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МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
Федеральное государственное автономное образовательное учреждение высшего образования
«ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ»
(ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ)

Кафедра иностранных языков

УТВЕРЖДЕН

на заседании кафедры иностранных языков
Протокол от « 04 » апреля 2024 г., № 10

Зав. кафедрой



Сарычева Л.В.

**ФОНД
ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ**

по дисциплине (модулю)
Практика английского языка

Направление подготовки: 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя
профилями подготовки)

Профиль: Русский язык и иностранный (английский) язык

Мытищи
2024

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1.Перечень компетенций с указанием этапов их формирования в процессе освоения образовательной программы

Код и наименование компетенции	Этапы формирования
УК-4. Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном (ых) языке (ах).	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа
УК-5. Способен воспринимать культурное разнообразие общества в социально-историческом, этическом и философском контекстах	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа
ПК-1. Способен осваивать и использовать теоретические знания и практические умения и навыки в предметной области при решении профессиональных задач	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа

2.Описание показателей и критериев оценивания компетенций на различных этапах их формирования, описание шкал оценивания

Оцениваемые компетенции	Уровень сформированности	Этап формирования	Описание показателей	Критерии оценивания	Шкала оценивания
УК-4	Пороговый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа	Знать: основную фактологическую информацию о культуре англоязычных стран Понимать: строение языковой картины мира и взаимосвязи её отдельных компонентов Уметь: сопоставлять базовые концепты различных культур	Выполнение лексико-грамматических тестов Эссе Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматического теста, шкала оценивания шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (защита

					презентации), шкала оценивания устного ответа
	Продвинутый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа	. Знать: основную фактологическую информацию о культуре англоязычных стран Понимать: строение языковой картины мира и взаимосвязи её отдельных компонентов Уметь: сопоставлять базовые концепты различных культур Владеть: способностью применить полученные знания и умения на практике	Выполнение лексико-грамматических тестов Эссе Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматического теста, шкала оценивания шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (защита презентации), шкала оценивания устного ответа
УК-5.	Пороговый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа	Знать: основные фонетические, лексические, грамматические и словообразовательные явления и закономерности функционирования английского языка в его стилистических разновидностях; норм английского языка в пределах его основных вариантов; норм речевого этикета, моделей вербального и невербального поведения носителей языка в различных коммуникационных ситуациях; основ анализа художественного текста Уметь: применять полученные знания в устной и письменной речи на изучаемом языке в различных ситуациях	Выполнение лексико-грамматических тестов Эссе Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматического теста, шкала оценивания шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (защита презентации), шкала оценивания устного ответа

			общения; проводить многоаспектный анализ устной и письменной речи на английском языке; анализировать и интерпретировать текст художественного произведения на изучаемом языке		
	Продви- нутый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самост оятельная работа	Знать: основные фонетические, лексические, грамматические и словообразовательные явления и закономерности функционирования английского языка в его стилистических разновидностях; норм английского языка в пределах его основных вариантов; норм речевого этикета, моделей вербального и невербального поведения носителей языка в различных коммуникационных ситуациях; основ анализа художественного текста Уметь: применять полученные знания в устной и письменной речи на изучаемом языке в различных ситуациях общения; проводить многоаспектный анализ устной и письменной речи на английском языке; анализировать и интерпретировать текст художественного произведения на изучаемом языке Владеть: навыками устного (диалогическая и монологическая речь) и письменного общения на английском языке в	Выполнение лексико-грамматическ их тестов Эссе Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматическ ого теста, шкала оценивания шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (защита презентации) , шкала оценивания устного ответа

			профессиональной сфере при обучении английскому языку		
ПК-1	Пороговый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа	Знать: основные фонетические, лексические, грамматических и словообразовательные явления и закономерности функционирования английского языка в его стилистических разновидностях; норм английского языка в пределах его основных вариантов; норм речевого этикета, моделей вербального и невербального поведения носителей языка в различных коммуникационных ситуациях; основ анализа художественного текста Уметь: применять полученные знания в устной и письменной речи на изучаемом языке в различных ситуациях общения; проводить многоаспектный анализ устной и письменной речи на английском языке; анализировать и интерпретировать текст художественного произведения на изучаемом языке	Выполнение лексико-грамматических тестов Эссе Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматического теста, шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (защита презентации), шкала оценивания устного ответа
	Продвинутый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа	Знать: основные фонетические, лексические, грамматических и словообразовательные явления и закономерности функционирования английского языка в его стилистических разновидностях; норм английского языка в пределах его основных	Выполнение лексико-грамматических тестов Эссе Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматического теста, шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (защита презентации)

			<p>вариантов; норм речевого этикета, моделей вербального и невербального поведения носителей языка в различных коммуникационных ситуациях;</p> <p>основ анализа художественного текста</p> <p>Уметь:</p> <p>применять полученные знания в устной и письменной речи на изучаемом языке в различных ситуациях общения; проводить многоаспектный анализ устной и письменной речи на английском языке; анализировать и интерпретировать текст художественного произведения на изучаемом языке</p> <p>Владеть:</p> <p>навыками устного (диалогическая и монологическая речь) и письменного общения на английском языке в профессиональной сфере при обучении английскому языку</p>		, шкала оценивания устного ответа
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Шкала оценивания тестирования

Семестр	41-60 % верных ответов	61-80 % верных ответов	81-100% верных ответов
4	1-2 балла	3-4 балла	5 баллов
5	2-4 балла	5-7 баллов	8 - 10 баллов
6	1-2 балла	3-4 балла	5 баллов
7	2-4 балла	5-7 баллов	10 баллов
8	8-12 баллов	13-16 баллов	17- 20 баллов
9	8-12 баллов	13-16 баллов	17- 20 баллов
А	8-12 баллов	13-16 баллов	17- 20 баллов

Параметры и критерии оценки эссе

№ п/п	Оцениваемые параметры	Критерии оценки	Оценка в баллах
1.	Соответствие содержания поставленной коммуникативной задаче	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - полностью соответствует поставленной коммуникативной задаче; - частично соответствует; - мало соответствует; - не соответствует. 	3 2 1 0
2.	Качество выводов	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - полностью характеризуют работу; - нечетки; - имеются, но не доказаны; - выводы отсутствуют. 	3 2 1 0
3.	Организация текста	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - текст выстроен логически и структурно соответствует основным этапам работы; - в тексте отсутствуют логические связи между частями и фрагментами; - не все части текста соответствуют этапам работы; - в тексте отсутствуют значимые части работы (введение или выводы); - выделенные части не соответствуют этапам работы и плохо логически связаны; - структура текста не соответствует содержанию. 	5 4 3 2 1 0
4.	Лексическое оформление речи	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - адекватность использования лексики в соответствии с заданной коммуникативной ситуацией, соблюдение лексической сочетаемости, использование узуальных словосочетаний и разнообразие лексических средств; - лексика не вполне адекватна коммуникативной ситуации, используются в основном повторяющиеся лексические единицы; - бедный выбор лексики, не соответствующий коммуникативной ситуации; - допускается большое количество ошибок при употреблении лексических средств. 	3 2 1 0
5.	Грамматическое оформление речи	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - адекватность и разнообразие в использовании грамматических структур в соответствии с заданной коммуникативной ситуацией; - грамматические структуры не вполне соответствуют заданной коммуникативной ситуации; - грамматические конструкции неправильно подобраны, в них допущены ошибки; - речь грамматически не корректна. 	3 2 1 0
6	Орфография и пунктуация	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - правильность орфографического и пунктуационного оформления; - допущены некоторые ошибки в орфографическом и пунктуационном оформлении текста; - многочисленные ошибки в орфографическом и пунктуационном оформлении текста; - текст не читаем из-за большого количества ошибок. 	3 2 1 0

Итого:

максимальное количество баллов: 20.

Параметры и критерии оценки исследовательского проекта

№ п/п	Оцениваемые параметры	Критерии оценки	Оценка в баллах
1.	Практическая значимость	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - проект имеет высокую практическую значимость; - проект имеет некоторую практическую значимость, но не отличается оригинальностью; - проект имеет небольшую практическую значимость, г.о. для самих участников; - проект не имеет практической значимости. 	3 2 1 0
2.	Степень научности	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - владение терминологическим аппаратом дисциплины; грамотная работа с научной, учебной и справочной литературой; - недостаточное владение терминологическим аппаратом; 1-2 фактические ошибки; узкая теоретическая база исследования; - слабое владение терминологическим аппаратом; 3-4 фактических ошибки; ограниченное число источников информации (2-3); - отсутствует знание и понимание терминов дисциплины; допускается более 4 фактических ошибок; всё исследование строится на одном источнике. 	3 2 1 0
3.	Профессионализм при выполнении действий и операций	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - проектная работа выполнена на очень высоком уровне, близком к профессиональным требованиям; - работа выполнена на достаточно высоком профессиональном уровне; - уровень недостаточно высок; - работа выполнена на низком уровне. 	3 2 1 0
4.	Эффективность деятельности участников проекта (работа в группе)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - студент продуктивно и эффективно работает в команде; - студент достаточно полно, но без инициативы и творческих находок выполнил возложенное на него задание; - студент выполнил большую часть возложенной на него работы; - студент практически не работал в группе, не выполнил возложенные на него задачи, лишь только некоторые поручения. 	3 2 1 0
5.	Публичное представление результатов проектной деятельности	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - студент свободно представляет результаты своей деятельности, свободно отвечает на вопросы; - студент отвечает на вопросы, связанные с проектом, но недостаточно полно; - студент может ответить лишь на некоторые вопросы по проекту; - ответы на вопросы по проекту обнаруживают непонимание предмета и отсутствие ориентации в материале. 	3 2 1 0
6.	Языковое оформление проекта	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - текст составлен грамотно, выразительно, логично, интересно для предполагаемого адресата; отсутствуют стилистические и грамматические ошибки; структура, содержание, формат текста соответствуют теме проекта; - допускаются отдельные ошибки, логические и стилистические погрешности. Текст недостаточно логически выстроен, или обнаруживает недостаточное владение студента риторическими навыками; - работа написана в соответствующем стиле, однако допускаются значительные грамматические ошибки; риторические навыки 	5 4 3

Шкала оценивания устного ответа (монологической речи)

Критерии оценивания	Баллы
Коммуникативная задача не решена. Высказывание сводится к отдельным словам и словосочетаниям.	1
Коммуникативная задача не решена. В высказывании отсутствуют логика и связность. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания значительно ниже программных требований. Речь очень медленная, со значительным количеством пауз. Допущено значительное количество ошибок, препятствующих коммуникации.	2
Коммуникативная задача решена частично. В высказывании отсутствуют логика и последовательность изложения. Оно носит незавершенный характер. Используемые языковые и речевые средства часто не соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания значительно ниже программных требований. Речь не беглая, со значительным количеством пауз. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущено значительное количество произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, затрудняющих коммуникацию.	3
Коммуникативная задача решена частично. В высказывании значительно нарушена логика и последовательность изложения. Оно носит незавершенный характер, отсутствует вывод. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания ниже программных требований. Речь не беглая, со значительным количеством пауз. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущен ряд произносительных и лексических ошибок и значительное количество грамматических ошибок, затрудняющих коммуникацию.	4
Коммуникативная задача решена не полностью. В высказывании значительно нарушены логика и последовательность изложения. Отсутствует вывод, не выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, они недостаточно разнообразны. Объем высказывания ниже программных требований. Речь недостаточно беглая. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущен ряд произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, частично влияющих на процесс коммуникации.	5
Коммуникативная задача в основном решена. Высказывание носит завершенный характер, но имеются нарушения логики и последовательности изложения. Отсутствует вывод, не выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме /	6

проблеме, они недостаточно разнообразны. Используемые связующие элементы не всегда адекватны решаемой задаче. Объем высказывания несколько ниже программных требований. Речь недостаточно беглая. Компенсаторные умения используются недостаточно. Допущен ряд произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, частично влияющих на процесс коммуникации.	
Коммуникативная задача решена относительно полно. Высказывание носит заверченный характер, но имеются незначительные нарушения логики и последовательности. Отсутствует вывод, есть затруднения в выражении своего отношения к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства в основном соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, но их разнообразие ограничено. Используемые связующие элементы в основном адекватны решаемой задаче. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь достаточно беглая. В случае затруднений используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены отдельные произносительные, лексические и грамматические ошибки.	7
Коммуникативная задача решена относительно полно. Высказывание носит заверченный характер, построено логично и связно. Есть затруднения в выражении своего отношения к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используемые связующие элементы в основном адекватны. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. В случае затруднений используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены отдельные произносительные, лексические и грамматические ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации.	8
Коммуникативная задача решена полностью. Высказывание построено логично и связно и имеет заверченный характер. Выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используются адекватные связующие элементы. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. В случае необходимости используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены единичные произносительные и грамматические ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации.	9
Коммуникативная задача решена полностью. Высказывание построено логично, связно и имеет заверченный характер. Выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используются адекватные связующие элементы. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. Допущены единичные произносительные ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации	10

Текущий контроль

УК-4. Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном (ых) языке (ах).

УК-5.Способен воспринимать культурное разнообразие общества в социально-историческом, этическом и философском контекстах

ПК-1.Способен осваивать и использовать теоретические знания и практические умения и навыки в предметной области при решении профессиональных задач

Знать: основную фактологическую информации о культуре англоязычных стран

Понимать:

строение языковой картины мира и взаимосвязи её отдельных компонентов

Уметь: сопоставлять базовые концепты различных культур

Знать:

основные фонетические, лексические, грамматические и словообразовательные явления и закономерности функционирования английского языка в его стилистических разновидностях; норм английского языка в пределах его основных вариантов; норм речевого этикета, моделей вербального и невербального поведения носителей языка в различных коммуникационных ситуациях;

основ анализа художественного текста

Уметь:

применять полученные знания в устной и письменной речи на изучаемом языке в различных ситуациях общения; проводить многоаспектный анализ устной и письменной речи на английском языке; анализировать и интерпретировать текст художественного произведения на изучаемом языке

3.Задания, необходимые для оценивания сформированности УК-4, УК-5 им ПК-1

4 семестр

Тестирование

1.Choose the correct variant

1. I ... my best to impress him.

a) did

b) make

c) made

2.He is ... than me.

a) older

b) elder

c) eldest

d) oldest

3.Don't worry ... me.

a) for b) about c) around d) at

4. She ... from her seat and approached me.

a) rise b) rose c) raise d) raised

5. He was afraid ... the dog.

a) from b) at c) of d) off

6. I can't afford it. I have too ... money for it.

a) little b) a little c) few d) a few

7. She went out ... closing the door behind her.

a) not b) with c) without d) and

8. ... English he knows French and Spanish.

a) Except b) Besides c) Beside d) With

9. I haven't ... time to do it now.

a) quite b) many c) enough d) less

10. We arranged to meet ... eleven.

a) at b) in c) out d) from

2. Choose the correct form.

1. Do you have to buy this hat? No, I ..., it isn't necessary.

a) mustn't b) can't c) needn't

2. At school I ... speaking German more than French.

a) have enjoyed b) enjoyed c) had enjoyed

3. This town is changing all the time. Many of the old buildings ... down.

a) pulled b) have pulled c) have been pulled

4. It was ... annoying this that could happen.

a) the more b) most c) the most

5. A relation of yours is coming to see you. She ... soon.

- a) comes b) came c) will come

6. By the time I finished my work, everybody

- a) had left b) has left c) would leave

7. How many times ... in love?

- a) have you been b) were you c) had you been

8. His friend ... of.

- a) well speaks b) is well spoken c) must

9. If you want to drive a car in Britain you ... have a driving license.

- a) can b) will be able c) must

10. His arrival ... in the conversation.

- a) was mentioned b) mentioned c) mentions

5 семестр

1. Read the text and answer the following questions.

Some farmers were sitting in a village house one evening, and other among things they began to talk about echoes. One of the farmers said that there was a wonderful echo in one of his fields where there was a large group of trees. The others all said that they would like to hear it, and the farmer invited them to come the next afternoon. When the farmer reached home, he sent for one of his men and told him to hide himself among the trees and imitate every-thing that was said.

The next day the farmer's friends arrived late in the afternoon and the farmer told them to listen to the wonder-ful echo. Then he shouted at the top of his voice: "Are you there?"

The answer came back:

"Yes, I have been here for more than two hours."

1. What were the farmers doing?

- a) they were having a birthday party.
b) they were talking about their problems.
c) they were speaking about echoes.

2. What did one of the farmers tell his friends?
 - a) He had a lot of trees on his farm.
 - b) He could invite his friends to see his trees and the farm house.
 - c) There was a nice echo on his farm.
3. What did the farmer do when he reached his house?
 - a) He told one of his men to echo to every word.
 - b) He asked his wife to sit down under the trees and have a rest.
 - c) He asked his worker to play hide-and-sick.
4. When did the farmer's friends arrive?
 - a) the following day.
 - b) in the evening.
 - c) the next week.
5. How long had the farmer's worker been there?
 - a) the whole day /
 - b) for almost three hours.
 - c) the whole evening

6 семестр

2. Choose the correct answer

1. He is a ... runner.
 - a) slow
 - b) slowly
 - c) quickly
2. There wasn't much room, so ... people were invited.
 - a) little
 - b) few
 - c) a little
3. We looked forward to ... arrival., ?
 - a) there
 - b) their
 - c) hers

4.He reads the papers at ... breakfast.

- a)a b)the c)-

5..He didn't have time ... his morning exercise*.

- a)doing b)to do c)to make

6.I have to visit a friend of

- a)my b) me c)mine d)myself

7.His salary wasn't ... to live on.

- a)quite b)rather c)enough d)many

8.They will start on a trip one of ... days.

- a)this b)these c)that d)those

9.He shouted ... "Where are you going?"

- a)angry b)angrily c)calmly

10.She ... said goodbye and ran out.

- a)quick b)quickest c)quickly

3. Choose the correct form of the word.

1.A foreign language ... in a few weeks.

- a)can b)can't learn c)can't be learnt

2.The loss of the documents ... to the manager.

- a)reported b)was reported c)were reported

3.He is ... of the two.

- a)taller b)the tall c)the tallest

4.These days food ... more and more expensive

- a)is getting b)has got c)got

5.He said; "I hope I ... when I arrive at London. airport."

- a)shall meet b)shall be met c)have been met

6 He died after he ... ill a long time.

- a)is b)has been c)had been

7.I'll go there when I ... , not before.

- a)tell b)am told c)shall be told

8.We'll enjoy climbing mountains more if the weather

- a)be fine b)will be fine c)is fine

9.Before the war the big clock ... the hours.

- a)struck always b)always struck c)was always striking

10.This is the second time you ... a cup.

- a)broke b)will break c)have broken

7 семестр

1.Ask questions to the following sentences.

1. There were some people I had to talk to.(General)
2. We had to go to the station to meet them. (Special)
3. The students will have to pass five exams next term.(Special)
4. There was a lot of noise in the hall. (Disjunctive)
5. The children can read French fluently. (Alternative)

2. Transform the sentences into the Reported speech and opposite.

1. "My mother was born in 1950" she said.
2. Mike asked Lily, "How long will you stay in the country?"
3. "Did you recognise Bill yesterday?" I asked Larry.
4. "Shut the door, but don't lock it" she said to us.
5. He wondered whether he should wait for them or go home.

3.Make sentences with the following words.

1. /to/that/ I/hardly/told/needed/be/.
2. / wrong / in / plans / lot / things / A / went / of / my / of/spite/careful/.
3. / heating / The / still / though / turned / house / cold / on / was / the / was /.
4. / miles / forest / The / hurry / goes / must / on / get / time / for / and / there / to / we / in / many /.
5. / seen / climbing / wall / The / was / as / up / the / was /thief/he /.

4.Translate from Russian into English

1. Если я приму окончательное решение я дам вам знать.
2. Что ты будешь делать вечером от 5-ти до 7 часов.
3. Собрание вынуждены были отложить из-за болезни председателя.
4. Если бы я был на твоём месте я бы рассказал ему правду.
5. Я спросил его когда будут готовы мои документы.

5.Finish the following sentences.

1. If you are hungry ...
2. After he had done the work ...
3. He can't go to the dentist unless ...
4. I asked them why ...
5. Though it's not very important ...

8. Семестр

Choose the right answer. Only one answer is correct.

- 1.I'll take something to read ... he's late.
A. until B. so C. whenever D. in case
- 2.He asked me
A. since when I am waiting B. how long I have been waiting
C. how long I had been waiting D. since when I waited
- 3.I hope he won't keep us
A. waiting B. to wait C. wait D. for waiting
- 4.Bad news ... fast.
A. travel B. have travelled C. are travelling D. travels
- 5.Tom is a little child and Sam is still
A. the least B. less C. smaller D. elder
6. Would you like some more ice-cream? There's still ... left.
A. little B. few C. a little D. a few
- 7.Mike hasn't made ... progress.
A. many B. some C. much D. a few
8. The encyclopedia is no good: it's completely out of
A. time B. hours C. age D. date
- 9.I don't agree ... anything she says.
A. with B. for C. in D. after
- 10.It was ... difficult test.
A. such B. such a C. so D. so a
- 11.You can always count ... old George; he's a very good friend!
A. for B. with C. to D. on
- 12.All that sounded
A. strangely B. strange C. quite strangely D. little strangely

13. I haven't heard ... in my life.
 A. most beautiful song B. the most beautiful song
 C. a more beautiful song D. the least beautiful song
14. Did you see Mary ... the weekend?
 A. on B. - C. at D. in
15. What ... sad news he's brought!
 A. such B. a C. the D. -
16. I haven't been to this park for ages. - ...
 A. So I have B. Neither I have C. So have I D. Neither have I
17. What ... about this new film?
 A. are you thinking B. do you think
 C. have you thought D. have you been thinking
18. I haven't eaten all the apples. There are ... left.
 A. none B. no C. some D. not any
19. There is a customer waiting for you. ... I show him in?
 A. will B. shall C. would D. won't
20. Why don't you ... what the matter is?
 A. tell B. say C. speak D. talk
21. In her letter she wrote her brother ...
 A. was coming B. came C. had been coming D. has come
22. When we reached ... the house we saw something.
 A. to B. -- C. at D. by
23. ... already dark outside.
 A. there was B. there had been C. it had been D. it was
24. There is ... money here.
 A. a lot of B. many C. few D. a few
25. He often ... to the USA on business.
 A. fly's B. flies C. fly D. flights

9 семестр

1. Fill in the gaps using the words: *beautifully / to think / to run / to see / anything / strong / to watch / beautiful / not to say / nothing /*

Two village women were getting water from a well. A third woman came up. An old man was sitting on a stone. He ... the women. One of the women said to another, "My little son is so strong. He is ... among his friends".

