**Short story 1**

**Lost in the post**

**A.Philips**

Ainsley, a post-office sorter, turned the envelope over and over in his hands. The letter was addressed to his wife and had an Australian stamp.

Ainsley knew that the sender was Dicky Soames, his wife’s cousin. It was the second letter Ainsley received after Dicky’s departure. The first letter had come six months before, he did not read it and threw it into the fire. No man ever had less reason for jealousy than Ainsley. His wife was frank as the day, a splendid housekeeper, a very good mother to their two children. He knew that Dicky Soames had been fond of Adela anf the fact that Dicky Soames had years back gone away to join his and Adela’s uncle made no difference to him. He was afraid that some day Dicky would return and take Adela from him.

Ainsley did not take the letter when he was at work as his fellow-workers could see him do it. So when the working hours were over he went out of the post-office together with his fellow workers, then he returned to take the letter addressed to his wife. As the door of the post-office was locked, he had to get in through a window. When he was getting out of the window the postmaster saw him. He got angry dismissed Ainsley. So another man was hired and Ainsley became unemployed. Their life became hard, they had to borrow money from their friends.

Several months had passed. One afternoon when Ainsley came home he saw the familiar face of Dicky Soames. “So he had turned up”, Ainsley thought to himself.

Dicky Soames said he was delighted to see Ainsley. “I have missed all of you so much”, he added with a friendly smile.

Ainsley looked at his wife. “Uncle Tom has died”, she explained, “and Dicky has come into his money”. “Congratulation”, said Ainsley, “you are lucky”.

Adela turned to Dicky. “Tell Arthur the rest”, she said quietly. “Well, you see”, said Dicky, “Uncle Tom had something over sixty thousand and he wished Adela to have half. But he got angry with you because Adela never answered the two letters I wrote to her for him.Then he changed his will and left her money to hospitals. I asked him not to do it, but he wouldn’t listen to me!” Ainsley turned pale. “So those two letters were worth reading after all,” he thought to himself. For some time everybody kept silence. Then Dicky Soames broke the silence, “It’s strange about those two letters. I’ve often wondered why you didn’t answer them?” Adela got up, came up to her husband and said, taking him by the hand. “The letters were evidently lost”. At that moment Ainsley realizes that she knew everything.

**I. Translate the following words and expressions into Mongolian.**

| a post-office sorter |  |
| --- | --- |
| turn over and over in his hands |  |
| be addressed to smb |  |
| a splendid housekeeper, |  |
| fellow-workers |  |
| dismiss |  |
| hire |  |
| familiar face |  |
| come into one’s money |  |
| change a will |  |
| turn pale (red) |  |
| keep/break silence |  |
| take someone by the hand. |  |

**II. Questions on the text.**

1. What was Ainsley?

2. Who was Dicky Soames?

3. What was the main reason for Ainsley’s hiding Dicky’s letters from Adela?

4. How did Ainsley behave when the second letter arrived?

5. What happened as a result of his behaviour?

6. Was Adela’s uncle a rich person? Prove it.

7. Did he want Adela to come into his money and why did he have to change his will?

8. What did Ainsley mean saying, “Those two letters were worth reading”?

9. What proves that Ainsley’s wife guessed everything?

10. Why did you think she said that the letters had been lost?

**III. True or False?**

1. Ainsley read Dicky’s letters before throwing them into the fire.

2. Adela often gave reason for jealousy.

3. It was a long time since Dicky Soames had gone away to Australia to join his uncle.

4. This fact made Ainsley forget his jealousy.

5. When the working hours were over Ainsley took the letter and left the post-office together

with his fellow-workers.

6. The postmaster saw Ainsley getting out of the window and thinking that he had stolen

something dismissed him.

7. Ainsley envied Dicky when he learned that the later had come into his uncle’s money.

8. When Ainsley understood that he was tp blame for everything he told the truth.

**Short story 2**

**A Foul play**

**R.Ruark**

In 1943 Lieutenant Alexander Barr was ordered into the Armed Guard aboard the merchant ship, like many other civilian officers with no real mechanical skills — teachers, writers, lawyers.

His men were the rag-tag' of merchant service and knew very little of it. Lieutenant Alec Barr had his crew well in hand except one particularly unpleasant character, a youngster called Zabinski. Every ship has its problem child, and Zabinski was Alec's cross. If anybody was drunk and in trouble ashore, it was Zabinski. If anybody was smoking on watch, or asleep on watch, it always was Zabinski. Discipline on board was hard to keep and Zabinski made it worse.

Alec called the boy to his cabin. "I've tried to reason with you'," he said. "I've punished you with everything from confinement to ship' to extra duty. I've come to the conclusion that the only thing you may understand is force. I've got some boxing gloves. Navy Regulations say they should be used for recreation. We are going to have some.

"That's all right", Zabinski said smiling.

Alec announced the exhibition of boxing skill. A lot of people gathered on deck to watch the match.

It didn't take Lieutenant Barr long to discover that he was in the ring with a semi professional. They were fighting two-minute rounds. But from the first five seconds of the first round Alec knew that Zabinski could knock him out with a single punch if he wanted to. But Zabinski didn't want to, he was toying with his commander, and the snickers' grew into laughter.

In the third round Alec held up a glove. "Time out!", he said. "I'm going to my cabin, I'll soon be back". He turned and ran up to his cabin. In the cabin there was a safe. Alec's duty was to pay wages to his personnel. Alec Barr opened the safe and took out a paper-wrapped roll of ten-cent coins. He put this roll of silver coins into his glove and returned on deck.

"Let's go!" he said and touched gloves with Zabinski. It had pleased Zabinski before to allow the officer to knock him from time to time because it gave him a chance for a short and painful punch. But now the silver-weighted glove crashed into the boy's chin and Zabinski was out. He was lying on the floor motionless.

Alec Barr looked briefly at the boy. "Somebody threw some water on him," he said coldly to the seamen. And he went up to his room to clean his cuts' and put the roll of coins back to the safe. After that Lieutenant Alexander Barr had no more personnel trouble aboard ship.

Lieutenant Alec Barr had a difficult crew member named Zabinski who caused problems on the ship. Despite trying to reason with him and using punishment, nothing worked. So, Alec challenged Zabinski to a boxing match using regulation gloves. However, Alec had secretly put silver coins into his glove and knocked out Zabinski with one punch. After that, Alec had no more trouble with his crew

**I. Translate the following words and expressions into Mongolian.**

| foul play | бүдүүлэг тоглолт |
| --- | --- |
| be ordered into the Armed Guard | Зэвсэгт харуулд тушаав |
| a merchant ship /service | худалдааны хөлөг онгоц /үйлчилгээ |
| civilian | иргэн |
| rag-tag | нэр хүндгүй эсвэл зохион байгуулалтгүй бүлэг хүмүүс. |
| to have smb well in hand | Хэн нэгний хяналт, эрх мэдэл дор |
| crew | багийнхан |
| an unpleasant character | тааламжгүй зан |
| a cross | загалмай |
| to be in trouble | асуудалд орох |
| ashore | далайн эрэг |
| on watch | харуулд гарах |
| to keep discipline | сахилга баттай |
| a cabin | кабин |
| to reason with smb | хүний санаа бодол өөрчлөхийг оролдох |
| to punished smb with smt | ямар нэг шиитгэл хүлээлгэх |
| to come to the conclusion that | дүгнэлтэд хүрэх |
| confinement to ship | тухайн хүнийг хөлөг онгоцоор хязгаарлаж, явахыг хориглосон шийтгэл |
| recreation | амралт |
| exhibition of boxing skill | Оролцогчид боксын спортоор ур чадвараа харуулдаг боксын тэмцээн эсвэл үзүүлбэр |
| on deck | Боломжтой, үйлдэл хийхэд бэлэн |
| to discover that | шинээр нээн илрүүрэл |
| to knock smb out with a single punch | ухаангүй болтол хэн нэгнийг 1 цохих |
| a commander | командлагч |
| snickers | хагас дарагдсан, ихэвчлэн шоолж инээх |
| to hold up a hand | ихэвчлэн шоолонгуй инээх |
| to pay wages | цагийн хөлс өгөх |
| a painful punch | хүчтэй цохилт |
| to crash into | өөр тээврийн хэрэгслийг мөргөж, гэмтэл учруулах |
| be out | Тодорхой газар байхгүй байх, анхаарал саринах |
| motionless | хөдөлгөөнгүй |
| to looked briefly at | хурдан гүйлгэж харах |
| to throw water on smb | хэн нэгний санаа, төлөвлөгөөнд сөрөг хандах |
| a cut | зүсэлт |
| aboard ship | хөлөг онгоцон дээр |

**l Questions on the text.**

1. Why was Alexander Barr being a civilian officer ordered aboard the merchant ship?

**Alexander Barr was ordered** aboard the merchant ship as a civilian officer in 1943 to serve in the Armed Guard

Александр Барр 1943 онд худалдааны хөлөг онгоцонд энгийн офицероор Зэвсэгт харуулд алба хаахаар тушаажээ.

2. Explain the phrase "He had his crew well in hand."

The phrase "He had his crew well in hand" means that Lieutenant Barr had his crew **under control** and was **able to manage them effectively**

"Тэр багийнхаа гарт сайн байсан" гэсэн хэллэг нь дэслэгч Барр багийнхаа удирдлагыг удирдаж, тэднийг үр дүнтэй удирдаж чадсан гэсэн үг юм.

3. What proves that Zabinsky was a problem child?

Zabinski was a problem child on the ship because he frequently caused trouble, such as **being drunk** and in trouble ashore, **smoking on watch**, and **falling asleep on watch**, which made it hard to maintain discipline on board

Забински хөлөг онгоцон дээр асуудалтай хүүхэд байсан, учир нь тэр байнга согтуу, эрэг дээр асуудалд орох, харуул дээр тамхи татах, манаач дээр унтуулах зэрэг асуудал үүсгэдэг байсан нь хөлөгт сахилга батыг сахихад хэцүү болгодог.

4. What sort of measures did Lieutenant Barr use to reason with the youngster?

Lieutenant Barr tried reasoning with Zabinski and **punishing him with confinement** and extra duty to try and keep him in line

Дэслэгч Барр Забинскитэй ярилцаж, түүнийг цагдан хорих, нэмэлт үүрэг хариуцлага хүлээлгэхээр шийтгэв.

5. Did Alec Barr really mean to have some recreation when he spoke about boxing?

No, Lieutenant Barr did not really mean to have some recreation when he spoke about boxing. **He used it as a means to teach Zabinski a lesson** and maintain discipline on board.

Үгүй ээ, дэслэгч Барр боксын тухай ярихдаа зугаацахыг хүсээгүй. Тэрээр үүнийг Забинскид хичээл зааж, онгоцонд сахилга баттай байлгах хэрэгсэл болгон ашигласан.

6. Why was Zabinski smiling when he accepted Lieutenant's suggestion?

Zabinski was smiling when he accepted Lieutenant's suggestion because **he thought he could beat him easily**

Дэслэгчийн саналыг хүлээж авахдаа Забински инээмсэглэж байв, учир нь түүнийг амархан ялна гэж бодсон.

7. Did it take Barr long to discover Zabinski's boxing skills?

It didn't take Lieutenant Barr long to discover Zabinski's boxing skills, as **from the first five seconds of the first round**, he knew that **Zabinski could knock him out with a single punch** if he wanted to.

Дэслэгч Барр Забинскийн боксын ур чадварыг нээхэд тийм ч их цаг зарцуулаагүй, учир нь эхний раундны эхний таван секундээс л Забински хүсвэл түүнийг ганц цохилтоор нокаут болгож чадна гэдгийг мэдэж байсан.

8. What was the reaction of the seamen who had gathered on deck to watch the match?

The seamen who had gathered on deck to watch the match were **snickering and laughing**, possibly because they thought Lieutenant Barr was no match for Zabinski

Тэмцээн үзэхээр тавцан дээр цугларсан далайчид дэслэгч Баррыг Забинскид тохирохгүй гэж бодсондоо инээж, инээж байсан байх.

9. Why did Barr ask for the time out?

Barr asked for the time out so that he could go to his cabin and **put a roll of silver coins into his glove to use as a weapon**

Барр бүхээг рүүгээ орж, зэвсэг болгон ашиглахын тулд бээлийдээ мөнгөн зоос хийж өгөхийг хүсчээ.

10. What was Zabinski's tactics during the match? Prove that he didn't expect a change in the

course of the match.

Zabinski's tactics during the match were **to toy with Lieutenant Barr** and allow him to **knock him down** from time to time so that he could have a chance for a short and painful punch. This proves that he didn't expect a change in the course of the match

Тоглолтын үеэр Забинскийн тактик нь дэслэгч Барртай тоглож, түүнийг үе үе унагаж, богино бөгөөд өвдөлттэй цохилт хийх боломжийг түүнд олгох явдал байв. Энэ нь түүнийг тоглолтын явцад өөрчлөлт гарна гэж бодоогүйг нотолж байна

11. What did Alexander Barr do after he had knocked the boy out?

After he had knocked the boy out, Alexander Barr briefly looked at him and then **asked the seamen to throw some water on him**. He then went up to his room to clean his cuts and put the roll of coins back into the safe

Хүүг цохисны дараа Александр Барр түүн рүү хэсэгхэн зуур хараад, дараа нь далайчдаас түүн рүү ус цацахыг хүсэв. Дараа нь тэр өрөө рүүгээ орж зүслэгээ цэвэрлэж, ороомог зоосыг сейф рүү буцааж хийв

12. Did the result of the match help Lieutenant to keep discipline on board?

Yes, the result of the match helped Lieutenant Barr to keep discipline on board **as he had no more personnel trouble aboard ship** after that

Тийм ээ, тоглолтын үр дүн дэслэгч Баррыг хөлөг онгоцон дээр сахилга баттай байлгахад тусалсан тул дараа нь хөлөг онгоцонд боловсон хүчний асуудал гарахаа больсон.

**Short story 3**

**Success story**

**J.O. Cozzens**

I met Richards ten or more years ago when I first went down to Cuba. He was a short, sharp-faced, agreeable chap, then about 22. He introduced himself to me on the boat and I was surprised to find that Panamerica Steel was sending us both to the same job.  
Richards was from some not very good state university engineering school. Being the same age myself, and just out of technical college I saw at once that his knowledge of engineering was rather poor. I couldn’t imagine how he had managed to get this job.

Richards was naturally likable, and I liked him a lot. The firm had a contract for the construction of a private railroad. For Richards and me it was mostly an easy job of inspections and routine paper work. At least it was easy for me. It was harder for Richards, because he didn’t appear to have mastered the use of a slide rule. When he asked me to check his figures I found his calculations awful. “Boy,” I was at last obliged to say, “you are undoubtedly the silliest white man in this province. Look, stupid, didn’t you ever take arithmetic? How much are seven times thirteen?” “Work that out,” Richards said, “and let me have a report tomorrow.”  
  
