ЎЗБЕКИСТОН РЕУСПУБЛИКАСИ ОЛИЙ ВА ЎРТА МАХСУС ТАЪЛИМ ВАЗИРЛИГИ
САМАРҚАНД ДАВДЛАТ ЧЕТ ТИЛЛАР ИНСТИТУТИ

ENGLISH FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS (ЎҚУВ-УСЛУБИЙ ҚЎЛЛАНМА)

САМАРҚАНД – 2015

ЎЗБЕКИСТОН РЕУСПУБЛИКАСИ ОЛИЙ ВА ЎРТА МАХСУС ТАЪЛИМ ВАЗИРЛИГИ
САМАРҚАНД ДАВДЛАТ ЧЕТ ТИЛЛАР ИНСТИТУТИ

ENGLISH FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS
(ЎҚУВ-УСЛУБИЙ ҚЎЛЛАНМА)

САМАРҚАНД-2015

Ўқув услубий қўлланма. - Самарқанд, СамДЧТИ нашри, 2015-63бет

Тузувчи СамДЧТИ инглиз тили фонетикаси кафедраси мудири, филология фанлари номзоди Г.Х. Обруева

Масул мухарир: Доцент Исмаилов А.Р.

Тақризчилар: Шомуродова Ш.Ж.
Доцент Бегматов М.Б.

Уш бу ўқув- услубий қулланмачет тилига ихтисослашган олий ўқув юртларида ўқиш амалиётини самарали ташкил этишда ва уларда замонавий пед технологияларни қуллашни самарадорлигини оширишга қаратилгандир. Берилган услубий тавсиялардан амалий машғулотларда унумли фойдаланиш ва талабаларни ўзлаштириш мақсадида фойдаланса бўлади.

Қулланма инглиз тили фанидан дарс берадиган ўқитувчилар ва талабаларга мўлжалланган

СамДЧТИ илмий кенгаши томонидан 2015 йил 26 июн кунидаги йиғилишнинг 11 –сон баённомаси билан нашрга тавсия этилсин

Introduction

During 20 years of independence deep structural and substantial reforms and transformation in field of education happened in Uzbekistan. The essence of educational reform in Uzbekistan is to preserve the present intellectual potential of the educational system and to modify our goals and activities in order to develop individuals who are capable to build and live in a democratic civil society and a free market economy. These reforms, however, do not only reflect nationalistic aspiration. Since securing independence, the Uzbekistan nation realized its great responsibility as citizens of the international community and as citizens of our planet.

Therefore, as our president I. A Karimov noticed one of our main goals is to educate a healthy generation, both physically and mentally[1]. The main principles of our new educational policy support this endeavor. Our goals are determined as the following: humanistic, democratic methods of teaching and socialization, priority to human values, national and cultural traditions, and the separation of educational institutions from the influence of political parties and social and political movements.

Considering these most important principles and the experiences of developed countries of the world, the Republic of Uzbekistan has recognized its main direction of educational development. They are as follows:

- Modification and further perfection of the education and socialization content
- Development of new school, curricula and textbooks
- Stress on individual ability and talent

[1] Islam Karimov “Highest morality- unbreakable power” Tashkent,2008

- Vocational and Professional development in accordance with changing economical needs
- Integrating Uzbekistan with world educational standards

Accordingly, foreign language teaching is considered to be one of the most important parts of teaching process in our republic. English is spoken by more people than any other language, and is the native language of more than 350 million people. English is the international language of diplomacy, business, science, technology, banking, computing, medicine, aviation, UN & NATO armed forces, engineering, tourism, Hollywood films and arguably the best pop and rock music in the world. Consequently, much work is being done to teach explicit English at all levels of education in Uzbekistan.

However, we can not say that there are enough course books and manuals in English, especially in elementary.

Given brochure, consisting of materials developing reading and listening skills is dedicated to be used in home reading lessons.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE

by A. Conan Doyle

about author

Arthur Conan Doyle, the son of Charles Doyle and Mary Foley, was born in Edinburgh on 22nd May 1859. Arthur's father was an alcoholic and the family was always short of money. At school, Arthur developed a strong interest in the books written by Sir Walter Scott and Edgar Allan Poe.

Conan Doyle studied at Edinburgh University and helped to fund his course by working as a surgeon on Hope, a 400 ton whaler on a seven month voyage to the Arctic. The following year he worked on Mayumba, a passenger ship bound for West Africa. On this voyage Conan Doyle nearly died of typhoid.

On his return, Conan Doyle set up as a doctor in Southsea, a suburb of Portsmouth. With very few patients, Conan Doyle attempted to make money by writing detective stories. His main character, Sherlock Holmes, was based on Dr. Joseph Bell, a surgeon and criminal psychologist, who lectured at Edinburgh Infirmary.

In 1891 Conan Doyle published six Sherlock Holmes stories in the Strand Magazine. The following year he was paid £1,000 for a whole series on Sherlock Holmes. Conan Doyle really wanted to write historical novels like his hero, Sir Walter Scott, and in 1893 decided to kill off Sherlock Holmes in the story, The Final Problem. However, after coming under considerable pressure from his fans, he returned to write his best known detective story, The Hound of the Baskervilles(1902).

Conan Doyle served as a doctor in the Boer War (1899-1902) and wrote The War in South Africa (1902), where he attempted to justify Britain's actions during the war.

On 2nd September, 1914, soon after the start of the First World War, the Liberal politician, Charles Masterman, the head of the War Propaganda Bureau, organised a secret meeting of Britain's leading writers. to discuss ways of best promoting Britain's interests during the war. Those who attended to discuss the best way of promoting Britain's interests during the war included Conan Doyle, Arnold Bennett, John Masefield, Ford Madox Ford, William Archer, G. K. Chesterton, Sir Henry Newbolt, John Galsworthy, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Gilbert Parker, G. M. Trevelyan and H. G. Wells.

All the writers present at the conference agreed to the utmost secrecy, and it was not until 1935 that the activities of the War Propaganda Bureau became known to the general public. Several of the men who attending the meeting agreed to write pamphlets and books that would promote the government's view of the situation.

In 1914 Conan Doyle wrote the recruiting pamphlet, To Arms!. The WPB arranged for Conan Doyle to go the Western Front and his pamphlet, A Visit to the Three Fronts was published in 1916. During the war Doyle also wrote his six volume history, The British Campaign in France and Flanders. Conan Doyle also wrote on the First World War for the Daily Chronicle.

Although fifty-five when the war Conan Doyle also joined the Crowborough Company of the Sixth Royal Sussex Volunteer Regiment and served as a private throughout the war. His son, Kingsley Conan Doyle, joined the British Army and was wounded at the Somme. He died in October, 1917, after developing pneumonia.

After the war Conan Doyle wrote several books on spiritualism including The New Revelation (1918) and The History of Spiritualism (1926).

Arthur Conan Doyle died at Crowborough on 7th July 1930.

It was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was excited by the news of the murder of Ronald Adair under the most unusual circumstances.

Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time a governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo an operation for cataract and she, her son Ronald and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427 Park Lane. He had been engaged' to Miss Edith Woodley but their engagement had been broken off some months before and neither of them seemed to be sorry about it. He was a quiet man whose life moved in a narrow circle. Yet it was this aristocrat who was unexpectedly murdered between ten and eleven twenty on the night of March 1894.

Ronald Adair was fond of cards. He belonged to several card clubs. On the day of his death he had played whist at one of these card clubs. The men who played with him said that he had

lost about five pounds but no more. He was a rich man and the loss was not important to him at all. He played nearly every day and he generally won.

On the evening of the crime he returned from the club at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a friend of theirs. The servant heard him come into the front room on the second floor. Lady Maynooth and her daughter returned at eleven twenty. They wanted to say good-night to Ronald. They knocked at the door, but no answer came. The door was locked on the inside. They called for help, and when the door was forced they found the young man lying near the table with a revolver bullet' in his head. However, no revolver could be seen in the room. On the table there were two banknotes for two pounds each and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold. There were also some figures written upon a sheet of paper with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was supposed that he was trying to make out his losses and winnings at cards.

Why did the young man lock the door on the inside? It was possible that the murderer had done this and had escaped by the window. But there were no foot-marks on the grass under the window.

I was thinking about these facts and I asked myself what my poor friend Sherlock Holmes would have done under those circumstances but I could not find the right answer. In the evening I went to see the house at Park Lane where Ronald had been murdered. There were some people standing in the street and staring up at the window of his room. A tall thin man with coloured glasses who looked like a detective was speaking to them. I got as near him as I could but his observations seemed to me to be absurd. So I turned back. As I did so I struck against an old man who was standing behind me and I knocked down several books he was carrying. I picked them up and said I was very sorry but he was angry and did not listen to me. He took his books and disappeared among the crowd. It was clear that these books were very dear to him. "The fellow must be some poor book collector," I thought.

My observations of No. 427 Park Lane did not help me much to solve the problem. More puzzled than ever I went home. I had not been in my study five minutes when a man came to see me. It was the old book collector I had knocked down in the street.

"You are surprised to see me, sir," he said in a strange voice. "I was a bit rude. So I thought to myself I'd better come and thank that kind gentleman for picking up my books."

"That's all right. But may I ask you how you knew who I was?"

"Well, sir, we live in the same street; you will find my little bookshop at the corner of Church Street and I'll be very happy to see you, I'm sure. Maybe you collect books yourself."

"I looked at the bookshelves behind me. When I turned again, Sherlock Holmes was standing by my table smiling at me. I stared at him with the greatest surprise and for the first time in my life I fainted." When I opened my eyes again, I saw Holmes holding a bottle of brandy in his hand.

"My dear Watson," said the well-remembered voice, "I am so sorry. I did not suppose I might frighten you so much."

“Holmes”, I cried, “is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that abyss?”

“Wait a moment”, he said. “Are you sure that you are really able to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock”.

"I am all right, Holmes, but I can hardly believe my eyes. Sit down and tell me everything."

He sat opposite to me and lit a cigarette. He looked thin and his face showed that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

"Well then, about this abyss. I had no difficulty in getting out of it because I never was in it."

"You never were in it?"

"No, Watson, I never was in it. What I wrote to you in my letter was quite true. I was almost certain that I had come to the end of my career." After I had left the note with my cigarette-case, I walked along the path and Moriarty followed me. When we reached the end, he rushed at me. He was very strong but I knew baritsu, the Japanese system of fighting, and I won. I saw him fall into the water."

I listened with surprise to this explanation.

"But I saw with my own eyes that two lines of footmarks went down the path and none returned.

"It happened in this way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who wanted to murder me. There were at least three others. One or the other would certainly get me. On the other hand if all the world thought I was dead they would feel safe and I could easily catch them. I decided not to come back the way we went before but to climb the rocks. When I was going up the mountain a stone fell to the ground. I knew it was thrown by one of Moriarty’s companions. However, I went on. It was getting dark and the man could not see me. A week later I arrived in Florence and no one except my brother Mycroft knew where I was. I travelled for two years in Tibet and in Persia. Then I went to France. I learned that only one of Moriarty's companions was now in London. I was about to return" when the news of Roriald's death reached me and I decided to come at once.

"Now, dear Watson, we have if I may ask you for you help, a dangerous night's work in front of us. You will come with me tonight?"

"When you like and where you like."

"This is, indeed, like the old days."

At half past nine that evening I was sitting beside Holmes in a cab, my revolver in my pocket and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and silent. I did not know where we were going but I was sure that the adventure was a most serious one. We stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish Square and walked through many streets until we came to a small house. Holmes opened with a key the back door of this house. We entered together and he closed the door. The house was empty. We turned to the right and found ourselves in a large room. There was no lamp near but it was lit in the centre from the lights of the street.

"Do you know where we are?" Holmes asked.

"Surely that is Baker Street," I answered looking through the window.

"Exactly. We are in the house which stands opposite to our old house."

"But why are we here?"

"Because I would like to look at our old rooms. Will you come a little nearer to the window and see if anything has changed during the three years of my absence?"

I looked across at our old window and gave a cry of surprise. There was a man sitting on a chair there. A strong light was burning in the room. The face was turned half-round and it was a perfect reproduction" of Holmes.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "It is wonderful."

Holmes smiled.

"It really is rather like me, isn't?"

"Everyone would think it was you."

"It is figure of wax" and it has been made by a French artist who spent some days working at it. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker Street this afternoon."

"But why?"

"Because I wanted certain people to think that I was there."

"And you thought the rooms were watched?"

"I knew they were watched."

"By whom?"

"By Professor Moriarty's friends. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew I was alive. They believed I should come back to my rooms."

My friend's plans were clear to me at last. We stood silently in darkness and watched the hurrying figures who passed in front of us. I especially noticed two men who stood at the door of the house. I showed them to Holmes but he only gave a cry of impatience and continued to watch the street. I looked at the lighted window again and to my great surprise I saw that the wax figure had moved and it was no more the face but the back that was turned towards us.

"It has moved!" I cried.

"Of course, it has moved," said Holmes. “Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times during the last two hours. She works it from the front so that her shadow may never be seen”

Suddenly I heard a sound coming from the back of the house in which we were hidden. A door opened and shut. A minute later a man came into the room. He was three yards from us and I realised that he had no idea of our presence. He went to the window. He carried something like a stick but soon I saw it was a sort of gun. He opened the window and the light of the street fell full upon his face. The man seemed to be very excited. His two eyes shone like stars. He took something from the pocket of his coat and put it into the gun. For some time he stood listening. Then he put his finger on the trigger" and fired. There was a sound of broken glass. At that moment Holmes jumped like a tiger on to the man's back and knocked him down. The man was up again in a moment but then I struck him with my revolver. He fell to the floor and I fell on

him. As I held him my friend blew on a whistle." Two policemen in uniform with one detective rushed through the front door and into the room.

"Is that you, Lestrade?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, Mr Holmes. It's good to see you back in London, sir."

“I think you want a little unofficial help. Three undetected murders in one year won't do”.

We had all stood up. The policemen held the prisoner. Holmes went to the window and closed it. Lestrade lit two candles. I was able at last to have a good look at our prisoner. He was a strong man with cruel blue eyes and an aggressive nose. He did not look at any of us but his eyes were fixed at Holmes's face.

“You fiend” he kept on saying. “You clever, clever fiend”.

"Ah, Colonel," said Holmes. "I don't think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since the time when you showed so much interest in me at the Reichenbach Falls."

The colonel still stared at my friend.

"You clever, clever fiend!" was all he could say.

"I haven't introduced you yet," said Holmes. "This gentleman is Colonel" Sebastian Moran, once an off icer of the Indian Army and the best shot in our Eastern Empire. I believe I am right, Colonel, in saying that your bag of tigers is still the greatest there."

The man said nothing but looked at my friend very angrily.

"I must say that you had one small surprise for me," continued Holmes. "I did not expect you would make use of this empty house. I thought you would shoot from the street where my friend Lestrade and his men were waiting for you. With that exception" all has gone as I expected."

Holmes picked up the gun from the floor and was examining its mechanism.

"An admirable gun,"'4 he said. "I knew the mechanic who constructed it to the order of Professor Moriarty. Take care of it, Lestrade."

"We will look after that," said Lestrade. "Anything else to say?"

"Only to ask you what Colonel Moran will be charged" with?"

"With the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, of course."

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not want to appear in the matter at all. You have got the man who shot Ronald Adair with the bullet from an air-gun through the open window of the second floor front of No 427 Park Lane on the thirtieth of last month. That's the charge. Yes, Lestrade. I congratulate you on your success. And now, Watson, let us go and have a smoke in my old study."

Mrs. Hudson was very pleased to see us again. She took us the room and showed us the strange wax figure.

"I'm afraid the bullet has spoilt the figure because it passed right through the head. I picked it up from the floor. Here it is."

Holmes held it out to me.

"Look, Watson. A soft revolver bullet. Who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air-gun! All right, Mrs. Hudson. Thank you f or your help. And now, Watson, sit down in your old armchair once more. There are many things I would like to discuss with you."

He took his clothes from the wax figure and put them on, and now he was the Holmes of old.

"Well," he said, "Moran was the best shot in India and there are few better in London. Have you heard his name?" "No, I haven't."

