Baker*

Sladen Morris is the boy next door. He has grown very tall now, and all the girls think he is wonderful. But I remember when he refused to comb his hair and his mother had to force him to wash his face. Of course, he remembers me too; whenever I appear in a new dress and a special hair-do, he says, "Well, well, look at Betsy, she's almost grown-up. But I remember her first party, when she was so excited that she dropped her ice-cream on her best dress, and she ran home crying."

So when I say that Sladen Morris didn't mean anything to me, I am quite serious. But I had known him so long that I felt I had to take care of him – just as I fell towards Jimmy, my little brother. That's the only feeling I had – neighbourly friendship – when I tried to save Sladen from Merry Ann Milburn.

Merry Ann – I'm sure her real name was simply Mary; but Mary wasn't poetic enough for her. She came to Springdale to visit her aunt and uncle; her aunt brought her to our house for tea. She looked wonderful – I always tell the truth – with her bright blonde hair and big blue eyes. And she said many high, fine things. But as soon as her aunt and mother left the room, Merry Ann changed, as I knew she would. "What do people do for entertaining in this dead town?" That was the first thing she said. And then – "It's so far from New York!"

"Oh!" I said, "We have dances at the Country Club every Saturday, and swimming, and tennis, and..."

She interrupted me. "Are there any interesting men?"

I had never before thought of men as "interesting," or as "Men" either. But I started naming all the boys in town. "There's Benny Graham, and Dennis Brown and Bill Freeman. All quite interesting." That was a lie, but not a very big one. I didn't name Sladen Morris, because I had already decided to save him from that terrible girl.

At that moment Merry Ann looked out of our window, just as Sladen came across the grass towards our house – probably to invite me to play a game of tennis, as usual. He came in without asking for permission. "Ah!" he said, his eyes on blonde Merry Ann – he didn't even notice me – "where did you come from, my beauty?"

"From New York," she answered, "but I don't want to go back there – not now!"

Not too clear, I think, but he seemed happy to hear it. "I don't remember why I decided to come here," he said. "But now I'm sure a good angel brought me."

"And did the good angel push that tennis racket into your hand?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, my tennis racket," he said, looking foolish. He still didn't look at me. "Do you play tennis?" he asked Merry Ann.

"Very little," Merry Ann said. "I'll need help." And she looked down and seemed so weak and ill that anybody would pity her. I can never look ill. I always look healthy, even if I have a broken arm and pneumonia: I have to watch and be silent when some of the girls use their bad health as a weapon.

"What about a game now?" Sladen asked.

"I'd love a game – but I'll have to go home and change my clothes."

"I'll take you home and wait for you," Sladen offered.

"Good bye, Betsy," Merry Ann said. "Please, tell your mother how much I enjoyed this afternoon at your house."

"And please come often," I said – and I thought to myself, I'd like to give you a cup of tea next time with a little poison in it.

Well, the result of this conversation was that I suddenly felt very bad, and I ran to my bedroom and threw myself on my bed, and

I cried. Mother can hear tears through three walls and soon I heard her voice at the door. "Betsy, dear," she said. "May I come in?"

"Of course," I answered. "But I've got a horrible headache."

"I have an idea," Mother began. "Perhaps you'd like to invite your friends to a party here?"

A party. For a whole year I had asked Mother to let me give a party, and she had always answered, "It will cost too much," or "Wait until you are eighteen," and a dozen other reasons: now she was suggesting a party herself.

Well, after that everywhere I went, there was Merry Ann with Sladen Morris behind her, like a big dog. I had always played tennis with Sladen whenever the weather wasn't wet: now I had to look for a partner, and I had to watch him playing with Merry Ann. She was a terrible player: she even didn't hold her racket correctly. But she wore those little white tennis dresses that cinema actresses wear in the pictures and, to tell the truth, she looked very nice.

I knew that the party would be a mistake with Merry Ann among the guests; but it was Mother's favourite subject. So I invited all the "nice young people", as Mother calls them, to come to our house for dinner before the Country Club dance.

They all agreed to come – six boys who wanted to have a chance to be with Merry Ann, and five girls, including me, who came because they didn't want anybody to think they were afraid of the Merry enemy.

Mother bought me a new dress, with a very wide skirt: it was not the simple girlish dress that my mother usually chooses for me. And my father bought me flowers to wear in my hair, which was combed up. Before the guests arrived, I looked forward to the dinner with more bravery than I had expected, because the new dress and the hair-do gave me strength. But that was before they arrived. When they came and I saw Merry Ann holding Sladen's arm, my courage left me. My dress was nothing, compared with the clouds of red chiffon that hung on Merry Ann's shoulders and swam around her.

"Well, well, look at Betsy," Sladen started. "But I remember her when..."

"I remember also," I interrupted coldly, "so you needn't spend your time telling us about the incident a hundred years ago."

Merry Ann monopolized the conversation, and she talked only with the boys – turning her big blue eyes first on one then another. "What's the Country Club like?" she asked. "I have gone dancing only at New York clubs, so I don't know much about small town clubs."

The dinner was as uninteresting as I had expected. When it was over, everybody went to the Country Club, feeling a little ashamed that it couldn't compare with anything in New York.

All the boys danced with me – they had to, because they were my guests. The evening was very warm, and little by little everybody began to go outside to sit around the swimming pool. Dennis Brown and I went out too, and we walked up and down in front of their chairs.

It was just in front of Merry Ann that it happened. Perhaps that was an accident – I don't say she did it on purpose – but I wasn't so near her chair, and her foot was pushed out very far. Of course I couldn't see her foot in the dark, and I fell over it and into the pool. As I went down, I could hear Merry Ann laughing, and I hoped I would drown. But I knew that anybody who swam as well as I did couldn't seriously hope for such an end to her suffering. I didn't come up – I knew they were all standing there laughing – so I swam under water to the iron ladder at the other end of the pool. I planned to run up the ladder and then as fast as I could to the dressing-room. From there I would go home.

When I found the ladder with my hand, I began to pull myself up. But then I discovered that my dress was caught in the ladder. I pulled and pulled (I was still under water) but I couldn't free the dress. And then everything became black.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my face and Sladen was pumping the water out of me. At first I was too uncomfortable to notice anything; but then I began to take more interest in the scene. I saw that several of the boys had offered themselves as the hero of the incident; not only Sladen's best suit was full of water; it was run-

ning from the suits and hands and faces of Dennis and Bill and Carter. Even Janet, who is an athlete like me, had jumped in to pull me out.

"I'm sorry," I said, as soon as I could talk again. "It was my fault."

"No, it wasn't, but don't talk, you little fool," Sladen ordered angrily.

"Yes, keep quiet," Merry Ann said. "Everybody was so worried about you. Why did you hide at the bottom of the pool?"

And then Sladen said something that showed that he wasn't a gentleman at all. But I shall love him for it as long as I live. "Hit her, Nora!" he said. "I'm a gentleman, and besides, I'm busy."

"Oh - you terrible people!" Merry Ann cried. "I wouldn't stay here another minute!"

"You boys can choose who is the unlucky one that takes her home," Sladen said. "Perhaps Benny and Joe will both go in the car with her. She is too dangerous to be alone with the driver."

He rose to his feet. "Get up, Betsy," he ordered. "I think you will probably go through life all right, if you choose a more practical swimming costume in future." The way Sladen said it made me feel comfortable and warm, which was foolish: there was nothing especially pleasant in his words.

All of us, the wet and the dry, got into the cars. Sladen put his coat around me and took me home.

"Listen, you," he said on the way. "I see that I'll have to stay nearer to you - you simply can't take care of yourself. Better not go out of the house unless I go with you. Don't you think that's a good idea?"

For the first time in my life, I felt my strength as a weak woman, though my hair-do was wet and ruined.

"Sladen, you saved my life. You are terribly strong and you always know what to do. And if you want me to be with you, I'll be glad." I looked at him with an expression that I thought might have an effect.

"You know, Betsy," Sladen continued very seriously, "It's strange, sometimes you don't see something that's under your own nose. It has just come to my mind that you are the best girl I know, and I've lived next door to you for seventeen years."

He stopped the car and kissed me. It wasn't the best kind of a kiss, because we were both still wet. But for some reason it was very romantic, and suddenly I felt beautiful and interesting. I sat there looking at Sladen Morris with new eyes, probably he suddenly didn't look at all like the boy next door.

DEEP WATERS

After *P. G. Wodehouse*

According to some historians, there was a young man in Rome who won the admiration of the whole city by his ability as a swimmer. When some people said "he swims like a fish", others used to answer "no, the strongest fish swim like him!"

George Callender was such a swimmer too. In his clothes he did not look unusual, though he seemed, perhaps, stronger than most young men. But when he took off his clothes and entered the water, a great change immediately took place. Other men made a great noise and created tremendous waves around them: George moved through the sea as silently and as powerfully as a torpedo. When he swam the crawl, people opened their mouths and forgot to close them; when he swam on his back, it seemed the only natural way to move.

George came to Marvis Bay on the sea coast one evening in July. Marvis Bay is a pleasant place on vacation. The sand is clean and yellow, and there is a long pier, where visitors can enjoy walks in the sea air.

But now, at dinner time, George was alone on the pier. The late sun shone on the blue water, but he did not look at the beauty around him. He could not: his mind was too full of dark thoughts about the difficulties and disappointments of his young life. Because George was a writer, a dramatist, an author. How happy he had been when his play was accepted for production! And how terrible the days

when he had to sit in the theatre at rehearsals and watch the director and the theatrical company at work. They had shortened and changed his best lines; they had cut and thrown out some of the most heroic, the most dramatic scenes. George had explained; George had struggled; at last he had quarreled and shouted: nobody had listened. His words could not reach their ears, or touch their stony hearts. George could stay in London any longer, and he had come to Marvis Bay to put everything out of his mind.

But this was not easy to do. George thought of the months of hard labour he had spent writing the scenes that were now lost for ever. As he stood looking down, he pitied himself, he was ready to cry – until, suddenly he noticed the most beautiful girl swimming in the water near the pier.

She swam well. As a specialist, George could see that immediately. He watched with admiration, as she moved easily and quickly over the waves towards the pier where George was standing. As she came nearer, he leaned over the rail to see her better. At that moment, the girl turned to swim on her back; and her eyes met his. Then she turned over again and disappeared under the pier. By this time, George had leaned over the rail as far as possible, holding the rail with both hands. Now he leaned over still farther, so far that his hat fell off his head. George forgot that he had to hold the rail with both hands: he tried to catch his hat with one hand – and lost his balance and fell into the water.

Ordinarily, falling into the sea, or jumping into the sea with all his clothes on could not make George feel very uncomfortable. He could swim to a boat, if a boat happened to be near, or to the shore, and walk up out of the water, laughing a little over the incident. So now, he shook the water out of his eyes and was about to begin swimming to the shore, which was less than a hundred yards away. But at this moment, he felt two strong hands under his back and a voice in his ear said: "Don't be afraid; don't struggle; there is no danger."

George didn't struggle. His mind was working like a first-class motor, and it already had a plan of action. For a young man, one of the most difficult things in the world is to be introduced to the girl of

his dreams under the right conditions. What a wonderful opportunity was this for George! "How simple, he thought, as she pulled him towards the beach. They were not yet friends, but they had met. A girl who has saved a man from death in the sea cannot pass him the next day without speaking to him.

