

*"Whatever comes," she said,  
"cannot change one thing.  
If I am a princess in rags  
and tatters, I can be  
a princess inside.*



*It would be easy to be a princess if  
I were dressed in wonderful clothes,  
but it is a great deal more of a triumph  
to be one all the time  
when no one knows it."*

Beginner

Elementary

Для начинающих

Pre-Intermediate

Для продолжающих  
первого уровня

Intermediate

Для продолжающих  
второго уровня

Upper Intermediate

Для продолжающих  
третьего уровня

Advanced

Для совершенствующихся



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АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Фрэнсис Ходжсон Бернетт

# Маленькая принцесса

Домашнее чтение

Elementary

АЙРИС ПРЕСС



Frances Hodgson Burnett

A Little  
Princess





Elementary



**Английский клуб**

Домашнее чтение

**Фрэнсис Ходжсон Бернетт**

# **Маленькая принцесса**

*Адаптация текста, предисловие,  
комментарий, упражнения и словарь  
Е. В. Угаровой*



МОСКВА

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

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Серия «Английский клуб» включает книги и учебные пособия, рассчитанные на пять этапов изучения английского языка: Elementary (для начинающих), Pre-Intermediate (для продолжающих первого уровня), Intermediate (для продолжающих второго уровня), Upper Intermediate (для продолжающих третьего уровня) и Advanced (для совершенствующихся).

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Данная книга представляет собой адаптацию романтической повести знаменитой детской писательницы Фрэнсис Бернетт «Маленькая принцесса» о приключениях девочки по имени Сара Кру, которая сумела справиться с непростыми испытаниями, которые уготовила ей судьба, благодаря своему мужеству, помощи верных друзей и невероятной удаче.

После каждой главы приводится перевод новых слов на русский язык, постраничный комментарий, а также упражнения, направленные на проверку понимания текста, отработку лексики и грамматических конструкций, развитие устной речи.

Пособие предназначено учащимся школ, гимназий, лицеев, а также широкому кругу лиц, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно.

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Дорогие ребята!

Перед вами новая книга для чтения на английском языке из серии «Английский клуб». На этот раз мы предлагаем вам увлекательную повесть американской писательницы Фрэнсис Бернетт «Маленькая принцесса», которая завоевала миллионы детских сердец. В ней рассказывается трогательная история девочки по имени Сара Кру, которая воображала себя принцессой. После внезапной смерти отца Сара из привилегированной ученицы частного пансиона превратилась в нищую одинокую сироту и бесправную служанку. Девочке пришлось столкнуться с бедностью и несправедливостью, но она не впала в отчаяние и сохранила удивительную силу духа, доброту, душевную щедрость и достоинство настоящей принцессы.

Мы надеемся, что чтение этой повести будет для вас не только интересным, но и полезным. Мы советуем пользоваться словариком и внимательно изучать комментарии, помещенные после каждой главы. Специально подобранные упражнения помогут вам выучить много новых английских слов и выражений и научиться правильно употреблять их в речи.

Желаем успеха!



## 1 SARA

Once on a dark winter's day a little girl sat with her father in a *cab* which was slowly driving along the streets of London. She sat looking out of the window at the passing people with her big serious eyes.

It was an *odd* look for such a little girl because Sara Crewe was only seven. But she was an unusual girl and she was always dreaming and thinking things about grown-up people and the world they belonged to.

At this moment she was remembering the voyage she had just made from Bombay with her father, Captain Crewe. She was thinking of the big ship, and of the children playing about on the hot deck. She moved closer to her father.

"Papa," she said in a low, mysterious little voice which was almost a whisper, "papa."

"What is it, darling?" Captain Crewe answered, looking down into her face. "What is Sara thinking of?"

"Is this the place?" Sara whispered.

"Yes, little Sara, it is. We have reached it at last." And though she was only seven years old, she knew that he felt sad when he said it.

Her mother had died when she was born. Her young, handsome, rich, loving father was the only *relation* she had in the world. They had always played together and been fond of each other.

**Only one thing had troubled her — "the place" she was to be taken to some day.**<sup>1</sup> The climate in India was very bad for children, and as soon as possible they were sent away from it — generally to England and to school. Though her father's stories of the voyage and the new country had attracted Sara, she did not like the thought that he could not stay with her.

"Couldn't you go to that place with me, papa?" she had asked when she was five years old. "Couldn't you go to school too? I would help you with your lessons."

"But you will not stay there for a very long time, little Sara," he had always said. "You will go to a nice house where there will be a lot of little girls, and you will play together, and I will send you books, and you will grow so fast and become big enough and clever enough to come back and take care of papa."

She liked this idea. She wanted to stay with her father; to ride with him and sit at the head of his table when he had dinner-parties; to talk to him and read his books. She did not care very much for other little girls, but she liked books more than anything else, and was, in fact, always inventing stories of beauti-

<sup>1</sup> **Only one thing had troubled her — "the place" she was to be taken to some day.** — Ее тревожила только мысль о «том месте», куда ее когда-нибудь отвезут.



ful things, and telling them to herself. Sometimes she had told them to her father, and he had liked them as much as she did.

"Well, papa," she said softly, "if we are here we must do it."

He kissed her. He was also very sad though he knew he must **keep that a secret**<sup>1</sup>. He didn't want to part with his little Sara. So he held her very closely in his arm as the cab rolled into the big square in which stood the big brick jouse.

On the front door there was a **brass plate**<sup>2</sup> with black letters:

MISS MINCHIN,  
**Select Seminary**<sup>3</sup> for Young Ladies.

"Here we are, Sara," said Captain Crewe, making his voice sound as cheerful as possible. Then he lifted her out of the cab and they rang the bell. Sara often thought afterwards that the house was somehow exactly like Miss Minchin. It was respectable, but everything in it was ugly. The furniture was hard and polished. The chairs were square, armchairs were heavy and uncomfortable. Sara did not like the place at once.

Miss Minchin entered the room. She was very like her house, Sara felt: tall and dull, and respectable and ugly. She had large, cold eyes, and a large, cold smile. She knew from the lady who had recommended her school to Captain Crewe that he was a rich father who was ready to spend a great deal of money on his little daughter.

"It will be a great privilege to have such a beautiful and promising child, Captain Crewe," she said, taking Sara's hand. "Lady Meredith has told me of her unusual cleverness. A clever child is a great treasure in a school like mine."

Sara stood quietly, looking at Miss Minchin's face. She was thinking something odd, as usual.

"Why does she say I am a beautiful child?" she was thinking. "I am not beautiful at all. Colonel Grange's little girl, Isobel, is beautiful. She has **dimples**, and rose-coloured cheeks, and long hair the colour of gold. I have short black hair and green eyes, and I am thin. I am one of the ugliest children I ever saw. **She is telling a story.**<sup>1</sup>"

She was mistaken, however, in thinking she was an ugly child. She was not like Isobel Grange, but she had charm of her own. She was a thin creature, rather tall for her age, and had an attractive little face. Her hair was heavy and black and only curled at the tips; her eyes were greenish grey, it is true, but they were big, wonderful eyes with long, black lashes, and though she herself did not like the colour of them, many other people did.

Later Sara discovered that Miss Minchin said the same thing to each papa and mamma who brought a child to her school.

Sara stood near her father and listened while he and Miss Minchin talked. She had been brought to the seminary because Lady Meredith's two little girls had been educated there, and Captain Crewe had a great respect for Lady Meredith's experience.

"I am not worried about her education," Captain Crewe said, with his gay laugh, as he held Sara's hand. "The difficulty will be to keep her from learning too fast and too much. She is always sitting with a book. She wants grown-up books — great, big, fat ones — French and German as well as English — history and biography and poets, and all sorts of things. **Drag** her away from her books when she reads too much. Make her ride her pony or go out and buy a new doll. She ought to play more with dolls."

"Papa," said Sara. "I can't have many dolls. Dolls ought to be **intimate friends**<sup>2</sup>. Emily is going to be my intimate friend."

<sup>1</sup> **keep that a secret** — хранить это в тайне

<sup>2</sup> **brass plate** — медная табличка

<sup>3</sup> **Select Seminary** — Образцовая школа

<sup>1</sup> **She is telling a story.** — Она говорит неправду.

<sup>2</sup> **intimate friends** — близкие друзья

Captain Crewe looked at Miss Minchin and Miss Minchin looked at Captain Crewe.

"Who is Emily?" she asked.

"Tell her, Sara," Captain Crewe said, smiling.

Sara's green-grey eyes looked very serious as she answered.

"She is a doll I haven't got yet," she said "She is a doll papa is going to buy for me. We will go together to find her. I have called her Emily. She is going to be my friend when papa is gone. I want her to talk to about him."

"What an original child!" said Miss Minchin. "What a darling little girl!"

"Yes," said Captain Crewe. "She is a darling little girl. Take great care of her for me, Miss Minchin."

Sara stayed with her father at his hotel for several days until he sailed away again to India. They visited many big shops together, and bought many things. They bought, indeed, many more things than Sara needed. Captain Crewe wanted his little girl to have everything she admired and everything he admired himself, so they collected a wardrobe much too big for a child of seven: dresses, hats, coats, gloves and handkerchiefs and silk stockings.

And at last they found Emily. Sara saw her in a small shop.

"Oh, papa!" she cried. "There is Emily! I knew her the minute I saw her — so perhaps she knew me, too."

Perhaps she had known her. She had certainly a very intelligent expression in her eyes when Sara took her in her arms. She was a large doll, but not too large; she had naturally curling golden-brown hair, and her eyes were clear, grey blue, with soft, thick eyelashes.

"Of course," said Sara, looking into her face as she held her on her knee — "of course, papa, this is Emily."

So they bought Emily and a wardrobe as big as Sara's own.

The next day Captain Crewe took her to Miss Minchin's and left her there. He explained to Miss Minchin that his *law-*

*yers* would give her any advice she wanted, and that they would pay the bills for Sara's *expenses*.

Then he went with Sara into her little sitting room to say to her good-bye. Sara sat on his knee and looked long at his face.

"Are you learning me by heart, little Sara?" he said.

"No," she answered. "I know you by heart. You are inside my heart." And they put their arms round each other, and kissed.

When the cab drove away from the door, Sara was sitting on the floor of her sitting-room, with her hands under her chin and her eyes following it until it had turned the corner of the square. Emily was sitting by her. When Miss Minchin sent her sister, Miss Amelia, to see what the child was doing, she found she could not open the door.

"I have locked it," said a polite little voice from inside. "**I want to be by myself, if you please.**"<sup>1</sup>

Miss Amelia was a fat woman. She was really the better person of the two, but she never disobeyed Miss Minchin. She went downstairs again, looking almost alarmed.

"I never saw such a funny, old-fashioned child, sister," she said. "She has locked herself in, and she is not making any noise."

"It is much better than if she kicked and screamed, as some of them do," Miss Minchin answered.

"I saw her clothes," said Miss Amelia. "What *do* you think of them?"

"I think they are perfectly *ridiculous*," replied Miss Minchin sharply, "but they will look very well at the head of the line when we take the school-children to church on Sunday. She will look like a little princess."

---

<sup>1</sup> **I want to be by myself, if you please.** — Если позволите, я бы хотела побыть одной.



## Useful Words

**cab** *n* кэб, наемный экипаж

**odd** *a* странный

**relation** *n* родственник

**dimples** *n pl* ямочки

**drag** *v* тащить

**lawyer** *n* юрист

**expenses** *n pl* расходы

**ridiculous** *a* нелепый, смехотворный

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- How old was Sara when she came to England?
- Where did she live before?
- What can you say about Sara's parents?
- What did Sara feel when she saw the school and Miss Minchin?
- What books did Sara prefer to read?
- What kind of clothes did Captain Crewe buy for Sara?
- What did Miss Amelia think of Sara?

### 2 Complete the sentences.

- Captain Crewe brought his daughter to Miss Minchin's seminary because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Sara wanted to find Emily because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Captain Crewe was sad because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Miss Minchin wanted to have Sara in her school \_\_\_\_\_.
- Sara locked the door of her room because \_\_\_\_\_.

### 3 Match the words having the same or very close meaning.

- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1) intelligent   | a) strange        |
| 2) to care for   | b) to be troubled |
| 3) to be worried | c) to be fond of  |
| 4) odd           | d) clever         |

### 4 Choose the right words from the box and use them in the sentences.

expenses  
relation  
ridiculous  
experience  
dimples

- Captain Crewe had a great respect for Lady Meredith's \_\_\_\_\_ and took her advice.
- Captain Crew asked his lawyers to pay the bills for Sara's \_\_\_\_\_.
- Miss Minchin said that Sara's new clothes looked \_\_\_\_\_ for a child.
- Isobel Grange had long hair the colour of gold and \_\_\_\_\_.
- Sara's father was the only \_\_\_\_\_ she had.

### 5 Describe:

- the appearance (внешний вид) of Sara Crewe and Miss Minchin;
- the interior of the school;
- the doll Emily.

### 6 Say why:

- English children were sent from India to England.
- Captain Crewe bought a fantastic wardrobe for Sara.
- Sara thought that Miss Minchin was telling a story.

- 7 Speak of Sara Crewe. What was unusual about her? Prove that she was a clever girl.
- 8 Sara says, "Dolls must be intimate friends." Do you agree with her? Give your opinion.

## 2

### A FRENCH LESSON

When Sara entered the schoolroom the next morning everybody looked at her with wide, interested eyes. By that time every pupil — from Lavinia Herbert, who was nearly thirteen and felt quite grown up, to Lottie Legh, who was only just four — had heard a great deal about her. They knew that **she was Miss Minchin's show pupil**<sup>1</sup>. One or two of them had even seen her French *maid*, Mariette, who had arrived the evening before. Lavinia had managed to pass Sara's room when the door was open, and had seen Mariette opening a box which had arrived late from some ship.

"It was full of *petticoats*," she whispered to her friend Jessie. "My mamma says that children should be dressed simply. She has got one of those petticoats on now. I saw it when she sat down."

"She has silk stockings on!" whispered Jessie. "And what little feet! I never saw such little feet."

"Oh," *sniffed* Lavinia, "**that is the way her shoes are made**<sup>2</sup>. I don't think she is pretty at all. Her eyes are such a strange colour."

"She isn't pretty as other pretty people are," said Jessie, **stealing a glance at Sara**<sup>3</sup>, "but she makes you want to look at

<sup>1</sup> she was Miss Minchin's show pupil — она будет занимать особое, привилегированное положение в школе мисс Минчин

<sup>2</sup> that is the way her shoes are made — это просто от туфель

<sup>3</sup> stealing a glance at Sara — украдкой взглянув на Сару

her again. She has tremendously long eyelashes, but her eyes are almost green."

Sara was sitting quietly in her seat, waiting to be told what to do. She was interested, and looked back quietly at the children who looked at her. She wondered what they were thinking of, and if they liked Miss Minchin, and if they cared for their lessons, and if any of them had a papa at all like her own.

Minchin *rapped* upon her desk.

"Young ladies," she said, "I wish to introduce you to your new companion." All the little girls rose in their places, and Sara rose also. "I shall expect you all to be very *agreeable* to Miss Crewe; she has just come to us from India."

"Sara," said Miss Minchin, in her schoolroom manner, "come here to me."

She had taken a book from the desk and was turning over its leaves. Sara went to her politely.

"As your papa has taken a French maid for you," she began, "I conclude that **he wishes you to make a special study of the French language**<sup>1</sup>."

Sara felt a little *awkward*.

"I think he took her," she said, "because he — he thought I would like her, Miss Minchin."

"I am afraid," said Miss Minchin, with a *sour* smile, "that you have been a very *spoiled* little girl and always imagine that things are done because you like them. My impression is that your papa wished you to learn French."

Miss Minchin was a very *severe* person, and she seemed so absolutely sure that Sara knew nothing of French that she felt as if it would be almost rude to correct her. The truth was that Sara's mother had been a Frenchwoman, and Captain Crewe had loved her language, so it happened that Sara had always heard and been familiar with it.

"I — I have never really learned French, but — but I," she began, trying to make herself clear.

<sup>1</sup> he wishes you to make a special study of the French language — он хочет, чтобы ты хорошенько изучила французский язык



"That is enough," said Miss Minchin. "If you have not learned, you must begin at once. The French master, Monsieur Dufarge, will be here in a few minutes. Take this book and look at it until he arrives."

Monsieur Dufarge arrived very shortly afterward. He was a very nice, intelligent, middle-aged Frenchman, and he looked interested when his eyes fell upon Sara trying politely to seem absorbed in her little book of phrases.

"Is this a new pupil for me, madame?" he said to Miss Minchin. "**I hope that is my good fortune.**"<sup>1</sup>

"Her papa — Captain Crewe — is very anxious that she should begin the language. But I am afraid she has a childish **prejudice** against it. She does not seem to wish to learn," said Miss Minchin.

"I am sorry of that, mademoiselle," he said kindly to Sara. "Perhaps, when we begin to study together, I may show you that it is a charming language."

Little Sara rose in her seat. She looked up into Monsieur Dufarge's face with her big, green-grey eyes. She knew that he would understand as soon as she spoke. She began to explain quite simply in pretty and fluent French. Madame had not understood. She had not learned French exactly — not out of books but her papa and other people had always spoken it to her, and she had read it and written it as she had read and written English. Her papa loved it, and she loved it because he did. Her dear mamma, who had died when she was born, had been French. She would be glad to learn anything monsieur would teach her, but what she had tried to explain to madame was that she already knew the words in this book.

When she began to speak **Miss Minchin started quite violently**<sup>2</sup> and sat looking at her over her eyeglasses, almost indig-

<sup>1</sup> **I hope that is my good fortune.** — Я надеюсь, что меня ждет немало приятных минут.

<sup>2</sup> **Miss Minchin started quite violently** — мисс Минчин вздрогнула всем телом

nantly, until she had finished. Monsieur Dufarge began to smile, and his smile was one of great pleasure.

When she had finished, he took the phrase-book from her. But he spoke to Miss Minchin.

"Ah, madame," he said, "there is not much I can teach her. She has not *learned* French; she is French."

"You did not tell me," exclaimed Miss Minchin, turning on Sara.

"I — I tried," said Sara. "I — I suppose I did not begin right."

Miss Minchin knew she had tried, and that it had not been her fault that she was not allowed to explain. And when she saw that the pupils had been listening, and that Lavinia and Jessie were, **giggling** behind their French grammars, she felt angry.

"Silence, young ladies!" she said severely, rapping upon the desk: "Silence at once!"

And she began from that minute **to feel a grudge against her new pupil**<sup>1</sup>.

## Useful Words

**maid** *n* горничная, служанка

**petticoat** *n* нижняя юбка

**sniff** *v* фыркать

**rap** *v* стучать

**agreeable** *a* приятный

**awkward** *a* неловкий

**sour** *a* кислый

**spoiled** *a* избалованный

**severe** *a* строгий

**prejudice** *n* предубеждение

**giggle** *v* хихикать

<sup>1</sup> **to feel a grudge against her new pupil** — испытывать неприязнь по отношению к своей новой ученице

## Exercises

### 1 Say who is:

- a) Lavinia;
- b) Mariette;
- c) Jessie;
- d) Monsieur Dufarge.

### 2 Answer the questions.

- a) Why were the pupils much interested in Sara?
- b) What impressed Lavinia and Jessie?
- c) What did Sara feel when she was sitting in her seat?
- d) What made Miss Minchin think that Sara did not know French?
- e) What did Sara tell Monsieur Dufarge?
- f) What was the reaction of Miss Minchin?

### 3 Match the verbs and their definitions.

to giggle	to be anxious to know
to sniff	to make a sudden movement
to introduce	to show contempt or disapproval
to wonder	to make known
to start	to laugh in a nervous and silly way

### 4 Choose the right word.

- a) Miss Minchin declared that Sara was a (nice, spoiled, silly) little girl.
- b) Miss Minchin looked at Sara with a (cold, agreeable, sour) smile.
- c) Sara felt (worried, awkward, alarmed).
- d) Miss Minchin was a very (polite, rude, severe) person.