So when I had time I checked his figures for him, and the inspector only caught him in a bad mistake about twice. In January several directors of the United Sugar Company came down to us on business, but mostly pleasure; a good excuse to get south on a vacation. Richards and I were to accompany them around the place. One of the directors, Mr Prosset was asking a number of questions. I knew the job well enough to answer every sensible question — the sort of question that a trained engineer would be likely to ask. As it was Mr Prosset was not an engineer and some of his questions put me at a loss. For the third time I was obliged to say, “I’m afraid I don’t know, sir. We haven’t any calculations on that.” When suddenly Richards spoke up.  
“I think, about nine million cubic feet, sir”, he said. “I just happened to be working this out last night. Just for my own interest”.  
“Oh,” said Mr Prosset, turning in his seat and giving him a sharp look. “That’s very interesting, Mr — er — Richards, isn’t it? Well, now, maybe you could tell me about —”  
Richards could. Richards knew everything. All the way up Mr Prosset fired questions at him and he fired answers right back. When we reached the head of the rail, a motor was waiting for Mr Prosset. He nodded absent-mindedly, shook hands with Richards. “Very interesting, indeed,”— he said. “Good-bye, Mr Richards and thank you.”

“Not at all, sir,” Richards said. “Glad if I could be of service to you.”  
As soon as the car moved off, I exploded. “A little honest bluff doesn’t hurt; but some of your figures…!  
“I like to please,” said Richards grinning. “If a man like Prosset wants to know something, who am I to hold out on him?”  
“What’s he going to think when he looks up the figures or asks somebody who does know?”  
“Listen, my son,” said Richards kindly. “He wasn’t asking for any information he was going to use. He doesn’t want to know these figures. He won’t remember them. I don’t even remember them myself. What he is going to remember is you and me. Yes, believe me, he is going to remember that Panamerica Steel has a bright young man named Richards who could tell him everything he wanted —just the sort of chap he can use; not like that other fellow who took no interest in his work, couldn’t answer the simplest question and who is going to be doing small-time contracting all his life.”  
It is true. I am still working for the company, still doing a little work for the construction line. And Richards? I happened to read in a newspaper a few weeks ago that Richards had been made vice-president and director of Panamerica Steel when the Prosset Group bought the old firm.

1. **Give Mongolian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:**

ten or more years ago,

a sharp-faced chap,

being the same age,

just out of technical college,

found his calculations awful,

take arithmetic,

every sensible question,

be of service,

just the sort of chap he can use,

introduce smb to smb,

master smth,

come on business,

accompany smb.,

be likely to do smth,

shake hands with smb.,

take a lot (some, no) interest in smth.

**2. Questions on the text:**

1) Describe Richards (age, appearance, education, manners)

2) Why was the author surprised that Richards had managed to get the same job?

3) What kind of work were the young men to do?

4) How did they cope with it?

5) Why did the author call his colleague stupid? Did it annoy Richards?

6) Why did the young men find themselves in the company of Mr. Prosset?

7) Why was the author unable to answer Mr. Prosset's questions?

8) What did Richard do and how did he explain his behaviour to the author later?

9) What made Mr. Prosset give Richards a sharp look

10) What opinion had Mr. Prosset formed of the twoyoung men, judging by the way he said good-bye to them?

11) Why did the author explode?

12) Whose theory proved to be right?

**3. Discuss the following**:

1) Explain why Richards took little trouble to do his job properly. What was Richards' ambition? Do you approve of his behaviour? Give your reasons.

2) What to your mind is more important: to have good knowledge in the field you work or the ability to be equal to the situation?

3) Can we say that Richards was a good "psychologist"? In what way did it help him?

4) Who had more advantages to win the top job: Richards or his friend? Do you agree that hard work plus knowledge always leads to success?

5) Give a character sketch of a) Richards, b) the other young man, c) Mr. Prosset

6) Whom do you think are the author's sympathies with? Prove your choice.

**Short story 4**

**Hunting for a Job**

**S.S. McClure**

I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Bennet. She lived in Somerville, and I immediately started out for Somerville. Miss Bennet and her family did all they could to make me comfortable and help me to get myself established in some way. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was of utmost importance to me. My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own. Every boy in the Western states knew the Pope Manufacturing Company, which produced bicycles. When I published my first work "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a "connection" of some kind. So I decided to go to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company to ask for a job. I walked into the general office and said that I wanted the president of the company. "Colonel Pope?" asked the clerk. I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope." I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly. He said he was sorry, but they were laying of hands. I still hung on. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me, if I had to go out of that room without a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply. "Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked. I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks. "Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the downtown rink?" he asked. The clerk said he thought not. "Very well", said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow." The next day I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people. Next day Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He didn't say anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid that I would be told I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and I came back every day and went to work. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown rink. Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I hadn't been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine. "Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at - that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it. I could learn to do it as I went along. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out. This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been "willing to wash windows and scrub floors". I had been ready for anything.

**Paraphrase the sentences using phrases from the text:**

1) Miss Bennet and her family received him very warmly.

2) Everybody tried to help him to find some kind of job.

3) Their concern and hospitality were very important to him.

4) He told Colonel Pope that he was unemployed and needed any job very much.

5) The man thought that everything would be lost for him if he didn't find a job.

6) He has never ridden a bicycle in his life.

7) Mr. Wilmot neither employed the journalist nor dismissed him.

8) The boss made him responsible for the uptown rink.

9) It suddenly occurred to him that his willingness to do any job had helped him to get his first job.

**Give Mongolian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.**

to get oneself established in some way

of utmost importance

hospitality

application for a job

earnestness

look at smb. sharply

to teach beginners

he did not exactly engage me

in a couple of hours

to change his mind

**Answer the questions to the text:**

1) Who was the only person the author knew in Boston?

2) In what way was he received? Why was it of great importance to him?

3) What made the young man apply for a job at the Pope Company?

4) Describe Colonel Pope. What was his reaction to the young man's story?

5) Why did the man still hang on though he found out that the company was laying off hands?

6) What question did the Colonel ask him?

7) Describe the young man's job and say whether he was good at it.

8) Why did the man continue to work for Mr. Wilmot though he hadn't engaged him?

9) What happened at the end of the week?

10) What job was the young man offered in the long run?

11) What idea flashed through his mind?

12) What helped the man to get his first job?

**Short story 5**

**Jimmy Valentine's Reformation**

**O. Henry Jimmy**

Valentine was released that day. "Now, Valentine," said the warden, "you'll go out today. Make a man of yourself. You are not a bad fellow really. Stop breaking open safes and be honest." "Me?" said Jimmy in surprise. "Why, I've never broken a safe in my life." The warden laughed. "Better think over my advice, Valentine." In the evening Valentine arrived in his native town, went directly to the cafe of his old friend Mike and shook hands with Mike. Then he took the key of his room and went upstairs. Everything was just as he had left it. Jimmy removed a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suitcase. He opened it and looked fondly at the finest set of burglar's tools. It was a complete set made of special steel. The set consisted of various tools of the latest design. Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him. A week after the release of Valentine there was a new safe-burglary in Richmond. Two weeks after that another safe was opened. That began to interest the detectives. Ben Price, a famous detective, got interested in these cases. "That's all Jimmy Valentine's work. He has resumed business. He has got the only tools that can open any safe without leaving the slightest trace." One afternoon Jimmy Valentine came to Elmore, a little town in Arkansas. A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank". Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was and became another man. She lowered her eyes and blushed slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were not often met in Elmore. Jimmy called a boy who was standing on the steps of the bank and began to ask him questions about the town and the people of the town. From this boy he learnt that this girl was Annabel Adams and that her father was the owner of the bank. Jimmy went to a hotel and registered as Ralf Spencer. To the clerk he said that he had come to Elmore to start business. The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy and he was ready to give Jimmy any information. Soon Jimmy opened a shoe-store and made large profits. In all other respects he was also a success. He was popular with many important people and had many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams and she fell in love with him too. Annabel's father, who was a typical country banker approved of Spencer. The young people were to be married in two weeks. Jimmy gave up safe-burglary for ever. He was an honest man now. He decided to get rid of his tools. At that time a new safe was put in Mr. Adams' bank. The old man was very proud of it and insisted that everyone should inspect it. So one day the whole family with the children went to the bank. Mr. Adams enthusiastically explained the workings of the safe to Spencer. The two children were delighted to see the shining metal and the funny clock. While they were thus engaged Ben Price, the detective, walked into the bank and stood at the counter watching the scene. He told the cashier that he was just waiting for the man he knew. Suddenly there was a loud scream from the women. Unseen by the elders, May, the smallest girl had shut herself in the vault. "It's impossible to open the door now," said Mr. Adams in a trembling voice, "because the clock of the safe hasn't been wound. Oh, what shall we do? That child - she can't stand it for long because there isn't enough air there!"

"Get away from the door, all of you," suddenly commanded Spencer. And it must be mentioned that Jimmy happened to have his suit-case with him because he was going to get rid of it that day. Very calmly he took out the tools and in ten minutes the vault was opened. The others watched him in amazement. The little girl, crying, rushed to her mother. Jimmy took his suit-case and came up to Ben Price whom he had noticed long before. "Hello, Ben", he said, "Let's go. I don't think it matters much now." And then suddenly Ben Price acted rather strangely. "I guess, you are mistaken Mr. Spencer," he said. "I don't seem to recognize you. I think your fiancée is waiting for you, isn't she?" And Ben Price turned and walked out of the Bank.

**Answer the questions:**

1. What kind of man was Jimmy Valentine? (age, looks, occupation)

2. Where did he go immediately after the release?

3. What was the first thing he did on entering his room?

4. There were a number of safe-burglaries in Richmond. Why did Ben Price get interested in

them? Why did he suspect Jimmy?

5. How did Jimmy happen to meet Annabel Adams? What did he manage to find out about

her?

6. Why did Jimmy register at the hotel under another name?

7. Explain the phrase, “In all respects Jimmy was a success”

8. What final decision did Jimmy make that proved that he wanted to give up his old business

forever?

9. How did the child happen to find himself in the vault? Why was it dangerous?

10. Why did all the present watch Jimmy in amazement while he was opening the safe?

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. be honest 2. say smth in surprise 3. shake hands with smb 4. a set of tools 5. get interested in smth 6. become another man 7. register at a hotel 8. be impressed by smth 9. be a success 10. fall in love with smb 11. approve of smb\smth | 12. give up smth for ever  13. be proud of smth  14. insist that smb should do smth  15. say smth in a trembling voice  16. stand smth for long  17. it must be mentioned  18. watch smb\ smth in amazement  19. be mistaken  20. recognize smb |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 6**

**Letters in the mail**

**E. Caldwell**

Almost everybody likes to receive letters. And perhaps nobody in Stillwater liked to get letters more than Ray Buffin. But unfortunately Ray received fewer letters in his box at the post-office than anybody else.

Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill were two young men in town who liked to play jokes on people. But they never meant anything bad. One afternoon they decided to play joke on Ray Buffin. Their plan was to ask a girl in town to send Ray a love letter without signing it, and then tell everybody in the post-office to watch Ray read the letter; then somebody was ask Ray if he had received a love letter from a girl. After that somebody was to snatch the letter out of his hand and read it aloud.

They bought blue writing paper and went round the corner to the office of the telephone company where Grace Brooks worked as a night telephone operator. Grace was pretty though not very young. She had begun working for the company many years ago, after she had finished school. She had remained unmarried all those years, and because she worked at night and slept in the daytime it was very difficult for her to find a husband.

At first, after Guy and Ralph had explained to her what they wanted to do and had asked her to write the letter to Ray, Grace refused to do it.

“Now, be a good girl, Grace, do us a favour and write the letter.” Suddenly she turned away. She didn’t want the young men see her crying. She remembered the time she had got acquainted with Ray. Ray wanted to marry her. But she had just finished school then and had started to work for the telephone company; she was very young then and did not want to marry anybody. Time passed. During all those years she had seen him a few times but only a polite word had passed between them, and each time he looked sadder and sadder.

Finally she agreed to write the letter for Guy and Ralph and said that she would send it in the morning.

After they left the telephone office Grace thought about Ray and cried. Late at night she wrote the letter.

The next day Guy and Ralph were in the post-office at 4 o’clock. By that time there was a large crowd in the post-office. When Ray came in and saw a letter in his box he looked at it in surprise. He couldn’t believe his eyes. He opened the box, took out the blue envelope and went to the corner of the room to read it. When he finished he behaved like mad. He smiled happily and ran out of the room before Guy and Ralph had time to say anything to stop him. Ray hurried round the corner to the telephone office.

When Guy and Ralph ran into the room where Grace worked they saw Ray Buffin standing near the girl with the widest and happiest smile they had ever seen on his face. It was clear they had not spoken a word yet. They just stood in silence, too happy to worry about Guy and Ralph watching them.

***Give Mongolian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:***

receive letters,

watch smb do smth,

read (speak) aloud,

explain smth to smb,

refuse to do smth,

get acquainted with smb,

look at smth (smb) in surprise,

in silence, worry about smth/smb,

without doing smth.

***Questions on the text:***

1) Did Ray Buff in often receive letters?

2) What was it Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill liked to do?

3) What was their plan?

4) Who was Grace Brooks?

5)  Why did the two young men ask her to do them a favour?

6) Why didn't the girl agree at once?

7) What was Ray's reaction when he saw a letter in his box?

8) What did he do next?

9) What did Guy and Ralph see when they entered the telephone office?

***Discuss the following:***

1) Why did the girl agree to write the letter in the end?

2)  Comment on the phrase "They were too happy to worry about Guy and Ralph watching them."

3) What do you think Grace wrote in her letter?

4) Why do people like to receive letters? Do you agree that it is easier to express your feelings in a letter than during a talk? Give your grounds.

5) Why do you think the art of writing letters is dying nowadays?

**Short story 7**

**The Bramble Bush**

**Ch. Mergendahl**

As Fran Walker, one of the nurses of the Mills Memorial Hospital, was sitting between rounds behind her duty desk, she often recollected her childhood, which would return to her as it had existed in reality - bewildering, lonely, and frustrating. Her father, Mr. Walker, had owned a small lumber business in Sagamore, one of Indiana's numerous smaller towns, where Fran had lived in a large frame house on six acres of unused pasture land. The first Mrs. Walker had died, when Fran was still a baby, so she did not remember her real mother at all. She remembered her stepmother, though – small, tight-lipped, thin-faced, extremely possessive of her new husband and the new house which had suddenly become her own. Fran had adored her father, tried desperately to please him. And since he desired nothing more than a good relationship between his daughter and his second wife, she had made endless attempts to win over her new mother. But her displays of affection had not been returned. Her stepmother had remained constantly jealous, resentful, without the slightest understanding of the small girl's motives and emotions. Fran felt herself losing out, slipping away into an inferior position. She began to exaggerate – often lie about friends, feelings, grades at school, anything possible to keep herself high in her father's esteem, and at the same time gain some small bit of admiration from her mother. The exaggerations, though, had constantly turned back on her, until eventually a disgusted Mrs. Walker had insisted she be sent away to a nearby summer camp. "They award a badge of honour there," she had said, "and if you win it – not a single untruth all summer – then we'll know you've stopped lying and we'll do something very special for you." "We'll give you a pony," her father had promised. Fran wanted the pony. More than the pony, she wanted to prove herself. After two months of near-painful honesty, she finally won the badge of honour, and brought it home clutched tight in her fist, hidden in her pocket while she waited, waited, all the way from the station, all during the tea in the living-room for the exact proper moment to make her announcement of glorious victory. "Well?" her mother had said finally. "Well, Fran?" "Well – ", Fran began, with the excitement building higher and higher as she drew in her breath and thought of exactly how to say it. "You can't hide it any longer, Fran." Her mother had sighed in hopeless resignation. "We know you didn't win it, so there's simply no point in lying about it now." Fran had closed her mouth. She'd stared at her mother, then stood and gone out to the yard and looked across the green meadow where the pony was going to graze. She had taken the green badge from her pocket, fingered it tenderly, then buried it beneath a rock in the garden. She had gone back into the house and said, "No, I didn't win it," and her mother had said, "Well, at least you didn't lie this time," and her father had held her while she'd cried and known finally that there was no further use in trying. Her father had bought her an Irish setter as a consolation prize.

