

**МІНІСТЕРСТВО АГРАРНОЇ ПОЛІТИКИ УКРАЇНИ**  
**БІЛОЦЕРКІВСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ АГРАРНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ**

**ФАКУЛЬТЕТ ЛІНГВІСТИКИ**

*Кафедра практики та історії англійської мови*

**ПРАКТИКА АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ МОВИ**

Методичні рекомендації до домашнього читання  
для студентів I-II курсів гуманітарних спеціальностей  
денної форми навчання

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Практика англійської мови: методичні рекомендації до домашнього читання для студентів I-II курсів гуманітарних спеціальностей денної форми навчання / О.А. Лозинська. – Біла Церква, 2009. – 75 с.

Методичні рекомендації призначені для розвитку навичок читання і говоріння студентів I-II курсів гуманітарних спеціальностей.

Запропонований посібник знайомить з творами відомих англійських та американських письменників, а також містить систему вправ, спрямованих на оволодіння різними видами читання оригінальної англійської та американської літератури, розширення словника студента, розвиток навичок усного мовлення. Кожен з авторів, тексти творів яких увійшли у збірку, відрізняються власним неповторним стилем, що сприяє розвитку інтересу студентів до опанування іноземної мови через читання та опрацювання художніх творів.

Тексти творів надаються з повним збереженням авторської орфографії та пунктуації.

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## **ПЕРЕДМОВА**

Домашнє читання – необхідний компонент процесу вивчення іноземної мови. Робота з художнім текстом розширює світогляд студентів, розвиває логіку, інтелект, пізнавальні інтереси. Вона дозволяє студентам розуміти іноземну мову в соціально-культурному контексті, відчувати стильову різноманітність, розуміти її експресивний потенціал. Інформація (фактична, соціокультурна, історична, країнознавча тощо), одержана із текстів для домашнього читання, стимулює студентів до самостійного мислення, спонукає до ініціативного мовлення, завдяки чому студенти вчаться відображати свої суб'єктивні погляди, інтереси та життєву позицію. У них формується художній смак, вони вчаться аналізувати та узагальнювати, аргументувати та контраргументувати.

Методичні рекомендації призначені для студентів I-II курсів гуманітарних спеціальностей денної форми навчання.

Посібник містить твори американських та англійських письменників, які представляють такі жанри художньої прози, як детектив, наукова фантастика, казка. Вони цікаві та оригінальні з пізнавального погляду, різноманітні за стилем та торкаються проблем, розв'язання яких сприяє формуванню і розвитку всіх складових комунікативної компетенції.

Домашнє читання як аспект вивчення іноземної мови, перш за все, набуває мети навчання сприйняття літературного тексту як окремої форми комунікації в його різноаспектності, різноманітності і багатогранності через адекватне розуміння студентами соціокультурного фону, сприйняття смислових установок тексту, розуміння й аналіз розвитку сюжету, стосунків між персонажами; аналіз мовних та художніх засобів, а також шляхом розвитку критичного мислення студентів, їх умінь наводити переконливі аргументи під час ведення дискусії з обговорення літературного тексту.

Запропонований навчальний посібник містить систему вправ, спрямованих на запам'ятовування обраного автентичного лексичного матеріалу і призначений для аудиторної та самостійної роботи студентів в

умовах кредитно – модульної системи навчання.

Посібник складається із 7 розділів, кожен з яких має систему вправ, що охоплюють такі види мовленнєвої діяльності: читання, письмо, говоріння та спрямовані на засвоєння певної кількості фразових дієслів, лексичних структур та граматичних явищ, що сприятиме більш повному розумінню змісту художніх творів.

## ПОЯСНЮВАЛЬНА ЗАПИСКА

Технологія роботи над художнім текстом спрямована на формування всіх складових комунікативної компетенції, домінантною з яких вважається соціально-культурний компонент, що передбачає розвиток умінь з розуміння соціокультурного фону художнього тексту, його проблематики і художньо-стилістичних особливостей, розвитку культури мовлення, навчання сприйняття іноземної мови у мовному, жанрово-стильовому і культурологічно-часовому контекстах. Основними етапами формування мовного компонента комунікативної компетенції є формування лексичної та граматичної компетенцій. Це досягається за допомогою низки лексичних та граматичних завдань. Лексичні вправи і завдання є різними за своїм рівнем і спрямованістю.

За метою формування різних рівнів мовної компетенції студентів відповідно до норм сучасної англійської мови лексика, що пропонується у лексичних вправах, відбирається за наступним принципом:

- а) лексика, що пропонується для розвитку автоматизованого навику;
- б) лексика, що вживається у сучасній англійській мові й може бути актуалізована, але функціональне навантаження якої змінилося з часом;
- в) лексика, що пропонується для пасивного засвоєння і знання якої полегшує розуміння тексту чи сприяє розумінню стильової колористики тексту.

Значний акцент зроблено на завданнях, які спрямовані на самостійне опрацювання та стимулюють процес мислення. Контроль під час виконання вправ може здійснюватися за розсудом викладача залежно від рівня підготовки студентів, часу та індивідуальної методичної настанови. Бажано контролювати виконання вправ на вокабулярій за допомогою тестових завдань, а також пропонувати під час занять додаткові вправи. Такий підхід дозволить не тільки уникнути монотонності навчального процесу, але й створить умови для більш детальної перевірки домашнього завдання та реальної підготовки до кожного заняття.

## TOBERMORY

*H. Munro*

It was a chill, rain-washed afternoon of a late August day, that indefinite season when partridges are still in security or cold storage, and there is nothing to hunt—unless one is bounded on the north by the Bristol Channel, in which case one may lawfully gallop after fat red stags. Lady Blemley's house-party was not bounded on the north by the Bristol Channel, hence there was a full gathering of her guests round the tea-table on this particular afternoon. And, in spite of the blankness of the season and the triteness of the occasion, there was no trace in the company of that fatigued restlessness which means a dread of the pianola and a subdued hankering for auction bridge. The undisguised open-mouthed attention of the entire party was fixed on the homely negative personality of Mr. Cornelius Appin. Of all her guests, he was the one who had come to Lady Blemley with the vaguest reputation. Some one had said he was "clever," and he had got his invitation in the moderate expectation, on the part of his hostess, that some portion at least of his cleverness would be contributed to the general entertainment. Until tea-time that day she had been unable to discover in what direction, if any, his cleverness lay. He was neither a wit nor a croquet champion, a hypnotic force nor a begetter of amateur theatricals. Neither did his exterior suggest the sort of man in whom women are willing to pardon a generous measure of mental deficiency. He had subsided into mere Mr. Appin, and the Cornelius seemed a piece of transparent baptismal bluff. And now he was claiming to have launched on the world a discovery beside which the invention of gunpowder, of the printing-press, and of steam locomotion were inconsiderable trifles. Science had made bewildering strides in many directions during recent decades, but this thing seemed to belong to the domain of miracle rather than to scientific achievement.

"And do you really ask us to believe," Sir Wilfrid was saying, "that you have discovered a means for instructing animals in the art of human speech, and that dear old Tobermory has proved your first successful pupil?"

"It is a problem at which I have worked for the last seventeen years," said

Mr. Appin, "but only during the last eight or nine months have I been rewarded with glimmerings of success. Of course I have experimented with thousands of animals, but latterly only with cats, those wonderful creatures which have assimilated themselves so marvellously with our civilization while retaining all their highly developed feral instincts. Here and there among cats one comes across an outstanding superior intellect, just as one does among the ruck of human beings, and when I made the acquaintance of Tobermory a week ago I saw at once that I was in contact with a "Beyond-cat" of extraordinary intelligence. I had gone far along the road to success in recent experiments; with Tobermory, as you call him, I have reached the goal."

"And do you mean to say," asked Miss Resker, after a slight pause, "that you have taught Tobermory to say and understand easy sentences of one syllable?"

"My dear Miss Resker," said the wonder-worker patiently, "one teaches little children and savages and backward adults in that piecemeal fashion; when one has once solved the problem of making a beginning with an animal of highly developed intelligence one has no need for those halting methods. Tobermory can speak our language with perfect correctness."

"Hadn't we better have the cat in and judge for ourselves?" suggested Lady Blemley.

Sir Wilfred went in search of the animal, and the company settled themselves down to the languid expectation of witnessing some more or less adroit drawing-room ventriloquism.

In a minute Sir Wilfred was back in the room, his face white beneath its tan and his eyes dilated with excitement.

"By Gad, it's true!"

His agitation was unmistakably genuine, and his hearers started forward in a thrill of wakened interest.

Collapsing into an armchair he continued breathlessly:

"I found him dozing in the smoking-room, and called out to him to come for his tea. He blinked at me in his usual way, and I said, 'Come on, Toby; don't keep us

waiting' and, by Gad! he drawled out in a most horribly natural voice that he'd come when he dashed well pleased! I nearly jumped out of my skin!"

Appin had preached to absolutely incredulous hearers; Sir Wilfred's statement carried instant conviction. A Babel-like chorus of startled exclamation arose, amid which the scientist sat mutely enjoying the first fruit of his stupendous discovery.

In the midst of the clamour Tobermory entered the room and made his way with velvet tread and studied unconcern across to the group seated round the tea-table.

A sudden hush of awkwardness and constraint fell on the company. Somehow there seemed an element of embarrassment in addressing on equal terms a domestic cat of acknowledged dental ability.

"Will you have some milk, Tobermory?" asked Lady Blemley in a rather strained voice.

"I don't mind if I do," was the response, couched in a tone of even indifference. A shiver of suppressed excitement went through the listeners, and Lady Blemley might be excused for pouring out the saucerful of milk rather unsteadily.

"I'm afraid I've spilt a good deal of it," she said apologetically.

"After all, it's not my Axminster," was Tobermory's rejoinder.

Another silence fell on the group, and then Miss Resker, in her best district-visitor manner, asked if the human language had been difficult to learn. Tobermory looked squarely at her for a moment and then fixed his gaze serenely on the middle distance. It was obvious that boring questions lay outside his scheme of life.

"What do you think of human intelligence?" asked Mavis Pellington lamely.

"Of whose intelligence in particular?" asked Tobermory coldly.

"Oh, well, mine for instance," said Mavis with a feeble laugh.

"You put me in an embarrassing position," said Tobermory, whose tone and attitude certainly did not suggest a shred of embarrassment. "When your inclusion in this house-party was suggested Sir Wilfrid protested that you were the most



brainless woman of his acquaintance, and that there was a wide distinction between hospitality and the care of the feeble-minded. Lady Blemley replied that your lack of brain-power was the precise quality which had earned you your invitation, as you were the only person she could think of who might be idiotic enough to buy their old car. You know, the one they call 'The Envy of Sisyphus,' because it goes quite nicely up-hill if you push it."

Major Barfield plunged in heavily to save the situation.

"How about your carryings-on with the tortoise-shell puss up at the stables, eh?"

The moment he had said it every one realized the blunder.

"One does not usually discuss these matters in public," said Tobermory frigidly. "From a slight observation of your ways since you've been in this house I should imagine you'd find it inconvenient if I were to shift the conversation to your own little affairs."

The panic which ensued was not confined to the Major.

"Would you like to go and see if cook has got your dinner ready?" suggested Lady Blemley hurriedly, affecting to ignore the fact that it wanted at least two hours to Tobermory's dinner-time.

"Thanks," said Tobermory, "not quite so soon after my tea. I don't want to die of indigestion."

"Cats have nine lives, you know," said Sir Wilfred heartily.

"Possibly," answered Tobermory; "but only one liver."

"Adelaide!" said Mrs. Cornett, "do you mean to encourage that cat to go out and gossip about us in the servants' hall?"

The panic had indeed become general. A narrow ornamental balustrade ran in front of most of the bedroom windows at the house, and it was recalled with dismay that this was a favourite promenade for Tobermory at all hours, whence he could watch the pigeons—and heaven knew what else besides. If he intended to become reminiscent in his present outspoken strain the effect would be something more than disconcerting. Mrs. Cornett, who spent much time at her toilet table, and

whose complexion was reputed to be of a nomadic though punctual disposition, looked as ill at ease as the Major. Miss Scrawen, who wrote fiercely sensuous poetry and led a blameless life, merely displayed irritation; if you are methodical and virtuous in private you don't necessarily want everyone to know it. Bertie van Tahn, who was so depraved at 17 that he had long ago given up trying to be any worse, turned a dull shade of gardenia white, but he did not commit the error of dashing out of the room like Odo Finsberry, a young gentleman who was understood to be reading for the Church and who was possibly disturbed at the thought of scandals he might hear concerning other people.

Even in a delicate situation like the present, Agnes Resker could not endure to remain long in the background.

"Why did I ever come down here?" she asked dramatically.

Tobermory immediately accepted the opening.

"Judging by what you said to Mrs. Cornett on the croquet-lawn yesterday, you were out of food. You described the Blemleys as the dullest people to stay with that you knew, but said they were clever enough to employ a first-rate cook; otherwise they'd find it difficult to get any one to come down a second time."

"There's not a word of truth in it! I appeal to Mrs. Cornett—" exclaimed the discomfited Agnes.

"Mrs. Cornett repeated your remark afterwards to Bertie van Tahn," continued Tobermory, "and said, 'That woman is a regular Hunger Marcher; she'd go anywhere for four square meals a day,' and Bertie van Tahn said—"

At this point the chronicle mercifully ceased. Tobermory had caught a glimpse of the big yellow tom from the Rectory working his way through the shrubbery towards the stable wing. In a flash he had vanished through the open French window.

