

**ГАОУ ВО «Дагестанский государственный университет
народного хозяйства»**

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Учебно- методическое пособие

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

Практическое пособие по домашнему чтению

(ТЕКСТЫ И УПРАЖНЕНИЯ ДЛЯ ДОМАШНЕГО ЧТЕНИЯ)

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ТЕКСТЫ И УПРАЖНЕНИЯ ДЛЯ ДОМАШНЕГО ЧТЕНИЯ

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Пособие предназначено для домашнего чтения студентов факультета иностранных языков, для неязыковых факультетов и для всех желающих.

Учебно-методическое пособие содержит материал, с помощью которого ведется целенаправленная работа по домашнему чтению. Данный вид деятельности студентов предполагает чтение с пониманием основного содержания прочитанного.

Работа над текстами заключается в самостоятельном прочтении дома с последующей проверкой понимания прочитанного на занятии.

Каждый текст снабжен серией проверочных заданий. Для чтения с пониманием основного содержания обязательно знание всех лексических единиц и грамматических явлений. Здесь важно уловить основную мысль и уметь догадываться о значении незнакомых слов по контексту.

Задача этого пособия – помочь студентам получить знания английского языка. В наиболее интересной и доступной форме.

Печатается по решению Учебно-методического совета

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Text 1

Too well (after O'Henry)

Miss Rouse Carrington was a famous actress. She began her life in a little village named Cranberry. But that was long ago. Now she was at the height of her fame, and in the coming season was to perform the leading part in a newly-written comedy. But was to perform the male character in the play?

One day a capable young actor by the name of Highsmith called on Mr. Timothy Goldstein, the manager. Highsmith dreamed of being Miss Carrington's partner in the new play.

"My boy", said the Goldstein, "take the part if you can get it. Miss Carrington does not want to listen to any my suggestions. She say's that all our best actors won't do. You know it is the part of a young farmer. She wants something genuine, a real imitation of county manners. If you want to play the part, you must convince Miss Carrington. I wish you luck, my boy".

Next day Highsmith took the train for Cranberry. He remained there for three days. He found Miss Carrington's family and collected many facts concerning life and people at Cranberry. Then he returned to the city. That same night a small party was sitting at a table in one of the restaurants where actors used to gather when performance was over. The star of that small party was Miss Carrington – gay , happy, at the height of her fame.

At half past twelve a plain-dressed flaxen-haired youth entered the restaurant. He seemed very shy and awkward. The moment he entered he upset a chair, and sat awkwardly in another one. He looked shyly around, and then suddenly saw Miss Carrington. He rose and went to her table with a shining smile on his face.

"How are you, Miss Rose?", he said. "Don't you remember me—Bill Summers—the Summers that lived near the blacksmith's shop? I think I have grown a little since you left Cranberry. Eliza Perry told me I might see you in the city while I was here", he went on,

"You know, Eliza married Benny, and she says..."

"You don't say so!" interrupted Miss Carrington. "Eliza Perry is married!"

"She married in June", Grinned the young man, "and the youngest of the Walton girls ran away with a music teacher last arch. Matilda Hockins died from pricking her finger with a needle, and Tom is courting Sally".

"You don't say so!", exclaimed Miss Carrington. "Excuse me a while, gentlemen, this is an old friend of mine. Come here, Mr.... What is your name? Oh, yes, Mr. Summers—I shall call you Billy, may I? Come here Billy, and tell me some more".

She led him to an isolated table in a corner. She sat down in front of him and laid her chin upon her hands.

"I don't recollect any Bill Summers", she said thoughtfully, gazing straight into the innocent blue eyes of the rustic young man.

"Miss Rouse", said he "I called on your family just two or three days ago".

"How is ma?" asked Miss Carrington.

Highsmith understood that a bit of pathos was necessary.

“She is older than she was, Miss Rouse. When I saw her last she was sitting at the door and looking at the road.

“Billy”, she said, “I’m waiting for Rosie. She went away down that road and something tells me that she will come back that way again.” When I was leaving”, the young man went on, “I took this rose from a bush by the front door, I thought I might see you in the city and I knew that you would like to have something from Cranberry”.

Miss Carrington took the rose with a smile, and got up. “Come to the hotel and see me before you leave city”, she said. “I’m awfully glad to see you. Well, good night. I’m a little tired. It’s time to go to bed”. When she had left the restaurant, Highsmith approached Goldstein, the manager.

“It was a brilliant idea”, said the smiling actor, “I’m sure I shall get the part in that play. Miss Carrington will have to confess that my performance was genuine, and that I was a good actor.”

“I didn’t hear your conversation”, said Goldstein, “but your make up and acting were O.K. Here’s to your success! Call on Miss Carrington early tomorrow, tell her all, and I hope that she will agree to take you as her partner in the play”.

Next morning Mr. Highsmith, handsome, dressed in the latest fashion, called on Miss Carrington at the hotel. “Is Miss Carrington at home?” he asked the maid.

“Miss Carrington has left,” the maid answered, “and will not come back. She has cancelled all her engagements on the stage, and has returned to live in that—what do you call that village? Oh, yes,—Cranberry”.

Highsmith understood that he had acted too well.

Vocabulary

Village	деревня
at the height	на вершине, в зените
leading part	главная роль
male	мужской
character	персонаж, роль
capable	способный
suggestion	предложение
genuine	искренний, настоящий
real	настоящий
imitation	подражание
country manners	деревенские манеры
black smith’s shop	кузнеца
since	с тех пор
marry	жениться, выйти замуж

grin	ухмыляться
needle	иголка
court	ухаживать
isolated	отдельный, изолированный
innocent	невинный, наивный
brilliant	блестящий
maid	горничная
cancel	аннулировать
engagement	ангажемент
stage	сцена

Exercises

1. Найдите в тексте и выпишите английские эквиваленты к этим словам и словосочетаниям:

Знаменитая актриса; в расцвете славы; предстоящий сезон; главная роль; мужской персонаж; по имени; мечтал стать партнёром; настоящее подражание; деревенские манеры; обычно собирались; просто одетый; он казался застенчивым и неуклюжим; деревенский; “не может быть”; три дня назад; уезжать из города.

2. Проверьте себя, правильно ли вы запомнили рассказ. Закончите эти предложения в соответствии с текстом (при групповом занятии – устно):

1. She began her life...
2. One day a capable young actor...
3. She wants something...
4. Next day Highsmith...
5. The same night a small party...
6. The moment he entered...
7. Eliza Perry told me...
8. She led him to an isolated table...
9. When I saw her last she ...
10. When I was leaving, I...
11. Come to the hotel and...
12. It was a brilliant idea...

3. Перескажите части текста, используя эти слова и словосочетания в качестве ключевых:

1. a famous actress; to perform the leading part; dreamed of being Miss Carrington partner; must convince; collected many facts; returned to the city.

2. Used to gather; the star of that small party; a plain-dressed flaxen-hair youth; upset a chair; “how are you?”; I have grown a little; “you don’t say so”; an old friend of mine; an isolated table.

3. Recollect’ I called on your family; ma; was sitting at the door; I am waiting for; I took this rose from a bush; a little tired; a brilliant idea; she will have to confess; she didn’t guess; he called on Miss Carrington; she will agree; handsome; cancelled all her engagements; Highsmith understood.

4. Выразите согласие или несогласие со следующими утверждениями. При необходимости исправьте неверные варианты. Используйте выражения:

I’m afraid that’s wrong. Боюсь, что это неверно.

That’s not quite true to the fact. Это не совсем соответствует факту.

That’s (quite) right. Совершенно верно.

According o the story... Согласно рассказу...

1. Miss Carrington lived in a small town named Cranberry.
2. She was a good actress, and she wanted to play a leading part in a newly written comedy.
3. Highsmith, the young actor, was to perform the male character in the play.
4. Highsmith collected many facts concerning life and the people at the village where he lived.
5. At half past twelve a young handsome man entered the restaurant.
6. “I’m Mr. Highsmith”, - the plain-dressed youth said to Miss Rosie.
7. “When I was leaving “,- the young man went on,- “your mother took tills rose from a bush by the front door”.
8. Next morning Mr. Highsmith called on Miss Carrington at her hotel.