"Well, well, such is fame. But if I remember right, you had not heard the name of Professor Moriarty who was one of the most intelligent men of the century. Just give me my index of biographies from the shelf."

He turned over several pages and gave the book back to me. I read:

Moran, Sebastian, Colonel. Unemployed. Born in London 1840. Son of Mr. Augustus Moran, once British Minister to Persia. Educated in Eton and Oxford. Served in the army in the Eastern Empire. Author of several books on hunting. Address: Conduit Street.

On the margin" was written in Holmes's hand:

The second most dangerous man in London.

"This is surprising," I said. "The man's career is that of a good soldier."

"Yes," Holmes answered, "at first he did well. But he began to go wrong and had to leave India. He came to London and it was at this time that he met Professor Moriarty. Moriarty gave him a lot of money and used him in the most difficult jobs. You remember when I called on you in 1887 I closed the shutters because I was afraid of air-guns. I knew of the existence" of this air-gun and I knew also that it would be used by one of the best shots. When we were in Switzerland, Moran followed us with Moriarty and he tried to kill me in the mountains. When I read in France in the newspapers about Ronald's death, I was certain that Colonel Moran had done it. He had played cards with him and had followed him home from the club. He shot him through the open window. I came over at once but a friend of his saw me and I was sure he would tell Moran about my return. That is why I decided to put the wax figure in my room and watch the street from the empty house. I also warned the police."

"Yes," I said, "but why did he murder Ronald?"

"I think that's not difficult to explain. They played cards and Adair saw that Moran cheated him" so he probably warned him that he would tell everyone about it unless he promised not to come to the club again. This would mean ruin" to Moran who lived by his card gains. Adair returned home and tried to find out how much money he had lost. He locked the door because he did not want anyone to see what he was doinq. It was then that Moran murdered him. Am I right do you think?"

"Certainly you are. Now Colonel Moran will trouble us no more. And his air-gun will be taken to the Scotland Yard Museum."

List of Vocabulary

1. murder – убийство; қотиллик

2. under the most unusual circumstances – при самых необычных обстоятельства; ғайритабиий ҳолат остида
3. a governor – губернатор;
4. to undergo the operation for cataract – перенести операцию катаракты; катаракта операциясини бошдан кечириш
5. had been engaged – был помолвлен; унаштирилган
6. on the inside – изнутри; ичидан
7. a bullet – пуля; ўқ
8. to make out his losses – записать сумму проигрышей; ютқизган пулни ёзиб қолдирмоқ
9. footmarks – следы; излар
10. faint – терять сознание; ҳушдан кетмоқ
11. succeeded in climbing out of that abyss – удалось выкарабкаться из этой бездны; тубсиз чуқурликдан чиқишга мувофақт бўлмоқ
12. career – карьера;
13. to be about to return – собираться вернуться; қайтишга ҳозирланмоқ
14. to be lit – быть освещенным; ёритилган
15. a perfect reproduction – точная копия; аниқ нусҳа
16. a figure of wax – восковая фигура; мум ҳайкал
17. shadow – тень; соя
18. trigger – курок; милтиқ тепкиси
19. blew on a whistle – засвистел; шуҳтак чалмоқ
20. Three undetected murders in one year won't do. – Три нераскрытых убийства за год – это никуда не годится; учта очилмаган қотиллик – бу хеч нарсага ярамайди
21. fiend – дьявол; шайтон, иблис
22. colonel – полковник;
23. with that exception – за исключение этого; бундан ташқари
24. an admirable gun – прекрасное ружье; ажойиб милтиқ
25. be charged with – быть обиженным в; ҳафа булмоқ
26. on the margin – на полях; далада
27. existence – существование; мавжуд бўлмоқ
28. warned – предупредил; огоҳлантирилган
29. cheated him – обманывал его; уни алдаган
30. this would mean ruin – это было равносильно разорению; бу ҳонавайрон бўлиш билан баровар эди

Vocabulary Definition

pick up – to become better

call for smb – to collect smb in order to go somewhere together

solve- to find a way of dealing with a problem or difficult situation

be sorry for smb – to feel sadness or pity for smb

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответьте на следующие вопросы: Қуйдаги саволларга жавоб беринг:

1) Who was Ronald Adair? What was he in the habit of? What happened to him? What was strange about the incident?

2) Whom did Watson strike against in the street when he was looking at the house at Park Lane? Who did that man turn out to be?

3) Why was Watson so shocked to see Holmes? What did Holmes tell him about?

4) Why did Holmes take Watson to an empty house? What did they see in the house opposite?

5) Who entered the house and what did he do?

6) What was Colonel Sebastian Moran's story? What was he charged with?

7) What was the reason for his having killed Ronald Adair?

THE HAPPIEST MAN ON EARTH

by A. Maltz

about author

Oscar-nominated screenwriter Albert Maltz, a member of the Hollywood 10, was born on October 28, 1908 in Brooklyn, New York. A graduate of Columbia (Class of 1930), he attended the Yale School of Drama for two years as a tyro playwright. After striking out on his own as a dramatist, his plays were produced by the left-wing theatrical companies the Theatre Union and the Group Theatre. He also wrote novels and short stories. In 1935, during the Great Depression, he joined the Communist Party.

Maltz labored as a screenwriter for Warner Bros., which had made its reputation in the 1930s for its socially aware dramas. He worked on the classic Касабланка (1942) and other feature films and documentaries during World War II. He wrote the Oscar-winning documentary The House I Live In (1945), a plea for racial tolerance, and was nominated for an Oscar for writing Pride of the Marines (1945).

Maltz wrote an article in 1945 for the "New Masses" that demanded more intellectual freedom from the Communist Party for its members. Pressure from the Party made him recant his position, which had a chilling effect on some other Party members and liberal supporters of the Party's right to exist.

In 1947, Maltz and other Party members (and suspected Party members and sympathizers) were called before the House Un-American Activities Committee. HUAC was committed to stopping "communist infiltration" of the movie industry. At first, interviewed 41 movie industry professionals who volunteered to testify. Some of these so-called "friendly witnesses" denounced fellow workers who had left-wing views or were seen as being radicals in their respective guilds. HUAC then subpoenaed suspected subversives in the industry.

Maltz and nine others were cited for contempt of Congress for their uncooperative behavior before the Committee, which included not "naming names" of other communists. These "unfriendly witnesses", originally 19 in number, subsequently were tried and convicted on the charge. All were fined and jailed, and they were blacklisted by the industry.

A committed communist, Maltz continued to write using fronts who peddled his screenplays and received any credit alloted by the studios and guild. He remained unrepentant about his progressive politics until the end, which came on August 26, 1985 when he died in Los Angeles at the age of 76. At the time of his death, the Hollywood 10 were no longer regarded as Cold War traitors but as martyrs to the cause of free speech

Jesse felt ready to weep. He was waiting for Tom. Tom was his brother-in-law. Jesse knew he looked terrible.

True, they hadn't seen each other for five years; but Tom looked five years older, that was all. He was still Tom. God! was he so different? Brackett finished his telephone call. He leaned back in his chair and glanced over at Jesse with small, clear blue eyes that were suspicious and unfriendly. He was a heavy man of forty-five. He looked like a capable businessman – which he was. He surveyed Jesse with cold indifference, unwilling to spend time on him.

"Yes?" Brackett said suddenly. "What do you want?"

"I guess you don't recognise me, Tom", said Jesse. "I am Jesse Fulton. Ella sends you her love."

Brackett rose and walked over to the counter until they were face to face.

"Yes, I believe you are", Brackett said finally, "but you sure have changed".

"By God, it's five years, ain't it?" Jesse said. "You only saw me a couple of times anyway. What if I have changed? Don't everybody?"

"You was solid looking," Brackett continued softly, in the same tone of wonder. "You lost weight, I guess?"

Jesse kept silent. He needed Brackett too much to risk antagonising him. The pause lengthened, became painful. Brackett flushed and burst out in apology.

"Come in. Take a seat. Good God, boy" – he grasped Jesse's hand and shook it – "I am glad to see you; don't think anything else!"

"It's all right," Jesse murmured. He sat down, thrusting his hand through his curly, tangled hair.

"Why are you limping?"

"I stepped on a stone; it jagged a hole through my shoe," Jesse pulled his feet back under the chair. He was ashamed of his shoes.

Brackett kept his eyes off Jesse's feet. He knew what was bothering the boy and it filled his heart with pity.

"Well, now listen," Brackett began, "tell me things. How's Ella?"

"Oh, she's pretty good," Jesse replied absently. He had a soft, pleasing, rather shy voice that went with his soft gray eyes.

"And the kids?"

"Oh, they're fine... Well, you know," Jesse added, becoming more attentive, "the young one has to wear a brace. He can't run around, you know. But he's smart. He draws pictures and he does things, you know."

"Yes," Brackett said. "That's good." He hesitated. There was a moment's silence. "Ella didn't tell me things were so bad for you, Jesse. I might have helped."

"Well, goodness," Jesse returned softly, "you have your own troubles haven't you?"

"Yes," Brackett leaned back.

"Tom, listen," Jesse said, "I come here on purpose." He thrust his hand through his hair. "I want you to help me."

Brackett had been expecting this. "I can't much. I only get thirty-five a week and I'ï damn grateful for it."

"Sure, I know," Jesse emphasised excitedly. "I know you can't help us with money. But we met a man who works for you! He was in our city! He said you could give me a job!"

"Who said?"

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" Jesse burst out reproachfully. "Why, as soon as I heard it I started out. For two weeks now I have been pushing ahead like crazy."

Brackett groaned aloud. "You come walking from Kansas City in two weeks so I could give you a job?"

"Sure, Tom, of course. What else could I do?"

"Jesse! It's slack season. And you don't know this oil business. It's special. I got my friends here but they couldn't do nothing now. Don't you think I'd ask for you as soon as there was a chance?"

Jesse cried, "But listen, this man said you could hire! He told me! He drives trucks for you! He said you always need men!"

"Oh! …You mean my department?" Brackett said in a low voice.

"Yes, Tom. That's it!"

"Oh, no, you don't want to work in my department," Brackett told him in the same low voice. "You don't know what it is."

"Yes, I do," Jesse insisted. "He told me all about it, Tom. You're dispatcher, ain't you? You send the dynamite trucks out?"

"Who was the man, Jesse?"

"Everett, Everett, I think."

"Egbert? Man about my size?" Brackett asked slowly

"Yes, Egbert."

"Sure, there's job. There's even Egbert's job if you want it."

"He's quit?

"He's dead!"

"On the job, Jesse. Last night if you want to know."

"Oh! ... Then, I don't care!"

"Now you listen to me!" Brackett said. "I'll tell you a few things that you should have asked before you started out. It ain't dynamite you drive. It's nitroglycerin!"

"But I know," Jesse told him reassuringly. "He advised me, Tom. You don't have to think I don't know."

"Shut up a minute," Brackett ordered angrily. "Listen! You just have to look at this soup, see? You just cough loud and it blows!"

"Listen, Tom –"

"Now, wait a minute, Jesse. I know you had your heart set on a job, but you've got to understand. This stuff goes only in special trucks! 3t night! They got to follow a special route! They can't go through any city! Don't you see what that means? Don't that tell you how dangerous it is?"

"I'll dive careful," Jesse said. "I know how to handle a truck. I'll drive slow."

Brackett groaned. "Do you think Egbert did not drive careful or didn't know how to handle a truck?"

"Tom," Jesse said earnestly, "you can't scare me. I got my mind fixed on only one thing: Egbert said he was getting a dollar a mile. He was making five to six hundred dollars a month for half a month's work, he said. Can I get the same?"

"Sure, you can get the same," Brackett told him savagely. "A dollar a mile. It's easy. But why do you think the company has to pay so much? It's easy – until you run over a stone that your headlights didn't pick out, like Egbert did. Or get something in your eye, so the wheel twist and you jar the truck! Or any other God damn thing that nobody ever knows! We can't ask Egbert what happened to him. There's no truck to give any evidence. There's no corpse. There's nothing! Not even a finger nail. All we know is that he don't come in on schedule. Then we wait for the police to call us. You know what happened last night? Somethingwent wrong on the bridge. Maybe Egbert was nervous. Only there's no bridge any more. No truck. No Egbert. Do you understand now? That's what you get for your God damn dollar a mile!"

There was a moment of silence. Jesse sat twisting his long thin hands. His mouth was open, his face was agonized. then he shut his eyes and spoke sof tly. "I don't care about that, Tom. You told me. Now you got to be good to me and give me the job."

Brackett slapped the palm of his hand down on his desk.

"Listen, Tom" Jesse said softly, "you just don't understand." He opened his eyes. They were filled with tears. They made Brackett turn away. "Just look at me, Tom. Don't that tell you enough? Tom, I just can't live like this any more."

"You're crazy," Brackett muttered. "Every year there's one out of five drivers gets killed. That's the average. What's worth that?"

"Is my life worth anything now? We're just starving at home, Tom."

"Then you should have told me," Brackett exclaimed harshly. "I'll borrow some money and we'll telegraph it to Ella."

"And then what?"

"And then wait. You're no old man. You got no right to throw your life away. Sometime you'll get a job."

"No!" Jesse jumped up. "No, I believed that too. But I don't now," he cried passionately. "You're the only hope I got."

"You're crazy," Brackett muttered. "I won't do it. For God's sake think of Ella for a minute."

"Don't you know I'm thinking about her?" Jesse asked softly. He plucked at Brackett's sleeve.

Brackett leaped to his feet. "You say you're thinking about Ella. How's she going to like it when you get killed?"

"Maybe I won't," Jesse pleaded. "I've got to have some luck sometime."

"That's what they all think," Brackett replied scornfully. "When you take this job your luck is a question mark. The only thing certain is that sooner or later you get killed."

"Okay then," Jesse shouted back. "But meanwhile I get something, don't I? I can buy a pair of shoes. Look at me! I can buy a suit. I can smoke cigarettes. I can buy some candy f or the kids. I can eat some myself. Yes, by God, I want to eat some candy. I want a glass of beer once a day. I want Ella dressed up. I want her to eat meat three times a week, four times maybe. I want to take my family to the movies."

Brackett sat down. "Oh, shut up," he said.

"No," Jesse told him softly, passionately, "you can't get rid of me. Listen, Tom", he pleaded. "I got it all figured out. On six hundred a month look how much I can save! If I last only three months, look how much it is – a thousand dollars – more! And maybe I'll last longer. Maybe a couple years, I can fix Ella up for life!"

"You said it," Brackett interposed, "I suppose you think she'll enjoy living when you're on a job like that?"

"I got it all figured out," Jesse answered excitedly. "She don't know, see? I tell her I make only forty. You put the rest in a bank account for her, Tom.

"Oh, shut up," Brackett said. "You think you'll be happy? Every minute, waking and sleeping, you'll be wondering if tomorrow you'll be dead."

Jesse laughed. "I'll be happy! Don't you worry, I'll be so happy, I'll be singing. Good Lord, Tom, I'm going to feel proud of myself for the first time in seven years!"

"Oh, shut up, shut up," Brackett said.

Again there was silence.

"Tom, Tom –" Jesse said.

Brackett sighed. "Oh," he said finally, "all right, I'll take you on, God help me. If you're ready to drive tonight, you can drive tonight." Jesse didn't answer. He couldn't. Brackett looked up. The tears were running down Jesse's face.

"Come back here at six o'clock," Brackett said. "Here's some money. Eat a good meal."

"Thanks," Jesse said. "Thanks, Tom."

"What?"

"I just –" Jesse stopped. Brackett saw his face.

The eyes were still glistening with tears, but the face was shining now.

Brackett turned away. "I'm busy," he said.

Jesse went out. The whole world seemed to have turned golden. "I'm the happiest man in the world," he whispered to himself. "I'm the happiest man on the whole earth."

Vocabulary Definition

be different – not the same;

be (un)willing to do smth. – (un)happy to do smth;

lose weight – become thinner and less heavy;

keep silent –making no noise;

be ashamed of smth. –feeling guilty or embarrassed about smth;

do smth. on purpose – not by accident;

say smth. in a low voice – speak more quietly;

sooner or later – at some time in the future; one day;

get rid of smb. – to make yourself free of sb/smth that is annoying you or that you do not want;to throw smth away;

feel proud of smb. – feeling pleased and satisfied about smth that you own or have done;

set one's heart on smth. – to decide you want smth very much; to be determined to do or have smth.