"Nobody can sing so ... as my son can", said the second woman. The third woman ... anything about hers." Haven't you got ... to tell us about yours?" asked the two women."

"There is ... so important about him", the third woman said. Then the women picked up their buckets and went back to their houses..

When they were tired, they put their buckets down to rest a little. At that time they ... three boys ... to them. One of the boys was very big and strong..

The second boy was singing a very ... song, but the third boy ran up to his mother, picked up her bucket of water and carried it home for her.

"What you ... of our sons?" asked the women.

"Sons? Where were they?" the old man answered.

"I saw only one.»

2. Complete the sentences

1. Let your friend stay if ...
2. Every time Tom rings her up ...
3. My neighbour asked me when ...
4. He wonders why ...
5. They won't recognize you when

3. Translate into Russian

1. Ее дети скоро женятся, и ей придется жить одной.
2. В полицейском участке ему сказали, что их машина не найдена.
3. Она сказала, что хочет купить подарок для Анны и попросила, чтоб я ей помогла.
4. Если завтра у меня будет время, я позвоню тебе и мы вместе пообедаем.
5. Все должно быть сделано вовремя.

Make sentences observing proper word order.

1. / Must / be / or / leave / later / this / done / can / it / job/ now / I / until/ ?
2. / I / Tom / thought / behaved / didn't / that / he / foolishly / tell / I / had /.
3. / We / the / carefully / was / walked / path / because / icy / along / very / it /.
4. / I / the / I / of / was / stay / sun / was / getting / didn't / in / because / afraid / burnt /.
5. / This / been / some / it / hasn't / for / has / plant / watered / time / ?

А семестр

Complete the story by supplying the correct form of the verb.

Bill Fuller, the postman, whistled cheerfully as he pushed his bicycle up the hill towards old Mrs. Dunley's house. His work for the day was almost finished; his bag, usually quite heavy when he ... 1 (set) out on his round ... 2 (be) empty now except for the letter that he ... 3 (have) ... 4 (deliver) to Mrs. Dunley. She ... 5 (live) over a mile from the village so that when Bill ... 6 (have) a letter for her, he always ... 7 (finish) his day's work much later. He ... 8 (not, mind) this, however, because he always ... 9 (ask) in for a cup of tea.

When Bill ... 10 (enter) the gate of Mrs. Dunley's house, he was surprised ... 11 (no, find) her ... 12 (work) in the garden. She usually ... 13 (spend) most afternoons there when the weather ... 14 (be) fine. Bill ... 15 (go) straight round to the back of the house, thinking that she ... 16 (may) ... 17 (be) in the kitchen. The door ... 18 (lock) and the curtains ... 19 (draw). Surprised, he ... 20 (return) to the front of the house and ... 21 (knock) hard on the door. There ... 22 (be) no answer. Bill ... 23 (think) it very strange because he ... 24 (know) that though Mrs. Dunley ... 25 (live) in that house for ten years already she rarely ... 26 (leave) it.

**Задания, необходимые для оценивания сформированности УК-4, УК-5
им ПК-1 на продвинутом уровне**

Тестирование

4 семестр

1. Read the text and answer the following questions

1 The Theatre Royal in Drury Lane is one of the oldest theatres in London.

Today most people call it Drury Lane by the name of the street in which it stands. The theatre has many traditions. One of them is the Badeley Cake, which began in 18-th century. Robert Badeley was a pastry cook who became an actor and joined the Theatre Royal. He was a good actor and the plays in which he acted were always a great success with the people of London.

When Robert Badeley was very old, he left some money to the theatre. Robert Badeley asked to buy a cake and offered a piece of it to each actor and actress of the theatre on Twelfth Night is the sixth of January, the twelfth night after Christmas.

So, after the evening performance on the Twelfth Night, the actors and actresses come down into the hall in their stage and eat the Badeley Cake.

1. Why is the theatre called Drury Lane?

- a) It is founded by Drury Lane.
- b) It is situated in Drury Lane Street.
- c) It is one of the oldest theatres.

2. What is Badeley cake?

- a) It is one of the theatre's traditions.
- b) It is a cake baked by Badeley.
- c) It is a performance.

3. Before he became an actor Robert Badeley

- a) was a butcher
- b) worked in an office
- c) worked in the kitchen

4. What did Badeley leave the money for?

- a) for paying the best actor
- b) for treating every actor to a piece of cake
- c) for buying a cake after the New Year

5. Why did the actors and actresses come down into the hall?

- a) To change their clothes
- b) To see each other
- c) To have a break

2. Choose the correct variant

1. He has come ... two days only.

- a) in
- b) on
- c) for

2. They said the car was

- a) their
- b) there's
- c) theirs

3. Does ... help you with the housework?

- a) somebody
- b) nobody
- c) anybody

4.It's time for ... tea/

- a) a b)the c) –

5.He didn't have time ... his morning exercises.

- a) doing b) to do c) do d) to make

6.Push the car ... you can.

- a) as hard as b) so hard c) so hard that d) as hard
that

7.I don't think he tells us ... truth.

- a) about b) about the c) the d) –

8.Where did you learn ... about plants?

- a) such b) so much c) so many d) so

9.We celebrated her birthday ... 14 May.

- a) in b) on c) at d) by

10.He could work ... hours without getting tired.

- a) on b) in c) since d) for

1. Choose the correct form.

1.I have just watered the roses. You ... water them.

a) should b) are able c) don't have to

2. Your work isn't very good. I'm sure you can do it

a) better b) best c) good

3. You ... to see us nowadays.

a) don't often come b) aren't often coming c) didn't often come

4. I shouted to him as he ... the road.

a) has crossed b) had crossed c) was crossing

5. Many people pretend that they ... modern art.

a) are understanding b) understands c) understand

6. She felt ill and ... leave early.

a) must b) had to c) should

7. The news ... over the radio.

a) was announced b) were announced c) announced

8. The fire ... at 6 o'clock this afternoon.

a) is still burning b) was still burning c) still burned

9. If the baby ... a girl, we'll call her Rachel.

- a) was b) is c) will be

10. There was a strong smell and the sound of frying. Obviously Mrs. Jones ...
fish.

- a) has cooked b) was cooking c) would cook

5 семестр

1. Fill in the gaps using proper words.

Little Alice always helped her mother. She liked to lay the table, to wash up. She also ... to go to the market with her mother. One day Alice said: "Mummy, what can I do for you today?" "You can go and buy ... milk ... the shop. Take the small jug. It is on the shelf ... the kitchen. Here is the money for the milk. ... it."

"I shall not lose the money, Mummy", said Alice. Alice took ... jug and went to the shop. The shop girl filled the jug ... milk, and then asked Alice, "Where ... your

money, ... girl?"

"It is in the jug. I ... to lose it," answered Alice.

little / to be / not to want / with / the / not to lose / at / to like / some / in /

2. Make up sentences using these words

1. She / eyes / in / looking / the / window / was / with / horror / her / through / open /
2. down / suddenly / turn / the / to / as / which / know / They / came / fog / so / way / didn't /.
3. along / when / heard / he / He / walking / for / the / cries / help / river / was /.
4. weather / worse / climbing / party / As / got / the / return / to / the / decided /.
5. because / moon / cosmonauts / didn't / very / on / far / the / The / of / the / dust / thick / walk /.

3. Choose the correct variant

I am afraid, I ... tell you the time; I haven't got a watch.

- a)can't b)can c)couldn't
- 2.She ... the piano when our guests arrived last night.
- a)was playing b)will play c)has played
- 3.When we ... our exam we'll have a holiday.
- a)took b)take c)shall take
- 4.It's the first time Lena ... tennis.
- a)has played b)played c)play
- 5.The stranger ... to leave the meeting.
- a)was asked b)ask c)will ask
- 6.The fire ...to the next building before the firemen arrived.
- a)had spread b)has spread c)will spread
- 7.Ann ... for me when I arrived.
- a)is waiting b)was waiting c)waited
- 8.While they were doing the experiment, she ... in.
- a)came b)had come c)is coming
- 9.You can't see Tom now, he ... a bath.
- a)has b)is having c)has had
- 10.There ... people now in the supermarket than in the morning.
- a)is fewer b)are fewer c)is less d)are some

6 семестр

1. Прочитайте текст и ответьте на следующие за ним вопросы, выбрав единственно правильный вариант ответа.

There was once a very rich sick lady whose husband had died, and whose children had married and gone to live in foreign countries. When she reached the age of 80 and was too old to look after herself, she went to live in an expensive and comfortable hotel near the sea in the south. This rich old lady had a pair of nasty dogs which she loved dearly. They lived in the hotel with her and went wherever she did. There was a young waiter at the hotel who did everything he could to help the old lady and be nice to her. He even pretended to like her unpleasant dogs and offered to look after them in his free time. He fed them, cleaned and looked after them, took them for daily walks for some years.

The young waiter did not doubt that when the rich widow died she would leave him a lot of money, to pay him for everything that he had done for her dogs. But when she died a few years later he soon discovered that she had left him only two things which she loved most in the world, and she thought he loved too — her dogs. All her money and jewellery went to her children, who had never done anything for her.

1. Which of the given statements is true?
 1. The old lady had no children but she had a husband.
 2. The old lady had children but she had no husband.
 3. The old lady had neither children nor a husband.
2. Why did the old lady move to a hotel?
 1. She couldn't take care of herself
 2. Life was too expensive in her home town.
 3. Her children asked her to do so.
3. How did the young waiter treat the dogs?
 1. He really loved them and took care of them.
 2. He hated them and did not look after them.
 3. He disliked them but took care of them.
4. Why did the old lady leave the dogs to the waiter?
 1. She thought he would be happy with them.
 2. She wanted to punish him.
 3. She loved the waiter most of all in the world.
5. What did the waiter expect to get from the lady after her death?
 1. Her dogs.
 2. Part of her money.
 3. Nothing.

2. Выбрать правильный ответ

1. Her English is very poor. She ... study very hard.
 a) must b) was to c) needn't
2. There is only one thing to do ... we want to get home today.
 a) when b) if c) whether
3. I am afraid there is ... else I can do.
 a) anything b) much c) nothing

4. Now all of you ... ready.
a) get b) start c) prepare
5. ... nothing more I can tell you.
a) there are b) there is c) there was
6. Push the car ... you can.
a) as hard as b) so hard c) so hard that
7. They sat back in ... seats and waited.
a) that b) there c) their
8. I could ... recognise you.
a) nearly b) hard c) hardly
9. That is not very good ...
a) neither b) too c) either
10. She ... wanted to be an actress.
a) much b) very c) also

3. Выбрать правильную форму слова.

1. If you speak slowly I ... understand you.
a) can't b) could c) shall be able to
2. He got ... than I expected.
a) angry b) angrier c) angriest
3. He didn't hear what ...
a) said b) had said c) had been said
4. Before you ... don't forget to shut the window.
a) leave b) are leaving c) left
5. I am sorry I ... see you yesterday.
a) can't b) couldn't c) don't
6. It snowed a lot last winter but it ... so far this winter.
a) hasn't snowed b) doesn't snow c) hadn't snowed
7. This apartment is too small. I need something ...
a) bigger b) a bigger one c) the biggest
8. We couldn't repair the car ourselves, so we ... take it to the garage.
a) had to b) has to c) have to
9. The young girl ... by his rudeness.
a) has shocked b) was shocked c) was shocking
10. If you park your car in the right place you ... receive a ticket.
a) - b) wouldn't c) won't

4. Выполнить необходимые преобразования

а) Составить соответствующий вопрос

1. She had to take her children to the kindergarten every morning. (General)
2. He has been to London for three days. (Special)
3. This question will be discussed next Monday. (Special)
4. You must know the subject well. (Alternative)
5. She always wears dark glasses. (Disjunctive)

б) Перевести предложения из прямой в косвенную речь и наоборот

1. Jack said to Mike, "I'll phone you tomorrow."
2. "Why have these flowers blossomed so soon?", Mary asked her father.
3. "How often do you have your hair cut", he asked me.
4. My mother said to me, "Don't forget to come in time tonight."

5. My friend said he had enjoyed his trip to lake Baikal.

5. Из данных слов составить предложения

1. /his/used/needed/was/office/repair/business/for/seldom/for/it/.
2. /knock/sitting/heard/they/there/time/was/loud/were/some/when/for/a/.
3. /door/couldn't/tried/he/to/but/the/he/open/.
4. /sleeping/he/habit/after/meal/good/in/of/the/was/a/.
5. /looked/rain/fog/when/left/it/the/and/train/like/I/.

6. Перевести с русского на английский

1. Прошу дайте им знать, что мы не можем принять приглашение.
2. Что бы ты сделал, если бы ты потерял свой паспорт.
3. Вам когда-нибудь показывали эти книги?
4. Я намерился поехать на море на летние каникулы.
5. Так как у него не было много друзей. Он не знал к кому обратиться за помощью.

7. Окончить предложения

1. Isn't it strange that ...
2. The first thing the doctor ...
3. If the patient hadn't waited so long ...
4. When I came home I remembered that ...
5. We won't be ready by seven o'clock if ...

8. Заполнить пропуски необходимой формой данных слов

As neither she nor ... husband smoked, Mrs. Trench ... to see cigarette ask on her doorstep as she ... the house. When she opened the leaving-room door, ... extraordinary sight met her A strange ... had taken advantage of her absence and ... fast asleep in an armchair. Taking care not to disturb ... , Mrs. Trench ... the house immediately. She called a taxi and went straight ... the police station.

/man/to/her/an/eye/to leave/he/to be surprised/to be/to enter/.

1. Did she have to take her children to the kindergarten every morning?
2. How long has he been to London?
3. What will be discussed next Monday?
4. Must you know the subject well or badly?
5. She always wears dark glasses, doesn't she?

6)

1. Jack told Mike that he would phone him the next day.
2. Mary asked her father why those flowers had blossomed so soon.

3. He asked me how often I had my hair cut.

4. My mother told me not to forget to come in time that night.

5. My friend said, "I have enjoyed my trip to lake Baikal."

5.

1. His office was seldom used for business, for it needed repair.

2. They were sitting there for some time when a loud knock was heard.

3. He tried to open the door but he couldn't.

4. He was in the habit of sleeping after a good meal.

5. When I left the train it looked like rain and fog.

6.

1. Please, let them know that we can't accept their invitation.

2. What would you do if you lost your passport?

3. Have you ever been shown these books?

4. I have made up my mind (I have decided) to go to the seaside for my summer holidays.

5. As he didn't have (hadn't) many friends, he didn't know whom to turn to for help.

7. - - -

8. her, was surprised, entered(was entering), an, eyes, man, was, him, left, to.

7 Семестр

1. Прочитайте текст и ответьте на следующие за ним вопросы, выбрав единственно правильный вариант ответа.

Mr. Jones liked to be comfortable, so when he gets into a train he always puts his suitcase on the seat beside him and pretends that it belonged to another passenger who had gone to buy something in the station.

One day he did this when the train was very crowded. Other passengers came and sat in the train in all the other seats except the one which his suitcase was lying on. Then an old gentleman arrived, looked at Mr. Jones' case and said, "Is this somebody's seat?" "Yes," answered Mr. Jones. "A friend of mine is travelling with me, he has gone to buy some cigarettes, he will return soon." "All right," said the old gentleman. "I'll sit here until your friend comes back. And then I'll stand somewhere." And he sat down after he had put the suitcase on the shelf above him.

Several minutes passed, the whistle blew, and the train began to move. The old gentleman jumped up suddenly and said, "I'm very sorry but your friend seems to have missed the train. We don't want him to be separated from his suitcase, do we?" Before Mr. Jones was able to do or to say anything to prevent him, he took his suitcase and threw it out of the open window.

1. Why did Mr. Jones usually put his suitcase near him?
 1. because it was comfortable to lean on
 2. because he was afraid that it might be stolen by another passenger
 3. because he wanted to keep that seat for himself
2. Were all the seats occupied by passengers that day?
 1. Yes, they were
 2. No, they were not. There were some vacant seats.
 3. There was only one vacant seat.
3. How long did the gentleman say he would sit beside Mr. Jones?
 1. until the conductor
 2. until the old gentleman's friend came
 3. until the end of the journey
4. When did the old man throw the suitcase out of the window?
 1. as soon as the train started
 2. before the train began to move
 3. when the train stopped
5. What would Mr. Jones do if he were quick enough?
 1. call his friend
 2. take the suitcase from the old man's hands
 3. light a cigarette

2. Выбрать правильный ответ

1. How ... is Mary?
 - a) long
 - b) tall
 - c) low
2. What ... I do for you, sir?
 - a) may
 - b) can
 - c) need

3. You haven't ... a single mistake.
a) done b) made c) performed
4. The teacher was ... tired that she couldn't stand.
a) so b) such c) too d) very
5. He ... his English lessons himself.
a) makes b) passes c) does
6. He died ... the age of sixty.
a) at b) on c) over d) by
7. Here I have spent ... my life.
a) most b) much c) most of
8. Her father was ... her marriage.
a) opposite b) against c) angry
9. She ... her exam yesterday.
a) lost b) failed c) fell down
10. He left ... doing the work.
a) with b) without c) by

3. Выбрать правильную форму слова.

1. Uncle Nick was... son in the family.
a) elder b) the oldest c) the eldest
2. By the time I got to the station my train
a) would leave b) had left c) was leaving
3. He saw no reason why he ... smoke.
a) couldn't b) cannot c) have to
4. Big Ben is one of the first sights you'll see when you ... London.
a) will visit b) visit c) have visited
5. This district is changing all the time. Many old buildings ... down.
a) pulled b) have pulled c) have been pulled
6. Let me speak to him. I know him ... you do.
a) better than b) better as c) best than
7. You are very ill. You ... go out.
a) mustn't b) didn't have to c) must
8. She watched the young man remembering the first time she ... him.
a) would see b) had seen c) has seen
9. When he arrived at Tom's flat he
a) was warmly welcomed b) was warmly welcome c) has been warmly welcomed
10. He is still sick but he ... better slowly.
a) got b) is getting c) has got

4. Выполнить необходимые преобразования

а) Составить соответствующие вопросы

1. They had to stay there for another fortnight. (General)
2. He had his hair cut yesterday. (Special)
3. He told us a few words about his studies. (Special)
4. Mr. Brown drank a cup of coffee. (Alternative)
5. They don't have earthquakes there. (Disjunctive)

б) Перевести предложения из прямой в косвенную речь и наоборот

1. "It is the most beautiful place in Russia", the guide said to the tourists.

2. She asked, "Do you stay to the end or do you walk out in the middle when you don't like a film?"
3. Jane said, "My father was in the hospital yesterday."
4. "Don't be late for the class tomorrow", the teacher said to the pupils.
5. Tom said he had booked tickets for a fast train.

5. Из данных слов составить предложения

1. /to/that/I/hardly/told/needed/be/was/careless/I/.
2. /wrong/in/plans/lot/things/a/went/of/my/of/spite/careful/.
3. /same/the/still/when/returned/town/after/I/was/the/years/.
4. /hurry/must/night/caught/not/to/we/by/be/.
5. /seen/climbing/wall/the/was/as/over/the/was/thief/he/.

6. Перевести с русского на английский

1. Пусть он обратится к моему другу за советом.
2. Мы должны были поспешить, потому что фильм уже начался.
3. Если он не будет так быстро говорить, я смогу его понять.
4. Джек спросил брата, с кем он говорил по телефону.
5. Я так устала, что не могла есть, хотя обед был уже сварен.

7. Окончить предложения

1. I haven't seen my friend since ...
2. Was he sure that ...
3. He wondered why ...
4. When she leaves the party ...
5. If he has much money ...

8. Заполнить пропуски необходимой формой данных слов

Once a tourist arrived ... London. When he got off the train, he asked the porter to show ... the way to ... post-office. He sent ... telegram to his wife, informing ... that he ... safely, giving her address of the hotel he intended to stay. Then he went to the hotel, left the luggage there and went ... a walk As it was his first visit ... the English capital, he very ... to see the museums and the ... of this beautiful city.

/for/near/to be interested/he/to arrive/she/sight/in/to/a/.

1. Did they have to stay there for another fortnight?
2. When did he have his hair cut?
3. Whom (who) did he tell a few words about his studies?
4. Did Mr. Brown drink a cup of coffee or tea?
5. They don't have earthquakes there, do they?