With the disappearance of his too brilliant pupil Cornelius Appin found himself beset by a hurricane of bitter upbraiding, anxious inquiry, and frightened entreaty. The responsibility for the situation lay with him, and he must prevent matters from becoming worse. Could Tobermory impart his dangerous gift to other

cats? was the first question he had to answer. It was possible, he replied, that he might have initiated his intimate friend the stable puss into his new accomplishment, but it was unlikely that his teaching could have taken a wider range as yet.

"Then," said Mrs. Cornett, "Tobermory may be a valuable cat and a great pet; but I'm sure you'll agree, Adelaide, that both he and the stable cat must be done away with without delay."

"You don't suppose I've enjoyed the last quarter of an hour, do you?" said Lady Blemley bitterly. "My husband and I are very fond of Tobermory—at least, we were before this horrible accomplishment was infused into him; but now, of course, the only thing is to have him destroyed as soon as possible."

"We can put some strychnine in the scraps he always gets at dinner-time," said Sir Wilfred, "and I will go and drown the stable cat myself. The coachman will be very sore at losing his pet, but I'll say a very catching form of mange has broken out in both cats and we're afraid of it spreading to the kennels."

"But my great discovery!" expostulated Mr. Appin; "after all my years of research and experiment—"

"You can go and experiment on the short-horns at the farm, who are under proper control," said Mrs. Cornett, "or the elephants at the Zoological Gardens. They're said to be highly intelligent, and they have this recommendation, that they don't come creeping about our bedrooms and under chairs, and so forth."

Nobody could have felt more crestfallen than Cornelius Appin at the reception of his wonderful achievement. Public opinion, however, was against him—in fact, had the general voice been consulted on the subject it is probable that a strong minority vote would have been in favour of including him in the strychnine diet.

Defective train arrangements and a nervous desire to see matters brought to a finish prevented an immediate dispersal of the party, but dinner that evening was not a social success. Sir Wilfred had had rather a trying time with the stable cat and subsequently with the coachman. Agnes Resker ostentatiously limited her repast to

a morsel of dry toast, which she bit as though it were a personal enemy; while Mavis Pellington maintained a vindictive silence throughout the meal. Lady Blemley kept up a flow of what she hoped was conversation, but her attention was fixed on the doorway. A plateful of carefully dosed fish scraps was in readiness on the sideboard, but the sweets and savoury and dessert went their way, and no Tobermory appeared in the dining-room or kitchen.

The sepulchral dinner was cheerful compared with the subsequent vigil in the smoking-room. Eating and drinking had at least supplied a distraction and cloak to the prevailing embarrassment. Bridge was out of the question in the general tension of nerves and tempers, and after Odo Finsberry had given a lugubrious rendering of 'Melisande in the Wood' to a frigid audience, music was tacitly avoided. At eleven the servants went to bed, announcing that the small window in the pantry had been left open as usual for Tobermory's private use. The guests read steadily through the current batch of magazines, and fell back gradually on the "Badminton Library" and bound volumes of Punch. Lady Blemley made periodic visits to the pantry, returning each time with an expression of listless depression which forestalled questioning.

At two o'clock Clovis broke the dominating silence.

"He won't turn up tonight. He's probably in the local newspaper office at the present moment, dictating the first installment of his reminiscences. Lady What's-her-name's book won't be in it. It will be the event of the day."

Having made this contribution to the general cheerfulness, Clovis went to bed. At long intervals the various members of the house-party followed his example.

The servants taking round the early tea made a uniform announcement in reply to a uniform question. Tobermory had not returned.

Breakfast was, if anything, a more unpleasant function than dinner had been, but before its conclusion the situation was relieved. Tobermory's corpse was brought in from the shrubbery, where a gardener had just discovered it. From the bites on his throat and the yellow fur which coated his claws it was evident that he

had fallen in unequal combat with the big Tom from the Rectory.

By midday most of the guests had quitted the Towers, and after lunch Lady Blemley had sufficiently recovered her spirits to write an extremely nasty letter to the Rectory about the loss of her valuable pet.

Tobermory had been Appin's one successful pupil, and he was destined to have no successor. A few weeks later an elephant in the Dresden Zoological Garden, which had shown no previous signs of irritability, broke loose and killed an Englishman who had apparently been teasing it. The victim's name was variously reported in the papers as Oppin and Eppelin, but his front name was faithfully rendered Cornelius.

"If he was trying German irregular verbs on the poor beast," said Clovis, "he deserved all he got."

### **Exercises**

*Exercise 1. Find the Ukrainian equivalents of the following English words and phrases:*

blankness of the season; triteness of the occasion; the open – mouthed attention; the invention of gunpowder; to be rewarded with glimmerings of success; unmistakably genuine; to blink; an instant conviction; a shiver of suppressed excitement; a feeble laugh; the tortoise – shell puss; to die of indigestion; to be depraved; to dash out of the room; to be beset by a hurricane of bitter reproach.

*Exercise 2. Find the English equivalents of the following Ukrainian words and phrases:*

гіпнотична сила; незначні дрібнички; чудотворець; байдужі слухачі; дивовижне відкриття; дивитися скоса; поставити у незручне становище; розумова відсталість; бездоганне життя; запеклі питання; гірке благання; відчувати мстиву тишу; нерівний бій.

*Exercise 3. How can you understand the following phrases in bold letters? Try to translate and explain:*

1. Here and there among cats one comes across an outstanding superior intellect, just as one does among the ruck of human beings, and when I made the acquaintance of Tobermory a week ago I saw at once that I was in contact with a **"Beyond-cat"** of extraordinary intelligence.

2. He drawled out in a most horribly natural voice that he'd come **when he dashed well pleased!**

3. **If he intended to become reminiscent in his present outspoken strain** the effect would be something more than disconcerting.

4. Bertie van Tahn, who was so depraved at 17 that he had long ago given up trying to be any worse, **turned a dull shade of gardenia white**,.....

5. "Judging by what you said to Mrs. Cornett on the croquet-lawn yesterday, **you were out of food.**

6. **"That woman is a regular Hunger Marche";.....**

*Exercise 4. Find evidence in the story to support these statements:*

1. Mr. Cornelius Appin had the vaguest reputation.

2. Tobermory is a talking cat who personifies typical human's characteristics: haughtiness, indifference, superiority.

3. Tobermory is not only intelligent, he is clearly well- educated too.

4. To the huge relief of the guests, Tobermory meets his end at the paws of big Tom.

*Exercise 5. Answer the questions:*

1. Saki clearly depicts the aristocratic England of Edward's times, making use of a high witted, ironic and humorous language that helps us understand his critical point of view towards high-class people. Do you consider the story illustrates a moral point, serious or humorous or do you

think it is only a narrative that tells a funny story and so the humour itself is the real point of the story? If you think it has a moral, how do you think the story conveys this?

2. While reading the story, where exactly can we see the amoral simplicity of the animal kingdom contrasting with the foibles and pretensions of human society?
3. How can you understand the statement: "Tobermory has life and death in its gift?"
4. Saki is a wonderfully swift executioner, meeting out punishments to the deserving in a single sentence. How can you characterize the final line of the story: "If he was trying German irregular verbs on the poor beast, he deserved all he got"?

**Exercise 6.** Give a summary of the story. The following phrases may be helpful:

The main characters are....., among other thing..., the attraction of the story lies in ..., the story a good insight into human nature...

## **PATTERN OF LOVE**

*Irwin Shaw*

"I'll go into a nunnery," Katherine said, holding her books rigidly at her side, as they walked down the street toward Harold's house. "I'll retire from the world."

Harold peered uneasily at her through his glasses. "You can't do that," he said. "They won't let you do that."

"Oh, yes, they will." Katherine walked stiffly, looking squarely in front of her, wishing that Harold's house was ten blocks farther on. "I'm a Catholic and I can go into a nunnery."

"There's no need to do that," said Harold.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" Katherine asked. "I'm not looking for compliments. I want to know for a private reason."

"I think you're pretty," Harold said. "I think you're about the prettiest girl in school."

"Everybody says so," Katherine said, worrying over the "about," but not showing it in her face. "Of course I don't really think so, but that's what everybody says. You don't seem to think so, either."

"Oh, yes," said Harold. "Oh, yes."

"From the way you act," Katherine said.

"It's hard to tell things sometimes," Harold said, "by the way people act."

"I love you," Katherine said coldly.

Harold took off his glasses and rubbed them nervously with his handkerchief.

"What about Charley Lynch?" he asked, working on his glasses, not looking at Katherine. "Everybody knows you and Charley Lynch..."

"Don't you even like me?" Katherine asked stonily.

"Sure. I like you very much. But Charley Lynch..."

"I'm through with him." Katherine's teeth snapped as she said it. "I've had enough of him."

"He's a very nice fellow," Harold said, putting his glasses on. "He's the captain of the baseball team and he's the president of the eighth grade and..."

"He doesn't interest me," Katherine said, "any more."

They walked silently. Harold subtly increased his speed as they neared his house.

"I have two tickets to Loew's for tonight," Katherine said.

"Thanks," said Harold. "I've got to study."

"Eleanor Greenberg is giving a party on Saturday night." Katherine subtly slowed down as she saw Harold's house getting nearer. "I can bring anyone I want. Would you be interested?"

"My grandmother's," Harold said. "We're going to my grandmother's on Saturday. She lives in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. She has seven cows. I go there in the summertime. I know how to milk the cows and they..."



"Thursday night," Katherine said, speaking quickly. "My mother and father go out on Thursday night to play bridge and they don't come home till one o'clock in the morning. I'm all alone, me and the baby, and the baby sleeps in her own room. I'm all alone," she said in harsh invitation. "Would you like to come up and keep me company?"

Harold swallowed unhappily. He felt the blush come up over his collar, surge under his glasses. He coughed loudly, so that if Katherine noticed the blush, she'd think it came from the violence of his coughing.

"Should I slap you on the back?" Katherine asked eagerly.

"No, thank you," Harold said clearly, his coughing gone.

"Do you want to come up Thursday night?"

"I would like to very much," Harold said, "but my mother doesn't let me out at night yet. She says when I'm fifteen..."

Katherine's face set in grim lines. "I saw you in the library at eight o'clock at night, Wednesday."

"The library's different," Harold said weakly. "My mother makes an exception."

"You could tell her you were going to the library," Katherine said. "What's to stop you?"

Harold took a deep, miserable breath. "Every time I lie my mother knows it," he said. "Anyway, you shouldn't lie to your mother."

Katherine's lip curled with cold amusement. "You make me laugh," she said.

They came to the entrance to the apartment house in which Harold lived, and halted.

"In the afternoons," Katherine said, "a lot of times nobody's home in the afternoons but me. On your way home from school you could whistle when you pass my window, my room's in front, and I could open the window and whistle back."

"I'm awful busy," Harold said, noticing uneasily that Johnson, the doorman, was watching him. "I've got baseball practice with the Montauk A. C. every afternoon and I got to practice the violin a hour a day and I'm behind in history, there's

a lot of chapters I got to read before next month and..."

"I'll walk home every afternoon with you," Katherine said. "From school. You have to walk home from school, don't you?"

Harold sighed. "We practice in the school orchestra almost every afternoon." He stared unhappily at Johnson, who was watching him with the knowing, cynical expression of doormen who see everyone leave and everyone enter and have their own opinions of all entrances and exits. "We're working on 'Poet and Peasant' and it's very hard on the first violins and I never know what time we'll finish and..."

"I'll wait for you," Katherine said, looking straight into his eyes, bitterly, not hiding anything. "I'll sit at the girls' entrance and I'll wait for you."

"Sometimes," said Harold, "we don't get through till five o'clock."

"I'll wait for you."

Harold looked longingly at the doorway to the apartment house, heavy gilt iron and cold glass. "I'll admit something," he said. "I don't like girls very much. I got a lot of other things on my mind."

"You walk home from school with Elaine," Katherine said. "I've seen you." "O. K.," Harold shouted, wishing he could punch the rosy, soft face, the large, coldly accusing blue eyes, the red, quivering lips. "O. K.!" he shouted, "I walk home with Elaine! What's it to you? I like to walk home with Elaine! Leave me alone! You've got Charley Lynch. He's a big hero, he pitches for the baseball team. I couldn't even play right field. Leave me alone!"

"I don't want him!" Katherine shouted. "I'm not interested in Charley Lynch! I hate you!" she cried, "I hate you! I'm going to retire to a nunnery!"

"Good!" Harold said. "Very good!" He opened the door of the apartment house. Johnson watched him coldly, unmoving, knowing everything.

"Harold," Katherine said softly, touching his arm sorrowfully, "Harold— if you happen to pass my house, whistle 'Begin the Beguine'. Then I'll know it's you. 'Begin the Beguine', Harold..."

He shook her hand off, went inside. She watched him walk without looking back at her, open the elevator door, go in, press a button. The door closed finally

and irrevocably behind him. The tears nearly came, but she fought them down. She looked miserably up at the fourth-story window behind which he slept.

She turned, and dragged slowly down the block toward her own house. As she reached the corner, her eyes on the pavement before her, a boy spurted out and bumped her.

"Oh, excuse me," said the boy. She looked up.

"What do you want, Charley?" she asked coldly.

Charley Lynch smiled at her, forcing it. "Isn't it funny, my bumping into you? Actually bumping into you. I wasn't watching where I was going, I was thinking of something else and..."

"Yeah," said Katherine, starting briskly toward home. "Yeah."

"You want to know what I was thinking about?" Charley asked softly, fawning in beside her.

"Excuse me," Katherine said, throwing her head back, all tears gone, looking at a point thirty feet up in the evening sky. "I'm in a hurry."

"I was thinking of that night two months ago," Charley said quickly. "That party Norah O'Brien gave. That night I took you home and I kissed your neck. Remember that?"