**Answer the questions:**

1. Where did Fran Walker spend her childhood?
2. What can you say about her parents?
3. Describe Fran’s stepmother.
4. Why did Fran do her best to win her stepmother’s affection though she didn’t like the woman?
5. What was the new mother’s attitude towards her stepdaughter?
6. What was the reason of Fran’s exaggerations? What do you think she said about her friends, school, etc?
7. What way out did Fran’s stepmother find to make the girl stop lying?
8. Which phrase in the text proves that it wasn’t easy for the girl to win the badge?
9. Fran was eager to announce her victory, wasn’t she? Prove it by the text
10. It was only once that Fran’s stepmother believed her. When? Was it of any use?

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. adore smb 2. a good relationship 3. make endless attempts 4. display of affection 5. exaggerate 6. keep oneself high in smb’s esteem 7. eventually | 8. stop lying  9. do smth special for smb  10. prove oneself  11. draw in one’s breath  12. stare at smb  13. a consolation prize |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 8**

**The Beard**

**G. Clark**

I was going by train to London. I didn't have the trouble to take anything to eat with me and soon was very hungry. I decided to go to the dining-car to have a meal. As I was about to seat myself, I saw that the gentleman I was to face wore a large beard. He was a young man. His beard was full, loose and very black. I glanced at him uneasily and noted that he was a big pleasant fellow with dark laughing eyes. Indeed I could feel his eyes on me as I fumbled with the knives and forks. It was hard to pull myself together. It is not easy to face a beard. But when I could escape no longer, I raised my eyes and found the young man's on my face. "Good evening," I said cheerily, "Good evening," he replied pleasantly, inserting a big buttered roll within the bush of his beard. Not even a crumb fell off. He ordered soup. It was a difficult soup for even the most barefaced of men to eat, but not a drop did he waste on his whiskers'. He kept his eyes on me in between bites. But I knew he knew that I was watching his every bite with acute fascination. "I'm impressed," I said, "with your beard." "I suspected as much," smiled the young man. "Is it a wartime device?" I inquired. "No," said he; "I'm too young to have been in the war. I grew this beard two years ago." "It's magnificent," I informed him. "Thank you," he replied. "As a matter of fact this beard is an experiment in psychology. I suffered horribly from shyness. I was so shy it amounted to a phobia. At university I took up psychology and began reading books on psychology'. And one day I came across a chapter on human defence mechanisms, explaining how so many of us resort to all kinds of tricks to escape from the world, or from conditions in the world which we f ind hatef ul. Well, I j ust turned a thing around. I decided to make other people shy of me. So I grew this beard. The effect was astonishing. I found people, even tough, hard-boiled people, were shy of looking in the face. They were panicked by my whiskers. It made them uneasy. And my shyness vanished completely." He pulled his fine black whiskers affectionately and said: "Psychology is a great thing. Unfortunately people don't know about it. Psychology should help people discover such most helpful tricks. Life is too short to be wasted in desperately striving to be normal." "Tell me," I said finally. "How did you master eating the way you have? You never got a crumb or a drop on your beard, all through dinner." "Nothing to it, sir," said he. "When you have a beard, you keep your eyes on those of your dinner partner. And whenever you note his eyes fixed in horror on your chin, you wipe it off."

**Answer the questions:**  
1. Why did the author go to the dining-car?  
2. Decsibe the man who was sitting opposite him.  
3. Why did the author feel ill at ease?  
4. What was it that struck the author in the manner his companion was eating?  
5. What did the young man suffer from when he was a student?  
6. What did he read about human defence mechanisms in one of the books on psychology?  
7. What idea occured to him?  
8. What was the effect of his experiment?  
9. How did the young man explain to the author his careful manner of eating?  
  
**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| face sb |  |
| --- | --- |
| glance at smb |  |
| pull oneself together |  |
| find sb's eyes on one's face |  |
| be impressed with smth |  |
| suffer from smth |  |
| read books on smth |  |
| come across |  |
| Find smth hateful |  |
| be shy of doing sth |  |
| Make smb do smth |  |
| Waste life |  |
| master sth / Ving sth |  |

**Short story 9**

**Lautisse Paints Again**

**H.A.Smith**

Everybody knows by this time that we met Lautisse on board a ship, but few people know that in the beginning, Betsy and I had no idea who he was. At first he introduced himself as Monsieur Roland, but as we talked he asked me a lot of questions about myself and my business and finally he asked me if I could keep a secret and said: "I am Lautisse." I had no idea who he was. I told Betsy and after lunch we went up and talked to the ship's librarian, asked him a few questions. And then we found out that my new friend was probably the world's best living painter. The librarian found a book with his biography and a photograph. Though the photograph was bad, we decided that our new acquaintance was Lautisse all right. The book said that he suddenly stopped painting at 53 and lived in a villa in Rivera. He hadn't painted anything in a dozen years and was heard to say he would never touch the brush again. Well, we got to be real friends and Betsy invited him to come up to our place for a weekend. Lautisse arrived on the noon train Saturday, and I met him at the station. We had promised him that we wouldn't have any people and that we wouldn't try to talk to him about art. It wasn't very difficult since we were not very keen on art. I was up at seven-thirty the next morning and I remembered that I had a job to do. Our vegetable garden had a fence around it which needed a coat of paint. I took out a bucket half full of white paint and a brush and an old kitchen chair. I was sitting on the chair thinking, when I heard footsteps and there stood Lautisse. I said that I was getting ready to paint the garden fence but now that he was up, I would stop it. He protested, then took the brush from my hand and said, "First, I'll show you!" At that moment Betsy cried from the kitchen door that breakfast was ready. "No, no," he said. "No breakfast, — I will paint the fence." I argued with him but he wouldn't even look up from his work. Betsy laughed and assured me that he was having a good time. He spent three hours at it and finished the fence. He was happy the whole day. He went back to town on the 9. 10 that evening and at the station he shook my hand and said that he hadn't enjoyed himself so much in years. We didn't hear anything from him for about 10 days but the newspapers learnt about the visit and came to our place. I was out but Betsy told the reporters everything and about the fence too. The next day the papers had quite a story and the headlines said: LAUTISSE PAINTS AGAIN. On the same day three men came to my place from different art galleries and offered 4.000 dollars for the fence. I refused. The next day I was offered 25.000 and then 50.000. On the fourth day a sculptor named Gerston came to my place. He was a friend of Lautisse. He advised me to allow the Palmer Museum in New York to exhibit it for a few weeks. He said that the gallery people were interested in the fence because Lautisse had never before used a bit of white paint. I agreed. So the fence was put in the Palmer Museum. I went down myself to have a look at it. Hundreds of people came to see the fence, and I couldn't help laughing when I saw my fence because it had a fence around it. A week later Gerston telephoned me and asked to come to him. He had something important to tell me. It turned out that Lautisse visited the exhibition and signed all the thirty sections of my fence. "Now," said Gerston, "you have really got something to sell."

And indeed with Gerston's help, 29 of the 30 sections were sold within a month's time and the price was 10.000 each section. I didn't want to sell the 30th section and it's hanging now in our living-room.

**Answer the questions:**  
1. Where did the author and his wife meet Lautisse for the first time?  
2. Was his name known to them? What did the find out in the library?  
3. What did they promise the painter when the invited him to their place?  
4. What kind of job did the author have to do in the morning?  
5. Who did the job in the long run? What proves that he enjoyed it?  
6. Was Lautisse's visit a kind os sensation for the reporters? Why?  
7. What effect did the newspaper articles produce?  
8. How much money was the author offered for the fence?  
9. How did the gallery people explain their deep interest in the fence?  
10. What do the author's words "the fence had a fence around it" mean?  
11. What made the fence price rise?  
12. Why did Lautisse's visit become a lucky chance for the author?  
  
**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| introduce oneself as |  |
| --- | --- |
| the world’s best living painter |  |
| acquaintance |  |
| be keen on (art) |  |
| look up from (one’s work) |  |
| assure sb that |  |
| hear from sb |  |
| learn about sth |  |
| be out |  |
| exhibit |  |
| be interested in |  |

**Short story 10**

**A Good Start**

Bill liked painting more than anything in life. He started painting when he was 15 and people said that as a painter he had quite a lot of talent and had mastered most of the technical requirements. At 22 he had his first one-man show when he was discovered by the critics and his pictures were all sold out, With the money he could afford to marry Leila, rent a studio and stop being a student. To complete his education he went to Italy but after 5 months all the money was spent and he had to return. Bill never had another show like the first one, though he became a better painter. The critics did not think him modern enough and said he was too academic. From time to time he managed to sell some of his paintings but eventually things had got very tight and he was obliged to look for a job. The day before he went for an interview with his uncle Bill was especially gloomy. In the morning he went up to one of his unfinished pictures in the studio but he felt he couldn't paint. He threw down his brush and a bright red spot appeared on the board already covered with black and yellow paint from his previous work. The board had been used to protect the floor and was at that moment a mixture of bright colours. When Bill left, Leila got down to cleaning the studio. She took up the board and put it against the wall to clean the floor. At that moment Garrad, Bill's dealer, came in. Bill had asked him to come, look at his work and arrange a show but the dealer had for some time been uncertain on the matter. So he was looking around the studio, explaining how the gallery was booked up for a year and how he could not really promise Bill a show yet for two years or so. Suddenly the board against the wall attracted his attention. "Leila, my dear," he exclaimed. "I felt that there must be something like this. Tell me, why is he keeping it away from us?" Leila was too shocked to answer. But Garrad went on: "I think it's wonderful. I never doubted Bill would catch up with the modern trends. Now Leila, are there more pictures for a full show? I must go now but I'll be ringing him up. I'm going to change the whole plan and show his new work in the autumn. Tell him not to waste time. As to this one if he wants to sell it, I'll buy it myself." Leila stayed in the studio till Bill came back. She was too excited to tell him the story clearly and Bill could not understand anything at first. When he realised what had happened he shook with laughter. "You didn't explain the whole thing about the board to him, did you?" he managed to say at last. "No, I didn't. I couldn't really, I believe I should have, but it would have made him look too silly. I just said I didn't think you'd sell it". What was Bill to do? Think of your own ending. (What was Bill to do? What a thing, he thought, to find waiting for you on your return from taking a job at two pounds a week. He could paint more for an exhibition that very evening and show them to Garrad the next day. After all, why not use it as a start for a good painter's career?)

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| Master smth |  |
| --- | --- |
| Manage to do smth |  |
| Be (un) certain on snth |  |
| Be booked up |  |
| Attract smb’s attention |  |
| Keep smth away from smb |  |
| Be too shocked to do smth |  |
| Doubt smth |  |
| Catch up with smth (smb) |  |

**Answer the questions:**

1. When did Bill start painting and what did people say about his abilities?

2. What did he do with the money he got for his first show?

3. Why wasn’t his further activity as a painter a success?

4. What was the reason of his going for an interview?

5. How did Garrad explain to Bills wife the fact that he didn’t want to arrange the show of Bill’s pictures?

6. What attracted to his attention suddenly?

7. What had the board been used for before? Why was Garrad so impressed?

8. What did Garrad mean by the words “catch up with the modern trends”?

9. Why did he change his mind at once?

10. What was Bill’s reaction when his wife told him everything?

11. What trick did he decide to play on Garrad?

**Short story 11**

**The Filipino and the Drunkard**

This loud-mouthed guy in the brown camel-hair coat was not really mean, he was drunk. He took a sudden dislike to the small well-dressed Filipino and began to order him around the waiting room, telling him to get back, not to crowd up among the white people. They were waiting to get on the boat and cross the bay to Oakland. If he hadn't been drunk no one would have bothered to notice him at all, but as it was, he was making a commotion in the waiting room, and while everyone seemed to be in sympathy with the Filipino, no one seemed to want to bother about coming to the boy's rescue, and the poor Filipino was becoming very frightened. He stood among the people, and this drunkard kept pushing up against him and saying, I told you to get back. Now get back. Go way back. I fought twenty-four months in France. I'm a real American. I don't want you standing up here among white people. The boy kept squeezing nimbly and politely out of the drunkard's way, hurrying through the crowd, not saying anything and trying his best to be as decent as possible. He kept dodging in and out, with the drunkard stumbling after him, and as time went on the drunkard's dislike grew and he began to swear at the boy. He kept saying, You fellows are the best-dressed men in San Francisco, and you make your money washing dishes. You've got no right to wear such fine clothes He swore a lot, and it got so bad that a lot of ladies had to imagine they were deaf and weren't hearing any of the things he was saying. The When the big door opened, the young Filipino moved swiftly among the people, fleeing from the drunkard, reaching the boat before anyone else. He ran to a corner, sat down for a moment, then got up and began looking for a more hidden place. At the other end of the boat was the drunkard. He could hear the man swearing. He looked about for a place to hide, and rushed into the lavatory. He went into one of the open compartments and bolted the door. The drunkard entered the lavatory and began asking others in the room if they had seen the boy. He was a real American, he said. He had been wounded twice in the War. In the lavatory he swore more freely, using words he could never use where women were present. He began to stoop and look beyond the shut doors of the various compartments. I beg your pardon, he said to those he was not seeking, and when he came to the compartment where the boy was standing, he began swearing and demanding that the boy come out. You can't get away from me, he said. You got no right to use a place white men use. Come out or I'll break the door. Go away, the boy said. The drunkard began to pound on the door. You got to come out sometime, he said. I'll wait here till you do. Go away, said the boy. I've done nothing to you. He wondered why none of the men in the lavatory had the decency to calm the drunkard and take him away, and then he realized there were no other men in the lavatory. Go away, he said. The drunkard answered with curses, pounding the door. Behind the door, the boy's bitterness grew to rage. He began to tremble, not fearing the man but fearing the rage growing in himself. He brought the knife from his pocket and drew open the sharp blade, holding the knife in his fist so tightly that the nails of his fingers cut into the flesh of his palm. Go away, he said. I have a knife. I do not want any trouble. The drunkard said he was an American. Twenty-four months in France. Wounded twice. Once in the leg, and once in the thigh. He would not go away.