б)

1. The guide told the tourists that it was the most beautiful place in Russia.
2. She asked if I stayed to the end or I walked out in the middle when I didn't like a film.
3. Jane said that her father had been in the hospital the (previous day) the day before.
4. The teacher told the pupils not to be late for the class the next day.
5. Tom said, "I have booked tickets for a fast train".

5.

1. I hardly needed to be told that I was careless.
2. A lot of things went wrong in spite of my careful plans.
3. The town was still the same when I returned years later.
4. We must hurry not to be caught by night.
5. The thief was seen as he was climbing over the wall.

6.

1. Let him (ask my friend for advice) turn to my friend for advice.
2. We had to hurry because the film had already begun.
3. If he doesn't speak so fast I will be able to understand him.
4. Jack asked his brother whom (who) he was speaking to on the telephone.
5. I was so tired that I couldn't eat though the dinner had already been cooked.

7. - - -

8.

in, him, the nearest, a, her, had arrived, for, to was interested, sights.

8 Семестр

Прочитайте текст и ответьте на следующие за ним вопросы, выбрав единственно правильный вариант ответа.

A farmer came to town to do some shopping. He had bought what he wanted and was going to leave the shop, but the shop-keeper would not let him go. He said: "Look here, farmer Jones. I have some very good bicycles to sell. They are very cheap. I can sell you a very good bicycle for \$35. I'm sure it will be very useful. You can ride around your farm on it every day."

"Oh, no," said the farmer I do not want a bicycle. With this money I can buy a cow. And a cow is certainly more useful in my farm than a bicycle."

"But you cannot go to town on a cow," said the shop-keeper. "That is funny!"

"Well, I do not know what is funnier," said the farmer. "To ride a cow or to milk a bicycle."

1. Why did the farmer go to town?

1. to meet his friend
2. to buy a bicycle
3. to buy some necessary things in the shop

2. Why didn't the shop-keeper let him go?

1. he wanted the farmer to buy a bicycle.
2. The farmer had forgotten to buy a bicycle.
3. He wanted to take \$35 from the farmer.

3. What would the farmer rather do with money?

1. go to the restaurant
2. buy some grass for his cow
3. spend his money on buying a domestic animal

4. What did the shop-keeper find funny?

1. having a bicycle
2. going to the village on cowback
3. going to town on foot

5. What did the farmer find more useful?

1. to have a cow to milk it
2. to have a bicycle for going to town
3. to spend \$ 35 on a bicycle

2. Выбрать правильный ответ

1. I ... my best to impress him.

- a) did b) make c) made

2. He is ... than me.

- a) older b) elder c) eldest d) oldest

3. Don't worry ... me.

- a) for b) about c) around d) at

4. She ... from her seat and approached me.

- a) rise b) rose c) raise d) raised

5. He was afraid ... the dog.

- a) from b) at c) of d) off

6. I can't afford it. I have too ... money for it.

- a) little b) a little c) few d) a few
7. She went out ... closing the door behind her.
a) not b) with c) without d) and
8. ... English he knows French and Spanish.
a) Except b) Besides c) Beside d) With
9. I haven't ... time to do it now.
a) quite b) many c) enough d) less
10. We arranged to meet ... eleven.
a) at b) in c) out d) from

3. Выбрать правильную форму слова.

1. Do you have to buy this hat? No, I ..., it isn't necessary.
a) mustn't b) can't c) needn't
2. At school I ... speaking German more than French.
a) have enjoyed b) enjoyed c) had enjoyed
3. This town is changing all the time. Many of the old buildings ... down.
a) pulled b) have pulled c) have been pulled
4. It was ... annoying this that could happen.
a) the more b) most c) the most
5. A relation of yours is coming to see you. She ... soon.
a) comes b) came c) will come
6. By the time I finished my work, everybody
a) had left b) has left c) would leave
7. How many times ... in love?
a) have you been b) were you c) had you been
8. His friend ... of.
a) well speaks b) is well spoken c) must
9. If you want to drive a car in Britain you ... have a driving license.
a) can b) will be able c) must
10. His arrival ... in the conversation.
a) was mentioned b) mentioned c) mentions

4. Выполнить необходимые преобразования

а) Составить соответствующие вопросы

1. My brother knows no one in this town. (General)
2. He was very angry when he spoke to me. (Special)
3. She tried to stop her son. (Special)
4. He hardly ever leaves the house. (Disjunctive)
5. Everybody realised the danger. (Alternative)

б) Перевести предложения из прямой в косвенную речь и наоборот

1. He said to me, "You may speak to the teacher about it tomorrow."
2. "What have you done to help him?", John asked Bill.
3. They said to us, "Are the lessons over?"
4. I said to my friend, "Meet me outside the cinema at 6 o'clock."
5. She said that her father had died a year before.

5. Из данных слов составить предложения

1. /she/and/door/key/once/the/the/garden/took/to/hurried/at/.
2. /Alice/anyone/so/ask/she/help/that/was/to/felt/ready/desperate/for/.
3. /the/work/we/his/better/expected/results/than/even/were/of/.

4. /I/to/all/have/give/help/you/I/you/money/shall/the/.
5. /his/house/the/was/in/garden/found/the/near/wife/.

6. Перевести с русского на английский

1. Или я, или моя сестра присоединимся к их группе через неделю.
2. Мы познакомились, когда были на корабле.
3. Солнце уже взошло, когда он вышел из дома.
4. Я не узнал своего учителя, так как он очень изменился.
5. Если будет очень холодно, мы не поедем за город.

7. Окончить предложения

1. It is natural that ...
2. The only thing ...
3. When they approached ...
4. She turned pale as soon as ...
5. If they didn't tell me the truth ...

8. Заполнить пропуски необходимой формой данных слов

I have ... friend in England. His name is Ken Roberts. I know ... very well, but I ... never him. We often write ... each other. My ... are very short. It is still hard for me to write ... English. I received a letter from Ken yesterday. It ... me very happy. He ... to my country for a holiday next year. ... are going to see each other ... the first time.
/letter/for/a/he/to meet/we/to come/to/in/to make/.

9 семестр

1. Прочитайте текст и ответьте на следующие за ним вопросы, выбрав единственно правильный вариант ответа.

The Theatre Royal in Drury Lane is one of the oldest theatres in London. Today most people call it Drury Lane by the name of the street in which it stands. The theatre has many traditions. One of them is the Badeley Cake, which began in 18-th century. Robert Badeley was a pastry cook who became an actor and joined the Theatre Royal. He was a good actor and the plays in which he acted were always a great success with the people of London.

When Robert Badeley was very old, he left some money to the theatre. Robert Badeley asked to buy a cake and offered a piece of it to each actor and actress of the theatre on Twelfth Night is the sixth of January, the twelfth night after Christmas.

So, after the evening performance on the Twelfth Night, the actors and actresses come down into the hall in their stage and eat the Badeley Cake.

1. Why is the theatre called Drury Lane?

1. It is founded by Drury Lane.
2. It is situated in Drury Lane Street.
3. It is one of the oldest theatres.

2. What is Badeley cake?

1. It is one of the theatre's traditions.
2. It is a cake baked by Badeley.

3. It is a performance.
3. Before he became an actor Robert Badeley
 1. was a butcher
 2. worked in an office
 3. worked in the kitchen
4. What did Badeley leave the money for?
 1. for paying the best actor
 2. for treating every actor to a piece of cake
 3. for buying a cake after the New Year
5. Why did the actors and actresses come down into the hall?
 1. To change their clothes
 2. To see each other
 3. To have a break

2. Выбрать правильный ответ

1. He has come ... two days only.
a) in b) on c) for
2. They said the car was ...
a) their b) there's c) theirs
3. Does ... help you with the housework?
a) somebody b) nobody c) anybody
4. It's time for ... tea/
a) a b) the c) –
5. He didn't have time ... his morning exercises.
a) doing b) to do c) do d) to make
6. Push the car ... you can.
a) as hard as b) so hard c) so hard that d) as hard that
7. I don't think he tells us ... truth.
a) about b) about the c) the d) –
8. Where did you learn ... about plants?
a) such b) so much c) so many d) so
9. We celebrated her birthday ... 14 May.
a) in b) on c) at d) by
10. He could work ... hours without getting tired.
a) on b) in c) since d) for

3. Выбрать правильную форму слова.

1. I have just watered the roses. You ... water them.
a) should b) are able c) don't have to
2. Your work isn't very good. I'm sure you can do it ...
a) better b) best c) good
3. You ... to see us nowadays.
a) don't often come b) aren't often coming c) didn't often come
4. I shouted to him as he ... the road.

- a) has crossed b) had crossed c) was crossing
5. Many people pretend that they ... modern art.
a) are understanding) understands c) understand
6. She felt ill and ... leave early.
a) must b) had to c) should
7. The news ... over the radio.
a) was announced b) were announced c) announced
8. The fire ... at 6 o'clock this afternoon.
a) is still burning b) was still burning c) still burned
9. If the baby ... a girl, we'll call her Rachel.
a) was b) is c) will be
10. There was a strong smell and the sound of frying. Obviously Mrs. Jones ... fish.
a) has cooked b) was cooking c) would cook

4. Выполнить необходимые преобразования

a) Составить соответствующие вопросы

1. These books must be sent to the library. (General)
2. She has to do her homework every morning. (Special)
3. We went for a ride to see the places of interest. (Special)
4. Bill hasn't got a car. (Disjunctive)
5. They left it outside. (Alternative)

б) Перевести предложения из прямой в косвенную речь и наоборот

1. He said, "I shall not be able to do it tomorrow."
2. "Where were you the day before yesterday?", Henry asked.
3. "Does he go in for sport?", the doctor asked my mother.
4. My mother said to me, "Don't forget to buy bread."
5. John asked Mary where she had been the last two months.

5. Из данных слов составить предложения

1. /if/at/have/don't/I/him/shall/you/send/to/home/once/you/report/on/.
2. /before/she/Andrew/left/word/room/the/a/say/could/.
3. /I/word/of/at/have/school/forgotten/but/it/learned/every/German/.
4. /at/nothing/the/knew/age/of/eighteen/of/I/and/motor-cars/planes/.
5. /my/hospital/provided/before/to/with/breakfast/went/solid/I/me/a/landlady/.

6. Перевести с русского на английский

1. Ты поехал в Лондон по делам, или на каникулы?
2. Ни я, ни мой друг не смогли ответить на его вопросы.
3. Почему ты не получил удовольствие от вечеринки ?, Ты был очень уставший?
4. Он сказал, что ему разрешили выехать за границу.
5. Ты должен намного больше внимания уделять своему произношению.

7. Окончить предложения

1. She unpacked her things after ...
2. The waiter won't come to our table unless ...
3. It is quite necessary that ...
4. He asked me why ...

5. Since I had no friends in the village ...

8. Заполнить пропуски необходимой формой данных слов

During a week-end I traveled ... air for the first time in ... life. I generally travel by train or by bus. It is both ... and safer. But this was ... short journey. ... the beginning I ... very happy. This feeling ... long. The trip was very exciting. I ... soon high up in ... sky among the clouds. The view of mountains, fields and rivers was interesting and unusual. I ... my short and comfortable journey very much.

To enjoy/by/cheap/to be/not to last/a/my/the/not to feel/

А семестр

1. Прочитайте текст и ответьте на следующие за ним вопросы, выбрав единственно правильный вариант ответа.

Some farmers were sitting in a village house one evening, and other among things they began to talk about echoes. One of the farmers said that there was a wonderful echo in one of his fields where there was a large group of trees. The others all said that they would like to hear it, and the farmer invited them to come the next afternoon. When the farmer reached home, he sent for one of his men and told him to hide himself among the trees and imitate everything that was said.

The next day the farmer's friends arrived late in the afternoon and the farmer told them to listen to the wonderful echo. Then he shouted at the top of his voice: "Are you there?"

The answer came back:

"Yes, I have been here for more than two hours."

1. What were the farmers doing?

1. they were having a birthday party.
2. they were talking about their problems.
3. they were speaking about echoes.

2. What did one of the farmers tell his friends?

1. He had a lot of trees on his farm.
2. He could invite his friends to see his trees and the farm house.
3. There was a nice echo on his farm.

3. What did the farmer do when he reached his house?

1. He told one of his men to echo to every word.
2. He asked his wife to sit down under the trees and have a rest.
3. He asked his worker to play hide-and-sick.

4. When did the farmer's friends arrive?

1. the following day.
2. in the evening.
3. the next week.

5. How long had the farmer's worker been there?

1. the whole day /
2. for almost three hours.
3. the whole evening.

4. Выбрать правильный ответ

1. He is a ... runner.
a) slow b) slowly c) quickly
2. There wasn't much room, so ... people were invited.
a) little b) few c) a little
3. We looked forward to ... arrival., ?
a) there b) their c) hers
4. He reads the papers at ... breakfast.
a) a b) the c) -
5. He didn't have time ... his morning exercise*.
a) doing b) to do c) to make
6. I have to visit a friend of
a) my b) me c) mine d) myself
7. His salary wasn't ... to live on.
a) quite b) rather c) enough d) many
8. They will start on a trip one of ... days.
a) this b) these c) that d) those
9. He shouted ... "Where are you going?"
a) angry b) angrily c) calmly
10. She ... said goodbye and ran out.
a) quick b) quickest c) quickly

5. Выбрать правильную форму слова.

1. A foreign language ... in a few weeks.
a) can b) can't learn c) can't be learnt
2. The loss of the documents ... to the manager.
a) reported b) was reported c) were reported
3. He is ... of the two.
a) taller b) the tall c) the tallest
4. These days food ... more and more expensive
a) is getting b) has got c) got
5. He said; "I hope I ... when I arrive at London. airport."
a) shall meet b) shall be met c) have been met
6. He died after he ... ill a long time.
a) is b) has been c) had been
7. I'll go there when I ... , not before.
a) tell b) am told c) shall be told
8. We'll enjoy climbing mountains more if the weather
a) be fine b) will be fine c) is fine
9. Before the war the big clock ... the hours.
a) struck always b) always struck c) was always striking
10. This is the second time you ... a cup.
a) broke b) will break c) have broken

4. Выполнить необходимые преобразования

а) Составить соответствующие вопросы

1. This still life is painted by an unknown artist.(General)
2. There are four main problems to be discussed.(Special)

28364.I am very grateful to her for her help. (Special)
 28365.His wife has headaches quite often.(Disjunctive)
 28366.She went away with George(Alternative)

б) Перевести предложения из прямой в косвенную речь и наоборот

1. He said to her, "She will be here in three days"
2. He asked me, "Where did you see him?"
3. "Will you come to me next week-end?", she said to her cousin.
4. "Lend me your dictionary for a moment, please." I said to Jane.
5. He asked me where was the Browns' new flat and if they liked it.

5. Из данных слов составить предложения

1. The / one / for / is / wins / prize / the / a / who / the /gold / race / chain /.
2. It / task / find / him / not / easy / way / his / for / was/to/an/.
3. She / hands / sitting / a / buried / with / her / in / was/her / on / chair / face /.
4. He / had / the / the / if / sitting / him / by / wondered/ seen / woman/ fire /.
5. mine / lately / staying / friend / here / been / A / had/of/.

6.Перевести с русского на английский

1. Откуда вы? Я японец.
2. Когда он в Лондоне, он обычно останавливается в гостинице "Хильтон".
3. Согласно прогнозу погоды завтра пойдет дождь.
4. Если вы не уверены купить ли этот пиджак или нет, спросите совет у своего друга.
5. Мои родители родились в Бристоле и никогда не жили в другом месте.

7.Окончить предложения

1. I'll do my best to get there in time if ...
2. I wonder what he would say when ...
3. The law says that ...
4. The weather was so nasty that ...
5. As the police approached ...

8. Заполнить пропуски необходимой формой данных слов

It ... in Spain several years ago. Marietta was ten, but she ... to school. She ... work to earn her living. The girl was clever and she learned to read and write ... herself. The ... friends and neighbours liked her very much. Everybody liked ... way she sang beautiful Spanish songs and performed national dances. In the evenings her parents' room was full ... people. They ... themselves very much. "What ... beautiful voice, " "How wonderfully she dances," ... was saying.

a / the / of / by / everybody / girl / enjoy / not to go / to have to / to be /

Темы эссе

Writing Topic 1

When people move to another country, some of them decide to follow the customs of the new country. Others prefer to keep their own customs. Compare these two choices. Which one do you prefer? Support your answer with specific details.

Writing Topic 2

Some people believe that university students should be required to attend classes. Others believe that going to classes should be optional for students. Which point of view do you agree with? Use specific reasons and details to explain your answer.

Writing Topic 3

Describe a custom from your country that you would like people from other countries to adopt. Explain your choice, using specific reasons and examples.

Writing Topic 4

Some people believe that a college or university education should be available to all students. Others believe that higher education should be available only to good students. Discuss these views. Which view do you agree with? Explain why.

Writing Topic 5

Some people think that children should begin their formal education at a very early age and should spend most of their time on school studies. Others believe that young children should spend most of their time playing. Compare these two views. Which view do you agree with? Why?

Writing Topic 6

Do you agree or disagree with the following statement? Attending a live performance (for example, a play, concert, or sporting event) is more enjoyable than watching the same event on television. Use specific reasons and examples to support your opinion.

Writing Topic 7

It has been said, "Not everything that is learned is contained in books." Compare and contrast knowledge gained from experience with knowledge gained from books. In your opinion, which source is more important? Why?

Writing Topic 8

English is quickly becoming the world language. Some people think this is good. Others think it is not good. Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of English as the world language. Use specific reasons and examples to support your answer.

Writing Topic 9

Some people believe that a college or university education should be available to all students. Others believe that higher education should be available only to good students. Discuss these views. Which view do you agree with? Explain why.

Writing Topic 10

Do you agree or disagree with the following statement? Books are not needed any more because people can read information on computers. Use specific reasons and details to explain your answer.

Темы проектов

1. Характер человека, его внутренний мир.
2. Национальные стереотипы.
3. Человек и природа.
4. Проблемы охраны окружающей среды.
5. Проблемы мировоззрения.
6. Мир и человек.

Темы курсовых

1. Несобственно-прямая речь в повести Дж. Роулинг "Harry Potter and The Chamber of Secrets"
2. Виды несобственно-прямой речи в романе Э. Уортон "Fruit of the Tree."
3. Выразительные средства в коротких рассказах О.Генри.
4. Виды метафор в романе Т. Гарди "Jude the Obscure"
5. Синтаксические стилистические приемы в романах Д.Дю Морье
6. Автор, повествователь и герой в романе А. Мердок "The Black Prince"
7. Типы повествования в современном английском романе.
8. Прямая и косвенная портретизация в романе П.Г. Вудхауса "The Mating Season"
- 9.. Способы передачи эмоционального состояния героев в романах Н. Спаркса.

4. Методические материалы, определяющие процедуры оценивания знаний, умений, навыков и (или) опыта деятельности, характеризующих этапы формирования компетенций.

Текущий контроль 4 и 5 семестра:

Работа на практических занятиях (выполнение заданий) – макс. 50 б. за все занятия.

Альтернативные формы работы:

- презентация – 10 б.

Обязательные формы работы:

- лексико-грамматический тест – 5 б. (не менее 4, макс. – 20 б.)
- эссе – 5 б. (не менее 4, макс. – 20 б.)

Текущий контроль 6 семестра:

Работа на практических занятиях (выполнение заданий) – макс. 40 б. за все занятия.

Альтернативные формы работы:

- презентация – 10 б.

- проект – 20 б.

Обязательные формы работы:

- лексико-грамматический тест – 5 б. (не менее 4, макс. – 20 б.)
- эссе – 5 б. (не менее 4, макс. – 20 б.)

Текущий контроль 7 семестра:

Работа на практических занятиях (выполнение заданий) – макс. 50 б. за все занятия.

Альтернативные формы работы:

- деловая игра – 20 б.

Обязательные формы работы:

- лексико-грамматический тест – 5 б. (не менее 4, макс. – 20 б.)
- эссе – 5 б. (не менее 4, макс. – 20 б.)

Текущий контроль 8 семестра:

Работа на практических занятиях (выполнение заданий) – макс. 50 б. за все занятия.

Альтернативные формы работы:

- презентация – 10 б.

Обязательные формы работы:

- лексико-грамматический тест – 5 б. (не менее 3, макс. – 15 б.)
- эссе – 5 б. (не менее 3, макс. – 15 б.)

Текущий контроль 9 семестра:

Работа на практических занятиях (выполнение заданий) – макс. 60 б. за все занятия.

Альтернативные формы работы:

- презентация – 10 б.

Обязательные формы работы:

- лексико-грамматический тест – 5 б. (не менее 3, макс. – 15 б.)
- эссе – 5 б. (не менее 3, макс. – 15 б.)

Текущий контроль А семестра:

Работа на практических занятиях (выполнение заданий) – макс. 50 б. за все занятия.

Альтернативные формы работы:

- презентация – 10 б.
- проект – 20 б.

Обязательные формы работы:

- лексико-грамматический тест – 5 б. (не менее 3, макс. – 15 б.)
- эссе – 5 б. (не менее 3, макс. – 15 б.)

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Содержание зачёта 8 семестр:

1. Изложение содержания однократно прослушанного текста монологического характера.
2. Лингвостилистический анализ текста.
3. Написание эссе по заданной теме.

Содержание экзамена 4 семестр:

Письменная часть экзамена

1. Краткое изложение содержания и комментирование однократно прослушанного оригинального текста информационного характера.
2. Исправление и комментирование ошибок корректурного задания.

