МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего профессионального образования

«НИЖЕГОРОДСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ ЛИНГВИСТИЧЕСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ им. Н.А. ДОБРОЛЮБОВА» (НГЛУ)

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Х Р Е С Т О М А Т И Я

по домашнему чтению для студентов II курса очного и заочного отделений
Часть I

Нижний Новгород
2001

Печатается по решению редакционно-издательского совета НГЛУ им.Н.А. Добролюбова.

УДК 802.0 (075.83)

Хрестоматия по домашнему чтению для студентов II курса очного и заочного отделений. Часть I - Н. Новгород: НГЛУ им.Н.А. Добролюбова, 2001. - 71 с.

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Введение

Настоящая "Хрестоматия по домашнему чтению" предназначена для студентов II курса факультетов английского языка очного и заочного отделений.

"Хрестоматия" имеет целью помочь преподавателю и студенту организовать работу над домашним чтением. Создание подобной "Хрестоматии" продиктовано назревшей необходимостью иметь сборник оригинальных текстов современных английских и американских авторов. "Хрестоматия..." не претендует на роль пособия, полностью обеспечивающего формирование и развитие навыков чтения, однако система упражнений, включенных в нее, может оказать существенную помощь в развитии навыков аналитического и поискового чтения.

Каждый текст "Хрестоматии" предваряется рядом упражнений, дающих определенную установку читающему на выделение главного, вычленение информации, касающейся личностной характеристики персонажей, ответа на ключевой вопрос и др. Послетекстовые упражнения контролируют глубину понимания содержания прочитанного: установление последовательности изложения, определение причинно - следственных связей, аргументацию предложенных утверждений и др. Вопросно-ответные упражнения, построенные по принципу множественности выбора, снабжены ключами, что обеспечивает самоконтроль.

Текстовый материал "Хрестоматии..." представляет собой как законченные рассказы, так и отрывки из произведений. Он различен по объему и в связи с этим расположен в порядке возрастания объема текста, что, разумеется, не обусловливает прямой зависимости сложности языкового восприятия текста. Поэтому использование текстов в последовательности, предлагаемой авторами, необязательно. Более того, часть текстов близка по лексической тематике программе II курса языковых вузов и может быть использована параллельно с прохождением некоторых лексических тем.

Авторы

"PREJUDICE AND PRIDE"
By A. White
NEW VOCABULARY

to feel lumbered
in dismay
to be wary = to be careful
to coax smth out of smb
to bring smth (the situation, etc.) to smb's attention
to taunt smb

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of the sentence.
2. Read the on-going text and pick out the most essential information concerning Katy.
3. Read the text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why did Suzanne become Katy's best friend?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

So the first day of the term had arrived at last. Ann Benson's face was pulled into a tight frown as she secured 11-year-old Katy's light brown hair into a beautiful pony tail.

"Here we are, a high one. Feel." Carefully, gently, she guided Katy's hands to the back of her head.

"That's about right," Katy grinned happily. "How do I look, Mum?"

"Fine." Ann, looking at her daughter, gulped away the hard lump forming in her throat. "Just fine – a proper schoolgirl. There's just enough time to feed Sabre now, and then we'll be off."

"I'll feed her," Katy smiled and carefully walked out of the room, feeling her way. "Then that way I can say goodbye to her at the same time."

Ann watched her daughter leave the room. The house was completely familiar territory to her and Katy could find everything she needed, but now, for the first time in her life, she would be totally alone at the new school.

Sabre was Katy's beloved dog. She wasn't a guide dog – Katy was too young for one – but when she was 18, hopefully she would then be allowed one. But, for now, Sabre, carefully trained by Katy's father, was her eyes. Sabre had a gentle temperament and loved children. Ann knew Sabre was devoted to her young mistress and that Katy felt safest of all when Sabre was with her.

The primary school in the village was very small and the headmistress had kindly allowed Katy's dog to accompany her to school – a very special dispensation. Ann and her husband were grateful – but, because of this, Katy had become even more dependent on Sabre. Ann had known that once Katy was older, they would either have to travel miles to a special school for the blind, or Katy would have to manage on her own.

"It'll seem funny without Sabre," mused Katy, now ready for school with her coat on. "I hope they find someone nice to show me round, don't you, Mum?"

Someone who didn't feel lumbered, thought Ann. "I'm sure they will dear. But we'd better hurry up now or you'll be late. And we don't want to make a bad impression on your first day, do we?"

As they walked along to the school, Katy's little face was bright with anticipation and she chattered excitedly, so much so in fact, that she stumbled on a raised paving stone.

Instinctively, Ann reached out to help her as the little girl's face crumpled in dismay, then something made her draw back. This was something that was bound to happen over the next few days, while Katy got used to being by herself. She would have to learn to cope with it alone. She, Ann, must not interfere.

"Mummy?" Katy said so questioningly, making Ann swallow hard in a vain attempt to get rid of the lump in her throat that was rising once more.

"I'm here, darling," she said shakily. "Just stand up and hold your hands out to me." Katy did so.

" Why didn't you help me, Mummy?" she asked.

How could you explain to a child that you were trying to help her? Ann sighed and tried to reassure her. "You might find this happen while you're missing Sabre, darling, there might not always be someone with you."

"Other people will help me surely, Mummy won't they?" Katy didn't understand. The rest of the walk was in silence, with Katy troubled by what had happened. A part of Ann wanted to turn back and go straight home, although the voice of her conscience told her she had to prepare Katy for the outside world. The more preparations she had for it, the better able she'd be to face it.

By the time she'd handed her daughter over to the firm but kindly head teacher of the school, Miss Barton, Ann was emotionally ready, for a lonely day at home – or so she thought. She poured herself a cup of hot coffee, but as she stared over the steaming mug, tears were spilling down her face. She wondered if it would all be worth it: was she making life unnecessarily difficult for her daughter? But then of course, Ann and her husband would not always be around. Hard though it was, Katy ought to have some independence.

At least they were lucky to have the opportunity of sending her to an ordinary school. They lived in a small town that linked several small villages together, and the nearest special schools were miles away. For the first couple of weeks it seemed to be working beautifully. Katy seemed to be blissfully happy. She came home each night, excited and full of news about her day and then Ann began to notice a change in her. She was wary of answering questions about what she'd done during the day and was very quiet in the evenings.

When Ann heard Katy crying in bed one night, she went to her and, cradling her in her arms, tried to coax out of her what was wrong. Reluctant at first, Katy finally told her that one of the bigger girls had been making fun of her for not being able to see.

"Does she hurt you?" asked Ann, horrified and unable to believe that another child could be so unbearably cruel.

"Oh, no." Katy seemed surprised at the suggestion. "She just tells me to come and look at things and then laughs because she knows that I can't see."

"How many of them treat you like this?"

"Only Janet Hargreaves and her friends, everyone else is nice. Suzanne, my best friend, tells me not to take any notice. They laugh at her as well, but she's got used to it. Suzanne's mum has told her she's just got to take pride in herself."

"She's right," agreed Ann thoughtfully. But perhaps she should just have a quiet word with the headmistress and bring the situation to her attention.

As though reading her mind, Katy broke in: "Oh don't say anything, Mum!" and she turned to Ann pleadingly.

"All right," Ann sighed and ruffled her daughter's hair. "But you just tell Janet that the next time she says something like that, that you can't see, and will she describe whatever it is to you – if she still bothers you after that then tell me. "Her advice seemed to do the trick and after a few days, Katy was back to her old cheerful self and came home full of news of the things she and Suzanne had been doing. Pleased that Katy had found a real friend, Ann suggested she should ask Suzanne to tea one night. Katy was thrilled at the idea of entertaining her friend, but came home from school the next day tearful and upset.

Slowly, jerkily she explained that Suzanne's mother had said she couldn't come to tea and had even wondered if they should be such close friends. She'd told Suzanne that together they were more of a target for the other girls. Bewildered by this, and with Katy unable to offer any further explanation, Ann suggested that she would like to meet Suzanne's mother and asked Katy to send a message to her via Suzanne.

So, two days later, having dropped Katy off at school, Ann walked into the coffee bar where she'd arranged to meet Suzanne's mother. Then a tall, elegant woman walked over to her.

"Mrs Benson? I'm so pleased to meet you. I'm Sheena Carvell, Suzanne's mother. Shall we sit down?" she said, smiling. With a sinking heart and feeling of deep sadness, Ann sank into the seat. Katy hadn't understood why they taunted her friend: she, unspoilt and innocent, was unaware of any difference between her friend and the other girls – because of course she couldn't see the fine, proud features Suzanne had inherited from her beautiful West Indian mother.

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key - sentences according to the logic of the story:

1. Katy was thrilled at the idea of entertaining her friend.
2. Looking at her daughter Ann Benson gulped away the hard lump forming in her throat.
3. The headmistress had kindly allowed Katy's dog to accompany her to school.
4. Katy finally told her that one of the bigger girls had been making fun of her.
5. A part of Ann wanted to turn back and go straight home, although the voice of her conscience told her she had to prepare Katy for the outside world.
6. With a feeling of deep sadness Ann sank into the seat.
7. Bewildered and with Katy unable to offer any further explanation, Ann suggested she would like to meet Suzanne's mother.

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. Why did the mother and her daughter feel excited that
   a) Katy was going to school for the first time
   b) the mother was going to take Katy to school
   c) they were dressing for a party at school
2. Why did Ann Benson feel anxious for her daughter?
   a) Katy was an unsociable girl
   b) Katy was blind and she was to study at an ordinary school
   c) Katy didn't want to study at school
3. Why was Katy allowed to take her dog Sabre to school?
   a) Katy didn't want to part with her dog even for a while
   b) Sabre was to defend Katy
   c) Sabre helped Katy to get to school
4. Why didn't Ann help Katy when she stumbled on her way to school?
   a) she wanted Katy to learn how to cope with difficulties alone
   b) she didn't notice it
   c) Katy was walking alone
5. Why did the parents send Katy to an ordinary school?
   a) special schools were too expensive
   b) they didn't want Katy to feel different from other children
   c) special schools were miles away from their place
6. How was Katy treated at school?
   a) some children made fun of her because she couldn't see
   b) she had no friends
   c) she was not paid attention to
7. Why couldn't Suzanne come to tea to Katy?
   a) she was too busy
   b) Ann and Suzanne had quarrelled
   c) Suzanne's mother didn't let her come
8. Why did Suzanne's mother dislike her daughter to be friends with Katy ?
   a) together they were a target for the other children's sneers
   b) because Katy was a blind girl
   c) because Katy's family was poor
9. Why did the children sneer at Suzanne ?
   a) she was poor
   b) she was Katy's friend
   c) she was an Indian girl
10. Why did Ann look at Suzanne's mother with a feeling of deep sadness ?
   a) because Suzanne was an Indian girl
   b) because of the injustice of life towards her daughter
   c) because her daughter couldn't understand the children's sneers

III. Finish the following sentences according to the contents:

1. When Ann heard Katy crying in bed...
2. Katy ought to have some independence...

3. Ann decided to have a word with the headmistress...
4. After... Katy was back to her old cheerful self.
5. Having dropped Katy off at school...
6. Katy didn't understand why the other girls taunted her friend because ...

IV. Pick out the key – sentences describing:
1) the main events
2) the relationship between a) the mother and the daughter;
b) Katy and Suzanne; c) Katy and the girls at school.

V. Put (up) the key - questions to the story.

VI. Make up an outline of the story. Choose your preference among the given variants:
1) noun;
2) sentence;
3) question.

"PERIOD PIECE"
By Joyce Cary

NEW VOCABULARY

Mayfair – fashionable part of London
B and B letter = bread-and-butter letter (one of thanks for hospitality) roistered

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of the sentence.
2. Read the text and pick out the most essential information concerning the character of Tutin.
3. Read the text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why is the text titled "Period Piece"?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

Tutin, married sixteen years, with three children, had an affair with his secretary, Phyllis, aged eighteen, and wanted a divorce. His wife, Clare, with her usual good sense, was resigned. 'If you feel you must make a break,' she said, sadly but without bitterness, "there's no more to be said. It would be stupid to try to hold you against your will. You'd only hate me and that wouldn't help either of us."

But when her mother in remote Yorkshire heard of this arrangement, she wrote and said it was preposterous and wicked, she wouldn't allow it. Old Mrs.Beer was the widow of a canon. She was a short, stout woman with a red face and a heavy jaw – a pugnacious and indomitable face. Yet there was something defeated about it too.

The little faded blue eyes especially seemed to confess that the old woman had long given up hope of any serious attention from anybody.

You see such faces in boxing booths among the seconds and backers, men who have been in the ring all their lives and lost all their fight, but still follow the game as bottle holders, training partners, punching bags for young champions.

Her son-in-law laughed at her when she didn't exasperate him to madness by her sudden raids and arbitrary commands. Each time a child was born she planted herself in the household and took charge of every detail – laying down the law in an intolerable manner and flatly contradicting everybody from the doctor to the monthly nurse.

Now, at this talk of divorce, she excelled herself. When Clare wrote her explanations she came south without any warning whatever, broke into Tutin's office and, marching up to his desk, umbrella in hand as if about to beat him, demanded, "What's this nonsense about a divorce?"

This in the presence of the secretary who was taking dictation – not Phyllis, of course – Phyllis was no longer a secretary. As the future Mrs.Tutin she had to think of her dignity. She had a nice flat in a new building in Mayfair and spent her time shopping. The new secretary, on promotion from the general office, was a widow of fifty, Mrs.Bateman, with a dark moustache and a strong cast in one eye. Phyllis had chosen her as a thoroughly reliable person.

All the same, Tutin was not anxious to have his most private affairs discussed in front of her. He opened his mouth to tell her to go but Mrs.Beer had now come between. She planted her umbrella on the desk, and shouted at him, "But there's not going to be a divorce –"

"My dear Mamma, all this has been discussed between Clare and me and we are completely agreed that it's impossible to go on."

"Of course you can go on – if you had to go on you'd go on very well".

Mrs.Bateman was still folding up her notebook, now she dropped her pencil. Tutin, a thoroughly good-natured man, hating to quarrel with anybody, answered patiently, "Of course, these things are not so simple."

Frank Tutin was a humane, a kindly man. He was extremely upset by this crisis in his family life. He realised how his wife was suffering, how much the children were concerned. He did not forget for a moment, he said, the danger to them of a broken home. Divorce was a very serious thing.

For days he had discussed it with Clare, analysing all the complex factors involved: Clare's feelings, his feelings, the children's feelings, Phyllis's feelings and everybody's right to consideration. Sometimes he had thought that there was no way out – divorce would be as bad as the present unhappy situation. But gradually he had found confidence; certain large principles detached themselves in the confusion – that the children of divided parents in an unhappy home were, according to a psychiatrist consulted by Frank himself, just as likely to suffer in character as those left with one or the other, alone but devoted, after divorce; that the Tutin's home life was growing every day more distracted, tense and impossible, that the one guiltless person who must not be let down was poor little Phyllis, that Frank and Clare had had many years of happiness together and could not fairly expect to go on for ever.

Clare in this crisis lived up to all Frank's expectations of her. Like the highly intelligent woman she was she took all his points.

And now, just when the divorce had been arranged in the most civilised manner, when Clare had agreed to ask Phyllis to the house to discuss the whole affair – Clare had been charming to Phyllis, so young and so worried, so terribly in love, Phyllis was already quite devoted to her – and when she had agreed to accept a reasonable alimony and allow Tutin to have free access to the children, Mrs.Beer comes charging in like some Palaeolithic monster, hopelessly thick-skinned, brutal, insensitive. Comes and calls him selfish.

One could not blame the poor old woman. She was simply out of touch – she belonged to a rougher, cruder age where psychology was practically unheard of, where moral judgements were simply thrown out like packets from a slot machine, where there were only two kinds of character, bad and good, and only one kind of marriage, with no problems except the cook's temper, the drains or, in extreme cases, the monthly bills. He could ignore poor old Mrs.Beer – but suddenly he felt a strange uneasiness in the middle of his stomach. What was this? Indigestion again. He had had a touch of indigestion for the first time during these anxious weeks – Clare had been worried about him and sent for the doctor who had warned him strongly against worry. But how could he help worrying – he wasn't made of stone. It was worry, a new worry, that was working in him now. Had the old woman yet seen Clare, and what would she say to her? Clare didn't take her mother too seriously, but she was fond of her. And Mrs.Beer had never before been quite so outrageous. The uneasiness grew to a climax; and suddenly he jumped up and made for home. He drove far too fast and beat at least two sets of lights. He had an extraordinary fancy that Clare might have decided to walk out and take the children with her. He rushed into the house as if his shirt-tail were on fire.

What a marvellous relief – Clare was in her usual corner of the sitting-room doing her accounts. She looked at him with mild surprise, blushed and asked, "Is anything wrong? Do you want me for anything?"

"No, my dear," Tutin caught his breath and gathered his nerve. "It's nothing – by the way, your mother is in town. She turned up just now in the office."

"Yes, she's been here too."

"Oh, I suppose she's been telling you that I'm a selfish brute."

Clare was silent, and Tutin's irritation rose. "Selfish – spoiled – a mummy's boy."

"Of course, Mamma is always rather –"

"Do you think I'm a selfish brute?"

"Of course not, Frank, you know I don't. You've been most considerate from the beginning. You've done your best to be fair to everyone."

"Yes, but especially to myself, the mummy's boy."

"What do you mean – I never said –"

"But you didn't contradict."

"Mamma is so upset."

But Frank knew his Clare. He could detect in her the least shade of criticism and he perceived very easily that she was not prepared to say that he was quite free from a certain egotism.

To himself he admitted that he had acted, partly, in his own interest. But so had Clare in hers. He was the last to blame her. To do anything else would have been flying in the face of all the best modern opinion; everyone nowadays was bound to pay attention to his psychological make-up, quite as much as to his physical needs. A man who did not, who took no trouble to keep himself properly adjusted in mind as well as body, was not only a fool but a selfish fool. It was his plain duty, not only to himself but to his dependence, to look after himself, and only he could tell exactly what was necessary to keep him in health.

They had agreed that Phyllis was the key to the problem. In fact, the matter was decided and now he could not do without Phyllis – it was impossible. She adored him. The poor kid simply lived for him. This new exciting love coming to him now in his early fifties had transformed his life.

He had simply forgotten what love and life could mean, until Phyllis came to him. Since then he had been young again – better than really young, because he knew how to appreciate this extraordinary happiness.

And he exclaimed to Clare, in a furious, even threatening voice, "She's got round you, in fact, but I don't care what you think of me. If you refused a divorce I'll simply go away – Phyllis is ready for anything, poor child."

"Oh, but of course I'll give you the divorce. Mamma doesn't understand about – well, modern ideas."

Tutin didn't even thank her. He had been profoundly disillusioned in Clare. Apparently she took very much the same view of him as her mother. In this indignant mood those sixteen years of happy marriage seemed like sixteen years of deceit. He could not bear the thought that during the whole time Clare had been regarding him with her critical eye. He was too furious to stay in the house.

He went out abruptly and then made for Phyllis's flat. It had suddenly struck him that Mrs.Beer in her rampageous mood might even attack Phyllis, and he was at the moment particularly anxious to avoid the least chance of any misunderstanding with Phyllis on account of a slight difference of opinion between them about a mink coat. Phyllis considered that, as the future Mrs.Tutin, it was absolutely necessary to her to have a mink coat. Tutin was not yet convinced of the absolute necessity.