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответьте на следующие вопросы: Қуйдаги саволларга жавоб беринг:

1) Who was Jesse and why did he come to speak with his brother-in-law?

2) Why was Tom suspicious and unfriendly at first?

3) Who had told Jesse that Tom could give him a job?

4) What kind of job was it?

5) Find in the text the sentences which prove that the job was very dangerous.

6) What did Tom tell Jesse about Egbert?

7) Why did Jesse insist on taking the job?

8) Prove by the text that Jesse’s only care was his wife and the children.

9) Did Tom agree in the end?

A SERVICE OF LOVE

by O. Henry

about author

Born William Sidney Porter, this master of short stories is much better known under his pen name "O. Henry." He was born September 11, 1862 in North Carolina, where he spent his childhood. His only formal education was received at the school of his Aunt Lina, where he developed a lifelong love of books. In his uncle's pharmacy, he became a licensed pharmacist and was also known for his sketches and cartoons of the townspeople of Greensboro.

At the age of twenty, Porter came to Texas primarily for health reasons, and worked on a sheep ranch and lived with the family of Richard M. Hall, whose family had close ties with the Porter family back in North Carolina. It was here that Porter gained a knowledge for ranch life that he later described in many of his short stories.

In 1884, Porter moved to Austin. For the next three years, where he roomed in the home of the Joseph Harrell family and held several jobs. It was during this time that Porter first used his pen name, O. Henry, said to be derived from his frequent calling of "Oh, 'Henry'" the family cat.

By 1887, Porter began working as a draftsman in the General Land Office, then headed by his old family friend, Richard Hall. In 1891 at the end of Hall's term at the Land Office, Porter resigned and became a teller with the First National Bank in Austin. After a few years, however, he left the bank and founded the Rolling Stone, an unsuccessful humor weekly. Starting in 1895 he wrote a column for the Houston Daily Post.
Meanwhile, Porter was accused of embezzling funds dating back to his employment at the First National Bank. Leaving his wife and young daughter in Austin, Porter fled to New Orleans, then to Honduras, but soon returned due to his wife's deteriorating health. She died soon afterward, and in early 1898 Porter was found guilty of the banking charges and sentenced to five years in an Ohio prison.

From this low point in Porter's life, he began a remarkable comeback. Three years and about a dozen short stories later, he emerged from prison as "O. Henry" to help shield his true identity. He moved to New York City, where over the next ten years before his death in 1910, he published over 300 stories and gained worldwide acclaim as America's favorite short story writer.

O. Henry wrote with realistic detail based on his first hand experiences both in Texas and in New York City. In 1907, he published many of his Texas stories in The Heart of the West, a volume that includes "The Reformation of Calliope," "The Caballero's Way," and "The Hiding of Black Bill." Another highly acclaimed Texas writer, J. Frank Dobie, later referred to O. Henry's "Last of the Troubadours" as "the best range story in American fiction."
Porter died on June 5, 1910 in New York City at the age of forty seven. An alcoholic, he died virtually penniless.

Joe Larrabee dreamed of becoming a great artist. Even when he was six, people in the little western town where he lived used to say, "Joe has great talent, he will become a famous artist." At twenty, he left his home town and went to New York. He had his dreams – but very little money.

Delia had her dreams too. She played the piano so well in the little southern village where she lived that her family said, "She must finish her musical training in New York." With great difficulty they collected enough money to send her north "to finish".

Joe and Delia got acquainted at a friend's house where some art and music students had gathered to discuss art, music and the newest plays. They fell in love with each other, and in a short time they married.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began their married life in a little room. But they vrere happy, for they had their Art, and they had each other. Joe was painting in, he class of the great Magister.

Mr. Magister got a lot of money for his pictures – and he took a lot of money for his lessons. Delia was taking piano lessons from the great Rosenstock, and he was taking a lot of money from Delia.

The two young dreamers were very, very happy while their money lasted. But it didn't last very long. Soon, they didn't have enough to pay for their lessons and eat three times a day. When one loves one's Art, no service seems too hard. So Delia decided she must stop taking lessons and give lessons herself. She began to look for pupils. One evening, she came home very excited, with shining eyes.

"Joe, dear," she announced happily, "I've got a pupil. General Pinkney – I mean – his daughter, Clementina. He's very rich, and they have a wonderful house. She's so beautiful – she dresses in white; and she's so nice and pleasant! I'm going to give her three lessons a week; and just think, Joe! Five dollars a lesson. Now, dear, don't look so worried, and let's have supper. I've bought some very nice fish."

But Joe refused to listen to her. "That's all right for you, Dellie, but all wrong for me," he protested. "Do you suppose I'm going to let you work while I continue to study Art? No! Never! I can get a job as a mechanic or clean windows. I'll get some kind of work."

Delia threw her arms around him. "Joe, dear, you mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister and your Art. I am not giving up music. The lessons won't interfere with my music. While I teach, I learn, and I can go back to Rosenstock when I get a few more pupils."

"All right," said Joe. "But giving lessons isn't Art."

"When one loves one's Art, no service seems too hard," said Delia.

During the next week, Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee had breakfast very early. Joe was painting some pictures in Central Park, and he needed the morning light especially, he said. Time flies when you love Art, and it was usually seven o'clock in the evening when Joe returned home. At the end of the week, Delia, very proud but a little tired, put fifteen dollars on the table. "Sometimes," she said, "Clementina is a very difficult pupil. And she always wears white. I'm tired of seeing the same colour."

And then Joe, with the manner of Monte Cristo, pulled eighteen dollars out of his pocket and put it on the table too. "I sold one of my pictures to a man from Washington," he said. "And now, he wants a picture of the East River to take with him to Washington."

"I'm so glad you haven't given up your Art, dear," Delia said. "You are sure to win! Thirty-three dollars! We have never had so much money to spend."

The next Saturday evening, Joe came home first. He put his money on the table and then washed what seemed to look like a lot of paint from his hands. Half an hour later, Delia arrived. There was a big bandage on her right hand. "Dellie, dear, what has happened? What is the matter with your hand?" Joe asked.

Delia laughed, but not very happily. "Clementina," she explained, "asked me to have lunch with her and the General after our lesson. She's not very strong, you know, and when she was giving me some tea, her hand shook and she spilled a lot of very hot water over my hand. But General Pinkney bandaged my hand himself. They were both so sorry. Oh, Joe, did you sell another picture?" She had seen the money on the table.

"Yes," said Joe. "To the man from Washington. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dellie?"

"Five o'clock, I think," said Delia. "The iron – the water was very hot. And Clementina cried, and General Pinkney..."

Joe put his arms round Delia. "Where are you working, Dellie? Tell me," he asked in a serious voice.

Delia was about to say something, but-suddenly tears appeared in her eyes and she began to cry. "I couldn't get any pupils," she said. "And I didn't want you to stop taking lessons, so I got a job ironing shirts in the big laundry on Twenty-Fourth Street. This afternoon, I burned my hand with a hot iron. Don't be angry with me, Joe. I did it for your Art. And now, you have painted those pictures for the rrian from Washington..."

"He isn't from Washington," said Joe slowly.

"It makes no difference where he is from," said Delia. "How clever you are, Joe! How did you guess that I wasn't giving music lessons?"

“I guessed”, Joe said, "because about five o'clock this afternoon, I sent some oil up to the ironing-room. They said a girl had burned her hand. You see, dear, I work as a mechanic in that same laundry on Twenty-Fourth Street."

“And the man from Washington…?”

“Yes, dear”, Joe said. “The man from Washington and General Pinkney are both creations of the same art, but you cannot call it painting or music”. And they both began to laugh.

“You know, dear”, Joe said. “When one loves one’s Art, no service seems…”

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his mouth. “No”, she said, “just – “when one loves”.”

List of Vocabulary

bandage – повязка; боғич
laundry – прачечная; кирхона

Vocabulary Definition

with great difficulty – how hard smth is to do or to deal with;

get acquainted – knowing smth;

fall in love with smb. – a strong feeling that you have when you like smb very much;

last for a long time - a shot time ago;

stop doing smth. - smth you do not do it any more;

to announce smth. - to say smth in a firm or serious way;

look worried - thinking that smth bad might happen or has happen;

let smb. do smth. - to allow smb/smth to do smth;

be tired of smth. (doing smth.) – to be bored with or annoyed by smb/smth/doing smth;

be angry with smb. – feeling or showing anger;

guess smth. – to try to give an answer or make a judgement about smth without being sure of all the facts;

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences: Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов: Қуйдаги сўзларнинг эквивалентларини текстдан топинг:

мечтал стать художником, рассом бўлишни орзу қилардим; поговаривали, гаплашиб олдик; музыкальное образование, мусиқадан таълим олган; последние пьесы, охирги пьеса; брала уроки игры на фортепиано, фортепиано ўйнашни ўрганишдан дарс олдим; очень взволнованная, жуда ҳавотирланган; и слушать не хотел, эштишни ҳам истамасди; бросить занятия музыкой, мусиқа билан шуғуланишни ташламоқ; время бежит быстро, вақт тез ўтади; что случилось? нима содир бўлди?; пролила кипяток на руку, қўлига қайноқ сув тўкиб юборди; собиралась что-то сказать, бир нарса айтишга ҳозирланаётган эди; гладить рубашки, кўйлакни дазмоламоқ; не важно, откуда он, қаерданлигининг фарқи йўқ; выдуманные персонажи, тўқиб чиқарилган персонаж.

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответьте на следующие вопросы: Саволларга жавоб беринг:

1) Why did Joe Larrabee and Delia come to New York?

2) Where did the young men get acquainted?

3) In what way did they continue their education after marriage?

4) What made Delia give up her music lessons?

5) Why was Joe disappointed when he learnt about Delia's plan?

6) What was Joe's plan? Did Delia know about it?

7) Every week Joe brought some money. How did he explain it to Delia?

8) What happened one day?

9) How did Joe guess the truth?

SURPRISE by J. Galsworthy

about author

John Galsworthy (1867-1933) was educated at Harrow and studied law at New College, Oxford. He travelled widely and at the age of twenty-eight began to write, at first for his own amusement. His first stories were published under the pseudonym John Sinjohn and later were withdrawn. He considered *The Island Pharisees* (1904) his first important work. As a novelist Galsworthy is chiefly known for his *roman fleuve, The Forsyte Saga*. The first novel of this vast work appeared in 1906. *The Man of Property* was a harsh criticism of the upper middle classes, Galsworthy's own background. Galsworthy did not immediately continue it; fifteen years and with them the First World War intervened until he resumed work on the history of the Forsytes with *In Chancery* (1920) and *To Let* (1921). Meanwhile he had written a considerable number of novels, short stories, and plays. *The Forsyte Saga* was continued y the three volumes of *A Modern Comedy*, *The White Monkey* (1924), *The Silver Spoon* (1926), *Swan Song* (1928), and its two interludes *A Silent Wooing* and *Passersby* (1927). To these should be added *On Forsyte Change* (1930), a collection of short stories. With growing age Galsworthy came more and more to identify himself with the world of his novels, which at first he had judged very harshly. This development is nowhere more evident than in the author's changing attitude toward Soames Forsyte, the «man of property», who dominates the first part of the work.

Galsworthy was a dramatist of considerable technical skill. His plays often took up specific social grievances such as the double standard of justice as applied to the upper and lower classes in *The Silver Box* (1906) and the confrontation of capital and labour in *Strife* (1909). *Justice* (1910), his most famous play, led to a prison reform in England. Galsworthy's reaction o the First World War found its expression in *The Mob* (1914), in which the voice of a statesman is drowned in the madness of the war-hungry masses; and in enmity of the two families of *The Skin Game* (1920).

From *Nobel Lectures, Literature 1901-1967*, Editor Horst Frenz, Elsevier Publishing Company, Amsterdam, 1969. This autobiography/biography was written at the time of the award and first published in the book series *Les Prix Nobel*. It was later edited and republished in *Nobel Lectures*. To cite this document, always state the source as shown above.

There was a time when geniuses sometimes starved. But there is no reason why a genius must starve in our modern times. The following story of my friend, Bruce, proves that this is true. He was almost sixty when I met him, and he was the author of about fifteen books. The few people who really understood serious realistic literature called him 'a genius'. But Bruce was not interested in what people thought of him or his work. He never read criticism of his books in the newspapers or magazines. He lived alone in his small, dark, dirty room. From time to time he disappeared for several months; and then he appeared again and began to write.

He was a tall, thin man with a face like mark Twain's: black eyebrows, a grey moustache and grey hair. His eyes were dark brown and sad; they seemed not to belong to his face or to the world around him. He had never married, and lived quite alone. He never had much money; and the year I am writing about had been even worse than usual for him. His last book had been a hopeless failure. Besides, he had had an operation, which had cost him much money and left him too weak to work. The day I went to see him, I found him in a gloomy mood, half lying on two chairs, smoking strong cigarettes, which I hated.

"Hello!" he said, and then continued without giving me a chance to ask after his health: "Last night I went into a place that they call a cinema. Have you ever been in once?"

"Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has existed? Since 1900!"

"Is that so? A terrible place, and terrible people in it. Well, last night they showed a film – what a thing! I've never read such an idiotic story or seen such idiotic characters. How can people look at it? I'm writing a parody on it."

"A parody on an idiotic film?"

"Yes! My heroine is one-quarter black, three quarters white. She is unbelievably beautiful, and all the men run af ter her. Her brother, a man with a heart of stone, wants her to marry a millionaire, who is as bad as he is. All the characters have deep, dark secrets in their lives." He laughed.

"How can you spend your time on such foolishness?" I asked.

"My time!" he answered angrily. "Who needs my time? Nobody buys my books. I'll probably 'starve to death!" He took a page of scenario and laughed again as he read it. "In that film last night they had a race between a train and a car. I've done better: I have a race between a train, a car, an airplane and a horse."

I began to be interested. "May I look at your scenario when you have finished it?" I asked.

"It's already finished. I enjoyed writing it so much that I couldn't sleep until I had come to the end." He gave me the papers. "Take it, you'll have a good laugh, I hope. The heroine's secret is that she isn't black at all. She is part Spanish, part French, and she is a southern aristocrat. And the bad brother isn't really her brother, and the millionaire in reality is a poor man, and the man she loves, who seems to be poor, is really rich." And he laughed until his face was red and his eyes were full of tears.

I went away worried about him, about his health and his penniless condition. How could I help him? How could anybody help him?

After dinner that evening, I began to read the scenario. There were thirty-five pages, and as soon as I had read ten of them, it was clear to me that he had written a masterpiece. I knew that any good film company would be glad to pay whatever he wanted to ask for it. "But," I thought. "if I go to him and tell him what I am planning to do with his scenario, he'll throw it in the fire. He'll never agree to be known as the author of such a thing. I remember how he laughed at it. How can I make him allow me to do whatever I like with the scenario?"

I went to see him again the next day. He was reading.

I interrupted him. "Must I give you back the scenario, or can I keep it?"

"What scenario?"

"The one that you gave me to read yesterday."

"Oh! What do I need it for? Throw it away."

"All right," I said. "I'll throw it away. Excuse me,I see you're busy."

"No, I'm not," he said. "I have nothing to do. It's f oolish to try to write anything: I get less and less for every book I publish. I am dying of poverty."

"It's your own fault," I said. "You refuse to think about what the public wants."

"How can I know what they want?"

"You don't try to. If I tell you how to make some money by writing something that the public wants, you'll throw me out of the room."

I returned home and did a little work on the scenario. It was very easy; it was a fine scenario. I wanted to write his name on it, but I was afraid to. At last I decided not to write his name, but to say it was written by 'a genius'. That's a wonderful word; everybody respects it and

fears it a little. I knew that after they read the scenario, they would feel it really was written by a genius.

