

Makarikhina E.A., E.Yu. Sklyarova

HOME READING FOR STUDENTS

*English training text-book  
for students for home reading*

САРАТОВСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ИМЕНИ Н. Г. ЧЕРНЫШЕВСКОГО

## ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Данная книга для чтения содержит 12 рассказов, не связанных между собой единой тематикой. Рассказы - небольшие по объему - остросюжетны, занимательны, адаптированы до уровня студентов 1 - 3 курсов неязыковых вузов, овладевших основами грамматики английского языка и имеющих запас английских слов в объеме программы средней школы.

В каждом рассказе для тренировки и усвоения выделена только одна грамматическая структура, которая неоднократно повторяется в рассказе. В целях проверки усвоения выделенных автором грамматических структур (в плане их опознавания, понимания и перевода) введены упражнения на перевод. В упражнениях на перевод сгруппированы предложения из рассказов, включающие выделенные грамматические структуры. Перед каждым упражнением дается краткое пояснение сущности данного грамматического явления, с которым студент должен ознакомиться перед выполнением упражнения.

При чтении рассказов можно ставить две цели: чтение ради самого чтения с широким охватом содержания прочитанного и с последующим обсуждением рассказов на английском языке и чтения с целью усвоения лексического и грамматического материала рассказа с предварительным изучением лексических и грамматических трудностей, т.е. с работой по разделам «Exercises».

Характер и содержание книги для чтения позволяет успешно использовать ее в качестве учебного пособия для чтения на английском языке в неязыковых вузах, книга окажет существенную помощь студентам в развитии навыка чтения и понимания литературы на английском языке, в усвоении определенного грамматического и лексического материала, в развитии элементарных речевых навыков и умений. Пособие может также использоваться широким кругом лиц, изучающих английский язык.

## How to Be a Doctor

*(Adopted from 'How to be a Doctor' by Stephen Leacock)*

The point I want to develop is that the modern doctor's business is a very easy one, which could be learned in about two weeks. This is the way it is done.

The patient enters the consulting room. "Doctor," he says, "I have a bad pain."

"Where is it?"

"Here."

"Stand up," says the doctor, "and put your arms above your head."

Then the doctor goes behind the patient and gives him a powerful blow in the back.

"Do you feel that?" he says.

"I do," says the patient.

Then the doctor turns suddenly and gives him another blow under the heart.

"Can you feel that?" he says as the patient falls over on the sofa. "Get up," says the doctor, and counts ten. The patient rises. The doctor looks him over very carefully without speaking, and then suddenly gives him a blow in the stomach that makes him speechless. The doctor walks over to the window and reads the morning paper for a while. Then he turns and begins to speak, more to himself than to the patient. "Hum!" he says, "there's some anaesthesia of the tympanum."

"Is that so?" says the patient. "What can I do about it, Doctor?"

"Well," says the doctor, "I want you to keep very quiet, you'll have to go to bed and stay there and keep quiet." In reality, of course, the doctor hasn't the least idea what is wrong with the man, but he does know that if he will go to bed and keep quiet, very quiet, he'll either get quietly well again or else die a quiet death. Meanwhile, if the doctor calls every morning and thumps and beats him, he can make the patient tell him what is wrong with him.

"What about diet, Doctor?" says the patient.

The answer to this question depends on how the doctor is feeling and whether it is long since he had a meal himself. If it is late in the morning and the doctor is hungry, he says: "Oh, eat well, don't be afraid of it; eat meat, vegetables, anything you like."

But if the doctor has just had lunch, he says: "No, I don't want you to eat anything at all; absolutely nothing; it won't hurt you."

And yet, isn't it funny?

You and I and the rest of us - even if we know all this - as soon as we feel a pain run for a doctor as fast as we can.

## EXERCISES

I. Answer the questions:

1. What is the modern doctor's business?
2. Where does the doctor go and what does he give?
3. How does the doctor look?

4. With whom does the doctor speak more?
5. What does the doctor's answer depend on?
6. What is funny?
7. Where do we run as we feel a pain?

II. Are these sentences true (T) or false (F)?

1. The doctor's business is very easy and simple.
2. The story shows how doctors examine and treat their patients.
3. The author criticizes the way some doctors examine and treat their patients.
4. This is a humor story.
5. The author wants to present his own points of view of doctor's business.
6. In reality it is very difficult to be a good doctor.

III. Write questions for these answers, using Present Simple Tense.

1. The patient enters the consulting room.
2. The doctor goes behind the patient and gives him a powerful blow in the back.
3. The doctor turns suddenly and gives him another blow under the heart.
4. The doctor walks over to the window.
5. The doctor hasn't the least idea what is wrong with the man.

IV. What do you usually do as soon as you feel a pain?

### **The Trojan Horse**

Many, many years ago there was a war between the Greeks and the Trojans. The Greek ships sailed up to the city of Troy. When the Trojans saw the Greek ships, they closed the gates of their city and stayed behind the walls. The Greeks attacked the city many times, but could not take it. Then one of the Greeks thought of a plan. The Greeks made a big wooden horse, and the leaders of the Greek army

hid inside the horse. In the morning the Greeks burned their camp and sailed away. Only the big wooden horse remained in front of the gates.

But the Greek ships did not sail far. The Greeks stopped at a place near Troy, where the Trojans could not see them, and hid their ships. At first the Trojans wanted to burn the wooden horse, but a Greek prisoner said: “ Don’t burnt the horse. Bring it into Troy. It will help you.”

The horse was very big, and the Trojans could not bring it in through the gates. They had to make a hole in the wall. Then they had to bring the wooden horse into the city.

The next day was a holiday in Troy. At night all the Trojan soldiers fell asleep.

The Greek ships came back to Troy in the night. When everything was quiet, the leaders of the Greek soldiers came out of the wooden horse and opened the gates of the city. The Greek army was near Troy.

The Greek soldiers came into the city, killed very many Trojans and took the city.

#### EXERCISES

I. Answer these questions:

1. When was there a war between the Greeks and the Trojans?
2. What city did the Greek ships sail up to?
3. What did the Trojans do when they saw the Greek ships?
4. Did the Greeks attack the city many times?
5. Were their attacks successful?
6. What was the plan of the Greeks?
7. What did the Greeks make a big wooden horse for?
8. Who was inside the wooden horse? Did the Greeks sail away?
9. Did the Greeks leave the big wooden horse in front of the gates? For what purpose did they do it?
10. What did the Trojans want to do at first? ( to this wooden horse)
11. Did the Trojans bring the wooden horse in to the city? How did they do it?
12. What did the Greek leaders inside the wooden horse do at night?

13. How did the Greek soldiers come into the city?

II. Fill in the blanks with the following words:

*sail far, remained, to bring, in front of, sailed away, through, inside, a hole, gates, hid, army, burned thought of a plan, near, a big wooden horse, The Trojans, behind, to sail up to*

1. Many, many years ago the Greek ships ... .. to the city Troy.
2. ....saw the Greek Ships, closed the ..... and stayed ..... the walls.
3. As the Greeks couldn't take the city, they ..... .
4. The Greeks made a ..... and some of them ..... the horse.
5. In the morning the Greeks ..... their camp and ..... .
6. Only the big wooden horse ..... the gates.
7. The Greek ships did not ..... .
8. The Trojans had to ..... the wooden horse into the city not through the gates, but ..... made in the wall.
9. At night the Greeks who were hidden ..... the horse came out of the wooden horse and opened the ..... of the city.
10. The Greek ..... was ..... Troy and the Greek took the city.

III. Discuss:

- Were the Greeks cunning?
- Why did the Greeks use such a ruse?

## The Open Door

*Adapted from « The Sire de Maletroit's Door », by Robert Louis Stevenson. You will notice that the people in this story speak in an old-fashioned way which is not used now. This is because the story takes place in the fifteenth century.*

Denis heard the big, heavy door close behind him and, turning, saw that there was no handle. With his fingers, he tried to pull the door open but it was impossible.

"Come in, young man, come in," a voice said "I have been sitting here all evening waiting to hear your footstep on the stair." In the light of the fire on the far side of the room a little white-haired man could he seen.

"I am afraid I am not the person you expect," Denis replied.

"No? Well, no matter. You are here. Sit down and we shall discuss our business."

"There must be some mistake. I am a stranger in this town. I was out for a walk and returning to the inn when some drunken soldiers began chasing me. I thought they were going to kill me. Then I saw that your door was open and came in to escape from them."

"Oh yes, my door" laughed the old man. "Clever, is it not? You asked to have it left open but you hardly expected it to close and make you a prisoner, did you? And certainly you did not expect to find me here."

Denis became angry. "Sir, I do not know you. I do not know the person you expect but I certainly am not he. I am Denis Beaulieu, a stranger here, as I told you. Now if you will be kind enough to have the door opened again, I..."

"Sit down, nephew!"

"Nephew?" Denis was now certain that it was all a bad dream, it could not be real; this was not September, 1429, and he was not in Burgundy but some evil land filled with madmen.

At that moment another door opened and a servant entered.

"How is she?" asked the old man.

"She accepts what she realizes must be accepted, sir, but not gladly."

"But he is of her own choosing!"

"It is not the man but the situation that she objects to, sir."

"She should have thought of that before, but now that she has started it she will have to let it continue...to the very end." The old man turned to Denis. "Will you come with me to the next room, please? My niece has been waiting for you even more anxiously than I."

The old man made the servant help him out of his chair and led Denis to another room in the ancient house. By a window, looking out into the street, stood a young girl. She was dressed as a bride, all in white. Denis had never seen anyone so beautiful.

"Blanche," said the old man. "I have brought a friend to see you."

The girl turned and faced Denis. For a second their eyes met. An expression of astonishment crossed the girl's face, "This is not the man, Uncle!"

"Of course not. It is exactly as I expected. How sad you could not remember his name when I asked. It would have helped."

Blanche looked at Denis. "Have you ever seen me before?" she asked.

"Never." Denis replied, then added. "I regret to say.

"And I regret it, too," said the uncle. "However, sometimes these sudden marriages produce an excellent understanding." He moved towards the door. "Now I will leave you alone for the next two hours. After all, the bridegroom should have a voice in the matter, too."

"Uncle, please!" cried Blanche. "Do not make me marry this man! I would rather die! It is cruel. How can you possibly think that this is the one? Let him go!"

"Blanche de Maletroit," said the old man. "you have brought dishonour to this house and it is my duty to have you married immediately. I tried to find your own young man for you but it seems I have failed, or so you say. That is of little importance to me. In any case, be polite to our visitor; the next one may not be so young and handsome." With this remark the old man left the room.

"Who are you?" Blanche asked when the two of them were alone. "Why did you come here?"

Denis quickly explained. "I seem to be a prisoner in a house full of mad people," he added.

"I am sorry," the girl said, sitting down and motioning Denis to sit beside her. "I will try to explain. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me in church every day. I could see that he liked me and I was pleased. One day he passed a letter to me. He wanted very much to speak to me and asked me to have the door left open one evening so that we could have a word or two on the stairs." The girl paused for a moment, then went on. "I do not know how, but my uncle came to suspect me. It is almost impossible to keep anything from him.

This morning, in church, he took my hand and made me give him the letter. He read it as we walked along, then let me have it again. The letter was another request to have the door left open.

"My uncle made me stay in my room until evening, then made me put on this wedding dress. He tried to make me tell him the captain's name, but I would not; so he planned to catch him with the open door. The truth is, we didn't even know each other! We never really had a chance to speak. For all I know, he was not seriously interested in me."

She looked sadly at Denis. "And you, poor man, have fallen into the trap set for the captain."

"You honour me with your confidence." Denis took her hand. "Come."

They returned to the other room. The Sire de Maletroit sat in the chair by the fire where Denis had first seen him. "Sir," he said to the old man, "I believe I have something to say in this matter."

"Of course you do."

"You cannot make your niece marry me under these circumstances. She is a good, gentle, beautiful woman and I should be pleased to marry her if you offered her hand freely, but as things are I must refuse."



"Perhaps you do not understand the circumstances," the old man replied. "If you refuse to marry my niece, I shall have you killed. I don't wish to, of course; I would prefer to let my niece marry a noble young man of good family, such as I know you to be. The Beaulieus are highly respected in all France. But the honour of the Maletroits is the question here, and I continue to believe you are the guilty person, regardless of what you tell me about being chased by drunken soldiers. Marry my niece, Denis de Beaulieo, or die at sunrise!"

Blanche and Denis returned once more to the other room. "You must not die," Blanche told him. "You must marry me."

I'm sorry, Blanche, Denis said, "but I have my honour, too."

The girl began to cry.

