

Цена 19 коп.

The Citadel

УЧПЕДГИЗ
1963

THE CITADEL

ЦИТАДЕЛЬ

(по роману А. Кронина)

*Адаптация, комментарии и словарь
Г. И. Иткиса*

ПОСОБИЕ ДЛЯ УЧАЩИХСЯ
Х КЛАССА

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<i>Abbey</i>	[æbi]	Эбби
<i>Andrew Manson</i>	[ændru: 'mænsən]	Эндрю Мэнсон
<i>Annie</i>	[æni]	Энни
<i>Bramwell</i>	[bræmwel]	Брамуэл
<i>Catherine Sutton</i>	[kæθərɪn 'sʌtən]	Кэтрин Сэттон
<i>Charles Ivory</i>	[tʃa:rlz 'aivəri]	Чарльз Айвери
<i>Chenkin</i>	[tʃenkin]	Ченкин
<i>Christine Barlow</i>	[krɪsti:n 'ba:lou]	Кристин Барлоу
<i>Con Bolland</i>	[kən 'bə:lənd]	Кон Болланд
<i>Cramb</i>	[kræmb]	Кремб
<i>Denny</i>	[denni]	Денни
<i>Edward Page</i>	[edwə:d 'peidʒ]	Эдвард Пейдж
<i>Ehrlich</i>	[erlɪk]	Эрлих
<i>Emrys Hughes</i>	[emris 'hju:z]	Эмрис Хьюз
<i>Everett</i>	[evərt]	Эверетт
<i>Foy</i>	[fɔɪ]	Фой
<i>Frances Lawrence</i>	[frænsɪs 'lɔ:rəns]	Фрэнсис Лоренс
<i>Freddie Hampton</i>	[fredɪ 'hæmptən]	Фредди Хэмтон
<i>Griffiths</i>	[grɪfiθs]	Гриффитс
<i>Hope</i>	[houp]	Хоуп
<i>Idris Howells</i>	[ɪdrɪs 'haʊəlz]	Идрис Хаузлс
<i>Joe Morgan</i>	[dʒoʊ 'mɔ:gən]	Джо Морган
<i>John</i>	[dʒən]	Джон
<i>Koch</i>	[kɔ:k]	Кох
<i>Lewis</i>	[lu:is]	Льюис
<i>Llewellyn</i>	[lu:'elɪn]	Луэллин
<i>Lorier</i>	[lɔ:rɪə]	Лориер
<i>Louis Pasteur</i>	[lu:is pa:s'tə:]	Луи Пастер
<i>Lowry</i>	[lauri]	Лаури
<i>Medley</i>	[medli]	Медли
<i>Owen</i>	[ou:n]	Оуэн
<i>Oxborrow</i>	[oks'bə:roʊ]	Оксборо
<i>Paul Freedman</i>	[pɔ:l 'frɪ:dman]	Поль Фридман
<i>Philip</i>	[fɪlɪp]	Филипп

Rees	[ri:z]	Рис
Richard Stillman	[ˈritʃəd ˈstɪlmən]	Ричард Стилмен
Roy	[rɔɪ]	Рой
Sam Bevan	[ˈsæm ˈbi:vn]	Сэм Бивен
Schmidt	[ʃmit]	Шмидт
Sherrington	[ˈʃerɪŋtən]	Шеррингтон
Thornton	[ˈθɔ:nən]	Торнтон
Thoroughgood	[ˈθʌrəgʊd]	Сороугуд
Urquhart	[ˈɜ:kət]	Экхарт
Vidler	[ˈvɪdlə]	Видлер
Watkins	[ˈwɔ:tɪnz]	Уоткинс
Williams	[ˈwɪljəmz]	Уильямс

BOOK I

BLAENELLY¹

I. Andrew Manson Arrives in Blaenelly

Late one October afternoon in the year 1921 a young man looked through the window of a third-class compartment in a train running to South Wales.² All that day Manson had travelled from the North to the place of his first job. It was already dark when the train came to Blaenelly. He had arrived at last. Taking his bag Andrew Manson left the train and walked quickly down the platform. There was nobody on the platform. Only an old yellow-faced man stood waiting there.

"Are you Doctor Page's new assistant?" he said when Manson approached him.

"That's right. Manson. Andrew Manson is my name."

"I'm Doctor Page's coachman. I'm here to meet you."

On the way to the doctor's house he told Andrew that Page's last assistant had gone ten days before, and that the assistants didn't usually stay long.

"Why?" Andrew tried to smile.

"The work is too hard for one thing,³ I think."

"And for another?"⁴

"You'll see it yourself."

They were driving through the town. At last they stopped at the door of a house. The next minute Andrew

¹ Blaenelly [ˈblænəlɪ] — Бленелли

² South Wales [ˈsauθ ˈwelz] — Южный Уэльс

³ for one thing — с одной стороны

⁴ and for another — а с другой

was in the hall welcomed by a short, plump, smiling woman of about forty¹ with a shining face and bright twinkling eyes.

"Well! Well! This must be Doctor Manson," she said "Come in, my dear, come in. I'm Doctor's wife, Mrs. Page. I'm pleased to see you. Our last assistant was an awful man. I was simply happy to get rid of him.² But now you are here, and it's all right. I want you to see your room and to meet Doctor. I don't know if I said so in my letter, but Doctor hasn't been well for a few weeks."

Andrew looked at her in surprise.

"Oh, nothing serious," she went on quickly, before he could speak. "He'll soon be all right."

When they came into Doctor Page's bedroom, she said: "Here's Doctor Manson, Edward, our new assistant. He has come to say "how do you do"!"

Andrew saw an old man of about sixty. One half of his face and the left side of his body were paralysed.

Andrew felt a sudden fear. There was a strange silence.

"I hope you'll like it here,"³ Doctor Page was speaking slowly and with difficulty. "I think the work won't be too hard for you. You're young."

"I'm twenty-four, sir," Andrew answered. "This is my first job, but I'm not afraid of work."

Doctor Page said in a tired voice: "I hope you'll stay with us." He took a book from the table beside his bed and began to read, and Andrew understood that the conversation was over.

When Andrew went down to supper, he thought about what had happened. In the letters, written to him by

Mrs. Page she had said nothing about Doctor Page's illness. But Page was ill. He would not be able to work for months. Andrew was young, strong and had nothing against the work he would have to do for the doctor. But to work alone with practically no experience...

Mrs. Page was already in the dining-room. The servant, Annie by name, brought in a hot beefsteak, a bottle of beer and a cup of milk for Mrs. Page, while Manson ate a small piece of cold meat and drank cold water.

"I must watch my diet,"¹ she explained. "It is the blood."² She began telling him about her troubles: Doctor Page's illness and the bad assistants they had had. "The way we work here in Blaenelly is like this:³ The Company⁴ has three doctors on the list, and each worker chooses the doctor he likes best, and the Company takes a certain sum from every worker's wages and pays that money to the doctors. The more patients the doctor has, the more money the Company pays him. I have to keep the manager sweet.⁵ Doctor Page is of course the cleverest doctor in Blaenelly. You only remember that you are working for Doctor Page."

"I think I understand how the system works," said Andrew and got up.

"Well," she said and rose too. "By the way, there is a call for Number 7,⁶ Glydar Street. You better go there at once."

¹ I must watch my diet — Я должна соблюдать диету

² It is the blood. — У меня малокровие.

³ The way we work in Blaenelly is like this — В Блэнелли работают так

⁴ The Company — зд правление рудника

⁵ I have to keep the manager sweet — Мне приходится давать взятки управляющим

⁶ By the way, there is a call for Number 7 — Между прочим, есть вызов в дом № 7

¹ of about forty — лет сорока

² to get rid of him — избавиться от него

³ you'll like it here — вам здесь понравится

2. The First Steps

Andrew went out to the call immediately. He was glad to leave the house and Mrs. Page. Yes, it was a strange situation and very different from the romantic picture he had imagined. Yet, he wanted to begin his work. "My work is the most important thing for me now," he said to himself. "Everything else is of no importance."¹

He reached 7 Glydar Street.

The patient was a young woman, wife of a worker named Williams. Andrew approached the bed with a fast beating heart. He was alone here. No one could help him to diagnose and to treat the patient. He examined her very attentively. It was clear to him that the case was serious. But what was it?

"Did she have a chill?"² he asked, looking at the floor.

"Yes," her husband answered. "Three or four days ago. I'm sure it was a chill, Doctor."

Andrew was not at all sure,³ but he asked the husband to come to the Doctor's house in half an hour to take a bottle of medicine for his wife. In his heart he knew⁴ it was not a chill. What was it? Did he make a mistake?

He returned home quickly to prepare the medicine. He had just finished the mixture when the door opened and a red-faced man came in, followed by a dog.

"I saw a light in your window," the man said, "and decided to look in to welcome you. You are the new assistant, aren't you? I'm Philip Denny, Doctor Lewis' assistant." He looked at the bottle in Andrew's hands, read the address and the directions, and said smiling ironically:

¹ Everything else is of no importance. — Все остальное не имеет значения.

² to have a chill — простудиться

³ Andrew was not at all sure — Эндрю совсем не был в этом уверен

⁴ in his heart he knew — в глубине души он знал

"Oh, that's wonderful. You have begun the good work already!" And Denny suddenly began laughing.

Andrew stared at him doubtfully.

There was a silence. Then Denny went on:

"Why have you come here?"

Andrew felt he was angry. He said grimly:

"My idea was to turn this town into a spa, you know."

Again Denny laughed. His laugh was an insult, and Andrew felt he wanted to strike him.

"Look here, Manson!" Denny's voice was now quite serious. "You must know one or two things about this place. This is a bad place for medical practice. There's no hospital, no ambulance, no X-rays, no anything. If you have to do an operation, you use the kitchen table. In a dry summer the children die like flies with typhoid.¹ Page was a good old doctor, but he'll never work again. Lewis, my boss, is interested only in money. Bramwell knows nothing. I think that's almost all." He called the dog. At the door he stopped, "By the way, Manson. Be careful with the woman in Glydar Street. It may be typhoid,² too." And before Andrew could answer, Doctor Philip Denny disappeared.

3. Work Has Begun

Andrew slept badly that night. He thought about the woman in Glydar Street. Was it really typhoid? Many times during the night he had to keep himself from getting up and running there.

He remembered his parents. His father was a small farmer. He was killed in the last year of the war. Soon his mother fell ill and died when he was in the first course at the University. He was alone in the world. He

¹ die... with typhoid — умирают от брюшного тифа

² It may be typhoid — Возможно, что у нее брюшной тиф

had no money to live on and he had to borrow fifty pounds a year from the University to keep himself alive.¹ At last he graduated and was awarded a Gold Medal and now working here he had to pay his debt. Yes, he would work. But he knew so little! Again and again he thought about his work, about Denny's words and about the woman in Glydar Street.

In the morning he went there at once. Twenty minutes later he came out of Number 7 Glydar Street and went to Number 11. From Number 11 he crossed the street to Number 18. He made seven calls and in five of them he found cases of typhoid. It was clear to him that an epidemic was beginning. So Denny had been right. He decided he must speak to Doctor Page.

Page listened to him with his eyes closed, not moving, and then said after a long pause:

"It has always been difficult. We've no hospital. Try to ring up Griffiths. He lives fifteen miles from here. He's our District Medical Officer."²

Another pause longer than before. "But I'm afraid he won't help much."

Andrew hurried down to the telephone.

"Hello, Hello! Is that Doctor Griffiths?"

"Who wants him?" a man's voice answered.

"This is Manson of Blaenelly. Doctor Page's assistant. We have five cases of typhoid here. I want Doctor Griffiths to come to Blaenelly immediately."

There was a long pause. Then the voice said quickly:

"I'm very sorry, Doctor, but Doctor Griffiths has gone to Swansea³ on important business."

"When will he come back?" shouted Manson, but the other had rung off quietly.

¹ to keep himself alive — чтобы не умереть с голода

² District Medical Officer — Окружной врачебный инспектор

³ Swansea [swɔːnsɪ] — название города

"Damn it!"¹ cried Andrew. "I think that was Griffiths himself."

He rang the number again and again, but it was no good.²

"You'll never find Doctor Griffiths at this time of the day, Doctor," said Annie, who was also in the hall. "He goes to play golf at Swansea. And even if he doesn't go, he says that he has gone."

Andrew flew into a rage.³ But what could he do? He visited his cases once more. At last, though he hated Denny and his insulting tone, he decided to go to him. After all it was Denny who put him on the thing.⁴

Denny was surprised to see him.

"Well," he said. "Killed anybody?"

Andrew reddened with anger and with a great effort he said:

"You were right. It was typhoid. I ought to be shot⁵ for not recognizing it. I have got five cases of typhoid. I rang up the Medical Officer, but couldn't get anything out of him.⁶ I've come to ask your advice."

"I also have four cases of typhoid. And in the same place as yours. I think the trouble comes from the well in Glydar Street."

Andrew looked at him with wide-open eyes. He was almost happy now because he knew where the centre of the epidemic was.

"You see," Denny went on, "the sewer of the town is old and broken in many places, and that infects the water in the wells. I have told Griffiths about that. But this lazy animal doesn't even want to listen to me. Last

¹ Damn it! — Проклятие!

² it was no good — безрезультатно

³ flew into a rage — рассвирепел

⁴ who put him on the thing — натолкнул его на мысль (о тифе)

⁵ I ought to be shot — Меня убить мало

⁶ couldn't get anything out of him — не мог добиться от него толку

time I rang him up and said I'd break his neck the next time I met him."

Andrew got up from his seat.

"I thank you very much for the information. Now it's much simpler. From now on¹ every drop of the water they use in Glydar Street will be boiled."

"It is Griffiths who ought to be boiled," Denny smiled. "Well, Manson, come and see me any time you like."

From Denny's house Manson went straight to Glydar Street to his patients to leave the important instructions about the boiling of the water, the disinfection and isolation of the patients, and returning home he realized that he did not hate Denny so much as he had thought.

4. An Explosion at Night

All that month Andrew worked from early morning till late at night. He loved his work. His patients were already almost well. The results of his work were even better than those of Denny's. The epidemic was coming to an end.

On the tenth of November Denny suddenly rang him up.

"Manson! I'd like to see you. Can you come to my place at three o'clock? It's important."

"Very well. I'll be there!"

On the way to Denny's house he saw Doctor Bramwell.

"Ah, Manson, my boy! I'm so glad to see you."

Andrew smiled. Doctor Bramwell, unlike Lewis,² had been friendly towards Manson all that month. "Of course, we have all heard of your work with the typhoid cases. Blaenelly is proud of you, my dear boy. You must come to see us one evening."

Andrew promised to come.

When Andrew entered Denny's room, he saw immediately that something was wrong with Denny. He was very sad. After a moment he looked up.

"One of my patients, a boy, died this morning," he said coldly. "And besides, I have two new typhoid cases. What shall we do?"

Andrew stood at the door, hardly knowing what to say.

"We have to do something about it," he began. "We must write to the Ministry of Health."¹

"We could write a dozen letters but it won't help much, I tell you. No! There's only one way to make them build a new sewer."

"How?"

"Blow up the old one. And let's do it tonight!"

"But there will be a lot of trouble if it becomes known."

Denny looked up angrily.

"You needn't take part in it if you don't want to."

"I'll go with you," Andrew answered. He understood it was a crime, a dangerous game with the police. They might even strike him off² at the very beginning of his beautiful career. Yet, he himself did not know why he could not refuse.

At eleven o'clock that night Denny and he started in the direction of Glydar Street. It was very dark. There was nobody in the street. The town was sleeping. The two men moved quietly. In the pocket of his coat Denny had six small boxes of dynamite; each box had a hole in it, and a fuse. There was an electric torch in Andrew's hand.

Soon they reached the first manhole of the sewer in Glydar Street. Andrew's heart was beating fast. It was very difficult for them to open the cover, but after a short

¹ From now on — С сегодняшнего дня

² unlike Lewis — не в пример Льюису

¹ Ministry of Health — Министерство здравоохранения

² strike him off — лишить звания врача

struggle it was done. Andrew took the electric torch out of his pocket. They saw a dirty stream running on the broken stone floor.

"Nice, isn't it?" Denny whispered. "Take a look at the terrible holes in the floor. Take a last look, Manson. People are dying because of this, but the Council doesn't want to do anything."

No more was said. Andrew's hands trembled, but he worked quickly. They set fire to¹ the fuses, then threw the boxes one by one² into the dirty stream, put the manhole cover back in its place and ran into the darkness.

They heard an explosion, two, three, four, five and the last.

"By God!"³ Andrew shouted. "We have done it, Denny." He felt it was the best moment in his life. He almost loved the other man now. There was a singing triumph in Andrew's blood. They saw people running out of their houses and started walking home by the back ways.⁴

The construction of the new sewer was begun in Blaenelly on the following Monday.

5. The School-teacher

Three months passed. Little by little Andrew got used to this strange town, surrounded by the mountains, and to the people most of whom worked in the mines. The town was full of mines, factories, churches and small dirty, old houses. There was no theatre, not even a cinema the workers could go to after work. But Andrew liked the people. They spoke little and worked much. They liked football, and what was more interesting, they were fond

of music, good classical music. He often heard the sound of a piano, coming from this or that house.

It was clear to Andrew now, that Doctor Page would never see a patient again. Manson did all the work, and Mrs. Page received all the money. She paid out to Manson less than one sixth of that — twenty pounds and sixteen shillings a month. Almost all of it Andrew sent to the University to pay his debt. But at that time the question of money was not important to him. He had a few shillings in his pocket to buy cigarettes and he had his work, and that was more than enough for him. He had to work hard and to think much for he saw now that the professors at his University had given him very little to know about practical medicine.

He thought about all that walking in the direction of Riskin Street. There in Number 3 he found a small boy of nine years of age ill with measles.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Howells," Andrew said to the boy's mother. "But you must keep Idris home from school."¹ (Idris was Mrs. Howells' other son.)

"But Miss Barlow says he may come to school."

"Oh? Who is Miss Barlow?"

"She is the teacher."

"Miss Barlow has no right to let him come to school when his brother has measles," Andrew said angrily.

Five minutes later he entered a classroom of the school. A very young woman of about twenty or twenty-two was writing something on the blackboard. She turned to him.

"Are you Miss Barlow?"

"Yes." Her large brown eyes were looking at him friendly.

"Are you Doctor Page's new assistant?"

Andrew reddened suddenly.

¹ keep from school — не пускать в школу

¹ set fire to — поджечь

² one by one — один за другим

³ By God — О, господи!

⁴ by the back ways — окольными путями

"Yes," he said, "I'm Doctor Manson. You know Idris' brother has measles and so Idris must not be here."

"Yes, I know, but the family is so poor and Mrs. Howells is so busy. If Idris stays at home, he won't get his cup of milk. And, Doctor Manson, most of the children here have had measles already."

"And what about the others? You must send that boy home at once."

"Well, Doctor," she interrupted him suddenly. "Don't you understand that I'm the teacher of this class and here it's my word that counts?"¹

"You can't have him here, Miss Barlow. If you don't send him home at once, I'll have to report you."

"Then report me, or have me arrested² if you like." She quickly turned to the class. "Stand up, children, and say: "Good-bye, Doctor Manson. Thank you for coming."

Before Andrew could say a word the door closed quietly in his face.³

6. The Party at Bramwell's

Manson tried to forget about that episode. He decided he had been wrong. But he could not so easily forget Miss Christine Barlow. He tried to imagine what she might think of him. He knew he was shy and awkward with women. He did not ask himself if she was beautiful. He still saw her brown eyes warm with indignation⁴ and her thin small figure.

Two weeks later he met Mrs. Bramwell in the street and she invited him to a social party she was giving on

Saturday. When she told him that among others Christine Barlow had been invited, he agreed at once.

"Why, of course, I'll come, Mrs. Bramwell," he smiled foolishly. "Thank you for asking me."

Mrs. Bramwell's "evening" began at nine o'clock. For a full ten minutes Andrew dared not look at Christine. Hardly knowing what he said he began to talk to Mrs. Watkins, who was sitting at the table next to him. He was almost happy when all of them rose from the table and Mr. Bramwell invited them to the drawing-room. In the drawing-room when everybody was comfortably seated, Mrs. Bramwell played the piano and Doctor Bramwell sang several songs. The guests applauded heartily, all laughed and talked gayly and thanked the actors.

By that time it was after eleven o'clock, and the guests prepared to leave. Putting on his coat Andrew thought that he had not said a word to Christine during the whole evening.

He went out and stood at the gate waiting. He felt that he must speak to her. Though she had not seemed to look at him, she had been there, near him, in the same room, and he had looked foolishly upon his boots.

At last she came down the steps and walked towards him, alone. He gathered all his strength and stammered: "Miss Barlow, may I see you home?"

"I'm afraid —" she paused. "I've promised to wait for Mr. and Mrs. Watkins."

His heart sank. He wanted to turn away, yet something held him. His face was pale as he began:

"I only want to say that I'm sorry about that talk. What you did about the boy was quite right. I admire you for it. I am sorry to bother you with all this, but I had to say it. Good night!"

He could not see her face, and did not wait for her answer. He started walking down the road. For the first time in many days he felt happy.

¹ here it's my word that counts — зд. здесь я хозяйка

² have me arrested — пусть меня арестуют

³ in his face — зд. у него перед носом

⁴ warm with indignation — горячие негодованием

7. He Called Her Christine!

Almost four months passed. Now there were over seventy more men on "Doctor Page's list"¹ than there had been before Manson's arrival. It had greatly enlarged Mrs. Page's income, but now she was afraid that Manson could be taken "on the list" by the Company instead of Doctor Page. This problem troubled her very much.

Andrew knew nothing about it. He felt lonely there. He had never thought seriously of love. At the University he had been poor, badly dressed and too busy with his studies and examinations to come much in contact with the other sex.² Now in Blaenelly he tried to be careful with his rising feelings towards Christine. He tried coldly to examine Christine's defects. She was not beautiful, her figure was too small and thin. Besides she probably hated him. On the other hand³ he was only an assistant, he had to work much and to think only of his work.

But try as he would⁴ he could not get Christine out of his heart. He had not seen her since that "evening". What did she think of him? Did she ever think of him?

Then on Saturday, May 25, when he had almost given up all hope to see her, he received a note from her.

Dear Doctor Manson,

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are coming to supper with me tomorrow, Sunday evening. If you have nothing better to do, would you come too? Half past seven.

Christine Barlow.

He could not believe his eyes. On the following evening he went there. It was Christine herself who opened the door for him, her face welcoming, smiling towards

him. Yes, she was smiling. And he had thought she disliked him!

They sat down.

"Mr. and Mrs. Watkins will be a little late," she said. "Do you mind waiting a few minutes?"

Mind! A few minutes! If she only knew how he had waited all those days, how wonderful it was to be here with her. He looked round the room. Everything was so simple and beautiful. She noticed his look and smiled again. His interest was so great that he forgot his awkwardness and began to ask her about herself.

She answered him simply. She had no family now. Her mother had died when she was fifteen. Her father and her only brother John, worked as engineers in a mine at that time. Five years later, when she became a teacher, her father and John began working in a mine twenty miles from Blaenelly. Six months after their arrival there was an explosion in the mine. John was killed. Her father, hearing of it, had immediately gone down into the mine and was also killed. A week later his body and John's were brought out together.

When she finished, there was a silence.

"I'm sorry," Andrew said.

"People were kind to me. I got this job at school here."

They talked much that evening. Andrew told her how it was difficult for him to work, that the doctors often treated their patients, who believed in them, with "good old water" instead of medicine and that the doctors knew little and did not want to learn, and of many such things. And he saw Christine deeply interested in everything he was saying.

Then the Watkinses came. The evening passed quickly. Christine accompanied him to the door. She was so different from anyone he had ever known, with her quietness, her dark clever eyes.

¹ on "Doctor Page's list" — в «Списке доктора Пейджа»

² to come much in contact with the other sex — чтобы часто встречаться с девушками

³ on the other hand — с другой стороны

⁴ try as he would — как он ни старался

"I can't thank you enough¹ for inviting me. Please, can I see you again, Christine?"

Her eyes smiled at him. Oh, how he wanted to kiss her. But he only pressed her hand, turned and ran down the steps. Oh, she was a wonderful girl. How well she had understood him when he spoke of the difficulties in his work. She was clever, cleverer than he. And he called her Christine!

* * *

Christine now occupied his thoughts more than ever. He felt happy, hopeful. He wanted to work, to learn, to be scientific,² to be worthy of Christine. But his cases were uninteresting: small wounds, cut fingers, colds in the head.³

One day at six o'clock in the morning Anny woke him up and gave him a letter. It was from Doctor Bramwell:

Come at once to Emrys Hughes' place. I want you to help me to diagnose a dangerous case.

He found Doctor Bramwell in the front room.

"Hughes has gone mad,"⁴ Bramwell said. "We'll have to send him to the hospital in Pontynewdd.⁵ That means two signatures on the certificate — yours and mine."

"Why do you think he's mad?" Manson asked.

"He wanted to kill his wife with a knife this night. He talks nonsense. It's clear, I think."

"Well, I'll take a look at him."

Emrys Hughes was in bed; two strong young workers were sitting beside him. His face was pale and swollen.

¹ I can't thank you enough — Не знаю как вас и благодарить

² to be scientific — быть ученым (следовать научным принципам)

³ colds in the head — простуды

⁴ ...has gone mad — сошел с ума

⁵ the hospital in Pontynewdd — [ˈpɒntnju:d] — больница для умалишенных

His eyes were closed. Andrew spoke to him, but the answer was quite unintelligible.

A silence followed. Andrew thought hard. Why did Emrys talk like this? Supposing the man had gone mad, but why? Why is the face swollen? Andrew pressed his finger to Emrys' face and noticed that the swelling did not pit.¹ Why?

And suddenly his heart jumped! He had it, oh, yes, he had it.² No, no, he must not hurry! He must be careful, be sure! He examined Emrys again. Yes, he was right!

Rising, he went to the room where Doctor Bramwell was waiting for him.

"Look here, Bramwell! I don't think this man must be sent to Pontynewdd."

"Wh-What?" Bramwell was so astonished that he could not speak. "But he has gone mad!"

"I don't think so," Andrew answered. "I feel it is a thyroid gland disease.³ Well, let us see. You know Pontynewdd. If Hughes gets there, he'll never get out. We can help him here."

"Why, Doctor," Bramwell stammered, "I don't see —"

"Doctor Bramwell, imagine what the people will think and say about you, if you get him well again.⁴ I'll ask Mrs. Hughes to come here. She is crying her eyes out,⁵ because she thinks Emrys is going away. You can tell her we are going to try some new medicine."

Emrys was not sent anywhere and the treatment began. Two weeks later he was out of bed, and at the end of the month he was back at his work. And though Doctor Bramwell walked about the town proudly now, everybody

¹ the swelling did not pit — ямки от пальца не осталось

² He had it! — Понятно!

³ thyroid-gland disease — заболевание щитовидной железы.

⁴ if you get him well again — если вы его вылечите

⁵ she is crying her eyes out — она выплакала все глаза

in Blaenelly knew the name of the man who had really saved the poor worker's life and the good name.