5. Ответьте на вопросы. Старайтесь не смотреть в текст:

1. What was Miss Carrington by profession?
2. Where did she begin her life?
3. Was she a good or a bad actress?
4. What part did she to perform in the coming season?
5. Who called on Mr. Goldstein one day?
6. What did Mr. Highsmith dream of?
7. To whose suggestions didn’t Miss Carrington want to listen?
8. What sort of part was it?

9. What did Miss Carrington want?
10. Where did Mr. Highsmith go next day?
11. How long did he remain at Cranberry?
12. What facts did he collect where?
13. Where was a small party of actors sitting when the performance was over?
14. Was Miss Carrington among them?
15. Who entered the restaurant at half past twelve?
16. What was the youth like?
17. What did he do as sat down in a chair?
18. Whom did he “suddenly” see?
19. By what name did he introduce himself?
20. Was Miss Carrington interested in the news from Cranberry?
21. Did she recollect Bill Summers?
22. Whom Miss Carrington asks about?
23. What did Mr. Highsmith understand at that moment?
24. What did he say about her mother?
25. Why did a young man take the rose?
26. Did Miss Carrington ask a young man to come and see her?
27. Whom did Highsmith approach when Miss Carrington had left the restaurant?
28. What did Mr. Goldstein say about his acting?
29. Was Miss Carrington at the hotel next morning?
30. Where had she gone?
31. What did Highsmith understand then?

6. Перескажите текст:

1. от имени автора;
2. от имени Хайсмита;
3. от имени Роузи Каррингтон, актрисы.

Text 2
Dog and three dollars (after Mark Twain).

I have always believed that a man must be honest. "Never ask for money you haven't earned", I always said.

Now I shall tell you a story which will show you how honest I have always been all my life.

A few days ago at my friend's I met General Miles. General Miles was a nice man and we became great friends very quickly.

"Did you live in Washington in 1867?", the General asked me. "Yes, I did", I answered.

"How could so happen that we didn't meet then?" said General Miles.

"General", said I, "we could meet then, you forget that you were a great general then, and I was a poor young writer whom nobody knew and whose books nobody read".

"You do not remember me", I thought, "but we met in Washington at that time.

I remember it very well. I was poor then and very often I did not have money even for my bread. I had a friend. He was a poor writer too. We lived together. We did everything together: worked, read books, went for walks together. And then we were hungry, we were both hungry.

Once we were in need of three dollars. I don't remember why we needed these dollars so much, but I remember that we had to have three dollars by the evening.

"We must get these three dollars", said my friend, "I shall try get the money, but you must also try".

I went out of the house, but I did not know where to go and how to get the three dollars. For one hour I was walking along the streets of Washington and was very tired. At last I came to a big hotel. "I shall go in and have a rest", I thought.

I went into the hall of the hotel and sat down on a sofa. I was sitting there when a beautiful small dog ran into the hall. It was looking for somebody. The dog was nice and I had nothing to do, so I called it and began to play with it. I was playing with the dog when a man came into the hall. He wore a beautiful uniform and I knew at once that he was General Miles. I knew him by the pictures in the newspapers. "What a beautiful dog", said he. "It is your dog?"

I did not have time to answer him when he said: "Do you want to sell it?"

When I heard these words I thought about my friend and the three dollars which I had to get. "Well, I... I think ..."

"Good", said the General. "How much do you want for it?"

"Three dollars" I answered at once.

"Three dollars?" he asked. "But it is very little. I can give fifty dollars for it". "No, no. I only want three dollars". "Well, it's your dog. If you want three dollars for it, I shall be – glad to by your dog."

General Miles paid me three dollars, took the dog, and went up to his room. Ten minutes later an old man came into the hall. He looked round the hall. I could see that he was looking for something. "Are you looking for a dog, sir?" I asked. "Oh, yes.

Have you seen it? Said the man. “Your dog was here a few minutes ago and I saw how it went away with a man”, I said. “If you want, I shall try to find it for you”. The man was very happy and asked me to help him. “I shall be glad to help you, but it will take some of my time and...”

“I am ready to pay you for your time”, cried the man. “How much do you want for it?”

“Three dollars.”, I answered.

“Three dollars?”, said the man, “but it is very good dog. I shall pay you ten dollars if you find it for me”.

“No, sir. I want three dollars and not a dollar more”, I said. Then I went to General Miles’s room. The General was playing with his new book.

“I came here to take the dog back”, said I.

“But it is not your dog now. I have bought it. I have paid you three dollars for it”, said the General.

“I shall give you back your three dollars, but I must take the dog.”

“But you have sold it to me, it is my dog now”.

“I could not sell it to you, sir, because it was not my dog”.

“Do you want to tell me that you took three dollars for a dog that was not yours” cried the General.

“I took the money, but I never said that it was my dog. You asked me how much I wanted for the dog, and I said that I wanted three dollars. But I never told you it was my dog”. General Miles was very angry now.

“Give me back my three dollars and take the dog back”, he shouted.

When I brought the dog back to its master, he was very happy and paid me three dollars with joy. I was happy too because I had the money, and I felt that I earned it.

Now you can see why I say that honesty is the best policy and that a man must never take anything that a man must never take anything that he has not earned.

Vocabulary

honest	честный
poor	бедный
enough	достаточно
together	вместе
try	пробовать, пытаться
along	вдоль
be tired	быть усталым
at last	наконец
look round	осматривать

ready	ГОТОВ
bring (brought, brought)	приносить
feel (felt, felt)	чувствовать
honestly	честность
policy	политика

Exercises

1. Найдите в тексте и выпишите английские эквиваленты следующих слов и словосочетаний:

честный; просить; зарабатывать; всю жизнь; несколько дней тому назад; подружиться; случаться; забыть; встретить однажды; иметь достаточно денег; нуждаться; попытаться достать (деньги); отдохнуть; сесть на диван; понять сразу; по фотографии; продать; купить; (за)платить; старик; быть готовым; ни долларом больше; забрать (взять обратно); рассердиться; с радостью; лучшая политика.

2. Закончите следующие предложения из текста:

1. I have always believed that...
2. Never ask for money...
3. General Miles was a nice man and we...
4. How could it happen that...
5. I went out of the house...
6. I was sitting where when...
7. When we were hungry...
8. I knew at once that...
9. If you want three dollars for it...
10. I could not sell it to you, because...
11. When I brought the dog back to its master...
12. I was happy too because...

3. Переведите следующие предложения на английский язык. Переведённые предложения сверьте с текстом:

1. Несколько дней назад в доме моего друга я познакомился с генералом Майлзом.
2. Генерал Майлз был приятным человеком, и вскоре мы стали большими друзьями.
3. Как могло случиться, что мы не встретились тогда?

4. Я был бедным молодым писателем, которого никто не знал и чьи книги никто не читал.
5. Мы всё делали вместе: работали, читали книги, гуляли вместе.
6. Когда мы голодали, мы голодали оба.
7. Я не помню, почему нам нужны были эти доллары, но я помню, что мы должны были достать их к вечеру.
8. Я вышел из дома, но я не знал, куда идти и как достать эти три доллара.
9. Я играл с собакой, когда в холл вошёл какой-то человек.
10. “Какая красивая собака”, - сказал он.
11. Когда я привёл собаку её хозяину, он был очень рад и с радостью заплатил мне три доллара.