Looking at her Denis realized it would be very easy to let himself love this charming young woman. Why did the situation have to be such a sad one? Why could he not have met Blanche before, in happier days? He would have married her in a minute. The light in the east began to show through the window.

"I wish there were something I could do to make your last hour pleasant," Blanche said.

"There is, Blanche. You can sit beside me and be my friend, forgetting all that has happened here tonight." Denis took her hand. Blanche began to cry again. "Please don't," he said.

"Forgive me," she said, drying her eyes. "It is selfish of me. I must not be a coward when you are so brave—the bravest man I have ever met."

"And you are the most beautiful woman I have ever met," Denis replied.

"Do you think many men in France have been asked by a beautiful woman to marry her and have refused, Denis?"

"But you are sorry for me, Blanche, not in love."

"Are you so sure? When I asked you to marry me it was because I respected, admired and, yes, loved you. From that very moment that you took my side against my uncle I loved you."

Denis looked into the girl's eyes for a long moment as though searching for something to confirm what he had just heard. Then he let her hand drop and went to the window. "The day is beginning," he said. "What shall we tell my uncle?"

"Blanche," Denis said, returning to her side, "you know I do not fear dying, but if you truly love me do not let me lose my life in error. I have come to love you better than the whole world, even in these two short hours, and I would gladly die for you, but it would be the greatest joy to me if I could live and spend the rest of my life with you."

Footsteps could be heard outside the door.

"Do you really mean that, Denis, after all you have heard?"

"But I have heard nothing."

"The captain's name was...."

Denis made her stop by taking her in his arms and kissing her.

The door opened and the Sire de Maletroit stood before them, observing the scene. "Good morning, niece and nephew," he said, a big smile on his face. Through the window the bright light of the rising sun streamed in, filling the room with light.

## EXERCISES

### I. Answer these questions:

1. Why did Denis enter the Sire de Maletroit's door?
2. Who did the old man think Denis was?
3. What did Blanche say when she first saw Denis?
4. What did she tell Denis when they were alone?
5. What would happen to Denis if he refused to marry Blanche?
6. Why did Denis refuse to marry Blanche at first?
7. What made him change his mind?

### II. Fill in the blanks with the following words:

*Dishonour, handsome, bridegroom, wedding, error, circumstances, chase, drunken, bride*

Denis was a ..... young man visiting a town in Burgundy. One night some.....soldiers ..... him. Seeing an open door he ran inside. An old man greeted him, thinking Denis was someone else. Denis could not persuade *him* of his ..... . The *old man* introduced him to Blanche, a beautiful girl dressed as a ..... ."She *has* brought ..... on my family," the old man said, "by speaking to a strange man in church. I have decided that the first man to enter my house tonight must be *her*..... . You are that man. Marry my niece or die!" Denis said he could not marry the girl under these ..... but by dawn he and Blanche had fallen in love and the ..... took place shortly after the sunrise.

### III. Rewrite these sentences, using *let* or *make*.

Example: Tell him to go. *Make him go.*

1. Tell him to open the door.
2. The old man forced Blanche to wear a wedding dress.
3. He permitted the young people to speak.
4. You can't oblige me to marry your niece.
5. Uncle, please allow the young man to leave!

*IV.* In this story, Blanche and Denis supposedly fell in love within two hours.

Do you think this is possible? In a short composition explain your reasons.

### **The Ransom of Red Chief**

*(After O'Henry)*

It looked a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were in the south, in Alabama - Bill and myself. We had about six hundred dollars, and we needed two thousand dollars more and not know how to get them. It was then that we had that idea of kidnapping someone and demanding a ransom.

There was a little town there, which was called Summit. We decided to kidnap the only child of a prominent rich man named Ebenezer Dorset. The child was a boy of ten, with bright red hair. Bill and I thought that if we kidnapped him, his father would agree to pay a ransom of two thousand dollars. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from the town of Summit there was a little mountain, covered with wood. On the slope of the mountain there was a cave. In that cave we stored provisions.

In a village three miles away we hired a horse with a little cart. In the evening, after sunset, we drove in that cart past Dorset's house. The boy was in the street. He was throwing stones at a kitten which was sitting on the fence across the street.

'Hey, little boy,' said Bill, 'would you like a bag of candy and a nice ride?'

The boy threw a stone at Bill and hit him in the eye. That boy fought with us like a bear, but, at last, we put him in the bottom of the cart and drove away. We took him up the cave.

After dark I drove to the village to return the horse and cart, and then walked back to the mountain.

When I returned, there was a fire burning behind a big rock at the entrance of the cave. Bill was sitting on the grass. The boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee. Two buzzard tail-feathers were stuck in his red hair. He pointed a stick at me when I came up and said:

'Ha! Cursed pale-face do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?'

"He is all right now," said Bill. We're playing Indian. I'm Red Chiefs captive, and I shall be scalped in the morning."

Yes, sir, that boy was enjoying himself. He liked living in the cave so much, that he had forgotten that he was a captive himself. He immediately named me Snake-eye the Spy, and announced that I should be burnt at sunrise.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread, and began to talk. He made a long speech, something like this:

"I like this very much. I never camped out before. I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy's aunt's hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more bacon. Does the wind blow because the trees move? We had five puppies. Why is your nose so red, Bill? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I don't like girls. Have you beds in this cave? A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't".

Every few minutes he remembered that he was a redskin and took his stick, which he called his rifle, and went to the mouth of the cave to see if there were any spies of the pale-faces. Now and then he let out war-whoop, which made Bill shiver. He was simply terrorized by that boy.

"Red Chief," said I to the boy, "would you like to go home?"

"No," said he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not now," said I. "We'll stay here in the cave for some time." "all right," said he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We slept on the ground on some blankets. We put Red Chief between us. We were not afraid that he would run away. We could not fall asleep for three hours because every now and then he jumped up and shouted in our ears that the palefaces were coming. At last I fell asleep and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and tied to a tree by a pirate with red hair.

Just at day break I woke up because Bill was screaming. I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, holding him by the hair with one hand. In the other hand he had the sharp knife which we used for cutting bacon. He was trying to take Bill's scalp.

I took the knife from the child and made him lie down again. But Bill could not sleep. I slept a little, but then I woke up. I remembered that Red Chief was going to burn me at sunrise. I was not afraid, but I sat up and lit my pipe.

"Why did you get up so early, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Oh, I don't want to sleep," said I.

"That's a lie," said Bill. "You are afraid. He was going to bum you at sunrise, and you are afraid he will do it. And he will, if he finds a match. Isn't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay money to get such a boy back home?"

"Of course," said I. "Now you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, and I'll go to the top of the mountain and look around."

I went up to the top of the little mountain and looked down at the town. I thought there would be many people in the streets, talking about how a boy was kidnapped and how to find him. But the streets of the little town were quiet, there were almost no people, nobody was excited. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "they don't know yet that a child has been kidnapped."

When I came back to the cave, I saw that Bill was with his back to the wall, breathing hard. The boy was standing in front of him, ready to strike him with a big stone.

"He put a hot potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you a gun, Sam?"

I took the stone away the boy. "If you don't behave," I said, "I'll take you strait home. Now, are you going to be good or not?"

"It was a joke," said he. "I didn't want to hurt him. I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you don't sent me home and if you let me play the Black Scout today."

"I don't know the game," said I. "I'm going away, and you will play with Bill."

I thought that it was time to send a letter to old man Dorset, demanding the ransom and dictating how that ransom must be paid. Bill asked me, with tears in his eyes, to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. I agreed, and we wrote this letter:

*Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.*

*We have your boy in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you to try to find him. You can have him back only if you pay a ransom. We demand fifteen hundred dollars for his return. If you agree, send the money tonight at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing the river on the Toad to P., there are three large trees near a fence. At the bottom of the middle tree your messenger will find a small box. The messenger must put the money into that box and immediately return to Summit.*

*If you pay the money, your son will be returned to you safe within three hours.*

*If you don't pay the ransom, you will never see your boy again.*

*Two Desperate men.*

I put the letter into my pocket. As I was going to start, the boy came up to me and said:

"I say, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout today." "Play it, of course," said I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," said Red Chief, "and I must ride to the fort to tell the people there that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indians myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," said I. "I think Mr. Bill will help you."

"What must I do?" asked Bill, looking at the boy.

"You are the horse," said the Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the fort without a horse?"

Bill got down on his hand and knees. In his eyes there was a look that a rabbit has when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the fort?" he asked.

"Ninety miles," said the Black Scout and jumped on Bill's back. "Please," said Bill to me, "come back, Sam as soon as you can."

I went to the village and sent the letter. When I came back to the cave, Bill and the boy were not there. I walked around but did not see them. So I lit my pipe and sat down to wait.

In about half an hour Bill came out of the bushes. Behind him was the boy. He was walking noiselessly, like a scout, there was a broad smile on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The boy stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," said Bill, "I suppose you will be angry, but I couldn't help it. The boy has gone, I have sent him home."

"What's the matter, Bill?" I asked him.

"He rode me," said Bill, "the ninety miles to the fort. Then, when the people were saved, I was given oats. And then, for an hour, I had to try to explain to him why there is nothing in holes, how a road can run both ways, and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, I could not stand it. I took him down the mountain, and showed him the way home, and kicked him. I'm sorry we lose the ransom."

"Bill," said I, "you have no heart diseases?"

"No," said Bill, "why?"

"Then you may turn around," said I, "and see what's behind you." Bill turned and saw the boy. Then he turned pale and sat down on the ground. Then I told him that I had already sent the letter, and that we should get the ransom and go away by midnight. So Bill cheered up a little and promised the boy that he would play the Russian in the Japanese war with him.

I had a plan to get that ransom without danger. I had to be sure that Mr. Dorset would not send policemen to those trees. So I went to that place beforehand, and at half-past eight I was already sitting in one of those trees.

A young man on a bicycle appeared on the road, rode up to the trees, found the box, put a parcel into it and rode away.

I waited an hour and then climbed down. I took the parcel and hurried back to the cave. We opened the parcel and found a note, which said:

*Two Desperate Men.*

*Gentlemen: I have received your letter in which you demand a ransom for the return of my son. I think you demand too much, so I make you another proposition, which, I think, you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars, and I agree to take him back. I advise you to come at night, because the neighbours believe he is lost, and I don't know what they would do to you if they saw that you had brought him back.*

*Ebenezer Dorset.*

"Sam," said Bill, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We have the money. One more night with this child will send me to the madhouse."

"To tell you the truth, Bill," said I, "he is getting on my nerves, too. We'll take him, pay the ransom and go away."

We took him home that night. We told him that his father had bought a rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and that the next night we should go to hunt bears.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. We counted out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the boy understood that we were leaving him at home, he started up a howl and caught hold of Bill's leg. With much difficulty his father tore him off.

"How long can you hold him?" asked Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I was," said old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," said Bill.

And though it was very dark, and though Bill was fat, and though I am a good runner, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

## EXERCISES

### I. Answer these questions:

1. Why did the idea of kidnapping someone occur to Sam and Bill?
2. Whom did they decide to kidnap?
3. How did they kidnap the boy?
4. What was the boy's character?
5. Did the boy enjoy his stay in the cave?
6. How was Bill terrorized by that boy?
7. What letter did the two men send to the boy's father?
8. What answer did they expect to get? What was the answer they got?
9. How did they return the boy to his father?

### II. Put a question to the word in bold type:

- a) **We** decided to kidnap the only child of a prominent rich man named Ebenezer Dorset.
- b) The child was a boy of **ten**.
- c) There was a fire burning **behind a big rock at the entrance of the cave**.
- d) My father has **lots of money**.
- e) We **went** to bed about eleven o'clock.
- f) I took the **stone** away from the boy.
- g) **In about half an hour** Bill came out of the bushes.

III. Describe the scene of returning the boy to his father.

### **Ghost in the House**

"There's absolutely nothing here," James said in that maddening, confident way of his.

Gwen became angry every time her husband told her that she was imagining things. "It's no small thing," he said.

"What? The ghost?"

"No. Your imagination."

"Oh! James Bede!"

"There isn't anyone as attractive as you when you're angry," her husband told her, taking his pretty young wife in his arms and kissing her. She couldn't stay angry very long when he did that.

The Bedes had bought the old house on Mountbatten Road, one mile out from the village of Scully Downs, because it was an excellent example of early nineteenth century architecture and in very good condition. They had searched for a long time but had found nothing they liked as much. James, who was an architect and understood such things, said the house was a real find. Gwen, who shared her husband's interest in old buildings, agreed. At least she did until strange things began happening at Hill House.

The first incident occurred the day they moved in. They had to eat by candlelight that evening because the electricity had not yet been turned on.