8. Freddie Hampton

In July a Conference of the British Medical Union was held in Cardiff. Andrew was not a member of the Union, as he could not pay the five-guinea subscription¹ but he watched the Conference with great interest, reading what was said about it in the newspapers. At that time he received a letter from his friend Freddie Hampton. They had studied together at the University and when Andrew began working in Blaenelly, he sent Freddie a letter, telling him his present address. Now Freddie, who was, of course, a member of the Union, asked Manson to come to Cardiff on Saturday evening and have dinner together.

He showed the letter to Christine.

"Will you come with me? It's only an hour and a half in the train. We'll see something of the Conference and I want you to meet Hampton."

She nodded.

"I'll come with pleasure."

On Saturday at half past four, after a short and very unpleasant conversation with Mrs. Page, who did not want to let him go, Andrew met Christine and they took the train for Cardiff.

Andrew was in high spirits.² All the way there he looked at her and talked gayly. Their friendship was wonderful, he thought. But he wanted more than that. He wanted to take her in his arms, to feel her close to him. He wanted to tell her that he loved her, to ask her if she would marry him. He saw now, that this was the

only solution for them. But he decided he would speak to her in the train on the way home.

"Oh, we'll have a good time together," he said. Freddie's a good chap, Christine. You'll like him."

The train ran into Cardiff at a quarter past six. Freddie had promised to meet them at half past six at the hotel, but he was not there. They had to wait for him for rather a long time. They stood there, looking at the doctors and their wives, who were talking and laughing all around them. At last Freddie arrived and ran up to them with a wide smile.

"Hello, Hello! Here you are!¹ Sorry I'm late! It's good to see you again, Andrew. Still the same old Manson. Ha! Ha! Why don't you buy yourself a new hat, my boy?" He looked at Christine. "Introduce me, old man! What are you thinking about? Let's have a drink." And they sat down at one of the round tables.

He was a little conceited, perhaps, but good-natured and made friends² easily. One of the teachers at the University had told him at a lesson one day: "You know nothing, Mr. Hampton. But still, if you graduate from this University, I'm sure you'll have a great and shining future."

"I'd never have thought," Hampton went on, "that old Manson would have buried himself³ in Blaenelly."

Christine did not like those words and Hampton saw it.

"Well, what do you think of the Conference?" he asked

"It's a good way of keeping up-to-date,"⁴ Andrew answered.

"Up-to-date!" Hampton laughed. "I have been to none

¹ Here you are! — А вот и вы!

² ...made friends — сходился с людьми

³ I'd never have thought ... would have buried ['berid] himself — Никогда бы не поверил, что Мэнсон похоронит себя заживо

⁴ of keeping up-to-date — идти в ногу с прогрессом

¹ the five-guinea subscription — вступительный взнос в 5 гиней

² Andrew was in high spirits. — У Эндрю было чудесное настроение.

of their meetings this week! It's the contacts that matter!¹
We play golf together now but it means business!"

"I don't quite understand you, Freddie," Manson said.

"Why, it's very simple. I'll send them patients and they'll send patients to me. You know how it happens. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."² Sometimes it is even useful to make friends with doctors who live and work in the country like you, old man."

Christine looked quickly at Hampton but did not say a word. And Hampton went on, "Money! This is the only thing that matters!" He only smiled when Manson tried to talk about real work and science.

At a quarter to ten Christine got up.

"Isn't it our train time?"³ she asked.

Hampton accompanied them to the door.

Andrew and Christine walked along the streets in silence.

"Didn't you like Freddie?" he began.

"No! All evening he put himself above you,⁴ patronized you."

"Patronized me? I don't think so. We were great friends at the University. We had digs together."⁵

"Probably he found you useful to him. You helped him."

"No, Chris, don't..." he protested unhappily.

"Yes, yes," insisted Christine. "He had ruined our little evening together. It was so lovely before he came and started talking about himself and the money business.

¹ It's contacts that matter! — Связь — вот что важно! см. ниже: This is the only thing that matters. — Только это важно.

² You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. — Пословица (приблизительно соответствует): Рука руку моет.

³ Isn't it our train time? — Не пора ли на поезд?

⁴ he put himself above you — он вел себя с вами высокомерно

⁵ We had digs together. — Мы вместе зубрили.

And we could have gone to a wonderful concert. Now we've missed it."

It was late when they reached Blaenelly and Christine looked very tired. It was the first time he had seen Christine angry. And he was angry too: angry with himself, with Hampton — yes, with Christine. Yet she was right when she said that the evening had been ruined. He could not speak to her about his feelings now. He saw her home and unhappily wished her good night.

9. Real Work at Last

Though it was midnight when Andrew reached home, he found a worker, Joe Morgan by name, waiting for him there.

"I'm glad to see you, doctor," he said. "It has begun. Can you come to help my wife?" Joe Morgan had been married for nearly twenty years, but they had no children. Now at the age of forty-four Mrs. Morgan was going to have a baby. Of course it was a serious case and it was pleasant for Andrew to think that Joe Morgan asked *him* for help. So without entering his room, he turned and walked quickly in the direction of Joe's house.

It was a long and difficult struggle. Only when morning came, was the child born, but it was lifeless. When he looked at the body of the child and at the mother who was almost as lifeless as the child, horror passed over Andrew.¹ He did not know what to do first, either to try and revive the baby or to save the woman. Instinctively he gave the child to the old midwife, standing at his side, and turned to Mrs. Morgan who was almost dead now. After a few minutes, when her heart strengthened²

¹ horror passed over Andrew — Эндрю охватил ужас

² when her heart strengthened — когда ее сердце забилось сильнее

and he saw that he could leave her, he again turned to the old woman.

"Where's the child?"

She looked frightened. She had already put the little body under the bed.

In a flash¹ Andrew pulled out the child. The body was still warm.

"Bring me hot water and cold water," he cried out to the old woman. "And two basins. Quick! Quick!"

"But, Doctor..."

"QUICK!" he shouted.

The basins and the water arrived. He filled one basin with icy cold and the other with very hot water and hurried the child between the two.²

Fifteen minutes passed. Sweat was now running into Andrew's eyes. He was wet through, but the child was as lifeless in his hands as before. He took a towel and began to rub the white body, crushing and releasing the little chest.³

Half an hour passed. And then suddenly he felt the chest give a little move. Another... And another. Andrew almost went mad. He went on and on. And then suddenly came the child's cry.

"Dear Father in Heaven,"⁴ the old woman cried, "it has come — it has come alive!"⁵

Andrew gave her the child. He felt weak. His lips were dry. Slowly he went to the kitchen and took a long drink of water. Then he put on his hat and coat.

"I'll come again later," he said and went out. In the street Joe Morgan was standing.

¹ In a flash — В одно мгновение

² hurried the child between the two — стал быстро опускать ребенка то в один, то в другой газ

³ crushing and releasing the little chest — то сдавливая, то опуская маленькую грудку

⁴ Dear Father in Heaven! — Отец небесный!

⁵ It has come alive — Он ожил



"All right, Joe," Andrew said. "Both all right."

It was quite light now. A few miners were already in the street. "I've done something," he thought. "Oh, I've done something real at last."

* * *

Two weeks later Joe Morgan came to see Manson.

"Well, Doctor. No money can pay for what you have done for us. You know we are leaving for South Africa¹ now. But my wife and I want to make you this little present before we go."

And he handed Andrew a five-guinea cheque. Andrew tried to refuse it, but looking up into the man's face he understood that he had no right to refuse.

Up till now he had no money of his own. All he received from Mrs. Page he sent to the University to pay his debt.

The next Tuesday passing the Bank he decided to come in. It was pleasant for him to feel that he had his own money. He wanted to open an account with Joe's present.²

In the bank he saw Mr. Rees whom he had often met at Mrs. Page's. Mr. Rees seemed a little surprised when he saw the cheque in Andrew's hand.

"Do you want to open an account in your own name?" Rees asked, looking at Manson suspiciously.

"Why — of course."

"All right, all right, Doctor," Mr. Rees smiled. "I only wanted to make sure."³

Manson came out of the bank, asking himself what that man meant. But several days later he found an answer to the question.

¹ South Africa [ˈsaʊθ ˈæfrɪkə] — Южная Африка

² with Joe's present — деньгами, которые ему подарил Джо

³ to make sure — убедиться

10. "Doctor Manson! I Want You."

Several days later Andrew came home late in the evening. He was very tired. That week he had to work not only for Doctor Page, but also for Denny (Denny had fallen ill and Manson wanted to help him and do the work for him). As he entered the house, he at once heard Mrs. Page's voice.

"Is that you, Doctor? Doctor Manson! I want you!"¹

Andrew ignored her call and prepared to go upstairs to his own room, but at that moment she ran into the hall herself.

"Are you deaf? Didn't you hear me say I wanted you?"

Andrew turned round. Her face was unusually pale, her eyes were looking at him wildly.

"What is it?"² he asked.

"What is it?"¹ she cried. "I like that! It's me that wants to ask you,³ my fine Doctor Manson!"

She showed him a sheet of paper. He saw it was Joe Morgan's cheque.

"Oh, I see you recognized it!" she went on. "You better tell us quickly how you banked it in your own name, when it's Doctor Page's money and you know it."

Andrew felt the blood rise behind his ears.⁴

"It's mine! Joe Morgan made me a present of it."

"A present? Ho! Ho! I like that. You said it because Joe is not here now."

"You can write to him to South Africa if you don't believe my word."

"No, I won't write anywhere! This shows what you are! You are a thief, that's what you are. A thief!"

¹ I want you — Вы мне нужны

² What is it? — В чем дело?

³ It's me that wants to ask you! — Это я хочу у вас спросить!

⁴ Felt the blood rise behind his ears — почувствовал, как кровь бросилась ему в голову

Andrew turned and saw Mr. Rees coming into the room. He understood everything. His hands clenched.¹

"Mrs. Page," he said with difficulty. "You've made a charge against me. If you don't take it back and apologize immediately, I'll sue you. And you, Mr. Rees, I believe that at the bank they will be interested to hear how you disclose your business.² I'm waiting, Mrs. Page."

"I — I only ..." Rees grew pale.

"I am waiting, Mrs. Page," Andrew repeated.

She understood she had gone too far. Andrew saw she was afraid. "Sue! Oh, it might cost a lot of money," she thought.

"I — I take it back," she stammered. "I apologize."

It was almost funny. But Andrew felt he could not stand it any longer. He said:

"Mrs. Page, I want to tell you only one or two things. I know that you get one thousand, five hundred pounds a year for the work, which I do for you here. You pay me only two hundred and fifty, and besides you have done your best to starve me. It may be interesting for you, also, that last week a deputation of workers spoke to the manager of the mine and then he invited me to put my name on the Company's list, but I refused, as I know that many patients will come to me from Doctor Page. No honest doctor would agree to that, but you can't understand it I am sure. And now, Mrs. Page, I'm so sick and tired of you,³ that I cannot stay here any longer. I give you a month's notice now."

She stared at him while he was speaking and then suddenly cried out:

"No, no! It isn't true. The Company will never put your name on the list. You are sacked! Talking to me like

that!¹ You are sacked. I said it first. Sacked, sacked, sacked —"

Suddenly the door opened and Doctor Page himself appeared, a strange weak figure, holding on to the door. Mrs. Page stopped dead in the middle of a word.

"What's the matter?" he asked slowly.

Mrs. Page at once began her speech against Manson. Andrew listened without saying a word.

"... And so and so I gave him his notice,"² she finished.

"You mean he's going?"³ Doctor Page asked trembling all over⁴ and trying hard to keep himself standing.

"Yes, Edward," she said. "You'll soon begin working yourself."

There was a long silence.

"No," Page said at last. "I'll never work again. You know that — all of you."

He said no more. Holding on to the wall, he turned slowly, and the door closed behind him without sound.

11. A New Job

So Andrew was to leave Blaenelly in a month. He began immediately to look for another position. He read all the advertisements in the newspapers and sent many applications to doctors who wanted an assistant, but by the end of the first week and of the second, he had received no answer to his applications. Andrew really began to worry. What was he to do? If he could not find another job, how was he to live? He had only two or

¹ Talking to me like that! — Разговаривать со мной в таком тоне!

² I gave him his notice — Я его уволила

³ You mean he's going? — Значит, он уходит?

⁴ trembling all over — дрожа всем телом

¹ His hands clenched. — Его пальцы сжались в кулаки.

² to disclose business — раскрывать секреты службы

³ I'm sick and tired of you — Вы мне так надоели

three pounds, no more. He had not even bought himself a new suit since coming to Blaenelly.

Christine was not in Blaenelly now; she had gone to her aunt's for the vacation, and would not return until the first week in September.

Three weeks passed and he almost lost all hope to find a job. On the evening of the thirtieth of August he met Denny in the street.

"I'm rather sorry you're going, Manson," he said. "I want to tell you something. I heard this afternoon that the Aberalaw Medical Society¹ is looking for a new assistant. It is thirty miles from here. Why don't you try?"

"Well, yes," Andrew agreed slowly. "I may try."

A few minutes later he walked home to write one more application.

On the sixth of September Andrew came to Aberalaw. The Aberalaw Medical Society was to select a new doctor out of seven candidates that had sent in their applications for this position. All of seven candidates had been asked to come.

From what he had seen of it² Andrew liked Aberalaw. It was much larger than Blaenelly, with good streets and shops, and even two cinemas.

When he came to the Aberalaw Medical Society, he saw the other six candidates. Oh, how he wished to get the position!

"But I'll never get it," he thought walking up and down the corridor.³ "Never, never, never. No, I couldn't be so lucky! What will Christine think of me if I don't get it?"

Andrew was the third to enter the room of the Com-

¹ the Aberalaw Medical Society — Общество медицинской помощи в Эберло

² From what he had seen of it — Насколько он успел рассмотреть

³ up and down the corridor — взад и вперед по коридору

mittee. About thirty miners filled the room. All of them were smoking and looking at him with interest.

At a small table in the middle of the room he saw Owen, the secretary, and Llewellyn, the head doctor. Owen, in a quiet voice, explained the conditions of work there. Then the miners asked Andrew many questions about his work and himself, and then he left the room and the next candidate went in and then the next.

It was over at last. All the candidates were waiting. The door opened and Owen invited Manson again.

"You see, Doctor Manson," he began, "the Committee has been very taken with you.¹ They want young, active men. Besides, we know something about you from the letters the Committee has got today. One is from Doctor Denny, the other is signed by Doctor Page, whose assistant you now are and the letters, I must say, made a very good impression on the Committee."

Andrew bit his lip when he understood what Denny had done for him.

"There is only one difficulty, Doctor Manson," Owen paused. "Our men want a married doctor who will come to their homes and families. And the house, Vale View,² we have here for the new doctor and his family is too large for one man."

Christine! Andrew could hardly breathe. He saw all of them looking at him, waiting for his answer. And without thinking he said calmly:

"Gentlemen, I have someone there in Blaenelly. I've—I've just been waiting for a good position — such as this — to get married."

All the workers began shouting merrily.

¹ The Committee has been very taken with you. — Вы произвели хорошее впечатление на комитет.

² Vale View [‘verl ‘vju:] — название дома (Дома в Англии часто имеют свои собственные имена)

"Good! Good enough, Doctor! Aberalaw is a fine place for an honeymoon!"¹

Owen's voice rose above the noise.

"So, you agree, gentlemen? When can you begin, Doctor Manson? The earlier the better."²

It was a moment of wild triumph for Andrew.

"I can start at the beginning of next week," Manson answered. Then he turned cold³ as he thought: "What if Christine doesn't love me? What if I lose her and this wonderful job as well?"⁴

Applause. They were all congratulating him, the workers, Llewellyn, Owen.

Half an hour later he was in an empty compartment of the train for Blaenelly. Christine! It was his only thought now. Has she come back from her aunt's already?

From the station he almost ran in the direction of her house. There was a light in the front room. Yes! It was Christine. She did not hear him open the door.

"Christine!"

She turned round with a little cry of surprise.

"Andrew! How nice of you to come!"⁵

He took both her hands in his. His heart was beating fast.

"Chris! I've got to tell you something."⁶

"What has happened? Again trouble with Mrs. Page?"

"Christine! I've got a new, a wonderful job. At Aberalaw. Five hundred a year, a hospital, and a house. A house, Christine! Oh, darling — Christine — could you — would you marry me?"

¹ a fine place for an honeymoon — замечательное место для медового месяца

² The earlier the better. — Чем скорее, тем лучше.

³ he turned cold — похолодел от страха

⁴ as well — тоже

⁵ How nice of you to come! — Как мило, что вы пришли!

⁶ I've got to tell you something. — Мне надо вам сказать кое-что.

She turned very pale.¹ She said weakly:

"And I thought you were going to tell me bad news."

"No, no, darling. If only you marry me, we can start there straight away!"²

Her lips were trembling, but her eyes smiled.

"Is it because of Aberalaw,³ or because of me?"

"It's you, Chris. Oh, you know I love you; but — but perhaps you don't love me."

As his arms went round her, she whispered:

"Oh, darling, darling. I've loved you since —" she smiled through her happy tears, "Oh, since I saw you walk into that classroom."

¹ She turned very pale. — Она сильно побледнела.

² We can start there straight away. — Мы можем сразу уехать туда.

³ Is it because of Aberalaw — Так это ради Эберло

BOOK II
VALE VIEW, ABERALAW

1. The New Home

Several days later a big old car stopped at Vale View in Aberalaw. Andrew opened the front door and led Christine into the rooms. They both stood in the middle of a large dining-room, happy, not knowing what to say.



"Well!" Christine said at last. "It's — it's nice, isn't it?"

"Yes, darling. It looks a lovely house."

They had been married that morning. This was their first home, the beginning of their life together. The house was large — three rooms downstairs and five upstairs. There was a little garden in front of the house.

They had hardly time to see all the rooms and the kitchen, when the phone rang in the empty hall. They looked at each other.

"Perhaps it's a call, Chris! Think of it! My first Aberalaw call!" He ran into the hall.

It was not a call, however, but Llewellyn, the head doctor.

"Hello, Manson. How are you? Don't be afraid. It isn't work.¹ I only wanted to be the first to welcome and congratulate you and your wife."

"Thanks, thanks, Doctor Llewellyn. It is very nice of you."

"Well, Doctor Manson; if you have nothing better to do tonight, come and have dinner with us, you and your wife. We'll be happy to see you both. We'll have a little talk together. All right? Good-bye, then."

Andrew turned to Christine.

"Well, Chris? The head doctor! An M. D.!² And he spoke so friendly. Believe me, Mrs. Manson, we are going to be a success here!"³ And putting his arm round her waist he began to dance with her round the hall.

* * *

The Llewellyns received them heartily. The dinner was wonderful. Doctor Llewellyn told Manson many things about his future work and about the doctors of Aberalaw. He told them how much he had to do himself and to help the doctors in their work. By the way he said that the doctors each paid him one-fifth of their incomes ("that's because I help them with their cases"). Andrew did not quite understand why the doctors should pay

¹ It isn't work. — Я звоню не по делу.

² M. D. = Doctor of Medicine — доктор медицинских наук

³ we are going to be a success here — здесь нас ждет большое будущее

Llewellyn but he felt it was not the time for him to discuss the question.

They returned home late. In the hall it was almost dark. When he had closed the door, he turned to where she waited for him. He could not see her eyes, but he felt she was smiling. He put his arm round her gently. He whispered strangely:

"What's your name, darling?"

"Christine," she answered in surprise.

"Christine... what?"

"Christine Manson." Her breath came quickly, quickly, and was warm upon his lips.

On Thursday morning Andrew left Vale View and went to the West Surgery to begin his work. A great joy filled him. He saw his work before him here, he would do his best to work well and honestly, and always follow his principle, the scientific method.

The West Surgery was not more than half a mile from his house. On the ground floor there was a large waiting-room and the dispensary. At the top were two consulting-rooms.

"Doctor Urquhart" was written on one door and "Doctor Manson" was freshly painted on the other.

Many people — a crowd in fact — were waiting for him in the surgery and he therefore decided to begin work immediately without even introducing himself, as he had thought, to Doctor Urquhart and to the dispenser.

The first patient was a miner who asked simply for a certificate. Andrew looked up astonished. Then the man showed him his leg. Andrew examined it, saw that the man was suffering from a professional disease and gave him a certificate.

The second man also asked for a certificate. Now it was nystagmus. Then came the third and the fourth: "Certificate! Certificate!"

Andrew got up. These certificate examinations took a

lot of time. He opened the door and asked: "How many more men for certificates? Stand up, please."

There were perhaps forty men in the waiting-room. They all stood up. Andrew understood quickly that he would not be able to examine them properly even if he stayed there till the evening. So he decided to put off the more thorough examination until another time.

When the last patient had gone, a red-faced old man entered the room.

"Well, how do you like it here, Doctor Manson? I'm Doctor Urquhart. Very glad you've come at last."

"I'm worried about the number of certificates I had to sign," Andrew answered slowly. "There were too many of them. It seems to me some of these men can work all right."

"Oh, the doctor, who worked here before you, never refused them. It took him a minute to examine a patient."¹

Andrew answered quickly: "But what can people think of a doctor who gives a certificate to anyone who comes to ask for it?"

Urquhart answered in a low voice:

"Be careful, Doctor! The people here may not like it, if you refuse."

All that day, as he went on his calls, Andrew worried about those certificates. No, he decided, he could not — he must not work like that. So when he came to his evening surgery, he was ready for anything.

The crowd was even larger than at the morning surgery.

The first patient to enter the room was a tall, fat man about fifty who smelled strongly of beer.

"Certificate," he said.

"What for?" Andrew asked.

"Nystagmus. My name is Chenkin. Ben Chenkin."

¹ It took him a minute to examine a patient. — Он успевал осмотреть больного за одну минуту.

The tone of his voice made Andrew look up at Chenkin. He saw Chenkin's small angry eyes. He felt Chenkin had no nystagmus. He rose from his seat.

"Take your things off!"¹

This time it was Chenkin who asked:
"What for?"

"I'm going to examine you."

Andrew made a long examination, but found no nystagmus.

"You are well and can go to your work."

"Nystagmus," shouted Chenkin. "Certificate for nystagmus. Fifteen years I got nystagmus."

"You haven't got it now."

A crowd stood round the open door.

"For the last time I ask — are you going to give me a certificate?"

Andrew lost his temper.²

"No, I am not," he shouted back. "And get out of here before I put you out."³

When Chenkin had gone, the dispenser came out of his dispensary.

"You know who that man is? Ben Chenkin. His son is a big man on the Committee."

2. I've Made an Awfully Bad Start

Very soon all the people in Aberalaw knew about this event. Some people laughed and said it was "a good lesson for Chenkin, a very good lesson", but most workers were on Ben's side.

Every worker in Aberalaw had a right to choose a doctor for himself. Each man had a card and if he wanted to change his doctor, he only was to take his card from

him and hand it to another doctor. And beginning with the next day, every evening, men whom Andrew had never seen came into his surgery and said without looking at him: "If you don't mind, doctor, I'll have my card." It was not only humiliation, — every card also meant ten shillings a month from his salary.

One day Urquhart said to Andrew:

"Damn it!¹ I don't want any of your patients. But what can I do if they come?"

Andrew reddened. He could say nothing.

"You must be more careful, my man," Urquhart went on. "You want to tear down the walls of Babylon.² I know it. I also was young once. But all the same be careful. Look before you jump!"

After surgery, Andrew walked home slowly. "A triumph," he thought bitterly. "This is my triumph! Really, am I honest or am I simply clumsy? Clumsy and stupid, stupid and clumsy!"

He was silent during supper. But after supper, while they sat together on the sofa before the fire, he laid his head on Christine's shoulder.

"Oh, darling," he whispered, "I've made an awfully bad start."³

As she calmed him, putting her hands on his head, he felt tears in his eyes.

3. A True Friend

Winter came early with a heavy fall of snow. Andrew's work was awfully hard — not because he had many patients, but because of the deep snow and the long distances between the calls.

¹ Damn it! — Черт возьми!

² to tear down the walls of Babylon — низвергнуть стены Вавилона

³ I've made an awfully bad start — Я с самого начала заварил такую кашу.

¹ Take your things off! — Разденьтесь!

² Lost his temper — вышел из себя

³ before I put you out — пока я вас не вышвырнул

But though they were poor and the work was hard, Christine and Andrew knew happiness. When Andrew came in tired after a long day of work, there was always a hot meal on the table and a good rest in the company of his wife.

The people in Aberalaw remained suspicious, it was difficult to work with them. There was a nice little hospital there and Andrew had thought that he would be able to work there, but now he understood that it was indeed not the Aberalaw hospital but Doctor Llewellyn's hospital; the assistants were not allowed to work there. Andrew knew now that it was the same thing in London and in all the big hospitals everywhere. It was the system. But why should it be,¹ he thought. Why cannot a doctor treat his patient when the patient goes into hospital? It was wrong, all wrong! And his work there? Everything had gone wrong!²

One evening somebody knocked at the door of their house. It was Owen, the secretary of the Committee. Andrew grew pale. What did the visit mean? Did the Committee want to take the job from him? To throw him with Christine into the street? But he calmed down when he saw a yellow card in Owen's hand.

"I'm sorry to come so late, Doctor Manson, I've got a lot of work now. You see, Doctor, it may be strange that the secretary of the Committee hasn't even chosen a doctor up till now.³ And if you don't mind, I'd like to be on your list."

Andrew could hardly speak. He had lost so many of these cards. And now to receive one, and from the secretary himself!

Christine invited Owen into the room. They all talked until late at night. Andrew learned much about the man, who had worked all his life for the good of the workers. Andrew also spoke much about his work there and in Blaenelly. And all the time, he said, he saw that there was some direct connection between the work of the miners in the mine and tuberculosis in miners.

"I'm sure, I'm right," Andrew said. "And tuberculosis in miners is a professional disease. But we don't have it in the list of professional diseases. When these men fall ill with tuberculosis, they don't get any compensation."

"Oh, Doctor," Owen said slowly, when Andrew stopped. "You can't imagine how important it is for all the miners."

Before Owen left he asked Andrew to go on with his investigation, promising him every possible help.

"That man is my friend," Andrew thought as the door closed behind Owen.

4. Another Defeat

The news that the secretary had brought his card to Andrew did something to stop the growth of the new doctor's unpopularity. He worked much more now, as he had planned a systematic examination of every miner that was on his list, and came home late at night. But their evenings together were even happier than before. Christine helped him to rewrite his notes into a large copy-book. Yet the social life of the town had completely passed them by. They had no friends among the doctors. Nobody came to see them at their place.

The winter passed. As the days became longer Christine spent more time in their little garden. It gave her great pleasure to plant flowers and to clean the paths and to rest near the little stream running through their garden. Andrew liked to watch her work there.

¹ Why should it be? — С какой стати это должно быть так?

² Everything had gone wrong! — Все вышло как-то не так!

³ up till now — до сих пор

Andrew thought much about the other doctors working in Aberalaw. They worked in different surgeries of the town and were practically not connected with one another. All of them paid one-fifth of their income to Doctor Llewellyn. Each of them was afraid to refuse him.

