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Pre-Intermediate

Рекс Стаут

Короткие РАССКАЗЫ

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Short STORIES

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

Pre-Intermediate

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Короткие РАССКАЗЫ

Адаптация текста, комментарий, упражнения, словарь Н. Н. Чесовой

МОСКВА
АЙРИС ПРЕСС
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A TYRANT ABDICATES[1]

Mrs. Coit's house was situated in East Thirty-Seventh Street. She rented her rooms out and they were always full though Mrs. Coit was very unfriendly.

Mrs. Coit's had a strict control of her men roomers. Coming in at eleven o'clock was OK, midnight needed an explanation, and one o'clock was awful. From this you may imagine the rest.

The two who suffered most from this control were the Boy and the Girl. No use to give their names. They were in love and were like millions of other boys and girls.

Mrs. Coit was fat, forty, and unfair. She was a widow. Everyone agreed that Mr. Coit was lucky to escape.

---

[1] **A Tyrant Abdicates** — *в русском переводе* «Слеза тирана»

The Boy was fair, the Girl was sweet. It seemed that it would take much more than the angry face of Mrs. Coit **to frighten away** that ever-welcome visitor — **the Cupid**[1].

Mrs. Coit took *special* care about them. She told the Boy that it was foolish to marry at his age and on his salary. To the Girl she said that marriage would slow down the Boy's career. She always left her in tears.

Mrs. Coit tried to influence the lovers, but of course, **in vain**. The Boy and the Girl decided to get married.

One day Mrs. Coit entered the Boy's room without knocking. To her surprise she found the Boy sitting on the bed. His face was in his hands. Mrs. Coit looked at him silently. The Boy did not hear her enter and stayed still.

'Well!' said Mrs. Coit, 'Ain't you goin' to work?' The Boy looked up. 'No.' His face was pale.

Mrs. Coit noted the symptoms carefully.

'Lose your job?' she asked hopefully.

The Boy **shook his head**.

'Sick?' she asked.

'No,' said the Boy, without moving.

Mrs. Coit looked at him critically. No, he certainly wasn't drunk. Not him. Then, she saw a photograph. It showed the face of the Boy, smiling, happy.

Mrs. Coit understood at once. For five long months this same photograph was in the Girl's room. She looked at the place, where a picture of the Girl had been. It was not there.

'Have you had a fight with *her*?' she asked.

The Boy looked up at her hopelessly. **'What do you care?'** he cried.

Mrs. Coit left the room. The Boy took the picture, tore it into pieces, and threw them on the floor.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Coit saw the Boy go out. Then, saying to herself something about 'idiot,' she went to the Girl's room.

The Girl looked at her.

---

[1] **the Cupid** — Купидон; в греческой мифологии бог любви, сын Венеры

'I knew it,' said Mrs. Coit. 'Why ain't you at work?' The Girl tried to smile. 'I have a headache,' she said.

'Oh, I know all about it,' she said. 'He just told me. I knew it'd be like this.'

The Girl didn't comment; she even refused to become angry. Finally, she dressed and went to the office.

Mrs. Coit sat in the chair, looking at some little bits of paper on the floor. Her face expressed nothing.

That evening, for the first time in many months, the Boy returned from his office alone. He and the Girl had walked together always — but that was over.

Of course, the Boy thought, if she came to him — he caught his breath at the thought — but that, he was sure, she would never do.

He decided to leave Mrs. Coit's that very evening. Opening the outer door, he saw the Girl.

Without speaking, the Boy opened the door and stood aside politely to allow her to pass. She silently went up the stairs.

The Boy called her name. She turned and looked at him. He had a large envelope in his hand.

'Is it for me?' asked the Girl.

'No,' said the Boy. 'It's for — us.'

'I suppose we must open it together,' he continued coldly. 'It's addressed to both of us.'

They looked together at the card in the envelope and **went red**. Pasted side by side on the card were the two photographs. The photographs they had torn up and thrown away that morning. Written below in a shaky hand were the words: 'To two young fools from an old fool'.

And on a piece of blue ribbon there was an old, well-worn wedding ring!

Fifteen minutes later the Boy and the Girl came down, hand in hand, to Mrs. Coit's sitting room.

'Well?' she said aggressively.

'Here is your ring, Mrs. Coit,' the Boy said, the happy smile in his eyes. 'I thought you might want it back again.' Mrs. Coit hesitated.

'That ain't my ring,' said she.

The Boy hugged Mrs. Coit and gave her a kiss on either cheek. He left the ring on the desk, and went out. The Girl followed.

Mrs. Coit cried to them from the foot of the stairs.

'Hey, there! You left your room in a pretty mess this morning, you did! Once more like that, and out you go!' From the floor above came a sound of happy laughter. Mrs. Coit's reign ended.

Helpful Words and Expressions

to frighten away — спугнуть
in vain — без результата
to shake (shook, shaken) one's head — качать головой в знак несогласия
What do you care? — Какое вам дело?
to go red — покраснеть

Activities

Reading

1 Circle *T* if the sentence is true. Circle *F* if the sentence is false.

1. The Boy and the Girl were Mrs. Coit's children. T F
2. Mrs. Coit was a very kind woman of about thirty. T F
3. Mrs. Coit didn't want the Boy and the Girl to get married. T F
4. The Boy and the Girl were very thankful to Mrs. Coit. T F
5. Mrs. Coit was very angry because the Boy and the Girl were together again. T F

2 Who in the text did the following?

1. hugged and kissed Mrs. Coit
2. went red
3. returned from the office alone
4. tore the picture in pieces
5. left the ring on the desk

Vocabulary

There are many words with negative meaning in this story. They are made with the help of prefixes and affixes. Combine them to make the words to match the Russian meaning.

un-	hope	-less	неудобный
	popular		безнадежный
	fair		непричесанный
	comfortable		бесполезный
	combed		нечестный
	necessary		непопулярный

Speaking

1 Comment on the character of Mrs. Coit. The following phrases can give you a general idea.

1. Mrs. Coit was very unfriendly.
2. Mr. Coit was lucky to escape.
3. Mrs. Coit's face expressed nothing.
4. 'Well?' she said aggressively.
5. 'Hey, there!' she called.

2 Choose the right word to complete the sentence and prove your choice.

1. Do you think Mrs. Coit is a _____ woman?
   a) kind b) furious c) sick

2. Were the Boy and the Girl _____ to rent the rooms at Mrs. Coit's?
   a) happy b) sorry c) frightened
3. Was Mr. Coit _____ to escape?
   a) sorry b) happy c) lucky
4. Did Mrs. Coit give the Boy and the Girl a _____ ?
   a) flower b) ring c) advice
5. Was Mrs. Coit _____ when the Boy and the Girl got friendly again?
   a) angry b) worried c) happy

Writing

Describe the main characters (the Boy, the Girl, and Mrs. Coit) of the story.

- First, he/she seemed to be...
- Then, he/she turned out to be...
- At last, he/she occurs...

Use the following expressions and words in the box:

unfair	fat
sweet	severe
fair	sad
pale	hopeless
happy	shaky

AN AGACELLA OR[1]

George Stafford was **phlegmatic**, unimaginative, and, even a bit stupid.

Once he was spending his vacation at the Hotel Thiersberry, the dullest spot in all America — extremely expensive and exclusive. 'Exclusive' is a terrible word, and the Hotel Thiersberry is a terrible place.

A vacation is an interval in work, as you know. It was absurd to imagine George working. He was super idle. And

[1] **An Agacella Or** — выгравированная в точечной технике золотая геральдическая антилопа; животное с головой геральдического тигра, кабаньими клыками, зазубренными рогами, с гривой на шее, телом антилопы и хвостом льва

yet he **had an excuse** for his use of the word 'vacation'. His friend asked him to make at least the impression of attempt and to put his name on a sign, 'Rainier & Stafford, Architects.'

One day Rainier, his partner, advised George to stay at this hotel. When George went into the hotel library, there was no letter paper. One was supposed to use one's own letter paper. George had none, but he wanted to write a letter and had to buy it in a shop. It was indeed very unusual paper; it was purple, with the figure of an animal that looked like a cow and sticks in its hoofs stamped in gold at the top of each sheet. But the shop had nothing else.

So, George was writing in the library.

Suddenly he saw a lady, looking through **a lorgnette**[1] at the sheets of letter paper lying before him. Her gaze slowly traveled from the paper to his face.

'Sir,' she said, 'what is your name?'

'What?' said George, **taken aback**. 'My — oh, yes, my name — of course, certainly, my name. Stafford is my name,' he said.

'It is he,' she said aloud. 'I am sure of it.'

He opened his mouth to protest, but the lady continued. 'Mr. Stafford, I am Mrs. Gordon Wheeler; and this is my daughter... Cecily, Mr. Stafford.'

For the first time in ten years George became conscious of the blood in his veins. Cecily, her cheeks rosy pink, stepped up to him.

'Mr. Stafford,' she said in a sweet voice.

'My dear girl,' said George, 'I trust your mother sleeps in the afternoon?'

'Good heavens!' said Mrs. Wheeler. 'Here I am with an unmarried daughter, and the man accuses me of sleeping! However, I often close my eyes.'

---

[1] **a lorgnette** = eyeglasses that are held to the eyes with a long handle

'I am sure you do,' said George; 'Goodness knows they need it!'

'My dear girl —' began George.

'You called me that before,' Cecily interrupted, 'and I don't like it...'

Next afternoon found George and Cecily together in a canoe on the lake. George lit a cigarette — his fifth in half an hour.

'Aren't you afraid you'll get overheated?' said Cecily sarcastically.

'No,' said George. 'It's perfectly safe here in the shade.' Cecily looked at him. 'Do you think that I came out in this boat to sit and watch you smoke? Look at that!' — she pointed across the lake to another canoe. 'They started after we did. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Take me back to the hotel.' At this George looked at her with surprise. 'What's the trouble?'

'The trouble is,' said Cecily, 'that a canoe is supposed to move.'

'Do you mean,' George interrupted, 'you want to cross the lake?'

'I do,' said Cecily.

'Good heavens!' he said. 'What for? Why should we want to get anywhere?'

'Very well,' Cecily said finally. 'If you hand me that paddle, I shall return to the hotel. I must take you too, since you're too heavy to throw overboard. Give me the paddle, please.'

George rose. There was **two hundred pounds**[1] of him; and this mass, aroused, can do almost anything with a canoe. So, the canoe was bottom upwards, with Cecily on one end and George on the other.

'I asked you to hand me the paddle,' said Cecily in angry tones.

'Here it is,' said he.

'Be careful!' screamed Cecily.

---

[1] **two hundred pounds** = about 90 kg

George, losing his hold on the canoe, splashed hysterically about like a young whale.

'I suppose,' said Cecily angrily, 'that you can swim?'

'I can,' said George, 'but I hate to.'

Without another word, Cecily gave the canoe a push against George's breast, and started swimming.

During the week that followed, George Stafford was subjected to discipline. Cecily lost no time in undertaking his reformation. After many attempts, she found his mind unable of exercise; but she had less difficulty with his arms and legs. By the end of the week he had almost an athletic appearance.

It was one Friday afternoon, when Cecily stopped playing tennis and laughed at him.

'What's the matter?" George asked.

'Nothing,' said Cecily, 'only...'

'Look here,' said George, 'if you think —'

'But I don't. Are you tired?'

'No!'

'Well, I am. Besides, I want to talk. I've just thought of something I want to tell you.'

'What is it?' asked George.

