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НЕЯЗЫКОВЫХ ФАКУЛЬТЕТОВ

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Пособие предназначено для студентов-заочников *неязыковых* факультетов. Оно может быть полезно широкому кругу лиц, самостоятельно изучающих английский язык.

Цель издания – обеспечить развитие навыков чтения и говорения на базе актуального языкового материала.

Пособие содержит контрольно-тестовые задания, тексты, предназначенные для самостоятельного чтения.

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ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Настоящее пособие предназначено для студентов-заочников неязыковых факультетов. Оно рассчитано на три семестра (включая установочную сессию) и может быть использовано как при проведении аудиторных занятий, так и для организации самостоятельной работы студентов заочного отделения.

Цель данного пособия – обеспечить развитие навыков чтения и говорения; закрепление лексического, грамматического материала при помощи различных упражнений; развитие навыков самостоятельной работы с незнакомыми текстами на английском языке. Этим целям подчинена и структура пособия, методика её подачи, а также система лексико-грамматических заданий на базе языкового материала в соответствии с действующей программой для заочной формы обучения.

Существенной задачей курса иностранного языка является расширение общенаучного мировоззренческого кругозора будущего специалиста. В пособии сделан упор на повышение уровня общеобразовательной подготовки студентов, на усиление образовательной направленности преподавания иностранного языка.

Именно этот подход явился главным при выборе тематики и определении объема, сочетании аудиторных и самостоятельных форм работы. Задания пособия направлены на практическое владение английским языком.

Данное пособие состоит из трёх частей:

Первая часть включает в себя зачетные задания, состоящие из текстов для чтения условно называемого «поисковым», т.е. чтение с пониманием отдельных наиболее важных по содержанию отрывков из текстов. В зачетный материал входят также тесты, состоящие из 20 предложений, которые проверяют знания некоторых грамматических единиц.

Во второй части представлен материал на повторение употребления видо-временных форм английского глагола в отдельном предложении и связном тексте (например, употребить нужные формы глагола, данного в скобках, сделав текст полным). В данную часть пособия включены тексты, направленные на обучение чтению, в частности, на обучение полному пониманию текста при чтении. Этой цели

служат и примыкающие к нему специально разработанные упражнения, которые способствуют развитию навыков говорения.

В третьей заключительной части пособия собран ряд разнообразных по тематике текстов, предназначенных для самостоятельного чтения с последующим обсуждением. Тексты снабжены заданиями, направленными на проверку понимания, отработку лексики, грамматических структур, развитие навыков чтения и общения, а также могут быть использованы для контрольного чтения.

Пособие снабжено «ключами», которые позволяют осуществить самоконтроль и самокоррекцию в процессе самостоятельной работы.

PART I

Зачетно-тестовые задания 1 семестр

Вариант 1

1. Прочитайте текст с пропусками. Обведите номер выбранного вами варианта из 4 возможных.

The Price of Fame

Charlotte Church looks like a normal teenager but she is far from average. She has an amazing voice. Her fans stand in queues for hours to get tickets for her concerts and she is often on television. Charlotte's singing -----1 began when she performed on a TV show at the age of 11. The head of record company was so impressed by her voice that he -----2 her up on spot. Her first album rose to number one in the charts.

Charlotte still attends school in her town when she can. -----3, she is often away on tour for weeks at a time. She doesn't miss out on lessons, though, because she takes her own tutor with her! She spends three hours every morning with him. Her exam results in all the --- -----4 she studies are impressive.

But now how does she -----5 with this unusual way of life? She -----6 that she has the same friends as before. That may be true but she can no longer go into town with them because everybody stops her in the street to ask for her autograph. It seems that, like most stars, she must learn to -----7 these restrictions and the lack of privacy. It's the price of fame!

1 a) profession	b) job	c) labour	d) career
2 a) signed	b) wrote	c) made	d) picked
3 a) Although	b) While	c) For	d) However
4 a) titles	b) materials	c) subjects	d) lessons
5 a) cope	b) adjust	c) bear	d) tolerate
6 a) denies	b) refuses	c) insists	d) complains
7 a) look down on	b) make do with	c) put up with	d) run out of

2. Choose the correct answer.

- How old ... you in 2014?
A. are B. were C. will you be
- A cake is ... than porridge.
A. tastier B. tasty C. more tasty

3. Which magazine did you ... yesterday?
A. read B. going to read C. reads
4. Are there ... book shops in this town?
A. any B. every C. some
5. There is ... I have to tell you.
A. anything B. any C. something
6. They say ... sugar is bad for you.
A. a B. the C. -
7. Nobody ... leave the hall before the exam has finished.
A. must B. may C. might
8. The house repairs ... cost more than the house is worth.
A. must B. may C. might
9. Many different languages ... in India.
A. speak B. spoke C. are speaking D. are spoken
10. Mr. S was sure that prisoners of conscience ... in at least 70 countries.
A. are being held B. were being held C. being held
11. ... Loch Ness is ... lake in ... Scotland.
A. a B. the C. -
12. When he ... next morning, he felt as good as never.
A. waked up B. woke up C. wakes up
13. An interesting story happened ... my friends last year.
A. to B. with C. on
14. Somebody stole the picture, that ... in town the day before.
A. arrived B. did arrive C. had arrived
15. Nobody felt ... after what had happened.
A. at the ease B. at ease C. with ease
16. Let me explain how the situation
A. came about B. come about C. came on
17. Such stupid ... we heard that we were shocked.
A. the lie was B. was the lie C. be the lie
18. I have just ... more minutes.
A. a few B. few C. many
19. I don't like geography. – I don't like it
A. too B. than C. either
20. She ... out of the house and disappeared in the wood.
A. had rushed B. rushing C. rushed

Вариант 2

1. Read the text and decide if the statements are true (T) or false (F).

Houses of the Future

An interesting exhibition is opening at the Newport Centre this weekend called “Houses of the Future”. It shows different buildings and designs which use unusual materials and

colours. We can also learn about new technology and how this can change the houses we live in. Designers, builders and scientists will be at the exhibition to talk about these things.

There is one special house at the exhibition. It is a very strange shape and colour and is made of types of grass and earth but it is modern and very strong! We can go inside this house to look around. Everything in the house is on a computer programme. The computer does everything. It opens the doors and switches on the lights when we ask it to. It does the shopping when the fridge is empty! The computer knows when someone is walking in the house and garden and can telephone the police. It can make your bed warm and cook your meals. When you are watching television it asks you if you want to change programme because it knows what you like to watch! It's a very interesting house but I don't think I would like to live there. Would you?

1. This exhibition is new. _____
2. The house is different from most houses today. _____
3. We can go inside all the houses. _____
4. The computer phones the police when the fridge is empty. _____
5. The writer wants to buy a house like this. _____

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. She's ... university teacher.
a) a b) an c) the d) one
2. Is this coat ...?
a) yours b) your c) the yours
3. Who are ... people over there?
a) that b) this c) these d) those
4. ... is your phone number?
a) Which b) What c) How
5. Could I have ... drink?
a) other b) an other c) another
6. They're ... young to get married.
a) too much b) too c) very too
7. Ann and Peter phone ... every day.
a) them b) themselves c) themselves d) each other
8. This is ... winter for 20 years.
a) the more bad b) worse c) the worse d) worst e) the worst
9. She's much taller ... me.
a) than b) as c) that
10. ... help me?
a) Can you to b) Do you can c) Can you

11. You ... worry about it.
a) not must b) don't must c) mustn't
12. It ... again. It ... all the time here in winter.
a) is raining, is raining b) rains, rains c) rains, is raining d) is raining, rains
13. I ... she ... you.
a) think, likes b) am thinking, is liking c) think, is liking d) am thinking, likes
14. Who ... the window?
a) open b) opened c) did open
15. Why ... ?
a) those men are laughing b) are laughing those men c) are those men laughing
16. What ... ?
a) does she want b) does she wants c) she wants
17. I didn't ... he was at home.
a) to think b) think c) thinking d) thought
18. ... a hole in my sock.
a) There's b) It's c) Is d) This
19. I'll see you ... Tuesday afternoon.
a) at d) on c) in d) by
20. What time did you arrive ... the station?
a) at b) to c) in d) -

Вариант 3

1. Read the text and decide if the statements are true (T) or false (F)

Last year government representatives questioned a million Britons on what they do in a typical day. It seems that eating, sleeping and watching TV take up half the day with only twenty minutes spent on household jobs such as cleaning or ironing.

One of the most surprising things to come out of the survey is the fact that over half the people questioned watch more than two hours of television a day. In addition to this, two out of ten people admitted watching more than three hours of TV a day.

Perhaps the most worrying aspect of the survey was the lack of exercise in most people's lives. Only a quarter of all Britons did some physical exercise twice a week or more, as recommended by government. Most people said that they exercised once a week on average. However, an astonishing one in four people said that they rarely or never exercised.

Worried doctors are now predicting a sharp increase in the number of unfit and overweight adults. "We must change our lifestyles right now", said Dr Nathan Evans of the British Medical Organisation, "or we will see serious health problems in the future"

1. Over two million people were questioned in the survey. T/F
2. People spend three-quarters of their day eating, sleeping and watching TV. T/F
3. Jobs around the house take twenty minutes a day for most people. T/F
4. The government recommends people exercise once a week. T/F
5. Doctors think there will be more unfit and overweight adults in the future. T/F

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. Have you written down _____ names?
a) everybody b) everybody's c) everybodys' d) everybodies'
2. They decided to go on a hike _____ the rain.
a) despite of b) despite in c) in spite d) in spite of
3. If you don't know the meaning of this word, _____ in the dictionary.
a) chase it up b) search it out c) look it up d) find it out
4. Did you fix these shelves _____ ?
a) all on yourself b) all at yourself c) all with yourself d) all by yourself
5. My grandma makes me _____ carrots, but I prefer ice-cream.
a) eat b) eating c) to eat d) to eating
6. No news _____ good news
a) is b) are c) -- d) am
7. The man is old and he can't _____ well.
a) heard b) to hear c) hear d) listen
8. Who can tell me where _____ ?
a) is my key b) my key is
9. He could open the lock _____ .
a) easy b) most easy c) easily d) easiest
10. The shoes are _____ fashionable!
a) such b) so c) the d) this
11. The information is top secret, so naturally, everybody is interested in _____ .
a) them b) her c) their d) it

12. There isn't _____ water in the bottle.
a) many b) few c) much d) a few
13. Their house is _____ than ours.
a) much more smaller b) the smallest c) much smallest d) much smaller
14. Who _____ after their small kids? - Their grandparents do.
a) do looks b) looks c) do look d) look
15. Just look at _____ in the mirror. You are so dirty.
a) your b) oneself c) yours d) yourself
16. I am very proud of my sister. She _____ the guitar and the piano.
a) cans play b) can plays c) can play d) can to play
17. Do you listen to opera? - No, I _____ listen to opera. I hate it.
a) always b) never c) often d) usually
18. They looked _____ each other in surprise.
a) with b. for c) at d) after
19. We are flying to Sochi on _____ .
a) seven July b) the seventh of July c) seventh of July d) the seven of July
20. I can't play football. I _____ my arm yesterday.
a) breaked b) broked c) broke d) broken

Вариант 4**1. Read the text and decide if the statements are true (T) or false (F).**

She was born above a shop in the small English town of Grantham. Her father, Alfred Roberts, was a grocer. He worked very hard for little money. Margaret also worked hard, and she went to Oxford University, where she studied chemistry. In 1951 she married Denis Thatcher, a rich businessman. They had twins, a girl and a boy. The love of her life was politics. She didn't have much time for other interests. She said she only needed four hours' sleep a night.

She became a politician in 1959, leader of Conservative Party in 1975, and Prime Minister of Britain four years after that. She had a strong personality. A lot of people were afraid of her, and she was called "The Iron Lady". In 1984 Irish terrorists bombed her hotel, but she

survived. She was Prime Minister for eleven years. She finally resigned in 1990, but she didn't to, and she was in tears when she left 10 Downing Street.

1. She came from a rich family.
2. She loved being a politician.
3. She worked hard.
4. She had a lot of other interests.
5. She had a good education.
6. She married, but didn't have any children.
7. She was in office for eight years.
8. Finally she was tired of politics and resigned.

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. Last summer my friend ... to Sochi.
a) goes b) going c) went d) gone
2. ... make up about 10 per cent of the British police.
a) womens b) womans c) women d) woman
3. In England people ... good table manners.
a) having b) are having c) have d) are have
4. What ... your parents doing at 5 yesterday?
a) are b) was c) is d) were
5. How long ... it take you to do your hometasks?
a) is b) do c) does d) did
6. What is ... subject for you?
a) more difficult b) most difficult c) the most difficult d) the difficulter
7. He is the ... student in our group.
a) good b) goodest c) best d) better
8. When ... you ... your school?
a) do-finish b) did finished c) was finish d) did finish
9. I ... him for ages.

a) didn't see b) haven't seen c) hadn't seen

10. My daughter Mary ... apples, but she likes oranges

a) not likes b) don't like c) doesn't likes d) doesn't like

11. Last summer ... almost every day.

a) it rained b) there rained c) it raining d) it is raining

12. I don't know ... address.

a) she b) her c) hers d) she's

13. What ... your favorite books?

a) is b) do c) are d) did

14. He wants to do it

a) self b) herself c) himself d) oneself

15. There ... cheese in the fridge.

a) are not b) are c) be not d) is no

16. –Where is the dog? – The dog is ... the table

a) under b) over c) from d) off

17. I ... school two years ago.

a) have left b) left c) had left d) leaving

18. Water ... at 100 degrees Celsius

a) to boil b) boil c) is boiling d) boils

19. My brother knows German ...

a) good b) much c) a little d) a few

20. The children of our school ... English and German.

a) are teaching b) are taught c) teach d) teaching

Вариант 5

1. Read the article. Decide if the statements below are true (T), false (F) or there is no information (NI).

Sixteen years ago, Charles was a college professor with a huge six-bedroom house and a fortune of 2 million dollars. Today he lives in a small caravan where there is only second-

hand furniture. There are certainly no signs that Charles was a rich man! There is a small garden outside with a few fruit trees. Charles grows some vegetables and a few flowers. He gets his clothes and a lot of other things from charity shops.

But this change is not a tragedy. Charles was happy to give up the lifestyle of a rich man. He was tired of being a person who had everything in a world where many people have nothing. He made the choice to give all his money away. And this, he says, has brought him happiness.

“A few years ago,” says Charles, “I was a millionaire, but I knew there were a lot of hungry people in the world.” So he gave away all his money to charities. When he had two thousand dollars left, he gave away small bank notes in the streets of local poor areas. Did he feel like Father Christmas? “It was a lot of fun,” says Charles.

Charles believes that many people want to earn a lot of money so that they will not have any worries. However, most people never make much money. Charles Gray decided to drop out and has discovered that having only a little money makes you free. Are there any things he misses? “No, I’m much happier now. I wouldn’t go back to being rich for anything – no way.”

1. Charles Gray was a rich businessman.
2. He hasn’t got a TV in his caravan.
3. He has got a vegetable garden.
4. Charles gave his money away to poor people.
5. People thought he was crazy when he gave away small bank notes in the street.
6. He was happier when he was rich.

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. What’s ... job? – She is a hotel manager.
a) my b) your c) his d) her
2. Anita usually likes coffee, but now she ... tea.
a) drank b) drink c) is drinking d) drinks
3. Is ... your pen over there?
a) that b) this c) these d) those

4. ...? – I'm a pilot.
a) What are you doing? b) How are you?
c) How do you do? d) What do you do?
5. Everybody looked tired and wanted to go ... home.
a) – b) at c) to
6. Mr. Candy locked the door and ... outside.
a) went b) goed c) goes
7. The weather ... fine.
a) were b) was c) be
8. "Things ... happen", he thought.
a) do b) does c) did
9. When he ... next morning, he felt as good as never.
a) waked up b) woke up c) wakes up
10. He made up his mind to start a new
a) leaf b) loaf c) life
11. Let me explain how the situation
a) came about b) come about c) came on
12. Somebody stole the picture, that ... in town the day before.
a) arrived b) did arrive c) had arrived
13. It was ... heavy to hang on the wall and was left on the floor of the hall.
a) too b) to c) two
14. We didn't believe him at first, but ... he said was quite true.
a) what b) which c) that
15. Why did she always ... to see Jim at the worst possible moment?
a) come b) came c) comes
16. The match was abandoned after
a) half an hour b) half of an hour c) the half an hour
17. Nobody felt ... after what had happened.
a) at the ease b) at ease c) with ease

18. Rachel ... the painting and was ready to sell it at a fabulous price.

- a) had stolen b) stole c) is stolen

19. Such stupid ... we heard that we were shocked.

- a) the lie was b) was the lie c) be the lie

20. She ... out of the house and disappeared in the wood.

- a) had rushed b) rushing c) rushed

Вариант 6

1. Read the text and decide if the statements are true (T) or false (F).

He was the first President of the United States. He became President in 1789, eight years after the American War of Independence.

George was born in Virginia. His family owned a big farm and had slaves. George didn't have much education. During his life he had three jobs: he was a farmer, a soldier, and a politician. He loved the life of a farmer. He grew tobacco and owned horses. He worked hard but he also liked dancing and going to the theatre. In 1759 he married a widow called Martha Custis. They were happy together, but didn't have any children.

He was Commander-in-Chief of the army and fought the British in the war of Independence. When the war ended in 1781 he was happy to go back to the farm, but his country wanted him to be President. Finally, in 1789, he became President, and gave his name to the new capital city. He started the building of the White House, but he never lived in it. By 1797 he was tired of politics. He went back to his farm and died there two years later.

1. He came from a rich family.
2. He loved being politician.
3. He worked hard.
4. He had a lot of other interests.
5. He had a good education.
6. He married, but didn't have any children.
7. He was in office for eight years.

8. Finally he was tired of politics and resigned.

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. James ... 20 years old.

a) has b) is c) are

2. How ... you spell your surname?

a) are b) does c) do

3. ... he from London?

a) are b) is c) does

4. It ... Sunday evening.

a) was b) were c) be

5. He decided to go ... home on foot.

a) at b) - c) over

6. The house he lived in was not far ... and soon he was there.

a) away b) off c) about

7. No matter how ... , he couldn't get in.

a) he tried hard b) hard he tried c) tried he hard

8. He felt ... bit nervous.

a) a b) the c) -

9. Then he suddenly ... to see his father.

a) wants b) wanted c) want

10. Mr. Candy was sure that his life ... change greatly soon.

a) will b) would c) shall

11. An interesting story happened ... my friends last year.

a) to b) with c) on

12. ... wanted to go to the restaurant, so all stayed to have dinner at home.

a) Nothing b) Nobody c) Everybody

13. I ... the woman's voice at once – no doubt, it was Rachel.

a) realized b) understood c) recognized

14. I was about to ... my chair during the talk.
a) fall off b) fall out of c) fall from
15. This was the first time Jim ... her real nature.
a) saw b) seen c) was seeing
16. Let's stop at this restaurant for a quick
a) smile b) walk c) menu d) meal
17. The grass there was much ... than on the upper field.
a) the longest b) longer c) more long d) long
18. Begin with a minute ... two of small talk.
a) or b) but c) if d) and
19. You ... make a little less noise.
a) must b) may c) might
20. He ... be clever, but he hasn't got much common sense.
a) must b) may c) might

Вариант 7

1. Read the article. Decide if the statements below are true (T), false (F) or there is no information (NI).

The Frozen Extremes of the Earth

The Arctic in the north and the Antarctic in the south are at opposite ends of the planet, but they are similar in many ways. Both are lands of ice and snow, where the temperature in winter can be so low that your skin can freeze in seconds – it can be as low as -80 C. Very few animals are able to survive these conditions, but there are some both in the north and in the south. The Arctic has more plants and animals than the Antarctic, including polar bears, the largest bear in the world. In the south there no land animals because of the extreme cold, but there are penguins and other sea animals that live on or near the coast – although both in the north and the south the sea is frozen for much of the year.

One difference between the Arctic and the Antarctic is the human population. In parts of the Arctic there are towns and villages. Greenland, for example, the largest island in the

world, has a population of 55,000 people. Many of these people work in fishing. They have a difficult life. There aren't many roads between towns and villages, so people travel by snowmobile or with dogs. From November to January it's dark for 24 hours a day, but from May to July there are 24 hours of daylight. In the Antarctic there are no normal towns and villages. Only scientists live there all year round, in special buildings called "stations". They study the sea animals and learn about the history of the world's climate by studying the weather and the ice. It's a hard place to live, especially in winter, but many of them love it there and return again and again.

1. There aren't any animals in the Antarctic.
2. Some people live in the Antarctic.
3. The sea in the Antarctic is always frozen.
4. There are some sea animals in the Arctic.
5. In Greenland, people don't work in winter.
6. There are some roads in Greenland.
7. In Greenland in December it's dark all the time.

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. My mother ... a bad headache.
a) have got b) am c) has got
2. Can you help me? I ... the way to the market.
a) am not know b) not know c) don't know
3. Call for an ambulance if he ... worse.
a) will feel b) feels c) feel
4. Don't worry about your letter. I ... it the day before yesterday.
a) send b) have sent c) sent
5. I phoned him two days
a) for b) since c) ago
6. You will ... speak Spanish in another few months.
a) can b) have c) be able to d) ought

7. I ... get up early on Mondays.
a) am able b) have to c) must d) may
8. The day before yesterday we ... to the restaurant by Tom Jenkins.
a) are invited b) were invited c) invite
9. The letter and the parcel ... tomorrow.
a) will be post b) will have been posted c) will be posted
10. Mike hoped that his friend ... him with his car.
a) would help b) will help c) helped
11. Yesterday Tom heard that his aunt ... for five days.
a) was ill b) has been ill c) had been ill
12. ... of brothers Grimm was the eldest?
a) Who b) What c) Which
13. ... does it cost to stay at the Hilton Hotel?
a) How many b) How much c) What
14. We wish our exams ... over.
a) were b) are c) will be
15. Dorothy is ... in her family.
a) the youngest b) the younger c) young
16. Neither of my parents ... German.
a) says b) talks c) speaks
17. Listen to me when I'm ... to you.
a) telling b) talking c) told
18. My friend is interested ... architecture.
a) in b) on c) about d) for
19. I can't make the TV
a) work b) to work c) working d) worked
20. I liked ... essay you had brought the other day very much.
a) an b) the c) a d) -

Вариант 8

1. Read the article. Decide if the statements below are true (T), false (F) or there is no information (NI).

Do You Have Phobia?

Are you terrified at the thought of getting on an airplane? Do you worry about spiders every time you go into the bathroom? Would you rather walk up 100 steps than get into a lift? If the answer is “yes” to any of these or similar questions, you may have a phobia!

If you have a phobia, don't worry. You're not alone. It's estimated that about 10% of the world's population have a phobia about something. The fear of flying, the fear of heights, the fear of being in closed spaces or being in open spaces are some of the most common phobias people have. However, there are hundreds of other unusual phobias too, which are just as bad. Did you know that some people have a fear of clowns? Can you believe that some people are afraid of fish and that others are scared of garlic? Then there's the fear of falling in love, the fear of rain, the fear of the moon, and the fear of the stars! The list is endless.

For most people who don't have phobias, these ideas are difficult to understand. Even people with phobias usually know that there's no real danger. However, they cannot control their fears. When some people think about the object of their phobia, their heart starts beating very quickly and they find it difficult to breathe. This is a natural reaction to fear, but it can make life difficult if it happens all the time.

So if you have a phobia, what can you do about it? In some cases, you can simply avoid the situation. If you have a fear of heights, don't climb a mountain! However, in other cases, it's not so easy. What can you do if you're terrified of vegetables? Some people try relaxation techniques such as yoga or meditation. Some find that physical exercises can help. Others change their diet and stop having alcohol, coffee, and other unhealthy things. Many people find writing about their phobia helps them understand what is happening to them. But if none of these ideas help you, go and see your doctor. He or she may suggest psychotherapy, or even hypnosis.

1. According to the article, nobody really has a phobia.
2. People with phobias can be lonely.

3. People with phobias always believe they are in danger.
4. If you have a phobia, it can change the way your heart beats.
5. It isn't easy to avoid a lot of phobias.
6. Writing about your phobia can help you to understand it.
7. The writer doesn't think hypnosis will help.

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. When a student I ... to the discos every Friday night.
a) used to go b) are used to go c) used to go d) were used to go
2. Our mother doesn't ... of eating between meals/
a) agree b) allow c) suggest d) approve
3. If it ... so late, we could have a chat.
a) won't b) weren't c) isn't d) not be
4. Let's ask him to do this work, ... ?
a) will be b) shall we c) don't we d) are we
5. Today's weather isn't so cold as it was yesterday, ... ?
a) is it b) was it c) isn't it d) wasn't it
6. It's the first time my brother ... to the Zoo.
a) was b) were c) has been d) had been
7. Mom, ... some water on the table.
a) it is b) there's c) there are d) it isn't
8. My grandma makes me ... carrots, but I prefer ice-cream.
a) eat b) eating c) to eat d) to eating
9. ... never knows what to say in such situation.
a) No one b) One c) Someone d) Each one
10. Tell everyone I'll wait ... here.
a) to him b) for one c) upon her d) for them
11. My grandparents ... bread with the meals.
a) are used to eat b) are used to eating c) get used to eat d) got used to eat

12. The bus you need is parked at
a) the lane two b) lane two c) the two lane d) lane the two
13. He went upstairs and had
a) wash b) the wash c) a wash d) not wash
14. ... rich pay higher taxes?
a) Does b) Do c) Does the d) Do the
15. The poor ... access to education.
a) have less b) have fewer c) has less d) has fewer
16. The information ... contained ... article on biology.
a) was ... in an b) were ... in the c) was ... on an d) were ... on the
17. Do you know all of the ... in our town?
a) mathematic teachers b) mathematics' teachers
c) mathematic's teachers d) mathematics teachers
18. Don't mix up our suitcases, yours is almost the same
a) like my b) as my c) to mine d) as mine
19. We are getting pretty fed up ... him.
a) to b) of c) with d) upon
20. ... orangutans live alone.
a) Near all b) The all c) Almost all d) The most all

Вариант 9

1. Read the article. Decide if the statements below are true (T), false (F) or there is no information (NI).

How to Survive in the Jungle

In this week's feature, we're looking at how to survive in the jungle. Alana Harris gives us some ideas.