I took it to a leading film company the next day with a note saying: "The author, a recognised literary genius, f or his own reasons prefers to remain unknown." The company was silent for two weeks, but I wasn't worried. I knew they would come to me: they had to – the scenario was too good, it couldn't f ail. And when they appeared, I refused their first offers. I made them come three times. At last I gave them an ultimatum. They agreed to all my demands, as I knew they would: they knew how much the scenario was worth.

Now I had come to the last and greatest difficulty. How could I give the money to Bruce? Many wild ideas came to my mind. At last I decided that I would say I had sold the scenario, because I wanted to make some money f or myself. "He'll be angry with me, but he won't be able to refuse to take the money," I thought.

When I came to his room, I found him lying on two chairs, as usual, smoking his black cigarettes and playing with an old cat that he had found in the street. I asked after his health, and then said: "There's something I must tell you – I'm afraid you may think it rather unpleasant."

"Go on!" he ordered.

"Do you remember that scenario that you wrote and gave me about six weeks ago?"

"Yes, you do. About the beautiful black aristocrat."

"Oh," he laughed. "That foolish thing!"

'-'Well, I sold it."

"What? Who wants to publish a thing like that?"

"It isn't published. They are making a film out of it. A superfilm, they call it."

His eyes opened wide.

"Don't argue," I said. "It's done – I've sold it and here is the money – three thousand pounds. I had to do some work on it, so if you want to pay me ten per cent, I won't refuse."

"My God!" he said.

"Yes, yes," I went on, speaking more quickly. "I know what you are thinking. I know your high ideas about art and literature and culture. But that's all nonsense, Bruce. The story may be vulgar, I agree. But we're vulgar, it's foolish to pretend we are not. vI don't mean you, of course, but people in general. The film will be good entertainment."

I couldn't look at the f ire in his eyes, and I hurried to defend myself.

"You don't live in the world, Bruce. You don't understand what ordinary people want; something to make their grey lives a little brighter. They want blood, excitement of any kind. You haven't hurt them by this film, you have been kind to them. And this is your money, and I want you to take it!"

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited, expect- ing the storm to begin at any moment. Then I began again. "I know that you hate the cinema and everything connected with it..."

His voice interrupted me. "Nonsense!" he roared. "What are you talking about? Who said I hate the cinema? I go there three times a week!"

This time, I cried, "My God!" I pushed the money into his hand and ran away, followed by the cat.

Vocabulary Definition

be (not) interested in smth. – wanting to know or hear more about smth/smb; enjoying or liking smth/smb;

from time to time – sometimes not often;

be a failure – a person or thing that is not successful;

be worried about smb. – thinking that smth bad might happen or has happened;

allow smb. to do smth. – to give permition for smb/smth to do smth or for smth to happen;

interrupt smb. – to say or to do smth that makes smb stop what he/she is saying or doing;

it's foolish to do smth. – it’s silly to do smth;

refuse on offer (help) –accept, turn down an offer;

be connected with – to have an association with smb/smth else;

respect smb. –to admire or to have a high opinion of smb/smth;

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответьте на следующие вопросы: Саволларга жавоб беринг:

1) Describe Bruce (appearance, habits, financial position).

2) Why was Bruce in a gloomy mood when the author came to visit him?

3) What made Bruce write a parody on the film he had seen the night before?

4) What was the plot of the scenario?

5) What did the author think of the scenario after having read part of it?

6) What idea occurred to him?

7) Why did the author make the film company come several times?

8) Why didn't he write Bruce's name on the scenario?

9) What was the greatest difficulty for the author?

10) What did the author oppose to Bruce’s high ideas about art?

11) The author expected the storm, did not he? But what did he hear instead?

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences:Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов: Қуйдаги сўзларнинг эквивалентларини текстдан топинг:

Голодать, читать критические статьи, седые усы, хуже, чем обычно; в мрачном настроении, не дав возможности справиться о здоровье, необычайно красива, с каменным сердцем, ты здорово повеселишься, шедевр, заплатила бы любую цену, умирать от нищеты, ты сам виноват, вышвырнуть из комнаты, подправил сценарий, ведущая кинокомпания, приняли все мои условия, хотел немного заработать, все это чепуха, глупо притворяться, простые люди.

Оч қолмоқ, танқидий мақолаларни ўқимоқ, оқ кирган сақол, одатдагидан ямон, маюс кайфият, соғлиқни яхшилашга имкон бермасдан, ўта чиройли, бағри тошлик билан, сен яхшигна ҳурсанчилик қиласан, шоҳ асар, исталган нарҳни тулаган бўлардим, қашшоқликдан ўлмоқ, сен ўзинг айбдорсан, хонадан хайдамоқ, сценарини тўғирлади, илғор кинокомпания, менинг ҳамма шартларимни қабул қилди, камгина ишлаб олмоқчи эдим бунинг ҳаммаси сафсата, муғомбирлик қилишнинг хожати йўқ, оддий одамлар

.

THE SNAKE AND THE BELL by L. Becke

about author

George Lewis (Louis) Becke (1855-1913), author, was born on 18 June 1855 at Port Macquarie, New South Wales, son of Frederick Becke, clerk of petty sessions, and his wife Caroline Matilda, née Beilby, both English-born. Becke received little formal education before 1867 when the family moved to Sydney and he attended Fort Street Model School. Two years later, with his brother Vernon, he took passage to San Francisco and was away for nineteen months. At 16 he stowed away to Samoa, taking a job in Apia as a book-keeper. He was 18 when he met the notorious Captain 'Bully' Hayes who was to become a central character in his later writings. Early in 1874 Hayes signed Becke on as supercargo on the *Leonora* which, some ten weeks later, sank off Kusaie, stranding the survivors there. When a British warship arrived in pursuit of Hayes six months later, Becke was arrested for piracy and taken to Brisbane. Acquitted, he joined the Palmer River gold rush, worked at Ravenswood station (1877), and as a bank clerk in Townsville (1878-79).

By April 1880 Becke was in the Ellice Islands, employed as a trader. Next February he opened his own store at Nukufetau and there married Nelea Tikena. Later that year he lost everything in a shipwreck and for the next few years worked in New Britain and at Majuro in the Marshall Islands.

Late in 1885 Becke returned to New South Wales and on 10 February 1886 at Port Macquarie, he married Elizabeth (Bessie) Mary Stuart, née Maunsell (d.1932). He worked in Sydney as a contract draftsman for the Lands Department until they went to Townsville, Queensland, in 1888. He was assistant secretary to the New South Wales branch of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia for a few months in 1890 before accepting a post in the islands again. He returned to Sydney from Noumea in January 1892.

Unable to find regular work, Becke turned to writing. His friend Ernest Favenc persuaded him to put his South Sea yarns on paper and introduced him to J. F. Archibald. His first signed story, `'Tis in the blood', appeared in the *Bulletin* on 6 May 1893. *By Reef and Palm*, a collection of short stories, was published in London in 1894 and reprinted three times that year. Further collections of stories followed in 1896 and 1897. Becke went on to write thirty-four books, including six novels in collaboration with W. J. Jeffery and seven on his own account. Bertram Stevens called him 'a born story-teller', an impressionist-realist yet without imagination and little conscious art. Becke later paid tribute to Archibald for teaching him 'the secrets of condensation and simplicity of language'.

He sold all his books outright and success brought him no wealth; in April 1894 he was declared bankrupt. In 1896 he separated from his wife (who tried to divorce him in 1903 and 1910) and left for England, accompanied by his daughter Nora (b.1888) and by Fanny Sabina Long (1871-1959). In London Becke was received as a celebrity. He and Sabina lived at Eastbourne, where their two daughters were born, and later in Ireland and northern France; he visited Jamaica in 1902. He raised finance in 1908 to back an expedition to the Pacific to record folk-lore. On 22 July, before leaving for Suva via New Zealand, he and Sabina went through a form of marriage at St Pancras Register Office.

By 1909 Becke had returned to Sydney. He still wrote for the *Bulletin* but creditors hounded him, he was drinking heavily, and he spent the last two years of his life ill and alone. He died of cancer on 18 February 1913 in his room at the York Hotel, King Street; friends in the *Bulletin* office arranged his burial in Waverley cemetery. He was predeceased by two sons and survived by three daughters.

When I was a child of eight years of age, a curious incident occurred in the house in which our family lived. The place was Mosman's Bay, one of the many picturesque indentations of the beautiful harbour of Sydney. In those days the houses were few and far apart, and our own dwelling was surrounded on all sides by the usual Australian forest far back from the main road.

The building itself was in the form of a quadrangle enclosing a courtyard, on to which nearly all the rooms opened; each room having a bell over the door, the wires running all round the square, while the front-door bell; hung in the hall.

One cold and windy evening about eight o'clock, my mother, my sisters, and myself were sitting in the dining-room awaiting the arrival of my brothers from Sydney – they attended school there, and rowed or sailed the six miles to and fro every day, generalIy returning home by dusk. On this particular evening, however, they were late, on account of the wind blowing rather freshly from the north-east; but presently we heard the front-door bell ring gently.

"Here they are at last," said my mother; "but how silly of them to go to the front-door on such a windy night!"

Julia, the servant, candle in hand, went along the lengthy passage, and opened the door. No one was there! She came back to the dining-room when the bell again rang – this time vigorously. My eldest sister threw down the book she was reading, and with an impatient exclamation herself went to the door, opened it quickly, and said sharply as she pulled it inwards – "Come in at once, you stupid things!" There was no answer, and she stepped outside on the veranda. No one was visible, and again the big bell in the hall rang!

She shut the door angrily and returned to her seat, just as the bell gave a curious, faint tinkle.

"Don't take any notice of them," said my mother, "they will soon get tired of playing such silly tricks, and be eager for their supper."

Presently the bell gave out three clear strokes. We looked at each other and smiled. Five minutes passed, and then came eight or ten gentle strokes.

"Let us catch them," said my mother, rising, and holding her finger up to us to preserve silence, as she stepped softly along the hall, we following on tiptoe.

Softly turning the handle, she suddenly threw the door wide open, just as the bell gave another jangle. Not a soul was visible!

My mother – one of the most placid-tempered women who ever breathed, now became annoyed, and stepping out on the veranda, addressed herself to the darkness – "Come inside at once, boys, or I shall be very angry. I know perfectly well what you have done; you have tied a string to the bell-wires, and are pulling it. If you don't stop you shall have no supper."

No answer – except from the hall bell, which gave another tinkle.

"Bring a candle and the step-ladder, Julia," said our mother, "and we shall see what these foolish boys have done to the bell-wire."

Julia brought the ladder; my eldest sister mounted it, and began to examine the bell. She could see nothing unusual, no string or wire, and as she descended, the bell swayed and gave one faint stroke!

We all returned to the sitting-room, and had scarcely been there five minutes when we heard my three brothers coming in, in their usual way, by the back door. They tramped into the sitting-room, noisy, dirty, and hungry, and demanded supper in a loud voice. My mother looked at them angrily, and said they deserved none.

"Why, mum, what's the matter?" said Ted; "what have we been doing now, or what have we not done, that we don't deserve any supper, after pulling for two hours from Circular Quay."

"You know perfectly well what I mean. It is most inconsiderate of you to play such silly tricks upon us.

Ted gazed at her in astonishment. "Silly tricks, mother! What silly tricks?" (Julia crossed herself, and trembled visibly as the bell again rang.)

My mother, at once satisfied that Ted and my other brothers really knew nothing of the mysterious bell-ringing, quickly explained the cause of her anger.

"Let us go and see if we can find out," said Ted. "You two boys, and you, Julia, get all the lanterns, light them, and we'll start out together – two on one side of the house and two on the other."

We ran out, lit three lanterns, and my next eldest brother and myself, feeling horribly frightened, were told to go round the house, beginning from the left, and meet Ted at the hall door, he going round from the right.

With shaking limbs and gasping breath we made our portion of the circuit, sticking close to each other, and carefully avoiding looking at anything. We arrived on the veranda, and in front of the hall door, quite five minutes before Ted appeared.

"Well, did you see anything?" he asked, as he walked up the steps, lantern in hand.

"Nothing," we answered.

Ted looked at us contemptuously. "You miserable little curs! What are you so frightened of? You're no better than a pack of women and kids. It's the wind that has made the bell ring, or, if it's not the wind, it is something else which I don't know anything about; but I want my supper. Pull the bell, one of you."

Then Ted, raised his lantern so as to get a look upwards, and gave a yell.

"Oh, look there!"

We looked up, and saw the twisting coils of a huge carpet snake, which had wound its body round and round the bell-wire on top of the wall plate. Its head was downwards, and it did not seem at all alarmed at our presence, but went on wriggling and twisting.

Then the step-ladder was brought out, and Ted, seizing the reptile by the tail, uncoiled it with some difficulty from the wire, and threw it down upon the veranda.

It was over nine feet in length, and very fat, and had caused all the disturbance by trying to denude itself of its old skin by dragging its body between the bell-wire and the top of the wall.

List of Vocabulary

1. indentation – извилина (берега); илон изи
2. step-ladder – лестница-стремянка; норвон
3. carpet snake – большая неядовитая змея до 3 метров в длину, заҳарсиз 3 метирлик катта илон

Vocabulary Definition

attend school (a lecture) – to go to or be present at a place;

on account of smth. – because of;

take no notice of –the act of no attention to smth.

be (get) tired of doing smth. – to be bored with or annoyed by smb/smth/ doing smth;

play a trick on smb. – to trick smb in order to amuse yourself or other people;

avoid doing smth. – to prevent smth happening or to try not to do smth;

be alarmed – feeling frightened or worried;

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответьте на следующие вопросы: Саволларга жавоб беринг:

1) Where did the incident happen? How old was the author of the story at that time?

2) What was peculiar about the house?

3) Where did the elder brothers study? Prove that it was a long way from the house.

4) What was the weather like that evening?

5) Who opened the door when they heard the bell for the first time?

6) Why was the boy's eldest sister angry?

7) What was the mother’s plan? What made her annoyed?

8) Did they find anything when they had examined the bell?

9) What assured everybody that the boys knew nothing about the bell-ringing?

10) What did Ted suggest they should do?

11) Find in the text the sentences which prove that the children were frightened.

12) What did Ted notice on the wall?

13) It was the snake who had played the trick, wasn't it?

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences: Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов: Текстдан қуйдги суз ва ибораларнинг эквивалентини топинг:

любопытный случай, дома были разбросаны, в форме прямоугольника, ожидая приезда, туда и обратно, в сумерках, как глупо с их стороны, резко сказала, прижав палец к губам, на цыпочках, резко распахнула дверь, уравновешенная женщина, не заслуживают ужина, причина гнева, прижавшись друг к другу, презрительно, привяжи колокол, обвилась вокруг шнура, схватив змею за хвост, освободиться от старой кожи.

қизиқарли ҳодиса, уйнинг юзини ҳар томонига ташланган, тўртбурчак шаклида, келишини кутиб, бориб қайтгач, кош қорайиб қолганда, уларнинг томонидан аҳмоқлик, тезда айтди, бармоғини лабига текизиб, оёқ учида, бирданига эшикни очди, вазмин аёл, кечки овқатга лойиқ эмас, жаҳил чиқиши сабаби, бир-бирига ёпишиб, нафрат билан, қунғироқни боғла, боғични ўраб олган, илонни думидан ушлаб, эски терисини ташлади.

IS HE LIVING OR IS HE DEAD by M. Twain

about author

Samuel Clemens, alias Mark Twain, is an American icon whose razor-sharp wit and inimitable genius have entertained countless readers for more than a century. His many publications include such gallant childhood essentials as The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, along with many dozens of other works ranging from airy magazine columns to focused, biting anti-imperialist satire.

He was born in Hannibal, Missouri in 1835. The Clemens family consisted of two brothers, a sister, and the family-owned slave, Jenny, whose vivid storytelling was a formative influence on the young Sam. As he was growing up, his parents explained their perspective on the nature of things in the established South, about the slave-owning tradition, and about 'rough western justice.'

Reflections of this pre-war southern upbringing are found in many of Twain's writings, and although his images are quite idyllic, one cannot ignore the constant historical reminders of some of America's more unacceptable social realities.