'Mamma suspects,' said she.

George looked at her. 'Suspects what?'

'Why,' said Cecily, 'don't you know? Our — my — us.'

'Oh! I don't like people who suspect,' he said. 'I never suspect any one. Why should she?'

'Perhaps she saw us.'

'When?'

'Last night. You remember you kissed me good-night, and then followed me up to the hall and —'

'All right,' said George; 'that settles it. I'm through. If every time you turn around —'

'Don't be silly, you know we've got to tell her.'

'My dear girl,' said George, '*we* **have nothing to do with it**. It's you. You pulled me ashore. You made me play tennis. You called me George. And now — **it's up to you**.'

'But I've tried, and I can't.'

'Very well,' said George. 'Then, I'll go away from here and never see you again. You're killing me, anyway. I've done nothing but work ever since I met you. You can't even **let the fish alone**!'

'All right,' said Cecily. 'I'll tell her. But you'll have to be with me.'

So, that evening a young man and a girl were walking hand in hand down the corridor. The loud bang of a door and they saw Mrs. Gordon Wheeler.

'There you are!' exclaimed Mrs. Wheeler.

'We are, indeed,' agreed George.

'We can't talk here,' she said.

'Now,' she continued, after they were inside the apartment, 'what have you to say for yourself?'

'Mrs. Wheeler,' said George, 'I am silent. I am sure there is something you wish to say to me.'

'Are you absolutely without morals?'

'I hope so. They are inconvenient,' said George.

'Don't be funny. This is no laughing matter. Don't try to be witty, sir.'

'He won't, Mamma,' put in Cecily. 'I can promise you that.'

'Be silent, child! You don't know what you've escaped,' said her mother. 'As for you' — turning to George — 'what do you think of this?' George took a newspaper and read it through. 'Well, what of it?' he asked.

'Of course you don't understand it,' said Mrs. Wheeler. 'I am surprised at... Listen.' She read aloud: ' "The Earl of Woodstock comes to a hotel in the Berkshires for a month's rest. He is keeping a strict **incognito**[1]." '

'Well,' said George, 'it's a good thing for the earl that Cecily didn't **get hold of him**.'

---

[1] **incognito** = being in disguise or not recognized

'That,' Mrs. Wheeler said, 'was in the *Herald* two weeks ago. Among other information I found the following: Woodstock, Earl of, and Baron Dynely of Aldingbourne, county Oxford, in England; an agacella or, pied sable, armed, unguled, and bearing rods. What do you think of that?'

'Fine,' said George. 'Quite interesting. What does it mean?'

'It means that you're a charlatan,' said Mrs. Wheeler. 'But, thank God, I've found you out! When that notice appeared in the Herald I walked into the library of this hotel. What did I see? I saw a fat, overfed, and foolish-looking young man writing letters. I saw that the paper he was using bore a crest consisting of an agacella or, armed, and bearing rods.'

'It was **nothing of the sort**,' said George. 'It was a cow getting ready to light a fire.'

'Don't interrupt,' said Mrs. Wheeler. 'Don't you think I know an agacella when I see one? I asked the young man his name. It took him quite two minutes to think of it. I discovered that he was completely an ass. The conclusion was predictable: it was the Earl of Woodstock!'

'It was nothing of the sort!' said George again. 'It was me!'

'Of course,' Mrs. Wheeler went on, 'I introduced him to my daughter, Cecily — dear child. She became your constant companion. And just as I was preparing for your wedding, I look over my evening's mail, and I find — this: "The Earl of Woodstock has returned to the Severance villa at Newport." Now,' said Mrs. Wheeler, 'who are you?'

'That was the first question you'd asked me,' said George. 'Are you going to begin all over again?'

'George!' cried Cecily.

'Cecily,' said he, 'I could forgive you anything but your choice of a mother. That was your great mistake. We must part. I shall never see you again. The fact that we are married makes no difference.'

'Married!' shrieked Mrs. Wheeler.

'Yes, married,' said George. 'Cecily has won me; I was in no condition to resist.'

'I can hardly believe my ears,' Mrs. Wheeler said. 'I am completely upset. Tomorrow we shall talk the matter over. Goodnight.' She left.

'George,' said Cecily, 'do you love me?'

'Of course I do,' said George. 'Haven't I proved it?' Cecily kissed him. 'I don't mind it a bit because you're not an earl, dear,' she said tenderly. 'You're stupid enough to be one.'

Useful Words and Expressions

phlegmatic — флегматичный
to have an excuse — иметь оправдание
to be taken aback — удивиться, смутиться
Good heavens! — Боже мой!
to have nothing to do with it — не иметь к этому никакого отношения
it's up to you — это зависит от тебя
to let the fish alone — оставить в покое
to get hold of smb/smth = to come into possession of, to gain control of smb/smth
nothing of the sort — ничего подобного

Activities

Reading

1 Circle *T* if the sentence is true. Circle *F* if the sentence is false.

1. The Hotel Thiersberry is the best hotel in the USA. T F
2. George is very sporty and enthusiastic. T F
3. Mrs. Wheeler was sure George was the Earl. T F
4. George and Cecily got married because they were in love. T F
5. Cecily knew that George was not the Earl. T F

2 Match up the two parts of the sentences to make them true to the text.

1. He opened his mouth to protest, but	a) something you wish to say to me.
2. The canoe was bottom upwards, with	b) light a fire.
3. I could forgive you anything but	c) Cecily on one end and George on the other.
4. I am sure there is	d) your choice of a mother.
5. It was a cow getting ready to	e) the lady continued.

Vocabulary

Read the definitions and match them up with the corresponding adjectives.

violet — лиловый
indigo — сине-фиолетовый
pink — розовый
lilac — сиреневый
purple — фиолетовый

1. reddish in hue, of medium to high lightness
2. a combination of red and blue in equal proportions; a bluish purple colour
3. a deep red, or red and blue colour
4. a pale to light or moderate purple colour
5. a dark blue to grayish purple blue colour

Speaking

1 Explain why:

a) Mrs. Wheeler thought George to be the Earl.

b) Cecily undertook the efforts to reform George.
c) George married Cecily.

2 Prove that:

a) George was super idle.
b) Mrs. Wheeler was conscious about her daughter's future.
c) Cecily loved George.

The following words and phrases may help you:

as far as I can see, in my opinion, as the author put it, to my mind...

Writing

1 Describe the characters of the story (Cecily, George, Mrs. Wheeler), using the following words.

stupid	sweet
idle	surprised
conscious	unimaginative
foolish-looking	silly
fat	

2 Write down a story as if you were:

— Cecily;
— Mrs. Wheeler.

Grammar

Imperative Mood

The Imperative Mood is used for direct commands, that is, when ordering someone to do something or refrain from

doing something. It can also suggest or urge, as well as command.

It is usually found only in the Present Tense, second person. To form the Imperative Mood, use the base form of the verb.

The Imperative Mood is very powerful. It is often appropriate to use the Imperative Mood when giving instructions. However, in other types of documents, such as letters, procedures, or recommendations, the bare imperative may be too strong.

Translate the sentences, paying attention to the Imperative Mood.

1. Don't be funny!
2. Don't interrupt!
3. Be silent, child!
4. Don't try to be witty!
5. Be careful!

JONATHAN STANNARD'S SECRET VICE

Mrs. Stannard saw her husband with a woman at Courin's Restaurant. So, the mystery which was making her life miserable was solved. But then, she saw a man. It was John Dupont — her husband had not lied to her, because he was going to dine that evening with John Dupont.

She had married Jonathan Stannard twelve years before.

Three years later he had become famous with his books about appreciations of the classic and attacks on the modern.

As a husband he was perfect and he still loved her.

But there was the mystery.

It had begun six months before. He had said he had an appointment at the Century Club. But when later an important

message had come and she had telephoned the club, he was not there.

When he returned he said: 'Why, I've been at the club.'

But she felt the doubt enter her mind.

Then, he had taken tickets for **a Hofmann**[1], but she had a headache and he had gone alone. He said **Debussy**[2] was awful, but going through the morning paper, she read the following: '... *Salammbo*, the new tone poem by Debussy was dropped from the program...'

So, her husband had not been there! Should she demand an explanation? Yes. No. If he had lied once he would lie again. Useless.

She could not believe that her husband, the man who above all others stood for morality, lied.

But he had lied; he had lied to her twice within the week.

Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening he had gone out without saying a word of where he had been.

'There's a woman,' she thought.

When her husband left the house the next evening she followed him. But not very far. At the corner he took a taxi.

The next time, she had a taxi ready.

She saw him as he went into the subway station; but by the time she paid the chauffeur and run down the steps, a train had gone.

She went home and within thirty minutes a man entered her library.

'You are —' she began.

'Mr. Pearson, of Doane & Doane,' he replied. 'You telephoned for a man, I believe. This is Mrs. Stannard?'

'Yes. You are — a detective?'

'I am.'

---

[1] **a Hofmann** — концерт Гофмана (Юзеф Гофман — известный польский пианист и педагог)

[2] **Debussy** — Клод Дебюсси, знаменитый французский композитор-импрессионист

'You **follow people**?' she asked.

'I sure do,' he said.

'Well'— she hesitated — 'I am a little worried —'

'Pardon me,' the detective interrupted, 'is it about your husband?'

'Certainly!' said Mrs. Stannard.

'You want to know where he goes. Day or night?'

'Both.'

'Ah! Now,what is his full name?'

'Jonathan Stannard.'

'Business?'

'Writer.'

'Writer?'

'Yes. He writes.'

'U-m. Does he drink?'

'No.'

'Gamble?'

'No!'

'Er — fond of — er — women?'

'Well! Well — No.'

'I see. Always been a good husband?'

'Yes.'

'You say he's a writer. Stories?'

'No. Mr. Stannard writes criticisms. He is a man of high morals.'

'I see,' said Mr. Pearson, 'Mr. Stannard is a serious guy. He seems to have a grudge against the movies.'

'He is for noble in art,' said Mrs. Stannard. 'He has conducted a campaign against the cinema because it appeals only to the lowest function of our mentality.'

'Just so,' Mr. Pearson agreed. 'I remember him now. I've heard my daughter speak of him. He hates things that other people like.' He read: "The cinema is a poison. One dose is harmless, but repeated day after day it is slowly corroding the intellect of the nation." '

'Probably, secret vice,' said the detective.

Mrs. Stannard lived a year in the week. She remembered the detective's words, 'secret vice.' There was something horrible about them. Yes, there were worse things even than a woman.

Each day she looked at her husband's back with alarm as he left the house.

'Secret vice!' Yes, it would be something truly horrible.

Her husband was absent nearly every afternoon and evening.

Friday afternoon, the detective called to make his report.

'Madam,' said Mr. Pearson, 'I can give you a full account of your husband's actions. Your husband is the finest example of a **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**[1].'

'Tell me!' Mrs. Stannard asked.

'I have here a list of the dates and places:

'Friday, July 9, 2.24 P.M., Empire Moving Picture Theater, Third Avenue and Thirty-Ninth Street, three hours and eleven minutes.

'Friday, July 9, 8.15 P.M., Royal Moving Picture Theater, Third Avenue and Grand Street, two hours and thirty-four minutes.

'Sunday, July 11, 7.09 P.M., Circle Moving Picture Theater, Ninth Avenue and Fifty-Ninth Street, three hours and fifteen minutes.

'Monday, July 12, 3.03 P.M., Louvre Moving Picture Theater, Third Avenue and 14th Street, two hours and one minute.