The more Andrew thought about the Aberalaw assistants and the system under which they worked, the more he wished to bring them together.¹ As it was² they worked one against the other, each trying to win as many patients for himself as he could. And meanwhile Doctor Llewellyn was quietly taking his one-fifth from each assistant's salary. Andrew burned with indignation against that and wanted to have a new and better understanding among the assistants, so as to make it possible to rise all together and change this humiliating system.

* * *

One day Andrew came to see Owen. He had decided to speak to him about the system of paying Llewellyn one-fifth of the doctor's salary. The secretary was interested and very attentive. He told Andrew that he knew about that but it had nothing to do with³ the Committee.

"You see, Manson," he said, "Llewellyn is a very good doctor. We know we are lucky to have him. He is the head doctor here and we pay him enough money for that. It is not the Committee but you assistant doctors who think he must have more..."

Andrew went away satisfied. He rang up the other four Aberalaw doctors — Oxborrow, Medley, Urquhart and Bolland, inviting them to come to his house that evening. All of them were rather poor. He had spoken to

them several times before and knew that every one of the four hated losing a fifth of their salary. If he had them together, the thing was done,¹ he thought.

The next step was to speak to Llewellyn. He had decided that it would not be right to do the thing underhand. That afternoon Andrew was at the hospital. Doctor Llewellyn had asked Andrew to help him during an operation. After the operation when Llewellyn was washing his hands, Andrew went up to him. Now, that the moment had come he felt it was almost impossible for him to speak. At last he began.

"Look here, Doctor Llewellyn. I want to tell you — all we assistants think it's unfair to pay you a fifth of our salary. We are going to do away with it.² We've got a meeting at my house tonight. I think it is better to let you know³ now before the meeting."

Before Llewellyn could reply, and without looking at his face, Andrew turned and left the room. How badly he had said it! Yet he had said it!

All the doctors were to meet at his house at nine o'clock that evening. Andrew knew it would be difficult to speak with them about it, as all of them, except Doctor Bolland, were afraid of Llewellyn. Christine put beer and sandwiches on the table. Andrew waited for the doctors walking up and down⁴ the hall, trying to collect his ideas.⁵ At nine they arrived — Bolland first, Urquhart next, Oxborrow and Medley together.

But as soon as they got together, there began a quarrel between Urquhart and Oxborrow. Urquhart wanted Oxborrow to explain how one of his patients had come

¹ If he had them together, the thing was done — Если он их объединит, дело будет сделано

² to do away with — покончить с этим

³ to let you know — поставить вас в известность

⁴ up and down — взад и вперед

⁵ to collect [kə'lekt] his ideas — собраться с мыслями

¹ to bring them together — объединить их

² As it was — На самом деле

³ it had nothing to do with... — Это не имеет ничего общего с...

off his list onto Oxborrow's list. Oxborrow said smiling he did not remember that. Andrew saw there was no end to this quarrel.

"Gentlemen!" cried Andrew in a panic. "Please, please! How can we ever do anything if we quarrel among ourselves? And we quarrel all the time. We don't work together, thought we are members of the same Medical Society. We have no organization. And meanwhile Llewellyn gets our money." He paused. They were all looking at him now, interested. "We've all agreed it's unfair. I've spoken to Owen about it. He says it has nothing to do with the Committee."

"That's right," said Urquhart. "I remember when it began. Nine years ago. We had two assistants at that time, who often troubled Llewellyn with their cases. So one day he called us together and said he would not see our patients any longer, unless we paid him for that. That's how it started."

"But his salary from the Committee covers all his work in the Society. He gets quite a lot of money," said Manson.

"I know, I know," said Urquhart. "But you see, Manson, he's very useful to us, this Llewellyn. And he knows it."

"But why should we pay him?" interrupted Manson. "We also do a lot for him."

"Yes, why?" cried Bolland.

Oxborrow looked at Bolland angrily.

"I agree with Doctor Manson, the system is unfair," he said. "But Llewellyn is a very good, an excellent doctor, and he takes our serious cases, when we don't know what to do with them."

"Do you want to get rid of your serious cases?"¹ Andrew asked in surprise.

¹ Do you want to get rid of your serious cases? — А вы хотите избавиться от трудных больных?

"Of course," said Oxborrow. "Who doesn't?"

"I don't," Andrew shouted. "I want to keep them, to treat them, to see my patients well again."

"Oxborrow is right," Medley said suddenly. "It's the first rule of us, doctors. Get rid of the bad case, get rid of it!"

"No, damn it all!" Andrew cried.

The discussion continued for an hour. At the end of that time Andrew exclaimed:

"We must decide it now. Llewellyn knows everything. I told him this afternoon."

"What!?" Oxborrow, Urquhart and Medley exclaimed all together.

"Yes, I did! He must know it. Don't you see, we have only to stand together and we shall win."

"Damn it to hell!" Urquhart shouted. "You don't know what influence Llewellyn has! He has a finger in everything!¹ We shall be lucky if we are not sacked. How can we find another job then? You are a good man, Manson. But you are too young."

He started towards the door. "Good night."

Medley had already risen to his feet. Oxborrow also hurried to the door. In two minutes only Andrew and Bolland remained in the room, and several sandwiches and bottles of beer on the table. They talked together like brothers shamefully betrayed.²

Next morning Andrew went to the surgery with a bad headache. In the square Llewellyn passed him in his car. As Andrew raised his head, he saw Llewellyn smiling at him.

¹ He has a finger in everything! — С ним везде считаются!

² like brothers shamefully betrayed [br'treid] — как братья, которых постыдно предали

5. Examinations Again

For a week Andrew was beside himself¹ after the defeat. Christine watched him, but did not say a word.

"Listen, Chris," he said to her on Sunday. "I want you to understand. It isn't money,² Chris. It's the principle! When I think of it, I feel I'm going mad. Why don't I like Llewellyn? At least why do I like him one minute and hate him the next? Tell me honestly, Chris. Why don't I sit at his feet?³ Am I jealous? What is it?"

Her answer wounded him. "Yes, I think you are jealous."

"What?!"

"Don't shout, dear. You asked me to tell you honestly. You're jealous, awfully jealous. And why shouldn't you be?"⁴

"Go on, go on. Jealous, suspicious. What else?"

"Yes, you are jealous because he's very clever and good at his work,⁵ and..." she paused, "and because he has all these first-class qualifications..."

"While I have only an M. B.⁶ Now I know what you really think of me. But what do qualifications mean? Nothing! I believe in what I hear and see, and in what I can do. I'm beginning to find out real things in my investigation of the professional diseases of miners. Perhaps I'll surprise you one fine day, my lady. Damn it all! It's a fine thing when a man wakes up one Sunday morning and his wife tells him he knows nothing!"

"I didn't say all that, Andrew," she said when he had

¹ was beside himself — быть вне себя

² It isn't money — дело не в деньгах

³ Why don't I sit at his feet? — Почему я не могу перед ним преклоняться?

⁴ Why shouldn't you be? — Почему бы и нет?

⁵ he's good at his work — он большой знаток своего дела

⁶ M.B. = Medical Bachelor — бакалавр медицины (звание, которое получают оканчивающие медицинский институт)

finished. "What I mean is — you are not going to be an assistant all your life. You want people to listen to you, to pay attention to your work, to your ideas. If you had a really fine degree, — an M.D. or — or the M.R.C.P.,¹ your position would be much stronger."

"The M.R.C.P.!" he cried out. "The M.R.C.P.! Don't you understand they only give that to the best doctors of Europe?" and he ran out of the room. But five minutes later he was back again, his eyes burning.

"Do you really think I could do it, Chris? You are quite right. We need those good letters on our name plate. But the M.R.C.P. — it is the most difficult medical examination. It consists not only of medical examinations but also of examinations in four languages: Latin, French, Greek and German. And I don't know languages.

She did not answer. There was a silence while he stood, looking through the window. At last he turned to her.

"Why can't I — damn it all, Chris, — why shouldn't I learn² these languages for the examination?"

She jumped out of bed.

"Oh, I just wanted you to say that, my dear! That is the real you!³ That's good. I could help you — perhaps. Don't forget that your wife is an old school-teacher!"

All that day they made plans. They carried all his books into his study. And that evening he began to study with her. And the next evening, and the next...

At the end of the following month many books began to arrive at their house from the London Medical Library. Soon he saw how little he had learned at his University. He was far behind the progress of science.

¹ M.D. = Doctor of Medicine — доктор медицинских наук

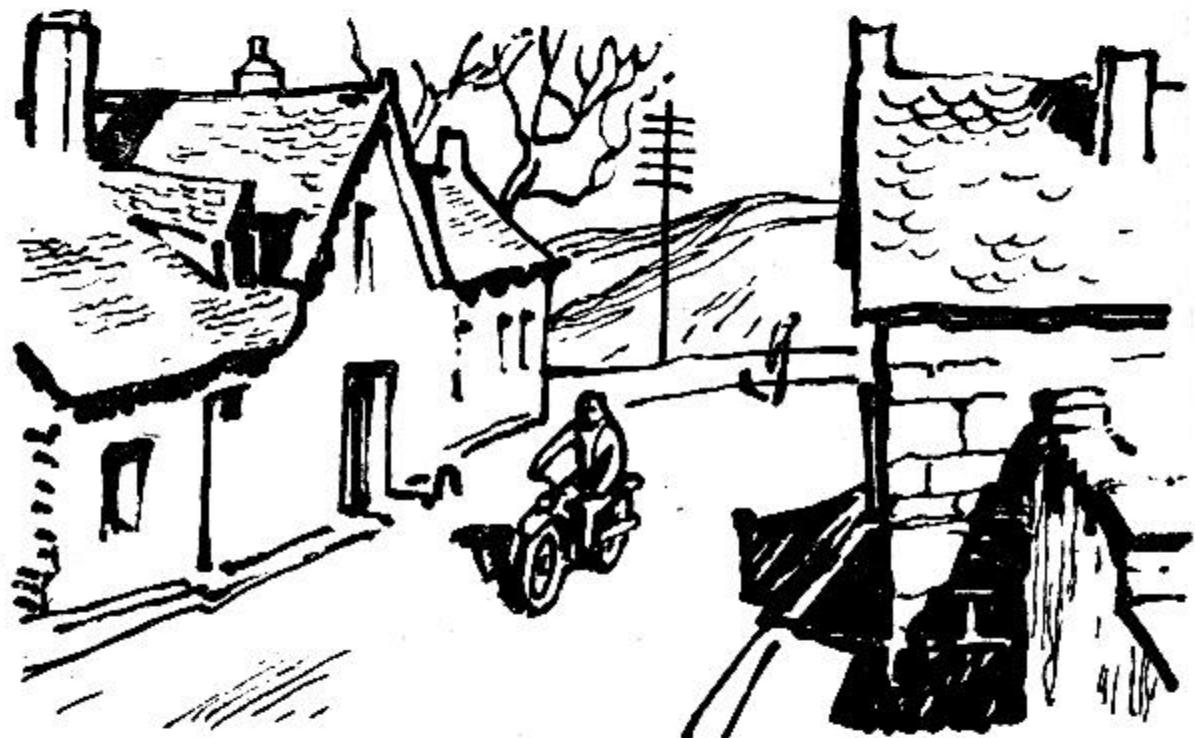
M.R.C.P. = Member of the Royal College of Physicians — член Королевского терапевтического общества

² Why shouldn't I learn? — Почему бы мне не выучить?

³ That is the real you. — Вот теперь ты снова стал самим собой.

"Chris," he said sometimes. "I know nothing. And this is killing me."

He worked early in the morning and late at night, smoking all the time, he lost weight, became thinner in his face. When he fell into the bed at last, he was so tired he could not sleep. But Chris was there, with him, and that made him feel happy again. She could find a word and a smile for him and that was enough for him to go on with his studies. And it gave him pleasure to see she was a better soldier than he.



In the middle of August Andrew bought a second-hand red motor-cycle. Every day, immediately after the morning surgery the red motor-cycle went, roaring in the direction of Cardiff, thirty miles away, where he studied in the laboratory, and every day, towards five o'clock it flew back, just in time for the evening surgery. And though he was so busy he still found a moment to bring Christine fresh strawberries from Cardiff.

At last the day came. Andrew sent a large sum of money to pay for the examinations and on the fifteenth of October he went to London.

The examinations lasted for several days. There were perhaps twenty other doctors there who had come to take the examinations, all of them older than Andrew, all very well dressed. Yet by the end of the examinations it was clear that only a few of them had passed. Andrew was among them.

"Doctor Manson," said Professor Abbey after the last examination had been over, "you are the first doctor in this examination hall who has ever told me something original, something true, something which I did not know myself. I congratulate you."

So, he had done it!¹ He had done it! As he ran to the nearest post-office, his heart sang wildly, madly. He had done it but it had not been for nothing;² those sleepless nights, the mad dashes to Cardiff — sixty miles every day, the long hours of study. He ran to the post-office to send the good news to Christine.

6. An Operation in the Mine

When Andrew arrived at Aberalaw, it was almost midnight. He only wished to come to Christine and to tell her everything in detail. Not far from his house he saw a man running after him.

"Doctor! Doctor!" the man shouted.

"What's that?"

"A fall-down in the mine, Doctor. A large rock almost buried Sam Bevan. He is on your list. The men can't take him out from under the rock."

There was no time for Andrew to think.

"You go to my house and take my bag," he cried to the man. "And I'll run to the mine. Tell my wife where I have gone."

Three miners were already waiting for him at the

¹ So, he had done it! — Итак, он победил!

² it had not been for nothing — победа пришла не сама собой

mine. Two minutes later the man with Andrew's bag arrived and they all went down the mine in the cage at once. When the cage got down, they left it and started along the corridor. Then they crawled on their hands and knees for almost half a mile.

"Please, hurry, Doctor," one of the men said. "The roof is rotten and it may fall down on us any minute."

At last they came to the place of the fall-down. Sam Bevan lay on his back, his left arm was pressed to the ground by a great rock. He was quite conscious and even tried to smile to Manson. By the weak light of the miner's lamp Andrew saw at once that the only way to save Sam was to amputate his arm. And Bevan understood that too.

"Do what you must, Doctor," he whispered.

"Don't worry, Sam," Andrew said. "I'm going to send you to sleep now.¹ When you wake up, you'll be in bed."

Andrew opened his bag and immediately felt a sharp smell: the bottle of chloroform was broken. He could not send Sam to sleep.

For perhaps a minute Andrew remained paralyzed, until again he heard a voice:

"The roof, Doctor, the roof!"

There was no time to think.

"Shut your eyes, Sam!" he said and took the knife. Bevan groaned between his teeth. He groaned again. Then, luckily, when the knife touched the bone, he became unconscious.

Andrew worked standing on his knees in the dark. He could not see what he was doing. It seemed to him that hours had passed... The roof would fall on them all...

At last. Finished. Bevan still unconscious.

"Take him out," Andrew said.

They had not crawled far back when they heard a loud crash behind them.



¹ I'm going to send you to sleep now. — Я вас сейчас усыплю.

"That's it. The roof has fallen down."

As they stepped out of the cage into the cold air they saw a large crowd of people. There were many women among them. Suddenly Andrew heard his name called wildly and the next moment Christine's arms were around his neck. Sobbing she clung to him.

* * *

*

The story of the fall-down in the mine and of the young doctor who was not afraid to get into the mine and who saved poor Sam went from one street to another. And it did Andrew a lot of good.¹ For the people of Aberdare it was much more important than Andrew's success at the examinations in London. He now received greetings and smiles even from people who had never looked at him before, the doors were open for him, the miners were ready for a word with him,² the women ready to "call him in."³

Cards began to come back to Andrew, many, very many of them.

Llewellyn showed great delight at the result of Andrew's examinations when he congratulated him. Doctor Oxborrow and Doctor Medley did not pay any attention to Andrew's success, but Urquhart was very glad, that Manson had the degree of M.R.C.P. now. Denny was abroad and knew nothing about that. But quite an unexpected congratulation came in a long letter from Freddie Hampton. Freddie had seen the results of the examinations in a medical newspaper. He invited Andrew to London and then in detail he described his own triumph there.

¹ to do good — приносить пользу

² the miners were ready for a word with him — шахтеры всегда были рады переброситься с ним двумя-тремя словами

³ to call in — пригласить зайти

"It's so bad that we have lost touch¹ with Freddie," Andrew said: "I have a feeling we shall run into him² again. A nice letter, isn't it?"

"Yes, very nice," Christine answered drily. "But most of the letter is about himself."

7. Happy New Year!

The New Year was approaching. The weather turned colder. The hard roads rang under Andrew's feet. He already knew what step he would take next³ in his great attack on the problem of tuberculosis in miners. What he found among his patients had raised his hopes high, and now he had received permission to continue his investigation by making a systematic examination of all the workers in the mine. He would begin at the start of the New Year.

On Christmas Day⁴ many of Andrew's patients came to congratulate him. Andrew and Christine were happy and busy receiving them. Late in the afternoon when the last guest left, Christine sat down on the sofa and asked Andrew to come over to her.

"Well, darling," she said. "What a day! Not a minute to ourselves!⁵ And I have a really important reason for wanting us to be alone today."

"Yes?"

"Sit here, darling. I want to tell you something."

He went over to sit down beside her, when suddenly there came the sound of a car under their windows.

¹ to lose touch — потерять связь

² we shall run into him — мы встретимся с ним

³ what step he would take next — что ему следует делать дальше

⁴ On Christmas Day — На рождество

⁵ Not a minute to ourselves! — Мы ни минуты не могли побыть одни!

"Damn it!" said Christine bitterly.
Andrew went up to the window.

"Oh, it's the Bollands!" cried Andrew. "Doctor Bolland with the whole family. Don't you want to see them?"

"Oh, well!" Christine said, rising and accompanying him to the door.

"Come in, come in," smiled Christine, watching Con Bolland and Mrs. Bolland and their six children fill the room. The eldest girl Mary was about fourteen. Mrs. Bolland carried the youngest baby in her arms.

They had tea merrily. Mrs. Bolland drank six cups of strong black tea. The children began with the cake and ended with a fight for the last piece of bread. They ate everything in every plate on the table.

After tea Andrew took the baby from Mrs. Bolland and played with it on the floor before the fire. The baby tried to put its finger into Andrew's eye. Christine sat, doing nothing, watching him play with the baby.

But Con and his family could not stay long.

"Did you enjoy the holiday, Chris?" Andrew asked when they were alone at last.

She answered strangely: "I enjoyed to see you play with the baby."

"Why?"

She did not look at him. "I have been trying to tell you all day. Oh, can't you understand, darling? I don't think you are such a good doctor after all¹... We're going to have a baby."

8. The Old Bridge — Who Could Help It?

Spring once more... And early summer. The garden at Vale View was so beautiful now that the miners often stopped to look at it on their way back from their work.

It was full of flowers which Christine had planted in autumn, for now Andrew did not allow her to do heavy work at all.

"You've made the place," he told her. "Now sit in it."

Her favourite seat was at the far end of the garden, under a very old tree, where she could hear the quiet voice of the stream. They liked to sit there together, talking about their future, about the baby they were going to have. Sometimes Andrew talked like a child when he was asking Christine if it would be a boy or a girl. He did not know why, but he wanted it to be a girl.

In the afternoon he took her to the park. They walked, listened to the band and watched the miner's children playing there.

One day Andrew felt it was time to speak to Doctor Llewellyn who, as they had decided from the very beginning, must take the case. Llewellyn, when Andrew rang him up, was pleased and flattered. He came to their house at once, examined Christine and then talked to Andrew for a long time.

"I'm glad to help you, Manson," he said. "I always felt you didn't like me enough to ask me to do this for you. Believe me, I'll do my best."

"What's happening to me?" Andrew asked himself when Llewellyn had gone. "I like that man! He was kind, very kind. He's got sympathy and tact. He is an excellent doctor. And twelve months ago I was trying to cut his throat. I am really jealous, a jealous animal."

One day walking round in their garden Andrew suddenly paid attention to the bridge over the stream. The bridge was very old and almost destroyed. He had several times spoken to the Committee about that, telling them the bridge was falling to pieces.² He rang up the Committee again and they promised to send him a man who would build a new bridge.

¹ after all — в конце концов

² Who could help it? — Кто мог предположить такое?

¹ was falling to pieces — разваливался

By that time they had paid off Andrew's debt to the University and now they had nearly one hundred pounds in Andrew's name in the bank. Though the sum was very small he thought they were rather well off¹ now.

He continued his investigation at the mine. The results of the investigation were very interesting and important. He saw now that among the anthracite workers² there were many more cases of tuberculosis than among other workers in the mines. He read many books on that subject. He was astonished by the fact that in literature there was practically nothing about tuberculosis as a professional disease in miners. He saw that this subject had not been studied before. He thought of the thousands of workers in the anthracite mines, who received no help, no compensation when they fell ill with tuberculosis, as this disease was not registered in the list of professional diseases. And he would be the first to prove that tuberculosis in anthracite workers was the result of their work in the mine.

"Chris," he sometimes said, "I really believe I'm going to do something in my life!"

On the first of August as he came home, tired, he saw Doctor Llewellyn's car standing at the house. His heart began beating as he ran into the hall.

"Hello, Llewellyn," he said happily, "I — I didn't expect to see you so soon..."

Llewellyn did not smile.

"Is anything wrong?"³ Andrew cried.

"Come here, Manson," Llewellyn came up to the window and looking at the little bridge went on. "This morning your wife was going over the bridge and one of the rotten planks gave way.⁴ She is all right now, quite all right, but I'm afraid..."

¹ were rather well off — были довольно богатыми

² among the anthracite [ˈænθrəsait] workers — у рабочих, добывающих антрацит

³ Is anything wrong? — Что-нибудь случилось?

⁴ ...gave way — провалилась

Andrew understood even before Llewellyn finished. A great pain beat within him. He covered his eyes with his hand.

"Please, my friend," Llewellyn said, "who could help it? You better go and calm your wife."

His head low, Andrew went upstairs. Outside the door of the bedroom he paused, then, hardly breathing, he went in.

9. The Stone Wall

By the year 1927 Doctor Manson had an unusual reputation in the town. The list of his patients was not much longer than at the beginning of his career in Aberalaw. But everyone upon that list greatly believed in him. While Manson had many friends, he also had enemies among the doctors, the people, and in the Committee. Though his wife went to church, he was never seen there, — so the church was also among his enemies.

After that fatal fall Christine would never have children and they both desired them with all their hearts. Andrew often asked himself why he and Christine had remained in Aberalaw after the death of their child. The answer was simple enough: it was because of his investigation.

When he had examined all the anthracite workers, he made a number of experiments on guinea pigs in one of the rooms at Vale View. The experiments were of great interest and again proved the importance of the results of his three years' work. He had decided, months ago, not only to publish his investigation but to send it to London as his thesis for the degree of M.D.¹ And now he had finished it, and it was a great day for Andrew and Christine, when they went out together to post his work to London.

¹ as his thesis [θeθsis] for the degree of M.D. — как диссертацию на соискание ученой степени доктора медицинских наук

Several weeks later, when Andrew reached home, he saw a very pale face of his wife. She told him that a deputation from the Committee — Ed Chenkin and some others, the pastor and a man from the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society¹ had come to their house. They said it had come to their ears² and the ears of the Committee that Andrew was making experiments on animals (vivisection they called it), and they wanted to look at his work-room. She tried to stop them, but they pushed her aside and ran into the room. There they found the guinea pigs and Andrew's instruments and took everything away.

Andrew stormed: "I'll sue them! I'll make them pay for it, the fools! I'll sue them for stealing my guinea pigs."

The following evening Andrew received a letter telling him to appear before the Committee in one week's time.³

Meanwhile the case became known to all the people in the town. The town looked like a big battle place. Crowds of people quarreled and shouted in the streets, in the parks, near the church. There were even fights between Andrew's friends and enemies.

Andrew felt tired of all this. He asked himself if he was to spend all his life running his head into stone walls.⁴ He did not want to speak to anybody. Yet he desired the people to understand what his investigation meant to them, he wanted to be justified openly before the whole town.

When on Saturday Manson entered the Committee room, he at once saw that most members of the Committee

¹ Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society — Общество защиты животных

² it had come to their ears — до них дошли сведения

³ to appear before the Committee in one week's time — явиться в Комитет через неделю

⁴ running his head into stone walls — стараясь головой пра- бить каменную стену

with Ed Chenkin at the head¹ were against him. Andrew had told himself he must be calm, but now, as he was sitting before the Committee, his mouth was dry, he felt he could not be calm.

Ed Chenkin began his speech in a loud voice: Doctor Manson had no right to do his investigation, because it was work done in the Committee's time, work done for himself, when he was being paid for doing the Committee's work, work done on the Committee's property. Then it was vivisection. They saw blood on the floor with their own eyes. It was a crime and Doctor Manson must know that perfectly well. Such things could happen only because Doctor Manson never asked the Committee's permission to do this or that.

It was remembered that three years ago he went to Cardiff every day on his red motor-cycle.

"He doesn't give medicine," cried somebody.

"He doesn't give certificates to the workers," shouted Chenkin. "We don't want such a doctor in our town."

There was a silence when Andrew got to his feet. His heart burned.

"You call it a crime — that I used several guinea pigs in my work. But why do you men take birds and white mice down the mine? To see if there is gas there — you all know that. And when these mice die in the gas, do you call it a crime? No, you don't. You understand that these animals have been used to save men's lives, perhaps your own lives.

That's what I have been trying to do for you. For these three last years I've spent every minute of my time working at this investigation. I've done something which might make your work not so dangerous to your health and your lives, which will give you the right to get compensation, if you do fall ill."²

¹ at the head — во главе

² if you do fall ill — если вы все же заболеете

"You don't believe me, perhaps," Andrew put his hand into his pocket and took out a letter which he had received earlier from London. "But this letter will show you what other people think of my work."

He came up to Owen and put the letter on the table. In that letter from the University Dr. Manson was told, that he had been awarded his M.D.¹ for his investigation.

Owen read it and then it passed slowly from hand to hand. Andrew saw the effect of that letter on the faces of the workers.

"Perhaps you'll leave us now for a few minutes, Doctor, please," Owen said.

When a few minutes later Andrew went in again, Owen was smiling: "I'm glad to tell you, Doctor Manson," he said, "I'm happy to tell you that the Committee have decided to ask you to remain."

So he had won! They wanted him to remain. But now he felt he was not satisfied. There was a pause. It was clear they expected him to show his joy, his gratitude. But he could not. He felt tired of the whole business, of the Committee, Aberalaw, guinea pigs and himself.

At last he said: "Thank you, Mr. Owen. I'm glad that the Committee don't wish me to go. But I can't work on in Aberalaw any longer. I give the Committee a month's notice from today."² He spoke without feeling. Then he turned and walked out of the room.

There was a dead silence. Only Ed Chenkin was heard to say in a low voice: "Good riddance."³

"Shut your dirty mouth, Chenkin," Owen shouted suddenly. "We have lost the best man we have ever had."

* * *

*

¹ he had been awarded his M.D. — ему была присвоена ученая степень доктора медицинских наук

² I give the Committee a month's notice from today.— Предупреждаю Комитет, что через месяц я ухожу.

