
НАРОДНА УКРАЇНСЬКА АКАДЕМІЯ

# SHORT STORIES BY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WRITERS

Видавництво НУА

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Навчальний посібник
з домашнього читання
для студентів старших курсів
факультету іноземних мов

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Посібник містить збірку автентичних текстів коротких оповідань англійських та американських письменників, що є зразками різних літературних напрямків, стилів та жанрів. Кожне оповідання супроводжується коментарем та завданнями для перевірки розуміння змісту та ідеї твору, активізації нової лексики, засвоєння граматичних структур, вироблення навичок лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу текстів, перекладу їх українською та російською мовами, усного та письмового підготовленого та спонтанного мовлення.

Посібник розраховано на студентів старших курсів факультетів іноземних мов і тих, хто вивчає англійську мову самостійно, цікавиться класичною та сучасною англійською й американською новелою.

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## Preface

The manual is intended for senior students and for independent English language learners that have mastered a sufficient amount of vocabulary and the basic course of grammar.

The texts selected are variegated as to their genres and language, the plots are expected to rouse the learners' interest as they give much room for discussion. Each text is followed by a comment comprising the explanation of words and expressions that may present difficulty for understanding.

Alongside famous and popular authors the collection includes the works of less known writers that the readers may find both interesting and useful.

The objects pursued by the author of the manual are manifold:

- to introduce the learners to various samples of English and American short story;
- to encourage the learners to read and make an attempt at linguistic and literary analysis of the belle-lettres;
- to develop their skills in correct reading, writing and speaking, making a conscious usage of vocabulary units and grammar structures. With this purpose the following tasks and exercises are suggested:
- the list of words and expressions for memorizing (or brushing up, as quite a lot of them are obviously familiar to the learners) and using in situations of their own;
- exercises for practicing the pronunciation of words that may bring about difficulty or present an exception to the rule;
- questions on the contents of the texts checking proper understanding and sufficient readers` attention;
- exercises aimed at brushing up the knowledge of various grammatical phenomena;
- exercises meant for practising the active vocabulary (translation, substitution, periphrasing);
- giving a brief talk on the author's life and creative activities;
- giving an outline of the events described in the story;
- speaking in the person of the story characters (their approach to and their appraisal of events and other personages, the argumentation for their own behaviour, etc.);
- determining the genre of the story;
- commenting on the message of the story, supplying a proverb or a saying that expresses the message;
- choosing an extract of the story that presents interest for translation or analysis; reading and translating it into Russian or Ukrainian;
- stylistic analysis of the story (its composition; layers of vocabulary employed; lexical, grammatical and phonetic stylistic means and devices);
- topics for oral or written work suggested by the story's plot or message. (Some of them deliberately debatable to involve the learners in a discussion, expressing their viewpoint and giving grounds for it.)

The teacher can budget the number of classes necessary for a story analysis depending upon the learners` level of achievement.

The tasks suggested make it possible to work at the material both in the classroom and assign it as a task for students` independent work.

## E.A. Poe. The Murders in the Rue Morgue

*(Graham's Magazine,*
April. 1841.)

**What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions are not beyond *all* conjecture.**
**Sir Thomas Browne, "Urn-Burial".**

The mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talents into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition. The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence,* analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and

*bizarre* motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique* and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior *acumen.* To be less abstract—Let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected: It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all these more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of *all* the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the

book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognizes what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation —all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thence forward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and

the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentlemen was an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world or to care for retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessaries of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor, and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen — although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the Night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrerie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect abandon. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building; lighted a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams —reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise — if not exactly in its display— and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract: his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul. and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin— the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman, was merely the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words: —

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés.*"

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I, gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of - ?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

—"of Chantilly," said he, "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the *rôle* of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously Pasquinaded for his pains.

“Tell me? for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method — if method there is— by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter.” In fact 1 was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

“It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes et id genus omne.”

"The fruiterer! — you astonish me — 1 know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C — into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stone, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C—. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground — glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement, (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones,) until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by

way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' a term very affectedly applied to this species of pavement. I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of thetheories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great *nebula* in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter *tirade* upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's *Musée*, the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line

*Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.*

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion; and, from certain pungencies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he *was* a very little fellow —that Chantilly —he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés."*

Not long alter this, we were looking over an evening edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux,* when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS. — This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue

Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*. By this time the cries had ceased; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angly contention, were clistinguished and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story, (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open,) a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of grey human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *métal d'Alger* and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau,* which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fire-place, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt

occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and, upon the throat, dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without farther discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated — the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clew."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars.

*"The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.* Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair," [The word *'affaire'* has not yet, in France, the levity of import which it conveys with us,] "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

"*Pauline Dubourg* laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms – very affectionate towards each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believe that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

*"Pierre Moreau,* tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found, for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who under-let the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five

or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes —did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

Many other persons, neighbors, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequentling the house. It was not known whether there were any living connexions of Madam L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house – not very old.

"*Isidore Musét*, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavoring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet – not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced – and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony – were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way up stairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention – the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller – a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words *'sacré,'* and *'diable.'* The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

*"Henri Duval,* a neighbor, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Musèt in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, the witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted

with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

*"— Odenheimer,* restaurateur. This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man — of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh — not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly *'sacré', 'diable'* and once *'mon Dieu.'*

*"Jules Mignaud,* banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine. Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year ----- (eight years previously). Made frequent

deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4,000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

*"Adolphe Le Bon,* clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4,000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a by-street – very lonely.

"*William* bird, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly `sacré`

and `mon Dieu`. There was a second at the moment as if of several persons struggling – a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud – louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Every thing was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four story one, with garrets *(mansardes).* A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door, was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

"*Alfonzo Garcio*, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed up stairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman – is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

"*Alberto Montani*, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voices was that a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice

of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded up stairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

*"Paul Dumas,* physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about day-break. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eye-balls protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left *tibia* much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron — a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument — probably with a razor.

*"Alexandre Etienne,* surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony, and the opinions of M. Dumas.

"Nothing farther of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris — if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault — an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clew apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch — that the premises in question had been carefully researched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned — although nothing appeared to criminate him, beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair – at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders. I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for acumen, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not infrequently, these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his *robe-de-chambre—pour mieux entendre la musique.* The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with

unusual clearness, but in so doing he, necessarily, lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she, is invariably superficial. The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances — to view it in a side-long way, by turning toward it the exterior portions of the *retina* (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light that the interior), is to behold the star distinctly — is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but, in the former, there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement," [I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing] "and, besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G , the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it; as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite site of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge de concierge.* Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went up stairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the *Gazette des Tribunaux.* Dupin, scrutinized every thing—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a *gendarme* accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stopped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménageais.* — for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed any thing *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

“No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

“The *Gazette,”* he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution — I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself — but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered up stairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the

powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted *acumen*, of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary, that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before'. In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment —"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here — in this room – every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as

it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices — but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed — but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that *of a foreigner.* Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it-—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish.'* The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that *'not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter.'* The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and *'does not understand German.'* The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, *'as he has no knowledge of the English.'* The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but *'has never conversed with a native of Russia.'* A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, *not being cognisant of that tongue,* is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited! – in whose *tones,* even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognized nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans

abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been `quick and unequal.` No words – no sounds resembling words- were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

“I know not,” continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony - the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices — are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all farther progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions;' but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the sole proper ones, and that the suspicion arises inevitably horn them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form — a certain tendency — to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode must lead us to a definite decision.—Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No secret issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, no secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughut their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one

could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers must have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash, failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was. I knew, that all apparent impossibilities must be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—*á posteriori.* The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened; — the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forebore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture.

Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner — driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result,—and that result was *the nail.* It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. 'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or

perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail,—farther inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades* – a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door, (a single, not a folding door) except that the upper half is latticed or worked in open trellis – thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed, would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected.—By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trelliswork. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

"I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is

my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished:—but, secondly and *chiefly,* I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*—the almost preternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case,' I should rather undervalue, than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend — as men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see" he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to suggest that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold was abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish

you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of motive, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities — that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

“Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention — that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this – let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something excessively outré – something altogether irreconcible with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body up such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it down!

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of grey human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp — sure token of the prodigious power which had

been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the brutal ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them — because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a grotesquerie in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed — some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring Maison de Santé."

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it.

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved; "this hair is most unusual – this is no *human* hair."

“I have not asserted that it is,” said he; “but, before we decided this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a *facsimile* drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as ‘dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails,’ upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne) as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.”

“You will perceive”, continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, “that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained — possibly until the death of the victim— the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them.”

I made the attempt in vain.

“We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial,” he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before.

“This,” I said, “is the mark of no human hand”.

“Read now,” replied Dupin, “this passage from Cuvier.”

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Ourang-Outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

“The description of the digits,” said I, as I made an end of reading, “is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Ourang-Outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possible comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman.”

“True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice, — the expression, ‘*mom Dieu!*’ This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner,) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognisant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable — that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Ourang-Outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses — for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of Le Monde, (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors,) will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:

CAUGHT—In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the — inst; (the morning of the murder,) a very large Ourang-Outang of the Bornese species. The owner, (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel,) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. —, Rue —, Faubourg St. Germain — au troisiéme.

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do *not* know it," said Dupin. "I am not sure of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long queues of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have

belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained. Cognisant although innocent of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Ourang-Outang. He will reason thus:—'I am innocent; I am poor; my Ourang-Outang is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne – at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault – they have failed to procure the slightest clew. Should they even trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognisant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognisance. Above all, I *am known.* The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal, at least, liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the Ourang-Outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over.'"

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered, without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether

unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by whisker and *mustachio* He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good evening," in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

“Sit down, my friend,” said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Ourang-Outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?”

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone:

"I have no way of telling – but he can’t be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?

“Oh no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property? ”

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal — that is to say, any thing in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think! — what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the . next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter —means of which you could never have dreamed. Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided — nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I will tell you all I know about this affair;—but I do not expect you to believe one half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I am innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-Outang. This companing dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable feriority of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic on the night, or rather in the morning of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely

confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the letter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, it preceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-Outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in

their night clothes, had apparently been arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs toward the window; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair, (which was loose, as she had been combing it,) and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-Outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into phrenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation; throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and,rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home – dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon tne staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang-Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes* Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the *bureau* of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however, well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two, about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let them talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery, is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it; for, in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no *stamen* It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna,—or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one master stroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity. I mean the way he has *'de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas."'*

**Notes**

1. Bois de Boulogne – a park at the Western outskirts of Paris, much favoured by parisians.
2. Borneo – an island in the Malay archipelago, in South Eastern Asia.
3. Malta – an island in the Mediterranean, 60 miles of Sicily.
4. Ourang-Outang – a large heavy reddish-brown anthropoid ape found in Borneo and Sumatra. Has long, powerful arms with hooking hands. Adult males may exceed 120 centimeters in height and 60 kg in weight.
5. Browne, Sir Thomas (1605-1682) – English doctor and author of prose works: curious, personal and informative observations and meditations, notably “Religio Medici” (1642) and “Hydriotaphia, or “Urneburrial” (1658). His prose is splendid, rhythmic and decorative.

6. par excellence (French) – mostly

7. et id genus omne (Latin) – and others like him

8. Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum (Latin) – the first letter has lost its former sound.

9. “Gazette des Tribunaux” (French) – a newspaper that published information about criminal cases.

10. Pour mieux entendre la musique (French) – to hear the music better.

11. Faubourg St. Germain – a suburb of Paris.

12. loge de concierge – the door-keeper’s room.

13. “de nier ce qui est, et d’expliquer ce qui n’est pas” (J.-J. Rousseau, “Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloise”) – to deny the obvious things and expatiate on something that does not exist.

14. F. Hoyle – British mathematician, cosmologist and astronomer who adheres to the controversial steady-state continuous creation of matter theory of the universe.

15. Phrenologist – a person who practises phrenology – a study based on the outdated theory that mental faculties and dispositions can be judged by observing the shape of the skull as a whole, and the different parts of its surface.

16. Bi-Part Soul – the idea of a human soul as having two different sides; a unity of two different personalities.

17. Montmartre – a former suburb, since 1860 a parisian district that came to be known as a centre of artistic bohemianism.

18. Maison de Santè – a lunatic asylum.

19. Jardin des Plantes – Botanical garden.

20. a posteriori – based upon former experience.

21. Epicurus (341-270 B.C.) – Athenian atomist philosopher. Regarded sense perception as the only basis of knowledge and believed that material objects throw off images which enter our senses. Considered the highest good to be pleasure, but this meant freedom from pain and emotional upheaval, achieved not through sensual indulgence but through the practice of virtue.

22. Stereotomy – a cross-section of solids.

## Active Words and Word Combinations

inference
countenance
to be reduced to poverty
rigorous economy
necessities of life
candor
counterfeit
to gain admittance
bayonet
beyond one's comprehension
to be at fault
to be at large
in the wildest disorder
clew (clue)
laundress
to be on good terms
to take the trouble
to seal hermetically
silversmith
to be locked on the inside
a native of a city (of a country)
confectioner
bruise
to chafe
throttle
obtuse weapon
to inflict a blow
insoluble mystery
heavenly body
to render a service
credentials
manifold
soliloquy
unanimous
denizen
to be cognizant
least of all
to display (exercise, show)
vigilance
to have smb in employ
the theory of probabilities
assassin
in an unequivocal manner
corroboration
the scent had never been lost
to tear smth out by the roots
to have nothing to conceal
to mutilate

**Exercises**

**I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words**

Chagrin, inference, incoherence, aperture, soliloquy, conundrum, acumen, vacillate, circumference, prodigious, excoriate, ingenuity, proficiency, evince, eschew, treatise.

**II. Answer the following questions**

1. What kind of person was Auguste Dupin?
2. What personal characteristics made it possible for Auguste Dupin to successfully solve mysteries?
3. What was extraordinary about the murders committed in the Rue Morgue?
4. What kind of people were Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter?
5. Who were the people that gave testimony concerning the atrocious murder of the two women?
6. What kind of information did the witnesses give?
7. What did people who arrived at Madame L'Espanaye's house hear? What was similar and different about their evidence?
8. What particulars gave Dupin an idea of who the killer might have been?
9. What was Dupin's line of reasoning that in the long run brought about the solution of the mystery?
10. Who was the real guilty party of the tragedy?
11. How can you characterize the activities of the policemen working on the case?
12. What can you say about the personality of the story-teller?
13. What scheme of a "crime story" was designed by E. Poe and later followed up by other detective story writers?
14. What are the characteristic features whose combination brings about the originality of Edgar Poe's literary manner?
15. What literary genres were given rise to by Edgar Poe?
16. How did E. Poe influence the literary process of the 20 c.? Whose creations bear witness to this influence?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Auguste Dupin came from a rich aristocratic family, didn't he?
2. Auguste Dupin's and his friend's favourite pastime was playing chess, wasn't it?

3. Dupin and his friend learned about the atrocious murder from a T.V. program, didn't they?

4. The police will do their best to investigate the crime and find the murderer within the shortest possible time, won't they?

5. Criminals, however smart and cunning they may be, can never see to it that no traces are left, can they?

6. There were quite a few puzzling particulars about the murders in the Rue Morgue, weren't there?

7. There was not a single clue indicating the fact that the killer might not have been a human being, was there?

8. By a clever trick Auguste Dupin managed to make the sailor come to his place to reunite with his property, didn't he?

9. The sailor who brought the gigantic ape to Paris never gave a thought to the fact that he was endangering himself as well as other people, did he?

10. The sailor's actions should be qualified as criminal negligence and punished by the law, shouldn't they?

11. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" was one of the first detective stories in the history of the world literature, wasn't it?

## IV. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words in bold type in situations of your own

1. What was the place of Auguste Dupin and his friend permanent **residence**?

2. Would you agree to have **a game of chess** with the world champion? Are you a keen **chess-player**?

3. What did Dupin mean when he said that his family **had been reduced to poverty**?

4. In what cases is it recommended that people **should display vigilance**?

5. In what cases do people resort to **rigorous economy**?

6. What do we mean when we speak about the **necessities of life**?

7. How do we characterize people that cannot **keep a secret**?

8. Why did the police have **to force open** the door of Madame L'Espanaye's flat that was **locked on the inside**?

9. Would you **take the trouble** of explaining something to a stubborn person if he insisted that it was **beyond his comprehension**?

10. What kind of **corroboration** is usually necessary to accept a witness' **testimony**?

11. Was it necessary for the investigators **to take into due consideration** the fact that Madame L'Espanaye's room was found **in the wildest disorder**?

12. What testified to the fact that one of the victims had been struck with **an obtuse weapon**?

13. Why is it usually so difficult for the law enforcement bodies to find, arrest and condemn **assassins** of political and public figures?

14. What animals belong to the **mammalian** species?

15. What objects do we mean when we speak of the science that studies **heavenly bodies**?

16. What do we mean when we speak of people as **natives** of a town, city or country?

17. In what cases do the containers of some substances have **to be sealed hermetically**?

18. Are you always ready **to render a service** to a person who needs it?

19. What papers can be treated as **credentials** if a person applies to an official body?

20. What is the metaphorical meaning of the expression "**to lose the scent**"?

21. What is the essence of **the theory of probabilities**?

22. What is different about the main principle of the **hieroglyphic** and the alphabetical writing?

23. How, do you think, is **a tenant** to behave **to be on good terms** with his landlady?

24. Are there any reliable means of distinguishing **counterfeit** banknotes?

25. What kind of products is a **confectioner** supposed to produce? What are the best known **confectioners** in this country?

## V. Brush up your grammar

1. Why **were** they **reputed to have** money?

**Was** Edith really **said to resemble** her father? Strange, I should say.

Who told you the experiment **proved to be a failure?**

Whose idea is it that the fire **is certain to produce** panic?

Why do you think he **is sure to marry** her?

2. Did he ever see **anyone enter** the room?

Have you ever heard **her say** anything like that?

Is this the very teacher who declared **him to be** the most disobedient child in existence?

Do you want **me to ask** him to dinner?

Does he really suppose **me to be** a silly little thing that doesn't know anything about anything?

3. What did you hear **upon reaching** the first landing?

Why didn't you give me a ring **before coming**?

Did you ever see any of your fellow students **after graduating** from the University?

Who told you that you could send a letter **instead of arriving** in person?

Will you please contact me immediately **on getting** the documents?

4. Were they really obliged to prop up the door **to keep out the crowd**?

How often do you come here **to water the flowers**?

Do you really have enough money **to upgrade your equipment** regularly?

Do you want me to believe you would get up at day break **to watch the sun rising**?

Will he really stop at nothing **to get into Parliament**?

5. Do you hear a strange sound **as if of several persons struggling**?

Why did he behave **as if trying to conceal** something from us?

Do you smell a pungent odour **as if of someone smoking** in the next room?

Was he really struck by these words **as if hearing** them for the first time in his life?

Did he really say so **as if suspecting** one of us of a theft?

**VI. Make up questions on the models of exercise V. Use the following word combinations**

| | |
|---|---|
| to tear out by the roots | to be on good terms |
| to lock on the inside | to be a mere guess |
| to inflict a blow | to force open |
| to render a service | to be beyond one's comprehension |
| to lose the scent | |
| to take into due consideration | to show vigilance |
| to have smb. in employ | to take the trouble |
| to keep a secret | to gain admittance |

**VII. Paraphrase, using the vocabulary of the text (change the construction if necessary)**

1. **You must not tell anybody what I have shared with you in private**.
2. I appreciate your **sincerity**.
3. I'm sure this **money is forged**.
4. We found the room **in a mess**.
5. I'm sure **I'll never be able to understand** your line of reasoning.
6. He gave himself a solemn oath that he **would find a way** to the territory that was so safely guarded.
7. This is a **difficult riddle**, but I'll do my best to find the solution.
8. He **was born in this town and has lived in it all his life**.
9. He is **the only person who is guilty** of the trouble.
10. I'm afraid I can't patch up the hole – the button **has been torn so forcefully** that your jacket is beyond repair.
11. He is very good **at making all kind of things of gold and silver**.
12. I've found the answer by chance, **it was just a supposition on my part**.
13. Getting ready for this interview he rehearsed his **inner monologue** again and again.

14. They are **regular customers** of this pub.

15. He had **to confine himself to bare necessities of life**.

**VIII. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own**

ієрогліф

висновок (all synonyms)

знівечити

таємниця, яку не можна розкрити

проявляти пильність

наймати

зберігати таємницю

щирість

фальшиві гроші

підтримувати добрі стосунки

брати до уваги

приміщення

бути винуватим

бути випущеним на волю (про тварин)

узяти на себе обов’язок

ключ до розгадки таємниці

місце мешкання

уродженець, корінний мешканець

вірча грамота

внутрішній монолог

підтвердження

теорія ймовірностей

ссавці

найманий вбивця (all synonyms)

**IX. Choose the right word**

*a) credentials, identification*

1. The policemen required that the man should produce his…
2. The new ambassador handed in his…
3. We have recently watched the film "… of Born".
4. Testimonials showing that a person is entitled to credit or has a right to exercise official power are called…

*b) denizen, citizen, dweller*

1. … of any country have all the civil rights guaranteed by the country constitution.
2. Polar bears are … of the frozen North.
3. All the house … are expected to pay their rent in time.

*c) suburb, outskirt*

1. Faubourg St. Germain is a … of Paris .
2. The Saltovsky district is in the … of Kharkiv.

*d) to conceal, to hide*

1. The sun … behind the clouds, and the air grew cool.
2. I'm telling the truth, I have nothing to … .

*e) assassin, killer, murderer*

1. Due to Dupin's ingenuity it was found out who the … of the two women was.
2. The … didn't gain much by his bloody crime: rumours of the victims' fabulous wealth proved to be exaggerated, to say the least of it.
3. Politics is reputed to be a dirty business. It often happens so that unscrupulous people remove their political rivals with the help of …

**X. Complete the following sentences**

1. The delegation was said …
2. The experiment proved …
3. The suggestion was sure …
4. Have you ever seen …

5. I’ve never heard …
6. No one wanted …
7. Will you wipe your feet… (before)?
8. He left the room … (without)
9. He went on speaking … (instead of)
10. I have come …
11. We have enough room …
12. He never refused …
13. There was a strange noise outside as if …
14. She grew pale as if …
15. He was dog tired as if …

## XI. Translate into English, using the active vocabulary

1. – Чи не зіграти партію у шахи?

   – Чому б ні? Але ти мусиш вважати, що я не дуже гарний гравець.

2. Цей політичний діяч отримав одностайну підтримку своїх виборців.
3. – Який страшенний розгардіяш у кімнаті!

   – Визнаю, що це цілком моя провина. Я поспішала, і в мене не було часу прибрати за собою.

4. У своїх показаннях усі свідки відзначили, що один із співрозмовників щось казав хрипким голосом мовою, яку вони не знали.

5. Огюст Дюпен належав до дуже стародавнього, але збіднілого аристократичного роду.

6. Цей злочин було скоєно із жахливою жорстокістю. Його мотив так і залишився таємницею для поліції.

7. Що стосується особи злочинця поліція мала лише здогади, прямих доказів знайдено не було.

8. Удар було нанесено тупим знаряддям із страшенною силою.

9. Перш ніж розпочати переговори дипломати обмінялися вірчими грамотами.

10. Сучасне устаткування надає можливість астрономам детально спостерігати навіть за віддаленими небесними тілами.
11. Він один з найстаріших мешканців нашого міста і постійний відвідувач нашого музею.
12. Теорія ймовірностей дозволяє підрахувати можливість виграшів у будь-якій грі.
13. Ссавці представлені різноманітними класами і загонами свійських та диких тварин.

**XII. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Auguste Dupin;
- The sailor;
- The prefect of parisian police.

**XIII. Define the genre peculiarities of the story.**

**XIV. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XV. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XVI. Topics for oral or written work**

1. Sometimes real events are much more puzzling than fiction.
2. It takes shrewdness, deep knowledge of human nature, great power of observation and building a logically correct line of reasoning, an ability to take a non-traditional approach to things – to make a true detective.
3. Edgar Poe and other crime writers.

**A.G. Bierce. An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge**

A man stood upon a railroad bridge in Northern Alabama, looking down into the swift waters twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope loosely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head, and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant, who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support", that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the centre of the bridge: they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot planking that traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost farther along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle acclivity topped with a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loopholed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway of the slope between bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the center of the bridge, not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who when he comes announced is to be received with formal manifestations of respect,

even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his habit, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock coat. He wore a mustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of persons, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted, and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through

the thought of his dear ones was a sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or nearby—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

## II

Peyton Farquhar was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner and like other slave owners a politician he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature, which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army that had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in wartime. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in

good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was fetching the water her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek bridge, put it in order, and built a stockade on the north bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels or trains will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband, and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

## III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened! — ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fiber of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well-defined lines of ramification and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fullness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud plash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the bottom of a river! - the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the darkness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad, but I do not wish to be shot. No, I will not be shot. That is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrist apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort! What magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one

and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water snake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang that he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out at his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf—saw the very insects upon them: the locusts, the brilliant-bodied flies, the gray spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors in all the dewdrops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragonflies' wings, the strokes of the water spiders' legs, like oars which had lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath his eyes and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers upon the bridge, captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him. The captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a gray eye and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest, and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counterswirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking into the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous singsong now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging, and enforcing tranquillity in the men—with what accurately measured intervals fell those cruel words: “Attention, company! … Shoulder arms! … Ready! … Aim! … Fire! … ”

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dulled thunder of the volley and, rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther downstream—nearer to safety. The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning.

"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling plash within two yards of him was followed by a loud, rushing sound, diminuendo, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its deeps! A rising sheet of water curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him! The cannon had taken a hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought. "The next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun. The smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. That is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forests, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration that made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like gold, diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants: he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange, roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks and the wind made in their branches the

music of aeolian harps. He had no wish to perfect his escape—was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whiz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famishing. The thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood shone great golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among which—once, twice, and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain and lifting his hand to it he found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cold air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue—he could no longer feel the road-way beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he had fallen asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate

and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the verandah to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her, he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him, with a sound like the shock of a cannon – then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge.

**Notes**

1. Alabama – one of the Confederate states of the South (South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee) that seceded from the Union and established their own government (1861-1865) under Jefferson Davis. President Lincoln declared that secession was illegal and that he would hold federal forts in the South. The attack on one of these, Fort Sumter, by Confederate forces (April 12, 1861) started the war between the Union of 23 Northern States (together with Dakota, Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Washington) and the Confederacy. The Union forces were led by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Meade, and those of the South by Lee and Jackson. The Civil War was caused by political and economic factors, aggravated by the issue of slavery and expansion to the West. America was split between an agricultural, slave-owning South and an industrialized North favouring free soil and protectionism. The war cost over 600.000 lives. It increased the political and economic dominance of the North over the South. Many issues were left unsettled, but the Union had been preserved, and slavery had been abolished.

2. Farquhar ['fɑ:kwə]

3. The fall of Corinth – a small place in the state of Mississippi, seized by the Union troops in 1862.

Many American places are called after the Old World cities.

See: Corinth – a Greek port on the Gulf of Corinth, on the Isthmus of Corinth joining the Peloponnesus to Central Greece. Corinth was the second largest and richest city-state after Athens, and founded many colonies. It prospered under the Romans (after 44 B.C.), but declined under the Turks (1458-1687 and 1715-1822) and Venetians (1687-1715).

4. Villainous dictum: villainous – very wicked; dictum – an authoritative saying, a succinct general truth.

5. Yank (Yankee) [origin unknown] – the nickname of natives of any of Northern States of the USA; a Union soldier in the American Civil War.

6. At will – as and when one pleases.

7. Diminuendo – (a musical term) – becoming gradually softer.

8. A charge of grape – a scattering charge for cannon.

9. Aeolian harp – a musical instrument which "plays" automatically when the wind blows through its strings.

10. Student of hanging – a person who assumes that he may be hanged.

**Active words and word combinations**

loose

sleeper (supporting the metals of the railway)

deputy sheriff

sentinel

to be in sight

muzzle (of a cannon)

parade rest!

private soldier

to be received with formal manifestation of respect

deference

moustache

whiskers

to catch one's attention

percussion

apprehension

doomed

slave owner

perilous

in good faith

to get the better of smb

to lose consciousness

torment

ludicrous

in full possession of one's physical senses

volley

to gasp for breath

to swim with the current

to be caught in a vortex

revelation

dwelling

malign significance

to recover from a delirium

at the bottom of the steps

## Exercises

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

Sergeant, captain, occurrence, occur, owl, embrasure, lieutenant, sword, etiquette, deference, comb, beard, moustache, conscious, bullet, secessionist, villainous, torment, luminous, pendulum, ludicrous, gnat, vortex, fatigue, horizon, malign.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. What was Peyton Farquhar?
2. What was his purpose of getting to Owl Creek Bridge?
3. Who did Peyton Farquhar take sides with in the war?
4. What were the causes of the Civil War in the USA?

5. Do you think the cruelty Peyton Farquhar was treated with was justified?
6. Do you agree with the author of the story that "all is fair in love and war" is a frankly villainous dictum?
7. How did Peyton Farquhar imagine his assumed escape?
8. How did he manage to evade the bullet?
9. What was the last thing Peyton Farquhar saw in his life?
10. What was the real period of time during which Peyton Farquhar was living through his miraculous escape?
11. What kind of a character is the main personage of the story?
12. What is your idea of the literary trend the story belongs to?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Peyton Farquhar was a civilian and never thought of interfering with military operations, did he?
2. He was sure he was going to be hanged if caught while trying to set the bridge on fire, wasn't he?
3. The captain of the company of infantry was quite certain that "war is war". It never occurred to him that he might show mercy to the saboteur, did it?
4. The condemned man behaved with great courage and dignity, didn't he?
5. "An Occurrence at Owl Greek Bridge" is one of the most original creations of the world literature, isn't it?
6. A civil war is one of greatest disasters in the life of any country, isn't it?
7. Quite a lot of wounds, both physical and moral, can never be healed, can they?
8. Victorious armies seldom treat the defeated humanely, do they?

**IV. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words in bold type in situations of your own**

1. Who gave Peyton Farquhar the idea **of interfering with** the railroad bridge?
2. What was **a company of infantry** headed by **a captain** doing at the bridge?
3. Why was it so important that **a sentinel** with a rifle in the position known as "support" should be put at each end of the bridge?

4. Why was it necessary that **the muzzle** of **a cannon** should command the bridge?

5. What kind of a dignitary, according to the author of the story, is **to be received with formal manifestation of respect?**

6. Why would a **well-to-do planter**, of an old and highly respected Alabama family take to sabotage?

7. How was Peyton Farquhar going **to get the better** of the bridge **sentinels**?

8. Was Peyton Farquhar, **with a noose about his neck**, really **in full possession of his physical senses**?

9. What kind of a superhuman **strength** one must have to make **a splendid effort** to remove **the cord** binding one, hand and foot?

10. How did it happen that **the condemned man** came to the surface of the river and evaded the bullets of his **executioners**?

11. Why does the author of the story characterize the commands of the officer "**Attention, company**… **Shoulder arms**… **Ready**… **Aim**… **Fire**" as cold and pitiless?

12. When do people **gasp for breath**?

13. Why is it so dangerous **to be caught in a vortex**?

14. Is it unnatural that after walking all the day long a man **is fatigued**, **footsore**, **famishing**?

15. Did Peyton Farquhar come across any **dwellings** on his way home?

16. Did anything in the vicinity suggest **human habitation**?

17. What do we call **a constellation** in the direct and figurative sense of the word?

18. Did the **condemned man** really **recover from a delirium**?

19. Whom did he imagine he saw **at the bottom of the steps** of his house?

20. When did he **feel a stunning blow** upon the back of this neck?

**V. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own**

форма (військова) відбуватися

гармата
піхота
видавати наказ
випробувати чиєсь терпіння
цивільний
плантатор
засуджений
сузір’я
зосередитися на чомусь
загарбник
заможний
плисти за течією
завдавати шкоди
повідь, потоп
безжалісний
садно
смарагд
вдихати
це свідчить про те, що тут живуть люди
сліпуче
світло
жіночий одяг
ядуха
недосяжний
запаморочення (голови)
нудота
жменя
вибух
збройовий залп
блискавично
стежити не відводячи очей
бабка (комаха)
кат
промахнутися

## VI. Choose the right word

*a) arm, hand*

1. He was bound … and foot.
2. She held me at … length.
3. He was carrying a number of files under his …
4. The town fell into enemy …

*b) foot, leg*

1. I've been on my … all the day long.
2. I like walking around the house in bare … .
3. How many … does a centipede have?
4. These jeans are too long in the … .

*c) conscience, consciousness*

1. He won't let it trouble his …
2. I can't remember any more, I must have lost … .
3. She was seized by a sudden pang of … .
4. Everybody approved of her newly-developed political … .

*d) habitation, dwelling*

1. The development will consist of 66 … and a number of offices.
2. They looked around for any signs of … .
3. The road serves the scattered … along the coast.
4. There was a large … at the end of the lane.

*e) to survive, to live through*

1. He has … two world wars.
2. Of the six people injured in the crash only two … .
3. Some strange customs have … from earlier times.
4. She used to say that she had … a few breathtaking adventures.

## VII. Brush up your grammar

1. He **must have travelled** all the day long.
2. His wife, **looking fresh and cool and sweet**, steps down from the verandah to meet him.
3. At the bottom of the steps she stands **waiting**.

4. He springs forward, **with his extended arms**.
5. He feels a **stunning** blow upon the back of his neck.

**VIII. Change the following sentences using the patterns of exercise VII**

1. No doubt, she called me up when I was out.
2. I'm sure I've left my gloves in the car.
3. Probably, you have dialled the wrong number.
4. I'm certain I wrote her address on a small sheet of paper, but I can't find it now.
5. Now it is quite clear that he has taken an offence.
6. The girl who was sitting at the first table looked too young to be a student.
7. Which of the four men who are smoking by the fireplace is Ben?
8. This is the new road that joins the plant with the railway station.
9. People who live in the neighboring houses must have heard the shot.
10. Through the window she watched the children who were playing in the garden.
11. When I heard my friend's voice I left the room to meet him.
12. When I was coming up to the house I saw light in a window of the second floor.
13. He was standing near the gate of his garden and speaking with his neighbour.
14. When he arrived at the airport he went to have his luggage weighed and registered.
15. I stopped as I expected him to ask me this inevitable question.
16. As he was deafened by the noise, he did not at once notice when it stopped.
17. He may forget about it unless he is reminded.
18. She was obviously upset, her shoulders were drooping and her eyes were swollen.
19. The room was in a wild disorder, things were scattered around and the books were heaped in a corner.
20. Beneath the trees lay a thick carpet of fallen leaves that had been bitten by the early frost.

21. Can you make any remark that will encourage people?
22. A girl came into the room. She was smiling
23. I cannot stand this bright light. It is blinding me.
24. It was an unforgettable event. It excited everybody
25. He is famous for his humour. It sparkles with wit.

**IX. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text**

1. He was a **rich** planter of an old and highly respected family.
2. He had a **misgiving** that something was wrong.
3. He was sure he would be able to **outwit** the sentinel at the bridge.
4. They were doing their best **to help** the South.
5. She had retained the power only to feel, and feeling was a **torture**.
6. He proudly stood facing his **hangmen**.
7. He rose to the surface **trying to restore his breathing**.
8. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested that **people lived somewhere nearby**.
9. That is a problem of great **importance**.
10. Would you like to see any **pieces of clothing**?