'Wednesday, July 14, 1.48 P.M., Columbia Moving Picture Theater, Eighth Avenue and 117th Street, four hours and twenty-one minutes.

'Friday, July 16, 1.55 P.M., Mecca Moving Picture Theater, Broadway and Ninety-Eighth Street.'

Mr. Pearson looked at his client with an air of triumph.

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[1] **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde** — доктор Джекил и мистер Хайд; главный герой романа Р. Л. Стивенсона, яркий пример раздвоения личности

She sat, looking at him stupidly as though she had not understood. Then suddenly she saw her husband standing in the doorway.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'Jonathan,' she said, 'I know all. This is Mr. Pearson, a detective.'

'A detective!' he repeated. 'What for? What is it?'

'Mr. Stannard,' Mr. Pearson said, 'I have just informed your wife that during the past seven days you have spent twenty hours and two minutes in moving picture theaters.'

There was a silence. Stannard's face grew white as chalk, and it could be seen that he trembled from head to foot.

The detective looked at him coldly.

'I am ruined!' cried Mr. Stannard.

'And I thought it was some kind of a woman,' whispered his wife.

'Well,' the detective said, 'You'll have to excuse me, but I got **a date** to go to the movies.'

Mrs. Stannard looked at her husband. The unhappy man sat with his face in his hands.

'It is the end,' he whispered miserably. 'The end of everything — I cannot — it is too much to expect — Vera, tell me — can you ever forgive me?'

She looked at her husband with tears in her eyes.

'We are one, Jonathan,' she said in a sweet voice. 'Who am I to judge you? I will even — I will even share your sin. Yes, I will share it.'

'Come, dear; let us dress for dinner. We shall go to the cinema — together.'

Useful Words and Expressions

to follow people — следить за людьми
a date — свидание

Activities

Reading

1 Circle *T* if the sentence is true. Circle *F* if the sentence is false.

1. Jonathan Stannard loved his wife. T F
2. Mrs. Stannard believed her husband completely. T F
3. Jonathan Stannard asked a detective to follow his wife. T F
4. Jonathan Stannard was fond of movies and wrote about his affection in his articles. T F
5. Jonathan Stannard's secret vice was his love for a beautiful woman. T F

2 Circle the letter of the correct answer to complete the sentence.

1. Mrs. Stannard saw her husband with _____ at Courin's Restaurant.
   a) Mr. Pearson
   b) a woman
   c) John Dupont
2. Jonathan Stannard hates things that _____ .
   a) other people hate
   b) his wife likes
   c) other people like
3. Each day Mrs. Stannard looked at her husband's back with _____ .
   a) happiness
   b) alarm
   c) hatred
4. Mr. Pearson looked at his client with _____ .
   a) an air of triumph
   b) sorrow
   c) a smile

5. Mrs. Stannard looked at her husband with _____ .
   a) a happy smile
   b) tears in her eyes
   c) a secret desire

Vocabulary

Read the definitions of the following words and insert the right words into the gaps.

plead = to request for help
apology = something said to explain a fault or an offence, asking for excuse
excuse = to explain (a fault or an offense) in the hope of being forgiven or understood
forgive = no longer have the wish to punish a person
pardon = to let (an offense) pass without punishment
sorry = feeling or expressing sympathy, pity, or regret

1. _____ , dear, can you tell me the way to the railway station?
2. Can you ever _____ my being rude?
3. Such mistakes are so awful, I am not sure we'll be able to _____ them.
4. I want you to _____ before her.
5. It's useless to _____ . I'll never _____ you.
6. _____ me, I'm in a hurry.
7. Please _____ my dirty hands.
8. After the revolution all political prisoners were _____ .
9. _____ us our debts as we _____ our debtors.
10. It is not my intention to make an _____ for this.

Grammar

При переводе предложений из прямой речи в косвенную необходимо помнить о правилах согласования времен — **Sequence of Tenses**.

Если главное предложение стоит в одном из прошедших времен, то в придаточном происходит сдвиг времён по схеме:

Present Simple → Past Simple
Present Continuous → Past Continuous
Present Perfect → Past Perfect
Past Simple → Past Perfect
Future Simple → Future-in-the-Past

Noun (Pronoun)	Verb	Conjunction	Noun (Pronoun)	Verb
Mrs. Stannard/ She	said	that	she/ her husband	did/had done/ was doing/ would do
main clause		subordinate clause		

1 Put the sentences into direct speech.

1. He had said he had an appointment at the Century Club.
   He said, '_____ .'
2. He said Debussy was awful.
   He said, '_____ .'
3. He said that there were worse things even than a woman.
   He said, '_____ .'

2 Put the sentences into indirect speech.

1. When he returned he said, 'Why, I've been at the club.'
   When he returned he said that _____ .
2. 'I am for noble in art,' said Mrs. Stannard.
   Mrs. Stannard said that _____ .
3. Mr. Pearson said, 'I've heard my daughter speak of him.'
   Mr. Pearson said that _____ .

Speaking

Agree or disagree. Prove your point of view.

1. A woman shouldn't demand an explanation when she finds out that a man is lying to her.
2. A wife and a husband should never have secrets from each other.
3. A person who is talking much about high morals usually has none.
4. A loving person is able to forgive any sin of the loved one.
5. Sometimes a person's vice seems more evil to him than to other people.

Writing

Imagine that you are Jonathan Stannard. Write an article in which you:

- blame the cinema of almost all the problems of nowadays life;
- praise the cinema as one of the mighty means of influencing people.

Don't forget to:

- make up a title;
- give your 'for' and 'against' reasons;
- give examples.

While making up your article use the following linking words:

firstly, first of all, before, after, then, finally, but, on the one hand, on the other hand, nevertheless, however.

OFFICER AND LADY

It was a dark night. Bill Farden took the instrument from his pocket. The window opened. He was inside the house.

There was no sound.

He switched on the light. It was a dining room.

He first took linen; the second was silver, old family silver.

Should he leave at once? No. He entered the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and took out a dish of peas, some beef, a chicken, cold potatoes, and a strawberry cake. It was idiotic. But he was hungry.

He started eating the cake, when he heard the footsteps, the noise of the opening door... It was a woman in a blue nightgown. Bill pressed the damp sponge against her nose and mouth.

Now he had the taste of danger. A moment later he was on his way up.

He went on to the top of the stairs and entered the room.

He was not alone, he heard the breathing. But there was something curious about that breathing. Most irregular. Surely not the breathing of a sleeper! He noticed a movement under the sheets. He saw the face of a man — a man terrified with fear. The chloroform tube was empty, so he filled his mouth with the corner of a sheet and tied his hands and feet. He found two silver cigarette cases, scarf pins, rings, a jeweled photograph frame, and ninety-four dollars and put everything into his pockets.

He was in the house for thirty minutes, and already had a full bag below, his stomach was full, too and his pockets were full with money and jewelry. He was proud. **On with the dance!**[1]

He entered the next door.

First he thought it unoccupied. Then he heard faint breathing. He came up the bed.

There, under the silk cover, he saw a sleeping child.

It was a girl of eight or nine; her arm was under her head, and her soft brown hair spread over the pillow, her sweet red lips were opened a bit.

Bill stood still and gazed at her. He felt all of a sudden big and dirty and clumsy and entirely **out of place**.

There was a small dressing table, a desk, and two or three chairs, all in pink. The wall was white, with pink flowers and animals.

Bill looked at the beautiful sleeping child, and at the child's beautiful room and off came his cap.

'My little girl would have a place like this,' he said half aloud.

Bill had no little girl or big one either, and he was unmarried.

He stood there looking down and thinking that a creature could be so helpless without incurring the contempt of a strong man.

---

[1] **On with the dance!** — Вперед!

Perhaps physical force was not the only power worth having. Here was this little child lying there helpless before him — helpless, and yet far more secure from injury at his hands than a powerful man.

No, force was not made to be used against helpless beings like her. What would he do if she should awake and cry out? He would talk to her and quiet her.

But what if she would not be quieted? Force, then? No. In that case he would drop a kiss on her soft brown hair and make his escape. He put an extremely clumsy kiss on a lock of her hair and turned to go.

'*Hands up!*' The words came from behind him in a thin voice.

The sweet helpless child was sitting up in bed, a little revolver in her hand.

'**Lord above us!**' said our hero.

'I would advise you to put your hands up before I count ten,' said the sweet, helpless child calmly. 'One, two, three —'

'Really, now,' Bill said. 'Little girl, I won't hurt you.'

'I see you don't take me seriously. I am Major Wentworth of Squadron A of the Girls' Military Auxiliary. Four, five, six —' Bill was speechless.

'Seven, eight, nine —' Up went his hands above his head.

'That's better,' said the sweet, helpless child. 'Now turn your back.' Bill did so. She stood there in her pink nightgown. She looked so tiny, but the muzzle of the revolver wavered not a fraction.

'Look here, little girl,' Bill began, '**I ain't going**[1] to hurt you.'

'Call me Major Wentworth,' was the reply.

'All right, major. But come, what's the use —'

'Stop! If you move, I'll shoot. I wonder what's the matter with Hilda?'

'Is Hilda a big woman in a blue nightgown?'

[1] **I ain't going** (*неграмотная речь*) = I am not going

'Yes. Have you seen her? Oh! Where is she? Is she hurt?'

'**Nope**.[1]' Bill said. 'Kitchen floor. Chloroform. **I was eatin' strawberry cake when she come in**.[1]'

'I suppose I must call my father.'

'He's helpless, too. You see, major, we're all alone. Tell you what I'll do. There's a bag full of silver down. I'll agree to leave it there —'

'You certainly will,' the major nodded. 'And you'll leave the other things too. I see them in your pockets. Since my father is tied up I suppose I must call the police myself.'

The little devil was going to call the police!

'My little girl's mama is dead, too,' he said suddenly.

The major stopped to look at him.

'My mother isn't dead. She's gone to the country. Do *you* have a wife?'

'Been dead three years. Got sick and died. Broke my little girl's heart, and mine, too.'

'What is your little girl's name?'

'Her name? Oh, her name. Why, of course her name's Hilda —'

'Indeed!' The major looked interested. 'The same as cook. How funny! How old is she?'

'Sixteen,' said Bill.

'Oh, she's a big girl, then!'

'You might call the **cops**[3]. Of course, Hilda's at home hungry, but that doesn't matter to you. She'll **starve to death**. I didn't tell you she's sick. I was just walkin' past here and thought I might find something for her to eat —'

'You ate the strawberry cake yourself,' put in the major.

'The doctor won't let Hilda have cake,' Bill retorted. 'And I was hungry myself. I suppose it's no crime to be hungry —'

[1] **Nope** = No

[2] **I was eatin' strawberry cake when she come in** (*неграмотная речь*) = I was eating a strawberry cake when she came in

[3] **cops** (*сленг*) = policemen

'You took the silver and other things.'

'I know. I'm a bad man. I wanted to buy nice things for Hilda. She never has much to eat. If I'm arrested she'll starve to death.'

'I don't want to cause suffering,' the girl declared. 'I **feel strongly for** the lower classes. I suppose little would be gained by sending you to prison.'

'It's an awful place,' Bill said.

'You have been there?'

'Off and on.'

'**You see!** It has done you no good. No, I might let you go. Empty your pockets. Put the things on the dressing table.' Bill obeyed.

'Go, please. I'm sleepy, and you've given me a lot of trouble. I shall have to revive Hilda.'