³ Good riddance — Скатертью дорога!

Andrew woke up in the middle of the night.

"Am I a fool, Chris? To lose such a good job? After all, I was getting a few private patients here. Some day they might have made me head doctor.¹ What shall we do? We haven't enough money to buy a practice yet."

She tried to comfort him.

"Do you really want us to stay here all our lives, my dear? We've been happy here, but it is time for us to move on. You have your M.R.C.P. and M.D. and five hundred pounds in the bank. With all this we shall not starve."

She persuaded him to go and have a month's rest. She was sure they would find something then.

Meanwhile Andrew was getting letters from different towns, cities and countries. His work had been published in England and in America. People were interested in his investigation, congratulated him, asked him questions.

One day he got a letter from London from the C.M.M.F.B.² It was written in that letter that as the direct result of his investigation, the C.M.M.F.B. had decided to open up the whole question³ and to report it to the Parliamentary Committee.⁴ A medical officer, for this purpose, was to be appointed by the C.M.M.F.B. And the appointment was offered to Dr. Manson.

¹ Some day they might have made me head doctor — Когда-нибудь меня могли бы назначить старшим врачом

² the C.M.M.F.B. [sir' em'em'ef'bi:] = Coal Mines and Metalliferous Fatigue Board — Комитет по изучению условий труда в угольных и металлических шахтах

³ to open up the whole question — детально изучить этот вопрос

⁴ to report it to the Parliamentary Committee — сделать доклад об этом перед Комиссией парламента

BOOK III

1. The Stone Wall Again

In the middle of August Andrew ran up the steps of the C.M.M.F.B. building in London. Christine and he had had a nice long rest and now the new Medical Officer believed that important and interesting work was waiting for him there. Fresh from his holiday he wished to begin his work as soon as possible.

At the C.M.M.F.B. he was given a large pleasant room. But there was nothing for him to do there. He could not start his work till the meeting of the Board, and the next meeting of the Board would not be held until September the nineteenth.

"Could you believe it, Chris? I've got a whole month to do nothing, to read the "Times"¹ and to talk with my secretary about hockey, football and the like."²

The only man with whom Andrew made friends³ at the C.M.M.F.B. was Doctor Hope — quite young, but a serious honest scientist. Andrew and Hope often went to have lunch together. Christine also liked the clever young man and she sometimes joined them at lunch. Hope explained many things to Andrew about the work of the Board.

From Doctor Hope Andrew learned that the Board professors were interested only in themselves and not

interested in research and that it was typical of most of research work in the country.

The day of the meeting came at last. The Board congratulated Andrew with the excellent results of his investigation and they believed that Doctor Manson would continue his work successfully and would at last make a report to the Parliamentary Committee.

"But, gentlemen," the chairman of the Committee said suddenly, "before Doctor Manson goes on with his work, there is another important matter which I feel he ought to take up¹ now. There are no standards in the size of bandages² and in other first-aid equipments in our country. Our new Medical Officer ought to investigate it all over the country, and to make a report on it."

Andrew tried to protest, but he saw at once that it was useless.

He went home to Christine. And the following Monday they bought an old car for sixty pounds and started out together on the Great First-Aid Investigation.

Andrew saw clearly it was useless work, but it took him six months³ to go from one mine to another all over the country and examine the bandages. Then they returned to London and Andrew set about writing his report.⁴ He wanted to show the Committee how well he had done the work and how excellently they had all wasted the Committee's time and money.

But as soon as Andrew returned to his investigation, he was told that the Board was delighted with his report and that now the Board wanted him to start another "very important" investigation before he could continue his own work.

"I'll never have a chance to go on with my

¹ he ought to take up — ему следовало бы заняться

² in the size of bandages — относительно размера бинтов

³ It took him six months — у него ушло шесть месяцев

⁴ set about writing his report — засел писать свой отчет

investigation," Andrew thought bitterly. "I'll have to examine bandages — for life!¹ This is not a job for me!"

Walking home he found himself² looking enviously at the name plates on the houses of doctors. He saw patients entering these houses. He imagined how the doctors were talking to their patients, examining them, giving them medicine... He was a doctor, too, wasn't he? At least, once upon a time...³

Yes, what was he now? Nobody, doing nothing, getting nowhere,⁴ wasting his time...

At the end of that week he came to the Board and quietly left his notice there.

2. Hungry

They began looking for a practice. But they had not more than six hundred pounds, and soon they realized it was too little to buy a good London practice.

After two months, when they almost lost all hope, Andrew and Christine having read an advertisement in a newspaper, went to Number 9, Chesborough Terrace.⁵ Old Doctor Foy had died a few weeks before and now Mrs. Foy wanted to sell his practice. When they came there, they saw the house was old and ugly, the practice was poor, but it was near enough their price⁶ and that was the most important thing for them now.

"It's now or never," Andrew said when they left the house. "What do you say, Chris? Shall we chance it?"

Christine loved the country and now among the grey gloomy houses she wanted to be in the country with all her heart. Yet Andrew was so set upon² a London practice, that she could only say:

"If you want to, Andrew."

The next day he offered Mrs. Foy six hundred pounds instead of the seven hundred and fifty she wanted to get. That was all they had. Mrs. Foy agreed, and that Saturday they entered into possession³ of their new home.

"We've paid all the money we had, Chris," Andrew said. "We have to live only on what we earn now."

Next morning, at nine o'clock, he opened his surgery. His heart was beating with expectation.

Half past nine came. He waited. It was nearly eleven o'clock and still no patient had arrived. And then, suddenly, the bell of the surgery door rang. It was an old woman, an old patient of Doctor Foy's. He talked to her. He examined her. He made up her medicine. And then, without question, she handed him the fee, three and six.⁴

The joy of that moment! It felt like⁵ the first money he had ever earned in his life. He closed the surgery, ran to Christine, threw the money on the table.

"The first patient, Chris. I hope it is not a bad practice after all. Anyhow, this buys us our lunch."⁶

In the afternoon Andrew left the house. He wanted to see the near-by streets, he called upon other doctors working there. All of them told him the same, "Oh! It's

¹ for life — всю жизнь

² he found himself — эд. он поймал себя на том, что...

³ at least once upon a time — по крайней мере когда-то он был им

⁴ getting nowhere — не двигаясь никуда

⁵ Chesborough Terrace [t'sesborou'terəs] — название улицы

⁶ it was near enough their price — цена для них была почти подходящая

¹ Shall we chance it? — Рискнем?

² was so set upon — так настроил себя

³ entered into possession — вступили во владение

⁴ three and six — 3 шиллинга и 6 пенсов (в фунте стерлингов — 20 шиллингов; в 1 шиллинге — 12 пенсов)

⁵ it felt like — казалось, что это...

⁶ this buys us our lunch — на эти деньги мы с тобой позавтракаем

poor old Foy's practice you've taken!" Andrew said nothing but thought a little angrily that in six months they would say something else.

That evening in the surgery there were three patients, but the following day there was none; and then only two.

A week passed. Andrew tried to understand what was happening. What was wrong with him?¹ He was thirty years old. He had an M. D. and the M.R.C.P. He had done some excellent research. Yet he could earn hardly enough to keep them in bread.² It is the system,³ he thought bitterly. The system is wrong. There ought to be State Control.⁴ But then he remembered the Board and the bandages. No, damn it, that is hopeless; it's bureaucracy! No, I must succeed; damn it all, I will succeed!

As they had very little money they often went to have dinner to a small shop not far from their house. Now Mrs. Schmidt, the owner of that shop knew them, she liked the young doctor and his wife.

"You will succeed," she often said to Andrew. "You have a good wife. Just wait. I will send you patients too."

"If anybody gets run down here,⁵ Doctor, I'll send them to you," the policeman who usually stood in that street said smiling one day.

But now, if the patients looked at Andrew attentively, they might see that their doctor looked hungry.

¹ What was wrong with him? — Почему ему так не везет?

² hardly enough to keep them in bread — едва зарабатывал на хлеб

³ It is the system — Все дело в нашей системе

⁴ There ought to be State Control. — Нужен государственный контроль.

⁵ If anybody gets run down here — Если здесь кого-нибудь переедут

3. The New Friends

In his poor old house Andrew hungered for medical friendship.¹ Many times he wanted to ring up Freddie Hampton, but the thought that he was still unsuccessful kept him from doing that. Yet, one day he rang him up and was invited to come to dinner on Thursday.

Christine did not like the idea of going to see Hampton when he told her about the invitation.

"You go, Andrew," she said after a pause.

"Oh, that's nonsense! I know you don't care about him much,² but there'll be other people there, other doctors probably. You ought to buy a new dress."

"I ought to buy a new gas cooker," she answered gloomily. "We can't spend our money on a new dress."

Yet on Thursday they went there together.

Andrew was astonished to see how rich Freddie's house was. The food was excellent. Freddie introduced them to his wife and to his medical friends — Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ivory and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Freedman. The women were richly dressed in black with jewels around their necks.

During dinner Andrew spoke to Mrs. Ivory and to Mrs. Freedman about their husbands. He said to himself: "I want to know more about these people, they are so prosperous and smart." Then he drew his chair nearer to the other men. It was this he had been looking forward to³ — a small medical company, medical professional talk and nothing else. He hoped Hampton and his friends would talk. They did.

¹ hungered for medical friendship — истосковался по общению со своими коллегами

² You don't care about him much — Тебе он не очень нравится

³ It was this he had been looking forward to — Именно к этому он так стремился

"By the way," Freddie began. "I have bought a new Iridium lamp.¹ About eighty pounds."

"Well," said Friedman. "It ought to pay for itself."²

"I don't think much about³ these lamps," Andrew joined the talk. "They have no infra-red rays."

Freddie looked at Andrew, then laughed.

"But they have a lot of three pound fees the patients pay."⁴

All the talk was about making money and fooling the patients. Not a word about real treatment or new medicine. But Andrew did not argue now. He listened and smoked his cigar and smiled happily. He had drunk more than usual. And the more he drank, the better⁴ he liked his new friends. They succeeded to make him feel that he was one of them. They made him forget that he had eaten only a herring for his lunch. As they stood up Ivory struck him on the shoulder and said:

"I must send you a card, Manson. We'll send patients to each other."

Then Freddie decided that the evening was still young,⁵ that they must finish it at the restaurant.

At the restaurant they drank still more. There was dancing. "These people do themselves well,"⁶ thought Andrew.

In the taxi, returning at last to Chesborough Terrace he exclaimed laughing:

"Wonderful people, Chris! A wonderful evening!"

"A hateful evening!"⁷ Christine answered suddenly.

¹ Iridium lamp [ɪ'reɪdiəm] — лампа для облучения больных

² it ought to pay for itself — она должна оправдать себя

³ I don't think much about — Я не высокого мнения о...

⁴ the more... the better — чем больше... тем лучше

⁵ the evening was still young — было еще рано

⁶ These people do themselves well — Эти люди богаты и умеют жить

⁷ A hateful evening — отвратительный вечер

"What?! What's wrong with it?"¹

"Oh! Everything! The house, the food, the way they talked² — money, money all the time. You didn't see how Mrs. Hampton looked at my dress."

"It's all right, Chris. Just wait. I'll make money for you. I'll buy you a lot of new rich dresses."

"I don't want money," she snapped. "And I hate rich dresses."

"But, darling..." he tried to kiss her.

"Don't!" Her voice struck him. "I love you, Andrew. But not when you're drunk."

And she pushed him.

He paid the taxi, and without a word went up to the spare bedroom. It was painful for him to see his dirty old house now.

"All right, my girl!" he thought. "Damn it! I'll get out of here. I'll show her. I will make money. What can you do without it?"

It was the first time in their married life, that they slept apart.

4. Tell Me Your Trouble

Next morning Andrew took the Medical Directory³ from the bookshelf. He wanted to know more about his new friends. He looked up Freddie first. Yes, there it was⁴ — Hampton Fr., M. B., assistant to outpatients.⁵ And Freddie had talked so much last night about his working at the hospital. So that wasn't true. There couldn't be a mistake, that was quite a new directory.

¹ What's wrong with it? — Что тебе не понравилось?

² the way they talked — их манера разговаривать

³ Medical Directory [dr'rektarɪ] — Врачебный справочник-указатель

⁴ Yes, there it was — Да, вот оно

⁵ M.B., assistant to outpatients — бакалавр медицины, младший врач амбулатории

Then he looked up Ivory and Freedman. Paul Freedman was only an M. B. And Ivory? Mr. Charles Ivory did not work at any hospital, and had no surgical qualification. But Andrew remembered Mrs. Ivory telling him her husband was a surgeon.

Andrew rose thoughtfully and put the book on its shelf. So his prosperous friends had even none of his qualifications. What they could do he could also do. Better. Yes, he must make a success of himself.¹ But first he must become a doctor at one of the London hospitals. Yes! A real hospital. But how? He knew it was more difficult than the Board. He also knew that thousands of doctors were unemployed.

Though it was the most difficult thing in the world for him to ask a favour of somebody,² he decided to go to the Board and speak to Professor Abbey about it. And Abbey the only one at the Board, who had always understood Andrew, promised to help him.

Andrew ran home. He was so pleased that he quite forgot about his quarrel with Christine.

"I've been to Abbey,³ Chris. He's going to try and get a job for me at the Victoria Hospital. That practically gives me a consultant's standing."⁴

The sudden joy in her eyes made him feel ashamed.

"I've been awfully difficult⁵ these last days, Chris! We haven't been getting on too well. Let's — oh, let's make it up,⁶ darling."

Andrew was still waiting for those "good" rich patients who did not come. He wanted to hear from Pro-

¹ he must make a success of himself — он должен добиться успеха

² to ask a favour of somebody — просить кого-нибудь об одолжении

³ I've been to Abbey — Я был у Эбби

⁴ a consultant's standing — положение консультанта

⁵ I've been awfully difficult — Я был просто несносен

⁶ let's make it up — давай забудем об этом, не будем ссориться

fessor Abbey about his appointment. Secretly he was cut¹ that Hampton and his friends did not ring him up.

One evening towards the end of April he sat in his surgery. It was nearly nine o'clock and he was about to close up² when a young woman entered. She was about twenty-eight. Her face was quite serious.

"Well, Doctor!" she began. "It was Mrs. Schmidt who recommended me to come to you. I've known her a long time. I work at Laurier's shop quite near. My name is Cramb. I must tell you I've been to many doctors here."

"All right. Tell me your trouble."³

"It's my hands."

He looked at her hands. They were red. He looked very attentively.

"I've tried every medicine the doctors told me to try. But it was useless. I'd give anything to get rid of it."

"No medicine will help you. The only way to get rid of it is by dieting."⁴

"No medicine? No one ever told me that."

"I am telling you now." The diagnosis was clear to him. He took his pen and wrote a list of foods, which she must not eat.

Ten days later she returned.

"Look, Doctor!" she said, showing him her hands. They were quite clean and not at all red. "I can't thank you enough."⁵

"That's all right," he said lightly. "It's my job to know these things."

She rose.

"And now, let me pay you, Doctor."

"You've already paid me." He would gladly have

¹ he was cut — его задело (огорчило)

² he was about to close up — он собирался закрыть прием

³ Tell me your trouble. — На что вы жалуетесь?

⁴ by dieting — при помощи диеты

⁵ I can't thank you enough. — Не знаю, как вас благодарить.

taken¹ another three and six or even seven and six from her but the feeling of his triumph was too great.

"But, Doctor," she tried to protest. At the door she smiled happily. "Perhaps, I'll be able to show my gratitude some other way!"²

The door closed and soon he forgot about her. He was tired. He was a little sorry that he had refused the fee. In any case³ he had little thought of what a shop-girl might do for him. But he did not know Miss Cramb.

5. The First Rich Patient

Laurier's shop was one of the biggest in London and well-known all over the country. They sold clothes and rich furs. Many girls worked there and Miss Cramb was one of the best shop-girls at Laurier's. She was a "Senior."⁴

The story about Miss Cramb's cure became known to all the shop-girls at Laurier's.

Soon the Laurier girls began to come to the surgery at Chesborough Terrace. Now Andrew sometimes saw half a dozen of them waiting in the surgery. And that immediately told on Doctor Manson's income.

But there was no end to Miss Cramb's gratitude. In the first week of June he received a letter, asking him to call at 9 Park Gardens⁵ on Tuesday at eleven o'clock.

On Tuesday he rang the bell of Number 9. An elderly servant opened the door. As Miss Everett entered the drawing-room, Andrew saw at once it was his first rich patient. Miss Everett was about fifty, well-made, dark-

haired with a proud look of her eyes. She began immediately.

"I have lost my doctor, and my Miss Cramb recommended you. I trust her. I've looked you up. You have high qualifications. That is why I asked you to come. I usually have a course of injections at this time of the year." She told him about her troubles.

At first Andrew wanted to tell her that the injections she had had were almost useless, but he did not. There was a struggle in him between all that he believed and all that he wished to have. And then he thought: "If I let this chance slip¹ after all these months, I'm a fool."

He said: "I think I can give you the injections as well as anyone."

"Very well. And now about your fees. I paid my doctor one guinea a visit."

A guinea a visit! — It was three times the largest fee² he had ever earned. It was even more important because it meant his first step into a new world of practice. What did it matter³ if the injections were useless? He was tired of all that. Tired of his three and six fees. He wanted to succeed. And he would succeed at all costs.⁴

He gave her the first injection. He called three times a week. After the injection they talked together. She liked him. He told her of his desire for success. She approved it.

On his last visit she handed him twelve guineas, telling him to come again in winter. She spoke of her niece, named Catherine Sutton who often came to see her with her husband. She said she would recommend Doctor Manson to her niece.

¹ If I let this chance slip — Если я упущу этот случай

² It was three times the largest fee — Это было в три раза больше, чем самый большой гонорар

³ What did it matter... — Какое имеет значение... (Что из того...)

⁴ at all costs — во что бы то ни стало

¹ He would have taken — Он бы взял

² some other way — как-нибудь по-другому

³ in any case — во всяком случае

⁴ a "Senior" — старшая продавщица

⁵ to call at 9 Park Gardens — прийти в дом № 9 по ул. Парк

Гарденс

She accompanied him to the door of the flat, and there she stood for a moment. Then she said:

"Will you take the advice of a woman old enough to be your mother? Go to a good tailor. Go to Mr. Sutton's tailor." She told him the address. "You've told me how much you wish to succeed. You'll never succeed in your suit."

He walked down the road burning with indignation. What business was it of hers?¹ What right had she to tell him how he should dress?² His patients paid him only three and six, but they never spoke to him like that.

But soon that indignation passed. It was quite true that he had never taken any interest in³ his clothes. A ready-made suit had always served him excellently, covered him, kept him warm.⁴ Christine also hated rich clothes. She was happiest in a simple skirt and a jumper she had knitted herself.

Andrew looked at his trousers. They were old and rather dirty. Damn it all, he thought bitterly, she's right. How can I go and see first class patients if I look like this? Why didn't Christine tell me? It was her job and not that old lady's. Where does that tailor live? I'll go there tomorrow.

When he reached home, he showed the cheque to Christine.

"See that, my good woman! Do you remember when I came in running with that first damned three and six from the surgery? This is real money, real fees, like an M.D., M.R.C.P. ought to be earning.⁵ Twelve guineas for

talking nicely to that old woman and for injections of Glickert's Eptone."¹

"What's that?" she asked smiling; then her voice became serious. "Isn't that the "Eptone" I've heard you laugh at?"

His voice changed. He was quite at a loss.² She said just what he did not wish to hear. He felt angry not with himself but with her.

"Damn it, Chris! You're never satisfied." He turned and ran out of the room.

The next day he went to Mr. Sutton's tailor.

6. The New Method

When, two weeks later, Andrew came down to breakfast in one of his two new suits, Christine was too astonished to speak.

"Well, do you like it?" he asked, feeling like a schoolboy.

"Yes," she said not quickly enough. "You look wonderful. Smart! It doesn't seem quite you!"³

"You'd rather keep me looking like a tramp,⁴ I think!"

She did not answer. Lately it had been difficult to speak to him, and she did not know what to say now. She turned away.

Three weeks later he received a call from Mrs. Sutton who wished the same treatment as her aunt. This time he did not think much about the uselessness of the injections. He made an excellent impression on Mrs. Sutton. And before the end of the month he was called to a friend of Miss Everett's.

¹ What business was it of hers? — Какое ей дело?

² how he should dress — как ему одеваться

³ to take interest in... — проявлять интерес к...

⁴ kept him warm — согревал его

⁵ like an M.D., M.R.C.P. ought to be earning — как и полагается зарабатывать доктору медицины и члену Королевского терапевтического общества

¹ Glickert's Eptone [ˈglikəts ɪp'toun] — Иптон Гликкерта (препаратор)

² He was quite at a loss. — Он растерялся.

³ It doesn't seem quite you! — Ты почти не похож на себя!

⁴ You'd rather keep me looking like a tramp — Ты бы хотела, чтобы я выглядел, как бродяга



Andrew was highly satisfied with himself. He was winning, winning, winning. In his great desire for success he forgot all that he had believed. His vanity was touched. The snowball of first-class practice had started!

One afternoon he was suddenly asked to come to Laurier's at once. A 33 bus¹ brought him to the shop in 5 minutes. Miss Cramb was already waiting for him at the door.

"This way,² Doctor, this way. It's Miss Roy — one of our customers. She has had a fit."

Andrew entered the room, where Miss Roy lay on the floor, surrounded by a crowd of shop-girls. On the other side of her another dark young woman, probably her friend, was standing with a glass of water in her hand.

"One of our girls said something to Miss Roy," Cramb whispered into Andrew's ear. "And... She is unconscious. Shall I ring for the ambulance?"

"Please, clear the room,"³ Andrew said suddenly. Then he looked at the young woman. "Everyone, but this lady."⁴

Andrew saw at once that there was nothing the matter with Miss Roy. But when all the girls had left the room, he said to the dark young woman:

"This is a very serious case. Please, help me to take her up into that chair!"

And then suddenly he hit Miss Roy upon the cheek with his open hand.

Miss Roy opened her eyes at once. She stared at him in wild astonishment. Before she could have another fit he took his hand again and struck her on the other cheek. Now fear was in her eyes. She was trembling. And then she began to cry.

¹ A 33 bus — Автобус № 33

² This way — Сюда

³ clear the room — освободите комнату

⁴ but this lady — кроме этой дамы

Turning to her friend she wept: "Darling, I want to go home."

The dark young woman looked at him with interest.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It was the only way. And anyhow — it worked.¹ She'll be all right in a few minutes."

"You must see her home," the young woman said quickly.

"Very well," Andrew said in his busiest professional tone. He decided to take advantage of it to the full.²

The house took Andrew's breath away.³ He had never imagined anything so luxurious. A servant brought cocktails. Mrs. Frances Lawrence (that was the dark young woman's name) was explaining to Andrew how it had all happened in the shop. Andrew tried to be quite serious about the case. Miss Roy at first tried to take no notice⁴ of Andrew. But after a second cocktail she already met Andrew's eyes without ill-will.⁵ The conversation became lively and pleasant for all the three of them.

"Well!" Andrew said at last. There was nothing more for him to do there. "I must go now. Please take my advice, Miss Roy. Have a light meal and go to bed, and — call in your own doctor tomorrow. Good-bye."

Mrs. Lawrence accompanied him into the hall. She did not hurry to say good-bye to him. She was tall, slim with a small beautiful head. She was quite young; not more than twenty-seven, he was sure. She gave him her hand, her greenish eyes looked at him in a friendly smile.

¹ it worked — это средство подействовало

² to take advantage of it to the full — воспользоваться этим полностью

³ The house took Andrew's breath away. — У Эндрю захватило дух, когда они вошли в дом.

⁴ to take no notice — не обращать внимания

⁵ met Andrew's eyes without ill-will — смотрела на Эндрю безо всякой злобы

"I wished to tell you how I admired your new method of treatment," she said. "Don't give it up. I think it will be a great success."

Walking down Green Street to take a bus¹ there he saw that it was nearly five o'clock. He had spent three hours in the company of these young women. He ought to take a really big fee for that! And yet, despite this thought — so typical of his brave new outlook — he was not satisfied. Had he really made the most of² his chance? Mrs. Lawrence had seemed to like him. And what a luxurious house!

Suddenly he gritted his teeth³ angrily. Not only had he forgotten to leave his card. He had forgotten even to tell them his name. So he had missed a golden chance.

7. The New Joy

The following morning, when he was going to leave the house and visit his three and six fee patients,⁴ the telephone rang.

"Doctor Manson, sir! Miss Roy wishes to know when you will call on her today." It was a servant's voice. Then: "Excuse me, sir, Mrs. Lawrence will speak to you herself."

As he came away from the phone, he told himself happily that he hadn't — no, he hadn't missed his chance after all.

He at once forgot all his other calls and went straight to the house in Green Street. Here Andrew was met by Miss Roy's father. He did not say much.

"Look here, doc.⁵ It was very difficult for Mrs. Law-

¹ to take a bus — чтобы сесть на автобус

² made the most of — полностью использовал

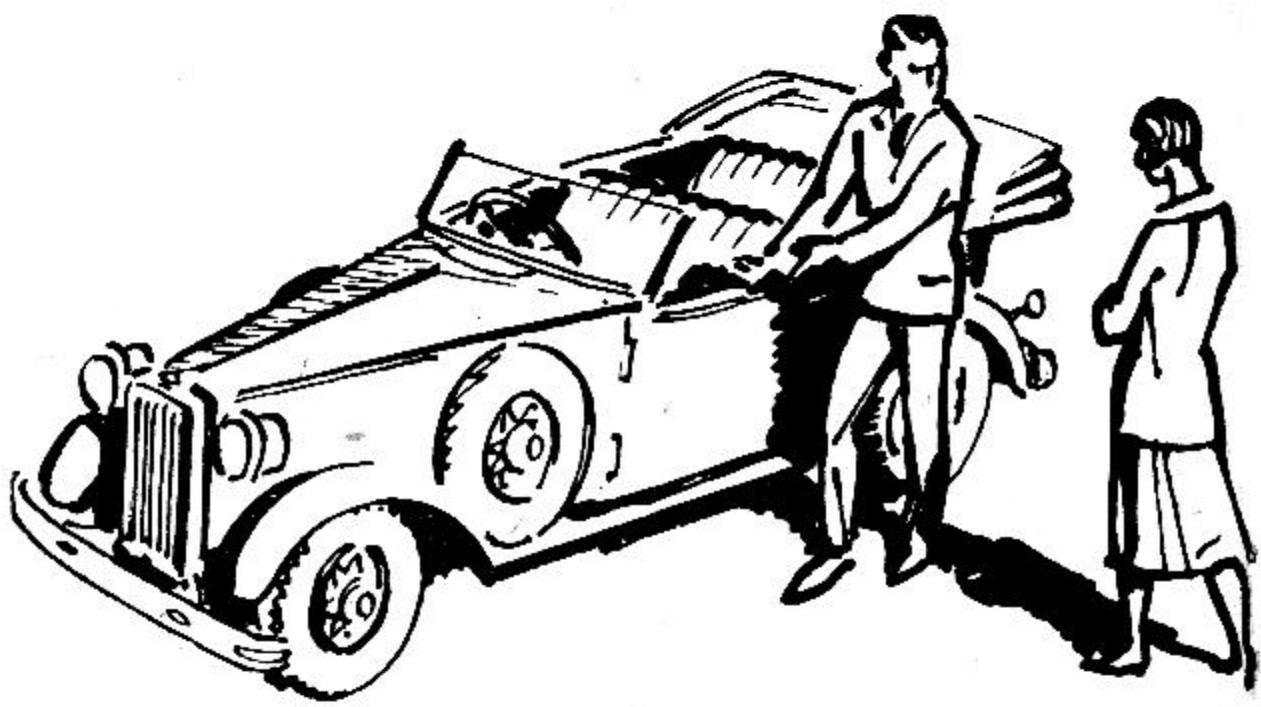
³ he gritted his teeth — заскрежетал зубами

⁴ three and six fee patients — больные, платившие ему 3 шиллинга и 6 пенсов

⁵ Look here, doc. — Послушайте, доктор. (doc. сокращение от doctor)

rence to find you this morning. You take my girl in hand.¹ Don't think of money. I can pay. Good-bye."