4. Воспроизведите части текста (ситуации), в которых употреблены следующие слова и словосочетания в качестве ключевых. Не ограничивайтесь только этими словами:

1. a few days ago, a nice man, became grate friends, how could it happen, you forget, a great general, a poor young writer, we met once in Washington.
2. poor, did not have enough money, a friend, lived together, we were both hungry, in need of three dollars, I don't remember, by the evening, you must also try, I did not know where to go.
3. for an hour, I came to a big hotel, A sofa, a beautiful small dog, I had nothing to do, I was paying, wore a beautiful uniform, by the pictures, is it your dog, I did not have tome, I heard these words, how much do you want, very little, fifty dollars, I shall be glad.
4. an old man, he looked round the hall, are you looking for a dog, a few minutes ago, it went away, to find it, happy, I shall be glad, some of my time, to pay you for you time, ten dollars, not a dollar more.
5. the General was playing, to take the dog back, not your dog, I have paid, I shall give you back, not my dog, I never told you, very angry, give me back, happy, he paid me, I was happy too.

5. Выразите согласие или несогласие со следующими утверждениями.

1. General miles was a nice man.
2. General Miles and the author did not meet in Washington.
3. The author was a poor young writer whom nobody knew.
4. The author and his friends were in need of a large sum of money.
5. They knew there to get the money.
6. The dog was nice, and the author called it and began to play with it.
7. General Miles wore in beautiful uniform and the author knew him at once.
8. General Miles paid three dollars, took the dog and went, up to his room.
9. The author took the money, but he never told General Miles that it was his dog.

10. General Miles was not angry at all when the author came to take the dog back.
11. The author was happy because he had the money, and he felt that he had earned it.

6. Ответьте на вопросы. Старайтесь не смотреть в текст:

1. Did the author live in Washington in 1867?
2. Why did General Miles forget that they met in Washington?
3. Did the author meet General Miles in Washington/
4. How did the author and his friend live in Washington?
5. How much money did they need?
6. Did the author know where and how to get the money?
7. Where did the author see the dog?
8. Why did the author know General Miles?
9. Why did General Miles want to buy the dog?
10. Did he pay fifty dollars for a dog?
11. Did he want to give the dog back?
12. Why was the author happy when he got the 3 dollars?

7. Перескажите текст:

1. от имени автора (используя упр. III)
2. от имени генерала Майлза;
3. от имени хозяина собаки.

Text 3

The Love Drug (after Riddle's. He O'Henry).

Jim a young car-driver, was a boarder at old was in love with Riddle's daughter Rosy. And Rosy was in love with Jim. They wanted to get married, but Mr. Riddle, Rosy's father, was against it. He hoped to found a rich husband for his daughter. Jim has a friend who worked as a clerk at a druggist's shop. His name was Pilkins.

Jim often called on Pilkins at his shop, and they talked and discussed things, and Jim, who was very frank and talkative, told Pilkins that he loved Rosy and that she loved him.

When Jim talked of Rosy, Pilkins listened in silence and never said a word. One afternoon Jim called at the shop and sat down upon a chair. He looked excited. Pilkins took the chair opposite him. Jim began: "Old Riddle does not like me. For a week he hasn't let Rosy go out side the door with me. He probably suspects that we love each other. So rosy and I have decided to run away to-night and get married. That is," he continued, "if she does not change her mind until the times comes. One day she says she will; the same evening she says she won't because she is afraid".

“Ahem!” said Pilkins.

“We have agreed on to-night. But it is five hours yet till the time, and I’m afraid that she will change her mind again.”

Jim stopped and looked at Pilkins.

“But you can help me”, he said.

“I don’t see how,” said the Pilkins.

“I say, Pilkins, isn’t there a drug to give Rosy when I see her at supper to-night it may give her courage and she will keep her promise and run away with me.”

“When is this foolishness to happen?” asked Pilkins, gloomily.

“At ten o’clock. Supper is at seven. At nine Rose will go to bed with a headache. At ten go under her window and help her down the fire escape. Can you make up such a drug, Pilkins?”

“I can. I shall make it up for you, and you will see how Rosy will think of you.”

Pilkins went behind his desk. There he crushed to a powder two tablets, each containing a quarter of a grain of morphia. He folded the powder nearly in a white paper.

“This,” he said to himself with a grin, “will make Rose sleep for several hours”. He handed the powder to Jim telling him to give it to Rosy in liquid, if possible, and received his hearty thanks.

Then Jim has gone, Pilkins who was secretly in love with Rosy, went to Mr. Riddle and told him of Jim’s plan for eloping with Rosy.

“Much obliged”, said Mr. Riddle briefly, “The villain! My room is just above Rosy’s. I will go there myself after supper and load my gun and wait. If he comes under Rosy’s window, he will go away in an ambulance instead of eloping with her.”

Pilkins was sure that now he had nothing he fear from his rival. All night he waited for news of tragedy, but none came. At eight o’clock Pilkins could not wait no longer and started for Mr. Riddle’s house to learn the outcome. The first man he saw when he stepped out of shop, was Jim with a victor’s smile on his face. Jim seized his hand and said:

“Rosy ad I were married last night at 10.15. She is now in my flat. Oh, how happy I am! You must come to see us some day.”

“The – the powder?” stammered Pilkins.

“Oh, that powder you gave me? It was this way. I sat down at he supper table last night at Riddle’s. I looked at Rosy and said to myself: “Don’t try any tricks with that girl. She loves you well enough: he must feel more love for me.” So I watched my chance and put the powder in old man Riddle’s coffe-see?”.

Exercises

1. Переведите при помощи словаря:

drug

boarder

car-driver

find (found, found)

frank

in silence

probably

change one's mind

foolishness

gun

hope

druggist's shop

talkative

excited

suspect

until

villain

stammer

2. Выразите согласие или несогласие со следующими утверждениями. При необходимости исправьте неверные варианты. Используйте выражения:

I'm afraid that's wrong. Боюсь, что это неверно.

That's not quite true to the fact. Это не совсем соответствует факту.

That's (quite) right. Совершенно верно.

According to the story... Согласно рассказу...

1. Jim was in love with Riddle's sister.
2. Jim was not frank and never talked of Rosy.
3. "I am sure", said Jim, "that Rosy will not change her mind again."
4. "I shall give Rosy the drug when I see her at breakfast tomorrow morning," said Jim.
5. "I can not make up such a drug." Said Pilkins.
6. Pilkins told Jim that he himself was in love with Rosy.
7. "My room is just under Rosy's room. I will go there myself before supper and wait for her", said old Riddle.

8. As Pilkins had learned the outcome of the tragedy that night, he did not go to old Riddle's in the morning.

3. Найдите в тексте и выпишите английские эквиваленты следующих слов и словосочетаний. Они вам потребуются для последующего пересказа:

молодой шофёр; он был влюблён; женится; аптека; заходить (к кому-нибудь); заходить (куда-нибудь); он казался взволнованным; убежать; снадобье (зелье); ложится спать; Пилкне тайно любил Роузи; машина скорой помощи; ждать; порошок; проделывать фокусы.

4. Ответьте на вопросы. Старайтесь не смотреть в текст:

1. Was Jim a clerk at a druggist's shop?
2. At whose place was Jim a boarder?
3. Who was he in love with?
4. What did Jim and Rosy want?
5. Why was Rosy's father against their wish?
6. Where did Jim's friend work?
7. What did Jim ask Pilkins about?
8. What did Jim and Rosy decide to do that night?
9. Was Jim to wait for her under the window?
10. What did Pilkins give to Jim?
11. What did Pilkins say to himself?
12. Was Pilkins secretly in love with Rosy?
13. What did Pilkins learn from Jim next morning?
14. Did Jim know that the powder was a morphia and not a love drug?

5. Перескажите текст:

1. от имени Джима;
2. от имени Пилкенса.

Text 4

The Two Gifts (after O'Henry)

Jim and Della were very poor. They lived in New York in a small room on the top floor of a high building. Jim was twenty-two years old, Della was twenty-one.

Both husband and wife worked very hard, but there never was any money in the house; for all they got went to pay the grocer, the butcher, and the baker. And the rent was \$8 a week.

And yet they owned two treasures of which they were very proud. These treasures were—Jim's gold watch, which he received from his father, and Della's beautiful hair.