George lay quiet in the water, hoping they would not reach the beach for a long time. But everything must end sooner or later. George felt sand under his feet, the girl helped him to stand up. George began to express his thanks, but she interrupted him. "It was nothing. Nothing at all. It was just lucky that I happened to be there."

"It was wonderful!" the dramatist said with deep feeling. "You are the bravest, the finest, the best..."

He saw that she was smiling.

"You are very wet," she said.

George looked down at his clothes. It had been a nice suit once.

"Now you must hurry home and put on something dry."

Look around, George saw a crowd of people coming down on the sand towards them. It was time to leave.

"Do you live far?" she asked.

"Not far. I'm staying at the beach hotel."

"Oh. So am I. I hope we shall meet again."

"I am sure we shall," said George, with no doubt in his voice.

"How did you happen to fall off the pier?"

"I was...er.. I was looking at something in the water."

"Yes, I noticed that," said the girl, quietly.

George's face was red. "I know," he said. "It's not very decent to stand watching..."

"You must learn to swim," the girl interrupted. "I can't understand why every boy in this country isn't taught to swim before he is ten years old. It isn't difficult at all, really. I can teach you in a week."

Like all decent people, George didn't like liars, and ordinarily he didn't tell lies. But this time, the struggle between George and George's conscience was short. His conscience had no chance to win from the beginning.

"I'll be glad and thankful if you will," said George. And even before he finished saying the words, he knew that he would have to continue telling lies for many days. The true explanation was impossible. But his heart was not heavy; it even sang a little.

"We'll start tomorrow," the girl said "We'll talk about it at the hotel. I don't want to talk to all these people coming down here. I'm going to swim out again."

She hurried into the deeper water. George turned and went up the beach, pushing his way through the crowd that had collected there. There were fifteen people near enough to speak to him as he passed. Six of the people told him that he was wet. The other nine asked him whether he had fallen into the water.

Unit 2

*"Are you sure you know your parents
and they know you well enough?"*

NEWS OF THE ENGAGEMENT

My mother never came to meet me at Bursley station when I arrived in the Five Towns from London. She always had other things to do; she was preparing for me. So I had a little journey from Knype to Bursley, and then the walk up Trafalgar, all by myself. And there was enough time to consider how I should break to my mother the tremendous news I had for her. I had been considering that question since I got into the train at Euston, where I said goodbye to Agnes; but in the atmosphere of Five Towns it seemed more difficult; though, of course, it wasn't difficult, really.

You see, I wrote to my mother regularly every week, telling her most of my doings. She knew all my friends by name; I am sure she formed in her mind notions of what sort of people they were. Thus I had often mentioned Agnes and her family in my letters. But you can't write even to your mother and say: "I think I am beginning to fall in love with Agnes," "I think Agnes likes me," "I love her", "I feel certain she loves me too," "I shall propose her some day." You can't do that. At least I couldn't. Therefore it happened that on the 20th of December I had proposed to Agnes and she manifested much desire to marry me, and my mother had no suspicion that my happiness was so near. And on the 22nd of December I came to spend Christmas with my mother.

I was the only son of a widow; I was all that my mother had. And I had gone and engaged myself to a girl she had never seen, and I had not told her anything about it. She would certainly be very much surprised, and she might be a little hurt – just at first. Anyhow, the situation was very delicate.

I walked up the white front steps of my mother's little house, just opposite where the electric cars stop, but before I could put my hand

on the bell, my little mother, in her black silk and her gold brooch opened to me, having doubtless watched me down the road from the window as usual and she said, as usual, kissing me: "Well, Philips, how are you?" and I said "Oh, I'm all right, mother. How are you?"

I noticed at once that she was very exalted. There were tears in her smiling eyes, and she was nervous as a young girl. And indeed she looked remarkably young for a woman of forty-five, with twenty-five years of widowhood and a short but stormy life behind her.

The thought flashed across my mind: "By some means or other she has some information about my engagement. But how?"

"I'll tell her at supper," I decided and went upstairs. At that moment there was a ring at the door. She ran to the door instead of letting the servant go. It was a potter with my bag. Just as I was coming downstairs again there was another ring at the door.

And mother appeared out of the kitchen, but I was before her, and with a laugh I insisted on opening the front door myself this time. A young woman stood on the steps.

"Please, Mrs. Dawson wants to know if Mrs. Durance can kindly lend her half-a-dozen knives and forks?"

"Eh, with pleasure," said my mother, behind me. "Just wait a minute, Lucy. Come inside."

I followed my mother into the drawing-room, where she took some silver out of the cabinet, wrapped it in tissue paper, and then went out and gave it to the servant, saying:

"There! And the complements of the season to your mistress, Lucy." After that my mother disappeared into the kitchen. And I wandered about, feeling exalted, examining the drawing-room, in which nothing was changed except the picture postcards on the mantelpiece. Then I wandered into the dining-room, a small room at the back of the house, and here a great surprise awaited me.

Supper was set for three!

"Well," I said. "Here's a nice state of affairs! Supper for three, and she hadn't said a word!"

My mother was so clever in social matters, and especially in the planning of delicious surprises, that I believed her capable even of

miracles. In some way or other she must have discovered the state of my desires towards Agnes. She and Agnes had been plotting together by letters or maybe by telegraph to surprise me. Though Agnes had alluded to me that she could not possibly come to Bursley for Christmas, she was probably here, and my mother concealed her somewhere in the house or was expecting her any minute. That explained the nervousness and rushes of my mother to the door.

I went out of the dining-room, determined not to let my mother know that I had secretly examined the supper-table. And as I was crossing the corridor to the drawing-room there was a third ring at the door, and a third time my mother rushed out of the kitchen.

"By Jove!" I thought. "Suppose it's Agnes. What a scene!"

And trembling with expectation I opened the door.

It was Mr. Nixon.

Mr. Nixon was an old friend of the family, a man of forty-nine or fifty, who owned a hundred and seventy-five small houses in the town. He collected the rents himself and attended to the repairs himself, and was known as a good landlord. He lived alone in Commerce Street, and though not talkative, was usually jolly, with a contented look and with one or two good stories to tell. He was my mother's trustee, and had morally helped her in the difficult times before my father's early death.

"Well, young man," he cried coming in. "So you're back in old Bursley!"

I greeted him as gaily as I could, and then he shook hands with my mother, neither of them speaking.

"Mr. Nixon has come to supper, Philip," said my mother.

I liked Mr. Nixon, but I was not too well pleased by this information for I wanted to talk confidentially to my mother. And here was Mr. Nixon in for supper! I could not break it gently to my mother that I was engaged to a strange young woman in the presence of Mr. Nixon.

He had been in to supper several times during previous visits of mine, but never on the first night.

However, I had to make the best of it. Being aware of the fact that food sustains life we sat down and began on the ham, the sausages, the eggs and toasts, the jam, the mince tarts, the Stilton, and the celery. But we, none of us, ate very much, despite my mother's protestations.

My suspicion was that perhaps something had gone wrong with my mother's affairs, and Mr. Nixon was taking the first opportunity to explain things to me. But such a possibility did not interest me, for I could easily afford to keep my mother and a wife too. I was still pre-occupied in my engagement – and surely there is nothing astonishing in that – and I began to compose the words in which, immediately on the departure of Mr. Nixon after supper, I would break to my mother the news of my engagement.

When we have reached the celery, I said that I must walk down to the post-office, as I had to send a letter.

"Can't you do it tomorrow, my dear?" asked my mother.

"No, I can't." I said.

Imagine! To leave Agnes two days without news of my safe arrival and without assurance of my love! I had started writing the letter in the train, near Willesden, and finished it in the drawing-room.

"A lady in the case?" Mr. Nixon called out exultantly.

"Yes," I replied with firmness.

I went out, bought a picture postcard showing St. Luke's Square, Bursley, and posted the card and the letter to my dear Agnes. I hoped that Mr. Nixon would have departed before my return; he hadn't mentioned my mother's affairs at all during supper. But he had not departed. I found him alone in the drawing-room, smoking a very fine cigar.

"Where's mother?" I asked pertly.

"She's just gone out of the room," he said. "Come and sit down. Have a cigar. I want to have a chat with you, Philip."

I obeyed, taking one of the fine cigars.

"Well, Uncle Nixon?" I encouraged him to get chat over because my mind was full of Agnes. I sometimes called him uncle for fun.

"Well, my boy," he began. "It's no use beating about the bush. What do you think of me as a stepfather?"

I was struck, when I heard those words.

"What?" I stammered. "You don't mean to say – you and mother?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I do, my boy. Yesterday she promised that she'd marry me. It's been going on for some time. But I don't expect she's given you any allusions in her letters. In fact, I know she hasn't. It would have been rather difficult, wouldn't it? She couldn't have written: 'My dear Philip, an old friend, Mr. Nixon, is falling in love with me and I believe I'm falling in love with him. One of these days he'll propose to me. 'She couldn't have written like this, could she?'"

I laughed. I could not help laughing.

"Shake hands," I said warmly. "I'm delighted."

And soon afterwards my mother came in shyly.

"The boy is delighted, Sarah," said Mr. Nixon shortly. I said nothing about my own engagement that night. I had never realized that my mother was desirable, and that a man might desire her, and that her lonely existence in that house was not all that she had the right to demand from life. And I was ashamed of my characteristic filial selfish egoism. So I decided that I would not intrude my joy on her until the next morning. We live and learn.

Unit 3

"False friends are worse than open enemies."
(Proverb)

A FRIEND IN NEED

After Somerset Maugham

For thirty years now I have been studying people. I do not know very much about them. Some people say that their first impressions of a person are always right. For my part I find the longer I know people the more they puzzle me: my oldest friends are just those of whom I can say that I don't know the first thing about them.

That is what I was thinking when I read in this morning's paper that Edward Hyde Burton had died at Kobe. He was a merchant and he had been in business in Japan for many years. I knew him very little, but he interested me because once he gave me a great surprise.

He was a little fellow, not much more than five feet four in height, and very thin, with white hair and blue eyes. I suppose he was about sixty when I knew him.

Those his offices were in Kobe, Burton often came down to Yokohama. Once when I was waiting for a ship in Yokohama, I met him at the British club. We played bridge together. He did not talk very much, either then or later when we were having drinks, but what he said was sensible. He had a quiet dry humour. He was very popular at the club and after he had gone, they described him as one of the best. It happened that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel and the next day he asked me to dine with him. I met his wife, fat, elderly and smiling, and his two daughters. It was a united family. I think that the main thing I liked about Burton was his kindness. There was something very pleasing in his blue eyes. You felt in him a real love for people. He had charm. He was a rich man and he had made every penny himself. I suppose one thing that made you like him was that he was so small. You felt that he could not bear to hurt a fly.

One afternoon I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel. Burton came in and saw me. He seated himself in the chair next to mine.

"What do you say to a little drink?"

As the boy brought our drinks a man passed along the street outside and seeing me waved his hand.

"Do you know Turner?" asked Burton as I nodded a greeting.

"I've met him at the club. He plays bridge very well!"