When Andrew went upstairs, Frances Lawrence was waiting for him at Miss Roy's room. And then he usually saw her at the time of his visits, and she was a great help to him with his young patient. He liked to watch her, as she moved about the room. He liked to listen to her. And he could not believe it — he thought it only seemed to him — she took some interest in² him too.



Andrew began to ask himself how a doctor could have a high-class practice without a smart car? And though Christine who did not know anything about his plans, still was short of money to keep house,³ he decided to buy a car.

Three weeks later a brown brand new car stopped at 9 Chesborrough Terrace.

"Christine!" Andrew cried. "Come and see something!"

¹ You take my girl in hand. — Возьмитесь за мою девочку.

² to take interest in — (См. сноска на стр. 76).

³ Christine was short of money to keep house — У Кристины не хватало денег вести хозяйство

"Oh, darling," Christine exclaimed. "Is it ours? What a beauty! And you never said a word to me."

She could not admire the little car enough.

"Good surprise, Chris? Step in, lady. She goes like a bird!"¹

Their moments of understanding and happiness were so rare now that she was afraid to spoil this one as she said:

"Oh, if we could go for a drive into the country once in a while,² say on Sundays,³ into the forest, — oh, it would be wonderful."

"Of course," he answered absently. "But it's really for my practice." He was thinking of the effect this little car would have upon his patients.

On Thursday of the following week, as he came out of Miss Roy's house, he ran straight into Freddie Hampton. Andrew was highly satisfied to see how Freddie could hardly recognize him in his new suit.

"Hello," said Freddie. "What are you doing here?"

"Patient. Roy's daughter."

"Roy's daughter!" The surprise in his voice meant a lot to Andrew.

"Can I give you a lift?"⁴ Andrew asked, opening the door of his beautiful new car.

In the car Freddie could not speak for a few minutes. He was thinking of the changes in the situation. The new suit, the car, Roy's daughter, Manson's qualifications. Yes, now Manson was useful to him. Useful, very useful.

"I'm going to Mrs. Sherrington's Home,"⁵ he began. "Come in and see one of my patients there. She's a gold mine.⁶ It'll be very pleasant to her. And it'll be five gu-

¹ She goes like a bird! — Летит, как птица!

² go for a drive... once in a while — изредка прокатиться

³ say on Sundays — ну, хотя бы по воскресеньям

⁴ "Can I give you lift?" — Подвезти, подбросить тебя?

⁵ Mrs. Sherrington's Home — частная лечебница Миссис Шеррингтон

⁶ She's a gold mine. — Она очень богата.

neas for you. That's how we do it here¹ — Ivory and Freedman and I. Really you ought to be with us, Manson."

Andrew examined the old woman. There was nothing wrong with her. It was dishonest to advise her to have a consultation "of a qualified doctor". But, damn it! Why should he be such a stickler?² He would never make a success of himself if he went on like this.³

And at the end of the month when he received a cheque — with best thanks — for five guineas, he was able to laugh at himself and his thoughts. He enjoyed receiving cheques now.

8. Nonsense!

The practice was now increasing rapidly in all directions. He had always been poor before. In the past his honesty and principles had brought him nothing in the difficult struggle for success.

Now more and more of the Lawrier shop-girls and even some of the Seniors came to his surgery — the doctor was so kind and so clever.

The days of waiting were finished for Andrew. At the evening surgeries there were as many patients in his waiting-room as he could examine. Poorer people came to the surgery by the back door; those who could pay the double fee came to the consulting-room by the front door. Andrew had to run between the surgery and the consulting-room.

"Listen, Chris," he said one morning. "You know — when I've seen a patient, I come back into the house to make up the medicine. It takes me five minutes⁴ usually. And it's a lot of time, when I can see one of the "good"

patients waiting in the consulting-room. Do you understand my plan? From now on¹ you are my dispenser."

"But I don't know anything about making up medicine."

"There's nothing for you to know. I've prepared several stock mixtures.² You have only to fill the bottles."

"But — Andrew, do you really believe..."

"Don't you see I've got to?"³ He could not look her in the eye. "I know I talked a lot of nonsense about medicine in Aberalaw. Nonsense!"

Before she could answer he left the room.

In the old days she would have argued,⁴ but now, sadly, she understood that it was useless. She no longer influenced him. She was his dispenser now, filling the bottles for him. And sometimes, when she told him there was no mixture he was asking her to give, he would cry out:

"Anything! Damn it! Anything!"⁵

After the surgery it was still strange for Christine to see how happy he was looking at the money he had earned.

On the first of October he told her to buy new furniture for the house, new bedroom suites, a drawing-room suit — everything new.

"That's one of the joys of making money — to be able to give you everything you want," he said. "Now we are beginning to enjoy our good times. It is high time to get rid of this old stuff."⁶

¹ From now on — С сегодняшнего дня

² stock mixtures — готовые, наиболее ходкие микстуры

³ Don't you see I've got to? — Неужели ты не понимаешь, что я вынужден это делать?

⁴ she would have argued — она бы спорила, доказывала

⁵ Anything! Damn it! Anything! — Давай что-нибудь! Черт возьми! Давай что попало!

⁶ to get rid of this old stuff — избавиться от этого старого барахла

¹ That's how we do it here — Вот так мы и работаем

² Why should he be such a stickler? — И что это он должен разыгрывать из себя защитника справедливости?

³ if he went on like this — если он не изменится

⁴ It takes me five minutes — На это у меня уходит 5 минут

Tears sprang to her eyes.

"You didn't think it was stuff at Aberalaw. Oh! those were real days, those were happy days!"

He stared at her in surprise. He could not understand her lately. He felt that they were drifting away from each other,¹ losing that unity which had always existed between them. Well, it was not his fault. He was doing his best!² He felt angrily that his success meant nothing to her, nothing! But he had no time to think of that. He had a full list of calls before him.

Twice a week he visited the bank and made payments into his account.³ The manager of the bank always gave him a warm smile and often invited him to smoke a cigar in his room together.

The other doctors of the district now greeted him friendly as he passed them in his new car.

Sometimes Mrs. Frances Lawrence rang him up. He always enjoyed her telephone conversations. One day she invited him to luncheon on the following Friday.

"Miss Roy'll also be there. And one or two other people. It will perhaps do you some good⁴ to meet them."

He rang off. Christine had not been invited. That was a little strange. But after all, it was a business meeting. When Friday came, he told Christine that he was going to luncheon with Hampton and jumped into his car.

The luncheon was a success. Andrew met many interesting people there — writers, doctors, travellers. He enjoyed the conversation, the meals — everything.

On the following morning Freddie Hampton rang him up.

¹ they were drifting away from each other — течение несло их в разные стороны

² He was doing his best! — Он делает все, что в его силах!

³ made payment into his account — вносил деньги на свой текущий счет

⁴ to do good — приносить пользу

"Hallo, Manson. Did you enjoy your lunch yesterday? How did I know? Why, you old dog, haven't you seen to day's "Tribune"?"

He ran into the waiting-room, where the newspapers lay on the table. How had he missed it before? There on one of the pages he saw a photo of Frances Lawrence and a paragraph describing her luncheon; his name was among the guests.

He threw the newspaper into the fire.

Then he realized that Christine had already read the paper. He tried to calm himself with the thought that Christine had not seen this paragraph and went to the consulting-room.

But Christine had seen the paragraph and the hurt of it struck her to the heart.² Why had he not told her? Oh? Why? She would not have minded³ his going to that lunch. It was all too trivial. Yet she saw with a sudden pain that its meaning was not trivial.

She wanted to continue her work in the house, but she could not. She walked from one room to another. She knew it was useless to speak to him. He was so touchy now — a sign of his own conflict⁴ — a word from her would result in a quarrel. She must do her best in other ways.

It was Saturday and on Saturdays she usually went shopping. She went into the street. She felt better in the open air, buying fruit, flowers, trying to think of something very nice to please Andrew.

Yet the wound was still open.

¹ "Tribune" ['tribju:n] — Одна из лондонских газет.

² struck her to the heart — поразила ее в самое сердце

³ she would not have minded — она бы не возражала против...

⁴ a sign of his own conflict — признак того, что в нем самом происходила борьба

"What's the matter with you?" said Mrs. Schmidt as Christine came into her shop. "You don't eat enough, my dear! You don't look as you should.¹ And you have a car now and money and everything..."

In the evening she heard the telephone ring. She went to answer it, her face still, her eyes sad. For perhaps five minutes she was absent. When she returned, her expression was quite changed. Her eyes were bright. From time to time she looked out of the window, waiting for Andrew's return. The good news she had received! News which was so important to him; yes, important to both of them. And it will keep him from being spoiled by his great success. And it was such a real step up² for him too!

When he arrived, she ran to meet him in the hall.

"Andrew! I've got some good news for you from Professor Abbey."

"Yes?" His face, which had drawn into compunction³ as he saw her, suddenly cleared.

"Yes, he rang up himself, wanted to speak to you. I told him who I was — oh! he was terribly nice — oh-oh! I'm telling you so badly. Darling, you are to be appointed to outpatients⁴ at the Victoria Hospital — immediately!"

"Why — that's good news, Chris."

"Yes," she cried, "chances for research — everything that you wanted to get and didn't get on the Board." She put her arms around his neck.

He looked down at her, touched by her love, by her true unselfishness.

"What a good soul you are, Chris! And — and what a lout I am!"

¹ You don't look as you should. — Вы плохо выглядите.

² a real step up — настоящий шаг вперед

³ had drawn into compunction — вытянулось от угрызений совести

⁴ to outpatients — эд. амбулаторным врачом

9. The Victoria Hospital

In the middle of the next month Andrew began working at the Victoria Hospital. His days were Tuesdays and Thursdays, the hours from three until five o'clock in the afternoon. To his great and secret pride he now was not a medical assistant, but an honorary consultant in one of the most famous hospitals in London.

The Victoria Hospital was very old. And the methods of diagnosis and treatment there were almost as old as the hospital itself. But Andrew forgot about all this. It was wonderful, he told himself, after months of waiting to start again. Now he decided to investigate the earliest signs of tuberculosis in children. He had a lot of material here, as hundreds of mothers brought their pale children to the hospital.

And yet, though he tried very hard to convince himself, his heart was not in his work.¹ He had far too much upon his mind now.² No one knew better than he how long it took³ to examine a case attentively. And he was always in a hurry. Soon he felt that he could not, simply he could not go on with his new investigation.

His patients at the hospital liked the new doctor. And he took the example of one of his fellow doctors who called all his regular patients⁴ into his room at once and rapidly wrote: "Rep. Mixt."⁵ in their cards. He had no time now to remember how he had once hated these words.

* * *

Six weeks after he had begun his work at the Victoria Hospital Andrew received a letter from Denny. Denny had

¹ his heart was not in his work — его душа не лежала к этой работе

² He had far too much upon his mind now. — Теперь его волновало многое другое.

³ how long it took — как много требовалось времени

⁴ regular ['regjulə] patients — повторные (постоянные) больные

⁵ "Rep. Mixt." = Mixture as before — Повторить то же лекарство

gone to Mexico¹ soon after Andrew got his job in Aberalaw and now he was coming back to England.

Andrew and Christine were both pleased at the news but for different reasons.² Andrew simply wanted to see his friend. Christine had always thought that Hope's and Denny's progressive ideas influenced her husband. Now she was planning a meeting which would bring them all together³ again and —

The day before Denny's arrival she said to Andrew:

"If you don't mind, Andrew — I thought I might give a little dinner next week, just for you and Denny and Hope and me."

He looked at her in some surprise. Now, as they were drifting away from each other⁴ it was strange to hear her talk like that. But seeing her face he said quickly:

"All right. Let's have it on Sunday. That's the best day for all of us."

On the following Sunday Denny arrived in London. He looked older. Yet he was the same Denny.

"This is a very grand house," he exclaimed. Then he turned to Christine: "Is this smart gentleman Doctor Manson? If I'd known, I'd have brought him a canary."

Denny told them he had been lucky to get an appointment at a hospital in one of the towns in the south of the country.

"I don't know how they gave me the job of a surgeon. It must be a mistake," he smiled.

"No," said Andrew. "It's your M. S.,⁵ Denny, a first-class degree like that will get you anywhere."⁶

"What's happened to him? I don't recognize old Manson. He doesn't talk like the chap that blew up that sewer with me."

At that moment Hope arrived. He had not met Denny before. But five minutes was enough for them to understand one another. Together they attacked Andrew with their jokes.

After dinner, as Christine had hoped, the talk became medical. Christine remained in the room, sitting at the table, the chin on her hands, listening silently, her eyes on Andrew's face.

Though it was a joy to see Denny again, Andrew had the feeling that his old friend did not think much of¹ his success. But after all, he had done well for himself.² And what had Denny — yes, what had Denny done?

But now they were discussing hospitals and the whole hospital system and Andrew forgot about these feelings. He was carried away³ by the conversation. They were criticizing the system together, and it seemed to Christine that under the influence of the two friends her husband was becoming her old Andrew again. They did not stop until twelve o'clock and then they found sandwiches and coffee before them on the table.

Before they left Denny came up to Christine.

"I wouldn't worry too much⁴ about him, you know." He smiled. "But we must try to get him back to Blaenelly standards."⁵

¹ did not think much of ... — был не очень высокого мнения об ...

² he had done well for himself — он-то сделал карьеру

³ He was carried away — Он был увлечен

⁴ I wouldn't worry too much — Не стоит слишком беспокоиться

⁵ to get him... standards — добиться того, чтобы он снова стал таким, (каким он был в Блэнелли)

¹ Mexico ['meksi:kou] — Мексика

² for different reasons — по разным причинам

³ to bring together — свести вместе

⁴ См. сноска на стр. 86.

⁵ M.S. = Master of Surgery — магистр хирургии

⁶ a first-class degree ... anywhere — такое высокое звание... (обеспечит вам любое место)

10. Oh, Darling, Don't Sell Yourself!

One day Andrew told Christine he was going to buy a new car, a better one.

"We are getting rich, you know, Chris. Yes." He smiled, "We are rapidly getting rich."

She did not answer his smile. She said slowly:

"Dear, do we really want to be rich? I know I don't. Why all this talk about money? When we had almost nothing — oh, we were so happy. We never talked about money.

And now we never talk of anything else. Don't you remember, how you usually spoke of life, that it was an attack on the unknown — as if you had to attack some castle, some citadel —"

He answered gloomily:

"Oh! I was young then — foolish. That was just romantic talk. You look round. You'll see that everybody is doing the same thing — trying to get rich."

"Darling! It isn't the only thing. I've been so unhappy at this change in you. Denny saw it too. It is carrying us away from one another. You are not the Andrew Manson I married."

"What have I done?" he protested. "Do I beat you? Do I get drunk?¹ Do I kill anybody? Give me one example of my crimes."

"It's not this. It's your whole attitude. It's dishonest. Can't you see?" She cried hysterically: "Oh, darling, don't sell yourself!"

He suddenly shouted:

"Stop that nonsense! You talk as if it was some crime. I only want to succeed. And if I want money, it is only as a means to succeed. People judge you by what you are, what you have. If you are poor, you get ordered about.² I

have had enough of that. Now, do you understand? Don't talk that nonsense to me again!"

"All right, all right," she sobbed. "But I tell you — some day you'll be sorry."

Andrew was full of indignation.

A few days later Frances Lawrence rang him up. They had tea together. They talked as old friends. It was a pleasure to see the welcome in her eyes. He told her about his success. She told him she thought it better for him to have a consulting-room somewhere in the centre of the city. A consulting-room in the centre meant a lot for a doctor like Andrew.

Half an hour later, as Andrew drove back to Chesborough Terrace, he thought of Mrs. Lawrence's words. Oh! Really that was an idea! Why had he never thought of that before? Oh, friendship was a great thing!

He began to look for a consulting-room in the centre. And when he found one, a month later, only then did he say to his wife:

"By the way — you might care to know¹ — I have taken a room in Welbeck Street now. I shall use it for my better-class patients.²

11. The Last Straw

On the nineteenth of April Freddie Hampton accompanied him to his new consulting-room. He had found Andrew a useful nurse. Nurse Sharp was not beautiful. She was middle-aged. But she knew her work well.

He had not many patients at the start. But it was so only at the start. Three guineas for a consultation seemed quite a right fee there and soon he was very busy hurrying in his new car between Chesborough Terrace and the Victoria, then between Welbeck Street and Chesborough

¹ to get drunk — пьяствовать, напиваться

² you get ordered about — тобой помыкают

¹ you might care to know — может быть, тебя интересует это

² better-class patients — пациенты из высших кругов

Terrace, where he again worked often until ten o'clock at night.

One day, when he returned home and sat down to have his tea, Christine said quietly:

"Mrs. Lawrence rang you again this afternoon."

"Oh!" He reddened. "What do you mean — again?"

"This is the fourth time this week."

"Well, what of it?"¹

"Nothing. I didn't say anything."

"She's a nice woman. Why, her husband is one of my friends. They are wonderful people. They don't sit and speak, looking like you, like a sick little dog. Damn it!"

Yet, the moment he was out² of the room he was sorry. He took a cigarette, thinking that things were going from bad to worse³ between Christine and himself. It was the only dark cloud on the bright sky of his success. Christine and he had been so happy in their married life. He felt he was still fond of her. He remembered Blaenelly, then Aberalaw. Perhaps he hurt her once or twice lately. He felt a sudden desire to make up with⁴ her, to please her. He thought hard. Suddenly he looked at his watch. The next minute he was in his car and on his way to Laurier's shop.

Soon, with a big box in his hand he ran into the house again.

"Christine," he called. "Here a moment!"⁵

"Look, dear," he said as she came in. "I bought this for you. I knew — I know we haven't been getting on so well lately". She saw it was difficult for him to find the word. "But this —"

¹ what of it? — и что из этого?

² the moment he was out — но как только он вышел

³ things were going from bad to worse — отношения становились все хуже и хуже

⁴ to make up with... — помириться с...

⁵ Here a moment! — Или-ка сюда на минутку!

He handed her the box. She was very pale as she opened it. Her hands trembled.

Then she gave a little cry:

"What lovely, lovely furs."

There in the box lay two silver foxes.

"Do you like them, Christine? Try them on. First-class quality."

Tears were running down her cheeks.

"You do love me, don't you, darling? That's all that matters to me in the world."

She tried on the furs. He could not admire them enough. Yes, he must make up with her. He smiled.

"Look here, Chris. Let us go to lunch together today. Let us meet at the Plaza restaurant at one o'clock."

"Yes, darling, but, only — I've got some cake for lunch today. You like it so much."

"No, no," his laugh was gayer than it had been for months. "Don't be an old stay-at-home!¹ One o'clock."

All morning he felt a high satisfaction. What a fool he was! All women like when you pay attention to them, give them a good time.²

At one o'clock he was at the Plaza.

Christine was late. That is why they were given a bad table. The restaurant was crowded. It was terribly hot there.

He ordered a rich lunch. Christine tried not to spoil his mood. She listened to Andrew as he told her about the people in the restaurant. He now knew many of them. All were richly dressed. The women were dressed in black, smart, made-up.

Then she noticed that many of them were staring at her. And suddenly she understood why. She felt the

¹ stay-at-home — домосед(ка)

² to give a good time — развлекать

discrepancy between her new furs and her very simple dress.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, of course," she protested, trying to smile. But she could hardly eat and drink now.

"You are not listening to what I say," he said again. "You haven't even touched your glass. Damn it all, when a man takes his wife out..."¹

Her hands began to tremble.

She tried to eat but a piece suddenly fell from her fork on the new fur.

The woman at the next table smiled. Andrew saw that smile. The meal ended in dead silence. The evening was spoiled.

In silence they drove home.

The pain in Christine's heart was awful. That night she put her arms round his neck and kissed him, thanking him again for the furs, but he said drily:

"I'm glad you enjoy them," and went to his own room.

12. Richard Stillman

Mr. Richard Stillman was well-known all over America and in many other countries for the excellent results he had shown in the treatment of tuberculosis. Yet Stillman was not a doctor.

Richard Stillman came of an old American family of lawyers. Young Stillman had a strong desire to enter the medical profession and, at the age of eighteen he entered the Harvard University.² But two years later his father died, and Richard's grandfather who now took care of the

¹ when a man takes his wife out... — когда уж идешь куданыбудь с женой...

² Harvard [haɪvəd] University — Гарвардский университет

family, insisted that Richard become a lawyer.¹ The young man had to obey. Working as a lawyer for four years he could not forget his dreams and in the attic of his home he set up a small laboratory where he spent every spare moment. This attic was indeed the beginning of the famous Stillman Institute. He attacked the problem of tuberculosis, and in this field he showed not only the highest skill but an originality of thought almost of a genius.

In the year 1910 Richard had at last succeeded in curing tuberculosis in guinea pigs. Since that time he plunged into the real business of his life. He spent all the money left after his grandfather's death to build his Institute, and his work there brought him even greater triumphs and victories on the one hand² and a lot of enemies among the people of the medical profession on the other hand. He was recognized in America only in 1925, when a Washington³ Commission had visited his Institute and found the results of his work brilliant.

Andrew knew Stillman's history. So when the results of his Aberalaw investigations had been published, it was a great joy for him to receive a letter of congratulation from Mr. Richard Stillman himself.

Now Stillman was in London Andrew had learned about his arrival from the newspapers. He now felt a strong desire to see Mr. Stillman and to speak to him. He was greatly satisfied that he could approach Stillman not as a medical assistant but as a Welbeck Street consultant. With that aim in view⁴ he decided to write a letter to the well-known American.

¹ insisted that Richard become a lawyer — настоял на том, чтобы Ричард стал юристом

² on the one hand — с одной стороны

on the other hand — с другой стороны

³ Washington [wɔːʃɪŋtən] — Вашингтон, вашингтонский

⁴ With that aim in view [vju:] — С этой целью

That evening he had another quarrel with Christine. He had got angry¹ when he saw her reading the Bible² and called her a fool. With a great effort she took control of herself.³ Then looking at him with pain in her eyes, she said in a low voice:

"Andrew! Don't you think it would be a good thing for both of us if I went away for a little while.⁴ To see my aunt. Don't you think I ought to go?"

"Yes! Go! Damn it all! Go!"

He turned round and left her.

13. Freedom!

After she had gone he at first had a pleasant feeling of freedom. But he enjoyed his freedom only for three days. Then he began to feel sorry for her. He missed her. Her face rose before him, not the fresh young face of that earlier Christine, but an older and paler face with sad eyes full of pain.

He spent his spare time in the company of Ivory, Freddie and Freedman. He often saw Stillman. Each meeting and talk with him gave Andrew a lot of material for thinking about his own work at the Victoria, brought new interesting ideas.

Yet he could not concentrate on his research at the hospital. He woke during the hot nights, thinking of his work, of his practice, missing Christine, his hand reaching for a cigarette.

In the middle of it all he rang up Frances Lawrence. "I'm all alone⁵ here now. Would you like to run out⁶

¹ to get angry — рассердиться

² the Bible ['baɪbl] — Библия

³ she took control [kan'trəʊl] of herself — она сдержалась

⁴ If I went away for a little while — если бы я уехала на некоторое время

⁵ all alone — совсем один

⁶ Would you like to run out — Не хотели бы вы прокатиться

somewhere to the country in the evening? It's so hot in London."

The following evening she sat in his car as they were driving out of town. She said little, yet she filled the car with her charming presence. He saw her thin white hand near him. They stopped at the bank of a small beautiful river.

There was a full moon in the sky. They went down to the river and seated themselves¹ upon a bench that stood very close to the water.

She took off her hat and looked at the slowly moving current. They talked for an hour friendly, calmly. Then suddenly he asked her:

"Please tell me something. Why have you been so kind to me? Helping me all those months?"

She looked at him strangely.

"You are very attractive to women. And the most interesting thing is that you don't understand it."

He kissed her. She did not move. Her lips were warm and dry.

In a minute she said:

"That was very pleasant. And very badly done."

"I can do better," he stammered, staring in front of him, not moving. He was awkward and ashamed. Angry he told himself that it was wonderful to be here on such a night with such a charming woman. He ought to have taken her into his arms,² but he only felt a desire to smoke.

And in the water before him Christine's face suddenly appeared. It seemed to him he saw her eyes clearly. The struggle within him was too strong. But he was a man, wasn't he? He kissed Frances again.

"I thought it would take you another twelve months to

¹ seated themselves — сели (уселись)

² He ought to have taken her into his arms — Ему следовало бы ее обнять

do this." Her eyes were smiling. "And now, don't you think we should go, Doctor? This night air — isn't it rather dangerous for a man like you?"

He helped her to her feet¹ and she held his hand in hers as they walked to the car. They started for London.

Andrew was not happy. He felt himself a fool. He hated himself and his feelings. His heart was cold. He remembered the first days of his love for Christine, those wonderful days at Blaenelly. But he tried to push his thought away from him.

They were at her house and still his thoughts struggled with his feelings. He got out of the car and opened the door for her. They stood together at the door while she opened her bag and took out her key.

"You'll come up with me, won't you? I think the servants are all in bed," she whispered.

He hesitated stammered.

"It's very late, isn't it?"

She did not seem to hear² him and went up the steps with the key in her hand. He followed her in silence.

14. True Friendship

Three days later Andrew sat in his Welbeck Street consulting room. He was tired. He feared Christine's return now. The thought that in the evening he was to see Frances again made him hurry with his patients.

Nurse Sharp entered the room.

"A man wants to see you," she said. "He's not a patient. His name is Bolland."

"Bolland?" Andrew got up suddenly. "Con Bolland? Let him in, Nurse. Quick!"

Yes, it was Con Bolland himself. The same Con, only he looked a little older now. He ran into the room.

¹ helped her to her feet — он помог ей встать

² She did not seem to hear — Казалось, она не слышала

"How are you, Manson, boy! How are you! It's nice to see you again."

In the presence of Con Bolland Andrew felt happy again. They talked gayly. About Aberalaw. About Andrew's work. They remembered Llewellyn and the guinea pigs.