As he came in Mrs.Beer came out. And Phyllis was in an extraordinary state of mind. Red, tearful and extremely excited, even, as he had to admit, unreasonable. For she flew at him. What did he mean by letting her in for that old bitch?
She'd been here half an hour – she'd be here still if he hadn't turned up, bawling her out as if she were a tart. She was damned if she'd take it.

"But Phyll, I didn't even know she was coming to London."

"Where did she get my address?"

"Well, the office perhaps –"

"It's never you, is it - what are you gaping at? I tell you you'd better do something. She called me a common little tart. She said I'd put my hooks on you because you were meat for a floozy."

"But you needn't mind her – she's only a silly old –"

"Not mind her," shouted Phyllis; she advanced on him with curled fingers. "Why, you fat old fool –"

For a moment he had the awful expectation of her nails in his face. But she did not claw, perhaps she was afraid of breaking a nail; she only shrieked again and went into hysterics.

Even after Tutin gave her the mink coat she still considered that she had been cheated of her case for damages against Mrs.Beer.

Phyllis had very strong ideas about her rights. She asked Tutin several times if he didn't agree that this was a free country and he agreed at once, very warmly. He could not forget those awful words, "a fat old fool." He did not wish to offend Phyllis again. He even had some gloomy doubts about his future bliss with this darling child.

But he did not change his plans. He was too proud to creep back to the treacherous Clare.

And Clare was a woman of her word. The divorce went forward, and Mrs.Beer, defeated again, trailed back to her bear's den in the northern wilds. Three weeks later, and before the case had come to court, Phyllis met a young assistant film director who promised to make her a star. They went to Italy on Tutin's furniture, and got a house within a hundred yards of the assistant director's favourite studio on the mink coat.

Tutin did not go back to Clare; he felt that confidence between them had been destroyed. There was no longer sufficient basis for a complete and satisfactory understanding, without which marriage would be a farce; a patched-up thing. It was Clare who came to him and apologised. In the end she succeeded in persuading him at least to let her look after him while he was getting over the great tragedy of his life.

He was, in fact, a broken man. He felt ridiculous and avoided his friends. He neglected to take exercise and ate too much. He went quite grey and in an incredibly short time developed the sagging figure of middle age. But under Clare's care his sleep and digestion greatly improved.

All this was seven years ago. The other day a visitor, a new acquaintance, who had stayed a week-end at the Tutin's, congratulated him on his happy family life, his charming wife, his delightful children. And in his B and B letter he declared that he would never forget the experience.

The young fellow, who wanted to join Tutin's firm, was obviously anxious to be well with him. Tutin was amused by his compliments. But suddenly it struck him that there was some truth in them.

After all, most of his happiness was in his home, and it was a very considerable happiness. How and when it had begun to re-establish itself he could not tell. He had not noticed its arrival. He had not noticed it at all. It wasn't romantic – it had nothing exciting about it. It was not in the least like that matrimonial dream of young lovers, an everlasting honeymoon agreeably variegated by large and brilliant cocktail parties for envious friends; it was indeed the exact opposite – a way of life in which everything was known and accepted, simple and ordinary, where affection was a matter of course and romantic flourishes not only unnecessary but superfluous, even troublesome. As for parties, they were perhaps necessary, but what a bore, really, what a waste of time, that is, of peace, of happiness.

And it seems to Tutin that he has made a great success of life in its most important department, at home. How wise he had been to make all those subtle adjustments in his relation with Clare, necessary to render possible their continued life together.

As for Phyllis, he has seen her once in a film, an extra in a crowd scene. It is a night-club and she is a hostess – he is entranced – he feels his heart beat double time – he thinks, "I might be her husband now, and living just such a life as those roisterers." He shudders all down his spine and an immense gratitude rises in his soul. He thanks his lucky stars for a notable escape.

Mrs. Beer is seventy-eight and has shrunk down to a little old woman with a face no bigger than a child's. The angry red of her cheeks is now the shiny russet of a country child's, and its look of the defeated but still truculent pug has turned gradually to a look of patient surprise. The high arched eyebrows in the wrinkled forehead, the compressed lips seem to ask, "Why are young people so blind and silly – why does the world get madder and madder?"

She rarely comes south, but when she does she gives no trouble. The Tutins cosset her and keep her warm; she plays a great deal of patience. Once only, after her good-night kiss from the children, and possibly exhilarated by getting out two games running, she murmurs something to Frank about how things had come right again as soon as he had given up the idea of a divorce. Frank is startled – he has forgotten the old woman's excitement seven years before. But, looking at her as she lays out a new game, he detects in her expression, even in the way she slaps down the cards, a certain self-satisfaction. It seems that she cherishes one victory.

For a moment Frank is astonished and irritated. Had the poor old thing really persuaded herself that her ideas had had anything to do with what no doubt she would call the salvation of his marriage? Did she really suppose that people hadn't changed in the last half-century, or realise that what might have been sense for her contemporaries in the 1890's, before psychology was even invented, was now a little out of date? Had she the faintest notion of the complex problems that he and Clare had had to face and solve, individual problems quite different from anyone else's, in which her antique rules of thumb had no more value than a screw-wrench to a watchmaker?

The old woman is still slapping down her cards and for a moment Frank is inclined to tell her how little he agrees with her on the subject of divorce, but he thinks at once, "Poor old thing, let her enjoy her little illusion."

Mrs. Beer puts a red ten on a black jack, gets out an ace, looks up and catches Frank's eye. She gives a smile and a nod, quite openly triumphant.

Frank smiles as at a child who dwells in a world of phantasms.

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key-sentences according to the logic of the story:

1. The old woman is still slapping down her cards and for a moment Frank is inclined to tell her how little he agrees with her on the subject of divorce.

2. But when her mother in remote Yorkshire heard of this arrangement, she wrote and said it was preposterous and wicked, she wouldn't allow it.

3. Three weeks later and before the case had come to court, Phyllis met a young assistant film-director, who promised to make her a star and they went to Italy on Tutin's furniture, and got a house within a hundred yards of the assistant director's favourite studio on the mink coat.

4. Tutin, married sixteen years, with three children, had an affair with his secretary, Phyllis, aged eighteen, and wanted a divorce.

5. How wise he had been to make all those subtle adjustments in his relation with Clare, necessary to render possible their continued life together.

6. Clare was a woman of her word and divorce went forward.

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. Why did Tutin want a divorce?
   a) he and his wife quarrelled
   b) he had an affair with his secretary and wanted to marry her
   c) Clare went away with another man
2. What sort of man was Frank Tutin?
   a) a selfish man
   b) a humane and kindly man
   c) a brute
3. Why did Mrs. Beer come to Tutin's place?
   a) she wanted to support Clare, her daughter
   b) she wanted to prevent Tutin from divorcing Clare
   c) she wanted Tutin to give Clare a divorce

4. In what state of mind was Phyllis after Mrs. Beer's visit?
   a) she was calm
   b) she was angry
   c) she went into hysterics
5. Why didn't Tutin marry Phyllis?
   a) Clare didn't give him a divorce
   b) Phyllis met a young assistant film director and they went to Italy
   c) Tutin decided to return back to Clare
6. Where did Frank Tutin find most of his happiness?
   a) at work
   b) at home
   c) remembering the past

III. Finish the following sentences according to the contents:

1. Hardly had Clare's mother heard that Frank wanted a divorce when...
2. Being a thoroughly good-natured man Frank was extremely upset...
3. He had simply forgotten what love and life could mean until...
4. After Phyllis had had a talk with Mrs.Beer...
5. Before the case had come to court, Phyllis met...
6. Feeling that confidence between him and Clare had been destroyed, Frank...

7. It was Clare who...
8. After all, most of his happiness was in his home, and it was...

IV. Give facts to prove the following:
1. Frank Tutin realized that divorce was a very serious thing, he saw how his wife was suffering, how much the children were concerned.
2. Mrs.Beer didn't understand modern ideas about marriage.
3. Clare in that crisis lived up to all Frank's expectations.

V. Arrange the on-going adjectives in columns under the names of the characters of Frank and Clare:

considerate, adventurous, well-wishing, disillusioned, humane,
family-oriented, tolerant, forgiving, honest, sensitive.

VI. Pick out all the essential information concerning the character of Frank.

VII. Pick up the key-sentences describing:
1) the main events
2) the relations between Frank and Clare.

VIII. Put (up) the key-questions to the story.

IX. Make up an outline of the story. Choose your preference among the given variants:
1) noun
2) sentence
3) question.

"PUBLIC OPINION"
By F. O'Connor

NEW VOCABULARY

to take precautions
to fall short in smth
(not) to be long in doing smth
to take smb in
to sack smb
to be on the verge of smth (or doing smth)
to be up to smth
to be beside oneself with some emotion, (at the thought) etc.
to hurt smb's feeling
to bend iron

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of the sentence.
2. Read the text and pick out the most essential information concerning the character of the doctor.
3. Read the text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why did the doctor get married hastily after coming to a little town?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking how nice 'twould be to live in a little town. You could have a king's life in a house like this, with a fine garden and a car so that you could slip up to town whenever you felt in need of company. Living in Dublin, next door to the mail boat and writing things for the American papers, you imagine you could live here and write whatever you liked about MacDunphy of the County Council. Mind, I'm not saying you couldn't say a hell of a lot about him! I said a few things myself from time to time. All I mean is that you wouldn't say it for long. This town broke better men. It broke me and, believe me, I'm no chicken.

When I came here first, ten years ago, I felt exactly the way you do, the way everybody does. At that time, and the same is nearly true today, there wasn't a professional man in this town with a housekeeper under sixty, for fear of what people might say about them. In fact, you might still notice that there isn't one of them who is what you might call "happily" married. They went at it in too much of a hurry.

Oh, of course, I wasn't going to make that mistake! When I went to choose a housekeeper I chose a girl called Bridie Casey, a handsome little girl of seventeen from a village up the coast. At the same time I took my precautions. I drove out there one day when she was at home, and I had a look at the cottage and a talk with her mother and a cup of tea, and after that I didn't need anyone to recommend her. I knew that anything Bridie fell short in her mother would not be long in correcting. After that, there was only one inquiry I wanted to make.

"Have you a boy, Bridie?" said I.

"No, Doctor, I have not," said she with an innocent air that didn't take me in a bit. As a doctor you soon get used to innocent airs.

"Well, you'd better hurry up and get one," said I, "or I'm not going to keep you."

With that she laughed as if she thought I was only joking. I was not joking at all. A housekeeper or maid without a fellow of her own is as bad as a hen with an egg.

"It's no laughing matter," I said. "And when you do get a fellow, if you haven't one already, you can tell him I said he could make free with my beer, but if ever I catch you diluting my whiskey I'll sack you on the spot."

Mind, I made no mistake in Bridie or her mother either. She mightn't be any good in the Shelbourne Hotel, but what that girl could cook she cooked well and anything she cleaned looked as if it was clean. What's more, she could size a patient up better than I could myself. Make no mistake about it, as housekeepers or maids Irish girls are usually not worth a damn, but a girl from a good Irish home can turn her hand to anything. Of course, she was so good-looking that people who came to the house used to pass remarks about us, but that was only jealousy. They hadn't the nerve to employ a good-looking girl themselves for fear of what people would say. But I

knew that as long as a girl had a man of her own to look after she'd be no bother to me.

No, what broke up my happy home was something different entirely. You mightn't understand it, but in a place like this 'tis the devil entirely to get ready money out of them. They'll give you anything else in the world only money. Here, everything is what they call "friendship." I suppose the shops give them the habit because a regular customer is always supposed to be in debt and if ever the debt is paid off it's war to the knife. Of course they think a solicitor or a doctor should live the same way, and instead of money what you get is presents: poultry, butter, eggs, and meat that a large family could not eat, let alone a single man. Friendship is all very well, but between you and me it's a poor thing for a man to be relying on at the beginning of his career.

I had one patient in particular called Willie Joe Corcoran of Clashanaddig – I buried him last year, poor man, and my mind is easier already – and Willie Joe seemed to think I was always on the verge of starvation. One Sunday I got in from twelve-o'clock Mass and went to the whiskey cupboard to get myself a drink when I noticed the most extraordinary smell. Doctors are sensitive to smells, of course – we have to be – and I couldn't rest easy till I located that one. I searched the room and I searched the hall and I even poked my head upstairs into the bedrooms before I tried the kitchen. Knowing Bridie, I never even associated the smell with her. When I went in, there she was in a clean white uniform, cooking the dinner, and she looked round at me.

"What the hell is that smell, Bridie?" said I.

She folded her arms and leaned against the wall, as good-looking a little girl as you'd find in five counties.

"I told you before," says she in her thin, high voice," 'tis that side of beef Willie Joe Corcoran left on Thursday. It have the whole house ruined on me."

"But didn't I tell you to throw that out?" I said.

"You did," says she as if I was the most unreasonable man in the world, "but you didn't tell me where I was going to throw it."

"What's wrong with the ash can?" said I.

"What's wrong with the ash can?" says she. "There's nothing wrong with it, only the ashmen won't be here till Tuesday."

"Then for God's sake, girl, can't you throw it over the wall into the field ?"

"Into the field," says she, pitching her voice up an octave till she sounded like a sparrow in decline. "And what would people say ?"

"Begor, I don't know, Bridie," I said, humouring her. "What do you think they'd say?"

"They're bad enough to say anything," says she.

I declare to God I had to look at her to see was she serious. There she was, a girl of seventeen with the face of a nun, suggesting things that I could barely imagine.

"Why, Bridie ?" I said, treating it as a joke. "You don't think they'd say I was bringing corpses home from the hospital to cut up ?"

"They said worse," she said in a squeak, and I saw that she took a very poor view of my powers of imagination. "Because you write books, you think you know a few things, but you should listen to the conversation of pious girls in this town."

"About me, Bridie?" said I in astonishment.

"About you and others," said she. And then, by cripes, I lost my temper with her.

"And is it any wonder they would," said I, "with bloody fools like you paying attention to them ?"

I have a very wicked temper when I'm roused and for the time being it scared her more than what people might say of her.

"I'll get Kenefick's boy in the morning and let him take it away," said she. "Will I give him a shilling ?"

"Put it in the poor box," said I in a rage. "I'll be going out to Doctor MacMahon's for supper and I'll take it away myself. Any damage that's going to be done to anyone's character can be done to mine. It should be able to stand it. And let me tell you, Bridie Casey, if I was the sort to mind what anyone said about me, you wouldn't be where you are this minute."

I was very vicious to her, but of course I was mad. After all, I had to take my drink and eat my dinner with that smell round the house, and Bridie in a panic, hopping about me like a hen with hydrophobia. When I went out to the pantry to get the side of beef, she gave a yelp as if I'd trodden on her foot. "Mother of God!" says she. "Your new suit!" "Never mind my new suit," said I, and I wrapped the beef in a couple of newspapers and heaved it into the back of the car. I declare, it wasn't wishing to me. I had all the windows open, but even then the smell was high, and I went through town like a coursing match with the people on the foot-paths lifting their heads like beatles to sniff after me.

I wouldn't have minded that so much only that Sunday is the one day I have. In those days before I was married I nearly always drove out to Jerry MacMahon's for supper and a game of cards. I knew poor Jerry looked forward to it because the wife was very severe with him in the matter of liquor.

I stopped the car on top of the cliffs to throw out the meat, and just as I was looking for a clear drop I saw a long galoot of a countryman coming up the road towards me. He had a long, melancholy sort of face and man eyes. Whatever it was about his appearance I didn't want him to see what I was up to. You might think it funny in a professional man but that is the way I am.

"Nice evening," says he.

"Grand evening, thank God," says I, and not to give him an excuse for being too curious I said: "That's a powerful view."

"Well," says he sourly, just giving it a glance, "the view is all right but 'tis no good to the people that has to live in it. There is no earning in that view," says he, and then he cocked his head and began to size me up, and I knew I'd made a great mistake, opening my mouth to him at all. "I suppose now you'd be an artist ?" says he.

You might notice about me that I'm very sensitive to inquisitiveness. It is a thing I cannot stand. Even to sign my name to a telegram is a thing I never like to do, and I hate a direct question.

"How did you guess?" said I.

"And I suppose," said he, turning to inspect the view again, "if you painted that, you'd find people to buy it?"

"That's what I was hoping," said I.

So he turned to the scenery again, and this time he gave it a studied appraisal as if it was a cow at a fair.

"I daresay for a large view like that you'd nearly get five pounds?" said he.

"You would and more," said I.

"Ten?" said he with his eyes beginning to pop.

"More," said I.

"That beats all," he said, shaking his head in resignation. "Sure, the whole thing isn't worth that. No wonder the country is the way it is. Good luck!"

"Good luck," said I, and I watched him disappear among the rocks over the road. I waited, and then I saw him peering out at me from behind a rock like some wild mountain animal, and I knew if I stayed there till nightfall I wouldn't shake him off. He was beside himself at the thought of a picture that would be worth as much as a cow, and he probably thought if he stayed long enough he might learn the knack and paint the equivalent of a whole herd of them. The man's mind didn't rise above cows. And, whatever the devil ailed me, I could not give him the satisfaction of seeing what I was really up to. You might think it short-sighted of me, but that is the sort I am.

I got into the car and away with me down to Barney Phelan's pub on the edge of the bay. Barney's pub is the best in this part of the world and Barney himself is a bit of a character; a tall excitable man with wild blue eyes and a holy terror to gossip. He kept filling my glass as fast as I could lower it, and three or four times it was on the tip of my tongue to tell him what I was doing; but I knew he'd make a story out of it for the boys that night and sooner or later it would get back to Willie Joe Corcoran. Bad as Willie Joe was, I would not like to hurt his feelings. That is another great weakness of mine. I never like hurting people's feelings.

Of course that was a mistake, for when I walked out of the pub, the first thing I saw was the cliff dweller and two other yokels peering in at the parcel in the back of my car. At that I really began to feel like murder. I cannot stand that sort of unmannerly inquisitiveness.

"Well," I said, giving the cliff dweller a shoulder out of my way, "I hope ye saw something good."

At that moment Barney came out, drying his hands in his apron and showing his two front teeth like a weasel.

"Are them fellows at your car, Doctor?" says he.

"Oho!" said the cliff dweller to his two friends. "So a doctor is what he is now!"

"And what the hell else did you think he was, you fool?" asked Barney.

"A painter is what he was when last we heard of him," said the lunatic.

"And I suppose he was looking for a little job painting the huts ye have up in Beensheen?" asked Barney with a sneer.

"The huts may be humble but the men are true," said the lunatic solemnly.

"Blast you, man," said Barney, squaring up to him," "are you saying I don't know the Doctor since he was in short trousers?"

"No man knows the soul of another," said the cliff dweller, shaking his head again.

"For God's sake, Barney, don't be bothering yourself with that misfortunate clown," said I. "'Tis my own fault for bringing the likes of him into the world. Of all the useless occupations, that and breaking stones are the worst."

"I would not be talking against breaking stones," said the cliff dweller sourly. "It might not be long till certain people here would be doing the same.'

At that I let a holy oath out of me and drove off in the direction of Jerry MacMahon's. When I glanced in the driving mirror I saw Barney standing in the middle of the road with the three yokels around him, waving their hands. It struck me that in spite of my precautions Barney would have a story for the boys that night, and it would not be about Willie Joe. It would be about me. It also struck me that I was behaving in a very uncalled-for way. If I'd been a real murderer trying to get rid of a real corpse I could hardly have behaved more suspiciously. And why? Because I did not want people discussing my business. I don't know what it is about Irish people that makes them afraid of having their business discussed. It is not that it is any worse than other people's business, only we behave as if it was.