"Yes, he does. There was a fellow here last year, a name sake of mine, who was the best bridge player I ever met. I suppose you never came across him in London. Lenny Burton he called himself."

"No, I don't believe I remember the name."

"He was a wonderful player. I played with him a lot. He was in Kobe for some time."

Burton emptied his glass.

"It's rather a funny story," he said. "He wasn't a bad fellow, I liked him. He was handsome in a way, with curly hair and pink-and-white cheeks. Women thought a lot of him. But he drank too much. Those sort of men always do. A bit of money came in for him once a quarter and he made a bit more by card playing. He won a good deal of mine, I know that."

He stroked his chin with his thin hand.

"I suppose that is why he came to me when he went broke and because he was a namesake of mine. He came to see me in my office one day and asked me for a job. I was rather surprised. He told me that there was no money coming from home and he wanted to work. I asked him how old he was."

"Thirty-five," he said.

"And what have you been doing?" I asked him.

"Well, nothing very much," he said.

I couldn't help laughing.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you just yet," I said. "Come back and see me in another thirty-five years, and I'll see what I can do!"

He didn't move. He was pale. Then he told me that he had had bad luck at cards for some time. He hadn't a penny. He couldn't play his hotel bill and they wouldn't give him any more credit. If he couldn't get something to do he'd have to commit a suicide.

"Well, isn't there anything you can do except play cards?" I asked him.

"I can swim," he said.

"Swim!"

"I swam for my university."

"I was a pretty swimmer myself when I was a young man," I said.

Suddenly I had an idea.

Pausing in his story, Burton turned to me.

"Do you know Kobe?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I passed through it once, but only spent a night there."

"Then you don't know the Shioya Club. When I was a young man I swam from there round the beacon and back. It's over three miles and it's rather difficult because of the currents round the beacon. Well, I told my young namesake about it and I said to him that if he did it I'd give him a job. I could see he was afraid."

"You say you are a good swimmer," I said.

"I'm not in very good condition," he answered.

I didn't say anything. He looked at me for a moment and then he nodded.

"All right," he said. "When do you want me to do it?"

I looked at my watch. It was just after ten.

"The swim shouldn't take you much over an hour and a quarter. I'll drive there at half past twelve and meet you. I'll take you back to the club to dress and then we'll have lunch together."

"All right," he said.

We shook hands. I wished him good luck and he left me. I had a lot of work to do that morning and I only just managed to get to the creek at half past twelve.

But he never turned up.

"Didn't he swim?" I asked.

"Yes, he did. He started all right. But of course he ruined his health by drink. The currents round the beacon were more than he could manage. They didn't get the body for about three days."

I didn't say anything for a moment or two. I was shocked. Then I asked Burton a question.

"When you made him that offer of a job, did you know he'd been drowned?"

He looked at me with those kind blue eyes of his and said:

"Well, I hadn't got a vacancy in my office at the moment."

PART FOUR

(Reading Comprehension Tests)

Text 1

THE VALENTINE CARD

After N. Mosarrat

The new words:

- ◆ 1. gay – веселый
- ◆ 2. to bump into – столкнуться
- ◆ 3. a desk drawer – ящик письменного стола

Helen only smiled and said nothing when her parents asked why she didn't go out. Her mother often suggested that Helen should invite some of her friends home one evening.

"I can make some cakes and you can all dance and have a party. Your father and I can go out for the evening so you won't have to worry about the noise you make," she said.

Her father also tried to bring her out of her isolation and told her that when he was sixteen, "he knew a pretty face when he saw one."

It was all useless. Helen stayed at home in the evening and read books or played records or watched television. Parents were nice. They tried to help. But they did not understand. To be popular with boys you had to be gay and pretty. Helen looked in her bedroom mirror. She saw a small, round face that usually became red whenever a boy even said "Hallo!" to her. No boy could ever like me, she said to herself.

Then, at breakfast at St Valentine's Day, the card arrived by post. Helen looked at the envelope with her name and address written in bright blue ink. Her mother went into the kitchen and her father quietly read his morning paper and ate his toast. Helen opened the envelope and took out the card. There were the words on the card in bright blue ink: "To Helen – hope we meet soon." Who was it from? Perhaps it was a joke?

"It's a very nice card," said her mother. "Who is it from?" she asked. "I've no idea," said Helen. "There's no name on the valentine card."

Who was it from, Helen asked herself as she walked to school. She tried to think of the people she knew who used bright blue ink. There was Paul, of course. He lived in the street next to hers. He always used that colour ink. But how could the card be from Paul? He was always going out and had a lot of friends. He was also the best tennis player and swimmer in the school and had lots of girl-friends.

Before going into her classroom at school, she saw Paul coming towards her. Was he smiling at her or only laughing at her? If he was the person who had sent the card, he must know that she had received it that morning. Probably he was going to tell the whole of the class about the joke.

"Hallo, Helen," he said. "How are you?"

"I am O.K." said Helen.

If he sent me the card, thought Helen, I am not going to let him know I've got it.

"You're always doing your homework. You never seem to have time to come out in the evening," said Paul. "Why not come out tonight? It's February 14. You know what day that is, don't you?"

"Of course," replied Helen. "St Valentine's Day." She smiled carefully at Paul. He smiled back at her.

"We can go and see a film in town and then have some coffee. You will come, won't you?"

"I'm sorry, I can't come. I've got to go out with my mother and she...."

"Please come. I'll call at your house at seven o'clock."

The bell began to ring for the first class and he turned to go. "Don't forget, will you? Seven o'clock."

Helen arrived home at half past four and started to run up the stairs.

"Hallo, dear," called her mother from the kitchen. "You are in a hurry."

Helen ran back down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"Where's my green dress, mum? Do you know? I've got to go out tonight and I must get ready before dinner."

"But it's only half past four. You don't have to get ready so early, do you?"

"Yes, yes, I must get ready now," said Helen. She ran out of the kitchen and bumped into her father who was coming into the hall.

"What's the hurry? Is there a fire or are you going out somewhere?"

"I'm going out tonight – I'm going to see the film – with Paul from school."

"Oh, that's nice." Said her father. "Lucky Paul!"

"Isn't it nice of Paul to ask Helen to the pictures with him," said Helen's mother. "She'll enjoy herself."

Helen's father smiled at her.

"Yes," he said. "Must be the valentine card that did it."

Then he went into the living-room and quietly put the bottle of bright blue ink inside his desk drawer.

Test

I. Choose the right information what this text is about.

1. This story tells us that Helen wanted to make friends with Paul but didn't know how to do it.
2. This story tells us that Helen's parents wanted her to meet with her friends more often.
3. This story tells us how Paul's friends made a joke at him.

II. Complete the following sentences choosing a), b) or c).

1. It was useless to persuade Helen to invite friends home one evening because
 - a) she liked to stay home alone in the evening;
 - b) she was fond of going out;
 - c) she liked to read books in the library.
2. At breakfast on St. Valentine's Day Helen received
 - a) an envelope with her classmate's name on it;
 - b) a nameless card;
 - c) a picture card sent by the Post Office.

3. At school Helen met Paul who

- a) was joking with Helen;
- b) invited Helen to go to the cinema.
- c) suggested that they should organize a tea party with dancing.

III. Identify if the following statements are true (T) or false (F). Correct the false ones.

1. Helen's parents understood her problems perfectly well.
2. Helen always looked in her bedroom mirror with admiration.
3. Helen unhesitatingly guessed who had sent her the valentine card.
4. Helen consulted her mother if to go to the cinema with Paul.
5. Helen's father was greatly surprised to hear that Helen was going out with Paul.

IV. Answer the following questions:

1. How did Helen's parents try to bring her out of her isolation?
2. What was Helen's opinion of Paul?
3. Why did Helen answer Paul's questions and smile at him carefully?
4. What feelings did Helen experience when she came home? (Loneliness, happiness, admiration, enthusiasm, excitement, joy, love, pride, an emotional upset, disappointment, etc.) Explain why and in what situations.
5. How did it happen that Paul came up to Helen at school and began to talk to her?

V. Express your opinion and prove it.

What do you think about the way Helen's father helped his daughter? Wasn't it too risky? Why?

Text 2

FOOTBALL GIRL

After K. Brush

The new words:

- ♦ 1. a blanket – плед
- ♦ 2. powder – пудра

- ◆ 3. a comb – расческа
- ◆ 4. a lip-stick – губная помада
- ◆ 5. a match – спичка
- ◆ 6. a coach – тренер

"It's cold in this stadium," the girl said.

She had a clear little voice, and spoke slowly; she was probably from the South. She had just arrived at her seat, accompanied by a long-legged student in a heavy bearskin coat. They were late. The game had begun a few moments before.

Everybody had watched her climbing up to her seat. She was the kind of girl that people notice – little, in a soft bright coat. She was young, not more than twenty or maybe twenty-two, with black hair under a small hat, and with a very red mouth and big dark blue eyes.

The boy was very much in love with her, and proud of her though he tried not to let other people see it. Now, when she said it was cold in the stadium, he repeated, "cold?" in a frightened voice.

"Wait!" he said. "Wait until I put this blanket around you. You won't be cold then."

"My face will be," she said.

"Pick up your feet a minute," said the boy, "while I put the blanket under them. How's that now? All right?"

"I think so."

"Warm enough now?"

"Maybe I'll be, in a minute."

But in a minute she said: "It's cold to sit on. I'm sitting on this cold stone."

"Sit on one of these programs," the boy said. "Stand up a minute now, sit down again. Better?"

"Yes, fine," said the girl. "And let's put another program under my feet, Jack. Because my feet are always as cold as ice."

"Your feet are so little," the boy said, as he pushed a program under them. "There! I think they'll be warm enough now."

"Yes, that's fine. What's the score?"

"Nothing to nothing."

"Oh," said the girl. "then we're not really late. You said we were going to be late."

"Well, we were late a little."

"I'm never late," said the girl dreamily.

The boy did not answer her. "Watch that pass!" he shouted instead. "Watch it!"

"Jack," said the girl. "Before you get too excited, may I, please, have one of your cigarettes?"

"Hey, hey!" the boy was shouting. "Stop that man! Stop him! Do you need something, baby?" he added more quietly.

"I want a cigarette."

"Cigarette? Sure, sure. Now, where did I put – wait a minute." He began looking through his pockets. "Keys," he said talking to himself. "Cigarette lighter. Handkerchief. Another handkerchief. Powder – here's your powder, Judy. And your comb. Now, where are those cigarettes?"

"Isn't my lip-stick there?" The girl asked.

"I'll look."

"I never saw so many pockets."

At last, the cigarettes were found. But now, finding the lip-stick presented a new problem.

"I bought that lip-stick in Paris," the girl said sadly. "And now it's gone. It probably fell through a hole in your pocket."

"But there are no holes in my pockets. This is a new suit."

"It was a new lip-stick. From Paris. I bought it..."

"Here it is!" he cried happily. "I've got it!"

"Oh, good! I'm glad!"

"Take it," said the boy. "Don't you want it?"

"No, no," said the girl. "Not now. I just wanted to be sure it wasn't lost... Jack, this lighter does not burn in the wind."

"Yes, it does. Give it to me."

