

К.С. Большакова, Е.В. Челпанова, И.Д. Баландина

**ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ
НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ**



МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
Федеральное государственное бюджетное
образовательное учреждение высшего образования
«Южно-Уральский государственный
гуманитарно-педагогический университет»

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УЧЕБНО-ПРАКТИЧЕСКОЕ ПОСОБИЕ

Челябинск
2021

УДК 42-88

ББК 81.432.1-923-3

Б 79

Большакова, К.С. Домашнее чтение на английском языке: учебно-практическое пособие / К.С. Большакова, Е.В. Челпанова, И.Д. Баландина. – Челябинск: Изд-во Южно-Урал. гос. гуман.-пед. ун-та, 2021. – 117 с. – Текст: непосредственный.

ISBN 978-5-907409-93-4

Предлагаемое вашему вниманию учебно-практическое пособие состоит из 10 произведений английской и американской литературы и заданий к ним. Цель данного пособия – развить у учащихся навык чтения на английском языке, значительно расширить их словарный запас, усовершенствовать навыки критического мышления и творческого письма, монологической и диалогической речи. К каждому из рассказов приводится список лексики, за которым следуют упражнения на закрепление лексических единиц, а также упражнения на проверку понимания текста, интерпретацию основных мотивов произведения и задания на лингвистический анализ текста.

Учебно-практическое пособие предназначено для бакалавров факультета иностранных языков, обучающихся по направлению 44.03.05 «Педагогическое образование», профили «Английский язык. Иностранный язык», «Немецкий язык. Английский язык» и «Французский язык. Английский язык». Пособие подготовлено в соответствии с требованиями Федерального государственного образовательного стандарта высшего образования и обеспечивает усвоение студентами комплекса компетенций, предусмотренных дисциплиной «Домашнее чтение на английском языке».

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ISBN 978-5-907409-93-4

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ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Предлагаемое вашему вниманию учебно-практическое пособие представляет собой курс домашнего чтения на английском языке, предназначенный для студентов 4 курса факультета иностранных языков, изучающих английский язык как второй иностранный. Оно может быть успешно использовано студентами неязыковых факультетов, а также широким кругом лиц, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно. Цель пособия – познакомить студентов с произведениями современной английской и американской литературы, расширить их словарный запас, развить навыки говорения, критического мышления, а также навыки анализа литературного произведения. При составлении пособия использовался традиционный подход, при этом подбирались произведения, затрагивающие действительно актуальные проблемы личности и общества, представляющие большой интерес для изучения и обсуждения и способствующие разностороннему развитию личности обучаемых.

Пособие состоит из 10 рассказов английских и американских писателей и заданий к ним. К каждому из рассказов составлен список ключевых слов и выражений, незнание которых может вызывать затруднения в понимании текста. Большое количество упражнений на отработку ключевой лексики позволяет значительно обогатить словарный запас студентов. Следующие за ними коммуникативно-ориентированные задания дают возможность вывести в речь изученные лексические единицы и развить навыки и умения спонтанного высказывания. Также пособие включает задания на развитие навыков письменной речи.

Основные виды лексических упражнений: соотнесение лексических единиц с их определениями, словообразование, заполнение пропусков подходящими лексическими единицами, восстановление пропущенных предлогов и частиц фразовых глаголов, соотнесение частей предложений, восстановление пропущенных фрагментов текста, составление собственных предложений с изучаемыми лексическими единицами. Основные виды упражнений на понимание текста: ответы на вопросы по содержанию текста, определение авторства прямой речи героев и восстановление контекста высказывания, обсуждение вопросов, раскрывающих смысл произведения, мотивы героев и посыл автора, а также упражнения на лингвистический анализ текста произведения.

Таким образом, основными задачами пособия являются:

- ✓ формирование интереса к чтению на английском языке;
- ✓ углубление знаний в области культуры стран изучаемого языка;
- ✓ обучение началам литературного анализа текста;
- ✓ расширение словарного запаса за счет лексических единиц и устойчивых словосочетаний текстов;
- ✓ развитие монологической и диалогической речи;
- ✓ развитие критического мышления;
- ✓ формирование навыка творческого письма;
- ✓ формирование и развитие навыка самостоятельной работы с текстом.

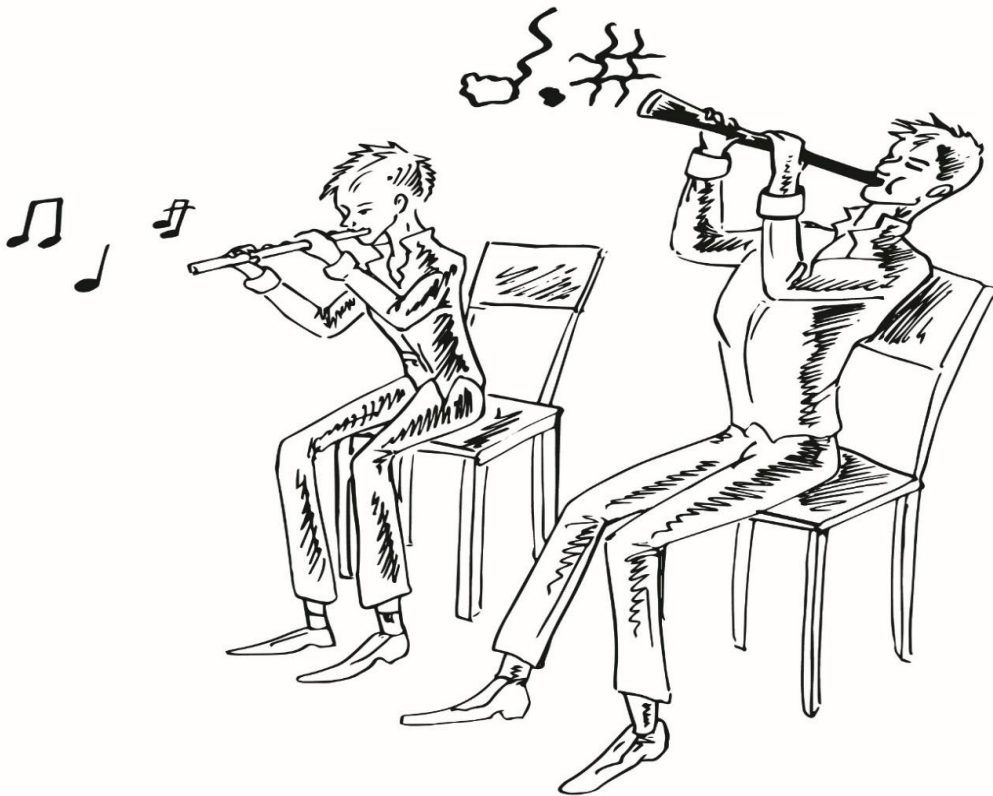
Пособие подготовлено в соответствии с требованиями Федерального государственного образовательного стандарта высшего образования и развивает требуемые компетенции.

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Who is the story written by?
2. What do you know about the author of the story?
3. What is he famous for?
4. What are the author's years of life?
5. What are his most prominent works?
6. Is this story typical for the writer?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**THE NO-TALENT KID
(ABRIDGED)
By Kurt Vonnegut**



It was autumn, and the leaves outside Lincoln High School were tuning the same rusty color as the bare brick walls in the band rehearsal room. George M. Helmholtz, head of the music department and director of the band, was ringed by folding chairs and instrument cases, and on each chair sat a very young man, nervously prepared to blow through something or, in the case of the percussion section, to hit something, the instant Mr. Helmholtz lowered his white baton.

Mr. Helmholtz, a man of forty, who believed that his great belly was a sign of health, strength, and dignity, smiled angelically, as though he were about to release the most exquisite sounds ever heard by human beings. Down came his baton.

Bloooooomp! went the big saxophones.

Blat! Blat! echoed the French horns, and the plodding, shrieking, querulous waltz was begun.

The football team lost half its games and the basketball team lost two thirds of theirs, but the band, in the ten years Mr. Helmholtz had been running it, had been second to none until the past June. It had been the first in the state to use flag twirlers, the first to use choral as well as instrumental numbers, the first to use triple-tonguing extensively, and the first to put a light in its bass drum. Lincoln High School awarded letter sweaters to the members of the Band, and the sweaters were deeply respected, and properly so. The band had won every statewide high School band competition for ten years - save the showdown in June, when Johnstown High School had won with a secret weapon, a bass drum seven feet in diameter. The judges, who were not musicians but politicians, had had eyes and ears for nothing but this Eighth Wonder of the World and since then Mr. Helmholtz had thought of little else. But the School budget was already lopsided with band expenses.

Two members of the Band were playing now, a clarinetist and a snare drummer, both playing loudly, proudly, confidently, and all wrong. Mr. Helmholtz, coming out of his wistful dream of a bass drum bigger than the one that had beaten him, administered the coup de grâce to the waltz by clattering his stick against his music stand. "All righty, all righty," he said cheerily, and he nodded his congratulations to the two who had persevered to the bitter end.

Walter Plummer, the clarinetist, responded gravely, like a concert-soloist receiving an ovation led by the director of a symphony orchestra. He was small, but with a thick chest developed in summers spent at the bottom of swimming pools, and he could hold a note longer than anyone in the Band, much longer, but that was all he could do. He drew back his tired, reddened lips, showing the two large front teeth that gave him the look of a squirrel, adjusted his reed, limbered his fingers, and awaited the next challenge to his virtuosity.

Mr. Helmholtz had tried to tell Plummer how misplaced his ambitions were, to recommend other fields for his great lungs and enthusiasm, where pitch would be unimportant. But Plummer was in love, not with music, but with the letter sweaters. Being as tone-deaf as boiled cabbage, he could detect nothing in his own playing about which to be discouraged.

After the rehearsal the bandmaster called up Plummer. "Have you got a moment? It's time we had a talk, my boy. God made all kinds of people: some who can run fast, some who can write wonderful stories, some who can paint pictures,

some who can sell anything, some who can make beautiful music. But He didn't make anybody who could do everything well. Part of the growing-up process is finding out what we can do well and what we can't do well." He patted Plummer's shoulder. "The last part, finding out what we can't do, is what hurts most about growing up. But everybody has to face it, and then go in search of his true self." Plummer's head was sinking lower and lower on his chest. "Plummer," said Mr. Helmholtz, "I have been trying to tell you this as kindly as possible, but the only way to get it across to you is to tell it to you straight."

"I'm probably ruining my chances for getting into the Band by speaking out like this, Mr. Helmholtz," said Plummer, standing, "but frankly, it's incidents like what happened to me that lost you the band competition last June."

"It was a seven-foot bass drum!"

"Well, get one for Lincoln High and see how you make out then."

"I'd give my right arm for one!" said Mr. Helmholtz, forgetting the point at issue and remembering his all-consuming dream. Plummer paused on the threshold. "One like the Knights of Kandahar use in their parades?"

"That's the ticket!" Mr. Helmholtz imagined the Knights of Kandahar's huge drum, the showpiece of every local parade. When the bandmaster returned to earth, Plummer was astride his bicycle. He was quickly off and away.

Mr. Helmholtz sat down to enjoy his paper, to read that the treasurer of the Knights of Kandahar, a respected citizen, had disappeared with the organization's funds and unpaid the Knights' bills for the past year and a half. "We'll pay a hundred cents on the dollar, if we sell everything," the Sublime Chamberlain of the Inner Shrine had said.

Mr. Helmholtz looked up a number in the phone book and dialed. "Zum-zum-zum-zum," went the busy signal in his ear. He dialed again and again, and always got the busy signal.

For years, Mr. Helmholtz had managed to smile and keep his wits about him in the Band practice sessions. But on the day after his fruitless efforts to find out anything about the Knights of Kandahar's bass drum, the bandsmen, a sensitive, high-strung lot, knew immediately that their director was on edge about something, and the rehearsal went badly. Mr. Helmholtz stopped a march in the middle because somebody outside was shaking the large double doors at one end of the rehearsal room.

Then the wooden doors opened with a shriek of rusty hinges. A snappy autumn gust showered the band with leaves. Plummer stood in the great opening, winded and perspiring, harnessed to a drum as big as a harvest moon! He walked in with splendid dignity, the huge apparatus grumbling along behind him.

Mr. Helmholtz rushed to meet him. He crushed Plummer's right hand between both of his. "Plummer, boy! You got it for us. Good boy! I'll pay you whatever you paid for it," he cried, and in his joy he added rashly, "And a nice little profit besides. Good boy!"

"See it?" said Plummer. "I'll give it to you when I graduate. All I want to do is play it in the Band as long as I'm here."

"But Plummer," said Mr. Helmholtz, "you don't know anything about drums."

"I'll practice hard," said Plummer.

"Now, just a minute," said Mr. Helmholtz, "There's more to drum playing than just lambasting the thing whenever you take a notion to, you know. It takes years to be a drummer."

"How long?" Plummer asked. Mr. Helmholtz's skin began to itch all over as Plummer stared at him coldly. "Until hell freezes over?" Plummer said at last.

Mr. Helmholtz sighed. "I'm afraid that's about right." He shook his head. "You're a fine boy, Plummer, but you'll never be a musician – not in a million years. The only thing to do is what we all have to do now and then: smile, shrug, and say, "Well, that's just one of those things that's not for me."

Tears formed on the rims of Plummer's eyes. He walked slowly toward the doorway, with the drum tagging after him. He smiled feebly and shrugged. "Some people have eight-foot drums," he said, "and others don't, and that's just the way life is. You're a fine man, Mr. Helmholtz, but you'll never get this drum in a million years, because I'm going to give it to my mother for a coffee table."

"Plummer!" cried Mr. Helmholtz and ran after him. He caught him and seized his arm. "We've got to have that drum," he panted. "How much do you want?"

"Smile," said Plummer. "Shrug! That's what I did." Plummer did it again. "See? So I can't get into the Band, so you can't have the drum. Who cares? All part of the growing-up process."

"The situations aren't the same!" said Mr. Helmholtz. "Not at all the same!"

"You're right," said Plummer. "I'm growing up, and you're not."

Mr. Helmholtz had to run after him again. "Plummer," he wheedled, "you'll never be able to play it well."

"Rub it in," said Plummer.

"But look at what a swell job you're doing of pulling it," said Mr. Helmholtz.

"Rub it in," Plummer repeated.

"No, no, no," said Mr. Helmholtz. "Not at all. If the school gets that drum, whoever's pulling it will be a crucial and valued member of the Band."

"He'd win a band letter?" said Plummer.

And Mr. Helmholtz said this: "I don't see why not."

VOCABULARY

band (n)		bandmaster (n)	
rehearsal (n)		get it across to somebody	
percussion (n)		face (v)	
instrument case		ruin one's chances	
baton (n)		incident (n)	
dignity (n)		give one's right arm for something	
angelically (adv)		make out (v)	
exquisite sounds		lose the competition	
secret weapon		forget the point at issue	
wistful dream		all-consuming dream	
hold a note		threshold (n)	
limber one's fingers		showpiece (n)	
be second to none		return to earth	
choral (adj)		pat one's shoulder	
extensively (adv)			
bassdrum (n)		look up a number	
lopsided with expenses		respected citizen	
clarinetist (n)		get the busy signal	
snare drummer		keep one's wits about one	
persevere to the bitter end		practice sessions	
clatter the stick		fruitless efforts	
concert-soloist		be on edge about something	
receive an ovation		high-strung (pII)	
symphony orchestra		pant (v)	
virtuosity (n)		snappy autumn gust	
misplaced (pII)		winded (pII)	
gravely (adv)		perspiring (pI)	
pitch (n)		harnessed (pII)	
be tone-deaf		splendid dignity	

be discouraged		grumble (v)	
horn (n)		lambaste (v)	
querulous (adj)		feebly (adv)	
plodding (pl)		wheedle (v)	
shrieking (pl)		rub it in	

EXERCISES

1. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets.

1. For the dress _____ the cast will be in full costume. (rehearse)
2. Our efforts to persuade her were _____; she didn't even listen. (fruit)
3. Somehow the suitcase with my clothes was _____; I have nothing to wear.
(place)
4. As a student, he travelled _____ in the Middle East. (extend)
5. The child was sleeping _____. (angel)
6. Don't be _____ at failure. (discourage)
7. At that time, his _____ on the violin had no parallel in classical music.
(virtuoso)
8. If you think so, you are _____ mistaken. (grave)
9. The third and the final section of the concert was _____ singing. (choir)
10. He mopped his _____ face with a handkerchief. (perspire)

2. Fill in the verb in the correct form in the sentence.

grumble	receive	pant	pat	limber	face
persevere	wheedle	hold	clatter		

1. The kids can always _____ money out of their father.
2. Why _____ at me about your own mistakes?
3. Mr Trump _____ the biggest challenge of his career now.
4. He _____ when he reached the top of the mountain.
5. As he fell, the gun _____ noisily to the floor.
6. She leaned forward and _____ me on the shoulder.
7. The dancers always _____ up before the performance.
8. His routine _____ a standing ovation yesterday.
9. The violist _____ a note for too long as he got distracted by the outdoor noise.
10. I _____ to the bitter end even if everything seems to be against me.

3. Paraphrase the sentence using an appropriate phrasal verb or idiom instead of the underlined part.

1. I know I shouldn't have paid that much for the poster - don't make it worse, OK?
2. You need to be very cautious as there a lot of pickpockets around here.
3. He is very nervous because his test results should have been posted online hours ago.
4. The conditions that these prisoners are kept in are better than all others.
5. At that moment she would have done anything so as not to be in that place.
6. This is the message that we want to present to the public.
7. The business coped better than expected and profits were slightly up.
8. He vowed that he would keep fighting until the very bad end.

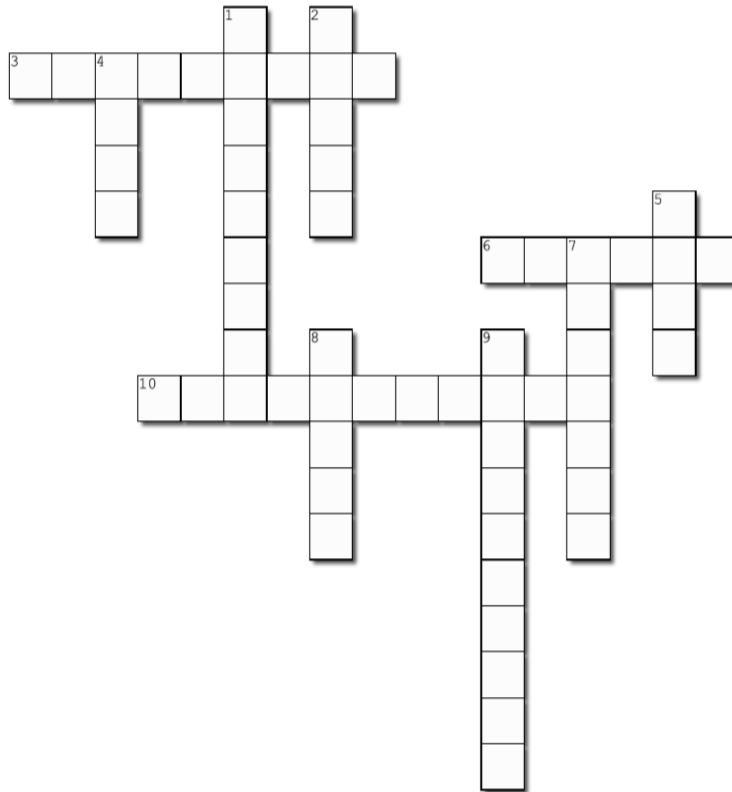
4. Match the two parts of the collocations.

1. splendid	a. with expenses
2. secret	b. gust
3. lopsided	c. weapon
4. instrument	d. dream
5. fruitless	e. dignity
6. practice	f. case
7. wistful	g. citizen
8. snappy	h. efforts
9. respected	i. sounds
10. exquisite	j. session

5. Solve the "music" crossword.

Down 1. A group of instrumentalists 2. A thick stick used by a conductor to direct orchestra or choir 4. A wind instrument, conical in shape, played by lip vibration 5. A group of musicians who play brass, wind or percussion instruments 7. A sustained and enthusiastic show of appreciation from the audience 8. The quality of a sound, the degree of highness or lowness of a tone 9. The quality of being extremely skilled at something

Across 3. A session of practice in preparation for a public performance 6. Performed by a choir 10. A person who plays the clarinet



6. Complete the sentences with the missing words.

querulous feebly harnessed incident band dignity threshold
 showpiece high-strung winded

1. He complained in a _____ voice about having been woken up.
2. After the _____ his father disinherited him.
3. Simon is so unfit - he gets _____ just from walking up the stairs.
4. A new relay of horses was _____ to the cart.
5. The family faced their ordeal with _____ and courage.
6. I said "Sorry" very _____, feeling rather embarrassed.
7. He stopped at the _____ of the bedroom.
8. The building is a _____ of elegant design.
9. The _____ struck up the wedding march.
10. The ageing actress was very _____ and overbearing.

7. Write your own sentences with the following expressions:

1. all-consuming dream
2. ruin one's chances
3. lose the competition
4. secret weapon
5. be discouraged

6. return to earth
7. be second to none
8. get something across to somebody
9. keep one's wits about one
10. be on edge about something

8. Match the two parts of the sentences.

1. Mr. Helmholtz smiled angelically	a. whoever's pulling it will be a crucial and valued member of the Band.
2. The football team lost half its games and the basketball team lost two thirds of theirs	b. like a concert-soloist receiving an ovation led by the director of a symphony orchestra.
3. For years, Mr. Helmholtz had managed to smile	c. as though he were about to release the most exquisite sounds ever heard by human beings.
4. Two members of the Band were playing now, a clarinetist and a snare drummer	d. and keep his wits about him in the Band practice sessions.
5. Walter Plummer, the clarinetist, responded gravely	e. but the band had been second to none until the past June.
6. Being as tone-deaf as boiled cabbage	f. the huge apparatus grumbling along behind him.
7. He walked in with splendid dignity	g. than just lambasting the thing whenever you take a notion to.
8. There's more to drum playing	h. because I'm going to give it to my mother for a coffee table.
9. You're a fine man, but you'll never get this drum in a million years	i. both playing loudly, proudly, confidently, and all wrong.
10. If the school gets that drum	j. he could detect nothing in his own playing about which to be discouraged.

9. Whose words are these? Plummer's or Mr Helmholtz's?

1. "I don't see why not."
2. "Rub it in."
3. "I'll pay you whatever you paid for it."
4. "You don't know anything about drums."
5. "I'll practice hard."
6. "We've got to have that drum."
7. "I'd give my right arm for one!"

8. "That's the ticket!"
9. "All part of the growing-up process."
10. "You'll never be able to play it well."
11. "All I want to do is play it in the Band as long as I'm here."
12. "I'm growing up, and you're not."
13. "One like the Knights of Kandahar use in their parades?"
14. "But look at what a swell job you're doing of pulling it."

10. Write the summary of the story in 3–5 sentences.

11. Answer the questions.

1. Why is Plummer a no-talent kid?
2. What do members of the band receive?
3. Before the last competition, how many competitions in a row had the Band won?
4. Why does Mr. Helmholtz think Lincoln lost to Johnstown in the last band competition?
5. What does Mr. Helmholtz think he needs in order to win the next competition?
6. What did the treasurer of the Knights of Kandahar do?
7. What does Plummer bring to the rehearsal?
8. How does that change Mr. Helmholtz's mood?
9. What does Plummer suggest?
10. How does Plummer negotiate with Mr. Helmholtz?
11. What is the result of the negotiation?

12. Discuss the following questions in groups or in pairs.

1. Is Plummer really a no-talent kid?
2. What does talent mean for you?
3. List Walter Plummer's most obvious talents.
4. Think about twenty years ahead. Do you think you might read about Walter Plummer some day? What might his future hold?
5. Analyze Mr Helmholtz's skills as a bandmaster. Do you think he treats Walter fairly? Why or why not?
6. Share your opinions on the following: "God made all kinds of people: some who can run fast, some who can write wonderful stories, some who can paint pictures, some who can sell anything, some who can make beautiful music. But He didn't make anybody who could do everything well. Part of the growing-up process is finding out what we can do well

and what we can't do well. The last part, finding out what we can't do, is what hurts most about growing up. But everybody has to face it, and then go in search of his true self."

7. How has Plummer become Mr Helmholtz's equal?
8. How does this story provide a model for reconciliation (settling a disagreement) between antagonists?

13. Answer the questions:

1. What atmosphere is created by the author from the very beginning?
2. How is this atmosphere created? What expressive means does the author employ to achieve the necessary effect?
3. What is peculiar about the language in the story?
4. How does the author reveal the nature of his characters?
5. What's your attitude to the characters of the story, their behaviour and activities?
6. What would you do if you were in the main characters' shoes?
7. Do you think the story is life-like or unreal?
8. What is the moral of the story?
9. Would you like to read Kurt Vonnegut's other stories and novels?
10. Do you think the story is worth reading? Why?