It was the eve of New-Year's Day. Della wanted to give Jim a present. She counted her money. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all she had. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. So she sat down on the sofa and wept. Suddenly she got up and went to the looking – glass. Her eyes shone brilliantly. Quickly she undid her hair. It reached below her knees and covered her like a cloak. And then she did it again quickly and nervously. She put on her old brown hat. Then she ran out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

She stopped before a sign and read the words: “M-me Sofranie. Hairgoods of all kinds”. Then she entered the shop. She saw Madame sitting at the counter. She was fat and red cheeked.

“Will you buy my hair?”, asked Della.

“Let me see it,” said Madame.

Della took off her hat and undid her hair.

“Twenty dollars”, said Madame, lifting the mass of Della's golden hair with a practiced hand.

“Give me a money”, said Della...

The next two hours were like a happy dream. Della hurried from shop looking for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It was a watch chain for which she paid \$21. And then she hurried home with the chain and the remaining 87 cents.

Jim was not at home. Della got out of curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work. In forty minutes her head was covered with tiny curls. She looked like a schoolboy.

She said to herself: “I hope Jim not kill me. But what could I do – oh, what could I do with one dollar and 87 cents.

At seven o'clock the coffee was ready. Della sat waiting for Jim. She heard his steps on the stairs, and she turned white for just one moment. The door opened and Jim entered the room. He looked thin and very serious... and suddenly Jim stopped. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that terrified her.

“Jim, darling! She cried, “don't look at me like that: I sold my hair because I wanted to give you present. My hair will grow again. It grows very fast. Say ‘A Happy New Year’, Jim, and let us be happy. You don't know what a beautiful present I have for you”.

Jim sighed. He drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it on the table.

“If you open that package, you will understand,” he said.

Della took off the paper and string. There lay the beautiful combs that Della saw in a Broadway shop window. Now they were hers, but her hair was gone.

Suddenly Della jumped and cried:

“Oh, Jim, I shall give you your beautiful present.” She held it out to him upon her open palm.

“Isn't it a beautiful chain? Give me your watch: I want to see how it looks on it.”

Jim did not obey. He fell on the sofa and put his hands behind his head and smiled.

“Della”, said he, “I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. Is the coffee ready?”

Exercises

1. Переведите при помощи словаря.

gift the

top floor

both ... and

work hard

all they got

grocer

butcher

baker

rent

own

treasure

be proud

eve

suddenly

shine (shone, shone)

undo (undid, undone)

knee

cover

do up (did, done)

nervously

sign

hairgoods

counter

at last

remain

curling irons

tiny

curls

look like

hope

turn white

be fixed

expression

terrify

like that

let us be

sigh

draw (drew, drown)

package

string

lie (lay, lain)

comb

her hair was gone

hold out (held, held)

2. Найдите в тексте и выпишите английские эквиваленты следующих слов и словосочетаний. Они вам потребуются для последующего пересказа:

и муж, и жена много работали; золотые часы; золотистые волосы; канун Нового года; купить подарок; зеркало; она распустила волосы; она уложила их; надевать; она вошла в магазин; продать, купить; счастливый сон; искать подарок; через сорок минут; крошечные кудряшки; она была похожа на школьника; не смотри на меня так; они (волосы) растут очень быстро; он вынул пакет; красивые гребёнки; но у неё не было волос.

3. Переведите следующие предложения:

1. Джим и Делла были очень бедными.
2. И муж, и жена работали очень много.
3. Они владели двумя сокровищами: этими сокровищами были золотые часы и прекрасные золотистые волосы Деллы.
4. Был канун Нового года.
5. Делла хотела сделать подарок Джиму.
6. Она продала свои прекрасные волосы, чтобы купить ему цепочку для часов.
7. Джим продал свои часы, чтобы купить ей красивые гребёнки, которые Делла видела в витрине магазина на Бродвее.

4. Выразите согласие или несогласие со следующими утверждениями. При необходимости исправьте неверные варианты. Используйте выражения:

I'm afraid that's wrong. Боюсь, что это неверно.

That's not quite true to the fact. Это не совсем соответствует факту.

That's (quite) right. Совершенно верно.

According to the story... Согласно рассказу...

1. Jim and Della lived on the ground floor a low building.
2. Jim was forty-three years old, Della was forty-one.
3. Jim and Della were brother and sister.
4. Jim was proud of his silver watch which he had got from his mother.
5. Della took off her new brown jacket and undid her hair.
6. Madam Sofronie was a young woman, thin and pale, she was standing at the counter when Della entered the shop.
7. Della sold her hair because she wanted to buy a new watch for Jim.

5. Ответьте на вопросы. Старайтесь не смотреть в текст.

1. Where did Jim and Della live?
2. How old was Jim and how old was Della?
3. Why was there never any money in the house?
4. What were their "treasures"?
5. What did Della want to give Jim?
6. Why did she weep?
7. What did Della do to get some money?
8. What did she buy?
9. What did she do when he came home?
10. What did she look like in forty minutes?
11. What did Della say when Jim saw her?
12. What did Jim buy for her?
13. Could she use the beautiful combs?
14. Why did Della want to see Jim's watch?
15. Did Jim give her his watch? Why?

6. Перескажите текст:

1. от имени Деллы;
2. от имени Джима.

Text 5

THE COP AND THE ANTHEM (after O'Henry)

Winter was coming, and Soapy, one of the many thousands of New York pickpockets, felt uneasy. He knew that the time had come for him to look for shelter. Soapy's desires were not great. Three months in prison was what he wanted. There he was sure of a little food and a bed, safe from the winter wind and the cold.

For years prison had been his shelter during the winter. Now the time had come again.

Having decided to go to prison, Soapy at once set about fulfilling his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine well at some expensive restaurant, and then, after saying that he could not pay, be quietly arrested by a policeman and sent to prison by the judge.

Soapy got up and walked out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue How together. He stopped at the window of a brightly lit cafe. Soapy was freshly shaven, and his coat and tie were decent. But his boots and trousers were shabby. "If I can reach a table in the restaurant without being seen", he thought, "everything will be all right. The upper part of me that will show above the table will raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted duck, two bottles of wine, a cup of coffee, and a cigar will make me happy for the journey to my winter quarters".

But just as Soapy entered the restaurant door, the head waiter's eye fell upon his shabby trousers and boots. S long hands turned him round and pushed Mr to the sidewalk.

Soapy turned off Broadway. He had to think of another way of getting to prison.' At a 'comer of Sixth Avenue he saw a brightly !it shop window. Soapy took a cobble stone and threw it at the glass and broke it. People came running around the comer, a policeman at their head. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled when he saw the policeman's blue coat.

"Where is the man that has done it?" shouted the policeman.

"Do you think I have done it?" said Soapy in a friendly way. The policeman did not

understand Soapy's hint. Men who break windows do not usually remain to speak to policemen. They run away. Just then the policeman saw a man hurrying to catch a car. Club in hand, he rushed after that man. Soapy had failed again.

On the opposite side of the street was a small and cheap restaurant. Soapy entered it, sat down at a table, and ate a beefsteak and an enormous apple-pie. "Now call a blue-coat, I cannot pay. I have no money", said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting".

"No bIue-coats for you", said the waiter, and seizing Soapy by the collar threw him out of the restaurant. Soapy got up and beat the dust from his clothes. He was in despair. A sudden fear seized him that some magic was keeping him from arrest and prison.

"Disorderly conduct", was his last resort. Soapy began to yell at the top of his voice. He danced and howled like a madman. A policeman who was standing nearby turned his back to Soapy, and remarked to a passer-by: "It is one of those University lads. They are celebrating their traditional holiday. They are noisy, but they mean no harm. We have instructions to let them in peace". Soapy stopped in despair. He buttoned his thin coat against the cold wind and the rain, and walked on.