I stopped the car at a nice convenient spot by the edge of the bay miles from anywhere. I could have got rid of the beef then and there but something seemed to have broken in me. I walked up and down that road slowly, looking to right and left to make sure no one was watching. Even then I was perfectly safe, but I saw a farmer crossing a field a mile away up the hill and decided to wait till he was out of sight. That was where the ferryboat left me, because, of course, the moment he glanced over his shoulder and saw a strange man with a car stopped on the road he stopped himself with his head cocked like an old setter. Mind, I'm not blaming him! I blame nobody but myself. Up to that day I had never felt a stime of sympathy with my neurotic patients, giving themselves diseases they hadn't got, but there was I, a doctor, giving myself a disease I hadn't got and with no excuse whatever.

By this time the smell was so bad I knew I wouldn't get it out of the upholstery for days. And there was Jerry MacMahon up in Cahirnamona, waiting for me with a bottle of whiskey his wife wouldn't let him touch till I got there, and I couldn't go for fear of the way he'd laugh at me. I looked again and saw that the man who'd been crossing the field had changed his mind. Instead he'd come down to the gate and was leaning over it, lighting his pipe while he admired the view of the bay and the mountains.

That was the last straw. I knew now that even if I got rid of the beef my Sunday would still be ruined. I got in the car and drove straight home. Then I went to the whiskey cupboard and poured myself a drink that seemed to be reasonably proportionate to the extent of my suffering. Just as I sat down to it Bridie walked in without knocking. This is one fault I should have told you about – all the time she was with me I never trained her to knock. I declare to God when I saw her standing in the doorway I jumped. I'd always been very careful of myself and jumping was a new thing to me.

"Did I tell you to knock before you came into a room?" I shouted.

"I forgot," she said, letting on not to notice the state I was in. "You didn't go to Dr. MacMahon's so?"

"I did not," I said.

"And did you throw away the beef ?"

"I didn't," I said. Then as I saw her waiting for an explanation I added: "There were too many people around."

"Look at that now!" she said complacently. "I suppose we'll have to bury it in the garden after dark?"

"I suppose so," I said, not realizing how I had handed myself over to the woman, body and bones, holus-bolus.

That evening I took a spade and dug a deep hole in the back garden and Bridie heaved in the side of beef. The remarkable thing is that the whole time we were doing it we talked in whispers and glanced up at the backs of the other houses in the road to see if we were being watched. But the weight off my mind when it was over! I even felt benevolent to Bridie. Then I went over to Jim Donoghue, the dentist's, and told him the whole story over a couple of drinks. We were splitting our sides over it.

When I say we were splitting our sides I do not mean that this is a funny story. It was very far from being funny for me before it was over. You wouldn't believe the scandal there was about Bridie and myself after that. You'd wonder how people could imagine such things, let alone repeat them. That day changed my whole life ....Oh, laugh! Laugh! I was laughing out the other side of my mouth before it was through. Up to that I'd never given a rap what anyone thought of me, but from that day forth I was afraid of my own shadow. With all the talk there was about us I even had to get rid of Bridie and, of course, inside of twelve months I was married like the rest of them....By the way, when I mentioned unhappy marriages I wasn't speaking of my own. Mrs.Ryan and myself get on quite well. I only mentioned it to show what might be in store for yourself if even you were foolish enough to come and live here. A town like this can bend iron. And if you doubt my word, that's only because you don't know what they are saying about you.

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key-sentences according to the logic of the story:

1. From that day forth I was afraid of my own shadow.
2. There's nothing wrong with it, only the ashmen won't be here till Tuesday.
3. I stopped the car on top of the cliffs to throw out the meat.
4. When I went to choose a housekeeper I chose a girl called Bridie Casey, a handsome little girl of seventeen from a village up the coast.
5. By this time the smell was so bad I knew I wouldn't get it out of upholstery for days.
6. That evening I took a spade and dug a deep hole in the back garden and Bridie heaved in the side of the beef.

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. What did the author feel when he came to live in a small town?
   a) hoped to enjoy the life there
   b) longed for a big city
   c) it didn't matter where to live
2. Why was there no professional man in that town with a housekeeper under sixty?
   a) it was less expensive to have an old housekeeper
   b) men were afraid of gossip
   c) young girls refused to work as housekeepers
3. Why did the author want Bridie to get a boy-friend?
   a) to avoid people's gossiping
   b) to get more help about his house
   c) to marry Bridie off later on
4. What was the disadvantage of a doctor's profession in a small town like that one?
   a) he had few patients
   b) he had too many patients
   c) the patients paid the doctor's fee in food presents
5. What did the author suggest they should do with the spoilt meat?
   a) Bridie should throw it out into the field
   b) they should bury it in the garden
   c) the author should give it back to Willie Joe
6. Why didn't the author throw out the meat from the cliffs?
   a) changed his mind to do so
   b) a countryman interfered with him
   c) decided to find a safe place for doing it
7. Why didn't the author tell his friend Barney the whole story?
   a) Barney was not likely to believe it
   b) Barney would gossip about the author
   c) the story would get back to Willie Joe and hurt his feelings
8. How did the author get rid of the spoilt beef?
   a) threw it out to sea
   b) brought it back home and put into the cellar
   c) buried in the garden after dark
9. Why did the author get married shortly after the incident?
   a) people made up a story about him and Bridie
   b) fell in love with Miss Ryan
   c) wanted to settle down and raise a family

III. Finish the following sentences according to the contents:

1. When the author came to live to a little town he didn't mean...
2. People who came to the doctor's house used to pass remarks about him and Bridie because...
3. Bridie couldn't throw out the spoilt meat as....
4. The doctor lost his temper with Bridie because she...
5. The doctor really began to feel like a murderer when...
6. It occurred to the author that in spite of all his precautions Barney...

7. The last straw was...
8. They talked in whispers and glanced up at the backs of the other houses in the road while...
9. The doctor even had to get rid of Bridie...

IV. Give facts to prove the following:
1. The author's attitude to people gossiping changed.
2. The doctor couldn't stand inquisitiveness.
3. Bridie was a good housekeeper.

V. Pick out all the essential information concerning the character of the doctor.

VI. Arrange the on-going adjectives in columns under the names of the characters of the doctor and Bridie:

prejudiced, independent, self-confident,
efficient, helpful, serviceable.

VII. Pick out the key-sentences describing the main events.

VIII. Put (up) the key-questions to the story.

IX. Make up an outline of the story. Choose your preference among the given variants:
1) noun
2) sentence
3) question.

"THE MONEYCHANGERS"
After A.Hailey.

NEW VOCABULARY

to become dulled to smth
to withdraw within oneself
by comparison
in a way
to shoot smb a (sideways) glance
to chill smb: Her present appearance chilled him
with hindsight
to shed smth: He could never shed the guilt
which haunted him.
to bridge the gulf between smb

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of the sentence.
2. Read the on-going text and pick out the most essential information concerning the character of Celia.
3. Read the following text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why did Alex feel guilty of Celia's state?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

Alex looked out across the city toward where he knew Celia to be. He wondered what she was doing, how she was.

There was a simple way to find out.

He returned to his desk and dialed a number which he knew by heart.

A woman's voice answered, "Remedial Center."

He identified himself and said, "I'd like to talk with Dr. McCartney."

After a moment or two a male voice, quietly firm, inquired, "Where are you, Alex?"

"In my office. I was sitting here wondering about my wife."

"I asked because I intended to call you today and suggest you come in to visit Celia."

"The last time we talked you said you didn't want me to."

The psychiatrist corrected him gently. "I said I thought any more visits inadvisable for a while. The previous few, you'll remember, seemed to unsettle your wife rather than help."

"I remember." Alex hesitated, then asked, "There's been some change?"

"Yes, there is a change. I wish I could say it was for the better."

There had been so many changes, he had become dulled to them. "What kind of change?"

"Your wife is becoming even more withdrawn. Her escape from reality is almost total. It's why I think a visit from you might do some good." The psychiatrist corrected himself, "At least it should do no harm."

"All right. I'll come this evening."

"Any time, Alex; and drop in to see me when you do. As you know, we've no set visiting hours here and a minimum of rules."

"Yes, I know."

The absence of formality, he reflected, as he replaced the telephone, was a reason he had chosen the Remedial Center when faced with his despairing decision about Celia nearly years ago. The atmosphere was deliberately non-institutional. The nurses did not wear uniforms. As far as was practical, patients moved around freely and were encouraged to make decisions of their own. With occasional exceptions, friends and families were welcome at any time. Even the name Remedial Center had been chosen intentionally in preference to the more forbidding "mental hospital." Another reason was that Dr.Timothy McCartney, young, brilliant, and innovative, headed a specialist team which achieved cures of mental illnesses where more conventional treatments failed.

The Center was small. Patients never exceeded a hundred and fifty though, by comparison, the staff was large. In a way, it was like a school with small classes where students received personal attention they could not have gained elsewhere.

A modern building and spacious gardens were as pleasing as money and imagination could make them.

The clinic was private. It was also horrendously expensive but Alex had been determined, and still was, that whatever else happened, Celia would have the best of care. It was, he reasoned, the very least that he could do.

Through the remainder of the afternoon he occupied himself with bank business. Soon after 6 p.m. he left FMA Headquarters, giving his driver the Remedial Center address, and read the evening paper while they crawled through traffic. A limousine and chauffeur, available at any time from the bank's pool of cars, were perquisites of the executive vice-president's job and Alex enjoyed them.

Typically, the Remedial Center had the facade of a large private home with nothing outside, other than a street number, to identify it.

An attractive blonde, wearing a colorful print dress, let him in. He recognized her as a nurse from a small insignia pin near her left shoulder. It was the only permitted dress distinction between staff and patients.

"Doctor told us you'd be coming, Mr.Vandervoort. I'll take you to your wife."

He walked with her along a pleasant corridor. Yellows and greens predominated. Fresh flowers were in niches along the walls.

"I understand," he said, "that my wife has been no better." "Not really, I'm afraid." The nurse shot him a sideways glance; he sensed pity in her eyes. But for whom? As always, when he came here, he felt his natural ebullience desert him.

They were in a wing, one of three running outward from the central reception area. The nurse stopped at a door.

"Your wife is in her room, Mr.Vandervoort. She had a bad day today. Try to remember that, if she shouldn't..." She left the sentence unfinished, touched his arm lightly, then preceded him in.

The Remedial Center placed patients in shared or single rooms according to the effect which the company of others had on their condition. When Celia first came she was in a double room, but it hadn't worked; now she was in a private one. Though small, Celia's room was cozily comfortable and individual. It contained a studio couch, a deep armchair and ottoman, a games table and bookshelves. Impressionist prints adorned the walls.

"Mrs.Vandervoort," the nurse said gently, "your husband is here to visit you."

There was no acknowledgment, neither movement nor spoken response, from the figure in the room.

It had been a month and a half since Alex had seen Celia and, though he had been expecting some deterioration, her present appearance chilled him.

She was seated – if her posture could be called that – on the studio couch. She had positioned herself sideways, facing away from the outer door. Her shoulders were hunched down, her head lowered, arms crossed in front, with each hand clasping the opposite shoulder. Her body, too, was curled upon itself and her legs drawn up with knees together. She was absolutely still.

He went to her and put a hand gently on one shoulder. "Hullo, Celia. It's me – Alex. I've been thinking about you, so I came to see you."

She said, low-voiced, without expression, "Yes." She did not move.

He increased the pressure on the shoulder. "Won't you turn around to look at me? Then we can sit together and talk."

The only response was a perceptible rigidity, a tightening of the position in which Celia was huddled.

Her skin texture, Alex saw, was mottled and her fair hair only roughly combed. Even now her gentle, fragile beauty had not entirely vanished, though clearly it would not be long before it did.

"Has she been like this long?" he asked the nurse quietly.

"All of today and part of yesterday; some other days as well." The girl added matter-of-factly, "She feels more comfortable that way, so it's best if you take no notice, just sit down and talk."

Alex nodded. As he went to the single armchair and settled himself, the nurse tiptoed out, closing the door gently.

"I went to the ballet last week, Celia," Alex said. "It was Coppelia. Natalia Makarova danced the lead and Ivan Nagy was Frantz. They were magnificent together and, of course, the music was wonderful. It reminded me of how you loved Coppelia, that it was one of your favorites. Do you remember that night, soon after we were married, when you and I..."

He could call back in memory clearly, even now, the way Celia had looked that evening – in a long, pale green chiffon gown, tiny sequins glittering with reflected light. As usual, she had been ethereally beautiful, slim and gossamer-like, as if a breeze might steal her if he looked away. In those days he seldom did. They had been married six months and she was still shy at meeting Alex's friends, so that sometimes in a group she clung tightly to his arm. Because she was ten years younger than himself, he hadn't minded. Celia's shyness, at the beginning, had been one of the reasons why he fell in love with her, and he was proud of her reliance on him. Only long after, when she continued to be diffident and unsure – foolishly, it seemed to him – had his impatience surfaced, and eventually anger.

How little, how tragically little, he had understood!

With more perception he would have realized that Celia's background before they met was so totally different from his own that nothing had prepared her for the active social and domestic life he accepted matter-of-factly. It was all new and bewildering to Celia, at times alarming. She was the only child of reclusive parents of modest means, had attended convent schools, had never known the leavening propinquity of college living. Before Celia met Alex she had had no responsibilities, her social experience was nil. Marriage increased her natural nervousness; at the same time, self-doubts and tensions grew until eventually – as psychiatrist explained it – a burden of guilt at failing snapped something in her mind. With hindsight, Alex blamed himself. He could, he afterwards believed, have helped Celia so easily, could have given advice, eased tensions, offered reassurance. But when it mattered most he never had. He had been too thoughtless, busy, ambitious.

"...so last week's performance, Celia, made me sorry we weren't seeing it together ..."

In fact, he had been to Coppelia with Margot, whom Alex had known now for a year and a half, and who zestfully filled a gap in his life which had been empty for so long. Margot, or 1someone else, had been necessary if Alex – a flesh and blood man – were not to become a mental case, too, he sometimes told himself. Or was that a self-delusion, conveniently assuaging guilt?

Either way, this was no time or place to introduce Margot's name.

"Oh, yes, and not long ago, Celia, I saw the Harringtons.
You remember John and Elise. Anyway, they told me they had been to Scandinavia to see Elise's parents."

"Yes," Celia said tonelessly.

She had still not stirred from the huddled position, but evidently was listening, so he continued talking, using only half his mind while the other half asked: How did it happen? Why?

"We've been busy at the bank lately, Celia."

One reason, he assumed, had been his preoccupation with his work, the long hours during which – as their marriage deteriorated – he had left Celia alone. That, as he now saw it, was when she had needed him most. As it was, Celia accepted his absences without complaint but grew increasingly reserved and timid, burying herself in books or looking interminably at plants and flowers, appearing to watch them grow, though occasionally – in contrast and without apparent reason – she became animated, talking incessantly and sometimes incoherently. Those were periods in which Celia seemed to have exceptional energy. Then, with equal suddenness, the energy would disappear, leaving her depressed 1and withdrawn once more. And all the while their communication and companionship diminished.

It was during that time – the thought of it shamed him now – he had suggested they divorce. Celia had seemed shattered and he let the subject drop, hoping things would get better, but they hadn't.

Only at length, when the thought occurred to him almost casually that Celia might need psychiatric help, and he had sought it, had the truth of her malady become clear. For a while, anguish and concern revived his love. But, by then, it was too late.

At times he speculated: Perhaps it had always been too late. Perhaps not even greater kindness, understanding, would have helped. But he would never know. He could never nurture the conviction he had done his best and, because of it, could never shed the guilt which haunted him.

"Everybody seems to be thinking about money – spending it, borrowing it, lending it, though I guess that's notunusual and what banks are for. A sad thing happened yesterday, though. Ben Rosselli, our president, told us he was dying. He called a meeting and..."

Alex went on, describing the scene in the boardroom and reactions afterward, then abruptly stopped.

Celia had begun to tremble. Her body was rocking back and forth. A wail, half moan, escaped her.

Had his mention of the bank upset her? – the bank into which he had thrown his energies, widening the gulf between them. It was another bank then, the Federal Reserve, but to Celia one bank was like another. Or was it his reference to Ben Rosselli?

Ben would die soon. How many years before Celia died?
Many, perhaps.

Alex thought: she could easily outlive him, could live on like this.

She looked like an animal!

His pity evaporated. Anger seized him; the angry impatience which had marred their marriage. "For Christ's sake, Celia, control yourself!"

Her trembling and the moans continued.

He hated her! She wasn't human any more, yet she remained the barrier between himself and a full life.

Getting up, Alex savagely punched a bell push on the wall, knowing it would summon help. In the same motion he strode to the door to leave.

And looked back. At Celia – his wife whom once he had loved; at what she had become; at the gulf between them they would never bridge. He paused, and wept.

Wept with pity, sadness, guilt, his momentary anger spent, the hatred washed away.

He returned to the studio couch and, on his knees before her, begged, "Celia, forgive me! Oh, God, forgive me!"

He felt a gentle hand on his shoulder, heard the young nurse's voice. "Mr. Vandervoort, I think you should go now."

"Water or soda, Alex?"

"Soda."

Dr. McCartney took a bottle from the small refrigerator in his consulting room and used an opener to flip the top. He poured into a glass which already contained a generous slug of scotch and added ice. He brought the glass to Alex, then poured the rest of the soda, without liquor, for himself.

For a big man - Tim McCartney was six feet five with a football player's chest and shoulders, and enormous hands – his movements were remarkably deft. Though the clinic director was young, in his mid-thirties Alex guessed, his manner and voice seemed older and his brushed-back brown hair was graying at the temples. Probably because of a lot of sessions like this, Alex thought. He sipped the scotch gratefully.

The paneled room was softly lighted, its color tones more muted than the corridors and other rooms outside. Bookshelves and racks for journals filled one wall, the works of Freud, Adler, Jung, and Rogers prominent.

Alex was still shaken as the result of his meeting with Celia, yet in a way the horror of it seemed unreal.

Dr. McCartney returned to a chair at his desk and swung it to face the sofa where Alex sat.

"I should report to you first that your wife's general diagnosis remains the same – schizophrenia, catatonic type. You'll remember we've discussed this in the past."

"I remember all the jargon, yes."

"I'll try to spare you any more."

Alex swirled the ice in his glass and drank again; the scotch had warmed him. "Tell me about Celia's condition now."

"You may find this hard to accept, but your wife, despite the way she seems, is relatively happy."

"Yes," Alex said. "I find that hard to believe."

The psychiatrist insisted quietly, "Happiness is relative, for all of us. What Celia has is security of a kind, a total absence of responsibility or the need to relate to others. She can withdraw into herself as much as she wants or needs to. The physical posture she's been taking lately, which you saw, is the classic fetal position. It comforts her to assume it, though for her physical good, we try to dissuade her when we can."

"Comforting or not," Alex said, "the essence is that after having had the best possible treatment for four years,
my wife's condition is still deteriorating." He eyed the other man directly. "Is that right or wrong?"

"Unfortunately it's right."

"Is there any reasonable chance of a recovery, ever, so that Celia could lead a normal or near-normal life?"

"In medicine there are always possibilities..."

"I said 1reasonable chance."

Dr. McCartney sighed and shook his head. "No."

"Thank you for a plain answer." Alex paused, then went on, "As I understand it, Celia has become – I believe the word is `institutionalized.' She's withdrawn from the human race. She neither knows nor cares about anything outside herself."

