

ПЕРМСКИЙ
ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ
НАЦИОНАЛЬНЫЙ
ИССЛЕДОВАТЕЛЬСКИЙ
УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

ИНОСТРАННЫЙ ЯЗЫК (АНГЛИЙСКИЙ)

CLASSICAL AND
CONTEMPORARY
DETECTIVE STORIES
(XX-XXI CENTURIES)



МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

Федеральное государственное автономное
образовательное учреждение высшего образования
«ПЕРМСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ
НАЦИОНАЛЬНЫЙ ИССЛЕДОВАТЕЛЬСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ»

ИНОСТРАННЫЙ ЯЗЫК (АНГЛИЙСКИЙ)

CLASSICAL AND CONTEMPORARY DETECTIVE STORIES (XX-XXI CENTURIES)

*Допущено методическим советом
Пермского государственного национального
исследовательского университета в качестве
учебно-методического пособия для студентов,
обучающихся по направлениям подготовки бакалавров
«Юриспруденция», «Конфликтология»*



Пермь 2022

УДК 811.11
ББК 81.2Англ
И683

- Иностранный язык (английский).** Classical and Contemporary Detective Stories (XX-XXI centuries) [Электронный ресурс] : учебно-методическое пособие / составители С. В. Полякова, Е. А. Гриценко ; Пермский государственный национальный исследовательский университет. – Электронные данные. – Пермь, 2022. – 1,73 Мб ; 137 с. – Режим доступа: <http://www.psu.ru/files/docs/science/books/uchebnie-posobiya/polyakova-gricenko-classical-contemporary-detective-stories-XX-XXI.pdf>. – Заглавие с экрана.

ISBN 978-5-7944-3776-8

Учебное пособие предназначено для аудиторной и самостоятельной работы студентов юридического и других гуманитарных факультетов. Материалы могут быть использованы со студентами с различным уровнем владения английским языком (A1-B2).

Текстовые материалы служат основой для продолжения формирования словарного запаса специальной лексики (в сфере юриспруденции). В пособии представлены как адаптированные, так и оригинальные рассказы детективного жанра английских и американских писателей XX-XXI века. Коммуникативные задания направлены на расширение лексического запаса английского языка, развитие навыков чтения и аудирования, устной речи, творческого письма и критического мышления.

УДК 811.11
ББК 81.2Англ

*Издается по решению ученого совета
факультета современных иностранных языков и литератур
Пермского государственного национального исследовательского университета*

Рецензенты: кафедра «Иностранные языки и связи с общественностью» ПНИПУ (зав кафедрой, д-р филол. наук, доцент **С. С. Шляхова**);

доцент кафедры романо-германских языков и межкультурной коммуникации ПГГПУ, канд. филол. наук
Т. С. Остапенко

© ПГНИУ, 2022
© Полякова С. В., Гриценко Е. А.,
составление, 2022

ISBN 978-5-7944-3776-8

CONTENTS

UNIT 1. The Hound of the Baskervilles.....	4
UNIT 2. “Elementary, my Dear Watson”.....	49
UNIT 3. No Regret.....	55
UNIT 4. Murder	57
UNIT 5. The Glove (PART 1).....	62
UNIT 6. The Glove (PART 2).....	67
UNIT 7. Ruthless.....	73
UNIT 8. The Midnight Visitor.....	78
UNIT 9. Lizzie Borden.....	82
UNIT 10. Mystery Stories.....	89
UNIT 11. The Car.....	92
UNIT 12. The Trap (PART 1).....	100
UNIT 13. The Trap (PART 2).....	105
READER	110
1. MILO.....	110
2. MARRIED TO A MURDERER.....	124
ANSWER KEY	132

UNIT 1. THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

1. The story «The Hound of the Baskervilles» is the best detective story by Conan Doyle.

What other stories written by the author do you know? Below is a list of famous stories by Conan Doyle. Have you read or heard about any of them?

1. A Scandal in Bohemia (Скандал в Богемии)
2. The Red Headed League (Союз рыжих)
3. The Five Orange Pips (Пять зернышек апельсина)
4. The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle (Голубой карбункул)
5. The Adventure of the Speckled Band (Пестрая лента)
6. The Adventure of The Engineer's Thumb (Палец инженера)
7. The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor (Знатный холостяк)

Read the biography of Arthur Conan Doyle and answer the questions that follow.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, but he is considered to be an English writer. His date of birth is 22d of May, the year of 1859. His mother, a good story-teller, often told him stories and it was her who got him interested in books. His favourite writer was Walter Scott. As for his father, he died young, and the family had to struggled for their living.

When Arthur started his education, he found studies rather boring. In college his favourite occupation was playing sport and reading books. Since childhood his favourite genre of literature was historical novels. Also he tried to write poetry.

After finishing college Conan Doyle entered the medical faculty in the University of Edinburgh. Being a third year student, he sailed to the Arctic as a ship's doctor. That voyage gave him a lot of practical knowledge. After graduating from the University, he set off for Western Africa also on board the ship.

When Arthur Conan Doyle came back, he started his medical practice in a small English town Southsea. Being a private doctor, he often had nothing to do as the patients were very rare. One day he was very bored. He tried to amuse himself and started reading a

detective story, but it didn't help. The story was too boring. The simple plot and silly detective made him annoyed. What is more, the detective didn't investigate the murder at all, the crime was solved by chance. He was deep in thought. What can make a detective story interesting? It dawned on him. What if readers knew the clues, they would be able to follow the logic a detective, racking their brains. If you remember, A. Conan Doyle had a lot of practical knowledge. He also had some experience of work with poisons. He dealt with dead people and knew some strange cases. Having a talent of story-telling, which he inherited from his mother, he decided to try writing a detective story.

He created Sherlock Holmes who was the prototype of his favourite college professor. That professor, called Bell, could tell the patient's illness by just looking at them. Sherlock Holmes had an assistant, Dr. Watson, who often asked questions and made guesses, thereby helping readers make their own investigation. Sherlock Holmes used the method of deduction and liked to explain his every step in his pursuit of a criminal. It was a new way of writing a detective story.

No wonder that his first detective story "A Study in Scarlet" (Этюд в багровых тонах), published in the year of 1887, was a success. In 1891 Conan Doyle gave up his work as a doctor and started his literary career. Now «The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes» are well-known all over the world.

Arthur Conan Doyle died on the 7th of July in 1930. But his famous detective Sherlock Holmes together with Dr. Watson continue to live up till now and are among the favourite characters of the English literature. They live at 221B in Baker Street where are waiting for you to join their conversation about one of the cases. If you happen to be in London, don't forget to visit the museum of Sherlock Holmes. The address is 221B, Baker Street.

1. When and where was Conan Doyle born?
2. What did he like doing when he was a college student?
3. What kind of career did he have after the university?
4. How did he come to start writing?

5. What helped him in writing his stories?

6. Who was the prototype of Sherlock Holmes?

Where did Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson live



Arthur Conan Doyle (May 22, 1859 – July 7, 1930)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKRVILLE

ABOUT THIS STORY

This story was written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in 1901. It is an adventure about a detective called Sherlock Holmes. A friend of Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson, tells the story.

Sherlock Holmes is not a policeman. He is a private detective. People pay him to find things that are lost or stolen. Holmes also solves mysteries and catches criminals.

This story takes place in 1889. There were no telephones at this time. If someone wanted to send an important message quickly, they sent a telegram.

The Hound of the Baskerville takes place in the south-west of England on Dartmoor. Dartmoor is a wild and lonely place. Not many people live there. Dartmoor can be a dangerous place to live too.

On Dartmoor there are many high, rocky hills. These hills are called tors. There are also pieces of land called mires. These are areas of soft, very deep mud with grass growing on top. Man and animals who fall into the mires can die.

These people appear in the story. As you read, gather the information about them.

Sherlock Holmes

Dr. Watson

Dr. Mortimer

Miss Stapleton

Mr. Frankland

Selden

Answer the questions after each chapter.

1. *Who is telling the story?*
2. *What is Sherlock Holmes' address?*
3. *Why had Dr Mortimer come to visit Holmes?*

MISTER SHERLOCK HOLMES

My name is Dr. Watson. I am writing this story about my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective.

Sherlock Holmes lives at 221 B Baker Street, in the middle of London. My story begins in Baker Street, one morning in 1889, when a man knocked on the door.

I heard the man say, “Mr Holmes& My name is Dr Mortimer. I need your help.”

Come in, said Holmes. How can I help you?

I have a strange story to tell you, Mr Holmes, said Dr Mortimer. My story is very strange. Perhaps you will not believe me.

THE CURSE OF THE BASKERVILLES

Dr Mortimer sat down. Sherlock Holmes and I listened to his story.

‘I am a doctor and I work in the country,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘I live and work on Dartmoor. And, as you know, Dartmoor is a large, wild place. There is only one big house on Dartmoor – Baskerville Hall. The owner of the house was Sir Charles Baskerville. I was his friend as well as his doctor.’

‘I read of his death in *The Times* newspaper,’ said Holmes.

‘That was three months ago,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘The newspaper reported his death, but it did not report all the facts.’

‘Was there something strange about his death? Asked Sherlock Holmes.

‘I am not certain,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘There was a story about a curse on the Baskerville family. Sir Charles believed this story.’

‘A curse?’ I asked. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Here is the story,’ said Dr Mortimer. He took a large piece of paper out of his pocket. ‘Please read this. It is the story of the Curse of the Baskervilles.’

Holmes took the paper and read it. ‘It is called *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, he said. He showed me the paper. This is what it said:

In the year 1645, Sir Hugo Baskerville was the owner of Baskerville Hall. Sir Hugo was a cruel man who did not believe in God. Every day he went out hunting and drinking with a gang of wild friends.

A farmer on Dartmoor had a beautiful daughter. Sir Hugo wanted to marry the girl, but she was afraid of him. The girl’s father told Sir Hugo to stay away from his farm. Sir Hugo was very angry.

One day, when the farmer was working in the fields, Sir Hugo rode to the farm with his friends. They caught the girl and took her to Baskerville Hall.

The poor girl was terrified. Sir Hugo locked her in a bedroom. Then he started drinking with his gang. When he was drunk, he became wild and cruel. He shouted at his friends and hit them.

The frightened girl waited until it was dark. Then she opened a window and escaped from Baskerville hall.

Her father’s farm was about four miles away. It was night, but she was able to follow the path in the moonlight. She started to run across the dark moor.

Sir Hugo went to the girl’s room. It was empty and Sir Hugo was terribly angry. He ran to his men and jumped onto the table where they were drinking. He kicked the plates and glasses off the table. ‘fetch the horses!’ he shouted. Get the girl!’

They all ran outside and jumped onto their horses. Sir Hugo kept a pack of wild dogs for hunting. ‘Let the dogs find her!’ he shouted. ‘The Devil can make me if I do not catch her!’

The dogs ran across the dark moor. Sir Hugo and his men rode after them. The dogs barked and Sir Hugo shouted.

Then they heard another noise. It was louder than the noise of barking and shouting. The dogs stopped and listened.

The men heard the noise too. It was a loud and deep howling sound – the sound of a huge dog howling at the moon. The men stopped their horses, but Sir Hugo rode on. He wanted to catch the girl.

Sir Hugo did not catch the girl. Suddenly his horse and threw him on the ground. The horse ran away in terror.

In the moonlight, the men saw a strange, black animal. It looked like a dog with huge, fiery eyes. But it was as big as a horse. All the men became very frightened.

The huge black dog jumped on Sir Hugo Baskerville and killed him. The other men ran away into the night and Sir Hugo was never seen again.

Since that time, many of the sons of the Baskerville family have died while they were young. Many of them have died strangely. This is the Curse of the Baskervilles. The black dog – The Hound of the Baskervilles – still walks on the moor at night.

‘Well, Mr Holmes, what do you think of this story?’ asked Dr Mortimer.

‘I do not think it is a true story,’ said Sherlock Holmes. ‘Why do you show me this story? Do you believe it?’

‘Before Sir Charles Baskerville’s death, I did not believe the story,’ Dr Mortimer answered. ‘But Sir Charles believed the story. It worried him. He became ill and his heart was weak.’

‘Why did he believe this story?’ I asked.

‘Because he saw the hound on the moor,’ answered Dr Mortimer. ‘Or, he thought he saw it. When Sir Charles told me this story, I told him to take a holiday. I told him to go to London for a few weeks and forget all about the curse.’

‘Did he take a holiday?’ I asked.

‘No,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘He planned to go to London the following Friday. But, on the Thursday evening, he went for a walk on the edge of the moor. And he never returned.’

‘How did he die?’ I asked.

‘he died of a heart attack,’ answered Dr Mortimer. ‘His servant came to fetch me. I found Sir Charles near the house, on the edge of the moor. He was running away from something when he died. I am sure of that. I think he was terrified of something.’

‘Terrified/’ asked Holmes. ‘What was he running from?’

‘I looked at the ground where Sir Charles had walked. I saw his footprints,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘But there were other footprints on the ground. They were not the footprints of a man. They were the footprints of a gigantic hound!’

1. *Where does Dr Mortimer live?*
2. *Who was Sir Charles Baskerville?*
3. *What had happened to Sir Charles?*
4. *Tell the story of the Curse of the Hound of the Baskervilles?*
5. *Did Sherlock Holmes believe this story?*
6. *Where had Dr Mortimer found Sir Charles’ body?*
7. *Dr Mortimer found many footprints on the ground. How had these footprints been made?*

THE PROBLEM

Holmes and I were surprised. This was a very strange story. I did not believe that Sir Charles Baskerville had been killed by a gigantic dog. But I wanted to know the truth.

‘Who else saw these footprints?’ asked Sherlock Holmes. His bright eyes shone and he leant forward in his chair.

‘No one else saw the footprints,’ answered Dr Mortimer. ‘There was a lot of rain in the night. By morning, the footprints had been washed away.’

‘How large were the footprints? Were they larger than the footprints of a sheepdog?’

‘Yes, Mr Holmes, much larger. They were not the prints of an ordinary dog.’

‘Also, you say that Sir Charles ran away from this dog? How do you know?’ asked Holmes.

‘The ground was soft,’ answered Dr Mortimer. ‘I saw Sir Charles’ footprints outside Baskerville Hall. His footprints were close together as he walked along a path at the edge of the moor. Then he stopped and waited by a wooden gate. After that his footprints changed – they became wide apart and deep. I am sure he began to run. He ran towards the house. I believe that something came from the moor. I believe he saw the Hound of the Baskervilles.’

‘Yes, yes,’ said Holmes, ‘but how do you know that Sir Charles waited by this wooden gate?’

‘Because he smoked a cigar,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘I saw the white cigar ash on the ground.’

‘Good,’ said Holmes, ‘good – you are a detective.’

‘Thank you,’ said Dr Mortimer, with a smile.

‘But you believe that Sir Charles was killed by a gigantic hound?’

‘I know he ran away from something,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘I know I saw those strange footprints of a huge dog. But ...’ He looked at his watch. ...’ I am meeting Sir Henry Baskerville at Waterloo Station in an hour. Sir Henry is Sir Charles’ nephew. He has come from Canada. Sir Charles had no children, so Sir Henry is now the owner of Baskerville Hall. And now I have a problem.’

‘What is your problem?’ asked Holmes.

‘I believe that Sir Henry is in danger,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘Is it safe to take him to Baskerville Hall?’

‘I must think,’ said Sherlock Holmes. ‘Stay in London tonight. Come and see me again tomorrow morning. Please bring Sir Henry with you.’

‘I shall do so,’ said Dr Mortimer. He stood up. ‘Now I must go to meet Sir Henry at Waterloo Station. Good day.’

When Dr Mortimer had left, Holmes said to me, ‘We have a problem here, Watson. There are three questions. What is the crime? Who did it? How was it done?’

1. *What had happened to the footprints?*
2. *How did Dr Mortimer know Sir Charles had waited by the wooden gate?*
3. *Dr Mortimer is meeting Sir Henry Baskerville.*
 - (a) *Who is he?*
 - (b) *Where is he meeting him?*
 - (c) *Where has he been living?*
4. *Where did Sherlock Holmes tell Dr Mortimer to stay that night?*

5. *What did Sherlock Holmes tell Dr Mortimer to do the next day?*
6. *'There are three questions,' said Holmes. What are the three questions?*

4

SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE

The next morning, Dr Mortimer brought Sir Henry Baskerville to Baker Street. Sir Henry was about thirty years old. He was not tall, but he was broad and strong. He looked like a boxer.

'How do you do, Mr Holmes,' said Sir Henry. 'I arrived in London yesterday and two strange things have happened already. Please sit down, Sir Henry. Tell me what has happened.'

'No one knows that I am staying at the Northumberland Hotel,' said Sir Henry. 'But I have received a letter. Here is the letter. You see, the words are cut from a newspaper except for the word "moor".'

YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER

KEEP AWAY FROM THE MOOR

'The words are cut from *The Times* newspaper,' said Holmes.

'But how did this person know where I am staying?' asked Sir Henry.

'I do not know,' said Holmes. 'But you said that two strange things happened. What is the other strange thing?'

'I have lost a boot,' said Sir Henry. 'Someone has stolen one of my boots at the hotel.'

'One of your boots?' asked Holmes. 'Someone took only one?'

'Yes,' answered Sir Henry. 'The boots are new. I bought them yesterday and I have worn them. But why take only one?'

‘That is a very good question,’ said Holmes. ‘I would like to visit your hotel. Perhaps I shall find the answer.’

‘Then, please join us for lunch,’ said Sir Henry. ‘Now, you will excuse me, I have some other business. Shall we meet at two o’clock for lunch at the Northumberland Hotel?’

‘We shall come at two,’ said Holmes.

Sir Henry Baskerville and Dr Mortimer left the house and walked along Baker Street. Sherlock Holmes watched them through the window of his study.

‘Quick, Watson, we must follow them,’ said Holmes.

I put on my hat and followed Holmes into the street. “Why are we following them?” I asked in surprise.

‘Because, my dear Watson, someone else is also following them,’ said Holmes. ‘Look! There is the man. There, in that cab!’

I looked where Holmes was pointing. A horse-drawn cab was moving slowly along the street. A man with a black beard was sitting in the cab. He was watching Sir Henry and Dr Mortimer as they walked towards Oxford Street.

The man with the black beard turned round as Holmes pointed at him. He saw us and shouted to the cab driver, ‘Drive! Drive quickly!’ The cab driver whipped the horse and the cab disappeared round a corner.

‘I think we have the answer to one of your questions,’ said Holmes. ‘That man with the black beard followed Sir Henry to the Northumberland Hotel. He is the man who sent the letter.’

1. *How old was Sir Henry? What did he look like?*
2. *Sir Henry had received a letter that morning. Describe the letter and say why it was unusual.*
3. *What strange thing happened when Sir Henry was in his hotel bedroom?*
4. *‘Quick, Watson, we must follow him.’*
 - (a) *Who did Holmes and Watson follow?*
 - (b) *Why did they follow him?*
5. *Who sent the letter to Sir Henry Baskerville?*

5

THE STOLEN BOOT

We arrived at the Northumberland hotel at ten minutes to two. Sir Henry Baskerville was talking to the hotel manager.

‘Two boots in two days,’ Sir Henry said loudly. ‘Two boots have disappeared from my room – one new boot and one old boot.’

‘We shall look everywhere, sir,’ said the manager. ‘We shall find your stolen boots.’

Sir Henry was silent while we ate lunch. He was angry about his boots.

‘Tell me, Mr Holmes,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘it is safe for Sir Henry to go to Baskerville Hall?’

‘It is safer than staying in London,’ said Holmes. ‘Do you know that a man followed you this morning?’

‘Followed us!’ said Dr Mortimer in surprise. ‘Who followed us?’

‘A man with a thick black beard,’ said Holmes. ‘Do you know a man with a black beard?’

‘Yes, I do,’ replied Dr Mortimer. ‘The servant at Baskerville Hall has a thick black beard. His name is Barrymore. I can’t think why he is following us. But I am sure Sir Henry is in danger. It is better if Sir Henry stays here in London.’

‘No, you are wrong,’ said Holmes. ‘There are millions of people in London. We cannot watch them all. There are not as many people on Dartmoor. Everyone will notice someone who is a stranger.’

‘But this man may not be a stranger,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘I agree,’ said Holmes. ‘that is why Sir Henry must not stay at Baskerville hall alone. I myself will be busy in London, but my friend Dr Watson will go with you to Dartmoor.’

‘Oh...yes, of course,’ I said, ‘I will certainly go to Dartmoor.’

‘Thank you, Dr Watson,’ said Sir Henry. ‘You will be very welcome at Baskerville Hall.’

‘Good,’ said Holmes. ‘Now, Sir Henry, tell me about the other boot which has been stolen.’

‘It is one of an old pair of boots,’ said Sir Henry.

‘How strange,’ said Holmes. ‘And, tell me, Sir Henry, if you die, who will become the owner of Baskerville Hall?’

‘I don’t know,’ replied Sir Henry, ‘Sir Charles had two brothers – my father, who went to Canada, and a younger brother called Roger. But Roger never married and he died in South America. I have no living relatives. I don’t know who will get all my money if I die today.’

‘And may I ask, how much money do you have?’

‘Certainly, Mr Holmes. Sir Charles left me a fortune of one million pounds,’ said Sir Henry.

‘Many men will murder their best friend for a million pounds,’ said Holmes.

- 1. Why was Sir Henry angry at lunch?*
- 2. Why did Holmes think it was safer for Sir Henry to go to Dartmoor than to stay in London?*
- 3. Holmes wanted someone to go to with Sir Henry Baskerville Hall. Who was this?*
- 4. Who will become the owner of Baskerville Hall if Sir Henry dies?*
- 5. How much money did Sir Henry have?*

6

BASKERVILLE HALL

On Saturday morning , Sherlock Holmes came with me to Paddington station.

‘This is a dangerous business, Watson,’ he said. ‘Stay near Sir Henry. Do not let him walk on the moor alone at night.’

‘Don’t worry, Holmes, I said. ‘I have brought my army revolver.’

‘Good,’ said Holmes. ‘Write to me every day. Tell me what you see and hear. Tell me the facts – everything.’

I said goodbye to Sherlock Holmes and met Sir Henry Baskerville and Dr Mortimer at the station. The train journey to Devon took three hours. We looked out of the windows at the green countryside. At Last, we reached Dartmoor. Then the countryside changed from green to grey and we saw broken hills of black rock.

We got off the train at the small station in Grimpen Village. A driver was waiting with a carriage and horses to take us to

Baskerville Hall. As we rode along the narrow country road, I saw a soldier on a horse. The soldier was carrying a gun and was watching the road.