"No," she said. She walked at top speed across the street corner, down the row of two-story houses, all alike, with the children playing potsy and skating and leaping out from behind stoops and going, "A-a-a-a-a-h," pointing pistols and machine guns at each other. "Pardon me, I've got to get home and mind the baby; my mother has to go out."

"You weren't in a hurry with Harold," Charley said, his eyes hot and dry, as he matched her step for step. "You walked slow enough with him."

Katherine looked briefly and witheringly at Charley Lynch. "I don't know why you think that's your business," she said. "It's my own affair."

"Last month," Charley said, "you used to walk home with me."

"That was last month," Katherine said loudly.

"What've I done?" Pain sat clearly on Charley Lynch's face, plain over the

freckles and the child's nose with the bump on it where a baseball bat had once hit it. "Please tell me what I've done, Katie."

"Nothing," said Katherine, her voice bored and businesslike. "Absolutely nothing."

Charley Lynch avoided three small children who were dueling seriously with wooden swords that clanged on the garbage-pail cover shields with which they protected themselves. "I must have done something," he said sorrowfully.

"Nothing!" Katherine's tones were clipped and final.

"Put'em up, Stranger!" a seven-year-old boy said right in front of Charley. He had a pistol and was pointing it at a boy who had another pistol. "This town ain't big enough for you and me, Stranger," said the first little boy as Charley went around him, keeping his eyes on Katherine. "I'll give you twenty-four hours and then come out shooting."

"Oh, yeah?" said the second little boy with the pistol.

"Do you want to go to the movies tonight?" Charley asked eagerly, rejoining Katherine, safely past the Westerners. "Cary Grant. Everybody says it's a very funny picture."

"I would love to go," said Katherine, "but I've got to catch up on my reading tonight."

Charley walked silently among the dueling, wrestling, gun-fighting children. Katherine walked slightly ahead of him, head up, pink and round and rosy-kissed, and Charley looked at the spot on her neck where he had kissed her for the first time and felt his soul drop out of his body.

He laughed suddenly, falsely. Katherine didn't even look at him. "I was thinking about that feller," Charley said. "That Harold. What a name — Harold! He went out for the baseball team and the coach threw him out the first day. The coach hit three balls at him and they went right through his legs. Then he hit another one at him and it bounced and smacked him right in the nose. You should've seen the look on that Harold's face." Charley chuckled shrilly. "We all nearly died laughing. Right square in the nose. You know what all the boys call

him? Four-eyed Oscar.' He can't see first base from home plate. 'Four-eyed Oscar.' Isn't that funny?" Charley asked miserably.

"He's very nice about you," Katherine turned into the vestibule of her own house. "He tells me he admires you very much; he thinks you're a nice boy."

The last trace of the manufactured smile left Charley's face. "None of the other girls can stand him," Charley said flatly. "They laugh at him."

Katherine smiled secretly, remembering the little girls' conversations in the wardrobes and at recess.

"You think I'm lying!" Charley shouted. "Just ask."

Katherine shrugged coolly, her hand on the inner door leading to her house. Charley moved close to her in the vestibule gloom.

"Come to the movies with me," he whispered. "Please, Katie, please..."

"As I told you," she said, "I'm busy."

He put his hand out gropingly, touched hers. "Katie," he begged.

She pulled her hand away sharply, opened the door. "I haven't the time," she said loudly.

"Please, please..." he whispered.

Katherine shook her head.

Charley spread his arms slowly, lunged for Katherine, hugged her, tried to kiss her. She pulled her head savagely to the side, kicked him sharply in the shins. "Please..." Charley wept.

"Get out of here!" Katherine slapped his chest with her hands.

Charley backed up. "You used to let me kiss you," he said. "Why not now?"

"I can't be bothered," Katherine pulled down her dress with sharp, decisive, warning movements.

"I'll tell your mother," Charley shouted desperately. "You're going around with a Methodist! With a Protestant!"

Katherine's eyes grew large with fury, her cheeks flooded with blood, her mouth tightened. "Now get out of here!" she said. "I'm through with you! I don't want to talk to you. I don't want you to follow me around!"

"I'll walk wherever I goddamn please!" Charley yelled.

"I heard what you said," Katherine said. "I heard the word you used."

"I'll follow whoever I goddamn please!" Charley yelled even louder. "This is a free country."

"I'll never talk to you as long as I live," Katherine stamped for emphasis, and her voice rang off the mailboxes and doorknobs of the vestibule. "You bore me! I'm not interested in you. You're stupid! I don't like you. You're a big idiot! Go home!"

"I'll break his neck for him!" Charley shouted, his eyes clouded, his hands waving wildly in front of Katherine's face. "I'll show him! A violin player! When I get through with him you won't be so anxious to be seen with him. Do you kiss him?"

"Yes!" Katherine's voice clanged triumphantly. "I kiss him all the time. And he really knows how to kiss! He doesn't slobber all over a girl, like you!"

"Please," Charley whimpered, "please..." Hands out gropingly, he went toward Katherine. She drew back her arm coldly, and with all her round, solid, well-nourished eighty-five pounds, caught him across the face, turned, and fled up the stairs.

"I'll kill him!" Charley roared up the stairwell. "I'll kill that violinist with my bare hands!"

The door slammed in answer.

"Please tell Mr. Harold Pursell," Charley said soherly to Johnson, the door-man, "that a certain friend of his is waiting downstairs; he would like to see him, if it's convenient."

Johnson went up in the elevator and Charley looked with grim satisfaction around the circle of faces of his eight friends, who had come with him to see that everything was carried out in proper order.

Harold stepped out of the elevator, walked toward the boys grouped at the doorway. He peered curiously and short-sightedly at them, as he approached, neat, clean, white-fingered, with his glasses.

"Hello," Charley stepped out and faced Harold. "I would like to talk to you in private."

Harold looked around at the silent ring of faces, drained of pity, brimming with punishment. He sighed, realizing what he was in for.

"All right," he said, and opened the door, holding it while all the boys filed out.

The walk to the vacant lot in the next block was performed in silence, broken only by the purposeful tramp of Charley Lynch's seconds.

"Take off your glasses," Charley said when they reached the exact center of the lot.

Harold took off his glasses, looked hesitantly for a place to put them.

"I'll hold them," Sam Rosenberg, Charley's lieutenant, said politely.

"Thanks," Harold said, giving him the glasses. He turned and faced Charley, blinking slowly. He put up his hands. "O. K." he said.

Charley stood there, breathing deeply, his enemy, blinking, thin-armed, pale, twenty pounds lighter than Charley, before him. A deep wave of exultation rolled through Charley's blood. He put up his hands carefully, stepped in and hit Harold square on the eye with his right hand.

The fight did not take long, although it took longer than Charley had expected. Harold kept punching, advancing into the deadly fire of Charley's fists, the most potent and sharp and brutal in the whole school. Harold's face smeared immediately with blood, and his eye closed, and his shirt tore and the blood soaked in down his clothes. Charley walked in flat-footed, not seeking to dodge or block Harold's weak punches. Charley felt his knuckles smashing against skin and bone and eye, and running with blood, half-delirious with pleasure, as Harold reeled and fell into the cruel, un pitying fists. Even the knuckles on his hands, and the tendons in Charley's fists, carrying the shock of the battle up to his shoulders, seemed to enjoy the pitiless administration of punishment.

From time to time Harold grunted, when Charley took time off from hitting him in the head to hit him, hooking upward from his ankles, in the belly. Except

for that, the battle was conducted in complete quiet. The eight friends of Charley watched soberly, professionally, making no comment, finally watching Harold sink to the ground, not unconscious, but too exhausted to move a finger, and lie, spread out, his bloody face pressed harshly, but gratefully, into the dust and rubble of the vacant lot.

Charley stood over the fallen enemy, breathing heavily, his fists tingling joyfully, happy to see the weak, hated, frail figure face down and helpless on the ground, sorry that the pleasure of beating that figure was over. He watched in silence for a minute until Harold moved.

"All right," Harold said, his face still in the dirt. "That's enough." He lifted his head, slowly sat up, then, with a trembling hand, pulled himself to his feet. He wavered, his arms out from his sides and shaking uncontrollably, but he held his feet. "May I have my glasses?" he asked.

Silently, Sam Rosenberg, Charley's lieutenant, gave Harold his glasses. Harold fumblingly, with shaking hands, put them on. Charley watched him, the incongruously undamaged glasses on the damaged face. Suddenly Charley realized that he was crying. He, Charley Lynch, victor in fifty more desperate battles, who had shed no tear since the time he was spanked at the age of four, was weeping uncontrollably, his body shaken with sobs, his eyes hot and smarting. As he wept, he realized that he had been sobbing all through the fight, from the first right-hand to the eye until the final sinking, face-first, of the enemy into the dirt. Charley looked at Harold, eye closed, nose swollen and to one side, hair sweated and muddy, mouth all gore and mud, but the face, the spirit behind it, calm, unmoved. Harold wasn't crying then, Charley knew, as he sobbed bitterly, and he wouldn't cry later, and nothing he, Charley Lynch, could ever do would make him cry.

Harold took a deep breath and slowly walked off, without a word.

Charley watched him, the narrow, unheroic, torn and bedraggled back, dragging off. The tears swelled up in a blind flood and Harold disappeared from view behind them.



## Exercises

*Exercise 1. What are the meanings of the following words in the story?*

nunnery; squarely; subtly; to surge; to curl; longingly; quivering; to pitch; irrevocably; to spurt; to bump; potsy; to stoop; witheringly; bump; to duel; to clang; gropingly; to lunge; to hug; shin; to stamp; to slobber; stairwell; tramp; to blink; exultation; to smear; flat-footed; knuckles; to reel; tendon; to grunt; rubble; to tingle; to waver; incongruously; to spank; swollen; gore; bedraggled

*Exercise 2. Find the sentences with these phrases. Render their meanings in other words:*

for a private reason; to be behind in (history); to catch up on (one's reading); at recess; to carry out in proper order; drained of pity; to be in for; desperate battle

*Exercise 3. Translate the passage from "Charley walked silently ...to "They laugh at him."*

*Exercise 4. Give a character sketch of a) Charley, b) Harold, c) Katherine.*

## LOUISE

*W. Maugham*

I could never understand why Louise bothered with me. She disliked me and I knew that behind my back, in that gentle way of hers, she seldom lost the opportunity of saying a disagreeable thing about me. She had too much delicacy ever to make a direct statement, but with a hint and a sigh and a little flutter of her beautiful hands she was able to make her meaning plain. She was a mistress of cold praise. It was true that we had known one another almost intimately, for five-and-twenty years, but it was impossible for me to believe that she could be affected by the claims of old association. She thought me a coarse, brutal, cynical, and vulgar fellow. I was puzzled at her not taking the obvious course and dropping me. She did nothing of the kind; indeed, she would not leave me alone; she was

constantly asking me to lunch and dine with her and once or twice a year invited me to spend a week-end at her house in the country. At last I thought that I had discovered her motive. She had an uneasy suspicion that I did not believe in her; and if that was why she did not like me, it was also why she sought my acquaintance: it galled her that I alone should look upon her as a comic figure and she could not rest till I acknowledged myself mistaken and defeated. Perhaps she had an inkling that I saw the face behind the mask and because I alone held out was determined that sooner or later I too should take the mask for the face. I was never quite certain that she was a complete humbug. I wondered whether she fooled herself as thoroughly as she fooled the world or whether there was some spark of humour at the bottom of her heart. If there was it might be that she was attracted to me, as a pair of crooks might be attracted to one another, by the knowledge that we shared a secret that was hidden from everybody else.

I knew Louise before she married. She was then a frail, delicate girl with large and melancholy eyes. Her father and mother worshipped her with an anxious adoration, for some illness, scarlet fever I think, had left her with a weak heart and she had to take the greatest care of herself. When Tom Maitland proposed to her they were dismayed, for they were convinced that she was much too delicate for the strenuous state of marriage. But they were not too well off and Tom Maitland was rich. He promised to do everything in the world for Louise and finally they entrusted her to him as a sacred charge. Tom Maitland was a big, husky fellow, very good-looking and a fine athlete. He doted on Louise. With her weak heart he could not hope to keep her with him long and he made up his mind to do everything he could to make her few years on earth happy. He gave up the games he excelled in, not because she wished him to, she was glad that he should play golf and hunt, but because by a coincidence she had a heart attack whenever he proposed to leave her for a day. If they had a difference of opinion she gave in to him at once, for she was the most submissive wife a man could have, but her heart failed her and she would be laid up, sweet and uncomplaining, for a week. He would not be such a brute as to cross her. Then they would have quite a little tussle

about which should yield and it was only with difficulty that at last he persuaded her to have her own way. On one occasion seeing her walk eight miles on an expedition that she particularly wanted to make, I suggested to Tom Maitland that she was stronger than one would have thought. He shook his head and sighed.

'No, no, she's dreadfully delicate. She's been to all the best heart specialists in the world and they all say that her life hangs on a thread. But she has an unconquerable spirit.'

He told her that I had remarked on her endurance.

'I shall pay for it tomorrow,' she said to me in her plaintive way. 'I shall be at death's door.'

'I sometimes think that you're quite strong enough to do the things you want to,' I murmured.

I had noticed that if a party was amusing she could dance till five in the morning, but if it was dull she felt very poorly and Tom had to take her home early. I am afraid she did not like my reply, for though she gave me a pathetic little smile I saw no amusement in her large blue eyes.

'You can't very well expect me to fall down dead just to please you,' she answered.