14. Write a short essay, responding to James Baldwin's words. Do you agree or disagree with him?

"Talent is insignificant. I know a lot of talented ruins. Beyond talent lie all the usual words: discipline, love, luck, but, most of all, endurance."

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Who is the story written by?
2. What do you know about the author of the story?
3. What is he famous for?
4. What are the author's years of life?
5. What are his most prominent works?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**THE WAY UP TO HEAVEN
(ABRIDGED)
By Roald Dahl**



All her life, Mrs. Foster had had an almost pathological fear of missing a train, a plane, a boat, or even a theatre curtain. In other respects, she was not a particularly nervous woman, but the mere thought of being late on occasions like these would throw her into such a state of nerves that she would begin to twitch. It was nothing much – just a tiny vellicating muscle in the corner of the left eye, like a secret wink – but the annoying thing was that it refused to disappear until an hour or so after the train or plane or whatever it was had been safely caught.

It was really extraordinary how in certain people a simple apprehension about a thing like catching a train can grow into a serious obsession. At least half an hour before it was time to leave the house for the station, Mrs. Foster would step out of the elevator all ready to go, with hat and coat and gloves, and then, being quite unable to sit down, she would flutter and fidget about from room to room until her husband, who must have been well aware of her state, finally emerged from his privacy and suggested in a cool dry voice that perhaps they had better be going now, had they not?

Mr. Foster may possibly have had a right to be irritated by this foolishness of his wife's, but he could have had no excuse for increasing her misery by keeping her waiting unnecessarily. Mind you, it is by no means certain that this is what he did, yet whenever they were to go somewhere, his timing was so accurate – just a minute or two late, you understand – and his manner so bland that it was hard to believe he wasn't purposely inflicting a nasty private little torture of his own on the unhappy lady. And one thing he must have known – that she would never dare to call out and tell him to hurry. He had disciplined her too well for that. He must also have known that if he was prepared to wait even beyond the last moment of safety, he could drive her nearly into hysterics. On one or two special occasions in the later years of their married life, it seemed almost as though he had wanted to miss the train simply in order to intensify the poor woman's suffering. Assuming (though one cannot be sure) that the husband was guilty, what made his attitude doubly unreasonable was the fact that, with the exception of this one small irrepressible foible, Mrs. Foster was and always had been a good and loving wife. For over thirty years, she had served him loyally and well. There was no doubt about this. Even she, a very modest woman, was aware of it, and although she had for years refused to let herself believe that Mr. Foster would ever consciously torment her, there had been times recently when she had caught herself beginning to wonder.

Mr. Eugene Foster, who was nearly seventy years old, lived with his wife in a large six storey house in New York City, on East Sixty-second Street, and they had four servants. It was a gloomy place, and few people came to visit them.

On this particular morning in January, Mrs. Foster, in an old-fashioned fur coat and with a black hat on the top of her head, was flying from room to room. She was thinking of nothing at all except that she was going to miss her plane if her husband didn't come out of his study soon and get ready.

She began walking up and down the hall. This, she kept telling herself, was the one plane she must not miss. It had taken months to persuade her husband to allow her to go. If she missed it, he might easily decide that she should cancel the whole thing. And the trouble was that he insisted on coming to the airport to see her off.

"Dear God," she said aloud, "I'm going to miss it. I know, I know, I know I'm going to miss it." The little muscle beside the left eye was twitching madly now. The eyes themselves were very close to tears.

This was an important journey for Mrs. Foster. She was going all alone to Paris to visit her daughter, her only child, who was married to a Frenchman. Mrs. Foster didn't care much for the Frenchman, but she was fond of her daughter, and, more than that, she had developed a great yearning to set eyes on her three grandchildren. She knew them only from the many photographs that she had received and that she kept putting up all over the house. They were beautiful, these children. She doted on

them, and each time a new picture arrived she would carry it away and sit with it for a long time, staring at it lovingly and searching the small faces for signs of that old satisfying blood likeness that meant so much. And now, lately, she had come more and more to feel that she did not really wish to live out her days in a place where she could not be near these children, and have them visit her, and take them out for walks, and buy them presents, and watch them grow. She knew, of course, that it was wrong and in a way disloyal to have thoughts like these while her husband was still alive. She knew also that although he was no longer active in his many enterprises, he would never consent to leave New York and live in Paris. It was a miracle that he had ever agreed to let her fly over there alone for six weeks to visit them. But, oh, how she wished she could live there always, and be close to them!

A door opened and Mr. Foster came into the hall. He stood for a moment, looking intently at his wife, and she looked back at him – at this diminutive but still quite dapper old man with the huge bearded face that bore such an astonishing resemblance to those old photographs of Andrew Carnegie.

"Well," he said, "I suppose perhaps we'd better get going fairly soon if you want to catch that plane."

"Yes, dear – yes! Everything's ready. The car's waiting."

With his head over to one side, he was watching her closely. He had a peculiar way of cocking the head and then moving it in a series of small, rapid jerks. Because of this and because he was clasping his hands up high in front of him, near the chest, he was somehow like a squirrel standing there – a quick clever old squirrel from the Park.

"That's good," he said. "I'll be with you in a moment," he said. "I'm just going to wash my hands."

Then Mr. Foster appeared again.

"I arranged everything with the servants," Mr. Foster said. "They're all going off today. I gave them half-pay for six weeks. I'll move into the club tonight. It'll be a nice change staying at the club. I'll call in at the house occasionally to see that everything's all right and to pick up the mail. Did you make any coffee?" he asked.

"No, dear. I thought you'd get a nice breakfast at the club. The car is here. It's been waiting. I'm all ready to go." They were standing in the hall – they always seemed to be meeting in the hall nowadays – she with her hat and coat and purse, he in a curiously cut Edwardian jacket with high lapels.

"I'm just going to get a few cigars. I'll be right with you. You get in the car."

Mr. Foster came out five minutes later. He walked down the steps of the house slowly, pausing halfway to observe the sky and to sniff the cold morning air. Watching him, she noticed that his legs were like goat's legs in those narrow stovepipe trousers that he wore.

"It looks a bit foggy," he said as he sat down beside her in the car. "And it's always worse out there at the airport. I shouldn't be surprised if the flight's cancelled already."

"Don't say that, dear - please."

"Hurry, please," she said to the chauffeur. "Please get going. I'm late."

"Just a moment!" Mr. Foster said suddenly. "Hold it a moment, chauffeur, will you?"

"What is it, dear?" She saw him searching the pockets of his overcoat.

"I had a little present I wanted you to take to Ellen," he said. "Now, where on earth is it? I'm sure I had it in my hand as I came down."

"I never saw you carrying anything. What sort of present?"

"A little box wrapped up in white paper. I forgot to give it to you yesterday. I don't want to forget it today."

"A little box!" Mrs. Foster cried. "I never saw any little box!" She began hunting frantically in the back of the car.

Her husband continued searching through the pockets of his coat. Then he unbuttoned the coat and felt around in his jacket. "Confound it," he said, "I must've left it in my bedroom. I won't be a moment."

"Oh, please!" she cried. "We haven't got time! Please leave it! You can mail it. It's only one of those silly combs anyway. You're always giving her combs."

"And what's wrong with combs, may I ask?" he said, furious that she should have forgotten herself for once.

"Nothing, dear, I'm sure. But..."

"Stay here!" he commanded. "I'm going to get it."

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Foster. "I'm sure I'm going to miss it now! What time is it?"

"Stop fussing," the old man said. "It doesn't matter anyway. It's bound to be cancelled now. They never fly in this sort of weather. I don't know why you bothered to come out."

She couldn't be sure, but it seemed to her that there was suddenly a new note in his voice, and she turned to look at him. It was difficult to observe any change in his expression under all that hair. The mouth was what counted. She wished, as she had so often before, that she could see the mouth clearly. The eyes never showed anything except when he was in a rage.

"Be quick, dear! Oh, please be quick!" She sat still, waiting and waiting.

"Chauffeur, what time is it?"

The man had a wristwatch, which he consulted. "I make it nearly nine-thirty."

"Can we get to the airport in an hour?"

"Just about."

At this point, Mrs. Foster suddenly spotted a corner of something white wedged down in the crack of the seat on the side where her husband had been

sitting. She reached over and pulled out a small paper-wrapped box, and at the same time she couldn't help noticing that it was wedged down firm and deep, as though with the help of a pushing hand.

"Here it is!" she cried. "I've found it! Oh dear, and now he'll be up there for ever searching for it! Chauffeur, quickly - run in and call him down, will you please?" No - I'll go myself. It'll be quicker. I know where he'll be."

She hurried out of the car and up the steps to the front door. She slid the key into the keyhole and was about to turn it - and then she stopped. Her head came up, and she stood there absolutely motionless, her whole body arrested right in the middle of all this hurry to turn the key and get into the house, and she waited - five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten seconds, she waited. The way she was standing there, with her head in the air and the body so tense, it seemed as though she were listening for the repetition of some sound that she had heard a moment before from a place far away inside the house. Yes - quite obviously she was listening. Her whole attitude was a listening one. She appeared actually to be moving one of her ears closer and closer to the door. Now it was right up against the door, and for still another few seconds she remained in that position, head up, ear to door, hand on key, about to enter but not entering, trying instead, or so it seemed, to hear and to analyze these sounds that were coming faintly from this place deep within the house.

Then, all at once, she sprang to life again. She withdrew the key from the door and came running back down the steps.

"It's too late!" she cried to the chauffeur. "I can't wait for him, I simply can't. I'll miss the plane. Hurry now, driver, hurry! To the airport!"

The chauffeur, had he been watching her closely, might have noticed that her face had turned absolutely white and that the whole expression had suddenly altered. There was no longer that rather soft and silly look. A peculiar hardness had settled itself upon the features. The little mouth, usually so flabby, was now tight and thin, the eyes were bright, and the voice, when she spoke, carried a new note of authority.

"Hurry, driver, hurry!"

"Isn't your husband travelling with you?" the man asked, astonished.

"Certainly not! I was only going to drop him at the club. It won't matter. He'll understand. He'll get a cab. Don't sit there talking, man. Get going! I've got a plane to catch for Paris!"

With Mrs. Foster urging him from the back seat, the man drove fast all the way, and she caught her plane with a few minutes to spare. Soon she was high up over the Atlantic, reclining comfortably in her aeroplane chair, listening to the hum of the motors, heading for Paris at last. The new mood was still with her. She felt remarkably strong and, in a queer sort of way, wonderful. She was a trifle breathless

with it all, but this was more from pure astonishment at what she had done than anything else, and as the plane flew farther and farther away from New York and East Sixty-second Street, a great sense of calmness began to settle upon her. By the time she reached Paris, she was just as strong and cool and calm as she could wish.

She met her grandchildren, and they were even more beautiful in the flesh than in their photographs. They were like angels, she told herself, so beautiful they were. And every day she took them for walks, and fed them cakes, and bought them presents, and told them charming stories.

Once a week, on Tuesdays, she wrote a letter to her husband a nice, chatty letter – full of news and gossip, which always ended with the words "Now be sure to take your meals regularly, dear, although this is something I'm afraid you may not be doing when I'm not with you."

When the six weeks were up, everybody was sad that she had to return to America, to her husband. Everybody, that is, except her. Surprisingly, she didn't seem to mind as much as one might have expected, and when she kissed them all good-bye, there was something in her manner and in the things she said that appeared to hint at the possibility of a return in the not too distant future.

However, like the faithful wife she was, she did not overstay her time. Exactly six weeks after she had arrived, she sent a cable to her husband and caught the plane back to New York.

Arriving at Idlewild, Mrs. Foster was interested to observe that there was no car to meet her. It is possible that she might even have been a little amused. But she was extremely calm.

The taxi drew up before the house on Sixty-second Street, and Mrs. Foster persuaded the driver to carry her two large cases to the top of the steps. Then she paid him off and rang the bell. She waited, but there was no answer. Just to make sure, she rang again, and she could hear it tinkling shrilly far away in the pantry, at the back of the house. But still no one came.

So she took out her own key and opened the door herself. The first thing she saw as she entered was a great pile of mail lying on the floor where it had fallen after being slipped through the letter box. The place was dark and cold. A dust sheet was still draped over the grandfather clock. In spite of the cold, the atmosphere was peculiarly oppressive, and there was a faint and curious odour in the air that she had never smelled before.

She walked quickly across the hall and disappeared for a moment around the corner to the left, at the back. There was something deliberate and purposeful about this action; she had the air of a woman who is off to investigate a rumour or to confirm a suspicion. And when she returned a few seconds later, there was a little glimmer of satisfaction on her face.

She paused in the centre of the hall, as though wondering what to do next. Then, suddenly, she turned and went across into her husband's study. On the desk she found his address book, and after hunting through it for a while she picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Hello," she said. "Listen - this is Nine East Sixty-second Street... Yes, that's right. Could you send someone round as soon as possible, do you think? Yes, it seems to be stuck between the second and third floors. At least, that's where the indicator's pointing... Right away? Oh, that's very kind of you. You see, my legs aren't any too good for walking up a lot of stairs. Thank you so much. Good-bye."

She replaced the receiver and sat there at her husband's desk, patiently waiting for the man who would be coming soon to repair the lift.

VOCABULARY

pathological fear		bear resemblance	
mere (adj)		cock one's head	
twitch (v)		call in (v)	
wink (n)		sniff (v)	
apprehension (n)		frantically (adv)	
obsession (n)		unbutton (v)	
flutter (v)		be bound	
fidget (v)		fuss (v)	
misery (n)		bother (v)	
accurate (adj)		be in a rage	
bland (adj)		spot (v)	
inflict (v)		be about to do smth	
torture (n)		motionless (adj)	
dare (v)		tense (adj)	
drive into hysterics		spring to life	
special occasion		withdraw the key	
assume (v)		alter (v)	
attitude (n)		flabby (adj)	
unreasonable (adj)		hardness (n)	
irrepressible (adj)		astonishment (n)	
foible (n)		recline (v)	
torment (v)		hum (n)	
consciously (adv)		head for (v)	
insist on (v)		queer (adj)	

yearning (n)		in the flesh	
set eyes on smb		hint at (v)	
dote on (v)		tinkle (n)	
disloyal (adj)		pantry (n)	
enterprise (n)		oppressive (adj)	
consent (v)		odour (n)	
intently (adv)		deliberate (adj)	
diminutive (adj)		vellicate (v)	
dapper (adj)		confirm a suspicion	
glimmer of satisfaction			

EXERCISES

1. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets.

1. He was accused of being _____ to the government. (loyal)
2. They gasped in _____ at the news. (astonish)
3. Don't let your boss make _____ demands on you. (reason)
4. He had always had a _____ to be a school-teacher. (yearn)
5. The heat in the tropics can be _____. (oppress)
6. We have been _____ trying to save her life (frantic)
7. He will have stiffened after suffering such _____. (hard)
8. He _____ his shirt and revealed a big scar on his chest. (button)
9. I don't think she's _____ rude to people – it's just her manner. (conscious)
10. He felt an _____ urge to write. (repress)

2. Fill in the verb in the correct form in the sentence.

dare	fidget	torment	alter	assume	bother	consent	spot	sniff	twitch
------	--------	---------	-------	--------	--------	---------	------	-------	--------

1. The girl was so beautiful that he _____ to speak to her.
2. He has no time _____ with trifles.
3. We hope our parents _____ to our marriage.
4. Stop _____! It's so annoying!
5. Blow your nose, don't _____.
6. The older boys _____ him whenever they had the chance.
7. He remained obdurate, refusing _____ his decision.
8. It's reasonable _____ that the situation will continue to worsen.
9. If you _____ any mistakes in the article, just mark them with a pencil.
10. Mac was very nervous. A muscle on his face began _____.

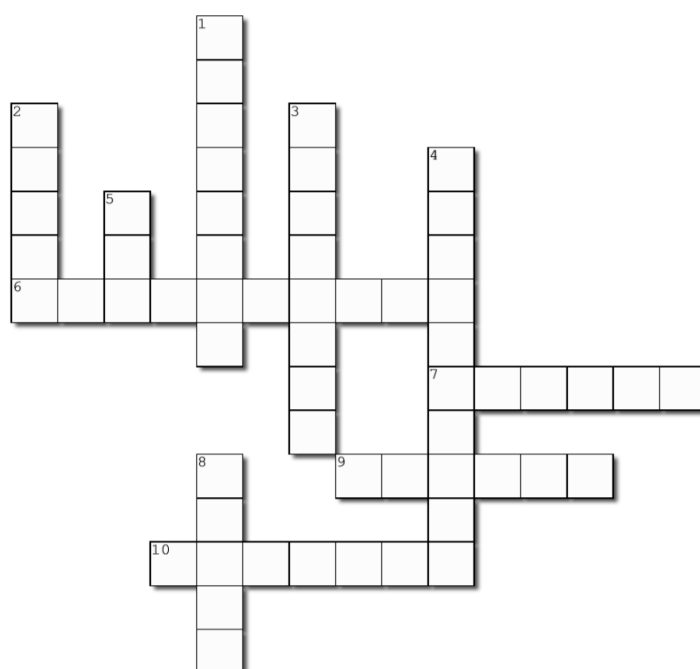
3. Fill in the missing prepositions/particles in the sentences.

1. We dote ... our dog; he's like our little baby.
2. I insist ... paying for the damage.
3. Pack a picnic lunch and head ... the country.
4. We had better call ... a specialist at this critical moment.
5. I'm not one of those people who just spring ... life when my alarm goes off.
6. I told her the truth and it drove her ... hysterics.
7. Such examples hint ... the fragility of the globalized world.
8. Thousands of fans gathered to see the band ... the flesh.
9. She stormed out of the room ... a rage.
10. I hope I never set eyes ... this place again!

4. Match the two parts of the collocations.

1. glimmer	a. occasion
2. confirm	b. one's head
3. special	c. from the door
4. pathological	d. of satisfaction
5. bear	e. foible
6. cock	f. a suspicion
7. unbutton	g. resemblance
8. withdraw the key	h. the coat
9. irrepressible	i. a cold morning air
10. sniff	j. fear

5. Solve the crossword.



Down 1. A strong feeling of wishing for something, especially what you cannot have or get easily 2. Not having a strong taste or character 3. A feeling or opinion about something or someone 4. An organisation, especially a business or a difficult and important plan 5. A continuous low noise 8. A smell, often unpleasant

Across 6. Very small 7. A small room or large cupboard in a house where food is kept 9. A strange habit that is seen as not important and not harming anyone 10. The act of causing great mental or physical pain to someone intentionally

6. Complete the sentences with the missing words.

dapper	motionless	tense	intently	apprehension	flutter
flabby	deliberate	tinkle	recline		

1. I could see a man staring at me _____.
2. He looked quite _____ in his gray pin-striped suit.
3. You may _____ your seat a little when you want to have a quick nap.
4. The audience was _____ as they waited for the acrobat to jump.
5. They were filled with _____ as they approached the building.
6. He's getting fat and _____ because he doesn't have enough exercise.
7. He told us a _____ lie.
8. The _____ body showed no sign of life.
9. In the distance we heard the silvery _____ of a stream.
10. He felt his stomach _____ when they called his name

7. Write your own sentences with the following words/ expressions:

1. mere
2. pathological
3. accurate
4. be bound to do something
5. be about to do something
6. to inflict
7. to consent
8. obsession
9. attitude
10. astonishment

8. Match the two parts of the sentences.

1. All her life, Mrs. Foster had had an almost pathological fear	a. by this foolishness of his wife's
2. Mr. Foster may possibly have had a right to be irritated	b. on coming to the airport to see her off.

3. ...but he could have had no excuse	c. at what she had done than anything else.
4. ...if he was prepared to wait even beyond the last moment of safety,	d. he would never consent to leave New York and live in Paris.
5. And the trouble was that he insisted	e. of missing a train, a plane, a boat, or even a theatre curtain.
6. ... she had developed a great yearning	f. there was a little glimmer of satisfaction on her face.
7. She knew also that although he was no longer active in his many enterprises,	g. he could drive her nearly into hysterics.
8. She was a trifle breathless with it all, but this was more from pure astonishment	h. to set eyes on her three grandchildren.
9. ...there was something in her manner and in the things she said that appeared to hint	i. for increasing her misery by keeping her waiting unnecessarily.
10. And when she returned a few seconds later,	j. at the possibility of a return in the not too distant future.

9. Fill in the missing parts of the sentences in the summary.

- A. just to watch her suffer
- B. but there is a "little glimmer of satisfaction on her face"
- C. that they must leave immediately so as not to be late
- D. As she starts to unlock the door
- E. to be boarding a plane to Paris to visit her beloved daughter and grandchildren
- F. that he left a gift for their daughter in the house
- G. as her husband well knows
- H. and she left him to die
- I. writing home once a week
- J. "as though with the help of a pushing hand"

Mrs. Foster lives with her domineering husband, Eugene Foster, in a sixth-floor apartment in New York City. She is supposed 1) _____, but her husband is running late to accompany her to the airport. She has a pathological fear of being late for things, 2) _____, but he nonetheless always waits to get ready until the very last minute. While this might be an accident, the narrator suggests that it's possible he is doing this on purpose, 3) _____.

Finally, they get in the car on time, but at the last minute, Mr. Foster remembers 4) _____. Mrs. Foster begs him to leave it so she can make it to her flight, but he insists and goes back inside. In the meantime, Mrs. Foster finds the gift that he described wedged in between the seats 5) _____. She tells the driver to go get her husband, but then realizes it'll be faster if she does it herself.

6) _____, she hears some unexplained sound and stops. With an authoritative air and something changed about her, she turns around and tells the driver 7) _____, and that her husband will simply get a cab to the club. She enjoys herself in Paris with her daughter and grandchildren, 8) _____, and returns six weeks later. She finds the place deserted with a bad smell, 9) _____. She calls the elevator repair company and asks them to come fix their elevator: the implication is that her husband has been stuck in the elevator the whole time she was gone, 10) _____.

10. Put the Mr and Mrs Foster's words in the order they appear in the story.

1. "It looks a bit foggy. And it's always worse out there at the airport. I shouldn't be surprised if the flight's cancelled already. "
2. "Oh, please! We haven't got time! Please leave it! You can mail it. It's only one of those silly combs anyway. You're always giving her combs. "
3. "I arranged everything with the servants. They're all going off today. I gave them half-pay for six weeks. I'll move into the club tonight"
4. "Dear God, I'm going to miss it. I know, I know, I know I'm going to miss it."
5. "Certainly not! I was only going to drop him at the club. It won't matter. He'll understand. He'll get a cab. Don't sit there talking, man. Get going! I've got a plane to catch for Paris!"
6. "Well, I suppose perhaps we'd better get going fairly soon if you want to catch that plane."
7. "Here it is! I've found it! Oh dear, and now he'll be up there for ever searching for it! Chauffeur, quickly - run in and call him down, will you please? No - I'll go myself. It'll be quicker. I know where he'll be. "
8. "I'm just going to get a few cigars. I'll be right with you. You get in the car. "

11. Answer the questions.

1. What is the setting of the story?
2. What is Mrs Foster's little foible?
3. Why is Mrs Foster upset with her husband at the beginning of the story?
4. What makes Mr Foster a little angry?
5. Why was it an important journey for Mrs Foster?

6. Why wouldn't they go to the airport even if the time was running out?
7. What was it that Mrs Foster heard when she was about to open the door?
8. How did Mrs Foster spend her time in Paris?
9. Did Mr Foster meet her at the airport when she got back to New-York?
10. Why did Mrs Foster call the repair service?

12. Discuss the following questions in groups or in pairs.

1. What are the main conflicts we can guess between the couple?
2. Was Mrs Foster happy in her marriage?
3. How do Mrs Foster's feelings about her husband develop? Find the examples illustrating her attitude to her husband in the text.
4. What happened to Mr Foster?
5. Why is the story called "The Way Up To Heaven"?
6. What is the irony of "The Way Up To Heaven"?
7. How are the following themes explored in "The Way Up To Heaven"?
 - cruelty and revenge
 - gender and marriage
 - deception and disloyalty

13. Answer the questions:

1. What atmosphere is created by the author from the very beginning?
2. How is this atmosphere created? What expressive means does the author employ to achieve the necessary effect?
3. How does the author reveal the nature of his characters?
4. What's your attitude to the characters of the story, their behaviour and activities?
5. What would you do if you were in the main character's shoes?
6. Do you think the story is life-like or unreal?
7. What is the moral of the story?
8. Would you like to read Roald Dahl's other stories and novels?
9. Do you think the story is worth reading? Why?