He tried the lighter two or three times. "I told you," the girl said. "Haven't you got some matches?"

Jack had no matches, but he got a box from his neighbour. While he was trying to light a match in the wind, the visiting team scored a goal.

The first quarter ended. The boy didn't see how it ended, because he wasn't watching the game. He was watching an airplane which, the girl said, was flying dangerously low over the stadium and all the people in it.

"Oh," the boy said in surprise. "The quarter is over already."

"Is it?" said the girl. "That's good. Now you have a chance to arrange that blanket around me better. I didn't tell you, but I was feeling colder every minute."

"No! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, it will be all right when we fix it," she told him. "You put it over me and then pushed it under, instead of putting it under me and then pulling it around. Do you see?"

He understood. He was able to fix it in less than five minutes.

"There!" said the girl. "That's fine. I won't be cold now. Oh, look, they are all playing near our end of the field."

"That's right," said the boy. "And we are going to score. We are going to score! Come on! Team!" he roared. "Make that goal!"

"Jack," said the girl. "Something is burning."

"What?"

"Something is burning. I think it's the blanket. I think my cigarette fell into it around me."

He hurried to take the blanket off her, and then they saw that she was partly right; but only partly. The cigarette had fallen not into her blanket, but into the blanket of the old gentleman next to her.

"Such excitement!" she said in a tired voice, when it was over and the boy was putting the blanket around her again. "Now, you'll have to give me my powder and lip-stick, please, Jack."

"You look nice," he said. "You look fine."

"No, I don't. I'm hot and I'm upset. I've never in my life seen such an unpleasant old man," she added in a clear loud voice.

"Sh-sh." Said the boy. "Here! Here are your things."

"And may I have your handkerchief?" she asked. "Because the wind blew mine away."

She put the handkerchief to her pretty little nose, then suddenly took it away and cried, with more enthusiasm than she had shown up to that moment: "Who's that?"

"Who?"

"That man down in the first row with the players. The man in the warm jacket, and with no hat on."

"That's the football coach. I think his name is Adams or Andrews, or something like that."

"But I want to know, Jack!"

"What for?" Jack asked suspiciously.

"I want to, that's all. Listen, isn't his name in the program somewhere?"

The boy didn't think so.

"Well, look and see, can't you? You can take the program that's under my feet. It isn't making them warm anyway."

The boy began to look for the name of the coach. He was silent, reading the names quickly.

"Don't go so fast," the girl said. "You are jumping over some names. I'd like to find his name myself; but my hands will get cold, if I don't keep them under the blanket."

A moment later she said suddenly, "I'm hungry."

The boy stopped looking through the names in the program. "Hungry?" he said. But you have just had lunch!"

"I didn't eat anything except that vegetable salad."

"Well," said the boy. "Can you wait until the end of the half? I can get you a ham sandwich or something then."

"I'll wait if I have to," the girl said. "But I'm terribly hungry."

"Shall I go out and try to find something for you now? If you say so, I'll go; but I don't like leaving you alone -"

"No, don't go," the girl said sorrowfully. "I'll wait."

"Smoke another cigarette," the boy said. "Maybe that will help."

"All right," the girl said. "You light the cigarette and give it to me."

Again the struggle began, to light the match in the wind. Jack had come to the fifth match, when the girl said: "Look at that child."

"Where?"

"Two rows down. He's climbing up on his father and jumping down. Can't you see him?"

He was a little, red-faced boy, about five years old, wearing a warm little coat and his father's hat.

"He isn't letting his father look at the game," the girl said. "What was his father thinking of, when he decided to bring such a young child to a football game? Imagine!"

The boy agreed with her. He shook his head. "Some people *are* strange," he said.

Test

I. Choose the right information what this story is about.

1. This story tells us about a boy who is keen on playing football.
2. This story tells us that not only boys but girls also can be great football fans.
3. This story tells us that some football fans can't behave during the game in the stadium.

II. Answer the following alternative questions:

1. Did Jack and Judy arrive for the game on time or were they late?
2. Did Jack find Judy's lip-stick or had it gone?
3. Did Jack have any chance to see the first quarter of the game or didn't he see anything at all?
4. Who was looking for the name of the coach in the program Judy or Jack?

III. Arrange the following sentences in a logical order.

1. Jack pushed a program under Judy's feet.
2. Jack persuaded Judy not to force him to go and bring her something to eat.
3. The cigarette had fallen into the blanket of the old gentleman next to her.

4. Jack got a box of matches from his neighbour.

5. Jack put a blanket round Judy.

IV. Agree or disagree with the following statements and prove your point of view.

1. Jack was a big football fan.
2. Judy pretended not to be interested in the game.
3. Judy's neighbours were not very happy to have her sitting next to them.
4. Judy realized that she herself acted the same as the five-year-old boy.

V. Give some character traits of Jack and Judy and remind about the situations where they displayed them. You may choose some traits in the following list and add some other ones: thoughtful, kind-hearted, indifferent, self-possessed, fussy, patient, capricious, sociable, impolite, etc.

Text 3

SIXPENCE

After Katherine Mansfield

The new words:

- ♦ 1. to sew – шить
- ♦ 2. to pour out – разливать, наливать
- ♦ 3. to clutch – схватить
- ♦ 4. slippers – домашние туфли
- ♦ 5. to grasp – хватать
- ♦ 6. a slap – шлепок
- ♦ 7. husky – охрипший, силовый
- ♦ 8. to whip – хлестать
- ♦ 9. to blot out – вычеркивать, стирать; заглаживать

It had begun at tea time. While Dicky's mother and Mrs. Spears, who was spending the afternoon with her, were quietly sitting over

their sewing in the drawing-room, this was what had happened at the children's tea. They were eating their bread and butter, and the servant girl had just poured out milk and water, when Dicky had suddenly seized the bread plate, put it upside down on his head, and clutched the bread knife. "Look at me!" he shouted.

His frightened sisters looked, and before the servant girl could get there the bread plate fell down, flew to the ground and broke into pieces. The little girls lifted their voices and cried.

"Mother, come and look what he's done!"

You can imagine how mother came flying. But she was too late. Dicky had jumped off his chair and had run to the veranda.

"Very well, Dicky," she cried. "I shall have to think of some way of punishing you."

"I don't care," sounded the high little voice.

"Oh, Mrs. Spears, I don't know how to apologize for leaving you by yourself like this."

"It's quite all right, Mrs. Bendall. I only hope it was nothing serious."

"It was Dicky," said Mrs. Bendall. And she explained the whole affair to Mrs. Spears. "I don't know how to cure him. Nothing when he is in that mood seems to have the slightest effect on him."

Mrs. Spears opened her pale eyes. "Not even a whipping?" said she. "We never have whipped the children."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Spears. "I'm sure you make a great mistake in trying to bring up children without whipping them. Believe me, there is nothing like giving them on father's care."

"Their father," said Mrs. Bendall. "Then you don't whip them yourself?"

"Never," Mrs. Spears seemed quite shocked at the idea. "It's the duty of the father. And, besides, he impresses them so much more."

"I shall speak to Edward the moment he comes in," said Dicky's mother firmly.

The children had gone to bed before the father returned. It had been a bad day at the office. He was hot, dusty, tired out. But Mrs.

Bendall had become quite excited over the new plan, and she opened the door for him herself.

"Oh, Edward, I'm so thankful you have come home," she cried.

"Why, what's happened?"

"I simply can't tell you how naughty Dicky has been. I have no control over him – none. I have tried everything. Edward, but it's all no use. The only thing to do is for you to whip him."

"But why on earth should I start whipping him? We've never done it before."

"Because," said his wife, "don't you see, it's the only thing to do. You don't understand, Edward; you can't, you're at the office all day."

Edward sat into a chair. "What am I to beat him with?" he said wearily.

"Your slipper, of course," said his wife.

He went up the stairs. He pushed open the door of Dicky's room. Dicky was standing in the middle of the floor in his night-shirt.

"Well, Dicky, you know what I've come for," said Edward.

Dicky made no reply.

"I've come to give you a whipping." And grasping the slipper he gave Dicky three slaps.

"There, that'll teach you to behave properly to your mother. Get into the bed."

Dicky stood there hanging his head. His lips were trembling, but his eyes were dry. He swallowed and said huskily, "I haven't done my teeth, Daddy."

At the sight of that little face Edward turned, and, not knowing what he was doing, he rushed from the room, down the stairs and out into the garden. Good god! What had he done? If only he had cried or got angry. But that "Daddy!"

And suddenly he remembered the time when Dicky had fallen off his knee and broken his arm while they were playing together. He hadn't cried then, either. And that was the little hero he had just whipped!

He went back to the house, up the stairs, into Dicky's room. The little boy was lying quite still, and even now he wasn't crying. What he wanted to do was to kneel down by Dicky's bed and beg his pardon. But, of course, one can't do that sort of thing.

"Not asleep yet?" he said lightly.

"No, Daddy."

Edward came over and sat on his boy's bed. "You - you mustn't think any more of what happened just now, little man," he said huskily. That's never going to happen again."

"Yes, Daddy."

Dicky lay as before. This was terrible. Dicky's father sprang up and went over to the window. He felt in his trousers pocket for his money. Bringing it out, he chose a new sixpence and went back to Dicky.

"Here you are, little chap. Buy yourself something," said Edward softly, laying the sixpence on Dicky's pillow. But could a sixpence blot out what had been?

Test

I. Choose the names from the story.

Nancy, Dicky, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Bendall, Edward, Mr. Spears, Mrs. Mitchell.

II. Complete the following sentences choosing a), b) or c).

1. The boy's mother and her friend were sitting
 - a) in the garden;
 - b) on the veranda;
 - c) in the drawing-room.
2. The boy was in the company
 - a) of their guest's children;
 - b) of his sisters;
 - c) of his friends.
3. The idea of whipping the boy belonged to
 - a) the boy's father;
 - b) the boy's mother;
 - c) the mother's friend.

4. The boy's father punished him and gave him
 - a) a slap;
 - b) three slight slaps;
 - b) three hard slaps.

III. Answer the following questions:

1. What happened at the children's tea?
2. What was the father's reaction when the mother asked him to whip the boy?
3. Why did the boy stand in the middle of the floor before going to bed?
4. Why did the father regret that he had punished his son?
5. Why did the father try to soften his tone while speaking to him after having punished him?

IV. Agree or disagree with the following statements and prove your point of view.

1. The boy didn't deserve to be punished for seizing a plate and clutching a knife. Even a broken plate couldn't be a weighty reason for punishing the boy.
2. The boy was impolite enough when he cried "I don't care!" to his mother's promise to think how to punish him.
3. The boy's parents were quite right when they brought up their son without whipping him.
4. The boy's father wouldn't have whipped him if that day hadn't been very bad and his wife hadn't been so excited and insistent.

V. Answer the question at the end of the story and explain your point of view.

"But could a sixpence blot out what had happened?"