When you're in the jungle, you need to leave all your luxuries at home! That means, forget your mobile phone, your favorite coffee, your chocolate bars, and your CD player. When

you're in the jungle, you need only four things – water, food, shelter, and fire. You can find all of these easily, but you must know what to look for.

Let's start with water. Even though there's a lot of water in most tropical environments, you may not find it immediately. One way to discover it is to follow animals and birds, as they need liquid regularly. Insects can also be a good sign, because they usually build their nests near water. However, don't only look for rivers. You can also find water in plants such as vines, roots, and palm trees.

You can usually find a lot of food in the jungle, but you must be happy to eat things you wouldn't normally want to, for example, insects. However, you need to know the difference between those you can eat and those that are poisonous, so start reading about them now! For cooking and for warmth, collect dry firewood, leaves, and grass. Then make fire using dry sticks – or take a box of matches or a lighter with you!

The type of shelter you need depends on the weather and the kind of animals that are in the jungle. Malaria – carrying mosquitoes and other insects can be very dangerous, so protect yourself against bites. If you don't have any insect repellent, try putting mud on your skin. Of course, if you're lost in the jungle, you'll want to get home again. The sun and stars can help you find your way, so you might want to study astronomy. Alternatively, when you find a river, follow it. People usually live near rivers, so if you walk along the river bank, eventually you'll find a village.

Alana suggests taking one luxury food item.

1. Animals can lead you to water.
2. Insects can survive a long time without drinking.
3. Alana says it's always safe to eat insects.
4. Alana has been poisoned by a plant before.
5. Mosquitoes will bite you if you don't have insect repellent.
6. It's a good idea to learn about the stars.

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. Can you hear the sound of ... inside?

- a) laugh b) laughs c) laughter d) laughed
2. Even ...they were upset about the situation, they carried on with their work.
- a) so b) in spite c) though d) because
3. We were hurring because we thought that the bell
- a) had already rang b) had already rung
c) has already rang d) have already ringing
4. I wish they ... go so far.
- a) haven't b) won't c) don't d) didn't
5. We were ... go out when the telephone rang.
- a) on the point of b) about to c) just d) nearly
6. Last week my mother was in hospital so I ... with my younger brother.
- a) stayed b) staying c) was staying d) were staying
7. The plain to Paris ... early on Monday morning.
- a) will take off b) is going to take off c) would take off d) takes off
8. I don't feel like ... this article today.
- a) to read and translate b) on reading and translating
c) read and translate d) reading and translating
9. I can't bear ... in queues.
- a) stand b) standing c) to stand d) to standing
10. John Kennedy was ... of the United States.
- a) the thirty-five president b) the thirty-fifth president
c) the president thirty-fifth d) president the thirty-five
11. That was ... news.
- a) sad b) sad piece of c) a sad d) a sad piece of
12. I liked ... music, but the words were boring.
- a) the b) a c) - d) some
13. That's ... business but
- a) anybody's ... my b) nobody's ... my
c) anybody's ... mine d) nobody's ... mine

14. Has anyone seen ... magazine I left in the dining room?

- a) - b) the c) a d) some

15. ... tourists stay here.

- a) Only few b) Only little c) Only a few d) Only a little

16. Your word is ... for me.

- a) enough good b) good enough c) good as enough d) good than enough

17. Jack overslept, and was ... late that he missed his train.

- a) so b) much c) too d) very

18. ... the more you get fat.

- a) When you eat more b) Eating more c) The more you eat d) More eaten

19. They may feel envious ... your success.

- a) at b) on c) with d) of

20. It is doubtful that students learn much

- a) from watching TV b) by watch TV
c) for watching TV d) to watch TV

Вариант 10

1. Read the article. Decide if the statements below are true (T), false (F) or there is no information (NI).

The Best Shopping Cities

Which are the best cities to shop in? Writer Ellie Clare, has been to five cities around the world to find out. This week, she writes about Paris.

I went to Paris in June. It's a lovely city for sightseeing at that time of year, but it's also a great place to find high-quality fashion. I started in the boutiques and visited all the top names, including Cartier, Chanel, Christian Dior, and Yves Laurent. I've never seen such beautiful things, but they are, of course, expensive. I bought some perfume and moved on to the huge department stores of Paris. Two of the most famous are Printemps and Lafayette and they are definitely good places to visit. One place I found disappointing was The Champs-Elysees. In the old days, it was a great place for fashion, but now there are too

many fast-food restaurants, banks, airline offices, shopping centers, and cinemas aimed at tourists. Don't waste your time there!

After the shops, I tried the markets. One of the most famous places to find treasures in Paris is the flea market. There are three main flea markets and they are situated around the old gates of the city. I spent hours walking around these fascinating places and while I was there, I discovered the meaning of the name flea market. Hundreds of years ago, the royal family gave away their old clothes, but they were full of little insects – fleas, of course! One stall holder told me that the best time to find treasures at the market is before the crowds arrive, usually between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m. But that was a bit early for me. I was enjoying Paris night life too much! There are also open-air markets all around the city where you can buy flowers, clothes, pets, food, and many other things. And if you want to buy a book, visit the row of bookstalls along the River Seine. You can find some great bargains there, or you can spend hours just looking.

If you want to buy half of Paris or if you just want to walk around and look, you'll love the experience. Paris is a great place to shop!

1. Ellie went sightseeing in Paris.
2. She didn't buy anything in the boutiques.
3. She recommends the department stores.
4. She thinks the Champs-Elysees isn't as good as it was.
5. You can buy flowers at the flea market.
6. Ellie visited the flea markets early in the morning.
7. It's possible to spend a lot of time looking at books.

2. Choose the correct answer.

1. Mrs. Anderson is angry because her daughter ... to a stranger.
a) talking b) is talking c) to talking d) to be talking
2. Since they ... to New York he hasn't spoken Russian.
a) went b) has gone c) were going d) had gone
3. It is stupid ... your homework.

- a) not to do b) not doing c) not do d) not to doing
4. I bought everything we need yesterday so I ... go shopping today.
- a) mustn't b) don't have to c) haven't d) don't have
5. Will these clothes ... by Saturday?
- a) make b) made c) be make d) be made
6. We ... to come home earlier.
- a) said him b) told him c) said to d) told to him
7. There were ... interesting people at the party last night.
- a) any b) not c) no d) every
8. Just look at ... in the mirror, you're so dirty!
- a) your b) oneself c) yours d) yourself
9. The ... pens and pencils are on the desk.
- a) children b) childrens c) children's d) childrens'
10. The mice ... the cheese.
- a) have eaten b) have been eaten c) has eaten d) has been eaten
11. ... easy questions to answer.
- a) This is not b) These is not c) This are not d) These are not
12. How soon we'll leave this place depends ... the weather.
- a) of b) on c) for d) from
13. I don't like using ... phone, I prefer letters.
- a) - b) the c) a d) some
14. Manchester is ... city in the north of England.
- a) - b) a c) the
15. ... knew what we were doing.
- a) Neither man b) Neither men c) Neither of man d) Neither of men
16. I'll see you in ... quarter of ... hour.
- a) - ...- b) -... an c) the ... an d) a ... - e) a ... an f) the ... the
17. Nancy usually does her work very ... and well, but today she seems a little preoccupied.
- a) careful manner b) carefully c) care d) careful

18. He made a silly mistake. It was very stupid ... him.

- a) about b) with c) of d) to

19. This is the best film I have ... seen.

- a) still b) ever c) never d) so far

20. Jack ... regularly late for school.

- a) - b) is c) be d) does

PART II

Revise the English Verb

Use the Proper Forms of the Verbs in Brackets and Make the Text Complete

Text 1

Blowing Hot and Gold with the Same Breath

There was once a wild man who (live)¹ on a hill which (be)² far in a forest. He was a simple man and seldom (speak)³ to other people.

One day he (notice)⁴ a man (walk)⁵ along a path in the forest below the hill. He (run)⁶ down to him and said: "I want to talk to you. You (come up)⁷ to my home and (have)⁸ a talk with me?" The man agreed. They (climb)⁹ the hill together. As it (be)¹⁰ a cold day, the stranger (breathe)¹¹ on his hands. "What you (do)¹²?" - asked the wild man. "I (blow)¹³ on my hands".

" Why you (do)¹⁴ it?"

"My hands (be)¹⁵ cold. I want them (become)¹⁶ warm".

"I (understand)¹⁷ " - said the wild man.

When they came to the house on the hill, the wild man (make)¹⁸ the stranger (drink)¹⁹ a cup of boiling milk. As the milk (be)²⁰ very hot, the stranger (begin)²¹ (blow)²² on it.

"What you (do)²³ now?" – asked the wild man.

"I (blow)²⁴ on my milk".

"Why you (do)²⁵ it?"

"The milk (be)²⁶ hot. I (blow)²⁷ on it (make)²⁸ it cold".

"What!" - shouted the wild man. "But before you (blow)²⁹ on your hands to make them hot. (Get out)³⁰ of my house! I (not want)³¹ men like you in my home. You (not be)³² an honest man, if you (blow)³³ hot and cold with the same breath".

Text 2

Tarzan' Friend

A forester, with his dog Tarzan, was riding through the thick forest. Suddenly his horse (stop)¹. The forester (feel)² that something (frighten)³ it. He looked round and (see)⁴ a pack of wolves (come)⁵ to them. Then the dog Tarzan (run)⁶ over to the wolves, (sniff)⁷ and (disappear)⁸ with them in the forest.

The forester remembered the day when he (find)⁹ a helpless hungry wolf-cub. He (pick)¹⁰ it up, (bring)¹¹ it home, (warm)¹² it up, (give)¹³ it food and (put)¹⁴ it in Tarzan's dog house. Soon the cub (grow)¹⁵ up. Then the forester took the young wolf back to the place where he (find)¹⁶ him and (leave)¹⁷ him there.

Now the forester understood why the wolves not (attack)¹⁸ him or his dog. Among them (be)¹⁹ Tarzan's friend.

Tarzan (return)²⁰ home the next morning safe and sound.

Text 3

A Letter to a Friend

Dear Peter,

You by any chance (know)¹ where Bob (be)²? I (like)³ (find out)⁴ because I just (hear)⁵ of a job that exactly (suit)⁶ him, but if he (not apply)⁷ fairly soon of course he (not get)⁸ it.

I last (see)⁹ him about a month ago, when he just (leave)¹⁰ his job with the film company. He (say)¹¹ he (go)¹² to France for a holiday and (promise)¹³ (send)¹⁴ me a postcard with his French address as soon as he (find)¹⁵ a place (stay)¹⁶. But I (hear)¹⁷ nothing about him since then and (not know)¹⁸ even whether he (go)¹⁹ to France or not.

If you (know)²⁰ his address I (be)²¹ very grateful if you (phone)²² me. I (try)²³ (phone)²⁴ you several times but your phone (not seem)²⁵ (be)²⁶ working.

Yours Jack.

Text 4

A Philosopher

Once a philosopher travelled down a river in a small boat. While he (cross)¹ the river he (ask)² the boatman: "You ever (hear)³ about Philosophy?" "No," - (say)⁴ the boatman. "I never (hear)⁵ about it. What (be)⁶ it?" "I (be)⁷ sorry for you, indeed," replied the learned man, "you (lose)⁸ a quarter of your life as it's a very interesting science!" Several minutes later the Philosopher asked the boatman another question; "You (hear)⁹ about Astronomy, when you (be)¹⁰ at school?" "No, I (leave)¹¹ school many years ago and I (forget)¹² all about it", – was the answer. To this the philosopher answered that he (be)¹³ really sorry for the man, and he (think)¹⁴ that the boatman (lose)¹⁵ a second quarter of his life.

Some minutes passed and the passenger again (wonder)¹⁶ if the man ever (hear)¹⁷ about Algebra. And the man (have to)¹⁸ admit that he never (know)¹⁹ about it. "In that case you certainly (lose)²⁰ a third quarter of your life!" – said the scientist.

At that very moment the boat (strike)²¹ on a big stone. The boatman jumped and (cry)²²: "You ever (learn)²³ (swim)²⁴?" "No," -was the answer. The boatman explained sadly to the philosopher that he (be)²⁵ sure that he (lose)²⁶ his whole life as the boat (sink)²⁷.

Text 5

Mrs. Davis

Mrs. Davies is the oldest person in Elm Street. She (live)¹ in it all her life and (see)² a lot of changes here. She says she (be)³ always ready (discuss)⁴ these changes with people.

One day Kelly, a reporter, (phone)⁵ Mrs. Davies and (ask)⁶ her for an interview. When Kelly came, Mrs. Davies (lie)⁷ on the sofa (read)⁸ a newspaper. She said she (feel)⁹ bad but (add)¹⁰ that she (speak)¹¹ to the girl. Mrs. Davies (ask)¹² where and when she (be)¹³ born and how long she (live)¹⁴ in house № 20. "We (move)¹⁵ into № 20 during the war when a bomb (fall)¹⁶ on my old house next door", Mrs. Davies explained. "We (live)¹⁷ in the largest room of the house while they (repair)¹⁸ the rest of the rooms".

"You (be)¹⁹ here ever since?" - Kelly asked. Mrs. Davies (nod)²⁰. Then she added. "The street (change)²¹ so much and the people (become)²² richer. They (have)²³ cars and televisions now. You never (see)²⁴ a car in the street when I (be)²⁵ a girl and now so many new houses (build)²⁶ in our street too". Kelly wanted the old lady (tell)²⁷ her if life (become)²⁸ better. And again Mrs. Davies smiled: "No, not really. It's nice to have a telly but people are less friendly now. They (stay)²⁹ in their houses all the time. If anyone (go)³⁰ out, you can never (see)³¹ him, as everybody (use)³² a car. My granddaughter seldom (visit)³³ me and I can't (make)³⁴ her (come)³⁵ or (ring)³⁶ me up. But I would like her (do)³⁷ it. I never know if she (come)³⁸. I often feel lonely as my husband and most of my friends (die)³⁹".

Text 6

Ferenz List

Ferenz List, the famous composer and pianist, was a very kind man. This story shows how kind he was. Once there lived a poor girl with her mother and a younger brother. The girl (study)¹ music and (be)² very talented. One day her brother (catch)³ a cold and (fall)⁴ ill. The

doctor (send for)⁵ but they (be)⁶ so poor that they (can)⁷ not (pay)⁸ for his visit and the medicine he (prescribe)⁹.

So, the girl (think)¹⁰ of a plan. She decided that she (tell)¹¹ the people that Ferenz List (teach)¹² her music for some years already. "If the people (learn)¹³ about List it (attract)¹⁴ them to my concert and I (be able)¹⁵ to earn some money to keep my brother". And so she (do)¹⁶.

But one day while she (look)¹⁷ through a newspaper she (see)¹⁸ a note in which it (write)¹⁹ that the famous composer Ferenz List (be going)²⁰ to give some concerts in their town. The girl was afraid that if List (learn)²¹ that she (tell)²² the people a lie, he (tell)²³ everybody that he never (see)²⁴ her.

As soon as List (come)²⁵ to their town the girl (go)²⁶ to him and (tell)²⁷ him the whole story. After she finished List said: "(Sit)²⁸ down to the piano and (play)²⁹ for me!" While she (play)³⁰ List (make)³¹ some remarks and at the end of the class he (say)³² to the girl: "Now, when somebody (ask)³³ you who your teacher (be)³⁴ you (can)³⁵ (say)³⁶ it's me, because I (give)³⁷ you my first class today!"

Text 7

Androclus

In ancient Rome there lived a poor slave who (call)¹ Androclus. He had a very bad master and one day Androclus (run)² away. For many days he (hide)³ in the forest without any food. He (be going)⁴ (die)⁵ as he (not eat)⁶ anything for a long time. He (find)⁷ a cave, (lie)⁸ on the ground and (fall)⁹ asleep. But soon he (wake up)¹⁰ by a loud noise. To his horror Androclus (see)¹¹ a big lion (come)¹² into the cave. The next moment Androclus (understand)¹³ that something (happen)¹⁴ to the lion's foot. He (can)¹⁵ hardly (move)¹⁶. The slave (raise)¹⁷ the lion's paw and (see)¹⁸ a big thorn in it. He (pull)¹⁹ it out and the lion (jump)²⁰ with joy. They (become)²¹ good friends and lived in the cave for a long time.

But one day Androclus (catch)²². There was a law in Rome that every slave who (run)²³ from his master (have to)²⁴ fight with a hungry lion. So, Androclus (bring)²⁵ to the arena where a lot of people (sit)²⁶. Soon a hungry lion (let in)²⁷. Androclus (give)²⁸ a cry, but it was not a cry of fear, but of joy as he (recognize)²⁹ his old friend, whom he (meet)³⁰ in the cave. The lion jumped at Androclus and (begin)³¹ (lick)³² his face and hands. All the people (be surprised)³³ and (want)³⁴ the slave (explain)³⁵ it. And after he (do)³⁶ it they all (cry)³⁷: "(Give)³⁸ them freedom and (let)³⁹ them (live)⁴⁰ together again!"

So, the two friends (get)⁴¹ their freedom and (live)⁴² happily together for many years to come.

Text 8

The Unfortunate Tandem

It happened while Mr.Harris and his wife sitting on the tandem behind him (cycle)¹ through Holland. The roads (be)² stony and the bicycle often (jump)³. "Sit tight", (say)⁴ Harris to his wife, without turning his head. But Mrs.Harris (think)⁵ he (say)⁶ "Jump down!". Why she (think)⁷ he (say)⁸ "Jump down" neither of them (can)⁹ (explain)¹⁰ later. Mrs.Harris (Jump down)¹¹ while Harris (go on)¹² thinking that she (sit)¹³ still behind him. At first she (think)¹⁴ he (want)¹⁵ simply (show)¹⁶ his skill and (return)¹⁷ when he (reach)¹⁸ the hill. But when he (pass)¹⁹ the hill and (disappear)²⁰ in the wood she began (cry)²¹, as she (have)²² no money, she (not know)²³ Dutch. People (think)²⁴ she (lose)²⁵ something so they (take)²⁶ her to the police station. Meanwhile, Harris (cycle)²⁷ with great pleasure. But soon he (begin)²⁸ (feel)²⁹ that something (go wrong)³⁰. He (look back)³¹ but (see)³² nobody there. While he (think)³³ how (find)³⁴ his wife he (meet)³⁵ some people who (advise)³⁶ him (go)³⁷ to the police. There he (ask)³⁸ when, where and why he (lose)³⁹ his wife and (promise)⁴⁰ help. Their meeting (be)⁴¹ not a tender one, as Mrs.Harris (say)⁴² she (never be)⁴³ so furious in her life.

Text 9

The Lost Address

Dear Ann,

I would (like)¹ (tell)² you about a strange thing that (happen)³ to me a few days ago. As you probably (know)⁴, George, a friend of mine, recently (move)⁵ in a new flat. I (know)⁶ George all my life. We (meet)⁷ in 1977 and we (be)⁸ friends ever since.

So, he (give)⁹ me a call yesterday (invite)¹⁰ me to his Saturday party (celebrate)¹¹ his house-warming. I carefully (write)¹² his new telephone number on a piece of paper that (lie)¹³ on the table. While I (speak)¹⁴ to George, the door bell (ring)¹⁵. I (hang up)¹⁶ and (go)¹⁷ (open)¹⁸ the door. I didn't notice the paper (fall)¹⁹ down on the floor. When I (return)²⁰ I (not can)²¹ (find)²² it. It (disappear)²³. I couldn't phone George as I (not know)²⁴ his new telephone number and I (be)²⁵ sure George (not call)²⁶ me because he (expect)²⁷ me (come)²⁸ and (visit)²⁹ him on

Saturday. But I (not be able)³⁰ (do)³¹ that because I don't know his new address. George (not, tell)³² me it. I knew he (be upset)³³ if I (not come)³⁴.

Ann, I am writing to you (inform)³⁵ you of my misfortunes and (ask)³⁶ for your advice. What I (do)³⁷? I hope you (be able)³⁸ (help)³⁹ me. The letter (type)⁴⁰ and (post)⁴¹ in 5 minutes, thus you will get it this evening. (Answer)⁴² as quick as you can, please.

Sincerely yours, Alice Brown

Text 10

Rumpelstiltskin

Once upon a time there was a poor man who was very proud of his daughter. He (think)¹ that his daughter (be)² the smartest, kindest and sweetest child in the whole wide world. The father (love)³ (talk)⁴ about the wonderful things his daughter (can)⁵ (do)⁶. Soon, the King (hear)⁷ about the girl who (can)⁸ do such an unusual thing as (spin)⁹ gold out of straw. The girl's father (send for)¹⁰ and (order)¹¹ to bring the girl to the palace.

So, the girl (bring)¹² to the palace where the King (wait)¹³ for her. He (take)¹⁴ her into a small room with lots of straw and a spinning-wheel. He warned her that if she not (spin)¹⁵ all that straw into gold she (die)¹⁶. The poor girl (sit)¹⁷ down on the floor and (begin)¹⁸ (cry)¹⁹ as she never (do)²⁰ such a thing in her life.

Suddenly the door opened and a tiny little man (come)²¹ in. "What (happen)²²? Why you (cry)²³?" he asked. He promised the crying girl that if she (give)²⁴ him something he (be able)²⁵ to help her. The girl (have)²⁶ to give him her necklace and the friendly little man (start)²⁷. (work)²⁸. The sound of the spinning-wheel was so sweet that she (fall)²⁹ asleep and (wake)³⁰ up only in the morning. The little man (disappear)³¹ but the room (fill)³² with gold. The girl (hear)³³ the door (open)³⁴ and the King (enter)³⁵ the room. "What a beautiful thing you (do)³⁶ for me! I never (see)³⁷ so much gold in my life before!" Turning to the girl's father he said: "If your daughter (do)³⁸ that again she certainly (become)³⁹ my wife!

Rumpelstiltskin – имя крошечного волшебного человечка (герой английской сказки).

Text 11

To Marry or not to Marry

Denis heard the big heavy door (close)¹ behind him and (turn)² (see)³ that there (be)⁴ no handle. He tried (make)⁵ the door (open)⁶ but (not, can)⁷. Somebody (lock)⁸ it.

Suddenly a weak voice said: "(Come)⁹ in, young man. I (be)¹⁰ here since morning in the hope of being able (hear)¹¹ your footsteps". The voice hardly (hear)¹². Denis (raise)¹³ his head (see)¹⁴ a little white-haired man in the light of the fire. Denis (speak)¹⁵. "I (be)¹⁶ afraid, you (make)¹⁷ a mistake. You (wait)¹⁸ for another man. I (arrive)¹⁹ in the town lately and (not know)²⁰ anyone here yet. This morning I (be)²¹ out for a walk when drunken soldiers (come)²² up to me and said they (kill)²³ me if I (not give)²⁴ them my money. I (begin)²⁵ (run)²⁶ as fast as I (can)²⁷. When I (run)²⁸ along the street I saw your door (stand)²⁹ open and I (enter)³⁰".

"You (tell)³¹ me a lie" – said the old man. "You (come)³² here (meet)³³ my niece and (bring)³⁴ dishonor to my house, but you (punish)³⁵ instead. I want you (follow)³⁶ me".

They (go)³⁷ to the room in the house. By the window there (stand)³⁸ a young girl dressed in white. Denis understood he never (see)³⁹ anyone so beautiful. "If you (not marry)⁴⁰ her, you (die)⁴¹ in the morning. And now (think)⁴² if you (obey)⁴³ or not".

Text 12

Kate's Birthday

It (be)¹ Kate's birthday last Thursday. I (think)² it a good idea (do)³ some shopping and (buy)⁴ her a present in the nearest department store. I (know)⁵ that her husband, Paul, (buy)⁶ her a beautiful ring and was sure Kate (like)⁷ it. I (not have to)⁸ work till late that day, so at two o'clock I (walk)⁹ down High Street. "If I (give)¹⁰ Kathy her favorite perfume, she (be pleased)¹¹", I (think)¹².

At the perfume counter I (ask)¹³ for Kate's favorite perfume. The saleswoman was not sure whether she (be able to)¹⁴ help me. "We (not have)¹⁵ that, do we?", she asked her colleague. The latter (shake)¹⁶ her head. I (be)¹⁷ about (leave)¹⁸ the counter when I (see)¹⁹ a girl of about twelve (slip away)²⁰ from her mother, (seize)²¹ a huge bottle of perfume from the counter and (put)²² it into her bag. The girl's behavior (make)²³ me (speak)²⁴. "Excuse me", I (say)²⁵. "Your daughter just (steal)²⁶ a large bottle of perfume". The mother (look)²⁷ at me in amazement. She (turn)²⁸ to her daughter. "You didn't steal that big bottle that was on display, did you?" The

girl (nod)²⁹. "I (tell)³⁰ you hundreds of times that the big one on display (be)³¹ always empty!". She angrily (take)³² the bottle from her daughter and (lay)³³ it on display. "Why you (not take)³⁴ the one at the back? Let me (explain)³⁵ to you again that you should always (take)³⁶ one of the boxes at the back. You (understand)³⁷?" The woman (take)³⁸ a box of perfume she (speak)³⁹ about and a minute later I (see)⁴⁰ them both (disappear)⁴¹ into the crowd as quick as they (can)⁴².