Bill went. Major's voice said: 'Keep your mouth closed. Head up! Arms at your side. Breathe through your nose. Chest out forward! Lift your foot and come down on the heel. Head up!'

As he reached the street corner the command came: '**Halt! About face! Salute!**[1]' Bill halted, but he did not salute. It was too much. Instead, he ran across the street, and was off like a shot. And as he ran he replied to her command to salute, as man to man: 'Go to hell!'

Useful Words and Expressions

out of place — не к месту, неуместный
Lord above us! — О, Боже!
to starve to death — умереть с голоду
to feel strongly for smb — сочувствовать кому-л.
You see! — Вот видишь!

[1] **Halt! About face! Salute!** — Стоять! Смирно! Отдать честь!

Activities

Reading

1 Circle *T* if the sentence is true. Circle *F* if the sentence is false.

1. Bill broke into the house because he was terribly hungry. T F
2. Bill found nobody in the house. T F
3. Bill was ready to kill the sleeping girl. T F
4. The girl was not frightened because she had a revolver. T F
5. Bill was happy to escape the girl. T F

2 Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What is true about Bill?
   a) Bill was a terrible and cruel burglar.
   b) Bill was a very kind thief.
   c) Bill was quite indifferent to the kids.
2. What is not true about the girl?
   a) The girl was very weak and helpless.
   b) The girl was awfully frightened.
   c) The girl was happy to see Bill in her house.
3. What is true about Bill and the girl?
   a) Bill and the girl were good friends.
   b) Bill had never met such a nice girl before.
   c) The girl loved Bill at first sight.

Grammar

В русском языке есть так называемые безличные предложения: *Холодно. Поздно. Интересно.* и т. д.

Обратите внимание — в английском предложении обязательно должны быть и подлежащее, и сказуемое: ***It is cold. It is late. It is interesting.*** **etc.**

1 **Translate the following sentences from the story into Russian.**

1. It was a dark night.
2. It was a dining room.
3. It was idiotic.
4. It was a woman in a blue nightgown.
5. It was a girl of eight or nine.
6. It was too much.

2 **Translate into English.**

1. Раннее утро.
2. Весна.
3. Прохладно.
4. Не ветрено.
5. Так здорово!

3 **Make up 5 sentences using *It is/was/will be.***

Speaking

1 **Are the following sentences true or false? Prove your point of view using the facts from the text. Use the words and phrases given below:**

I feel, I doubt, I am sure that, I suppose that, to my mind, as far as I can see, I believe that.

1. Bill was going to hurt the girl if she would cry for help.
2. The girl would shoot if Bill didn't follow her orders.
3. The girl's father was not frightened because he knew that his daughter was a real major.
4. Bill followed the girl's orders because he was sure she would shoot him.
5. Bill loved kids very much.

2 **Retell the story as if you were:**

— the girl;
— the cook Hilda;
— the girl's father.

Writing

Imagine that this story happened to you and now you are writing a letter to your friend about this accident.
Don't forget to:

- describe the time, the place;
- describe the main character;
- mention your feelings.

While making up your letter use the following linking words:

firstly, first of all, before, after, then, finally, but, on the one hand, on the other hand, nevertheless, however.

ROSE ORCHID

Lieutenant-Commander Reed had his own ideas about the discipline of a ship. Every man from his ship the *Helena* said that it was a 'madhouse.'

'The old man's a holy terror,' they said.

Once the *Helena* was ordered to San Juan and Lieutenant-Commander Reed was much pleased: he had a chance to visit a boyhood friend, the owner of a tobacco plantation in Puerto Rico.

But the visit was disappointing. He found his friend dull, and his friend found him insufferable.

For two days they pretended amusing each other. Then Reed said he was returning to the *Helena* and departed on his journey across the mountains.

At Caguas, he stopped for rest and was advised to put off his journey because of a coming storm. But Reed mounted his pony, and left.

The storm broke soon. Darkness came like a blanket. The wind seemed terrific.

Something brushed against Reed's body — his pony fell and he felt a sharp pain in his left arm.

When the storm passed, the pony was not to be seen. Reed started his way down. At every step a shiver of pain ran through his body.

He saw a light in the window of a cottage and knocked on the door.

When he awoke he had a feeling of the most delicious warmth. He kept his eyes closed and heard the words in Spanish.

'No, beloved, he is still asleep.' Another voice, a man's, 'Are you sure?'

'Yes, there is no cause for worry.'

'All right. Come here, Rita.'

Reed opened his eyes.

He gave a start of surprise and closed his eyes, then opened them again. The man's face stood out clearly and there could be no mistake.

'**I'm in a devil of a hole.**[1] The wonder is I'm still alive,' he thought. Laying silent he heard the dialogue:

'Well, I must go.'

'But, Tota!'

'Now, little one, how could I foretell the storm?'

'Very well; then **do go**[2], I shall not miss you; I shall amuse the stranger. I shall sing to him, and perhaps —'

'Rita! What do you mean?' There came a little laugh, then: 'Oh, Tota, my beloved! Kiss me! Ah!' There was a pause, then the man's voice: 'And now —'

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[1] **I'm in a devil of a hole.** — Ну я и попал!

[2] **do go** — ну, давай, иди *(усилительная эмфатическая конструкция)*

'Now you may go. And I want — but come, I'll tell you on the way.' They went out.

Reed understood at once that he had not been recognized in 'civilians.' Besides, in the past six months he had grown a beard. But there still was some danger; his position was extremely unpleasant. He must get away at the very first chance.

He saw the girl with a huge bunch of rose orchids at the door. She came in and put the flowers on a table.

Seeing the Lieutenant-Commander's eyes wide open, she smiled brightly.

'Ah! The señor is awake.'

'Yes.' He smiled back at her 'Well! You have slept a very long time. And the arm — does it pain you greatly?'

'Why — I didn't know,' he said, 'thanks to you, it is really fine.'

'That is well. **We did the best we could.** Oh, but I thought you were dead. And Tota — Mr. Hurley — that is, my husband — but oh!' She stopped with a look of real horror on her face.

'What is it?' Reed asked in alarm.

'Why, the señor must be starved!' she cried. 'And here I stand and talk like an old woman.' She fled into the kitchen.

Reed had not realized it before, but he was hungry — incredibly so.

Rita cut the meat into little squares, broke the bread into small pieces, and separated the sections of grapefruit, saying: 'Your arm, you are helpless — like a baby.'

When he had finished Rita cut off the end of a cigar and lighted it for him!

She arranged the rose orchids in a jar and put them near him, on the bamboo table. She told that her husband had found the señor's pony.

'Ah!' said Reed. Perhaps he was pleased with the fact, but he made no comment.

Rita sat down and began to talk.

'The señor was going to San Juan?' said Rita. He nodded.

'Ah! It is a wonderful city — San Juan. I used to live there. It was very gay. The music at night, and the promenade!'

'Are you lonely — out here?' Reed realized with surprise that he was really interested in her answer.

'No, no! How could I be, with Tota? That is my husband,' she continued proudly. 'Hurley will be here soon; he wants to see you. He is a very wonderful man, and so good, señor,' she said.

Reed was looking at Rita — her soft brown arms, her dark, ever-changing eyes. As he sat and looked at her and listened to her voice, Lieutenant-Commander Reed, for the first time in his life, had emotions. He didn't notice anything in the world but her presence. He felt a shock when the door suddenly opened and a man appeared in the room. It was Hurley.

Rita ran to him.

Hurley kissed her. 'Well, little one, I **kept my promise**.' Then he turned to Reed, 'You must excuse us,' and smiled.

Reed felt a curious and undreamed-of sensation. But his mind was working quickly; and he made his decision almost without hesitation.

'I've been waiting for you,' he said to Hurley. 'You found my pony. Bring him up.' At the tone of command Hurley looked at Reed. He walked over to the bed and stood looking down in silence. The expression in his eyes was unpleasant.

'Have I ever seen you before?' Hurley said finally.

'What makes you think so?' Reed asked.

'Why did you speak to me — like that?'

Reed just said: 'How do I know? Do you expect a man with a broken arm to get up and bow?'

'I don't know,' Hurley muttered. 'I'll bring up your pony. Rita, you come with me.' They returned with the pony. Hurley helped Reed put on his coat and boots, and strapped his poncho.

'You'll be in San Juan by seven,' said Hurley. 'I guess I made a mistake in there,' he continued. 'I meant no offense, sir.'

Reed made no reply. He nodded a farewell. Hurley and Rita were standing together in the doorway.

Lieutenant-Commander Reed was a man of decision. Whenever he met a problem he liked to face it, analyze it thoroughly, and decide it quickly. This he had always done.

But the problem, which was now before him, defied analysis. It seemed somehow vague, ephemeral, and ungraspable. He tried one after another of his rules, and found that none of them fitted. His mind was in an uncomfortable and entirely unique condition of flexibility. But the weight of habit dominated and he decided **in favour of** duty.

On board the *Helena* all was confusion and despair. They had not expected their Commanding Officer for another four days, and they were **having the time of their lives**.

In the morning Lieutenant-Commander Reed was in his cabin, with a pen in his hand and official paper before him.

He wrote as follows:

Ensign G. J. Rowley, U. S. N., U. S. S. Helena.

Sir: You will take four men and go at once to the village of Rio, twenty miles from San Juan on the Caguas road.

Two miles beyond Rio, in a cottage three hundred yards to the left of the trail, you will find James Moser, Chief Yeoman, a deserter from the U. S. S. Helena.

He has the name of Hurley. You will arrest him and deliver him on shipboard. You are advised to proceed with caution.

Respectfully, Brinsley Reed, Lt.-Comd'r., U. S. N., Commanding.

He read it slowly, and pushed a button on the desk for his orderly. Then he reread it more slowly. The decision had been made.

Suddenly he opened a drawer and took from it — a rose orchid!

I have no idea where he got it; possibly he took it in Rita's absence.

But that is hardly possible, since Reed was the last man in the world to be swayed by any weak sentiment.

'Did you ring, sir?' The orderly asked. Reed slipped the orchid back into the drawer.

He turned to the orderly: 'Learn **to stand at attention** till you're spoken to! No, I didn't ring! Get out of here!'

So, Ensign Rowley failed to carry out the order, since it was no part of his duty to search about in his skipper's wastebasket for torn bits of paper.

Useful Words and Expressions

We did the best we could. — Мы сделали все, что смогли.
to keep one's promise — сдержать своё обещание
in favour of — в пользу
to have the time of one's life — веселиться на славу, отлично проводить время
to stand at attention — стоять по стойке «смирно»

Activities

Reading

1 Circle *T* if the sentence is true. Circle *F* if the sentence is false.

1. Every man on his ship the *Helena* loved Lieutenant-Commander Reed. T F
2. Reed was caught by a terrible storm and lost his way. T F
3. Rita cared much about Lieutenant-Commander Reed. T F
4. Reed ordered to arrest Hurley. T F
5. Rose orchid reminded Reed about Rita. T F

2 Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What is true about Lieutenant-Commander Reed?
   a) He was a very kind and caring man.
   b) He was a devil of a Commander to the crew of his ship.
   c) He was a very disciplined and strict man.

2. What is not true about Rita?
   a) She was in love with Lieutenant-Commander Reed.
   b) She was the most beautiful woman Lieutenant-Commander Reed had ever seen.
   c) She was a very caring but unpleasant woman.
3. Why didn't Lieutenant-Commander Reed report about Hurley?
   a) He was sorry for him.
   b) He was grateful to him.
   c) He was in love with Rita.
4. What is true about Hurley?
   a) He was happy after leaving the ship.
   b) He was starving after leaving the ship.
   c) He was sorry about leaving the ship.
5. Why didn't Lieutenant-Commander Reed fulfil his duty?
   a) Because he was too tired.
   b) Because he had had a human feeling for the first time in his life.
   c) Because he was afraid of Hurley.