### 5 Fill in the prepositions *against, in, for, of, upon, behind*.

- a) Sara's box was full \_\_\_\_\_ nice petticoats.
- b) Sara was wondering if the pupils cared \_\_\_\_\_ their lessons.
- c) Sara explained \_\_\_\_\_ fluent French that she loved and knew that language.
- d) Lavinia and Jessie were giggling \_\_\_\_\_ their French grammars.
- e) Miss Minchin angrily rapped \_\_\_\_\_ her desk.
- f) Miss Minchin began to feel a grudge \_\_\_\_\_ her new pupil.

### 6 Say why:

- a) Sara did not say at once that she had heard and spoken French all her life.
- b) Miss Minchin did not allow Sara to explain it.
- c) Miss Minchin began to feel a grudge against Sara.

### 7 Act out the dialogue between Sara and Miss Minchin.

### 8 Lavinia said, "My mamma says that children should be dressed simply." Do you agree with Lavinia's mother? Give your opinion.

## 3

## ERMENGARDE

On that first morning, when Sara sat in her seat, she had noticed very soon one little girl, about her own age, who looked at her very hard with a pair of light blue eyes. She was a fat child, who did not look as if she were clever, but she had a kind face. She had pulled the *pigtail* round her neck, and was biting the end of the *ribbon*, as she *stared* at the new pupil. When



Monsieur Dufarge began to speak to Sara, she looked a little frightened; and when Sara stepped forward and answered him in French, the fat little girl grew quite red in her **amazement**. She spent weeks in her efforts to remember French words and it was almost too much for her to suddenly find herself listening to a child her own age who could speak French fluently. She stared so hard and bit the ribbon on her pigtail so fast that she attracted the attention of Miss Minchin, who was extremely **cross** at the moment.

"Miss St John!" she exclaimed severely. "What do you mean by such conduct? Take your ribbon out of your mouth!"

Miss St John became redder than ever — so red, indeed, that she almost looked as if tears were coming into her poor, silly, childish eyes; and Sara saw her and was so sorry for her that she began to like her and want to be her friend. She always tried to help someone who was made uncomfortable or unhappy.

When lessons were over and the pupils gathered together in groups to talk, Sara looked for Miss St John, and finding her in a window-seat, she walked over to her and spoke.

"What is your name?" she said.

To explain Miss St John's amazement one must know that of this new pupil the entire school had talked the night before in great excitement. A new pupil with a carriage and a pony and a maid, and a voyage from India, was not an ordinary girl.

"My name's Ermengarde St John," she answered.

"Mine is Sara Crewe," said Sara. "Yours is very pretty. **It sounds like a story-book.**<sup>1</sup>"

"Do you like it?" fluttered Ermengarde. "I — I like yours."

Miss St John's main trouble in life was that she had a clever father. **Ermengarde was a severe trial to Mr St John.**<sup>2</sup> He could not understand how a child of his could be such a dull creature with no talents at all.

"She must be *made* to learn," her father said to Miss Minchin.

So Ermengarde spent the greater part of her life **in disgrace**<sup>1</sup> or in tears. She learned things and forgot them; or, if she remembered them, she did not understand them.

"You can speak French, can't you?" she asked Sara in admiration.

Sara got on to the window-seat, which was a big, deep one, and sat **with her hands clasped round her knees**<sup>2</sup>.

"I can speak it because I have heard it all my life," she answered. "You could speak it if you had always heard it."

"Oh, no, I couldn't," said Ermengarde. "I never could speak it! I can't *say* the words. They're so unusual."

She paused a moment, and then added respectfully.

"You are *clever*, aren't you?"

Sara she wondered if she was — and if she was, how it had happened.

"I don't know," she said. "I can't tell." Then, seeing a sad look on the round face, she laughed and changed the subject.

"Would you like to see Emily?" she asked.

"Who is Emily?" Ermengarde asked, just as Miss Minchin had done.

"Come up to my room and see," said Sara.

They jumped down from the window-seat together, and went upstairs.

"Is it true," Ermengarde whispered, as they went through the hall — "is it true that you have a playroom all to yourself?"

"Yes," Sara answered. "Papa asked Miss Minchin to let me have one, because — well, it was because when I play I make up stories and tell them to myself, and I don't like people to hear me."

Ermengarde stopped **short**, staring, and quite losing her breath.

<sup>1</sup> **It sounds like a story-book.** — Оно словно из волшебной сказки.

<sup>2</sup> **Ermengarde was a severe trial to Mr St John.** — Эрменгарда была тяжелым бременем для мистера Сент-Джона.

<sup>1</sup> **in disgrace** — в опале

<sup>2</sup> **with her hands clasped round her knees** — обхватив руками колени

"You *make up* stories!" she **gasped**. "Can you do that — as well as speak French? Can you?"

Sara looked at her in simple surprise.

"Why, anyone can make up things," she said. "Have you never tried?"

She put her hand on Ermengarde's.

"Let us go very quietly to the door," she whispered, "and then I will open it quite suddenly; perhaps we may catch her."

Ermengarde had no idea what it meant, but she was sure it was something exciting. She followed her **on tiptoe**<sup>1</sup> along the passage. Then Sara suddenly opened the door. Ermengarde saw a **neat** and quiet room, a fire gently burning in the fireplace and a wonderful doll sitting in a chair by it, apparently reading a book.

"Oh, she got back to her seat before we could see her!" Sara exclaimed.

Ermengarde looked from her to the doll and back again.

"Can she — walk?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," answered Sara. "At least, I believe she can. At least, I *pretend* I believe she can. Have you never pretended things?"

"No," said Ermengarde. "Never. I — tell me about it."

She was so impressed by this odd, new companion that she actually stared at Sara instead of at Emily.

Sara sat upon the rug and told her strange things. She told her stories of the voyage, and stories of India; but what **fascinated** Ermengarde the most was her **fancy** about the dolls who walked and talked, and who could do anything they chose when people were out of the room, but who must keep their powers a secret and get back to their places when people returned to the room.

"We couldn't do it," said Sara seriously. "You see, it's a kind of magic."

Once, when Sara was telling her the story of the search for Emily, Ermengarde saw her face suddenly change.

Then Sara said: "Do you love your father more than anything else in all the whole world?" Ermengarde was greatly embarrassed.

"I — I scarcely ever see him," she **stammered**. "He is always in the library — reading things."

"I love mine more than all the world ten times over," Sara said. "He has gone away. I promised him I would **bear** it, and I will. You have to bear things. Think what soldiers bear! Papa is a soldier."

Ermengarde felt that she was beginning to adore her. She was so wonderful and different from anyone else.

"If I go on talking and talking," she said, "and telling you things about pretending, I shall bear it better. You don't forget, but you bear it better."

"Lavinia and Jessie are 'best friends'," said Ermengarde. "I wish we could be 'best friends'. You're clever, and I'm the stupidest child in the school, but I — oh, I do so like you!"

"I'm glad of that," said Sara. "We will be friends. And I can help you with your French lessons."

## Useful Words

**pigtail** *n* косичка

**ribbon** *n* лента

**stare** *v* пристально глядеть

**amazement** *n* изумление

**cross** *a* раздраженный, сердитый

**short** *adv* резко, внезапно

**gasp** *v* открыть рот от удивления

**neat** *a* чистый, аккуратный

**fascinate** *v* восхищать

**fancy** *n* фантазия

**stammer** *v* заикаться, запинаться

**bear** *v* переносить, терпеть

<sup>1</sup> **on tiptoe** — на цыпочках



## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- a) What was the problem with Ermengarde?
- b) Why did Ermengarde attract the attention of Miss Minchin?
- c) What did Sara think of Ermengarde's name?
- d) What Sara's talents impressed Ermengarde?
- e) What story did Sara tell Ermengarde?
- f) What did Sara promise to her new friend?

### 2 Complete the sentences.

- a) When Sara began to speak French, Ermengarde grew red in amazement because \_\_\_\_\_.
- b) Sara always tried to help someone who \_\_\_\_\_.
- c) Sara had a playroom all to herself because \_\_\_\_\_.
- d) Ermengarde did not see her father very often because \_\_\_\_\_.
- e) Ermengarde was beginning to adore Sara because \_\_\_\_\_.

### 3 Find in the text the English for:

уважительно  
сменить тему разговора  
придумывать истории  
в искреннем удивлении  
держат свои способности в секрете  
волшебство

### 4 Fill in the prepositions *about, on, in, at, around, of*.

- a) Ermengarde had pulled the pigtail \_\_\_\_\_ her neck and was biting the end \_\_\_\_\_ the ribbon.
- b) Ermengarde was staring curiously \_\_\_\_\_ a new pupil.

- c) When lessons were over the pupils gathered together \_\_\_\_\_ groups to talk.
- d) Ermengarde spent the greater part of her life \_\_\_\_\_ disgrace and \_\_\_\_\_ tears.
- e) Sara and Ermengarde came up to the room \_\_\_\_\_ tiptoe.
- f) Most of all Ermengarde liked Sara's fancy \_\_\_\_\_ dolls.

### 5 Complete the chart.

	redder	
		the stupidest
		the best
fat		
	greater	

### 6 Say why Sara came up to Ermengarde. Would you do the same in her place?

### 7 Imagine that you are Ermengarde. Say how you met Sara and what you felt about her.



#### 4 LOTTIE

The next years at Miss Minchin's Select Seminary Sara was **treated** more as a guest than a little girl. Privately Miss Minchin disliked her, but she was far too practical to do or say anything which might make such a desirable pupil wish to leave her school. She knew quite well that if Sara wrote to her papa to tell him she was uncomfortable or unhappy, Captain Crewe would remove her at once. Sara was **praised** for her quickness at her lessons, for her good manners; the simplest thing she did was treated as if it were a **virtue**. But the clever little brain told her many sensible and true things about herself and her circumstances, and now and then she talked these things over to Ermengarde.

"**Things happen to people by accident**<sup>1</sup>," she used to say. "It just happened that I always liked lessons and books, and could remember things when I learned them. It just happened that I was born with a father who was beautiful and nice and clever, and could give me everything I liked. But if you have everything you want and everyone is kind to you, how can you find out whether you are really a nice child or a horrid one? Perhaps I'm a bad child, and no one will ever know, just because **I never have any trials**<sup>2</sup>."

"Lavinia has no trials," said Ermengarde, "and she is horrid enough."

Lavinia, in fact, was **spiteful**. Until Sara's arrival, she had felt herself the leader in the school. She was rather pretty, and had been the best-dressed pupil in the Select Seminary until Sara's velvet coats and furs appeared. This, at the beginning, had been bitter enough; but as time went on it became apparent that Sara was a leader, too.

Sara was a friendly little soul, and shared her privileges and belongings **with a free hand**<sup>3</sup>. She was a **motherly** young person, and when little girls fell down and scraped their knees, she ran and helped them up and found in her pocket a bonbon.

So the younger children adored Sara. More than once she had a tea party for them in her own room. And she allowed to play with Emily, and use Emily's own tea-service.

Lottie Legh admired Sara greatly. Lottie had been sent to school by a young papa who could not imagine what else to do with her. Her young mother had died, and as the child had been treated like a favourite doll or a very spoiled pet monkey since the first hour of her life, she was an awful little creature. When she wanted anything or did not want anything, she cried.

<sup>1</sup> **Things happen to people by accident** — Многое у людей зависит от случайностей

<sup>2</sup> **I never have any trials** — у меня нет возможностей себя испытать

<sup>3</sup> **with a free hand** — легко

In some mysterious way she had found out that people felt sorry for a very small girl who had lost her mother. So it became her *habit* to make great use of this knowledge.

One morning, passing a sitting-room, Sara heard both Miss Minchin and Miss Amelia trying to quiet some child who, evidently, refused to be silenced.

"Oh — oh — oh!" Sara heard; "I haven't got any mam-ma-a!"

"Oh, Lottie!" screamed Miss Amelia. "Do stop, darling! Don't cry! Please don't!"

When Miss Minchin came out and saw her, she looked rather annoyed.

"I stopped," explained Sara, "because I knew it was Lottie — and I thought, perhaps — just perhaps, I could make her be quiet. May I try, Miss Minchin?"

"If you can. You are a clever child," answered Miss Minchin. And she left her.

When Sara entered the room, Lottie was lying upon the floor, screaming and kicking her small fat legs violently, and Miss Amelia was *bending* over her in despair, looking quite red and damp with heat.

Sara went to them quietly.

"Miss Amelia," she said in a low voice, "Miss Minchin says I may try to make her stop — may I?"

Miss Amelia turned and looked at her hopelessly. "Oh, do you think you can?" she gasped.

"I don't know whether I *can*," answered Sara, still in her half-whisper, "but I will try."

"Oh, Sara!" said Miss Amelia. "We never had such an awful child before. I don't believe we *can* keep her."

But she left the room, and was very happy to find an *excuse* for doing it.

Sara stood by the angry child for a few moments, and looked down at her without saying anything. Then she sat down on the floor beside her and waited.

Lottie opened her eyes and saw a little girl. But it was the one who owned Emily and all the nice things. And she was looking at her with interest.

"I — haven't — any — ma-ma-a!" she announced; but her voice was not so strong.

Sara looked at her with a sort of understanding in her eyes.

"Neither have I," she said.

This was so unexpected that Lottie actually dropped her legs, and lay and stared. A new idea will stop a crying child when nothing else will. Then Lottie asked:

"Where is she?"

"She went to heaven," she said. "But I am sure she comes out sometimes to see me though I don't see her. So does yours. Perhaps they can both see us now. Perhaps they are both in this room."

Lottie looked about her. She was a pretty, little, curly-headed creature, and her round eyes were like wet *forget-me-nots*.

Sara went on talking. Perhaps some people might think that what she said was rather like a fairy story, but it was all so real to her own imagination that Lottie began to listen in spite of herself. She had been told that her mamma had wings and a crown, and she had been shown pictures of angels-ladies in white. But Sara seemed to be telling a real story about a lovely country where real people were.

"There are fields and fields of flowers," she said, forgetting herself, as usual, when she began, and talking rather as if she were in a dream — "fields and fields of lilies. And little children run about in the lilyfields and gather flowers, and laugh. And the streets are shining. And no one is ever tired, however far they walk. And there are walls made of pearl and gold all round the city, but they are low enough for the people to go and lean on them, and look down to the earth and smile, and send beautiful messages."

It was a pretty story. When it came to an end, Lottie was very sorry.



"I want to go there," she cried. "I — haven't any mamma in this school."

Sara saw the danger-signal, and came out of her dream.

"I will be your mamma," she said. "We will play that you are my little girl. And Emily shall be your sister."

Lottie's dimples all began to show themselves.

"Shall she?" she said.

"Yes," answered Sara, jumping to her feet. "Let us go and tell her. And then I will wash your face and brush your hair."

And from that time Sara was an *adopted* mother.

## Useful Words

**treat** *v* обращаться, относиться

**praise** *v* хвалить

**virtue** *n* добродетель

**spiteful** *a* злой, недоброжелательный

**motherly** *a* по-матерински заботливый

**habit** *n* привычка

**bend** *v* наклоняться

**despair** *n* отчаяние

**excuse** *n* предлог, оправдание

**forget-me-not** *n* незабудка

**adopted** *a* приемный

## Exercises

### 1 Describe in what way Sara was treated:

- at Miss Minchin's Select Seminary in general;
- by Miss Minchin;
- by Lavinia;
- by younger children.

### 2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- Sara told Lottie a wonderful story about angels.
- Miss Minchin came out of the room rather annoyed.
- Sara often had tea parties for younger girls.
- Miss Amelia left the room, happy to find an excuse for doing it.
- Lottie was lying on the floor, screaming and kicking her fat legs.
- One morning, passing a sitting room, Sara heard Miss Minchin and Miss Amelia trying to quiet some child.
- Sara sat down on the floor beside angry Lottie.

### 3 Put as many questions as you can.

- Sara shared her privileges and belongings with a free hand.
- Sara looked at Lottie with a sort of understanding in her eyes.
- And the little children run about in the lilyfields and gather the flowers and laugh.

### 4 Find in the text the English for:

желанная ученица  
оцарапать коленку  
чайный сервиз  
избалованная ручная обезьянка  
сказка  
жемчуг  
приемная мать

### 5 Fill in the prepositions *out, over, for, up, down, at, of*.

- Sara was praised \_\_\_\_\_ quickness \_\_\_\_\_ her lessons.
- She talked many serious things \_\_\_\_\_ to Ermengarde.
- When little girls fell \_\_\_\_\_ and scraped their knees Sara ran and helped them \_\_\_\_\_.

- d) Lottie began to listen to Sara's wonderful story in spite \_\_\_\_\_ herself.
- e) Sara saw the danger-signal and came \_\_\_\_\_ of her dream.

**6 Say why:**

- a) Miss Minchin did not show that she disliked Sara.
- b) Lavinia was spiteful.
- c) young girls adored Sara.
- d) Sara offered to make Lottie quiet.

**7 Talk about Lottie.**

- a) Describe her and talk about her character.
- b) Do you like the way Sara quieted Lottie? What would you do if you were Sara?

**8 Prove that:**

A new idea will stop a crying child when nothing else will.

**9 Sara says, "Things happen to people by accident." Do you agree with Sara? Give your opinion.**

## 5 BECKY

The great power Sara had and the one which brought her even more followers than her nice things and the fact that she was "the show pupil" was her power of telling stories and of making everything she talked about seem like a story, whether it was one or not.

Sara not only could tell stories, but she adored telling them. When she sat or stood in the centre of a circle and began

to invent wonderful things, her green eyes grew big and shining, her cheeks flushed, and, without knowing that she was doing it, she began to act. She forgot that she was talking to listening children; she saw and lived with the **fairy folk**<sup>1</sup>, or the kings and queens and beautiful ladies, whose adventures she was **narrating**. Sometimes when she had finished her story, **she was quite out of breath with excitement**<sup>2</sup>.

"When I am telling it," she said, "it doesn't seem as if it was only made up. It seems more real than you are — more real than the schoolroom. I feel as if I were all the people in the story — one after the other."

She had been at Miss Minchin's school about two years when, one foggy winter's afternoon, as she was getting out of her carriage, she noticed a little figure with wide-open eyes, standing on the steps. Something in the **smudgy** face made her look at it, and when she looked she smiled because it was her way to smile at people.

But the owner of the smudgy face and the wide-open eyes evidently was afraid of her and quickly disappeared. That very evening, as Sara was sitting in the middle of a group of listeners in a corner of the schoolroom telling one of her stories, the very same figure **timidly** entered the room, carrying a heavy coal-box and a brush **to sweep up the ashes**<sup>3</sup>.

She was cleaner than she had been in the afternoon but she looked just as **frightened**. She was evidently afraid to look at the children. She put on pieces of coal with her fingers trying not to make noise. But Sara saw in two minutes that she was deeply interested in what was going on, and that she was doing her work slowly in the hope of catching a word here and there. And realizing this, she raised her voice and spoke more clearly.

<sup>1</sup> **fairy folk** — волшебницы

<sup>2</sup> **she was quite out of breath with excitement** — она задыхалась от волнения

<sup>3</sup> **to sweep up the ashes** — выгresti золу

"The *Mermaids* swam about in the crystal-green water, and dragged after them a fishing-net with deep sea pearls," she said. "The Princess sat on the white rock and watched them."

It was a wonderful story about a princess who was loved by a **Prince Merman**<sup>1</sup>, and went to live with him in caves under the sea.

The small figure before the fireplace was so much impressed by the story that she actually forgot that she had no right to listen at all, and also forgot everything else.

The brush fell from her hand, and Lavinia Herbert looked round.

"That girl has been listening," she said.

The little servant *snatched up* her brush, the coal-box and ran out of the room like a frightened rabbit.

"I knew she was listening," said Sara. "Why shouldn't she?"

"Well," said Lavinia, "I do not know whether your mamma would like you to tell stories to servant girls, but I know *my* mamma wouldn't like *me* to do it."

"My mamma!" said Sara. "I don't believe she would mind it."

"Who is that little girl who makes the fires?" she asked Mariette that night.

Mariette said that she was a timid little thing. She was fourteen years old, but was so small that she looked about twelve.

"What is her name?" asked Sara.

Her name was Becky. Mariette heard everyone calling: "Becky, do this," and "Becky, do that," every five minutes in the day.

A few weeks later on another foggy afternoon Sara entered her sitting-room and in her armchair she found Becky asleep and an empty coal-box on the floor near her. She had been running about all day and was very tired.