Text 13

Gingerbread Boy

Once upon a time there (live)¹ an old woman and an old man. They (live)² all by themselves and (have)³ no boys or girls. One day the old woman (tell)⁴ her husband that she (make up)⁵ her mind (bake)⁶ a gingerbread boy. So she (go)⁷ to the kitchen and (lay)⁸ all the necessary things into the bowl and (give)⁹ them a good mix. The woman (say)¹⁰ she (make)¹¹ his nose and mouth out of lemon peel and his eyes from two big berries.

After she did it she (remember)¹² she (put)¹³ no salt in it. She didn't see her husband (put)¹⁴ any salt in it either so she (decide)¹⁵ (add)¹⁶ some salt into the gingerbread and (put)¹⁷ it into the oven.

The gingerbread boy (bake)¹⁸ in the oven and the old woman (lie)¹⁹ on the sofa (look at)²⁰ it. She (watch)²¹ it (get ready)²² and then she (hear)²³ a tiny little voice. "Let me (get)²⁴ out!" As soon as the old woman (open)²⁵ the oven door, the gingerbread boy (hop)²⁶ out and (leave)²⁷ the house (run)²⁸. The old woman (run)²⁹ after him (try)³⁰ to stop him. But the gingerbread boy (sing)³¹ that she (not can)³² catch him. He (meet)³³ a cow, a horse and a dog on his way. They all tried to make him (stop)³⁴ but he (cry)³⁵: "I (stop)³⁶ when you (catch)³⁷ me. And you (not, catch)³⁸ me. I (run)³⁹ away from so many creatures!"

But when he (meet)⁴⁰ a sly old fox who (live)⁴¹ a long life, he (give)⁴² a lesson as the fox ate him.

gingerbread boy - колобок (имбирный мальчик), gingerbread - имбирное тесто,
lemon peel - кожица от лимона.

Text 14

The Keys

One day Sarah and her little son Ben (drive)¹ home from London. The weather (be)² fine and warm though it (rain)³ since morning. They (not be)⁴ to their place for a long time and they (can)⁵ (see)⁶ some changes. "Mum, look, a new house (build)⁷ in our street near our cottage". Sarah's cottage was a nice little place. They (move)⁸ there in 1989. It was theirs though in fact they not (pay)⁹ all the money for it yet. They (arrive)¹⁰, (get)¹¹ out of the car and (come)¹² into the house. Sarah (take off)¹³ her bag from her shoulders and (put)¹⁴ it on the stairs in the hall.

Ben (run)¹⁵ into the sitting-room, (turn)¹⁶ on the television though his mother (forbid)¹⁷ him (do)¹⁸ it. The boy made the TV (work)¹⁹ very noisily. Sarah left the house, (take)²⁰ the food-box from the car. At that moment their dog (push)²¹ the door and it (lock)²². Sarah (can not)²³ (get)²⁴ inside. The keys (be)²⁵ in the bag, the windows and the back door (close)²⁶ and Ben (not hear)²⁷ her (shout)²⁸.

Sarah (hear)²⁹ the music (play)³⁰, some voices (speak)³¹ and (laugh)³². Sarah (understand)³³ that if she (not shout)³⁴ at the top of her voice, the boy (never come)³⁵ to the door. So she (do)³⁶. Ben came, (push)³⁷ the keys through the letter-box and Sarah (be able)³⁸ (open)³⁹ the door and she (get)⁴⁰ in. Ben (give)⁴¹ the keys, the dog (tell)⁴² to sit quiet, and they both (go out)⁴³ (take)⁴⁴ the food. While Sarah (take)⁴⁵ the box out of the car Ben (lock)⁴⁶ the door and (push)⁴⁷ the keys into the house through the letter-box. How you (like)⁴⁸ that?

Text 15

A Pair of Shoes

Mr. Boxell just (shut)¹ his shoe shop at the end of the day when he saw a man in a well-cut suit (walk)² in. The man (want)³ Mr. Boxell (show)⁴ him an expensive pair of shoes. There was something about the way the man (walk)⁵ that (make)⁶ Mr. Boxell (feel)⁷ suspicious. He (think)⁸ he (see)⁹ the man before somewhere and then he (remember)¹⁰ where. Mr. Boxell (come)¹¹ across his photo in a magazine and (see)¹² him on TV. The man (be)¹³ a criminal and (want)¹⁴ by the police.

"If I (sell)¹⁵ him shoes that (be)¹⁶ not comfortable, he (return)¹⁷ (change)¹⁸ them", Mr. Boxell (think)¹⁹. "But I (be)²⁰ not sure I (be)²¹ able (sell)²² them to him". Then Mr. Boxell (decide)²³ that he (try)²⁴.

The man (try)²⁵ on a few pairs of shoes before he (buy)²⁶ the pair that Mr. Boxell strongly (recommend)²⁷. "They (be)²⁸ a bit tight", he complained. "They (stretch)²⁹, sir" Mr. Boxell said. "Just (buy)³⁰ them. You never (regret)³¹ it. What size you (wear)³², sir? (Wrap)³³ them for you?" "O.K. (do)³⁴ it" answered the man.

As Mr. Boxell (expect)³⁵, the man (limp)³⁶ into the shop the next y (complain)³⁷ about the shoes. As he (enter)³⁸ the shop he (surround)³⁹ by the police. Mr. Boxell said: "I (do)⁴⁰ it. Yesterday I deliberately (sell)⁴¹ the man a pair of shoes that (be)⁴² a size too small. I (know)⁴³ he (bring)⁴⁴ them back the next day!

Text 16

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time there (be)¹ three bears who lived in a little house in the woods. One morning while they (get)² ready for breakfast the three bears decided (let)³ then- porridge (cool)⁴ and (go)⁵ for a walk.

While they were out, a little girl with long golden hair (walk)⁶ through the woods and (see)⁷ the bears' house. She never (see)⁸ such a nice house in her life. She (knock)⁹ but nobody (answer)¹⁰ and she (decide)¹¹ she (go)¹² inside and (look)¹³ around. "If somebody (come)¹⁴ in I (excuse)¹⁵ myself, she said. The girl (enter)¹⁶ the kitchen and (see)¹⁷ three tables (stand)¹⁸ in the middle of it. She understood she (get)¹⁹ hungry and (make up)²⁰ her mind (try)²¹ some porridge. Papa Bear's and Mama Bear's porridge (be)²² too hot but she (like)²³ Baby Bear's porridge and (eat)²⁴ it all up. "I never (eat)²⁵ anything so delicious", she thought. In fact, she (have)²⁶ a wonderful time when all of a sudden the chair (fall)²⁷ apart and Goldilocks (fall)²⁸ to the floor. She went to the bedroom (take)²⁹ a nap. Soon the bears (come)³⁰ back. They (be)³¹ shocked when they saw that someone (be)³² in their house and (eat)³³ their porridge and (sit)³⁴ in their chairs. "We (find)³⁵ this stranger and (make)³⁶ him (pay)³⁷ for everything", Papa Bear shouted. But at that moment Baby Bear (exclaim)³⁸: "We (not have)³⁹ (look)⁴⁰ for him far away as here he (be)⁴¹. I (find)⁴² him!" Just then Goldilocks (wake)⁴³ and (hear)⁴⁴ the Bears (talk)⁴⁵. She (take)⁴⁶ one

look at the three bears and (jump)⁴⁷ out of the window. She (run)⁴⁸ into the woods and no one ever (see)⁴⁹ her again.

Text 17

Strawberry Love

Hector Johnson was a silent man of perhaps 38. Many years ago he was a sheepman, but then he (get)¹ tired of his sheep, (sell)² his ranch and moved to Santa Rosa. His only wish (be)³ to grow strawberries. When his strawberries (begin)⁴ (ripen)⁵ Hector (buy)⁶ a heavy whip as all the children of Santa Rosa (watch)⁷ the berries (grow)⁸ and (try)⁹ (get)¹⁰ into his garden.

One day Hector saw the neighbor's children (eat)¹¹ his strawberries. He (take)¹² his whip and (raise)¹³ it above his head. The children (start)¹⁴ (run)¹⁵ and soon (disappear)¹⁶. He (turn)¹⁷ round and (stand)¹⁸ motionless. He saw Panchitta, a young and beautiful girl, who (be)¹⁹ his neighbor's eldest daughter. He (notice)²⁰ the girl (put)²¹ a big red strawberry into her mouth. He (shock)²² so much that he (not say)²³ a word.

After this a strange thing happened to Hector. For the first time in his life he fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He (buy)²⁴ a carriage and a fine horse and every day he (drive)²⁵ out with the girl. He (begin)²⁶ (wear)²⁷ nice clothes, he (take)²⁸ her to dances and parties. No man ever (try)²⁹ so hard to be young as he (do)³⁰.

One day when he came up to Panchitta's house a bit earlier than he (promise)³¹ he (hear)³² the children (laugh)³³. He looked into the open door and saw Panchitta, who (dress)³⁴ in man's clothes. She (amuse)³⁵ her brothers and sisters. He at once (understand)³⁶ whom she (act)³⁷, and quietly (go)³⁸ back home.

Twenty minutes after the appointed time Panchitta came to his gate. She (not can)³⁹ (understand)⁴⁰ why he (not come)⁴¹. Then Hector came out. He (wear)⁴² his old clothes and he not (care)⁴³ how old he (look)⁴⁴. "Go home and play some more theatricals, and I (try)⁴⁵ (forget)⁴⁶ you!" he (say)⁴⁷ to the girl. But Panchitta did not move. And in her eyes he (read)⁴⁸ that she never (leave)⁴⁹ him even if he (use)⁵⁰ his whip.

Зачетные задания (2 семестр)**1. Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения****THE SCHOLARSHIP**

from "Green Years" by A.J. Cronin

... Robert Shannon will be able to continue his studies only if he gets the scholarship founded by Sir John Marshall, but his best friend Gavin becomes his rival.

It was the first day of the Easter Holidays. I was going fishing with Gavin. The last pleasure I allowed myself before beginning to prepare for the Marshall.

We met early in the morning. Gavin was waiting for me. Impossible to describe the silent joy of our meeting... We walked side by side through the quiet village to the lake.

"No fishing until evening, I'm afraid," Gavin murmured. "No wind and the day is too bright."

Until the sun went down, Gavin and I sat on an upturned boat, outside his father's fishing hut. We spoke very little. At seven o'clock, after Mrs. Glen, the woman of the cottage, had given us some tea and boiled eggs and milk, we pushed the boat into the water. I took the oars. When we were far from the shore, Gavin spoke, hidden by the growing darkness.

"I understand you are sitting the Marshall, Robie?"

I was greatly surprised. "Yes... How did you know?"

"Mrs. Keith told my sister," Gavin paused, breathing heavily. "I am trying for it too."

I looked at him in silence. I was shocked and confused.

"But Gavin... You don't need the money!"

Gavin frowned. "You'll be surprised." He spoke slowly, "My father has had trouble in the business". He paused. "He has done so much for me... now then he is worried, I would like to do something for him."

I was silent. I knew that Gavin adored his father; and I had heard whispers that all was not well with the Mayor's business. Yet his words came as an unexpected blow.

"All the cleverest boys in the country are competing," he continued. "One more won't make much difference. Besides there's the honour of the town. It is twelve years since a Levenford boy took the scholarship." He drew a deep breath. "One of us must win it". "You may be the one, Gavin," I said in a low voice; I knew he was a fine scholar.

Gavin replied slowly. "I would like to win for my father's sake. But I think you have a better chance." He paused. "If you win, will you go on to be a doctor?"

Gavin was the only person on earth to whom I could tell the truth. I said: "I wish with all my heart to be a medical biologist, you know, a doctor who does research." There was a long pause.

"Yes," Gavin said thoughtfully. "It's bad that we have to fight each other over the scholarship. But, it will not affect our friendship, of course".

Yet I felt a sudden sadness in my heart. I thought:

"Gavin and I... One of us must be defeated".

NOTES:

rival — соперник

scholarship — стипендия

Easter Holidays — пасхальные каникулы oars - весла

to sit the Marshall — сдавать экзамены на стипендию Маршалла

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

молчаливая радость, шли рядом, перевернутая лодка, столкнули в воду, сдавать экзамен на стипендию Маршалла, тяжело дыша, обожал отца, до меня дошли слухи, глубоко вздохнул, прекрасный ученик, единственный на свете, это не помешает нашей дружбе.

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

to prepare for smth., to be greatly surprised, in silence, to be confused, to compete in smth., for smb.'s sake, to do research, to be defeated.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) Who was Robie?
- 2) What did he want to become?
- 3) Why couldn't he study without the scholarship?
- 4) What shows, that he was seriously preparing for the exams?
- 5) What did Gavin tell Robie about?
- 6) Why was the boy shocked and confused?
- 7) What was the reason for Gavin's sitting the Marshall?

8) Which words prove the generosity of both boys?

IV. Retell the story on the part of 1) Robie; 2) Gavin.

Grammar Tasks

1. Look through the text, find all the irregular verbs and give their forms.

2. Look through the text and find all sentences with Present and Past Continuous.

3. Put questions to the words in bold type:

1) I was going fishing **with Gavin**.

2) We met **early in the morning**.

3) We walked **side by side** through the quiet village to the lake.

4) **My father** has had trouble in the business.

4. Find in the text all the sentences with Direct Speech and change them into Indirect Speech.

2. Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения.

A DOG AND THREE DOLLARS

M. Twain

I have always believed that a man must be honest. "Never ask for money you have not earned", I always said.

Now I shall tell you a story which will show you how honest I have always been all my life.

A few days ago at my friend's house I met General Miles. General Miles was a nice man and we became great friends very quickly.

"Did you live in Washington in 1867?" the general asked me.

"Yes, I did," I answered.

"How could it happen that we did not meet then?" said General Miles.

"General", said I. "We could not meet then. You forget that you were already a great general then, and I was a poor young writer whom nobody knew and whose books nobody read. You do not remember me, I thought, but we met once in Washington at that time."

I remember it very well. I was poor then and very often I did not have money even for my bread. I had a friend. He was a poor writer too. We lived together. We did everything together: worked, read books, went for walks together. And when we were hungry, we were

both hungry. Once we were in need of three dollars. I don't remember why we needed these three dollars so much, but I remember well that we had to have the money by the evening.

"We must get these three dollars," said my friend. "I shall try to get the money, but you must also try." I went out of the house, but I did not know where to go and how to get the three dollars. For an hour I was walking along the streets of Washington and was very tired. At last I came to a big hotel. "I shall go in and have a rest," I thought.

I went into the hall of the hotel and sat down on a sofa. I was sitting there when a beautiful small dog ran into the hall. It was looking for somebody. The dog was nice and I had nothing to do, so I called it and began to play with it.

I was playing with the dog, when a man came into the hall. He wore a beautiful uniform and I knew at once that he was General Miles. I knew him by his pictures in the newspapers. "What a beautiful dog!" said he. "Is it your dog?"

I did not have time to answer him when he said.

"Do you want to sell it?"

"Three dollars", I answered at once.

"Three dollars?" he asked. "But that is very little. I can give you fifty dollars for it."

"No, no. I only want three dollars."

"Well, it is your dog. If you want three dollars for it, I shall be glad to buy your dog."

General Miles paid me three dollars, took the dog and went up to his room.

Ten minutes later an old man came into the hall. He looked round the hall. I could see that he was looking for something.

"Are you looking for a dog, sir?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Have you seen it?" said the man.

"Your dog was here a few minutes ago and I saw how it went away with a man," I said. "If you want, I shall try to find it for you."

The man was very happy and asked me to help him.

"I shall be glad to help you, but it will take some of my time and..."

"I am ready to pay you for your time," cried the man. "How much do you want for it?"

"Three dollars," answered I.

"Three dollars?" said the man. "But it is a very good dog. I shall pay you ten dollars if you find it for me."

"No sir, I want three dollars and not a dollar more," said I.

Then I went up to General Miles's room. The General was playing with his new dog." I came here to take the dog back", said I.

"But it is not your dog now — I have bought it. I have paid you three dollars for it," said the General.

"I shall give you back your three dollars, but I must take the dog back", answered I.

"But you have sold it to me, it is my dog now."

"I could not sell it to you, sir, because it was not my dog."

"Still you have sold it to me for three dollars."

"How could I sell it to you when it was not my dog? You asked me how much I wanted for the dog, and I said that I wanted three dollars. But I never told you that it was my dog."

General Miles was very angry now.

"Give me back my three dollars and take the dog," he shouted.

When I brought the dog back to its master, he was very happy and paid me three dollars with joy. I was happy too because I had the money, and I felt I earned it.

Now you can see why I say that honesty is the best policy and that a man must never take anything that he has not earned.

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

быть честным, приятный человек, которого никто не знал; даже на хлеб, к вечеру, отдохнуть, мне было нечем заняться, сразу догадался, через десять минут, готов заплатить, я должен забрать собаку, вернул собаку хозяину.

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

earn some (a lot of, little) money, become great friends, be in need of smth., wear a uniform, it takes (took, will take) smb. some time to do smth., be angry with, with joy.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) Whom did the author meet at his friend's house one day?
- 2) Did General Miles recognize the author? Why couldn't he?
- 3) Prove that the author's childhood was very hard.
- 4) Why did the boy find himself in the hotel one day?
- 5) Who ran into the hall suddenly? It was a funny little dog, wasn't it?

- 6) Why did the boy sell the dog to General Miles for three dollars?
- 7) What happened ten minutes later?
- 8) What brilliant idea came to the boy's mind?
- 9) How did he manage to take the dog back?
- 10) Did the boy's behavior prove his words, "Never ask for money you haven't earned"?

IV. Comment on the proverb:

"Honesty is the best policy" Say how you understand it. Illustrate it by examples.

V. Act out the dialogues between:

- 1) General Miles and the boy;
- 2) The boy and the old man.

**VI. Retell the story on the part of 1) General Miles;
2) The old man; 3) the boy's friend.**

VII. Give the gist of the story in not more than ten sentences.

Grammar Tasks

Look through the text, find all irregular verbs and give their forms.

Look through the text and find the sentences
a) in the Future Simple Tense; b) in the Present Perfect Tense.

3. Put questions to the words in bold type:

- 1) A few days ago at my friend's house I met **General Miles**.
- 2) We did everything together: **worked, read books, went for walks**.
- 3) **For an hour** I was walking along the streets of Washington.
- 4) I shall pay you ten dollars **if you find it for me**.

4. Reproduce the scene in General Miles' room using Indirect Speech.

Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения.

A DAYS WAIT

E. Hemingway

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

"What's the matter, Schatz?"

"I've got a headache".

"You better go back to bed".

"No, I am all right".

"You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed".

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

"You go up to bed," said, "you are sick".

"I am all right", he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different coloured capsules with instructions for giving them. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of influenza and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

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

"Do you want me to read to you?"

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

I read about pirates from Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates", but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

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

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

"I'd rather stay awake."

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

"It doesn't bother me."

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

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

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

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have." I went up to him and found him in exactly the same position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

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

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

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

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

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

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight ahead.

He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course, it will."

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you sure?"

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

"Oh," he said.

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

NOTES:

Schatz (нем.) — дорогой

102 — по Фарингейту — 38,9° по Цельсию

so far — пока

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

было больно двигаться, больной и несчастный, у него жар, форма гриппа, записал время приема лекарств, темные круги под глазами, не слушал, что я читаю; немного бредил, никого не пускал в комнату, это глупости, его взгляд уже не был таким напряженным, напряжение спало.

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

look ill, take smb's temperature, there is something (nothing) to worry about, there is some (no) danger, to go to sleep, can't keep from doing smth., do good, be of some (much, no) importance.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) What signs of illness could the boy's father notice when he came into the room?
- 2) Did the boy go to bed as his father had asked him?
- 3) What did the doctor say? What did he prescribe?
- 4) Find in the text the sentences which prove that something serious worried the boy.
- 5) Why didn't the boy let anyone come into the room?

6) Which of the boy's questions revealed everything to his father?

7) What was the real reason of the boy's sufferings?

8) In what way did Father explain everything to his son?

IV. Retell the story on the part of 1) the boy's father 2) the boy.

V. Make up dialogues using the following words and expressions:

what's the matter

to shiver

it aches to move

have a headache

look very sick

have a fever

take one's temperature

give medicines

avoid smth.

do good

VI. Describe your last visit to a doctor.

VII. Say what a person should do to prevent illnesses. What helps you to keep fit?

IX. Comment on the proverbs:

"An apple a day keeps a doctor away"

"Health is above wealth."

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise".

Grammar Tasks

Look through the text, find all irregular verbs and give their forms.

Look through the text and find the sentences in the Past Continuous Tense.

Put questions to the words in bold type:

1) When the doctor came he **took the boy's temperature**.

2) I sat **at the foot of the bed and read to myself**.

3) **At school in France the boys** told me you can't live with forty-four degrees.

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

4. *Change all direct questions in the text into indirect ones.*

Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения.

The Green Door

O. Henry

Rudolf Steiner, a young piano salesman, was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings when he did not go to look for the unexpected. It seemed to him that the most interesting things in life might lie just around the corner. He was always dreaming of adventures.

Once when he was walking along the street his attention was attracted by a Negro handing out a dentist's cards. The Negro slipped a card into Rudolf's hand. He turned it over and looked at it. Nothing was written on one side of the card; on the other three words were written: "The Green Door". And then Rudolf saw, three steps in front of him, a man throw away the card the Negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. The dentist's name and address were printed on it.

The adventurous piano salesman stopped at the corner and considered. Then he returned and joined the stream of people again. When he was passing the Negro the second time, he again got a card. Ten steps away he examined it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green door" was written upon it. Three or four cards were lying on the pavement. On all of them were the name and the address of the dentist. Whatever the written words on the cards might mean, the Negro had chose him twice from the crowd.

Standing aside from the crowd, the young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie. It was a five-storey building. On the first floor there was a store. The second up were apartments.

After finishing his inspection Rudolf walked rapidly up the stairs into the house. The hallway there was badly lighted. Rudolf looked toward the nearer door and saw that it was green. He hesitated for a moment, then he went straight to the green door and knocked on it. The door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there. She was very pale and as it seemed to Rudolf was about to faint. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a sofa. He closed the door and took a quick glance round the room. Neat, but great poverty was the story he read.

"Fainted, didn't I?" the girl asked weakly. "Well, no wonder. You try going without anything to eat for three days and see."

"Heavens!" cried Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back." He rushed out of the green door and in twenty minutes he was back with bread and butter, cold meat, cakes, pies, milk and hot tea.

"It is foolish to go without eating. You shouldn't do it again," Rudolf said. "Supper is ready."

When the girl cheered up a little she told him her story. It was one of a thousand such as the city wears with indifference every day — a shop girl's story of low wages; of time lost through illness; and then of lost jobs, lost hope and unrealized dreams and — the knock of the young man upon the door.

Rudolf looked at the girl with sympathy.

"To think of you going through all that," he exclaimed. "And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"As a matter of fact, I am all alone in the world too," said Rudolf after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his having no relatives.

Then the girl sighed deeply. "I'm awfully sleepy," she said.

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"How did it happen that you knocked at my door?" she asked.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house. I knocked at your door by mistake."

There was no reason why the girl should not believe him.

In the hallway he looked around and discovered to his great surprise that all the doors were green.

In the street he met the same Negro. "Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

Pointing down the street to the entrance to a theatre with a bright electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door", the Negro told Rudolf that the theatre agent had given him a dollar to hand out a few of his cards together with the dentist's.

"Still it was the hand of Fate that showed me the way to her," said Rudolf to himself.

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

истинный искатель приключений, в поисках неожиданного, раздающего визитные карточки, в трех шагах от него, проходил мимо негра во второй раз, тем же почерком, что бы не обозначали слова, закончив осмотр, некоторое время колебался, была готова упасть без сознания, быстро оглядел комнату, не удивительно, одна из многих историй, неосуществленные мечты, настройщик, рука Судьбы.

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

dream of smth., attract smb.'s attention, see smb., do smth., walk up (down) the stairs, look at smb. with sympathy, approve of smth., by mistake, to one's surprise.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) Who was Rudolf Steiner and what was his favourite occupation?
- 2) Who attracted Rudolf's attention as he was walking along the street?
- 3) What was written on the card which Rudolf got and on the card which he picked up?
- 4) What happened when Rudolf was passing the Negro the second time?
- 5) What did Rudolf do next?
- 6) Whom did he see behind the door?
- 7) Why was the girl so pale and weak?
- 8) In what way did the young man help the girl?
- 9) What did the girl tell him about herself?
- 10) How did Rudolf explain to the girl his unexpected visit?
- 11) What was the real reason why Rudolf had got the card with the words "The Green Door"?

IV. Discuss the following:

1. Why does the author call the girl's story *"one of a thousand such as the city wears with indifference every day"*?
2. Try to imagine the girl's life described by the author as follows: *"It was a story of low wages, of time lost through illnesses, of lost jobs, lost hopes and unrealized dreams"*.
3. Why did Rudolf knowing the real reason of his meeting with the girl still called it *"the hand of Fate"*?

V. Give a summary of the story in not more than ten sentences.

VI. Retell the story on the part of 1) Rudolf Steiner; 2) the girl.

- 1) He saw a Negro. The Negro was handing out a dentist's cards.
- 2) Rudolf saw three or four cards. They were lying on the pavement.
- 3) Rudolf knocked on the door. The girl heard it.
- 4) Rudolf was a kind-hearted man. The girl felt it.

