

40 k.



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Let's Read and Speak ENGLISH



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Будем читать и говорить по-английски



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Пособие, составленное на материале рассказов английских и американских писателей XX века, ставит своей целью развитие навыков чтения и устной речи.

Для слушателей курсов иностранных языков, студентов неязыковых вузов и лиц, самостоятельно изучающих английский язык.

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Предлагаемый сборник рассказов современных английских и американских писателей может быть использован для развития навыков чтения и говорения в сети курсов и кружков английского языка, группах второго языка, лицами, самостоятельно изучающими английский язык на среднем этапе обучения, т. е. после прохождения основных разделов нормативной грамматики (системы времен активного и пассивного залогов, сложного дополнения, сослагательного наклонения), при объеме активной лексики у обучающихся в 2000—2500 единиц.

В сборник включены рассказы и отрывки из произведений Джона Стейнбека, Артура Хейли, Агаты Кристи, Ирвина Шоу, Дафны дю Морье и др. Составители стремились отобрать рассказы разнообразные по тематике, языку и стилю, представляющие интересный сюжетный материал, легко поддающийся пересказу, доступный учащимся. Рассказы могут служить иллюстративным материалом для обсуждения тематики, традиционной для взрослой аудитории среднего этапа обучения — путешествия, кино, театр, изобразительное искусство, литература, мир делового человека, достижения и теневые стороны научно-технической революции и др.

Сборник состоит из двух частей. Рассказы первой части предназначены для интенсивной проработки в аудитории и расположены в порядке нарастания трудностей. Подбор материала позволил составителям в целом сохранить без значительной адаптации живой современный английский язык. Неадаптированные рассказы второй части предназначаются для самостоятельного чтения с возможным использованием их фабулы при обсуждении соответствующей тематики. Короткий лексический комментарий в конце каждого рассказа имеет целью облегчить понимание рассказов при чтении. Лексические единицы, отмеченные «звездочкой», вынесены в общий список, преимущественно и их текстовом значении. Лексические единицы, имеющие цифровые обозначения, даны в пояснениях. Нумерация параграфов и ссылки на нее в системе упражнений помогут найти нужную лексическую и смысловую информацию при воспроизведении содержания текста.

Каждый рассказ первой части рекомендуется проработать дважды. К первому занятию рекомендуется прочитать рассказ (или часть его) с использованием упражнений 1 и 2. Цель этих упражнений — контроль понимания общего содержания текста с использованием индивидуальных лексических средств учащегося. При изложении общего содержания текста преподаватель предлагает учащемуся использовать организующие речь фразы из упражнения 1 данного и ранее проработанных рассказов.

Ко второму занятию рекомендуется прочитать рассказ повторно с использованием упражнений 3, 4 и 5. Эти упражнения нацеливают учащегося на направленное чтение (упр. 4), а также предполагают расширение его лексического запаса и развитие умения творчески использовать его в полуподготовленной речи. Упражнения 6 и 7 целесообразно выполнять в аудитории без подготовки дома или с предварительным продумыванием аргументации в зависимости от уровня подготовленности учащихся.

Рассказы первой части предлагается использовать в предложенном составителями порядке. Это не исключает произвольного использования рассказов, поскольку они не связаны лексически или грамматически.

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Part I

AIRPORT

Arthur Hailey*

Characters

(In order of appearance)

- D. O. Guerrero [gə'rərə] — a building contractor in the past, now out of work. He is very poor and desperate and decides to take his life, and, in doing so to provide money for his family.
- Inez Guerrero — his wife
- Gwen — a stewardess
- Mel Bakersfeld — the airport's general manager
- Harris — a second officer of an aircraft crew (экипаж)
- Demerest — the captain of the aircraft (самолет)
- Ada Quonsett ['eidə'kwɒnsət] — a stowaway («заяц»), a lady usually travelling without any tickets, known to the authorities of the airport, but very difficult to deal with.

I

(1) D. O. Guerrero was very much upset. In his shabby walk-up apartment he was thinking about his failure in life. A series of business failures had reduced Guerrero and his family to poverty, and forced them at last to move to this cockroach-infested apartment.

(2) His wife Inez Guerrero was now at her job. She had sent their teen-age children to stay with her sister in Cleveland and had taken a job as a waitress. This at least provided money for food.

(3) Guerrero was alone now. He would shortly leave for the airport. He had a ticket for *The Golden Argosy*¹ in the pocket of his coat. The ticket was for a round-trip excursion to Rome which cost \$ 474. Guerrero had managed to pay forty-seven dollars cash by secretly pawning his wife's last possession of any value — her mother's ring. He had promised to remit the balance, plus interest, in installments over the

* Arthur Hailey (b. 1920), an American writer. His works include: *The Final Diagnosis*, *In High Places*, *Hotel*, *Airport*, *Wheels*.

next two years but it was highly unlikely that the promise would ever be fulfilled.

(4) No finance company or bank would have loaned Guerrero the price of a bus ticket to Peoria², for investigation would have shown a long history of insolvency³. Guerrero was bankrupt. Using Inez's name, he had tried to raise capital for a land deal⁴ and only made more debts.

(5) Because of his false statements, he all but⁵ got into prison. But airlines extended credits easily, since air travelers, over the years, had proven unusually honest. People like Guerrero troubled them seldom.

(6) Guerrero had changed the initial of his surname from G to B "Buerrero" on a credit check. And his signature on the time-payment contract⁶ was not clear. When checking in tonight, he would have the spelling corrected⁷ on the flight manifest as well as on his ticket.

(7) It was important, later on, to be sure there was no confusion about his identity, for Guerrero planned to blow up *The Golden Argosy*, and himself along with it. He would take out flight insurance, naming his wife and children as beneficiaries. He had done little for them of late, but his final act would be a gesture of love and sacrifice. His mind was clouded by desperation, and he gave no thought to the others who would be aboard Flight Two.

(8) Now, within the locked bedroom, he finished putting together an explosive device. The bomb was placed inside a small, flat attaché case and could be instantly blown up by pulling a string attached to that device. Nothing could stop the blow up of the bomb once he pulled at the string.

(9) He checked the alarm clock by the bed. It was just after 8 p. m. a little less than two hours to flight departure time. Time to go. He had just enough money for the airport bus fare, and for flight insurance at the airport. He put on his coat, unlocked the door and went into the shabby living room, holding the attaché case carefully. He found paper and a pencil and wrote: *I won't be home for a few days. I expect to have some good news soon which will surprise you. D. O.*

II

(10) D. O. Guerrero's hands trembled as he lit another cigarette. Time was running out, and the expressway was so jammed with traffic that the bus was moving very slowly. The bus driver remarked, "We might just make it."⁸ But

for Guerrero "just making it" would not do. He needed ten or fifteen minutes to buy flight insurance. He wanted to buy it at the last moment to avoid any chance of inquiry.

(11) But he couldn't say anything not to draw attention to himself, because he had drawn attention already.

At the check-in counter downtown the ticket agent had pointed to some suitcases and asked, "Is that your baggage, sir?"

"No." Guerrero held up the attaché case. "I only have this."

"No baggage for a trip to Rome, sir?" The agent's eyebrows went up. "You really are traveling light." ...

Now Guerrero thought to himself, "Would the bus *never* get to the airport?"

III

(12) Inez Guerrero came home tired from her job, took off her coat, and then saw the note on the table, saying that D. O. Guerrero was going away and expected some good news soon. Where was he going? she wondered. And what would he use for money?

Two nights before, they had drawn their last thirty-six dollars and some cents. She had spent eighteen dollars for food, and kept ten dollars for emergencies, and had seen the desperation in D. O.'s face as he pocketed the remaining eight dollars and change.

(13) She was too tired to worry about it but suddenly a sheet of yellow paper caught her eye. It was a copy of the time-payment contract D. O. had filled in for a round-trip ticket to Rome. The down payment, she saw, was forty-seven dollars. Inez stared at the form. Why had D. O. bought an air ticket to Rome? And where had the forty-seven dollars come from?

(14) Suddenly she remembered her mother's diamond ring, found the box empty and understood everything. D. O. must be in serious trouble. She put on her shoes and coat and ran out into the street. She saw a taxi driver, went over and touched him on the arm. "Excuse me. How much is a taxi to the airport?"

"I'll take you for seven," the driver said.

As the taxi was moving along the expressway, thirty-five minutes later, D. O. Guerrero's bus reached Lincoln International⁹.

(15) Guerrero heard the announcement of Flight Two while fifth in line at the insurance counter. It would take at least twenty minutes for Guerrero to reach the head of the line and by then Flight Two would probably be gone.

He felt himself trembling as he pushed his way roughly to the counter. Guerrero addressed a blonde girl. "Please ... my flight to Rome has been called — I need insurance. I can't wait."

(16) To his surprise, the blonde smiled warmly. "You said Rome? That's Trans America Flight Two." She turned her smile on those waiting. "This gentleman really does not have much time. I'm sure you will not mind if I oblige him first."

He could hardly believe his luck. The girl produced an insurance application form. "This will take only a moment."

(17) "What kind of policy were you considering, sir?" she asked. Guerrero swallowed. "Straight life¹⁰ — three hundred thousand dollars." He lit a cigarette, but his hand shook so that he had trouble bringing match and cigarette together.

"It is just ten dollars," the girl said. Guerrero had produced four dollars and seventy cents. "If you don't have cash," the girl said, "you can give me a check. Or how about your Italian money, Mr. Guerrero?"

"I left my checkbook home, and I don't have Italian money." He stopped and cursed himself. Who would board an overseas flight penniless, unless he knew the flight would never reach its destination? Then accidentally, in an inside pocket he found a five-dollar bill and some change.

He exclaimed, "That's it! I have enough!"

(18) Even the girl was doubtful now. While he searched his pockets, she had been watching his face. It was strange that this man was going overseas without money. But what worried her more was his eyes; they held a hint of desperation¹¹.

Her insurance company had a standing instruction: If a purchaser of flight insurance seemed unusually excited or drunk, the fact was to be reported to the airline. Then the girl thought of all additional trouble for her and she wrote a flight insurance policy for three hundred thousand dollars on D. O. Guerrero's life. He mailed the policy to his wife, Inez, on his way to gate forty-seven.

(19) Confidence returned to Guerrero. He drew attention at the gate to the discrepancy between the name "Buerrero" on his ticket and "Guerrero" on his passport. The agent corrected the ticket and his manifest list. Now Guerrero's name was recorded properly; there would be no doubt about his identification.

(20) As Guerrero went aboard, a stewardess directed him to his seat by a window in a three-seat section. Guerrero put his case cautiously on his knees as he fastened the belt. Other passengers were settling down, arranging hand baggage and clothing. A stewardess, her lips moving silently, was counting heads. There was one more passenger in the tourist section than there ought to be. That passenger, Ada Quonsett — a stowaway, took seat next to a thin, pale man. On his knees, she noticed was an attaché case which he was holding firmly.

(21) Guerrero leaned back and closed his eyes. His hands were firmly on the attaché case. His fingers touched the string. The feel of it was reassuring. He would sit precisely like this, he decided, when, approximately four hours from now, he pulled the string.

* * *

(22) It was 11 p. m. Half running, half stumbling, a figure reached gate forty-seven. Helplessly, Inez Guerrero watched the airplane's lights recede.

V

(23) Inez told her name to a policeman and asked him to take her to the airport office. A few minutes later she was in Mel Bakersfeld's, the airport's general manager's, office. Mel had already learned that a Guerrero was traveling light, having insured his life for three hundred thousand dollars.

(24) Haltingly, Inez told him that she had come to the airport, hoping to see her husband before departure. She also said her husband had had some explosives in their apartment, but that the dynamite was gone.

(25) Flight Two was twenty minutes out of Lincoln International. On a radio panel a yellow light came on. Second officer Harris answered: "This is Trans America Two." "Flight Two, this is Trans America dispatcher, Cleveland. I have a message for the captain from Lincoln International."

Demerest, the captain, pulled a notepad toward him as Harris said, "Go ahead, Cleveland." The message from Lincoln International read:

(26) Captain, Trans America Flight Two. Unconfirmed possibility exists ¹² that passenger D. O. Guerrero aboard your flight may have explosive device in his possession. Passenger with no luggage and apparently without funds insured himself heavily before departure. Was observed behaving suspiciously with attaché case carried as hand baggage. Description follows...

(27) Harris said, "We'll turn back, making a wide slow turn, so passengers won't notice. Then we shall ask Gwen to locate this fellow. After that we play it by ear." ¹³

Demerest called in the stewardess. Gwen came in and Demerest said, "I want you to locate a passenger, without his knowing that you're looking for him." He handed her the message. Gwen read the message and said, "I know where he is already. In seat fourteen-A, by the window."

(28) Demerest weighed possibilities. Then he said, "I have an idea. It may not work, but it's the best we have. Now listen..." He thought about the stowaway earlier detected by the stewardess and who by chance took her seat next to Guerrero.

VI

(29) In the tourist section stewardesses were removing dinner trays. Gwen came up to the lady sitting next to Guerrero. "Pardon me, madam. May I see your ticket?"

"Why, of course," Ada Quonsett traveling stowaway and not suspecting that the crew knew it, showed surprise. She opened her purse and pretended to search in it. "I'll find it in a moment."

"Will you really, Ada Quonsett?" Gwen saw her start at the use of her name. The little old lady sighed. "So you know who I am."

Gwen had not let herself look at the man she knew to be Guerrero, but she could tell that he was listening intently. He was still holding the attaché case on his knees. She felt a sudden, icy fear. She wanted to run but the moment of weakness passed and she said to Ada Quonsett. "You were caught earlier today as a stowaway, but you managed to slip away. Then, by lying, you got aboard this flight."

(30) "Are we going to turn back?" Ada asked.

"No. But when we land in Italy you'll be handed over to the authorities. Now come with me. The captain wants to see you."

Her neighbour on the other side moved out to let Ada out. Gwen led her forward, feeling a lot of hostile glances from the passengers.

VII

(31) "Please come in," captain Demerest said. "Mrs. Quonsett," he said, "forget what happened outside just now. We wanted to have a plausible reason for bringing you here. We need your help. You've noticed the man sitting by the window?"

"Yes," she said. "He's a strange one. Won't talk to anybody," and he has a little case he won't let go of. I think he's worried about something."

"We're worried, too," Demerest said quietly. "We believe that in that case he has a bomb. That's why we need your help."

"Of course. Shall I see if I can get that case away?"

"No! Now, when you go back to the cabin..."

When he had explained, Ada smiled. "Oh, I can do that!"

"Mrs. Quonsett," Demerest said. "If we succeed this airline will give you a ticket to New York, and back, first class."

Ada was touched, she almost cried.

* * *

(32) Back in the tourist cabin Gwen escorted Ada firmly to her seat. Demerest stood behind the curtain in the doorway. When the proper moment came, he would rush into the tourist cabin.

Standing in the aisle, Ada turned tearfully to Gwen. "I don't want to be handed over to the Italian police!" Gwen said unpleasantly, "You should have thought of that before. I'm telling you — get into your seat."

(33) Gwen pushed Ada into her seat. "Sit down and be quiet."

Ada screamed, "You hurt me!" Several passengers were on their feet protesting. Guerrero continued to look straight ahead, his hands on the attaché case. Ada began to wail. Gwen said coldly, "You're hysterical." Hating what she had to do, she slapped Ada across the face.

(34) What happened next occurred so quickly that even those closest to the scene were uncertain of the sequence of events. Ada turned to Guerrero and begged, "Sir, please help me! Help me!" Guerrero ignored her. Apparently overcome by fear, she put her arms around his neck, "Please!"

(35) Guerrero put up both hands to free himself. At the same instant, Gwen leaned forward, reached out, and in a single movement removed the attaché case. Demerest hurried from behind the curtain and held his hand out for it.

But at that moment a man sitting across the aisle interfered.

It was Marcus Rathbone. He was a merchant in a small town, a self-important man. He didn't like Gwen's taking Guerrero's attaché case. It was the violation of the rights of an ordinary traveler like himself.

Guerrero freed himself from Ada's grasp and moved to the aisle. Rathbone seized the case from Gwen and with a polite smile, held it out to Guerrero, who grabbed it and ran toward the aircraft's rear.

(36) Demerest shouted desperately, "Stop that man! He has a bomb!"

At the end of the cabin Guerrero turned like a cornered animal.

Demerest shouted, "Guerrero, listen to me! Listen! We know who you are. We know about the insurance and the bomb. But your insurance is no good now. You will kill yourself for nothing. If you give me that case, I give you my word that no one in this airplane will harm you."

(37) There was fear in Guerrero's eyes. Then he turned and entered the toilet. As he pulled at the string, he wondered if the bomb he had made would be a failure also.

In his last split second of life D. O. Guerrero learned that it was not.

(38) The explosion aboard "The Golden Argosy" was monstrous. Guerrero died instantly. The aircraft's fuselage blew open at the rear.

At first, all who did not have their belts fastened were drawn toward the hole in the rear; but Gwen, who was badly injured, had fallen so that her body blocked the others.

Through good fortune all but Guerrero had survived. The blow didn't do much harm to the aircraft. Guerrero did not realise how reliable a jetliner was. Structural and mechanical systems duplicated each other, so that no single damage would result in destruction of the whole.

The pilot sent the aircraft down slowly.
(39) At Lincoln International Mel received a message.

The message read:
Flight Two had mid-air explosion. Structural damage and injuries. Now heading here for emergency landing, est. arrival 0130.

(40) The Lincoln approach controller guided the plane as it descended. Then the aircraft was down. Flight Two came to rest three feet from the runway's end.

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>(1) be upset быть огорченным
shabby walk-up apartment убогая квартира в доме без лифта
failure <i>n</i> неудача
reduce to poverty довести до бедственного положения
cockroach-infested кишачий тараканами</p> <p>(2) teen-age children подростки в возрасте от 13 до 19 лет
provide for <i>v</i> обеспечивать</p> <p>(3) shortly <i>adv</i> вскоре, скоро
round-trip excursion поездка с оплатой обратного билета
cash <i>n</i> наличные деньги
pawn <i>v</i> закладывать
possession <i>n</i> <i>зд.</i> собственность
value <i>n</i> ценность
remit <i>v</i> пересылать
balance <i>n</i> <i>зд.</i> остаток
interest <i>n</i> проценты
in installments частями
loan <i>v</i> ссужать (деньги)
make debts делать долги</p> <p>(5) false <i>a</i> ложный
extend a credit предоставлять кредит
prove <i>v</i> оказываться
credit check <i>зд.</i> кредитная квитанция
check in <i>v</i> <i>зд.</i> проходить регистрацию перед посадкой на самолет
flight manifest список пассажиров</p> <p>(7) confusion [kən'fju:ʒn] <i>n</i> путаница</p> | <p>identity [aɪ'dentɪti] <i>n</i> личность
blow up взрывать
take out flight insurance застраховать свою жизнь на время полета
beneficiary [ˌbenɪ'fɪʃəri] <i>n</i> лицо, в пользу которого составляется наследство
sacrifice <i>n</i> жертва
desperation <i>n</i> отчаяние
explosive device взрывное устройство
(8) instantly <i>adv</i> мгновенно
pull at a string потянуть за шнур</p> <p>(9) alarm clock <i>n</i> будильник
fare <i>n</i> плата за проезд
flight insurance страховой полис на время полета</p> <p style="text-align: center;">II</p> <p>(10) tremble <i>v</i> дрожать
the expressway was jammed with traffic на шоссе были транспортные пробки
avoid <i>v</i> избегать
inquiry <i>n</i> <i>зд.</i> расспросы</p> <p>(11) check-in counter место регистрации пассажиров
downtown <i>n</i> деловая часть города
travel light путешествовать налегке, без багажа</p> <p style="text-align: center;">III</p> <p>(12) draw <i>v</i> снимать деньги со счёта</p> |
|---|--|

- emergency *n* крайняя необ-
ходимость
(13) a sheet ... caught her eye ли-
сток... попался на глаза
time-payment contract *эд.*
обязательство оплатить
что-л. в рассрочку
round-trip ticket билет туда
и обратно
down payment первый взнос
stare *v* смотреть пристально
(14) diamond *n* бриллиант

IV

- (15) in line в очереди
insurance counter бюро стра-
хования
tremble *v* дрожать
roughly *adv* грубо
(16) oblige *v* заниматься кем-л.
produce *v* *эд.* вынуть
insurance application form
бланк страхового полиса
(17) policy *n* страховой полис
swallow *v* делать глотатель-
ное движение, глотать
cash *n* наличные деньги
curse *v* проклинать
board an overseas flight ле-
теть международным рейсом
penniless *a* без денег
destination *n* цель, конечный
пункт
accidentally *adv* случайно
exclaim *v* восклицать
(18) search *v* искать
overseas *adv* за границу
standing instruction постоян-
но действующее правило
purchaser of flight insurance
лицо, покупающее страхо-
вой полис
excited *a* возбужденный
report *v* доложить
the airline *n* *эд.* администра-
ция аэропорта
(19) confidence ['kɒnfɪdəns] *n* уве-
ренность
discrepancy *n* несоответствие
record *v* зафиксировать
identification *n* установление
личности
(20) cautiously ['kɔːʃəsli] *adv* осто-
рожно

- knees *n* колени
fasten *v* застегивать
settle down *v* устраиваться,
усаживаться
stowaway *n* безбилетный пас-
сажир, «заяц»
hold firmly крепко держать
(21) lean back откинуться назад
reassuring *a* успокаивающий
precisely [pri'saɪsli] *adv* точно
approximately *adv* приблизи-
тельно
(22) stumble *v* спотыкаться
recede *v* удаляться

V

- (24) haltingly *adv* *эд.* заикаясь,
путаясь
explosive [ɪks'pɒsɪv] *n* взрыв-
чатое вещество
(25) radio-panel *n* радио-табло
dispatcher *n* диспетчер
message *n* сообщение
notepad *n* блокнот
(26) have smth in one's possession
иметь что-л., владеть чем-л.
(to) insure oneself heavily
застраховать свою жизнь
на большую сумму
observe *v* замечать
suspiciously *adv* подозри-
тельно
description *n* *эд.* приметы
(27) locate *v* *эд.* находить
(28) weigh possibilities взвешивать
возможности
detected *p. p.* обнаруженный
by chance случайно

VI

- (29) remove trays убирать подносы
crew *n* команда
pretend *v* притвориться
search *v* искать
start *v* вздрагивать
sigh *v* вздыхать
intently *adv* напряженно
icy fear ледящий страх
slip away *v* улизнуть
lie *v* лгать
(30) hand over передавать, сдавать
authorities *n* власти
let out пропустить
hostile *a* враждебный

VII

- (31) plausible *a* правдоподобный
let go of выпускать что-л.
be worried *v* волноваться, бес-
покоиться
succeed *v* удаваться
touched *p. p.* взволнованный,
тронутый
(32) curtain *n* занавес
aisle [aɪl] *n* проход
tearfully *adv* со слезами на
глазах
(33) scream *v* пронзительно кри-
чать
hurt *v* причинять боль
wail *v* причитать
slap *v* ударить
(34) occur *v* происходить
sequence of events последова-
тельность событий
beg *v* умолять
overcome by fear *эд.* сильно
испугавшись
(35) instant *n* мгновение, момент
lean forward наклоняться
вперед
reach out *v* протянуть руку
interfere *v* вмешиваться
merchant *n* торговец
a self-important man чело-
век, знающий себе цену
violation of rights нарушение
прав
seize *v* *эд.* выхватывать

- polite smile вежливая улыбка
grab *v* схватить
rear *n* «хвостовая» часть са-
молета
(36) desperately *adv* в отчаянии
corner *v* загонять в угол
no good бесполезный
harm *v* причинять вред
(37) fear *n* страх
failure *n* неудача
split second доля секунды
(38) explosion *n* взрыв
monstrous *a* чудовищный
instantly *adv* мгновенно
badly injured тяжело ранена
block *v* преградить путь
through good fortune по счаст-
ливой случайности
survive *v* остаться в живых
reliable *a* надежный
jetliner *n* реактивный самолет
duplicate *v* дублировать
damage *n* повреждение
destruction *n* уничтожение
(39) midair explosion взрыв в воз-
духе
head (for) *v* направляться,
двигаться в направлении
чего-л.
emergency landing вынужден-
ная посадка
(40) approach controller диспетчер
descend *v* спускаться, са-
диться (о самолете)
runway *n* взлетная полоса

NOTES

1. The Golden Argosy — the name of the plane («Золотой корабль»)
2. Peoria — a place in the State of Illinois.
3. for investigation would have shown a long history of insolvency — т. к. расследование показало бы, что он уже длительное время несостоятелен
4. ...he had tried to raise capital for a land deal — he had tried to find some money to buy a piece of land with.
5. ...he all but — he nearly...
6. time-payment contract — money is to be paid back (by instalments) within the time stipulated in the contract (оплата в рассрочку)

7. ...he would have the spelling corrected — ...он попросил бы исправить ошибку
8. "We might just make it." — We might just be in time to get on the plane before it takes off.
9. Lincoln International — Lincoln International Airport, Cleveland, Illinois.
10. Straight life — only life insurance
11. they (eyes) held a hint of desperation — в глазах сквозило отчаяние
12. Unconfirmed possibility exists... — По неподтвержденным данным...
13. After that we play it by ear. — After that we act depending on the circumstances.
14. Won't talk to anybody — Keeps himself to himself.

EXERCISES

I. Give a summary of the facts of the story. Use these phrases.

the story is about...; the story deals with...; the story speaks about the morality of...; the story describes the life of...; the story shows that...; the story ends in...

II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference numbers to find relevant information.

1. Why did D. O. Guerrero and his family have to move into a shabby walk-up apartment? (1, 4)
2. Where was his family? (2)
3. What trip was he going to make? How did he raise the money for it? (3, 5)
4. How was he going to provide for his family? (6, 7, 8)
5. What preparations did he make before leaving for the airport? How did he get to the airport? (9, 10, 11)
6. Why did Inez become worried about her husband? Why did she go to the airport? (12, 13, 14)
7. How did Guerrero manage to take out an insurance policy? (15, 16, 17)
8. Why did he make a mistake in his name when paying for his ticket? How was it corrected? (6, 19)
9. Where was Guerrero seated in the plane? Who was his neighbour? (20, 21)
10. What message did the airport manager send to Flight Two? Why did he do it? (22, 23, 24, 25, 26)
11. How did the aircraft crew plan to get hold of Guerrero's attaché case? (29, 30, 31, 32)
12. Did their plan work as intended? (35, 36)
13. How did the explosion take place? (36, 37, 38)
14. Did all the passengers survive? (38, 39, 40)

- III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
- b) Use some of these phrases in sentences or situations of your own. These models may be helpful.

Models: a) The phrase "a walk-up apartment" is used when the author describes the conditions of Guerrero's life. It is used to show how poor Guerrero really was because the apartment he lived in had not even an elevator which is a very common convenience in modern houses.

b) In describing Guerrero's situation the author uses the words "teen-age children". It comes up in the text when the author speaks about his family. Guerrero had two teen-age children who were away at that time staying with his in-laws.

a walk-up apartment (1); teen-age children (2); a round-trip excursion (3); to be bankrupt (4); to take out flight insurance (7); to pull a string (8); to be jammed with traffic (10); to travel light (11); to be in trouble (14); to board a flight (17); a standing instruction (18); a message (25); to behave suspiciously (26); to show surprise (29); to hand over to authorities (30); to need smb's help (31); to protest (33); to free oneself (35); violation of the rights (35); badly injured (38)

IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Guerrero's life was a failure.
2. Guerrero made careful preparations to blow up the plane.
3. Inez Guerrero was worried about her husband.
4. The aircraft crew were very resourceful (находчивый).
5. Ada Quonsett was a good actress.

V. Describe these episodes. Make use of words or phrases from Ex. III wherever possible.

1. Inez Guerrero rushes to the airport.
2. Guerrero takes out flight insurance at the airport.
3. The airport authorities take measures to save the aircraft.
4. Ada Quonsett does her act.

VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. The model below may be helpful in arranging the dispute. You can also make use of phrases given in italics.

Model: We can justify Guerrero's actions because he was driven to despair.

I don't think Guerrero's actions can be justified. If we could justify them it's to some extent only. True, he was driven to despair, but that was not the reason why he should plan to take away people's lives. Also we can add that in a way the explanation lies in the way of life Guerrero had been having. On the other hand the author shows incidents like Guerrero's story were not entirely uncommon on international lines. On the contrary...

1. International Lincoln's stuff were efficient and mindful (вд. внимательный) of their duties.
2. Incidents like Guerrero's are common on international airlines.
3. Adequate measures are taken to provide security in flights

THEN IN TRIUMPH

Frank L. Parke

(1) There were cars in front of the house. Four of them. And two more in the drive. 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 didn't wait for a confession. 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 for 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.

(2) There was a lot of noise coming from the living-room. Several male voices all going it at once¹, 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."

He sounded tired, though.

Clifford 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. The hall light was on and someone Clifford didn't know was pacing the carpet across from the room.

A man who talked incomprehensively at him grabbed him by the arm and pushed him along the hall and into the parlor. "Here he is," somebody shouted. "Here's Mr Oslow!"

(3) There were a half-a-dozen people there, all with note books and busy pens². 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 glance³ many times lately. He hoped that it wasn't superiority, but he was afraid that it was. She looked, he saw, as tired as she had sounded.

"Hello, Clifford," she said.

"Hello, Julia," he answered.

(4) He didn't get a chance to go over and kiss her. A reporter had him right against the wall⁴. 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"⁵ was going to be translated into Turkish? No, he hadn't.

(5) 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. Such as which character he had liked best. 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.

(6) 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 his for 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. The fireplace had been re-bricked. And the radio was a recent gift of Julia's. And 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 rounds six months before⁶.

(7) On the bottom was his earliest one. The one he wrote when Julia and he were first married. The one whose people both of them lived with in the two years during which he worked over it. "How's Vincent coming along?" Julia would say.⁷ "He's got the house built" Clifford would tell her.

Yes, Clifford was a writer then. Large W.⁸ And he kept on thinking of himself as one⁹ for many years after, despite the concerted indifference of the publishers. Finally, of course, his writing had become merely a gesture. 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 paper¹⁰, had written a book, had it accepted and now was looking at advertisements that said, "over four hundred thousand copies."

Julia, Clifford sighed. Well, his failure wouldn't be permitted to steal any part of his wife's pleasure in her own accomplishment!¹¹

(8) 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.

From his own manuscript he read: "The water was high above the fence-top. (...) Vincent stood, silent and stricken, beside the ruin of his farm."

Clifford put the manuscript on the table on top of the book. For a long time he sat quietly inspecting the crease

of his trousers. 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 his answer in ten minutes.

(9) 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," Clifford 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.

WORDS AND PHRASES

- (1) in the drive при подъезде к дому
lawn [lɔ:n] *n* лужайка
head for направиться к чему-л.
back steps ступеньки заднего крыльца
came rushing *adv.* бросилась (за ним)
hedge *n* живая изгородь
confession *n* признание
pull out доставать
autograph ['ɔ:təgrɑ:f] *n* автограф
mail-box *n* почтовый ящик
stamp *v* наклеивать марку
- (2) male *a* мужской
generous ['dʒenərəs] *a* великодушный
lean *v* прислониться
beer [biə] *n* пиво
race *v* ходить взад и вперед
incomprehensively *adv* *adv.* неясно, непонятно
grab *v* схватить
parlor *n* *adv.* гостиная
dozen [daʒn] *n* дюжина
fire-place *n* камин

- plump *a* полный, пухлый
affectionately [ə'fekʃənətli] *adv* нежно
distantly *adv* *adv.* отчужденно
breach in her glance *adv.* отчужденный взгляд
superiority [sju(:)'piəri'ɔ:riti] превосходство
- (4) teller *n* кассир в банке
novelist *n* писатель
give up бросить, оставить
- (5) inquire briskly спросить бодрым голосом
they wouldn't let him run они не пустили бы его
character *n* действующее лицо (рассказа, пьесы и т. д.)
mumble *v* бормотать
inspiration *n* вдохновение
race *v* бежать
flight *n* пролет лестницы
discover *v* обнаружить
adult ['ædʌlt] *a* взрослый
native *n* *adv.* уроженец
- (6) familiar *a* знакомый
typewriter *n* пишущая машинка

re-brick *в* заново выложить
кирпичом
gift *n* подарок
manuscript ['mænjuskript] *n*
рукопись
reject *в* отвергнуть
(7) on the bottom вниз
How's Vincent coming along?
Как поживает Винсент?
despite *prep.* несмотря на
concerted indifference общее
безразличие
publishers *n* издательства
stubborn *a* упрямый
admit defeat признать поражение
advertisment *n* рекламное объявление
sigh [saɪ] *v* вздыхать
steal (stole, stolen) *v* украсть
accomplishment *n* достижение, успех

(8) reach over *вд.* протянуть
руку
dusty *a* пыльный
of his own effort *зд.* плод
авторских усилий
crisp *a* хрустящий
fence-top *n* верхняя часть за-
бора
crease *n* складка
in the lap на коленни
page against page сравнивая
страницы рукописи и книг
(9) naturally *adv* естественно
demand *v* *зд.* настойчиво тре-
бовать ответа
uneasily *adv* с чувством нелов-
кости
firmly *adv* твердо
gently *adv* нежно
proudly *adv* гордо
terrified *p. p.* в ужасе
force *v* *зд.* навязать

NOTES

1. all going it at once — all talking at the same time
2. busy pens — pens writing something busily
3. He'd noticed that breach in her glance. — *зд.* Он заметил этот отчужденный взгляд.
4. a reporter had him right against the wall — a reporter buttonholed him (buttonhole — задерживать)
5. "Welcome Tomorrow" — the title of the book written by Mrs Oslow
6. the one that had stopped going the rounds six months before — the novel which he had stopped sending from one publishing house to another six months before
7. Julia would say — Julia usually said
8. Large W. — a writer with a capital W (*ср. русск.:* писатель с большой буквы)
9. He kept on thinking of himself as one. — He continued thinking of himself as a writer with a capital W.
10. hadn't put pen to paper — never wrote a word
11. his failure wouldn't be permitted to steal any part of his wife's pleasure in her own accomplishment — he would not allow his failure (неудача) to spoil (испортить) his wife's success as a writer

EXERCISES

I Give a summary of the facts of the story. Use the phrases from Ex. I of the previous story. In addition the following phrases may be helpful.

It's hard to understand at once...; from the episode of... we see...; judging by this we can say that...; the story criticized...

II Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference numbers to find relevant information.

1. Why did Mr Oslow try to get into the house through the back door? Who stopped him? (1) 2. Why was the little book that the woman forced on Mr. Oslow stamped and had her address written on it? (1) 3. Why was the living-room noisy? Who were the people there? What were they doing? (2, 3) 4. Why did Mrs Oslow seem tired? (2) 5. What did Mr Oslow think of his wife's attitude towards him at that time? Was it different from her usual attitude? (3) 6. What questions did the reporters ask Mr Oslow? Were they typical reporters' questions to celebrities? (4) 7. Why didn't Clifford answer the woman reporter's question about his impression of "Welcome Tomorrow"? Why did he finally say that he was going to read it just then? (5) 8. Why did the woman report his answer to her newspaper at once? (5) 9. Why did Clifford escape from the living-room to his study? (6) 10. What memories came back to him while he was looking at his rejected novels? (6, 7) 11. Why did he think that his defeat as a writer was definite now? Did he grudge his wife her success? (7) 12. What made him compare his wife's book with one of his? What conclusion did he come to? (8) 13. Why was Mrs Oslow not sure about when her next book would be ready? (9) 14. Why did Mr Oslow give an answer to the reporter's question? Why was he proud about it? (9) 15. Why was his wife terrified at his answer? (9)

III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
b) Use some of these phrases in sentences or situations of your own.

to wait for a confession (1), generous (2), the light was on (2), superiority (3), to give up one's job (4), to make smb. stay (5), to reach the second flight (5), an adult American (5), to turn on the light (6), to look about (6), rejected novels (6),

to admit defeat (7), advertisement (7), the dusty manuscript (8), to inspect, to read page against page (8), to answer un-
easily (9), to be forced on smb. (9)

IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Mrs Oslow's novel was a great success.
2. The reporters were eager to get every scrap of information about Mrs Oslow.
3. The Oslovs were a loving couple.
4. Before he gave up writing Clifford had tried very hard.
5. Clifford was not a selfish man.

V. Describe these episodes. Make use of words or phrases from Ex. III wherever possible.

1. Mr Oslow gets into his house.
2. Reporters try to get information about the Oslovs.
3. Clifford establishes the truth about "Welcome Tomorrow".
4. Clifford gives news about his wife's next novel.

VI. Discuss these statements in the way suggested in Ex. VI of the previous story. Make use of these additional phrases wherever possible.

1. It may be true to some extent but...
2. It appears so on the surface but...
3. I'd like to make a point here if I may...
4. Contrary to your arguments I'd like to point out...

1. Mr Oslow was a talented writer.
2. Julia wanted fame only for herself.
3. Genuine talent will finally be recognised.
4. Reporters stop at nothing to obtain sensational information.

WAGER WITH DESTINY

E. E. Gatti

(1) 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.

(2) The camp was inside a dense mountain jungle in the Kivu 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 safari¹ as Barton's guest. Barton, now, was one of the richest men in America; a hard man, who was proud of his ruthless fight to power. It was surprising, therefore, to Anderson, that after fifteen years of silence, Barton had looked him up², renewed their boyhood friendship and made him this generous invitation. Anderson was grateful for it; for he, himself, was penniless and a failure.

(3) 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 had gone once with Barton and the pygmies and watched from ambush gorillas in a small field; his strength hadn't permitted him to go again after that one time. And he hadn't wanted to. Anderson couldn't bear to think of³ a great gorilla, unable to use his magnificent strength, shut up in the cage. But Anderson, of course, was sensitive about steel bars.

(4) 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 iron⁴, 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 spectacular career, had been sentenced to fifteen years in prison for conniving in the embezzlement of \$ 50,000.

(5) 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; that was undeniable. But they had never been able to locate the money. The other man, the one higher up, who went to prison, too—it was always supposed that he had hidden it away beyond the imagination of the best detectives⁵ the firm could find.

And all the time it was Barton who had stolen the money had used it as the cornerstone of his vast success; had noted it down, laconically, in his little book!

(6) "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?"

But at once he put it out of his mind. Barton would have no cause to fear him, an ex-convict, after all these years. And then the reason came, cold and clear. There was a power of justice in life⁶, 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.

(7) At once his mind was made up, and he had never known his thinking to be so clear⁷ 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.

(8) 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 him⁸.

(9) 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 blind 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 him⁹.

(10) 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.

(11) "Damned lucky thing for him¹⁰," the planter was saying to this strange man. "If he hadn't been safe in that cage, the gorillas would have got him¹¹ as they did Barton and those pygmies."

Terrified Anderson felt he was falling back into blackness again.

(12) But after a time — hours or days, he didn't know — Anderson was better.

"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."

(13) 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 fate¹²."

(14) "He made a kind of bet with fate," the lawyer went on. "If he were allowed to succeed¹³, he promised to do something good for you. And he kept the bet, he remembered you very substantially in his will¹⁴. I thought you'd like to know why."

"I know why all right," said Anderson. A little word called "conscience", he thought grimly.

"I happened to know all about it¹⁵," the lawyer added, "because I was the executor of the will of Barton's aunt. She hadn't liked him, and he'd expected nothing from her. So that fifty thousand was like money falling from the skies."

WORDS AND PHRASES

- (1) **native boy** туземец
on the trail на тропе
shabby *a* потертый
dime *n* монета в десять центов
earn *v* зарабатывать
transaction [træp'zækf(ə)n] *n* сделка
enter *v* вносить (в книгу записей)
(2) **dense** *a* густой
gloomy *a* мрачный
be nervous нервничать
unreasonably disturbed беспричинно волновался
cage *n* клетка
ruthless *a* безжалостный
power *n* власть
renew *v* возобновлять
generous *a* великодушный
grateful *a* благодарный
failure *n* неудачник
(3) **make a bet** держать пари
capture ['kæptʃə] *v* поймать
alive *a* живой
hence *adv* отсюда
ambush ['æmbʊʃ] *n* засада
permit *v* позволять
magnificent *a* великолепный, замечательный
shut up запертый
sensitive *a* чувствительный, восприимчивый
steel bars стальная решетка
(4) **mud** *n* грязь
shake out the dried mud вытряхивать засохшую грязь
entry *n* запись
state *v* указывать
innocent ['inəsənt] *a* невиновный
accountant [ə'kauntənt] *n* бухгалтер
spectacular *a* блестящий
sentence *v* приговаривать
connive [kə'naɪv] *v* попустительствовать
embezzlement [im'bezləmənt] *n* растрата
(5) **shaken** *p.p.* потрясен
books *эд.* бухгалтерские книги
tamper *v* подделывать
undeniable [ʌndɪ'naɪəbl] *a* неопровержимый
locate [lə(u)'kert] *v* обнаружить точное местонахождение, найти
steal (stole, stolen) *v* украсть
cornerstone *n* *эд.* основа
(6) **sign** *n* знак, признак
malaria [mə'leəriə] *n* малярия
rage *n* бешенство
betrayed *n* человек, которого предали
suspect *v* подозревать
fear [fiə] *v* опасаться
ex-convict ['eks'kɒnvɪkt] *n* бывший в заключении
law *n* закон
guilty *a* виновный
punish *v* наказывать
(7) **make up one's mind** принимать решение
share a tent жить в одной палатке
pretend sleeping притвориться спящим
(8) **uneasily** *adv* с чувством неловкости
moonlight ['mu:nlaɪt] *n* лунный свет
breathing ['bri:ðɪŋ] *n* дыхание
revulsion [rɪ'vʌlʃ(ə)n] *n* отвращение
safety catch предохранитель
bend (bent) *v* наклоняться
(9) **carefully** *adv* *эд.* осторожно
accusing voice обвиняющий голос
murderer ['mɜ:dərə] *n* убийца
against the thought *эд.* чтобы отогнать воспоминание
blind [blaɪnd] *a* слепой
drop *v* упасть
sob *v* рыдать
fever ['fi:və] *n* лихорадка, жар
(10) **effort** *n* усилие
planter *n* плантатор
gradually ['grædʒuəli] *adv* постепенно
he became aware он начал понимать
(11) **strange** *a* *эд.* незнакомый
terrified *a* в ужасе
fall into blackness *эд.* терять сознание

- (12) **lawyer** ['lɔ:jə] *n* адвокат
take charge of *эд.* заняться
be delirious [də'liəriəs] бредить
(13) **late** *a* *эд.* покойный
superstitious [sju:pəstɪʃəs] *a* суеверный
gambler *n* игрок
on a charge по обвинению
identical [aɪ'dentɪkəl] *a* такой же
(14) **make a bet** заключить пари
fate *n* судьба
keep the bet сдерживать пари
conscience ['kɒnʃəns] *n* совесть
grimly *adv* безжалостно
executor of the will исполнитель завещания

NOTES

1. He had come on this hunting safari. — He had come to hunt (охотиться) in Africa.
2. Barton had looked him up. — Barton had found his name in a reference book (a telephone directory).
3. Anderson couldn't bear to think. — It was painful for Anderson to imagine.
4. that had been seared into Anderson's mind with a red-hot iron — это было выжжено в мозгу Андерсена каленым железом
5. he had hidden it away beyond the imagination of the best detectives — he had put the money away so that the best detectives could not imagine where it was
6. There was a power of justice in life. — Life was fair, after all.
7. he had never known his thinking to be so clear — he had never seen things so clearly
8. a sudden shock of revulsion came over him — внезапно его охватило отвращение
9. the flames of his fever licked him — he was hot with fever
10. Damned lucky thing for him. — He was very lucky (ср. русск.: Ему чертовски повезло.)
11. If he hadn't been safe in that cage the gorillas would have got him. — Если бы он не был в безопасности в клетке, гориллы убили бы его.
12. Barton took the coincidence as an act of fate — Бартон воспринял это совпадение как волю судьбы.
13. if he were allowed to succeed — если у него будет возможность добиться успеха
14. he remembered you very substantially in his will он завещал вам значительную сумму
15. I happened to know all about it — Получилось так, что я все об этом знал.