**X. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Characterize the central personage.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Peyton Farquhar;
- The officer commanding the company of infantry guarding the bridge;
- Peyton Farquhar's wife.

**XI. a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or a saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XII. a) Choose an extract of the story (5 – 10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XIII. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XIV. Topics for oral or written work**

1. Civil war is the greatest social catastrophe in the life of any country.
2. Realism and romanticism of Ambrose Bierse's literary manner.

Risking one's life is to be respected, no matter what cause the person is fighting for.

## L. Baker. The Boy Next Door

Sladen Morris is the boy next door. The girls all think he is fascinating now that he's touched six feet on the wall where his mother has been marking his height since he was two. But I keep remembering when he refused to apply a comb to his hair and wouldn't even wash his face unless forcefully led to the bathroom. You wouldn't expect me to go weak-kneed over Sladen, and I certainly never expected to.

And there is also the other side of the picture. Sladen remembered me "when" too. And instead of remarking on how divine I looked in a new dress or with an upsweep hair-do, he'd say something like — "Look at Betsy, won't you! But I remember her first party when she had pigtails and was so scared she spilled ice-cream all over her best dress, and she ran home crying."

So when I say Sladen Morris was nothing in my life I really mean it. However, because I'd known him so long, I had some feeling of responsibility toward him, the same as I do toward Jimmy, my little brother. That's all it was — neighbourly charity — when I tried to save Sladen from Merry Ann Milburn.

*Merry Ann.* But I'll bet she was christened Mary, spelled in the plain way. She came to Springdale to visit the Henry Milburns, who are her uncle and aunt.

Mrs. Milburn brought her over for tea and I give credit where credit is due. She did look wonderful. She's the unfreckled, blonde type, with big blue eyes, and she

had on one of those "simple" dresses that are just right — the kind I always intend to buy and then discover they cost thirty-nine-fifty when I've got only nineteen dollars. Well, while Mrs. Milburn and my Mother were in the room, that girl was "lovely" — you know, positively poisonous. She said high-minded things, designed to make her appear like the model of the younger generation.

As soon as Mrs. Milburn and Mother had gone, Merry Ann changed, as I knew perfectly well she would. "What does one do for amusement in this dull town?", was the first thing she said. "So far from New York."

"Oh", I said, "there are dances at the Country Club every Saturday and in between there's tennis and swimming and —"

She interrupted me. "Are there any interesting men?"

Well, I'd never thought of them as "interesting" before, or as "men" either for that matter, but I began naming over all the boys in town. "Oh, there is Benny Graham", I said, "and there is Carter Williams, and Dennis Brown, and Bill Freeman. They're all fascinating". Which was a lie, but I kept my fingers crossed". I didn't name Sladen because I'd already decided, as a friendly gesture, to save him from this dose of poison.

At that moment Merry Ann looked out of our window, just as Sladen leaped over the hedge — coming over to get me for a game of tennis probably, as he usually does afternoons.

"Which one is that?" Merry Ann asked.
"Oh, that!" I said. "I guess I forgot him. That's Sladen Morris, the boy next door".

"Oh, you forgot him, did you?" said Merry Ann, as if she thought I wanted the Morrises' little boy myself. "Well, I wouldn't forget than one".

Sladen walked right in without knocking, which is an example of his bad manners.

"Ah, ha," he said. "Where did you come from, my fair-faced wench?"

Well, that bad germ just looked at Sladen as if he were a heavenly vision. "From New York — but I don't want to go back — not now!"

That kind of a line should be obvious enough to even a thickhead like Sladen, but you should have seen him. "I don't know what brought me over the hedge," he said looking calf-eyed at Merry Ann, "but it must have been my guardian angel."

"And I suppose your guardian angel pushed the tennis racket into your hand," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, my tennis racket!" He looked rather silly holding the thing. "By the way," he said to Merry Ann, ignoring me like the Black Plague, "do you play tennis?"

"I need a lot of help," Merry Ann said, looking fragile and pathetic. Now, I'm the type that even with a broken neck and double pneumonia would still look healthy, and it's sickening always to stand by and watch the frail ones using their weapons.

"How about a game now?" Sladen asked.

"I'd love it — I'm practically dying of boredom — but I'll have to go home and change first."

"I'll run you over in Sciatica," Sladen offered. Sciatica is Sladen's car. It's enamelled a brilliant red — a job I helped him with and for which I got nothing but paint under my finger nails.

"Goodbye, Betsy," Merry Ann said. "Do tell your mother how much I enjoyed the lovely afternoon."

"And do come often," I said — and I thought to myself, "I'll brew you some nice arsenic tea next time".

Well, the result was that all of a sudden I felt temperamental and I ran upstairs and I flung myself on my bed and I cried. Mother has a regular hunting-dog's nose for tears and pretty soon I heard her knock at the door. — "Betsy, dear," she said. "May I come in?"

"Well, yes," I answered, "but I've got a terrible headache."

"Now, I've been thinking," Mother began. "Perhaps you ought to give a party."

For a whole year I'd been begging to give a party and Mother usually had answered "too expensive," and "wait until you are seventeen" and a dozen other excuses and here she was suggesting a party herself.

Well, after that everywhere I went there was Marry Ann leading Sladen Morris around like a pet dog. Whereas I had always played with Sladen afternoons, now I picked up a game with whoever was handy and out of the corner of my eye I watched him playing with Merry Ann. She was terrible. She held her racket (when it wasn't in play) as if it were a fan. She wore those little white tennis dresses like the ones you see pictures of on movie actresses and, I admit with my usual broadmindedness, she looked pretty, even when she held her racket as if it were a butterfly net.

After tennis, Sladen always gallantly poured chocolate sodas down her throat at Charlie's. I'd get down there myself after a match — there are other people besides Sladen Morris willing to invest fifteen cents in a girl. And there she'd sit cool and gazing into Sladen's eyes. I'd be hot and terrible-looking as I always am after tennis, and Merry Ann was never content to concentrate on the person paying her check. She always got up and came over to say something to me as an excuse for giving her eyes a workout on whatever boy I had with me at the moment.

And about the party. Mother, once she'd decided I should involve myself in what I knew perfectly well would be a mistake with Merry around, would not drop the subject. So I heavy-heartedly made out lists and invited all the "nice young people" as my mother calls everyone sound of limb, to our house for dinner before the regular Country Club dance.

They all accepted — six boys, eager to have a chance at Merry Ann; and five girls, including me, who came because they wouldn't admit publicly that they were scared of the Milburn menace.

Mother bought me a new dress with yards and yards of white net in the skirt and although it had some "youthful" blue bows on the shoulders, it was not the simple girlish dress that my mother usually selects. And my father bought me some gardenias which I wore in my hair which was done upsweep.

I faced the horror of the evening with more bravery than I expected because a new dress and all made me feel a little like a femme fatale as I went downstairs to greet the guests.

But that was before they arrived. When they finally came, Merry Ann clinging to Sladen's arm, I felt inferior immediately. My dress looked like nothing compared with the whirl of scarlet chiffon that hung on Merry Ann's shoulders by a couple of threads.

"Well, well, look at Betsy," Sladen started, "but I remember her when —"

"I remember, too," I said coldly, "so you needn't waste your time going over the incident."

Merry Ann did all the conversing and she talked only with the boys — turning her blue eyes limpidly on first one and then another.

"What's the Country Club like?" she asked. "I usually go dancing at the Stork Club," she added, "so I don't know much about small-town clubs."

Now I know very well that Merry Ann is a boarding student at St. Catherine's Academy and I know from other such victims that anyone who gets pushed there never sees a neon light except from the windows. I bet she's never been to the Stork Club unless, like me, her uncle or some other elderly kind relation took her there for a lemonade on a Saturday afternoon. But I did not say anything.

So everyone went off to the Country Club feeling slightly ashamed that he was forced to spend the time at such a dull place.

Well, people danced with me — that's the only compensation of being hostess. Finally, almost everyone drifted outside and sat around the swimming pool.

I and Dennis Brown walked out too and paraded ourselves in front of their chairs. It was just in front of Merry Ann that it happened. I try to be completely unbiased about the circumstance. I don't say she tripped me, although it's hard to find a kinder word. Her foot was in my path, anyway — and it took a good stretch to get it there. I fell forward with a terrific splash.

As I went down, I heard Merry's laughter and I prayed to the gods that I'd drown, but I knew too much about my crawl-stroke to hold any such hope seriously. I didn't come up to face the amused crowd, I just swam under water and headed for the iron ladder on the other side of the pool. From there I planned a quick run to the

dressing-room and then home with a brief stop-off at the corner drugstore for some suicidal poison.

My foot felt the ladder and I pulled myself upward and then I discovered that my dress was caught! I pulled, and my lungs felt as if they'd burst.

The next thing I knew I was lying on my stomach on the concrete runway and Sladen was pumping my lungs out. I was too uncomfortable to pay much attention to the fact that all that was left of my new dress was the upper part. As my lungs began to function again, I took a little more interest in the whole scene. Apparently several of the boys had offered themselves as hero of the hour, for not only Sladen's best suit was dripping from his recent dive, but also Dennis's and Bill's and Carter's. Even Janet who is athletic like me, had gone in for the body.

"I'm sorry about this," I finally managed to say. "And it was awfully clumsy of me" — I guess, having come so near dying, I was feeling a little spiritual.

"You weren't clumsy, but don't talk, you little blockhead," Sladen ordered fiercely.

"Yes, for goodness' sake, keep quiet," Merry Ann added. "Everyone has been caused enough trouble. What was the idea of hiding in the bottom of the pool anyway?"

And then Sladen Morris said the most divine unmanly thing that I shall bless him for until his dying day. "Pop her one, Janet!" he said. "I'm a gentleman and, besides, I'm busy."

"Oh — you awful people!" Merry Ann screamed. "I'm leaving this dreadful place!"

"You boys that are dry can toss a coin," Sladen said. "Whoever loses can drive her home. Or maybe Benny and Joe better both go, in case she stabs the driver."

Eventually it was decided that I'd live, and Sladen rose to his feet. "Get up, Betsy," he said. "I think you'll manage to go through life all right, if you pick out a more practical bathing costume in the future."

Somehow the way Sladen said it made me feel warm and comfortable, which was silly, for there was nothing tender about the words.

All of us, the wet and dry, crowded into the cars. Sladen wrapped a blanket round me and drove me home in Sciatica.

"Listen, kid," he said on the way, "I see that I've got to stick a little closer to you — you just aren't responsible. How about not leaving your front porch from now on unless I'm along"?"

I felt old and wise. For the first time in my life I felt my strength as a frail female, and with no powder and my hair dripping too!

"Sladen, you saved my life. You are terribly strong and resourceful and I shall be grateful to you." I looked out of my blanket with what I thought was a coquettish expression.

"You know, Betsy," Sladen continued, very serious. "It's queer how you sometimes overlook what's right under your nose. Why, Betsy, it's just occurred to me that you are the prettiest girl I know, and I've lived next door to you for sixteen years."

He leaned over and kissed me. It was just on the cheek and rather damp since we'd both been swimming so recently, but for some reason it was very romantic and not a bit neighbourly, and all of a sudden I felt beautiful and fascinating. And I gazed on Sladen Morris with new eyes, I guess, because he suddenly didn't look in the least like the boy next door.

**Notes**

1. Upsweep hair-do — a hair-do in which the hair is combed upwards.
2. Thirty-nine-fifty — thirty-nine dollars fifty cents.
3. Keep one's fingers crossed — there is a belief that if one crosses one's fingers when lying it won't be counted as sin.
4. Pathetic — touching.
5. At Charlie's — at Charlie's place (cafe).
6. Made out lists — wrote down the names of the people to be invited.
7. Sound of limb — with one's legs and arms quite all right, not lame or crippled.
8. Femme fatale — a fatal woman.

9. A boarding student — a student who both studies and lives at a college.

10. Compensation of being hostess — it is customary for the men invited to a party to dance at least once with the hostess or her daughter.

11. Unless I'm along — unless I'm with you or near you.

**Active words and word combinations**

| | |
|---|---|
| to refuse | comb |
| hair-do | to spill |
| plain | (un) freckle (d) |
| to cost | amuse (ment) |
| dull | to interrupt |
| to leap | to knock |
| obvious | silly |
| healthy | finger nail |
| to excuse | to suggest |
| to admit | to pour |
| cool | to drop |
| eager | scarlet |
| thread | to go over something |
| swimming pool | to drown |
| drugstore | lung |
| to drip | to dive |
| clumsy | to keep quiet |
| dry | coin |
| to manage | to wrap |
| blanket | queer |
| damp | bit |

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

height, comb, knee, fragile, pneumonia, enamelled, limb, couple, lemonade.

## II. Answer the following questions

1. What did Betsy and Sladen remember about each other?
2. Why did Betsy try 'to save' Sladen from Merry Ann?
3. What did Betsy think about Merry Ann, her appearance and behaviour?
4. What did Merry Ann and Betsy discuss when they were alone?
5. How did Merry Ann meet Sladen?
6. What did Betsy do after Merry Ann left and what surprised her about her mother's suggestion?
7. Where did Betsy see Sladen and Merry Ann afterwards? What did Betsy think about Merry Ann and her way of playing tennis?
8. How did Betsy feel about the party and why did she feel brave at first?
9. How did Merry Ann behave at the party?
10. How did it happen that Betsy fell into the pool and what happened then?
11. What did Betsy see when she opened her eyes?
12. What did Merry Ann say and what was Sladen's reaction?
13. What did Sladen tell Betsy in the car?

## III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds

1. Sladen never refused to comb his hair, did he?
2. The boy always noticed a new hair-do, didn't he?
3. Betsy did not admit that the other girl was beautiful, did she?
4. Betsy wasn't healthy, was she?
5. Merry Ann's face was freckled, wasn't it?
6. There were many swimming pools in the club, weren't there?
7. Merry Ann was not eager for amusements, was she?
8. Sladen knocked at the door, didn't he?
9. Sladen’s suit was dry wasn't it?
10. Sladen did not think it queer that people overlook what is right under their noses, did he?

**IV. Practise the active vocabulary** in **answering the following questions. Use the words** in **bold type** in **situations of your own**

1. What did Sladen **refuse** to do when he was a little boy?
2. Why did Betsy **spill** ice-cream over her dress?
3. Was Merry Ann's face **freckled**?
4. Why did Betsy want to buy some **poison** before coming home? Why did Betsy dream of putting some **poison** into her visitor's tea?
5. What did the two girls call **amusement**? What was Betsy's (Merry Ann's) idea of **amusement**?
6. Why did Merry Ann call the town **"dull"**?
7. When did Merry Ann **interrupt** Betsy?
8. What did Betsy think about Sladen not **knocking** at the door?
9. Why did Sladen look **silly**?
10. Did Merry Ann **push** Betsy into the swimming pool?
11. What shows that Betsy was a **healthy** girl?
12. What happened to Betsy's **finger nails** when she helped Sladen with his car?
13. Did Betsy's mother notice **her tears**?
14. What **excuses** did Betsy's mother give for not giving a party? When did you give an **excuse** for not doing something?
15. What did Betsy **admit** about Merry Ann?
16. Why would Betsy like her mother **to drop** the subject of the party?
17. Who was **eager** to see Merry Ann? Was Betsy **eager** to give a party?
18. Why couldn't Betsy think seriously of **drowning**?
19. What did Betsy want to buy at the **drugstore**? What do you buy at a **drugstore**?
20. Why was Sladen's best suit **dripping**?
21. Was Betsy really **a clumsy** girl? (Give reasons for your opinion).
22. Who told Betsy **to keep quiet** and why? In which circumstances do we say **"keep quiet"**?
23. Why did Merry Ann say Betsy **was hiding** at the bottom of the pool?

24. Who remained **dry** at the party?

25. Did all the guests **manage** to crowd into the car? Do you always **manage** to do what you intend to?

26. What did Sladen **wrap** around Betsy and why did he do it?

27. Where do you think Sladen got the **blanket** to wrap around Betsy? Do you take **a blanket** with you when you go hiking?

What seemed **queer** to Sladen?

**V. Brush up your grammar**

1. What **would Sladen say** when he saw Betsy in a new dress or with a new hair-do?
2. Who **would** usually **come** over in the afternoon to get Betsy for a game of tennis?
3. What **did** Betsy **expect the other girl to do** after they were left alone?
4. What **made Betsy cry** after Merry Ann's visit?
5. What **made Betsy forget** to mention Sladen`s name when she told the other girl about the boys of the town?
6. What **did** Merry Ann **see Sladen do** when she looked out of the window?
7. Where **would Betsy go** after tennis and what would she see there?
8. What **would Merry Ann do** when she saw Betsy at Charlie's?
9. Who usually **sees you come** home?

**VI. Make up questions on the models of ex. 5. Use the following words and word combinations:**

| | |
|---|---|
| instead (of) | to leap over something |
| to die (of) | to knock (at) |
| to go over something | in front (of) |
| to pay attention (to) | to pick out |

**VII. Paraphrase, using the vocabulary of the text (change the construction if necessary)**

1. The dress was very **simple** but it was in good taste and very becoming.
2. It was a long and **boring** story.
3. The boy **jumped** down, picked up his things and ran away.

4. It was quite **evident** that he did not want to speak in our presence.
5. It was a **stupid** excuse and he was sorry that he had given it.
6. Betsy knew that a dress like that was too **dear** for her.
7. He made an **awkward** movement.
8. He **will** never **succeed in** getting the necessary things.
9. The whole thing seemed **strange** to us.

**VIII. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own**

| | |
|---|---|
| він живе поряд (у сусідньому будинку) | визнавати |
| відмовлятися | лити |
| гребінка | прохолодний |
| зачіска | припинити розмову |
| щось подібне | нитка |
| розлити, розсипати | коштувати |
| битися об заклад | нудний |
| запалення легенів | переривати |
| переодягатися | явний |
| нігті | штовхати |
| сльози | дурно |
| коштовний | здоровий |
| відмовка (привід) | басейн |
| потонути (утопити) | мокрий |
| поринати | загорнути |
| аптека | ковдра |
| незграбний | трохи |
| замовкни! | сухий |

## IX. Choose the right word

a) *play, game*

1. Let's have a … of chess.
2. What seemed child's … at first turned out to be a serious and even a dangerous job.
3. We watched the … of light on the wall.
4. There is time for work and time for …
5. She taught us many new … and songs.

b) *offer, suggest*

1. His … of help was gratefully accepted.
2. Do you remember who … the idea of giving a party?
3. He … that the best way to teach me to swim was to push me into the pool and even … to do it himself.
4. You should have … to dive yourself.

c) *host (ess), owner, master, boss, landlord (lady)*

1. Bicket went directly to their … and paid her a two week rent.
2. The … of the drugstore said he had never sold poisonous drugs without a prescription.
3. Our … asked us if we should like to have tea in the garden.
4. The dog recognized his old … after all those years.
5. The … said that Martin owed her a two month rent.

## X. Complete the following sentences

1. The landlady refused to give him back his suitcase unless …
2. She refused to go there unless …
3. He will not do anything unless …
4. She will not drop the subject unless …
5. We noticed that she had changed for dinner as if …

6. He looked at the comb as if …
7. Her hair was dripping as if …
8. The box was wrapped in brown paper several times as if …
9. I shall not keep quiet unless …

## XI. Translate into English according to the following models

**Model:**

**The way** Sladen said it…

What's the Country Club **like?**

You **needn't** waste your time.

A **bit.**

1. Те, як він грав ...
2. Як це виглядає?
3. Вам немає необхідності приходити.
4. Це трохи дивно.
5. Те, як вона загорнула книгу ....
6. Це трохи нудно.
7. Необов'язково, щоб це було коштовним.
8. Це занадто дорога річ.
9. Те, як він це ховав…
10. Я анітрохи не втомився.
11. Те, як вона тримала гребінку ...
12. Вам нема чого це робити.
13. Те, як він перервав нас ...
14. Вам нема чого вигадувати приводи.
15. Вам немає необхідності пригадувати це знову.
16. Що вона за людина?
17. Що це за роман?
18. Пальто ще трохи вогке.

**XII. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Betsy's mother;
- Sladen;
- Merry Ann.

**XIII. a) Define the genre of the story.**

b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.

**XIV. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XV. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XVI. Topics for oral or written work**

1. Rivalry and jealousy can bring about most unexpected consequences.
2. It's puzzling how people sometimes overlook what is right under their noses.
3. Mothers always know what is best for their children.

## E.P. Butler. Pigs is Pigs

Mike Flannery, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the counter of the express office and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the counter, trembling with rage. The argument had been long and heated. The cause of the trouble stood on the counter between the two men. It was a soap box across the top of which were nailed a number of strips, forming a cage. In it two spotted guinea-pigs were greedily eating lettuce leaves.

"Do as you like, then!" shouted Flannery, "pay for them an' take them, or don't pay for them an' leave them be. Rules is rules, Mister Morehouse."

"But you stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, shaking a printed book beneath the agent's nose. "Can't you read it here? "Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if properly boxed, twenty-five cents each!" He threw the book on the counter. "What more do you want? Aren't they pets? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they properly boxed? What?"

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

"Here's the rule for it. "When the agent be in any doubt regarding which of two rates applies to the shipment, he shall charge the larger. The consignee may file a claim for the overcharge." In this case, Mr. Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets them animals may be, an' domestic they be, but pigs I am sure they are, an' the rules says as plain as the nose on your face, 'Pigs, Franklin to Westcote, thirty cents each'. By my arithmetical knowledge two times thirty comes to sixty cents."

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely. "Nonsense!" he shouted, "nonsense, I tell you! That rule means common pigs, not guinea-pigs!"

Flannery was stubborn.

"Pigs is pigs," he declared firmly. "Guinea-pigs, or Dutch pigs, or Irish pigs is all the same to the Interurban Express Company. The nationality of the pig creates no differentially in the rate."

Mr. Morehouse hesitated. He bit his lip and then flung his arms wildly.

"Very well!" he shouted, "You shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it. Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents, but if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed, I will have the law on you!"

He turned and walked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the box from the counter and placed it in the corner. He was not worried. He felt the peace that comes to a faithful servant who has done his duty and done it well.

Mr. Morehouse went home raging. He stormed into the house. "Where's the ink?" he shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the threshold. When the

ink was found Mr. Morehouse wrote rapidly and completed the letter with a triumphant smile.

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a long official envelope with the card of the Interurban Express Company in the upper left corner. He tore it open eagerly and drew out a sheet of paper. At the top it bore the number A 6754. The letter was short. "Subject — Rate on guinea-pigs," it said. "Dear Sir — We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea-pigs between 'Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of the company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department, he wrote six pages of choice sarcasm and argument, and sent them to the Claims Department.

A few weeks later he received a reply from the Claims Department. Attached to it was his last letter.

"Dear Sir," said the reply. "Your letter of the 16th inst. addressed to this Department, subject rate on guinea-pigs from Franklin to Westcote, rec'd. We have taken up the matter with our agent at Westcote. He informs us that you refused to receive the consignment or to pay the charges. You have therefore no claim against this company, and your letter should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department, quoting a page or two from the encyclopaedia to prove that guinea-pigs were not common pigs.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on the desk and yawned. He looked through the letter carelessly. "Miss Kane," he said to his stenographer, "take this letter. 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Why consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates.' Add this to the letter: 'Give condition of consignment at present!' The guinea-pigs are probably starved to death by this time."

When Mike Flannery received the letter he scratched his head.

"Give present condition," he repeated thoughtfully. "Now what do them clerks be wanting to know, I wonder! Them pigs be in good health, so far as I know, but I never was no veterinary surgeon. Maybe them clerks want me to call in the pig doctor and have their pulses taken. One thing I do know, which is they have glorious appytites

for pigs of their size. If the pig ate as hearty as these pigs do, there would be a famine in Ireland."

To assure himself that his report would be up-to-date, Flannery went over to the rear of the office and looked into the cage. The pigs had been transferred to a larger box — a dry goods box.

"One, - two, - three, - four, - five, - six, - seven, - eight!" he counted. "Seven spotted and one all black. All well an' hearty and all eating like hippopottymusses." He went back to the desk and wrote.

"Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department. Why do I say pigs is pigs because they is and you know it as well as I do. As to health they are all well and hoping you are the same. They are eight now the family increased. P.S. I paid out so far two dollars for cabbage which they like shall I put in bill for same. What?"

Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, when he received this letter, laughed. He read it again and became serious. When he consulted the president of the Interurban Express Company, the latter was inclined to treat the matter lightly.

"What is the rate on pigs and on pets?" he asked.

"Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five," said Morgan.

"Then of course guinea-pigs are pigs," said the president.

"Yes," agreed Morgan, ‘I, too, look at it that way. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally due to be classed as the higher. But are guinea-pigs, pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," said the president. "I believe they are more like rabbits. I’ll ask Professor Gordon. He is an authority on such things. Leave the papers with me."

Long before Professor Gordon answered the president’s letter Morgan received one from Flannery.

"What about them pigs,’ it said, "what shall I do they are great in family life, there are thirty-two now shall I sell them do you take this express office for a menagerie, answer quick."

Morgan reached for a telegram blank and wrote:

"Agent, Westcote. Don’t sell pigs."

Flannery, telegram in hand, looked at the pigs and sighed. The dry goods box cage had become too small. He boarded up twenty feet of the rear of the Express Office to make a large and airy home for them.

Some months later, in desperation, he seized a sheet of paper and wrote "160" across it and mailed it to Morgan. Morgan returned it asking for explanation. Flannery replied:

"There be now one hundred sixty of them pigs, for heaven's sake let me sell off some, do you want me to go crazy, what?" "Sell no pigs," Morgan wired.

Not long after this the president of the Express Company received a letter from Professor Gordon. It was a long and scholarly letter but the point was that the guinea-pig was the *Cavia aparoca* while the common pig was-the genus *Sus*[11] of the family *Suidae.* He remarked that they multiplied rapidly.

"They are not pigs," said the president, decidedly, to Morgan. "The twenty-five cent rate applies."

Morgan made the proper notation on the papers that had accumulated in File A 6754 and turned them over to the Audit Department. The Audit Department took some time to look the matter up, and after the usual delay wrote to Flannery that as he had on hand one hundred and sixty guinea-pigs, the property of consignee, he should deliver them and collect money at the rate of twenty-five cents each.

Flannery spent a day counting the guinea-pigs.

"Audit Dept." he wrote, when he had finished to count, "there may be was one hundred and sixty pigs once, but I've got eight hundred now shall I collect for eight hundred or what?"

At the time the letter reached the Audit Department Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the extreme front of the office. The pigs had all the rest of the room and two boys were employed constantly attending to them. By the time the Audit Department gave him authority to collect for eight hundred Flannery was hastily building galleries around the office, tier above tier. He had four thousand and sixty-four guinea-pigs to care for. More were arriving daily.

The Audit Department sent another letter:

"Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea-pigs fifty cents. Deliver to consignee."

Flannery read the letter and cheered up. He wrote out a bill as rapidly as his pencil could travel over paper and ran all the way to the Morehouse home. At the gate he stopped. A sign on the porch said, "To Let." Mr. Morehouse had moved! Flannery ran all the way back to the Express Office. Sixty-nine guinea-pigs had been born during his absence. He wrote a telegram to the Audit Department.

"Can't collect fifty cents for two guinea-pigs consignee has left town address unknown what shall I do? Flannery."

The telegram was handed to one of the clerks in the Audit Department, and as he read it he laughed.

"Flannery must be crazy. He ought to know that the thing to do is to return the consignment here." He telegraphed Flannery to send the pigs to the main office of the company at Franklin.

When Flannery received the telegram he set to work. The six boys he had engaged to help him also set to work. They worked with the haste of desperate men, making cages out of soap boxes, cracker boxes and all kinds of boxes, and filling them with the pigs they sent them to Franklin.

"Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full," came a telegram to Flannery. He stopped packing only long enough to wire back, "Can't stop," and kept on sending them. On the next train up from Franklin came one of the company's inspectors. He had instructions to stop the stream of pigs at all costs. When he reached the Express Office he saw six boys carrying baskets full of pigs from the office and dumping them into a wagon which was to take them to the station. Inside the office Flannery was shovelling guinea-pigs into baskets with a coal scoop. He was winding up the guinea-pig episode.

He paused long enough to let one of the boys put an empty basket in the place of the one he had just filled. There were only a few guinea-pigs left. As he noted their limited number his natural habit of looking on the bright side returned.

"Well, anyhow," he said cheerfully," ‘tis not so bad as it might have been. What if them pigs had been elephants!"

**Notes**

1. Pigs is pigs ***(incorr.)*** **—** pigs are pigs. The reader will find many grammar irregularities and phonetic distortions in the speech of Mike Flannery. He uses **be** instead of **is**, **am**, **are**; them instead of they, the; chops the ending in and. The author spells the words the way Flannery pronounces them: appytites (for -appetites), hippopottymusses (for - hippopotamuses), etc.

2. Interurban Express Company – name of a company engaged in transporting goods from town to town.

3. Express Office – an office of the Express Company. We are in receipt – the form of a written acknowledgement of having received something.

4. Claims Department – a department that considers clients’ complains.

5. The 16th inst. – (used in commercial correspondence) the 16th of the present month.

6. Rec’d (also “reed”) – received.

7. Take this letter – *here* write this letters while I dictate it.

8. N. J. – New Jersey – a state in the U.S.A.

9. Come to think of it – I rather think.

10. Cavia aparoca, genus Sus, Suidae *(Lot.)* – classification of the guinea-pig ad the common pig.

11. Audit Department – a department engaged in examining and verifying financial accounts.

12. He was winding up the guinea-pig episode – he was putting an end to the guinea-pig episode.

**Active words and word combinations**

| | |
|---|---|
| pet | to reach (for) |
| domestic | charge n, v |
| properly | claim |

overcharge
to be in doubt
to offer
to harm
carefully, carelessly
to lift
to place
the point was that…
to look something up
to have something on hand
to deliver
to do one's duty
to rage
to complete
to tear
eagerly
to take up the matter
to refuse
to attach
to starve
to be up to date
to consult
to treat
to seize
to collect
to attend (to)
to engage
to set to work
at all costs

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

guinea-pig, lettuce, consignee, arithmetical, nationality, triumphant, receipt, encyclopaedia, surgeon, naturally, tier.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. What was the cause of the long and heated argument that took place in the Express Company office one day?
2. How did Mr. Morehouse and Mike Flannery understand and interpret what was in the book about the rates on pigs?
3. Why did Mr. Morehouse threaten he would have the law on Mike Flannery?
4. Why did Mike Flannery feel that he had done his duty well? Why did the Interurban Express Company suggest that Mr. Morehouse should apply to the Claims Department?

5. What answer did Mr. Morehouse receive from the Claims Department?
6. What department did he apply to next and why?
7. In what condition were the pigs when Flannery received Mr. Morgan's letter?
8. What made Mr. Morgan laugh when he received Flannery's letter?
9. Why was the president of the Interurban Express Company inclined to consider guinea-pigs as common pigs?
10. What did Flannery's second letter to Mr. Morgan say and why did he ask the head of the Tariff Department to answer quickly?
11. Why wasn't professor Gordon's letter of any use?
12. What was the advice Mike Flannery received from the Audit Department?
13. What did the Express Office look like in the meantime?
14. What letter from the Audit Department made Flannery cheer up?
15. What prevented Flannery from collecting money from Mr. Morehouse?
16. What helped Flannery to get rid of the pigs finally?
17. With what instructions was an inspector sent to Westcote?
18. How did Flannery console himself when the last pigs were leaving the Express Office?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Guinea-pigs are common pigs, aren't they?
2. The president of the Interurban Express Company was sure that guinea-pigs were common pigs, wasn't he?
3. Mike Flannery's arithmetical knowledge was very poor, wasn't it?
4. Mr. Morehouse was ready to pay the 5 extra cents for a pig, wasn't he?
5. Mr. Morehouse came home in the best of moods and set to work, didn't he?
6. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Interurban Express Company, shouldn't they?
7. The head of the Tariff Department read Mr. Morehouse's letter carefully, didn't he?
8. By that time the guinea-pigs were starved to death, weren't they?

9. All of them still occupied the soap box and Flannery occupied the larger part of his office, didn't they?
10. On receiving the letter asking him to return the consignment to the main office of the company, Flannery set to work alone, didn't he?
11. It was lucky that the guinea-pigs were not elephants, wasn't it?

**IV. Brush up your grammar**

1. What would have happened if Mr. Morehouse had paid 30 cents for a pig?
2. What would have happened if Flannery had been less stubborn?
3. What would have happened if the heads of different departments had been more careful and serious?
4. What would have happened if Mike Flannery hadn't taken proper care of the pigs?
5. What would have happened if one of the clerks in the Audit Department hadn't given Flannery a good piece of advice?

**V. Make up questions on the model of ex. 4. Use the following words and word combinations**

| | |
|---|---|
| to tremble with rage | to set to work |
| to have something on hand | to be in doubt |
| to pay (for) | to take up the matter |
| at all costs | to look something up |
| to reach (for) | the rate on something |
| | be an authority (on) |

**VI. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words in bold type in situations of your own**

1. What pets do people keep at home? Have you a **pet**? Is a pet always a domestic animal or do you know of wild animals being kept as **pets**?

2. When must goods be **properly** boxed and packed? What goods in particular must be **properly** packed?

3. How much do they **charge for** mending a pair of shoes; for repairing a radio-set; a watch; for putting up a TV aerial on the roof of the house? What do you say if you have been asked too high a price for something?

4. What will you **offer** people if they drop in on you at tea-time?

5. Does dampness **harm** paintings? Does too much sunlight **harm** plants? Is smoking **harmful** or harmless to health? What climate **does harm** to the health of people?

6. How many persons can an elevator **lift**?

7. How often do you **tear off** a leaf from the calendar?

8. When do you have **to refuse** an offer; to take part in an outing; to go to the theatre; to accept an invitation?

9. What does **carelessness** on the part of a driver lead to?

10. What labels **are attached** to your luggage when you travel by air? To which of your relatives **are** you **attached** most?

11. When do you **consult** a dictionary (a doctor, your watch, a map, your friend)?

12. Would you rely on a person who **treats** matters too lightly? What doctor treats animals? Who (a dentis, a surgeon, a physician) treats you for: a toothache, pneumonia, appendicitis?

13. When is it necessary **to look up** a word in the dictionary, **to look up** a telephone number in the telephone directly?

14. Who **delivers** letters and papers? Who will **deliver** a course of lectures on modern literature next term?

15. Do you **collect** stamps? What else do people **collect?**

16. At what age is it obligatory to start **attending** school?

17. What do you do when you **are in doubt** about the meaning of a word?

**VII. Paraphrase, using the vocabulary of the text**

1. Flannery **stretched out his hand to take** the book.
2. When the agent **is not certain** regarding the price he should ask for a higher price.
3. Flannery lifted the box from the counter **with great care** and **put** it in the corner.
4. Mr. Morehouse went home **furious.**
5. Mr. Morehouse **finished** the letter with a triumphant smile.
6. He tore open the envelope **with eagerness** and drew out a sheet of paper.
7. All your **complains of** overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department.
8. "The guinea-pigs," said Mr. Morgan, "**have died of hunger** by this time."
9. Mr. Morgan **regarded** the matter as a trifle.
10. Some months later **in a state of despair** Flannery **suddenly took** a sheet of paper and wrote "160" across it.
11. The Audit Department wrote to Flannery that he **should get** the money at the rate of 25 cents for a pig.