"You're right about being institutionalized," the psychiatrist said, "but you're wrong about the rest. Your wife has not totally withdrawn, at least not yet. She still knows a little about what's going on outside. She also is aware she has a husband, and we've talked about you. But she believes you're entirely capable of taking care of yourself without her help."

"So she doesn't worry about me?"

"On the whole, no."

"How would she feel if she learned her husband had divorced her and remarried?"

Dr. McCartney hesitated, then said, "It would represent a total break from the little outside contact she has remaining. It might drive her over the brink into a totally demented state."

In the ensuing silence Alex leaned forward, covering his face with his hands. Then he removed them. His head came up. With a trace of irony, he said, "I guess if you ask for plain answers you're apt to get them."

The psychiatrist nodded, his expression serious. "I paid you a compliment, Alex, in assuming you meant what you said. I would not have been as frank with everyone. Also, I should add, I could be wrong."

"Tim, 1what the hell does a man do?"

"Is that rhetoric or a question?"

"It's a question. You can put it on my bill."

"There'll be no bill tonight." The younger man smiled briefly, then considered. "You ask me: What does a man do in a circumstance like yours? Well, to begin, he finds out all he can – just as you have done. Then he makes decisions based on what he thinks is fair and best for everyone, including himself. But while he's making up his mind he ought to remember two things. One is, if he's a decent man, his own guilt feelings are probably exaggerated because a well-developed conscience has a habit of punishing itself more harshly than it need. The other is that few people are qualified for sainthood; the majority of us aren't born with the equipment."

Alex asked, "And you won't go further? You won't be more specific?"

Dr. McCartney shook his head. "Only you can make the decision. Those last few paces each of us walks alone."

The psychiatrist glanced at his watch and got up from his chair. Moments later they shook hands and said good night.

Outside the Remedial Center, Alex's limousine and driver – the car's motor running, its interior warm and comfortable – were waiting.

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key-sentences according to the logic of the story.

1. Alex had been determined, and still was, that Celia would have the best of care.
2. There was no acknowledgement, neither movement nor spoken response, from the figure in the room.
3. He wept with pity, sadness, guilt, his momentary anger spent, the hatred washed away.
4. It might drive her over the brink into a totally demented state.
5. Only you can make a decision.

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. What sort of hospital was the Remedial Center?
   a) a mental hospital
   b) a hospital for the aged
   c) a public hospital
2. What condition was Celia in when Alex called the hospital?
   a) in the same state
   b) her state changed for the worse
   c) her state changed for the better
3. How did Celia meet her husband?
   a) got up to greet him
   b) didn't change her position
   c) smiled at him
4. What did Alex want to tell Celia about?
   a) his business
   b) their life
   c) a ballet he had watched

5. What provoked Celia's mental disease?
   a) natural nervousness
   b) social failures
   c) her husband's adultry
6. What did Alex accuse himself of?
   a) that he had paid little attention to her
   b) that he had been fond of another woman
   c) that he didn't love Celia
7. Why did suddenly hate for Celia possess Alex?
   a) she abused him
   b) she pretended to be ill
   c) she was a barrier between himself and a full life
8. How long had Celia been staying at the hospital?
   a) about a year
   b) a month
   c) four years
9. What was Celia's condition from the psychiatrist's point of view ?
   a) Celia was unhappy
   b) Celia was relatively happy
   c) Celia didn't feel anything
10. What might the impact on Celia be if her husband divorced her?
   a) she would remain indifferent
   b) it would mean for her the total break with reality
   c) it would influence her positively

III. Finish the following sentences:
1. Alex hadn't seen Celia for a month and a half...
2. Alex accused himself of...
3. In fact he had been to the ballet with Margot but...
4. He was ashamed to think that he had suggested...
5. His pity was gone and anger seized him because...
6. Though it was hard for Alex to believe...
7. Celia was relatively happy...
8. It was up to Alex...

IV. Give facts to prove:
1. Alex was guilty of Celia's state
2. Alex's love for Celia was gone

V. Arrange the on-going adjectives in columns under the names of Alex and Celia:

innocent, timid, shy, inexperienced, reserved, dependent,
withdrawn, persistent, active, energetic, communicative,
self-assured, ambitious, self-centred, proud.

VI. Pick out the key-sentences describing:
1) the atmosphere of the Remedial Centre
2) the relations between Alex and Celia

VII. Put the key-questions to the story.

VII. Make up an outline of the story. Choose your preference among the given variants:
1) noun
2) sentence
3) question

"THE LITTLE GOVERNESS"
By K. Mansfield

NEW VOCABULARY

to rub up one's German (English etc.)
to glare at smb
to shrug one's shoulders
to catch sight of smth, smb
to store up (pleasant) memories
to purse up one's lips

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of a sentence.
2. Read the text and pick out the most essential information concerning the character of the governess.
3. Read the text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why was the career of the governess ruined ?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

Oh, dear, how she wished that it wasn't night-time. She'd have much rather travelled by day, much much rather. But the lady at the Governess Bureau had said: "You had better take an evening boat and then if you get into a compartment for "Ladies Only" in the train you will be far safer than sleeping in a foreign hotel. Don't go out of the carriage; don't walk about the corridors and be sure to lock the lavatory door if you go there. The train arrives at Munich at eight o'clock, and Frau Arnholdt says that the Hotel Grunewald is only one minute away. A porter can take you there. She will arrive at six the same evening, so you will have a nice quiet day to rest after the journey and rub up your German. And when you want anything to eat I would advise you to pop into the nearest baker's and get a bun and some coffee. You haven't

been abroad before, have you?" "No". "Well, I always tell my girls that it's better to mistrust people at first rather than trust them, and it's safer to suspect people of evil intentions rather than good ones... It sounds rather hard but we've got to be women of the world, haven't we?"

It had been nice in the Ladies' Cabin. The stewardess was so kind and changed her money for her and tucked up her feet. She lay on one of the hard pink-sprigged couches and watched the other passengers, friendly and natural, pinning their hats to the bolsters, taking off their boots and skirts, opening dressing-cases and arranging mysterious rustling little packages, tying their heads up in veils before lying down. Thud, thud, thud, went the steady screw of the steamer. The stewardess pulled a green shade over the light and sat down by the stove, her skirt turned back over her knees, a long piece of knitting on her lap. On a shelf above her head there was a water-bottle with a tight bunch of flowers stuck in it. "I like travelling very much", thought the little governess. She smiled and yielded to the warm rocking.

But when the boat stopped and she went up on deck, her dress-basket in one hand, her rug and umbrella in the other a cold, strange wind flew under her hat. She looked up at the masts and spars of the ship black against a green glittering sky and down to the dark landing stage where strange muffled figures lounged, waiting; she moved forward with the sleepy flock, all knowing where to go to and what to do except her, and she felt afraid. Just a little - just enough to wish – oh, to wish that it was day-time and that one of those women who had smiled at her in the glass, when they both did their hair in the Ladies Cabin, was somewhere near now. "Tickets, please. Show you tickets. Have your tickets ready". She went down the gangway balancing herself carefully on her heels. Then a man in a black leather cap came forward and touched her on the arm. "Where for, Miss?" He spoke English – he must be a guard or a stationmaster with a cap like that. She had scarcely answered when he pounced on her dress-basket. "This way", he shouted, in a rude, determined voice, and elbowing his way he strode past the people. "But I don't want a porter". What a horrible man!" I don't want a porter. I want to carry it myself". She had to run to keep up with him, and her anger, far stronger than she, ran before her and snatched the bag out of the wretch's hand. He paid no attention at all, but swung on down the long dark platform, and across a railway line. "He is a robber". She was sure he was a robber as she stepped between the silvery rails and felt the cinders crunch under her shoes. On the other side – oh, thank goodness! – there was a train with Munich written on it. The man stopped by the huge lighted carriages. "Second class?" asked the insolent voice. "Yes, a Ladies' compartment". She was quite out of breath. She opened her little purse to find something small enough to give this horrible man while he tossed her dress-basket into the rack of an empty carriage that had a ticket, Dames Seules, gummed on the window. She got into the train and handed him twenty centimes. "What's this?" shouted the man, glaring at the money and then at her, holding it up to his nose, sniffing at it as though he had never in his life seen, much less held such a sum. "It's a franc. You know that, don't you? It's a franc. That's my fare!" A franc! Did he imagine that she was going to give him a franc for playing a trick like that just because she was a girl and travelling alone at night? Never, never! She squeezed her purse in her hand and simply did not see him – she

looked at avien of St.Malo on the wall opposite and simply did not hear him. "Ah, no. Ah, no. Four sous. You make a mistake. Here, take it. It's a franc I want". He leapt on to the step of the train and threw the money on to her lap. Trembling with terror she screwed herself tight, and put out an icy hand and took the money-strowed it away in her hand. "That's all you're going to get", she said. For a minute or two she felt his sharp eyes pricking her all over, while he nodded slowly, pulling down his mouth: "Ve-ry well. Trries bien". He shrugged his shoulders and disappeared into the dark. Oh, the relief! How simply terrible that had been! As she stood up to feel if the dress-basket was firm she caught sight of herself in the mirror, quite white, with big round eyes. She untied her "motor veil" and unbuttoned her green cape. "But it's all over now", she said to the mirror face, feeling in some way that it was more frightened than she.

People began to assemble on the platform. They stood together in little groups talking; a strange light from the station lamps painted their faces almost green. A little boy in red clattered up with a huge tea wagon and leaned against it, whistling and flicking his boots with a serviette. A woman in a black alpaca apron pushed a barrow with pillows for hire. Dreamy and vacant she looked – like a woman wheeling a perambulator – up and down, up and down – with a sleeping baby inside it. Wreaths of white smoke floated up from somewhere, and hung below the roof like misty vines. "How strange it all is", thought the little governess, "and the middle of the night, too". She looked out from her safe corner, frightened no longer but proud that she had not given that franc. "I can look after myself – of course I can. The great thing is not to – "Suddenly from the corner there came a stamping of feet and men's voices, high and broken with snatches of loud laughter. They were coming her way. The little governess shrank into her corner as four young men in bowler hats passed, staring through the door and window. One of them, bursting with the joke, pointed to the notice Dames Seules and the four bent down the better to see the one little girl in the corner. Oh, dear, they were in the carriage next door. She heard them tramping about and then a sudden hush, followed by a tall thin fellow with a tiny black moustache who flung her door open. "If mademoiselle cares to come in with us", he said in French. She saw the others crowding behind him, peeping under his arm and over his shoulder, and she sat very straight and still "If mademoiselle will do us the honour," mocked the tall man. One of them could be quite no longer; his laughter went off in a loud crack "Mademoiselle is serious", persisted the young man, bowing and grimacing. He took off his hat with a flourish, and she was alone again.

"En voiture. En voi-ture !" Someone ran up and down beside the train. "I wish it wasn't night-time I wish there was another woman in the carriage. I'm frightened of the men next door". The little governess looked out to see her porter coming back again – the same man making for her carriage with his arms full of luggage. But – but what was he doing? He put his thumb nail under the label "Dames Seules" and tore it right off and then stood aside squinting at her while an old man, wrapped in a plaid cape climbed up the high step. "But this is a ladies compartment". Oh, no, Mademoiselle, you make a mistake. No, no, I assure you. Merci, Monsieur." "En voiturre!" A shrill whistle. The porter stepped off triumphant and the train started. For a moment or two big tears brimmed her eyes and through them she saw the old

man unwinding a scarf, from his neck and untying the flaps of his Jalger cap. He looked very old. Ninety at least. He had a white moustache and big gold-rimmed spectacles with little blue eyes behind them and pink wrinkled cheeks. A nice face – and charming the way he sent forward and said in halting French: "Do I disturb you, Mademoiselle? Would you rather I took all these things out of the rack and found another carriage? What! that old man have to move all those heavy things because she... "No, it's quite all right. You don't disturb me at all". "Ah, a thousand thanks". He sat down opposite her and unbuttoned the cape of his enormous coat and flung it off his shoulders.

The train seemed glad to have left the station. With a long leap it sprang into the dark. She rubbed a place in the window with her glove but she could see nothing – just a tree outspread like a black fan or a scatter of lights, or the line of a hill, solemn and huge. In the carriage next door the young men started singing "Un, deux, trois". They sang the same song over and over at the tops of their voices.

"I never could have dared to go to sleep if I had. Seen alone," she decided. "I couldn't have put my feet up or even taken off my hat." The singing gave her a queer little tremble in her stomach and hugging herself to stop it with her arms crossed under her cape, she felt really glad to have the old man in the carriage with her. Careful to see that he was not looking she peeped at him through her long lashes. He sat extremely upright, the chest thrown out the chin well in knees pressed together, reading a German paper. That was why he spoke French so funnily. He was a German. Something in the army, she supposed – a Colonel or a General – once, of course, not now; he was too old for that now. How spick and span he looked for an old man. He wore a pearl pin stuck in his black tie and a ring with a dark red stone on his little finger; the tip of a white silk handkerchief showed in the pocket of his double-breasted jacket. Somehow, altogether, he was really nice to look at. Most old men were so horrid. She couldn't bear them doddery – or they had a disgusting cough or something. But not having a beard – that made all the difference – and then his cheeks were so pink and his moustache so very white. Down went the German paper and the old man leaned forward with the same delightful courtesy. "Do you speak German, Mademoiselle?" "Ja, ein wenig, mehr als franzosisch", said the little governess, blushing a deep pink colour that spread slowly over her cheeks and made her blue eyes look almost black. "Ach, so!" The old man bowed graciously. "Then perhaps you would care to look at some illustrated papers". He slipped a rubber band from a little roll of them and handed them across "Thank you very much". She was very fond of looking at pictures but first she would take off her hat and gloves. So she stood up, unpinned the brown straw and put it neatly in the rack beside the dress-basket, stripped off her brown kid gloves, parred them in a tight roll and put them in the crown of the hat for safety, and then sat down again, more comfortably this time, her feet crossed, the papers on her lap. How kindly the old man in the corner watched her lips moving as she pronounced the long words to herself, rested upon her hair that fairly blazed under the light. Alas! how tragic for a little governess to possess hair that made one think of tangerines and marigolds, of apricots and tortoiseshell cats and champagne! Perhaps that was what the old man was thinking as he gazed and gazed and that not even the dark ugly clothes could disguise her soft beauty.

Perhaps the flush that licked his cheeks and lips was a flush of rage that anyone so young and tender should have to travel alone and unprotected through the night. Who knows he was not murmuring in his sentimental German fashion: "Ja, es, ist Trag die! Would to God I were the child's grandpapa!"

"Thank you very much. They were very interesting". She smiled prettily handing back the papers. "But you speak German extremely well", said the old man. "You have been in Germany before of course?" "Oh no, this is the first time that I have ever been abroad at all" "Really! I am surprised. You gave me the impression, if I may say so, that you were accustomed to travelling". "Oh, well – I have been about a good deal in England, and to Scotland, once". "So, I myself have been in England once, but I could not learn English". He raised one hand and shook his head, laughing. "No, it was too difficult for me..." "Ow-do-you-do. Please vich is ze xay to Leicestaire Squaare". She laughed too. "Foreigners always say..." They had quite a little talk about it. "But you will like Munich", said the old man. "Munich is a wonderful city. Museums, pictures, galleries, fine buildings and shops, concerts, theatres, restaurants – all are in Munich. I have travelled all over Europe many, many times in my life, but it is always to Munich that I return. You will enjoy yourself there". "I am not going to stay in Munich", said the little governess, and she added shyly, "I am going to a post as governess to a doctor's family in Augsburg". "Ah, that was it". Augsburg he knew. Augsburg – well – was not beautiful. A solid manufacturing town. But if Germany was new to her he hoped she would find something interesting there too. "I am sure I shall". "But what a pity not to see Munich before you go. You ought to take a little holiday on your way" – he smiled – "and store up some pleasant memories". "I am afraid I could not do that", said the little governess, shaking her head, suddenly important and serious. "And also, if one is alone..." He quite understood. He bowed, serious too. They were silent after that. The train shattered on, baring its dark, flaming breast to the hills and to the valleys. It was warm in the carriage. She seemed to lean against the dark rushing and to be carried away and away. Little sounds made themselves heard; steps in the corridor, doors opening and shutting – a murmur of voices – whistling... Then the window was pricked with long needes of rain... But it did not matter... it was outside... and she had her umbrella... she pouted, sighed, opened and shut her hands once and fell fast asleep.

"Pardon! Pardon!" The sliding back of the carriage door woke her with a start. What had happened?

Someone had come in and gone out again. The old man sat in his corner, more upright than ever, his hands in the pockets of his coat, frowning heavily. "Ha! ha! ha!" came from the carriage next door. Still half asleep, she put her hands to her hair to make sure it wasn't a dream. "Disgraceful!" muttered the old man more to himself than to her. "Common, vulgar fellows! I am afraid they disturbed you, gracious Fraulein, blundering in here like that." No, not really. She was just going to wake up, and she took out her silver watch to look at the time. Half past four. A cold blue light filled the windowpanes. Now when she rubbed a place she could see bright patches of fields, a clump of white houses like mushrooms, a road "like a picture" with poplar trees on either side, a thread of river. How pretty it was! How

pretty and how different! Even those pink clouds in the sky looked foreign. It was cold, but she pretended that it was far colder and rubbed her hands together and shivered, pulling at the collar of her coat because she was so happy.

The train began to slow down. The engine gave a long shrill whistle. They were coming to a town. Taller houses, pink and yellow, glided by, fast asleep behind their green eyelids, and guarded by the poplar trees that quivered in the blue air as if on tiptoe, listening. In one house a woman opened the shutters, flung a red and white mattress across the window frame, and stood staring at the train. A pale woman with black hair and a white woolen shawl over her shoulders. More women appeared at the doors and and at the window of the sleeping houses. There came a flock of sleep. The shepherd wore a blue blouse and pointed wooden shoes. Look! Look! What flowers – and by the railway station too! Standard roses like bridesmaids' bouquets, white geraniums, waxy pink ones that you would never see out of a greenhouse at home. Slower and slower. A man with a watering can was spraying the platform.
"A-a-a-ah!" Somebody came running and waving his arms. A huge fat woman waddled through the glass doors of the station with a tray of strawberries. Oh, she was thirsty! She was very thirsty! "A-a-a-ah!" The same somebody ran back again. The train stopped.

The old man pulled his coat round him and got up, smiling at her. He murmured something she didn't quite catch, but she smiled back at him as he left the carriage. While he was away the little governess looked at herself again in the glass, shook and patted herself with the precise practical care of a girl who is old enough to travel by herself and has nobody else to assure her that she is "quite all right behind".
Thirsty and thirsty! The air tasted of water. She let down the window and the fat woman with the strawberries passed as if on purpose; holding up the tray to her. "Nein, danke", said the little governess, looking at the big berries on their gleaming leaves. "Wieviel?" she asked as the fat woman moved away. "Two marks fifty, Frulein." "Good gracious!" She came in from the window and sat down in the corner, very sobered for a minute. Half a crown! "H-o-o-o-o-o-e-e!" shrieked the train, gathering itself together to be off again. She hoped the old man wouldn't be left behind. Oh, it was delight – everything was lovely if only she hadn't been so thirsty. Where was the old man – oh, here he was – she dimpled at him as though he were an old accepted friend as he closed the door and, turning, look from under his cape a basket of the strawberries. "If Frulein would honour me by accepting these..." "What for me?" But she drew back and raised her hands as though he were about to put a wild little kitten on her lap.