On this particular afternoon Sara had been taking her dancing lesson, she was wearing a dress the colour of a rose.

Mariette had bought some real *buds* to wear on her black locks. She had been learning a new dance in which she had been flying about the room, like a large rose-coloured butterfly.

When Sara entered the room she made some butterfly steps — and there sat Becky.

It did not occur to her to feel cross at finding her chair occupied by the small, *dingy* figure.

She took a seat on the edge of the table, wondering what it would be best to do. Miss Amelia might come in at any moment, and if she did, **Becky would be sure to be scolded**<sup>1</sup>.

"But she is so tired," she thought. "She *is* so tired!"

Becky opened her eyes with a frightened gasp. She did not know she had fallen asleep. She had only sat down for one moment — and here she found herself staring in wild alarm at the wonderful pupil, who sat near her, like a rose-coloured fairy, with interested eyes.

Oh, she had got herself into trouble! She would be turned out of doors without *wages*.

"Oh, miss! Oh, miss!" she stammered. "I am sorry, miss!"

Sara jumped down, and came quite close to her.

"Don't be frightened," she said, quite as if she had been speaking to a little girl like herself. "You were tired."

How poor Becky stared at her! In fact, she had never heard such a nice, friendly sound in anyone's voice before.

"Aren't you angry, miss?" she gasped. "Aren't you going to tell the missus?"

"No," cried Sara. "Of course I'm not. Why, we are just the same — I am only a little girl like you. **It's just an accident that I am not you, and you are not me!**"<sup>2</sup>

Becky did not understand. Sara realized that Becky did not know what she meant.

<sup>1</sup> **Prince Merman** — морской король

<sup>2</sup> **It's just an accident that I am not you, and you are not me!** —  
Ведь это простая случайность, что я не ты, а ты не я.



"Have you done your work?" she asked. "Could you stay here a few minutes?"

Becky lost her breath again.

"Here, miss? Me?"

Sara ran to the door, opened it, and looked out and listened.

"No one is anywhere about," she explained. "If your bedrooms are finished, perhaps you might stay. I thought — perhaps you might like a piece of cake."

The next ten minutes seemed to Becky like a sort of fairy tale. Sara opened a cupboard, and gave her a thick slice of cake. She talked and asked questions, and laughed until Becky's fears actually began to calm themselves.

"Is that — " she said, looking at the rose-coloured dress. "Is that there your best?"

"It is one of my dancing dresses," answered Sara. "I like it; don't you?"

For a few seconds Becky was almost speechless with admiration. Then she said:

"I once saw a princess in the street outside **Covent Garden**<sup>1</sup>. There was one young lady, she was pink all over — the dress and all. People said: 'That's the princess.' You looked like her."

"I've often thought," said Sara, "that I should like to be a princess; I wonder what it feels like. **I believe I will begin pretending I am one.**"<sup>2</sup>

Sara turned to Becky with a new question.

"Becky," she said, "weren't you listening to that story?"

"Yes, miss," **confessed** Becky, a little alarmed again. "It was that beautiful I — I couldn't help it."

"Would you like to hear the rest?"

Becky lost her breath again.

"Me hear it?" she cried. "Like as if I was a pupil, miss! All about the Prince — and the little white Mer-babies swimming about laughing — with stars in their hair?"

Sara nodded.

"You haven't time to hear it now, I'm afraid," she said, "but if you tell me just what time you come to do my rooms, I will try to be here and tell you a bit of it every day until it is finished."

Becky stared at her adoringly.

When she went downstairs, she was not the same Becky. She had an extra piece of cake in her pocket, and she was warm and happy.

"If I *was* a princess — a *real* princess," said to herself Sara, "I could give people what they need. But even if I am only a pretend princess, I can invent little things to do for people. Things like this."

## Useful Words

**narrate** *v* рассказывать, повествовать

**smudgy** *a* грязный, чумазный

**timidly** *adv* робко

**frightened** *a* испуганный

**mermaid** *n* русалка

**snatch up** *phr v* схватить

**bud** *n* бутон

**dingy** *a* перепачканный

**wages** *n pl* заработная плата, жалование

**confess** *v* признаваться

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

a) Who was Becky?

b) When did Sara see Becky for the first time?

<sup>1</sup> **Covent Garden** — «Ковент-Гарден», Королевский оперный театр

<sup>2</sup> **I believe I will begin pretending I am one.** — Я, может быть, попробую представить себе, что я принцесса.

- c) What did she look like?
- d) What was the story that impressed Becky so much that she forgot everything?
- e) What was Sara's reaction when she saw Becky asleep in her chair?
- f) What did she promise to Becky?

**2 Complete the sentences.**

- a) The brush fell from Becky's hand because \_\_\_\_\_.
- b) Lavinia was cross with Becky because \_\_\_\_\_.
- c) Becky fell asleep in Sara's chair because \_\_\_\_\_.
- d) Sara was wearing a dancing dress because \_\_\_\_\_.
- e) \_\_\_\_\_.
- e) Becky left Sara's room warm and happy because \_\_\_\_\_.

**3 Choose the right word from the box and use it in the sentences.**

mermaids wages carriage rock power
--

- a) Sara noticed Becky when she was getting out of her \_\_\_\_\_.
- b) Becky liked a wonderful story about \_\_\_\_\_.
- c) The Princess sat on the white \_\_\_\_\_ by the sea.
- d) Sara had a wonderful \_\_\_\_\_ of making up stories.
- e) Becky was afraid that she would be turned out of doors without \_\_\_\_\_.

**4 Translate the sentences into Russian.**

- a) Sara looked at Becky and smiled because it was her way to smile at people.

- b) Sara entered the room and made some butterfly steps.
- c) It did not occur to Sara to feel cross at finding her favourite chair occupied by the small, dingy figure.

**5 Choose right.**

- a) *There/It* was Sara's power of telling stories that fascinated all the girls.
- b) *There/It* was nobody in the corridor.
- c) *There/It* was a wonderful story about a princess loved by a Prince Merman.
- d) *There/It* was one young lady in pink all over.
- e) *There/It* was a timid dingy girl too small for her age.

**6 Prove that Becky left Sara's room a different person.**

**7 Act out the dialogue between Sara and Becky.**

**8 Sara had a wonderful power of making up and telling stories. Do you agree that it is a great talent? Do you know any people who are good at it?**



## 6

### THE DIAMOND MINES

Not very long after this a very exciting thing happened. In one of his letters Captain Crewe told a most interesting story. A friend who had been at school with him when he was a boy had unexpectedly come to him in India. He was the owner of land upon which diamonds had been found, and **he was developing the mines**<sup>1</sup>. As he was fond of the friend of his school days, he had given him an opportunity **to share in this enormous fortune by becoming a partner in his scheme**<sup>2</sup>. "Diamond mines"

<sup>1</sup> **he was developing the mines** — он уже начал разрабатывать алмазные копи

<sup>2</sup> **to share in this enormous fortune by becoming a partner in his scheme** — стать его партнером и разделить с ним это огромное богатство

sounded so like the "Arabian Nights"<sup>1</sup> that no one could be **indifferent**. Lavinia was very spiteful about it, and told Jessie that she didn't believe such things as diamond mines existed.

"If there were mines full of diamonds, people would be so rich it would be ridiculous."

"Perhaps Sara will be so rich that she will be ridiculous," giggled Jessie.

"She's ridiculous without being rich," Lavinia sniffed.

"One of her 'pretends' is that she is a princess. She plays it all the time even in school. She says it makes her learn her lessons better."

A few weeks before Sara's eleventh birthday a letter came to her from her father. He was not very well, and was evidently **overweighted** by the business connected with the diamond mines.

He had made wonderful preparations for her birthday. Among other things, a new doll had been ordered in Paris, and many other presents.

When Sara's birthday arrived the whole house was in excitement. The schoolroom was decorated with flowers, the desks had been moved away.

When Sara went into her sitting-room in the morning, she found on the table a small package, tied up in a piece of brown paper. She knew it was a present, and she thought she could guess whom it came from. She opened it quite tenderly. It was a square **pin-cushion**, made of not quite clean red flannel, and black pins had been stuck carefully into it to form the words, "**Many happy returns**."<sup>2</sup>

"Oh!" cried Sara, with a warm feeling in her heart. "I like it so, it — it makes me feel sad."

And just at that very moment she heard the door open, and saw Becky.

There was a happy **grin** on her face.

"Do you like it, Miss Sara?" she said. "Do you?"

<sup>1</sup> "Arabian Nights" — арабские сказки «Тысяча и одна ночь»

<sup>2</sup> **Many happy returns**. — Поздравляю с днем рождения.



"Like it?" cried Sara. "You darling Becky, you made it all yourself."

Becky gave a hysteric but joyful sniff, and her eyes looked quite *moist* with delight.

"It is nothing, and the flannel isn't new; but I wanted to give you something and I made it at nights. I knew you could *pretend* it was satin with diamond pins in. I tried to when I was making it."

Sara flew at her and hugged her.

"Oh, Becky!" she cried out, with a little laugh. "I love you, Becky — I do, I do!"

When Sara entered the schoolroom in the afternoon, she did so as the head of a sort of procession. Miss Minchin, in her best silk dress, led her by the hand. A manservant followed, carrying the box containing the doll, a housemaid carried a second box, and Becky — a third one.

"James, place the box on the table and remove the lid," said Miss Minchin "Emma, put yours upon a chair — Becky!"

Becky had quite forgotten herself in her excitement, and was grinning at Lottie.

"It is not your place to look at the young ladies," said Miss Minchin. "Put your box down."

Becky quickly obeyed.

"You may leave us," Miss Minchin announced to the servants.

"If you please, Miss Minchin," said Sara suddenly, "mayn't Becky stay?"

It was a *bold* thing to do. Miss Minchin gazed at her show pupil disturbedly.

"Becky!" she exclaimed. "My dearest Sara!"

Sara made a step toward her.

"I want her because I know she will like to see the presents," she explained. "She is a little girl too, you know."

Miss Minchin was scandalized. She glanced from one figure to the other.

"My dear Sara," she said, "Becky is the *scullery-maid*. Scullery-maids — er — are not little girls."

It really had not occurred to her to think of them in that light. Scullery-maids were machines who carried coal and made fires.

"But Becky is," said Sara. "And I know she would enjoy herself. Please let her stay — because it is my birthday."

Miss Minchin replied with much dignity:

"As you ask it as a birthday favour — she may stay. Go and stand there, too near the young ladies."

Becky went to her place, grinning. She did not care where she was sent, so that she might have the luck of being inside the room, instead of being downstairs in the scullery. Miss Minchin made a speech congratulating Sara and left the room. Sara bent over one of the boxes with a delighted face.

"These are books, I know," she said.

Then she turned to the biggest box. When she took out the doll it was so magnificent that the children *uttered* delighted exclamations of joy.

"She is almost as big as Lottie," someone gasped.

"Suppose," Sara said, as she stood by the table, putting a large, black-velvet hat on the smiling doll, "suppose she understands human talk and feels proud of being admired."

"You are always supposing things," said Lavinia.

"I know I am," said Sara, undisturbedly. "I like it. There is nothing so nice as supposing. It's almost like being a fairy. If you suppose anything hard enough it seems as if it were real."

"It's all very well to suppose things if you have everything," said Lavinia. "Could you suppose and pretend if you were a beggar and lived in an *attic*?"

Sara looked thoughtful.

"I *believe* I could," she said. "**If one was a beggar, one would have to suppose and pretend all the time.**<sup>1</sup> But it mightn't be easy."

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<sup>1</sup> If one was a beggar, one would have to suppose and pretend all the time. — Если я была бы нищей, мне бы пришлось все время себе что-нибудь представлять.

She often thought afterward how strange it was that just as she had finished saying this — just at that very moment — Miss Amelia came into the room.

"Sara," she said, "your papa's lawyer, Mr Barrow, has come to see Miss Minchin, and, as she must talk to him alone, you had all better come and have your party now, so that my sister can have her interview here in the schoolroom."

When the girls left, Miss Minchin came into the room, accompanied by a dry little gentleman, who looked rather worried. Miss Minchin herself also looked worried and puzzled.

"Please be seated, Mr Barrow," she said.

Mr Barrow did not sit down at once. His attention seemed attracted by the doll and the things which surrounded her. He looked at them in nervous disapproval.

"Birthday presents," said Mr Barrow, in critical manner, "to a child eleven years old! **Mad extravagance**<sup>1</sup>, I call it."

Miss Minchin felt offended.

"Captain Crewe is **a man of fortune**<sup>2</sup>," she said. "The diamond mines alone —"

"Diamond mines!" exclaimed Mr Barrow. "There are none!"

Miss Minchin actually got up from her chair.

"What!" she cried. "What do you mean?"

"**Diamond mines bring ruin oftener than they bring wealth**<sup>3</sup>," said Mr Barrow. "When a man is in the hands of a very dear friend, and is not a business man himself, he had better get rid of the dear friend's diamond mines, or gold mines, or any other kind of mines dear friends want his money to put into. The *late* Captain Crewe —"

Here Miss Minchin stopped him with a gasp.

"The *late* Captain Crewe!" she cried out, "the *late*! You don't come to tell me that Captain Crewe is —"

"He's dead, ma'am," Mr Barrow answered. "Died of **jungle fever**<sup>1</sup> and business troubles combined."

Miss Minchin dropped into her chair again.

"What *were* his business troubles?" she said.

"Diamond mines," answered Mr Barrow, "and dear friends — and ruin."

Miss Minchin lost her breath.

"Ruin!" she gasped out.

"Lost every penny. That young man had too much money. His dear friend put all his own money into the mines and all Captain Crewe's. Then the dear friend ran away — Captain Crewe was already ill when the news came. The shock was too much for him. He died, thinking about his little girl — and didn't leave a penny."

Now Miss Minchin understood, and never had she received such a blow in her life.

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried out, that he left *nothing*? That Sara will have no fortune? That the child is a beggar? That she is left on my hands a little *pauper*?"

"She is certainly left a beggar," said Mr Barrow. "And she is certainly left on your hands, ma'am, as she hasn't a relation in the world that we know of."

"I am not responsible for her, and I refuse to be made responsible!"

Miss Minchin became quite white with rage.

Mr Barrow turned to go.

"**I have nothing to do with that**<sup>2</sup>, madam," he said uninterestedly.

"I will turn her into the street!" cried Miss Minchin.

"I wouldn't do that, madam," said the man, "it wouldn't look well."

He was a clever business man, and he knew what he was saying. He also knew that Miss Minchin was a business woman,

<sup>1</sup> **jungle fever** — тропическая лихорадка

<sup>2</sup> **I have nothing to do with that** — Меня это не касается

<sup>1</sup> **Mad extravagance!** — Безумная расточительность!

<sup>2</sup> **a man of fortune** — богатый человек

<sup>3</sup> **Diamond mines bring ruin oftener than they bring wealth** — Алмазные копи приносят разорение чаще, чем богатство

and would be **shrewd** enough to see the truth. She could not **afford** to do a thing which would make people speak of her as cruel and hard-hearted.

"Better keep her and make use of her," he added. "She's a clever child, I believe. You can get a good deal out of her as she grows older. Good morning!"

When he left, the door was opened by Miss Amelia.

"What is the matter, sister?" she asked.

Miss Minchin wasted no words.

"Captain Crewe is dead," she said. "He has died without a penny. That spoiled child is left a pauper on my hands."

Miss Amelia sat down quite heavily in the nearest chair.

"Put a stop to this ridiculous party of hers."

"I?" panted Miss Amelia. "Must I go and tell her now?"

"This moment!" was the angry answer.

Miss Amelia got up and went out of the room, without **venturing** to say another word.

Some time later Miss Amelia returned. "Sister," she said, "she is the strangest child I ever saw. When I told her what had happened, she just stood quite still and looked at me without making a sound. Her eyes seemed to get bigger and bigger, and she went quite pale. When I had finished, she still stood staring for a few seconds, and then her chin began to shake, and she turned round and ran out of the room and upstairs."

Nobody but Sara herself ever knew what had happened in her room after she had run upstairs and locked her door. She walked up and down, saying over and over again to herself in a voice which did not seem her own:

"My papa is dead! My papa is dead!"

Once she stopped before Emily, who sat watching her from her chair, and cried out wildly:

"Emily! Do you hear? Do you hear — papa is dead! He is dead in India — thousands of miles away."

When she came into Miss Minchin's sitting-room, her face was white and her eyes had dark rings around them. It was clear that she didn't want to show what she had suffered and was

suffering. She no longer looked like the rose-coloured butterfly child, she looked instead a strange, lonely little figure.

She had put on, without Mariette's help, an old black dress. It was too short and **tight** and her slender legs looked long and thin. She held Emily tightly in one arm.

"Put down your doll," said Miss Minchin. "What do you mean by bringing her here?"

"No," Sara answered. "I will not put her down. She is all I have. My papa gave her to me."

She had always made Miss Minchin feel secretly uncomfortable, and she did so now.

"You will have no time for dolls in future," she said. "You will have to work and improve yourself and make yourself useful."

Sara didn't say a word.

"Everything will be very different now," Miss Minchin went on. "I suppose Miss Amelia has explained matters to you."

"Yes," answered Sara. "My papa is dead. He left me no money. I am quite poor."

"You are a beggar," said Miss Minchin. "You have no relations and no home, and no one to take care of you. You are not a princess any longer. You will have no carriage, no maid. You will wear your oldest clothes. You are like Becky — **you must work for your living**<sup>1</sup>. You speak French well, and you can help with the younger children."

"May I?" exclaimed Sara. "Oh, please, let me! I know I can teach them. I like them, and they like me."

"Don't talk nonsense about people liking you," said Miss Minchin. "You will have to do more than teach the little ones. You will **run errands**<sup>2</sup> and help in the kitchen as well as in the schoolroom. If you don't please me, you will be sent away. Remember that. Now go."

Sara turned to leave the room.

<sup>1</sup> **you must work for your living** — тебе придется самой зарабатывать себе на жизнь

<sup>2</sup> **run errands** — выполнять разные поручения



"Stop!" said Miss Minchin. "Don't you intend to thank me?"

"What for?" asked Sara.

"For my kindness to you," replied Miss Minchin. "For my kindness in giving you a home."

Sara made two or three steps toward her.

"You are not kind," she said. "You are *not* kind, and it is *not* a home." And she had turned and run out of the room before Miss Minchin could stop her.

Before she reached her room Miss Amelia came out of the door and closed it behind her, looking nervous and awkward. The truth was that she felt secretly ashamed of the thing she had been ordered to do.

"That is not your room now," Miss Amelia said.

Somehow, all at once, Sara understood. She realized that this was the beginning of the change Miss Minchin had spoken of.

"Where is my room?" she asked, hoping very much that her voice did not shake.

"You will sleep in the attic next to Becky."

Sara knew where it was. Becky had told her about it.

When she reached the attic door and opened it, she saw a small dingy room. There was a small fireplace, and a hard bed covered with an old blanket. Some pieces of furniture too much old to be used downstairs had been sent up. Sara sat on an old red footstool. She seldom cried. She did not cry now. She laid Emily across her knees and put her face down upon her and her arms around her.

And as she sat in this silence the door was timidly pushed open and a face appeared. It was Becky's face, and Becky had been crying for hours.

Sara lifted her head and looked at her. She tried to begin to smile, and somehow she could not. Suddenly her face looked more like a child's not so much too old for her years.

"Oh, Becky," she said. "I told you we were just the same — only two little girls — just two little girls. You see how true it is. There's no difference now. I'm not a princess any more."

Becky ran to her and caught her hand.

"Yes, miss, you are," she cried, and her words were all broken. "Whatsoever happens to you, you'd be a princess all the same."

## Useful Words

**indifferent** *a* равнодушный

**overweight** *v* перегружать, утомлять

**pin-cushion** *n* подушечка для булавок

**grin** *n* широкая улыбка

**moist** *a* влажный

**bold** *a* смелый

**scullery-maid** *n* посудомойка

**utter** *v* произносить

**attic** *n* чердак

**late** *a* покойный

**pauper** *n* нищенка

**shrewd** *a* проницательный

**afford** *v* позволить себе

**venture** *v* осмеливаться

**tight** *a* тесный

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- What did Lavinia think about diamond mines?
- What did Becky give Sara for her birthday?
- Why did Miss Minchin allow Becky to see the presents together with the pupils?
- What was the reason for Captain Crewe's death?
- How did Sara take the news of her father's death?
- What duties did Miss Minchin find for Sara?
- Where did she have to move from her room?