He was afraid of no dirty little yellow-belly Filipino with a knife. Let the Filipino come out, he was an American. I will kill you, said the boy. I do not want to kill any man. You are drunk. Go away. Please do not make any trouble, he said earnestly. He could hear the motor of the boat pounding. It was like his rage pounding. It was a feeling of having been humiliated, chased about and made to hide, and now it was a wish to be free, even if he had to kill. He threw the door open and tried to rush beyond the man, the knife tight in his fist, but the drunkard caught him by the sleeve and drew him back. The sleeve of the boy's coat ripped, and the boy turned and thrust the knife into the side of the drunkard, feeling it scrape against rib-bone. The drunkard shouted and screamed at once, then caught the boy at the throat, and the boy began to thrust the knife into the side of the man many times, as a boxer jabs in the clinches. When the drunkard could no longer hold him and had fallen to the floor, the boy rushed from the room, the knife still in his hand, blood dripping from the blade, his hat gone, his hair mussed, and the sleeve of his coat badly torn. Everyone knew what he had done, yet no one moved. The boy ran to the front of the boat, seeking some place to go, then ran back to a corner, no one daring to speak to him, and everyone aware of his crime. There was no place to go, and before the officers of the boat arrived he stopped suddenly and began to shout at the people. I did not want to hurt him, he said. Why didn't you stop him? Is it right to chase a man like a rat? You knew he was drunk. I did not want to hurt him, but he would not let me go. He tore my coat and tried to choke me. I told him I would kill him if he would not go away. It is not my fault. I must go to Oakland to see my brother. He is sick. Do you think I am looking for trouble when my brother is sick? Why didn't you stop him?

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

Come to one’s rescue,

try one’s best to do smth,

demand that smb do smth,

fear smth, make some trouble

hold smb/smth,

shout at smb, chase smb

let smb go, hurt smb

**Answer the questions**:

1. How did it happen that the boy and the American found themselves in the same room?

2. In what condition was the man?

3. What did he begin to do?

4. Did anybody try to save the Filipino when the man began to tease him?

5. How did the man explain his behaviour?

6. What did the poor boy do?

7. Why did the boy rush into the lavaltory?

8. What made the Filipino bring the knife out of this pocket?

9. He warned the man of the possible trouble, didn’t he?

10. What happened when the boy opened the door?

11. What did the Filipino accuse the people of?

**Short story 12**

**The dinner party**

Nickolas Monsarrat

There are still some rich people in the world; and there were many more, in the enjoyable world of thirty years ago. I hope that no one will be led astray by fiction that rich people lead dull, boring and frustrated lives; compelled to listened to unintelligible chamber music every other night, to sit through interminable operas which they do not understand, to bow unwillingly to royalty and to force down their gullets such dietary dross as pâté de foie gras, trout in aspic, and champagne. Please be assured that many of them lead lives of particular pleasure; commanding the finest artists to play and sing exactly what they wish to hear, greeting royalty on terms of pleasure and intimacy, and eating and drinking precisely what they want - often pâté de foie gras, trout in aspic, and champagne. But rich people do have their problems. They are seldom problems of finance, since most rich people have sufficient sense to hire other people to take care of their worries - whether they are concerned with taxes, politics, the education of their children, the estrangement of their wives, or the greed of their servants. But there are other, more genuine problems. They are the problems of behaviour. Let me tell you one such a problem, which beset my uncle Octavian a full thirty years ago. A full thirty years ago I myself was fifteen. That is not really important, though it was important to me at that time, on the threshold of the dazzling adult world. More important to this story, my uncle Octavian, was then (in 1925) a rich man in the lavish pride of manhood. He was (as any suitable contemporary will confirm) a charming and accomplished host whose villa on the Cote d'Azure was an accepted rendezvous of the great, and he was (as I will confirm) a hospitable, contented, and most amiable man - until January 3, 1925. There was nothing special about that day, in the life of my uncle Octavian, except that it was his fifty-fifth birthday. As usual on such a day, he was giving a dinner party, a party for twelve people. All of them were old friends: two of them, indeed, were what were then called, unambiguously, "old flames". (My uncle, aged fifty-five, would scarcely have found it possible to give a birthday dinner party not attended by at least two such guests. He had long been addicted to what was thin called, with equal unambiguity, a "full life".) I, myself, aged fifteen, was deeply privileged. I was staying with my uncle at his exquisite villa near Cap d' Antibes; and as a special concession on this happy day, I was allowed to come down to dinner. It was exciting to me to be admitted to such company, which included besides the two "old flames", and their respective husbands, a newspaper proprietor of exceptional intelligence and his fabulous American wife; a recent prime-minister of France and a monumental statesman of post-war Germany, and a Habsburg prince and princess. At that age, on holiday from school, you will guess that I was dazzled. Even today, thirty years later, one may fairly admit that the company was distinguished. But I should also stress, to give point to the story, that they were all old and intimate friends of my uncle Octavian. Towards the end of a wonderful dinner when dessert had been brought in and the servants had left, my uncle leant forward to admire a magnificent solitaire diamond ring on the princess's hand. She was a handsome woman, of regal bearing;

I remember the candlelight flashing on, and within, the canary-yellow stone as she turned her hand gracefully towards my uncle. Across the table, the newspaper proprietor leant across and said: "May I also have a look, Therese?" She smiled and nodded. Then she took off the ring and held it out to him. 'It was my grandmother's - the old empress,'" she said. "I have not worn it for many years. It is said to have once belonged to Genghis Khan." There were exclamations of delight and admiration. The ring was passed from hand to hand. For a moment it rested on my own palm, gleaming splendidly with that wonderful interior yellow glow that such jewels can command. Then I passed it on to my next-door neighbour. As I turned away again, I thought I saw her pass it on. At least I was almost sure I saw her. It was some twenty minutes later when the princess stood up, giving the signal for the ladies to withdraw. She looked round us with a pleasant smile. Then she said: "Before we leave you, may I have my ring back?" I remembered my uncle Octavian murmuring: "Ah yes - that wonderful ring!" I remember the newspaper proprietor saying: "By Jove! Mustn't forget that!" and one of the women laughing. Then there was a pause, while each of us looked expectantly at his neighbour. Then there was silence. The princess was still smiling, though less easily. She was unused to asking for things twice. "If you please," she said, with a touch of hauteur, "Then we can leave the gentlemen to their port." When no one answered her, and the silence continued, I still thought that it could only be a practical joke, and that one of us - probably the prince himself- would produce the ring with a laugh and a flourish, perhaps chiding her for her carelessness. But when nothing happened at all, I knew that the rest of the night would be dreadful. I am sure that you can guess the sort of scene that followed. There was the embarrassment, immediate and shattering, of the guests - all of them old and valued friends. There was the freezing politeness of the prince, the near-tears of the princess. There were the demands to be searched, the overturning of chairs, the minute scrutiny of the carpet, and then of the whole room. There was the fact that presently no one would meet anyone else's eye. All these things happened, but they did not bring the princess's ring back again. It had vanished - an irreplaceable heirloom, worth possibly two thousand pounds - in a roomful of twelve people, all known to each other. No servants had entered the room. No one had left it for a moment. The thief (for now it could only be theft) was one of us, one of my uncle Octavian's cherished friends. I remember it was the French cabinet minister who was most insistent on being searched; indeed, in his excitement he had already started turning out his pockets, before my uncle held up his hand and stopped him. Uncle Octavian's face was pale and tremendously tense, as if he had been dealt a mortal blow. "There will be no searching,' he commanded. "Not in my house. You are all my friends. The ring can only be lost. If it is not found," he bowed towards the princess, "I will naturally make amends myself." The dreadful and fruitless search began again. The ring was never found, though the guests stayed nearly till dawn - unwilling to be the first to leave, wishing to comfort my uncle (who though deadly calm was deeply stricken), and still hoping that, from the shambles of the dining-room, the ring would somehow appear.

It never did appear, either then or later. My uncle Octavian. to the last, remained true to his rigid code and adamant that no one to be searched. I myself went back to England, and school, a few days later. I was very glad to escape. The sight of my uncle's face, and the knowledge of his overturned world, were more than I could bear. All that he was left with, among the ruins of his way of life, was a question mark: which of his intimate friends was the thief ? I do not know how, or on what scale, my uncle Octavian made amends". I know that he never returned to his lonely house near Cap d'Antibes, and that he remained a recluse for the rest of his days. I know that, to our family's surprise, he was a comparatively poor man when he died. He died, in fact, a few weeks ago, and that is why I feel I can tell the story. It would be wrong to say that he died a broken man, but he did die a profoundly sad one, with the special sadness of a hospitable host who never gave a single lunch or dinner party for the last thirty years of his life.

**Answer the questions:**  
1. How old was the author of the story which happened to his uncle?  
2. What kind of man was uncle Octavian?  
3. In what way did he want to celebrate his fifty-fifth birthday?  
4. Describe the quests.  
5. Why did the boy consider himself to be deeply privileged?  
6. What was peculiar about all those people present at the party?  
7. What did the princess tell the quests about her ring?  
8. Why did the boy think it was a joke when the ring had disappeared?  
9. What attempts were made to find the ring?  
10. Could the servants take the ring?  
11. Why didn't uncle Octavian allow the quests to be searched?  
12. Why did he tell the princess he would make amends though it was clear he wasn't the thief?  
13.What was the reason of uncle Octavian's not giving parties in the last years of his life?  
  
**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. to hire smb 2. have enough\much, little, no\ sense to do smth 3. be allowed to do smth 4. admire smth 5. have a look at 6. be \un\used to doing smth 7. to smb’s surprise | 8. of exceptional intelligence  9. the company was distinguished  10. великолепное кольцо с бриллиантом  11. was passed from hand to hand  12. the embarrassment of the guests  13. an irreplaceable thing  14. to turn out the pocket |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 13**

**Fair of Face**

**C. Hare**

John Franklin, with whom I was at Oxford, invited me to stay with his people at Markhampton for the Markshire Hunt Ball'. He and his sister were arranging a small party for it, he said. "I've never met your sister," I remarked. "What is she like?" "She is a beauty," said John, seriously and simply. I thought at the time that it was an odd, old-fashioned phrase, but it turned out to be strictly and literally true. Deborah Franklin was beautiful in the grand, classic manner. She didn't look in the least like a film star or a model. But looking at her you forgot everything. It was the sheer beauty of her face that took your breath away. With looks like that, it would be asking too much to expect anything startling in the way of brains, and I found Deborah, a trifle dull. She was of course well aware of her extraordinary good looks, and was perfectly prepared to discuss them, just as a man seven feet high might talk about the advantages and inconveniences of being tall. Most of our party were old friends of the Franklins, who took Deborah for granted as a local phenomenon, but among them was a newcomer — a young man with a beard named Aubrey Melcombe, who had latelytaken charge of the local museum. As soon as he set eyes on Deborah he said: "We have never met before, but your face, of course, is perfectly familiar." Deborah had evidently heard that one before. "I never give sitting to photographers," she said, "but people will snap me in the street. It's such a nuisance." "Photographs!" said Aubrey. "I mean your portrait — the one that was painted four hundred years ago. Has nobody ever told you that you are the living image of the Warbeck Titian?" "I've never heard of the Warbeck Titian," said Deborah, "You shall judge for yourself," — said Aubrey. "I'll send you a ticket for the opening of the exhibition." Then he went off to dance with Rosamund Clegg, his assistant at the museum, who was said to be his fiance'e. I did not care much' for Aubrey, or for his young woman, but I had to admit that they knew, their job when I came to the opening of the exhibition a few months later. They had gathered in treasures of every sort from all over the county and arranged them admirably. The jewel of the show was, of course, the great Titian. It had a wall to itself at the end of the room and I was looking at it when Deborah came in. The likeness was fantastic. Lord Warbeck had never had his paintings cleaned, so that Titian's flesh tints were golden and carmine, in vivid contrast to Deborah's pink and white. But the face behind the glass might have been hev mirror image. By a happy chance she had chosen to wear a very plain black dress, which matched up well to the portrait's dark clothes. She stood there still and silent, staring at her centuries-old likeness. I wondered what she felt. A pressman's camera flashed and clicked. First one visitor and then another noticed the resemblance and presently the rest of the gallery was deserted. Everyone was crowding round the Titian to stare from the painted face to the real one and back again. The only clear space was round Deborah herself. People were moving to get a good view of her profile, without losing sight of the Titian, which fortunately was in profile also. It must have been horribly embarrassing for Deborah, but she never seemed to notice them. She went on peering into the picture, for a very long time. Then she turned round and walked quickly out of the building.

As she passed me I saw that she was crying — a surprising display of emotion in one so calm. About ten minutes later Aubrey discovered that a pair of Degas' statuettes was missing from a stand opposite the Titian. They were small objects and very valuable. The police were sent for and there was a considerable fuss, but nothing was found. I left as soon as I could and went to the Franklins. Deborah was in. "Have you got the statuettes?" I asked. She took them out of her handbag. "How did you guess?" "It seemed to me that your reception in front of the Titian was a performance," I explained. "It distracted attention from everything else in the room while the theft took place." "Yes," said Deborah, "Aubrey arranged it very cleverly, didn't he? He thought of everything. He even helped me choose this dress to go with the one in the picture, you know." "And the press photographer? Had he been laid on too?" "Oh, yes. Aubrey arranged for someone to be there to photograph me. He thought it would help to collect a crowd." Her coolness was astonishing. Even with the evidence of the statuettes in front of me I found it hard to believe that I was talking to a thief. "It was a very clever scheme altogether," I said. "You and Aubrey must have put a lot of work into it. Ihad no idea that you were such friends." There was a flush on her cheeks as she replied: "Oh yes, I've been seeing a good deal of him lately. Ever since the Hunt Ball, in fact." After that there didn't seem to be much more to say. "There's one thing I don't quite understand," I said finally. "People were surroundin'g you and staring at you up to the moment you left the gallery. How did Aubrey manage to pass the statuettes to you without anyone seeing?" She rounded on me in a fury of surprise and indignation. "Pass the statuettes to me?" she repeated. "Good God! Are you suggesting that I helped Aubrey to steal them?" She looked like an angry goddess, and was about as charming. "But — but — " I stammered. "But if you didn't who will? "Rosamund, of course. Aubrey gave them to her while all was going on in front of the Titian. She simply put them in her bag and walked out. I'd only just gotthem back from her when you came in." "Rosamund!" It was my turn to be surprised. "Then the whole thing was a put-up job between them?" "Yes. They wanted to get married and hadn't any money, and she knew a dealer who would give a price for things like these with no questions asked and — and there you are." "Then how did you come into it?" I asked. "Aubrey said that if I posed in front of the Titian it would be wonderful publicity for the exhibition — and,of course, I fell for it." She laughed. "I've only just remembered. When Aubrey wanted to make fun of me he used to say I'd make a wonderful cover girl. That's just what I was — a cover girl for him and Rosamund." She stood up and picked up the statuettes. "These will have to go back to the gallery, I suppose," she said, "Can it be done without too much fuss? It's silly of me, I know, but I'd rather they didn't prosecute Aubrey." I made sympathetic noises. "It was Rosamund's idea in the first place," she went on. "I'm sure of that. Aubrey hasn't the wits to think of anything so clever." "It was clever enough," I said. "But you saw through it at once. How was that?" Deborah smiled. "I'm not clever," she said "But that old dark picture with the glass on it made a perfect mirror. Aubrey told me to stand in front of it, so I did. But I'm not interested in art, you know. I was looking at myself. And of course I couldn't help seeing what was happening just behind me..."