"Certainly, for you", said the old man. "For myself it is twenty years since I was brave enough to eat strawberries". "Oh, thank you very much. Danke bestens", she stammered, "sie sind so sehr, schn!" "Eat them and see", said the old man looking pleased and friendly. "You won't have even one?" "No, no, no". Timidly and charmingly her hand hovered. They were so big and juicy she had to take two bites to them – the juice ran all down her fingers – and it was while she munched the berries that she first thought of the old man as a grandfather. What a perfect grandfather he would make! Just like one out of a book!

The sun came out, the pink clouds in the sky the strawberry clouds were eaten by the blue. "Are they good?" asked the old man. "As good as they look?"

When she had eaten them she felt she had known him for years. She told him about Frau Arnholdt and how she had got the place. Did he know the Hotel Grnewld? Frau Arnholdt would not arrive until the evening. He listened, listened until he knew as much about the affair as she did, until he said – not looking at her – but smoothing the palms of his brown suede gloves together: "I wonder if you would let me show you a little of Munich today. Nothing much – but just perhaps a picture gallery and the Englischer Garten. It seems such a pity that you should have to spend the day at the hotel, and also a little uncomfortable ... in a strange place. Nicht wahr? You would be back there by the early afternoon or wherever you wish, of course, and you would give an old man a great deal of pleasure".

It was not until long after she had said "Yes" – because the moment she had said it and he had thanked her he began telling her about his travels in Turkey and attar of roses – that she wondered whether she had done wrong. After all, she really did not know him. But he was so old and he had been so very kind – not to mention the strawberries... And she couldn't have explained the reason the strawberries... And she couldn't have explained the reason why she said "No", and it was her last day in a way, her last day to really enjoy herself in. "Was I wrong? Was I?" A drop of sunlight fell into her hands and lay there, warm and quivering. "If I might accompany you as far as the hotel", he suggested, "and call for you again at about ten o'clock". He took out his pocket-book and handed her a card. "Here Regierungsrat..." He had a title! Well it was bound to be all right! So after that the little governess gave herself up to the excitement of being really abroad, to looking out and reading the foreign advertisement signs, to being told about the places they came to – having her attention and enjoyment looked after by the charming old grandfather – until they reached Munich and the Hauptbahnhof. "Porter! Porter!" He found her a porter, disposed of his own luggage in a few words, guided her through the crowd out of the station down the clean white steps into the white road to the hotel. He explained who she was to the manager as though all this had been bound to happen, and then for one moment her little hand lost itself in the big brown suede ones. "I will call for you at ten o'clock". He was gone.

"This way, Frulein", said a waiter, who had been dodging behind the manager's back, all eyes and ears for the strange couple. She followed him up two flights of stairs into a dark bedroom. He dashed down her dress-basket and pulled up a clattering, dusty blind. Ugh! What an ugly, cold room – what enormous furniture! Fancy spending the day in here! "Is this the room Frau Arnholdt ordered?" asked the little governess. The waiter had a curious way of staring as if there was something funny about her. He pursed up his lips about to whistle and then changed his mind. "Gewiss", he said. Well, why didn't he go? Why did he stare so? "Gehen Sie", said the little governess with frigid English simplicity. His little eyes, like currants nearly popped out of his doughy cheeks. "Gehen Sie sofort", she repeated icily. At the door he turned. "And the gentleman", he said, "shall I show the gentleman upstairs when he comes?"

Over the white streets big while clouds fringed with silver – and sunshine everywhere. Fat, fat coachman driving fat cabs; funny women with little round hats cleaning the tramway lines; people laughing and pushing against one another; trees on both sides of the streets and everywhere you look almost immense fountains; a noise of laughing from the footpaths or the middle of the streets or the open window. And beside her more beautifully brushed than ever, with a rolled umbrella in one hand and yellow gloves instead of brown ones, her grandfather who had asked to spend the day with her. She wanted to run, she wanted to hang on his arm, she wanted to cry every minute. "Oh, I am so frightfully happy!" He guided her across the roads stood still while she "looked", and his kind eyes beamed on her and he said "just whatever you wish". She ate two white sausages and two little rolls of fresh bread at eleven o'clock in the morning and she drank some beer which he told her wasn't intoxicating wasn't at all like English beer, out of a glass like a flower vase. And then they took a cab and really she must have seen thousands and thousands of wonderful classical pictures in about a quarter of an hour! "I shall have to think them over when I am alone..." But when they came out of the picture gallery it was raining. The grandfather unfurled his umbrella and held it over the little governess. They started to walk to the restaurant for lunch. She, very close beside him so that he should have some of the umbrella, too. "It goes easier", he remarked in a detached way, "if you take my arm, Frulein. And besides it is the custom in Germany. So she took his arm and walked beside him while he quite forgot to put down the umbrella even when the rain was long over.

After lunch they went to a cafe to hear a gipsy band, but she did not like that at all. Ugh! such horrible men were there with heads like eggs and cuts on their faces, so she turned her chair and cupped her burning cheeks in her hands and watched her old friend instead... Then they went to the Englischer Carten.

"I wonder what the time is", asked the little governess. "My watch has stopped. I forgot to wind it in the train last night. We've seen such a lot of things that I feel it must be quite late". "Late!" He stopped in front of her laughing and shaking his in a way she had begun to know. "Then you had not really enjoyed yourself. Late! Why we have not had any ice cream yet!" "Oh, but I have enjoyed myself", she cried, distressed, "more than I can possibly say. It has been wonderful! Only Frau Arnholdt is to be at the hotel at six and I ought to be there by five". "So you shall. After the ice cream I shall put you into a cab and you can go there comfortably". She was happy again. The chocolate ice cream melted – melted in little sips a long way down. The shadows of the trees danced on the table cloths, and she sat with her back safely turned to the ornamental clock that pointed to twenty five minutes to seven. "Really and truly", said the little governess earnestly, "this has been the happiest day of my life. I've never even imagined such a day". In spite of the ice cream her grateful baby heart glowed with love for the fairy grandfather.

So, they walked out of the garden down a long alley. The day was nearly over. "You see those big buildings opposite", said the old man. "The third storey – that is where I live. I and the old housekeeper who looks after me". She was very interested. "Now just before I find a cab for you, will you come and see my little "home" and let me give you a bottle of the attar of roses I told you about in the train?

For remembrance?" She would love to. "I've never seen a bachelor's flat in my life", laughed the little governess.

The passage was quite dark. "Ah, I suppose my old woman has gone out to buy me a chicken. One moment." He opened a door and stood aside for her to pass, a little shy but curious, into a strange room. She did not know quite what to say. It wasn't pretty. In a way it was very ugly but neat, and she supposed, comfortable for such an old man... "Well, what do you think of it?" He knelt down and took from a cupboard a round tray with two pink glasses and a tall pink bottle. "Two little bedrooms beyond", he said gaily, "and a kitchen. It's enough, eh?" "Oh, guite enough". "And if ever you should be in Munich and care to spend a day or two – why there is always a little nest – a wing of a chicken and a salad, and an old man delighted to be your host once more and many many times, dear little Frulein!" He took the copper out of the bottle, and poured some wine into the two pink glasses. His hand shook and the wine spilled over the tray. It was very quiet in the room. She said, "I think I ought to go now". "But you will have a tiny glass of wine with me – just one before you go?" said the old man. "No, really no. I never drink wine. I – I have promised never to touch wine or anything like that". And though he pleaded and though she felt dreadfully rude, especially when he seemed to take it to heart so, she was quite determined. "No, really please". "Well, will you just sit down on the sofa for five minutes and let me drink your health?" The little governess sat down on the edge of the red velvet couch and he sat down beside her and drank her health at a gulp. "Have you really been happy today?" asked the old man, turning round, so close beside her that she felt his knee twitching. "And are you going to give me one little kiss before you go?" he asked, drawing her closer still.

It was a dream! It wasn't true! It wasn't the same old man at all. Ah, how horrible! The little governess stared at him in terror. "No, no, no!" she stammered, struggling out of his hands. "One little kiss. A kiss. What is it? Just a kiss, dear little Frulein. A kiss". He pushed his face forward, his lips smiling broadly; and how his little blue eyes gleamed behind the spectacles! "Never-never. How can you!" She sprang up, but he was too quick and he held her against the wall, pressed against her his hard old body and his twitching knee and though she shook her head from side to side, distracted, kissed her on the mouth. On the mouth! Where not a soul who wasn't a near relation had ever kissed her before...

She ran, ran down the street until she found a broad road with tram lines and a policeman standing in the middle like a clockwork doll. "I want to get a tram to the Hauptbahnof", sobbed the little governess. "Frulein?" She swung her hands at him. "The Hauptbahnhof." "There – there's one now", and while he watched very much surprised, the little girl with her hat on one side, crying without a handkerchief, sprang on to the tram – not seeing the conductor's eyebrows, nor hearing the hochwohlgebildete Dame talking her over with a scandalized friend. She rocked herself and cried out loud and said "Ah, ah!" pressing her hands to her mouth. "She has been to the dentist," shrilled a fat old woman too stupid to be uncharitable. "Na, sagensie mal, what toothache! The child hasn't one left in her mouth. While the tram swung and jangled through a world full of old men with twitching knees.

When the little governess reached the hall of the Hotel Grnewald the same waiter who had come into her room in the morning was standing by a table, polishing a tray of glasses. The sight of the little governess seemed to fill him out with some inexplicable important content. He was ready for her question, his answer came pat and suave. "Yes, Frulein, the lady has been here. I told her that you had arrived and gone out again immediately with a gentleman. She asked me when you were coming back again – but of course I could not say. And then she went to the manager". He took up a glass from the table, held it up to the light, looked at it with one eye closed, and started polishing it with a corner of his apron". "...?" "Pardon, Fraulein? Ach, no Fraulein. The manager could tell her nothing-nothing". "He shook his head and smiled at her brilliant glass. "Where is the lady now?" asked the little governess shuddering so violently that she had to hold her handkerchief up to her mouth. "How should I know?" cried the waiter and as he swooped past her to pounce upon a new arrival his heart beat so hard against his ribs that he nearly chuckled aloud. "That's it! That's it!" he thought. "That will show her. "And as he swung the new arrival's box on his shoulders – hoop! – as though he were a giant and the box a feather, he minced over again the little governess's words. "Gehen Sie. Gehen Sie sofort. Shall I! Shall I" he shouted to himself.

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key-sentences according to the logic of the story:

1. How spick and span he looked for an old man.
2. The waiter had a curious way of staring as if there was something funny about her.
3. It's better to mistrust people at first than trust them.
4. She had scarcely answered when he pounced on her dress-basket.
5. "You ought to take a little holiday on your way" – he smiled – "and store up some pleasant memories."
6. He was ready for her question, his answer came pat and suave.
7. She ran, ran down the street until she found a broad road with tram lines and a policeman standing in the middle like a clockwork doll.
8. He put his thumb nail under the label Dames Seules and tore it off and then stood aside squinting at her...
9. When she had eaten them she felt she had known him for years.
10. Frau Arnholdt is to be at the hotel at six and I ought to be there by five.

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. What did the girl travel to Germany for?
   a) for pleasure
   b) to get a position of a governess
   c) to her relatives
2. How did the woman at the Governess Bureau advise her to get to Munich?
   a) to take an evening boat and a night train to Munich
   b) to avoid travelling at night
   c) to take a daytime train for safety
3. Why was the porter angry with the girl?

a) because she paid him little
b) because she didn't want to hire him
c) because she insulted him

4. How did the porter take his revenge on the girl?
a) didn't carry her luggage further on
b) tore the label "For Ladies only" off the compartment the girl was in
c) scolded her

5. How did the girl feel in the company of an old gentleman in the compartment?
a) was afraid of him
b) liked him and trusted him
c) was doubtful about his intentions

6. Why did the girl let the old gentleman show her around the city?
a) trusted him fully and wanted to see Munich
b) wanted to get to know the gentleman better
c) felt lonely

7. Why did the old man spend much of his time and money on the girl ?
a) fell in love with her
b) treated her grandfatherly
c) had dirty intentions

8. When did the girl get aware of the old man's real intentions towards her?
a) when he kissed her on the lips
b) when he invited her to his place
c) when he offered to accompany her to the hotel

9. Why was the waiter rude with the girl?
a) despised her
b) thought her to be of no importance
c) was in a bad mood

10. Why did the girl lose the place of a governess?
a) the girl decided to stay with the old man in Munich
b) she decided to return to England
c) because the lady who had come to take her was gone

III. Finish the following sentences according to the contents:

1. When the girl stepped off the boat...
2. She was sure that the man who pounced on her dress-basket...
3. The train started and in a moment the girl saw...
4. The girl hesitated whether she...
5. After reading the old man's card...
6. The waiter was all eyes and ears for...
7. The little governess and the old man spent the day...
8. The girl was to be at the hotel by 5 o'clock because...
9. The governess couldn't come to the hotel in time...
10. The little governess was horrified to learn...

IV. Give facts to prove:

1. The little governess was very unexperienced.
2. The old man was really nice to look at.
3. The old man ruined the girl's career.

V. Arrange the on-going adjectives in columns under the names of the characters of the little governess, the old man:

evil, cunning, pretty, noble, dishonest, shy, courteous,
kind, generous, repulsive, attractive, lusty, innocent,
unsophisticated, simple-hearted.

VI. Pick out the key-sentences describing:
1) the main events
2) the relationship between the little governess and the old man.

VII. Put the key-questions to the story.

"UNLIGHTED LAMPS"
By Sh. Anderson.
NEW VOCABULARY

to take possession of
to take a (strong) fascination for
to be due to smth
before (in) smb's mind's eye
to be down and out
to sweep over smb: A great new love for her father swept over her.
to tear oneself loose
to be deeply stirred
to spare oneself some feeling: He would tell the whole story
of his marriage and its failure sparing himself no humiliation.

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of the sentence.
2. Read the on-going text and pick out the most essential information concerning the character of Mary Cochran.
3. Read the text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why did Doctor Lester Cochran and Ellen part?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

Mary Cochran went out of the rooms where she lived with her father, Doctor Lester Cochran, at seven o'clock on a Sunday evening. It was June of the year ninteen hundred and eight and Mary was eighteen years old. She walked along Tremont to Main Street and across the railroad tracks to Upper Main, lined with

small shops and shoddy houses a rather quiet cheerless place on Sunday when there were few people about. She had told her father she was going to church but did not intend doing anything of the kind. She did not know what she wanted to do. "I'll get off by myself and think", she told herself as she walked slowly along. The night she thought promised to be too fine to be spent sitting in stuffy church and hearing a man talk of things that had apparently nothing to do with her own problem. Her own affairs were approaching a crisis and it was time for her to begin thinking seriously of her future.

The thoughtful serious state of mind in which Mary found herself had been induced in her by a conversation she had with her father on the evening before without any preliminary talk, and quite suddenly and abruptly he had told her that he was a victim of heart disease and might die at any moment. He had made the announcement as they stood together in the Doctor's office, back of which were the rooms in which the father and daughter lived.

It was growing dark outside when she came into the office and found him sitting alone. The office and living rooms were on the second floor of an old frame building in the town of Huntersburg, Illinois, and as the Doctor talked he stood beside his daughter near one of the windows that looked down into Tremont Street. The hushed murmur of the town's Saturday night life went on in Main Street just around a corner, and the evening train, bound to Chicago fifty miles to the east, had just passed. The hotel bus came ratting out of Lincoln street and went through Tremont toward the hotel on Lower Main a cloud of dust kicked up by the horses' hoofs floated on the quiet air. A straggling group of people followed the bus and the row of hitching posts on Tremont Street was already lined with buggies in which farmers and their wives had driven into town for the evening of shopping and gossip.

As the Doctor began to speak Barney Smithfield, who owned a livery barn that opened into Tremont Street directly opposite the building in which the Cochrans lived, came back to his place of business from his evening meal. He stopped to tell a story to a group of men gathered before the barn door and a shout of laughter arose. One of the loungers in the street, a strongly built young man in a checkered suit, stepped away from the other and stood before the liveryman. Having seen Mary he was trying to attract her attention. He also began to tell a story and as he talked he gesticulated, waved his arm sand from time to time looked over his shoulder to see if the girl still stood by the window and she was watching.

Doctor Cochran had told his daughter of his approaching death in a cold quiet voice. To the girl it had seemed that everything concerning her father must be cold and quiet. "I have a disease of the heart," he said flatly, "have long suspected there was something of the sort the matter with me and on Thursday when I went into Chicago I had myself examined. The truth is I may die at any moment. I would not tell you but for one reason – I will leave little money and you must be making plans for the future."

The Doctor stepped near the window where his daughter stood with her hand on the frame. The announcement had made her a little pale and her hand trembled. In spite of his apparent coldness he was touched and wanted to reassure her. "There

now," he said hesitatingly, "it'll likely be all right after all. Don't worry. I haven't been a doctor for thirty years without knowing there's a great deal of nonsense about these pronouncements on the part of experts. In a matter like this, that is to say when a man has a disease of the heart, he may putter about for years." He laughed uncomfortably. "I've even heard it said that the best way to insure a long life is to contract a disease of the heart."

With these words the Doctor had turned and walked out of his office, going down a wooden stairway to the street. He had wanted to put his arm about his daughter's shoulder as he talked to her, but never having shown any feeling in his relations with her could not sufficiently release some tight thing in himself.

Mary had stood for a long time looking down into the street. The young man in the checkered suit, whose name was Duke Yetter, had finished telling his tale and a shout of laughter arose. She turned to look toward the door through which her father had passed and dread took possession of her. In all her life there had never been anything warm and with a quick girlish gesture passed her hand over her eyes.

The gesture was but an expression of a desire to brush away the cloud of fear that had settled down upon her but it was misinterpreted by Duke Yetter who now stood a little apart from the other men before the livery barn. When he saw Mary's hand go up he smiled and turning quickly to be sure he was unobserved began jerking his head and making motions with his hand as a sign that he wished her to come down into the street where he would have an opportunity to join her.

On the Sunday evening Mary, having walked through Upper Main, turned into Wilmott, a street of workmen's houses. During that year the first sign of the march of factories westward from Chicago into the prairie towns had come to Huntersburg. A Chicago manufacturer of furniture had built a plant in the Sleepy little farming town, hoping thus to escape the labor organizations that had begun to give him trouble in the city. At the upper end of town, in Wilmott, Swift, Harrison and Chestnut Streets and in cheap, badly-constructed frame houses, most of the factory workers lived. On the warm summer evening they were gathered on the porches at the front of the houses and a mob of children played in the dusty streets. Red-faced men in white shirts and without collars and coats slept in chairs or lay sprawled on strips of grass or on the hard earth before the doors of the houses.

The laborers' wives had gathered in groups and stood gossiping by the fences that separated the yards. Occasionally the voice of one of the women arose sharp and distinct above the steady flow of voices that ran like a murmuring river through the hot little streets. In the roadway two children had got into a fight. A thick-shouldered red-haired boy struck another boy who had a pale sharp-featured face, a blow on the shoulder. Other children came running. The mother of the red-haired boy brought the promised fight to an end. "Stop it Johnny, I tell you to stop it. I'll break your neck if you don't," the woman screamed.

The pale boy turned and walked away from his antagonist. As he went slinking along the sidewalk past Mary Cochran his sharp little eyes, burning with hatred, looked up at her.

Mary went quickly along. The strange new part of her native town with the hubbub of life always stirring and asserting itself had a strong fascination for her.