Vocabulary

Write the correct words using those given in brackets.

1. Lieutenant-Commander Reed's visit to Puerto Rico was _____ . *(disappoint)*
2. When he awoke he had a feeling of the most delicious _____ . *(warm)*
3. The man's face stood out in front of him _____ . *(clear)*
4. His position was _____ unpleasant. *(extreme)*
5. Does your arm pain you _____ ? *(great)*
6. His mind was working _____ . *(quick)*

7. His mind was in an uncomfortable and _____ unique condition. *(entire)*
8. Whenever he met a problem he liked to face it, analyze it _____ . *(thorough)*
9. _____ he took the orchid in Rita's absence. *(possible)*
10. He made his decision almost without _____ . *(hesitate)*

Speaking

Describe the story characters:

— Lieutenant-Commander Reed before the meeting with Rita and after that;
— Rita;
— Hurley.

Use the following words and phrases:

a holy terror, the weight of habit, vague, ephemeral, insufferable, disappointing, surprise, brightly, in alarm, proudly, wonderful, emotions, curious, without hesitation, unpleasant

Writing

Choose one of the following situations and write a story.

1. You are Lieutenant-Commander Reed. Describe the events in a letter to your friend.
2. You are Rita. Describe the events in a letter to your children.
3. You are Hurley. Describe the events to yourself.

Don't forget to say some words about:

- where it happened;
- when it happened;
- what the weather was like;
- who was there with you;
- what you were doing when it happened;
- what was going on before and after the accident;
- your emotions and feelings.

THE MOTHER OF INVENTION[1]

William Frederick Marston read the telegram for the third time:

WALK HOME TIRED OF YOUR FOOLISHNESS NOT A CENT.

Jonathan Marston.

'I suppose,' said William Frederick aloud, 'he thinks he's funny.' He threw his cigarette into the urn and lit another.

It was the Rue Royale, Paris.

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[1] **The Mother of Invention** — *часть известной английской поговорки* Necessity is the mother of invention. — Нужда заставит.

'I — **Billy**[1] Marston — to lose *three francs* at roulette! It is horrible.' **But alas!**[2] It was true.

The three francs were gone, and William Frederick Marston began to think.

His father, Jonathan Marston, of New York, sent his son, William Frederick, on an educational tour of the Mediterranean during the summer vacation preceding his **senior**[3] year at **Harvard**.[4]

The tour of the Mediterranean had been stopped by the misfortune at Monte Carlo.

William Frederick had asked father for additional funds and on receiving them he had departed for Paris. Struck by the beauty of that city, he had immediately decided to buy it, but he had his last sou in the pocket and the fall term at Harvard was to begin in two weeks. He wrote to his father:

LEAVE FOR NEW YORK TOMORROW WIRE FUNDS.
William.

That telegram brought the answer:

FIVE HUNDRED MORE YOU NEED A GUARDIAN.
Father.

Three days later he sent another telegram:

FUNDS DISAPPEARED WIRE QUICK SAIL TOMORROW.
William.

In a few hours came the answer:

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[1] **Billy** — *сокр. от* William

[2] **But alas!** — И увы!

[3] **senior** = last

[4] **Harvard** — Гарвардский университет, Кембридж, штат Массачусетс

PASSAGE ON *Alvonia* SAILING CHERBOURG TENTH PAID HERE AM SENDING TWENTY DOLLARS FOR FARE TO CHERBOURG.
Father.

Three days later he sent the next telegram:

MISSED STEAMER WIRE FUNDS OR ARRANGE TRANSPORTATION.
William.

And it was in answer to this that he had received the sarcastic advice from his father to walk home. William Frederick, knowing his own father, was sure that what Jonathan Marston said, he meant.

He was tired of Paris. He wanted to go home. His father must know that. And the fall term at the university would start in three days. He felt a sudden fierce desire for knowledge. Was his father so unfeeling as to deny him the advantages of a decent education?

Since his father had seen fit to refuse his reasonable request for money to come home, he would make no further appeal to him. Some other method must be found.

He had friends, dozens of them. But they, poor devils, could be of no use in a financial difficulty. And the others would talk. That would serve his father right — to have it known all over New York that the son of Jonathan Marston had been forced to depend on the friends to get home. If his father showed no concern for the dignity of the Marston name, why should *he*?

The pride of youth is capable of supreme idiocies. It caused William Frederick to resolve grandly that he would make his way home without help and alone. Magnificent resolution!

He started immediately to the consideration of **ways and means**. He must use his wits.

He used them. A thousand schemes offered themselves to his mind. Earning the money for a passage was impossible. But there must be a way. His pride rose higher and higher, until finally he had the realm of pure artistic creation.

'After all,' he muttered, 'I shall have to ask Tom to help, but not with money. The question is, will he do it? Well — he must. I'll make it as strong as I can. And — let's see — there's the William Penn Tablet, and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial, and the Statue of Franklin, and the Old Tower —' William Frederick Marston had achieved an immortal idea.

At this point this tale gets the importance of history, and we shall let the chroniclers speak for themselves.

From the *Philadelphia Clarion*, September 21st:

Late last evening, or early this morning, some person or persons entered ***Independence Hall*** *by a window and defaced* ***the Liberty Bell***[1] *by painting on it, in large red letters, the following: Jules Mercade Chiromancien 37 Rue de Rennes Paris.*

The authorities are at a loss to account for any possible motive. The paint used was ordinary house paint...

September 22nd:

It will be a matter of pleasure and gratification to every patriotic citizen to learn that Jules Mercade, whose name was found painted on the Liberty Bell yesterday morning, was arrested at his rooms at 37 Rue de Rennes, Paris, early yesterday afternoon.

Mercade exhibited no surprise at his arrest. He has even refused to admit his identity.

He will sail to New York tomorrow from Cherbourg, on the Daconia, accompanied by a member of the Paris police.

September 29th:

If there be such a person as 'Jules Mercade,' and if he be responsible for the defacement of the Liberty Bell on September 21, it seems likely that, owing to the bungling of the Paris police, he will go unpunished.

The 'Jules Mercade' who a police officer brought over on the Daconia, which arrived in New York yesterday, proved to be no less a personage than William Frederick Marston, son of Jonathan Marston, the New York financier.

[1] ***the Liberty Bell*** = the famous bell of the Philadelphia State House, which rang when the Continental Congress declared the Independence of the United States, in 1776. It had been cast in 1753, and upon it were the words 'Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.'

At about eight o'clock in the evening of the day on which the *Daconia* arrived in New York, two men were dining in the Marston home on Fifth Avenue.

'That bridge over the Tiber at Athens is wonderful,' said the younger man suddenly. 'I don't wonder you insisted I shouldn't miss it.'

'William,' said the elder man, '**you're a perfect ass**. Don't try **to play the innocent baby** with me. I know you too well. At the same time, I have made a discovery. There is one man in this world who is even a bigger idiot than you are.'

"You arouse my curiosity. Who may this inconceivable idiot be?'

'The man,' said the elder one, 'who, at your request, painted a monstrous, red, hideous sign on the Liberty Bell of our great country. And **by the way**,' he continued, 'it is really too bad that your little plan made it necessary to change your address. Of course that was why you missed my last telegram. My advice to walk home was merely a temporary pill. I wired you five hundred dollars the following day.'

Useful Words and Expressions

ways and means — способы и средства
you're a perfect ass — ну и осёл же ты
to play the innocent baby — прикидываться невинным младенцем
by the way — между прочим

Activities

Reading

1 Circle *T* if the sentence is true. Circle *F* if the sentence is false.

1. William Frederick Marston began to think when his last francs were gone. T F
2. William Frederick had asked father for money and got enough at once. T F
3. William's friends could always help him in a financial difficulty. T F
4. William's efforts were useless. T F
5. William missed his father's telegram because he was busy making his schemes. T F

2 Match up the two parts of the sentence to make it true.

1. The tour of the Mediter ranean had been stopped by	a) knowledge.
2. William felt a sudden fierce desire for	b) the misfortune at Monte Carlo.
3. William Frederick sure that	c) get home.
4. William had been forced to depend on the friends to	d) impossible for William.
5. Earning the money for a passage was impossible.	e) what Jonathan Marston said, he meant.

Grammar

The Passive Voice

Sometimes, it is not necessary to mention the doer of the action as:

a) it is obvious who he/she *is/was/will be*;
b) we don't know or have forgotten who did the action;

c) the subject of the active verb is 'the people';
d) the subject of the active verb is the indefinite 'one';
e) we are more interested in the action than the person who does it.

Noun (Pronoun)	is/are/was/were/will be/ have been/had been + V_{ed}/V_3	by someone

Translate the following sentences from the story, marking (a–e) the case of usage of the Passive Voice:

1. The three francs were gone.
2. The tour of the Mediterranean had been stopped by the misfortune.
3. Some other method must be found.
4. The son of Jonathan Marston had been forced to depend on friends.
5. Earning the money for a passage was impossible.

Speaking

1 Make up dialogues using the following phrases:

By the way
It is really too bad
You're a perfect ass!
Don't try to play the innocent baby with me!
But alas!

2 Retell the story as if you were:

— William Frederick;
— Jonathan Marston;
— Tom.

Writing

Imagine the following situations:

1. You are in Paris without any money. Find a way to get home.
2. You have to go to the university, but you are far away and can't be in time.

Find the way out of these situations. Try to make them original and interesting. The following words and word combinations can help you:

I suppose I felt a sudden fierce desire for after all I don't wonder at the same time by the way

THE PAY YEOMAN[1]

Paymaster Garway Ross was serving on board the United States ship *Helena.*

One day he did a very foolish thing. He gave the combination of the office safe to his yeoman.

The pay yeoman is the man who does the work of the paymaster.

Garway Ross hated to count money, so he entrusted the yeoman with the **daily balance of the cash** and sighed with relief.

For two years all was harmony. Paymaster Garway Ross read novels and invented mysterious cocktails, while Yeoman Martin wrote and ruled in the pay-office two decks below.

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[1] **The Pay Yeoman** — *в русском переводе* «Писарева расплата»

Then, on a day in August, Martin asked for a vacation. The paymaster agreed and waved a cheerful ***au revoir***[1] as Martin went down the gangway.

The following afternoon the paymaster came to the pay office, opened the safe to balanced the cash. **It was eight thousand dollars short.** He was shocked. The thing was incredible.

His **dilemma**[2] was a curious one. If it becomes known that he had entrusted the combination of the safe to his yeoman the paymaster would have been dismissed from the service. So, he could not expose Martin's guilt without at the same time admitting his own.

For a long hour he sat, smoking, revolving schemes and rejecting each **in its turn**.

The following morning he visited his bankers and placed eight thousand into the safe **to balance the cash**. He then took a private account-book and wrote, *'James Martin. To experience supplied — $8,000. Account not closed.'*

It was two years and six months, since the disappearance of Jimmie Martin. **He was on the list of the wanted.**

Paymaster Garway Ross did neither forget nor forgive. He desired revenge.

One hot June morning the *Helena* came to San Juan.

Paymaster Garway Ross went ashore. In a little shop of Hernandez he heard the name Señor Martin and electric thrill, indefinable, illusive, passed through his brain. He turned to Hernandez.