"Look here, Manson. Do you remember Mary, my eldest daughter? She's been poorly lately.¹ Llewellyn says it is tuberculosis. He hasn't helped her a bit.² We know you are a big man now; you are the talk of Aberalaw.³ Will you take a look at Mary for us? We believe only in you. Now, what do you say, Manson? If you are too busy, you have got only to say it and..."

Andrew's face was serious now.

"Don't talk so, Con. Can't you see how delighted I am to see you? And Mary, poor child — you know I'll do everything I can for her, everthing."

He invited Con to stay at his house for three or four days. Christine would be back on Friday. She would also be delighted to see him.

Friday came. They both ran to meet Christine. His heart was beating as the train approached the station. He now thought he was lucky to have Bolland with him.

"Hallo, Chris," he tried to shout carelessly. "I thought you would never come back! Well, look at him! It's Con himself. And not a day older! Did you have a good time?"

Christine's face was shining. She had feared no one would meet her at the station. She had also thought much about this meeting. Now she was almost hopeful, thinking it was a good beginning.

¹ She's been poorly lately. — Она себя очень плохо чувствует последнее время.

² He hasn't helped her a bit. — Он ей ничуть не помог.

³ you are the talk of Aberalaw — в Эберло о вас не перестают говорить

"Oh, it is good to be home," she said as they all entered the house. "You have missed me, Andrew?"

"I should think so! We all have missed you."

But a few minutes later he left saying his patients were waiting for him. As he got into his car he said to himself: "Thank God, that's over!² She doesn't look better than before. Oh, I'm sure she didn't notice anything. And that is the most important thing now."

Mary came two days later. Christine had insisted on her coming at once. It was clear at first sight³ she was not well. Manson examined her in his room.

"I'm afraid, Llewellyn is right. Con. But don't worry. It's only early⁴ tuberculosis. We can do something with it. I'll get her into⁵ the Victoria. I'll keep my eye on⁶ her."

"Manson," Con exclaimed. "That's true friendship. If you only knew how the girl believes in you!"

Next Saturday, when Mary was taken to the hospital and Con had gone back to Aberalaw, Andrew was able to press Christine's arm and exclaim lightly on his way to the surgery:

"Nice to be together again, Chris," and it sounded quite natural. He did not look at her. He did not see her face. She had been so hopeful on the day of her arrival. Now, within her, was the terrible foreboding: "Dear God! When and how is it going to end?"

15. A Bolt from the Blue⁷

Now Andrew was at the summit of his success. The practice and the income were still increasing. There came upon him a feeling of self-satisfaction. He was now

¹ I should think so! — Еще бы!

² Thank God, that's over! — Слава богу, все обошлось!

³ at first sight [sa:t] — с первого взгляда

⁴ early — эд начальная стадия

⁵ get her into — эд. поместить ее в

⁶ to keep an eye on — присмотреть за

⁷ A bolt from the blue — Гром среди ясного неба

planning to buy a house in Welbeck Street. It was no longer difficult for him to see Christine and talk to her lightly. He could come into the house quite naturally, after an hour spent with Frances. Life moved too fast for him to think long¹ about all that. He had a false feeling of strength. He felt master of his destiny.²

And then, out of high heaven, the bolt fell.³

One evening a woman came to his consulting-room at Chesborough Terrace. She was Mrs. Vidler, the wife of a tradesman. She asked Andrew to come to their house to see her husband, Harry Vidler, who had not been well lately. Andrew knew this family and promised that he would call.

Next morning he found Vidler in bed. The man complained of a bad pain in his stomach. Andrew found that there was nothing dangerous with him. It was a cyst. But it was necessary to do an operation. He said it would be better for Vidler to go into hospital at once.

Here, however, Mrs. Vidler held up her hands.⁴

"No, sir, I won't have⁵ my Harry in a public hospital. We are not rich, Doctor, as you know, but we have a little money put by. I won't have my Harry standing in queues⁶ and go to a public hospital as if he was a beggar."

"But, Mrs. Vidler, I can send . . ."

"No! You can find a private home for Harry, sir. And you can get a private doctor to operate on him. As long as I live,⁷ no public hospital will have Harry Vidler."

¹ to think long — чтобы подолгу размышлять

² He felt master of his destiny — Он чувствовал себя хозяином своей судьбы.

³ out of high heaven [hevн] the bolt fell — с ясного неба грянул гром

⁴ held up her hands — протестующе подняла руки

⁵ I won't have . . . — эд. я не пущу . . .

⁶ stand in queues [kju:z] — стоять в очередях

⁷ As long as I live — До тех пор, пока я жива

Andrew saw that Vidler himself was of the same opinion as his wife.¹

That evening Andrew rang up Ivory, asking him if he would do this operation. He said the Vidlers were not rich, and they could not pay much. Ivory replied he was ready to do anything for Manson. So Andrew rang up Mrs. Vidler again.

"I've just spoken to Mr. Charles Ivory, a surgeon who is a friend of mine. He'll come to see your husband tomorrow at eleven o'clock. And he says he'll do the operation for thirty guineas while the usual fee is a hundred guineas — perhaps more."

On the following day Harry moved into a little private home not far from Chesborough Terrace.

On Friday at two o'clock Andrew and Ivory arrived there. Ivory began preparing for the operation.

The patient walked into the operating-room bravely and climbed upon the table. He smiled at Andrew.

"I'll be better after this is over," he said and closed his eyes.

Ivory began the operation.

His incision was large and immediately they saw the cyst. It looked like a wet football. So Andrew's diagnosis was correct. Really Vidler would be all right after the operation.

Meanwhile Ivory in his masterly manner² was playing with the football trying to get his hands round it but could not do that. Every time he tried to catch it, the ball slipped away from him. He tried perhaps twenty times.

Andrew looked at Ivory. What was the man doing? He had seen Llewellyn, Denny and many others do such operations. It was a simple job for a surgeon. And suddenly he realized that this was the first such operation

¹ was of the same opinion — придерживался того же мнения

² in his masterly manner — мастерски

Ivory had ever done. Andrew's heart fell as he came nearer to the table.

Ivory was still trying to get behind the cyst, still calm and very attentive.

What was Andrew fearing? It was a simple operation. In a few minutes it would be finished.

Ivory, with a smile, turned to the nurse asking her for a knife. He had given up the attempt to find the cyst's point of attachment.¹

Holding the knife, before Andrew understood what he was doing, Ivory cut the wall of the cyst.

After that everything happened at once.

Blood ran from the cyst. Ivory tried to stop it, but it ran on and on. The cyst was full of blood.

"God!" thought Andrew in horror. "He can't operate, he can't operate at all."

Ivory had not stopped the blood yet.

The nurse, feeling Vidler's pulse stammered in a whisper:

"I am afraid he is dying, Doctor."

Ivory began to suture up.²

There was no football and no cyst and no blood running from it. Vidler was dead.

Ivory finished the suture carefully, and turned to lay down the instruments. Paralyzed, Andrew could not move. Harry Vidler's body was carried upstairs to his bedroom.

Ivory spoke at last calmly:

"Very unfortunate,³ Manson. I imagine it was a shock."

Still Andrew could not speak. He suddenly remembered Mrs. Vidler waiting downstairs. Ivory seemed to read⁴ his thought.

¹ the cyst's point of attachment [ə'tætʃmənt] — место прикрепления кисты

² to suture ['sju:tʃə] — зашивать рану

³ Very unfortunate — Какая неудача

⁴ Ivory seemed to read — Казалось, Айвери прочел

"Don't worry, Manson. I'll speak to the woman," he said. "Come."

Andrew followed him downstairs seeing nothing, feeling nothing.

"My dear lady," Ivory said, putting his hand on her shoulder. "I am afraid we have bad news for you."

"What?" Horror was in her eyes.

"Your poor husband, Mrs. Vidler, — we tried to do everything for him, but —"

She fell into the chair.

"Harry!" she whispered in a heart-rending voice. Then again, "Harry!"

"We can only tell you — Doctor Manson and I — that no power on earth could have saved¹ him, even if the operation — "

She covered her face with her hands.

He went out of the room and again Andrew went with him. At the end of the hall there was an empty room the door of which stood open. Ivory walked into the room and took out a cigarette. His face was perhaps a little paler than usual, but he was absolutely calm.

"Well, that is over," he said. "Of course, he didn't die on the table. I finished before that — which makes it all right.² There will be no investigation."

Andrew raised his head. He was trembling.

"For God's sake stop talking," he almost shouted. "You know you killed him. You're not a surgeon. You never will be a surgeon. You are the worst botcher I've ever seen in all my life. Oh, God! I should have known³ — I'm as bad as you —"

"Calm yourself, you fool. You will be heard."

¹ no power ... could have saved him — никакая сила не могла бы его спасти

² which makes it all right — значит, все в порядке

³ I should have known — Мне бы следовало знать это

"What if I am?¹ You know it's the truth — it was almost murder!"

Ivory said nothing, simply turned and walked out of the room.

How long Andrew remained in that room he did not know. But at last he rose realizing that he had work which he must do. When he came back home, it was late, nearly seven o'clock. His surgery was full of people waiting for him. In the front waiting-room there were many "good" patients.

He dropped into his chair in the surgery and began with a masklike face.² in his usual manner.

"How are you? Yes. I think you look a little better. Yes, the medicine is doing you good.³ You must go on with it."

Then running to Christine, handing her the empty bottle; then along the corridor to the front consulting-room to see a "good" patient, repeating the same words there, then back along the corridor, taking the full bottle from Christine and back into the surgery again. So it went on, this vicious circus,⁴ which he had made with his own hands.

He suffered awfully, but still he went on because he could not stop. As he ran from the surgery to the consulting-room and back he kept asking himself: "Where am I going? Where, oh God, am I going?"

At last it was finished. As usual Christine waited for him ready to help him make up the book.⁵

For the first time in many weeks he really looked at her, looked deeply into her face. The change in her struck him. Before he could speak she began to read the list to him.

¹ What if I am? — Ну и что же?

² a masklike face — лицо, похожее на маску

³ the medicine is doing you good — лекарство вам помогает

⁴ vicious circus ['vɪsəs 'sə:kəs] — заколдованный круг

⁵ to make up the book — привести в порядок записи, расчеты

When it was finished, she asked in a tone which he had never understood before:

"Well! How much today?"

He did not, could not answer. She left the room. He was alone.

"Where am I going? Where, oh God, am I going?"

Suddenly his eyes fell on the tobacco sack,¹ full of money earned that day. Madly he took it up and threw it into the corner of the room.

He jumped up. He could not breathe. He was stifling.

16. Resurrection

That night he did not sleep. He fell asleep only at six in the morning. When at nine o'clock he came down, pale and heavy-eyed,² he found that Christine had already had breakfast and gone out. He would not even have noticed³ that before. Now, with a pain, it made him feel how far they were apart.

He could not eat anything. He made himself some whisky-and-soda and drank it. Then he went to his car.

He drove slowly to the Victoria. He and Doctor Thoroughgood were to see Mary Bolland together. That, at least, was the thing he did not wish to miss.

Thoroughgood was the head doctor at the Victoria.

As he saw Manson, he at once asked him why he was so pale. Andrew said nothing.

They spent ten minutes together examining Mary. She was not at all better. Andrew thought she was even worse. He said:

"Excuse me for suggesting it, Doctor, — you know this girl means a lot to me, — what do you think of pneumothorax in this case? You remember we spoke about it when Mary came here."

¹ tobacco sack [tə'bækou] — кисет

² heavy-eyed — с распухшими веками

³ would not... have noticed — не заметил бы

Pneumothorax was a new method in the treatment of tuberculosis at that time. Richard Stillman used it in his work and the results were excellent. But Thoroughgood as well as many others, was against it. Andrew knew that. But in his work with Thoroughgood he thought it better not to argue with him. Andrew knew Thoroughgood. It was impossible to convince him.

"No, Manson, I am afraid I don't see it is necessary. I didn't see then, and I don't now."

There was a silence. When Thoroughgood left the room, Andrew went over to Mary, told her he would come again soon and left the hospital.

He drove to Welbeck Street. Nurse Sharp looked angry as she always had, when he asked her to work on Saturdays. Yet she also asked him if he felt ill.

When she went out, he sat at his desk, staring in front of him. The first patient was a young poorly dressed man with a heart disease. He spent a long time over this case, carefully talking about the details of the treatment. At the end as the young man took out his thin pocket-book Andrew said quickly:

"Please, don't pay me now. I'll send you your bill."

The thought that he would never send the bill, that he had lost his thirst for money and could again despise it, comforted him strangely.

Then the second case came in, a woman of forty-five. She was a very rich and selfish lady. He had already known her for a long time.

He listened to her endless talk, then suddenly he raised his head.

"Why do you come to me?"

She stopped in the middle of a sentence.

"Oh, I know," he went on. "It is because I told you to come. But there's really nothing wrong with you."¹

¹ there's... nothing wrong with you — вы ничем не больны

"Doctor Manson!" she was astonished, could not believe her ears.

"I'm sorry I can't be of any help to you. But I believe you'll find other doctors here who will be only too happy to have you Good-bye."

He prepared to go home when Nurse Sharp told him Doctor Hampton had come to see him.

Freddie came in smiling. His tone had never been friendlier.

"I've heard all about the operation yesterday and I'm awfully glad. It is high time¹ to tell you everything about Ivory and Freedman. Ivory is no surgeon. You are quite right. And Freedman is no better. They have been fooling both of us. You didn't know that. Well, now you will know. I'm telling it to you because I want you to throw them over and to come in with me.² Do you know that Ivory, when he gets a hundred guineas for an operation, gives fifty to the doctor who recommended him? And what does he give you? Fifteen or maybe twenty. You see it now? Here is my plan, old man. Let's throw them over together, you and me, and start a little business of our own. I like you. I'll show you a lot," and Freddie began telling Andrew how he had made the fool³ of his patients.

Andrew remained silent. At last he said slowly:

"I can't go in with you, Freddie. I've — I've suddenly got sick of it.⁴ There are too many jackals here. There is a lot of good men, working honestly, trying to do good work, but the rest are jackals, they are after their patients' money.⁵ Really, Freddie. I can't go in with you."

Hampton's face reddened.

¹ It is high time — Давно пора

² I want you to throw them over and to come in with me — я хочу, чтобы ты бросил их и действовал со мной заодно

³ to make the fool of = to fool — дурачить

⁴ I've .. got sick of it. — Мне все это опротивело.

⁵ to be after — гоняться за

"Damn! What about yourself?"¹

"I know, Freddie," Andrew answered bitterly. "I'm just as bad."²

Hampton jumped up.

"Have you gone mad or what?"

"Perhaps. But I'm going to try and stop thinking of money and material success. When a doctor earns five thousand a year, it means something's wrong with him.³ And why — why should a man try to make money out of suffering people?"



"You — you damned fool," Hampton turned and went out of the room.

Andrew drove home. He approached his house with his heart beating rapidly. It was now after six o'clock. His hand trembled as he turned his key in the door.

Christine was in the front room. Her face was pale and still. He wished her to ask him how he had spent these hours away from her, but she only said:

¹ What about yourself? — А ты-то сам чем лучше?

² just as bad — такой же плохой

³ something's wrong with him — здесь что-то не в порядке

"Will you have some tea before the surgery?"

He answered: "There won't be any surgery tonight. But why?" Her eyes grew large.

"What is the matter?" she asked in a strange voice.

He looked at her. Their eyes met. He could not stand her look any longer.

"Christine!" Everything within him went into that single word. Then, weeping, he fell at her feet.

17. Reconciliation

Their reconciliation was the most wonderful thing that had happened to them since they first fell in love.

Next morning, which was Sunday, he lay beside her as in those days in Aberalaw, talking, talking.

"How did I come to it? Was I mad, Chris, or what? I can't believe it when I look back on it. And what a time it must have been for you!¹ Oh, I should be executed."²

She calmed, she comforted him. She smiled, indeed she smiled. It was the greatest pleasure to see her face happy. "Oh, God," he thought, "we are both living again."

"There is only one thing we must do, Chris. We must go away from here. I'm in too deep.³ We can easily sell the practice. And oh, Chris, I've got a wonderful idea."

"Yes, darling?"

He looked at her.

"How long is it since you called me so?⁴ I like it. Yes, I know, it is my fault. Now, this idea. Why not work together with Denny and Hope and Bolland, each of us

¹ What a time it must have been for you! — Какое ужасное время это было для тебя!

² I should be executed. — Да меня повесить мало.

³ I'm in too deep. — Я слишком завяз.

⁴ How long is it since you called me so? — Как давно ты меня так не называла?

doing his own work? Stillman always tells me they work so in America. We would leave London for some small town. Under twenty thousand people.¹ There are many such fast growing industrial towns in the country — you just look at the map — where there may be three or four doctors who are at each other's throats.² And there we could demonstrate our idea of real qualified co-operation. The doctors may hate us, we may be lynched.³ But we'll stand together. We'll have a little hospital with a laboratory for Hope. Well, what do you think about it, Chris? Oh, it's a great thing!"

Her eyes were shining, as she said:

"I can't tell you how I like it. It's like beginning everything again. I'm happy, darling, happy!"

"I can't forget poor Harry Vidler. And I won't forget till I do something really to make up for it.⁴ I've got off too easily.⁵ Now, what shall we do with Mary Bolland? She is not getting on⁶ at the Victoria. Thoroughgood doesn't understand her case. He is against pneumothorax. She ought to be in the country in the fresh air."

"Yes?"

"Well, Chris, let us go to see Stillman. He has opened a little private home in the country. I want to ask him to take Mary into his home. I feel he'll really do something to help her. Let us do it today, Chris."

They started there after lunch. It was clear Stillman enjoyed seeing Andrew and his wife. He listened to them very attentively.

"That's a serious thing," he said. "Doctors don't send

¹ Under twenty thousand people. — Не больше двадцати тысяч жителей.

² who are at each other's throats — которые готовы перегрызть друг другу глотки

³ we may be lynched — нас могут линчевать

⁴ to make up for it — чтобы искупить свою вину

⁵ I've got off too easily. — Я слишком легко отделался.

⁶ She is not getting on — эд. Она не поправляется

me cases here. It is not America. You forget that here I'm a fake healer.¹ But people ask me to cure them despite what the doctors say about me, and I'm full up."²

Stillman saw how sad Andrew and Christine looked.

"But I will help you," he said. "Though you are a doctor, I'll take your case. Let me see. I have no room till next week. All right, bring her next week, on Wednesday, and I promise you I'll do my best³ for her."

Driving home Andrew said to Christine:

"One thing is done. He is a great man, this Stillman. I like him a lot. Oh, how I wish I could⁴ work with such a man, and with Denny and Hope. What do you think Chris?"

Instead of answering, she turned and kissed him.

18. Happy Again

Next morning he rose early. He wrote two letters, one to Denny and the other to Hope, telling them about his plans. The next thing to do was to have an advertisement published in the newspaper about his selling the practice.

After lunch Andrew ran down to the Victoria. He explained to Mary what he wished to do.

"There's no need to hurt anybody's feelings, Mary: they've been very kind to you here. You must simply say you want to go out on the fifteenth. If you don't like to do it yourself, I shall ask your father to write here and say he wants you to come back home. On Wednesday I'll take you out myself by car to Mr. Stillman's hospital."

That evening in his surgery he said to many of his patients:

¹ here I'm a fake healer — здесь меня считают знахарем

² I'm full up — моя больница переполнена

³ to do one's best — сделать все возможное

⁴ how I wish I could — как бы мне хотелось

"This must be your last visit. You're quite better now And it doesn't do to go on drinking medicine."¹

The telephone rang. Christine went to answer it.

"Somebody wants you on the phone,"² she said to him.

"Who? . . ." Then at once he realized that it was Frances Lawrence. "Tell her I'm not in.³ No, wait! I'll speak to her myself."

He came back in five minutes, walked to the window and stood there. At last he said:

"That's finished too."

She did not answer. He was ashamed to meet her look.

"I'm sorry, Chris. I'm awfully sorry. I'll do my best to be good to you in future. We'll have a holiday when we have sold the practice. And when we move to another town, you'll have a garden, Chris. I know how you love it. Do you — do you remember Aberalaw, Chris?"

In the morning he ran out to bring Christine flowers.

"Oh, darling," she said as he brought in her house slippers for her. He heard tears in her voice. "I don't want you to run after me. All I ask is that you don't run after anybody else."⁴

On Wednesday Andrew drove up to the Victoria. Mary was ready sitting downstairs. He had asked Nurse Sharp to accompany them in the car. She was waiting for them at Welbeck Street. She snapped an answer to his greeting and got into the car. He explained her mood by the fact that he had told her she would work with him only until the end of the month.

At half past three they reached Stillman's hospital

¹ it doesn't do to go on drinking medicine — ничего хорошего нет в постоянном приеме лекарств

² Somebody wants you on the phone — Кто-то просит тебя к телефону

³ I'm not in — меня нет дома

⁴ All I ask is that you don't run after anybody else. — Я только прошу, чтобы ты не ухаживал за другими.

and Nurse Sharp went with Mary to her room. Andrew and Stillman, after a short conversation, followed them.

Mary was now in bed. Stillman examined her quietly.

"Pneumothorax," he said to Andrew in the corridor. "There is no question.¹ It should have been done² many weeks ago. I'm going to do it right away.³ Go back and tell her."

Mary was pale as she listened to Andrew. A new room in a new hospital, a new doctor and this operation — she asked Andrew not to leave her now. Andrew agreed. He promised he would assist Stillman during the operation.

Ten minutes later the operation began. Stillman did it skillfully, and Andrew simply admired his every movement. And when all was over, he was happy to see how calm Mary was.

"Everything is going to be all right now, Mary," he said.

She looked at him. He knew she believed him.

"I like it here," she said. "He doesn't try to be nice — Mr. Stillman, I mean — but somehow you feel he is nice. Do you think I can have my tea?"

19. The Last Blow

It was nearly seven o'clock when he left Stillman's hospital. He drove slowly to London. For the first time in many months he felt that he had done a real thing. Nurse Sharp again sat in the back seat of the car. She had nothing to say and he almost forgot about her. He was glad to get rid of her, though she was a good nurse. She had never liked him. He decided to give her month's salary to her the next day. Then he would never see her again.

At home Christine met him joyfully.

¹ There is no question. — Это совершенно ясно.

² It should have been done — Это нужно было сделать

³ right away — сейчас же

"Sold!" she cried. "Everything is sold. You have only to sign the contract. Now, here are letters from Denny and Hope. They are delighted at your idea. They'll follow us everywhere."

He followed her into the front room, listening to her. There she again looked at him and said suddenly:

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," he smiled, sitting down. "I'm a little tired, I think. Probably because I missed my dinner."

"What?" she exclaimed. "Missed your dinner? Now you sit here one minute and I'll bring you something. What would you like? Some soup or eggs — or what?"

"The egg, I think, Chris. Oh, it's all the same. And then perhaps a piece of cheese."

While he ate, she watched him and talked about their plans, about living in some small town — a kitchen and one bedroom, — that would be quite enough, working together with honest, real doctors. Oh, she was so happy about it.

He looked towards her.

"Are you really happy, Chris?"

She kissed him.

"Never happier in my life than at this moment."

Suddenly she got up.

"Oh, the cheese! I forgot to call at Mrs. Schmidt today!"

"Oh, it's all right, Chris. Don't worry."

"I'll run there now before she closes."

"Don't, Chris!¹ Please, don't!"

"Please, darling," she protested gayly. "I want to do it. I want to — because you love Mrs. Schmidt's cheese and I—I love you."

The next moment she was out of the room. He sat waiting for her return. The house was very still. He thought about Stillman and Mary. She would be all right

¹ Don't, Chris! — Не надо, Кристина!



now. Thank Cod! Christine would soon have her garden again. And he would work with Denny and Hope. But where's Chris? She must be talking to Mrs. Schmidt. 'Never happier in my life,' she said. Wonderful!

Suddenly the bell rang. He laid down his cigarette and went into the hall. The bell rang again. He opened the front door.

Immediately he saw a big crowd before his door. Faces and heads in the darkness. And then he saw the policeman, his old friend.

"Doctor," he breathed with difficulty like a man who had been running. "Your wife — she ran — Oh? God! — She ran out of Schmidt's shop just in front of the bus."

A great hand of ice took him by the throat. Before he could speak the crowd moved upon him. Suddenly the hall was filled with people, Mrs. Schmidt weeping, a bus conductor, another policeman, many others. And then, through the crowd, carried by two men, the figure of his Christine. Her head drooped backwards¹ on the thin white neck. On the fingers of her left hand there still hung the little parcel with Mrs. Schmidt's cheese. They laid her on the high couch in his consulting-room. She was quite dead.

20. Crime and Punishment

For many days he was out of his mind. He came to himself² only when he saw Denny or Hope. But for the most part³ he went through life, seeing and feeling nothing in one long nightmare of despair.⁴

Once or twice he saw Mrs. Schmidt. The tears running, running down her cheeks.

¹ drooped backwards — запрокинулась назад

² to come to oneself — приходить в сознание (очнуться)

³ for the most part — но в основном

⁴ nightmare of despair — ['naɪtm̩ə ... dɪs'peə] — кошмар отчаяния

"She was laughing, laughing all the time," the woman wept. "Hurry, please — she said to me — I don't want to keep my husband waiting — "

He hardly remembered the funeral. That night he tried to drink himself insensible.¹ But whisky brought no effect. He walked up and down the rooms, late into the night.

"You thought you could get off easily,"² he said to himself. "You didn't get off. Crime and punishment, crime and punishment! You must suffer!"

He went upstairs into her room, silent and cold. There on the little table lay her bag. He pressed it to his cheek, then opened it. Some money lay there and a small handkerchief. And then in the middle pocket he saw some papers and an old photo of himself taken at Blaenelly.³ He fell on his knees by the bed, weeping.

Denny did not try to stop his drinking. But one morning he walked in and said:

"I'm free at last. Now we can go away."

Andrew did not refuse. He did not even ask where they were going. An hour later they were in the train, on their way South. They travelled all afternoon. At six o'clock they left the train.

"This is a small place where I liked to come — fishing," Denny said.

They came to a hotel there. Next morning Denny took Andrew out for a walk. Tired after a sleepless night Andrew wanted to turn back soon. But Denny paid no attention to that. They walked eight miles that first day and on the next it was ten. By the end of the week they were walking twenty miles a day and returning home Andrew fell immediately on his bed and fell asleep.

During their walks they did not talk. But by the end of the month they could already discuss their future work.

Andrew's practice had been sold to Doctor Lowry. Hope was also free now and Andrew lifted up his head. He breathed the sharp air of the valley; in the evening they studied the map of the country with great interest, choosing a town for their future work. Andrew felt the return of his old desire for work, his own work, the real work he could do with Hope and Denny.

On the following Monday Denny left Andrew and took the train to see Stanborough,¹ the town they had chosen as the place of their work. He returned on Saturday. Hope also joined them. Denny told them everything he knew now about that town. They agreed it was just the best place for them to go to.

On Sunday Andrew received several letters from London. One of them was from Mary Bolland. She was better now, almost well again. She could not thank him enough for having sent her² to Mr. Stillman's hospital.

He laid down the letter with a happy smile and took the next one.