Sam Clemens first discovered his literary talents through an apprenticeship at a local printing shop. He was exposed to countless books and became an avid reader. For him, a career in journalism was more than natural, but it wasn't until the marriage of his sister that Sam was inspired to real action. Bound by train, he left Hannibal for New York City. Shortly thereafter he found himself in Philadelphia, working in the publishing and journalism fields.

Eventually he relocated to Cincinatti, with the intention of saving enough money to explore the Amazon by way of New Orleans. His method of travel was to be the fateful steamboat, and while contemplating his future, he discovered his deep internal connection with the Mississippi river. Suddenly, he knew he had to learn how to pilot steamboats, and this urge proved stronger than anything he had known before. Stronger, even, than the idea of explorations in South America.

Some years later, after he had left the river to continue his journalistic career, Sam realized he needed a pen-name for the more comedic and fantastic columns he was writing. This was especially necessary since he had been dispatched to Carson City to report the activities of the Nevada legislature. He searched his memory for the proper association and remembered those halcyon river days. As his pen name, he chose a bit of the lingo, relating to the periodic measurement of the distance between the bottom of the steamboat and the riverbed. When the leadsman detected a depth of only twelve feet (two fathoms), he would sound the alert: 'By the maaa-ark, twain!'

While working in Carson City he met his mentor, the popular humorist Artemus Ward, who recognized Clemens' talent and encouraged him to write 'as much as possible.' Mark Twain did precisely that.

Clemens married, and his finely-honed abilities earned him international renown as a writer, lecturer and traveller. Along the way, he composed some of the best-loved and most widely known literature of 19th-century America. As the chancellor of Oxford University told an aged Clemens in 1907: 'Most amiable and charming sir, you shake the sides of the whole world with your merriment.'

Mark Twain spent the remaining three years completing his official autobiography, concluding with the death of his beloved wife. Four months later, on the evening of 10 April 1910, he flipped through a book and bade his doctor 'goodbye'. Thence he drifted into eternal slumber.

"A long time ago I was a young artist and came to France where I was travelling from place to place making sketches. One day I met two French artists who were also moving from place to place making sketches and I joined them. We were as happy as we were poor, or as poor as we were happy, as you like it.

"Claude and Carl – these are the names of those boys – were always in good spirits and laughed at poverty. We were very poor. We lived on the money which we got from time to time for our sketches. When nobody wanted to buy our sketches we had to go hungry.

"Once, in the north of France, we stopped at a village. For some time things had been very difficult for us. A young artist, as poor as ourselves, lived in that village. He took us into his house, and saved us from starvation. The artist's name was Francois Millet.

"He wasn't greater than we were, then. He wasn't famous even in his own village; and he was so poor that very often he hadn't anything for dinner but cabbage, and sometimes he could not even get cabbage. We lived and worked together for over two years. One day Claude said:

“Boys, we've come to the end. Do you understand that? Everybody is against us. I've been all around the village and they do not want to sell food until we pay all the money”. There was a long silence. At last Millet said, “What shall we do? I can't think of anything. Can you, boys?”

"We made no answer. Then Carl began to walk up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped in front of a picture and said: 'It's a shame! Look at these pictures! They are good, as good as the pictures of any well-known artist. Many people had said so too.

"'But they don't buy our pictures,' said Millet.

“Carl sat down and said, 'I know now how we can become rich”.

“'Rich! You have lost your mind”.

“No, I haven't.”

“Yes, you have – you've lost your mind. What do you call rich?”

“A hundred thousand francs for a picture”.

“He has lost his mind. I knew it”.

“Yes, he has. Carl, these troubles have been too much for you, and…”

“Carl, you must take some medicine and go to bed”.

“Stop it!” said Millet seriously, “and let the boy say what he wants to. Now, then – go on with hour plan, Carl. What is it?”

"'Well, then, to begin with, I will ask you to note this fact in human history: many great artists die of starvation. And only after their death people begin to buy their pictures and pay large sums of money for them. So the thing is quite clear”, he added, “one of us must die. Let us draw lots”. We laughed and gave Carl some medical advice, but he waited quietly, then went on again with his plan.

"'Yes, one of us must die, to save the others – and himself. We will draw lots. He will become famous and all of us will become rich. Here is the idea. During the next three months the man who must die will paint as many pictures as he can, sketches, parts of pictures, fragments of pictures with his name on them, and each must have some particulars of his, that could be easily seen. Such things are sold too and collected at high prices for the world's museums, after the great man is dead. At the same time the others of us will inform the public that a great artist is dying, that he won't live over three months.

“But what if he doesn't die?” we asked Carl.

“Oh, he won't really die, of course; he will only change his name and disappear, we bury a dummy and cry over it and all the world will help us. And –‘ But he wasn't allowed to finish. Everybody applauded him, we ran about the room, and fell on each others' necks, and were happy. For hours we talked over the great plan and quite forgot that we were hungry.

"At last we drew lots and Millet was elected to die. We collected the few things we had left and pawned them. So we got a little money for travel and for Millet to live on for a few days.

The next morning Claude, Carl and I left the village. Each had some of Millet's small pictures and sketches with him. We took different roads. Carl went to Paris, where he would begin the work of building Millet's fame. Claude and I were going abroad.

"On the second day I began to sketch a villa near a big town because I saw the owner standing on the veranda. He came down to look on. I showed him my sketch and he liked it. Then I took out a picture by Millet and pointed to the name in the corner.

“Do you know the name?” I said proudly. “Well, he taught me!” I finished.

"The man looked confused.

“Don't you know the name of Francois Millet?” I asked him.

“Of course it is Millet. I recognise it now”, said the man, who had never heard of Millet before, but now pretended to know the name. Then he said that he wanted to buy the picture. At first I refused to sell it, but in the end I let him have it for eight hundred francs. I made a very nice picture of that man's house and wanted to offer it to him for ten francs, but remembered that I was the pupil of such a master, so I sold it to him for a hundred. I sent the eight hundred francs straight back to Millet from that town and was on the road again next day.

"Nom that I had some money in my pocket, I did not walk from place to place. I rode. I continued my journey and sold a picture a day. I always said to the man who bought it, “I'm a fool to sell a picture by Ftancois Millet. The man won't live three months. When he dies, his pictures will be sold at a very high price”.

"The plan of selling pictures was successful with all of us. I walked only two days. Claude walked two – both of us afraid to make Millet famous too near the village where he lived – but Carl walked only half a day and after that he travelled like a king. In every town that we visited, we met the editor of the newspaper and asked him to publish a few words about the master's health. We never called Millet a genius. The readers understood that everybody knew Millet. Sometimes the words were hopeful, sometimes tearful. We always marked these articles and sent the papers to all the people who had bought pictures of us.

"Carl was soon in Paris. He made friends with the journalists and Millet's condition was reported to England and all over the continent, and America, and everywhere.

"At the end of six weeks from the start, me three met in Paris and decided to stop asking for more pictures from Millet. We saw that is was time to strike. So we wrote Millet to go to bed and begin to prepare for his death. We wanted him to die in ten days, if he could get ready. Then we counted the money and found that we had sold eighty-five small pictures and sketches and had sixty-nine thousand francs. How happy we were!

"Claude and I packed up and went back to the village to look after Millet in his last days and keep people out of the house. We sent daily bulletins to Carl in Paris for the papers of several continents with the information for a waiting world. The sad end came at last, and Carl came to the village to help us. Large crowds of people from far and near attended the funeral. We four carried the coffin. There was only a wax figure in it. Millet was disguised as a relative and helped to carry his own coffin.

"After the funeral we continued selling Millet's pictures. We got so much money that we did not know what to do with it. There is a man in Paris today who has seventy Millet's pictures. He paid us two million francs for them."

List of Vocabulary

Francois Millet – Франсуа Милле, французский художник (1814 – 1875); Франсуа Милле, француз рассоми

funeral – похороны; дафн

coffin – гроб. тобут

Vocabulary Definition

be in good sprit – the mood, attitude or state of mind of smb/smth;

lose one's mind – to become confused or very exited;

to begin with – to start in a particular way, with a particular event, or in a particular place;

it's quite clear that… – easy to understand;

inform smb. – to give smb information (about smth)? Especially in an official way;

applaude smb. – to hit your hands together noisily in order to show that you like smb/smth;

go abroad –go to another country or countries;

look confused – not able to think clearly;

be successful – having achieved what you wanted; having become popular, rich, etc;

report smth. –to give people information about what you have seen, heard, done, etc;

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответьте на следующие вопросы: Қуйдаги саволларга жавоб беринг:

1) Under what circumstances did the author get acquainted with Claude and Carl?

2) Describe their way of life.

3) Who joined their company some time later?

4) Why didn't people buy their pictures?

5) Which well-known fact of human history did Carl make use of in his plan?

6) Describe his plan in detail.

7) Which of the four was elected to die?

8) Prove that the plan was successful with all the young men.

9) What was the role of journalists in making Millet famous?

10) Describe the funeral.

11) What was the result of their successful “operation”?

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences: Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов:Текстдан қуйдаги сўз ва ибораларнинг эквивалентини топинг:

делать набросок, спас от голода, ничего, кроме капусты, дошли до ручки, разбогатеть, отметить этот факт, платить большие деньги, давайте бросим жребий, характерные особенности, хоронить манекен, закладывать вещи, создавать славу Милле, притворился, что знает, продавал по картине в день, редактор газеты, из ближних и дальних мест, восковая фигура, его замаскировали под родственника.

хомаки расм, очликдан кутқарди, карамдан ташқари ҳеч нарса, тутқичга етгач, бойиб кетмоқ, бу фактга ишора этмоқ, кўпроқ пул тўлаш, келинглар кура ташлаймиз, характерли ҳусусият, маникенни сақламоқ, нарсаларни гаровга қўймоқ, Миллнинг шуҳратини яратмоқ, ўзинни ялғондакам бир ҳолга солмоқ, нимани билса, бир кунда битадан расм сотар эди, газета редактори, узоқ ва яқин жойлардан, мумҳайкал, уни оғайни сифатида таништирмоқ

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE
by O. Wilde

about author

A gifted poet, playwright, and wit, Oscar Wilde was a phenomenon in 19th century England. He was illustrious for preaching the importance of style in life and art, and of attacking Victorian narrow mindedness.

Wilde was born in Dublin in 1854. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, before leaving his native Ireland to study at Oxford University when he was in his early twenties. His prodigious talent as far as literature was concerned was recognized, when he received the Newdegate Prize for his outstanding poem, "Ravenna". After leaving college, his first volume of poetry, `Patience', was published in 1881, followed by a play, `The Duchess of Padua' two years later. It was around this time that Wilde sparked a sensation.

On his arrival to America, Wilde stirred the nation with his flamboyant personality: wearing long silk stockings, an unusual mode of dress, long, flowing hair which gave the impression of an effeminate, and a general air of wittiness, sophistication and eccentricity. He was an instant celebrity, but his works did not find recognition until the publication of "The Happy Prince and Other Tales" in 1888. His other noted work, which was his only novel, was "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1890), which caused controversy as the book evidently attacked the hypocrisy of England. The book was later used as incriminating evidence at Oscar Wilde's trail, on the basis of its evident homosexual content.

Oscar Wilde was a married man with children, but his private life was as a homosexual. He had an affair with a young, snobbish aristocrat named Lord Alfred Douglas. Douglas' father, the Marquess of Queensberry did not approve of his son's relationship with the distinguished writer, and when he accused Wilde of sodomy, Wilde tried to sue the Marquess in court, but his case dropped to the ground when his homosexuality was exposed, which was then outlawed in England. Wilde was sentenced to two years hard labor in prison. On his release, he was a penniless, dejected man and he soon died in Paris, aged 46.

Wilde is immortalised through his works, and the stories he wrote for children such as "The Happy Prince" and "The Selfish Giant" are still vibrant in the imagination of the public, especially the novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the story of a young handsome man who sells his soul to a picture to have eternal youth and beauty, only to face the hideousness of his own portrait as it ages, which entails his evil nature and degradation. The book has been interpreted on stage dramas, films, television, and is currently being filmed twice. Oscar Wilde's very personality inspired the 1997 film, 'Wilde', which told the story of his homosexual life, and which had Stephen Fry as Oscar Wilde and Jude Law as Lord Alfred Douglas.

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her a red rose," cried the young student, "but there is not a single red rose in all my garden."

From her nest in the oak-tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves and wondered.

"Not a single red rose in all my garden!" cried the student, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Happiness depends so much on such little things! I have read all that the wise men have written, I know all the secrets of philosophy, but my life is unhappy because I have no red rose."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night I have sung about him, though I did not know him; night after night I have told his story to the stars, and now I see him."

"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night," whispered the young student, "and my love will be there. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will put her head upon my

shoulder, and her hand will be in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit alone, and she will pass me by, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing about, he suffers; what is joy to me, to him is pain. Love is a wonderful thing. It is dearer than jewels."

"The musicians will play, and my love will dance," said the young student. "She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor. But she will not dance with me, for I have no red rose to give her," and he threw himself down on the grass and buried his face in his hands, and cried.

"Why is he crying?" asked a little green lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"He is crying for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose? How funny." The little lizard laughed loudly.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings and flew up into the air. She passed through the wood like a shadow, and like a shadow she flew over the garden.

In the centre of the lawn was standing a beautiful rose-tree., and when she saw it, she flew over to it and said, "Give me a red rose and I will sing you my sweetest song." But the rose-tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered, "whiter than the snow upon the mountains. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will singyou my sweetest song."

But the rose-tree shook its head. "My roses are yellow," it answered. "But go to my brother who grows under the student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the rose-tree that was growing under the student's window.

But the rose-tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered. "But the winter has frozen my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way how to get it?"

"There is a way," answered the rose-tree, "but it is so terrible that I am afraid to tell you about it."

"Tell me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and crimson it with your own heart's blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must run through your heart and your blood must flow into my branches and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the sun, and the moon. Yet Love is better than life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings and flew into the air. She flew over the garden like a shadow and like a shadow she passed through the wood.

The young student was still lying on the grass where she had lef t him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy. You shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and crimson it with my own heart's blood. I only ask you in return to be a true lover, for love is wiser than philosophy and mightier than power."

The student looked up from the grass and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are in books.

But the oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered, "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the oak-tree.

When she had finished her song the student got up, and pulled a note-book and a pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the wood, "but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists. She thinks of music, and everybody knows the artists are selfish. Still, I must say that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity that they do not mean anything."

And he went into his room, and lay down on his bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the moon shone in the sky the Nightingale flew to the rose-tree, and pressed her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast and her blood flowed out.

She sang of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top of the rose-tree appeared a beautiful rose. Pale it was at first, as the fog that hangs over the river – pale as the feet of the morning.

But the rose-tree cried to the Nightingale, "Press closer, little Nightingale, or the day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer and closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maiden.

The leaves of the rose became faintly pink. But the thorn had not yet reached the Nightingale's heart, so the rose's heart remained white, f or only a Nightingale's blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the rose-tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the rose-tree, "or the day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and she felt a sharp pain. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang about the love that never dies.

And the beautiful rose became crimson like the eastern sky. But the Nightingale's voice grew weaker and her little wings began to beat.

When day came, she gave one last burst of music. The white moon heard it, and she forgot that it was morning and remained in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over and opened to the cold morning air.

"Look, look!" cried the rose-tree. "The rose is finished now!" But the Nightingale did not answer for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the student opened his window and looked out. "How wonderful!" he cried. "Here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like this in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name," and he bent down and picked it with joy in his heart.

Then he put on his hat, and ran to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it tonight next to your heart, and when we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl answered.

"I am afraid it will not go with my dress, and besides, another man has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the young student angrily and he threw the rose into the street and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I'll tell you what, you are rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a poor student!" and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing love is," said the student as he walked away. "It is always telling us things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back and study philosophy."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Vocabulary Definition

depend on smth. – to be able to trust smb/smth to do smth; to rely on smb/smth;

suffer smth. –to experience smth unpleasant, for example pain, sadness, difficulty, etc.;

shake one’s head – to move your head from side to side, as a way of saying no;

there is a (no) way how to do smth. – definitely not;

it is pleasant to do smth. – it is nice to do smth;

compared to smth./smb. – to be as good as smb/smth;

fall asleep – not awake; sleeping;

feel a sharp pain – the unpleasant feeling;

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответьте на следующие вопросы: Саволарга жавоб беринг

1) Why was the young student upset?