'Señor Martin?' he said. 'Who is this Martin?'

'*Americano*,' he replied. 'Coffee planter — a little — of Caguas. A very good man. He pays very well.'

'I think I know him,' said the paymaster. 'What is he like?'

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[1] ***au revoir*** *(фр.)* = goodbye

[2] **dilemma** — дилемма, необходимость выбора из двух возможностей

'I have never seen him, señor,' was the reply. 'Neither he nor señora came to San Juan. He sends money and a writing. Every month — sometimes two.'

'Do you keep the orders? Could I see them?'

'Certainly, señor.' Hernandez showed an old letter file.

The paymaster was curiously excited. Whether it was the spoken name of Martin or a recollection of something he had once said about Porto Rico, or the effect of intuition, but he was actually quivering with eagerness.

The first paper showed him his mistake. He gazed at it blankly.

'Pardon, señor,' said Hernandez, 'but that was written by the señora. For many months she has written. But there are some —'

And then the face of Garway Ross turned pale — that handwriting! The books of the pay office of the *Helena* were full of it.

The next morning the paymaster started for Sierra de Luquillo.

The paymaster had two Navy revolvers; yet he was no **Corsican**[1]. He did not intend to arrest Martin; nor had he an idea of forcing a material repayment. The loss of the money had been **but**[2] a small and temporary annoyance. But still his heart was hot with anger.

At eleven o'clock he turned from the road into a path to a low house.

This was the home of Señor Martin.

Paymaster Garway Ross stopped his pony and for some minutes sat staring at the house in silence. On either side appeared long rows of coffee trees, white with blossoms.

Ross removed one of the revolvers, placed it in his side coat pocket and rode boldly up to the door of the house.

The door opened and a woman appeared.

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[1] **Corsican** — корсиканец

[2] **but** = nothing more than

The paymaster lifted his hat, and bowed.

'I want to see James Martin,' he said.

The woman looked up quickly and for a moment was silent.

'What about?'

'I would rather tell that to Mr. Martin himself,' he said. 'Is he here?'

'No,' she added, 'Were you a friend of his?'

'Yes,' said the paymaster. 'When will he be at home?'

The woman did not answer.

It was something in the air, in the woman's tone, in her very silence that made him silently follow her. The paymaster came up and stood at her side.

At their feet was a small heap of earth covered with coarse grass; and at its farther end was a stone bearing this inscription: JAMES MARTIN *Died December 22, 1907 Age 24.* The woman gazed at the stone in silence. Finally the paymaster turned to her.

'So,' he said, 'six months ago.' The woman nodded.

'I am Paymaster Ross, of the navy,' he continued 'Perhaps you have heard him speak of me. I knew your — him —'

'My son,' said the woman dully.

At this the paymaster felt a slight surprise; he had never thought of Martin as having a mother. He felt that there was nothing he could possibly say, nothing worth saying.

Finally he said, 'He was a good boy.'

Again the woman nodded.

'I suppose he was. He spoke a lot about you. He always said **you was**[1] kind to him. I suppose I ought to thank you.'

'Won't you tell me more about it?' said the paymaster. 'I mean about him, and how he came down here, and how he — about the end.'

'There was a time then I could have talked all about it. Somehow **I don't feel like it any more**. And it's all Jimmie's

[1] **you was** (*неграмотная речь*) = you were

fault. Maybe you're right. Maybe he was a good boy. He was just like his father. He died when Jimmie was twelve years old and the others was babies. He always was a fool, and Jimmie was just like him. Then, after I'd starved and slaved to death nearly, Jimmie got that money from the navy.

'He called it a **bonus**. I never understood about it. I never wanted him to go in the navy; but then that was all right. And then, when he got all that money, he made us all come down here, where it's only fit for niggers.

'Both Annie and Tom are always sick, too. I used to wonder about his money and I wouldn't be surprised if he stole it.'

'But he — he was a good worker.' His own words sounded in his ear hollow, idiotic. Here all was dust and ashes. Words were useless.

'Perhaps,' the woman continued. 'But when a woman like me has had her whole life spoiled by a man and his son, she can't think very well of either of **'em**[1]. He should have given me that money; I'd earned it. But he talked about Annie and Tom, and what he'd do for 'em, and brought us all off down here where it's only fit for niggers.

'And now he's gone and I can't get anybody to stay here, and the niggers won't work, and we're worse off than ever. He ought to have stayed in the navy. At least, we got forty dollars a month from him then.' The paymaster forced himself to speak.

'But the place seems to be in good condition. Couldn't you sell it?' The woman laughed.

'They look pretty, don't they?' she said with infinite sarcasm. 'Yes, they look pretty all right. But they're all eaten up with worms. There's something wrong with 'em inside. Of course, I tried to sell out as soon as he was gone.'

'But he was a good boy, Mrs. Martin,' he said, 'he gave you all he had. He did everything he could. And now — now that he is gone —'

[1] **'em** = them

'That's a fool notion,' she said. 'I guess I know what you mean. It sounds just like him. What's the difference if he's dead? **He's better off than I am.** But then, of course, you was his friend.' She stopped.

But the paymaster was silent. The fruit of life! And he — not knowing — for what had he come?

The woman made neither motion nor said a word. She glanced up as the paymaster passed her. He moved swiftly. At the log-bridge he turned and looked back. She was sitting as he had left her, her head bowed forward.

It was a week later that the pay yeoman of the *Helena* was seated at his desk, trying to bring order out of chaos. He was trying **to strike a balance** from the entries of a private account-book.

The paymaster was seated, smoking a cigar.

'I don't know,' said the pay yeoman. 'Which are receipts and which expenditures?'

'Why, they're in a sort of chronological order,' said the paymaster. 'But it must be mostly expenditures.'

'Now, here, for instance,' said the pay yeoman. 'Here's an entry: "James Martin. To experience supplied — $8,000." Does that mean you gave him eight thousand, or did he give it to you?' The paymaster did not reply. Instead, he gazed at the page for a minute in silence.

Then he took the book from the yeoman, erased something written on the page in pencil and printed across it in big black letters the word 'Paid.' Then he returned the book to the yeoman.

'But was it a receipt or an expenditure?' persisted the other. 'That doesn't mean anything.'

'It means a good deal to me,' said the paymaster. 'And,' he added to himself, 'to Jimmie.'

Useful Words and Expressions

daily balance of the cash — ежедневный подсчет наличных денег

It was eight thousand dollars short. — Не хватало 8 тысяч долларов.
in its turn — по очереди
to balance the cash — восполнить недостачу
He was on the list of the wanted. — Он был в розыске.
I don't feel like it any more — мне больше этого не хочется
bonus — бонус, премия
He's better off than I am. — Ему лучше, чем мне.
to strike a balance — подбить баланс

Activities

Reading

1 Circle *T* if the sentence is true. Circle *F* if the sentence is false.

1. Paymaster Garway Ross liked to write and rule in his pay-office. T F
2. Paymaster Garway Ross was shocked to find the cash eight thousand dollars short. T F
3. Paymaster Garway Ross could not expose Martin's guilt because he was afraid of losing his job. T F
4. Paymaster Garway Ross knew very well the reason for his coming to Mrs. Martin. T F
5. Paymaster Garway Ross had his revenge. T F

2 Find the answers to the questions.

1. Why did the paymaster let his yeoman steal the money?	a) Because she had lost her son and had no money.
2. Why did Ross come to Mrs. Martrin's place?	b) Because he knew that the money hadn't brought Jimmie and his family happiness.

3. Why was Mrs. Martin unhappy?	c) Because he thought Jimmie could shoot him.
4. Why was Ross satisfied to see his yeoman's grave?	d) Because he believed in him.
5. Why was Ross frightened to enter Jimmie's house?	e) Because he wanted to revenge.

Vocabulary

Read the definitions of the following nouns and choose the right Russian equivalent for each of them.

Взгляд, взгляд украдкой, внимательный взгляд, быстрый взгляд, изумленный взгляд, мимолетный взгляд, пристальный взгляд, наблюдательный взгляд.

Noun	Definition	Russian Equivalent
look	a sight, especially in a given direction or on a given object	
gaze	a steady, fixed look	
stare	direct and fixed, often wide-eyed gaze	
glance	a brief or cursory look	
glimpse	a quick look	
peek	a secret look	
peer	intent, searching look	
peep	a quick or furtive look or glance	

Grammar

1 **Make up your own sentences, using the words below both as nouns and verbs. Mind the part of speech.**

a place — to place
a rule — to rule
revenge — to revenge
a pass — to pass

2 **Translate the following sentences into Russian. Pay attention to the meaning of the words and word combinations in italics.**

a) ***neither*** **...** ***nor*** **+** ***affirmative verb*** **is an emphatic way of combining two negatives**
b) ***both***
c) ***both ... and***
d) ***either*** **means** ***any one of two***
e) ***either ... or + negative verb*** **can replace** ***neither*** **...** ***nor***

1. Ross did ***neither*** forget ***nor*** forgive.
2. ***Neither*** he ***nor*** secora ever came to San Juan.
3. ***Both*** Annie and Tom are always sick.
4. She can't think very well of ***either*** of them.
5. The woman made ***neither*** motion ***nor*** said a word.

3 **Translate the following sentences into English.**

1. Он не хотел ни мстить, ни получить свои деньги назад.
2. Она не могла сказать ни одного доброго слова ни о муже, ни о сыне.
3. Они оба стояли и смотрели на могилу.
4. Она больше не хотела вспоминать ни об одном из них.
5. Он не мог объяснить это ни себе, ни своему новому помощнику.

Speaking

1 Choose the right word to complete the sentence and prove your choice.

1. Ross could not expose Martin's guilt without at the same time _____ his own.
   a) denying b) admitting c) mentioning
2. Garway Ross _____ to count money.
   a) liked b) didn't mind c) hated
3. The paymaster was _____ when he heard the name of Jimmie Martin.
   a) excited b) frightened c) sorry
4. His own words sounded in his ear _____ , when Ross was looking at Jimmie Martin's grave.
   a) funny b) hollow c) important
5. The loss of the money had been but a _____ to Ross.
   a) small annoyance
   b) big trouble
   c) surprising fact

2 Imagine that the story ends with the words: 'Ross removed one of the revolvers, placed it in his side coat pocket and rode boldly up to the door of the house.' Continue the story, choosing any possible way of the development of the plot:

— Jimmie was successful and wealthy, but not going to repay his debt;
— Jimmie was successful and wealthy and was ready to repay his debt;
— Jimmie was ruined.

Writing

Imagine that you are Jimmie Martin. Write a letter trying to explain your actions to Ross and apologize for them.

THE ROPE DANCE

Part I

Rick Duggett got off at Grand Central Station, New York, with eight hundred dollars in the pocket of his new suit.

He was one of those men who never do anything by halves. He ate prodigiously or fasted, he slept eleven hours or not at all.

He was the best roper in Eastern Arizona.

He won a prize of one thousand dollars cash in the great roping contest and decided to visit New York.

Even from Rick, that was amazing. Denver or K. C., yes. People **did go** to those places, and sometimes even to

[1] **did go** — конечно же ездили *(усилительная эмфатическая конструкция)*

St. Louis. Indeed, it was understandable that a man might undertake, for pleasure, a journey to Chicago.

But New York!

Absurd.

It was just like Rick Duggett, if he decided to visit a big city, he chose the biggest. He never did anything by halves.