**VIII. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own**

братися за роботу
у межах досяжності
ретельно
бути зайнятим
виконувати обов'язок
порадитися
бути фахівцем в галузі
за будь-яких умов
спричинити шкоду
пропонувати
завершувати
знайти у довіднику
ставитися до когось

**IX. Choose the appropriate word from those given in brackets**

1. Our train will (reach for, reach) the station at midnight.
2. The boy put out his hand and (reached for, reached) the flower in the lake.
3. I have (offered, suggested) you 50 cents.
4. The man (offered, suggested) to deliver this important telegram without delay.
5. He (offered, suggested) that we should consult an authority on minerals.
6. I suggest that you should (advice, consult) your dentist.
7. "Go to the consignee and (collect, select) money at the rate of twenty-five cents for a guinea-pig," the letter said.
8. I can (collect, select) you at your office in my car.
9. In this laboratory they (collect, select) the best plants and send them to hothouses.

**X. Change into the Passive**

1. The consignee will file a claim for the overcharge.
2. He completed the letter in time.
3. You should address all your claims to the Claims Department.
4. Mr. Morgan consulted the president of the Company.
5. He should deliver the pigs and collect the money.
6. We have taken up the matter with one of our agents at Westcote.

**XI. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Mike Flannery;
- Mr. Morehouse;
- Professor Gordon;
- Head of Tariff Department;
- Head of Audit Department.

**XII. a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XIII. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XIV. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XV. Topics for oral or written work**

1. The best way of settling arguments.
2. Reasonable way of following instructions.

The motto of a good company is "The client is always right".

## A. Conan Doyle. The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier

I find from my notebook that it was in January, 1903, just after the conclusion of the Boer War[1], that I had my visit from Mr. James M. Dodd. Mr. James M. Dodd seemed somewhat at a loss how to begin the interview.

"From South Africa, sir, I see."

"Yes, sir," he answered, with some surprise.

"Imperial Yeomanry[2], I think."

"That is so. Mr. Holmes, you are a wizard."

I smiled at his surprise.

"When a gentleman enters my room with such a tan upon his face as an English sun could never give, and with his handkerchief in his sleeve instead of in his pocket, it is not difficult to place him. You wear a short beard, which shows that you were not a regular."

"You see everything."

"I see no more than you, but I have trained myself to notice what I see. What has been happening at Tuxbury Old Park?"

"Mr. Holmes—!"

"My dear sir, there is no mystery. Your letter came with that heading, and it was clear that something sudden and important had occurred."

"Yes, indeed, I will give you the facts, and I hope that you will be able to tell me what they mean," said my client.

"When I joined up in January, 1901 —just two years ago — young Godfrey Emsworth had joined the same squadron. He was Colonel Emsworth's only son. There was not a finer lad in the regiment. We formed a friendship — the sort of friendship which can only be made when one lives the same life and shares the same joys and sorrows. Then he was wounded outside Pretoria. I got one letter from the hospital at Cape Town and one from Southampton. Since then not a word — not one word, Mr. Holmes, for six months and more, and he my best friend".

"Well, when the war was over, and we all got back, I wrote to his father and asked where Godfrey was. No answer. I waited a bit and then I wrote again. This time I had a short reply. Godfrey had gone on a voyage round the world, and it was not likely that he would be back for a year. That was all.

"I wasn't satisfied, Mr. Holmes. The whole thing seemed to me so unnatural. He was a good lad, and he would not drop a friend like that. It was not like him. Then, again, I happened to know that he was heir to a lot of money, and also that his father and he were not on very good terms. No, I wasn't satisfied, and I determined that I would get to the root of the matter.

"My first move was to get down to his home, Tuxbury Old Park. I wrote to the mother: Godfrey was my chum, I had a great deal to tell her of our common experiences, I should be in the neighbourhood, would there be any objection, et cetera? In reply I got an invitation to come to Tuxbury Old Park. That was what took me down on Monday.

"Tuxbury Old Hall is five miles from anywhere. It was nearly dark before I arrived. It is a big house standing in a considerable park. Inside it was all panelling and

tapestry and old pictures, a house of shadows and mystery. There was a butler, old Ralph, who seemed about the same age as the house, and there was his wife, who might have been older. The mother I liked — a gentle little woman. It was only the Colonel himself whom I could not bear.

He tried to make himself unpleasant from the very beginning and I should have walked back to the station if I had not felt that it might be playing his game for me to do so. I was shown straight into his study.

"Well, sir," said he, "I should be interested to know the real reasons for this visit".

"I was fond of your son Godfrey, sir. Many ties and memories united us. Is it not natural that I should wonder at his sudden silence and should wish to know what has become of him?"

"I remember, sir, that I had already corresponded with you and had told you what had become of him. He has gone upon a voyage round the world".

"Perhaps you would have the goodness to let me have the name of the steamer by which he sailed, together with the date. I have no doubt that I should be able to get a letter through to him".

My request seemed to irritate my host. "Mr. Dodd", said he, "Every family has its own inner knowledge and its own motives, which cannot always be made clear to outsiders. My wife is anxious to hear something of Godfrey’s past but I would ask you to let the present and the future alone".

"So I came to a dead end, Mr. Holmes. It was a dull evening. As soon as I could I made an excuse and went to my bedroom. It was a large room on the ground floor, as gloomy as the rest of the house. Then I sat down with the lamp on a table beside me, and tried to read. I was interrupted, however, by Ralph, the old butler.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but I could not help hearing what you said of young Master Godfrey at dinner. You know, sir, that my wife nursed him. It’s natural we should take an interest. You say he was a gallant soldier, sir?"

"There was no braver man in the regiment".

"Yes, sir, yes, that is Master Godfrey all over," said the old butler. He was always courageous. There's not a tree in the park, sir, that he has not climbed. He was a fine boy — and oh, sir, he was a fine man".

I sprang to my feet.

"Look here!" I cried. "You say he was. You speak as if he were dead. What is all this mystery? What has become of Godfrey Emsworth?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir. Ask the master about Master Godfrey. He knows".

"Listen," I said. "You are going to answer one question before you leave if I have to keep you here all night. Is Godfrey dead?"

The answer when it came was a terrible and unexpected one.

"I wish to God he was!" he cried, and rushed from the room.

I returned to my chair in no very happy state of mind. The old man's words seemed to me to mean only one thing. Clearly my poor friend had become involved in something terrible which touched the family honor. I was thinking about it when I looked up, and there was Godfrey Emsworth standing before me.

He was outside the window, Mr. Holmes, with his face pressed against the glass. It was his face which held my gaze. He was deadly pale — never have I seen a man so white. He sprang back when he saw that I was looking at him, and he vanished into the darkness.

Godfrey had hardly vanished before I was at the window. I jumped through and ran down the garden path.

It was a long path and the light was not very good. I ran on and called his name, but it was no use. When I got to the end of the path there were several others branching in different directions. I stood hesitating, and as I did so I heard distinctly the sound of a closing door. It was not behind me in the house, but ahead of me, somewhere in the darkness. That was enough, Mr. Holmes, to assure me that what I had seen was not a vision.

There was nothing more I could do, and I spent an uneasy night turning the matter over in my mind. I was already perfectly convinced that Godfrey was in hiding

somewhere near, but where and why remained to be solved. The door which I had heard close was certainly not in the house. I must explore the garden and see what I could find.

At the end of the garden there was a building of some size — large enough for a gardener's house. Could this be the place from where the sound of that shutting door had come? I approached it in a careless fashion as though I were strolling aimlessly. As I did so, a small bearded man in a black coat and hat — not at all the gardener type — came out of the door. To my surprise, he locked it after him and put the key in his pocket. Then he looked at me with some surprise on his face.

"Are you a visitor here?" he asked.

I explained that I was and that I was a friend of Godfrey's. "What a pity, that he should be away on his travels, for he would have liked to see me," I continued.

"Quite so. Exactly", said he with a rather guilty air. He passed on, but when I turned I observed that he was standing watching me, half-concealed by the laurels at the far end of the garden.

I strolled back to the house and waited for night. When all was dark and quiet I slipped out of my window and made my way as silently as possible to the mysterious building.

Some light, however, was breaking through one of the windows, so I concentrated my attention upon this. I was in luck, for the curtain had not been quite drawn so that I could see the inside of the room. Opposite to me was seated the little man whom I had seen in the morning. He was smoking a pipe and reading a paper.

A second man was seated with his back to the window, and I could swear that this second man was Godfrey. I was hesitating as to what I should do when there was a sharp tap on my shoulder, and there was Colonel Emsworth beside me.

"This way, sir!" said he in a low voice. He walked in silence to the house, and I followed him into my own bedroom. He had picked up a time-table in the hall.

"There is a train to London at 8.30", said he. He was white with rage.

"You were here as a guest and you have become a spy. I have nothing more to say, sir, save that I have no wish ever to see you again".

He turned upon his heel and walked out of the room. I took the appointed train in the morning, with the full intention of coming straight to you and asking for your advice and assistance."

"The servants," I asked; "how many were there in the house?"

"There were only the old butler and his wife."

"Had you any indication that food was brought from the one house to the other?"

"I did see old Ralph carrying a basket down the garden walk and going in the direction of this house. The idea of food did not occur to me at the moment."

"The matter should certainly be inquired into. I will go back with you to Tuxbury Old Park."

In company with Mr. James M. Dodd we drove to Euston. On our way we picked up a grave gentleman.

"This is an old friend," said I to Dodd. "It is possible that his presence may be entirely unnecessary, and, on the other hand, it may be essential. It is not necessary at the present stage to go further into the matter."

Dodd seemed surprised, but nothing more was said. In the train I asked Dodd one more question which I wished our companion to hear.

"You say that you saw your friend's face quite clearly at the window, and you say he was changed."

"Only in colour. His face was — how shall I describe it? — it was of a fish-belly whiteness. It was bleached."

"Was it equally pale all over?"

"I think not."

When we arrived at the strange old house which my client had described, it was Ralph, the elderly butler, who opened the door. Ralph was in the conventional costume of black coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, with only one curious variant. He wore brown leather gloves, which at sight of us he instantly took off, and put down on the hall-table as we passed in. A faint scent was apparent. It seemed to centre on the hall-table. I turned, placed my hat there, knocked it off, stooped to pick it up, and

managed to bring my nose within a foot of the gloves. Yes, it was undoubtedly from them that the curious scent was coming.

Colonel Emsworth was not in his room, but he came quickly enough on receipt of Ralph's message.

"You infernal busybody," he roared. "Never dare to show your damned face here again. If you enter again I'll shoot you, sir! By God, I will!"

"I cannot leave here," said my client firmly, "until I hear from Godfrey's own lips that he is free."

The Colonel rang the bell.

"Ralph," he said, "telephone down to the county police and ask the inspector to send up two constables. Tell him there are burglars in the house."

"Nothing of the sort," I said, putting my back to the door. "Any police interference would bring about the very catastrophe which you dread." I took out my notebook and wrote one word. "That," said I as I handed it to Colonel Emsworth, "is what has brought us here."

He stared at the writing with a face from which every expression save amazement had vanished. Then he made a gesture of resignation.

"Well, if you wish to see Godfrey, you shall. Ralph, tell Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Kent that in five minutes we shall be with them."

We passed down the garden path and found ourselves in front of the mystery house.

He led us into a large, plainly furnished room. A man was standing with his back to the fire; and at the sight of him my client sprang forward with outstretched hand.

"Why, Godfrey, old man, this is fine!"

But the other waved him back. "Don't touch me, Jimmie. Keep away."

His appearance was extraordinary. One could see that he had indeed been a handsome man sunburned by an African sun, but over this darker surface were curious whitish patches which had bleached his skin.

"But what in heaven's name is the matter?"

"Well, it's not a long story to tell," said he. "You remember that morning fight outside Pretoria. You heard I was hit?"

"Yes, I heard that, but I never got particulars."

"I got a bullet through my shoulder. I stuck on to my horse, however, and he galloped several miles before I fainted and rolled off the saddle.

"When I came to myself it was night and I raised myself up, feeling very weak and ill. To my surprise there was a house close beside me. It was deadly cold. I staggered to my feet hardly conscious of what I did. I have a dim memory of slowly going up the steps, entering a wide-opened door, passing into a large room which contained several beds, and throwing myself down upon one of them. In a moment I was in a deep sleep.

It was morning when I wakened, and it seemed to me that I had come into some extraordinary nightmare. In front of me was standing a small, dwarf-like man with a huge head, who was talking excitedly in Dutch, waving two horrible hands which looked to me like brown sponges. Behind him stood a group of people. I grew cold as I looked at them. Not one of them was a normal human being. Every one was twisted or swollen or disfigured in some strange way.

It seemed that none of them could speak English. The creature with the big head was growing angry, and was dragging me out of bed. The little monster was as strong as a bull, and I don't know what he might have done to me had not an elderly man been attracted to the room by the noise. He said a few stern words in Dutch. Then he looked at me in the utmost amazement.

"How in the world did you come here?" he asked. "Wait a bit! I see that you are tired out and that wounded shoulder of yours wants looking after. I am a doctor. But, my God! You are in far greater danger here than ever you were on the battlefield. You are in the Leper Hospital, and you have slept in a leper's bed".

The doctor treated me kindly, and within a week or so I was removed to the general hospital at Pretoria.

So there you have my tragedy. It was not until I had reached home that the terrible signs which you see upon my face told me that I had not escaped. What was I to do? I was in this lonely house. We had two servants whom we could utterly trust. There was a house where I could live. Mr. Kent, who is a surgeon, was prepared to stay with

me. It seemed simple enough. The alternative was a dreadful one — segregation for life with never a hope of release. Even you, Jimmie — even you had to be kept in the dark. Why my father has relented I cannot imagine."

Colonel Emsworth pointed to me.

"This is the gentleman who forced my hand." He unfolded the scrap of paper on which I had written the word "Leprosy." "It seemed to me that if he knew so much it was safer that he should know all."

"I have no doubt, sir, that you are fully competent," said I addressing Mr. Kent, "but I am sure that you will agree that in such a case a second opinion is valuable. You have avoided this, I understand, for fear that you should be forced to segregate the patient."

"That is so," said Colonel Emsworth.

"I foresaw this situation," I explained, "and I have brought with me a friend whose discretion may absolutely be trusted. He is ready to advise as a friend rather than as a specialist. His name is Sir James Saunders. He would be glad to examine your son. Meanwhile, Colonel Emsworth, we may perhaps go to your study, where I could give the necessary explanations."

I gave my process of thought to my small audience, which included Godfrey's mother, in the study of Colonel Emsworth.

"As it was first presented to me, there were three possible explanations of this gentleman in an outhouse. There was the explanation that he was in hiding for a ***crime,*** or that he was mad and that they wished to avoid an asylum, or that he had some disease which caused his segregation.

"No unsolved crime had been reported from that district. I was sure of that. If it were some crime not yet discovered, then clearly the family would try to send him abroad rather than keep him concealed at home.

Insanity was more probable. The presence of the second person in the house suggested a keeper. The fact that he locked the door when he came out strengthened the supposition. But it is not illegal to keep a lunatic in a private house so long as

there is a qualified person to look after him. Why, then, all this desperate desire for secrecy?

There remained the third possibility, into which, rare and unlikely as it was, everything seemed to fit. Leprosy is not uncommon in South Africa. By some extraordinary chance this youth might have got it. His people would be placed in a very dreadful position, since they would desire to save him from segregation. Great secrecy would be needed to prevent rumours from getting about. Bleaching of the skin is a common result of the disease. The case was a strong one—so strong that I determined to act as if it were actually proved. When on arriving here I noticed that Ralph, who carries out the meals, had gloves which smelled of disinfectants, my last doubts were removed."

I was finishing this little analysis of the case when the door was opened and the great dermatologist came in. He strode up to Colonel Emsworth and shook him by the hand.

"It is often my lot to bring bad news and seldom good," said he. "This occasion is the more welcome. It is not leprosy."

"What?"

"A well-marked case of pseudo-leprosy obstinate, but possibly curable, and certainly noninfective. Yes, Mr. Holmes, the coincidence is a remarkable one. But is it coincidence? Are we assured that the fear and strain may not produce a physical effect which simulates that which it fears? At any rate, I pledge my professional reputation — But the lady has fainted! I think that Mr. Kent had better be with her until she recovers from this joyous shock."

## Notes

1. Boer War (1899—1902)—in this war Britain defeated the two Boer republics—Transvaal and the Orange Free State and made them provinces of her dominion — the Union of South Africa.
2. Imperial Yeomanry—a British volunteer cavalry force that later became part of the territorial force (sometimes called "Home Reserves").

3. With his handkerchief in his sleeve instead of in his pocket — soldiers of that time carried their handkerchiefs in their sleeves.

4. Your letter came with that heading — in the right hand top corner there is usually written the address of the person who is sending the letter. Sometimes people order paper with their address already printed there.

5. Pretoria — a town, before the Boer War the capital of Transvaal.

6. Cape Town — a town in the Republic of South Africa. .

7. Southampton — a town and seaport in England.

8. Ground floor (Eng.) —first floor (Am.).

9. Master (Godfrey) — a boy of some social position who is too young to be called "Mister," has "Master" before his name, and Ralph still calls him that.

10. Gallant — here brave.

**Active words and word combinations**

tan (tanned, sunburnt)
to join (the army)
to share
to be fond (of)
wound v, n
outside (some place, town)
to go on a voyage
it is (was) not like him
to be on ... terms
move n,v
let me have
doubt
to irritate
anxious (to do something)
to let alone
dull
the rest (of)
to slip
curtain
to draw the curtain
opposite (to)
with one's back (to)
to tap
this way
to pick up
on the one hand, on the other hand
to take off
faint adj, v
burglar
to stare
to touch
to come (to)
to be conscious (of)
to go up the steps

to interrupt
could not help (doing something)
to press (against)
path
to hesitate
ahead (of)
to be convinced (of), to convince
to swell
disfigured
to drag
lonely
to avoid
rather than

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the Following words

beard, hair, doubt, to climb, path, branch, burglar, bullet, conscious, disease, sponge, bull, surgeon, audience, asylum.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. What did Sherlock Holmes guess about his visitor and how did he manage to do so?
2. What did Mr. Dodd tell Sherlock Holmes about his friend Godfrey?
3. What happened when the war was over?
4. Why wasn't Mr. Dodd satisfied with the Colonel's answer?
5. How did Mr. Dodd arrange to stay at Tuxbury Old Hall?
6. What can you say about Tuxbury Old Hall and its servants?
7. What did the butler tell Dodd about Godfrey, and what words surprised Dodd?
8. What did Dodd see when he looked up after his conversation with the butler?
9. What happened when Dodd saw Godfrey outside the window?
10. What did Dodd decide to do the next day?
11. Why did Dodd determined to explore the garden, and what did he find there?
12. What was suspicious about the behaviour of the small bearded man?
13. What was Dodd doing at night, and what did he discover?

14. What happened when Dodd was standing near the mysterious building?

15. What questions did Sherlock Holmes ask his visitor after listening to his story, and what answers did he get?

16. What struck Sherlock Holmes when he saw Ralph?

17. How did the Colonel receive his visitors?

18. What happened when Godfrey was wounded?

19. What did Godfrey see when he woke up?

20. What possible explanations did Sherlock Holmes think of? a) the first, b) the second, c) the third.

21. How did Sir James Saunders diagnose Godfrey's disease?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Dodd's face was white, wasn't it?
2. Dodd kept his handkerchief in his pocket, didn't he?
3. Godfrey wasn't wounded, was he?
4. It was like Godfrey to drop a friend, wasn't it?
5. Godfrey wasn't heir to a lot of money, was he?
6. Godfrey's mother wasn't anxious to hear anything of Godfrey's past, was she?
7. The first evening at Tuxbury Old Hall wasn't dull, was it?
8. The house was not gloomy, was it?
9. Dodd did not hesitate at the end of the path, did he?
10. The sound of the shutting door wasn't ahead of him, was it?
11 .The old butler did not take off his leather gloves when he saw the visitors, did he?
12. The small leper did not try to drag Godfrey out of bed, did he?
13. Sir James Saunders came to advise only as a specialist, didn't he?
14. Godfrey was insane, wasn't he?

**IV. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words given in bold type in situations of your own**

1. Why **was** Dodd so much **sunburnt (tanned)?**
2. Where did the soldiers keep their **handkerchiefs?**
3. When did the two young men **share** the same joys and sorrows?
4. What happened when Godfrey **was wounded?**
5. What happened to Godfrey **outside** Pretoria?
6. Who and when told Dodd that his friend **had gone on a voyage** round the world?
7. Why did Dodd think that **it wasn't like** Godfrey to drop a friend?
8. What was Dodd's next **move** after getting the Colonel's letter?
9. What seemed **to irritate** the Colonel when he was speaking with Dodd?
10. Who **was anxious** to hear something of Godfrey's past?
11 .Why do you think the evening at Tuxbury Old Hall **was dull?**
12. How did Dodd's room resemble **the rest** of the house?
13.How **was** Dodd **interrupted** when he began reading in his bedroom?
14.Why did Dodd think his friend **was involved** in something terrible?
15.When did Dodd see his friend's face **pressed against** his window?
16.Why did Dodd **hesitate** at the end of **the path** when he was running after his friend?
17. What did Dodd hear **ahead of** him?
18. What **was** Dodd **convinced** of after the first night in Tuxbury Old Hall?
19. Why did Dodd **slip** silently out of his window the next night?
20.Why was it lucky that **the curtain** in the mysterious building was not quite drawn?
21.Who was sitting **opposite** (**to**) the window?
22.Who was sitting **with his back to** the window?
23.What was Dodd doing when someone **tapped** him on the shoulder?
24. Why did the Colonel **pick up** a time-table when he came to his room?
25. Why did Ralph **take off** his gloves when he saw the visitors?
26.What **faint** smell came from Ralph's gloves and why?
27.Why did the Colonel want to tell the police that there were **burglars** in the house?
28.Why did the Colonel **stare** at the word written by Sherlock Holmes?

29.Why did Godfrey cry to his friend not **to touch** him?

30.What happened when Godfrey **fainted** after being wounded?

31 .**Was** Godfrey **conscious** of what he was doing when he came to?

32.Why did Godfrey remember only **dimly** where he went after he **came to himself**?

33. Who tried **to drag** Godfrey out of bed and why?

34.Why was it important for Godfrey that he should live in a **lonely** house?

35.What made the Colonel **relent** and bring visitors to his son?

36. Why do you think Godfrey's doctor **agreed** that a second opinion was valuable? Do you remember any case when you **agreed** with somebody and were sorry afterwards?

37.Why did Godfrey's family and his doctor **avoid** having a second opinion? Is there anything you **avoid** doing?

38.Why did Sherlock Holmes think that **insanity** could not be the reason for all this secrecy?

39. Is it difficult **to cure an obstinate disease?**

40. Was Godfrey's illness **a coincidence** or was it caused by his fear?

41. What did Dodd do when he **got back** after the war? Why did he hesitate when he **got to** the end of the path? How long does it take you **to get** home?

**V. Brush up your grammar**

1. What did the old butler want Dodd to do?
2. What did the Colonel want Dodd to do?
3. When did Dodd feel someone touch his shoulder?
4. What did the visitors see Ralph do when he met them in the hall?
5. What did the visitors hear the Colonel say to the butler?

**VI. Make up questions on the model of ex. 5. Use the following words and word combinations**

to be on ... terms ahead (of)

go on a voyage (trip, cruise)
to be fond (of)
the rest (of)
to be involved (in)
outside (the window, door, house, town, etc.)
to press (against)
opposite (to)
to sit with one's back (to)
pick up
a train (to)
on the (one) other hand
to come to oneself
to be conscious (of)

**VII. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text**

1. Only people who come from the South **have such brown skin.**
2. Godfrey **was not a man** to drop a friend.
3. Godfrey's mother **wanted** to hear about her son's past.
4. **All the other rooms** in the house were just as gloomy.
5. When Dodd saw Godfrey in the little house, he **did not know exactly what to do.**
6. **On his way** to the bedroom the Colonel **took** a time-table in the hall.
7. Godfrey's mother **lost consciousness** when she heard the happy news.
8. There was **not a strong** smell of dry leaves.
9. The leper tried **to get** Godfrey out of bed **by force**.
10. Godfrey lived in a house **that was far from any town or village.**
11. Sherlock Holmes was sure that Godfrey **wasn't mad.**

**VIII. Paraphrase using the verb *to get.* Make up sentences of your own with *to get***

1. He **fell** ill with this disease when he was a child**.**
2. When we **came** to the end of the path the man had disappeared**.**
3. When you **come** to the end of the book, you will see that I was right**.**
4. When we **came** to the station the train had gone**.**
5. We **came** home late at night**.**

**IX. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own.**

| | |
|---|---|
| засмага (загоряти) | решта |
| поділяти (радощі, горе) | я не міг не чути |
| біля | притиснутися обличчям до скла |
| на нього це не схоже | вагатися |
| дозвольте мені про це дізнатися | попереду |
| назва корабля | я провів неспокійну ніч |
| дратувати | бути впевненим у чомусь |
| намагатися щось зробити | вислизнути |
| дати спокій | запинати завіску |
| нудний | навпроти чогось |
| перший поверх (англ.) | розпухнути |
| сюди | знівечений |
| з іншого боку | тягти |
| ще одне питання | що мені робити? |
| скинути рукавички | відлюдний, пустинний |
| слабкий (запах, звук) | полагіднішати |
| доторкнутися | розгорнути |
| знепритомніти | уникати |
| опритомніти | скоріше як друг, ніж ... |
| невиразний спогад | із здоровим глуздом |
| піднятися по сходах | упертий |
| похолодати | вилікувати |
| сидіти спиною до дверей | збіг |

**X. Choose the right word**

**a)** *owner, host (ess), master, landlord (lady)*

1. The slaves were afraid of and hated their …
2. The … of the picture refused to sell it.

3. My … seemed tired and I soon made an excuse and went away.
4. His … said that if he did not pay the rent tomorrow he would throw his things into the street.
5. Our … told us that he had caught all that fish himself.

**b)** *skilled, qualified*

1. Though he was a ... worker, he was ready to take any job so as not to starve.
2. Only a ... doctor has the right to perform an operation.
3. In the U.S.A. a Negro can be a highly ... worker but all the same he will get lower wages than the whites.
4. They required . . . nurses so badly that they themselves set up short-term courses at the hospital,

**c)** *to cure, to treat*

1. He has ... me since I was a child and I don't want to go to any other doctor.
2. After several months he was completely....
3. For a long time they … him for this disease without any result and only this new drug helped to ... him.
4. The wizard said that the people whom he touched would be ....

## XI. Change the following sentences according to the models

**Model I:**

**It happened that the first page was missing.**

**The first page happened to be missing.**

1. It happened that he knew that the rest of the papers had been sent to his old address.
2. It seemed that he doubted it.
3. It seemed that my visit irritated the old man.
4. It seemed he was anxious to forget it.
5. It happened that I noticed that he was sitting all the time with his back to the light.
6. It seemed that they hesitated.

7. It happened that he took off his gloves at that very moment.

**Model II:**

**I have never spent such a dull evening. Never have I spent such a dull evening.**

1. I shall never hesitate again.
2. You will never convince him of it.
3. I shall never make the first move myself.

## XII. Complete the following sentences

**A**

1. "You speak as if...," cried Dodd.
2. You behave as if....
3. He looks as though....
4. She hesitated as if....
5. He sat with his back to the light as if....
6. He stared at me as though....

**B**

1. I shall not let you have his address until....
2. We can't wait here until...
3. Stay here until …
4. I shall not tell you the rest of the story until ….

**C**

1. If Dodd had not felt that it would be playing the Colonel's game, he …
2. If Dodd were not so tanned and did not wear his handkerchief in his sleeve, Sherlock Holmes …. .
3. If Godfrey had not been wounded, he …
4. If the doctor had not come ….
5. If Godfrey were mad, his family …
6. If Dodd had not seen his friend's face outside the window, …

## XIII. Translate into English:

**A.** *That is (was) what (how, where, etc.)*

1. Ось що його дратувало

2. Ось що примусило його полагіднішати
3. Ось що переконало мене
4. Ось як він це зробив
5. Ось що привернуло увагу
6. Ось де він помилився
7. Ось чому вони посварилися

**B.** *to have to*

1. Вам доведеться сидіти навпроти дверей.
2. Вам доведеться зачекати усіх інших студентів.
3. Я закінчу цю статтю, навіть якщо мені доведеться працювати день і ніч
4. Вам доведеться жити тут.
5. Йому доведеться скинути цю теплу шапку.

**XIV. Speak on the life and creative activities of Arthur Conan Doyle.**

**XV. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- James M. Dodd;
- Sherlock Holmes;
- Godfrey Emsworth;
- Godfrey's father and mother;
- Dr. Kent.

**XVI. a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XVII. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XVIII. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XIX. Topics for oral or written work:**

1. A mystery that you have read about or were a witness of.
2. Your idea of a true friendship.
3. Courageous people never say die.

## N. Langley. The Return

Kirk Pomfret had gone out to South Africa from England in 1910, expecting to find the streets of Johannesburg paved with gold. There was plenty of gold, but there were also plenty of men ahead of him with the same idea, and in the end he bought, site unseen, a farm in Rhodesia. When Pomfret arrived at his farm he found it a desert of sand and stones. Five head of cattle were dying of thirst round the back door of the house.

A weaker man would have burst into tears and left, but Pomfret took off his coat, cursed the seller and began an impossible fight with the elements. He brought water from a mud puddle fifty-two miles away, saved two of the oxen and killed the rest and salted the meat for the day when empty stores would make them a delicacy; and bought a plow. The plow refused to plow natural macadam. Pomfret spent six of the worst months of the year breaking the surface of the land with an axe, existing on salt beef and brackish water, until an unexpected cloud appeared from nowhere, drenched him and his lands and sent him down with a bad fever which left him weak, but still breathing. It was then he decided that he was dealing with a two-men job, and that a windmill would save a hundred-mile trip twice a week for water. So he went to Johannesburg. He got his windmill through a brazen flirtation with the wife of an ironmonger on a system of easy payments that staggered even the ironmonger himself.

Then he met Kennedy outside the railway station, on his way to catch the train. The windmill transaction had put him into excellent spirits. Kennedy looked broke, ill and hungry, and so he took him into a pub and filled him with whisky and cheese biscuits.

Then he said suddenly, "If you don't mind God's worst job, I'm looking for a partner to help run my farm".

Kennedy grinned.

"I look as if I've got the capital for a partnership, don't I?" he inquired.

"Are you fairly strong?"

"I used to think so."

"Particular about meals?"

"I've forgotten."

"Take what comes?"

"Yes."

"Right," said Pomfret. "You've got all you need. My name's Kirk Pomfret, and my train leaves in a couple of minutes. If you want a job, I'll pay your fare." Kennedy eyed him for a moment without speaking. "Where's the catch?" he asked at last.

"The catch is the farm. You may roll over and die when you see what's to be done. I've been up there eight months and I need someone to help carry on or I'll go out like a light before next winter."

"Then you're serious?"

"Of course, I'm serious," said Pomfret with energy.

An old light came back into Kennedy's eyes. "I'm with you," he said.

Three years later they sold their first tobacco crop for a modest price, and rode in to the storekeeper's to celebrate.

"I'll admit frankly —"said M'Rorty, the storekeeper, as they sat on packing cases and drank champagne, "I'll admit frankly that it's a meeracle. I never knew when one o' your natives wasn't going to come in with the news that you'd both passed on, and expec' me to go fifty miles to bury you both. Good luck to ye, says I, for ye desairve it!"

"It's team-work," declared Pomfret. "System, M'Rorty. Science."

"Go an' boil your heid" said M'Rorty. "It's guts."

As they rode home through the newly cut fields, Kennedy said, "You're the biggest chancer I've met in twenty-seven years of bad living, Pom. Picking me up out

of the street that day," Kennedy continued thoughtfully. "I looked a thug. You took a chance there."

"Not me. I know the good stuff when I see it. Never wrong about thugs.'"

"You took a chance with the farm too."

"There," admitted Pomfret, "you've got me. I never dreamed I'd live to see the day when it brought in returns. A hundred and seventy-eight pounds, one and ninepence, and just a beginning. Another season like this and the windmill's ours.

Silently they realized they enjoyed a perfect friendship, hard-earned and firm as rock.

The next season they planted as many acres again, and with the end of the season came a drought that made the windmill useless and sent Kennedy down with fever. He came in from the fields one afternoon, sweating and tired, poured himself out a whisky and suddenly found his hands had swollen and the room was full of invisible crickets deafening him with their noise. He drank the whisky and put down the glass and went to look for Pomfret, and saw three Pomfrets sailing along about five feet off the ground. He threw his hands above his face and fell forward into the dust. A long time after, he heard Pomfret's voice again, and when he eventually opened his eyes he found himself in his bed with a mountain of heavy blankets and smelling of quinine.

"Hullo," said Pomfret pleasantly. "How do you feel?"

Kennedy made an indistinct noise.

"That's good," said Pomfret. "In case you don't know you've been there three weeks, and I know more about your private affairs than your own mother. But it's all over now. Lie still and don't try to talk and you'll be sitting up in a week and there's a holiday coming for you. A long holiday near the sea."

"Nonsense," said Kennedy. "Got to stay here."

"What for?"

"Save the crops."

"Listen," invited Pomfret. "Hear anything?"

And Kennedy heard the rain.

"That's been going on for days. And when it's finished, the tobacco'll come out of the ground. All I do is pick it and gather in the check. You're going to Port Shepstone.

There's an old pal of mine there, Charley Craddock. I've written already. When you've lived there for a month, you can come back and help."

A week and a half later Kennedy left for Port Shepstone, which was a long way south, on the Indian Ocean. He had no idea where he was going, beyond a name and address. He was relieved to find he was the only man alighting when the narrow-gauge train wheezed into the station. He stood on the platform with his suitcase in one hand and the coat thrown over his shoulder, and waited.

A soft voice beside him said, "You're Mr. Kennedy, aren't you?" He turned hastily and found himself looking into the eyes of a fair young woman, and was seized with shyness.

"Yes, I am," he said with an apologetic laugh.

"How do you do? Charley Craddock's doing some shopping. I'm Margaret Vincent, I'm governess to the two children."

"It was very good of you to meet me," said Kennedy, feeling awkward and clumsy. "Pomfret didn't tell me much about anything and I'm afraid you'll find me rather slow."

The girl laughed.

"I'm sure we won't. We've had orders to look after you very carefully."

"But I'm perfectly fit again!"

"I suppose you're tired after the journey?"

"Not a bit of it," Kennedy denied, though he could still feel his knees tremble occasionally.

They began walking down the dusty main street.

"I nearly went to Rhodesia instead of coming here," she said, after a while.

"Oh, yes?" Kennedy returned politely.

"Is it very romantic where you are?"

"No," said Kennedy, "and it's hardly the place for a woman where we are."

They arrived at a neat, japanned trap.

"Here's the carriage. Put the case under the seat and it won't be in anybody's way." She saw the effort he took to lift it, and with a quick little movement helped him. He thanked her rather shamefacedly.

"Makes you feel a bit of a fool," he apologized, "when you can't lift your own bag three feet."

"I should have remembered. Let's wait here until Charley's finished his shopping."

She shaded her eyes and gazed down the street in search of him, and Kennedy took the opportunity of studying her, and wondering if it was the strangeness of seeing women again that made her so beautiful.

"You must have been lonely up there, just the two of you?"

"Not really. Pomfret's my best friend — my only friend, actually. And we're working most of the time."

"Tobacco, isn't it?"

"Yes. Not much else'll grow where we are. You'll forgive me, but you're from England, aren't you? I mean, you've not been out here long?"

"Five years. Why? Do I still look out of my element?"

"No! You look fresh, and cool and civilized."