EXERCISES

- I. Give a summary of the facts of the story. Use the phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. In addition the following phrases may be helpful

From the very start...; the main character finds himself...; the story then goes back to...; the story reveals (описывает)...; the events that follow show...; the end is quite unexpected

- II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference numbers to find relevant information.

1. Where does the story take place? (2) 2. How did Barton's notebook get into Anderson's hands? Did it contain important information? (1) 3. What kind of man was Barton? Why did he come on a hunting safari? (2, 3). 4. Why was Anderson sensitive about steel bars? (3, 4) 5. Anderson was Barton's welcome guest, wasn't he? Why did Anderson think of killing Barton? (5, 6, 7) 6. Why couldn't he put the idea into effect? (8, 9) 7. How did Anderson find himself behind the cage bars? (9) 8. Where did Anderson come to himself? How did he feel? (10) 9. What happened to Barton while Anderson was in the cage? (11) 10. Why did Barton's lawyer come to Africa? (12, 13) 11. Why and when did Barton make the entry about \$ 50,000 in his notebook? (13, 14) 12. Why had Barton invited Anderson on a hunting safari? (13, 14)

- III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
b) Use some of these phrases in sentences or situations of your own.

to feel gloomy and nervous (2), to be grateful (2), to make a bet (3), shut up in a cage (3), to mean to do smth (4), embezzlement (4), to be shaken (5), to locate the money (5), to steal (5), to suspect (6), to put the idea out of one's mind (6), to share the tent (7), to pretend sleeping (7), to fall into sleep (8), accusing voice (9), fever (10), enough strength (10), after a time (12), to take charge of smth (12), superstitious (13), to start one's career (13), conscience (14), to expect smth from smb. (14)

- IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

- Anderson was Barton's welcome guest.
- Anderson was a soft-hearted man.
- The story dates back to (описывает) pre-war times.
- Barton was a successful businessman.

- V. Describe these episodes. Make use of words or phrases from Ex. III wherever possible.

- Anderson comes by Barton's notebook and reads it.
- Anderson recollects his past.
- Anderson plans revenge (мсть).
- Anderson comes to himself in the planter's house.
- Barton's lawyer explains Barton's will (завещание) to Anderson.

- VI. Discuss these statements in the way suggested in Ex. VI of the previous stories. Make use of these additional phrases wherever possible.

1. May I stress once again... 2. I might as well add that...
3. I see no point in saying... 4. In fact the exact reverse is the case...
1. Barton invited Anderson on a hunting safari because he felt sorry for him.
2. Anderson was lucky in life.
3. A businessman cannot afford conscience (не может позволить себе иметь совесть).
4. Coincidence can play an essential role in one's life.

A DEAL OF PAINT

Elizabeth Ayrton

(1) I am a painter. I like painting more than anything else, except obvious things like food and drink, that all sensible people like. As a painter, I have quite a lot of talent — I'm not sure yet how much — and a fairly complete mastery of most of the technical requirements¹; that is, I am an instinctive colourist, and my composition is interesting.

(2) I have my difficulties, but who does not? I get on fairly well with people, and I ought to be quite as successful as a dozen other painters — but I am not. I never have been since my very first one-man show² when I was discovered by the critics, taken up — and very quickly put down again³ — and sold out.

(3) "Sold out" is the just phrase. I was twenty-two after that show. Apart from quite a lot of money, the way I understand it, I had one oil painting left, three drawings, and very little common sense, my most valuable remaining pos-

session ⁴. The common sense prevented me from believing what the critics said and considering myself a genius, and not only a genius but a painter who would always be able to live by painting exactly what he wanted to paint when he wanted to paint it.

I did, however, think that I could probably afford to marry Leila, rent my own studio, and stop being a student.

(4) But I have never had another show which sold like that first one, although I am a better painter than I was then. My work is as contemporary as any; of course it is; how can anyone intelligent and honest paint behind his time, deliberately or by accident? But more and more critics support what is called Action Painting and Other Art ⁵, when a painter is trying to be as different from anyone else as he can. Anyway, it has been clear ever since that first sell-out show ⁷ that I have an old way of seeing things and am really an academic.

My second show went fairly well because Other Art had not then got very far. But ever since ... Not that I don't sell a certain amount privately. I do. To the uneducated and even the half-educated my work seems to give a good deal of pleasure.

However, in the last two years things have got very tight ⁸. We can't pay the quarter's rent and we can't afford not to, so something had to be done. So my applying for a most unpleasant job which my uncle could give me. I got it. Start next Monday...

(5) When I got back from the interview, Leila was sitting in the studio, which she seldom does, as it was a working-room entirely. She said, "Hi, Bill ⁹. You'll never guess what's happened."

I thought it was something awful because she hadn't even asked me about the job. I said, "What?"

"Garrard came — just before lunch." Garrard is my dealer, and I'd been trying to get him to come and look at my work and arrange for a show for the last year. Dealers!

I sat down and asked Leila what he wanted.

"He came because there's a Mrs Spencer Thompson ¹⁰ who's interested in having you paint a small portrait of her daughter. She's American and very rich and she wants you to paint it."

(6) "Very nice of her. She must have seen one of the early portraits ¹¹. Did you make Garrard look at the work? Did he say anything about a show?"

Leila went bright pink and opened her eyes much too wide as she does when she's surprised. She said, "It's the most extraordinary thing. It's really awfully funny, I suppose, but I think you'll be furious. I was just cleaning up in here a bit as you were out —"

(7) I said, "I wish you *wouldn't* ¹². The still life on the easel's wet — it doesn't want a lot of dust sticking to the surface" ¹³.

This is what I always say when Leila cleans the studio, and while I was saying it I looked round for the first time. The studio has a parquet floor, and to protect it I have a large piece of hardboard in front of my easel to catch the worst drips of paint.

Now the piece was on the easel and my still life was leaning against the wall.

I said, "Good God! What on earth? ¹⁴ Leila!" and jumped up to take it off the easel and throw it on the floor again and make sure my *Jars in a Window* — which was coming along rather well ¹⁵ — was all right.

(8) Leila jumped up too and stood between me and the easel.

"Bill, listen a minute. It's Garrard. Not me. Of course I wouldn't."

"Garrard? What *do* you mean?"

"He was looking at the pictures explaining how the gallery was booked up for a year ¹⁶ and how he couldn't really promise you a show till next year and saying, "Mm," to each picture instead of "Ah," like he does when he likes them, and suddenly he saw the hardboard leaning against the wall..."

"What was it doing there?"

"I told you, I was cleaning. I'd picked it up to sweep underneath it" He said, "Ah," at once, and then he stepped back and said, "Ah ha!" with his head on one side.

(9) "And then he turned to me and said, "Leila, my dear, I'm very glad to have this opportunity to talk to you with Bill not here. I thought — I felt — that there must be something like this. Tell me — why is he holding out on us?" ¹⁷

I saw it all, but I couldn't really believe it.

"He didn't really think it was an abstract?"

"He did. He not only thought it was an abstract, he thought it was wonderful. He said he'd always known you had it in you ¹⁸, as soon as you caught up with contemporary thought. That was why he'd never worried you, and always tried to

help us keep going ¹⁹. You can't hurry genius. And he'd known you were that ever since he gave you your first show."

(10) We rocked with laughter. I moved to take the board off the easel again.

Leila held my arm. "Listen, Bill. He wants to buy it."

"Buy it? Didn't you tell him?"

She opened her eyes again. "No, I didn't. I couldn't really. I suppose I should have, but it would have made him look too silly. He'd have hated us for ever after ²⁰. I just said I didn't think you'd sell it."

"I sure won't. It's too absurd."

(11) She began to dance, quoting Garrard. "And now, Leila, my dear, show me the rest. Is there enough for a full show? When did this start?"

"No!"

"Yes, I tell you. So I said — I'm sorry, Bill, but I couldn't think what to do — that you did not want to talk about them and had told me not to let anyone see them, but I'd tell you what he said."

"He said, 'I'll ring him up this afternoon. Leila, my dear, I must go now, but I want you to know how splendid, how really splendid, this development is in your husband's work, I'm sure you do know, because you're one of the intelligent wives. Tell me, how many paintings are there?'"

(12) "I said I didn't know. And he sighed and said, 'Ah, well. He ought to be able to manage a show next spring at the latest. Tell him I'll be ringing him, and tell him not to waste time with the portrait. It's not worth his while ²¹. And this one — if he wants to part with it, I'll buy it myself. That'll show him what I think of the new work.' That's absolutely accurate word for word reporting, Bill. I've been sitting here going over it to make sure I wasn't mad or anything."

(13) We were both quite silent and serious for a minute as we thought about it. I stood in front of the easel and looked at the board carefully.

I remembered that I'd been reading something about Action Painting in America at breakfast yesterday and when I came in to the studio I was, I thought, in the necessary emotional condition, it was anger and a sort of despair.

(14) So I threw a lump of crimson, the colour of anger, down on to the board. And then I threw down a lump of lemon chrome and stamped on it.

And then I was ashamed of myself for being so childish, and anyway that is not the way one wastes good paint, which is expensive. So I went on with my *Jars in a Window*, feeling tired and sad.

(15) But you see, it meant that the board on the floor wasn't entirely an accident. Some kind of emotional purpose had gone into it ²². Which is what the action painters claim. And perhaps Garrard had felt it — perhaps it does communicate...

Leila doesn't know about this.

So now what shall I do? What a thing to find lying in wait for you ²³ on your return from taking a white-collar job ²⁴ at eleven pounds a week. Because this board is big, forty inches by fifty. Even at my present prices, I shouldn't sell for under three hundred, Garrard knows that. I could probably get four out of him. And I can't paint him thirty more for an exhibition.

I could, of course. I could paint six by this evening and show them to him tomorrow.

And they might be very interesting and surprising if they conveyed the mixture of emotions I feel at this moment.

WORDS AND PHRASES

- | | |
|---|--|
| (1) obvious <i>a</i> очевидный | a certain amount некоторое количество |
| sensible <i>a</i> разумный | uneducated <i>a</i> необразованный |
| colourist ['kʌləɪst] <i>n</i> художник-колорист | quarter's rent квартирная плата за квартиру |
| (2) get on fairly well (with) ладить с кем-л. довольно хорошо | apply for a job <i>v</i> обращаться (за работой) |
| dozen [dʌzn] <i>n</i> дюжина | (5) entirely <i>adv</i> полностью |
| discover <i>v</i> обнаруживать | guess <i>v</i> угадать |
| sold out распродан | awful ['ɔ:ful] <i>a</i> ужасный |
| (3) just <i>a</i> справедливый | dealer <i>n</i> посредник по продаже чего-л. |
| apart from помимо | get him to come... заставить его прийти |
| common sense здравый смысл | (6) go pink покраснеть |
| prevent (from) <i>v</i> мешать | extraordinary [ɪks'tɔ:dnri] <i>a</i> необычный |
| genius ['dʒi:njəs] <i>n</i> гений | funny <i>a</i> забавный |
| (can) afford <i>v</i> (быть в состоянии) позволить себе | furious ['fjʊəriəs] <i>a</i> взбешенный |
| rent <i>v</i> брать в аренду | (7) still life <i>n</i> натюрморт |
| contemporary <i>a</i> современный | easel [i:zl] <i>n</i> мольберт |
| honest <i>a</i> честный | parquet ['pɑ:keɪ] <i>n</i> паркет |
| deliberately <i>adv</i> умышленно | hardboard <i>n</i> картон |
| by accident случайно | drips of paint капли краски |
| support <i>v</i> поддерживать | |
| academic <i>n</i> <i>зд.</i> художник-традиционалист | |

- lean against прислоняться
(8) instead of вместо
pick up поднимать
sweep *v* подметать
underneath *adv* внизу, под
(9) catch up (with) догнать
rocked with laughter покати-
лись со смеху
(10) silly *a* глупый
hate *v* ненавидеть
absurd *a* нелепый
(11) quote *v* цитировать
splendid *a* великолепный
development *n* эд. прогресс
intelligent *a* умный
(12) manage a show эд. набрать
достаточное количество кар-
тин для выставки
at the latest самое позднее
waste time терять время
part with *v* расстаться
accurate *a* точный
- word for word reporting до-
словный пересказ
go over smth эд. размышлять
о чем-л.
mad *a* сумасшедший
(13) carefully *adv* эд. пристально
despair *n* отчаяние
(14) lump of crimson кусок темно-
красной краски
stamp *v* эд. растоптать, расте-
реть
be ashamed of стыдиться чего-
л.
waste *v* портить, бесцельно
растрачивать
(15) accident *n* случайность
claim *v* заявлять, утверждать
communicate *v* передавать(ся),
сообщать(ся)
convey *v* выражать, переда-
вать
mixture of emotions эд. гамма
чувств

NOTES

1. I have (...) a fairly complete mastery of most of the technical requirements — I can paint quite well technically.
2. one-man show — show of paintings by a single artist
3. I was (...) taken up — and very quickly put down again — I was first praised and then quickly forgotten.
4. my most valuable remaining possession — *русск.*: единственное, что у меня осталось ценного
5. The common sense prevented me from believing ... — The common sense didn't allow me to believe...
6. Action Painting — a school of painting which tries to convey (передать) emotion; one of Abstract Painting trends; Other Art — here, a trend in abstract art.
7. sell-out show — a show after which all the paintings are sold
8. Things have got very tight. — Money has become very short.
9. Hi, Bill [hai] — Hallo, *col.* greeting (ср. *русск.*: Привет!)
10. a Mrs Spencer Thompson = ср. *русск.*: некая миссис Спенсер Томпсон
11. She must have seen one of the early portraits — Должно быть, она видела один из ранних портретов

12. I wish you wouldn't... — He нужно было...
13. It doesn't want a lot of dust sticking to the surface. — It shouldn't get dusty (пыльный).
14. What on earth... — an emphatic expression of surprise (*русск.*: Зачем же...)
15. Which was coming along rather well — which was progressing very well
16. the gallery was booked up for a year — the gallery was reserved for other painters for a year
17. Why is he holding out on us? — why isn't he letting us see his pictures?
18. you had it in you — you had the potential of a great painter
19. to help us keep going — to support us with money
20. I suppose I should have, but it would have made him look silly. He'd have hated us for ever after. — Наверное, я должна была сказать ему, но это поставило бы его в глупое положение. Он ненавидел бы нас потом всю жизнь.
21. It's not worth his while. — Это недостойно его.
22. some kind of emotional purpose had gone into it — there was an emotional expression in it
23. lying in wait for you — waiting for you
24. a white-collar job — an office job; a white-collar worker — an office worker; a blue-collar worker — a labourer, a factory worker

EXERCISES

- I. Give a summary of the facts of the story. Use phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. In addition the following phrases may be helpful.

It's interesting to note...; the main characters are...; though the facts show...; the point of the story is...

- II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference numbers to find relevant information.

1. What did the painter think about himself? (1) 2. What was his short career as a painter like? (2) 3. What did his common sense prevent him from thinking? (3) 4. What could he afford to do after his first one-man show? (3) 5. Why did nobody want to buy his works? Was there anything wrong with them? (4) 6. Why did he have to apply for an ordinary job? (4) 7. What news did Leila tell him? (5) 8. Why did

Bill get angry with Leila? (7) 9. What painting appealed to Garrard best of all? Why? (9) 10. What was Garrard planning to do for Bill? Why did he now make up his mind about the show for Bill? (11) 11. Did Bill think there was something in Abstract Painting? Did he think that his hardboard conveyed some of his emotions? (13, 14, 15) 12. Do you think Bill will paint more pictures for an abstract show? (15)

- III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
b) Use some of these phrases in sentences or situations of your own.

to get on fairly well with people (2), sold out (2,3), common sense (3), can afford to do smth. (3), contemporary (4), an academic (4), to apply for a job (4), to guess (5), to go pink (6), to clean up (6, 7), to hurry genius (9), to look silly (10), an intelligent wife (11), to waste time (12), to be ashamed of oneself (14), an accident (15), to convey the mixture of emotions (15)

IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Bill was a talented painter.
2. Garrard was an experienced dealer.
3. Leila was a good wife.
4. Abstract Art may convey emotions.

V. Describe these episodes. Make use of words or phrases from Ex. III wherever possible.

1. Leila tells Bill the news.
2. Garrard notices the kind of painting he appreciates.
3. Garrard leaves a message with Leila to be passed on to Bill.
4. Bill makes his first attempt at self-expression in Abstract Art.

VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. The following phrases may be helpful.

1. In my assessment... 2. The way I see it... 3. It's not as simple as all that... 4. I don't want to be biased...

1. There was more luck than talent in Bill's success.
2. Bill will paint more and more abstracts for Garrard and waste his talent.
3. Abstract art may have a great future. It is not just a fashionable trend that will soon pass.

SKIN

Roald Dahl *

I

(1) That winter was a long time going. A freezing wind blew through the streets of the city, and overhead the snow clouds moved across the sky.

The old man who was called Drioli shuffled painfully along the sidewalk of the rue de Rivoli. He was cold and miserable. He moved glancing without any interest at the things in the shop windows — perfume, silk ties and shirts, diamonds, furniture, books. Then a picture gallery. He had always liked picture galleries. This one had a single canvas on display in the window. He stopped to look at it. Suddenly, there came to him a slight movement of the memory¹, a distant recollection of something, somewhere, he had seen before. He looked again. It was a landscape, a group of trees leaning over to one side as if blown by wind. Attached to the frame there was a little plaque, and on this it said: CHAIM SOUTINE (1894—1943)².

(2) Drioli stared at the picture, wondering vaguely what there was about it that seemed familiar. Crazy painting, he thought. Very strange and crazy — but I like it... Chaim Soutine... Soutine... "By God!" he cried suddenly. "My little friend, with a picture in the finest shop in Paris! Just imagine that!"

The old man pressed his face closer to the window. He could remember the boy — yes, quite clearly he could remember him. But when? The rest of it was not so easy to recollect. It was so long ago. How long? Twenty — no, more like thirty years, wasn't it? Wait a minute. Yes — it was the year before the war, the first war, 1913. That was it. And this Soutine, this ugly little boy whom he had liked — almost loved — for no reason at all that he could think of except that he could paint.

(3) And how he could paint! It was coming back more clearly now. Where was it the boy had lived?

The Cité Falguière³, that was it! Then there was the studio with the single chair in it, and the dirty red sofa that the boy had used for sleeping; the drunken parties, the cheap

* Roald Dahl (b. 1916), an English writer; since 1942 lives in the USA. His works include: *Someone Like You*, *Kiss Kiss* and children's books.

white wine, the furious quarrels, and always, always the sad face of the boy thinking over his work.

It was odd, Drioli thought, how easily it all came back to him now, how each single small remembered fact seemed instantly to remind him of another.

(4) There was that nonsense with the tattoo, for instance. Now, *that* was a mad thing if ever there was one. How had it started? Ah, yes — he had got rich one day, that was it, and he had bought lots of wine. He could see himself now as he entered the studio with the parcel of bottles under his arm — the boy sitting before the easel, and his (Drioli's) own wife standing in the centre of the room, posing for her picture.

"Tonight we shall celebrate," he said. "We shall have a little celebration, us three."

"What is it that we celebrate?" the boy asked, without looking up. "Is it that you have decided to divorce your wife so she can marry me?"

"No," Drioli said. "We celebrate because today I have made a great sum of money with my work."

"And I have made nothing. We can celebrate that also."

(5) The girl came across the room to look at the painting. Drioli came over also, holding a bottle in one hand, a glass in the other.

"No!" the boy shouted. "Please — no!" He snatched the canvas from the easel and stood it against the wall. But Drioli had seen it.

"It's marvellous. I like all the others that you do, it's marvellous. I love them all."

"The trouble is," the boy said, gloomily, "that in themselves they are not nourishing. I cannot eat them."

"But still they are marvellous." Drioli handed him a glass of the pale-yellow wine. "Drink it," he said. "It will make you happy."

Never, he thought, had he known a more unhappy person, or one with a gloomier face.

"Give me some more," the boy said. "If we are to celebrate ⁴ then let us do it properly."

"Tonight we shall drink as much as we possibly can," Drioli said. "I am exceptionally rich. I think perhaps I should go out now and buy some more bottles. How many shall I get?"

"Six more," the boy said. "Two for each."

"Good. I shall go now and fetch them."

"And I will help you."

In the nearest café Drioli bought six bottles of white wine, and they carried them back to the studio. Then they sat down again and continued to drink.

"It is only the very wealthy, who can afford to celebrate in this manner."

"That is true," the boy said. "Isn't that true, Josie?"

"Of course."

"Beautiful wine," Drioli said. "It is a privilege to drink it."

Slowly, methodically, they set about getting themselves drunk. ⁵ The process was routine, but all the same there was a certain ceremony to be observed.

(6) "Listen," Drioli said at length. "I have a tremendous idea. I would like to have a picture, a lovely picture. — ... It is this. I want you to paint a picture on my skin, on my back. Then I want you to tattoo over what you have painted so that it will be there always."

"You have crazy ideas," the boy said.

"I will teach you how to use the tattoo. It is easy. A child could do it."

"You are quite mad. What is it you want?"

"I will teach you in two minutes!"

"Impossible!"

"Are you saying I do not know what I am talking about?"

"All I am saying," the boy told him, "is that you are drunk and this is a drunken idea."

(7) "We could have my wife for a model. A study of Josie ⁶ upon my back."

"It is no good idea," the boy said. "And I could not possibly manage the tattoo."

"It is simple. I will undertake to teach you in two minutes. You will see. I shall go now and bring the instruments."

In half an hour Drioli was back. "I have brought everything," he cried, waving a brown suitcase. "All the necessities of the tattooist are here in this bag."

He placed the bag on the table, opened it, and laid out the electric needles and the small bottles of coloured inks. He plugged in the electric needle, then he took the instrument in his hand and pressed a switch. He threw off his jacket and rolled up his left sleeve. "Now look. Watch me and I will show you how easy it is. I will make a design on my

arm, here. ... See how easy it is ... see how I draw a picture of a dog here upon my arm ..."

The boy was intrigued. "Now let *me* practise a little — on your arm."

With the buzzing needle he began to draw blue lines upon Drioli's arm. "It is simple," he said. "It is like drawing with pen and ink. There is no difference except that it is slower."

"There is nothing to it. Are you ready? Shall we begin?"

"At once."

"The modell!" cried Drioli. "Come on, Josiel!" He was in a bustle of enthusiasm⁷ now arranging everything, like a child preparing for some exciting game. "Where will you have her? Where shall she stand?"

"Let her be standing there, by my dressing table. Let her be brushing her hair. I will paint her with her hair down over her shoulders and her brushing it."

"Tremendous. You are a genius."

(8) "First," the boy said, "I shall make an ordinary painting. Then if it pleases me, I shall tattoo over it." With a wide brush he began to paint upon the naked skin of the man's back.

"Be still now! Be still!" His concentration, as soon as he began to paint, was so great that it appeared somehow to neutralize his drunkenness.

"All right. That's all," he said at last to the girl.

Far into the small hours of the morning⁸ the boy worked. Drioli could remember that when the artist finally stepped back and said, "It is finished," there was daylight outside and the sound of people walking in the street.

"I want to see it," Drioli said. The boy held up a mirror, and Drioli craned his neck to look.

(9) "Good God!" he cried. It was a startling sight. The whole of his back was a blaze of colour — gold and green and blue and black and red. The tattoo was applied so heavily it looked almost like an impasto. The portrait was quite alive; it contained so much characteristic of Soutine's other works.

"It's tremendous!"

"I rather like it myself." The boy stood back, examining it critically. "You know," he added, "I think it's good enough for me to sign." And taking up the machine again, he inscribed his name in red ink on the right-hand side, over the place where Drioli's kidney was.

II

(10) The old man who was called Drioli was standing in a sort of trance, staring at the painting in the window of the picture-dealer's shop. It had been so long ago, all that — almost as though it had happened in another life.

And the boy? What had become of him? He could remember now that after returning from the war — the first war — he had missed him and had questioned Josie.

"Where is my little painter?"

"He is gone," she had answered. "I do not know where."

"Perhaps he will return."

"Perhaps he will. Who knows?"

That was the last time they had mentioned him. Shortly afterwards they had moved to Le Havre where there were more sailors and business was better. Those were the pleasant years, the years between the wars, with the small shop near the docks and the comfortable rooms and always enough work.

(11) Then had come the second war, and Josie being killed, and the Germans arriving⁹, and that was the finish of his business. No one had wanted pictures on their arms any more after that. And by that time he was too old for any other kind of work. In desperation he had made his way back to Paris, hoping vaguely that things would be easier in the big city. But they were not.

And now, after the war was over, he possessed neither the means nor the energy to start up his small business again. It wasn't very easy for an old man to know what to do, especially when one did not like to beg. Yet how else could he keep alive?

(12) Well, he thought, still staring at the picture. So that is my little friend. He put his face closer to the window and looked into the gallery. On the walls he could see many other pictures and all seemed to be the work of the same artist. There were a great number of people strolling around. Obviously it was a special exhibition.

On a sudden impulse, Drioli turned, pushed open the door of the gallery and went in.

It was a long room with a thick wine-coloured carpet, and by God how beautiful and warm it was! There were all these people strolling about looking at the pictures, well-washed dignified people, each of whom held a catalogue in

the hand. He heard a voice beside him saying, "What is it you want?"

Drioli stood still.

(13) "If you please," the man in a black suit was saying, "take yourself out of my gallery."

"Am I not permitted to look at the pictures?"

"I have asked you to leave."

Drioli stood his ground.¹⁰ He felt suddenly, overwhelmingly outraged.

"Let us not have trouble," the man was saying. "Come on now, this way." He put a fat white hand on Drioli's arm and began to push him firmly to the door.

That did it.¹¹ "Take your goddam hands off me!"¹² Drioli shouted. His voice rang clear down the long gallery and all the heads turned around as one — all the startled faces stared down the length of the room at the person who had made this noise. The people stood still, watching the struggle. Their faces expressed only a mild interest, and seemed to be saying.¹³ "It's all right. There's no danger to us. It's being taken care of."¹⁴

(14) "I, too!" Drioli was shouting. "I, too, have a picture by this painter! He was my friend and I have a picture which he gave me!"

"He's mad."

"Someone should call the police."

With a twist of the body Drioli suddenly shook off the man and before anyone could stop him he was running down the gallery shouting, "I'll show you! I'll show you! I'll show you!" He flung off his overcoat, then his jacket and shirt, and he turned so that his naked back was towards the people.

"There!" he cried, breathing quickly. "You see? There it is!"

There was a sudden absolute silence in the room, each person arrested in what he was doing¹⁵, standing motionless in a kind of shocked, uneasy surprise. They were staring at the tattooed picture. It was still there, the colours as bright as ever.

(15) Somebody said, "My God, but it is!"

"His early manner, yes?"

"It is fantastic, fantastic!"

"And look, it is signed!"

"Old one, when was this done?"

"In 1913," Drioli said, without turning around. "In the autumn of 1913."

"Who taught Soutine to tattoo?"

"I taught him."

"And the woman?"

"She was my wife."

(16) The gallery owner was pushing through the crowd towards Drioli. He was calm now, deadly serious, making a smile with his mouth. "Monsieur," he said, "I will buy it. I said I will buy it, Monsieur."

"How can you buy it?" Drioli asked softly.

"I will give two hundred thousand francs for it."

"Don't do it!" someone murmured in the crowd. "It is worth twenty times as much."

Drioli opened his mouth to speak. No words came, so he shut it; then he opened it again and said slowly, "But how can I sell it?" He lifted his hands, let them drop helplessly to his sides. "Monsieur, how can I possibly sell it?" All the sadness in the world was in his voice.

"Yes!" they were saying in the crowd. "How can he sell it? It is part of himself!"

"Listen!" the dealer said, coming up close. "I will help you. I will make you rich. Together we shall make some private arrangement over this picture, no?"

(17) Drioli watched him with worried eyes. "But how can you buy it, Monsieur? What will you do with it when you have bought it? Where will you keep it? Where will you keep it tonight? And where tomorrow?"

"Ah, where will I keep it? Yes, where will I keep it? Well, now ... It would seem," he said, "that if I take the picture, I take you also. That is a disadvantage. The picture itself is of no value until you are dead. How old are you, my friend?"

"Sixty-one."

"But you are perhaps not very healthy, no?" The dealer looked Drioli up and down, slowly, like a farmer examining an old horse.

(18) "I do not like this," Drioli said moving away. "Quite honestly, Monsieur, I do not like it." He moved straight into the arms of a tall man who put out his hands and caught him gently by the shoulders.

"Listen, my friend," the stranger said, still smiling. "Do you like to swim and to lie in the sun?"

Drioli looked up at him, rather startled.

"Do you like fine food and red wine from the great châteaux of Bordeaux?"¹⁶ The man was still smiling, showing

strong white teeth with a flash of gold among them. He spoke in a soft manner, one gloved hand still resting on Drioli's shoulder. "Do you like such things?"

"Well — yes," Drioli answered, still greatly puzzled. "Of course."

"Have you ever had a shoe made especially for your own foot?"

"No."

"You would like that?"

"Well..."

"And a man who will shave you in the mornings and trim your hair?"

Drioli simply stood and stared.

"And a plump attractive girl to manicure the nails of your fingers?"

Someone in the crowd giggled.

"And a bell beside your bed to call a maid to bring you breakfast in the morning? Would you like these things, my friend? Do they appeal to you?"

Drioli stood still and looked at him.

(19) "You see, I am the owner of the Hotel Bristol in Cannes. I now invite you to come down there and live as my guest for the rest of your life in luxury and comfort." The man paused, allowing his listener time to digest this cheerful prospect.

"Your only duty — shall I call it your pleasure — will be to spend your time on my beach in bathing trunks, walking among my guests, sunning yourself, swimming, drinking cocktails. You would like that?"

There was no answer.

"Don't you see — all the guests will thus be able to observe this fascinating picture by Soutine. You will become famous, and men will say, 'Look, there is the fellow with ten million francs upon his back.' You like this idea, Monsieur? It pleases you?"

Drioli looked up at the tall man in the canary gloves. He said slowly, "But do you really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it."

(20) "Wait," the dealer interrupted. "See here, old one. Here is the answer to our problem. I will buy the picture, and I will arrange with a surgeon to remove the skin from your back, and then you will be able to go off on your own¹⁷ and enjoy the great sum of money I shall give you for it."

"With no skin on my back?"

"No, no, please! You misunderstand. This surgeon will put a new piece of skin in the place of the old one. It is simple."

"Could he do that?"

"There is nothing to it."

"Impossible!" said the man with the canary gloves. "He's too old for such a major skin-removing operation. It would kill him. It would kill you, my friend."

"It would kill me?"

"Naturally. You would never survive. Only the picture would come through."

"In the name of God!" Drioli cried. He looked around terrified at the faces of the people watching him, and in the silence that followed, another man's voice, speaking quietly from the back of the group, could be heard saying, "Perhaps, if one were to offer this old man enough money¹⁸, he might consent to kill himself on the spot. Who knows?" A few people laughed. The dealer moved his feet uneasily on the carpet.

(21) "Come on," the tall man said, smiling his broad white smile. "You and I will go and have a good dinner and we can talk about it some more while we eat. How's that? Are you hungry?"

Drioli watched him, frowning. He didn't like the man's long flexible neck, or the way he craned it forward at you when he spoke, like a snake.

"Roast duck and Chambertin¹⁹," the man was saying. "And perhaps a soufflé aux marrons²⁰, light and frothy."

Drioli's eyes turned up towards the ceiling, his mouth watered.

"How do you like your duck?" the man went on. "Do you like it very brown and crisp outside, or shall it be..."

"I am coming," Drioli said quickly. Already he had picked up his shirt and was pulling it hurriedly over his head. "Wait for me, Monsieur. I am coming." And within a minute he had disappeared out of the gallery with his new patron.

(22) It wasn't more than a few weeks later that a picture by Soutine, of a woman's head, painted in an unusual manner, nicely framed and heavily varnished, turned up for sale in Buenos Aires. That — and the fact that there is no hotel in Cannes called Bristol — causes one to wonder a little, and to pray for the old man's health, and to hope strongly that wherever he may be at this moment, there is a plump attractive girl to manicure the nails of his fingers, and a maid to bring him his breakfast in bed in the mornings.

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

- (1) **shuffle** *v* *эд.* волочить ноги, идти шаркающей походкой
sidewalk *n* тротуар
miserable *a* несчастный
perfume *n* духи
silk ties шелковые галстуки
canvas *n* холст, полотно
recollection *n* воспоминание
attached *p. p.* прикрепленный
plaque *n* *эд.* пластинка
(2) **wonder** *v* удивляться, задумываться
vaguely *adv* смутно
crazy *a* безумный
press *v* прижимать
recollect *v* вспоминать
ugly *a* некрасивый, безобразный
(3) **studio** *n* ателье, мастерская художника
quarrel *n* ссора
odd *a* странный
instantly *adv* мгновенно
remind *v* напоминать
(4) **nonsense** *n* нелепость
tattoo [tə'tu:] *n* татуировка
parcel *n* сверток
easel *n* мольберт
celebrate *v* праздновать
divorce *v* разводиться
(5) **snatch** *v* *эд.* срывать
marvellous *a* изумительный
nourishing *a* питательный
exceptionally *adv* исключительно
fetch *v* принести
wealthy *a* богатый
routine *a* обычный
(6) **tremendous** [tri'mendəs] *a* *эд.* потрясающий
(7) **undertake** *v* брать на себя обязательство, браться за что-л.
wave *v* размахивать
needle *n* игла
plug in *v* включать в (электросеть)
switch *n* выключатель
roll up one's sleeve закатать рукав
design *n* *эд.* рисунок

- practise** *v* тренироваться
buzz *v* жужжать
draw *v* *эд.* рисовать
brush *v* причесывать(ся)
genius ['dʒi:njəs] *n* гений
(8) **brush** *n* кисть
naked *a* обнаженный
neutralize ['nju:trəlaiz] *v* нейтрализовать
mirror *n* зеркало
crane one's neck вытягивать шею, чтобы лучше рассмотреть что-л.
(9) **startling sight** поразительное зрелище
blaze of colour великолепие красок
impasto *n* густо наложенные краски
inscribe *v* надписывать
kidney *n* (мед.) почка

II

- (10) **in a sort of trance** в каком-то оцепенении
picture-dealer *n* продавец картин
miss *v* *эд.* скучать
shortly afterwards вскоре после этого
(11) **in desperation** в отчаянии
possess *v* иметь
means *n* средства
beg *v* просить милостыню
keep alive *эд.* выжить
(12) **stare (at)** *v* пристально смотреть (на)
stroll around прогуливаться
obviously ['ɒvviʊslɪ] *adv* очевидно
on impulse под влиянием порыва
wine-coloured темно-красный
dignified *a* обладающий чувством собственного достоинства
stand still *эд.* остановиться
(13) **permit** *v* разрешать
overwhelmingly outraged возмущенный до глубины души
startled *a* удивленный
mild *a* легкий

- danger** *n* опасность
(14) **twist** *n* поворот, резкое движение
shake off *v* стряхнуть, сбросить
fling (off) *v* сбрасывать
(16) **owner** *n* владелец
push through the crowd пробираться сквозь толпу
deadly serious очень серьезный
sofly *adv* *эд.* тихо
murmur *v* пробормотать
twenty times as much в 20 раз больше
sadness *n* печаль
(17) **disadvantage** *n* неудобство, помеха
value *n* ценность
healthy *a* здоровый
look smb up and down осматривать кого-л. с ног до головы
(18) **honestly** *adv* *эд.* серьезно
gently *adv* мягко
lie in the sun загорать
puzzled *a* удивленный
trim *v* подстригать
stare *v* уставиться
manicure nails делать маникюр
giggle *v* хихикать
appeal *v* нравиться
(19) **luxury** ['lʌkʃəri] *n* роскошь
digest *v* переварить, осмыслить
cheerful prospect радостная перспектива

- duty** *n* обязанность
bathing trunks плавки
sun oneself *v* загорать
observe *v* *эд.* видеть, замечать
fascinating *a* *эд.* великолепный
canary gloves перчатки канареечного цвета
(20) **surgeon** ['sɜ:dʒən] *n* хирург
remove *v* *эд.* снимать
misunderstand *v* неправильно понимать
major *a* *эд.* сложный
survive *v* выживать
come through *эд.* выступить
terrified *p. p.* в ужасе
consent *v* соглашаться
on the spot на месте
uneasily *adv* с чувством неловкости
(21) **frown** *v* хмуриться
flexible *a* гибкий, подвижный
snake *n* змея
duck *n* утка
frothy *a* пенистый
mouth watered слюнки потекли
crisp *a* хрустящий
disappear *v* исчезать
(22) **framed** *a* вставленный в рамку
varnish *heavily* покрывать толстым слоем лака
turn up for sale появиться на продажу
causes one to wonder заставляет задуматься
pray *v* молиться

NOTES

1. Suddenly, there came to him a slight movement of the memory — Suddenly he remembered that...
2. Chaim Soutine (1894—1943) — Хаим Сутин (a painter of the Expressionist School)
3. Cité Falguière — the place of Falguière
4. If we are to celebrate then... — If we want to celebrate...
5. ...they set about getting themselves drunk — ...they began drinking to make themselves drunk
6. A study of Josie... — a portrait of Josie...
7. He was in a bustle of enthusiasm — He was very enthusiastic about the whole thing

8. far into the small hours of the morning — till very early in the morning
9. ...and Josie being killed, and the Germans arriving — and Josie had been killed and the Germans had come
10. Drioli stood his ground — Drioli insisted that...
11. That did it. — That was enough to make Drioli very angry.
12. "Take your goddam hands off me!" — Don't you touch me!
13. Their faces seemed to be saying... — Казалось, выражение их лиц говорило, что...
14. It's being taken care of — Things are being put right
15. ...each person arrested in what he was doing — everybody was transfixed (все замерли)
16. châteaux of Bordeaux — замки провинции Бордо (Франция), славящейся своими винами
17. I will arrange with a surgeon to remove the skin from your back, and then you will be able to go off on your own. — I'll take you to a surgeon (хирург), he will remove the skin with the portrait from your back and then you'll be free to do as you please.
18. Perhaps, if one were to offer this old man enough money — Perhaps, if somebody offered this old man enough money
19. Roast duck and Chambertin — жареная утка и шамбертен (марка вина)
20. a soufflé aux marrons — суфле из каштанов

EXERCISES

- I. Give a summary of the facts of the story. Use phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. In addition the following phrases may be helpful.

The story introduces us to the events...; the attraction of this story lies in the fact that...; we might as well mention here...; among other things...; the end of the story is suggestive enough because...

- II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference numbers to find relevant information.

1. Why was Drioli cold and miserable? (1) 2. Whom did he remember as he pressed his face closer to the window? (2) 3. What period did the incident of the tattoo go back to? (2) 4. What was Drioli's life like at that time? What did he do for a living? What did they celebrate? (3, 4) 5. What

did Drioli want to celebrate? (4, 5) 6. How did the idea of a tattoo on his back come to Drioli's mind? (5, 6) 7. How did the picture work out? Was it really marvellous? (8, 9) 8. What happened to Drioli, his wife and Soutine in the following years? (10, 11) 9. Why did Drioli decide to enter the gallery? What did he see there? (12) 10. Why was he asked to leave the place at once? (13) 11. How did Drioli reveal the fact that he had Soutine's picture on his back? (14) 12. What was the first reaction of those present? (15, 16) 13. Why did the gallery owner suggest buying the picture on Drioli's back? How did he word his proposal? (16) 14. How did Drioli take the proposal? Did he agree at once? (17) 15. Drioli received an alternative proposal at once, didn't he? What was it? Why did he accept it? (18, 19, 20). 16. Was the picture on Drioli's back lost to the public? (22)

- III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
b) Use some of these phrases in sentences or situations of your own.

miserable (1), to seem familiar (2), to celebrate (4), nourishing (5), exceptionally rich (5), a crazy idea (6), to make an ordinary painting (8), the small hours of the morning (8), to examine smth critically (9), a special exhibition (12), dignified people (12), to be permitted (13), to stand one's ground (13), to call the police (14), deadly serious (16), to be worth (16), to make a private arrangement (16), to lie in the sun (18), to be puzzled (18), to live in luxury and comfort (19), to remove the skin (20), to misunderstand (20), to survive (20), his mouth watered (21), nicely framed (22)

- IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Drioli always loved Soutine and highly appreciated his talent. 2. It was a crazy idea to have a picture tattooed on Drioli's back. 3. The picture was really one of Soutine's masterpieces. 4. Soutine was a great artist recognized by the artistic world. 5. Only very wealthy people visited the show of Chaim Soutine's works. 6. The gallery owner changed his attitude to Drioli the moment he saw the picture on the man's back. 7. The tall man was very clever in his attempts to persuade Drioli. 8. This is a very sad story.

- V. Describe these episodes. Make use of words and phrases from Ex. III wherever possible.

1. Drioli recollects the scene of the tattoo. 2. Drioli loses sight of the talented boy. 3. Drioli enters the gallery. 4. Dri-

oli shows the picture on his back and watches for the reaction. 5. The gallery owner and the tall man compete for Drioli. 6. Drioli accepts the tall man's proposal.

VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. The following phrases may be helpful.

1. I think you overestimate (underestimate)... 2. Now I begin to see... 3. I'd like to draw your attention to the following...