He had walked around for a couple of hours and took a taxi to the Hotel.

After dinner he decided to see a Broadway dancing revue, but it was early and he **dropped into** a café.

It was there that he met Henderson. Mr. Henderson said he was from Kansas.

At eight o'clock Rick remarked that he was going to see the revue up at the Stuyvesant Theater.

'That's a **bum**[1] show,' said Mr. Henderson. 'I saw it the other night. Why don't you come with me up to the Century? **It's the real thing!**[2]'

Rick liked the man from Kansas. Lucky thing to have met up with him.

The show was in fact a good one, and Rick enjoyed it.

'What do you say if we go **downtown**[3] for a little supper? I know a good place...'

'OK,' declared Rick. 'I had my supper at six o'clock, but I'm always ready for more. Lead me to it.'

So they took a taxi and Mr. Henderson gave the chauffeur the name of a cabaret.

Mr. Henderson brought a nickel-plated whisky flask.

'Some stuff I brought with me from Kansas,' he explained. 'The real thing, this is. If you'd care to join me, sir...'

Rick hesitated. It was all right to be cautious and all that, but it was carrying it a little too far to be suspicious of a man like Henderson. Still...

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[1] **bum** = unpleasant, bad

[2] **It's the real thing!** — Вот это да!

[3] **downtown** = a business part of a city or a town

'Sure,' said Rick. 'After you. **I'd like to sample it**.'

'Here's how, then,' Henderson emptied the cup **at a gulp**.

'That's all right.' Rick took the cup, 'Here's looking at you.'

And he swallowed it **with one draught**...

About three hours later, the lieutenant at the Murray Hill Police Station was **conducting an investigation.** The chief witness was a taxi chauffeur.

'I was in front of the Century,' said the chauffeur, 'when two guys took me. One of 'em, a short, red-faced guy, told me to go to Shoney's cabaret, but then he told me to go up the Avenue to the Park.

'I stopped and jumped down and opened the door. The red-faced guy was gone and the other guy was on the floor. I shook him, but he was **dead to the world**. So I brought him...'

'All right, that'll do,' the lieutenant interrupted.

Rick Duggett appeared in the room. The lieutenant looked him over. 'What's the matter with you?'

'Listen here,' he said. His voice was slow. 'Listen here,' he repeated. 'I've been knocked out for three hours. A guy named Henderson gave me a drink of something, and when I closed my eyes because I enjoyed it so much he lifted eight hundred dollars and a return ticket to Arizona from my pants pocket.'

'Wait a minute. What's your name?'

'My name is Billy Boob. Write it down and let me see how it looks. If that's all I guess I'll hurry along.'

'I guess you won't,' said the lieutenant. 'How do you expect us to get your money back for you if you don't tell us anything? What kind of a man was this Henderson?'

'He wore a gray suit, and he had a red face and white teeth. I've always had a theory that if a man can't take care of himself he's not fit to have anyone else do the job. You wouldn't catch him, anyway. I'm going home and get some sleep. **So long.**'

At the door he turned.

'There's one thing I'd like to know,' he said slowly. 'Henderson took a drink just before I did. Is it a general practice around here to carry two kinds of **booze** in one horn?'

'Oh, that's one of our eastern refinements,' explained the lieutenant. 'You see, the flask is divided in the middle. If you press the button on the right side you get Scotch and if you press the one on the left you get something else. Men like Mr. Henderson have them made to order.'

Useful words and expressions

to drop into — заглянуть, зайти ненадолго
I'd like to sample it — покажите пример
at a gulp — одним глотком
with one draught — залпом
to conduct an investigation — проводить расследование
dead to the world — невменяемый
So long. — *разг.* Пока!
booze — *сленг* пойло

Activities

Reading

1 Chose the right answer to the questions.

1. Why did Rick go to New York?	a) Because Henderson seemed to be a very reliable person.
2. Why did Rick drink from the flask?	b) Because he didn't want to be helped by anyone.
3. Why didn't Rick tell his real name to the police?	c) Because he cheated people with it.
4. Why did Henderson drink first?	d) Because it's the biggest city in America.
5. Why did Henderson have a special flask?	e) Because he wanted to prove his good intentions.

2 Who in the text:

1. won a prize of one thousand dollars?
2. pressed the button on the right side and got Scotch?
3. stopped and jumped down and opened the door?
4. told to go up the Avenue to the Park?
5. conducted an investigation?

Vocabulary

Read the following definitions. Fill in the gaps with the appropriate words according to the definitions.

a couple of = a few, several
a pair of = two persons / objects that have something in common and are considered together
some = unspecified number or quantity

1. _____ man called.
2. I read _____ books over vacation.
3. This _____ shoes is on sale.
4. He likes _____ modern sculpture but not all.
5. She lives only _____ miles away.
6. Would you like _____ sugar?

Grammar

Some cases of use of the infinitive:

1. the subject of a sentence
   it + be + adjective + infinitive
2. the complement of a verb
   agree / decide + infinitive = intention to act
3. the object or a part of the object of a verb
4. to express purpose
5. after verb + object
   tell + infinitive = order

6. after some adjectives: *angry, glad, happy, sorry, lucky, all right.*

Look through the cases of use of the infinitive and match them with the sentences from the text.

1. He won a prize of one thousand dollars cash in the great roping contest and decided ***to visit*** New York. _____
2. There's one thing I'd like ***to know***. _____
3. Is it a general practice around here ***to carry*** two kinds of booze in one horn? _____
4. If a man can't take care of himself he's not fit ***to have*** any one else do the job. _____
5. How do you expect us ***to get*** your money back for you if you don't tell us anything? _____
6. Then he told me ***to go*** up the Avenue to the Park. _____
7. I'd like ***to sample*** it. _____
8. It was all right ***to be*** cautious. _____
9. It was carrying it a little too far ***to be*** suspicious of a man like Henderson. _____
10. Lucky thing ***to have*** met up with him. _____
11. Rick remarked that he was going ***to see*** the revue. _____
12. After dinner he decided ***to see*** a Broadway dancing revue. _____

Speaking

1 Choose the right word and prove your choice.

1. Rick _____ the man from Kansas at first sight.
   a) disliked
   b) liked
   c) hated

2. It was _____ to be suspicious of a man like Henderson.
   a) natural
   b) difficult
   c) easy
3. Rick was one of those men who never do anything _____ .
   a) at all
   b) by halves
   c) by himself
4. If Rick decided to visit a big city, he chose _____ one.
   a) the biggest
   b) the most interesting
   c) the farthest
5. Henderson gave Rick a drink of something, and he _____ it.
   a) enjoyed
   b) didn't like
   c) refused

2 Retell the story as if you were Henderson. The words and word combinations in the box can help you.

when first I saw the guy
I was sure
he seemed to be
I supposed it would be easy
he did follow me, that's it!

Writing

Imagine that you are Rick Duggett and you are writing a report in the police office. Try to picture the events expressively, but true to the context.

Part II

'Let's see,' he said to himself next morning, 'I have fourteen dollars and twenty cents. **Thank heaven**, Henderson didn't look into my vest pocket.'

How to make some money? The thing appeared impossible. They don't hold roping contests in New York.

He bought a ticket for the Dickson's revue. It bored him to death. But he stayed till the end. In the morning he bought thirty yards of rope with eight dollars and made his way to Dickson's. Lenny Dickson was the best known man on Broadway.

'I want to speak to the manager of the show,' he said.

'So you want to see Mr. Dickson. What do you want with him?'

'I'm Rick Duggett from Arizona. Report the fact to Mr. Dickson.'

Rick entered the office.

'Jimmie just told me,' he observed, 'that **a wild guy** from the West wanted to see me. I'm wild myself, so I don't mind,' said Mr. Dickson. 'Glad to meet you, Mr. Duggett. What can I do for you?'

'I'm from Arizona. Two days ago I had a big **roll of money**, but night before last I let it out. So **I'm broke**, and it's a long way to Arizona. I saw your show, and an idea came to me...'

'What is it?' interrupted Mr. Dickson.

'Something new,' said Rick. 'I can't tell you, I've got to show you. It'll take five minutes.'

'But what is it?' repeated Mr. Dickson.

'**Gosh**[1], you're not wild, you're just plain **sassy**. Haven't you got a pair of eyes to look at me with?'

'Well, you're wild enough for both of us,' he declared. 'I guess you'll get back to Arizona all right, but you don't know anything about **cabarets**[2]. However, I'll take a look.'

---

[1] **Gosh** — Черт возьми!

[2] **cabaret** — *зд.* эстрадное выступление в кабаре

That evening the audience saw the girl, which had been dancing there for several months alone. Who was this guy with her? They opened their eyes at his strange appearance.

He was a tall, clumsy chap, in the costume of a cowboy, and in his hand he had a rope. The girl began to dance, and the man began pulling the rope to form **a lasso**[1]. Then slowly and easily, he began whirling the noose in the air.

The girl leaped into the center of the noose. The music quickened again, the rope whirled faster, and the man doubled the rope, forming two circles. The girl leaped and danced from one to the other.

The music became quicker, and the rope and the dancer were whirling with incredible swiftness. The nooses of the rope had again doubled, encircled the girl at once, then three, then all four.

All at once, the orchestra was silent; the man gave a sudden tweak with his arm, the dancer stopped. The four nooses of the rope tightened themselves about her, pinning her arms to her sides. **A crash from the orchestra**[2], and the man picked the girl up in his arms and ran quickly from the platform.

The applause was deafening.

'**Great stuff**, Duggett,' said Dickson. 'I've been paying Miss Carson fifty a week. I'll make it a hundred and fifty, so make it fifty-fifty.'

Rick and Miss Carson found a table in a corner.

'We ought to drink to each other with a bottle of champagne,' said Rick.

But Miss Carson protested. She never drank anything stronger than mineral water.

'It must be terribly exciting in Arizona,' said Miss Carson after a pause.

'Exciting?'

---

[1] **a lasso** = a long rope with a running noose at one end, used especially to catch horses and cattle

[2] **A crash from the orchestra** — Дробь оркестра

'Yes. That is... well, *exciting.*'

'Oh, it is. Plenty to eat, a good poker game and a dance every once in a while. And of course lots of work...'

'But I didn't mean that,' Miss Carson put in. 'Working and eating and playing cards and dancing... why, that's just what the men do in New York. I meant Indians, and things like that.'

'Yes, the Indians are **pretty bad**,[1]' Rick agreed. 'But I don't call that very exciting. In fact, I'm having the most exciting time of my life right now.'

'Oh, so you like New York?'

'I should say not. I didn't mean New York. I meant right now, here at this table.'

'I don't see anything very exciting about this,' the girl smiled.

'Of course not. You're looking at me and I'm looking at you. You know, it's a funny thing about your eyes. They look like the eyes of a pony I had once...' This was the first compliment Rick had ever paid a woman.

Next time they repeated their former success on the platform. After this second performance, Rick went out for a walk. There was an idea in his mind all the time. He did not leave Broadway, his eye ran over the faces of the passersby; he stopped in every café, though he drank nothing at all. He hoped that he might **run across** Mr. Henderson.

At eleven o'clock he was back at Dickson's.

When the time came for the Rope Dance, Rick made a noose, stepped forward and started the rope slowly whirling.

Suddenly he jumped forward and shouted: **'Damn!'**[2]

Miss Carson stopped short in the middle of her dance. The orchestra was silent.