"Pleasant but a bit mysterious," Gwen laughed as she lit the two candles in the centre of the table. A few minutes later the candles suddenly went out, first one, then the other, almost as though something had been placed on top of them.

"James, did you see that?" exclaimed Gwen, dropping her fork.

"How can I see anything with no light? The wind blew out the candles." He quickly lit them again.

"There isn't any wind," Gwen said. "All the doors and windows are shut. Besides, if it was the wind it would have blown them both out together, not one by one."

"If it wasn't the wind, what was it?"

"I... I don't know."

They finished supper quickly but Gwen could not forget what had happened.

The second incident occurred a week later. The Bedes had been at Hill House eight days when their first post arrived. There was a letter from Gwen's sister, some business papers for James, and one letter addressed to "Miss Alison Ray-Hills." The envelope was clearly addressed so it was no mistake that it was left at Hill House. But something was wrong and Gwen left the letter on the hall table to be given back to the postman the following morning. The next day, however, when she looked on the table, the letter was gone. "Did you pick it up, James?" she asked.

"Not I. Look on the floor. Perhaps it fell and slipped under the rug. It must be somewhere. It couldn't just disappear."

"Well, it's gone. I can't see it anywhere." Gwen suddenly thought of the candle incident but she said nothing. Later in the morning she carried some empty boxes up to the attic. Getting settled in a new place is not something one can do in a day. She could see it was going to be weeks, perhaps months, before she got the furniture arranged exactly as she wanted it. But it was fun, too, and Gwen enjoyed it.

No one had opened the attic door for some years and it was only with much effort that Gwen was able to push it open far enough to get in. Looking around her she could see that it would take several days to clean it, although this was one part of the house that could certainly wait. No one but she and James would ever come up here. She put the boxes on the floor and was about to go back downstairs for more when she noticed an envelope on top of an old trunk. Picking it up she read, "Miss Alison Ray—Hills House..." The date on the envelope was June 28, 1823. It was not the same letter that had arrived the day before; this envelope was blue and the other had been white. There was nothing inside.

Dropping it as though it was burning her fingers, Gwen hurried down the stairs and out of the front door. She sat under the big tree near the gate for a long time before she found courage enough to return to the house. What would James say now?

What James said was that she was once again letting her imagination run away with her. There was no mystery. The explanation was a simple one: a family named Ray-Hills lived here in the 1820's and had a daughter named Alison to whom someone wrote a letter—perhaps several letters. Like the old trunk and a few other things it was left in the attic.

"And the one the other day, the letter that disappeared?"

"Another Alison Ray-Hills, very possibly a girl related to the first one."

"James, the envelope was addressed in the same handwriting!"

He had nothing to say to that but asked, "What was the name of the family we bought the house from?"

"Smith."

Another week passed. Nothing happened and Gwen began to think her husband might be right—that it was all in her imagination. Then the third incident occurred, if one could call it an incident. (But then could one call any of the things that happened "incidents" really? James would not think so.)

The Bedes had a small dog which had been staying with Gwen's parents until they were settled. They had not originally planned to fetch Toby quite so soon but as Hill House was rather far from any other houses, and as Gwen, with no one to talk to all day, felt the need of company, especially in view of the things that had happened recently, James made a special trip to get Toby and bring him home. The little dog was delighted to be with Gwen and James again, and they were equally pleased to see him.

Toby went over the entire house, up and down, and excitedly ran all round the garden, too. He approved of his new home very much.

It was the next afternoon, while Gwen was resting in a big chair in the sitting room, with Toby at her feet, that "something" entered the open door and went up the stairs. The house was peaceful and quiet. Suddenly Toby stood up, looked towards the door, and began to growl. His eyes seemed to be following something across the floor and up the stairs. Gwen saw no one, nothing. Toby didn't move but kept his eyes on the top of the stairs for a long time. Finally he seemed to lose interest, lay down, and went to sleep. But what had he seen? Why had he growled?

"An insect," James explained. "He's a city dog, remember, not a country dog. Everything's new and different to him."

Two days later the weather became extremely hot, dark clouds formed in the west and began moving across the sky towards Scully Downs. Lightning flashed. Thunder roared. Rain fell. It was the first real storm of summer. The sky became so black that Gwen turned on the lights but immediately turned them off again because electric storms frightened her and she felt sure something terrible would happen if she left them on. In an hour the storm began to fade away. The thunder and lightning stopped but the rain continued, though less violently. Gwen went to the door, opened it and looked out.

"Oh!" she said in surprise. There, on the top step, just inside the porch, was a young woman, trying to keep dry.

She looked up and smiled at Gwen. "Good day," she said. "I was on the road when the storm began. I came in here to be out of rain. I hope you do not mind".

"Of course not. But you should have rung the bell, and not just sat out here on the steps. Please come in. It's still raining."

"Thank you. It is very kind of you," the young woman said, following Gwen into the house. "You've just come to live here, have you not?"

"Yes we've just moved in. It's a beautiful old house and really in excellent condition. We love it."

"It hasn't been lived in very much, you know, but most of the people who were here took good care of it."

"Oh, then you know Hill House?"

"Yes, I know it quite well." She was a very pretty girl, especially when she smiled. Gwen supposed she was about twenty years old.

They went into the sitting room. Gwen asked the girl if she would like some tea but she didn't want any. They sat down and waited for the storm to pass.

"You have made this room delightful," the girl said, looking around. "I'm glad. It was so ugly when the last people were here. They were called Smith. May I ask your name?" "Mrs. Bede-Gwen."

"I am Mrs. Ernest Carlyle." She did not mention her first name and Gwen did not think it would be polite to ask.

They sat quietly for a few minutes. Gwen tried to make conversation, but the girl only answered "yes" or "no" and made a few general observations. She seemed content to sit quietly.

Finally the rain stopped. The girl stood up and said, "I must go now. Thank you so much for letting me take shelter from the rain. I do detest storms so."

"You must come again, Mrs. Carlyle, and stay longer. I don't know, anyone here and it can be lonely at times."

"Yes, very lonely. Thank you. Perhaps I shall be able to. Goodbye."

"Good-bye."

That evening when James came home his wife told him, "I had my first visitor today." She described the girl. "Very sweet," she said, "but just a bit strange. No, I shouldn't say that; not strange, really, but different."

The following Saturday the Bedes were invited to the home of their nearest neighbours, the Lelhbridges. During the evening James mentioned his wife's visitor. "What was her name, Gwen?"

"Mrs. Carlyle. Mrs. Ernest Carlyle."

"Mrs. Carlyle?" It was Maud Tucker, a woman in her eighties who had lived all her life at Scully Downs, who spoke. "Then it must have been Alison," she said.

Everyone turned toward Miss Tucker. "You've had a visit from Alison Ray-Hills, my dear," she said to Gwen. "Hill House was built for Alison by her husband, Ernest Carlyle in 1822. They were married on the morning of June 28, 1823. That afternoon Alison and Ernest went to see the house before leaving on a month's tour of France and Italy; after the tour they planned to come back and live at Hill House. While they were in the garden a terrible thunder storm suddenly started and rather than go into the house they ran and stood under a tree. Lightning struck the tree, killing Alison instantly but leaving Ernest unharmed. He sold the house and went away and was never heard from again.

"Anyone who has ever lived at Hill House has had at least one visit from Alison. If she likes you she may call again. If she decides she doesn't like you she will do anything she can make you leave. She didn't like the Smiths and unusual

things were always happening to them. You see, my dear, to Alison it is and always will be her house and she refuses to share it with anyone she considers undesirable. Goodness knows she was right about the Smiths!" Miss Tucker smiled at Gwen. "I rather think she'll want you to stay." she said.

"I hope so," Gwen replied, suddenly feeling pleased about the ghost in her house, now that she knew who it was and why she was there. "And I hope she'll pay me another visit." She turned and looked at James. For once he had nothing to say.

I. Answer these questions.

1. Why did the Bedes buy Hill House?
2. What happened on their first night in the house?
3. What was the second strange incident?
4. What did Gwen find in the attic ?
5. Who was Toby and what did he see?
6. Who visited Hill House during the thunder storm?
7. What did Maud Tucker tell Gwen about Mrs. Carlyle ?

II. Choose the correct words to complete these sentences.

1. There isn't (anyone) (no one) as attractive as you, Gwen.
2. I can't see (nothing) (anything) without light.
3. There is (no) (any) wind tonight.
4. Gwen remembered the candle incident but said (nothing) (anything).
5. (Anyone) (No one) had opened the attic door in some years.
6. I don't see the letter (nowhere)(anywhere).

III. Everyone knows at least one ghost story. Write a short composition based on a ghost story you have heard.

**Whatever Happened to Uncle Oscar?**

There are several opinions concerning what happened to Uncle Oscar, but nothing is known for certain. He just went off to work one morning and was never seen again. No trace of him was ever found. My cousin Elizabeth is sure her father was in the bus that crashed and caught fire in North Avenue; everyone in it was burned beyond recognition. It was the bus Uncle Oscar took to work every morning, although he usually took the seven-forty-five, and this was the seven-fifty-five. Elizabeth is sure he missed the seven-forty-five bus and took the next one.

This belief is not shared by her brother Julian, however. Uncle Oscar had been quite ill that winter and even the following spring would occasionally fall down in a faint; when he became conscious again he did not know who or where he was for a while. Julian is sure that his father had one of these attacks of amnesia and never came out of it, and that he is still wandering around in the world somewhere, not knowing who he really is.

Of course I've got an idea, too, and I'm sure I'm right. But first let me describe Uncle Oscar. The day he disappeared he was forty-seven years old. An accountant in a bank and a very good one, Uncle Oscar was one of those quiet little men who went about unnoticed. I suppose it was mainly because of Aunt Agatha that he seldom had much to say; my aunt always had plenty to talk about and did so all the time. We often wondered why Uncle Oscar married her.

"He was talked into it," my mother who was his sister once said.

"Yes," agreed my father, "by Aunt Agatha!"

Their two children, Elizabeth and Julian, were unfortunately more influenced by their mother than by their father. I say unfortunately because both of them were large and unpleasant people like their mother and their behaviour was like Aunt Agatha's, too selfish and greedy.

But as far as I know Uncle Oscar never complained about his dull existence. He went to the bank every morning, worked hard all day, and returned home each night. If on a rare occasion he was a little late, however, he was told about it in no uncertain terms. "You're twenty minutes late, Oscar Leighton! Where have you been?"

"Today was Bill Parker's birthday and several of us from the bank stopped at the Crown for a drink with him."

"You know what I think about drinking. And what's that on your collar? Lipstick?"

"I don't know, Agatha, but I do know it's not lipstick."

"Hmm! I could easily find out,"

"Yes, dear."

"Now get ready for supper. There's a lecture at the Town Hall tonight on the evils of drink and I want you to hear it. My friend Hilda Trimble is speaking."

A lifetime - Oscar Leighton's - was spent this way. If he minded he never showed it.

The only times I saw my uncle show real interest in anything was when he was working on his stamp collection. He would become quite excited over a new stamp or a rare old one. Elizabeth and Julian took no interest in their father's hobby, or in their father himself for that matter.

When, after a reasonable length of time, it seemed certain that Uncle Oscar was never coming back, I was given his entire stamp collection. If his children didn't share his interest I, his nephew did, and I often went to the Leightons' to talk about stamps with Uncle Oscar and examine his very fine collection. I remember being taken into his study one day and shown an unusual new stamp. "There was a slight imperfection in the printing, " Uncle Oscar explained, "and very few were printed before the error was found. I have two of them. One day, not too many years from now, they will be extremely valuable."

The morning of October 11th, 1951, was like any other. Uncle Oscar got up as usual at six-forty-five, made his own breakfast (Aunt Agatha, Elizabeth and Julian were still in bed; they never got up before 8), left the house, and started in the direction of the bus stop. But later, when they were questioned, -Hie people at the bus stop couldn't remember seeing him that morning. Some were sure he had been there; others weren't so sure. But that was the kind of person Uncle Oscar was; other people seldom noticed him. One thing was certain: he never reached the bank that morning.

At about ten-thirty Aunt Agatha received a telephone call from Mr. Wilton at the bank. "Where is your husband, Mrs. Leighton? Has he been taken ill again?"

"Isn't he there? I thought he left on the seven-forty-five bus as usual."

"Aren't you sure?"

"I do know that he was gone when I got up at eight. I found his dirty breakfast dishes where they had been left on the table, unwashed. I couldn't understand it. He always washes up before he leaves."

"Well, as yet he hasn't been seen by anyone here at the bank and we've got a meeting in just fifteen minutes. He should be here; his presence at this meeting is essential. He's got all the figures that are going to be discussed."

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Wilton."