Text 4

NEWS FOR A PEEPER

After Peter Langdale

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a temper – нрав, характер
- ◆ 2. gratitude – благодарность

- ◆ 3. **an undertaker** – владелец похоронного бюро
- ◆ 4. **harsh** – резкий, суровый
- ◆ 5. **a burglar** – вор, взломщик
- ◆ 6. **an alarm** – сигнал тревоги
- ◆ 7. **a disaster** – несчастье
- ◆ 8. **to commit suicide** – совершить самоубийство
- ◆ 9. **an angle** – угол
- ◆ 10. **to stage a horizontal** – упасть в обморок
- ◆ 11. **a cushion** – (диванная) подушка
- ◆ 12. **to squeeze** – втискивать(ся)
- ◆ 13. **paralysis** – паралич
- ◆ 14. **a stride** – большой шаг
- ◆ 15. **hearty** – сердечный, дружеский
- ◆ 16. **to fold** – складывать вдвое, вчетверо
- ◆ 17. **to hum** – напевать с закрытым ртом
- ◆ 18. **the reverse** – обратный, противоположный
- ◆ 19. **to snatch** – схватить
- ◆ 20. **a clue** – ключ

Stella was as curious as any wife should be who's left her husband a note telling him he can look after himself in the future, because she's fed up with his bad temper when he comes home evenings, and that she's just about had enough of cleaning and polishing and cooking in the three-room flat for a man who's got as much of sense of gratitude as an undertaker has a sense of humour.

She was curious because she'd never done this before; she'd never had time. They'd only been married three months, and that's not really long enough for a girl to know all about what happens when a wife tells her husband off in writing. She wanted to see how Bill reacted to that note on the dressing-table; whether he took it bravely and went out to face the world, fearless and wifeless, or he gave way to despair. She hoped he'd give way to despair.

Anyway, the best way to see a thing, she decided logically, was to go to the place where it was happening and keep your eyes open.

It's been two-fifteen in the afternoon when she had written the note, and by three-fifteen she'd changed her mind quite a few times, packing a suitcase with a few clothes, just to pretend she was serious about it, and closed the front door behind her with a firm resolution never to enter the flat again until Bill went down on his knees and begged pardon.

Knowing Bill was due home at five o'clock, the thought occurred to her that unless she hurried she'd miss the show, and if she did that no one would forgive her, least of all herself.

So, she did enter the flat again, but she didn't look at it that way. After all, she'd been a little harsh with a darling boy; perhaps there was something in this business-man idea or else why did movie magnates make pictures of them? And then – a horrible thought flashed through her mind – there was a chance, an awful chance, that Bill would kill himself with that gun he'd bought during the burglar alarm. He might even start drinking and go on with it until he ran out of money or put his head in the gas oven.

In fact, there were quite a number of things he might do, and Stella began to think she'd been led back to the flat by some Fate which had a personal interest in the destiny of young couples.

She walked into the bedroom and noticed that her message was still there, just where she'd placed it on the dressing-table. So Bill hadn't been back yet. She was in time to prevent disaster and that unpleasant after-effect which they always printed in the papers whenever anyone committed suicide.

Glancing around the room, the only place she could think of to watch from was under the bed. From this angle she had a view of the note on the dressing-table.

She'd be able to watch Bill's reaction when he read the note; and then, if he didn't stage a horizontal but went to the drawer where the gun was kept instead, she'd jump out and save him.

Too bad that she couldn't have a cushion or two to help her get comfortable under the bed, but there wasn't space. The floor was rather hard, and it wasn't possible to move much, because the under-

side of the mattress was so close; an inch lower and she couldn't have squeezed in at all.

Just as her pose was reproducing the first stage of paralysis, the front door opened and Bill came into the hall with a hearty "Hello, darling! You there?"

A few strides and he was in the bedroom. He saw the note and, looking from under the bed Stella watched him read it, *turn it over*, and finally fold it away in his pocket.

There was dead silence while he stood beside the dressing-table staring blankly into space; deciding whether to use a gun or the gas meter, Stella supposed. She was all ready to leave her hiding place the moment he made for the drawer where the weapon lay. Instead, he opened his wardrobe and, with a deep sigh, took out a suit, which he put on.

Going out to discuss the problem with a friend, thought Stella; or maybe...maybe he'd make a date with a pre-marriage sweetheart! She hadn't thought of dames before.

But this horrible idea was crushed out of her by Bill's weight as he sat heavily on the bed and changed his shoes. When he'd got the second shoe on he began to hum. It was a light hearted tune, the kind a man hums when he is in high spirits.

Stella was angry. He wasn't in the least sorry. A hard, insensitive brute who could watch his quarter-year-bride leave him just like that. He had no feelings, and she felt she wouldn't care less if he dropped dead on the floor beside her.

When he'd dressed she saw him, still humming, write something on the back of her note, fold it in reverse way, and replace it in its original place on the dressing-table.

Then he brushed his suit carefully, fixed his tie straight, gave himself the once-over in the mirror, and went into the hall.

Immediately the front door closed Stella got out from underneath the bed and snatched at the note. This must be some kind of clue to his movements.

She read: "It's much softer ON the bed."

Test

I. Choose the right information what this text is about.

1. This story is about a young couple who begin their family life.
2. This story is about a young couple who misunderstand each other.
3. This story is about a young couple who try to find mutual understanding.

II. Form the words from the given ones in brackets and according to the text.

1. The wife was angry with her husband as he was a hard (sensitive) brute, who had no feelings.
2. ...she's just about had enough of cleaning and polishing and cooking in a three-room flat for a man who's got as much sense of (grateful) as...
3. The wife wanted to see whether her husband took it bravely and went out to face the world, (fear) and (wife) or whether he gave way to (desperate).
4. Maybe he'd made a date with a (marriage) sweetheart!
5. But this terrible idea was crushed out of her by her husband's (weigh) as he sat (heavy) on the bed.

III. Choose the best equivalent for the italicized words.

1. She is *fed up* with his bad temper.
a) is deceived; b) is given a lot of food; c) has had enough.
2. The husband might start drinking and go on with it until he *ran out* of money.
a) found money; b) earned money; c) spent money.
3. The husband *gave* himself the *once-over* in the mirror.
a) again looked at himself in the mirror; b) looked at himself only once; c) saw himself in the mirror by chance.
4. The husband stood beside the dressing-table staring *blankly* into space.
a) exactly at one place; b) full of thoughts; c) without feelings, interest or understanding.

IV. Agree or disagree with the following statements and prove your point of view.

1. Stella was too emotional and had a rich imagination.
2. Stella was kind and reasonable to a certain extent.
3. Stella was an inexperienced wife.
4. Bill was too harsh with his young wife.

V. What proverb would you like to draw Stella's attention to if you wished they were a happy couple. Explain your choice.

- a) "There is a great force in soft command."
- b) "Love makes all hearts gentle."
- c) "Life is not only clear sailing in calm waters."
- d) "A man of gladness seldom falls into madness."

Text 5

BIG BUSINESS

The new words.

- ◆ 1. a sidewalk – тротуар
- ◆ 2. to rush – бросаться
- ◆ 3. a puff – дымок, затыжка
- ◆ 4. mild – тихий
- ◆ 5. a dog-end – окурок
- ◆ 6. on top of all – сверх, вдобавок ко всему
- ◆ 7. stealthily – украдкой, тайно
- ◆ 8. worsted – камвольная ткань
- ◆ 9. a clothier – торговец мужской одеждой
- ◆ 10. a sleeve – рукав
- ◆ 11. to roll up – скатывать, свертывать(ся)
- ◆ 12. to wipe – вытирать
- ◆ 13. sweat – пот
- ◆ 14. to attend – обслуживать
- ◆ 15. a lounge suit – пиджачный костюм
- ◆ 16. loosely – свободно
- ◆ 17. to bargain – торговаться

◆ 18. a wallet – бумажник

◆ 19. to stammer – заикаться

Danny was standing on Manhattan Bridge. Suddenly he noticed a still burning cigarette-end on the sidewalk and rushed to save it. A few deep puffs and Danny sent little blue clouds of smoke into the mild air of the early morning.

While enjoying the smoke he thought over his present situation. What's the use of it all, he said to himself; here I am a young man looking for a job of some kind or other – but not the ghost of a chance of getting one.

And I am certainly no fool! I am good at anything, I don't mind what I do – and still – no luck... I must smoke dog-ends thrown away by others... Oh boy! What does a man do to become a partner of Rockefeller or Vanderbilt?... I am quite sure they were not very particular about the way in which they made their money – and I shouldn't be either.

...And still, there is only eight dollars and fifty cents in the torn pockets of my trousers. Eight dollars and fifty cents! The devil knows how much longer I shall be able to meet both ends meet on eight fifty! A week? A fortnight? A month? Where, for Heaven's sake, could I pick up a job?

Damn it all! Now it's beginning to rain cats and dogs on top of all, and I have a hole in my shoes. A hole? It's holes I have, nothing but holes and no shoes around them... Where can I hide from the rain? I'll go into the Post Office for a while.

By the time he reached the Post office he was nearly wet through. Now he stood in the main hall of the Post Office, watching the people hurrying busily this way and that, and then picked up a letter somebody seemed to have left behind on one of the many writing desks. He read the first few lines, hardly knowing what exactly he was reading; then something struck him. He read again, and this time he gave a low, long whistle of surprise. In no time he was out in the street again, looked stealthily back, and hiding in a doorway started to learn by heart the short note.

"Dear friend," it said. "Yesterday, shortly before I left I made up my mind to get rid of my old clothes. I am well on my way to San Francisco by now, but I just remembered something terrible.

The night before I left I happened to meet Mr. Burbridge at the Savoy. He paid off an old debt. He gave me a one thousand dollar bill, and I put it into the inside pocket of the blue worsted suit I was wearing. But I have sold that suit along with the other old things. Do please go at once to Black, the old clothes dealer, at 3, Pineapple Street, Brooklyn, maybe he has not resold the suit yet..."

One thousand dollars! Whispered Danny, almost beside himself with excitement. That sum might be the making of me... . Damn it, I am going to risk my last dollars!

Black & Son, secondhand gents' clothiers, had their shop full of customers when Danny entered. Old man Black, his sleeves rolled up, was wiping the sweat off his face, and after giving instructions to his employees who were busy carrying clothes about the shop, hurried towards Danny to serve him.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Have you got anything in tweed?" asked Danny with seeming indifference.

"Tweed, sir? Certainly, sir, the very latest... . My assistant will attend to you. John, run and bring the tweed suit we bought from Mr. Rockefeller the other day!"

"Now I come to think of it," said Danny who seemed to be changing his mind, "I think I would rather have something in worsted."

"Just my own taste, sir! Worsted is always the smartest wear for a gentleman."

"Well - I think I'd like to have something in navy blue -"

"I can let you have a suit like that, sir. Something quite exceptional," exclaimed Mr. Black. "I say, John, leave the tweed, bring the blue worsted one... . Yes, the one we have from Mr. Gould - it will be just the right size." And then Mr. Black turned to another customer.

"The blue lounge suit!" cried the attendant to a small boy. "Run, Ralph, be sharp! Get us the navy worsted lounge suit!"

The boy hurried off and a second later Danny was trying on a jacket that hung loosely from his narrow shoulders.