Grammar Tasks

1. Look through the text and find the sentences with the Passive Voice.
2. Translate the sentence:

"Rudolf saw a man throw away the card". What grammar construction is used here? Practice this construction making one sentence out of two:

- 1) He saw a Negro. The Negro was handing out a dentist's cards.

- 2) Rudolf saw three or four cards. They were lying on the pavement.
- 3) Rudolf knocked on the door. The girl heard it.
- 4) Rudolf was a kind-hearted man. The girl felt it.

5. Прочтите текст и выполните упражнения.

BRAVE MOTHER
from "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
by H. Beecher-Stowe
Part I

Mr. Shelby had a large plantation and many slaves in the South of America. He never had enough money. He borrowed large sums from a man named Haley, whose business was to buy and sell slaves. Mr. Shelby could not pay the money back, and Haley said he would take Shelby's house or some slaves. Mr. Shelby decided to sell Tom, who helped him to look after the farm.

"Tom is a good man," said Mr. Shelby; "he helps me on the farm and I trust him."

"Well, I'll take your Tom if you add a boy or a girl to him," answered Haley.

"I don't think I have a boy or a girl that I could sell. If I could pay the money back I wouldn't sell slaves at all."

Here the door opened and a small Negro boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. Mr. Shelby gave him some fruit and said, "Now, Harry, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing." The boy began to sing one of the most popular Negro songs in a clear voice.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing the boy a piece of an orange.

"Now, boy, walk like an old man!" said Mr. Shelby. The boy began walking about the room, his master's stick in his hand, in imitation of an old man.

"Hurrah! Bravo! What a boy!" said Haley. "Shelby, I like that boy, if you add him, the business is done." At this moment the door opened and a young Negro woman about twenty-five entered the room. You could tell immediately, that she was the mother of the boy. The same beautiful dark eyes and silky black hair.

"Well, Eliza?" asked her master as she stopped and looked at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, Sir."

The boy ran to his mother showing her the nice things which he had got from the men for his performance.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and she quickly left the room, carrying the child in her arms.

"I say, Shelby," said the trader, "that is a fine woman. You could get much money for her in New Orleans, any day. I've seen a thousand dollars paid for a girl like that."

"I don't want any money for her. My wife likes her and wouldn't part with her. I don't want to speak about it."

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, won't you?" said the trader.

"What do you want the boy for?" asked Shelby.

"I have a friend who sells good boys in the market. He sells them to rich people. Boys can be waiters, open doors and help in the house."

"I don't want to take the boy from his mother, said Mr. Shelby.

"Oh, you can send the woman away for a day or a week; then your wife can give her a new dress or some other thing to make it up with her."

"I'll think it over and talk to my wife," said Mr. Shelby.

"But I want to know the result as soon as possible," said Haley, rising and putting on his coat.

"Well, come this evening between six and seven, and you shall have my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader left the house.

Part II

In the evening Mr. Shelby told his wife that he had sold Tom and little Harry to Haley. Eliza was in the next room and heard the conversation. She decided to take her boy and run away to Canada, where Negroes were free. She packed some of her things, took the boy in her arms and quietly left the house.

To get to Canada Eliza had to cross the Ohio River. She knew the road to the river, as she had often gone with her mistress to visit some friends in the little village near the Ohio River. Eliza walked all the night. In the morning, when people and horses began to move along the road, she sat down behind the trees and gave little Harry something to eat. After a short

rest they continued their way. In the afternoon she stopped at a small farm-house to rest and buy some dinner for the boy and herself.

When the sun was already low, they came to the Ohio River. Eliza was tired but strong in heart. She looked at the river that was on her way to freedom. It was spring and the river was swollen, large pieces of ice were floating in the water. She understood that it would be difficult to get a boat and cross the river at such a time.

At a small inn she asked about the boats. The woman there told Eliza that the boats had stopped running, and she looked with curiosity at the woman and her child.

"My boy is dangerously ill, I walked the whole day in the hope to get to the boat," said Eliza. The woman was sorry for the poor mother and asked her husband for advice.

"He said he would try. There is a man who crosses the river very often. He will be here to supper in the evening, so you may stay here and wait," said the woman. "Take the child into this room" continued she, opening the door into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed.

Eliza put the tired boy upon the bed, and held his hands in hers till he was asleep. There was no rest for her. She was afraid that the trader and her master would follow her and take little Harry away from her. Eliza stood at the window looking at the river. "How can I get to the other side?" she thought. "I must get over the river with my child, then no one will be able to catch us."

Suddenly she heard men's voices and saw Haley. Her room had a door opening to the river. She caught up the boy and ran down to the river. The men saw her and started running after her. She heard their shouts. In a moment she jumped onto a large piece of ice in the river. It was a dangerous jump. Haley and the men cried something to her and lifted their hands. The piece of ice creaked as Eliza jumped onto it, but she did not stay there. She jumped to another and still another piece, falling and jumping again. She lost her shoes, her stockings were cut from her feet, blood marked her every step on the ice; but Eliza saw nothing, felt nothing, till, as in a dream, she saw the other bank of the Ohio, and a man helping her up the bank.

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

брать взаймы, доверяю ему, дело сделано, не расстанется с ней, отрывать ребенка от матери, часто ходила со своей хозяйкой, сильна духом, преграждала путь к свободе, река разлилась, преследовать, дверь, выходящая к реке; большая льдина, как во сне.

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

imitate smb., let smb. do smth., as soon as possible, look with curiosity at smb., be dangerously ill, ask smb. for advice, start (stop) doing smth.

///. Answer the questions:

- 1) Why did Mr. Shelby decide to sell his slaves?
- 2) What was Haley's business?
- 3) Why did Haley like little Harry?
- 4) What was the reason for Haley's buying little boys?
- 5) Why did Mr. Shelby refuse to sell the little boy?
- g) Why did Eliza decide to run away to Canada?
- 7) What did she have to do to get to Canada?
- 8) Why was the river dangerous?
- 9) What did the woman at the inn promise Eliza?
- 10) What made Eliza run across the river?

IV. Discuss the following:

1 Characterize Eliza. Prove that she was a devoted mother.

2. Say what you know about slave-traders and slave-markets. Read another extract from the book "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and explain:

- how the slave-traders try not to shock respectable society.
- why slave-trading is inhuman.

A slave-market! You may think that this is a horrible place without light and air.

But no, my friend; in these days men have learned to do crimes with great art, so as not to shock respectable society. The prices of human goods are high in the market and the slaves are well fed, washed and looked after. They must come to the auction strong and shining. A slave-market in New Orleans is like many other such markets. Every day you may see lines of Negro men and women in front of the market building. They stand there to show that people are sold in the market. Then you will be invited to come in and examine the Negroes and you will find a great choice of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and young children to be sold separately or in lots, as you wish.

It is morning. Orders are given to every one to put on their best faces and be lively. Then they are marched up to the auction.

Tom was standing with the other slaves near one of the platforms. A man came up to Tom and began to examine him. He opened Tom's mouth to see his teeth; made him show his muscles; turned him round, made him jump.

"Where were you born?" he asked.

"In Kentucky, master," said Tom, looking about, as if for help.

"What have you done?"

"Looked after the master's farm," said Tom.

When the auction began, Tom went on the platform. The trader called the price in French and in English; the buyers shouted their prices. Then the final price was called and Tom was sold and had a new master — the man who had examined him before the auction.

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Mr. Shelby; 2) Eliza.

Grammar Tasks

1. Look through the text and find the sentences with Past Perfect and Future-in-the-Past. Explain the usage of Tenses.

2. Reproduce the conversation between Mr. Shelby and Haley using Indirect Speech.

3. Put questions to the words in bold type:

1) **In the morning** Eliza sat down **behind the trees** and gave little Harry **something to eat**.

2) **Large pieces of ice** were floating **in the water**.

3) **Haley's friend** sells boys **in the market** to **rich people**.

6. Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения

THE READING PUBLIC

S. Leacock

"Wish to look about the store? Oh, by all means, sir," said the manager of one of the biggest book stores in New York. He called to his assistant, "Just show this gentleman our ancient classics — the tencent series." With this he dismissed me from his mind.

In other words he had guessed at a glance that I was a professor. The manager of the biggest book store cannot be deceived in a customer. He knew I would hang around for two hours, get in everybody's way, and finally buy the *Dialogues of Plato* for ten cents.

He despised me, but a professor standing in a corner buried in a book looks well in a store. It is a sort of advertisement.

So it was that standing in a far corner I had an opportunity of noticing something of this up-to-date manager's methods with his real customers. "You are quite sure it's his *latest*?" a fashionably-dressed woman was saying to the manager.

"Oh, yes, madam, this is Mr. Slush's very latest book, I assure you. It's having a wonderful sale." As he spoke he pointed to a huge pile of books on the counter with the title in big letters — *Golden Dreams*.

This book," said the lady idly turning over the Pages, "is it good?"

"It's an extremely powerful thing," said the manager, "in fact it's a masterpiece. The critics are saying that without exaggeration it is the most *powerful* book of the season. It is bound to make a sensation."

"Oh, really!" said the lady. "Well, I think I'll take it then."

Suddenly she remembered something. "Oh, and will you give me something for my husband? He's going down south. You know the kind of thing one reads on vacation?"

"Oh, perfectly, madam. I think we have just what you husband wants. *Seven Weeks in the Sahara*, 7 dollars; *Six Months in a Waggon*, 6 dollars; *Afternoons in an Ox-cart*, two volumes, 4 dollars 30 cents. Or here, now, *Among the Cannibals of Corfu*, or *Among the Monkeys of New Guinea*, 10 dollars." And with this the manager laid his hand on another pile as numerous as the pile of *Golden Dreams*.

"It seems rather expensive," remarked the lady.

"Oh, a most expensive book," repeated the manager in a tone of enthusiasm. "You see, it's the illustrations, actual photographs of actual monkeys; and the paper."

The lady bought *Among the Monkeys*.

Another lady entered. A widow, judging by her black dress.

"Something new in fiction," repeated the manager, "yes, madam, here's a charming thing, *Golden Dreams*,— a very sweet story. In fact, the critics are saying it's the sweetest thing Mr. Slush has done."

"Is it good?" said the lady.

"It's a very charming love story. My wife was reading it aloud only last night. She could hardly read for tears."

"I suppose it's quite a safe book?" asked the widow anxiously. "I want it for my little daughter."

"A assure you it's perfectly safe. In fact, it is written quite in the old style, like the dear old books of the past; quite like —" here the manager paused with a slight doubt — "Dickens and Fielding and — er — so on."

The widow bought the *Golden Dreams*, received it wrapped up, and passed out.

"Have you any good light reading?" called out the next customer in a loud cheerful voice — he had the air of a man starting on a holiday.

"Yes," said the manager, and his face almost broke into a laugh.

"Here's an excellent thing, *Golden Dreams*; quite the most humorous book of the season. My wife was reading it last night. She could hardly read for laughing."

After that the customers came and went in a string. To one lady *Golden Dreams* was sold as exactly the reading for a holiday, to another as the very book to read after a holiday; another bought it as a book for a rainy day, and a fourth as the right sort of reading for a fine day.

Among the Monkeys was sold as a sea story, a land story, a story of the jungle, a story of the mountains; each time at a different price.

After a busy two hours I drew near and from a curiosity that I couldn't resist said, "That book, *Golden Dreams*, you seem to think it's a very wonderful book?"

The manager knew that I had no intention of buying the book, so he shook his head. "Frankly speaking, I imagine it's perfectly rotten."

"Haven't you read it?" I asked in amazement.

"Dear me, no!" said the manager. His air was that of a milkman who is offered a glass of his own milk. "A pretty time I'd have if I tried to read all the new books. It's quite enough to keep track of them without that."

"But those people," I went on, deeply puzzled, "won't they be disappointed?"

"By no means!" he said. "They won't read it. They never do."

"But at any rate your wife thought it a fine story," I insisted.

The manager smiled widely. "I am not married, sir."

NOTES:

rotten — *sl.* bad

in a string — one after another

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

другими словами, понял с первого взгляда, презирал, нечто вроде рекламы, современные методы, новинка, модно одетая, идет на расхват, лениво переворачивая страницы, шедевр, без преувеличения, довольно дорогая книга, уверяю вас, подходящее чтение для ..., из любопытства, следить за их появлением, ни за что, в любом случае.

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

get in smb.'s way, have an opportunity of doing smth., be bound to, could hardly read for tears (laughter), in a loud (sad, cheerful) voice, break into a laugh (into tears), have an (no) intention of doing smth., shake one's head, frankly speaking, ask in amazement, be disappointed.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) What did the manager do when he guessed that his customer was a professor?
- 2) Why did he lose all interest in him?
- 3) Why did the fashionably-dressed lady want to buy the latest book? Was she really interested in literature?
- 4) *"The professor stood buried in a book." "The lady was idly turning over the pages"*
Compare these two customers.
- 5) Whom did the manager consider his real customers?
- 6) Why did the manager say quite different things about the same book to different customers?
- 7) Did the manager have a high opinion of all his customers? Illustrate your answer.
- 8) What was his main aim?

IV. Discuss the following:

1. Do you agree that the manager was really skillful in his business? Can you approve of his "up-to-date" methods?
2. What kind of book was "Golden Dreams"? What's your opinion of such literature?
3. The manager mentioned Dickens and Fielding. What do you think he knew about them? Are you fond of classics? Why do many people enjoy reading books by classical writers?
4. What kind of literature are you fond of? Explain why you prefer this or that genre. Name your favourite authors and books.
5. Do you need advice when you choose a book? Who (what) influences your choice?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) the professor; 2) the manager.**VI. Act out the dialogues between the manager and his customers.****7. Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения****Return**

from "The Path of Thunder" by P. Abrahams

The action takes place in South Africa. Lanny Swartz, a young coloured man, was sent by his village folk to study in Cape Town. He has graduated from the University and is now returning to his native village, anxious to teach his people.

It was early morning when the train pulled into the little station. Lanny stepped into the fresh morning air and took a deep breath. He was nearly home now. Home! He smiled because he was returning home; because the smell of the earth was in the air; it was a part of home; a part of his childhood he remembered but dimly. It seemed as though he were in another world, familiar, yet strange.

He picked up his cases and walked to the barrier at the far end of the platform where the ticket collector impatiently waited for him. When he got to the man he put down his cases and searched for the ticket.

Coldly the man stared at him, looked him up and down.

"Nice day," said Lanny. "I'm returning home after seven years." The man stared at him, a cold stare.

And suddenly Lanny remembered. One did not speak to a white man unless he spoke to you. It was stupid to forget. He passed the man, feel eyes on his back.

Across the way was a coffee-stall. A lorry a little way off. Two bronze, muscular men were drinking coffee. Lanny was conscious that they were looking at him. He could do with a cup of coffee, but with these white men sitting there...

"Do you see what I see?" one of them asked.

The other fixed his eyes on Lanny and looked doubtful: "I'm not sure. It looks like an ape in a better Sunday suit than I have."

"Perhaps he wears suits like that every day... Besides, you are wrong, he's too pale to be an ape. That's city bushy."

The second man rubbed his eyes and looked hard at Lanny.

"Bushy?"

The first man grinned: "You know. Coloured, half-caste!" He spat out the word with contempt,

The other nodded and pointed at Lanny: "He's pretty, isn't he? I bet you a tailor made that suit for him. And look at his shoes."

Lanny reached down to pick up his cases. The best thing he could do was to get out of here. There was no sense in looking for trouble. He was no coward. He would take anyone of them, but of course they wouldn't fight fair.

"Hey! You!"

Lanny stretched himself and waited.

"Come here!" It was the first man.

South Africa, Lanny thought tiredly, this is South Africa. He walked across the narrow road. At least they won't frighten me, he decided; hurt me, yes, but frighten me, no. He stopped directly in front of the man and looked straight into his face.

The man inspected him closely, his eyes resting on the fountain-pen in his pocket.

"Where you from?" the man shot at him.

"Cape Town."

"What do you want here?"

"I live here."

"Haven't seen you around."

"I've been in Cape Town for seven years."

"School?"

"Yes."

"University?"

"Yes."

"What are you?" "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Have you any fancy titles?"

Lanny smiled. "Yes. I have two."

Suddenly the man's hand shot out and cracked across Lanny's mouth. With an effort Lanny controlled the instinctive desire to strike back. The man saw the move and struck again. Lanny touched his lips with his tongue and spat. A patch of red blood dropped on the dust.

"Don't smile at me!" the man hissed.

South Africa, this is South Africa in brutal reality. This man hated him and insulted him because he showed independence, because he was educated and wore decent clothes. This was the old struggle for conquest. This man had to dominate him, fearful in case he did not. Lanny saw it all more vividly than he had ever seen it. Not out of books. Not out of with kindly lectures talking to eager or indifferent students making notes. No.

"Well?" the man threatened.

Lanny knew that all he had to do was to lower his eyes or look away — any gesture of defeat would have done — and the man would tell him to go.

He returned the man's stare. The man raised his fist.

I will not give in, Lanny decided, and turned and walked away.

The man cursed, roaring insults.

A pang of fear gripped Lanny's heart but he kept on. This was the road home. He bit his lips and held his head high.

NOTES: folk — people

fancy titles — зд.(презрительно) ученые звания

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

глубоко вздохнул, смутно помнил, нетерпеливо ждал, не отказался бы от чашечки кофе, усмехнулся, с презрением, готов поспорить, напрягся и ждал, по крайней мере, посмотрел прямо в лицо, внимательно смотрел, с трудом сдержал, оскорблял его, одержать верх над ним, любой признак поражения.

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

be anxious to do smth., stare at smb., there is much (little, no) sense in doing smth., smile at smb., keep on doing smth.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) Describe Lanny's mood early in the morning on the day of his return home.
- 2) What was Lanny's first disappointment that day?
- 3) What made the ticket collector angry?
- 4) Whom did Lanny see at the coffee-stall?
- 5) In what way did the white men try to insult Lanny?
- 6) It was hard for Lanny to control himself, wasn't it? Why did he do it?
- 7) What did one of the men suddenly do?
- 8) How did Lanny react?

IV. Discuss the following:

1. Compare Lanny's mood early in the morning with his mood after the incident at the coffee-stall. What was the reason for such a change?
2. Do you consider Lanny to be a person with a strong independent character in spite of humiliation he suffered? Give your grounds.
3. Explain the words "*This is South Africa in brutal reality. Not out of books...*" Comment on the racial laws of the country at that time.

V. Give a summary of the text in not more than 20 sentences.

Grammar Tasks

1. Look through the text and find the sentences with Present Participles and the Past Continuous Tense.
2. Practice the following models:
 - 1) The only thing he could do was ...
 - 2) The best thing to do is ...
 - 3) The wisest thing he could do was ...
 - 4) All he had to do was ...
3. Translate the sentence "It seemed as though he were in another world", and explain the usage of tenses. Finish the following sentences:

- 1) The white man stared coldly at Lanny as if ...
- 2) Lanny was anxious to teach his people, he wished...
- 3) The white men treated him with contempt as though...
- 4) The ticket collector stared at Lanny as if ...
- 5) Lanny was no coward but he wished ...

8. Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения

THE EXPLOSION

from "The Citadel" by A.J. Cronin

Andrew Manson, a young inexperienced doctor, has come to work in a small miners' town in Wales. His very first case proves to be typhoid. Andrew is terribly anxious, especially when the disease begins to spread. He is at a loss what to do and turns for advice to Philip Denny, a doctor who has been living in the town for some time.

Andrew gazed at Denny, burning to ask a dozen questions.

"You've got cases too?" he asked anxiously.

"Four! All in the same area as yours," Denny paused. "One day, very soon, we're going to have an outbreak of an epidemic. It's the main sewer that's to blame. It leaks like the devil, and poisons half the wells of the town. I've hammered at the Health Officer about it till I'm tired." His tone was cold and bitter.

"It's shame!" Andrew burst out. "I wish he were here and knew what we know."

Denny shrugged his shoulders, "It's no use."

There was a silence. Andrew got up from his seat at the table and moved towards the door.

"I'm much obliged for the information. From now on every drop of water in the area is going to be boiled."

"It's the Health Office who ought to be boiled," muttered Denny.

During the weeks that followed Andrew slaved joyfully. He loves his work and counted himself fortunate to have such an opportunity so early in his career. He worked tirelessly with all the fire of his passionate nature. He only wished he could do more.

Then, unexpectedly, Denny rang him up. "Manson! Can you come to my place at three o'clock? It's important."

Denny received him in silence with a gloomy eye and a darkened forehead. "One of my patients died this morning. I have two new cases of typhoid." He spoke quietly, with a still, cold rage.

"We must write to the Ministry of Health," said Andrew.

"We could write a dozen letters," Denny said bitterly. "It's a waste of time No! I've thought it all out. There's only one way to make them build a new sewer."

"How?" asked Andrew eagerly.

"Blow up the old one!"

For a second Andrew wondered if Denny had taken leave of his senses. He stared at him in terrified astonishment, then he muttered, "There'll be no end of trouble — if it's found out."

Denny glanced up at him, "You needn't come in with me, if you don't want to."

"Oh, I'm coming in with you", Andrew answered slowly. Immediately he wished he had not said those words.

All that afternoon Andrew went about his work regretting the promise he had given. He was a madman, this Denny, who would, sooner or later, get him into serious trouble. It was a terrible thing that he now proposed. If discovered, they might get struck off the Medical Register. Andrew was seized with horror at the thought of his beautiful career suddenly cut short, ruined. He cursed Denny violently, swore a dozen times that he would not go.

Yet, for some strange reason, he would not, could not draw back.

At eleven o'clock that night Denny and he started out in company with Hawkins, Denny's dog, for the main manhole of the sewer.

The two men and the dog moved along the deserted street. In the pocket of his overcoat Denny had six sticks of dynamite. Andrew carried six empty tins, each with a hole in the lid, an electric torch, and a length of fuse.

Immediately they reached the manhole they set to work, raising the rusty iron cover which had not been disturbed for years.

They slipped a stick of dynamite in each tin, cutting fuses and attaching them. One by one the tins were dropped into his ill-smelling depths. In the light of a match Andrew saw Denny's pale hard face, his own shaking hands.

As the last tin went in with its short fuse burning, the dog took it into its head to hunt a rat. They chased the dog and captured it, expecting an explosion beneath their feet. Then swiftly the cover was flung back, and they raced madly up the street.

They had scarcely reached the corner when bang! The first tin exploded.

"By God! We've done it!" exclaimed Andrew.

Then swiftly the explosions followed; two, three, four, five, and the last.

Doors and windows were flung open, people ran out of their houses. In a minute the street was crowded. A party of men set out with lanterns to explore. Under cover of the darkness and the noise Denny and Manson slipped away.

Before eight o'clock next morning the Health Officer arrived upon the scene by car, nervous and frightened.

Wiping his forehead he approached Denny who, with Manson, stood amongst the crowd. For a moment Andrew felt uncomfortable.

But it did not enter the Officer's mind to suspect anybody.

"It's a mystery to me how it all happened. We'll have to get that new sewer for you straight off now," was all he said.

NOTES:

sewer — канализационная труба

to be struck off the Medical Register – to have no further right to practice as a doctor.

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

шахтерский городок, очень обеспокоен, неоднократно сообщал, бесполезно, с этого момента, трудился с удовольствием, в самом начале карьеры, без устали, пустая трата времени, взорвать, не сошел ли он с ума, греха не оберешься, рано или поздно, по непонятной причине, ржавая железная крышка, собаке пришло в голову, побежали как сумасшедшие, едва они успели добежать до угла, распаивались, под покровом ночи, в толпе, не пришло в голову.

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

be at a loss, turn to smb. for advice (help), it's ... that is to blame, shrug one's shoulders, to have an opportunity to do smth., regret smth, get smb. into trouble, be seized with horror, be/feel nervous (frightened, uncomfortable) suspect smb., cut smb.(smth.) short.

III. Answer the questions:

1) Who was Andrew Manson?

2) What troubled Andrew and made him turn for advice to Philip Denny?

- 3) What was the real cause of the spreading of the disease in the town?
- 4) Andrew insisted that every drop of water should be boiled. Could it put an end to the epidemic?
- 5) Why did Denny refuse to write a letter to the Ministry of Health?
- 6) Why did Andrew think that Denny had taken leave of his senses?
- 7) Why did Andrew regret that he had given the promise to go with Denny? Illustrate your answer by the text.
- 8) What do you think made Andrew go with Denny in the end?
- 9) What did they both risk in case they were discovered?
- 10) What was the result of their "experiment"?

IV. Discuss the following:

1. Denny and Andrew risked their careers. What do you think make them run such a great risk? Can you call them real doctors?
2. Who was responsible for the situation in the town? What can you say about the role of the Health Officer in the described events? Compare his behavior with the behavior of the young doctors.
3. Compare the characters of Denny and Andrew. What did they have in common? What did they differ in? Who to your mind was a stronger personality? Give your grounds.

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) Denny; 2) Andrew; 3) the Health Officer.

