

*A young girl, married to a twice
as old rich widower,
can't help suspecting him
of being constantly and secretly
comparing her with
the late Rebecca, his first wife,
wonderful in every respect.
A new marriage seems
to be a shameful failure...*



Beginner

Elementary

Для начинающих

Pre-Intermediate

Для продолжающих
первого уровня

Intermediate

Для продолжающих
второго уровня

Upper Intermediate

Для продолжающих
третьего уровня

Advanced

Для совершенствующихся

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АЙРИС ПРЕСС



ДАФНА ДЮМОРЬЕ РЕБЕККА • DAPHNE DU MAURIER REBECCA



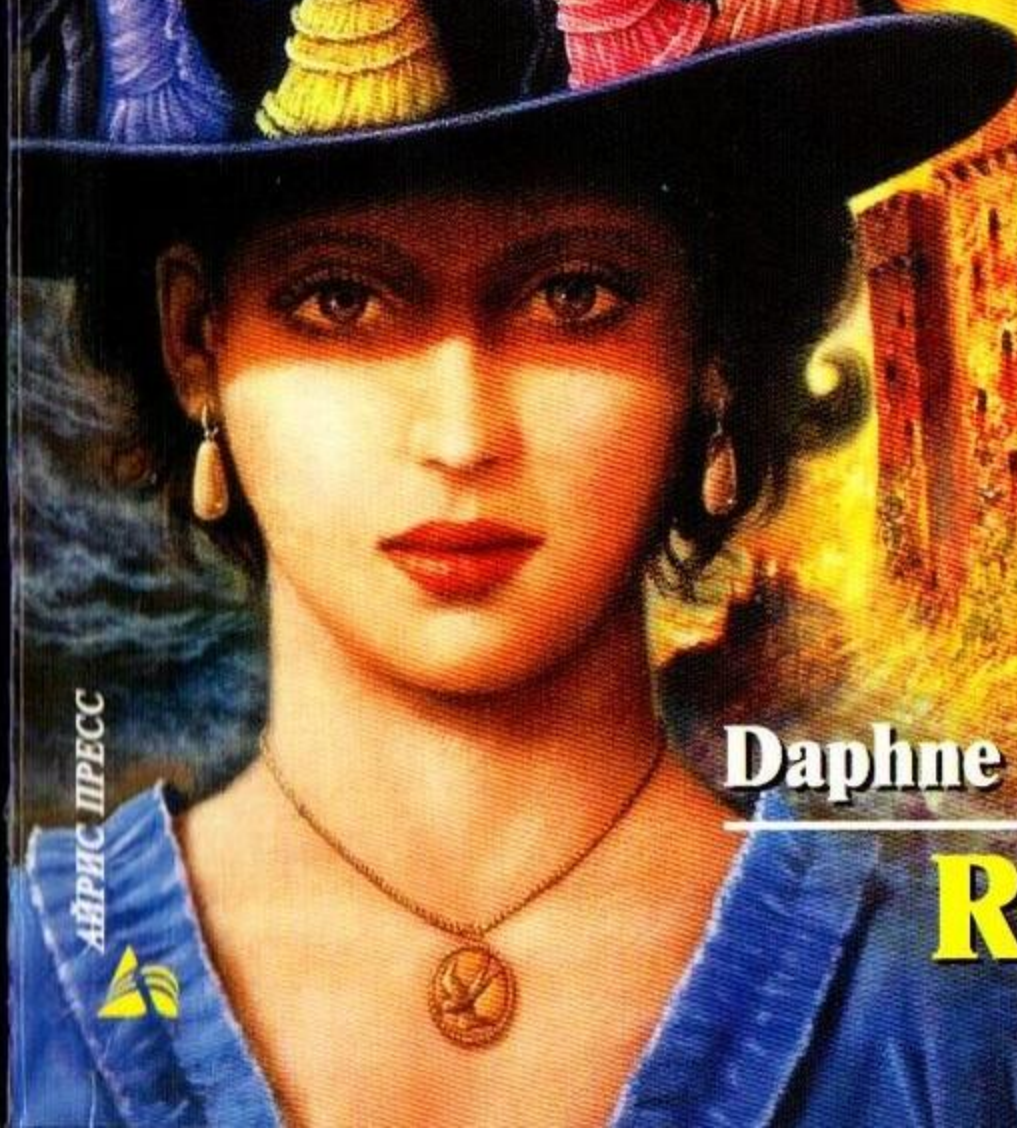
АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Advanced

Дафна Дюморье

Ребекка



Daphne Du Maurier

Rebecca

АЙРИС ПРЕСС





АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Дафна Дюморье

Ребекка

*Адаптация текста, комментарий,
упражнения, словарь Н. И. Кролик*

Москва



АЙРИС ПРЕСС

2010

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Д96

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

Серийное оформление А. М. Драгового

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В книге представлена адаптация известного романа английской писательницы Дафны Дюморье «Ребекка». Это произведение было написано в 30-е годы двадцатого века и считается одним из первых романов в жанре «психологический триллер». История начинается как простой дамский роман, который постепенно переходит в захватывающий психологический детектив, удерживающий внимание читателя до последней страницы.

В пособии текст романа адаптирован в учебных целях до уровня Advanced. Каждая глава сопровождается упражнениями, направленными на отработку лексико-грамматического материала и развитие навыков устной речи, а также постраничным комментарием. В конце пособия приводится словарь.

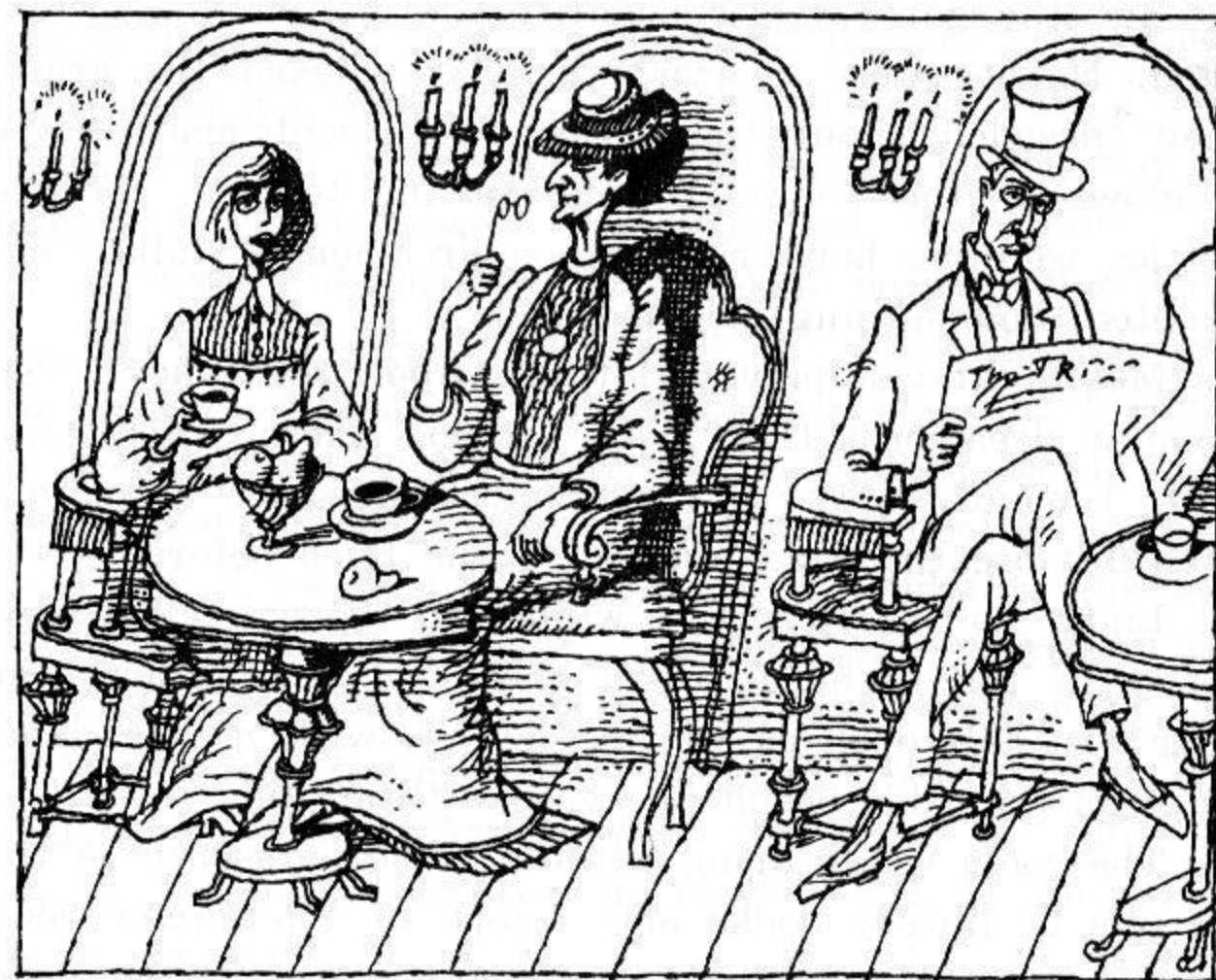
Пособие адресовано учащимся 10–11 классов школ, лицеев и гимназий.

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CHAPTER 1

Last night I dreamt that I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was blocked to me. Then, like all dreamers, I was suddenly possessed with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me.

There was Manderley, mysterious as it had always been, with the grey stones shining in the moonlight of my dream and the narrow windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. The terrace descended to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning, I could see its silver surface under the moon, undisturbed by wind or storm.

But the garden, our beautiful garden no longer existed. Nettles were everywhere. They choked the grass, they sprawled about the paths, they leant against the windows of the house. I went on the terrace, for the nettles were no barrier to me, a dreamer. I walked enchanted, and nothing held me back.

Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy, even upon a dreamer's fancy. As I stood there, silent and still, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell but breathed and lived as it had lived before.

Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library, the door was half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the vase with autumn roses.

The room was bearing witness of our presence. A little pile of library books and a copy of *The Times*; ashtrays with a stub of a cigarette; cushions on the armchairs with the imprint of our heads upon them; the fire still burning in the fire-place. And Jasper, dear Jasper, lying upon the floor and wagging his tail when he heard his master's footsteps.

Then a cloud came upon the moon and covered it like a dark hand before a face. And with the moonlight disappeared the illusion, and the lights looked upon an empty shell, where there were no more shadows of the past, and no whisper of its former residents.

The house was a sepulchre, our fears and sufferings lay buried in the ruins.¹ There will be no resurrection. Now, when being awake I will think of Manderley, I will feel no bitterness. I will remember the rose-garden in sum-

¹ The house was a sepulchre, our fears and sufferings lay buried in the ruins. — Дом был гробницей, в его руинах лежали похороненными наши страдания и страхи.

mer, and the birds that sang at dawn. Tea under the chestnut tree, and the murmur of the sea coming up to us from the lawns below. I will think of the lilac in bloom, and the Happy Valley. These were the things that cannot hurt.

All this I decided in my dream, because like most sleepers I knew that I dreamed. In reality I lay many hundred miles away in a distant land, and was to wake up soon in an empty little hotel room. I would sigh and stretch myself for a moment, and opening my eyes would be surprised by the shining sun and the blue sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before both of us, long and dull, but filled with a certain tranquility we had not known before. We would not talk of Manderley, I would not tell him my dream. For Manderley was no longer ours. Manderley no longer existed.

...

Coming back to the past I see myself a shy girl of nineteen with straight, short hair and youthful, unpainted face, dressed in an ill-fitting coat and shirt and a jumper of my own creation, trailing behind Mrs. Van Hopper like a little horse. She would go to her usual table¹ in the corner of the restaurant, close to the window, and lifting her lorgnette to her small pig's eyes observe the scene to the right and left of her, and utter exclamations of displeasure: "Not a single well-known personality! I shall tell the manager they must make a reduction on my bill. What do they think I come here for? To look at the page-boys?" And with a sharp, staccato voice, cutting the air like a saw, she would call the waiter.

¹ She would go to her usual table — Она шла к своему обычному столику (глагол *would* означает повторяющееся действие в прошлом)

How different is the little restaurant where we are today from that vast dining-room in the Hotel "Cote d'Azur"¹ at Monte Carlo; and how different is my present companion, peeling a tangerine with well-shaped hands and from time to time smiling at me, compared to Mrs. Van Hopper with her eyes running suspiciously from her plate to mine for fear I made the better choice. She did not have to worry, however, for the waiter had long ago sensed my position as inferior and placed before me a plate of cold meat that somebody had sent back half an hour before as badly cut.

I remember well that plate of meat. It was dry and unappetizing, but I had no courage to refuse it. We ate in silence, for Mrs. Van Hopper liked to concentrate on food, and I could tell by the way the sauce ran down her chin that the ravioli pleased her.

It was not the sight that produced in me great appetite, and looking away from her I saw that the table next to ours which had been vacant for three days, was going to be occupied again. The *maitre d'hôtel*, with the particular bow reserved for his most special clients, was showing the new guest to his place.

Mrs. Van Hopper put down her fork, and took her lorgnette. She stared at the newcomer for some time and then leant across the table to me, her small eyes bright with excitement, her voice too loud.

"It's Max de Winter," she said, "the man who owns Manderley. You've heard of it, of course. He looks ill, doesn't he? I heard he can't get over his wife's death..."

...

I wonder what my life would be today, if Mrs. Van Hopper had not been a snob. Funny to think that the

course of my existence hung like a thread upon that quality of hers. Her curiosity was a disease, almost a mania. For many years she had come to the Hotel "Cote d'Azur", and, besides bridge, her only pastime was to claim visitors of distinction as her friends¹ even if she had seen them once at the other end of the post-office. Somehow she managed to introduce herself, and before her victim had scented danger she had sent an invitation to her suite. Her method of attack was so direct and sudden that there was seldom opportunity to escape. Sometimes she would employ me as a bait, and, hating my errand, I would go across the hall to these people with some message, a book or paper, the address of some shop or other, the sudden discovery of a mutual friend.

I can see as though it were yesterday that unforgettable afternoon when she sat on her favourite sofa in the hall thinking over a method of an attack on the new arrival. Suddenly she turned to me, her small eyes shining.

"Go upstairs quickly and find that letter from my nephew. You remember, the one written on his honeymoon, with the photos. Bring it down to me right away."

I saw then that her plans were formed, and the nephew was to be the means of introduction. Not for the first time I resented the part that I had to play in her intrigues. I found the letter in a pigeon-hole in her desk, and hesitated a moment before going down again to the hall. It seemed to me that I was allowing him a few more moments to avoid her attack. I wanted to

¹ Cote d'Azur — фр. Лазурный берег

¹ her only pastime was to claim visitors of distinction as her friends — ее единственным времяпрепровождением было набиваться в друзья известным гостям

warn him of the ambush but did not know how to do it. There was nothing for me to do but to sit in my usual place beside Mrs. Van Hopper while she, like a large spider, spun her wide net about the stranger.

I had been away longer than I thought, for when I returned to the hall I saw that he had already left the dining-room, and she, afraid of losing him, had not waited for the letter, but risked a straight introduction by herself. He was even sitting beside her on the sofa. I walked across to them, and gave her the letter without a word. He rose to his feet at once, while Mrs. Van Hopper, flushed with her success, waved a hand in my direction and mumbled my name.

"Mr. de Winter is having coffee with us, go and ask the waiter for another cup," she ordered. Her casual tone meant that I was a youthful and unimportant thing, and there was no need to include me in the conversation.

To my surprise, however, this newcomer remained standing on his feet, and it was he who made a signal to the waiter.

"I'm afraid I must contradict you," he said to her, "you are both having coffee with me." And before I understood what had happened he was sitting in my usual hard chair, and I was on the sofa beside Mrs. Van Hopper.

For a moment she looked annoyed — this was not what she had planned — but she soon smiled, and placing her large body between me and the table leant forward to his chair and began to talk fast and loudly, waving the letter that she held in her hand.

For some time they were talking and I had lost the thread of conversation. I saw that he was tired of her chatter and there was a line between his brows.

I wanted to help him out but I was too young and too shy. Had I been older I would have caught his eye and smiled to him, making a link between us. But I did not dare to do it.

I think he realized my condition, for he leant to me and asked if I would like more coffee, and when I refused and shook my head I felt his eyes were still on me.

"What do you think of Monte Carlo, or don't you think of it at all?" he said. I did not expect him to include me in the conversation and said something idiotic about the place being artificial, but before I could finish my sentence Mrs. Van Hopper interrupted.

"She's spoilt, Mr. de Winter, that's her trouble. Most girls would give their eyes for the chance of seeing Monte."

"But they won't be able to see it then," he said, smiling.

She shrugged her shoulder, blowing a big cloud of cigarette smoke into the air and went on gossiping about people, not seeing that the names meant nothing to him, and as she chattered he grew colder and more silent. Never for a moment did he interrupt or glance at his watch: it was as though he had decided to be a model of politeness. It was a page-boy in the end who released him with the news that a dress-maker waited for Mrs. Van Hopper in the suite.

He got up at once, pushing back his chair. "Don't let me keep you," he said. "Fashions change so quickly nowadays they may even alter by the time you get upstairs."

She did not understand the sting, she accepted it as a joke. "It's so delightful to have run into you like this, Mr. De Winter," she said, as we went towards the lift; "now when I've been brave enough to break the ice I hope I shall see something of you. You must come and

have a drink some time in my suite. I may have one or two people coming in tomorrow evening. Why not join us?" I turned away in order not to watch him search for an excuse.

"I'm so sorry," he said, "tomorrow I am probably driving to Sospel. I'm not sure when I shall get back."

Reluctantly she left it, and we went to the lift.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

iron, supernatural, through, lawn, swear, bear, cushion, sepulchre, bury, sigh, scene, ate, alter, sauce.

[aɪən] [su:pə'nætʃrəl] [θru:] [lɔ:n] [swɛə] [beə] ['kʊʃn]
 ['seplkə] ['beri] [saɪ] [sɪn] [et] ['ɔ:ltə] [sɔ:s]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English equivalents for the following words and word combinations:

сверхъестественные силы, очарованный, сдерживать, свидетельствовать, бодрствовать, цветущая сирень, низшее положение, провожать на место, оправиться от чего-либо, использовать в качестве приманки, небрежный тон, возражать, потерять нить разговора, выручить кого-либо, поймать чей-либо взгляд, наткнуться на кого-либо (столкнуться с кем-либо), искать отговорку.

2 Match up the words and word combinations in the left column with their synonyms in the right column.

1) to cause pain	a) reluctantly
2) to come in	b) to stare
3) untroubled	c) tranquility
4) strange	d) vast
5) far	e) to alter
6) to look fixedly	f) undisturbed
7) to overcome	g) to enter
8) straight	h) a reduction
9) to use	i) distant
10) at once	j) artificial
11) calmness	k) delightful
12) huge	l) to employ
13) not natural	m) right away
14) to change	n) direct
15) wonderful	o) to get over
16) unwillingly	p) odd
17) a discount	q) to hurt

3 Paraphrase the following sentences using the emphatic construction *it is... that* or *it is... who*.

Example: a) In the end he was released by a page-boy. — *It was a page-boy in the end who released him.*

b) Last night I dreamt that I went to Manderley again. — *It was last night that I dreamt I went to Manderley again.*

- 1) We returned from the airport late at night.
- 2) Mozart's father was his first music teacher.
- 3) Sale usually begins at the end of a season.
- 4) There will be a national park here in 2003.

- 5) This film became famous not because of the actors' work but because of its music.
- 6) The last tragic events in the USA resulted in the bankruptcy of some companies.
- 7) You yourself, not your parents, must decide what profession to choose.
- 8) The visitors of this library must leave their bags in the cloakroom.

? Checking Comprehension

Say whether these statements are true or false.

- 1) Manderley was a village in England.
- 2) The heroine (we'll call her Daphne ['dæfnɪ] — Дафна) could enter through the gate in her sleep.
- 3) In the moonlight the house seemed empty and lifeless.
- 4) Daphne was a modern girl dressed in the latest fashion.
- 5) She liked Mrs. Van Hopper.
- 6) Mrs. Van Hopper wanted to get acquainted with Mr. de Winter because he was a well-known person.
- 7) Mr. de Winter did not pay attention to Daphne.
- 8) Daphne liked Mr. de Winter at first sight.

Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Daphne. Speak about:

- 1) your dream.
- 2) Mrs. Van Hopper.
- 3) your first meeting with Max de Winter.

The morning after the bridge party Mrs. Van Hopper woke with a sore throat and a temperature of a hundred and two¹. I rang up her doctor, who came at once and diagnosed the usual influenza. "You should stay in bed until I allow you to get up," he told her; "I should prefer," he went on, turning to me, "that Mrs. Van Hopper had a trained nurse. You can't possibly lift her. It will only be for a fortnight or so."

I thought this rather absurd and protested, but to my surprise she agreed with him. I think she enjoyed the fuss it would create, the sympathy of people, the visits and messages from friends, and the arrival of flowers.

I left her quite happy after the arrival of the nurse. Rather ashamed of my light heart, I telephoned her friends, putting off the small party she had arranged for the evening, and went down to the restaurant for lunch, half an hour before our usual time. I expected the room to be empty — nobody lunched generally before one o'clock. It was empty, except for the table next to ours. This was a surprise. I thought he had gone to Sospel. No doubt he was lunching early because he hoped to avoid us at one o'clock. I was already half-way across the room and could not go back.

It was a situation for which I was not prepared. I wished I were older, different. I went to our table, looking straight before me, and immediately knocked over the vase with flowers as I unfolded my napkin. The water soaked the cloth and ran down on my lap. The

¹ a temperature of a hundred and two — температура 102° (по Фаренгейту; примерно 38,8° по Цельсию)

waiter was at the other end of the room and did not see it. In a second my neighbour was by my side with a dry napkin in a hand.

"You can't sit at a wet tablecloth," he said quickly, "you will lose your appetite. Get out of the way." He began to wipe the cloth.

"I don't mind," I said, "it doesn't matter a bit. I'm alone."

He said nothing, and then the waiter arrived and began to take away the vase and the sprawling flowers.

"Leave that," he said suddenly, "and put another plate on the table. Mademoiselle will have lunch with me."

I looked up in confusion. "Oh, no," I said, "I can't."

"Why not?" he said.

I tried to think of an excuse. I knew he did not want to lunch with me. It was his form of courtesy. I will ruin his meal. I decided to be bold and speak the truth.

"Please," I begged, "don't be polite. It's very kind of you but I shall be quite all right if the waiter wipes the cloth."

"But I'm not being polite," he insisted. "I would like you to have lunch with me. Even if you had not knocked over that vase, I should have asked you." I suppose my face told him my doubt, for he smiled. "You don't believe me," he said, "never mind, come and sit down. We needn't talk to each other if we don't want to."

We sat down, and he gave me the menu letting me to choose.

"What's happened to your friend?" he asked. I told him about the influenza.

"I'm so sorry," he said, and then, after pausing a moment, "why did she want to speak to me?"

"That's curiosity of hers," I said, "she tries to make friends with everyone. That is, everyone of importance."

"I should be flattered," he said, "but why does she consider me of any importance?"

I hesitated a moment before replying.

"I think because of Manderley," I said.

He did not answer, and I had a feeling as if I had trespassed on a forbidden ground.

We ate for a while without talking, and I thought of a picture postcard I had bought once at a village shop in the west of the country, where as a child I was on holiday. It was the painting of a house, crudely done of course and badly coloured, but even those defects could not destroy the symmetry of the building, the wide stone steps before the terrace, the green lawns stretching to the sea. I paid twopence for the painting — half my weekly pocket money — and then asked the old shop woman what it was. She looked astonished at my ignorance.

"That's Manderley," she said, and I went out of the shop intrigued, but not wiser than before.

He interrupted my recollections starting to talk with me.

"Your friend," he began, "she is much older than you. Is she your relative?"

"She's not really a friend," I told him, "she's an employer. She is training me to be a thing called a companion, and she pays me ninety pounds a year."

"I did not know one could buy companionship," he said, "it's rather a primitive idea. Like the Eastern slave market."

"I looked up the word 'companion' once in the dictionary," I admitted, "and it said 'a companion is a friend of the bosom'¹."

He laughed, looking quite different, younger and less detached. "What do you do it for?"

¹ a friend of the bosom — закадычный друг (подруга)

"Ninety pounds is a lot of money to me," I said.

"Haven't you any family?"

"No — they're dead."

"You have a very lovely and unusual name."

"My father was a lovely and unusual person."

"Tell me about him," he said.

I looked at him over my glass of lemonade. For some reason I had a desire to share with this man my family history, that I had not told anybody, because his eyes followed me with sympathy and he seemed to understand my feelings.

My shyness left me and out they came — the little secrets of childhood, the pleasures and the sufferings. I remember stopping, a little breathless, a little dizzy. The restaurant was filled now with people who chatted and laughed, and glancing at the clock above the door I saw it was two o'clock. We had been sitting there an hour and a half, and all this time I was talking alone.

I returned to reality and began to stammer my apologies. He would not listen to me.¹

"I've enjoyed this hour with you more than I have enjoyed anything for a very long time. You've taken me out of myself, out of despondency and depression, both of which have been my devils for a year. We've got something in common, you and I. We are both alone in the world. Oh, I've got a sister, though we don't see much of each other, and an old grandmother to whom I pay visits three times a year, but neither of them makes a friend. I shall have to congratulate Mrs. Van Hopper. You cost more than ninety pounds a year."

¹ He would not listen to me. — Он не хотел меня слушать. (модальный глагол *would* в отрицательных предложениях означает упорное нежелание совершить действие в прошлом)

"You forget," I said, "you have a home and I have none."

The moment I said it I regretted my words, for the mysterious look came back in his eyes again. He bent his head to light a cigarette, and did not reply immediately.

"An empty house can be as lonely as a full hotel," he said at last. He hesitated and for a moment I thought he was going to talk of Manderley, but something held him back, for he blew out his match and his flash of confidence at the same time.

"So the friend of the bosom has a holiday?" he said in a friendly tone again. "What does she intend to do?"

I thought of the little square in Monaco and the house with the narrow window. I was to be there by three o'clock with my sketchbook and pencil, and I told him so, a little shyly perhaps, like all untalented persons with a favourite hobby.

"I'll drive you there in a car," he said, and would not listen to protests. "Go upstairs and put your hat on, and I'll bring the car."

As he watched me go into the lift I thought of yesterday, Mrs. Van Hopper's chattering tongue, and his cold courtesy. I had judged him wrongly, he was neither sarcastic nor snobbish, he was already my friend, the brother I had never possessed. I was in a happy mood that afternoon, and I remember it well. Mrs. Van Hopper and the bridge parties were forgotten, and with them my own humble status.

I was a person of importance, I was a grown-up at last.

The long road climbed the hills, and the car climbed with it. This car had the wings, I thought, for we climbed higher and higher, and dangerously fast, but the danger pleased me because it was new to me, because I was young.

I remember laughing aloud, and the laugh was carried by the wind away from me; and looking at him, I realized he laughed no longer, he was once more silent and detached, the man of yesterday wrapped in his secret self.

"Do you know this place?" I asked him. "Have you been here before?"

"Yes," he said, after pausing a moment, "but not for many years. I wanted to see if it had changed."

"And has it?"

"No. No, it has not changed."

Suddenly he began to talk about Manderley. He said nothing of his life there, no word about himself, but he told me how the sun set there, on a spring afternoon, leaving a glow upon the headland. From the terrace you could hear the rustle of the daffodils stirring in the evening breeze and smell the aroma of roses in full bloom. He had roses in Manderley for eight months in the year. His sister, who was a hard, rather practical person, used to complain¹ that there were too many scents at Manderley. Perhaps she was right but he liked it.

As he spoke we were in the midst of light and sound in the streets of Monte Carlo. Soon we were to come to the hotel, and I felt for my gloves in the pocket of the car. I found them, and my fingers closed upon a book, whose thin cover told of poetry. I looked at the title as the car slowed down before the door of the hotel. "You can take it and read it if you like," he said, his voice casual and indifferent now that the drive was over, and we were back again, and Manderley was hundreds of miles away.

¹ his sister... used to complain — его сестра... обычно жаловалась (глагол *used to* выражает обычное действие в прошлом)

I was glad, and held it tightly with my gloves. I felt I wanted some possession of his, now that the day was finished.

"Get out," he said. "I must go and park the car. I shan't see you in the restaurant this evening as I'm dining out. But thank you for today."

I went up the hotel steps alone, with all the despondency of a child whose treat is over¹. I thought of the hours that still remained until my bed-time and how empty would be my supper all alone. Somehow I could not face the inquiries of Mrs. Van Hopper, so I sat down in the corner of the hall behind a column and ordered tea.

I took out the book from the pocket and opened it at the title-page. I read the dedication: "Max from Rebecca. 17 May" written in a curious slanting hand-writing. The name Rebecca stood out black and strong, the flying R being much taller than the other letters. I shut the book and put it away under my gloves. I took up an old magazine and began to turn the pages. There were some photographs of the castles of the Loire² and an article as well. I read it carefully but when I finished I saw I had not understood a word. It was not the Loire that stared at me from the pages. It was the face of Mrs. Van Hopper in the restaurant the day before. Looking with her small pig's eyes at the neighbouring table she whispered:

"An awful tragedy. The papers were full of it. I heard he never talks about it, never mentions her name. She was drowned in the bay near Manderley."

¹ with all the despondency of a child whose treat is over — мне было грустно, как ребенку, у которого окончился праздник

² the castles of the Loire — замки, расположенные по берегам Луары

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

neighbour, appetite, doubt, ate, bosom, tongue, climb, wrap, glove, column, restaurant.

[ˈneɪbə] [ˈæpɪtaɪt] [et] [daʊt] [ˈbɒzəm] [tʌŋ] [klaɪm] [ræp]
[ɡlʌv] [ˈkɒləm] [ˈrest(ə)rɒnt]

📖 Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

Fill in the gaps with the words from the box in the appropriate form.

to be drowned	to avoid
to complain of	ignorance
to flatter	to regret
to put off	to wipe
to share	curiosity

- 1) She tried _____ meetings with her former husband.
- 2) For twenty years they lived together _____ all joys and sorrows.
- 3) The young man _____ when he bathed in the sea during a storm.
- 4) A doctor usually asks patients what they _____.
- 5) "This portrait _____ me," said the woman looking at the picture.
- 6) The lifting of the "Kursk" was _____ because of bad weather.

- 7) A judge asks questions not out of _____ but in order to find the truth.
- 8) We were surprised by the _____ of these students. They had no idea of the latest events.
- 9) "I've made many mistakes in my life, but I don't _____ anything," said the old woman.
- 10) One must _____ one's shoes before entering a house.

2 Match up the words in the two columns to make word combinations, then use them in your own sentences to describe the events of the chapter.

nurse	happy
heart	humble
napkin	cold
look	awful
tongue	slanting
mood	trained
courtesy	light
status	dry
hand-writing	mysterious
tragedy	chattering

3 Open the brackets using the verbs in *Present Simple*, *Present Continuous* or *Present Perfect*.

- 1) I (to listen) very attentively but I (not to understand) what he (to say).
- 2) We (to do) this exercise now but we (not to finish) it yet.
- 3) Look! Ada (to smile). She must be in a good mood.
- 4) — You (to buy) the textbook? — No, I still (to look for) it.

- 5) As a rule I (not to read) detective stories, but this week I (to read) one and I liked it.
- 6) We occasionally (to go) to the theatre but we never (to be) to the Bolshoi Theatre.
- 7) Tomorrow we (to leave) at 7 a.m.
- 8) The children are very quiet. Go and see what they (to do). I'm afraid they (to break) something.
- 9) Man already (to make) his first steps towards the stars.
- 10) Don't go out. The rain (not to stop) yet and a strong wind (to blow).

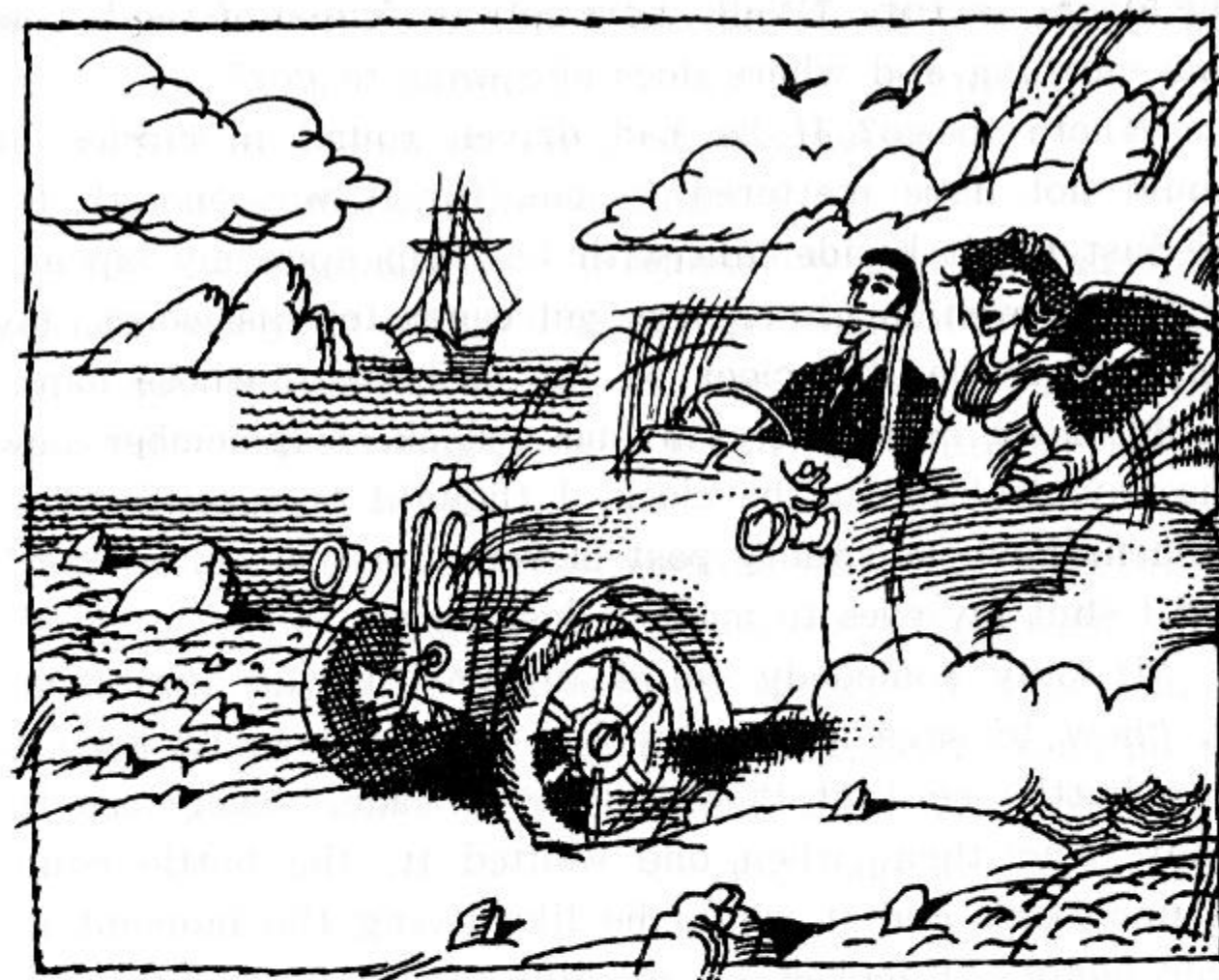
? Checking Comprehension

Answer the questions.

- 1) Why did Daphne go to the restaurant alone?
- 2) What happened when she sat down at the table?
- 3) Mr. de Winter invited her to his table, didn't he?
- 4) When did Daphne hear of Manderley for the first time?
- 5) Why did Daphne tell Mr. de Winter about her family?
- 6) She was an orphan, wasn't she?
- 7) How did Mr. de Winter explain to Daphne that he enjoyed being with her?
- 8) What did he tell her about Manderley?
- 9) What did Daphne think about while she was sitting in the hall of the hotel?

✎ Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Daphne. Tell us about your feelings during the drive with Max de Winter.



CHAPTER 3

I am glad it cannot happen twice, the fever of first love. For it is a fever, and a trouble, too, whatever the poets may say. I have forgotten much of Monte Carlo, of those morning drives, even our conversations; but I have not forgotten how my fingers trembled, when I was putting on my hat, and how I ran along the corridor and down the stairs, too impatient to wait for the lift, and then outside, pushing the swing door before the porter could help me.

He would be there, in the driver's seat, reading a paper while he waited, and when he saw me he would smile, and put it behind him in the back seat, and open

the door, saying, "Well, how is the friend-of-the-bosom this morning and where does she want to go?"

Where to go? If he had driven round in circles, it would not have mattered to me, for it was enough for me just to sit beside him with his map upon my lap and be happy even in his silence, yet eager for his words. My only enemy was the clock on the dashboard, whose hands would move relentlessly to one o'clock. I remember how one day, looking at the clock, I thought to myself, "This moment now, at twenty past eleven, must never be lost," and I shut my eyes to make it last longer.

"If only somebody could invent," I said impulsively, "how to save a memory like a perfume. To keep it in a bottle, so that it would never fade, never lose its scent. And then, when one wanted it, the bottle could be uncorked, and it would be like living the moment all over again." I looked up at him to see what he would say. He did not turn to me, he went on watching the road ahead.

"What particular moments in your young life do you wish to put in the bottle?" he asked. I could not tell from his voice whether he was teasing me or not. "I'm not sure," I began, and then said rather foolishly, not thinking of my words, "I'd like to keep this moment and never forget it."

"Is that a compliment to the good weather or to my driving?" he said and laughed. I became silent, for his laugh had hurt me and I suddenly realized that there was a gulf between us and his kindness to me only widened it.

"You'll think me rude," I said, "but I'd like to know why you ask me to come out in the car, day after day. You are very kind, of course, but why do you choose me for your charity? You know everything about me. There's not much, I admit, because I have not lived for

very long, and nothing much has happened to me, except the deaths of my parents, but you — I know nothing more about you than on the first day we met."

"And what did you know then?"

"Well, that you lived at Manderley and — and that you had lost your wife." There, I had said it at last, the word that had been on my tongue for many days. He was silent and I thought that I had hurt him by uttering the forbidden word.