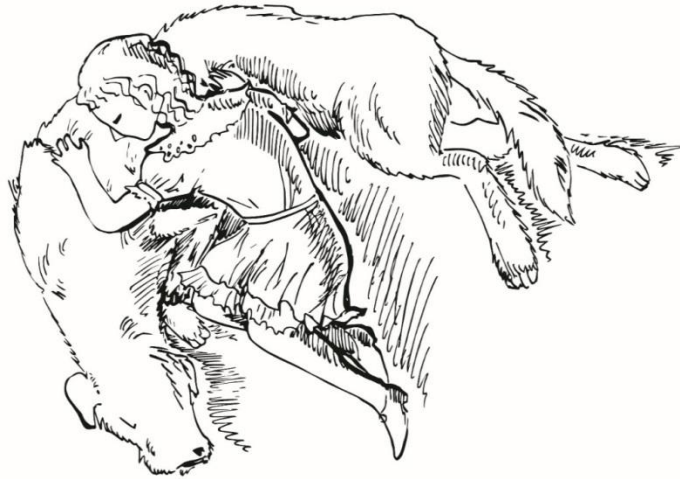
14. Write the blurb for the story in 100-150 words.

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Who is the story written by?
2. What do you know about the author of the story?
3. What is she famous for?
4. What are the author's years of life?
5. What are her most prominent works?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**RICOCHET
(ABRIDGED)
By Angela Noel**



Owen had planned to wear gloves. He had an ancient pair in brown leather, which he wore for Sunday chapel in winter. But his farmer's hands were clumsy in them and this was delicate work.

Owen Parry stopped and looked about him with a little rat-smile. Why bother with gloves at all? This was his own cottage, wasn't it? The police would expect to find his fingerprints all over it. These were his two wooden chairs, now standing back to back and apart by a carefully measured distance.

The shot gun was his, too. Of course it bore his fingerprints. Now the gun lay across the backs of the two chairs, firmly held with rope and wire. It pointed at his only door.

The gun was cocked. From the trigger, a string was looped to the door handle. When that door was thrown back, the string would jerk tight. And when did his brother Huw not throw doors wide?

For a moment Owen's stomach welled in him but he held himself taut. Switch on an inviting light, he told himself, and leave the cottage by a window.

His brother would be here before evening chapel.

"To talk about re-stocking the farm,' Owen had lied nervously while persuading him to come.

"Huh, re-stocking, is it?" Huw had grunted. "Looking ahead, aren't we?"

Both their faces were still grey from the nightmare of foot-and-mouth disease that had devastated their farm. By compulsory order, their whole flock had been slaughtered. Their dogs too had to go, their beautiful faithful intelligent dogs. Even Beth, whom they all loved best.

Owen sighed at the thought of Beth but her memory strengthened his will. He had suffered enough. He set off for the village to create his alibi.

Even now, surrounded by the tragedy of empty hills, he felt his passion surge for this place he'd always known, for the lovely sweep of valley, for the curl of polished-steel river, for the farmhouse with its close family of buildings.

Soon it would all be his and his alone. He would work and care and live again. The hills would sing with the bleat of a healthy flock and there would be dogs once more, streaming them down to the river meadow.

Though there'd never be another bitch quite like Beth. Even today, heading for the village, Owen imagined he still heard her barking, barking up at the deserted sheepfold on the hill behind his cottage.

Some partnership it had been with his brother! It wasn't enough that Huw had married Rhiannon, the girl they both loved, the pretty, sympathetic, pliable Rhiannon. Or that Huw and his wife took over the good stone farmhouse, leaving Owen to move out to the musty riverside cottage.

Worst of all, after the first year or two, Huw was not even making Rhiannon happy and their marriage, unblessed by children, had begun slowly to wither at the edges.

Huw was a black-haired giant, bass-voiced, rock-strong. To him, being without child was traumatic, demeaning. He imagined the village sniggered behind its net curtains. "There goes Huw Parry, owns half the valley with his brother, married these five years and can't get his wife pregnant."

And who in that lonely valley could the sad Rhiannon turn to but her brother-in-law? Didn't she know, as any woman knows, that he'd always loved her?

"Like the river you are, Owen Parry," she told him, "slow and deep."

As children, both boys had played and danced and kissed with her. But they were children no longer. One day Owen took his sister-in-law in his arms and the dream he had nurtured for all those silent years woke to reality.

But the birth of Margo wrought a change in Huw that stunned both Owen and Rhiannon. Overnight, it seemed, Huw stood tall again. He sang at his work and displayed a tenderness the other two had not known he possessed.

For the second time in his life, Owen had seen Rhiannon slipping from him to cleave to Huw. The old fire smouldered anew, silent and menacing inside him. One day it must blaze.

The slaughter of the flock it was that finally set the fire alight.

None of it need have happened, hadn't Owen said so again and again? One slobbering ewe they'd found, just one, and that they could easily have disposed of in secret. Then with gallons of disinfectant they could have tried, at least they could have tried, to protect the rest of the flock from the scourge of foot-and-mouth.

But oh no! Huw, upright God fearing chapel man that he was, Huw must call the authorities. Younger and bigger, he'd tossed Owen aside and marched for the telephone. The nightmare had been set in motion. The inspectors came and passed the death sentence on sheep and dogs alike.

"I hope you're satisfied, Huw Parry," said Owen that night and he felt a lifetime's resentment of his brother slip over the edge into something deeper and much harder to control.

Owen had made one last appeal to Rhiannon. Huw was outside, staring morosely at the river. Margo they could hear in the yard, calling tearfully for the vanished Beth.

"Huw can't bring himself to tell her about having to shoot Beth," Rhiannon said tenderly, watching her husband from her kitchen window. "I'll never forget how he looked as he led Beth away and she went, waving that plume tail of hers, obedient to the last. Beth was always Margo's favourite and it broke his heart to have to do it."

Owen's arm tightened across Rhiannon's shoulders. "We can't go on like this, love," he said. "You've got to tell Huw the truth. Let him find some other farm. We'll re-stock as soon as they'll let us and we'll set up house here like the family we really are."

He glanced covetously at the firm dry walls, the roominess and solidity of the place, so different from his miserable cottage.

But when his gaze returned to Rhiannon, her blank look killed his hope.

"Is it mad you are, Owen Parry?" she said. "Would I tell my man to go, after all he's suffered, after all this destruction and grief? Would I rob him of his land and his child?"

"Whose child?" said Owen.

Rhiannon paled. "God forgive me, he's as good as a father to her."

Owen spread his hands. "It's childless you'd be to this day if you hadn't turned to me."

She shook her head of long dark hair. "Oh I know you were good to me when my marriage was going badly, Owen. I needed you then. But Huw and me,

we're so much happier now. You must see that. He's a different man. He worships Margo – and I won't let you take her from him. I'll deny every word you say and it's me he'll believe."

Owen grasped her shoulders, thin under his demanding hands, and shook her. Her dark hair flopped forward, then she threw up her head and defied him.

He wanted to roar at her, "You have used me like a prize ram!" But he quelled the words. If once he turned Rhiannon against himself, his life would be without meaning.

He'd walked away, sickened by the knowledge of what he must do.

That night Owen wept, alone in his musty cottage, and his deepest distress was for Margo, his brown-eyed elf. No choir ever sang like that child laughing... While Huw lived, Rhiannon would be his wife, Margo his daughter. What choice had they left him? A man could only take or lose – so much.

Owen brooded for a week, a scheme simmering in his mind.

He might have pulled the trigger himself – but he knew his courage would fail him. Huw had only to look at him with those blazing black eyes of his and Owen would feel his strength of purpose drain away into the ground. And how to convince people it was an accident? No, Huw must be the one to pull the trigger. And hadn't the slaughter of an entire flock, a lifetime's work, been known to drive a man to suicide? Hadn't Huw been morose of late, since their loss? What better place to choose than his brother's home to spare his wife and child from finding his body?

Thus was born the idea of the trap.

Grudgingly, Huw had agreed to come down to Owen's cottage this Sunday afternoon to talk about the farm. Huw would fling open the door and it would all be over. He wouldn't even suffer or know a moment's suspicion. A small price to pay for another's happiness, Owen thought.

Owen would walk back from the village after chapel, clutching his watertight alibi. It would take only minutes to falsify the evidence, to remove all signs of wire and string, and to place the gun in the dead man's hands. Then Owen would run in innocent horror to telephone the police. The widow would weep in his arms.

Now Owen's heart thundered in his breast as he left his cottage and his gun, waiting, behind him.

The village lay freezing in the Sunday afternoon quiet. Though not, apparently, too cold for Mrs Price, Groceries, forever at her door.

"Terrible to be idle, isn't it?" she said, with relish.

Owen stopped. What better witness to his whereabouts this Sunday afternoon, she with her mind like the hoard of a squirrel, packed tight with seeds of suspicion and sweet nuts of scandal?

When at last Mrs Price ran out of chatter, he called on Mr Hughes and asked politely about her arthritis. Ma Hughes offered him tea.

Owen left Mr Hughes when he'd barely enough time to reach chapel. He entered that hushed place, let the door fall to with a thud and broke into a fit of coughing.

Afterwards, his irreverence apparently forgiven, they asked him where Huw was. "Can't remember when last Huw Parry missed chapel," they all said.

Owen shook his head and murmured about depression.

Despite the cold, Owen was sweating as he left the lane and slowly crunched back over the crystal grass to his cottage.

He reached his door, put out his hand...

No, wait. The gun might still be cocked, if for any reason Huw had failed to come down. Even in death, he didn't trust his brother. He peered nervously in through his lighted window.

Owen's scream split the night.

He burst into the cottage, jaw slack, eyes protruding, hands dragging at his hair. He gaped down at the two sprawled and bloody bodies on his floor. Margo and the sheepdog Beth.

He prodded the bitch with his shoe and it was rigid. He couldn't touch the child. His own daughter. He covered his face.

His mind was a vortex of horror and bewilderment. Then the truth flashed against his closed lids.

Huw had cheated. He had never slaughtered the bitch as ordered. He must have hidden her. Suddenly Owen recalled that ghostly barking from the sheepfold. Of course! Then today she must have escaped, perhaps found and released by a delighted Margo, and they'd come bounding down the hillside to tell her Uncle Owen the good news...

It took only a few minutes to discard the wire and string, reload the gun and blow out the side of his head.

The explosion awoke the sleeping child. Margo started up, crying, as the noise renewed her terror. She looked only at Beth, who had not moved. She remembered trying to keep up with Beth and how the bitch bounded at the cottage door ahead of her, the unbearable noise and how the bitch fell whimpering and twitching. She had flung herself down, fondling Beth, trying to rouse her, getting covered in the animal's blood. She must have cried herself to sleep on the floor.

Now she turned and fled screaming from the cottage. Halfway home, stumbling through the moonlight, she cannoned into Huw.

"Oh Margo, my Margo, I've been searching for you this past two hours!" Huw scooped up the child and carried her joyously home, thanking the Lord for the safety of his beloved daughter.

He decided it was too late now to go and see Owen.

VOCABULARY

chapel (n)		defy (v)	
clumsy (adj)		roar at (v)	
fingerprints (n)		musty (adj)	
pull the trigger		distress (n)	
hold oneself taut		smoulder (v)	
well (v)		brood (v)	
persuade (v)		drain away (v)	
devastate (v)		grudgingly (adv)	
compulsory (adj)		fling (v)	
slaughter (n)		suspicion (n)	
set off (v)		watertight alibi	
meadow (n)		falsify the evidence	
head for (v)		weep (v)	
pliable (adj)		with relish	
unblessed		run out of chatter	
wither at the edges		irreverence (n)	
traumatic (adj)		break into (v)	
demeaning (adj)		peer (v)	
snigger (v)		protruding (adj)	
nurture a dream		gape (v)	
cleave (v)		prod (v)	
menacing (adj)		vortex of horror and bewilderment	
scourge (n)		bound (v)	
dispose of (v)		whimper (v)	
pass the death sentence		twitch (v)	
resentment (n)		fondle (v)	
morosely (adv)		flee (v)	
obedient (adj)		stumble (v)	
covetously (adv)		cannon into (v)	
gaze (v)		scoop up (v)	
grief (n)		murmur (v)	
deny (v)		quell (v)	
ewe (n)		flock (n)	

EXERCISES

1. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets.

1. The experience was very _____ for Donna and she hasn't spoken ever since. (trauma)
2. After losing the bet, my sister _____ agreed to do my chores. (grudge)
3. The forger tried to _____ the documents but couldn't match the signature. (false)
4. He was always _____ to his father's wishes. (obey)
5. She bore bitter feelings of _____ toward her ex-husband. (resent)
6. An infertile couple, married for many years, was _____ with children. (bless)
7. The dog stared _____ at the front door while waiting for its owner to return. (morose)
8. To the _____ of her parents, Ann wanted to have a sex change operation. (bewilder)
9. His voice was harsh and _____. (menace)
10. The boys looked _____ at the shiny new motorcycles. (covet)

2. Fill in the verbs in the correct form in the sentences.

weep stumble murmur snigger twitch flee persuade cleave fondle brood

1. What _____ you two _____ at? There's nothing funny.
2. Mrs Williams _____ her cat as it sat beside her.
3. We could hear her _____ around the bedroom in the dark.
4. Hundreds of people have left their devastated villages and _____ to the mountains.
5. People in the street _____ with joy when peace was announced.
6. I wish she wouldn't sit _____ in her room all day.
7. The old woman lay in her bed, _____ to herself in the dark.
8. He wouldn't listen to anyone who tried _____ him to stay at home.
9. People in the remote mountain villages still _____ to their old traditions.
10. Her lips _____ and her eyelids fluttered as she saw her brutal husband.

3. Fill in the missing prepositions/particles in the sentences.

1. I have run patience with her; she's such a nuisance!
2. You needn't roar ... me, I'm not asking for much.
3. One of the reporters cannoned ... Mr. Bush in the street.
4. How did they dispose ... the body?
5. The country is heading ... recession.

6. What time do we set ... tomorrow?
7. Stretching out her tired limbs, she felt the tensions of the day drain
8. He broke ... running, and we couldn't catch him,
9. They stood gaping ... the pig in the kitchen.
10. She scooped the children ... and ran with them to safety.

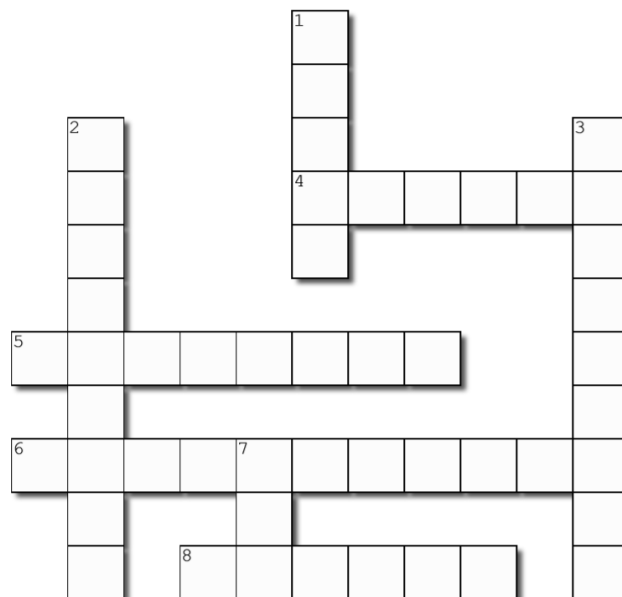
4. Match the two parts of the collocations. Write down your own examples with each collocation.

1. carefully	a. taut
2. watertight	b. the death sentence
3. pull	c. at the edges
4. hold oneself	d. alibi
5. wither	e. chatter
6. run out of	f. the evidence
7. nurture	g. measured
8. falsify	h. coughing
9. pass	i. the trigger
10. break into	j. a dream

5. Solve the crossword.

Down 1. A group of sheep, goats or birds 2. Doubt or lack of trust 3. The killing of animals for food 7. A female sheep

Across 4. A part of a church that has its own altar and which is used for private prayer 5. Very great sadness, especially at the death of someone 6. A mark of the surface by a person's fingertip, able to be used for identifying purposes 8. A piece of grassland, especially one used for hay



6. Complete the sentences with the missing words.

deny irreverence defy scourge compulsory relish quell musty
distress gaze

1. Inflation was the _____ of the 1970s.
2. His _____ for authority marks him out as a troublemaker.
3. She ate her cake slowly and with _____.
4. She felt embarrassed under his steady _____.
5. My instinctive reaction was to _____ everything.
6. Luke's behaviour caused his parents great _____.
7. He has just finished a stint of _____ military service.
8. The cottage had a _____ smell after being shut up over the winter.
9. Soldiers were sent to _____ the riot.
10. That was the first time I dared to _____ my mother.

7. Make up your own collocations with the following words:

1. clumsy
2. obedient
3. menacing
4. covetous
5. pliable
6. traumatic
7. compulsory
8. protruding
9. demeaning
10. suspicious

8. Match the two parts of the sentences.

1. Owen brooded for a week	a. their whole flock had been slaughtered.
2. When that door was thrown back	b. but he held himself taut.
3. Owen shook his head	c. a scheme simmering in his mind.
4. For a moment Owen's stomach welled in him	d. had begun slowly to wither at the edges.
5. He wanted to roar at her	e. of horror and bewilderment.

6. By compulsory order	f. and murmured about depression.
7. His mind was a vortex	g. silent and menacing inside him.
8. The old fire smouldered anew	h. the string would jerk tight
9. Owen's heart thundered in his breast	i. but he quelled the words.
10. Their marriage, unblessed by children	j. as he left his cottage and his gun, waiting, behind him.

9. Write the summary of the story in 50-100 words. (use Present Simple)

10. Answer the questions.

1. What was Owen preparing? What for?
2. How had Owen persuaded Huw to come?
3. What had been slaughtered? Why?
4. Owen had the grudge against his brother for many reasons. What are they?
5. Beth, Margo and Rhianon are important characters in the story / Who are they?
6. Whose child is Margo?
7. What alibi did Owen prepare?
8. Whose bodies did Owen see on the floor? What did he think?
9. "It took only a few minutes to discard the wire and string, reload the gun and blow out the side of his head." What does this sentence describe? Why would he do that?
10. Why had Owen misunderstood the situation? What had really happened?

11. Who said these words and in what situation?

1. "Looking ahead, aren't we?"
2. "I hope you're satisfied, Huw Parry."
3. "Like the river you are, Owen Parry, slow and deep."
4. "God forgive me, he's as good as a father to her."
5. "It's childless you'd be to this day if you hadn't turned to me."
6. "You have used me like a prize ram!"
7. "Terrible to be idle, isn't it?"
8. "Can't remember when last Huw Parry missed chapel."

12. Discuss the following questions in groups or in pairs.

1. Do you think Owen had every reason to hate his brother?
2. Can you justify Owen's actions?
3. Do you think Owen had a weak or a strong personality?
4. What do you think of Rhianon's decision to have a baby from her brother-in law?
5. Do you think Owen regretted what he'd done before killing himself?
6. Why is the story called "Ricochet"?
7. How important are children for a family well-being?
8. Can the feeling of envy be controlled or overcome?
9. Do you think one must be ready to do whatever it may need in order to be happy?

13. Answer the questions:

1. What atmosphere is created by the author from the very beginning?
2. How is this atmosphere created? What expressive means does the author employ to achieve the necessary effect?
3. What is peculiar about the choice of words in the story?
4. What is peculiar about the syntax of the story?
5. How does the author reveal the nature of his characters?
6. What's your attitude to the characters of the story, their behaviour and activities?
7. What would you do if you were in the main character's shoes?
8. Do you think the story is life-like or unreal?
9. What is the moral of the story?
10. Would you like to read Angela Noel's other stories and novels?
11. Do you think the story is worth reading? Why?

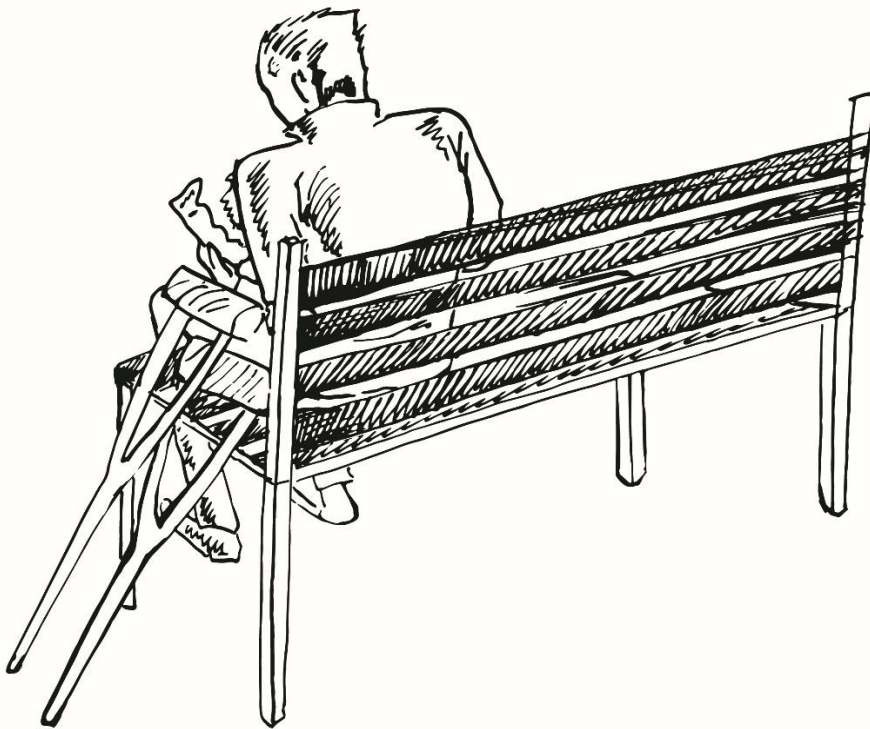
14. Write an alternative ending to the story in 100-200 words.

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. What do you know about the author?
2. What are her most famous novels entitled?
3. Where did she come from?
4. What were the major themes of her works?
5. What did the critics think of her literary pieces?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**THE SECOND FIDDLE
(ABRIDGED)
by Ethel M. Dell**



The man who sat in the little wooden summer-house that faced the sea raised his head from his hand and stared outwards. Before him on the rough, wooden table lay a letter – a letter that he knew by heart, yet carried always with him. It had been written to tell him that because he was crippled for life the writer could no longer entertain the idea of sharing hers with him. It was all that was left to him of one whom he had loved passionately, blindly, foolishly, and who had ceased to love him on the day, now nearly a year ago, when his friends had ceased to call him by the nickname of Hercules. He was alone with his suffering, his broken life, and the long, long, empty years stretching away before him.

A low whistle floated through the slumbrous silence and died softly away among the sand-dunes. He remained motionless, and a dim, detached wonder crossed his mind. He had thought himself quite alone. Again the whistle sounded. Slowly and painfully he raised himself. The next instant an enormous Newfoundland dog rushed panting into his retreat and proceeded to search every inch of the place with violent haste. The man on the bench sat still and watched him, but when the animal with a sudden, clumsy movement knocked his crutches on to the floor and out of his reach, he uttered an exclamation of annoyance. Hugh Durant was left a prisoner, the nearest of his crutches a full yard away. He sat and stared at them with a heavy frown.

"Oh, I am sorry!" a voice said suddenly some seconds later. "Let me get them for you!"

Durant looked round sharply. A brown-faced girl in a short, cotton dress stood in the doorway. Her head was bare and covered with short, black, curly hair that shone wet in the sunshine. Her eyes were very blue. For some reason she looked rather ashamed of herself. She moved forward barefooted and picked up Durant's crutches.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said again. "I didn't know there was any one here till I heard Cæsar knock something down." She dusted the tops of the crutches with her sleeve and propped them against the table.

"Thanks!" said Durant curtly. He was not feeling sociable—he could not feel sociable. Yet, as if attracted by something, the girl lingered.

"It's lovely down on the shore," she said half shyly.

"No doubt," said Durant, and again his tone was curt to churlishness. Then abruptly he felt that he had been unnecessarily surly, and wondered if he was getting querulous.

"Been bathing?" he asked, with a brief glance at her wet hair.

She gave him a quick, friendly smile. "Yes, sir," she said; and added: "Cæsar and I."

The soft eyes shone, and the man, who had been a sailor, told himself that they were deep-sea eyes. "I love it," the girl said very earnestly. Her intensity surprised him a little. He had not expected it in one who, to judge by her dress, must be a child of the humble fisher-folk. His interest began to awaken. "You live near here?" he questioned.