He was just passing a cigar store, when he saw a well-dressed man entering that store and leaving his wet umbrella at the entrance. Soapy stepped in, took the umbrella, and slowly continued his way. The man saw him. He turned and followed hastily. "My umbrella", he said sternly.

"Oh, is it yours?" said Soapy. "Why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Why don't you call a blue-coat? There stands one at the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps.

"Of course", said he, "That is, - you know how these mistakes occur - I - if it's your umbrella, I hope you'll excuse me - I picked it up this morning in a restaurant - if you recognize it as yours, - I hope you'll..."

The ex-umbrella man retreated. Soapy walked on muttering insults against the policeman who did not want to arrest him. At last he reached a street where there was little traffic and few pedestrians. At a quiet corner he suddenly stopped. There was an old church in front of him. Through one window a soft light shone, and he heard the sweet music of the organ which made him approach the iron fence. The moon was above, cold and beautiful, and the music made Soapy suddenly remember those days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses, and collars. Soapy listened to the music, looked at the moon, and murmured to himself. "There is time yet. I will reform. I will become an honest man. I will get out of the mire. I am still young. I will be somebody in the world. I will - "

Soapy felt a hand on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doing here?" asked the blue-coat.

"Nothing", said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman: "Thinking of robbing the church, eh?"

"Three months' imprisonment", said the judge in the Police Court next morning .

Exercises

1. Найдите в тексте рассказа и переведите предложения с этими составными глаголами:

look for	искать
set (set, set) about	приступать к
walk on	продолжать идти
flow (flew, flown) together	сливаться
get (got, got) up	вставать
run (ran, run) away	убегать
keep (kept, kept) from	удержаться от

throw (threw, throw) out	выбрасывать
come (came, come)	проходить дальше
turn off	свернуть (с)

2. Найдите в тексте и выпишите английские эквиваленты к этим словосочетаниям:

наступила зима; желания Стоупи были небольшими; искать убежище; три месяца в тюрьме; он принялся за выполнение своего желания; много способов сделать это; хорошо пообедать; быть арестованным; его пиджак и галстук были приличными; поношенные брюки и ботинки; официант вытолкнул его на тротуар; он разбил стекло; терпеть неудачу; я не могу заплатить; официант выкинул его из ресторана; он услышал приятную органную музыку; я исправлюсь; думаешь ограбить церковь; тогда пойдём(те).

3. Проверьте себя, правильно ли вы запомнили рассказ. Закончите эти предложения в соответствии с текстом (при групповом занятии устно):

1. Soapy, a New York pickpocket felt uneasy because...
2. He wanted to get into...
3. The pleasantest way was to dine...
4. Soapy was freshly shaven and his coat and tie were decent but...
5. He threw a cobble stone at the glass and...
6. Soapy entered a small and cheap restaurant, sat at table, and...
7. He danced and hawled like...
8. The man followed him and asked...
9. He reached a street where...
10. Soapy heard the music and said...
11. The policemen arrested Soapy, and the next morning the judge sentenced him to...

4. Перескажите части (эпизоды) текста, используя эти слова и словосочетания как план:

1. brightly lit cafe; freshly shaven; decent; shabby; a roasted duck; two bottles of wine; but just as Soapy entered; the head waiter's eye; pushed him.

2. another way of getting to prison; shop window; cobble stone; break; glass; stood still; friendly way; policemen; a man hurrying to catch a car; rushed after; failed.

3. a quiet corner; sweet music; made Soapy; remember mother; clean thoughts; reform; honest man; get out of; the mire;

Soapy felt a hand...; come along; robbing the church; judge.

5. Выразите согласие или несогласие со следующими утверждениями. При необходимости исправьте неверные варианты. Используйте выражения:

I'm afraid that's wrong. Боюсь, что это неверно.

That's not quite true to the fact. Это не совсем соответствует факту.

That's (quite) right. Совершенно верно.

According to the story... Согласно рассказу...

1. Soapy was one of New York workers.
2. Winter was coming, and the time had come for him to look for a hotel
3. Soapy's desires were not great, six months in prison was what he wanted.
4. He was freshly shaven, his trousers and tie were shabby, but his coat and boots were decent.
5. As Soapy entered the restaurant, the head waiter's eye fell upon his shabby trousers and boots.
6. Soapy saw a policeman and told him that he had broken the shop window.
7. At a small and cheap restaurant a waiter came up to Soapy and to told him to go away.
8. The umbrella owner called a policeman and told him that Soapy had taken his umbrella.
9. He heard the sweet music of the organ and this made him go into the church.

6. Ответьте на следующие вопросы:

1. What season was coming?
2. What was Soapy by profession?
3. Why did he feel uneasy?
4. Why did he want to get into prison?
5. Which was the pleasantest way for Soapy of fulfilling his desire?
6. How was Soapy dressed?
7. What did he want to order
8. What did the waiter do at the moment Soapy entered the restaurant?
9. What did Soapy do at the corner of Sixth Avenue?
10. What did the policeman ask him about?
11. What did Soapy answer?
12. Why didn't policeman understand his hint?
13. What did the Soapy eat at the cheap restaurant?
14. Why did he tell the waiter to call a policeman?
15. What did the waiter do instead to calling a policeman?
16. What did Soapy begin to do next?
17. Whom did he see as he was passing a cigar store?

18. What did the man leave at the entrance?
19. What did the man do then he saw Soapy walking away with his umbrella?
20. Why didn't a man call a policeman?
21. Where did he suddenly stop?
22. What did Soapy remember then he heard the music of the organ?
23. What did he decide to do?
24. What did a policeman ask him about?
25. What did the judge say in the Police Court?

7. Перескажите текст:

- 1) в том виде, как он изложен;
- 2) от имени Соупи;
- 3) от имени полицейского.

Text 6

Repair a bicycle or ride it (after Jerome K. Jerome).

There are people who are fond of repairing things. I have met such people and know them very well. One summer day a friend of mine by the name of Ebbson suggested going for a bicycle ride. I agreed. The next day Ebbson came very early. The first thing he did was to take my bicycle by the front wheel and shake it violently. "This wheel wobbles", he said. "Tills is dangerous. Have you got a wrench?"

I had never noticed that either of the wheels wobbled, but I thought he really knew something about it, so I went to my room to see what could I find. When I came back, he was sitting on the ground with the front wheel between his legs. He was playing with it turning it round and round – the rest of the machine was lying beside him.

He said: "Something has happened to tills from wheel". "It look like it", I said but he could not see the joke.

He said: "I think the ball bearings are all wrong. We must see what the matter with them".

I could not stop him. He unscrewed something somewhere, and many little balls rolled over the grass.

"Catch them", he shouted. "We mustn't lose any". We began looking for them and in half an hour found sixteen. I put them in my hat on the door step. Then he began taking off the gear-case. I tried to stop him but he would not listen to me. "It is very easy to take off a gear-case", he said. He was right. In less than five minutes he had the gear-case in two pieces, lying on the path, while he was looking for the screws. He said he could never understand how screws disappear.

I began to feel tired of standing there and looking at the fool who was breaking my bicycle. It was clear to me that he knew nothing about the business. I was about to tell him so when Ebbson said that he going to put the wheel back in its place and that everything would be all right. He hurt his hands while doing it,

but at last he managed somehow to put the wheel into position. Then came the turn of the gear-case. We soon found out that it was a much harder job to put it back in its place than to take it off. It took us a whole hour to get the thing into the position, and then it was on position, Ebbson suddenly exclaimed: "What fools we have been! We have forgotten the ball-bearings." I looked for my hat- it was lying on the ground and my wife's little dog was quickly swallowing one by one.

"He will kill himself", shouted Ebbson. "They are of the hardest steel".

"I am not worded about the dog", I said. "He has eaten a packet of needles this week, I am thinking about my bicycle".