I spoke to the driver. 'Why is that soldier guarding the road? Is there some trouble?'

'Yes, Sir,' the driver replied. 'a prisoner has escaped from Dartmoor Prison. He's a very dangerous man. His name is Selden. He is a dangerous murderer.'

I looked across the empty moor. A cold wind blew and made me shiver. Holmes believed that someone wanted to murder Sir Henry Baskerville. Now, another murderer was out on the moor. I felt that his lonely place was very dangerous. I wanted to go back to London.

There were thick trees all round Baskerville Hill. It looked like a castle. It stood alone on the empty moor.

We stooped outside Baskerville Hill. 'I must leave you here,' said Dr Mortimer. 'I have a lot of work to do. And my wife is waiting for me at home.'

'I hope you will come to dinner very soon,' said Sir Henry.

'I will,' said Dr Mortimer. 'And if you ever need me, send for me at any time – day or night.' Then Dr Mortimer rode away in the carriage.

A man with a thick black beard and a pale face came out of the house. He greeted Sir Henry.

'Welcome to Baskerville Hall, sir. I am Barrymore. I have been a servant here for many years. My wife and I have prepared the house for you. Shall I show you around the house?'

'Yes, please, Barrymore,' said Sir Henry. 'This is Dr Watson. He will be my guest for a few days.'

‘Very good, sir,’ said Barrymore. He took our cases into the house.

I looked carefully at Barrymore. Was he man with a black beard who had followed Sir Henry in London? I was not sure.

Mr and Mrs Barrymore had looked after the house well. Everything was in order. But the house was a cold and lonely place. There was trouble here.

That night I wrote a letter to Sherlock Holmes. I told him all that I had seen and heard. While I was writing, I heard a sound – a woman crying. The only woman in the house was Mrs Barrymore. I wondered why she was so unhappy.

1. *Holmes told Watson to stay near to Sir Henry.*

(a) *What must Sir Henry not do at night?*

(b) *What had Watson brought with him?*

2. *On the way to Baskerville hall, Watson saw a soldier guarding the road. Why was the soldier guarding the road?*

3. *Why did Watson want to go back to London?*

4. *Why did Dr Mortimer leave Sir Henry and Watson?*

5. *‘I am Barrymore,’ said the man.*

(a) *Who was Barrymore?*

(b) *Describe Barrymore.*

(c) *Did Watson think he had seen Barrymore before?*

6. *What did Watson hear at night while he was writing a letter to Holmes?*

THE STAPLETONS OF MERRIPIT HOUSE

At breakfast next morning, I asked Sir Henry, 'Did you hear a woman crying in the night?'

'I heard a sound like crying,' said Sir Henry. 'But I thought it was the wind on the moor.'

I walked for two or three miles across the empty moor. Then, behind me, I heard a voice call, 'Dr Watson!' I looked round. I thought it was Dr Mortimer. But I saw a stranger walking towards me.

'My name is Stapleton,' said the man. 'How do you do, Dr Watson. I saw Dr Mortimer this morning and he told me your name. I have heard about you. You are the friend of the famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, aren't you?'

'Yes, Mr Stapleton, I am,' I said.

'And is Mr Holmes staying at Baskerville hall too?' asked Stapleton. 'Is he interested in Dartmoor?'

'Mr Holmes is in London,' I said. 'he is a busy man.'

'Of course,' said Stapleton. 'Please come and see my house. It's very near here. I live with my sister.'

Stapleton led me along a narrow path across a wide, flat part of the moor. The land around us was a strange, green colour. We walked towards a hill of grey rock.

'Be careful, Dr Watson,' said Stapleton. 'Stay on the path. We are in the Grimpen Mire. There is a sea of soft mud underneath the grass. If you fall in, you will never get out again.'

'Thank you for telling me,' I said. 'But why do you live here?' It is a dangerous and lonely place.'

‘I am a naturalist. I study nature,’ said Stapleton. ‘There are many interesting flowers and birds on the Great Grimpen Mire. And there are some unusual animals on Dartmoor.’

At that moment we heard a strange sound. It was a deep howling sound – the sound of a large dog. It came from some distance away.

‘Stapleton! Is that the sound of a dog?’ I asked.

‘It is only the sound of the wind,’ said Stapleton. ‘The wind blows through the rocks and makes strange sounds. But here is my house – Merripit House on the moor.’ He pointed to the long, low farmhouse which we could see near the hill. ‘And my sister is coming to see us.’

Miss Stapleton was a very attractive woman. She was slim and tall, with beautiful dark eyes. I thought she looked very different from her brother. She had dark hair, but her brother had fair hair. They were both about thirty years old. Stapleton looked a little older. He was a small, thin, clean-shaven man, with a long face.

‘How do you do, Miss Stapleton,’ I said. ‘Your brother has told me about the Great Grimpen Mire and the unusual flowers and birds. Did you hear that strange sound a moment ago? Does the wind often make this sound?’

‘I heard nothing,’ Miss Stapleton said quickly. She looked at her brother and I saw fear in her eyes.

He brother looked at her angrily. ‘Let us show Dr Watson our house,’ he said.

I stayed for a short time. Stapleton showed me his collection of flowers and butterflies.

‘I will come to Baskerville Hall to visit Sir Henry this afternoon,’ said Stapleton.

‘Will you tell him?’

‘Of course,’ I replied.’ Now, if you will excuse me, I must go back to Baskerville Hall. I hope to see you again soon.’

‘Stay on the path,’ said Stapleton. ‘Remember the Great Grimpen Mire. Many men have died in it.’

Miss Stapleton walked outside with me. She spoke quickly, in a quiet voice. ‘Dr Watson, I want to tell you about the strange sound you heard. The people here say that it is the sound of the Hound of the Baskervilles. They say it killed Sir Henry. But, please, do not tell my brother that is spoke to you. Now, go back to London. Go back today!’

She went into the house quickly. I walked along the narrow path slowly, thinking about what she had said.

1. *Who did Stapleton say he lived with?*
2. *What happened to anyone who fell in the Great Grimpen Mire?*
3. *As Watson and Stapleton were walking to Stapleton’s house, they heard a strange sound.*
 - (a) *What did Watson say made the sound?*
 - (b) *What did Stapleton say made the sound?*
4. *Describe Miss Stapleton. Did Watson think she looked like her brother?*
5. *Miss Stapleton walked outside with Dr Watson.*
 - (a) *What did she tell him had made the strange sound/*
 - (b) *What did she tell Watson to do?*

DR WATSON'S FIRST REPORT

Baskerville Hall
Dartmoor
13 October 1889

My dear Holmes,

I wrote and told you about Baskerville hall and the people who love here. Now I have more facts to tell you. First, I will draw a map of the area. It will help you to understand my story.

Baskerville hall is about two miles south-west of Grimpen Village. I walk to the village to post letters.

There are trees all around the Hall and a long avenue leads to a small summer-house in the garden. Sir Charles Baskerville died near the summer-house. I have marked the gate on the map. It is where Sir Charles stood and smoked a cigar. The gate opens onto the moor.

I have told you about the neighbours. Dr Mortimer lives nearby, about half-way between the villages of Grimpen and Coomber Tracy.

I have met the Stapletons. Their house is about three miles from the Hall. It is on the other side of High Tor,

There is one man I have not met. But Dr Mortimer has told me about him. His name is Mr Frankland and he lives at Lafter Hall. He has a large telescope and is interested in astronomy. He uses his telescope to look at the stars.

In the past few days, he has not looked at the moor. He is watching the moor because the police have not caught the murderer, Selden. Mr Frankland watches the moor looking for strangers. But I do not think that Selden is hiding on the moor. There is no food and the weather is now very cold.

Sir Henry is worried about the Stapletons. He thinks that the murderer may break into their house. He has visited Miss Stapleton several times and they have become good friends. But Mr Stapleton is a strange man. He does not like Sir Henry visiting his sister.

Now, here is some news about Barrymore, the servant at Baskerville Hall. He looks like the man we saw in the carriage in London. You remember – the man who followed Sir Henry and Dr Mortimer to Baker Street. I told Sir Henry what I thought and he called Barrymore and asked him, ‘have you been to London recently?’

Barrymore says he has never been to London in his life. Also, Sir Henry’s question made him angry. He said he wanted to leave Baskerville Hall.

Sir Henry said he was sorry. He gave Barrymore some clothes and Barrymore was pleased. Barrymore and his wife thanked Sir Henry very much for the clothes.

Then, last night, I saw something very strange. In the middle of the night I heard footsteps and I looked out of my bedroom door. I saw Barrymore with a candle. I saw him walk to the end of the corridor. He stopped at the large window which looks out over the moor. He held the candle to the window and moved it backwards and forwards.

I went to the window of my own room and looked out across the moor. I saw a light moving backwards and forwards. It was somewhere near High Tor and it was clearly a signal. But a signal for what?

1. *What did Sir Charles do while he stood by the gate?*

2. *Dr Mortimer told Dr Watson about Mr Frankland.*

(a) *Where does Mr Frankland live?*

- (b) *What does Mr Frankland use to look at the stars?*
- (c) *Why is Mr Frankland looking at the moor?*
3. *Who has Sir Henry become good friends with?*
4. *What question did Sir Henry ask Barrymore?*
5. *What did Sir Henry give Barrymore?*
6. *What did Dr Watson see in the middle of the night?*

9

THE LIGHT ON THE MOOR

Baskerville Hall
Dartmoor
15 October 1889

My dear Holmes,'

I am now able to answer the question at the end of my last letter. I know why Barrymore signaled with a candle.

First, let me tell you about Sir Henry and Miss Stapleton. I told you that they are very friendly. I have found out that Sir Henry is in love with her. The truth is he wants to marry her.

Yesterday morning he said to me, 'I am going to see Miss Stapleton. I want to go alone.'

'But Mr Holmes told me to stay with you,' I said. 'You must not go across the moor on your own.'

'I shall go alone,' said Sir Henry, and he went out.

I did not know what to do. I waited for ten minutes, then I decided to follow him. I did not see everything, but this is what happened.

Sir Henry met Miss Stapleton on the moor. He asked her to marry him – he told me this afterwards. They walked towards Merripit

House to see Miss Stapleton. They met him outside the house. Sir Henry told Stapleton the news.

I reached High Tor before Sir Henry met Stapleton, so I saw what happened next. I saw Sir Henry talking to Stapleton. Suddenly Stapleton became wild and angry. He shouted at Sir Henry. Then he took his sister's hand and pulled her towards Merripit House.

Sir Henry turned away and walked back towards the Hall. He saw me by High Tor. He was not angry that I had followed him.

'Watson,' he said, 'that man is mad. I told him that I want to marry his sister. He shouted at me. He told me never to see her again. I think he is mad.'

I said nothing and we walked back to the Hall. That afternoon, Stapleton came to the Hall. He wanted to speak to Sir Henry. He kept saying, 'I am sorry. I was very rude.' Then he invited Sir Henry to dinner at Merripit House on Friday night.

Now I will tell you the story of Barrymore. I told Sir Henry that I had seen Barrymore signal with a candle. Sir Henry said, 'We will wait for him tonight. If he signals again, we will catch him.'

Sir Henry and I did not go to bed. We sat waiting in Sir Henry's study until two o'clock in the morning. Then we heard footsteps outside the study. We listened. The footsteps went upstairs.

Sir Henry and I waited for two more minutes. Then we opened the door quietly, and went upstairs. We saw Barrymore by the large window at the end of the corridor. He had a candle in his hand and he was waving the candle in front of the window.

'What are you doing, Barrymore?'' Sir Henry shouted.

Barrymore almost dropped the candle. He looked frightened. 'Nothing, Sir Henry,' he said, 'I am checking the window, that's all.'

‘You are signaling to someone on the moor,’ said Sir Henry. ‘Who is outside? Tell me!’

‘No one, sir, said Barrymore.

‘Tell me,’ said Sir Henry, ‘or you shall leave this house tomorrow. Tell me now!’

‘Sir Henry,’ said another voice, ‘please don’t be angry with my husband. It is my fault.’

We turned and saw Mrs Barrymore. She was standing at the top of the stairs, holding her hands tightly together.

‘My brother is outside, sir,’ she said. ‘My brother is outside, sir,’ she said. ‘My brother is Selden, the man who escaped from prison,’

‘Selden – the murderer?’ I said. ‘And why do you signal to him at night?’

‘My husband takes him food and clothes,’ said Mrs Barrymore. ‘We signal to tell him my husband is coming.’

‘I understand,’ said Sir Henry. ‘He is your brother, you must try to help him. Go to your room. We will talk about this in the morning.’

The Barrymores left the room.

Sir Henry turned and spoke to me. ‘I am sorry for them, but Selden is a murderer. I must try to catch him.’

‘Look! I said. ‘Look out of the window. There is a light on the moor.’

Sir Henry looked. A small light was shining on the moor. It was near High Tor.

‘That’s him!’ said Sir Henry. ‘Come, Dr Watson, we will go to that light. Bring your revolver.’

We put on our coats quickly and went out onto the moor. The moon was bright and so we could see the path across the moor. Also, we could see the signal light. It was about a mile away.

‘There!’ said Sir Henry. ‘Selden is there. Hurry!’

I followed Sir Henry along the path across the moor. I was worried. I did not want Sir Henry to go far on the moor at night.

At that moment, we heard a strange sound. It was a deep howling sound. It came from some distance away.

‘What’s that?’ asked Sir Henry. There was fear in his voice.

I was afraid too. ‘It sounds like a dog,’ I said. ‘It sounds like a very large dog. Shall we turn back?’

‘No’, said Sir Henry. ‘We are nearly here. Look!’

In front of us, we saw the signal light clearly. It came from a lamp which stood on a rock. Besides the rock was a man, but the man did not see us. He was looking in the other direction.

Again we heard that deep howling sound-the sound of a huge dog. The sound was much nearer now. We heard the sound again. It was coming nearer all the time! The man by the rock heard the sound as well. He picked up the lantern and jumped on the rock. He looked one way, then the other. Suddenly he jumped off the rock and started to run.

He ran towards High Tor. He was running away from us. But he was not running away because he saw us. He was running away from something else which we could not see.

‘Quick, Dr. Watson, follow the narrow path. Near us, we heard the deep howling sound. It was very near and very loud. Then we heard a scream. We stopped.

‘Be careful, Dr. Watson,’ said Sir Henry. ‘Let us go forward slowly.’

The night was silent. We walked forward slowly. There was something, or someone, lying near the bottom of the Tor. We went over to it. I held my revolver in front of me.

We found the body of a man at the foot of the Tor. The man had fallen from the rocky hill. He was dead. His neck was broken.

We were sure that the man was Selden. He was dressed in Sir Henry’s old clothes – the clothes that Sir Henry had given to Barrymore.

I have one last strange thing to tell you, Holmes.

I looked up at the Tor from which Selden had fallen. Up above, at the top of the Tor, stood a tall, thin man. I saw him only for a moment. Then he disappeared into the night. But I know I have seen him before, I will search for this strange man who walks on the moor at night.

- 1. What has Dr Watson found out about Sir Henry?*
- 2. Sir Henry went out onto the moor alone. What did Dr Watson do?*
- 3. What did Sir Henry tell Dr Watson about Stapleton?*
- 4. Who was Barrymore signaling to out onto the moor?*
- 5. Why did Sir Henry and Doctor Watson go out onto the moor?*
- 6. What strange sound did they hear?*
- 7. What did Watson and Sir Henry find lying near the bottom of the Tor?*
- 8. What did Dr Watson see for a moment at the top of the moor?*

THE MAN ON THE MOOR

Who was the man I had seen on the Tor? Was it the man Holmes and I had seen in London? But I was sure that the man on High Tor did not have a beard. Sir Henry did not see the man on the Tor and I said nothing to him.

There was nothing we could do for Selden. We went back to the house. What had Selden run away from? What had he seen? What had we heard? Was it the Hound of the Baskervilles? I felt safer in Baskervilles Hall than out on the moor at night. Sir Henry felt the same.

In the morning, we sent for the police. They took Selden's body away.

Sir Henry told the Barrymores what had happened. But he did not speak about the strange sounds we had heard. Mrs Barrymore cried and covered her face with a handkerchief. Mr Barrymore said, 'It had to end. Poor Selden could not have lived on the moor in winter. It is far too cold.'

'Thank you, sir. I will,' said Barrymore.

I went to my room and wrote a long report to Sherlock Holmes. The

'Please forget what I said last night,' Sir Henry told them. 'I want you to stay at Baskerville Hall.'

I decided to go for a walk, but I did not want to walk on the moor. I did not like the moor.

Usually, I posted my letters to Holmes in Grimpen Village. But today I decided to walk to Coombe Tracey, the village to the south. It took me an hour to walk there along the road. On the way, I saw Stapleton.

'I heard you caught the escaped murderer,' said Stapleton. 'I will look forward to hearing the story from Sir Henry at dinner tomorrow.'

'Sir Henry is looking forward to dining with you and your sister tomorrow,' I replied.

'And so is my sister,' Stapleton said coldly. 'I look forward to seeing Sir Henry tomorrow at eight o'clock'

'I will tell him,' I said. 'Good day.'

I walked on to Coombe Tracy and posted my letter.

I saw a large house outside the village and asked who lived there.

'That is Mr Frankland's house,' the village shopkeeper told me.

Dr Mortimer had told me about Mr Frankland – and about Mr Frankland's interest in the stars. I decided to visit the gentleman and ask to see his telescope.

Mr Frankland was standing by his garden gate. He was a red-faced, elderly man with white hair.

'Good day,' I said, 'my name is Watson.'

'Dr Watson?' asked Mr Frankland.

'Yes,' I replied

'I heard that you caught Selden last night on the moor,' said Mr Frankland. 'I nearly caught him myself.'

'How did you do that?' I asked in surprise.

'With my telescope. Come and see.'

Mr Frankland showed me into his house. I was very interested in his telescope. It was very large and powerful.

'I saw a man on the moor a number of times,' said Mr Frankland.

'Why did you not tell the police?' I asked.

‘I was not sure that it was the murderer,’ he replied. ‘I began to think that perhaps there were two men on the moor. But why would anyone want to live out on the moor. There is no food and the weather is cold. Then, yesterday, I saw something.’

‘What did you see?’ I asked.

‘I saw someone taking food out on the moor,’ answered Mr Frankland.

‘At night?’ I asked. I thought of Barrymore and his signal light. Perhaps, Mr Frankland had seen Barrymoor taking food and clothes out to Selden.

‘No,’ said Mr Frankland. ‘I saw a boy taking food during the day – and letters.’

‘Letters?’ I asked. ‘Are you sure?’

‘Very sure,’ said Mr Frankland, ‘because I know the boy. I asked the postman and learnt that the boy collects letters every day.’

‘And where does he take them?’ I asked.

‘Look through the telescope,’ said Mr Frankland. ‘Look at that old farmhouse to the right of High TOR. That is high Tor farm. Someone lives there, but I do not know who. He is a stranger.’

I looked through the telescope at High Tor. On the left of the Tor I saw the roof of Merripit House where the Stapletons lived. On the right, I saw an old farmhouse. The roof was broken and so was one wall. But I saw smoke coming from the chimney.

‘Thank you, Mr Frankland,’ I said. ‘Whoever lives there is not Selden. Selden is dead.’

I said goodbye to Mr Frankland. Then I decided to walk across the moor and look at old High Tor farm. It was a mile or two away and I reached it late in the afternoon. The sun was low in the sky and the air was cold.

I walked up to the farmhouse slowly. The door was broken and I looked inside. The farmhouse was empty and silent.

Part of the farmhouse was dry, where the roof was not broken. There was a wood fire on the floor and a bed in the corner. A lamp stood on the table with a pile of papers next to it.

I went into the farmhouse carefully. I put my hand into my jacket pocket where I kept my army revolver. I walked slowly to the table and looked at the pile of papers. I saw one of my letters. Someone had stolen one of my letters!

Who lives in the farmhouse? Was it the man with the black beard? Was it the man I had seen on the Tor?

O soon found out, as I heard the sound of footsteps outside. I took my revolver out of my pocket and turned towards the door. A tall, thin man stood in the doorway with his back to the setting sun. I could not see his face.

‘It is a lovely evening, isn’t, Watson?’ the man said.

The man was Sherlock Holmes.

1. *Describe the man Dr Watson had seen on top of the Tor.*

2. *‘I saw a man on the moor a number of times,’ said Mr Frankland.*

(a) *Why did Mr Frankland not tell the police?*

(b) *How many men did Mr Frankland begin to think were on the moor?*

3. *What was the boy taking out on the moor during the day?*

4. *Where was the boy taking the letters to?*

5. *Who was the other man on the moor?*

HIGH TOR FARM

‘Holmes!’ I said in surprise. ‘What are you doing here?’

‘I am watching’, said Holmes. ‘I am watching for the murderer to show himself.’

‘The murderer? Do you mean Selden? Selden is dead.’

‘I know. I was on the Tor last night and saw what happened,’ Holmes said. ‘Someone wanted to kill Sir Henry Baskerville, not Selden.’

‘But how long have you been here?’ I asked. ‘And why are you here in secret?’

‘I came here on the same day as you,’ answered Sherlock Holmes. ‘I came in secret because the murderer is clever. He will not show himself if he knows I am here.’

‘And what about my letters?’ I asked. ‘Have you read them?’

‘Yes. I have,’ Holmes replied. ‘They were sent to me from London. But I have read your report of last night. Come. Tell me about it as we walk to Baskerville hall.’

He left the farmhouse and I walked quickly after him. The sun had gone down and it was getting dark. A thick white mist was rising from the moor.

‘You are a good detective,’ said Holmes. ‘Tell me, how did you find me/ How did you know I was at High Tor Farm?’

‘I did not know it was you,’ I answered. ‘Mr Frankland saw you through his telescope. And he saw the boy who brought you food and letters. He thought you were Selden, the murderer. Also, I saw you last night on the Tor.’

‘I see,’ said Holmes. ‘If you saw me, I think the murderer of Sir Charles Baskerville saw me too. He will want to kill me as well as Sir Henry.’

‘So,’ I said, ‘you think that Sir Charles was murdered?’ ‘I am sure of it,’ said Holmes. ‘Now, stay on the path.’ It was dark and the moon had not come up. We had to walk carefully. The path went through the Great Grimpen Mire and a sea of soft mud lay under the grass on either side of us.

Behind us, we heard that strange sound, the deep howling sound I had heard on the moor last night. I made me shiver with fear.