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| Turn out to be true | Not care much for smb |
| --- | --- |
| Sheer beauty | Arrange admirably |
| Arrange a party | The jewel of the show |
| Take for granted | Match up well (to) |
| Local phenomenon | Get a good view of smth/smb |
| Set eyes on | Peer into the picture |
| Display of emotion | Astonishng coolness |

**Answer the questions:**

1. Why did the author come to the Franklins?

2. Describe Deborah.

3. Why didn’t the auther expect Deborah to be a clever girl?

4. What did Aubrey Melcombe say about Deborah’s face?

5. Where did he invite the girl?

6. Why did the auther say that Aubrey and his fiancee knew their job when he came to the opening of the exhibition?

7. Why did evrybody crowd round the picture?

8. Describe Deborah’s behaviour at the exhibition.

9. What surprised the auther in the way Deborah left he exhibition?

10. What was discivered some time later?

11. How did the auther guess that the theft had been carefully planned?

12. Why was Deborah indgnant?

13. Who had stolen the statuettes?

14. How had Aubrey make Deborah act as a cover girl?

15. How had Deborah found out what was going on?

**Short story 14**

**Caged**

**L. E. Reeve**

Purcell was a small, fussy man; red cheeks and a tight melonlike stomach. Large glasses so magnified his eyes as to give him the appearance of a wise and kind owl. He owned a pet shop. He sold cats and dogs and monkeys; he dealt in fish food and bird seed, prescribed remedies for ailing canaries, on his shelves there were long rows of cages. He considered himself something of a professional man. There was a constant stir of life in his shop. The customers who came in said: "Aren't they cute! Look at that little monkey! They're sweet." And Mr. Purcell himself would smile and rub his hands and nod his head. Each morning, when the routine of opening his shop was completed, it was the proprietor's custom to perch on a high stool, behind the counter, unfold his morning paper, and digest the day's news. It was a raw, wintry day. Wind gusted against the high, plateglass windows. Having completed his usual tasks, Mr. Purceil again mounted the high stool and unfolded his morning paper. He adjusted his glasses, aad glanced at the day's headlines. There was a bell over the door that rang whenever a customer entered. This morning, however, for the first time Mr. Purcell could recall, it failed to ring. Simply he glanced up, and there was the stranger, standing just inside the door, as if he had materialized out of thin air. The storekeeper slid off his stool. From the first instant he knew instinctively, that the man hated him; but out of habit he rubbed his hands, smiled and nodded. "Good morning," he beamed. "What can I do for you?" The man's shiny shoes squeaked forward. His suit was cheap, ill-fitting, but obviously new. Ignoring Purcell for the moment, he looked around the shadowy shop. "A nasty morning," volunteered the shopkeeper. He clasped both hands across his melonlike stomach, and smiled importantly. Now what was it you wanted?" The man stared closely at Purcell, as though just now aware of his presence. He said, "I want something in a cage." "Something in a cage?" Mr. Purcell was a bit confused. "You mean – some sort of pet?" "I mean what I said!" snapped the man. "Something in a cage. Something alive that's in a cage." "I see," hastened the storekeeper, not at all certain that he did. "Now let me think. A white rat, perhaps? I have some very nice white rats." "No!" said the xnan. "Not rats. Something with wings. Something that flies." "A bird!" exclaimed Mr. Purcell. "A bird's all right." The customer pointed suddenly to a cage which contained two snowy birds. "Doves? How much for those?" "Five-fifty," came the prompt answer. "And a very reasonable price. They are a fine pair." "Five-fifty?" The man was obviously disappointed. He produced a five-dollar bill. "I'1 like to have those birds. But this is all I've got. Just five dollars." Mentally, Mr. Purcell made a quick calculation, which told him that at a fifty cent reduction he could still reap a tidy profit. He smiled kindly "My dear man, if you want them that badly, you can certainly have them for five dollars." "I'll take them." He laid his five dollars on the counter. Mr. Purcell unhooked the cage, and handed it to his customer. "That noise!" The man said suddenly. "Doesn't it get on your nerves?" "Noise? What noise?" Mr. Purcell looked surprised. He could hear nothing unusual. "Listen." The staring eyes came closer. "How long d'you think it took me to make that five dollars?" The merchant wanted to order him out of the shop. But oddly enough, he couldn't.

He heard himself asking, "Why – why, how long did it take you?" The other laughed. "Ten years! At hard labour. Ten years to earn five dollars. Fifty cents a year." It was best, Purcell decided, to humor him. "My, my! Ten years. That's certainly a long time. Now" "They give you five dollars," laughed the man, "and a cheap suit, and tell you not to get caught again." The man swung around, and stalked abruptly from the store. Purcell sighed with sudden relief. He walked to the window and stared out. Just outside, his peculiar customer had stopped. He was holding the cage shoulder-high, staring at his purchase. Then, opening the cage, he reached inside and drew out one of the doves.He tossed it into the air. He drew out the second and tossed it after the first. They rose like balls and were lost in the smoky gray of the wintry city. For an instant the liberator's silent gaze watched them. Then he dropped the cage and walked away. The merchant was perplexed. So desperately had the man desired the doves that he had let him have them at a reduced price. And immediately he had turned them loose. "Now why," Mr. Purcell muttered, "did he do that?" He felt vaguely insulted.

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| Own smth | Get responable price |
| --- | --- |
| Consider himself | Be disappointed |
| Digest the day’s news | Want badly |
| Nod in agreement | On one’s nerves |
| Ignore smb/smth | Toss into the air |
| Stare closely |  |

**Answer the questions:**

1. Describe Mr. Purcell

2. What did he own and what did he sell?

3. What did the customers say?

4. What did Mr. Purcell do every morning?

5. What was the weather like on that day?

6. When did he notice the stranger?

7. What did the stranger look like?

8. What did he want to buy?

9. What shows that Mr. Purcell didn’t understand the man at first?

10. In what manner did the man speak to the owner of the shop?

11. Why did Mr. Purcell have to reduce the price?

12. How had the man earned the five dollars?

13. What scene did the shopkeeper watch through the window?

14. What was his reaction to the stranger’s behaviour?

**Short story 15**

**The TV Blackout**

**Art Buchwald**

A week ago Sunday New York city had a blackout and all nine television stations in the area went out for several hours. This created tremendous crises in families all over New York and proved that TV plays a much greater role in people's lives than anyone can imagine. For example, when the TV went off in the Bufkins's house panic set in. First Bufkins thought it was his set in the living-room, so he rushed into his bedroom and turned on that set. Nothing. The phone rang, and Mrs. Bufkins heard her sister in Manhattan tell her that there was a blackout. She hung up and said to her husband, "It isn't your set. Something's happened to the top of the Empire State Building." Bufkins looked at her and said, "Who are you?" "I'm your wife, Edith." "Oh," Bufkins said. "Then I suppose those kids' in there are mine." "That's right," Mrs. Bufkins said. "If you ever got out of that armchair in front of the TV set you'd know who we are." "Oh! they've really grown," Bufkins said, looking at his son and daughter. "How old are they now?" "Thirteen and fourteen," Mrs. Bufkins replied. "Hi, kids!" "Who's he?' Bufkins's son, Henry, asked. "It's your father," Mrs. Bufkins said. "I'm pleased to meet you," Bufkins's daughter,Mary, said shyly. There was silence all around. "Look," said Bufkins finally. "I know I haven't been a good f ather but now that the TV's out I'd like to know you better." "How?" asked Henry. "Well, let's just talk," Bufkins said. "That's the best way to get to know each other." "What do you want to talk about?" Mary asked. "Well, to begin with, what school do you go to?" "We go to High School," Henry said. "So you're both in high school!" There was a dead silence. "What do you do?" Mary asked. 'abI m an accountant, ' Bufkins said. "I thought you were a car salesman," Mrs. Bufkins said in surprise. "That was two years ago. Didn't I tell you I changed jobs?" Bufkins said. "No, you didn't. You haven't told me anything for two years." "I'm doing quite well too," Bufkins said. "Then why am I working in a department store?" Mrs. Bufkins demanded. "Oh, are you still working in a department store? If I had known that, I would have told you could quit last year. You should have mentioned it," Bufkins said. There was more dead silence. Finally Henry said, "Hey, you want to hear me play the guitar?" "You know how to play the guitar? Say, didn't I have a daughter who played the guitar?" "That was Susie," Mrs. Bufkins said. "Where is she?" "She got married a year ago, just about the time you were watching the World Series." "You know," Bufkins said, very pleased. "I hope they don't fix the antenna for another couple hours.There's nothing better than a blackout for a man who really wants to know his family."

**Questions on the text**  
1) What did the blackout in New York city cause?  
2) What was the result of it?  
3) Why did the panic set in the Bufkins's house?  
4) Why was Bufkins surprised to see his wife and children?  
5) What did father learn about his children?  
6) What did Bufkins tell the members of his family about himself?  
7) Why didn't he know that his elder daughter had got married?  
8) Why did Bufkins come to the conclusion that a TV-blackout is the best time for a man to get to know his family?

**Short story 16**

**Then in Triumph**

**Frank L. Parke**

There were cars in front of the house. Four of them. Clifford Oslow cut across the lawn and headed for the back steps. But not soon enough. The door of a big red car opened and a woman came rushing after him. She was a little person, smaller even than Clifford himself. But she was fast. She reached him just as he was getting through the hedge. "You're Mr. Oslow, aren't you?" she said. She pulled out a little book and a pencil and held them under his nose. "I've been trying to get her autograph all week," she explained. "I want you to get it f or me. Just drop the book in a mail-box. It's stamped and the address is on it." And then she was gone and Clifford was standing there holding the book and pencil in his hand. He put the autograph book in his pocket and hurried up the steps. There was a lot of noise coming f rom the living-room. Several male voices, a strange woman's voice breaking through now and then, rising above the noise. And Julia's voice, rising above the noise, clear and kindly and very sure. "Yes," she was saying. And, "I'm very glad." And, "People have been very generous to me." She sounded tired. Clif f ord leaned against the wall while he finished the sandwich and the beer. He left the empty bottle on the table, turned off the kitchen light and pushed easily on the hall door. A man grabbed him by the arm and pushed him along the hall and into the parlor . «Here he is,» somebody shouted. "Here's Mr. Oslow!" There were a half-a-dozen people there, all with notebooks and busy pens. Julia was in the big chair by the fireplace, looking plumper than usual in her new green dress. She smiled at him affectionately but, it seemed to him, a little distantly. He'd noticed that breach in her glance many times lately. He hoped that it wasn't superiority, but he was afraid that it was. "Hello, Clifford," she said. "Hello, Julia," he answered. He didn't get a chance to go over and kiss her. A reporter had him right against the wall. How did it seem to go to bed a teller' at the Gas Company and to wake up the husband of a best-selling novelist? Excellent, he told them. Was he going to give up his job? No, he wasn't. Had he heard the news that "Welcome Tomorrow" was going to be translated into Turkish? No, he hadn't. And then the woman came over. The one whose voice he'd heard back in the kitchen where he wished he'd stayed. "How", she inquired briskly, "did you like the story?" Clifford didn't answer immediately. He just looked at the woman. Everyone became very quiet. And everyone looked at him. The woman repeated the question. Clifford knew what he wanted to say. "I liked it very much," he wanted to say and then run. But they wouldn't let him run. They'd make him stay. And ask him more questions. Which he couldn't answer. "I haven't," he mumbled, "had an opportunity to read it yet. But I'm going to," he promised. And then came a sudden inspiration. "I'm going to read it now!" There was a copy on the desk by the door. Clifford grabbed it and raced for the front stairs. Before he reached the second flight, though, he could hear the woman's voice on the hall phone. "At last", she was saying, "we have discovered an adult American who has not read "Welcome Tomorrow". He is, of all people, Clifford Oslow, white, 43, a native, of this city and the husband of..." On the second floor Clifford reached his study, turned on the light over the table and dropped into the chair before it.

He put Julia's book right in front of him, but he didn't immediately open it. Instead he sat back in the chair and looked about him. The room was familiar enough. It had been hisfor over eighteen years. The table was the same. And the old typewriter was the one he had bought before Julia and he were married. There hadn't been many changes. All along the bookcase were the manuscripts of his novels. His rejected novels. On top was his latest one, the one that had stopped going the rou'nds six months before. On the bottom was his earliest one. The one he wrote when Julia and he vrere first married. Yes, Clifford was a writer then. Large W. And he kept on thinking of himself as one for many years after, despite the indifference of the publishers. Finally, of course, his writing had become merely a gestvre. A stubborn unwillingness to admit defeat. Now, to be sure, the defeat was definite. Now that Julia, who before a year ago hadn't put pen to paper, had written a book, had it accepted and now was looking at advertisements that said, "over four hundred thousand copies." He picked up "Welcome Tomorrow" and opened it, as he opened every book, in the middle. He read a paragraph. And then another. He had just started a third when suddenly he stopped. He put down Julia's book, reached over to the shelf and pulled out the dusty manuscript of his own first effort. Rapidly he turned over the crisp pages. Then he began to read aloud. Clifford put the manuscript on the table on top of the book. For a long time he sat quietly. Then he put the book in his lap and left the manuscript on the table and began to read them, page against page. He had hisanswer in ten minutes. And then he went back downstairs. A couple of reporters were still in the living-room. "But, Mrs. Oslow, naturally our readers are interested," one was insisting. "When," he demanded, "will you finish your next book?" "I don't know," she answered uneasily. Clifford came across the room to her, smiling. He put his arm around her and pressed her shoulder firmly but gently. "Now, now, Julia," he protested. "Let's tell the young man at once." The reporter looked up. "Mrs. Oslow's new novel," Cliford announced proudly, "will be ready in another month." Julia turned around and stared at him, quite terrified. But Clifford kept on smiling. Then he reached into his pocket and brought out the autograph book and pencil that had been forced on him on his way home. "Sign here," he instructed.

**Give Mongolian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:**

rise above the noise, be generous to smb, a best-selling novelist, inquire briskly, have an opportunity to do smth, be familiar, keep on doing smth, admit defeat, have smth accepted, turn over the pages, read aloud, demand, insist on smth, announce proudly, make smb stay, answer uneasily, be forced on smb.