2) Why did the Nightingale make up her mind to help the student?

3) What way out did the rose-tree propose to the Nightingale?

4) It was a great sacrifice for the bird, wasn't it? Why did she still decide to make it?

5) Why was the Nightingale's sacrifice made in vain?

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences:Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов:Қуйдаги сўз ва ибораларнинг инглиз эквивалентини топинг:

нет ни одной красной розы, дает бал, пройдет мимо меня, дороже драгоценностей, закрыл лицо руками, зеленая ящерица, причина его печали, промелькнул как тень, мои почки померзли, окрасить ее кровью своего сердца, прижавшись грудью к шипу, слезы еще не высохли, сильнее, чем власть, все художники, прижмись сильнее, не пойдет к моему платью, в конце концов.

бронта ҳам қизил атиргул йўқ эди, бал беради, олдимдан ўтиб кетади, қимматбаҳо тақинчоқлардан ҳам қиммат, юзини қўллари билан ёпди, яшил калтакесак, унинг ҳафа бўлиш сабаби, шарпадай ўтиб кетди, менинг куртакларимни совуқ урди, уни юрак қоним билан ранглайман, кўкрак билан тикани сиқмоқ, кўз ёшлар ҳоли қуримаган, ҳокимиятдан ҳам кучли, ҳамма рассомлар, қатиқроқ сиқмоқ, менинг куйлагимга тўғри келмайди, ниҳоят.

A FRUITFUL SUNDAY by Agatha Christie

about author

Everyone who has studied or written about Agatha Christie agrees on one point. She is very famous — the most famous woman writer ever. During her 85 years of life, she authored 78 crime novels, 150 short stories, 6 conventional (not crime) novels, 4 non-fiction books, and 19 plays. By one count, more than 2 billion copies of her books and plays had been sold in 104 languages — outselling even William Shakespeare! More than 7.5 million people have seen her most famous play, The Mousetrap, since it first opened in 1952.

But, despite all of this fame, Agatha Christie was a complex woman, whom few people fully understand. The public's knowledge of Christie is limited, because she carefully avoided public appearances, said little in public, and never gave public speeches.

In her autobiography, Christie wrote how slow-witted she was as a child, and chronically incapable of expressing her feelings. In frustration, Christie once decided to turn to music, since she was sufficiently talented as a pianist to consider becoming a professional. But, alas, even with small audiences, Christie would freeze up when playing the piano. She wrote, "Inarticulate I shall always be. It is probably one of the causes that have made me a writer/'

As she grew older, and became more and more famous, Christie seemed to become even more private, silent and inadequate in public. Here's an example. In 1962, at the age of 72, Christie was invited as the guest of honor to an exclusive party at the Savoy Hotel in London. The party was made to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the running of her popular play, The Mousetrap. However, the doorman refused to let Christie in, not knowing who she was. Christie did not protest or brush the doorman aside. Instead, she turned meekly away, saddened and confused, later to write how the party ended up as a pitiful failure.

Some writers have suggested that Christie may have suffered throughout her life from a chronic form of agoraphobia. This is a mental disorder creating an intense fear of public ptaces.

An Adventurous and Happy Childhood

Christie was born in an upper-middle class family, growing up in a large Italian-style stucco villa on the English seashore. She had a happy and peaceful childhood.

Christie was allowed by her free-spirited mother to run wild as much as possible. She would regularly amaze family and friends with her actions. On her own, she went out at a very young age on a sailboat with her unreliable brother. She went on a mule trip with her sister without permission. At the age of 6, she climbed out the 4th floor window of a hotel and walked riskily along the foot-wide ledge. In 1911, at the age of 21, Agatha's mother paid 5 pounds for her to go up in that new invention called an airplane for 5 minutes. Despite her public shyness, Agatha was obviously adventurous and bold.

Agatha Christie was home-tutored, which was customary for young women during the Victorian era. She nevertheless demonstrated she had a brilliant mind, excelling in mathematics, logic, and music. Christie also grew up from being a scrawny little kid into a tall, slim blonde, who was very popular with the opposite sex. She had many suitors as a young woman, before she finally married.

Highlights of Her Adult Life

Agatha Christie showed her sense of adventure in her attitude to marriage. She wrote about how exciting it was being a girl who gambled her life on her choice of a mate, and to whom anything might happen. She eventually married Archie Christie at the age of 24, taking his last name.

Twelve years later, in 1926, Agatha's mother died. Later in the same year, she went through a bitter divorce, when her husband stunned her with the news that he wanted to marry their mutual friend, Nancy Neele.

These two events put her in a deep depression. Then, she generated sensational and scathing news coverage, which she spent the rest of her life trying to live down. This occurred after she abandoned her car outside of London, and then disappeared for 11 days. She was well known by this time, and her disappearance resulted in national publicity, with the police beating the bushes looking for her, ponds being dragged for her body, and many volunteers devoting time looking for her. She was discovered staying in a hotel north of England, under the name Teresa Neele. Her doctors later claimed she had been in an

automobile accident, even though there was no damage to her car, and she was suffering from amnesia. Despite her doctors' claims, the national press ridiculed her, claiming this was an elaborate hoax perpetrated by her, inconveniencing the police and the many volunteers looking for her. And, it did not go unnoticed that using the name "Neele" at the hotel where had been staying or hiding, Christie had put the name of the woman her husband wanted to marry on the front page of every newspaper in the country.

Christie refused to discuss this incident for the rest of her life, although in her autobiography she stated that it created a life-long revulsion for the press, journalists, and crowds.

Despite the bitter experiences in 1926 with her first husband,
Agatha Christie found she was still very much the center of attention with men. And, at the age of 40, Agatha had a whole new life open up for her again, with rich new cultural opportunities. She married a man 14 years younger than she was, and they had an exceptionally happy relationship.

But for the 1926 escapades, writers often complain that Christie's life is so unrewarding as a biographical subject. There is some truth to this, as you can see. Most of Christie's life was spent relatively uneventfully.

There still little light shed on how her prodigious writing talents first developed. All we know is that Christie's father died at an early age, and over time his death left her mother and siblings in a more difficult financial situation. These changed financial circumstances prompted Christie to see if she could earn money to help her family keep the seashore villa. Christie's first husband also had limited financial resources for the first few years of their marriage, and this gave her additional reason to try to earn some additional money through her writing. These early efforts at writing led to her first publishing contract in 1919, at the age of 29. Agatha had received little financial reward for her efforts up to that point.

By 1923, she was starting to develop a reputation as a detective novelist. She continued writing at least one novel a year for the rest of her life, with her fame and reputation growing by leaps and bounds throughout the rest of her life. In 1971 she became "Dame of the British Empire," which is an honorary rank equivalent to knighthood, but awarded much more rarely.

In her stories, Christie did not stimulate readers' interest in the cultural values of her day, which can date a writer's work. Her stories remain as fresh and interesting today as when she wrote them.

She used a broad range of imaginative and atypical characters, which did not mirror the norm in society. Thus, for example, she would write about a young woman who was a solid breadwinner, or a woman over 60 who can dominate the life of family and community, or a murderess who was just as handsome, hard headed, and ambitious, as any man.

Christie had the insight and genius to create her great detective, Poirot, in her very first novel. There is something very clever about Poirot. He presents an image of a funny little man, with an egghead and moustache, who is a former policeman and possesses an outstanding intellect. However, you will note that he otherwise has no family, or nation, or class. His background is never developed or explained. Only in a very limited sense is he developed as a character. He serves instead as an efficient device or tool for Christie logically and uneventfully to tell her story without developing a new person which would distract her readers. Similarly, Christie has developed a stereotypical friend in Captain Hastings, who serves another role in her. stories. Since most of her stories deal with the upper middle class in British society, she uses Hastings, with his cultural and class connections, to gain Poirot access to the drawing rooms and the upstairs corridors and other intimate settings necessary for his investigations.

"Well, really, I call this too delightful," said Miss Dorothy Pratt for the fourth time. "How I wish Mrs. Mackenzie could see me now!".

Miss Pratt's companion did not reply at once for the best of reasons. When you have just purchased a Baby Austin, fourth hand, for the sum of twenty pounds, and are taking it out for the second time only, your whole attention is necessarily focused on the difficult task of using both hands and feet as the emergencies of the moment dictate.

"Well, you don't talk to a girl much," complained Dorothy.

Mr. Palgrove was saved from having to respond as at that moment he was roundly and soundly cursed by the driver of a motor omnibus.

"Well, of all the impudence," said Miss Pratt, tossing her head. "I only wish he had this footbrake," said her swain bitterly.

"Is there anything wrong with it?"

"You can put your foot on it till kingdom comes," said Mr. Palgrove. "But nothing happens."

"Oh, well, Ted, you can't expect everything for twenty pounds. After all here we are, in a real car, on Sunday afternoon going out of town the same as everybody else.""

"And you do drive something beautiful," Dorothy added admiringly.

Inspired by feminine appreciation, Mr. Palgrove attempted a dash across Hammersmith Broadway and was severely spoken to by a policeman.

"Well, you never," said Dorothy, as they went on towards Hammersmith Bridge in a moderate fashion. "You don't know what the police are coming to."

"Anyway, I didn't want to go along this road," said Edward sadly. "I wanted to go down the Great West Road and do a bust."

"And be caught in a trap as likely as not," said Dorothy. "That's what happened to the master the other day. Five pounds and costs."

"The police aren't so dusty after all," said Edward generously. "They pitch into the rich. All right. No favour. It makes me mad to think of these swells who can walk into a place and buy a couple of Rolls Royces without turning a hair. There's no sense in it. I'm as good as they are."

"And the jewellery," said Dorothy, sighing. "Those shops in Bond Street. Diamonds and pearls and I don't know what! And me with a string of Woolworth pearls."

She brooded sadly upon the subject. Edward was able once more to give full attention to his driving. They managed to get through Richmond without mishap. The altercation with the policeman had shaken Edward's nerve. He now took the line of least resistance, following blindly behind any car in front.

In this way he presently found himself following a shady country lane which many an experienced motorist would have given his soul to find.

"Rather clever turning off the way I did," said Edward, taking all the credit to himself.

"Sweetly pretty, I call it," said Miss Pratt. "And I do declare, there's a man with fruit to sell."

Sure enough, at a convenient corner, was a small wicker table with baskets of fruit on it, and the legend *Eat More Fruit* displayed on a banner.

"How much?" said Edward apprehensively, when frenzied pulling of the handbrake had produced the desired result.

"Lovely strawberries," said the man in charge. "Just the thing for the lady. Ripe fruit, fresh picked. Cherries too. Genuine English. Have a basket of cherries, lady?"

"They do look like nice ones," said Dorothy.

"Lovely, that's what they are," said the man hoarsely. "Bring you luck, lady, that basket will."

He at last looked down on Edward to reply. "Two shillings, sir, and dirt cheap. You'd say so if you know what was inside the basket."

"They look awfully nice," said Dorothy.

Edward sighed and paid over two shillings. His mind was obsessed by calculation. Tea later, petrol — this Sunday motoring business wasn't what you'd call cheap. That was the worst of taking girls out! They always wanted everything they saw.

"Thank you, sir," said the vendor. "You've got more than your money's worth in that basket of cherries."

Edward did not reply.

Another half-mile brought them to an ideal spot by the banks of a stream. The Austin was left by the side of the road and Edward and Dorothy sat affectionately upon the river bank and munched cherries. A Sunday paper lay unheeded at their feet.

"What's the news?" said Edward at last, stretching himself flat on his back and tilting his hat to shade his eyes.

Dorothy glanced over the headlines.

"The Woeful Wife. Extraordinary story. Twenty-eight people drowned last week. Reported death of Airman. Startling Jewel Robbery. Ruby Necklace worth fifty thousand pounds missing. Oh, Ted! Fifty thousand pounds. Just fancy!" She went on reading. "The necklace is composed of twenty-one stones set in platinum and was sent by registered post from Paris. On arrival, the packet was found to contain a few pebbles and the jewels were missing."

"Pinched in the post," said Edward. "The posts in France are awful, I believe."

"I'd like to see a necklace like that," said Dorothy. "All glowing like blood — pigeon's blood, that's what they call the colour. I wonder what it would feel like to have a thing like that hanging round your neck."

"Well, you're never likely to know, my girl," said Edward facetiously.

Dorothy tossed her head.

"Why not, I should like to know. It's amazing the way girls can get on in the world. I might go on the stage."

"Girls that behave themselves don't get anywhere," said Edward discouragingly.

Dorothy opened her mouth to reply, checked herself, and murmured. "Pass me the cherries."

"I've been eating more than you have," she remarked. "I'll divide up what's left and — why, whatever's this at the bottom of the basket?"

She drew it out as she spoke — a long glittering chain of blood-red stones.

They both stared at it in amazement.

"In the basket, did you say?" said Edward at last.

Dorothy nodded.

"Right at the bottom — under the fruit."

Again they stared at each other.

"How did it get there do you think?"

"I can't imagine. It's odd. Ted, just after reading that bit in the paper — about the rubies."

Edward laughed.

"You don't imagine you're holding fifty thousand pounds in your hand, do you?"

"I just said it was odd. Rubies set in platinum. Platinum is that sort of dull silvery stuff — like this. Don't they sparkle and aren't they a lovely colour? I wonder how many of them there are?" She counted.

"I say, Ted, there are twenty-one exactly."

"No!"

"Yes. The same number as the paper said. Oh, Ted, you don't think—"

"It couldn't be." But he spoke irresolutely. "There's some sort of way you can tell — scratching them on glass."

"That's diamonds. But you know, Ted, that was a very odd- looking man — the man with the fruit — a nasty-looking man."

"And he was funny about it — said we'd got more than our money's worth in the basket."

"Yes, but look here, Dorothy, what would he want to hand us over fifty thousand pounds for?"

Miss Pratt shook her head, discouraged.

"It doesn't seem to make sense," she admitted. "Unless the police were after him."

"The police?" Edward paled slightly.

"Yes. It goes on to say in the paper—4he police have a clue'."

Cold shivers ran down Edward's spine.

"I don't like this, Dorothy. Supposing the police get after us."

Dorothy stared at him with her mouth open.

"But we haven't done anything, Ted. We found it in the basket."

"And that'll sound a silly sort of story to tell! It isn't likely."

"It isn't very," admitted Dorothy. "Oh. Ted, do you really think it is it. It's like a fairy story!""

"I don't think it sounds like a fairy story," said Edward. "It sounds to me more like the kind of story where the hero goes to Dartmoor unjustly accused for fourteen years."

But Dorothy was not listening. She had clasped the necklace round her neck and was judging the effect in a small mirror taken from her handbag.

"The same as a duchess might wear," she murmured ecstatically.

"I won't believe it," said Edward violently. "They're imitation. They must be imitation."

"Yes, dear," said Dorothy, still intent on her reflection in the mirror. "Very likely."

"Anything else would be too much of a — a coincidence."

"Pigeon's blood," murmured Dorothy.

"It's absurd. That's what I say. Absurd. Look here, Dorothy, are you listening to what I say, or are you not?"

Dorothy put away the mirror. She turned to him, one hand on the rubies round her neck.

"How do I look?" she asked.

Edward stared at her, his grievance forgotten. He had never seen Dorothy quite like this. There was a triumph about her, a kind of regal beauty that was completely new to him. The belief that she had jewels round her neck worth fifty thousand pounds had made of Dorothy Pratt a new woman. She looked insolently serene, a kind of Cleopatra and Semiramis and Zenobia rolled into one.

"You look — you look — stunning," said Edward humbly.

Dorothy laughed, and her laugh too, was entirely different.

"Look here," said Edward. "We've got to do something. We must take them to a police station or something."

"Nonsense," said Dorothy. "You said yourself just now that they wouldn't believe you. You'll probably be sent to prison for stealing them."

"But — but what else can we do?"

"Keep them," said the new Dorothy Pratt.

Edward stared at her.

"Keep them? You're mad."

"We found them, didn't we? Why should we think they're valuable. We'll keep them and I shall wear them."