‘What is it, Holmes?’ I asked. ‘Do you know what makes that sound.’

‘No,’ he answered, ‘but the village people say it is the Hound of the Baskervilles. I will not go back to High Tor Farm tonight. Come. We must hurry. Keep your revolver ready.’

We walked quickly along the dark path. I was pleased to see the lights of Baskerville hall in front of us. I was afraid of what was behind us – out on the moor, at night.

1. *When did Holmes come to Dartmoor?*
2. *Which other person will the murderer of Sir Henry want to murder?*
3. *Why was Dr Watson pleased to see the lights of Baskerville Hall?*

SETTING THE TRAP

‘Mr Sherlock Holmes,’ said Sir Henry Baskerville, ‘what a surprise! Welcome to Baskerville Hall.’

‘Thank you,’ said Holmes. ‘But you did not obey my orders. Last night you went out on the moor. You were nearly murdered!’

‘But I did not go alone,’ said Sir Henry. ‘Dr Watson was with me. He has a revolver to protect me.’

‘And I shall protect you too,’ said Holmes. ‘Next time you go out on the moor at night, both Dr Watson and I will go with you.’

‘The next time...’ Sir Henry began.

‘The next time will be tomorrow night,’ said Holmes. ‘Dr Watson tells me that you are going to dinner at Merripit House on the moor. I believe the Stapletons have invited you.’

‘Yes,’ Sir Henry said. ‘And has Dr Watson told you that I want to marry Miss Stapleton?’

‘Yes, he has,’ said Holmes. ‘Now I would like to ask Barrymore some questions.’

Sir Henry called for his servant, Barrymore. Barrymore came and stood in front of us. Sherlock Holmes looked at him carefully. Was this the man with the black beard we had seen in London?

‘Tell me about Sir Charles Baskerville,’ Holmes said to Barrymore. ‘Did he often go for a walk at night?’

‘No, sir,’ said Barrymore, ‘Sir Charles did not often leave the house at night.’

‘But, on the night he died, he went for a walk on the edge of the moor,’ said Holmes. ‘We know he stood by the gate on the edge of the moor for about ten minutes. Was he waiting for someone?’

‘I’m not sure, sir,’ said Barrymore. ‘I remember that Sir Charles received a letter that day.’

‘A letter?’ Holmes asked. ‘Why do you remember this letter? Did you read it?’

‘No, sir,’ Barrymore said. ‘I never read Sir Charles’ letters. But Sir Charles usually kept his letters on his desk. This letter was unusual. He read it. Then he put it on the fire.’

‘Oh, so he burnt it,’ Holmes said. ‘Perhaps this letter asked him to meet someone. Perhaps he went to this meeting and met someone – or something.’

‘But why did Sir Charles burn the letter?’ I asked.

‘Why do people burn letters, Watson?’ asked Holmes. ‘Often because they have something to hide. But Sir Charles was afraid to go out on the moor at night. Dr Mortimer told us that Sir Charles believed the story of the Hound of the Baskervilles. Why would he go out on the moor, alone, at night? If he was going to meet someone, it was someone he knew. But why meet on the edge of the moor? Was it a secret meeting?’

‘Do you think Sir Charles was murdered by a friend?’ I asked.

‘I think he knew his murderer,’ replied Holmes. ‘And I think his murderer is not far away.’

After dinner, we sat in the library. There were paintings of the Baskerville family hanging on the walls. Some of the paintings were very old.

Sherlock Holmes looked at the paintings carefully. He was interested in the painting of Sir Hugo Baskerville, dated 1645.

‘Interesting, Watson, very interesting,’ said Holmes. ‘Here is a painting of Sir Hugo, the man who started the story of the Hound of the Baskervilles. I am able to remember faces. Look at this black beard and the face. Have you seen this face before?’

‘Yes, Holmes,’ I said. ‘It is the face of the man we saw in London. It is the man who followed Sir Henry in a cab!’

1. *‘The next time...’ Sir Henry began.*

(a) *When was Sir Henry going out on the moor again?*

(b) *Who was going with him?*

(c) *Who was Sir Henry going to visit?*

2. *Barrymore told Holmes that Sir Charles had received a letter on the day he died.*

(a) *What did Sir Charles do after he read the letter?*

(b) *What did Holmes think was in the letter?*

3. *Dr Watson asks, ‘Do you think Sir Charles was murdered by a friend?’ What was Holmes’ reply?*

4. *Holmes pointed to a painting of Hugo Baskerville. What did Holmes think was interesting about the painting?*

13

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

Holmes got up early the next morning. He went to Grimpen Village and sent a telegraph. When he returned to Baskerville Hall he was excited. ‘We shall go hunting tonight,’ he said, ‘and inspector Lestrade from Scotland yard will come with us.’

‘Why are we waiting until tonight?’ I asked. ‘You know who the murderer is, Holmes. Why can’t we catch him before tonight?’

‘We must make sure we have the right man,’ Holmes said. ‘We must wait. We will catch him tonight!’

Inspector Lestrade arrived from London at five o’clock. We met him at Grimpen Station. He was a short man, with bright eyes. He and Sherlock Holmes were good friends. He and Holmes talked together as we drove to Baskerville Hall.

At half past seven, when Sir Henry left the Hall, we were ready.

Sir Henry walked along the path across the Great Grimpen Mire, towards Merripit House. The Stapletons had asked him to come to dinner at eight o’clock.

The three of us followed him – Lestrade, Holmes and I. each of us carried a revolver. We saw Sir Henry go into Merripit House. We started below high Tor, about two hundred yards from the house.

The lights burned brightly in Merripit House and the curtains were open. We saw Sir Henry talking to Stapleton.

‘Where is Miss Stapleton?’ I said to Holmes. ‘Sir Henry has come to see her, not her brother.’

‘Perhaps Stapleton wants to talk to Sir Henry alone,’ Holmes said, ‘But, look – the mist is rising. Soon we will not be able to see.’

I looked around. Thick white mist was rising from the Great Grimpen Mire.

‘Shall we climb up the Tor?’ I asked. ‘Perhaps we will be able to see better from above the mist.’

We climbed a little way up the Tor. But the mist was so thick we could not see a few yards in front of us.

‘I did not think of this,’ said Holmes. ‘Our plan may fail if we cannot see clearly. We must listen for any sounds from Merripit House.’

We waited in the mist and the moon came up. The white moonlight shone through the mist, but we could not see Merripit House or the path across the moor.

We listened. At last, we heard a door open, then the sound of voices. Stapleton was saying goodnight to Sir Henry. Then we heard footsteps below the Tor. Someone was walking along a stony part of the path.

At the same time, we heard another sound. It was the sound of a metal chain and came from Merripit House. Then we heard the deep howling sound of a huge dog.

‘The Hound!’ Holmes shouted. ‘Sir Henry! Climb the Tor! We are here on the Tor! Hurry!’

Lestrade moved forward to help Sir Henry. But we could not see clearly in the mist.

‘Keep back!’ Holmes shouted to Lestrade.

Lestrade cried and fired his revolver into the mist. We saw the yellow flash of the revolver and we heard the loud bang. ‘It’s coming!’ Lestrade cried out. He fired again.

In the light of the flash, we saw a huge black shape. Its eyes and jaws were burning bright with fire. It was a horrible huge monster. It ran past Lestrade. We heard Sir Henry cry out.

We heard the sound of falling stones.

Holmes and I both fired our revolvers at the black shape. We heard a howl. We fired again and again. Then we moved forward carefully and climbed down the Tor.

Sir Henry was at the bottom of the Tor. He had fallen, but he was not hurt. He now stood up carefully.

‘What was it, Mr Holmes?’ he asked. ‘What was that thing in the mist?’

Holmes walked along the path, reloading his revolver with bullets. ‘We are safe,’ he called back. ‘The dog is dead.’

I went to look. There on the path lay the largest black dog I have ever seen. Fire burned around the dog’s eyes and mouth. Blood was pouring from its head.

‘Could it have killed Sir Henry?’ I asked.

‘It would have frightened him,’ said Holmes. ‘The path across the Great Grimpen Mire is narrow. If he had run in the dark, Sir Henry would have fallen into the mire and died.’

‘But where did it come from?’ I asked. ‘And why is its head burning with fire?’

‘I believe it was kept in Merripit House,’ said Holmes. ‘The fire is easy to explain.’

He touched the dog’s head with his fingers. ‘It is a special paint,’ he said. ‘Come. Let us find the murderer.’

We walked back to Merripit House. The door was open. Sir Henry went into the house. ‘Miss Stapleton!’ he shouted. ‘Where is she? She did not join us for dinner.’

A sound came from one of the rooms. Sir Henry pushed the door open. Miss Stapleton lay on the bed. Her hands and feet were tied together. There was a cloth tied across her mouth.

Sir Henry cut the rope around her hands. Holmes took the cloth from her mouth.

‘Where is your brother, Miss Stapleton?’ Sir Henry asked.

Miss Stapleton looked at the floor. ‘Gone,’ she said. ‘My husband has gone.’

‘Your husband!’ shouted Sir Henry. ‘You are Mrs Stapleton?’

‘Yes, I am his wife,’ she said. ‘But his name is not Stapleton. He is the son of your dead uncle, Roger Baskerville. He is your cousin.’

Out on the moor we heard a terrible cry. We ran outside. The mist was thick on the great Grimpen Mire. The cry came again, and then a loud scream. Then silence.

‘I believe that the Great Grimpen Mire has taken your cousin,’ Holmes said to Sir Henry. ‘Ha has fallen into the mire. We shall never find his body.’

1. *Whom did Holmes invite to come and join them in Baskerville Hall?*
2. *Sir Henry walked across the path to Merripit House.*
 - (a) *Who followed behind him?*
 - (b) *What did they each carry?*
 - (c) *Where did Sir Henry go?*
 - (d) *Where did the three wait?*
3. *Why was Holmes afraid their plan might fail?*
4. *What sound did they hear coming from Merripit House?*
5. *Lestrade fired his gun. Describe what they saw in the light of the flash?*
6. *What had been killed? How had his face been made to burn with fire?*
7. *Who was Miss Stapleton?*
8. *What happened to Stapleton?*

BACK IN BAKER STREET

‘There are still some things I don’t understand,’ I said to Holmes.
‘Tell me –who was Stapleton? Why did he want to kill Sir Henry?’

‘It is simple, my dear Watson,’ said Holmes. ‘Remember Sir Charles had two brothers. The youngest brother, Roger, was a bad man. He got into trouble over money and went to South America. He died in Venezuela. He did not marry, so no one knew he had a son,’

‘And this son is Stapleton?’

‘Yes, and the son was both bad and clever. He wanted the Baskerville money. There were only two Baskervilles left alive – Sir Charles and Sir Henry. If they died, Baskerville hall would belong to Stapleton.’

‘What about his wife? Why did Stapleton say she was his sister?’

‘At first, Stapleton wanted her to marry Sir Charles or Sir Henry. That was a way of getting the money.’

‘What an evil man!’ I said. ‘But she did not want to help Stapleton. She tried to warn both of them, didn’t she?’

‘Yes, she tried to meet Sir Charles the night he died. But Stapleton found out. Stapleton waited for Sir Charles and frightened him to death with the black dog. Also, Mrs Stapleton sent the note to Sir Henry at the Northumberland Hotel. Then Sir Henry fell in love with Mrs Stapleton, so Stapleton was worried and angry. At last, Stapleton had to tie her up to stop her telling Sir Henry.’

‘And Stapleton was a man with a black beard?’

‘Yes, he tried to hide his face. He put on a beard when he followed Sir Henry in London.’

‘What about the missing boots?’ I asked.

‘The dog and the boots go together,’ Holmes said. ‘Stapleton knew the silly story about the Hound of the Baskervilles. And he knew that Sir Charles believed the story. So, Stapleton bought that huge black dog and let it walk on the moor at night.’

‘But the boots,’ I said. ‘What about the boots?’

‘Watson, you are very slow,’ Said Holmes. ‘It was a hunting dog. Hunting dogs will follow a smell. Stapleton wanted some of Sir Henry’s clothes to give to the dog. He paid a waiter at the hotel to steal the boots. But the first boot did not work because it was new, It did not have Sir Henry’s smell. Then, remember, the dog hunted Selden because Selden was wearing Sir Henry’s clothes.’

‘What a strange story,’ I said. ‘Stapleton was clever.’

Yes, my dear Watson,’ said Holmes. ‘I need your help to catch him. Now, why don’t you write about it? Perhaps you can call your story *The Case of the Stolen Boot?*’

1. *Explain who Stapleton was.*
2. *Why did Stapleton want his wife to marry Sir Henry?*
3. *Why had Stapleton’s wife tried to warn Sir Charles?*
4. *How had Sir Charles died?*
5. *Who was the man with the black beard?*
6. *Explain why two of Sir Henry’s boots had been stolen from his hotel in London?*
7. *Why had the dog hunted the murderer, Selden?*

INTERNET SEARCH: BBC Videoviewing

<http://learnenglishteens.britishcouncil.org/uk-now/video-uk/sherlock-holmes>

What do you know about Sherlock Holmes? Join Wendy in London as she searches for clues about the famous detective.

Wendy: The streets of London are full of history. All the famous characters associated with this city were real. More than a hundred years ago when people travelled by horse and cart and the foggy streets were lit by gaslight, one famous detective was leading the fight against crime. It was Victorian London, the time of Sherlock Holmes.

The fictional character of Sherlock Holmes has been popular ever since he was created by author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the late 1800s. Since then, Holmes has appeared in many films ...

Roland Carstairs: Mr Holmes?

Sherlock Holmes (Basil Rathbone): Hello.

Wendy: ... from black-and-white classics to Hollywood blockbusters and TV dramas.

Even though Sherlock Holmes wasn't a real person, you can find evidence of him all over London. There is a statue of Sherlock Holmes near Baker Street. Just around the corner, you can find his famous address, 221B. Ah, look! More evidence of Sherlock Holmes, a pub named after him. Let's pop in.

There are lots of Sherlock-related things inside the pub. The pub even has its own room which is supposed to look like Sherlock Holmes's study with his famous pipe and laboratory instruments for his forensic or scientific approach to solving crimes. You can just imagine Sherlock Holmes and his assistant Doctor Watson discussing how to solve crimes here.

Dr Watson (Nigel Bruce): Well, whoever's behind all this thing must be out of his mind.

Sherlock Holmes (Basil Rathbone): On the contrary, my dear

fellow. If my assumptions are correct, this little scheme has behind it the most brilliant and ruthless intellect the world has ever known.

Wendy: Roger Johnson is from the Sherlock Holmes Society of London.

What makes Sherlock Holmes so interesting?

Roger: He's a hero, but he's a flawed hero in a way. He doesn't have superpowers in the way that, say, Superman does or the Marvel Avengers. He's a real human being and you can feel with Sherlock Holmes, as you can't do with Superman, 'Yeah, I could be like that'.

Wendy: Why is he still so popular?

Roger: The main reason is that the original stories are so good. They're very well written and they're tremendous fun to read.

Wendy: The Metropolitan Police Heritage Museum shows the history of policing in London. Holmes was famous for his use of forensic or scientific techniques to solve crimes. His creator, Conan Doyle, visited police museums to gain inspiration for his stories. Alan Moss is a former policeman and historian.

Do you think it was useful for Conan Doyle to visit places like this?

Alan: He was really interested in real-life crimes, but actually making those crimes into a really good story.

Wendy: Police methods and crime-solving techniques have changed since the time of Sherlock Holmes. New technology means the scientific or forensic method is even more important.

So there's evidence of Sherlock Holmes all across London. It looks like he's going to continue being a popular fictional character for many more years to come. I wonder what Sherlock would make of today's forensic work and policing techniques. I guess we'll never know.

Check your understanding: true or false

1. Sherlock Holmes was a real person.
2. The books were written in the late 1800s.
3. The author of the books lived at 221B Baker Street.
4. You can visit a pub with a room set up like Sherlock Holmes's study.
5. Roger Johnson thinks the character of Sherlock Holmes is a perfect human.
6. The original stories are very well written.
7. Conan Doyle took his inspiration from real-life crimes.
8. Scientific or forensic policing is now even more important than in Sherlock Holmes's time.

UNIT 2. “ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON”

After Conan Doyle

1. Read the story and complete the sentences (1-15) after the text by choosing the correct answer.

In Devon, a valuable race horse, Silver Blaze, had disappeared; its trainer, John Straker, was found dead.

Silver Blaze was due to run in an important race in a few days' time. On the night he disappeared, a stable boy was guarding him. The boy had a dog with him, and two other boys were sleeping above the stable.

A girl who was taking the boy his supper saw a stranger near the stables. She ran back to the house to get help and the stranger ran away. The stable boy said that the stranger had asked him if Silver Blaze would really win the race. The boy said he hadn't opened the stable door.

At about midnight, John Straker, the horse's trainer, told his wife he was still worried about the horse. He went out, towards the stables, taking a sharp doctor's knife with him.

The next morning, the stable door was opened. The horse had gone, and the stable boy was unconscious. Opium was found in his food. Usually, you can taste opium, but he had strong curry for supper, and that had hidden the taste.

John Straker was found out on Dartmoor. He was dead, his head crushed. His coat was hanging over a bush. Near him was his knife and a scarf which was recognized as the stranger's.

The police found and arrested the stranger, a Mr. Simpson. They said he had drugged the boy, stolen the horse and killed Straker. Simpson denied it all, and they still didn't know where the horse was.

Colonel Ross, the horse's owner, then sent a telegram to Sherlock Holmes, asking him to find the horse. Holmes and his friend, Dr. Watson, were at their flat in Baker Street, in London. They had read the whole story in the newspapers. Holmes took no notice of the telegram, saying that Silver Blaze was obviously loose on Dartmoor, and would soon be found.

Two days later, Holmes realized he was mistaken, and he and Dr. Watson took a train to Tavistock, in Devon. They went to the place on Dartmoor where Straker's body was found. There, Holmes found a match. They searched the moor a while, and finally found the tracks of Silver Blaze. Some of the hoof prints were alone, pointing towards Colonel Ross's stables; others had the footprint of a man with them, and pointed towards another stable.

Holmes and Watson talked to the owner there, and he finally admitted that he had seen Silver Blaze loose, taken him home and hidden him. He wanted his own horse to win the race. He said he knew nothing about the murder.

Now, said Dr. Watson, the mystery was over. The police had found the murderer, and they had found the horse. Sherlock Holmes didn't agree. When they went back to Colonel Ross's stables, Holmes asked if there was anything wrong with any animals on the farm. A farm-worker said that three of the sheep had gone lame.

Did the police arrest the right man? When you have thought about it, see what Sherlock Holmes decided.

S o l u t i o n: If Simpson, the stranger, had drugged the stable boy, he was very lucky. He couldn't know that there was curry for supper. And how did he put the drug in the food?

The two boys sleeping hadn't woken up. So the dog hadn't barked. So the dog knew the thief.

Who carries a doctor's knife for self-defense? A knife like that is for something different – like making a horse lame.

Someone who isn't a doctor would have to practice an operation on a horse's leg – perhaps he would practice on some sheep.

A man who hangs his coat on a bush, and strikes a match, isn't chasing thieves. He's going to do something different; like operating on a horse.

The scarf? Straker must have found it near the stables, and decided to tie the horse's legs with it. Silver Blaze became frightened, kicked back, and killed Straker.

Why would Straker want to lame a horse which he trained? Because he had bet money on another horse.

Elementary, my dear Watson!

1) In Devon, a valuable race horse...

- a) had disappeared;
- b) was killed;
- c) was sold.

2) On the night the horse disappeared a stable boy...

- a) was cleaning him;
- b) was guarding him;
- c) was teaching him.

3) Near the stables a girl saw...

- a) a stranger;
- b) the trainer of the horse;
- c) a sportsman.

4) At about midnight, the horse's trainer went toward the stables, taking...

- a) a newspaper with him;
- b) a pistol with him;
- c) a sharp doctor's knife with him.

5) The next day, the stable door was opened and the horse.

- a) had gone;
- b) was dead;
- c) was in the stable.

6) John Straker was found...

- a) unconscious;
- b) dead;
- c) drunk.

7) Near him was the stranger's scarf and...

- a) his knife;
- b) his notebook;
- c) his cap.

8) The police arrested the stranger, but he...

- a) said he had killed the horse;
- b) denied it all;
- c) agreed to buy the horse.

9) Sherlock Holmes and his friend Dr. Watson read the whole story in the newspaper and...

- a) took the train to Tavistock, in Devon;
- b) went to the theatre;
- c) went to the police station.

10) They searched the moor and found the tracks of Silver Blaze pointing...

- a) to the east;
- b) towards Colonel Ross's stables;
- c) to the church.

11) Colonel Ross was...

- a) a teacher of English;
- b) the murderer;
- c) the owner of the horse.

12) The horse was taken from the stables by...

- a) its trainer John Straker;
- b) the stable boy;
- c) the stranger.

13) John Straker wanted to practise an operation...

- a) on his dog;
- b) on his sheep;
- c) on his horse's leg.

14) He found the stranger's scarf near the stables and decided...

- a) to tie the horse's legs with it;
- b) to present it to his wife;
- c) to return it to the stranger.

15) He wanted to lame the horse which he trained because...

- a) he became mad;
- b) had bet money on another horse;
- c) the owner of the horse asked him to do it.

2. Answer the questions on the text.

1. Who had disappeared in Devon?
2. What was the name of the horse?

3. Who was guarding Silver Blaze on that night?
4. Whom did the girl see near the stables?
5. Where was John Straker found?
6. What was found near him?
7. Why did the police arrest the stranger?
8. Who sent a telegram to Sherlock Holmes?
9. What did he ask him to do?
10. What did Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson finally find?
11. Why did they talk to the owner of the horse?
12. What did he admit?
13. Why did Straker want to practise an operation on the horse's leg?
14. Why did the horse kill Straker?
15. Why did Straker want to lame the horse?

3. Find in the text the English equivalents for the words in brackets.

1. In Devon a (ценная) race horse had disappeared.
2. On the night he disappeared a (конюх) was guarding him
3. A girl who was taking the boy his supper saw a (незнакомец) near the (конюшня).
4. At about (полночь), John Straker, the horse's (тренер), went out, towards the stables, taking a (острый) doctor's knife.
5. The next morning the horse had gone and John Straker was found (мертвый).
6. Near him was his (нож) and a (шарф) which was recognized as the stranger's.
7. The (полиция) found and arrested the stranger.
8. Holmes and his friend Dr. Watson had read (всю эту историю) in the newspapers.
9. They went to the place and finally found the (следы) the horse pointing (по направлению) Colonel Ross's stables.
10. He (в конце концов) admitted that he had seen Silver Blaze (непривязанная) and had taken him home.
11. Straker wanted to practise an (операция) on the horse's leg.
12. But Silver Blaze (испугалась), kicked back and killed him.
13. Straker wanted (сделать хромой) the horse because '(поставил деньги) on another horse.