1. Drioli went into the gallery because he was cold and miserable rather than because he was moved by love for Soutine and recollections of the past.
2. Drioli was suspicious of the gallery owner and fully trusted the tall man.
3. Drioli accepted the tall man's proposal because he was driven to despair. He did not realize what lay behind it.
4. Drioli died a natural death.
5. Art is something that has nothing to do with big business.

VII. Speak or write on these topics.

1. Drioli was affected by the war, wasn't he? Can you say whether many people were affected by the war in one way or another?
2. Why was Soutine unhappy about life? He knew he was a good artist, didn't he?
3. Do you think Drioli's sad end was inevitable? Can you explain why? Speak on social aspects of the problem.
4. What life do many young artists live in the capitalist world before their fame is established?
5. Speak on the problem of unemployment and its effect on people.

MONKEY BUSINESS

P. G. Wodehouse *

I

(1) Mr Mulliner looked up from his Scotch and lemon¹. "Strange," he said as the conversation in the bar had turned to the subject of physical courage, "how even in these civilized days women still admire heroism in the man. Offer

them wealth, brains, looks, skill at playing the ukelele... unless these are accompanied by physical courage they will turn away. I was thinking of a cousin of mine, Montrose Mulliner, who had nearly lost the hand of Rosalie Beamish because of a gorilla."

"Gorilla?" said his companion, puzzled.

(2) "Yes," said Mr Mulliner. "Montrose was an assistant-director in the Motion Picture Corporation² of Hollywood: and the gorilla was one of the cast of the super-film, "Black Africa". He would never have thought to approach its cage and look at it if Rosalie, one of the extras, had not asked him to do so. As they were engaged to be married her word of course, was law; so he accompanied Rosalie to the animal's head-quarters.

(3) This is how it was.

Arriving at the cage, they found Captain Jack Fosdyke there, poking at the gorilla with a stick.

He was engaged to supervise the production of "Black Africa".

As they came up the Captain turned and Montrose did not like the impudent look in the eye which he turned at Rosalie.

"Ah, there, girlie," said the Captain. "Come to see the monkey?"

Rosalie was staring open-mouthed through the bars.

"Doesn't it look fierce!" she cried.

Captain Jack Fosdyke laughed carelessly.

(4) "If you had led the rough, every-man-for-himself life I have, you wouldn't be frightened of gorillas³. I remember once in Equatorial Africa I was strolling along with my elephant gun and a couple of monkeys dropped out of a tree behaving as if the place belonged to them. I soon put a stop to that. Bang, bang, left and right, and two more skins for my collection. Dining anywhere tonight, girlie?"

(5) "I'm dining with Mr Mulliner. This is Mr Mulliner."

"Oh, that?" said the Captain, scrutinizing Montrose as if he had just dropped out of a tree before him. "Well, some other time, eh?" he said and walked away.

"Isn't he wonderful!" she said. "Captain Fosdyke, I mean. So splendid and strong."

"Yes", said Montrose coldly.

Montrose was uneasy. There had been a gleam in Rosalie's eyes as she spoke of Captain Fosdyke which he had

* P. G. Wodehouse (1881—1975), an English writer. In 1955 he took American citizenship. His works include: *The Old Reliable*, *Uneasy Money*, *The Series of Jeeves Stories*.

noticed with concern. He decided to consult his friend, George Pybus, of the Press department, on the matter.

George Pybus listened to his story with interest and said, "There's no getting away from it ⁴, girls do like the strong, tough man. But I will think of the matter and see how you can outshadow that fellow."

II

(6) And it was on the very next afternoon that Rosalie said to Montrose excitedly:

"Mr Pybus came up to me and said why shouldn't you and I get married in the gorilla's cage. Isn't it a wonderful ideal!"

Montrose groaned in spirit ⁵. He was telling himself that he might have known that something like this would have been the result of urging a member of the Press department to exercise his intellect⁶. The brains of members of the Press department of motion-picture studios resemble soup at a cheap restaurant. It is better not to stir them.

"Think what a sensation it would make! No more extra work for me after that. I'd get parts, and good ones. A girl can't get anywhere in this business without publicity," Rosalie said.

(7) Montrose went pale.

"But don't you feel," he said, that there is something a little undignified about publicity? In my opinion, a true artist ought to be above it. Speaking for myself," said Montrose, "there is nothing I should enjoy more than a quiet wedding in a gorilla's cage. But has one the right to play to the petty tastes of a sensation-hungry public?" ⁷

Rosalie was looking at him with surprise.

"I believe you're frightened."

"Nothing of the kind. It is purely a question of civic conscience ⁸."

"To think," said Rosalie with feeling, "that I can link my life with a man who's afraid of a petty harmless gorilla."

Montrose could not let this pass.

"It is not a petty gorilla. I should say that gorilla looks very strong."

(8) "Good-bye," she said. "I see now what your so-called love is worth. If you are going to start denying me every little thing before we're married, what would you be like

after? I'm glad I have discovered your true character in time. Our engagement is at an end."

"But Rosalie," he urged.

"Mr Pybus says," Rosalie said, "it is certain to make the front page,⁹ with photographs and a short editorial about the modern girl who is afraid of nothing. If you are interested, I may inform you that I have dinner with Captain Fosdyke tonight. There is a man who really is a man. A million gorillas couldn't frighten him. Good-bye Mr Mulliner."

(9) For some moments after she had gone, Montrose remained standing motionless. Then his thoughts turned once more to the topic of gorillas. He made his way to the cage, and was soon exchanging glances with the creature through the bars. Those well-developed teeth filled him with fear. He took a banana from the bag which he had bought as an afternoon snack.

He remembered the words he had heard in his childhood — The Gorilla Never Forgets. In other words, treat gorillas well and they will be fair with you too. So deep in thought he fed to the gorilla all bananas he had and the gorilla readily accepted them.

(10) He was brought out of his meditations by a collision with his old friend, George Pybus of the Press department.

"Well, I'll tell you something," said George Pybus. "I got another idea, and a better one. At five sharp this evening that gorilla's going to be let out of its cage and will menace hundreds. If that doesn't land him on the front page..."¹⁰

"But you can't do that!" Montrose cried. "It may kill people".

George Pybus reassured him.

"Nobody of any importance. The stars have all been notified and are off the lot ¹¹. So are the directors. Well, I must be off too."

It was a few moments later that Montrose became aware of a sudden distant uproar: and, looking at his watch, he found that it was exactly five o'clock.

III

(11) Montrose was standing on the outdoor sets which consisted of a front just like the real thing and a back composed of steps and platforms. Up these steps he raced, and on the top of the platform he stopped and sat down. Still unable

to think very logical had had such a stimulatory effect upon him was now increasing in volume: and, glancing at it, it appeared to have become stationary.¹² He glanced oddly, it appeared to have become stationary, and was astonished down through the window of his building, and was astonished below him a big crowd.

(12) A woman wished to see below him a big crowd. looked particularly eloquently stood in the forefront of the crowd in a rather nervous energetic. She was waving an umbrella.

He was still speculating on the matter when a noise came

to his ears. It was the crying

Now, with all that of a baby.

the presence of a babish mother-love pictures¹³ so popular, in thing. y on the lot was not in itself a surprising thing.

What puzzled him seemed to be so close about this particular baby was that it climbed up¹⁴ all the at hand. And how a baby could have he moved along to these steps bewildered him so much that

(13) And he had found out where it was.

terrified. With its hand not gone three paces when he paused, bending over the baby's back towards him, the gorilla was rose saw what must y that lay on the ground. At once Montrose's stories had taught him that, once a gorilla gets loose¹⁵, the first thing it does is to snatch a baby from a perambulator and climb to the top is to snatch a baby from a perambulator.

(14) On the last nearest high place. It is a usual thing. there had been iron occasion when he had met the gorilla Montrose couldn't stand between them: and even with that ing the animal as it and the creature's evil look. Now, meeting his eyes, he began to speculate as to what the animal would do with him. When the next sound that came to his ears was a cough he was so astonished that he could keep his eyes closed no longer. Opening them, he found the gorilla looking at him with an odd, apologetic expression on its face.

IV

(15) "Excuse me, any chance a family, sir," said the gorilla, "but are you by Montrose blinkey man?"

"You speak very well. His bewilderment increased, could find to say. A good English for a gorilla," was all he remarkable for its pronunciation, indeed, the animal's diction had been purity.

The gorilla waved the compliment aside modestly. "Oh, well, the University, you know. You are not an Oxford man, by any chance?"

"No."

"I graduated a long time ago. And a friend of mine in the circus business suggested to me that the gorilla field was not overcrowded¹⁶. Plenty of room at the top, was his expression. And I must say," said the gorilla, "I've done pretty well at it. The initial expenditure comes high, of course... you don't get a skin like this for nothing...¹⁷ Of course, to become a co-star in a big feature film, as I have done, you need a good agent. Mine, I am glad to say, is an excellent man of business. Can deal perfectly well with these motion-picture magnates."

(16) Montrose was not a quick thinker, but he was gradually adjusting his mind to the facts¹⁸.

"Then you're not a real gorilla?"

"No, no. Synthetic, merely."

"You wouldn't kill anyone?"

"My dear chap! My idea of a nice time is to relax with a good book. I am happiest among my books."

Montrose extended his hand cordially.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr ..."

"Waddesley-Davenport. Cyril Waddesley-Davenport. And I am extremely happy to meet you, Mr ..."

"Mulliner. Montrose Mulliner."

They shook hands warmly. From down below came the uproar of the crowd. The gorilla started.

(17) "The reason I asked you if you were a family man," it said, "was that I hoped you might be able to tell me what is the best way of dealing with a crying baby. I don't seem able to stop the child¹⁹. And all my own silly fault, too. I see now I should never have snatched it from its perambulator. If you want to know what is the matter with me, I am too much the artist. I simply had to snatch that baby. It was how I saw the scene. I felt it ... felt it here," said the gorilla, touching the left side of its chest. "And now what?"

Montrose thought.

"Why don't you take it back?"

"To its mother?"

"Certainly."

"But ..." The gorilla looked doubtful. "You have seen that crowd. Did you happen to observe a woman standing in the front row waving an umbrella?"

"The mother?"

"Exactly. Well, you know as well as I do, Mulliner, what an angry woman can do with an umbrella."

(18) Montrose thought again.

"It's all right," he said. "I have it. Why don't you go down the back steps? Nobody will see you. The crowd's in front, and it's almost dark."

The gorilla looked happy. It slapped Montrose gratefully on the shoulder.

"My dear chap! The very thing ²². But as regards the baby ..."

"I will take care of it."

"Splendid! I don't know how to thank you, dear fellow," said the gorilla. "By Jove ²³, this is going to be a lesson to me in future not to give way to the artist in me ²⁴. You don't know how I've been feeling about that umbrella. Well, then, in case we don't meet again, always remember that I often go to the Lotos Club when I am in New York. Drop in any time you happen to be in that neighbourhood and we'll have something to eat and a good talk."

V

(19) And what of Rosalie, meanwhile? Rosalie was standing between the unhappy mother, using all her powers to try to persuade Captain Jack Fosdyke to go to the rescue: and the Captain was speaking about technical difficulties that stood in the way.

"If only I had my elephant gun, I'd pretty soon know what to do about it," he said.

"But you told me yesterday that you had often strangled gorillas with your bare hands. You're afraid!"

"Afraid? Jack Fosdyke afraid? How they would laugh on the Lower Zambesi if they could hear you say that."

"You are! You, who advised me to have nothing to do with the man I love because he was of a mild nature."

(20) "Well, I don't notice," he sneered, "that he ..." He stopped, and his jaw slowly fell. Round the corner of the building was walking Montrose Mulliner. His bearing was erect, and he carried the baby in his arms. Pausing for an instant to allow the busily-clicking cameras to focus him, he advanced towards the mother and put the child into her arms.

"That's that," he said carelessly, dusting his fingers. "No, no, please," he went on. "A mere nothing."

For the mother was kneeling before him trying to kiss his hand. It was not only maternal love that caused the action. That morning she had signed up her child at seventy-five dollars a week for the forth-coming picture, "Tiny Fingers" and all through these long minutes it had seemed as though the contract must be a total loss.

(21) Rosalie was in Montrose's arms, sobbing.

"Oh, Monty!"

"There, there!"

"How I misjudged you!"

"We all make mistakes."

"I made a bad one when I listened to that man there," said Rosalie looking at Captain Jack Fosdyke. "Do you realize that, for all his boasting, he would not move a step to save that poor child?"

"Not a step?"

"Not a single step."

"Bad, Fosdyke," said Montrose. "Rather bad."

The Captain turned on his heel and went away.

(22) "You aren't hurt? Was it a fearful struggle?" Rosalie asked Montrose.

"Struggle?" Montrose laughed. "Oh, dear no. There was no struggle. I very soon showed the animal that I was going to stand no nonsense. I generally find with gorillas that all one needs is the power of the human eye. By the way, I've been thinking it over and I realize that I may have been a little unreasonable ²⁵ about that idea of yours. I still would prefer to get married in some nice, quiet church, but if you feel you want the ceremony to take place in that animal's cage, I shall be delighted."

She shivered.

"I couldn't do it. I'd be scared."

Montrose smiled understandingly.

"Ah, well," he said, "it is perhaps not unnatural that a delicately brought up woman is not as tough as a man."

"My hero!" whispered Rosalie.

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

- (1) courage *n* мужество
brains *n* ум
looks *n* внешность
skill *n* мастерство

ukelele [*ju:kə'leɪlɪ*] *n* гавай-
ская гитара
accompany *v* сопровождать
turn away *v* отвернуться
cousin *n* двоюродный брат
puzzled *a* удивленный

- (2) **approach** *v* приближаться
cage *n* клетка
extra *n* статист
engaged *a* помолвленный
head-quarters *a* штаб-квартира
- (3) **poke** *v* тыкать
stick *n* палка, трость
engage *v* нанимать
supervise *v* наблюдать, руководить
impudent *a* нахальный
girlie *n* (разг.), девушка
bars *n* решетка (клетки)
fierce *a* свирепый
- (4) **rough** *a* грубый
equatorial [ˈɛkwəˈtoːriəl] *a* экваториальный
stroll along прогуливаться
elephant gun ружье для охоты на слонов
drop out of a tree свалиться с дерева
- (5) **scrutinize** *v* рассматривать внимательно
splendid *a* великолепный
be uneasy чувствовать неловкость
gleam *n* блеск
concern *n* беспокойство
Press department отдел прессы
tough *a* зд. выносливый, здоровый, крепкий
outshadow *v* затмевать

II

- (6) **excitedly** *adv* взволнованно
groan *v* стонать
urge *v* побуждать
resemble *v* напоминать
stir *v* зд. беспокоить, трогать
part *n* роль
get anywhere *зд.* добиться чего-л.
publicity *n* гласность, реклама
undignified *a* недостойный
wedding *n* свадьба
play to petty taste потакал дешевому вкусу
be frightened испугаться
link *v* связать, соединить
petty *a* ничтожный, жалкий
harmless *a* безобидный
- (8) **be worth** стоить
deny *v* отказывать в чем-л.

discover *v* зд. понять
engagement *n* помолвка
urge *v* зд. умолять, взмолился
editorial *n* редакционная статья

- (9) **motionless** *a* неподвижный
creature *n* существо
fear *n* страх
treat *v* обращаться с кем-л.
be fair *a* быть справедливым, зд. ответить тем же
feed (fed) *v* кормить чем-л. кого-л.; зд. скормить что-л.
- (10) **meditation** *n* размышление
collision *n* столкновение
menace *v* угрожать
reassure *v* успокоить
must be off должен уйти
uproar *n* шум; рев

III

- (11) **sets** *n* зд. декорация
composed (of) *p. p.* состоящий
race *v* мчаться
increase in volume становиться громче
oddly *adv* странно
- (12) **in the forefront** впереди
wave *v* размахивать
speculate *v* размышлять
on the lot на территории студии
puzzle *v* озадачивать
climb up *v* взбираться
bewilder *v* смущать
- (13) **hairy back** волосатая спина
bend *v* нагибаться
snatch *v* выхватывать
perambulator *n* коляска
- (14) **occasion** *n* случай
stand *v* выносить, терпеть
evil *a* зловещий
cough *n* кашель
odd *a* странный
apologetic *a* извиняющийся

IV

- (15) **by any chance** случайно
blink *v* моргать
bewilderment *n* смущение, замешательство
purity *n* чистота

wave smth aside отмахнуться от чего-л.

modestly *adv* скромно
Oxford man выпускник Оксфордского университета

circus *n* цирк
plenty of room *зд.* много вакансий

do well преуспевать
initial expenditure расходы вначале

co-star *n* партнер кинозвезды
feature film художественный фильм

- (16) **adjust** *v* приспособливать(ся)
merely *adv* только
relax *v* расслабиться, отдохнуть

extend *v* протянуть
cordially *adv* сердечно, тепло
uproar *n* рев

start *v* вздрагивать
chest *n* грудная клетка
observe *v* заметить

- (17) **I have it** у меня есть идея
back steps ступеньки, ведущие во двор

slap *v* хлопать
gratefully *adv* благодарно
splendid *a* великолепный
in case... в том случае, если
drop in заходить
neighbourhood *n* *зд.* район

V

- (19) **powers** *n* способности
persuade *v* убеждать
to go to the rescue приходить на помощь

stand in the way мешать, стоять на пути
strangle *v* задушить
with bare hands голыми руками

of a mild nature с мягким характером

- (20) **sneer** *v* насмешливо улыбаться
jaw *n* челюсть
bearing *n* осанка
erect *a* прямой
instant *n* мгновение
busily-clicking деловито шелкающие

advance *v* подходить
dust *v* отряхивать пыль
a mere nothing *зд.* пустяк

kneel *v* вставать на колени
maternal *a* материнский
sign up *v* заключать контракт на участие в фильме

forthcoming *a* предстоящий
Tiny Fingers крошечные пальчики

total loss *зд.* полная неудача
sob *v* рыдать

- (21) **There, there** Ну, ну...
misjudge *v* недооценивать
for all boasting несмотря на хвастовство

(22) **fearful struggle** ужасная схватка

stand no nonsense *зд.* не терпеть шуток
shiver *v* вздрогнуть

scare *v* пугать
unnatural *a* неестественный
delicately brought up воспитанная в тепличных условиях

NOTES

- Mr Mulliner looked up from his Scotch and lemon — stopped drinking for a moment
- Motion Picture Corporation — название фирмы по производству художественных фильмов
- If you had led the rough, every man-for-himself life I have, you wouldn't be frightened of gorillas. — Если бы вам довелось вести такую суровую жизнь, как мне пришлось, где каждый за себя, вы не боялись бы горилл.

4. There's no getting away from it. — It is impossible to do anything about it.
5. Montrose groaned in spirit. — Montrose groaned (срывать) to himself in despair.
6. he might have known that something like this would have been the result of urging a member of the Press department to exercise his intellect — он должен был бы знать, что получится в результате попытки заставить служащего отдела прессы пошевелить мозгами
7. a sensation-hungry public — жадная до сенсаций публика
8. It is purely a question of civic conscience. — Вопрос лишь в том, что люди могут подумать.
9. ...it is certain to make the front page — it will certainly appear on the front page of newspapers
10. If that doesn't land him on the front page... — If it doesn't give him publicity...
11. The stars have all been notified and are off the lot — the stars have all been warned and have already left the studio
12. it appeared to have become stationary — the sound was neither approaching nor moving away
13. mother-love pictures — сентиментальные фильмы о материнской любви
14. And how a baby could have climbed up — Как это ребенок мог забраться...
15. Montrose saw what must have occurred — Монтроуз понял, что произошло
16. ...once a gorilla gets loose — ...the moment a gorilla escapes
17. Now, meeting the animal as it were socially... — Now, meeting the animal so to say privately... (в неофициальной обстановке)
18. that the gorilla field was not overcrowded — that there still were vacancies for the gorilla parts
19. you don't get a skin like this for nothing — it's not cheap to get such a skin
20. but he was gradually adjusting his mind to the facts — little by little he began to understand how things stood
21. I don't seem able to stop the child. — I'm not sure I can make the child stop crying.
22. The very thing. — Как раз то, что нужно.
23. By Jove. = By God.

24. not to give way to the artist in me — not to play too well
25. I may have been a little unreasonable... — Возможно, я не совсем разумно воспринял...

EXERCISES

- I. Give the main points of the story. Use phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. In addition the following phrases may be helpful.

If anything, the story is humorous; it tells us...; it is the story of a man named...; what strikes me as unusual is...; it brings out the best (worst) in (smb)...; of course, there's another point to it...

- II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference numbers for relevant information.

1. In what circumstances did the author introduce Montrose to the reader? (1, 2) 2. What was Captain Fosdyke doing at the studio? (3) 3. What impressed Rosalie about Fosdyke? (4, 5) 4. How did Pybus help Montrose when the latter found himself in a delicate situation? (6) 5. How did Montrose try to reason with Rosalie about publicity? (7) 6. Why wouldn't Rosalie listen to common sense and agree to a quiet wedding? (8) 7. What plan did George Pybus think of to have additional publicity? (10) 8. Why was Montrose surprised when he heard the crying of a baby? (12) 9. What made Montrose open his eyes and look at the gorilla? (14) 10. Was there anything peculiar about the gorilla? (14) 11. What did the gorilla's friend mean by saying there was plenty of room at the top? (15) 12. What information did the gorilla volunteer (сообщил) about himself? (15, 16) 13. Why was the gorilla afraid to go down and give the baby back to its mother? (17) 14. Meanwhile what was Rosalie trying to persuade Captain Fosdyke to do? (19) 15. How did Montrose play the part of a brave man? (20) 16. Why was the mother so happy to have her baby back? (20) 17. How did the story end? Why was Montrose willing to have a wedding in the gorilla cage? (22)

- III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
b) Use some of the phrases in sentences or situations of your own.

to admire heroism (brains, looks, etc.) (1), to be engaged (2, 3), not to be frightened (4), to put a stop to smth (4), to be uneasy (5), there's no getting away from it (5), to outshadow smb. (5), publicity (6), undignified (7), to make the

front page (8), to treat smb well (9), to let smb out (10), to become aware of (10), a nervous manner (12), to be close at hand (12), to snatch smb (13), to feel horrified (14), a cough (14), a family man (15), an Oxford man (15), to do pretty well (15), I am too much the artist (17), to take care of (18), to persuade (19), to go to the rescue (19), a man of a mild nature (19), maternal love (20), to sign up smb for a picture (20), to misjudge (21), to stand no nonsense (22), to be scared (22)

IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Rosalie was eager to get publicity.
2. Captain Fosdyke was a boasting (хвастливый) type of man. In fact he was a coward.
3. The author is very critical of Press department people.
4. The "synthetic gorilla" was too much the artist.
5. The woman was not really much of a mother for all her worry.
6. Montrose did not entirely dislike publicity.
7. The author is humorously critical about Hollywood routine.

V. Describe these episodes. Make use of words and phrases from Ex. III wherever possible.

1. Montrose and Rosalie meet Captain Fosdyke.
2. Rosalie puts an end to her engagement with Montrose.
3. Montrose discovers the "synthetic gorilla" and hears its story.
4. Montrose takes the child back to its grateful mother.
5. Rosalie is upset and apologetic about her mistake in treating Montrose.

VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. The following phrases may be useful.

1. I only want to say... 2. The last thing I mean is... 3. Say what you will (may) but I do not feel for... 4. I cannot make up my mind as to...

1. Mr Waddesley-Davenport chose the "gorilla" job because he was an artist at heart despite his Oxford background.
2. Rosalie is a typical American girl who dreams of a Hollywood career.
3. Montrose is a clever young man.
4. Girls are attracted more by courage than brains in men. But in the end brains win.
5. The story is more humorous than critical.

VII. Speak or write on these topics.

1. Positive and negative sides of publicity in art.
2. Your tastes in choosing films to see.
3. The trends in the Soviet cinema.
4. Advantages and disadvantages of the cinema over the theatre and TV.

THE PEARL

*by John Steinbeck **

I

(1) Kino awakened in the near dark. Kino's eyes opened, and he looked first at the hanging box where Coyotito slept and then he turned his head to Juana, his wife, who lay beside him on the mat. She was looking at him as she was always looking at him when he awakened.

Kino got up and wrapped his blanket about his head and shoulders and went outside to watch the dawn. The dawn came quickly now, a lightness and then the sun arose out of the Gulf.

(2) The world was awake now, and Kino went back into his brush house. As he came through the door Juana stood up from the fireplace. Kino sat down by the fireplace and rolled a hot corncake and ate it. And he drank a little pulque and that was breakfast. That was the only breakfast he had ever known outside of feast days.

When Kino had finished, Juana came back to the fire and ate her breakfast. They had spoken once, but there is not need for speech if it is only a habit anyway. Kino sighed with satisfaction — and that was conversation.

(3) Suddenly a tiny movement drew their eyes¹ to the hanging box where Coyotito lay. Down the rope that hung the baby's box from the roof support a scorpion moved slowly. Coyotito laughed, shook the rope and the scorpion fell on the baby's shoulder, landed and struck. Kino threw it down and stamped the enemy until it was only a moist place in the dirt.

(4) The screams of the baby brought the neighbours in. Juana did a most surprising thing.

"The doctor," she said. "Go get the doctor." The neighbours repeated among themselves, "Juana wants the doctor."

* John Steinbeck (1902—1968), an American writer. His works include: *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Travels with Charley*, *Cup of Gold*, *The Wayward Bus*, *The Winter of Our Discontent*.

The doctor never came to the brush houses. Why should he, when he had more than he could do to take care of the rich people who lived in the stone houses of the town.

"He would not come²," the people in the door said, and the thought got into Kino.

"The doctor would not come," Kino said to Juana.

"Then we will go to him," Juana said. This was Juana's first baby — this was nearly everything there was in Juana's world. And Kino saw her determination and the music of the family sounded in his head with a steely tone.

(5) When they came to the big gate in the wall of the doctor's house Kino hesitated a moment. This doctor was of a race which for nearly four hundred years had beaten and robbed and despised Kino's race, so that the indigene came humbly to the door.

In his room the doctor sat up in his high bed. He had on his dressing gown of red silk that had come from Paris.

He poured his second cup of chocolate and took a sweet biscuit.

A servant entered the room.

"Yes?" the doctor asked.

"It is a little Indian with a baby. He says a scorpion stung it."

"See if he has any money!" the doctor said.

At the gate the servant opened the door and looked out at the waiting people.

"Have you money to pay for the treatment?" Kino took out a paper, unfolded it and there were pearls, ugly and almost valueless.

The servant took the paper and closed the gate again, but this time he was not gone long.

He opened the gate just wide enough to pass the paper back.

"The doctor has gone out," he said. "He was called to a serious case."

And now a wave of shame went over everybody, and the neighbours departed so that the public shaming of Kino would not be in their eyes.

II

(6) The town lay on a broad estuary and the beach was yellow sand.

Kino and Juana came slowly down to the beach and to Kino's canoe which was the one thing of value he owned in

the world. It was very old. It was at once property and source of food, for a man with a boat can guarantee a woman that she will eat something.

Juana laid Coyotito on the blanket. He was quiet now, but the swelling on his shoulder had continued up his neck and under his ear and his face was feverish.

Juana prayed that they might find a pearl with which to hire the doctor to cure the baby.

(7) Now Kino and Juana pushed the canoe to the water, climbed in and drove it into the sea.

For centuries men had dived down and torn the oysters from the beds looking for the pearls. But the pearls were accidents, and the finding of one was luck, a little pat on the back by God³ or the gods or both.

Kino took a heavy stone, slipped feet first over the side and the stone carried him to the bottom.

When the water cleared he saw a very large oyster. Slowly he tore it off and held it tightly against his breast. Then Juana steadied the boat while he climbed in.

His eyes were shining with excitement. But Juana pretended to look away. It is not good to want a thing too much. It sometimes drives the luck away.⁴

(8) Kino opened the shell and there it lay, the great pearl, perfect as the moon. It captured the light and refined it and gave it back. It was the greatest pearl in the world.

Juana caught her breath⁵. Instinctively she went to Coyotito where he lay on his father's blanket. "Kino," she cried loudly. He looked past his pearl, and he saw that the swelling was going out of the baby's shoulder, the poison was leaving its body.

III

(9) Before Kino and Juana had come to Kino's brush house the town was vibrating with the news — Kino had found the Pearl of the World.

The news came to the doctor. And when it was made plain who Kino was, the doctor said: "He is a client of mine. I'm treating his child for a scorpion sting". The doctor's eyes rolled up a little and he thought of Paris. He saw himself sitting in a luxurious restaurant and a waiter was just opening a bottle of wine.

(10) In the town, in little offices, sat the men who bought pearls from the fishers. They fought and shouted and threat-

ened until they reached the lowest price the fisherman would stand. But there was a price below which they dared not go for it had happened that a fisherman in despair had given his pearls to the church.

These buyers wished they owned the pearls. For there were not many buyers really — there was only one, and he kept these agents in separate offices to make it look like competition. Each one thought how the patron could not live forever and someone had to take his place.

All kinds of people grew interested in Kino. The news stirred up something extremely black and evil in the town.

(11) But Kino and Juana did not know these things. The brush house was crowded with neighbours. Kino held the great pearl in his hand, and it was warm and alive in his hand. And the music of the pearl had merged with the music of the family.

Juan Tomás, his brother, asked, "What will you do now that you have become a rich man?"

Kino looked into his pearl. In the pearl he saw Juana and himself, being married now that they could pay.

He spoke softly, "We will be married in the church."

In the pearl he saw how they were dressed — Juana in a shawl and a new skirt and she wore shoes. He himself was dressed in new white clothes, and he carried a new hat — not of straw but of fine black felt — and he too wore shoes — not sandals but shoes that laced.

He said: "We will have new clothes."

In the pearl he saw Coyotito sitting at a little desk in a school.

"My son will go to school," he said. "My son will read and open the books, and my son will write and these things will make us free because he will know — he will know and through him we will know. This is what the pearl will do," said Kino. And he had never said so many words together in his life.

(12) "The Father is coming — the priest is coming," the whisper came in, passed from mouth to mouth.

Kino and Juana Tomás stood up. The priest came in — a graying, aging man with an old skin and a young sharp eye.

"Kino," he said softly, "it has come to me that thou hast found a great fortune, a great pearl. I hope thou will remember to give thanks, my son, to Him who has given thee this treasures⁶, and to pray for guidance in the future." Kino nodded dumbly.

The priest said, "God bless you, my children." He turned and left quietly and the people let him through.

(13) The dusk was coming and the neighbours went away to their houses.

Standing in the door, Kino saw two men approach. And he saw that one was the doctor and the other the servant who had opened the gate in the morning.

The doctor said, "I was not in when you came this morning. But now, at the first chance, I have come to see the baby."

"The baby is nearly well now," Kino said curtly. The doctor smiled, but his eyes did not smile. He said, "Sometimes, my friend, the scorpion sting has a curious effect. Sometimes there will be a blind eye or something equally bad."

Kino felt the rage and hatred melting toward fear⁷. He could not take the chance of putting his certain ignorance against this man's possible knowledge. He was trapped as his people were always trapped, and would be until they could be sure that the things in the books were really in the books. He stood aside and let the doctor and his man enter the brush hut.

Juana let the doctor take the baby. The doctor looked at the wound on the baby's shoulder and said, "It is as I thought. The poison has gone inward and it will strike soon. But I'll give him some powder to try to turn the poison aside. I think the poison will attack within the hour. But I will come back in an hour. Perhaps I am in time to save him." Then he left.

The baby's face was flushed and his throat was working. The spasm of the stomach muscles began, and the baby was very sick.

Kino knelt beside his wife; his mind was suspicious and he was remembering the white powder.

Then the doctor came back and examined the baby. "I think I can defeat the poison," he said. He asked for water, and in the cup of it he put three drops of ammonia and poured it down the baby's mouth.

But Kino was suspicious, and he could not take his eyes from the doctor's open bag, and from the bottle of white powder there. Coyotito sighed deeply and went to sleep. "I have won the fight," the doctor said.

(14) Then he asked, "When do you think you can pay this bill?"

"When I have sold my pearl I will pay you," Kino said. "You have a pearl? A good pearl?" the doctor asked with interest. "Do you keep this pearl in a safe place? Perhaps you would like me to put it in my safe?"

"Tomorrow I will sell it and then I will pay you," Kino said.

(15) When the doctor had gone Kino dug a little hole in the dirt floor under his sleeping mat and hid his pearl.

Juana watched him with questioning eyes and she asked, "Who do you fear?"

Kino said, "Everyone."

At night, during his sleep he dreamed that Coyotito could read, that one of his own people could tell him the truth of things.

Suddenly Kino awakened and he lay in the darkness with his ears alert.

Then from the corner of the house came a soft sound. Kino held his breath to listen, and he knew that whatever dark thing was in his house was holding its breath too, to listen. And then the sound came again. The sound of a foot on dry earth and the scratch of fingers in the soil.

And then he sprang like an angry cat, taking out his knife. There were running steps for a moment, and then silence.

(16) Kino could feel warm blood running down from his forehead, and he could hear Juana calling to him, "Kino! Kino!" And there was terror in her voice.

"I am all right," he said. "The thing has gone."

"This thing is evil," Juana cried harshly. "This pearl will destroy us. Throw it away, Kino. Let us throw it back into the sea. It has brought evil."

But Kino's mind and his will were set ⁸. "This is our one chance", he said. "Our son must go to school. He must break out of the pot that holds us in ⁹. In the morning we will sell the pearl, and then the evil will be gone, and only the good remain."

IV

(17) In La Paz ¹⁰, it was known in the early morning through the whole town that Kino was going to sell his pearl that day.

All of the neighbours hoped that sudden wealth would not set Kino against them, would not make him greedy and cold, would not destroy him.

For Kino and Juana this was the morning of mornings of their lives, comparable only to the day when the baby was born.

They dressed in their best.

The neighbours were dressed and ready too. It was an historic moment, they would be crazy if they didn't go. It would be almost a sign of unfriendship.

Juan Tomás warned his brother. "You must be careful to see they do not cheat you," he said. "We do not know what prices are paid in other places."

"That is true," said Kino, "but how can we know? We are here, we are not there."

(18) In their offices pearl buyers got out papers so that they could be at work when Kino appeared, and they put their pearls in the desks, for it is not good to let an inferior pearl be seen beside a beauty.

Kino entered one of the offices. "Good morning, my friend," a stout man said. "What can I do for you?" The buyer's eyes had become as cruel and unwinking as a hawk's eyes, while the rest of his face smiled in greeting.

"I have a pearl," said Kino.

"Well, let us see your pearl. We will value it and give you the best price," said the dealer.

"I am sorry, my friend," he said after inspection. "You have heard of fool's gold ¹¹," the dealer said. "This pearl is like fool's gold. There is no market for such things. It is a curiosity only. I can give you, say, a thousand pesos."

Kino's face grew dark and dangerous. "It is worth fifty thousand," he said. "You know it. You want to cheat me."

"Ask the others. Go to their offices and show your pearl — or better let them come here, so that you can see there is no collusion. Boy," he called. His servant looked through the rear door.

"Boy, go and ask other pearl buyers to step in here and do not tell them why. Just say that I will be pleased to see them."

(19) Kino's neighbours whispered together. After all, a thousand pesos was not to be thrown away ¹². And suppose Kino took a thousand pesos. Only yesterday he had nothing.

The crowd in the doorway broke and let the three pearl dealers through.

The man behind the desk said, "I will ask you to examine this thing and make an offer."

The first dealer seemed now to see the pearl for the first time. He took it up, and then threw it contemptuously back into the box.

"This is not a pearl — it is a monstrosity. I do not want it," he said dryly.

The second dealer examined it carefully, then he laughed softly. "It will lose its colour and die in a few months."

The third dealer said, "I will offer five hundred pesos."

"I am cheated," Kino cried angrily. "My pearl is not for sale here. I will go, perhaps even to the capital."

Now the dealers glanced quickly at one another. They knew they had played too hard¹³. The man at the desk said quickly, "I might go to fifteen hundred."

But Kino was pushing his way through the crowd. Juana followed him.

(20) When the evening came, the neighbours in the brush houses discussed the great theme of the morning. Surely the dealers knew more about the value of pearls than they.

"And mark this," they said. "Those dealers did not discuss these things. Each of three knew the pearl was valueless."

In his house Kino sat on his sleeping mat, thinking gloomily. Juan Tomás came in and sat down beside Kino.

Kino asked, "What else could I do? They are cheats."

Juan Tomás nodded. "Do you think the game is over?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know," said Juan Tomás, "but I am afraid for you."

"I will go. I will go soon," said Kino. Juan Tomás arose, saying, "Go with God."

(21) Juan Tomás left. Kino sat in hopelessness. He could sense the watchful evil outside the brush house¹⁴. It was shadowy and terrible, and yet it called to him and threatened him. He stood up and walked to the doorway.

Juana raised her hand to stop him, and her mouth opened with terror. She heard the little rush, the noisy struggle, the blow. Juana seized a stone from the fireplace and rushed outside, but it was over by then.

Kino lay on the ground trying to rise, and there was no one near him. Juana helped him to his feet and supported him into the house. Blood ran down from his scalp and there was a long deep cut in his cheek from ear to chin.

"Kino, my husband," Juana cried, "this pearl is evil. Let us throw it back in the sea where it belongs. Kino, it is evil, it is evil."

"No," he said. "I will fight this thing¹⁵. We will have our chance. Believe me," he said. "I am a man." And his face grew hard. "In the morning we will go over the sea and over the mountains to the capital. I will not be cheated. I am a man. And now let us sleep a little," he said.

V

(22) Kino opened his eyes in the darkness, for he sensed movement near him, but he did not move. He saw Juana move the fireplace stone where the pearl was hidden and go to the door.

He followed her. She heard him coming and ran. Her arm was up to throw when he leaped at her and caught her arm and took the pearl from her. He struck her in the face with his fist and she fell among the big stones and he kicked her in the side. He turned away from her and left her there. After some time Juana got painfully to her feet and went after Kino. There was no anger in her for Kino. Of course she would follow him, there was no question of that. Suddenly she saw Kino standing over a man lying in the path. Now, in an instant, Juana knew that the old life was gone forever. A dead man in the path and Kino's knife, beside him, convinced her. There was nothing to do but to save themselves.

She went up to Kino. "Can you hear me now? You have killed a man. We must go away. They will come for us, can you understand?" Juana said to him.

"I was attacked," Kino said uneasily. "I struck to save my life."

"Do you remember yesterday?" Juana asked. "Do you think that will matter? Do you remember the men of the city?"

(23) "Go to our house and bring Coyotito," he said.

He turned toward the beach and he came to his canoe. He saw that a great hole had been knocked in the bottom. He got angry and that gave him strength. He was an animal now, for hiding, for attacking, and he lived only to preserve himself and his family.

He saw a little light ahead of him and then a tall flame went up in the dark with a loud noise. It was his brush house, he knew.

And as he ran, a figure ran toward him — Juana, with Coyotito in her arms.

Suddenly Kino was afraid. He took Juana to the house of Juan Tomás, his brother.

"Oh, my brother," Kino said, "an insult has been put on me that is deeper than my life. For on the beach my canoe is broken, my house is burned, and in the brush a dead man lies. Every escape is cut off."

(24) "It is the pearl," said Juan Tomás. "There is a devil in this pearl. Where will you go now?" he asked.

"To the north," said Kino. "I have heard that there are cities in the north."

"Avoid the shore," said Juan Tomás. "They are making a party to search the shore. Do you still have the pearl?"

"I have it," said Kino. "And I will keep it. I might have given it as a gift¹⁶, but now it is my misfortune and my life, and I will keep it." His eyes were hard and cruel. "This pearl has become my soul," said Kino. "If I give it up I shall lose my soul."

(25) At night Juana and Kino went out into the world. The little light from the stars made out for them the narrow road through the brushy country. And the evils of the night were about them. The coyotes cried and laughed in the brush, and the owls screeched over their heads. The music of the pearl was triumphant in Kino's head.

All night they walked, and in the first dawn Kino found a hiding place near the road and they settled there for the day.

The sun arose hot. "Do you think they will try to find us?" Juana asked.

"They will try," said Kino. "Whoever finds us will take the pearl. Oh, they will try."

In the heat of the day Kino relaxed and covered his eyes with his hat, and he slept. Suddenly he sat up, his eyes wide with worry.

"What is it?" Juana asked.

"Hush," he said. "Keep Coyotito quiet."

He listened again, an animal light in his eyes. He crept into the cover of a tree and looked out.

(26) And then he saw them moving along. In the distance he could see three figures, two on foot and one on horseback. But he knew what they were, and a feeling of fear went through him.

In a country where there is little game these hunters managed to live because of their ability to hunt, and they were hunting him.

Kino saw them bend over the road, and then they moved on slowly, studying the ground ahead of them.

They would be back, Kino knew. He went quickly and silently to the hidden place where Juana was. She looked up at him in question.

"Trackers," he said. "Come! We will go into the mountains."

(27) This was panic flight. But Kino wanted to put a little distance between his family and the trackers.

"Juana", he said, "I will go on and you will hide. I will lead them into the mountains, and when they have gone past, you will go north to Loreto. Then, if I can escape them, I will come to you. It is the only safe way."

"No," she said "We go with you."

The sun moved downward toward the mountains, and Kino set out for a dark and shadowy place. If there was any water at all, it would be there where he could see some trees. The sun had passed over the stone mountains when Kino and Juana came at last to the water. Juana first washed Coyotito's face and then filled her bottle and gave him a drink. Kino went to the edge of the step and searched the distance carefully.

Far down below he could see the two trackers. Juana had turned to look at him.

"How far?" she asked quietly.

"They will be here by evening," said Kino.

Kino helped her up to the cave and got in himself.

(28) It was dusk when the trackers came at last to the little pool.

He heard a whisper behind him. Juana was whispering, "Coyotito." She was begging him to be quiet. An idea came to Kino's mind.

"There is a way," Kino whispered to Juana.

"But they will kill you."

"If I get first to the one with the rifle," Kino said, "I must get to him first, then I will be all right."

Her voice trembled a little. "Go with God," she said.

Kino moved down like a lizard.

Only a short distance separated him from the enemy now. He looked to the east. The moon would rise in a few moments now, and he must attack before it rose.

But Kino was too late, for as he went up the moon showed above the horizon.

And then from above came a little cry. One of the sleepers moved on the ground and awakened and asked quietly, "What is it?"

"I don't know," said the watcher. "It sounded like a cry, almost like a baby."

The man who had been sleeping said, "You can't tell. I've heard a coyote pup cry like a baby."

"If it's a coyote, this will stop it," the watcher said, and he raised the gun.