"And the police will pinch you"

Dorothy considered this for a minute or two.

"All right," she said. "We'll sell them. And you can buy a Rolls Royce, or two Rolls Royces, and I'll buy a diamond head- thing and some rings."

Still Edward stared. Dorothy showed impatience. "You've got your chance now — it's up to you to take it. We didn't steal the thing — I wouldn't hold with that. It's come to us and it's probably the only chance we'll ever have of getting all the things we want. Haven't you got any spunk at all. Edward Palgrove?"

Edward found his voice.

"Sell it, you say? That wouldn't be so jolly easy. Any jeweller would want to know where I got the blooming thing."

"You don't take it to a jeweller. Don't you ever read detective stories, Ted? You take it to a "fence", of course."

"And how should I know any fences? I've been brought up respectable."

"Men ought to know everything," said Dorothy. "That's what they're for."

He looked at her. She was serene and unyielding.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you," he said weakly.

"I thought you had more spirit."

There was a pause. Then Dorothy rose to her feet.

"Well," she said lightly. "We'd better go home."

"Wearing that thing round your neck?"

Dorothy removed the necklace, looked at it reverently and dropped it into her handbag.

"Look here," said Edward. "You give that to me."

"No."

"Yes, you do. I've been brought up honest, my girl."

"Well, you can go on being honest. You need have nothing to do with it."

"Oh, hand it over," said Edward recklessly. "I'll do it. I'll find 'a fence'. As you say, it's the only chance we shall ever have. We came by it honest — bought it for two shillings. It's no more than what gentlemen do in antique shops every day of their lives and are proud of it."

"That's it!" said Dorothy. "Oh, Edward, you're splendid!"

She handed over the necklace and he dropped it into his pocket. He felt worked up, exalted, the very devil of a fellow! In this mood, he started the Austin. They were both too excited to remember tea.

They drove back to London in silence. Once at a crossroads, a policeman stepped towards the car, and Edward's heart missed a beat. By a miracle, they reached home without mishap.

Edward's last words to Dorothy were filled with the adventurous spirit.

"We'll go through with this. Fifty thousand pounds! It's worth it!"

He had bad dreams that night, and rose early, worn out and unrefreshed. He had to set about finding "a fence" — and how to do it he had not the remotest idea!

He could not focus on his work at the office, the question stuck in his mind: how did one find "a fence"?

On his return to the office after lunch a call came through for him on the telephone. Dorothy's voice spoke — tragic and tearful.

"Is that you, Ted? I'm using the telephone, but she may come in any minute, and I'll have to stop. Ted, you haven't done anything, have you?"

Edward replied in the negative.

"Well, look here, Ted, you mustn't. I've been lying awake all night. It's been awful. Thinking of how it says in the Bible you mustn't steal. I must have been mad yesterday — I really must. You won't do anything, will you, Ted, dear?"

Did a feeling of relief steal over Mr. Palgrove? Possibly it did — but he wasn't going to admit any such thing.

"When I say I'm going through with a thing, I go through with it," he said in a voice such as might belong to a strong superman with eyes of steel.

"Oh, but, Ted, dear, you mustn't. Oh, Lord, she's coming. Look here, Ted, Mrs. Mackenzie is going out to dinner tonight. I can slip out and meet you. Don't do anything till you've seen me. Eight o'clock. Wait for me round the corner"

As Edward left the office at six o'clock, a huge headline caught his eye.

Jewel Robbery. Latest Developments

He found what he sought easily enough. Edward eagerly perused the printed sheet.

A suppressed whistle escaped him.

"Well — I'm — "

And then another adjacent paragraph caught his eye. He read it through and let the paper slip to the floor unheeded.

Precisely at eight o'clock, he was waiting at the rendezvous. A breathless Dorothy, looking pale but pretty, came hurrying along to join him.

"You haven't done anything, Ted?"

"I haven't done anything." He took the ruby chain from his pocket. "You can put it on."

"But, Ted-"

"The police have got the rubies all right — and the man who pinched them. And now read this!"

He thrust a newspaper paragraph under her nose. Dorothy read:

New Advertising Stunt

"A clever new advertising dodge is being adopted by the All- English Fivepenny Fair who intend to challenge the famous Woolworths. Baskets of fruit were sold yesterday and will be on sale every Sunday. Out of every fifty baskets, one will contain an imitation necklace in different coloured stones. These necklaces are really wonderful value for the money.

Great excitement and merriment was caused by them yesterday and Eat More Fruit will have a great vogue next Sunday. We congratulate the Fivepenny Fair on their creativity and wish them all good luck in their campaign of Buy British Goods"

"Well -" said Dorothy. And after a pause: "Well!"

"Yes," said Edward. "I felt the same." A passing man thrust a paper into his hand. "Take one, brother," he said.

" The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies."

"There!" said Edward. "I hope that cheers you up."

"I don't know," said Dorothy doubtfully. "I don't exactly want to look like a good woman."

"You don't," said Edward. "That's why the man gave me that paper. With those rubies around your neck you don't look one little bit like a good woman."
Dorothy laughed.

"You're rather a dear, Ted," she said. "Come on, let's go to the Pictures."

List of Vocabulary

to rack one's brains- to try hard to think of smth or remember smth;
off the record – if you tell smb smth off the record, it is not yet official and you do not want it to be repeated publicly;
to make both ends meet- to have enough money for your needs;
to keep up with the Joneses- to move at the same speed as smb.

Answer to the following questions: Ответы на вопросы: Саволларга жавоб беринг:

1) In what different, objective ways can we measure Christie's popularity?
Which famous English writer has sold more copies of his writings than Agatha Christie? Is it a fair measure to compare the number of copies sold by these two great English writers? Why or why not?
What was a distinguishing characteristic of Christie as a child?
In what way did Christie's mother help her be bold and adventurous?
What are some of the ways in which Christie demonstrated she was a "free spirit"?
What did Christie do when she was 21 that was so unusual? Who helped her?
How well developed do you think an airplane would have been in 1911, such as the one Christie had the opportunity to fly in?
Would you have been as adventurous, if you had had the same opportunity to fly in an airplane in 1911? Why or why not?
How did Christie demonstrate she had a brilliant mind?
Despite her public shyness, how did Christie relate to the opposite sex?
Is there anything inconsistent here about her personality? Why or why not?
What sensational news story did Christie create when she was 36 years old?
How did the public and the press relate to Christie's disappearance at first?
How did the public and the press relate to Christie when they learned she had been living in a hotel the entire time she was missing?
What was ironic about tTie name Christie used to check into the hotel with, when she was missing for 11 days? Do you think she used this name deliberately? Why or why not?
How did Christie's doctors try to explain her disappearance for 11 days?
Did Christie later in life explain what had happened to her during her disappearance for 11 days?
How did Christie explain this incident affected her, and her attitude to being in the public limelight?
Do you think this incident affected Christie the way she claimed, or do you think she had problems with being in the public limelight long before this incident occurred?
What was Christie's reputation as a detective novelist?
Was Christie lacking in ideas for her stories? Why or why not?
What in Christie's writing style keeps her stories fresh and new?
Were Christie's characters consistent with the roles normally played by men and women in society? Why or why not?

Who is the most famous of the characters in her novels and short stories?
In what book did Christie first develop the role of Hercule Poirot?
What is so clever about the role of Poirot in Christie's books?
What do we know about Poirot's family, nationality, and class in society?
Who was Captain Hastings?
In what way did Christie use the role of Hastings to tell her detective stories?
What is the "double meaning" or "play on words" in the title to Christie's story A Fruitful Sunday?
What did Edward purchase for just twenty pounds, and what kind of a "bargain" was it?
How did Edward end up on the lovely, shaded, country lane?
What did Edward and Dorothy find on the country lane?
What did the fruit vendor say about the basket of cherries?
What was the startling robbery reported in the Sunday paper?
What was placed in the registered post from France, instead of the ruby necklace?
What was the colour of the valuable necklace, and why was it called that?
How did the necklace found in the basket of cherries compare to the necklace which was missing and believed stolen?
What was the effect on Dorothy and Edward of her wearing what they thought was the stolen ruby necklace?
Instead of ordinary jewellers, to whom would robbers sell stolen property, such as a stolen necklace?
What surprised Edward about Dorothy's attitude about the necklace?
What did Edward finally agree to do at Dorothy's request, and how did that affect his attitude at first?

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences:Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов:Қуйдаги сўз ва ибораларнинг инглиз эквивалентини топинг:

прошлый день, что случилась, дорогие драгоценности, бриллиант, два шиллинга, воры продали украденное, двойное значение, корзина с фруктами.

ўтган кун, нима содир бўлди, қимматбаҳо тақинчоқ, олмос, икки шилинг, ўғрилар ўғирланган нарсани сотдилар, икки маъноли, бир сават мева.

IN A GLASS DARKLY by Agatha Christie

I've no explanation for this story. I've no theories about the why and wherefore of it. It's just a thing — that happened.

All the same, I sometimes wonder how things would have gone if I'd noticed at the time just that one essential detail that I never appreciated until so many years afterwards. If I had noticed it — well, I suppose the course of three lives would have been entirely altered. Somehow — that's a very frightening thought.

For the beginning of it all, I've got to go back to the summer of 1914 — just before the war — when I went down to Badgeworthy with Neil Carslake. Neil was, I suppose, about my best friend. I'd known his brother Alan too, but not so well. Sylvia, their sister, I'd never met. She was two years younger than Alan and three years younger than Neil. Twice, while we were at school together, I'd been going to spend part of the holidays with Neil at Badgeworthy and twice something had intervened. So it came about that I was twenty-three when I first saw Neil and Alan's home. We were to be quite a big party there. Neil's sister Sylvia had just got engaged to a fellow called Charles Crawley. He was, so Neil said, a good deal older than she was, but a thoroughly decent chap and quite reasonably well-off.

We arrived, I remember, at about seven o'clock in the evening. Everyone had gone to his room to dress for dinner. Neil took me to mine. Badgeworthy was an attractive old house. It was full of little steps up and down, and unexpected staircases. It was the sort of house in which it's not too easy to find your way about. 1 remember Neil promised to come and fetch me on his way down to dinner. I was feeling a little shy at the prospect of meeting his people for the first time. I remember saying with a laugh that it was the kind of house where one expected to meet ghosts in the passages. And he said carelessly that he believed the place was said to be haunted but that none of them had even seen anything, and he did not even know what form the ghost was supposed to take.

Then he hurried away and I set to work to dive into my suitcases for my evening clothes.

Well, I was standing in front of the glass, tying my tie. I could see my own face and shoulders and behind them the wall of the room — a plain stretch of wall was just broken in the middle by a door — and just as I had finally settled my tie I noticed that the door was opening.

I don't know why I didn't turn round — I think that would have been the natural thing to do; anyway I didn't. 1 just watched the door swing slowly open — and as it swung I saw into the room beyond.

It was a bedroom — a larger room than mine — with two bedsteads in it, and suddenly I caught my breath.

For at the foot of one of those beds was a girl and round her neck was a pair of man's hands and the man was slowly forcing her backwards and squeezing her throat as he did so, so that the girl was being suffocated.

There wasn't the least possibility of a mistake. What I saw was perfectly clear. What was being done was murder.

I could see the girl's face clearly, her vivid golden hair, the agonized terror of her beautiful face, slowly suffusing with blood.

Of the man I could only see his back, his hands, and a scar that ran down the left side of his face towards his neck.

It's taken some time to tell, but in reality only a moment or two passed while I stared dumbfounded. Then I wheeled round to the rescue.

And on the wall behind me, the wall reflected in the glass, there was only a large Victorian mahogany wardrobe. No open door — no scene of violence. I swung back to the mirror. The mirror reflected only the wardrobe

I passed my hand across my eyes. Then I sprang across the room and tried to pull forward the wardrobe and at that moment Neil entered by the other door from the passage and asked me what the hell I was trying to do.

He must have thought me slightly barmy as I turned on him and demanded whether there was a door behind the wardrobe. He said, "Yes, there is a door, it leads into the next room". I asked him who was occupying the room and he said some people called Oldham — a Major Oldham and his wife. I asked him then if Mrs. Oldham had very fair hair and when he replied very dryly that she was dark I began to realize that I was probably making a fool of myself. I pulled myself together, made some explanation and we went downstairs together. I told myself that I just must have had some kind of hallucination — and felt generally rather ashamed and a bit of an ass.

And then — and then — Neil said: "My sister Sylvia," and I was looking into the lovely face of the girl I had just seen being suffocated to death and 1 was introduced to her fiance, a tall, dark man with a scar down the left side of his face.

Well — that's that. I'd like you to think and say what you'd have done in my place. Here was the girl — the identical girl — and here was the man I'd seen throttling her — and they were to be married in about a month's time

Had I — or had I not — had a prophetic vision of the future? Would Sylvia and her husband come down here to stay sometime in the future, and be given that room (the best spare room) and would that scene I'd witnessed take place in grim reality?

What was 1 to do about it? Could I do anything? Would someone — Neil — or the girl herself — would they believe me?

I turned the whole business over and over in my mind the week I was down there. To speak or not to speak? And almost at once another complication set in. You see, I fell in love with Sylvia Carslake the first moment I saw her . And in a way that tied my hands.

And yet, if I didn't say anything, Sylvia would marry Charles Crawley and Crawley would kill her

And so, the day before I left, I told everything to her. I said I expected she'd think me touched in the intellect or something but I swore solemnly that I'd seen the thing just as I told it to her and that I felt if she was determined to marry Crawley, I ought to tell her my strange experience.

She listened to me quietly. There was something in her eyes I didn't understand. She wasn't angry at all. When I'd finished, she just thanked me gravely. I kept repeating it like an idiot, "I did see it. I really did see it," and she said "I'm sure you did if you say so. I believe you."

A week later, as I got to know, Sylvia broke off her engagement to Charles Crawley.

After that the war happened, and there wasn't much time for thinking of anything else. I came across Sylvia once in a while, but as far as possible I avoided her. I loved her, but I felt some sort of guilt, that she had broken off her engagement to Crawley.

Then, in 1916, Neil was killed and it fell to me to tell Sylvia about his last moments. We couldn't remain on a formal footing after that. Sylvia had adored Neil and he had been my best friend. She was sweet — adorably sweet in her grief. I realized that life without Sylvia wasn't worth living. I went out praying that a bullet might end my miserable life.

But there was no bullet with my name on it. One nearly got me below the right ear but I came safe through the war. Charles Crawley was killed in action at the beginning of 1918.

Somehow— that made a difference. On learning that, I went straight to Sylvia and told her I loved her. I hadn't much hope that she'd care for me straight away, and was shocked a bit when she asked me why I hadn't told her sooner. I stammered out something about Crawley and she said, "But why did you think I broke it off with him?" And then she told me that she'd fallen in love with me just as I'd done with her — from the very first minute.

I said I thought she'd broken off her engagement because of the story 1 told her and she laughed at me and said that if you loved a man you wouldn't be as cowardly as that, and we went over that old vision of mine again and agreed that it was queer, but nothing more.

Well, there was nothing much to tell for some time after that. Sylvia and I were married and we were happy. But I realized, as soon as she was really mine, that I was not the best kind of husband. I loved Sylvia devotedly, but I was jealous, absurdly jealous of anyone at whom she would smile. It amused her at first. I think she even rather liked it. It proved, at least, how devoted I was.

As for me, I realized quite fully and unmistakably that I was endangering all the peace and happiness of our life together. I knew that but I couldn't change. Every time Sylvia got a letter and didn't show it to me I wondered who it was. If she laughed and talked with a man, I found myself getting sulky and watchful.

At first, as I say, Sylvia laughed at me. She thought it a huge joke. Then she didn't think the joke so funny. Finally she didn't think it a joke at all — and slowly, she began to draw away from me. I no longer knew what her thoughts were. She was kind but sadly, as though from a long distance.