4. Use the verbs in brackets in the correct tense form.

1. The stable boy said that he (to see) a stranger near the stables.
2. The next morning the stable door was opened, the horse (to go).
3. The police (to arrest) the stranger, they said that he (to drug) the boy, (to steal) the horse and (to kill) Straker.
4. Colonel Ross, the horse's owner, (to send) a telegram to Sherlock Holmes who (to read) whole story in the newspapers.
5. Holmes found the tracks of Silver Blaze, and the owner of the horse (to admit) that he (to see) the horse loose, (to take) him home and (to hide) him.
6. The mystery was over as the police thought that they (to find) the murderer and they (to find) the horse.
7. Straker wanted to lame the horse because he (to bet) money on another horse.

UNIT 3. NO REGRET

by Nick Hopkins

1. Read the story and match the people and the actions.

Bill Allen	ordered Mr Allen to pay compensation.
Nevill and Greig	broke into Mr Allen's house
Nevill	prosecuted Mr Allen for assault.
The police	have sent Mr Allen money.
The judge	was injured by the shotgun
Mrs Bleasdale	fired a shotgun at two burglars.
Supporters	said she would have done the same thing.

The old age pensioner who shot two burglars said he had no regrets as he left court yesterday. Six months ago, 67-year-old Bill Allen fired a shotgun at two men, Charles Nevill and Phillip Greig, who had broken into his house. Nevill, 21, was hit several times and needed hospital treatment. Both men were later arrested, but to his amazement, Mr Allen also found himself in a court charged with assault. He was ordered to pay Charles Nevill &2,000 in compensation for his injuries.

'I couldn't believe it,' said Bill Allen. 'It's his own fault that he was injured. They shouldn't have broken into my house. If they hadn't been there, I wouldn't fired the gun. It's as simple as that. The judge says I should have called the police, but if I'd done that, they wouldn't have got there in time. The burglars would have disappeared before the police arrived.'

Bill Allen has received a lot of support from neighbors and from many people around the country. A neighbor, Mrs Bleasdale, said 'My house was burgled a year ago, and if I had a gun, I would have done the same thing. Several people have already sent Mr Allen money to help him pay the compensation.

2. Answer the questions on the text.

What happened to Bill Allen one day?

What was he charged with?

What punishment did he get?

How did the neighbours feel about the incident?

What was Mrs Bleasdale's reaction to the case?

4. What do you think about the case?

If you were a judge, would you give a different sentence? Why? /
Why not?

UNIT 4. MURDER

1. Read the text and choose the correct answer in the exercise below (1–11).

There was a murder in a flat in central London last week. The body, lying on the floor, was found by the cleaner the following morning. The police were called and arrived soon afterwards. The door had been locked from the inside and the keys were found in the dead man's pocket. There were french windows leading onto a balcony which was shared with the next flat. It was on the first floor, an agile man could easily have climbed up onto it. There was an office block on the other side of the narrow street.

The man had been hit on the head with something heavy. The time of death was estimated at about 7.30 the previous evening. A photograph of a young girl on a beach was found next to the body. The picture was not very clear but it might be a clue. The only other interesting thing found was a note written in capitals. It read "EXPECT ME ABOUT 8." The note and the envelope it had obviously been in were on the desk. The writer had been careful to leave no fingerprints on the letter, but there were two sets on the envelope. One belonged to the dead man. The others were checked, but there was no record.

The murdered man, who was called Michael Baines had only moved in two days before, so the neighbours couldn't be expected to be much help. However, the occupants of all the flats in the block were questioned, and shown copies of the photograph. None of them recognized the girl and none of them knew anything about the dead man. No one had been seen entering the flat since he arrived. No one had been working in the offices opposite after 6 p.m.

When the inspector in charge received all the reports he suddenly became suspicious of the man who lived next door to Baines. He said that he had been in all evening, but had been watching television and had heard nothing. The inspector sent a policeman round again with a different copy of the photograph. The police gave him the photograph to look at again while he quickly inspected the flat. He thanked him and left.

That evening Baines's neighbour was arrested for murder. How did the police know it was him?

Choose the correct answer.

1) The body was found

- a) Immediately;
- b) a long time ago;
- c) the following morning;
- d) the day before yesterday.

2) ...had probably locked the door

- a) The cleaner;
- b) The murderer;
- c) Michael Baines;
- d) The police.

3) Baines's flat had...

- a) its own balcony;
- b) part of the balcony;
- c) a balcony which was shared with the next flat.

4) This balcony...

- a) was high up with a good view overlooked the garden;
- b) overlooked an office block;
- c) was on the other side of the street.

5) was found written in capitals.

- a) a note;
- b) a newspaper;
- c) a piece of paper;
- d) a packet of cigarettes.

6) The fingerprints were found on...

- a) the envelope;
- b) the envelope and the letter;
- c) the photograph;
- d) the table.

7) ...gave the police useful information

- a) Nobody;
- b) Baines's friends;
- c) The cleaner;
- d) The murderer.

8) The inspector in charge...all the reports.

- a) threw away;
- b) received;
- c) lost;
- d) read out loud.

9) The inspector in charge became suspicious of the man...

- a) who worked in the office block;
- b) who was on the photograph;
- c) who came to see him;
- d) who lived next door to Baines.

10) The neighbours said that he had been... all the evening.

- a) Out;
- b) in;
- c) at the concert;
- d) in the restaurant.

11) Baines's neighbour was given...to look at.

- a) a letter;
- b) the photograph;
- c) a newspaper;
- d) the report.

2. Answer the following questions.

What happened in central London last week?

Who was the body found by?

Where were the keys found?

What was found next to the body?

Where was the note found?

Who did these fingerprints belong to?

What was the dead man's name? When did he move in?

Could the neighbours be much help for the police? Why? / Why not?
How did the police know who the murderer was?

3. Use the passive forms in the sentences below according to the models.

Model 1:

Last week *I* *sent* *a note*
Last week *a note* *was sent* *by me.*

Last week in central London

1. The cleaner found the body. 2. The cleaner called the police. 3. The police found the keys in the dead man's pocket. 4. The police estimated the time of the murder at about 7.30. 5. The police found the photograph. 6. The police questioned the neighbours of the dead man.

Model 2:

Before he came *I* *had sent* *a note*
Before he came *a note* *had been sent* *by me.*

Before the police arrived

- 1 someone had killed a man.
2. someone had locked the door from the inside.
3. the murderer had hit the man on the head.
4. someone had written a note in capitals.

4. Use the verbs in brackets in the correct tense form.

1. The body, lying on the floor, (to find) by the cleaner.
2. The police (to call).
3. The door (to lock) from inside.
4. The key (to find) in the dead man's pocket.
5. The balcony (to share) with the next flat.
6. The man (to hit) over the head with something heavy.
7. The time of death (to estimate) at about 7.30 the previous evening.
8. A photograph (to find) next to the body.
9. The others (to check).
10. The murdered man, who (to call) Michael Baines, had moved two days before.
11. The occupants of all the flats in the block (to question).

12. The occupants of all the flats (to show) copies of the photograph.
13. No one (to see) entering the flat.
14. Baines's neighbour (to arrest) for murder.

5. Complete the sentences using the facts from the story.

1. It happened...
2. The body was found...
3. The police...
- 4...from the inside.
5. The keys were found...
6. The dead man lived in...
7. The man had been hit...
8. was estimated...
9. A photograph of...
10. A note was found ...
11. The writer didn't leave any fingerprints on the letter but...
12. One belonged to ...
- 13.... moved in
14. The neighbours did not...
- 15....were questioned...
- 16...became suspicious of...
- 17... had been in...
- 18...a different copy of the photograph...
- 19 He left the same...
- 20...was arrested for murder.

6. Discussion points.

Where is the detective denouement (развязка) in the story?
What could be the motives of the murderer?

7. Retell the story on the part of

- the inspector,
- the policeman,
- one of the neighbours, the suspect.

UNIT 5. THE GLOVE (PART 1)

(After R.U.Joyce)

1. Match the word combinations on the left with their Russian equivalents on the right.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. to commit a burglary | a) вломиться в дом |
| 2. to commit murder | b) нанести удар кому-либо |
| 3. ever-increasing demands | c) чувствовать угрызения совести |
| 4. to be at one's wit ends | d) оставить след |
| 5. to break into the house | e) совершить кражу со взломом |
| 6. to lunge at smb | f) совершить убийство |
| 7. to feel some remorse | g) всё возрастающие требования |
| 8. to leave a clew | h) не знать, что делать, стать в тупик |

2. Read the story and answer questions 1–14.

1. Where did James Dunne live?
2. What was he?
3. Was his business prosperous?
4. What was he before he became a respectable jeweler?
5. When did his troubles begin?
6. What did he decide to do at his wit's end?
7. Whom did he decide to rob? Why?
8. Why was it an easy to break into his house?
9. What did Dunne stuff his pockets with when he got into the room?
10. What happened at the scene of the crime?
11. What did he do with the body?
12. Why did he feel safe?
13. What did he pull out of the pockets when he returned home?
14. Why did he get frightened?

James Dunne hung by his fingertips from the window-sill and after a moment dropped noiselessly to the ground. He looked about him

hurriedly. The house was on the outskirts of the town, well back from the road. It was almost two o'clock and the night was dark. There was little likelihood of his meeting anybody at that time. On the whole, it was perfectly secure. As he ran silently across the lawn he could not help marveling at his own nerve. He had committed burglaries in those far-off days before he had blossomed forth as a respectable jeweler in the little town Brampton, but those days were far distant. Behind him lay ten years of law-abiding respectability. The hand that reached up to grasp the top of the wall was as steady as a rock. He could even think calmly of the still thing which had once been Richard Strong and which now lay in an ever-widening crimson pool in the room which he had just left. He had not intended to commit murder, but circumstances had rendered it inevitable. His troubles had begun when an old prison acquaintance had recognized him again. Blackmail followed. Dunne's business was prosperous, but the blackmailer's ever-increasing demands were a drain greater than he could bear.

He tried to supplement his resources by gambling, only to plunge more deeply into the mire, until finally ruin stared him in the face. At his wit's end he turned to his old trade. Richard Strong was a retired solicitor, with more than a local reputation as a collector of antiques, and he was believed to possess ancient gold ornaments of fabulous value. Dunne at that time was purchasing gold, old rings, brooches and so on, and melting them down; therefore the proceeds of a burglary of Strong's house could be disposed of safely and lucratively. It was an easy matter to break into the house. He knew the room in which the collection was kept, and all that had to be done was to climb a drainpipe for a few feet to reach a window. In Brampton it was not thought necessary to take precautions against burglars. When Dunne had stuffed his pockets with the gold ornaments, of which there were many in the room, they held a small fortune.

He was preparing to go when he heard a gasp behind him; he swung round to find that the door of the room had opened and that Strong himself was standing in front of him. "Dunne!" – It was the only word Strong uttered. Dunne had been glancing at an oriental knife of curious workmanship. He still held it in his hand, and almost without thinking, lunged at Strong; all was over. Dunne dragged the

body into the room, closed the door, switched off the light, drew back the curtains, and left as he had come, through the window.

He felt no remorse. "I could do nothing else," he told himself. "He recognized me, and it was that or prison." He recalled the look of surprise on Strong's face and actually smiled. He really did not think that he had anything with which to reproach himself. Strong's death was necessary for his own safety, and there was no alternative to what he had done. "In any case, he was an old man with only a few more years to live."

He felt safe. Who would suspect the dull, middle-aged jeweler of murder and robbery? He had left no clue. He had met nobody, either going or coming. The little main street was deserted and in complete darkness as he let himself into his house by the side-door. He lived alone in the house. His bedroom was at the back, but before switching on the electric light he pulled down the blind and drew the heavy curtains across the window. Then he fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a glove. With a look of surprise he searched the pocket again, and not finding what he sought, plunged his hand into all his other pockets, fumbling amongst the gold articles with which they were filled. The latter he did not take out. For some strange reason he feared to look at them, and he did not intend to empty his pockets of them until he was ready to place them in the crucible in the little room behind the shop downstairs. Finally, he abandoned the search and stood in the middle of the room, his face a white mask of sheer horror.

NOTES

he could not help – он не мог помочь

Ruin stared him in the face – ему угрожало разорение

At his wit's end – Не зная что делать

they held a small fortune – они составляли целое состояние

He swung round to find that the door of the room had opened – он повернулся и увидел, что дверь комнаты открылась

of curious workmanship – изящной работы

3. The following words appear in the story. They are all related to crime and legal issues. Work with an English-English dictionary. Find the definitions of the following legal terms:

- blackmail
- law
- solicitor

Use each word in sentences of your own.

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the phrases below.

На окраине города; почтенный ювелир; далекие дни; намереваться; совершить убийство; неприятности; старый знакомый по тюрьме; шантаж; процветающее дело; все возрастающие требования; ему угрожало разорение; не знать, что делать; старинные вещи; золотая церковная утварь сказочной ценности; ночная кража со взломом; ворваться в дом; набить карманы; они составляли целое состояние; произнести слово; хрип; нанести удар; тащить тело; задвинуть шторы; чувствовать угрызения совести; упрекать себя; чувствовать себя в безопасности; оставлять улики; опустить жалюзи; ощупывать карманы; обыскивать свои карманы; прекратить поиск.

5. Complete the following sentences by choosing the correct answer.

1) James Dunne lived in...

- a) the little town of Brampton;
- b) on the outskirts of the town;
- c) in a small village.

2) He was...

- a) a policeman;
- b) a retired solicitor;
- c) a respectable jeweler.

3) In the far-off days he...

- a) committed burglaries;
- b) possessed ancient gold ornaments;
- c) was a businessman.

4) His troubles had begun when an old prison, acquaintance ... and blackmail followed.

- a) had helped him;
- b) had killed him;
- c) had recognized him.

5) Finally ruin stared him in the face and he...

- a) left the town;
- b) turned to his old trade;
- c) started collecting antiques.

6) He intended ... Richard Strong.

- a) to rob;
- b) to kill;
- c) to surprise.

7) When he broke into the room Mr. Strong was at home and Dunne had...

- a) to leave the house;
- b) to commit murder;
- c) to ask for a cup of tea.

8) Strong's death was necessary for his own safety and he felt...

- a) nothing;
- b) happy;
- c) no remorse.

9) When he returned home safely he fumbled in his pocket and...

- a) pulled out a glove;
- b) pulled out a newspaper;
- c) found there much money.

10) He got terribly frightened when he found...

- a) both gloves;
- b) only one glove;
- c) much money.

11) His face was a white mask of...

- a) horror;
- b) happiness;
- c) shame.

UNIT 6. THE GLOVE (PART 2)

- 1. Before reading the second part of the story, try to predict what happened next and what the end of the story is.**
- 2. Now read the story and say whether your predictions were right or wrong.**

The other glove was missing! He had found the gloves in his pocket while in Strong's house and he had taken them out and placed them on a table before stowing away his loot. He could have sworn he had replaced them before his hasty departure, but here was the appalling fact that one of them was missing – and on the lining was his name and address! The thought of returning to the house, to the room where Strong lay so quiet and still, filled him with a kind of superstitious horror. The memory of the dead man's upturned face with the queer look of surprise frozen into-perpetuity by death returned to him, and he gave a little strangled scream. He stood in the middle of the room, his face white and speckled with drops of perspiration, and his mind a welter of indecision.

"I can't do it", he muttered, "I can't..."

And then the vision of the scaffold intruded itself. In his criminal days he had possessed a morbid dread of the scaffold. The old fear now held him in its grip, stronger a hundredfold than it had ever been. With lagging footsteps he went out into the dark deserted street. The journey was like a nightmare. To his disordered imagination every dark corner concealed a spectre, and once he screamed hoarsely at the sight of a discarded piece of wrapping-paper which lay across his path. For a moment it had seemed to him, like a corpse lying in a dark pool...

He reached his destination and trembling in every limb he climbed to the window. The room was in darkness as he had left it, but he thought he could perceive a darker object on the floor near the door. He must have light to find the glove, and the switch was near the body. Calling to his aid all the reserves of his will-power he drew the hangings across the window and moved across the room. His feet touched something soft, and he recoiled with a hoarse gasp, his heart pounding furiously. His shaking fingers found the switch and the room was flooded with light.

Richard Strong lay at his feet. He would have given all the world to have been able to keep his gaze averted, but the body drew his eyes irresistibly. He bent forward, his hand outstretched to touch the hilt of the knife.

“Put up your hands! Good God! Put up your hands, you scoundrel!”

He looked up with a scream. The door had opened, and Strong’s son stood there, covering him with a revolver. Slowly he raised his arms above his head.

The inspector who escorted Dunne to the police station was garrulous. In the eyes of the law, an accused man is innocent until he is proved guilty. At any rate, he assumed Dunne’s guilt, which, considering the evidence, is not surprising.

“Do you know,” he said, “that you are the last man I would have suspected? If you hadn’t been found in the room with the body and the loot in your pockets we’d never have thought of you. Unluckily for you, you didn’t get away in time.”

Dunne made no reply. His house was on the way to the police station, and he asked permission to get an overcoat. The air was chilly, in that dark hour before the dawn.

“Certainly,” said the inspector, ‘but we’ll go with you.”

He opened the side door and preceded his prisoner into the hall, two policemen bringing up the rear. Dunne’s foot touched something on the floor.

He stooped to pick it up and suddenly felt queer. Then the inspector switched on the light. Dunne looked at the article in his hand.

It was the glove which he thought he had left in the room with the murdered man and which he had gone back to find!

“Here,” shouted one of the policemen, “hold up, man!”

But Dunne slipped through his hands and fell to the floor.

NOTES

He could have sworn – Он мог бы поклясться

Stronger a hundredfold than it had ever been – но в сто раз сильнее, чем раньше

He would have given all the world to have been able to keep his gaze averted – Он отдал бы всё на свете за то, чтобы отвести глаза

You are the last man I would have suspected – меньше всего я бы заподозрил вас

We'd never thought of you – мы никогда бы на вас не подумали

3. Complete the sentences by choosing the correct answer.

1) The other glove ... and on the lining was his name and address.

- a) was in his pocket;
- b) was missing;
- c) was in the police station.

2) The thought of returning to the house filled him with...

- a) a kind of superstitious horror;
- b) pleasure;
- c) a kind of suspicion.

3) With lagging footsteps he went out into...

- a) the corridor;
- b) the dark deserted street;
- c) his wife' room.

4) The journey was like a nightmare and once screamed hoarsely at the sight of a...

- a) cat;
- b) policeman;
- c) discarded piece of wrapping-paper.

5) When he reached his destination he drew the hangings across the window and his shaking fingers found...

- a) a switch;
- b) a corpse;
- c) a ring.

6) The door had opened, and Strong's son stood there,...

- a) covering him with a revolver;
- b) reading a paper;
- c) speaking to the inspector.

7) His house was on the way to the police station, and he asked permission

- a) to take the other glove;
- b) to get an overcoat;
- c) speak to the inspector.

8) When his foot touched something on the floor he ... to pick it up.

- a) jumped;
- b) sat down;
- c) stooped.

9) It was the... which he thought he had left in the room with the murdered man.

- a) glove;
- b) hat;
- c) loot.

4. Use the English equivalents for the words in brackets.

1. The other glove (исчезла) and on the (подкладка) there was his name and address.
2. The thought returning to the filled him with (ужас).
3. (Волею ноги) he went out into the dark street.
4. The journey was like a (кошмар).
5. To his disordered (воображение) every dark corner (прятал) a spectre.
6. He reached his (место назначения) and climbed to the window.
7. He must have (свет) to find the glove.
8. His (дрожащие) fingers found the (выключатель).
9. The body (притягивало) his eyes irresistibly.
10. The door opened and Strong's son (целился) him with a revolver.
11. The inspector (сопровождал) Dunne to the (полицейский участок).

12. This house was on the way to the police station and Dunne asked (разрешение) to get an (пальто).
13. Suddenly his foot (коснулась) something on the floor.
14. He (нагнулся) and picked it up.
15. When the inspector (включил) the light Dunne looked at the (предмет) in his hand.
16. It was the (перчатка) which he had gone back (чтобы найти).

5. Complete the sentences using the facts from the text.

1. The other glove...
2. The thought of returning to the house filled him...
3. With lagging footsteps he went out...
4. The journey was like a...
5. He reached his destination and climbed...
6. His shaking fingers found...
7. The door had opened, and Stong's son...
8. His house was on the way to the police station, and he...
9. That they intended taking no chances, when his foot...
10. It was the glove which he...
11. Dunne slipped through his hands and...

6. Work with an English-English dictionary. Find the definitions of the following legal terms:

- burglary
- robbery
- murder

Use each word in sentences of your own.

7. How could you explain these statements from the text?

1. Behind him lay ten years of law-abiding respectability.
2. He had not intended to commit murder but circumstances had rendered it inevitable.
3. He tried to supplement his resources by gambling... He turned to his old trade.

4. In the eyes of the law, an accused man is innocent until he is proved guilty.

5. Unluckily for you, you didn't get away in time.

8. Discussion

1. If you were Dunne, would you have returned to the house for the glove?

2. What would have happened with Dunne if he didn't return to the house?

3. How did his emotions and mood change?

4. Where is the culminating point of the story?

9. Retell the story on the part of

the police inspector, Richard Strong, Richard Strong's son, James Dunne.

INTERNET SEARCH: Read the plot summary of the story at http://www.answers.com/Q/Plot_summary_of_The_Glove_by_R_U_Joyce and the information about what plot summary and write a summary of your own.

UNIT 7. RUTHLESS

(by William de Mille)

1. Match the word combinations on the left with their Russian equivalents on the right.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. to catch one's breath | a) нанести ущерб, вред |
| 2. to do damage(harm) to | b) затаить дыхание |
| 3. to do good to | c) прийти в себя |
| 4. that's not the point | d) поступать по-своему |
| 5. I can't bear to think | e) собираться что-либо сделать |
| 6. to do smth. one's way | f) это подкрепит вас |
| 7. to be about to do smth | g) не могу вынести мысли о |
| 8. to regain one's sense | h) быть в полусознательном состоянии |
| 9. it'll pull you together | j) делать добро |
| 10. to be half conscious | i) не в этом дело |

2. Read the text to find out what happened to the main character.

1. Outside, the woods lay basking in clear October sunlight; trees a riot of color air full of autumn's tang and the sharp exciting smell of moist, leaf-covered earth. Inside, a man smiled grimly as he turned from the bathroom cabinet entered the expensively primitive living-room of his mountain camp, and crossed to a closet set in the pine wall.