"Do you suppose he's had another of those fainting attacks he had last winter? Perhaps the hospitals should be telephoned."

No one answering to Oscar Leighton's description had been taken to any of the hospitals. By midday the police had been called in.

Not one bit of evidence could be found leading to the whereabouts of Oscar Leighton. He had simply disappeared from the face of the earth. That he had missed the seven-forty-five bus and taken the seven-fifty-five seemed the strongest possibility, but even that was doubtful. If he had been suffering from amnesia, surely he would have been found by the police; but he never was.

Uncle Oscar had left enough money in his account at the bank to take care of Aunt Agatha. Elizabeth soon married and Julian finished 'university and got quite a good job as an engineer.

A year passed. The fact that her husband would never be found was soon accepted by Aunt Agatha and she took a job in an office (she had been an office manager when Uncle Oscar met her). She enjoyed this return to a life where she could once more run the lives of many people instead of only one family. She saw her children at weekends, which was a satisfactory arrangement for all three of them. Uncle Oscar's name was seldom mentioned, but that was nothing unusual.

I suppose Uncle Oscar was missed by only one person - me. Our love of stamp collecting had been a strong tie. We had both enjoyed the hours together looking at and talking about stamps.

As time passed I began to accept my cousin Elizabeth's explanation of her father's disappearance. It seemed to be the only possible one.

A second year passed. About the middle of the third year after that fateful October day in 1951, a letter, if it could be called a letter, arrived for me from Brazil. The name and address were typewritten. I looked carefully before opening it but yes, no question about it, it was for me. How strange! I knew no one in Brazil.

Inside the envelope were some fifty stamps, all Brazilian, nothing more. I turned the envelope over but there was no return address to be found on it. That evening I took from the shelf one of the albums of stamps given to me by Aunt Agatha, and prepared to enter the stamps from Brazil. Looking through the album I saw the last ones Uncle Oscar had put in, and I felt sad for a moment. Then my eyes fell on several empty spaces in the book. His most valuable stamps were missing! Suddenly everything fell into place. I smiled. I knew now where Uncle Oscar was and how he got there, that quiet little man unnoticed by everyone.

Of course! It had all been planned for a long, long time. He wanted me to know and he discovered a way to tell me, a way that could be understood by no one else. Of course his secret will be kept. I'll never tell anyone. As far as the world is concerned poor Oscar Leighton was burned to death in a bus accident on October 11<sup>th</sup>, 1951.

## EXERCISES

### I. Answer these questions:

1. Where did Uncle Oscar work?
2. What happened on October 11<sup>th</sup>, 1951?
3. What did Elizabeth think happened to her father?
4. What did Julian think?
5. What was Uncle Oscar's hobby?
6. What did Aunt Agatha do with her husband's stamps?
7. What arrived in the post one day?
8. What really happened to Uncle Oscar?

### II. Use these words in your answers to the following questions. Give complete sentences.

*Amnesia, hobby, album, accountant, evidence, whereabouts, lipstick.*

1. What did Uncle Oscar do at the bank?
2. What did Aunt Agatha think made the mark on her husband's collar?
3. Was stamp collecting Uncle Oscar's job?
4. What did Julian think was wrong with his father?
5. Where did Uncle Oscar keep his stamps?
6. Why was it impossible for the family to know exactly what happened to Uncle Oscar?

III. Rewrite these sentences in the passive.

*Example: They found no trace of him.*

*No trace was found of him.*

1. Aunt Agatha talked Uncle Oscar into marrying her.
2. I can check your story.
3. They found an error in the printing.
4. The police questioned the people at the bus stop.
5. Perhaps we should telephone the hospitals.
6. Only one person missed Uncle Oscar.

IV. Do you have a hobby? Write a short composition about it.

### **Diamonds in the Cotton**

Of course he never admitted such a thing to anybody but Jerry Randall's secret desire was to be a spy in one of those distant places where mysterious men and beautiful women played games of intrigue that changed the fate of entire nations. But no, it wasn't meant to be. Instead he worked as a clerk in the Globe Shipping



Company in Liverpool; that was as near as he could get to far-away lands. Globe took care of imports and exports in nearly every country in the world.

This very unpleasant afternoon in March, with the rain falling and the wind blowing, Jerry's boss, Mr Carruthers, an especially undesirable person to work for, had ordered the young man to go down to the Globe warehouse on the docks and make sure that all the bales of cotton in the newly-arrived shipment from Africa were there. Something was not quite right about the shipping documents, and, as the cotton was to be sent on to Manchester the following day, Mr. Carruthers said it must be checked immediately. There were meant to be one hundred bales on the ship, but, according to the men who unloaded the ship, there were one hundred and two.

Jerry was putting on his coat and preparing to go down to the cold damp warehouse when Ken Hunter, another clerk, appeared. "Going already, Jerry?" he asked: "Of course, on such a nice day you naturally want to get out into the sunshine as soon as possible!"

Jerry, with a few uncomplimentary remarks about Mr. Carruthers, told Ken where he was going and why. "I'll catch such a cold I'll get pneumonia, I know."

Ken laughed. "Wait, I'm coming with you. Between us we'll finish the job in a few minutes. I don't know why Carruthers is sending you anyway; it's really my job. No one told me the cotton had arrived."

"Thanks, Ken," Jerry said, rather surprised. Ken wasn't famous for helping other people unless he absolutely had to.

The two young men hurried through the wind and rain to the big warehouse on the docks. It was a lonely place and inside it was so cold that the only difference between the warehouse and the street was that the warehouse was dry.

"That looks like the cotton over there," Jerry said, and they went to a corner where there were a lot of big bags. "Look at that!" Jerry said angrily. "They've just thrown the bales down anyhow; we'll have to take them one by one and pile them so that they can be counted."

"Well, anyway they don't weigh much, being cotton," Ken said. "Come on, let's get started. It isn't going to be such a difficult job, Jerry. I'll get up on top and throw the bales down to you."

Once they started the work went rapidly. In fact, it went so fast that within twenty minutes they had done half the bales. Ken threw them down to Jerry who caught them and piled them in the corner, counting them as he did so.

"One good thing," laughed Ken, "at least we keep warm this way,"

"I just wish old Carruthers had to do this, though," Jerry said, still angry with the boss. "That man never does any work himself; he just orders other people around. How do you suppose he got such a good job anyway?"

"Didn't you know? He married the daughter of one of the directors of the company. He's not such a fool as he appears; that's how you get ahead in this world, Jerry."

"What do you mean?"

"You look after yourself, that's how." Ken picked up another bale and threw it. "Here comes another one."

But Jerry wasn't quite ready to catch the bale and it fell at his feet. "What was that?" he asked.

"What was what?"

"That noise. Just a minute." He picked up the bale and opened it.

"What are you doing, Jerry?"

"There was such a strange noise just now when this bale hit the floor that I want to see what's inside. It didn't sound like cotton—more like stones, something hard. This bale seems a little heavier than the rest, too." He shook the cotton out onto the floor.

"Nothing but cotton," Ken said. "Come on, Jerry. Put it back in the bale and let's finish with this. It's getting late. You just imagined you heard something."

"No, I didn't." Jerry reached down and picked up a small white bag. "Look!" he said, opening it. Inside was a handful of diamonds! He'd never seen anything so bright and shining!

"Wow!" Ken's eyes almost fell out of his head. "Do you think they're real?"

"Of course they're real—so real that someone wanted to smuggle them into England in this bale of cotton." Jerry hadn't read all those detective stories and seen all those James Bond films for nothing. "They must be worth a fortune!"

"What are we going to do?" Ken asked.

"Put them back." Jerry tied the little white bag up and put it back in the bale.

"Put them back? Are you mad?"

"Look, Ken. This is the work of smugglers and very likely there's a reward for catching them. We might as well have it. You just said that we have to look after ourselves, didn't you? Look!"

"What?"

"This bale of cotton is tied with blue string; the others are all tied with black. No, wait. Here's another tied with blue string." He quickly opened it. Inside was another small bag of diamonds. There were only two bales with blue string, the two not on the shipping list. "It's so simple that a child could understand it. Someone in Africa, probably in the place where the cotton was loaded onto the ship, put these two extra bales with the others thinking that they would be taken off here in Liverpool before the shipment went on to Manchester. They didn't think that the bales would be so counted until they reached the factory. But they were counted and there were two extra. Well, well. Someone's got a nice little smuggling business here. I wonder how long it's been going on?"

"I still don't understand what you're going to do, Jerry."

"It's simple: I'll wait here and catch the person or people who'll be coming sometime before morning to get the diamonds."

"You're going to wait here all alone?"

"Well, no; both of us together."

"Not me! I'm not risking my neck like that. And don't you, either, Jerry. You could be killed so easily that..."

"And I might get a nice big reward, too. Don't worry. I'll be so careful that the only thing that can hit me will be the shock of receiving the reward!"

"I wonder who it could be?"

"Very possibly someone in the company. It would almost have to be, wouldn't it?" Jerry smiled. "Perhaps it's Mr. Carruthers! It'd be such a joke if it was old Carruthers!"

Ken looked at his watch, then climbed down from the pile of bales. "It's almost time to go home and that's right where I'm going. Sorry, Jerry, but I think you ought to come along, too."

"There are so few bales left that I can finish in a few minutes; then I'll just sit and wait."

"It's going to be awfully cold sitting here, Jerry; so cold that you might catch pneumonia."

"I expect I can stand it for a little while."

Ken finally left after one last attempt to get Jerry to go with him.

Jerry finished counting the bales. As the men on the ship had said, there were two extra—the two with the blue string. Then he sat down on one of the bales to think about what he should do. Of course the sensible thing would be to go directly to the police. Perhaps he would have, too, if he had been a different type of person, but deep down inside he was Jerry Randall, secret agent; he couldn't miss this one opportunity to make a dream come true. Besides, what if the smugglers came during the few minutes he was out looking for a policeman? No, he had to stay. He got up and looked round for something to protect himself with, but all he could find was the leg of a broken chair. Not much, but better than nothing, certainly. Outside the warehouse darkness was rapidly falling. He sat down among the bales of cotton and tried to keep warm.

The hours dragged by. It was night now and so quiet and lonely that Jerry began to feel he was the only person left in the world. Once in a while a car drove by outside to remind him that he was not, but that was all. Jerry began to wonder if perhaps he had made a mistake. Perhaps the diamonds were meant to go on to Manchester after all and someone there in the factory would take those two extra bales. Perhaps I've read too many detective stories, he told himself.

It was a few minutes after nine that the door opened and, electric torch in hand, someone entered. "This is it!" Jerry told himself, picking up the chair leg.

But it was only Ken. "I got worried about you being here all alone, Jerry," he said. "Here's something to eat. You must be terribly hungry."

"Thanks. I'm so hungry I could eat one of these bales of cotton," Jerry replied, taking a sandwich and biting into it.

"Anything happen yet?" Ken asked.

"No, not yet. I think you were right, Ken. It wasn't a good idea to wait. I should have listened to you. I have really decided that whoever is after the diamonds is in Manchester anyway, not here."

"I tried to tell you that."

"Here. Hold your torch so that I can see."

"What are you doing?"

Jerry started to open one of the bales tied with blue string. "It's time to stop playing games. I'm going to take the diamonds to the police."

"You mean you plan to carry those diamonds through this section of Liverpool at night? Don't do it, Jerry! Why should you risk your life for a few diamonds?"

Jerry looked at the other young man for a long moment. In the faint light of the torch he seemed to have a worried expression on his face. "You're right, Ken," he said. "I know. You wait here and I'll go and phone the police. There's a telephone box at the corner."

"Good idea. But hurry back. I don't like the idea of being alone in this dark old warehouse, especially if the smugglers decide to come now."

"I'll be as quick as I can."

Jerry went out of the door but he didn't go to the telephone box. Instead he ran round the corner to look for a policeman. Within seconds he found one walking slowly along the empty street. Jerry spoke to the policeman, who hurried back to the warehouse with him. They did not go inside, however, but stood in the shadows near the door.

Almost immediately the door opened and Ken, looking carefully about him, stepped out.

"Good evening, sir," the policeman said, coming forward. "May I ask what you are doing here at such an hour?"

Ken was very calm. "Why, I work for the Globe Shipping Company. This is their warehouse. I was sent down here to...."

At this point Jerry stepped out of the shadows.

"Oh, Jerry! There you are! I was beginning to wonder about you."

"Were you?" Jerry tried to sound as cool as all the secret agents he had ever seen on the films. "Well, I stopped wondering about you ever since you came back with something for me to eat, Ken."

"What do you mean?"

Jerry turned to the policeman. "I think if you look in this man's pockets you'll find something so interesting that you'll want to have a nice long talk with him."