There was something dark and resentful in her own nature that made her feel at home in the crowded place where life carried itself off darkly, with a blow and an oath. The habitual silence of her father and the mystery concerning the unhappy married life of her father and mother, that had affected the attitude toward her of the people of the town, had made her own life a lonely one and had encouraged in her a rather dogged determination to in some way think her own way through the things of life she could not understand.

And back of Mary's thinking there was an intense curiosity and a courageous determination toward adventure. She was like a little animal of the forest that has been robbed of its mother by the gun of a sportsman and has been driven by hunger to go forth and seek food. Twenty times during the year she had walked alone in the evening in the new and fast growing factory district of her town. She was eighteen and had begun to look like a woman, and she felt that other girls of the town of her own age would not have dared to walk in such a place alone. The feeling made her somewhat proud and as she went along she looked boldly about...

Among the workers in Wilmott Street, men and women who had been brought to town by the furniture manufacturer, were many who spoke in foreign tongues Mary walked among them and liked the sound of the strange voices. To be in the street made her feel that she had gone out of her town and on a voyage into a strange land. In Lower Main Street or in the residence streets in the eastern part of town where lived the young men and women she had always known and where lived also the merchants, the clerks, the lawyers and the more well-to-do American workmen of Huntersburg, she felt always a secret antagonism to herself. The antagonism was not due to anything in her own character. She was sure of that. She had kept so much to herself that she was in fact but little known. "It is because I am the daughter of my mother," she told herself and did not walk often in the park of town where other girls of her class lived.

Mary had been so often in Wilmott Street that many of the people had begun to feel acquainted with her. "She is the daughter of some farmer and has got into the habit of walking into town," they said. A red-haired, broad-hipped woman who came out at the front door of one of the houses nodded to her. On a narrow strip of grass beside another house sat a young man with his back against a tree. He was smoking a pipe, but when he looked up and saw her he took the pipe from his mouth. She decided he must be an Italian, his hair and eyes were so black. "He bella! si fai un onore a passare di qua," he called waving his hand and smiling.

Mary went to the end of Wilmott Street and came out upon a country road. It seemed to her that a long time must have passed since she left her father's presence although the walk had in fact occupied but a few minutes. By the side of the road and on top of a small hill there was a ruined barn and before the barn a great hole filled with the charred timbers of what had once been a farm-house. A pile of stones lay beside the hole and these were covered with creeping vines. Between the site of the house and the barn there was an old orchard in which grew a mass of tangled weeds.

Pushing her way in among the weeds, many of which were covered with blossoms, Mary found herself a seat on a rock that had been rolled against the trunk of an old apple tree. The weeds half concealed her and from the road only her head

was visible. Buried away thus in the weeds she looked like a quail that runs in the tall grass and that on hearing some unusual sound, stops, throws up its head and looks sharply about.

The doctor's daughter had been to the decayed old orchard many times before. At the foot of the hill on which it stood the streets of the town began, and as she sat on the rock she could hear faint shouts and cries coming out of Wilmott street. A hedge separated the orchard from the fields on the hillside. Mary intended to sit by the tree until darkness came creeping over the land and to try to think out some plan regarding her future. The notion that her father was soon to die seemed both true and untrue, but her mind was unable to take hold of the thought of him as physically dead. For the moment death in relation to her further did not take the form of a cold inanimate body that was to be buried in the ground, instead it seemed to her that her father was not to die but to go away somewhere on a journey. Long ago her mother had done that. There was a strange hesitating sense of relief in the thought. "Well," she told herself, "when the time comes I also shall be setting out, I shall get out of here and into the world." On several occasions Mary had gone to spend a day with her father in Chicago, and she was fascinated by the thought that soon she might be going there to live. Before her mind's eye floated a vision of long streets filled with thousands of people all strangers to herself. To go into such streets and to live her life among strangers would be like coming out of a waterless desert and into a cool forest carpeted with tender young grass.

In Huntersburg she had always lived under a cloud and now she was becoming a woman and the close stuffy atmosphere she had always breathed was becoming constantly more and more oppressive. It was true no irect question had ever been raised touching her own standing in the community life, but she felt that a kind of prejudice against her existed while she was still a baby there had been a scandal involving her father and mother. The town of Huntersburg had rocked with it and when she was a child people had sometimes looked at her with mocking sympathetic eyes. "Poor child! It's too bad," they said. Once, on a cloudy summer evening when her father had driven off to the country and she sat alone in the darkness by his office window, she heard a man and woman in the street mention her name. The couple stumbled along in the darkness on the sidewalk below the office window. "That daughter of Doc Cochran's is a nice girl," said the man. The woman laughed. "She's growing up and attracting men's attention now. Better keep your eyes in your head. She'll turn out bad-like mother, like daughter," the woman replied.

For ten or fifteen minutes Mary sat on the stone beneath the tree in the orchard and thought of the attitude of the town toward herself and her father. "It should have drawn us together," she told herself, and wondered if the approach of death would do what the cloud that had for years hung over them had not done. It did not at the moment seem to her cruel that the figure of death may soon visit her father. In a way Death had become for her and for the time a lovely and gracious figure intent upon good. The hand of death was to open the door out of her father's house and into life. With the cruelty of youth she thought first of the adventurous possibilities of the new life.

Mary sat very still. In the long weeds the insects that had been disturbed in their evening song began to sing again. A robin flew into the tree beneath which she sat and struck a clear sharp note of alarm. The voices of people in the town's new factory came softly up the hillside. They were like bells of distant cathedrals calling people to worship. Something within the girl's breast seemed to break and putting her head into her hands she rocked slowly back and forth. Tears came accompanied by a warm tender impulse toward the living men and women of Huntersburg.

And then from the road came a call. "Hello there kid," shouted a voice, and Mary sprang quickly to her feet. Her mellow mood passed like a puff of wind and in its place hot anger came.

In the road stood Duke Yetter who from his loafing place before the livery barn had seen her set out for the Sunday evening walk and had followed. When she went through Upper Main Street and into the new factory district he was sure of his conquest. "She doesn't want to be seen walking with me," he had told himself, "that's all right. She knows well enough I'll follow but doesn't want me to put in an appearance until she is well out of sight of her friends. She's a little stuck up and needs to be brought down a peg, but what do I care? She's gone out of her way to give me this chance and maybe she's only afraid of her dad."

Duke climbed the little incline out of the road and came into the orchard, but when he reached the pile of stones covered by vines he stumbled and fell. He arose and laughed. Mary had not waited for him to reach her but had started toward him, and when his laugh broke the silence that lay over the orchard she sprang forward and with her open hand struck him a sharp blow on the cheek. Then she turned and as he stood with his feet tangled in the vines ran out to the road. "If you follow or speak to me I'll get someone to kill you," she shouted.

Mary walked along the road and down the hill toward Wilmott Street. Broken bits of the story concerning her mother that had for years circulated in town had reached her ears. Her mother, it was said, had disappeared on a summer night long ago and a young town rough, who had been in the habit of loitering before Barney Smithfield's Livery Barn, had gone away with her. Now another young rough was trying to make up to her. The thought made her furious.

Her mind groped about striving to lay hold of some weapon with which she could strike a more telling blow at Duke Yetter. In desperation it lit upon the figure of her father already broken in health and now about to die. "My father just wants the chance to kill some such fellow as you", she shouted, turning to face the young man, who having got clear of the mass of vines in the orchard, had followed her into the road. "My father just wants to kill someone of the lies that have been told in this town about mother."

Having given way to the impulse to threaten Duke Yetter Mary was instantly ashamed of her outburst and walked rapidly along, the tears running from her eyes. With hanging head Duke walked at her heels. "I didn't mean no harm, Miss Cochran," he pleaded. "I didn't mean no harm. Don't tell your father. I was only funning with you. I tell you I didn't mean no harm."

The light of the summer evening had begun to fall and the faces of the people made soft little ovals of light as they stood grouped under the dark porches or by the

fences in Wilmott Street. The voices of the children had become subdued and they also stood in groups. They became silent as Mary passed and stood with upturned faces and staring eyes. "The lady doesn't live very far. She must be almost a neighbor," she heard a woman's voice saying in English. When she turned her head she saw only a crowd of dark-skinned men standing before a house. From within the house came the sound of a woman's voice singing a child to sleep.

The young Italian, who had called to her earlier in the evening and who was now apparently setting out of his own Sunday evening's adventures came along the sidewalk and walked quickly away into the darkness. He had dressed himself in his Sunday clothes and had put on a black derby hat and a stiff white collar, set off by a red necktie. The shining whiteness of the collar made his brown skin look almost black. He smiled boyishly and raised his hat awkwardly but did not speak.

Mary kept looking back along the street to be sure Duke Yetter had not followed but in the dim light could see nothing of him. Her angry excited mood went away.

She did not want to go home and decided it was too late to go to church. From Upper Main Street there was a short street that ran eastward and fell rather sharply down a hillside to a creek and a bridge that marked the end of the town's growth in that direction. She went down along the street to the bridge and stood in the failing light watching two boys who were fishing in the creek.

A broad-shouldered man dressed in rough clothes came down along the street and stopping on the bridge spoke to her. It was the first time she had ever heard a citizen of her home town speak with feeling of her father "You are Doctor Cochran's daughter?" he asked hesitatingly. "I guess you don't know who I am but your father does." He pointed toward the two boys who sat with fishpoles in their hands on the weed-grown bank of the creek "Those are my boys and I have four other children," he explained. "There is another boy and I have three girls. One of my daughters has a job in a store. She is as old as yourself". The man explained his relations with Doctor Cochran. He had been a farm laborer, he said, and had but recently moved to town to work in the furniture factory. During the previous winter he had been ill for a long time and had no money while he lay in bed one of his boys fell out of a barn loft and there was a terrible cut in his head.

"Your father came every day to see us and he sewed up my Tom's head." The laborer turned away from Mary and stood with his cap in his hand looking toward the boys. "I was down and out and your father not only took care of me and the boys but he gave my old woman money to buy the things we had to have from the stores in town here, groceries and medicines." The man spoke in such low tones that Mary had to lean forward to hear his words. Her face almost touched the laborer's shoulder. "Your father is a good man and I don't think he is very happy," he went on. "The boy and I got well and I got work here in town but he wouldn't take any money from me. You know how to live with your children and with your wife. You know how to make them happy. Keep your money and spend it on them, that's what he said to me."

The laborer went on across the bridge and along the creek bank toward the spot where his two sons sat fishing and Mary leaned on the railing of the bridge and looked at the slow moving water. It was almost black in the shadows under the

bridge and she thought that it was thus her father's life had been lived. "It has been like a stream running always in shadows and never coming out into the sunlight," she thought, and fear that her own life would run on in darkness gripped her. A great new love for her father swept over her and in fancy she felt his arms about her. As a child she had continually dreamed of caresses received at her father's hands and now the dream came back. For a long time she stood looking at the stream and she resolved that the night should not pass without an effort on her part to make the old dream come true. When she again looked up the laborer had built a little fire of sticks at the edge of the stream. "We catch bullheads here," he called. "The light of the fire draws them close to the shore. If you want to come and try your hand at fishing the boys will lend you one of the poles".

"Oh, I thank you, I won't do it tonight," Mary said, and then fearing she might suddenly begin weeping and that if the man spoke to her again she would find herself unable to answer, she hurried away. "Good bye!" shouted the man and the two boys. The words came quite spontaneously out of the three throats and created a sharp trumpet-like effect that rang like a glad cry across the heaviness of her mood.

When his daughter Mary went out for her evening walk Doctor Cochran sat for an hour alone in his office. It began to grow dark and the men who all afternoon had been sitting on chairs and boxes before the livery barn across the street went home for the evening meal. The noise of voices grew faint and sometimes for five or ten minutes there was silence. Then from some distant street came a child's cry. Presently church bells began to ring.

The Doctor was not a very neat man and sometimes for several days he forgot to shave. With a long hand he stroked his half grown beard. His illness had struck deeper than he had admitted even to himself and his mind had an inclination to float out of his body often when he sat thus his hands lay in his lap and he looked at them with a child's absorption. It seemed to him they must belong to someone else. He grew philosophic. "It's an odd thing about my body. Here I've lived in it all these years and how little use I have had of it. Now it's going to die and decay never having been used. I wonder why it did not get another tenant." He smiled sadly over this fancy but went on with it. "Well I've had thoughts enough concerning people and I've had the use of these lips and a tongue but I've let them lie idle when my Ellen was here living with me I let her think me cold and unfeeling while something within me was straining and straining trying to tear itself loose."

He remembered how often, as a young man, he had sat in the evening in silence beside his wife in this same office and how his hands had ached to reach across the narrow space that separated them and touch her hands, her face, her hair.

Well, everyone in town had predicated his marriage would turn out badly! His wife had been an actress with a company that came to Huntersburg and got stranded there. At the same time the girl became ill and had no money to pay for her room at the hotel. The young doctor had attended to that and when the girl was convalescent took her to ride about the country in his buggy. Her life had been a hard one and the notion of leading a quiet existence in the little town appealed to her.

And then after the marriage and after the child was born she had suddenly found herself unable to go on living with the silent cold man. There had been a story of her

having run away with a young sport, the son of a saloon keeper who had disappeared from town at the same time, but the story was untrue. Lester Cochran had himself taken her to Chicago where he got work with a company going into the far western states. Then he had taken her to the door of her hotel, had put money into her hands and in silence and without even a farewell kiss had turned and walked away.

The Doctor sat in his office living over that moment and other intense moments when he had been deeply stirred and had been on the surface so cool and quiet. He wondered if the woman had known. How many times he had asked himself that question. After he left her that night at the hotel door she never wrote. "Perhaps she is dead," he thought for the thousandth time.

A thing happened that had been happening at odd moments for more than a year. In Doctor Cochran's mind the remembered figure of his wife became confused with the figure of his daughter. When at such moments he tried to separate the two figures to make them stand out distinct from each other, he was unsuccessful. Turning his head slightly he imagined he saw a white girlish figure coming through a door out of the rooms in which he and his daughter lived. The door was painted white and swung slowly in a light breeze that came in at an open window. The wind ran softly and quietly through the room and played over some papers lying on a desk in a corner. There was a soft swishing sound as of a woman's skirts. The doctor arose and stood trembling "Which is it? Is it you Mary or is it Ellen?" he asked huskily.

On the stairway leading up from the street there was the sound of heavy feet and the outer door opened. The doctor's weak heart fluttered and he dropped heavily back into his chair.

A man came into the room. He was a farmer, one of the doctor's patients, and coming to the centre of the room he struck a match, held it above his head and shouted. "Hello!" he called. When the doctor arose from his chair and answered he was so startled that the match fell from his hand and lay burning faintly at his feet.

The young farmer had sturdy legs that were like two pillars of stone supporting a heavy building, and the little flame of the match that burned and fluttered in the light breeze on the floor between his feet threw dancing shadows along the walls of the room. The doctor's confused mind refused to clear itself of his fancies that now began to feed upon this new situation.

He forgot the presence of the farmer and his mind raced back over his life as a married man. The flickering light on the wall recalled another dancing light. One afternoon in the summer during the first year after his marriage his wife Ellen had driven with him into the country. They were then furnishing their rooms and at a farmer's house Ellen had seen an old mirror, no longer in use, standing against a wall in a shed. Because of something quaint in the design the mirror had taken her fancy and the farmer's wife had given it to her. On the drive home the young wife had told her husband of her pregnancy and the doctor had been stirred as never before. He sat holding the mirror on his knees while his wife drove and when she announced the coming of the child she looked away across the fields.

How deeply etched, that scene in the sick man's mind!

The sun was going down over young corn and oat fields beside the road. The prairie land was black and occasionally the road ran through short lanes of trees that also looked black in the waning light.

The mirror on his knees caught the rays of the departing sun and sent a great ball of golden light dancing across the fields and among the branches of trees. Now as he stood in the presence of the farmer and as the little light from the burning match on the floor recalled that other evening of dancing lights, he thought he understood the failure of his marriage and of his life. On that evening long ago when Ellen had told him of the coming of the great adventure of their marriage he had remained silent because he had thought no words he could utter would express what he felt. There had been a defense for himself built up. "I told myself she should have understood without words and I've all my life been telling myself the same thing about Mary. I've been a fool and a coward. I've always been silent because I've been afraid of expressing myself like a blundering fool. I've been a proud man and a coward.

"Tonight I'll do it. If it kills me I'll make myself talk to the girl," he said aloud, his mind coming back to the figure of his daughter.

"Hey! What's that?" asked the farmer who stood with his hat in his hand waiting to tell of his mission.

The doctor got his horse from Barney Smithfield's livery and drove off to the country to attend the farmer's wife who was about to give birth to her first child. She was a slender narrow-hipped woman and the child was large, but the doctor was feverishly strong. He worked desperately and the woman, who was frightened, groaned and struggled. Her husband kept coming in and going out of the room and two neighbor-women appeared and stood silently about waiting to be of service. It was past ten o'clock when everything was done and the doctor was ready to depart for town.

The farmer hitched his horse and brought it to the door and the doctor drove off feeling strangely weak and at the same time strong. How simple now seemed the thing he had got to do. Perhaps when he got home his daughter would have gone to bed but he would ask her to get up and come into the office. Then he would tell the whole story of his marriage and its failure sparing himself no humiliation. "There was something very dear and beautiful in my Ellen and I must make Mary understand that. It will help her to be a beautiful woman," he thought, full of confidence in the strenght of his resolution.

He got to the door of the livery barn at eleven o'clock and Barney Smithfield with young Dike Yetter and two other men sat talking there. The liveryman took his horse away into the darkness of the barn and the doctor, stood for a moment leaning against the wall of the building. The town's night watchman stood with the group by the barn door and a quarrel broke out between him and Duke Yetter, but the doctor did not hear the hot words that flew back and forth or Duke's loud laughter at the night watchman's anger. A queer hesitating mood had taken possession of him. There was something he passionately desired to do but could not remember. Did it have to do with his wife Ellen or Mary his daughter? The figures of the two women were again confused in his mind and to add to the confusion there was a third figure, that of the woman he had just assisted through child birth. Everything was confusion. He

started across the street toward the entrance of the stairway leading to his office and then stopped in the road and stared about Barney Smithfield having returned from putting his horse in the stall shut the door of the barn.

Mary sat by a window in the doctor's office awaiting his return. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she was unconscious of the voice of Duke Yetter talking with the men in the street.

When Duke had come into the street the hot anger of the early part of the evening had returned and she again saw him advancing toward her in the orchard with the look of arrogant male confidence in his eyes but presently she forgot him and thought only of her father. An incident of her childhood returned to haunt her. One afternoon in the month of May when she was fifteen her father had asked her to accompany him on an evening drive into the country. The doctor went to visit a sick woman at a farmhouse five miles from and as there had been a great deal of rain the roads were heavy. It was dark when they reached the farmer's house and they went into the kitchen and ate cold food off a kitchen table. For some reason her father had on that evening, appeared boyish and almost gay. On the road he had talked a little. Even at that early age Mary had grown tall and her figure was becoming womanly. After the cold supper in the farm kitchen he walked with her around the house and she sat on a narrow porch. For a moment her father stood before her. He put his hands into his trouser pockets and throwing back his head laughed almost heartily. "It seems strange to think you will soon be a woman," he said. "When you do become a woman what do you suppose is going to happen, eh? What kind of a life will you lead? What will happen to you?"

The doctor sat on the porch beside the child and for a moment she had thought he was about to put his arm around her. Then he jumped up and went into the house leaving her to sit alone in the darkness.