"Hello," said Charley Craddock, appearing like a genie from nowhere. "Margaret found you, didn't she? That's good. You're not looking too good, old boy. ...Bit yellowish, ain't he, Margaret?"

He kept up his chatter on the way to the farm, not always brilliantly, but incessantly, with the result that Kennedy felt at his ease long before he thought he would.

It was a pleasant, comfortable farm with gardens of rich colour and large shady green trees and lawns. Craddock's wife was a quiet friendly woman who looked after him so efficiently that five weeks brought his health back and restored the weight he had lost.

He saw a lot of Margaret. The children hunted alone and she found time to walk across the fields with him in the afternoons.

He fell in love with her slowly, as he did most things, but with terrific thoroughness, and was naive enough to believe that she had no way of guessing.

Once when they were climbing a fence on the way back to the farm, she caught her heel and almost fell, and for a moment Kennedy held her against him and felt her relax in his arms, but he was too afraid to kiss her. Kennedy cursed himself for a fool, and then consoled himself with the fact that he was in no position to offer a serious proposal of marriage to any woman.

Another week, however, brought his departure near enough, and for the first time he saw a kindred fear in her eyes when he spoke of it. They had been bathing, and now lay back upon blankets in the tall brown grass that lined the beach. She sat looking at him gravely, and there was no mistaking the expression in her eyes.

"Penny for your thoughts," she invited.

"This time next week," he said gloomily, "I shall be pruning tobacco leaves as far away from you as South Africa can push me."

"I'll miss you," she said softly.

"Will you? Not so much as I'll miss you."

Then, with a swiftness that surprised even himself, he held her tightly. Her arms slipped about his neck, and he forgot everything except that he loved her with a sick, burning desperation.

"I can't leave you," he said unsteadily.

"You mustn't," she answered. "I won't know what to do. I've never been in love before. I'll die if you go away."

"I won't go. I'll find something to do here. Pomfret will understand." He spoke resolutely, but he knew he wasn't the man to leave Pomfret or the farm, and that he would never forgive himself if he married a woman he couldn't support in comfort. He tried to explain some of this to her. She lay still in his arms, contemptuous of his grimly literal ethics, but her face was sweet with understanding. He was her last chance: she was twenty-seven, and spinsterhood was creeping toward her. She had had bad luck with the local men through being overconfident when she first arrived. In England they had told her that rich husbands were two a penny in South Africa.

She had been fool enough, too, to be too forward with them but they were prudes about the qualities they demanded in a wife. It had got her talked about.

And here was Kennedy all but slipping through her fingers, although he was in love with her.

Of all the women he could have chosen, she was the most thoroughly ruthless and designing.

"Ken," she whispered. "I don't know how to say it. It's the first time in my life I ever wanted to put it into words. Perhaps you'll hate me."

"Hate you? Oh, Margaret!"

"Are you sure you wouldn't, no matter what it was?"

"I swear it," he said "Tell me, sweatheart." His voice shook.

"I want to live with you, no matter where ... to be all yours . . . because no matter what the world does to us, we belong to each other."

He caught her to him fiercely. "Oh, my darling!" he said. "I'm not worthy! Not worthy!"

Concealing her irritation, she lifted his face and kissed him again with almost childlike innocence. "I'm yours," she whispered simply. "Take me, Ken, all of me, into your heart for ever."

She discovered that his eyes were filled with tears. A fierce joy swept through her, a sense of ultimate, long-awaited conquest. She had got him.

"God in heaven," said M'Rorty, "he can't bring a woman out here!"

"That's what I'd have thought," said Pomfret, "but they're married and she's coming back with him, so there it is."

Kennedy introduced Margaret to Pomfret, and believed they liked each other on sight. Pomfret took her hand warmly, but his eyes said, "I've got your number. You're a rotter." Her eyes returned: "Not enough room for both of us. You'll have to go."

She worked wonders with the house, and Kennedy never tired of singing her praises to Pomfret. Pomfret agreed cordially and treated her beautifully, but never went back on his first impression.

She broke their friendship as she had meant to do, subtly, so that Kennedy never knew and, once Pomfret was no longer dangerous, treated him pleasantly enough.

Pomfret kept to his share of the work and rode in to M'Rorty when he wanted company. Two more years went by, two more good crops made them more than comfortable, and a farm manager arrived to deal with the increasing work. He was a thin man, Calvert O'Brien by name, possessing a hard twist that made him interesting to Margaret.

M'Rorty disliked O'Brien on sight.

"He didn't ask a lot, and he knows his job," Pomfret said.

Watch her," M'Rorty advised.

"I'm watching. First signs of any monkey business and O'Brien goes quicker than he came."

But it was August, 1914, and war hit South Africa a month later.

To both Kennedy and Pomfret it was a matter of course that they should go. Kennedy spent a long time breaking it gently to Margaret, and then found she took it as much as a matter of course as he did. O'Brien argued that, as he hadn't started the war, he failed to see why he should fight in it, and they left him in charge of the farm and took the long journey to the Pretoria training camp.

Their contingent landed at Luderitz Bay on Christmas Day and was marched through forty miles of heat to find the Germans had retreated, systematically destroying railway lines and bridges. Then came forced marches, sunstroke, fever, poisoned drinking water, fleas, through barren deserts of murderous heat, with swollen tongues, and guns that were too hot to hold.

Then in May, 1917, they were pushed to Dodoma to cut off a German contingent making for Portuguese territory. They caught up with it thirty miles from the border and went into camp five miles away from it, in thick bush. Days grew into weeks, with each side waiting for the other to make the first move.

Then the stores ran out and left them with a few coffee grains and what they could kill in the way of meat. Foraging expeditions began at night, Kennedy and Pomfret led them, with silencers on their revolvers, in search of buck. Once they had just

decided to go back when a bullet hit a tree above Pomfret's head. They fell on their stomachs as five or six more followed it, and then Pomfret caught a glimpse of a hand grenade sailing toward them.

When he opened his eyes, he was conscious of pain in his hand. He tried to move, and an agonizing shock ran through his body. He raised his head and looked round for Kennedy, fearfully. He lay near by, under a tree, his face covered with blood, staring into the sun. With a sudden horror, Pomfret realized Kennedy was blind. He called his name, but Kennedy did not move.

Late that evening his own men found them and carried them back to camp. From there they were rushed to Dodoma to the dressing station , and from there to the hospital base.

Pomfret came back to life after two weeks' nursing, but Kennedy lay still and began to die. They took Pomfret in to see him and found that he reacted a little when Pomfret spoke, so Pomfret stayed by him and tried to stop him from dying. Talking of Margaret brought a sudden flicker back to Kennedy's life, so Pomfret went on talking of her endlessly till at last Kennedy's mind began to stir again and he talked of her too. He wanted her letters. There must be hundreds of letters waiting to be read to him. Pomfret assured him that there were, but that they hadn't arrived at the base yet.

"Keep him alive this week, and he'll live," the doctor said.

Pomfret stayed by his bed at night now, as well as by day, talking until his throat was sore, but Kennedy wanted his letters, and Pomfret could think of nothing to offer him instead.

Then the letter came. Pomfret tore it open violently, and the lines hit him: "I'm not a bad woman, but I'm not a good one either. It's better for you, as well as for me, that I go with Calvert. You'll get over it, and you'll know I was right. I love him and I hate Rhodesia, and I always will, I'm sorry, because you were good to me, but I didn't need goodness."

He read it to Kennedy something like this: "I'm not a bad woman, but I know, now, I'm not good enough for you. The only thing that keeps me going is the thought

that soon, now, you'll be coming back again. I can't stand the loneliness much longer without you. I need you, and I love you, Ken."

Then he wrote to Margaret and told her what he had done, and ordered her to get back to the farm and start writing to Kennedy or he'd knock her teeth out when he got back. There was no answer to it, so Pomfret wrote a few more letters himself.

They were not masterpieces of forgery, but they were good enough for Kennedy. He made Pomfret read them over again, until he knew each word by heart, and slowly and surely he began to recover. He dictated letters to Margaret which Pomfret wrote out carefully, and then guided Kennedy's hand in the signatures. Then he burned them and forged the answers.

When Kennedy was discharged from the hospital, still blind, he had twenty-four letters neatly tied together with string in his suitcase, and all he could talk about was seeing Margaret again. The doctor's final words to Pomfret were, "Don't let him fool himself. He's still a sick man. One bad shock could smash him to pieces." They boarded the boat and were two weeks reaching Durban. Each day of the fourteen Pomfret tried to find courage to tell Kennedy that his wife had left him six months ago and that his best friend had filled him with a pack of lies and each day he lost his nerve at the last moment and kept silent. Kennedy talked with growing excitement and impatience about Margaret and the farm.

They went by train to Rhodesia—three days' journey. Kennedy was like a child, radiant and expectant, counting each station.

An hour away from their station, Pomfret at last set his teeth and spoke. "Kennedy," he said in a hard toneless voice, "You've put too much faith in one person. You're expecting too much from Margaret."

There was a long silence, and Kennedy's face showed neither surprise nor offense.

"I'll tell you," he said at last, very gently. "You never really understood Margaret. She and I know each other so completely. We have that secret understanding that shuts out the rest of the world."

"Well, what I wanted to say —" said Pomfret desperately. "No, what I meant was — Kennedy, I'm sorry, but Margaret won't be at the station to meet you." And he sat back with the sweat running off his face.

"Why not?" said Kennedy.

Pomfret spoke quickly. "I should have told you something three months ago, and I didn't. This is it: That letter Margaret sent you when you were dying; she didn't write it. I did. And all the rest. You were dying, Kennedy. We had to do something to make you go on living!"

Kennedy sat with his hands resting on his knees, and his face betrayed nothing.

"You mean Margaret didn't write it at all?" he said at last, with deceptive quiet,

"No, except —"

"Except?"

"Well, there was one letter."

"Did you read it to me?"

"No."

"Why not?" And then, when there was no answer, "Why not, I said."

"She wrote and said she was going back to England; she couldn't stand the life and the loneliness."

"Back to England," said Kennedy in a low voice, and rested back against the seat. "All that time you were lying."

"You don't think I liked doing it, do you?" said Pomfret with bitterness.

"No," said Kennedy slowly. "No, I'm sure you didn't. But you don't have to go on lying now. What else was in that letter she sent me?"

Pomfret felt desperate. "That was all," he said.

A note of savage rage came into Kennedy's voice. "No, it wasn't! You hated her — you always hated her! She told me at last —just before we left — it was upsetting her so much, and I told her that it'd be all right in the end and not to worry. I'm asking for the whole truth!" Kennedy's voice shook with emotion. "I only hope I'll be able to recognize it when I get it!"

"All right," said Pomfret miserably, "I won't make things any worse. Here's the letter. You can get M'Rorty to read it to you." He pushed the letter into Kennedy's hands, and Kennedy held it for a moment, then slowly and deliberately tore it to pieces. There was a haggard look on his face now, as if all the life had gone out of it.

Pomfret, exhausted, sat silent, and the train pulled into their station. M'Rorty came along the platform, waving his hat and shouting. He and Pomfret helped Kennedy out, and then Pomfret left M'Rorty with Kennedy, shouted to the porter and began to collect their luggage, so that his back was turned for a minute or so.

When he turned round, his jaw fell open and he stood there, stupidly staring, for Kennedy had his arms around a woman; he was laughing and sobbing, and Margaret was kissing him again and again.

He was bewildered, he tried to picture the letter in his mind again, to remember the wording of it. Margaret saw him over Kennedy's shoulder, and smiled and waved to him to join them. For a moment Pomfret half turned to walk away from them, then slowly came over and lifted his hat with a weak grin.

"Hullo, Kirk!" said Margaret with superficial warmth, and she smiled oversweetly. "How wonderful to see you back again... and safe! We thought you were both dead! It was so awful, so awful!" Pomfret's eyes widened, but Margaret still kept looking straight into his face without a tremor. "I couldn't believe it when I heard you were still alive! It was like starting all over again!"

"How did you hear?" began Pomfret clumsily.

"The government sent me two telegrams. The first one was when they thought they'd never find you again. That's why I stopped writing, darling. Oh, if only I'd known! And the second telegram was to tell you were on your way home!"

Kennedy stood silent all this time, his hands locked in Margaret's keeping his back half toward Pomfret. Pomfret knew it to be the end of everything between them. Her eyes had been as cold as a snake's. He knew that she didn't care a fig for Kennedy, or his blindness, but that she was fighting a desperate fight for the only security left to her.

"You two had better go on ahead," he said at last. "I'll follow with M'Rorty."

Margaret agreed cheerfully and led Kennedy away with loving care.

"She's been back a week," M'Rorty said, even before Pomfret could ask a question, "O'Brien deserted her in Cape Town, and I had to send her her fare home. He took your money along with him." There was a pause. "What now?" he added.

"She's not likely to leave him again. Nobody'd want what's left of her. She'll look after him all right — she's not that much of a fool — and he'll be happy. She's won. When's the next train out?"

"Hour and a half."

"I'll take it," said Pomfret.

**Notes**

1. Johannesburg — a town in the republic of South Africa. There are many gold mines near it.
2. Site unseen — without seeing the place.
3. Empty stores — here: lack of food.
4. Pass on (si) — die.
5. M'Rorty mispronounces the following words:

| | |
|---|---|
| meeracle — miracle | desairve — deserve |
| o' — of | an' — and |
| expec' — expect | heid — head |
| ye — you | |

6. You've got me — here: you are right.
7. Got to stay — I have got to stay — I have to stay.
8. Port Shepstone — a town in the republic of South Africa.
9. To be fit — to be strong and well.
10. Penny for your thoughts (colloq.) — What are you thinking of?
11. All but — almost.
12. I've got your number (colloq.) — I know what kind of person you are.

13. Hard twist — here: something hard and crooked in him.

14. Pretoria — a town in the Republic of South Africa.

15. Lűderitz Bay — a bay in South-West Africa.

16. Dodoma — a town in central Tanganyika.

17. Dressing station — a station near the front line where the wounded are given first aid.

18. Durban — a town and seaport in the Union of South Africa.

19. To lose one's nerve — to lose courage.

**Active words and word combinations**

| | |
|---|---|
| to expect | mud |
| ahead (of) | the rest (of something) |
| cloud | sunstroke |
| a bad fever | *sore* |
| to be badly wounded | to get over (something) |
| to save | to recover |
| outside | to tie |
| used (to do something) | clumsy |
| fare | to look after |
| to go out (about a light) | a bit |
| modest | to lose (weight, nerve) |
| to admit | to put on weight |
| storekeeper | to guess |
| like (this) | to miss (somebody) |
| sweat v, n | irritation |
| swollen | to treat |
| blanket | to mean (to do something) |
| to have no idea | no longer |
| to be (feel) relieved | string |
| the only | to (be) upset |
| soft (ly) | to worry |
| shy (ness) | to tear |
| awkward | to care (for) |

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

biscuits, drought, sweat, quinine, beach, thoroughly, conquest, conscious, straight.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. How did Pomfret happen to buy a farm in Rhodesia?
2. What did he find on the farm?
3. Where did he get water?
4. When did he decide to get a windmill and why?
5. Where did he meet Kennedy and why did he take him into a pub?
6. What did he ask Kennedy about and what did he offer him?
7. When and how did they sell their first crop?
8. Why did Kennedy think that Pomfret was a man who had taken a chance?
9. How did Kennedy fall ill?
10. What happened when Kennedy came to himself? (Where was he, what did Pomfret tell him?)
11. What did Kennedy feel when he saw Margaret?
12. Why did Craddock chatter all the way home?
13. Why did Kennedy think that Margaret did not guess about his feelings?
14. What did Margaret feel towards Kennedy?
15. What did Pomfret think about Margaret and how did he meet her?
16. What did Margaret do when she came to their farm?
17. Why did the two friends engage Calvert O'Brien?
18. What happened when the war broke out?
19. How did the two friends happen to be wounded?

20. What happened to the two friends in the hospital?

21. What did Pomfret do to keep Kennedy alive?

22. What did Margaret write in her letter? What version did Pomfret read to his friend?

23. Why was Pomfret afraid to tell his friend the truth?

24. What did Pomfret tell his friend at last?

25. What was Kennedy's reaction and what did he do with Margaret's letter?

26. What happened at the station? (What did Margaret say to her husband?)

27. What did Pomfret think Margaret would do and why? Why did he decide to go away?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Pomfret did not expect to find the streets paved with gold, did he?
2. There weren't plenty of men ahead of him with the same idea, were there?
3. Pomfret found his farm to be a piece of good land, didn't he?
4. Pomfret did not get a windmill, did he?
5. Pomfret wasn't in good spirits when he met Kennedy, was he?
6. They did not sell their first crop for a modest price, did they?
7. M'Rorty expected the two friends to be a success, didn't he?
8. Kennedy wasn't relieved when he found he was the only man getting off the train, was he?
9. Kennedy was met by Charley Craddock, wasn't he?
10. Kennedy didn't feel shy or awkward when he met Margaret, did he?
11. There were no shady trees in Charley Craddock's garden, were there?
12. Margaret wasn't ruthless and designing, was she?
13. Pomfret didn't treat Margaret well, did he?
14. Kennedy didn't expect any letter from his wife, did he?
15. Kennedy kept tear Margaret's last letter, didn’t he?

**IV. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words given in bold type in situations of your own:**

1.What did Pomfret **expect** to find in Johannesburg and what did he actually find there?

2. Pomfret kept two oxen. What did he do with **the rest**?
3. Whom did he meet **outside** the railway station?
4. Who **used to think** he was strong?
5. What did **the storekeeper** admit?
6. What made Kennedy **sweat**?
7. Who covered Kennedy with many **blankets** and why was it done?
8. **Had** Kennedy **any idea** where he was going for his holiday?
9. Why **was** he **relieved** that he was **the only** man to get off the train?
10. Do you think Margaret's voice was naturally **soft** or did she make it sound so and why? When do people talk **softly**? Do you prefer records (music) played **softly** or loudly?
11. Why did Kennedy feel **shy** and **awkward** when he met Margaret?
12. Who **looked after** Kennedy at Craddock's place?
13. What do people do **to lose weight**? Why do some people want **to lose weight**?
14. Do you think Margaret **guessed** what Kennedy felt? Why do you think so?
15. What **irritated** Margaret about Kennedy? Did she manage to conceal her **irritation**?
16. How did Margaret and Pomfret **treat** each other?
17. What did Margaret **mean** to do about her husband's friend? When did Pomfret **mean** to tell his friend about Margaret?
18. What must one do when one's **throat** is **sore**? What can make one's **throat sore**?

19. Was Kennedy the man **to get over** his wife's desertion? Do you think Margaret believed her husband would **get over** it easily? What helps a person **to get over** some grief, disappointment?

20. Do you think Margaret really **could not stand** the loneliness of the farm, the life in Rhodesia? What **can't you stand?**

21. Was Margaret really **upset** because Pomfret did not like her?

22. Do you **worry** when your friends or relatives are late?

**V. Brush up your grammar**

a) 1. Did M'Rorty want the two friends to succeed and why?

2.What did the Craddocks want Kennedy to do when he was staying with them?

3.What did Pomfret see his friend do when he gave him Margaret's letter?

4.Why didn't Pomfret want his friend to know the truth about Margaret?

5.What did Pomfret see Margaret do when he saw them both for the last time?

b) 6. What **would** a weaker man **have done** if he **had arrived** at the farm?

7. What **would have happened** if Kennedy **had not fallen ill**?

8. What **would have happened if** Kennedy **had not torn** Margaret's letter?

c) 9. What **made** Kennedy think that Margaret was beautiful?

10. What **made** Kennedy **feel shy** and **awkward**?

11.How often did Kennedy **make** his friend **read** his wife's letters?

d) 12. What **did** Pomfret do at the hospital **until** his throat was sore?

13. Till what time did Pomfret **keep the truth** from his friend?

e) 14. What was it that Pomfret **should have told** his friend months before?

f) 15.Who **used** to think he was fairly strong?

**VI. Compose situations using the following words and word combinations**

| | |
|---|---|
| ahead (of) | instead (of) |
| to die (of) | to catch up (with) |
| to take off | to be conscious (of) |

| | |
|---|---|
| to look (for) | to stop somebody from doing something |
| the smell of something | pain (in) |
| it's good (of) | to get over something |
| to look after somebody | to care (for) |

## VII. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text

1. He said these words **in** such **a low voice** that very few people heard them.
2. It will teach you **to economize time**.
3. His demands **were not great.**
4. He paid **for my ticket** to the seashore.
5. She **took care of** the children while I was in the hospital.
6. I'm just **a little** tired.
7. It was a great blow to him and for a long time he **could not forget** it.

## VIII. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own

| | |
|---|---|
| очікувати | ковдра |
| попереду | попередити |
| скинути (пальто, капелюха) | відчути полегшення |
| решта (речей) | м'який голос |
| сокира | несміливість |
| яловичина | незграбний |
| хмара | анітрохи |
| сильна лихоманка | заперечувати |
| заощадити | прохолодний |
| біля будинку | одужати |
| у прекрасному настрої | здогадатися |
| шукати | пляж |
| плата за проїзд | скучити за кимось |
| світло згаснуло | поводитися з кимось |

| | |
|---|---|
| скромний | більш не (друг) |
| ще один такий рік | сонячний удар |
| налити | забути (пережити) |
| розпухнути | засмучувати |
| | хвилювати (ся) |
| | розірвати на шматки |

**X. Choose the right word**

**a)** *muddy, dirty*

1. There were some … dishes on the table.
2. You must have been walking in the rain, your boots are quite …
3. The … road made it very difficult to drive quickly.
4. What have you been doing? Your hands and even face are quite …
5. Huck Finn sometimes missed his old … clothes.

**b)** *take off, undress*

1. They . . . the half-conscious man and laid him on the bed.
2. You should . . . your jacket, it is quite warm here.
3. ... the child and put him to bed, it is very late.
4. Don't . . . your coat, we are starting in a moment.

**c)** *mud, dirt*

1. The ... on the wheels is quite dry. The car must have been standing there since yesterday.
2. The. . . and tears made the child's face look gray.
3. When all the . . . and dust was washed off the jar we saw that the real colour was dull red.

**XI. Change the following sentences so that you can use a combination of a modal verb and the Perfect Infinitive**

1. She must be upset by this news.
2. He must be in low spirits.

3. She may expect the rest of them very soon.
4. He could not admit it.
5. She may be shy.
6. He cannot get over it so quickly.

**XII. Change the following sentences according to the model**

**Model: It is not necessary for you to do all the work yourself. You needn't do all the work yourself.**

1. It is not necessary for you to bring your blanket.
2. It is not necessary for you to treat him as if he were an invalid.
3. It is not necessary for you to wait outside. You may come in.
4. It is not necessary for you to guess the name.
5. It is not necessary for you to feel so shy.
6. It is not necessary for you to be so upset about it.
7. It is not necessary for you to wait any more. You may go ahead.

**XIII. Complete the following sentences:**

**A**

1. It was very good of Craddock to....
2. It was very clever of Margaret to ...
3. It was very brave of Pomfret to....
4. It was very cruel of Margaret to ...
5. It is very good of you (him, etc.) to ...
6. It is very clever of him (her, etc.) to....
7. It is very bad of her (you, etc.) to ...
8. It will be very stupid of them (you, etc.) to...
9. It would be very nice of you (her, etc.) to...

**B**

1. Pomfret talked to his friend until....
2. Pomfret and Kennedy were real friends until ...
3. Pomfret wanted his friend to stay at the Craddocks' until…
4. Don't go away until...
5. I shall not come until....
6. He meant to stay until...
7. I shall not give you this blanket until...
8. She will not get over it until....

**C**

1. Kennedy told his friend that he did not have to ...
2. You don't have to ...
3. You will not have to ...
4. She did not have to ...
5. Who will have to...?

**D**

1. When in the country we used to ...
2. She used to ...
3. When he came home with dirty hands, his mother used to
4. In the evening I used to...
5. When we went touring, we used to…Pomfret talked to his friend until....

**XIV. Translate into English, using the combinations: used + Inf.; have + Inf.; need + Inf.**

**I.**

1. Колись вона турбувалася про нього.
2. Він, бувало, визнавав це.
3. Раніш вони швидко забували про це.
4. Ми звичайно не мало найменшого уявлення, куди ми йдемо.
5. Він зазвичай приховував своє роздратування.

**II.**

1. Можете не їсти яловичину, якщо ви її не любите.

2. Вам немає необхідності чекати на вулиці.
3. Вам не доведеться доглядати його, він не хворий.
4. Вам нема чого брати ковдру та подушку.
5. Вам нема чого розмовляти так тихо.

**XV. Give the first conversation between Pomfret and Kennedy, Margaret and Kennedy in the Indirect Speech.**

**XVI. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Kirk Pomfret;
- Kennedy;
- M'Rorty;
- Margaret.

**XVII. a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XVIII. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XIX. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XX. Topics for oral or written work**

1. Nothing like men's friendship.
2. It's quite a usual thing for people to sacrifice their happiness for the sake of others.
3. Betrayal is an unpardonable act.

W. S. Maugham. Footprints in the Jungle

There is no place in Malaya that has more charm than Tanah Merah. It lies on the sea. It was for long the busiest place in the Middle East and its harbour was crowded with shipping. But now it is dead. It has the sad and romantic air of all places that

have once been of importance and live now on the recollection of a vanished grandeur. It is a sleepy little town and strangers that come to it drop into its easy and lethargic ways. The European quarter is very silent. The Club faces the sea; it is a shabby building. In the morning you may find there a couple of planters who have come in from their estates on business; and in the afternoon a lady or two may perhaps be seen looking through old numbers of the *Illustrated London News.* At midnight a few men saunter in and sit about the billiard-room watching the play. But on Wednesdays there is a little more animation. On that day the gramophone is set going in the large room upstairs and people come in from the surrounding country to dance.

It was on one of these occasions that I met the Cartwrights. I was staying with a man named Gaze who was head of the police and he came into the billiard-room, where I was sitting, and asked me if I would make up a four at a bridge-table. The Cartwrights were planters and they came to Tanah Merah on Wednesdays because it gave their girl a chance of a little fun. "They are very nice people," said Gaze. I followed Gaze into the card-room and was introduced to them. Mrs. Cartwright was a woman somewhere in the fifties, with white hair very untidily arranged, and a constant gesture with her was an impatient movement of the hand to push back a long wisp of hair that kept falling over her forehead. Her blue eyes were large, but pale and a little tired; her face was lined and sallow; I think it was her mouth that gave it the expression which I felt was characteristic of caustic but tolerant irony. You saw that here was a woman who knew her mind and was never afraid to speak it. I thought her a very agreeable person. I liked her frankness. I liked her quick wit. I liked her plain face. **I** never met a woman who obviously cared so little how she looked. It was not only her head that was untidy, everything about her was.

I thought Cartwright looked tired and old. He was a man of middle height, with a bald, shiny head, a grey moustache, and gold-rimmed spectacles. He was rather neat and you could see he took much more pains with his clothes than his untidy wife. He talked little, but it was plain that he enjoyed his wife's caustic humour and sometimes he made quite a neat retort. They were evidently very good friends. It was pleasing to

see so solid and tolerant an affection between two people who were almost elderly and must have lived together for so many years.

We were finishing the game when their daughter Olive came up to the table.

"Do you want to go already, Mumsey?" she asked.

Mrs. Cartwright looked at her daughter with fond eyes.

"Yes, darling, it's nearly half-past eight. It'll be ten before we get our dinner."

"Damn our dinner," said Olive gaily.

"Let her have one more dance before we go," suggested Cartwright.

"Not one. You must have a good night's rest."

Cartwright looked at Olive with a smile.

"If your mother has made up her mind, my dear, we may just as well give in without any fuss."

"She's a determined woman," said Olive, lovingly stroking her mother's wrinkled cheek.

Olive was not pretty, but she looked extremely nice. She was nineteen or twenty. She had none of the determination that gave her mother's face so much character, but resembled her father; she had his dark eyes and slightly aquiline nose; and his look of rather weak good nature.

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

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

"I liked them. The father and mother seemed to be very well satisfied with one another's company."

"Yes, their marriage has been a great success."

"Olive is the image of her father, isn't she?"

Gaze gave me a sidelong glance.

"Cartwright isn't her father. Mrs. Cartwright was a widow when he married her. Olive was born four months after her father's death."

"Oh!"

I drew out the sound in order to put in it all I could of surprise, interest and curiosity. But Gaze said nothing and we walked the rest of the way in silence.

After dinner Gaze was inclined to be talkative. He leaned back in his chair. He looked at me reflectively and then looked at his brandy.

"I've known Mrs. Cartwright for over twenty years," he said slowly. "She wasn't a bad-looking woman in those days. Always untidy, but when she was young it didn't seem to matter so much. It was rather attractive. She was married to a man called Bronson. Reggie Bronson. He was a planter. I remember the first time I met Mrs. Bronson as though it was yesterday. Of course then she did not look so determined as she looks now. She was much thinner, she had a nice colour, and her eyes were very pretty — blue, you know—and she had a lot of dark hair. As it was she was the best-looking woman there."

"I hadn't seen her for—oh, nearly twenty years," Gaze went on. "It was rather a shock to see her with a grown-up daughter, it made me realize how the time had passed."

"Did you recognize Mrs. Cartwright when you saw her again?" I asked.

"Well, I did and I didn't. At the first glance I thought I knew her, but couldn't quite place her. But the moment she spoke I remembered at once. She came up to me in the club and shook hands with me. "How do you do, Major Gaze? Do you remember me?" she asked.

"Of course I do."

"A lot of water has passed under the bridge since we met last. We're none of us as young as we were. Have you seen Theo?"

"For a moment I couldn't think whom she meant. I suppose I looked rather stupid because she gave a little smile and explained.

"I married Theo, you know. It seemed the best thing to do, I was lonely and he wanted it."

"I heard you married him.' I said. 'I hope you've been very happy."

"Oh, very. Theo's a perfect duck. He'll be here in a minute. He'll be so glad to see you."

"I wondered. I should have thought I was the last man Theo would wish to see. I shouldn't have thought she would wish it very much either. But women are funny."

"Why shouldn't she wish to see you?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that later," said Gaze. "Then Theo turned up. I don't know why I call him Theo. I never called him anything but Cartwright. Theo was a shock. You know what he looks like now; I remembered him as a curly-headed youngster, very fresh and clean-looking; he was always neat, he had a good figure and held himself well. When I saw this bowed, bald-headed man with spectacles, I could hardly believe my eyes.

"Are you surprised to see us here?" he asked me.

"Well, I hadn't the faintest notion where you were."

"We've kept track of your movements more or less. We've seen your name in the paper very often. You must come out one day and have a look at our place. We've been settled there a good many years, and I suppose we shall stay there for good. Have you ever been back to Alor Lipis?"

"No, I haven't," I said.

"It hasn't got the pleasantest recollections for us," said Mrs. Cartwright.

"I couldn't help looking at them with a certain amount of curiosity. They seemed perfectly happy. They were on the best of terms with one another. Their marriage had evidently been a great success. And they were both of them devoted to Olive and very proud of her, Theo especially."

"Although she was only his step-daughter?" I said. "Although she was only his step-daughter," answered Gaze. "She hadn't taken his name. She called him Daddy, of course, he was the only father she'd ever known, but she signed her letters, Olive Bronson."

"What was Bronson like, by the way?"

"Bronson? He was a big fellow, very hearty, with a loud voice, and a fine athlete. There was not much to him but he was as straight as a die. He had red hair and a red face. He hadn't much to talk about but rubber and games, tennis, you know, and golf and shooting; and 1 don't suppose he read a book from year's end to year's end. But he was no fool. He knew his work from A to Z His estate was one of the best managed in the country."

"Did the Bronsons get on well together?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. I'm sure they did. They seemed very happy. Their estate was about five miles from Alor Lipis.

"One day Mrs. Bronson told us that they were expecting a friend to stay with them and a few days later they brought Cartwright along. It appeared that he was an old friend of Bronson's, they'd been at school together, and they'd first come out East on the same ship. Rubber had taken a toss and a lot of fellows lost their jobs. Cartwright was one of them. He had had a pretty rotten time.

"At last he wrote to Bronson and asked him if he couldn't do something for him. Bronson asked him to come and stay until things got better, and Cartwright jumped at the chance, but Bronson had to send him the money to pay his railway fare. When Cartwright arrived at Alor Lipis he hadn't ten cents in his pocket. Mrs. Bronson told him that he was to look upon this place as his home and stay as long as he liked."

"It was very nice of her, wasn't it?" I remarked.

"Very."

"What sort of a man was Cartwright at that time?" I asked. "Younger, of course, and you told me rather nice looking; but in himself?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I never paid much attention to him. He was fond of reading and he played the piano rather nicely. You never minded having him about, he was never in the way, but you never bothered very much about him. He did everything he could to get something to do, but he had no luck, the fact is there were no jobs going,[7] and sometimes he seemed rather depressed about it. He was with the Bronsons for over a year. I remember his saying to me once:

"After all I can't live with them for ever. They've been most awfully good to me, but there are limits."

"I remember someone, a woman, I think it was the doctor's wife, asking Mrs. Bronson if she didn't get tired sometimes of having a stranger in the house.

"Oh, no," she said, Theo's no trouble.' She turned to her husband: "We like having him, don't we?"

"He's all right," said Bronson.

"What does he do with himself all day long?"

"He's always glad to make himself useful," said Bronson. "The other day when I had a go of fever, he took over my work and I just lay in bed and had a good time" "Hadn't the Bronsons any children?" I asked.

"No," Gaze answered. "I don't know why, they could well have afforded it."

Then Gaze said suddenly: "Bronson was killed."

"Killed?"

"Yes, murdered. I shall never forget that night. We'd been playing tennis, Mrs. Bronson, the doctor's wife, Theo Cartwright and I; and then we played bridge. Cartwright had been off his game and when we sat down at the bridge-table Mrs. Bronson said to him: "Well, Theo, if you play bridge as rottenly as you played tennis we shall lose our shirts."

"Bronson hadn't turned up, he'd cycled in to Kabulong to get the money to pay his coolies their wages and was to come along to the club when he got back. The Bronsons' estate was nearer Alor Lipis than it was to Kabulong, but Kabulong was a more important place commercially, and Bronson banked there.

"Mr. Bronson is late, isn't he?" asked the doctor's wife.

"Very. He said he wouldn't get back in time for tennis, but would be here for bridge. I have a suspicion that he went to the club at Kabulong instead of coming straight home."

"I remember afterwards that when we sat down at the bridge-table, the doctor's wife asked Mrs. Bronson if she wasn't tired:

"Not a bit." she said. "Why should I be?"

"I didn't know why she flushed.

"I was afraid the tennis might have been too much for you," said the doctor's wife.

"Oh, no," answered Mrs Bronson, a trifle abruptly, I thought, as though she did not want to discuss the matter.

"I didn't know what they meant, and indeed it wasn't till later that I remembered the incident.

"We played three or four rubbers and still Bronson didn't turn up.

"I wonder what's happened to him," said his wife. "I can't think why he should be so late."

"Cartwright was always silent, but this evening he had hardly opened his mouth. I thought he was tired and asked him what he'd been doing."

"Nothing very much," he said. "I went out after tiffin to shoot pigeon."

"We had just started another rubber when the bar-boy came in and said there was a police-sergeant outside who wanted to speak to me.

"What does he want?" I asked.

"The boy said he did not know.

"I went out and found the sergeant with two Malays waiting for me on the steps. I asked him what the devil he wanted. He told me that these two men had come to the police-station and said there was a white man lying dead on the path that led through the jungle to Kabulong. I immediately thought of Bronson.

"Dead?" I cried.

"Yes, shot through the head. A white man with red hair."