Устная часть экзамена

1. Интерпретация содержания оригинального художественного текста.
2. Изложение на иностранном языке газетной статьи общественно-политического или страноведческого характера. Беседа по затронутым в тексте проблемам.

Содержание экзамена 6 семестр:

Письменная часть экзамена

1. Эссе по культурологической проблематике.

Устная часть экзамена

1. Лингвостилистическая интерпретация оригинального художественного или публицистического текста.
2. Реферирование газетной статьи на русском языке общественно-политического или страноведческого характера. Беседа по проблемам, затронутым в статье.
3. Изложение с комментированием однократно прослушанного текста информационного характера.

Содержание экзамена А семестр:

Письменная часть экзамена

1. Эссе по культурологической проблематике.

Содержание государственного экзамена

Устный экзамен

1. Лингвостилистическая интерпретация оригинального художественного, публицистического или научно-популярного текста.
2. Реферирование русскоязычной статьи общественно-политического, страноведческого или научно-популярного характера на английском языке.
4. Изложение с комментированием однократно прослушанного текста.

Итоговая шкала оценивания результатов освоения дисциплины

Итоговая оценка по дисциплине выставляется по приведенной ниже шкале. При выставлении итоговой оценки преподавателем учитывается работа обучающегося в течение освоения дисциплины, а также оценка по промежуточной аттестации

Баллы, полученные по текущему контролю и промежуточной аттестации	Оценка в традиционной системе
81-100	зачтено
61-80	зачтено
41-60	зачтено
0-40	не зачтено

Итоговая шкала оценивания результатов освоения дисциплины

Итоговая оценка по дисциплине выставляется по приведенной ниже шкале. При выставлении итоговой оценки преподавателем учитывается работа обучающегося в течение освоения дисциплины, а также оценка по промежуточной аттестации

Баллы, полученные по текущему контролю и промежуточной аттестации	Оценка в традиционной системе
81-100	отлично
61-80	хорошо
41-60	удовлетворительно
0-40	не удовлетворительно

Тексты для экзамена 4 семестр

1. THE SCHOLARSHIP from "Green Years" by A. J. Cronin

... Robert Shannon will be able to continue his studies only if he gets the scholarship founded by Sir John Marshall, but his best friend Gavin becomes his rival.

It was the first day of the Easter Holidays. I was going fishing with Gavin. The last pleasure I allowed myself before beginning to prepare for the Marshall.

We met early in the morning. Gavin was waiting for me. Impossible to describe the silent joy of our meeting... We walked side by side through the quiet village to the lake.

"No fishing until evening, I am afraid", Gavin murmured. "No wind and the day is too bright".

Until the sun went down, Gavin and I sat on an upturned boat, outside his father's fishing hut. We spoke very little. At seven o'clock, after Mrs. Glen, the woman of the cottage had given us some tea and boiled eggs and milk, we pushed the boat into the water. I took the oars. When we were far from the shore, Gavin spoke, hidden by the growing darkness.

"I understand you are sitting the Marshall, Robie?"

I was greatly surprised. "Yes... How did you know?"

"Mrs. Keith told my sister", Gavin paused, breathing heavily. "I am trying for it too".

I looked at him in silence. I was shocked and confused.

"But Gavin... You do not need the money!"

Gavin frowned. "You'll be surprised." He spoke slowly. "My father has had trouble in the business". He paused. "He has done so much for me... now then he is worried, I would like to do something for him."

I was silent. I knew that Gavin adored his father; and I had heard whispers that all was not well with the Mayor's business. Yet his words came as an unexpected blow.

"All the cleverest boys in the country are competing," he continued. "One more won't make much difference. Besides there is the honour of the town. It is twelve years since a Levenford boy took the scholarship." He drew a deep breath. "One of us must win it".

"You may be the one, Gavin", I said in a low voice; I knew he was a fine scholar.

Gavin replied slowly. "I would like to win for my father's sake. But I think you have a better chance". He paused. "If you win, will you go on to be a doctor?"

Gavin was the only person on earth to whom I could tell the truth. I said: "I wish with all my heart to be a medical biologist, you know, a doctor who does research". There was a long pause.

"Yes", Gavin said thoughtfully. "It is bad that we have to fight each other over the scholarship. But, it will not affect our friendship, of course".

Yet I felt a sudden sadness in my heart. I thought: "Gavin and I... One of us must be defeated".

2. *A DOG AND THREE DOLLARS* by M. Twain

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

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

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

"Did you live in Washington in 1867?" the general asked me.

"Yes, I did," I answered.

"How could it happen that we did not meet then?" said General Miles.

"General", said I. "We could not meet then. You forget that you were already a great general then, and I was a poor young writer whom nobody knew and whose books nobody read. You do not remember me, I thought, but we met once in Washington at that time."

I remember it very well. I was poor then and very often I did not have money even for my bread. I had a friend. He was a poor writer too. We lived together. We did everything together: worked, read books, went for walks together. And when we were hungry, we were both hungry. Once we were in need of three dollars. I don't remember why we needed these three dollars so much, but I remember well that we had to have the money by the evening.

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

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

I went into the hall of the hotel and sat down on a sofa. I was sitting there when a beautiful small dog ran into the hall. It was looking for somebody. The dog was nice and I had nothing to do, so I called it and began to play with it.

I was playing with the dog, when a man came into the hall. He wore a beautiful uniform and I knew at once that he was General Miles. I knew him by his pictures in the newspapers. "What a beautiful dog!" said he. "Is it your dog?"

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

"Three dollars", I answered at once.

"Three dollars?" he asked. "But that is very little. I can give you fifty dollars for it."

"No, no. I only want three dollars."

"Well, it is your dog. If you want three dollars for it, I shall be glad to buy your dog."

General Miles paid me three dollars, took the dog and went up to his room.

Ten minutes later an old man came into the hall. He looked round the hall. I could see that he was looking for something.

"Are you looking for a dog, sir?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Have you seen it?" said the man.

"Your dog was here a few minutes ago and I saw how it went away with a man," I said. "If you want, I shall try to find it for you."

The man was very happy and asked me to help him.

"I shall be glad to help you, but it will take some of my time and..."

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

"Three dollars," answered I.

"Three dollars?" said the man. "But it is a very good dog. I shall pay you ten dollars if you find it for me."

"No sir, I want three dollars and not a dollar more," said I.

Then I went up to General Miles's room. The General was playing with his new dog. "I came here to take the dog back", said I.

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

"I shall give you back your three dollars, but I must take the dog back", answered I. "But you have sold it to me, it is my dog now."

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

"Still you have sold it to me for three dollars." "How could I sell it to you when it was not my dog? You asked me how much I wanted for the dog, and I said that I wanted three dollars. But I never told you that it was my dog."

General Miles was very angry now.

"Give me back my three dollars and take the

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

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

3. *A DAY'S WAIT* by E. Hemingway

He came into the room to shut the windows while me were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

"What's the matter, Schatz?"

"I've got a headache".

"You better go back to bed".

"No, I am all right".

"You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed".

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

"You go up to bed," said, "you are sick".

"I am all right", he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different coloured capsules with instructions for giving them. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of influenza and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you want me to read to you?"

"All right. If you want to," said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read about pirates from Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates", but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed.

"Why, don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine."

"I'd rather stay awake."

After a while he said to me. "You don't have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you."

"It doesn't bother me."

"No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little light-headed and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while...

At the house they said the boy had refused to let any one come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have." I went up to him and found him in exactly the same position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

"Who said so? Your temperature is all right," I said. "It's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said, "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight ahead.

He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course, it will."

I sat down and opened the "Pirate" book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

"About what time do you think I'm going to die?" he asked.

"What?"

"About how long will it be before I die?"

"You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two."

"People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk."

"I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two."

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

"You poor Schatz," I said. "It's like miles and kilometres. You aren't going to die. That's a different thermometer. On that thermometer thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," I said. "It's like miles and kilometres. You know, like how many kilometres we make when we do seventy miles in the car?"

"Oh," he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day he was very slack and cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

4. *THE GREEN DOCTOR* by O. Henry

Rudolf Steiner, a young piano salesman, was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings when he did not go to look for the unexpected. It seemed to him that the most interesting things in life might lie just around the corner. He was always dreaming of adventures.

Once when he was walking along the street his attention was attracted by a Negro handing out a dentist's cards. The Negro slipped a card into Rudolf's hand. He turned it over and looked at it.

Nothing was written on one side of the card; on the other three words were written: "The Green Door". And then Rudolf saw, three steps in front of him, a man throw away the card the Negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. The dentist's name and address were printed on it.

The adventurous piano salesman stopped at the corner and considered. Then he returned and joined the stream of people again. When he was passing the Negro the second time, he again got a card. Ten steps away he examined it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green door" was written upon it. Three or four cards were lying on the pavement. On all of them were the name and the address of the dentist. Whatever the written words on the cards might mean, the Negro had chose him twice from the crowd.

Standing aside from the crowd, the young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie. It was a five-storey building. On the first floor there was a store. The second up were apartments.

After finishing his inspection Rudolf walked rapidly up the stairs into the house. The hallway there was badly lighted. Rudolf looked toward the nearer door and saw that it was green. He hesitated for a moment, then he went straight to the green door and knocked on it. The door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there. She was very pale and as it seemed to Rudolf was about to faint. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a sofa. He closed the door and took a quick glance round the room. Neat, but great poverty was the story he read.

"Fainted, didn't I?" the girl asked weakly. "Well, no wonder. You try going without anything to eat for three days and see."

"Heavens!" cried Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back." He rushed out of the green door and in twenty minutes he was back with bread and butter, cold meat, cakes, pies, milk and hot tea.

"It is foolish to go without eating. You should not do it again," Rudolf said. "Supper is ready."

When the girl cheered up a little she told him her story. It was one of a thousand such as the city wears with indifference every day – a shop girl's story of low wages; of time lost through illness; and then of lost jobs, lost hope and unrealised dreams and – the knock of the young man upon the door.

Rudolf looked at the girl with sympathy.

"To think of you going through all that," he exclaimed. "And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"As a matter of fact, I am all alone in the world too," said Rudolf after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his having no relatives.

Then the girl sighed deeply. "I'm awfully sleepy," she said.

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"How did it happen that you knocked at my door?" she asked.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house. I knocked at your door by mistake."

There was no reason why the girl should not believe him.

In the hallway he looked around and discovered to his great surprise that all the doors were green.

In the street he met the same Negro. "Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

Pointing down the street to the entrance to a theatre with a bright electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door", the Negro told Rudolf that the theatre agent had given him a dollar to hand out a few of his cards together with the dentist's.

"Still it was the hand of Fate that showed me the way to her," said Rudolf to himself

5. **BRAVE MOTHER** (from "Uncle Tom's Cabin") by H. Beecher-Stowe

Part I

Mr. Shelby had a large plantation and many slaves in the South of America. He never had enough money. He borrowed large sums from a man named Haley, whose business was to buy and sell slaves. Mr. Shelby could not pay the money back, and Haley said he would take Shelby's house or some slaves. Mr. Shelby decided to sell Tom, who helped him to look after the farm.

"Tom is a good man," said Mr. Shelby; "he helps me on the farm and I trust him."

"Well, I'll take your Tom if you add a boy or a girl to him," answered Haley.

"I don't think I have a boy or a girl that I could sell. If I could pay the money back I wouldn't sell slaves at all."

Here the door opened and a small Negro boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. Mr. Shelby gave him some fruit and said, "Now, Harry, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing." The boy began to sing one of the most popular Negro songs in a clear voice.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing the boy a piece of an orange.

"Now, boy, walk like an old man!" said Mr. Shelby. The boy began walking about the room, his master's stick in his hand, in imitation of an old man.

"Hurrah! Bravo! What a boy!" said Haley. "Shelby, I like that boy, if you add him, the business is done." At this moment the door opened and a young Negro woman about twenty-five entered the room. You could tell immediately, that she was the mother of the boy. The same beautiful dark eyes and silky black hair.

"Well, Elisa?" asked her master as she stopped and looked at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, Sir."

The boy ran to his mother showing her the nice things which he had got from the men for his performance.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and she quickly left the room, carrying the child in her arms.

"I say, Shelby," said the trader, "that is a fine woman. You could get much money for her in New Orleans, any day. I've seen a thousand dollars paid for a girl like that."

"I don't want any money for her. My wife likes her and wouldn't part with her. I don't want to speak about it."

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, won't you?" said the trader.

"What do you want the boy for?" asked Shelby.

"I have a friend who sells good boys in the market. He sells them to rich people. Boys can be waiters, open doors and help in the house."

"I don't want to take the boy from his mother," said Mr. Shelby.

"Oh, you can send the woman away for a day or a week; then your wife can give her a new dress or some other thing to make it up with her."

"I'll think it over and talk to my wife," said Mr. Shelby.

"But I want to know the result as soon as possible," said Haley, rising and putting on his coat.

"Well, come this evening between six and seven, and you shall have my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader left the house.

6. In the evening Mr. Shelby told his wife that he had sold Tom and little Harry to Haley. Elisa was in the next room and heard the conversation. She decided to take her boy and run away to Canada, where Negroes were free. She packed some of her things, took the boy in her arms and quietly Left the house.

To get to Canada Elisa had to cross the Ohio River. She knew the road to the river, as she had often gone with her mistress to visit some friends in the little village near the Ohio River. Elisa walked all the night. In the morning, when people and horses began to move along the road, she sat down behind the trees and gave little Harry something to eat. After a short rest they continued their way. In the afternoon she stopped at a small farm-house to rest and buy some dinner for the boy and herself.

When the sun was already low, they came to the Ohio River. Elisa was tired but strong in heart. She looked at the river that was on her way to freedom. It was spring and the river was swollen, large pieces of ice were floating in the water. She understood that it would be difficult to get a boat and cross the river at such a time.

At a small inn she asked about the boats. The woman there told Elisa that the boats had stopped running, and she looked with curiosity at the woman and her child.

"My boy is dangerously ill, I walked the whole day in the hope to get to the boat," said Elisa. The woman was sorry for the poor mother and asked her husband for advice.

"He said he would try. There is a man who crosses the river very often. He will be here to supper in the evening, so you may stay here and wait," said the woman. "Take the child into this room" continued she, opening the door into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed.

Elisa put the tired boy upon the bed, and held his hands in hers till he was asleep. There was no rest for her. She was afraid that the trader and her master would follow her and take little Harry away from her. Elisa stood at the window looking at the river. "How can I get to the other side?" she thought. "I must get over the river with my child, then no one will be able to catch us."

Suddenly she heard men's voices and saw Haley. Her room had a door opening to the river. She caught up the boy and ran down to the river. The men saw her and started running after her. She heard their shouts. In a moment she jumped onto a large piece of ice in the river. It was a dangerous jump. Haley and the men cried something to her and lifted their hands. The piece of ice creaked as Elisa jumped onto it, but she did not stay there. She jumped to another and still another piece, falling and jumping again. She lost her shoes, her stockings were cut from her feet, blood marked her every step on the ice; but Elisa saw nothing, felt nothing, till, as in a dream, she saw the other bank of the Ohio, and a man helping her up the bank.

7. *THE READING PUBLIC* by S. Leacock

"Wish to look about the store? Oh, by all means, sir," said the manager of one of the biggest book stores in New York. He called to his assistant, "Just show this gentleman our ancient classics – the ten-cent series." With this he dismissed me from his mind.

In other words he had guessed at a glance that I was a professor. The manager of the biggest book store cannot be deceived in a customer. He knew I would hang around for two hours, get in everybody's way, and finally buy the Dialogues of Plato for ten cents.

He despised me, but a professor standing in a corner buried in a book looks well in a store. It is a sort of advertisement.

So it was that standing in a far corner I had an opportunity of noticing something of this up-to-date manager's methods with his real customers.

"You are quite sure it's his latest?" a fashionably dressed woman was saying to the manager.

"Oh, yes, madam, this is Mr. Slush's very latest book, I assure you. It's having a wonderful sale." As he spoke he pointed to a huge pile of books on the counter with the title in big letters – Golden Dreams.

"This book," said the lady idly turning over the pages, "is it good?"

"It's an extremely powerful thing," said the manager, "in fact it's a masterpiece. The critics are saying that without exaggeration it is the most powerful book of the season. It is bound to make a sensation."

"Oh, really!" said the lady. "Well, I think I'll take it then."

Suddenly she remembered something. "Oh, and will you give me something for my husband? He's going down south. You know the kind of thing one reads on vacation?"

"Oh, perfectly, madam. I think we have just what your husband wants. Seven Weeks in the Sahara, dollars; Six Months in a Waggon, 6 dollars; Afternoons in an Oxcart, two volumes, 4 dollars 30 cents. Or here, now, Among the Cannibals of Corfu, or Among the Monkeys of New Guinea, 10 dollars." And with this the manager laid his hand on another pile as numerous as the pile of Golden Dreams.

'It seems rather expensive,» remarked the lady.

"Oh, a most expensive book," repeated the manager in a tone of enthusiasm. "You see, it's the illustrations, actual photographs of actual monkeys; and the paper."

The lady bought Among the Monkeys.

Another lady entered. A widow, judging by her black dress.

"Something new in fiction," repeated the manager, "yes, madam, here's a charming thing, Golden Dreams,— a very sweet story. In fact, the critics are saying it's the sweetest thing Mr. Slush has done."

"Is it good?" said the lady.

"It's a very charming love story. My wife was reading it aloud only last night. She could hardly read for tears."

"I suppose it's quite a safe book?" asked the widow anxiously. "I want it for my little daughter."

"Assure you it's perfectly safe. In fact, it is written quite in the old style, like the dear old books of the past; quite like —" here the manager paused with a slight doubt — "Dickens and Fielding and — er — so on."

The widow bought the Golden Dreams, received it wrapped up, and passed out.

"Have you any good light reading?" called out the next customer in a loud cheerful voice — he had the air of a man starting on a holiday.

"Yes," said the manager, and his face almost broke into a laugh.

"Here's an excellent thing, Golden Dreams; quite the most humorous book of the season. My wife was reading it last night. She could hardly read for laughing."

After that the customers came and went in a string. To one lady Golden Dreams was sold as exactly the reading for a holiday, to another as the very book to read after a holiday; another bought it as a book for a rainy day, and a fourth as the right sort of reading for a fine day.

Among the Monkeys was sold as a sea story, a land story, a story of the jungle, a story of the mountains; each time at a different price.

After a busy two hours I drew near and from a curiosity that I couldn't resist said, "That book, Golden Dreams, you seem to think it's a very wonderful book?"

The manager knew that I had no intention of buying the book, so he shook his head. "Frankly speaking, I imagine it's perfectly rotten."

"Haven't you read it?" I asked in amazement.

"Dear me, no!" said the manager. His air was that of a milkman who is offered a glass of his own milk. "A pretty time I'd have if I tried to read all the new books. It's quite enough to keep track of them without that."

"But those people," I went on, deeply puzzled, "won't they be disappointed?"

"By no means!" he said. "They won't read it. They never do."

"But at any rate your wife thought it a fine story," I insisted.

The manager smiled widely. "I am not married, sir."

8. *THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE*

by O. Wilde

"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 sing you 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 left 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, for 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 impractical, 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.

9. *MARTIN EDEN* (extract) by J. London

Part I

Martin Eden, a strong man and talented worker, belongs to a working-class family. He meets Ruth Morse, a girl from a rich bourgeois family, and falls in love with her. He decides to become her equal in knowledge and culture. He must make a career for himself and become famous. He begins to read and study and Ruth helps him.

A week of heavy reading had passed since the evening he first met Ruth Morse, and still he did not dare to go and see her. He was afraid of making mistakes in speech and manners.

Martin tried to read books that required years of preparatory work. One day he read a book on philosophy, and the next day a book on art. He read poetry, he read books by Karl Marx. He did not understand what he was reading but he wanted to know. He had become interested in economy, industry and politics. He sat up in bed and tried to read, but the dictionary was in front of him more often than the book. He looked up so many new words that when he saw them

again, he had forgotten their meaning and had to look them up again. He decided to write the words down in a note-book, and filled page after page with them. And still he could not understand what he was reading. Poetry was not so difficult. He loved poetry and beauty, and there he found beauty, as he found it in music.

At last Martin Eden had enough courage to go and see Ruth. She met him at the door herself and took him into the living-room. They talked first of the books he had borrowed from her, then of poets. He told her of his plans to educate himself.

"You should go back and finish grammar school, and then go through the high school and university," Ruth said.

"But that takes money," he said.

"Oh!" she cried. "I had not thought of that. But then you have relatives, somebody who could help you?"

He shook his head.

"My father and mother are dead. I've two sisters and some brothers,— I'm the youngest,— but they never helped anybody. The oldest died in India. Two are in South Africa now, and another is on a fishing-boat at sea. One is travelling with a circus. And I think I am just like them. I've taken care of myself since I was eleven — that's when my mother died. I think I must study by myself, and what I want to know is where to begin."

"I should say the first thing of all would be to get a grammar. Your grammar is not particularly

He got red. "I know I talk a lot of slang. I know words, picked them up from books, but I cannot say them correctly, so I don't use them."

"It isn't what you say, so much as how you say it. You don't mind my saying that, do you? I don't want to hurt you."

"No, no," he cried. "Tell me everything. I must know, and I had better hear it from you than from anybody else."

"Well, then, you say 'You was', it must be 'You were'. You say 'I seen' for 'I saw'."

"That is clear," said Martin. "I never thought of it before."

"You'll find it all in the grammar," she said and went to the bookcase. She took one of the books from the shelf and gave it to Martin.