The silence that followed seemed endless. Everything is over now, I thought, I shall never drive with him again. Then he turned to me and spoke. "A little while ago you talked about an invention," he said, "something for saving a memory. You would like, you told me, at a chosen moment to live the past again. I'm afraid I think rather differently from you. My memories are bitter, and I prefer to forget them. Something happened a year ago that altered my whole life, and I do not want to think of it. Those days are finished. I must begin living all over again. I feel I can do it perhaps because you are with me. I ask you to come with me because I want you and your company, and if you don't believe me you can leave the car now and find your way home yourself. Come on, open the door and get out."

I sat still with my hands on my knees, not knowing whether he meant it or not. "Well," he said, "what are you going to do?"

"I want to go home," I said with a trembling voice, and without a word he started up the engine and turned the car round the way that we had come.

I felt tears straying upon my cheeks. I could not check them and was afraid to reach for a handkerchief in my pocket because he could see it. So I had to let them fall untouched and suffer the bitter salt upon my

lips. Suddenly he put out his hand and took mine and kissed it, still saying nothing, and then he pulled me beside him, and put his arm round my shoulder, still looking straight ahead of him, his right hand on the wheel.

"You can forget all I said to you this morning," he said. "Don't let us think of it again. My family always call me Maxim, I'd like you to do the same. You've been formal with me long enough." He then bent down and kissed the top of my head.

I smiled then, and the morning was gay again. The gulf between us had been bridged after all¹. I was to call him Maxim. But at that moment I thought of the book of poetry and the first white page with "Max from Rebecca." She called him Max. It was familiar, gay, and easy on the tongue. The family could call him Maxim if they liked. And people like myself, quiet and dull and youthful, who did not matter. Max was her choice, the word was her possession; she had written it with such great confidence on the title-page of the book. That bold, slanting hand as the symbol of herself, so certain, so assured.

And I had to call him Maxim.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

enough, engine, eager, dull, symbol, company, wheel.

[ɪˈnʌf] [ˈendʒɪn] [ˈi:ɡə] [dʌl] [ˈsɪmbəl] [ˈkʌmpəni] [wi:l]

¹ after all — в конце концов

📖 Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Match up the words and word combinations in the left column with their Russian equivalents in the right column.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1) a dashboard | a) дразнить |
| 2) eager | b) закадычный друг |
| 3) relentlessly | c) приборная доска |
| 4) a gulf | d) владение, обладание |
| 5) a friend-of-the bosom | e) уверенность |
| 6) to tease | f) неумолимо |
| 7) to utter | g) сильно желающий |
| 8) a swing door | h) пропасть |
| 9) confidence | i) произносить |
| 10) a possession | j) вертящаяся дверь |

Конверсия (Conversion)

Явление перехода слова из одной части речи в другую называется конверсией.

Например, слово *finger* может быть существительным и глаголом, *round* — существительным, прилагательным, глаголом, наречием, предлогом. Чтобы правильно перевести слово, нужно определить его функцию в предложении, а затем найти в словаре под обозначением соответствующей части речи: *n* — существительное, *v* — глагол, *a* — прилагательное, *adv* — наречие, *conj* — союз, *prep* — предлог.

2 Find in the text the examples of conversion (15-20).

3 Translate the sentences paying attention to the italicized words.

- a) Her *face* was flushed. During the treatment of patients doctors *face* many difficulties.

- b) I *wonder* what the weather will be like tomorrow. The Egyptian pyramids are one of the seven *wonders* of the world.
- c) A guard *had eyed* the girl from *head* to foot before he *handed* her the key. The woman with big dark *eyes* and small *hands* *heads* the department of neurology in our hospital.
- d) "*Dust* the furniture and *air* the rooms," Mother told her daughter.
- e) *Mother* her: she is very weak.
- f) — Who *doctors* you? — *Doctor* Brown. He is a very good specialist.

4 Open the brackets using the verbs in *Present Continuous*, *Past Continuous* or *Present Perfect Continuous*.

- 1) — It (to snow)? — Yes, it (to snow) since yesterday.
- 2) Pete (to look through) newspapers when he came across this advertisement.
- 3) What he (to look for) when I came into the room?
- 4) — What Helen (to do)? — She (to play) the piano. She (to play) for two hours already.
- 5) It (to rain) when we went to the airport.
- 6) My daughter collects autographs of famous actors. She (to collect) them for about five years and has a lot of them now.
- 7) I (to learn) English since childhood but I haven't learnt it well yet.
- 8) Yesterday at this time he (to fly) to London. Now I think he (to go sightseeing).

? Checking Comprehension

Complete the sentences.

- 1) It cannot happen twice _____.
- 2) I was happy even in his silence, yet _____.
- 3) My only enemy was _____.
- 4) If only somebody could invent how _____.
- 5) I suddenly realized that _____.
- 6) Nothing much has happened to me, except _____.
- 7) I know that you lived in Manderley and _____.
- 8) My memories are bitter and I _____.
- 9) I ask you to come with me because _____.
- 10) At that moment I thought of the book of poetry and _____.



Discussion Tasks

- 1 Imagine that one of you is Daphne. Ask her questions.
- 2 Give all the information about the heroine of the book you have learnt from the first three chapters.

CHAPTER 4

Packing up. The endless dull preparations for departure. Lost keys, unwritten labels, wrapping paper on the table. I hate it all. Even now, when I have to move very

often, when I live, as the saying goes, in my boxes¹. Even now when leaving hotels has become a matter of routine, I can't get rid of the feeling of sadness and the sense of loss. Here, I say, we have lived, we have been happy. This has been ours, though for a short time. Though only two nights have been spent beneath a roof, we leave something of ourselves behind. Nothing material, not a hair-pin on a dressing-table, not a handkerchief under a pillow, but something indefinable, a moment of our lives, a thought, a mood.

I saw in a newspaper the other day that the Hotel "Cote d'Azur" at Monte Carlo had gone to a new manager, and had a different name. The rooms had been redecorated, and the whole interior changed. Perhaps Mrs. Van Hopper's suite on the first floor² exists no more. Perhaps there is no trace of the small bedroom that was mine. That day, when kneeling on the floor I was trying to close her trunk, I was sure that I should never go back.

The morning before, as I poured out her coffee at breakfast, she showed me a letter. "Helen is sailing for New York on Saturday," she said. "We're going too. I'm tired to death of Europe. How do you like the idea of seeing New York?"

This was worse than death for me. She must have noticed my misery on my face, for at first she looked astonished, and then annoyed.

"What an odd, ungrateful girl you are. I can't understand you. Don't you want to see New York? I thought you did not like Monte Carlo."

¹ as the saying goes, in my boxes — как гласит поговорка, на чемоданах

² the first floor — второй этаж (в Англии счет этажей начинается с цокольного этажа)

"I've got used to it," I said foolishly.

"Well, you'll just have to get used to New York, that's all. Your days will be so full that you won't have time to miss Monte." She laughed and went to the telephone to ring up all her friends.

I went into the bathroom, locked the door and sat down on the mat covering my face with my hands. It was all over. Tomorrow evening I should be in the train carrying me away from him. And he would be sitting alone in the restaurant of the hotel, at the table I had known, reading a paper, not thinking of me.

I should say good-bye to him in the hall, perhaps, before we leave. There would be a pause, a smile, and words like "Yes, of course, do write" and "Thank you for being so kind". And he would light a cigarette casually, while I should think: "In four and a half minutes I'll go. I'll never see him again." We would be strangers, meeting for the last time, while my mind would be crying painfully, "I love you so much. I'm terribly unhappy." Then Mrs. Van Hopper would go out of the lift and I would go to meet her, and he would walk to his corner and pick up a paper.

He would go back to Manderley, of course, in a few weeks. I was sure of that. There would be a pile of letters waiting for him in the hall, and mine among them, scribbled on the ship. He would answer it weeks later, one Sunday morning before lunch. And then there would be no more. Nothing until the Christmas card saying "A happy Christmas from Maximilian de Winter. I hope you are enjoying New York."

I returned from Christmas at Manderley to the reality. Mrs. Van Hopper lunched in the restaurant for the first time since her influenza, and I followed her into the dining-room. I knew that he had gone to Cannes for

that day and I was afraid the waiter would say, "Will Mademoiselle dine with Monsieur tonight as usual?" I felt a little sick every time he came near our table, but he said nothing.

The day was spent in packing, and in the evening people came to say good-bye. I went down to the hall at about half past nine on the pretext of getting luggage labels, but he was not there. The receptionist smiled when he saw me. "If you are looking for Mr. de Winter, we had a message from Cannes to say he would not be back before midnight."

My heart fell. So there would be no last evening at all. The hour I had looked forward to all day must be spent by myself alone, in my bedroom gazing at my cheep suit-case.

I cried that night and in the morning I tried to hide all traces of the tears washing my face with cold water and powdering it as much as I could. I remember opening my window and leaning out, hoping the fresh morning air will blow away the redness under the powder. The sun had never seemed so bright and Monte Carlo was suddenly full of charm. I loved it. And I was leaving it in half an hour. I should not even have time to say good-bye to him.

Despair made me forget modesty and pride. I flung open the door of the sitting-room and ran along the passage. I did not wait for the lift, I climbed the stairs, three at a time, up to the third floor. I knew the number of his room, 148, and hammered at the door.

"Come in," he shouted, and I opened the door, very flushed in the face and breathless.

He was shaving by the open window in his pyjamas, and I in my flannel suit and heavy shoes felt overdressed.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Has anything happened?"

"I've come to say good-bye," I said, "we're leaving this morning."

He stared at me, then put his razor down on the washstand. "Shut the door," he said.

I closed it behind me, and stood there with my hands hanging by my side. "What on earth are you talking about?¹" he asked.

"It's true, we're leaving now, and I was afraid I shouldn't see you again. I felt I must see you before I left to thank you."

"Why didn't you tell me about it before?" he asked.

"She only decided yesterday. It was all done in a hurry. Her daughter sails for New York on Saturday, and we are going with her."

"She's taking you with her to New York?"

"Yes, and I don't want to go. I shall be miserable there."

"Then why on earth go with her?"

"I have to, you know that. I work for money. I can't afford to leave her." He picked up his razor again and took the soap off his face. "Sit down," he said. "I shan't be long. I'll dress in the bathroom, and be ready in five minutes. I want to talk to you."

He was ready, as he had promised, in five minutes. We walked down the corridor and out to the terrace, where the tables were laid for breakfast.

"What are you going to have?" he asked.

"I've had breakfast already," I told him, "and I can only stay four minutes."

¹ What an earth are you talking about? — О чем вы говорите? (*What on earth* служит для усиления высказывания)

"Bring me coffee, a boiled egg, toast, marmalade, and a tangerine," he said to the waiter and began filing his nails.

"So Mrs. Van Hopper has had enough of Monte Carlo," he said, "and now she wants to go home. So do I. She to New York and I to Manderley. Which would you prefer? You can take your choice."

"Don't make a joke about it; it's unfair," I said; "and I think I had better say good-bye now."

"If you think I'm one of the people who try to be funny at breakfast, you are wrong," he said. "I am usually in a bad mood in early morning. I repeat to you, the choice is open to you. Either you go to America with Mrs. Van Hopper or you come home to Manderley with me."

"Do you mean you want a secretary or something?"

"No, I'm asking you to marry me, you little fool."

The waiter came with the breakfast, and I sat with my hands in my lap, watching him put down the pot of coffee and the jug of milk.

"You don't understand," I said, when the waiter had gone; "I don't belong to your circle."

"What is my circle?"

"Well... Manderley. You know what I mean."

He picked up his spoon and helped himself to marmalade.¹ "What do you know of Manderley? I'm the person to judge whether you belong there or not. You think I ask you to marry me for the same reason you believed I drove you in the car. To be kind. Don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"One day," he went on, spreading marmalade on his toast, "you may realize that philanthropy is not my

strongest quality. You haven't answered my question. Do you want to marry me?"

I was silent, bewildered. He took my silence for refusal.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought you loved me. A fine blow to my conceit."

"I love you," I said. "I love you very much. I've been crying all night because I thought I should never see you again."

He laughed and stretched his hand to me across the breakfast table. "Bless you for that," he said; "one day, when you get much older, I'll remind you of this moment. And you won't believe me. It's a pity you have to grow up." I was ashamed already and angry with him for laughing. Perhaps women do not make those confessions to men. I had a lot to learn.

"So that's settled, isn't it?" he said, going on with his toast and marmalade. "Instead of being companion to Mrs. Van Hopper you become mine, and your duties will be almost the same. I also like new library books, and flowers in the drawing-room, and bridge after dinner. And someone to pour out my tea."

I drummed with my fingers on the table, uncertain of myself and of him. Was he still laughing at me, was it all a joke? He looked up and saw the anxiety on my face. "I'm being a brute to you, aren't I?" he said, "this isn't your idea of a proposal. We ought to be in a garden, you in a white dress with a rose in your hand, and a violin must play a waltz in the distance. And I should make violent love to you behind a palm tree. Poor dear¹, don't get upset, I'll take you to Venice for our honeymoon and we'll hold hands in the gon-

¹ He... helped himself to marmalade. — Он... положил себе повидло.

¹ Poor dear — Бедняжка

dola. But we won't stay too long, because I want to show you Manderley."

He wanted to show me Manderley... And suddenly I realized that it would happen; I would be his wife, I would be Mrs. de Winter and we would walk in the garden together. I knew now why I had bought that picture post-card as a child; it was a premonition, a step into the future.

"Am I going to break the news to Mrs. Van Hopper or are you?" he said.

"You tell her," I said; "she'll be so angry."

We got up from the table and I followed him to the lift. We came to the door of the suite. He opened the door, and we were inside the suite in the little entrance passage.

...

"Is that you?" called Mrs. Van Hopper from the sitting-room. "What on earth have you been doing? I've rung the office three times and they said they hadn't seen you."

"I'm afraid it's all my fault," he said, going into the sitting-room, shutting the door behind him, and I heard her exclamation of surprise.

I went into my bedroom and sat down by the open window. I wondered what he was saying to her, how he phrased his words. Perhaps he said, "I fell in love with her, you know, the very first time we met. We've been seeing one another every day." And she in answer, "Why, Mr. de Winter, it's the most romantic thing I've ever heard."

In love. He had not said anything yet about being in love. No time perhaps. It was all so hurried at the breakfast table. Marmalade, and coffee, and that tangerine. No time. No, he had not said anything about being in love.

Just that we would be married. Short and definite. Not like younger men, being very passionate, swearing impossibilities. Not like he did the first time, asking Rebecca...

I must not think of that. A thought forbidden, prompted by demons. He loves me, he wants to show me Manderley... Will they ever finish their talking, will they ever call me into the room? There was a book of poems lying beside my bed. He forgot he had given it to me. "Come on," whispered the demon, "open the title-page; that's what you want to do, isn't it? Open the title-page."

I picked up the book. "Max from Rebecca". She was dead, and one must not have thoughts about the dead. They slept in peace and the grass grew over their graves. But how alive was her writing, how full of force. It was just as if it had been written yesterday. I took my nail scissors and cut out the page, looking over my shoulder like a criminal. I tore the page up in many little pieces and threw them into the waste-paper basket. I felt better, much better.

The door opened and he came into the room.

"All's well," he said; "shock made her speechless at first, but she's beginning to recover. Go and talk to her."

I went to Mrs. Van Hopper. She was standing by the window, smoking a cigarette, her ridiculous hat perched sideways on her head¹.

"Well," she said in a dry and hard voice, "still waters run deep². How did you manage it?"

I did not know what to answer. I did not like her smile. "It was a lucky thing for you I had the influenza," she said. "I realize now how you spent your days,

¹ her ridiculous hat perched sideways on her head — ее несуданная шляпа была сдвинута набок

² still waters run deep — в тихом омуте черти водятся

and why you were so forgetful. You should have told me, you know."

"I'm sorry," I said.

She looked at me curiously and ran her eyes over my figure. "He tells me he wants to marry you. Well, it has nothing to do with me¹, I wash my hands of this affair. You realize he's years older than you?"

"He's only forty-two," I said, "and I look older than my age."

She laughed and dropped cigarette ash on the floor. "You certainly do," she said.

I thought she was going to be generous after all, hold out her hand and wish me luck. But she took out her vanity bag² and began powdering her nose.

"Of course," she said, "you know why he is marrying you, don't you? Don't flatter yourself he's in love with you. The fact is that empty house got on his nerves so much he nearly lost his head. He admitted it before you came into the room. He just can't go on living there alone..."

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

indefinable, pause, despair, conceit, remind, marmalade, anxiety, waltz, scissors.

¹ it has nothing to do with me — ко мне это не имеет отношения

² vanity bag — дамская сумочка; косметичка

[ɪn'dɪ'faɪnəbl] [pəʊz] [dɪs'peə] ['kən'sɪt] [rɪ'maɪnd]
['mɑ:mələɪd] [æŋ'zaɪətɪ] [wɔ:l(t)s] ['sɪzəz]

📖 Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Translate the sentences using the words from the box in the right form.

a departure	a message
a trunk	to afford
to get rid of	to hide (hid, hidden)
to annoy	bewildered
a pretext	a fault

- 1) Мы должны взять носильщика. У нас два больших чемодана.
- 2) Мы не можем позволить себе отдыхать за границей.
- 3) Ее вина в этом деле была доказана.
- 4) Можно мне оставить сообщение для господина N?
- 5) Девушка так смутилась, что ничего не могла объяснить.
- 6) Реклама на телевидении раздражает многих телезрителей (TV-viewers).
- 7) Мы не знали, куда она спрятала ключи.
- 8) Миссис Ван Хоппер искала предлог, чтобы познакомиться с мистером де Винтером.
- 9) Если мы не достанем билеты на завтра, мы отложим наш отъезд.
- 10) Если она хочет стать актрисой, она должна избавиться от акцента.

2 Replace the italicized words with their antonyms from the box.

dull	sadness
miserable	a brute
pride	alive
to enjoy	beneath
to be upset	forbidden

- 1) He behaved like a *gentleman*.
- 2) When the ambulance arrived the man was *dead*.
- 3) We *did not like* our stay in the Crimea this year.
- 4) After the divorce she seemed *happy*.
- 5) The film was very *interesting*.
- 6) Smoking during flights is *permitted*.
- 7) He recollected about his participation in the last Olympic Games with *shame*.
- 8) There is a birds' nest *above* the roof of our house.
- 9) We *were delighted* with the results of the football match.
- 10) Every morning she woke up with a feeling of *joy*.

3 Open the brackets using the verbs in Past Simple, Present Perfect or Past Perfect.

- 1) The train (to leave) just five minutes ago.
- 2) By the end of the week we (to gather) all the necessary documents.
- 3) — You (to buy) the dictionary? — Yes, I (to buy) it yesterday.
- 4) — You ever (to be) to Paris? — Yes. — When you (to be) there? — I (to be) there two years ago.
- 5) We (to come) to the theatre when the performance already (to begin).

- 6) I already (to write out) the new words but I (to learn) them yet.
- 7) When my friend (to visit) me, I (to be) out.
- 8) Before Mr. de Winter (to come) to Monte Carlo he (to live) in his estate near London.

? Checking Comprehension

Say why:

- 1) Mrs. Van Hopper decided to leave Monte Carlo.
- 2) Daphne did not want to go to New York.
- 3) Mr. de Winter did not have lunch and supper in the restaurant.
- 4) Daphne ran to Max de Winter's room.
- 5) she did not leave Mrs. Van Hopper right away.
- 6) Daphne did not believe that Maxim would marry her.
- 7) Maxim did not want to stay in Italy for a honeymoon too long.
- 8) Daphne tried not to think of Rebecca.
- 9) she cut out the title page from the book.
- 10) Mrs. Van Hopper did not congratulate Daphne.



Discussion Tasks

Make up and act out dialogues between:

- 1) Daphne and Max de Winter.
- 2) Daphne and Mrs. Van Hopper.



CHAPTER 5

We came to Manderley in early May. We left London in the morning in a heavy rain and came to Manderley at about five o'clock, in time for tea.

"This is London rain," said Maxim when we left, "you will see, when we come to Manderley the sun will be shining." And he was right, for the clouds left us at Exeter, they rolled away behind us, leaving a blue sky above our heads and a white road in front of us.

"Feeling better?" asked Maxim and I smiled at him, taking his hand and thinking of how much he guessed of my nervousness. It did not occur to him that I was afraid of this arrival at Manderley as much as I had

wished it in theory. I was like a child brought to her first school; it seemed to me that I did not know at all how to behave myself and I should not know whether to stand or sit, what spoons and forks to use at dinner.

"Here we are," he said, with a new note of excitement in his voice, and I gripped the leather seat of the car with my two hands.

The road twisted before us; on the left there were two high iron gates beside a lodge, open wide to the long drive to the house. As we were driving through I saw faces looking out of the dark window of the lodge and my heart was beating quickly, because I knew why the faces were at the window.

They wanted to see what I was like. I could imagine them now, talking excitedly, laughing in the kitchen. Perhaps Maxim guessed something of my shyness at last, for he took my hand and kissed it, and said laughing:

"You mustn't mind if there's a certain amount of curiosity. Everyone will want to know what you are like. They have probably talked of nothing else for weeks. You have only got to be yourself and they all will adore you. And you don't have to worry about the house. Mrs. Danvers does everything. She'll be cold with you at first, I think, but you mustn't let it worry you. It's just her manner."

I did not say anything, for I was thinking of how long ago I bought a picture post-card of Manderley in a village shop, and came out pleased with my purchase, thinking: "This will do for my album.¹" And now I would live here, this would be my home.

We were not far from the estate now. I saw the drive broaden, we turned the last corner, and so came to Manderley. Yes, there it was, the Manderley I had ex-

¹ This will do for my album. — Это подойдет для моего альбома.

pected, the Manderley of my picture-card long ago. As we drove up to the wide stone steps and stopped before the open door, I saw through one of the windows that the hall was full of people, and I heard Maxim swear under his breath¹. "Damn that woman," he said; "she knows perfectly well I did not want this sort of thing," and he put on the brakes with a jerk.

The butler came down the steps and opened the door for me.

"Well, here we are, Frith," said Maxim, taking off his gloves. "It was raining when we left London but you don't seem to have had it here. Everyone well?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. Glad to see you home, and hope you are keeping well. And Madam too."

"Yes, we are both well, thank you, Frith. Rather tired from the drive, and wanting our tea. Come on," he turned to me — "it won't take long, and then you shall have your tea."

We went together up the steps, and I felt a little pain at the pit of my stomach². Someone stepped forward from the sea of faces, someone tall and thin, dressed in deep black with big hollow eyes³ on a white, skeleton-like face.

She came towards me, and I held out my hand; but when she took my hand, hers was heavy and deathly cold, and it lay in mine like a lifeless thing.

"This is Mrs. Danvers," said Maxim, and she began to speak, still leaving that dead hand in mine, her hollow eyes never leaving my eyes, and I was aware of a sensation of discomfort and of shame.

When she finished, she waited, as though for a reply, and I remember blushing scarlet, stammering some sort of thanks in return, and dropping both my gloves in confusion. She picked them up, and as she handed them to me I saw a little smile of scorn upon her lips, and I guessed at once she considered me ill-bred. Maxim took my arm and made a little speech of thanks and then he led me off to the library to tea, closing the doors behind us, and we were alone again.

Two cocker spaniels came from the fireside to greet us. One was the mother, blind in one eye, and soon she had returned to the fire, but Jasper, the younger, put his nose into my hand, and laid a chin upon my knee, his tail wagging when I stroked his silken ears.

I felt better when I had taken my hat and my cheap fur off, and thrown them both on the chair. Soon tea was brought to us, and while Maxim glanced through a great pile of letters I swallowed the hot tea. From time to time he looked up at me and smiled, and I thought how little I knew of his life here at Manderley, of the people he knew, of his friends, men and women, of what orders he gave about his household. The last weeks had gone so quickly, and I — driving by his side through France and Italy — thought only of how I loved him, asking no questions of the past and future, happy with the present. During those weeks I had forgotten that he had another life, a life which he must continue again as before.

My thoughts were disturbed by the opening of the door, and Frith came in to take away the tea. "Mrs. Danvers wonders, Madam, whether you would like to see your room," he said to me when the tea had been taken away.

¹ under his breath — шепотом

² at the pit of my stomach — под ложечкой

³ hollow eyes — запавшие глаза

Maxim glanced up from his letters. "Run along and make friends with Mrs. Danvers. I'll finish these letters and then I'll join you."

I got up slowly and went out into the hall. I wished I could wait for him, and then, taking his arm, see the rooms together. I did not want to go alone, with Mrs. Danvers.

A black figure stood waiting for me at the head of the stairs, the hollow eyes watching me intently from the white face. I went up the long stairs towards her, and she waited motionless, her eyes never leaving my face.

We went along a broad, carpeted passage, and then turned left, through an oak door and down a narrow flight of stairs to another door. She flung it open, standing aside to let me pass, and I came to a little boudoir, furnished with a sofa, chairs, and a writing-desk, which opened out to a large double bedroom with wide windows and a bathroom. I went at once to the window and looked out.

"You can't see the sea from there," I said, turning to Mrs. Danvers.

"No, not from this wing," she answered, "you can't even hear it."

"I'm sorry about that; I like the sea," I said.

She did not answer; she just went on staring at me, folding her hands before her.

"However, it's a very charming room," I said, "and I'm sure I shall be comfortable."

She was silent. I wished she would go away. I wondered why she must go on standing there, watching me, her hands folded on her black dress.

"I suppose you have been at Manderley for many years," I said, making a new effort.

"I came here when the first Mrs. de Winter was a bride," she said, and her voice which had been dull and toneless, was now full of life and warmth, and there was some colour on her thin cheeks.

The change was so sudden that I was shocked and a little frightened. I had to say something, I could not let her see how much I feared and mistrusted her.

"Mrs. Danvers," I heard myself saying, "I hope we shall be friends and come to understand one another. You must have patience with me, you know, because this sort of life is new to me. I want to make a success of it, and above all to make Mr. de Winter happy. I know I can leave all household arrangements to you. You may just run things as they have always been run; I shan't make any changes."

I looked up and saw that she was standing with her hand on the handle of the door.

"Very good," she said, "I hope I shall do everything to your satisfaction. The house has been in my charge for more than a year, and Mr. de Winter has never complained. It was very different of course when the late Mrs. de Winter was alive; there were a lot of parties, and though I managed the things, she liked to supervise everything herself."

Once again I had the impression that she was watching for the effect of her words upon my face.

"Mr. de Winter said you would prefer to live on this side," she said, "though the bedroom in the west wing is twice as large as this. It is very beautiful too, the most beautiful in the house. And the windows look down to the sea."

I felt uncomfortable. I did not know why she tried to stress that this room, where I found myself, was inferior, not up to Manderley standard, a second-rate room for a second-rate person.

"They used to live in the west wing when Mrs. de Winter was alive," she continued. "That big room, I was telling about, that looked down to the sea, was Mrs. de Winter's bedroom."

Then I saw a shadow on her face, and she drew back against the wall, as Maxim came into the room.

"How is it?" he asked me. "All right? Do you think you'll like it?"

He looked round with enthusiasm. "It was used all those years as a guest-room," he said. "You've made everything very well, Mrs. Danvers."

"Thank you, sir," she said without expression and then she turned and went out of the room.

"How did you get on with old Danvers?" he said abruptly.

I turned away and began combing my hair before the looking-glass. "She seems a little unfriendly," I said after a moment or two; "perhaps she thought I was going to interfere with the running of the house."

"Don't mind her," he said; "she's an extraordinary character in many ways, and possibly not very easy for another woman to get on with. But let's forget about her, she does not interest me very much, I'm afraid. Come along, and let me show you something of Manderley."

We sat in the library after dinner. It was new for us to sit together like this, after dinner, for in Italy we had wandered about, gone into little cafes, walked or driven. "This has been his custom for years," I thought, "this is what he has always done."

And as I sat there, stroking the soft ears of Jasper, it occurred to me, that I was not the first one to sit there in that arm-chair; someone had been before me and left an imprint of her person on the cushions, and on the arm where her hand had rested. Another one had

poured the coffee from that silver coffee pot, had placed the cup to her lips, had bent down to the dog as I was doing.

Unconsciously, I shivered as though someone had opened the door behind me. I was sitting in Rebecca's arm-chair, I was leaning against Rebecca's cushion, and the dog had come to me and laid his head upon my knee because that had been his custom, and he remembered, in the past, she had given sugar to him there.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

leather, guess, damn, stomach, discomfort, blind, swallow, enthusiasm, wander, unconsciously.

[ˈleðə] [ges] [dæm] [ˈstʌmək] [dɪsˈkʌmfət] [blaɪnd]
[ˈswɒləʊ] [ɪnˈθjuːzɪˈæzm] [ˈwɒndə] [ʌnˈkɒnfəsli]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English equivalents for the following words and word combinations:

сильный дождь, ему не приходило в голову, поместить, шепотом, нажать на тормоз, протянуть руку, плохо воспитанный, домашнее хозяйство, на верхней площадке лестницы, делать усилие, добиться успеха, прежде всего, вести хозяйство, надзирать, второсортный, поладить с кем-либо.

2 Translate the sentences using the following expressions with the verbs *to do* and *to make*.

to make a success
to do for smth
to make friends
to do without smth
to make up with smb
to do with smth
to make the best of smth
to do harm (good)
to make oneself at home
to have nothing to do with smb

- 1) Ты должна помириться со своей мамой.
- 2) Я могу обойтись чашечкой чая и бутербродом на ужин.
- 3) Они скоро подружились.
- 4) Я не могу обойтись без компьютера.
- 5) Я уверен, что он добьется успеха.
- 6) Не бойтесь: эти грибы не повредят вам (не причинят вреда).
- 7) Я не хочу иметь с ним ничего общего.
- 8) Чувствуйте себя как дома.
- 9) Я думаю, что эти пуговицы не подойдут к моему пальто.
- 10) Мы постараемся использовать эти деньги наилучшим образом.

3 Open the brackets using the verbs in *Future Simple*, *Future Continuous* or *Future Perfect*.

- 1) How long you (to stay) in St. Petersburg? You (to go) to the Hermitage?
- 2) When the rain stops, I (to walk) my dog.

- 3) At this time tomorrow I (to fly) to the sea-shore.
- 4) "By the end of our excursion you (to see) all places of interest," the guide said to the tourists.
- 5) Don't come tomorrow before 12 o'clock. I (to have) a music lesson.
- 6) I wonder when the film (to be) on.
- 7) I hope that by July I (to pass) my school examinations and from August I (to prepare) for my entrance exams to the University.
- 8) Let's meet at a quarter to 7. I (to wait) for you at the entrance to the theatre.

? Checking Comprehension

Answer the questions.

- 1) What was the weather like when Maxim and his young wife arrived at Manderley?
- 2) How did Daphne feel when they were coming to Manderley?
- 3) Who met them at Manderley?
- 4) Mrs. Danvers's hand was heavy and deathly cold, wasn't it?
- 5) What was Daphne thinking about while Maxim was looking through his letters?
- 6) Did Daphne feel comfortable in Mrs. Danvers's presence?
- 7) What caused changes in Mrs. Danvers's manner during her conversation with Mrs. de Winter?
- 8) What did she try to stress speaking about the bedroom?
- 9) Did Daphne understand the reason of Mrs. Danvers's unfriendliness?

- 10) Who did Daphne think about when she was sitting in the library near Maxim?

Discussion Tasks

- 1 Describe the first meeting of Daphne and Mrs. Danvers.
- 2 Act out a dialogue between the heroine and Mrs. Danvers beginning with the words "I suppose you have been at Manderley for many years" up to the words "That big room... was Mrs. de Winter's bedroom."

CHAPTER 6

I had never realized, of course, that life at Manderley would be so orderly and planned. I remember now, looking back, how on that first morning Maxim was up and dressed and writing letters, even before breakfast, and when I got downstairs, after nine o'clock, I found he had nearly finished.

He looked up at me and smiled. "You mustn't mind," he said; "this is something you will have to get used to. Running a place like Manderley, is a full-time job."

I remember well how impressed I was; impressed by the magnificence of the breakfast offered to us. There was tea, in a great tea-pot, and coffee too, and dishes of boiled and fried eggs, of bacon, and another of fish. There was porridge in a silver bowl, and toasts, and various pots of jam, marmalade, and honey, while dessert dishes, piled high with fruit, stood at the end of the table.

It seemed strange to me that Maxim, who in Italy and France had eaten *a croissant* and fruit only, should sit down to this breakfast at home, enough for a dozen people, seeing nothing ridiculous about it.

I noticed he had eaten a small piece of fish. I took a boiled egg and I wondered what happened to the rest — all those eggs, bacon, the porridge, the remains of the fish. Were there servants waiting behind kitchen doors for the gift of our breakfast? Or was it all thrown away? I would never dare to ask, of course.

"Thank God, I haven't a great crowd of relatives to introduce to you," said Maxim, "a sister I very rarely see, and a grandmother who is nearly blind. Beatrice, by the way, asks a permission to come to lunch. I suppose she wants to have a look at you."

"Today?" I said with a falling heart.

"Yes, but she won't stay long. You'll like her, I think. She's very direct; if she doesn't like you she'll tell you so, to your face." I found this hardly comforting and asked myself if sometimes it was better to be not too sincere.

Maxim got up from his chair and lit a cigarette. "I'd like to take you round the garden, but I must see Crawley, my agent. He'll be in for lunch, too, by the way. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," I said. "It's quite all right."

Then he picked up his letters and went out of the room, and I remember thinking that was not how I imagined my first morning. I sat long over the breakfast, and it was only when I saw Frith come in and look at me, that I realized it was after ten o'clock. I sprang to my feet at once, feeling guilty and apologized for sitting there so late, and he bowed, saying nothing, but I caught surprise in his eyes. Perhaps I should not have apologized. I wished I knew what to say, what to

do, but these were the things to be acquired, painfully, perhaps, and slowly, costing me many bitter moments.

I went upstairs to my bedroom, but when I opened the door I found the housemaids there, doing the room. They looked at me in surprise. It was not right, then, for me to go to my room at that hour in the morning. I crept downstairs once more, silently, and went into the library, which was cool, as the fire was not lit there yet.

I looked round for a box of matches but could not find one. I decided then to fetch the matches from the sideboard in the dining-room. I tiptoed out into the hall and listened. All was quiet, so I went across the hall and into the dining-room once more. I crossed the room quickly and picked up the matches, and as I did so Frith came back into the room. I tried to hide the box into my pocket, but I saw him glance at my hand in surprise.

"Do you want anything, Madam?" he said.

"Oh, Frith," I said awkwardly, "I could not find any matches. I felt rather cool in the library and I thought perhaps I would put a match to the fire."

"The fire in the library is not usually lit until the afternoon, Madam," he said. "Mrs. de Winter always used the morning-room. There is a good fire in there. Of course if you wish to have the fire in the library as well, I will give orders for it to be lit."

"Oh, no," I said, "I will go into the morning-room. Thank you, Frith."

I turned away into the hall again trying to look confident. I could not tell Frith that I had never seen the morning-room, that Maxim had not shown it to me the night before. I knew he was standing in the entrance to the dining-room, watching me. I could not deceive him.

"You go straight through the double drawing-room, Madam," he said, "and turn to your left."

"Thank you, Frith," I said humbly, pretending no longer.

I went through the long drawing-room, as he had directed. A lovely room it was, with pictures on the wall and those tables and chairs probably without price. But I had no wish to stay there. It looked more like a museum than like a living room. I went through it, and turned to the left, and so on to the little morning-room I had not seen before.

I went to the window that looked out upon the rhododendrons. There were great blood-red bushes of them beneath the open window, and in the centre of a little clearing between them there was a tiny statue of a naked faun holding his pipe near his lips.

This was a woman's room, elegant, cozy, the room of someone who had chosen every piece of furniture with great care, so that each chair, each vase, each small thing should be in harmony with one another, and with her own personality.

And there were rhododendrons everywhere. The room was filled with them, even the walls took colour from them, becoming rich and glowing in the morning sun.

I went and sat at the writing-desk. The pigeon-holes were marked "letters unanswered", "letters to keep", "household", "menus", "miscellaneous"; each label written in that pointed hand-writing that I knew already. And it shocked me to recognize it again, for I had not seen it since I had cut out the page from the book of poems.

I opened the drawer and there was an open leather book, whose heading "Guests at Manderley", showed at once what visitors had come and gone, the rooms they had used, the food they had eaten. There were also visiting cards in little boxes. I took one out and looked at it. "Mrs. de Winter" it said, and in the corner "Manderley". I put it back in the box again, feeling suddenly guilty, as

though I were staying in somebody else's house and my hostess had said to me, "Yes, of course, write letters at my desk", and I had in a stealthy manner peeped at her correspondence. At any moment she could come back into the room and she would see me there, sitting before her open drawer, which I had no right to touch.

And when the telephone rang, suddenly, on the desk in front of me, my heart leapt and I started up in terror, thinking I had been discovered. I took the receiver off with trembling hands, and "Who is it?" I said. "Who do you want?" A voice came low and rather harsh, I could not tell whether that was of a woman or a man. "Mrs. de Winter?" it said. "Mrs. de Winter?"

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake," I said, "Mrs. de Winter has been dead for over a year." It was not until the name was repeated again that I had understood with a rush of colour on my face what a silly thing I had said. "It's Mrs. Danvers, Madam," said the voice. "I'm speaking to you on the house telephone."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Danvers," I said, stammering, "the telephone startled me, I didn't know what I was saying."

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you, Madam," she said, "I only wondered whether you wished to see me, and whether you approved of the menus for today."

"Oh," I said, "I'm sure I do. Just order what you like, Mrs. Danvers, you needn't ask me."

"I'm very sorry I disturbed you while you were writing, Madam."

"You didn't disturb me at all," I said, "please don't apologize."

"The post leaves at midday, and Robert will come for your letters."

"Thank you, Mrs. Danvers," I said. I listened a moment, but she said no more, and then I heard a little

click at the end of the telephone, which meant she had replaced the receiver. I did the same. Then I looked down again at the desk. The words on the pigeon-holes were like a reproach to me for my idleness. She, who sat there before me, had not wasted her time, as I was doing. She gave her orders for the day and ran her pencil perhaps through an item in the menu that had not pleased her. And then she wrote her letters, five, six, seven perhaps in that curious, slanting hand I knew so well.