"Well, we must put back all we can find", said he. We found eleven balls. We took off the wheel again and put six of them on one side and five on the other. Half an hour later wheel was in its place again. It really wobbled now. Then Ebbson tried to put the gear-case back again. I held a bicycle for him, while he lay on the ground with his head between the wheels, and worked at it from below, and dropped oil upon himself. More than fifteen times he said:

"No, it's not after all". At a quarter to one, dirty and tired he said: "That will do", and rose from the ground.

Neither of us had any wish to go for a bicycle ride now, and so Ebbson go home. After he was gone I took the bicycle to the nearest repair shop. The man looked at it and said: "It won't be easy to repair tills bicycle, but I shall do my best". He did his best, and I paid two pounds for it. But it was never the same machine again and at the end the summer I sold it. Yes, there are two ways of getting sport out of bicycle: one can repair it. But it is impossible to get both forms of sport out of the same machine: no machine will stand it.

Exercises

1. Ответьте на следующие вопросы:

1. Are there people who are fond of repairing things?
2. Who suggested going for a bicycle ride?
3. What was a first thing Ebbson did?
4. Did the author notice that either of the wheels wobbled?
5. What did Ebbson say about the front wheel?
6. Did the author think that Ebbson really knew something about repairing things?
7. What did Ebbson say about the cause of "wobbling" of the front wheel?
8. What happened with the ball bearings when he took them off the front wheel?
9. When did it become clear to the author that Ebbson knew nothing about the business?
10. How much time did it take them to put the gear-case into the position?
11. What did Ebbson exclaim after it?
12. What was the little dog doing at that time?

13. What was the result of Ebbson's repairing?

14. What are the two ways of getting sport out of bicycle?

2. Перескажите текст:

1. от имени автора;

2. от имени Эббсона.

Text 7

“Doctor Fisher of Geneva, or the Bomb Party” (by Graham Greene)

The disagreeable manservant, whom I had hoped never to see again, opened the door. There were five expensive cars lounging in the drive, two of them with chauffeurs, and I thought that he looked at my little Fiat 500 with disdain. Then he looked at my suit and I could see that his eyebrows went up. 'What name?' he asked, though I felt sure that he remembered it well enough. He spoke in English with a bit of a cockney twang. So he had remembered my nationality.

'Jones,' I said.

'Doctor Fischer's engaged.'

'He's expecting me,' I said.

'Doctor Fischer's dining with friends.'

'I happen to be dining with him myself.'

'Have you an invitation?'

'Of course I have an invitation.'

'Let me see the card.'

'You can't. I left it at home.'

He scowled at me, but he wasn't confident – I could tell that. I said, 'I don't think Doctor Fischer would be very pleased if there's an empty place at his table. You'd better go and ask him.'

'What did you say your name was?'

'Jones.'

'Follow me.'

I followed his white coat through the hall and up the stairs. On the landing he turned to me. He said, 'If you've been lying to me ... If you weren't invited ...' He made a motion with his fists like a boxer sparring.

'What's your name?' I asked.

'What's that to do with you?'

'I just want to tell the Doctor how you welcome his friends.'

'Friends,' he said. 'He has no friends. I tell you, if you weren't invited...'

'I am invited.'

We turned the opposite way from the study where I had last seen Doctor Fischer and he flung open a door. 'Mr Jones,' the man grunted and I walked in, and there stood all the Toads looking at me. The men wore dinner jackets and Mrs Montgomery a long dress.

'Come in, Jones,' Doctor Fischer said. 'You can serve dinner as soon as it's ready, Albert.'

The table was laid with crystal glasses which caught the lights of a chandelier overhead: even the soup plates looked expensive. I wondered a little at seeing them there: it was hardly the season for cold soup. 'This is Jones, my son-in-law,' Doctor Fischer said. 'You must excuse his glove. It covers a deformity. Mrs Montgomery, Mr Kips, Monsieur Belmont, Mr Richard Deane, Divisionnaire Krueger.' (Not for him to mistle Krueger.) I could feel the fumes of their hostility projected at me like tear-gas. Why? Perhaps it was my dark suit. I had lowered what apartment builders would call the 'standing'.

'I have met Monsieur Jones,' Belmont said as though he were a prosecution witness identifying the accused.

'Me too,' said Mrs Montgomery, 'briefly.'

'Jones is a great linguist,' Doctor Fischer said. 'He translates letters about chocolates,' and I realized he must have made inquiries about me from my employers. 'Here, Jones, at our little parties we use English as our common language because Richard Deane, great star though he may be, speaks no other, though he sometimes attempts a kind of French in his cups – after his third one. On the screen you've only heard him dubbed in French.'

Everyone laughed as though on cue except Deane who gave a mirthless smile. 'He has the qualities after a drink or two to play Falstaff except a lack of humour and a lack of weight. The second tonight we shall do our best to remedy. The humour, I'm afraid, is beyond us. You may ask what is left. Only his fast-diminishing reputation among women and teenagers. Kips, you are not enjoying yourself. Is something wrong? Perhaps you miss our usual *aperitifs*, but tonight I didn't want to spoil your palates for what's coming.'

'No, no, I assure you nothing is wrong, Doctor Fischer. Nothing.'

'I always insist,' Doctor Fischer said, 'at my little parties that everybody enjoys himself.'

'They are a riot,' Mrs Montgomery said, 'a riot.'

'Doctor Fischer is invariably a very good host,' Divisionnaire Krueger informed me with condescension.

'And so generous,' Mrs Montgomery said. 'This necklace I'm wearing – it was a prize at our last party.' She was wearing a heavy necklace of gold pieces — they seemed to me from a distance to be Krugerrands.

'There is always a little prize for everyone,' the Divisionnaire murmured. He was certainly old and grey and he was probably full of sleep. I liked him the best because he seemed to have accepted me more easily than the others.

'There the prizes are,' Mrs Montgomery said. 'I helped him choose.' She went over to a side-table where I noticed now a pile of gift-wrapped parcels. She touched one with the tip of a finger like a child testing a Christmas stocking to tell from the crackle what is within.

'Prizes for what?' I asked.

'Certainly not for intelligence,' Doctor Fischer said, 'or the Divisionnaire would never win anything.'

Everyone was watching the pile of gifts.

'All we have to do is just to put up with his little whims,' Mrs Montgomery explained, 'and then he distributes the prizes. There was one evening – can you believe it? – he served up live lobsters with bowls of boiling water. We had to catch and cook our own. One lobster nipped the General's finger.'

'I bear the scar still,' Divisionnaire Krueger complained.

'The only wound in action which he has ever received,' Doctor Fischer said.

'It was a riot,' Mrs Montgomery told me as though I might not have caught the point.

'Anyway it turned her hair blue,' Doctor Fischer said. 'Before that night it was an unsavoury grey stained with nicotine.'

'Not grey – a natural blonde – and not nicotine-stained.'

'Remember the rules, Mrs Montgomery,' Doctor Fischer said. 'If you contradict me once again you will lose your prize.'

'That happened once at one of our parties to Mr. Kips,' Monsieur Belmont said. 'He lost an eighteen-carat gold lighter. Like this one.' He took a leather case from his pocket.

'It was little loss to me,' Mr Kips said. 'I don't smoke.'

'Be careful, Kips,. Don't denigrate my gifts – or yours might disappear a second time tonight.'

'I thought: But surely this is a madhouse ruled by a mad doctor. It was only curiosity which kept me there – certainly it was not for any prize that I stayed.'

'Perhaps,' Doctor Fischer said, 'before we sit down to dinner – a dinner I very much hope that you'll enjoy and do full justice to as I have given a great deal of thought to the menu – I should explain to our new guest the etiquette we observe at these dinners.'

'Most necessary,' Belmont said. 'I think – if you will excuse me – you should perhaps have put his appearance here – shall we say? – to the vote? After all, we are a kind of club.'

Mr Kips said, 'I agree with Belmont. We all of us know where we stand. We accept certain conditions. It's all in the spirit of fun. A stranger might misunderstand.'

'Mr Kips in search of a dollar,' Doctor Fischer said. 'You are afraid that the value of the prizes may be replaced with another guest just as you hoped the value would rise after the death of two of our number.'