"Then I knew it was Reggie Bronson, and indeed, one of them naming his estate said he'd recognized him as Bronson. It was an awful shock. For a moment I really did not know what to do. It was terrible to give Mrs Bronson such an unexpected blow without a word of preparation, but I found myself quite unable to think of any way to soften it. I went back into the club. As I entered the card-room Mrs. Bronson said: "You've been an awful long time." Then she caught sight of my face — "Is anything the matter?" I saw her clench her fists and go white.

"Something dreadful has happened," I said, and my throat was all closed up so that my voice sounded hoarse even to myself. "There's been an accident. Your husband's been wounded."

"She gave a long gasp: "Wounded?", "She leapt to her feet and with her eyes starting from her head stared at Cartwright. The effect on him was ghastly, he fell back in his chair and went as white as death.

"Very, very badly. I'm afraid," I added.

"I knew that I must tell her the truth, but I couldn't bring myself to tell it all at once.

"Is he," her lips trembled so that she could hardly form the words, "is he — conscious?"

"No, I am afraid he isn't."

"Mrs. Bronson stared at me as though she were trying to see right into my brain.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he was dead when they found him."

"Mrs. Bronson collapsed into her chair and burst into tears. The doctor's wife went to her and put her arms round her. Cartwright sat quite still, his mouth open and stared at her. We forced Mrs. Bronson to drink a glass of brandy and gradually the violence of her emotion exhausted itself.

"You look as though you'd be all the better for a drop of brandy yourself, old man," I said to Cartwright.

"He made an effort.

"Yes, I'll have a brandy."

"Now are you fit to take Mrs. Bronson home?"

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"They got into the trap. Theo took the reins and they drove off. The doctor and I started after them. For some time we drove without saying a word; we were both of us deeply shocked. I was worried as well. Somehow or other I'd got to find the murderers and I foresaw that it would be no easy matter.

"Do you suppose it was gang robbery?" said the doctor at last.

"He might have been reading my thoughts.

"I don't think there is a doubt about it." I answered. "They knew he'd gone into Kabulong to get the wages and lay in wait for him on the way back. Of course he should never have come alone through the jungle when everyone knew he had a packet of money with him."

"He'd done it for years and he is not the only one. It's awful for Mrs. Bronson. It would have been bad at any time, but now she's going to have a baby..."

"I didn't know that," I said interrupting him.

"No, for some reason she wanted to keep it dark. She was rather funny about it, I thought."

"I recollected then the little passage between Mrs. Bronson and the doctor's wife. I understood why that good woman had been so anxious that Mrs. Bronson should not overtire herself.

"It's strange her having a baby after being married so many years."

"It happens, you know. When first she came to see me and I told her what was the matter she fainted, and then she began to cry. She told me that Bronson didn't like children, and she made me promise to say nothing about it till she had had a chance of breaking it to him gradually. But I don't know that she ever told him."

"Poor devil," I said. You know, I've got a notion he'd have been most awfully glad to know."

"We drove in silence for the rest of the way and at last came to the point at which the short cut to Kabulong branched off from the road. Here we stopped and in a minute or two the police-sergeant and the two Malays came up. Taking the head-lamps to light us on our way we walked into the jungle. We walked for twenty minutes and on a sudden the coolies with a cry stopped sharply. There, in the middle of the pathway lit dimly by the lamps the coolies carried, lay Bronson; he had fallen over his bicycle and lay across it in a heap. I was too shocked to speak, and I think the doctor was, too.

"The doctor bent down and turned his head.

"Is he quite dead?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, death must have been instantaneous. Whoever shot him must have fired at pretty close range. There's no sign of any struggle," said the doctor.

"I took the lamp and as carefully as I could looked all about me. Just where he had fallen the sandy pathway was confused; there were our footprints and the footprints of the coolies who had found him. I walked two or three paces and then saw quite clearly the mark of his bicycle wheels; he had been riding straight and steadily. Then he had evidently stopped and put his foot to the ground, then he had started off again.

"Now let's search him," I said.

"I felt him all over, but there was nothing: no money, no watch. It was clear that he had been attacked by gang robbers who knew he had money on him. I suddenly remembered the footprints that proved that for a moment he had stood still. I saw exactly how it had been done. One of them had stopped him on some pretext and then, just as he started off again, another, slipping out of the jungle behind him, had emptied the two barrels of a gun into his head.

"So then we offered a reward of a thousand dollars to anyone who could put us in the way of discovering the murderers. But the reward seemed to tempt no one. The only thing now was to sit down and wait till the hue and cry had died down and the murderers thought the affair forgotten and found it safe to spend Branson's money.

"Cartwright took Mrs. Bronson down to Singapore. The company Bronson had worked for asked him if he would care to take Bronson's place, but he said, very naturally, that he didn't like the idea of it; so they offered him the management of the estate that Cartwright lives now on. He moved in at once. Four months after this Olive was born at Singapore, and a few months later, when Bronson was dead over a year, Cartwright and Mrs. Bronson were married. It was very natural. After the trouble Mrs. Bronson had leant much on Cartwright and he had arranged everything for her. 1 imagined he was sorry for her, it was a dreadful position for a woman, she had nowhere to go, and all they'd gone through must have been a tie between them. There was every reason for them to marry and it was probably the best thing for them both.

"It looked that Bronson's murderers would never be caught, for that plan of mine didn't work; there was no one in the district who spent more money than he could account for. A year had passed and to all intents and purposes the thing was forgotten. No one likes to be beaten, but beaten I was. And then a Chinaman was caught trying to pawn poor Bronson's watch. At last the mystery was going to be cleared up, for if the Chinaman hadn't done the thing himself we were pretty sure through him to trace the murderers. I asked him to account for his possession of the watch. He said he had found it in the jungle.

"Found it?" I said, "Fancy that. Where?"

"His answer staggered me; he said that he'd been coming along the pathway that led from Kabulong to Alor Lipis, and had gone into the jungle and caught sight of something gleaming and there was the watch. I asked him when he had found the watch.

"Yesterday," he said.

"I tried to open it but couldn't. The pawnbroker had come to the police-station and was waiting in the next room. Luckily he was also something of a watchmaker. When he opened it he gave a little whistle, the works were thick with rust. I asked him what had put the watch in such a state, and without a word from me he said that it had been long exposed to wet.

"I said to the prisoner that I was going to take him to the place where he said he had found the watch and he must show me the exact spot. We drove out to where the track joined the road and walked along it; within five yards of the place where Branson was killed the Chinaman stopped.

"Here," he said.

Gaze stopped and gave me a reflective look.

"What would you have thought then?" he asked. "I don't know," I answered.

"Well, I'll tell you what I thought. I thought that if the watch was there the money might be there too. It seemed worth while having a look. I set my three men to work. Some hours later I came to the conclusion that we must give it up. But suddenly the Chinaman — he must have had sharp eyes — stooped down and from under the root of a tree drew out a messy, stinking thing. It was a pocket-book that had been out in the rain for a year, that had been eaten by ants, that was sodden and foul, but it was a pocket-book all right, Bronson's, and inside were the shapeless remains of the Singapore notes he had got from the bank at Kabulong. Whoever had murdered Bronson had made no money out of it.

"Do you remember my telling you that I'd noticed the print of Bronson's feet on each side of his bicycle? Those footprints had always puzzled me. And now the truth flashed across me. Whoever had murdered Bronson hadn't murdered him to rob and if

he had stopped to talk to someone it could only be with a friend. I knew at last who the murderer was.

"The man he met was Cartwright. Cartwright was pigeon-shooting. He stopped and asked him what sport he had, and as he rode on Cartwright raised his gun and discharged both barrels into his head. Cartwright took the money and watch in order to make it look like the work of gang robbers and hurriedly hid them in the jungle, then made his way home, changed into his tennis things and drove with Mrs. Bronson to the club.

"I remembered how badly he had played tennis, and how he had collapsed when, in order to break the news more gently to Mrs. Bronson, I said Bronson was wounded and not dead. If he was only wounded he might have been able to speak. I bet that was a bad moment. The child was Cartwright's. Look at Olive: why, you saw the likeness yourself. The doctor had said that Mrs. Bronson was upset when he told her she was going to have a baby and made him promise not to tell Branson. Why? Because Bronson knew he couldn't be the father of the child."

"Do you think Mrs. Bronson knew what Cartwright had done?"

"I'm sure of it. When I look back on her behaviour at the club that night I am convinced of it. I know that woman. Look at that square chin of hers and tell me that she hasn't got the courage of the devil. She made Cartwright do it. She planned every detail and every move. He was completely under her influence; he is now."

"But do you mean to tell me that neither you nor anyone else suspected that there was anything between them?"

"Never. Never."

"If they were in love with one another and knew that she was going to have a baby, why didn't they just bolt?"

"How could they? It was Bronson who had the money; she hadn't a bean and neither had Cartwright. He was out of a job."

"They might have thrown themselves on his mercy."

"Yes, but I think they were ashamed. He'd been so good to them, he was such a decent chap, I don't think they had the heart to tell him the truth. They preferred to kill him."

"Well, what did you do about it?" I asked.

"'Nothing. What was there to do? What was the evidence?" That the notes and watch had been found? They might easily have been hidden by someone who was afterwards afraid to come and get them. The footprints? Bronson might have stopped to light a cigarette. Who could prove that the child that a perfectly decent, respectable woman had had four months after her husband's death was not his child? No jury would have convicted Cartwright. I held my tongue and the Bronson murder was forgotten."

**Notes**

1. The Illustrated London News — name of a paper.
2. Make up a four at a bridge-table — it takes four participants to play bridge.
3. A woman who knew her mind — a woman who knew what she wanted.
4. Mumsey — a child's name for mother.
5. He knew his work from A to Z. — He knew his work very well.
6. Rubber had taken a toss — the price of rubber had fallen.
7. There were no jobs going — there were no jobs to be found.
8. I had a go of fever — I had an attack of fever.
9. Cartwright had been off his game — Cartwright had played very badly.
10. Tiffin — lunch (in the East).
11. I'll have a brandy — I'll have a glass of brandy.
12. The trap — a light, two-wheeled horse carriage.
13. The head-lamps — lights fixed in front of a car, carriage, etc.
14. Who could put us in the way of discovering — who could help us to discover.
15. And asked him what sport he had — and asked him if the hunting had been good.
16. She hadn't a bean — she had no money at all.

**Active** words and word combinations

| | |
|---|---|
| to be of importance | to be too much for somebody |
| to give a chance | to give a blow |
| to arrange | unable |
| characteristic (of) | accident |
| (un) tidy | to go white |
| to be fond (of) | to tell the truth |
| to give in, up | to be conscious |
| determined, determination | to collapse |
| to resemble | to make an effort |
| to look like | there's no doubt about it |
| to be a (great) success | to search somebody |
| to be inclined to do something | exact (ly) |
| matter v, n | on some pretext |
| to recognize | a reward |
| shock v, *n* | to go (through) |
| for good, for ever | to account (for) |
| on the best of terms | to pawn |
| to manage, management | to clear up |
| to get on well | worth while having |
| to have a (rotten, good) time | to come to the conclusion |
| to look upon something | to change (into) |
| to have (no) luck | to break the news |
| to afford | to be convinced |
| to turn up | under somebody's influence |
| suspicion, to suspect | evidence |
| to convict | to hold one's tongue |

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

grandeur, lethargic, forehead, height, moustache, aquiline, athlete, straight, sergeant, conscious, exhausted, instantaneous, pretext, close.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. Under what circumstances did the author meet the Cartwrights?
2. What impression did the Cartwrights produce on the author and what did he think of them?
3. What did the author learn about the Cartwrights from Gaze?
4. What did the author find out about the Mrs. Cartwright of *20* years ago?

5. Why did Theo's appearance give Gaze a shock? What had he been like when he first came to Alor Lipis?

6. Why couldn't Gaze help looking at the Cartwrights with a certain amount of curiosity? Why did he think he was the last man they wished to see?

7. What was Bronson like?

8. How did it happen that Cartwright came to live with the Bronsons?

9. How did Gaze try to soften the blow which the news was going to give Mrs. Bronson?

10. What effect did the news have on both Cartwright and Mrs. Bronson?

11. What was worrying Gaze when going to the scene of the murder?

12. What did the doctor tell Gaze about Mrs. Bronson?

13. What made Gaze think that Bronson had been attacked by gang robbers?

14. What conclusion did Gaze come to after he had searched Bronson and examined the scene of the murder?

15. Why was it natural that a year later Cartwright and Mrs. Bronson were married?

16. Why did it look as if Bronson's murderers would never be caught?

17. What event cleared up the mystery of Bronson's murder at last?

18. What made Gaze think it was Cartwright who had murdered Bronson?

19. Why didn't Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright dare tell Bronson the truth?

20. Why couldn't Gaze do anything about the murderers?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Mrs. Cartwright was a weak-willed woman, wasn't she?

2. The Cartwrights' marriage was not a success, was it?

3. When twenty years later Gaze saw the Cartwrights, he recognized them at first glance, didn't he?

4. The Cartwrights were very glad to see Gaze, weren't they?

5. Alor Lipis had the pleasantest recollections for the Cartwrights, hadn't it?

6. Bronson was a well educated man who could talk about anything, wasn't he?

7.Cartwright had had a very good time before he came to live with the Bronsons, didn't he?

8.Cartwright was always in everybody's way, wasn't he?

9.The Bronsons got tired of having a stranger in the house, didn't they?

10. Cartwright was very good both at tennis and at bridge on the night when Bronson was killed, wasn't he?

11.Bronson usually went to the Kabulong bank by train, didn't he?

12. When Bronson went to Kabulong, he said he would get in time for tennis, didn't he?

13. Nobody was surprised when Bronson didn't turn up in the evening, were they?

14. Cartwright said he had been at home all the day long, didn't he?

15. Both Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright took the news of the accident calmly, didn't they?

16. Gaze knew it would be easy to find the murderers, didn't he?

17. The reward of a thousand dollars tempted people at once, didn't it?

18. The mystery was never cleared up, was it?

## IV. Brush up your grammar

1. What would have happened if Bronson had still been conscious when the coolies found him?

2. What would have happened if Bronson had been attacked by a gang?

3. What would have happened if the money and the watch had been found the same night?

4. What would have happened if the person (or persons) who had killed Bronson had started spending the money?

5. What would have happened if Mrs. Bronson had told her husband she was going to have a baby?

6. What would have happened if Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright had told Bronson about their affair?

## V. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words given in bold type in situations of your own

1. What **chance** did the visits of the Cartwrights to Tanah Merah **give** their daughter? When will you **have a chance** to go to the South for your vacation?

2. What was **characteristic of** Mrs. **Cartwright**?

3. Why did Cartwright and Olive have **to give in** once Mrs. Cartwright had made up her mind?
4. Why was the marriage of Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright a success? Why **are** the concerts of this Ensemble a success both at home and abroad?
5. Whom did Olive **resemble**?
6. What did Cartwright **look like** when Gaze saw him first at Bronson's estate and then twenty years later?
7. Did Gaze **recognize** Mrs Bronson when he saw her twenty years later? Is it easy **to recognize** people whom you haven't seen for years?
8. Were the Cartwrights **on the best of terms with one another**?
9. Was Bronson's estate one of **the best managed** in the country?
10. What was Cartwright **fond of doing**? What books **are** you **fond of reading**? What books **were you fond of reading** when a child?
11. What did Cartwright **do with himself** when he lived with the Bronsons?
12. Did Cartwright try **to make himself useful**? What is your opinion of people who always try **to make themselves useful?**
13. Why did Bronson say he **had had a good time** when he had been down with the fever? Did you **have a good time** last summer?
14. Had Cartwright **had any luck** before he came to live with the Bronsons?
15. **Was** Bronson **conscious** when the two Malays **came across him** in the jungle?
16. Why did Gaze think that somebody must have stopped Bronson **on some pretext** when he was cycling through the jungle?
17. Where did the Cartwrights **move to** after Bronson's death? Do you intend **to move to** some other town in the near future? Do you like **moving** from one place to another? Have you ever helped anyone **moving into** a new flat?
18. Who **broke the sad news** to Mrs. Bronson?
19. **Was** Cartwright **under** Mrs. **Bronson's influence**?

## VI. Compose situations, using the following words and word combinations

to be characteristic
for good
to get on well
to be devoted (to)
turn up
to fire at close range
to clear up
to come to the conclusion
under somebody's influence
to change into
to give in, up
at first glance

on some pretext to account (for)
to go through

## VII. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text

1. This expression **was typical of Mrs. Cartwright.**
2. She was a woman who knew **what she wanted**.
3. If your mother **has decided something**, my dear, we may just as well **stop arguing**.
4. Olive **looked like her father**.
5. Their marriage **was very successful**.
6. She was always untidy, but when she was young **it didn't seem to be important**.
7. **Very much time has passed** since we met last.
8. They seemed **quite** happy and they **got on very well** with one another.
9. Bronson's estate **was run very efficiently**.
10. Bronson told Cartwright that he was **to regard** that place as his home.
11. We never **took much notice** of Cartwright.
12. He **liked** reading very much.
13. "We like having Cartwright, don't we?" Mrs. Bronson **addressed** her husband.
14. Bronson said he would **return** in time for tennis.
15. Gaze **couldn't** think of any way **to soften the blow** for Mrs. Bronson.
16. When she saw Gaze's face she said: **"Is anything wrong?"**
17. We **made** Mrs. Bronson have a glass of brandy.
18. I foresaw that **it would be difficult** to find the murderers.
19. All they **had suffered** must have made a tie between them.
20. There was no one in the district who spent more money that he could **give a good reason for having.**
21. At last the mystery was going **to be solved.**
22. When Gaze looked back now on Mrs. Bronson's behaviour he **was sure** she had known what Cartwright had done.
23. Gaze **kept silence** and the murder was forgotten.

## VIII. Find the sentences in the text in which the following phrases were used. Supply situations of your own

1. To make up one's mind; to make oneself useful; to make an effort; to make somebody promise; to make no money out of; to make one's way home.

2. To matter much; to discuss the matter; it would be no easy matter; is anything the matter.
3. to give a (reflective) look (glance, smile); to give somebody a chance; to give in, up; to give an impression.
4. To get the wages; to get back; to get the courage; to get on well.

**IX. Translate into English, using the phrases given in Exercise VIII**

1. Він вже два роки як кинув курити.
2. Коли Ви одержуєте зарплату?
3. Щось трапилось?
4. Не підказуйте, дайте йому можливість відповісти самому.
5. Вони, здається, не в злагоді.
6. Я ще не вирішив, куди поїхати влітку.
7. Я пропоную, щоб ми обговорили це питання на зборах.
8. Він пообіцяв вчасно повернутися з міста.
9. Я передбачаю, що буде нелегко примусити його поступитися.
10. Дозвольте мені допомогти Вам, я завжди радий бути корисним.
11. Їй бракує сміливості, щоб повідомити його про цю сумну новину.
12. Вона примусила нас поступитися.
13. Він зробив зусилля, щоб не посміхнутися.
14. Того вечора вона йшла додому через парк.
15. Ви відмовилися від наміру приєднатися до нас?

**X. Choose the appropriate word from those in brackets:**

1. Did Gaze (recognize, recollect) Mrs. Bronson when he saw her twenty years later?
2. You know what Cartwright (resembles, looks like) now.
3. Gaze could (hardly, almost) believe his eyes when he saw Cartwright.
4. Mrs. Bronson (hardly, almost) gave herself away when Gaze broke the sad news to her.
5. Cartwright was always silent but this evening he had (hardly, almost) opened his mouth.
6. You never minded having Cartwright about: he was never in the way, but you didn’t (bother, worry) much about him.
7. Gaze was (bother, worried) as he had got to find the murderers.
8. “There’s been an (accident, incident): your husband has been wounded,” said Gaze.
9. We (forced, made) Mrs. Bronson drink a glass of brandy.
10. All that Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright had (survived, gone through) must have made a tie between them.

**XI. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. Use them in sentence of your own**

| | |
|---|---|
| доходити висновку | назавжди |
| осудити | бути у гарних відносинах |
| пережити | бути схожим |
| наносити удар | збліднути |
| під приводом | сказати правду |
| під впливом | бути відданим |
| переодягнутися | рішучий |
| зробити зусилля | доказ |
| характерно для | нагорода |
| повідомити про новину | підозрювати |
| мати успіх | нещасний випадок |
| добре проводити час | з'явитися |

**XII. Speak on Somerset Maugham's life and creative activities.**

**XIII. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Major Gaze;
- Reggie Bronson;
- Theo Cartwright;
- Mrs. Cartwright;
- Olive.

**XIV. a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XV. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XVI. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XVII. Topics for oral or written work:**

1.The police can always expose a crime if they know who the offender is.

2.Crimes are always committed out of vile motives.

3.Honest people never commit crimes.

F.S. Fitzgerald. THE FIEND

On June 3, 1895, on a country road near Stillwater, Minnesota, Mrs. Crenshaw Engels and her seven year old son, Mark, were waylaid and murdered by a fiend, under circumstances so atrocious that, fortunately, it is not necessary to set them down here.

Crenshaw Engels, the husband and father, was a photographer in Stillwater. He was a great reader and considered "a little unsafe," for he had spoken his mind frankly about the railroad-agrarian struggles of the time — but no one denied that he was a devoted family man, and the catastrophe visited upon him hung over the little town for many weeks. There was a move to lynch the perpetrator of the horror, for Minnesota did not permit the capital punishment it deserved, but the instigators were foiled by the big stone penitentiary close at hand.

The cloud hung over Engels' home so that folks went there only in moods of penitence, of fear or guilt, hoping that they would be visited in turn should their lives ever chance to trek under a black sky. The photography studio suffered also: the routine of being posed, the necessary silences and pauses in the process, permitted the clients too much time to regard the prematurely aged face of Crenshaw Engels, and high school students, newly married couples, mothers of new babies, were always glad to escape from the place into the open air. So Crenshaw's business fell off and he went through a time of hardship — finally liquidating the lease, the apparatus and

the good will, and wearing out the money obtained. He sold his house for a little more than its two mortgages, went to board and took a position clerking in Radamacher's Department Store.

In the sight of his neighbors he had become a man ruined by adversity, a man *manqué* a man emptied. But in the last opinion they were wrong — he was empty of all save one thing. His memory was long as a Jew's, and though his heart was in the grave he was sane as when his wife and son had started on their last walk that summer morning. At the first trial he lost control and got at the Fiend, seizing him by the necktie — and then had been dragged off with the Fiend's tie in such a knot that the man was nearly garroted.

At the second trial Crenshaw cried aloud once. Afterwards he went to all the members of the state legislature in the county and handed them a bill he had written himself for the introduction of capital punishment in the state — the bill to be retroactive on criminals condemned to life imprisonment. The bill fell through; it was on the day Crenshaw heard this that he got inside the penitentiary by a ruse and was only apprehended in time to be prevented from shooting the Fiend in his cell.

Crenshaw was given a suspended sentence and for some months it was assumed that the agony was fading gradually from his mind. In fact when he presented himself to the warden in another role a year after the crime, the official was sympathetic to his statement that he had had a change of heart and felt he could only emerge from the valley of shadow by forgiveness, that he wanted to help the Fiend, show him the True Path by means of good books and appeals to his buried better nature. So, after being carefully searched, Crenshaw was permitted to sit for half an hour in the corridor outside the Fiend's cell.

But had the warden suspected the truth he would not have permitted the visit —for, far from forgiving, Crenshaw's plan was to wreak upon the Fiend a mental revenge to replace the physical one of which he was subducted.

When he faced the Fiend, Crenshaw felt his scalp tingle. From behind the bars a roly-poly man, who somehow made his convict's uniform resemble a business suit, a man with thick brown-rimmed glasses and the trim air of an insurance salesman,

looked at him uncertainly. Feeling faint Crenshaw sat down in the chair that had been brought for him.

"The air around you stinks!" he cried suddenly. "This whole corridor, this whole prison."

"I suppose it does," admitted the Fiend, "I noticed it too."

"You'll have time to notice it," Crenshaw muttered. "All your life you'll pace up and down stinking in that little cell, with everything getting blacker and blacker. And after that there'll be hell waiting for you. For all eternity you'll be shut in a little space, but in hell it'll be so small that you can't stand up or stretch out."

"*Will* it now?" asked the Fiend concerned.

"It will!" said Crenshaw. "You'll be alone with your own vile thoughts in that little space, forever and ever and ever. You'll itch with corruption so that you can never sleep, and you'll always be thirsty, with water just out of reach".

"*Will* I now?" repeated the Fiend, even more concerned. "I remember once—"

"All the time you'll be full of horror," Crenshaw interrupted. "You'll be like a person just about to go crazy but can't go crazy. All the time you'll be thinking that it's forever and ever."

"That's bad," said the Fiend, shaking his head gloomily. "That's real bad."

"Now listen here to me," went on Crenshaw. "I've brought you some books you're going to read. It's arranged that you get no books or papers except what I bring you."

As a beginning Crenshaw had brought half a dozen books which his vagarious curiosity had collected over as many years. They comprised a German doctor's thousand case histories of sexual abnormality—cases with no cures, no hopes, no prognoses, cases listed cold; a series of sermons by a New England Divine of the Great Revival which pictured the tortures of the damned in hell; a collection of horror stories; and a volume of erotic pieces from each of which the last two pages, containing the consummations, had been torn out; a volume of detective stories mutilated in the same manner. A tome of the Newgate calendar completed the batch. These Crenshaw handed through the bars—the Fiend took them and put them on his iron cot.

This was the first of Crenshaw's long series of fortnightly visits. Always he brought with him something somber and menacing to say, something dark and terrible to read—save that once when the Fiend had had nothing to read for a long time he brought him four inspiringly titled books—that proved to have nothing but blank paper inside. Another time, pretending to concede a point he promised to bring newspapers—he brought ten copies of the yellowed journal that had reported the crime and the arrest. Sometimes he obtained medical books that showed in color the red and blue and green ravages of leprosy and skin disease, the mounds of shattered cells, the verminous tissue and brown corrupted blood.

And there was no sewer of the publishing world from which he did not obtain records of all that was gross and vile in man.

Crenshaw could not keep this up indefinitely both because of the expense and because of the exhaustibility of such books. When five years had passed he leaned toward another form of torture. He built up false hopes in the Fiend with protests of his own change of heart and manoeuvres for a pardon, and then dashed the hopes to pieces. Or else he pretended to have a pistol with him, or an inflammatory substance that would make the cell a raging Inferno and consume the Fiend in two minutes—once he threw a dummy bottle into the cell and listened in delight to the screams as the Fiend ran back and forth waiting for the explosion. At other times he would pretend grimly that the legislature had passed a new law which provided that the Fiend would be executed in a few hours.

A decade passed. Crenshaw was gray at forty—he was white at fifty when the alternating routine of his fortnightly visits to the graves of his loved ones and to the penitentiary had become the only part of his life—the long days at Radamacher's were only a weary dream. Sometimes he went and sat outside the Fiend's cell, with no word said during the half hour he was allowed to be there. The Fiend too had grown white in twenty years. He was very respectable-looking with his horn-rimmed glasses and his white hair. He seemed to have a great respect for Crenshaw and even when the latter, in a renewal of diminishing vitality, promised him one day that on his very next visit he was going to bring a revolver and end the matter, he nodded

gravely as if in agreement, said, “I suppose so. Yes, I suppose you’re perfectly right,” and did not mention the matter to the guards. On the occasion of the next visit he was waiting with his hands on the bars of the cell looking at Crenshaw both hopefully and desperately. At certain tensions and strains death takes on, indeed, the quality of a great adventure as any soldier can testify.

Years passed. Crenshaw was promoted to floor manager at Radamacher’s—there were new generations now that did not know of his tragedy and regarded him as an austere nonentity. He came into a little legacy and bought new stones for the graves of his wife and son. He knew he would soon be retired and while a third decade lapsed through the white winters, the short sweet smoky summers, it became more and more plain to him that the time had come to put an end to the Fiend; to avoid any mischance by which the other would survive him.

The moment he fixed upon came at the exact end of thirty years. Crenshaw had long owned the pistol with which it would be accomplished; he had fingered the shells lovingly and calculated the lodgement of each in the Fiend’s body, so that death would be sure but lingering—he studied the tales of abdominal wounds in the war news and delighted in the agony that made victims pray to be killed.

After that, what happened to *him* did not matter.

When the day came he had no trouble in smuggling the pistol into the penitentiary. But to his surprise he found the Fiend scrunched up upon his iron cot, instead of waiting for him avidly by the bars.

“I’m sick,” the Fiend said. “My stomach’s been burning me up all morning. They gave me a physic but now it’s worse and nobody comes.”

Crenshaw fancied momentarily that this was a premonition in the man’s bowels of a bullet that would shortly ride ragged through that spot.

“Come up to the bars,” he said mildly.

“I can’t move.”

“Yes, you can.”

“I’m doubled up. All doubled up.”

“Come doubled up then.”

With an effort the Fiend moved himself, only to fall on his side on the cement floor. He groaned and then lay quiet for a minute, after which, still bent in two, he began to drag himself a foot at a time toward the bars.

Suddenly Crenshaw set off at a run toward the end of the corridor.

"I want the prison doctor," he demanded of the guard, "That man's sick—sick, I tell you." "The doctor has—"

"Get him—get him now!"

The guard hesitated, but Crenshaw had become a tolerated, even privileged person around the prison, and in a moment the guard took down his phone and called the infirmary.

All that afternoon Crenshaw waited in the bare area inside the gates, walking up and down with his hands behind his back. From time to time he went to the front entrance and demanded of the guard:

"Any news?"

"Nothing yet. They'll call me when there's anything."

Late in the afternoon the Warden appeared at the door, looked about and spotted Crenshaw. The latter, all alert, hastened over.

"He's dead," the Warden said. "His appendix burst. They did everything they could."

"Dead," Crenshaw repeated.

"I'm sorry to bring you this news. I know how—"

"It's right," said Crenshaw, and licking his lips. "So he's dead."

The Warden lit a cigarette.

"While you're here, Mr. Engels, I wonder if you can let me have that pass that was issued to you—I can turn it in to the office. That is—I suppose you won't need it any more."

Crenshaw took the blue card from his wallet and handed it over. The Warden shook hands with him.

"One thing more," Crenshaw demanded as the Warden turned away. "Which is the —the window of the infirmary?"

“It’s on the interior court, you can’t see it from here.”

“Oh.”

When the Warden had gone Crenshaw still stood there a long time, the tears running out down his face. He could not collect his thoughts and he began by trying to remember what day it was; Saturday, the day, every other week, on which he came to see the Fiend.

He would not see the Fiend two weeks from now.

In a misery of solitude and despair he muttered aloud: ”So he is dead. He has left me.” And then with a long sigh of mingled grief and fear, “So I have lost him—my only friend—now I am alone.”

He was still saying that to himself as he passed through the outer gate, and as his coat caught in the great swing of the outer door the guard opened up to release it, he heard a reiteration of the words:

“I’m alone. At last—at last I am alone.”

Once more he called on the Fiend, after many weeks.

“But he’s dead,” the Warden told him kindly.

“Oh, yes,” Crenshaw said. “I guess I must have forgotten.”

And he set off back home, his boots sinking deep into the white diamond surface of the flats.

**Notes**

1. Stillwater – a small place in the state of Minnesota, in the North Central USA.
2. A little unsafe – slightly crazy.
3. Lynch (of a mob) – to take the law into its own hands and kill someone in punishment for a real or presumed crime.

Lynch law – the summary trial and punishment of offenders by a self-constituted court outside due process of the law (probably after Charles Lynch (1736-1796), American justice of the peace and farmer, who presided over such extrajudicial courts).

4. The railroad – agrarian struggles of the time – the economic depression of 1893-1896 (“The Great Panic of 1893”) when a number of railroad companies went bankrupt. The situation was especially hard in Western States.

5. Capital punishment – punishment by death.

6. To go to board – to settle at a boarding house.

7. Manqué (French) – loser.

8. His memory was long as a Jew’s – a Bible allusion; “the sons of Israel”, wherever they may be, must always remember their native land.

9. The true Path – a life of virtue.

10. A new England Divine of the Great Revival – Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), American preacher and theologian. The Great Revival is the name given to the period of supremacy of puritan ideology in the English colonies in the first half of the XVIII c.

11. The Newgate calendar – a bulletin of the names and life stories of the Newgate jail (London) prisoners .

12. Scrunched up – huddled.

13. Inferno (Italian) – any hellish place or state of horror or destruction.

14. Floor manager (at a department store) – someone who administers the work of shop assistants of a certain department.

**Active words and word combination**

to waylay
perpetrator
penitentiary
close at hand
to liquidate the lease
mortgage
garotte
to be condemned to life imprisonment
suspended sentence
warden
insurance salesman
out of reach
consummation
somber
come into a legacy
to put an end to smth (or smb)
to smuggle
privileged person
up and down
pass

interior court
to collect one's thoughts
misery
solitude
to sink

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

Fiend, penitentiary, penitence, prematurely, mortgage, knot, retroactive, ruse, bury, wreck, eternity, verminous, tissue, sewer, inferno, legislature.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. What happened to Crenshaw Engels's wife and son?
2. Why wasn't the Fiend sentenced to death for his atrocious crime?
3. How did it happen that the criminal avoided being lynched?
4. What were the consequences of the tragedy for Crenshaw Engels?
5. What did Crenshaw Engels demand from the members of the state legislature?
6. What was Crenshaw given a suspended sentence for?
7. What kind of mental revenge did Crenshaw have in mind when he started visiting the Fiend in prison?
8. What did the Fiend look like?
9. What can you say about the first conversation between Crenshaw Engels and the Fiend?
10. What kind of books did Crenshaw bring for his enemy and why?
11. What new torture did Crenshaw invent for the Fiend five years after his wife and son's death?
12. How long did Crenshaw visit the prisoner?
13. What decision did Crenshaw take by the time the Fiend had served a term of thirty years in prison?

14. How do you account for the fact that Crenshaw rushed to help his worst enemy when he understood that the latter was seriously ill?
15. How did Crenshaw take the Fiend's death?

## III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds

1. There have never been a crime as atrocious as Mrs. Engels and her little son's murder, have there?
2. Mr. Engels was considered "a little unsafe", wasn't he?
3. There was a move to lynch the perpetrator of the horror in Minnesota, wasn't there?
4. After the tragedy Crenshaw's business fell off, didn't it?
5. The poor widower was going through a time of hardship, wasn't he?
6. Crenshaw is applying to all the members of the state legislature on the subject of the introduction of capital punishment in the state, isn't he?
7. Crenshaw is given a suspended sentence for attacking the Fiend at the trial, isn't he?
8. Now Crenshaw intends to help the Fiend, show him the True Path by means of good books and appeals to his buried better nature, doesn't he?
9. That was what he said, but he knows he will never forgive the Fiend, doesn't he?
10. The books Crenshaw brought for the prisoner could hardly improve his character, could they?
11. The cruellest torture for the Fiend will be building up false hopes for a pardon and then dashing the hopes to pieces, won't it?
12. Strange as it may seem, but the Fiend seems to have a great respect for Crenshaw, doesn't he?
13. During the thirty years Crenshaw got used to the Fiend so much, that the latter's death became a blow to him, didn't it?

14. It seems probable that the desire to avenge his wife and child cruel murder was the only thing that kept Crenshaw alive, doesn’t it?