I drummed with my fingers on the desk. I could think of nobody to write to. Only Mrs. Van Hopper. And there was something foolish, rather ironical, in the realization that here I was sitting at my own desk in my own home with nothing better to do than to write a letter to a woman I disliked, whom I should never see again. I pulled a sheet of notepaper towards me and took up a narrow thin pen. "Dear Mrs. Van Hopper," I began. And as I wrote I noticed for the first time how bad and unformed was my own hand-writing; without individuality, without style, uneducated even, the writing of a pupil taught in a second-rate school.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

bowl, high, heart, guilty, acquire, blood, faun, miscellaneous, stealthy, touch, approve, idleness.

[bəʊl] [haɪ] [hɑ:t] ['gɪltɪ] [ə'kwaiə] [blʌd] [fɔ:n]
['mɪsə'lenɪəs] ['stelθɪ] [tʌtʃ] [ə'pru:v] ['aɪdlɪnəs]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Match up the words and word combinations in the left column with their Russian equivalents in the right column.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1) hand-writing | a) также, тоже |
| 2) second-rate | b) едва ли |
| 3) as well | c) выглядеть уверенным |
| 4) in a stealthy manner | d) упрек |
| 5) on tiptoe | e) второсортный |
| 6) to look confident | f) разное |
| 7) a reproach | g) на цыпочках |
| 8) remains | h) остатки |
| 9) miscellaneous | i) украдкой |
| 10) hardly | j) почерк |

2 Find in the text the synonyms for the following words and word combinations:

to understand, to manage smth, absurd, to get accustomed, relations, frank, to jump, fast, to look, to cheat, self-assured, beautiful, stupid, to trouble.

3 Open the brackets using the verbs in the proper form.

- 1) After this actress (to get) a prize at an international film festival she (to become) famous.
- 2) We (to arrive) at St. Petersburg early in the morning. The rain (to stop) but a strong wind (to blow).
- 3) By the end of this month the judge (to study) all the materials of this case.
- 4) I think Boris is late because he (to get) into a traffic jam. Perhaps he (to stand) somewhere in the centre.

- 5) When I (to visit) the Orlovs, they (to pack) their things. They (to leave) for the country tomorrow.
- 6) Today at 5 o'clock we (to watch) "Dog Show" on the TV.
- 7) — How long you (to wait) for the bus? — I (to wait) for almost an hour already but no bus (to come) yet.
- 8) A lot of terrible catastrophes (to happen) in the world lately.
- 9) — You often (to go) to the library? — No, I (not to be) there since last year.
- 10) He (to say) that his son (to learn) French. He (to learn) it for three years and (to make) great progress.

? Checking Comprehension

Say whether these statements are true or false.

- 1) The breakfast at Manderley consisted of croissants and fruit.
- 2) After breakfast Maxim took Daphne round the garden.
- 3) Daphne did not know how to get to the morning-room.
- 4) The morning-room looked like a museum.
- 5) Daphne felt herself the hostess of Manderley.
- 6) When the telephone rang, Daphne started up in terror because she thought she had been discovered.
- 7) Daphne wanted to write a letter to Mrs. Van Hopper.

- 8) She thought that her hand-writing was better than that of Rebecca.

Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Daphne. Tell us about your visit to the morning-room.



CHAPTER 7

When I heard the sound of the car in the drive, I got up in sudden panic, glancing at the clock, for I knew that it meant Beatrice and her husband had arrived. They were much earlier than I had expected. And Maxim was not yet back. I wondered if it would be possible to hide, to get out of the window, into the garden so that Frith, bringing them to the morning-room, would say, "Madam must have gone out", and it would seem quite natural.

I went quickly into the big drawing-room and made for a door near me on the left. It led into a long dark corridor that I had not seen before, and I ran along it until I came to a little alcove, set in an outside wall,

where a broad window gave me light at last. I looked out and saw below me the grass lawns stretching to the sea, and the sea itself.

It was closer than I had thought, much closer. I knew that I had made the round of the house, and was standing in the corridor of the west wing. Yes, Mrs. Danvers was right. You could hear the sea from here. Somehow I was glad my rooms were in the east wing. I preferred the rose-garden to the sound of the sea. I went back to the landing, and prepared to go down, when I heard the door behind me open, and it was Mrs. Danvers. We stared at one another for a moment without speaking, and I felt the colour come up into my face.

"I lost my way," I said, "I was trying to find my room."

"You have come to the opposite side of the house," she said; "this is the west wing."

"Yes, I know," I said.

"Perhaps you would like me to show you all over the west wing?" she asked.

I shook my head. "No, I'd rather not," I said. "No, I must go downstairs." I began to walk down the stairs, and she came with me, by my side, as though she were a guard, and I was a prisoner.

I went down the big stairway into the hall, knowing she was standing there above me, her eyes watching me. I knew I had to go back now, to the morning-room, and meet Maxim's sister and her husband. I could not hide in my bedroom now.

I stood for a moment outside the morning-room with my hand on the door, listening to the hum of voices. Maxim had returned, while I had been upstairs, bringing his agent with him I suppose, for it sounded to me as if the room was full of people. I turned the handle of the

door and was met at once, it seemed, with a sea of faces and a general silence.

"Here she is at last," said Maxim. "Where have you been hiding? We were thinking of sending out a search party. Here is Beatrice, and this is Giles, and this is Frank Crawley."

Beatrice was tall, broad-shouldered, very handsome, very much like Maxim about the eyes, but not as snobbish as I had expected, much simpler. She did not kiss me. She shook hands very firmly, looking me straight in the eyes, and then turned to Maxim. "Quite different from what I expected. Doesn't answer to your description at all."

Everyone laughed, and I joined in, not quite certain if the laugh was against me or not, wondering secretly what it was she had expected, and what had been Maxim's description.

She was examining me from head to foot, as I had expected, but in a direct, straightforward fashion, not maliciously like Mrs. Danvers, not with unfriendliness. She had a right to judge me, she was Maxim's sister, and Maxim himself came to my help, putting his arm through mine, giving me confidence.

We were discussing our journey to Italy when the door opened and Frith announced that lunch was served. We all got up and walked through the drawing-room to the hall, Beatrice and I a little ahead of the men. She was taking my arm.

"You know," she said, "you are even younger than I had expected. Maxim told me your age, but you're an absolute child. Tell me, are you very much in love with him?"

I was not prepared for this question, and she must have seen the surprise in my face, for she laughed lightly, and squeezed my arm.

"Don't answer," she said. "I can see what you feel. You mustn't mind me. I'm devoted to Maxim, you know, though we always bicker like cat and dog when we meet. I congratulate you on his looks. We were all very worried about him this time last year, but of course you know the whole story." I wondered what Beatrice would say if she realized that I knew nothing of that preceding year, no details of the tragedy that had happened there, in the bay, that Maxim kept these things to himself and I never questioned him.

Lunch passed off better than I had dared to hope. When it was over Maxim said, "Beatrice, take her out in the garden; she hasn't seen the place yet."

We went out to the terrace and walked down to the green lawns.

"Tell me about yourself," said Beatrice; "what were you doing in the south of France? Living with some shocking American woman, Maxim said."

I explained about Mrs. Van Hopper, and she seemed sympathetic but listened a little absently, as though she were thinking of something else.

"Yes," she said, when I paused, "it all happened very suddenly, as you say. But of course we were all delighted, my dear, and I do hope¹ you will be happy."

"Thank you, Beatrice," I said, "thank you very much."

"When Maxim wrote me," she went on, taking my arm, "that he had discovered you in the south of France, and you were very young, very pretty, I must admit it gave me a bit of shock. We all expected a social butterfly, very modern and plastered with make-up, the sort of girl you expected to meet in those sort

¹ I do hope — я очень надеюсь (глагол *do* служит для усиления)

of places. When you came into the morning-room before lunch, you could have knocked me down with a feather¹.

She laughed, and I laughed with her. But she did not say whether or not she was disappointed by my appearance or relieved.

"Poor Maxim," she said, "he went through an awful time, and let's hope you will make him forget about it. Of course he adores Manderley. By the way, how do you get on with Mrs. Danvers?" she asked suddenly.

I bent down and began stroking Jasper's ears. "I have not seen very much of her," I said; "she frightens me a little."

"Did she seem friendly?"

"No," I said. "No, not very."

"I dare say she will get over it in time," said Beatrice, "but it may make things rather unpleasant for you at first. Of course she's insanely jealous."

"Why?" I asked, looking up at her. "Why should she be jealous? Maxim does not seem to be particularly fond of her."

"My dear child, it's not Maxim she's thinking of," said Beatrice; "I think she respects him and all that², but nothing more. She resents your being here, that's the trouble."

"Why?" I said. "Why should she resent me?"

"I thought you knew. I thought Maxim had told you. She simply adored Rebecca."

"Oh," I said. "Oh, I see."

We both went on stroking Jasper, who, unaccustomed to such attention, rolled over on his back in ecstasy.

¹ to knock down with a feather — ошеломить

² and all that — и все такое

"Here are the men," said Beatrice, "let's have some chairs out and sit under the chestnut."

We all went and sat down under the chestnut tree. From time to time I caught Beatrice's eye upon me as though she were saying to herself: "What on earth does Maxim see in her?" but it was kind, not unfriendly.

I listened to the conversation, leaning against Maxim's arm. He stroked my hand absently, talking to Beatrice.

"That's what I do to Jasper," I thought. "I'm being like Jasper now, leaning against him. He pats me now and again¹ when he remembers, and I'm pleased. He likes me in the way he likes Jasper."

"Well, I suppose we ought to be off," said Beatrice, brushing the grass from her skirt. We got up. "Come and see us if you feel like it," she said. "I always expect people to come without invitations. Life is too short to send out invitations."

"Thank you very much," I said. Beatrice took my hand, and bending down gave me a swift kiss on my cheek. "Good-bye," she said; "forgive me if I've asked you a lot of rude questions, my dear, and said all sorts of things I shouldn't. Tact never was my strong point, as Maxim will tell you. And, as I told you, you're not a bit what I expected." She looked at me direct and then took a cigarette from her bag, and flashed her lighter.

"You see," she said walking down the stairs, "you are so different from Rebecca."

And we came out on to the steps and found that the sun had gone behind a cloud, a little thin rain was falling, and Frith was hurrying across the lawn to bring in the chairs.

¹ now and again — время от времени

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

alcove, guard, dare, jealous, feather, maliciously.

[ˈælkəʊv] [gɑ:d] [deə] [ˈdʒeləs] [ˈfeðə] [məˈlɪʃəsli]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Fill in the gaps with the words from the box in the appropriate form.

to sound	to sympathize
search	jealous
to precede	to resent
to judge	insane
to announce	to be devoted

- 1) One mustn't _____ people by their appearance.
- 2) They will _____ the results of the examination on Monday.
- 3) I'm sure the man is _____. A normal person can't commit such crimes.
- 4) It _____ improbable but it is true.
- 5) We deeply _____ with the relatives of the victims of terrorist acts.
- 6) The whole month _____ the wedding she spent shopping.
- 7) _____ of the boat with the fishermen lasted for three days but it was not found.
- 8) He _____ the behaviour of his son and threatened to turn him out of the house.

- 9) Dogs usually _____ to their masters and miss them when they are away.
- 10) His wife is terribly _____ and always makes scenes when he comes home late.

2 Find in the text the antonyms for the following words and word combinations:

gradual, to leave, artificial, narrow, to find (2 words), downstairs, empty, the same, kindly, succeeding, old-fashioned, wonderful, to hate (2 words), to despise, attentively, polite.

3 Open the brackets using the adjectives and adverbs in the appropriate form.

- 1) Train 23 is (fast) and it arrives in Moscow (early) than train 25. I'll take it.
- 2) The conference was devoted to (important) problem of our time — fighting against international terrorism.
- 3) It's (difficult) for me to translate orally from English into Russian than from Russian into English.
- 4) While we were having breakfast we were listening to (late) news.
- 5) This man is (late) on the list but not (little).
- 6) The (soon) you start taking this medicine (good) you will feel.
- 7) The climate of the Crimea is (mild) than that of the Caucasus.
- 8) We asked the writer about his (far) plans.
- 9) I drive a car (carefully) than my husband.
- 10) You've written this test (bad) of all in the class but (good) than last time.

? Checking Comprehension

Imagine that you are Beatrice. Ask Daphne about:

- 1) her childhood and her parents.
- 2) her work for Mrs. Van Hopper.
- 3) her first meeting with Maxim.
- 4) her tastes in clothes, literature, music, etc.
- 5) her impressions of Manderley.
- 6) her relations with Mrs. Danvers.



Discussion Tasks

Say why:

- 1) Daphne wanted to run away when she heard the sound of the car.
- 2) she was glad that her rooms were in the east wing.
- 3) she did not want Mrs. Danvers to show her over the west wing.
- 4) she was not hurt by Beatrice examining her.
- 5) Beatrice liked Daphne at first sight.
- 6) Mrs. Danvers resented Daphne's presence in Manderley.
- 7) Daphne was not happy when Maxim stroked her hand.

CHAPTER 8

We watched the car disappear round the corner of the drive, and then Maxim took my arm and said, "Thank God, that's over. Get a coat quickly and come out."

"Wait while I run upstairs for my coat," I said.

"There's a pile of mackintoshes in the flower room, get one of them," he said impatiently, "women always spend half an hour when they go to their bedrooms. Robert, fetch a coat from the flower room, please, for Mrs. de Winter."

Presently Robert came running out of the hall carrying a raincoat, and I put it on hurriedly. It was too big and too long, but there was no time to change it, and we set off together across the lawn to the woods with Jasper running in front.

The trees grew very close together, and it was dark. We came to a clearing in the woods, and there were two paths, going in opposite directions. Jasper took the right path without hesitation.

"I suppose he's used to it," Maxim said briefly; "it leads to a small cove, where we kept a boat. Come on, Jasper, old man."

We turned into the left path, not saying anything, and presently I looked over my shoulder and saw that Jasper was following us. We had walked for about an hour when Maxim said suddenly, "There, take a look at that."

We stood on a slope of a hill, and the path twisted before us to a valley by the side of a running stream. There were no dark trees here, but on both sides of the narrow path stood azaleas and rhododendrons, drooping their lovely, delicate heads in the soft summer rain. The air was full of their scent, sweet and heady, and Maxim picked up a flower and gave it to me.

"We call this place the Happy Valley," he said.

I held Maxim's hand and did not speak. I was under the spell of the Happy Valley. This was the heart of Manderley, the Manderley I would know and learn to love. We came on the beach and began to throw little stones into

the sea. Then we looked round and saw that Jasper had disappeared. We called and whistled but he did not come.

We walked up the beach towards the valley once again. "Jasper, Jasper," called Maxim.

In the distance, beyond the rocks to the right of the beach, I heard a short, sharp bark. "Hear that?" I said. "He's run over this way." I began to climb up the slippery rocks in the direction of the bark.

"Come back," Maxim said sharply; "we don't want to go that way. This foolish dog must look after himself."

I hesitated, looking down from the rock. "Perhaps he's fallen," I said, "poor little boy. Let me fetch him."

"He's all right," said Maxim irritably; "why not leave him? He knows the way back."

I pretended not to hear and began climbing over the rocks towards Jasper. Looking around I saw, to my surprise, a cove, behind which the bay formed a tiny natural harbour. There was a buoy anchored there, but no boat. And a little farther on stood half cottage, half boat-house, built of stones.

There was a man on the beach, a fisherman perhaps, and Jasper was barking at him, running round him in circles. "Jasper," I shouted, "Jasper, come here."

The dog looked up, wagging his tail, but did not obey me. I climbed down over the rocks to the beach below. The man looked up at the sound. He smiled at me, showing toothless gums.

"G'day," he said.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Have you got any string?"

"Eh?" he said.

"Have you got any string?" I repeated. "I want something to tie the dog. He doesn't follow me."

"Eh?" he said and smiled an idiot's smile.

"All right," I said. "It doesn't matter."

I wondered if there was any string in the boat-house, and I walked up the beach towards it. There must have been a garden once, but now the grass was long, crowded with nettles. To my surprise I easily opened the door and went inside. The room was furnished; there was a desk in the corner, a table, and chairs, and a bed-sofa against the wall. Bookshelves with the books inside it and models of ships standing on the shelves. For a moment I thought it must be inhabited but I looked around me again and saw no sign of recent occupation. It was damp in the cottage, damp, and cold, and dark. I did not like it.

I looked about me for some string. There was another door at the end of the room, and I went there. Here were the ropes, two or three sails, pots of paints and other things that are needed for boats. A ball of string lay on a shelf and a rusted knife beside it. I opened the knife and cut a piece of a string. Then I hurriedly came out of the cottage, not looking behind me.

The man was watching me. Jasper was at his side.

"Come along, Jasper," I said, "come along, good dog." I bent down and this time he allowed me to tie a string to his collar.

"Good-bye," I said, pulling Jasper.

The man nodded, staring at me with his narrow idiot's eyes. "She's gone in the sea, ain't she?" he said. "She won't come back no more?"

"No," I said, "she'll not come back."

I walked along the beach and saw Maxim waiting for me by the rocks with his hands in his pockets.

"I'm sorry," I said, "Jasper would not come. I had to get some string."

He turned abruptly on his heels and went towards the wood.

"There was a man on the beach," I said. "Who was he?"

"Only Ben," said Maxim; "he's quite harmless, poor devil. His father used to be one of the keepers. Where did you get that piece of rope?"

"I found it in the cottage on the beach," I said.

"Was the door open?"

"Yes, I pushed it open. I found the string in the other room, where the sails were, and a small boat."

"Oh," he said shortly. "Oh, I see," and then he added after a moment or two: "That cottage must be locked."

"The place looks deserted," I said. "There was dust everywhere and it was terribly damp. I'm afraid those books will be quite spoilt, and the chairs, and that sofa. There are rats there, too."

Maxim did not reply. He walked very fast, so that Jasper and I could hardly keep up with him.

"Stop, Maxim," I asked, "we're tired."

"I told you not to go on those rocks, and now you are complaining that you're tired."

"I'm not complaining," I said. "Anyone, even if they had legs of iron, would be tired walking at such pace. I thought you would come with me when I went after Jasper, instead of staying behind."

"I did not want to go to the other beach. Do you understand that? I never go near that bloody place¹ and that damned cottage. And if you had my memories, you would not want to go there either, or talk about it, or even think about it."

His face was white, and his eyes had that dark lost look they had when I first met him. I put out my hand to him.

"Please, Maxim," I said, "I don't want you to look like that. Let's forget about it. I'm sorry, darling. I'm sorry. Let everything be all right."

¹ bloody place — проклятое место

"We ought to have stayed in Italy," he said. "We ought never to have come back to Manderley. Oh, God, what a fool I was to come back."

I felt tears straying on my cheeks and automatically felt in my pocket for a handkerchief. I drew it out, a little thing with lace on the edges. I stared at it, frowning, for it was not mine. There was a monogram in the corner. A tall sloping R, with the letters de W interlaced.

I must have been the first person to put on that mackintosh since the handkerchief was used. She who had worn the coat then was tall, slim, broader than me about the shoulders, for I had found it big and long.

There was a pink mark upon the handkerchief. The mark of a lip-stick. She had rubbed her lips with the handkerchief, and then rolled it in a ball and left it in the pocket. I wiped my eyes with the handkerchief, and as I did so I noticed that a scent was still about it. A scent I recognized, a scent I knew. I shut my eyes and tried to remember.

And then I realized that the scent upon the handkerchief was the same as the scent of the azaleas in the Happy Valley.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

air, whistle, climb, harbour, buoy, anchore, sign.

[eə] ['wɪsl] [klaɪm] ['hɑ:bə] [bɔɪ] ['æŋkə] [saɪn]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Match up the words and word combinations in the left column with their English equivalents in the right column.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1) отправиться | a) delicate heads |
| 2) быть во власти чар | b) to keep up with smb |
| 3) без колебания | c) to frown |
| 4) нежные головки | d) to look deserted |
| 5) пьянящий запах | e) to look after smb |
| 6) вдалеке | f) without hesitation |
| 7) притворяться | g) to feel for |
| 8) хмуриться | h) to set off |
| 9) заботиться о ком-либо | i) in the distance |
| 10) выглядеть заброшенным | j) to pretend |
| 11) поспевать за кем-либо | k) heady scent |
| 12) шарить | l) to be under the spell |

Полисемия (Polysemy)

Многие английские слова имеют не одно, а несколько значений. Чтобы правильно перевести такое слово, нужно найти в словаре то значение, которое соответствует данному контексту. Например, глагол *to run* имеет значения: бегать, идти (о спектакле), управлять, гласить (о тексте) и многие другие.

2 Translate these sentences paying attention to the meaning of the italicized words.

- 1) a term
 - a) We will have three exams in this *term*.
 - b) To translate special texts one must know the *terms* of the given field of science.

- c) The businessmen discussed the *terms* of a long-term agreement.

2) a hand

- a) She held out her *hand*.
 b) The manager had to employ new *hands*.
 c) "Can you give me a *hand*?" asked the boy.
 "I can't do this sum."
 d) The clock is fast. I'll move the minute *hand*.
 e) "All *hands* on deck!" shouted the captain.

3) to change

- a) Where can I *change* some dollars?
 b) He'd *changed* so much that I could hardly recognize him.
 c) She went home to *change* for the theatre.
 d) There is no direct bus to the station, so I'll have to *change*.

3 Fill in the gaps with the pronouns from the box.

some of	none of
somebody	something
anybody	anything
everybody	everything
nobody	nothing

- 1) Though it was late _____ wanted to go home.
 2) When I came to school, there wasn't _____ in the class yet.
 3) Don't worry. I've warned _____ that the excursion has been put off.
 4) _____ the people believed this version of the catastrophe.
 5) This work is dangerous but _____ has to do it.

- 6) Are you hungry? Would you like _____ to eat?
 7) I read the article twice but I did not understand _____.
 8) She was so nervous that she forgot _____ she wanted to say.
 9) _____ my former classmates became successful businessmen.
 10) _____ could make him change his mind.

? Checking Comprehension

Put the sentences in the right order.

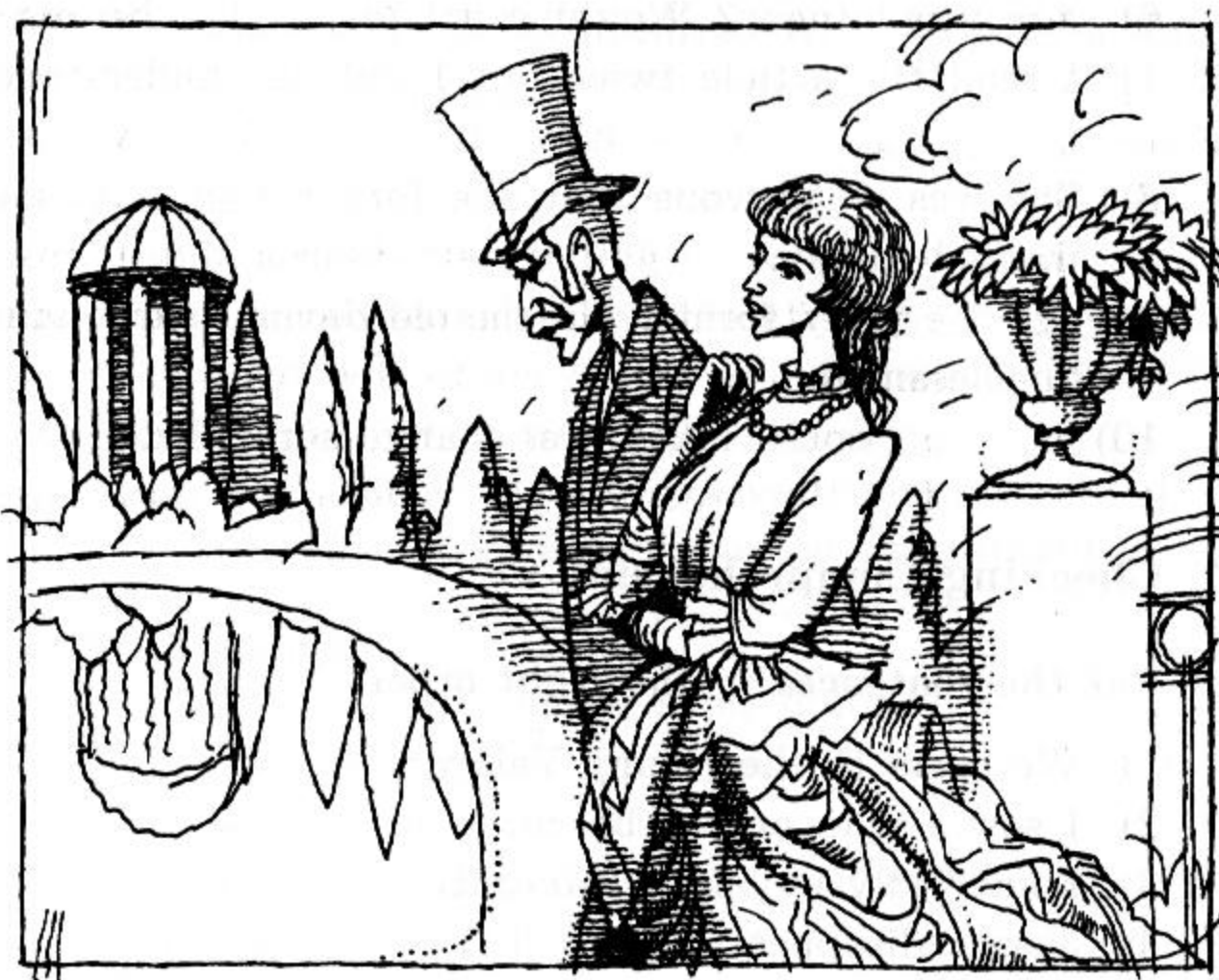
- 1) We came to the Happy Valley.
 2) I saw a man on the beach.
 3) I hurriedly put on a raincoat.
 4) Jasper disappeared.
 5) I opened the door and went inside the boat-house.
 6) Maxim walked very fast and we could hardly keep up with him.
 7) I felt in my pocket for a handkerchief.
 8) I tied a string to the dog's collar.
 9) I recognized the scent upon the handkerchief.
 10) I began to climb up the rocks in the direction of the bark.



Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Daphne. Describe:

- 1) the Happy Valley.
 2) the episode with Jasper.
 3) your return to Maxim and your feelings when you found Rebecca's handkerchief in the pocket of the raincoat.



CHAPTER 9

I could not forget the white, lost look in Maxim's eyes when we came up the path through the woods, and I could not forget his words: "Oh, God, what a fool I was to come back." It was all my fault, because I had gone down into the bay. I had opened up a road into the past again. And although Maxim had recovered, and was himself again, and we lived together, I knew there was a barrier between us because of it.

My shyness became worse, too, making me dumb when people came to the house because of this new fear of mine that they would talk about something that must not be discussed. I did not want to see any of them.

I was sure that they only came to Manderley because they were curious and wanted to criticize my looks, my manners, my figure. They liked to watch how Maxim and I behaved to each other, whether we seemed fond of one another, so they could go back afterwards and discuss us, saying: "Very different from the old days." They came because they wanted to compare me to Rebecca...

I would not return these calls any more, I decided. I did not mind if they thought me rude and ungracious. It would give them more to criticize, more to discuss. They could say I was ill-bred. "I'm not surprised," they would say, "after all, who was she?" And then a laugh and a shrug of the shoulder. "My dear, don't you know? He picked her up in Monte Carlo or somewhere; she hadn't a penny. She was a companion to some old woman." More laughter, more lifting of the eyebrows. "How extraordinary men are. Maxim, of all people, who was so fastidious. How could he after Rebecca?"

I did not mind. I did not care. They could say what they liked.

...

One day when I was driving in a car, I saw a man walking along the road a little distance ahead. It was the agent, Frank Crawley. He stopped when he heard the car, and my chauffeur slowed down. Frank took off his hat and smiled when he saw me in the car. He seemed glad to see me. I smiled back at him. I liked Frank. I did not find him dull or uninteresting as Beatrice did. Perhaps it was because I was dull myself.

"I think I'll get out and walk with Mr. Crawley," I said to the chauffeur. He opened the door for me.

"Been paying calls, Mrs. Winter?"¹

¹ Been paying calls... ? — Ездили с визитами... ?

"Yes, Frank," I said. "I've been calling on the bishop. His wife wants to know when we are going to give a fancy dress ball at Manderley. I did not know you have fancy dress dances here, Frank."

He hesitated a moment before replying. He looked a little troubled. "Oh, yes," he said after a moment, "the Manderley ball was generally an annual affair. Everyone in the country came. A lot of people from London too. Quite a big show."

"I am afraid I won't be much of use if we have a dance," I said. "I'm a bad organizer."

"There would be no need for you to do anything," he said, "you would just be yourself and look decorative."

"That's very polite of you, Frank," I said, "but I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to do even that very well either."

"I think you would do excellently," he said. Dear Frank, how tactful he was. I almost believed him. But he did not deceive me really.

We were silent for some time, but I had a strong desire to speak about Rebecca.

"I was down on one of the beaches the other day," I began. "I'm afraid that cottage is going to ruin. Why isn't something done about it? It's such a pity."

He didn't answer at once. "I think if Maxim wanted anything done, he would tell me," he said, looking down at his shoes.

"Are they all Rebecca's things there?" I asked.

"Yes."

I picked up a leaf and began to turn it over in my hands.

"What did she use the cottage for?"

"Well, moonlight picnics, and... and one thing and another." He spoke with difficulty as if he were uncomfortable about the subject.

"Why is the buoy there in the little harbour?" I asked.

"The boat used to be moored there."

"What boat?"

"Her boat."

I felt a strange sort of excitement. I had to go on with my questions.

"What happened to it?" I said. "Was that the boat she was sailing when she was drowned?"

"Yes," he said quietly, "it turned over and sank. She was washed overboard."

"Could not someone help her?"

"Nobody saw the accident, nobody knew she had gone."

"They must have known in the house!"

"No," he said. "She often went out alone like that. She used to come back any time of the night, and sleep at the cottage on the beach."

"Did Maxim mind her going off alone like that?"

He waited a minute, and then "I don't know," he said shortly. I had the impression he was being loyal to someone. Either to Maxim or to Rebecca, or perhaps even to himself.

"She must have been drowned, then, trying to swim to the shore, after the boat sank?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"How long afterwards did they find her?"

"In about two months."

Two months. I thought drowned people were found after two days.

"Where did they find her?" I asked.

"Near Edgecombe, about forty miles up the channel."

"How did they know it was she — after two months, how could they tell?"

"Maxim went up to Edgecombe to identify her," he said.

Suddenly I did not want to ask him more questions. I hated myself. I was like a poor woman in a big house asking to see the body, when someone of her neighbours had died. My questions had been shameful, disgraceful. Frank Crawley must despise me.

"Frank," I said desperately, "I know what you are thinking. You can't understand why I ask all those questions just now. You think it's just morbid curiosity. It's not that, I swear. It's only that — that sometimes I feel myself very unhappy. It's all very strange to me, living here at Manderley. When I return from these calls, as I did this afternoon, I know people are looking me up and down and thinking the same thing — how different she is from Rebecca."

I stopped breathless, already a little ashamed of my outburst. He turned to me looking very concerned and troubled.

"Mrs. de Winter, please don't think that," he said. "As for me, I can't tell you how delightful I am that you have married Maxim. It will change his life. You are fresh and young and — you have nothing to do with all that time that has gone. Forget it, Mrs. de Winter, forget it, as he has done, thank Heaven, and the rest of us. I've never heard a word of criticism, and if I did I should take great care that it was never uttered again."

"That's very kind of you, Frank," I said, "but I realize the things that I lack — self-confidence, grace, beauty, intelligence, wit — oh, all the qualities that mean most in a woman, the qualities that she possessed."

"You have qualities that are just as important, more important, in fact. I should say that kindness and sincerity, and — if I may say so — modesty are worth far more to a man, to a husband that all the wit and beauty in the world."

"Well," I said, rather embarrassed. "I don't think I'm

very kind or sincere, and as for being modest, I don't think I've ever had much chance to be anything else." We were near the house now and I dared to ask the question I had wanted to ask for a long time. "Frank," I said, trying to make my voice sound casual, "before we finish this conversation, promise to answer me one thing, quite truthfully. Tell me, was Rebecca very beautiful?"

Frank waited a moment. I could not see his face. He was looking away from me towards the house. "Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I suppose she was the most beautiful creature I've ever seen in my life."

And then we went up the steps to the hall, and I rang the bell for tea.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

recover, barrier, call, identify, swear, quality, sincere.

[rɪ'kʌvə] ['bæriə] [kɔ:l] [aɪ'dentɪfaɪ] [swɛə] ['kwɒlətɪ] [sɪn'siə]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Translate the sentences using the words from the box.

to recover
fastidious
annual
to ruin
an affair

to sink (sank, sunk)
an accident
to despise
to swear
disgraceful

- 1) «Клянусь, что я говорю правду», — сказал мальчик.
- 2) Самолеты разрушили башни Всемирного торгового центра в Нью-Йорке.
- 3) Женщина долгое время не могла прийти в себя после нападения (an attack).
- 4) Существует много версий того, почему затонул «Курск».
- 5) Поведение некоторых депутатов было позорным.
- 6) Некоторые люди думают, что это был террористический акт, другие, что это был несчастный случай.
- 7) Дафне казалось, что слуги презирают ее.
- 8) Министр иностранных дел России улетел на переговоры в Париж.
- 9) Моя собака очень привередлива: она ест только мясо.
- 10) Ежегодный доклад ВОЗ (WHO) был посвящен проблеме инфекционных заболеваний.

2 Translate the words and word combinations in brackets using the phrasal verbs given below in the appropriate form.

to give in	to look like
to give up	to look after
to give rise	to look out
to turn over	to look forward
to turn out	to look up and down

- 1) The woman (смерила ее взглядом) and turned away.
- 2) Her behaviour (вызывает) to a lot of gossips.
- 3) He swears that he won't (сдастся) and continue fighting.

- 4) I (с нетерпением жду) to my holidays. I'm very tired.
- 5) The boat (перевернулась) not far from the shore and they were drowned.
- 6) He (оказался) to be innocent.
- 7) Who (присматривает за) your children when you are away?
- 8) (Осторожно!) There is a heavy traffic in this street.
- 9) He decided (бросить) smoking.
- 10) It (похоже) rain.

3 Fill in the gaps with the modal verbs from the box in the appropriate form.

can	could	be able to
may	must	have to
ought to	should	to be to
mustn't	needn't	

- 1) Hurry up. The bus _____ leave in a quarter of an hour.
- 2) I'm sure he _____ not do such a thing. You _____ speak to him yourself.
- 3) When I was young, I _____ walk for many hours running (подряд).
- 4) The concert _____ be held yesterday but it was put off because of the illness of the pianist.
- 5) I won't _____ to translate this text until I look up all the new words.
- 6) You _____ go to a post-office. You _____ drop your letter in any post-box.
- 7) We _____ isolate the boy. He _____ infect other children.

- 8) We _____ fight against international terrorism with all possible means.
- 9) You _____ visit your parent more often. They are very lonely.
- 10) You _____ speak to your teachers in such a way.

? Checking Comprehension

Answer the questions.

- 1) Why was Daphne silent when people came to Manderley?
- 2) Was she sure that people criticized her? Why?
- 3) What was Daphne's opinion of herself?
- 4) Were fancy dress balls common in Manderley?
- 5) What did Daphne want to speak with Frank about?
- 6) What did Frank tell her about Rebecca's death?
- 7) What did Frank think of Daphne?
- 8) Why did Daphne want to know about Rebecca?

Discussion Tasks

Act out a dialogue between Daphne and Frank.

CHAPTER 10

Frank had told me to forget the past, and I wanted to forget it. But Frank did not have to sit in the morning-room as I did, every day, and touch the pen she

had held between her fingers. He did not have to stare in front of him at her writing on the pigeon-holes. He did not have to look at the clock on the mantelpiece, at the vase in which the flowers stood, at the pictures on the walls and remember, every day, that they belonged to her, she had chosen them, they were not mine. He did not throw a coat over his shoulders which had been hers, did not find her handkerchief in the pocket. He did not notice, every day, as I did, the look of the old dog, who lifted its head when she heard my footstep, the footstep of a woman, and sniffing the air drooped its head again, because I was not the one she waited for.

Little things, meaningless and stupid in themselves¹, but I could not help seeing them², hearing them, feeling them. O God, I did not want to think about Rebecca. I wanted to be happy, to make Maxim happy, and I wanted us to be together. It was not my fault if she came to me in thoughts, in dreams. It was not my fault if I felt like a guest in Manderley, waiting for the return of the hostess...

Beatrice remembered her promise of a wedding present. A large parcel arrived one morning. I have always had a childish love of parcels. I cut the string hurriedly, and tore off the dark brown paper. It looked like books. I was right. It was books. Four big volumes. *A History of Painting*. And a sheet of notepaper in the first volume saying: "I hope this is the sort of thing you like," and signed "Love from Beatrice."

It was nice of Beatrice to go to a shop in London and buy me these books because she knew I was fond of painting. I had a sudden, stupid desire to cry. I took

¹ in themselves — сами по себе

² could not help seeing them — не могла не видеть их

up the heavy volume and looked around the morning-room for somewhere to put them. They were out of the place in that room with delicate things. Never mind, it was my room now, after all. I put them on the desk and stood back a little, to watch the effect. Perhaps I moved too quickly and it disturbed them. At any rate the first book fell, and the others fell after it. They upset a little china cupid¹ who had stood on the desk. He fell to the ground and broke into pieces. I glanced hurriedly at the door, like a guilty child. Then I knelt on the floor and gathered up the fragments into my hand. I found an envelope and put them in. I hid the envelope at the back of one of the drawers in the desk. Then I took the books off to the library and found room for them on the shelves.

It was the following day I remember, when Frith, who had brought in the coffee after lunch to the library, waited a moment, standing behind Maxim, and said:

"Could I speak to you, sir?"

Maxim glanced up from his paper. "Yes, Frith, what is it?" he said, rather surprised.

"It's about Robert, sir. There has been some unpleasantness between him and Mrs. Danvers. Robert is very upset. Mrs. Danvers has accused Robert of breaking a valuable statuette from the morning-room. It was there yesterday, she said. She accused Robert of either taking the ornament or breaking it. Robert denied both accusations and came to me nearly in tears, sir."

"What ornament was it?"

"The china cupid, sir, that stands on the writing-table."