There was a silence. I thought from the expression in his eyes that Mr Kips was about to make an angry reply, but he didn't: all he said was, 'You misunderstand me.'

Now all of this, read by someone not present at the party, might well sound no more than the jolly banter of clubmen who insult each other in a hearty way before sitting down to a good dinner and some heavy drinking and good companionship. But to me, as I watched the faces and detected how near the knuckle the teasing seemed to go, there was a hollowness and a hypocrisy in the humorous exchanges and hate like a raincloud hung over the room – hatred of his guests on the part of the host and hatred of the

host on the part of the guests. I felt a complete outsider for, though I disliked every one of them, my emotion was too weak as yet to be called hatred.

‘To the table, then,’ Doctor Fischer said, ‘and I will explain to our new guest the purpose of my little parties, while Albert brings in the dinner.’

‘I found myself sitting next to Mrs Montgomery who was on the right of the host. I had Belmont on my right and the actor Richard Deane opposite me. Beside every plate was a bottle of good Yvorne, except beside our host’s, who, I noticed, preferred Polish vodka.

‘First,’ Doctor Fischer said, ‘I would ask you to toast the memory of our two – friends shall I call them on this occasion? – on the anniversary of their deaths two years ago. An odd coincidence. I chose the date for that reason. Madam Faverjon died by her own hand. I suppose she could no longer stomach herself – it was difficult enough for me to stomach her, though I had found her at first an interesting study. Of all the people at this table she was the greediest – and that is saying a good deal. She was also the richest of all of you. There have been moments when I have watched each one of you show a sign of rebelling against the criticisms I have made of you and I have been forced to remind you of the presents at the end of dinner which you were in danger of forfeiting. That was never the case with Madame Faverjon. She accepted everything and anything in order to qualify for her present, though she could easily have afforded to buy one of equal value for herself. She was an abominable woman, an unspeakable woman, and yet I had to admit she showed a certain courage at the end. I doubt if one of you would ever show as much, not even our gallant Divisionnaire. I doubt if one of you has even contemplated ridding the world of his unnecessary presence. So I’ll ask you to toast the ghost of Madame Faverjon.’

I obeyed like all the others.

Albert entered carrying a silver tray on which there was a large pot of caviar and little silver dishes of egg and onion and sliced lemons.

‘You will excuse Albert for serving me first,’ Doctor Fischer said.

‘I adore caviare,’ Mrs Montgomery said. ‘I could live on it.’

‘You could afford to live on it if you were prepared to spend your own money.’

‘I’m not such a rich woman as all that.’

‘Why bother to lie to me? If you weren’t as rich as you are you would not be sitting at this table. I invite only the very rich.’

‘What about Mr Jones?’

‘He is here as an observer rather than as a guest, but of course, as he is my son-in-law, he may imagine he has great expectations. Expectations too are a form of wealth. I am sure Mr Kips could arrange him substantial credits, and expectations are not taxable – he wouldn’t need to consult Monsieur Belmont. Albert, the bibs.’

For the first time I noticed that there were no napkins by our places. Albert was fastening a bib round Mrs Montgomery’s neck. She gave a squeal of pleasure. ‘*Ecrevisses!* I love *ecrevisses*.’

‘We haven’t toasted the late lamented Monsieur Groseli,’ the Divisionnaire said, adjusting his bib. ‘I won’t pretend that I ever liked that man.’

'Hurry up then, while Albert fetches your dinner. To Monsieur Groseli. He only attended two of our dinners before dying of cancer, so I had no time to study his character. If I had known of the cancer I would never have invited him to join us. I expect my guests to entertain me for a much longer time. Ah, here is your dinner, so I can now begin my own.'

Mrs Montgomery gave a high shriek. 'Why, this is porridge, cold porridge.'

'Real Scotch porridge. You should appreciate it, with your Scotch name.' Doctor Fischer gave himself a helping of caviare and poured himself out a glass of vodka.

'It will destroy all our appetite,' Deane said.

'Don't be afraid of that. There is nothing to follow.'

'This is going too far, Doctor Fischer,' Mrs Montgomery said. 'Cold porridge. Why, it's totally inedible.'

'Don't eat it then. Don't eat it, Mrs Montgomery. By the rules you will only lose your little present. To tell you the truth I ordered porridge especially for Jones, I had thought of some partridges, but how could he have managed with one hand?'

To my astonishment I saw that the Divisionaire and Richard Deane had begun to eat and Mr Kips had at least picked up his spoon.

'If we could have a little sugar,' Belmont said, 'it might perhaps help.'

'I understand that the Welsh – no, no, I remember, Jones – I mean the Scots – consider it a blasphemy to spoil their porridge with sugar. They even eat it, I am told, with salt. You may certainly have salt. Offer the gentlemen salt, Albert. Mrs Montgomery has decided to go hungry.'

'Oh no, I won't ruin your little joke. Doctor Fischer. Give me the salt. It can't make the porridge any worse than it is.'

Within a minute or two to my wonder they were all eating in silence and with a grim intensity. Perhaps the porridge clogged their tongues. 'You don't attempt yours, Jones?' Doctor Fischer asked me and he helped himself to a little more caviare.

'I'm not hungry enough.'

'Nor rich enough,' Doctor Fischer said. 'For several years now I have been studying the greediness of the rich. "To him that hath shall be given" – those cynical words of Christ they take very literally. "Given" not "earned", you notice. The presents I hand out when the dinner is over they could easily afford to give themselves, but then they would have earned them if only by signing a cheque. The rich hate signing cheques. Hence the success of credit cards. One card takes the place of a hundred cheques. They'll do anything to get their presents for nothing. This is one of the hardest tests I've submitted them to yet, and look how quickly they are eating up their cold porridge, so that the time for the presents will arrive. You, I am afraid, will get nothing, if you don't eat.'

'I have something of more value than your present waiting for me at home.'

'Very gallantly put,' Doctor Fischer said, 'but don't be too confident. Women don't always wait. I doubt if a missing hand aids romance. Albert, Mr Deane is ready for a second helping.'

'Oh no,' Mrs Montgomery said, 'no, not second helpings.'

'It's for the sake of Mr Deane. I want to fatten him so that he can play Falstaff.'

Deane gave him a furious look, but he accepted the second helping.

'I'm joking, of course. Deane could no more play Falstaff than Britt Ekland could play Cleopatra. Deane is not an actor: he is a sex object. Teenage girls worship him, Jones. How disappointed they would be if they could see him without his clothes. I have reason to believe that he suffers from premature ejaculation. Perhaps the porridge will slow you down, Deane, my poor fellow. Albert, another plate for Mr Kips and I see Mrs Montgomery is nearly ready. Hurry up, Divisionnaire, hurry up, Belmont. No presents before everyone has finished.' I was reminded of a huntsman controlling his pack with a crack of the whip.

'Watch them, Jones. They are so anxious to be finished that they even forget to drink.'

'I don't suppose Yvorne goes well with porridge.'

'Have a good laugh at them, Jones. They won't take it amiss.'

'I don't find them funny.'

'Of course I agree that a party like this has a serious side, but all the same... Aren't you reminded a little of pigs eating out of a trough? You would almost think they enjoy it. Mr Kips has spilt some porridge over his shirt. Clean him up, Albert.'

'You revolt me, Doctor Fischer.'

He turned his eyes towards me: they were like the polished chips of a pale blue stone. Some grey beads of caviare had lodged in his red moustache.

'Yes, I can understand how you feel. I sometimes feel that way myself, but my research must go on to its end. I won't give up now. Bravo, Divisionnaire. You are catching them up. You ply a good spoon, Deane, my boy, I wish your female admirers could see you at this moment, guzzling away.'

'Why do you do it?' I asked.

'Why should I tell you? You are not one of us. You never will be. Don't count on your expectations from me.'

'I don't.'