Kino was late; the watcher's gun fired. In anger Kino attacked the trackers. He took them by surprise, grabbed the gun and shot them dead. And then Kino stood uncertainly. Something was wrong. He heard the rising hysterical cry from the little cave, the cry of death...

VI

(29) Everyone in La Paz remembers the return of the family.

Kino and Juana were walking side by side. Kino had a rifle across his arm and Juana carried her shawl like a sack over her shoulder. And in it was a small heavy bundle. The shawl was covered with dried blood. Her face was hard and lined. And her wide eyes stared inward on herself.

Kino and Juana walked through the city as though it were not there¹⁷. And the neighbours stood back and let them pass.

And when they came to the water's edge they stopped. Kino searched among his clothes, and then he held the great pearl in his hand. He looked into its surface and it was grey and ugly. Evil looked from it into his eyes. And in the pearl he saw the eyes of the man in the pool. And in the pearl he saw dead Coyotito lying in the little cave.

And Kino heard the music of the pearl, evil and cruel.

And Kino threw the pearl with all his might. Kino and Juana watched it go. They saw the little splash in the distance, and they stood watching the place for a long time.

And the pearl dropped toward the bottom. A crab running over the bottom raised a little cloud of sand, and then the pearl was gone.

And the music of the pearl drifted to a whisper and disappeared

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

- pearl *n* жемчужина
 mat *n* циновка
 wrap *v* завертывать
 dawn [dɔ:n] *n* рассвет
 arise (arose, arisen) *v* вставать; *poem.* воскресать
 Gulf эд. Калифорнийский залив
 brush house хижина из тростника
 corncake *n* кукурузная лепешка
 pulque *n* спиртовой напиток из кактуса
 feast days праздники
 habit *n* привычка
 rope *n* веревка
 roof support опора для крыши
 strike (struck, struck) эд. ужалить
 stamp *v* топтать ногами
 moist *a* влажный
 scream *n* крик
 determination *n* решительность
 rob *v* грабить
 despise *v* презирать
 indigene *n* коренной житель, абориген
 humbly *adv* робко
 dressing gown *n* халат
 pour *v* наливать
 chocolate *n* какао
 sting (stung, stung) *v* жалить
 treatment *n* лечение
 unfold *v* развернуть
 ugly *a* уродливый, безобразный
 valueless *a* ничего не стоящий
 pass *v* передавать
 case *n* (мед.) больной; случай
 a wave of shame волна стыда
 depart *v* эд. уходить

II

- (6) estuary ['estjuəri] *n* устье
 canoe [kə'nu:] *n* каное

- own *v* владеть
 property *n* имущество
 source *n* источник
 swelling *n* опухоль
 feverish *a* лихорадочный
 pray *v* молиться
 hire *v* нанимать
 cure *v* вылечить
 for centuries веками
 dive *v* нырять
 oyster *n* устрица
 tear (tore, torn) off *v* оторвать
 pat *v* дружески хлопать по плечу
 steady *v* удерживать в равновесии
 excitement *n* возбуждение
 pretend *v* притворяться
 shell *n* раковина
 perfect *a* совершенный; безупречный
 capture *v* поймать, ловить
 refine *v* облагораживать
 go out *v* эд. проходить
 poison *n* яд

III

- (9) vibrate *v* вибрировать
 plain *a* ясный
 treat (for) *v* лечить (от чего-либо)
 luxurious [lʌg'zjuəriəs] *a* роскошный
 threaten *v* угрожать
 stand *v* эд. соглашаться
 despair *n* отчаяние
 church *n* церковь
 patron *n* хозяин
 stir *v* приводить в движение, всколыхнуть
 evil [i:vɪl] *a* зловещий
 merge *v* смешиваться
 shawl [ʃɔ:l] *n* шаль
 straw *n* солома
 felt *n* фетр
 sandals *n* эд. сандалии
 lace *v* шнуровать
 priest *n* священник
 graying *a* седеющий
 dumbly *adv* ничего не говоря

- (13) **dusk** *n* сумерки
approach *v* приближаться
curtly *adv* резко, грубо
curious effect неожиданное действие
blind *a* слепой
ignorance *n* невежество
trap *v* обманывать, ловить в ловушки
wound *n* рана
inward *adv* внутрь
strike (struck) *v* эд. поразить, оказать губительное действие
powder *n* порошок
flush *v* покраснеть
his throat was working он делал судорожные глотательные движения
stomach *n* желудок
be sick тошнить
suspicious [səs'piʃəs] *a* подозрительный
defeat *v* победить
ammonia *n* нашатырный спирт
(15) **dig a hole** выкапывать углубление
dirt floor земляной пол
fear *v* бояться
dream (dreamed) *v* видеть во сне
with his ears alert прислушиваясь
held his breath затаил дыхание
scratch *v* царапать
soil *n* земля
spring (sprang, sprung) *v* прыгать
(16) **terror** *n* ужас
evil *a* зловещий
destroy *v* эд. погубить
good *n* добро

IV

- (17) **wealth** *n* богатство
greedy *a* жадный
comparable *a* сравнимый
warn *v* предупреждать
cheat *v* обманывать
(18) **inferior** *a* эд. плохого качества

- stout** *a* полный, дородный
cruel *a* жестокий
unwinking *a* немигающий
hawk [hɔ:k] *n* ястреб
value *v* оценивать
curiosity *n* диковинка
collusion *n* сговор
the rear door дверь черного хода
(19) **crowd broke** толпа расступилась
contemptuously *adv* презрительно
monstrosity *n* уродство
for sale для продажи
(20) **mark this** учтите
cheat *n* обманщик
(21) **sense** *v* чувствовать
threaten *v* угрожать
struggle *n* борьба
blow *n* удар
seize *v* схватить
scalp *n* голова
belong *v* принадлежать

V

- (22) **sense movement** почувствовать движение
leap *v* прыгать
kick *v* ударить ногой
in the path на тропинке
convince *v* убеждать
save oneself спасаться
uneasily *adv* с чувством неловкости
(23) **preserve** *v* сохранить
flame *n* пламя
insult *n* оскорбление
escape *n* спасение
(24) **avoid** *v* избегать
make a party создать группу
search *v* обыскивать
gift *n* подарок
misfortune *n* неудача
soul *n* душа
(25) **make out** эд. освещать
brushy country поросшая кустарником местность
owl *n* сова
screech *v* зловеще кричать
settle *v* эд. остановиться (на отдых)

- relax** *v* расслабиться
creep (crept) *v* ползти
(26) **on foot** пешне
on horseback верхом
game *n* дичь
ability *n* способность
hunt *v* охотиться
bend (bent) *v* нагибаться
tracker *n* преследователь
(27) **flight** *n* эд. бегство
escape *v* ускользнуть
safe *a* безопасный
shadowy *a* тенистый
edge of the step эд. край уступа
cave *n* пещера
(28) **pool** *n* водоем
whisper *n* шепот
rifle *n* ружье
tremble *v* дрожать
lizard *n* ящерица
horizon *n* горизонт

- a little cry** слабый крик
watcher *n* дозорный
pup *n* щенок
raise *v* поднимать
grab *v* схватить

VI

- (29) **shawl** *n* шаль
sack *n* мешок
bundle *n* узел, сверток
inward *adv* внутрь
water's edge кромка воды, эд. берег океана
search *v* искать
surface *n* поверхность
ugly *a* уродливый
might *n* сила
splash *n* всплеск
raise *v* поднимать
whisper *n* шепот

NOTES

1. Suddenly a tiny movement drew their eyes. — Внезапно легкое движение привлекло их внимание.
2. He would not come. — Он ни за что не придет.
3. a little pat on the back by God — божья милость
4. It sometimes drives the luck away. — Иногда это отпугивает удачу.
5. Juana caught her breath. — Хуана затаила дыхание.
6. ...it has come to me that thou hast found...; I hope thou will remember...; has given thee this treasures — I hear you have found...; I hope you will remember...; who has given you this treasure (уст. формы)
7. Kino felt the rage (ярость) and hatred (ненависть) melting toward fear. — Kino began to feel fear instead of rage and hatred.
8. But Kino's mind and his will were set. — Kino made up his mind as to what he would do.
9. He must break out of the pot that holds us in. — Он должен вырваться из оков, которые держат нас.
10. La Paz — Ла-Пас, небольшой городок на полуострове Калифорния в Мексике
11. fool's gold — ср. *русс.*: «самоварное» золото
12. a thousand pesos was not to be thrown away — и тысяча песо тоже деньги

13. They knew they had played too hard. — They overdid it. (переборщили, перестарались, зашли слишком далеко)
14. He could sense the watchful evil outside the brush house. — Он чувствовал, что зло неотступно следит за ним за стенами его хижины.
15. I will fight this thing. — I'll defeat this thing. (defeat — нанести поражение)
16. I might have given it as a gift. — Я мог бы подарить ее. (жемчужину)
17. ...as though it were not there — ...как будто его (города) не существовало

EXERCISES

- I. Give the main points of the story. Use phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. In addition the following phrases may be useful.**

The story highlights one of the topical issues of today...; the story gives a vivid description of...; from what I could make out I can say...; there comes a moment when...; there was no alternative but...; I'd like to make a point here...; the story gives a good insight into human nature... .

- II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference numbers for relevant information.**

1. How did Kino's family begin a new day of many alike? (1, 2) 2. What happened that day that changed their whole life? (3, 4) 3. Why did the doctor refuse to help them? (5) 4. Why was it important for an Indian to have a boat? (6) 5. What were their feelings at the sight of the pearl? (7, 8) 6. Why did the doctor think about Paris when he heard the news? (9) 7. How was the pearl buying business arranged? (10) 8. What was it that Kino saw in the pearl? (11) 9. Why did Kino feel trapped and helpless whenever he encountered the world of business? (13) 10. Whom was Kino hiding his pearl from? (15) 11. Why was Kino so determined not to throw the pearl back into the sea? (16, 24) 12. Why did the neighbours accompany Kino to town? (17) 13. How was Kino cheated by the pearl dealers? (18, 19) 14. Why did Kino have to leave his native place? (22) 15. How did Kino try to escape from the trackers? (28) 16. What was the tragic end of their flight? (28) 17. Why did Kino throw the pearl back into the sea? (29)

- III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers. b) Use some of these phrases in sentences (or situations) of your own.**

the screams brought the neighbours in (4), the doctor would not come (4), to despise (5), to be called to a serious case (5), to pretend to look away (7), to treat smb. for smth. (9), to make it look like a competition (10), to feel hatred (13), to be suspicious (13), to put smth. in a safe (14), to be dressed in one's best (17), inferior pearl (18), to cheat (18, 19), a great hole (23), to search smth. (24), to find a hiding place (25), something was wrong (28)

- IV. Describe these episodes. Make use of phrases from Ex. III wherever possible.**

1. Kino sees his family's future in the pearl.
2. The pearl dealers cheat Kino.
3. Attempts on Kino's life.
4. Juana and Kino go to the mountains.
5. Their return to La Paz.

- V. Find facts in the story to support these statements.**

1. Kino was simple and naive but he was nobody's fool.
2. The doctor was a greedy man who made use of his poor patients' ignorance.
3. Juana would accept life as it was rather than face uncertainty and threats.
4. The Pearl of the World was a real treasure but it aroused different feelings in the Indians and pearl dealers. For Kino it was his soul.
5. The pearl dealers would stop at nothing to get hold of the pearl.
6. The Indians were treated as inferior to whites.

- VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. The following phrases may be useful.**

1. The thing I want to mention now is... 2. Not that...
3. It leaves open the problem of... 4. It looks strange but...
1. Juana displayed deeper and deeper suspicion of the evil the Pearl might bring about.
2. The Indians did not realize that they were treated as inferior people.
3. The story shows business in pearls of the past. It is arranged differently now.
4. Discrimination against the Indians has taken different forms now.

BLACKMAIL IN POLITICS

(from "In High Places")

Arthur Hailey

Characters

James McCallum Howden [haudən] — Prime Minister of Canada
Margaret Howden — his wife
Harvey Warrender ['wərəndə] — cabinet minister
Brian Richardson ['rɪtʃədsn] — a director of Howden's party

I

(1) The car was heading west toward the Prime Minister's residence. Margaret Howden looked up at her husband wondering what was going on in his mind.

"Harvey is becoming impossible with his behaviour," she said. "He was critical about you last night. You should force him to resign."

"I can't," James answered. "Harvey has a big following in the party, you know."

(2) He wondered what Margaret would say if he answered truthfully: No, I can't force Harvey Warrender to resign. And the reason is that somewhere in this city — in a safe, perhaps, there is a scrap of paper with some handwriting — my own. And if produced and made public, it might just as well be an obituary — or a suicide note from James McCallum Howden.

(3) He had never told Margaret about the convention, about the deal that he and Harvey had made nine years ago over the party leadership; the hard-driven deal, with the two of them alone in the small theatrical dressing-room while outside in the big Toronto auditorium their rival factions cheered, awaiting the balloting which had been unaccountably delayed — unaccountably, that is, except to the two chief opponents dealing their cards behind the scene.

Nine years. James Howden's thoughts went back ...

(4) ... They would win the next election. Everyone in the party knew it. There was eagerness, a smell of victory, a sense of things to come¹.

The party had convened to elect a new leader. It was a certainty that whoever was elected would become Prime Minister within a year. It was a prize and an opportunity

which James McCallum Howden had dreamed of all his political life.

The choice lay between himself and Harvey Warrender. Warrender led the party's intellectuals. He had strong support among the rank and file. Their strength was approximately equal.

(5) Outside in the meeting hall there was noise and cheering. "I'm willing to withdraw," Harvey said. "On terms."

James Howden asked, "What terms?"

"First — a cabinet post of my own choosing, for as long as we're in power."

"You can have anything except External Affairs or Health. Howden had no intention of creating competition. External Affairs could keep a man permanently in the headlines². The Health Department distributed family allowances among the populace and its minister was always in public favour.

"I'd accept that," Harvey Warrender said, "providing you agree to the other."

The delegates outside were getting restless. Through the closed door they could hear impatient shouts.

(6) "Tell me your second condition," Howden said.

"When we're in office," Harvey said slowly, "there'll be a lot of changes. Take television. The country's growing and there's room for more stations. We've already said we'll reorganize the Board of Broadcast Governors³. We can load it with our own people..." He stopped.

"Go on," Howden said.

"I want the TV franchise for..." He named a city — the country's most prosperous industrial centre. "In my nephew's name."

(7) James Howden whistled softly. If it were done, it would be patronage on a grand scale⁴. The TV franchise was a plum of plums. Already there were many who wished to get it.

"It's worth two million dollars," Howden said.

"I know." Harvey Warrender sounded a little angry. "But I'm thinking of my old age. They don't pay college professors a fortune, and I've never saved any money in politics."

"If it were traced back."

"It won't be traceable"⁵, Harvey said. "I'll see to that. My name won't appear anywhere. They can suspect all they want, but it won't be traceable."

(8) Howden shook his head in doubt. Outside there was another burst of noise and more shouts.

"I'll make you a promise, Jim," Harvey Warrender said. "If I fail — for this or anything else — I'll take the blame alone and I won't involve you. But if you fire me, or fail to support me on an honest issue⁶, I'll take you too."

"You couldn't prove..."

"I want it in writing," Harvey said. "Before we go out there. Otherwise we'll let it go to a vote"⁷.

It would be a close thing⁸. They both knew it. James Howden could see the cup he had wished so much going away from him.

"I'll do it," he said. "Give me something to write on."

(9) Harvey had passed him a convention programme and he had written the words on the back — words which could destroy him utterly if they were ever used.

"Don't worry," Harvey said, pocketing the card. "It will be safe. And when we're both out of politics I'll give it back to you."

They had gone outside then — Harvey Warrender to make a speech renouncing the leadership — one of the finest of his political life — and James Howden to be elected, cheered, and chaired through the hall...

(10) The bargain had been kept on both sides even though, over the years, as James Howden's prestige had risen, Harvey Warrender's had steadily declined. Nowadays it was hard to remember that Warrender had once been a serious contender for the party leadership.

(11) But lately there had been a strange thing about Harvey — an almost obsessive concern with doing the "right" thing and sticking to the line of law⁹, even in small things on several occasions recently there had been argument at Cabinet and Harvey argued that every little clause in every law must be strictly observed. There was no assurance that he might not produce that hastily written agreement of nine years earlier even though, in doing so, he would destroy himself.

(12) What were Harvey's own feelings about that long-ago deal, Howden wondered. As far as he knew, Harvey Warrender had always been honest in politics until that time. Since then, Harvey's nephew had had his TV franchise and, if rumor were true, had made a fortune. So had Harvey, presumably; his standard of living now was far beyond the means of a cabinet minister.

At the time the franchise was awarded there had been plenty of criticism. But nothing had ever been proven and eventually everybody had grown tired of the subject and it dropped out of sight...¹⁰

(13) "Jamie, dear", Margaret said, "Harvey Warrender doesn't have some hold over you, does he?"

"Of course not!" Then, wondering if he had been a shade too emphatic, "It's just that I don't want to make a hasty decision. We'll see what reaction there is tomorrow. After all, it was just our people who were there."

He felt Margaret's eyes upon him and wondered if she knew that he had lied.

II

(14) The residence of Harvey Warrender was an impressive two-storey house in Rockcliffe Park Village, northeast of Ottawa, the elegant, exclusive habitat of the capital's élite.

A few minutes past eight Richardson parked his Jaguar in the driveway and pressed the bell.

(15) The Minister of Citizenship and Immigration¹¹, wearing a smoking jacket and red leather slippers, opened one of the double white doors himself and looked out. "Oh," he said, "it's you. Well, you'd better come in."

The tone and manner were ungracious. There was also a slight slurring of speech, the result, Richardson presumed, of whisky in Warrender's hand. It was not a situation, he thought, likely to help what he had come to do. Or perhaps it might; with some people the effect of liquor was unpredictable.

(16) The party director moved inside. Harvey Warrender gestured to a straight-backed Queen Anne chair. "Leave your coat," he commanded. Then, without waiting, Harvey Warrender walked down the hallway to a door already opened. Richardson slipped off his heavy overcoat and followed.

Warrender nodded to the room beyond the door, and Brian Richardson preceded him into a square, spacious study. Three of the walls, from floor to ceiling, were lined with books; on the fourth wall there was a painting of a young man in air force uniform. It was a similar, but larger version, of the painting in Harvey Warrender's office.

(17) Harvey Warrender had come close behind Richardson. "You're looking at my son, Howard," he said.

"Yes," Richardson said, "I expected that's who it was." He had a sense of going through a ritual enforced upon all visitors¹². It was one which he wanted to get away from quickly.

(18) "He was fine," Warrender said. His speech was still slurred. "Fine in character through and through¹³ and he died a hero. I expect you've heard that." Sharply: "You must have heard it"¹⁴.

"Well," Richardson began, then stopped.

"There was an air raid over France," the Immigration Minister declared. His voice warmed, as if he had told the story many times before. "Howard didn't have to go. He'd already done more than his share of operations, but he volunteered. He was in command of the squadron."

(19) "Look," Richardson interjected, "don't you think we should..." He wanted to stop this; stop it now, at once...

Warrender did not even hear the interruption. He continued, "Thanks to Howard, the raid was a success. The target was heavily defended but they hit it."

With a sense of helplessness the party director listened.

"Then, on the way back, Howard's airplane was hit, and Howard mortally wounded. But he went on flying ... a crippled airplane ... fighting it every mile of the way home; wanted to save his navigator ... though dying himself ..." Warrender's voice broke; he appeared, alcoholically, to be stifling a sob.

Oh God, Richardson thought; for God's sake let this end. But it went on.

"He made it home ... and landed; the navigator safe ... and Howard died. He should have been awarded a posthumous V. C.¹⁵ Sometimes, even now, I think I should go after it ... for Howard's sake."

(20) "Don't!" The party director raised his voice, determined to make himself heard. "Let the past stay dead. Leave it alone."

The Immigration Minister raised his glass and drank. He gestured at Richardson. "If you want a drink, mix it yourself."

"Thanks." Brian Richardson turned to the desk where there was a tray of glasses, ice, and bottles. I need this, he thought. He poured a generous rye, adding ice and ginger ale¹⁶.

When he turned around, it was to find Harvey Warrender watching him closely. "I've never liked you," the Immi-

gration Minister said. "Right from the beginning I never did."

Brian Richardson shrugged. "Well, I guess you're not the only one."

"You were Jim Howden's man, not mine," Warrender insisted. "When Jim wanted you to be party director I spoke out against it. I guess Jim's told you that, trying to set you against me."

"No, he never told me." Richardson shook his head. "And I don't think he'd want to set me against you either. There'd be no reason for it."

(21) Abruptly Warrender asked, "What did *you* do in the war?"

"Oh, I was in the Army for a while. Nothing very spectacular." He forebore to mention three years in the desert — North Africa, then Italy, through some of the toughest wartime fighting. Ex-Sergeant Richardson seldom spoke of it now, even to close friends. War reminiscences, the parade of hollow victories, bored him.

"That's the trouble with you fellows who had soft billets. You all came through. Those that mattered most ..." Harvey Warrender's eyes swung back to the portrait ... "a good many of those didn't."

(22) "Mr Minister," the party director continued, "couldn't we sit down? There's something I'd like to talk to you about." He wanted to have done with it all, and get out of this house.

He might as well, Richardson decided, come directly to the point.

(23) He said quietly, "I know about the agreement between you and the Prime Minister — the leadership, the television franchise, all the rest."

There was a startled silence. Then, his eyes narrowed, Harvey Warrender snarled, "Jim Howden told you. He's a double-crossing..."

"No," Richardson shook his head emphatically. "The chief didn't tell me, and he doesn't know that I'm aware of it. If he did, I think he'd be shocked."

"You lying son of a bitch!" Warrender jumped up, weaving unsteadily.

"You can think that if you like," Richardson said calmly. "But why would I bother lying?¹⁷ In any case, *how* I know doesn't make any difference. The fact is, I do."

(24) "All right," Warrender stormed, "so you've come here to blackmail me. Well, let me tell you, Mr Party Direc-

tor, I don't care about that agreement being known. Instead of your threatening me with exposure, I'll get the last laugh yet. I'll beat you to it! I'll call the reporters and tell them — here, tonight!"

"I haven't come here to threaten," the party director said. "I've come to plead." He would try the obvious way first, he thought. He had little hope of it succeeding¹⁸. But the alternative must only be used when everything else had failed.

"Plead?" Warrender asked. "What do you mean by plead?"

"Exactly that. I'm pleading with you to give up your hold over the chief¹⁹, to let the past be finished, to surrender that written agreement..."

"Oh yes," Warrender said sarcastically, "I imagined you'd get around to that."

Richardson tried to make his tone persuasive. "No good can come from it now, Mr Minister. Don't you see that?"

(25) "All I can see, suddenly, is why you're doing this. You're trying to protect yourself. If I expose Jim Howden, he's finished, and when he goes²⁰, so do you."

"I expect that would happen," Richardson said tiredly. "And you can believe it or not, but I hadn't thought too much about it."

It was true, he reasoned, that possibility had been least in his mind. He wondered: why *was* he doing this? Was it personal loyalty to James Howden? That was a part of it, he supposed; but surely the real answer should be more than that. Wasn't it that Howden, with all his faults, had been good for the country as Prime Minister? He deserved better — and so did Canada — than defeat in disgrace and ignominy.

"No," Harvey Warrender said. "My answer is positively and finally no."

So, after all, the weapon must be used.

III

(26) There was a silence as the two surveyed each other.

"If I were to tell you,²¹" the party director said slowly, "that I possess certain knowledge which would force you to change your mind... knowledge which, even between ourselves I do not want to discuss ... *would* you change your mind, change it even now?"

The Immigration Minister said firmly, "There is no knowledge in the world which would make me alter what I have already said."

"I think there is," Brian Richardson contended quietly. "You see, I know the truth about your son."

(27) It seemed as if the quiet in the room would never end.

At length, his face pale, Harvey Warrender whispered, "What do you know?"

"For God's sake," Richardson urged, "isn't it enough that I know? Don't make me spell it out."

Still a whisper. "Tell me what it is you know."

"All right," Richardson said softly. "But I'm sorry you've insisted." He looked the other directly in the eye. "Your son Howard was never a hero. He was court-martialed for cowardice in the face of the enemy, for deserting and failing his companions, and for causing the death of his own aircraft navigator. The court martial found him guilty on all counts. He was awaiting sentence when he committed suicide by hanging."

(28) Harvey Warrender's face was drained of colour.

With reluctance, Richardson went on, "Yes, there *was* a raid to France. But your son wasn't in command, except of his own airplane with a single navigator. And he didn't volunteer. It was his first mission, the very first."

The party director's lips were dry. He moistened them with his tongue, then continued: "Near the target the squadron came under heavy attack. The other airplanes pressed on and bombed; some were lost. Your son — despite the pleas of his own navigator — broke formation and turned back, leaving his companions vulnerable."

Warrender's hands trembled as he put the whisky glass down.

"On the way back," Richardson said, "the navigator was badly wounded, but your son was unhurt. Nevertheless your son left the pilot's seat and refused to fly. The navigator, despite his wounds and the fact that he was not a qualified pilot, took over in an attempt to bring the airplane home."

(29) Tears were streaming down Harvey Warrender's face. Rising, he said brokenly, "I don't want to hear any more."

Richardson stopped. There was little more to tell: the crash landing in England — the best the navigator could do. The two of them pulled from the wreckage; Howard

Warrender unhurt, the navigator dying... Afterwards the medics said he would have lived except for loss of blood through the effort flying back ... The court martial; the verdict — guilty ... Suicide ... And, in the end, reports hushed up; the subject closed.

(30) But Harvey Warrender had known. Known, even as he built the false and foolish legend of a hero's death.

"What do you want?" he asked brokenly. "What do you want of me?"

Richardson told him calmly. "That written agreement between you and the chief."

"And if I won't give it up?" Warrender tried to resist.

"I was hoping," Richardson said, "you wouldn't ask me that."

"I *am* asking you."

(31) The party director sighed deeply. "In that case I shall summarize the court-martial proceedings and have copies made. The copies will be mailed, anonymously in plain envelopes, to everyone who counts ²² in Ottawa — M. P' s²³, ministers, the press gallery, civil servants, your own department heads..."

"You swine!" Warrender choked on the words. "You rotten evil swine."

Richardson shrugged. "I don't want to do it unless you force me."

(32) "People would understand," Harvey Warrender said. The colour was returning to his face. "I tell you they'd understand and sympathize. Howard was young; just a boy..."

"They'd always have sympathized," Richardson said. "And even now, they may feel sorry for your son. But not for you. They might have once, but not any more ²⁴. You'll be the laughingstock of Ottawa."

(33) In his mind he wondered if it were true. There would be curiosity in plenty, and speculation, but perhaps little laughter. People sometimes were capable of unexpected depths of understanding and compassion. Most, perhaps, would wonder what led Harvey Warrender to the deception he had practised. Had his own dreams of glory been reflected towards his son? Had the bitter disappointment, the tragedy of death, affected his mind? Richardson himself felt only an aching kind of pity.

(34) But Warrender believed he would be laughed at. The muscles of his face were working. Suddenly he rushed to the fireplace and seized a poker from the stand beside it.

Reaching up, he slashed savagely at the portrait, tearing, until only the frame and some shreds of canvas remained. Turning, his breath coming fast, he asked, "Well, are you satisfied?"

(35) Richardson was standing too. He said quietly, "I'm sorry you did that. It wasn't necessary."

The tears were beginning again. The Immigration Minister went to a chair. As if instinctively, he reached for the whisky glass he had put down earlier. "All right," he said softly, "I'll give you the agreement."

"And all copies, as well as your assurance that no more exist?"

Warrender nodded.

"When?"

"It will take two or three days. I have to go to Toronto. The paper is in a safe there."

(36) "Very well," Richardson instructed. "When you get it I want you to give it directly to the chief. And he is not to know about what happened here tonight. That's part of our agreement, you understand?"

Again a nod.

That way he would be taking the arrangement on trust. But there would be no defection now. He was sure of that.

(37) Harvey Warrender lifted his head and there was hatred in his eyes. It was amazing, Richardson thought, how the other man's moods and emotions could change so quickly.

"There was a time," Warrender said slowly, "when I could have broken you." With a touch of petulance ²⁵, he added, "I'm still in the Cabinet you know."

Richardson shrugged indifferently. "Maybe. But frankly, I don't think you count for anything more" ²⁶. At the doorway he called over his shoulder, "Don't get up, I'll let myself out."

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

- (1) The car... was heading west.
Машина двигалась в западном направлении.
what was going on in his mind
о чем он думал
force v заставить
resign [rɪ'zain] v подать в отставку

a big following много сторонников

- (2) answer truthfully сказать правду

scrap n клочок

obituary [ə'bitjuəri] n некролог

suicide ['sju:said] n самоубийство

- (3) **convention** *n* предвыборное собрание
hard-driven deal сделка, заключенная с большими трудностями
dressing-room *n* театральная уборная
rival faction ['fæk[n] оппозитционная группа
cheer *v* эд. радостно шуметь
balloting *n* голосование
unaccountably *adv* непонятно почему
deal cards сдавать карты; эд. обдѣлывать свои дела, заниматься махинациями
(4) **convene** [kən'vi:n] *v* собраться на предвыборное собрание
certainty *n* уверенность
rank and file рядовые члены партии
(5) **cheering** *n* приветственные возгласы
withdraw *v* снимать кандидатуру
on terms на определенных условиях
in power у власти
External Affairs министерство иностранных дел
create competition создавать конкуренцию
distribute family allowances выдавать пособия семьям
be in public favour пользоваться популярностью
providing при условии
get restless эд. проявлять нетерпение
impatient *a* нетерпеливый
(6) **be in office** вступить в должность, занять пост
room *n* эд. место, возможности
load *v* нагружить, эд. укомплектовать
TV franchise ['fræntʃaɪz] право на эксплуатацию телестанции
prosperous ['prɒspərəs] *a* процветающий
(7) **whistle** [wɪsl] *v* свистеть
plum of plums эд. золотое дно
fortune *n* состояние, много денег

- save** *v* экономить, накопить
trace back проследить
I'll see to that я постараюсь
suspect *v* подозревать
(8) **burst of noise** взрыв шума
fail *v* потерпеть неудачу, провалиться
take the blame взять вину
involve *v* втянуть
fire *v* уволить, снять с должности
prove *v* доказать
cup *n* кубок; эд. удача, fortuna
(9) **destroy utterly** погубить окончательно
renounce *v* отказываться
chair *v* пронести на стуле
(10) **keep bargain** выполнить условия сделки
over the years годы спустя
decline *v* снижаться
contender *n* претендент
(11) **obsessive** *a* навязчивый
concern *n* обеспокоенность
on several occasions несколько раз
clause *n* пункт, статья
assurance *n* уверенность
hastily *adv* торопливо
(12) **long-ago deal** давняя сделка
honest *a* честный
rumor *n* слухи
make a fortune нажить состояние
presumably *adv* вероятно
standard of living жизненный уровень
beyond the means не по средствам
award *v* присуждать, вручать
eventually *adv* в конце концов
(13) **have some hold** иметь некоторое влияние, власть
a shade too emphatic эд. не слишком ли эмоциональный
lie *v* лгать

II

- (14) **exclusive habitat** эд. фешенебельный район
elite [eɪ'li:t] *n* элита
in the drive way при подъезде к дому

- (15) **knocking jacket** мужская дождевая куртка
leather slippers кожаные домашние туфли
ungracious *a* неприветливый
stuttering *n* неясность, нечеткость
presume *v* предполагать
unpredictable *a* непредвиденный
(16) **gesture** *v* эд. жестом приглашать
straight-backed chair стул с прямой спинкой
slip off сбросить
nod *v* кивнуть
precede *v* идти впереди кого-л.
spacious study просторный кабинет
lined with books заставленный книгами
air force uniform летная форма
(17) **get away from** эд. отделаться от
(18) **raid** *n* налет
warm *v* потеплеть
share *n* доля
volunteer ['vɒləntiə] *v* выступать добровольцем
squadron ['skwɒdrən] *n* эскадрилья
(19) **interject** *v* вставлять замечание или вопрос
target ['tɑ:ɡɪt] *n* цель
hit (hit, hit) *v* поразить
mortally wounded смертельно ранен
crippled *a* покалеченный
navigator *n* штурман
stifle *a* sob подавить рыдание
made it home эд. долетел
for Howard's sake ради Говарда
(20) **determined** *p. p.* с твердым намерением
tray *n* поднос
watch closely пристально смотреть
shrug *v* пожимать плечами
snip *n* эд. сторонник
speak out выступать
set against настраивать против
shake one's head покачать головой

- (21) **nothing very spectacular** ничего необычного
forebear (forebore) *v* удерживаться от...
tough fighting тяжелое сражение
reminiscence [remɪ'nɪsnə] *n* воспоминание
hollow *a* пустой
bore *v* надоедать
soft billet эд. теплое местечко
come through эд. выжить
(22) **might as well** вполне можно
come to the point приступить к делу
(23) **startled** *a* испуганный
snarl *v* рычать
double-crosser *n* обманщик
be aware of знать
son of a bitch сукин сын
(24) **storm** *v* кричать, горячиться, бушевать
blackmail *v* шантажировать
threaten smb with exposure угрожать разоблачением
get the last laugh посмеяться последним
beat smb to it опередить кого-л.
plead *v* просить
obvious way обычный способ
alternative *n* эд. последний вариант
surrender *v* отдать
get around эд. подойти
persuasive *a* убедительный
(25) **protect** *v* защитить
expose *v* разоблачать
reason *v* эд. рассуждать
personal loyalty личная преданность
fault *n* недостаток
deserve *v* заслуживать
defeat in disgrace and ignominy бесславный и позорный конец
weapon *n* оружие

III

- (26) **survey** *v* изучать, смотреть
possess *v* обладать
change one's mind передумать
firmly *adv* твердо
alter ['ɔ:lteɪ] *v* изменить

- contend *v* заявлять, эд. твердо сказать
- (27) quiet *n* эд. молчание, тишина
at length наконец
urge *v* эд. просить
spell out рассказать подробно
softly *adv* тихо
court-martial *v* судить военно-полевым судом
cowardice *n* трусость
desert *v* оставить, дезертировать
guilty on all counts виновный во всем
await sentence ожидать приговора
commit suicide покончить жизнь самоубийством
- (28) with reluctance неохотно
mission *n* задание
moisten *v* эд. облизать
press on продолжать
plea *n* просьба
break formation нарушить строй, построение
vulnerable *a* уязвимый
badly wounded тяжело раненый
refused to fly отказался от управления самолетом
despite несмотря на
wound *n* рана
take over эд. взять на себя управление самолетом
- (29) tears слезы
brokenly *adv* подавленно
crash landing аварийная посадка
wreckage *n* обломки
except for loss of blood если бы не потеря крови

- verdict *n* приговор
hush up замолчать, замаять
false *a* ложный
give it up эд. отдавать
resist *v* сопротивляться
- (31) sigh *v* вздохнуть
proceedings *n* документы заседаний
plain *a* простой
civil servant государственный служащий
choke on the words поперхнуться
- (32) sympathize *v* сочувствовать
laughingstock *n* посмешище
curiosity *n* любопытство
speculation *n* рассуждения
compassion *n* сострадание
practise deception прибегать к обману
bitter disappointment горькое разочарование
affect one's mind подействовать на умственные способности
- (34) rush *v* броситься
seize *v* схватить
poker *n* кочерга
slash *v* резать
frame *n* рама
shreds of canvas обрывки холста
- (35) assurance *n* заверение
exist *v* существовать
nod *v* кивать головой
- (36) take on trust брать на веру
defection *n* нарушение (договора)
- (37) hatred *n* ненависть
amazing *a* удивительный
mood *n* настроение

NOTES

1. a sense of things to come — a sense of things that future would bring
2. External affairs could keep a man permanently in the headlines. — The post of the External Affairs Minister meant that his name would always be mentioned in the headlines (заголовки) of the press.
3. the Board of Broadcast Governors — Совет директоров телевизионных компаний

4. If it were done, it would be patronage on a grand scale. — Если бы это было сделано, это означало бы покровительство в крупных масштабах (предоставление лицензий и других исключительных прав за взятку).
5. it won't be traceable — it will be impossible to trace it
6. or fail to support me on an honest issue — if you do not help me in a matter where everything is honest (честный)
7. we'll let it go to a vote — we'll have the voting (voting — голосование)
8. it would be a close thing — they would have nearly equal (равные) chances in the voting
9. to stick to the line of law — придерживаться буквы закона
10. it dropped out of sight — it was forgotten
11. the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration — Warrender's post in the Cabinet (министр по вопросам гражданства и иммиграции)
12. he had a sense of going through a ritual enforced upon all visitors — he felt that he had to listen to the story told to all visitors
13. through and through — насквозь
14. you must have heard it — I'm sure you've heard it
15. he should have been awarded a posthumous V. C. — его должны были посмертно наградить крестом (V. C. = Victoria Cross)
16. he poured a generous rye, adding ice and ginger ale — он налил себе довольно много виски с газированной водой "ginger ale" и положил лед в стакан (rye — сорт виски)
17. Why would I bother lying? — Зачем мне лгать?
18. he had little hope of it succeeding — у него почти не было надежды на успех
19. to give up your hold over the chief — отказаться от власти над премьером
20. when he goes — когда его карьера кончится
21. if I were to tell — если бы я вам сказал
22. everyone who counts — everyone of importance
23. M. P. = Member of Parliament
24. They might have once, but not any more. — Когда-то они, возможно, и посочувствовали бы вам, но не сейчас.
25. with a touch of petulance — ворчливо, раздраженно
26. I don't think you count for anything more. — Не думаю, что вы что-либо значите.

EXERCISES

I. Give the main points of the story. Use phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. In addition the following phrases may be helpful.

later the action develops...; the action moves on to...; it becomes obvious that...; the crucial moment comes when...; it's only human to expect...; he breaks down completely...; the title of the excerpt shows that...; it proves that...

II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph numbers to find relevant information.

1. What was James Howden? Did he confide in his wife? (confide in — доверять) (1, 2, 3). 2. What deal had Howden made with Warrender nine years before? Why did he do it? (3, 4, 6, 7). 3. Why did Warrender agree to make the deal? What were his reasons? (7, 8, 9). 4. The deal had been buried in the past, hadn't it? Why did it all come to Howden's attention now? (11, 12). 5. How did Warrender receive Richardson? (14, 15, 16). 6. Why was there a portrait of Warrender's son in the Minister's study? (16, 17, 18). 7. What was Warrender's story of his son's death? (18, 19, 20). 8. Why did Warrender dislike Richardson? (20, 21). 9. How did Richardson bring out the news about the agreement between Warrender and Howden? How did Warrender take it? (23, 24). 10. What was the reason for Richardson's doing what he did? (25). 11. What was the truth about Warrender's son's death? Did he know it? (27, 28, 29, 30). 12. What did Richardson threaten to do if Warrender did not surrender the agreement? (31). 13. What reaction was Warrender worried about if the truth came out? (32, 33, 34). 14. Was Richardson sorry to have acted as he did? Why? (35, 36). 15. Why did Richardson shrug indifferently at Warrender's threat? (37).

III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.

b) Use some of these phrases in sentences or situations of your own.

to be critical about smb/smth (1); to produce a document (2); a deal over the party leadership (3); rank and file (4); to withdraw (5); to be in the headlines (5); impatient shouts (5); a prosperous industrial center (6); to be worth (7); to save money (7); to suspect (7); to take the blame alone (8); to destroy smb (9); a serious contender for the party leadership (10); strictly observed (11); standard of living (12); to drop out of sight (12); to have some hold over smb (13); to press the bell (14); ungracious (15); in air force uniform (16); to die a hero (18); to volunteer (18); to set smb against

smb (20); in the desert (21); to come to the point (22); to be aware of (23); to blackmail (24); to give up one's hold over (24); when he goes, so do you (25); personal loyalty (25); to deserve (25); to possess knowledge (26); to spell out (27); to commit suicide (27); first mission (28); to build a legend (30); to sympathize (32); laughingstock (32); to take the arrangement on trust (36); to count for anything (37).

IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Warrender's conditions were chosen very carefully. He had given the choice plenty of thought and consideration. 2. James Howden was too eager to become Prime Minister. 3. Harvey Warrender's living standard was very high for a Cabinet Minister. 4. Harvey Warrender had told the story of his son's death so many times that he had nearly come to believe it himself. 5. Richardson was unwilling to listen to the story being told emotionally and with many details. 6. Richardson did not have a soft billet (теплое местечко) during the war. 7. Richardson was sorry for Warrender. 8. Richardson hated his mission. 9. Warrender was afraid to be the laughingstock of Ottawa. 10. Warrender did not count for anything much in the Cabinet. 11. Richardson's action was sheer (настоящий) blackmail.

V. Describe these episodes. Make use of phrases from Ex. III wherever possible. Comment on the episodes.

1. Howden and Warrender make a deal about the party leadership. 2. Warrender tells Richardson about his son's death. 3. Richardson tells Warrender the truth about the Minister's son's death. 4. Richardson persuades Warrender to surrender the agreement with Howden.

VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. The following phrases may be helpful.

1. There may be some truth in what you say but... 2. It would be only natural to stress that... 3. You are right in suggesting that..., but...

1. A deal like the one Howden and Warrender made was a natural thing for both politicians. 2. Richardson came to Warrender on a mission he was reluctant to put through (выполнить). 3. Business and politics often cooperate closely. 4. Blackmail is common in politics in the capitalist world.

THE JUICE OF AN ORANGE

P. G. Wodehouse

I

(1) "Speaking about dieting," Mr Mulliner said, "it is so excellent from a physical standpoint, and at the same time it may lead to complications. And yet, I have known great happiness result from dieting. Take, for example, my distant relative, Wilmot. Here's his story,

Wilmot was in high spirits that morning. He went about the Hollywood studio thinking hard as to how he could make his friends' life better. And when Mr Schnellenhamer called him to his office Wilmot's main thought was that he hoped that his boss was going to ask some little favour of him, because it would be a real pleasure to him to oblige.

He found the head of the Corporation looking serious.

"Times are hard, Mulliner," said Mr Schnellenhamer. "We'll have to do some salary-cutting."¹

Wilmot was worried. It seemed to him awful.

"Don't dream of cutting your salary, Chief," he urged. "You're worth every cent of it. Besides it may cause alarm. People will go about saying that things must be in a bad way."

"I was thinking of cutting your salary," said Mr Schnellenhamer.

"Oh, mine?" cried Wilmot cheerfully. "Ah, that's different. That's another thing altogether. Yes, that's certainly an idea. If you think it will be of assistance and help to ease matters for all these dear chaps on the lot, by all means cut my salary. About how much were you thinking of?"

"I thought if we said seven hundred and fifty from fifteen hundred."