"Fits you like a glove, sir!" exclaimed the attendant in admiration. "A suit made to measure by a first-class tailor couldn't fit you better -"

Carefully and yet stealthily Danny passed his hand over the pockets of the jacket, his heart almost stopped beating, he had to clear his throat. Then he asked for the price, and without bargaining he paid the price of seven and a half dollars, and a quarter of an hour later he sat in Columbus Park with a large parcel in his hands. He couldn't help feeling excited.

Hurriedly he opened the parcel, took out the navy blue jacket in the right inside pocket of which he found a black leather wallet, opened it and began to count the money with shaking hands. "Eleven thousand three hundred dollars!" he stammered. "Eleven-thousand-three-hundred-dollars! Danny, old boy, that was big business, indeed!"...

* * *

When Mr. Black closed his shop long after nine p. m., his managing clerk said to him with a satisfied smile: "Well, sir, that was excellent business again today, wasn't it?"... We are getting rid of all our old things. We are doing very good business in those cheap suits!"

"Fine!" said Mr. Black smiling. "Did you manage to write those letters?"

"Certainly, Nr. Black. Five hundred!"

"All right! My son will deal with that. Tomorrow morning he is going 'to lose' them again in the post offices, the subway and in the telephone boxes... We shall sell out everything in a couple of days. A marvelous idea, those one thousand dollar letters!"

Mr. Black was searching about the shop for something.

"Ralph!" he called, "bring me my jacket!"

"Your jacket, sir?"

"Yes, I hung it here over the chair. The blue jacket!"

"Oh, that one..." stammered the boy and opened his eyes wide, "that one was sold this afternoon, sir."

Test

I. Choose the right information what this story is about.

1. This story is about a young man who is looking for a job.
2. This story is about an unemployed young man who was pleased with his life.
3. This story is about a young man who was waiting for an easy way to find money.
4. This story is about a businessman and his dishonest way of selling things.

II. Answer the following questions:

1. Was Danny a young man or a middle-aged man?
2. Did Danny find the letter in the street or in the Post Office?
3. Did "Black & Son" shop sell clothes for men?
4. Were there only a few customers in the shop when Danny entered?
5. Did Danny try to make sure that the pockets of a new jacket were not empty, when he was trying it on?

III. Choose the right meaning of the italicized parts of the following sentences.

1. "Such a big sum of money!" whispered Danny. "That sum may *be the making of me*..." a) help me to imagine that I am somebody else; b) help me to improve my appearance; c) make me a better and a more successful man.
2. The devil knows how much longer I shall be able to *make both ends meet* on eight fifty... a) to be very happy; b) to have something a lot; c) to buy the necessary things.
3. A suit *made to measure* by a first class tailor couldn't fit you better... a) made in a particular way; b) made of a high quality; c) made especially for one person according to his measurements.

4. Here I am looking for a job of some kind or other – but *not the ghost of a chance of getting it*. a) I haven't taken my chance to get it; b) I have a slight chance of getting the job; c) I have no chance of getting a job.

IV. Express your opinion and give some facts from the text to prove it.

1. Did Danny insistently look for a job or did he think more how to get money in a dishonest way?
2. Was eleven thousand and three hundred dollars a theft on Danny's part or was it his lucky chance?
3. What kind of man was Mr. Black? You may use the following words, but don't forget to give some facts from the text to prove your opinion. (Money making businessman, resourceful, sociable, honest, dishonest, moral, immoral, enthusiastic, flexible, careful, indifferent, energetic, careless, etc.)
4. Whose or which big business is meant by the author in the title of the story?

V. Can this story be a good illustration of any of the following proverbs. Explain your choice.

- a) "Everything is mixed with mercy."
- b) "Muck and money go together."
- c) "Nothing is stolen without hands."
- d) "As a man sows, so shall he reap."

Text 6

RUTHLESS

After W. de Mille

The new words:

- ◆ 1. a closet – чулан
- ◆ 2. a caretaker – смотритель здания

- ◆ 3. to dissolve – растворяться
- ◆ 4. a burglar – вор, взломщик
- ◆ 5. earnestness – серьезность, искренность
- ◆ 6. ruthless – жестокий, безжалостный
- ◆ 7. the reverse – противоположное, обратное

Judson Webb was an American businessman. He had a comfortable flat in New York. But in summer instead of living in a dusty city, he used to come to live in his summer cottage. His cottage stood in a nice place on the bank of the river. It consisted of three rooms, a bathroom and a kitchen. In one of the rooms there was a big closet. He liked his cottage very much, especially his closet where he kept his guns, fishing rods, wine and other things. It was his own closet and even his wife was not allowed to have a key, for Judson loved his personal possessions and got very angry when anybody else touched them.

It was autumn now. And Judson was packing his things for the winter. In a few minutes he would be driving back to civilization to New York.

As he looked at the shelf on which the whiskey stood his face was serious. All the bottles were unopened except one. It was placed invitingly in front with a whiskey-glass by its side. The bottle was less than half full. As he took it from the shelf, Helen, his wife, spoke from the next room: "I've packed everything. Hasn't Alec come to run the water off?"

Alec lived nearby and worked as a caretaker.

"He is at the lake taking the boats out of the water. He said he'd be back in half an hour."

Helen came into the room carrying her suitcase. She stopped and looked in surprise as she saw the bottle in her husband's hand.

"Judson," she exclaimed, "you are not taking a drink at ten in the morning, are you?"

"No, my dear. I'm not taking anything out of this bottle. I'm just putting something into it."

He took two small white tablets out of his pocket and put them on the table. Then he opened the bottle. "The person who broke into my closet last winter and stole my whiskey will probably try to do it again while we are away," he went on, "only this time he'll be very sorry if he comes."

Then one by one he dropped the tablets into the bottle and held it up to watch them dissolve. His wife looked at him in horror.

"What are they?" she asked him at last. "Will they make the man sick?"

"Not only sick. They will kill him," he answered with satisfaction. "The only way of getting rid of a thief is to kill him."

He closed the bottle and put it back on the shelf near the little whiskey-glass. He was pleased. He said: "Now, Mr. Thief, when you break in, drink as much as you wish..."

Helen's face was pale.

"Don't do it, Judson!" she cried "It's horrible, it's murder!"

"The law does not call it murder, if you shoot a thief who is entering my house by force."

"Don't do it," she begged, "the law doesn't punish burglary by death, what right have you?"

"When it comes to protecting my property, I make my own laws."

He was now like a big dog which was afraid that somebody would take away his bone.

"But all they did was to steal a little whiskey," she said "probably, some boys. They did not do any real damage."

"It does not matter. If a man robs me of five dollars it is the same as if he took a hundred. A thief's a thief."

She made one last effort: "We won't be here till next spring. I shall worry all the time if I know that this bottle full of poison is here. Suppose something happens to us and nobody knows..."

He laughed at her earnestness: "We'll risk it," he said. "I've made my money by taking risks. If I die, it will all belong to you, and you can do as you please."

She knew it was useless to argue. He had always been ruthless in business. She went to the door with a sigh of defeat.

"I'll walk down the road and say good-bye at the farm house," she said quietly. She had made up her mind to tell the caretaker's wife about it. Someone had to know.

"All right, my dear," he smiled, "and don't worry about your poor little burglar. No one is going to be hurt unless he breaks in."

Helen went down the road and Judson started to close the closet door. He suddenly remembered that he had not packed his hunting boots drying outside on the heavy table in the garden.

So, leaving the door open, he went to fetch them. But when he wanted to reach for his boots he suddenly slipped on a stone and his head struck the massive table as he fell.

Several minutes later he fell on a strong arm round him and Alec's voice was saying:

"It's all right, Mr. Webb. It was not a bad fall. Take this... It'll make you feel better."

A small whiskey-glass was pressed to his lips. Half-conscious he drank.

Test

I. Choose the right information what this text is about.

1. Judson Webb wanted to catch and to punish a thief for drinking some whiskey from his bottle.
2. Judson Webb wanted to kill a thief for drinking some whiskey from his bottle.
3. Helen, Mr. Webb's wife, saved their caretaker from death.
4. Mr. Webb punished himself.

II. Answer the following questions:

1. Did J. Webb live in the summer cottage all the year round?
2. Did Alec work as their caretaker?
3. Was anybody allowed to enter Mr. Webb's closet?
4. Did J. Webb put two poisonous tablets into the bottle with whiskey?

5. Did Helen face defeat in her argument with her husband?

6. Did Helen go to warn anybody about the poisonous whiskey?

III. Identify if the following statements are true(T) or false(F). Correct the false ones.

1. Helen was in horror when she saw her husband putting two poisonous tablets into the bottle with whiskey.

2. J. Webb was putting the tablets into the bottle and speaking about killing a thief with satisfaction and pleasure.

3. Mr. Webb was compared with a wolf in the text.

4. Helen was not very insistent when she asked her husband not to poison the whiskey.

5. Nobody tried to help Mr. Webb when he slipped, fell and struck his head on the table.

IV. Express your opinion how the following words of J. Webb characterize him.

1. "Not only sick. They will kill him," he answered with satisfaction. "The only way of getting rid of a thief is to kill him."

2. "Don't do it," she begged, "the law doesn't punish burglary by death, what right have you?"

"When it comes to protecting my property, I make my own laws."

V. Which of the following proverbs expresses the main idea of the story? Explain your choice.

- a) "Measure thrice and cut once."
- b) "Every medal has its reverse."
- c) "As a man lives, so shall he die."

Text 7

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

After O. Henry

The new words:

- ◆ 1. to be inclined – быть склонным
- ◆ 2. to betray – предавать

◆ 3. betrayal – предательство

The cop moved along the street, looking strong and important. This was the way he always moved. He was not thinking of how he looked. There were few people on the street to see him. It was only about ten at night, but it was cold. And there was a wind with a little rain in it. He stooped at doors as he walked along, trying each door to be sure that it was closed for the night. Now and then he turned and looked up and down the street. He was a fine-looking cop, watchful, guarding the peace.

People in this part of the city went home early. Now and then you might see the lights of a shop or of a small restaurant. But most of the doors belonged to business places that had been closed hours ago.

Then the cop suddenly slowed his walk. Near the door of the darkened shop a man was standing. As the cop walked toward him, the man spoke quickly. "It's all right, officer," he said. "I'm waiting for a friend. Twenty years ago we agreed to meet here tonight. It sounds strange to you, doesn't it? I'll explain if you want to be sure that everything's all right. About twenty years ago there was a restaurant where this shop stands. 'Big Joe' Brandy's restaurant.

"It was here until five years ago," said the cop.

The man near the door had a colourless square face with bright eyes, and a little white mark near the right eye. He had a large jewel in his necktie.

"Twenty years ago tonight," said the man, "I had dinner with Jimmy Wells. He was my best friend and the best fellow in the world. He and I grew up together here in New York, like two brothers. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the west. I was going to find a job and make a great success. You couldn't have pulled Jimmy out of New York. He thought it was the only place on the earth.

"We agreed that night that we would meet here again in twenty years. We thought that in twenty years we would know what kind of men we were, and what future waited for us."

"It sounds interesting," said the cop. "A long time between meetings, it seems to me. Have you heard from your friend since you went west?"

"Yes, for a time we did write to each other," said the man.

"But after a year or two, we stopped. The West is big. I moved around everywhere, and I moved quickly. But I know that Jimmy will meet here if he can. He was as true as any man in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand here tonight. But I'll be glad about that, if my old friend comes too."