Several weeks went by, during which Martin Eden studied his grammar and read books. During those weeks he saw Ruth five or six times and each time he learned something. She helped him with his English, corrected his pronunciation and taught him arithmetic.

10. A few months after Martin had started to educate himself, he had to go to sea again as all his money was spent. He went as a sailor on a ship that was going to the South Sea.

The captain of the ship had a complete Shakespeare, which he never read. Martin had washed his clothes for him and in return was allowed to read the books. For a time all the world took the form of Shakespearean tragedy or comedy; even Martin's thoughts were expressed in the language of Shakespeare. This trained his ear and gave him a feeling for good English.

The eight months were spent well; he learned to understand Shakespeare and speak correctly, and what was most important, he learned much about himself. Now he knew that he could do more than he had done. He wanted to show Ruth the beauty of the South Sea and decided to do it in his letters.

And then the great idea came to him. He would describe the beauty of the world not only for Ruth but for other people as well. He could do it. He would be one of the eyes through which the world saw, one of the ears through which the world heard, one of the hearts through which it felt. He would be a writer. He would write – everything – poetry and prose, novels and descriptions, and plays like Shakespeare. There was career and the way to win Ruth.

For the first time he saw the aim of his life, and saw it in the middle of the great sea. Martin decided to begin writing when he comes back. He would describe the voyage to the South Sea and sell it to some San Francisco newspaper. He would go on studying, and then, after some time, when he had learned and prepared himself, he would write great things.

When Martin Eden returned to San Francisco, he began to write. He sent his works to newspapers and magazines, but the editors sent his manuscripts back. Martin continued to write and study at the same time.

Martin lived in a small room where he slept, studied, wrote and cooked his meals. Before the window there was the kitchen table that served as desk and library. The bed occupied two-thirds of the room. Martin slept five hours; only a man in very good health could work for nineteen hours a day. He never lost a moment. On the looking-glass were lists of words: when he was shaving or combing his hair, he learned these words. Some lists were on the wall over the kitchen table, and he studied them while he was cooking or washing the dishes. New lists were always put there in place of the old ones. Every new word he met in his reading was marked and later put down on paper and pinned to the wall or looking-glass. He even carried them in his pockets and looked them through in the street or in the shop.

The weeks passed. All Martin's money was spent and publishers continued to send his manuscripts back. Day by day he worked on and day by day the postman delivered to him his manuscripts. He had no money for stamps, so the manuscripts lay on the floor under the table. Martin pawned his overcoat, then his watch.

One morning the postman brought him a short thin envelope. There was no manuscript in that envelope, therefore, Martin thought, they had taken the story. It was "The Ring of Bells". In the letter the editor of a San Francisco magazine said that the story was good. They would pay the author five dollars for it. And he would receive the check when the story was published.

11. *IS HE LIVING OR IS HE DEAD*

by M. Twain

"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 your 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.

"Now 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 Francois 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, the three met in Paris and decided to stop asking for more pictures from Millet. We saw that it 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."

12. *AS YOU LIKE IT* by W. Shakespeare

Many years ago, there lived in France two girls who were the very best of friends. They were cousins, and both were beautiful. The taller and stronger of them was called Rosalind, and the name of the other was Celia. Rosalind's father was a great duke, but his brother, Celia's father, had driven him out of his own dukedom. Many noblemen, who hated the cruel brother, but loved Rosalind's father, went with him, to live in the Forest of Arden.

When Rosalind's father was driven from the castle, her uncle kept the girl there. She grew up together with his own little girl Celia. They grew up together, and Celia was so sweet and so kind to Rosalind that Rosalind sometimes forgot to be sad because her father had been driven away.

One of the truest friends of the former duke had been a brave knight called Sir Rowland. He was dead but he had left two sons. Oliver, the elder, was not a good brother. Instead of doing as his father had wished, and being kind to his younger brother whose name was Orlando, he gave him neither money nor any chance of learning anything, and made him take all his meals with the servants. He hated Orlando because he was so brave and strong and handsome, and he was kinder to his horses than he was to Orlando. Sir Rowland had had an old servant named Adam. Adam loved Orlando, and was very sorry that Oliver was so cruel to his younger brother.

One day, when Orlando felt that he could not bear Oliver's cruelty any longer, he asked him to give him the money that his father had left him and let him go and seek his fortune. He said he couldn't go on doing nothing and learning nothing. But Oliver only laughed at him, and so the brothers had a quarrel. Oliver hated Orlando more than ever after that quarrel. He thought of the best way to kill him and to keep for himself the money that their father had left for Orlando.

About this time Celia's father gave a great wrestling match. He had a very strong paid wrestler of his own. This man wrestled so well that only the bravest had the courage to wrestle with him, for he often killed those with whom he wrestled. Orlando was a very good wrestler and was afraid of no one, so he made up his mind to go to the match and wrestle with this man.

When Oliver learned that Orlando intended to do this, he ordered the Duke's wrestler to come to his castle. He told the wrestler all sorts of lies about Orlando. He said that Orlando was one of the worst men in France, that the wrestler would be doing a good deed if he broke his neck. The wrestler promised to do his best to kill Orlando.

13. The following day the wrestling match took place on the grass in front of the Duke's castle. The Duke and all his noblemen came to see the sport, and Celia and Rosalind also came. For in those days it was the custom for ladies to look at things that now seem to us very cruel.

When Orlando came forward, he looked so young and brave and handsome that even the cruel duke who did not know who he was, was sorry to think that the wrestler would kill him.

"Try to persuade the lad not to wrestle," said the duke to Celia and Rosalind. "He has no chance at all. My man is sure to kill him."

Very kindly but urgently Celia and Rosalind begged Orlando not to wrestle.

But Orlando answered, "Do not think badly of me because I refuse to do what you wish. It is not easy to say 'no' to ladies who are so kind and so fair. Let your beautiful eyes and good wishes go with me."

Then the wrestling began, and everyone expected the duke's wrestler to kill Orlando. But Orlando lifted the strong man up in his arms and threw him on to the ground. All the people shouted in admiration, and the duke called out, "No more! No more!"

He turned to his wrestler and asked him how he felt. But the man lay quite still and quiet, he could neither speak nor move.

"He cannot speak, my lord," said one of the noblemen. So the duke ordered his men to carry his wrestler away.

"What is your name, young man?" he asked of Orlando.

"Orlando, my lord, the younger son of Sir Rowland."

"Your father was my enemy," said the duke. "I would have been better pleased with your brave deed if you had told me of another father."

Then the duke and his lords and his servants went away, and Orlando was left alone with Rosalind and Celia. The girls went up to Orlando and praised him for his bravery. Celia was sad that her father had spoken so unkindly to Orlando. And Rosalind, taking a gold chain off her own neck, gave it to him. She would have given him a richer gift, she said, if she had not been only a poor girl. Orlando loved them both for their goodness, but he loved Rosalind so much that he made up his mind to marry her one day, if she would agree to marry him.

Meanwhile the duke was angry with Orlando, the son of his enemy, for having defeated his wrestler, and he was angry with Rosalind for having given Orlando her gold chain.

The more the duke thought of these things, the angrier he grew. At last he told Rosalind to leave his castle.

"If you are found even twenty miles from here within the next ten days, you shall die," he said.

Celia was very sad at her father's cruelty to Rosalind, who was so dear to her. She begged the duke not to be so unkind, but he refused to listen to her. Then she told him that if he sent Rosalind away, he must send her away, too, because she could not live without Rosalind.

"You are a fool!" her father shouted. He told Rosalind that she would be killed if she did not go at once.

But Celia would not let Rosalind go alone. So they made up their minds to travel together to the forest of Arden, where Rosalind's father and his friends were hiding. They knew they might meet robbers on their way, so Celia stained her face to make it look sunburned, and dressed herself like a poor country girl. Rosalind put on boy's clothes, and took a little axe and spear with her.

Now the duke, Celia's father, had a jester called Touchstone. This jester was a very funny fellow who was always talking nonsense and joking. He was very fond of his young mistress Celia.

"What if we took Touchstone with us?" said Rosalind when they were ready to start on their way. "Will he not be a comfort to us?"

"He will go all over the wide world with us," said Celia. "Let me ask him to come."

14. So when Rosalind and Celia went off to the forest, kind Touchstone led the way. In his red clothes, with the bells on his cap jingling, he cheerfully stepped out in front of them, carrying their bundle of food and clothes. And when night fell and the forest was dark, and Rosalind and Celia grew tired and sad, Touchstone's merry face and the jokes he made, soon cheered the two girls up again.

While these things were happening, Oliver was planning how to kill Orlando. He hated him all the more when he heard people praising him. He made up his mind to have him murdered in some way or other.

Adam, the old servant, warned Orlando of the danger. Orlando decided to go to the Forest of Arden, and Adam said he would go with him as well.

Orlando had no money, but Adam gave him all his savings, and so they too went off to the Forest. Far away, in the woods Rosalind's father and his friends led a happy life together. They hunted wild animals, and had plenty of good food. They often feasted under the thick green trees. As they feasted together one day, a young man rushed out from among the trees, his drawn sword in his hand.

"Stop, and eat no more!" he cried.

The duke and his friends asked him what he wanted.

"Food," he said. "I am almost dying for want of food."

They asked him to sit down and eat, but he refused because an old man who had followed him out of deep love was in the wood, dying of hunger. He said he would eat nothing until he had first fed him.

The young man was Orlando, and when the duke and his followers had helped him to bring Adam to where they were, and fed them both, the old man and his young master grew quite strong again. When the duke learned that Orlando was the son of his friend Sir Rowland, he welcomed him and the faithful old servant more warmly still.

So Orlando lived happily with the duke and his friends in the forest, but all the time he was thinking of Rosalind. Every day he wrote poems about her, and pinned them on trees in the wood or carved them deep in the bark of the trees.

Now Rosalind and Celia and Touchstone had also come safely to the forest, and were living in a little cottage that belonged to a shepherd there.

Rosalind loved Orlando as much as he loved her, and when she read the verses that Orlando had left on the trees, she was happy, for she knew that he had not forgotten her.

At last one day she and Celia met Orlando. He did not recognise them in the clothes they were wearing. And with their faces stained brown, he took them for the shepherd boy and his sister that they pretended to be.

He became great friends with them, and often came to see them in their little cottage, and talked to them of Rosalind, the beautiful lady that he loved.

Meanwhile Orlando's brother was punished severely for his cruelty. When Orlando went away, Celia's father thought that Oliver had killed his brother. He took Oliver's land away from him, and told him never to come back to his court until he had found Orlando.

So Oliver went away alone, to look for his brother. He looked for him week after week in vain, until his clothes were worn and his hair so long and dirty that he looked like a beggar. On his way from Rosalind's cottage, Orlando came on him one day. Oliver was lying fast asleep under an old oak. Round his neck there was a big snake that was just going to bite him and kill him when it saw Orlando and escaped. Even as it went away, Orlando saw another awful danger near his unkind brother. A hungry lion was hiding under some bushes, ready to kill the sleeping men.

For a moment Orlando thought only of his brother's cruelties. He knew that he well deserved death.

15. *THE SNAKE AND THE BELL* by L. Becke

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, generally 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, another! 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.

16. THE BANKS OF SACRAMENTO

by J. London

"Young" Jerry was a fourteen-year-old boy with red hair, blue eyes and freckled skin. Together with his father "old" Jerry, he lived on the bank of the Sacramento in California. "Old" Jerry was an old sailor who had been given a job at the Yellow Dream mine and was in charge of the ore cables that ran across the river. On the bank one could see a steel drum round which the endless cable passed. An ore car, when loaded, crossed the river, carried down by its own weight and dragging back, at the same time, an empty car travelling in the opposite direction along the same cable. The Yellow Dream mine had been abandoned and the cars were no longer used for carrying ore, but "old" Jerry still remained watchman over the cables.

That morning "young" Jerry was alone in the cabin. His father had gone to San Francisco and was not to be back till next day. It was raining heavily all the morning, and Jerry decided not to go out, when, at one o'clock, there came a knock at the door. A man and a woman came in. They were Mr. and Mrs. Spillane, ranchers who lived a dozen miles back from the river.

"Where is your father?" Spillane asked, and Jerry noticed that both he and his wife were excited.

"San Francisco," Jerry answered briefly.

"We've got to get across, Jerry," Spillane continued, taking his wife by the hand, "her father's been badly wounded in an explosion; he's dying. We've just been told. Will you run the cable for us?"

Jerry hesitated. Of course, he had worked the cable many times, but only with the help of his father.

"I'll stand for the risk," Spillane added, "don't you see, kid, we've simply got to cross."

Jerry nodded his head. They all came out into the raging storm, and the man and the woman got into the ore car.

"Let's get started!" Spillane shouted to make himself heard above the roar of the wind. Jerry slowly and carefully let the car go, and the drum began to go round and round. Jerry carefully watched the cable passing round the drum.

"Three hundred feet" he was saying to himself, "three hundred and fifty, four hundred –" The cable stopped. Something had gone wrong.

The boy examined the drum closely and found nothing the matter with it. Probably it was the drum on the other side that had been damaged ...

He was afraid at the thought of the man and woman hanging out there over the river in the driving

rain. Nothing remained but to cross over to the other side by the Yellow Dragon cable some distance up the river. He was already wet to the skin as he ran along the path to the Yellow Dragon. Safely across, he found his way up the other bank to the Yellow Dream cable. To his surprise, he found the drum in perfect working order. From this side the car with the Spillanes was only two hundred and fifty feet away. So he shouted to the man to examine the trolley of his car. The answering cry came in a few moments.

"She's all right, kid!"

Nothing remained but the other car which hung somewhere beyond Spillane's car.

The boy's mind had been made up. In the toolbox by the drum he found an old monkey-wrench, a short iron bar and a few feet of rope. With the rope he made a large loop round the cable on which the empty car was hanging. Then he swung out over the river, sitting in the rope loop and began pulling himself along the cable by his hands. And in the midst of the storm which half blinded him he arrived at the empty car in his swinging loop. A single glance was enough to show him what was wrong. The front trolley wheel had jumped off the cable, and the cable had been jammed between the wheel and the fork. It was clear that the wheel must be removed from the fork. He began hammering on the key that held the wheel on its axle. He hammered at it with one hand and tried to hold himself steady with the other. The wind kept on swinging his body and often made his blows miss. At the end of half an hour the key had been hammered clear but still he could not draw it out. A dozen times it seemed to him that he must give up in despair. Then an idea came to him – he searched his pockets and found a nail. Putting the nail through the looped head of the key he easily pulled it out. With the help of the iron bar Jerry got the wheel free, replaced the wheel, and by means of the rope pulled up the car till the trolley once more rested properly on the cable.

He dropped out of his loop and down into the car which began moving at once. Soon he saw the bank rising before him and the old familiar drum going round and round.

Jerry climbed out and made the car fast. Then he sank down by the drum and burst out crying. He cried because he was tired out, because his hands were all cut and cold and because he was so excited. But above all that was the feeling that he had done well, that the man and woman had been saved.

Yes, Jerry was proud of himself and at the same time sorry that his father had not been there to see!

17. 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 were 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 man 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"."

18. Sladen Morris is the boy next door. He has grown very tall now, and all the girls think he is wonderful. But I remember when he refused to comb his hair and to force him to wash his face. Of course, he remembers me too; whenever I appear in a new dress and special hair-do, he says, "Well, well, look at Betsy, she's almost grown-up. But I remember her first party, when she was so excited that she dropped her ice-cream on her best dress, and she ran home crying."

So when I say that Sladen Morris didn't mean anything to me, I am quite serious. But I had known him so long that I felt I had to take care of him – just as I feel towards Jimmy, my little brother. That's the only feeling I had – neighbourly friendship – when I tried to save Sladen from Merry Ann Milburn.

Merry Ann – I'm sure her real name was simply Mary; but Mary wasn't poetic enough for her. She came to Springdale to visit her aunt and uncle; her aunt brought her to our house for tea. She looked wonderful – I always tell the truth – with her bright, blonde hair and big blue eyes. And she said many high, fine things. But as soon as her aunt and mother left the room, Merry Ann changed, as T. knew she would. "What do people do for entertainment in this dead town?" That was the first thing she said. And then – "It's so far from New York!"

"Oh!" I said, "we have dances at the Country Club every Saturday, and swimming and tennis and..."

She interrupted me: "Are there any interesting men?"

I had never before thought of them as "interesting," or as "men" either. But I started naming all the boys in town. "There is Benny Graham," I said, "and there is Carter Williams, and Dennis Brown, and Bill Freeman. All quite interesting." That was a lie, but not a very big one. I did not name Sladen Morris, because I had already decided to save him from that terrible girl.

At that moment, Merry Ann looked out of our window, just as Sladen came across the grass towards our house – probably to invite me to play a game of tennis, as usual. He came in without asking for permission. "Ah!" he said, his eyes on blonde Merry Ann – he didn't even notice me – "where did you come from, my beauty?"

"From New York," she answered, "but I don't want to go back there – not now!"

Not too clever, I think, but he seemed happy to hear it. "I don't remember why I decided to come here," he said. "But now I'm sure a good angel brought me."

"And did the good angel push that tennis racket into your hand?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, my tennis racket," he said, looking foolish. He still didn't look at me. "Do you play tennis?" he asked Merry Ann.

"Very little", Merry Ann said. "I will need help".

"What about a game now?" Sladen asked.

"I'd love a game – but I'll have to go home and change my clothes."

"I'll take you home and wait for you," Sladen offered.

"Good-bye, Betsy," Merry Ann said. "Please, tell your mother how much I enjoyed this afternoon at your house."

"And please come often," I said – and I thought to myself, I'd like to give you a cup of tea next time with a little poison in it.

Well, the result of this conversation was that suddenly I felt very bad, and I ran to my bedroom and threw myself on my bed, and I cried. Mother can hear tears through three walls and soon I heard her voice at the door. "Betsy, dear," she said, "May I come in?"

"Of course," I answered. "But I've got a terrible headache."

"I have an idea," Mother began. "Perhaps you'd like to invite your friends to a party here?"

A party. For a whole year I had asked Mother to let me give a party, and she had always answered, "It will cost too much," or "Wait until you are eighteen," and a dozen other reasons; now she was suggesting a party herself.

Well, after that everywhere I went, there was Merry Ann with Sladen Morris behind her, like a big dog. I had always played tennis with Sladen whenever the weather wasn't wet; now I had to look for a partner, and I had to watch him playing with Merry Ann. She was a terrible player: she didn't even hold her racket correctly. But she wore those little white tennis dresses that cinema actresses wear in the pictures and, to tell the truth, she looked very nice.

I knew that the party would be a mistake with Merry Ann among the guests; but it was Mother's favourite subject. So I invited all the "nice young people", as Mother calls them, to come to our house for dinner before the Country Club dance.

They all agreed to come – six boys who wanted a chance to be with Merry Ann, and five girls, including me, who came because they didn't want anybody to think they were afraid of the Merry enemy.

Mother bought me a new dress, with a very wide skirt: it was not the simple, girlish dress that my mother usually chooses for me. And my father bought me flowers to wear in my hair, which was combed up. Before the guests arrived, I looked forward to the dinner with more bravery than I had expected, because the new dress and the hair-do gave me strength. But that was before they arrived. When they came and I saw Merry Ann holding Sladen's arm, my courage left me. My dress was nothing, compared with the clouds of red chiffon that hung on Merry Ann's shoulders and swam around her.

"Well, well, look at Betsy," Sladen started. "But I remember her when..."

"I remember also," I interrupted coldly, "so you needn't spend your time telling us about that incident a hundred years ago."

Merry Ann monopolised the conversation, and she talked only with the boys – turning her big blue eyes first on one then another. "What's the Country Club like?" she asked. "I have gone dancing only at New York clubs, so I don't know much about small-town clubs."

The dinner was as uninteresting as I had expected. When it was over, everybody went to the Country Club, feeling a little ashamed that it couldn't compare with anything in New York.

All the boys danced with me – they had to, because they were my guests. The evening was very warm, and little by little everybody began to go outside to sit around the swimming pool. Dennis Brown and I went out too, and we walked up and down in front of their chairs.

It was just in front of Merry Ann that it happened. Perhaps it was an accident – I don't say she did it on purpose – but I wasn't so near her chair, and her foot was pushed out very far. Of course I couldn't see her foot in the dark, and I fell over it and into the pool. As I sent down, I could hear Merry Ann laughing, and I hoped I would drown. But I knew that anybody who swam as well as I did couldn't seriously hope for such an end to her suffering. I did not come up – I knew they were all standing there laughing – so I swam under water to the iron ladder at the other end of the pool. I planned to run up the ladder and then as fast as I could to the dressing-room. From there, I would go home.

When I found the ladder with my hand, I began to pull myself up. But then I discovered that my dress was caught in the ladder. I pulled and pulled (I was still under water) but I couldn't free the dress. And then everything became black.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my face and Sladen was pumping the water out of me. At first I was too uncomfortable to notice anything; but then I began to take more interest in the scene. I saw that several of the boys had offered themselves as the hero of the incident; not only Sladen's best suit was full of water; it was running from the suits and hands and faces of Dennis and Bill and Carter. Even Janet, who is an athlete like me, had jumped in to pull me out.

"I'm sorry," I said, as soon as I could talk again. "It was my fault."

"No, it wasn't, but don't talk, you little fool," Sladen ordered angrily.

"Yes, keep quiet," Merry Ann said. "Everybody was so worried about you. Why did you hide at the bottom of the pool?"

And then Sladen said something that showed he wasn't a gentleman at all. But I shall love him for it as long as I live. "Hit her, Nora!" he said. "I am a gentleman, and besides, I'm busy."