**IV Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words in bold type in situations of your own**

1. What is **a penitentiary**?
2. Why did Crenshaw grow **prematurely aged**?
3. Why did Crenshaw have **to liquidate his lease**?
4. Were Crenshaw's neighbours right thinking him to be **a man ruined by adversity**?
5. What happened when Crenshaw **lost control** during the court hearing and **got at the Fiend**, **seizing him by the necktie**?
6. Did Crenshaw really hope to obtain the decision of the members of the state **legislature** about **the introduction of capital punishment**?
7. What does the term "**suspended sentence**" mean?
8. Why was Crenshaw **carefully searched** before he was permitted to sit for half an hour in the prison corridor outside the Fiend's **cell**?
9. What are the responsibilities of **an insurance salesman**?
10. Why are many medicines strongly recommended to be kept **out of** children's **reach**?
11. Do you think the Fiend was much interested in **sermons which pictured the tortures of the damned in hell**?
12. How, do you think, did the Fiend react when Crenshaw brought him **inspiringly titled books** that proved to be nothing but **blank paper** inside?
13. Isn't it cruel **to build up false hopes** in a person and then **dash the hopes to pieces**?
14. Do you agree that **horn-rimmed glasses** make a person look **respectable**?
15. What did Crenshaw do with the money he received when **he came into a little legacy**?
16. How did Crenshaw decide **to put an end to the Fiend**?
17. Did Crenshaw have any trouble in **smuggling** a pistol into the **penitentiary**?

18. How did it happen that Crenshaw had become **a privileged person** around the prison?
19. Why was Crenshaw **walking up and down** waiting for the results of the operation on the Fiend?
20. Could you really expect Crenshaw to stop as if paralyzed, **the tears running out down his face**, when **the Warden** told him that the Fiend was dead?
21. Could Crenshaw's reaction have been brought about by **a misery of solitude and despair**?

**V Brush up your grammar**

1. There was a move **to lynch** the **perpetrator of the horror**.
2. The time had come **to put an end to the Fiend**.
3. Your idea to **give a birthday party** at a café seems quite reasonable.
4. They **would be visited should** their lives ever **chance to trek** under a black sky.
5. She **would never hesitate to give a helping hand should there be** such **a necessity.**
6. He **would give me a ring** immediately **should** he **get any** new **information**.
7. He went through a time of hardship finally **liquidating the lease**.
8. They had been working enthusiastically for half a year finally **coming up with a brilliant solution**.
9. He would sit silent for hours, then suddenly **asking a question** that was not always easy to answer.
10. **After being carefully searched**, Crenshaw was permitted to see the Fiend.
11. **On arriving in town**, he came to see us right away.
12. **Before giving the final answer** he thought over everything once again.
13. Crenshaw felt **his scalp tinge**.
14. I've never heard **him speak** like that.
15. I often saw **him leave the house** through the back door.

**16.**I guess I **must have forgotten** about my promise.

**17.**I can't find my purse, I **must have left** it at home.

**18.**She **must have been a beauty** twenty years ago.

**VI Make up sentences on the models of exercise V. Use the following words and word-combinations**

to place into the open air

to go through a time of hardship

to lose control

to be condemned to life imprisonment

to search

to be out of reach

respectable-looking

horn-rimmed glasses

to come into a legacy

to smuggle

with an effort

privileged person

lick one's lip

**VII Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text (change the construction if necessary)**

1. The folks of Stillwater were ready to **take the law into their own hands and kill** the murderer.
2. Crenshaw's business **was becoming less and less profitable** with every passing day.
3. It was clear that the man **was experiencing great difficulties**.
4. Everything is correct **with the exception** of one thing.
5. He is a very reticent person and never **loses his temper**.
6. The people demanded to introduce **death sentence** for murderers.
7. The judge's decision was: the offender **will go to prison if he breaks the law again within a particular period of time**.
8. Write on one side of the paper and leave the other side **empty (with nothing written on it)**.
9. You shouldn't cherish hopes **that will never come true**.
10. He **inherited** a sufficient sum of money.

**VIII. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own.**

підстерігати у засаді

на нього звалилася катастрофа

взивати до того доброго, що є у природі будь-якої людини

страхування

бурмотіти

в'язниця (all synonyms)

поблизу

його бізнес занепадав

переживати тяжкі часи

взяти під заставу

довічне ув'язнення

обшукувати

привілейована особа

збиратися з думками

самітність

вічність

незвичайна зацікавленість

підсумок

чистий (незаповнений) аркуш паперу

марне сподівання

одержати спадщину

пропуск

відчай

угрузати

**X. Choose the right word**

a) *premonition, foreboding, apprehension, misgiving, anticipation*

1. He bought more food in … of more people coming than he'd invited.
2. There is growing … that fighting will begin again.
3. She had a sense of … that the news would be bad.
4. I had great … about taking the trip.
5. He had a … that he would never see her again.

b) *effort, endeavour, attempt*

1. The manager is expected to use his or her best … to promote the artist's career.
2. It's a long climb to the top, but well worth the … .
3. I passed my driving test at the first … .

c) *alone, lonely*

1. I don't like going out … at night.

2. She lives … and often feels … .

d) *to remember, to memorize*

1. He still … her as the lively teenager he'd known years before.
2. She did her best to … the poem.

**X. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of the main personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Crenshaw Engels;
- the Fiend;
- one of the prison guards.

**XI. a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak of the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XII. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XIV. Topics for oral or written work**

1. Revenge as the sole sense of a human life.
2. The problem of crime and punishment: moral and legal aspects.
3. Human psychology as an inexhaustible source of most puzzling discoveries and surprises.
4. F.S. Fitzgerald. A brief outline of creative activities.

## G. Greene. THE END OF THE PARTY

Peter Morton woke with a start to face the first light. Through the window he could see a bare bough dropping across a frame of silver. Rain tapped against the glass. It was January the fifth.

He looked across a table, on which a night-light had guttered into a pool of water, at the other bed. Francis Morton was still asleep, and Peter lay down again with his eyes on his brother. It amused him to imagine that it was himself whom he watched, the same hair, the same eyes, the same lips and line of cheek. But the thought soon palled, and the mind went back to the fact which lent the day importance. It was the fifth of January. He could hardly believe that a year had passed since Mrs. Henne-Falcon had given her last children's party.

Francis turned suddenly upon his back and threw an arm across his face, blocking his mouth. Peter's heart began to beat fast, not with pleasure now but with uneasiness. He sat up and called across the table, "Wake up." Francis's shoulders shook and he waved a clenched fist in the air, but his eyes remained closed. To Peter Morton the whole room seemed suddenly to darken, and he had the impression of a great bird swooping. He cried again, "Wake up," and once more there was silver light and the touch of rain on the windows. Francis rubbed his eyes. "Did you call out?" he asked.

"You are having a bad dream," Peter said with confidence. Already experience had taught him how far their minds reflected each other. But he was the elder, by a matter of minutes, and that brief extra interval of light, while his brother still struggled in pain and darkness, had given him self-reliance and an instinct of protection towards the other who was afraid of so many things.

"I dreamed that I was dead," Francis said.

"What was it like?" Peter asked with curiosity.

"I can't remember," Francis said, and his eyes turned with relief to the silver of day, as he allowed the fragmentary memories to fade.

"You dreamed of a big bird."

"Did I?" Francis accepted his brother's knowledge without question, and for a little the two lay silent in bed facing each other, the same green eyes, the same nose tilting at the tip, the same firm lips parted, and the same premature modelling of the chin. The fifth of January. Peter thought again, his mind drifting idly from the image of cakes to the prizes which might be won. Egg-and-spoon races, spearing apples in basins of water, blindman's buff.

"I don't want to go," Francis said suddenly. "I suppose Joyce will be there... Mabel Warren." Hateful to him, the thought of a party shared with those two. They were older than he. Joyce was eleven and Mabel Warren thirteen. Their long pigtails swung superciliously to a masculine stride. Their sex humiliated him, as they watched him fumble with his egg, from under lowered scornful lids. And last year... he turned his face away from Peter, his cheeks scarlet.

"What's the matter?" Peter asked.

"Oh, nothing. I don't think I'm well. I've got a cold. I oughtn't to go to the party."

Peter was puzzled. "But, Francis, is it a bad cold?"

"It will be a bad cold if I go to the party. Perhaps I shall die."

"Then you mustn't go," Peter said with decision, prepared to solve all difficulties with one plain sentence, and Francis let his nerves relax in a delicious relief, ready to leave everything to Peter. But though he was grateful he did not turn his face towards his brother. His cheeks still bore the badge of a shameful memory, of the game of hide-and-seek last year in the darkened house, and of how he had screamed when Mabel Warren put her hand suddenly upon his arm. He had not heard her coming. Girls were like that. Their shoes never squeaked. No boards whined under their tread. They slunk like cats on padded claws. When the nurse came in with hot water Francis lay tranquil, leaving everything to Peter. Peter said, "Nurse, Francis has got a cold."

The tall starched woman laid the towels across the cans and said, without turning, "The washing won't be back till tomorrow. You must lend him some of your handkerchiefs."

"But, Nurse," Peter asked, "hadn't he better stay in bed?"

"We'll take him for a good walk this morning," the nurse said. "Wind'll blow away the germs. Get up now, both of you," and she closed the door behind her.

"I'm sorry," Peter said, and then, worried at the sight of a face creased again by misery and foreboding, "Why don't you just stay in bed? I'll tell mother you felt too ill to get up." But such a rebellion against destiny was not in Francis's power. Besides, if he stayed in bed they would come up and tap his chest and put a thermometer in his mouth and look at his tongue, and they would discover that he was malingering. It was true that he felt ill, a sick empty sensation in his stomach and a rapidly beating heart, but he knew that the cause was only fear, fear of the party, fear of being made to hide by himself in the dark, uncompanioned by Peter and with no night-light to make a blessed breach.

"No, I'll get up," he said, and then with sudden desperation, "But I won't go to Mrs. Henne-Falcon's party. I swear on the Bible I won't." Now surely all would be well, he thought. God would not allow him to break so solemn an oath. He would show him a way. There was all the morning before him and all the afternoon until four o'clock. No need to worry now when the grass was still crisp with the early frost. Anything might happen. He might cut himself or break his leg or really catch a bad cold. God would manage somehow.

He had such confidence in God that when at breakfast his mother said, "I hear you have a cold, Francis," he made light of it. "We should have heard more about it," his mother said with irony, "if there was not a party this evening," and Francis smiled uneasily, amazed and daunted by her ignorance of him. His happiness would have lasted longer if, out for a walk that morning, he had not met Joyce. He was alone with his nurse, for Peter had leave to finish a rabbit-hutch in the woodshed. If Peter had been there he would have cared less; the nurse was Peter's nurse also, but now it was as though she were employed only for his sake, because he could not be trusted to go for a walk alone. Joyce was only two years older and she was by herself.

She came striding towards them, pigtails flapping. She glanced scornfully at Francis and spoke with ostentation to the nurse. "Hello, Nurse. Are you bringing Francis to the party this evening? Mabel and I are coming." And she was off again

down the street in the direction of Mabel Warren's home, consciously alone and self-sufficient in the long empty road. "Such a nice girl," the nurse said. But Francis was silent, feeling again the jump-jump of his heart, realizing how soon the hour of the party would arrive. God had done nothing for him, and the minutes flew.

They flew too quickly to plan any evasion, or even to prepare his heart for the coming ordeal. Panic nearly overcame him when, all unready, he found himself standing on the door-step, with coat-collar turned up against a cold wind, and the nurse's electric torch making a short luminous trail through the darkness. Behind him were the lights of the hall and the sound of a servant laying the table for dinner, which his mother and father would eat alone. He was nearly overcome by a desire to run back into the house and call out to his mother that he would not go to the party, that he dared not go. They could not make him go. He could almost hear himself saying those final words, breaking down for ever, as he knew instinctively, the barrier of ignorance that saved his mind from his parents' knowledge. "I'm afraid of going. I won't go. I daren't go. They'll make me hide in the dark, and I'm afraid of the dark. I'll scream and scream and scream." He could see the expression of amazement of his mother's face, and then the cold confidence of a grown-up's retort.

“Don't be silly. You must go. We've accepted Mrs. Henne-Falcon's invitation.” But they couldn't make him go; hesitating on the doorstep while the nurse's feet crunched across the frost-covered grass to the gate, he knew that. He would answer, "You can say I'm ill. I won't go. I'm afraid of the dark." And his mother, "Don't be silly. You know there's nothing to be afraid of in the dark." But he knew the falsity of that reasoning; he knew how they taught also that there was nothing to fear in death, and how fearfully they avoided the idea of it. But they couldn't make him go to the party. "I'll scream. I'll scream."

"Francis, come along." He heard the nurse's voice across the dimly phosphorescent lawn and saw the small yellow circle of her torch wheel from tree to shrub and back to tree again. "I'm coming," he called with despair, leaving the lighted doorway of the house; he couldn't bring himself to lay bare his last secrets and end reserve between his mother and himself, for there was still in the last resort a further appeal possible to

Mrs. Henne-Falcon. He comforted himself with that, as he advanced steadily across the hall, very small, towards her enormous bulk. His heart beat unevenly, but he had control now over his voice, as he said with meticulous accent, "Good evening, Mrs. Henne-Falcon. It was very good of you to ask me to your party." With his strained face lifted, towards the curve of her breasts, and his polite set speech, he was like an old withered man. For Francis mixed very little with other children. As a twin he was in many ways an only child. To address Peter was to speak to his own image in a mirror, an image a little altered by a flaw in the glass, so as to throw back less a likeness of what he was than of what he wished to be, what he would be without his unreasoning fear of darkness, footsteps of strangers, the flight of bats in dusk-filled gardens.

"Sweet child," said Mrs. Henne-Falcon absent-mindedly, before, with a wave of her arms, as though the children were a flock of chickens, she whirled them into her set programme of entertainments: egg-and-spoon races, three-legged races, the spearing of apples, games which held for Francis nothing worse than humiliation. And in the frequent intervals when nothing was required of him and he could stand alone in corners as far removed as possible from Mabel Warren's scornful gaze, he was able to plan how he might avoid the approaching terror of the dark. He knew there was nothing to fear until after tea, and not until he was sitting down in a pool of yellow radiance cast by the ten candles on Colin Henne-Falcon's birthday cake did he become fully conscious of the imminence of what he feared. Through the confusion of his brain, now assailed suddenly by a dozen contradictory plans, he heard Joyce's high voice down the table. "After tea we are going to play hide-and-seek in the dark."

"Oh, no," Peter said, watching Francis's troubled face with pity and an imperfect understanding, "don't let's. We play that every year."

"But it's in the programme," cried Mabel Warren. "I saw it myself. I looked over Mrs. Henne-Falcon's shoulder. Five o'clock, tea. A quarter to six to half-past, hide-and-seek in the dark. It's all written down in the programme."

Peter did not argue, for if hide-and-seek had been inserted in Mrs. Henne-Falcon's programme, nothing which he could say would avert it. He asked for another piece of

birthday cake and sipped his tea slowly. Perhaps it might be possible to delay the game for a quarter of an hour, allow Francis at least a few extra minutes to form a plan, but even in that Peter failed, for children were already leaving the table in twos and threes. It was his third failure, and again, the reflection of an image in another's mind, he saw a great bird darken his brother's face with its wings. But he upbraided himself silently for his folly, and finished his cake encouraged by the memory of that adult refrain, "There's nothing to fear in the dark." The last to leave the table, the brothers came together to the hall to meet the mustering and impatient eyes of Mrs. Henne-Falcon.

"And now," she said, "we will play hide-and-seek in the dark."

Peter watched his brother and saw, as he had expected, the lips tighten. Francis, he knew, had feared this moment from the beginning of the party, had tried to meet it with courage and had abandoned the attempt. He must have prayed desperately for cunning to evade the game, which was now welcomed with cries of excitement by all the other children. "Oh, do let's." "We must pick sides." "Is any of the house out of bounds?" "Where shall home be?"

"I think," said Francis Morton, approaching Mrs. Henne-Falcon, his eyes focused unwaveringly on her exuberant breasts, "it will be no use my playing. My nurse will be calling for me very soon."

"Oh, but your nurse can wait, Francis," said Mrs. Henne-Falcon absent-mindedly, while she clapped her hands together to summon to her side a few children who were already straying up the wide staircase to upper floors. "Your mother will never mind."

That had been the limit of Francis's cunning. He had refused to believe that so well-prepared an excuse could fail. All that he could say now, still in the precise tone which other children hated, thinking it a symbol of conceit, was, "I think I had better not play." He stood motionless, retaining, though afraid, unmoved features. But the knowledge of his terror, or the reflection of the terror itself, reached his brother's brain. For the moment, Peter Morton could have cried aloud with the fear of bright lights going out, leaving him alone in an island of dark surrounded by the gentle tapping of strange footsteps. Then he remembered that the fear was not his own, but

his brother's. He said impulsively to Mrs. Henne-Falcon, "Please, I don't think Francis should play. The dark makes him jump so." They were the wrong words. Six children began to sing, "Cowardy, cowardy custard," turning torturing faces with the vacancy of wide sunflowers towards Francis Morton.

Without looking at his brother, Francis said, "Of course I will play. I am not afraid. I only thought..." But he was already forgotten by his human tormentors and was able in loneliness to contemplate the approach of the spiritual, the more unbounded, torture. The children scrambled round Mrs. Henne-Falcon, their shrill voices pecking at her with questions and suggestions. "Yes, anywhere in the house. We will turn out all the lights. Yes, you can hide in the cupboards. You must stay hidden as long as you can. There will be no home."

Peter, too, stood apart, ashamed of the clumsy manner in which he had tried to help his brother. Now he could feel, creeping in at the corners of his brain, all Francis's resentment of his championing. Several children ran upstairs and the lights on the top floor went out. Then darkness came down like the wings of a bat and settled on the landing. Others began to put out the lights at the edge of the hall, till the children were all gathered in the central radiance of the chandelier while the bats squatted round on hooded wings and waited for that, too, to be extinguished.

"You and Francis are on the hiding side," a tall girl said, and then the light was gone, and the carpet wavered under his feet with the sibilance of footfalls, like small cold draughts, creeping away into corners.

"Where's Francis?" he wondered. "If I join him he'll be less frightened of all these sounds." "These sounds" were the casing of silence. The squeak of a loose board, the cautious closing of a cupboard door, the whine of a finger drawn along polished wood.

Peter stood in the centre of the dark deserted floor, not listening but waiting for the idea of his brother's whereabouts to enter his brain. But Francis crouched with fingers on his ears, eyes uselessly closed, mind numbed against impressions, and only a sense of strain could cross the gap of dark. Then a voice called "Coming," and as though his brother's self-possession had been shattered by the sudden cry, Peter

Morton jumped with his fear. But it was not his own fear. What in his brother was a burning panic, admitting no ideas except those which added to the flame, was in him an altruistic emotion that left the reason unimpaired. "Where, if I were Francis, should I hide?" Such, roughly, was his thought. And because he was, if not Francis himself, at least a mirror to him, the answer was immediate. "Between the oak bookcase on the left of the study door and the leather settee." Peter Morton was unsurprised by the swiftness of the response. Between the twins there could be no jargon of telepathy. They had been together in the womb, and they could not be parted.

Peter Morton tiptoed towards Francis's hiding place. Occasionally a board rattled, and because he feared to be caught by one of the soft questers through the dark, he bent and untied his laces. A tag struck the floor and the metallic sound set a host of cautious feet moving in his direction. But by that time he was in his stockings and would have laughed inwardly at the pursuit had not the noise of someone stumbling on his abandoned shoes made his heart trip in the reflection of another's surprise. No more boards revealed Peter Morton's progress. On stockinged feet he moved silently and unerringly towards his object. Instinct told him that he was near the wall, and, extending a hand, he laid the fingers across his brother's face.

Francis did not cry out, but the leap of his own heart revealed to Peter a proportion of Francis's terror. "It's all right," he whispered, feeling down the squatting figure until he captured a clenched hand. "It's only me. I'll stay with you." And grasping the other tightly, he listened to the cascade of whispers his utterance had caused to fall. A hand touched the bookcase close to Peter's head and he was aware of how Francis's fear continued in spite of his presence. It was less intense, more bearable, he hoped, but it remained. He knew that it was his brother's fear and not his own that he experienced. The dark to him was only an absence of light; the groping hand that of a familiar child. Patiently he waited to be found.

He did not speak again, for between Francis and himself touch was the most intimate communion. By way of joined hands thought could flow more swiftly than lips could shape themselves round words. He could experience the whole progress of

his brother's emotion, from the leap of panic at the unexpected contact to the steady pulse of fear, which now went on and on with the regularity of a heart-beat. Peter Morton thought with intensity, "I am here. You needn't be afraid. The lights will go on again soon. That rustle, that movement is nothing to fear. Only Joyce, only Mabel Warren." He bombarded the drooping form with thoughts of safety, but he was conscious that the fear continued. "They are beginning to whisper together. They are tired of looking for us. The lights will go on soon. We shall have won. Don't be afraid. That was only someone on the stairs. I believe it's Mrs. Henne-Falcon. Listen. They are feeling for the lights." Feet moving on a carpet, hands brushing a wall, a curtain pulled apart, a clicking handle, the opening of a cupboard door. In the case above their heads a loose book shifted under a touch. "Only Joyce, only Mabel Warren, only Mrs. Henne-Falcon," a crescendo of reassuring thought before the chandelier burst, like a fruit tree, into bloom.

The voices of the children rose shrilly into the radiance. "Where's Peter?" "Have you looked upstairs?" "Where is Francis?" but they were silenced again by Mrs. Henne-Falcon's scream. But she was not the first to notice Francis Morton's stillness, where he had collapsed against the wall at the touch of his brother's hand. Peter continued to hold the clenched fingers in an arid and puzzled grief. It was not merely that his brother was dead. His brain, too young to realize the full paradox, yet wondered with an obscure self-pity why it was that the pulse of his brother's fear went on and on, when Francis was now where he had been always told there was no more terror and no more darkness.

*1929*

**Notes**

1. The impression of a great bird swooping – the impression was that a large bird came flying in a quick and sudden attack.
2. The same premature modelling of the chin – the same firm line of the chin that could hardly be expected on a child’s face.

3. Egg-and-spoon races – a game in which each participant is running holding in his hand a spoon with a raw egg. The one who drops the egg leaves the field.
4. Three-legged races – a race in which participants are running in twos, the right leg of one and the left leg of the other bound together.
5. Blind man's buff, hide-and-seek – a children's game in which one player covers his or her eyes while the other players hide, and then tries to find them.
6. Spearing apples in basins of water – a game consisting in "fishing" apples in basins full of water.
7. A face creased again in misery and foreboding – a face making a grimace of suffering and apprehension.
8. He was malingering – he pretended to be ill.
9. With no night light to make the blessed breach – without a slightest shaft of light.
10. These sounds were casing the silence – these sounds made the silence more ominous.

**Active words and word combinations**

to rub one's eyes
self-reliance
premature
humiliate
scornful
superciliously
to fumble
to be puzzled
hide-and-seek
misery
foreboding
rebellion
destiny
to be malingering
desperation
to daunt
utterance
crescendo
to clench
ostentation
self-sufficient
evasion
retort
imminence

| | |
|---|---|
| to assail | sibilance |
| to muster | self-possession |
| to abandon | to shatter |
| exuberant | pursuit |
| to summon | to squat |
| conceit | to collapse |
| chandelier | self-pity |

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

Bough, chandelier, delicious, malingering, solemn, phosphorescent, imminence, unimpaired, pursuit, crescendo.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. How did the twins feel about each other?
2. Why did Peter think himself to be the elder of the two?
3. Why did Peter wake up Francis?
4. How was the fifth of January different from any other date?
5. Why was Francis so nervous?
6. What excuses did Francis try to think of not to go to the party?
7. What caused the worst humiliation for the boy?
8. Why did Peter and Francis's parents never try to help their son?
9. Why did nobody know about the boy's fears except his twin brother?
10. Why couldn't the game of hide-and-seek in the dark be avoided?
11. What became the immediate cause of the tragedy?
12. What do you think will be the best way of handling Francis' problem:
    - try to reassure the boy;
    - consult a psychologist;
    - leave the boy in peace and let him naturally outgrow the childish fear of darkness?

13. What should parents be aware of in order to be able to help their children to overcome the psychological problems of adolescence?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Peter and Francis were very fond of each other, weren't they?
2. Francis dreaded the very idea of going to the party, didn't he?
3. Francis was hastily trying to think of an excuse to stay away from the party, wasn't he?
4. Francis hated girls for sneering at his clumsiness and shyness, didn't he?
5. The nurse was not inclined to encourage what she thought to be Francis's tricks, was she?
6. The boy's parents never suspected one of the twins to have psychological problems, did they?
7. Francis never told anybody but his twin brother about his fears, did he?
8. Peter's attempt to help his brother during the party put the latter in an awkward position, didn't it?
9. It took Francis all his courage to agree to play hide-and-seek in the dark, didn't it?
10. It was Peter's desire to reassure his twin brother and make him feel that he was not alone in the dark that brought about the unintended tragic result, wasn't it?

## IV. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words in bold type in situations of your own

1. What produced **the impression of a great bird swooping** upon Peter who was just waking up and **rubbing his eyes**?
2. How did Peter understand that his twin brother **was having a bad dream**?
3. Who do people usually have **an instinct of protection** towards?
4. Which is the most popular children's game in England: **egg-and-spoon race, spearing apples in basins of water** or **blindman's buff?**
5. Do people ever forgive those who **humiliate** them?
6. Do teenagers often show **rebellion** against accepted habits and traditions?
7. What do you think of a person who **gives a solemn oath** and then **breaks it**?
8. **For whose sake** were all these sacrifices made?
9. What kind of people do we usually characterize as **self-sufficient, self-possessed, self-conscious**?
10. Would you be very upset if you **failed** at your exam? Would you blame yourself or your examiners, these cold-blooded **tormentors, torturing** poor students?
11. Do you take criticism with **resentment** or gratitude?
12. When do air-hostesses ask the passengers of airliners **to extinguish** their cigarettes and fasten their seat-belts?
13. Do we apply the term **"utterance"** to a word, a sentence, or a whole text?
14. What do we call **the crescendo** of a piece of music?
15. What kind of a relationship between people can be characterized as **the most intimate communion**?

## V. Brush up your grammar

1. Francis crouched with fingers on his ears, **eyes uselessly closed, mind numbed** against impressions**. His tale told**, he put his head back and laughed.

   **This done**, and Sikes having satisfied his appetite, the two men lay down for a short nap.

   Abraham too looked well, **his cheeks filled out**, his eyes cheerful.

   She sat on the steps, **with her bare arms crossed** upon her knees.

2. Where **if I were Francis, should I hide**?

   **If Savina were with him** at the moment, **his doubts and loneliness would evaporate**.

   **I should tell your son** to keep away from him **if I were you**.

   **If I were you**, I think **I should fee**l very much as you do.

   **If I were you**, **I should leave him a message.**

3. He feared **to be caught** by one of the soft questers through the dark.

   The house is going **to be repaired** right away.

   There's no time **to be lost**.

   He prefers neither to speak nor **to be spoken to**.

   They were the only married couple **to be invited** to the party.

4. Peter Morton tiptoes towards Francis's **hiding** place.

   Is there a **swimming** pool anywhere in the vicinity?

   His leg has practically healed, but he'll have to use a **walking** stick for some time.

   What's wrong with the **looking-**glass?

   I've removed my **writing-**table, and the room has become much more spacious.

5. **He would have laughed** inwardly at the pursuit **had not the noise** of someone stumbling on his abandoned shoes **made his heart trip** in the reflection of another's surprise.

**He would have come** in time, **hadn't something gone wrong** with his car.

**I would never have broken off** with her, **had she not let me down** so badly.

I'm sure **you would have forgiven her, had she apologized** in time.

**They would never have put forward this issue, had they been warned** about the possible consequences.

## VI. Make up sentences of your own on the models of exercise V. Use the following words and word combinations

| | |
|---|---|
| to have a bad dream | to do smth. for smb's sake |
| to accept without question | to be off |
| to get a cold | to accept the invitation |
| to relax in a relief | to avoid smb (smth) |
| to give a solemn oath | to mix with other children |

## VII. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text (change the construction if necessary)

1. He always **felt like saving his younger brother any trouble.**
2. Francis **never protested against his brother's decisions.**
3. The girls' condescending attitude **made the boy feel mortified**.
4. Peter **was totally bewildered**.
5. The boys' parents were sure to understand that Francis **was pretending to be ill**.
6. He **has given a firm promise**.
7. I'll do anything **for his benefit**.
8. He **was seized by fear**.
9. He **agreed to come** to the children's party.
10. He couldn't **make himself reveal his secrets.**
11. The hostess made **the list of amusements** for the children's party.

12. The boy **quit trying** to overcome his fear.
13. She has **a great ability of controlling** her temper.
14. The fruit-tree **has blossomed**.

## VIII. Give English equivalents to the following words and words combinations. In what situations combinations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own.

| | |
|---|---|
| упевненість у своїх силах | заради чогось (когось) |
| інстинкт протекціонізму | кат |
| жмурки | електричний ліхтар |
| зневажання | уникати чогось (когось) |
| спантеличений | відчай |
| відчути полегшення | розвага |
| присягатися | усвідомлювати |
| порушити урочисте присягання | зазнавати невдачі |
| молитися | припиняти спроби |
| плескати (у долоні) | самовладання |
| обурення | спотикатися |
| сидіти навпочіпки | безпомилково |
| упасти через хворобу або слабкість | розквітнути |

## IX. Choose the right word

*a) to protect, to defend, to guard, to shield*

1. It is recommended that you should … your head from the hot rays of the midday sun.
2. He hired an experienced lawyer to … him during the court hearing.
3. The entrance to the house was safely ….
4. She brought a warm blanket to … the baby from the wind.

*b) to deny, to refuse, to give up*

1. The department … responsibility for what occurred.

2. The job offer was simply too good to ….
3. She didn't … work when she had the baby.

*c) entertainment, amusement*

1. There's a new … park not far from our house.
2. Local … are listed in the newspaper.

*d) torture, torment, ordeal*

1. The hostages spoke openly about the terrible … they had been through.
2. She suffered years of mental … after her husband's death.
3. I heard stories of gruesome … in prisons.

*e) to malinger, to pretend*

1. The book doesn't … to be a great work of literature.
2. He is complaining of a sore throat, but I'm sure he is…
   He just doesn't want to go to school

## X. Complete the following sentences

1. I will never say a word unless …
2. She sat on the porch, her hands …
3. If I were you …
4. I should make a clear breast of it …
5. He would have helped you …
6. Hadn't something unusual attracted his attention …
7. He will not lift a finger until …
8. She stood on the door-step, her eyes …
9. I should have come long ego …
10. Had he had courage enough to confess …

## XI. Translate the following sentences into English using the structures presented in exercise V

1. Вона сиділа мовчки, засмучена, **похиливши голову.**
2. **Оскільки все вже було сказано**, мені лишалося лише попрощатися.

3. **Якщо мене запитають**, я скажу правду.
4. **Якби я була царицею**, я б для нашого царя народила багатиря.
5. **На вашому місці** я була б обережнішою.
6. **Якби я була її старшою сестрою**, я б знала, як приборкати негідницю.
7. Всі її **речі, необхідні для малювання**, знаходяться у цій шафі.
8. Санаторій має свій спортивний зал та **плавальний басейн**.
9. Наше завдання – **надбання** сталих **навичок говоріння та письма**.
10. Він побоювався, **що з нього насміхатимуться**, якщо він виявить свою слабкість.
11. Він був упевнений, **що його покарають**, якщо він не послухається батьків.
12. Я не виношу, **коли зі мною розмовляють** таким тоном.
13. **Він** неодмінно **допоміг би** нам, **якби** вчасно **довідався про наші проблеми**.
14. **Я б склала усі іспити**, **якби не захворіла** саме наприкінці семестру.
15. **Я б обов'язково надіслала привітання** нашому вчителю, **якби хтось нагадав мені** про його ювілей.

XII. **a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristic of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Peter Morton;
- Mrs. Henne-Falcon;
- Mabel Warren;
- The twin brothers' mother

XIII. **a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XIV. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XV. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XVI. Topics for oral or written work**

1. Teenagers' socialization brings about many problems that are to be treated with utmost care.
2. Many tragedies could have been avoided if people were ready to show enough kindness, tact and compassion towards each other.
3. Disregard for human feelings may cause dramatic and even tragic consequences.

## W. Saroyan. THE READER OF "THE WORLD ALMANAC FOR 1944"

Berry was the first to arrive, but soon afterward he saw Harley come out of the darkness, humming and coughing at the same time.

"Harley"

"Yeah, man. What do you know?"

"I was thinking," Berry said, "a house is too small to live in."

"What house?"

"Any house. I was thinking you've got to sleep there, of course, but the place to live is out."

"Out where? Out in Africa? Some place like that?"

"No, just out of a house. Out *here*, out anywhere. A house is small. Nothing else is."

"Some houses are pretty big."

"No house is big *enough*. If it was size we were after, we'd try to get into a penitentiary, because they *are* big."

“Alcatraz sure is,” Harley said. “I saw it in a movie once. Inside, I mean. You know, I kind of liked that place.”

“I’d hate to be on Alcatraz,” Berry said.

“It’s not bad. Those fellows sat down and ate pretty good meals, and when they talked you could see they had ideas in their heads. They were funny, too. I heard ’em laugh.”

“Who were they?”

“Humphrey Bogart was one of them. You know the way he talks, Alcatraz or any place else. Couple of others something like him. I almost wished I was on Alcatraz with them.”

“I wouldn't like it. I feel sorry for people on islands.”

“You feel sorry for people on islands,” Harley said. “England’s an island. Ireland’s an island. Australia’s an island.”

“We’re free.”

“Everybody’s free.”

“Nobody on Alcatraz is. They can't get up and go.”

“We’ve got to get up,” Harley said. “We’ve got to get up before daybreak for the buck, or the buck and a quarter, we earn every morning. How free are we?”

“Pretty free,” Berry said. “Lucky, too.”

“I don’t know about that,” Harley said. “Maybe we are, and maybe we ain’t. Right now I think we ain't."

The nine others arrived one by one, and they all talked quietly in the dark until the truck came and Haggerty slammed their papers on the sidewalk and gave two or three of them new subscriptions.

“Berry?” Haggerty said.

“Yes, sir.”

“Here’s two more for you.”

Haggerty got back into the truck and drove off.

Harley and Berry folded their papers, arranging them neatly in their sacks.

“What else?” Harley said.

“I was thinking,” Berry said, “there isn’t *anything* around that isn’t good to see.”

“Yeah?” Harley said. “When were you thinking *that*?”

“Just this morning,” Berry said. “Just before the alarm began to ring. I always wake up a few minutes before it begins to ring.”

“What’s so good to see?”

“Well, after rain, the whole world is. The same things are good to see again and again because they’re a little different every time you look at them, and they belong to everybody.”

“They do?”

“Anything you can see is yours.”

“I saw a lot of money in a bank once that wasn't mine,” Harley said.

“Anything except stuff like that.”

“What’s good the other stuff?”

“Pretty good.”

“Like what?”

“Like the whole morning.”

“*This* morning?”

“This morning especially.”

“You can have it,” Harley said. “I didn’t want to get out of bed. I got out because I *had* to. Anybody with any sense is asleep now. Do you see anybody else up? It’s just us and Haggerty.”

“Look over here,” Berry said.

Harley stopped rolling a paper to look. Far away he saw the moon in the clean sky.

“What about it?” he said.

“Look at it,” Berry said. “We’ve never seen it so clean and cold and bright.”

“What good is it?”

“I was thinking,” Berry said, “that’s something that’s mine. That’s there for me to see. I live with that.”

“Yeah?” Harley said. “What else were you thinking?”

"Well, I was thinking," Berry said, "when I got down here you and I would talk the way we do every morning, then pick up our sacks and go. What were you *thinking*?"