She pointed a brown hand towards the sand-dunes. "On the shore, sir," she said. "We hear the waves all night. You live in the cottage on the cliff?" she asked.

He nodded. "I came last week," he said. "I hadn't seen the sea for nearly a year. I wanted to be alone. And – so I am. With my servant. "He repeated with a certain doggedness: "I wanted to be alone."

There was a pause. She looked at the cripple with thoughtful eyes. "I live alone, too," she said. "That is - Cæsar and I."

That successfully aroused Durant's curiosity. "You!" he said incredulously.

"I am used to it," she said, with an odd womanly dignity. "I have been practically alone all my life. Will you—will you come and see me some day?" she asked him shyly. Her tone was rather of request than invitation, and Durant was curiously touched. He had a feeling that she awaited his reply with eagerness. He smiled for the first time.

"With pleasure," he said courteously, "if the path is easy and the distance not too great for my powers. Will you tell me your name?" he asked.

"My name is Molly," she answered quietly.

Inwardly he wondered. Was this odd little, dark-haired creature some nameless waif of the sea brought up on the charity of the fisher-folk, he asked himself. "Sorry for me, eh?" he said, and he uttered a laugh that was short and very bitter. She bent down over the dog.

"Yes, I am sorry," she said, almost under her breath. She glanced at him once or twice uncertainly. Then she made him a nervous curtsey and turned to go. Durant's face softened a second time into a smile. Then he tore the letter. And afterwards he stood among the fragments of his letter and watched till both the girl and the dog were out of sight. The dissatisfaction on his face had given place to perplexity and a faint, dawning wonder that was like the birth of Hope.

During the long summer days that followed, that strange friendship, begun at the moment when Hugh Durant's life had touched its lowest point of suffering and misery, ripened into a curiously close intimacy. The girl was his only visitor—the only friend who penetrated behind the barrier of loneliness that he had erected for himself. She visited him occasionally at his hermitage, but more frequently she would seek him out in his summer-house and take possession of him there with a winning enchantment that he made no effort to resist. The embarrassment had wholly passed from her manner. She was eager and ingenuous as a child. And yet there was something in her - a depth of feeling, a concentration half-revealed—that made him aware of her womanhood. And the life that had ebbed so low turned in the man's veins and began to flow with a steady, rising surge of which he was only vaguely conscious. Molly had become his keenest interest. He had ceased to think with actual pain of the woman who had loved his strength, but had shrunk in horror from his weakness. His bitterness had seemed to disperse with the fragments of her torn letter. It was only a memory to him now - scarcely even that.

"This place has done me a lot of good," he said to Molly one day. "I have written to my friend Gregory Mountfort to come and see me. He is my doctor." She looked up at him quickly.

"Shall you go away, then?" she asked.

"I may - soon," he said. She was silent, bending over some work that she had taken up. The man looked down at the bowed head. The old look of perplexity, of wonder, was in his eyes. "What shall you do?" he said abruptly.

She made a startled movement, but did not raise her eyes. "I shall just - go on," she said, in a voice that was hardly audible.

"Not here," he said. "You will be lonely." There was an unusual note of mastery in his voice. She glanced up, and met his eyes resolutely for a moment. Then abruptly Durant asked a question: "Are you still sorry for me?"

"No," said Molly. He bent slightly towards her. Movement had become much easier to him of late.

"Molly," he said very gently, "that is the kindest thing you have ever said. "She laughed in a queer, shaky note over her work. He bent nearer. "You have done a tremendous lot for me," he said, speaking very softly. He put his hand on her shoulder. "Molly," he said, "will you marry me?"

"No," said Molly under her breath.

"Ah!" he said. "Forgive me for asking!" She looked up at him then with that in her eyes which he could not understand.

"Mr. Durant," she said, steadily, "I thank you very much, and it isn't - that. But I can only be your friend."

"Never anything more, Molly?" he said, and he smiled at her, very gently, very kindly, but without tenderness.

"No, sir," Molly said in the same steady tone. "Never anything more."

"Well," said Gregory Mountfort on the following day, "this place has done wonders for you, Hugh. You're a different man."

"I believe I am," said Hugh. He spoke with his eyes upon a bouquet of poppies and corn that had been left at his door without any message early that morning. It was eloquent to him of a friendship that did not mean to be lightly extinguished, but his heart was heavy notwithstanding. He had begun to desire something greater than friendship.

The doctor said. "You're not an invalid any longer. I should leave this place if I were you. Go abroad! Go round the world! Don't stagnate any longer! It isn't worthy of you."

Hugh Durant shook his head. "It's no good trying to float a stranded hulk, dear fellow," he said. "Don't attempt it! I am better off where I am."

In the afternoon Mountfort carried his patient off for a thirty-mile spin. Mountfort steered for the village scattered over the top of the cliff. Durant had persuaded him to remain for the night, and he had to send a telegram. They puffed up a steep, winding hill to the post-office, and the doctor got out.

It was a wonderfully calm evening. Hugh wondered if Molly had been to the summer-house to look for him; and then, chancing to glance up, he caught sight of her coming towards him from the roadside. At the same instant something jerked in the motor, and it began to move. It was facing up the hill, and the angle was a steep one. Very slowly at first the wheels revolved, and the car moved straight backwards as if pushed by an unseen hand. Hugh realized the danger in a moment. The road curved sharply not a dozen yards behind him, and at that curve was the sheer precipice of the cliff. He was powerless to apply the brakes, and he could not even throw himself out. The sudden consciousness of this ran through him piercing as a sword-blade. In every pulse of his being he felt the intense, the paralyzing horror of violent death. He made a wild, ineffectual movement with his hands. And then he heard a loud cry. A woman's figure flashed towards him. He saw Molly, wide-eyed, frenzied, clinging to the side of the car. She was in the act of springing on to it. He yelled to her hoarsely to keep away. He even tried to thrust her hands off the woodwork. But she withstood him fiercely, with a strength that agonized and overcame. In a second she was on the step, where she swayed perilously, then fell forward on her hands and knees at his feet. The car continued to run back. There came a sudden jerk, a crash of rending wood, a frightful pause. The railing had splintered. They were on the brink. Hugh bent and tried to take her in his arms. He was strung to meet that awful plunge; he was face to face with death; but—was it by some miracle?—the car was stayed. There, on the very edge of destruction, with not an inch to spare, it stood suddenly motionless, as if checked by some mysterious, unseen force. As complete understanding returned to him, Hugh saw that the woman at his feet had thrown herself upon the foot brake and was holding it pressed down with both her rigid hands.

"Yes; but who taught her where to look for the brake?" said Mountfort two hours later. The excitement was over, but the subject fascinated Mountfort. The girl had sprung away and disappeared down one of the cliff paths directly Hugh had been extricated from danger. Mountfort was curious about her, but Hugh was uncommunicative. He had no answer ready to Mountfort's question. He reached for his crutches and got upon his feet.

Outside her cottage-door he stopped and tapped upon the stone. The door stood open, and as he waited he heard a clear, low whistle behind him on the dunes. She was coming towards him, the great dog Cæsar bounding by her side. As she drew near he noticed again how slight she was, and marvelled at her strength. She reached him in silence. He spoke at last but not to utter the words she expected. "I haven't come to say, 'Thank you,' Molly," he said. "I have come to ask why."

Molly was startled, confused, almost scared, by the mastery that underlay the gentleness of his tone. He kept her hand in his, standing there, facing her in the dimness; and, cripple as he was, she knew him for a strong man.

"I have come to ask," he said - "and I mean to know - why yesterday you refused to marry me." She made a quick movement. His words astounded her. She felt inclined to run away. But he kept her prisoner. "Don't be afraid of me, Molly!" he said half sadly. "You had a reason. What was it."

She bit her lip. Her eyes were full of sudden tears. And she answered, as if he compelled her: "It was because - because you don't love me," she said with difficulty. She felt his hand tighten upon hers.

"Ah!" he said. "And that was - the only reason?"

Molly was trembling. "It was the only reason that mattered," she said in a choked voice. He leant towards her in the dusk.

"Molly," he said. "Molly, I worship you!" She heard the deep quiver in his voice, and it thrilled her from head to foot. She began to sob, and he drew her towards him. "Wait!" she said, "Oh, wait! Come inside, I'm going to tell you something."

"Don't cry!" he said gently. "It may be something I know already."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" she said with conviction. "Do you remember a girl called Mary Fielding?" she said, with a piteous effort to control her voice. "She used to be the friend of - of - your fiancée, Lady Maud Belville, long ago, before you had your accident. I don't suppose you ever noticed her much," the girl continued shakily. "She was uninteresting, and always in the background."

"I should know her anywhere," said Durant with confidence.

"No, no," she protested. "I'm sure you wouldn't. You - you never gave her a second thought, though she - was foolish enough - idiotic enough - to - to care whether you did or not."

"Was she?" he said softly. "Was she? And was that why she came to live among the sand-dunes and cut off her hair and wore print dresses - and - and made life taste sweet to me again? My darling," he said. "I knew on the first day I saw you here." She knelt down beside him with a quick, impulsive movement.

"You - knew!" she gasped incredulously. He smiled at her with great tenderness.

"I knew," he said, "and I wondered - how I wondered - what you had come for!"

"I only came to be a friend," she broke in hastily, "to - to try to help you through your bad time."

"I guessed it must be that," he said softly over her bowed head, "when you said 'No' to me yesterday."

"But you didn't tell me you cared," protested Molly.

"No," he said. "I was so horribly afraid that you might take me out of pity, Molly."

"And I - I wasn't going to be second fiddle!" said Molly waywardly. She

resisted him a little as he turned her face upwards, but he had his way. There was a quiver of laughter in his voice when he spoke again. "You could never be that," he said. "You were made to lead the orchestra. Still, tell me why you did it, darling! Make me understand!" And Molly yielded at length with her arms about his neck. "I loved you!" she said passionately. "I loved you!"

VOCABULARY

cripple (v)		waif (n)	
whistle (n)		utter a bitter laugh (v+adj+n)	
sand-dune (n)		under one's breath (id)	
slumbrous silence (adj+n)		make a curtsy (v+n)	
with violent haste (prep+adj+n)		be out of sight	
pant (v)		perplexity (n)	
retreat (n)		ripen into (v)	
crutches (n)		penetrate behind the barrier (v+prep+n)	
out of one's reach		take possession of smb/smth (v+n)	
with a heavy frown (prep+adj+n)		make an effort to resist (v+n+to-inf)	
stand in the doorway (v+prep+n)		enchantment (n)	
a bare head (adj+noun)		eager and ingenious (adj+adj)	
barefooted (adj)		surge (n)	
look ashamed of oneself		shrink in horror from one's weakness	
dust (v)		disperse (v)	
prop (v)		bow (v)	
curtly (adv)		a note of mastery in ones' voice	

linger (v)		make a startled movement	
churlishness (n)		extinguished (adj)	
querulous (adj)		stagnate (v)	
judge by smth (v)		spin (n)	
humble fisher-folk (adj+n)		catch sight of (v+n+prep)	
arouse one's curiosity (v+n)		a steep angle (adj+n)	
doggedness (n)		revolve (v)	
incredulously (adv)		precipice (n)	
dignity (n)		piercing as a sword-blade	
be touched (v)		frenzied (adj)	
curiously (adv)		withstand smb (v+n)	
courteously (adv)		jerk (n)	
with eagerness (prep+n)		yell to smb (v+prep+n)	
railing (n)		rigid hands (adj+n)	
splinter (v)		bound (v)	
give a second thought (id)		quiver in one's voice (n+prep+n)	

EXERCISES

1. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets. Translate the sentences into Russian.

1. His hands trembled with _____ as he opened the letter. (eager)
2. He _____ thanked his hosts and insisted on leaving at once. (courteous)
3. Harry stared at her _____ for a moment before going back to scanning the trees. (credo)
4. When the cops are called to do something stupid, and they refuse to do it, then I would call that _____ on the part of the people, who called, and professionalism and moderation on the part of the police. (churlish)

5. We can't take _____ of the house until all the papers have been signed. (possess)
6. She was _____ of her children's behaviour. (shame)
7. Her _____ was aroused by the mysterious phone call. (curious)
8. On the beach the children were cooking mud pies out of sand, _____, wet and happy. (foot)
9. It was a place of deep mystery and _____. (enchant)
10. Admitting you've made a mistake is a sign of strength, not _____. (weak)

2. Fill in the verbs in the correct form in the sentences. You will sometimes need to make the sentence negative. Three verbs don't go with any of the suggested situations.

to ripen into; to linger; to yell; to bound; to splinter; withstand; to cripple; to pant; to dust; to prop; to revolve; to disperse; to bow

1. It has taught me that the world _____ around me.
2. I _____ the mantelpiece when I noticed a crack.
3. Look! A deer _____ across the road.
4. It required all the captain's seamanship, and the efforts of all the crew, _____ the storm.
5. Such likings at first sight often _____ into lasting friendships.
6. The crowd _____ after Liverpool had scored.
7. The demonstrators _____ by the police with the help of tear gas.
8. She climbed rapidly until she _____ with the effort.
9. The crutches _____ against the table when he reached them.
10. Mike's eyes _____ constantly _____ on her face.

3. Match the two parts of the collocations.

1. a quiver of	a. a second thought
2. penetrate behind	b. a sword-blade
3. a note of mastery	c. a startled movement
4. give	d. his reach
5. piercing as	e. laughter in his voice
6. shrink in horror	f. a bitter laugh
7. make	g. the barrier
8. utter	h. his curiosity
9. out of	i. in his voice
10. arouse	j. from his weakness

4. Write your own sentences with the following expressions:

- to give a second thought
- to withstand smb
- to make a startled movement
- to penetrate behind the barrier
- under one's breath
- with violent haste
- to ripen into
- to make an effort to resist
- out of one's reach
- catch sight of

5. Give definitions to the following words in English. Make your groupmates guess which word you are defining:

- a whistle
- a retreat
- crutches
- railing
- a precipice
- a frown
- a surge
- querulous
- doggedness
- a waif

6. Write the summary of the story. Use the Present Simple Tense. Follow the plan below:

1. What type of story is *The Second Fiddle*? Is it romantic, horror, dramatic, humorous, detective?
2. Where and how do the main characters meet?
3. What happened to Durant a year ago? What are the consequences of this accident?
4. What do we learn about Durant's former life: his friends, occupation, love affair?
5. What does Molly look like? Through whose eyes does the reader look at her? Through whose perception is she described?
6. What is Durant's reaction when Molly refuses to marry him?

7. What is the culminating point of the story? How does it change the reader's attitude to the shy fragile girl?
8. Why does Durant go to Molly's place after the incident on the precipice of the cliff?
9. Why did Molly refuse to marry him the previous day? Do you think she had a good excuse for the refusal?

7. Discuss the main characters in groups. Follow the plan:

1. How does the author reveal the nature of his characters: through their speech, emphasizing their intonation, or through the description of their appearance and actions? Justify your answer by the quotations.
2. What qualities do Molly and Durant possess? What feelings do they experience? Prove by the examples from the text of the story.
3. Do you sympathize with both of the main characters? Why?
4. Do you think you could change your normal mode of life and go to a solitary place to join the person you love? Take into account the fact that Molly is not sure her love will ever be mutual.

8. Answer the questions.

1. What is peculiar about the choice of words in the story? What semantic groups of words can be singled out?
2. What expressive means is the story abundant in on the vocabulary level?
3. What expressive means is the story abundant in on the syntactical level?
4. What do all these expressive means contribute to?

9. Speak about your personal impressions of the text:

1. Do you think the story is life-like or unreal?
2. What does it reveal?
3. What does it teach us?
4. What is the moral of the story?
5. Would you like to read *Ethel M. Dell's* other stories and novels?
6. Do you think the story is worth reading? Why?

10. Write an essay on the topic "Is it worth sacrificing your life for the sake of a person who doesn't love you?" Give your assessment of the characters' actions, listing arguments for or against their behaviour. Think of other examples from literature and celebrities' life when people were ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of love.

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Find some information about the author.
2. What is he famous for?
3. What are the author's years of life?
4. What are the major events of his biography?
5. What literary movement did he belong to?
6. What are his most prominent works?
7. What do we call an imaginary future society whose social order, structure and laws are described in a negative light?
8. The story is a description of a dystopian society. What's the difference between a dystopia and a utopia?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**THE BIG TRIP UP YONDER
(ABRIDGED)
By Kurt Vonnegut**



Gramps Ford, his chin resting on his hands, his hands on the crook of his cane, was staring irascibly at the five-foot television screen that dominated the room. On the screen, a news commentator was summarizing the day's happenings. Every thirty seconds or so, Gramps would jab the floor with his cane-tip and shout, "Hell, we did that a hundred years ago!"

Emerald and Lou, coming in from the balcony, where they had been seeking that 2185 A.D. rarity-privacy were obliged to take seats in the back row, behind Lou's father and mother, brother and sister-in-law, son and daughter-in-law, grandson and wife, granddaughter and husband, great-grandson and wife, nephew and wife, grandnephew and wife, great-grandniece and husband, great-grandnephew and wife--and, of course, Gramps, who was in front of everybody. All save Gramps, who was somewhat withered and bent, seemed, by pre-anti-gerasone standards, to be about the same age-somewhere in their late twenties or early thirties. Gramps looked older because he had already reached 70 when anti-gerasone was invented. He had not aged in the 102 years since.

"In Chicago tonight," the commentator was saying, "a special celebration is taking place in the Chicago Lying-in Hospital. The guest of honor is Lowell W. Hitz, age zero. Hitz, born this morning, is the twenty-five-millionth child to be born in the hospital." The commentator faded, and was replaced on the screen by young Hitz, who squalled furiously.

"Hell!" whispered Lou to Emerald. "We said that a hundred years ago."

"I heard that!" shouted Gramps. He snapped off the television set and his petrified descendants stared silently at the screen. "You, there, boy"

"I didn't mean anything by it, sir," said Lou, aged 103.

"Next one shoots off his big bazoo while the TV's on is gonna find hisself cut off without a dollar" his voice suddenly softened and sweetened - "when they wave that checkered flag at the Indianapolis Speedway, and old Gramps gets ready for the Big Trip Up Yonder. Get me my will. You know where it is. You kids *all* know where it is. Fetch, boy!" Gramps snapped his gnarled fingers sharply.

Lou nodded dully and found himself going down the hall, picking his way over bedding to Gramps' room, the only private room in the Ford apartment. The other rooms were the bathroom, the living room and the wide windowless hallway, which was originally intended to serve as a dining area, and which had a kitchenette in one end. Six mattresses and four sleeping bags were dispersed in the hallway and living room, and the daybed, in the living room, accommodated the eleventh couple, the favorites of the moment.

On Gramps' bureau was his will, smeared, dog-eared, perforated and blotched with hundreds of additions, deletions, accusations, conditions, warnings, advice and homely philosophy. The document was, Lou reflected, a fifty-year diary, all jammed onto two sheets - a garbled, illegible log of day after day of strife. This day, Lou would be disinherited for the eleventh time, and it would take him perhaps six months of impeccable behavior to regain the promise of a share in the estate. To say nothing of the daybed in the living room for Em and himself.

"Boy!" called Gramps.

"Coming, sir." Lou hurried back into the living room and handed Gramps the will.

"Pen!" said Gramps.

He was instantly offered eleven pens, one from each couple.

"Not *that* leaky thing," he said, brushing Lou's pen aside. "Ah, *there's* a nice one. Good boy, Willy." He accepted Willy's pen. That was the tip they had all been waiting for. Willy, then Lou's father was the new favorite.

Willy, who looked almost as young as Lou, though he was 142, did a poor job of concealing his pleasure. He glanced shyly at the daybed, which would become his, and from which Lou and Emerald would have to move back into the hall, back to the worst spot of all by the bathroom door.

Gramps missed none of the high drama he had authored and he gave his own familiar role everything he had. Frowning and running his finger along each line, as though he were seeing the will for the first time, he read aloud in a deep portentous monotone, like a bass note on a cathedral organ.

"I, Harold D. Ford, residing in Building 257 of Alden Village, New York City, Connecticut, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, revoking any and all former wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made." He blew his nose importantly and went on, not missing a word, and repeating many for emphasis - repeating in particular his ever-more-elaborate specifications for a funeral.

At the end of these specifications, Gramps was so choked with emotion that Lou thought he might have forgotten why he'd brought out the will in the first place. But Gramps heroically brought his powerful emotions under control and, after erasing for a full minute, began to write and speak at the same time. Lou could have spoken his lines for him, he had heard them so often.

"I have had many heartbreaks ere leaving this vale of tears for a better land," Gramps said and wrote. "But the deepest hurt of all has been dealt me by" He looked around the group, trying to remember who the malefactor was.

Everyone looked helpfully at Lou, who held up his hand resignedly.

Gramps nodded, remembering, and completed the sentence - "my great-grandson, Louis J. Ford."

"Grandson, sir," said Lou.

"Don't quibble. You're in deep enough now, young man," said Gramps, but he made the change. And, from there, he went without a misstep through the phrasing of the disinheritance, causes for which were disrespectfulness and quibbling.

In the paragraph following, the paragraph that had belonged to everyone in the room at one time or another, Lou's name was scratched out and Willy's substituted as heir to the apartment and, the biggest plum of all, the double bed in the private bedroom.

"So!" said Gramps, beaming. He erased the date at the foot of the will and substituted a new one, including the time of day. "Well - time to watch the McGarvey Family." The McGarvey Family was a television serial that Gramps had been following since he was 60, or for a total of 112 years. "I can't wait to see what's going to happen next," he said.

Lou detached himself from the group and lay down on his bed of pain by the bathroom door. Wishing Em would join him, he wondered where she was.

He dozed for a few moments, until he was disturbed by someone stepping over him to get into the bathroom. A moment later, he heard a faint gurgling sound, as though something were being poured down the washbasin drain. Suddenly, it entered his mind that Em had cracked up, that she was in there doing something drastic about Gramps.

"Em?" he whispered through the panel. There was no reply, and Lou pressed against the door. The worn lock, whose bolt barely engaged its socket, held for a second, then let the door swing inward.

"Morty!" gasped Lou.

Lou's great-grandnephew, Mortimer, who had just married and brought his wife home to the Ford menage, looked at Lou with consternation and surprise. Morty kicked the door shut, but not before Lou had glimpsed what was in his hand - Gramps' enormous economy-size bottle of anti-gerasone, which had apparently been half-emptied, and which Morty was refilling with tap water.

A moment later, Morty came out, glared defiantly at Lou and brushed past him wordlessly to rejoin his pretty bride.

Shocked, Lou didn't know what to do. He couldn't let Gramps take the mousetrapped anti-gerasone but, if he warned Gramps about it, Gramps would certainly make life in the apartment, which was merely insufferable now, harrowing.

Lou glanced into the living room and saw that the Fords, Emerald among them, were momentarily at rest, relishing the botches that the McGarveys had made of *their* lives. Stealthily, he went into the bathroom, locked the door as well as he could and began to pour the contents of Gramps' bottle down the drain. He was going to refill it with full-strength anti-gerasone from the 22 smaller bottles on the shelf.

The bottle contained a half-gallon, and its neck was small, so it seemed to Lou that the emptying would take forever. And the almost imperceptible smell of anti-gerasone, like Worcestershire sauce, now seemed to Lou, in his nervousness, to be pouring out into the rest of the apartment, through the keyhole and under the door.

The bottle gurgled monotonously. Suddenly, up came the sound of music from the living room and there were murmurs and the scraping of chair-legs on the floor. "Thus ends," said the television announcer, "the 29,121st chapter in the life of your neighbors and mine, the McGarveys." Footsteps were coming down the hall. There was a knock on the bathroom door.

"Just a sec," Lou cheerily called out. Desperately, he shook the big bottle, trying to speed up the flow. His palms slipped on the wet glass, and the heavy bottle smashed on the tile floor.

The door was pushed open, and Gramps, dumbfounded, stared at the incriminating mess.

Lou grinned engagingly through his nausea and, for want of anything remotely resembling a thought, waited for Gramps to speak.

"Well, boy," said Gramps at last, "looks like you've got a little tidying up to do."

And that was all he said. He turned around, elbowed his way through the crowd and locked himself in his bedroom.

Lou and Emerald stayed fearfully awake almost all night, waiting to see what Gramps was going to do. But not a sound came from the sacred bedroom. Two hours before dawn, they finally dropped off to sleep.

At six o'clock, they arose again, for it was time for their generation to eat breakfast in the kitchenette. No one spoke to them. They had twenty minutes in which to eat, but their reflexes were so dulled by the bad night that they had hardly swallowed two mouthfuls of egg-type processed seaweed before it was time to surrender their places to their son's generation.