"Oh – you terrible people!" Merry Ann cried. "I won't stay here another minute!"

"You boys can choose who is the unlucky one that takes her home," Sladen said. "Perhaps Benny and Joe will both go in the car with her. She is too dangerous to be alone with the driver."

He rose to his feet. "Get up, Betsy," he ordered. "I think you will probably go through life all right, if you choose a more practical swimming costume in future." The way Sladen said it made me feel comfortable and warm, which was foolish: there was nothing especially pleasant in his words.

All of us, the wet and the dry, got into the cars. Sladen put his coat around me and took me home.

"Listen you," he said on the way. "I see that I'll have to stay nearer to you – you simply can't take care of yourself. Better not go out of the house unless I go with you. Don't you think that's a good idea?"

For the first time in my life, I felt my strength as a weak woman, though my hair-do was wet and ruined.

"Sladen, you saved my life. You are terribly strong and you always know what to do. And if you want me to be with you, I'll be glad." I looked at him with an expression that I thought might have an effect.

"You know, Betsy," Sladen continued, very seriously, "it's strange, sometimes you don't see something that's under your own nose. It has just come to my mind that you are the best girl I know, and I've lived next door to you for seventeen years."

He stopped the car and kissed me. It wasn't the best kind of a kiss, because we were both still wet. But for some reason it was very romantic, and suddenly I felt beautiful and interesting. I sat there looking at Sladen Morris with new eyes, probably because he suddenly didn't look at all like the boy next door.

19. 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 after 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 foolish 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, for 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 fail. 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 for 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. I don't mean you, of course, but people in general. The film will be good entertainment."

I couldn't look at the fire 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, expecting 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.

20. The action takes place in South Africa. Lanny Swartz, a young coloured man, was sent by his village folk to study in Cape Town. He has graduated from the University and is now returning to his native village, anxious to teach his people.

It was early morning when the train pulled into the little station. Lanny stepped into the fresh morning air and took a deep breath. He was nearly home now. Home! He smiled because he was returning home; because the smell of the earth was in the air; it was a part of home; a part of his childhood he remembered but dimly. It seemed as though he were in another world, familiar, yet strange.

He picked up his cases and walked to the barrier at the far end of the platform where the ticket collector impatiently waited for him. When he got to the man he put down his cases and searched for the ticket.

Coldly the man stared at him, looked him up and down.

"Nice day," said Lanny. "I am returning home after seven years." The man stared at him, a cold stare.

And suddenly Lanny remembered. One did not speak to a white man unless he spoke to you. It was stupid to forget. He passed the man, feeling those eyes on his back.

Across the way was a coffee-stall. A lorry stood a little way off. Two bronze, muscular men were drinking coffee. Lanny was conscious that they were looking at him. He could do with a cup of coffee, but with these white men sitting there...

"Do you see what I see?" one of them asked. The other fixed his eyes on Lanny and looked doubtful: "I'm not sure. It looks like an ape in a better Sunday suit than I have."

"Perhaps he wears suits like that every day... Besides, you are wrong, he's too pale to be an ape. That's city bushy."

The second man rubbed his eyes and looked hard at Lanny.

"Bushy?"

The first man grinned: "You know. Coloured, half- caste!" He spat out the word with contempt.

The other nodded and pointed at Lanny: "He's pretty, isn't he? I bet you a tailor made that suit for him. And look at his shoes."

Lanny reached down to pick up his cases. The best thing he could do was to get out of here. There was no sense in looking for trouble. He was no coward. He would take anyone of them, but of course they wouldn't fight fair.

"Hey! You!"

Lanny stretched himself and waited.

"Come here!" It was the first man.

South Africa, Lanny thought tiredly, this is South Africa. He walked across the narrow road. At least they won't frighten me, he decided; hurt me, yes, but frighten me, no. He stopped directly in front of the man and looked straight into his face.

The man inspected him closely, his eyes resting on the fountain-pen in his pocket.

"Where you from?" the man shot at him.

"Cape Town".

"What do you want here?"

"I live here".

"Have not seen you around".

"I have been in Cape Town for seven years".

"School?"

"University?"

"What are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Have you any fancy titles?"

Lanny smiled. "Yes. I have two".

Suddenly the man's hand shot out and cracked across Lanny's mouth. With an effort Lanny controlled the instinctive desire to strike back. The man saw the move and struck again. Lanny touched his lips with his tongue and spat. A patch of red blood dropped on the dust.

"Do not smile at me!" the man hissed.

South Africa, this is South Africa in brutal reality. This man hated him and insulted him because he showed independence, because he was educated and wore decent clothes. This was the old struggle for conquest. This man had to dominate him, he was fearful in case he did not. Lanny saw it all more vividly than he had ever seen it. Not out of books. Not with kindly lectures talking to eager or indifferent students making notes. No.

"Well?" the man threatened.

Lanny knew that all he had to do was to lower his eyes or look away – any gesture of defeat would have done – and the man would tell him to go.

He returned the man's stare. The man raised his fist.

I will not give in, Lanny decided, and turned and walked away.

The man cursed, roaring insults.

A pang of fear gripped Lanny's heart but he kept on. This was the road home. He bit his lips and held his head high.

Статьи для экзамена 4 с.

1.The centre of the museum was redeveloped in 2001 to become the Great Court, surrounding the original Reading Room.

The British Museum is a museum dedicated to human history, art, and culture, located in the Bloomsbury area of London. Its permanent collection, numbering some 8 million works, is among the largest and most comprehensive in existence and originates from all continents, illustrating and documenting the story of human culture from its beginnings to the present.

The British Museum was established in 1753, largely based on the collections of the physician and scientist Sir Hans Sloane. The museum first opened to the public on 15 January 1759, in Montagu House in Bloomsbury, on the site of the current museum building. Its expansion over the following two and a half centuries was largely a result of an expanding British colonial footprint and has resulted in the creation of several branch institutions, the first being the British Museum (Natural History) in South Kensington in 1881. Some objects in the collection, most notably the Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon, are the objects of controversy and of calls for restitution to their countries of origin.

Until 1997, when the British Library (previously centred on the Round Reading Room) moved to a new site, the British Museum housed both a national museum of antiquities and a national library in the same building. The museum is a non-departmental public body sponsored by the Department for Culture, Media and Sport, and as with all other national museums in the United Kingdom it charges no admission fee, except for loan exhibitions. Neil MacGregor became director of the museum in August 2002, succeeding Robert G. W. Anderson. In April 2015, MacGregor announced that he would step-down as Director on 15 December. On 29 September 2015, the Board of Trustees confirmed Hartwig Fischer, who will assume his post in Spring 2016, as his successor.

2.The National Gallery is an art museum in Trafalgar Square in the City of Westminster, in Central London. Founded in 1824, it houses a collection of over 2,300 paintings dating from the mid-13th century to 1900.[a] The Gallery is an exempt charity, and a non-departmental public body of the Department for Culture, Media and Sport. Its collection belongs to the public of the United Kingdom and entry to the main collection is free of charge. It is among the most visited art museums in the world, after the Musée du Louvre, the British Museum, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Unlike comparable museums in continental Europe, the National Gallery was not formed by nationalising an existing royal or princely art collection. It came into being when the British government bought 38 paintings from the heirs of John Julius Angerstein, an insurance broker and patron of the arts, in 1824. After that initial purchase the Gallery was shaped mainly by its early directors, notably Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, and by private donations, which comprise two-thirds of the collection. The resulting collection is small in size, compared with many European national galleries, but encyclopaedic in scope; most major developments in Western painting "from Giotto to Cézanne" are represented with important works. It used to be claimed that this was one of the few national galleries that had all its works on permanent exhibition, but this is no longer the case.

The present building, the third to house the National Gallery, was designed by William Wilkins from 1832 to 1838. Only the façade onto Trafalgar Square remains essentially unchanged from this time, as the building has been expanded piecemeal throughout its history. Wilkins's building was often criticised for the perceived weaknesses of its design and for its lack of space; the latter problem led to the establishment of the Tate Gallery for British art in 1897. The Sainsbury Wing, an extension to the west by Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown, is a notable example of Postmodernist architecture in Britain. The current Director of the National Gallery is Gabriele Finaldi.

3. The London Eye is a giant Ferris wheel on the South Bank of the River Thames in London. Also known as the Millennium Wheel, it has also been called by its owners the British Airways London Eye, then the Merlin Entertainments London Eye, then the EDF Energy London Eye. Since mid-January 2015, it has been known as the Coca-Cola London Eye, following an agreement signed in September 2014.

The structure is 443 feet (135 m) tall and the wheel has a diameter of 394 feet (120 m). When erected in 1999 it was the world's tallest Ferris wheel. Its height was surpassed by the 520 feet (158 m) tall Star of Nanchang in 2006, the 541 feet (165 m) tall Singapore Flyer in 2008, and the 550 feet (168 m) High Roller (Las Vegas) in 2014. Supported by an A-frame on one side only, unlike the taller Nanchang and Singapore wheels, the Eye is described by its operators as "the world's tallest cantilevered observation wheel".

It is Europe's tallest Ferris wheel, and offered the highest public viewing point in London until it was superseded by the 804 feet (245 m) observation deck on the 72nd floor of The Shard, which opened to the public on 1 February 2013. It is the most popular paid tourist attraction in the United Kingdom with over 3.75 million visitors annually, and has made many appearances in popular culture.

The London Eye adjoins the western end of Jubilee Gardens (previously the site of the former Dome of Discovery), on the South Bank of the River Thames between Westminster Bridge and Hungerford Bridge, in the London Borough of Lambeth.

A predecessor to the London Eye, the Great Wheel, was built for the Empire of India Exhibition at Earls Court and opened to the public on 17 July 1895. Modelled on the original Chicago Ferris Wheel, it was 94 metres (308 ft) tall and 82.3 metres (270 ft) in diameter. It stayed in service until 1906, by which time its 40 cars (each with a capacity of 40 persons) had carried over 2.5 million passengers. The Great Wheel was demolished in 1907 following its last use at the Imperial Austrian Exhibition.

4. The Tower of London, officially Her Majesty's Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower of London, is a historic castle located on the north bank of the River Thames in central London. It lies within the London Borough of Tower Hamlets, separated from the eastern edge of the square mile of the City of London by the open space known as Tower Hill. It was founded towards the end of 1066 as part of the Norman Conquest of England. The White Tower, which gives the entire castle its name, was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, and was a resented symbol of oppression, inflicted upon London by the new ruling elite. The castle was used as a prison from 1100 (Ranulf Flambard) until 1952 (Kray twins),[2] although that was not its primary purpose. A grand palace early in its history, it served as a royal residence. As a whole, the Tower is a complex of several buildings set within two concentric rings of defensive walls and a moat. There were several phases of expansion, mainly under Kings Richard the Lionheart, Henry III, and Edward I in the 12th and 13th centuries. The general layout established by the late 13th century remains despite later activity on the site.

The Tower of London has played a prominent role in English history. It was besieged several times and controlling it has been important to controlling the country. The Tower has served variously as an armoury, a treasury, a menagerie, the home of the Royal Mint, a public records office, and the home of the Crown Jewels of England. From the early 14th century until the reign of Charles II, a procession would be led from the Tower to Westminster Abbey on the coronation of a monarch. In the absence of the monarch, the Constable of the Tower is in charge of the castle. This was a powerful and trusted position in the medieval period. In the late 15th century the castle was the prison of the Princes in the Tower. Under the Tudors, the Tower became used less as a royal residence, and despite attempts to refortify and repair the castle its defences lagged behind developments to deal with artillery.

The peak period of the castle's use as a prison was the 16th and 17th centuries, when many figures who had fallen into disgrace, such as Elizabeth I before she became queen, were held within its walls. This use has led to the phrase "sent to the Tower". Despite its enduring reputation as a place of torture and death, popularised by 16th-century religious propagandists and 19th-century writers, only seven people were executed within the Tower before the World Wars of the 20th century. Executions were more commonly held on the notorious Tower Hill to the north of the castle, with 112 occurring there over a 400-year period. In the latter half of the 19th century, institutions such as the Royal Mint moved out of the castle to other locations, leaving many buildings empty. Anthony Salvin and John Taylor took the opportunity to restore the Tower to what was felt to be its medieval appearance, clearing out many of the vacant post-medieval structures. In the First and Second World Wars, the Tower was again used as a prison, and witnessed the executions of 12 men for espionage. After the Second World War, damage caused during the Blitz was repaired and the castle reopened to the public. Today the Tower of London is one of the country's most popular tourist attractions. Under the ceremonial charge of the Constable of the Tower, it is cared for by the charity Historic Royal Palaces and is protected as a World Heritage Site.

5. By 1835 Marie had settled down in Baker Street, London, and opened a museum. This part of the exhibition included victims of the French Revolution and newly created figures of murderers and other criminals. The name is often credited to a contributor to *Punch* in 1845, but Marie appears to have originated it herself, using it in advertising as early as 1843.

Other famous people were added to the exhibition, including Lord Nelson, and Sir Walter Scott. Some of the sculptures done by Marie Tussaud herself still exist. The gallery originally contained some 400 different figures, but fire damage in 1925, coupled with German bombs in 1941, has rendered most of these older models defunct. The casts themselves have survived (allowing the historical waxworks to be remade), and these can be seen in the museum's history exhibit. The oldest figure on display is that of Madame du Barry. Other faces from the time of Tussaud include Robespierre and George III. In 1842, she made a self portrait which is now on display at the entrance of her museum. She died in her sleep on 15 April 1850.

By 1883 the restricted space and rising cost of the Baker Street site prompted her grandson (Joseph Randall) to commission the building at its current location on Marylebone Road. The new exhibition galleries were opened on 14 July 1884 and were a great success.[9] However, the building costs, falling so soon after buying out his cousin Louisa's half share in the business in 1881, meant the business was under-funded. A limited company was formed in 1888 to attract fresh capital but had to be dissolved after disagreements between the family shareholders, and in February 1889 Tussaud's was sold to a group of businessmen led by Edwin Josiah Poyser.[10] Edward White, an artist dismissed by the new owners to save money, allegedly sent a parcel bomb to John Theodore Tussaud in June 1889 in revenge. The first sculpture of a young Winston Churchill was made in 1908, with a total of ten made since.

The first overseas branch of Madame Tussauds was opened in Amsterdam in 1970.

6. The Shakespeare Theatre Company is a regional theatre company located in Washington, D.C. The theatre company focuses primarily on plays from the Shakespeare canon, but its seasons include works by other classic playwrights such as Euripides, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Schiller, Coward and Tennessee Williams. The company manages and performs in the Harman Center for the Arts, consisting of the Lansburgh Theatre and Sidney Harman Hall. In cooperation with George Washington University, they run the Academy for Classical Acting.

The company is a member of the League of Resident Theatres.

The Folger Shakespeare Library on Capitol Hill includes a replica of an Elizabethan theatre, originally used for lectures and tours. In 1970 this space was transformed into a functioning playhouse, and soon Folger Theatre Group (later The Folger Theatre) was organized to perform in the space.

After years of discussion, Amherst College, administering body of the Folger Shakespeare Library, in 1986 withdrew financial support for the company. To save the company, concerned citizens led by R. Robert Linowes reincorporated it as the non-profit Shakespeare Theatre at the Folger, later hiring Michael Kahn as artistic director. The company continued to perform at the Folger for the next six years.

Changing its name to The Shakespeare Theatre, the troupe moved in 1992 to the Lansburgh Theatre, a newly built space in the original Lansburgh's Department Store building in the Penn Quarter. At the start of the 2005-6 season, it adopted the current name, Shakespeare Theatre Company. The company constructed another theatre, Sidney Harman Hall, which opened in 2007 in the lower part of an office building in the quarter, and the two theatres were joined to become the Harman Center for the Arts.

Meanwhile, after initially importing traveling shows from the Shenandoah Shakespeare Express the Folger Shakespeare Library developed a new Folger Theatre company to present plays in its Elizabethan replica.

7. Agatha Christie is known all over the world as the Queen of Crime. She wrote 78 crime novels, 19 plays and 6 romantic novels under the name of Mary Westmacott. Her books have been translated into 103 foreign languages. She is the third best-selling author in the world (after Shakespeare and the Bible). Many of her novels and short stories have been filmed. The Mousetrap, her most famous play, is now the longest-running play in history.

Agatha Christie was born at Torquay, Devonshire. She was educated at home and took singing lessons in Paris. She began writing at the end of the First World War. Her, first novel, The Mysterious Affair at Styles, was published in 1920. That was the first appearance of Hercule Poirot, who became one of the most popular private detectives since Sherlock Holmes. This little Belgian with the egg-shaped head and the passion for order amazes everyone by his powerful intellect and is brilliant solutions to the most complicated crimes.

Agatha Christie became generally recognised in 1926, after the publishing of her novel The Murder of Roger Ackroyd. It's still considered her masterpiece. When Agatha Christie got tired of Hercule Poirot she invented Miss Marple, a deceptively mild old lady with her own method of investigation. Her last Poirot book, Curtain, appeared shortly before her death, and her last Miss Marple story, Sleeping Murder, and her autobiography were published after her death.

Agatha Christie's success with millions of readers lies in her ability to combine clever plots with excellent character drawing, and a keen sense of humour with great powers of observation. Her plots always mislead the reader and keep him in suspense. He cannot guess who the criminal is. Fortunately, evil is always conquered in her novels.

Agatha Christie's language is simple and good and it's pleasant to read her books in the original.

8. Many years ago a young doctor began to write stories about a man who was a detective. Readers liked his stories because they were very interesting and the doctor decided to become a writer. The doctor was Conan Doyle and he wrote about Sherlock Holmes.

Conan Doyle wrote his first story about Sherlock Holmes in 1887. In this story the detective meets his friend Dr. Watson. Holmes and Watson lived at 221 B Baker Street in London.

Many discussions take place about where 221 B was. There is no house there now. But a large company has its office near the place. This company answers twenty or so letters which still come every week to Sherlock Holmes, 221 B Baker Street. Most come from the United States and many people ask if Mr. Holmes can help them with some problem.

The company answers saying that, "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is no longer working as a detective".

There is a pub in London called Sherlock Holmes. One of the rooms in the pub is Sherlock Holmes' room. It has many things the room in Conan Doyle's stories had - Holmes' hat, some letters written to Sherlock Holmes, chairs and tables like those described in the stories. Besides, there are some pictures of Holmes and Conan Doyle, of actors who played Holmes and Watson in films, on television and radio.

In 1961 lovers of Sherlock Holmes formed the Sherlock Holmes Society. They meet three or four times a year to talk about Sherlock Holmes. The members of the Society know the stories about Sherlock Holmes very well, and they discuss these stories at their meetings.

9. Diana Spencer was born on the first of July 1961 in Sandringham in England. She had two older sisters and a younger brother. In childhood she liked games, swimming, running and dancing. She wanted to become a dancer. Besides she loved children very much and at the age of sixteen she worked in schools for very young children.

Diana became princess, when Prince Charles, the Queen's son, asked her to be his wife and they got married. They seemed to be a happy couple at first. They had two sons. They travelled a lot they worked a lot, they visited many countries together. But Diana was not quite happy because they did different things and Charles didn't understand her.

Why was Diana the most famous, the most beautiful, the most photographed woman in the world? Why did she win the hearts of millions and millions of people in many countries? Why did so many people come to London to remember her when she died? Why did the car accident which took her life, become such a total shock to crowds of people? Why did people feel the need to be in London at the funeral? Why did the tears and love at the funeral move the world?

The answer is so simple. Matthew Wall, a student at St. Michael's College in Burlington said: She was such a lovely lady. She did so much for those people less fortunate than herself.

She was a kind woman. Hundreds of people talked about Diana's kindnesses. She liked ordinary people, though she was rich and had many rich friends. Wherever she was, she was always ready

to lend a hand. She was devoted to the sick and the poor. She visited hospitals for people with AIDS and for lepers and wasn't afraid to touch them, talk to them, listen to them. She worked on children's charities, and had teamed up with Hillary Clinton in an effort to ban landmines. And it's not only money, that she wanted to give people. She wanted to give them apartof her soul.to make them happy because she was unhappy herself. She wanted to give them love, because she needed love herself.

Diana was seen many times in floods of tears, because of the pressures of her loveless 15-year marriage. It is not a secret that Diana was hounded and humiliated to the point of mental breakdown and was able to pull through only because she knew she had the love of the people to buoy her in her darkest hours.

She was, indeed, the People's Princess.

10.Margaret Hilda Thatcher, Baroness Thatcher, LG, OM, PC, FRS (née Roberts; 13 October 1925 – 8 April 2013) was a British stateswoman and politician who was the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from 1979 to 1990 and the Leader of the Conservative Party from 1975 to 1990. She was the longest-serving British Prime Minister of the 20th century and is currently the only woman to have held the office. A Soviet journalist dubbed her the "Iron Lady", a nickname that became associated with her uncompromising politics and leadership style. As Prime Minister, she implemented policies that have come to be known as Thatcherism.

Originally a research chemist before becoming a barrister, Thatcher was elected Member of Parliament (MP) for Finchley in 1959. Edward Heath appointed her Secretary of State for Education and Science in his 1970 government. In 1975, Thatcher defeated Heath in the Conservative Party leadership election to become Leader of the Opposition and became the first woman to lead a major political party in the United Kingdom. She became Prime Minister after winning the 1979 general election.