2. It was his special closet, with a spring lock and in it he kept guns, ammunition, fishing-rods, tackle and liquor. Not even his wife was allowed to have a key, for Judson Webb loved his personal possessions and felt a sense of deep outrage if they were touched by any hand but his own. The closet door stood open, he had been packing his things away for the winter and in a few minutes would be driving back to civilization. As he looked at the shelf on which the liquor stood his smile was not attractive. All the bottles were unopened except one quart of Bourbon which was placed invitingly in front, a whiskey glass by its side. This bottle was less than half full. As he took it from the shelf his wife spoke from the adjoining bedroom.

3. "I'm all packed, Judson. Hasn't Alec come to run the water off and get the keys?"

Alec lived about a mile down the road and acted as caretaker for the city folks when they were away.

"He's down at the lake taking boats out of water. Said he'd be back in half an hour."

Marcia came into the room carrying her suitcase. She paused in surprise as she saw the bottle in her husband's hand.

"Judson!" she exclaimed, "you're not taking a drink at ten o'clock in the morning?"

"You are wrong, my dear," he chuckled. "I'm not taking anything out of this bottle. I am putting a little kick into it."

4. His closed hand opened and he put upon the table two tiny white pellets as he started to uncork the whiskey. Her eyes narrowed as she watched him. She had learned to dread that tone of his voice, the tone he used when he was planning to "put something over" in a business deal.

5. "Whoever broke into my closet last winter and stole my liquor will probably try it again once we are out of here," he went on, "only this time he'll wish he hadn't."

She caught her breath at the cruel vindictiveness of his manner as one by one he dropped the tablets into the bottle and held it up to watch them dissolve.

6. "What are they?" she asked. "Something to make him sick?"

"And how!" He seemed fascinated as he saw the genial Bourbon changing into a lethal dose:

"At least no one has found an antidote: once it's down-it's curtains." He corked his bottled vengeance and set it back in the shelf alongside the little whiskey glass.

"Everything nice and handy," he remarked approvingly. "Now, Mr. Thief, when you break in, drink hearty, I won't begrudge you this one."

The woman's face was pale. "Don't do it, Judson," she gasped. "It's horrible-it's murder."

"The law doesn't call it murder if I shoot a thief who is entering my house by force," he said harshly.

“Also, the use of rat poison is quite legal. The only way any rat can get into this closet, is to break in. What happens then is his affair, not mine.”

“Don’t do it, Judson,” she begged. “The law doesn’t punish burglary by death, what right have you?”

“When it comes to protecting my property I make my own laws.” His deep voice suggested a big dog growling at threatened loss of a bone.

“But all they did was to steal a little liquor,” she pleaded. “They didn’t do any real damage.”

7. “That’s not the point,” he said. “If a man holds me up and robs me of five dollars it makes me just as sore as if he took a hundred. A thief’s a thief.”

She made one last effort. “We won’t be here till next spring. I can’t bear to think of that deathtrap waiting there all the time. Suppose something happens to us and no one knows!”

8. It was useless to argue, she knew. He had always been ruthless in business Things had to be done his way. She turned toward the door with a sigh of defeat. “I’ll walk down the road and say good-bye at the farm house” she said quietly. “You can pick me up there.

She had made up her mind to tell Alec’s wife. Someone had to know.

“Okay, my dear,” he smiled genially, “and don’t worry about your poor, abused little burglar. No one is going to get hurt who hasn’t got it coming to him.”

9. As she went down the path he started to close the closet door, then paused as he remembered his hunting boots drying outside on the porch. They belonged in the closet, so leaving the door open he went to fetch them from the heavy rustic table on which they stood, along with his bag and top coat.

10. Alec was coming up from the lake and waved to him from a distance. A chipmunk, hearing Judson’s heavy tread, abandoned the acorn he was about to add to his store within the cabin wall and disappeared, like an electric bulb burning out.

11. Judson, reaching for his boots, stepped fairly upon the acorn, his boot slid from under him and his head struck the massive table as he fell.

Several minutes later he began to regain his sense. Alec’s strong arm was supporting him as he lay on the porch and a kindly voice

was saying. "It was not much of a fall, Mr. Webb. You ain't cut none: just knocked out for a minute. Here, take this, it'll pull you together." A small whiskey glass was pressed to his lips. Dazed and half conscious, he drank.

3. Correct the following statements.

1. It was a hot summer day.(par.1)
2. Judson had been unpacking his things for the summer.(par.2)
3. Judson decided to take a drink before leaving.
4. Mrs. Webb turned toward the door with a sigh of relief.
5. Alec acted as a hunter for the city folks.
6. Judson killed Alec by giving him a poisonous drink.

4. Discussion points.

Do you agree/disagree with Judson's statements? Why/Why not?

- The law doesn't call it murder if I shoot a thief who is entering my house by force.
- When it comes to my property I make my own laws.

5. Act out a dialogue between Judson and Marcia before the tragedy.

6. Study the following phrases, look at the way they are used in the text. Then use them in situations of your own.

to bask in the sun; to cross to some place; by the side of smith; one by one; by force; to rob smb of smth; to break in; to punish smb by death; to do damage to; to wave to; from a distance; to add to; in store; to reach for; to hold up; to pick up

7. How do you understand the following sentences? Explain them in your own words.

1. Alec, the caretaker, was about to come.
2. You've had your own way too many years.
3. I say, you must pull your self together.
4. He could not bear to let them go.
5. That's not the point.
6. She smiled good-bye and left.

7. Alec said he'd be back in half an hour.
8. Once or twice it seemed to me that he was on the point of telling me something.
9. Judson made no effort to detain Marcia.

8. Creative Writing.

1. Take the role of one of the characters from the story and describe what happened one day. 2. What Russian proverb corresponds to the main idea of the story?

INTERNET SEARCH: Find Erin's critical essay based on the story at <https://www.quotev.com/story/4725656/Erins-English-homework/6> and express your point of view on the story and the essay.

UNIT 8. THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

(by Robert Arthur)

1. Read the first 15 paragraphs of the story and answer the questions:

What is going to happen next? How will Ausable escape? Do you think he has a plan? How do you think the story will end?

1. Ausable did not *fit the description* of any secret agent Fowler had ever read about. Following him down the musty corridor of the *gloomy* French hotel where Ausable had a room, Fowler felt disappointed. It was a small room, on the sixth and top floor, and *scarcely a setting* for a romantic figure .

2. Ausable was, for one thing, fat. Very fat. And then there was his accent. Though he spoke French and German passably, he had never altogether lost the New England accent he had brought to Paris from Boston twenty years ago.

3. "You are disappointed," Ausable said *wheezily* over his shoulder.

"You were told that I was a secret agent, a spy, dealing in espionage and danger. You wished to meet me because you are a writer, young and romantic. You *envisioned* mysterious figures in the night, the crack of pistols, drugs in the wine."

4. "Instead, you have spent a dull evening in a French music hall with a *sloppy* fat man who, instead of having messages *slipped into* hand by dark-eyed beauties, gets only an ordinary telephone call making an appointment in his room. You have been bored!" The fat man *chuckled* to himself as he unlocked the door of his room and stood aside to let his frustrated guest enter.

5. "You are disillusioned," Ausable told him "But *take cheer*, my young friend. Presently you will see a paper, a quite important paper for which several men and women have risked their lives, come to me in the next-to-last step of its journey into official hands. Some day soon that paper may well affect the course of history. In that thought is drama, is there not?" As he spoke, Ausable closed the door behind him. Then he switched on the light.

6. And as the light came on, Fowler had his first *authentic thrill* the day. For halfway across the room, a small automatic pistol in his hand, stood a man.

Ausable blinked a few times.

7. "Max," he wheezed. "*you gave me quite a start*. I thought you were in Berlin. What are you doing in my room?"

Max was slender, not tall, and with a face that suggested the look of a fox. Except for the gun he did not look very dangerous.

"The report," he murmured. "The report that is being brought to you tonight concerning some new missiles. I thought I would take it from you. It will be safer in my hands than in yours.

8. Ausable moved to an armchair and sat down heavily. "I'm going to *raise the devil* with the management this time; I am angry," he said grimly. "This is the second time in a month that somebody has gotten into my room off that *confounded* balcony!" Fowler's eyes went to the single window of the room. It was an ordinary window, against which *now the night was pressing blackly*.

9. "Balcony?" Max asked curiously. "No, I had a *passkey*. I did not know about the balcony. It might have saved me some trouble had I known about it."

10. "It's not my balcony," explained Ausable angrily. "It belongs to the next apartment." He glanced explanatorily at Fowler. "You see," he said, "this room used to be part of a large unit, and the next room-through that door there-used to be the living room. It had the balcony, which extends under my window now. You can get onto it from the empty room next door, and somebody did, last month. The management promised to block it off. But they haven't."

11. Max glanced at Fowler, who was standing *stiffly* a few feet from Ausable, and waved the gun with a commanding gesture. "Please sit down," he said. "We have to wait for half an hour, I think."

"Thirty-one minutes," Ausable said *moodily*. "The appointment was for twelve-thirty. I wish I knew how you learned about the report Max"

12. The little spy smiled evilly. "And we wish we knew how your people got the report. But, no harm has been done. I will get it back tonight. What is that? Who is at the door?"

13. Fowler jumped at the sudden knocking at the door. Ausable just smiled, "That will be the police," he said. "I thought that such an important paper as the one we are waiting for should have a little extra protection. I told them to *check on* me to make sure everything was all right."

14. Max bit his lip nervously. The knocking was repeated.

"What will you do now, Max?" Ausable asked. "If I do not answer the door, they will enter anyway. The door is unlocked. And they will not *hesitate* to shoot."

15. Max's face was black with anger as he backed swiftly toward the window; with his hand behind him, he opened the window and put leg out into the night. "Send them away!" he warned. "I will wait the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and *take my chances!*"

Now read the end of the story to see whether your predictions were right.

16. The knocking at the door became louder and a voice was raised.

"Mr Ausable! Mr. Ausable!"

Keeping his body twisted so that his gun still covered the fat and his guest, the man at the window *grasped* the frame with his free hand to support himself as he rested his weight on one thigh. Then he *swung* his other leg up and over the window sill.

17. The *doorknob* turned. Swiftly Max pushed with his left hand to free himself and drop to the balcony. And then as he dropped, he screamed once, *shrilly*.

18. The door opened and a waiter stood there with a tray, a bottle and two glasses. "Here is the drink you ordered, sir." He set the tray on the table, *deftly uncorked* the bottle, and left the room.

19. White faced and shaking, Fowler stared after him. But... but ... what about ... the police?" he *stammered*.

"There never were any police." Ausable sighed. "Only Henry, whom I was expecting.

"But what about the man on the balcony?" Fowler began.

"No," said Ausable, "he won't return."

2. Are the following statements true (T) or false (F) according to the story?

1. ____ Max had never been to Ausalbe's room before.
2. ____ Max knew about the balcony because he had used it to enter the apartment.
3. ____ Ausable knew someone would knock on the door.
4. ____ The apartment was on the sixth floor of the building.
5. ____ Max knew about the balcony because Ausable had told him about it.

3. Why do you think Max won't return?

4. Creative Writing.

Think of an alternative ending of this story. You might need to add or change some elements of the story.

UNIT 9. LIZZIE BORDEN

1. Match the words on the left with the definitions on the right. The first one has been done for you.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| 1. inhibited | a) short sleep |
| 2. stepmother | b) unable to express true feelings |
| 3. torrid | c) sharp tool to cut wood |
| 4. resented | d) twelve people who decided a law case in court |
| 5. nap | e) saying the opposite of something |
| 6. barn | f) decision made in a law case |
| 7. groan | g) extremely hot |
| 8. axe | h) deep sound made by someone in pain |
| 9. contradicting | i) reason for committing a crime |
| 10. motive | j) wife of one's father by a later marriage |
| 11. jury | k) farm building for storing things |
| 12. verdict | l) to feel displeased |

2. These phrasal verbs appear in the text. Match them with their definitions.

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1. to sign over | a) to lie down |
| 2. to turn down | b) die |
| 3. to stretch out | c) to refuse to accept |
| 4. to find out | d) to give the right by signing a formal document |
| 5. to pass away | e) to discover |

On Thursday, 4 August, 1892, Andrew Borden and his wife were found dead in their home in the quiet, provincial mill town of Fall River, Massachusetts, USA.

Some people said their daughter Lizzie had murdered them. Others believed it was someone else. Was it Lizzie? Or could it have been someone else? Read the story and say what you personally think about the murder.

1. The mystery. What was one of the reasons Lizzie hated her stepmother?

At 8.00 am, 4 August, the day was already the hottest of the year. In the dining room of their big white house on Second Street, members of the Borden family were having breakfast. At the table sat a prominent 70-year-old businessman Andrew Borden, his second wife, Abby and a brother-in-law of Andrew's, John Morse. John was a manager of one of the Borden farms. Andrew's two daughters by his first marriage, Emma and Lizzie, were absent. Emma was visiting friends in a nearby town.

Lizzie, a rather unattractive, inhibited, unmarried woman of 32 had not yet come downstairs. Except for her hobby, fishing, and her participation in church activities, Lizzie spent a lot of time alone, often up in her room. About every four months she had what her family called 'funny turns'. At such times she did peculiar, inexplicable things; she never remembered these incidents afterwards. We now realise that her 'funny turns' were attacks of epilepsy.

Lizzie disliked her stepmother intensely, especially after Andrew signed some property over to his wife's sister that his daughters felt should be theirs.

Andrew Borden was a person who enjoyed making money but hated spending it. When his daughters asked him for money he almost always turned them down. The Bordens were rich but they certainly did not live like people with money. Andrew also had the reputation in Fall River of being a very hard man in business dealings; as a result, he had many enemies.

Why did the Bordens keep Lizzie their door locked?

There was one other person in the house that horrid August morning: Bridget; the Irish maid. Bridget was in the kitchen preparing to go outside and wash the windows. She was quite unhappy about it. She did not feel well and resented Mrs Borden's orders to wash the windows. Bridget was not the only one who felt ill. With the exception of Lizzie, everyone in the house had stomach trouble.

They decided it was something they had eaten the night before. The time was now 8.45 am John Morse left the house to visit other relatives in Fall River. Andrew also departed, heading for the financial district.

Lizzie descended the stairs just as her father was going out of the front door. She greeted Bridget but said nothing to her stepmother. Abby climbed the stairs to the second floor bedrooms to make the beds. Bridget went outside to wash the windows. She took the key to the kitchen door with her. Since a robbery two months before the Bordens were extremely cautious about locking their doors. Lizzie began ironing some clothes. It was now 9.30 am.

Where was Lizzie when her father was killed?

At 10.40 someone knocked at the front door. Bridget, now working inside the house, hurried to see who it was. She heard someone laugh behind her as she struggled with the key. It was Lizzie, standing on the stairs. At last, the maid got the door open. The person on the other side was Andrew Borden; he had forgotten his keys.

As Bridget returned to the kitchen, Lizzie came down to the sitting room and told her father, 'Your wife has gone out. She had a note from someone who was sick.' Andrew said that he, too, felt rather weak and decided to stretch out on the sofa and take a nap before lunch.

Lizzie went back to her ironing. Bridget, who had finished washing the windows inside and out, said she still felt ill. Lizzie told her to go up to her room and rest until it was time to make lunch. As the girl climbed to her small, hot, third-floor room, she heard the clock strike 11.00.

Ten minutes later Lizzie called out from downstairs: 'Bridget! Come quick! Father's dead. Somebody came in and killed him!'

The astonished maid rushed down the stairs and found Lizzie standing by the kitchen door. 'Go across the street and get Dr Bowen,' she said. 'Run!'

Where was Abby Borden?

When the doctor arrived, Lizzie explained, 'Just as I was returning to the house from the barn I heard a loud groan. The kitchen door was wide open.'

The doctor quickly examined Andrew's body and discovered that the man had been struck in the head eleven times with an axe. Being asleep, he never knew who hit him.

Lizzie told Bridget to go and ask her friend Alice Russell to come and stay with her. Meanwhile, another neighbour, Adelaide Ghurhill, had seen Dr Bowen enter the house next door and rushed over to find out what had happened. When she asked where Abby was, Lizzie replied that she did not know. Then she added, 'But I believe I heard her come in a short while ago.' She turned to Bridget, 'Go upstairs and see.'

Mrs Churchill accompanied the Irish girl. They found Abby Borden lying face down on the guest room floor. She had been hit on the back of the head nineteen times with an axe.

It was now 11.40, half an hour after Andrew Borden's bloody, lifeless body had been discovered in the sitting room. Policemen were already surrounding the house and a crowd of curious people had gathered in the street. The news had travelled fast.

Why did Lizzie want to buy poison?

About this time John Morse returned from his visit across town. He did a very strange thing when he saw the crowd in the street: he went round to the back of the house and began eating pears from one of the trees. As soon as he was told what had happened, however, he went into the house. He explained where he had been to the police, but they were not fully convinced. For one thing, his manner was too casual.

The police made a complete search of the house but found nothing suspicious. Nor did they find a note asking Mrs Borden to go to a sick friend. Later someone reported that a stranger had been seen near the house earlier that morning; he was never seen again.

Lizzie was able to account for every move she had made that morning; however, the police considered her to be their number one

suspect. Lizzie's calm cool manner under the horrible circumstances caused them to be suspicious. In addition, she kept contradicting herself.

There was another matter that caused the police to suspect Lizzie. The day before the murder she had gone to several shops trying to buy prussic acid, a deadly poison. She wanted it, she said, to kill moths in her fur coat. The shop owners refused to sell it to her.

According to Lizzie, she had been in the house all morning except when shortly after her father's return home she went to the barn to get some things she needed for a fishing trip. Then, when she returned to the house she discovered her father's body.

How long did it take the jury to reach the verdict?

One week later I, Lizzie was arrested. There was, however, no real evidence against her. What motive did she have? She hated her stepmother, it is true, but not enough to kill her. She adored her father, so why would she kill him? For his money? She and her sister Emma would become rich the moment he died. What about Bridget, the maid and John Morse Andrew's brother-in-law? Couldn't one of them have committed the murder?

The trial began on 5 June, 1892, and lasted ten days. At first the public and press were anti-Lizzie Borden, but little by little they came round (here: changed their minds). How could a quiet, respectable, mature woman like Lizzie commit such a horrible crime?

Finally the jury left the courtroom but was out only one hour. When they returned they delivered a verdict of not guilty. The courtroom suddenly became wild with cheers and applause.

Once more, life in Fall River became normal. The two Borden sisters, now that they had their father's money, bought a lovely big new house in the most fashionable section of Fall River. They lived together in this beautiful, spacious mansion for several years. Then they quarreled and Emma moved out, leaving Lizzie all by herself in the empty house. In 1927, Lizzie passed away at the age of 67, alone and unloved.

Today visitors to Fall River almost always ask to see the old Borden house on Second Street. 'Did Lizzie Borden really murder her parents?' they ask. The people of Fall River simply shake their heads

and say, 'No one will ever know.' Probably not, but on the other hand, if Lizzie did not commit the murder, who did?

1. Look back at the story and find the information to fill the gaps in this paragraph.

Lizzie Borden's father, a very rich man, hated _____ money. Lizzie thought that her _____, Abby, had too much influence on Andrew Borden. That was one of the reasons she _____ Abby. Once Lizzie asked her father for money to entertain some church friends but Andrew _____ the request. Lizzie became furious when her father _____ some property to Abby's sister; it was supposed to go to Lizzie and her sister _____. It is possible that when this happened Lizzie had one of her attacks of _____. As a result, she may have murdered her parents with an _____. The _____ during the trial, brought in a _____ of not guilty, but was she really innocent? We'll never know.

2. Order of adjectives before a noun

Lizzie Borden was an unattractive, young, unmarried American woman.

Certain rules must be observed in placing adjectives in the correct order before a noun. If there are determiners such as as, the, that, my, etc., these will precede other adjectives. Ordinal numbers (*first*, *second* *fifth*.) come next, followed by cardinal numbers (*one*, *seven*, *fifty*).

Then come all other adjectives. A plan for these adjectives is helpful. With very few exceptions, it is as follows; (after 1, determiners; 2, ordinal numbers; 3, cardinal numbers)

4 quality words (of general description; they can go in any order in respect to each other)

5 size (*big*, *long*) 6 age, temperature (*old*, *hot*) 7 shape (*round*, *square*) 8 colour (*blue*, *green*) 9 participle (*spoken*, *running*) 10 origin or location (*Portuguese*, *western*)

11 material (*glass*, *metal*) 12 noun used as an adjective (*school*, as in *school teacher*).

Luckily, not all categories are likely to be included in a sentence but those that are usually follow this order, as in:

beautiful big old square grey repainted French stone school house

4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

3. Put the adjectives in brackets in the correct order before the noun.

1 Abby Borden was a (grey-haired, round, short) woman.

2 John Morse was a (middle-aged, pleasant, tall) man.

3 Lizzie's sister Emma was a (41-year-old, quiet, thin) woman.

4 Lizzie's friend Alice was a (English, kind, little) lady.

5 George Robinson, who was Lizzie's lawyer, was a (brilliant, persuasive, likeable) man.

6. Bridget, the maid, was a (Irish, large, hard-working) girl.

4. Creative writing.

You are a neighbour of the Bordens, living opposite them on Second Street. It is the afternoon of 4 August, 1892. You have been asked by the local newspaper to write an article telling what you know about the crime.

INTERNET SEARCH: Read a real story about Lizzie Burden and comments at <https://unsolved.com/gallery/lizzie-borden/> and write your own comment on site.

UNIT 10. MYSTERY STORIES

(by Brain Teasers)

Mystery stories like most other texts, require readers to note important facts and draw inferences based on these. To solve the following mysteries, you must become a detective, drawing inferences from the clues provided. Each mystery below has been solved by the fictional Professor Fordney, a master detective, the expert who the police call for their most puzzling cases. Imagine that you are the great professor. Be prepared to defend your solution with details from the passage.

Mystery 1 Class Day

“I shall tell you,” Fordney said to his class some years ago, of an exploit of the famed scientist, Sir Joshua Beckwith, Professor of Egyptology in London.”