The waiting man took out a fine watch, covered with small jewels. "Three minutes before ten," he said. "It was ten that night when we said good-bye here at the restaurant door."

"You were successful in the west, weren't you?" asked the cop.

"I surely was! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a slow mover. I've had to fight for my success. In New York a man doesn't change much. In the West you learn how to fight for what you get."

The cop took a step or two. "I'll go on my way", he said. "I hope your friend comes all right. If he isn't here at ten, are you going to leave?"

"I am not," said the other. "I'll wait half an hour, at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth, he'll be here by that time. Good night, officer."

"Good night," said the cop, and walked away, trying doors as he went.

There was now a cold rain falling and the wind was stronger. The few people walking along that street were hurrying, trying to keep warm. And at the door of the shop stood the man who had come a thousand miles to meet a friend. Such a meeting could not be certain. But he waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long coat came hurrying across the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Is that you Jimmy Wells?" cried the man at the door.

The new man took the other man's hands in his. "It's Bob! It surely is. I was certain I would find you here if you were still alive. Twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant is gone, Bob. I wish it were here, so that we could have another dinner in it.. Has the West been good to you?"

"It gave me everything I asked for. You've changed, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall."

"Oh, I grew a little after I was twenty."

"Are you doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Well enough. I work for the city. Come on, Bob. We'll go to a place I know, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started along the street, arm in arm. The man from the West was beginning to tell the story of his life. The other, with his coat up to his ears, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a shop bright with electric lights. When they came nearer, each turned to look at the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and pulled his arm away. "You are not Jimmy Wells," he said. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change the shape of a man's nose."

"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one," said the tall man. "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, Bob. Chicago cops thought you might be coming to New York. They told us to watch for you. Are you coming with me quietly? That's wise. But first here is something I was asked to give you. You may read it here at the window. It's from the cop named Wells."

The man from the West opened the little piece of paper. His hand began to shake as he read.

"Bob: I was at the place on time. I saw the face of the man wanted by Chicago cops. I didn't want to arrest you myself. So I went and got another cop and sent him to do the job.

JIMMY."

Test

I. Choose the right information what this story is about.

1. This story is about two faithful friends.
2. This story is about a man who betrays his friend.
3. This story is about a cop who helps two friends to meet after 20 years.

II. Answer the following questions:

1. Were Bob and Jimmy great friends in their youth?
2. Were they of the same age when they parted?
3. Were they different people when they were young?
4. Did they correspond with each other all the time?

III. Identify if the following statements are true or false.

1. Jimmy Wells was a good cop.
2. Jimmy Wells met Bob in the street at night by chance.
3. Bob was Jimmy's true friend.
4. Bob recognized his friend in the second cop unhesitatingly.
5. The second cop played the role of Bob's true friend perfectly well.

IV. Express your point of view and explain it.

1. What did the second cop mean when he said that not only noses could change, but sometimes a good man could change into a bad one?
2. Why did Bob's hands begin to shake when he opened the little piece of paper and began to read it? What feelings did he experience at that moment?
3. Why didn't Jimmy arrest Bob himself?
4. What was the reason for Jimmy's betrayal of his friend?

V. Express your attitude towards the main heroes and explain it. Who do you sympathize with: Bob, the criminal, or Jimmy, the cop?

Are you inclined to follow the proverb "Be just before you are generous"?

Text 8

OLD COUNTRY ADVICE TO THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER

After *William Saroyan*

The new words:

- ♦ 1. a compartment – купе
- ♦ 2. an imposter – мошенник
- ♦ 3. to dope – давать наркотики или допинг
- ♦ 4. a diner – вагон-ресторан
- ♦ 5. a smoker – купе для курящих
- ♦ 6. in progress – в разгаре
- ♦ 7. to seek advice – обращаться за советом

One day my uncle Melik travelled from Fresno to New York. Before he got aboard the train his uncle Garro paid him a visit and told him about the dangers of travel.

"When you get on the train," the old man said, "choose your seat carefully, sit down, and do not look about."

"Yes, sir," my uncle said.

"Several moments after the train begins to move," the old man said "two men wearing uniforms will come to your compartment and ask you for your ticket. Ignore them. They will be imposters."

"How shall I know?" my uncle said.

"You will know," the old man said. "You are no longer a child."

"Yes, sir," my uncle said.

"Before you have travelled twenty miles, a young man will come to you and offer you a cigarette. Tell him you don't smoke. The cigarette will be doped."

"Yes, sir," my uncle said.

"On the way to the diner a very beautiful young woman will run into you," the old man said. "She will be very attractive, and your natural wish will be to become friends with her. Don't do this, go to the diner and eat. The woman will be an adventuress."

"A what?" my uncle asked.

"An adventuress," the old man shouted. "Go in and eat. Order the best food, and if the diner is crowded, and the beautiful woman sits at your table, do not look into her eyes. If she speaks pretend to be deaf."

"Yes, sir," my uncle said.

"That's the only way out of it."

"Out of what?" my uncle said.

"Out of the whole trouble," the old man said. "I have travelled. I know what I'm talking about."

"Yes, sir," my uncle said.

"On your way back to the seat from the diner," the old man said, "you'll pass through a smoker. There you will find a game of cards in progress. The players will be three young men. One of them will invite you to join the game. Tell them, 'I don't speak English'."

"Yes, sir," my uncle said.

"That is all," the old man said.

"Thank you very much," my uncle said.

"One thing more," the old man said. "When you go to bed at night, take your money out of your pocket and put it in your shoe. Put your shoe under the pillow, keep your head on the pillow all night, and don't sleep."

The old man went away and the next day my uncle Melik got aboard the train and went to New York. The two men in uniforms were not imposters, the young man with a doped cigarette didn't appear, the beautiful young woman did not sit at his table in the diner, and there was no card game in the progress in the smoker. My uncle put his money in the shoe and put his shoe under the pillow and put his head on the pillow and did not sleep all night the first night, but the second night he decided to sleep.

The second day he himself offered another young man a cigarette which the other young man accepted. In the diner my uncle went to sit at a table with a young lady. He started a card game in the

smoker, and long before the train got to New York my uncle knew everybody aboard the train and everybody knew him.

The journey was a very pleasant one.

When my uncle came back from New York, his uncle Garro visited him again.

"I see you are looking all right," he said. "Did you follow my instructions?"

"Yes, sir," my uncle said.

"I'm pleased," he said.

Test

I. Choose the right information what this story is about.

1. This story tells us that the hero did not take advice of his uncle and he liked his journey.
2. This story tells us that not all pieces of advice can be useful.
3. This story tells us that it is better to seek advice of your parents.

II. Answer the following questions:

1. Did Melik travel from Fresno to New York?
2. Did his uncle Garro give him pieces of advice to be careful while travelling?
3. Did Melik follow his uncle's advice?
4. Was the journey pleasant for Melik?

III. Fill in the blanks with the words which are given in the text.

1. "When you get on the train, choose your ... carefully."
2. "After the train begins to move, two men wearing ... will come to your compartment."
3. "A young man will come to you, and offer you a"
4. "On the way to the diner a beautiful woman will ... into you."

IV. Correct the following statements.

1. Uncle Garro advised my uncle Melik to find out what he wanted to know from the two men who will come to his compartment.

2. Uncle Garro suggested that uncle Melik should pretend deaf when the players invite him to join the card game.

3. Uncle Garro advised Melik to keep his money in the pillow at night.

4. The second day uncle Melik invited the beautiful young woman to sit at his table.

V. a) Express your opinion what kind of man was uncle Garro and if you would seek advice of such people. Explain why.

b) "Never trust the advice of a man in difficulties." This is the quotation from Aesop's fable. Does this quotation go with this story? Explain how you understand it.

What kind of people do you usually seek advice of?

Appendix 1

CONVERSATIONAL FORMULAS (CLICHES)

Disagreement:

Far from it.	You are mistaken.
It's the other way around.	It doesn't make sense.
Here I differ from you.	You are completely and utterly wrong.
I doubt it.	You can't mean it.
It couldn't be further from the truth.	Too good to be true.
Contrary to your argument.	You are right in suggesting that..., but...
Quite the contrary.	On the contrary.
It may seem so, but it runs counter to...	On the other hand...
I doubt that (if)...	There may be some truth in what you say but...
I see no point in saying...	In fact the exact reverse is...
It's really a pity, but...	It leaves open the problem of...
I think you overestimate (underestimate)...	It's not at all the same thing.
It's not as simple as all that.	I can't accept his statement when he says...
But that's not the point. The point is...	You lack imagination.
You are completely out of date.	At one time I thought so, too, but now...
You must keep up to date.	There is something (quite a lot) in what you say, but...
That may be or may not be so (true), I only know that...	

Agreement:

I (fully) agree that...	On the whole you are right.
There is something in what you say	I accept this.
It really looks like that.	That's a fine way of putting it!
It's very well put.	OK, OK, have it your own way!
It would be natural to stress that...	It looks strange, but...
I'd like your opinion about...	I can see his point of view when he says...
I'm sure you'll agree...	You are fully justified in saying...

Praise:

It's magnificent (lovely, superb, amazing, fantastic, great, etc.)
 I'm absolutely thrilled (I'm thrilled no end).
 I'm crazy about...

Disapproval:

It's ridiculous (disgusting).	It made me sick.
It's bellow all criticism.	Too bad for words.
I was shocked by...	What's the use (good) of...?
It's a shame...	No good at all!
It couldn't possibly be worse.	

Persuading:

Do it for my sake.	Do follow my advice and...
I assure you it's worth it.	Just to please me.
If I were you, I should...	I wish you would take my advice.
It's high time to...	I wish I could convince you.
I don't want to be biased.	If you just take a look at...
It goes without saying that...	It is strange even to argue about it.
I don't want to impose my ideas, but I'm sure that...	I'd like to draw your attention to the following..
I don't expect you to take it for granted, but...	

Refusal:

I refuse absolutely.	Don't impose on me in this way!
That's all very well, but...	I'd rather not.
That's easier said than done.	You don't seem to realize that...
I'm not in the mood.	Not for the world!
It isn't worth talking about...	

Making Suggestions:

If I were you I'd...	Have you ever thought of...
Don't you think it might be an idea...	Why don't you...
I suggest that...	I'd like to put it to you that...

Stating Preferences:

As far as I'm concerned...	I'd much prefer that one because...
This one is preferable because...	From my point of view...
I'd rather have that one because...	I'm rather more interested in... than...
I like... better than...	...appeals to me more than...

Introducing a Point and Holding the Floor:

I'd like to mention...	Could I raise the subject of..?
There are three points I want to make. Firstly..., secondly..., thirdly...	Sorry, I'm not through yet.
I'm afraid the real issue is...	If I could just finish...
Yes, I'm coming to that in...	Sorry, I have another point to make.
I feel we must discuss the issue of...	There is one question I'd like to raise...
Yes, I'm coming to that in a moment.	That's rather a red herring.

Correcting People:

Not exact, but...	No, I'm afraid you are mistaken.
Forgive me if I keep correcting you.	I beg to differ.
I'm afraid you are on the wrong track.	Sorry to correct you but there is something else you haven't noticed.
That's not strictly true, you know.	You say there is one difference, but in fact there are two.