"It's an awkward sort of sum," said Wilmot doubtfully. "I would suggest five hundred."

"Or four?"

"Of course," said Wilmot. "Of course. Well, I'm delighted if I have been able to do anything in my humble way to make things easier for you², Chief. It has been a real pleasure."

(2) And with a merry "Tra-la" he left the room and made his way to the commissary, where he had arranged to give Mabel Potter, his fiancée, lunch.

She was a few minutes late in arriving, and he understood that she had been detained on some matter by Mr

Schnellenhamer, whose private secretary she was. When she arrived she said abruptly.

"What is all this I hear from Mr Schnellenhamer?"

"I don't quite understand," said Wilmot.

"About your taking a salary cut."

"Oh, that, I see. Yes," said Wilmot, "Mr Schnellenhamer sent for me this morning, and I found him very worried, poor chap. There is a world-wide money shortage at the moment, you see. So I've reduced my salary. It has eased things all round."

Mabel's face was stony.

"Has it?" she said bitterly. "Well, let me tell you that, as far as I'm concerned, it has done nothing of the sort. You have failed me, Wilmot. I have been disappointed in you. I think that we had better consider our engagement at an end."

Wilmot didn't expect it.

"You do not agree with me?" he asked in surprise.

"No. You are at liberty to make arrangements elsewhere."

"Of course," she went on more gently, "if one day you prove yourself worthy of my love, that is another matter. Just show me that you are a man among men."

(3) The effect of this on Wilmot Mulliner may readily be imagined. It had never occurred to him that Mabel might take things in this way. Life, felt Wilmot, was very difficult.

There seemed to Wilmot Mulliner nothing that he could do.³ He went into the commissary, and, taking a table at some distance from the one where Mabel sat, ordered Hungarian goulash, salad, two kinds of pie, ice-cream, cheese and coffee. For this misfortune seemed to sharpen his appetite.

And this was so during the days that followed. He found himself eating a good deal more than usual, because food seemed to lessen the pain at his heart.

The advice all good doctors give to those who have been disappointed in love is to eat lightly. Fail to do this, and the result is most dramatic. Wilmot for the first time in his life was forced to consult a physician. And the one he selected was a man of radical views.

(4) "On rising," he told Wilmot, "take the juice of an orange. For luncheon, the juice of an orange. And for dinner the juice" — he paused a moment before delivering the big surprise — "of an orange. For the rest, I am against eating between meals, but I think that, if you become weak during

the day — or possibly the night — there will be no harm in your taking ... well, yes, I really see no reason why you should not take the juice of — let us say — an orange."

"How about steaks?" asked the surprised Wilmot.

"Most decidedly no steaks."

"Chops, then?"

"Absolutely no chops."

"But the way I understand it you're suggesting that I live on orange-juice alone." "On the juice of an orange," corrected the doctor.

II

(5) It was some four days later that Mr Schnellenhamer was informed that Mr Eustiss Vanderleigh desired to see him. A playwright, this Vanderleigh, of the Little Theatre school, who recently came to Hollywood among other playwrights.

"What does he want?" asked Mr Schnellenhamer.

"Probably got trouble of some kind," said Mr Levitsky, his companion. "These playwrights make me tired. One sometimes wishes the old silent days were back again."

"Well, send him in," said Mr Schnellenhamer.

Eustiss Vanderleigh was a dignified young man with tortoiseshellrimmed spectacles and flowing front hair. His voice was high and plaintive.

"Mr Schnellenhamer," he said, "I wish to know what rights I have in this studio."

"Listen ..." began the Chief.

Eustiss Vanderleigh held up a slender hand.

"I do not mean my treatment as an artist. With regard to that I have already said my say.⁴ But there is a limit, and what I wish to ask you, Mr Schnellenhamer, is this: Am I to be hit over the head with crusty rolls?"

"Who's been hitting you over the head with crusty rolls?"

"One of your executives. A man named Mulliner. The incident to which I refer occurred to-day at the luncheon hour in the commissary. I was entertaining a friend at the meal, and, as he seemed unable to make up his mind about his meal, I began to read aloud to him the various items on menu. I had just mentioned roast pork with boiled potatoes and cabbage and was about to go on to Mutton Stew, when I felt a violent blow on the top of the head. And turning I saw this man Mulliner with a roll in his hand and on his face

the look of torment. When I asked him about his motives for the blow, he merely muttered something which I understood to be "You and your roast pork," and went on sipping his orange-juice — a drink of which he appears to be especially fond, for I have seen him before in the commissary and he seems to take nothing else. The question to which I want an answer is this: How long is this going on?"

Mr Schnellenhamer moved uneasily.

"I'll look into it."

(6) The playwright left.

"Something'll have to be done about this Mulliner," Mr Schnellenhamer said. "I don't like the way he's acting. And if it goes on I'll know what to do about it. There's no room in this corporation for fellows who sit around hitting playwrights with crusty rolls."

"No, there you go too far," said Mr Levitsky. "Playwrights ought to be hit with crusty rolls."

(7) Meanwhile, unaware that his orange-juice was in danger, Wilmot Mulliner was sitting in a corner of the commissary, looking gloomily at the glass which had contained his midday meal. He had fallen into a deep thought.

In the brief address, the doctor had told him about the spiritual uplift which might be expected to result from an orange-juice diet.⁵ The juice of an orange, according to him, was not only rich in the essential vitamins but contained also mysterious properties which improved one's spirits.

And now, as we have seen, the exact opposite had proved to be the case.⁶ Now Wilmot Mulliner had begun to look on his fellowmen with hatred. His ready smile had become a sneer. And as for his eye, once so kindly, it could have belonged to a man-eating shark and no questions asked.

(8) At two o'clock he was due in Mr Schnellenhamer's office, to attend a conference. He thought of Mr Schnellenhamer with distaste. He was feeling that, if Mr Schnellenhamer started to order him about, he, Wilmot Mulliner, would know what to do about it.

In these circumstances it should be noted that Mr Schnellenhamer had missed his lunch that day owing to the numerous duties, and he had ordered a plateful of sandwiches to be placed upon his desk.

It was not at once that Wilmot noticed the hateful objects. For some minutes he thought only about the conference. Mr Schnellenhamer was criticizing a point that had arisen in connexion with the scenario.

He paused in his speech and looked about him like a hostess collecting eyes at a dinner-party. And with a satisfied air he reached out and started eating a sandwich.

The effect on Wilmot Mulliner was tremendous. As I say, he had not been aware that there were sandwiches among those present and the sudden and unexpected sound of eating went through him like a knife. An angry light had come into his eyes, and he sat up in his chair.

The next moment those present were shocked to see him jump to his feet, his face red with anger.

"Stop that!"

Mr Schnellenhamer gave a start. His jaw and sandwich fell.

"Stop it, I say!" shouted Wilmot. "Stop eating those sandwiches immediately!"

He paused breathing hard with emotion. Mr Schnellenhamer had risen and was about to say "You are fired!" when he heard the sharp loud note of a siren. He knew only too well what that sound meant.

III

(9) One of the things which places the making of motion pictures among the Dangerous Trades is the fact that it is impossible to get rid of the temperamental female star. There is a public demand for her, and the Public's word is law. The consequence is that in every studio you will find at least one female star, at the mention of whose name the strongest men tremble.

At the Corporation in question this position was held by Hortensia Burwash. So that loud sound meant that she was angry and would stand no nonsense?

At that moment the door opened and a young assistant director with a blood-streaked face cried: "Save yourselves! She's heading this way and she's got a sword."

"A sword?" Mr Schnellenhamer was terrified.

"She borrowed it off one of the Roman soldiery in 'Hail, Caesar'. Well, good-bye, all" said the assistant director.

Panic set in. In a few moments the room was empty except Wilmot, Mabel Potter, and Mr Schnellenhamer himself, who, too stout to get through the window, got into a cupboard.

(10) Wilmot didn't pay much attention to all this. His whole mind was occupied with hunger. He continued to stand where he was, as if in some dark trance. A woman with

make-up on her face and a Roman sword in her hand rushed into the room.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" she cried.

Wilmot was not interested. Hortensia Burwash was not accustomed to a reception like this.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" she cried again and smashed a handsome ink-pot which had been presented to Mr Schnellenhamer by a few admirers on the occasion of the Corporation's foundation. Some of the ink had got on Wilmot's trousers.

"What's the idea?" he demanded angrily. "What's the matter with you? Stop it immediately, and give me that sword." The temperamental star lost some of her temper and looked at Wilmot. It seemed to her that she had caught a glimpse of something evil in his eyes.

"I'm sorry about your trousers." She said miserably. "You wouldn't be so unkind if you knew what it was like."

"What what was like?"

"This dieting. Fifteen days with nothing but orange-juice."

The effect of these words on Wilmot Mulliner was stunning. His anger left him instantly. He started. He looked at his sister in distress.

"You don't mean you're dieting?"

"Yes."

Wilmot was deeply moved. It was as if he had become once more the old, kindly, gentle Wilmot, beloved by all.

"You poor little thing! No wonder you rush about smashing ink-pots. Fifteen days of it! My God!"

"And I was upset, too, about the picture."

"What picture?"

"My new picture, I don't like the story."

"What a shame!"

"It isn't true to life."

"Tell me all about it. Come on, tell Wilmot."

(11) "Well, it's like this. I'm supposed to be starving, and they want me to write a letter to my husband, forgiving him and telling him I love him still. The idea is that I'm purified by hunger. And I say it's all wrong."

"All wrong?" cried Wilmot. "You're right, it's all wrong. I never heard anything so silly in my life. A starving woman's heart wouldn't soften."

"That's just how I feel."

"As a matter of fact at a time like that a female would be thinking of roast pork..."

"... and steaks ..."

"... and chops..."

"... and chicken..."

"Of everything, in a word, but the juice of an orange. Tell me, who was the half-wit who thought of this story, so absolutely foreign to human psychology?" said Wilmot.

"Mr Schnellenhamer. I was coming to see him about it."

"I'll have a word or two with Mr Schnellenhamer. We'll soon have that story fixed. But what on earth do you want to diet for?"

"I don't want to. There's a weight clause in my contract ¹⁰. It says I mustn't weigh more than a hundred and eight pounds. Mr Schnellenhamer insisted on it."

(12) At this Wilmot crossed to the cupboard and flung open the door. The boss came out on all fours. Wilmot directed him to the desk.

"Take paper and ink, Schnellenhamer, and write this lady out a new contract, with no weight clause."

"But listen ..."

"Your sword, madam, I believe?" said Wilmot, extending the weapon.

"All right," said Mr Schnellenhamer hastily. "All right. All right."

"And, while you're at it," said Wilmot, "I'll take one too, restoring me to my former salary."

"What was your former salary?" asked Hortensia Burwash.

"Fifteen hundred."

(13) "I'll double it. I've been looking for a business manager like you for years. I didn't think they made them nowadays. So firm. So decisive. So brave. So strong. You're the business manager of my dreams."

Suddenly Wilmot's eyes met those of Mabel Potter who was hiding behind the table. In her eyes there was something which he had no difficulty in diagnosing as the love-light. He turned to Hortensia Burwash.

"By the way, my fiancée, Miss Potter."

"How do you do?" said Hortensia Burwash.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mabel.

Wilmot, as became a man of affairs, was business-like.

"Miss Burwash wishes to make a contract with me to act as her manager," he said. "Take dictation, Miss Potter."

"Yes, sir," said Mabel.

At the desk, Mr Schnellenhamer had paused for a moment in his writing. He was trying to remember if the word he wanted was spelled 'clorse' or 'clorze'¹¹.

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

- (1) **complication** *n* осложнение
in high spirits в хорошем настроении
favour *n* услуга
oblige *v* делать одолжение
awful *a* ужасный
urge *v* убедительно просить
cause alarm вызвать тревогу
in a bad way в плохом состоянии
ease matters поправить дела
lot *n* студия
by all means эд. пожалуйста
awkward ['ɔ:kwəd] *a* неудобный
(2) **merry** *a* веселый
commissary *n* столовая
fiancée *n* невеста
detain *v* задерживать
abruptly *adv* резко
poor chap бедный малый
shortage *n* нехватка
ease things эд. облегчить положение
fail *v* подводить, эд. разочаровать
engagement *n* помолвка
be at liberty эд. иметь право
gently *adv* мягко
prove *v* доказывать
worthy *a* достойный
(3) **occur** *v* приходить в голову
misfortune *n* неудача, неприятность
sharpen *v* усиливать, увеличивать
fail to do this эд. не сделать этого
physician *n* доктор
(4) **rise (rose, risen)** *v* вставать
juice *n* сок
deliver *v* эд. сообщить
harm *n* вред
steak *n* бифштекс
chop *n* свиная отбивная

II

- (5) **desire** *v* очень хотеть чего-л.
playwright *n* драматург

silent days времена немого кино
dignified *a* обладающий чувством собственного достоинства
tortoiseshell rimmed spectacles очки в черепаховой оправе
plaintive *a* жалобный
treatment *n* обращение
hit *v* ударить
crusty roll черствая булка
executive [ig'zekjutiv] *n* эд. работник
refer *v* ссылаться
roast pork жареная свинина
boiled *a* вареный, отварной
cabbage *n* капуста
Mutton Stew тушеная баранина
violent blow эд. сильнейший удар
torment *n* страдание
sip *v* потягивать (напиток)
uneasily *adv* с чувством неловкости
(7) **unaware (of)** не подозревая
gloomily *adv* мрачно
essential *a* основной
mysterious [mis'tiəriəs] *a* загадочный, таинственный
property *n* эд. свойство
spirits *n* настроение
hatred *n* ненависть
sneer *n* усмешка, ухмылка, оскал
shark *n* акула
(8) **distaste** *n* отвращение
order about приказывать, распоряжаться
plateful of sandwiches тарелка с бутербродами
hateful object ненавистный предмет
arise (arose, arisen) *v* возникать
collecting eyes стараясь поймать взгляд
with satisfied air с довольным видом
tremendous [tri'mendəs] *a* огромный, потрясающий
among those present среди присутствующих

give a start вздрогнуть
 jaw *n* челюсть
 (to) be fired быть уволенным
 sharp *a* резкий

III

- (9) get rid of избавляться от
 consequence ['kɒnsɪkwəns] *n*
 следствие
 tremble *v* дрожать
 in question о которой идет
 речь
 blood-streaked *a* исцарапан-
 ный в кровь
 save oneself *v* спастись
 sword [sɔ:d] *n* меч, шпага
 borrow *v* взять займы
 Roman *a* римский
 panic set in началась паника
 stout *a* полный, тучный
 (10) hunger *n* голод
 rush *v* эд. ворваться, вбе-
 жать
 accustomed *a* привыкший
 smash *v* разбивать
 ink-pot *n* чернильница
 admirer *n* поклонник
 miserably *adv* с несчастным
 видом
 stunning *a* ошеломляющий
 instantly *adv* мгновенно

- start *v* вздрогнуть
 gentle *a* мягкий
 be upset быть расстроенным
 what a shame как жаль, очень
 жаль, сочувствую
 (11) starve *v* голодать, умирать
 от голода
 forgive *v* прощать
 purify *v* очищать
 silly *a* глупый
 soften *v* смягчаться
 half-wit *n* полоумный
 foreign to human psychology
 [saɪ'kɒlədʒɪ] *n* чуждый чело-
 веческой психологии
 weight clause [kleɪz] *n* пункт
 контракта, ограничиваю-
 щий вес актрисы
 weigh [wei] *v* весить
 (12) fling (flung) open эд. рас-
 пахивать
 on all fours на четвереньках
 extend *v* протягивать
 hastily *adv* поспешно
 former *a* прежний
 (13) double *v* удвоить
 firm *a* твердый
 decisive *a* решительный
 brave *a* отважный
 dream *n* мечта
 as became эд. как следовало
 быть (как и подобало)

NOTES

1. We'll have to do some salary-cutting — to cut smb.'s salary (урезать зарплату)
2. Well, I'm delighted if I have been able to do anything in my humble way to make things easier for you. — Я рад, если в силу своих скромных возможностей помог вам.
3. There seemed to Wilmot Mulliner nothing that he could do. — Wilmot realized that he could do nothing.
4. With regard to that I have already said my say. — As to that I have already expressed my opinion. (Я уже сказал, что я думаю.)
5. The doctor had told him about the spiritual uplift ... from an orange-juice diet. — The doctor had told him that he would feel better spiritually if he continued an orange-juice diet.

6. and now, as we have seen, the exact opposite had proved to be the case — the diet failed to raise Wilmot's spirits
7. ...that she would stand no nonsense — ...that she was not joking and that she would show everyone what was what
8. It seemed to her that she had caught a glimpse of something evil in his eyes. — She understood that he was angry and he himself might do her harm.
9. his sister in distress — эд. сестра по несчастью
10. There's a weight clause in my contract. — There's a clause in the contract under which my weight is fixed.
11. "clorse" or "clorze" = clause (пункт)

EXERCISES

- I. Give the main points of the story. Use phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. In addition the following phrases may be helpful.

It would be wise to mention here...; while I'm at it I'd like to point out...; considering the situation (circumstances) it should be noted...; it was not surprising that...; in the circumstances all she (he) could do was...; the important thing was that...; in the end...

- II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph numbers to find relevant information.

1. How did Wilmot feel about his fellow-workers that day? (1) 2. Why did he agree to have his salary cut? (1) 3. How did his fiancée, Mabel Potter, take the news? (2) 4. How did Mabel's words affect Wilmot? (3) 5. What was the doctor's most valuable recommendation? (4) 6. What were Vanderleigh's charges against Wilmot? (5) 7. How did orange-juice diet "raise" Wilmot's spirits? (7) 8. Why couldn't Wilmot concentrate on work in Mr Schnellenhamer's office that day? (8) 9. Why was Mr Schnellenhamer angry with Wilmot at the conference? (8) 10. What was Hortensia Burwash and what position did she hold at the studio? (9) 11. Why was everybody horrified when they heard the assistant director's words? (9) 12. Why was Wilmot not interested in the star's violent behavior? What was the effect it had on her? (10) 13. How did Wilmot and Hortensia come to understand each other in the dieting business? (10, 11) 14. How did Wilmot handle Mr Schnellenhamer with regard to a weight clause for Hortensia? (12) 15. How did Wilmot benefit by his brave deed? (13)

- III. a) Reproduce the episodes or situations in which the following words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
b) Use some of these phrases in situations of your own.

to cut one's salary (1); world-wide money shortage (2); to be disappointed in smb. (2); to sharpen one's appetite (3); a man of radical views (3); to eat between meals (4); a dignified man (5); my treatment as an artist (5); to entertain a friend (5); there's no room for (6); according to smb. (7); it should be noted (8); to get rid of (9); a public demand for (9); panic set in (9); to rush into the room (10); to smash an ink-pot (10); to be true to life (10); foreign to human psychology (11); on all fours (12); while you're at it (12); the manager of one's dreams (13); business-like (13)

IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Hortensia Burwash was the temperamental female star which is a must for every studio,
2. In Hortensia Burwash Wilmot found a sister in distress.
3. Mabel Potter loved Wilmot Mulliner for his courage.

V. Describe these episodes. Make use of phrases from Ex. III wherever possible. Comment on the episodes.

1. Wilmot has his salary cut.
2. Mabel considers their engagement at an end.
3. The physician suggests an orange-juice diet.
4. Mr Vanderleigh states his charges against Mr Mulliner.
5. Mr Mulliner is at a conference in the conference room.
6. Mr Mulliner meets his sister in distress.
7. Mr Mulliner gets the better of his chief.

VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. These phrases may be helpful.

1. It would be too much to say that but... 2. At one time I thought so, too, but now... 3. It may seem so, but it runs counter to...

1. Wilmot accepted the doctor's recommendations quietly. He believed that dieting would improve his character, raise his spirits and change his position for the better.
2. Playwrights and stars are nice people, easy to get on with.
3. Dieting is very much in vogue (мода) nowadays because it is good for one's health.
4. There are different diets for people engaged in sports, manual or intellectual work.

THE GREAT AUTOMATIC GRAMMATIZATOR

Roald Dahl

(1) "Well, Knipe, my boy. Now that it's all finished, I just called you in to tell you I think you've done a fine job. Did you see what the papers said this morning?"

"No, Mr Bohlen, I didn't," Adolph Knipe said.

The man took a newspaper and began to read: "The building of the great automatic computing engine, ordered by the government some time ago, is now complete. It is probably the fastest electronic calculating machine in the world today. The speed with which the new engine works," said Mr John Bohlen, head of the firm of electrical engineers mainly responsible for its construction, "may be grasped by the fact that it can provide the correct answer in five seconds to a problem that would occupy a mathematician for a month. For practical purposes there is no limit to what it can do..."

Mr Bohlen glanced at the long, melancholy face of the younger man. "Aren't you proud, Knipe? Aren't you pleased?"

"Of course, Mr Bohlen."

"I don't think I have to remind you that your own contribution, especially to the original plans, was an important one. In fact, I might go so far as to say that without you and some of your ideas, this project might still be on the drawing-boards today. How would you like to take a week's holiday? Do you good. You've earned it."

"Oh, I don't know, sir."

(2) The older man waited, watching this tall, thin person who stood before him. He was a difficult boy. Why couldn't he stand up straight? Always drooping and untidy, with spots on his jacket, and hair falling all over his face.

"I'd like you to take a holiday, Knipe. You need it."

"All right, sir. If you wish."

"Take a week. Two weeks if you like. Go somewhere warm. Get some sunshine. Swim. Relax. Sleep. Then come back, and we'll have another talk about the future."

Adolph Knipe went home by bus to his two-room apartment. He threw his coat on the sofa, poured himself a drink of whisky, and sat down in front of the typewriter that was on the table.

He leaned forward and began to read through the half-finished sheet of typing still in the machine. It was headed 'A Narrow Escape', and it began 'The night was dark and stormy, the wind whistled in the trees, the rain poured down

like cats and dogs..."¹ At exactly that moment, his eyes and mouth began slowly to open, in a sort of wonder, and slowly he raised his head and became still, absolutely motionless, staring at the wall opposite with this look that was more perhaps of astonishment than of wonder.

"Of course," he said, speaking aloud, "it's completely ridiculous."

(3) A machine cannot have a brain. On the other hand, it *can* have a memory, can it not? Their own electronic calculator had a marvellous memory. It could store away at least a thousand numbers at a time, extracting any one of them at the precise moment it was needed,

Then suddenly, he was struck by a powerful but simple little truth, and it was this: *That English grammar is governed by rules that are almost mathematical in their strictness!* Given the words, and given the sense of what is to be said,² then there is only one correct order in which those words can be arranged.

Therefore, it stands to reason that an engine built along the lines of the electric computer³ could be adjusted to arrange words (instead of numbers) in their right order according to the rules of grammar. Then feed it with plots and leave it to write the sentences.

There was no stopping Knipe now⁴. He went to work immediately, and there followed during the next few days a period of intense labour. The living-room became filled with sheets of paper: formulae and calculations; lists of words, thousands and thousands of words; the plots of stories; huge extracts from dictionaries, pages filled with the first names of men and women; hundreds of surnames taken from the telephone directory.

He was working in a mood of exultation, moving around the room amidst this littering of paper, rubbing his hands together. On the fifteenth day of continuous work, he collected the papers which he carried — almost at a run — to the offices of John Bohlen Inc., electrical engineers.

(4) Mr Bohlen was pleased to see him back.

"Well, Knipe, you look a hundred per cent better. You have a good holiday? Where'd you go?"

He's just as ugly and untidy as ever, Mr Bohlen thought. Why doesn't he stand up straight? He looks like a bent stick. "You look a hundred per cent better, my boy."

Adolph Knipe placed the papers on the desk. "Look, Mr Bohlen!" he cried. "Look at these!"

Then he told his story. He pushed the plans in front of the astonished little man. He talked for over an hour, explaining everything, and when he had finished, he stepped back, breathless, flushed, waiting for the verdict.

"This idea," Mr Bohlen's lower lip was saying, "is very *original* — I might almost say brilliant — and it only goes to confirm my opinion of your abilities, Knipe. But don't take it too seriously. After all, my boy, what possible use can it be to us? Who on earth wants a machine for writing stories? And where's the money in it, anyway? Just tell me that."

"May I sit down, sir?"

"Sure, take a seat."

Adolph Knipe seated himself on the edge of a chair. The older man watched him with alert brown eyes, wondering what was coming now.

"I would like to explain something Mr Bohlen, if I may, about how I came to do all this."

"You tell me anything you want, Knipe. I'm here to help you — you know that."

(5) "You see, Mr Bohlen, to tell the honest truth, I don't really care much for my work here. I know I'm good at it and all that sort of thing, but my heart's not in it. It's not what I want to do most."

Up went Mr Bohlen's eyebrows, quick like a spring. His whole body became very still.

"You see, sir, all my life I've wanted to be a writer."

"A writer!"

"Yes, Mr Bohlen. You may not believe it, but every bit of spare time I've had, I've spent writing stories. In the last ten years I've written hundreds, literally hundreds of short stories."

"Good heavens, man! What on earth did you do that for?"

"All I know, sir, I have the urge. The creative urge⁵, Mr Bohlen."

"And may I ask you what you do with these stories, Knipe?"

"Well, sir, that's the trouble. No one will buy them."

Mr Bohlen relaxed. "I can see quite well how you feel, my boy." His voice was full of sympathy. "We all go through it one time or another in our lives. But now — now that you've had proof — positive proof — from the experts themselves, from the editors, that your stories are — what shall I say — rather unsuccessful, it's time to leave off. Forget it, my boy. Just forget all about it."

"No, Mr Bohlen! No! That's not true! I *know* my stories are good."

(6) "You'll pardon me, Knipe, but what's all this got to do with your machine?"

"Everything, Mr Bohlen, absolutely everything! What I want to tell you is, I've made a study of magazines, and it seems that each one tends to have its own particular type of story. The writers—the successful ones—know this, and they write accordingly."

"Just a minute, my boy. Calm yourself down, will you. I don't think all this is getting us anywhere."⁶

"Please, Mr Bohlen, hear me through. It's all terribly important. You see, on my machine, by having an adjustable co-ordinator between the "plot-memory" section and the "word-memory" section I am able to produce any type of story I want simply by pressing the required button."

"Yes, I know, Knipe, I know. This is all very interesting, but what's the point of it?"

"It's a matter of business, that's all. I'm looking at it from *your* point of view now — as a commercial proposition," Knipe said.

"My dear boy, it can't possibly be a commercial proposition — ever. You know as well as I do what it costs to build one of these machines."

"Yes, sir, I do. But with due respect, I don't believe you know what the magazines pay writers for stories."

"What do they pay?"

"Anything up to twenty-five hundred dollars. It probably averages around a thousand."

Mr Bohlen jumped.

"Yes, *sir*, it's true."

"Absolutely impossible, Knipe! Ridiculous!"

"No, *sir*, it's true."

"You mean to sit there and tell me that these magazines pay out money like that to a man for ... just for scribbling off a story! ? Good heavens, Knipe! Whatever next! Writers must all be millionaires!"

"That's exactly it, Mr Bohlen! That's where the machine comes in. With our machine — when we get it working properly — we can take nearly the whole of this market!"

"My dear boy, you're mad!"

"No, *sir*, honestly, it's true what I say. This machine can produce a five-thousand word story, all typed and ready

for dispatch, in thirty seconds. How can the writers compete with that? I ask you, Mr Bohlen, *how?*"

(7) At that point, Adolph Knipe noticed a slight change in the man's expression, an extra brightness in the eyes, the whole face becoming still. Quickly, he continued. "Nowadays, Mr Bohlen, the hand-made article hasn't a hope. It can't possibly compete with mass-production, especially in this country — you know that. Carpets ... chairs ... shoes ... bricks ... crockery ... anything you like to mention — they're all made by machinery now. The quality may be inferior, but that doesn't matter. It's the cost of production that counts.⁸ And stories — well — they're just another product, like carpets and chairs, and no one cares how you produce them so long as you deliver the goods. We'll sell them wholesale, Mr Bohlen! We'll undercut every writer in the country!⁹ We'll take the market!" ...

"But seriously now, Knipe. D'you really think they'd buy them?"

"Listen, Mr Bohlen. Who on earth is going to want custom-made stories when they can get the other kind at half the price? It stands to reason, doesn't it?"

"And how will you sell them? Who will you say has written them?"

"We'll set up our own literary agency, and we'll distribute them through that. And we'll invent all the names we want for the writers."

"I don't like it, Knipe. To me, that smells of trickery, does it not?"

"And another thing, Mr Bohlen. There's all manner of valuable by-products once you've got started. Take advertising, for example. Beer manufacturers and people like that are willing to pay good money these days if famous writers will lend their names to their products. Why, my heavens, Mr Bohlen! This isn't any children's plaything we're talking about. It's big business."

"Don't get too ambitious, my boy."

"And another thing. There isn't any reason why we shouldn't put *your* name, Mr. Bohlen, on some of the better stories, if you wished it."

"My goodness, Knipe. What should I want that for?"

"I don't know, *sir*, except that some writers get to be very much respected — like Mr Erle Gardner or Kathleen Norris, for example. We've got to have names, and I was

certainly thinking of using my own on one or two stories, just to help out."

(8) "A writer, eh?" Mr Bohlen said. "Well, it would surely surprise them over at the club when they saw my name in the magazines — the good magazines."

"That's right, Mr Bohlen."

"One thing I don't quite understand, Knipe. Where do the plots come from? The machine can't possibly invent plots."

"We feed those in, sir. That's no problem at all. Everyone has plots. We shall feed them straight into the "plot-memory" section of the machine."

"Go on."

"There's also a trick that nearly every writer uses, of inserting at least one long, obscure word into each story. This makes the reader think that the man is very wise and clever. So I have the machine do the same thing. There'll be a whole stack of long words stored away just for this purpose."

"Where?"

"In the 'word-memory' section," he said.

(9) Through most of that day the two men discussed the possibilities of the new engine. In the end, Mr Bohlen said he would have to think about it some more. The next morning, he was quietly enthusiastic. Within a week, he was completely sold on the idea.¹⁰

And in six months the machine was completed. Now that it was ready for action, no one was allowed near it, excepting Mr Bohlen and Adolph Knipe.

It was an exciting moment when the two men — the one, short, plump — the other tall, thin and toothy — stood in the corridor before the control panel and got ready to run off the first story. It was a story for a famous women's magazine, a solid story of a boy who wanted to better himself with his rich employer. This boy arranged, so the story went, for a friend to rob the rich man's daughter on a dark night when she was driving home. Then the boy himself, happening by, knocked the gun out of his friend's hand and saved the girl. The girl was grateful. But the father was suspicious. He questioned the boy sharply. The boy told everything. Then the father, instead of kicking him out of the house, said that he admired the boy's resourcefulness. The girl admired his honesty — and his looks. The father promised him to be head of the Accounts Department. The girl married him.

"It's tremendous, Mr Bohlen! It's exactly right!"

"Seems a bit sloppy to me, my boy."

"No, sir, it's a seller, a real seller!"

In his excitement, Adolph Knipe promptly made six more stories in as many minutes. All of them seemed entirely satisfactory.

(10) Mr Bohlen was now pleased. He agreed to set up a literary agency in an office down town, and to put Knipe in charge. In a couple of weeks this was accomplished. Then Knipe mailed out the first dozen stories. He put his own name to four of them, Mr Bohlen's to one, and for the others he simply invented names.

Five of these stories were promptly accepted.

The money started pouring in. Knipe slowly and carefully stepped up the output, and in six months' time he was delivering thirty stories a week, and selling about half.

He began to make a name for himself in literary circles as a prolific and successful writer. So did Mr Bohlen; but not quite such a good name, although he didn't know it. At the same time, Knipe was building up a dozen or more fictitious persons as promising young authors¹¹. Everything was going fine.

(11) At this point it was decided to adapt the machine for writing novels as well as stories. Mr Bohlen, wishing now for greater honours in the literary world, insisted that Knipe go to work at once in this task.

"I want to do a novel," he kept saying. "I want to do a novel."

"And so you will, sir. And so you will. But please be patient. This is a very complicated adjustment I have to make."

"Everyone tells me I ought to do a novel," Mr Bohlen cried.

"We're going to do novels," Knipe told him. "Just as many as we want. But please be patient."

"Now listen to me, Knipe. What I'm going to do is a *serious* novel, something that'll make 'em sit up and take notice. I've been getting rather tired of the sort of stories you've been putting my name to lately. As a matter of fact, I'm none too sure you haven't been trying to make a monkey out of me."

"A monkey, Mr Bohlen?"

"Keeping all the best ones for yourself, that's what you've been doing."

"Oh, no, Mr Bohlen! No!"

"So this time I'm going to make sure I write a high class intelligent book. You understand that."

"Look, Mr Bohlen. With the sort of switchboard I'm equipped, you'll be able to write any sort of book you want."

(12) And this was true, for within another couple of months, the genius of Adolph Knipe had not only adapted the machine for novel writing, but had constructed a marvellous new control system which enabled the author to pre-select literally any type of plot and any style of writing he desired.

The machine looked like the instrument panel of some enormous aeroplane.

So Mr Bohlen made his novel, and it went according to plan.

Within a week, the manuscript had been read and accepted by an enthusiastic publisher. Knipe followed with one in his own name, then made a dozen more for good measure. In no time at all, Adolph Knipe's Literary Agency had become famous. And once again the money started rolling in.

(13) It was at this stage that young Knipe began to display a real talent for big business.

"See here, Mr Bohlen," he said. "We still got too much competition. Why don't we just absorb all the other writers in the country?"

Mr Bohlen, who now wore a bottle-green velvet jacket and allowed his hair to cover two-thirds of his ears, was quite content with things the way they were, "Don't know what you mean, my boy. You can't just absorb writers."

"Of course you can, sir. Exactly like Rockefeller did with his oil companies. Simply buy 'em out, and if they won't sell, squeeze 'em out. It's easy!"

"Careful now, Knipe. Be careful."

"I've got a list here, sir, of fifty of the most successful writers in the country, and what I intend to do is offer each one of them a lifetime contract with pay. All they have to do is undertake never to write another word; and of course, to let us use their names on our own stuff. How about that?"

"They'll never agree."

"You don't know writers, Mr Bohlen. You watch and see."

"What about the creative urge, Knipe?"

"It's nonsense! All they're really interested in is the money, just like everybody else."

In the end Mr Bohlen reluctantly agreed to give it a try,

and Knipe, with his list of writers in his pocket, went off in a large chauffeur-driven Cadillac to make his calls.

(14) He journeyed first to the man at the top of the list, a very great and wonderful writer, and he had no trouble getting into the house. He told his story and produced a suitcase full of sample novels, and a contract for the man to sign which guaranteed him so much a year for life. The man listened politely, decided he was dealing with a lunatic, gave him a drink, then firmly showed him to the door.

The second writer on the list, when he saw Knipe was serious, actually attacked him with a large metal paper-weight, and the inventor had to flee down the garden followed by such words as he had never heard before.

(15) But it took more than this to discourage Adolph Knipe. He was disappointed but not frightened, and he went in his big car to seek his next client. This one was a female, famous and popular, whose fat romantic books sold by the million across the country. She received Knipe graciously, gave him tea, and listened attentively to his story.

"It all sounds very fascinating," she said. "But of course I find it a little hard to believe."

"Madam," Knipe answered. "Come with me and see it with your own eyes. My car awaits you."

So off they went, and in due course, the astonished lady was taken into the machine house where the wonder was kept. Eagerly, Knipe explained its workings, and after a while he even permitted her to sit in the driver's seat and practise with the buttons.

"All right," he said suddenly "you want to do a book now?"

"Oh yes!" she cried. "Please!"

She was very competent and seemed to know exactly what she wanted. She made her own pre-selections, then ran off a long, romantic, passion-filled novel. She read through the first chapter and became so enthusiastic that she signed up on the spot.¹²

(16) "That's one of them out of the way," Knipe said to Mr Bohlen afterwards. "A pretty big one too."

"Nice work, my boy."

"And you know why she signed?"

"Why?"

"It wasn't the money. She's got plenty of that."

"Then why?"

Knipe grinned, "Simply because she saw the machine-made stuff was better than her own."

Thereafter, Knipe wisely decided to concentrate only upon mediocrity. Anything better than that — and there were so few it didn't matter much — was apparently not quite so easy to persuade.

(17) In the end, after several months of work, he had persuaded something like seventy per cent of the writers on his list to sign the contract. He found that the older ones, those who were running out of ideas¹³ and had taken to drink, were the easiest to handle. The younger people were more troublesome. They were apt to become abusive,¹⁴ sometimes violent when he approached them; and more than once Knipe was slightly injured on his rounds.

(18) But on the whole, it was a satisfactory beginning. This last year — the first full year of the machine's operation — it was estimated that at least one half of all the novels and stories published in the English language were produced by Adolph Knipe upon the Great Automatic Grammatizator. Does this surprise you?

I doubt it.

And worse is yet to come. Today, as the secret spreads, many more are hurrying to tie up with Mr Knipe. And all the time things get worse for those who hesitate to sign their names.

This very moment, as I sit here listening to the crying of my nine starving children in the other room, I can feel my own hand creeping closer and closer to that golden contract that lies over on the other side of the desk.

Give us strength, Oh Lord, to let our children starve.

WORDS AND PHRASES

- (1) **grasp** *v* эд. понять
proud *a* гордый
contribution *n* вклад
drawing-board *n* чертежная доска
earn *v* зарабатывать
(2) **untidy** *a* неряшливый
spot *n* пятно
pour *v* наливать
lean *v* наклоняться
"A Narrow Escape" "На волосок от гибели"
whistle *v* свистеть
raise *v* поднимать
motionless *a* неподвижный
ridiculous *a* нелепый
(3) **brain** *n* мозг
memory *n* память

- store away** *v* эд. поместить
strike (struck) *v* удивлять
be governed by rules подчиняться правилам
strictness *n* строгость
it stands to reason само собой разумеется, и очевидно, что...
adjust *v* приспособлять
feed *v* эд. давать информацию (в счетную машину)
plot *n* сюжет
intense labour напряженный труд
directory *n* справочник
continuous *a* непрерывный
(4) **ugly** *a* безобразный
bent согнутый

- breathless** *a* задыхающийся
verdict ['vɜːdɪkt] *n* приговор
confirm *v* подтверждать
ability *n* способность
(5) **alert** *a* настороженный
honest *a* честный
spare time свободное время
urge *n* эд. побуждение
relax *v* расслабиться
sympathy *n* сочувствие
proof *n* доказательство
editor *n* редактор
(6) **tend** *v* иметь тенденцию
accordingly *adv* соответственно
calm down успокоиться
adjustable *a* регулируемый
press the required button нажимать нужную кнопку
with due respect эд. при всем уважении (к вам)
average *v* составлять в среднем
ridiculous *a* нелепый, невозможный
scribble off *v* нацарапать
dispatch *n* эд. готовый к публикации, изданию
compete *v* конкурировать
(7) **slight** *a* легкий, слабый
brightness *n* блеск
hand-made изготовленный вручную
crockery *n* посуда
inferior *a* некачественный
care *v* заботиться
wholesale *n* оптовая продажа
undercut *v* эд. подрывать позиции
set up создавать
distribute *v* распределять
invent *v* выдумывать
trickery *n* обман
valuable by-product ценный побочный продукт
lend (lent) *v* давать взаймы
children's plaything детская забава
ambitious [æm'biʃəs] *a* честолюбивый
respect *v* уважать
(8) **plot** *n* сюжет
feed in эд. программировать
trick *n* трюк, прием
obscure *a* неясный, непонятный

- wise** *a* мудрый
stack *n* эд. груды
(9) **control panel** щит управления
run off эд. принять (готовый рассказ)
rob *v* грабить
knock out выбить
grateful *a* благодарный
suspicious *a* подозрительный
resourcefulness [rɪ'sɔːsɜːfʊlnɪs] *n* находчивость
looks *n* внешность
sloppy *a* сентиментальный
seller = best seller бестселлер
(10) **set up** *v* создавать
put smb in charge назначить кого-л. ответственным за что-л.
accomplish [ə'kɒmplɪʃ] *v* выполнять
pour in течь ручьем
step up *v* увеличивать
output *n* выпуск
prolific *a* плодотворный
(11) **adapt** *v* приспособлять
honour *n* почесть
monkey *n* эд. шут
switchboard эд. система выключателей
enable *v* давать возможность
(12) **pre-select** *v* заранее отбирать
literally *adv* буквально
manuscript *n* рукопись
publisher *n* издатель
(13) **absorb** *v* поглощать
be content быть довольным
squeeze out вытеснять
lifetime contract контракт сроком действия на всю жизнь
undertake *v* брать на себя обязательство
stuff *n* эд. произведение
creative urge стремление творить, творческий порыв, жажда творчества
nonsense *n* ерунда
reluctantly *adv* неохотно
(14) **sample** *n* образец
for life пожизненно
lunatic *n* сумасшедший
paper-weight *n* пресс-папье
ilee (fled) *v* спастись бегством
(15) **discourage** *v* обескураживать
seek (sought) *v* искать, стремиться к

fat *a* толстый
graciously ['greɪʃəslɪ] *adv* эд.
любезно

fascinating *a* эд. заманчи-
вый

wonder *n* чудо

workings *n* эд. принцип ра-
боты

driver *n* эд. оператор

make pre-selections предва-
рительно отобрать мате-
риал

(16) grin *v* ухмыляться

wisely *adv* мудро
mediocrity *n* посредствен-
ность

(17) persuade *v* уговорить

take to *v* пристраститься к

violent *a* эд. яростный

be injured получить травму

(18) on the whole в целом

tie up *v* эд. подписать кон-
тракт

hesitate *v* колебаться

starve *v* голодать

creep *v* ползти, тянуться

NOTES

1. the rain poured down like cats and dogs — шел пролив-
ной дождь
2. given the words, and given the sense of what is to be
said... — if the words and logic are given...
3. ...an engine built along the lines of the electric computer
— ...an engine built in the same way as an electric
computer
4. there was no stopping Knipe now — it was impossible
to stop Knipe now
5. I have the urge. The creative urge — У меня жажда
творчества, творческий порыв.
6. I don't think all this is getting us anywhere — I don't
think this is helping us in any way
7. just for scribbling off a story! — только за то, что он
«нацарапал» рассказ («состряпал» рассказ)
8. It's the cost of production that counts — учитываются
только затраты на производство
9. We'll undercut every writer in the country — We shall
destroy all competition among the writers of the country
10. he was completely sold on the idea — he was very keen
on the idea (enthusiastic about the idea)
11. Knipe was building up a dozen or more fictitious persons
as promising young authors. — Knipe thought of diffe-
rent names for the imaginary writers.
12. ...and became so enthusiastic that she signed up on the
spot — ...and was so eager that she immediately signed
the contract
13. ...those who were running out of ideas... — ...которые
ничего не могли больше придумать...
14. They were apt to become abusive. — They tended to
use insulting (оскорбительные) words.