Grammar Tasks

1. Look through the text and find the sentences with the Subjunctive Mood after the verb "wish". Analyse the usage of tenses.
2. Change the sentences using the verb "wish".
 - 1) Andrew regretted that he had agreed to help Denny.
 - 2) "It's impossible to stop the epidemic", Andrew thought.
 - 3) It's a pity the Health Officer didn't respond to their information.
 - 4) Andrew regretted that he didn't have enough time for work.
 - 5) Andrew was sorry that Denny had suggested such a plan.
 - 6) When the Health Officer approached Andrew, the young man regretted everything he had done.
3. Practice the following models:
 - 1) It never entered my mind...
 - 2) You'll get into trouble if ...
 - 3) From now on...
 - 4) I count myself fortunate to ...
 - 5) We were at a loss ...
4. Put questions to the words in bold type:
 - 1) **Andrew** was seized with horror at the thought **of his career suddenly cut short**.
 - 2) **In** the pocket of his overcoat **Denny** had **six sticks of dynamite**.

- 3) A party of men set out with lanterns **to explore**.
- 4) **Before eight o'clock** the Health Officer arrived upon the scene by **car**.

9. Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения

THE SHIPWRECK *from "Kidnapped" by R.L Stevenson*

David Balfour, a sixteen-year-old boy, is on board a brig bound for America. The brig meets with a violent storm off the coast of Scotland. During the shipwreck that follows David is cast overboard. He cannot swim and is being carried along by the waves and choked until, fortunately, he manages to get hold of a floating board. After a desperate struggle he is flung upon the shore.

He spends the first night walking to and fro upon the beach for fear he might be frozen. At dawn he finds to his horror that he has been cast on a rocky island, cut off from the mainland by a strait. All his attempts to get across the strait end in failure. Completely exhausted, David gives himself up for lost.

In all the books I have read of people cast away on a desert island, they had either their pockets full of tools or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach as if on purpose. My case was very different. What with the cold and hunger, I felt more miserable than words can tell. I stood shivering in the rain, wet and barefoot, and wondered what to do till it occurred to me that shellfish, of which there were plenty on the island, might be good to eat. I ate them cold and raw; and they seemed to me delicious. They must have poisoned me, for I had no sooner eaten my first meal, than I felt miserably sick and lay for a long time no better than dead.

In fact as long as I was on the island I never could distinguish what particular shellfish it was that hurt me: sometimes the shellfish restored my strength, and sometimes I felt sick for hours.

The second day I explored the entire island and chose a place on a hillside to be my home. I had a good reason for my choice: from there I could distinguish the top of a great ancient church and the roofs of houses on the mainland. Morning and evening I saw smoke go up. I used to watch this smoke when I was wet and cold and lonely. It kept hope alive and

saved me from the sense of horror I had when I was alone with the dead rocks and the rain, and the sea.

It seemed impossible that I should die on the shores of my own country and within view of men's houses.

But the second day passed; and though I kept a look out for boats or men, no help came. It had been raining for more than twenty-four hours. My clothes were beginning to rot; my throat was so sore that I could hardly swallow; the very sight of shellfish sickened me. I felt completely exhausted.

It did not clear until the afternoon of the third day; this was the day of incidents. As soon as the sun came up, I lay down on the top of the rock to dry myself. My mood changed, I was hopeful and searched the sea with a fresh interest. All of a sudden a boat with a pair of fishers came flying round the corner of the isle. I shouted out and ran along the shore from rock to rock.

There was no doubt they had observed me, for they cried out something and laughed. But the boat never turned aside and flew on. It was unbelievable that they should have seen me and left me to die! I could not believe in such wickedness! Even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; I thought my heart would burst. But all was in vain. If a wish could kill men, those fishers would have died.

On the fourth day of this horrible life of mine I observed a boat heading for my island. Unable to hold myself back, with my heart beating wildly and my legs shaking under me, I ran to the seaside. It was the same boat with the same men as yesterday. But now there was a third man with them. As soon as they were within hearing, they let down their sail and lay quiet. They drew no nearer and, what increased my fear, the new man roared with laughter as he looked at me. Then he addressed me, speaking fast and waving his hand towards the mainland. Was he suggesting that I should try and make my way across the strait? I picked out the word "tide." I had a flash of hope! "Do you mean when the tide is out..." I cried and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I set off running as I had never run in my life. Before long I came out on the shore of the strait; and sure enough, it had become a little stream of water, through which I dashed, splashing, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the mainland.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on the isle which is only a tidal islet, and can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours.

Even I, if I had sat down to think, might have guessed the secret. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there.

I have seen wicked men and fools; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

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

кораблекрушение, выброшен на берег, схватиться за бревно, отчаянная борьба, необитаемый остров, чем можно описать словами, пришло в голову, казались необыкновенно вкусными, никогда не мог различить, это подбадривало меня, с трудом глотал, был совершенно без сил, не могли слышать мой голос, напрасно, не в силах сдержаться, усилило мой страх, прилив, проблеск надежды, не выше колен, мальчик, выросший на море; если бы не рыбаки; и тем, и другим достается по заслугам.

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

on board a brig (ship), at dawn, to one's horror, end in failure, on purpose, no sooner ... than, used to do smth., there is (was) no doubt that..., address smb., suggest that smb. should do smth.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) Explain how David found himself on a desert island.
- 2) What made him feel miserable?
- 3) What did the boy feed on and why was this food dangerous for health?
- 4) Why did David choose a place on a hillside for his home?
- 5) What kept David's hope alive?
- 6) Describe the weather on the third day of David's stay on the islet.
- 7) What did the boy feel when the fishermen sailed past the islet without stopping?
- 8) Why did the third fisherman roar with laughter when he saw David?
- 9) What word did David pick out from what the man was saying?
- 10) What idea occurred to him?
- 11) Explain the words "a sea-bred boy" and "a tidal islet".
- 12) What would have happened to David if the fisherman had not seen him?

IV. Discuss the following:

1. Was David observant? What makes you think so? What did he himself think about the incident? Did it teach him a lesson?

2. Would "pockets full of tools" have been of any use to David? Why? What would you do under these circumstances?

3. What books do you think David remembered when he was cast away on the island? Have you read any books which describe similar events? What are they?

4. Have you read the book "Kidnapped" by R.L. Stevenson? What other books by this author do you know? Why are children of many generations fond of Stevenson's books?

V. Retell the story on the part of 1) David; 2) one of the fishermen.

VI. Give a summary of the text in not more than fifteen sentences.

Grammar Tasks

1. Look through the text and find the sentences with Modal Verbs.

2. Look through the text and find the sentences of the type "It is necessary that you should..."

3. Practice the model using the Subjunctive Mood:

1) It seemed impossible that...

2) Isn't it natural that...?

3) It was unbelievable that...

4) It seems strange that...

5) It was absolutely necessary that...

6) Why is it so important that...?

4. Put questions to the words in bold type:

1) The second day he explored **the entire island**.

2) As soon as the sun came up, David lay down **on the top of the rock to dry himself**.

3) **The new man** reared with laughter **as he looked at the boy**.

10. Прочтите текст и выполните к нему упражнения.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

(an extract)

E.G. Wells

The hero of the novel is Griffin, a young gifted scientist. He invents a substance that makes a person invisible and tries it on himself. Wishing to continue his experiments, Griffin comes to the quiet provincial town of Iping and stops at a local inn. His secluded way of life and strange occupation arouse the suspicion of the narrow-minded Mr. and Mrs. Hall — keepers of the inn. They begin spying on Griffin. Finally things come to an open quarrel.

The stranger returned to his room about half-past five in the morning, and there he remained until near midday, the blinds down and the door shut. All that time he must have been hungry. Three times he rang his bell, but Mrs. Hall would not answer it, as she was angry with him for his rudeness. What the stranger was doing was unknown. He must have occupied himself with some experiments at his table. Several times his cursing, the tearing of paper and violent smashing of bottles were heard. About noon he suddenly opened the door and stood

staring at the people in the bar. "Mrs. Hall," he called. Mrs. Hall came forward holding in her hand an unsettled bill. "Is it your bill you want, sir?" she asked.

"Why wasn't my breakfast served? Why haven't you answered my bell? You must have thought I can live without eating. What!"

"You should have paid my bill, sir," said Mr. Hall.

"I told you three days ago I was expecting a remittance —"

"I am not going to wait for any remittances."

"Look here, my good woman —" he began in a pleading tone.

"Don't good woman me," said Mrs. Hall, "and before I get any breakfasts, you've got to tell me one or two things I don't understand. Your room was empty but how did you get in again? You must have climbed in through the window. I suppose you know that people who stop in this house come in by the doors — that's the rule."

"You might have been more polite, at least," the stranger interrupted her in an angry voice stamping his foot. "You don't understand who I am. I'll show you!" He took off his spectacles and everyone in the bar gasped: there was — nothing behind them! He began to remove the bandages that covered the rest of his face. Mrs. Hall shrieked and fell down unconscious as she saw that the stranger had no head. The people in the bar made for the door. The news of the headless man spread all the way down the street in no time and soon a crowd of perhaps forty people gathered round the door of the little inn. A little procession pushed its way through the crowd: first Mr. Hall, then Mr. Bobby Jaffers, the village constable, and then the blacksmith who lived across the street. Mr. Hall must have been to the police to bring help. They all marched up the steps and entered the stranger's room at once. They saw the headless figure sitting at the table.

"What's this?" came an angry voice from above the collar of the figure.

"You're a strange person," said Jaffers, "but head or no head I'll have to arrest you." And he produced a pair of handcuffs. At the next moment the stranger's gloves came off and dropped on the floor. He ran his arm down his waistcoat, and the buttons to which his empty sleeves pointed, became undone. Then he bent down and began doing something with his shoes and socks.

"Why!" said Jaffers, "that's no man at all. It's just empty clothes. Look!" He held out his hand and it seemed to meet something in the air.

"Can't you be more careful? You might have hurt my eye," said the angry voice. "As a matter of fact, I'm invisible. It's strange, perhaps, but it's not a crime."

"I've got my instructions—" Jaffers said holding his handcuffs ready.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll come. But no handcuffs."

"Pardon me, but—

Suddenly the figure sat down. Before anyone could realize what was happening, the shoes, socks and trousers had been kicked off under the table. Then the stranger jumped up and threw off his coat.

"Hold him," cried Jaffers, "once he gets the things off —" There was a rush at the white shirt which was fluttering in the air. Jaffers grasped at it, and only helped to pull it off.

"You could have held him faster," one of the men said to the policeman, "why did you let him go?" "Here he is!" another man cried out. The struggling crowd was moving down the stairs and towards the house door.

"I got him!" shouted Jaffers. He held fast his unseen enemy, he must have been hit suddenly as he cried out with pain and fell heavily on the ground. There were excited cries of "hold him!" "Invisible!" Half way across the road a woman screamed as something pushed by her. A dog must have been kicked by an invisible foot as it ran howling into the yard nearby. And the invisible man was gone for ever from Iping.

NOTES:

substance – вещество

secluded — скрытый

remittance — денежный перевод

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

одаренный ученый, испытывает на себе, местная гостиница, должно быть проделывал какие-то опыты, неоплаченный счет, могли бы быть и повежливее, разбинтовывать, потеряла сознание, достал наручники; дело в том, что; прежде чем кто-либо успел понять, что происходит; закричал от боли, исчез навсегда.

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

arouse suspicion (much talk, interest), spy on smb., stare at smb., in an angry (pleading) voice, spread in no time, push one's way through the crowd, let smb. go, hold smb./smth. fast, shriek with joy.

III. Answer the questions:

- 1) Who is the main character of the story?
- 2) Why did he come to a small provincial town?

- 3) Why did Griffin's behavior arouse the suspicion of the inn-keepers?
- 4) What was Griffin occupied with one day?
- 5) Why didn't Mrs. Hall answer the bell?
- 6) What did she bring Griffin instead of breakfast? In what manner did she speak?
- 7) What were Mrs. Hall's claims?
- 8) Describe the behavior of the people in the bar when Griffin took off his spectacles and removed the bandages?
- 9) Who entered the stranger's room some minutes later?
- 10) What instructions did the constable have?
- 11) In what way did Griffin manage to escape from the hands of the police?

IV. Discuss the following:

1. The society of a small provincial town was very narrow-minded. Give the facts from the text to prove it.
2. Do you agree that it was difficult for a progressive scientist like Griffin to work and create among such people? Give your grounds.

V. Act out the dialogues between:

- 1) Mr. Hall and the stranger;
- 2) Griffin and the constable.

VI. Retell the story on the part of 1) Griffin; 2) Mrs. Hall; 3) one of the visitors of the bar.

Grammar Tasks

1. Look through the text and find the sentences with Modal Verbs followed by Perfect Infinitives.
2. Change the following Indefinite Infinitives into Perfect Infinitives Active and Passive. Use the model:

to write—to have written—to have been written

to give, to feel, to tell, to say, to return, to occupy, to answer, to pay, to fall.

3. Express reproach using the model: "You might have been more polite".

4. Put questions to the words in bold type:

- 1) **Several** times violent smashing of bottles was heard.
- 2) Mrs. Hall shrieked and fell down unconscious as she saw **that the man had no head**.
- 3) The news of the headless man spread all the way down the street **in** no time.
- 4) Mr. Hall must have been to the police **to bring help**.

PART III

Тексты для самостоятельного чтения

THE LUNCHEON

(After Somerset Maugham)

I caught sight of her at the play and in answer to her beckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her and if someone had not mentioned her name I do not think I would have recognized her. She addressed me brightly.

"Well, It's many years since we first met. How time flies! We are not getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to, luncheon."

Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin Quarter and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday. She asked me if I would give her a little luncheon at Foyot's. Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered and I was too young to say no to a woman. I had eighty francs to live on till the end of the month and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet her at Foyot's on Thursday at half past twelve.

She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty, and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener. I was

startled when the menu was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had expected. But she reassured me.

"I never eat anything for luncheon," she said.

"Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon.

"Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the menu, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, they had beautiful salmon, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

"No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless you had a little caviare. I never mind caviare."

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not tell her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you're unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I never overload my stomach."

Then came the question of drink.

"I never drink anything for luncheon," she said.

"Neither do I," I answered promptly.

"Except white wine," she went on as though I had not spoken. "These French white wines are so light. They are wonderful for the digestion."

"What would you like?" I asked her.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne." I think I turned a little pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

"What are you going to drink, then?"

"Water."

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she said:

"I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel much better then."

"I *am* only going to eat one thing," I said, as the waiter came again with the menu.

She waved him aside with a light gesture.

"No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that. I can't eat anything more unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them."

My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.

"Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus," asked the waiter.

I hoped he would say no. A happy smile spread over his broad face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus."

I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?"

"No, I never eat asparagus."

"I know there are people who don't like them."

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be terrible to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much money I had and if the bill came to more I made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say my money had been stolen. If she had not money enough to pay the bill then the only thing to do would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils. I watched the woman send them down her throat and in my polite way I talked on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.

"Coffee?" I said.

"Yes, just an ice-cream and coffee," she answered.

It was all the same to me now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice-cream and coffee for her.

"You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in," she said, as she ate the ice-cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more."

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you."

"Oh, I see!"

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with a smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. Peaches were not in season then. Lord knew what they cost. I knew too — a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absent-mindedly took one,

"You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach."

The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for a moment on the three francs I left for the waiter and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hands, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon."

"I'll do better than that," I answered. "I'll eat nothing for dinner tonight. "Humorist!" she cried gaily, jumping into a cab. "You're mite a humorist!"

But I have had my revenge at last. Today she weighs twenty-one stone.

Exercises

Answer the following questions:

- 1) Where did the author catch sight of the woman? Why wouldn't he have recognized her if somebody hadn't mentioned her name?
- 2) Did he remember where he had first met her? Where was he living at that time? How much was he earning?
- 3) Why did she write to him? Where would she like him to

give her a little luncheon? Why had he never thought of going to Foyot's?

- 4) Why did he agree to meet her at Foyot's?
- 5) What did she look like? What was unusual about her appearance?
- 6) Why was the author prepared to be an attentive listener?
- 7) Why was he startled when the menu was brought? How did she reassure him?
- 8) What did she repeatedly say throughout the luncheon?
- 9) What did she order first? Why did his heart sink?
- 10) What did he order for himself? What did she say about his choice?
- 11) What was she going to drink?
- 12) What did she talk about while she ate the salmon and the caviare?
- 13) Why did she say she wanted to have asparagus? Why did the author say he never ate asparagus?
- 14) Why did panic seize him? What did he decide to do if he didn't have enough money to pay the bill?
- 15) What terrible thing happened while they were waiting for the coffee?
- 16) What did she say she believed in?

Discuss the following:

- 1) Make guesses about the woman's background.
- 2) Why do you think she wrote to the author? Do you think many people send letters to writers? Could you write to a writer? What writer could you send a letter to and what would you write about?
- 3) Why do you think she asked him to give her a luncheon at Foyot's? Why did she order the most expensive things? Why did she repeatedly say she never ate anything for luncheon? Did she really mean it or was it a trick?
- 3) "She gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than there were necessary for any practical purpose". Why do you think the author pays special attention to the description of the woman's teeth?
- 4) What do you think is the author's attitude to the reading public: good-humoured, ruthless, ironical or sceptical?
- 5) Does S. Maugham, in your opinion, try to convey any message in the story or does he only try to amuse the

reader? How did you find the story?

A FRIEND IN NEED

(After Somerset Maugham)

For thirty years now I have been studying my fellow-men. I do not know very much about them. I suppose it is on the face that for; the most part we judge the persons we meet. We draw our conclusions from the shape of the jaw, the look in the eyes, the shape of the mouth. I shrug my shoulders when people tell me that their first impressions of a person are always right. For my own part I find that the longer I know people the more they puzzle me: my oldest friends are just those of whom I can say that I don't know anything about them.

These thoughts have occurred to me because I read in this morning's paper that Edward Hyde Burton had died at Kobe. He was a merchant and he had been in Japan for many years. I knew him very little, but he interested me because once he gave me a great surprise. If I had not heard the story from his own lips I should never have believed that he was capable of such an action. It was the more startling because both his appearance and his manner gave the impression of a very different man. He was a tiny little fellow, very slender, with white hair, a red face much wrinkled, and blue eyes. I suppose he was about sixty when I knew him. He was always neatly and quietly dressed in accordance with his age and station.

Though his offices were in Kobe Burton often came down to Yokohama. I happened on one occasion to be spending a few days there, waiting for a ship, and I was introduced to him at the British Club. We played bridge together. He played a good game and a generous one. He did not talk very much, either then or later when we were having drinks, but what he said was sensible. He had a quiet, dry humour. He seemed to be popular at the club and afterwards, when he had gone, they described him as one of the best. It happened that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel and next day he asked me to dine with him. I met his wife, fat, elderly and smiling, and his two daughters. It was evidently a united and loving family. I think the chief thing that struck me about Burton was his kindness. There was something very pleasing in his mild blue eyes. His voice was gentle; you could not imagine that he could raise it in anger; his smile was kind. Here was a man who attracted you because you felt in him a real love for his fellows. He had charm. But there was nothing sentimental about him: he liked his game of cards and his cocktail, he could tell a good and

spicy story, and in his youth he had been something of an athlete. He was a rich man and he had made every penny himself. I suppose one thing that made you like him was that he was so small and frail; he aroused your instincts of protection. You felt that he would not hurt a fly.

One afternoon I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel. From the windows you had an excellent view of the harbor with its crowded traffic. There were great liners; merchant ships of all nations, junks and boats sailing in and out. It was a busy scene and yet, I do not know why, restful to the spirit.

Burton came into the lounge presently and caught sight of me. He seated himself in the chair next to mine.

"What do you say to a little drink?"

He clapped his hands for a boy and ordered two drinks. As the boy brought them a man passed along the street outside and seeing me waved his hand.

"Do you know Turner?" said Burton as I nodded a greeting.

"I've met him at the club. I'm told he's a remittance man."

"Yes, I believe he is. We have a good many here."

"He plays bridge well."

"They generally do. There was a fellow here last year, a namesake of mine, who was the best bridge player I ever met. I suppose you never came across him in London. Lenny Burton he called himself."

"No. I don't believe I remember the name."

"He was quite a remarkable player. He seemed to have an instinct about the cards. It was uncanny. I used to play with him a lot. He was in Kobe for some time."

Burton sipped his gin.

"It's rather a funny story," he said. "He wasn't a bad chap. I liked him. He was always well-dressed and he was handsome in a way, with curly hair and pink-and-white cheeks. Women thought a lot of him. There was no harm in him, you know, he was only wild. Of course he drank too much. Fellows like him always do. A bit of money used to come in for him once a quarter and he made a bit more by card-playing. He won a good deal of mine, I know that."

Burton gave a kindly little chuckle.

"I suppose that is why he came to me when he went broke, that and the fact that he was a namesake of mine. He came to see me in my office one day and asked me for a job. I was rather surprised. He told me that there was no more money coming from home and he wanted to work. I asked him how old he was.

"Thirty five he said.

"And what have you been doing before?" I asked him.

"Well, nothing very much", he said.

I couldn't help laughing.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you just now," I said. 'Come back and see me in another thirty-five years, and I'll see what I can do.'

"He didn't move. He went rather pale. He hesitated for a moment and then he told me that he had had bad luck at cards for some time. He hadn't a penny. He'd pawned everything he had. He couldn't pay his hotel bill and they wouldn't give him any more credit.⁴ He was down and out. If he couldn't get a job he'd have to commit suicide.

"I looked at him for a bit. I could see now that he was all to pieces. He'd been drinking more than usual and he looked fifty.

"Well, isn't there anything you can do except play cards?" I asked him.

"I can swim" he said.

"Swim!"

"I could hardly believe my ears; it seemed such a silly answer.

"I swam for my university.'

"I was a pretty good swimmer myself when I was a young man I said.

"Suddenly I had an idea.

Pausing in his story, Burton turned to me.

"Do you know Kobe?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I passed through it once, but I only spent a night there."

"Then you don't know the Shioya Club. When I was a young man I swam from there round the beacon and landed at the creek of Tarumi. It's over three miles and it's rather difficult on account of the currents round the beacon. Well, I told my young namesake about it and I said to him that if he'd do it I'd give him a job.

"I could see he was rather taken aback.

"You say you're a swimmer I said.

"I'm not in very good condition he answered.

"I didn't say anything. I shrugged my shoulders. He looked at me for a moment and then he nodded.

"All right" he said. 'When do you want me to do it?'

"I looked at my watch. It was just after ten.

"The swim shouldn't take you much over an hour and a quarter. I'll drive round to the creek at half-past twelve and meet you. I'll take you back to the club to dress and then we'll have lunch together.'

"Done," he said.

"We shook hands. I wished him good luck and he left me. I had a lot of work to do that morning and I only just managed to get to the creek at half past twelve. I waited for him there, but in vain."

"Did he get frightened at the last moment?" I asked.

"No, he didn't. He started swimming. But of course he'd ruined his health by drink. The currents round the beacon were more than he could manage. We didn't get the body for about three days."

I didn't say anything for a moment or two. I was a little shocked. Then I asked Burton a question.

"When you offered him the job, did you know that he'd be drowned?"

He gave a little mild chuckle and he looked at me with those kind blue eyes of his. He rubbed his chin with his hand.

"Well, I hadn't got a vacancy in my office at the moment."

Exercises

Answer the following questions:

- 1) What thoughts occurred to the author when he read in the newspaper about Mr. Burton's death?
- 2) Why did Mr. Burton interest the author?
- 3) Where did the author make Mr. Burton's acquaintance?
What did they use to do together?
- 4) What did the author know about Mr. Burton?

- 5) What did Mr. Burton look like? What attracted the author in Mr. Burton?
- 6) When and where did Mr. Burton tell the author the story of his namesake?
- 7) What kind of man was young Burton?
- 8) Why did he once come to Mr. Burton?
- 9) What was the situation he found himself in?
- 10) What idea did Mr. Burton suddenly have when his namesake said he had swum for his university?
- 11) Why was young Burton taken aback?
- 12) Why was young Burton drowned?
- 13) What was the author's reaction to the story?
- 14) Why did Mr. Burton say he offered his namesake the job?

Give a description of a) Mr. Burton, b) his namesake, picking out the words and word combinations from the list below.

To give smb. a surprise, to be capable of, curly hair, slender, to go broke, to ask for a job, wrinkled, sensible, to go pale, kindness, to hesitate, to have bad luck, gentle, to raise one's voice, to pawn, to be down and out, love for, to commit suicide, to arouse instincts, to be all to pieces, to be taken aback, to give a chuckle, to wish smb. good luck, to be drowned, to ruin one's health, to offer smb. a job, to rub one's chin.

What's your main impression of the story?

HOME

(After Somerset Maugham)

The farm lay in a hollow among the Somersetshire hills, an old-fashioned stone house, surrounded by barns and outhouses. Over the doorway the date when it was built had been carved, 1673, and the house, grey and weather-beaten, looked as much a part of the landscape as the trees that surrounded it. An avenue of splendid elms led from the road to the garden. The people who lived here were as stolid, sturdy and unpretentious as the house. Their only boast was that ever since the house was built from father to son they had been born and died in it. For three hundred years they had farmed the surrounding land.

George Meadows was now a man of fifty, and his wife was a year or two younger. They were both fine, upstanding people in the prime of life; and their children, two sons and three

girls, were handsome and strong. I have never seen a more united family. They were merry, industrious and kindly. Their life was patriarchal. They were happy and they deserved their happiness.

But the master of the house was not George Meadows; it was his mother. She was a woman of seventy, tall, upright and dignified, with grey hair, and though her face was much wrinkled, her eyes were bright and shrewd. Her word was law in the house and on the farm; but she had humour, and if her rule was despotic it was also kindly. People laughed at her joys and repeated them.

One day Mrs. George stopped me on my way home. She was all in a flutter. (Her mother-in-law was the only Mrs. Meadows we knew: George's wife was only known as Mrs. George.)

"Who do you think is coming here today?" she asked me. "Uncle George Meadows. You know, the one that was in China."