Then, as was the custom for whoever had been most recently disinherited, they began preparing Gramps' breakfast, which would presently be served to him in bed, on a tray. They tried to be cheerful about it. The toughest part of the job was having to handle the honest-to-God eggs and bacon and oleomargarine, on which Gramps spent so much of the income from his fortune.

"Well," said Emerald, "I'm not going to get all panicky until I'm sure there's something to be panicky about."

He shrugged. "Let's have the tray, Em."

Walking slowly, smiling bravely, Lou and Em found a large semi-circle of long-faced Fords standing around the bedroom door.

Em knocked. "Gramps," she called brightly, "*break-fast is rea-dy.*"

There was no reply and she knocked again, harder.

The door swung open before her fist. In the middle of the room, the soft, deep, wide, canopied bed, the symbol of the sweet by-and-by to every Ford, was empty.

A sense of death, as unfamiliar to the Fords as Zoroastrianism or the causes of the Sepoy Mutiny, stilled every voice, slowed every heart. Awed, the heirs began to search gingerly, under the furniture and behind the drapes, for all that was mortal of Gramps, father of the clan.

But Gramps had left not his Earthly husk but a note, which Lou finally found on the dresser, under a paperweight which was a treasured souvenir from the World's Fair of 2000. Unsteadily, Lou read it aloud:

"Somebody who I have sheltered and protected and taught the best I know how all these years last night turned on me like a mad dog and diluted my anti-

gerasone, or tried to. I am no longer a young man. I can no longer bear the crushing burden of life as I once could. So, after last night's bitter experience, I say good-by. The cares of this world will soon drop away like a cloak of thorns and I shall know peace. By the time you find this, I will be gone.

"There's more," said Lou, "I, Harold D. Ford, etc., do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, revoking any and all former wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made."

"No!" cried Willy. "Not another one!"

"I do stipulate," read Lou, "that all of my property, of whatsoever kind and nature, not be divided, but do devise and bequeath it to be held in common by my issue, without regard for generation, equally, share and share alike."

"Issue?" said Emerald.

Lou included the multitude in a sweep of his hand. "It means we all own the whole damn shootin' match."

"How about letting somebody who's never had *any* privacy get a little crack at it?" Eddie demanded hotly. "Hell, you old people had plenty of privacy back when you were kids. I was born and raised in the middle of that goddamn barracks in the hall! How about"

"Yeah?" challenged Morty. "Sure, you've all had it pretty tough, and my heart bleeds for you. But try honeymooning in the hall for a real kick."

Each eye turned instantly to the bed.

In the next moment, a free-for-all was under way, with each couple battling to eject every other couple from the room. Fighting coalitions formed and dissolved with the lightning changes of the tactical situation. Em and Lou were thrown into the hall, where they organized others in the same situation, and stormed back into the room.

After two hours of struggle, with nothing like a decision in sight, the cops broke in, followed by television cameramen from mobile units.

For the next half-hour, patrol wagons and ambulances hauled away Fords, and then the apartment was still and spacious.

An hour later, films of the last stages of the riot were being televised to 500,000,000 delighted viewers on the Eastern Seaboard.

The battle also appeared on the screen of the television set in the police station, where the Fords and their captors watched with professional interest.

Em and Lou, in adjacent four-by-eight cells, were stretched out peacefully on their cots.

"Em," called Lou through the partition, "you got a washbasin all your own, too?"

"Sure. Washbasin, bed, light - the works. And we thought *Gramps'* room was something. How long has this been going on?" She held out her hand. "For the first time in forty years, hon, I haven't got the shakes - look at me!"

"All right, pipe down," said the turnkey, "or I'll toss the whole kit and caboodle of you right out. And first one who lets on to anybody outside how good jail is ain't never getting back in!"

The prisoners instantly fell silent.

The living room of the three-room Ford apartment on the 76th floor of Building 257 darkened for a moment as the riot scenes faded on the television screen, and then the face of the announcer appeared, like the Sun coming from behind a cloud. "And now, friends," he said, "I have a special message from the makers of anti-gerasone, a message for all you folks over 150. Are you hampered socially by wrinkles, by stiffness of joints and discoloration or loss of hair, all because these things came upon you before anti-gerasone was developed? Well, if you are, you need no longer suffer, need no longer feel different and out of things.

"After years of research, medical science has now developed *Super*-anti-gerasone! In weeks – yes, weeks – you can look, feel and act as young as your great-great-grandchildren! Wouldn't you pay \$5,000 to be indistinguishable from everybody else? Well, you don't have to. Safe, tested *Super*-anti-gerasone costs you only a few dollars a day.

Underlining the announcer's words was the scratching of Gramps' pen; the one Willy had given him the night before. He had come in, a few minutes earlier, from the Idle Hour Tavern, which commanded a view of Building 257 from across the square of asphalt known as the Alden Village Green. He had called a cleaning woman to come straighten the place up, and then had hired the best lawyer in town to get his descendants a conviction, a genius who had never gotten a client less than a year and a day. Gramps had then moved the daybed before the television screen, so that he could watch from a reclining position. It was something he'd dreamed of doing for years.

Life was good. He could hardly wait to see what was going to happen next.

VOCABULARY

cane (n)		quibble (v)	
crook (n)		erase (v)	
news commentator (n)		doze (v)	
jab the floor (v+n)		gurgling sound	
fade (v)		conviction (n)	
squall (v)		menage (n)	
petrified descendants (adj+n)		incriminate (v)	
bazoo (n, inf)		imperceptible smell (adj+n)	

snap one's fingers (v+n)		harrowing life (adj+n)	
nod (v)		nausea (n)	
dully (adv)		grin (v)	
kitchenette (n)		dumbfounded (adj)	
daybed (n)		surrender (v)	
disperse (v)		swallow (v)	
accusation (n)		dulled reflexes (adj+n)	
smear (v)		shrug (v)	
perforated (adj)		tray (n)	
jammed (adj)		fist (n)	
log (n)		Sepoy Mutiny	
strife (n)		hamper (v)	
impeccable behaviour (adj+n)		heir (n)	
be disinherited (v)		awed (adj)	
do a poor job of concealing one's pleasure		husk (n)	
frown (v)		a treasured souvenir (adj+n)	
one's last Will and Testament		shelter (v)	
revoke (v)		bequeath (v)	
be choked with emotion		riot (n)	
ere (conj)		turnkey (n)	
malefactor (n)		feel out of things (id)	
misstep (n)		stiffness of joints	

EXERCISES

1. The story contains words pertaining to different semantic groups. Fill in the chart with the words from the story.

law terms	jail	relatives	parts of dwellings	furnishing, household things

2. Organize a micro-teaching activity with your groupmates aimed at memorizing the vocabulary from Task 1.

3. Find synonyms in the story for the following words and phrases:

1. were bound to take seats in the back row;
2. had been seeking that oddity;
3. seclusion;
4. he was wrinkled and bent;
5. the announcer vanished;
6. his voice weakened;
7. a stained bequeathal;
8. an indistinct diary;
9. irreproachable conduct;
10. household.

4. Think of the antonyms for the words used in the story. Make up your own sentences with them: rarity, privacy, withered, to fade, to soften, smeared; disinherit; impeccable; to accept; to revoke.

5. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets. Translate the sentences into Russian.

1. They sank into mutual accusation and _____. (to incriminate)
2. Indeed, it is an understatement to say that they were _____. (dumb)
3. Both will be _____ activated, with the alternative passive mode quickly rejected. (moment)
4. She stared into space, full of _____. (to consternate)
5. Minor changes in _____ can alter the implications of the model significantly. (to specify)
6. There is nothing even _____ amusing about the situation. (remote)
7. They were the direct _____ of the Dutch settlers. (to descend)
8. As it was her first _____ for stealing, she was given a less severe sentence. (to convict)
9. He brought dishonor to the family and was _____ by his father. (to inherit)
10. The differences were _____ to all but the most trained eye. (percept)

6. Match the two parts of the collocations the way they were used in the story. Think of other possible collocations of the same words.

1. stiffness of	a. emotion
2. impeccable	b. Will and Testament
3. be choked with	c. concealing one's pleasure
4. jab	d. behaviour
5. reclining	e. joints
6. feel out of	f. reflexes
7. imperceptible	g. position
8. one's last	h. the floor
9. do a poor job of	i. things
10. dulled	j. smell

7. Give definitions to the following words in English. Make your groupmates guess which word you are defining: one's testament, a conviction, a kitchenette, a riot, a turnkey, to disinherit, a cane, a malefactor, an heir, to bequeath.

8. Write the summary of the story in 8–10 sentences. Use the Present Simple Tense. Don't forget to mention the following points:

1. Where and when does the action of the story take place?
2. What medical advances prevent people from aging?
3. How are the characters related to each other?
4. How can their relationships be described?
5. How do the members of the family spend their leisure time?
6. Why and how does Gramps Ford manipulate his descendants?
7. Why is Lou disinherited?
8. What incident does Lou witness in the bathroom?
9. When does the culminating point come?
10. What eventually happens to the members of the Fords' Family? What is the outcome of the story?
11. What do you think about the plot of the story? (exciting / boring / breathtaking/ catching the reader's attention from the first line and so on)

9. Answer the questions.

1. Is Kurt Vonnegut, the author of the story, optimistic or pessimistic about scientific progress?
2. According to the story, improvements in medicine have infinitely increased life expectancy. What negative effects have they had? What new problem have they caused?

3. What linguistic means does Kurt Vonnegut employ to send his message that it is against the laws of nature to prevent people's aging? How is the danger of scientific interference in natural laws emphasized linguistically?
4. What is peculiar about the language Gramps Ford speaks? What effect does it create?

10. Speak about your personal impressions of the text:

1. What's your attitude to the characters of the story, their behaviour and activities?
2. What would you do if you were in Lou's shoes? Would you be callous enough to conceal the substitute of the bottle content and let Gramps die?
3. Do you think the story is life-like or unreal?
4. What does it teach us?
5. Do you think the story is worth reading? Why?

11. Taking into consideration the pandemic hit caused by the Coronavirus write an essay on the topic "Should scientists have more responsibility for their inventions and the impact they have on mankind?" Can you name other pieces of literature belonging to the genre of Dystopia?

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. The author of the story is Kurt Vonnegut who is famous for his unique black humour. What other American authors belonged to Black Humour movement?
2. What are the major themes of black humour writings?
3. Why and when did this literary movement appear?
4. What literary work is the title of the story associated with?
5. What are references to other literary works called? What do you think their purpose is?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**2BR02B
(ABRIDGED)
By Kurt Vonnegut**



*Got a problem? Just pick up the phone.
It solved them all – and all the same way!*

Everything was perfectly swell. There were no prisons, no slums, no insane asylums, no cripples, no poverty, no wars. All diseases were conquered. So was old age. Death, barring accidents, was an adventure for volunteers. The population of the United States was stabilized at forty-million souls.

One bright morning in the Chicago Lying-in Hospital, a man named Edward K. Wehling, Jr., waited for his wife to give birth. He was the only man waiting. Not many people were born a day any more.

Wehling was fifty-six, a mere stripling in a population whose average age was one hundred and twenty-nine.

X-rays had revealed that his wife was going to have triplets. The children would be his first. Young Wehling was hunched in his chair, his head in his hand. The room was being redecorated. It was being redecorated as a memorial to a man who had volunteered to die. The floor was paved with spattered dropcloths.

A sardonic old man, about two hundred years old, sat on a stepladder, painting a mural he did not like. The mural depicted a very neat garden. Men and women in white, doctors and nurses, turned the soil, planted seedlings, sprayed bugs, spread fertilizer. Men and women in purple uniforms pulled up weeds, cut down plants that were old and sickly, raked leaves, carried refuse to trash-burners. Never, never, never – not even in medieval Holland nor old Japan – had a garden been more formal, been better tended. Every plant had all the loam, light, water, air and nourishment it could use.

A coarse, formidable woman strode into the waiting room on spike heels. Her shoes, stockings, trench coat, bag and overseas cap were all purple, the purple the painter called "the color of grapes on Judgment Day."

The medallion on her purple musette bag was the seal of the Service Division of the Federal Bureau of Termination, an eagle perched on a turnstile. The Federal Bureau of Termination was an institution whose fanciful sobriquets included: "Automat," "Birdland," "Cannery," "Catbox," "De-louser," "Easy-go," "Good-by, Mother," "Happy Hooligan," "Kiss-me-quick," "Lucky Pierre," "Sheepdip," "Waring Blendor," "Weep-no-more" and "Why Worry?"

"2 B R 0 2 B" ("To be or not to be") was the telephone number of the municipal gas chambers of the Federal Bureau of Termination. The zero in the telephone number was pronounced "naught."

"Is this where I'm supposed to come?" she said to the painter.

"A lot would depend on what your business was," he said. "You aren't about to have a baby, are you?"

"They told me I was supposed to pose for some picture," she said. "My name's Leora Duncan." She waited.

"And you dunk people," he said.

"What?" she said.

"Skip it," he said.

"That sure is a beautiful picture," she said. "Looks just like heaven or something."

"Or something," said the painter. He took a list of names from his smock pocket. "Duncan, Duncan, Duncan," he said, scanning the list. "Yes - here you are. You're entitled to be immortalized. See any faceless body here you'd like me to stick your head on? We've got a few choice ones left." He meant that the faces of many of the figures in the mural were still blank. All blanks were to be filled with portraits of important people on either the hospital staff or from the Chicago Office of the Federal Bureau of Termination.

She studied the mural bleakly. "Gee," she said, "they're all the same to me. I don't know anything about art."

The painter pointed to a figure in purple who was sawing a dead branch from an apple tree. "How about her?" he said. "You like her at all?"

"Gosh - " she said, and she blushed and became humble - "that - that puts me right next to Dr. Hitz."

"That upsets you?" he said.

"Good gravy, no!" she said. "It's - it's just such an honor."

"Ah, You admire him, eh?" he said.

"Who doesn't admire him?" she said. "He was responsible for setting up the very first gas chamber in Chicago, the hospital's Chief Obstetrician."

"Nothing would please me more," said the painter, "than to put you next to him for all time. Sawing off a limb - that strikes you as appropriate?"

"That is kind of like what I do," she said. She was demure about what she did. What she did was make people comfortable while she killed them.

And, while Leora Duncan was posing for her portrait, into the waiting room bounded Dr. Hitz himself. He was seven feet tall, tanned, white-haired, omnipotent Zeus and he boomed with importance, accomplishments, and the joy of living.

"Well, Miss Duncan! Miss Duncan!" he said, and he made a joke. "What are you doing here?" he said. "This isn't where the people leave. This is where they come in! Guess what was just born," he said. "Triplets!"

"Triplets!" she said. She was exclaiming over the legal implications of triplets.

The law said that no newborn child could survive unless the parents of the child could find someone who would volunteer to die. Triplets, if they were all to live, called for three volunteers.

"Do the parents have three volunteers?" said Leora Duncan.

"Last I heard," said Dr. Hitz, "they had one, and were trying to scrape another two up."

"I don't think they made it," she said. "What's the name?"

"Wehling," said the waiting father, sitting up, red-eyed and frowzy. "Edward K. Wehling, Jr., is the name of the happy father-to-be."

He raised his right hand, looked at a spot on the wall, gave a hoarsely wretched chuckle. "Present," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Wehling," said Dr. Hitz, "I didn't see you."

"The invisible man," said Wehling.

"They just phoned me that your triplets have been born," said Dr. Hitz. "They're all fine, and so is the mother. I'm on my way in to see them now."

"Hooray," said Wehling emptily.

"You don't sound very happy," said Dr. Hitz.

"What man in my shoes wouldn't be happy?" said Wehling. He gestured with his hands to symbolize care-free simplicity. "All I have to do is pick out which one of the triplets is going to live, then deliver my maternal grandfather to the Happy Hooligan, and come back here with a receipt."

Dr. Hitz became rather severe with Wehling, towered over him. "You don't believe in population control, Mr. Wehling?" he said.

"I want those kids," said Wehling quietly. "I want all three of them."

"Of course you do," said Dr. Hitz. "That's only human."

"I don't want my grandfather to die, either," said Wehling.

"Nobody's really happy about taking a close relative to the Catbox," said Dr. Hitz gently, sympathetically.

"I wish people wouldn't call it 'the Catbox,' and things like that," she said.

"You're absolutely right," said Dr. Hitz. "Forgive me." He corrected himself, gave the municipal gas chambers their official title, a title no one ever used in conversation. "I should have said, 'Ethical Suicide Studios,' "he said.

"This child of yours - whichever one you decide to keep, Mr. Wehling," said Dr. Hitz. "He or she is going to live on a happy, roomy, clean, rich planet, thanks to population control. In a garden like that mural there." He shook his head. "Two centuries ago, when I was a young man, it was a hell that nobody thought could last another twenty years. Now centuries of peace and plenty stretch before us as far as the imagination cares to travel."

He smiled luminously.

The smile faded as he saw that Wehling had just drawn a revolver. Wehling shot Dr. Hitz dead.

"There's room for one - a great big one," he said. And then he shot Leora Duncan.

"It's only death," he said to her as she fell. "There! Room for two."

And then he shot himself, making room for all three of his children. Nobody

came running. Nobody, seemingly, heard the shots. The painter sat on the top of his stepladder, looking down reflectively on the sorry scene.

The painter pondered the mournful puzzle of life demanding to be born and, once born, demanding to be fruitful ... to multiply and to live as long as possible - to do all that on a very small planet that would have to last forever.

And then the painter decided he had had about enough of life in the Happy Garden of Life, too, and he came slowly down from the ladder. He took Wehling's pistol, really intending to shoot himself. But he didn't have the nerve.

And then he saw the telephone booth in the corner of the room. He went to it, dialed the well-remembered number: "2 B R 0 2 B."

"Federal Bureau of Termination," said the very warm voice of a hostess.

"How soon could I get an appointment?" he asked, speaking very carefully.

"We could probably fit you in late this afternoon, sir," she said. "It might even be earlier, if we get a cancellation."

"All right," said the painter, "fit me in, if you please." And he gave her his name, spelling it out.

"Thank you, sir," said the hostess. "Your city thanks you; your country thanks you; your planet thanks you. But the deepest thanks of all is from future generations."

VOCABULARY

to be perfectly swell		termination (n)	
a slum (n)		a gas chamber (adj+n)	
an insane asylum (n)		naught (n)	
a cripple (n)		to be about to do smth	
poverty (n)		to pose for a picture	
a disease (n)		to dunk (v)	
to conquer (v)		to be immortalized	
to bar (v)		bleakly (adv)	
a Lying-in Hospital (adj+n)		to saw off a limb (v+n)	
a stripling (n)		Gosh (n)	
an average age (adj+n)		humble (adj)	
X-rays (n)		Chief Obstetrician (adj+n)	
to reveal (v)		appropriate (adj)	

triplets (n, plural)		omnipotent Zeus (adj+n)	
to be hunched in one's chair		legal implications (adj+n)	
spattered drop cloths (adj+adj+n)		to call for (phr. v)	
sardonic (adj)		hoarsely wretched chuckle	
a mural (n)		frowzy (adj)	
a stepladder (n)		to boom with importance, accomplishments, and the joy of living	
soil (n)		a maternal grandfather (adj+n)	
to spread fertilizer (v+n)		a receipt (n)	
to pull up weeds (v+n)		sympathetically(adv)	
to rake leaves (v+n)		Centuries of peace and plenty stretch before us.	
to carry refuse (v+n)		to smile luminously (v+adv)	
loam (n)		to fade (about a smile) (v)	
coarse (adj)		to look down reflectively (v+adv)	
formidable (adj)		the mournful puzzle of life	
an eagle (n)		to multiply(v)	
perched on a turnstile		to have the nerve to do smth (idiom.)	
fanciful sobriquets (adj+n)		cancellation (n)	

EXERCISES

1. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets. Translate the sentences into Russian.

1. I couldn't bear the _____ look on her face. (to mourn)
2. Including _____ on your resume can help illuminate your strengths, history of success and professional growth to potential employers. (to accomplish)
3. There is one important legal _____ to this point: the duties which the state owes to foreign vessels in its territorial waters. (to imply)
4. The dispute was brought to a satisfactory _____. (to terminate)
5. You should add some synthetic _____ to the soil. (fertile)
6. The research has proved extremely _____. (fruit)
7. We need at least 24 hours' notice of _____. (to cancel)
8. The explorers were _____ when the mountains were named after them. (immortal)
9. Alex watched her _____ for a few moments and then his eyes registered comprehension. (to reflect)
10. My niece is always quite _____, especially when she brings over her imaginary friends. (to fancy)

2. Fill in the verb in the correct form in the sentence. Four verbs don't go with any of the suggested situations.

to conquer, to reveal, to cancel, to hunch, to perch, to fade, to chuckle, to spatter, to call for, to saw off

1. The battle was going badly, and the army _____ reinforcements.
2. It has been my greatest success so far. I still feel like I _____ the world.
3. When I opened the gate, the gardener _____ old trees branches.
4. These were the kind of difficulties about which they used _____ when listening to tales from the West.
5. She _____ fast from the effects of pneumonia when her friend called for the doctor.
6. He was diagnosed with the cognitive disorder in 2016 but the family _____ it until February this year.

3. Match the two parts of the collocations.

1. to spread	a. refuse to trash-burners
2. to boom	b. weeds
3. to smile	c. fertilizer

4. to pull up	d. a limb
5. to be	e. the nerve to do smth
6. to carry	f. a disease
7. to have	g. luminously
8. to conquer	h. leaves
9. to saw off	i. with importance
10. to rake	j. about to do smth

4. Write your own sentences with the following expressions:

- to smile luminously
- to fade (about a smile)
- legal implications
- fanciful sobriquets
- to be hunched in one's chair
- to be about to do smth
- to spread fertilizer
- to be immortalized
- have the nerve to do smth
- to pull up weeds

5. Give definitions to the following words in English. Make your groupmates guess which word you are defining:

- to multiply
- formidable
- a stepladder
- a mural
- a maternal grandfather
- a Lying-in Hospital
- a stripling
- an insane asylum
- termination
- a slum

6. Write the summary of the story. Use the Present Simple Tense. Follow the plan below:

1. What does the story run about?
2. What do you think about the plot of the story? (exciting / boring / breath-taking and so on)

3. Where and when does the action take place?
4. Who are the main characters? What do they look like? What do they do to make a living?
5. What does the exposition describe?
6. What events follow then?
7. When does the culminating point come?
8. Is the outcome predictable or unpredictable?
9. What is the outcome of the story?

7. Discuss the main characters in groups. Follow the plan:

1. Each character is a symbol. What do they symbolize? What is their role in the story? (a protagonist / an antagonist / an aloof observer)
2. How does the author reveal the nature of his characters?
3. What qualities do they possess? What feelings do they experience?
4. What's your attitude to the characters of the story, their behaviour and activities?

8. Answer the questions.

1. What is peculiar about the choice of words in the story? What semantic groups of words can be singled out?
2. What expressive means is the story abundant in on the vocabulary level?
3. What expressive means is the story abundant in on the syntactical level?
4. What do all these expressive means contribute to?

9. Speak about your personal impressions of the text:

1. What would you do if you were in the main character's shoes?
2. Do you think the story is life-like or unreal?
3. What does it reveal?
4. What does it teach us?
5. What is the moral of the story?
6. Would you like to read *Vonnegut's* other stories and novels?
7. Do you think the story is worth reading? Why?

10. Write an essay on the topic "The complexity of moral choice".

Give your assessment of the characters' actions, listing arguments for or against their way of solving the conflict. Can you name other pieces of literature where characters had to face a moral choice?

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Is the author's name familiar to you?
2. What do you know about the author? What kind of works did he become famous for?
3. What is his most famous novel entitled?
4. When did the author live?
5. What is the story about judging by the title?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**HUNTER QUATERMAIN'S STORY
(ABRIDGED)
By H. Rider Haggard**



Sir Henry Curtis is one of the most hospitable men on earth. It was in the course of the enjoyment of his hospitality at his place in Yorkshire the other day that I heard the hunting story which I am now about to transcribe.

"Ladies and gentlemen, said Sir Henry, gleefully, let me introduce you to one of the oldest hunters and the very best shot in Africa, who has killed more elephants and lions than any other man alive."