Ken suddenly began to run but he didn't get further than a few yards before the policeman caught him. Jerry was right; in Ken's pockets were the two small white bags containing the diamonds.

"You knew all the time, didn't you?" Ken said accusingly.

The other boy shook his head. "No, Ken. I really suspected nothing until you brought me the sandwiches a few minutes ago, although I must admit I did think it was rather strange when you offered to come down here and help me count the bates of cotton. I've known you for three years and not once in all that time did you ever do anything for anybody that you didn't have to do. I found it difficult to believe that you were helping me out of the goodness of your heart. I'm sorry to say I was right."

I. Answer these questions:

1. What was Jerry Randall's secret desire?
2. Where did he work?
3. What did he have to do one afternoon? Why?
4. Why was he surprised when Ken offered to help him?
5. How did they discover the diamonds in the cotton?
6. What did Jerry decide to do?
7. Why did Ken return later?
8. What did Jerry finally decide he ought to do with the diamonds?
9. What happened when he returned with the policeman?
10. Why did he suspect Ken?

II. Answer these questions using "*such a* " or "*so.....that*".

*Example:* Was it a very cold day?

It was *such a* cold day that Jerry was afraid he would catch pneumonia.

1. Did the work in the warehouse go fast?
2. Did Ken think it was going to be a difficult job?
3. Did Jerry get hungry while he was waiting?
4. Was the smugglers' plan a simple one?

III. This story could have ended differently. Choose one of the following possibilities and write a different ending to "Diamonds in the Cotton".

- a) Mr. Carruthers was the person working with the smugglers.
- b) Ken, not Jerry, waited in the warehouse for the smugglers.
- c) Jerry himself was connected with the diamond smugglers.

### **Three Men in a Boat**

*(After Jerome K. Jerome)*

*Jerome Klapka Jerome was a well-known English writer. He was a dramatist, novelist and journalist. He became famous for his humorist story 'Three Men in a Boat'.*

*The three men are George, Harris and I (myself). In this extract they begin to pack for the trip.*

We made a list of things to be taken, and on the next day, which was Friday, we got them all together, and met in the evening to pack. We got a large bag for the clothes, and two big baskets for the food and the cooking utensils. We moved the table up against the window, put everything in the middle of the floor, and sat round and looked at it.

I said I'd pack.

Packing is one of those many things that I feel I know more about than any other person living. I told George and Harris that they had better leave the whole matter to me. George lit his pipe and spread himself over the easy chair, and Harris put his legs on the table and lit a cigar.

This was hardly what I meant. What I had meant of course was that I should be in charge of the job, and that Harris and George should follow my instructions. Their talking it in the way they did annoyed me. There is nothing that makes me angry more than seeing other people sitting about doing nothing when I'm working.

However, I did not say anything, but started the packing. It seemed a longer job than I had thought it was going to be; but I got the bag finished at last, and I sat on it and strapped it.

"Aren't you going to put the boots in?" said Harris.

I looked round and found that I had forgotten them. That's just like Harris. He couldn't have said a word until I'd got the bag shut and strapped, of course. George laughed. They make me so wild.

I opened the bag and packed the boots in; and then, just as I was going to shut it, an awful idea came to me. Had I packed my toothbrush?

Of course I had to turn everything out now and, of course, I could not find it. I found George's and Harris' eighteen times over, but I couldn't find mine. I put the things back one by one. Then I found the tooth-brush in a boot. I repacked again.

When I had finished, I found that I had packed my tobacco and had to open it. It got shut at 10.5 p.m., and there remained the baskets to pack. Harris said that he and George had better do the rest, I agreed and sat down.

I. Answer these questions:

1. What did they get all together?
2. When did they meet?
3. What is one of those many things that author feels he knows more about than any other person living?
4. What should Harris and George follow?
5. What makes the author angry?
6. What did the author forget to put?
7. What awful idea came to author?
8. What did the author find when he had finished?
9. What did Harris and George say?

II. Put the verbs in brackets into correct past form.

1. It was Friday. We ..... in the evening to pack. (meet)
2. We ..... a large bag for the clothes, and two big baskets for the food and the cooking utensils. (get)
3. We ..... the table up against the window, ..... Everything in the middle of the floor, and ..... round and ..... at it. (move, put, sit)
4. I ..... George and Harris that they ..... better ..... the whole matter to me. (tell, have, leave)
5. This.....hardly what I ..... . (be, mean)
6. I.....round and ..... that I ..... them. ( look, find, forget)
7. When I ..... , I ..... that I ..... my tobacco and ..... to open it. (finish, find, pack, have)

III. Say why Harris and George decided to pack for the trip.

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I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight illness of which I had a touch...

I got down the book and read all I came to read and then, in an unthinking moment, I turned the pages and began to study illnesses generally. I forget which was the first I read but before I had looked down the list of symptoms, I was sure that I had got it.

I sat for a time in horror; and then I again turned over the pages, I came to typhoid fever - read the symptoms - discovered that I had typhoid fever - wondered what else I had got, and so started to read alphabetically. I read through the twenty-six letters and found out that I had got all the illness but one.

I sat and thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view. Students would have no need to walk to the hospitals if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they needed to do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel my pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I took out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. But I could not feel or hear anything.... I went to my medical man. He is an old friend of mine, and feels my pulse, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I think I'm ill.

"What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He will have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred patients."

So I went straight up. The doctor looked at me and said:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said, "I shan't take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is short and you might die before I have finished. But I'll tell you what is not the matter with me."

And I told him everything.

Then he opened me and looked down me. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back. He said he didn't keep it.

I said, "Are you a chemist?"

He said, "I am a chemist, not a co-operative store and family hotel combined."

I read the prescription:

"1 pound of beefsteak, with 1 bottle of beer every six hours.

1 ten-mile walk every morning.

1 bed at 11 every night.

And don't fill up your head with things you don't understand."

## EXERCISES

I. Answer these questions:

1. What does the man remember?
2. What did he begin to study?
3. When did he start to read alphabetically?
4. What did he find out?



5. Did he think what an interesting case he must be from a medical point of view?
6. What did he wonder then?
7. How did he try to examine himself?
8. Why did he go to his medical man?
9. What did the doctor write out?
10. Why did the chemist hand the prescription back?

II. Are these sentences true (T) or false (F)?

1. The man read a technical book in the British Museum.
2. He studied all the illnesses described in the book.
3. He found out that he had all the illness.
4. The man examined himself and couldn't at first feel his pulse and his heart.
5. The man wanted his doctor to get medical practice out of him.
6. The man wanted the doctor to examine him.
7. The doctor examined the patient and found him very ill.
8. The chemist gave the man the medicine.
9. The chemist gave the prescription back to the man because he did not need any medicine.
10. He was really a very sick man.

### **Murder in the Library**

On Thursday evenings the two librarians at the library in Benham, Pamela Cream and Violet Meade, worked until nine o'clock. It made Thursday a long day, but they didn't really mind staying late; in a town with a population of five thousand there was very little for two single ladies to do anyway. When Inspector Timothy Ellis of the local police force offered to give judo lessons to anybody who wanted them, Pamela was the first to enrol. "You ought to consider joining the class, too, Violet," she told her friend. All eleven stone of Violet shook comfortably as she

laughed. "But I don't need judo, Pamela! If a chap annoys me, all I have to do is fall on him!"

Pamela began learning judo exactly as she did everything else, thoroughly and with great interest; she always insisted on doing her best, whatever she was working on. She was a small woman, but in the Japanese art of self-defence that does not matter. Pamela soon became Inspector Ellis's best pupil and he enjoyed teaching her. Perhaps that had something to do with his taking a special interest in this attractive young librarian; he began seeing her home after class. Tonight, Thursday, there was no class but Tim was coming to fetch Pamela when the library closed at nine o'clock and take her out to dinner. It was now eight-fifteen and she had to finish returning the books to the shelves. Pamela usually did this because she was so much quicker than the other librarian. Violet did her share of the work by sitting at the front desk and looking after the public.

Pamela pushed a trolley filled with books down the aisle between the long rows of shelves, stopping occasionally to put a book in its place. As she passed the window near the back door she noticed that the blind was up; in the evening when they closed the library they always shut this blind. To save time Pamela shut it now. But the cloth shade would not stay down; it kept rolling to the top of the window again, making a loud noise as it did so. Finally, by pulling very slowly and carefully she succeeded in making it stay down. "We'll have to get it repaired in the morning," she told herself, then moved on to the next aisle. Much to her surprise she found two men there. "Oh," she said, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but readers are not allowed in this section of the library. Just ask at the desk and Miss Meade will be happy to get your books for you."

"I'm sorry, Miss," said the smaller of the two men, who seemed as surprised as Pamela. "We didn't know." The other man, much larger than the one who spoke, had his back to Pamela and continued leaning against the shelf.

"Quite all right," Pamela replied.

The smaller man took his companion by the arm. "I'm afraid my friend is feeling rather weak at the moment. He isn't very well. Perhaps you could help me take him to the door. He'll be all right as soon as he gets some fresh air."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Of course." Pamela started putting her arm around the bigger man. He was quite heavy. "We can use the back door, just round the corner here."

The three of them started moving slowly down the aisle. The man seemed completely unable to walk and the smaller man and Pamela had difficulty helping him along. Suddenly Pamela stopped. "Oh!" she said. Blood was dripping from under the man's coat. Looking at him closely Pamela realized that he was dead.

The expression on the smaller man's face told her all she needed to know. "You... you killed him!" she said. "You ... killed him here in our library!"

"Aren't you a bright young lady!" said the man, a cold anger in his voice. "Now listen! Go on helping me with him to the back door and avoid attracting attention. Open your mouth just once and you'll get exactly what Blackie got!"

Pamela did not reply; she put her arm round the body and they started for the door again. She considered calling to Violet, but of course she didn't. She could do nothing but help drag Blackie towards the door. Her only hope was that Tim Ellis would arrive soon. Sometimes he came early and looked for her among the books, if only he would come early tonight!

At that moment Violet's voice, in a loud whisper, came from the other end of the aisle, although she herself could not be seen. "Pamela! Tim just telephoned. He may be a few minutes late but you're to wait for him here."

"Thank you, Violet." Pamela's heart almost stopped beating. What was she going to do?

Reaching the back door seemed to take forever, but just a few more feet and they would be there. Then what? She preferred not to think about it. They were in front of the window now. Suddenly Pamela had an idea. Maybe it would work and maybe it wouldn't. The killer was a dangerous man; one more dead body—a body that could well be Pamela's—wouldn't make him lose any sleep.

The library was especially quiet at the moment; most people had already left. Pamela hesitated for a second. Then her hand touched the window blind. That was all it took. Immediately there was a loud noise that could be heard throughout the whole library. The killer, greatly surprised by the rolling up of the blind and the noise it made, dropped Blackie's arm and reached for his knife. Pamela let go of the other arm and the heavy body fell to the floor.

"Pamela?" came Violet's loud whisper from up near the front desk.

Later, talking about it, Pamela admitted remembering that the next few seconds were more like a dream than reality. The killer threw himself at Pamela. There was a loud crash of broken glass and he went flying through the window, out on to the grass a few feet below.

By the time Violet and the other people in the library arrived at the scene, Pamela was already outside, standing over the unconscious killer with a broom.

At that point Tim Ellis came round the corner of the building. "What's going on?" he said. Then, looking at the figure on the grass he almost shouted, "Scarface Warner! What's he doing here?"

Pamela's voice was quite calm as she replied, "Well, I don't know why he was in the library but I do know why he's lying here on the grass right now - broken blinds and judo."

"What?"

She quickly explained. "I wasn't quite sure I could do it; we'd only practiced that new hold you taught us once, you know. But I had to take a chance. Luckily it worked."

Scarface Warner's eyes opened. "Where am I?" he asked.

"It isn't where you are but where you're going to be that matters," Tim said. He turned to Pamela. "Scarface is wanted in more places for more crimes than I can remember. Congratulations, Pamela! You've caught one of the big ones!"

"There's another one inside," Pamela told him. "Blackie somebody."

"It must be Blackie Malone. They've been enemies for years; each of them said he was going to kill the other one day."

"Scarface won," said Violet, looking down at the little man on the grass.

"Not really," Pamela replied.

"What were they doing in the library?" Tim asked.

"The big man—Blackie—came in first," Violet answered.

"The other one entered about a minute later. Blackie came to the desk and asked if we had a certain book; but before I could answer he turned and saw Scarface behind him and walked away. You know the rest."

"What book did he want?" Pamela, always the perfect librarian, asked. "Crime Doesn't Pay!"