"Oh, Lord. That's one of our treasures, isn't it? It must be found. Ask Mrs. Danvers to come at once."

¹ cupid — Купидон (бог любви)

Frith left the room and we were alone. "What a nuisance," said Maxim, "that cupid is worth a lot of money. I wonder why they come to me about it. That's your job, sweetheart."

I looked up from Jasper. My face was red as fire. "Darling," I said, "I wanted to tell you before, but... but I forgot. The fact is I broke that cupid when I was in the morning-room yesterday."

"You broke it? Well, why the devil didn't you say so when Frith was here?"

"I don't know. I didn't like to. I was afraid he would think me a fool."

"He'll think you much more of a fool now. You'll have to explain to him and Mrs. Danvers."

"Oh, no, please, Maxim, tell them yourself. Let me go upstairs."

"Don't be a little fool. Anyone would think you were afraid of them."

"I'm afraid of them. At least, not afraid, but..."

The door opened, and Frith and Mrs. Danvers came into the room. I looked nervously at Maxim. He shrugged his shoulders, half amused, half angry.

"It's a mistake, Mrs. Danvers. As a matter of fact, Mrs. de Winter broke the cupid herself and forgot to say anything," said Maxim.

They all looked at me. It was like being a child again. I flushed. "I'm so sorry," I said, watching Mrs. Danvers. "I did not think Robert would get into trouble."

"Is it possible to repair the statuette, Madam?" asked Mrs. Danvers. She did not seem to be surprised that I had broken it. She looked at me with her white skull's face and her dark eyes. I felt she had known it from the very beginning and had accused Robert to see if I would have the courage to confess.

"I'm afraid not," I said, "it's broken in little pieces."

"What did you do with the pieces?" said Maxim.

It was like being a prisoner, giving evidence. "I put them all into an envelope," I said, "and put the envelope at the back of one of the drawers in the writing-desk."

"It looks as though Mrs. de Winter thought you would put her in prison, doesn't it, Mrs. Danvers?" said Maxim. "All right, Frith. Tell Robert to dry his tears."

Mrs. Danvers stayed when Frith had gone. "I will apologize to Robert, of course," she said, "but perhaps, if such a thing happens again, Mrs. de Winter will tell me personally, and I will attend to the matter? It would save everybody a lot of trouble."

"Naturally," said Maxim impatiently. "I don't know why she didn't do so yesterday. All right, Mrs. Danvers."

She went out of the room, and I sat on the window-seat, looking out of the window.

"I'm awfully sorry, darling," I said after a moment, "it was very careless of me. I was just arranging the books, that Beatrice had sent me, on the desk and the cupid fell. Was it very valuable?"

"God knows. I suppose so. As a matter of fact I believe it was a wedding-present."

I looked at him. He was standing by the mantelpiece with his hands in his pockets. He was staring in front of him. He is thinking about Rebecca, I said to myself. He is thinking how strange it was that a wedding present to me should have been the cause of destroying a wedding present to Rebecca. He is thinking about the cupid. He is going over in his mind how the parcel came and how pleased she was. "Look, Max," she would have said, "look what we've been sent." And he must have knelt down beside her, and they must have looked up at the cupid together.

I looked at Maxim again. He sat down in the arm-chair again and folded the paper. I looked out of the window. Presently Jasper came to me and climbed on my lap.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

knelt, drawer, nuisance, courage, cause.

[nelt] [drɔ:ə] ['nju:sns] ['kʌrɪdʒ] [kɔ:z]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English equivalents for the following words and word combinations:

шаги, свадебный подарок, том, лист почтовой бумаги, подпись, хрупкий, опрокинуть, виноватый, опуститься на колени, ценный, обвинение, неприятность, попасть в беду (иметь неприятности), давать свидетельские показания, посадить в тюрьму, проследить за чем-либо (присматривать за чем-либо), признаваться.

2 Change these sentences from *Active* into *Passive*.

- 1) Russia exports mostly oil and gas.
- 2) The TV will show this concert.
- 3) — Have they lifted the submarine? — Not yet, they are lifting it now.

- 4) People gave the man first aid before the ambulance came. (2 variants)
- 5) In 2012 they will build three more metro stations.
- 6) When did they buy these books?
- 7) One can see this film in many cinemas.
- 8) We must bring the documents next week.
- 9) Her daughter takes good care of her.
- 10) This episode from his childhood influenced his whole life.

3 Translate the sentences using the *Passive Voice*.

- 1) Во время землетрясения (an earthquake) было разрушено много домов.
- 2) Сейчас заслушиваются свидетельские показания.
- 3) Газеты сообщили, что преступник был посажен в тюрьму.
- 4) На экзамене ученикам дали по три листа бумаги.
- 5) Не волнуйтесь, за вашими вещами присмотрят.
- 6) — Договор уже подписан? — Еще нет, он будет подписан к завтрашнему дню.
- 7) Об этом несчастном случае много говорят.
- 8) Все ценные вещи пришлось положить в сейф.
- 9) Обвинения должны быть доказаны.
- 10) В доме кто-то был: тяжелые шаги были слышны прямо у меня над головой.

? Checking Comprehension

Complete the sentences.

- 1) Frank did not have to _____.
- 2) I wanted _____.

- 3) It was not my fault if _____.
- 4) It was nice of Beatrice _____.
- 5) The books upset _____.
- 6) Mrs. Danvers accused Robert of _____.
- 7) I felt she had accused Robert to see if _____.
- 8) I put the fragments _____.
- 9) As a matter of fact the cupid was _____.
- 10) Presently Jasper _____.



Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Daphne. Tell your friends what you felt when you broke the cupid and when you learnt that it was Rebecca's wedding present.



CHAPTER 11

At the end of June Maxim had to go to London to some public dinner. A man's dinner. He was away for two days and I was left alone. Feeling lonely I called Jasper and set off for a walk. We went through the Happy Valley to the little cove. There was only about three foot of water in the tiny harbour. The buoy was still there. There was something written on it. I read it. "Je Reviens" — "I come back". Yes, it was quite a good name for a boat. Only it had not been right for that particular boat which would never come back again.

I went along the harbour wall to the beach. In the sunshine the cottage at the edge of the wood did not

seem so remote and sinister as it had done before. After all, it was only a cottage, with nobody living in it. There was nothing to be frightened of. I pushed the little gate and went to the door of the cottage. It was not closed. I was sure I had closed it the last time. Jasper began growling, sniffing under the door.

I pushed the door open and looked inside. It was very dark. Like it had been before. Nothing was changed, but the door into the boat-store at the end of the room was open. Jasper growled again, and there was a sound of something falling. I went slowly to the door of the store. "Is there anybody there?" I said.

No one answered. I bent down to Jasper, putting my hand on his collar, and looked inside. Someone was sitting in the corner against the wall. It was Ben. He was trying to hide behind one of the sails.

"What is the matter? Do you want something?" I said. He looked at me stupidly, his mouth half open.

"I am not doing nothing," he said.

"What do you want, Ben?" I asked, a little bolder this time.

He did not answer. He watched me with his idiot's eyes. "Listen, Ben," I said. "Mr. de Winter doesn't like people walking in and out of here."

He wiped his nose with the back of his hand. The other hand he kept behind his back. "What have you got, Ben?" I said. "Show it to me." He obeyed me like a child, showing me the other hand. There was a fishing rod in it. "I'm not doing nothing," he repeated.

"Ben," I said, "you can take that rod if you want to, but you mustn't do it again."

"I done nothing," he repeated. "I never told no one. I don't want to be put to the asylum."

"That's all right, Ben," I said, "no one will put you to the asylum. But you must not go to the cottage again."

He smiled foolishly. "You're not like the other one," he said.

"Who do you mean?" I said. "What other one?"

He shook his head. "Tall and dark she was," he said. "She gave you the feeling of a snake. I seen her here with me own eyes. At night she'd come. I seen her." He paused, watching me. I did not say anything. "I looked in on her once," he said, "and she turned on me, she did. 'You don't know me, do you?' she said. 'You've never seen me here, you understand? If I catch you looking at me through the windows here, I'll have you put to the asylum,' she said. 'You wouldn't like that. They're cruel to people in the asylum,' she said. 'I won't say nothing, M'am,' I said. She's gone now, ain't she?" he said anxiously.

"I don't know who you mean," I said slowly; "no one is going to put you in the asylum. Good afternoon, Ben."

...

I turned away and walked up the beach to the path pulling Jasper by his belt. As I wandered across the lawn to the terrace my eye was caught by a gleam of sunshine on something metal showing through the green of the rhododendron leaves at the turn of the drive¹. I wondered if someone had come, though the

¹ my eye was caught by a gleam of sunshine on something metal showing through the green of the rhododendron leaves at the turn of the drive — мой взгляд привлек металлический блеск, просвечивавший сквозь зелень рододендронов на повороте подъездной аллеи

visitors usually drew up to the house, and didn't leave their car concealed like that at the turn of the drive. I went a little closer. Yes, it was a car, a long, low car, a sports car.

I looked up at the house, and as I did so I noticed with surprise that the shutters of one of the windows in the west wing had been opened up. Somebody stood by the window. A man. And then he must have noticed me because he drew back abruptly, and a figure behind him put up an arm and closed the shutters.

The arm belonged to Mrs. Danvers. I recognized the black sleeve. I wondered for a minute if it was something to do with the repair in one of the rooms. But it was odd that the moment the man saw me he stepped back into the room and the shutters were closed. Still, that was up to Mrs. Danvers. It was nothing to do with me. If she had friends whom she wanted to take to the west wing it was not my affair. It was only strange that she received them on the only day Maxim was away.

I went up the steps and through the big front door to the hall. There was no sign of a strange cap or stick, and no visiting card on the table. I remembered that I had left my knitting in the morning-room before lunch and went through the drawing-room to fetch it with Jasper at my heels. The morning-room door was open. And I noticed that my bag of knitting had been moved. There was the imprint of a person on the cushion of the divan where my knitting had been before. It looked as if Mrs. Danvers entertained her visitors in the morning-room when Maxim and I were out of the way. I took my bag of knitting and went out. As I did so the door in the large drawing-room opened, and I heard voices. I stood very still, holding my breath.

Then I heard Mrs. Danvers speak. "I think she has gone to the library," she said. "She's come home early for some reason. If she has gone to the library, you will be able to go through the hall without her seeing you. Wait here while I go and see."

I looked round desperately for somewhere to hide. Hopeless of course. And then I heard a footstep quite close to my ear, and the man came into the room. He turned round suddenly and saw me. I have never seen anyone look more astonished. As if I were a burglar and he the host of the house.

"I beg your pardon," he said, looking me up and down. He was a big, good-looking fellow. He had the hot, blue eyes usually associated with heavy drinking and loose living¹. His hair was reddish like his skin. I could smell the whisky in his breath from where I stood. He began to smile. The sort of smile he would give to every woman.

"I hope I haven't frightened you," he said.

"No, of course not," I said. "I heard voices and wondered who it was. I did not expect any visitors this afternoon."

"I hope you'll forgive me. I just dropped in to see old Danny, she's a very old friend of mine."

"Oh, of course, it's quite all right," I said.

I was watching Jasper who was jumping up at the man in delight.

"This little beggar hasn't forgotten me, has he?" he said. "He was quite a puppy when I saw him last. He's too fat. He needs more exercise."

"I've just taken him for a long walk," I said.

"Have you really? How good of you," he said. He

¹ loose living — беспутная жизнь

went on patting Jasper and smiling at me in a familiar way.

"How's old Max?" he said. I was surprised at his tone. It sounded as though he knew him well. It was strange to hear Maxim talked of as Max. No one called him that.

"He's very well, thank you," I said. "He's gone up to London."

"And left the bride all alone? Why, that's too bad. Isn't he afraid someone will come and carry you off?" He laughed, opening his mouth. I did not like his laugh. There was something unpleasant about it. I did not like him, either. Just then Mrs. Danvers came into the room. She turned her eyes upon me and I felt cold. Oh, God, I thought, how she must hate me.

"Hallo, Danny, there you are," said the man; "all your precautions were in vain. The mistress of the house was hiding behind the door." And he laughed again. Mrs. Danvers did not say anything. She just went on looking at me. "Well, aren't you going to introduce me?" he said.

"This is Mr. Favell, Madam," said Mrs. Danvers rather unwillingly. I don't think she wanted to introduce him to me.

"How do you do," I said, and then, with an effort to be polite. "Won't you stay to tea?"

He looked very amused. He turned to Mrs. Danvers. "Isn't that a charming invitation?" he asked. "I've been asked to stay to tea? By Heaven, Danny, I want to accept it."

I saw her look at him shaking her head. I felt very uneasy. It was all wrong, this situation.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you're right. I suppose I had better go. Come and have a look at my car." I did

not want to go and look at his car, but couldn't think of an excuse. The whole business was very stupid.

"All right," I said weakly. He walked out to the drive. Jasper was dancing at his heels. I followed him slowly, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Dear old Manderley," he said, looking up at the windows. "What do you think of it? Like being buried down here?"

"I'm very fond of Manderley," I said coldly.

We came to his car now. A green sports car, typical for its owner. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "Very nice," I said politely.

"Would you like to drive to the lodge gates?"

"No, thank you," I said. "I'm rather tired."

"You don't think it would look too good for the mistress of Manderley to be seen driving with someone like me, isn't it?" he said and laughed, looking at me.

"Oh, no," I said turning red, "no, really."

He went on looking me up and down with those unpleasant blue eyes. I felt like a barmaid.

"Oh, well," he said, "we mustn't lead the bride astray¹, must we, Jasper?" He threw his cigarette away on the drive.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand; "it's been a lot of fun meeting you."

"Good-bye," I said.

"By the way," he said carelessly, "it would be great of you if you did not mention this little visit of mine to Max. He doesn't quite approve of me, I'm afraid."

¹ we mustn't lead the bride astray — мы не должны сбивать молодую жену с пути истинного

I don't know why, and it may get poor Danny into trouble."

"All right," I said awkwardly, "I won't." I walked slowly back to the house. Mrs. Danvers had disappeared. I wondered who he was, this man Favell. He had called Maxim "Max". I thought there was only one person who had ever called him Max...

As I stood there in the hall, wondering what to do, the thought suddenly came to me that perhaps Mrs. Danvers was dishonest, that all this time she was engaged in some business behind Maxim's back. Supposing this man was a thief, and Mrs. Danvers was in his pay¹? There were valuable things in the west wing. I had a sudden impulse to creep upstairs to the west wing and go into those rooms and see for myself.

I began to walk upstairs. My heart was beating in a queer excited way.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

growl, asylum, pause, knitting, loose, precaution, bury, approve, dishonest, thief.

[grəʊl] [ə'saɪləm] [pɔ:z] [ˈnɪtɪŋ] [lu:s] [prɪ'keɪʃn] [ˈberi]
[ə'pru:v] [dɪs'ɒnɪst] [θi:f]

¹ Mrs. Danvers was in his pay — миссис Дэнверс с ним заодно

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Match up the words and word combinations in the left column with their Russian equivalents from the right column.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| 1) knitting | a) повиноваться |
| 2) in vain | b) скрывать, прятать |
| 3) to approve | c) особый, специфический |
| 4) loose living | d) зловещий |
| 5) to obey | e) предосторожность |
| 6) particular | f) с тревогой |
| 7) to conceal | g) вязание |
| 8) anxiously | h) психиатрическая больница |
| 9) desperately | i) беспутная жизнь |
| 10) burglar | j) одобрять |
| 11) asylum | k) тщетно |
| 12) sinister | l) грабитель |
| 13) precaution | m) отчаянно |

2 Find in the text the synonyms for the following words and word combinations:

to leave for, distant, to be afraid, a mental hospital, amazed, hidden, strange, to receive a visitor, from head to foot, to wait, to be useless, silly, hostess, to blush, casually.

3 Open the brackets using the appropriate form of the *Participle*.

- 1) Look out when (to cross) the street.
- 2) I smiled (to look) at the (to play) puppies.
- 3) (To receive) a telegram she immediately left for the village where her parents lived.

- 4) When (to ask) about his further plans, he answered with confidence.
- 5) (To leave) alone in the flat the child began to cry.
- 6) I don't like to see animals (to put) into cages.
- 7) When (to send) abroad, he studied the experience of his colleagues.
- 8) (To arrive) at the hotel we took the room (to reserve) for us.
- 9) The patient (to examine) by the doctors now suffers from some mental illness.
- 10) I think that some of the films (to show) on the TV have too many scenes of violence. (2 variants)

? Checking Comprehension

Say why:

- 1) Daphne went for a walk alone.
- 2) Ben was frightened.
- 3) Mr. Favell hid his car.
- 4) Daphne went to a morning-room.
- 5) Daphne did not like Mr. Favell.
- 6) Mrs. Danvers was unwilling to introduce Mr. Favell to Daphne.
- 7) Daphne agreed to look at Mr. Favell's car.
- 8) Favell asked Daphne not to tell Maxim about his visit.
- 9) Daphne decided to go upstairs to the west wing.
- 10) her heart was beating in a queer excited way.



Discussion Tasks

Act out the scene in the drawing-room. The cast:

Daphne, Mr. Favell, Mrs. Danvers, Jasper.

CHAPTER 12

I found myself in the corridor where I had stood that first morning. I remembered then that last time Mrs. Danvers had come out of a door here, just behind me. I turned the handle of the door and went inside. My first impression was one of shock because the room was fully furnished, as though it was used.

The chairs were not covered up. There were brushes and combs on the dressing-table, perfume and powder. There were flowers on the dressing-table and on the table beside the bed. A satin dressing-gown lay on a chair, and a pair of bedroom slippers beneath. It seemed to me that in a minute Rebecca herself would come back into the room and sit down before the looking-glass at her dressing-table.

I could hear the sound of the sea very well. I went to the window and opened the shutter. Yes, I was standing at the same window where Favell and Mrs. Danvers had stood half an hour ago. I sat down on the stool by the dressing-table and looked around the room. Yes, it was a beautiful room. Mrs. Danvers had not exaggerated that first evening. It was the most beautiful room in the house.

Then I heard a step behind me and turning round I saw Mrs. Danvers. I shall never forget the expression on her face. Triumphant, excited in a strange malicious way. I felt very frightened.

"You wanted to see the room," she said. "Why have you never asked me to show it to you before? I was ready to show it to you every day. You had only to ask me."

I wanted to run away, but I could not move. I went on watching her eyes.

"Now that you are here, let me show you everything," she said in a sweet false voice. "It's a lovely room, isn't it? The loveliest room you have ever seen."

She took hold of my arm and led me towards the bed. I could not resist her, I was like a dummy. Her voice was low and intimate, a voice I hated and feared.

"That was her bed. It's beautiful, isn't it? Here is her nightdress. You have been touching it, haven't you? This was the nightdress she was wearing for the last time, before she died. Look, this is her dressing-gown. She was much taller than you, you can see it by the length. She had a beautiful figure. These are her slippers. She had little feet for her height. Put your hands inside the slippers. They are quite small and narrow, aren't they?"

She put the slippers on my hands, smiling all the while, watching my eyes. She put the slippers back on the floor and laid the dressing-gown on the chair. "You've seen her brushes, haven't you?" she said, taking me to the dressing-table. "Her hair came down below the waist, when she was first married. Mr. de Winter used to brush it for her then. 'Harder, Max, harder,' she would say, laughing, and he would do as she told him. They would be dressing for dinner, and the house was filled with guests. 'Here, I shall be late,' he would say, throwing the brushes to me, and laughing. He was always laughing and gay then." She paused, her hand still resting on my arm.

"You would like to see her clothes, wouldn't you?" She did not wait for my answer. She led me to the little ante-room and opened the wardrobes, one by one.

"I keep her furs in here," she said, "feel that sable wrap. That was a Christmas present from Mr. de Winter. This chinchilla she wore in the evening mostly. Round her shoulders, very often, when the evenings were cold. This wardrobe here is full of her evening clothes. She could wear anything, she looked beautiful in any clothes. Put this velvet against your face. It's soft, isn't it? The scent is still fresh, isn't it? She was wear-

ing slacks and a shirt when she died, but they were torn from her body in the water. There was nothing on her body when it was found all those weeks afterwards."

Her fingers tightened on my arm. She bent down to me, her white face close to mine, her dark eyes searching mine. "The rocks had bitten her to bits, you know," she whispered, "her beautiful face was unrecognizable, and both arms gone. Mr. de Winter identified her. He went up to Edgecombe to do it quite alone. He was very ill at that time but he would go. No one could stop him."

She paused again. I did not want to hear any more. I wanted to get away from her, away from the room.

"He has not used these rooms since the night she was drowned. He had his things moved out from the dressing-room. We made up one of the rooms at the end of the corridor. He used to sit in the library and there was cigarette ash all around in the morning. And in the daytime Frith would hear him pacing up and down¹. Up and down, up and down."

I too could see the ash on the floor beside his chair. I too could hear his footsteps...

Mrs. Danvers closed the door softly between the bedroom and the ante-room, where we were standing, and put out the light.

"I come to the rooms and dust them myself every day," she said. "You would not think she had been gone for so long, would you, not by the way the rooms are kept? You would think she had just gone out for a little while and would be back in the evening."

I forced a smile. I could not speak. My throat was dry and tight. She stared at me curiously. Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"Sometimes, when I walk along the corridor here,

¹ up and down — взад и вперед

I fancy I hear her just behind me. It's almost as though I catch the sound of her dress sweeping the stairs as she comes down to dinner." She paused going on looking at me, watching my eyes. "Do you think she can see us, talking to one another now?" she said slowly. "Do you think the dead come back and watch the living?"

I swallowed. I dug my nails into my hands. "I don't know," I said. "I don't know." My voice sounded high-pitched and unnatural. Not my voice at all.

"Sometimes I wonder," she whispered. "Sometimes I wonder if she comes back here to Manderley and watches you and Mr. de Winter together."

We stood by the door, staring at one another. I could not take my eyes away from hers. How dark and gloomy they were on the white face of hers, how malicious, how full of hatred. Then she opened the door into the corridor.

She stepped aside to let me pass. I stumbled out to the corridor, not looking where I was going. I went down the stairs blindly, turned the corner and pushed the door that led to my own rooms in the east wing. I shut the door of my room and turned the key.

Then I lay down on my bed and closed my eyes. I felt deadly sick.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

comb, exaggerate, triumphant, false, height, wardrobe, identify.

[kəʊm] [ɪg'zædʒəreɪt] [traɪ'ʌmfənt] [fɔ:ls] [haɪt] ['wɔ:drəʊb]
[aɪ'dentɪfaɪ]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Translate the sentences using the words from the box.

to exaggerate	gloomy
false	malicious
a fur	to resist
to fancy	to tear (tore, torn)
to dig (dug, dug)	to bite (bit, bitten)

- 1) Преступник вонзил нож в спину женщины.
- 2) Когда за ним приехала полиция, он не сопротивлялся.
- 3) Существует поговорка (a proverb): «Собака, которая лает, не кусает».
- 4) Девушка воображала себя знаменитой актрисой и репетировала перед зеркалом улыбки и поклоны.
- 5) Будьте осторожны: не порвите новое платье.
- 6) Мне кажется, что вы преувеличиваете опасность терактов.
- 7) «Гринпис» борется против ношения натуральных мехов.
- 8) Она сразу поняла по мрачному лицу мужа, что что-то случилось.
- 9) Мать пыталась доказать, что все обвинения против ее сына ложны.
- 10) Посмотри! Какие злые лица у этих людей. Я их боюсь.

«Ложные друзья переводчика» ("False friends of a translator")

Ряд созвучных слов английского и русского языков полностью совпадают по значению. Такие слова на-

зываются интернациональными и не представляют трудности для перевода. Примеры из текста: *visit*, *comfortable*, *manner*, *minister*, *etc.* Однако в английском языке есть немало слов, которые помимо значения, сходного со значением аналогичного слова в русском языке, имеют и другие значения, отсутствующие в русском языке. Например, *a record* кроме понятия «рекорд» обозначает также «репутация», «летопись», «протокол», «грампластинка» и т. д. Некоторые английские слова при кажущемся сходстве с созвучными им русскими словами имеют значения, отличные от тех, которые они приобрели в русском языке. Примеры из текста: *satin* — «атлас», а не «сатин»; *velvet* — «бархат», а не «вельвет». Такие слова называются «ложными друзьями переводчика», т. к. при кажущейся простоте их перевода они могут легко привести к ошибкам. Для правильного перевода таких слов нужно найти в словаре их значение, соответствующее данному контексту.

2 Translate the sentences paying attention to the italicized words.

- 1) I think that this *speculation* is wrong.
- 2) The old gypsy was telling fortune by the lines on the woman's *palm*.
- 3) In childhood she was very *delicate* and often had to stay in bed.
- 4) This woman has such a good *complexion* that she needn't use powder or rouge (пудра).
- 5) More than three *decades* have passed since the first show of this TV film but it is still popular with the TV-viewers.

- 6) There are many misprints in this book. I think it is the fault of the *compositor*.
- 7) We don't know the *actual* state of *affairs* in our economy but according to some newspapers its prospects are good.
- 8) This student is very *intelligent* and *industrious*.

3 Translate the sentences using the construction to have + object + Participle II.

Example: Я хочу отремонтировать часы. — *I want to have my watch repaired.*

- 1) Я хочу отремонтировать квартиру.
- 2) Вы уже сфотографировались? (to have one's photo taken)
- 3) Я должен помыть машину.
- 4) Она учит своих детей за границей.
- 5) Вам надо постричься.

4 Translate the sentences paying attention to the Nominative Absolute Participial Construction.

- 1) The weather being cold, we had to put on our coats.
- 2) Everything done (having been done), he went home.
- 3) The ship was sailing along the shore, a lot of seagulls flying over it.
- 4) The night was very dark, neither moon nor stars being seen on the sky.
- 5) Mrs. Van Hopper came to the restaurant, Daphne following her.
- 6) Mrs. Danvers stared at Daphne, her voice dropping to a whisper.

Checking Comprehension

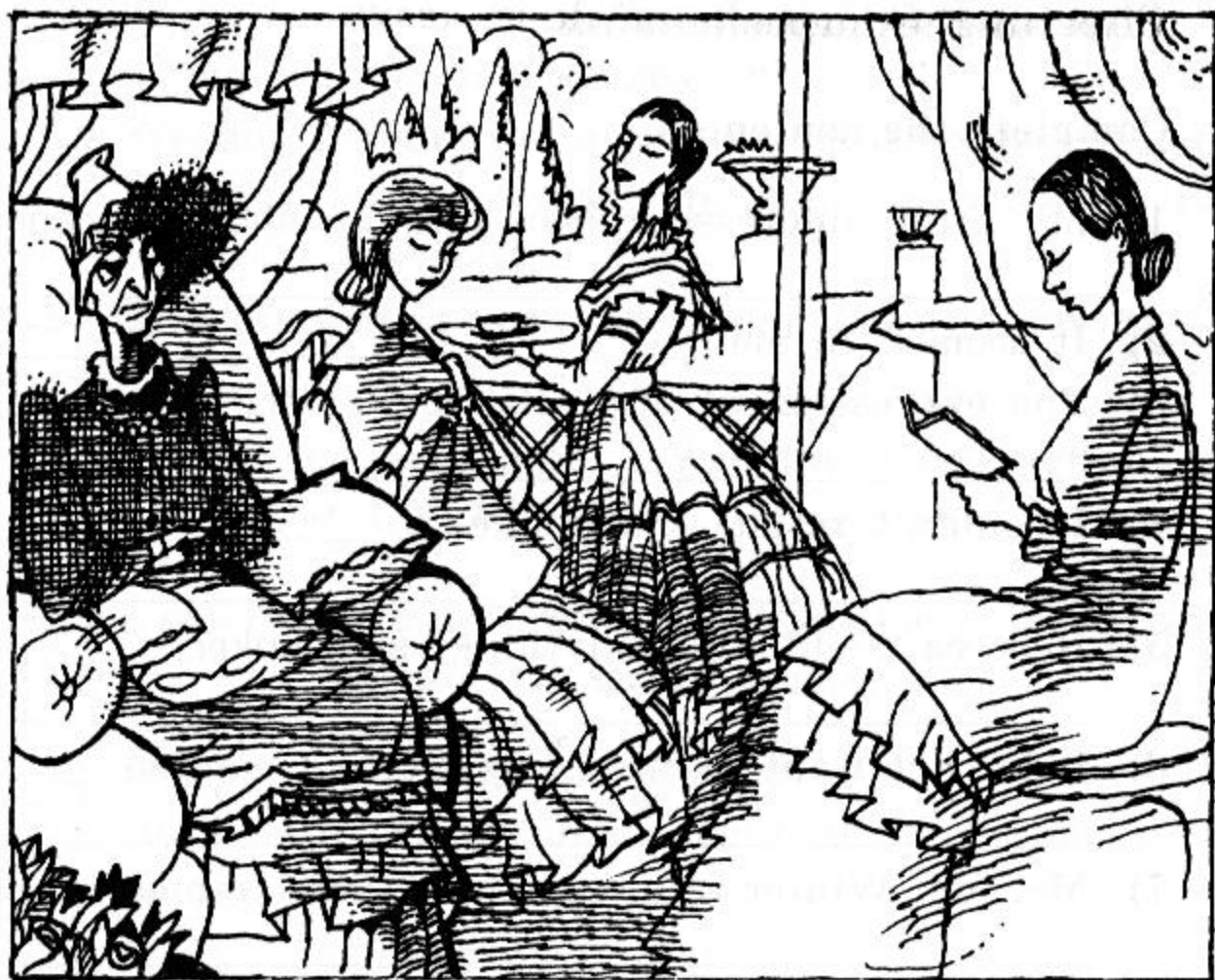
Complete the sentences.

- 1) My first impression was one of shock because _____.
- 2) It seemed to me _____.
- 3) The expression of Mrs. Danvers's face was _____.
- 4) I couldn't resist, I was like _____.
- 5) Rebecca could wear anything, she looked _____.
- 6) I did not want to hear any more. I wanted _____.
- 7) Mr. de Winter did not use these rooms since _____.
- 8) "Sometimes I fancy," said Mrs. Danvers, "that _____.
- 9) My voice sounded _____.
- 10) "Sometimes I wonder," said Mrs. Danvers, "if _____.



Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Daphne. Describe your visit to Rebecca's bedroom.



CHAPTER 13

Maxim rang up the next morning to say he would be back about seven. I wondered what I should do with my day. I had slept badly; I had been restless, waking up often, and when I looked at my clock I saw that the hands had hardly moved. I must have cried when I slept, for when I awoke in the morning the pillow was damp.

At about ten o'clock as I was crumbling some bread for the birds on the terrace the telephone rang. It was Beatrice.

"Well, my dear, how are you?" she said. "I thought of going to see granny. It's time you met the old lady, you know."

"I'd like to very much, Beatrice," I said.

"Very well, then. I'll come along for you about half past three. All right, my dear, see you later."

And at half past three I heard the sound of Beatrice's car round the turn of the drive. I ran out to meet her, fully dressed, with gloves in my hand.

"You don't look well," she said immediately, looking me up and down, "much too thin in the face and very pale."

"It's nothing," I said humbly, knowing the defect of my face too well. "I'm not a person who ever has much colour."

"You are not by any chance starting an infant, are you?" she said, turning her brown eyes upon me.

"No," I said, confused. "No, I don't think so."

"I must say I do hope you will produce a son and a heir before long. It would be so terribly good for Maxim. I hope you are doing nothing to prevent it."

"Of course, not," I said. "What an extraordinary question."

"Oh, don't be shocked," she said, "you must never mind what I say. Tell me, were you interested in those books I sent you?"

"Yes, of course," I said. "It was a lovely present, Beatrice."

She looked pleased. "Glad you liked them," she said.

The car drove along. She kept her foot permanently on the accelerator. I felt rather frightened and sat lower in my seat. We were coming to our destination.

"Don't forget the old lady is nearly blind," said Beatrice, "and she does not very well understand what is what. I telephoned to the nurse that we were coming, so everything will be all right."

The house was large and not attractive. I could tell at once that such sort of house was kept by a big staff. And all for one old lady who was nearly blind.

A neat parlour-maid opened the door. We went through a narrow hall and a drawing-room crowded with furniture to a veranda facing a square lawn. In the corner was an arm-chair. Beatrice's grand-mother was sitting there, surrounded with pillows and shawls. When we came close to her I saw that she had a strong resemblance to Maxim. That was what Maxim would look like, if he were very old, if he were blind. The nurse by her side got up from her chair and put aside the book she was reading aloud. She smiled at Beatrice.

Beatrice shook hands with her and introduced me. "Granny looks all right," she said. "I don't know how she does it at eighty-six. Here we are, Gran," she said, raising her voice, "arrived safe and sound¹."

The grandmother looked in our direction. "Dear Bee," she said, "how nice of you to come and visit me. It's so dull here, nothing for you to do."

Beatrice leant over her and kissed her. "I've brought Maxim's wife to see you," she said, "she wanted to come and see you, but she and Maxim have been so busy."

The grandmother touched my face with her fingers. "You nice thing," she said, "so good of you to come. I'm very pleased to see you, dear. Sit down in this chair, where I can see you. And you, Bee, come the other side. How is dear Roger? He doesn't come to see me."

"He will come in August," shouted Beatrice; "he's leaving Eton, you know, he's going to Oxford."

She went on telling Granny about her son, her husband, her horses and her dogs, and the old lady seemed to

listen to her with great attention. I felt sorry for her. All was finished now for her, all gone. Her husband had been dead for forty years, her son for fifteen. She had to live in this big, red house with the nurse until it was time for her to die. I wished I could lay my hands upon her face and take the years away. I wished I could see her young, as she was once. Not sitting there with her eyes closed while the nurse fixed the pillows behind her head.

"It's lovely now in Manderley," I said drawing nearer to Maxim's grandmother. "The roses are in bloom. I wish I had brought you some."

"Yes, I like roses," she said absently, and then looking at me with her blind blue eyes, "Are you staying at Manderley too?"

I swallowed. There was a slight pause. Then Beatrice said in her loud, impatient voice, "Gran, darling, you know perfectly well she lives there now. She and Maxim are married."

The old lady's mouth began to tremble. "You talk too much, all of you. I don't understand." Then she looked across at me frowning and began to shake her head. "Who are you, my dear? I haven't seen you before. I don't know your face. I don't remember you at Manderley. Bee, who is this child? Why did Maxim not bring Rebecca? I'm so fond of Rebecca. Where is dear Rebecca?"

There was a long pause, a moment of agony. I felt my cheeks grow scarlet. The nurse got to her feet very quickly and went to the arm-chair.

"I want Rebecca," repeated the old lady, "what have you done with Rebecca?" Beatrice rose clumsily from the table, shaking the cups and saucers. She too had turned very red, and her lips trembled.

"I think you'd better go, Mrs. Lacy," said the nurse. "She gets excited like this from time to time. It's very un-

¹ safe and sound — целые и невредимые

fortunate it should happen today. I'm sure you will understand, Mrs. de Winter." She turned apologetically to me.

"Of course," I said quickly, "it's much better we should go."

We went through the drawing-room to the hall and out of the front door. Beatrice started up the car without a word. She spoke to me when we turned out of the village. "My dear," she began, "I'm so awfully sorry. I don't know what to say."

"It's absolutely all right," I said hurriedly, "it doesn't matter a bit."

"I've forgotten she was so fond of Rebecca," said Beatrice slowly, "I was a fool not to expect something like this."

"Please, Beatrice, don't. I tell you I don't mind."

"Rebecca used to invite the old lady over to Manderley. Poor darling Gran used to rock with laughter at whatever Rebecca said. Of course she was always very amusing, and the old lady liked that. She had an amazing gift, Rebecca I mean, of being attractive to everybody: men, women, children, dogs. I suppose the old lady has never forgotten her. My dear, you won't thank me for this afternoon."

"I don't mind, I don't mind," I repeated mechanically. If only Beatrice could leave the subject alone. It did not interest me. What did it matter after all? What did anything matter? The only thing that mattered to me was that Maxim should never hear of it.

Presently we came to the high road¹ at the top of the hill. Beatrice left me at the gates and drove to the station to meet Giles by the London train.

I got out of the car at the lodge gates and we kissed good-bye.

¹ high road — nocce

"Put on some weight next time I see you," she said; "it doesn't suit you to be so thin. Give Maxim my love and forgive me for today." She disappeared in a cloud of dust and I walked down the drive.

When I came to the end of the long drive at last, I saw that Maxim's car was standing in front of the house. My heart lifted, I ran quickly into the library. As I came nearer I heard the sound of voices, one louder than the other, Maxim's voice. The door was shut. I hesitated a moment before going in.

"You can write and tell him from me to keep away from Manderley in future, do you hear? Never mind who told me, that's of no importance. I know his car was seen here yesterday afternoon. If you want to meet him, you can meet him outside Manderley. I won't have him inside the gates, do you understand? Remember, I'm warning you for the last time."

I ran quickly up the stairs and hid in the gallery. Mrs. Danvers came out of the library, shutting the door behind her. I had caught one glance of her face. It was grey with anger and hatred.

I waited a moment and then went slowly downstairs to the library. I opened the door and went in. Maxim was standing by the window, holding some letters in his hand.

I smiled, holding out my hands. "Hallo," I said.

"Oh, it's you..."

I could tell at a glance that something had made him very angry. "What were you doing?" he said.

"I went to see your grandmother," I said. "Beatrice drove me over this afternoon."

"How was the old lady?"

"All right."

"What's happened to Bee?"

"She had to get back to meet Giles."

We sat together on the window-seat. I took his hand in mine. "I've missed you terribly," I said.

"Have you?"

I wondered if he would tell me what had happened just now in the library with Mrs. Danvers. I wondered who had told him about Favell.

"Are you worried about something?" I said.

"I've had a long day," he said; "that drive twice in twenty-four hours is too much for anyone."

He got up and walked away, lighting a cigarette. I knew then that he was not going to tell me about Mrs. Danvers.

"I'm tired too," I said slowly, "it's been a funny sort of day."

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

heir, saucer, warn, anger, move, touch, eyes.

[eə] ['sɔ:sə] [wɔ:n] ['æŋgə] [mu:v] [tʌtʃ] [aɪz]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English equivalents for the following words and word combinations:

беспокойный, наследник, предотвращать, место назначения, персонал (штат), опрятный, сходство, целый и невредимый, лежать (3 формы), класть

(3 формы), нетерпеливый, невезучий, это не имеет значения, вскоре, колебаться, предупреждать, скупать.