Everybody turned and stared politely at the curious-looking little lame man, and though his size was insignificant, he was quite worth staring at. He had short grizzled hair, which stood about an inch above his head like the bristles of a brush, gentle brown eyes that seemed to notice everything, and a withered face, tanned to the colour of mahogany from exposure to the weather. We were dining in an oak-paneled vestibule, and on the wall opposite to me was fixed a pair of buffalo horns, very rough and knotted, showing that they came off an old bull, and having the tip of one horn split and chipped. I noticed that Hunter Quatermain's eyes kept glancing at these trophies, and took an occasion to ask him if he knew anything about them. The little man began:

"About ten years ago I was hunting up in the far interior of Africa, I had with me four native servants. I found a fine piece of healthy, park-like country, where the grass was very good; and here I made a little camp or head-quarter settlement, from whence I went expeditions on all sides in search of game, especially elephant. My luck, however, was bad; I got but little ivory. I was therefore very glad when some natives brought me news that a large herd of elephants were feeding in a valley about thirty miles away. So I determined to leave the waggon in the charge of the two servants, and to start on a trip into the thorn country, accompanied only by the other two: Hottentot Hans and Mashune.

On the evening of the next day reached the spot where the elephants were reported to be. But here again we were met by ill luck. That the elephants had been there was evident enough, for their spoor was plentiful, there was only one thing to do, and that was to move after them, which we did, and a pretty hunt they led us. For a fortnight or more we dodged about after those elephants, coming up with them on two occasions, and a splendid herd they were – only, however, to lose them again. It was useless to try and follow them. After this I gave it up in disgust, and we made the best of our way back to the camp, not in the sweetest of tempers.

It was on the afternoon of the fifth day of our tramp that we reached the spot where the waggon stood, and looked in the direction where the friendly white tent of the waggon should be, but there was no waggon, only a black burnt plain stretching away as far as the eye could reach. I rubbed my eyes, looked again, and made out on the spot of the camp, not my waggon, but some charred beams of wood. My worst suspicions were confirmed. The waggon and all its contents, including my spare guns and ammunition, had been destroyed by a grass fire. As for the driver and leader, I know not what became of them: probably fearing my anger, they bolted, taking the oxen with them. I have never seen them from that hour to this.

I sat down on the black veldt by the spring, and gazed at the charred axles and disselboom of my waggon, and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I felt inclined to weep. As for Mashune and Hans they cursed away vigorously, one in Zulu and the other in Dutch. Ours was a pretty position. We were nearly 300 miles away from Bamangwato, the capital of Khama's country, which was the nearest spot where we could get any help, and our ammunition, spare guns, clothing, food, and everything else, were all totally destroyed. I had just what I stood in, which was a flannel shirt, a pair of 'veldt-schoons,' or shoes of raw hide, my eight-bore rifle, and a few cartridges. Hans and Mashune had also each a Martini rifle and some cartridges, not many. And it was with this equipment that we had to undertake a journey of 300 miles through a desolate and almost uninhabited region. I can assure you that I have rarely been in a worse position, and I have been in some queer ones. However, these things are the natural incidents of a hunter's life, and the only thing to do was to make the best of them.

We started next morning on our long journey towards civilization. We had been travelling for about a month, living and getting along as best we could, when one evening we camped some forty miles from Bamangwato. By this time we were indeed in a melancholy plight, footsore, half starved, and utterly worn out; and, in addition, I was suffering from a sharp attack of fever, which half blinded me and made me weak as a babe. Our ammunition, too, was exhausted; I had only one cartridge left for my eight-bore rifle, and Hans and Mashune, had three between them. It was about an hour from sundown when we halted and lit a fire – for luckily we had still a few matches. It was a charming spot to camp, I remember. Just off the game track we were following was a little hollow, fringed about with flat-crowned mimosa trees, and at the bottom of the hollow, a spring of clear water welled up out of the earth, and formed a pool, round the edges of which grew an abundance of watercresses of an exactly similar kind to those which were handed round the table just now. Now we had no food of any kind left, having that morning devoured the last remains of a little oribé antelope, which I had shot two days previously. Accordingly Hans, who was a better shot than Mashune, took two of the three remaining Martini cartridges, and started out to see if he could not kill a buck for supper. I was too weak to go myself.

Meanwhile Mashune employed himself in dragging together some dead boughs from the mimosa trees to make a sort of 'skerm,' or shelter for us to sleep in, about forty yards from the edge of the pool of water. Just as we had finished the skerm, Mashune and I heard a shot apparently fired about a mile away. Shortly after that the sun sank in his red splendour, and there fell upon earth and sky the great hush of the African wilderness. The lions were not up as yet, the birds and beasts were all at rest. I cannot describe the intensity of the quiet of the night: to me in my weak state, and fretting as I was over the non-return of the Hottentot Hans, it seemed

almost ominous – as though Nature were brooding over some tragedy which was being enacted in her sight. It was quiet – quiet as death, and lonely as the grave.

"Mashune," I said at last, "where is Hans? my heart is heavy for him."

"Nay, my father, I know not; mayhap he is weary, and sleeps, or mayhap he has lost his way."

"Mashune, art thou a boy to talk folly to me?" I answered. "Tell me, in all the years thou hast hunted by my side, didst thou ever know a Hottentot to lose his path or to sleep upon the way to camp?"

"Nay, Macumazahn" (that, ladies, is my native name, and means the man who "gets up by night," or who "is always awake"), "I know not where he is." But though we talked thus, we neither of us liked to hint at what was in both our minds, namely, that misfortunate had overtaken the poor Hottentot.

At last, however, I fell into an uneasy sleep as full of bad dreams as a prickly pear is of points. I passed the rest of that night in a profound slumber. By the time we had woken up the sun was getting up, and after a drink of water and a wash at the pool, we started to try and find Hans. Both Mashune and myself were, by constant practice, pretty good hands at tracking, and we had not much difficulty in following the Hottentot's spoor, faint as it was. We had gone on in this way for half-an-hour or so, and were, perhaps, a mile or more from the site of our camping-place, when we discovered the spoor of a solitary bull buffalo mixed up with the spoor of Hans, and were able, from various indications, to make out that he had been tracking the buffalo.

"See, Macumazahn! see!" said Mashune, excitedly; "the buffalo has charged him. Look, here he stood to fire at him; see how firmly he planted his feet upon the earth; there is the mark of his crooked toe (Hans had one bent toe). Look! here the bull came like a boulder down the hill, his hoofs turning up the earth like a hoe. Hans had hit him: he bled as he came; there are the blood spots. It is all written down there, my father – there upon the earth."

"Yes," I said; "yes; but where is Hans?" Even as I said it Mashune clutched my arm, and pointed to the stunted thorn just by us. Even now, gentlemen, it makes me feel sick when I think of what I saw. For fixed in a stout fork of the tree some eight feet from the ground was Hans himself, or rather his dead body, evidently tossed there by the furious buffalo. One leg was twisted round the fork, probably in a dying convulsion. In the side, just beneath the ribs, was a great hole, from which the entrails protruded.

We stood aghast under the tree, and stared and stared at this awful sight, when suddenly our cogitations were interrupted in a painful manner. The thick bush about fifteen paces off burst asunder with a crashing sound, and uttering a series of ferocious pig-like grunts, the bull buffalo himself came charging out straight at us.

On he came, his head well up; those great black horns – as I look at them before me, gentlemen, I seem to see them come charging at me as I did ten years ago, silhouetted against the green bush behind. With a shout Mashune bolted off sideways towards the bush. I had instinctively lifted my eight-bore, which I had in my hand. It would have been useless to fire at the buffalo's head, for the dense horns must have turned the bullet; but as Mashune bolted, the bull slewed a little, with the momentary idea of following him, and as this gave me a ghost of a chance, I let drive my only cartridge at his shoulder. The bullet struck the shoulder-blade and smashed it up, and then travelled on under the skin into his flank; but it did not stop him, though for a second he staggered.

Throwing myself on to the ground with the energy of despair, I rolled under the shelter of the projecting root of the thorn, crushing myself as far into the mouth of the ant-bear hole as I could. In a single instant the buffalo was after me. Kneeling down on his uninjured knee – for one leg, that of which I had broken the shoulder, was swinging helplessly to and fro – he set to work to try and hook me out of the hole with his crooked horn. At first he struck at me furiously, and it was one of the blows against the base of the tree which splintered the tip of the horn in the way that you see. Then he grew more cunning, and pushed his head as far under the root as possible, made long semicircular sweeps at me, grunting furiously, and blowing saliva and hot steamy breath all over me. I was just out of reach of the horn, though every stroke, by widening the hole and making more room for his head, brought it closer to me, but every now and again I received heavy blows in the ribs from his muzzle. Feeling that I was being knocked silly, I made an effort and seizing his rough tongue, which was hanging from his jaws, I twisted it with all my force. The great brute bellowed with pain and fury, and jerked himself backwards so strongly, that he dragged me some inches further from the mouth of the hole, and again made a sweep at me, catching me this time round the shoulder-joint in the hook of his horn.

I felt that it was all up now, and began to holloa.

"He has got me!" I shouted in mortal terror. "Gwasa, Mashune, gwasa" ("Stab, Mashune, stab!").

One hoist of the great head, and out of the hole I came like a periwinkle out of his shell. But even as I did so, I caught sight of Mashune's stalwart form advancing with his "bangwan," or broad stabbing assegai, raised above his head. In another quarter of a second I had fallen from the horn, and heard the blow of the spear, followed by the indescribable sound of steel shearing its way through flesh. I had fallen on my back, and, looking up, I saw that the gallant Mashune had driven the assegai a foot or more into the carcass of the buffalo, and was turning to fly.

Alas! it was too late. Bellowing madly, and spouting blood from mouth and nostrils, the devilish brute was on him, and had thrown him up like a feather, and

then gored him twice as he lay. I struggled up with some wild idea of affording help, but before I had gone a step the buffalo gave one long sighing bellow, and rolled over dead by the side of his victim.

Mashune was still living, but a single glance at him told me that his hour had come. The buffalo's horn had driven a great hole in his right lung, and inflicted other injuries. I knelt down beside him in the uttermost distress, and took his hand.

"Is he dead, Macumazahn?" he whispered. "My eyes are blind; I cannot see."

"Yes, he is dead."

"Did the black devil hurt thee, Macumazahn?"

"No, my poor fellow, I am not much hurt."

"Ow! I am glad."

Then came a long silence, broken only by the sound of the air whistling through the hole in his lung as he breathed.

"Macumazahn, art thou there? I cannot feel thee."

"I am here, Mashune. "

"I die, Macumazahn - the world flies round and round. I go - I go out into the dark! Surely, my father, at times in days to come - thou wilt think of Mashune who stood by thy side - when thou killest elephants, as we used - as we used."

They were his last words, his brave spirit passed with him. I dragged his body to the hole under the tree, and pushed it in, placing his broad assegai by him, according to the custom of his people, that he might not go defenceless on his long journey; and then, ladies - I am not ashamed to confess - I stood alone there before it, and wept like a woman."

VOCABULARY

hospitable (adj)		undertake a journey through a desolate and uninhabited region	
hospitality (n)		make the best of smth. (id)	
gleefully (adv)		be in a melancholy plight	
lame (adj)		blind smb (v)	
bristles of a brush		halt (v)	
withered face (adj+n)		hollow (n)	
mahogany (n)		fringed (adj)	

buffalo horns		well up (v)	
knotted (adj)		a spring of clear water	
trophies (n)		buck (n)	
take an occasion to do smth		devour (v)	
be worth doing smth		hush (n)	
game (n)		ominous (adj)	
ivory (n)		brood over smth (v)	
herd (n)		enact (v)	
wagon / waggon (n)		talk folly to smb (v)	
in the charge of smb.		slumber (n)	
ill luck (adj+n)		be pretty good hands at doing smth	
spoor (n)		bull buffalo (n)	
not in the sweetest of tempers		charge smb (v)	
give smth up (phr. v)		crooked toe (adj+n)	
tramp (n)		turn up the earth like a hoe	
stretch away as far as the eye could reach		a stout fork of a tree	
to make out (phr. v)		entrails (n)	
spare guns (adj+n)		cogitation (n)	
veldt (n)		stand aghast (v+adv)	
feel inclined to weep		ferocious grunts (adj+n)	
vigorously (adv)		bullet (n)	
eight-bore rifle (adj+n)		bolt (v)	

cartridge (n)		hook (v)	
saliva (n)		jerk (v)	
bellow (v)		like a feather (id)	

EXERCISES

1. The story contains words pertaining to different semantic groups. Fill in the chart with the words from the story.

natural phenomena	names of animals	parts of animals' and humans' bodies	names of plants	names of weapons and hunters' equipment	names of footwear and clothing

2. Think of the ways of practicing and memorizing the vocabulary from Task 1. Make up some exercises. Act as a teacher. Ask your groupmates to do your exercises.

3. Find synonyms in the story for the following words and phrases: wild animals; a group of animals of the same type; to be responsible for smth; in low spirits; to pursue smb; to say silly things; to reflect on smth; threatening; to take a chance; to eat smth hungrily; to be performed; to stop for rest; silence; uncivilized area, to run away.

4. Think of the antonyms for the words used in the story. Make up your own sentences with them: ill luck; crooked; sweetest; weak; gallant; gleefully; vigorously; hush; buck; to split.

5. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets. Translate the sentences into Russian.

1. It is a story set on a small _____ island. (to inhabit)
2. Permanent European _____ were established here in the 1830s. (to settle)
3. Even a brief _____ to radiation is very dangerous. (to expose)
4. A _____ supply of spare parts is also provided by our company. (plenty)
5. Environmentalists and local government officials have _____ opposed the project. (vigor)
6. National parks should be protected, but, at the same time, should be developed for people to live in and work the land; we should not have simply a protected _____. (wild)

7. If you travel, you know that _____ feeling you get when you arrive in a strange city and don't have a hotel reservation. (easy)
8. He knew _____ that something was wrong. (instinct)
9. Other pieces in the collection included dresses with rib and _____ holes. (shoulder)
10. We would be arguing _____ if the rights of the individual were in doubt. (fury)

6. Match the two parts of the collocations.

1. to blow	a. dead
2. the mouth	b. an effort
3. to bellow	c. of the ant-bear hole
4. to roll over	d. to and fro
5. to swing	e. against the green bush behind
6. to turn	f. saliva
7. to grunt	g. the remains of
8. to make	h. the bullet
9. to silhouette	i. furiously
10. to devour	j. madly

7. Give definitions to the following words in English. Make your groupmates guess which word you are defining: interior; grizzled; lame; hospitality; head-quarter; spoor; fortnight; tramp; plain; to curse.

8. Write the summary of the story. Use the Present Simple Tense. Follow the plan below:

1. Where is the story set in?
2. What does the main character do there? Who is he accompanied by?
3. What does the main character look like?
4. What misfortune happens to Hunter Quatermain?
5. What does the hunter decide to do when he finds himself 300 miles away from civilization without ammunition, food and spare guns?
6. What scary incident takes place when there are only forty miles left to the nearest settlement?
7. What do you think about the plot of the story? (exciting / boring / breathtaking/ catching the reader's attention from the first line and so on)
8. What is the outcome of the story? Is the outcome predictable or unpredictable?

9. Answer the questions.

1. How does the author express the idea that it is difficult to survive in the wilderness? Think of the expressive means and stylistic devices that the author resorts to.
2. All the means and devices used in the story contribute to giving the reader the idea of people's struggle with nature for survival. Does man always win this battle, judging by the end of the story?
3. What pronouns are used to refer to nature and the sun? What impression is intensified with the help of these pronouns?
4. Find examples of inversions in the story. What effect do they create?
5. What is peculiar about the language the characters speak?
6. Find examples of out of date grammar forms. Why are they used in this context? What do they indicate?

10. Speak about your personal impressions of the text:

1. What's your attitude to the characters of the story, their behaviour and activities?
2. What would you do if you were in the main character's shoes? Would you be strong-willed enough to try to survive in such dramatic circumstances?
3. Do you think the story is life-like or unreal?
4. What does it teach us?
5. Would you like to read Haggard's other stories and novels?
6. Do you think the story is worth reading? Why?

11. Write an essay on the topic "Survival in the wilderness: morally uplifting or leading to degradation?" Give your assessment of the characters and their actions. Can you name other pieces of literature belonging to the genre "The Lost World?"

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Who is the story written by?
2. What do you know about the author of the story?
3. What is he famous for?
4. What are the author's years of life?
5. What are his most prominent works?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**THE CONE
(ABRIDGED)
by H.G. Wells**



The night was hot and overcast, the sky red, rimmed with the lingering sunset of mid-summer. They sat at the open window, trying to fancy the air was fresher there. The man and woman spoke to one another in low tones.

"He does not suspect?" said the man, a little nervously.

"Not he," she said peevishly, as though that too irritated her. "He thinks of nothing but the works and the prices of fuel. He has no imagination, no poetry."

"None of these men of iron have," he said sententiously. "They have no hearts."

"This country was all fresh and beautiful once," he said; "and now - it is

Gehenna. Down that way – nothing but pot-banks and chimneys belching fire and dust into the face of heaven... Dear!" he said, putting his hand on hers.

She turned with a start, and their eyes searched one another's. Hers softened to his gaze. "My dear one!" she said, and then: "It seems so strange – that you should have come into my life like this – to open – "She paused.

"To open?" he said.

"All this wonderful world – "she hesitated, and spoke still more softly – "this world of love to me."

Then suddenly the door clicked and closed. They turned their heads, and he started violently back. In the shadow of the room stood a great shadowy figure – silent. They saw the face dimly in the half-light, with unexpressive dark patches under the penthouse brows. Every muscle in Raut's body suddenly became tense. When could the door have opened? What had he heard? Had he heard all? What had he seen? A tumult of questions.

The new-comer's voice came at last, after a pause that seemed interminable.

"I was afraid I had missed you, Horrocks," said the man at the window, gripping the window-ledge with his hand. His voice was unsteady.

The clumsy figure of Horrocks came forward out of the shadow. He made no answer to Raut's remark. For a moment he stood above them.

The woman's heart was cold within her. "I told Mr. Raut it was just possible you might come back," she said, in a voice that never quivered.

Horrocks, still silent, sat down abruptly in the chair by her little work-table. His big hands were clenched; one saw now the fire of his eyes under the shadow of his brows. He was trying to get his breath. His eyes went from the woman he had trusted to the friend he had trusted, and then back to the woman. By this time and for the moment all three half understood one another. Yet none dared say a word to ease the pent-up things that choked them. It was the husband's voice that broke the silence at last.

"You wanted to see me?" he said to Raut.

Raut started as he spoke. "I came to see you," he said, resolved to lie to the last.

"You promised to show me some fine effects of moonlight and smoke."

There was another pause. Did the man mean to take the thing coolly? Did he after all know? How long had he been in the room? Yet even at the moment when they heard the door, their attitudes... Horrocks glanced at the profile of the woman, shadowy pallid in the half-light. "Of course," he said, "I promised to show you the works under their proper dramatic conditions. It's odd how I could have forgotten."

"Have you been telling Mr. Raut of all these contrasts of flame and shadow you think so splendid?" said the woman, turning now to her husband for the first time, her confidence creeping back again, her voice just one half-note too high. "That

dreadful theory of yours that machinery is beautiful, and everything else in the world ugly. I thought he would not spare you, Mr. Raut. It's his great theory, his one discovery in art."

"I am slow to make discoveries," said Horrocks grimly, damping her suddenly. "But what I discover..." He stopped. "I promised to show you the works," he said to Raut, and put his big, clumsy hand on his friend's shoulder. "And you are ready to go?"

"Quite," said Raut, and stood up also. There was another pause. Raut half fancied still that the incident was trivial after all. But Mrs. Horrocks knew her husband better, knew that grim quiet in his voice, and the confusion in her mind took a vague shape of physical evil. She had an impulse to warn Raut in an undertone, but she could not frame a word. "Don't go!" and "Beware of him!" struggled in her mind, and the swift moment passed.

She stood motionless while Raut's light footfall and her husband's heavy tread, like bass and treble, passed down the passage together. The front door slammed heavily. She went to the window, moving slowly, and stood watching - leaning forward. Then she sank down into a crouching attitude in the big arm-chair, her eyes wide open and staring out at the red lights from the furnaces that flickered in the sky. An hour after she was still there, her attitude scarcely changed.

The oppressive stillness of the evening weighed heavily upon Raut. They went side by side down the road in silence, and in silence turned into the cinder-made by-way that presently opened out the prospect of the valley.

Horrock's arm twisted into Raut's with benumbing tightness. He had come striding down the black path towards the railway as though he was possessed. Raut had not spoken a word, had simply hung back against Horrocks' pull with all his strength.

"I say," he said now, laughing nervously, but with an undertone of snarl in his voice, "why on earth are you nipping my arm off, Horrocks, and dragging me along like this?"

At length Horrocks released him. His manner changed again. "Nipping your arm off?" he said. "Sorry. But it's you taught me the trick of walking in that friendly way."

"You haven't learnt the refinements of it yet then," said Raut, laughing artificially again. "By Jove! I'm black and blue." Horrocks offered no apology. "Fine effects," said Horrocks, waving his arm. "Here comes a train. The puffs of smoke, the orange glare, the round eye of light in front of it, the melodious rattle. Fine effects! But these furnaces of mine used to be finer, before we shoved cones in their throats, and saved the gas."

"How?" said Raut. "Cones?"

"Cones, my man, cones. I'll show you one nearer. The flames used to flare out of the open throats, great - what is it? - pillars of cloud by day, red and black smoke, and pillars of fire by night. Now we run it off in pipes, and burn it to heat the blast, and the top is shut by a cone. You'll be interested in that cone."

"But every now and then," said Raut, "you get a burst of fire and smoke up there."

"The cone's not fixed, it's hung by a chain from a lever, and balanced by an equipoise. You shall see it nearer. Else, of course, there'd be no way of getting fuel into the thing. Every now and then the cone dips, and out comes the flare."

"Come along," said Horrocks abruptly, gripping his shoulder again, and moving him suddenly towards the railway crossing.

Horrocks pointed to the canal close before them now: a weird-looking place it seemed, in the blood-red reflections of the furnaces.

"Here it is red," said Horrocks, "blood-red vapour as red and hot as sin; but yonder there, where the moonlight falls on it, and it drives across the clinker-heaps, it is as white as death."

Raut turned his head for a moment, and then came back hastily to his watch on Horrocks. "Come along to the rolling-mills," said Horrocks. The threatening hold was not so evident that time, and Raut felt a little reassured. But all the same, what on earth did Horrocks mean about "white as death" and "red as sin?" Coincidence, perhaps?

And out upon the narrow rail that overhung the furnace, Raut's doubts came upon him again. Was it wise to be here? If Horrocks did know - everything! Do what he would, he could not resist a violent trembling. Right under foot was a sheer depth of seventy feet. It was a dangerous place. The steaming canal ran away from below them under an indistinct bridge, and vanished into the dim haze of the flat fields.

"That's the cone I've been telling you of," shouted Horrocks; "and, below that, sixty feet of fire and molten metal, with the air of the blast frothing through it like gas in soda-water."

Raut gripped the hand-rail tightly, and stared down at the cone. The heat was intense. The boiling of the iron and the tumult of the blast made a thunderous accompaniment to Horrocks' voice. But the thing had to be gone through now. Perhaps, after all...

"In the middle," bawled Horrocks, "temperature near a thousand degrees. If you were dropped into it...flash into flame like a pinch of gunpowder in a candle. Put your hand out and feel the heat of his breath. Why, even up here I've seen the rain-water boiling off the trucks. And that cone there. It's a damned sight too hot for roasting cakes. The top side of its three hundred degrees."

"Three hundred degrees!" said Raut.

"Three hundred centigrade, mind!" said Horrocks. "It will boil the blood out of you in no time."

"Eigh?" said Raut, and turned.

"Boil the blood out of you in... No, you don't!"

"Let me go!" screamed Raut. "Let go my arm!" With one hand he clutched at the hand-rail, then with both. For a moment the two men stood swaying. Then suddenly, with a violent jerk, Horrocks had twisted him from his hold. He clutched at Horrocks and missed, his foot went back into empty air; in mid-air he twisted himself, and then cheek and shoulder and knee struck the hot cone together.

He clutched the chain by which the cone hung, and the thing sank an infinitesimal amount as he struck it. A circle of glowing red appeared about him, and a tongue of flame, released from the chaos within, flickered up towards him. An intense pain assailed him at the knees, and he could smell the singeing of his hands. He raised himself to his feet, and tried to climb up the chain, and then something struck his head. Black and shining with the moonlight, the throat of the furnace rose about him.

Horrocks, he saw, stood above him by one of the trucks of fuel on the rail. The gesticulating figure was bright and white in the moonlight, and shouting, "Fizzle, you fool! Fizzle, you hunter of women! You hot-blooded hound! Boil! boil! boil!"

Suddenly he caught up a handful of coal out of the truck, and flung it deliberately, lump after lump, at Raut. "Horrocks!" cried Raut. "Horrocks!"

His human likeness departed from him. When the momentary red had passed, Horrocks saw a charred, blackened figure, its head streaked with blood, still clutching and fumbling with the chain, and writhing in agony - a cindery animal, an inhuman, monstrous creature that began a sobbing intermittent shriek.