"Why, I thought he was dead."

"We all thought he was dead."

I had heard the story of Uncle George Meadows a dozen times, and it had amused me because it was like an old ballad: it was touching to come across it in real life. For Uncle George Meadows and Tom had both courted Mrs. Meadows when she was Emily Green, fifty years and more ago, and when she married Tom, George had gone away to sea.

They heard of him on the China coast. For twenty years now and then he sent them presents; then there was no more news of him. When Tom Meadows died his widow wrote and told him, but received no answer, and at last they came to the conclusion that he must be dead. But two or three days ago to their astonishment they had received a letter from the matron of the sailors' home at Portsmouth saying that for the last ten years George Meadows, crippled with rheumatism, had been living there and feeling that he had not much longer to live, wanted to see once more the house in which he was born. Albert Meadows, his great nephew, had gone over to Portsmouth in the car to fetch him and he was to arrive that afternoon.

"Just fancy," said Mrs. George, "he's not been here for more than fifty years. He's never even seen my George, who's fifty-one next birthday."

"And what does Mrs. Meadows think of it?" I asked.

"Well, you know what she is. She sits there and smiles to herself. All she says is, 'He was a good-looking young fellow when he left, but not so steady as his brother.' That's why she chose my George's father. 'But he's probably quietened down by now,' she says."

Mrs. George asked me to look in and see him. With the simplicity of a country woman who had never been further from her home than London, she thought that because we had both been in China we must have something in common. Of course I went to see him. I found the whole family assembled when I arrived; they were sitting in the great old kitchen, with its, stone floor, Mrs. Meadows in her usual chair by the fire, very upright, and I was amused to see that she had put on her best silk dress, while her son and his wife sat at the table with their children. On the other side of the fireplace sat an old man. He was very thin and his skin hung on his bones like an old suit much too large for him; his face was wrinkled and yellow and he had lost nearly all his teeth.

I shook hands with him.

"Well, I'm glad to see you've got here safely, Mr. Meadows," I said.

"Captain," he corrected.

"He walked here," Albert, his great nephew, told me. "When he got to the gate he made me stop the car and said he wanted to walk."

"And mind you, I've not been out of my bed for two years. They carried me down and put me in the car. I thought I'd never walk again, but when I saw those elm-trees, I felt I could walk. I walked down that drive fifty-two years ago when I went away and now I've walked back again."

"Silly, I call it," said Mrs. Meadows.

"It's done me good. I feel better and stronger than I have felt for ten years. I'll see you out yet, Emily!"

"Don't be too sure," she answered.

I suppose no one had called Mrs. Meadows by her first name for a generation. It gave me a little shock, as though the old man were taking a liberty with her. She looked at him with a shrewd smile in her eyes and he, talking to her, grinned with his toothless gums. It was strange to look at them, these two old people who had not seen one another for half a century, and to think that all that long time ago he had loved her and she had loved another. I wondered if they remembered what they had felt then and what they had said to one

another. I wondered if it seemed to him strange now that because of that old woman he had left the home of his fathers, and lived an exile's life.

"Have you ever been married, Captain Meadows?" I asked.

"Not me," he answered with a grin. "I know too much about women for that."

"That's what you say," retorted Mrs. Meadows. "If the truth was known I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you had half-a-dozen black wives in your day."

"They're not black in China, Emily, you ought to know better than that, they're yellow."

"Perhaps that's why you've got so yellow yourself. When I saw you, I said to myself, why, he's got jaundice."

"I said I'd never marry anyone but you, Emily, and I never have."

He said it very simply, as a man might say, "I said I'd walk twenty miles and I've done it." There was a trace of satisfaction in his speech.

"Well, you might have regretted it if you had," she answered.

I talked a little with the old man about China.

"There's not a port in China that I don't know better than you know your coat pocket. Where a ship can go I've been. I could keep you sitting here all day long for six months and not tell you half the things I've seen in my day."

"Well, one thing you've not done, George, as far as I can see," said Mrs. Meadows, the smile still in her blue eyes, "and that's to make a fortune."

"I am not a man to save money. Make it and spend it; that's my motto. But one thing I can say for myself: if I had the chance of going through my life again, I'd take it. And not many men can say that."

"No, indeed," I said.

I looked at him with admiration and respect. He was a toothless, crippled, penniless old man, but he had made a success of his life, for he had enjoyed it. When I left him he asked me to come and see him again next day. If I was interested in China he would tell me all the stories I wanted to hear.

Next morning I thought I would go and ask if the old man would like to see me. I walked down the beautiful avenue of elm-trees and when I came to the garden saw Mrs. Meadows picking flowers. I said good morning and she raised herself. She had a huge armful

of white flowers. I glanced at the house and I saw that the blinds were drawn: I was surprised, for Mrs. Meadows liked the sunshine.

"Time enough to live in the dark when you're buried," she always said.

"How's Captain Meadows?" I asked her.

"He always was a harum-scarum fellow," she answered. "When Lizzie brought him a cup of tea this morning she found he was dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes. Died in his sleep. I was just picking these flowers to put in the room. Well, I'm glad he died in that old house. It always means a lot to the Meadows to do that."

They had had a good deal of difficulty in persuading him to go to bed. He had talked to them of all the things that had happened to him in his long life. He was happy to be back in his old home. He was proud that he had walked up the drive without assistance, and he boasted that he would live for another twenty years. But fate had been kind: death had written the full stop in the right place.

Mrs. Meadows smelt the white flowers that she held in her arms.

"Well, I'm glad he came back," she said. "After I married Tom Meadows and George went away, the fact is I was never quite sure that I'd married the right one."

Exercises

Answer the following questions:

- 1) What was the farm like?
- 2) What kind of people lived in the house and farmed the land? What was their only boast?
- 3) Who was the master of the house? What did she look like? What was she like?
- 4) What was the story of George Meadows? Why had he gone to sea? How had he spent fifty years of his exile's life?
- 5) Why had the matron of the sailors' home written to them? How did Mrs. Meadows take the news?
- 6) What did the author see when he came to see them?
- 7) What did the old man look like?
- 8) How had he got to the house? Why was he proud he could walk?
- 9) Why was it strange to look at the old people, Emily

Meadows and George Meadows?

10) Why had the old man never married?

11) Why hadn't he made a fortune?

12) Why did the author look at the old man with admiration and respect?

13) What did the author see when he came the next morning?

14) Why does the author say fate was kind to the old man?

15) What was Mrs. Meadows never quite sure of?

Tell the story of Captain George Meadows according to the outline below:

1) The old man and his home.

2) The old man and Emily Meadows.

3) The old man and his exile's life.

4) The old man back home.

Comment on the proverbs with reference to the story.

East or West — home is best. There's no place like home?

THE END OF THE FLIGHT

(After Somerset Maugham)

I shook hands with the skipper and he wished me luck. Then I went down to the lower deck crowded with passengers, and made my way to the ladder. Looking over the ship's side I saw that my luggage was already in the boat. It was full of gesticulating natives. I got in and a place was made for me. We were about three miles from the shore and a fresh breeze was blowing. As we drew near I saw a lot of coconut trees and among them the brown roofs of the village. A Chinese who spoke English pointed out to me a white bungalow as the residence of the district officer. Though he did not know it, it was with him that I was going to stay. I had a letter of introduction to him in my pocket.

I felt somewhat lonely when I landed and my bags were put beside me on the beach. This, was a far off place, this little town on the north coast of Borneo, and I felt a trifle shy at the thought of presenting myself to a total stranger with the announcement that I was going to sleep under his roof, eat his food and drink his whisky, till another boat came in to take me to the place where I was going.

But everything turned out all right. The moment I reached the bungalow and sent in my letter he came out, a sturdy, ruddy, cheerful man, of thirty five perhaps, and greeted me

with heartiness. While he held my hand he shouted to a boy to bring drinks and to another to look after my luggage. He cut short my apologies.

"Good God, man, you have no idea how glad I am to see you. Don't think I'm doing anything for you in putting you up. The boot's on the other leg. And stay as long as you like. Stay a year."

I laughed. He put away his day's work, saying that he had nothing to do that could not wait till tomorrow, and threw himself into a long chair. We talked and drank and talked. Towards evening, when it was no longer hot we went for a long walk in the jungle and came back wet to the skin. We took a bath, and then we dined. I was tired out and though it was clear that my host was willing to go on talking straight through the night I was obliged to beg him to allow me to go to bed.

"All right, I'll just come along to your room and see that everything's all right."

It was a large room with verandahs on two sides of it and a huge bed protected by mosquito netting.

"The bed is rather hard. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit. I shall sleep without rocking tonight."

My host looked at the bed thoughtfully. "It was a Dutchman who slept in it last. Do you want to hear a funny story?"

I wanted chiefly to go to bed, but he was my host, and then I know that it is hard to have an amusing story to tell and find no listener.

"He came on the boat that brought you here. He came into my office and asked me where he could find a place to stay for some time. I told him that if he hadn't anywhere to go I didn't mind putting him up. He jumped at the invitation. I told him to send for his luggage.

«'This is an I've got,' he said.

"He held out a little shiny black bag. It seemed a bit scanty, but it was no business of mine, so I told him to go to the bungalow and I would come as soon as I was through with my work. While I was speaking the door of my office was opened and my clerk came in. The Dutchman had his back to the door and it may be that my clerk opened it a bit suddenly. Anyhow, the Dutchman gave a shout, he jumped about two feet into the air and whipped out a revolver.

"What the hell are you doing?' I said.

"When he saw it was the clerk, he collapsed. He leaned against the desk, breathing hard, and upon my word he was shaking as though he'd got fever.

"I beg your pardon,' he said. 'It's my nerves. My nerves are terrible.'

"It looks like it,' I said.

"I was rather short with him. To tell you the truth I was sorry that I had asked him to stop with me. He didn't look as though he'd been drinking a lot and I wondered if he was some fellow the police were after.

"You'd better go and lie down,' I said.

"He went, and when I got back to my bungalow I found him sitting quite quietly, but very upright, on the verandah. He'd had a bath and shaved and put on clean things and he looked much better. "Why are you sitting in the middle of the place like that?' I asked him. 'You'll be much more comfortable in one of the long chairs.'

"I prefer to sit up,' he said.

"Queer, I thought. But if a man in this heat prefers to sit up rather than lie down it's his own business. He wasn't much to look at, tall and heavily built, with a square head and close-cut hair. I think he was about forty. The thing that chiefly struck me about him was his expression. There was a look in his eyes, blue eyes they were and rather small, that I could not understand, and his face gave you the feeling that he was going to cry. He had a way of looking quickly over his left shoulder as though he thought he heard something. By God, he was nervous. But we had a couple of drinks and he began to talk. He spoke English very well; except for a slight accent you'd never have known that he was a foreigner, and I have to admit he was a good talker. He'd been everywhere and he'd read a great deal. It was a pleasure to listen to him.

"We had three or four whiskies in the afternoon and a lot of gin later on, so that when dinner came we were rather gay and I'd come to the conclusion that he was damned good fellow. Of course we had a lot of whisky at dinner and I happened to have a bottle of Benedictine, so we had some liqueurs afterwards. I think we both got very drunk.

"And at last he told me why he had come. It was a strange story."

My host stopped and looked at me with his mouth slightly open as though, remembering it now, he was struck again with its strangeness.

"He came from Sumatra, the Dutchman, and he'd done something to an Achinese and the Achinese had sworn to kill him. At first he thought nothing of it» but the fellow tried two or three times and it began to be rather a nuisance, so he decided to go away for a bit. He went over to Batavia and made up his mind to have a good time. But when he'd been there a week he saw the fellow hiding behind a wall. By God, he'd followed him. It looked as though he meant business. The Dutchman began to think it was getting beyond a joke and he thought the best thing he could do was to go off to Soerabaya. Well, he was strolling about the town one day, when he happened to turn round and saw the Achinese walking quite quietly just behind him. It gave him a turn. It would give anyone a turn.

"The Dutchman went straight back to his hotel, packed his things and took the next boat to Singapore. Of course he put up at the hotel where all the Dutch stay, and one day when he was having a drink in the courtyard in front of the hotel, the Achinese walked in, looked at him for a minute, and walked out again. The Dutchman told me he was just paralyzed. The fellow could have stuck his dagger into him there and then and he wouldn't have been able to move a hand to defend himself. The Dutchman knew that the Achinese was just awaiting his time, that damned fellow was going to kill him, he saw it in his eyes; and he went all to pieces."

"But why didn't he go to the police?" I asked.

"I don't know. I suppose he didn't want the police to know anything about this thing."

"But what had he done to the man?"

"I don't know that either. He wouldn't tell me. But by the look he gave me when I asked him, I suppose it was something pretty bad. I have an idea he knew he deserved whatever the Achinese could do."

My host lit a cigarette.

"Go on," I said.

"The skipper of the boat that runs between Singapore and Kuching lives in that hotel between trips and the boat was starting at dawn. The Dutchman thought it an excellent chance to get away from the Achinese; he left his luggage at the hotel and walked down to the ship with the skipper, as if he were just going to see him off, and stayed on the boat when she sailed. His nerves were in a terrible state by then. He didn't care about anything but getting rid of the Achinese. He felt pretty safe at Kuching. He got a room at a hotel

and bought himself a couple of suits and some shirts in the Chinese shops. But he told me he couldn't sleep. He dreamt of that man and half a dozen times he awakened just as he thought a dagger was being drawn across his throat. By God, I felt quite sorry for him. He just shook as he talked to me and his voice was hoarse with terror. That was the meaning of the look I had noticed. You remember, I told you he had a funny look on his face and I couldn't tell what it meant. Well, it was fear.

"And one day when he was in the club at Kuching he looked out of the window and saw the Achinese sitting there. Their eyes met. The Dutchman collapsed and fainted. When he came to himself, his first idea was to get out. This boat that brought you was the only one that gave him a chance to get away quickly. He got on her. He was quite sure the man was not on board."

"But what made him come here?"

"Well, the boat stops at a dozen places on the coast and the Achinese couldn't guess that the Dutchman had chosen this one. He only made up his mind to get off when he saw there was only one boat to take the passengers ashore, and there weren't more than a dozen people in it.

"'I'm safe here for a bit at all events,' he said, 'and if I can only be quiet for a while I shall get my nerve back.'"

" 'Stay as long as you like,' I said. 'You're all right here, at all events till the boat comes here next month, and if you like we'll watch the people who come off.'"

He thanked me again and again. I could see what a relief it was to him.

It was pretty late and I told him it was time to go to bed. I took him to his room to see that everything was all right. He bolted the shutters, though I told him there was no risk, and when I left him I heard him lock the door I had just gone out of. Next morning when the boy brought me my tea I asked him if he'd called the Dutchman. He said he was just going to. I heard him knock and knock again. Funny, I thought. The boy hammered on the door, but there was no answer. I felt a little nervous, so I got up. I knocked too. We made enough noise to rouse the dead, but the Dutchman slept on. Then I broke down the door. I pulled apart the mosquito curtains that were round the bed. He was lying there on his back with his eyes wide open. He was as dead as mutton.

"A dagger lay across his throat, and say I'm a liar if you like, but I swear to God it's true, there wasn't a wound about him anywhere. The room was empty."

"Funny, wasn't it?"

"Well, that all depends on your idea of humour," I replied.

My host looked at me quickly.

"You don't mind sleeping in that bed, do you?"

"N-no. But I would have preferred to hear the story tomorrow morning."

Exercises

Answer the following questions:

- 1) Where did the author arrive one day and who was he going to stay with? Why did the author feel lonely and a trifle shy?
- 2) How did the district officer meet him?
- 3) How did they spend the day?
- 4) Why couldn't the author go to bed though he was tired out?
- 5) Who did his host tell him about?
- 6) Why had the district officer put up the Dutchman?
- 7) What happened while the district officer was speaking to the Dutchman?
- 8) What did the Dutchman look like? What was queer about him?
- 9) Why did the author's host come to the conclusion that the Dutchman was a good fellow?
- 10) How did the Dutchman's flight start?
- 11) What places did he go to and who would he find following him?
- 12) Why didn't he go to the police?
- 13) Where did he feel pretty safe? Why did he have to get away quickly?
- 14) How did the Dutchman find himself in that little town in the house of the district officer?
- 15) What precautions did he take before he went to bed?
- 16) How did the Dutchman's flight end?

2. Tell the story of the Dutchman's flight. Pick out sentences from the story to show how the Dutchman's fear grew until he went all to pieces.

3. Discuss the following:

- 1) The narrator calls the story funny. Do you think it is funny? How do you find it?
- 2) What do you think the Dutchman might have done? Why did he know he deserved whatever the Achinese could do?
- 3) Why wasn't there a wound about the Dutchman anywhere though a dagger lay across his throat? What do you think killed him: the dagger or the fear?
- 4) Was this end of the Dutchman's flight inevitable or could he escape it?
- 5) Do you think the author conveys any message or only tries to amuse the reader, to stir his imagination?

THE BUM

(After Somerset Maugham)

I had come to Vera Cruz from Mexico City to catch a ship to Yucatan; and found that, a dock strike having been declared the previous night, my ship could not put in. I was stuck in Vera Cruz. I took a room in the Hotel Diligencias overlooking the square and spent the morning looking at the sights of the town. I wandered down side streets and peeped into quaint courts. I visited the parish church which is very picturesque. Then I found that I had seen all that was to be seen and I sat down in the coolness of the arcade that surrounded the square and ordered a drink. The sun beat down on the square and dusty coco palms mercilessly. Great black buzzards perched on them for a moment, flew down on the ground to gather some bit of offal, and then flew up to the church tower. I watched the people crossing the square; Negroes, Indians, Spanish; they varied in colour from ebony to ivory. As the morning wore on the tables around me filled up, chiefly with men, who had come to have a drink before luncheon. I had already bought the local paper but the news-boys tried to sell me more copies of the same paper. I refused, oh, twenty times at least, the boys who wanted to shine my spotless shoes; and having come to the end of my small change I could only shake my head at the beggars who gave me no peace. Little Indian women, each one with a baby tied

in the shawl on her back held out skinny hands to me; blind men were led up to my table by small boys; cripples exhibited their deformities; and half naked, hungry children endlessly demanded coppers.

But suddenly my attention was attracted by a beggar who, unlike the rest of them and unlike the black-haired people sitting round me, had hair and beard of a red so vivid that it was startling. His beard was ragged and his long hair looked as though it had not been brushed for months. He wore only a pair of trousers and a cotton singlet, but they were rags, dirty and foul, that barely held together. I have never seen anyone so thin: his legs, his naked arms, were skin and bone and through the holes of his singlet you saw every rib of his body; you could count the bones of his dust-covered feet. He was not old, he could not have been more than forty, and I wondered what had brought him to this state. It was absurd to think that he would not have worked if he had been able to get work. He was the only one of the beggars who did not speak. He said nothing. He did not even hold out his hand, he only looked at you, but with such wretchedness and despair in his eyes, it was dreadful; he stood on and on silently looking at you, and then, if you took no notice of him, he moved slowly to the next table. If he was given nothing he showed neither disappointment nor anger. If someone offered him a coin he stepped forward a little, held out his hand, took it without a word of thanks and went his way. I had nothing to give him and when he came to me, I shook my head and used the polite formula with which the Spaniards refuse a beggar.

But he paid no attention to what I said. He stood in front of me, for as long as he stood at the other tables, looking at me with tragic eyes. There was something terrifying in his appearance. He did not look quite sane. At last he passed on.

It was one o'clock and I had lunch. When I awoke from my siesta it was still very hot, but towards evening a breath of air coming in through the window tempted me into the square. I sat down under my arcade and ordered a drink. Presently people began to fill up the tables in the restaurant and the band began to play. And again bootblacks begged me to let them clean my shoes, newsboys pressed papers upon me, beggars demanded alms. I saw once more that strange, red-bearded fellow and watched him stand before one table after another. He did not stop before mine. I suppose he remembered me from the morning and having got nothing from me then thought it useless to try again. You do not often see a red-

haired Mexican, and I wondered if he could be a sailor, English, Scandinavian or American, who had deserted his ship and by degrees had sunk to this pitiful condition. He disappeared.

Since there was nothing else to do, I stayed on till I got hungry and when I had eaten I came back. I sat on till it was bedtime. I confess the day had seemed long and I wondered how many similar days I should be forced to spend there.

But I woke after a little while and could not get to sleep again. My room was stifling. I opened the shutters and looked out at the church. There was no moon, but the bright stars faintly lit its outline. The buzzards gathered on the cross above the cupola and on the edges of the tower, and now and then they moved a little. The effect was uncanny. And then, I have no notion why, I remembered that red-haired fellow again, and I had suddenly a strange feeling that I had seen him before. It was so vivid that it drove away from me the possibility of sleep. I felt sure that I had come across him, but when and where I could not tell. As the dawn approached it grew a little cooler and I was able to sleep.

I spent my second day at Vera Cruz as I had spent the first. But I watched for the coming of the red-haired beggar, and as he stood at the tables near mine I examined him with attention. I felt certain now that I had seen him somewhere. I even felt certain that I had known him and talked to him, but I still could recall none of the circumstances. Once more he passed my table without stopping and when his eyes met mine I looked in them for some gleam of recollection. Nothing. I wondered if I had made a mistake. But I could not get out of my head the impression that at some moment he had entered into my life. I was sure now that he was either English or American. But I was shy of addressing him. The day wore on.

Another day came, another morning, another evening. It was Sunday and the square was more crowded than ever. The tables under the arcade were packed. As usual the red-haired beggar came along, a terrifying figure in his silence, his rags and his pitiful distress. He was standing in front of a table only two from mine when I saw the policeman who at intervals tried to protect the public from all these beggars. He gave him a blow on the back. The beggar's thin body trembled, but he made no protest and showed no anger; he slowly walked away.

Then suddenly I remembered.

Not his name, that escaped me still, but everything else. He must have recognized me, for I have not changed very much in twenty years, and that was why after that first morning he had never paused in front of my table. Yes, it was twenty years since I had known him. I was spending a winter in Rome and every evening I used to dine in a restaurant in the Via Sistina where you got excellent macaroni and a good bottle of wine. It was often visited by a group of English and American art students, and one or two writers; and we used to stay late into the night engaged in endless arguments upon art and literature. He used to come in with a young painter who was a friend of his. He was only a boy then, he could not have been more than twenty-two; and with his blue eyes, straight nose and red hair he was pleasing to look at. I remembered that he spoke a great deal of Central America, he had had a job with the American Fruit Company, but had thrown it over because he wanted to be a writer. He was not popular among us because he was arrogant. He thought us poor fish and did not hesitate to tell us so. He would not show us his work, because our opinion meant nothing to him. His vanity was enormous. He was so certain of himself that he infected some of his friends with his own assurance. I recalled his high spirits, his vitality, his confidence in the future.

It was impossible that it was the same man, and yet I was sure of it. I stood up, paid for my drink and went out into the square to find him. My thoughts were in a turmoil. I was aghast. I had thought of him now and then and wondered what had become of him. I never imagined that he could come to this dreadful state. This was awful. I asked myself what had happened. What disappointments shattered him and broke his spirit, what lost illusions ground him to the dust? I asked myself if nothing could be done. I walked round the square. He was not in the arcades. There was no hope of finding him in the crowd that circled round the band-stand. Evening was coming on and I was afraid I had lost him. Then I passed the church and saw him sitting on the steps. I cannot describe what a pitiful object he looked. Life had broken him, torn him limb from limb, and then flung him on the stone steps of that church. I went up to him.

"Do you remember Rome?" I said.

He did not move. He did not answer. He took no notice of me as if I were not standing before him. He did not look at me. His blue eyes rested on the buzzards that were screaming and tearing some object at the bottom of the steps. I did not know what to do. I took a

yellow-backed note out of my pocket and pressed it in his hand. He did not give it a glance. But his hand moved a little, his thin fingers closed on the note and crumpled it. Then he made it into a little ball and suddenly flicked it into the air so that it fell among the screaming buzzards. I turned my head instinctively and saw one of them seize it in his beak and fly off. When I looked back the man was gone. I stayed three more days in Vera Cruz. I never saw him again.

Exercises

Answer the following questions:

- 1) Why was the author stuck in Vera Cruz?
- 2) How did he pass the time?
- 3) What was the weather like?
- 4) What sort of people came up to his table while he was sitting in the arcade?
- 5) Who was his attention suddenly attracted by?
- 6) What did the beggar look like? What was terrifying in his appearance?
- 7) How did he differ from other beggars?
- 8) What did he do when he came up to the author's table? Why didn't he stop before his table in the evening?
- 9) What strange feeling drove away from the author the possibility of sleep that night?
- 10) What did the author feel certain about while he was examining the beggar with attention on the second day in Vera Cruz? What did he suddenly remember?
- 11) How was the author spending the winter in Rome twenty years ago?
- 12) What did the red-haired beggar look like then?
- 13) Why wasn't he popular among art students?
- 14) What thoughts passed through the author's mind when he remembered the beggar as an arrogant youth?
- 15) Why did the author start looking for the beggar? Where did he find him?
- 16) What was the beggar's reaction to the author's question whether he remembered Rome?
- 17) What did the beggar do with the yellow-packed note the author gave him?
- 18) Did the author ever see him again?

Discuss the following:

- 1)"What had happened to the man? What disappointments shattered him and broke his spirit, what lost illusions ground him to the dust?" Try to find answers to the author's questions.
- 2)Why do you think the bum never spoke? Why did he make no protest when the policeman gave him a blow?
- 3)Why did the bum take no notice of the author when he found him on the steps of the church? Why do you think he took the money the author gave him, made it into a ball and flicked it into the air?
- 4)"I asked myself if anything could be done?" Do you think something could be done to get the bum out of that pitiful condition?
- 5)How do you think the bum ended his life?
- 6)What is your impression of the story?