Louise outlived her husband. He caught his death of cold one day when they were sailing and Louise needed all the rugs there were to keep her warm. He left her a comfortable fortune and a daughter. Louise was inconsolable. It was wonderful that she managed to survive the shock. Her friends expected her speedily to follow poor Tom Maitland to the grave. Indeed they already felt dreadfully sorry for Iris, her daughter, who would be left an orphan. They redoubled their attentions towards Louise. They would not let her stir a finger; they insisted on doing everything in the world to save her trouble. They had to, because if she was called upon to do anything tiresome or inconvenient her heart went back on her and there she was at death's door. She was entirely lost without a man to take care of her, she said, and she did not know how, with her delicate health, she was going to bring up her dear Iris. Her friends asked why she did not marry again. Oh, with her heart it

was out of the question, though of course she knew that dear Tom would have wished her to, and perhaps it would be the best thing for Iris if she did; but#vho would want to be bothered with a wretched invalid like herself? Oddly enough more than one young man showed himself quite ready to undertake the charge and a year after Tom's death she allowed George Hobhouse to lead her to the altar. He was a fine, upstanding fellow and he was not at all badly off. I never saw anyone so grateful as he for the privilege of being allowed to take care of this frail little thing.

'I shan't live to trouble you long,' she said.

He was a soldier and an ambitious one, but he resigned his commission. Louise's health forced her to spend the winter at Monte Carlo and the summer at Deauville. He hesitated a little at throwing up his career, and Louise at first would not hear of it; but at last she yielded as she always yielded, and he prepared to make his wife's last few years as happy as might be.

'It can't be very long now,' she said. 'I'll try not to be troublesome.'

For the next two or three years Louise managed, notwithstanding her weak heart, to go beautifully dressed to all the most lively parties, to gamble very heavily, to dance and even to flirt with tall slim young men. But George Hobhouse had not the stamina of Louise's first husband and he had to brace himself now and then with a stiff drink for his day's work as Louise's second husband. It is possible that the habit would have grown on him, which Louise would not have liked at all, but very fortunately (for her) the war broke out. He rejoined his regiment and three months later was killed. It was a great shock to Louise. She felt, however, that in such a crisis she must not give way to a private grief; and if she had a heart attack nobody heard of it. In order to distract her mind she turned her villa at Monte Carlo into a hospital for convalescent officers. Her friends told her that she would never survive the strain.

'Of course it will kill me,' she said, 'I know that. But what does it matter? I must do my bit.'

It didn't kill her. She had the time of her life. There was no convalescent

home in France that was more popular. I met her by chance in Paris. She was lunching at the Ritz with a tall and very handsome young Frenchman. She explained that she was there on business connected with the hospital. She told me that the officers were too charming to her. They knew how delicate she was and they wouldn't let her do a single thing. They took care of her, well — as though they were all her husbands. She sighed.

'Poor George, who would ever have thought that I with my heart should survive him?'

'And poor Tom!' I said.

I don't know why she didn't like my saying that. She gave me her plaintive smile and her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

'You always speak as though you grudged me the few years that I can expect to live.'

'By the way, your heart's much better, isn't it?'

'It'll never be better. I saw a specialist this morning and he said I must be prepared for the worst.'

'Oh, well, you've been prepared for that for nearly twenty years now, haven't you?'

When the war came to an end Louise settled in London. She was now a woman of over forty, thin and frail still, with large eyes and pale cheeks, but she did not look a day more than twenty-five. Iris, who had been at school and was now grown up, came to live with her.

'She'll take care of me,' said Louise. 'Of course, it'll be hard on her to live with such a great invalid as I am, but it can only be for such a little while, I'm sure she won't mind.'

Iris was a nice girl. She had been brought up with the knowledge that her mother's health was precarious. As a child she had never been allowed to make a noise. She had always realized that her mother must on no account be upset. And though Louise told her now that she would not hear of her sacrificing herself for a tiresome old woman the girl simply would not listen. It wasn't a question of

sacrificing herself, it was a happiness to do what she could for her poor dear mother. With a sigh her mother let her do a great deal.

'It pleases the child to think she's making herself useful,' she said.

'Don't you think she ought to go out and about more?' I asked.

'That's what I'm always telling her. I can't get her to enjoy herself. Heaven knows, I never want anyone to put themselves out on my account.'

And Iris, when I remonstrated with her, said: 'Poor dear mother, she wants me to go and stay with friends and go to parties, but the moment I start off anywhere she has one of her heart attacks, so I much prefer to stay at home.'

But presently she fell in love. A young friend of mine, a very good lad, asked her to marry him and she consented. I liked the child and was glad that she was to be given at last the chance to lead a life of her own. She had never seemed to suspect that such a thing was possible. But one day the young man came to me in great distress and told me that his marriage was indefinitely postponed. Iris felt that she could not desert her mother. Of course it was really no business of mine, but I made the opportunity to go and see Louise. She was always glad to receive her friends at tea-time and now that she was older she cultivated the society of painters and writers.

'Well, I hear that Iris isn't going to be married,' I said after a little.

'I don't know about that. She's not going to be married quite as soon as I could have wished. I've begged her on my bended knees not to consider me, but she absolutely refuses to leave me.'

'Don't you think it's rather hard on her?'

'Dreadfully. Of course it can only be for a few months, but I hate the thought of anyone sacrificing them selves for me.'

'My dear Louise, you've buried two husbands, I can't see the least reason why you shouldn't bury at least two more.'

'Do you think that's funny?' she asked me in a tone that she made as offensive as she could.

'I suppose it's never struck you as strange that you're always strong enough

to do anything you want to and that your weak heart only prevents you from doing things that bore you?'

'Oh, I know, I know what you've always thought of me. You've never believed that I had anything the matter with me, have you?'

I looked at her full and square.

'Never. I think you've carried out for twenty-five years a stupendous bluff. I think you're the most selfish and monstrous woman I have ever known. You ruined the lives of those two wretched men you married and now you're going to ruin the life of your daughter.'

I should not have been surprised if Louise had had a heart attack then. I fully expected her to fly into a passion. She merely gave me a gentle smile.

'My poor friend, one of these days you'll be so dreadfully sorry you said this to me.'

'Have you quite determined that Iris shall not marry this boy?'

'I've begged her to marry him. I know it'll kill me, but I don't mind. Nobody cares for me. I'm just a burden to everybody.'

'Did you tell her it would kill you?'

'She made me.'

'As if anyone ever made you do anything that you were not yourself quite determined to do.'

'She can marry her young man tomorrow if she likes. If it kills me, it kills me.'

'Well, let's risk it, shall we?'

'Haven't you got any compassion for me?'

'One can't pity anyone who amuses one as much as you amuse me,' I answered.

A faint spot of colour appeared on Louise's pale cheeks and though she smiled still her eyes were hard and angry.

'Iris shall marry in a month's time,' she said, 'and if anything happens to me I hope you and she will be able to forgive yourselves.'

Louise was as good as her word. A date was fixed, a trousseau of great magnificence was ordered, and invitations were issued. Iris and the very good lad were radiant. On the wedding-day, at ten o'clock in the morning, Louise, that devilish woman, had one of her heart attacks — and died. She died gently forgiving Iris for having killed her.

## Exercises

*Exercise 1. Find the Ukrainian equivalents of the following English words and phrases:*

disagreeable; spark of humour; a complete humbug; an anxious adoration; to make up one's mind; by a coincidence; an unconquerable spirit; in a plaintive way; to be at death's door; to survive the shock; a comfortable fortune; stiff drink; to remonstrate; to grudge; to be called upon

*Exercise 2. Find the English equivalents of the following Ukrainian words and phrases:*

майстерниця дошкульних компліментів; боготворити; упасти як неживий; чималий статок; перечити комусь; внушати; відкласти весілля; поворушити пальцем; цілковита брехня; лагідно посміхнутись; втрачати терпець; давати волю; ані краплі жалю; чортиця; відчувати підозру; мати слабке уявлення

*Exercise 3. Reproduce the episodes in which the following words and phrases are used:*

- 1) the most submissive women;
- 2) the strenuous state of marriage;
- 3) to hang on a thread;
- 4) to outlive someone;
- 5) to resign a commission;
- 6) a hospital for convalescent officers;



- 7) to beg on on bended knees;
- 8) to be as good as word;
- 9) to be in a great distress;
- 10) to give a way to a private grief.

**Exercise 4.** Match the adjectives from the text with their synonyms:

1) coarse	a) insecure
2) brutal	b) feeble
3) cynical	c) gentle
4) frail	d) vulgar
5) decicate	e) vicious
6) good-looking	f) thin
7) husky	g ) mournful
8) unconquerable	h) mocking
9) sweet	i) nostalgic
10) inconsolable	j) disconsolate
11) slim	k) well-built
12) weak	l) fragile
13) plaintive	m) invincible
14) precarious	n) beautiful
15) melancholic	o) faint

**Exercise 5.** Answer the questions:

1. Why did the narrator think Louise shouldn't have bothered with him?
2. Was he right or wrong about her motive?
3. What contradictions in her behaviour did he notice?
4. Did Louise's first and second marriages differ very much?
5. What did she do after her husbands' deaths?
6. Could you explain Louise's art of having everything her own way?

7. Why had Iris never seemed to suspect that she could lead a life of her own?
8. Why didn't Louise survive her daughter's wedding?
9. How would you assess the narrator judging by the introductory remarks to each story and his attitude to the main characters? Who does he sympathy with?
10. What virtues of man seem to be of importance to the narrator? Isn't there something odd in his judgement and attitudes?

## **A SOUND OF THUNDER**

*Ray Bradbury*

TIME SAFARI, INC.

SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST.

YOU NAME THE ANIMAL.

WE TAKE YOU THERE.

YOU SHOOT IT.

Warm phlegm gathered in Eckels' throat; he swallowed and pushed it down. The muscles around his mouth formed a smile as he put his hand slowly out upon the air, and in that hand waved a check for ten thousand dollars to the man behind the desk.

"Does this safari guarantee I come back alive?"

"We guarantee nothing," said the official, "except the dinosaurs." He turned. "This is Mr. Travis, your Safari Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to shoot. If he says no shooting, no shooting. If you disobey instructions, there's a stiff penalty of another ten thousand dollars, plus possible government action, on your return."

Eckels glanced across the vast office at a mass and tangle, a snaking and humming of wires and steel boxes, at an aurora that flickered now orange, now

silver, now blue. There was a sound like a gigantic bonfire burning all of Time, all the years and all the parchment calendars, all the hours piled high and set aflame.

A touch of the hand and this burning would, on the instant, beautifully reverse itself. Eckels remembered the wording in the advertisements to the letter. Out of chars and ashes, out of dust and coals, like golden salamanders, the old years, the green years, might leap; roses sweeten the air, white hair turn Irish-black, wrinkles vanish; all, everything fly back to seed, flee death, rush down to their beginnings, suns rise in western skies and set in glorious easts, moons eat themselves opposite to the custom, all and everything cupping one in another like Chinese boxes, rabbits into hats, all and everything returning to the fresh death, the seed death, the green death, to the time before the beginning. A touch of a hand might do it, the merest touch of a hand.

"Unbelievable." Eckels breathed, the light of the Machine on his thin face. "A real Time Machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think, If the election had gone badly yesterday, I might be here now running away from the results. Thank God Keith won. He'll make a fine President of the United States."

"Yes," said the man behind the desk. "We're lucky. If Deutscher had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of dictatorship. There's an anti everything man for you, a militarist, anti-Christ, anti-human, anti-intellectual. People called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Deutscher became President they wanted to go live in 1492. Of course it's not our business to conduct Escapes, but to form Safaris. Anyway, Keith's President now. All you got to worry about is-

"Shooting my dinosaur," Eckels finished it for him.

"A Tyrannosaurus Rex. The Tyrant Lizard, the most incredible monster in history. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry."

Eckels flushed angrily. "Trying to scare me!"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going who'll panic at the first shot. Six Safari leaders were killed last year, and a dozen hunters. We're here to give you the severest thrill a real hunter ever asked for. Traveling you back sixty million years

to bag the biggest game in all of Time. Your personal check's still there. Tear it up." Mr. Eckels looked at the check. His fingers twitched.

"Good luck," said the man behind the desk. "Mr. Travis, he's all yours."

They moved silently across the room, taking their guns with them, toward the Machine, toward the silver metal and the roaring light.

First a day and then a night and then a day and then a night, then it was day-night-day-night. A week, a month, a year, a decade! A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1999! 1957! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their oxygen helmets and tested the intercoms.

Eckels swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arms and he looked down and found his hands tight on the new rifle. There were four other men in the Machine. Travis, the Safari Leader, his assistant, Lesperance, and two other hunters, Billings and Kramer. They sat looking at each other, and the years blazed around them.

"Can these guns get a dinosaur cold?" Eckels felt his mouth saying.

"If you hit them right," said Travis on the helmet radio. "Some dinosaurs have two brains, one in the head, another far down the spinal column. We stay away from those. That's stretching luck. Put your first two shots into the eyes, if you can, blind them, and go back into the brain."

The Machine howled. Time was a film run backward. Suns fled and ten million moons fled after them. "Think," said Eckels. "Every hunter that ever lived would envy us today. This makes Africa seem like Illinois."

The Machine slowed; its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped.

The sun stopped in the sky.

The fog that had enveloped the Machine blew away and they were in an old time, a very old time indeed, three hunters and two Safari Heads with their blue metal guns across their knees.

"Christ isn't born yet," said Travis, "Moses has not gone to the mountains to talk with God. The Pyramids are still in the earth, waiting to be cut out and put up. Remember that. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler-none of them exists." The

man nodded.