**2 Choose the right ending.**

- a) A friend of Captain Crewe asked him  
1. to buy his diamond mines.  
2. to develop his diamond mines together.  
3. to become his partner in a new scheme.
- b) Captain Crewe ordered for Sara's birthday  
1. books and a wonderful doll.  
2. new dresses and hats.  
3. a diamond ring.
- c) Mr Barrow told Miss Minchin that Captain Crewe  
1. wanted to take Sara home.  
2. had died without a penny.  
3. had left Sara a big fortune.
- d) Miss Minchin left Sara at school because  
1. Mr Barrow paid for her education.  
2. she wanted to make use of her.  
3. Sara decided to work for her living.

**3 Find in the text the synonyms to the following words and word combinations.**

- |              |          |
|--------------|----------|
| a wide smile | a gift   |
| a rich man   | brave    |
| a project    | a beggar |

**4 Choose the right words from the box and use them in the sentences.**

to utter disapproval to afford shrewd to venture
--

- a) Miss Amelia did not \_\_\_\_\_ to defend Sara.

- b) Miss Minchin could not \_\_\_\_\_ to do cruel things to ruin her reputation.
- c) The girls were so impressed with the wonderful doll that they \_\_\_\_\_ loud exclamations of admiration.
- d) Mr Barrow looked at the fantastic doll and other presents with \_\_\_\_\_.
- e) Miss Minchin was a \_\_\_\_\_ person and realized that she could make use of Sara.

**5 Say why:**

- a) the diamond mines brought Captain Crewe ruin.  
b) Sara was much impressed with Becky's present.  
c) Miss Amelia did not say a word in Sara's defence.

**6 Speak of Mr Barrow. Do you think he was a hard-hearted man or just a good lawyer and a clever businessman? Give your opinion.**

**7 Imagine that you are Becky. Describe Sara's birthday. Say what you felt about Sara's troubles.**

**8 What episodes of this chapter prove that Sara was a girl with a strong and bold character?**

**7  
IN THE ATTIC**

The change in Sara's life did not come about gradually, but was made all at once.

Mariette had left the house the next morning. When Sara went down to breakfast she saw that her seat at Miss Minchin's side was occupied by Lavinia, and Miss Minchin spoke to her coldly.

"You will begin your new duties, Sara," she said, "by taking your seat with the younger children at a smaller table. You must keep them quiet, and see that they behave well. Lottie has already upset her tea."

That was the beginning, and from day to day she got more duties. She taught the younger children French and heard their other lessons. It was found that she could be made use of in numberless directions. She could be sent on errands at any time and in all weathers. She could be told to do things other people neglected. The cook and the housemaids took their tone from Miss Minchin. They were not servants of the best class, and had neither good manners nor good *tempers*, and **it was convenient to have at hand someone on whom blame could be laid**<sup>1</sup>.

Her own lessons became things of the past. She was taught nothing, and only after long and busy days spent in running here and there at everybody's orders was she allowed to go into the deserted schoolroom, with a pile of old books, and study alone at night.

"If I do not remind myself of the things I have learned, perhaps I may forget them," she said to herself. "I am almost a scullery-maid, and if I am a scullery-maid who knows nothing, I shall be like poor Becky."

One of the most curious things in her new existence was her changed position among the pupils. They no longer saw her as one of them. Miss Minchin preferred that she should not talk to other children and live a separate life — one suited to her circumstances.

Sara was too proud to try to continue to be intimate with girls who evidently felt rather awkward and uncertain about her. The fact was that Miss Minchin's pupils were dull, *matter-of-fact* young people. They were accustomed to being rich and comfortable, and as Sara's dresses grew shorter and she wore shoes with

holes in them and was sent out to buy *groceries* and carry them through the streets in a basket on her arm they felt rather as if, when they spoke to her, they were addressing a servant.

Sara didn't complain but **there were hours when her child's heart might almost have broken with loneliness but for three people**<sup>1</sup>.

The first was Becky — just Becky. They had little chance to speak to each other during the day. Each had her own tasks to perform.

But before *daybreak* she used to *slip* into Sara's attic and button her dress and give her such help as she required before she went downstairs to light the kitchen fire. And when night came Sara always heard the knock at her door which meant that her maid was ready to help her again if she was needed.

The second of the trio was Ermengarde, but odd things happened before Ermengarde found her place.

Ermengarde had gone home for a few weeks. When she came back she did not see Sara for a day or two, and when she met her for the first time in a corridor she could not think of anything to say. She knew what had happened, but, somehow, she had never imagined Sara could look so odd and poor and almost like a servant.

"Oh," she stammered. "How — how are you?"

"I don't know," Sara replied. "How are you?"

"I'm quite well," said Ermengarde. Then she thought of something to say which seemed more intimate. "Are you — are you very unhappy?"

Sara felt that if anyone was as stupid as that, one had better get away from her.

"What do you think?" she said. "Do you think I am very happy?" and she marched past her without another word.

<sup>1</sup> **there were hours when her child's heart might almost have broken with loneliness but for three people** — не бывали дни, когда ее детское сердечко не вынесло бы одиночества, если бы не три человека, которые были с ней рядом

<sup>1</sup> **it was convenient to have at hand someone on whom blame could be laid** — часто было удобно, чтобы под рукой был кто-то, на кого можно было бы свалить всю вину

Later she realized that **poor dull Ermengarde was not to be blamed for her awkward ways**<sup>1</sup>. She was always awkward, and the more she felt, the more stupid she became.

So for several weeks a barrier stood between them. When they met by chance Sara looked the other way, and Ermengarde felt too *embarrassed* to speak.

"If she doesn't want to talk to me," Sara thought, "**I will keep out of her way. Miss Minchin makes that easy enough.**"<sup>2</sup>

Miss Minchin made it so easy that at last they didn't see each other at all. At that time it was noticed that Ermengarde was more stupid than ever, and that she looked unhappy.

That night Sara went to her attic later than usual. When she reached the top of the stairs, she was surprised to see light coming from under the attic door.

"Nobody goes there but myself," she thought quickly, "but someone has lighted a candle."

Someone had, indeed, lighted a candle. The someone was sitting upon the footstool, and was dressed in her nightgown. It was Ermengarde.

"Ermengarde!" cried Sara. She was so surprised that she was almost frightened. "You will get into trouble."

Ermengarde stood up from her footstool. Her eyes and nose were pink with crying.

"I know I shall — if I'm found out," she said. "But I don't care I don't care a bit. Oh, Sara, please tell me. What *is* the matter? Why don't you like me any more?"

It was so simple — so like the old Ermengarde who had asked her to be "best friends".

"I do like you," Sara answered. "I thought — you see, everything is different now. I thought you — were different."

<sup>1</sup> **poor dull Ermengarde was not to be blamed for her awkward ways** — бедную недалекую Эрменгарду нельзя было винить за ее неловкость

<sup>2</sup> **I will keep out of her way. Miss Minchin makes that easy enough.** — я буду держаться от нее подальше. С помощью мисс Минчин это будет очень легко.

Ermengarde opened her wet eyes wide.

"Why, it was you who were different!" she cried. "You didn't want to talk to me. I didn't know what to do."

Sara thought a moment. She saw she had made a mistake.

"I *am* different," she explained, "though not in the way you think. Miss Minchin does not want me to talk to the girls. Most of them don't want to talk to me. I thought — perhaps — you didn't. So I tried to keep out of your way."

They rushed into each other's arms.

Ermengarde looked at the odd, big-eyed little face adoringly.

"I couldn't bear it any more," she said. "You could live without me, Sara; but I couldn't live without you. I was nearly *dead*. So tonight I decided to come here and ask you to be friends again."

"You are nicer than I am," said Sara. "I was too proud to try and make friends. You see, now that *trials* have come, they show that I am *not* a nice child. I was afraid they would. Perhaps that is what they were sent for."

"I don't see any good in them," said Ermengarde.

"Neither do I — to speak the truth," said Sara frankly. "But I suppose there *might* be good in things, even if we don't see it."

Ermengarde looked round the attic.

"Sara," she said, "do you think you can bear living here?"

Sara looked round also.

"If I pretend it's quite different, I can," she answered.

"Or if I pretend it is a place in a story."

She spoke slowly. Her imagination was beginning to work for her.

"Other people have lived in worse places. Think of the *Count* of Monte Cristo. And think of the people in the Bastille!"

"The Bastille," half whispered Ermengarde. She remembered stories of the French Revolution which Sara had made up. A well-known *glow* came into Sara's eyes.

"Yes," she said. "That will be a good place to pretend about. I am a prisoner in the Bastille. I have been here for



years and years — and years; and everybody has forgotten about me. Miss Minchin is the **jailer** — and Becky is the prisoner in the next **cell**.”

She turned to Ermengarde, looking quite like the old Sara.

“I shall pretend that,” she said, “and **it will be a great comfort**<sup>1</sup>.”

“And will you tell me all about it?” said Ermengarde. “May I come here at night, whenever it is safe, and hear the things you have made up in the day?”

“Yes,” answered Sara, nodding.

## Useful Words

**temper** *n* характер

**matter-of-fact** *a* эд. лишенный фантазии

**groceries** *n pl* бакалейные товары

**daybreak** *n* рассвет

**slip** *v* скользить; двигаться, не привлекая внимания

**embarrassed** *a* смущенный

**trial** *n* испытание

**count** *n* граф

**glow** *n* свет, блеск

**jailer** *n* тюремщик

**cell** *n* тюремная камера

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- When did the change in Sara's life come?
- How did other pupils treat Sara?
- When did Becky come to see Sara?

<sup>1</sup> **it will be a great comfort** — мне будет намного легче

- Why did Sara decide to keep out of Ermengarde's way?
- When and why did Ermengarde come to Sara's attic?
- At what moment did Sara look like the old Sara?

### 2 Match the two parts of the sentences.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| a) She could be told to do things              | 1) Sara could be made use of in numberless directions. |
| b) She was kept so much at work that           | 2) but Sara had felt as if she was years the older.    |
| c) Sara and Ermengarde had always been friends | 3) other people neglected.                             |
| d) It was found that                           | 4) she had no opportunity of speaking to other pupils. |

### 3 Find in the text the English for:

в любую погоду  
Лотти уже разлила свой чай.  
отправлять с поручениями  
встретиться случайно

### 4 Fill in the prepositions if necessary.

- The cook and the housemaids were not servants \_\_\_\_\_ the best class.
- Sara spent days running here and there \_\_\_\_\_ everybody's orders.
- Miss Minchin wanted Sara to live a life suited \_\_\_\_\_ her circumstances.
- The other girls felt as if they were addressing \_\_\_\_\_ a servant.
- Sara wore old shabby dresses and shoes \_\_\_\_\_ holes.

### 5 Say why:

- the servants treated Sara badly.

- b) Sara tried to find time for her own lessons.
  - c) Miss Minchin wanted Sara to live a separate life.
  - d) Sara did not understand Ermengarde's true feelings.
- 6 Describe Sara's days. Why do you think she did not complain of her hard life?
- 7 Imagine that you are Ermengarde. Say:
- what you felt about the change in Sara's life;
  - what your life was without Sara;
  - what you did to return your old friendship with Sara.
- 8 Sara supposed that there might be good in things, even if it is not seen. Do you agree with her? Give your opinion.

## 8 MELCHISEDEC<sup>1</sup>

The third person in the trio was Lottie. She was a small thing and could not understand why Sara looked different — why she wore an old black dress and came into the schoolroom only to teach instead of to sit in her place of honour and learn lessons herself. Lottie's main difficulty was that Sara said so little when one asked her questions.

"Are you very poor now, Sara?" she had asked the first morning her friend came to teach French. "Are you as poor as a beggar?" She opened round, tearful eyes. "I don't want you to be as poor as a beggar."

She looked as if she was going to cry.

"Beggars have nowhere to live," said Sara courageously. "I have a place to live in."

<sup>1</sup> *Melchisedec* — Мельхиседек (так звали ветхозаветного царя-священника)

"Where do you live?" asked Lottie. "The new girl sleeps in your room, and it isn't pretty any more."

"I live in another room," said Sara.

"Is it a nice one?" inquired Lottie. "I want to go and see it."

"You must not talk," said Sara. "Miss Minchin is looking at us. She will be angry with me for letting you whisper."

But Lottie was a **determined** little person. She decided to find out herself where Sara lived. She talked to her small companions and listened to the elder girls when they were gossiping. One afternoon she started on a voyage of discovery, and finally reached the attic floor. There she found two doors near each other, and opening one, she saw Sara standing upon an old table and looking out of a window.

"Sara!" she cried **aghast**. "Mamma Sara!" She was aghast because the attic was so ugly, and seemed so far away from all the world.

Sara turned round at the sound of her voice. It was her turn to be aghast. What would happen now? She jumped down from her table and ran to the child.

"Don't cry and make a noise," she said. "It's — it's not such a bad room, Lottie."

"Isn't it?" gasped Lottie. She was a spoiled child, but she was fond enough of her adopted parent to make an effort to control herself **for her sake**<sup>1</sup>.

**Sara hugged her close**<sup>2</sup> and tried to laugh.

"You can see all sorts of things you can't see downstairs," she said.

"What sort of things?" demanded Lottie, with curiosity.

"**Chimneys** — quite close to us — and sparrows **hopping** and talking to each other just as if they were people — and other attic windows."

"Oh, let me see it!" cried Lottie. "Lift me up!"

Sara lifted her up, and they stood on the old table together and looked out.

<sup>1</sup> **for her sake** — ради нее

<sup>2</sup> **Sara hugged her close** — Сара прижала ее к себе

The sky seemed so much nearer than when one saw it from the street, that Lottie was fascinated. From the attic window the things which were happening in the world below seemed almost unreal. One scarcely believed in the existence of Miss Minchin and Miss Amelia and the schoolroom.

"Oh, Sara!" cried Lottie. "I like this attic — I like it! It is nicer than downstairs!"

"Look at that sparrow," whispered Sara. "I wish I had some crumbs to throw to him."

"I have some!" cried Lottie. "I have part of a *bun* in my pocket; I bought it with my penny yesterday, and I *saved* a bit."

When they threw out a few crumbs the sparrow jumped and flew away to a chimney-top.

Then he saw that the thing which had alarmed him represented hospitality.

He flew down and hopped toward the crumbs, then he hopped nearer and nearer, seized the biggest crumb, and carried it away to the other side of his chimney.

"Now he *knows*," said Sara. "And he will come back for the others."

He did come back, and even brought a friend, and the friend went away and brought a relative, and among them they had a good dinner. Lottie was so delighted that she quite forgot her first shocked impression of the attic.

It's when Lottie left Sara sat down on the footstool and let her head drop in her hands. "It's a lonely place," she said. "Sometimes it's the loneliest place in the world."

She was sitting in this way when her attention was attracted by a sound near her. She lifted her head to see where it came from, and saw a large rat *sniffing* the air in an interested manner. Some of Lottie's crumbs had dropped upon the floor and their scent had drawn him out of his hole.

Sara had sat so quietly that the rat had begun **to take courage**<sup>1</sup>. He was very much afraid of her, but perhaps he had

a heart like the sparrow and it told him that she couldn't hurt him. He was very hungry. He had a wife, and a large family in the wall, and they were very hungry too.

"Come on," said Sara. "I'm not a trap. You can have the crumbs! Prisoners in the Bastille used to make friends with rats. **Suppose I make friends with you.**<sup>1</sup>"

How it is that animals understand things I do not know, but it is certain that they do understand. The rat knew from that moment that he was safe even though he was a rat. He was really a very nice rat, and did not mean the least harm. He went toward the crumbs and began to eat them.

She sat and watched him without making any movement. One crumb was very much larger than the others. It was evident that he wanted that piece very much, but it lay quite near the footstool and he was still rather timid.

"I believe he wants to carry it to his family in the wall," Sara thought. "If I do not *stir* at all, perhaps he will come and get it."

The rat quickly ate a few more crumbs, then he seized the piece of bun and slipped down a crack in the wall.

"I knew he wanted it for his children," said Sara. "I do believe I could make friends with him."

A week or so afterward, on one of the nights when Ermengarde found it safe to come the attic, she heard Sara's voice.

"There!" Ermengarde heard her say. "Take it and go home, Melchisedec! Go home to your wife!"

When Sara opened the door, Ermengarde asked her.

"Who — who *are* you talking to, Sara?"

"You must promise not to be frightened — not to scream, or I can't tell you," she answered.

Ermengarde managed to control herself. She looked all round the attic and saw no one.

"Was it — a ghost?" she asked.

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<sup>1</sup> **Suppose I make friends with you.** — А попробую я с тобой подружиться.

<sup>1</sup> **to take courage** — набираться мужества

"No," said Sara, laughing. "It was my rat."  
Ermengarde made one **bound**, and landed in the middle of the little dingy bed.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "A rat! A rat!"

"I was afraid you would be frightened," said Sara. "But you needn't be. He actually knows me and comes out when I call him. Are you too frightened to want to see him?"

Sara told her the story of her friendship with Melchisedec. Then she stood on her knees near the wall and whistled.

Ermengarde thought she looked **as if she were working a spell**<sup>1</sup>. And at last, evidently in response to it, a bright-eyed head appeared out of the hole. Sara had some crumbs in her hand. She dropped them, and Melchisedec came and ate them. A piece of larger size than the rest he took and carried in the most business-like manner back to his home.

"You see," said Sara, "that is for his wife and children."

Ermengarde began to laugh.

"You talk about Melchisedec as if he was a person."

"He *is* a person," said Sara. "He gets hungry and frightened, just as we do; and he is married and has children. His eyes look as if he was a person. That was why I gave him a name."

"Besides," she said, "he is a Bastille rat sent to be my friend."

"Is it the Bastille yet?" asked Ermengarde, eagerly. "Do you always pretend it is the Bastille?"

"Nearly always," answered Sara. "Sometimes I try to pretend it is another kind of place; but the Bastille is generally easiest — particularly when it is cold."

Just at that moment Ermengarde almost jumped off the bed, she was so surprised to hear two knocks on the wall.

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

Sara answered quite dramatically: "It is the prisoner in the next cell."

"Becky!" cried Ermengarde.

"Yes," said Sara. "Listen; the two knocks meant, 'Prisoner, are you there?'"

She knocked three times on the wall herself, as if in answer.

"That means, 'Yes, I am here, and all is well.'"

Four knocks came from Becky's side of the wall.

"That means, 'Goodnight,'" explained Sara.

"Oh, Sara!" whispered Ermengarde joyfully, "it is like a story!"

"It is a story," said Sara. "*Everything's* a story. You are a story — I am a story. Miss Minchin is a story."

And they talked until it was time for Ermengarde to go back to her bed.

## Useful Words

**determined** *a* решительный

**aghast** *a* ошеломленный

**chimney** *n* дымовая труба

**hop** *v* прыгать, подпрыгивать

**bun** *n* сдобная булочка

**save** *v* спасти, сохранить

**sniff** *v* *зд.* нюхать, обнюхивать

**stir** *v* шевелиться

**bound** *n* прыжок

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- How did Lottie manage to find Sara's new room?
- What was Lottie's first impression of the room and what did she think of it later?
- Whom did Sara and Lottie give the crumbs to?
- Who was Melchisedec? What is known about his family?
- What code did Sara and Becky make up?

<sup>1</sup> **as if she were working a spell** — как будто она колдует



**2 Put the sentences in the right order.**

- a) The rat seized the piece of bun and slipped down a crack in the wall.
- b) Sara knocked three times on the wall.
- c) Sara lifted Lottie up on the table.
- d) Sara lifted her head and saw a large rat sniffing the air in an interested manner.
- e) Lottie saw her young adopted mother standing upon the old table and looking out of a window.
- f) The girls threw crumbs to the sparrow.
- g) Sara sat down on the footstool and let her head drop in her hands.

**3 Suggest the Russian for the phrases.**

- a) Late one afternoon Lottie started a voyage of discovery.
- b) Lottie was fond enough of her adopted parent to make an effort to control herself for her sake.
- c) He was really a very nice rat, and did not mean the least harm.
- d) Ermengarde managed to control herself.