EXERCISES

I. Give the main points of the story. Use phrases from Ex. I of the previous stories. The following phrases may also be helpful.

It's a striking example of...; science fiction shows...; it is a work of satire...; in the age of the technological re-
volution...; everything becomes computerized...

II. Answer these comprehension questions. Use paragraph reference num-
bers to find relevant information.

1. What did Mr Bohlen think of Knipe's invention? (1)
2. What did Knipe do during his so-called holiday? How
did he come upon the great idea of making a literary compu-
ter? (2, 3)
3. How did Knipe plan to operate the machine (have
the machine operated)? (3, 4, 5)
4. How did Mr. Bohlen take
his idea? (4, 6)
5. What did Knipe come to understand after
the study of various magazines? (6)
6. What was the commercial
point of Knipe's idea? (7)
7. What reasons did Knipe give to
Bohlen in favour of his proposal? (7)
8. How did Knipe
view their new proposition? Did the idea of becoming a
writer appeal to him? (8, 9, 10)
9. What progress did they
make in the story-writing business? (10)
10. What was Mr
Bohlen's ambition with regard to writing? (11)
11. What
was Knipe planning to do to minimise competition in lite-
rary circles? (13)
12. How did Knipe set about buying writers
out and what was the outcome of his efforts? (14, 15)
13. Why
were many writers willing to sign the contract with Knipe
and Co.? (17)
14. Was the Great Automatic Grammatizator
a success? (18)
15. What makes you think that the story
is a work of science fiction? (18)
16. Why does the author
pray that God should give him strength to bear the cries
of his starving children? (18)

III. a) Reproduce the episodes (or situations) in which the following
words or phrases are used. For reference use paragraph numbers.
b) Use some of these phrases in sentences or situations of your own.

There's no limit to what it can do (1); to take a week's
holiday (2); completely ridiculous (2); to wait for the
verdict (4); I don't care much for my work here (5); creative
urge (5); to hear smb through (6); a commercial proposition
(6); to compete with smb (6); a hand-made article; it stands
to reason (7); to set up a literary agency (7); to smell of trickery
(7); to get ambitious (7); to be completely sold on the idea (9);
to put smb in charge (10); to step up the output (10); to adapt
the machine (11); it went according to plan (12); to display

talent for big business (13); to squeeze smb out (13); to give smth. a try (13); to discourage (15); to see smth. with one's own eyes (15); out of one's way (16); in the end (17); things get worse (18)

IV. Find facts from the story to support these statements.

1. Knipe had a creative mind. 2. Knipe had made a thorough study of the writer's world before he came up with his proposition. 3. Mr Bohlen did not at once grasp the importance of Knipe's idea of a grammatizator. 4. Mr Bohlen accepted Knipe's idea as a commercial proposition but later he developed literary ambitions. 5. Not all the writers were glad to accept Knipe's suggestion about selling out to Mr Bohlen's literary agency.

V. Describe these episodes. Make use of phrases from Ex. III wherever possible. Comment on the episodes.

1. Mr Bohlen recognizes Knipe's talent.
2. Knipe comes upon the idea of making a grammatizator.
3. Knipe speaks about his ambition to be a writer.
4. Mr Bohlen begins to appreciate the advantages of literary mass production.
5. Mr Bohlen and Knipe run off the first story
6. Knipe displays a real talent for big business.
7. The female writer likes the idea of signing up.

VI. Discuss these statements or express your opinion on them. These phrases may be helpful.

1. There is something (quite a lot) in what you say, but... 2. I wouldn't go so far as to say that, I personally think that... 3. I don't want to impose my ideas, but I'm sure that... 4. I doubt that (if) ... 5. Quite the contrary 6. That may or may not be so (true), I only know that...

1. Mr Bohlen was a keen businessman; literary ambition was alien (чуждый) to him.
2. Knipe was a born writer with a strong creative urge.
3. Knipe was right in saying that all the writers were interested in money only.
4. As Knipe had a hard time persuading the writers to sign up he finally concentrated on mediocrity,
5. The author of the story sides with Knipe in believing that only computerized fiction will survive.

Part II

THE SOUND MACHINE

Roald Dahl

I

It was a warm summer evening and Klausner walked quickly around the side of the house and into the garden at the back. He came to a wooden shed * and unlocked the door, went inside and closed the door behind him.

Against one wall of the shed there was a long wooden workbench, and on it there stood a black box about three feet long.

Klausner moved across the room to the box. The top of the box was open, and he bent down and began to check a mass of different coloured wires and silver tubes. He did this for perhaps an hour.

Then he began to turn the dials * watching at the same time the movement of the mechanism inside the box. All the while he kept speaking softly to himself, nodding his head, smiling sometimes. His concentration was intense; his movements were quick; there was an air of urgency * about the way he worked.

Suddenly he heard footsteps on the gravel path outside and he straightened and turned swiftly as the door opened and a tall man came in. It was Scott, the doctor.

"Well, well, well," the Doctor said. "So this is where you hide yourself in the evenings."

"Hullo, Scott," Klausner said.

"I happened to be passing," the Doctor told him, "so I dropped in to see how you were. There was no one in the house, so I came on down here. How's that throat of yours been behaving?"

"It's all right. It's fine."

"Now I'm here I might as well have a look at it."

"Please don't trouble. I'm quite cured. I'm fine."

The Doctor began to feel the tension * in the room. He looked at the black box on the bench. The Doctor came up

closer and bent down to look into the box. "What's this?" he said. "Making a radio?"

"No, just fooling around.*"

"It's got a rather complicated-looking system. What is it?" the Doctor asked.

"It's just an idea."

"Yes?"

"It has to do with sound, that's all."

"Good heavens, man! Don't you get enough of that sort of thing all day in your work?"

"I like sound."

"So it seems." The Doctor went to the door, turned, and said, "Well, I won't disturb* you. Glad your throat's not worrying you any more." But he kept standing there looking at the box, intrigued by the remarkable complexity of its inside, curious to know what this strange patient of his was up to. "What's it really for?" he asked. "You've made me inquisitive*."

Klausner looked down at the box. "All right, I'll tell you, if you're interested." He was shifting from one foot to the other, looking at his feet, and then at last, slowly, he said, "Well, it's like this... the theory is very simple really. The human ear ... you know that it can't hear everything. There are sounds that are so low-pitched* or so high-pitched* that it can't hear them."

"Yes," the Doctor said. "Yes."

"Well, speaking very roughly, any note so high that it has more than fifteen thousand vibrations a second — we can't hear it. Dogs have better ears than us."

"Yes," the Doctor said.

"And above that there is another and another rising right up the scale for ever and ever and ever, an endless succession* of notes — so high that it vibrates a million times a second..."

Klausner was becoming more animated* every moment. He was a frail, nervous twitchy* little man, a moth* of a man, dreamy and distracted; and now the Doctor, looking at that strange pale face and those pale-grey eyes, felt that somehow there was about this little person a quality of distance, of immense immeasurable distance, as though the mind were far away from where the body was.

The Doctor waited for him to go on. "I believe," Klausner said, speaking more slowly now, "that there is a whole world of sound about us all the time that we cannot hear. It is

possible that up there in those high-pitched inaudible* regions there is a new exciting music being made. There may be anything ... for all we know there may."

"Yes," the Doctor said. "But it's not very probable."

"Why not? Why not?" Klausner pointed to a fly sitting on the workbench. "You see that fly? What sort of a noise is that fly making now? None — that one can hear. But for all we know the creature* may be whistling* like mad on a very high note, or barking* or croaking* or singing a song. It's got a mouth, hasn't it? It's got a throat!"

The Doctor looked at the fly and he smiled. He was still standing by the door with his hands on the doorknob.

"Well," he said. "So you're going to check up on that?" "Some time ago," Klausner said, "I made a simple instrument that proved to me the existence of many odd inaudible sounds. Often I have sat and watched the needle* of my instrument recording the presence of sound vibrations in the air when I myself could hear nothing. And those are the sounds I want to listen to. I want to know where they come from and who or what is making them."

"And that machine on the table there," the Doctor said. "Is that going to allow you to hear these noises?"

"It may. Who knows? So far, I've had no luck.* But I've made some changes in it and tonight I'm ready for another trial*. This machine," he said, touching it with his hands, "is designed to pick up sound vibrations that are too high-pitched for reception by the human ear. I tune it in*, almost like a radio."

"How d'you mean?"

"It isn't complicated. Say I wish to listen to the squeak* of a bat*. That's a fairly high-pitched sound — about thirty thousand vibrations a second. The average human ear can't quite hear it. Now, if there were a bat flying around this room and I tuned in to thirty thousand on my machine, I would hear the voice of that bat very clearly. Don't you understand?"

The Doctor looked at the long, black box. "And you're going to try it tonight?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you luck." He glanced at his watch. "My goodness!" he said. "I must fly. Good-bye, and thank you for telling me, I must call again sometime and find out what happened." The Doctor went out and closed the door behind him.

For a while longer, Klausner checked the wires in the black box; then he carried the box to the door, opened it, and then carried the box with some difficulty into the garden. He placed the box carefully on a small wooden table that stood on the lawn*. He put the earphones over his ears. Then he pressed a switch. His right hand was beginning to turn the knob*. In the earphones he could hear a faint sound, but that was all. Suddenly he heard a shriek, a frightful piercing shriek*. He stared around him as if expecting to see the person who had shrieked. There was no one in sight except the woman in the garden next door, and it was certainly not she. She was bending down, cutting yellow roses and putting them in her basket.

Again it came — a throatless, inhuman shriek, sharp and short, very clear and cold. The note itself possessed a metallic quality that he had never heard before. Klausner looked around him, searching instinctively for the source of the noise. The woman next door was the only living thing in sight. He saw her reach down, take a rose stem* in the fingers of one hand and cut the stem with a pair of scissors*. Again he heard the scream.

It came at the exact moment when the rose stem was cut.

At this point, the woman straightened up, put the scissors in the basket with the roses and turned to walk away.

"Mrs Saunders!" Klausner shouted, his voice shrill with excitement*. "Oh, Mrs Saunders!"

And looking round, the woman saw her neighbour standing on his lawn — a fantastic, arm-waving little person with a pair of earphones on his head — calling to her in a voice so high and loud that she became alarmed.

"Cut another one! Please cut another one quickly!"

She stood still, staring at him. "Why, Mr Klausner," she said. "What's the matter?"

"Please do as I ask," he said. "Cut just one more rose!"

Mrs Saunders had always believed her neighbour to be a rather peculiar person; now it seemed that he had gone completely crazy*. She wondered whether she should run into the house and call her husband. No, she thought. No, he's harmless*. I'll just humour* him. "Certainly, Mr Klausner, if

you like," she said. She took her scissors from the basket, bent down and cut another rose.

Again Klausner heard that frightful, throatless shriek in the earphones; again it came at the exact moment the rose stem was cut. He took off the earphones and ran to the fence that separated the two gardens. "All right," he said. "That's enough. No more. Please, no more. I'm going to tell you something, Mrs Saunders," he said, "something that you won't believe. You have with a sharp pair of scissors cut through the stems of living things, and each rose that you cut screamed in the most terrible way. Did you know that, Mrs Saunders?"

"No," she said. "I certainly didn't know that."

"It happens to be true," he said. He was breathing rather rapidly, but he was trying to control his excitement. "I heard them shrieking. Each time you cut one, I heard the cry of pain. A very high-pitched sound, approximately one hundred and thirty-two thousand vibrations a second. You couldn't possibly have heard it yourself. But I heard it."

"Did you really, Mr Klausner?" She decided she would run to the house in about five seconds.

"You might say," he went on, "that a rose bush has no nervous system to feel with, no throat to cry with. You'd be right. It hasn't. Not like ours, anyway. But how do you know, Mrs Saunders, how do you know that a rose bush doesn't feel as much pain when someone cuts its stem in two as you would feel if someone cut your wrist* off with scissors? How do you know that? It's alive."

"Yes, Mr Klausner. Oh, yes — and good night." Quickly she turned and ran up the garden to her house. Klausner went back to the table. He put on the earphones and stood for a while listening. He could still hear the faint crackling sound* and the humming noise of the machine, but nothing more. He bent down and took hold of a small white daisy* growing on the lawn. He broke the stem and heard a faint high-pitched cry, but he wasn't so sure now that it expressed pain. No, it wasn't pain; it was surprise. Or was it? It didn't really express any of the feelings or emotions known to a human being. He had been wrong in calling it a cry of pain. A flower probably didn't feel pain. It felt something else which we didn't know about.

Quickly he went to the house, got an axe* and carried it across the road into the park. He put the axe on the ground beside the tree.

III

Then he looked around him again, peering * nervously through his thick glasses in every direction. There was no one about.

He put the earphones on his head and switched on the machine. Then he picked up the axe and struck as hard as he could at the base of the tree trunk *. The blade * cut deep into the wood and stuck * there, and at the instant of impact * he heard a most extraordinary noise in the earphones. It was a new noise, unlike any he had heard before — a harsh, noteless noise, a low-pitched, screaming sound, not quick and short like the noise of the roses, but drawn out like a sob * lasting for fully a minute, loudest at the moment when the axe struck.

Klausner stared in horror at the place where the blade of the axe had sunk into the woodflesh * of the tree; then gently he took the axe out of the cut and threw the thing to the ground. With his fingers he touched the cut that the axe had made in the wood, trying to press the edges of the cut together to close the wound, and he kept saying, "Tree ... oh, tree ... I am sorry ... I am so sorry ... but it will heal *... it will heal fine..."

For a while he stood there, then suddenly he turned away and hurried into his house. He went to the telephone, consulted the book, dialled a number and waited. He held the receiver tightly in his left hand and tapped * the table impatiently with his right. He heard the telephone buzzing at the other end, and then the click of a lifted receiver and a man's voice saying: "Hullo, Yes."

"Dr. Scott? he said.

"Yes. Speaking."

"Dr. Scott. You must come at once — quickly, please."

"Who is it speaking?"

"Klausner here, and you remember what I told you about my experience with sound, and how I hoped I might —"

"Yes, yes, of course, but what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, I'm not ill, but — Please come. Come quickly. I want someone to hear it. It's driving me mad *! I can't believe it..."

"All right, then — I'll come," the Doctor said.

Klausner sat down beside the telephone and waited. He tried to remember what the shriek of the tree had sounded like, but he couldn't. He could remember only that it had

been enormous * and frightful and that it had made him feel sick with horror. The noise of the tree was worse than any known human noise because of that frightening, toneless, throatless quality. He began to wonder about other living things, and he thought about vegetables. A potato would surely shriek; so would a carrot and an onion and a cabbage...

He heard the click of the front-gate latch * and he jumped up and went out and saw the tall doctor coming down the path, little black bag in hand.

"Well," the Doctor said. "Well, what's all the trouble?"

"Come with me, Doctor. I want you to hear it. I called you because you're the only one I've told."

Klausner led the way to the great beech tree at the foot of which stood the long black box of the machine — and the axe.

"And why the axe?" the Doctor asked.

"You'll see in a moment. But now please put on these earphones and listen. Listen carefully and tell me afterwards precisely * what you hear. I want to make quite sure..."

The Doctor smiled and took the earphones and put them over his ears.

IV

Klausner lifted the axe and swung it at the tree, and as he swung, he was sure that there was a movement of the ground on which he stood. He felt a slight shifting * of the earth beneath his feet as though the roots * of the tree were moving underneath the soil, but it was too late to check the blow * and the axe blade struck the tree and went deep into the wood. At that moment, high overhead, there was the cracking sound of wood splintering * and the sound of leaves brushing against other leaves and they both looked up and the Doctor cried, "Watch out! Run, man! Quickly, run!"

The Doctor had taken off the earphones and was running away fast, but Klausner stood spellbound *, staring up at the great branch, sixty feet long at least, that broke at its thickest point, where it joined the main trunk of the tree. The branch came crashing down * and Klausner jumped aside just in time. It fell upon the machine and smashed * it into pieces.

"Great heavens!" shouted the Doctor as he came running back. "That was a near one! I thought it had got you!" *

Klausner was staring at the tree.

"Did you hear it?" he said, turning to the Doctor. His voice was barely audible.*

The Doctor was still out of breath from running and the excitement. "Hear what?"

"In the earphones. Did you hear anything when the axe struck?"

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact..." He paused and frowned * and bit his lower lip. "No, I'm not sure. I couldn't be sure. I don't suppose I had the earphones on for more than a second after the axe struck."

"Yes, yes, but what did you hear?"

"I don't know," the Doctor said. "I don't know what I heard. Probably the noise of the branch breaking." He was speaking rapidly, rather irritably.* "Let's leave it."

"Dr. Scott, what-did-it-sound-like?"

"For God's sake, how could I tell, what with * half the tree falling on me and having to run for my life?" The Doctor certainly seemed nervous. Klausner had sensed it now. He stood quite still, staring at the Doctor and for fully half a minute he didn't speak. The Doctor moved his feet, shrugged his shoulders and half turned to go. "Well," he said, "we'd better get back."

"Look," said the little man, and pointed to the last cut that the axe had made in the tree trunk. "You stitch this up * quickly."

"Don't be silly," the Doctor said.

"You do as I say. Stitch it up." Klausner was gripping the axe handle and he spoke softly, in a curious, almost a threatening tone.

"Don't be silly," the Doctor said. "I can't stitch through wood. Come on. Let's get back."

"So you can't stitch through wood?"

"No, of course not."

"Have you got any iodine? It'll sting *, but that can't be helped."

"Now look," the Doctor said, and again he turned as if to go. "Let's not be ridiculous *. Let's get back to the house and then..."

"Paint-the-cut-with-iodine."

The Doctor hesitated. He saw Klausner's hands tightening on the handle of the axe. He decided that his only alternative was to run away fast, and he certainly wasn't going to do that.

"All right," he said. "I'll paint it with iodine."

He got his black bag which was lying on the grass, opened it and took out a bottle of iodine and some cotton wool.* He went up to the tree trunk and began to paint the cut. He kept one eye on Klausner who was standing motionless with the axe in his hands, watching him.

"Make sure you get it right in."

"Yes," the Doctor said.

"Now do the other one — the one just above it!"

The Doctor did as he was told.

"There you are," he said. "It's done."

Klausner came closer and seriously examined the two wounds.*

"Yes," he said, nodding his huge head slowly up and down.

"Yes, that will do nicely." He stepped back a pace. "You'll come and look at them again tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes," the Doctor said. "Of course."

"And put some more iodine on?"

"If necessary, yes."

"Thank you, Doctor," Klausner said, and he nodded his head again and he dropped the axe and all at once he smiled, a wild, excited smile, and quickly the Doctor went over to him and gently he took him by the arm and he said, "Come on, we must go now," and suddenly they were walking away, the two of them, walking silently rather hurriedly back to the house.

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

shed *n* навес, сарай
dial *n* переключатель
air of urgency *n* напряженность
tension *n* напряжение
fool around *v* развлекаться, заниматься
пустяками
disturb *v* беспокоить, мешать
inquisitive *n* любопытный
low (high) pitched sound *n* звук низкой (высокой) частоты
succession *n* последовательность
animated *a* оживленный
twitch *n* (нервное) подергивание
moth *n* мотылек, моль
inaudible *a* неслышимый
creature *n* создание, существо
whistle *v* свистеть
bark *v* лаять
croak *v* квакать, каркать

needle *n* стрелка (прибора)
luck *n* удача, везение
trial *n* испытание; попытка
tune in *v* настраивать(ся) (на волну)
squeak *n* писк
bat *n* летучая мышь

II

lawn *n* лужайка
knob *n* ручка настройки
piercing shriek *n* пронзительный крик (визг)
stem *n* стебель
pair of scissors *n* ножницы
excitement *n* волнение, возбуждение
go crazy *v* сойти с ума
harmless *a* безобидный
humour *v* эд. улаживать, доставлять удовольствие

wrist *v* запястье
 crackling sound потрескивание
 daisy *n* маргаритка
 axe *n* топор

III

peer *v* всматриваться
 trunk *n* ствол
 blade *n* эд. топор
 stick (stuck, stuck) *v* застревать
 impact *n* удар
 sob *n* рыдание
 wood flesh *n* эд. тело
 heal *v* заживать
 tap *v* постукивать
 drive smb mad сводить с ума
 enor meus *a* огромный
 latch *n* замок, щеколда
 precisely *adv* точно

IV

slight shifting легкое движение
 roots *n* корни
 check the blow остановить, предотвратить удар
 splinter *v* разлететься в щепки
 spellbound *a* ошеломленный
 came crashing down с шумом упала
 smash *v* разбивать
 it had got you она убила вас
 barely audible едва слышный
 frown *v* нахмуриться
 irritably *adv* раздраженно
 what with ... = когда...
 stitch up эд. наложить швы
 sting *v* щипать (о йоде)
 ridiculous *a* смешной, нелепый
 cotton wool вата
 wound *n* рана

BLUE LENSES

*Daphne du Maurier**

I

This was the day for the bandages * to be removed and the blue lenses fitted.* Marda West put her hand up to her eyes and felt the bandage. The days had passed into weeks since her operation, and she had lain there suffering no physical discomfort*, but only the anonymity of darkness, a negative feeling that the world and the life around was passing her by. As for the operation itself, it had been successful. Here was definite promise. A hundred per cent successful.

"You will see," the surgeon * told her, "more clearly than ever before."

But always during these days of waiting, she had the fear that everybody at the hospital was being too kind. Therefore, when at last it happened, when at his evening visit the surgeon said, "Your lenses will be fitted tomorrow," surprise was greater than joy. She could not say anything, and he had left the room before she could thank him. "You won't know you've got them, Mrs West" — the day-nurse assured her, leaving.

* Daphne du Maurier (b. 1907), an English writer. Her works include: *Rebecca*, *The House on the Strand*, *The Parasites*.

Such a calm, comfortable voice, and the way she shifted the pillows * and held the glass to the patient's lips, the hand smelling faintly of the Morny French Fern soap. These things gave confidence and implied * that she could not lie.

"Tomorrow I shall see you", said Marda West, and the nurse, with the cheerful laugh that could be heard sometimes down the corridor outside, answered, "Yes, I'll give you your first shock."

It was a strange thought how memories of coming into the nursing-home were now dim.*

"Aren't you feeling excited?" This was the low, soft voice of her night-nurse, who, more than the rest of them, understood what she had endured *. Nurse Brand was a person of sunlight, of bearing in fresh flowers, of admitting visitors. The weather she described in the world outside appeared to be her own creation. "A hot day", she would say, opening windows, and her patient would sense the cool uniform, the starched * cap, which somehow toned down * the penetrating heat.

Meals, too, even the dullest of lunches were made to appear delicacies through her method of introduction.

The night brought consolation * and Nurse Ansel. She did not expect courage. At first, during pain, it had been Nurse Ansel who had administered the drugs *. It was she who had smoothed the pillows and held the glass to the lips. At night the patient had only to touch the bell, and in a moment Nurse Ansel was by the bed. "Can't sleep? I know, it's bad for you. I'll give you just two and a half grains, and the night won't seem so long".

How compassionate *, that smooth and silken * voice. All she did was faultless *. She never annoyed. And when she went off duty, at five minutes to eight in the morning, she would whisper, "Until this evening."

It was with a special secret sympathy that Nurse Ansel would announce the evening visitor. "Here is someone you want to see, a little earlier than usual," the tone suggesting that Jim was not the husband of ten years but a troubadour, a lover, someone whose bouquet of flowers had been plucked in an enchanted garden and now brought to a balcony. Then, shyly, the voice would murmur, "Good evening, Mr West. Mrs West is waiting for you." She would hear the gentle closing of the door, the tip-toeing * out with the flowers and the almost soundless return, the scent * of the flowers filling the room.

It must have been during the fifth week that Marda West had suggested, first to Nurse Ansel and then to her husband, that perhaps when she returned home the night-nurse might go with them for the first week. Just a week. Just so that Marda West could settle to home again.

His comment was something between surprise and indulgence *. Surprise that his wife considered a nurse a person in her own right, and indulgence because it was the whim * of a sick woman.

"Aren't you feeling excited?", asked Nurse Ansel.

"In a way", said Marda West, "It's like being born again. I've forgotten how the world looks".

"Such a wonderful world," murmured Nurse Ansel, "and you've been patient for so long."

"It's strange," said Marda West, "tomorrow you won't be a voice to me any more. You'll be a person."

"Aren't I a person now?"

"Yes, of course, but it will be different."

Even knowing she was dark and small — for so Nurse Ansel had described herself — Marda West must be prepared for surprise at the first encounter *, the tilt of the head *, the slant of the eyes *, or perhaps some unexpected facial form like too large a mouth, too many teeth.

"Sleep, then. Tomorrow will come too soon." There came the familiar routine of the bell put within reach, the last-minute drink, the pill, and then the soft, "Good night, Mrs West. Ring if you want me."

"Thank you. Good night."

II

"Well, we can't complain of the weather!" Now it was the day itself, and Nurse Brand coming in like the first breeze of morning.

"All ready for the great event?" she asked.

Then the surgeon removed the bandages and did something to her eyelids.

"Now, don't be disappointed," he said. "You won't know any difference for about half an hour. Then it will gradually clear.* I want you to lie quietly during that time."

The dark lenses, fitted inside her lids, were temporary * for the first few days. Then they would be removed and others fitted.

"How much shall I see?" she asked at last.

"Everything. But not immediately in colour. Just like wearing sunglasses on a bright day. Rather pleasant."

His cheerful laugh gave confidence, and when he and Nurse Brand had left the room she lay back again, waiting for the fog to clear and for that summer day to break in upon her vision, however subdued, however softened by the lenses.

Little by little the mist dissolved *.

All was in focus now. Flowers, the wash-basin, the glass with the thermometer in it, her dressing-gown. Wonder and relief * were so great that they excluded thought.

"They weren't lying to me," she thought. "It's happened. It's true."

Colour was not important. The blue symmetry of vision itself was all-important. To see, to feel. It was indeed rebirth*, the discovery of a world long lost to her.

She heard Nurse Brand's voice outside, and turned her head to watch the opening door.

"Well... are we happy once more?"

Smiling, she saw the figure dressed in uniform come into the room, bearing a tray, her glass of milk upon it. Yet, absurd, the head with the uniformed cap was not a woman's head at all. The thing bearing down upon her was a cow *... a cow on a woman's body. The frilled cap was upon wide horns *. The eyes were large and gentle, but cow's eyes, the nostrils broad and humid, and the way she stood there, breathing, was the way a cow stood placidly in pasture *, taking the day as it came, content, unmoved.

"Feeling a bit strange?"

The laugh was a woman's laugh, a nurse's laugh, Nurse Brand's laugh, and she put the tray down on the cupboard beside the bed. The patient said nothing. She shut her eyes, then opened them again. The cow in the nurse's uniform was with her still. It was important to gain time *. The patient stretched out her hand carefully for the glass of milk. She sipped the milk slowly. The mask must be worn on purpose *. Perhaps it was some kind of experiment connected with the fitting of the lenses — though how it was supposed to work she could not imagine.

"I see very plainly *," she said at last. "At least, I think I do."

Nurse Brand stood watching her. The broad uniformed figure was much as Marda West had imagined it, but that cow's head tilted, the ridiculous frill of the horns... where did the head join the body, if mask it in fact was?

"Is it a trick?" Marda West asked.

"Is what a trick?"

"The way you look ... your ... face?"

The cow's jaw distinctly dropped.

"Really, Mrs West. I'm as the good God made me."

"I didn't mean to offend * you," she said, "but it is just a little strange. You see..."

She was spared explanation * because the door opened and the surgeon came into the room. At least, the surgeon's voice was recognizable as he called. "Hullo! How goes it?" and his figure in the dark coat was all that an eminent * surgeon's should be, but... that terrier's * head, ears pricked, the inquisitive, searching glance?

This time the patient laughed.

"Mrs West thinks us a bit of a joke," the nurse said. But her voice was not over-pleased.

The surgeon came and put his hand out to his patient, and bent close to observe * her eyes. She lay very still. He wore no mask either. He was even marked, one ear black, the other white.

"I'll be in on Thursday," he said, "to change the lenses."

Marda West could not demand an explanation. Instinct warned her that he would not understand. The terrier was saying something to the cow, giving instructions.

As they moved to the door the patient made a last attempt.

"Will the permanent lenses," she asked, "be the same as these?"

"Exactly the same." yapped * the surgeon, "except that they won't be tinted *. You'll see the natural colour. Until Thursday, then."

He was gone, and the nurse with him. She could hear the murmur of voices outside the door. What happened now? If it was really some kind of test, did they remove their masks instantly? She slipped out of bed and went to the door. She could hear the surgeon say, "One and a half grains. She's a little tired. It's the reaction, of course".

Bravely, she flung open the door. They were standing there in the passage, wearing the masks still.

"Do you want anything, Mrs West?" asked Nurse Brand.

Marda West stared beyond them down the corridor. The whole floor was in the deception *. A maid, carrying dust-pan * and brush, coming from the room next door, had a weasel's * head upon her small body, and the nurse advancing

from the other side was a little kitten, her cap coquettish on her furry curls, the doctor beside her a proud lion.

Fear came to Marda West. How could they have known she would open the door at that minute? Something of her fear must have shown in her face, for Nurse Brand, the cow, took hold of her and led her back into her room.

"I'm rather tired," Marda West said. "I'd like to sleep."

"That's right," said Nurse Brand and gave her a sedative *.

The sedative acted swiftly.

Soon peaceful darkness came, but she awoke, not to the sanity she had hoped for, but to lunch brought in by the kitten. Nurse Brand was off duty.

"How long must it go on for?" asked Marda West. She had adjusted herself * to the trick.

"How do you mean, Mrs West?" asked the kitten, smiling. Such a flighty little thing, with its pursed-up mouth, and even as it spoke it put a hand to its cap.

"This test on my eyes," said the patient, uncovering the boiled chicken on her plate. "I don't see the point of it."

"I'm sorry, Mrs West," the kitten said, "I don't follow you. Did you tell Nurse Brand you couldn't see properly yet?"

"It's not that I can't see," replied Marda West. "I see perfectly well. The chair is a chair. The table is a table. I'm about to eat boiled chicken. But why do you look like a kitten?" "I see what I see," said the patient. "You are a cat, if you like, and Nurse Brand's a cow."

This time the insult must sound deliberate *. Nurse Sweeting, that was the cat's name, had fine whiskers to her mouth. The whiskers bristled *.

"If you please, Mrs West," she said, "will you eat your chicken, and ring the bell when you are ready for the next course?"

She left the room.

III

No, they could not be wearing masks. And the staff of the hospital could not possibly put on such an act for one patient, for Marda West alone — the expense would be too great. The fault must lie in the lenses *, then. The lenses, by their very nature, by some quality beyond the layman's * understanding, must transform the person who was perceived through them.

A sudden thought struck her, and pushing the trolley-table aside she climbed out of bed and went over the dressing-table. Her own face stared back at her from the looking-glass. The dark lenses concealed * the eyes, but the face was at least her own.

"Thank heaven for that," she said to herself, but it swung her back to thoughts of trickery *. Her first idea of masks had been the right one. But why?

She would try one further proof *. She stood by the window, the curtain concealing her, and watched for passers-by. For the moment there was no one in the street. It was the lunch-hour, and traffic was slack *. Then, at the other end of the street, a taxi crossed, too far away for her to see the driver's head. She waited. A van * drew near, but she could not see the driver ... yes, he slowed as he went by the nursing-home and she saw the frog's * head, the bulging eyes *.

Sick at heart, she left the window and climbed back into bed. She had no further appetite and pushed away her plate, the rest of the chicken untasted. She did not ring her bell, and after a while the door opened. The kitten, her back arched, her fluff flying, put the coffee down without a word, and Marda West irritated — for surely, if anyone was to show annoyance, it should be herself? — said sharply, "Shall I pour you some milk in the saucer?"

The kitten turned. "A joke's a joke, Mrs West," she said, "and I can take a laugh with anyone. But I can't stand rudeness *."

"Miaow," said Marda West.

The kitten left the room. No one came to remove the coffee. The patient was in disgrace *. She did not care. If the staff of the nursing-home thought they could win this battle, they were mistaken. Marda went to the telephone and asked the exchange to put her through to her husband's office. She remembered a moment afterwards that he would still be at lunch. Nevertheless, she got the number, and as luck had it he was there.

"Jim... Jim, darling,"

"Yes?"

The relief to hear the loved familiar voice. She lay back on the bed, the receiver to her ear.

"Darling, when can you get here?"

"Not before this evening, I'm afraid. It's one hell of a day, one thing after another. Well, how did it go? Is everything O. K.?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean? Can't you see?"

How was she to explain what had happened to her? It sounded so foolish over the telephone.

"Yes, I can see. I can see perfectly. It's just that ... that all the nurses look like animals. And the surgeon too. He's a fox terrier."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

He was saying something to his secretary at the same time, something about another appointment, and she knew from the tone of his voice that he was very busy, very busy, and she had chosen the worst time to ring him up.

Marda West knew it was no use. She must wait till he came. Then she would try to explain everything, and he would be able to find out for himself what lay behind it.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "I'll tell you later."

"I'm sorry," he told her, "but I really am in a hurry."

Then she rang off. She put down the telephone.

It was much later in the afternoon that Matron called in to have a word with her. She knew it was Matron because of her clothes. But inevitably now, without surprise, she observed the sheep's * head.

"I hope you're quite comfortable, Mrs West?"

A note of gentle inquiry in the voice. A suspicion of a baa *?

"Yes, thank you."

Marda West spoke guardedly *. It would not do to anger the Matron. Even if the whole affair was some gigantic plot *, it would be better not to aggravate * her.

"The lenses fit well?"

"Very well."

"I'm so glad. It was a nasty operation, and you've stood the period of waiting so very well. Mrs West..." The Matron seemed uncomfortable, and turned her sheep's head away from the woman in the bed, "Mrs West, I hope you won't mind what I'm going to say, but our nurses do a fine job here and we are all very proud of them. They work long hours, as you know, and it is not really very kind to mock * them, although I am sure you intend it in fun."

"Is it because I called Nurse Sweeting a kitten?"

"I don't know what you called her, Mrs West, but she was quite distressed *. She came to me in the office nearly crying."

"It won't happen again. But Matron," said Marda West, "What is the object of it all?"

"The object of what, Mrs West?"

"This dressing up." *

There was silence. The Matron moved slowly to the door.

"I hope," she said, "when you leave us in a few days, Mrs West, that you will look back on us with greater tolerance * than you appear to have now."

She left the room. Marda West closed her eyes. She opened them again. Why was it only people had changed? What was so wrong with people? She kept her eyes shut when her tea was brought to her, and when the voice said pleasantly, "Some flowers for you, Mrs West," she did not even open them, but waited for the owner of the voice to leave the room. The flowers were carnations *. The card was Jim's. And the message on it said, "Cheer up. We're not as bad as we seem."

She smiled, and buried her face in the flowers. Nothing false * about them. Nothing strange about the scent. Carnations were carnations, fragrant, graceful. Even the nurse on duty who came to put them in water could not irritate her with her pony's head. After all, it was a trim little pony, with a white star on its forehead. It would do well in the ring. "Thank you," smiled Marda West.

The curious day dragged on, and she waited restlessly for eight o'clock. She realized, so strange had been the day, that she had not once thought about Nurse Ansel. Dear, comforting Nurse Ansel. Nurse Ansel, who was due to come on duty at eight. Was she also in the conspiracy *? If she was, then Marda West would have a showdown. * Nurse Ansel would never lie *. She would go up to her, and put her hands on her shoulders, and take the mask in her two hands, and say to her, "There, now take it off. You won't deceive me."

IV

At that moment the door opened and a long snake's * head came into view.

"How does it feel to see yourself again?"

Nurse Ansel's voice coming from the head seemed grotesque and horrible. Marda West felt sick at the sight of her.

"Poor dear, they should have kept you quiet, the first day," Nurse Ansel said.

"Tell me," she continued, "do I look as you expected me to look?"

She must be careful, Marda West thought. The question might be a trap. *

"I think you do," she said slowly.

"When I go home with you," said Nurse Ansel, "I needn't wear uniform — that is, if you don't want me to. You see, you'll be a private patient then, and I your personal nurse for the week I'm with you."

Marda West felt suddenly cold. In the rush of the day she had forgotten the plans. Nurse Ansel was to be with them for a week. It was all arranged. The vital thing was not to show fear. Nothing must seem changed. And then, when Jim arrived, she would tell him everything. If he could not see the snake's head as she did — and indeed, it was possible that he would not, if her hypervision was caused by the lenses — he must just understand that for reasons too deep to explain she no longer trusted Nurse Ansel, could not, in fact, bear her to come home. The plan must be altered. She wanted no one to look after her. She only wanted to be home again, with him.

The telephone rang on the bedside-table and Marda West seized it, as she might seize salvation *. It was her husband.

"Sorry to be late," he said. "I'll jump into a taxi and be with you right away."

He rang off, and looking up she saw the snake's head watching her. No doubt, thought Marda West, no doubt you would like to know what we were saying to one another.

"You must promise not to get too excited when Mr West comes." Nurse Ansel stood with her hand upon the door.

"I'm not excited. I just long to see him, that's all."

"You're looking very flushed *."

"It's warm in here."

The twisting neck turned upward, then turned to the window. For the first time Marda West had the impression that the snake was not entirely at its ease. It sensed tension. It knew, it could not help but know, that the atmosphere had changed between nurse and patient.

"I'll open the window just a trifle at the top."

Then the neck settled in the collar, the tongue darted * rapidly in and out, and with a gliding motion * Nurse Ansel left the room.

Marda West waited for the sound of the taxi in the street outside. She wondered if she could persuade Jim to stay the night in the nursing-home. If she explained her fear, her terror, surely he would understand.

The taxi came at last. She heard it slow down, and then the door slammed and, blessedly, Jim's voice rang out in the street below. The taxi went away. Her heart began to beat fast, and she watched the door. She heard his footstep outside, and then his voice again — he must be saying something to the snake.

The door opened, the familiar umbrella and bowler hat the first objects to appear round the corner, then the comforting burly figure, but — God ... no ... please God, not Jim too, not Jim, forced into a mask, forced into an organization of devils, of liars ... Jim had a vulture's * head. She could not mistake it. The brooding eye, * the blood-tipped beak *, the flabby folds of flesh *. As she lay in sick and speechless horror, he stood the umbrella in a corner and put down the bowler hat and the folded overcoat.

"I gather you're not too well," he said, turning his vulture's head and staring at her, "feeling a bit sick and out of sorts. I won't stay long. A good night's rest will put you right."

She was too numb * to answer. She lay quite still as he approached the bed and bent to kiss her. The vulture's beak was sharp.

"It's reaction, Nurse Ansel says," he went on, "the sudden shock of being able to see again. It works differently with different people. She says it will be much better when we get you home."

We ... Nurse Ansel and Jim. The plan still held *, then.

"I don't know," she said faintly, "that I want Nurse Ansel to come home."

"Not want Nurse Ansel?" He sounded startled. "But it was you who suggested it. You can't suddenly change."

There was no time to reply. She had not rung the bell, but Nurse Ansel herself came into the room. "Cup of coffee, Mr West?" she said. It was the evening routine. Yet tonight it sounded strange, as though it had been arranged outside the door.

"Thanks, Nurse, I'd love some. What's this nonsense about not coming home with us?" The vulture turned to the snake, the snake's head wriggled, and Marda West knew, as she watched them, the snake with darting tongue, the vulture with his head hunched between his man's shoulders, that the plan for Nurse Ansel to come home had not been her own after all; she remembered now that the first suggestion had come from Nurse Ansel herself. It had been Nurse Ansel who had

said that Marda West needed care during convalescence *. The suggestion had come after Jim had spent the evening laughing and joking and his wife had listened, her eyes bandaged, happy to hear him. Now, watching the smooth snake whose adder's V * was hidden beneath the nurse's cap, she knew why Nurse Ansel wanted to return with her, and she knew too why Jim had not opposed it, why in fact he had accepted the plan at once, had declared it a good one.

The vulture opened its blood-stained beak. "Don't say you two have fallen out *?"

"Impossible." The snake twisted its neck, looked sideways at the vulture, and added, "Mrs West is just a little bit tired tonight. She's had a trying day *, haven't you, dear?"

How best to answer? Neither must know. Neither the vulture, nor the snake.

"I'm all right," she said. "A bit mixed-up *. As Nurse Ansel says, I'll be better in the morning."

"I won't bother you," said the vulture, "with these documents tonight. There's no violent hurry anyway. You can sign them at home."

"What documents?"

"The trust fund papers Forbes and Millwall gave me. They suggest I should become a co-director of the fund."

The words stirred her memory. Something to do with her eyes. If the operation was not successful she would have difficulty in signing her name.

"What for?" she asked, her voice unsteady. "After all, it is my money."

He laughed. And, turning to the sound, she saw the beak open. It gaped like a trap, and then closed again.

"Of course it is," he said. "That's not the point. The point is that I should be able to sign for you, if you should be ill or away." The snake shrank into its collar and slid towards the door. "Don't stay too long, Mr West," murmured Nurse Ansel. "Our patient must have a real rest tonight."

She glided from the room and Marda West was left alone with her husband. With the vulture.

V

"I don't propose to go away," she said, "or be ill."

"Probably not. That's neither here nor there. These fellows always want safeguards *. Anyway, I won't bore * you with it now."

Could it be that the voice was over-casual? That the hand, stuffing the document into the pocket of the greatcoat, was a claw *?

"Did you really mean that," Jim asked, "about Nurse Ansel?"

A vulture needed sharp claws for tearing its victim.

"I don't know," she said. "It seemed to me rather silly to go home with a nurse, now that I can see again."

"I think she's a treasure *," he said. "I vote we stick to the plan *. After all, if it doesn't work we can always send her away."

"Perhaps," said his wife.

"What will you do this evening?" she asked quietly.

"Have dinner at the club, I suppose," he answered. "It's becoming rather monotonous. Only two more days of it, thank goodness. Then you'll be home again."

Yes, but once at home, once back there, with a vulture and a snake, would she not be more completely at their mercy * than she was here?

"You look unwell," he said suddenly. "Shall I call Nurse Ansel?"

"No..." It broke from her, almost a cry.

"I think I'd better go. She said not to stay long."

He got up from the chair, a heavy, hooded figure, and she closed her eyes as he came to kiss her good night. "Sleep well, my poor pet, and take it easy."

When he had gone she began to moan *, turning her head upon the pillow.

"What am I to do?" she said. "What am I to do?"

The door opened again and she put her hand to her mouth. They must not hear her cry. They must not see her cry. She pulled herself together * with a tremendous effort.

"How are you feeling, Mrs West?"