**Answer the questions:**

1) Why did Mr. Oslow try to get into the house through the back door?

2) Who stopped him?

3) What did the woman want Mr. Oslow to do?

4) Why was the living- room noisy?

5) What were the people in the room doing?

6) What did Mr. Oslow think of his wife's attitude towards him?

Was it different from her usual attitude?

7) What questions did the reporters ask Mr. Oslow?

8) Why did Mr. Oslow say that he was going to read the book just then?

9) Were his words a sensation? Prove it.

10) What did he remember sitting in his study?

1.1) %'hy did he think that his defeat as a writer was definite now?

12) What did he discover when he began reading his wif e's novel?

13) Why did Mr. Oslow give an answer to the reporter's questions? What did he feel?

14) Why was his wife terrified at his answer?

**Short story 17**

**The Verger**

**W. S. Maugham**

There had been a wedding that afternoon at St. Peter's Church, and Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He had been verger for 16 years and liked his job. The verger was waiting for the vicar. The vicar had just been appointed. He was a red-faced energetic man and the verger disliked him. Soon the vicar came in and said: "Foreman, I've got something unpleasant to say to you. You have been here a great many years and I think you've fulfilled your duties quite satisfactorily here; but I found out a most striking thing the other day. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write. I think you must learn, Foreman." "I'm afraid I can't now, sir. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks." "In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go." "Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be happy to hand in my resignation as soon as you have found somebody to take my place." Up to now Edward's face hadn't shown any signs of emotion. But when he had closed the door of the church behind him his lips trembled. He walked slowly with a heavy heart. He didn't know what to do with himself. True, he had saved a small sum of money butit was not enough to live on without doing something, and life cost more and more every year. It occurred to him now that a cigarette would comfort him and since he was not a smoker and never had any in his pockets he looked for a shop where he could buy a packet of good cigarettes. It was a long street with all sorts of. shops in it but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes. "That's strange," said Edward. "I can't be the only man who walks along the street and wants to have a smoke," he thought. An idea struck him. Why shouldn't he open a little shop there? "Tobacco and Sweets." "That's an idea," he said. "It is strange how things come to you when you least expect it." He turned, walked home and had his tea. "You are very silent this afternoon, Edward," his wif e remarked. "I'm thinking," he said. He thought the matter over from every point of view and the next day he went to look for a suitable shop. And within a week the shop was opened and Edward was behind the counter selling cigarettes. Edward Foreman did very well. Soon he decided that he might open another shop and employ a manager. He looked for another long street that didn't have a tobacconist's in it and opened another shop. This was a success too. In the course of ten years he acquired no less than ten shops and was making a lot of money. Every Monday he went to all his shops, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank. One morning the bank manager said that he wanted to talk to him. "Mr. Foreman, do you know how much money you have got in the bank?" "Well, I have a rough idea." "You have 30 thousand dollars and it's a large sum. You should invest it." We shall make you out a list of securities' which will bring you a better rate of interest' than the bank can give you." There was a troubled look on Mr. Foreman's face. "And what will I have to do?" "Oh, you needn't worry," the banker smiled. "All you have to do is to read and to sign the papers." "That's the trouble, sir. I can signmyname but I can't read." The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his seat. He couldn't believe his ears. "Good God, man, what would you be if you had been able to read?!" "I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman. "I would be verger of St. Peter's church."

**Answer the questions:**  
1. For how long had Edward Foreman worked at St.Peter's Church?  
2. What did the verger think of the new vicar?  
3. What had the vicar become aware of?  
4. Did the verger's face betray any emotions at first?  
5. Did it really make no difference for him that he had to leave his position? Give your grounds.  
6. What caused his idea to open a tobacco shop?  
7. "He thought the matter over from every point of view". What do you think he may have considered?  
8. His business was a success, wasn't it?  
9. How did Foreman accept the idea of investing his money?  
10. What was it that made the banker jump up from his seat?  
  
**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. wear smth 2. be appointed 3. have smth \un\pleasant to say 4. fulfil one’s duties 5. find out smth 6. neither..nor… 7. with a heavy heart 8. live on smth 9. occur to smb. | 10. think smth over  11. be a success  12. have a rough idea of smth  13. a striking thing \idea\  14. to one’s astonishment  15. do well  16. to invest money in smth |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 18**

**A Lion's Skin**

**W. S. Maugham**

A good many people were shocked when they read that Captain Forestier had met his death in a fire trying to save his wife's dog, which had been accidentally shut up in the house. Some said they never knew he had it in him; others said it was exactly what they would have expected him to do. After the tragic occurrence Mrs. Forestier found shelter in the villa of some people called Hardy, their neighbours. Mrs. Forestier was a very nice woman. But she was neither charming, beautiful nor intelligent; on the contrary she was absurd and foolish; yet the more you knew her, the more you liked her. She was a tender, romantic and idealistic soul. But it took you some time to discover it. During the war she in 1916 joined a hospital unit. There she met her future husband Captain Forestier. This is what she told me about their courtship. "It was a case of love at first sight. He was the most handsome man I'd ever seen in my life. But he wasn't wounded. You know, it's a most extraordinary thing, he went all through the war, he risked his life twenty times a day, but he never even got a scratch. It was because of carbuncles that he was put into hospital." It seemed quite an unromantic thing on which to start a passionate attachment, but after 16 years of marriage Mrs. Forestier still adored her husband. When they were married Mrs. Forestier's relations, hard-bitten Western people, had suggested that her husband should go to work rather than live on her money (and she had a nice sum of money on her account before the marriage), and Captain Forestier was all for it. The only stipulation he made was this: "There are some things a gentleman can't do, Eleanor. If one is a sahib one can't help it, one does owe something to his class." Eleanor was too proud of him to let it be said that he was a fortune-hunter who had married her for her money and she made up her mind not to object if he found a job worth his while. Unfortunately, the only jobs that offered were not very important and gradually the idea of his working was dropped. The Forestiers lived most of the year in their villa and shortly before the accident they made acquaintance of the people called Hardy who lived next door. It turned out that Mr. Hardy had met Mr. Forestier before, in India. But Mr. Forestier was not a gentleman then, he was a car-washer in a garage. He was young then and full of hopes. He saw rich people in a smart club with their ease, their casual manner and it filled him with admiration and envy. He wanted to be like them. He wanted – it was grotesque and pathetic – he wanted to be a GENTLEMAN. The war gave him a chance. Eleanor's money provided the means. They got married and he became a "sahib". But everything ended very tragically. Once the Forestier's villa caught fire. The Forestiers were out. When they arrived it was already too late to do anything about it. Their neighbours, the Hardies saved whatever they could, but it wasn't much. They had nothing left to do but stand and look at the roaring flames. Suddenly Eleanor cried: "God! My little dog, it's there in the fire!" Forestier turned round and started to run to the house. Hardy caught him by the arm. "What are you doing? The house is on fire!" Forestier shook him off. "Let me go. I'll show you how a gentleman behaves!" It was more than an hour later that they were able to get at him. They found him lying on the landing, dead, with the dead dog in his arms. Hardy looked at him for a long time before speaking.

"You fool", he muttered between his teeth, angrily. "You damned fool!" Bob Forestier had pretended for so many years to be a gentleman that in the end, forgetting that it was all a fake, he found himself driven to act as in that stupid, conventional brain of his he thought a gentleman must act. Mrs. Forestier was convinced to her dying day that her husband had been a very gallant gentleman.

**Answer the questions:**  
1. What was the cause of Mr.Forestier's death according to the newspapers?  
2. What did people think of it?  
3. Describe Mrs.Forestier.  
4. Where did she meet her future husband?  
5.  Was it because of his wound that he was put into hospital?  
6. Why did Mrs. Forestier's reletives suggest that her husband should find some work after the marriage?  
7. Why couldn't Mr. Forestier find a job?  
8. What was Mr. Forestier's occupation when he lived in India? What was his dream?  
9. What happened during the fire? Why did Mr. Forestier rush into the house?  
10. What were Hardy's words when he saw the dead body? Do you agree with them?  
  
**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. join smth 2. love at first sight 3. risk one’s life 4. put into hospital 5. adore smb 6. suggest that smb should do smth 7. owe smth to smb 8. can’t help doing smth | 9. be proud of smb  10. make acquaintance with smb  11. catch fire  12. gradually this idea was dropped  13. lived next door  14. saved whatever they could  15. muttered between his teeth  16. forgetting that it was all a  fake  17. to her dying day |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 19**

**Footprints in the Jungle**

**W.S. Maugham**

It was in Malaya that I met the Cartwrights. I was staying with a man called Gaze who was head of the police and he came into the billiard-room, where I was sitting, and asked if I would play bridge with them. The Cartwrights were planters and they came to Malaya because it gave their daughter a chance of a little fun. They were very nice people and played a very pleasant game of bridge. I followed Gaze into the cardroom and was introduced to them. Mrs. Cartwright was a woman somewhere in the fifties. I thought her a very agreeable person. I liked her frankness, her quick wit, her plain face. As for Mr. Cartwright, he looked tired and old. He talked little, but it was plain that he enjoyed his wife's humour. They were evidently very good friends. It was pleasing to see so solid and tolerant affection between two people who were almost elderly and must have lived together for so many years. When we separated, Gaze and I set out to walk to his house. "What did you think of the Cartwrights?" he asked me. "I liked them and their daughter who is just the image of her father." To my surprise Gaze told me that Cartwright wasn't her father. Mrs. Cartwright was a widow when he married her. Olive was born after her father's death. And when we came to Gaze's house he told me the Cartwrights' story. "I've known Mrs. Cartwright for over twenty years," he said slowly. "She was married to a man called Bronson. He was a planter in Selantan. It was a much smaller place than it is now, but they had a jolly little club, and we used to have a very good time. Bronson was a handsome chap. He hadn't much to talk about but tennis, golf and shooting; and I don't suppose he read a book from year's end to year's end. He was about thirty-five when I first knew him, but he had the mind of a boy of eighteen. But he was no fool. He knew his work from A to Z. He was generous with his money and always ready to do anybody a good turn. One day Mrs. Bronson told us that she was expecting a friend to stay with them and a few days later they brought Cartwright along. Cartwright was an old friend of Bronson's. He had been out of work for a long time and when he wrote to Bronson asking him whether he could do anything for him, Bronson wrote back inviting him to come and stay till things got better. When Cartwright came Mrs. Bronson told him that he was to look upon the place as his home and stay as long as he liked. Cartwright was very pleasant and unassuming; he fell into our little company very naturally and the Bronsons, like everyone else, liked him." "Hadn't the Bronsons any children at that time?" I asked Gaze. "No," Gaze answered. "I don't know why, they could have af f orded it. Bronson was murdered," he said suddenly. "Killed?" "Yes, murdered. That night we had been playing tennis without Cartwright who had gone shooting to the jungle and without Bronson who had cycled to Kabulong to get the money to pay his coolies' their wages and he was to come along to the club when he got back. Cartwright came back when we started playing bridge. Suddenly I was called to police sergeant outside. I went out. He told me that the Malays had come to the police station and said that there was a white man with red hair lying dead on the path that led through the jungle to Kabulong. I understood that it was Bronson. For a moment I didn't know what to do and how to break the news to Mrs. Bronson. I came up to her and said that there had been an accident and her husband had been wounded.

She leapt to her feet and stared at Cartwright who went as pale as death. Then I said that he was dead after which she collapsed into her chair and burst into tears. When the sergeant, the doctor and I arrived at the scene of the accident we saw that he had been shot through the head and there was no money about him. From the footprints I saw that he had stopped to talk to someone before he was shot. Whoever had murdered Bronson hadn't done it for money. It was obvious that he had stopped to talk with a friend. Meanwhile Cartwright took up the management of Bronson's estate. He moved in at once. Four months later Olive, the daughter, was born. And soon Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright were married. The murderer was never found. Suspicion fell on the coolies, of course. We examined them all – pretty carefully – but there was not a scrap of evidence to connect them with the crime. I knew who the murderer was..." "Who?" "Don't you guess?"

**Answer the questions:**

1. Describe Mr.Cartwright and her husband.

2. Why did they come to Malaya?

3. Who was Mrs.Cartwright's first husband and where did Gaze get acquainted with him?

4. How did he characterize Bronson?

5. Why did Bronson invite Cartwright to come and stay at their place?

6. What kind of a person was Cartwright? Did his traits help him to get along with the local society?

7. Why were Bronson and Cartwright absent at the club on the night of the murder?

8. Who found Bronson's body?

9. How did Mrs.Bronson take the news?

10. What did gaze and the others see at the scene of the accident?

11. Can you prove that Bronson was killed by someone whom he knew well?

12. What were Cartwright's actions after Bronson's death?

13. Was the crime disclosed?

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. be introduced to smb 2. elderly people 3. do smb a good turn 4. be wounded 5. bust into tears \ laughter \ 6. it is obvious | 7. connect smth with smth\smb.  8. play a game of  9. an agreeable person  10. fall into the company naturally  11. as pale as death  12. from the footprints  13. moved in at once |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 20**

**"The ant and the grasshopper"**

**W.S. Maugham**

When I was a very small boy I was made to learn by heart certain of the fables of La Fontaine, and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among those I learnt was The Ant and the Grasshopper, which is devised to bring home to the young the useful lesson that in an imperfect world industry is rewarded and giddiness punished. In this admirable fable (I apologize for telling something which everyone is politely, but inexactly, supposed to know) the ant spends a laborious summer gathering its winter store; while the grasshopper sits on a blade of grass singing to the sun. Winter comes and the ant is comfortably provided for, but the grasshopper has an empty larder: he goes to the ant and begs for a little food. Then the ant gives him her classic answer: "What were you doing in the summer time?" "Saving your presence, I sang, I sang all day, all night." "You sang. Why, then go and dance." I do not ascribe it to perversity on my part, but rather to the inconsequence of childhood, which is deficient in moral sense, that I could never quite reconcile myself to the lesson. My sympathies were with the grasshopper and for some time I never saw an ant without putting my foot on it. In this summary (and, as I have discovered since, entirely human) fashion I sought to express my disapproval of prudence and commonsense. I could not help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lunching by himself in a restaurant. I never saw anyone wear an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. He looked as though the burden of the whole world sat on his shoulders. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again. I went up to him and held out my hand. "How are you?" I asked. "I'm not in hilarious spirits," he answered. "Is it Tom again?" He sighed. "Yes, it's Tom again." "Why don't you chuck him?" You've done everything in the world for him. You must know by now that he's quite hopeless. I suppose every family has a black sheep. Tom had been a sore trial for twenty years. He had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married and had two children. The Ramsays were perfectly respectable people and there was every reason to suppose that Tom Ramsay would have a useful and honorable career. But one day, without warning, he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself. He would listen to no expostulations. He left his wife and his office. He had a little money and he spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe. Rumours of his doings reached his relations from time to time and they were profoundly shocked. He certainly had a very good time. They shook their heads and asked what would happen when his money was spent. They soon found out: he borrowed. He was charming and unscrupulous. I have never met anyone to whom it was more difficult to refuse a loan. He made a steady income from his friends and he made friends easily. But he always said that the money you spent on necessities was boring; the money that was amusing to spend was the money you spent on luxuries. For this he depended on his brother George. He did not waste his charm on him. George was a serious man and insensible to such enticements. George was respectable. Once or twice he fell to Tom's promises of amendment and gave him considerable sums in order that he might make a fresh start.