The rest happened so quickly that no eye was quick enough to follow it. There was a lightning flash from Rick's eye, a

[1] **pretty bad** = very bad

[2] **Damn!** — Черт!

quick movement of his arm, and the whirling circle of rope shot out over the heads of the amazed crowd.

It was a perfect throw, worthy of the champion of Eastern Arizona. Like an arrow the noose went to its mark — the red-faced man. The noose tightened about the man's body, below his breast.

'Hello, Henderson,' said Rick calmly. 'I want eight hundred dollars and a ticket to Honeville, Arizona, and I want it quick.'

Women were screaming, men were calling out for the police.

'You'd better act quick,' said Rick. 'Somebody's gone to get a policeman. I don't like 'em, and they'll have to catch you if they want you. Better **come across**.'

'D'ye mean that?' gasped Henderson.

'I sure do.'

He handed Rick a roll of bills. Rick released his hold and Mr. Henderson of Kansas got out of that restaurant. He overturned three or four tables and knocked down a dozen men and women, but he certainly got out.

Of course Rick lost his job. And what did he care for his job with nine hundred and thirty dollars in his pocket? Yes, the roll had grown.

The following afternoon Rick was having lunch with a young lady named Carson. It wouldn't be a surprise if he married the girl. He never did anything by halves.

Useful Words and Expressions

Thank heaven — Слава богу!
a wild guy — *сленг* крутой парень
a roll of money — пачка денег
I'm broke! — *сленг* Я разорен!
sassy — *сленг* нахал
Great stuff — *сленг* Вот это то, что надо!
to run across — столкнуться, случайно встретить
to come across — *сленг* расплатиться

Activities

Reading

1 Chose the right word and prove your choice.

1. To make some money appeared ____ Rick in New York.
   a) impossible
   b) easy
   c) quite possible
2. The audience opened their eyes at the _____ appearance of a guy in the cowboy clothes.
   a) strange
   b) funny
   c) crazy
3. The man picked the girl up in his arms and _____ from the platform.
   a) walked slowly
   b) jumped down
   c) ran quickly
4. Rick couldn't call his life in Arizona very _____ .
   a) boring
   b) hard
   c) exciting
5. It _____ be a surprise if he married the girl.
   a) would
   b) wouldn't
   c) hardly

2 Put the sentences in the order they are supposed to be according to the text.

___ Rick lost his job at the cabaret.
___ Rick walked along Broadway, his eye ran over the faces of the passersby.

___ Rick got a roll of bills.
___ Rick bought thirty yards of rope.
___ Rick bought a ticket for the Dickson's revue.

Vocabulary

The verb to *make* has many meanings as a part of phrasal verbs. Look through the definitions and put the right phrasal verb into each gap.

make for = to produce a particular effect or result
make off = run away
make out = to understand
make over = to redo, renovate
make up = to put together, to construct or compose
make up with = to become friendly

1. Even the smallest details in this car are made _____ comfort.
2. The old lady made _____ the property to her son.
3. I could hardly make _____ the traffic signs through the rain.
4. All the shops in the street around the square make _____ a trade group.
5. You can use the tapes which are made _____ better communication.
6. She was sure she would be never able to make _____ him again.

Grammar

Past Participle

Past Participle is the third main form of an English verb. In weak verbs, the pattern is *glide, glided, glided*; in strong verbs, the pattern varies in form: it can be unchanging, as in *set, set, set*;

it can change vowels for past tense and past participle, as in *swim, swam, swum*; it can change vowels and add a final *-n* or *-en* for the past participle, as in *fly, flew, flown* and *drive, drove, driven*; or it can have various combinations of these three general patterns. The forms of strong verb past participles are often in divided usage (*show, showed,* ***showed/shown***; *prove, proved,* ***proved/ proven***). Past Participle may be used as an adjective.

Translate into Russian paying attention to the words in italics.

A young lady *named* Carson; the whirling circle of rope shot out over the heads of the *amazed* crowd; the best *known* man.

Speaking

1 **Imagine you are Rick. Act out the dialogues between Rick and Miss Carson:**

— before the performance, coming into the platform;
— after the accident;
— at lunch.

2 **Retell the story from the part of Miss Carson.**

Writing

1 **Imagine that the story ends with the words: "Suddenly he jumped forward and shouted: '*Damn!*' " Continue the story choosing any version you like:**

a) Henderson took out a gun;
b) Miss Carson fell unconscious;
c) the police came quickly and caught Henderson.

2 **Write a report at the police station as if you were Henderson.**

Vocabulary

A

advantage [əd'vɑ:ntɪdʒ] *n* преимущество
allow [ə'laʊ] *v* позволять
aloud [ə'laʊd] *adv* вслух
annoyance [ə'nɔɪəns] *n* раздражение
apartment [ə'pɑ:tmənt] *n* комната (в гостинице)
appearance [ə'pɪ(ə)r(ə)ns] *n* внешний вид
appointment [ə'pɔɪntmənt] *n* назначенная встреча
appreciation [ə,pri:ʃɪ'eɪʃ(ə)n] *n* оценка
attempt [ə'tempt] *n* попытка

B

blanket ['blæŋkɪt] *n* одеяло
blankly [blænklɪ] *adv* тупо
bow [baʊ] *v* кланяться
breast [brest] *n* грудь
bunch ['bʌntʃ] *n* букет

C

cash [kæʃ] *n* наличные
cause [kɔ:z] *n* причина
clumsy ['klʌmzɪ] *a* неуклюжий
conclusion [kən'klu:ʒ(ə)n] *n* вывод
condition [kən'dɪʃ(ə)n] *n* состояние
concern [kən'sə:n] *n* забота
consideration [kən,sɪdə'reɪʃ(ə)n] *n* рассмотрение
constant ['kɒnstənt] *a* постоянный
contempt [kən'tempt] *n* презрение
contest ['kɒntest] *n* соревнование
corrode [kə'rəʊd] *v* разлагаться
crash [kræʃ] *n* крах
crime [kraɪm] *n* преступление

D

damp ['dæmp] *a* влажный
deafening ['defn] *a* оглушающий
decent ['di:snt] *a* честный
demand [dɪ'mɑ:nd] *n* потребность
deny [dɪ'naɪ] *v* отрицать
despair [dɪs'peə] *n* отчаяние
dismiss [dɪs'mɪs] *v* увольнять
disorder [dɪs'ɔ:də] *n* беспорядок
doubt ['daʊt] *v* сомневаться

E

earl [ə:l] *n* граф
envelope ['envɪləʊp] *n* конверт
erase [ɪ'reɪz] *v* стирать (ластиком)
escape [ɪs'keɪp] *v* спасаться бегством, убегать
exciting [ɪk'saɪtɪŋ] *a* возбуждающий
emphasis ['emfəsɪs] *n* выразительность
explanation [,eksplə'neɪʃ(ə)n] *n* объяснение
expenditure [ɪks'pendɪtʃə] *n* расходы

expression [ɪks´preʃ(ə)n] *n* выражение

F

faded [´feɪdɪd] *a* выгоревший
fail [´feɪl] *v* не удаться
fast [fɑ:st] *v* голодать (поститься)
favor [´feɪvə] *n* одолжение
fierce [fɪəs] *a* злой
flash [flæʃ] *n* вспышка
flexibility [´fleksəbl] *n* гибкость
frame [´freɪm] *n* рамка
folly [´fɒlɪ] *n* глупость
forgive [fə´gɪv] *v* прощать
fury [´fjʊərɪ] *n* злость

G

gain [geɪn] *v* добиваться
gay [geɪ] *a* веселый

H

habit [´hæbɪt] *n* привычка
halt! [hɔ:lt] смирно!
headache [´hedeɪk] *n* головная боль
hesitation [ˌhezɪ´teɪʃ(ə)n] *n* сомнения

I

idle [´aɪdl] *a* ленивый
immediately [ɪ´mi:djətlɪ] *adv* немедленно
immortal [ɪ´mɔ:tl] *a* бессмертный
impression [ɪm´preʃ(ə)n] *n* впечатление
incredible [ɪn´kredəbl] *a* невероятный
influence [´ɪnfluəns] *v* влиять
interrupt [ˌɪntə´rʌpt] *v* перебивать

J

jewelry [´dʒu:əlrɪ] *n* ювелирные украшения
judge [´dʒʌdʒ] *v* судить

L

laughter [´lɑ:ftə] *n* смех

M

madhouse [´mædhaʊs] *n* сумасшедший дом
message [´mesɪdʒ] *n* сообщение
miserable [´mɪz(ə)r(ə)bl] *a* несчастный
misfortune [mɪs´fɔ:tʃ(ə)n] *n* несчастье
muzzle [´mʌzl] *n* дуло (оружейное)

N

nod [nɒd] *v* кивать
nostrils [´nɔstrɪlz] *n* ноздри

O

overfed [ˌəʊvə´fed] *a* перекормленный

P

paddle [´pædl] *n* весло
pardon [´pɑ:dn] *v* прощать
passerby [´pɑ:sə´baɪ] *n* прохожий
peer [pɪə] *v* разглядывать
predictable [prɪ´dɪktəbl] *a* предсказуемый
probably [´prɒbəblɪ] *adv* вероятно
promise [´prɒmɪs] *v* обещать

R

remark [rɪ´mɑ:k] *n* замечание
receipt [rɪ´si:t] *n* приход
recollection [ˌrekə´lekʃ(ə)n] *n* воспоминание
reign [reɪn] *n* правление; *v* править
regret [rɪ´gret] *v* сожалеть
reject [rɪ´dʒekt] *v* отвергать
request [rɪ´kwest] *n* запрос
resist [rɪ´zɪst] *v* сопротивляться
rest [rest] *a* остальное
revenge [rɪ´vendʒ] *n* месть
revive [rɪ´vaɪv] *v* оживлять
rod [rɒd] *n* жезл, скипетр (*атрибут власти*), удочка
rope [rəʊp] *n* веревка

S

secure [sɪ´kjʊə] *a* надежный (защищенный)
selfishness [´selfɪʃnɪs] *n* эгоизм
sensation [sen´seɪʃ(ə)n] *n* чувство
severely [sɪ´vɪəlɪ] *adv* строго
severity [sɪ´verɪtɪ] *n* строгость
share [ʃeə] *v* делить(ся)
shaky [´ʃeɪkɪ] *a* дрожащий
sheet [ʃi:t] *n* лист (бумаги)
shriek [ʃri:k] *v* орать, вопить
sin [sɪn] *n* грех
sponge [´spʌndʒ] *n* губка
sorrow [´sɒrəʊ] *n* печаль
still [stɪl] *n* неподвижный
strict [´strɪkt] *a* строгий
stomach [´stʌmək] *n* живот
stupid [´stju:pɪd] *a* глупый
suffer [´sʌfə] *v* страдать
suffering [´sʌfərɪŋ] *n* страдание
suspect [səs´pekt] *v* подозревать

T

temporary [´temp(ə)r(ə)rɪ] *a* временный
tenderly [´tendəlɪ] *adv* нежно
tighten [´taɪtn] *v* затянуть(ся)
tweak [twi:k] *n* рывок

U

undertake [´ʌndəˌteɪk] *v* предпринимать
unfair [´ʌn´feə] *a* несправедливый

V

vice [vaɪs] *n* грех

W

wastebasket [´weɪst ´bɑ:skɪt] *n* **корзина**
whirl [´wɜ:l] *n* петля; *v* виться, извиваться
whisper [´wɪspə] *n* шепот; *v* шептать
widow [´wɪdəʊ] *n* вдова
witty [´wɪtɪ] *a* остроумный

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