**4 Fill in the nouns from the box.**

trap crack ghost bound bun hospitality
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- a) Lottie had part of a \_\_\_\_\_ in her pocket.
- b) The sparrow realized that the thing that had alarmed him was \_\_\_\_\_.
- c) Ermengarde made one \_\_\_\_\_ and landed in the middle of the bed.

- d) "Come on," said Sara, "I'm not a \_\_\_\_\_."
- e) Melchisedec took the biggest crumb and disappeared in the \_\_\_\_\_ in the wall.
- f) Ermengarde was afraid that Sara had made friends with a \_\_\_\_\_.

**5 Choose *Past Simple* or *Past Continuous*.**

- a) Lottie was a small thing and could not understand why Sara (looked, was looking) different.
- b) Lottie listened to the elder girls when they (gossiped, were gossiping).
- c) From the attic window the things which (happened, were happening) in the world below seemed almost unreal.
- d) Sara (sat, was sitting) on the footstool when her attention was attracted by a sound near her.

**6 Describe how:**

- a) Sara made Lottie believe that she had a wonderful room.
- b) Sara made friends with Melchisedec.

**7 Act out the dialogue between Sara and Ermengarde about Melchisedec.**

**8 It is said that animals understand things. Do you agree with that? Can you give examples?**

**9**

**THE INDIAN GENTLEMAN**

It was dangerous for Ermengarde and Lottie to come often to the attic. So Sara lived a strange and lonely life. She had no one to talk to; and when she was sent out on errands and walked through the streets, a little figure carrying a basket or

a parcel, she felt as if the crowds hurrying past her made her loneliness greater.

In the evening, when she passed houses whose windows were lighted up, she used to look into the warm rooms and amuse herself by imagining things about the people she saw sitting before the fires or about the tables. There were several families in the square in which Miss Minchin lived, with which she had become quite familiar **in a way of her own**<sup>1</sup>. The one she liked best she called the Large Family. She called it the Large Family not because the members of it were big — for, indeed, most of them were little but because there were so many of them. There were eight children in the Large Family, and a **stout**, rosy mother, and a stout, rosy father, and a stout, rosy grandmother, and any number of servants. The children were always doing something enjoyable and suited to the tastes of a large family. Sara was quite fond of them.

One evening a very funny thing happened, though, perhaps, in one sense it was not a funny thing at all.

Several children of the Large Family were evidently going to a children's party, and just as Sara was about to pass the door they were crossing the pavement to get into the carriage which was waiting for them. Two girls, in white dresses, had just got in, and a boy of five, was following them. He was such a pretty fellow and had such rosy cheeks and blue eyes, that Sara forgot her basket and shabby clothes — in fact, forgot everything but that she wanted to look at him for a moment. So she paused and looked.

It was Christmas time, and the Large Family had been hearing many stories **about children who were poor and had no mammas and papas to fill their stockings and take them to the pantomime**<sup>2</sup> —

<sup>1</sup> **in a way of her own** — в своем воображении

<sup>2</sup> **about children who were poor and had no mammas and papas to fill their stockings and take them to the pantomime** — о бедных детях, у которых нет ни мамы, ни папы, и поэтому никто не положит им подарки в чулок и никто не ответит на детское рождественское представление

children who were, in fact, cold and hungry. In the stories, kind people — sometimes little boys and girls with **tender** hearts saw the poor children and gave them money or rich gifts, or took them home to beautiful dinners. The boy had read such a story, and was burning with a desire to find such a poor child and give her a **sixpence** he had in his pocket. An entire sixpence, he was sure, would mean a lot for this child. And just as he came up to the carriage, he saw Sara standing on the wet pavement in her shabby dress and hat, with her old basket on her arm, looking at him.

So he put his hand in his pocket and found his sixpence, and walked up to her.

"Here, poor little girl," he said. "Here is a sixpence. I will give it to you."

Sara at once realized that she looked exactly like poor children she had seen in her better days. Her face went red and then it went pale.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Oh no, thank you."

But the boy **thrust** the sixpence into her hand.

"Yes, you must take it!" he insisted. "You can buy things to eat with it. It is a whole sixpence!"

There was something so honest and kind in his face, and he looked so likely to be disappointed if she did not take it, that Sara knew she must not refuse him. To be as proud as that would be a cruel thing. So she actually put her pride in her pocket.

"Thank you," she said. "You are a kind, kind little darling thing." And she went away, trying to smile, though she was very sad. She had known that she looked odd and shabby, but until now she had not known that she might be taken for a beggar.

As the Large Family's carriage drove away, the children inside it were talking with interested excitement.

"Oh, Donald (this was the boy's name)", said one of the girls, "why did you offer that little girl your sixpence? I'm sure she is not a beggar!"

"She didn't speak like a beggar!" said the other sister, "and her face didn't really look like a beggar's face!"

Sara knew nothing about the fact, but from that time the Large Family was as much interested in her as she was in it.

And she was called by all of them, "The-little-girl-who-is-not-a-beggar", which was, of course, rather a long name, and sounded very funny sometimes when the youngest ones said it in a hurry.

Sara made a hole in the sixpence, and hung it on an old bit of narrow ribbon round her neck.

She had wished very much that someone would take the empty house next door. She wished it because of the attic window which was so near hers. She hoped to see someone in it someday.

One morning, on turning the corner of the square after a visit to **the butcher's**<sup>1</sup>, and **the baker's**<sup>2</sup>, she saw, to her great delight, that during her absence, a **van** full of furniture had stopped before the next house, and men were going in and out carrying heavy packages and pieces of furniture.

"It's taken!" she said. "It really *is* taken!"

All the furniture of the new **occupant** was rich and beautiful, and a great deal of it was **oriental**. Wonderful rugs, tables and chairs were taken from the vans, many pictures, and books enough for a library. Among other things there was a superb god Buddha.

"Someone in the family *must* have been in India," Sara thought. "They have got used to Indian things and like them. I *am* glad. I shall feel as if they were friends, even if a head never looks out of the attic window."

At night, after her work was done, Becky came in to see her fellow-prisoner and bring her news.

"An Indian gentleman is coming to live next door. He's very rich and he is ill and the gentleman of the Large Family is his lawyer," she said.

Becky sat and talked long that night of what he would be like, of what his wife would be like if he had one, and of what his children would be like if they had children.

It was several weeks before her curiosity was satisfied, and then it was **revealed** that the new occupant had neither wife nor children. He was a **solitary** man with no family at all, and it was evident that **he was shattered in health and unhappy in mind**<sup>1</sup>.

A carriage drove up one day and stopped before the house. The father of the Large Family got out first. After him there got out a nurse in uniform, then came down the steps two mensevants. They came to help their master. He was carried up the steps, and the head of the Large Family went with him, looking very anxious. Shortly afterward a doctor's carriage arrived, and the doctor went in — to take care of him.

That was the beginning of the story of the Indian gentleman.

## Useful Words

**stout** *a* полный, толстый

**tender** *a* нежный, добрый

**sixpence** *n* серебряная монета в шесть пенсов

**thrust** *v* толкать

**van** *n* фургон

**occupant** *n* жилец

**oriental** *a* восточный

**reveal** *v* открывать, обнаруживать

**solitary** *a* одинокий

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- What family attracted Sara's attention?
- What did Sara call them and why?

<sup>1</sup> **the butcher's** — мясная лавка

<sup>2</sup> **the baker's** — булочная

<sup>1</sup> **he was shattered in health and unhappy in mind** — это больной и несчастный человек

- c) What gift did the little boy from this family make to Sara?
- d) What did Sara do with the sixpence?
- e) What showed that the occupant of the next house was an Indian gentleman?
- f) How was the father of the Large Family connected with the Indian gentleman?

**2 Complete the sentences.**

- a) Sara was fond of the Large Family because \_\_\_\_\_
- b) \_\_\_\_\_
- c) Donald gave Sara a sixpence because \_\_\_\_\_
- d) Sara took the money because \_\_\_\_\_
- e) The Large Family called Sara "The-little-girl-who-is-not-a-beggar" because \_\_\_\_\_
- f) Sara was happy to see the next house taken because \_\_\_\_\_

**3 Suggest the Russian for the phrases.**

- a) The children were always doing something enjoyable and suited to the tastes of a large family.
- b) Sara actually put her pride in her pocket.
- c) As the carriage drove away the children inside it were talking with interested excitement.

**4 Fill in the prepositions *in, round, of, with, on, for*.**

- a) You can buy things to eat \_\_\_\_\_ the sixpence.
- b) Sara had not known before that she could be taken \_\_\_\_\_ a beggar.
- c) From that Christmas the Large Family was much interested \_\_\_\_\_ Sara.
- d) Sara wore the sixpence \_\_\_\_\_ a ribbon \_\_\_\_\_ her neck.
- e) Before the next house Sara saw a van full \_\_\_\_\_ furniture.

**5 Choose the right words and make up sentences.**

*Example:* The butcher's is a shop where you can buy meat.

The baker's	vegetables
The grocer's	bread
The greengrocer's	groceries

**6 Imagine that you are one of Donald's sisters. You saw him give the sixpence to the poor girl. Retell the episode as you saw it. Why are you sure that she is not a beggar?**

**7 What made Sara put her pride in her pocket and take the money from the boy? Describe her feelings. What would you do in her place?**

**8 Speak of the Indian gentleman. Describe his things and his first appearance.**





## 10 RAM DASS

The attic window was the only place where one could see beautiful sunsets, full of colours. When it was at all possible to leave the kitchen without being missed or called back, Sara **stole away** to her attic and, **climbing** on the old table, got her head and body as far out of the window as possible. It used to seem as if she had all the sky and the world to herself. No one else ever looked out of the other attics.

There was such a sunset as this a few days after the Indian gentleman was brought to his new home; and, as it fortunately happened that the afternoon's work was done in the kitchen and nobody had ordered her to go anywhere or perform any task, Sara found it easier than usual to slip away and go upstairs.

She stood on the table looking out. It was a wonderful moment. A deep, rich yellow light filled the air; the birds flying across the tops of the houses looked black against it.

She suddenly turned her head because she heard a sound. It was an odd sound, like a little **chattering**. It came from the window of the next attic. Someone had come to look at the sunset as she had. She saw a head and part of a body, but it was not the head or body of a little girl or a housemaid; it was the **picturesque white-turbaned head**<sup>1</sup> of a native Indian — “a **lascar**”, Sara said to herself quickly — and the sound she had heard came from a small monkey he held in his arms.

As Sara looked toward him he looked toward her. The first thing she thought was that his dark face looked **homesick**. She felt absolutely sure he had come up to look at the sun, because he had seen it so seldom in England. She looked at him interestedly for a second, and then smiled.

He smiled back showing very white teeth.

At this moment **his monkey suddenly broke loose**<sup>2</sup>, and actually **leaped** on to Sara's shoulder, and from there down into her attic room. It made her laugh, but she knew he must be **restored** to his master — and she wondered how this was to be done. Would he let her catch him, or would he refuse to be caught, and perhaps get away and run off over the roofs and be lost?

She turned to the man feeling glad that she remembered still some of the **Hindustani** she had learned when she lived with her father. She spoke to him in the language he knew.

“Will he let me catch him?” she asked.

She thought she had never seen more surprise and **delight** than the dark face expressed when he heard familiar words. At once Sara saw that he had been accustomed to European children. He said that he was grateful to **Missee Sahib**<sup>3</sup>. The mon-

<sup>1</sup> **white-turbaned head** — голова в белом тюрбане

<sup>2</sup> **his monkey suddenly broke loose** — обезьянка вдруг вырвалась у него из рук

<sup>3</sup> **Missee Sahib** — Маленькая госпожа

key was a good monkey, but, unfortunately, he was difficult to catch. If Missee Sahib would permit Ram Dass, he himself could cross the roof to her room, enter the window, and get the little animal.

"Then come," she said, "he is flying from side to side of the room as if he was frightened."

Ram Dass slipped through his attic window and crossed to hers as lightly as if he had walked on roofs all his life. He slipped through the window without a sound. It was not a very long **chase**. A few minutes later he sat chattering on to Ram Dass's shoulder.

Ram Dass thanked Sara. She was sure that his quick native eyes had seen the shabbiness of the room, but he spoke to her as if he were speaking to the little daughter of a **rajah**, and pretended that he observed nothing.

When he had gone Sara stood in the middle of her attic and thought of many things his face and his manner had brought back to her. It seemed a strange thing to remember that she had only a few years ago been surrounded by people who all treated her as Ram Dass had treated her; who were her servants and her slaves. It was like a sort of dream. It was all over, and it could never come back.

**She knew what Miss Minchin intended that her future should be.**<sup>1</sup> So long as she was too young to be used as a **regular teacher**<sup>2</sup>, she would be used as an errand girl and servant, and yet expected to remember what she had learned and in some mysterious way to learn more. When she was older she would be expected to **drudge** in the schoolroom as she drudged now in various parts of the house; they would be obliged to give her more respectable clothes, but they would be sure to be ugly, and to make her look somehow like a servant.

<sup>1</sup> **She knew what Miss Minchin intended that her future should be.** — Она знала, как мисс Минчин намерена распорядиться ее судьбой.

<sup>2</sup> **a regular teacher** — постоянная учительница

Then a thought came back to her. She straightened her thin little body and lifted her head.

"Whatever comes," she said, "cannot change one thing. If I am a princess **in rags and tatters**<sup>1</sup>, I can be a princess inside. It would be easy to be a princess if I were dressed in wonderful clothes, but it is a great deal more of a triumph to be one all the time when no one knows it."

## Useful Words

**steal away** *phr*  $\nu$  незаметно ускользнуть

**climb**  $\nu$  забираться

**chattering** *n* болтовня

**picturesque** *a* живописный

**lascar** *n* матрос-индеец

**homesick** *a* тоскующий по дому или родине

**leap**  $\nu$  прыгать

**restore**  $\nu$  возвращать

**Hindustani** *n* язык хиндустани

**delight** *n* удовольствие, наслаждение

**chase** *n* погоня, охота

**rajah** *n* раджа (княжеский титул в Индии)

**drudge**  $\nu$  выполнять тяжелую, нудную, монотонную работу

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- Why did Sara like to look at sunsets?
- Who was Ram Dass?
- Where and when did Sara meet him?
- Who caught the monkey?

<sup>1</sup> **in rags and tatters** — в лохмотьях

- e) How did Ram Dass treat Sara?
- f) What kind of future did Miss Minchin intend for Sara?

**2 Choose the right ending.**

- a) Ram Dass had come to look at the sunset because he
  - 1. wanted to breathe fresh air.
  - 2. seldom saw the sun in England.
  - 3. wanted to talk to somebody.
- b) It was necessary to catch the monkey because he
  - 1. could damage Sara's things.
  - 2. made terrible noise.
  - 3. could run away and be lost.
- c) Ram Dass spoke to Sara as if she were
  - 1. an Indian girl.
  - 2. the daughter of a rajah.
  - 3. an old friend.

**3 Match the verbs and their definitions.**

- |               |                                     |
|---------------|-------------------------------------|
| a) to leap    | 1) to see and notice                |
| b) to restore | 2) to go up                         |
| c) to observe | 3) to work hard at unpleasant tasks |
| d) to treat   | 4) to return                        |
| e) to drudge  | 5) to jump                          |
| f) to climb   | 6) to act or behave towards         |

**4 Choose right.**

- a) *There/It* was not the head or body of a little girl or a housemaid.
- b) *There/It* was such a sunset as this a few days after the Indian gentleman arrived at his new home.
- c) *There/It* was an odd sound like a little chattering.
- d) *There/It* was not a very long chase.

**5 Complete the sentences.**

Example: The English speak English.

- a) The Indians speak \_\_\_\_\_.
- b) \_\_\_\_\_ speak French.
- c) The Chinese speak \_\_\_\_\_.
- d) \_\_\_\_\_ speak Russian.

**6 Imagine that you are Sara. Tell your friend Ermengarde about Ram Dass and the monkey.**

**7 Would you like to have a monkey as a pet animal? What pet animals do people keep at home? Do you have any pets at home?**

**8 Sara thought, "It would be easy to be a princess if I were dressed in wonderful clothes, but it is a great deal more of a triumph to be one all the time when no one knows it." What did Sara mean? Do you agree with her? Give your opinion.**

**11**

**THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL**

When one lives in a row of houses, it is interesting to think of the things which are being done and said on the other side of the wall of the very rooms one is living in. Sara was fond of amusing herself by trying to imagine the things hidden by the wall which divided the Select Seminary from the Indian gentleman's house.

"I am growing quite fond of him," she said to Ermengarde. "**I have adopted him for a friend.**<sup>1</sup> You can do that with people you never speak to at all. You can just watch them, and

<sup>1</sup> I have adopted him for a friend. — Я считаю его своим другом.

think about them and be sorry for them, until they seem almost like relations."

She had become fond of the Large Family because they looked happy; but she had become fond of the Indian gentleman because he looked unhappy. He had evidently not fully recovered from some very severe illness. Sara learned from the servants that he was not an Indian gentleman really, but an Englishman who had lived in India. **He had met with great misfortunes**<sup>1</sup> and nearly lost his whole fortune. The shock had been so great that he had almost died of *brain-fever*. His trouble had been connected with diamond mines.

"He felt as my papa felt," Sara thought. "He was ill as my papa was; but he did not die."

So her heart was more drawn to him than before. When she was sent out at night, she could look into the warm room and see her adopted friend.

Her sympathy was so strong that it seemed as if it *must* reach him somehow as he sat alone in his armchair by the fire, nearly always with his forehead resting in his hand as he gazed hopelessly into the fire.

"He always seems as if he were thinking of something that hurts him *now*," she said to herself, "but he has got his money back and he will *get over* his brain-fever in time. I wonder if there is something else."

The father of the Large Family went to see him, often, and his wife and all the little children went, too, though less often. He seemed particularly fond of the two elder little girls — the Janet and Nora who had been so alarmed when their small brother Donald had given Sara his sixpence.

Janet and Nora were as fond of him as he was of them, and *looked forward* with the greatest pleasure to their *well-behaved* little visits to him.

The Indian gentleman's real name was Mr Carrisford, and Janet told Mr Carrisford about the little-girl-who-was-not-

a-beggar. He was very much interested, and all the more so when he heard from Ram Dass of the adventure of the monkey on the roof. Ram Dass made for him a very clear picture of the attic — of the bare floor and walls the *rusty*, empty fireplace and the hard, narrow bed.

"Do you suppose," he said to the father of the Large Family whose name was Carmichael, "do you think it is possible that the other child — the child I never *cease* thinking of, I believe — could be — could *possibly* live in such condition as the poor little soul next door?"

"If the child at Madame Pascal's school in Paris was the one you are in search of," answered Mr Carmichael, "she would seem to be in the hands of people who can afford to take care of her. They adopted her because she had been the favourite companion of their little daughter who died. They had no other children, and Madame Pascal said that they were extremely *well-to-do* Russians."

"But you say *'if'* the child was the one I am in search of. You say *'if'*. We are not sure. There was a difference in the name."

"Madame Pascal pronounced it Carew instead of Crewe — but **that might be merely a matter of pronunciation**<sup>1</sup>. The circumstances were curiously similar. An English officer in India had placed his motherless little girl at the school. He had died suddenly after losing his fortune." Mr Carmichael paused a moment, as if a new thought had occurred to him. "Are you sure it was Paris?"

"My dear fellow," said Carrisford, "I am *sure* of nothing. I never saw either the child or her mother. Ralph Crewe and I loved each other as boys, but we had not met since our school-days, until we met in India. And then we spoke only of the mines. **The whole thing was so huge and glittering that we half lost our heads.**<sup>2</sup> I know that her mother was a Frenchwoman."

<sup>1</sup> **that might be merely a matter of pronunciation** — это могло быть связано просто с неправильным произношением

<sup>2</sup> **The whole thing was so huge and glittering that we half lost our heads.** — Это было грандиозное предприятие, подававшее блестящие надежды, и мы почти совсем потеряли головы.

<sup>1</sup> **He had met with great misfortunes** — Он пережил много бед



an, and I had heard that she wished her child to be educated in Paris. I *must* find her. If she is alive, she is somewhere. If she is friendless and penniless, it is my fault. Poor Crewe's child may be begging in the street!"