"That" - Mr. Travis pointed - "is the jungle of sixty million two thousand and fifty-five years before President Keith."

He indicated a metal path that struck off into green wilderness, over streaming swamp, among giant ferns and palms.

"And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Safari for your use,

It floats six inches above the earth. Doesn't touch so much as one grass blade, flower, or tree. It's an anti-gravity metal. Its purpose is to keep you from touching this world of the past in any way. Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat. Don't go off. For any reason! If you fall off, there's a penalty. And don't shoot any animal we don't okay."

"Why?" asked Eckels.

They sat in the ancient wilderness. Far birds' cries blew on a wind, and the smell of tar and an old salt sea, moist grasses, and flowers the color of blood.

"We don't want to change the Future. We don't belong here in the Past. The government doesn't like us here. We have to pay big graft to keep our franchise. A Time Machine is finicky business. Not knowing it, we might kill an important animal, a small bird, a roach, a flower even, thus destroying an important link in a growing species."

"That's not clear," said Eckels.

"All right," Travis continued, "say we accidentally kill one mouse here. That means all the future families of this one particular mouse are destroyed, right?"

"Right"

"And all the families of the families of the families of that one mouse! With a stamp of your foot, you annihilate first one, then a dozen, then a thousand, a million, a billion possible mice!"

"So they're dead," said Eckels. "So what?"

"So what?" Travis snorted quietly. "Well, what about the foxes that'll need those mice to survive? For want of ten mice, a fox dies. For want of ten foxes a lion starves. For want of a lion, all manner of insects, vultures, infinite billions of

life forms are thrown into chaos and destruction. Eventually it all boils down to this: fifty-nine million years later, a caveman, one of a dozen on the entire world, goes hunting wild boar or saber-toothed tiger for food. But you, friend, have stepped on all the tigers in that region. By stepping on one single mouse. So the caveman starves. And the caveman, please note, is not just any expendable man, no! He is an entire future nation. From his loins would have sprung ten sons. From their loins one hundred sons, and thus onward to a civilization. Destroy this one man, and you destroy a race, a people, an entire history of life. It is comparable to slaying some of Adam's grandchildren. The stomp of your foot, on one mouse, could start an earthquake, the effects of which could shake our earth and destinies down through Time, to their very foundations. With the death of that one caveman, a billion others yet unborn are throttled in the womb. Perhaps Rome never rises on its seven hills. Perhaps Europe is forever a dark forest, and only Asia waxes healthy and teeming. Step on a mouse and you crush the Pyramids. Step on a mouse and you leave your print, like a Grand Canyon, across Eternity. Queen Elizabeth might never be born, Washington might not cross the Delaware, there might never be a United States at all. So be careful. Stay on the Path. Never step off!"

"I see," said Eckels. "Then it wouldn't pay for us even to touch the grass?"

"Correct. Crushing certain plants could add up infinitesimally. A little error here would multiply in sixty million years, all out of proportion. Of course maybe our theory is wrong. Maybe Time can't be changed by us. Or maybe it can be changed only in little subtle ways. A dead mouse here makes an insect imbalance there, a population disproportion later, a bad harvest further on, a depression, mass starvation, and finally, a change in social temperament in far-flung countries. Something much more subtle, like that. Perhaps only a soft breath, a whisper, a hair, pollen on the air, such a slight, slight change that unless you looked close you wouldn't see it. Who knows? Who really can say he knows? We don't know. We're guessing. But until we do know for certain whether our messing around in Time can make a big roar or a little rustle in history, we're being careful. This Machine,

this Path, your clothing and bodies, were sterilized, as you know, before the journey. We wear these oxygen helmets so we can't introduce our bacteria into an ancient atmosphere."

"How do we know which animals to shoot?"

"They're marked with red paint," said Travis. "Today, before our journey, we sent Lesperance here back with the Machine. He came to this particular era and followed certain animals."

"Studying them?"

"Right," said Lesperance. "I track them through their entire existence, noting which of them lives longest. Very few. How many times they mate. Not often. Life's short, When I find one that's going to die when a tree falls on him, or one that drowns in a tar pit, I note the exact hour, minute, and second. I shoot a paint bomb. It leaves a red patch on his side. We can't miss it. Then I correlate our arrival in the Past so that we meet the Monster not more than two minutes before he would have died anyway. This way, we kill only animals with no future, that are never going to mate again. You see how careful we are?"

"But if you come back this morning in Time," said Eckels eagerly, you must've bumped into us, our Safari! How did it turn out? Was it successful? Did all of us get through-alive?"

Travis and Lesperance gave each other a look.

"That'd be a paradox," said the latter. "Time doesn't permit that sort of mess-a man meeting himself. When such occasions threaten, Time steps aside. Like an airplane hitting an air pocket. You felt the Machine jump just before we stopped? That was us passing ourselves on the way back to the Future. We saw nothing. There's no way of telling if this expedition was a success, if we got our monster, or whether all of us - meaning you, Mr. Eckels - got out alive."

Eckels smiled palely.

"Cut that," said Travis sharply. "Everyone on his feet!"

They were ready to leave the Machine.

The jungle was high and the jungle was broad and the jungle was the entire

world forever and forever. Sounds like music and sounds like flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with cavernous gray wings, gigantic bats of delirium and night fever.

Eckels, balanced on the narrow Path, aimed his rifle playfully.

"Stop that!" said Travis. "Don't even aim for fun, blast you! If your guns should go off - - "

Eckels flushed. "Where's our Tyrannosaurus?"

Lesperance checked his wristwatch. "Up ahead, We'll bisect his trail in sixty seconds. Look for the red paint! Don't shoot till we give the word. Stay on the Path. Stay on the Path!"

They moved forward in the wind of morning.

"Strange," murmured Eckels. "Up ahead, sixty million years, Election Day over. Keith made President. Everyone celebrating. And here we are, a million years lost, and they don't exist. The things we worried about for months, a lifetime, not even born or thought of yet."

"Safety catches off, everyone!" ordered Travis. "You, first shot, Eckels. Second, Billings, Third, Kramer."

"I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but now, this is it," said Eckels. "I'm shaking like a kid."

"Ah," said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. "Ahead," he whispered. "In the mist.

There he is. There's His Royal Majesty now."

The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came Tyrannosaurus Rex.

"It," whispered Eckels. "It....."

"Sh!"



It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit area warily, its beautifully reptilian hands feeling the air.

"Why, why," Eckels twitched his mouth. "It could reach up and grab the moon."

"Sh!" Travis jerked angrily. "He hasn't seen us yet."

"It can't be killed," Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed a cap gun. "We were fools to come. This is impossible."

"Shut up!" hissed Travis.

"Nightmare."

"Turn around," commanded Travis. "Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee."

"I didn't realize it would be this big," said Eckels. "I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out."

"It sees us!"

"There's the red paint on its chest!"

The Tyrant Lizard raised itself. Its armored flesh glittered like a thousand green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

"Get me out of here," said Eckels. "It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of."

"Don't run," said Lesperance. "Turn around. Hide in the Machine."

"Yes." Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

"Eckels!"

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

"Not that way!"

The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

The rifles cracked again, Their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweler's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulderstone eyes leveled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris,

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell.

Thundering, it clutched trees, pulled them with it. It wrenched and tore the metal Path. The men flung themselves back and away. The body hit, ten tons of cold flesh and stone. The guns fired. The Monster lashed its armored tail, twitched

its snake jaws, and lay still. A fount of blood spurted from its throat. Somewhere inside, a sac of fluids burst. Sickening gushes drenched the hunters. They stood, red and glistening.

The thunder faded.

The jungle was silent. After the avalanche, a green peace. After the nightmare, morning.

Billings and Kramer sat on the pathway and threw up. Travis and Lesperance stood with smoking rifles, cursing steadily. In the Time Machine, on his face, Eckels lay shivering. He had found his way back to the Path, climbed into the Machine.

Travis came walking, glanced at Eckels, took cotton gauze from a metal box, and returned to the others, who were sitting on the Path.

"Clean up."

They wiped the blood from their helmets. They began to curse too. The Monster lay, a hill of solid flesh. Within, you could hear the sighs and murmurs as the furthest chambers of it died, the organs malfunctioning, liquids running a final instant from pocket to sac to spleen, everything shutting off, closing up forever. It was like standing by a wrecked locomotive or a steam shovel at quitting time, all valves being released or levered tight. Bones cracked; the tonnage of its own flesh, off balance, dead weight, snapped the delicate forearms, caught underneath. The meat settled, quivering.

Another cracking sound. Overhead, a gigantic tree branch broke from its heavy mooring, fell. It crashed upon the dead beast with finality.

"There." Lesperance checked his watch. "Right on time. That's the giant tree that was scheduled to fall and kill this animal originally." He glanced at the two hunters. "You want the trophy picture?"

"What?"

"We can't take a trophy back to the Future. The body has to stay right here where it would have died originally, so the insects, birds, and bacteria can get at it, as they were intended to. Everything in balance. The body stays. But we can take a

picture of you standing near it."

The two men tried to think, but gave up, shaking their heads.

They let themselves be led along the metal Path. They sank wearily into the Machine cushions. They gazed back at the ruined Monster, the stagnating mound, where already strange reptilian birds and golden insects were busy at the steaming armor. A sound on the floor of the Time Machine stiffened them. Eckels sat there, shivering.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

"Get up!" cried Travis.

Eckels got up.

"Go out on that Path alone," said Travis. He had his rifle pointed, "You're not coming back in the Machine. We're leaving you here!"

Lesperance seized Travis's arm. "Wait-"

"Stay out of this!" Travis shook his hand away. "This fool nearly killed us. But it isn't that so much, no. It's his shoes! Look at them! He ran off the Path. That ruins us! We'll forfeit! Thousands of dollars of insurance! We guarantee no one leaves the Path. He left it. Oh, the fool! I'll have to report to the government. They might revoke our license to travel. Who knows what he's done to Time, to History!"

"Take it easy, all he did was kick up some dirt."

"How do we know?" cried Travis. "We don't know anything! It's all a mystery! Get out of here, Eckels!"

Eckels fumbled his shirt. "I'll pay anything. A hundred thousand dollars!"

Travis glared at Eckels' checkbook and spat. "Go out there. The Monster's next to the Path. Stick your arms up to your elbows in his mouth. Then you can come back with us."

"That's unreasonable!"

"The Monster's dead, you idiot. The bullets! The bullets can't be left behind. They don't belong in the Past; they might change anything. Here's my knife. Dig them out!"

The jungle was alive again, full of the old tremorings and bird cries. Eckels turned slowly to regard the primeval garbage dump, that hill of nightmares and terror. After a long time, like a sleepwalker he shuffled out along the Path.

He returned, shuddering, five minutes later, his arms soaked and red to the elbows. He held out his hands. Each held a number of steel bullets. Then he fell. He lay where he fell, not moving.

"You didn't have to make him do that," said Lesperance.

"Didn't I? It's too early to tell." Travis nudged the still body. "He'll live. Next time he won't go hunting game like this. Okay." He jerked his thumb wearily at Lesperance. "Switch on. Let's go home."

1492. 1776. 1812.

They cleaned their hands and faces. They changed their caking shirts and pants. Eckels was up and around again, not speaking. Travis glared at him for a full ten minutes.

"Don't look at me," cried Eckels. "I haven't done anything."

"Who can tell?"

"Just ran off the Path, that's all, a little mud on my shoes-what do you want me to do-get down and pray?"

"We might need it. I'm warning you, Eckels, I might kill you yet. I've got my gun ready."

"I'm innocent. I've done nothing!"

1999.2000.2055.

The Machine stopped.

"Get out," said Travis.

The room was there as they had left it. But not the same as they had left it. The same man sat behind the same desk. But the same man did not quite sit behind the same desk. Travis looked around swiftly. "Everything okay here?" he snapped.

"Fine. Welcome home!"

Travis did not relax. He seemed to be looking through the one high window.

"Okay, Eckels, get out. Don't ever come back." Eckels could not move.

"You heard me," said Travis. "What're you staring at?"

Eckels stood smelling of the air, and there was a thing to the air, a chemical taint so subtle, so slight, that only a faint cry of his subliminal senses warned him it was there. The colors, white, gray, blue, orange, in the wall, in the furniture, in the sky beyond the window, were . . . were . . . . And there was a feel. His flesh twitched. His hands twitched. He stood drinking the oddness with the pores of his body. Somewhere, someone must have been screaming one of those whistles that only a dog can hear. His body screamed silence in return. Beyond this room, beyond this wall, beyond this man who was not quite the same man seated at this desk that was not quite the same desk . . . lay an entire world of streets and people. What sort of world it was now, there was no telling. He could feel them moving there, beyond the walls, almost, like so many chess pieces blown in a dry wind . . .

But the immediate thing was the sign painted on the office wall, the same sign he had read earlier today on first entering.

Somehow, the sign had changed:

TYME SEFARI INC.

SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST.

YU NAIM THE ANIMAL.

WEE TAEK YU THAIR.

YU SHOOT ITT.

Eckels felt himself fall into a chair. He fumbled crazily at the thick slime on his boots. He held up a clod of dirt, trembling, "No, it can't be. Not a little thing like that. No!"

Embedded in the mud, glistening green and gold and black, was a butterfly, very beautiful and very dead.

"Not a little thing like that! Not a butterfly!" cried Eckels.

It fell to the floor, an exquisite thing, a small thing that could upset balances and knock down a line of small dominoes and then big dominoes and then gigantic dominoes, all down the years across Time. Eckels' mind whirled. It couldn't change

things. Killing one butterfly couldn't be that important! Could it?