2 Replace the italicized words and word combinations with their antonyms from the box.

damp	to raise
restless	resemblance
permanently	to prevent from
badly	clumsily
to put on	impatient
to awake	

- 1) Having spent some weeks at the hospital, she got *restful* and slept *well*.
- 2) I *fell asleep* at dawn when the sun was rising.
- 3) The bed-clothes that we were given in the train were *dry*.
- 4) He *lowered* his voice and repeated his question.
- 5) My neighbour lives in his flat *from time to time* but I seldom see him.
- 6) The woman rose *gracefully* and left the room.
- 7) She is very *patient* with her children.
- 8) After her illness she began to *lose* weight.
- 9) I think that the measures taken by the Government will *stimulate* the rise of the economy.
- 10) Everybody was amazed at the *difference* between the twins.

3 Translate the sentences paying attention to the *Gerund*.

- 1) I suggest sending the children's drawings to an exhibition.

- 2) We could not help laughing looking at the clowns.
- 3) She is keen on collecting old postcards.
- 4) His being late prevented us from going on an excursion.
- 5) Do you mind my opening the door?
- 6) It's no use waiting for him. I'm sure he won't come.
- 7) I must have my watch repaired. It keeps stopping.
- 8) It depends on my Mother allowing me to go with you.
- 9) If you don't want to lose all your money, you must stop gambling.
- 10) I think this dress is worth buying. It is very beautiful but it needs shortening.

? Checking Comprehension

Say whether these statements are true or false.

- 1) Daphne slept badly because she was under the impression of her last meeting with Mrs. Danvers.
- 2) Daphne had a good complexion.
- 3) Daphne was expecting a baby.
- 4) Maxim's grandmother had no resemblance to him.
- 5) Daphne was sorry for the old lady.
- 6) The grandmother hated Rebecca.
- 7) She realized that Daphne was Maxim's wife.
- 8) Beatrice expected such a behaviour of her grandmother.
- 9) Daphne was afraid that Maxim would learn about the incident.
- 10) Daphne told Maxim about the visit of Mr. Favell.

Discussion Tasks

Imagine that one of you is Daphne. Ask her questions about her visit to Maxim's grandmother.

CHAPTER 14

It was one Sunday, I remember, when we had an invasion of visitors during the afternoon, that the subject of the fancy dress ball was first brought up. Maxim lit a cigarette and his eyes met mine over the tea-pot.

"What do you think about it?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said uncertainly. "I don't mind."

And so it was decided to organize a fancy dress ball.

"What will you wear?" I asked Maxim.

"I never dress up," said Maxim. "It's the only privilege allowed to the host, isn't it?"

"I can't really go as a shepherdess," I said, "what on earth shall I wear? I'm not much good at dressing-up."

"Put a ribbon round your hair and be Alice-in-Wonderland," said Maxim lightly; "you look like her now, with your finger in your mouth."

"Don't be so rude," I said. "I'll give you and Frank the surprise of your lives, and you won't recognize me."

"As long as you don't black your face and pretend to be a monkey I don't mind what you do," said Maxim.

"All right, that's a bargain¹," I said. "I'll keep my costume a secret to the last minute, and you won't know anything about it." I heard Maxim laughing as I went

¹ that's a bargain — договорились

out into the garden, and he said something to Frank which I did not catch.

The preparations for the ball went on. Everything seemed to be done at the estate office. Maxim and Frank were down there every morning. As Frank had said, I did not have to bother my head about anything. I began to get in a panic about my costume. I was not able to think of anything and kept remembering that all the people who would come, would criticize me, eager to see what I could invent. At last, in desperation, I remembered the books, that Beatrice had given me for a wedding present, and sat down in the library one morning turning over the pages as a last hope, passing from illustration to illustration. Nothing seemed suitable, they were all so elaborate and pretentious, those costumes of velvet and silk in the reproductions given of Rubens, Rembrandt and others. I copied one or two of them, but they did not please me, and I threw the sketches into the waste-paper basket, thinking no more about them.

In the evening, when I was changing for dinner, there was a knock at my bedroom door. I called "Come in", thinking it was my maid Clarice. The door opened but it was not Clarice. It was Mrs. Danvers. She held a piece of paper in her hand. "I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you," she said, "but I was not sure whether you wanted to throw these drawings away."

She held out the paper for me to see. It was the drawing I had done during the morning.

"No, Mrs. Danvers," I said after a moment, "I don't want them."

"Very good," she said, still standing there by the door. "So you have not decided yet what you will wear?" she said. There was an odd satisfaction in her voice. I supposed she had heard of my efforts through Clarice.

"No," I said. "No, I haven't decided."

She continued watching me, putting her hand on the handle of the door.

"Why don't you copy one of the pictures in the gallery?" she said.

I pretended to file my nails. They were too short already, but the action gave me something to do and I did not have to look at her.

"Yes, I'll think about it," I said. I wondered to myself why such an idea had never come to me before. It was a very good solution to my difficulty.

"All the pictures in the gallery would make good costumes," said Mrs. Danvers, "especially the one of the young lady in white, with her hat in her hand." Her voice was surprisingly normal and friendly, and I wondered why she had taken the trouble to come up with my sketch herself. Did she want to be friends with me at last?

"Has not Mr. de Winter suggested a costume for you?" she said.

"No," I said, after a moment's hesitation. "No, I want to surprise him and Mr. Crawley. I don't want them to know anything about it."

"It's not for me to make a suggestion," she said, "but if I were you, Madam, I should study the pictures in the gallery, especially the one I mentioned. And you need not think I will give you away. I won't say a word to anyone."

"Thank you, Mrs. Danvers," I said. She shut the door very gently behind her. I was surprised by her attitude so different from our last meeting.

After dinner I went upstairs to the gallery to have a look at the pictures. I knew them well of course by now, but had never studied them with an intention to

reproduce one of them as a fancy-dress. Mrs. Danvers was right of course. What an idiot I had been not to think of it before. I always liked the girl in white, with a hat in her hand. It was the portrait of Caroline de Winter, a sister of Maxim's great-great grandfather. The white dress should be easy to copy. Those puffed sleeves, the flounce, and the little bodice. The hat might be rather difficult, and I should have to wear a wig.

What a relief it was to have decided at last! I began almost to look forward to the ball. I wrote to a shop in London, enclosing a sketch of the portrait and had a favourable reply, saying the work would be started at once, and they would manage the wig as well.

The house began to wear a new air. Men came to lay the floor for dancing in the great hall, and in the drawing-room some of the furniture was moved so that the long buffet tables could be placed against the wall. Mrs. Danvers never appeared herself, but I was aware of her continually. It was her voice I heard in the drawing-room when they came to put the tables, it was she who gave directions for the laying of the floor in the hall. Whenever I came upon the scene she always disappeared and I could only hear the sound of her footsteps on the stairs.

At last the great day came. Thank heaven, the shop had sent my dress in time. It looked wonderful, and the wig was perfect. I tried it on after breakfast, and was amazed at the transformation. I looked quite attractive, quite different altogether. Not me at all.

Maxim and Frank kept asking me about my costume. "You won't recognize me," I told them, "you will both get the shock of your lives."

It was suddenly fun, the thought of the dance, and that I was to be the hostess. The dance was given in my

honour, because I was the bride. I sat on the table in the library, longing to go upstairs and put on my dress, try the wig in front of the looking-glass. It was new, this sudden unexpected sensation of being important, of having all the people looking at me and talking about my dress.

To kill the time before the fancy-ball I went upstairs to see the rooms. I realized for the first time how beautiful the house was looking. There were flowers in every corner, red roses in silver bowls on the white cloth of the supper table, the long windows open to the terrace, where, as soon as it was dark, the fairy lights were to shine. It was not the still quiet Manderley I knew. It was as if the house remembered other days, long, long ago, and Caroline de Winter, whom I should represent today, would walk down the wide stairs in her white dress to dance the minuet.

I found Clarice waiting for me in my bedroom, her face flushed with excitement. We spoke to one another in low voices like conspirators, we walked on tiptoe. The dress fitted perfectly. I stood still, hardly able to restrain my impatience, while Clarice hooked me up with fumbling fingers¹.

"It's wonderful, Madam," she kept saying. "It's a dress fit for the Queen of England."

"How is it? How do I look?" I did not wait for her answer. I twisted and turned in front of the mirror, I frowned, I smiled. I felt different already, no longer ashamed of my appearance. I took the wig with soft shining curls with trembling fingers, laughing under my breath, looking up at Clarice.

¹ while Clarice hooked me up with fumbling fingers — пока Кларис застегивала на мне крючки дрожащими пальцами

"Oh, Clarice," I said, "what will Mr. de Winter say?"
Somebody came and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" I cried out in panic.

"It's me, my dear," said Beatrice, "have you dressed up? I want to look at you."

"No, no," I said, "you can't come in, I'm not ready."

"Don't be too long, my dear, we are all so intrigued. Are you sure you don't want any help?"

"No," I shouted impatiently, losing my head, "go away, go downstairs."

I did not recognize the face that stared at me in the glass. The eyes were larger, the mouth narrower, the skin white and clear. The curls stood in a little cloud. I watched this self that was not me at all and then smiled, a new, slow smile.

"Oh, Clarice!" I said. "Oh, Clarice!" I took the skirt of my dress in my hands and danced to her, the flounces sweeping the floor. She laughed excitedly, flushed, very pleased.

"Unlock the door," I said. "I'm going down. Run ahead and see if they are there." And I lifted my skirts off the ground and followed her along the corridor. I went through the archway at the head of the big staircase and looked down on the hall below.

Yes, there they were. Giles, in his white Arab dress, laughing loudly, showing the knife at his side; Beatrice in an extraordinary green costume with bright trailing beads; Frank, a little foolish in his striped jersey and sea-boots; Maxim, the only normal one of the party, in his evening clothes.

I had never felt so excited before, so happy and so proud. I waved my hand at the drummer. "Call out Miss Caroline de Winter," I whispered. He smiled and bowed. I picked up my skirt in my hands. Then the sound of

the drum echoed in the great hall and I saw everybody look up amazed and bewildered from the hall below.

"Miss Caroline de Winter," shouted the drummer.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

shepherdess, bargain, bother, elaborate, buffet, honour, striped, echo, minuet.

[ˈʃepədɪs] [ˈbɑːɡɪn] [ˈbʊðə] [ɪˈlæbəreɪt] [ˈbʊfeɪ] [ˈɒnə]
[straɪpt] [ˈekəʊ] [ˌmɪnjuˈet]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Fill in the gaps with the appropriate words from the box.

a wig	a sensation
to pretend	to restrain
elaborate	to be ashamed
an effort	a solution
an attitude	to bother

- 1) Don't _____ that you don't hear me. Please, answer my question.
- 2) Please make _____ to arrive early.
- 3) It seems to me that Pelevin's books are too _____. I can't understand them.

- 4) We must try to find the best _____ of this problem.
- 5) During his long life his _____ to some politicians changed.
- 6) _____ makes this actress unrecognizable.
- 7) It was new for him — this new _____ of freedom.
- 8) Nothing could _____ his young energy.
- 9) "You will _____ of your words," Mother told her son.
- 10) Don't _____, I can do it myself.

2 Translate the sentences using the words and expressions from the box.

to come across	come on!
to come out	go ahead!
to come over	to go in for
to come true	to go with
to come of	it goes without saying

- 1) Ну идем же, мы опаздываем.
- 2) Страх овладел Дафной, когда она увидела миссис Дэнверс.
- 3) Моя сестра увлекается (занимается) фигурным катанием и делает большие успехи.
- 4) Эта сумочка хорошо гармонирует с моим новым платьем.
- 5) Работая в библиотеке, ученый наткнулся на неизвестные письма Толстого.
- 6) Продолжайте. Я вас слушаю.
- 7) Через много лет ее мечты осуществились.
- 8) Этот известный писатель происходит из простой крестьянской семьи.

- 9) Само собой разумеется, что все лечение будет бесплатным.
- 10) Когда вышла его последняя книга, она сразу произвела сенсацию.

3 Open the brackets putting the *Infinitive* into the appropriate form. Define its function. Translate the sentences.

- 1) (To learn) a foreign language one must practise regularly.
- 2) (To know) a foreign language and a computer is necessary for any specialist.
- 3) The blind man liked (to read) aloud.
- 4) I remember (to see) this film long ago.
- 5) The coat had (to take) to a tailor (to shorten).
- 6) — Where are the children? — They must (to play) in the yard.
- 7) I was sorry (to miss) the last train.
- 8) This is an educational film (to show) in class.
- 9) He was the first (to raise) this question.
- 10) The woman is too weak (to operate) upon.

4 Translate the sentences using either the *Gerund* or the *Infinitive*.

- 1) Дети любят играть в компьютерные игры.
- 2) Катя увлекается пением.
- 3) Не забудь принести деньги на экскурсию.
- 4) Я забыла, что обещала принести наши фотографии.
- 5) К сожалению, я не могу помочь тебе сейчас. Я очень занят.
- 6) Он не мог не влюбиться в эту талантливую девушку.

- 7) По дороге в аэропорт мы остановились, чтобы купить цветы.
- 8) Я перестала покупать этот журнал. Я нахожу его очень глупым.

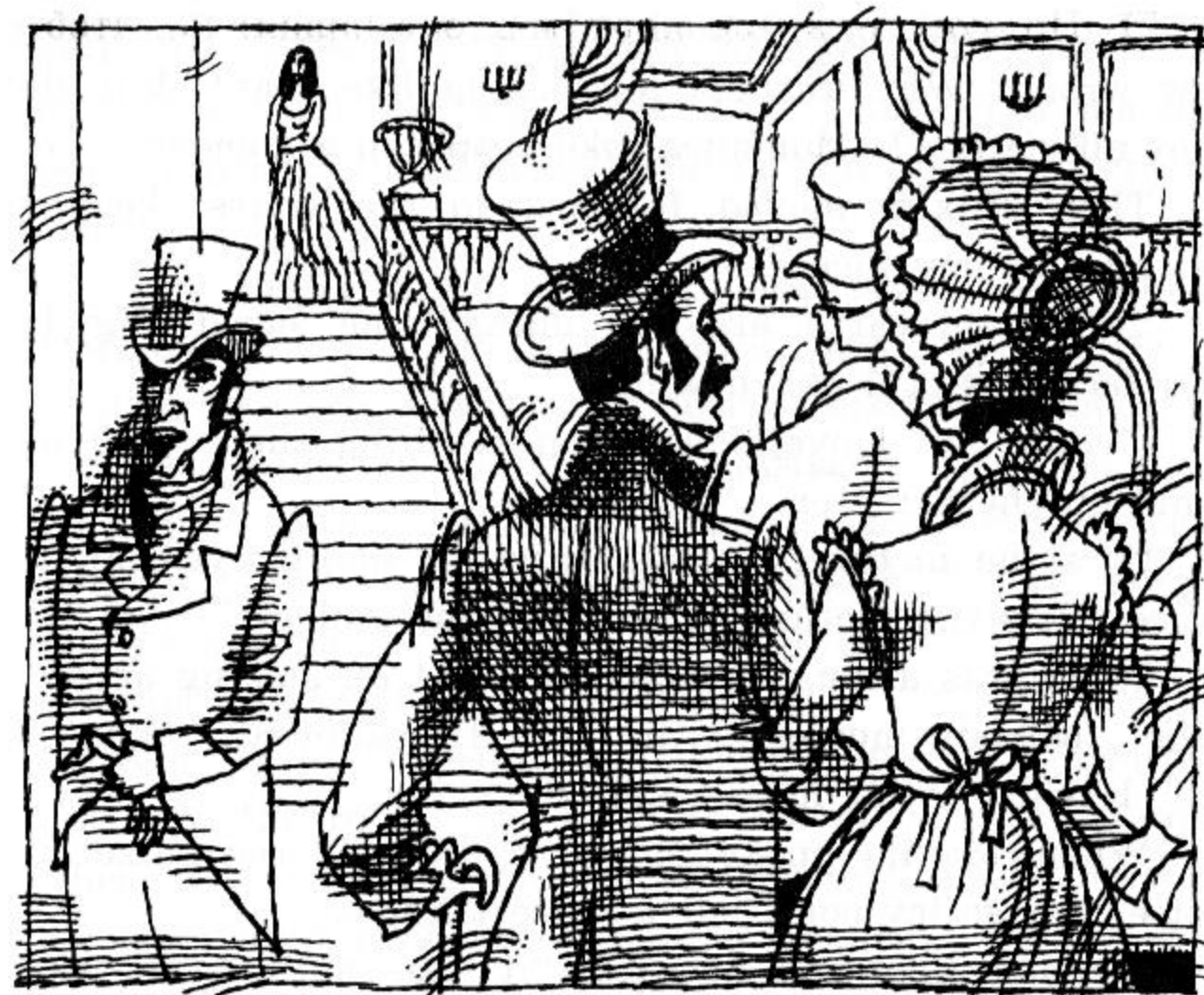
? Checking Comprehension

Answer the questions.

- 1) What question was discussed one Sunday?
- 2) Did Daphne know what she would wear when she promised to give Maxim and Frank the surprise of their lives?
- 3) Where did Daphne try to find an idea of the costume? Why didn't she like it?
- 4) What did Mrs. Danvers suggest?
- 5) How did the costume look?
- 6) In what way was the house decorated?
- 7) What did Daphne feel when she looked at herself in the looking-glass?
- 8) Were all the guests present in the hall when Daphne appeared at the head of the staircase?
- 9) Why was she so excited?
- 10) Who called her out?

👉 Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Daphne. Tell the class about your preparations for the fancy dress ball.



CHAPTER 15

I came forward to the head of the stairs and stood there, smiling, with my hat in my hand, like the girl in the picture. I waited for the clapping and laughter that would follow as I walked slowly down the stairs. Nobody clapped, nobody smiled.

They all stared at me like dumb things. Beatrice uttered a little cry and put her hand to her mouth. I went on smiling, putting one hand on the banister.

"How do you do, Mister de Winter," I said.

Maxim did not move. He stared up at me with a glass in his hand. There was no colour in his face. It was ashen white. I saw Frank come up to him, but Maxim shook him

off. I hesitated, one foot already on the stairs. Something was wrong. Why was Maxim looking like that? Why did they all stand like dummies, like people in a trance?

Then Maxim moved forward to the stairs, keeping his eyes on my face.

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked angrily. His face was still ashen white.

I could not move, I went on standing there with my hand on the banister.

"It's the picture," I said, terrified at his eyes, at his voice. "It's the picture, the one in the gallery."

There was a long silence. We went on staring at each other. Nobody moved in the hall. I swallowed. "What is it?" I said. "What have I done?"

When Maxim spoke again, I did not recognize his voice. It was icy cold, not a voice I knew.

"Go and change," he said, "it does not matter what you put on. Find an ordinary evening dress, anything will do. Go now, before the other guests come."

I could not speak, I went on staring at him.

"What are you standing there for?" he said in a harsh voice. "Didn't you hear what I said?"

I turned and ran blindly through the archway to the corridors beyond. Tears blinded my eyes. The corridor was deserted. I looked about me like a haunted animal. Then I saw that the door leading to the west wing was open wide, and that someone was standing there.

It was Mrs. Danvers. I shall never forget the expression on her face — loathsome, triumphant. The face of a devil. She stood there, smiling at me.

And then I ran from her, down the long narrow passage to my own room, stumbling over the flounces of my dress.

Clarice was waiting for me in my bedroom. She looked pale and frightened. As soon as she saw me she

burst into tears. I did not say anything. I began tearing at the hooks of my dress, but I could not manage them properly, and Clarice came to help me, still crying noisily.

"Your lovely dress, Madam," she said, "your lovely white dress."

"It's all right, Clarice, it doesn't matter," I said.

"What will you wear instead, Madam?"

"I don't know," I said, "I don't know. Please leave me alone. Don't worry, I shall manage all right. Forget what's happened. I want you to enjoy the party."

Somebody knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" I said. The door opened and Beatrice came into the room. She came to me at once, a strange, rather ridiculous figure in her Eastern costume with bracelets jangling on her wrists.

"My dear," she said, "my dear," and held out her hands to me. "Of course I understood at once it was just a terrible mistake. You could not possibly know."

"Know what?" I asked.

"Why, the dress, you poor dear, was what Rebecca wore at the last fancy dress ball at Manderley. Identical. The same picture, the same dress. You stood there on the stairs, and for one horrible moment I thought... It was such a shock, you see. And Maxim..."

"Yes, Maxim?" I said.

"He thinks you did it deliberately. You had some bet you would shock him, didn't you? Some foolish joke. I told him at once you could not do such a thing, and that was sheer appalling luck¹ that you had chosen that particular picture."

¹ that was sheer appalling luck — это просто ужасная случайность

"I ought to have known," I said. "It's all my fault. I ought to have known."

"No, no, don't worry, you'll be able to explain the whole thing to him. Everything will be all right. The first people were arriving just as I came upstairs to you. They are having drinks. I've told Frank and Giles to make up a story about your dress not fitting, and that you are very disappointed."

I did not say anything. I went on sitting on the bed with my hands in my lap.

"What can you wear instead?" asked Beatrice, going to my wardrobe and opening the doors. "Here. What about this blue? It looks charming. Put this on. Quick. I'll help you."

"No," I said. "No, Beatrice, I'm not coming down. I can't face them, not after what's happened."

"But, my dear, you must. You can't possibly not appear. It will look so extraordinary if you don't come down. I can't say you've suddenly got a headache."

Somebody else knocked on the door. Giles was standing outside. "Maxim sent me up to find out what's happening," he said.

"She says she won't come down," said Beatrice.

"What shall I say to Maxim?" he asked Beatrice. "It's five past eight now."

"Say she's feeling bad, but will try and come down later. I'll go down in a minute." He went away in his Arabian costume.

"I shall have to go down," said Beatrice. "They are waiting for dinner. Are you sure it's all right for me to leave you?"

"Yes, and thank you, Beatrice."

She left the room, closing the door behind her. I got up from my bed and looked out of the window. The sky

was pale, with a few salmon clouds floating to the west. The people must be sitting out in the garden now and having dinner. They must be talking to one another and laughing. "Like in the old days, isn't it?" one would say. But his friend would shake his head, puffing at his pipe. "This new one is not like our Mrs. de Winter, she is quite different." And a woman next them would agree, other people too, all saying "That's right" and nodding their heads.

"Where is she tonight? She's not been on the terrace."

"Mrs. de Winter used to be here, there, and everywhere."

"Aye, that's right."

And the woman would turn to her neighbours nodding mysteriously. "I have heard the marriage is not a big success. They say he's beginning to realize he's made a big mistake. She's nothing to look at, you know."

"And when you think of Rebecca..."

The salmon sky had turned to grey. Above my head was the evening star. I picked up the white dress I had left on the floor and put it back in the box. Then I took out of my cupboard a little portable iron and began to iron the blue dress that Beatrice had taken from the wardrobe. Slowly, methodically, as I used to iron Mrs. Van Hopper's dresses in Monte Carlo.

When I had finished, I cleaned the make-up off my face, combed my hair and washed my hands. I put on the blue dress and the shoes that went with it¹. Then I opened the door and went along the corridor. When I came to the archway by the gallery and the staircase, I heard the murmur of conversation coming from the

¹ that went with it — которые подходили к нему

dining-room. They were still having dinner. I walked slowly down the stairs to meet them.

...

When I look back at my first and my last party at Manderley, I can remember little. There was a sea of dim faces none of whom I knew, and there was the band that played a waltz that never finished, that went on and on. The dancing couples twisted like marionettes, to and fro, to and fro¹ across the huge hall, and it was not I who watched them, not someone with feelings, made of flesh and blood, but a dummy who wore a smile screwed to its face. The figure who stood beside it was wooden too. His face was a mask, his smile was not his own.

He did not speak to me. He did not touch me. We stood beside one another, the host and the hostess, but we were not together. We were like two performers in a play, but we were not acting with one another.

The evening dragged on, hour after hour, the same faces and the same tunes. Beatrice whispered in my ear.

"Why don't you sit down? You look like death."

"I'm all right."

Then everybody went out on the terrace and watched the fireworks. Again and again the rockets flew into the air like arrows, and the sky became bright red and gold. Manderley stood out like an enchanted house, with all windows aflame, the grey walls coloured by the falling stars.

People began to form up in queues to say good-bye. I put on my smile again.

"The best evening I've spent for a long time."

"I'm so glad."

"Many thanks for a grand party."

"I'm so glad."

¹ to and fro — взад-вперед

"Good-bye, a wonderful party."

"I'm so glad."

Was there no other sentence in the English language? I bowed and smiled like a dummy, my eyes searching for Maxim above their heads.

The hall began to empty. Beatrice came up to me, pulling off her ringing bracelets.

"You looked very charming in your blue. Everyone said so. So you mustn't worry."

"No."

"All right, my dear. Sleep well." She kissed me swiftly, patting my shoulder, and then went off to find Giles in the supper-room. I walked slowly up the stairs and along the corridor to my room.

I got into my bed. My legs were tired. I lay down and closed my eyes. I wished my mind would rest like my body and pass to sleep. I wondered when Maxim would come. The bed beside me looked cold and empty. The little bed-side clock ticked out the minutes one by one. I lay on my side watching it. It came to the hour and passed it again. But Maxim did not come.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

dumb, haunted, appalling, headache, puff, aye, iron, queue, bow.

[dʌm] ['hɔ:ntɪd] [ə'pɔ:lɪŋ] ['hedɪk] [pʌf] [aɪ] [aɪən] [kju:]
[bau]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Match up the English words and word combinations in the left column with their Russian equivalents in the right column.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1) loathsome | a) годиться, быть впору |
| 2) banister | b) расплакаться |
| 3) to swallow | c) мелодия |
| 4) to bow | d) нарочно, умышленно |
| 5) to burst into tears | e) перила |
| 6) it doesn't matter | f) фейерверк |
| 7) a queue | g) глотать |
| 8) deliberately | h) гладить |
| 9) to fit | i) отвратительный |
| 10) to iron | j) кланяться |
| 11) a tune | k) очередь |
| 12) fireworks | l) это не имеет значения |

2 Replace the italicized words and word combinations with their synonyms from the box.

deliberately
to shake
to clap
to go with smth
a fault
to search
terrible
grand
a dummy
to be enchanted

- 1) We don't know yet *who is to blame for it*.
- 2) When the curtain fell, everybody began *to applaud*.

- 3) All the women *were charmed* by his voice and fine manners.
- 4) The visitors of the Royal Palace were shown *splendid* halls with antique furniture.
- 5) She was sure that her former husband did it *on purpose* to harm her.
- 6) The poor dog got lost and was *trembling* from head to foot.
- 7) These shoes don't *match* my dress. I'll change them.
- 8) The intelligence service of the USA *is looking for* the people responsible for the *horrible* terrorist attacks.
- 9) These people don't act on their own will, they are only *marionettes* in somebody's hands.

3 Translate the sentences using *Modal verbs with the Perfect Infinitive*.

- 1) Не может быть, чтобы Катя ukrала деньги. Ты, должно быть, потеряла их.
- 2) Ему следовало начать лечение (treatment) раньше. Сейчас уже слишком поздно.
- 3) — Где дети? — Они, наверное, ушли в школу.
- 4) Нет смысла ехать сейчас в театр. Билеты, должно быть, уже распроданы (to sell out).
- 5) Не может быть, чтобы она забыла о нашей встрече. Может быть, она заболела.
- 6) Мне очень стыдно, что я до сих пор не навестила больную подругу. Мне следовало давно навестить ее.
- 7) Боюсь, что мы опоздали на поезд. Нам нужно было взять такси.
- 8) — Мне кажется, что я вчера в дискотеке видела Эдуарда. — Вы не могли его видеть. Он сейчас за границей.

? Checking Comprehension

Say why:

- 1) everybody looked shocked when Daphne appeared in her fancy dress.
- 2) Maxim was angry with Daphne.
- 3) Maxim thought that she had done it deliberately.
- 4) Mrs. Danvers looked triumphant.
- 5) Clarice was crying.
- 6) Daphne did not want to go downstairs.
- 7) Daphne and Maxim behaved like dummies.
- 8) Maxim did not come that night.

Discussion Tasks

Retell the chapter on behalf of:

- 1) Daphne.
- 2) Maxim.
- 3) Beatrice.

CHAPTER 16

When I awoke, it was past eleven, and Clarice must have come in and brought me my tea without my hearing her. I drank my cold tea and stared at the wall in front of me. Maxim's empty bed brought me to reality, and the full memory of the night before came to me once again.

It seemed to me, as I sat there in bed, staring at the wall, at the sunlight coming in at the window, at Maxim's empty bed, that there was nothing so shameful as a mar-

riage that had failed. Failed after three months, as mine had done. For I had no illusions left now, I no longer made any effort to pretend. My marriage was a failure. We were not suited to one another. I was too young for Maxim, too inexperienced, and, more important, I was not of his world. The fact that I loved him did not matter. It was not the sort of love he needed. He wanted something else that I could not give him, something he had had before.

Maxim was not in love with me, he had never loved me. Our honeymoon in Italy had meant nothing at all to him, nor our living here together. He did not belong to me at all, he belonged to Rebecca. He still thought about Rebecca. He would never love me because of Rebecca. She was still in the house, as Mrs. Danvers had said; she was in that room in the west wing, she was in the library, in the morning-room, in the gallery above the hall. And in the garden, and in the woods, and in the stone cottage on the beach. Her footsteps sounded in the corridors, her scent was on the stairs. The servants still obeyed her orders, the food we ate was the food she liked. Her favourite flowers filled the rooms. Her clothes were in the wardrobes in her room, her brushes were on the table, her shoes beneath the chair, her nightdress on her bed. Rebecca was still the mistress of Manderley. Rebecca was still Mrs. de Winter.

Rebecca, always Rebecca. I will never get rid of Rebecca. I could fight the living but I could not fight the dead. Rebecca will never grow old. She will always be the same. I could not fight her. She was too strong for me.

I had a bath and dressed and went downstairs.

"Good morning, Robert," I said. "Have you seen Mr. de Winter anywhere?"

"Good morning, Madam. He went out soon after breakfast. He has not been in since."

"You don't know where he went?"

"No, Madam, I can't say."

I picked up the telephone and asked for the number of his office. Perhaps Maxim was with Frank. I felt I must speak to him, even if it was only for two minutes. I must explain to him that I did not want to do what I had done last night. The clerk answered the telephone and told me that Maxim was not there.

I put down the receiver, and got up from the writing-desk. I was sure that I should never see Maxim again. He had gone away and would not come back. Then I thought of Mrs. Danvers as I saw her last night, watching me through the open door to the west wing, and that devilish smile on her white face, and I remembered that she was a living breathing woman like myself. She was not dead, like Rebecca, and I could speak to her.

I passed through the door to the west wing, and along the dark silent corridor to Rebecca's room. I turned the handle of the door and went inside.

I was sure that I should find her there, and I was right. She was standing by the window, looking down upon the lawns.

"Mrs. Danvers," I said. "Mrs. Danvers." She turned to look at me, and I saw her eyes were red and swollen with crying, as mine were, and there were dark shadows in her white face.

"What is it?" she said, and her voice was low and hoarse from the tears, as mine was.

I had not expected to find her so. I had pictured her smiling as she had smiled last night, cruel and evil. But in front of me was an old woman who was ill and tired.

She went on staring at me with those red, swollen eyes and I did not know what to say to her or what to do. "I left the menu on the desk as usual," she said. "Do you

want something changed?" Her words gave me courage, and I left the door and came to the middle of the room.

"Mrs. Danvers," I said, "I have not come to talk about the menu. You know that, don't you?"

She did not answer me. Her left hand opened and shut.

"You've done what you wanted, haven't you?" I said, "You meant this to happen, didn't you? Are you pleased now? Are you happy?"

She turned her head away, and looked out of the window as she had done when I first came into the room. "Why did you ever come here?" she said. "Nobody wanted you at Manderley. Why did you not stay where you were out in France?"

"You seem to forget I love Mr. de Winter," I said.

"If you loved him, you would never have married him," she said.

"Why do you hate me?" I asked; "what have I done to you that you should hate me?"

"You tried to take Mrs. de Winter's place," she said.

"Many people marry twice, men and women," I said. "There are thousands of second marriages taking place every day. You talk as though my marrying Mr. de Winter was a crime, a sacrilege against the dead. Haven't we as much right to be happy as anyone else?"

"Mr. de Winter is not happy," she said, turning to look at me at last; "any fool can see it. You have only to look at his eyes. He's still in hell, and he's looked like that ever since she died."

I went up to her, shook her by the arm. "You made me wear that dress last night," I said, "I should never have thought of it but for you¹. You did it because you

¹ but for you — если бы не вы

wanted to make him suffer. Do you think his pain will bring Mrs. de Winter back again?"

She shook herself of me and the angry colour flooded her dead white face. "What do I care for his suffering?" she said, "he's never cared about mine. How do you think I've liked it, watching you sit in her place, touch the things that were hers? What do you think it meant to me to hear the servants talking about you as 'Mrs. de Winter'? 'Mrs. de Winter has gone out for a walk', 'Mrs. de Winter wants the car at three o'clock.' And all the while my Mrs. de Winter, my brave lady with her smile and her lovely face, the real Mrs. de Winter, lying dead and cold and forgotten in the church crypt. If he suffers, then he deserves to suffer, marrying a young girl like you not ten months afterwards. Well, he's paying for it now, isn't he? I've seen his face, I've seen his eyes. He's made his own hell and there's no one but himself to thank for it."

She broke off and began to cry noisily with an open mouth and dry eyes.

"Mrs. Danvers," I said. "Mrs. Danvers." I stood before her helplessly, not knowing what to do. "Why don't you go to your room and rest? Why don't you go to bed?"

She turned on me angrily. "Leave me alone," she said. "Go to your room," she mimicked, "go to your room. The mistress of the house thinks I had better go to my room. And after that, what then? You'll go running to Mr. de Winter and say 'Mrs. Danvers has been unkind to me, Mrs. Danvers has been rude.' You'll go running to him like you did before, when Mr. Jack came to see me."

"I never told him."

"That's a lie. Who else told him, if you didn't? No one else was here. I made up my mind then I'll teach you a lesson, and him too. Let him suffer, I said. What

do I care? What's his suffering to me? Why shouldn't I see Mr. Jack here at Manderley? He's the only link I have left now with Mrs. de Winter. 'I will not have him here,' he said. 'I'm warning you for the last time.' He is still jealous, isn't he?"

"Jealous, Maxim jealous..."

"He was jealous while she lived, and now he's jealous when she's dead," said Mrs. Danvers. "That shows you he's not forgotten her, doesn't it? Of course he was jealous. So was everybody who knew her. She only laughed. 'I shall live as I please, Danny,' she used to tell me, 'and the whole world won't stop me.' A man had only to look at her once and be mad about her. They made love to her of course. She laughed, she would come back and tell me what they had said, and what they'd done. It was like a game to her. They were all jealous, all mad for her. Mr. de Winter, Mr. Jack, Mr. Crawley, everyone who knew her, everyone who came to Manderley."

"I don't want to know," I said. "I don't want to know."

Mrs. Danvers came close to me, she put her face near to mine. "It's no use, is it?" she said. "You'll never get the better of her.¹ She's still mistress here, even if she is dead. She's the real Mrs. de Winter, not you. It's you that's the shadow and the ghost. Well, why don't you leave Manderley to her? Why don't you go?"

I backed away from her towards the window. My old fear and horror were returning to me. She shook my arm and held it like a vice.

"Why don't you go?" she said. "We none of us want you. He doesn't want you, he never did. He can't forget her. He wants to be alone in the house again, with her. It's

¹ You'll never get the better of her. — Вам никогда ее не одолеть.

you that ought to be lying there in the church crypt, not her. It's you who ought to be dead, not Mrs. de Winter."

She pushed me towards the open window. "Look down there," she said. "It's easy, isn't it? Why don't you jump? It won't hurt. It's quick, not like drowning. Why don't you try it? Why don't you go?"

I held on to the window-sill with my hands.

"Why don't you jump?" whispered Mrs. Danvers. "Why don't you try? Go on, don't be afraid."

I shut my eyes. Soon I will forget about being unhappy, and about loving Maxim. Soon I will not think about Rebecca any more... Yes, it was so easy...

Suddenly an explosion shook the window where we stood. The burst was followed by another and then by a third and fourth.

"What is it?" I said stupidly. "What has happened?"

Mrs. Danvers relaxed her grip upon my arm. She stared out of the window into the fog. "It's the rockets," she said; "a ship must have gone ashore in the bay."

We listened, staring into the white fog together. And then we heard the sound of footsteps running on the terrace beneath us.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

beach, clerk, dead, died, flood, warn, ghost.

[bi:tʃ] [klɜ:k] [ded] [daɪd] [flʌd] [wɔ:n] [gəʊst]

📖 Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Translate the sentences paying attention to the italicized words and word combinations.

- 1) a) All the efforts to catch the criminals *failed*.
b) My mother is getting old and her memory sometimes *fails* her.
c) I trust you. Please, don't *fail* me.
- 2) I think it's *a sacrilege* to sing war songs in restaurants.
- 3) My friend at first *made up her mind* to become an actress but then she *changed her mind* and entered a teaching college.
- 4) a) I don't *care for* their problems. I have got a lot of my own.
b) She *cares for* music and learns to play the piano.
- 5) a) His words *hurt* Daphne and she burst into tears.
b) "Does it *hurt* here?" asked the doctor.
- 6) a) This woman is older than Robert but he *is mad about* her.
b) "Don't be *mad at* me," begged the girl kneeling beside her boyfriend.
- 7) a) We are doing "A *Crime* and a Punishment" at school now.
b) The *crime* in Moscow in 2001 has risen by 10 per cent.
- 8) a) Don't take this knife. It's *blunt*.
b) She told him *bluntly* that she wouldn't marry him because she did not love him.

2 Make up sentences of your own with the words from the box.

to take place
to warn
to deserve
courage
to suffer from
to pick up (a receiver, flowers, words, smb)
a shadow
to brush
an explosion
a brush
a flood

3 Open the brackets using the *Accusative with the Infinitive* construction. Pay attention to the form of the *Infinitive*.