## EXERCISES

### I. Answer these questions:

1. Pamela and Violet didn't mind working late on Thursdays. Why not?
2. Where did Pamela meet Tim Ellis?
3. What happened when Pamela tried to shut the window blind?
4. What did Pamela tell the two men?
5. Why was carrying Blackie difficult?
6. What happened when they passed the window?
7. Who were the two men?
8. What book had the big man asked for?

### II. Fill in the blanks with one of the words from the list; be sure to use the correct form.

*Judo, enroll, drip, aisle, section, defence, broom.*

1. The public was not allowed in this ..... of the library.
2. Pamela ..... in Tim's ..... class.
3. Blood was ..... from under the man's coat.
4. She pushed the trolley down the ..... between the rows of shelves.
5. A ..... is usually used for sweeping.

III. Answer these questions, using a gerund:

*Example:* Did Tim Ellis like to teach judo (enjoy)

Yes, he enjoyed teaching judo.

1. Did Tim begin to see Pamela home after the judo class? (begin)
2. Was Pamela able to make the window blind stay down? (succeed in)
3. Did the big man continue to lean against the bookshelf? (go on)
4. Did Pamela want to call Violet? (consider)
5. Did Pamela always try to do her best in everything? (insist on)

IV. Imagine you are a reporter. The day after the murder in the library you have to write a short article about it for your paper.

### **The Perfect Gift**

(after Hugh Cave)

When John Turner opened his eyes that Saturday morning, he began to think about what he had to do.

He had a quick breakfast and washed the dishes. After that he walked into the sitting room to look proudly at the Christmas tree he had decorated the evening before. It was a beautiful tree. Gail, his girl-friend, and the two boys would love it. Then he sat down to finish a letter to his mother.

In a few minutes from now," he wrote, "I'm going to meet Gail. Then we'll go to the boys' house for the big surprise. Gail doesn't know about it yet, nor do the boys."

He looked out of the window and smiled at the morning sunlight.

When John Turner, the boy's teacher, had come to the house a few day before, their father thought that his visit meant that they were in some kind of trouble.

"There's no trouble, Mr. Everson," he said. "The boys are two of the best pupils in my class. There's just a small thing that I want to do. I'll explain."

He was there for two hours. The boys' father told his story of hunger and suffering. When the boys' mother brought pieces of brown bread and coffee, Johnny guessed that the brown bread was the next morning's breakfast.

"So I have your permission?" he said when it was time to live.

"Yes," they said, "yes, yes!"

When they shook hands, the father said, "Mr. Schoolteacher, you are a good man. I may never be able to repay you".

John Turner finish the letter to his mother. Then he dressed, remembering to put on his brown suit because Gail liked it.

He went to the yard where he kept his car. "You're a happy man, Johnny Turner," he thought. "You want to be a teacher and you are one. You have a girl- friend - the right girl this time. And it's Christmas."

The streets were full of people doing their Christmas shopping. One of them was Donna Bates.

When he saw her he put his head out of the car window and said, "Hi!"  
Which way are you going?"

She seemed pleased to see him. "Well, hi, Johnny," she said.

"I'm going to Boone Street, if you're going that way."

He opened the car door and she jumped in. As he drove on, she turned to look at him. "How have you been?"

"Oh, well, well."

"Are you teaching now?"

"Yes."

"Like it?"

"Love it." He turned and smiled at her. "Believe me, I do. How are things with you?"

Things were good with her, she said. She was working hard, of course, because she soon had examinations. She was in her last year at college.

"Do you still have all those jobs?"

"I still have them, Johnny".

He did not like all the different jobs she did at college - working in the library or in the restaurant - when they had been going together. He had done some part-time work himself, of course, as most students had, to get money. But it had seemed that every time there was some special event, she was busy. It was strange. He had thought he was deeply in love with her. He hadn't been able to study sometimes because he couldn't stop thinking about her.

Well, things like that happened to people, he supposed. You thought that you were in love.

Then the right girl came along and you had to correct your mistake. He had met Gail early in July, while Donna had been working in a hotel in the north.

"Hey!" the girl at his side said. "Where are you taking me?"

"I'm sorry." He stopped the car.

She touched his hand quickly, and then got out of the car. She smiled at him as if nothing had changed. Then a wall of people came between them.

Johnny rang the bell at the door of the large house in which Gail lived with her parents.

"Hello, Johnny. Come in," Gail's mother said as she opened the door,  
"What's this big surprise you're planned for today?"

He smiled, it's a secret, Mrs. Saunders. We'll tell you about it tonight,"

"I don't think Gail likes surprises."

"She'll like this one, I'm sure," he said.

"I hope so, Johnny. I wouldn't want your Christmas to be spoiled."

He did not understand what she meant, but before he could say anything more, Gail came to the door. "You look wonderful," he said, and he could see that she was pleased.

He led her out to the car. She didn't speak for several minutes, and then she said, "I want to know what this is all about."

"I'll tell you in fifteen minutes." He remembered her mother's words, but only smiled. He was sure she would enjoy his surprise.

He stopped the car at the Everson's place, got out and opened the door for her.

"Is this where you live?" she asked.

"Follow me," he said. It was time to tell her something, he thought.

"Behind this door," he said, "live Mr. and Mrs. Everson and their two sons, Mervin and George. They are very, very poor, but they are wonderful people. The boys are in my class at school."

He rang the bell, the door opened and Mrs. Everson stood before them.

"Mrs. Everson, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Miss Gail Saunders."

The woman smiled. "We are proud that you come to visit us, Miss Saunders. You are so beautiful."

The boys were ready. Their faces shone. Their worn, old clothes were clean. And their shoes, also very old, were shining.

He introduced them to Gail. Then, with a smile at Gail, he took their hands and led them out of the door.

"Where are we going?" Gail asked.

It was now time to tell Gail all or almost all. "First," he said, "we're going shopping for some Christmas present. This is my Christmas present, to my mother. She said that she didn't need or want anything this year, and asked me to spend the money on something I wanted myself."

"Something you wanted?" Gail looked at him as if she didn't understand. "And this ... you chose this ..."

"This is what I want. If you worked with boys like these every day you'd know what I mean."

As he drove to the biggest store, Johnny was full of warmth and happiness.

He marched the boy into the clothing department where they could choose what they liked.

"This is the first time," Johnny said to Gail, "that they have ever had anything new."

The shoe department was next, and when the boys had chosen their shoes, Johnny said, "And now we must go to the shirt department."

Gail was not pleased. "Johnny, we'll never be finished."

"All right," he said. "There are only a few more things to buy, and then we'll go and eat."

"We'll do what?"

"Go and eat. I've arranged a holiday dinner at a small restaurant."

For a moment Gail did not say anything. Then she said, "I'm sorry, Johnny, but I think I've had enough."

"Had enough!" He felt as if she had struck him.

She turned to look at Mervin and George. "You know, Johnny, when you think about what you're doing, it isn't so noble. You're doing it mostly for your own pleasure, not for theirs. It makes you feel important."

"What?"

"Good-bye, Johnny."

Unable to move, think or speak, Johnny watched her go. Only when she was out of sight, he thought about the meaning of her words. His own pleasure? Of course it was for his own pleasure. What he wanted was to give two poor boys a holiday. That's all. He didn't feel important.

He bought each of the boys a tie and some socks. Then he took them to another part of the store.

The shop-girl there was doing something at the shelves behind the counter and had her back to them. Then she turned round and said, "Hi, Johnny."

"Donna! So this is where you were going this morning."

"Yes, I'm working here during the holidays."

She turned to the boys. "Hi, boys."

Johnny introduced them. He explained that they were students of his and that he was helping them to do their holiday shopping. Donna gave him an understanding look.

She wrote on a piece of paper for him only to see: "They should have some chocolate, too, don't you think? May I buy them some?"

"Yes, of course," Johnny said with pleasure.

When Donna's lunch-hour came she took the boys by hand and led them to the chocolates. On their way there she talked to them, and by the time they came, she knew as much about them, Johnny realized, as he did himself.

He told her about the dinner for four he had arranged, and explained why there were now only three of them to eat it.

"I only have an hour for my lunch, Johnny", she said.

"So what can we do?"

"Well, I could ask the other girl in my department."

It was certainly a special dinner, even more so than John Turner had hoped for. The boys talked and joked with Donna as if they had known her all their lives.



When it was over, Johnny said, "I wish you could stay with us. I planned to take them to the cinema and then back to my apartment for the evening. I've got a tree. Donna, we need you."

She looked at the boys. "All right," she said quietly. "I've never had much pride, I guess."

When the film was over and they reached his apartment, Donna laid the table for a party.

The boys filled themselves with cake and admired the tree with its little lights that shone like stars. They were very happy. But they were tired and at ten they were ready to go home.

After the boys had been taken to their parents, and Johnny was walking back to the car with Donna, he said, "I don't know how to thank you."

"You don't have to thank me," she said. "I've enjoyed it."

He took her hands. "What does a man say when he's been stupid?"

She smiled. "He could say, "When can I see you again, Donna?"

"And if he did?"

"Try it."

"When?" Johnny said. "When can I see you again?"

She didn't answer. They did not speak for a long time. "Tomorrow," he said, answering his own question. "Let's go. I'll take you home now." He took her home. At her door he said again, "And tomorrow and tomorrow."

Then he returned to his flat and decided to rewrite the letter to his mother. How could he explain to her what had happened?

## EXERCISES

### I. Answer these questions:

1. What did John Turner do before he began to write a letter?
2. How was he received by the Eversons?
3. What did John and Donna Bates talk about as they drove to Boone Street?
4. Whom did John want to prepare a Christmas tree for?
5. Why didn't John tell Gail about his plans?
6. Where did John bring Gail and why?
7. What did John explain to Gail?
8. Did she understand him?
9. Where did John want to take the boys after buying some presents for them?
10. Why did Sail leave John and the boys?

11. What was Donna doing in the store?
12. How did the boys enjoy the evening?
13. Why did Donna agree to spend the holiday with John and the boys?

II. Rewrite these sentences in the Past Form.

1. I'm going to meet Gal. Then we'll go to the boys' house for the big surprise.  
Gail doesn't know about it yet, no do the boys.
2. There's no trouble, Mr. Everson.
3. The boys are two of the best pupils in my class. There's just a small thing that I want to do. I'll explain.
4. Which way are you going?
5. Are you teaching now?
6. What's this big surprise you've planned for today?
7. I wouldn't want your Christmas to be spoiled.
8. I'm sorry, John, but I think I've had enough.
9. You don't have to thank me, I've enjoyed it.
10. When can I see you again?

III. Find 5 sentences from the text in the Past Perfect.

*Example: He had thought he was deeply in love with her.*

### **The Open Window**

*( by Hector Hugh Munco )*

Framton Nuttel was completely run down nervously and he was advised to go far a rest to a quiet country place. He made his first steps to Mrs. Sappleton's house. He was received by a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen.

“My aunt will be down presently,” she said, “In the meantime you must put up with me.”

Framton was wondering whether he should wait for her aunt.

“Do you know many people here?” asked the niece, when she thought their silence had lasted a little too long.

“Hardly a soul,” said Framton. “My sister was staying in this locality some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here.”

He said these words with distinct regret.

“Then you really know nothing about my aunt?” continued the self-possessed young lady.

“Only her name and address,” said Mr. Nuttel. He was wondering again whether Mrs. Sappleton had a husband or whether she was a widow. Looking round he saw there was something about the room suggesting that men were living there too.

“Her great tragedy happened just three years ago,” said the girl “that is after your sister left.”

“Her tragedy?” asked Framton.

“You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon,” said the niece, pointing at a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

“It’s quite warm today, in spite of this time of the year,” said Framton, “but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?”

“Out through that window, three years ago today, my aunt’s husband and her two young brothers went off for the day’s shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground, they were all three swallowed up in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years, were unexpectedly dangerous then. Their bodies were never found. Poor aunt always expects them to come back with their little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening until dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white water-proof coat over his arm, and her youngest brother singing. Do you know, sometimes on every quiet evenings like this, I get a creepy feeling when I think they will all walk in through that window.” She broke off.

It was a relief to Framton to see the aunt walking into the room.

“I’m sorry you’ve been waiting so long. I hope Vera has been amusing you,” she said.

“She has been very interesting,” said Framton.

“I hope you don’t mind the open window” she said, “my husband and my brothers will soon be home from shooting snipes in the marshes today, and they always come in this way.”

She talked on cheerfully about shooting, about the small number of birds, and the prospects for ducks in the winter. While talking she was looking at the window and the lawn beyond it. To Framton it was all horrible. He tried to turn the talk to a less ghastly topic, but with no success. It was an unfortunate coincidence that he had come to this house on the day of this tragic anniversary.