Then the smile left his face. He stared at the letter and could not believe his eyes. He turned deadly pale.³

"Denny," he said in a low voice. "Look at this."

21. Back to Life

Eight weeks before when Andrew and Nurse Sharp returned to London from Stillman's hospital, she went straight to see Miss Trent, as they had decided to go to the theatre that evening. Miss Trent was Freddie Hampton's nurse. She worked at his surgery and there the two nurses were to meet before going to the theatre. Freddie saw Nurse Sharp in his surgery and she complained to

¹ to drink himself insensible — напиться до беспечвствия

² См. сноска на стр. 113

³ taken at Blaenelly — снятая в Блэнелли

¹ Stanborough ['stænbɔːrəʊ] — Стэнборо

² for having sent her — за то, что он ее послал

³ He turned deadly pale. — Он побледнел, как мертвец.

him about his friend Doctor Manson, who had taken her to that awful Stillman, with a girl from the Victoria, and kept her there all day even without dinner.

Freddie was very much interested in the details of Nurse Sharp's story and after he had learned everything, he ran to see Ivory and Freedman. They agreed it was a good chance to teach Andrew a lesson and passed the case to the G.M.C.¹

A process was raised against Manson. A special committee investigated the case and a letter was sent to Andrew summoning him to attend the November meeting of the Committee to answer the charge laid against him.²

This was the letter which he now held in his hand, reading:

"... That you, Andrew Manson, knowingly and wilfully³ on August 15th, assisted one Richard Stillman, an unregistered person,⁴ practicing in medicine... that you have been guilty of infamous conduct in a professional respect."⁵

* * *

The case was to be heard on November 10th and Andrew came to London a week earlier. He was alone as he had asked Denny and Hope not to accompany him.

Six weeks ago when he lost all hope paralyzed by Christine's death, the process would have meant⁶ nothing

¹ G.M.C. = General Medical Council — Генеральный медицинский совет (*в число обязанностей которого входит расследование должностных преступлений врачей*)

² to answer the charge laid against him — дать объяснения в связи с обвинениями, выставленными против него

³ knowingly and wilfully — сознательно и добровольно

⁴ one Richard Stillman, an unregistered person — некий Ричард Стилмен, не числящийся в списках лиц медицинской профессии

⁵ guilty of infamous conduct in a professional respect — виновен в поступках, позорящих представителя медицинской профессии

⁶ would have meant — значил бы

to him. But now when he came back to life, ready to begin work again, it was a great shock indeed. He realized with a heavy heart that if all his new hopes were killed, then he might be dead as well. What had he done? What was he guilty of? All that he had done was to cure Mary Bolland of tuberculosis.

"I want them to know the truth," he said to his lawyer. "I want to show them that this was the best thing I'd done for years.¹ And that is what they want to sue me for."

The lawyer only shook his head. And Andrew himself felt that nothing could save him, and that he would lose his case.

On November 10th he came to the Committee. He saw the high table where the council sat. He also saw his lawyer, Mary Bolland, accompanied by her father, Nurse Sharp, a nurse from the Victoria hospital, Doctor Thoroughgood and some others.

The charge was read. The investigation began. Doctor Thoroughgood was questioned, then the nurse from the Victoria and then Nurse Sharp. All was against Doctor Manson. All that he had done seemed only to disgrace the medical profession. Andrew kept his eyes upon the floor.² Bitterly he told himself that they were treating him like some dangerous criminal. All his lawyer said seemed to produce no effect³ on the council. The fact that Mary Bolland, fresh, cured, was sitting in the same room was of no importance to them.

Andrew stood up. He saw that every eye was directed towards him. He was pale, a feeling of cold emptiness lay in his stomach. He began with sudden bitterness.

¹ for years — за много лет

² Andrew kept his eyes upon the floor. — Эндрю не поднимал глаз.

³ seemed to produce [prə'dju:s] no effect — казалось, не произвело никакого впечатления на...

"Yes, I knew that Mr. Stillman was not a doctor. You are quite right — even that didn't stop me. But do you know that Louis Pasteur, the greatest figure of all in scientific medicine, was not a doctor. Nor was Ehrlich¹ — the man who gave us the best remedy in all the history of medicine. Nor was Metchnikoff, almost as great as Pasteur. This may show you that not every man fighting disease who hasn't got the diploma of a doctor is a knave or a fool."

There was a silence in the long high room. A moment passed. Then the chairman said:

"Yes, yes, these are great names, we know. But can you compare Stillman with them?"

"Why not?" Andrew was burning with indignation. "They are great only because they are dead. Koch was laughed at in his lifetime.² We don't laugh at him now. Yes, Stillman is a great man. He is outside our profession, but I'm sure he has done more against tuberculosis than any man in this country."

The chairman interrupted him.

"Do you realize what you are saying?"

"I do." He was breathing quickly. He could not, did not want to stop. "If we go on thinking that everything is wrong outside our profession and everything is right within, it means the death of scientific progress. It is high time to put our own house in order."³

Andrew went on and on. He saw nobody now. He was telling the truth about the rotten medical system in his country. No one interrupted him. Then he looked at Mary Bolland.

"I know I have made many mistakes, and bad mis-

takes, in practice. But I made no mistake with Richard Stillman. All I ask you to do is to look at Mary Bolland. She's cured. Look at her and you will understand why I have done all that you want to punish me for."

Quite suddenly he ended and sat down.

For a minute a strange silence filled the room, then the chairman asked all the strangers to leave the room.

Andrew went out with the rest. He knew he had spoken like a fool. Now he was sure they would strike him off. He wanted to be alone now. He found an empty room and sat there smoking, thinking bitterly.

When everybody returned to the Council room, and the Chairman rose, Andrew couldn't even hear what the man was saying. It was only when the chairman stopped that Andrew realized that they had not struck him off.

Andrew stood up, surrounded by his friends, by Con, Mary, the lawyer, by people he had never seen before, who shook him warmly by the hand, congratulated him.

Andrew smiled weakly, he could not speak.

* * *

Andrew, Mary and Con reached the hotel after one o'clock. Denny knew everything. The lawyer had already rung him up.

They lunched at the restaurant. And it was a happy hour for all of them.

After lunch Denny said to Andrew:

"Our train leaves at four o'clock. Hope is in Stanborough already, waiting for us. We can buy a house there. I've got some shopping to do.¹ I'll meet you at the station at ten minutes to four."

Andrew looked at Denny thinking of his friendship, of all Denny had done for him since their first meeting in the little Blaenelly surgery.

¹ I've got some shopping to do. — Мне нужно кое-что купить.

¹ Nor was Ehrlich — Не был им и Эрлих

² Koch was laughed at in his lifetime. — Над Кохом при жизни смеялись.

³ It is high time to put our own house in order. — Давно пора навести порядок в нашем собственном доме.

Andrew accompanied Con and Mary to their train. Then he took a bus and soon he was at the cemetery. He stood a long time at Christine's grave, thinking of many things. It was a bright afternoon with a fresh wind which she had always loved. Above him on a branch of the tree near-by a bird was singing merrily.

When at last he turned away, hurrying for the train, there in the sky before him, he saw some bright clouds bearing the shape of battlements.¹

¹ bearing the shape of battlements — напоминающие зубчатые стены крепости

VOCABULARY

A

- abroad [ə'brɔ:d] *adv* за границей
absently [æbsəntli] *adv* рассеянно
able ['eibl] *a* способный
be able мочь, быть в состоянии, уметь
accompany [ə'kʌmpnɪ] *v* провожать, сопровождать
account [ə'kaunt] *n* счет в банке
address [ə'dres] *n* адрес; *v* направлять, обращаться к
admire [əd'maɪə] *v* любоваться, восхищаться
advertisement [əd'veitɪsmənt] *n* объявление
advice [əd'veɪs] *n* совет
advise [əd'veɪz] *v* советовать
after all в конце концов
against [ə'geinst] *prep* против, на-против, от
age [eɪdʒ] *n* возраст
at the age of в возрасте
allow [ə'lau] *v* разрешать
although ['ə:lðou] *cj* хотя
ambulance ['æmbjuləns] *n* скорая помощь
amputate ['æmpjuteɪt] *v* ампутировать, отнять
anger ['æŋgə] *n* гнев, злость
anthracite ['ænθrəsait] *n* антрацит
anyhow ['enihau] *adv* как бы то ни было, во всяком случае
apart [ə'pa:t] *adv* врозь, порознь
- apologize [ə'pələdʒaɪz] *v* извиняться
appear [ə'pɪə] *v* появляться, показываться
applaud [ə'plɔ:d] *v* аплодировать
applause [ə'plɔ:z] *n* аплодисменты
application [,æplɪ'keɪʃən] *n* заявление, просьба
appoint [ə'pɔɪnt] *v* назначать
appointment [ə'pɔɪntmənt] *n* назначение, должность
approach [ə'prɔutʃ] *v* приближаться
approve [ə'pri:v] *v* одобрять
argue ['a:gju:] *v* спорить, ссориться, доказывать
arrival [ə'rtaɪvəl] *n* приезд
arrive [ə'rtaɪv] *v* приезжать, прибывать
as [æz, əz] *cj* так как, в то время как, как, когда
as ... as такой же как
as long as до тех пор, пока
as soon as как только
ashamed [ə'ʃeɪmd] *a* пристыженый
be ashamed стыдиться
aside [ə'saɪd] *adv* в сторону
assist [ə'sist] *v* помогать, ассистировать
assistant [ə'sistənt] *n* ассистент
astonish [ə'stɔ:nɪʃ] *v* удивлять
astonishment [ə'stɔ:nɪʃmənt] *n* удивление

attempt [ə'tempt] *n* попытка, пытаться
attend [ə'tend] *v* посещать, присутствовать
attention [ə'tenʃən] *n* внимание
to pay attention to обращать внимание на
attentive [ə'tentiv] *a* внимательный
attic ['ætɪk] *n* чердак
attitude ['ætɪtju:d] *n* отношение к, позиция
attractive [ə'træktyv] *a* привлекательный, притягательный
award [ə'wɔ:d] *v* награждать, присваивать звание
awful ['ɔ:fʊl] *a* ужасный
awkward ['ɔ:kwəd] *a* неловкий, неуклюжий
awkwardness ['ɔ:kwədnis] *n* неловкость, чувство неловкости

В

band [bænd] *n* оркестр
bandage ['bændidʒ] *n* бинт
bank ['bæŋk] *n* банк
v помещать (вносить) в банк
bank [bæŋk] *n* берег реки
basin ['beisin] *n* таз
battle ['bætl] *n* сражение, бой
beer [biə] *n* пиво
beefsteak ['bi:f'steɪk] *n* бифштекс
beggar ['begə] *n* нищий
bell [bel] *n* звонок
bill [bil] *n* счет
bite (bit, bit) [baɪt, bɪt] *v* кусать
bitter ['bitə] *a* горький
blood [blɒd] *n* кровь
blow [blou] *n* удар
blow (blew, blown) [blou, bli:, bloun] *v* дуть
v взорвать

С

board [bɔ:d] *n* комитет
boil [bɔɪl] *v* кипятить
bone [boun] *n* кость
born [bɔ:n] *a* рожденный
be born родиться
borrow ['bɔ:gou] *v* брать взаймы, одолживать
boss [bɔ:s] *n* хозяин, начальник
botcher ['bɔ:tʃə] *n* халтурщик
bother ['bɔ:bə] *v* тревожить
bottle ['bɔ:tl] *n* бутылка
brand [brænd] *a:* brand new совершенно новый
break (broke, broken) [breɪk, b्रouk, broukn] *v* ломать (ся), разбивать (ся)
breath [breθ] *n* дыхание
breathe [bri:ð] *v* дышать
bridge [brɪdʒ] *n* мост
brilliant ['brɪljənt] *a* блестящий, великолепный
build (built, built) [bɪld, bɪlt] *v* строить
bureaucracy [bju:e:təkrəsi] *n* бюрократизм
business ['bɪznis] *n* дело, занятие, бизнес
on business по делу
buy (bought, bought) [bai, bɔ:t] *v* покупать

card [ka:d] *n* карточка (визитная, медицинская)
career [kə'ri:ə] *n* карьера
careful ['keəfʊl] *a* внимательный, осторожный
case [keis] *n* 1) дело, служба, случай болезни, заболевание; 2) пациент, больной
castle [ka:sl] *n* замок, крепость
cemetery ['semɪtri] *n* кладбище
certain [sə:tn] *a* определенный
certificate [sɔ:tifɪkt] *n* больничный лист, листок нетрудоспособности, бюллетень
chairman ['tʃeəmən] *n* председатель
chance [tʃans] *n* возможность, случай, шанс
change [tʃeindʒ] *n* перемена, изменение; *v* менять, меняться, изменяться
chap [tʃær] *n* парень
charge [tʃa:dʒ] *n* обвинение; *v* обвинять
charming ['tʃa:mɪŋ] *a* очаровательный
cheeck [tʃi:k] *n* щека
cheese [tʃi:z] *n* сыр
cheque [tʃek] *n* чек
chest [tʃest] *n* грудь
chill [tʃil] *n* простуда
chloroform ['klɔ:rəfɔ:m] *n* хлороформ (применяется для общего наркоза)
choose [tʃu:z] (chose, chosen) *v* выбирать
Christmas Day ['krɪsməs] рождество
church [tʃə:tʃ] *n* церковь
cigar [sɪ'gə] *n* сигара
citadel ['sɪtədl] *n* крепость, замок, цитадель
classical ['klæsɪkəl] *a* классический

clear [klɪə] *a* ясный, понятный
climb [klaim] *v* влезать
cling [klɪŋ] (clung, clung) *v* прильнуть, прижаться
close to [klous] *a* близко, рядом с
clumsy ['klʌmzi] *a* неловкий, нескладный, бес tactный
clung см. cling
coachman ['koutʃmən] *n* кучер
coal [koul] *n* уголь
cocktail ['kɔktel] *n* коктейль
comfort ['kʌmfət] *v* утешать, успокаивать
committee [kə'mit̩i] *n* комитет, комиссия,
company ['kʌmpəni] *n* компания, общество
compartiment [kəm'paɪmənt] *n* купе
compensation [kəmpen'seɪʃən] *n* компенсация, денежное вознаграждение
complain [kəm'pleɪn] *v* жаловаться
complaint [kəm'plænt] *n* жалоба
conceited [kən'si:tɪd] *a* самодовольный, тщеславный
concentrate ['kənsentrət] *v* сосредоточиться, сконцентрировать внимание
conductor [kən'daktə] *n* кондуктор
conference ['kənfərəns] *n* конференция
congratulate [kən'grætjuleɪt] *v* поздравлять
connect [kə'nekt] *v* связывать(ся), объединять(ся)
connection [kə'nekʃn] *n* связь
conscious ['kənʃəs] *a:* to be conscious быть в сознании
construction [kən'strʌkʃən] *n* строительство

consultant [kən'saltənt] *n* консультант
consulting-room [kən'saltingrum] *n* кабинет врача
contract ['kɒntrækt] *n* контракт, договор
convince [kən'veɪns] *v* убеждать
co-operation [ku:pə'reɪtʃn] *n* сотрудничество, совместная работа
couch [kaʊtʃ] *n* кушетка
council ['kaʊnsil] *n* муниципальный совет
course [kɔ:s] *n* курс
in the first course на первом курсе
cover ['kʌvə] *v* покрывать; *n* крышка
crash [kræʃ] *n* треск, грохот
crawl [krɔ:l] *v* ползти
crime [kraim] *n* преступление
criminal ['krimɪnəl] *n* преступник
criticize ['krɪtɪsaɪz] *v* критиковать
crowd [kraʊd] *n* толпа
crowded ['kraʊdɪd] *a* переполненный
cry [kraɪ] *v* плакать, кричать
cure [kjue] *v* вылечить; *n* исцеление
current ['kʌrənt] *n* течение
customer ['kʌstəmə] *n* покупатель, заказчик
cut [kʌt] (*cut, cut*) *v* резать, рубить; *a* порезанный
cyst [sɪst] *n* киста

D

Damn! (Damn it! Damn it all!) Проклятие! Черт возьми! К черту!
dangerous ['deindʒəs] *a* опасный
dare [deə] *v* сметь, осмеливаться

darkness ['daɪknɪs] *n* темнота
darling ['daɪlɪŋ] *n* милый, любимый, дорогой
deaf [def] *a* глухой
debt [det] *n* долг
defeat [di'fi:t] *n* поражение
defect [dr'fekt] *n* недостаток, дефект
delight [dr'lait] *n* восторг, восхищение
to be delighted *v* восхищаться, восторгаться,
demonstrate ['demənstreɪt] *v* продемонстрировать, показать
deputation [,depju'teɪʃn] *n* депутация
desire [dr'zaɪə] *v* желать; *n* желание
despise [dis'patz] *v* презирать
despite [dis'paɪt] *prep* несмотря на
destiny ['destini] *n* судьба
detail ['di:təl] *n* подробность, деталь
in detail обстоятельно, подробно
diagnose ['daɪəgnouz] *v* ставить диагноз
diagnosis [daɪəg'nōsis] *n* диагноз
diet ['daɪət] *n* диета
difficulty ['dɪfɪkəlti] *n* трудность
with difficulty с трудом
diploma [dr'ploumə] *n* диплом
direct [dr'rekt] *a* прямой; *v* направить
direction [dr'rekʃən] *n* направление, указание о принятом лечении, указание о принятом лечении (рецепт)
dirt [də:t] *n* грязь
dirty ['də:tɪ] *a* грязный
disappear [disə'pi:r] *v* исчезать
discrepancy [dis'krepənsi] *n* несогласие, противоречие
discuss [dis'kʌs] *v* обсуждать

discussion [dis'kʌsʃən] *n* обсуждение
disease [dr'zi:z] *n* болезнь, заболевание
disgrace [dis'greɪs] *v* позорить
dishonest [dis'ənɪst] *a* нечестный
disinfection [,disɪn'fekʃən] *n* дезинфекция
dislike [dis'lark] *v* не любить, питать отвращение к
dispenser [dis'pensə] *n* фармацевт
dispensary [dis'pensəri] *n* аптека
distance ['dɪstəns] *n* расстояние
district ['dɪstrɪkt] *n* район
double ['dʌbl] *v* удваивать
doubtful ['daʊtfʊl] *a* двойной; полный сомнения, не знающий, что делать
dozen ['dʌzn] *n* дюжина
drawing-room ['drɔ:nɪŋrum] *n* гостиная
drop [drɔ:p] *n* капля; *v* упасть, уронить
drunk [drʌŋk] *a* пьяный
dry [drai] *a* сухой, жаркий
dynamite ['daimətət] *n* динамит

E

earn [ɜ:n] *v* зарабатывать
effect [ɪ'fekt] *n* эффект
effort ['efət] *n* усилие, попытка
emptiness ['emptɪnɪs] *n* пустота
endless ['endlis] *a* бесконечный
enjoy [ɪn'dʒɔ:y] *v* наслаждаться, получать удовольствие
enlarge [ɪn'la:dʒ] *v* увеличивать(ся)
envious ['enviəs] *a* завистливый
epidemic [epɪ'demɪk] *n* эпидемия
episode ['episoud] *n* эпизод
equipment [ɪ'kwɪpment] *n* оборудование

even [i:vn] *adv* даже
event [i'vent] *n* событие
exam [ig'zæm] *n* экзамен
examination [ig'zæmɪ'nейʃn] *n* осмотр, экзамен
take an examination держать экзамен
pass an examination сдать экзамен
examine [ig'zæmin] *v* выслушивать, осматривать больного
example [ig'zæmpl] *n* пример
take the example of последовать примеру кого-либо
excellent ['eksələnt] *a* отличный
except [ik'sept] *prep* кроме
excited [ik'saitid] *a* возбужденный, взволнованный
exclaim [iks'kleim] *v* воскликнуть
exist [ig'zist] *v* существовать
expect [iks'pekt] *v* ожидать, расчитывать
expectation [ekspek'teɪʃən] *n* ожидание, надежда, предвкушение
experience [iks'piərɪəns] *n* опыт (работы)
experiment [iks'perɪmənt] *n* эксперимент, опыт
experiment [iks'perɪment] *v* экспериментировать
explosion [iks'plouʒn] *n* взрыв

F

fall [fɔ:l] (*fell, fallen*) *v* падать
fall ill заболеть
fall in love влюбиться, полюбить
fall-down *n* обвал
false [fə:ls] *a* фальшивый
famous ['feɪməs] *a* знаменитый
fatal ['feitl] *a* роковой
fault [fɔ:lt] *n* вина

fear [fiə] *n* страх; *v* бояться
fee [fi:] *n* гонорар, плата
feeling ['fi:lɪŋ] *n* чувство
fellow-doctor ['felou'dəktə] *n* врач, работающий в том же месте
fight [faɪt] *n* борьба, драка
figure ['figə] *n* фигура, тело
fill [fɪl] *v* наполнять
find [faɪnd] (*found, found*) *v* находить
fire ['faɪə] *n* огонь, камин
first-aid ['fə:st 'eɪd] *n* первая помощь
fit [fɪt] *n* припадок
floor [flɔ:] *n* пол, этаж
fly [flaɪ] *n* муха
follow ['fəlou] *v* следовать, идти следом за
following ['fəlouɪŋ] *a* следующий
fool [fu:l] *n* глупец, дурак
foolish ['fu:liʃ] *a* глупый
forbid [fə'bɪd] (*forbade, forbidden*) *v* запрещать
foreboding [fɔ:'boudɪŋ] *n* предчувствие, плохое предзнаменование
forward ['fɔ:wəd] *adv* вперед, впереди
fox [fɔks] *n* лисица
fresh [fres] *a* свежий
funeral ['fju:nərəl] *n* похороны
fur [fər] *n* мех
fuse [fju:z] *n* бикфордов шнур, фитиль

G

game [geim] *n* игра
gas [gæs] *n* газ
gas cooker газовая плита
gather ['gæðə] *v* собирать(ся)
gay [gei] *a* веселый
genius ['dʒi:pjəs] *n* гений
gentle ['dʒentl] *a* нежный

get: **to have got** = **to have** иметь
get on ['get ən] *v* 1) выдвинуть ся, разбогатеть; 2) жить дружно, ладить
give up ['gɪv ʌp] *v* сдаваться отказываться от, прекратить
give up hope потерять надежду
gloomy ['glu:mɪ] *a* мрачный
golden ['gouldən] *a* золотой
golf ['gɔlf] *n* гольф. (*название игры*)
good-natured ['gud'nertʃəd] *a* добродушный
graduate ['grædjuet] *v* заканчивать (институт, университет)
grand ['grænd] *a* грандиозный великолушный
gratitude ['grætitju:d] *n* благодарность
grave [greiv] *n* могила
Greek [gri:k] *n* греческий язык
greet [gri:t] *v* приветствовать
greeting ['gri:tɪŋ] *n* приветствие
grim [grim] *a* мрачный, угрюмый
groan [groun] *v* стоить
ground floor ['graund'flɔ:] первый этаж
growth ['grouθ] *n* рост
guest [gest] *n* гость
guilty ['gilti] *a* виновный
guinea ['gini] *n* гинея (золотая монета — 21 шиллинг. В фунте стерлингов — 20 шиллингов.)
guinea pig ['gini'pig] *n* морская свинка

H

hall [hɔ:l] *n* вестибюль, холл, зал
hand [hænd] *v* протянуть, вручить
hard [ha:d] *adv* усиленно, упорно
hardly ['ha:dli] *adv* едва

hate [heɪt] *v* ненавидеть
head doctor ['hed'dəktə] *n* старший врач
health [helθ] *n* здоровье
healthy ['helθɪ] *a* здоровый
heart [ha:t] *n* сердце
heartily ['ha:tɪli] *adv* сердечно
heart-rending ['ha:t ˈrendɪŋ] *a* душераздирающий
heaven ['hevn] *n* небо, небеса
herring ['herɪŋ] *n* селедка
hit (*hit, hit*) *v* ударить
hold [hould] (*held, held*) *v* держать
hole [houl] *n* дыра, отверстие
honest ['ənist] *a* честный
honesty ['ənistɪ] *a* честность
honeymoon ['hənɪmju:n] *n* медовый месяц
honour ['ənər] *n* честь, почет
honorary ['ənərəri] *a* почетный
horror ['hɔ:gə] *n* ужас
hotel [hou'tel] *n* гостиница
hour ['auə] *n* час
however [hau'vevə] *adv* как бы ни; *cj* однако, тем не менее
humiliating [hju:mlɪ'zɪŋ] *a* унижительный
humiliation [hju:mlɪ'reɪʃn] *n* унижение
hurt [hə:t] (*hurt, hurt*) *v* обидеть, оскорбить, ударить; *n* боль, обида
hysterical [hɪ'sterɪkəl] *a* истерический

I

icy ['aisi] *a* ледяной, холодный как лед
idea [aɪ'dɪə] *n* мысль, идея
ignore [ig'nɔ:] *v* игнорировать, не обращать внимания на

imagine [ɪ'mædʒɪn] *v* воображать, представлять себе
important [ɪm'pɔ:tənt] *a* важный
importance [ɪm'pɔ:təns] *n* важность
impression [ɪm'preʃən] *n* впечатление
income ['ɪnkəm] *n* доход
increase [ɪn'kri:s] *v* возрастать, расширяться, увеличиваться
indeed [ɪn'di:d] *adv* действительно, в самом деле
indignation [ɪndɪg'neɪʃn] *n* недоводование
infect [ɪn'fekt] *v* заражать
influence ['ɪnfluəns] *v* влиять, иметь влияние на
information [ɪnfə'meɪʃən] *n* информация, сведения
infra-red [ɪnfra'red] *a* инфракрасный
injection [ɪn'dʒekʃən] *n* инъекция, укол, впрыскивание, вливание
inside [ɪn'saɪd] *adv* внутри
instead (of) [ɪn'sted] *prp* вместо
instinctive [ɪn'stɪŋktɪv] *a* инстинктивный
instruction [ɪn'strʌkʃn] *n* инструкция, наставление
instrument ['instrumənt] *n* инструмент
insult [ɪn'salt] *n* оскорбление
insulting [ɪn'saltɪŋ] *a* оскорбительный
interest ['intrɪst] *n* интерес
interrupt [ɪntə'grapt] *v* прерывать, перебивать
introduce [ɪntrə'dju:s] *v* представить (познакомить)
investigate [ɪn'vestɪɡeɪt] *v* исследовать, расследовать

investigation [in'vestigeɪʃn] *n* ис-
следование, расследование,
следствие

invitation [invi'teɪʃn] *n* приглаше-
ние

ironical [aɪər'ɒnɪkəl] *a* ирониче-
ский

isolation [aɪsə'leɪʃn] *n* изоляция

isolation ward [wɔ:d] изолятор
(в больнице)