On moving into 10 Downing Street, Thatcher introduced a series of political and economic initiatives intended to reverse high unemployment and Britain's struggles in the wake of the Winter of Discontent and an ongoing recession. Her political philosophy and economic policies emphasised deregulation (particularly of the financial sector), flexible labour markets, the privatisation of state-owned companies, and reducing the power and influence of trade unions. Thatcher's popularity during her first years in office waned amid recession and high unemployment, until the 1982 Falklands War and the recovering economy brought a resurgence of support, resulting in her re-election in 1983.

Thatcher was re-elected for a third term in 1987. During this period her support for a Community Charge (referred to as the "poll tax") was widely unpopular, and her views on the European Community were not shared by others in her Cabinet. She resigned as Prime Minister and party leader in November 1990, after Michael Heseltine launched a challenge to her leadership. After retiring from the Commons in 1992, she was given a life peerage as Baroness Thatcher, of Kesteven in the county of Lincolnshire, which entitled her to sit in the House of Lords. After a series of small strokes in 2002, she was advised to withdraw from public speaking. Despite this, she managed to deliver a eulogy to Ronald Reagan at his funeral in 2004. In 2013 she died of another stroke in London at the age of 87

11.Oxford was founded in the 9th century when Alfred the Great created a network of fortified towns called burhs across his kingdom. One of them was at Oxford. Oxford is first mentioned in 911 in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

According to legend, Oxford University was founded in 872 when Alfred the Great happened to meet some monks there and had a scholarly debate that lasted several days. In reality, it grew up in the 12th century when famous teachers began to lecture there and groups of students came to live and study in the town.

But Oxford was a fortress as well as a town. In the event of war with the Danes all the men from the area were to gather inside the burgh. However this strategy was not entirely successful. In 1009 the Danes burned Oxford. However Oxford was soon rebuilt. In 1013 the Danish king claimed the throne of England. He invaded England and went to Oxford. In 1018 a conference was held in Oxford to decide who would be the king of England.

By the time of the Norman Conquest, there were said to be about 1,000 houses in Oxford, which meant it probably had a population of around 5,000. By the standards of the time, it was a large and important town (even London only had about 18,000 inhabitants). Oxford was the 6th largest town in England. Oxford probably reached its zenith at that time. About 1072 the Normans built a castle at Oxford.

In the 12th and 13th centuries Oxford was a manufacturing town. It was noted for cloth and leather. But in the 14th and 15th centuries manufacturing declined. Oxford came to depend on the students. It became a town of brewers, butchers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, coopers, carpenters and blacksmiths. In the later Middle Ages Oxford declined in importance.

In the 16th century Oxford declined further in terms of national importance, though it remained a fairly large town by the standards of the time. Oxford was economically dependent on the university. The students provided a large market for beer, food, clothes and other goods.

From 1819 Oxford had gas street lighting.

In the late 19th century a marmalade making industry began in Oxford. There was also a publishing industry and an iron foundry.

Oxford gained its first cinema in 1910.

The fate of Oxford was changed in 1913 when a man named Morris began making cars in the city. In 1919 a radiator making company was formed. By the 1930s Oxford was an important manufacturing centre. It was also a prosperous city. Furthermore it escaped serious damage during World War II.

Oxford airport opened in 1938.

Today the main industries are still car manufacturing and making vehicle parts and publishing. Today the population of Oxford is 121,000

12. Cambridge was founded in 875 when the Danes conquered Eastern England. They created a fortified town called a burgh, from which the word borough derives. Cambridge was surrounded by a ditch and an earth rampart with a wooden palisade on top. However in 1010 Cambridge was burned by the Danes. That was an easy task when all the buildings were of wood.

By the 10th century Cambridge was also the administrative centre for the area and so it was a town of some importance, although it would seem tiny to us. By 1086 Cambridge probably had a population of about 2,000. By the standards of the time it was a medium sized town.

Later in the Middle Ages the population of Cambridge probably rose to about 3,000. In 1068 William the Conqueror visited Cambridge and ordered that a castle be built there. At first it was of wood but in the 12th century, it was rebuilt in stone.

The town of Cambridge was severely damaged by a fire in 1174. Fire was a constant hazard when most buildings were of wood with thatched roofs. Another fire raged in Cambridge in 1385.

In the Middle Ages Cambridge had a weekly market and by the early 13th century it also had a fair. In those days fairs were like markets but they were held only once a year for a period of a few days- People came from all over Eastern England at a Cambridge fair. Cambridge prospered because it was located on the river Cam.

In Cambridge there was a leather industry. By the 15th century there was also a wool industry.

In 1728 it was estimated that the population of Cambridge was more than 6,000,1,600 of whom were inhabitants of the university. By the standards of that time Cambridge was a big town. The first newspaper in Cambridge appeared in 1744. The first bank in Cambridge was opened in 1780.

The railway reached Cambridge in 1845. It stimulated the growth of industry in Cambridge by connecting the town to a huge market in London. From the late 19th century a new industry of making scientific instruments grew up in Cambridge. Cambridge gained gas light in 1823.

From 1880 horse drawn trams ran in the streets of Cambridge. The first electricity was generated in Cambridge in 1893.

In the 20th century the university, while still important, did not dominate Cambridge. New industries of electronics grew up. Making surgical and scientific instruments was also important.

Cambridge was made a city in 1951. The first cinema in Cambridge opened in 1910.

Today Cambridge has a population of 109,000 people.

13. The English proverb says: every cook praises his own broth. One can not say English cookery is bad, but there is not a lot of variety in it in comparison with European cuisine. The English are very particular about their meals. The usual meals in England are breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner.

Breakfast time is between seven and nine a.m. A traditional English breakfast is a very big meal. It consists of juice, porridge, a rasher or two of bacon and eggs, toast, butter, jam or marmalade, tea or coffee. Marmalade is made from oranges and jam is made from other fruit. Many people like to begin with porridge with milk or cream and sugar, but no good Scotsman ever puts sugar on it, because Scotland is the home of porridge. For a change you can have sausages, tomatoes, mushrooms, cold ham or perhaps fish.

But nowadays in spite of the fact that the English strictly keep to their meals many people just have cereal with milk and sugar or toast with jam or honey.

The two substantial meals of the day are lunch and dinner. Lunch is usually taken at one o'clock. For many people lunch is a quick meal. Office workers usually go to a cafe at this time. They take fish, poultry or cold meat (beef, mutton, veal and ham), boiled or fried potatoes and all sorts

of salad. They may have a mutton chop or steak and chips, followed by biscuits and a cup of coffee. Some people like a glass of light beer with lunch. Pubs also serve good, cheap food. School children can have a hot meal at school. Some of them just bring a snack from home.

Tea is very popular among the English; it may almost be called their national drink. Tea is welcome in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening. The English like it strong and fresh made. The English put one tea-spoonful of tea for each person. Tea means two things. It is a drink and a meal. Some people have afternoon tea, so called «high tea» with sandwiches, tomatoes and salad, a tin of apricots, pears or pineapples and cakes, and, of course a cup of tea. That is what they call good tea. It is a substantial meal.

Cream teas are also popular. Many visitors, who come to Britain, find English instant coffee disgusting. Dinner time is generally between six and eight p.m. The evening meal is the biggest and the main meal of the day. Very often the whole family eats together. They begin with soup, followed by fish, roast chicken, potatoes and vegetables, fruit and coffee.

On Sundays many families have a traditional lunch consisting of roast chicken, lamb or beef with salads, vegetables and gravy.

The British enjoy tasting delicious food from other countries, for example, French, Italian, Indian and Chinese food. Modern people are so busy that they do not have a lot of time for cooking themselves. So, the British buy the food at the restaurant and bring it home already prepared to eat. So we can conclude that take-away meals are rather popular among the population. Eating has become rather international in Britain lately.

14. Young people from all walks of life are united according to their interests by the established youth organizations in Britain. These organizations develop because of the contribution of both full-time and part-time youth workers and a great number of volunteers.

Outdoor pursuits involve anything from pony trekking to rock-climbing or canoeing and help young people go out from the confines of their home or their environment. Such pursuits nourish a spirit of self-reliance and help realize the importance of team-work under a good leadership. All the major youth organizations hold outdoor pursuits either by organizing special residential courses or by sending their members to take part in established courses or seminars in other cities and countries.

Local authorities and a number of multipurpose youth organizations provide the place for such activities as canoeing, sailing, rock-climbing, map reading, orienteering and cooking for survival; all of them encourage initiative and self-discipline.

Among providers of outdoor places are the Sports Council, the Outward-Bound Trust, the Ocean Youth Club, the Sail Training Association, and the Nautical Training Corps.

The Outward-Bound Trust is the longest established and most experienced organization in Britain based on outdoor pursuits, personal development, and training. It has five centres in the English Lake District, Wales, and Scotland. It operates in 38 other countries of the world. It has centres in Belgium, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. This organization is based on two simple principles: firstly, that everyone is capable of achieving more than he might imagine, and, secondly, that too few people have a real appreciation of what can be achieved by team-work and mutual support.

Young people participate in 'expedition courses' lasting 8, 12, or 20 days and involving adventurous journeys by land or sea. There are also 'specialist courses' for young people aged 17 and over to become involved in work with such groups as the homeless, the elderly, and the disabled

15. The United Kingdom (abbreviated from "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland") is the political name of the country which consists of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland (sometimes known as Ulster).

Great Britain is the name of the island which is made up of England, Scotland, Wales, whereas the British Isles is the geographical name of all the islands off the north-west coast of the European continent. In everyday speech "Britain" is used to mean the United Kingdom.

The flag of the United Kingdom, known as the Union Jack, is made up of three crosses. The upright red cross on a white background is the cross of the 1st George, the patron saint of England. The white diagonal cross on a blue background is the cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, The red diagonal cross on a white background is the cross of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland.

The Welsh flag, called the Welsh dragon, represents a red dragon on a white and green background.

St. George's Day falls on 23 April and is regarded as England's national day. On this day some patriotic Englishmen wear a rose pinned to their jackets'. A red rose is the national emblem of England from the time of the Wars of the Roses (15th century).

St. Andrew's Day (the 30th of November) is regarded as Scotland's national day. On this day some Scotsmen wear a thistle in their buttonhole. As a national emblem of Scotland, thistle apparently first used in the 15th century as a symbol of defence. The Order of the Thistle is one of the highest orders of knighthood. It was founded in 1687, and is mainly given to Scottish noblemen (limited to 16 in number).

St. Patrick's Day (the 17th of March) is considered as a national day in Northern Ireland and an official bank holiday there. The national emblem of Ireland is shamrock. According to legend, it was the plant chosen by St. Patrick to illustrate the Christian doctrine of the Trinity to the Irish.

St. David's Day (the 1st of March) is the church festival of St. David, a 6th-century monk and bishop, the patron saint of Wales. The day is regarded as the national holiday of Wales, although it is not an official bank holiday.

On this day, however, many Welshmen wear either a yellow daffodil or a leek pinned to their jackets, as both plants are traditionally regarded as national emblems of Wales.

In the Royal Arms three lions symbolize England, a lion rampant — Scotland, and a harp — Ireland. The whole is encircled and is supported by a lion and a unicorn. The lion has been used as a symbol of national strength and of the British monarchy for many centuries. The unicorn, a mythical animal that looks like a horse with a long straight horn, has appeared on the Scottish and British royal coats of arms for many centuries, and is a symbol of purity.

16. In 383 the Roman legions began to leave Britain to fight in Gaul (France) against the Barbarian tribes who were invading the Roman Empire. By 407 there were not enough Roman soldiers to defend Britons from Picts and Scots, fierce tribes from the North.

The British chiefs asked Anglo-Saxon soldiers to come from Germany to help them.

Anglo-Saxons were strong and well trained, they defeated Picts and Scots, but when afterwards Britons asked to do it and stayed.

After about one hundred and fifty years of fighting Britons had either been forced to Wales or had become slaves.

Anglo-Saxons founded a lot of kingdoms: Kent, Essex, Wessex, Mercia, Northumbria.

In 789 more than three hundred years after the Anglo-Saxons had settled in Britain, the Vikings began to attack the British Isles. They came from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The winters there were long and cold and soil was poor, so Britain was a rich prize for them. They made a big army. The Anglo-Saxon kingdoms couldn't resist the Vikings, and soon only the kingdom of Wessex remained free of them – the King of Wessex was Alfred the Great.

King Alfred the Great was one of the first kings of England. He was a great and kind king. He did so much that was good for the people of England that people called him Alfred the Good.

In the time of Alfred the Great not many men or women could read or write. Alfred could read and write well. He wanted his people to have schools where they could learn to read and write. While he was king, many people went to school for the first time their lives.

Alfred was a brave man as well as a good one. While he was king, the Danes came in their boats to England and fought their way up the rivers. They wanted to live in England and make it their own country. Alfred and his people fought hard because they did not want to give up their country to the Danes.

King Alfred and the Vikings made a treaty. They agreed that the Vikings would live in an area called the Danelaw, where they could follow their traditions and obey their law. So the vikings settled in England and mixed with Anglo-Saxons. The process wasn't very painful as these two nations were very much alike and had similar languages. But more and more Vikings were coming from the continent and by 1020 King Sweyn of Denmark became the first Danish King of England

17.BRIAN CARTER, a student, is not happy with entertainment in Britain. "British audiences can be interminably irritating with their frequently snobby, haughty and smug attitudes"

It is perhaps ironic that it should be possible to write about what is irritating and loathsome about entertainment in Britain; entertainment is supposed to be diverting and enjoyable but this is decidedly not always the case.

Take the cinema... To see a film you have either to go to one of the huge multiplexes that has sprung up on the outskirts of towns over the last couple of years or to stick to the high street movie theatres which have either remained unchanged and poorly maintained since Charlie Chaplin's heyday or are old dance halls or bingo palaces converted to cinemas sometime around 1952 when orange and brown were apparently considered the quickest route to tasteful interior decoration: they are all ugly and dilapidated with moth-eaten, creaky and cramped seats. A visit to the multiplex is a little more enjoyable, because at least these cinemas usually have hot dogs.

The British seem not to have grasped the concept of what is and what is not appropriate snack-food for the cinema. The whole point about popcorn is that it doesn't crinkle in a wrapper and it

doesn't crunch in your mouth. In Britain, though, cinemas sell crisps and candy in plastic wrappings. Little is more frustrating than trying to concentrate on the screen when you are sitting next to Mr and Mrs Greedy with Junior Greedies stuffing their faces with crunchy food from crinkly wrappers, saliva drooling slowly down their chins.

The theatre is little better. Although Britain has a theatrical tradition that is richer and more varied than almost any country in the world (this is, after all, the nation that has produced Shakespeare, Laurence Olivier and a sector of London — the West End — packed with more theatres and original productions than you could wish for), British audiences can be interminably irritating with their frequently snobby and smug attitudes. Worst of all are the regulars of the Royal Shakespeare Company who derive immense pleasure from spotting — or pretending to spot — the most intellectual of puns (plays on words) or witty quips. They then laugh ostentatiously in a theatrical manner to show the surrounding audience that they, and only they, have the intelligence to understand the true meaning of the play that they are watching. You can always spot these characters because they glance discreetly around themselves a few seconds after they have finished laughing to check that their neighbours have noticed them.

A similar situation exists within British television. On the one hand, the Briton enjoys some of the best TV in the world. Soap-operas like *Eastenders* are vastly more enjoyable and believable than their standard America equivalents because they concentrate more on characters, acting and plot than on the immaculate hair styles of their stars.

On the other hand, however, Britain's TV producers still manage to let everyone down by making some utter garbage. There is a particular group of British 'comedians' — men like Brae Forsyth and Ronnie Corbett — whose humour ceased to be funny a long time ago (if it was ever funny in the first place). Why are they still on the TV? They're rubbish. To make matters worse, all these dreary and tedious shows are broadcast at peak times on Friday and Saturday nights. No one wants to watch them; what is there to do but go out and drink a pint of warm beer...?

18. For seven hundred years Oxford and Cambridge universities dominated the British education. Scotland had four universities, all founded before A. D. 1600. Wales only acquired a university in the 20th century; it consisted of four university colleges located in different cities (Cardiff, Swansea, Bangor, and Aberystwith). The first English university after Oxford and Cambridge (sometimes referred to as Oxbridge) was Durham, in the North of England, founded in 1832. The University of London was founded a few years later in 1836.

During the nineteenth century institutions of higher education were founded in most of the biggest industrial towns, like Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield (sometimes called the Redbrick Universities). At first they did not have full university status but were known as university colleges; since 1945, however, all have become independent universities, and in recent years a number of other universities have been founded: Sussex, Essex, Warwick, and others.

In the middle 60s there was a further new development. Some of the local technical colleges maintained by local authorities had gained special prestige. By 1967 ten of these had been given charters as universities. Many of them are in the biggest cities where there were already established universities; so now we have the University of Aston (Birmingham), Salford (close to Manchester), Strathclyde (Glasgow), Herriot-Watt University (Edinburgh), Brunel University (London).

When we add all these together we find that the number of universities in England increased within ten years from nineteen to thirty-six, and in Scotland from four to eight.

Oxford university is a federation of colleges, and it is impossible to understand its structure unless one first understands the nature and function of these colleges, which have no resemblance whatever with the institutions called "colleges" in America.

Oxford has twenty-three ordinary colleges for men, five for women. All these are parallel institutions, and none of them is connected with any particular field of study. No matter what subject a student proposes to study he may study at any of the men's colleges.

Each college has a physical existence in the shape of a dining-hall, chapel, and residential rooms (enough to accommodate about half the student membership, the rest living in lodgings in the town). It is governed by its Fellows (commonly called "dons"), of whom there are usually about twenty or thirty. The dons are also responsible for teaching the students of the college through the tutorial system. The Fellows elect the Head of the college (whose title varies from college to college).

The colleges vary very much in size and extent of grounds and buildings.

Colleges choose their own students, and a student only becomes a member of the University by having been accepted by a college. Students are chosen mainly on academic merit, but the policy of colleges in this respect varies from college to college. Some tend to be rather keen to admit a few men who are very good at rugby or some other sport, or sons of former students or of lords, or of eminent citizens, or of millionaires.

The colleges and university buildings are scattered about the town, mostly in the central area, though the scientific laboratories and the women's colleges are quite a long way out.

19. Great Britain is one of the biggest and highly developed countries in the world. Britain's democratic system of government is long established and well tried, and has provided a remarkable political stability. Britain's overseas relations including its membership in the European Economic Community and its links with Commonwealth countries, enable it to realize international cooperation.

Great Britain has diplomatic relations with 166 countries, bears the responsibility for 14 independent territories, provides assistance to over 120 developing countries and is a member of some international organizations. It is one of the five permanent members of the UNO Security Council. Great Britain is a member of the European Economic Community. The Community defines its aims as the harmonious development of economic activities. It has abolished internal tariffs, established common custom tariffs, and set a goal of the creation of an internal market in which free movement of goods, services, persons, and capital would be ensured in accordance with the Treaty of Rome.

By the middle of 2000 Britain had adopted more laws regulating the activity in the internal market than any other Community member. The Community now accounts for a fifth of world trade. Half Britain's trade is with its eleven Community partners.

Great Britain takes an active part in the work of the Commonwealth, which is a voluntary association of 50 independent states. The English Queen is recognized as Head of the Commonwealth.

Great Britain promotes sustainable economic and social progress in developing countries. Almost £65 million were spent on disaster relief, help for refugees and emergency humanitarian aid.

Britain's defence policy is based on its membership in NATO, which is committed to defend the territories of all its states-members.

20. Good and bad manners make up the social rules of a country. They are not always easy to learn because they are often not written down in books. For example, British women didn't go into pubs at the beginning of this century because it was not considered respectable behaviour for a woman. Now both women and men drink freely in pubs and women are fully integrated into public life. Visitors to Britain are often surprised by the strange behaviour of the inhabitants. One of the worst mistakes is to get on a bus without waiting your turn in the queue. The other people in the queue will probably complain loudly! Queuing is a national habit and it is considered polite or good manners to wait for your turn.

In some countries it is considered bad manners to eat in the street, whereas in Britain it is common to see people having a snack whilst walking down the road, especially at lunchtime. Britons may be surprised to see young children in restaurants in the evening because children are not usually taken out to restaurants late at night. And if they make a noise in public or in a restaurant it is considered very rude. In recent years children are playing a more active role and they are now accepted in many pubs and restaurants.

In recent years smoking has received a lot of bad publicity, and fewer British people now smoke. Many companies have banned smoking from their offices and canteens. Smoking is now banned on the London Underground, in cinemas and theaters and most buses. It's becoming less and less acceptable to smoke in a public place. It is considered rude or bad manners to smoke in someone's house without permission. Social rules are an important part of our culture as they passed down through history. The British have an expression for following these "unwritten rules": "When in Rome, do as the Romans do".

Тексты для экзамена бс.

1. Roy Williams had come home from abroad to visit his mother and sister and brothers who still remained in his native town, Hopkinsville. Roy had been away seven or eight years, travelling all over the world. He came back very well dressed, but very thin. He wasn't well.

It was this illness that made Roy come home. He had a feeling that he was going to die, and he wanted to see his mother again. This feeling about death started in Vienna, where so many people were hungry, while other people spent so much money in the night clubs where Roy's orchestra played.

In Vienna Roy had a room to himself because he wanted to study music. He studied under one of the best violin teachers.

"It's bad in Europe," Roy thought. "I never saw people as hungry as this."

But it was even worse when the orchestra went back to Berlin. Hunger and misery were terrible there. And the police were beating people who protested, or stole, or begged.

It was in Berlin that Roy began to cough. When he got to Paris his friend took care of him, and he got better. But all the time he had the feeling that he was going to die. So he came home to see his mother.