“The doctor has ordered me complete rest – no excitements, no physical strain,” said Framton.

“Really,” said Mrs. Sappleton yawning. Then she suddenly brightened.

“Here they are at last!” she cried. “Just in time for tea, and don’t they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes.”

Framton shivered and turned towards the niece with a look of deep sympathy. The girl was staring through the open window with horror in her eyes. Framton looked in the same direction and shivered again.

Three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns, and one of them had a white coat hung over his shoulder. A brown spaniel was following them close by. Very quietly they were nearing the house, and then the singing of a young voice came out of the dusk.

Framton with a wild look in his eyes grabbed his stick and hat; running away, he could hardly see the hall-door, the gravel drive, and the front gate. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid collision.

“Here we are, my dear,” said the man who was carrying the white coat, coming in through the window. Full of mud, but most of it is dry. “Who was that who ran out as we were coming up?”

“A very queer man,” said Mrs. Sappleton; “could only talk about his illness, and dashed off without a word of good-bye. One would think he had seen a ghost.”

“I suppose it was the spaniel,” said the niece calmly. “He told me he was terribly scared of dogs. He was once hunted a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and was forced to spend the night in a newly dug grave, and the dogs were snarling and foaming, just above him. It was enough for anyone to lose their nerve.”

She could make up romantic stories on the spot.

## EXERCISES

I. Answer the questions:

1. Who received Framton Nuttel at Mrs. Sappleton’s house?
2. What did Framton Nuttel know about Mrs. Sappleton at first?

3. How many people did Framton Nuttel know in that locality?
4. Why does Mrs. Sappleton keep a window wide open in October ( according to the niece) ?
5. Why did Framton shiver and turn towards the niece with a look of deep sympathy?
6. Why was the girl staring through the open window with horror in her eyes?
7. How did the niece explain the reason for Framton's leave without a word of good-bye?
8. What do you think about the niece?

II. Are these sentences true (T) or false (F)?

1. Framton Nuttel was received by Mrs. Sappleton.
2. His brother was staying in this locality some five years ago.
3. He didn't have letters of introduction to any of the people there.
4. The girl told that her aunt's husband and a young brother went off for the day's shooting. They never came back.
5. The tragedy had happened that dreadful wet summer.
6. Framton shivered and turned towards the niece with a look of deep sympathy.
7. The girl was staring through the open window with a smile.

III. Would you like to have a friend like the niece? Why/ Why not? What do you think about that kind of people?

## The Man Who Believed in Miracles

(After Robert A. Harris)

Once upon a time a traveller arrived in a land quite like our own, full of *modern technology* like cars and computers and *whistling teapots* but with these two differences: there were no television sets and no airplanes. In fact, nothing at all had ever been seen in the sky, not even a bird, and the only movies the people ever saw were in the theatres.

The traveller stayed for about a month on the eastern shore where he had arrived, and then decided to visit the western cities. He mentioned his decision one evening at a meeting of the cleverest scientists of the region, who had gathered to hear of his travels. Someone mentioned that the west had much to offer, but that the journey between the two areas was unpleasant, consisting of crossing a hot, empty desert. "In that case," said the traveller, "I'll just fly."

"Is that like sleep?" one of the scientists asked.

"No, no," the traveller replied, "You know, fly through the air, like a bird."

"And what is a bird?" someone asked. And traveller began to explain about flight and what airplane was and how it flew from one place to another. The room became very quiet, and the expression on the faces everyone present darkened.

"Does he expect us to believe this?" one man *whispered* to another.

"Well, you know what liars travellers are, someone else added. Finally the host spoke up, slightly *embarrassed* and slightly *indignant*.

"If this is your idea of joke," he began, but was interrupted by the surprised traveller.

"Why, it's no joke at all. People fly all the time."

"I am sorry that you so much *underestimate* the intelligence and learning of your audience," said a professor across the table. "It's impossible that a person could enter some metal device, and rise into the air, and stay there, and move forward! Why, that all clearly *violates* everything we know about *the law of gravity* and the laws of physics. If we have learned anything from a thousand years of study of the natural world, it is that an object heavier than air must return immediately to earth when is *tossed* into the sky."

"Hear, hear," two or three people *muttered*.

"Now, if you perhaps mean that these "air- planes, as you call them, are somehow flung into the air for a short distance and then fall to the ground, well, then perhaps that would be possible." The professor looked *expectantly* at the traveller, hoping that the man would take this face-saving opportunity.

"No, no. You don't understand," said the traveller. "The airplanes have powerful motors and the *craft* rise into the air, and they stay up as long as they want, as long as there is enough *fuel*."

There were several audible "hmmphs" around the room.

"Tell us then," said another scientist, "how this device works. What makes it fly?"

"Well, I don't know exactly how it works. It has something to do with air flowing over the wings.

You don't know- you cannot explain- how it works, this device that runs *counter* to everything we know about the natural world, yet you believe in it anyway."

"Believe in it?" asked the traveller, a bit confused by this turn of phrase. "Of course I believe in it. I fly on one all the time at home,"

"And how do you control its motions?" a man asked, without removing his pipe. The audience was clearly beginning to *patronize* the traveller, and he was *growing a little irritated*.

"Oh, I don't control it. There's a pilot for that. "

"I see," the pipe smoker said. "So this airplane contains both you and the pilot. You're telling us that perhaps four or five hundred pounds of dead weight can travel through the air as long as it wants."

"As long as there is enough fuel," added one of the unbelievers, laughing.

"And all the time *sneering* at the law of gravity laughing science in the face someone else and noted.

"Well, actually, the planes are much larger than that," said the traveller. "Many of them hold two or three hundred people and weigh, my, I don't know- many thousands of pounds."

"I think we have heard enough," the host said at last. "It was amusing for awhile, but it's time to put an end to this nonsense."

"It is not nonsense," the traveller protested. "It is the truth."

"Then you really believe this madman's drivel you've been feeding us?" the host asked, rather angrily.

"Of course. How can I not believe it? I see it and live it every day. And here," he added, remembering something, "I even have a photograph." "Obviously *faked*," said the host, dismissing it after a glance.

"Who invited this *charlatan*?" someone asked.

"I thought science had put an end to all this miraculous event stuff long ago," said another man, rising from his chair and preparing to leave. "Well, let's not *pursue* this pointless discussion," the host said. "Our guest *apparently* knows nothing of science, and is impervious to logic and to considered opinion of the best minds of our nation. There's nothing left to do but stop it all."

The meeting began to break up, and the traveller was putting on his coat when the man with the pipe made one last attempt to reason with him".

"We are all scientists here, all educated men. All us agree that it is impossible for a heavier-than air device to fly on its own through the air. Don't you see that? This is against the laws of nature- it violates the law of gravity."

"Well," said the traveller, "perhaps there is another law, or perhaps there is a higher law than the law of gravity, which, when it is understood, will explain how planes can fly. "

"That's just what only a religious fanatic could say," said a man who had been *listening in*. "Science can jump into the trash as far as you religious types are concerned.

"Not at all," said the traveller. "But your science is not perfect. You do not yet know everything about everything, what is possible."

"Go take your religion to a church and keep it away from serious people," the man concluded, leaving the room.

In the weeks that followed, the traveller was ridiculed and denounced in the newspapers. (The scientific journals said nothing about the man because they considered the whole matter as beneath serious thought".) As a result, the traveller was often left to himself, and so he *pulled out* his *tiny portable television set* and began to watch it. Just by chance, some visitors happened to come by and see the little box. They were very impressed and urged the traveller to market his invention for putting a movie inside such a small Space. In a few days, word had spread about this mini-movie and several scientists were convinced (after some debate) to come see it, together with some engineers representing the movie projector manufacturers of the nation.

They were greatly impressed as they watched a few scenes, but when the traveller changed channels, their enthusiasm turned to gaping astonishment. The traveller switched all the programmes around, showing them twenty channels in all. The amazement of the engineers was so great that they already began to suspect some kind of trick. The scientists looked confused.

"You certainly have a lot of films stored in that little box," one of the engineers said. "How do you get them all in there?"

"The pictures are not in the box," said the traveller. "They are all over in the air around us. This antenna brings them in and the set makes them visible." The engineers laughed while the scientists sneered.

"Come now," one of the scientists said. "Do you expect us to believe that there are pictures floating around us in the air — pictures we cannot see? And that twenty sets of these pictures are all present at once, just waiting for that little box to take them and sort them out? What do you take us for, anyway — complete fools?"



“And besides,” continued an engineer, “how do these pictures get into the air? Where do they come from?” “They’re sent from a satellite in the sky,” the traveller said, as all heads looked up. “You can’t see it, of course. It’s too high. But it’s there.”

“And of course you expect us to believe in something we can’t see,” said one of the scientists. “Believe it because of its effects — the results — the evidence of its existence,” the traveller said. “If it weren’t there, you would see no pictures.”

“We know you’re lying,” another engineer said. “Even if there were a device in the sky, held up by a balloon or whatever, it couldn’t send a signal down here without a wire. That would be against everything we know about electricity. And I don’t see any wire.”

“Well, it doesn’t use a wire,” said the traveller. “The signals are sent through the air. And the satellite isn’t held up by a balloon; it stays up because it’s high enough so that gravity doesn’t pull it down.”

“Now he’s denying the law of gravity again,” said one of the scientists. “Let’s go. I’ve heard enough. Whatever he does to perform his little trick, he isn’t telling us about it, so let’s just leave.”

“Yes, let’s get out of here,” another scientist said. “Every time we catch him in an impossibility”, he tells us the explanation is in the sky.” Then turning to the traveller to say goodbye, he added, “We cannot believe something when the weight of scientific evidence is against it.”

“But when the physical evidence is clearly before you,” said the traveller, “how can you not believe, even if your theories cannot explain it?”

“Because such an event would be a miracle, and science has nothing to do with miracles.”

“Then perhaps science is the poorer for it,” said the traveller, sitting down to watch his television, which just then happened to be showing a dove flying silently across the sky.

## EXERCISES

### I. Answer the following questions:

1. What was the difference between our own world and the one the traveller once visited?
2. Why didn't the scientists believe the traveller when he told them about the possibility to fly?
3. Why didn't the traveller know anything special about airplanes and how to control them?
4. Why did the man who had been listening in call the traveller a religious type?
5. How did it happen that the scientists got to know about the traveller's TV set?
6. What impressed the scientists about the television set most of all?
7. Why didn't the scientists of this land believe either in airplanes or in television (in spite of having physical evidence)?

### II. Are these sentences true (T) or false (F)?

1. The scientists asked the traveller a lot of questions about airplanes because they got very much interested in this wonderful invention.
2. The man with the pipe took pity on the traveller because he realised that the latter was just a mentally sick person. So he tried to calm down the traveller and to reason with him.
3. In the weeks that followed the meeting of the traveller with the scientists, the newspapers of this land published a lot of articles about the man, praising him as much as possible.
4. The traveller's TV set made much more impression on the scientists of this land than the possibility of flying.

### III. Choose the correct equivalents :

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. ... are somehow flung...                     | 1. воспользуется этой возможностью «спасти лицо» (т.е. отказаться от слов, не роняя достоинства) |
| 2. ... a bit confused by this turn of phrase    | 2. слегка смутившись от такой постановки вопроса   |
| 3. to reason with him                           | 3. убедить, образумить его   |
| 4. ... take this face-saving opportunity        | 4. - каким-то образом выбрасываются...   |
| 5. as beneath serious thought                   | 5. не заслуживающим серьёзного внимания  |
| 6. ... word had spread...                       | 6. распространилась молва  |
| 7. ..then perhaps science is the poorer for it. | 7. превратился в крайнее изумление   |
| 8. ... turned to gaping astonishment            | 8. Тем беднее, по-видимому, наука.   |

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## Appendix

Notes and Translation Exercises

### How to Be a Doctor

**Present Simple** - употребляется для выражения обычных, регулярно повторяющихся или постоянных действий или состояний.

Форма *Present Simple* образуется из первой формы глагола; в 3-м лице единственного числа она принимает окончание *-s* или *-es*.

Вопросительная форма образуется с помощью вспомогательного глагола *do* (*does* для 3-го лица, ед.ч.). Вопросы к подлежащему образуются без вспомогательного глагола.

Отрицательная форма образуется с помощью вспомогательного глагола *do* (*does* для 3-го лица, ед.ч.) и отрицания *not*, которые ставятся между подлежащим и смысловым глаголом в первой основной форме.

Вопросительная форма глаголов *to be* и *to have* образуется путем постановки этих глаголов перед подлежащим.

Отрицательная форма глагола *to be* образуется при помощи частицы *not*, а глагола *to have* - при помощи отрицательного местоимения *no*, которые ставятся после соответствующего глагола.