“He had uncovered an ancient tomb in Egypt and, through his undisputed knowledge and ability to read hieroglyphics, had definitely established the date of the birth and the reign of a great Pharaoh whose mummy he had discovered. A man of volatile temper, and emphatic scientific views which he did not hesitate to express in exposing charlatanism, he had many enemies.”

“The British Museum soon received a message, signed by Sir Joshua, which in part read as follows: ‘Have discovered the tomb of an important Pharaoh who reigned from 1410 to 1428 B.C. and who died at the age of 42 years, leaving two sons and two daughters. Great wealth found in sarcophagus. One of his sons died shortly after his reign began, etc. ...’”

“The Museum officials at first were astonished,” continued Fordney, “but examination of the communication quickly told them it was either a very stupid fake or an attempt at a “practical joke”!

“They were right in their belief that the message did not come from Sir Joshua Beckwith. He did make a most important discovery but how did the Museum authorities know the communication was not authentic?”

How did they know?_____

Mystery 2 The Ex-Wife Murder

“Who shot her?” cried Rogers as he rushed into the hospital three minutes after his ex-wife died from a bullet through her head.

“Just a minute,” Professor Fordey said. “I’d like to ask you a few questions. ...routine, you know. Although divorced for the past six months, you have been living in the same house with your ex-wife, have you not?”

“That’s right.”

“Had any trouble recently?”

“Well . . . yesterday when I told her I was going on a business trip, she threatened suicide. In fact, I grabbed a bottle of iodine from her as she was about to drink it. When I left last evening at seven, however, telling her I was spending the night with friends in Sewickley, she made no objections.

Returning to town this afternoon,” he continued, “I called my home and the maid answered.”

“Just what did say?”

“Oh, Mr. Rogers, they took poor mistress to St. Anne’s hospital ’bout half an hour ago. Please hurry to her! She was crying so I couldn’t get anything else out of her; then I hurried there. Where is she?”

“The nurse here will direct you,” responded the Professor.

“A queer case this, Joe,” said Inspector Kelley who had been listening to the conversation. “These moderns are a little too much for me! A man and woman living together after being divorced six months!”

“A queer case, indeed, Jim,” sighed Fordney. “You’d better detain Rogers. If he didn’t shoot her himself, I’m confident he knows who did.

Why did the Professor advise the Inspector to detain Rogers?

Mystery 3 Case № 463

At 8:10 P M., July 4, 1945, Miss Ruby Marshall left her apartment on the fifth floor of the Hotel Oakwood. As she walked toward the elevator she passed Jane McGuire. The fourteen-year-old child had her Scottish terrier on a long leash and as they came opposite each other the dog growled and leaped at Miss Marshall. The woman screamed and ran back to her apartment.

Thirty minutes later Mrs. McGuire had a call from police headquarters informing her that Miss Marshall had received first aid at Mercy Hospital for a wound on the knee where the McGuire dog had bitten her. Invalided for the past two years, Mrs. McGuire was unable to look into the situation herself. She immediately called her friend, Professor Fordney, informing him of the above and asking him to look into the matter.

He found Miss Marshall sitting on a chair in the emergency ward, about to leave the hospital. Receiving permission to examine the wound from the doctor who had just taken care of her, Fordney raised Miss Marshall's immaculate evening dress, noticed her hose were rolled below her knees, removed the bandage and found cauterized marks on the right knee cap. Turning to the physician he inquired, "Are you sure those are teeth marks?"

"Why . . . they look like it to me!"

Lowering the woman's dress, the Professor told her, "You certainly didn't show much intelligence in trying to frame this charge against Mrs. McGuire, toward whom you hold a personal grudge. Her dog did not bite you!"

How did he know?

INTERNET SEARCH: Find other short stories (brain teasers) where you need to solve a problem and share them with your group
<https://braingle.com/brainteasers/teaser.php?op=2&id=23691&comm=0>

UNIT 11. THE CAR

(by Andrew Rossiter)

"It's a really good **bargain**," said the man in the showroom; and as far as Shafi could tell, he was telling the truth.

"It's yours for just £5,000!" he continued. "You won't find a **better buy** anywhere else in the North; and what's more, we'll give you a year's insurance with it. Free!"

Shafi eyed **the vehicle longingly**; it was bright red, and just over a year old - and inside it had that smell of polish that comes with a new car. There **was just the matter of the price** - it was more than he had planned to spend on his first car, and more than he actually had available.

"Five thousand?" he asked, hoping rather hopelessly that he had somehow misheard.

"Five **grand**! That's it. But you can 'ave it for three in cash now, and the rest in three months. You can **get a loan** from the bank!"

Ever since he'd taken his first job at the burger bar at the age of 17, he'd been saving up for a nice car; of course, he could have made do with a cheap wreck years ago - but that was not what he wanted. Shafi wanted a good car, a nice car, **one that would make him feel as if he had achieved something better in life than serving in a restaurant**.

He handed over the crisp **fifty pound** notes. Even if the insurance was only third-party, he **reckoned** it was a good buy at the price.

Settling in to the driving seat, he adjusted it for position, and turned the key. Within minutes, he had passed the outskirts of Leeds, and was headed for Gemma's house in Frampton. After all, **she'd been badgering** him to get a car, ever since he'd first mentioned the idea to her a month or so earlier

He knew that **she'd be impressed.**

"So you bought it at last!" she exclaimed. "Great!" Now we can go places!"

"Yes. And it goes like a dream!"

"Let's take it over to Sawby tonight," she suggested. "Jess is on the door, he'll let us in free."

"Good idea."

Sawby was only sixteen miles away, but the quickest way to get there was to take **the motorway**; and besides Shafi was keen to see how fast he could get the new car up to.

"Hey, take it easy," said Gemma, as the speedometer edged up towards the 100 **m.p.h.** mark. "You don't want **to get done for speeding** (получить штраф за превышение скорости) on the very first day!"

Shafi slowed down; the exit to Sawby was coming up fast.

As luck would have it (как назло), there was a space just opposite the club as Shafi proudly arrived in the shining new car. A group of young men watched from the pavement opposite as he carefully parked by **the kerbside.**

Jess wasn't **on the door** after all, and they had to pay to get in; but the atmosphere in the club was hot and exciting as usual. It was a popular place, and with some of the best D.J's in the region, it attracted people from all round, even from Manchester.

"So you've got your car at last, eh Shafi, boy!" said a voice in the semi-darkness.

Shafi looked round. He recognised the speaker at once, and was not pleased. It was Rooksby, Gemma's former boyfriend. The three of

them had worked together a year ago in a restaurant, until Rooksby **was sacked for insulting a group of foreign tourists.**

"Hello," said Shafi.

"Smart job, ain't it!" said Rooksby.

"Yes," he answered. "Very nice thank you...."

"**A bit too smart for someone (слишком сложно)** like you, ain't it?"

"**Oh give over!**" (**брось, перестань**) said Gemma.

Rooksby **gave a sarcastic laugh**, and moved away.

It was almost 3 a.m. as they emerged from the club.

"Hey!" exclaimed Shafi, looking across the street. "Where's the car? We left it there, didn't we."

"Yes, I think so," said Gemma.

"Oh no, don't say someone's gone **an' nicked** it already," Shafi groaned. The tears were already beginning to well up in his eyes.

"What did you do with the keys?" asked Gemma.

"They're here," he answered, **rummaging** in his pocket. "Or at least I think they are."

Then he frowned. "They've gone.... They can't have.... **I must have put them down somewhere....** No! This is ridiculous."

He was looking increasingly desperate.

At that moment, a red car roared past them, and disappeared up the road.

"But that's the car," Shafi exclaimed. "It's my car! Come back!"

"No good yelling after 'em," said a voice from behind, "Looks like you've lost it, doesn't it, Shafi boy!"

They turned and saw Rooksby again, **a wry** smile on his twisted lips.

"That's brilliant!" said Gemma. "You bring me out here, then the car **gets nicked**. How'm I goin' to get home?"

"I'll get call a taxi," said Shafi.

"**I'll run you home** if you like," said Rooksby. "I've **just got room** for one!"

"You?" said Gemma. "Well I suppose it's **better 'n nothing**."

Two weeks later, the police called Shafi's employer, asking for the owner of a red car.

Shafi eagerly took the phone; "You've found it?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes Sir," said the voice on the other end of the phone. "It's in the pound in Birmingham.... but I'm afraid you can't have it back now."

"What? Why not?"

"Well Sir, you see it's a write-off."

Shafi felt **a lump rising in his throat**. "You mean...."

"Fatal accident, Sir. The driver was killed, and the passenger's in intensive care. She's just told us you were the owner of the car."

"What? Who was it then?"

"She won't give us her name. She just says she wants to see you. She says she's sorry. Perhaps you can help us with **our enquiries**."

1. The words below appear in the text. Study their meanings to understand the text better.

- bargain: good value for money
- insurance: guarantee against the risk of accident
- longingly: with desire
- available: at his disposal, ready
- mishear: hear incorrectly
- loan: money lent
- make do with: have
- wreck: something in bad condition
- achieve something: be successful
- reckon: think
- outskirts: suburbs, periphery
- kerbside: edge of the pavement
- job: machine
- groan: lament
- wry: cynical
- eagerly: enthusiastically
- pound: guarded car park
- intensive care: part of a hospital where badly injured or sick people are treated.
- have a room: have space
- get nicked: get stolen (jargon)
- rummage – search
- be sacked: to be fired/dismissed

2. Find the following words and expressions in the text.

Сделка; страхование; с желанием доступен; ослышаться; кредит;

обойтись; крушение; добиться чего-то; думать, полагать;
окружение; тротуар; работа; стон; кривая (ухмылка);
нетерпеливо;
охраняемая автостоянка; палата интенсивной терапии; есть
пространство; угонять (*жаргон*).

3. Select the closest equivalent of the following words and expressions used in the story:

• eyed:

- a) looked at,
- b) saw,
- c) noticed.

• achieved:

- a) finished,
- b) begun,
- c) done.

• badgering:

- a) forbidding,
- b) helping,
- c) persuading.

• take it easy:

- a) Go on!
- b) don't be difficult!
- c) calm down!

• give over:

- a) Say that again,
- b) Stop it!
- c) Let me have it!

• yelling:

- a) running,
- b) looking,
- c) shouting.

- nicked:
 - a) stolen,
 - b) lost,
 - c) damaged.
- a write-off:
 - a) An advertisement,
 - b) A ruin,
 - c) A form to fill in.

4. Fill in the missing words in this short extract from the story:

_____ he' _____ taken his first job _____ the burger bar _____ the age of 17, he _____ saving _____ a nice car; of course, he _____ made do with a cheap wreck years _____ - but _____ was not _____ he wanted. Shafi wanted a good car, a nice car, _____ that would make him feel _____ he had achieved _____ better in life _____ serving in a restaurant.

5. Complete the dialogue:

When Shafi wenf for "help the police with their enquiries"; he was asked a lot of questions. Here are the questions: how might Shafi have answered them?

Police inspector: How

Shafi: Well, for just over two weeks.

Police: Did

Shafi: Yes, she was a good friend.... or at least, I thought she was.

Police: When

Shafi: Well when I left her outside the club at Sawby.

Police: And what.....

Shafi: I don't remember really. I think I said "goodbye".

Police: Did

Shafi: Well of course not.

Police: And did

Shafi: Well, I did have some suspicions, but I knew she didn't do it..... well not personally.

Police: Do you

Shafi: Well, yes, it's Rooksby

Police: Is

Shafi. Yes.

6. Discussion points.

1) None of the characters in the story are ever described deliberately; but by the end of the story, it is possible to characterise Gemma, Shafi and Rooksby quite closely. Can you describe each of them with as much detail as possible?

2) What details in the story suggest that:

a) Rooksby is a racist.

b) Shafi wants to improve his situation in life, but people exploit him.

c) Gemma is dishonest.

7. Complete the story in the first person narrative form, as seen from Shafi's point of view.

8. Imagine:

- the conversation between Shafi and Gemma, when Shafi reaches the Birmingham hospital;
- the conversation between Shafi and his brother on the day after the car is stolen.

9. Creative writing.

1. You are a nurse at the Birmingham hospital. Gemma told you her story. Write a letter to your friend telling what you know about the accident.

2. You are a police officer, investigating the case. Write a report to the head of the Police Department about the details of accident.

UNIT 12. THE TRAP (PART 1)

(by Andrew Rossiter)

Like many teenagers, Martin needed a bit of money; and the offer of a job **clearing out** an old house seemed to be just what he needed.

Martin was not happy.

He'd wanted to work during the half-term break and earn a bit of much-needed money, but wherever he'd asked he'd got more or less the same reply.

"Sorry young man, we don't need any help," said the man in the supermarket.

"I'm afraid not," said the lady at the **newsagents**.

Then, on the Tuesday before half term, he spotted a small **ad** in the local paper.

"HELP WANTED. Two people required for one week. Packing. No experience needed. Phone 25573."

Without wasting a moment, Martin was on the phone. To his surprise and **disappointment**, all he got was an answerphone, with a message: "You've reached 25573. I'm sorry but there is no-one here at the moment. Please leave your name and number, and we'll get back to you as soon as possible."

"Oh well, too bad," thought Martin. "They'll have a whole pile of people leaving messages. I might as well forget that one."

At nine fifteen that evening, however, the phone rang. "Martin," called his Mum, "It's for you. Someone about a job."

Martin's **spirits** bounced up as he picked up the phone.

"Hello!...Yes, it's me! Next week?...Yes perfect!.. Sixteen.... No, but I can easily find a friend.... Tomorrow after school? Yes, that's fine....O.K., we'll come round tomorrow."

"What was all that about?" asked his Mum.

"A job; I've got a job for half term — with a bit of luck. I've got to go and see a **bloke** tomorrow after school."

"What bloke?"

"The guy that just phoned. He wants to see me first."

"And what's the job then? Babysitting?"

"No, clearing out some old house or something."

"Well you just be careful Martin, I don't want you getting into any trouble or anything. There's so much of it around these days."

"Oh Mum, for goodness sake, I'm sixteen!"

It was an address in Hollydown, a leafy district of big **Victorian** houses that had seen better days. No.6 Royston Road was a two-story house. The garden was decidedly **overgrown**, and giant **weeds** were competing for prominence against **untamed** climbing roses and white-flowered convolvulus.

A man with a thick grey beard answered the door, and invited Martin in.

The house smelt damp, as if no-one had lived in it for several years. Most of the floor was covered in cracked brown limo, and the walls decorated with cream-coloured wallpaper. All the woodwork was dark brown.

"Rather unusual, isn't it?" said the man.

"Yes," answered Martin, slightly surprised by the ancient air that seemed to hang over the house.

"I want you to get the whole place cleared out by the end of next week. Drawers, cupboards, **attic**... the lot. Everything's got to be sorted out and packed carefully in boxes. I want a complete descriptive **inventory** of everything that's packed, down to the smallest teaspoon."

"What for?" asked Martin.

"It doesn't matter what for. I want it done. D'you think you can do it? You'll need someone to help you. You'll get £400, if that's O.K."

Martin, who had not expected to get more than £100, was astonished — though he made sure he didn't show it, in case the man changed his mind.

"Yeah, that'll be O.K.. I'll be back on Monday morning then, with a friend."

"I'll get you started," said the man, "Then I'll leave you to get on with the job. And by the way, my name's McAlister. Doug McAlister. If you need to call me, you can always leave a message on my answerphone."

Finding a helper was not as easy as Martin had imagined it would be; the friends he asked had all got other things arranged. "What

about Emily Winter?" said Phil Dawson; "I know she wants to earn some money."

Martin hadn't thought of getting a girl to help him, but if Emily was looking for a job, well why not? They got on pretty well together, and she was fairly **reliable**.

On Monday morning at 8.20, Martin got on his bike and rode round to Emily's. Just before nine, they stood outside no. 6 Royston Road.

A young man opened the door. "You're Martin, I suppose. Good. I'm glad you're on time. Come on in."

1. The words below appear in the text. Study their meanings to understand the text better.

- clear out: empty
- newsagents: newspaper shop
- ad: announcement
- disappointment: sadness
- spirits: feeling
- bloke, guy: man
- Victorian: 19th century
- overgrown: full of vegetation
- weeds: plants that are not wanted
- untamed: semi-wild
- attic: below the roof of a house
- inventory: list
- reliable: dependable, sure.

2. Answer the questions.

1. Why was Martin not happy?
2. How did he find his job?
3. What sort of job is it?
4. Where is he going to have to work?
5. Why does he think it's a good job?
6. How does he find someone to work with him?

3. Imagine the complete telephone conversation that took place when the man phoned Martin's home at 9.15.

The Man :

Martin's Mum (*calls to Martin*) Martin, It's for you. Someone about a job.

(*Martin comes down and picks up the phone.*)

Martin: Hello.

The Man :

Martin: Yes, it's me.

The Man :

Martin: Next week?

The Man:

Martin: Yes, perfect.

The Man :

Martin: Sixteen.

The Man:

Martin: No, but I can easily find a friend.

The Man:

Martin: Tomorrow after school? Yes that's fine.

The Man:

Martin: OK, we'll come round tomorrow.

The Man:

4. Discussion points:

1. What is the "Trap"? Who has set it? Who is going to get caught in it? Why? What role are Martin and Emily going to play?

2. In a short story, the writer is often obliged to jump from event to event, without mentioning what happens between. Where does the writer jump in this story? What events happen in the periods over which the writer jumps?

5. Find all “get/got” in the text and divide them into four categories:

get/got = obtain, got = obligation, get = auxiliary (I'll get you started — compare with I want the whole place cleared out), get/got = other meanings (with prepositions).

Write your own sentences using *get/got*.

6. Find the original word in the text:

noticed / advertisement / phone answering machine / a lot of / became excited / very / emptied / arranged.

7. Creative writing.

There may be some potential endings to this story. Imagine and write the rest of the story in groups.

UNIT 13. THE TRAP (PART 2)

He led them into the sitting room.

"O.K., you know what to do. Sort out all the junk in this house, empty all the drawers and cupboards and wardrobes, and pack the whole lot into boxes. Wrap up everything fragile in newspaper first, of course, and don't break anything! Number the boxes, and make a detailed list of the contents of each one. O.K.? And no mistakes! Mc Alister'll be back on Friday at 3.30. It's all got to be done by then. Got it?"

Martin nodded.

"And by the way, there's no electricity in the house, so you'll have to stop at dusk. Here's the key! Don't lose it!"

Then, with a rapid goodbye, the young man went off, leaving them alone in the house.

"What a strange guy!" said Emily, once they were alone.

"Yes; he's not the bloke I met the other day."

"Are you sure we're meant to be doing this?"

"Why not? I expect they're getting it all cleared out, because the owner's died."

The house was like Ali Baba's cave. Whoever had lived there seemed to have travelled all over the world, bringing back bric-à-brac and ornaments from every country he visited. By Wednesday afternoon, the dining room contained 73 carefully packed boxes, each with a detailed list of contents; yet there were still three bedrooms to finish.

At 3.15 on Thursday, Emily and Martin were upstairs, when there was a knock on the front door.

"Who's that?" asked Emily.

"Don't ask me! Let's go down and see."

"Be careful Mart; don't go letting any old person in. I'm getting rather suspicious about this whole business!"

Before opening the door, Martin put on the burglar chain; then he opened the door just enough to see through. There was a man in overalls the other side.

" G'd afternoon," said the man. "Are you Martin".

"Yes. What is it?"

"I've come to pick up the first boxes for Mr. McAlister."

"What? Today? He said he'd come back on Friday."

"Did 'e? Well I've got an order to pick 'em up this afternoon!" And he shoved a printed form through the crack in the door.

Martin looked at the piece of yellow paper. Blagdon Removals and Storage Service, it said at the top.

Once Martin had undone the burglar chain, the man came in. When he saw the boxes, he whistled.

"Blimey! All them?"

"Yes, and we haven't got round to the top floor yet."

"Well then, you'd better give me a hand gettin' all this into the van."

Emily appeared on the landing. The man looked up at her.

"Afternoon Miss. You workin' here too? Come and give us a hand with these boxes!"

Emily hesitated.

"Come on Emmy," said Martin. "Lend a hand."

"Thanks kids!" said the man, as he climbed back into his cab.

"They'll pick the rest up tomorrow."

The van drove off.

"I don't like this at all," said Emily all of a sudden. "The whole thing's extremely fishy. That man wasn't up to any good, I could see it in his face! I'm packing it in. You can finish the job yourself if you want, but I'm clearing off!"

"Oh come on Emmy," answered Martin. "I'll never get the last rooms finished by myself."

"Too bad; I don't like it. I'm off. I reckon we've been helping steal the whole contents of someone's house. And that McAlister guy; I bet he doesn't turn up tomorrow to pay you. We've just been done. I'm going to the police!"

Martin's heart sank into his boots. Of course, Emily was right; suddenly it all fitted in.

After lunch next day, Martin and Emily returned to the house; but with them were four policemen.

Since no one really expected McAlister to turn up again, they were

more than surprised when, at exactly the hour arranged, the man with the beard came to the front door, and let himself in.

"Martin!" he called.

"Up here," Martin answered from the top floor of the house; but before McAlister got to the bottom of the stairs, he was challenged by two big men. "Don't move!" shouted one of the local police constables.

McAlister stood still, then announced. "It's O.K.. C.I.D."

"Check 'is pockets!" shouted one of the policemen.

They checked, and they found an unexpected collection of things. A two-way radio, and a card identifying the holder as Detective Inspector Peter Swanning.

"I'm very sorry, Sir!" said one of the policemen.

"That's O.K., constable. You were only doing your job!"

"And what are you doing, Sir?"

"Me? Well, I'm just running a little undercover operation to help trace stolen antiques!" And he turned to Martin and Emily. "Good work, you two! You've been a great help! You see, 200 of the objects you packed up have got electronic tracking chips hidden in them, and we can follow their movements all over London and the south! We've already learned a lot of interesting things!"

"So the guy yesterday...." began Martin.

"Ah!.... Now he fell right into it, didn't he! He thinks he's been very clever lifting half the boxes before I took them! Little does he know....."

"I told you he was up to no good!" said Emily.

1. The words below appear in the text. Study their meanings to understand the text better.

- Junk: bric-a-brac
- nod: make a movement of one's head:
- any old person: anyone at all (whatever their age!)
- business: operation
- overalls: work clothes
- Blimey: Oh!
- landing: space at the top of stairs

- fit in: become clear
- constables: policemen
- CID: the Criminal Investigation Department, a service of the police
- undercover: secret
- lift: steal, take away

2. Select the best equivalent.

- **sort out:** throw away / organise / take out
- **shoved:** wrote out / pushed / took
- **burglar chain:** a hi-fi system / an opening system / a security system
- **dusk:** the end of the day / midnight / the start of the day

3. In list A there are *ten phrasal or prepositional verbs* used in the text: in list B there are synonyms which are appropriate in the context of this page. Match each word in list A with its synonym in list B. (All words are given in the infinitive).