His face was cold. His mouth trembled, asking: "Who - who won the presidential election yesterday?"

The man behind the desk laughed. "You joking? You know very well. Deutscher, of course! Who else? Not that fool weakling Keith. We got an iron man now, a man with guts!" The official stopped. "What's wrong?"

Eckels moaned. He dropped to his knees. He scrabbled at the golden butterfly with shaking fingers. "Can't we," he pleaded to the world, to himself, to the officials, to the Machine, "can't we take it back, can't we make it alive again? Can't we start over? Can't we-"

He did not move. Eyes shut, he waited, shivering. He heard Travis breathe loud in the room; he heard Travis shift his rifle, click the safety catch, and raise the weapon.

There was a sound of thunder.

## Exercises

*Exercise 1. Find the Ukrainian equivalents of the following English words and phrases:*

out of chars and ashes; the worst kind of dictatorship; the Tyrant Lizard; to flush angrily; the severest thrill; roaring light; oxygen helmets; to test the intercoms; to hit right; green wilderness; smell of tar; to snort quietly; saber-toothed tiger; to be throttled in the womb; to add up infinitesimally; to bump into; to aim for fun; to catch off; full of twittering; thick ropes of muscle; the mail of a terrible warrior; steel mesh; to jerk angrily; to figure wrong; boulderstone eyes; stagnating mound; primeval garbage dump; sleepwalker; subliminal senses.

**Exercise 2.** Find the English equivalents of the following Ukrainian words and phrases:

тепла слизота; зціплювати зуби; хвилясто рухатися; боягузливий виродок; печерна людина; делікатна справа; домішка; позбавити ліцензії; схвильовано; зловісний оскал; згусток; перетинати шлях кому-небудь; гарячка; дитячий лякач; броньована плоть; скам'яніти; чорні зіниці; залізна людина; сіпатися; дати хабара; концесія; стерв'ятник; ставати багатолюдним; вертати гроші за послуги; викликати напругу; лавина.

**Exercise 3.** Find evidence in the story to support these statements:

1. This safari was going to be a dangerous adventure.
2. Eckels was an experienced hunter.
3. Any damage was likely to become a historic disaster.
4. Eckels proved a coward.
5. Killing the monster was no easy job.
6. The changes that occurred were something Eckels had always feared.

**Exercise 4.** Match the verbs from the text with their synonyms:

1) to disobey	a) to jog
2) to glance	b) to destroy
3) to twitch	c) to shoot
4) to sway	d) to shamble
5) to blaze	e) to slit eyes
6) to howl	f) to stop
7) to stay away	g) to destroy
8) to fled after	h) to string up
9) to crush aside	i) to press down



10) to blink	j) to run for very life
11) to shuffle	k) to keep out of way
12) to cease	l) to splash
13) to jerk up	m) to grasp
14) to blew down	n) to soak
15) to engulf	o) to hoot
16) to clutch	p) to shine brightly
17) to drench	q) to damn
18) to curse	r) to curdle
19) to stiff	s) to swing
20) to hiss	t) to wriggle
21) to dig out	u) to take out
22) to glare	v) to shine out
23) to bag to annihilate	w) to neglect smt.
24) to nudge	x) to fuff
25) to annihilate	y) to glower

**Exercise 4.** Answer the questions:

1. Many of the sentences in this text are short. Why?
2. Why do many of the sentences begin with “it”?
3. Although the creature is enormous, why has the writer described its claws like “watchmaker’s”?
4. Why does the author use the simile and examine men like toys?
5. What is the effect on the reader of this sentence: “Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger”?
6. Why does “gliding ballet step” contradict its size?
7. The course of history can’t be altered even if people ever learn to travel in the past. Can you agree?
8. What would you like to change in the history of mankind if it were possible?

## THE PROMISE

*W. Maugham*

My wife is a very unpunctual woman, so when, having arranged to lunch with her at Claridge's, I arrived there ten minutes late and did not find her I was not surprised. I ordered a cocktail. It was the height of the season and there were but two or three vacant tables in the lounge. Some of the people after an early meal were drinking their coffee, others like myself were toying with a dry Martini; the women in their summer frocks looked gay and charming and the men debonair; but I could see no one whose appearance sufficiently interested me to occupy the quarter of an hour I was expecting to wait. They were slim and pleasant to look upon, well dressed and carelessly at ease, but they were for the most part of a pattern and I observed them with tolerance rather than with curiosity. But it was two o'clock and I felt hungry. My wife tells me that she can weave\*neither a turquoise nor a watch, for the turquoise turns green and the watch stops; and this she attributes to the malignity of fate. I have nothing to say about the turquoise, but I sometimes think the watch might go if she wound it. I was engaged with these reflections when an attendant came up and with that hushed significance that hotel attendants affect (as though their message held a more sinister meaning than their words suggested) told me that a lady had just telephoned to say that she had been detained and could not lunch with me.

I hesitated. It is not very amusing to eat in a crowded restaurant by oneself, but it was late to go to a club and I decided that I had better stay where I was. I strolled into the dining-room. It has never given me any particular satisfaction (as it appears to do to so many elegant persons) to be known by name to the head waiters of fashionable restaurants, but on this occasion I should certainly have been glad to be greeted by less stony an eye. The maitre d'hotel with a set and hostile face told me that every table was occupied. I looked helplessly round the large and stately room and on a sudden to my pleasure caught sight of someone I knew. Lady

Elizabeth Vermont was an old friend. She smiled and noticing that she was alone I went up to her.

'Will you take pity on a hungry man and let me sit with you?' I asked.

'Oh, do. But I've nearly finished.'

She was at a little table by the side of a massive column and when I took my place I found that notwithstanding the crowd we sat almost in privacy.

'This is a bit of luck for me,' I said. 'I was on the point of fainting from hunger.'

She had a very agreeable smile; it did not light up her face suddenly, but seemed rather to suffuse it by degrees with charm. It hesitated for a moment about her lips and then slowly travelled to those great shining eyes of hers and there softly lingered. No one surely could say that Elizabeth Vermont was cast in the common mould. I never knew her when she was a girl, but many have told me that then she was so lovely, it brought the tears to one's eyes, and I could well believe it; for now, though fifty, she was still incomparable. Her ravaged beauty made the fresh and blooming comeliness of youth a trifle insipid. I do not like these painted faces that look all alike; and I think women are foolish to dull their expression and obscure their personality with powder, rouge, and lipstick. But Elizabeth Vermont painted not to imitate nature, but to improve it; you did not question the means but applauded the result. The flaunting boldness with which she used cosmetics increased rather than diminished the character of that perfect face. I suppose her hair was dyed; it was black and sleek and shining. She held herself upright as though she had never learned to loll and she was very slim. She wore a dress of black satin, the lines and simplicity of which were admirable, and about her neck was a long rope of pearls. Her only other jewel was an enormous emerald which guarded her wedding-ring, and its sombre fire emphasized the whiteness of her hand. But it was in her hands with their reddened nails that she most clearly betrayed her age; they had none of a girl's soft and dimpled roundness; and you could not but look at them with a certain dismay. Before very long they would look like the talons of a bird of prey.

Elizabeth Vermont was a remarkable woman. Of great birth, for she was the daughter of the seventh Duke of St Erth, she married at the age of eighteen a very rich man and started at once upon a career of astounding extravagance, lewdness, and dissipation. She was too proud to be cautious, too reckless to think of consequences, and within two years her husband in circumstances of appalling scandal divorced her. She married then one of the three co-respondents named in the case and eighteen months later ran away from him. Then followed a succession of lovers. She became notorious for her profligacy. Her startling beauty and her scandalous conduct held her in the public eye and it was never very long but that she gave the gossips something to talk about. Her name stank in the nostrils of decent people. She was a gambler, a spendthrift, and a wanton. But though unfaithful to her lovers she was constant to her friends and there always remained a few who would never allow, whatever she did, that she was anything but a very nice woman. She had candour, high spirits, and courage. She was never a hypocrite. She was generous and sincere. It was at this period of her life that I came to know her; for great ladies, now that religion is out of fashion, when they are very much blown upon take a flattering interest in the arts. When they receive the cold shoulder from members of their own class they condescend sometimes to the society of writers, painters, and musicians. I found her an agreeable companion. She was one of those blessed persons who say quite fearlessly what they think (thus saving much useful time), and she had a ready wit. She was always willing to talk (with a diverting humour) of her lurid past. Her conversation, though uninstructed, was good, because, notwithstanding everything, she was an honest woman.

Then she did a very surprising thing. At the age of forty, she married a boy of twenty-one. Her friends said it was the maddest act of all her life, and some who had stuck to her through thick and thin, now for the boy's sake, because he was nice and it seemed shameful thus to take advantage of his inexperience, refused to have anything more to do with her. It really was the limit. They prophesied disaster, for Elizabeth Vermont was incapable of sticking to any man for more than six months, nay, they hoped for it, since it seemed the only chance for the wretched

youth that his wife should behave so scandalously that he must leave her. They were all wrong. I do not know whether time was responsible for a change of heart in her, or whether Peter Vermont's innocence and simple love touched her, but the fact remains that she made him an admirable wife. They were poor, and she was extravagant, but she became a thrifty housewife; she grew on a sudden so careful of her reputation that the tongue of scandal was silenced. His happiness seemed her only concern. No one could doubt that she loved him devotedly. After being the subject of so much conversation for so long Elizabeth Vermont ceased to be talked about. It looked as though her story were told. She was a changed woman, and I amused myself with the notion that when she was a very old lady, with many years of perfect respectability behind her, the past, the lurid past, would seem to belong not to her but to someone long since dead whom once she had vaguely known. For women have an enviable faculty of forgetting.

But who can tell what the fates have in store? In the twinkling of an eye all was changed. Peter Vermont, after ten years of an ideal marriage, fell madly in love with a girl called Barbara Canton. She was a nice girl, the youngest daughter of Lord Robert Canton who was at one time Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and she was pretty in a fair and fluffy way. Of course she was not for a moment to be compared with Lady Elizabeth. Many people knew what had happened, but no one could tell whether Elizabeth Vermont had any inkling of it, and they wondered how she would meet a situation that was so foreign to her experience, for it was always she who had discarded her lovers; none had deserted her. For my part I thought she would make short work of little Miss Canton; I knew her courage and her adroitness. All this was in my mind now while we chatted over our luncheon. There was nothing in her demeanour, as gay, charming, and frank as usual; to suggest that anything troubled her. She talked as she always talked, lightly but with good sense and a lively perception of the ridiculous, of the various topics which the course of conversation brought forward. I enjoyed myself. I came to the conclusion that by some miracle she had no notion of Peter's changed feelings, and I explained this to myself by the supposition that her love for him was so great, she could not

conceive that his for her might be less.

We drank our coffee and smoked a couple of cigarettes, and she asked me the time.

'A quarter to three,'

'I must ask for my bill.'

'Won't you let me stand you lunch?'

'Of course,' she smiled.

'Are you in a hurry?'

'I'm meeting Peter at three.'

'Oh, how is he?'

'He's very well'

She gave a little smile, that tardy and delightful smile of hers, but I seemed to discern in it a certain mockery. For an instant she hesitated and she looked at me with deliberation.

'You like curious situations, don't you?' she said. 'You'd never guess the errand I'm bound on. I rang up Peter this morning and asked him to meet me at three. I'm going to ask him to divorce me.'

'You're not,' I cried. I felt myself flush and did not know what to say. 'I thought you got on so well together.'

'Do you think it's likely that I shouldn't know what all the world knows? I'm really not such a fool as all that.'

She was not a woman to whom it was possible to say what one did not believe and I could not pretend that I did not know what she meant. I remained silent for a second or two.

'Why should you allow yourself to be divorced?'

'Robert Canton is a stuffy old thing. I very much doubt if he'd let Barbara marry Peter if I divorced him. And for me, you know, it isn't of the smallest consequence: one divorce more or less...'

She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

'How do you know he wants to marry her?'

'He's head over ears in love with her.'

'Has he told you so?'

'No. He doesn't even know that I know. He's been so wretched, poor darling. He's been trying so hard not to hurt my feelings.'

'Perhaps it's only a momentary infatuation,' I hazarded. 'It may pass.'

'Why should it? Barbara's young and pretty. She's quite nice. They're very well suited to one another. And besides, what good would it do if it did pass? They love each other now and the present in love is all that matters. I'm nineteen years older than Peter. If a man stops loving a woman old enough to be his mother do you think he'll ever come to love her again? You're a novelist, you must know more about human nature than that.'

'Why should you make this sacrifice?'

When he asked me to marry him ten years ago I promised him that when he wanted his release he should have it. You see there was so great a disproportion between our ages I thought that was only fair.'

'And are you going to keep a promise that he hasn't asked you to keep?'

She gave a little flutter of those long thin hands of hers and now I felt that there was something ominous in the dark glitter of that emerald.

'Oh, I must, you know. One must behave like a gentleman. To tell you the truth, that's why I'm lunching here today. It was at this table that he proposed to me; we were dining together, you know, and I was sitting just where I am now. The nuisance is that I'm just as much in love with him now as I was then.' She paused for a minute and I could see that she clenched her teeth. 'Well, I suppose I ought to go. Peter hates one to keep him waiting.'

She gave me a sort of little helpless look and it struck me that she simply could not bring herself to rise from her chair. But she smiled and with an abrupt gesture sprang to her feet.

'Would you like me to come with you?'

'As far as the hotel door,' she smiled.

We walked through the restaurant and the lounge and when we came to the

entrance a porter swung round the revolving doors. I asked if she would like a taxi.