"Me?" Harley said! "I wasn't thinking anything. I was too sleepy to think anything. I'm losing a lot of sleep. Maybe I'll think something, tomorrow morning. If I do, I'll let you know."

He harnessed the sack to his shoulder, stood up, and waited for Berry.

"If any kind of an idea comes into my head tomorrow morning about the moon or money or anything else," Harley said, "I'll tell you about it, Berry. You ready?"

"Almost," Berry said. He rolled the last six papers quickly, arranged them in his sack, arranged it to his shoulder, and stood up. They walked together two blocks, as they always did, moving quickly, eager to become free of their burdens as soon as possible.

At the corner where they went in different directions Harley said, "Listen to this. You know, after the papers came and I started rolling them I was still so sleepy I fell asleep again, right there while I was rolling the papers. I dreamed I was on Alcatraz with Bogart and all those guys. Well, we were up early, still captured, you know, still on Alcatraz, and we stood around talking, and Bogart says to me, 'Hey, you! How long you in for?' And what do you think I told him?"

"What did you tell him?" Berry said.

"'I'm in until the movie ends'. That's what I told him. It's like a movie, anyway, isn't it?" "What is?" Berry said.

"Being around," Harley said. "Being around anywhere. I'm going to see if I can get an idea in my head. If I do, I'll tell you about it. Fair's fair, and you've been telling me about the ideas you get."

"They're not much good, I guess," Berry said. "Better than nothing," Harley said. "See you."

"See you," Berry said.

The next morning rain began to come down when he woke up, just before the alarm went off. He put on two coats instead of one and was out into the rain in no time at all. There was no moon in the sky, no lone star, no cluster of three, and the boughs of

trees were rocking in the wind, so that no big clear drops of water could cling to them, as they had clung yesterday morning. It was darker, too, but he could see the street and the houses on it, and he saw that there was more to the street than a fellow was apt to notice unless it was dark and there was nothing in the sky but rain falling.

"Let's see what Harley thinks this morning," he thought.

But the first to arrive after Berry were Blake and Farrow.

"Here's a nice start to a dismal day," Farrow said.

"Where's Harley?" Blake said.

They stood in the rain, waiting for Haggerty. More of the others came, and then Haggerty.

"Two cancellations," Haggerty said. "One for Blake, one for Harley."

"Who canceled?" Blake said.

"Eda Larouse."

"I thought you said she'd been taking the paper as long as you could remember."

"She died."

"When?"

"When you die it doesn't matter when," Haggerty said. "You're dead and your subscription to the *Chronicle* is automatically canceled."

"Eda Larouse." Blake said. "I didn't think she'd die."

"There'll be some other people moving in there one of these days," Haggerty said. "Get *them* to subscribe. Where's Harley?"

"He'll be here in a minute," Berry said.

"What do you mean he'll be here in a minute?" Haggerty said. "I've got a cancellation for him. Nobody died, though. They just moved. I can't hang around all morning."

"He'll be here," Berry said.

"I'll wait a minute," Haggerty said, "but I'm not going to stand in the rain."

He got back into the truck and sat there.

The paper carriers leaned over their papers as they rolled them in the transparent waterproof sheets Haggerty had handed them to keep the papers dry. They worked

quickly, quicker than ever, to get the papers into their sacks, and then as quickly as possible to get them to the doors of those who hadn't died or moved.

"Eda Larouse," Berry said. "What was she like?"

"Another old lady," Blake said. "Where's Harley?"

"He'll be here," Berry said. "What kind of an old lady?"

"Something like a witch until you got to know her," Blake said. "He's never been late before. Who knows Harley's route? Anybody?"

"He'll be here," Berry said.

"Sure he will," Blake said, "but no use making Haggerty wait and give him a bawling out."

"I know his route," Berry said.

"You do? How come?"

"Before I got my route, Harley let me walk with him on his route. I'll take his route if he's too late to take it himself."

"You mean you walked with Harley on his route before you got your own?"

"Yeah."

"For how long?"

"About a month, I guess."

"What for?"

"I don't like to stay in a house any longer than I have to," Berry said. "His route passes my house. I was in the street one morning when he came by. We'd just moved there. I went along with him the rest of the way and we got to doing that every morning. Harley got me my route. That was more than a year ago, a couple of months before you got your route. Harley never missed a day before."

"Well, there's always a first time," Blake said. "I better send Haggerty on his way."

Blake went to Haggerty.

"Let me have Harley's cancellation," he said. "He'll be here."

"I'd better wait," Haggerty said, "in case he doesn't show up. I don't want circulation on my neck."

“Berry knows his route,” Blake said. “He’ll get the papers around if Harley doesn't show up.”

“Are you sure?”

“He says he knows the route.”

“Here’s the addresses,” Haggerty said. “He’d better use it.”

“O. K.,” Blake said. He took the long sheet of paper, protected it from the rain, and handed it to Berry as Haggerty drove off.

“Here’s the route, the way it is now,” Blake said. “You sure you can carry both routes this morning?”

“Sure,” Berry said. “What do you mean she was like a witch?”

“You remember the pictures of witches in the books?” Blake said. “Well, she looked like those witches. She had the kind of voice you’d expect a witch to have, too. But she was a nice old lady. Gave me a sweater for Christmas. I mean, she knitted it for me.”

“What kind of a sweater?”

“Turtle neck. The one I’m wearing. Red. I changed my mind about old Eda Larouse after that. She was a nice old dame and I’m sorry she died. Now, what’s happened to Harley?”

“Well,” Berry said, “I guess he just had to sleep this morning.”

“Yeah,” Blake said. “I didn’t want to get out of bed myself. Lucky for him you're his pal.”

“He got me my route,” Berry said.

Berry wrapped the papers of his own route and arranged them in his sack. By the time he had gotten Harley’s papers wrapped and stuffed into his sack with his own everybody was gone. He took his own route first, to get it out of the way as quickly as possible, because he knew it best, and then he took Harley’s, confirming each house by the name and number on the list Haggerty had given Blake.

Ordinarily he got home a little before or a little after seven, before his father and mother were up. He got his own breakfast, picked up his books, and took off on the mile walk to school before they were up, too. He went to the Sunset Library after

school, or walked in Golden Gate Park, or looked in the windows of stores until supper time, and then he went home and saw them.

They ate supper together every night, and then he went to his room and read around in his favorite book, *The World Almanac for* 1944, the year he was born, until he was too sleepy to read any more. His room was away off from the rest of the house. It was a small room at the end of a hall. The room had a high round window that pushed open, out of which he could look at the sky when he woke up in the morning.

That was something he looked forward to.

His father and mother went to bed late. His father worked for the United Press. His mother spent most of her time visiting friends. They were in their middle thirties and not very good friends. Sometimes he heard them arguing after dinner, and a couple of times he heard his father shout and his mother cry and throw things. They talked to him at suppertime every night. He wasn't ashamed of them. He felt sorry for them. They didn't seem to like one another, or him, or anybody else. He liked both of them very much, worrying sometimes about his father, but he had known for a long time that the three of them weren't much of a family.

This morning, though, Berry didn't get home until a little before eight.

His father stepped out of the bathroom when he heard Berry come in. His face was lathered and half of one side was shaved.

"You still here, Berry?" he said.

His mother came out of her bedroom, buttoning an old white bathrobe.

"What are *you* doing, still here, Berry?" she said.

"Harley didn't show up," Berry said. "I took his route, too. I'm going."

"Going?" his father said. "You'd better put on some dry clothes first."

"You'd better have some breakfast, too," his mother said.

He went down the hall to his room, got out of the wet clothes and put on some dry ones. When he got back to the dining room his father was sitting behind a cup of coffee, looking at the morning paper Berry always left on the table for him. Berry sat down behind two eggs his mother had fried for him and a cup of coffee with cream.

His mother came and sat down and his father handed her the second section of the paper.

"*Who* was it didn't show up?" his mother said.

"Harley."

"Harley?" his father said. "Harley who?"

"Athey."

"Harley Athey," his mother said.

"I guess he went back to sleep," Berry said.

They ate in silence a moment, his father and mother turning pages of the morning paper.

"How old is *he*?" his father said.

"My age," Berry said. "Twelve."

"Are you good friends?"

"Harley's my best friend," Berry said. "I guess I'm his best friend, too. He got me my route."

"What is it?" his mother said to his father suddenly.

"What is *what*?" his father said.

He got up quickly.

Berry saw his father hand his mother the first section of the paper and go to the closet for his overcoat. His mother glanced at the paper, then put her cup of coffee down, and got up. She went off with both sections of the paper to her bedroom, and Berry got up to go to school.

At the door his father called out to him.

"Oh, Berry," he said. "Come straight home after school this afternoon, will you? I want to get you a raincoat."

When he got home after school his father was sitting in the living room.

"Berry?" he said.

"Yes?"

"Come on in and sit down a minute, will you? Your mother's visiting some friends."

Berry went in and sat down across the room from his father. He didn't often sit in the room.

"There's something I want to tell you," his father said. He waited a moment and then he said, "A lot of things happen to people, Berry, that they never know are going to happen." He stopped again, and then said, "A *lot* of things. What I mean is —Well, I guess by now you know things around here might have turned out a little differently. There isn't much use trying to find out where to put the blame, either. Anyhow, I always thought—I myself had three brothers and four sisters. I had friends, too, but — Well, anyhow, I had brothers and sisters, too." He stopped again, and got up suddenly. "Shall we go get the raincoat?"

On the way to the store his father said, "I mean, I hope you understand."

"What's the matter?" Berry said.

"We're divorced," his father said. "We're friends, of course, but we're going to live in different places. Your mother's going to keep the house — it's almost paid for — and I'm going to live somewhere else."

"Where?"

"Well, I'm going to a hotel first, and then I'll see. I may leave San Francisco."

"Where am I going to stay?"

"Home. With your mother."

"When were you divorced?"

"Yesterday. It won't be final for a year, but it's final enough. That's what I read in the paper this morning."

"Didn't you know?"

"Yes, I knew, but when you see it in the paper—well, then it's really so."

"Can't you be divorced and stay in the same house, too?"

"No," his father said. "I got the afternoon off so I could pack my stuff and send it along to the hotel. It's all there now. After we buy the raincoat, I'll go on to the hotel. What sort of a fellow is Harley?"

"He's *my* friend," Berry said.

The coat was more than just a raincoat, even though it was a raincoat, too. It was solid dark grey, and it buttoned up tight at the collar.

"Keep it on," his father said. "Walk home in it."

They went out into the street and walked to the corner. They stood there together, and then Berry saw the bus coming.

"You go home, will you?" his father said. "Your mother'll be there pretty soon and she'll
want to see you."

The bus stopped, the automatic door sprang open, a lady got on, then another lady, and then it was his father's turn, but his father didn't get on, and after a moment the driver of the bus slammed the automatic door shut and drove on.

"There'll be another bus in a minute or two," his father said.

They were standing on the corner waiting for the second bus when it began to rain again. The rain started suddenly and came down heavily.

"It can't touch you," his father said. "It can't touch you, Berry."

Across the street Berry saw Harley Athey walking with his father.

"Harley!" Berry called out, and Harley and his father stopped. Harley ran across the street while Harley's father looked into the window of a hardware store.

"Hello, Berry," Harley said. "Blake told me you carried my route. I'll do something for you some day. I couldn't get up. I was sick. I've been in bed all day. I've got a touch of the flu or something, but I'm all right. My father's taking me to a movie. That's him across the street."

"This is my father," Berry said.

"Hello, Mr. Tomkin," Harley said. "Don't forget, Berry. I'm going to do something for you some day."

"Ah, forget it."

"Nice meeting you, Mr. Tomkin," Harley said. "I always wanted to see Berry's father. That's my father across the street. He's a lot older than your father, Berry."

"How many of you are there?" Berry's father said.

"Kids, you mean?"

“Yes.”

“We’re six kids, Mr. Tomkin. I’m next to the last. My kid sister’s seven. My biggest brother’s twenty. We’re a houseful, all right, but Berry’s my best friend. So long, Berry. See you in the morning.”

“Yeah, Harley.”

Harley ran across the street, and Berry looked up at his father.

“It’s the best coat I’ve ever had. You ought to get yourself one, too.”

“I’ll see about it,” his father said. “The important thing just now is that you’ve got yours. Well, look, Berry, here’s my bus.”

He saw his father squat to look into his eyes. His mouth was smiling, but his eyes just couldn’t.

“Good-bye, boy,” he said. He put his arms around Berry and held him close. “Nothing can touch you,” he said.

The bus came and stopped, and once again the automatic door sprang open. His father stood up quickly, and Berry saw him get on the bus. He saw him fetch some coins out of his pocket, and drop a dime in the fare box. The automatic door slammed shut, and the bus moved on, but Berry’s father didn’t turn to look at him again.

Berry watched the bus move away. Then he began to walk after the bus. He hadn’t taken ten steps when he began to run. He saw the bus stop at the next corner, and then he began to run faster, but just before he reached the bus, it picked up and went on. Berry didn’t stop, though.

He was still running when he could barely see the bus far down the street.

**Notes**

1) The World Almanac – a yearly encyclopedia giving variegated information – biographies of political figures, results of sporting events, etc.
2) Alcatraz – a small rocky island in the bay of San-Francisco, that houses a hard labour prison for violent and persistent offenders.
3) Humphrey Bogart – American actor, well-known for playing the parts of gangsters.

4) Buck (slang, esp. AE) – dollar.
5) Ain't (colloquial) – am not / is not / are not.
6) Alarm began to ring – the alarm-clock began to ring.
7) I'm losing a lot of sleep – I don't get enough sleep.
8) Movie (AE) – 1. film; 2. cinema.
9) Two cancellations – two people cancelled their subscriptions.
10) Chronicle – the name of a newspaper.
11) I'll take his route – I'll deliver the newspapers to the suscribers he usually attends to.
12) I don't want circulation on my neck – I don't want the circulation department to make trouble for me.
13) I guess (AE) – I believe.
14) Pal (slang) – friend.
15) Sunset Library – a Library in Sunset Boulevard, San-Francisco.
16) Golden Gate Park – a park in San-Francisco.
17) United Press = the United Press International, a large telegraph agency.
18) The three of them were not much of a family – their family was far from being united.

**Active words and word combinations**

almanac
to hum
subscription
to arrange
neatly
alarm
to roll
in no time at all
to cling
to rock
dismal
cancellation
circulation (of a newspaper)
to confirm
to look forward (to)
to spring open
hardware store
fare box
paper carriers
transparent

| | |
|---|---|
| waterproof | turtle neck sweater |
| route | lather |
| to bawl | to slam shut |
| to knit | to have got a touch of the flu |

## EXERCISES

**I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words**

Penitentiary, alarm, harness, capture, dismal, cancellation, chronicle, transparent, route, automatic, fare.

**II. Answer the following questions**

1. What were the two boys discussing while waiting for the truck to bring papers for them to deliver?
2. Why did the boys have to get up so early?
3. Why did people cancel their subscriptions?
4. Why did the paper carriers use transparent waterproof sheets?
5. What kind of a lady was Eda Larouse?
6. Why did Berry decide to take Harley's route?
7. At what time did Berry come back home after doing his early morning job?
8. What can you say about Barry's family?
9. Why do you think Berry's father asked his son so many questions about his friend?
10. What was going to change Berry's life so drastically?
11. Why was it so difficult for the father and the son to part?
12. Why did Berry's father keep repeating the words "Nothing can touch you"?
13. How are children affected by the divorce of their parents?

**III. Comment of the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. Berry and Harley were not in a bad need of money, they delivered newspapers to have pocket money, didn't they?
2. The boys didn't like to discuss any fantastic ideas, did they?

3. It was not so difficult for the paper carriers to get up early in the morning, was it?
4. The boys were not much impressed by blockbusters about gangsters, were they?
5. Each of the paper carriers had his own route, hadn't he?
6. None of the boys was a movie lover, was he?
7. Harley never missed a work day, did he?
8. None of the boys was ready to take Harley's route, was he?
9. Haggerty did not mind having the circulation department on his neck, did he?
10. Eda Larouse did not just look like a witch, she was one, wasn't she?
11. People of the district never cancelled their subscriptions, did they?
12. One of the boys was wearing a sweater knitted by himself, wasn't he?
13. Usually Berry got home before his father and mother were up, didn't he?
14. Berry's father was a journalist, wasn't he?
15. Berry's mother spent most of her time visiting friends, didn't she?
16. Berry's father and mother were very fond of each other, weren't they?
17. The three of them were a very united family, weren't they?
18. Berry didn't feel like having breakfast, did he?
19. Berry's father took him to the shops to buy a sweater, didn't he?
20. Berry's father was hesitating long before telling his son that his wife and he were divorced, wasn't he?
21. Berry was so glad to have a new raincoat that he clean forgot all his troubles, didn't he?
22. Both the father and the son tried to delay their parting as long as they could, didn't they?
23. That was a day that changed drastically Berry's life, wasn't it?

## IV. Brush up your grammar

1. Berry was the first to leave.

2. The first to arrive were Black and Farrow.
3. He was the next to pass his exam.
4. Berry watched the bus move away
5. I heard them laugh.
6. He saw him fetch some coins out of his pocket and drop a dime in the fare box.
7. If I find your book, I'll let you know.
8. If any kind of an idea comes into my head, I'll tell you about it.
9. I'll take his route, if he is too late to take it himself.
10. This is the rule. He'd better obey it.
11. You'd better get some breakfast before leaving.
12. You'd better put on some dry clothes, or you'll catch a cold.
13. If the sweater were my size, I'd buy it.
14. If the weather were better we should go out of town.
15. If I were sure of his help I should agree to do this work.
16. I almost wished I were a gipsy.
17. I wish I had your talent.
18. I wish Fleur took seriously to water - colour work.
19. It's no use making Haggerty wait.
20. There isn't much use trying to find out where to put the blame.
21. It's no use repeating the same thing again and again.

**V. Make up sentences on the models of exercise IV. Use the following words and word combinations**

to cancel subscription
to arrange smth neatly
to get out of bed
to become free of one's burden
to be captured
to put the blame on smb
to spring open
to have got a touch of the flu
to be apt to notice smth
to hang around
to keep smth dry
to look forward to smth
to slam shut
to see about smth

to hold smth close

## VI. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words in bold type in situations of your own

1. Which of the boys was **the first to arrive** at the meeting place?
2. Why were the boys speaking about getting into a **penitentiary**?
3. Why did the boys have **to get up before daybreak**?
4. At what time did Berry's **alarm begin to ring**?
5. How did the boys manage **to arrange the papers neatly in their sacks**?
6. What did the boys do **to become free of their burdens** as soon as possible?
7. Why **are** people's **subscriptions** sometimes **cancelled**?
8. How old were most of the **paper carriers**?
9. What did the boys do **to keep the papers dry**?
10. Which of the subscribers looked like **an old witch**, though was really a very nice lady?
11. What do we call **a paper circulation**?
12. How do you understand the meaning of the question "**How come**?"
13. What **was** Berry **looking forward to**?
14. Which of Berry's parents **was in his middle thirties**?
15. Why did Berry's father advise the boy **to put on some dry clothes**?
16. Why did Berry's father think **there wasn't much use trying to find out were to put the blame for his divorce**?
17. In what weather do people have their coats **buttoned up tight at the collar**?
18. What makes automatic doors **spring open** and **slam shut**?

## VII. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text (change the construction if necessary)

1. Berry **came first**.
2. The boy wondered how people got to **jail**.
3. He put on his coat and went out **without any delay**.

4. On that day two people informed them that **no longer wanted newspapers delivered to them**.
5. They saw to it that **papers did not get wet**.
6. The boys like **sweaters with high part fitting closely around the neck**.
7. The boy was **anticipating with pleasure** the meeting with his father.
8. Both his parents **were between the ages of thirty and forty**.
9. Theirs was not **a united family**.
10. Never try to justify yourself **by declaring that some other person is guilty**.
11. I'm afraid **their marriage is legally ended**.
12. **Collect your things and put them all in a suitcase**.
13. "**Bye-bye**, Berry", said Harley "**We shall meet** in the morning".
14. The father **hugged** the boy.

**VIII. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations are they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own**

прибувати (all synonyms)
підписка (на газету або журнал)
в'язниця (all synonyms)
вантажний автомобіль(all synonyms)
будильник
здоровий глузд
згортати,
скручувати
тягар, ноша
одразу, не гаячи часу
вештатися
непромокальний,
водонепроникний
маршрут
чому? яким чином?
пропустити (не з'явитися)
взяти у полон, спіймати, захопити
суцвіття
сумний, похмурий
скасувати підписку
прозорий
відьма
все колись відбувається вперше
очікувати з нетерпінням
кинути, опустити

**IX Choose the right word**

**a)** *to drop, to throw, to cast, to flung*

1. The setting sun … an orange glow over the mountains.
2. Be careful not to … that plate.
3. Someone had … a brick through the window.
4. She … the ball up and caught it again.

**b)** *older, elder*

1. My … brother is three years … than me.
2. John is the … of their two sons.
3. She used to look much … than she was.

**c)** *arm, hand*

1. The child threw his … around his mother's neck.
2. You should keep both … on the steering wheel at all times.

**d)** *to watch, to observe*

1. The patients were … over a period of several months.
2. They … the bus disappear into the distance.

**X a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of its personages.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Berry;
- Harley;
- Berry's father;
- Berry's mother.

**XI a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XII Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XIII Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XIV Topics for oral or written work**

1. Children must be taught to take care of themselves since early years.
2. Children are always the worst sufferers when their family splits.
3. William Saroyan and his short stories.

## E. Hemingway. A CANARY FOR ONE

The train passed very quickly a long, red stone house with a garden and four thick palm-trees with tables under them in the shade. On the other side was the sea. Then there was a cutting through red stone and clay, and the sea was only occasionally and far below against rocks.

"I bought him in Palermo," the American lady said. "We only had an hour ashore and it was Sunday morning. The man wanted to be paid in dollars and I gave him a dollar and a half. He really sings very beautifully."

It was very hot in the train and it was very hot in the *lit salon* compartment. There was no breeze came through the open window. The American lady pulled the window-blind down and there was no more sea, even occasionally. On the other side there was glass, then the corridor, then an open window, and outside the window were dusty trees and an oiled road and flat fields of grapes, with gray-stone hills behind them.

There was smoke from many tall chimneys coming into Marseilles, and the train slowed down and followed one track through many others into the station. The train stayed twenty-five minutes in the station at Marseilles and the American lady bought a copy of *The Daily Mail* and a half bottle of Evian water. She walked a little way along the station platform, but she stayed near the steps of the car because at Cannes, where it stopped for twelve minutes, the train had left with no signal of departure and she had gotten on only just in time. The American lady was a little deaf and she was afraid that perhaps signals of departure were given and that she did not hear them.

The train left the station in Marseilles and there was not only the switch-yards and the factory smoke but, looking back, the town of Marseilles and the harbor with stone hills behind it and the last of the sun on the water. As it was getting dark the train passed a farmhouse burning in a field. Motor-cars were stopped along the road and bedding and things from inside the farmhouse were spread in the field. Many people were watching the house burn. After it was dark the train was in Avignon. People got on and off. At the news-stand Frenchmen, returning to Paris, bought that day's French papers. On the station platform were Negro soldiers. They wore brown uniforms and were tall and their faces shone, close under the electric light. Their faces were very black and they were too tall to stare. The train left Avignon station with the Negroes standing there. A short white sergeant was with them.

Inside the *lit salon* compartment the porter had pulled down the three beds from inside the wall and prepared them for sleeping. In the night the American lady lay without sleeping because the train was a *rapide* and went very fast and she was afraid of the speed in the night. The American lady's bed was the one next to the window. The canary from Palermo, a cloth spread over his cage, was out of the draft in the corridor that went into the compartment wash-room. There was a blue light outside the compartment, and all night the train went very fast and the American lady lay awake and waited for a wreck.

In the morning the train was near Paris, and after the American lady had come out from the wash-room, looking very wholesome and middle-aged and American in spite of not having slept, and had taken the cloth off the birdcage and hung the cage in the sun, she went back to the restaurant-car for breakfast. When she came back to the *lit salon* compartment again, the beds had been pushed back into the wall and made into seats, the canary was shaking his feathers in the sunlight that came through the open window, and the train was much nearer Paris.

"He loves the sun," the American lady said. "He'll sing now in a little while."

The canary shook his feathers and pecked into them. "I've always loved birds," the American lady said. "I'm taking him home to my little girl. There—he's singing now."

The canary chirped and the feathers on his throat stood out, then he dropped his bill and pecked into his feathers again. The train crossed a river and passed through a very carefully tended forest. The train passed through many outside of Paris towns.

There were tram-cars in the towns and big advertisements—for the Ball Jardiniére, and Dubonnet and Pernod on the walls toward the train. All that the train passed through looked as though it were before breakfast. For several minutes I had not listened to the American lady, who was talking to my wife.

"Is your husband American too?" asked the lady.

"Yes," said my wife. "We're both Americans."

"I thought you were English."

"Oh, no."

"Perhaps that was because I wore braces," I said. I had started to say suspenders and changed it to braces in the mouth, to keep my English character. The American lady did not hear. She was really quite deaf; she read lips, and I had not looked toward her. I had looked out of the window. She went on talking to my wife.

"I'm so glad you're Americans. American men make the best husbands," the American lady was saying. "That was why we left the Continent, you know. My daughter fell in love with a man in Vevey." She stopped. "They were simply madly in love." She stopped again. "I took her away, of course."

"Did she get over it?" asked my wife.

"I don't think so," said the American lady. "She wouldn't eat anything and she wouldn't sleep at all. I've tried so very hard, but she doesn't seem to take an interest in anything. She doesn't care about things. I couldn't have her marrying a foreigner." She paused. "Someone, a very good friend, told me once, 'No foreigner can make an American girl a good husband.' "

"No," said my wife, "I suppose not."

The American lady admired my wife's travelling-coat, and it turned out that the American lady had bought her own clothes for twenty years now from the same *maison de couture* in the Rue Saint Honore. They had her measurements, and a vendeuse, who knew her and her tastes picked the dresses out for her and they were

sent to America. They came to the post-office near where she lived up-town in New York, and the duty was never exorbitant because they opened the dresses there in the post-office to appraise them and they were always very simple-looking and with no gold lace nor ornaments that would make the dresses look expensive. Before the present vendeuse, named Thérèse, there had been another vendeuse, named Amélie. Altogether there had only been these two in the twenty years. It had always been the same couturier. Prices, however, had gone up. The exchange, though, equalized that. They had her daughter's measurements now too. She was grown up and there was not much chance of their changing now.

The train was now coming into Paris. The fortifications were levelled but grass had not grown. There were many cars standing on tracks—brown wooden restaurant-cars and brown wooden sleeping-cars that would go to Italy at five o'clock that night, if that train still left at five; the cars were marked Paris-Rome, and cars, with seats on the roofs, that went back and forth to the suburbs, with, at certain hours, people in all the seats and on the roofs, if that were the way it were still done, and passing were the white walls and many windows of houses. Nothing had eaten any breakfast.

"Americans make the best husbands," the American lady said to my wife. I was getting down the bags. "American men are the only men in the world to marry."

"How long ago did you leave Vevey?" asked my wife.

"Two years ago this fall. It's her, you know, that I'm taking the canary to."

"Was the man your daughter was in love with a Swiss?"

"Yes," said the American lady. "He was from a very good family in Vevey. He was going to be an engineer. They met there in Vevey. They used to go on long walks together."

"I know Vevey," said my wife. "We were there on our honeymoon."

"Were you really? That must have been lovely. I had no idea, of course, that she'd fall in love with him."

"It was a very lovely place," said my wife.

"Yes," said the American lady. "Isn't it lovely? Where did you stop there?"

"We stayed at the Trois Couronnes," said my wife.

"It's such a fine old hotel," said the American lady.

"Yes," said my wife. "We had a very fine room and in the fall the country was lovely."

"Were you there in the fall?"

"Yes," said my wife.

We were passing three cars that had been in a wreck. They were splintered open and the roofs sagged in.

"Look," I said. "There's been a wreck."

The American lady looked and saw the last car. "I was afraid of just that all night," she said. "I have terrific presentiments about things sometimes. I'll never travel on a *rapide* again at night. There must be other comfortable trains that don't go so fast."

Then the train was in the dark of the Gare de Lyons, and then stopped and porters came up to the windows. I handed bags through the windows, and we were out on the dim longness of the platform, and the American lady put herself in charge of one of three men from Cook's who said: "Just a moment, madame, and I'll look for your name."

The porter brought a truck and piled on the baggage, and my wife said good-by and I said good-by to the American lady, whose name had been found by the man from Cook's on a typewritten page in a sheaf of typewritten pages which he replaced in his pocket.

We followed the porter with the truck down the long cement platform beside the train. At the end was a gate and a man took the tickets.

We were returning to Paris to set up separate residences.

**Notes**

1. I bought him in Palermo – the canary is referred as “he”. Palermo – the capital and chief port of Sicily, Italy.
2. lit salon (French) – a sleeping car.
3. Marseilles – the second largest city of France, a great Mediterranean port and trading centre.

4. “Daily Mail” – a British newspaper.
5. Evian water – a French mineral water. Evian – a French health resort on Lake Geneva.
6. Cannes – a fashionable resort on the Mediterranean, in the South of France.
7. Avignon – a town in the South of France.
8. rapide (French) – an express train.
9. Ball Jardinière – a ball of flowers.
10. Dubonnet – French wine.
11. Pernod – French liqueur.
12. All that the train passed through looked as though it were before breakfast – here: everything the character saw looked gloomy and untidy.
13. the Continent – here: Europe.
14. Vevey – a Swiss place on the shore of Lake Geneva, a health resort.
15. Rue Saint Honore – a street in Paris.
16. Maison de couture (French) – a fashion house.
17. vendeuse (French) – shop assistant.
18. couturier (French) – a dress designer of a highclass fashion house.
19. the fortifications were levelled – the fortifications of the I World War were razed to the ground.
20. “Trois Couronnes” – the hotel “Three Crowns” in Paris.
21. Cook’s – the office of Cook, one of the largest foreign tourism agencies.
22. Gare de Lyons – a railway station in Paris.

**Active words and word combinations**

in the shade
occasionally
compartment
window blind
chimney
harbor
with no signal of departure
news-stand
wreck
to peck
to chirp
bill (of a bird)

carefully tended
suspenders
fortifications
fall (n) - A.E.
presentiment
baggage (A.E.)
to read lips
to be madly in love
it turned out
to have one's measurements
to pick out
duty (all meanings)
exorbitant
to be levelled
honeymoon
to be splintered open
to put oneself in smb's charge

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

Occasionally, Palermo, Marseilles, Evian, Cannes, departure, Avignon, salon, wreck, wholesome, canary, Vevey, exorbitant, couturier.

### II. Answer the following questions

1. Where did the story-teller meet the American lady?
2. What was the American lady bringing home as a present for her daughter?
3. Why did the American lady keep near the steps of the car while the train stayed in the station at Marseilles?
4. Did the train really leave Cannes with no signal of departure?
5. What did the train pass by as it was getting dark?
6. Why did the American lady lie without sleeping? What was she afraid of?
7. Where did the train arrive in the morning?
8. What did the American lady tell her fellow-travellers about her canary?
9. What physical impediment had the American lady?
10. How did she manage to hear what people said?
11. What was the American lady's idea of American husbands?

12. How did the American lady's daughter take her mother's prohibition to marry a foreigner?
13. Where did the American lady order her clothes?
14. Who organized the American lady's tour?
15. What is ironic about the story "A Canary for One"?

**III. Comment on the following statements. Give your grounds**

1. The American lady was not especially talkative, was she?
2. The American couple were not sharing their compartment with anybody, were they?
3. The express train never made any stop up to the final destination, did it?
4. The American lady never left her compartment, did she?
5. As the window-blinds were pulled down, the passengers didn't see any places on their way to Paris, did they?
6. At night all passengers had a nice sleep, lulled by the train steady movement, didn't they?
7. In the morning the American lady was so preoccupied with her thoughts that she never said a word to her fellow-travellers, did she?
8. The canary never reacted to the sun rays, he was lying huddled up in the corner of his cage, wasn't he?
9. The American lady was deaf, but she could read lips, couldn't she?
10. The American lady was quite sure she had saved her daughter much trouble by forbidding the girl to marry a foreigner, wasn't she?
11. The girl submitted to her mother's decision though it broke her heart, didn't it?
12. In due time she will get over it, won't she?
13. The American lady preferred to buy clothes designed by a French couturier. Didn't she?
14. The idea that Americans make the best husbands is reasonable, isn't it?
15. Americans coming to Paris usually stay at best hotels, don't they?

16. The American lady grew pale when she saw three cars that had been in a wreck, didn't she?
17. She is determined never to travel by night express trains, isn't she?
18. The story is written in a typical Hemingway's manner – when a few things are mentioned, but far more are to be deduced by the reader.

## IV. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text

1. The sea was only seen **now and again** far below against rocks.
2. We had **a part of the railway car** that was next to that of the porter.
3. The train left **without any warning**.
4. The lady was sure that Americans **became** best husbands.
5. The lady's daughter and her sweetheart **were crazy about each other**.
6. However hard the lady might try to encourage the girl, she **lost interest in life** and **grew utterly indifferent to things around her**.
7. The lady preferred to buy clothes designed **by best tailors**.
8. The fortifications of the I World War around Paris **were removed**.
9. The American couple passed **the first month after their wedding** in Paris.
10. "I have a terrific **foreboding**", the lady said.
11. Who is **the leader** of this group?
12. I'm afraid the prices of these goods **have been raised**.
13. There has been an accident, a few cars **have been badly damaged**.
14. I cannot afford any of the dresses here – **the prices are much too high.**
15. She was a pleasant-looking woman **between the ages of about 45 and 50.**

## V. Brush up your grammar

1. The man wanted **to be paid** in dollars.
2. She asked **to be allowed** to stay away from school.

3. I never expected **to be treated** like that.
4. Frenchmen, **returning to Paris**, bought that day's French papers.
5. There were many cars **standing on tracks**.
6. We admired the stars **twinkling in the sky**.
7. In the night the American lady lay **without sleeping**.
8. You should think twice **before taking this step.**
9. **While reading the book** I came across quite a few interesting expressions.
10. She looked fresh **in spite of not having slept**.
11. She denies **having spoken to him**.
12. He was ashamed **of having shown** even the slightest irritation .
13. American men are the only men in the world **to marry**.
14. Here is the book for you **to read**.
15. I have children **to take care of**.

## VI. Make up sentences on the models of exercise V. Use the following words and word combinations

to pull the window-blind down
to slow down
only just in time
in a little while
to get over smth
to take an interest in smth
there is not much chance
to be in charge of smb (smth)
exorbitant

## VII. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own

канарка
час від часу
купе
штора
уповільнювати хід
ледве встигнути
газетний кіоск
провідник

здоровий (дужий)

клювати

цвірінькати

дзьоб

піклуватися про щось

поправлятися, одужувати, обговтуватися

вибирати

окраїна місця

митний збір

надмірний

вірогідність

медовий місяць

аварія

бути під опікуванням

мати погане передчуття

надрукована сторінка

## VIII. Choose the right word

*a) fast, quick*

1. He is the world's … runner.
2. She gave me a … glance.

*b) shade, shadow*

1. The temperature may reach $40^0$ C in the …
2. The children were having fun, chasing each other's …

*c) bank, shore, coast*

1. They built a house on the … of the River Severn.
2. The tourists visited the islands off the west … of Ireland.
3. Picturesque cottages have mushroomed on the sandy … of the lake.