BUNCHY AND THE DOUGH

(After Joyce Lankester Brisley)

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Bunchy. She lived with her grandmother in a cottage in the country.

It was a pretty little cottage with roses around it. And it had a pretty little garden with sweet peas and sunflowers in it. And the country around it was beautiful, with woods and meadows.

So Bunchy was a happy little girl, and her grandmother was a kind old lady.

There was only one bad thing: Bunchy had nobody to play with.

The cottage was a long way from the village, and only the peddler with his needles and buttons, or the grocer with his packets of tea and sugar sometimes came along the road.

But no one ever came and played with Bunchy.

One day Bunchy's grandmother had to go to the market. It was rather rainy for Bunchy to go along too.

Grandmother took her big basket and her big umbrella, and started off. And Bunchy stood at the door, waving goodbye. She felt rather lonely, for she didn't know how to pass the hours by herself till Grandmother returned.

Grandmother got as far as the gate, and then she suddenly remembered something. And she stopped and called back to her granddaughter.

"Bunchy, there's a small piece of dough on the shelf in the kitchen. It was left over when I made the pie this morning. If you would like to have it to play with, you may, my dear." (She knew how Bunchy always liked to stand by the kitchen table and make things with little pieces of dough while her grandmother was rolling the dough for the pie.)

"Thank you, Granny," said Bunchy, and waved again and again from the doorway. Grandmother waved her umbrella for the last time before she went out of sight behind the hedge, on her way to the market.

Then Bunchy turned back into the house.

She went upstairs, and she went downstairs, and she looked out of all the windows. But she did not find anything interesting to do anywhere there. Then she thought, "I'll go to the kitchen and get Grandmother's piece of dough and play with it." So she went to the kitchen. And there on a plate on the shelf was a little round piece of dough, soft and cold.

Bunchy rolled it between her hands, and she put it on the table, and pressed it out flat and rolled it up again several times.

"What fun it will be," said Bunchy to herself, "to make a little dough-girl to play with!"

So she got a knife from the cupboard, stood on a stool and started to cut out a little girl from the flattened dough on the table. She began at the top of the head, all down one side, arm, and leg; then up the other leg and the other arm, up till she reached head again.

And when the knife reached the place where it had made the first cut, and the little dough-girl was quite complete —what *do* you think happened? Why, the little dough-girl lifted her head from the table and sat up. And while Bunchy, who was still standing on the stool, watched, with her mouth wide open in surprise, the little dough-girl pulled her legs from off the table and jumped down on to the kitchen floor!

"Well!" said Bunchy to herself. "Well, well, well!"! (Which was what her grandmother always said when she was surprised!)

The little dough-girl began stretching herself as if she was doing exercises, but Bunchy soon saw that she was trying to make her arms and legs the same length. Then the dough-girl began to feel her head with her hands, and Bunchy suddenly thought:

"Why, I haven't given her any face!"

So she quickly got the currant-box from the cupboard, I took out two currants, and pressed them into the little dough girl's head, for eyes. Then she took a very little round piece of dough from the table and pressed it into the centre of the dough-girl's face for a nose. And then with a spoon she made a line below it for a mouth. And in a moment the little dough-girl was smiling at her!

Here was a playfellow!

Bunchy made dough-buttons down the front of the little dough-girl's dress, and the little dough-girl was very pleased.

Then Bunchy gathered all the scraps of dough together in a ball. And, strangely enough, they made a piece which was as big as the first one. She rolled it out flat again.

This time she thought, "I'll make a pussy-cat." So she cut out a fine big one, a head and ears and paws and a tail. And when it was all complete, it got up, and jumped down on to the floor. Then it began to wave its white tail from side to side.

This *was* fun!

Bunchy stood rolling together the scraps of dough while she watched how her dough-girl and dough-cat were making friends.

Strangely enough, the dough ball was quite as big as before, so Bunchy rolled it out again on the table.

This time she thought, "I'll make a house." So she cut out a house, with a roof, a door and windows. And when the house was all complete, it raised itself up on the table and slipped down on to the floor. Then it grew and grew, until at last it was quite big for people like Bunchy herself.

The little dough-girl slipped one cold hand into Bunchy's hand and they went to the door of the house. The dough-cat ran in before them, leading into a little white kitchen, with a table and chairs and a cupboard all made of dough (which surprised Bunchy for she had not made any "inside" to the house).

The dough-girl pulled out a chair for her, and Bunchy sat down carefully. She felt as if she was sitting on a piece of cold, soft rubber.

There was a black kitchen-range at one end of the room, just like the one in Grandmother's kitchen. Bunchy thought, "It *is* the same kitchen-range. How did it get into

the dough-house? Did the kitchen itself turn into dough or is the dough-house still standing in the kitchen?" She couldn't make it out.

While Bunchy was thinking about this, the little dough-girl put plates on the table. Then she took a pie from the oven, cut it and put some pieces on the plates on the table.

Then she signed to Bunchy to draw up her chair and eat, and in some surprise Bunchy did so.

The pie tasted very good, and Bunchy ate all the pieces. The dough-girl only pretended to eat (because she had no proper mouth).

When the meal was over, the dough-girl led the way up some funny soft stairs to the little bedroom above.

Here was a white dough-bed, with a thick dough coverlet; and the little dough-girl signed to Bunchy to get into bed.

Just at that moment Bunchy heard a door shutting. Was it Grandmother who had come home from the market?

Bunchy turned and ran from the room down the dough-stairs and out into the kitchen and out of the dough-house.

Then the dough-house fell and rolled up into a little ball. And then the kitchen door opened and Grandmother came in, with her umbrella and her basket and a lot of parcels.

"Well, my dear, did you have a good time while I was out?" asked Grandmother.

"Oh, yes, Granny!" said Bunchy. "I had such fun with the dough! I made a house, and a cat, and a little dough-girl."

"I thought so, as soon as I saw the dough-ball!" said Grandmother.

Now how *did* Grandmother know?

Exercises

Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Bunchy and her grandmother live?
- 2) What was their cottage like?
- 3) Bunchy was a happy girl, wasn't she?
- 4) What was the only bad thing in Bunchy's life?
- 5) What was the weather like the day when Grandmother had to go to the market?
- 6) Did Bunchy feel rather lonely when Grandmother had left the cottage?
- 7) Where did Bunchy go?

- 8) What was there on a plate on the shelf in the kitchen?
- 9) What did Bunchy make out of the dough?
- 10) Did Bunchy enjoy playing with the dough?
- 11) How do you think Grandmother knew that Bunchy had played with the dough?

Say true, false or / don't know.

- 1) Bunchy lived with her grandmother in a cottage in the country.
- 2) So Bunchy was a happy little girl, and her grandmother was a kind old lady.
- 3) Bunchy had a lot of friends to play with.
- 4) The cottage was three miles from the village.
- 5) One day Bunchy's grandmother had to go to the market.
- 6) Bunchy got a knife from the cupboard, stood on a chair and started to cut out a little girl from the flattened dough on the table.
- 7) The little dough-girl pulled her legs from the table and jumped down on to the kitchen floor!
- 8) This time Bunchy thought, "I'll make a dog."
- 9) Then the pussy-cat began to wave its white tail from side to side.
- 10) So she cut out a house, with a roof, a door and windows.
- 11) The little dough-girl put three plates on the table.
- 12) The pie tasted very good, and Bunchy ate all the pieces.

Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Bunchy lived with her grandmother in a cottage in the country.
- 2) Grandmother took her big basket and her big umbrella and started off.
- 3) Bunchy was a happy little girl, and her grandmother was a kind old lady.
- 4) Bunchy felt rather lonely, for she didn't know how to pass the hours by herself till Grandmother returned.

- 5) One day Bunchy's grandmother had to go to the market.
- 6) She went upstairs, and she went downstairs, and she looked out of all the windows.

PETE AND THE LETTER

(After Leila Berg)

ONE day, Pete was walking along the pavement. He was trying not to step on the lines between the paving stones. He walked very carefully. He sometimes took very little steps and sometimes very large steps. "If I step on twenty lines," Pete said to himself, "I'll turn into an elephant. A very big elephant."

So he walked along very carefully, watching the pavement. "One," he said, and, "oh, *two*" And his shadow stayed behind him so as not to be in the way.

It was a beautiful October morning. Everything was golden. The trees were golden in the sun, and the roads were gold,

There were heaps of fallen leaves on the pavement. Pete walked through them. He carried the leaves in little piles on his shoes. "How long can I keep them like that, I wonder?" he said to himself. But they always slipped off in the end, one by one, and left his shoes dusty and grey.

"I will drop some on my shadow when it isn't looking," I thought Pete. "That will be a surprise for it. I wonder how it will get out again." So he kicked some leaves over his shadow. But his shadow guessed what Pete was going to do. Very quickly it got out of the way, just in time.

There was a bright-yellow leaf on the pavement. Pete picked it up and looked at it. He wanted to know how such a bright-yellow leaf *tasted*. And he was just putting it in his mouth when he remembered it was dirty, so he dropped it I again. Scrunch, went his feet through the dry leaves.

Now there were no leaves at all. The pavement was clean. So Pete stepped over the lines again, playing his elephant game. The stones were all different shapes and sizes, and that made it very hard to go from one stone to the next and not step on the lines.

"Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. If I'm not careful, I'll soon turn into an elephant!" His shadow kept carefully behind him.

Pete was watching the pavement lines so very carefully, he didn't look at all where he was going. A sort of car came out of a gate, like a chair on wheels, and Pete almost fell into it.

His feet stepped all over the place before he could stand straight again. "You've turned me into an elephant!" he cried.

"You don't look like an elephant," said the lady who sat in the chair.

"You've turned me into an elephant!" Pete shouted. "You made me step on hundreds and *millions* of lines, and now I am an elephant. And I wasn't going to be an elephant till I got to the top of the hill, so I could run all the way down!"

"I'm very sorry. But you weren't looking where you were going. And my leg is bad, and you might have hurt it."

"Did I?" said Pete.

"No," said the lady. "Next time I come out of this gate, I'll sound my horn."

"Have you really got a horn?" said Pete.

"Of course," said the lady. "Will you post a letter for me?"

"Show me the horn," said Pete.

"But will you post a letter for me?"

"Is this it?" said Pete.

"But *please*, will you post my letter?"

"Can I honk it?" said Pete.

"If you post a letter for me," said the lady, "you can honk it when you come back."

Now Pete was worried. "But I'm an elephant," he said. "I have to stay on the pavement and be careful about the lines. I can't post letters *now*."

"But you were going up the hill anyway," said the lady. "The letter-box is only on the top of the hill. And that's where you said you wanted to change into an elephant and run all the way down."

"But you've made me turn into an elephant already," said Pete. "You made me step on millions of lines. A thousand — twenty — million."

"Oh no, I didn't," cried the lady. "You only stepped on one."

"Which one?" said Pete.

"That one," said the lady and pointed. "The one near the gate." Pete bent down and looked at it. And his shadow bent down too.

"Did I really only step on that one?" said Pete. "Wasn't that clever of me?"¹

"So now," said the lady, "you'll post my letter, won't you? Just at the top of the hill."

"All right," said Pete. "Was it seven I was up to?" And he went off, counting all the way.

The lady watched him. When he got to the top of the hill, he shouted, "Twenty!" and began to run down again as fast as he could. And his shadow raced in front.

"But you didn't post my letter," said the lady sadly.

"Didn't I?" said Pete. And he looked at the letter, still in his hand. He thought a minute. Then he said, "Elephants don't post letters," and he gave it back to her.

"Oh, circus elephants do," said the lady quickly.

"Do they really?" said Pete. That was very interesting.

"Oh yes," cried the lady. "I know they do. Very clever circus elephants."

"Shall I be one?" said Pete. "Shall I be a circus elephant? I'll go up the hill doing a very funny dance. I'll go round and round, and do funny things with my feet. And when I get to the top I'll post the letter." "I'll watch," said the lady. "And I'll clap."

"All right," said Pete. "But you mustn't clap till I tell you to."

Pete went off, turning round and round, and jumping a little on one foot now and then. Long before he reached the top, he got dizzy. The lady, who was watching him, was quite worried.

But at last Pete reached the letter-box. He sat down on the pavement in front of it, and put the envelope in his mouth. But he couldn't reach the letter-box at all that way.

So he stood up, with the envelope still between his teeth, and waved his head slowly, this way and that. Then at the last minute, he took the letter out of his mouth, stood on his tiptoes, and popped it in the box. "Clap!" he shouted.

The lady clapped as hard as she could.

Pete raced right down the hill back to her. "Was it a good circus?" he said.

"Lovely. And I saw how fast you ran, too."

"Did you? I can run faster than I did then."

"Can you?" said the lady. "I couldn't."

"I think you will be able to when your leg's better," said Pete. "Next week, we'll have a race. You might even beat me. You *might*." He nodded his head encouragingly.

Then he went off, doing his elephant dance all over again, because it was such a good one.

But when he had gone a little way off, the lady called him back. "You can honk the horn, you know," she said, "because you posted my letter."

"So I can," said Pete, "I forgot about that." He was very surprised at himself. He gave it one little honk, a short one. Then he gave it a very long one. The honk sounded very good both ways. But the long one was better.

And that another good day.

Exercises

Answer the questions.

- 1) How was Pete walking one day?
- 2) What season was it?
- 3) Pete walked very carefully, didn't he?
- 4) What happened when Pete nearly fell into the lady's chair?
- 5) What did the lady ask Pete to do?
- 6) Did Pete post the letter for the lady?
- 7) Did the lady clap as hard as she could?
- 8) Where did Pete race then?
- 9) Did the lady let Pete honk the horn? Did Pete like it?
- 10) Was that day a good one for Pete?

Say true, false or / don't know.

- 1) It was Sunday.
- 2) Pete walked along very carefully, watching the pavement.
- 3) It was a beautiful September morning.
- 4) There was a large bright-yellow leaf on the pavement.
- 5) A sort of car came out of a gate, like a chair on wheels, and Pete almost fell into it.
- 3) The lady asked Pete to buy an envelope.
- 4) The lady asked Pete to post a letter.

- 5) Pete went up the hill, doing funny things with his feet.
- 6) The lady was not watching him.
- 7) Pete posted the letter.
- 8) The lady forgot to clap.
- 9) The lady clapped as hard as she could.
- 10) Pete honked the horn.

Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) One day, Pete was walking along the pavement.
- 2) Pete was watching the pavement lines so very carefully, he didn't look at all where he was going.
- 3) "If I step on twenty lines," Pete said to himself, "I'll turn into an elephant. A very big elephant.
- 4) " Pete picked up a bright-yellow leaf from the pavement.
- 5) So he walked along very carefully, watching the pavement.
- 6) A sort of car came out of a gate, like a chair on wheels, and Pete almost fell into it.

PETE AND THE WHISTLE

(After Leila Berg)

ONE hot sunny day, when Pete's shadow looked much blacker than usual, and followed him around wherever he went, Pete found a crowd of men at the end of his street. They had nothing on but their work-trousers and shoes, and they were digging, digging, digging, in the hot sun.

"What are you doing?" asked Pete.

"We're building a house," said one of them.

Pete was quiet for a minute. Then he said, "Tell me what you're *really* doing."

"We're building a house," said the man again. "Honestly we are."

Now Pete was very angry.

"But houses go up, not down," he cried. "You can't *dig* a house. You can dig potatoes, or worms, or something that you hid there last time, but how can you dig a house! *What* are you doing? Tell me!"

"Well," said the man, "if you listen very carefully — and very quietly — and leave my spade alone — I'll explain to you." And he wiped his hands on his trousers, for they were dirty.

And Pete stopped being angry and listened.

"Now, this hole here," said the man, "this hole that we're digging, is to stand the house in."

"If we build the house right on top of the ground, without this hole, the wind will blow the house down. One puff, and there is no house left."⁴

"Like the three little pigs?" said Pete. "Like 'I'll *huff and I'll huff and I'll puff*'?"

"That's right," said the man. "*I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down*. That's why we have to dig a hole for the walls to stand in."

And he took up his spade again, and went on digging. And Pete went on watching.

Then Pete wanted to see the other side of the hole. So he jumped across the hole, because it was still only a little one. And his shadow jumped too.

But Pete's shadow was silly. It fell in the hole.

"Dig my shadow!" shouted Pete. So the man took up a spadeful of Pete's shadow, and tried to lift it up and put it near Pete. But the shadow fell off the spade and lay in the hole again. "Oh," said Pete. And the man said nothing because he was very hot; he just went on working.

Pete wanted to help. He said to the man, "I'm a very good digger. I dig very fast. Shall I help?"

But the man said, "No!"

"No, *thank you*, you mean," said Pete sadly.

"No, thank you," said the man, and went on digging.

Suddenly, just behind Pete, a terrible noise started, and all the ground began to shake.

Pete turned round quickly. He saw a man with a machine which was making a hole in the ground. The man had a shirt on and it shook when the man's arms shook with the machine.

"Can I do that?" said Pete, but the man could not hear him.

"Can I do it?" cried Pete, but the machine shouted louder than Pete — and the man did not hear a word. Now another man came by. He was pushing a wheelbarrow. He filled it full of bricks, then he went away with it.

When he came again, Pete said, "I can do that. I can put the bricks in. I'm very strong."

"All right," said the man. "You can help. But you must be very careful not to drop one on your foot."

"Of course I won't," said Pete.

So the three of them filled up the wheelbarrow, the man, and Pete, and Pete's shadow. But Pete's shadow only pretended that it was working, it didn't make the barrow any fuller. And when the bricks were tidily piled together, and there was no room for any more, the man said to Pete, "You can ride on top."

"Really?" said Pete.

"Really," said the man.

Then Pete sat on top of the bricks and the man pushed the wheelbarrow.

It was the first time Pete had ridden on a wheelbarrow full of bricks. It was a little uncomfortable, but not very, because the bricks were piled very tidily.

As for Pete's shadow, there was no room for it on the barrow. So it sat on the ground, and pretended it was having a ride in a different wheelbarrow, with black bricks in it.

At the place where Pete got off the wheelbarrow, a very big machine was working. It was digging up sand in one place, and pulling it up in another. It was very big and very clever and very quick.

Pete watched it for a while, and thought. Then he put his hand in his pocket and took out a whistle. He threw it on the ground where the machine was working and waited. The machine won't want my whistle, he thought. I wonder what it will do.

The machine quickly picked up the whistle. Then it emptied it on the pile of sand.

"Don't do that!" shouted Pete angrily to the machine. And he ran as fast as he could to get his whistle back. But a man caught him and held him tight.

The man was very angry with him.

"That's a very silly thing to do," he shouted. "You might get a whole load of sand on top of you. Go away at once."

"Let go of me!" cried Pete. "I want my whistle! That machine's taken my whistle and I want it back. Look at it, look!"

The man looked. And just as he looked, the machine dropped another load of sand right on top of Pete's whistle.

"There now," said Pete bitterly. "Look what it's done. Bad old machine! And it's your fault! You didn't let me get it." And he put his thumb in his mouth, because he was very unhappy.

"Well," said the man, holding Pete very tightly, "we can't get it now. It'll be made into cement soon, and the house will stand on it."

"On whistle?"

"That's right," said the man. "And when this house is built, and people are living in it, then you can say to everyone, that house is sitting on my whistle!"

"Yes," said Pete, and he felt better now. "That's what I'll say. I'll say, 'Get off my whistle, house, or I'll push you over!'"

He thought for a minute, then he said, "Will my whistle always be under the house? For ever and ever?"

"For ever and ever," said the man.

"Then it'll get spoilt," said Pete. "It won't be so good when the house is sitting on it."

"No," agreed the man, "it won't be so good to *whistle*. But it'll be very good to tell people about."

"Yes," said Pete, "it will be good to tell people about." He thought for a little. Then he said, "I'll start telling people now."

And he walked away over the ground, by the heaps of bricks, and the sand, and the wheelbarrows, and all the men in their dusty work-trousers. And his shadow walked behind and fell in all the holes because it never looked where it was going.

"Silly old shadow," said Pete.

Then he said, "I'm glad I'm not made into cement. I'm glad the house won't be sitting on *me*. Very glad!"

And away he ran.

That was another good day!

Exercises

Answer the questions.

- 1) What was the weather like that day?
- 2) What were the workers doing?
- 3) Did the man let Pete dig?
- 4) How did Pete help the man with a wheelbarrow?
- 5) Did Pete enjoy helping the worker?

- 6) What did Pete see at the place where he got off the wheelbarrow?
- 7) What was the machine like?
- 8) Pete threw his whistle on the ground where the machine was working, didn't he?
- 9) What happened to his whistle?
- 10) Was the man very angry or pleased with him?
- 11) Pete walked away and then ran away, didn't he?
- 12) Was that another good day?

Say true, false or / don't know.

- 1) One hot summer day Pete found a crowd of men at the end of his street.
- 2) They were digging, digging, digging, in the hot sun.
- 3) Pete was quiet for a few minutes.
- 4) And Pete stopped being angry and listened.
- 5) Pete wanted to help.
- 6) Suddenly, just in front of Pete, a terrible noise started, and all the ground began to shake.
- 7) Pete saw a man with a machine which was making a hole in the ground.
- 8) A young man was pushing a wheelbarrow.
- 9) So the three of them filled up the wheelbarrow, the man, and Pete, and Pete's shadow.
- 10) Then Pete and the man pushed the wheelbarrow.
- 11) The machine was very big and very clever and very quick.
- 12) Pete threw his whistle on the ground where the machine was working.
- 13) The machine slowly picked up the whistle.
- 14) The man was very angry with the boy.

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY

(After Helen Clare)

THERE was once a little boy who was walking in the park and looking for adventures. He did not like his mother to hold his hand, and he did not like everybody to notice his sister as she sat in her pram and waved her rattle.

They had not gone very far when they came to the pond. There were ducks on it, and everybody was watching them. The little boy's mother also stopped to watch them, and then by chance she let go of his hand. "Aha!" thought the little boy, "now I'll run away." So he ran and he ran. He had not gone very far before he met a scooter, a bright yellow scooter. It was scooting up the road on its bright red wheels.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going?" "I'm going scooting. Would you like to come with me?" "Yes," said the little boy, and they scooted off. They hadn't gone far before they met a tricycle, a bright blue tricycle. It was pedalling up the path.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met this scooter."

"Oh," said the tricycle, "I'm going to meet my friend. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little boy, and they pedalled off. They hadn't gone far before they met a bicycle, a black and silver bicycle. It was ringing its bell.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter. And I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle."

"I see," said the bicycle. "I'm going for a fast run. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little boy. So they cycled off. They pedalled and they pedalled to the top of a hill, and flew down not pedalling at all.

"Phew!" said the little boy, "that was lovely!" They hadn't gone far when they met a new motor-car, a brand-new motor-car. It was honking on its horn.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you off to? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met this bicycle."

"Ha, ha!" said the motor-car. "I'm going for a joy-ride. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little boy and climbed in. So they went off.

They hadn't gone far when they saw a bus, a great red bus.

"If you want to go farther, just whistle to that bus because this is where I live," said the new motor-car.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met the motor-car."

"Humph!" said the bus. "I'm going to the country. If you want to come with me, you'd better get in."

"All right," said the little boy and jumped in the bus, and the bus went off.

Now, they'd gone a good distance when they saw a green train.

"This is where I stop," said the bus to the little boy. "You'd better catch that train if you're going on again."

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car, and I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met this bus."

"Pouff!" said the green train, "I'm going to the seaside, much faster than a bus. Jump in if you want to, I haven't time to wait."

"Rather," said the little boy, and climbed up on the engine, and the train went off:

"Pouff! Pouff! Pouff!"

They passed through the country-side, until at last the little boy saw the great sea.

"Pouff!" said the green train. "If you want to cross the channel, you'd better call a ship,"

"Hey!" said the little boy, waving to a ship. "Where are you sailing to, I'd like to know? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car, and I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a bus, and I rode in the bus until I met a train."

"I'm sailing to the Continent," said the ship. "If you want to come too, I'll let down the gangway."

"I do," said the little boy, and ran aboard the ship.

And it wasn't very long before they reached the other side.

Now, just as they were docking, they saw a silver aeroplane.

"There," said the ship, "you'd better catch that."

"Hullo-o!" cried the little boy, putting both his hands up. "Where are you flying to? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car. I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a bus; I rode in the bus until I met a train, and I went in the train until I met a ship."

"M-m-m-m-m," said the aeroplane. "I'm going back to England. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes, please," said the little boy, and climbed up the steps.

"Put your head inside, or you'll lose it in the clouds," said the aeroplane.

They flew so fast they were back in a few minutes. They landed at the aerodrome about five o'clock.

On his way home the little boy saw a postman. He was standing in the street with a sack on his back.

"I say," said the little boy, "where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle; and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car. I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a bus, I rode in the bus until I met a train, and I went in the train until I met a ship, and I sailed off in the ship until I met an aeroplane."

"Umph !" said the postman and put his sack down, "I am a postman and I am delivering the last post."

"Oh?" said the little boy. "Do you go near Croydon?" "Yes," said the postman, "I know where you live. Jump in the sack and I'll give you a ride."

So the little boy rode in the postman's sack, and the postman walked till they came to a house in Croydon, with a fence around it and a garden in the front.

"Now," said the postman, "I'll knock on the door, and when the door opens, you jump out."

So the little boy got ready and the postman knocked: "Rat-a-tat-tat!"