List A

- be back
- go off
- clear something out
- put something on
- get round to
- give (or lend) a hand
- pack something in
- clear off
- turn up
- be up to

List B

- to finally begin
- to empty something
- to go away
- to be doing
- to return
- to stop doing something
- to appear
- to depart
- to help
- to attach

4. Answer the questions:

- What did Emily and Martin have to do with the boxes?
- Why did they have to stop their work at the dusk?
- Why was the house like Ali Baba's cave?

4. What was written at the top of the yellow paper?
5. How did Emily want to go to the police?
6. Who was the man with the beard?
7. What did the 200 objects, Martin and Emily had packed up, have inside?

5. When Martin returned to school, his friends asked him lots of questions about his unusual "job". Here are some of his answers. What questions could his friends have asked?

1. Exactly 107, I know, 'cos we had to number each one.
2. No, of course not! but I was a bit worried at the end!
3. Oh, just like an ordinary removals man. Quite strong, you know.
4. Emmy did.
5. Of course not, British cops don't carry guns, do they!
6. Four hundred quid, between me and Emmy!
7. I've used it already! I got a new phone.
8. I don't know! I don't suppose they'll tell me, even if they do!

6. Creative writing.

Imagine that a film is being made of the story you have read. Which role would you like to play? Say which character you would most like to be and why.

READER

MILO

by Jennifer Bassett
(Pre-Intermediate Level)

1 A letter to Lola

1st January 2060 My dear Lola,

It feels strange for me to write this letter to you, because you will not read it until many years after my death. I am now an old woman of seventy-seven years, but you are only ten, and still a child. While I'm writing this, I can see you outside in the garden. You are playing in the snow with my brother Michael's grandchildren. There is a lot of laughing and shouting ... and there are some very wet clothes! It's a wonderful way for children to spend a bright winter's day.

So do not be sad, my dear granddaughter, when you read this. You are my only grandchild, and your life will continue a long time after mine has finished. Because of this, I want you to read the story in this notebook. I wrote it a long time before you were born. It is about something that happened fifty-two years ago, in the summer of 2008.

I know that I don't have a long time to live - my heart is not strong — but you are too young now to listen to this story. So you will get this letter and my notebook when you are twenty-five.

It's not a long story, Lola, so please read it carefully. Every word of it is true.

12-th November

2 Meeting Milo

My name is Sally Gardiner. I live and work in the small town of Moreton in Devonshire - a quiet, sleepy town on Dartmoor. All my family live in or near Moreton. I have four younger brothers and about fifteen cousins, and I enjoy being part of a large and noisy family.

But it is sometimes too noisy, so I live by myself, in a small cottage outside the town. People are always coming and going from my parents' house or my uncle's farm. No one can be lonely in a family like mine.

I first met Milo in June, in the summer of 2008. My youngest brother, Tom, was staying with me at the time. He was fourteen and was studying for a special exam. But Tom didn't like studying, and he spent most of his time out on his bicycle or fishing with friends.

That Saturday I woke up early, and heard voices outside my window. It was my brother Tom and old Bill Hayes, the farm worker who lived in the cottage next to mine.

'Good morning, young Tom. Are you going fishing?' Bill was seventy-six years old, but his voice was still loud and clear.

I didn't hear my brother's answer, but old Bill laughed.

'Go on!' he said. Your sister doesn't want you to study on a lovely morning like this, does she?'

My brother said something, and old Bill laughed again.

'All right. I won't tell Sally.'

I heard Tom's bicycle when it went down the road, and then I got out of bed and looked out of the window.

'Good morning, Bill,' I called down to him. Tom'll never pass his exam, you know.'

Old Bill looked up at my window. 'Ah, come on,' he said. The boy wants to go fishing. It's Saturday, isn't it? There's no school today. And look at the weather. We don't get many days like this.'

I looked up. The sky was a bright, clear blue. Bill was right. It was too good to stay inside. I dressed quickly, and ran out of the cottage, up onto the path to the open moor.

People say that Dartmoor is the last wild place in England. You can walk for hours and never see a house or a village. In winter it is a terrible place, when the cold winds scream across the empty hills, and the snow falls. Sometimes it is two metres deep or more. But in summer the moor is beautiful, with its bright flowers and the clear brown water of its rivers and streams.

I was going to one of those streams now. It was in a very small valley, which was only about ten metres wide. The stream ran over some rocks and fell down into a small pool in the valley. Around the pool there were a few small trees and many bright green water plants. It was a secret, magic place.

When I got there, I sat beside the pool and put my hands down into the cool water. The sun was still low in the sky, and the only sound was of the water on the rocks.

And then I saw the boy, under a tree on the other side of the pool. He was sitting quite still, and watching me.

I sat up. 'Oh!' I said. 'You frightened me! I didn't see you there.'

'I'm sorry,' the boy said. 'I didn't want to frighten you.'

'That's all right,' I said cheerfully. 'I've never seen anybody else at this pool. How did you find it?'

'I just ... found it,' he said.

'Well, you must keep the secret now,' I said, and smiled at him. 'Don't tell anybody else about it.'

'Oh no,' he said, very seriously. 'I won't do that.' He got up and came and sat by the pool.

I looked at him with interest. He was about ten years old, with straight brown hair and very blue eyes.

'I don't think I know you,' I said. 'I know most of the children here because I teach at Moreton School. Are you on holiday in Devonshire?'

He looked at me, and suddenly smiled. 'You don't look like a teacher,' he said. 'You look too young.'

I laughed. 'I have short red hair and am not very tall. My brother Michael always tells me that I look about sixteen.'

'I'm twenty-five,' I said, 'and I've been a teacher for three years.'

'What do you teach?' the boy asked. His hair fell over his eyes and he pushed it back.

'French. English. A bit of maths.'

He looked interested. 'What kind of maths?'

I was surprised. Most boys of his age did not want to talk about school lessons. Football, or the latest video game, yes. But not maths. Anyway, I told him about my maths lessons with the ten-year-olds at the school.

He stared at me. 'Is that all?' he asked.

I did not understand him. 'It's a lot of work in a year,' I said. 'And it's very difficult for some of the children.'

The boy said nothing, and seemed sad. He was a strange boy, and when he spoke, he seemed older than he was.

'Where do you go to school?' I asked.

He did not reply, and stared down at the pool. The sun was higher in the sky now and it was beginning to get hot.

I tried again. Perhaps he was one of those very clever children with brains like computers, who liked talking about things like maths.

'What do you do in your maths lessons, then?' I asked.

He told me, and talked for several minutes. I was astonished. This was maths for people like Einstein, not for ten-year-old children.

'What else do you learn at your school?' I asked.

He described all his lessons, and I became more and more astonished. Ten hours of lessons a day, six days a week. I thought of my brother Tom - two hours' work a day was too much for him.

I told the boy this, and he became very interested. So I told him all about my brothers. About Michael, who wanted to be a doctor. About Roger, who played in a rock group. About Colin, who wanted to be a farmer. And about Tom, who didn't want to be anything, because he didn't like work. The boy smiled at this, and asked a lot of questions about me and my family.

Then suddenly he looked at his watch and stood up. 'I have to go,' he said. 'Lessons begin in half an hour.'

'So where is your school?' I asked in surprise. 'Is it near here?'

For a second or two he did not reply. Then he said slowly, 'It's at Batworthy, on the moor.'

'I've never heard of it.' I stood up and smiled at him. 'I'll probably come here again tomorrow. Will you be here?'

'I don't know.' His face was still and serious.

'This place is our secret,' I said. 'I won't tell anyone. And I'm Sally. What's your name?'

'Milo,' he said slowly. Then he climbed quickly up the rocks out of the little valley.

3 The school at Batworthy

Sunday was another beautiful morning. When I got up, Tom was still in bed. I put my head round his door.

'I'll do some studying today, Sally,' he said. 'I promise. Please don't tell Mum and Dad that I went fishing yesterday.'

'Oh, all right,' I said. 'But work hard today, OK?'

On my way up to the moor, I thought about Milo. He was a strange boy. I wanted to learn more about him.

He was already there when I arrived, and he watched me while I climbed down the rocks to the pool.

'Hello,' he said. He looked quite pleased. Perhaps he was lonely at his school, and needed friends.

I sat down on the rocks and took my shoes off. The water was cool on my hot feet.

'It's going to be hot again,' I said. 'Is Sunday your free day? Why don't you come home with me and meet my brother Tom?'

'Oh no,' he said quickly. 'I can't do that. I have to be back at school at nine o'clock.' He sounded afraid. But why?

'Oh well,' I said calmly. 'It was only an idea.'

We watched the fish at the bottom of the pool, and then I asked him about his family. 'Where do your parents live?'

He looked down at his feet in the pool, and moved them slowly from side to side.

'I don't have any parents,' he said.

'Oh, Milo,' I said quickly. 'I'm really sorry. I didn't know. ...'

'No,' he replied. 'How could you know? I don't have any brothers or sisters either. So I like hearing about your family.'

I did not want to ask him about his parents. Were they both dead? He did not seem unhappy, but he was very interested in my family.

Tell me some more about Roger,' he said. 'And Tom.'

We sat on the rocks in that quiet little valley, and talked, with only the empty wild hills of the moor around us. Milo listened, and laughed, and wanted to hear more and more about my family. But he still seemed much older than he was, and he told me nothing about himself.

After a time he stood up to go. 'Will you be here next weekend?' he asked. He watched my face carefully. He was looking for something, but I didn't know what. 'I can only get out at weekends,' he said.

'OK,' I said. 'Saturday. Seven o'clock. I'll be here.'

During that week I tried to find out about Milo's school, but it wasn't easy. Mrs Martin, the head teacher at my own school, did not know anything about it.

'It's probably a small private school, Sally,' she said. 'There's a big old house just outside Batworthy. It's a strange place for a school. It's a very lonely house.'

After a lot of telephone calls to different offices in the town, I found a man who knew something about the house, and I went to see him.

'Some people have rented the house for two years,' he told me. They're paying a lot of money for it because they want to be private. But I don't know who they are, or what they're doing there.'

On Wednesday my brother Michael came to see me. I told him about Milo's strange school.

'Nobody seems to know anything about it,' I said.

'Why don't you ask old Bill next door?' Michael said. 'He knows everything that happens in Moreton.'

It was a good idea. News often travels in strange ways with country people, and on Friday evening old Bill knocked on my door.

'I spoke to old Jean Nuttall,' he said. 'Strange woman. She often goes out on the moor at night. Anyway, she says it's a very

small, special school for children with - what was it? -learning difficulties.' Bill touched his head with his finger. 'You know, not quite right in the head. She says that the gates are always locked, and that a helicopter sometimes lands there at night.' Bill laughed. 'Helicopters! The woman's a bit mad, if you ask me.'

I thought about all this while I walked to the valley the next morning. Milo was certainly not a child with 'learning difficulties'. He was a very intelligent boy. What exactly was this school, and who was Milo? It was all very strange.

I liked Milo, and wanted to know more about him. I wanted to visit his school, but when I asked him, he became very frightened.

'You mustn't,' he said quickly. 'Please. Don't come to the school or tell anyone about this valley. Promise me.'

'All right,' I said calmly. 'I promise. I won't go to your school, and I won't tell anyone about our valley.'

After that we talked of other things, until the sun climbed higher in the sky and Milo had to go.

4 Milo is afraid

June became July, and then August. The weather continued very hot and dry. Up on the moor the earth was as hard as rock, and the pool in our valley got smaller and smaller.

I met Milo in our secret valley nearly every weekend, very early, before most people were awake. He could not get out of school at

any other time, he told me. Most of the time we talked about my family. Milo wanted to know all about me and my brothers - our life at home, our schools, our games, our friends. He was interested in everything.

We became good friends. Sometimes we were like mother and son, sometimes sister and brother. Some days Milo was cheerful and laughed a lot; other days he was sad and quiet. I did not really understand him. But I knew one thing about him - he was lonely. I seemed to be his only friend.

One Sunday morning I was drinking coffee in my kitchen when Tom and Michael appeared at my back door.

'We're going fishing,' Tom said. 'But we need some more breakfast first.'

'Well, I've got some cake,' I said. 'You can have some of that. What about you, Michael?'

'Coffee, please,' said Michael. 'Where are you going, Sal? Are you going to meet Milo up on the moor?'

'Sally's got a secret boyfriend,' said Tom, with his mouth full of cake. 'He's not a schoolboy. He's about thirty years old. He's tall, dark, good-looking and .. '

'Don't be silly, Tom,' I said. Michael laughed.

Tom took another piece of cake before I could stop him. 'I'm going to tell William,' he said. William was my boyfriend. He was an engineer and was working in Scotland that year, so we did not see each other very often.

The man on the moor is called Damien,' Tom continued. 'He's got lots of money. And he's ...'

'Oh, be quiet!' I said. 'And stop eating my cake. Go away! Go and fall in a river!'

Tom laughed, took the last piece of my cake, and ran to the door. Michael followed him. 'Thanks for the coffee,' he called. 'I'll push Tom in the river, shall I?'

'Yes, please!' I replied.

When I got to the valley, Milo was already there. He seemed worried about something. We talked for a few minutes, but he was not really listening.

'I must go back now, Sally,' he said suddenly. 'I think ... I think someone saw me this morning when I was leaving.'

'But it's Sunday,' I said. 'Can't you come out on a Sunday?' Suddenly I was very angry. 'Your school is a terrible place. It's like a prison!'

'Yes,' said Milo, very quietly. 'Perhaps it is a prison.'

'Milo,' I said quickly. 'We must do something. Can't I . . .?'

He stood up. 'No. I must go.' He turned and climbed up the rocks. Then he looked back at me.

'Will you be here next Saturday, Sally?'

'Yes, of course,' I called after him. 'And you can come to my cottage at any time - you know that, don't you?'

But he was already at the top of the rocks. I climbed up and watched him while he ran quickly over the moor. I was worried. What, or who, was Milo afraid of?

Two days later I went to Milo's school. I had a plan and prepared a good story. Oh, hello. I'm a teacher at Moreton School, and we'd like to invite some of your children to some sports afternoons at our school.

I knew that I must not talk about Milo, of course. Perhaps he was in trouble, and I didn't want to make things worse for him.

The school was not easy to find. There was no name on the tall metal gates, and there was a high wall all round the large gardens. The gates were locked, and I could not see the house because it was behind some trees.

I called through the gates, 'Hello? Is anybody there?' but nothing happened and nobody came. I called again, more loudly. Still nothing. I shook the gates angrily. The place seemed more and more like a prison.

Then I had a strange feeling. 'Someone's watching me,' I thought. I stared into the trees, but there was nobody there.

I called and waited and watched for about half an hour. Then I went home. 'I'll talk to Milo again on Saturday,' I thought. 'I want to know what he's afraid of.'

5 Milo tells his story

That Saturday, while I waited by the pool in the early morning half-light, I thought about Milo. Perhaps I was worrying about nothing. But there seemed to be a mystery about Milo's school, and I did not like mysteries.

I heard a noise behind me and turned to look. 'Milo!' I called cheerfully. 'Hi! How are you?' He came and sat down beside me. 'I haven't much time, Sally,' he began in a hurry. 'I have to get back. But I had to come and tell you. I can't come again. This is the last time.'

'But why, Milo? What's the matter? What's happened?' 'You came to the school, Sally. I asked you not to. And the video cameras saw you at the gates. The teachers showed us the video film and watched our faces. I don't think my face showed anything, but I'm not sure. And they're watching me very carefully now. It'll be too dangerous for me to come out again.' 'But Milo,' I began, 'why .. .?' 'We can't go outside the gates,' Milo said. 'It's a school rule. Computers control the gates and the video cameras. But I can go in and out secretly because I learned how to change the computer programs. It's quite easy to do.' 'Yes,' I said weakly, 'yes, I'm sure it is. But why can't

you go out? Why is your school so secret, like a prison?'

'I'll tell you, but you won't believe me,' said Milo slowly. His blue eyes watched me sadly, and I suddenly felt very sorry for him.

'Try,' I said, and smiled at him. 'I can believe two impossible things before breakfast.'

A quick smile came and went on his face. He looked down at the pool, then turned to me, and began:

'You think I'm different from other children, and it's true, I am different. I'm part of a - a scientific experiment in genetic engineering. I have no parents because I was "made" by scientists, in a glass bottle in a laboratory. There are quite a lot of laboratory babies like me, and the scientists chose our genes very carefully because they wanted to make us more intelligent than ordinary children. We have to study very hard and make the best use of our special brains. And we have the best teachers in the world, who are famous people from all the sciences. We will become the leaders of tomorrow's world, the men and women of power.'

He stopped for a moment, and pushed the hair out of his eyes. Then he continued.

The experiment began ten years ago. We are the first of the "new world" children, and our teachers tell us that we must never, never talk to ordinary people. Well, I've broken that rule. I've told you. And you don't believe me.'

'Well,' I said carefully, 'it's certainly a surprising story.' Milo turned and looked at me. He was quite calm, and very serious. 'It's true, Sally. Every word of it.' 'I don't really understand,' I said. 'I mean, who ...?' 'It's a group of scientists from all over the world. They began the experiment, and it's very, very secret. They're afraid that people won't like it, and will try to stop it. So they keep us in small groups and they move us from country to country. There are, or were, twenty in my group, and we've lived in six different countries. We don't belong anywhere, and our schools are always like prisons.' 'But don't the children want to escape?' I asked.

'No. Why should they? They know they're different, and special. They know that they will have a life of success and power, and they don't want to be with boring, ordinary people.'

'They're not going to be very nice people, are they?' 'No, probably not. But that's not important to them.' 'But what about you, Milo? You're not like that.' 'No, I'm not. I think they made a mistake with my genes. I ask the wrong kind of questions. I break rules. And I want to be ordinary. I'd like to live in a family like yours, and go fishing with Tom in the mornings.' He stared into the pool, and his face looked very sad. 'But why can't you?'

'There's nothing wrong with that!' 'Oh, there is, Sally. I have to behave like the others, or I'll be a danger to them. Perhaps I'll talk to people like you.' He gave me a quick smile. There was a girl in our group - Evalina. She could draw the most wonderful pictures. She was a very clever girl, but sometimes she was a bit mad. She used to shout and scream, and throw herself about. Nobody could stop her, and she got worse and worse. Then one day last year she disappeared. I think they killed her.'

I stared at him. 'But Milo, that's murder! It's not ... They can't do that!'

'Can't they? She was part of an experiment that went wrong. And who's going to stop them? Her parents?'

Milo's intelligent eyes looked at me calmly. Suddenly I felt terribly afraid.

'Milo,' I said quickly. 'I'm . . . Listen. You must come home with me now. Immediately.'

'No, Sally,' Milo said, in his quiet little voice. 'I know you want to help me, but you can't. Please don't come to the school again, or try

to see me. I don't belong to your world. I can never belong to it now. I shall always be ... different. So I have to go back. But I'm going to be careful now, very careful. They won't catch me. I'm just as clever as they are.'

'Oh, Milo,' I cried. 'I know you are. But you're only a boy. You can't fight the world alone!'

His eyes were too bright. I put out my hand to him, but suddenly he got up. Before I could stop him, he was climbing quickly up the rocks out of our valley.

I jumped up. 'Milo! Wait!' I called, but when I got to the top, he was away. He was running like the wind across the empty moor - running too fast for me to catch him.

At home I tried to think calmly. What should I do? Go to the school and try to take Milo away? But did I really believe his story? Children who were made in glass bottles in laboratories ... it was impossible, unreal, mad.

Suddenly I remembered an old school friend, Angela. She was a scientist, and worked in a famous laboratory in London. 'She'll know about genetic engineering,' I thought. 'And I must learn more about it before I see Milo again.'

I drove to London and went to see Angela. She was very helpful, and I learned a lot about genetic engineering. New kinds of plants were 'made' every year, and there were successful experiments with farm animals. It was scientifically possible to 'make' people, but of course no country in the world did it.

When I got home on Sunday, it was already dark and old Bill Hayes was waiting by my front door. 'Ah, there you are,' he said. 'I've got a bit of news for you. That school up on the moor, at Batworthy.'

'What about it?' I said quickly.

'They've gone,' Bill said. 'They've taken everything and gone. They went last night. Jean Nuttall told me.'

I stared at him. 'But... that's impossible!'

'No, it isn't,' said Bill. 'There's nobody left in the place. They've gone. Disappeared.'

I turned round and got back in my car. I drove as fast as I could up to Batworthy. But Bill was right. The gates were open and there were no lights anywhere. In the moonlight I walked through the

trees, and stood and stared up at the house. The windows, dead and empty, seemed to stare back at me.

I never saw or heard of Milo again.

6 The end of the letter

1st January 2050

And why — perhaps you are asking, my dear Lola - does my story stop there? What happened next?

The answer is 'nothing', I telephoned people, I wrote letters, I asked (questions, but nobody could tell me anything about Milo or the school at Batworthy. I asked the police to look for Milo, but they didn't, because he wasn't a 'real' person. He had no name, no family; there was no record of his birth.

And perhaps I didn't really believe Milo's story. Perhaps he was mad — just a sad little boy who lived in his own strange dream world.

But now, at the end of my long life, I am not so sure. I look around me, and listen and think. And I begin to see a new kind of people In the world, people who are hard and clever, and always successful.

Computers control most of our lives now, but these are the people who control the computers. They make the computers, write the programs, and control the information that goes into and comes out of the computers. They have more and more power. They all look the same, too; they are always tall and good looking, and you never hear anything about their families. Who are they? Where do they come from?

I think Milo's story was true. Lola. I think these are the 'new world' people, who are made in laboratories and who are trained to use their brains, but never to listen to their hearts. And in fifteen years' time, when you read this, Lola, there will be more and more of these 'new world' people. I think the world will become a dangerous and frightening place. When you begin things like this, where do you stop?

Take great care, Lola ... great care.

Your loving grandmother

7 Lola and Sim

Lola closed her grandmother's old notebook. She walked to the window and looked out at the evening sky. An air taxi flew quietly past to an air station on the next roof.

