Which actor read the letter in the end, the aristocrat or the gaoler?

Some plays are so successful that they run for years on end.

In many ways, this is unfortunate for the poor actors who are required to go on repeating the same lines night after night.

One would expect them to know their parts by heart and never have cause to falter.

Yet this is not always the case.

A famous actor in a highly successful play was once cast in the role of an aristocrat who had been imprisoned in the Bastille for twenty years.

In the last act, a gaoler would always come on to the stage with a letter which he would hand to the prisoner.

Even though the noble was expected to read the letter at each performance, he always insisted that it should be written out in full.

One night, the gaoler decided to play a joke on his colleague to find out if, after so many performances, he had managed to learn the contents of the letter by heart.

The curtain went up on the final act of the play and revealed the aristocrat sitting alone behind bars in his dark cell.

Just then, the gaoler appeared with the precious letter in his hands.

He entered the cell and presented the letter to the aristocrat.

But the copy he gave him had not been written out in full as usual.

It was simply a blank sheet of paper.

The gaoler looked on eagerly, anxious to see if his fellow actor had at last learnt his lines.

The noble stared at the blank sheet of paper for a few seconds.

Then, squinting his eyes, he said: 'The light is dim. Read the letter to me.' And he promptly handed the sheet of paper to the gaoler.

Finding that he could not remember a word of the letter either, the gaoler replied: 'The light is indeed dim, sire. I must get my glasses.'

With this, he hurried off the stage.

Much to the aristocrat's amusement, the gaoler returned a few moments later with a pair of glasses and the usual copy of the letter, which he proceeded to read to the prisoner.

The aristocrat was sitting in his cell when the gaoler entered and handed him the letter - a blank sheet of paper.

The aristocrat looked at it, squinted and said: 'The light is dim.

Read me the letter.

He handed the letter back to the gaoler, who said: 'The light is indeed dim.

I'll get my glasses.

He left the stage and returned with a pair of glasses and the real letter, which he read to the prisoner.

A couple of years ago, a new play called The World Tomorrow was going to be shown in our local theatre.

There was a great deal of advertising for it, and there was considerable public interest, mainly, I think, because the cast contained a number of famous actors and actresses.

Most actors and actresses are usually nervous on the first night of any play, and no one really knows what can go wrong or how the audience will react.

In the case of The World Tomorrow, no one forgot their lines, but he play was not well received.

It was a comedy, SO it was supposed to be funny, but nobody laughed-not in the right places anyway-and people even walked out before the end.

The cast suspected that they would get bad reviews the following day, and they did.

One review described it as 'the saddest comedy I've ever seen': another thought it was 'the most professionally acted disaster we have ever seen on our local stage'.

In spite of the reviews, however, the play still ran for six weeks.

The last performance, on the last Saturday evening, attracted a small audience, and the actors struggled through to the end.

At the end of six terrible weeks, however, there was one final moment of relief.

When the last line was spoken: “Our six short weeks have hastened to their end,” the audience saw the funny side of it and laughed.

Even the actors and actresses laughed.

It was so hot that we all went swimming.

It was such glorious weather that we went to the beach.

It was such a hot day that we all went swimming.

My grandfather would always read me a story when he came to visit us.

I used to enjoy the stories he told me.

He suggested that we should go for a walk.

He insisted that I should stay to lunch.

He demanded that we should give him his money back.

I couldn't swim very well, but I managed to swim across the small stream.

She couldn't speak English very well, but she managed to make herself understood.

The girl threw a snowball at me.

He pointed at the building and said: 'That's the town hall.

' We could say have to or have got to in place of must.

Which of the following proverbs suits the gist of the story best? He laughs best, who laughs last.

The play in which the two actors took part ended with the imprisonment of the aristocrat.

He pretended that the light was not good enough for him to read by.

A gaoler would come on stage with a letter to deliver to the prisoner.

He always insisted on its being written out in full.

But he gave him a copy which had not been written out in full.

The gaoler decided to play a trick on his colleague.

He wanted to see if his fellow actor had finally learnt his lines.

Agreeing that the light was dim, the gaoler said he would get his glasses.