As she remembered the incident Mary remembered also that on that evening of her childhood, she had met her father's advances in silence. It seemed to her that she, not her father, was to blame for the life they had led together. The farm laborer she had met on the bridge had not felt her father's coldness. That was because he had himself been warm and generous in his attitude toward the man who had cared for him in his house of sickness and misfortune. Her father had said that the laborer knew how to be a father and Mary remembered with what warmth the two boys fishing by the creek had called to her as she went away into the darkness. "Their father has known how to be a father because his children have known how to give themselves," she thought guiltily. She also would give herself. Before the night had passed she would do that. On that evening long ago and as she rode home beside her father he had made another unsuccessful effort to break through the wall that separated them. The heavy rains had swollen the streams they had to cross when they had almost reached town he had stopped the horse on a wooden bridge. The horse danced nervously about and her father held the reins firmly and occasionally spoke to him. Beneath the bridge the swollen stream made a great roaring sound and beside the road in a long flat field there was a lake of flood water. At that moment the moon had come out from behind clouds and the wind that blew across the water made little waves. The lake of flood water was covered with dancing lights. "I'm going to tell

you about your mother and myself," her father said huskily, but at that moment the timbres of the bridge began to crack dangerously and the horse plunged forward. When her father had regained control of the frightened beast they were in the streets of the town and his diffident silent nature had reasserted itself.

Mary sat in the darkness by the office window and saw her father drive into street. When his horse had been put away he did not, as was his custom, come at once up the stairway to the office but lingered in the darkness before the barn door. Once he started to cross the street and then returned into the darkness.

It was Duke Yetter who carried the dead man up the stairs and laid him on a bed in one of the rooms back of the office. One of the men who had been sitting with him before the door of the barn followed lifting his hands and dropping them nervously. Between his fingers he held a forgotten cigarette the light from which danced up and down in the darkness.

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key-sentences according to the logic of the story:

1. A broad-shouldered man dressed in rough clothes came down along the street and stopping on the bridge spoke to her.
2. Mary decided to break through the wall that separated them before the night had passed.
3. Mary Cochran went out of the rooms where she lived with her father, Doctor Lester Cochran, at seven o'clock on a Sunday evening.
4. It was Duke Yetter who carried the dead man up the stairs and laid him on a bed in one of the rooms back of the office.
5. Doctor Cochran had told his daughter of his approaching death in a cold quiet voice.
6. Lester Cochran had himself taken his wife to Chicago where she got work with a company going into the far western states.

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. Why did Mary intend to sit by the tree until darkness came?
   a) she liked to be alone
   b) she was waiting for Barney Smithfield
   c) she wanted to try to think out some plan regarding her future
2. Why did she like to walk in the new factory district of Huntersburg?
   a) she had many friends in that part of the town
   b) she felt at home in that crowded place
   c) she liked meeting new people and speaking with them
3. What did Mary learn about her mother?
   a) she was killed in an accident
   b) she ran away with a young man
   c) she married another man
4. How did Mary's father and mother part?
   a) he took her to the door of her hotel, put money into her hands and walked away
   b) they quarelled and she went away

c) she left him, running away with a young man

5. How did the doctor account for the failure of his marriage?
   a) he was too selfish
   b) she didn't trust him
   c) he had always been silent being afraid to express himself
6. Why didn't the doctor tell Mary everything?
   a) he didn't dare do it
   b) he died
   c) he decided to postpone the talk with Mary

III. Finish the following sentences according to the contents:

1. During that year the first sign of the march of factories...
2. The strange new part of her native town with the hubbub of life always stirring had...
3. Scarcely had Mary come to the decayed old orchard and sat on the rock ...
4. Her mother, it was said, had disappeared...
5. Doctor Lester regretted...
6. After visiting the doctor Lester Cochran realized...
7. On that evening long ago Mary rode home beside her father who...
8. One of the men who had been sitting with him before the door of the barn...

IV. Give facts to prove the following:

1. Doctor Lester Cochran was a kind and generous man.
2. Mary loved her father but couldn't break the wall that separated them.
3. Doctor Lester regreted to have lost his wife.

V. Arrange the on-going adjectives in columns under the names of the characters of Mary and Doctor Cochran

sensitive, kind, adventurous, lonely, reserved,
generous, naive, cowardly, well-wishing, silent

VI. Pick out all the essential information concerning the character of Mary and her father.

VII. Pick up the key-sentences describing:

1) the main events
2) the relations between Doctor Cochran and his daughter.

VIII. Put the key-questions to the story.

IX. Make up an outline of the story. Choose your preference among the given variants:

1) noun
2) sentence
3) question.

"THE LITTLE WIFE"
By W. Maich

NEW VOCABULARY

to anticipate smth
to play a joke on smb
to break the date (promise, engagement etc.)
A quick panic gripped his heart.
to kid smb

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of the sentence.
2. Read the on-going text and pick out the most essential information concerning the character of Joe Hinckley.
3. Read the text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why did Joe Hinckley tear the telegram without reading it?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

Joe Hinckley selected a seat on the shady side of the train and carefully stowed away his travelling bag and his heavy, black catalogue case. It was unusually hot for early June. "If it's as hot as this in June, it sure will be awful in August", he thought. He looked at his watch: 2.28 – the train was five minutes late in getting out. If he had known the 2.23 was going to be late he might have had time to pack his sample trunk and get it to the station, but he couldn't have anticipated that, of course. He had had so little time after getting that telegram from Mrs. Thompkins: barely time to pack his bag and check out of the hotel. Joe loosened his belt and swabbed his neck with a limp handkerchief. "It doesn't matter so much about the trunk", he thought; "one of the boys at the hotel can express it to me, or I can pick it up on my way back".

Joe noticed that one end of his catalogue case protruded slightly. With his foot he shoved it farther under the seat. It was a battered, black case, made strongly to withstand constant travelling, and re-enforced at its corners with heavy copper deats. One of the handles had been broken and mended with newer leather. On the front of the case there had once been stamped in gilt the firm name of Boykin Rosen, wholesale Hardware, Chattanooga, Tenn., but time had long since worn away the gold lettering.

The telegram had upset Joe: it had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly. He felt vaguely that somebody was playing a joke on him. He felt confused and helpless. It was difficult to believe that Bessie was so desperately sick. He sat for a time staring at his finger nails. Suddenly he remembered an appointment at four o'clock with the buyer for Snowdoun and Sims and rose quickly from his seat with some dim idea of telephoning or sending a message to explain his absence. Then he realized that the train was already in motion. "I'll write him a letter when I get to Mobile", said Joe to himself; "he'll understand all right when I explain the circumstances. He won't blame

me for breaking that date when I tell him about my wife being so sick". He sat down heavily in his seat and again looked at his hands.

Ahead of him two young girls were leaning out of the window and waving their friends. Their eyes were shining and their cheeks were flushed and they were laughing with excitement at the prospect of going away.

Across the aisle sat a gaunt farm-woman. Her red-veined eyes protruded. Her neck was swollen with a goitre. In her arms she held a bouquet of red crepe-myrtle which was already wilting in the heat. Beside her she had placed her straw suitcase and several bulky, paper-wrapped parcels. She gazed steadily out of the window as if afraid that someone would catch her and try to talk to her.

It was very hot in the coach. The small electric fan at the end of the car droned and wheezed sleepily but succeeded only in stirring up the hot air.

Joe took from his pocket the telegram that he had received from his mother-in-law and read it again: "J.G.Hinckley, American Hotel, Montgomery, Ala. Come home at once. Doctor says Bessie not expected live through day. Will wire again if necessary. It was a boy. Mother."

Joe's hands clenched suddenly and then relaxed. It had all happened so suddenly; he couldn't quite get it through his head, even yet. He had taken a buyer to lunch that day and they had laughed and talked and told each other stories. Then at two o'clock he had gone, back to the hotel to freshen up and the clerk had reached in his box and taken out the key to his room and the telegram. The telegram had been waiting for him for two hours the clerk said. Joe read it through twice and then looked at the address to make sure that the message was really for him. He hadn't understood. Bessie was getting along so nicely – she had had no trouble at all – and the baby wasn't expected for a month. He had arranged his itinerary so that he would be with her when the baby was born. They had gone over all that and had arranged everything. And now everything was upset. He thought: "I was out talking and laughing with that buyer and the telegram was waiting here all the time". That thought hurt him. He stood repeating stupidly: "I was out laughing and telling smutty stories and that telegram was here all the time".

Joe leaned his head against the red plush of the seat. He felt numb and very tired. At first the signature "Mother" had puzzled him. He couldn't understand what his mother would be doing in Mobile with Bessie; then he realized that it was Bessie's mother who had sent the telegram. He had never thought of Bessie's mother by any name except Mrs. Thompkins.

When he had married Bessie her mother had come to live with them as a matter of course. He was rather glad of that arrangement; he was really fond of the old lady in an impersonal sort of way. Then, too, it was pleasant for Bessie to have someone with her while he was on the road. His work made it impossible for him to get home oftener than every other week-end, and many times it was difficult for him to get home that often, but he had always managed to make it, one way or another. He couldn't disappoint Bessie, no matter what happened. Their year of married life had been the happiest that he had ever known. And Bessie had been happy too. Suddenly he had a clear picture of her lying on their bed, her face white with suffering, and a quick panic gripped his heart. To reassure himself he whispered: "Those doctors

don't know everything. She'll be all right. Mrs.Thompkins was just excited and frightened. Everything's going to be all right!"

Ahead of him a white – haired old gentleman opened his bag and took out a traveling cap. He had some difficulty in fastening the catch while holding his straw hat in his hand, but his wife, sitting with him, took the bag and fastened it at once. Then she took his hat and held it on her lap. The wife was reading a magazine. She did not look up from the magazine when she fastened the bag.

Down the aisle came the Negro porter. He had a telegram in his hand. When he reached the center of the coach he stopped and called out: "Telegram for Mr. J.G. Hinckley!" Joe let him call the name three times before he claimed the message. The porter explained that the telegram had been delivered to the train by a messenger from the American Hotel just as the train was getting under way. Joe gave the porter twenty-five cents for a tip and went back to his seat.

The country woman looked up for an instant and then turned her eyes away. The young girls giggled and whispered and looked boldly at Joe, and the old gentleman, after setting his cap firmly on his head, took a cigar from his case and went to the smoking-room.

Joe's throat felt tight and he noticed that his hands were shaking. He wanted to put his head on the window-sill but he was afraid that people would think him sick and try to talk to him. He placed the unopened telegram on the seat beside him and stared at it for a long time. At last he reread the first telegram very slowly. "It must be from Mrs. Thompkins, all right", he thought, "she said she'd wire again if –" Then he thought: "It may not be from Mrs. Thompkins at all; it may be from somebody else; it may be from Boykin Kosen about that cancellation in Meridian. That's who it's from: it's from the House, it's not from Mrs. Thompkins at all!" He looked up quickly and saw that the two young girls had turned around and were watching him, making laughing remarks to each other behind their hands.

He arose from his seat feeling weak and slightly nauseated, the unopened telegram in his hand. He passed through several coaches until he reached the end of the train and went out on the rear vestibule. He had a sudden wish to jump from the end of the train and run off into the woods, but a brakeman was there tinkering with a red lantern and Joe realized that such an act would look very strange. When the brakeman looked up and saw Joe's face he put down his lantern and asked: "Are you feeling all right, mister?" Joe said, "Yes, I'm feeling all right but it's a little hot, though". Finally the brakeman finished his job and left and Joe was very glad of that. He wanted to be alone. He didn't want anybody around him.

The rails clicked rhythmically and the wilted country-side flew past. A little Negro girl... in a patched pink dress... ran down to the track... and waved her hand. A lame old country man... ploughing in his stumpy field... pulled up his mangy mule... to stare at the passing train. The rails clattered and clicked and the train flew over the hot slag roadbed. "There's no need of going so fast", thought Joe, "we've got all the time in the world". He felt sick. In the polished metal of the car he caught a distorted glimpse of his face. It was white and terrified. He thought: "No wonder that brakeman asked me how I was feeling". Then he thought: "Do I look so bad that

people can tell it?" That worried him. He didn't want people to notice him or to talk to him. There was nothing that anybody could say, after all.

He kept turning the telegram over in his hand thinking: "I've got to open it now; I've got to open it and read it". Finally he said aloud: "It's not true! I don't believe it!" He repeated these words a number of times and then he said: "It's from the House about that cancellation in Meridian – it isn't from Mrs.Thompkins at all". He tore the unopened telegram into tiny bits and threw the pieces from the end of the train. A wind fluttered and shimmered the yellow fragments before they settled down lightly on the hard, hot roadbed. He thought: "They look like a cloud of yellow butterflies dancing and settling that way". Immediately he felt better. He drew back his shoulders and sucked in lungfuls of the country air "Everything's all right", he said. "I'm going home to see the little wife and everything's all right". He laughed happily. He felt like a man who has just escaped some terrible calamity. When he could no longer see the scraps of paper on the track he went back to his seat humming a tune. He felt very gay and immensely relieved.

Joe reached his seat just as the conductor came through the train. He nodded pleasantly as he gave up his ticket.

"Don't let anybody talk you out of a free ride", he said.

"No chance of that, Cap!" said the conductor.

Joe laughed with ringing heartiness and the conductor looked at him in surprise. Then he laughed a little himself.

"You sure are in a good humour, considering how hot it is", he said.

"And why shouldn't I be in a good humor?" asked Joe.

"I'm going home to see the little wife". Then he whispered, as if it were a great secret, "It's a boy!"

"That's fine, that's imply fine!" said the conductor. He put his papers and his tickets on the seat and shook Joe's hand. Joe blushed and laughed again. As the conductor moved off he nudged Joe's ribs and said: "Give my regards to the madam".

"I sure will", said Joe happily.

Joe was sorry that the conductor couldn't stay longer. He felt an imperative need of talking to someone. He felt that he must talk about Bessie to someone. He looked around the car to see if he knew anybody on the train. The two young girls smiled at him. Joe understood perfectly; they were just two nice kids going on a trip. Either one, alone, would never think of smiling at a strange man but being together changed things all the way round. That made an exciting adventure, something to be laughed over and discussed later with their friends. Joe decided that he would go over and talk to them. He walked over casually and seated himself.

"Well, where are you young ladies going?" he asked.

"Don't you think that you have a great deal of nerve?" asked the black-eyed girl.

"Sure I have. I wouldn't be the best hardware salesman on the road if I didn't have a lot of nerve", said Joe pleasantly.

Both of the girls laughed at that and Joe knew that everything was all right. He decided that the blue-eyed girl was the prettier of the two but the black-eyed girl had more snap.

"We're getting off at Flomaton", said the blue-eyed girl.

"We've been in school in Montgomery", said the black-eyed girl.

"We're going home for the summer vacation."

"And we want the cock-eyed world to know we're glad of it!"

Joe looked at them gravely. "Don't make a mistake, young ladies; get all the education you can. You'll regret it later on if you don't".

Both the girls started laughing. They put their arms around each other and laughed until tears came into their eyes. Joe laughed too although he wondered what the joke was. After a while the girls stopped laughing, but a sudden giggle from the blue-eyed set them off again, worse than before.

"This is awfully silly!" said the black-eyed girl.

"Please don't think us rude", gasped the blue-eyed girl.

"What's the joke?" asked Joe, who was really laughing as much as either of the girls.

"You sounded so-so-" explained the blue-eyed girl.

"So damned fatherly!" finished the black-eyed girl.

They went off into another whirlwind of mirth, laughing and hugging each other. The old lady across the aisle put down her magazine and started laughing too, but the woman with the goiter held her bouquet of crepe-myrtle rigidly and stared out of the window.

Joe waited until the girls had exhausted themselves. Finally they wiped their eyes and opened their vanity cases to look at themselves in their mirrors and to repowder their faces. He said:

"Well, I guess I ought to sound fatherly: I just got a telegram saying that I was a parent for the first time".

That interested the young girls and they crowded him with questions: they wanted to know all about it. Joe felt very happy. As he started to talk he noticed that the old lady had been listening and that she had moved over in her seat in order to hear better. Joe felt friendly toward everybody: "Won't you come over and join us?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed", said the old lady and Joe moved over and made place for her.

"Now tell us all about it!" demanded the blue-eyed girl.

"You must be very happy", said the old lady.

"I sure am happy", said Joe. Then he added: "There's not a whole lot to tell except that I got a telegram from Mrs.Thompkins – Mrs.Thompkins is my mother-in-law – saying that Bessie had given birth to a fine boy and that both of them were doing just fine: the doctor said that he'd never seen anybody do so well before, but of course my wife wanted me to be with her and so I just dropped everything and here I am. You see Bessie and I have only been married for a year. We've been very happy. The only bad thing is that I don't get home very often, but it wouldn't do to have everything perfect in the world, would it? She sure is the finest wife a man ever had. She doesn't complain at all about my being away so much, but some day we hope to have things different".

"There isn't anything nicer than a baby", said the blue-eyed girl.

"What are you going to name him?" asked the old lady.

"Well, Bessie wants to name him for me, but I can't see much sense in that. My first name's Joe and I think that's a little common, don't you? But I'll leave the naming part up to Bessie. She can name him anything she wants to. She sure has been a fine little wife to me".

Joe started talking rapidly. He told in detail of the first time ha had met Bessie. It had been in the home of Jack Barnes, one of the boys he had met on the road, and he had been invited over for dinner and a little stud poker later. Mrs. Barnes didn't play poker so Bessie who lived across the street, had been invited over to keep Mrs.Barnes company while the men played. He had liked Bessie at once and the boys had kidded him about not keeping his mind on the game. He had never told anybody this before, but when the boys started kidding him he made up his mind not to look at Bessie again as he didn't want her to think that he was fresh, but he couldn't stop looking at her and every time he caught her eye she would smile in a sweet, friendly sort of way. Finally everybody noticed it and they started joking Bessie too, but she hadn't minded at all. He had lost $ 14.50 that night, but he had met Bessie. You couldn't call Bessie exactly beautiful but she was sweet and nice. Bessie was the sort of girl that any man would want to marry.

He told of their courtship. He quoted whole paragraphs from letters that she had written to prove a particular point which he had brought up. Bessie hadn't liked him especially, not right at first, at any rate; of course she had liked him as a friend from the first but not in any serious way. There were one or two other fellows hanging around, too. Bessie had a great deal of attention; she could have gone out every night with a different man if she had wanted to. Being on the road all the time had been pretty much of a disadvantage. He didn't have an opportunity to see her often. Or maybe that was an advantage - anyway he wrote her every day. Then, finally, they had become engaged. She hadn't even let him kiss her until then. He knew from the first that she would make a wonderful little wife but he was still puzzled why a girl as superior as Bessie would want to marry him.

He talked on and on, rapidly – feverishly. He told how he had once determined not to get married at all, but that was before he had met Bessie. She had changed all that. Two hours passed before he knew it. His audience was getting bored, but Joe didn't realize it.

Finally the old gentleman with the cap came back from the smoking-room and his wife, glad of a chance to get away, made her excuses and went over to sit with him. Joe smiled and nodded, but paused only a moment in his story. He was in the midst of a long description of Mrs.Thompkins. Mrs. Thompkins wasn't at all like the comic supplement mother-in-law. Quite the contrary. He didn't see how he and Bessie would get along without her. To show you the sort of woman she really was, she always took his side in any dispute – not that he and Bessie ever quarrelled! Oh, no! But occasionally that had little friendly discussions like all other married couples and Mrs.Thompkins always took his side of the argument. That was unusual, wasn't it? Joe talked and talked and talked, totally unconscious of the passing of time. Finally the train reached Flomaton and the porter came to help the girls off with their bags. They were very glad to get away. They were getting a little nervous. There was something about Joe that they couldn't understand. At first they had thought him just

jolly and high spirited, but after a time they came to the conclusion that he must be a little drunk, or, possibly, slightly demented. For the past hour they had been nudging each other significantly.