- 1) We heard (your daughter + sing) in a concert. She has a beautiful voice.
- 2) Mother wants (I + become) an economist but I want to be a doctor.
- 3) We saw (many houses + wash away) with a flood.
- 4) Our coach watched (we + train) before the competition.
- 5) I'd like (my drawings + take) to the exhibition.
- 6) I believe (they + return) already.
- 7) The newspapers reported (Mikhalkov's new film + show) at the opening of the International film festival. (2 variants)
- 8) I know (he + send) to the Congress in the USA.
- 9) A lot of children would like to have a dog but their parents sometimes don't let (they + take) one.

- 10) Don't make (your son + go) to these classes if he does not like them.

? Checking Comprehension

Say whether these statements are true or false.

- 1) When Daphne woke up in the morning, she couldn't recall the events of the night before.
- 2) It seemed to Daphne that there were much more important things in the world than a successful marriage.
- 3) Daphne was quite sure that Maxim loved her.
- 4) She thought that Maxim couldn't forget Rebecca.
- 5) She felt Rebecca's presence everywhere in the house and was sure that Maxim had the same feeling.
- 6) Daphne didn't want to speak to her husband and didn't try to find him.
- 7) She went to Rebecca's room because she wanted to speak to Mrs. Danvers and was sure she would find her there.
- 8) When Daphne saw Mrs. Danvers, the latter was smiling at her as she had smiled the night before.
- 9) Mrs. Danvers said she liked Daphne very much and didn't mind her being the hostess of Manderly.
- 10) The two women talked a little and parted quite pleased with each other.

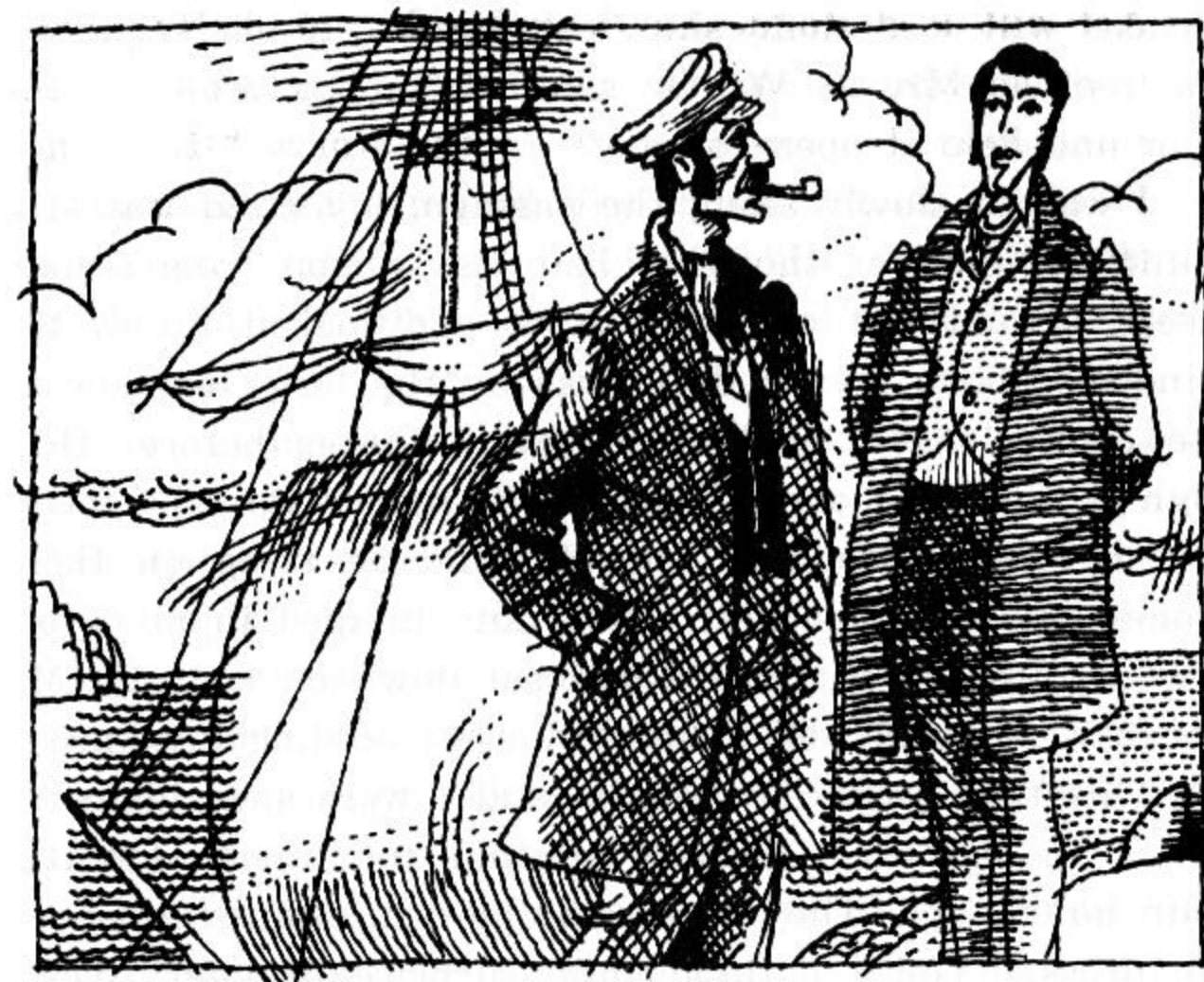


Discussion Tasks

1 Speak about:

- 1) Rebecca as if you were Mrs. Danvers.
- 2) the scene at the window as if you were Daphne.

- 2 Act out a dialogue between Daphne and Mrs. Danvers beginning with the words "I haven't come to talk about the menu..." up to the words "He's made his own hell and there's no one but himself to thank for it."



CHAPTER 17

It was Maxim. I could not see him but I could hear his voice. He was shouting for Frith.

"She's ashore¹," he said. "I saw her come right into the bay and turn to the reef. I'm going back to the cove to see if I can do anything."

Mrs. Danvers drew back from the window. Her face was again expressionless, the cold mask that I knew. "The

¹ **She's ashore** — Его выбросило на берег (в английском языке существительное *ship* (корабль) одушевляется и заменяется местоимением *she* в знак особого уважения англичан к морскому флоту, благодаря которому Англия в XVII веке сделалась великой морской державой)

owners will lose their ship," she said, "if she's run on the reef as Mr. de Winter said." Then she went to the door and held it open for me.

I walked slowly along the passage, my mind was still blunt and slow as though I had just woken from a long sleep. I went out on the terrace and looked up at the windows above my head. It was by the large window in the centre that I had stood five minutes before. How high it seemed above my head. The stones were hard under my feet. I thought that I could be lying on these stones now and felt hot. Black dots jumped in my eyes. I went into the hall again and sat down on a chair. My hands were quite wet. I sat very still, holding my knees.

This time yesterday Maxim and I were standing with Frank in the little garden, waiting for lunch. Twenty-four hours ago. They were teasing me, inquiring about my dress. "You'll both get the surprise of your lives," I had said. If only I had known then what surprise he would get...

And then I realized for the first time that Maxim had not gone away as I had feared. The voice I had heard on the terrace was calm and practical. Not the voice of last night when I stood at the head of the stairs. Maxim had not gone away. He was down there in the cove somewhere. He was himself, normal and sane. He had just been for a walk, he had seen the ship turning to the shore. Maxim was safe. Maxim was all right.

At that moment Robert came in. "Is Mr. de Winter back yet, Madam?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Why? Does someone want him?"

"Yes, Madam," said Robert, "it's Captain Searle, the inspector of the port in Kerrith, on the telephone. He wants to know if he can come up and see Mr. de Winter personally."

"You'd better tell him to ring again at five o'clock," I said. Robert went out of the room and came back again in a few minutes.

"Captain Searle would like to see you, if it would be convenient, Madam," said Robert. "He says the matter is rather urgent. He tried to get Mr. Crawley, but there was no reply."

"Yes, of course I'll see him if it's urgent. Tell him to come along at once if he likes."

Robert went out of the room. I wondered what I should say to Captain Searle. His business must have something to do with the ship. I could not understand what concern it was of Maxim's. Captain Searle must have got into his car right away after talking to Robert because in less than quarter of an hour he was shown into the room.

I got up from the window-seat and shook hands with him. "I'm sorry my husband isn't back yet, Captain Searle," I said. "I haven't seen him all day."

"Yes, I heard he'd been to Kerrith but I missed him there," said the inspector. "He must have walked back across the cliffs when I was in my boat."

"I'm afraid the ship has disorganized everybody," I said. "What has happened to her?"

Captain Searle made a great circle with his hands. "There's a deep hole in her bottom," he said, "but, Mrs. de Winter, it's not the ship that's brought me here. Indirectly of course she's the cause of my coming. The fact is, I've got some news for Mr. de Winter, and I hardly know how to break it to him." He looked at me very straight with his blue eyes.

"What sort of news, Captain Searle?"

He brought a large white handkerchief out of his pocket and blew his nose. "Well, Mrs. de Winter, it's not very pleasant for me to tell you either. The last

thing I want to do is to cause pain to you and your husband. It's hard on him and hard on you that we can't let the past lie quiet. But I don't see how we can do it under the circumstances." He paused and lowered his voice, although we were alone in the room.

"We sent the diver down to inspect the ship's bottom," he said, "and while he was down there he made a discovery. According to his words he found the hole in the ship's bottom and started to work at the other side to see what other damages there were on her side when he came across a little sailing boat. She was lying on her side, quite intact and not broken up at all. He recognized the boat at once. It was the little boat belonging to the late Mrs. de Winter."

My first feeling was one of thankfulness that Maxim was not there to hear. "I'm so sorry," I said slowly, "is it necessary to tell Mr. de Winter? Couldn't the boat be left there, as it is? It's not doing any harm, is it?"

"It would be left, Mrs. de Winter, if not for one circumstance. And I'd give anything, as I said before, to spare your feelings. But that wasn't all. My man swam round the little boat and he made another discovery. The cabin door was tightly closed. He broke one of the windows with a stone and looked into the cabin. And then he got the fright of his life¹, Mrs. de Winter."

Captain Searle paused and looked over his shoulder as though one of the servants might hear him. "There was a body in there, lying on the cabin floor," he said quietly. "Only bones of course, there was no flesh on it. But it was a body all right. He saw the head and the limbs. And now you understand, Mrs. de Winter, why I have to see your husband."

¹ he got the fright of his life — он до смерти испугался

I stared at him, shocked.

"She was supposed to be sailing alone?" I whispered. "There must have been someone with her then, all the time, and no one ever knew?"

"It looks like it."

"Who could it have been?" I said. "Why should he be in the cabin and Mrs. de Winter herself be picked up many miles away, months afterwards?"

Captain Searle shook his head. "I can't tell any more than you," he said. "All we know is that the body is there, and I have to report about it. There'll be a scandal, I'm afraid, Mrs. de Winter. I don't know how we can avoid it. It's very hard on you and Mr. de Winter." He broke off short as the door opened, and Maxim came into the room.

"Hallo," he said, "I didn't know you were here, Captain Searle. Is anything the matter?"

I could not stand it any longer. I went out of the room and shut the door behind me. I sat on the terrace staring at the green lawns. Soon I heard the sound of a car starting up in the drive. Captain Searle must have broken the news to Maxim and gone. I got up from the terrace and went up slowly through the hall to the library.

Maxim was standing by the window with his back to me. I went and stood beside him. He did not say anything.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered, "so terribly, terribly sorry." He did not answer. His hand was icy cold. I kissed the back of it, and then the fingers, one by one. "I don't want you to stand it alone," I said. "I want to share it with you."

He put his arm round me and pulled me to him very close. Then he took my face between his hands and looked at me. "How much do you love me?" he said.

I could not answer. I could only stare back at him, at his dark tortured eyes and his pale face.

"It's too late, my darling," he said. "We've lost our little chance of happiness."

"No, Maxim. No."

"Yes," he said. "It's all over now. The thing has happened."

"What thing?"

"The thing I've always foreseen. The thing I've dreamt about, night after night. We can't be happy, you and I." He sat on the window-seat, and I knelt in front of him.

"What are you trying to tell me?" I said.

He put his hands on mine and looked into my face. "Rebecca has won," he said.

I stared at him. My heart was beating violently, my hands grew cold beneath his hands.

"Her shadow was between us all the time," he said. "Her damned shadow keeping us from one another. How could I hold you, my darling, my little one, with the fear always in my heart that this would happen? I remembered her eyes as she looked at me before she died. She knew this would happen. She knew she would win in the end."

"Maxim," I whispered, "what are you saying, what are you trying to tell me?"

"Her boat," he said, "they've found it."

"Yes," I said. "I know. Captain Searle came to tell me. You are thinking about the body, aren't you, the body the diver found in the cabin?"

"Yes," he said.

"It means she was not alone," I said. "It means there was somebody sailing with Rebecca. And you have to find out who it was."

"No," he said. "No, you don't understand. There was nobody with Rebecca, she was alone. It's Rebecca's body lying there on the cabin floor."

"No," I said. "No."

"The woman buried in the crypt is not Rebecca," he said. "It's the body of some unknown woman. There never was an accident. Rebecca was not drowned at all. I killed her. I shot Rebecca in the cottage in the cove. I carried her body to the cabin and took the boat out that night and sank it there, where they found it today. It's Rebecca who's lying dead there on the cabin floor. Will you tell me you love me now?"

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

urgent, quiet, although, won, heart.

[ˈɜːdʒənt] [ˈkwaɪət] [ɔːlˈðəʊ] [wʌn] [hɑːt]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

to fear	a damage
convenient	a circumstance
urgent	concern
right away	to torture
to cause	to spare

- 1) "Excuse me for disturbing you, but it's very _____," said the secretary entering her boss's room.
- 2) I think it's no _____ of you. You have nothing to do with this affair.
- 3) Americans _____ new terrorist attacks.
- 4) Don't postpone sending these papers. Do it _____.
- 5) I'll come tomorrow at 12 o'clock if it's _____ to you.
- 6) The earthquake caused a great _____ to the town.
- 7) His behaviour _____ his parents a lot of trouble.
- 8) To decide who is to blame for the crash we must know all _____.
- 9) Don't show these pictures to the relatives of the victims of the catastrophe. _____ their feelings.
- 10) The gangsters _____ the businessman to make him give them the money.

2 Find in the text the antonyms for the following words:

fast, the top, soft, broken, excited, to do good, mad, before, inconvenient, to lose.

3 Use the *Nominative with the Infinitive* construction in the following sentences.

- 1) They say that this winter will be cold.
- 2) It was seen how dogs searched for the alive under the ruins.
- 3) It is likely that the inflation will rise.
- 4) It seems that all the visitors have left.
- 5) It proved that this method of learning foreign languages is effective.

- 6) It is known that "Doctor Zhivago" was first published abroad.
- 7) It is reported that the conference devoted to fighting international terrorism will take place in Brussels.
- 8) It is expected that this film will be bought.

? Checking Comprehension

Say whether these statements are true or false.

- 1) The ship ran on the reef.
- 2) Maxim did not forgive Daphne for the fancy dress.
- 3) Captain Searle told Daphne that the body found in the boat was the body of Rebecca.
- 4) He said that he would not report about the body.
- 5) The diver found holes in the ship's bottom.
- 6) Maxim was sure that everything would be all right.
- 7) He thought that Rebecca had revenged (отомстила) him.
- 8) Somebody was sailing with Rebecca.
- 9) Daphne was angry with Maxim.
- 10) Maxim told Daphne that Rebecca had been drowned.



Discussion Tasks

- 1 Imagine that you are Captain Searle. Tell the class the news about the boat.**
- 2 Act out a dialogue between Maxim and Daphne.**

CHAPTER 18

It was very quiet in the library. The only sounds were the ticking of Maxim's watch and Jasper licking his foot on the floor beside me.

When people suffer a great shock, I believe they don't feel it just at first. I knelt there by Maxim's side and was aware of no feeling at all, no pain and no fear, there was no horror in my heart. At that moment I was nothing, I had no heart, and no mind, and no senses, I was just a wooden thing in Maxim's arms. Then he began to kiss me. He had not kissed me like this before.

"I love you so much," he whispered. "So much."

This was what I wanted him to say every day and every night, I thought, and now he was saying it at last. I opened my eyes and looked at a little piece of curtain above his head. "How calm I am," I thought. "How cool. Here I am looking at the piece of curtain, and Maxim is kissing me. For the first time he is telling me he loves me."

Then he stopped suddenly and pushed me away from him. "You see, I was right," he said. "It's too late. You don't love me. Why should you?"

My heart jumped in a sudden panic. "It's not too late," I said quickly, getting up from the floor and putting my arms about him; "you don't understand. I love you more than anything in the world. But when you kissed me just now I could not feel anything. It was just as though I had no more feeling left in me at all. We've got to be together always. Please, darling, please."

"How can we be together now that this has happened? They've found Rebecca."

I stared at him stupidly, not understanding. "What will they do?" I said.

"They'll identify her body," he said, "and then they will remember the other one, the woman buried up there, in the crypt."

The feeling was coming back to me. And with it the realization of the terrible fact. Maxim had killed Rebecca. Rebecca had not been drowned at all. Maxim had shot her in the cottage in the woods. He had carried her body to the boat, and sunk the boat there in the bay. Fragments of pictures flashed one by one through my bewildered mind. Maxim sitting in the car beside me in the south of France. "Something happened nearly a year ago that altered my whole life..." Maxim's silence, Maxim's moods. The way he never talked about Rebecca. Maxim's dislike of the cove, of the stone cottage. "If you had my memories, you would not go there either." Maxim pacing up and down the library after Rebecca died. Up and down. Up and down.

"Does anyone know?" I said, "anyone at all?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "there was nobody there but myself. It was dark..." He stopped and put his hand up to his forehead. I went and knelt beside him. "I thought I should go mad," he said, "sitting here, day after day, waiting for something to happen. Sitting down at the desk, answering those terrible letters of sympathy. Eating and drinking, trying to be normal, trying to be sane."

I leant close to him, quite close. "I nearly told you once," he said, "that day Jasper ran to the cove, and you went to the cottage for some string."

"Yes," I whispered, "I remember. Why didn't you tell me? We've wasted so much time that we could be together. All these weeks and days."

"You were so aloof," he said, "I thought you were unhappy, bored. I'm so much older than you. You never came to me like this."

"How could I come to you when I knew you were thinking about Rebecca? How could I ask you to love me when I knew you still loved Rebecca?"

He pulled me close and searched my eyes.

"What are you talking about? What do you mean?"

"Whenever you touched me I thought you were comparing me to Rebecca," I said. "Whenever you spoke to me or looked at me, walked with me in the garden, sat down to dinner, I felt you were saying to yourself: 'This I did with Rebecca, and this, and this.' You still love her, don't you?"

"Oh, my God," he said. He got up and began walking up and down the room, clasping his hands.

"You thought I loved Rebecca? You think I killed her, loving her? I tell you, I hated her. Our marriage was a farce from the very beginning. She was vicious, rotten through and through¹. We never loved each other, never had one moment of happiness together. Rebecca was incapable of love, of tenderness. She was not even normal."

I sat on the floor, clasping my knees, staring at him.

"She was clever of course," he said. "Damnably clever. No one would guess meeting her that she was not the kindest, most generous, most gifted person in the world. She knew exactly what to say to different people, how to match her mood to theirs."

Up and down he walked, up and down across the library floor.

"I realized my mistake five days after we were married. You remember that time I drove you in the car, to the hills above Monte Carlo? I wanted to stand there again, to remember. She sat there, laughing, her black hair blowing in the wind; she told me about herself, told

me things I shall never repeat to a living soul. I knew then what I had done, whom I had married. Oh, my God!"

He broke off abruptly and went up to the window.

"She made a bargain with me up there, on the side of the precipice. 'I'll run your house for you,' she told me, 'I'll look after your precious Manderley for you, make it the most famous show-place in all the country if you like. And people will visit us, and envy us, and talk about us. They'll say we are the luckiest, happiest, handsomest couple in all England.'"

Maxim threw a cigarette away.

"She knew I would never stand in a divorce court and let people point fingers at us and say: 'That's Manderley. That's the place that belongs to the chap who had that divorce case we read about. Do you remember what the judge said about his wife...?'"

He came and stood before me. "You despise me, don't you?" he said.

I did not say anything. I held his hands against my heart. None of the things that he had told me mattered to me at all. I clung to one thing only, and repeated it to myself, over and over again. Maxim did not love Rebecca. He had never loved her, never, never. My heart was light like a feather floating in the air. He had never loved Rebecca.

"I don't want to look back on those years," he said slowly. "I don't want even to tell you about them. The lie we lived, she and I, the farce we played together. Before friends, before relatives, even before the servants. They all admired her, they never knew how she laughed at them behind their backs, mimicked them. She used to drive to London to that flat of hers by the river like an animal to its hole, and come back at the end of the week, after five unspeakable days. Oh, I kept the bargain all right. I never gave her away. Her damned taste made Manderley the

¹ through and through — HACKBO3Ъ

thing it is today. The beauty of Manderley that you see today, the Manderley that people talk about and photograph and paint, it's all due to her, to Rebecca."

"And so we lived," he went on, "month after month, year after year. She was careful those first years; there was never a gossip about her, never a whisper. Then little by little she began to grow careless. She would have picnics down at her cottage at the cove. I came back once after having been away in Scotland, and found her there with half a dozen of men I had never seen before. I warned her, and she shrugged her shoulders. 'What the hell it has to do with you?' she said. I told her she could see her friends in London, but Manderley was mine. She smiled and did not say anything."

"She had a cousin, a fellow who had been abroad and was living in England again. He used to come here, each time when I was away. A fellow called Jack Favell."

"I know him," I said; "he came here the day you went to London."

"You saw him too? Why didn't you tell me? I heard it from Frank, who saw his car turn in at the lodge gates."

"I did not want to," I said, "I thought it would remind you of Rebecca."

"Remind me?" whispered Maxim. "Oh, God, as if I needed reminding. She used to receive this fellow Favell in the cottage. She told the servants she was going to sail, and did not come back before the morning. She spent nights with him. I warned her again. I said if I found him here, I'd shoot him. He had a black, dirty record... She only shrugged her shoulders."

"Then one day she went up to London, and came back the same day, which she did not do as a rule. I did not expect her. I dined that night with Frank at his house, we had a lot of work at that time."

"I came back after dinner, about half past ten, and I saw her scarf and gloves lying on a chair in the hall. I wondered what the devil she had come for. I went into the morning-room, but she was not there. I guessed she had gone off down to the cove. And I knew then I could not stand this life of lies and deceit any longer. It was to be settled, one way or the other. I thought I'd take a gun and frighten the fellow, frighten them both."

"I went down right away to the cottage. The servants did not know I had come back to the house at all. I saw the light in the cottage window, and I went straight in. To my surprise Rebecca was alone. She was lying on the divan with an ash-tray full of cigarette stubs beside her. She looked ill, queer."

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

identify, bury, forehead, though, through, guess, precipice, remind, deceit.

[aɪ'dentɪfaɪ] ['beri] ['fɒrɪd] [ðəʊ] [θru:] [ges] ['presəpɪs]
[rɪ'maɪnd] [dɪ'sɪt]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Make up sentences with the following words:

aloof, a precipice, vice/vicious, to envy, deceit, a divorce, to frighten, to despise, to guess, to remind (of).

2 Translate the sentences using the expressions from the box.

to be (to keep) in touch
on the way
to get in touch with smb
to be in the way
to lose touch with smb
by the way
in many ways
to give way to smb, smth

- 1) Свяжитесь, пожалуйста, с директором музея и договоритесь об экскурсии.
- 2) Дети, идите в свою комнату. Не путайтесь под ногами.
- 3) Во многих отношениях этот метод очень хорош.
- 4) Несколько лет назад моя школьная подруга уехала в Штаты, и я потеряла связь с ней.
- 5) Пожалуйста, не пропадайте. Пишите.
- 6) Пишущие машинки почти везде уступили место компьютерам.
- 7) Купите хлеба по дороге домой.
- 8) Кстати, вы не знаете, почему не пришел Николай? Он собирался прийти.

3 Translate the sentences paying attention to the infinitive, participle and gerund and their constructions.

- 1) The school being built in our street will have a computer class.
- 2) Having been brought to a hospital the patient was operated on at once.

- 3) If asked, I will tell the truth.
- 4) Where did you have your vacuum-cleaner repaired?
- 5) Everybody being tired, we walked home slowly.
- 6) It's no use crying over spilt milk (*a proverb*).
- 7) She has two children to take care of.
- 8) Our chief was the first to break the silence.
- 9) We heard our neighbours quarreling in the next room and wanted them to stop making noise.
- 10) The warning about a bomb in the underground station proved to be a practical joke.

? Checking Comprehension

Answer the questions.

- 1) Was Daphne shocked by what Maxim told her?
- 2) What did Maxim think when Daphne did not respond to his kisses?
- 3) What was Maxim afraid of?
- 4) Why didn't Maxim tell Daphne about Rebecca before?
- 5) How did Daphne explain that she was not tender with Maxim?
- 6) What was most important for Daphne in Maxim's story?
- 7) Why did Maxim and Rebecca go on living together after he had understood that his marriage was a mistake?
- 8) What did people think of Rebecca and their marriage?
- 9) Why did Maxim hate Rebecca?
- 10) Why did Maxim go to the cove that night?



Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are:

- 1) Maxim. Speak about your relations with your first wife.
- 2) Daphne. Speak about your feelings during the conversation with your husband.



CHAPTER 19

"I began at once to speak about Favell and she listened to me without a word. 'We've lived this life of degradation long enough, you and I,' I said. 'This is the end, do you understand? What you do in London does not concern me. You can live with Favell there, or with anyone you like. But not here. Not at Manderley. I am going to divorce you.'

"She said nothing for a moment. She got up and began walking up and down the room with her hands in the slacks. She was very pale.

"'Have you ever thought,' she said, 'how damned hard it would be for you to make a case against me? Do

you realize that you've never had a single proof against me, from the very beginning? All your friends, even the servants, believe out marriage to be a success.'

"She stood watching me, rocking on her heels, her hands in her pockets and a smile on her face.

"We can make you look very foolish, Danny and I,' she said softly. 'We can make you look so foolish that no one will believe you, Max, nobody at all.' She was still smiling, holding her hands in her pockets.

"If I had a child, Max,' she said, 'neither you, nor anyone in the world, would ever prove that it was not yours. It would grow up here at Manderley, bearing your name. You'll be able to do nothing. It would give you the biggest thrill of your life, wouldn't it, Max, to watch my son grow day by day, and to know that when you died, all this would be his?'

"She waited a minute and then lit a cigarette and began to laugh. 'God, how funny,' she said, 'how wonderfully funny! They'll be happy, won't they, all these snobbish neighbours? 'It's what we've always hoped for, Mrs. de Winter,' they will say. I'll be the perfect mother, Max, like I've been the perfect wife. And none of them will ever guess, none of them will ever know.'

"She turned round and faced me, smiling, one hand in her pocket, the other holding her cigarette. When I killed her, she was still smiling. I fired at her heart. She did not fall at once. She stood there, looking at me with a smile on her face, with her eyes wide open..."

Maxim's voice grew very low, so low that it was like a whisper.

"I'd forgotten," said Maxim, and his voice was slow now, tired, without expression, "that when you shoot a person there is so much blood. It was all round where she lay on the floor. I had to get water from the cove.

I had to keep going backwards and forwards to the cove for water.

"I carried her out to the boat; it must have been half past eleven by then, nearly twelve. It was quite dark. There was no moon. I carried her down to the cabin and climbed into the boat myself. The wind was with me, and I got the boat into the bay, trying to avoid the rocks. I went down into the cabin. I had a spike with me. If I didn't do it now, it would be too late. In six or seven minutes, drifting like this, we should be out of deep water. I opened the sea-cocks. The water began to come in. I made holes in the bottom boards with the spike. The water came over my feet.

"I left Rebecca lying on the floor and bolted the door. I climbed into the dinghy, sailed away and watched the boat sinking. Soon it was not there any more. I remember staring at the place where she had been. Then I sailed back to the cove. It started raining."

Maxim stared in front of him. Then he looked at me sitting beside him on the floor.

"That's all," he said, "there's no more to tell. I left the dinghy on the buoy, as she would have done. I went back and looked at the cottage. The floor was wet with the salt water, but she might have done it herself. I walked up the path through the woods and went into the house. Up the stairs to the dressing-room. I was sitting there, on the bed, when Mrs. Danvers knocked on the door. I went and opened it, in my dressing-gown, and spoke to her. She was worried about Rebecca. I told her to go back to bed and shut the door again. I went back and sat by the window in my dressing-gown, watching the rain, listening to the sea as it broke there, in the cove."

We sat there together without saying anything. I was holding his cold hands.

"She sank too close to the shore," said Maxim. "I wanted to take her out in the bay. They would never have found her there."

"It was the ship," I said; "it would not have happened but for the ship. No one would have known."

We were silent again. I began to feel tired.

"I knew it would happen one day," said Maxim, "even when I went to Edgecombe and identified that body as hers. I knew it was only a question of time. Rebecca would win in the end."

"Rebecca is dead," I said. "She can't speak, she can't bear witness. She can't harm you any more."

"There's her body," he said, "the diver has seen it. It's lying there, on the cabin floor, as I left it."

"They can't prove anything against you," I said. "Nobody saw you that night. We are the only two people in the world who know, Maxim. You and I."

"Yes," he said. "Yes."

Suddenly the telephone began ringing in the little room behind the library. I could hear the murmur of Maxim's voice. The sound of the telephone ringing seemed to have woken every nerve in my body. But something new had come upon me that had not been before. I knew then that I was no longer afraid of Rebecca. Rebecca's power had dissolved in the air, like the mist. She would never stand behind me on the stairs, sit beside me in the dining-room, watch me standing in the hall. Maxim had never loved her. I did not hate her any more.

I was free now to be with Maxim. We would be together. I would fight for Maxim. I would lie and perjure. I would pray. Rebecca had not won. She had lost.

Maxim came back into the library. "It's begun," he said slowly.

"What do you mean? What has happened?" I said, grown suddenly cold.

"It was a reporter," he said. "He asked if I could confirm the rumour that a body had been found in the cabin."

"No!"

"Yes. You can't stop these people. The whole story will be in all newspapers by breakfast time tomorrow."

"If only we could do something," I said, "not to sit here, idle, waiting for tomorrow morning."

"There's nothing we can do," said Maxim.

...

It must have rained in the night, for when I woke the next morning I saw the roses in the garden were wet and silver. Maxim had not woken me when he got up at five. He was down there now, in the bay, with Colonel Julian, and Captain Searle, and other men. Rebecca's boat must be coming to the surface. And Rebecca herself was there, lying on the cabin floor.

I went and sat in the drawing-room and waited. At five minutes to one I heard the sound of a car in the drive, and then Maxim's voice in the hall. He came in and took my hand.

"There'll be an inquest," he said; "but I'm quite calm, quite confident. It's going to be all right." I did not say anything. I held his arm tightly. "There was no trace of what I'd done. The bullet had not touched the bone. They think she was trapped there, in the cabin. The jury will believe that at the inquest, too." He paused. Still I did not speak.

"I only worry about you," he said. "I don't regret anything else. If it had come all over again I should not do anything different. I'm glad I killed Rebecca. I shall never have any remorse for that, never, never, never. But you..."

I can't forget what it has done to you. That funny, young, lost look that I loved, has gone forever. It won't come back. I killed that too when I told you about Rebecca... It's gone in twenty-four hours. You are so much older..."

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

success, neither, bear, blood, dinghy, divorce.

[sək'ses] [naɪðə] [beə] [blʌd] ['dɪŋɡɪ] [dɪ'vɔ:s]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Match up the words and word combinations in the left column with their English equivalents in the right column.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| 1) развод | a) to dissolve |
| 2) праздный | b) a diver |
| 3) растворяться | c) an inquest |
| 4) надувная шлюпка | d) a trace |
| 5) угрызения совести | e) a divorce |
| 6) следствие, дознание | f) a surface |
| 7) ныряльщик | g) mist |
| 8) поверхность | h) idle |
| 9) пуля | i) to confirm |
| 10) подтверждать | j) a dinghy |
| 11) туман | k) a bullet |
| 12) след | l) remorse |

2 Find in the text the adjectives used as attributes or predicatives to the nouns from the box.

proof	look (3 adjectives)
mother	neighbours
voice (3 adjectives)	hands
water (2 adjectives)	people
roses (2 adjectives)	Maxim (2 adjectives)

3 Translate into English using the conjunctions *either ... or, neither ... nor, both ... and*.

- 1) И Америка, и Россия борются с терроризмом.
- 2) Он не учил английский ни в школе, ни в институте.
- 3) Либо он заплатит налоги (taxes), либо его посадят в тюрьму.
- 4) Мне не понравилась ни пьеса, ни игра актеров.
- 5) Эта популярная певица изменила и свой имидж, и манеру пения.
- 6) Эта сделка не принесла ему ни денег, ни славы.
- 7) Я верну ваш журнал или завтра, или в понедельник.
- 8) Ни учителя, ни родители не могли заставить его изменить свое решение.

? Checking Comprehension

Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Maxim carried Rebecca to the boat.
- 2) Rebecca told Maxim that she was going to have a baby.
- 3) Maxim went to the cottage.
- 4) He washed off the blood.

- 5) He fired at Rebecca.
- 6) He left Rebecca lying on the floor and bolted the door.
- 7) He made holes in the bottom of the boat and opened the sea-cocks.
- 8) He sailed back to the cove.
- 9) He returned home.
- 10) He sank Rebecca's boat.



Discussion Tasks

Retell the second part of the chapter beginning with the words "Suddenly the telephone began ringing..." as though you were Daphne.

CHAPTER 20

That evening, when Frith brought in the local paper, there were great headlines right down the front page. I glanced quickly at the paper before Maxim came. There was a great column and an awful photograph of Maxim. And a little line about myself at the bottom, saying whom Maxim had married as his second wife, and how we had just given a fancy dress ball at Manderley. Rebecca, whom they described as beautiful, talented, and loved by all who knew her, drowned a year ago and then Maxim married again the following spring and brought his bride straight to Manderley (so it said) and gave a big fancy dress ball in her honour. And then the following morning the body of his first wife was found trapped in the cabin of her sailing boat, at the bottom of the bay.

Maxim sounded vile in this story, a sort of satyr. But I could not keep the morning editions from him.

I watched him at the breakfast table getting whiter and whiter as he read the papers.

We were not bothered with the telephone again. All the calls were put through to the office. It was just a question of waiting now. Waiting until the Tuesday. The inquest was to be on the Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock.

We had lunch at a quarter to one. It was a relief when the farce of the meal was over, and I heard Maxim go out to the drive and start up the car. Frank followed us in his own car. I had my hand on Maxim's knee all the way as he drove. The inquest was to be held at Lanyon, a market town six miles the other side of Kerrith.

"I think I'll stay in the car," I said. I didn't want to listen to Maxim's evidence. They went off together and left me sitting there. There were not many people about. I sat looking at the silent shops. Then I got out of the car and began walking up and down the market square. I saw a policeman watching me curiously and turned up a side-street to avoid him.

In spite of myself, I found I was coming to the building where the inquest was being held. There was no crowd waiting, as I had feared. I went up the steps and slipped inside the room. The inquest was nearly over. Maxim had finished giving his evidence. I looked around. There were people there I did not know. My heart gave a jump suddenly when I recognized Mrs. Danvers. She was sitting at the back. And Favell was beside her. I had not expected him to be there. I wondered if Maxim had seen him.

James Tabb, the boat-builder, was standing up now and the Coroner was asking him a question. "Was the boat in a fit state to put to sea?" said the Coroner.

"She was," said Tabb. "Mrs. de Winter was delighted with the boat according to what she said to me. But if you allow me I should like to make one more statement. When

Mrs. de Winter's little boat was found and brought to the surface, Captain Searle gave me permission to go and look at her. And I did. I wanted to satisfy myself that the work I had done to her was good, in spite of the fact that she had been under water for twelve months or more."

"Well, that was very natural," said the Coroner, "and I hope you were satisfied."

"Yes, sir, I was. There was nothing wrong with that boat as regards the work I did to her." He paused. The Coroner looked at him expectantly.

"Well," he said, "is that all you want to say?"

"No, sir, it is not. What I want to know is this. Who made the holes in her bottom? Rocks didn't do it. The nearest rock was five feet away. Besides, they weren't the sort of marks made by a rock. They were holes. Made with a spike."

I did not look at him. I was looking at the floor. I wondered why the Coroner did not say anything. When he spoke at last his voice sounded rather far away.

"What do you mean?" he said. "What sort of holes?"

"There were three of them," said the boat-builder, "below the water-line. And that's not all. The sea-cocks had been turned on."

"The sea-cocks? What are they?" asked the Coroner.

"The fitting that plugs the pipes¹ leading from a wash-basin or lavatory, sir. They are always kept tightly closed when you're in the sea, otherwise the water would flow in. When I examined the boat yesterday, both sea-cocks were turned on."

It was hot, much too hot. Why didn't they open the window?

¹ the fitting that plugs the pipes — клапан, который закрывает трубы

"With those holes in her bottom, sir, and the sea-cocks not closed, it wouldn't take long for a small boat like her to sink. It's my opinion, sir, that the boat never turned over at all. She was deliberately scuttled."

The heat was coming up at me from the floor, rising in slow waves. It reached my hands, it touched my neck, my chin, my face.

"Mr. de Winter, you heard the statement from James Tabb. Do you know anything of these holes?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Can you think of any reason why they should be there?"

"No, of course not."

"You have no suggestion to make?"

"No, none at all."

"Mr. de Winter, painful as it is, it is my duty to ask you a very personal question. Were the relations between you and the late Mrs. de Winter perfectly happy?"

Of course, again those black spots in front of my eyes, and it was hot, so hot, with all these people and no open windows. And all the time the ground was coming up to meet me...

And then, losing consciousness, I heard Maxim's voice, clear and strong. "Will someone take my wife outside? She is going to faint."

...

Frank drove me back to Manderley. I went upstairs to my room and lay down upon my bed. I didn't know what happened. Suppose Maxim was taken to prison? Suppose they will hang him?

God, don't let me go on thinking about this. Let me think about something else. About Mrs. Van Hopper in America. Mrs. Van Hopper putting up her lorgnette and calling to her daughter. "Look at this, Helen. They say

Max de Winter murdered his first wife. I always thought there was something peculiar about him. I warned that fool of a girl she was making a mistake, but she wouldn't listen to me. Well, she's cooked her goose¹...