'No, I'd sooner walk, it's such a lovely day.' She gave me her hand. 'It's been so nice to see you. I shall go abroad tomorrow, but I expect to be in London all the autumn. Do ring me up.'

She smiled and nodded and turned away. I watched her walk up Davies Street. The air was still bland and springlike, and above the roofs little white clouds; were sailing leisurely in a blue sky. She held herself very erect and the poise of her head was gallant. She was a slim and lovely figure so that people looked at her as they passed. I saw her bow graciously to some acquaintance who raised his hat, and I thought that never in a thousand years would it occur to him that she had a breaking heart. I repeat, she was a very honest woman.

### **Exercises**

*Exercise 1. Find the Ukrainian equivalents of the following English words and phrases:*

on a sudden; in privacy; lounge; be on the point of doing smth; malignity; agreeable; bring the tears to one's eyes; to suffuse; to loll; look alike; think of consequences; lewdness; divorce smb; rope of pearls; profligacy; spendthrift; be in the public eye; wanton; candour; be out of fashion; diverting; receive the cold shoulder from smb; lurid; be willing to do smth; to prophesy; be (in-) capable of doing smth; to discard; adroitness stuffy; in the twinkling of an eye; I very much doubt if...; (not) to hurt smb's feelings; it struck me that...

*Exercise 2. Find the English equivalents of the following Ukrainian words and phrases:*

відрізнитися винахідливістю та дотепністю; непохитно, незважаючи ні на що; на самоті; мати про запас; як оком змигнути; мати уяву; жертвувати; розпал сезону; літня сукня; поринути в думки; у даному випадку; приємна посмішка; приховувати індивідуальність; фарбоване волосся; видавати вік;



скандальна поведінка; віщувати лихо; ощадна господиня; віддано кохати

*Exercise 3. Translate the passage from "When he asked me. ..." to "...a very honest woman."*

*Exercise 4. Answer the questions:*

1. What did the narrator reflect on while having his dry Martini at Claridge's?
2. Why did he have to stay in the crowded restaurant?
3. Was Elizabeth Vermont still beautiful?
4. What was she like before marrying Peter Vermont?
5. The narrator calls Elizabeth "a changed woman" after her marriage to Peter. Why?
6. Did Peter's changed feelings in any way affect Elizabeth Vermont's usual demeanour?
7. What errand was Elizabeth bound on?
8. Why did she want to be divorced? Choose and prove one of the given below alternatives or suggest and substantiate your own:
  - a) she meant to keep her word;
  - b) she was anxious for Peter to be happy;
  - c) she understood she was through with Peter and had to think what to do with her life.

*Exercise 4. Discuss the following:*

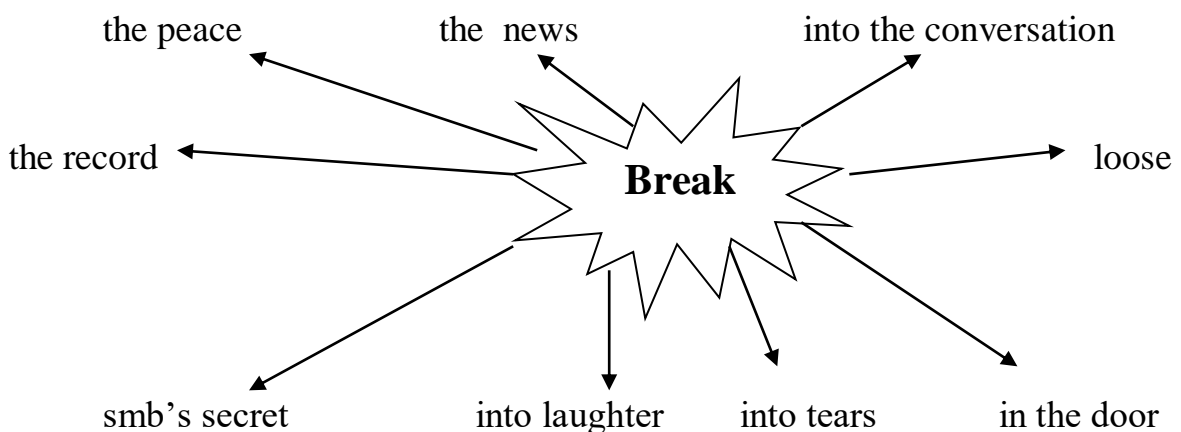
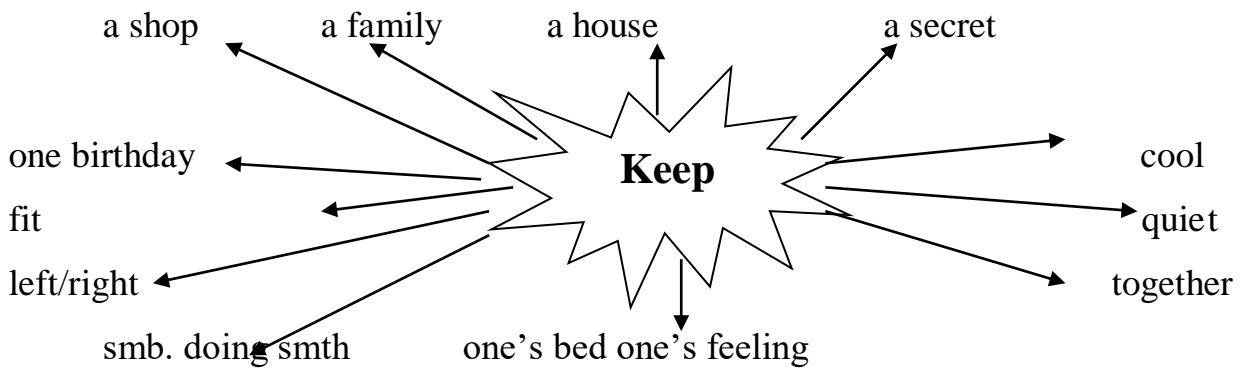
1. Why did the author describing the people in the restaurant say that most of them were "part of a pattern"? Did Elizabeth Vermont also belong to that «pattern»? Why or why not? Give your reasons.
2. It isn't easy for a person to live among people and "receive the cold shoulder" from them. What helped Lady Vermont keep her personality?
3. Why after being a subject of conversation for a long time Elizabeth Vermont ceased to be talked about? Was her happy marriage the only reason for

that?

4. Why do you think the author called Lady Vermont's action a sacrifice? Prove that she had a very strong character.

5. Imagine what would have happened if Elizabeth Vermont hadn't kept her promise.

*Exercise 5. What does the italicized expression mean? What is the opposite of it? What other expressions with the verbs keep and break do you remember?*



*Exercise 5. The names of different parts of our body can be used in idiomatic expressions. Read the following situation, guess what the idioms mean and say what the corresponding Ukrainian idioms are.*

Have you ever had *butterflies in your stomach*? Certainly not. But if you have ever been nervous, perhaps before an exam or a date, then you have, even if you didn't know. If you have no excuse for what you have done, have nothing to defend yourself with and no support from anyone it means that you are *without a leg to stand on*. That would be an unpleasant situation. No matter what difficulties you may have, you should never *get cold feet*. People get cold feet just before doing something demanding. That means you lose confidence and give up before you even, for example, to ask out a new girlfriend. But you should never do that because - you never know - you may *fall head over ears in love* with each other.

## HOW THE WHALE GOT HIS THROAT

*R. Kipling*

In the sea, once upon a time, O my Best Beloved, there was a Whale, and he ate fishes. He ate the starfish and the garfish, and the crab and the dab, and the plaice and the dace, and the skate and his mate, and the mackereel and the pickereel, and the really truly twirly-whirly eel. All the fishes he could find in all the sea he ate with his mouth--so! Till at last there was only one small fish left in all the sea, and he was a small 'Stute Fish, and he swam a little behind the Whale's right ear, so as to be out of harm's way. Then the Whale stood up on his tail and said, 'I'm hungry.' And the small 'Stute Fish said in a small 'stute voice, 'Noble and generous Cetacean, have you ever tasted Man?'

'No,' said the Whale. 'What is it like?'

'Nice,' said the small 'Stute Fish. 'Nice but nubbly.'

'Then fetch me some,' said the Whale, and he made the sea froth up with his tail.

'One at a time is enough,' said the 'Stute Fish. 'If you swim to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West (that is magic), you will find, sitting on a raft, in the middle of the sea, with nothing on but a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of

suspenders (you must not forget the suspenders, Best Beloved), and a jack- knife, one ship-wrecked Mariner, who, it is only fair to tell you, is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.'

So the Whale swam and swam to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West, as fast as he could swim, and on a raft, in the middle of the sea, with nothing to wear except a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must particularly remember the suspenders, Best Beloved), and a jack-knife, he found one single, solitary shipwrecked Mariner, trailing his toes in the water. (He had his mummy's leave to paddle, or else he would never have done it, because he was a man of infinite- resource-and-sagacity.)

Then the Whale opened his mouth back and back and back till it nearly touched his tail, and he swallowed the shipwrecked Mariner, and the raft he was sitting on, and his blue canvas breeches, and the suspenders (which you must not forget), and the jack-knife--He swallowed them all down into his warm, dark, inside cup-boards, and then he smacked his lips--so, and turned round three times on his tail.

But as soon as the Mariner, who was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, found himself truly inside the Whale's warm, dark, inside cup-boards, he stumped and he jumped and he thumped and he bumped, and he pranced and he danced, and he banged and he clanged, and he hit and he bit, and he leaped and he crept, and he prowled and he howled, and he hopped and he dropped, and he cried and he sighed, and he crawled and he bawled, and he stepped and he lepped, and he danced hornpipes where he shouldn't, and the Whale felt most unhappy indeed. (Have you forgotten the suspenders?)

So he said to the 'Stute Fish, 'This man is very nubbly, and besides he is making me hiccough. What shall I do?'

'Tell him to come out,' said the 'Stute Fish.

So the Whale called down his own throat to the shipwrecked Mariner, 'Come out and behave yourself. I've got the hiccoughs.'

'Nay, nay!' said the Mariner. 'Not so, but far otherwise. Take me to my natal-

shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and I'll think about it.' And he began to dance more than ever.

'You had better take him home,' said the 'Stute Fish to the Whale. 'I ought to have warned you that he is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.'

So the Whale swam and swam and swam, with both flippers and his tail, as hard as he could for the hiccoughs; and at last he saw the Mariner's natal-shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and he rushed half-way up the beach, and opened his mouth wide and wide and wide, and said, 'Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the Fitchburg Road;' and just as he said 'Fitch' the Mariner walked out of his mouth. But while the Whale had been swimming, the Mariner, who was indeed a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, had taken his jack-knife and cut up the raft into a little square grating all running criss- cross, and he had tied it firm with his suspenders (now, you know why you were not to forget the suspenders!), and he dragged that grating good and tight into the Whale's throat, and there it stuck! Then he recited the following Sloka, which, as you have not heard it, I will now proceed to relate-

By means of a grating

I have stopped your ating.

For the Mariner he was also an Hi-ber-ni-an. And he stepped out on the shingle, and went home to his mother, who had given him leave to trail his toes in the water; and he married and lived happily ever afterward. So did the Whale. But from that day on, the grating in his throat, which he could neither cough up nor swallow down, prevented him eating anything except very, very small fish; and that is the reason why whales nowadays never eat men or boys or little girls.

The small 'Stute Fish went and hid himself in the mud under the Door-sills of the Equator. He was afraid that the Whale might be angry with him.

The Sailor took the jack-knife home. He was wearing the blue canvas breeches when he walked out on the shingle. The suspenders were left behind, you see, to tie the grating with; and *that* is the end of that tale.

*When the cabin port-holes are dark and green  
Because of the seas outside;  
When the ship goes wop (with a wiggle between)  
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,  
And the trunks begin to slide;  
When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,  
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,  
And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,  
Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)  
You're 'Fifty North and Forty West!'*

### **Exercises**

**Exercise 1.** *Pick out the names of the fish from the tale, then consult the dictionary for at least 10 more names to complete the list.*

**Exercise 2.** *Insert a drawing of a fish into the pattern below following the indications:*

dorsal fin

scales

tail

gill

snout

anal fin

pelvic fin

**Exercise 3.** *Translate the sentences containing the following grammatical constructions:*

- a) "... with nothing to wear but..." ;
- b) "... he would never have done that ...";
- c) "I ought to have warned you..."

Make up a few examples of your own after the patterns: **with nothing to do but; modal verb + have done**

**Exercise 4.** *Reproduce the situations where the words and word combinations below are used:*

- to be out of harm`s way;
- once upon a time;
- in a small voice;
- one at a time;
- from that day on;
- behave yourself;
- latitude / longitude

**Exercise 5.** *Answer the questions:*

1. What is the communicative aim of the tale?
2. Read the 1st paragraph observing the rhyme and rhythm of the narration. What complicates its translation?
3. What makes the story sound so attractive to children?
4. What specific intonation markers can you trace in the text?
5. What makes the story akin to folk tales?
6. What are the functions of the children`s and learned words in the text?
7. How is incorrect children`s language reproduced in the story?
8. Take some clues: inversion, graphic means, capital letters, emphatic repetition, rhyme, rythm.
9. Who is wisest in the tale?

10. What are his ways?
11. How does the tale teach children to be obedient?
12. Why do you have to remember about the suspenders?
13. What is Magic and why?
14. How does the Mariner manage to outwit the Whale?
15. Write down a few questions a child is likely to ask when reading the tale.

## **THE TOUCH OF NUTMEG MAKES IT**

*John Collier*

A dozen big firms subsidize our mineralogical institute, and most of them keep at least one man permanently on research there. The library has the intimate smoky atmosphere of a club. Logan and I had been there longest and had the two tables at the big window. Against the wall, where the light was bad, was a small table which was left for newcomers.