Abruptly, at the sight, the ironmaster's anger passed. A deadly sickness came upon him. The heavy odour of burning flesh came drifting up to his nostrils. His sanity returned to him.

"God have mercy upon me!" he cried. "O God! what have I done?"

He knew the thing below him, save that it still moved and felt, was already a dead man - that the blood of the poor wretch must be boiling in his veins. An intense realisation of that agony came to his mind, and overcame every other feeling. For a moment he stood irresolute, and then, turning to the truck, he hastily tilted its contents upon the struggling thing that had once been a man. The mass fell with a thud, and went radiating over the cone. With the thud the shriek ended, and a boiling confusion of smoke, dust, and flame came rushing up towards him. As it passed, he saw the cone clear again.

Then he staggered back, and stood trembling, clinging to the rail with both hands. His lips moved, but no words came to them.

Down below was the sound of voices and running steps. The clangour of rolling in the shed ceased abruptly.

VOCABULARY

peevisly		flicker	
tumult		nip off	
quiver (v.)		drag along	
gaze		refinement	
clumsy		by Jove	
overcast		lever	
abruptly (adv.)		weird-looking	
clench		vapour	
get his breath		sin	
choke (v)		yonder	
an undernote of snarl		hastily	
be resolved to lie		evident	
to the last		reassure	
glance		doubt	
pallid		resist	
creep back		vanish into	
dreadful		intense	
be slow to make discoveries		jerk	
grimly		sway	
damping		clutch	
trivial		infinitesimal	
vague shape		fizzle	
evil		assail	
warn		depart from	
in an undertone		char	
frame a word		intermittent	
beware of		sanity	
footfall		release	
tread		writhe (v.)	
slam		mercy	
lean forward		overcome	
sink down		thud	
crouching attitude		clangour	

EXERCISES

1. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets.

1. He looked at me _____(grim).
2. Mrs. Simpson _____ me that it was possible. (sure).
3. The city managed to _____ all the difficulties (come).
4. His _____ is highly questionable (sane).
5. He was _____ with insults and abuse as he left the court (sail).
6. It's a _____ situation (dread).
7. You haven't learned the _____ of it yet! (fine).
8. I just wanted to explain to her in person why I left so _____ (abrupt).
9. Be still, close your eyes, breathe, listen for my footfall in your heart (foot).
10. They left _____ (haste).

2. Complete the sentences with the correct form of the verb in the frame.

clench glance get drag resist sink lean creep warn writhe

1. Every time I say the word "Dad," you _____ your fist.
2. I cannot _____ the temptation any longer.
3. His confidence _____ back slowly.
4. I _____ you that this behavior is unacceptable here!
5. When I entered the room she _____ at me abruptly.
6. He was trying to _____ his breath for a while.
7. Mrs. Horrocks stood _____ forward.
8. I _____ him here whatever it may cost me.
9. He and four other senators _____ in the glare of unfavourable publicity.
10. After the ship _____ down the rescue operation was over.

3. Fill in the missing prepositions/particles in the sentences.

1. Beware _____ the dogs!
2. He said this and vanished _____ darkness.
3. She stood leaning _____.
4. I see no reason to depart _____ this idea.
5. Stop nipping my arm _____ like this!
6. Put your hand _____ and feel the heat of his breath.
7. "God have mercy _____ me!" he cried.
8. They went side _____ side down the road in silence.

4. Do the word puzzle.

W D S H U D E M C S W Q W P N	WARN
A C R V B S A R E K L S E U S	EVIL
R N R E A G Q E U R F K U Z Z	RELEASE
N N L E A Z B V R S C B C O R	WRITHE
W T L U X D M I L T S Y V R T	MERCY
Y E S C S Q F L G A V A S G Z	ASSAIL
R X O U M L V U H Z Y L E B V	SWAY
R Z L D E A V W L W A G I R K	TREAD
H A R N F X T L A S S A I L M	DREADFUL
X T L N E L P D V Q N W W Q N	CHOKES
M M R S E K O H C H Q X A Y Y	REASSURE
G N D A M B L T G M O M T Y T	
G F X K X Z U W R I T H E Q T	
F Q B K B N Q Q M N A E J C E	
O W Q K P F K K T B B M O B F	

5. Complete the sentences with the missing word(s).

impulse gripped motionless clicked dragging interminable
trivial twisted striding nipping suspected overcast

- The night was hot and _____.
- Mr. Horrocks _____ that his wife was cheating on him.
- Suddenly the door _____ and closed.
- The new-comer's voice came at last, after a pause that seemed _____.
- Raut hoped that the incident was _____ after all.
- She had an _____ to warn Raut in an undertone, but she could not frame a word.
- She stood _____ when Raut was leaving the house with her husband.
- Horrock's arm _____ into Raut's with benumbing tightness.
- He had come _____ down the black path towards the railway as though he was possessed.
- Raut pleaded, "why on earth are you _____ my arm off, Horrocks, and _____ me along like this?"
- Raut _____ the hand-rail tightly, and stared down at the cone.

6. Match the two parts of the collocations. Write down your own examples with each collocation.

lingering	of women
an undertone	attitude
in low	of snarl
a crouching	irresolute
black	things
resist	tones
hunter	sunset
stand	and blue
pent-up	a violent trembling

7. Match the two parts of the sentences from the story

1	By this time and for the moment all three	A	and their eyes searched one another's.
2	His big hands were clenched;	B	and then came back hastily to his watch on Horrocks.
3	An hour after she was still there,	C	released from the chaos within, flickered up towards him.
4	Then suddenly the door	D	one saw now the fire of his eyes under the shadow of his brows.
5	Raut turned his head for a moment,	E	half understood one another.
6	Then suddenly, with a violent jerk, Horrocks had twisted him from his hold.	F	her attitude scarcely changed.
7	A circle of glowing red appeared about him, and a tongue of flame, released from the chaos within, flickered up towards him.	G	clicked and closed.
8	An intense realisation of that agony came to his mind,	H	clinging to the rail with both hands.
9	Then he staggered back, and stood trembling,	I	and overcame every other feeling.
10	A circle of glowing red appeared about him, and a tongue of flame,	J	Horrocks had twisted him from his hold.

8. Write down all the words, pertaining to the sematic field of:

- scenery
- furnace and works
- Horrock and Raut's walk.

Using your notes, describe it and say what impression you have of it.

9. Act out a dialogue between:

- Mr. and Mrs. Horrock after Mr. Horrock returned;
- Mr. Horrock and a police officer after the disappearance of Raut was revealed;
- Two factory workers discussing this terrible case.

Use at least 5 words/ phrases from the story.

10. Answer the questions.

1. What words are used to describe the atmosphere of the evening?
2. Do you think Horrock knew all about his wife and his friend? Why?
3. What did Mr. Horrock mean when he said; "I'm slow to make decisions?"
4. Had Horrocks decided to kill Raut before he took him for a walk or it was a spontaneous decision? Why?
5. Why did Horrock's wife start that affair?
6. What will happen to his wife?

11. Report the dialogue between Mr. Horrock and Raut.

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Who is the story written by?
2. What do you know about the author of the story?
3. What is he famous for?
4. What are the author's years of life?
5. What are his most prominent works?
6. Is this story typical for the writer?
7. What do you expect the story to be like? Horror, adventure, detective?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**THE HITCHHIKER
(ABRIDGED)
By Roald Dahl**



I had a new car. It was an exciting toy, a big BMW 3.3 Li, which means 3.3 litre, long wheelbase, fuel injection. It had a top speed of 129 mph and terrific acceleration. The body was pale blue. The seats inside were darker blue and they were made of leather, genuine soft leather of the finest quality. The powerful engine growled and grunted impatiently at slow speeds, but at sixty miles an hour the growling stopped and the motor began to purr with pleasure. I was driving up to London by myself whispering along at 70 mph, leaning back comfortably in my seat.

Ahead of me I saw a man thumbing a lift. I touched the brake and brought the car to a stop beside him. I always stopped for hitchhikers.

He was a small ratty-faced man with grey teeth. His eyes were dark and quick and clever, like rat's eyes, and his ears were slightly pointed at the top. He had a cloth cap on his head and he was wearing a greyish-coloured jacket with enormous pockets. The grey jacket, together with the quick eyes and the pointed ears, made him look more than anything like some sort of a huge human rat.

"What part of London are you headed for?" I asked him.

"I'm goin' to Epsom, for the races. It's Derby Day today." "So it is," I said. "I wish I were going with you. I love betting on horses."

"I never bet on horses," he said. "I don't even watch 'em run. That's a stupid silly business."

"Then why do you go?" I asked. He didn't seem to like that question. His little ratty face went absolutely blank and he sat there staring straight ahead at the road, saying nothing.

There was a long silence. I decided not to question him any more. "I'm sorry," I said "It's none of my business what you do. The trouble is I'm a writer, and most writers are terribly nosy." "You write books?" he asked "Yes." "Writing books is okay," he said. "It's what I call a skilled trade. I'm in a skilled trade too. The folks I despise is them that spend all their lives doin' crummy old routine jobs with no skill in 'em at all. You see what I mean?" "Yes." "The secret of life," he said "is to become very very good at somethin' that's very very 'ard to do." "Like you, I said "Exactly. You and me both".

"What makes you think that I'm any good at my job?" I asked. "There's an awful lot of bad writers around" "You wouldn't be drivin' about in a car like this if you weren't no good at it," he answered "It must've cost a tidy packet, this little job." "It wasn't cheap." "What can she do flat out?" he asked "One hundred and twenty-nine miles an hour," I told him.

"I'll bet she won't do it." "I'll bet she will."

"All car-makers is liars," he said. "You can buy any car you like and it'll never do what the makers say it will in the ads." "This one will." "Open 'er up then and prove it," he said. "Go on, guv'nor, and let's see what she'll do." I pressed my foot hard down on the accelerator. The big car leaped forward as though she'd been stung. In ten seconds or so, we were doing ninety.

"A hundred and twenty!" my passenger shouted, jumping up and down. "Go on! Go on! Get 'er up to one-two-nine!" At that moment, I heard the scream of a police siren. Then a cop on a motorcycle loomed up alongside us on the inside lane and went past us and raised a hand for us to stop.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" I said. "That's torn it!" The cop must have been doing about a hundred and thirty when he passed us, and he took plenty of time slowing down. I pulled in behind him. "I didn't know police motorcycles could go as fast as that," I said rather lamely.

The cop got off his motorcycle. Then he took off his gloves and placed them carefully on the seat. He was in no hurry now. He had us where he wanted us and he knew it. Like an executioner approaching his victim, the cop came strolling slowly toward us. He was a big meaty man with a belly, and his blue breeches were skin-tight around his enormous thighs. The cop came around to my open window and placed one meaty hand on the sill. "What's the hurry?" he said.

"No hurry, officer," I answered.

"Perhaps there's a woman in the back having a baby and you're rushing her to hospital? Is that it?" "No, officer." "Or perhaps your house is on fire and you're dashing home to rescue the family from upstairs?" His voice was dangerously soft and mocking.

"My house isn't on fire, officer." "In that case," he said, "you've got yourself into a nasty mess, haven't you? Do you know what the speed limit is in this country?" "Seventy," I said.

When he spoke next, he raised his voice so loud that I jumped. "One hundred and twenty miles per hour!" he barked. "That's fifty miles an hour over the limit!" He turned his head and spat out a big gob of spit. It landed on the wing of my car and started sliding down over my beautiful blue paint. Then he turned back again and stared hard at my passenger. "And who are you?" he asked sharply.

"He's a hitchhiker," I said. "I'm giving him a lift." "Have I done something wrong?" my passenger asked. His voice was soft and oily as haircream.

"That's more than likely," the cop answered. "Anyway, you're a witness. I'll deal with you in a minute. Driver's license," he snapped, holding out his hand. I gave him my driver's license. Carefully, he copied the name and address from my license. Then he gave it back to me. Finally, he replaced the book in his breast pocket and fastened the button.

"Now you," he said to my passenger, and from the other breast pocket he produced a small black notebook. "Name?" he snapped.

"Michael Fish," my passenger said.

"Address?" "Fourteen, Windsor Lane, Luton." "Show me something to prove this is your real name and address," the policeman said.

My passenger fished in his pockets and came out with a driver's license of his own. The policeman checked the name and address and handed it back to him.

"What's your job?" he asked sharply.

"I'm an 'od carrier."

"A *what*?"

"An 'odcarrier."

"Spell it." "H-o-d c-a."

"That'll do. And what's a hod carrier, may I ask?" "An 'od carrier, officer, is a person who carries the cement up the ladder to the bricklayer." "Who's your employer?" "Don't 'ave one. I'm unemployed." The cop wrote all this down in the black notebook. Then he returned the book to its pocket and did up the button. "When I get back to the station I'm going to do a little checking up on you," he said to my passenger.

"Me? What've I done wrong?" the rat-faced man asked.

"I don't like your face. That's all," the cop said. "And we just might have a picture of it somewhere in our files." He strolled round the car and returned to my window. "I suppose you know you're in serious trouble." he said to me.

"Yes, officer".

"You won't be driving this fancy car of yours again for a very long time, not after we've finished with you. You won't be driving any car again, come to that, for several years. And a good thing, too. I hope they lock you up for a spell into the bargain." "You mean prison?" I asked alarmed.

"Absolutely," he said, smacking his lips. "In the clink. Behind the bars. I'll see you in court, both of you. You'll be getting a summons to appear." He turned away and walked over to his motorcycle.

"We was caught," my passenger said. "We was caught good and proper..."

"I was caught you mean..."

"That's right," he said. "What you goin' to do now, gov'nor?" "I'm going straight up to London to talk to my solicitor," I said. I started the car and drove on.

"You mustn't believe what 'ee said to you about goin' to prison," my passenger said. "They don't put nobody in the clink just for speedin'."

"Are you sure of that?" I asked.

"I'm positive," he answered. "They can take your license away and they can give you a whoppin' big fine, but that'll be the end of it." I felt tremendously relieved.

"By the way," I said, "why did you lie to him?" "Who, me?" he said. "What makes you think I lied?" "You told him you were an unemployed hod carrier. But you told me you were in a highly skilled trade." "So I am," he said. "But it don't pay to tell everythin' to a copper." "So what do you do?" I asked him.

"Ah," he said slyly. "That'll be tellin', wouldn't it?" "Is it something you're ashamed of?" "Ashamed?" he cried. "Me, ashamed of my job? I'm about as proud of it as anybody could be in the entire world!" "Then why won't you tell me?" "You writers really is nosy parkers, aren't you?" he said. "And you ain't goin' to be 'appy, I don't think, until you've found out exactly what the answer is?"

"I don't really care one way or the other," I told him, lying. He gave me a crafty little ratty look out of the sides of his eyes. "I think you do care," he said. "I can see it on your face that you think I'm in some kind of a very peculiar trade and you're just achin' to know what it is."

I didn't like the way he read my thoughts. I kept quiet and stared at the road ahead.

"You'd be right, too," he went on. "I am in a very peculiar trade. I'm in the queerest peculiar trade of 'em all." I waited for him to go on. "I've got fantastic fingers. These fingers of mine," he said, holding up both hands high in front of him, "are quicker and cleverer than the fingers of the best piano player in the world!" "Are you a piano player?" "Don't be daft." he said. "Do I look like a piano player?" I glanced at his fingers. They were so beautifully shaped, so slim and long and elegant, they didn't seem to belong to the rest of him at all. They looked more like the fingers of a brain surgeon or a watchmaker.

"My job," he went on, "is a hundred times more difficult than playin' the piano. Any twerp can learn to do that. There's titchy little kids learnin' to play the piano in almost any 'ouse you go into these days. That's right, ain't it?"

"More or less," I said.

"Of course it's right. But there's not one person in ten million can learn to do what I do. Not one in ten million! 'Ow about that?"

"Amazing," I said. "I think I know what you do;" I said. "You do conjuring tricks. You're a conjuror."

"Me?" he snorted. "A conjuror? Can you picture me goin' round crummy kids' parties makin' rabbits come out of top 'ats?" "Then you're a card player. You get people into card games and you deal yourself marvellous hands." "Me! A rotten cardsharper!" he cried. "That's a miserable racket if ever there was one." "All right. I give up." I was taking the car along slowly now, at no more than forty miles an hour, to make quite sure I wasn't stopped again. Suddenly, my passenger was holding up a black leather belt in his hand. "Ever seen this before?" he asked. The belt had a brass buckle of unusual design.

"Hey!" I said. "That's mine, isn't it? It is mine! Where did you get it?" He grinned and waved the belt gently from side to side. "Where d'you think I got it?" he said. "Off the top of your trousers, of course." I reached down and felt for my belt. It was gone.

"You mean you took it off me while we've been driving along?" I asked flabbergasted.

He nodded, watching me all the time with those little black ratty eyes.

"That's impossible," I said. "You'd have had to undo the buckle and slide the whole thing out through the loops all the way round. I'd have seen you doing it. And even if I hadn't seen you, I'd have felt it."

"Ah, but you didn't, did you?" he said, triumphant. He dropped the belt on his lap, and now all at once there was a brown shoelace dangling from his fingers.

"And what about this, then?" he exclaimed, waving the shoelace.

"What about it?" I said.

"Anyone around 'ere missin' a shoelace?" he asked, grinning. I glanced down at my shoes. The lace of one of them was missing. "Good grief!" I said. "How did you do that? I never saw you bending down."

"You never saw nothin'," he said proudly. "You never even saw me move an inch. And you know why?" "Yes," I said. "Because you've got fantastic fingers."

He knew he had impressed me greatly with those two tricks, and this made him very happy. "I wouldn't nick anything from you, guv'nor," he said. "You're my pal. You're givin' me a lift."

"I'm glad to hear it," I said.

"All I'm doin' is answerin' your question," he went on. "You asked me what I did for a livin' and I'm showin' you." "What else have you got of mine?" He smiled again, and now he started to take from the pocket of his jacket one thing after another that belonged to me, my driver's license, a key ring with four keys on it, some pound notes, a few coins, a letter from my publishers, my diary, a stubby old pencil, a cigarette lighter, and last of all, a beautiful old sapphire ring with pearls around it belonging to my wife.

"So you're a pickpocket," I said.

"I don't like that word," he answered. "It's a coarse, and vulgar word. Pickpockets is coarse and vulgar people who only do easy little amateur jobs. They lift money from blind old ladies." "What do you call yourself, then?"

"Me? I'm a fingersmith. I'm a professional fingersmith." He spoke the words solemnly and proudly, as though he were telling me he was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"I've never heard that word before," I said. "Did you invent it?"

"Of course I didn't invent it," he replied. "It's the name given to them who's risen to the very top of the profession. You've 'eard of a goldsmith and a silversmith, for instance. They're experts with gold and silver. I'm an expert with my fingers, so I'm a fingersmith." "It must be an interesting job."

"It's a marvellous job," he answered. "It's lovely."

"And that's why you go to the races?" "Race meetings is easy meat," he said. "You just stand around after the race, watchin' for the lucky ones to queue up and draw their money. And when you see someone collectin' a big bundle of notes, you simply follows after 'im and 'elps yourself. But don't get me wrong, guv'nor. I never takes nothin' from a loser. Nor from poor people neither. I only go after them as can afford it, the winners and the rich." "That's very thoughtful of you, I said." "How often do you get caught?" "Caught?" he cried, disgusted. "Me get caught! It's only pickpockets get caught. Fingersmiths never. Listen, I could take the false teeth out of your mouth if I wanted to and you wouldn't even catch me!"

"I don't have false teeth," I said.

"I know you don't," he answered. "Otherwise I'd 'ave 'ad 'em out long ago!"

I believed him. Those long slim fingers of his seemed able to do anything. We drove on for a while without talking.

"That policeman's going to check up on you pretty thoroughly," I said. "Doesn't that worry you a bit?" "Nobody's checkin' up on me," he said.

"Of course they are. He's got your name and address written down most carefully in his black book." The man gave me another of his sly ratty little smiles.

"Ah," he said. "So 'ee 'as. But I'll bet 'eeain't got it all written down in 'is memory as well. I've never known a copper yet with a decent memory. Some of 'em can't even remember their own names." "What's memory got to do with it?" I asked. "It's written down in his book, isn't it?" "Yes, guv'nor, it is. But the trouble is, 'ee's lost the book. 'He's lost both books, the one with my name in it and the one with yours." In the long delicate fingers of his right hand, the man was holding up in triumph the two books he had taken from the policeman's pockets. "Easiest job I ever done," he announced proudly.

I nearly swerved the car into a milk truck, I was so excited. "That copper's got nothin' on either of us now," he said.

"You're a genius!" I cried.

"'Ee's got no names, no addresses, no car number, no nothin'," he said.

"You're brilliant!" "I think you'd better pull off this main road as soon as possible," he said. "Then we'd better build a little bonfire and burn these books." "You're a fantastic fellow!" I exclaimed.

"Thank you, guv'nor," he said. "It's always nice to be appreciated."

VOCABULARY

wheelbase (n.)		executioner (n.)	
fuel injection (phr.)		meaty (adj.)	
top speed (phr.)		breeches (n.)	
acceleration (n.)		nasty mess (phr.)	
growl (v.)		bark (v.)	
grunt (v.)		spit out (v.)	
purr (v.)		hod carrier (phr.)	
whisper (v.)		bricklayer (n.)	
thumb a lift (phr.)		unemployed (adj.)	
brake (n.)		stroll (v.)	
Derby Day (phr.)		summons (n.)	
bet on smth. (v.)		solicitor (n.)	
blank (adj.)		whopping (adj.)	
stare (v.)		peculiar (adj.)	

head for (v.)		daft (adj.)	
nosy (adj.)		twerp (n.)	
despise (v.)		delicate (adj.)	
crummy (adj.)		easy meat (phr.)	
flat out (phr.)		queue up (v.)	
leap (v.)		draw smb's money	
loom up (v.)		disgust (n.)	
pull in (v.)		decent (adj.)	
slyly (adv.)		swerve (v.)	
stubby (adj.)		appreciate (v.)	
pickpocket (n.)		bonfire (n.)	
coarse (adj.)		pull off (v.)	
vulgar (adj.)		for instance (phr.)	
amateur (n.)		marvelous (adj.)	
invent (v.)			

EXERCISES

1. Find the examples of personification in the description of the car. Explain it.

2. Read the description of the policeman again. What vocabulary is used? Why?

3. Describe.

- scenery
- car
- hitchhiker
- policeman

4. Match the collocations. Use them in the sentences of your own.

1. thumb	a. tremendously relieved
2. be aching	b. forward
3. feel	c. a lift
4. smack	d. to know
5. do a	e. one's pockets
6. fish in	f. into a nasty mess
7. fasten	g. a tidy packet
8. rush smb	h. absolutely blank
9. police	i. checking up on smb

10. a skilled	j. siren
11. into	k. one's lips
12. go	l. the bargain
13. cost	m. to hospital
14. leap	n. the button
15. be	o. limit
16. get smb	p. trade
17. speed	q. on fire

5. Complete the sentences with the particles/ prepositions.

1. What part of London are you headed _____?
2. Nowadays a lot of people seem to be betting _____ sport.
3. Come on, open _____ your mind for something new.
4. He was overspeeding, so it took him plenty of time slowing _____.
5. If we are not _____ a hurry, we are likely to miss the plain.
6. I'll deal _____ you in a minute
7. He came _____ with a driver's license of his own.
8. The people we slowly strolling _____ the beautiful fountains.
9. What are you ashamed _____?
10. I need to find _____ what's going on.
11. You get people _____ card games and then strip them off their money.

6. Match the words with definitions.

1. thumb a lift	a. feel contempt, not to like smb./ smth. very much
2. bet	b. not honest, cunning
3. conjuror	c. a person stealing money from somebody's pockets
4. sly	d. to move to the side o off the road
5. despise	e. feeling of revulsion or strong disapproval
6. miserable	f. a performer of some 'magic' tricks in public
7. pickpocket	g. to walk in a relaxed and leisurely way
8. disgust	h. risk sum of money or valuable item to get more money in case of some unpredictable event
9. pull in	i. to stand at the side of the road showing a thumb out until a driver stops and takes you
10. stroll	j. utterly unhappy and uncomfortable

7. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets.