Assuring and Reassuring:

I assure you I shan't...	Where there is life there is hope.
You shouldn't worry about that.	You can manage that.
Don't be afraid now...	It won't be too difficult if you go on trying.

Interrupting Conversation:

Could I just say...	I have a point (to make) here...
I'd like to add sth. here, if I may.	May I say sth. here?
Hold on a second. Don't you think...	If I could stop you here for a second...
May I put a word in?	

Asking for Opinion:

How do you feel about?	I was wondering whether you stood on the question of...
What's your opinion of?	What's your position on? What about..?

Giving Opinion:

In my opinion...	As far as I'm able to judge...
As far as I'm concerned...	As I see it...
Frankly (personally) I think...	It would seem to me that...
I reckon...	From my point of view...
It just occurred to me...	

Asking for Clarification:

I don't get you.	I'm afraid I don't follow...
I'm sorry.	I don't see what you mean.
What are we arguing about?	What exactly are you trying to say?
I'm sorry, but could you explain what you mean by...	Why should we choose between...?
What exactly are you driving (getting) at?	I've missed the point completely.

Giving Clarification:

What I mean is...	All I'm trying to say is that...
Well, what I'm getting at is that...	I'd like to make a point.
I'd like to stress once again.	I want to press the point that...
True to some extent	The thing I want to mention is...
Well, the point I'm trying to make is that...	I'd like to point out...
This is not the reason why...	The way I see it...
The last thing I mean is...	Now I begin to see...

Asking for More Detailed Information:

Could I ask you a little more about...?	I'm interested in knowing more about...?
How exactly do you...?	I wonder if you could explain about... in more detail?

Making Generalizations:

There is a tendency for doing...	Generally speaking...
In the majority of cases...	To sum it all up...
In most cases...	The major point at issue is...
On the whole...	By and large...

Avoiding Being Misunderstood:

Please don't misunderstand me.	Don't get me wrong.
You haven't got the point I think.	I was about to say that in fact...
No... just let me finish.	I'm not implying that you have no understanding of the problem.
Well, I didn't really mean embarrassing.	It's just that...

Expressing Surprise:

I can hardly believe it!	How on earth did you...?
You must be joking.	Would you believe it?
That doesn't surprise me.	No... It can't be!

Appendix 2

THE ADJECTIVES WHICH CAN BE USED TO DESCRIBE SOMEONE'S CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY

- absent-minded** [æbsənt'maɪndɪd] – рассеянный
- adventurous** [əd'ventʃərəs] – опасный, рискованный, безрас-
судно смелый
- aggressive** [ə'ɡresɪv] – агрессивный, нападающий
- ambitious** [æm'bɪʃəs] – честолюбивый, стремящийся, жаж-
дущий
- anxious** ['æŋkʃəs] – озабоченный, беспокоящийся
- arrogant** ['ærəɡənt] – надменный
- artful** ['ɑ:tfl] – ловкий, хитрый
- artless** ['ɑ:tləs] – простой, простодушный, бесхитростный
- assertive** [ə'sɜ:tɪv] – чрезмерно настойчивый, напористый
- attentive** [ə'tentɪv] – внимательный
- awkward** ['ɔ:kwəd] – неловкий
- brave** [breɪv] – смелый, храбрый
- calm** [kɑ:m], **quiet** ['kwaɪt] – тихий, спокойный
- capricious** [kəp'rɪʃəs] – капризный
- careful** [keəfl] – заботливый, осторожный, старательный,
внимательный
- careless** ['kæləs] – небрежный, неосторожный, беззаботный,
легкомысленный
- chatty** ['tʃæti] – болтливый
- courageous** [kə'reɪʃəs] – храбрый, мужественный, смелый,
отважный
- conceited** [kən'si:tɪd] – самодовольный, тщеславный
- cross** [kros] – злой, сердитый, раздраженный
- cruel** [kru:əl] – жестокий, коварный
- cunning** ['kʌnɪŋ] – хитрый

- dashing** ['dæʃɪŋ] – лихой, стремительный
- deceitful** [di'si:tfʌl] – лживый
- decent** ['di:snt] – приличный, порядочный
- delicate** ['delɪkət] – утонченный, учтивый, изысканный
- determined** [dɪ'tɜ:mɪnd] – решительный, непреклонный, пол-
ный решимости
- devoted** [di'voutɪd] – преданный, нежный
- disappointed** [dɪsə'pɔɪntɪd] – разочарованный, огорченный
- dishonest** [dɪs'ɒnɪst] – нечестный, мошеннический
- disrespectful** [dɪs'rɪs'pektfl] – непочтительный
- double – faced** ['dʌblfeɪst] – двуличный
- easy-going** [i:zɪ'ɡoʊɪŋ] – добродушно-веселый, беспечный, без-
заботный
- energetic** [ˌenə'dʒetɪk] – энергичный
- false** [fə:ls] – ложный, ошибочный, лживый, обманчивый
- firm** [fɜ:m] – стойкий, непоколебимый, настойчивый, реши-
тельный
- flattering** ['flætərɪŋ] – коварный, лстивый
- forgetful** [fə'getfl] – забывчивый, невнимательный
- frank** [fræŋk] – откровенный
- fussy** ['fʌsi] – надоедливый, суетливый, привередливый
- generous** ['dʒenerəs] – щедрый, великодушный
- gentle** [dʒentl] – деликатный
- grateful** [ɡreɪtfl] – благодарный, признательный
- greedy** ['ɡri:di] – жадный
- harsh** [hɑ:ʃ] – резкий, жесткий
- haughty** ['hɔ:ti] – надменный, высокомерный
- honest** ['ɒ:nɪst] – честный
- hostile** ['hostaɪl] – враждебный
- hypocritical** [hɪpə'krɪtɪkl] – притворный, лицемерный
- ill-natured** [ɪl'neɪtʃəd] – злобный, грубый, дурного нрава
- impatient** [ɪm'peɪʃnt] – нетерпеливый
- impudent** ['ɪmpjədənt] – нахальный

inconsistent [ˌɪnkənˈsɪstənt] – непоследовательный
indifferent [ɪnˈdɪfrənt] – безразличный
industrious [ɪnˈdʌstriəs] – исполнительный
inhuman [ɪnˌhjuːmeɪn] – негуманный, жестокий
insincere [ˌɪnsɪnˈsiə] – неискренний
intelligent [ɪnˈtelɪdʒənt] – умный, смысленный
jealous [ˈdʒeləs] – ревнивый, завистливый
jolly [ˈdʒɒli] – веселый, радостный
just [dʒʌst] – справедливый
kindhearted [ˌkaɪndˈhɑːtɪd] – добрый, мягкосердечный
laughable [ˈlɑːfəbl] – смешной, смехотворный, забавный
lazy [ˈleɪzi] – ленивый
light-minded [ˌlaɪtˈmaɪndɪd] – легкомысленный
loyal [ˈləʊəl] – верный
mean [miːn] – низкий, подлый
merciful [ˈmɜːsɪfl] – милосердный, сострадательный
merciless [ˈmɜːsɪləs] – безжалостный, беспощадный
miserable [ˈmɪːzrəbl] – несчастный, жалкий, убогий
modest [ˈmɒdɪst] – скромный
nervous [ˈnɜːvəs] – нервный, беспокоящийся
patient [ˈpeɪʃnt] – терпеливый, упорный, настойчивый
persistent [pəˈsɪstənt] – упорный, настойчивый
persuadable [pəˈswedeɪbl] – поддающийся убеждению
persuasive [pəˈswesɪv] – убедительный
perverse [pəˈvɜːs] – извращенный
polite [pəˈlaɪt] – вежливый
possessive [pəˈzesɪv] – собственнический
principled [ˈprɪnsɪpld] – принципиальный, с твердыми устоями
proud [praʊd] – гордый
reliable [rɪˈlaɪəbl] – надежный, заслуживающий доверия
reserved [rɪˈzɜːvd] – скрытный, сдержанный, замкнутый
resolute [ˈrezəluːt] – решительный, непоколебимый, твердый
resourceful [rɪˈsɜːsfl] – находчивый, изобретательный

respectable [rɪˈspektəbl] – почтенный
responsive [rɪˈsponsɪv] – отзывчивый, чуткий
risky [ˈrɪskɪ] – рискованный
romantic [rouˈmæntɪk] – романтический
rude [ruːd] – грубый, оскорбительный
sacrificial [ˌsækrɪˈfɪʃl] – жертвенный
scornful [ˈskoːnfl] – пренебрежительный
self-appreciation [ˌselfəpriːʃɪˈeɪʃn] – самомнение, самодо-
 вольство
selfish [ˈselfɪʃ] – эгоистичный
self-control [ˌselfkənˈtrɒl] – самообладание, сдержанность
self-possessed [ˌselfpəˈzest] – имеющий самообладание, хладно-
 кровие; выдержанный
serious [ˈsiəriəs] – серьезный, важный
sensible [ˈsenseəbl] – (благо)разумный, здравомыслящий
sensitive [ˈsensətɪv] – чувствительный
shy [ʃaɪ] – застенчивый, робкий
sincere [sɪnˈsiə] – искренний, чистосердечный
sincerity [sɪnˈserɪti] – искренность
smart [smɑːt] – находчивый, остроумный
sociable [ˈsəʊəbl] – общительный
strong-willed [ˌstrɒŋˈwɪld] – волевой, решительный; упрямый
stubborn [ˈstʌbən] – упрямый
successful [səkˈsesfl] – удачливый, преуспевающий
supporting [səˈpoːtɪŋ] (actor, role, wall, evidence. Rule: this word
 is used only before a noun.)
supportive [səˈpoːtɪv] – giving help, encouragement or sympathy
 to sb. *She was very supportive during my father's illness.*
suspicious [səˈsplɪːʃəs] – подозрительный
sympathetic [ˌsɪmpəˈθetɪk] – сочувственный, полный сочувст-
 вия
tactless [ˈtæktləs] – бестактный
talkative [ˈtækətɪv] – разговорчивый, словоохотливый

thoughtful ['θɔ:tfl] – вдумчивый
thoughtless ['θɔ:tləs] – беспечный, безрассудный
trustful ['trʌstfl] – доверчивый, лишенный подозрительности
trustless ['trʌstləs] – ненадежный, недоверчивый
trustworthy ['trʌstwɜ:ðl] – надежный, заслуживающий доверия
uncommunicative [ˌʌnkə'mju:nikətɪv] – необщительный
unselfish [ʌn'selfɪʃ] – бескорыстный
unsociable [ʌn'səʊʃəbl] – необщительный
vain [veɪn] – тщеславный, полный самомнения, пустой, по-казной
violent ['vaɪələnt] – вспыльчивый, горячий, неистовый, ярост-ный
vulgar ['vʌlgə] – грубый, вульгарный, пошлый
willful ['wɪfl] – упрямый
stupid willfulness ['stju:ptɪd'wɪlfulnəs] – самодурство
wistful ['wɪstfl] – тоскующий, тоскливый, задумчивый
yielding ['ji:ldɪŋ] – уступчивый, покладистый

The List of Books Used

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