*No* употребляется также для образования отрицательной формы с оборотом *there is* (ед.ч.), *there are* (мн.ч.).

Переведите следующие предложения, обращая внимание на перевод глаголов в *Present Simple*.

1. The modern doctor's business **is** a very easy one.
2. "Where **is** it?"
3. The doctor **goes** behind the patient and **gives** him a powerful blow in the back.
4. "Do you **feel** that?"
5. The doctor **turns** suddenly and **gives** him another blow under the heart.
6. The patient **rises**.
7. The doctor **walks** over to the window and **reads** the morning paper for a while.
8. "Is that so?" **says** the patient.
9. I **want** you to keep very quiet.

10. The doctor **hasn't** the least idea what **is** wrong with the man.
11. The answer to this question **depends** on how the doctor **is** feeling.

## The Trojan Horse

*Past Simple* обозначает действие или состояние, происходившие в какой-то период в прошлом и не связанные с моментом речи.

*Past Simple* образуется из второй основной формы, которая не изменяется по лицам и числам, за исключением глагола *to be* (*was* - ед.ч; *were* - мн.ч.).

Вопросительная форма образуется с помощью вспомогательного глагола *did*, который ставится перед подлежащим. Смысловый глагол употребляется в первой основной форме.

Специальные вопросы, т.е. вопросы к подлежащему образуются без вспомогательного глагола.

Отрицательная форма образуется при помощи вспомогательного глагола *did*, частицы *not* и смыслового глагола в первой основной форме.

В разговорной речи в отрицательной форме обычно употребляется сокращение *didn't*.

*Переведите следующие предложения, обращая внимание на перевод глаголов в Past Simple.*

1. Many years ago there **was** a war between the Greeks and the Trojans.
2. When the Trojans **saw** the Greek ships, they **closed** the gates of their city and **stayed** behind the walls.
3. The Greek ships **didn't sail** far.
4. At first the Trojans **wanted** to burn the wooden horse, but a Greek prisoner **said**: "Don't burn the horse. Bring it into Troy. It will help you. "
5. At night all the Trojan soldiers **fell asleep**.
6. The Greek ships **came** back to Troy in the night.
7. The Greek army **was** near Troy.
8. The Greek soldiers **came** into the city, **killed** many Trojans and **took** the city.

## The Open Door

После глаголов *to let* и *to make* инфинитив употребляется без частицы *to*; глагол *to make* в сочетании с инфинитивом имеет значение - заставлять, а глагол *to let* - разрешать, позволять.

Переведите следующие предложения на русский язык, обращая внимание на перевод глаголов *to let* и *to make*.

1. Now that she has started it she will have **to let** it **continue**.
2. The old man **made** the servant **help** him out of his chair.

3. Do not **make** me **marry** this man!
4. He **made** me **give** him the letter.
5. Read it as we walked along, then **let** me **have** it again.
6. My uncle **made** me **stay** in my room until evening, then **made** me **put** on this wedding dress.
7. He tried to **make** me **tell** him the captain's name.
8. You cannot **make** your niece **marry** me.
9. I would prefer **to let** my niece **marry** a noble young man.
10. Denis realized it would be very easy **to let** himself **love** this charming young woman.
11. **Do not let** me **lose** my life in error,
12. Denis **made** her **stop**.

## The Ransom of Red Chief

Времена группы *Continuous* употребляются для выражения длительного действия, которое началось до определенного момента в настоящем, прошлом или будущем и протекает в этот момент. Они описывают действие в процессе его совершения.

*Present Continuous* обозначает длительное действие, которое совершается в настоящее время, в момент речи. Формы *Present Continuous* образуются при помощи вспомогательного глагола *to be* в *Present Simple* и причастия настоящего времени (*Present Participle*) смыслового глагола.

*Present Participle* образуется путем прибавления *-ing* к смысловому глаголу в первой основной форме.

При образовании вопросительной формы вспомогательный глагол ставится перед подлежащим.

В вопросах к подлежащему порядок слов не меняется.

При образовании отрицательной формы отрицательная частица *not* ставится после вспомогательного глагола.

*Past Continuous* употребляется для выражения длительного действия, которое началось до определенного момента в прошлом и продолжалось в этот момент или протекало в течение определенного периода прошедшего времени.

*Past Continuous* образуется при помощи вспомогательного глагола *to be* в прошедшем времени (*was, were*) и *Present Participle* смыслового глагола. В

вопросительной форме вспомогательный глагол ставится перед подлежащим.

Отрицательная форма образуется при помощи частицы *not*, которая ставится перед подлежащим.

В вопросах к подлежащему порядок слов не изменяется.

Отрицательная форма образуется при помощи частицы *not*, которая ставится после вспомогательного глагола.

Переведите следующие предложения, обращая внимание на перевод глаголов в *Past Continuous*.

1. He was throwing stones at a kitten which was sitting on the fence across the street.
2. When I returned, there was a fire burning behind a big rock at the entrance of the cave.
3. "He is all right now," said Bill. "We are playing Indian. I am Red Chief's captive, and I'll be scalped in the morning".
4. Yes, sir, that boy was enjoying himself.
5. Just at day break I woke up because Bill was screaming.
6. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, holding him by the hair with one hand.
7. He was trying to take Bill's scalp.
8. I remembered that Red Chief was going to bum me at sunrise.
9. The boy was standing in front of him, ready to strike him with a big stone.
10. "To tell you the truth, Bill," said I "he is getting on my nerves, too."

### **Ghost in the House**

Слово *no* и производные от него местоимения употребляются в отрицательных предложениях.

*No* употребляется также для образования отрицательной формы с оборотом *there is* (ед.ч.) , *there are* (мн.ч.), но перед местоимением *any* отрицательных предложениях с оборотом *there is/there are* употребляется *not*. В предложении достаточно выразить отрицание один раз. Поэтому в отрицательном по смыслу предложении глагол стоит в отрицательной форме лишь в том случае, если в предложении нет других отрицательных слов. Если же в предложении есть отрицательное слово, то глагол стоит в утвердительной форме.

Местоимение *any* и его производные употребляются в вопросительных и отрицательных предложениях.

Местоимение *any* в утвердительных предложениях переводится - любой, всякий, какой-либо.

Переведите следующие предложения на русский язык, обращая внимание на перевод выделенных местоимений.

1. There is absolutely **nothing** here.
2. It's **no** small thing.
3. There **isn't anyone** as attractive as you.

4. They had found **nothing** they liked as much.
5. How can I see **anything** with no light?
6. There **isn't any** wind.
7. It was **no** mistake.
8. I can't see it **anywhere**.
9. She said **nothing**.
10. **No one** had opened the attic door in some years.
11. **No one** but she and James would ever come here.
12. There was **nothing** inside.
13. There was **no** mystery.
14. **Nothing** happened.
15. But then could one call **any** of the things that happened incidents really?
16. Hill House was rather far from **any** other houses.
17. As Gwen, with **no one** to talk to all day, felt the need of company, James made a trip to get Tody and bring him home.
18. Gwen saw **no one, nothing**.
19. But she didn't want **any**.
20. I **don't** know **anyone** here.

### Whatever Happened to Uncle Oscar?

Когда а центре внимания говорящего находится лицо или предмет, который подвергается действию, или когда нет необходимости упоминать лицо, совершающее действие, употребляется страдательный залог *Passive Voice*. Страдательный залог (*Passive Voice*) образуется с помощью вспомогательного глагола *to be* (в соответствующем времени, лице и числе) и смыслового глагола в форме *Participle*. Сказуемое а *Passive Voice* переводится на русский язык:

- а) сочетанием глагола - быть - в соответствующей форме с краткой формой причастия;
- б) глаголом, оканчивающимся на - ся;
- в) глаголом в действительном залоге в 3-м лице мн. числа в неопределенно-личном предложении;



г) глаголом в действительном залоге в соответствующем времени, лице и числе.

*Переведите следующие предложения на русский язык, обращая внимание на перевод сказуемого в страдательном залоге.*

1. But nothing **is known** for certain.
2. And he **was never seen** again. No trace of him **was ever found**.
3. Everyone in it **was burned** beyond recognition.
4. He **was talked** into it.
5. Their two children **were** unfortunately more **influenced** by their mother than by their father.
6. He **was told** about it.
7. A lifetime **was spent** this way.
8. I **was given** his entire stamp collection.
9. Very few **were printed** before the error **was found**.
10. But later when they **were questioned**, the people at the bus stop couldn't remember seeing him that morning.
11. **Has he been taken** ill again?
12. Dirty breakfast dishes **had been left** on the table.
13. He **hasn't been seen** by anyone here at the bank.
14. Perhaps the hospital **should be telephoned**.
15. No one answering to Oscar Leighton's description **had been taken** to any of the hospitals.
16. By midday the police **had been called** in.
17. He **would have been found** by the police; but never was.

18. The fact that her husband **would** never **be found** was soon accepted by Aunt Agatha.
19. Uncle Oscar's name **was** seldom **mentioned**.
20. Uncle Oscar **was missed** only by one person.
21. If it **could be called** a letter.
22. The name and address **were typewritten**.
23. It **had** all **been planned** for a long time.
24. Of course his secret **will be kept**.

### Diamonds in the Cotton

*Переведите на русский язык следующие предложения, обращая внимание на перевод **such a...**, **so... that**.*

1. He never admitted **such a thing** to anybody.
2. On **such a nice day** you naturally want to get out into the sunshine.
3. I'll catch **such a cold** I'll get pneumonia.
4. Inside it was **so cold that** the only difference between the warehouse and the street was that the warehouse was dry.
5. It was **so fast that** within twenty minutes they had done half the bales.
6. He got **such a good job**.
7. He's not **such a fool as** he appears.
8. There was **such a strange noise**.
9. They're real - **so real that** someone wanted to smuggle them into English.
10. It is **so simple that** a child could understand it.
11. You could be killed **so easily that...**
12. I'll be **so careful that...**
13. It'd be **such a joke**.
14. There are **so few bales left that** I can finish in a few minutes.

15. It's going to be **so cold that** you might catch pneumonia.
16. It was night now and **so quiet and lonely** that Jarry began to feel he was the only person left in the world.
17. May I ask you what you are doing here at **such an hour**?
18. You'll find something **so interesting that** you'll want to have a nice long talk with him.

### Three Men in a Boat

*Past Perfect* употребляется для выражения прошедшего действия, которое уже совершилось до определенного момента или до другого действия в прошлом. Если несколько действий описываются в той последовательности, в какой они происходили, то во всех случаях, обычно употребляется *Past Simple*.

*Past Perfect* образуется при помощи вспомогательного глагола *had* и третьей основной формы смыслового глагола.

В вопросительной форме вспомогательный глагол ставится перед подлежащим.

В вопросах к подлежащему порядок слов не изменяется.

В отрицательной форме частица *not* ставится после вспомогательного глагола.

Переведите следующие предложения, обращая внимание на перевод глаголов в *Past Perfect* и *Past Simple*.

1. We made a list of things to be taken, and on the next day, which was Friday, we got them ail together, and met in the evening to pack.
2. We moved to the table up against the window, put everything in the middle of the floor, and sat round and looked at it.
3. I told George and Harris that they had better leave the whole matter to me.
4. This was hardly what I meant.
5. It seemed a longer job than I had thought it was going to be.
6. I looked round and found that I had forgotten them.
7. When I had finished, I found that I had packed my tobacco and had to open it.

## Murder in the Library

Герундий (*the Gerund*) неличная форма глагола, выражающая название действия, обладает как свойствами существительного, так и свойствами глагола.

В предложении может выполнять различные синтаксические функции (подлежащего, именной части сказуемого, дополнения, обстоятельства и в зависимости от этого может переводиться : неопределенной формой глагола, деепричастием, отглагольным существительным или придаточным предложением.

*Переведите следующие предложения на русский язык, обращая внимание на функции герундия.*

1. They didn't really mind **staying** late.
2. You ought to consider **joining** the class, too, Violet.
3. Pamela began **learning** judo.
4. She always insisted on **doing** her best.
5. He enjoyed **teaching** her.
6. Perhaps that had something to do with his **taking a special interest** in this attractive young librarian.
7. He began **seeing** her home after class.
8. She had to finish **returning** the books to the shelves.
9. Violet did her share of the work by **sitting** at the front desk and **looking** after the public.
10. The cloth shade kept **rolling** to the top of the window again.
11. Finally, **by pulling** very slowly and carefully she succeeded in making it stay down.
12. The other man continued **learning** against the shelf.
13. Pamela started **putting** her arm around the bigger man.
14. The three of them started **moving** slowly down the aisle.

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