"No, no," said Carmichael. "Try to be calm. Think that when she is found she will have a fortune."

"Poor Crewe had put into the scheme every penny that he owned. He trusted me — he *loved* me. And he died thinking I had ruined him!" exclaimed Carrisford.

"Don't *reproach* yourself."

"I reproach myself for losing my courage. I ran away like a *swindler* and a *thief* because I could not *face* my best friend and tell him I had ruined him and his child."

The good-hearted father of the Large Family put his hand on his shoulder.

"You ran away because you had a brain-fever," he said. "You were in a hospital two days after you left the place. Remember that."

Carrisford dropped his forehead in his hands.

"Come, come," said Carmichael. "We shall find her yet. We will continue to search for Madame Pascal's good-natured Russians. I will go to Moscow."

## Useful Words

**brain-fever** *n* воспаление мозга

**get over** *phr* *v* преодолеть, справиться

**look forward (to)** *phr* *v* ожидать с нетерпением

**well-behaved** *a* отличающийся хорошим поведением

**rusty** *a* ржавый

**cease** *v* переставать (делать что-то)

**well-to-do** *a* богатый, обеспеченный

**reproach** *v* упрекать

**swindler** *n* мошенник

**thief** *n* вор

**face** *v* смотреть в лицо

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- What did Sara learn of the Indian gentleman?
- What made Sara think that he had something else on his mind?
- What were the relations between the elder girls from the Large Family and Mr Carrisford?
- Where did Mr Carrisford and Mr Carmichael try to find Sara?
- For what did Mr Carrisford reproach himself?

### 2 Complete the sentences.

- Sara was trying to imagine things because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Sara was fond of the Indian gentleman because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Mr Carrisford was touched by the story of the little-girl-who-was-not-beggar because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Mr Carrisford searched for Sara in Paris because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Mr Carmichael promised to go to Moscow because \_\_\_\_\_.

### 3 Suggest the Russian for the phrases.

- Sara's heart was more drawn to the Indian gentleman than before.
- The girls from the Large Family looked forward to their well-behaved little visits to him.
- There was a difference in the name.

### 4 Use the verbs in the right form.

- Mr Carrisford (to reproach) himself for losing his courage.

- b) The girls from the Large Family (to look forward) to their visits to Mr Carrisford.
- c) Mr Carrisford did not know how to tell his friend that he (to be ruined).
- d) Mr Carrisford and his lawyer (to search) for Sara in Paris.
- e) Mr Carrisford never (to cease) thinking of the daughter of Ralph Crewe.

5 Choose the adverbs from the box and use them in the sentences.

extremely  
 hopelessly  
 particularly  
 fully

- a) Mr Carrisford and his lawyer learned that the girl had been adopted by some \_\_\_\_\_ well-to-do Russians.
- b) Mr Carrisford sat all days long in his armchair gazing \_\_\_\_\_ into the fire.
- c) He had not \_\_\_\_\_ recovered from his severe illness.
- d) He seemed \_\_\_\_\_ fond of the elder daughters of his lawyer.

6 Tell the story of Mr Carrisford and his misfortunes.

7 Act out the dialogue between Mr Carrisford and Mr Carmichael about Sara.

8 Sara became fond of the Indian gentleman. What is the reason? Choose the answer you prefer and explain your choice.

- Sara was very lonely and had no friends.

- Sara was a good-hearted girl and she felt sympathy for a sick and unhappy man.
- Sara made up a friend with a story.

## 12 ONE OF THE POPULACE

On a cold and rainy winter day Sara was sent out again and again to do long and *tiresome* errands. She got so cold and wet and hungry and tired that her face began to have an unhappy look. She hurried on, trying to make her mind think of something else. It was really very necessary. Her way of doing it was to "pretend" and "suppose" with all the strength that was left in her. But really this time it was harder than she had ever found it. But she *obstinately* walked on and talked to herself as she walked, though she did not speak aloud or even move her lips.

"Suppose just when I was near a baker's where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns and eat them all without stopping."

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes.

It certainly was an odd thing that happened to Sara. She had to cross the street just when she was saying this to herself. The *mud* was *dreadful*. She had to look down at her feet and the mud, and in looking down — just as she reached the pavement — she saw something shining. It was actually a **piece of silver**<sup>1</sup>. Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it — a fourpenny piece. In one second it was in her cold little hand.

"Oh," she gasped, "it is true! It is true!"

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker's shop, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman with rosy cheeks was putting

<sup>1</sup> a piece of silver — серебряная монета

into the window newly-baked hot buns — large, plump, shiny buns.

She knew she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money.

So she crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step. As she did so she saw something that made her stop.

It was a little figure which was not much more than a **bundle of rags**<sup>1</sup>, from which she could see small, bare, red, muddy feet. Above the rags appeared a dirty face with big, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy.

"This," she said to herself, with a little sigh, "is one of the populace — and she is hungrier than I am."

Sara hesitated a few seconds. Then she spoke to her.

"Have you had dinner?" said Sara.

"No dinner," said the child *hoarsely*. "No breakfast, no supper. No nothing."

Just to look at her made Sara more hungry.

"If I'm a princess," she was saying — "when they were poor and **driven from their thrones**<sup>2</sup> — they always shared — with the populace — if they met one poorer and hungrier than themselves."

"Wait a minute," she said to the beggar child. She went into the shop. It was warm and smelled *deliciously*. The woman was just going to put some more hot buns into the window.

"Do you want to buy something?" she said, as she saw Sara glance at the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara. "Those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," she explained. "I have only fourpence."

"**I'll throw in two for makeweight**<sup>1</sup>," said the woman, with her good-natured look. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes," answered Sara. "I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness; and" — she was going to add — "there is a child outside who is hungrier than I am." But just at that moment two or three customers came in at once, and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The beggar girl sat in the corner of the step.

Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her own cold hands a little.

"See," she said, giving the bun to the girl, "this is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not feel so hungry."

The child started and stared up at her, as if such sudden, amazing good luck almost frightened her; then she snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth with great bites.

Sara took out three more buns and put them down.

"She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled when she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said — and she put down the fifth.

The little London savage didn't even thank Sara. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-bye," said Sara.

**Sara found some comfort in her remaining bun.**<sup>2</sup> At all events, it was very hot, and it was better than nothing.

It was dark when she reached the square where the Select Seminary was situated. The lights in the houses were all lighted. In the house of the Large Family there was a good deal of excitement. It was evident that the father was going to take a journey. A carriage stood before the door. The children were dancing about, chattering and hanging on to their father. The pretty rosy mother was standing near him, talking as if she was asking final questions.

<sup>1</sup> **I'll throw in two for makeweight** — Я положу еще две для ровного счета

<sup>2</sup> **Sara found some comfort in her remaining bun.** — Сара с удовольствием съела оставшуюся булочку.

<sup>1</sup> **a bundle of rags** — куча тряпья

<sup>2</sup> **driven from their thrones** — в изгнании

"I wonder if he will stay away long," Sara thought. "Oh, dear, how they will miss him! I shall miss him myself even though he doesn't know I am alive."

When the door opened she moved away. The traveller came out followed by the older children.

"If you find the little girl, give her our love," shouted the little boy.

The father jumped into the carriage and the children went in and shut the door.

Sara crossed the square to Miss Minchin's area steps, feeling weak.

"I wonder who the girl is," she thought — "the little girl he is going to look for."

The father of the Large Family was driving quickly on his way to the station to take the train to Moscow, where he wanted to find the lost little daughter of Captain Crewe.

## Useful Words

**populace** *n* простой народ

**tiresome** *a* утомительный

**obstinately** *adv* упрямо

**mud** *n* грязь, слякоть

**dreadful** *a* ужасный, страшный

**hoarsely** *adv* хрипло

**deliciously** *adv* эд. очень вкусно

**cram** *v* запихивать

**savage** *n* дикарь, дикарка

## Exercises

### 1 Put the sentences in the right order.

- Sara saw the baker's shop in front of her.
- The father of the Large Family came out of the door, followed by the older children.

- The beggar girl snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth.
- Sara put out three more buns and then added the fifth bun.
- The baker-woman went to the window and put some buns in a paper bag.
- The father of the Large Family jumped into the carriage.
- Sara saw a piece of silver in the mud.
- Sara obstinately walked on and talked to herself as she walked.

### 2 Say who:

- was putting into the window newly-baked hot buns.
- was talking as if asking final questions.
- sat in the corner of the step.
- was going to take a journey to Moscow.
- reached the square when it was dark.
- crossed the pavement to go to the baker's.
- had no dinner, no breakfast, no supper.

### 3 Choose the verbs from the box and use them in sentences in the right form.

to cram to tremble to warm to share to miss to starve
--

- The hot buns had already \_\_\_\_\_ Sara's cold hands a little.
- Sara realized that the little girl was \_\_\_\_\_ and gave her all the buns but one.
- The little beggar \_\_\_\_\_ the bun into her mouth with great bites.



- d) Sara thought that she would \_\_\_\_\_ the father of the Large Family.
- f) Sara's hand \_\_\_\_\_ when she put down the fourth bun.
- g) The princesses always \_\_\_\_\_ with the populace if they met someone who was poorer and hungrier than themselves.

4 Fill in the prepositions *above, to, without, for, in*.

- a) Sara wanted to buy six hottest buns and eat them \_\_\_\_\_ stopping.
- b) \_\_\_\_\_ looking down Sara noticed a piece of silver.
- c) It was not a sixpence, but the next thing \_\_\_\_\_ it — a fourpenny piece.
- d) \_\_\_\_\_ the rags appeared a dirty face with big hungry eyes.
- e) Sara thanked the baker-woman \_\_\_\_\_ her kindness and went out of the shop.

5 Complete the chart.

<i>long</i>	<i>longer</i>	<i>the longest</i>
hungry		
good		
poor		
hot		
hard		

- 6 Retell the episode with the piece of silver. Would you share the buns with the little beggar if you were Sara?
- 7 Why do you think the little beggar didn't thank Sara for the buns? Give your opinion.
- 8 How else can you call this chapter?



### 13 WHAT MELCHISEDEC HEARD AND SAW

On this very afternoon, while Sara was out, a strange thing happened in the attic. Only Melchisedec saw and heard it; and he was so much alarmed that he hurried back to his hole and hid there, and really trembled as he *peeped out* to watch what was going on.

He had been *rambling* and sniffing about, and had just found a totally unexpected and unexplained crumb left from his last meal, when his attention was attracted by a sound on the roof. The sound suggested that something was moving there. The window was opened. A dark face appeared; then another

face and both looked in **with signs of caution and interest**<sup>1</sup>. Two men were outside on the roof, and were making preparations to enter through the window itself. One was Ram Dass, and the other was a young man who was the Indian gentleman's secretary; but of course Melchisedec did not know this. He was frightened to death, so he returned to his hole.

The secretary, who was light and young, slipped through the window as noiselessly as Ram Dass had done; and he noticed Melchisedec's tail.

"Was that a rat?" he asked Ram Dass, in a whisper.

"Yes; a rat," answered Ram Dass, also whispering. "There are many in the walls."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the young man, "it is a wonder the child is not terrified by them."

"The child is the little friend of all things," he answered. "She is not as other children. I watch her from my window when she does not know I am near. The sparrows come at her call. She has **tamed** a rat. The little maid comes to her **for comfort**<sup>2</sup>. There is a little child who comes to her in secret; there is one older who adores her. By the mistress of the house who is a bad woman — she is treated badly; but she behaves like a person who is of the blood of kings!"

"Are you sure that she will not return? She would be frightened if she found us here, and the **Sahib**<sup>3</sup> Carrisford's plan would be spoiled."

"She has gone out with her basket and may be gone for hours," said Ram Dass.

The secretary took a pencil and a notebook from his pocket.

<sup>1</sup> **with signs of caution and interest** — с осторожностью и с интересом

<sup>2</sup> **for comfort** — в поисках поддержки

<sup>3</sup> **Sahib** — сагиб, почтительное обращение к европейцу в колониальной Индии

"**Keep your ears open**<sup>1</sup>," he said; and he began to walk slowly round the little room, making notes as he looked at things.

First he went to the narrow bed. He pressed his hand upon the mattress and uttered an exclamation.

"As hard as a stone," he said. "That will have to be changed some day when she is out."

"What a bed for a child to sleep in — and in a house which calls itself respectable! There has not been a fire in that fireplace for many days," glancing at the rusty fireplace.

"It is a strange way of doing the thing," he said. "Who planned it?"

"It is true that the first thought was mine, Sahib," said Ram Dass **apologetically**. I am fond of this child; we are both lonely. One night, I lay close to the open window listened. She described to her friend how to make this miserable room nice and comfortable. She seemed to see it as she talked, and she grew cheered as she spoke. The next day I told the Sahib of the thing to amuse him. It seemed then but a dream, but it pleased the Sahib. He became interested in her and asked questions. At last he began to please himself with the thought of making her visions real things. We will do it while she sleeps. When she awakens she will think a magician has been there."

He smiled, and the secretary smiled back at him.

The young secretary seemed interested in everything. He wrote down things about the floor, the fireplace, the broken footstool, the old table, the walls.

"I think I have made notes enough; we can go now," he said. "The Sahib Carrisford has a warm heart."

Then they slipped through the window as noiselessly as they had entered it. **Melchisedec was greatly relieved**<sup>2</sup>, and in

<sup>1</sup> **Keep your ears open** — Будь начеку

<sup>2</sup> **Melchisedec was greatly relieved** — Мельхиседек ощутил сильное облегчение

the course of a few minutes felt it safe to leave his hole again and look for crumbs.

## Useful Words

**peep out** *phr*  $\nu$  выглядывать

**ramble**  $\nu$  бродить без цели

**tame**  $\nu$  приручить

**apologetically** *adv* извиняющимся тоном

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- Who came to Sara's attic?
- What was the purpose of their visit?
- What did the secretary do?
- Who planned the changes in Sara's room?
- When did Mr Carrisford and Ram Dass want to make the changes?

### 2 Complete the sentences.

- Melchisedec had been rambling and sniffing around the attic when \_\_\_\_\_.
- Melchisedec was so frightened by the unexpected visitors that \_\_\_\_\_.
- The secretary was afraid that Sara could find them in her room and \_\_\_\_\_.
- Ram Dass told his master about his plan to amuse him but Mr Carrisford \_\_\_\_\_.
- When the two men left Melchisedec felt greatly relieved and \_\_\_\_\_.

### 3 Find in the text the English for:

спросить шепотом

Воробьи слетаются на ее зов.

Она ведет себя как особа королевской крови.

волшебник

У сагиба Каррисфорда доброе сердце.

### 4 Use the verbs in the right form.

- Melchisedec (to find) a totally unexpected crumb when his attention was attracted by a sound.
- Two men were on the roof (to make) preparations to enter through the window.
- The secretary slipped through the window as noiselessly as Ram Dass (to do).
- She (to tame) the rat.
- The secretary (to press) his hand upon the mattress.

### 5 Say which word does not go with the others and why.

- fireplace, carriage, footstool, table, bed
- see, hear, sniff, peep out, write
- alarmed, worried, troubled, terrified, pleased
- noiselessly, lonely, greatly, apologetically, totally

### 6 Imagine that you are the secretary. Describe your visit to the attic. Speak of your impressions.

### 7 Imagine that you are Ram Dass. Say:

- what you know about Sara.
- why you are fond of her.
- what your plan is:

### 8 Do you like surprises? Can you describe a surprise that impressed you most? Was it pleasant or unpleasant?

## 14 THE MAGIC

Sara was so tired that it seemed as if she would never reach her attic. When she finally stepped on the **top landing**<sup>1</sup>, she saw the light coming from under the door. That meant that Ermengarde had managed to come to the attic. It was better than to go into the room alone and find it empty.

Yes; there Ermengarde was when she opened the door. She was sitting in the middle of the bed, **with her feet tucked under her**<sup>2</sup>.

"I did not expect to see you tonight, Ermie," Sara said.

"Miss Amelia has gone out to spend the night with her old aunt," explained Ermengarde. "No one else ever comes and looks into the bedrooms after we are in bed. I could stay here until morning if I wanted to."

She pointed toward the table. A number of books were piled upon it.

"Papa has sent me some more books, Sara," she said. "There they are."

Sara ran to the table, and picking up the top book turned over its leaves quickly. For the moment she forgot her troubles.

"Ah," she cried out, "how beautiful! **Carlyle's French Revolution**<sup>3</sup>. I have so much wanted to read that!"

"I haven't," said Ermengarde. "And papa will be so cross if I don't. What *shall* I do?"

Sara stopped turning over the leaves and looked at her.

"Look here," she cried, "if you'll lend me these books, I'll read them — and tell you everything that's in them afterward."

"Do you think you can?" exclaimed Ermengarde.

"I know I can," Sara answered.

<sup>1</sup> **top landing** — верхняя площадка

<sup>2</sup> **with her feet tucked under her** — поджав ноги

<sup>3</sup> **Carlyle's French Revolution** — «Французская революция», сочинение английского историка Томаса Карлайла

"Sara," said Ermengarde, "if you'll do that, and make me remember I'll — I'll give you anything."

"I don't want you to give me anything," said Sara. "I want your books — I want them!" And her eyes grew big.

"Take them, then," said Ermengarde.

It was just at this minute that something happened at the window which neither of them saw. **Sara had keen ears**<sup>1</sup>, so she suddenly turned a little and looked up at the roof.

"Didn't you think you heard something?" asked Sara.

"N-no," said Ermengarde. "Could it be a **robber**?"

"No," Sara began. "There is nothing to steal —"

She **broke off** in the middle of her words. They both heard the sound. It was not on the roof, but on the stairs below, and it was Miss Minchin's angry voice.

"She is **scolding** Becky," whispered Sara.

"You dishonest child!" they heard her say. "Cook tells me **she has missed things repeatedly**<sup>2</sup>."

"You deserve to be sent to prison," said Miss Minchin's voice. "Half a meat-pie, indeed!"

"It wasn't me," said Becky. "I was hungry enough, but it wasn't me."

Miss Minchin was in rage. The meat-pie had been intended for her special late supper.

"Don't lie," she said. "Go to your room this instant."

Both Sara and Ermengarde heard the **slap**, and then heard Becky run up the stairs and into her attic.

Sara stood in the middle of the room.

"The cruel thing!" she cried. "The cook takes things herself and then says Becky steals them. She *doesn't*! She *doesn't*! She's so hungry sometimes that **she eats crusts out of the ash-barrel**<sup>3</sup>!"

<sup>1</sup> **Sara had keen ears** — У Сары был тонкий слух

<sup>2</sup> **she has missed things repeatedly** — у нее часто пропадают продукты

<sup>3</sup> **she eats crusts out of the ash-barrel** — она ест корки из мусорного бака



She pressed her hands hard against her face and burst out crying. Ermengarde had never seen Sara cry. A new dreadful idea came to her kind, slow, little mind.

"Sara," she said in a timid voice, "are — are — you never told me — I don't want to be rude, but — are *you* ever hungry?"

It was too much just at that moment. The barrier broke down. Sara lifted her face from her hands.

"Yes," she said in a new *passionate* way. "Yes, I am. I'm so hungry now that I could almost eat you. And it makes it worse to hear poor Becky. She's hungrier than I am."

Ermengarde gasped.

"Oh, Sara!" she cried. "What a silly thing I am!"

"Why?"

"This very afternoon my aunt sent me a box. It is full of good things," said Ermengarde. "It's got cake in it, and little meat-pies, and buns, and oranges, and *redcurrant wine*<sup>1</sup>, and chocolate. I'll go back to my room and get it this minute, and we'll eat it now."

"Do you think — you *could*?" asked Sara.

"I know I could," answered Ermengarde. "Everybody's in bed. I can *creep* and creep — and no one will hear."

"Ermie!" said Sara. "Let us pretend it's a party! And oh, won't you invite the prisoner in the next cell?"

"Yes! Yes! Let us knock on the wall now. The jailer won't hear."

Sara went to the wall. She knocked four times.

"That means: 'Come to me through the secret passage under the wall'," she explained.

Almost immediately the door of the attic opened and Becky appeared. Her eyes were red.