And when the door opened, the postman said, "A parcel." And the little boy jumped out: "Bo! Bo! Bo! I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car. I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a

bus, and I rode in the bus until I met a train, I went in the train until I met a ship, and I sailed off in the ship until I met an aeroplane, I flew in the aeroplane until I met the postman! And he's brought me with the letters in the very last post!"

So they thanked the postman kindly and said, "Good evening." And the little boy was very glad to see all his family, and the family were very glad to see the little boy. And as he was so hungry, they gave him a big supper. He had all the good things he liked the best before he went to bed.

Exercises

Answer the questions.

- 1) Where was the little boy once walking?
- 2) What did they see on the pond?
- 3) The little boy's mother stopped to watch the ducks, didn't she?
- 4) What did the little boy think?
- 5) What did he do?
- 6) What kinds of transport did the little boy meet on his way? Name all of them.
- 7) Where did the aeroplane land?
- 8) Where did the postman take him?
- 9) Was the little boy very glad to see all his family? What about his family?

Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) There was once a little boy who was walking in the park and looking for adventures.
- 2) "Aha!" thought the little boy, "now I'll run away."
- 3) The little boy's mother also stopped to watch the ducks on the pond, and then by chance she let go off his hand.
- 4) They hadn't gone far before they met a tricycle, a bright blue tricycle.
- 5) So he ran and ran.
- 6) He had not gone very far before he met a scooter, a bright yellow scooter.
- 7) They hadn't gone far when they met a new motor car, a brand-new motor-car.
- 8) They hadn't gone far before they met a bicycle, a black and silver bicycle.

- 9) Now, they'd gone a good distance when they saw a green train.
- 10) "I'm sailing to the Continent," said the ship.
- 11) They hadn't gone far when they saw a bus, a great red bus.
- 12) Now, just as they were docking, they saw a silver aeroplane.
- 13) On his way home the little boy saw a postman.
- 14) They landed at the aerodrome about five o'clock.
- 15) So the little boy rode in the postman's sack.
- 16) So they thanked the postman kindly.

PETE AND THE WONDERFUL TAP

(After Leila Berg)

ONE day, Pete was looking for an ant. He knew where to look because he often saw ants. But today there were no ants. Pete looked and looked... and at last he saw one. It was hurrying along.

"Where did you come from?" said Pete. "Are you going in, or coming out?"

And he put a very little stick in front of it, to see what the ant would do.

The ant went over it. "I would go under it," said Pete, "if I were an ant."

While Pete was looking at the ant, he saw a white dog. It was watching him.

It looked at Pete. And Pete looked at it, then looked at the ant again. When Pete looked again at the dog, it opened its mouth wide and laughed.

Pete slowly put out a hand, and kept it wide open, so that the dog could see there was nothing in his hand that could hurt. He knew this was the right thing to do, because someone had told him. And the dog got up, and came over and licked his open hand.

Then Pete said, "Would you like to sit near me? You can if you like." And he patted the place on the door-step near him. The dog came and sat there.

The dog put out its tongue and panted, huh, huh, huh. Pete looked at him, and looked away. He wondered how it felt to do that. After a minute or two, he put out his tongue, too. Then both of them sat on the door-step, panting. Huh, huh, huh, huh.

But Pete got tired of this.

"Come on, dog," he said, "You're my dog, and you must come with me, and do what I tell you." The dog got up.

As they walked along, Pete shouted, "Bad dog, good dog, come *here*. Do that at *once*. Fetch it, fetch it."

The dog didn't know what Pete was talking about, but he was a kind dog and didn't mind, so he walked on with Pete, and just didn't take any notice.

Then they began to run, and sometimes Pete ran in front of the dog, shouting, "Come on, come on." And sometimes Pete ran behind the dog, shouting, "Come on, come *on*" It was very nice both ways.

At last they came to a little low wall with a house behind it, and they rested. While they were resting, something said "Pete." After a moment, it said it again, "Pete." Then it waited and said, "Pete."

"Who is saying that?" said Pete.

And something said, "Pete." Pete looked very angry.

But the white dog was sitting with his head on one side and looking at a tap that was fastened to the wall.

In a minute the tap said, "Pete." And there was a round wet spot below the tap, on the ground.

Pete stood beside the dog and watched too. First the tap got wet with the drop that was coming. Then the wetness grew into a little drop. Then it grew and grew until it was a ball. Then it began to shake... and shake... and shake... and at last it fell.

And before it fell, it tried to hold on to the tap, but it couldn't. So it called out "Pete!" And the spot on the ground under the tap grew wetter and blacker.

Pete was pleased. He began to play a very good game with the tap, and the dog played too.

Pete put his hands over his face and started to count very fast. Then when the tap said "Pete", the dog said "Out" (that was the way he barked). And that meant Pete must stop counting.

If he had counted up to fifty before he stopped, then Pete won.

And if he didn't get to fifty, then who won? Nobody.

Four times Pete played this game and won. The fifth time he counted up to fifty... up to sixty... up to seventy! And nothing happened.

Pete bent down and looked at the tap. He touched it with his finger. It was quite dry.

"Oh!" said Pete.

"Bad thing," said Pete.

"Just when I was winning," said Pete.

He turned the handle of the tap round and round. But nothing happened. He turned it again round and round — and then something happened.

Someone said, "Hey!"

Pete turned round. There was a man behind him. He had a big spanner. He pushed Pete aside and started unscrewing the tap.

"What are you doing to my tap?" said Pete. "It was saying 'Pete' and I counted up to fifty, and I won every time, and I'd have won again only it's stopped saying 'Pete', and now it's dry. And why are you taking it to pieces? Will you make it say 'Pete' again?"

Then he sat down on the wall and put his thumb in his mouth, because he had never had a tap that said 'Pete' before, and he was sad to lose it.

The man said nothing. He had put out the tip of his tongue between his teeth, to help him unscrew the tap properly. And when Pete looked at the dog, he saw the dog had put out the tip of his tongue, too.

So after a minute, Pete did the same. There they all sat, the three of them, with the tips of their tongues out.

Then Pete remembered he was angry with the man. So he said, "Why are you spoiling my game, and sitting near my dog?"

"Well," said the man, "it may be your game, but it's *my* tap. And it's *my* dog."

Pete was very surprised. He didn't say a word. "His name is Trip," the man said. "What are you doing to the tap?" asked Pete. The man said nothing for a little. He was still trying to unscrew it. At last he said, "I'm putting a new washer on it because it drips and drips."

"But I like it to drip," said Pete sadly. "It says 'Pete'. That's my name."

"Really?" said the man. "What a clever tap!" "So will you leave it?" asked Pete. "Well," said the man, "it's like this. This water comes miles and miles to get to this tap. It comes

from rivers, and ponds, and streams, and at last it gets into this tap. You wouldn't want it all to pop out again, just to say 'Pete', would you now?" "Yes," said Pete. "I like it."

"I know what you mean," said the man, looking at him. "I would like it if it said 'Bert' (that's my name). And he" (he nodded to the dog), "he would like it if it said 'Trip'." "Trip," said Pete. "I think it said 'Trip' too." "But it didn't say 'Bert' I suppose?" said the man sadly. Pete thought. "Mm", he said, "it did, just once." "That's wonderful," said the man. He looked very happy again. And soon he finished the tap. "It's lucky you were here to listen to it, or we'd never have known. Now we can tell everyone about it when we go home for our dinners."

"But it won't ever do it again, will it?" said Pete slowly. "You've made it stop."

Then the man came very close to Pete, and said, "Suppose, just suppose, you were terribly thirsty and you wanted a drink.

And you thought as you turned on the tap, 'At last, I can have a drink.' And no water came out, because it had dripped, and dripped. It had said 'Pete' all the time. Or Trip' even. Or 'Bert'. And all the water had run out. What would you do then?"

"I'd have milk," said Pete.

Then the man laughed. And the white dog opened his mouth and laughed too. So Pete did the same because they were his friends.

Then the man and the dog went up the path together, back to the house where they lived. And Pete waved to them.

Just as they went inside, the sun came from behind the clouds. And there was Pete's shadow behind him.

"Well!" said Pete. "I think you'll never guess what I've seen. It's a secret, such a secret. And I'll never tell you!"

But his shadow didn't mind. It was still friends with Pete, and jumped beside him all the way home. That was a special day.

Exercises

Answer the questions.

- 1) What was Pete looking for one day?
- 2) What did Pete see?
- 3) What colour was the dog?
- 4) What did Pete and the dog come to?
- 5) What did Pete hear while he and the dog were resting?
- 6) Where did the sounds come from?
- 7) How did Pete and the dog play with the tap? You may use the text, if necessary.
- 8) What did the man do?
- 9) Pete, the man and the dog became great friends, didn't they?
- 10) When did Pete's shadow appear?

Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) One day, Pete was looking for an ant.
- 2) And the dog got up, and came over and licked his open hand.
- 3) While Pete was looking at the ant, he saw a white dog.
- 4) While they were resting, something said, "Pete."
- 5) Then they began to run.
- 6) At last they came to a little low wall with a house behind it, and they rested.
- 7) Pete began to play a very good game with the tap and the dog played too.
- 8) He pushed Pete aside and started unscrewing the tap.
- 9) There was a man behind him.
- 10) Someone said, "Hey!"
- 11) Then the man and the dog went up the path together, back to the house where they lived.
- 12) At last the man said, "I'm putting a new washer on it because it drips and drips."
- 13) Just as they went inside the sun came from behind the clouds.
- 14) And Pete waved to them.
- 15) That was a special day.

The Keys

Part I

Вариант 1

1(d); 2(a); 3(d); 4(c); 5(a); 6(c); 7(c).

2.1 C; 2 A; 3 A; 4 A; 5 C; 6 C; 7 B; 8 B; 9 D; 10 B; 11 C, A, C; 12 B; 13 A; 14 C; 15 B; 16 A; 17 B; 18 A; 19 C; 20 C.

Вариант 2

1-T; 2-T; 3-F; 4-F; 5-F

2.1-A; 2-A; 3-D; 4-B; 5-C; 6-B; 7-D; 8-E; 9-A; 10-C; 11-C; 12-D; 13-A; 14-B; 15-C; 16-A; 17-B; 18-A; 19-B; 20-A

Вариант 3

1 F; 2 F; 3 T; 4 F; 5 T

2.1 b; 2 d; 3 c; 4 d; 5 a; 6 a; 7 c; 8 b; 9 c; 10 b; 11 d; 12 c; 13 d; 14 b; 15 d; 16 c; 17 b; 18 c; 19 b; 20 c

Вариант 4

1 F; 2 T; 3 T; 4 F; 5 T; 6 F; 7 F; 8 F

2.1 c; 2 c; 3 c; 4 d; 5 c; 6 c; 7 c; 8 d; 9 b; 10 d; 11 a; 12 b; 13 c; 14 c; 15 d; 16 a; 17 b; 18 d; 19 c; 20 b

Вариант 5

1. F; 2. NI; 3. T; 4. T; 5. NI; 6. F

2.1d, 2c, 3a, 4d, 5a, 6a, 7b, 8a, 9b, 10c, 11a, 12c, 13a, 14a, 15a, 16a, 17b, 18a, 19b, 20c.

Вариант 6

1T; 2F; 3T; 4T; 5F; 6T; 7F; 8T

2.1b, 2c, 3b, 4a, 5b, 6a, 7b, 8b, 9a, 10b, 11b, 12a, 13b, 14c, 15a, 16a, 17b, 18a, 19c, 20b.

Вариант 7

1F; 2T; 3NI; 4 NI; 4 F; 6 T; 7 T.

1c, 2c, 3b, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7b, 8b, 9c, 10a, 11c, 12a, 13b, 14a, 15a, 16c, 17b, 18a, 19a, 20b.

Вариант 8

1F; 2F; 3NI; 4NI; 5T; 6T; 7NI; 8NI; 9T; 10 NI

2. 1a, 2d, 3b, 4b, 5a, 6c, 7b, 8a, 9b, 10d, 11b, 12b, 13c, 14d, 15a, 16a, 17d, 18d, 19c, 20c.

Вариант 9

1NI; 2F; 3T; 4F; 5F; 6F; 7NI; 8F; 9T; 10T

2.1c, 2c, 3b, 4d, 5b, 6c, 7d, 8d, 9b, 10b, 11d, 12a, 13d, 14b, 15c, 16b, 17a, 18c, 19d, 20a.

Вариант 10

1F; 2F; 3T; 4T; 5T; 6NI; 7NI; 8F; 9F; 10T

2.1b, 2a, 3a, 4b, 5d, 6b, 7c, 8d, 9c, 10a, 11d, 12b, 13b, 14b, 15a, 16e, 17b, 18c, 19b, 20b.

Part II.

Text 1. Blowing Hot and Cold with the Same Breath.

1. – lived; 2. – was; 3. – spoke; 4. – noticed; 5. – walking; 6. – ran; 7. – will you come up; 8. – will you have; 9. – climbed; 10. – was; 11. – breathed; 12. – are you doing; 13. – am blowing; 14. – are you doing; 15. – are; 16. – to become; 17. – understand; 18. – made; 19. – drink; 20. – was; 21. – began; 22. – blowing, to blow; 23. – are you doing; 24. – am blowing; 25. – are you doing it; 26. – is; 27. – am blowing; 28. – to make; 29. – blew; 30. – get out; 31. – don't want; 32. – are not; 33. – blow.

Text 2. Tarzan's Friend.

1. – stopped; 2. – felt; 3. – had frightened; 4. – saw; 5. – coming; 6. – ran; 7. – sniffed; 8. – disappeared; 9. – had found; 10. – picked; 11. – brought; 12. – warmed; 13. – gave; 14. put; 15. – grew; 16. – had found; 17. – left; 18. – hadn't attacked; 19. – was, had been; 20. – returned.

Text 3. A Letter to a Friend.

1. – Do you by any chance know; 2. – is; 3. – I should like, I would like; 4. – to find out; 5. – have just heard; 6. – will exactly suit; would exactly suit; 7. – doesn't apply; 8. – won't get it; 9. – saw; 10. – was just leaving, had left; 11. – said; 12. – was going; 13. – promised; 14. – to send; 15. – found, had found; 16. – to stay; 17. – have heard; 18. – don't know; 19. – went; 20. – know; 21. – shall/will be; 22. – phone; 23. – have tried; 24. – to phone; 25. – doesn't seem; 26. – to be.

Text 4. A Philosopher.

1. – was crossing; 2. – asked; 3. – have you ever heard; 4. – said; 5. – have never heard; 6. – is; 7. – am; 8. – have lost; 9. – did you hear; 10. – were; 11. – left; 12. – have forgotten; 13. – was; 14. – thought; 15. – had lost; 16. – wondered; 17. – had heard; 18. – had to; 19. – had never known; 20. – have lost; 21. – struck; 22. – cried; 23. – have you ever learnt; 24. – to swim; 25. – was; 26. – had lost; 27. – was sinking.

Text 5. Mrs. Davies.

1. – has lived; 2. – has seen; 3. – is; 4. – to discuss; 5. – walking; 6. – phoned; 7. – was lying, lay; 8. – reading; 9. – felt; 10. – added; 11. – would speak; 12. – was asked; 13. – was/had been; 14. – had lived; 15. – moved; 16. – fell; 17. – lived; 18. – were repairing; 19. – have you been; 20. – nodded; 21. – has changed; 22. – have become; 23. – have; 24. – saw; 25. – was; 26. – have been built; 27. – to tell; 28. – had become; 29. – stay, are staying; 30. – goes; 31. – see; 32. – uses; 33. – visits; 34. – make; 35. – come; 36. – ring; 37. – to do; 38. – is coming, will come; 39. – have died.

Text 6. Ferenz List.

1. – studied, was studying; 2. – was; 3. – caught; 4. – fell; 5. – was sent for; 6. – were; 7. – couldn't; 8. – pay; 9. – had prescribed; 10. – thought; 11. – would tell; 12. – had taught, had been teaching; 13. – learn; 14. – will attract; 15. – will/shall be able; 16. – did; 17. – was looking; 18. – saw; 19. – was written; 20. – was going; 21. – learnt; 22. – had told; 23. – would tell; 24. – had never seen; 25. – came; 26. – went; 27. – told; 28. – sit; 29. – play; 30. – was playing; 31. – made; 32. – said; 33. – asks; 34. – is, was; 35. – can; 36. – say; 37. – have given.

Text 7. Androclus.

1. – was called; 2. – ran; 3. – hid; 4. – was going; 5. – to die; 6. – hadn't eaten; 7. – found; 8. – lay; 9. – fell; 10. – was woken up; 11. – saw; 12. – coming, come; 13. – understood; 14. – had happened; 15. – could; 16. – move; 17. – raised; 18. – saw; 19. – pulled; 20. – jumped; 21. – became; 22. – was caught; 23. – had run, ran; 24. – had to; 25. – was brought; 26. – were sitting; 27. – was let in; 28. – gave; 29. – had recognised; 30. – had met; 31. – began; 32. – licking, to lick; 33. – were surprised; 34. – wanted; 35. – to explain; 36. – did; 37. – cried; 38. – give; 39. let; 40. – live; 41. – got; 42. – lived.

Text 8. The Unfortunate Tandem.

1. – were cycling; 2. – were; 3. – jumped; 4. – said; 5. – thought; 6. – had said; 7. – had thought; 8. – had said; 9. – could; 10. – explain; 11. – jumped down; 12. – went on; 13. – was still sitting; 14. – thought; 15. – wanted; 16. – to show; 17. – would return; 18. – reached; 19. – passed; 20. – disappeared; 21. – to cry (crying); 22. – had; 23. – did not know; 24. – thought; 25. – had lost; 26. – took; 27. – was cycling; 28. – began; 29. – to feel; 30. – had gone; 31. – looked; 32. – saw; 33. – was thinking; 34. – to find; 35. – met; 36. – advised; 37. – to go; 38. – was asked; 39. – had lost; 40. – was promised; 41. – was; 42. – said; 43. – had never been.

Text 9. The Lost Address.

1. – like; 2. – to tell; 3. – happened; 4. – know; 5. – has moved; 6. – have recently known; 7. – met; 8. – have been; 9. – gave; 10. – to invite; 11. – to celebrate; 12. – wrote; 13. – was lying; 14. – was speaking; 15. – rang; 16. – hung up; 17. – went; 18. – to open; 19. – fall; 20. – returned; 21. – could; 22. – find; 23. – had disappeared; 24. – didn't know; 25. – was; 26. – would not call; 27. – expected; 28. – to come; 29. – (to) visit; 30. – was not able; 31. – to do; 32. – had not told; 33. – would be upset; 34. – didn't come; 35. – to inform; 36. – to ask; 37. – shall; 38. – will be able; 39. – to help; 40. – will be typed; 41. – posted; 42. – answer.

Text 10. Rumpelstiltskin.

1. – thought; 2. – was; 3. – loved; 4. – to talk; 5. – could; 6. – do; 7. – heard; 8. – could; 9. – spin; 10. – was set for; 11. – was ordered, ordered; 12. – was brought; 13. – was waiting; 14. – took; 15. – didn't spin; 16. – would die; 17. – sat; 18. – began; 19. – crying, to cry; 20. – had never done; 21. – came; 22. – has happened; 23. – are you crying; 24. – gave; 25. – would be able; 26. – had to; 27. – started; 28. – working, to work; 29. – fell; 30. – woke; 31. – had disappeared; 32. – was filled; 33. – heard; 34. – open, opening; 35. – enter, entering; 36. – have done; 37. – have never seen; 38. – does; 39. – will certainly become.

Text 12. To Marry or not to Marry.

1. – close, closing; 2. – turned; 3. – to see; 4. – was; 5. – to make; 6. – open; 7. – could not; 8. – had locked; 9. – come; 10. – have been; 11. – to hear; 12. – was hardly heard; 13. – raised; 14. – saw; 15. – spoke; 16. – am; 17. – are making/have made; 18. – have been waiting, are waiting; 19. – have arrived; 20. – don't know; 21. – was; 22. – came; 23. – would kill; 24. – didn't give; 25. – began; 26. – running, to run; 27. – could; 28. – was running; 29. – standing, stand; 30. – entered; 31. – are telling, have told; 32. – have come; 33. – to meet; 34. – bring/to bring; 35. – will be punished, are punished, have been punished; 36. – to follow; 37. – went; 38. – stood; 39. – had never seen; 40. – don't marry; 41. – will die; 42. – think; 43. – will obey.

Text 13. Kate's Birthday.

1. – was; 2. – thought; 3. – to do; 4. – (to) buy; 5. – knew; 6. – had bought (would buy); 7. – would like; 8. – didn't have to work; 9. – was talking; 10. – give; 11. – will be pleased; 12. – thought; 13. – asked; 14. – was able (would be able); 15. – don't have; 16. – shook; 17. – was; 18. – to leave; 19. – saw; 20. – slip away; 21. – seize; 22. – put; 23. – made; 24. – speak; 25. – said; 26. – has just stolen; 27. – looked; 28. – turned; 29. – nodded; 30. – have told; 31. – is; 32. – took; 33. – laid; 34. – didn't take; 35. – explain; 36. – take; 37. – do you understand; 38. – took; 39. – had spoken about; 40. – saw; 41. – disappear; 42. – could.

Text 14. Gingerbread Boy.

1. – lived; 2. – lived; 3. – had; 4. – had; 5. – had made up; 6. – to bake; 7. – went; 8. – laid; 9. – gave; 10. – said; 11. – would make, had make; 12. – remembered; 13. – had put; 14. – put; 15. – decided; 16. – to add; 17. – put; 18. – was being baked; 19. – lay; 20. – looking; 21. – watching; 22. – getting ready; 23. – heard; 24. – get; 25. – opened; 26. – hopped; 27. – left; 28. – running; 29. – ran; 30. – trying; 31. – sang, was singing; 32. – would not be able to, could not; 33. – met; 34. – stop; 35. – cried; 36. – will/shall stop; 37. – catch; 38. – will not catch; 39. – have run; 40. – met; 41. – had lived; 42. – was given.

Text 15. A Pair of Shoes.

1. – were driving; 2. – was; 3. – had been raining; 4. – hadn't been; 5. – could; 6. – see; 7. – is being built; 8. – moved; 9. – hadn't pay; 10. – arrived; 11. – got out; 12. – came; 13. – took off; 14. – put; 15. – ran; 16. – turned on; 17. – had forbidden; 18. – to do; 19. – work; 20. – took; 21. – was pushing, pushed; 22. – locked; 23. – couldn't; 24. – get; 25. – were; 26. – were; 27. – didn't hear; 28. – shout, shouting; 29. – heard; 30. – playing; 31. – speaking; 32. – laughing; 33. – understood; 34. – didn't shout; 35. – would never come; 36. – did; 37. – pushed; 38. – was able; 39. – to open; 40. – got; 41. – gave; 42. – was told; 43. – went out; 44. – to take; 45. – was taking; 46. – locked; 47. – pushed; 48. – do you like, did you like.

Text 16. A Pair of Shoes.

1. – had just shut; 2. – walking, walk; 3. – wanted; 4. – to show; 5. – walked, was walking; 6. – made; 7. – feel; 8. – thought; 9. – had seen; 10. – remembered; 11. – had come; 12. – seen/had seen; 13. – was; 14. – was wanted; 15. – sell; 16. – are; 17. – will return; 18. – to change; 19. – thought; 20. – am; 21. – shall/will be able; 22. – to sell; 23. – decided; 24. – would try; 25. – tried/had tried; 26. – bought; 27. – recommended, had recommended; 28. – are; 29. – will stretch; 30. – buy; 31. – will never regret; 32. – do you wear; 33. – shall I wrap; 34. – do; 35. – had expected; 36. – limped; 37. – complaining, to – complain; 38. – entered; 39. – was surrounded; 40. – have done; 41. – sold; 42. – was; 43. – knew; 44. – would bring.

Text 17. Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

1. – were; 2. – were getting; 3. – to let; 4. – cool; 5. – went; 6. – was walking; 7. – saw; 8. – had never seen; 9. – knocked; 10. – answered; 11. – decided; 12. – would go; 13. – look, would look; 14. – comes; 15. – shall/will excuse; 16. – entered; 17. – saw; 18. – standing; 19. – had got; 20. – made up; 21. – to try; 22. – was; 23. – liked; 24. – ate; 25. – have never eaten; 26. – was having; 27. – fell; 28. – fell; 29. – to take; 30. – came; 31. – were; 32. – had been; 33. – had eaten, had been eating; 34. – had sat, had been sitting; 35. – shall / will find; 36. – shall / will make, make; 37. – pay; 38. – exclaimed; 39. – don't have; 40. – to look; 41. – is; 42. – have found; 43. – woke; 44. – heard; 45. – talking; 46. – took; 47. – jumped; 48. – ran; 49. – saw.

Text 18. Strawberry Love.

1. – got; 2. – sold; 3. – was; 4. – began; 5. – ripening, to ripe; 6. – bought; 7. – watched; 8. – grow, growing; 9. – tried; 10. – to get; 11. – eating; 12. – took; 13. – raised; 14. – started; 15. – running, to run; 16. – disappeared; 17. – turned; 18. – stood; 19. – was; 20. – noticed; 21. – put, putting; 22. – was shocked; 23. – didn't say; 24. – bought; 25. – drove; 26. – began; 27. – wearing, to wear; 28. – took; 29. – had ever tried; 30. – did, was doing; 31. – had promised; 32. – heard; 33. – laughing; 34. – was dressed; 35. – was amusing; 36. – understood; 37. – was acting; 38. – went; 39. – could not; 40. – understand; 41. – hadn't come; 42. – was wearing; 43. – didn't care; 44. – looked; 45. – shall / will try; 46. – to forget; 47. – said; 48. – read; 49. – would never leave; 50. – used.

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