Joe helped them off the train and on the station platform. Just as the train pulled out the black-eyed girl waved her hand and said: "Give my love to Bessie and the son and heir", and the blue-eyed girl said: "Be sure and kiss the baby for me".

"I sure will", said Joe.

After the train had passed the girls looked at each other for a moment. Then they started laughing. Finally the black-eyed girl said: "Well, Bessie certainly has him roped and tied". The blue-eyed girl said: "Did you ever see anything like that in your life before?"

Joe came into the coach again. "Just a couple of nice kids", he thought to himself. He looked at his watch. It was 5.25. He was surprised. The time had passed very quickly. "It won't be long now before I'm in Mobile", he thought.

He went back to his seat, but he was restless. He decided that he would have a cigarette. He found three men in the smoker. One of them was an old man with a tuft of gray whiskers. His face was yellow and sunken and blue veins stood out on his hands. He was chewing tobacco gravely and spitting into the brass cuspidor. The second man was large and flabby. When he laughed his eyes disappeared entirely and his fat belly shook. His finger nails were swollen and his underlip hung down in a petulant droop. The third man was dark and nervous looking. He had on his little finger a ring with a diamond much too large.

They were talking and laughing when Joe came in. Joe wanted to talk to them about Bessie, but he couldn't bring her name up in such an atmosphere. Suddenly he thought: "I was laughing and telling smutty stories with that buyer in Montgomery and the telegram was there all the time." His face contracted with pain. He crushed the thought from his mind. Quickly he threw away his cigarette and went back to his seat.

A bright-skinned waiter came through the train announcing the first call for dinner. At first Joe thought that he would have his dinner on the train as that would break the monotony of the trip and help pass the time, but immediately he remembered that Mrs. Thompkins would have dinner for him at home – a specially prepared dinner with all of the things that
he liked. "I'll wait until I get home", thought Joe. "I wouldn't disappoint Mrs.Thompkins and the little wife for the world after they went to all that trouble for me".

Again he felt that curious, compulsive need of talking about Bessie to someone. He had a feeling that as long as he talked about her, she would remain safe. He saw the old lady and her husband in their seat eating a lunch which they had brought and he decided to go over and talk with them. "Can I come over and talk to you folks?" asked Joe.

"Certainly, sir", said the old gentleman with the cap. Then, in order to make conversation he said: "My wife has been telling me that you are going home to see your new son".

"That's right," said Joe, "that's right". He started talking rapidly, hardly pausing for breath. The old lady looked at her husband reproachfully. "Now see what you started!" her glance seemed to say.

Joe talked of his wedding. It had been very quiet. Bessie was the sort of a girl who didn't go in for a lot of show. There had been present only a few members of the family and one or two close friends George Orcutt who travelled a line of rugs out of New York had been his best man. Bessie was afraid that someone would try to play a joke on them: something like tying tin cans to the automobile that was to take them to the station or marking their baggage with chalk. But everything had gone off smoothly. The Barneses had been at the wedding, of course: he had met Bessie in their home and they were such close neighbors that they couldn't overlook them, but almost nobody else outside the family was there.

Then he told of the honeymoon they had spent in New Orleans; all the places they had visited there and just what Bessie had thought and said about each one. He talked on and on and on. He told them of the first weeks of their married life and how happy they were. He told what a splendid cook Bessie was and what an excellent housekeeper, how much she had loved the home he had bought for her and her delight when she knew that she was going to have a baby.

The old gentleman was staring at Joe in a puzzled manner. He was wondering if he hadn't better call the conductor as it was his private opinion that Joe had a shot of cocaine in him. The old lady had folded her hands like a martyr. She continued to look at her husband with an "I-told-you-so !" expression. Joe had lost all idea of time. He talked on and on, rapidly, excitedly. He had got as far as Bessie's plans for the child's education when the porter touched him on the arm and told him that they were pulling into the station at Mobile. He came to himself with a start and looked at his watch: 7.35! He didn't believe it possible that two hours had passed so quickly.

"It sure has been a pleasure talking to you folks", said Joe.

"Oh, that's all right", said the man with the cap.

Joe gave the porter a tip and stepped off the train jauntily. As he turned to pick up his bag he saw that the woman with the goiter was staring at him. He walked over to the window that framed her gaunt face. "Good-bye, lady; I hope you have a nice trip". The woman answered: "The doctors said it wasn't no use operating on me. I waited too long." "Well that's fine! – That sure is fine!" said Joe. He laughed gaily and waved his hand. He picked up his bag, and his catalogue case and followed the people through the gate. The woman with the goiter stared at him until he was out of sight. On the other side of the iron fence Joe saw Mrs.Thompkins. She was dressed in black and she wore a black veil. Joe went over to her briskly and Mrs.Thompkins put her arms around him and kissed him twice. "Poor Joe!" she said. Then she looked at his smiling, excited face with amazement. Joe noticed that her eyes were red and swollen.

"Didn't you get my telegram?" she asked. Joe wrinkled his brow in an effort to remember. Finally he said: "Oh, sure. I got it at the hotel".

"Did you get my second telegram?" insisted Mrs.Thompkins.

She looked steadily into Joe's eyes. A feeling of terror swept over him. He knew that he could no longer lie to himself. He could no longer keep Bessie alive by

talking about her. His face was suddenly twisted with pain and his jaw trembled like a child's. He leaned against the iron fence for support and Mrs.Thompkins held his hand and said: "You can't give in. You got to be a man. You can't give in like that, Joe!"

Finally he said: "I didn't read your telegram. I didn't want to know that she was dead. I wanted to keep her alive a little longer". He sat down on an empty baggage truck and hid his face in his hands. He sat there for a long time while Mrs.Thompkins stood guard over him, her black veil trailing across his shoulder. "Joe!" she said patiently... "Joe!..."

A man in a dirty uniform came up. "I'm sorry, Mister, but you'll have to move. We got to use that truck". Joe picked up his catalogue case and his bag and followed Mrs.Thompkins out of the station.

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key-sentences according to the logic of the story:

1. Joe went over to her briskly and Mrs.Thompkins put her arms around him and kissed him twice.
2. Finally he said: "I didn't read your telegram."
3. He looked at his watch: 2.28 – the train was 5 minutes late in getting out.
4. Again he felt that curious, compulsive need of talking about her.
5. Joe had lost all idea of time.
6. He kept turning the telegram over in his hand thinking: "I've got to open it now; I've got to open it and read it".

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. Why did Joe Hinckley go to Mobile?
   a) to see his mother
   b) to visit his sick wife
   c) to meet the buyer from Snowdown and Sims
2. Why was Bessie desperately sick?
   a) she was ill with pneumonia
   b) she gave birth to a boy
   c) she had cancer
3. What did Joe Hinckley feel after he had received the second telegram?
   a) he felt quite all right
   b) he felt sick and terrified
   c) he felt light-hearted
4. How long had Joe and Bessie been married?
   a) for 2 years
   b) for a year
   c) for 10 years
5. What was Joe's attitude to Bessie?
   a) realizing that their marriage was a failure, he began to hate her
   b) he loved Bessie with all his heart
   c) he became indifferent to Bessie

6. Why was Joe Hinckley constantly talking about Bessie?
a) Joe liked to talk about his wife
b) Joe wanted the time to pass quickly
c) he wanted to keep Bessie alive by talking about her.

III. Finish the following sentences according to the contents:
1. The telegram had upset Joe...
2. He couldn't understand what his mother would be doing in Mobile with Bessie, then he realized...
3. Joe's throat felt tight and he noticed that...
4. He looked up quickly and saw that the two young girls...
5. He arose from his seat feeling...
6. He kept turning the telegram in his hand thinking...
7. Joe felt that he must talk about Bessie, so...
8. He sat there for a long time while Mrs. Thompkins...

IV. Give facts to prove the following:
1. Joe and Bessie were very happy in their marriage life.
2. Joe didn't want to believe that his wife was dead.
3. The death of his wife was a great loss for Joe.

V. Arrange the on-going adjectives in columns under the names of the characters of Joe and Bessie:

disillusioned, gentle, honest, family-oriented, sincere,
decent, easy-going, generous, innocent, communicative

VI. Pick out all the essential information concerning the character of Joe.

VII. Pick up the key-sentences describing:
1) the main events
2) the relations between Joe and Bessie.

VIII. Put the key-questions to the story.

IX. Make up an outline of the story. Choose your preference among the given variants:
1) noun
2) sentence
3) question.

"THE PHILIPINO AND THE DRUNKARD"

By W. Saroyan

NEW VOCABULARY

Oakland - a small city in California, near San Francisco
nimbly
dodge
in the war - during the first World War

1. Read the on-going text and define the meaningful parts. Entitle each part in the form of the sentence.
2. Read the text and pick out the most essential information concerning the character of the Filipino.
3. Read the text and think over the possible answer to the following question: "Why does the "real American" believe in his right to bully others?"
4. Read the text and think of the possible further outcome of the events.

This loud-mouthed guy in the brown camel-hair coat was not really mean, he was drunk. He took a sudden dislike to the small well-dressed Filipino and began to order him around the waiting-room, telling him to get back, not to crowd up among the white people. They were waiting to get on the boat and cross the bay to Oakland. If he hadn't been drunk no one would have bothered to notice him at all, but as it was, he was making a commotion in the waiting-room, and while everyone seemed to be in sympathy with the Filipino, no one seemed to want to bother about coming to the boy's rescue, and the poor Filipino was becoming very frightened.

He stood among the people, and this drunkard kept pushing up against him and saying, "I told you to get back. Now get back. Go away back. I fought twenty-four months in France. I'm a real American. I don't want you standing up here among white people."

The boy kept squeezing nimbly and politlry out of the drunkard's way, hurrying through the crowd, not saying anything and trying his best to be as decent as possible. He kept dodging in and out, with the drunkard stumbling after him, and as time went on the drunkard's dislike grew and he began to swear at the boy. He kept saying, "You fellows are the best-dressed men in San Francisco, and you make your money washing dishes. You've got no right to wear such fine clothes."

He swore a lot, and it got so bad that a lot of ladies had to imagine they were deaf and weren't hearing any of the things he was saying.

When the big door opened, the young Filipino moved swiftly among the people, fleeing from the drunkard, reaching the boat before anyone else. He ran to a corner, sat down for a moment, then got up and began looking for a more hidden place. At the other end of the boat was the drunkard. He could hear the man swearing. He

looked about for a place to hide, and rushed into the lavatory. He went into one of the open compartments and bolted the door.

The drunkard entered the lavatory and began asking others in the room if they had seen the boy. He was a real American, he said. He had been wounded twice in the War.

In the lavatory he swore more freely, using words he could never use where women were present. He began to stoop and look beyond the shut doors of the various compartments. I beg your pardon, he said to those he was not seeking, and when he came to the compartment where the boy was standing, he began swearing and demanding that the boy come out.

"You can't get away from me," he said. "You got no right to use a place white men use. Come out or I'll break the door."

"Go away," the boy said.

The drunkard began to pound on the door.

"You got to come out sometime," he said. "I'll wait here till you do."

"Go away," said the boy. "I've done nothing to you."

He wondered why none of the men in the lavatory had the decency to calm the drunkard and take him away, and then he realized there were no other men in the lavatory.

"Go away," he said.

The drunkard answered with curses, pounding the door.

Behind the door, the boy's bitterness grew to rage. He began to tremble, not fearing the man but fearing the rage growing in himself. He brought the knife from his pocket and drew open the sharp blade, holding the knife in his fist so tightly that the nails of his fingers cut into the flesh of his palm.

"Go away," he said. "I have a knife. I do not want any trouble."

The drunkard said he was an American. Twenty-four months in France. Wounded twice. Once in the leg, and once in the thigh. He would not go away. He was afraid of no dirty little yellow-belly Filipino with a knife. Let the Filipino come out, he was an American.

"I will kill you," said the boy. "I do not want to kill any man. You are drunk. Go away."

"Please do not make any trouble," he said earnestly.

He could hear the motor of the boat pounding. It was like his rage pounding. It was a feeling of having been humiliated, chased about and made to hide, and now it was a wish to be free even if he had to kill. He threw the door open and tried to rush beyond the man, the knife tight in his fist, but the drunkard caught him by the sleeve and drew him back. The sleeve of the boy's coat ripped, and the boy turned and thrust the knife into the side of the drunkard, feeling it scrape against rib-bone. The drunkard shouted and screamed at once, then caught the boy at the throat, and the boy began to thrust the knife into the side of the man many times, as a boxer jabs in the clinches.

When the drunkard could no longer hold him and had fallen to the floor, the boy rushed from the room, the knife still in his hand, blood dripping from the blade, his hat gone, his hair mussed, and the sleeve of his coat badly torn.

Everyone knew what he had done, yet no one moved.

The boy ran to the front of the boat, seeking some place to go, then ran back to a corner, no one daring to speak to him, and everyone aware of his crime.

There was no place to go, and before the officers of the boat arrived he stopped suddenly and began to shout at the people.

"I did not want to hurt him," he said. "Why didn't you stop him? Is it right to chase a man like a rat? You knew he was drunk. I did not want to hurt him, but he would not let me go. He tore my coat and tried to choke me. I told him I would kill him if he would not go away. It is not my fault. I must go to Oakland to see my brother. He is sick. Do you think I am looking for trouble when my brother is sick ? Why didn't you stop him?"

I. Look through the text again and arrange the following key-sentences according to the logic of the story:

1. Behind the door, the boy's bitterness grew to rage, he brought the knife in his fist so tightly that the nails of his fingers cut into the flesh of his palm.
2. The "real American" took a sudden dislike to the well-dressed Filipino.
3. The drunkard shouted and screamed at once, then caught the boy at the throat and the boy began to thrust the knife into the side of the man many times as a boxer jabs in the clinches.
4. There was no place to go, and before the officers of the boat arrived he stopped suddenly and began to shout at the people.
5. No one seemed to want to bother about coming to the boy's rescue and the poor Filipino was becoming very frightened.
6. The boy rushed from the room, the knife still in his hand, blood dripping from the blade, his hat gone, his hair mussed, and the sleeve of his coat badly torn.

II. Find the right answer to the following questions among the given variants:

1. Why did the drunkard want the Filipino to get away?
   a) he looked down upon the Filipino
   b) he didn't like the Filipino's appearance
   c) he didn't like the way the Filipino behaved
2. Why did nobody stir a finger to protect the boy?
   a) the people thought that the drunkard was right
   b) the people didn't seem to be in sympathy with the Filipino
   c) the people on board the ship preferred not to get involved
3. How did the drunkard behave on board the ship?
   a) he soon left the Filipino alone
   b) seeing there was nobody to stop him, he became more and more agressive
   c) he was very polite, but followed the Filipino everywhere
4. What were the Filipino's feelings when the drunkard tried to open the door in the lavatory?
   a) he was calm and confident
   b) he was nervous
   c) he was fearing the rage growing in himself

5. Why did the Filipino use a knife trying to get rid of the drunkard?
a) he was humiliated, chased about and made to hide, so he waited to be free
b) he hated the drunkard and waited for a moment to kill him
c) he hated white Americans
6. How did the Filipino try to account for his actions?
a) he said the drunkard was at fault
b) he said the people were guilty because they didn't stop the drunkard
c) he said it was his fault

III. Finish the following sentences according to the contents:
1. The loud-mouthed guy in the brown camel-hair coat was not really mean, he...
2. The boy kept squeezing politely out of the drunkard's way,...
3. He looked for a place to hide and...
4. He wondered why none of the men in the lavatory had the decency to calm the drunkard and then he realized...
5. The drunkard shouted, then caught the boy at the throat, and the boy began...
6. The boy ran to the front of the boat...
7. The Filipino stopped suddenly and started...
8. The boy said he didn't want...

IV. Give facts to prove the following:
1. The people in the waiting-room and on board the ship preferred not to get involved.
2. The Filipino, who was far from looking for trouble, was eventually driven to an act of desperation.
3. The crime could have been prevented but for the indifference of the people.

V. Arrange the on-going adjectives in columns under the names of the characters of the Filipino and the drunkard:

decent, timid, mean, aggressive, innocent,
good-natured, intolerant, loud-mouthed, bossy, noisy

VI. Pick out all the essential information concerning the character of the Filipino.

VII. Pick up the key-sentences describing
1) the main events
2) the relations between the Filipino and the "real American".

VIII. Put the key-questions to the story.

IX. Make up an outline of the story. Choose your preference among the given variants:
1) noun
2) sentence
3) question.

KEY

"Prejudice and Pride"

Task II. 1.a, 2.b, 3.c, 4.a, 5.c, 6.a, 7.c, 8.a, 9.c, 10.c.

"Period Piece"

Task II. 1.b, 2.b, 3.b, 4.c, 5.b, 6.b.

"Public Opinion"

Task II. 1.a, 2.b, 3.a, 4.c, 5.a, 6.b, 7.c, 8.c, 9.a.

"Prejudice and Pride"

Task II. 1.a, 2.b, 3.c, 4.a, 5.c, 6.a, 7.c, 8.a, 9.c, 10.c.

"The letter"

Task II. 1.c, 2.a, 3.b, 4.c, 5.a, 6.b.

"He"

Task II. 1.b, 2.a, 3.a, 4.c, 5.a, 6.a, 7.b, 8.c, 9.b, 10.a.

"Mother"

Task II. 1.b, 2.a, 3.c, 4.a, 5.c, 6.b, 7.b, 8.c, 9.c.

"Terror"

Task II. 1.c, 2.a, 3.c, 4.a, 5.b, 6.c, 7.a, 8.b.

"Oranges"

Task II. 1.b, 2.b, 3.b, 4.b, 5.c.

"Period Piece"

Task II. 1.b, 2.b, 3.b, 4.c, 5.b, 6.b.

"Public Opinion"

Task II. 1.a, 2.b, 3.a, 4.c, 5.a, 6.b, 7.c, 8.c, 9.a.

"Among the Ruins"

Task II. 1.b, 2.b, 3.a, 4.a, 5.c.

"The Moneychangers"

Task II. 1.a, 2.b, 3.b, 4.c, 5.a, 6.a, 7.c, 8.c, 9.b, 10.b.

"A Consulting Room of a Doctor"

Task II. 1.b, 2.c, 3.a, 4.c, 5.b, 6.c, 7.a, 8.b.

"A Day's Wait"

Task II. 1.b, 2.c, 3.a, 4.b, 5.a, 6.b.

"The Little Governess"

Task II. 1.b, 2.a, 3.a, 4.b, 5.b, 6.a, 7.c, 8.a, 9.a, 10.c.

"Unlighted Lamps"

Task II. 1.c, 2.b, 3.c, 4.a, 5.c, 6.b.

"The Little Wife"

Task II. 1.b, 2.b, 3.b, 4.b, 5.b, 6.c.

"The Philipino and the Drunkard"

Task II. 1.a, 2.c, 3.b, 4.c, 5.a, 6.b.

Х Р Е С Т О М А Т И Я
по домашнему чтению для студентов II курса
очного и заочного отделений
Часть I

Составители: ВЕРА ВЛАДИМИРОВНА ДЕНИСОВА
НАТАЛЬЯ ПЕТРОВНА КУДРЯВЦЕВА

Подписано в печать Формат 60Х90 1/16
Печ. л. Тираж экз. Заказ
Цена договорная

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