One morning a new man was sitting at this table. It was not necessary to look at the books he had taken from the shelves to know that he was on statistics. He had one of those faces on which the skin seems stretched painfully tight. They are almost the hallmark of the statistician. His mouth became convulsive at the least relaxation.

The newcomer crouched low over his table when anyone passed behind his chair, as if trying to decrease the likelihood of contact. Presently he took out a cigarette, but his eye fell on the "No smoking" sign, which was universally disregarded, and he returned the cigarette to its pack. At mid-morning he dissolved a tablet in a glass of water. I guessed at a long-standing anxiety neurosis.

I am never repelled by the nervous or the unhappy. Logan, who has less curiosity, has a superabundance of good nature. We watched this man for days. Then, without further discussion, we asked him to lunch with us.



He took the invitation in the typical neurotic fashion. However, he came along, and before the meal was over he confirmed my suspicion that he had been starving for company. We had already found out his name, of course - J. Chapman Reid - and that he worked for the Walls Tyman Corporation. He named a string of towns he had lived in at one time or another, and told us that he came originally from Georgia. That was all the information he offered. He opened up very noticeably when the talk turned on general matters, and was pathetically grateful for the casual invitation. He thanked us when we got up from the table, again as we emerged from the restaurant, and yet again on the threshold of the library. This made it all more natural to suggest a quiet evening sometime soon.

During the next few months we saw a good deal of J. Chapman Reid and found him a very agreeable companion. I have a great weakness for these dry, reserved characters who once or twice an evening come out with a vivid, penetrating remark. We might even have become friends if Reid himself hadn't prevented this final step by his unnecessary gratitude. He made no effusive speeches - he was not that type - but a lost dog has no need of words to show his dependence and appreciation. It was clear that our company was everything to J. Chapman Reid.

One day Nathan Trimble, a friend of Logan's, looked in at the library. He was a newspaperman and was killing an hour while waiting for a train connection. He sat on Logan's table facing the window, with his back to the rest of the room. I went round and talked to him and Logan. It was just about time for Trimble to leave when Reid came in and sat down at his table. Trimble happened to look around, and he and Reid saw each other.

I was watching Reid. After the first startled stare, he did not even glance at the visitor. He sat quite still for a minute or so, his head dropping lower and lower in little jerks, as if someone was pushing it down. Then he got up and walked out of the library.

"By God!" said Trimble. "Do you know who that is? Do you know who you've got there?"

"No," said we. "Who?"

"Jason C. Reid."

"Jason C?" I said. "No, it's J. Chapman. Oh, yes, I see. So what?"

"Why, for God's sake, don't you read the news? Don't you remember the Pittsburgh cleaver murder?"

"No," said I.

"Wait a minute," said Logan. "About a year or so ago, was it? I read something."

"Damn it!" said Trimble. "It was a front-page sensation. This guy was tried for it. They said he hacked a pal of his nearly to pieces. I saw the body. Never seen such a mess in my life. Fantastic! Horrible!"

"However," said I, "it would appear this fellow didn't do it. Presumably he wasn't convicted."

"They tried to pin it on him," said Trimble, "but they couldn't. It looked hellish bad, I must say. Alone together. No trace of any outsider. But no motive. I don't know. I just don't know. I covered the trial. I was in court every day, but I couldn't make up my mind about the guy. Don't leave any meat cleavers round this library, that's all."

With that, he bade us goodbye. I looked at Logan. Logan looked at me. "I don't believe it," said Logan. "I don't believe he did it."

"We'll let him know, somehow," said I, "that we're not even interested enough to look up the newspaper files."

"Good idea," said Logan.

A little later Reid came in again, his movements showing signs of intense control. He came over to where we were sitting. "Would you prefer to cancel our arrangement for tonight?" said he. "I think it would be better if we canceled it. I shall ask my firm to transfer me again. I - "

"Hold on," said Logan. "Who said so? Not us."

"Didn't he tell you?" said Reid. "Of course he did."

"He said you were tried," said I. "And he said you were acquitted. That's

good enough for us."

"You're still acquitted," said Logan. "And the date's on. And we won't talk."

"Oh!" said Reid. "Oh!"

"Forget it," said Logan, returning to his papers.

That night, when we met for dinner, we were naturally a little self-conscious. Reid probably felt it. "Look here," he said when we had finished eating, "would either of you mind if we skipped the movie tonight?"

"It's O. K. by me," said Logan. "Shall we go to Chancey's?"

"No," said Reid. "I want you to come somewhere where we can talk. Come up to my place."

"Just as you like," said I. "It's not necessary."

"Yes, it is," said Reid.

He was in a painfully nervous state, so we consented and went up to his apartment, where we had never been before. It was a single room with a bathroom and kitchenette.

We sat down, but Reid immediately got up again and stood between us, in front of the imitation fireplace.

"I should like to say nothing about what happened today," he began. "I should like to ignore it and let it be forgotten. But it can't be forgotten.

"It's no use telling me you won't think about it," he said. "Of course you'll think about it. Everyone did back there. The firm sent me to Cleveland. It became known there, too. Everyone was thinking about it, whispering about it, wondering.

"You see, it would be rather more exciting if the fellow was guilty after all, wouldn't it?"

"In a way, I'm glad this has come out. With you two, I mean. Most people - I don't want them to know anything. You two - you've been decent to me - I want you to know all about it. All.

"I came up from Georgia to Pittsburgh, was there for ten years with the Walls Tyman people. While there I met - I met Earle Wilson. He came from Georgia, too, and we became great friends. I've never been one to go about much.

Earle was not only my best friend; he was almost my only friend.

"Very well. Earle's job with our company was a better paid one. He was able to afford a small house just beyond the fringe of the town. I used to drive out there two or three evenings a week. We spent the evenings very quietly. I want you to understand that I was quite at home in the house. There was no host-and-guest atmosphere about it. I felt sleepy. I got used to going upstairs and stretching out on a bed and taking a nap for half an hour. There's nothing so extraordinary about it, is there?"

"No, nothing extraordinary about that," said Logan.

"Some people seemed to think there was," said Reid. "Well, one night I went out there after work. We ate, we sat about a bit, we played a game of checkers. He mixed a couple of drinks, then I mixed a couple. Normal enough, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," said Logan.

"I was tired," said Reid. "I felt heavy. I said I'd go upstairs and stretch out for half an hour. That always puts me right. So I went up.

"I sleep heavily, very heavily, for half an hour, then I'm all right. This time I seemed to be dreaming, a sort of nightmare. I thought I was in an air raid somewhere, and heard Earle's voice calling me, but I didn't wake, not until the usual half-hour was up anyway.

"I went downstairs. The room below was dark. I called out to Earle and started across from the stairs toward the light switch. Halfway across, I tripped over something and fell flat on him.

"I knew he was dead. I got up and found the light. He was lying there. He looked as if he had been attacked by a madman. He was cut to pieces, almost. God!

"I got hold of the phone at once and called the police. Naturally. While they were coming, I looked round. But first of all I just walked about, dazed. It seems I must have gone up into the bedroom again. I've got no recollection of that, but they found a smear of blood on the pillow. Of course, I was covered with it. Absolutely covered: I'd fallen on him.

You can understand a man being dazed, can't you? You can understand him going

upstairs, even, and not remembering it? Can't you?"

"I certainly can," said Logan.

"They thought they had trapped me over that," said Reid. "They said so to my face. The idiots! Well, I remember looking around, and I saw what it had been done with. Earle had a great equipment of cutlery in his kitchen. One of the things was a meat cleaver, the sort of thing you see usually in a butcher's shop. It was there on the carpet.

"Well, the police came. I told them all I could. Earle was a quiet fellow. He had no enemies. Does anyone have that sort of enemy? I thought it must be some maniac. Nothing was missing. It wasn't robbery, unless some half-crazy tramp had got in and been too scared in the end to take anything.

"Whoever it was had made a very clean getaway. Too clean for the police. And too clean for me. They looked for fingerprints, and they couldn't find any.

"What was the evidence against me? That they couldn't find traces of anyone else! That's evidence of their own damned inefficiency, that's all. Does a man murder his best friend for nothing? Could they find any reason, any motive? They were trying to find some woman first of all. They combed our money affairs.

"In the end they settled on our game of checkers. Our poor, harmless game of checkers! We talked all the time while we were playing, you know, and sometimes even forgot whose turn it was to move next. I suppose there are people who can go berserk in a dispute over a childish game, but to me that's something utterly incomprehensible. Can you understand a man murdering his friend over a game? However, they fixed on that. They had to find some shadow of a motive, and that was the best they could do.

"Of course, my lawyer tore it to shreds. He found half-a-dozen men to swear that neither Earle nor I ever played the game seriously.

"They had no other motive to put forward. Absolutely none. Both our lives were simple, ordinary, and open as a book. What was their case? They couldn't find what they were paid to find. For that, they proposed to send a man to the death cell."

"It sounds pretty damnable," said I.

"Yes," said he passionately. "Damnable is the word. They got what they were after - the jury voted nine to three for acquittal, which saved the faces of the police. You can imagine what my life has been since! If you ever get into that sort of mess, my friends, hang yourselves the first night, in your cell."

"Don't talk like that," said Logan. "Look here, you've had a bad time. Damned bad. But what the hell? It's over. You're here now."

"And we're here," said I. "If that helps any."

"Helps?" said he. "God, if you could ever guess how it helped! I'll never be able to tell you. I'm no good at that sort of thing. See, I drag you here, the only human beings who've treated me decently, and don't offer you a drink, even. Never mind, I'll give you one now - a drink you'll like."

"I could certainly swallow a highball," said Logan.

"You shall have something better than that," said Reid, moving toward the kitchenette. "We have a little specialty down in our corner of Georgia. Only it's got to be fixed properly. Wait just a minute."

He disappeared through the door, and we heard corks being drawn and a great clatter of pouring and mixing.

He emerged with three brimming glasses on a tray. "Try this," he said proudly.

"To the days ahead!" said Logan, as we raised our glasses.

We drank and raised our eyebrows in appreciation.

"You like it?" cried Reid eagerly. "There's not many people who know the recipe for that drink, and fewer can make it well. There are bastard versions which some damned fools mix up - a disgrace to Georgia. I could -I could pour the mess over their heads. Wait a minute. You're men of discernment. Yes, by God, you are! You shall decide for yourselves."

With that, he darted back into the kitchenette and rattled his bottles more furiously than before, praising the orthodox version of his drink, and damning all imitations.

"Now, here you are," said he, appearing with the tray loaded with drinks very much like the first. "These abortions have mace and ginger on the top instead of nutmeg. Take them. Drink them. Spit them out on the carpet if you want to. I'll mix some more of the real thing to take the taste out of your mouth. Just try them. Just tell me what you think of a barbarian who could insist that that was a Georgian drink."

We sipped. There was no considerable difference. However, we replied as was expected of us.

"What do you think, Logan?" said I. "The first has it, beyond doubt."

"Beyond doubt," said Logan. "The first is the real thing."

"Yes," said Reid, his face livid and his eyes blazing like live coals. "And that is hogwash. The man who calls that Georgian is not fit to mix bootblackening. It hasn't the nutmeg. The touch of nutmeg makes it. A man who'd leave out the nutmeg -! I could -!"

He put out both his hands to lift the tray, and his eyes fell on them. He sat very still, staring at them.

### **Exercises**

*Exercise 1. Find the Ukrainian equivalents of the following English words and phrases:*

To crouch, anxiety neurosis, superabundance, effusive, cleaver, to hack, to pin on sb, hold on, to acquit, self-conscious, to skip, to take a nap, checkers, to trap, cutlery, to take a clean getaway, to go bererk, to tear to shreds, highball, clatter, recipe, discernment, orthodox, mace, ginger, nutmeg, livid, hogwash, bootblackening.

*Exercise 2. Reproduce the episodes in which the following words and phrases are used:*

- a) to subsidize, atmosphere, newcomer, statistician, convulsive, to decrease, to disregard, anxiety neurosis, to be repelled by, further discussion;
- b) in the neurotic fashion, to starve for, string of towns, to open up, grateful,

- agreeable, to prevent, dependence;
- c) newspaperman, to look around, in little jerks, clever, to hack, to convict, to pin, intense control, to cancel an arrangement, to acquit;
- d) self-conscious, to skip, apartment, imitation fireplace, to whisper, to be guilty, decent, great friends, to afford, to take a nap;
- e) checkers, to mix drinks, to sleep heavily, nightmare, to trip, to fall flat on, madman, smear of blood, to cover, to be dazed;
- f) to trap sb, cutlery, maniac, to make a clean getaway, evidence, mentality, to go berserk, motive, to tear to shreds, death cell;
- g) acquittal, mess, to offer a drink, specialty, clatter, bastard versions, very much like, to insist, livid, hogwash, nutmeg, to put out one's hands.

**Exercise 3.** *Find evidence in the story to support these statements:*

1. J. Chapman Reid looked and was neurotic.
2. The two friends were always sympathetic.
3. The police had no chance to pin the murder on Reid.
4. The narrator comes to the conclusion that it was Reid who committed the murder.

**Exercise 4.** *Give a summary of the facts of the story. The following phrases may be helpful:*

The story describes ..., later the action develops ..., it's only human to expect..., he breaks down completely ....

**Exercise 5.** *Express your opinion on these statements:*

1. I have a great weakness for these dry, reserved characters.
2. A lost dog has no need of words to show his dependence and appreciation.
3. Does a man murder his best friend for nothing?
4. If you are charged with murder, hang yourself in your cell the first night.



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