The snake stood at the bottom of the bed, and by her side the house physician. She had always liked him, a young pleasant man, and although like the others he had an animal's head it did not frighten her. It was a dog's head, an Aberdeen's and the brown eyes seemed to quiz * her.

"Could I speak to you alone?" she asked.

"Of course. Do you mind, nurse?" He jerked his head at the door, and she had gone. Marda West sat up in bed and clasped her hands.

"You'll think me very foolish," she began, "but it's the lenses. They make everyone look strange."

"They're supposed to do that, you know. They don't show colour." His voice was cheerful, friendly.

"Yes," she said. His voice, even his head, gave her confidence. "Have you known people who've had this operation before?"

"Yes, scores of them *. In a couple of days you'll be as right as rain *. You'll actually see more clearly in every way. One patient told me that it was as though she had been wearing spectacles all her life, and then, because of the operation, she realized she saw all her friends and her family as they really were."

"As they really were?" She repeated his words after him.

"Exactly. Her sight * had always been poor, you see. She had thought her husband's hair was brown, but in reality it was red, bright red. A bit of a shock at first. But she was delighted."

The Aberdeen moved from the bed and nodded his head.

She repeated the words he had used himself. Marda West could see people as they really were. And those whom she had loved and trusted most were in truth a vulture and a snake...

The door opened and Nurse Ansel, with the sedative, entered the room.

"Ready to settle down, Mrs West?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you."

There might be no conspiracy, but even so all trust, all faith, were over.

The voice that had once seemed tender was over-smooth and false. How deceptive * are ears, thought Marda West, what traitors to truth. And for the first time she became aware of her own new latent power *, the power to tell truth from falsehood, good from evil.

"Good night, Mrs West."

"Good night."

Lying awake, Marda West decided upon her plan. She got out of bed. She took her clothes from the wardrobe and began to dress. She put on her coat and shoes and tied a scarf over her head. When she was ready she went to the door and softly turned the handle. All was quiet in the corridor. She stood there motionless. Then she took one step across the threshold and looked to the left, where the nurse on duty sat. The snake was there. The snake was sitting bent over a book.

Marda West waited. She was prepared to wait for hours. Presently the sound she hoped for came, the bell from a pa-

tient. The snake lifted its head from the book and checked the red light on the wall. Then, she glided down the corridor to the patient's room. She knocked and entered. Directly she had disappeared Marda West left her own room and went downstairs and into the street.

Marda West was walking down the street. She turned right, and left, and right again, and in the distance she saw the lights of Oxford Street. She began to hurry. The friendly traffic drew her like a magnet, the distant lights, the distant men and women. When she came to Oxford Street she paused, wondering of a sudden where she should go, whom she could ask for refuge *. And it came to her once again that there was no one, no one at all; because the couple passing her now, a toad's * head on a short black body clutching a panther's * arm, could give her no protection, and the policeman standing at the corner was a baboon *, the woman talking to him a little pig. No one was human, no one was safe, the man a pace or two behind her was like Jim, another vulture. There were vultures on the pavement opposite. Coming towards her, laughing, was a jackal *.

She turned and ran. She ran, bumping into them, jackals, hyenas *, vultures, dogs. The world was theirs, there was no human left. Seeing her run they turned and looked at her, they pointed, they screamed and yapped, they gave chase, their footsteps followed her. Down Oxford Street she ran, pursued by them, the night all darkness and shadow, the light no longer with her, alone in an animal world.

VI

"Lie quite still, Mrs West, just a small prick *, I'm not going to hurt you."

She recognized the voice of Mr Greaves, the surgeon, and dimly she told herself that they had got hold of her again.

They had replaced the bandages over her eyes, and for this she was thankful. Such blessed darkness, the evil of the night hidden.

"Now, Mrs West, I think your troubles are over. No pain and no confusion with these lenses. The world's in colour again."

The bandages were removed after all. And suddenly everything was clear, was day, and the face of Mr Greaves smiled down at her. At his side was a rounded, cheerful nurse.

"Where are your masks?" asked the patient.

"We didn't need masks for this little job," said the surgeon. "We were only taking out the temporary lenses. That's better, isn't it?"

She looked around. She was back again all right. All was in natural colour.

"Something happened to me, didn't it?" she said. "I tried to get away."

The nurse glanced at the surgeon. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "you did. And, frankly, I don't blame you. I blame myself. Those lenses I inserted yesterday were pressing upon a tiny nerve, and the pressure threw out your balance. That's all over now."

His smile was reassuring. And the large eyes of Nurse Brand — it must surely be Nurse Brand — gazed down at her in sympathy.

"It was very terrible," said the patient. "I can never explain how terrible."

"Don't try," said Mr Greaves. "I can promise you it won't happen again."

The door opened and the young physician entered. He too was smiling. "Patient fully restored?" he asked.

"I think so," said the surgeon. "What about it, Mrs West?"

"I thought you were dogs," she said. "I thought you were a hunt terrier, Mr Greaves, and that you were an Aberdeen."

She turned to Nurse Brand. "I thought you were a cow," she said, "a kind cow. But you had sharp horns."

Everybody took it in good part.

The doctors were moving towards the door, laughing, and Marda West, sensing the normal atmosphere, the absence of all strain, * asked Nurse Brand, "Who found me, then? What happened? Who brought me back?"

Mr Greaves glanced back at her from the door. "You didn't get very far, Mrs West. The porter followed you. The person who really had the full shock was poor Nurse Ansel when she found you weren't in your bed."

"Nurse Ansel is here now," said Nurse Brand. "She was so upset when she went off duty that she wouldn't go back to the hostel to sleep. Would you care to have a word with her?"

Before she could answer the house doctor opened the door and called down the passage.

"Mrs West wants to say good morning to you," she said. Marda West stared, then began to smile, and held out her hand.

"I'm sorry," she said, "you must forgive me."

How could she have seen Nurse Ansel as a snake! The hazel eyes, the clear olive skin, the dark hair trim under the frilled cap. And that smile, that slow, understanding smile.

"Forgive you, Mrs West?" said Nurse Ansel. "What have I to forgive you for? You've been through a terrible thing."

Patient and nurse held hands. They smiled at one another. Nurse Ansel was so pretty, so gentle. "Don't think about it," she said, "You're going to be happy from now on. Promise me?"

"I promise," said Marda West.

The telephone rang, and Nurse Ansel let go her patient's hand and reached for the receiver. "You know who this is going to be," she said. "Your poor husband." She gave the receiver to Marda West.

"Jim ... Jim, is that you?"

The loved voice sounding so anxious at the other end. "Are you all right?" he said. "I've been through to * Matron twice, she said she would let me know. What the devil has been happening?"

Marda West smiled and handed the receiver to the nurse.

"You tell him," she said.

Nurse Ansel held the receiver to her ear. The skin of her hand was olive smooth, the nails gleaming with a soft pink polish.

"Is that you, Mr West" she said. "Our patient gave us a fright *, didn't she?" She smiled and nodded at the woman in the bed. "Well, you don't have to worry any more. Mr Greaves changed the lenses. They were pressing on a nerve, and everything is now all right. She can see perfectly. Yes, Mr Greaves said we could come home tomorrow."

Marda West reached once more for the receiver.

"Jim, I had a hideous * night," she said. "I'm only just beginning to understand it now. A nerve in the brain..."

"So, I understand," he said. "Don't excite yourself. I'll be along later."

His voice went. Marda West gave the receiver to Nurse Ansel, who replaced it on the stand.

"Did Mr Greaves really say I could go home tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, if you're good." Nurse Ansel smiled and patted her patient's hand. "Are you sure you still want me to come with you?" she asked.

"Why, yes," said Marda West. "Why, it's all arranged."

She sat up in bed and the sun came streaming through the window, throwing light on the roses, the lilies, the tall-stemmed iris. She thought of her garden waiting for her at home, the day-by-day routine of home to be taken up again with sight restored *.

"The most precious* thing in the world," she said to Nurse Ansel, "is sight. I know now. I know what I might have lost."

Nurse Ansel nodded her head in sympathy. "You've got your sight back," she said, "that's the miracle *. You won't ever lose it now."

She moved to the door. "I'll slip back to the hostel and get some rest," she said. "Now I know everything is well with you I'll be able to sleep. Is there anything you want before I go?"

"Give me my face-cream and my powder," said the patient, "and the lipstick and the brush and comb."

Nurse Ansel fetched the things from the dressing-table and put them within reach upon the bed. She brought the hand-mirror, too, and the bottle of scent.

Already, thought Marda West, Nurse Ansel fitted in. She saw herself putting flowers in the small guest-room, choosing the right books, fitting a portable wireless in case Nurse Ansel should be bored in the evenings.

"I'll be with you at eight o'clock."

The door closed. Nurse Ansel had gone.

Marda West lifted the hand-mirror and looked into it. Nothing changed in the room, the street noises came from outside, and presently the little maid who had seemed a weasel yesterday came in to dust the room. She said, "Good morning," but the patient did not answer. Perhaps she was tired. The maid dusted, and went her way.

Then Marda West took up the mirror and looked into it once more. No, she had not been mistaken. The eyes that stared back at her were doe's * eyes, wary before sacrifice *, and the timid deer's * head was meek *, already bowed. *

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

bandage *n* повязка, бинт
fit lenses вставить линзы
discomfort *n* неприятное ощущение
surgeon *n* хирург
shift the pillows поправлять подушки

imply *v* означать
dim *a* смутный, расплывчатый
endure *v* вынести, перенести
starched *a* накрахмаленный
tone down *vd.* уменьшать
consolation *n* утешение
administer drugs давать лекарство
compassionate *a* сострадательный

smooth and silken ровный и мягкий, как шелк
 faultless *a* безупречный
 tip-toe *v* ходить на цыпочках
 scent *n* аромат, благоухание
 indulgence *n* снисходительность
 whim *n* прихоть, каприз
 encounter *n* встреча
 tilt of the head наклон головы
 slant of the eyes разрез глаз

II

clear *v* проясняться
 temporary *a* временный
 dissolve *v* рассеяться
 relief *n* облегчение
 rebirth *n* *эд.* второе рождение
 cow *n* корова
 horns *n pl* рога
 in pasture на пастбище
 gain time выиграть время
 on purpose намеренно
 plainly *adv* ясно
 offend *v* обижать
 she was spared explanation ей не пришлось объяснять
 eminent *a* знаменитый
 terrier *n* терьер
 observe *v* *эд.* рассмотреть
 yarp *v* тявкать
 tinted *a* дымчатый, темный
 in the deception *эд.* в «маскараде»
 dust pan *n* совок для мусора
 weasel *n* (зоол.) ласка
 sedative *n* (мед.) успокаивающее средство
 adjust oneself *v* приспособиться
 deliberate *a* преднамеренный, умышленный
 the whiskers bristled усы сердито встопорщились

III

the fault must lie in the lenses
 все дело, очевидно, в линзах
 layman *n* непрофессионал
 conceal скрывать
 slack *a* ненапряженный, вялый
 it swung her back to thoughts of
 trickery мысли об обмане вновь вернулись
 van *n* фургон
 frog *n* лягушка

bulging eyes выпученные глаза
 stand rudeness терпеть грубость
 be in disgrace быть в немилости
 sheep *n* овца
 baa звук, который издает овца, блеяние
 guardedly *adv* осторожно
 plot *n* заговор
 aggravate *v* *эд.* сердить
 mock *v* насмехаться, высмеивать
 distressed *p.p.* расстроенный
 dressing up *n* *эд.* маскарад, переодевание
 tolerance *n* терпимость
 carnation *n* гвоздика
 false *a* искусственный, притворный
 conspiracy *n* заговор
 have a showdown открыть карты; *эд.* все объяснить
 lie *v* лгать

IV

snake *n* змея
 trap *n* ловушка
 salvation *n* спасение
 flushed *p.p.* *эд.* возбужденный
 dart *v* делать быстрые движения
 gliding motion скольльзящее движение
 vulture *n* гриф
 brooding eye угрюмый, насупившийся взгляд
 beak *n* клюв
 flabby folds of flesh отвислые складки кожи
 she was too numb она была слишком потрясена
 the plan still held план оставался в силе
 convalescence *n* выздоравливание
 adder's *V* характерный рисунок на голове гадюки
 fall out поссориться
 trying day тяжелый день
 a bit mixed-up (у меня) все немного перепуталось

V

safeguard *n* гарантия
 bore *v* надоедать
 claw *n* лапа
 treasure *n* сокровище

stick to the plan оставить план (в силе)
 at their mercy в их власти
 moan *v* стонать
 she pulled herself together. Она взяла себя в руки.
 quiz *v* опрашивать
 scores of them очень много
 as right as rain совершенно здорово
 sight *n* зрение
 deceptive *a* обманчивый
 latent power скрытая сила
 refuge *n* убежище, *эд.* помощь
 toad *n* (зоол.) жаба
 panther *n* пантера
 baboon *n* (зоол.) бабуин, порода обезьян
 jackal *n* шакал
 hyena [haɪ'i:nə] *n* гиена

VI

prick *n* укол
 strain *n* напряжение
 I've been through to... я звонил, разговаривал по телефону
 give a fright напугать
 hideous *a* ужасный, отвратительный
 with sight restored так как к ней вернулось зрение
 precious *a* драгоценный
 miracle *n* чудо
 doe *n* лань
 sacrifice *n* жертва, жертвоприношение
 timid deer робкий олень
 meek *a* слабый, покорный
 bowed *p.p.* склоненный

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY

Irwin Shaw *

I

Lloyd Barber was lying on his bed reading France-Soir when the phone rang.

He picked up the phone, and the man at the desk downstairs said, "There is a lady waiting for you here, M*. Barber."

"I'll be right down," Barber said and left the room.

Maureen Richardson was sitting in the little room off the lobby. She had been a young, pretty girl with bright, blue eyes when Barber first met her, during the war, just before she married Jimmy Richardson. But she had had two children since then and Richardson hadn't done so well, and now she was wearing a worn cloth coat and her complexion * had gone, and in the greenish lobby light she seemed bone-coloured and her eyes were pale.

"Hello, Beauty," Barber said. Richardson always called her that.

Maureen turned around quickly, almost as though he had frightened her. "Lloyd," she said. "I'm so glad I found you in."

"How's Jimmy?" Barber asked.

"Oh, Lloyd ..." Maureen pulled at her fingers. "He's gone, Lloyd," Maureen said. "He's been gone thirty-two days."

* Irwin Shaw (b. 1913), an American writer. His works include: *Act of Faith*; *The Young Lions*; *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

"We've been married over ten years and he never did anything like this before," Maureen said, trying to control her voice. "He just came to me one night and he said he'd got leave of absence from his job for a month and that he'd be back inside of thirty days and he'd tell me all about it when he got back, and he begged me not to ask any questions."

"What did he take?"

"Just one Valpak *," Maureen said. "With light clothes. As though he was going off on a summer vacation. He even took a tennis racket."

"A tennis racket," Barber nodded, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for husbands to take tennis rackets along when disappearing.

"Lloyd, do you know anything?" Maureen asked, worn and shabby in her thin coat in the green light.

Barber hesitated. "No," he said. "But I'll put a couple of calls and I'll telephone you tomorrow."

They both stood up. Maureen pulled on gloves over her reddened hands. The gloves were worn and greenish black. Looking at them, Barber suddenly remembered how neat * and shining Maureen had been when they first met, in Louisiana, so many years before, and how healthy and well-dressed he and Jimmy and the others had been in their lieutenants's uniforms with the new wings * on their breasts.

"Listen, Beauty," Barber said. "How are you fixed for money *?"

"I didn't come over for that," Maureen said firmly.

Barber took out his wallet * and peered judiciously * into it. It wasn't necessary. He knew exactly what was there. He took out a five-thousand-franc note. "Here," he said handing it to her.

Maureen sighed and put the note in her pocketbook. "I feel terrible about taking your money, Lloyd."

"Jimmy'll give it back to me," Barber said.

"Do you think he's all right?" Maureen asked, standing close to him.

"Of course," Lloyd said lightly and falsely *. "There's nothing to worry about. I'll call you tomorrow."

* * *

Barber went to his room. There were two suitcases standing open on the floor. On top of the dressing table there were: a bill, marked overdue *, from a tailor; a letter from his

ex-wife, in New York; a letter from his mother telling him to stop being a damn fool and come home and get a regular job. Barber hadn't answered his ex-wife, because he had come to Europe to try to forget her. He hadn't answered his mother, because he was afraid she was right.

Stuck into the mirror above the dressing table was a photograph of himself and Jimmy Richardson, taken on the beach at Deauville the summer before. The Richardsons had taken a cottage there, and Barber had spent a couple of weekends with them. Jimmy Richardson was another one who had attached himself to Barber during the war.

Barber picked up the phone. There was a whistling, static-like sound and he gave the number of the George V *. and asked for Monsieur Smith, M. Bert Smith. After a while, the girl said M. Smith was no longer at the hotel. He was not expected to return and there was no forwarding address *.

Barber hung up. He was not surprised about Bert Smith. He was a man who wandered mysteriously from hotel to hotel, and he might have used half a dozen names besides Smith since Barber had spoken to him last.

With a conscious effort Barber tried not to think about Jimmy Richardson or his wife, or about Jimmy Richardson's two small sons.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly two-thirty. He tried to remember all the places he had ever seen Bert Smith at two-thirty in the afternoon. The fancy restaurant near the Rond-Point, where the movie people and the French newspaper owners and the rich tourists ate; the bistro on the Boulevard Latour-Maubourg, on the Left Bank; the restaurants at Auteuil and Longchamp and St. Cloud. Barber looked at the newspaper. They were running at Auteuil today.

Barber thought unhappily of the last fifteen thousand francs in his wallet. It was going to be a long, hard, expensive day. He put on his hat and coat and went out. He hailed a taxi and gave the driver the address of the restaurant near the Rond-Point.

II

It had started about two months before, in the stand at Auteuil just before the sixth race. The day was misty and there weren't many spectators, and Barber had not been doing very well, but he had got a tip * on the sixth race.

There was only one other spectator near him in the stand, a small, round man wearing an expensive-looking hat, and carrying a pair of binoculars and a rolled umbrella, like an Englishman. He smiled at Barber and nodded. Barber smiled back politely.

The man with the umbrella moved over to him along the damp concrete row of seats. He had what Barber had come to call an import-export face. It was a face that was at the same time bland, * cynical, self-assured *, sensual *, hopeless, and daring *. It was a face, you felt somehow, that was occasionally of interest to the police.

"Good afternoon," the man said in English, tipping his hat. "Are you having a lucky day?"

"Not bad," Barber said carefully.

"Which do you like in this one?" The man pointed with his umbrella at the track, where the horses were going up to the distant starting line.

"Number Three," Barber said.

"Number Three." The man shrugged, as though he pitied Barber but was restrained * by his good breeding * from saying so. "How is the movie business these days?" the man asked.

"The movie business went home a month ago," Barber said, slightly surprised that the man knew anything about it. An American company had been making a picture about the war, and Barber had had four lucky, well-paid months as a technical expert.

Number Three led all the way until the stretch *. In the stretch he was passed rapidly by four other horses. Barber took out his tickets and tore them at once and dropped them on the wet concrete.

He watched with surprise as the man with the umbrella took out some tickets and tore them up *, too. They were on Number Three, and Barber could see that they were big ones. The man with the umbrella dropped the tickets with a half-amused expression on his face, as though all his life he had been used to tearing up things that had suddenly become of no value.

"I have a car," the man said. "I could give you a lift into town, Mr. Barber."

"Oh," Barber said, surprised, "you know my name."

"Of course," the man said, smiling. "Why don't you wait for me at the bar? I have to go and cash some tickets *."

"I thought you lost," Barber said suspiciously.

"On Number Three," the man said. From another pocket he took out some more tickets and waved them gently. "But there is always the insurance. One must always think of insurance," he said. "Will I see you at the bar?"

"OK," Barber said. "I'll be there. Oh — by the way, what's your name?"

"Smith," the man said. "Bert Smith."

Barber went to the bar and ordered a coffee, then changed it to a brandy, because coffee wasn't enough after a race like that.

Smith came to the bar softly, and laid a hand lightly on Barber's arm. "Mr Barber," he said, "there is a rumour * for the seventh race. Number Six."

"It is a lovely little rumour," Smith said. "I never win on Number Six."

Barber looked at the man doubtfully. He wondered briefly what there was in it for Smith. "What the hell," he said moving towards the seller's window. "What have I got to lose?" He put five thousand francs on Number Six and superstitiously * remained at the bar during the race, drinking brandy. Number Six won, all out.

Barber walked patting his inside pocket with the ninety thousand francs in a comfortable bulge there, pleased with the little man trotting beside him.

Bert Smith had a Citroën, and he drove well, objectionably, cutting in on other cars * and swinging wide into the outside lane to gain advantage at lights.

"Do you bet * often on the races, Mr Barber?" he was saying as they passed a traffic policeman, forlorn in his white cape on the gleaming street.

"Too often," Barber said, enjoying the warmth of the car and the effects of the last brandy and the bulge in his pocket.

"Do you like to gamble *, Mr Barber?"

"Who doesn't?"

"There are many who do not like to gamble," Smith said, "I pity them."

"Pity them?" Barber looked over at Smith, a little surprised at the word. "Why?"

"Because," Smith said softly, smiling, "in this age there comes a time when everyone finds that he is forced to gamble — and not only for money, and not only at the seller's window. And when that time comes, and you are not in the habit, and it does not amuse you, you are most likely to lose."

They rode in silence for a while. From time to time, Barber peered across * at the soft, self-assured face above the wheel. I would like to get a look at his passport, Barber thought — at all the passports he's carried for the last twenty years.

"For example," Smith said, "during the war..."

"Yes?"

"When you were in your plane," Smith said, "on a mission. Weren't there times when you had to decide suddenly to try something, to depend on your luck for one split second, and if you hesitated — ssszt!" Smith took one hand from the wheel and made a gliding, falling motion, with his thumb * down. He smiled across at Barber. "I suppose you are one of the young men who were nearly killed a dozen times," he said.

"I suppose so," Barber said.

"I prefer that in Americans," Smith said. "It makes them more like Europeans."

"How did you know I was in the war?" Barber said. For the first time, he began to wonder if it was only a coincidence * that Smith had been near him in the stand before the sixth race.

Smith chuckled. "You have been in Paris how long?" he said. "A year and a half?"

"Sixteen months," Barber said, wondering how the man knew that.

"Nothing very mysterious about it," Smith said. "People talk at bars, at dinner parties. One girl tells another girl. Paris is a small city. Do you still fly?"

"Once in a while."

Smith nodded. "Do you maintain your licence?" *

"Yes."

"Yes, that's wise," Smith said.

He pulled the car sharply in to the kerb and stopped, and Barber got out.

"Here you are," Smith said. He put out his hand, smiling, and Barber shook it.

"Thanks for everything," Barber said.

"This has been very pleasant," Smith said. "I hope we can see each other again soon. Maybe we are lucky for each other."

"Sure," Barber said, grinning.

It had taken two weeks for Smith to declare himself *. From the beginning, Barber had known that something was coming, but he had waited patiently, curious * and amused, lunching with Smith in the fine restaurants Smith patronized, going to galleries with him and listening to Smith on the subject of the Impressionists, going out to the racetracks and winning more often than not on the information Smith picked up from tight-lipped * men around the paddocks *. Barber pretended to enjoy the little, clever man more than he actually did, and Smith, on his part, Barber knew, was pretending to like him more than he actually did. Neither party had yet committed himself. *

Then, late one night, Smith said: "Are you going to be in your hotel tomorrow morning, Lloyd?"

"Yes," Barber said. "Why?"

"I have something I would like to show you," he said.

"I'll be in all morning," Barber said.

"Tell me, my friend," Smith said, touching Barber's sleeve lightly with his gloved hand. "Do you have any idea why I have been calling you so often for the last two weeks, and buying you so many good meals and so much good whisky?"

"Because I am charming and interesting and full of fun," Barber said, grinning. "And because you want something from me."

"Tell me, my friend," Smith said, almost in a whisper. "How would you like to make twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"What?" Barber asked, certain that he had not heard correctly.

"Shh-h-h," Smith said. He smiled, suddenly gay. "Think about it. I'll see you in the morning."

IV

Barber was still in bed the next morning when the door opened and Smith came in.

Barber got out of bed and, bare-footed, went over to the window and threw back the curtains. Smith closed the door. He was carrying a large manila envelope. Smith looked at Barber, "You recall* our conversation, I trust," he said.

"I recall a man said something about twenty-five thousand dollars," Barber said.

"Well, do you want to make it?"

"What do I have to do for my twenty-five thousand dollars?" Barber asked.

"You have to do a little flying."

"Go on," said Barber.

"A friend of mine has just bought a brand-new * single-engine * plane. He himself does not fly, of course. He needs a private pilot, who will be on tap * at all times."

"For how long?" Barber asked, watching Smith closely *.

"For thirty days. Not more." Smith smiled up at him.

"The pay is not bad, is it?"

"I can't tell yet," Barber said. "Go on. Where does he want to fly to?"

"He happens to be an Egyptian." Smith said, a little deprecatingly *, as though being an Egyptian were a slight private misfortune *, which one did not mention except among friends, and then in lowered tones: "He would like to make two round trips from Egypt to the vicinity of Cannes within the next month," Smith said, peering steadily at Barber, "in his private new plane. Then, on the third trip, he will find that he is in a hurry and he will take the commercial plane * and his pilot will follow two days later, alone."

"Alone?" Barber asked, trying to keep all the facts straight. *

"Alone, that is," Smith said, "except for a small box."

"Ah", Barber said, grinning. "Finally the small box."

"Finally." Smith smiled up at him delightedly. "The small box will weight two hundred and fifty pounds."

"And what will there be in the small two-hundred-and-fifty-pound box?" Barber asked, cool and relieved now that he saw what was being offered to him.

"Is it absolutely necessary to know?"

"What do I tell the customs people * when they ask me what's in the box?" Barber said. "Go ask Bert Smith?"

"You have nothing to do with customs people," Smith said. "I assure you. When you take off from the airport in Cairo, the box is not on board. And when you land at the airport at Cannes, the box is not on board. Isn't that enough?"

Drugs *, Barber thought, damn it ...

"No, Bertie, boy," Barber said roughly. "It is not enough. Come on. Tell."

"All right," Smith said regretfully. "This is how it will be done. You will have to be in and out of the Cairo airport

several times. Your papers always impeccable *. They will know you. Then, on the trip when you will be taking off alone, everything will be perfectly legitimate *. You will have only a small bag with you of your personal effects *. Your flight plan will show that your destination is Cannes and that you will come down at Malta and Rome for refueling * only. You will take off from Cairo. You will go off course * by only a few miles. Some distance from the coast, you will be over the desert. You will come down on an old RAF * landing strip * that hasn't been used since 1943. There will be several men there... They will put the box on board. The whole thing will not take more than ten minutes," Smith said. "At Malta, nobody will ask you anything, because you will be in transit and you will not leave the plane and you will stay only long enough to refuel. The same thing at Rome. You will arrive over the south coast of France in the evening, before the moon is up. You will fly low over the hills between Cannes and Grasse. At a certain point, you will see an arrangement of lights *. You will open the door, and push the box out, from a height of a hundred feet. Then you will close the door and turn towards the sea and land at the Cannes airport. Your papers will be perfectly in order. Isn't it lovely?"

"Lovely," Barber said. "It's just a delicious little old plan, Bertie boy. Now tell me what will be in the box."

"Money," he said. "Just money."

"How much money?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds of money," Smith said. "We will deposit twelve thousand five hundred dollars in your name in a Swiss bank before you start for the first time to Egypt."

"When will I meet this Egyptian?" Barber asked.

"When you go to the airfield to take off for your first flight," Smith said. "He'll be there. Don't you worry. He'll be there. Do you hesitate?" he asked anxiously *.

"I'm thinking," Barber said.

Smith shrugged and bent over and picked up the manila envelope and opened it. "I have all the maps here," he said, "if you would like to study them."

Barber took the thick packet of maps. He opened one at random *. All it showed was the sea approaches to Malta and the location of the landing strips there. Barber thought of twenty-five thousand dollars and the map shook a little in his hands.

"It is ridiculously easy," Smith said, watching Barber intently. "Foolproof *."

Barber put the map down. "If it's so easy, what are you paying twenty-five thousand bucks for?" he said.

Smith laughed. "I admit," he said, "there may be certain little risks. It is improbable, but one never knows. We pay you for the improbability *, if you want to put it that way." He shrugged. "After all, after a whole war you must be somewhat hardened to risks."

"When do you have to know?" Barber asked.

"Tonight," Smith said. "If you say no, naturally we have to make other plans."

"Who is we?" Barber asked.

Smith made a small regretful gesture. "I am terribly sorry," he said, "but I cannot tell you."

"I'll call you tonight."

"This afternoon, I will be at Auteuil," Smith said.

"I'll be there."

"Until three o'clock," Smith said as Barber opened the door.

Barber locked the door behind him and picked up the packet of maps and spread them on the bed, over the sheets and blankets. He hadn't looked at aerial maps * for a long time. Northern Egypt. The Mediterranean. The island of Malta. Sicily and the Italian coast. The Gulf of Genoa. The Alpes-Maritimes. He stared at the maps. The Mediterranean looked very wide. He didn't like to fly over open water in a single-engined plane. In fact, he didn't like to fly. Since the war, he had flown as little as possible. He hadn't made any explanations to himself, but when he had had to travel, he had gone by car or train or boat whenever he could.

This is the first time in my life, Barber thought curiously, that I have contemplated * moving over to the other side of the law *. He was surprised that he was considering it so calmly. He wondered why that was. Perhaps the movies and the newspapers, he thought. You get so familiar with crime * it becomes humanized and accessible *. You don't think about it, but then, suddenly, when it enters your life, you realize that subconsciously* you have been accepting the idea of crime as an almost normal accompaniment of everyday life. Policemen must know that, he thought, all at once seeing things from the other side. They must want to arrest everybody.

While Barber was watching the horses he left a light tap * on his shoulder.

"Bertie boy," he said, without turning round.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Smith said, coming up to the paddock rail beside Barber. "Were you afraid I wouldn't come?"

"What's the word from the jock *?" Barber asked.

Smith looked around him suspiciously. Then he smiled. "The jockey is confident," Smith said. "He is betting * himself."

"Which one is it?"

"Number Five."

Barber looked at Number Five. It was a light-boned chestnut mare with a delicate, gentle head. Her jockey was a man of forty, with a long, scooped French nose. He was an ugly man, and when he opened his mouth, you saw that most of his front teeth were missing.

Barber, looking at him, thought, It's too bad such ugly men get to ride such beautiful animals.

"OK, Bertie boy," he said. "Lead me to the window."

Barber bet ten thousand francs.

"Well, Lloyd?" Smith said. "Did you look at the maps?"

"I looked at the maps," Barber said.

"What did you think?"

"I ..." Barber began, staring down at the horses. He took a deep breath. "I'll tell you after the race," he said.

"Lloyd!" The voice came from below, to the right, and Barber turned in that direction. Coming up the steps was Jimmy Richardson. He had always been rather round and baby-plump, and Parisian food had done nothing to slim him down.

"How are you?" he said breathlessly as he reached their level. He clapped Barber on the back. "I saw you up here and I thought maybe you had something for this race."

"Hello, Jimmy," Barber said. "Mr Richardson. Mr Smith."

"Pleased to meet you," Richardson said. "Say, really, Lloyd, do you know anything?"

Barber looked across at Smith, who was watching Richardson.

"Well," he said, "Bertie boy, here, thinks he heard something."

"Bertie boy," Richardson said, "Please..."

"Number Five looks very good," Smith said. "But you'd better hurry. They're going to start in a minute."

"Number Five," Richardson said. "Roger. I'll be right back." He went galloping down the steps, his coat flying behind him.

"He's a trusting soul *, isn't he?" Smith said.

"He was an only child," Barber said, "and he never got over it."

Smith smiled politely. "Where do you know him from?"

"He was in my squadron."

"In your squadron." Smith nodded, looking after Richardson's hurrying, diminishing figure on the way to the seller's window. "Pilot?"

"Uh-huh."

"What is he doing in Paris?"

"He works for a drug company," Barber said.

The bell rang and the horses raced towards the first jump.

"Your friend was too late, I'm afraid," Smith said, putting his binoculars to his eyes.

"Yep," Barber said, watching the horses.

Number Five fell on the fourth jump. Then Barber saw that the jockey was lying there motionless * on his face, with his head turned in under his shoulder.

"We've lost our money," Smith said calmly. He took his binoculars from his eyes and pulled out his tickets and tore them and dropped them.

"Damn it!" It was Richardson, who had climbed up beside them again. "The window closed just as I..."

"Do not complain *, Mr Richardson," Smith said. "We fell at the fourth jump."

Richardson grinned. "That's the first bit of luck I had all day."

Barber kept the glasses on the two men who were carrying the jockey. Suddenly, they put him down on the grass, and one of the men bent down and put his ear against the white silk racing shirt. After a while, he stood up. Then the two men started to carry the jockey again, only now they walked slowly, as though there was no sense in hurrying.

"I'm going home," Barber said. "I've had enough of the sport for one day."

"Say," Richardson said. "Is that fellow dead?"

"He was getting too old," Smith said. "He kept at it too long *."

"Holy man!" Richardson said, staring down the track. "And I was angry because I came too late to bet on him. That was some tip *." He made a babyish grimace. "A tip on a dead jock."

Barber started down towards the exit.

"I'll come with you," Richardson said. "This isn't my lucky day."

The three men went down under the stands without speaking. When they reached the car, Barber got into the back, allowing Richardson to sit next to Smith, on the front seat. He wanted to be at least that much alone for the time being.

Smith drove slowly and in silence. Barber sat in the corner, his eyes half closed, not looking out. He kept remembering the second time the two men had picked up the jockey. Smith's selection for the afternoon, Barber thought.

"Here we are," Smith was saying.

Barber opened his eyes. They were stopped at the corner of the dead-end street * down which was the entrance to his hotel. He got out.

"Wait a minute, Bertie boy," Barber said. "I have something I want to give you."

Barber went into his hotel and up to his room. The maps were folded in a pile on the dressing table. He put all the maps into the manila envelope and went back to the car.

"Here you are, Bertie boy," Barber said, holding out the envelope.

Smith looked at him silently for a moment. "Just because a jockey falls at a jump..." Smith began.

"Take them," Barber said, "or I'll throw them in the gutter.*"

Smith shrugged. He put out his hand and took the envelope. "You'll never have a chance like this again," he said, running his finger over the envelope edge.

"Good night, Jimmy." Barber leaned over the car and spoke to Richardson, who was sitting there watching them, puzzled. "Give my love to Maureen."

"Say, Lloyd," Richardson said, starting to get out. "I thought maybe we could have a couple of drinks."

"Sorry," Barber said, because he wanted, more than anything else, to be alone. "I have a date.* Some other time."

Smith turned and looked thoughtfully at Richardson. "He always has a date, your friend," Smith said. "He's a very popular boy. I feel like a drink myself, Mr Richardson. I would be honoured if you'd join me."

"Well," Richardson said uncertainly, "I live way down near the Hotel de Ville and..."

"It's on my way," Smith said, smiling warmly.

He looked up at Barber. "I made a mistake about you, didn't I, Lloyd?" he said contemptuously. "Yes," Barber said. "I'm getting too old. I don't want to keep at it too long." Smith chuckled and got into the car.

Barber watched the big black car weave swiftly down the street, under the hard white—blue lights. Then he went back to the hotel and up to his room and lay down, because an afternoon at the races always exhausted * him.

An hour later, he got up. He wasn't hungry and he wasn't thirsty and he kept thinking about the dead jockey in his soiled silks. There was no one he wanted to see. He put on his coat and went out, hating the room as he closed the door behind him.

Almost automatically, he walked towards the Plaza-Athénée. In the two weeks that he had been wooed * by Smith, they had met in the English bar of the Plaza-Athénée almost every evening.

He went into the hotel and downstairs to the English bar. As he came into the room, he saw, in the corner, Smith and Jimmy Richardson.

"...fifty missions," he heard Richardson say. Richardson had a loud, empty voice that carried anywhere. "Africa, Sicily, Italy, Yugo —"

Then Smith saw him. He nodded coolly, with no hint of invitation. Barber waved to them. He watched the two men, trying to figure out * what Smith thought of Richardson. You didn't have to speculate * about Jimmy. If you bought Jimmy a drink, he was your friend for life. It had never occurred to Jimmy that people might not like him or might try to do him harm. When you were enjoying Jimmy, you called it trustfulness.* When he was boring you, you called it stupidity.

Barber finished his drink quickly and went out of the bar before Smith and Richardson got up from the table.

VI

And now it was almost two months later and nobody had heard from Jimmy Richardson for thirty-two days.

In the whole afternoon of searching, Barber had not come upon any trace of Bert Smith. He had not been at the res-

taurants or the track or the art galleries, the barber's shop, the steam bath, the bars. And no one had seen him for weeks.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Barber arrived at the English bar of the Plaza-Athénée.

Barber finished his drink and paid and went into a phone booth and called his hotel to see if there were any messages for him.

"Mme Richardson called an hour ago to say she was going out. She said that if you came in before nine o'clock, she would like you to join her at the bar of the Hotel Bellman."

"Thanks, Henri," Barber said. "If she happens to call again, tell her I'm on my way." He went out of the hotel. The Bellman was near by, and he walked towards it slowly, even though it was raining. He was in no hurry to see Maureen Richardson.

The bar was a small one, but it was crowded with large, well-dressed men. Then he saw Maureen. She was sitting in a corner, half turned away from the room, her shabby, thin coat thrown back over her chair. She was sitting alone and there was a bottle of champagne in a bucket in a stand beside her.

Barber went over to her, irritated by the sight of the champagne. Is that what she's doing with my five thousand francs, he thought, annoyed. Women are going crazy, too, these days.

Her eyes were smeary with tears and her mouth kept trembling.

"I came as soon as I got your message," Lloyd said, trying to sound practical *, afraid Maureen was going to break down in front of all the people in the bar. She kept standing there, her mouth working, her hands gripping his avidly*. He looked down embarrassed*, at her hands. They were still reddened and the nails were still uneven, but there was an enormous ring glittering, white and blue, on her finger. It hadn't been there when she came to his hotel, and he knew he had never seen her with a ring like that before. He looked up, almost frightened, thinking. What the hell has she started? What has she got herself into?

Then he saw Jimmy. Jimmy was making his way among the tables towards him. He was smiling broadly and he had lost some weight and he was dark brown and he looked as though he had just come from a month's vacation on a southern beach.

Jimmy clapped Barber on the back and shook hands fiercely. "Lloyd," he said. "Good old Lloyd. Garçon!" he shouted, his voice reverberating through the whole room. "Another glass. Take your coat off. Sit down. Sit down."

Lloyd took his coat off and sat down slowly.

"Welcome home," he said quietly. He blew his nose. The cold had arrived.*

"First," Jimmy said, "I have something for you." Ceremoniously he brought out a roll of ten-thousand-franc notes. He took off one of the notes. "Maureen told me," he said seriously. "You were a damn good friend, Lloyd. Have you got change of ten?"

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

"Garçon," Jimmy said to the waiter, who was putting down a third glass, "get me two fives for this, please."

Jimmy filled the three glasses carefully. He lifted his glass and clinked it first against Barber's and then against Maureen's.

"To crime," Jimmy said.

Maureen giggled.

They drank. It was very good champagne.

"You're having dinner with us," Jimmy said. "Just the three of us. The victory dinner. Just Beauty and me and you, because if it hadn't been for you..." Suddenly solemn,* he put his hand on Barber's shoulder.

"Yes," said Barber. His feet were icy and he had to blow his nose again.

"Did Beauty show you her ring?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes," Barber said.

"She's only had it since six o'clock," Jimmy said.

Maureen held her hand up and stared at her ring. She giggled again.

"I know a place," Jimmy said, "where you can get pheasant * and the best bottle of wine in Paris and..."

The waiter came back and gave Jimmy the two five-thousand — franc notes. Dimly, Barber wondered how much they weighed.

"If ever you're in a hole,*" Jimmy said, giving him one of the notes, "you know where to come, don't you?"

"Yes," Barber said. He put the note in his pocket.

He started to sneeze * then, and ten minutes later he said he was sorry but he didn't think he could last the evening with a cold like that. Both Jimmy and Maureen tried to get

him to stay, but he could tell that they were going to be happier without him.

He finished a second glass of champagne, and said he'd keep in touch,* and went out of the bar.

He walked back to his hotel, because he was through with taxis and went up and sat on the edge of his bed in his room, in the dark, without taking his coat off. I better get out of here, he thought. This continent is not for me.

WORDS AND PHRASES

I

m. = **monsieur**
complexion *n* цвет лица
Valpak чемодан среднего размера
neat *a* аккуратный
wings «крылья» (нагрудный знак летчиков)
How are you fixed for money? *ад.* Тебе деньги нужны?
wallet *n* бумажник
judiciously [dʒi(:)'dʃʊʃli] *adv* рассудительно, благоразумно
falsely *adv* неестественно
overdue *a* просроченный
the George V — the name of a hotel
forwarding address адрес нового местожительства
the movie people работники кинематографа

II

tip данные, сведения, информация
bland *a* вежливый, ласковый
self-assured *a* самоуверенный
sensual *a* чувственный
daring *a* смелый; дерзкий
restrain *v* сдерживать
breeding *n* воспитанность
stretch *n* финишная прямая
tear up разорвать
cash tickets получить выигрыш
rumour *n* слух
superstitious *a* суеверный
cut in on cars проезжать «подразая»
bet *v* ставить (на лошадь)
gamble *v* играть в азартные игры

III

peer across вглядываться в
on a mission выполняя задание
thumb *n* большой палец
coincidence *n* совпадение
licence *n* водительские права; *ад.* документ на право пилотирования самолета
declare oneself «открыть карты»
curious *a* любопытный
tight-lipped *a* молчаливый, скрытный
paddock паaddock, лужок (при ипподроме)
commit oneself принять на себя обязательства; *ад.* «открыть карты»

IV

recall *v* вспоминать, припоминать
brand-new *a* совершенно новый; «с иглолки»
single-engine *a* одномоторный
who will be on tap который будет наготове
closely *adv* пристально
deprecatingly ['depri:keɪtɪŋli] *adv* с осуждением, неодобрительно
misfortune *n* *ад.* недостаток
commercial plane грузовой самолет
keep all the facts straight иметь четкое представление; вносить ясность
customs people таможенные чиновники
drugs *n pl* наркотики
impeccable *a* безупречный
legitimate *a* законный
personal effects личные вещи

refuel пополнять запасы топлива
 go off course отклониться от курса
 RAF — Royal Air Force англий-
 ские военно-воздушные силы
 landing strip посадочная полоса
 arrangement of lights эд. условный
 световой сигнал
 anxiously adv озабоченно, взволно-
 ванно
 at random наугад
 foolproof a (разг.) несложный;
 безопасный
 improbability n невероятность;
 случайность
 aerial maps воздушные навига-
 ционные карты
 contemplate v прикидывать; поду-
 мывать
 moving over to the other side of
 the law нарушить, преступить
 закон
 crime n преступление
 accessible a доступный
 subconsciously adv подсознательно

V

tap n прикосновение
 jock = jockey n жокей
 bet v эд. делать ставку на лошадь
 trusting soul доверчивая душа
 motionless a неподвижный
 complain v жаловаться

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE JAR

Agatha Christie *

I

Jack Hartington surveyed his topped drive* ruefully. Standing by the ball, he looked back to the tee,* measuring the distance. With a sigh he drew out his club* and addressed himself firmly to the ball.