*d) speed, velocity*

1. Jaguars can move with an astonishing …
2. The train began to pick up …

*e) price, cost*

1. The plan had to be abandoned on grounds of …
2. He managed to get a good … for the car.

**IX. a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give a brief characteristic of the main personage.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of :**

- the American lady;
- the American lady's daughter.

**X. a) Define the genre of the story.**

**b) Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XI. Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XII. Give a stylistic analysis of the story.**

**XIII. Topics for oral or written work**

1. Ernest Hemingway, a living legend of the XX century.
2. That's so like a mother – to be sure she can solve her children's problems the best possible way.
3. What gives the story "A Canary for One" its bitter ironic colouring?

## R. Bradbury. Here There Be Tigers

"You have to beat a planet at its own game," said Chatterton. "Get in, rip it up, poison its animals, dam its rivers, sow its fields, depollinate its air, mine it, nail it down, hack away at it, and get the hell out from under when you have what you want. Otherwise, a planet will fix you good. You can't trust planets. They're bound to be different, bound to be bad, bound to be out to get you, especially this far off, a billion miles from nowhere, so you get them first. Tear their skin off, I say. Drag out the minerals and run away before the damn world explodes in your face. That's the way to treat them."

The rocket ship sank down towards planet 7 of star system 84. They had travelled millions upon millions of miles. Earth was far away, her system and her sun forgotten, her system settled and investigated and profited on, and other systems rummaged through and milked and tidied up, and now the rockets of these tiny men from an impossibly remote planet were probing out to far universes. In a few months, a few years, they could travel anywhere, for the speed of their rocket was the speed of a god, and now for the ten thousandth time one of the rockets of the far-circling hunt was feathering down towards an alien worid.

"No," said Captain Forester. "I have too much respect for other worlds to treat them the way you want to, Chatterton. it's not my business to rape or ruin, anyway, thank God. I'm glad I'm just a rocket man. You're the anthropologist-mineralogist. Go ahead, do your mining and ripping and scraping. I'll just watch. I'll just go around looking at this new world, whatever it is, however it seems. I like to look. All rocket men are lookers or they wouldn't be rocket men. You like to smell new airs, if you're a rocket man, and see new colours and new people if there are new people to see, and new oceans and islands."

"Take your gun along," said Chatterton. "In my holster," said Forester. They turned to the port together and saw the green world rising to meet their ship. "I wonder what it thinks of us?" said Forester.

"It won't like me," said Chatterton. "By God, I'll see to it it won't like me. And I don't care, you know. I don't give a damn. I'm out for the money. Land us over there, will you, Captain; that looks like iron country if I ever saw it."

It was the freshest green colour they had seen since childhood.

Lakes lay like clear blue water droplets through the soft hills; there were no loud highways, signboards, or cities. It's a sea of green golf-links, thought Forester, which goes on for ever. Putting greens, driving greens, you could walk ten thousand miles in any direction and never finish your game. A Sunday planet, a croquet-lawn world, where you could lie on your back, clover in your lips, eyes half-shut, smiling at the sky, smelling the grass, drowse through an eternal Sabbath, rousing only on

occasion to turn the Sunday paper or crack the red-striped wooden ball through the hoop.

"If ever a planet was a woman, this one is."

"Woman on the outside, man on the inside," said Chatterton. "All hard underneath, all male iron, copper, uranium, black sod. Don't let the cosmetics fool you."

He walked to the bin where the Earth Drill waited. Its great screw-snout glittered bluely, ready to stab seventy feet deep and suck out corks of earth, deeper still with extensions into the heart of the planet. Chatterton winked at it. "We'll fix your woman, Forester, but good."

"Yes, I know you will," said Forester, quietly.

The rocket landed.

"It's too green, too peaceful," said Chatterton; "I don't like it."

He turned to the captain. "We'll go out with our rifles."

"I give orders, if you don't mind."

"Yes, and my company pays our way with millions of dollars of machinery we must protect; quite an investment."

The air on the new planet 7 in star system 84 was good. The port swung wide. The men filed out into the greenhouse world.

The last man to emerge was Chatterton, gun in hand.

As Chatterton set foot to the green lawn, the earth trembled. The grass shook. The distant forest rumbled. The sky seemed to blink and darken imperceptibly. The men were watching Chatterton when it happened.

"An earthquake, by God!"

Chatterton's face paled. Everyone laughed.

"It doesn't like you, Chatterton!"

"Nonsense!"

The trembling died away at last.

"Well," said Captain Forester, "it didn't quake for us, so it must be that it doesn't approve of your philosophy."

"Coincidence," Chatterton smiled. "Come on now on the double. I want the Drill out here in a half-hour for a few samplings."

"Just a moment." Forester stopped laughing. "We've got to clear the area first, be certain there're no hostile people or animals. Besides, it isn't every year you hit a planet like this, very nice; can you blame us if we want to have a look at it?"

"All right." Chatterton joined them. "Let's get it over with.

They left a guard at the ship and they walked away over fields and meadows, over small hills and into little valleys. Like a bunch of boys out hiking on the finest day of the best summer in the most beautiful year in history, walking in the croquet weather where if you listened you could hear the whisper of the wooden ball across grass, the click through the hoop, the gentle undulations of voices, a sudden high drift of women's laughter from some ivy-shaded porch, the tinkle of ice in the summer tea-pitcher.

"Hey," said Driscoll, one of the younger crewmen, sniffing the air. "I brought a baseball and bat; we'll have a game later. What a diamond!"

The men laughed quietly in the baseball season, in the good quiet wind for tennis, in the weather for bicycling and picking wild grapes.

"How'd you like the job of mowing all this?" asked Driscoll.

The men stopped.

"I knew there was something wrong!" cried Chatterton. "This grass; it's freshly cut!"

"Probably a species of dichondra, always short."

Chatterton spat on the green grass and rubbed it in with his boot. "I don't like it, I don't like it. If anything happened to us, no one on Earth would ever know. Silly policy: if a rocket fails to return, we never send a second rocket to check the reason why."

"Natural enough," explained Forester. "We can't waste time on a thousand hostile worlds, fighting futile wars. Each rocket represents years, money, lives. We

can't afford to waste two rockets if one rocket proves a planet hostile. We go on to peaceful planets. Like this one."

"I often wonder," said Driscolt, "what happened to all those lost expeditions on worlds we'll never try again."

Chatterton eyed the distant forest. "They were shot, stabbed, broiled for dinner. Even as we may be, any minute. It's time we got back to work. Captain!"

They stood at the top of a little rise.

"Feel," said Driscoll, his hands and arms out loosely. "Remember how you used to run when you were a kid, and how the wind felt? Like feathers on your arms. You ran and thought any minute you'd fly, but you never quite did."

The men stood remembering. There was a smell of pollen and new rain drying upon a million grass blades.

Driscoll gave a little run. "Feel it, by God, the wind! You know, we never have really flown by ourselves. We have to sit inside tons of metal, away from flying, really. We've never flown like birds fly, to themselves. Wouldn't it be nice to put your arms out like this —" He extended his arms. "And run." He ran ahead of them, laughing at his idiocy. "And fly!" he cried. He flew.

Time passed on the silent gold wrist-watches of the men standing below. They stared up. And from the sky came a high sound of almost unbelievable laughter.

"Tell him to come down," whispered Chatterton. "He'll be killed."

Nobody heard. Their faces were raised away from Chatterton; they were stunned and smiling.

At last Driscoll landed at their feet. "Did you see me? My God, I flew!"

They had seen.

"Let me sit down, oh Lord, Lord." Driscoll slapped his knees, chuckling. "I'm a sparrow, I'm a hawk. God bless me. Go on, all of you, try it!"

"It's the wind. It picked me up and flew me!" he said, a moment later, gasping, shivering with delight.

"Let's get out of here." Chatterton started turning slowly in circles, watching the blue sky. "It's a trap, it wants us all to fly in the air. Then it'll drop us all at once and kill us. I'm going back to the ship."

"You'll wait for my order on that," said Forester.

The men were frowning, standing in the warm-cool air, while the wind sighed about them. There was a kite sound in the air, a sound of eternal March.

"I asked the wind to fly me," said Driscoll. "And it did!"

Forester waved the others aside. "I'll chance it next. If I'm killed, back to the ship, all of you."

"I'm sorry, I can't allow this; you're the captain," said Chatterton. "We can't risk you." He took out his gun. "I should have some sort of authority or force here. This game's gone on too long; I'm ordering us back to the ship!"

"Holster your gun," said Forester quietly.

"Stand still, you idiot!" Chatterton blinked now at this man, now at that. "Haven't you felt it? This world's alive, it has a look to it, it's playing with us, biding its time."

"I'll be the judge of that," said Forester. "You're going back to the ship, in a moment, under arrest, if you don't put up that gun."

"If you fools won't come with me, you can die out here. I'm going back, get my samples, and get out."

"Chatterton!"

"Don't try to stop me!"

Chatterton started to run. Then, suddenly, he gave a cry.

Everyone shouted and looked up.

"There he goes," said Driscoll.

Chatterton was up in the sky.

Night had come on like the closing of a great but gentle eye. Chatterton sat stunned on the side of the hill. The other men sat around him, exhausted and laughing. He would not look at them, he would not look at the sky, he would only feel of the earth, and his arms and his legs and his body, tightening in on himself.

"God, wasn't it perfect!" said a man named Koestler. They had all flown, like orioles and eagles and sparrows, and they were all happy.

"Come out of it, Chatterton, it was fun, wasn't it?" said Koestler.

"It's impossible." Chatterton shut his eyes, tight, tight. "It can't do it. There's only one way for it to do it; it's alive. The air's alive. Like a fist, it picked me up. Any minute now, it can kill us all. It's alive!"

"All right," said Koestler, "say it's alive. And a living thing must have purposes. Suppose the purpose of this world is to make us happy."

As if to add this, Driscoll came flying up, canteens in each hand. "I found a creek, tested the pure water, wait'll you try it!"

Forester took a canteen, nudged Chatterton with it, offering a drink. Chatterton shook his head and drew hastily away. He put his hands over his face. "It's the blood of this planet. Living blood. Drink that, put that inside and you put this world inside you to peer out your eyes and listen through your ears. No thanks!"

Forester shrugged and drank.

"Wine!" he said.

"It can't be!"

"It is. Smell it, taste it! A rare white wine!"

"French domestic." Driscoll sipped his.

"Poison," said Chatterton.

They passed the canteens round.

They idled on through the gentle afternoon, not wanting to do anything to disturb the peace that lay all about them. They were like very young men in the presence of great beauty, of a fine and famous woman, afraid that by some word, some gesture, they might turn her face away, avert her loveliness and her kindly attentions. They had felt the earthquake that had greeted Chatterton, thought Forester, and they did not want earthquake. Let them enjoy this Day After School Lets Out, this fishing weather. Let them sit under the shade of trees or walk on the tender hills, but let them drill no drillings, test no testings, contaminate no contaminations.

They found a small stream which poured into a boiling water pool. Fish, swimming in the cold creek above, fell glittering into the hot spring and floated, minutes later, cooked, to the surface.

Chatterton reluctantly joined the others, eating.

"It'll poison us all. There's always a trick to things like this. I'm sleeping in the rocket tonight. You can sleep out if you want. To quote a map I saw in medieval history:

'Here there be tigers.' Some time tonight when you're sleeping, the tigers and cannibals will show up."

Forester shook his head. "I'll go along with you, this planet is alive. It's a race unto itself. But it needs us to show off to, to appreciate its beauty. What's the use of a stage full of miracles if there's no audience?"

But Chatterton was busy. He was bent over, being sick.

"I'm poisoned! Poisoned!"

They held his shoulders until the sickness passed. They gave him water. The others were feeling fine.

"Better eat nothing but ship's food from now on," advised Forester. "It'd be safer."

"We're starting work right now." Chatterton swayed, wiping his mouth. "We've wasted a whole day. I'll work alone if I have to. I'll show this damned thing."

He staggered away towards the rocket.

"He doesn't know when he's well off," murmured Driscoll. "Can't we stop him, Captain?"

"He practically owns the expedition. We don't have to help him; there's a clause in our contract that guarantees refusal to work under dangerous conditions. So... do unto this Picnic Ground as you would have it do unto you. No initial-cutting on the trees. Replace the turf on the greens. Clean up your banana-peels after you."

Now, below, in the ship there was an immense humming. From the storage port rolled the great shining Drill. Chatterton followed it, called directions to its robot radio. "This way, here!"

"The fool."

"Now!" cried Chatterton.

The Drill plunged its long screw-bore into the green grass. Chatterton waved up at the other men. "I'll show it!"

The sky trembled.

The Drill stood in the centre of a little sea of grass. For a moment it plunged away, bringing up moist corks of sod which it spat unceremoniously into a shaking analysis bin.

Now the Drill gave a wrenched, metallic squeal like a monster interrupted at its feed. From the soil beneath it, slow, bluish liquids bubbled up.

Chatterton shouted, "Get back, you fool!"

The Drill lumbered in a prehistoric dance. It shrieked like a mighty train turning on a sharp curve, throwing out red sparks. It was sinking. The black slime gave under it in a dark pool.

With a coughing sigh, a series of pants and chumings, the Drill sank into a black scum like an elephant shot and dying, trumpeting, like a mammoth at the end of an Age, vanishing limb by ponderous limb into the pit.

"My God," said Forester under his breath, fascinated with the scene. "You know what that is, Driscoll? It's tar. The damn fool machine hit a tar-pit!'"

"Listen, listen!" cried Chatterton at the Drill, running about on the edge of the oily lake. "This way, over here!"

But like the old tyrants of the earth, the dinosaurs with their tubed and screaming necks, the Drill was plunging and thrashing in the one lake from where there was no returning to bask on the firm and understandable shore.

Chatterton turned to the other men far away. "Do something, someone!"

The Drill was gone.

The tar-pit bubbled and gloated, sucking the hidden monster bones. The surface of the pool was silent. A huge bubble, the last, rose, expelled a scent of ancient petroleum, and fell apart.

The men came down and stood on the edge of the little black sea.

Chatterton stopped yelling.

After a long minute of staring into the silent tar-pool, Chatterton turned and looked at the hills, blindly, at the green rolling lawns. The distant trees were growing fruit now and dropping it, softly, to the ground.

"I'll show it," he said quietly.

"Take it easy, Chatterton."

"I'll fix it," he said.

"Sit down, have a drink."

"I'll fix it good, I'll show it it can't do this to me."

Chatterton started off back to the ship.

"Wait a minute, now," said Forester.

Chatterton ran. "I know what to do, I know how to fix it!"

"Stop him!" said Forester. He ran, then remembered he could fly. "The A-Bomb's on the ship, if he should get to that...."

The other men had thought of that and were in the air. A small grove of trees stood between the rocket and Chatterton as he ran on the ground, forgetting that he could fly, or afraid to fly, or not allowed to fly, yelling. The crew headed for the rocket to wait for him, the Captain with them. They arrived, formed a line, and shut the rocket port. The last they saw of Chatterton he was plunging through the edge of the tiny forest.

The crew stood waiting.

"That fool, that crazy guy."

Chatterton did not come out on the other side of the small woodland.

"He's turned back, waiting for us to relax our guard."

"Go bring him in," said Forester.

Two men flew off.

Now, softly, a great and gentle rain fell upon the green world.

"The final touch," said Driscoll. "We'd never have to build houses here. Notice it's not raining on us. It's raining all around, ahead, behind us. What a world!"

They stood dry in the middle of the blue, cool rain. The sun was setting. The moon, a large one the colour of ice, rose over the freshened hills.

"There's only one more thing this world needs."

"Yes," said everyone, thoughtfully, slowly.

"We'll have to go looking," said Driscoll "It's logical. The wind flies us, the trees and streams feed us, everything is alive. Perhaps if we asked for companionship..."

"I've thought a long time, today and other days," said Koestler. "We're all bachelors, been travelling for years, and tired of it. Wouldn't it be nice to settle down somewhere. Here, maybe. On Earth you work like hell just to save enough to buy a house, pay taxes; the cities stink. Here, you won't even need a house, with this weather. If it gets monotonous you can ask for rain, clouds, snow, changes. You don't have to work here for anything."

"It'd be boring. We'd go crazy."

"No," Koestler said, smiling. "If life got too soft, all we'd have to do is repeat a few times what Chatterton said:

'Here there be tigers.' Listen!"

Far away, wasn't there the faintest roar of a giant cat, hidden in the twilight forest?

The men shivered.

"A versatile world," said Koestler dryly. "A woman who'll do anything to please her guests, as long as we're kind to her. Chatterton wasn't kind."

"Chatterton. What about him?"

As if to answer this, someone cried from a distance. The two men who had flown off to find Chatterton were waving at the edge of the woods.

Forester, Driscoll, and Koestler flew down alone.

"What's up?"

The men pointed into the forest. "Thought you'd want to see this, Captain. It's damned eerie." One of the men indicated a pathway. "Look here, sir." The marks of great claws stood on the path, fresh and clear.

"And over here."

A few drops of blood.

A heavy smell of some feline animal hung in the air.

"Chatterton?"

"I don't think we'll ever find him, Captain."

Faintly, faintly, moving away, now gone in the breathing silence of twilight, came the roar of a tiger.

The men lay on the resilient grass by the rocket and the night was warm. "Reminds me of nights when I was a kid," said Driscoll. "My brother and I waited for the hottest night in July and then we slept on the Court House lawn, counting the stars, talking; it was a great night, the best night of the year, and now, when I think back on it, the best night of my life." Then he added, "Not counting tonight, of course."

"I keep thinking about Chatterton," said Koestler. "Don't," said Forester. "We'll sleep a few hours and take off. We can't chance staying here another day. I don't mean the danger that got Chatterton. No. I mean, if we stayed on we'd get to liking this world too much. We'd never want to leave."

A soft wind blew over them.

"I don't want to leave now." Driscoll put his hands behind his head, lying quietly. "And it doesn't want us to leave."

"If we go back to Earth and tell everyone what a lovely planet it is, what then, Captain? They'll come smashing in here and ruin it."

"No," said Forester, idly. "First, this planet wouldn't put up with a full-scale invasion. I don't know what it'd do, but it could probably think of some interesting things. Secondly, I like this planet too much; I respect it. We'll go back to Earth and lie about it. Say it's hostile. Which it would be to the average man, like Chatterton, jumping in here to hurt it. I guess we won't be lying after all."

"Funny thing," said Koestler. "I'm not afraid. Chatterton vanishes, is killed most horribly, perhaps, yet we lie here, no one runs, no one trembles. It's idiotic. Yet it's right. We trust it, and it trusts us."

"Did you notice, after you drank just so much of the wine-water, you didn't want more? A world of moderation."

They lay listening to something like the great heart of this earth beating slowly and warmly under their bodies.

Forester thought, 'I'm thirsty.'

A drop of rain splashed on his lips.

He laughed quietly.

'I'm lonely,' he thought.

Distantly, he heard soft high voices.

He turned his eyes in upon a vision. There was a group of hills from which flowed a clear river, and in the shallows of that river, sending up spray, their faces shimmering, were the beautiful women. They played like children on the shore. And it came to Forester to know about them and their life. They were nomads, roaming the face of this world as was their desire. There were no highways or cities, there were only hills and plains and winds to carry them like white feathers where they wished. As Forester shaped the question, some invisible answerer whispered the answers. There were no men. These women, alone, produced their race. The men had vanished fifty thousand years ago. And where were these women now? A mile down from the green forest, a mile over on the wine-stream by the six white stones, and a third mile to the large river. There, in the shallows, were the women who would make fine wives, and raise beautiful children.

Forester opened his eyes. The other men were sitting up.

"I had a dream."

They had all dreamed.

"A mile down from the green forest..."

"... a mile over on the wine-stream..."

"... by the six white stones..." said Koestler.

"... and a third mile to the large river," said Driscoll, sitting there.

Nobody spoke again for a moment. They looked at the silver rocket standing there in the starlight.

"Do we walk or fly, Captain?"

Forester said nothing.

Driscoll said, "Captain, let's stay. Let's never go back to Earth. They'll never come and investigate to see what happened to us, they'll think we were destroyed here. What do you say?"

Forester's face was perspiring. His tongue moved again and again on his lips. His hands twitched over his knees. The crew sat waiting.

"It'd be nice," said the captain.

"Sure."

"But..." Forester sighed. "We've got our job to do. People invested in our ship. We owe it to them to go back."

Forester got up. The men still sat on the ground, not listening to him.

"It's such a goddamn nice night," said Koestler.

They stared at the soft hills and the trees and the river running off to other horizons.

"Let's get aboard ship," said Forester, with difficulty.

"Captain..."

"Get aboard," he said.

The rocket rose into the sky. Looking back, Forester saw every valley and every tiny lake.

"We should've stayed," said Koestler. "Yes, I know." "It's not too late to turn back. "I'm afraid it is." Forester made an adjustment on the port telescope. "Look now." Koestler looked.

The face of the world was changed. Tigers, dinosaurs, mammoths appeared. Volcanoes erupted, cyclones and hurricanes tore over the hills in a welter and fury of weather.

"Yes, she was a woman all right," said Forester. "Waiting for visitors for millions of years, preparing herself, making herself beautiful. She put on her best face for us. When Chatterton treated her badly, she warned him a few times,

and then, when he tried to ruin her beauty, she eliminated him. She wanted to be loved, like every woman, for herself, not for her wealth. So now, after she had offered us everything, we turn our backs. She's the woman scorned. She let us go, yes, but we can never come back. She'll be waiting for us with those..." He nodded to the tigers and the cyclones and the boiling seas. "Captain," said Koestler. "Yes."

"It's a little late to tell you this. But just before we took off, I was in charge of the air-lock. I let Driscoll slip away from the ship. He wanted to go. I couldn't refuse him. I'm responsible. He's back there now on that planet." They both turned to the viewing port. After a long while, Forester said; "I'm glad. I'm glad one of us had enough sense to stay."

"But he's dead by now!"

"No, that display down there is for us, perhaps a visual hallucination. Underneath all the tigers and lions and hurricanes Driscoll is quite safe and alive, because he's her only audience now. Oh, she'll spoil him rotten. He'll lead a wonderful life, he will, while we're slugging it out up and down the system looking for but never finding a planet quite like this again. No, we won't try to go back and rescue Driscoll. I don't think 'she' would let us anyway. Full speed ahead, Koestler, make it full speed."

The rocket leaped forward into greater acceleration.

And just before the planet dwindled away in brightness and mist Forester imagined he could see Driscoll very clearly, walking away down from the green forest, whistling quietly, all of the fresh planet around him, a wine-creek flowing for him, baked fish lolling in the hot springs, fruit ripening in the midnight trees, and distant forests and lakes waiting for him to happen by. Driscoll walked away across the endless green lawns, near the six white stones, beyond the forest to the edge of the large bright river.

## Notes

1. Here there be tigers (archaic) – there may be tigers here.
2. the Sabbath (in Judaism and Christianity) – the holy day of the week that is used for resting and worshipping God. For Jews this day is Saturday and for Christians it is Sunday.
3. Golf links – a golf course, especially one by the sea. Golf – a game played over a large area of a ground using specially shaped sticks to hit a small hard ball into a series of 9 or 18 holes, using as few strokes as possible .
4. Croquet lawn – an area of ground covered in short grass and used for playing croquet.

   Croquet – a game played on grass in which players use wooden mallets (hammers with long handles) to knock wooden balls through a series of hoops (curved wires)
5. We'll fix your woman.

   Here: to fix – to punish smb. who has harmed you and stop from doing any more harm.
6. We're got to clear the area first.

   Here: to clear – to examine in order to make sure there is nothing dangerous about it.
7. It isn't every year you hit a planet like this – it isn't every year you can find a planet like this.
8. Hiking – the activity of going for long walks in the country for pleasure.
9. Baseball bat – a peace of wood with a handle used for hitting the ball in baseball.

   Baseball – a game played especially in the US by two teams of nine players, using a bat and a ball. Each player tries to hit the ball and then run around four bases before the other team can return the ball.
10. Dichondra – a chiefly tropical perennial herb used as a ground cover and a substitude for lawn grasses in warmer parts f the US.

11. Oriole – a North American bird, the male is black and orange and the female is yellow-green. A European bird, the male of which is bright yellow and has black wings.
12. Day after School Lets Out – the first day of school holidays.
13. I'll go along with you.
    Here: I agree with you.
14. He doesn't know when he's well off – He can't understand how lucky he is.
15. Initial cutting on the trees – cutting the first letters of your names on the trees.
16. A-bomb – an atomic bomb.
17. What's up – What has happened?
18. Nomad – a member of a people who have no fixed residence but move from place to place, usually seasonally and within a well-defined territory.
19. She'll spoil him rotten – she will spoil him beyond measure.

**Active words and word combinations.**

to beat smb. at one's own game
to rummage
to feather down
alien
holster
signboard
to drowse
eternal
to stab
to suck
investment
imperceptible
earthquake
coincidence
crew
to mow
to broil
to be stunned
hawk
trap
to chance
to bide one's time
exhausted
oriole
canteen
to sip
to stagger
turf

to lumber
to vanish
to gloat
feline
to avert
contamination
reluctant
medieval
cannibal
to appreciate
to sway
to plunge
screw
trumpet
ponderous
versatile
resilient

## EXERCISES

### I. Practise the pronunciation of the following words

Mineralogist, damn, drowse, clover, Sabbath, coincidence, sample, hostile, guard, species, captain, wrist, eternal, exhausted, oriole, canteen, nudge, medieval, banana, wrench, limb, dinosaur, ancient, bomb, monotonous, versatile, eerie, perspiring, rescue.

### II. Practise the active vocabulary in answering the following questions. Use the words in bold type in situations of your own

1. How did Chatterton decide **to beat the planet at its own game**?
2. What was the point of the wild idea **to rip the planet up**, **poison its animals**, **dam its rivers**, **sow its fields**, **depollinate its air**, **mine it**, **nail it down**, **hack away at it**, and **get the hell out** from under when you have what you want?
3. What may planets of **remote** star systems have in store for people of the Earth?
4. **Will you see to it** that everybody's gun is always kept in the **holster**?
5. Are there any things in the world that you don't **give a damn** for?
6. Have you ever watched games of **croquet**, **baseball** or **golf** played?
7. What are the meanings of the polysemantic verb "**fix**"?
8. Do you agree with the idea that building **greenhouses** is **quite an investment**?
9. What do we call the regions where there is a constant danger of **earthquakes**?

10. Do you really think that **our rivals'** interest in this product was just a **coincidence**?
11. Are you inclined **to blame** other people for your misfortunes?
12. What do we call **a crew**?
13. What were astronauts expected to do if the planet they landed **proved to be hostile**?
14. What kind of a **wrist-watch** do you prefer?
15. What rare **species** of plants and animals are included in the so-called Red Book?
16. What is the direct and figurative sense of the phrase "**to set a trap** for somebody"?
17. In what cases is it recommended **to bide your time**?
18. Will you feel **exhausted** if you walk ten miles?
19. Is it safe to drink water from **a creek**?
20. What substances may be **poisonous** for living creatures?
21. In what cases may soil, water and air become **contaminated**?
22. Can a job done reluctantly be **a fun**?
23. Do there still exist tribes of **cannibals** in any part of the world?
24. What do we call a **miracle**?
25. Do you ever **cut your initials** on trees?
26. What period in the Earth civilization is called **prehistoric**?
27. What are the results of the explosion of **an atomic bomb**?
28. What do we really mean when we say: the crowd **went crazy** when the band came on stage?
29. Why should some people **work like hell**? What do they try **to save** money for?
30. What was Chatterton determined to do as soon as the ship crew **relaxed their guard**?
31. What did the marks of great **claws** on the path and **a few drops of blood** indicate?
32. What family do **feline animals** belong to?
33. Why did the Captain say that **they couldn't chance staying another day**?

34. Why was the Captain sure that **the planet wouldn't put up with a full-scale invasion**?
35. What gave the members of the ship crew the idea that the beautiful women they saw in the distance **would make fine wives and raise beautiful children**?
36. Did the members of the ship crew agree that **they'd got their job to do** and as people **had invested in their ship**, **they owed it to them to go back to Earth**?
37. Why did the planet first **warned** Chatterton **a few times** and then **eliminated him**?
38. Which of the ship crew was the only person **who had enough sense to stay at the planet**?
39. Do you agree with the Captain that tigers, **dinosaurs**, **mammoths**, **volcanoes in eruption** they saw through the **port telescope** might just be **a visual hallucination**?
40. Why was the Captain certain that Driscoll was quite **safe** on the planet and the worst thing that awaited him was **being spoilt rotten**?

## III. Paraphrase using the vocabulary of the text (change the construction if necessary)

1. He is engaged in **the study of the human race, it origins, development, customs and beliefs**.
2. **It's all the same to me. I don't care.**
3. At the roadside we saw **signs giving information about the direction and distance of places.**
4. Can anyone hope for happiness **that will last forever?**
5. After the elections apposition groups **appeared and became known.**
6. Which driver **is responsible** for the accident?
7. I don't believe **in two things happening at the same time by chance.**
8. He is a person **whose duty is to protect people's property from attack or danger.**
9. I'm fond **of walking long distances for pleasure.**
10. **The people working on this ship** are quite efficient.

11. He was much discouraged by **the unfriendly and even aggressive reception** on the part of his girl-friend's parents.
12. What you see is **an example** of our work.
13. I have been working like hell all the day long and now I am **overtired**.
14. We were all **astonished beyond speaking** by her declaration.
15. They **were taken to a police station and kept there** for drug-related offences.
16. He decided **to wait for the right time** to get an opportunity to talk to her alone.
17. I don't recommend you to take water from this well – **it is no longer pure.**
18. He **was long hesitating** before admitting that he was wrong.
19. The new world was full of **wonders**.
20. They imagined that they might meet **large, ugly and frightening animals** in this thick forest.
21. The ground proved to be rich in **mineral oil.**
22. The landscape around **was never changing and grew boring.**
23. What do we call animals belonging to the **cat family**?
24. She **readily accepted the inconvenience without complaining.**
25. The foreign army **entering this country by force in order to take control of it** brought about a powerful resistance movement.
26. This is a tribe that **hasn't got a permanent residence but moves from place to place.**
27. This country needs **money spent on education in order to make it better and more successful.**
28. She has a **full-scale control and responsibility** for day-to-day running of the business.
29. They were eventually **saved** by a helicopter.
30. High temperature can cause a person **seeing or hearing things that are not really there or do not exist at all.**

## IV. Brush up your grammar

1. Chatteron was the last man **to emerge**.
2. He is the only person **to apply to**.
3. She is not the kind of person **to break her promise**.
4. If a planet proves **to be hostile** no more rockets are sent to it.
5. Only yesterday we happened **to see** him.
6. Her eyes appeared always **to gaze beyond**, **and far beyond**.
7. It's time **we got back to work**.
8. It's time **you learned** you're in the army.
9. It's high time **you were washed and dressed**.
10. Remember how you **used to run** when you were a kid.
11. He **used to tell us** most fantastic stories.
12. They **used to come round** to our place every evening when we lived in the country.
13. The men stood **remembering their past experience**.
14. She began to walk carefully, **setting heel to toe and counting her steps**.
15. Gwendolen was silent, again **looking at her hands**.
16. Driscoll **gave** a little **run**.
17. He **gave** a slight **shrug** but answered nothing.
18. Don't be so gloomy, cheer up, **give a smile**!
19. **Wouldn't it be nice** to put your arms out like this…and run!
20. **Wouldn't the world be healthier** if every chemist's shop in England **were demolished.**
21. **Wouldn't it be pleasant** to stroll through the wood on a sunny day like this!
22. If **you** fools **won't come with me**, you can die out here.
23. If **you will agree to keep me company**, I'll be only too glad.
24. If that uppish sister of yours **will condescend to accept my help**, I'll not hesitate to give it.

## V. Make up sentences on the models of ex. IV. Use the following words and word combinations

to beat someone at his own game

not to give a damn

to glitter

to protect

coincidence

to hike

to shake one's head

to contaminate

miracle

to vanish

to fail to do smth

to get to work

to be stunned

to chance

to be the judge of smth

to be exhausted

to be reluctant to do smth

to stagger

to shiver

to invade

## VI. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations. In what situations were they used in the text? Use them in sentences of your own

перемогти когось за допомогою його ж власної зброї

кобура

забезпечити, вжити заходів

приземлятися

дрімати, марити наяву

вічний

підморгувати

паперовий змій

виснажений

інвестиція

теплиця, оранжерея

виникати

ворожий

обвинувачувати

команда (корабля, літака)

вид (розряд рослин, тварин)

приголомшений

паперовий змій

виснажений

вичікувати на слушний час

мета (all synonyms)

фляга

забруднювати

неохоче

чудо (all synonyms)

дерен
хитатися
смикати
гримотіти
кричати, галасувати (all synonyms)
сплачувати податки
різнобічний
звір родини котячих
кочівник
ураган
знищувати (all synonyms)
сурмити
мамонт
зникати
масивний, ваговитий
зачарований
грітися, насолоджуватися теплом
холостяк
оселитися
тремтіти (all synonyms)
пружний, еластичний
вторгнення
виверження вулкана
ставитися зневажливо
мати доволі здорового глузду
демонструвати (all synonyms)
прискорення
розвалитися у ледачій позі
зорова галюцинація
пересуватися повільно
зменшуватися

**VII Choose the right word**

**a) check, test, try, control**

1. … the container for cracks or leaks.
2. One group was treated with the new drug, and the … group was given a sugar pill.
3. Once the eleven plus examination at British schools included an intelligence …
4. I doubt they'll be able to help but it's worth a …

**b) to extend one's arm (hand), to reach for smth**

1. He … … … to the new employee.
2. She … … the book on the upper shelf.

**c) to close, to shut**

1. The club was … by the police.
2. He went into his room and … the door behind him.

**d) purpose, aim, goal, objective**

1. Bob's one … in life is to earn a lot of money.
2. He headed the ball into an open …
3. The main … of this meeting is to give more information on our plans.
4. The … of the book is to provide a complete guide to the university.

**e) tender, delicate, fragile**

1. The eye is one of the most … organs.
2. The economy of this country remains extremely …
3. My leg is still very … where I banged it.

**f) miracle, wonder**

1. It's a … that nobody was killed in the crash.
2. The Grand Canyon is one of the natural … of the world.

**g) to save, to rescue**

1. You … me from an embarrassing situation.
2. This scientist is engaged in … rare species from extinction.

**h) crew, team**

1. Normally the boat has a … of five people.

2. A … of experts has been called in to investigate the case.

**i) to deny, to refuse, to reject**

1. They were … access to the information.
2. He flatly … to discuss the matter.
3. The proposal was firmly …

**j) stink, smell, odour, aroma**

1. The … of fresh coffee greeted me in the morning.
2. There was always a stale … of cigarette smoke in his office.
3. He said he could … gas when he entered the flat.
4. She … out the whole house with her incense and candles.

**VIII a) Give a general outline of the events described in the story. Give brief characteristics of Captain Forester, Chatterton and Driscoll.**

**b) Give an account of the events in the person of:**

- Chatterton
- one of the ship crew members

**IX Define the genre of the story.**

**X Speak on the message of the story. Think of a proverb or saying that may express the message of the story.**

**XI Choose an extract of the story (5-10 lines) that presents interest for translation or analysis. Read and translate it into Russian or Ukrainian.**

**XII Topics for oral or written work**

1. You can't expect to be treated well if you treat others badly.
2. Human civilization presupposes people's duty to keep the environment intact.
3. The world of wonders created by Ray Bradbury's imagination.

4. The problem of moral choice as presented in R. Bradbury’s story “Here There Be Tigers”.

contents

*Навчальне видання*

# Short Stories by English and American Writers

Навчальний посібник з домашнього читання для студентів старших курсів факультету іноземних мов

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