1. He looked at me _____ (patience).
2. He was wearing a greyish-coloured jacket with _____ pockets (norm).

3. Many people pretend to be honest, but they are _____ (lie).
4. We are now bombarded with _____ on TV (advertise).
5. Me? A _____? How can you say such things? (pocket)
6. The man gave me another of his sly _____ little smiles (rat).
7. He was slowly walking towards me like an _____ approaching his victim (execute).
8. First we'll do a little _____ on you and then if you are clear we'll let you go (check).
9. He seemed really _____ in these shabby old clothes and worn out boots (misery).
10. What's the fine for _____ in your country? (speed)

8. Fill in the verb in the correct form in the sentence.

growl	seem	shout	loom	head	deal
wave	drop	grin	impress		

1. The crisis is _____ large.
2. Have you ever _____ with such things yourself?
3. He approached me, _____ viciously.
4. Mr. Simmons _____ me goodbye and started the car.
5. The engine _____ impatiently when he pressed the accelerator.
6. Why _____ you always _____ at me? Is there a way for you to talk quietly?
7. Seeing such huge progress in his knowledge _____ me deeply.
8. We _____ for Norfolk to the Fair.
9. I _____ at you place tonight to have a cup of coffee and a nice talk.
10. Jack _____ a really decent guy, he really does.

9. Write your own sentences with the following expressions:

- with pleasure
- thumbing a lift
- headed for
- went absolutely
- It's none of my business
- routine jobs
- an awful lot of
- leaped forward

- police siren
- in no hurry
- a nasty mess
- giving him a lift
- to do a little checking
- proud of
- in the entire world
- nosy parkers
- one way or the other
- achin' to know
- deal yourself marvellous hands
- unusual design
- was missing
- impressed me greatly
- to the very top of the profession
- I'm an expert with
- easy meat
- draw their money
- a big bundle of
- a decent memory
- announced proudly
- be appreciated

10. Do the wordsearch connected with car terms.

I J L X Y J M I L E A V J N U
 F O Z D B D E I X P N T B L M
 S L T S B R O W E N J Z B Q G
 M P D L J O B I W S V L W I P
 N O U E J T G N B T J R J B W
 G E T C X A U G Z N X D M N Y
 R M R O X R E X W I X K U A K
 E B S I R E Y H N A B X D M R
 B Z J G S L E J S P E E D E T
 K G M W E E E D V R N K F C F
 B L L U L C C R G I U H P I Z
 P R F B T C F U F G K D X L J
 C P A I C A W M X Z Z E I O M
 C S O K C T E O W S K N S P Y
 E N V P E Z N C A Y R R M X U

ACCELERATOR
 BRAKE
 SPEED
 MILE
 WHEELBASE
 INJECTION
 FUEL
 MOTOR
 SIREN
 FINE
 POLICEMAN
 WING
 PAINT

11. Match the two parts of the sentences.

1	I always stopped	A	and fastened the button.
2	He had us where he	B	relieved.
3	Finally, he replaced the book in his breast pocket	C	over to his motorcycle.
4	He strolled round the	D	at the road ahead
5	I hope they lock you up	E	me move an inch.
6	He turned away and walked	F	is easy meat
7	I felt tremendously	G	car and returned to my window.
8	I kept quiet and stared	H	for hitchhikers.
9	You never even saw	I	for a spell into the bargain."
10	Race meetings	J	wanted us and he knew it.

12. Write the summary of the story in 3-5 sentences.

13. Answer the questions.

1. What is the narrator's attitude to his car? Illustrate your answer with the examples from the text.
2. Why did the Narrator stop to pick up a hitchhiker? Was it a wise decision?
3. Did you guess the Hitchhiker's profession from the start? Why/ why not?
4. Why did the Hitchhiker provoke the Narrator to drive faster?
5. Why did the narrator start to overspeed? Would you behave like that in the same situation?
6. Find the description of the policeman. What impression does it make on you? Why is the policeman described so unsympathetically?
7. What punishment did the policeman promised to the narrator? Is it proportionate?
8. What would have happened to the Narrator if the Hitchhiker hadn't stolen the documents from the Policeman?
9. Why did the policeman decide to check the hitchhiker as well?
10. Did you suppose the story would end like that?
11. How does the Hitchhiker describe his profession? What do you think of it?
12. Who do you sympathise with?
13. How did the author manage to inspire liking towards perpetrators?
14. Does the opinion of the 'fingersmith' make sense?
15. Do you think the narrator has learned the lesson?
16. What is the message of the story? In what way is it paradoxical?

14. Act out a dialogue between:

- The policeman and his colleague
- The narrator and his wife/ friend

Use at least 5 words/ phrases from the story.

15. Report the dialogue between.

- the Narrator and the Hitchhiker (You may choose any part of the dialogue);
- the Narrator and the Policeman.

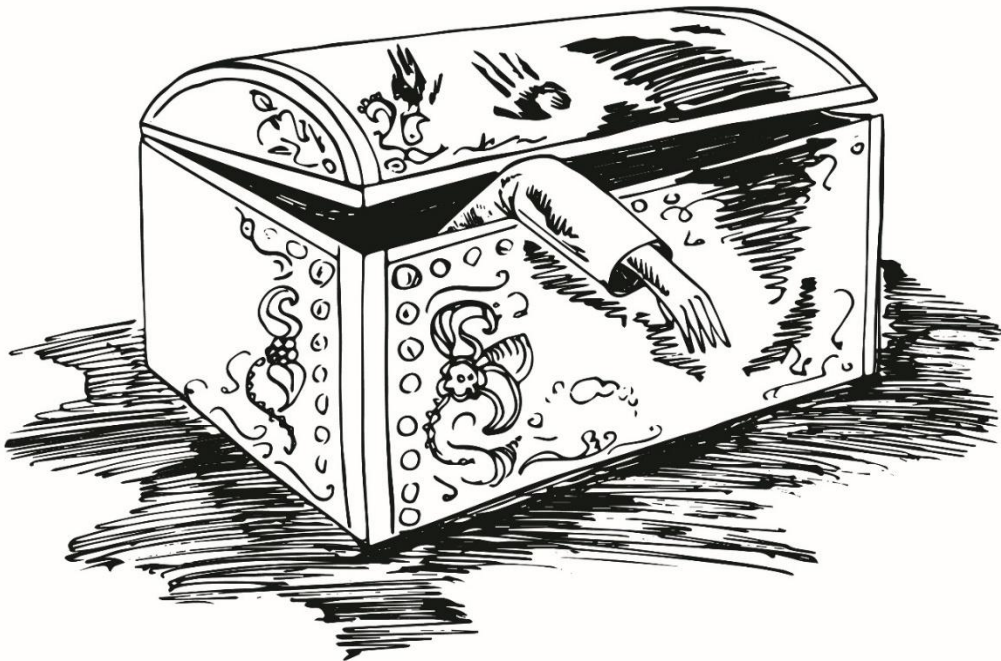
16. Write an article into a newspaper/ make a report on television about the event.

Before you read, answer the following questions:

1. Who is the story written by?
2. What do you know about the author of the story?
3. What is she famous for?
4. What are the author's years of life?
5. What are her most prominent works?
6. Is this story typical for the writer?
7. What do you expect the story to be like? Horror, adventure, detective?

Read the story. Underline the context in which the words from the chart below are used.

**A GLOWING FUTURE
(ABRIDGED)
By Ruth Rendell**



"Six should be enough," he said. "We'll say six tea chests, then, and one trunk. If you'll deliver them tomorrow, I'll get the stuff all packed and maybe your people could pick them up Wednesday. "He made a note on a bit of paper. "Fine," he said. "Round about lunchtime tomorrow."

"I couldn't believe," she said, "that you'd really do it. Not until I heard you on the phone. I wouldn't have thought it possible."

It wouldn't stop until he'd got the things out and himself out, away from London and her for good. And he wasn't going to argue or make long defensive

speeches. He lit a cigarette and waited for her to begin, thinking that the pubs would be opening in an hour's time and he could go out then and get a drink.

"I don't understand why you came here at all," she said. "Just to get your things? Maurice, did you come back just for that? You could have sent someone else. Even if you'd written to me and asked me to do it."

"I never write letters," he said.

"As if I didn't know!" She gasped, and making a great effort she steadied her voice. "You were in Australia for a year, a whole year, and you never wrote to me once."

"I phoned. "

"Yes, twice. The first time to say you loved me and missed me and were longing to come back to me and would I wait for you and there wasn't anyone else was there? And the second time, a week ago, to say you'd be here by Saturday and could I - could I put you up. My God, I'd lived with you for two years, we were practically married, and then you phone and ask if I could put you up!"

"Words," he said. "How would you have put it?"

"For one thing, I'd have mentioned Patricia. Oh, yes, I'd have mentioned her. I'd have had the decency, the common humanity, for that. Do know what I thought when you said you were coming? I ought to know by now how peculiar he is, I thought, how detached, not writing or phoning or anything. But that's Maurice, that's the man I love, and he's coming back to me and we'll get married and I'm so happy!"

"I did tell you about Patricia."

"Not until after you'd made love to me first."

He winced. It had been a mistake, that. Of course he hadn't meant to touch her beyond the requisite greeting kiss. But she was very attractive and he was used to her and she seemed to expect it - and oh, what the hell.

"You made love to me," she said. "You were so passionate, it was just like it used to be, and then the next morning you told me. You'd got a resident's permit to stay in Australia, you'd got a job all fixed up, you'd met a girl you wanted to marry. Just like that you told me, over breakfast. Have you ever been smashed in the face, Maurice? Have you ever had your dreams trodden on?" She got up and began slowly and stiffly to pace the room. By a small table she stopped. There was a china figurine on it, a bronze paperknife, an onyx pen jar that matched the ashtray.

"All those things," she said. "I looked after them for you. I treasured them. And now you're going to have them all shipped out to her."

She flung herself onto the sofa and burst into sobs. She thrashed about, hammering the cushions with her fists. He wasn't going to be moved by that - he wasn't going to be moved at all. Once he'd packed those things, he'd be off to spend the next three months touring Europe. A free man, free for the sights and

the fun and the girls, for a last fling of wild oats. After that, back to Patricia and a home and a job and responsibility. It was a glowing future which this hysterical woman wasn't going to mess up.

"Shut up, Betsy, for God's sake," he said. He shook her roughly by the shoulder, and then he went out because it was now eleven and he could get a drink.

Betsy made herself some coffee and washed her swollen eyes. She walked about, looking at the ornaments and the books, the glasses and vases and lamps, which he would take from her tomorrow. It wasn't that she much minded losing them, the things themselves, but the barrenness which would be left, and the knowing that they would all be Patricia's.

In the night she had got up, found his wallet, taken out the photographs of Patricia, and torn them up. But she remembered the face, pretty and hard and greedy, and she thought of those bright eyes widening as Patricia unpacked the tea chests, the predatory hands scrabbling for more treasures in the trunk. Poor stupid fool, she doesn't know what he did the first moment he was alone with her, or what he would do in France and Italy. That would be a nice wedding present to give her, wouldn't it, along with all the pretty bric-a-brac in the trunk?

Well, why not? Why not rock their marriage before it had even begun? A letter. A letter to be concealed in, say, that blue-and-white ginger jar. She sat down to write.

Dear Patricia: I don't know what Maurice has told you about me, but we have been living here as lovers ever since he arrived. To be more explicit, I mean we have made love, have slept together. Maurice is incapable of being faithful to anyone. If you don't believe me, ask yourself why, if he didn't want me, he didn't stay in a hotel.

That's all. Yours - and she signed her name and felt a little better, well enough and steady enough to take a bath and get herself some lunch.

Six tea chests and a trunk arrived on the following day. The trunk was made of silver-coloured metal and had clasps of gold-coloured metal. It was rather a beautiful object, five feet long, three feet high, two feet wide, and the lid fitted so securely it seemed a hermetic sealing.

Maurice began to pack at two o'clock. He used tissue paper and newspapers.

He came back at midnight to find the flat in darkness, and he lay down on the sofa with the tea chests standing about him like defences, like barricades.

Presently Betsy came in. She didn't put on the light. She wound her way between the chests, carrying a candle in a saucer which she set down on the trunk. In the candlelight, wearing a long white nightgown, she looked like a ghost, like some wandering madwoman, a Mrs. Rochester", a Woman in White.

"Maurice."

"Go away, Betsy, I'm tired."

"Maurice, please. I'm sorry I said all those things. I'm sorry I locked you out."

"OK, I'm sorry too. It's a mess, and maybe I shouldn't have done it the way I did. But the best way is for me just to go and my things to go and make a clean split. Right? And now will you please be a good girl and go away and let me get some sleep?"

What happened next he hadn't bargained for. It hadn't crossed his mind. Men don't understand about women and sex. She threw herself on him, clumsily, hungrily.

She pulled his shirt open and began kissing his neck and his chest, holding his head, crushing her mouth to his mouth, lying on top of him and gripping his legs with her knees.

He gave her a savage push. He kicked her away, and she fell and struck her head on the side of the trunk. The candle fell off, flared and died in a pool of wax. In the darkness he cursed floridly. He put on the light and she got up, holding her head where there was a little blood.

"Oh, get out, for God's sake," he said, and he manhandled her out, slamming the door after her.

In the morning, when she came into the room, a blue bruise on her forehead, he was sitting up on the sofa, looking at his plane ticket to Paris.

"The men are coming for the stuff at ten," he said as if nothing had happened, "and they'd better not be late. I have to be at the airport at noon."

"You'd better close the trunk," she said absent-mindedly.

"All in good time." His eyes gleamed. "I've got a letter to put in yet."

"You never write letters."

"Just a note. One can't send a present without a note to accompany it, can one?"

He pulled the ginger jar out of the trunk, screwed up her letter without even glancing at it, and threw it on the floor. Rapidly yet ostentatiously and making sure that Betsy could see, he scrawled across a sheet of paper: All this is for you, darling Patricia, for ever and ever.

"You could have fooled me." He took a large angle lamp out of the trunk and set it on the floor. He slipped the note into the ginger jar, rewrapped it, tucked the jar in between the towels and cushions which padded the fragile objects. 'Hatred isn't the word I'd use to describe the way you came after me last night.'

She made no answer. He turned round for the lamp. It wasn't there. She was holding it in both hands. "Have you ever been smashed in the face, Maurice?" she said breathlessly, and she raised the lamp and struck him with it full on the forehead. He sagged, covering his face with bloody hands. Then with all her strength she gave him a great swinging blow and he fell to his knees, rolled over and at last was stilled and silenced.

There was quite a lot of blood, though it quickly stopped flowing. Self-preservation is the primal instinct, more powerful than love or sorrow, hatred or regret. The time was nine o'clock, and in an hour those men would come. Betsy fetched water in a bucket, detergent, cloths and a sponge. The hard work, the great cleansing, stopped her tears, quieted her heart and dulled her thoughts. She thought of nothing, working frenziedly, her mind a blank.

When bucket after bucket of reddish water had been poured down the sink and the carpet was soaked but clean, the lamp washed and dried and polished, she threw her clothes into the basket in the bathroom and had a bath. She dressed carefully and brushed her hair. Eight minutes to ten. Everything was clean and she had opened the window, but the dead thing still lay there on a pile of reddened newspapers.

The men were punctual. They came at ten sharp. They carried the six tea chests and the silver-coloured trunk with the gold-coloured clasps downstairs.

When they had gone and their van had driven away, Betsy sat down on the sofa. She looked at the angle lamp, the onyx pen jar and ashtray, the ginger jar, the alabaster bowls, the hock glasses, the bronze paperknife, the little Chinese cups, and the Lowry that was back on the wall. She was quite calm now and she didn't really need the brandy she had poured for herself.

She thought of the future, of three months hence, and into the silence she let forth a steady, rather toneless peal of laughter. Miss Patricia Gordon, 23 Burwood Park Avenue, Kew, Victoria, Australia 3101. The pretty, greedy, hard face, the hands so eager to undo that padlock and prise open those golden clasps to find the treasure within... And how interesting that treasure would be in three months' time, like nothing Miss Patricia Gordon had seen in all her life! It was as well, so that she would recognize it, that it carried on top of it a note in a familiar hand: All this is for you, darling Patricia, for ever and ever.

VOCABULARY

tea chest (phr.)		predatory (adj.)	
for good (phr.)		scrabble (v.)	
defensive (adj.)		rock (v.)	
gasp (v.)		conceal (v.)	
make a great effort (phr.)		to be more explicit (phr.)	
steady (v.)		be incapable of smth/ doing smth.(phr.)	
long (v.)		faithful (adj.)	

put up		hermetic sealing (phr.)	
mention (v.)		tissue paper (phr.)	
decency (n.)		wander (v.)	
humanity (n.)		bargain for (phr.)	
peculiar (adj.)		grip (v.)	
detached (adj.)		savage (adj.)	
wince (v.)		flare (v.)	
requisite (adj.)		manhandle smb. out (phr.)	
be used to smth./ doing smth (phr.)		gleam (v.)	
passionate (adj.)		accompany (v.)	
resident's permit (phr.)		screw (v.)	
smash in the face (phr.)		ostentatiously (adv.)	
tread on (phr.)		scrawl (v.)	
pace (v.)		tuck in between (phr.)	
figurine (adj.)		fragile (adj.)	
paperknife (n.)		hatred (n.)	
onyx		breathlessly (adv.)	
pen jar (phr.)		sag (v.)	
ashtray (n.)		swinging blow (phr.)	
treasure (v.)		roll over (phr.)	
fling oneself onto (phr.)		self-preservation (n.)	
burst into sobs (phr.)		sorrow (n.)	
thrash about (phr.)		fetch (v.)	
hammer (v.)		detergent (n.)	
cushion (n.)		sponge (n.)	
last fling of wild oats (phr.)		dull (adj.)	
a glowing future (phr.)		frenziedly (adv.)	
mess up (phr.)		bowl (n.)	
for God's sake (phr.)		hock glasses (phr.)	
swollen (adj.)		toneless (adj.)	
barrenness (n.)		peal of laughter	

EXERCISES

1. Fill in the correct word derived from the word in brackets.

1. And beware the _____ of a busy life (bare).
2. I know you're all _____ anticipating the next miracle! (breath)
3. _____, you never had it from the beginning. (human)
4. Get your _____ hands off my wife. (predator)
5. I leaned back and stared at the fan revolving _____, as though a helicopter were buried upside down in the ceiling (frenzy)
6. He was so _____ and affectionate at first, who could think it would turn out like that? (passion)
7. Nixon _____ looked at his watch, provoking laughter from the audience. (ostentate)
8. Why are you getting so _____ all the time? (defend)
9. A lot of _____ are harmful to the environment. (deterge)
10. Mr. Brown was seeking permanent _____ in the USA. (reside)

2. Fill in the verb in the correct form in the sentence.

bargain	fling	gasp	conceal	smash
lock	treasure	slam	curse	flare

1. I (not) _____ for that.
2. At hearing this news, she _____ and couldn't say a word.
3. I feel you _____ something from me.
4. Please stop _____ the door, it won't help!
5. Mrs. Myers _____ the door and gone away.
6. I _____ your things for all these years.
7. Whatever happens he reacts with _____, which is slightly annoying.
8. _____ you ever been _____ in the face?
9. After the candle _____ brightly it faded away and they were in complete darkness.
10. She is absolutely unbearable! If you tread on something sensitive for her, she _____ onto the chair and start crying.

3. Paraphrase the sentence using an appropriate phrasal verb or idiom instead of the underlined part.

1. Before wedding he decided to go to Paris and to enjoy his free life for the last time.
2. He left us and will never return.

3. That's exactly not what I expected.
4. I expressly asked you to collect my things, but I see you haven't done anything.
5. She flung herself onto the sofa and started to cry.
6. It is practically impossible for her to arrive in time.
7. I've repaired the engine myself.
8. She said he had been harassing her all these years.
9. I can't wait when I'll leave this miserable town!
10. With an effort she pushed him out of the room.

4. Match the two parts of the collocations.

1	burst	A	a great effort
2	for	B	of wild oats
3	make	C	practically married
4	smash	D	permit
5	last fling	E	into sobs
6	make	F	one's voice
7	steady	G	the light
8	be	H	a clean split
9	a resident's	I	a note
10	tread on	J	in the face
11	put on	K	one's mind
12	make	L	God's sake
13	cross	M	dreams

6. Complete the sentences with the missing words.

1. You'd got a job all fixed _____.
2. Have you ever had your dreams trodden _____?
3. I looked _____ them for you!
4. And now you're going to have them all shipped _____ to her.
5. She flung herself _____ the sofa and burst _____ sobs.
6. She thrashed _____, hammering the cushions with her fists.
7. He kicked her _____, and she fell and struck her head on the side of the trunk.
8. He put _____ the light and she got _____, holding her head where there was a little blood.
9. It was a glowing future which this hysterical woman wasn't going to mess _____.
10. Then with all her strength she gave him a great swinging blow and he fell to his knees, rolled _____ and at last was stilled and silenced.

7. Do the word search.

F H Q R F S A U C E R V T E S
 T V R W P M K P J M F L D N W
 C S S A L G W A Y J S E A I I
 A U K N U R T P E H N W R R Y
 M G J F U W F E F Z Z O K U A
 F K P Z R D B R N N N T X G R
 T N C O P N A K W A X O C I T
 N V G H O G J N O O E A R F H
 E A N J I V E I P O N J F B S
 M S Z L I N J F E D R Y H H A
 A E E M J V A E L D Q J X Q W
 N I H P M A L E R T P D G M R
 R I M R E E C H E S T U J L Y
 O Q K Z B N P M C U S H I O N
 O P R A J W S R Y C G M W M S

Ashtray Trunk
 Chest Towel
 China
 Figurine
 Bronze
 Paperknife
 Onyx
 Cushion
 Ornament
 Glass
 Vase
 Lamp
 Jar
 Candle
 Saucer

8. Match the two parts of the sentences.

1	It wouldn't stop until he'd got the things out and himself out,	A	about women and sex.
2	She gasped, and making	B	arrived on the following day.
3	I'd have had the decency,	C	carrying a candle in a saucer which she set down on the trunk.
4	In the night she had got up, found his wallet,	D	wedding present to give her.
5	That would be a nice	E	he was sitting up on the sofa, looking at his plane ticket to Paris.
6	Six tea chests and a trunk	F	and washed her swollen eyes
7	She wound her way between the chests,	G	away from London and her for good.
8	Men don't understand	H	her mind a blank.
9	In the morning, when she came into the room, a blue bruise on her forehead,	I	taken out the photographs of Patricia, and torn them up.
10	She thought of nothing, working frenziedly,	J	a great effort she steadied her voice.
11	Betsy made herself some coffee	K	the common humanity, for that.

9. Give definition of the words. Use them in the sentences of your own.

- for good
- long (V.)
- decency
- peculiar
- wince
- requisite
- tread on smth
- stiffly
- be moved
- mess up.
- predatory
- rock (V.)
- explicit
- steady (V. & Adj.)
- cross one's mind
- savage
- floridly

10. Write:

- a police records of the case;
- a newspaper article.

11. Render the story as if you were:

- Betsy;
- Patricia;
- Maurice's friend.

12. Answer the questions.

1. What is your impression of the story?
2. Why does the author pay so much attention to the description of the household object? Do they play any role on the story?
3. Did Maurice love her and was going to marry Betsy or she had invented it herself?
4. Why did Betsy believe in him being detached and not loving to write letters?
5. Do you think Betsy didn't feel his attitude or she just preferred to be lured away and deceived herself?
6. Would Maurice really marry Patricia or he just wanted to have good time with her?

7. Was Betsy's deed carefully planned or was it killing in the heat of passion? Give your arguments.
8. What other ways to sort out the situation could be?
9. Could Betsy and Maurice have been happily married if Maurice hadn't met Patricia?
10. Who do you sympathize with more? Why?
11. Explain the title of the story. How does it contradict to the story itself?

13. Role play a court hearing devoted to the case of Maurice and Betsy. Choose the lawyer and the prosecutor. Police investigators should prepare evidence. Choose witnesses. Choose the judge and the jury. Prepare speeches for the prosecution and the defence. Act out the court process. You should charge 'Betsy' with the homicide, listen to the witnesses, evidence, speeches. The jury should plead 'Betsy' either guilty or innocent. The judge should announce the verdict.

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Учебное издание

**Большакова Ксения Сергеевна
Челпанова Елена Владимировна
Баландина Ирина Давидовна**

Домашнее чтение на английском языке

Учебно-практическое пособие

ISBN 978-5-907409-93-4

Работа рекомендована РИС ЮУрГГПУ
Протокол 24, от 2021 г.

Редактор Е.В. Сапегина
Технический редактор О.В. Угрюмова

Издательство ЮУрГГПУ
454080, г. Челябинск, пр. Ленина, 69

Подписано в печать 07.12.2021.

Формат 60x84/8.

Объем 5,3 уч.-изд. л. (13,71 усл. печ. л.)

Тираж 100 экз. Заказ №

Отпечатано с готового оригинал-макета в типографии ЮУрГГПУ
454080, г. Челябинск, пр. Ленина, 69