Little by little I realized that she no longer loved me. Her love had died and it was I who had killed it

The next step was inevitable, — Derek Wainwright came into our lives. He had everything that I hadn't. He had brains and a witty tongue. He was good-looking, too, and — I'm forced to admit it — a thoroughly good chap. As soon as I saw him I said to myself: " This is just the man for Sylvia"

She fought against it. I know she struggled but I gave her no help. I couldn't. I was suffering like hell — and I couldn't stretch out a finger to save myself. I let loose at her one day — a flow of rude, unwarranted abuse. I was nearly mad with jealousy and misery. The things I said were cruel and untrue and I knew that, and yet I took a wild pleasure in saying them

I remember how Sylvia flushed and shrank. I drove her to the edge of endurance.

I remember she said: "This can't go on " When I came home that night the house was empty — empty. There was a note — quite in the traditional fashion.

In it she said that she was leaving me — for good. She was going down to Badgeworthy for a day or two. After that she was going to the one person who loved and needed her. I was to take that as final.

I suppose that up to then I hadn't really believed my own suspicions. This confirmation in black and white of my worst fears made me actually mad. I went down to Badgeworthy after her as fast as the car would take me.

She had just changed her frock for dinner, I remember when I burst into the room. I can see her face — startled — beautiful — afraid.

I said: "No one but me shall ever have you. No one."

And I caught her throat in my hands and gripped it and bent her backwards.

And suddenly I saw our reflection in the mirror. Sylvia choking and myself strangling her, and the scar on my cheek where the bullet grazed it under the right ear.

No — I did not kill her. That sudden revelation paralyzed me and I loosened my grasp and let her slip onto the floor

And then I broke down — and she comforted me. Yes, she comforted me.

I told her everything and she told me that by the phrase "the one person who loved and needed her" she meant her-brother Alan We saw into each other's hearts that night, and I don't think, from that moment, that we ever drifted away from each other again

A thought to go through life with — but for the grace of God and a mirror, one might be a murderer!

One thing did die that night — the devil of jealousy that had possessed me so long

But I wonder sometimes — suppose I hadn't made that initial mistake — the scar on the left cheek — when really it was right — reversed by the mirror should I have been so sure the man was Charles Crawley? Would I have warned Sylvia? Would she be married to me — or to him?

Or are the past and the future all one?

I'm a simple fellow — and I can't pretend to understand these things — but I saw what I saw — and because of what I saw, Sylvia and I are together — in the old-fashioned words — till death do us part. And perhaps beyond.

Vocabulary Definition

appreciate – to enjoy smth. or to understand the value of smb/smth.

to be quites (with smb) – if two people are quites, it means that neither of them owes the othe anything

to be engaged - having agreed to get married

mad (at/with smb) – very angry

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответы на вопросы: Саволларга жавоб беринг:

In your own words, what was the "thing" that the narrator explained just happened, and he had no explanation for it?
What was the one essential detail in this story that the narrator did not notice until years later, and which could have changed his life?
Who was the narrator's best friend, and where did he live?
Who were the brother and sister of the narrator's best friend?
To whom was Neil Carslake's sister engaged to be married?
What was the rich detail used to describe Badgeworthy?
What did the narrator expect to find in a place with the atmosphere of a Badgeworthy?

What did the narrator observe in the glass was opening behind him, as he was in his room getting ready for dinner?
What horrible act did the narrator observe in the glass?
What ran down the left side of the murderer's face?
As the narrator wheeled around to the rescue of the woman being strangled, what did he notice about the door he had observed in the glass?
What did the narrator observe behind him, instead of an open door?
When the narrator looked back into the mirror, did he observe the open door again? What did he observe?
What did the narrator then try to do with the wardrobe?
What did Neil Carslake say was behind the wardrobe?
Who was occupying the room next door, behind the wall where the wardrobe stood?
Did the people next door match the description of those the narrator saw in the murder scene? How were they different?
When the narrator was later introduced to Sylvia, who did she immediately remind him of?
Who did Sylvia's fiance remind the narrator of? What distinguishing facial feature did the narrator notice on the fiance?
What happened to the narrator when he first saw Sylvia?
What did the narrator tell Sylvia about his vision in the mirror?
What did Sylvia do within a week of the narrator telling her about his vision?
Did Sylvia break off her engagement with Charles Crawley because of what the narrator told her? If not, what was her reason for breaking off their engagement?
Why did the narrator avoid seeing Sylvia after disclosing his vision to her?
What injury did the narrator suffer during the war? On what side of the face?
After the narrator had become madly in love with Sylvia, what did he keep praying would happen to him?
What happened to Charles Crawley during the war?
What affect did Charles Crawley's death have on the narrator's relationship with Sylvia?
Why did the narrator wait so long to tell Sylvia he loved her, if she had broken off her engagement with Charles Crawley a year earlier?
What surprising revelation did Sylvia disclose to the narrator?
What did Sylvia and the narrator thereafter do, after they knew they loved each other?
After their marriage, what new phenomenon affected their relationship?
In what ways did this new phenomenon affect their marriage?
Who was Derek Wainwright?
How did the narrator feel about Derek Wainwright?
What did Sylvia think or feel about Derek Wainwright?
What did the narrator's jealousy over Derek Wainwright cause him to do?
What was Sylvia's response to this verbal abuse?
What did the narrator find to be "quite in the traditional sense"?
Who did the narrator think was the one person Sylvia loved and needed?
Where did the narrator go looking for Sylvia? Why?
What did the narrator do when he found Sylvia at Badgeworthy?
What sudden revelation came to the narrator as he was choking Sylvia?
Who comforted whom after the narrator stopped his violent act? Why?

If no crime was committed that night at Badgeworthy, what died that night?
How did it die that evening?

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences:Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов:Қуйдаги сўз ва ибораларнинг инглиз эквивалентини топинг:

она была на два года моложе, у икки ёш кичик эди, обещал вернутся, қайтишга вада берди, позади их, улар орқасидан, обернулся, ўгирилди, какого черта! оббо!, спустился по лестнице, зинадан тушди, не долго любил меня, севгиси кўпга чўзилмади, сума сойти от ревности, рашқдан жини бўлаёзди, жених, куёв.

у икки ёш кичик эди, қайтишга вада берди, улар орқасидан, ўгирилди, оббо!, зинадан тушди, севгиси кўпга чўзилмади, рашқдан жини бўлаёзди, куёв.

Sun and Moon by Katherine Mansfield

about author

Katherine Mansfield is the pseudonym1 of Kathleen Beauchamp, a well-known short-story writer, who enjoys the reputation2 of being an English Chekov. She was born in New Zealand in the family of a prominent Wellington businessman. At the age of 14 she was sent to Queen's College, London, where she remained for four years. She had a talent for music and for writing and when her parents came to London to take her home, Katherine was reluctant to go3. She talked her parents into accepting4 that she was serious in her ambition to become a writer and for that she must be allowed to live in London.

Katherine Mansfield's first stories and sketches were published in the periodical "The New Age", to which she became a regular contributor5. Her first book of short-stories, "In a German Pension", appeared in 1911. In 1912 she began to write for "Rhythm", a literary periodical edited by John Middleton Murry, a well-known critic. Murry, whom she married in 1918, encouraged and cultivated her obvious talentfi, which expressed itself best in deeply psychological stories. Her second book, "Bliss and Other Stories", appeared in 1920 and her third, "The Garden Party", in 1922. It was the last, of her writings to be published in her life time7.

Katherine Mansfield was very delicate in health3. She had suffered from tuberculosis since 1917. She led a wandering life" in search of health and wroteunder difficulties. She died in France in January, 1923, at the age of thirty-four. Two more collections of stories were published after her death, making five books, a total of eighty-eight stories10.

You'll read some stories by a British lady-writer who is known as a great master of short-story. The peculiar features of her stories are the symbolic use o.f objects and incidents and accuracy of detail. She is not usually concerned so much with the development of the plot11. Describing her characters she doesn't so much stress what they do, but what they are and what they feel. She is more interested in their inner life, which is naturally revealed12 through their behavior.

Katherine Mansfield declares that life must be taken as it is13. She never saw any necessity to change it. Yet in spite of14 the objectivity she proclaims, the reader can easily feel her sympathies. She is very

sensitive to15 class distinctions and her sympathy is always on the side of the have-notslfi, though she usually writes about the English upper class. Besides that, any kind of egoism and pretence on the part17 of her bourgeois characters is treated with irony. "A Cup of Tea" is representative in this respect1 B.

In her stories Katherine Mansfield wishes "to show the complexity of life". That's why children are often chosen as the main characters. Children generally react painfully to sudden contrasts or new unfamiliar situations.

We hope that you'll enjoy stories by Katherine Mansfield, that are really lively, fresh and natural.

In the afternoon the chairs came, a whole big cart full of little gold ones with their legs in the air. And then the flowers came. When you stared down from the balcony at the people carrying them the flower pots looked like funny awfully nice hats.

Moon thought they were hats. She said: "Look, there's a man wearing a palm on his head." But she never knew the difference between real things and not real ones.

There was nobody to look after Sun and Moon. Nurse was helping Annie alter Mother's dress and Mother was running all over the house and telephoning Father to be sure not to forget things. She only had time to say: "Out of my way, children!"

They kept of her way — at any rate Sun did. He did so hats being sent back to the nursery. It didn't matter about Moon. If she got tangled in people's legs1 they only threw her up and shook her till she squeaked2. But Sun was too heavy for that. He was so heavy that the fat man who came to dinner on Sundays used to say: "Now, young man, let's try to lift you." And then he'd put his thumbs under Sun's arms and groan and try to give it up at last saying: "He's a perfect little ton of bricks!"

Nearly all the furniture was taken out of the dining-room. The big piano was put in a corner and then there came a row of flower pots and then there came the goldy chairs.

That was for the concert. When Sun looked in a white faced man sat at the piano —■ not playing, but banging at it and then looking inside. He had a bag of tools on the piano and he had stuck his hat on astatue against the wall. Sometimes he just starteo to play and then he jumped up again and looked inside. Sun hoped he wasn't the concert.

But of course the place to be in was the kitchen. There was their cook, Minnie, all red in the face and laughing. Not cross at all. She gave them each an almond finger and lifted them up on to the flour bin so that they could watch the wonderful things she was making for supper.

"Ah, but you haven't seen the ice-pudding", said Cook. "Come along." Why was she being so nice, thought Sun as she gave them each a hand. And they looked into the refrigerator.

Oh! Oh! Oh! It was a little house. It was a little pink house with white snow on the roof and green windows and a brown door and stuck in the door there was a nut for a handle.

When Sun saw the nut he felt quite tired and had to lean against Cook.

"Let me touch it. Just let me put my finger on the roof", said Moon, dancing. She always wanted to touch all the food. Sun didn't.

"Now, my girl, look sharp3 with the table", said Cook as the housemaid came in.

"It's a picture, Min", said Nellie. "Come along and have a look." So they all went into the dining-room. Sun and Moon were almost frightened. They wouldn't go up to the table at first; they just stood at the door and made eyes at it.

It wasn't real night yet but the blinds were down in the dining-room and the lights turned on — and all the lights were red roses. Red ribbons and bunches of roses tied up the table at the corners. In the middle was a lake with rose petals4 floating on

"That's where the ice pudding is to be", said Coook.

Two silver lions with wings had fruit on their backs, and the salt cellars5 were tiny birds drinking out of basins.

All all the winking6 glasses and shining plates and sparkling knives and forks — and all the food. And the little red table napkins made into roses...

"Are people going to eat the food?" asked Sun.

"I should just think they were", laughed Cook, laughing with Nellie. Moon laughed, too; she always did the same as other people. But Sun didn't want to laugh. Round and round he walked with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he never would have stopped if Nurse hadn't called suddenly: "Now, then, children. It's high time you were washed and dressed." And they were marched off to the nursery.

While they were being unbuttoned Mother looked in with a white thing over her shoulders.

"I'll ring for them when I want them, Nurse, and then they can just come down and be seen and go back again", she said.

Sun was undressed, first nearly to his skin, and dressed again in a white shirt with red and white daisies spotted on it, breeches7, white socks and red shoes.

"Now you're in your Russian costume", said Nurse.

"Am I?" said Sun.

"Yes. Sit quiet in that chair and watch your little sister."

Moon took ages. When she had her socks put on she pretended to fall back on the bed and wavedher legs at Nurse as she always did, and every time Nurse tried to make her curls with a finger and a wet brush she turned round and asked Nurse to show her the photo of her brooch or something like that. But at last she was finished too. Her dress with fur on it was all white. Her shoes were white with big blobs'1 on them.

"There you are, my lamb", said Nurse. Them the rushed to the door. "Ma'am, one moment." Mother came in again with half her hair down. "Oh", she cried. "What a picture!" "Isn't she", said Nurse.

And Moon held out her skirts by the tips and dragged one of her feet. Sun didn't mind people not noticing him — much-

List of Vocabulary

'pseudonym— псевдоним a enjoys the reputation — имеет репутацию таҳалус

was reluctant to go — не хотела уезжать, кетишни истамас эди

she talked her parents into accepting... — (зд,) она заставила родителей признать... у отағонасини тан олишга ундади

to which she became a regular contributor — куда она регулярно отсылала свои рассказы, у тезғтез ҳикояларини олиб бориб турарди

encouraged and cultivated her obvious talent — он способствовал развитию её явного таланта, бу унда талант уйғонишига олиб келди

it was the last of her writings to be published in her life time — это было последнее произведение, опубликованное при её жизни, бу унинг ҳаётидаги оҳирги асари эди

she was delicate in health — у нее было слабое здоровье, унинг соҳлиги ямон эди

she led a wandering life — она вела странствующий образ жизни, унинг хаёти саёҳатларга бой эди

a total of... — всего, в общей сложности, атиги

the development of the plot — развитие сюжета, сюжетнинг ривожланиши

which is revealed — которая проявляется, қайсики пайдо бўлди

life must be taken as it is — жизнь нужно принимать такой, какая она есть, ҳаётни қандай бўлса шундайлигича қабул қилиш керак

in spite of — несмотря на, бунга қарамасдан

she is very sensitive to... — она остро чувствует, у кучли ҳис қиларди

the have-nots — неимущие; бедные, камбаҳал

on the part — со стороны, бу томонидан

is representative in this respect — показательна в этом отношении, муносабатда кўрсатилган

she got tangled in people's legs — она путалась под ногами, оёқ тагида ўралашарди

squeak — пищать, бақирмоқ

look sharp — поторапливайся! шошилмоқ

petal — лепесток, гул барги

salt cellar — солонка, туздон

winking — мерцающий, милтиллаётган

breeches — бриджи

blob — шарик, пуфак

Vocabulary Definition

to look after smb – to be responsible for or take care of smb/smth/youself

to be sure to do smth – Don't forget to do smth

to give smth up – to stop doing or having smth that you did or had regularly before

to mind – to feel annoyed, upset or uncomfortable about smth/smb

ambition (n)- smth that you very much to have or to do;

ambitious(a)- having a strong desire to be successful, to have power, etc;

to accept – to agree to take smth that smb offers you;

to edit – to prepare a piece of writing to be published, making sure that it is correct, the right length, etc;

editor – the person who is in charge of all or part of a newspaper, magazine, etc. and who decides what should be included;

edition – the form in which a book is published; all the books, newspapers, etc. published in the same form at the same time:

Answer to the following questions according to the text: Ответы на вопросы: Саволларга жавоб беринг:

What is the turning point of the story? Describe it.

What is your opinion of the end of the story? Could we call it a happy ending? If not, why?

How is the problem of children and parents relations treated in the story? Does the author side with the children or with the parents?

What is the main idea of the story at large and how is it conveyed to the reader? Try to formulate it in brief.

Give the English equivalents of the following sentences:Найдите в тексте английские эквиваленты следующих слов, выражений и оборотов:Куйдаги сўз ва ибораларнинг инглиз эквивалентини топинг:

пристально смотреть, разница, держаться подальше от кого-либо, сумка с инструментами, опереться на кого-либо, посмотри, шторы были опущены, свет был потушен, собираться что- либо сделать, то же самое, расстёгивать (пуговицы).

тикилиб қаради, фарқ; бирор кишидан узоқроқ булмоқ, асбоблар билан сумка, бирор кишига суянмоқ, қара, пардалар туширилган эди, чироқ ўчирилганди, бирор нарса қилишга киришмоқ, худи шунинг ўзи, ечмоқ (тугмани).