'You have a poor man's pride, I see. After all, why shouldn't I tell you. You *are* a sort of son. I want to discover, Jones, if the greed of our rich friends has any limit. If there's a "Thus far and no further." If a day will come when they'll refuse to earn their presents. Their greed certainly isn't limited by pride. You can see that for yourself tonight. Mr Kips, like Herr Krupp, would have sat down happily to eat with Hitler in expectation of favours, whatever was placed before him. The Divisionnaire has spilled porridge down his bib. Give him a clean one, Albert. I think that tonight will mark the end of one experiment. I am playing with another idea.'

'You are a rich man yourself. Are there limits to *your* greed?'

'Perhaps I shall find out one day. But my greed is of a different kind to theirs. I'm not greedy for trinkets, Jones.'

'Trinkets are harmless enough.'

'I like to think that my greed is a little more like God's.'

'Is God greedy?'

'Oh, don't think for a moment I believe in him any more than I believe in the devil, but I have always found theology an amusing intellectual game. Albert, Mrs Montgomery has finished her porridge. You can take her plate. What was I saying?'

'That God is greedy.'

'Well, the believers and the sentimentalists say that he is greedy for our love. I prefer to think that, judging from the world he is supposed to have made, he can only be greedy for our humiliation, and *that* greed how could he ever exhaust? It's bottomless. The world grows more and more miserable while he twists the endless screw, though he gives us presents - for a universal suicide would defeat his purpose - to alleviate the humiliations we suffer. A cancer of the rectum, a streaming cold, incontinence. For example, you are a poor man, so he gives you a small present, my daughter, to keep you satisfied a little longer.'

'She's a very big alleviation,' I said. 'If it's God who gave her to me I'm grateful to him.'

'And yet perhaps Mrs Montgomery's necklace will last longer than your so-called love.'

'Why should he wish to humiliate us?'

'Don't I wish to humiliate? And they say he made us in his image. Perhaps he found he was a rather bad craftsman and he is disappointed in the result. One throws a faulty article into the dustbin. Do look at them and laugh, Jones. Have you no humour? Everyone has an empty plate but Mr Kips, and how impatient they're all getting now. Why, Belmont is even finishing up his plate for him. I'm not sure it's quite in accordance with my rules, but I'll let it pass. Bear with me a moment longer, my friends, while I finish my caviare. You can untie their bibs, Albert.'

'It was revolting,' I said to Anna-Luise. 'Your father must be mad.'

'It would be a lot less revolting if he were,' she said.

'You should have seen them scrambling for his presents - all except Mr Kips - he had to go to the lavatory first to vomit. Cold porridge hadn't agreed with him. Compared with the Toads I must admit your father did keep a kind of dignity — a devilish dignity. They were all very angry with me because I hadn't played their game. I was like an unfriendly audience. I suppose I held a mirror up to them, so that they became conscious of how badly they were behaving. Mrs Montgomery said that I should have been sent from the table as soon as I refused to eat the porridge. "Any of you could have done the same," your father said. "Then what would you have done with all the presents?" she asked. "Perhaps I would have doubled the stakes next time," he said.'

'Stakes? What did he mean?'

'I suppose he meant his bet on their greed against their humiliation.'

'What *were* the prizes?'

'Mrs Montgomery had a fine emerald set in platinum with a kind of diamond crown above it as far as I could see.'

'And the men?'

'Eighteen-carat gold watches – quartz watches with computers and all the works. All except poor Richard Deane. He had that photograph of himself in a pigskin frame which I saw in the shop.'

"You've only to sign it," Doctor Fischer told him, "to get any teenage girl you want." He walked out in a rage and I followed him. He said he was never going back. He said, "I don't need a photograph to get any girl I want," and he got into his Mercedes sports car.'

'He'll go back,' Anna-Luise said. 'That car was a present too. But you – you'll never go back, will you?'

'No.'

'You promise?'

'I promise,' I said.

But death, I was to argue later, annuls promises. A promise is made to a living person. A dead person is already not the same as the one who was alive. Even love changes its character. Love ceases to be happiness. Love becomes a sense of intolerable loss.

'And you didn't laugh at them?'

'There was nothing to laugh at.'

'That must have disappointed him,' she said.

No further invitation came: we were left in peace and what a peace it was that winter, deep as the early snow that year and almost as quiet. Snow fell as I worked (it came down that year before November was out), while I translated letters from Spain and Latin America, and the silence of the settled snow outside the great tinted glass building was like the silence which lay happily between us at home – it was as if she were there with me on the other side of the office table just as she would be there in the late evening across another table as we played a last gin rummy before bed.

Vocabulary

manservant	слуга
chauffeur	шофер
flung	брошенный
chandelier	люстра
tear-gas	слезоточивый газ
mirthless	невеселый
companionship	дружеское общение
humiliation	унижение
caviare.	икра.

Exercises

1. **Дайте русские эквиваленты.**
2. on cue
3. to put up with sb/sth

4. to contradict sb/sth
5. to put sth to the vote
6. to know where one stands
7. in the spirit of
8. hypocrisy
9. to toast sb/sth
10. coincidence
10. to qualify for sth
11. a helping (of sth)
12. edible, inedible
13. to agree/disagree with sb.
14. revolting

2 . a) Перефразируйте:

1. The *disagreeable* manservant... opened the door. 2. There were five expensive cars *lounging on the drive*. 3. ...tonight *I didn't want to spoil your palates* for what's coming. 4. I suppose she could no longer *stomach herself*...

b) Переведите на русский язык:

1. The men *wore dinner jackets*... 2. I could *feel the fumes of their hostility projected at me like tear-gas*. 3. '*They are a riot*,' Mrs. Montgomery said, '*a riot*.' 4. '*All we have to do is just to put up with his little whims*,' Mrs. Montgomery explained. 5. ...and *expectations are not taxable*. 6. Albert was *fastening a bib* round Mrs. Montgomery's neck. 7. *They won't take it amiss*.

3. Ответьте на следующие вопросы:

1. Why didn't the manservant want to let Mr. Jones in? How did Mr. Jones make him do it? Why were the guests shocked when he came in?
2. How did Dr. Fischer mock each of the Toads? Why did he do it in presence of a stranger?
3. How did the Toads explain the rules of the game played at Dr. Fischer's parties? What examples did they give to illustrate them?
4. How did Dr. Fischer make the Toads obey him? Do you find his words and actions humiliating? Why?
5. Why were the Toads irritated to have Mr. Jones as an observer? What explanations did they give? How did Dr. Fischer explain Mr. Jones' presence at the party?
6. What did Dr. Fischer treat his guests to? How was it served? What was their reaction to it? Why did Dr. Fischer insist that the Toads should have another helping of the dish he offered? What presents did they get?

7. How did Dr. Fischer explain to Mr. Jones why he arranged his parties? Why did he compare his greed to that of God's? How did he explain the essence of greed?
8. What did Mr. Jones feel like during the party? Why didn't he laugh at the Toads? Why didn't he stand up and leave the party? Can you guess what Dr. Fischer thought of his son-in-law?

4. Переведите на английский язык.

1. “Жабы” считали, что ужин прошел *в дружеской атмосфере*, но Джонс нашел его *отвратительным*.
2. Когда д-р Фишер говорил что-нибудь смешное, все смеялись, *как по команде*.
3. “Жабам” приходилось *терпеть* шутки д-ра Фишера из боязни лишиться подарка.
4. По той же причине никто не осмеливался *возражать* хозяину.
5. Джонс был поражен *лицемерием* “жаб”.
6. Д-р Фишер заставил своих гостей есть овсянку. И хотя они считали ее совершенно *несъедобной*, им пришлось съесть еще по одной *порции*.
7. Джонс отказался есть предложенную кашу, сказав, что у него от овсянки – *несварение желудка*.
8. “Жабы” чувствовали, что Джонс *не вписывается в их компанию*. Без него они *знали, что к чему (правила игры)*. Они сказали, что доктору Фишеру надо было *поставить на голосование* присутствие Джонса.