I must have fallen asleep because I woke suddenly and heard a car driving up to the door. I tried to get up but my legs were things of straw, they did not bear me. My throat was very dry. After a minute Maxim came in to the room. He looked very tired and old.

"It's all over," he said.

I waited. Still I could not speak or move towards him.

"Suicide," he said.

I sat down on the sofa. "Suicide," I said, "but the motive? What was the motive?"

"God knows," he said. "They did not think a motive was necessary. The judge wanted to know if Rebecca had any money troubles. Money troubles! Good God."

He sat down on the window-seat, holding his head in his hands. I went and sat beside him.

"Something has to happen this evening," he said. "Something in the church."

I stared at him. Then I understood. They were going to bury Rebecca.

"It's fixed for six-thirty," he said. "No one knows but Frank, Colonel Julian, the vicar and myself." He looked tired, so deathly tired. "We'll talk over things this evening when I get back," he said. "We've got so much to do together, haven't we? We have to begin all over again."

He went out of the room. I heard the sound of his car starting up in the drive. Presently the sound died away, and I knew he had gone.

¹ she's cooked her goose — она сама себя погубила

I did not hear Frith come in. "Excuse me, Madam," he said, "do you know if Mr. de Winter will be long?"

"No," I said, "not very long."

"There's a gentleman to see him, Madam," said Frith after a moment of hesitation. "He insists on seeing Mr. de Winter."

"Who is it?" I said. "Is it anyone you know?"

Frith looked uncomfortable. "Yes, Madam," he said, "it's a gentleman who used to come here frequently at one time, when Mrs. de Winter was alive. A gentleman called Mr. Favell."

I turned round and looked at Frith. "I think perhaps I had better see Mr. Favell," I said.

"Very good, Madam."

I went and stood beside the empty fireplace. Perhaps, I should be able to get rid of Favell before Maxim came back. I did not know what I was going to say to him, but I was not frightened.

In a few moments Frith returned and showed Favell into the library. He looked much the same as before but a little more untidy.

"I'm afraid Maxim is not here," I said. "Wouldn't it be better if you made an appointment to see him at the office in the morning?"

"Waiting does not worry me," said Favell, "and I don't think I'll have to wait very long."

"What do you want to see Maxim about?"

Favell leant forward to the table and took a cigarette. "You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?" he said. "This business has been a shock to me, you know. A bloody awful shock. Rebecca was my cousin. I was damn fond of her."

"Yes," I said, "I'm very sorry for you."

"And what is Max going to do about it, that's what I want to know? Does he think he can sit back quietly

now when that shameful inquest is over?" He bent towards me. "I'm going to see that justice is done to Rebecca," he said loudly. "Suicide... God Almighty.¹ You and I know it wasn't a suicide, don't we?" He leant still closer to me. "Don't we?" he said slowly.

The door opened and Maxim came into the room, with Frank behind him.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

headlines, awful, consciousness, straw, wonder, lorgnette, otherwise, satisfy, suicide.

[ˈhedlaɪnz] [ˈɔːfl] [ˈkɒnʃəsnɪs] [strɔː] [ˈwʌndə] [lɔːnˈdʒet]
[ˈʌðəwaɪz] [ˈsætɪsfaɪ] [ˈsuːɪsaɪd]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

edition	to insist
evidence	to hang (hung)
to lose consciousness	to hang (hanged)
to regain consciousness	suicide
a murder	trouble
an appointment	

¹ God Almighty. — Господь Всемогуший.

- 1) At the sight of the body of her dead son the woman _____.
- 2) They _____ the linen outside.
- 3) The Decembrists were _____.
- 4) My chief _____ on my coming to work every day.
- 5) This is the last and the fullest _____ of Bulgakov.
- 6) Having lost all hope of finding a job the man committed _____.
- 7) I telephoned to the outpatients' department (поликлиника) and made _____ with a doctor.
- 8) Tomorrow the court will listen to _____ of the accused.
- 9) Peter hasn't phoned me for a long time. I'm afraid he had got into _____.
- 10) On the second day the man _____ and asked about his family.
- 11) Out of twelve _____ committed last week in Moscow seven have been discovered.

3 Complete the sentences using the *Subjunctive I* or the *Subjunctive II*.

- 1) I can't draw. I wish _____.
- 2) Yesterday I saw a beautiful dress but I didn't have enough money about me. I wish _____.
- 3) It's a pity you don't attend English classes. If I were you, _____.
- 4) Why didn't you invite Irene to your birthday party? In your place _____.
- 5) She looks miserable as if _____.
- 6) We mustn't keep our money at home. I suggest _____.

- 7) "Your son gets bad marks in Russian," the teacher told the boy's mother. "It's necessary _____."
- 8) Almost all schools in Moscow have computer classes now so that _____.
- 9) Mother insists _____.
- 10) I didn't know that this exhibition was so interesting. If I had known, _____.

? Checking Comprehension

Complete the sentences.

- 1) In the article in the local newspaper Maxim sounded _____.
- 2) The inquest was to be _____.
- 3) Daphne stayed in the car because _____.
- 4) The holes in the bottom of the boat could be made _____.
- 5) When Daphne returned to Manderley from the court, she tried to think of _____.
- 6) The verdict of the court was _____.
- 7) Maxim looked _____.
- 8) They were going to bury Rebecca _____.
- 9) Daphne agreed to see Favell because she wanted _____.
- 10) Favell was sure that _____.



Discussion Tasks

Act out dialogues between:

- 1) the Coroner and the boat-builder.
- 2) Daphne and Maxim (about the inquest, including the end of chapter 19).



CHAPTER 21

Maxim stood quite still, staring at Favell. "What the hell are you doing here?" he said.

Favell turned round, with his hands in his pockets. "As a matter of fact, Max, old chap, I came to congratulate you on the inquest this afternoon."

"Do you mind leaving the house?" said Maxim. "Or do you want Crawley and me throw you out?"

"Listen here," said Favell, "you've come very well out of this affair, haven't you? Better than you ever expected. Oh, yes, I was in the court this afternoon, and I dare say you saw me. Luckily for you it went the way it did."

Maxim made a move towards Favell, but Favell raised his hand.

"Wait a bit," he said, "I haven't finished yet. You realize, don't you, Max, old man, that I can make things damned unpleasant for you. Not only unpleasant, but shall I say dangerous?"

"Oh, yes?" said Maxim. "And in what way can you make things dangerous?"

"Look here¹, Max," said Favell, "I suppose there are no secrets between you and your wife. I can speak plainly then, and I will. You all know about Rebecca and me. We were lovers, weren't we? I've never denied it, and I never will. Up to the present I believed, like every other fool, that Rebecca was drowned sailing in the bay, and that her body was picked up at Edgecombe weeks afterwards. It was a shock to me then, a bloody shock. But I said to myself, 'That's the sort of death Rebecca would choose, she'd die like she lived, fighting.'" He paused and sat on the edge of the sofa, looking at all of us in turn. "Then I picked up the evening paper a few days ago and read that Rebecca's boat had been found by the local diver and that there was a body in the cabin. I couldn't understand. Who the hell would Rebecca have as a sailing companion?"

"Well, I attended that inquest today, as you know. And everything went smoothly, didn't it, until Tobb gave his evidence? But after that? Well, Max, old man, what have you got to say about those holes in the floorboards, and those sea-cocks turned full on?"

"Do you think," said Maxim slowly, "that after those hours of talk this afternoon I am going into it again — with you? You heard the evidence and you heard the

verdict. It satisfied the Coroner, and it must satisfy you."

"Suicide, eh?" said Favell. "Listen, you never knew I had this note, did you? I kept it, because it was the last thing she ever wrote to me. I'll read it to you. I think it will interest you."

He took a piece of paper out of his pocket. I recognized that thin, pointed, slanting hand.

"I tried to ring you from the flat, but could get no answer," he read. "I shall be at the cottage this evening, and if you get this note in time, will you get the car and follow me. I've got something important to tell you and I want to see you as soon as possible. Rebecca."

He put the note back in his pocket. "That's not the sort of note you write when you're going to commit suicide, is it?" he said. "It happened, by a vile stroke of fortune, that I was on a party that night. When I read the note at four in the morning, I decided it was too late to go to Manderley. I went to bed, determined to call her later in the day. I did. About twelve o'clock. And I heard Rebecca had been drowned!"

He sat there, staring at Maxim. None of us spoke.

"Supposing the Coroner this afternoon had read that note, it would have made it a little bit more difficult for you, wouldn't it, Max, old man?"

"Well," said Maxim, "why didn't you get up and give it to him?"

"Because I don't want to ruin you, Max, old boy. God knows you have never been a friend to me, but I don't bear malice about it. All married men with lovely wives are jealous, aren't they? I don't blame them. I'm sorry for them. I'm a bit of a Socialist, you know,

¹ Look here — Послушай

and I can't think why husbands can't share their women instead of killing them.

"Now, Max, I've laid all my cards on the table. Why can't we come to some agreement? I'm not a rich man. I think that if I had two or three thousand a year for life I could get along very well. And I'd never trouble you again, I swear before God I would not."

"I've asked you before to leave the house," said Maxim. "I'm not going to ask you again. There's the door behind me. You can open it yourself. I'm not going to give way to blackmail."

"I don't suppose your wife wants to be pointed out as Mrs. de Winter, the widow of a murderer, of a fellow who was hanged," said Favell with a laugh and glanced towards me.

"You think you can frighten me, don't you, Favell?" said Maxim. "Well, you are wrong. I'm not afraid of anything you can do. There is a telephone in the next room. Shall I ring up Colonel Julian and ask him to come over? He'll be interested in your story."

Favell stared at him and laughed. "Good bluff," he said, "but it won't work. You wouldn't dare ring up old Julian. I've got enough evidence to hang you, Max, old man."

Maxim crossed the room and took up the receiver. I heard his voice, very cool, very calm. "Is that Colonel Julian speaking? It's de Winter here. I wonder if you could come over here at once. It's rather urgent. Yes. Thank you very much. Good-bye."

I felt helpless, without strength. I could not go to Maxim now and beg him on my knees to give Favell the money. I had to sit there, with my hands on my lap, watching the rain, watching Maxim with his back turned to me, standing by the window.

It was raining too hard to hear the car. We did not know Colonel Julian had arrived until the door opened, and Frith showed him into the room.

Maxim swung round from the window. "Good evening," he said. "We meet again. I think you realize that I haven't brought you out on an evening like this for a social dinner. This is Jack Favell, my late wife's cousin."

Favell got up from the sofa. He was not smiling any longer. I had the impression that he was not very pleased with the turn in the events, and was not prepared for the meeting with Colonel Julian. He began speaking in a loud voice. "Look here, Colonel Julian," he said, "there's no sense in beating about the bush¹. The reason why I am here is that I'm not satisfied with the verdict given at the inquest this afternoon."

"Oh?" said Colonel Julian, "isn't that for Mr. de Winter to say, not you?"

"No, I don't think it is," said Favell. "I have a right to speak, not only as Rebecca's cousin, but as her prospective husband, if she had lived."

Colonel Julian looked rather surprised. "Oh," he said, "oh, I see. That's rather different. Is this true, de Winter?"

Maxim shrugged his shoulders. "It's the first time I've heard of it," he said.

Colonel Julian looked from one to the other doubtfully. "Look here, Favell," he said, "what exactly is your trouble?"

Favell put his hand slowly in his waistcoat pocket and brought Rebecca's note. "This note was written a few hours before Rebecca was supposed to have set out

¹ there's no sense in beating about the bush — нет смысла ходить вокруг да около

on that suicidal sail. Here it is. I want you to read it, and say whether you think a woman who wrote that note had made up her mind to kill herself."

Colonel Julian took a pair of spectacles from his pocket and read the note. Then he handed it back to Favell. "No," he said, "on the face of it, no. Very well. Let's get to the point.¹ What do you think really happened?"

Favell turned his head and looked slowly towards Maxim. "Rebecca never opened those sea-socks, nor made the holes in the bottom boards. Rebecca never committed suicide. You've asked for my opinion, and you shall have it. Rebecca was murdered. And if you want to know who the murderer is, there he stands, by the window, with that damned superior smile on his face. He couldn't even wait until the year was out, before marrying the first girl he set eyes on. There he is, the murderer, Mr. de Winter. He'd look well hanging, wouldn't he?"

And Favell began to laugh, the laugh of a drunkard, all the time twisting Rebecca's note between his fingers. Thank God for his laugh. Thank God for the way he stood there swaying on his feet. Because Colonel Julian did not believe him. He was on our side.

"The man's drunk," he said quickly. "He doesn't know what he's saying. Favell, answer my question. Have you any proof to back that accusation?"

"Oh, I see," said Favell, "you're going to back de Winter. He's a big man here. He's the owner of Manderley. But I'll get the proof for you all right. I tell you de Winter killed Rebecca because of me. He knew I was her lover; he was jealous, madly jealous. He knew she was waiting for me at the cottage on the beach, and he went

down that night and killed her. Then he put her body in the boat and sank her."

"Quite a clever story, Favell, in its way, but I repeat again you have no proof. Produce your witness who saw it happen and I will begin to take you seriously."

"All right," said Favell slowly, "all right... What would you say if I did produce a witness?"

Colonel Julian shrugged his shoulders. Maxim did not say anything. He was watching Favell. I suddenly knew what Favell meant. Ben knew. Ben had seen. He had seen Maxim take the boat and sail back in the dinghy, alone. I felt all the colour fading away from my face. I leant back on the cushion of the arm-chair.

"There's a local fool who spends his time on the beach," said Favell. "I've often seen him. I'll make him talk if he saw anything that night. And there's a bloody big chance he did."

"Can we bring here this fellow and question him?" asked Colonel Julian.

"Of course," said Maxim. "Frank, tell Robert to drive to his mother's cottage and bring him back."

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

move, denied, fortune, malice, social, cousin, doubt.

[mu:v] [di'naɪd] ['fɔ:tʃən] ['mælɪs] ['səʊ] ['kʌzn] [daʊt]

¹ Let's get to the point. — Давайте перейдем к сути дела.

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

- 1 Make up your own sentences using the words and expressions from the box.

to come to an agreement
to beat about the bush
blackmail
to blame, to be to blame
to get to the point
to fade
prospect(ive)
an event
a witness
spectacles
to commit suicide

- 2 Find in the text the antonyms for the following words and word combinations:

worse, pleasant, to confirm, birth, to turn off, kindness, to justify, nervous, helpful, inferior, sober (трезвый), to answer.

- 3 Complete the sentences using the *Subjunctive I* or the *Subjunctive II*.

- 1) If I had more time, _____.
- 2) If I were you, _____.
- 3) If there had been witnesses of the murder, _____.
- 4) Had I lived in the 19th century, _____.
- 5) If Lermontov had not died so young, _____.
- 6) _____ I'd paint this beautiful landscape.
- 7) _____ I'd go to the South in September.
- 8) _____ people would read more.

- 9) _____ we would have gone to the country.
- 10) _____ she wouldn't be lonely now.

? Checking Comprehension

Say why:

- 1) Favell came to see Max de Winter.
- 2) he did not believe that Rebecca had committed suicide.
- 3) he showed Rebecca's note to Maxim.
- 4) he was sure that Maxim would not dare ring up Colonel Julian.
- 5) Colonel Julian began to doubt that the verdict of the court was true.
- 6) Colonel Julian did not believe Favell.
- 7) Daphne felt all the colour fading away from her face.
- 8) Maxim agreed to bring Ben.



Discussion Tasks

Imagine that you are Favell. Speak about your relations with Rebecca, the note she wrote to you, the verdict of the court, your attempt to come to an agreement with Maxim de Winter and the meeting with Colonel Julian.

CHAPTER 22

Half an hour later the door opened, and Frank came in with Ben. "All right, Ben," he said quietly. "Mr. de Winter wants to give you some cigarettes. There's nothing to be frightened of."

Ben glanced foolishly around, blinking his small eyes.

"I don't want to go to the asylum," he said. "I want to stay home. I done nothing."

"That's all right, Ben," said Colonel Julian. "No one's going to put you in the asylum. You remember Mrs. de Winter, don't you?"

Ben glanced doubtfully towards me.

"No," said Colonel Julian gently, "not this lady. The other lady, who used to go to the cottage."

Ben blinked his eyes. "She's gone," he said.

"Yes, we know that," said Colonel Julian. "She used to sail the boat, didn't she? Were you on the beach when she sailed in the boat the last time?"

Ben glanced at Frank, and then at Maxim. "Eh?" he said.

"You were there, weren't you?" said Favell, leaning forward. "You saw Mrs. de Winter come down to the cottage, and presently you saw Mr. de Winter. He went into the cottage after her. What happened then? Go on. What happened?"

Ben shrank back against the wall. "I seen nothing," he said. "I want to stay home. I'm not going to the asylum. I never seen you and she in the woods."

"Your witness does not seem to have helped you," said Colonel Julian. "Do you want to ask him anything else?"

"It's a plot," shouted Favell. "A plot against me. Someone's paid this idiot, I tell you. Paid him to tell his dirty lies."

"I think Ben may be allowed to go home," said Colonel Julian.

"All right, Ben," said Maxim. "Robert shall take you back. Tell Robert to find something in the kitchen," he added to Frank. "Some cold meat, whatever he likes."

"Payment for services, eh?" said Favell. "He's done a good work for you, Max, hasn't he?"

Colonel Julian glanced at Favell. "You can't prove your story, can you?"

"Can't I?" said Favell. I saw him smile. He came across to the fireplace and rang the bell. "Ask Mrs. Danvers to come here," he said.

We all waited, watching the door. And Mrs. Danvers came into the room. She stood by the door, folding her hands in front of her, looking from one to the other of us.

"Good evening, Mrs. Danvers," said Colonel Julian.

"Good evening, sir," she said. Her voice was that dead, mechanical one I had heard so often.

"I want to ask you a question," said Colonel Julian, "and the question is this. Can you think of any reason why Mrs. de Winter should have taken her own life?"

Mrs. Danvers shook her head. "No," she said. "No."

"There, you see?" Favell said swiftly. "It's impossible. I've told you already."

"Be quiet... will you?" said Colonel Julian. "Let Mrs. Danvers read the note. She may be able to throw light on it." Favell shrugged his shoulders. He felt in his pocket for the note and threw it on the floor at Mrs. Danvers's feet. She picked it up and read it twice. Then she shook her head. "I don't know what she meant. If there was something important she had to tell Mr. Jack, she would have told me first."

"Did you see her that night?"

"No, I was out. I was spending the afternoon and evening in Kerrith. I shall never forgive myself for that. Never till my dying day."

"Does anybody know how she spent that day in London?"

Nobody answered.

"I've got her engagement diary in my room," said Mrs. Danvers slowly. "It's possible she may have written down her appointments for that day. I can go and fetch the diary."

"Well, de Winter?" said Colonel Julian. "Do you mind us seeing this diary?"

"Of course, not," said Maxim. "Why on earth should I?"

We were waiting, knowing in our hearts that Maxim was standing trial here for his life. I turned round when I heard the soft closing of the door. It was Mrs. Danvers. She had come back again with the diary in her hand.

"I was right," she said quietly. "She had marked down the engagements. Here they are on the date she died."

She gave the diary to Colonel Julian. I dug my nails in my hands. I could not look at Maxim. Surely Colonel Julian heard my heart beating loudly in my breast.

"Ah!" he said. His finger was in the middle of the page. "Yes, here it is. Hair at twelve. And a cross beside it. She kept her appointment, then. Lunch at the club, and a cross beside that. What have we here? Baker, two o'clock. Who was Baker?" He looked at Maxim. Maxim shook his head.

"Baker?" repeated Mrs. Danvers. "She knew no one called Baker. I've never heard this name."

"Well, here it is," said Colonel Julian, handing her the diary. "You can see for yourself. Baker. And she put a big cross beside it as though she wanted to break the pencil. She evidently saw this Baker, whoever he was."

Mrs. Danvers was staring at the name and the black cross beside it. "Baker," she repeated, "Baker."

"She had no enemy, no one she was afraid of?" asked Colonel Julian.

"Mrs. de Winter afraid?" said Mrs. Danvers. "She was afraid of nothing and no one. Only one thing ever worried her, and that was the idea of getting old, of illness, of dying in her bed. 'When I go, Danny,' she used to say, 'I want to go quickly, to light out like the flame of a candle.' It was the only thing that consoled me, after she died. They say drowning is painless, don't they?"

"What the hell is the use of all this?" said Favell. "Who cares about this Baker fellow? What's he got to do with it? If he had been anyone important, Danny would know him. Rebecca had no secrets from Danny."

I was watching Mrs. Danvers. She had the book in her hands and was turning the leaves. Suddenly she gave an exclamation.

"There's something here," she said, "right at the back among the telephone numbers. Baker. And there's a number beside it. Mayfair 0488."

"Well?" said Maxim, lighting his first cigarette. "Frank, go and phone Mayfair 0488."

Frank went to a telephone. He left the door open and I could hear him speak.

"Hallo. Is that Mayfair 0488? Can you tell me if anyone of the name of Baker lives here? Yes, I understand. Yes, it's rather important." He put on the receiver and turned to us. "There are no residents there at all. The place is used during the day as a doctor's consulting room. Apparently Baker's given up practice, and left six months ago. But the night porter gave me his address. He said this Baker was a very well-known women's specialist."

It was then that Maxim looked at me. He looked at me for the first time that evening. And in his eyes I read a message of farewell.

"Well, Mrs. Danvers," said Colonel Julian, "can you throw any light on the matter now?"

Mrs. Danvers shook her head. "Mrs. de Winter never needed a doctor. I've never heard her speak of this Doctor Baker, she never mentioned his name to me."

"Perhaps she didn't want to worry you," said Colonel Julian.

"And the note to Mr. Jack," said Mrs. Danvers suddenly. *'I have something important to tell you.'* Perhaps she was going to tell him."

"Of course, there's no doubt about it," said Colonel Julian, turning to Maxim. "She was going to tell Favell the result of that interview with this Doctor Baker. I think we must see him privately and get out of him as much information as possible. What do you say, de Winter?"

Maxim turned round from the window. "I'm ready to do anything you suggest," he said.

"Anything, eh?" said Favell; "a lot can be done in twenty-four hours, can't it? Trains can be caught, ships can sail, aeroplanes can fly."

I saw Mrs. Danvers look sharply from Favell to Maxim, and I realized then that Mrs. Danvers had not known about Favell's accusations. At last she was beginning to understand. I could tell it from the expression on her face, where wonder and hatred mixed with conviction.

Maxim did not notice her. He was talking to Colonel Julian. "What do you suggest?" he said. "Shall I go in the morning to this address?"

"He can't go alone," said Favell with a short laugh. "I have a right to insist on that."

"If I go with de Winter, and stay with him, will that satisfy you?" said Colonel Julian.

Favell looked at Maxim and then at Colonel Julian. "Yes," he said slowly, "but for safety do you mind if I come with you too? I am sure this Doctor Baker is going to prove my case, after all."

Colonel Julian looked at Maxim. "When can you be ready?"

"Any time you say," said Maxim.

"How do we know he won't run away in the night?" said Favell.

A flash came over Maxim's face. I saw the pulse beating on his forehead. "Mrs. Danvers," he said slowly, "when Mrs. de Winter and I go to bed tonight, will you come up and lock the door on the outside? And call us yourself, at seven in the morning?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Danvers, keeping her eyes on him.

Colonel Julian came up to me and took my hand. "Good night," he said. "Get your husband to bed early, if you can. It's going to be a long day."

Favell crossed the room to the door, waving his hand to Maxim by the window. "So long, old man," he said, "pleasant dreams. Make the most of your night behind the locked door.¹" He turned and laughed at me, and then went out of the room. Mrs. Danvers followed him. Maxim and I were alone.

"I'm coming with you in the morning," I said. Maxim did not answer for a moment. He went on looking out of the window. Then "Yes" without expression. "Yes, we must be together."

He put his arms round me and we began to kiss, fe-

¹ Make the most of your night behind the locked door. —
Воспользуйся своей ночью за запертой дверью как можно лучше.

verishly, desperately, like guilty lovers who had not kissed before.

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

prove, diary, practice, farewell, privately, aeroplanes, forehead, guilty.

[pru:v] ['daɪəri] ['præktɪs] ['feə'wel] ['praɪvətli] ['eəɾəpleɪnz]
['fɔ:ɪd] ['gɪltɪ]

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English equivalents for the following words and word combinations:

заговор, лгать (говорить ложь), судебный процесс, дневник, прийти в назначенное место, видеть своими глазами, очевидно, утешать, издать восклицание, житель, частным образом, уверенность, использовать что-либо наилучшим образом, обнять, лихорадочно, отчаянно, виновный.

2 Translate the sentences using the words and expressions from the box.

presently	useful
at present	to get used to
for the present	what's the use of
hard	to use
hardly	used to (do smth)

- 1) В настоящее время мы имеем показания свидетелей преступления.
- 2) Какой смысл доказывать ему, что он неправ? Пусть смотрит сам.
- 3) Я с трудом понимаю, что говорит этот актер.
- 4) Вскоре ее сын прислал письмо, и она узнала, что он жив.
- 5) Я не могу привыкнуть к новой квартире.
- 6) Мы обычно ездили на работу автобусом.
- 7) Ей будет тяжело идентифицировать тело ее утонувшего брата.
- 8) Вы умеете пользоваться калькулятором?
- 9) Пока это все. Вы можете идти.
- 10) Эта информация очень полезна.

3 Translate into Russian paying attention to the *Subjunctive Mood* and the type of the *Conditional clauses*.

- 1) If she had not taken an academic leave, she would have graduated from the college last year.
- 2) I'm sure that if he were here, he would help us.
- 3) I wish we hadn't lost touch with them.
- 4) If I were you, I wouldn't divorce now. Think of your children.
- 5) If not for the rain, we would go for a walk.
- 6) If the verdict of the court is "guilty", he will be taken to prison.
- 7) The doctor would have seen you if you had made an appointment with him beforehand.
- 8) If the operation had been performed earlier, it might have saved his life.
- 9) I wish he were not so jealous.
- 10) Should he come, ask him to wait for me.

? Checking Comprehension

Say whether these statements are true or false.

- 1) Ben didn't say that he had seen Rebecca and Maxim because he didn't remember it.
- 2) Favell thought that Maxim had paid Ben for his service.
- 3) Mrs. Danvers knew why Rebecca had written the note to Favell.
- 4) On the day of her death Rebecca had an appointment with a doctor.
- 5) Doctor Baker was a physician (терапевт).
- 6) Maxim de Winter did not agree to see Dr. Baker.
- 7) Mrs. Danvers always knew that Rebecca was killed.
- 8) Favell was afraid that Maxim would escape.
- 9) Maxim asked Mrs. Danvers to lock the door on the outside because he didn't want Daphne to leave him.
- 10) Colonel Julian was sorry for Daphne.

👉 Discussion Tasks

Describe the events of the chapter on behalf of:

- 1) Daphne.
- 2) Maxim.
- 3) Favell.



CHAPTER 23

I awoke the next morning, just after six o'clock, got up and went to the window. There was a little wind and the cold, quiet smell of autumn. Here at Manderley a new day was starting, and the flowers in the garden were not concerned with our troubles. No matter what tears were shed¹, the peace of Manderley could not be broken or its beauty destroyed. No one would ever hurt Manderley. It would always lie in a hollow like an enchanted thing, guarded by the woods, safe, secure,

¹ No matter what tears were shed — Сколько бы слез ни было пролито

while the sea broke and ran and came again in the bays below.

Maxim slept on and I did not wake him. The day ahead of us was to be hard and long. We did not know what we should find at the end of our journey. The future was unknown. Somewhere to the north of London lived a man called Baker who had never heard of us, but he held our future in his hands.

When I began to dress, I heard a soft footstep come and pause outside the door, and the key turn quietly in the lock. There was a silence for a moment, and then the footsteps went away. It was Mrs. Danvers.

I woke Maxim. He stared at me at first like a puzzled child, and then held out his arms. He got up and went to the bathroom and I began putting things methodically in my suit-case. It might be that we should have to stay in London.

My suit looked unfamiliar as I dragged it from the back of the wardrobe. It seemed so long since I had used it, and yet it was only four months ago. Having packed I went out and stood on the terrace. I closed my eyes for a minute and felt the warmth of the sun on my face and on my hands.

I heard Maxim calling me from the house. I went back, and Frith helped me to put on my coat. I climbed in the car beside Maxim. Frank slammed the door. We stopped at the lodge-gates and picked up Colonel Julian. He looked surprised when he saw me.

"That fellow Favell said he would pick us up at the cross-roads," he said. "If he's not there, we won't wait, we'll do much better without him¹." But when we came

¹ we'll do much better without him — мы прекрасно обойдемся без него

to the cross-roads, I saw the long green body of his car, and my heart sank.

We came to the suburbs of London at about three o'clock. I began to feel tired, the noise of the traffic started a humming in my head. I wondered how tired Maxim was. He was pale, and there were shadows under his eyes, but he did not say anything.

We had difficulty in finding Doctor Baker's. It was a postman who pointed out the house in the end. A square house with no name on the gate, which we had already passed twice. We got out of the car. Favell came up to meet us. Colonel Julian hesitated a moment, glancing at Maxim. Then he rang the bell. There was a long pause. A very young maid opened the door. She looked amazed at the sight of so many of us.

"Does Doctor Baker live here?" asked Colonel Julian.

"Yes, sir, will you come in?" She opened the door on the left of the hall and we went into the drawing-room. We sat there for about five minutes. Then the door opened and a man came into the room. He was medium height, with a long face and a keen chin. His hair was sandy, turning grey.

"Forgive me for keeping you waiting," he said, looking a little surprised. "I had to run and wash. I was playing tennis when the bell rang."

"Doctor Baker," said Colonel Julian, "I apologize for disturbing you like this. My name is Julian. This is Mr. de Winter, Mrs. de Winter, and Mr. Favell. You may have seen Mr. de Winter's name in the papers recently."

"Oh," said Doctor Baker, "yes, yes, I suppose I have. Some inquest or other, wasn't it? My wife was reading all about it."

"The jury brought in a verdict of suicide," said Favell coming forward, "which I say is absolutely out of

the question. Mrs. de Winter was my cousin, I knew her intimately. She would never have done such a thing, and what's more she had no motive. What we want to know is what the devil she came to see you about the very day she died?"

Maxim turned to the doctor who was standing with a polite smile frozen on his lips. "My late wife's cousin is not satisfied with the verdict," said Maxim, "and we've driven up to see you today because we found your name and the telephone number of your old consulting-rooms in my wife's diary. She seems to have made an appointment with you, and kept it, at two o'clock on the last day she ever spent in London. Could you possibly verify this for us?"

Doctor Baker was listening with great interest, but when Maxim had finished, he shook his head. "I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I think you've made a mistake. I've never attended a Mrs. de Winter in my life."

"Could she have given a false name?" said Colonel Julian.

"Why, yes, it's possible."

"Would you have any record of the visit in your files? I know it's not etiquette to ask, but the circumstances are very unusual. We do feel her appointment with you must have some relation to the case and suicide."

"Murder," said Favell.

Doctor Baker raised his eyebrows and looked inquiringly at Maxim. "I had no idea there was any question of that," he said quietly. "Of course I'll do anything in my power to help you. If you excuse me for a few minutes, I will go and look up my files."

He left the room and we stayed waiting. I could hear the sound of the tennis balls from the court. Doctor

Baker came back into the room with a large book and a file-case in his hands. He opened the book and began turning the pages. "The twelfth did you say?" he murmured. "At two o'clock? Ah!"

None of us moved. We watched his face. "I saw a Mrs. Danvers on the twelfth at two o'clock," he said.

"Danny? What on earth..." began Favell, but Maxim cut him short.

"She gave a wrong name, of course. Do you remember the visit now, Doctor Baker?"

Doctor Baker was already searching his files. "Yes," he said slowly, "I remember now." He read through the files and then put them in the case. "Of course," he said, glancing at Maxim, "this is unprofessional, you know. But your wife is dead, and I quite understand that the circumstances are exceptional. You want to know if I can suggest any motive why your wife took her life? I think I can. The woman who called herself Mrs. Danvers was very seriously ill."

He paused and looked at every one in turn.

"I remember her perfectly well. She came to me for the first time a week previously to the date you mentioned. She complained of certain symptoms, and I took some X-rays of her. The second visit was to find out the result of those X-rays. She asked for the truth, and I let her have it. She stood it very well. She said she had suspected it for some time. Then she paid my fee and went out. I never saw her again." He shut the book.

"The pain was still slight, but the growth was deep-rooted," he continued, "and in three or four months she would have been under morphia. An operation would be of no use. I told her that. There is nothing one can do in a case like that, except give morphia, and wait." No one said a word. The little clock ticked on the mantel-

piece. "The X-rays showed a certain malformation of the uterus, I remember, which meant she could never have a child; but that had nothing to do with the disease."

I remember hearing Colonel Julian speak, saying something about Doctor Baker being very kind. Everyone was standing up.

"I am so glad to have been of use," said Doctor Baker. "It never entered my head for a moment that Mrs. de Winter and Mrs. Danvers could be the same person."

We came out to the drive and went towards the car. I heard the door shut. We went and stood by the car. No one said anything for a few minutes. Then Favell began to speak. His voice was careless, but his face was grey.

"I never had the slightest idea. She kept it a secret from everyone, even Danny. What a damned thing, eh? Cancer! Oh, my God!"

He was watching Maxim. "Yes, it's a stroke of luck for you, Max, isn't it? You think you've won, don't you? But the law can punish you still, and so can I, in a different way..."

As we turned the corner I looked back and saw him standing there, watching us, and he waved his hand and was laughing.

We drove on for a while in silence. Then Colonel Julian spoke. "He can't do anything," he said. "That's just a bluff." Maxim did not answer. "I don't think it would do any harm if I let it be known in Kerrith and in the country that a London doctor has supplied us with a motive," said Colonel Julian. "People are odd sometimes. If they knew about Mrs. de Winter's disease, it might make it much easier for you."

"Yes," said Maxim, "yes, I understand."

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

to tear, tears, key, warmth, suburbs, apologize, jury, false, slight, uterus, disease.

[teə] [tiəz] [ki:] [wɜ:mθ] ['sʌbɜ:bz] [ə'pɒlədʒaɪz] ['dʒʊəri]
[fɔ:ls] [slait] ['ju:tərəs] [dɪ'zɪz]

📖 Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Match up the words and word combinations in the left column with their Russian equivalents in the right column.

1) keen	a) подозревать
2) to verify	b) подтверждать
3) familiar	c) острый
4) to supply with	d) уличное движение
5) to suspect	e) об этом не может быть и речи
6) a fee	f) выдержать что-нибудь
7) to guard	g) знакомый
8) secure	h) уличная пробка
9) traffic	i) обеспечивать, снабжать
10) a traffic jam	j) гонорар
11) this is out of the question	k) защищать, охранять
12) to stand smth	l) безопасный

2 Find in the text the synonyms for the following words:

odour, to ruin, safe, to pull, to shut, to fall (*about the heart*), astonished, sharp, to excuse oneself, not

long ago, dead, to confirm, to treat (лечить), to provide, strange.

3 Translate the following sentences. (Revision of Grammar)

- 1) Я надеюсь, что к Новому году мы сдадим все зачеты (oral tests).
- 2) Пусть дети идут спать. Они уже два часа смотрят телевизор.
- 3) Я уверена, что в их разводе виновата Анна (конструкция *it is... who*).
- 4) Стороны не смогли прийти к соглашению, и им придется встретиться снова.
- 5) К концу октября подводная лодка (a submarine) была поднята.
- 6) Допрашиваемый сейчас человек подозревается в убийстве.
- 7) Моя сестра худеет и не ест ни хлеба, ни картошки.
- 8) Мы хотим, чтобы преступники были пойманы и наказаны.
- 9) Видели, что он выстрелил первым.
- 10) Жаль, что я не знаю английского. Я бы поняла слова песен.

? Checking Comprehension

Answer the questions.

- 1) What was Daphne thinking about when she looked at the garden out of the window?
- 2) Why did she decide to pack her suit-case? Did she want to stay in London for a few days?

- 3) Where was Favell to meet Maxim, Daphne and Colonel Julian?
- 4) Where did Dr. Baker live?
- 5) Did they easily find his house?
- 6) What did Dr. Baker look like?
- 7) Did Dr. Baker recollect Rebecca's visit to him right away?
- 8) Under what name did Rebecca visit Dr. Baker?
- 9) What kind of disease did she suffer from?
- 10) Why did Colonel Julian want it to be known that Dr. Baker supplied them with a motive?



Discussion Tasks

Act out the scene from the text beginning with the words "Forgive me for keeping you waiting..." up to the end of the chapter. The cast: Dr. Baker, Maxim, Favell, Colonel Julian.

Chapter 24

We took Colonel Julian to his sister and left him there. Now that we were alone again and the strain was over, the sensation was one of almost unbelievable relief. Maxim's hand covered mine.

"I believe," he said, "that Rebecca lied to me on purpose. She wanted me to kill her. She foresaw everything. That's why she laughed. That's why she stood there laughing when she died."

I did not say anything. It was all over. It did not matter any more.

"It was her last practical joke¹," said Maxim, "the best of them all. And I'm not sure if she hasn't won, even now."

"What do you mean? How can she have won?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know. I'm going to ring up Frank." He stopped the car near a little restaurant. I waited. In ten minutes Maxim came back.

"Something rather odd happened," he said slowly, a line between his brows. "About ten minutes before I rang up, Frith telephoned to Frank and said there had been a long-distance call for Mrs. Danvers. This must have been about ten past six. At a quarter to seven he knocked on the door and found her room empty. They looked for her but could not find her. They think she's gone."

"Isn't it a good thing?" I said. "It saves us a lot of trouble. I believe she guessed."

"I don't like it," said Maxim. "I don't like it."

"She can't do anything," I argued. "If she's gone, so much the better. It was Favell who telephoned of course. He must have told her about Baker. They can't blackmail us. It's too dangerous."

"I'm not thinking of blackmail," said Maxim.

"What else can they do? We must forget it. It's all over, darling, it's finished. We ought to go down on our knees and thank God that's finished."

Maxim did not answer. He was staring in front of him at nothing.

It was going to be very different in the future, I thought. I was not going to be shy with the servants any more. I would learn to control the house. They

would like me, respect me. People would come and stay at Manderley, and I wouldn't mind. And we would have children. Surely we would have children.