J

jackal [dʒækəl] *n* шакал

jewel [dʒu:l] *n* бриллиант, драго-
ценный камень

job [dʒəb] *n* работа, место ра-
боты

join [dʒɔ:n] *v* присоединяться к,
вступать в

joyful [dʒɔ:yfʊl] *a* радостный

judge [dʒʌdʒ] *v* судить о, отно-
ситься к

jmpner [dʒʌmptər] *n* джемпер

just [dʒʌst] *adv* как раз, только
что

justify [dʒʌstɪfaɪ], *v* оправдать,
реабилитировать

K

keep [ki:p] *from* *v* держать, удер-
живать от

key [ki:] *n* ключ

knave [neɪv] *n* мошенник, плут

knee [ni:] *n* колено

knit [nɪt] *v* вязать (на спицах
или крючком)

knock [nɒk] *v* стучать; *n* стук

L

last [la:st] *v* тянуться, длиться,
продолжаться

lately ['leɪtlɪ] *adv* за последнее
время

Latin ['lætɪn] *n* латынь

lawyer ['lɔ:jer] *n* юрист, адвокат
less [les] *a, pron* меньше (срав-
нит. степень от little).

library ['laɪbrəri] *n* библиотека

lifeless ['laɪflɪs] *a* безжизненный,
мертвый

lift [lɪft] *v* поднимать

light [laɪt] *n* свет; *a* светлый,
легкий

lip [lɪp] *n* губа

list [lɪst] *n* список, штат

lively ['laɪvlɪ] *a* оживленный

long [lɒŋ] *a* длинный
no longer больше (дольше)
не...

look at [lʊk] *v* смотреть на; *n*
взгляд

look after ухаживать за, при-
сматривать за

look for искать
Look here! Послушай-ка!

look like походить на, быть
похожим

look up искать что-нибудь (в
словаре, в справочнике)

lose [lu:z] (**lost, lost**) *v* терять

loss [lɒs] *n* потеря
to be at a loss растеряться

lot [lɒt]: a lot of много

love [la:v] *n* любовь; *v* любить
fall in love полюбить, влю-
биться

lout [laʊt] *n* деревенщина, неот-
санный мужик

lovely ['laʊvlɪ] *a* чудесный, ми-
лый, приятный

lucky ['lʌki] *a* счастливый

luckily ['lʌklɪ] *adv* к счастью

lunch ['lʌntʃ] *n* второй завтрак

luncheon ['lʌntʃən] *n* второй
завтрак (с оттенком официаль-
ности)

luxurious [lʌg'zju:riəs] *a* велико-
лепный, роскошный

M

mad [mæd] *a* сумасшедший, без-
умный

go mad сойти с ума

made-up ['meɪd ʌp] *a* накрашен-
ный, намалеванный (о внеш-
ности)

manager ['mænɪdʒə] *n* управляет-
щий

manhole ['mænhou:l] *n* люк, лаз

married ['mærɪd] *a* женатый, за-

мужняя
get married жениться, выйти
замуж

material [mə'tɪəriəl] *a* материаль-
ный; *n* материал

matter ['mætə] *n* дело, вопрос;
v играть роль, иметь значение
What's the matter? В чем дело?
Nothing the matter. Все в по-
рядке.

meal [mi:l] *n* еда

meaning ['mi:nɪŋ] *n* значение

mean (meant, meant) [mi:n, ment]
иметь в виду

means [mi:nz] *n* средство

meanwhile ['mi:nwail] *adv* тем
временем

measles ['mi:zɪz] *n* корь

medical ['medɪkəl] *a* медицинский
medical officer ['ɛfɪsə] медицин-
ский инспектор

medicine ['medɪsin] *n* 1) меди-
цина; 2) лекарство

meet [mi:t] (**met, met**) *v* встре-
чать (ся), знакомиться

member ['membə] *n* член

merry ['merɪ] *a* веселый

method ['meθəd] *n* метод

mouse мыши (мн. число от mouse)

middle ['midl] *n* середина

middle-aged [eɪdʒd] *a* среднего
возраста, средних лет

midnight ['midnaɪt] *n* полночь

midwife ['midwaɪf] *n* повивальная
бабка

mile [maɪl] *n* миля

mind [maɪnd] *n*

make up one's mind задумать
сделать что-либо

be out of one's mind сойти с
ума, быть не в своем уме

mind *v* возражать

mine [maɪn] *n* шахта

miner ['maɪnə] *n* шахтер

mining engineer ['maɪnɪŋ ɛn-
ɪn'gɪnɪə] *n* горный инженер

ministry ['ministrɪ] *n* минис-
терство

miss [mis] *v* опоздать, пропус-
тить

miss [mis] *v* скучать по, недоста-
вать

mixture ['mɪkstʃə] *n* микстура

model ['mɒdl] *n* модель

money ['mʌni] *n* деньги

mood [mu:d] *n* настроение

most [məʊst] *a, pron* наибольший,
большинство (превосх. степень
от much и many)

motor-cycle ['moutə'saɪkl] *n* мото-
цикл

mountain ['maʊntɪn] *n* гора

move [mu:v] *v* двигаться

murder ['mə:də] *n* убийство

N

name-plate ['neɪm' pleɪt] дощечка
с фамилией (на двери дома)

neck [nek] *n* шея

neighbour [ˈneɪbə] *н* сосед
neighbourhood [ˈneɪbəhʊd] *н* со-
седство, округ
news [nju:s] *н* новость новости
next [nekst] *а* следующий
nod [nɒd] *в* кивать головой
nonsense [ˈnənsəns] *н* бессмыс-
лица, вздор
notice [ˈnautɪs] *н* 1) предупреж-
дение об уходе (*с работы*);
2) объявление
notice [ˈnoutɪs] *в* замечать
number [ˈnʌmbə] *н* номер, число
а *a number of* некоторое коли-
чество, ряд
nurse [nɜ:s] *н* медсестра, няня
nystagmus [nɪ'stægməs] *н*
нистагм (*непроизвольное дро-
жение глазного яблока, симп-
том некоторых заболеваний*)

О
obey [ə'beɪ] *в* подчиняться
off [ɔ:f] *adv* прочь (*придает
значение удаления, прекраще-
ния*)
offer [ˈofə] *в* предлагать
officer [ˈɔfɪsə] *н:* medical officer
врачебный инспектор
old dog (*разг.*) дружище, ста-
рина
old girl (*ласкательн.*) старушка
operate [ˈɔrəgeɪt] *в* оперировать
operation [ə'peɪtʃn] *н* опера-
ция
originality [ə'ri:dʒɪ'nælɪti] *н* ori-
гиальность
other ['ʌðə] *pron* другой
each other (*one another*) друг
друга
ought (to) [ɔ:t] *в* должен
(*модальный глагол*)

outlook [ˈaʊtluk] *н* мировоззрение,
взгляды на
outpatient [ˈaʊtpreɪnt] *н* амбу-
латорный больной
outside [ˈaʊtsaɪd] *adv* вне, сна-
ружи
over [ˈouvə] *adv:* be over кон-
чаться
over *prep* по, через, над
own [oun] *а* собственный
owner [ˈoʊnə] *н* собственник,
владелец, хозяин

Р

page [peɪdʒ] *н* страница
pain [peɪn] *н* боль
pale [peɪl] *а* бледный
grow pale побледнеть
panic [ˈpænɪk] *н* паника
paper [ˈpeɪpə] *н* бумага
paragraph [ˈpægəgrɑ:f] *н* газет-
ная заметка, абзац
paralyse [ˈpægəlaɪz] *в* парали-
зовывать
parcel [ˈpa:sɪl] *н* пакет, сверток
parliamentary [ˌpa:lə'mentəri] *а*
парламентский
party [ˈpa:ti] *н* вечер
social party [ˈsouʃə] званный
вечер
pass [pa:s] *в* проходить
pass by проходить мимо
pastor [ˈpa:stə] *н* пастор, свя-
щенник
path [pa:θ] *н* дорожка
patient [ˈpeɪsənt] *н* пациент,
больной
patronize [ˈpætrənaɪz] *в* по-
кровительствовать, разговари-
вать покровительственным то-
ном

pause [paʊz] *н* пауза; *в* делать
паузу (*в разговоре*)
pay [peɪ] (*paid, paid*) *в* пла-
тить
pay one's debt платить (воз-
вращать) долг
perhaps [rə'hæps] *adv* может
быть, возможно
person [ˈpeɪsn] *н* лицо, чело-
век
persuade [pə'sweɪd] *в* убедить,
уговорить
phone [fəʊn] *в* звонить по
телефону
photo [ˈfəutəʊ] *н* фотография
piano [ˈpjæpnəu] *н* пианино
play the piano играть на
пианино
piece [pi:s] *н* кусок
plank [plæŋk] *н* доска
plate [pleɪt] *н* 1) тарелка;
2) табличка на двери дома
platform [ˈplætfɔ:m] *н* плат-
форма, перрон
pleasant [pleznt] *а* приятный
please [pli:z] *в* доставить
удовольствие, угодить
pleased [pli:zd] *а* довольный
pleasure [ˈplezə] *н* удовольст-
вие
plump [plʌmp] *а* толстый, пух-
лый
plunge [plʌndʒ] *в* окунаться,
бросаться в, погружаться
pneumothorax [nju:məʊ'θɔ:gæks] *н*
пневмоторакс (*способ лече-
ния туберкулеза*)
pocket-book [ˈpækɪtbuk] *н* бу-
мажник
poison [ˈpɔ:zn] *н* яд
police [pə'lɪ:s] *н* полиция
policeman [pə'lɪsmən] *н* поли-
цейский, полисмен

position [pə'zɪʃn] *н* место
(*работы*), положение
post [pəʊst] *в* отправлять по
почтке
post-office [ˈpəʊst'əʊfɪs] *н* почта
pound [paund] *н* фунт, фунт
стерлингов (*английская денеж-
ная единица*)
poverty [ˈpəvəti] *н* бедность
practical [ˈpræktrɪkəl] практиче-
ский
practice [ˈpræktɪs] *н* практика,
врачебная практика
buy a practice откупить прак-
тику у частного врача
prepare [prɪ'pər] *в* готовить(ся),
подготовить(ся)
presence [ˈprezns] *н* присутствие
present [preznt] *н* подарок
present [pri'zent] *в* дарить
press [pres] *в* давить, сдавли-
вать, прижимать
price [praɪs] *н* цена
pride [praɪd] *н* гордость
principle [ˈprɪncipl] *н* принцип,
убеждение
private [ˈpraɪvɪt] *а* частный
private home частная лечеб-
ница
private patient частный пациент
private practice частная прак-
тика
probably [ˈprəbəblɪ] *adv* воз-
можно, может быть, вероятно
process [prəʊses] *н* процесс
professional [prə'feʃənl] *а* профес-
сиональный
progress [prə'ougres] *н* прогресс
progressive [prə'gresɪv] *а* прогрес-
сивный
promise [ˈprəmɪs] *в* обещать
properly [ˈprəpərlɪ] эд. тщательно,
должным образом

property [prə'pərti] *н* собственность
prosperous ['prəsperəs] *а* богатый, процветающий
protest ['proutest] *н* протест
protest [prə'test] *в* протестовать, возражать
proud [praud] *а* гордый
be proud of гордиться
prove [pruiv] *в* доказывать
public ['plblik] *а* публичный, общественный
publish ['plblis] *в* издавать, опубликовывать
pull [pu:l] *в* тянуть, тащить
pull out вытащить
pulse [puls] *н* пульс
feel the pulse шупать пульс
punish ['pnish] *в* наказывать
punishment ['pnish'mənt] *н* наказание
purpose ['pə:pəs] *н* цель
push [pu:s] *в* толкать
put [put] (*put, put*) *в* класть, положить
put by откладывать деньги, копить
put off отложить
put on надевать

Q

qualification [kwɔ:lif'i'keiʃən] *н* квалификация, ученое звание, степень
quality ['kwɔ:lit̩i] *н* качество
quarrel ['kwɔ:rəl] *в* ссориться; *н* скора, скандал
question ['kwestʃən] *н* вопрос; *в* спрашивать, допрашивать
quiet ['kwaɪət] *а* тихий, спокойный
quietness ['kwaɪətnis] *н* спокойствие

R

raise [reiz] *в* поднимать
rare [rɛə] *а* редкий
rapid ['ræpɪd] *а* быстрый, скорый
ray [reɪ] *н* луч
reach [ri:tʃ] *в* достигать добираться
reach for дотянуть руку до, дотянуться
ready-made suit ['redimeid 'sju:t] костюм, купленный в магазине
real [rɪəl] *а* настоящий, действительный, истинный
reason ['ri:zn] *а* причина
recognize ['rekəgnaɪz] *в* узнавать, признавать
recommend [rekə'mend] *в* рекомендовать
reconciliation [rekənsil'reiʃn] *н* примирение
redden ['redn] *в* покраснеть
register ['redʒɪstə] *н* журнал (записей), официальный список; *в* зарегистрировать, занести в список
remedy ['remidi] *н* средство лечения
reply [rɪ'plaɪ] *в* отвечать
report [rɪ'pɔ:t] *в* доложить о, написать (жалобу); *н* доклад, отчет
reputation [rɪ'perjutən] *н* репутация
research [rɪ'seitʃ] *н* научное исследование
rest [rest] *н* остальные
restaurant ['restərɔ:n] *н* ресторан
result [rɪ'zʌlt] *н* результат
result (in) *в* иметь результатом, приводить к, вызывать
resurrection [rez'ækʃən] *н* воскресение

revive [rɪ'veiv] *в* оживить, вернуть к жизни
rid [rid] *в:* *get rid of* избавиться от
ring [rɪŋ] (*rang, rung*) *в* звенеть
ring off повесить телефонную трубку (*дать отбой*)
ring up позвонить, позвонить по телефону
rise (*rose, risen*) [raɪz, rous, rɪzn] *в* подниматься, вставать
roar [rɔ:] *в* рычать, реветь
romantic [rəʊ'mæntɪk] *а* романтический
roof [ru:f] *н* кровля, крыша
rotten ['rɔ:tən] *а* прогнивший, гнилой
rub [rʌb] *в* тереть
ruin ['ru:n] *в* разрушать, ломать
rule [ru:l] *н* правило
run *в:* *run after* [rʌn] ухаживать
run into встретиться, столкнуться

S

sack [sæk] *в* увольнять, выгонять с работы
sad [sæd] *а* грустный, печальный
safe [sef] *а* безопасный
salary ['sælərɪ] *н* жалованье, заработная плата (*служащих*)
sandwich ['sænwɪdʒ] *н* бутерброд, сандвич
satisfaction [sætis'fækʃn] *н* удовлетворение
satisfied ['sætisfaɪd] *а* удовлетворенный, довольный
satisfy ['sætisfaɪ] *в* удовлетворять
save [seiv] *в* спасать
science ['saɪəns] *н* наука
scientific [saɪəntifik] *а* научный, ученый

scientist ['saɪəntɪst] *н* ученый
seat [si:t] *н* место, сиденье
second-hand ['sekəndhænd] *а* подержанный, бывший в употреблении
secret ['si:krit] *н* секрет; *а* тайный
secretary ['sekretəri] *н* секретарь
see (off) [si:] (*saw, seen*) *в* провожать
seem [si:m] *в* казаться
seldom ['seldəm] *adv* редко
select [sɪ'lekt] *в* отбирать, выбирать, подбирать
selfish ['selfɪʃ] *а* эгоистичный
self-satisfaction ['self ,sætis-fækʃn] *н* самодовольство
sell (sold, sold) [sel, sould, sould] *в* продавать
senior ['si:njə] *н, а* старший
sentence ['sentəns] *н* предложение
serious ['sɪərɪəs] *а* серьезный
servant ['sɜ:vənt] *н* служанка, слуга
serve [sə:v] *в* служить, обслуживать, подавать, сервировать
set (set, set) *в:* *set up* устроить, организовать
sewer ['sju:e] *н* канализационная труба
shake (shook, shaken) [ʃeik, ſuk, ſeikn] *в* трясти
shake hands пожать руку
sheet [ſit] *н* лист (бумаги)
shine [ſain] (*shone, shone*) *в* светить, сиять
shock [ʃɔ:k] *н* шок
shoe [ſu:] *н* башмак, туфля
shop [ʃɔ:p] *н* магазин
shoulder ['ſouldə] *н* плечо
shout [ſaut] *в* кричать
show (showed, shown) [ſou] *в* показывать

shut (**shut, shut**) [ʃʌt] *v* закрывать; *a* закрытый
shy [ʃai] *a* застенчивый, робкий
side [saɪd] *n* сторона, бок
sick [sɪk] *a* больной
sign [saɪn] *n* знак; *v* подписывать
silent ['saɪlənt] *a: be (keep) silent*
 молчать
silver ['sɪlvə] *n* серебро; *a* серебряный
silver fox серебристая лисица
since [sɪns] *cj* с тех пор, как; *ppr*
 с, после (*о времени*)
sing (**sang, sung**) [sɪŋ, sæŋ, sʌŋ] *v* петь
single ['sɪŋgl] *a* 1) одинокий, незамужняя, неженатый; 2) единственный
sink (**sank, sunk**) [sɪŋk, sæŋk, sʌŋk] *v* падать, опускаться
sir [sər] *n* сэр
situated ['sɪtju'eɪtɪd] *a* расположенный, находящийся
situation [sɪtju'eɪʃn] *n* ситуация
skill [skil] *n* мастерство, искусство
skilful ['skilful] *a* искусный, ловкий
skirt [skə:t] *n* юбка
slim [slim] *a* стройный
slip away ['slip ə'wei] *v* ускользнуть
slippers ['slipəz] *n* комнатные туфли
smart [smɔ:t] *a* шикарный
smell [smel] *v* пахнуть; *n* запах
smoke [smouk] *v* курить
snap [snæp] *v* огрызаться
snowball ['snəʊbəl] *n* снежный ком (шар)
sob [səb] *v* рыдать, всхлипывать
social ['souʃəl] *a* общественный, светский

social party званный вечер
society [sə'saɪəti] *n* общество
sorry ['sɔ:gɪ] *a: be sorry* сожалеть огорчаться
I am sorry Простите, извините
soul [soul] *n* душа
sound [saund] *n* звук; *v* звучать
spa [spa:] *n* курорт
spare [speə] *a* свободный, запасной
spend (**spent, spent**) *v* тратить, проводить
spoil [spoɪl] *v* испортить, нарушить, сломать
stammer ['stæmə] *v* заикаться, говорить заикаясь
stand [stænd] (**stood, stood**) *v* стоять, терпеть, выносить
standard ['stændəd] *n* стандарт, единная мера
stare [steə] *v* пристально смотреть на, уставиться, таращить глаза
starve [staiv] *v* морить голодом, умирать от голода
station [steiʃn] *n* станция
stay [stei] *v* оставаться
step [step] *n* ступенька; делать шаг
stifle ['stafl] *v* задыхаться
still [stil] *adv* все еще, все же, однако
stomach ['stʌmək] *n* живот, желудок
stone [stoun] *n* камень; *a* каменный
storm [stɔ:m] *n* штурм, буря; *v* разбушеваться
straight [streit] *adv* прямо, сразу
straight away тотчас же, сразу же
strange [streɪndʒ] *a* странный

stranger ['streɪndʒə] *n* посторонний
strawberry ['strɔ:bəri] *n* клубника
stream [stri:m] *n* ручей
strike (**struck, struck**) *v* удалять(ся), бить(ся)
strike off вычеркнуть из списка (врачей), лишить звания (врача)
struggle ['strægl] *v* бороться; *n* борьба
study ['stʌdi] *n* кабинет
stupid ['stju:pɪd] *a* глупый, тупой, бестолковый
subject ['sʌbdʒɪkt] *n* предмет
succeed [sək'si:d] *v* добиться успеха, преуспеть
success [sək'ses] *n* успех
be a success иметь успех
sue [sju:] *v* привлекать к судебной ответственности
suffer ['sʌfə] *v* страдать, мучиться
suggest [sə'dʒest] *v* предполагать
suit [sju:t] *n* костюм, гарнитур
 a **bedroom suit** спальный гарнитур
 a **drawing-room suit** гостиный гарнитур
sum [sʌm] *n* сумма
summon ['sʌmən] *v* вызывать в суд
superior [sju'rɪərɪə] *a* старший, высший
sure [suə] *a* уверенный
 be **sure** быть уверенным
surgeon ['sə:dʒən] *n* хирург
surgery ['sə:dʒəri] *n* 1) амбулатория; 2) амбулаторный прием больных

surgical ['sə:dʒɪkəl] *a* хирургический
surprise [sə'prais] *v* удивлять
 be **surprised** удивляться
 in (with) **surprise** удивленно
surround [sə'raʊnd] *v* окружать
suspicion [sə:s'piʃn] *n* подозрение
suspicious [sə:s'priʃəs] *a* подозрительный
sweat [swet] *n* пот
swelling ['sweliŋ] *n* опухоль
swollen ['swoulən] *a* опухший, отечный
sympathy ['sɪmprəθi] *n* сочувствие
system ['sistim] *n* система
systematic [sist'mætik] *a* систематический

Т

tact [tækt] *n* такт, выдержка
tactful ['tæktfʊl] *a* тактичный, выдержаный
tailor ['teɪlə] *n* портной
take (took, taken) *v* брать
 take away убрать
 take off снимать (одежду)
 take a look посмотреть
 take part (in) принимать участие
tall [tɔ:l] *a* высокий
taxi ['tæksi] *n* такси
tear [teə] *n* слеза
telephone ['telifoun] *n* телефон;
 v позвонить по телефону
tell [tel] (**told, told**) *v* рассказывать, сообщать
 tell (on) сказаться (на), отразиться (на)
terrible ['terribl] *a* ужасный, страшный
therefore ['ðeəfɔ:r] *adv* поэтому

thick [θɪk] *а* толстый, плотный
thief [θi:f] *п* вор
think [θɪŋk] (*thought, thought*)
о думать
think of придумать
thirst [θə:st] *п* жажда
thorough [θʌ:θə] *а* тщательный,
 совершенный, полный
though [ðou] *cj* хотя
throat [θrout] *п* горло
through [θru:] *prp* через, сквозь
throw [θrou] (*threw, thrown*) *о*
 бросать
thyroid gland [θaɪrɔɪd 'glænd]
 щитовидная железа
tired ['taɪəd] *а* усталый
tone [toun] *п* тон
torch [tɔ:tʃ] *n:* electric [ɪ'lektrɪk]
 электрический фонарик
touch [tʌtʃ] *о* коснуться, дотронуться,
 затронуть; *п* прикоснение
touchy ['tʌtʃi] *а* обидчивый, раздражительный
towel ['tauəl] *п* полотенце
tradesman ['treɪdsmən] *п* ремесленник
travel [trævl] *о* ехать, путешествовать
treat [tri:t] *о* лечить, обращаться с
 с
treatment ['tri:tment] *п* лечение
tremble ['trembl] *о* дрожать
triumph ['traɪəmf] *п* триумф
trivial ['trɪvɪəl] *а* тривиальный,
 мелкий, незначительный
trouble ['trəbl] *п* беспокойство,
 беда
Tell me your trouble. На что
 жалуешьесь?
true [tru:] *а* истинный, верный
trust [trəst] *о* доверять
truth [tru:θ] *п* правда

try [trai] *о* пытаться, стараться
try on примерять
tuberculosis [tju:bə:kju'lousis] *п*
 туберкулез
turn [tə:n] *о* поворачивать(ся)
turn up внезапно появиться
twice [twais] *adv* дважды, вдвое
twice a week дважды в неделю
twinkle ['twɪŋkl] *о* мигать
typhoid ['taifɔɪd] *п* брюшной тиф
typical ['tɪpɪkəl] *а* типичный
typical of типично для

U

ugly ['ʌglɪ] *а* безобразный, некрасивый
unconscious [ʌn'kənʃəs] *п* без сознания
become unconscious потерять сознание
underhand ['ʌndəhænd] *adv* тайно, «за спиной»
understanding [ʌndə'stændɪŋ] *п* (взаимо)понимание
unemployed [ʌnplɔ:mplɔɪd] *а* безработный
unexpected ['ʌnpiks'pektɪd] *а* неожиданный
unfair ['ʌnfɪə] *а* несправедливый
unhappy [ʌn'hæpɪ] *а* несчастный
unintelligible [ʌnɪntelɪdʒɪbl] *а* непонятный, невразумительный, бессмысленный
union ['ju:njən] *п* союз
unity ['ju:nɪti] *п* единство
unpleasant [ʌnp'lezn̩t] *а* неприятный
unpopularity ['ʌnprəpʊriə'lærɪti] *п* непопулярность
unselfishness ['ʌn'selfɪʃn̩s] *п* самоотверженность
unsuccessful ['ʌnsək'sesfʊl] *а* неудачный, безуспешный

unusual [ʌn'ju:ʒnəl] *а* необычный
upstairs ['ʌp'steəz] *adv* наверх, на верху, вверх по лестнице
use [ju:z] *о* использовать
useful ['ju:sfʊl] *а* полезный
useless ['ju:slis] *а* бесполезный

V

vacation [və'keɪʃn] *п* каникулы, отпуск
valley ['væli] *п* долина
vanity ['vænɪti] *п* тщеславие
village ['vɪlɪdʒ] *п* деревня
vivisection [vɪvɪ'sekʃn] *п* вивисекция (операция на живом организме)
voice [voɪs] *п* голос

W

wages ['weɪdʒɪz] *п* зарплата (рабочих)
waiting-room ['weɪtɪŋrʊm] *п* приемная, комната для ожидания
wake (up) [weɪk] (*woke, woken*) *о* будить просыпаться
waste [weɪst] *о* тратить впустую (попусту)
watch [wə:tʃ] *о* наблюдать; *п* часы
way *n* 1) дорога, путь; 2) средство, способ
by the way между прочим
on one's way по дороге
weak [weɪk] *а* слабый
wealth [welθ] *п* богатство
weep [wi:p] (*wept, wept*) *о* рыдать, плакать
weight [wɛ:t] *п* вес
lose weight похудеть
welcome ['welkəm] *о* приветствовать, приглашать; *п* радушный прием

well *n* колодец, родник
well *adv* хорошо
be well быть здоровым
look well хорошо выглядеть
well-known ['wel'noun] *а* хорошо известный
well-made ['wel'meɪd] *а* хорошо сложенный, с хорошей фигурой
wet [wet] *а* мокрый
while [wail] *adv, cj* в то время как
whisky ['wɪskɪ] *п* виски
whisky-and-soda виски с содой водой
whisper ['wɪspə] *о* шептать
whole [houl] *а* весь, целиком, целий
wide [waɪd] *а* широкий
wild [waɪld] *а* дикий
win [wɪn] (*won, won*) *о* побеждать
wind [wind] *п* ветер
wish [wɪʃ] *п* желание; *о* желать
within [wɪ'thɪn] *prp, adv* внутри
wonderful ['wʌndəfʊl] *а* чудесный
word [wə:d] *n* слово
world [wə:ld] *п* мир, свет
worry ['wɔ:ri] *о* беспокоиться, тревожиться
worse [wə:s] *а* хуже (сравнительная степень от *bad* и *badly*)
worthy ['wə:ðɪ] *а* достойный
wound [wund] *п* рана; *о* ранить
wrong [rɔ:g] *а* неправильный
be wrong ошибаться
What's wrong? В чем дело?

X

X-ray ['eks'rei] *п* рентген

Y

yet [jet] *adv* уже, однако, тем не менее
not... yet еще не

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