'What a strange story,' she thought. She remembered her grandmother quite clearly, and that Christmas holiday fifteen years ago. The house was full of cousins, who were all rushing in and out, and throwing snowballs everywhere. 'Happy days,' Lola thought. But it was a long time ago. And her grandmother's story about Milo and the school on the moor for 'new world' children ... well, it was silly. Ridiculous.

Later that evening Lola gave Sim her grandmother's notebook to read. Sim was Lola's husband, and she watched him while he read. He read much faster than she did. But then he did everything better than she did. Lola was a computer engineer, and a good one, but Sim wrote computer programs. He was very clever, and his programs were always better than other people's.

Sim put the notebook down and laughed. 'Well, well,' he said. 'So your grandmother knew all about it sixty-seven years ago.'

'Knew about it? But it's not true, is it?'

'Of course it's true, Lola! You're married to one! Didn't you know?' He laughed again.

Lola stared at him. 'You mean you're ...'

Sim came and sat beside her. 'Yes, Lola. Like Milo, I was made in a laboratory, not born. They can do it much better now, you know. They made quite a lot of mistakes in the early days.'

'But. ..' Lola began. 'Why didn't you tell me?'

'I thought you knew,' said Sim, smiling. 'It was a big secret in your grandmother's day, but it isn't now.'

Lola looked at her grandmother's notebook. 'But it isn't. .. natural,' she said.

'Don't be silly,' said Sim. 'Of course your grandmother was afraid of the idea, but we're modern people - we're living in 2075. There's nothing unnatural about it. The scientists are just helping a little, that's all. Why fill the world with fools when you can make clever people? People like me. I'll control half the computer networks in the country before I'm thirty.'

'And what happens,' said Lola slowly, 'when the world is full of these ... clever people?'

'Of course we don't want a world full of clever people,' said Sim. 'No, genetic engineering is only for the top people, who can use power well, and who can control the lives of ordinary people.'

'But perhaps,' said Lola, 'ordinary people would like to control their own lives.'

'Don't be ridiculous, Lola. Life today is much too difficult. Ordinary people live in a prison of their own mistakes. We want to make their lives better. And they, of course, can have children in the usual way.'

Lola looked at him. 'Aren't we going to have children? We haven't talked about it yet, but. ...'

'Of course not.' Sim smiled. 'We'll be too busy. I don't want noisy children under my feet. And neither do you. You want to be successful in your work, don't you?'

It was true, Lola thought. Her work was very important to her. But ... She remembered again her grandmother's house, full of children all the time. There was always a warm feeling in that house. A family feeling. Natural.

She got up and walked to the window, then turned and looked at Sim. 'But families are ... are the natural way ...' She could not find the right words.

'What's the matter with you, Lola?' Sim said. He sounded bored now. The world has changed. You're a modern girl. You must live in today's world. A good brain is the most important thing today - the only important thing.'

Lola stared at him. Sim's voice sounded harder, colder. How well did she really know him? And how many of these 'new world' people were there? Did they all think like Sim? When you begin things like this, where do you stop? Her grandmother's words danced before her eyes, and she began to feel afraid.

Sim stood up and walked over to the window. He put his arm around Lola and smiled. 'Stop worrying,' he said. 'Come on. Let's go and watch the river sports from an air taxi.'

While they waited on the roof for the air taxi, Lola watched her husband's thin, intelligent face. She loved him. And of course Sim loved her. She shouldn't be afraid. It was ridiculous. Sim was right.

Of course things were different now. Life was always changing, and there were new ideas and new ways to do things. Her grandmother's words about a dangerous and frightening world were silly. It was all quite natural really. There was nothing to worry about.

MARRIED TO A MURDERER

by Alan Russell

(Upper-Intermediate Level)

PART I

Danielle Deveron thought of herself as an outmate. She liked the expression, because in the word there was an element of outcast, as well as the notion of being mated. It was accurately descriptive, she thought, of those carrying on a relationship with a prisoner.

Not that Danielle thought she had much in common with other outmates. Most of them she considered pathetic, women with no self-esteem. As she saw it, their relationships with prison inmates offered them little more than a perverse nunnery. Danielle was sure her situation was different. Her wealth, reputed to be in the neighborhood of fifty million dollars, was only a part of what Danielle believed distinguished her from the other outmates. Perhaps she'd read too much Fitzgerald, who insisted that the very rich "are different from you and me." Or perhaps she was just being realistic.

Her money had brought Danielle to the prisoner. Helen Bernard had been the inadvertent matchmaker, guilty Helen who'd always been somewhat ashamed about her own vast wealth. Helen believed it was her duty to sit on philanthropic boards and work for the betterment of society, and was always dogging Danielle to become involved with one do-gooder organization or another. Usually Danielle escaped such duties by writing a check. In the end that's what they always wanted anyway. But on this occasion Horse-face Helen had piqued her interest. She had wanted Danielle to accompany her on an afternoon outing to San Carlos Prison.

Prison. Not some luncheon, or fashion show, or gathering of serious looking people talking about addressing some pervasive wrong. Danielle had never been to a prison before. And what truly

intrigued her was that Helen was scheduled to meet with a murderer. In her thirty years on the planet, Danielle had never met a murderer. She had dated the gamut of males, including poets, stockbrokers, race care drivers, royalty, near royalty, surgeons, CEO's, and even a junior senator from the state of Colorado, but she had never spent any time with a murderer (or at least with anyone who boasted of having made a killing in anything other than the Market).

What did they see in their first look? There was an immediate attraction for both of them that went beyond the physical. Clay Potter had been on death row for a dozen years. He was thin and pale, had sunken cheeks and a consumptive cough that caused a lock of his long dark hair to fall up and down on the bridge of his nose. There was a scar running along his right cheek. His arms, exposed to his elbows, were a canvas of tattoos, displays mostly of naked women, but his painted ladies, even in their exaggerated forms, disappeared in the presence of Danielle. Preternaturally pale, her milk complexion set off her dark lashes and blue eyes. Her pressed, shoulder length golden hair, glittered.

Gold, he thought. The hair, the woman. She personified his dreams, and his fantasies of wealth. He had always had visions of what it must be like to be wealthy, and had pursued lucre, Jason after the fleece, Jason willing to fleece, or worse. Clay's problem was that he had never been able to distinguish fool's gold from the real thing.

The attraction wasn't one-sided. Clay didn't have the looks of the pretty boys Danielle usually associated with, but there was something about him that beguiled. She remembered attending a party replete with movers and shakers. There were familiar faces everywhere, household names from the entertainment industry, superstars from the sporting world, but the person that drew the most murmurs and looks was a mobster. "He's arranged murders," were the whispers.

Clay had done more than arrange murders. He had committed them, Danielle thought, though as might be expected, he still proclaimed his innocence. His pronouncement was made to the two women without any enthusiasm, words from a tired old scripts, words that had been uttered too many times to audiences that never listened or believed. Anyone who works in the criminal justice system knows that most inmates proclaim their innocence as a matter

of course. Though lock-up wasn't anything new to Clay, he tried to explain to Danielle and Helen that murder was.

"I've always been a B & E man," he said, explaining that meant "breaking and entering." It was just his bad luck to have broken into the wrong house. Everything had been quiet, he said, too still. It was one of those Hillsborough mansions, the kind where there should have been noises. He had been cruising the neighborhood, looking for some easy pickings, when he stopped at this one house. "Just a feeling," he said. He said his suspicions should have been aroused by the off-line burglar alarm, but he had encountered lots of homes where people had deactivated their systems just because they didn't want to be bothered with them.

"I'm an opportunist," Clay said. Was he warning Danielle? "I take advantage of circumstances."

He told them how he quietly went through the house, relieving it of rare coins, stamps, jewelry, and silverware. He took his pickings from the den, dining room, and family room. Clay said he was not a confrontational thief, wasn't the kind to hold a gun on the occupants. He liked his houses unoccupied, and he began to wonder whether anyone was home. He decided to sneak a peek into the master bedroom, and that's where he saw the blood and what looked like bodies.

PART II Married to a Murder

"I panicked," he said. "I ran out of the house. I was so scared I even forgot my booty. I drove away fast. Unfortunately, my car didn't fit the neighborhood profile. That's why I got stopped by the police. If I'd had another car, I wouldn't be here."

Unsaid, but directed to Danielle with a telling look, he proclaimed the injustice. And somewhere in the look was also the hint that he should have been driving a new European sedan with the kind of privacy glass that hides its occupants from admiring eyes.

"The police didn't hold me," Clay said, "but after the murders were discovered they picked up one of my prints on the gold coins I left behind. Taking off my gloves was felony stupid, but I never expected it would get me convicted of felony murder."

His initial statement was what hung him, Clay told them. He had tried to deny ever being in the house, and later, when he recanted, the prosecution made much of his changing stories and admitting to “fabricating.” The jury, faced with four bodies (two of them children, aged eight and twelve), and having a hardened criminal at the scene of the murder, sentenced him to death. The Golden State had decided not to let Clay see his golden years. His death was scheduled in six months.

“My lawyer says you’ve helped others,” Clay said, addressing Helen with his eyes and words. “I don’t have many cards left to play, but the one survivor in the family was an older son that was away at college. He and his parents weren’t getting along. Apparently, he had a drug problem. That’s what they call it when you have money. You’re a junkie otherwise. The day before the murders there was a big family fight. The parents said enough was enough, and that they wouldn’t be supplying the kid with any more money.”

Clay theorized that the night after the fight the son had left his university apartment, driven home, turned off the burglar alarm, and then bludgeoned his family to death. Their son was the one who would have benefitted from their deaths, Clay said. And who would benefit from his as well.

“That little preppie did whatever he could to help build the state’s case against me. He hired some private dicks, and they dug up the dirt on me.”

“Was there a lot of dirt?” asked Danielle.

Clay shrugged. “I was never any angel, but they made it sound like I was up to my ears in it. Their tactics didn’t only work on the jury. They worked on me. I felt dirty, especially when preppy showed up every day in his thousand dollar suits. He was always quick with his silk hankie too. Pulled it right out of his fancy suit like a magician, and started with the waterworks.

“Maybe if I’d had one of them suits, and a fifty dollar haircut, and a Swiss timepiece, I wouldn’t be in here.”

Helen was too polite to disagree, but in her own mind she thought sheep’s clothing would not have helped Clay Potter. He looked like a

criminal. No. He looked like a murderer. When driving home later, Helen made a point of apologizing to Danielle.

“This wasn’t what I expected at all,” she said. “I often assist with prisoner’s aid. But this is not the sort of case I would involve myself in. There are not the extenuating circumstances here which would warrant my involvement.”

Danielle only half listened. She knew Helen liked to throw herself into frays that made her feel good about herself. Helen needed her noble causes, relished helping the disadvantaged, and the downtrodden, especially if they were victims of persecution or prejudice. But assisting an unlucky criminal – or more to the point – an inventive murderer, was not something that would benefit society, and more importantly, Helen.

“I might help him,” said Danielle.

“What?”

“Yes. I might.”

PART III

Danielle didn’t promise him anything at first, and he didn’t ask.

Visiting a prison, talking through a reinforced window, isn’t the usual way men and women get to know one another. But there was an intensity to their talks that neither could have imagined. They only had minutes with each other, but those were the kind of minutes many couples never experience. There wasn’t music, or food, or a movie between them. There wasn’t physical contact, or shared passions. There was only death around the corner, death and the discoveries between them.

A week after they met, Danielle offered Clay her financial support. Her money, she said, would buy him the best lawyers, the best tacticians. If her wealth could buy him another day’s life, it was there for him.

There for the taking. Clay was usually good at that, but he wasn’t sure how to respond in this case. Now that everything was being offered, he felt off-balance. He had heard about things like this happening, but only in fairy tales. He felt like the frog being kissed

by the princess. Clay had always enjoyed stealing from the rich because he thought it brought him closer to them, almost made him one of them. And now everything was being offered on a golden platter. She was his last wish come true.

"I couldn't just take," he said.

"It's not taking," she said. "It's sharing."

"Like we were married?"

"'Til death do us part."

"What would your friends say?"

"About what?"

"You know," he said, then struggled for the words, "if we were to get married."

"They'd say," she said, "'Married to a murderer.'"

Neither of them spoke. The words hung between them. Each felt a thrill. He, that this one in a million (no, make that one in fifty million, he thought) woman could be at his side, and she, at the audaciousness of his notion.

Married to a murderer. Each of them thought about that. Marriage suited their desires, though each wanted different things. He wanted respectability, and she wanted notoriety. Both perceived the other as being powerful, as belonging to worlds they had only imagined.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

They didn't wait. Time was not on their side. Their nuptials set off a media frenzy. Why would one of the richest and most desirable women in the world marry a murderer? Danielle didn't offer answers, so the media tried to find their own. The life and times of Clay Potter were examined. If Danielle Deveron saw something good, and noble, and attractive in the man, then the reasoning was that there must be something there. Witnesses surfaced that remembered a different Clay Potter than was evidenced on his rap sheet. Even before his new team of lawyers went to work, the press began to call for a reexamination of his murder conviction.

"There is a God," said Clay Potter. And he knew there was an angel – his wife.

While desperate motions were filed, man and wife continued in their jailhouse courtship.

"People whisper behind my back," Danielle confessed. "Everyone is talking. And mostly what they say is, 'Married to a murderer.'"

"They're wrong," said Clay, his voice rising, red suddenly appearing in his ashen face. "They're wrong."

He coughed long and hard, the coldness of his years of imprisonment, and the harshness of the lies directed at his wife, making him burn with anger. Danielle consoled him. He didn't understand that she hadn't been complaining. Quite the opposite. Being married to Clay set her apart, made her something novel. Others might have five carat diamond rings, and Learjet's, but she had something they didn't: she was married to a murderer.

They were quite the odd couple, but to all appearances Danielle and Clay savored their moments together. Despite all the tumult going on around them, despite the clamor for a new trial, neither of them expected that Clay would be alive for very long. In some ways they found a freedom in his execution date. "Carpe diem," Danielle often said. Clay didn't know the Latin meaning, but he did like the excited look on her face.

The reprieve call never came from the governor. But Clay's lawyers found enough extenuating circumstances to allow for a retrial. Clay was ecstatic. He had been proclaiming his innocence from the day of his arrest, and now, at long last, people were beginning to believe him. Clay's retrial was blessedly short. On further review of the so-called evidence, Clay was found innocent. In the arms of his beautiful wife, Clay left the courtroom. He told the media that he had never been happier, but he coughed all the while he made the pronouncement. It was clear to all that Clay was very sick, his body wasted from his long confinement. Many wondered whether his freedom had come too late.

His death was announced a week later, and the press treated it like a Greek tragedy. Center stage was the widow in black, poor little rich girl Danielle Deveron, but the public was not quick to rid itself of their early take on the story. Behind the widow's back, Danielle still heard the whispers: "Married to a murderer."

The words were all too familiar to Danielle. They had been Clay's last words to her. He had made his pronouncement minutes after his last dose of medication. Clay had been obedient and adoring almost to the end. It was only when he took that final swallow of medication that he finally awakened. His face had undergone a remarkable transformation, beginning with a cherishing gaze, to a questioning glance, to a piercing stare, and then, at the end, a horrified look. He was staring at death, and something else, something that must have appeared even uglier to him.

From the first, they had both seen what they wanted to see, both seen what wasn't there. For a time, each had thought the other perfect for their needs. Danielle had been married to a murderer, and her beloved was to die for his deeds. When it turned out Clay was innocent (just her luck, she thought), everything changed. This wasn't a man Danielle had wanted to spend a life with, but a death with. She had married a guilty man. She had married a murderer. She wanted that distinction, wanted the whispers. But even more, she had wanted his death.

"Married," Clay had gasped, trying to shout out his last words, trying to raise an alarm, "to a murderer!"

Then he died. Poisoned, but that was something only his widow would know.

Of their relationship the public would always judge, "Married to a murderer."

They would never know, thought Danielle, how right they were.

ANSWER KEY

UNIT 2. "ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON"

1. 1 a; 2 b; 3 a; 4 c; 5 a; 6 b; 7 a; 8 b; 9 c; 10 b; 11 c; 12 a; 13 b; 14 a; 15 b.

3. Find in the text the English equivalents for the words in brackets.
1 valuable; 2 a stable boy; 3 a stranger, the stables; 4 midnight, trainer, sharp; 5 dead; 6 knife, scarf; 7 police; 8 the whole story; 9 prints, towards; 10 finally, loose; 11 became frightened; 12 to lame, bet money.

4. Use the verbs in brackets in the correct tense form.

1 had seen; 2 had gone; 3 arrested, had drugged, stolen, killed; 4 sent, had read; 5 admitted, had seen; 6 had found, had found; 7 had bet.

UNIT 4. MURDER

Solution: The police got the neighbour's fingerprints on the second copy of the photograph: These were the same as the other set on the envelope.

1. Read the text and choose the correct answer in the exercise below (1–11).

1 c; 2 a; 3 c; 4 b; 5 b; 6 d; 7 a; 8 d; 9 b; 10 b; 11 c.

2. Use the passive forms in the sentences below according to the models.

Model 1

1 was found; 2 were called; 3 were found; 4 was estimated; 5 was found; 6 were questioned

Model 2

1 had been killed; 2 had been locked; 3 had been hit; 4 had been written

3. Use the verbs in brackets in the correct tense form.

1 was found; 2 were; 3 had been locked; 4 were found; 5 was shared;
6 had been hit; 7 was estimated; 8 was found; 9 were checked; 10
was called; 11 were questioned; 12 were shown; 13 had been seen;
14 was arrested

UNIT 5. THE GLOVE (PART 1)

1. Match the word combinations on the left with their Russian equivalents on the right.

1 e; 2 f; 3 g; 4 h; 5 a; 6 b; 7 c; 8 d.

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the phrases below.

in paragraph 1:

1 to intend; 2 to commit murder; 3 troubles; 4 an old prison acquaintance; 5 a blackmailer;

in paragraph 3:

6 ruin stared him in the face; 7 ancient ornaments; 8 to break into the house;

in paragraph 4:

9 to feel safe; 10 to leave a clue; 11 to search the pockets; 12 to abandon the search.

5. Complete the following sentences by choosing the correct answer.

1 b; 2 c; 3 a; 4 c; 5 b; 6 a; 7 b; 8 c; 9 a; 10 b; 11 a.

UNIT 6. THE GLOVE (PART 2)

3. Complete the sentences by choosing the correct answer.

1 b; 2 a; 3 b; 4 c; 5 a; 6 a; 7 b; 8 c; 9 b.

4. Replace the words in brackets with their English equivalents.

1 was missing; lining. 2 horror. 3 with lagging footsteps. 4 nightmare.

5 imagination; concealed 6 destination 7 light 8 shaking; switch
9 drew 10 covering

11 escorted; police station 12 permission; an overcoat 13 touched
14 stooped 15 switched on; article

16 glove; to find.

UNIT 7. RUTHLESS

1. Match the word combinations on the left with their Russian equivalents on the right.

1 b; 2 a; 3 j; 4 i; 5 g; 6 d; 7 e; 8 c; 9 f; 10 h.

UNIT 8. THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

2. Are the following statements true (T) or false (F) according to the story?

1. F; 2. F; 3. T; 4. T; 5. F.

UNIT 9. LIZZIE BORDEN

1.. Match the words on the left with their definitions on the right. The first one has been done for you.

2. j; 3. g; 4. l; 5. a; 6. k; 7. h; 8. c; 9. e; 10. i; 11. d; 12. f.

3. These phrasal verbs appear in the text. Match them with their definitions.

1. d; 2. c; 3. e; 4. a; 5. b.

1. Look back at the story and find the information to fill the gaps in this paragraph.

1. spending; 2. stepmother; 3. disliked; 4. turned down; 5. signed over; 6. epilepsy; 7. axe; 8. jury, verdict.

3. Put the adjectives in brackets in the correct order before the noun.

1. short, round, grey-haired; 2. pleasant, tall, middle-aged; 3. quiet, thin, 41-year-old; 4. kind, little, English; 5. the same order is possible; 6. hard-working, large, Irish.

UNIT 10. MISTERY STORIES

1. Class Day

The museum authorities knew the communication was not authentic because of the manner of expressing the dates of the Pharaoh's reign. All B.C. dates are expressed in the reverse manner from A.D. dates. Thus, for example, Moses lived from 1571 to 1451 B.C. and Tutankhamen reigned from 1358 to 1350 B.C.

2. The Ex-Wife Murder

Rogers could not have known that his ex-wife had been shot unless he had guilty knowledge of the crime. The maid did not say why she had been taken to the hospital, yet Rogers' first words on entering it were "Who shot her?"

3. Case #463

Fordney knew that the dog had not bitten Miss Marshall because he found no teeth marks in the dress. She later confessed to inflicting the wound herself with a fork in the hope of collecting damages from Mrs. McGuire.

UNIT 11

The original words: spotted / ad / answerphone / a whole pile of / ('s)
spirits bounced up / decidedly / cleared out / sorted out.

REFERENCES

<http://lingualeo.com/ru/jungle/married-to-a-murderer-by-alan-russell-343163#/page/1>
<https://linguapress.com/intermediate/short-story-trap-1.htm>
<https://linguapress.com/intermediate/short-story-trap-2.htm>
<https://linguapress.com/advanced/story-the-car.htm>
<https://tiptopenglish.ru/milo-by-jennifer-bassett/>
<https://www.twirpx.com/file/705820/>
<https://braingle.com/brainteasers/45485/the-ex-wife-murder.html>
<http://lingualeo.com/ru/jungle/ruthless-391599#/page/1>
<https://nvseng10.weebly.com/the-midnight-visitor.html>

Doyle, A. C. The Speckled Band and Other Stories /

A. C. Doyle. – Thailand: Macmillan, 2005. – 88 p.

Hill R. Dead heads/ R. Hill. – Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000. – 101 p.

Калюжная В.Ю., Кубракова М.В. Dead heads and other crime stories/ Книга для чтения. “Книга”: Луганск. 2017. – 169 с.

Учебное издание

Составители:

Гриценко Елена Александровна
Полякова Светлана Валентиновна

**Иностранный язык (английский).
Classical and Contemporary Detective Stories
(XX-XXI centuries)**

Учебно-методическое пособие

Издается в авторской редакции
Компьютерная верстка: *Е. А. Гриценко, С. В. Полякова*

Объем данных 1,73 Мб
Подписано к использованию 11.02.2022

Размещено в открытом доступе
на сайте www.psu.ru
в разделе НАУКА / Электронные публикации
и в электронной мультимедийной библиотеке ELiS

Издательский центр
Пермского государственного
национального исследовательского университета
614990, г. Пермь, ул. Букирева, 15