It was getting dark and I was very tired. "Can't we stop at a hotel for the night?" I asked.

Maxim shook his head. "No," he said, "we must hurry. I want to get home. Something's wrong. I know it is. I want to get home."

I shut my eyes. A hundred images came to me — things seen, things known, and things forgotten. I dreamed I was writing letters in the morning-room. I wrote them with a thick black pen. But when I looked down to see what I had written it was not my small square handwriting at all, it was long, and slanting, with curious pointed strokes. I got up and went to the looking-glass. A face that stared back at me was not my own. It was very pale, very lovely, framed in a cloud of dark hair. The face in the glass stared at me and laughed. And I saw then that she was sitting on a chair before the dressing-table in her bedroom, and Maxim was brushing her hair. He held her hair in his hands, and as he brushed it he wound it slowly into a thick rope. It twisted like a snake, and he took hold of it with both hands and smiled at Rebecca and put it round his neck."

"No!" I screamed. "No, no!" I felt Maxim's hand upon my face.

"Sh," he said. "Wake up. We'll be back by three."

I climbed over and sat beside him, staring in front of me through the wind-screen. My teeth were chattering. The hills rose in front of us, fell and rose again. It was quite dark. With no stars.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Twenty past two."

¹ a practical joke — розыгрыш

"It's funny," I said. "It looks as though the dawn is breaking over there, beyond these hills. It can't be, it's too early."

He did not answer and went on watching the sky. It seemed to get lighter and lighter.

"It's in winter you see the northern lights, isn't it?" I said. "Not in summer."

"That's not the northern lights," said Maxim. "That's Manderley. It is burning."

I glanced at him and saw his face. I saw his eyes. The road to Manderley lay ahead. There was no moon. The sky above our heads was inky black. But the sky on the horizon was not dark at all. It was hot with crimson, like a splash of blood.¹ And the ashes blew towards us with the salt wind from the sea.

THE END

Activities

? Pre-reading Task

Practise the pronunciation of the following words:

unbelievable, cover, brows, above, salt, wind-screen, to wind, dawn, eyes, in front.

[ˈʌnbɪˈli:vəbl] [ˈkʌvə] [braʊz] [əˈbaʊ] [sɔ:lt] [ˈwɪndskri:n]
[waɪnd] [dɔ:n] [aɪz] [ˈɪnˈfrʌnt]

¹ It was hot with crimson, like a splash of blood. — Оно было багряным, словно забрызгано кровью.

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Fill in the gaps with the words from the box putting them in the right form.

a long-distance call
on purpose
to argue
to foresee
to wind (wound, wound)
to save
a strain
to guess
to cover
to blow (blew, blown)

- 1) A strong wind _____ out the candle and it became quite dark.
- 2) It's impossible _____ all the consequences of antiterrorist operations.
- 3) It's no use _____ with him. He won't admit that he is wrong.
- 4) "_____ what present I have prepared for you," the boy said to his mother.
- 5) When I came to the office, I was told that there had been _____ for me.
- 6) You should have a good rest. This trial was such _____ for you.
- 7) Our cat _____ a ball of wool around a chair.
- 8) The man _____ his face with his hands to conceal his tears.
- 9) I am sure Nelly didn't do it _____. She meant well.
- 10) a) Most of the passengers of the sunk ship _____.

- b) This new method will _____ us a lot of time.
c) He _____ money for a new car.

2 Find in the text the examples of conversion (about 25 words), polysemy (about 10 words) and "false friends of a translator" (2 words).

3 Translate the sentences. (Revision of Grammar)

- 1) Когда мы приехали в порт, корабль только отходил от берега.
- 2) Где будет похоронен этот актер?
- 3) Возможно, он заходил ко мне вчера, но меня не было дома.
- 4) Должно быть, он сейчас дает показания.
- 5) Просмотрев полученную утром корреспонденцию, директор вызвал секретаря.
- 6) Он любит, когда его приглашают на презентации.
- 7) Мы ожидаем, что договор будет подписан на следующей неделе.
- 8) Никто из нас не пойдет на это собрание.
- 9) Необходимо, чтобы вы заставили вашего сына посещать школу.
- 10) Если бы я не попал в «пробку», я бы приехал вовремя.

? Checking Comprehension

Complete the sentences.

- 1) Maxim thought that Rebecca had lied to him _____.
- 2) Frank said that there had been _____.
- 3) Favell told Mrs. Danvers _____.

- 4) Daphne decided to learn _____.
- 5) Maxim was sure that something _____.
- 6) Daphne dreamt that _____.
- 7) The face that stared at her in the looking-glass _____.
- 8) Daphne dreamt that Maxim wound Rebecca's hair into a thick _____.
- 9) That was not the northern lights. That was _____.
- 10) The ashes _____.



Discussion Tasks

Describe:

- 1) Daphne's dream.
- 2) their way back home.

Questions and Tasks for the Final Discussion

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What do you think of Daphne? Do you like her? Why do you think Maxim fell in love with Daphne?
- 2) What would Daphne's life have been if she hadn't become Mrs. de Winter?
- 3) Why do you think Daphne fell in love with a man old enough to be her father?
- 4) Why did Rebecca marry Maxim?
- 5) Why did Mrs. Danvers hate Daphne?
- 6) Do you think Maxim ever loved Rebecca?
- 7) Why do you think Daphne wasn't sure Maxim loved her?
- 8) Why didn't Maxim tell Daphne about his love?
- 9) What did Daphne think of the late Mrs. de Winter? What did she feel about her?
- 10) Why is the book called "Rebecca"?

2 Give a short summary of the events of the book from the point of view of:

- 1) Daphne.
- 2) Maxim.
- 3) Mrs. Danvers.
- 4) Favell.
- 5) Rebecca (about her life with Maxim and why she wanted him to kill her).

Vocabulary

Принятые сокращения

- a* adjective — прилагательное
a predic adjective predicative — предикативное употребление имени прилагательного
adv adverb — наречие
cj conjunction — союз
int interjection — междометие
n noun — имя существительное
num numeral — числительное
phr prep phrase preposition — составной предлог
pl plural — множественное число
prep preposition — предлог
pron pronoun — местоимение
v verb — глагол

A

- accident** ['æksɪdənt] *n* несчастный случай
according to [ə'kɔ:dn̩tə] *phr prep* в соответствии с, согласно чему-л.
accuse [ə'kju:z] *v* обвинять
acquire [ə'kwɪə] *v* приобретать
actual ['æktʃʊəl] *a* фактический, настоящий
adore [ə'dɔ:] *v* обожать
affair [ə'feə] *n* дело
afford [ə'fɔ:d] *v* позволять себе
aflame [ə'fleɪm] *a predic* пылающий
ahead [ə'hed] *adv* вперед
aloof [ə'lu:f] *a* отчужденный, равнодушный, надменный
alter ['ɔ:ltə] *v* изменять(ся)
amaze [ə'meɪz] *v* поражать
ambush ['æmbʊʃ] *n* засада
amuse [ə'mju:z] *v* забавлять
anchor ['æŋkə] *v* ставить на якорь, бросить якорь

annoy [ə'noɪ] *υ* раздражать
annual ['ænjʊəl] *a* ежегодный
anxiety [æŋ'zaɪəti] *n* тревога, беспокойство
appearance [ə'piərəns] *n* появление; внешность, наружность
appointment [ə'pɔɪntmənt] *n* условленная встреча, свидание
approve [ə'pru:v] *υ* одобрять
archway ['ɑ:tʃweɪ] *n* проход под аркой, сводчатый проход
artificial ['ɑ:tɪ'fiʃl] *a* искусственный
ash [æʃ] *n* пепел; **ashes** прах
astonish [ə'stɒnɪʃ] *υ* поражать, удивлять
asylum [ə'saɪləm] *n* сумасшедший дом
attend [ə'tend] *υ* посещать, лечить; проследить за чем-л.
attractive [ə'træktɪv] *a* привлекательный
avoid [ə'vɔɪd] *υ* избегать
aware [ə'weə] *a* сознающий, знающий
be aware знать, сознавать

В

bait [beɪt] *n* крючок, приманка
banister ['bænɪstə] *n* перила
bay [beɪ] *n* залив, бухта
beads [bi:dz] *n* бусы
beg [beg] *υ* умолять
belong [bi'lɒŋ] *υ* принадлежать
below [bi'ləʊ] *adv* внизу, под чем-л.
bet [bet] *n* пари
bicker ['bɪkə] *υ* спорить, пререкаться
bishop ['bɪʃəp] *n* епископ
bitter ['bɪtə] *a* горький
blackmail ['bklækmeɪl] *n* шантаж
blame [bleɪm] *υ* обвинять
blankly ['blæŋkli] *adv* беспомощно; тупо
bless [bles] *υ* благословлять
blind [blaɪnd] *a* слепой
blink [blɪŋk] *υ* моргать

blood [blʌd] *n* кровь
bloom [blu:m] *n* цветение
in bloom в цвету
bluff [blʌf] *n* блеф
blunt [blʌnt] *a* тупой
blush [blʌʃ] *υ* краснеть
boat [bəʊt] *n* яхта
bodice ['bɒdɪs] *n* корсет, лиф платья
bold [bəʊld] *a* храбрый, смелый
bond [bɒnd] *n* связь, узы
bone [bəʊn] *n* кость
bother ['bɒðə] *υ* надоедать, беспокоить
bottom ['bɒtəm] *n* дно
bow [bəʊ] *n* поклон; *υ* кивать, кланяться
brakes [breɪks] *n pl* тормоза
break (broke, broken) off ['breɪk 'ɒf] *υ* обрывать разговор
breathe [bri:ð] *υ* дышать
breathless ['breθlɪs] *a* запыхавшийся
bride [braɪd] *n* новобрачная
bridge [brɪdʒ] *n* бридж (*карточная игра*)
brow [braʊ] *n* бровь
brute [bru:t] *n* грубиян, *разг.* скотина
bullet ['bulɪt] *n* пуля
buoy [bɔɪ] *n* буй
burglar ['bɜ:glə] *n* взломщик, квартирный вор
burst (burst, burst) [bɜ:st] *υ* взрываться
bury ['berɪ] *υ* хоронить
bush [bʊʃ] *n* куст
butler ['bʌtlə] *n* управляющий, дворецкий

С

cabin ['kæbɪn] *n* каюта
capital ['kæpɪtəl] *a* заглавный
capture ['kæptʃə] *υ* захватить
casual ['kæʒʊəl] *a* небрежный

cause [kɔ:z] *n* причина; *v* вызывать
chap [tʃæp] *n* парень
charge [tʃɑ:dʒ] *n* забота, попечение
be in charge быть ответственным за что-л.
charity [ˈtʃærɪti] *n* благотворительный
chatter [ˈtʃætə] *n* болтовня; *v* болтать
cheek-bone [ˈtʃi:kbeɪn] *n* скула
chestnut [ˈtʃesnʌt] *n* каштан
chin [tʃɪn] *n* подбородок
china [ˈtʃaɪnə] *n* фарфор
choice [tʃɔɪs] *n* выбор
choke [tʃəʊk] *v* душить
circumstances [ˈsɜ:kəmstənsɪz] *n pl* обстоятельства
clapping [ˈklæpɪŋ] *n* аплодисменты
clearing [ˈkliəriŋ] *n* поляна
climb [klaɪm] *v* карабкаться, взбираться
cling (clung, clung) [klɪŋ] *v* цепляться, липнуть, льнуть
cloth [klɒθ] *n* скатерть
collar [ˈkɒlə] *n* ошейник
comfort [ˈkʌmfət] *v* утешать
companion [kəmˈpænjən] *n* компаньон
companionship [kəmˈpænjənʃɪp] *n* товарищеские отношения, общение
complain [kəmˈpleɪn] *v* жаловаться
conceit [kənˈsi:t] *n* самомнение, самонадеянность
concern [kənˈsɜ:n] *n* дело, отношение
confession [kənˈfeʃn] *n* признание
confidence [ˈkɒnfɪdəns] *n* уверенность; доверие, доверительность
confident [ˈkɒnfɪdənt] *a* уверенный в чем-л., самоуверенный
confuse [kənˈfju:z] *v* смущать(ся), приводить в замешательство, сбивать с толку
considerate [kənˈsɪdərət] *a* внимательный
console [kənˈsəʊl] *v* утешать
contagious [kənˈteɪdʒəs] *a* заразный
contradict [ˈkɒntrəˈdɪkt] *v* противоречить

coroner [ˈkɒrənə] *n* коронер; следователь, ведущий дела о насильственной смерти
cosy [ˈkəʊzi] *a* уютный
courage [kʌrɪdʒ] *n* смелость, мужество
course [kɔ:s] *n* течение
courtesy [ˈkɜ:tisi] *n* вежливость
cove [kəʊv] *n* бухточка, убежище среди скал
create [kriˈeɪt] *v* создавать
creature [ˈkri:tʃə] *n* создание
creep (crept, crept) [kri:p] *v* ползти
crypt [kript] *n* склеп
curiosity [ˌkjʊəriˈɒsɪti] *n* любопытство
curious [ˈkjʊəriəs] *a* странный
cushion [ˈkuʃn] *n* диванная подушка
cut (cut, cut) [kʌt] *v* резать
cut short обрывать (разговор)

D

daffodil [ˈdæfədɪl] *n* нарцисс
damage [ˈdæmɪdʒ] *n* повреждение
damned [dæmd] *a* проклятый
damp [dæmp] *a* влажный
dare [deə] *v* осмелиться
dashboard [ˈdæʃbɔ:d] *n* приборная панель
dawn [dɔ:n] *n* рассвет
deceive [diˈsi:v] *v* обмануть
deck [dek] *n* палуба
dedication [dedɪˈkeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* посвящение
deliberate [diˈlɪbəreɪt] *a* умышленный, намеренный
delicate [ˈdelɪkət] *a* тонкий, изысканный
deny [diˈnaɪ] *v* отрицать
departure [diˈpɑ:tʃə] *n* отъезд
deprive [diˈpraɪv] *v* лишать
descend [diˈsend] *v* спускаться
despair [diˈspeə] *n* отчаяние

desperate ['desp(ə)ɪt] *a* отчаянный; безнадежный

despise [dɪ'spaɪz] *v* презирать

despondency [dɪ'spɒndənsɪ] *n* подавленность, уныние

destination ['destɪ'neɪʃn] *n* место назначения

detached [dɪ'tætʃt] *a* бесстрастный, чужой

diabolic ['daɪə'bɒlɪk] *a* дьявольский; злой, жестокий

diary ['daɪəri] *n* дневник

engagement diary [ɪn'geɪdzmənt] деловой дневник, ежедневник

dig (dug, dug) [dɪg] *v* копать

dim [dɪm] *a* неясный, смутный

dinghy ['dɪŋɡɪ] *n* надувная резиновая лодка

disagreeably ['dɪsə'ɡri:əblɪ] *adv* неодобрительно

discovery [dɪs'kʌvəri] *n* открытие

disease [dɪ'zi:z] *n* болезнь

disgrace [dɪs'ɡreɪs] *n* позор

dish [dɪʃ] *n* блюдо

dishonest [dɪs'ɒnɪst] *a* нечестный

dissolve [dɪ'zɒlv] *v* разлагаться, растворяться

dive [daɪv] *v* нырять

divorce [dɪ'vɔ:s] *n* развод

dizzy ['dɪzi] *a* чувствующий головокружение

dot [dɒt] *n* точка

doubt [daʊt] *n* сомнение

drag [dræg] *v* тащить(ся)

draw back ['drɔ: 'bæk] *phr v* отпрянуть

drawer [drɔ:ə] *n* выдвижной ящик (комода и т. п.)

dream (dreamt, dreamed) [dri:m] *v* сниться

drive [draɪv] *n* подъездная аллея; прогулка на автомобиле

drive [draɪv] *v* вести машину, ехать в машине

droop [dru:p] *n* склоняться

drown [draʊn] *v* тонуть

drum [drʌm] *n* барабан

dull [dʌl] *a* скучный

dumb [dʌm] *a* немой

dummy ['dʌmɪ] *n* марионетка

dust [dʌst] *n* пыль

Е

eager ['ɪɡə] *a* сильно желающий, жаждущий

be eager *v* желать

effort ['efət] *n* попытка, усилие

elaborate [ɪ'læbəreɪt] *a* сложный, замысловатый

employ [ɪm'plɔɪ] *v* нанимать

employer [ɪm'plɔɪə] *n* наниматель, работодатель

enchanted [ɪn'tʃɑ:ntɪd] *a* заколдованный, очарованный

engine ['endʒɪn] *n* мотор, двигатель

entertain ['entə'teɪn] *v* принимать гостей; развлекать

envy ['envɪ] *v* завидовать

errand ['erənd] *n* поручение

escape [ɪ'skeɪp] *v* сбежать, совершить побег

estate [ɪ'steɪt] *n* имение, поместье

event [ɪ'vent] *n* событие

evidence ['eɪdɪns] *n* свидетельские показания

evidently ['eɪdɪntli] *adv* очевидно

exaggerate [ɪɡ'zædʒəreɪt] *v* преувеличивать

exclamation [ɪkslə'meɪʃn] *n* восклицание

excuse [ɪks'kju:s] *n* предлог, отговорка

extent [ɪk'stent] *n* степень

Ф

face [feɪs] *v* встретиться лицом к лицу

fade [feɪd] *v* поблекнуть, изгладиться (из памяти)

fail [feɪl] *v* потерпеть неудачу, провалиться

faint [feɪnt] *v* упасть в обморок

faithful ['feɪθfl] *a* преданный, верный

false [fɔ:ls] *a* фальшивый; неверный, ошибочный

familiar [fə'mɪliə] *a* знакомый; фамильярный

fancy ['fænsɪ] *v* воображать

fancy dress маскарадный костюм

farewell ['feəwel] *n* прощание

fashion ['fæʃn] *n* мода

fastidious [fæ'stɪdiəs] *a* разборчивый, привередливый

fault [fɔ:lt] *n* вина
fear [fiə] *n* страх
feather ['feðə] *n* перышко
fee [fi:] *n* гонорар
feel (felt, felt) for ['fi:l'fɔ] *v* нащупывать
fever ['fi:və] *n* лихорадка
fiercely ['fiəslɪ] *adv* свирепо; горячо
file [faɪl] *v* подпиливать (напильником, пилкой для ногтей)
fit [fit] *a* годный, приспособленный
fit [fit] *v* годиться, подходить
flash [flæʃ] *n* вспышка
flatter ['flætə] *v* льстить
flesh [fleʃ] *n* плоть; кожа
fling (flung, flung) [flɪŋ' flʌŋ] **open** *v* распахнуть
float [fləʊt] *v* плыть
flounce [flaʊns] *n* оборка
flow [fləʊ] *v* течь
flushed [flʌʃt] *a* покрасневший
fold [fəʊld] *v* складывать
footstep ['fʊtstep] *n* шаг, звук шагов
force *n* сила; *v* заставлять, принуждать
force a smile выдавить улыбку
former ['fɔ:mə] *a* бывший
fortnight ['fɔ:tnaɪt] *n* две недели
frown [fraʊn] *n* сдвинутые брови; *v* хмуриться
fur [fɜ:] *n* мех
fuss [fas] *n* суета, беспокойство

G

gate [geɪt] *n* ворота
gaze [geɪz] *v* пристально смотреть
generous ['dʒenrəs] *a* благородный, щедрый
get used ['get 'ju:st] привыкать
ghost [gəʊst] *n* призрак, дух
gift [ɡɪft] *n* дар

gloomy ['glu:mi] *a* мрачный, угрюмый
glove [glʌv] *n* перчатка
glow [gləʊ] *n* зарево, отблеск
goal [gəʊl] *n* цель
gossip ['ɡɒsɪp] *n* сплетни
grave [ɡreɪv] *n* могила
grip [ɡrɪp] *v* ухватиться
growl [ɡraʊl] *v* рычать
growth [ɡrəʊθ] *n* опухоль
guess [ges] *v* догадаться
guilty ['ɡɪltɪ] *a* виновный
gulf [ɡʌlf] *n* пропасть

H

hair-pin ['heəpɪn] *n* шпилька (для волос)
ham [hæm] *n* ветчина
hammer ['hæmə] *n* молоток; *v* стучать
harbour ['hɑ:bə] *n* гавань
harm [hɑ:m] *n* зло, вред; *v* причинять зло, вред
harsh [hɑ:ʃ] *a* грубый, резкий
haunt [haʊnt] *v* преследовать, загонять
headland ['hedlənd] *n* мыс
headline ['hedlaɪn] *n* заголовок (газетный, журнальный и т. п.)
heady ['hedɪ] *a* пьянящий
heel [hi:l] *n* каблук; пятка
heir [eə] *n* наследник
hell [hel] *n* ад
hesitate ['hezɪteɪt] *v* колебаться
hide (hid, hidden) [haɪd] *v* прятать(ся)
hill [hɪl] *n* холм
hoarse [hɔ:s] *a* хриплый
hollow ['hɒləʊ] *n* впадина, ложбина; *a* впалый
honeymoon ['hʌnɪmu:n] *n* медовый месяц
honour ['ɒnə] *n* честь
host [həʊst] *n* хозяин
hum [hʌm] *n* гул

humble ['hʌmbl] *a* робкий, скромный; смиренный
hurt (hurt) [hɜ:t] *v* причинять боль; обижать

I

idleness ['aɪdlɪnəs] *n* безделье
ignorance ['ɪgnərəns] *n* невежество
ill-bred [ɪl'bred] *a* плохо воспитанный
ill-fitting [ɪl'fɪtɪŋ] плохо сидящее (*о платье*)
impatient [ɪm'peɪʃnt] *a* нетерпеливый
imprint ['ɪmprɪnt] *n* отпечаток
indefinable [ɪndɪ'faɪnəbl] *a* неопределяемый
inferior [ɪn'fɪəriə] *a* стоящий ниже (*по положению и т. п.*)
influence ['ɪnfluəns] *n* влияние
inhabit [ɪn'hæbɪt] *v* населять
inquest ['ɪnkwɛst] *n* расследование, дознание
insist [ɪn'sɪst] *v* настаивать
intact [ɪn'tækt] *a* неповрежденный, нетронутый
intelligibly [ɪn'telɪdʒəblɪ] *adv* разумно, понятно
intend [ɪn'tend] *v* намереваться
invasion [ɪn'veɪʒn] *n* вторжение, нашествие
invention [ɪn'venʃn] *n* изобретение
iron [aɪən] *v* гладить; *a* железный
item ['aɪtəm] *n* пункт, параграф

J

jealous ['dʒeləs] *a* ревнивый
jerk [dʒɜ:k] *n* резкое движение; *v* сделать резкое движение, дернуться
judge [dʒʌdʒ] *n* судья
jug [dʒʌg] *n* кувшин

K

keen [ki:n] *a* острый; сильно желающий
to be keen on smth любить, страстно увлекаться чем-л.

keep (kept, kept) up with [ki:p 'ʌp wɪð] *phr v* поспевать, не отставать

keeper ['ki:pə] *n* смотритель

knitting ['nɪtɪŋ] *n* вязание

L

lace [leɪs] *n* кружево
lack [læk] *v* недоставать, испытывать недостаток в чем-л.
landing ['lændɪŋ] *n* лестничная площадка
lap [læp] *n* колени
lasting ['lɑ:stɪŋ] *a* длительный, постоянный
late [leɪt] *a* покойный, мертвый
lavatory ['lævətəri] *n* уборная
lawn [lɔ:n] *n* лужайка
lean (leaned, leant) [li:n] *v* наклоняться
leather ['leðə] *a* кожаный
lick [lɪk] *v* лизать
light (lit, lit) [laɪt] *v* зажигать
lighter ['laɪtər] *n* зажигалка
lilac [laɪlək] *n* сирень
limb [lɪm] *n* конечность
link [lɪŋk] *n* связующее звено, связь
loathsome ['ləʊðsəm] *a* злорадный
lock [lɒk] *v* запирать
lodge [lɒdʒ] *n* сторожка
log [lɒg] *n* полено
longing ['lɒŋɪŋ] *n* желание
lovely ['lʌvli] *a* красивый

M

make (made) for ['meɪk 'fɔ:] *phr v* направляться

malice ['mælis] *n* злоба

mat [mæt] *n* коврик, половик

match [mætʃ] *v* сочетаться, соответствовать

matter ['mætə] *υ* иметь значение
meddlesome ['medlsəm] *а* вмешивающийся не в свое дело, надоедливый
message ['mesɪdʒ] *п* сообщение
midst [mɪdst] *п* середина
in the midst посреди
mind [maɪnd] *υ* обращать внимание; возражать
I don't mind неважно; я не возражаю; мне все равно
never mind не обращай внимания; неважно
miscellaneous [ˌmɪsəˈleɪniəs] *а* разное
miss [mɪs] *υ* скучать; пропускать, упускать
mist [mɪst] *п* туман
modesty ['mɒdəstɪ] *п* скромность
mood [muːd] *п* настроение
moor [muə] *υ* пришвартовываться, стоять на якорь
morbid ['mɔːbɪd] *а* болезненный; смертельный
mortuary ['mɔːtjʊəri] *п* морг
mud [mʌd] *п* грязь
mumble ['mʌmbl] *υ* мямлить, говорить невнятно
murmur ['mɜːmə] *п* рокот; бормотание; *υ* бормотать
mutual ['mjʊtʃʊəl] *а* общий, взаимный

N

naked ['neɪkɪd] *а* обнаженный
napkin ['næpkɪn] *п* салфетка
net [net] *п* сеть
nettle ['netl] *п* крапива
nuisance ['njuːsəns] *п* обида, неприятность; надоедливый человек, зануда
nurse [nɜːs] *п* медицинская сестра

O

oak [əʊk] *п* дуб
oar [ɔː] *п* весло
obey [əˈbeɪ] *υ* подчиняться

occupation [ˌɒkjʊˈpeɪʃn] *п* занятие
occur [əˈkɜː] *υ* прийти в голову
odd [ɒd] *а* странный
opportunity [ˌɒpəˈtjuːnɪti] *п* возможность
outburst ['aʊtbɜːst] *п* вспышка
own [əʊn] *а* собственный
on one's own сам, самостоятельно

P

pace [peɪs] *п* скорость
pain [peɪn] *п* боль
parcel ['pɑːsl] *п* пакет, бандероль
parlour-maid ['pɑːləmeɪd] *п* горничная
passionate ['pæʃnət] *а* страстный
pat [pæt] *υ* гладить, ласкать; похлопывать
patience [peɪns] *п* терпение
peel [piːl] *υ* чистить, снимать кожуру
peer [piːp] *υ* подглядывать, заглядывать
perjure ['pɜːdʒə] *υ* лжесвидетельствовать
pig [pɪɡ] *п* поросенок, свинья
pigeon-hole ['pɪdʒənheɪl] *п* отделение для бумаг в секретере
pile [paɪl] *п* кipa, куча
pillow ['pɪləʊ] *п* подушка
plot [plɒt] *п* заговор
poke round ['pəʊk ˈraʊnd] *phr* *υ* искать ощупью
possession [pəˈzeʃn] *п* личная вещь
pour [pɔː] *υ* наливать
powder ['paʊdə] *п* пудра
pray [preɪ] *υ* молиться
precaution [priˈkɜːʃn] *п* предосторожность
precipice ['presɪpɪs] *п* пропасть
prefer [prɪˈfɜː] *υ* предпочитать
premonition ['preməˈnɪʃn] *п* предвидение
presently ['prezntli] *adv* скоро, вскоре
pretend [prɪˈtend] *υ* притворяться

pretentious [prɪ'tenʃəs] *a* претенциозный
pretext *n* ['pri:tekst] предлог (для чего-л.)
prevent [prɪ'vent] *v* предотвращать
privacy ['prɪvəsi] *n* уединение
prompt [prɒmpt] *v* подсказывать
puff [pʌf] *v* попыхивать (трубкой); *n* буфф на платье
pull [pʊl] *v* тянуть
purchase ['pɜ:tʃəs] *n* покупка
push [pʊʃ] *v* толкать
put off ['put 'ɒf] *phr v* откладывать

R

rarely [reəli] *adv* редко
rat [ræt] *n* крыса
rate [reɪt] *n* степень, доля
 at any rate во всяком случае
record ['rekɔ:d] *n* запись
recover [rɪ'kʌvə] *v* приходить в себя
regret [rɪ'gret] *v* сожалеть
release [rɪ'li:s] *v* освобождать
relentlessly [rɪ'lentləʃli] *adv* неумолимо
relief [rɪ'li:f] *n* облегчение
relieve [rɪ'li:v] *v* приносить облегчение
reluctantly [rɪ'lʌktəntli] *adv* неохотно
remains [rɪ'meɪnz] *n pl* остатки
remind [rɪ'maɪnd] *v* напоминать
remorse [rɪ'mɔ:s] *n* угрызения совести
reply [rɪ'plai] *v* отвечать
reproach [rɪ'prəʊtʃ] *v* упрекать
resemblance [rɪ'zembləns] *n* сходство
resent [rɪ'zent] *v* негодовать, возмущаться
resident ['rezɪdənt] *n* житель, обитатель
resist [rɪ'zɪst] *v* сопротивляться
restrain [rɪ'streɪn] *v* ограничивать
ribbon ['rɪbən] *n* лента

rid [rɪd] *v* освобождать, избавлять
 get rid of избавляться, отделяться
ridiculous [rɪ'dɪkjʊləs] *a* странный; смехотворный
rock [rɒk] *n* скала
room [ru:m] *n* место; комната
rope [rəʊp] *n* веревка
row [rəʊ] *n* ряд
rub [rʌb] *v* вытирать; тереть
rude [ru:d] *a* грубый
ruin ['ru:n] *v* разрушать
run (ran, run) [rʌn] *v* вести (дом и т. п.)
rustle ['rʌsl] *n* шелест

S

sacrilege ['sækrələɪdʒ] *n* святотатство, кощунство
sail [seɪl] *n* парус
salmon ['sæmən] *n* лосось; *a* оранжево-розовый
sane [seɪn] *a* нормальный, здравомыслящий
satin ['sætɪn] *n* атлас (ткань); *a* атласный
sauce [sɔ:s] *n* соус
saw [sɔ:] *n* пила
scarf [skɑ:f] *n* шарф
scatter ['skætə] *v* разбрасывать, рассеивать
scent [sent] *n* запах; *v* чувствовать, чують
scissors ['sɪzəz] *n* ножницы
scorn [skɔ:n] *n* презрение
screw [skru:] *v* прикрутить, привинтить
scribble ['skɪbl] *v* писать быстро и небрежно
scuttle ['skʌtl] *v* затопить судно
sea-cock ['si:kɒk] *n* кингстон, клапан
search [sɜ:tʃ] *a* поисковый
secure [sɪ'kjʊə] *a* безопасный, надежный
seize [si:z] *v* схватить
self [self] *n* личность
sensation [sen'seɪʃn] *n* ощущение

sense [sens] *v* чувствовать
shadow [ˈʃædəʊ] *n* тень
shame [ʃeɪm] *n* стыд
shape [ʃeɪp] *n* форма
share [ʃeə] *v* разделять, делить
shell [ʃel] *n* оболочка
shimmer [ˈʃɪmə] *n* мерцание
shoot (shot, shot) [ʃu:t] *v* застрелить
shrug [ʃrʌɡ] *v* пожимать (плечами)
shutters [ˈʃʌtəz] *n pl* ставни
shy [ʃaɪ] *a* робкий
sick [sɪk] *a* чувствующий тошноту
sideboard [ˈsaɪdbɔ:d] *n* буфет
sigh [saɪ] *v* вздыхать
sight [saɪt] *n* вид, зрелище
sincere [sɪnˈsɪə] *a* искренний
sinister [ˈsɪnɪstə] *a* мрачный, зловещий
sink (sank, sunk) [sɪŋk] *v* тонуть
sketch book [ˈsketʃbʊk] *n* альбом
slacks [slæks] *n* (женские) брюки
slanting [ˈslæntɪŋ] *a* наклонный
slave [slerv] *n* раб
slip in [ˈslɪp ˈɪn] *phr v* проскользнуть
slippers [ˈslɪpəz] *n* домашние тапочки, шлепанцы
slippery [ˈslɪpəri] *a* скользкий
sniff [snɪf] *v* нюхать
soak [səʊk] *v* пропитать, намочить
soap [səʊp] *n* мыло
social [ˈsəʊʃl] *a* светский
sore throat [ˈsɔ: ˈθrəʊt] *n* больное горло
sound [saʊnd] *v* казаться, создавать впечатление; звучать
spare [speə] *v* щадить
spell [spel] *n* чары, очарование
spider [ˈspaɪdə] *n* паук
spike [spaɪk] *n* палка с острым концом
spin (spun, spun) [spɪn] *v* плести

spirit [ˈspɪrɪt] *n* дух
spoilt [spɔɪlt] *a* испорченный; избалованный
spot [spɒt] *n* пятно
sprawl [sprɔ:l] *v* раскидывать
sprawl about *v* расползаться
spread [spred] *v* простираться
stale [steɪl] *a* черствый
stammer [ˈstæmə] *v* заикаться, запинаться
stand (stood, stood) [stænd] *v* выдержать
stare [steə] *v* уставиться, пристально смотреть
statement [ˈsteɪtmənt] *n* заявление
stealthy [ˈstelθɪ] *a* тайный, скрытный
sting [stɪŋ] *n* колкость; жало
store [stɔ:] *n* пакгауз, амбар
strain [streɪn] *n* напряжение
stray [streɪ] *v* струиться
stream [stri:m] *n* ручей
string [strɪŋ] *n* веревка, бечевка
striped [straɪpt] *a* полосатый
stroke [strəʊk] *n* удар
stroke [strəʊk] *v* гладить, ласкать
stumble [ˈstʌmbl] *v* спотыкаться, запинаться
suffer [ˈsʌfə] *v* страдать
suicide [ˈsu:ɪsaɪd] *n* самоубийство
suit [su:t] *v* подходить, соответствовать
suite [swɪt] *n* номер «люкс»
supernatural [ˌsu:pəˈnætʃrəl] *a* сверхъестественный
supervise [ˈsu:pəvaɪz] *v* надзирать, наблюдать
supply [səˈplaɪ] *v* снабжать, обеспечивать
surface [ˈsɜ:fɪs] *n* поверхность
suspect [səˈspekt] *v* подозревать
swallow [ˈswɒləʊ] *v* глотать
swear (swore, sworn) [swear] *v* клясться; выругаться
sweep (swept, swept) [swi:p] *v* мести
sweetheart [ˈswi:thɑ:t] *n* милая, дорогая (в обращении)
swift [swɪft] *a* быстрый

swing door ['swɪŋdɔ:] *n* вращающаяся дверь
swollen ['swɒlən] *a* опухший
swordplay ['sɔ:dpleɪ] *n* пикировка, состязание в остроумии
sympathy ['sɪmpəθi] *n* сочувствие

T

tangerine [ˌtændʒəˈrɪn] *n* мандарин
tear (tore, torn) [tiə] *v* рвать
tease [ti:z] *v* поддразнивать; выпрашивать
temper ['tempə] *n* настроение
lose one's temper выйти из себя
tender ['tendə] *a* нежный
thread [θred] *n* нить
thrill [θrɪl] *n* нервное возбуждение, трепет
tighten ['taɪtən] *v* сжимать(ся)
tightly ['taɪtli] *adv* крепко
tiny ['taɪni] *a* крошечный
tiptoe ['tɪptəʊ] *v* ходить на цыпочках
tongue [tʌŋ] *n* язык
torture ['tɔ:tʃə] *v* мучить
trace [treɪs] *n* след
trail [treɪl] *v* тащиться, плестись
tranquility [træŋˈkwɪləti] *n* спокойствие
trap [træp] *v* поймать в ловушку
tremble ['trembl] *v* дрожать
tremendously [triˈmendəsli] *adv* очень, чрезвычайно
trespass ['trespəs] *v* нарушить чужое право владения; посягать
trial ['traɪəl] *n* судебное разбирательство, суд
trunk [trʌŋk] *n* большой чемодан
trust [trʌst] *v* доверять
twist [twɪst] *v* крутить(ся), извиваться

U

unconsciously [ʌnˈkɒŋʃəsli] *adv* подсознательно, неосознанно
uncork [ʌnˈkɔ:k] *v* откупорить

unfair [ʌnˈfeə] *a* несправедливый
unfold [ʌnˈfəʊld] *v* разворачивать
ungracious [ʌnˈɡreɪʃəs] *a* нелюбезный, грубый
ungrateful [ʌnˈɡreɪtfl] *a* неблагодарный
upset [ʌpˈset] *v* опрокинуть
urgent ['ɜ:dʒənt] *a* срочный
uterus ['ju:tərəs] *n* матка
utter ['ʌtə] *v* издавать звук, произносить

V

vain [veɪn] *a* тщетный
in vain тщетно, напрасно
valley ['væli] *n* долина
valuable ['væljuəbl] *a* ценный
vast [vɑ:st] *a* огромный
velvet ['velvɪt] *n* бархат
verdict ['vɜ:dɪkt] *n* приговор
verify ['verɪfaɪ] *v* проверять, подтверждать
vice [vaɪs] *n* тиски
victim ['vɪktɪm] *n* жертва
vile [vaɪl] *a* низкий, подлый

W

wag [wæg] *v* вилять (хвостом)
waist [weɪst] *n* талия
wander ['wɒndə] *v* идти, брести, бродить
warn [wɔ:n] *v* предупреждать
washbasin ['wɒʃbeɪsn] *n* раковина, умывальник
wasteful ['weɪstfʊl] *a* расточительный
waste-paper basket мусорная корзина
wet [wet] *a* влажный
wheel [wi:l] *n* колесо
whistle ['wɪsl] *v* свистеть
widow ['wɪdəʊ] *n* вдова

wig [wɪɡ] *n* парик

wind-screen [ˈwɪndskri:n] *n* ветровое стекло

wise [waɪz] *a* осведомленный, мудрый

wit [wɪt] *n* остроумие

witness [ˈwɪtnəs] *n* свидетельство, свидетель

bear witness свидетельствовать, давать показания

wonder [ˈwʌndə] *v* удивляться

I wonder интересно

worth [wɜ:θ] *a* стоящий

be worth стоить, заслуживать

wrap [ræp] *v* обертывать, заворачивать; окутывать

wrinkle [ˈrɪŋkl] *n* морщина

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