"We're going to pretend a party. Miss Ermengarde will bring a box of good things here to us," said Sara.

"Oh, miss! oh, miss!" gasped Becky.

In Sara's hungry eyes the old light had begun to transform her world for her. "**It is as if the Magic did it!**" she thought.

They pulled the old table forward, and threw Ermengarde's shawl over it. Then Sara decorated it with flowers from her old summer hat and put white handkerchiefs pretending that they were *napkins*. When Ermengarde returned the party started.

"It's like a real party!" cried Ermengarde.

"It's like a queen's table," sighed Becky.

They had barely had time to take their pieces of cake into their hands when they heard the steps. Someone was coming up the stairs. There was no mistake about it. Each of them knew that the end of all things had come.

"It's — the missus!" whispered Becky, and dropped her piece of cake upon the floor.

"Yes," said Sara, her eyes growing shocked and large in her small white face. "Miss Minchin has found us out."

Miss Minchin opened the door with a blow of her hand. She was pale and angry.

"Lavinia was telling the truth," she said.

So they knew that it was Lavinia who had somehow guessed their secret and had *betrayed* them. Miss Minchin came up to Becky and gave her a slap for a second time.

"You *impudent* creature!" she cried. "Go to your attic. You leave the house in the morning!"

Sara stood quite still, her eyes growing larger, her face paler. Ermengarde burst into tears.

"Oh, don't send her away," she sobbed. "My aunt sent me these things. We're only — having a party."

"So I see," said Miss Minchin. "With the Princess Sara at the head of the table." She turned on Sara. "It is your doing, I know," she cried. "You decorated the table, I suppose with this *rubbish*. **I will attend to you tomorrow.**<sup>2</sup> You shall have neither breakfast, dinner, nor supper!"

<sup>1</sup> **It is as if the Magic did it** — Это произошло словно по волшебству

<sup>2</sup> **I will attend to you tomorrow**. — Я займусь тобой завтра.

<sup>1</sup> **redcurrant wine** — сладкое вино из красной смородины

"I have not had either dinner or supper today, Miss Minchin," said Sara.

"Then all the better. You will have something to remember."

She began to put the food off the table into the box herself, and saw Ermengarde's new books.

"And you" — to Ermengarde — "have brought your beautiful new books into this dirty attic. Take them up and go back to bed. You will stay there all day tomorrow, and I shall write to your papa."

She picked up the books, thrust them into Ermengarde's arms, pushed her before her towards the door, and left Sara standing quite alone.

The dream was quite at an end.

"There isn't any party left," said Sara. "And there isn't any princess. There is nothing left but the prisoners in the Bastille."

Then she got up and went slowly to the bed.

"I can't pretend anything else," she said. "If I go to sleep, perhaps a dream will come and pretend for me."

She suddenly felt so tired that she fell fast asleep.

When she awakened she was so warm and comfortable, indeed, that she did not believe she was really awake. Her eyes opened in spite of herself.

"Oh, I *haven't* awakened," she whispered. "I am dreaming yet." She knew it *must* be a dream.

In the fireplace there was a cheerful fire; on the **hob** was a little brass kettle boiling; on the floor there was a thick, warm red rug; before the fire a **folding-chair**, and with cushions on it; by the chair a small folding-table, unfolded, covered with a white **cloth**, and upon it small dishes, a cup, a saucer, a teapot; on the bed were new warm blankets. She saw a silk **dressing-gown**, a pair of shoes, and some books. The room of her dream seemed changed into fairyland — and it was full of warm light, because a bright lamp stood on the table covered with a rosy **shade**.

"Oh, it isn't true!" she said. "It *can't* be true! But oh, how true it seems!"

She got up, touched the table, the dishes, the rug. She took up the soft dressing-gown.

"It's all real!" she cried. "I am *not* — I am *not* dreaming!"

She opened the book which lay upon the top. Something was written on the first page — just a few words, and they were these:

**"TO THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE ATTIC. FROM A FRIEND."**

She burst into tears.

"I don't know who it is," she said, "but I have a friend."

She took her candle and stole out of her own room and into Becky's.

"Becky, Becky!" she whispered as loudly as she could. "Wake up!"

When Becky wakened, beside her stood a little figure in pink dressing-gown. The Princess Sara — as she remembered her — stood at her very bedside, holding a candle in her hand.

"Come," she said. "Oh, Becky, come!"

Becky got up and followed her, with her mouth and eyes open, and without a word.

"It's true!" she cried. "I've touched them all. They are as real as we are. The Magic has come and done it, Becky, while we were asleep."

## Useful Words

**robber** *n* грабитель

**break off** *phr v* внезапно замолчать

**scold** *v* ругать

**slap** *n* сильный шлепок рукой, пощечина

**passionate** *a* пылкий

**creep** *v* красться

**napkin** *n* салфетка

**betray** *v* предавать

**impudent** *a* нахальный, дерзкий

**rubbish** *n* мусор

**hob** *n* крюк

**folding-chair** *n* складной стул  
**cloth** *n* скатерть  
**dressing-gown** *n* халат  
**shade** *n* абажур

## Exercises

### 1 Say who:

- came to Sara's attic when she was out.
- had gone out to spend the night with the old aunt.
- wanted to have the meat-pie for supper.
- had sent Ermengarde a box of good things.
- offered to have a party.
- had betrayed the girls.
- put an end to the party.
- touched the blankets.
- followed Sara with the mouth open.

### 2 Answer the questions.

- What did Ermengarde bring to Sara's room?
- What did Sara propose to Ermengarde?
- Why did Miss Minchin scold Becky?
- What did Ermengarde understand when she saw Sara cry?
- How did Sara and Becky decorate the table for the party?
- Why did Miss Minchin give Becky a slap for the second time?
- What did Sara think when she saw new things in her room?

### 3 Find in the text the English for:

пирожки с мясом  
 потайной проход

Это твоих рук дело.  
 Ошибки быть не могло.  
 Мисс Минчин нас поймала.  
 волшебная страна

### 4 Match the verbs and their definitions.

- |                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| a) to scold     | 1) to allow a secret to become known              |
| b) to creep     | 2) to take something that belongs to someone else |
| c) to betray    | 3) to move without making noise                   |
| d) to break off | 4) to blame with angry words                      |
| e) to pick up   | 5) to stop suddenly                               |
| f) to steal     | 6) to take and lift up                            |

### 5 Fill in the prepositions *with, on, into, of, up*.

- Becky ran \_\_\_\_\_ the stairs and into her attic.
- Let us knock \_\_\_\_\_ the wall and invite Becky.
- The girls covered the table \_\_\_\_\_ Ermengarde's shawl.
- The box was full \_\_\_\_\_ delicious things.
- Sara's room seemed changed \_\_\_\_\_ fairyland.

### 6 Imagine that you are Ermengarde. Say:

- why you came to see Sara.
- why you offered to bring delicious things.
- what happened when you were having the party.

### 7 Draw a picture of Sara's magically changed room. Describe it.

### 8 Sara never let Ermengarde know that she was hungry. Why do you think she did that?

## 15 THE VISITOR

It was known in the morning that Sara Crewe was in horrible disgrace, that Ermengarde was under punishment. The servants also knew that Becky was allowed to stay because Miss Minchin could not easily find another creature helpless enough to work like a slave for so few shillings a week.

Miss Minchin had expected to see Sara broken down. Sara had always been an annoying *puzzle* to her, because severity never made her cry or look frightened. When she was scolded she stood still and listened politely with a *grave* face; when she was punished she performed her extra tasks or went without her meals, making no complaint.

Miss Minchin saw her for the first time when she entered the schoolroom to hear the little French class's lessons. And she came in **with a springing step**<sup>1</sup>, colour in her cheeks, and a smile. It was the most astonishing thing Miss Minchin had ever known. It gave her quite a shock. What was the child made of? What could such a thing mean? She called her at once to her desk.

"You do not look as if you realize that you are punished," she said.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Minchin," said Sara. "I know that I am punished."

"Be good enough not to forget it and look **as if you had come into a fortune**<sup>2</sup>. And remember you are to have no food today."

"Yes, Miss Minchin," Sara answered; but as she turned away her heart leaped with the memory of what yesterday had been. "If the Magic had not saved me just in time," she thought, "how horrible it would have been!"

All through the day the light was in Sara's face, and the colour in her cheek. The servants looked at her, and whispered to each other, and Miss Amelia was puzzled. She thought that Sara was probably determined **to brave the matter out**.<sup>1</sup>

Sara realized that the wonders which had happened must be kept a secret. Ermengarde could be told the story and trusted to keep it secret. "But whatever happens," Sara kept saying to herself all day — "somewhere in the world there is a kind person who is my friend — my friend."

Sara's supper of the night before had given her strength, she knew that she should sleep well and warmly and, even though she had naturally begun to be hungry again before evening, she felt that she could bear it until breakfast-time on the following day. It was quite late when she was at last allowed to go upstairs.

She pushed the door open and went in.

The Magic had been there again. It actually had, and it had done even more than before. A number of new things had been brought into the attic. Upon the low table supper stood — with cups and plates for Becky as well as herself. Some materials of rich colours had been *fastened* against the wall. There were several large cushions, big enough to use as seats. A wooden box was covered with a rug, and some cushions lay on it, so that it looked like a sofa.

Sara slowly moved away from the door and simply sat down and looked and looked again.

"Is this my attic? Am I the same cold, ragged, damp Sara? The one thing I always wanted was to see a fairy story come true. I am *living* in a fairy story," said Sara.

From that time life became more wonderful day by day. The fairy story continued. Almost every day something new was done, until in a short time the attic was a beautiful little room full of all sorts of odd and nice things. When Sara went downstairs in the morning, the remains of the supper were on the

<sup>1</sup> **to brave the matter out** — терпеливо перенести наказание

<sup>1</sup> **with a springing step** — вприпрыжку

<sup>2</sup> **as if you had come into a fortune** — как будто ты получила наследство



table; and when she returned to the attic in the evening, the magician had removed them and left another nice little meal. Miss Minchin was as harsh and *insulting*, as ever, and the servants were as vulgar and rude. Sara was sent on errands in all weathers, she was scarcely allowed to speak to Ermengarde and Lottie. But what did it all matter while she was living in this wonderful mysterious story? It was more romantic than anything she had ever invented to save herself from despair.

The comfort and happiness were making her stronger. In a very short time she began to look less thin. Colour came into her cheeks, and her eyes did not seem so much too big for her face.

Very naturally, even Becky was beginning to look plumper and less frightened. **She had her share in the secret fairy story too.**<sup>1</sup> She had two mattresses, two pillows, plenty of bed-covering, and every night a hot supper and a seat on the cushions by the fire. The Bastille had disappeared, the prisoners no longer existed.

Then another thing happened. A man came to the door and left several parcels. All were addressed in large letters: "To the Little Girl in the right-hand attic."

Sara herself was sent to open the door, and took them in. She laid the two largest parcels on the hall table, and was looking at the address, when Miss Minchin came down the stairs and saw her.

"Take the things to the young lady to whom they belong," she said severely.

"They belong to me," answered Sara quietly.

"To you?" exclaimed Miss Minchin. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know where they come from," said Sara, "but they are addressed to me. I sleep in the right-hand attic. Becky has the other one."

Miss Minchin came to her side and looked at the parcels with an excited expression.

<sup>1</sup> **She had her share in the secret fairy story too.** — Она тоже участвовала в волшебной сказке.

"What is in them?" she demanded.

"I don't know," replied Sara.

"Open them," she ordered.

Sara did as she was told. When the packages were opened they saw pretty and comfortable things: shoes, stockings, and gloves, and a warm and beautiful coat. There were even a nice hat and an umbrella. They were all good and expensive things.

Miss Minchin was worried. What if this neglected child had some powerful though eccentric friend — perhaps some previously unknown relation, who chose to help her in this mysterious and fantastic way? It would not be very pleasant if he learned all the truth about the thin, shabby clothes, the *scant* food, and the hard work.

"Well," she said, in a voice such as she had never used since the little girl lost her father, "someone is very kind to you. You may as well go and put these things on and look respectable. After that you may come downstairs and learn your lessons in the schoolroom. You need not go out on any more errands today."

When the schoolroom door opened and Sara walked in, the entire seminary was shocked.

"Look at the Princess Sara!" cried Jessie.

It was the Princess Sara indeed. At least, since the days when she had been a princess, Sara had never looked as she did now.

"Perhaps someone has left her a fortune," Jessie whispered.

"Perhaps the diamond mines have suddenly appeared again," said Lavinia.

That night, when she went to her room, after she and Becky had eaten their supper, she sat and looked at the fire seriously for a long time.

"I am thinking about my friend," Sara explained. "If he wants to keep himself a secret, it would be rude to try and find out who he is. But I do so want him to know how happy he has made me."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "why did I not think of that before?"

"I can write to him," she said, "and leave it on the table."

So she wrote a note, thanking her unknown friend for being kind to her and Becky.

The next morning she left this note on the little table, and in the evening it had been taken away with the other things; so she knew the Magician had received it. She was reading one of her new books to Becky, when her attention was attracted by a sound at the window.

She climbed on a chair and opened the window. It had been snowing all day, and on the snow, quite near her, she saw a tiny, shivering figure.

"It is the monkey," she cried out.

Becky ran to her side.

"Are you going to let him in, miss?" she said.

"Yes," Sara answered. "It's too cold for monkeys to be out."

She put a hand out, speaking in a friendly voice as she spoke to the sparrows and to Melchisedec.

"Come along, monkey darling," she said. "I won't hurt you."

He knew she would not hurt him. He let her take him and looked up into her face.

"Nice monkey! Nice monkey!" she kissed his funny head.

"Oh, I do love little animal things."

"What shall you do with him?" Becky asked.

"I shall let him sleep with me tonight, and then take him back to the Indian gentleman tomorrow."

And when she went to bed he slept at her feet, much pleased with his place.

## Useful Words

**puzzle** *n* загадка

**grave** *a* серьезный; мрачный

**fasten** *v* прикреплять

**insulting** *a* оскорбительный

**scant** *a* скудный, недостаточный

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- Why did Miss Minchin feel a shock when she saw Sara next day?
- How did Miss Amelia explain Sara's new look?
- What other things appeared in Sara's attic?
- What made Sara and Becky happy and strong?
- What parcels did Sara get from her unknown friend?
- How did Sara's life change after the story with the parcels?
- How did Lavinia and Jessie explain the changes?
- When and why did Sara help the monkey?

### 2 Correct the statements.

- Becky was allowed to stay because she had no place to go.
- Sara thought that Ermengarde could not be trusted to keep the wonders a secret.
- The parcels were addressed to Sara and Becky.
- Sara got so much food during the day that she did not touch the suppers prepared by her unknown friend.
- Sara took the monkey because she liked it and wanted to make it stay with her.

### 3 Write the words in the plural form.

**Example:** *a shilling — shillings*

a meal	a class
a child	a day
a story	a sofa
an address	a shoe
a gentleman	a voice

- 4 Fill in the gaps with the attributes from the box.

scant  
insulting  
shivering  
mysterious  
annoying  
helpless

- a) Miss Minchin was afraid that Sara's friend would learn about hard work and \_\_\_\_\_ food.
- b) Miss Minchin was as cruel and \_\_\_\_\_ as ever.
- c) Sara saw a small \_\_\_\_\_ figure on the snow.
- d) Sara wanted to thank her \_\_\_\_\_ friend for saving her from despair.
- e) Sara was an \_\_\_\_\_ puzzle to Miss Minchin.
- f) It was difficult to find such a \_\_\_\_\_ little creature as Becky.

- 5 Choose right.

- a) Sara (was reading, read) a new book when her attention was attracted by a sound.
- b) When the packages were opened, they (had seen, saw) pretty and comfortable things.
- c) Sara (looked, was looking) at the address when Miss Minchin saw her.
- d) When Sara returned to the attic in the evening, the magician (had left, left) another nice meal.
- e) Miss Minchin (had seen, saw) Sara for the first time that day when she entered the schoolroom.

- 6 Prove that the prisoners of Bastille no longer existed.

- 7 Imagine that you are Miss Minchin. Tell your sister the story with the parcels and describe your feelings about it.

- 8 Imagine that you are Sara. Write a note to your unknown friend and thank him for his kindness.

## 16

### "IT IS THE CHILD!"

The next afternoon three members of the Large Family sat in the Indian gentleman's library, doing their best to cheer him up. He was waiting for a certain event very anxiously. This event was the return of Mr Carmichael from Moscow.

"Papa won't be very long now," said Janet. "May we talk about the lost little girl?"

"I don't think I could talk much about anything else just now," the Indian gentleman answered with a tired look.

"We like her so much," said Nora. "We call her the little unfairy princess."

"Why?" the Indian gentleman asked.

It was Janet who answered.

"It is because, though she is not exactly a fairy, she will be so rich when she is found that she will be like a princess in a fairy tale. We called her the fairy princess at first, but it didn't quite *suit*."

"There's a cab!" exclaimed Janet. "It's stopping before the door. It is papa!"

They all ran to the windows to look out.

"Yes, it's papa," Donald *proclaimed*. "But there is no little girl."

All three of them ran into the hall. It was in this way they always welcomed their father.

Mr Carmichael's voice approached the door.

"No, children," he was saying, "you may come in after I have talked to Mr Carrisford. Go and play with Ram Dass."

Then the door opened and he came in. He looked rosier than ever, and brought an atmosphere of freshness and health with him; but his eyes were disappointed.

"What news?" Mr Carrisford asked. "The child the Russian people adopted?"

"She is not the child we are looking for," was Mr Carmichael's answer. "She is much younger than Captain Crewe's little girl. Her name is Emily Carew. I have seen and talked to her."

How unhappy the Indian gentleman looked! His hand dropped from Mr Carmichael's.

"Then the search has to be begun over again," he said. "That is all. Please sit down."

Mr Carmichael took a seat. Somehow, he had gradually grown fond of this unhappy man. He was himself so well and happy, and so surrounded by cheerfulness and love, that suffering and broken health seemed *unbearable* things.

"Come, come," he said in his cheery voice, "we'll find her yet."

"We must begin at once. No time must be lost," Mr Carrisford said. "Have you any new suggestion to make — any whatsoever?"

Mr Carmichael rose with an uncertain face.

"Well, perhaps," he said. "The fact is, an idea occurred to me as I was thinking the thing over in the train."

"What was it?"

"We have searched the schools in Paris. Let us *give up* Paris and begin in London. That was my idea — to search London."

"There are schools enough in London," said Mr Carrisford. "By the way, there is one next door."

"Then we will begin there."

"No," said Carrisford. "There is a child there who interests me; but she is not a pupil. And she is a little lonely creature, as unlike poor Crewe as a child could be."

Perhaps the Magic was at work again at that very moment — the beautiful Magic. What was it that brought Ram Dass into the room with excitement in his dark eyes?

"Sahib," he said, "the child herself has come — the child the sahib felt pity for. She brings back the monkey, who had

again run away to her attic under the roof. It was my thought that it would please the sahib to see and speak with her."

"Who is she?" asked Mr Carmichael.

"God knows," Mr Carrisford answered. "She is the child I spoke of."

He addressed Ram Dass. "Yes, I should like to see her. Go and bring her in." Then he turned to Mr Carmichael. "Ram Dass told me of this child's hard life, and together we invented a romantic plan to help her. I suppose it was a childish thing to do; but it gave me something to plan and think of."

Then Sara came into the room. She carried the monkey in her arms, and he evidently did not intend to part from her.

"Your monkey ran away again," she said, in her pretty voice. "He came to my window last night, and I took him in because it was so cold. I didn't want to bring him back so late. I know you are ill."

The Indian gentleman looked at her with curious interest.

"**That was very thoughtful of you<sup>1</sup>**," he said.

Sara looked towards Ram Dass, who stood near the door.

"Shall I give him to the lascar?" she asked.

"How do you know he is a lascar?" said the Indian gentleman, smiling a little.

"Oh, I know lascars," Sara said. "I was born in India."

"You were born in India," exclaimed the Indian gentleman, "were you? You live next door?"

"Yes; I live at Miss Minchin's seminary."

"But you are not one of her pupils?"

Sara hesitated a moment.

"I don't think I know exactly *what* I am," she replied.

"Why not?"