It is hard when you are twenty-four years of age, and your one ambition in life is to improve your skill at golf, to be forced to give time and attention to the problem of

* Agatha Christie (1890—1976), an English writer. Her works include: *The Mystery of King's Abbot*, *Ten Little Niggers*, *Murder on the Orient Express*.

He kept at it too long. Он слиш-
 ком затянул (с этим).
 some tip эд: та еще ставка
 dead-end street тупик
 gutter n канава
 date n встреча, свидание
 exhaust [ɪg'zɔ:st] v изнурять, вы-
 мывать (силы)
 woo [wu:] v ухаживать за кем-л.;
 уговаривать кого-л.; обхаживать
 figure out представлять себе
 speculate v размышлять, разду-
 мывать
 trustfulness n доверчивость

VI

sound practical эд. говорить дело-
 вым тоном
 avidly adv жадно, с жадностью
 ...embarrassed ...в замешательстве
 The cold had arrived. Он просту-
 дился.
 solemn a серьезный; торжествен-
 ный
 pheasant ['feznt] n фазан
 If ever you're in a hole... Если
 ты когда-либо окажешься в
 затруднительном положении...
 sneeze v чихать
 keep in touch держать связь

earning your living. Five and a half days out of the seven saw Jack imprisoned in a kind of mahogany tomb* in the city. Saturday afternoon and Sunday were religiously devoted to the real business of life, for which he had taken rooms at the small hotel near Stourton Heath links,* and rose daily at the hour of six a. m. to get in an hour's practice before catching the 8.46 to town.

The only disadvantage to the plan was that he seemed constitutionally* unable to hit anything at that hour in the morning. Jack sighed, grasped his club firmly and repeated to himself the magic words,* "Left arm right through, and don't look up."

He swung back — and then stopped, petrified,* as a shrill cry broke the silence of the summer's morning.

"Murder," it called. "Help! Murder!"

It was a woman's voice, and it died away at the end into a sort of gurgling* sigh.

Jack flung down his club and ran in the direction of the sound. It had come from somewhere quite near at hand. This particular part of the course* was quite wild country, and there were few houses about. In fact, there was only one near at hand, a small picturesque cottage, which Jack had often noticed for its Old World air. It was towards this cottage that he ran. It was hidden from him by a heather-covered* slope, but he rounded this and in less than a minute was standing with his hand on the small gate.

There was a girl standing in the garden, and for a moment Jack jumped to the natural conclusion that it was she who had uttered the cry for help. But he quickly changed his mind.

She had a little basket in her hand, half full of weeds,* and had evidently just straightened herself up from weeding a wide border of pansies.* Her eyes, Jack noticed, were just like pansies themselves, velvety and soft and dark, and more violet than blue. She was like a pansy altogether, in her straight purple linen gown.*

The girl was looking at Jack with an expression midway between annoyance and surprise.*

"I beg your pardon," said the young man. "But did you cry out just now?"

"I? No, indeed."

Her surprise was so genuine* that Jack felt confused. Her voice was very soft and pretty with a slight foreign accent.

"But you must have heard it," he exclaimed. "It came from somewhere just near here."

She stared at him.

"I heard nothing at all."

Jack in his turn stared at her. It was perfectly incredible * that she should not have heard that agonised appeal for help.* And yet her calmness was so evident that he could not believe she was lying to him.

"It came from somewhere close at hand,*" he insisted.

She was looking at him suspiciously now.

"What did it say?" she asked.

"Murder — help! Murder!"

"Murder — help, murder," repeated the girl. "Somebody has played a trick on you, Monsieur. Who could be murdered here?" Jack looked about him with a confused idea of discovering a dead body upon a garden path. Yet he was still perfectly sure that the cry he had heard was real and not a product of his imagination. He looked up at the cottage windows. Everything seemed perfectly still and peaceful.

"Do you want to search our house?" asked the girl drily.

She was so clearly sceptical that Jack's confusion grew deeper than ever. He turned away.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It must have come from higher up in the woods."

He raised his cap and retreated.* Glancing back over his shoulder, he saw that the girl had calmly resumed her weeding.

For some time he hunted through the woods, but could find no sign of anything unusual having occurred. Yet he was as positive as ever that he had really heard the cry. In the end, he gave up the search * and hurried home to gulp * his breakfast and catch the 8.46 by the usual narrow margin of a second or so.* His conscience pricked him * a little as he sat in the train. Ought he not to have immediately reported what he had heard to the police? That he had not done so was solely owing to the pansy girl's incredulity.* She had clearly suspected him of romancing * — possible the police might do the same. Was he absolutely certain that he had heard the cry?

By now he was not nearly so positive as he had been. Was it some bird's cry in the distance that he had taken for a woman's voice?

But he rejected the suggestion angrily. It was a woman's voice and he had heard it. He remembered looking at his

watch just before the cry had come. As nearly as possible it must have been five and twenty minutes past seven when he had heard the call. That might be a fact useful to the police if — if anything should be discovered.

II

Going home that evening, he looked through the evening papers anxiously to see if there were any mention of a crime having been committed.* But there was nothing, and he hardly knew whether to be relieved * or disappointed.

The following morning was wet — so wet that even the most ardent golfer might have his enthusiasm damped.* Jack rose at the last possible moment, ate his breakfast, ran for the train and again eagerly looked through the papers. Still no mention of any tragic discovery having been made. The evening papers told the same tale.

"Queer,*" said Jack to himself, "but there it is. Probably some little boys having a game together up in the woods."

He was out early the following morning. As he passed the cottage, he noted out of the tail of his eye * that the girl was out in the garden again weeding. Evidently a habit of hers. He did a particularly good shot, and hoped that she had noticed it. As he teed up on the next tee,* he glanced at his watch.

"Just five and twenty past seven," he murmured.* "I wonder—"

The words were frozen on his lips.* From behind him came the same cry which had so startled him before. A woman's voice, in distress.*

"Murder — help! murder!"

Jack raced back. The pansy girl was standing by the gate. She looked startled, and Jack ran up to her triumphantly, crying out: "You heard it this time, anyway."

Her eyes were wide with some emotion and he noticed that she shrank back from him * as he approached, and even glanced back at the house, as though she was about to run for shelter.

She shook her head, staring at him.

"I heard nothing at all," she said wonderingly.

It was as though she had struck him a blow between the eyes. Her sincerity * was so evident that he could not disbelieve her. Yet he couldn't have imagined it — he couldn't — he — couldn't —

He heard her voice speaking gently — almost with sympathy. "You have had the shell-shock,* yes?"

In a flash he understood her look of fear, her glance back at the house. She thought that he suffered from delusions...

And then, like a douche * of cold water, came the horrible thought, was she right? Did he suffer from delusions*?

In horror of the thought he turned and stumbled away without saying a word. The girl watched him go, sighed, shook her head, and bent down to her weeding again.

Jack tried to reason matters out with himself.*

"If I hear the damned thing again at twenty-five minutes past seven," he said to himself, "it's clear that I've got hold of a hallucination of some sort. But I won't hear it."

He was nervous all that day, and went to bed early determined to put the matter to the proof the following morning.

As was perhaps natural in such a case, he remained awake half the night, and finally overslept himself. It was twenty past seven by the time he was clear of the hotel and running towards the links. He realised that he would not be able to get to the fatal spot by twenty-five past, but surely, if the voice were a hallucination pure and simple, he would hear it anywhere. He ran on, his eyes fixed on the hands of his watch.

Twenty-five past. From far off came the echo of a woman's voice, calling. The words could not be distinguished,* but he was convinced that it was the same cry he had heard before, and that it came from the same spot, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the cottage.

Strangely enough, that fact reassured him. It might, after all, be a hoax.* Unlikely as it seemed, the girl herself might be playing a trick on him. He set his shoulders resolutely, and took out a club from his golf bag. He would play the few holes up to the cottage.*

The girl was in the garden as usual. She looked up this morning, and when he raised his cap to her, said good morning rather shyly... She looked, he thought, lovelier than ever.

"Nice day, isn't it?" Jack called out cheerily, cursing * the unavoidable banality of the observation.*

"Yes, indeed, it is lovely."

"Good for the garden, I expect?"

The girl smiled a little, disclosing a fascinating dimple.*

"Alas, no! For my flowers the rain is needed. See, they are all dried up."

Jack accepted the invitation of her gesture, and came up to the low hedge * dividing the garden from the course, looking over it into the garden.

"They seem all right," he remarked awkwardly, conscious as he spoke of the girl's slightly pitying glance running over him.

"The sun is good, is it not?" she said. "For the flowers one can always water them. But the sun gives strength and repairs the health. Monsieur is much better to-day, I can see."

Her encouraging tone annoyed Jack intensely.

"Curse it all," he said to himself. "I believe she's trying to cure * me by suggestion."

"I'm perfectly well," he said irritably.

"That is good then," returned the girl quickly and soothingly.*

Jack had the irritating feeling that she didn't believe him.

He played a few more holes and hurried back to breakfast.

III

As he ate it, he was conscious, not for the first time, of the close scrutiny * of a man who sat at the table next to him. He was a man of middle-age, with a powerful forceful face. He had a small dark beard and very piercing grey eyes, and an ease and assurance of manner * which placed him among the higher ranks of the professional classes.* His name, Jack knew, was Lavington, and he had heard vague rumours * as to his being a well-known medical specialist, but as Jack was not a frequenter of Harley Street,* the name had told little or nothing to him.

But this morning he was very conscious of the quiet observation under which he was being kept, and it frightened him a little. Was his secret written plainly in his face for all to see? Did this man, by reason of his professional calling,* know that there was something amiss in the hidden grey matter.*

Jack shivered at the thought. Was it true? Was he really going mad? Was the whole thing a hallucination, or was it a gigantic hoax?

And suddenly a very simple way of testing the solution occurred to him. He had hitherto been alone on the course.

Supposing someone else was with him? Then one out of three things might happen. The voice might be silent. They might both hear it. Or — he only might hear it.

That evening he proceeded to carry his plan into effect. Lavington was the man he wanted with him. They fell into conversation easily enough — the older man might have been waiting for such an opening. It was clear that for some reason or other Jack interested him. The latter was able to come quite easily and naturally to the suggestion that they might play a few holes * together before breakfast. The arrangement was made for the following morning.

They started out a little before seven. It was a perfect day, still and cloudless, but not too warm. The doctor was playing well, Jack awfully. His whole mind was intent on the forthcoming crisis. He kept glancing at his watch. They reached the seventh tee, between which and the hole the cottage was situated, about twenty past seven.

The girl, as usual, was in the garden as they passed. She did not look up as they passed.

The two balls lay on the green, Jack's near the hole, the doctor's some little distance away.

"I've got this for it," said Lavington. "I must go for it, I suppose."

He bent down, judging the line he should take. Jack stood rigid, * his eyes glued on his watch. * It was exactly twenty-five minutes past seven.

The ball ran swiftly along the grass, stopped on the edge of the hole, hesitated and dropped in.

"Good," said Jack. His voice sounded hoarse * and unlike himself... He shoved his wrist watch farther up his arm with a sigh of overwhelming relief. Nothing had happened. The spell was broken. *

"If you didn't mind waiting a minute," he said, "I think I'll have a smoke."

They paused a little while. Jack filled and lit the pipe with fingers that trembled a little in spite of himself. An enormous weight seemed to have lifted from his mind. *

"Lord, what a good day it is," he remarked, staring at the prospect ahead of him with great contentment. * "Go on, Lavington, your shot."

And then it came. Just at the very instant the doctor was hitting. A woman's voice, high and agonised.

"Murder — Help! Murder!"

The pipe fell from Jack's nerveless hand, as he turned

round in the direction of the sound, and then, remembering, gazed breathlessly at his companion.

Lavington was looking down the course, shading his eyes. *

He had heard nothing.

The world seemed to spin round * with Jack. He took a step or two and fell. When he recovered himself, * he was lying on the ground, and Lavington was bending over him.

"There, take it easy now, take it easy."

"What did I do?"

"You fainted, * young man — or gave a very good try at it."

"My God!" said Jack, and groaned.

"What's the trouble? Something on your mind?"

"I'll tell you in one minute, but I'd like to ask you something first."

The doctor lit his own pipe and settled himself on the bank. "Ask anything you like," he said comfortably.

"You've been watching me for the last day or two. Why?"

Lavington's eyes twinkled a little.

"That's rather an awkward question. A cat can look at a king, you know."

"Don't put me off. I'm earnest. Why was it? I've a vital reason * for asking."

Lavington's face grew serious.

"I'll answer you quite honestly. I recognised in you all the signs of a man who is under acute strain, * and it intrigued me what that strain could be."

"I can tell you that easily enough," said Jack bitterly. "I'm going mad. *"

He stopped dramatically, but as his statement did not seem to arouse the interest and consternation * he expected, he repeated it.

"I tell you I'm going mad."

"Very curious, *" murmured Lavington. "Very curious indeed."

Jack felt indignant. *

"I suppose that's all it does seem to you. Doctors are so damned callous. *"

"Come, come my young friend, you're talking at random. * To begin with, although I have taken my degree, I do not practise medicine. Strictly speaking, I am not a doctor — not a doctor of the body, that it."

Jack looked at him keenly.

"Of the mind?"

"Yes, in a sense, but more truly I call myself a doctor of the soul.*"
"Oh!"

IV

"I see you do not quite believe me, and yet you've got to come to terms with the soul, you know, young man. It isn't just a religious term invented by clergymen.* But we'll call it the mind, or the subconscious self, or any term that suits you better. You took offence at my tone just now, but I can assure you that it really did strike me as very curious that such a well-balanced and perfectly normal young man as yourself should suffer from the delusion that he was going out of his mind."

"I'm out of my mind, all right. Absolutely mad."

"You will forgive me for saying so, but I don't believe it."

"I suffer from delusions."

"After dinner?"

"No, in the morning."

"Can't be done," said the doctor, relighting his pipe which had gone out.

"I tell you I hear things that no one else hears."

"One man in a thousand can see the moons of Jupiter. Because the other nine hundred and ninety-nine can't see them there's no reason to doubt that the moons of Jupiter exist, and certainly no reason for calling the thousandth man a lunatic."

"The moons of Jupiter are a proved scientific fact."

"It's quite possible that the delusions of to-day may be the proved scientific facts * of to-morrow."

In spite of himself, Lavington's matter-of-fact manner was having its effect upon Jack. He felt awfully cheered. The doctor looked at him attentively for a minute or two and then nodded.

"That's better," he said. "The trouble with you young fellows is that you're so sure nothing can exist outside your own philosophy that you get the wind up * when something occurs that may change your opinion. Let's hear your grounds * for believing that you're going mad, and we'll decide whether or not to lock you up afterwards."

As faithfully as he could, Jack told the whole series of occurrences.

"But what I can't understand," he ended, "is why this morning it should come at half past seven — five minutes late."

Lavington thought for a minute or two. Then —
"What's the time now by your watch?" he asked.

"Quarter to eight," replied Jack, consulting it.

"That's simple enough, then. Mine says twenty to eight. Your watch is five minutes fast. That's a very interesting and important point — to me. In fact, it's invaluable.*"

"In what way?"

Jack was beginning to get interested.

"Well, the obvious explanation is that on the first morning you *did* hear some such cry — may have been a joke, may not. On the following mornings, you suggestioned yourself * to hear it at exactly the same time."

"I'm sure I didn't."

"Not consciously,* of course, but the subconscious plays us some funny tricks, you know. But anyway, that explanation won't wash.* If it were a case of suggestion, you would have heard the cry at twenty-five minutes past seven by your watch, and you could never have heard it when the time, as you thought was past."

"Well, then?"

"Well — it's obvious, isn't it? This cry for help occupies a perfectly definite place and time in space. The place is the vicinity * of that cottage and the time is twenty-five minutes past seven."

"Yes, but why should I be the one to hear it? I don't believe in ghosts,* spirits,* and all the rest of it. Why should I hear the damned thing?"

"Ah! that we can't tell at present. It's a curious thing that many of the best mediums * are made out of confirmed sceptics. It isn't the people who are interested in occult phenomena * who can be mediums. Some people see and hear things that other people don't — we don't know why, and nine times out of ten they don't want to see or hear them, and are convinced that they are suffering from delusions — just as you were. It's like electricity. Some substances * are good conductors, others are non-conductors, and for a long time we didn't know why, and had to be content just to accept the fact. Nowadays we do know why. Some day, no doubt, we shall know why you hear this thing and I and the girl don't. Everything's governed by natural law, you know — there's no such thing really as the supernatural.* Finding out the laws that govern so-called psychic phenomena * is going to be a tough job — but every little helps."

"But what am I going to *do*?" asked Jack.

Lavington chuckled.

"Practical, I see. Well, my young friend, you are going to have a good breakfast and get off to the city without worrying your head further about things you don't understand. I, on the other hand, am going to look about, and see what I can find out about that cottage back there. That's where the mystery centres, I dare swear."

Jack rose to his feet.

"Right, sir, I'm on,* but I say —"

"Yes?"

Jack flushed awkwardly.*

"I'm sure the girl's all right," he muttered.

Lavington looked amused.

"You didn't tell me she was a pretty girl! Well, cheer up, I think the mystery started before her time.*"

V

Jack arrived home that evening in a perfect fever of curiosity.* Now he believed Lavington completely. The doctor had accepted the matter so naturally, had been so matter-of-fact and unperturbed * by it, that Jack was impressed.

He found his new friend waiting for him in the hall when he came down for dinner, and the doctor suggested that they should dine together at the same table.

"Any news, sir?" asked Jack anxiously.

"I've collected the life history of Heather Cottage all right. It was tenanted * first by an old gardener and his wife. The old man died, and the old woman went to her daughter. Then a builder got it, and modernised it with great success, selling it to a city gentleman who used it for week-ends. About a year ago, he sold it to some people called Turner — Mr and Mrs Turner. They seem to have been rather a curious couple from all I can make out.* They lived very quietly, seeing no one, and hardly ever going outside the cottage garden. The local rumour goes that they were afraid of something — but I don't think we ought to rely on that. And then suddenly one day they departed, cleared out one morning early, and never came back. The agents here got a letter from Mr Turner, written from London, instructing him to sell up the place as quickly as possible. The furniture was sold off, and the house itself was sold. The people who have it now are a consumptive * French professor and his daughter. They have been there just ten days."

Jack digested this in silence.

"I don't see that that gets us anywhere," he said at last.

"Do you?"

"I rather want to know more about the Turners," said Lavington quietly. "They left very early in the morning, you remember. As far as I can make out, nobody actually saw them go. Mr Turner has been seen since — but I can't find anybody who has seen Mrs Turner."

Jack paled.

"It can't be — you don't mean —"

"Don't excite yourself, young man. The influence of anyone at the point of death — and especially of violent death — upon their surroundings is very strong. Those surroundings might absorb that influence, transmitting it in turn to a suitably tuned receiver * — in this case yourself."

"But why me?" murmured Jack protestingly. "Why not someone who could do some good?"

"You are regarding the force as intelligent and purposeful instead of blind and mechanical. I do not believe myself in spirits,* haunting * a spot for one particular purpose. But the thing I have seen, again and again, until I can hardly believe it to be pure coincidence, is a kind of blind groping towards justice...*"

"Let us drop the subject — for to-night at least," he suggested.

Jack agreed readily enough, but did not find it so easy to banish * the subject from his own mind.

During the week-end, he made vigorous inquiries * of his own, but succeeded in getting little more than the doctor had done. He had definitely given up playing golf before breakfast.

The next link in the chain came from an unexpected quarter.* On getting back one day, Jack was informed that a young lady was waiting to see him. To his intense surprise it proved to be the girl of the garden — the pansy girl, as he always called her in his own mind. She was very nervous and confused.

"You will forgive me, Monsieur, for coming to see you like this? But there is something I want to tell you — I —"

She looked round uncertainly.

"Come in here," said Jack promptly, leading the way into the now deserted "Ladies' Drawing-room" of the hotel.

"Now, sit down, Miss, Miss —"

"Marchaud, Monsieur. Felise Marchaud."

"Sit down, Mademoiselle Marchaud, and tell me all about it."

Felise sat down obediently.* She was dressed in dark green to-day, and the beauty and charm of the proud little face was more evident than ever. Jack's heart beat faster as he sat down beside her.

"It is like this," explained Felise. "We have been here but a short time, and from the beginning we hear the house — our so sweet little house — is haunted.* No servant will stay in it. That does not matter so much — me, I can do the *ménage* and cook easily enough."

"Angel," thought the young man. "She's wonderful."

But he maintained an outward semblance of business-like attention.

"This talk of ghosts, I think it is all folly* — that is until four days ago. Monsieur, four nights running, I have had the same dream. A lady stands there — she is beautiful, tall and very fair. In her hands she holds a blue china jar.* She is distressed* — very distressed, and continually she holds out her jar to me, as though asking me to do something with it. But alas*! She cannot speak, and I — I do not know what she asks. That was the dream for the first two nights — but the night before last, there was more of it. She and the blue jar faded away,* and suddenly I heard her voice crying out — I know it is her voice, you understand — and, oh! Monsieur, the words she says are those you spoke to me that morning. "Murder — Help! Murder!" I awoke in terror. I say to myself — it is a nightmare,* the words you heard are an accident. But last night the dream came again. Monsieur, what is it? You too have heard. What shall we do?"

Felise's face was terrified. Her small hands clasped themselves together, and she gazed appealingly at Jack. The latter pretended to look calm.

"That's all right, Mademoiselle Marchaud. You mustn't worry. I tell you what I'd like you to do, if you don't mind, repeat the whole story to a friend of mine who is staying here, a Dr. Lavington."

Felise showed her willingness to adopt this course, and Jack went off in search of Lavington. He returned with him a few minutes later.

VI

Lavington gave the girl a keen scrutiny* as he acknowledged Jack's hurried introductions. With a few reassuring words, he soon put the girl at her ease, and he, in his turn, listened attentively to her story.

"Very curious," he said, when she had finished. "You have told your father of this?"

Felise shook her head.

"I have not liked to worry him. He is very ill still" — her eyes filled with tears — "I keep from him anything that might excite or agitate him."

"I understand," said Lavington kindly. "And I am glad you came to us, Mademoiselle Marchaud. Hartington here, as you know, had an experience something similar to yours. I think I may say that we are well on the track now.* There is nothing else that you can think of?"

Felise gave a quick movement.

"Of course! How stupid I am. It is the point of the whole story. Look, Monsieur, at what I found at the back of one of the cupboards where it had slipped behind the shelf."

She held out to them a dirty piece of drawing-paper on which was made in water colours* a sketch of a woman. It was a mere sketch, but the likeness was probably good enough. She was standing by a table on which was standing a blue china jar.

"I only found it this morning," explained Felise. "Monsieur le docteur, that is the face of the woman I saw in my dream, and that is the identical blue jar."

"Extraordinary*," commented Lavington. "The key to the mystery is evidently the blue jar. It looks like a Chinese jar to me, probably an old one. It seems to have a curious raised pattern* over it."

"It is Chinese," declared Jack. "I have seen an exactly similar one in my uncle's collection — he is a great collector of Chinese porcelain*, you know, and I remember noticing a jar just like this a short time ago."

"The Chinese jar," mused Lavington. He remained a minute or two lost in thought, then raised his head suddenly, a curious light shining in his eyes. "Hartington, how long has your uncle had that jar?"

"How long? I really don't know."

"Think. Did he buy it lately?"

"I don't know — yes, I believe he did, now I come to think of it. I'm not very interested in porcelain myself, but I remember his showing me his "recent acquisitions," and this was one of them."

"Less than two months ago? The Turners left Heather Cottage just two months ago."

"Yes, I believe it was."

"Your uncle attends country sales sometimes?"

"He always goes to sales."

"Then there is a probability in our assuming that he bought this particular piece of porcelain at the sale of the Turners' things. A curious coincidence — or perhaps what I call the groping of blind justice.* Hartington, you must find out from your uncle at once where he bought this jar."

Jack's face fell.

"I'm afraid that's impossible. Uncle George is away on the Continent. I don't even know where to write to him."

"How long will he be away?"

"Three weeks to a month at least."

There was a silence. Felise sat looking anxiously from one man to the other.

"Is there nothing that we can do?" she asked timidly.*

"Yes, there is one thing," said Lavington, in a tone of suppressed excitement.* "It is unusual, perhaps, but I believe that it will succeed. Hartington, you must get hold of that jar. Bring it down here, and, if Mademoiselle permits, we will spend a night in Heather Cottage, taking the blue jar with us." Jack felt his skin creep * uncomfortably.

"What do you think will happen?" he asked uneasily.

"I have not the slightest idea — but I honestly believe that the mystery will be solved and the ghost laid.* Quite possibly there may be a false bottom * to the jar and something is concealed inside it."

Felise clasped her hands. "It is a wonderful idea," she exclaimed.

Her eyes were alight with enthusiasm. Jack did not feel nearly so enthusiastic — in fact, he was inwardly afraid of it, but nothing would have forced him to admit the fact before Felise. The doctor acted as though his suggestion were the most natural one in the world.

"When can you get the jar?" asked Felise, turning to Jack.

"To-morrow," said the latter, unwillingly.

He had to go through with it now, but the memory of the desperate cry * for help that had haunted him each morning was something to be ruthlessly * thrust down and not thought about more than could be helped.

He went to his uncle's house the following evening and took away the jar in question. He was more than ever convinced when he saw it again that it was the identical one pictured in the water colour sketch, but carefully as he looked it over he could see no sign that it contained a secret receptacle * of any kind.

It was eleven o'clock when he and Lavington arrived at Heather Cottage. Felise was on the look-out * for them, and opened the door softly before they had time to knock.

"Come in," she whispered. "My father is asleep upstairs, and we must not wake him. I have made coffee for you in here."

She led the way into a small cosy sitting-room. A spirit lamp * stood in the grate, * and bending over it, she brewed them both some fragrant coffee.*

Then Jack unwrapped * the Chinese jar. Felise gasped as her eyes fell on it.

"But yes, but yes," she cried eagerly. "That is it — I would know it anywhere."

Meanwhile Lavington was making his own preparations. He removed all the things from a small table and set it in the middle of the room. Round it he placed three chairs. Then, taking the blue jar from Jack, he placed it in the centre of the table.

"Now," he said, "we are ready. Turn off the lights, and let us sit round the table in the darkness."

The others obeyed him. Lavington's voice spoke again out of the darkness.

"Think of nothing — or of everything. Do not force the mind. It is possible that one of us has mediumistic powers.* If so, that person will go into a trance. Remember, there is nothing to fear. Cast out fear * from your hearts, and drift — drift * —"

His voice died away and there was silence. Minute by minute the silence seemed to grow more pregnant with possibilities. It was all very well for Lavington to say "Cast out fear." It was not fear that Jack felt — it was panic. And he was almost certain that Felise felt the same way. Suddenly he heard her voice, low and terrified.

"Something terrible is going to happen. I feel it."

"Cast out fear," said Lavington. "Do not fight against the influence."

The darkness seemed to get darker and the silence more acute. And nearer and nearer came that indefinable sense of menace. *

Jack felt himself choking — stifling — the evil thing was very near. —

And then the moment of conflict passed. He was drifting, drifting down stream* — his lids closed — peace — darkness...

VII

Jack stirred slightly. * His head was heavy — heavy as lead. * Where was he?

Sunshine ... birds ... He lay staring up at the sky.

Then it all came back to him. The sitting. The little room. Felise and the doctor. What had happened?

He sat up, his head throbbing * unpleasantly, and looked round him. He was lying not far from the cottage. No one else was near him. He took out his watch. To his surprise it registered half past twelve.

Jack struggled to his feet*, and ran as fast as he could in the direction of the cottage. They must have been alarmed by his failure to come out of the trance, and carried him out into the open air.

Arrived at the cottage, he knocked loudly on the door. But there was no answer, and no signs of life about it. They must have gone off to get help. Or else — Jack felt an indefinable fear invade him. What had happened last night?

He made his way back to the hotel as quickly as possible. He was about to make some inquiries at the office, when he got a colossal punch in the ribs * which nearly knocked him off his feet. Turning in some indignation, * he saw a whitehaired old gentleman merrily laughing.

"Didn't expect me, my boy. Didn't expect me, hey?" said this individual.

"Why, Uncle George, I thought you were miles away — in Italy somewhere."

"Ah! but I wasn't. Landed at Dover last night. Thought I'd motor up to town and stop here to see you on the way. And what did I find. Out all night, hey? Nice goings on —" "Uncle George," Jack checked him firmly. "I've got the most extraordinary story to tell you. I dare say you won't believe it."

"I dare say I shan't," laughed the old man. "But do your best, my boy."

"But I must have something to eat," continued Jack. "I'm hungry."

He led the way to the dining-room, and over a substantial meal, he told the whole story.

"And God knows what's become of them," he ended.

His uncle seemed on the verge of apoplexy. *

"The jar," he managed to cry out at last. "THE BLUE JAR! What's become of that?"

Jack stared at him without understanding, but under the torrent of words that followed he began to understand.

It came with a rush: "Ming-unique-gem of my collection * — worth ten thousand pounds at least — offer from Hoggenheimer, the American millionaire — only one of its kind in the world — Confound it, * sir, what have you done with my BLUE JAR?"

Jack rushed from the room. He must find Lavington. The young lady at the office eyed him coldly.

"Dr. Lavington left late last night — by motor. He left a note for you."

Jack tore it open. It was short and to the point. *

My Dear Young Friend,

Is the day of the supernatural over? Not quite — especially when tricked out in new scientific language. Kindest regards from Felise, invalid father, and myself. We have twelve hours start, which ought to be ample. *

Yours ever,
Ambrose Lavington,
Doctor of the Soul

WORDS AND PHRASES

I	
topped drive неправильно нанесенный удар (в гольфе)	course <i>n</i> площадка для игры в гольф
tee <i>n</i> метка для мяча (в гольфе)	heather-covered покрытый вереском
club <i>n</i> клюшка	weed <i>n</i> сорная трава
imprisoned in a kind of mahogany tomb [мэ'хэгэи ту:m] замурован в «склеп» из красного дерева	pansties <i>n pl</i> анютины глазки
links <i>n pl</i> поле для игры в гольф	purple <i>a</i> фиолетовый
constitutionally <i>adv</i> органически	linen gown <i>a</i> льняное платье
magic words волшебные слова	midway between annoyance and surprise что-то среднее между досадой и удивлением
petrified <i>p.p.</i> в оцепенении	genuine [dʒenjuɪn] <i>a</i> неподдельный
gurgling <i>a</i> захлебывающийся, булькающий	incredible <i>a</i> невероятный
	agonised appeal for help мучительный крик о помощи

close at hand рядом
retreat уходить, отходить
he gave up the search он прекратил поиск
gulp *v* проглотить
and catch the 8.46 by the usual narrow margin of a second or so и успеть на поезд (8.46) как обычно за несколько секунд до отправления
His conscience pricked him. Он чувствовал угрызения совести.
incredulity *n* недоверчивость
romance *v* выдумывать, фантазировать

II

a crime having been committed совершено преступление
be relieved *v* успокоиться
that even the most ardent golfer might have his enthusiasm damped что даже у самого заядлого игрока в гольф энтузиазм мог бы пропасть
queer *a* странный
out of the tail of his eye уголком (краешком) глаза
teed up on the next tee наметил следующую метку
murmur *v* бормотать
The words were frozen on his lips. Слова застыли (замерли) у него на губах.
in distress в беде
she shrank back from him она отпрянула (от него)
sincerity *n* искренность
shellshock *n* контузия
douche [du:ʃ] *n* душ
delusion [di'lu:ʒ(ə)n] *n* галлюцинация
to reason matters out with himself разобраться во всем самому
The words could not be distinguished. Слов нельзя было разобрать.
hoax *n* обман, шутка
He would play the few holes up to the cottage. Он попырует загнать мяч в лунки около коттеджа.
curse *v* проклинать
observation *n* замечание

dimple *n* ямочка (на щеке)
hedge *n* живая изгородь
cure *v* вылечивать
soothingly *adv* успокаивающе

III

he was conscious of the close scrutiny он чувствовал, что его пристально изучают
he had an ease and assurance of manner он держался непринужденно и уверенно
professional classes лица свободной профессии; интеллигенция
vague rumours неопределенные слухи
Harley Street улица в Лондоне, где находятся приемные ведущих частных врачей—консультантов
by reason of his professional calling *эд.* в силу особенностей своей профессии
there was something amiss in the hidden grey matter что-то было не так в сером веществе его мозга
play a few holes поиграть в гольф
rigid *a* неподвижный
his eyes glued on his watch он неотрывно смотрел на часы
hoarse *a* хриплый
The spell was broken. *эд.* Наваждение пропало,
An enormous weight seemed to have lifted from his mind. *эд.* Казалось, у него гора свалилась с плеч.
contentment *n* удовлетворение
shading his eyes загораживая (рукой) глаза от солнца
spin round (за)кружиться
When he recovered himself. Когда он пришел в себя.
faint *v* потерять сознание
a vital reason важная причина
acute strain сильное напряжение
I'm going mad. Я схожу с ума.
arouse interest and consternation возбуждать интерес и внушать ужас
very curious очень любопытно
feel indignant негодовать
damned callous чертовски бездушны

you're talking at random *эд.* вы сами не знаете, что говорите
soul *n* душа

IV

You've got to come to terms with the soul *эд.* душа есть и с этим надо считаться
clergyman ['klɜ:dʒɪmən] *n* священник
a proved scientific fact доказанный научный факт
get the wind up испугаться
grounds *n pl* основания, доказательства
it's invaluable это бесценно
you suggestioned yourself *эд.* вы убедили себя
Not consciously ['kɒnʃəsli] подсознательно
that explanation won't wash это объяснение необедительно
vicinity *n* окрестности
ghost *n* привидение
spirits *n pl* духи
medium *n* посредник, медиум
occult phenomena оккультные явления
some substances некоторые (физические) тела
supernatural *a* сверхъестественный
psychic phenomena психические явления
I'm on я готов (помочь)
Jack flushed awkwardly. Джек покраснел от чувства неловкости.
before her time до того, как она появилась здесь

V

in a perfect fever of curiosity *эд.* умирал от любопытства
unperturbed *a* невозмутимый
tenant *v* арендовать
from all I can make out *эд.* насколько я понимаю
consumptive *a* туберкулезный, чахоточный
a suitably tuned receiver соответствующим образом настроенный приемник
haunt *v* обитать, являться (как призрак)
a kind of blind groping towards

justice своего рода попытка нащупать путь к справедливости
banish *v* прогнать; *эд.* выбросить (из головы)
he made vigorous inquiries Он навел подробные справки
from an unexpected quarter с неожиданной стороны
obediently *adv* послушно
the house is haunted в доме водится привидение
folly *n* глупость, недомыслие
China jar фарфоровый кувшин
She is distressed. Она испытывает страдание.
Alas! Увы!
the blue jar faded away голубой кувшин растаял
nightmare *n* кошмар

VI

gave the girl a keen scrutiny внимательно посмотрел на девушку
we are well on the track now мы на верном пути
water colour акварель
extraordinary [iks'trɔ:dnri] *a* необычный, чрезвычайный
a curious raised pattern необычный, выпуклый рисунок, роспись
porcelain *n* фарфор
recent acquisitions [əkwɪ'zɪʃns] *n pl* последние приобретения
the groping of blind justice *эд.* слепые поиски судьбы
timidly *adv* робко, застенчиво
suppressed excitement сдерживаемое волнение
Jack felt his skin creep. У Джека мурашки побежали по коже.
the mystery will be solved and the ghost laid тайна будет разгадана и привидение найдено
a false bottom двойное дно
desperate cry крик отчаяния
ruthlessly *adv* безжалостно, жестоко
a secret receptacle потайное местилще
was on the look out *эд.* ждала
a spirit lamp спиртовка
grate *n* каминная решетка
fragrant coffee ароматный кофе
unwrap [ʼʌp'tæp] *v* развертывать

mediumistic power [mi:dʒəmɪstɪk]
эд. способности медиума
Cast out fear. Отбросьте страх.
drift эд. отдайтесь свободному
течению мысли
indefinable sense of menace смут-
ное ощущение опасности
He was drifting, drifting down
stream. Его плавно несло вниз
по течению.

VII

stirred slightly слегка пошеве-
лился
lead [led] *n* свинец
his head throbbing в висках сту-
чало
truggled to his feet с трудом под-
нялся

he got a colossal punch in the ribs
его сильно толкнули в бок
indignation [ˌɪndɪɡˈneɪʃn] *n* негодо-
вание
His uncle seemed on the verge of
apoplexy. Кажалось, его дядю
вот-вот хватит удар.
torrent of words поток слов
Ming-unique-gem of my collec-
tion самая прекрасная вещь во
всей коллекции, относящаяся
к эпохе царствования династии
Мин (1368—1644).
Confound it! Черт побери!
to the point по существу
We have twelve hours start which
ought to be ample. У нас в за-
пасе 12 часов и этого вполне до-
статочно.

NEWS FOR A PEEPER

Peter Langdale

Stella was as curious as any wife should be who's left her hubby ¹ a note telling him he can look after himself in the future, because she's fed up with his bad temper ² when he comes home evenings, and that she's just about had enough of cleaning and polishing and cooking in a three-room flat for a man who's got as much sense of gratitude ^{*} as an under-taker has a sense of humour.

She was curious because she'd never done this before; she'd never had time. They'd only been married three months, and that's not really long enough for a girl to know all about what happens when a wife gives her husband the air in writing ³. She wanted to see how Bill reacted to that note on the dressing-table; whether he took it bravely and went out to face the world, fearless and wifeless, or whether he crumpled ⁴. She hoped he'd crumple.

Anyway, the best way to see a thing, she decided logically, was to go to the place where it was happening and keep your eyes open.

It's been two-fifteen in the afternoon when she had written the note, and by three-fifteen she'd changed her mind quite a few times, packed a suitcase with a few clothes, just for appearance ⁵, and closed the front door behind her with a firm resolution never to enter the flat again until Bill went down on his knees and begged pardon.

^{*} Knowing Bill was due home at five o'clock, the thought occurred to her that unless she hurried she'd miss the show, and if she did that no one would forgive her, least of all herself.

So, she did enter the flat again, but she didn't look at it that way. After all, maybe she'd been a little harsh ^{*} with the darling boy; perhaps there was something in this business-man idea or else why did movie magnates make pictures of them? And then — a horrible thought flashed through her mind — there was a chance, an awful chance, that Bill would kill himself with that gun he'd bought during the burglar ^{*} alarm. He might even take to drinking his head off with his pay envelope ⁶, or put his head in the gas oven.

In fact, there were quite a number of things he might do, and Stella began to think she'd been led back to the flat by some Fate ^{*} which had a personal interest in the destiny of young couples.

She walked into the bedroom and noticed that her message was still there, just where she'd placed it on the dressing table. So Bill hadn't been back yet. She was in time to prevent disaster ^{*} and that unpleasant follow-through ⁷ which they always printed in the papers whenever anyone committed suicide.

Glancing around the room, the only place she could think of to watch from was under the bed. From this angle she had a view of the note on the dressing-table.

She'd be able to watch Bill's reaction when he read the note; and then, if he didn't stage a horizontal ^{*} but went to the drawer where the gun was kept instead, she'd jump out and save him.

Too bad she couldn't have a cushion or two to help her get comfortable under the bed, but there wasn't space. The floor was rather hard, and it wasn't possible to move much, because the underside of the mattress was so close; an inch lower and she couldn't have squeezed ^{*} in at all.

Just as her pose was reproducing the first stage of paralysis, the front door opened and Bill came into the hall with a hearty "Hello, darling! You there?"

A few strides and he was in the bedroom. He saw the note and, looking from under the bed Stella watched him read it, turn it over, and finally fold it away in his pocket.

There was dead silence while he stood beside the dressing-table staring blankly ^{*} into space; deciding whether to use

a gun or the gas meter, Stella supposed. She was all ready to leave her hiding place the moment he made for the drawer where the weapon lay. Instead, he opened his wardrobe and, with a deep sigh, took out a suit — a good suit, which he put on.

Going out to discuss the problem with a friend, thought Stella, or maybe ... maybe he'd make a date with a pre-marriage sweetheart! She hadn't thought of dames before.

But this horrible idea was crushed out of her by Bill's weight as he sat heavily on the bed and changed his shoes. When he'd got the second shoe on he began to hum *. It was a light hearted tune, the kind a man hums when he is in high spirits.

Stella got angry. He wasn't in the least sorry. A hard, insensitive brute who could watch his quarter-year-bride walk out on him * just like that. He had no feelings, and she felt she wouldn't care less if he dropped dead on the floor beside her.

When he'd dressed she saw him, still humming, write something on the back of her note, fold it in reverse * way, and replace it in its original place on the dressing table.

Then he brushed his suit carefully, fixed his tie straight, gave himself the once-over in the mirror †, and went into the hall.

Immediately the front door closed Stella got out from underneath the bed and snatched * at the note. This must be some kind of clue to his movements.

She read: "It's much softer ON the bed."

WORDS AND PHRASES

gratitude *n* благодарность

harsh *a* резкий

burglar *n* вор-взломщик

fate *n* судьба

disaster *n* несчастье

stage *a* horizontal упасть в обморок

squeeze *v* втискивать (ся)

blankly *adv* безучастно

hum *v* напевать с закрытым ртом, мурлыкать песенку

reverse *a* обратный; противоположный

snatch *v* схватить

NOTES

1. hubby (col.) — husband

2. because she's fed up with his bad temper — she's had enough of his bad temper

3. ... when a wife gives her husband the air in writing — ...tells her husband off in writing

4. whether he crumpled — whether he gave way to despair
5. just for appearance — just to pretend that she was serious about it
6. He might even take to drinking his head off with his pay envelope. — He might even start drinking and go on with it until he run out of money
7. that unpleasant follow-through — that unpleasant after-effect (последствие)
8. walk out on him — leave him
9. ... gave himself the once-over in the mirror — again looked at himself in the mirror

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Будем читать и говорить по-английски

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