On these Tom bought a motorcar and some very nice jewellery. But when circumstances forced George to realise that his brother would never settle down and he washed his hands of him, Tom, without a qualm, began to blackmail him. It was not very nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind he bar of his favourite restaurant or to see him waiting on the box-seat of a taxi outside his club. Tom said that to serve in a bar or to drive a taxi was a perfectly decent occupation, but if George could oblige him with a couple of hundred pounds he didn't mind for the honour of the family giving it up. George paid. Once Tom nearly went to prison. George was terribly upset. He went into the whole discreditable affair. Really Tom had gone too far. He had been wild, thoughtless and selfish; but he had never before done anything dishonest, by which George meant illegal; and if he were prosecuted he would assuredly be convicted. But you cannot allow your only brother to go to gaol. The man Tom had cheated, a man called Cronshaw, was vindictive. He was determined to take the matter into court; he said Tom was a scoundrel and should be punished. It cost George an infinite deal of trouble and five hundred pounds to settle the affair. I have never seen him in such a rage as when he heard that Tom and Cronshaw had gone off together to Monte Carlo the moment they cashed the cheque. They spent a happy month there. For twenty years Tom raced and gambled, philandered with the prettiest girls, danced, ate in the most expensive restaurants, and dressed beautifully. He always looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. Though he was forty-six you would never have taken him for more than thirty-five. He was a most amusing companion and though you knew he was perfectly worthless you could not but enjoy his society. He had high spirits, an unfailing gaiety and incredible charm. I never grudged the contributions he regularly levied on me for the necessities of his existence. I never lent him fifty pounds without feeling that I was in his debt. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew Tom Ramsay. You could not approve of him, but you could not help liking him. Poor George, only a year older than his scapegrace brother, looked sixty. He had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year for a quarter of a century. He was in his office every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest, industrious and worthy. He had a good wife, to whom he had never been unfaithful even in thought, and four daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. He made a point of saving a third of his income and his plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country where he proposed to cultivate his garden and play golf. His life was blameless. He was glad that he was growing old because Tom was growing old too. He rubbed his hands and said: "It was all very well when Tom was young and good-looking, but he's only a year younger than I am. In four years he'll be fifty. He won't find life so easy then. I shall have thirty thousand pounds by the time I'm fifty. For twenty-five years I've said that Tom would end in the gutter. And we shall see how he likes that. We shall see if it really pays best to work or be idle." Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now as I sat down beside him what infamous thing Tom had done. George was evidently very much upset. "Do you know what's happened now?" he asked me.

I was prepared for the worst. I wondered if Tom had got into the hands of the police at last. George could hardly bring himself to speak. "You're not going to deny that all my life I've been hardworking, decent, respectable and straightforward. After a life of industry and thrift I can look forward to retiring on a small income in gilt-edged securities. I've always done my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place me." "True." "And you can't deny that Tom has been an idle, worthless, dissolute and dishonourable rogue. If there were any justice he'd be in the workhouse." "True." George grew red in the face. "A few weeks ago he became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she's died and left him everything she had. Half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London and a house in the country." George Ramsay beat his clenched fist on the table. "It's not fair, I tell you; it's not fair. Damn it, it's not fair." I could not help it. I burst into a shout of laughter as I looked at George's wrathful face, I rolled in my chair; I very nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asked me to excellent dinners in his charming house in Mayfair, and if he occasionally borrows a trifle from me, that is merely from force of habit. It is never more than a sovereign.

**Answer the questions:**  
1. Give a short sketch of the Ramsay Family.  
2. How do you understand the expression "a black sheep"? Why is it applied to Tom?  
3. What was the "decent" beginning of Tom's life?  
4. What did Tom announce one day?  
5. What was the point of his life according of his words?  
6. How did he spend his life?  
7. Why did George give Tom considerable sums of money not once?  
8. What did Tom do with the money?  
9. In what way and why did Tom blavkmail his brother?  
10. Describe Tom at the age of forty-six.  
11. Was his brother much older than him? Describe his way of life.  
12. Why was George glad that he was growing older? What were his plans?  
13. What news did George break to the author?  
14. What was the author's reaction?

**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. make smb do smth 2. in spite of smth 3. cause trouble 4. enjoy oneself 5. borrow smth from smb 6. turn to smb for smth 7. wash one’ hands of smb \ smth \ | 8. be upset  9. burst into laughter \ tears \  10. to blackmail  11. You couldn’t help liking him  12. good-looking  13. was prepared for the worst  14. nearly fell on the floor  15. from force of habit |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 21**

**The Happy man**

**Maugham**

It is the dangerous thing to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and such like who are prepared force upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself: I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours. Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind by conventional signs that have not quite the same meaning for them as for himself. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; mistakes are often irreparable, and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it? Life is a difficult business and I have found it enough to make my own a complete and rounded thing; I have not been tempted to teach my neighbour what he should do with his. Sometimes men have said to me, what shall I do with my life? And I have seen myself for a moment wrapped in the dark cloak of Destiny. Once I knew that I advertised well. I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name; I told him. He asked if he might come in. «Certainly» I led him into my sitting-room and begged to sit down. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette and he had some difficulty in lighting it without letting go off his hat. When he had satisfactory achieved this feat I asked him if he should not put it on a chair for him. He quickly did this while doing it dropped his umbrella. «I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this,»- he said. «My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You are in the medical, I believe?» «Yes, but I don't practice». «No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it» «It's not a very good book, I'm afraid». «The facts remains that you know something about Spain and there is no one else I know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information» «I shall be very glad». He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absent-mindedly stroked it with the other. I surmised that it gave him confidence. «I hope you won't think it very odd for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this». He gave an apologetic laugh. «I' m not going to you the story of my life» When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I don't mind. In fact I rather like it. «I was brought up by two old aunts. I have never been anywhere. I have never done anything. I have been married for six years. I have no children. I'm a medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't stick it any more». There was something very striking in the short sharp sentences he used. They had a forcible ring. I had not given him more than a cursory glance, but now I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thickset and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head.

He was dressed in a blue suit. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily. «You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?» «It's a means of livelihood,»- I answered. «Yes, I know. The money is pretty good». «I don't exactly know why you have come to me». «Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain.» «Why Spain?» «I don't know, I just have a fancy for it». «It's not like a Carmen, you know,»-I smiled. «But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's colour, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainly?» «What does your wife think about it?» «She's willing». «It's a great risk». «I know. But if you say take it, I will; if you say stay where you are, I'll stay» He was looking at me intently with those dark bright eyes of his and I knew that he meant what he said. I reflected for a moment. «Your whole future is concerned, you must decide for yourself. But this I can tell you: if you don't want money but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go. For you will lead a wonderful life». He left me, I thought about him for a day or two, and then forgot. The episode passed completely from my memory. Many years later, fifteen at least, I happened to be in Seville and having some trifling indisposition asked the hotel porter whether there was an English doctor in the town. He said there was and gave me the address. I took a cab and as I drove up to the house a little fat man came out of it. He hesitated, when he caught sight of me. «Have you come to see me?» he said. «I'm the English doctor.» I explained my errand and he asked me to come in. He lived in an ordinary Spanish house, with a patio and his consulting room which led out of it was littered with papers, books, medical appliance and lumber. We did our business and then I asked the doctor what his fee was. He shook his head and smiled. «There's no fee». «Why on earth not?» «Don't you remember me? Why, I'm here because of something you said to me. You changed my whole life for me. I'm Stephens.» I had not the least notion what he was talking about. He reminded me of our interview, he repeated to me what we had said, and we had said, and gradually, out of the night, a dim recollection of the incident came back to me. «I was wondering if I'd ever see you again,»-he said, «I was wondering if ever I'd have a chance of thanking you for all you've done for me». «It's been a success then?» I looked at him. He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good humour. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor and his hat was the wide-brimmed sombrero of the Spaniard. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it. He had a dissipated, though entirely sympathetic, appearance. You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix, but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with.

«Surely you were married?» — I said. «Yes. My wife didn't like Spain, she went back to Camberwell, she was more at home there». «Oh, I'm sorry for that». His black eyes flashed a bacchanalian smile. He really had somewhat the look of a young Silenus." «Life is full of compensations,»-he murmured. The words were hardly out of his mouth when a Spanish woman, no longer in her first youth, but still boldly and voluptuously beautiful, appeared at the door. She spoke to him in Spanish, and I couldn't fail to perceive that she was the mistress of the house. As he stood at the door to let me out he said to me: «You told me when I last saw you that if I came here I should earn just enough money to keep body and soul together, but that I should lead a wonderful life. Well, I want to tell you that you were right. Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by heaven I've enjoined myself. I wouldn't exchange the life I've had with that of any king in the world».

**Answer the questions:**  
1. Who visited the author of the story once?  
2. What did he look like?  
3. How did he explain the reason of his coming?  
4. What showed that the man was embarassed?  
5. What did Stephens tell the author about his life?  
6. Why did he say that he couldn't bear it any longer?  
7. What kind os advice did Stephence want to get?  
8. What did the author recommend him?  
9. How did the author happen to meet with Stephence many years later?  
10. What had changed in the man?  
11. What proves that Stephence was really happy?  
  
**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. hesitate to do smth 2. be embarrassed 3. would you mind \ doing smth ? 4. be brought up by smb 5. look forward to smth 6. be worth doing smth 7. have a fancy for smth\ smb 8. give up smth 9. be content to \ do \ smth 10. catch sight of smb | 11. shake one’s head  12. remind smb of smth  13. be a success  14. keep body and soul together  15. explained my matter  16. you changed my whole life  17.dim recollection  18.  knew a good bottle of wine  19.  the words were hardly out of his mouth  20.  couldn’t fail to feel |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 22**

**The escape**

**Maugham**

I have always been convinced that if a woman once made up her mind to marry a man nothing but instant flight could save him. Not always that; for once a friend of mine, seeing the inevitable loom menacingly before him, took ship from a certain port (with a tooth-brash for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action) and spent a year travelling round the world; but when, thinking himself safe (women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me), he landed at the selfsame port the first person he saw gaily waving to him from the quay was the little lady from whom he had fled. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to extricate himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had sufficient experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift (or should I call it a quality?) that renders most men defenceless, and it was this that dispossessed Roger of his commonsense, his prudence, and his worldly wisdom. He went down like a row of ninepins. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs Barlow, for she was twice a widow, had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw; they seemed to be ever on the point of filling with tears; they suggested that the world was too much for her, and you felt that, poor dear, her sufferings had been more than anyone should be asked to bear. If, like Roger Charing, you were a strong, hefty fellow with plenty of money, it was almost inevitable that you should say to yourself: I must stand between the hazards of life and this helpless little thing, oh, how wonderful it would be to take the sadness put of those big and lovely eyes! I gathered from Roger that everyone had treated Mrs Barlow very badly. She was apparently one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing by any chance goes right. If she married a husband he beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she engaged a cook she drank. She never had a little lamb but it was sure to die. When Roger told me that he had at last persuaded her to marry him, I wished him joy. "I hope you'll be good friends," he said. "She's a little afraid of you, you know; she thinks you're callous." "Upon my word I don't know why she should think that." "You do like her, don't you?" "Very much." "She's had a rotten time, poor dear. I feel so dreadfully sorry for her." "Yes," I said. I couldn't say less. I knew she was stupid and I thought she was scheming. My own belief was that she was as hard as nails. The first time I met her we had played bridge together and when she was my partner she twice tramped my best card. I behaved like an angel, but I confess that I thought if the tears were going to well up into anybody's eyes they should have been mine rather than hers. And when, having by the end of the evening lost a good deal of money to me, she said she would send me a cheque and never did, I could not but think that I and not she should have worn a pathetic expression when next we met. Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her here, there, and everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Roger was very happy. He was committing a good action and at the same time doing something he had very much a mind to. It is an uncommon situation and it is not surprising if he was a trifle more pleased with himself than was altogether becoming. Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love.

I do not know why. It could hardly have been that he grew tired of her conversation, for she had never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heartstrings. His eyes were opened and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, if he asked her to release him, she would (in her appealing way) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure. Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman. People are apt to think he has behaved badly. Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither by word nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in chambers and she in furnished rooms; and they set about looking at desirable residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of houses. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory. Roger applied to more agents. They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the roof. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. Of course he was hard to please; he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house wanted finding. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presendy Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger begged her to have patience; somewhere, surely, existed the very house they were looking for, and it only needed a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens. Ruth was exhausted and more than once lost her temper. "If you don't find a house soon," she said, "I shall have to reconsider my position. Why, if you go on like this we shan't be married for years." "Don't say that," he answered, "I beseech you to have patience. I've just received some entirely new lists from agents I've only just heard of. There must be at least sixty houses on them." They set out on the chase again. They looked at more houses and more houses. For two years they looked at houses. Ruth grew silent and scornful: her pathetic, beautiful eyes acquired an expression that was almost sullen. There are limits to human endurance. Mrs Barlow had the patience of an angel, but at last she revolted. "Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him. There was an unaccustomed hardness in her voice, but it did not affect the gentleness of his reply. "Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house.

By the way, I've just heard of something that might suit us." "I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses just yet." "Poor dear, I was afraid you were looking rather tired." Ruth Barlow took to her bed. She would not see Roger and he had to content himself with calling at her lodgings to inquire and sending her flowers. He was as ever assiduous and gallant. Every day he wrote and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week passed and then he received the following letter: Roger - I do not think you really love me. I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today. Ruth He sent back his reply by special messenger: Ruth- Your news shatters me. I shall never get over the blow, but of course your happiness must be my first consideration. I send you herewith seven orders to view; they arrived by this morning's post and I am quite sure you will find among them a house that will exactly suit you.

Roger.

**Answer the questions:**  
1. How old was Roger Charing when he fell in love?  
2. What gift did Ruth Barlow possess?  
3. Describe Ruth Barlow. Why does the author call her "an unfortunate person"?  
4. How did Roger court Ruth Barlow?  
5. Why was he pleased with himself?  
6. Why did his feelings suddenly change and what did he swear?  
7. Why didn't Ruth feel that his attitude towards her had changed?  
8. What was Roger's plan? In what way did he put it into life?  
9. How many houses did they visit and what faults did Roger find?  
10. What had changed in Ruth's disposition by the time she began to doubt if Roger would marry her?  
11. What was Ruth's letter about?  
12. Prove that Roger was stuck to his plan to the end.  
  