---

<sup>1</sup> **That was very thoughtful of you** — Ты проявила большую заботу обо мне



"At first I was a pupil; but now — "

"You were a pupil! What are you now?"

"I sleep in the attic, next to the scullery-maid," she said.

"I run errands for the cook — I do anything she tells me; and I teach the little ones their lessons."

"Question her, Carmichael," said Mr Carrisford in a weak voice. "Question her; I cannot."

The big, kind father of the Large Family knew how to question little girls.

"What do you mean by 'At first', my child?" he inquired.

"When I was first taken there by my papa."

"Where is your papa?"

"He died," said Sara, very quietly. "He lost all his money and there was none left for me. There was no one to take care of me or to pay Miss Minchin."

"Carmichael!" the Indian gentleman cried out, loudly. "Carmichael!"

"We must not frighten her," Mr Carmichael said to him in a quick, low voice.

"How did your father lose his money?" the Indian gentleman asked.

"He did not lose it himself," Sara answered, wondering still more each moment. "He had a friend he was very fond of — he was very fond of him. It was his friend who took his money. He trusted his friend too much."

"What was your father's name?" the Indian gentleman said. "Tell me."

"His name was Ralph Crewe," Sara answered, feeling worried. "Captain Crewe. He died in India."

"Carmichael," the man gasped, "it is the child — the child!"

For a moment Sara thought he was going to die. Ram Dass **poured out** drops from a bottle, and held them to his lips. Sara stood near, trembling a little. She looked **in a bewildered way**<sup>1</sup> at Mr Carmichael.

<sup>1</sup> **in a bewildered way** — в замешательстве

"What child am I?" she asked.

"He was your father's friend," Mr Carmichael answered her. "Don't be frightened. We have been looking for you for two years."

Sara put her hand up to her forehead, and her mouth trembled. She spoke as if she were in a dream.

"And I was at Miss Minchin's **all the while**<sup>1</sup>," she half whispered. "Just on the other side of the wall."

## Useful Words

**suit** *v* подходить, соответствовать

**proclaim** *v* провозглашать

**unbearable** *a* невыносимый

**give up** *phr* *v* оставить, отказаться от чего-то

**pour out** *phr* *v* наливать

**drops** *n pl* капли

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- What event was Mr Carrisford waiting for?
- How did the children call the lost girl?
- What was the result of Mr Carmichael's trip to Moscow?
- What other idea did Mr Carmichael have?
- What made Sara come to the house of the Indian gentleman?
- What happened there?

<sup>1</sup> **all the while** — все это время

**2 Match the two parts of the sentences.**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| a) Three members of the Large Family sat in Mr Carrisford's library, | 1) and her mouth trembled.                           |
| b) Mr Carmichael looked rosier than ever,                            | 2) and held them to his master's lips.               |
| c) Sara carried the monkey in her arms,                              | 3) but his eyes were disappointed.                   |
| d) Ram Dass poured out drops from the bottle,                        | 4) and he evidently did not intend to part from her. |
| e) Sara put her hand up to her forehead,                             | 5) doing their best to cheer him up.                 |

**3 Fill in the gaps with the attributes from the box.**

frightened cheery thoughtful childish disappointed
--

- It was a \_\_\_\_\_ thing to help the girl in such a way, but Mr Carrisford liked it.
- Sara was a \_\_\_\_\_ girl and she did not want to come to Mr Carrisford's house late at night.
- Sara was \_\_\_\_\_ by strange events.
- Mr Carrisford was \_\_\_\_\_, but he was determined to continue the search.
- Mr Carmichael spoke to his friend in a \_\_\_\_\_ voice.

**4 Choose *make* or *do* in the right form.**

- The members of the Large Family were \_\_\_\_\_ their best to cheer their friend.

- Mr Carmichael \_\_\_\_\_ a suggestion to give up the search in Paris.
- Sara \_\_\_\_\_ anything the cook told her.
- Mr Carrisford and his lawyer \_\_\_\_\_ a plan to look for Sara in London.

**5 Fill in the prepositions *over*, *in*, *of*, *on*, *out*, *up*.**

- There was no one to take care \_\_\_\_\_ Sara.
- All the while Sara was \_\_\_\_\_ the other side of the wall.
- Mr Carmichael was thinking this thing \_\_\_\_\_ in the train to London.
- The children ran to the window to look \_\_\_\_\_.
- The door opened and Mr Carmichael came \_\_\_\_\_.
- The man decided to give \_\_\_\_\_ Paris and look for Sara in London.

**6 What does it mean? Explain in your own words.**

- Mr Carmichael brought an atmosphere of freshness and health with him.
- I run errands for the cook.
- Sara looked in a bewildered way at Mr Carmichael.
- Sara spoke as if she were in a dream.

**7 Say why:**

- the children from the Large Family came to Mr Carrisford's house.
- the children did not call Sara the fairy princess.
- Mr Carmichael grew fond of Mr Carrisford.
- Mr Carrisford asked his lawyer to question Sara.

**8 Imagine that you are Sara. Tell your friend Ermengarde the story that happened to you in Mr Carrisford's house.**

# "I TRIED NOT TO BE"

It was pretty, comfortable Mrs Carmichael who explained everything. She came across the square to take Sara into her warm arms and make clear to her all that had happened. The excitement of the totally unexpected discovery had been too strong for Mr Carrisford in his weak condition.

Sara could only think of one thing.

"Was he," she said, with a glance toward the closed door of the library — "was *he* the *wicked* friend?"

"He was not wicked, my dear," answered the lady. "He did not really lose your papa's money. He only thought he had lost it; and because he loved him so much his grief made him ill and **for a time he was not in his right mind**<sup>1</sup>. He almost died of brain-fever, and before he began to recover your poor papa was dead."

"And he did not know where to find me," murmured Sara. "And I was so near."

"He believed you were in school in France," Mrs Carmichael explained. "He has looked for you everywhere. When he saw you looking so sad he was sorry for you, and wanted to make you happier. And he told Ram Dass to climb into your attic window and try to make you comfortable."

Sara's whole look changed.

"Did he make the dream that came true?"

"Yes, my dear — yes! He is kind and good, and he was sorry for you, **for little lost Sara Crewe's sake**<sup>2</sup>."

The library door opened and Mr Carmichael appeared.

"Mr Carrisford is better already," he said. "He wants you to come to him."

<sup>1</sup> **for a time he was not in his right mind** — он на время потерял рассудок

<sup>2</sup> **for little lost Sara Crewe's sake** — ради пропавшей маленькой Сары Крю

Sara did not wait.

She went and stood before his chair.

"You sent the things to me," she said, in a joyful emotional little voice, "the beautiful, beautiful things? You sent them!"

"Yes, poor dear little child, I did," he answered her.

"Then it is you who are my friend," she said. And she dropped her face on his thin hand and kissed it again and again.

Mr Carrisford was sure that Sara shouldn't return to school. He asked his lawyer to see Miss Minchin but oddly enough she came to them herself. One of the maids had seen Sara go up the steps of the next door. So Miss Minchin decided **to inquire into the matter**<sup>1</sup>.

Sara was sitting on a footstool close to Mr Carrisford's knee when Ram Dass announced the visitor's arrival.

Sara became rather pale; but she showed no signs of child terror.

"I am sorry to disturb Mr Carrisford," said Miss Minchin, "but I have explanations to make. I am Miss Minchin, the owner of the Young Ladies' Seminary next door. I have discovered that one of my pupils — **a charity pupil**<sup>2</sup> — had *intruded* into your house without my knowledge." She turned upon Sara. "You shall be severely punished. Go home at once."

"No," said Mr Carrisford. "She is not going home — if you give your house that name. Her home for the future will be with me."

"With *you*, sir! What does this mean?"

"Kindly explain the matter, Carmichael," said the Indian gentleman.

Then Mr Carmichael explained.

"Mr Carrisford, madam," he said, "was an intimate friend of the late Captain Crewe. He was his partner in certain large

<sup>1</sup> **to inquire into the matter** — разузнать подробнее об этом деле

<sup>2</sup> **a charity pupil** — ученица, живущая у меня из милости

*investments*. The fortune which Captain Crewe supposed he had lost is now in Mr Carrisford's hands."

"The fortune! The diamond mines!" cried Miss Minchin. "Sara's fortune!"

"It *will* be Sara's fortune," said Mr Carmichael, rather coldly. "There are not many princesses, Miss Minchin, who are richer than your little charity pupil Sara Crewe, will be. Mr Carrisford has been searching for her for nearly two years; he has found her at last, and he will keep her."

Miss Minchin was not a clever woman, and in her excitement she was silly enough to make one last effort to *regain* what she had lost.

"**Captain Crewe left her in my charge**<sup>1</sup>," Miss Minchin argued. "She must return to school. She must finish her education."

"Come, come, Miss Minchin," Mr Carmichael interposed. "If Sara herself wishes to return to you, Mr Carrisford might not refuse to allow it. But that rests with Sara."

"Sara," said Miss Minchin, "I have not spoiled you, perhaps," she said awkwardly to the little girl, "but I have always been fond of you."

"*Have* you, Miss Minchin?" said Sara. "I did not know that."

Miss Minchin *reddened*.

Sara was thinking of the day when she had been told that she belonged to nobody; she was thinking of the cold, hungry hours she had spent alone with Emily and Melchisedec in the attic.

"You know why I will not go home with you, Miss Minchin," she said. "You know quite well."

As Miss Minchin turned to leave the room she said to Sara, "I suppose that you feel now that you are a princess again."

<sup>1</sup> **Captain Crewe left her in my charge** — Капитан Кру оставил ее на моем попечении

Sara looked down.

"I — tried not to be anything else," she answered in a low voice, "even when I was coldest and hungriest — I *tried* not to be."

That evening, when the pupils were gathered together before the fire in the schoolroom before going to bed, Ermengarde came in with a letter in her hand and an expression of delighted excitement on her face.

"I have just had this letter from Sara," she said.

"Where is she?" almost *shrieked* Jessie.

"Next door," said Ermengarde, still slowly, "with the Indian gentleman."

"Where? Where? Does Miss Minchin know? Why did she write? Tell us!"

Ermengarde answered them slowly.

"There *were* diamond mines," she said. "They were real. It was all a mistake about them. Something happened for a time, and Mr Carrisford thought they were ruined."

"Who is Mr Carrisford?" shouted Jessie.

"The Indian gentleman. And Captain Crewe thought so, too — and he died; and Mr Carrisford had brain-fever and ran away, and he almost died. And he did not know where Sara was. And Mr Carrisford found her this afternoon, and he has got her in his home and she will never come back — and she will be more a princess than she ever was. And I am going to see her tomorrow afternoon. There!"

So until almost midnight the entire seminary crowded round Ermengarde in the schoolroom and heard read and re-read the letter containing a story which was quite as wonderful as any Sara herself had ever invented.

Becky, who had heard it also, managed to creep upstairs earlier than usual. She wanted to look at the little magic room once more. There would be no fire tonight, and no rosy lamp; no supper, and no princess reading or telling stories — no princess!

When she opened the door she saw the fire and the supper and Ram Dass who was standing smiling.



"Missee sahib remembered," he said. "She has written you a letter. The sahib commands you to come to him tomorrow. You will be the maid of missee sahib. Tonight I take these things back over the roof."

And having said this, he slipped through the window so quickly and silently that Becky understood how easily he had done it before.

## Useful Words

**wicked** *a* злой, бесчестный

**intrude** *v* вторгаться, входить без разрешения

**investment** *n* инвестиция

**regain** *v* возвращать себе

**redde**n *v* покраснеть

**shriek** *v* пронзительно кричать; выкрикивать

## Exercises

### 1 Say who:

- explained everything to Sara.
- almost died of brain-fever.
- came to Mr Carrisford's house to inquire into Sara's matter.
- refused to return to Miss Minchin's school.
- crowded in the schoolroom.
- received letters from Sara.
- brought supper to Becky.

### 2 Complete the sentences.

- It was Mrs Carmichael who explained everything to Sara because \_\_\_\_\_.

- Miss Minchin went to Mr Carrisford's house because \_\_\_\_\_.
- The whole school discussed the story of Sara because \_\_\_\_\_.
- Becky wanted to look at Sara's magic room once more because \_\_\_\_\_.

### 3 Find in the text the English for:

выздоровливать

Я должна объясниться с вами.

без моего ведома

сделать последнюю попытку

баловать

### 4 Match the words and their definitions.

- |               |                              |
|---------------|------------------------------|
| a) wicked     | 1) happy, glad               |
| b) grief      | 2) to get without permission |
| c) joyful     | 3) to scream                 |
| d) to shriek  | 4) bad, immoral              |
| e) to regain  | 5) to get again              |
| f) to intrude | 6) deep suffering            |

### 5 Fill in the gaps with prepositions *for, into, up, of, in*.

- For some time Mr Carrisford was not \_\_\_\_\_ his right mind.
- Mr Carrisford felt sorry for a poor lonely girl \_\_\_\_\_ the sake of his friend's daughter.
- One of the housemaids saw Sara go \_\_\_\_\_ the steps of the next door.
- Sara was thinking \_\_\_\_\_ cold, hungry hours she spent in the attic.
- Mrs Carmichael took Sara \_\_\_\_\_ her warm hands and explained everything.

- 6 Say why:
- a) Miss Minchin tried to make Sara return to her school.
  - b) Sara refused to return to school.
- 7 Imagine that you are Ermengarde. Explain to little Lottie the story that happened to Sara.
- 8 What episodes prove that Sara was a grateful person and a good friend?



## 18 “ANNE”

There never were such friends as Sara and the Indian gentleman became. Somehow, they seemed to suit each other in a wonderful way. The Indian gentleman had never had a companion he liked quite as much as he liked Sara. He tried to invent things to surprise her. She found beautiful new flowers growing in her room, little gifts under pillows, and once, as they sat together in the evening, they heard the *scratch* of a heavy *paw* on the door, and when Sara went to find out what it was, there stood a great dog with a *grand* silver and gold collar.

There was nothing the Indian gentleman loved more than the recollection of the little princess in rags and tatters<sup>1</sup>. The

<sup>1</sup> the recollection of the little princess in rags and tatters — воспоминания о маленькой принцессе в лохмотьях

afternoons in which the Large Family, or Ermengarde and Lottie, gathered were very pleasant. But the hours when Sara and the Indian gentleman sat alone and read or talked had a special charm of their own.

One evening, Mr Carrisford, looking up from his book, noticed that his companion sat gazing into the fire.

"What are you 'supposing', Sara?" he asked.

Sara looked up, with a bright colour on her cheek.

"I was supposing," she said, "I was remembering that hungry day, and a child I saw."

Then she told him the story of the bun-shop, and the fourpence she picked up out of the mud, and the child who was hungrier than herself. She told it quite simply, and in as few words as possible; but somehow the Indian gentleman found it necessary to look down at the carpet.

"And I was supposing a kind of plan," she said, when she had finished. "I was thinking I should like to do something."

"What was it?" said Mr Carrisford, in a low tone. "You may do anything you like to do, princess."

"I was wondering," hesitated Sara — "you know, you say I have so much money — I was wondering if I could go to see the bun-woman, and tell her that if, when hungry children come and sit on the steps, or look in at the window, she would just call them in and give them something to eat, and she might send the bills to me. Could I do that?"

"You shall do it tomorrow morning," said the Indian gentleman.

"Thank you," said Sara. "You see, I know what it is to be hungry."

The next morning his carriage *drew up* before the door of the baker's shop.

When they entered the shop the woman looked at Sara, and then she smiled.

"I'm sure that I remember you, miss," she said. "And yet —"

"Yes," said Sara, "once you gave me six buns for fourpence, and —"

"And you gave five of them to a beggar child," **the woman broke in on her**<sup>1</sup>. "I've always remembered. **Excuse the liberty**<sup>2</sup>, miss" — to Sara — "but you look rosier and — well, better than you did that — that —"

"I am better, thank you," said Sara. "And — I am much happier — and I have come to ask you to do something for me."

"Me, miss!" exclaimed the woman, smiling cheerfully. "What can I do?"

And then Sara made her little proposal *concerning* the cold days and the hungry children and the hot buns.

The woman watched her, and listened with an astonished face.

"It'll be a pleasure to me to do it. I am a working-woman myself and cannot afford to do much myself, and **there's sights of trouble on every side**<sup>3</sup>; I've given away many buns since that day just thinking of you — how wet and cold you were, now hungry you looked, and yet you gave your buns to the beggar girl as if you were a princess."

The Indian gentleman smiled at this, and Sara smiled a little, too.

"She looked so hungry," she said. "She was even hungrier than I was."

"She was starving," said the woman. "She told me that."

"Oh, have you seen her since then?" exclaimed Sara. "Do you know where she is?"

"Yes, I do," answered the woman, smiling. "Why, she's in that back-room, miss, and has been for a month; and such a help to me in the shop and in the kitchen. Her name's Anne."

She stepped to the door of the little back room and spoke; and the next minute a girl came out. And actually it was the beggar-child, clean and in good clothes. She had a nice face, now that she was no longer a savage, and the wild look had gone from her eyes. She recognized Sara at once, and stood and looked.

<sup>1</sup> **the woman broke in on her** — женщина прервала ее

<sup>2</sup> **Excuse the liberty** — Простите мою вольность

<sup>3</sup> **there's sights of trouble on every side** — вокруг столько нужды

"I am so glad," Sara said. "And I have just thought of something. Perhaps Mrs Brown will let you give the buns and bread to the children. Perhaps you would like to do it because you know what it is to be hungry, too."

"Yes, miss," said the girl.

And, somehow, Sara felt that she understood her, though she said so little, and only stood still and looked after her as she went out of the shop with the Indian gentleman, and they got into the carriage and drove away.

## Useful Words

**scratch** *n* царапание

**paw** *n* лапа

**grand** *a* великолепный

**draw up** *phr v* останавливаться

**concerning** *prep* относительно

## Exercises

### 1 Answer the questions.

- How did the Indian gentleman treat Sara?
- When did Sara tell Mr Carrisford of the little beggar?
- What kind of plan did she make up?
- How did the bun-woman receive Sara?
- What was her reaction to Sara's plan?
- What happened to the beggar girl?
- What did Sara propose to Anne?

### 2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- The bun-woman went to the door of the little back-room and spoke.

- The Indian gentleman's carriage drew up before the door of the baker's shop.
- Sara told Mr Carrisford the story of the bun shop and the beggar-child.
- Mr Carrisford and Sara liked the hours when they read or talked to each other.
- One evening Sara made up a plan to help hungry children.

### 3 Find in the text the English for:

чудесным образом  
ошейник  
особое очарование  
посылать счета  
помощница

### 4 Put as many questions as you can.

- Sara made her little proposal concerning the awful days and the hungry children and the buns.
- One evening Mr Carrisford, looking up from his book, noticed that his companion sat gazing into the fire.
- Anne recognized Sara at once, and stood and looked at her.

### 5 Match the words and their definitions.

- |              |   |
|--------------|---|
| a) companion | 1) a person who shares tastes and interests |
| b) charm     | 2) a quality that gives pleasure            |
| c) trouble   | 3) a difficulty                             |
| d) savage    | 4) a bad-mannered, rude person              |
| e) mud       | 5) soft, wet earth                          |

### 6 Describe the new life of Sara, her activities.



- 7 **Imagine that you are Anne. Speak about:**
- the first meeting with Sara.
  - your life after that.
  - the second meeting with Sara and her proposal.
- 8 **Final discussion.**
- a) Did you like the book? Which of the chapters did you like best of all?
  - b) What characters did you like best? Why?
  - c) What do you feel about Sara Crewe? Say what you like about her and why?

## Содержание

Предисловие .....	3
1. Sara .....	4
2. A French Lesson .....	12
3. Ermengarde .....	17
4. Lottie .....	24
5. Becky .....	30
6. The Diamond Mines .....	38
7. In the Attic .....	49
8. Melchisedec .....	56
9. The Indian Gentleman .....	63
10. Ram Dass .....	70
11. The Other Side of the Wall .....	75
12. One of the Populace .....	81
13. What Melchisedec Heard and Saw .....	87
14. The Magic .....	92
15. The Visitor .....	100
16. "It is the Child!" .....	107
17. "I Tried not to be" .....	114
18. "Anne" .....	121