**Translate the following words and expressions:**

| 1. make up one’s mind 2. fall in\out of\ love with 3. have a gift 4. splendid eyes 5. be on the point of smth 6. bear sufferings 7. employ smb 8. introduce smb to smb 9. announce smth | 10. swear  11. start doing smth  12. be far\close\ from the centre  13. a stuffy\airy\ house  14. find faults  15. have patience  16. lose one’s temper  17. take care of smb  18. be one’s first concern |
| --- | --- |

**Short story 23**

**MR. KNOW-ALL**

**W. S. Maugham**

Once I was going by ship from San-Francisco to Yokohama. I shared my cabin with a man called Mr. Kelada. He was short and of a sturdy build, cleanshaven and dark-skinned, with a hooked nose and very large liquid eyes. His long black hair was curly. And though he introduced himself as an Englishman I felt sure that he was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England. Mr. Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures and politics. He was familiar. Though I was a total stranger to him he used no such formality as to put mister before my name when he addressed me. I didn't like Mr. Kelada. I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I couldn't walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was glad to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face. Mr. Kelada was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, organized the concert and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr. Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable. He knew everything better than anybody else and you couldn't disagree with him. He would not drop a subject till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him. We were four at the table: the doctor, I, Mr. Kelada and Mr. Ramsay. Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs. Ramsay was a very pretty little thing with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. She was dressed always very simply, but she knew how to wear her clothes. One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There was some argument between Mr. Kelada and Ramsay about the value of culture and real pearls. I did not believe Ramsay knew anything about the subject at all. At last Mr. Kelada got furious and shouted: "Well, I know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade. I know the best pearls in the world, and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing." Here was news for us, for Mr. Kelada had never told anyone what his business was. Ramsay leaned forward. "That's a pretty chain, isn't it?" he asked pointing to the chain that Mrs. Ramsay wore. "I noticed it at once," answered Mr. Kelada. "Those are pearls all right." "I didn't buy it myself, of course," said Ramsay. "I wonder how much you think it cost." "Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it." Ramsay smiled. "You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ramsay bought that string the day before we left New York for eighteen dollars, I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation." "Done." "But how can it be proved?" Mrs. Ramsay asked. "Let me look at the chain and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough.

I can afford to lose a hundred dollars," said Mr. Kelada. The chain was handed to Mr. Kelada. He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his face. He was about to speak. Suddenly he saw Mrs. Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as if she were about to faint. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. Mr. Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself. "I was mistaken," he said. "It's a very good imitation." He took a hundred-dollar note out of his pocket and handed it to Ramsay without a word. "Perhaps that'll teach you a lesson," said Ramsay as he took the note. I noticed that Mr. Kelada's hands were trembling. The story spread over the ship. It was a fine joke that Mr. Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs. Ramsay went to her cabin with a headache. Next morning I got up and began to shave. Suddenly I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Mr. Kelada. I handed it to him. He took out of the envelope a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and reddened. "Were the pearls real?" I asked. "If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe," said he.

**Short story 24**

**Art For Heart's Sake**

**Reuben Goldberg**

"Here, take your juice," said Koppel, Mr. Ellsworth's servant and nurse. "No," said Collis P. Ellsworth. "But it's for you, sir!" "No!" "The doctor insists on it." "No!" Koppel heard the front door bell and was glad to leave the room. He found Doctor Caswell in the hall down-stairs. "I can't do a thing with him," he told the doctor." He doesn't want to take his juice. I can't persuade him to take his medicine. He doesn't want me to read to him. He hates TV. He doesn't like anything!" Doctor Caswell took the information with his usual professional calm. This was not an ordinary case. The old gentleman was in pretty good health for a man of seventy. But it was necessary to keep him from buying things. His financial transactions always ended in failure, which was bad for his health. "How are you this morning? Feeling better?" asked the doctor. "I hear you haven't been obeying my orders." The doctor drew up a chair and sat down close to the old man. He had to do his duty. "I'd like to make a suggestion," he said quietly. He didn't want to argue with the old man. Old Ellsworth looked at him over his glasses. The way Doctor Caswell said it made him suspicios. "What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides to keep me away from the office?" the old man asked with suspicion. "Not at all," said the doctor. "I've been thinking of something different. As a matter of fact I'd like to suggest that you should take up art. I don't mean seriously of course," said the doctor, "just try. You'll like it." Much to his surprise the old man agreed. He only asked who was going to teach him drawing. "I've thought of that too," said the doctor. "I know a student from an art school who can come round once a week. If you don't like it, after a little while you can throw him out." The person he had in mind and promised to bring over was a certain Frank Swain, eighteen years old and a capable student. Like most students he needed money, doctor Caswell kept his promise. He got in touch with Frank Swain and the lessons began. The old man liked it so much that when at the end of the first lesson Koppel came in and apologized to him for interrupting the lesson, as the old man needed a rest, Ellsworth looked disappointed. When the art student came the following week, he saw a drawing on the table. It was a vase. But something was definitely wrong with it. "Well, what do you think of it?" asked the old man stepping aside. "I don't mean to hurt you, sir…", began Swain. "I see," the old man interrupted, "the halves don't match. I can't say I am good at drawing. Listen, young man," he whispered. "I want to ask you something before Old Juice comes again. I don't want to speak in his presence." "Yes, sir," said Swain with respect. "I've been thinking… Could you come twice a week or perhaps three times?" "Sure, Mr. Ellsworth," the student said respectfully. "When shall I come?" They arranged to meet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. As the weeks went by, Swain's visits grew more frequent. The old man drank his juice obediently. Doctor Caswell hoped that business had been forgotten forever. When spring came, Ellsworth painted a picture which he called "Trees Dressed in White." The picture was awful. The trees in it looked like salad thrown up against the wall. Then he announced that he was going to display it at the Summer Show at the Lathrop Gallery. Doctor Caswell and Swain didn't believe it.

They thought the old man was joking. The summer show at the Lathrop Gallery was the biggest exhibition of the year. All outstanding artists in the United States dreamt of winning a Lathrop prize. To the astonishment of all "Trees Dressed in White" was accepted for the Show. Young Swain went to the exhibition one afternoon and blushed when he saw "Trees Dressed in White" hanging on the wall. As two visitors stopped in front of the strange picture, Swain rushed out. He was ashamed that a picture like that had been accepted for the show. However Swain did not give up teaching the old man. Every time Koppel entered the room he found the old man painting something. Koppel even thought of hiding the brush from him. The old man seldom mentioned his picture and was usually cheerful. Two days before the close of the exhibition Ellsworth received a letter. Koppel brought it when Swain and the doctor were in the room. "Read it to me," asked the old man putting aside the brush he was holding in his hand. "My eyes are tired from painting." The letter said: "It gives the Lathrop Gallery pleasure to announce that Collis P. Ellsworth has been awarded the First Landscape Prize of ten thousand dollars for his painting "Trees Dressed in White". Swain became dumb with astonishment. Koppel dropped the glass with juice he was about to give Ellsworth. Doctor Caswell managed to keep calm. "Congratulations, Mr. Ellsworth," said the doctor. "Fine, fine… Frankly, I didn't expect that your picture would more satisfying than business." "Art is nothing. I bought the Lathrop Gallery," said the old man highly pleased with the effect of his deception.

**Short story 25**

**Wager with Destiny**

**E.E. Gatti**

Anderson was alone in camp when the native boy brought him Barton's book. "The boss has dropped it on the trail," the boy said. Anderson knew the book well, a cheap, shabby little notebook. He had heard Barton say a dozen times that he'd bought it with the first dime he'd earned, and every financial transaction he'd made since was entered in that book. The camp was inside a mountain jungle in the Kuvi region of the Congo. And the heavy clouds overhead made Anderson feel gloomy. He was not well, and he was nervous. And he was unreasonably disturbed about the cage. He had come on this hunting safari as Barton's guest. Barton, now, was one of the richest men in America; a hard man, who was proud of his power. It was surprising, therefore, to Anderson, that after fifteen years of silence, Barton had looked him up, renewed their boyhood friendship and made him this invitation. Anderson was grateful for it; for he, himself, was penniless and a failure. Barton had made a bet at his club that he could capture alive a full-grown gorilla and bring it back to America. Hence the safari. And hence the portable steel cage with its automatic door. Anderson couldn't bear to think of a great gorilla, unable to use his magnificent strength, shut up in the cage. But Anderson, of course, was sensitive about steel bars. He did not mean to look in Barton's book. It had fallen into the mud, and Anderson only wanted to clean it. But as he turned the pages shaking out the dried mud, his eyes fell upon a date – April 20, 1923. That was the date that had been seared into Anderson's mind with a red-hot iron, and mechanically he read the entry. Then he opened his mouth and the air swam around him. “April 20, 1923, received $50,000” the book stated. Nothing more than that. And on April 20, 1923, he, Anderson, an innocent man, a young accountant in the same firm where Barton was just beginning his career, had been sentenced to fifteen years in prison for embezzlement' of $50,000. Anderson was as shaken as if the very ground had opened under his feet. Memories rushed back to him. The books' had been tampered' with, all right. But they had never been able to locate the money. And all the time it was Barton who had stolen the money; had used it as the cornerstone4 of his vast suc- cess; had noted it down, laconically, in his little book! "But why did he bring me here?" Anderson asked himself. His body was burning with heat, and his head was heavy; he felt the first sign of malaria. And his heart was filled with the terrible, bitter rage of one betrayed. "Does he think I suspect him? Does he plan to kill me now?" And then the reason came, cold and clear. There was a power of justice in life, and that power had made Barton bring him, so that he, Anderson, could take the law in his own hands, and the guilty would be punished instead of the innocent. At once his mind was made up, and he had never known his thinking to be so clear and direct. He would kill Barton while he slept – they shared the same tent. And he would go to bed now and pretend sleeping, so that he would not have to speak to Barton. It was already late in the afternoon. Anderson uneasily walked into the tent. But he did not have to play a role, for as soon as he touched the bed he fell into the heavy sleep of increasing malaria. It was bright moonlight outside the tent when he awoke. He could hear Barton's regular, rhythmic breathing in the darkness near him.

He dressed quickly and noiselessly, turned the safety catch of his revolver and bent above Barton. But a sudden shock of revulsion came over him. He put the revolver down carefully on the table near his bed. Then he was outside the tent and trying to run, to get away from that accusing voice that cried within him, again and again, "Murderer!" He did not know where he was until his hand touched something cold and hard – a steel bar of the cage. God, it knew steel bars, that hand. He closed his eyes against the thought, and took a few steps forward. Then a noise behind him made him turn around. The steel door of the cage had dropped! He had walked into the cage, closing the automatic door! "Where you should be," cried the accusing voice, “where murderers ought to be, in a cage!” Anderson sobbed hysterically. Then he fell and the flames of his fever licked him. Anderson opened his eyes with great effort, and saw above him the face of the friendly planter who lived some miles from the camp. "You'll be all right now," the man said, "the fever's over. But how did you get into the cage?" Anderson tried to explain, but he didn't have strength enough to speak. He knew where he was, in a bed in the planter's house. And gradually he became aware that there was another white man in the room, one he had never seen before. "He was lucky," the planter was saying to this strange man. "If he hadn't been safe in that cage, the gorillas would have got him as they did Barton and those pygmies." "Do you feel able to talk now?" the stranger asked "I expect you're wondering who I am. I am Barton's lawyer, I flew down from New York to take charge of Barton's affairs as soon as I got the news. You've been delirious three weeks, you know." The lawyer sat down beside Anderson's bed. “As you know, my late client was a superstitious man, and a great gambler”, he said. “You two, as young men, started your careers together. And on the very day that he received the capital that gave him his chance, you were sentenced to prison on a charge of embezzling the identical' sum – fifty thousand dollars. Barton took the coincidence as an act of fate”. “He made a kind of bet with fate," the lawyer went on. "If he were allowed to succeed, he promised to do something good for you. And he kept the bet, he remembered you in his will'. I thought you'd like to know why”. "I know why all right," said Anderson. A little word called "conscience'", he thought. "I happened to know all about it," the lawyer added, "Because I was the executor of the will of Barton's aunt. She hadn't liked hi'm, and he'd expected nothing from her. So that fifty thousand was like money falling from the skies." He dressed quickly and noiselessly, turned the safety catch of his revolver and bent above Barton. But a sudden shock of revulsion came over him. He put the revolver down carefully on the table near his bed. Then he was outside the tent and trying to run, to get away from that accusing voice that cried within him, again and again, "Murderer!" He did not know where he was until his hand touched something cold and hard – a steel bar of the cage. God, it knew steel bars, that hand. He closed his eyes against the thought, and took a few steps forward. Then a noise behind him made him turn around. The steel door of the cage had dropped! He had walked into the cage, closing the automatic door! "Where you should be," cried the accusing voice, “where murderers ought to be, in a cage!” Anderson sobbed hysterically. Then he fell and the flames of his fever licked him. Anderson opened his eyes with great effort, and saw above him the face of the friendly planter who lived some miles from the camp. "You'll be all right now," the man said, "the fever's over. But how did you get into the cage?" Anderson tried to explain, but he didn't have strength enough to speak. He knew where he was, in a bed in the planter's house. And gradually he became aware that there was another white man in the room, one he had never seen before. "He was lucky," the planter was saying to this strange man. "If he hadn't been safe in that cage, the gorillas would have got him as they did Barton and those pygmies." "Do you feel able to talk now?" the stranger asked "I expect you're wondering who I am. I am Barton's lawyer, I flew down from New York to take charge of Barton's affairs as soon as I got the news. You've been delirious three weeks, you know." The lawyer sat down beside Anderson's bed. “As you know, my late client was a superstitious man, and a great gambler”, he said. “You two, as young men, started your careers together. And on the very day that he received the capital that gave him his chance, you were sentenced to prison on a charge of embezzling the identical' sum – fifty thousand dollars. Barton took the coincidence as an act of fate”. “He made a kind of bet with fate," the lawyer went on. "If he were allowed to succeed, he promised to do something good for you. And he kept the bet, he remembered you in his will'. I thought you'd like to know why”. "I know why all right," said Anderson. A little word called "conscience'", he thought. "I happened to know all about it," the lawyer added, "Because I was the executor of the will of Barton's aunt. She hadn't liked hi'm, and he'd expected nothing from her. So that fifty thousand was like money falling from the skies."

**Translate the following words and expressions: smb**

| Make a financial transaction | Bitter rage |
| --- | --- |
| Feel gloomy | suspect |
| be grateful for smth | Pretend sleeping |
| Be a failure | Make smb turn around |
| Be unable to do smth | Make a bet |
| Begin one’s career | Keep the bet |
| Vast success | Happen to know |

**Answer the questions:**

1. Where does the action take place?

2. How did Barton’s notebook get into Anderson’s hands?

3. What information did he become aware of?

4. What kind of man was Barton?

5. Why did he come on a hunting safari?

6. Why did Anderson think of killing Barton?

7. Why couldn’t he put his idea into life?

8. How did Anderson find himself in the cage?

9. What happened to Barton?

10. Where was Anderson when he came to humself?

11. Why did Barton’s lawyer come to Africa?

12. Why and when did Barton make a note about $50000 in his notebook?

13. What kind of bet had he made?