He landed in New York and stayed two or three days in Harlem. Most of his old friends there, musicians and actors, were hungry and out of work. When they saw Roy dressed so well, they asked him for money.

"It's bad everywhere," Roy thought. "I want to go home."

That last night in Harlem he could not sleep. He thought of his mother. In the morning he sent her a telegram that he was coming home to Hopkinsville, Missouri.

"Look at that nigger," said the white boys, when they saw him standing on the station platform in the September sunlight, surrounded by his bags with the bright foreign labels. Roy had got off a Pullman – something unusual for a Negro in that part of the country.

"God damn!" said one of the white boys. Suddenly Roy recognised one of them. It was Charlie Mumford, an old playmate – a tall red-headed boy. Roy took off his glove and held out his hand. The white boy took it but did not shake it long. Roy had forgotten he wasn't in Europe, wearing gloves and shaking hands with a white man!

"Where have you been, boy?" Charlie asked.

"In Paris," said Roy.

"Why have you come back?" someone asked. "I wanted to come and see my mother."

"I hope she is happier to see you than we are," another white boy said.

Roy picked up his bags, there were no porters on the platform, and carried them to an old Ford car that looked like a taxi. He felt weak and frightened. The eyes of the white men at the station were not kind. He heard someone say behind him: "Nigger." His skin was very hot. For the first time in the last seven or eight years he felt his colour. He was home.

Roy's home-coming concert at the Negro church was a success. The Negroes sold a lot of tickets to the white people for whom they worked. The front rows cost fifty cents and were filled with white people. The rest of the seats cost twenty-five cents and were filled with Negroes. There was much noise as the little old church filled. People walked up and down, looking for their seats.

While he was playing Brahms on a violin from Vienna in a Negro church in Hopkinsville, Missouri, for listeners who were poor white people and even poorer Negroes, the sick young man thought of his old dream. This dream could not come true now. It was a dream of a great stage in a large concert hall where thousands of people looked up at him as they listened to his music.

Now he was giving his first concert in America for his mother in the Negro church, for his white and black listeners. And they were looking at him. They were all looking at him. The white people in the front rows and the Negroes in the back.

He was thinking of the past, of his childhood. He remembered the old Kreisler record they had at home. Nobody liked it but Roy, and he played it again and again. Then his mother got a violin for him, but half the time she didn't have the money to pay old man Miller for his violin lessons every week. Roy remembered how his mother had cried when he went away with a group of Negro-musicians, who played Negro songs all over the South.

Then he had a job with a night-club jazz-band in Chicago. After that he got a contract to go to Berlin and play in an orchestra there.

Suddenly he noticed a thin white woman in a cheap coat and red hat, who was looking at him from the first row.

"What does the music give you? What do you want from me?" Roy thought about her.

He looked at all those dark girls back there in the crowd. Most of them had never heard good classical music. Now for the first time in their life they saw a Negro, who had come home from abroad, playing a violin. They were looking proudly at him over the heads of the white people in the first rows, over the head of the white woman in the cheap coat and red hat....

"Who are you, lady?" he thought.

When the concert was over, even some of the white people shook hands with Roy and said it was wonderful. The Negroes said, "Boy, you really can play!" Roy was trembling a little and his eyes burnt and he wanted very much to cough. But he smiled and he held out his hot hand to everybody. The woman in the red hat waited at the end of the room.

After many of the people had gone away, she came up to Roy and shook hands with him. She spoke of symphony concerts in other cities of Missouri; she said she was a teacher of music, of piano and violin, but she had no pupils like Roy, that never in the town of Hopkinsville had anyone else played so beautifully. Roy looked into her thin, white face and was glad that she loved music.

"That's Miss Reese," his mother told him after she had gone. "An old music teacher at the white high school."

"Yes, Mother," said Roy. "She understands music."

Next time he saw Miss Reese at the white high school. One morning a note came asking him if he would play for her music class some day. She would accompany him if he brought his music. She had told her students about Bach and Mozart, and she would be very grateful if Roy visited the school and played those two great masters for her young people. She wrote him a nice note on clean white paper.

"That Miss Reese is a very nice woman," Mrs. Williams said to her boy. "She sends for you to play at the school. I have never heard of a Negro who was invited there for anything but cleaning up, and I have been in Hopkinsville a long time. Go and play for them, son."

Roy played. But it was one of those days when his throat was hot and dry and his eyes burnt. He had been coughing all morning and as he played he breathed with great difficulty. He played badly. But Miss Reese was more than kind to him. She accompanied him on the piano. And when he had finished, she turned to the class of white children and said, "This is art, my dear young people, this is true art!"

The pupils went home that afternoon and told their parents that a dressed-up nigger had come to school with a violin and played a lot of funny music which nobody but Miss Reese liked. They also said that Miss Reese had smiled and said, "Wonderful!" and had even shaken hands with the nigger, when he went out.

Roy went home. He was very ill these days, getting thinner and thinner all the time, weaker and weaker. Sometimes he did not play at all. Often he did not eat the food his mother cooked for him, or that his sister brought from the place where she worked. Sometimes he was so restless and hot in the night that he got up and dressed and then walked the streets of the little town at ten and eleven o'clock after nearly every one else had gone to bed. Midnight was late in Hopkinsville. But for years Roy had worked at night. It was hard for him to sleep before midnight now.

But one night he walked out of the house for the last time.

In the street it was very quiet. The trees stood silent in the moonlight. Roy walked under the dry falling leaves towards the centre of the town, breathing in the night air. Night and the streets always made him feel better. He remembered the streets of Paris and Berlin. He remembered Vienna. Now like a dream that he had ever been in Europe at all, he thought. Ma never had any money. With the greatest difficulty her children were able to finish the grade school. There was no high school for Negroes in Hopkinsville. In order to get further education he had to run away from home with a Negro show. Then that chance of going to Berlin with a jazz-band. And his violin had been his best friend all the time. Jazz at night and the classics in the morning at his lessons with the best teachers that his earnings could pay. It was hard work and hard practice. Music, real music! Then he began to cough in Berlin.

Roy was passing lots of people now in the bright lights of Main Street, but he saw none of them. He saw only dreams and memories, and heard music. Suddenly a thin woman in a cheap coat and red hat, a white woman, stepping out of a store just as Roy passed, said pleasantly to him, "Good evening."

Roy stopped, also said, "Good evening, Miss Reese," and was glad to see her. Forgetting he wasn't in Europe, he took off his hat and gloves, and held out his hand to this lady who understood music. They smiled at each other, the sick young Negro and the middleaged music teacher in the light of Main Street. Then she asked him if he was still working on the Sarasate.

Roy opened his mouth to answer when he saw the woman's face suddenly grow pale with horror. Before he could turn round to see what her eyes had seen, he felt a heavy fist strike his face. There was a flash of lightning in his head as he fell down. Miss Reese screamed. The street near them filled with white young men with red necks, open shirts and fists ready to strike. They had seen a Negro talking to a white woman – insulting a White Woman – attacking a White Woman! They had seen Roy take off his gloves and when Miss Reese screamed when Roy was struck, they were sure he had insulted her. Yes, he had. Yes, sir!

So they knocked Roy down. They trampled on his hat and cane and gloves, and all of them tried to pick him up – so that someone else could have the pleasure of knocking him down again. They struggled over the privilege of knocking him down.

Roy looked up from the ground at the white men around him. His mouth was full of blood and his eyes burnt. His clothes were dirty. He was wondering why Miss Reese had stopped him to ask about the Sarasate. He knew he would never get home to his mother now.

The young Negro whose name was Roy Williams began to choke from the blood in his mouth. He didn't hear the sound of their voices or the trampling of their feet any longer. He saw only the moonlight, and his ears were filled with a thousand notes, like a Beethoven sonata...

2. I was doing work on a newspaper.

One day Tripp came in and leaned on my table.

Tripp was something in the mechanical department. He was about twenty-five and looked forty. Half of his face was covered with short, curly red whiskers that looked like a door-mat. He was pale and unhealthy and miserable and was always borrowing sums of money from twenty-five cents to a dollar. One dollar was his limit. When he leaned on my table he held one hand with the other to keep both from shaking. Whisky.

"Well, Tripp," said I, looking up at him rather impatiently, "how goes it?" He was looking more miserable than I had ever seen him.

"Have you got a dollar?" asked Tripp looking at me with his dog-like eyes.

That day I had managed to get five dollars for my Sunday story. "I have," said I; and again I said, "I have," more loudly, "and four besides. And I had hard work getting them. And I need them all."

"I don't want to borrow any," said Tripp, "I thought you'd like to get a good story. I've got a really fine one for you. It'll probably cost you a dollar or two to get the stuff. I don't want anything out of it myself."

"What is the story?" I asked.

"It's girl. A beauty. She has lived all her life on Long Island and never saw New York City before. I ran against her on Thirty-fourth Street. She stopped me on the street and asked me where she could find George Brown. Asked me where she could find George Brown in New York City! What do you think of that?! I talked to her. It's like this. Some years ago George set off for New York to make his fortune. He did not reappear. Now there's a young farmer named Dodd she's going to marry next week. But Ada – her name's Ada Lowery – couldn't forget George, so this morning she saddled a horse and rode eight miles to the railway station to catch the 6.45 a.m. train. She came to the city to look for George. She must have thought the first person she inquired of would tell her where her George was! You ought to see her! What could I do? She had paid her last cent for her railroad ticket. I couldn't leave her in the street, could I? I took her to a boarding-house. She has to pay a dollar to the landlady. That's the price per day."

"That's no story," said I. "Every ferry-boat brings or takes away girls from Long Island."

Tripp looked disappointed. "Can't you see what an amazing story it would make? You ought to get fifteen dollars for it. And it'll cost you only four, so you'll make a profit of eleven dollars."

"How will it cost me four dollars?" I asked suspiciously.

"One dollar to the landlady and two dollars to pay the girl's fare back home."

"And the fourth?" I inquired.

"One dollar to me," said Tripp. "Don't you see," he insisted, "that the girl has got to get back home today?"

And then I began to feel what is known as the sense of duty. In a kind of cold anger I put on my coat and hat. But I swore to myself that Tripp would not get the dollar.

Tripp took me in a street-car to the boarding-house. I paid the fares.

In a dim parlour a girl sat crying quietly and eating candy out of a paper bag. She was a real beauty. Crying only made her eyes brighter.

"My friend, Mr. Chalmers. He is a reporter," said Tripp "and he will tell you, Miss Lowery, what's best to do."

I felt ashamed of being introduced as Tripp's friend in the presence of such beauty. "Why – er – Miss Lowery," I began feeling terribly awkward, "will you tell me the circumstances of the case?"

"Oh," said Miss Lowery, "there aren't any circumstances, really. You see, everything is fixed for me to marry Hiram Dodd next Thursday. He's got one of the best farms on the Island. But last night I got to thinking about G – George –"

"You see, I can't help it. George and I loved each other since we were children. Four years ago he went to the city. He said he was going to be a policeman of a railroad president or something. And then he was coming back for me. But I never heard from him any more. And I – I – liked him."

"Now, Miss Lowery," broke in Tripp, "you like this young man, Dodd, don't you? He's all right, and good to you, isn't he?"

"Of course I like him. And of course he's good to me. He's promised me an automobile and a motorboat. But somehow I couldn't help thinking about George. Something must have happened to him or he would have written. On the day he left, he got a hammer and a chisel and cut a cent into two pieces. I took one piece and he took the other, and we promised to be true to each other and always keep the pieces till we saw each other again. I've got mine at home. I guess I was silly to come here. I never realised what a big place it is."

Tripp broke in with an awkward little laugh. "Oh, the boys from the country forget a lot when they come to the city. He may have met another girl or something. You go back home, and you'll be all right."

In the end we persuaded Miss Lowery to go back home. The three of us then hurried to the ferry, and there I found the price of the ticket to be but a dollar and eighty cents. I bought one, and a red, red rose with the twenty cents for Miss Lowery. We saw her aboard her ferry-boat and stood watching her wave her handkerchief at us. And then Tripp and I faced each other.

"Can't you get a story out of it?" he asked. "Some sort of a story?"

"Not a line," said I.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. There was disappointment in his tone. Tripp unbuttoned his shabby coat to reach for something that had once been a handkerchief. As he did so I saw something shining on his cheap watch-chain. It was the half of a silver cent that had been cut in halves with a chisel.

"What?!" I exclaimed looking at him in amazement.

"Oh yes," he replied. "George Brown, or Tripp. What's the use?"

3. Andrew gazed at Denny, burning to ask a dozen questions.

"You've got cases too?" he asked anxiously.

"Four! All in the same area as yours," Denny paused. "One day, very soon, we're going to have an outbreak of an epidemic. It's the main sewer that's to blame. It leaks like the devil, and poisons half the wells of the town. I've hammered at the Health Officer about it till I'm tired." His tone was cold and bitter.

"It's shame!" Andrew burst out. "I wish he were here and knew what we know."

Denny shrugged his shoulders, "It's no use."

There was a silence. Andrew got up from his seat at the table and moved towards the door.

"I'm much obliged for the information. From now on every drop of water in the area is going to be boiled."

"It's the Health Office who ought to be boiled," muttered Denny.

During the weeks that followed Andrew slaved joyfully. He loves his work and counted himself fortunate to have such an opportunity so early in his career. He worked tirelessly with all the fire of his passionate nature. He only wished he could do more.

Then, unexpectedly, Denny rargh imu p." Manson! Can you come to my place at three o'clock? It's important."

Denny received him in silence with a gloomy eye and a darkened forehead. "One of my patients died this morning. I have two new cases of typhoid." He spoke quietly, with a still, cold rage.

"We must write to the Ministry of Health," said Andrew.

"We could write a dozen letters," Denny said bit- terly. "It's a waste of time No! I've thought it all out. There's only one way to make them build a new sewer."

"How?" asked Andrew eagerly.

"Blow up the old one!"

For a second Andrew wondered if Denny had taken leave of his senses. He stared at him in terrified astonishment, then he muttered, "There'll be no end of trouble – if it's found out."

Denny glanced up at him, "You needn't come in with me, if you don't want to."

"Oh, I'm coming in with you," Andrew answered slowly. Immediately he wished he had not said those words.

All that afternoon Andrew went about his work regretting the promise he had given. He was a madman, this Denny, who would, sooner or later, get him into serious trouble. It was a terrible thing that he now proposed. If discovered, they might get struck off the Medical Register. Andrew was seized with horror at the thought of his beautiful career suddenly cut short, ruined. He cursed Denny violently, swore a dozen times that he would not go.

Yet, for some strange reason, he would not, could not draw back.

At eleven o'clock that night Denny and he started out in company with Hawkins, Denny's dog, for the main manhole of the sewer.

The two men and the dog moved along the deserted street. In the pocket of his overcoat Denny had six sticks of dynamite. Andrew carried six empty tins, each with a hole in the lid, an electric torch, and a length of fuse.

Immediately they reached the manhole they set to work, raising the rusty iron cover which had not been disturbed for years.

They slipped a stick of dynamite in each tin, cutting fuses and attaching them. One by one the tins were dropped into the ill-smelling depths. In the light of a match Andrew saw Denny's pale hard face, his own shaking hands.

As the last tin went in with its short fuse burning, the dog took it into its head to hunt a rat. They chased the dog and captured it, expecting an explosion beneath their feet. Then swiftly the cover was flung back, and they raced madly up the street.

They had scarcely reached the corner when bang! the first tin exploded.

"By God! We've done it!" exclaimed Andrew.

Then swiftly the explosions followed: two, three, four, five, and the last.

Doors and windows were flung open, people ran out of their houses. In a minute the street was crowded. A party of men set out with lanterns to explore. Under cover of the darkness and the noise Denny and Manson slipped away. Before eight o'clock next morning the Health Officer arrived upon the scene by car, nervous and frightened.

Wiping his forehead he approached Denny who, with Manson, stood amongst the crowd. For a moment Andrew felt uncomfortable.

But it did not enter the Officer's mind to suspect anybody.

"It's a mystery to me how it all happened. We'll have to get that new sewer for you straight off now," was all he said.

4. In all the books I have read of people cast away on a desert island, they had either their pockets full of tools or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach as if on purpose. My case was very different. What with the cold and hunger, I felt more miserable than words can tell. I stood shivering in the rain, wet and bare foot, and wondered what to do till it occurred to me that shellfish, of which there were plenty on the island, might be good to eat. I ate them cold and raw; and they seemed to me delicious. They must have poisoned me, for I had no sooner eaten my first meal, than felt miserably sick and lay for a long time no better than dead.

In fact as long as I was on the island I never could distinguish what particular shellfish it was that hurt me: sometimes the shellfish restored my strength, and sometimes I felt sick for hours.

The second day I explored the entire island and chose a place on a hillside to be my home. I had a good reason for my choice: from there I could distinguish the top of a great ancient church and

the roofs of houses on the mainland. Morning and evening I saw smoke go up. I used to watch this smoke when I was wet and cold and lonely. It kept hope alive and saved me from the sense of horror I had when I was alone with the dead rocks and the rain, and the sea.

It seemed impossible that I should die on the shores of my own country and within view of men's houses.

But the second day passed; and though I kept a look out for boats or men, no help came. It had been raining for more than twenty-four hours. My clothes were beginning to rot; my throat was so sore that I could hardly swallow; the very sight of shellfish sickened me. I felt completely exhausted.

It did not clear until the afternoon of the third day; this was the day of incidents. As soon as the sun came up, I lay down on the top of the rock to dry myself. My mood changed, I was hopeful and searched the sea with a fresh interest. All of a sudden a boat with a pair of fishers came flying round the corner of the isle. I shouted out and ran along the shore from rock to rock.

There was no doubt they had observed me, for they cried out something and laughed. But the boat never turned aside and flew on. It was unbelievable that they should have seen me and left me to die! I could not believe in such wickedness! Even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; I thought my heart would burst. But all was in vain. If a wish could kill men, those fishers would have died.

On the fourth day of this horrible life of mine I observed a boat heading for my island. Unable to hold myself back, with my heart beating wildly and my legs shaking under me, I ran to the seaside. It was the same boat with the same men as yesterday. But now there was a third man with them. As soon as they were within hearing, they let down their sail and lay quiet. They drew no nearer and, what increased my fear, the new man roared with laughter as he looked at me. Then he addressed me, speaking fast and waving his hand towards the mainland. Was he suggesting that I should try and make my way across the strait? I picked out the word "tide." I had a flash of hope! "Do you mean when the tide is out..." I cried and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I set off running as I had never run in my life. Before long I came out on the shore of the strait; and sure enough, it had become a little stream of water, through which I dashed, splashing, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the mainland.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on the isle which is only a tidal islet, and can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours.

Even I, if I had sat down to think, might have guessed the secret. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there.

I have seen wicked men and fools; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

5. The stranger returned to his room about half-past five in the morning, and there he remained until near midday, the blinds down and the door shut. All that time he must have been hungry. Three times he rang his bell, but Mrs. Hall would not answer it, as she was angry with him for his rudeness. What the stranger was doing was unknown. He must have occupied himself with some experiments at his table. Several times his cursing, the tearing of paper and violent smashing of bottles were heard. About noon he suddenly opened the door and stood staring at the

people in the bar. "Mrs. Hall," he called. Mrs. Hall came forward holding in her hand an unsettled bill. "Is it your bill you want, sir?" she asked.

"Why wasn't my breakfast served? Why haven't you answered my bell? You must have thought I can live without eating. What!"

"You should have paid my bill, sir," said Mr. Hall.

"I told you three days ago I was expecting a remittance"

"I am not going to wait for any remittances."

"Look here, my good woman –" he began in a pleading tone.

"Don't good woman me," said Mrs. Hall, "and before I get any breakfasts, you've got to tell me one or two things I don't understand. Your room was empty but how did you get in again? You must have climbed in through the window. I suppose you know that people who stop in this house come in by the doors – that's the rule."

"You might have been more polite, at least," the stranger interrupted her in an angry voice stamping his foot. "You don't understand who I am. I'll show you!" He took off his spectacles and everyone in the bar gasped: there was – nothing behind them! He began to remove the bandages that covered the rest of his face. Mrs. Hall shrieked and fell down unconscious as she saw that the stranger had no head. The people in the bar made for the door. The news of the headless man spread all the way down the street in no time and soon a crowd of perhaps forty people gathered round the door of the little inn. A little procession pushed its way through the crowd: first Mr. Hall, then Mr. Bobby Jaffers, the village constable, and then the blacksmith who lived across the street. Mr. Hall must have been to the police to bring help. They all marched up the steps and entered the stranger's room at once. They saw the headless figure sitting at the table.

"What's this?" came an angry voice from above the collar of the figure.

"You're a strange person," said Jaffers, "but head or no head I'll have to arrest you." And he produced a pair of handcuffs. At the next moment the stranger's gloves came off and dropped on the floor. He ran his arm down his waistcoat, and the buttons to which his empty sleeves pointed, became undone. Then he bent down and began doing something with his shoes and socks.

"Why!" said Jaffers, "that's no man at all. It's just empty clothes. Look!" He held out his hand and it seemed to meet something in the air.

"Can't you be more careful? You might have hurt my eye," said the angry voice. "As a matter of fact, I'm invisible. It's strange, perhaps, but it's not a crime."

"I've got my instructions –" Jaffers said holding his handcuffs ready.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll come. But no handcuffs."

"Pardon me, but – Suddenly the figure sat down. Before anyone could realise what was happening, the shoes, socks and trousers had been kicked off under the table. Then the stranger jumped up and threw off his coat.

"Hold him," cried Jaffers, "once he gets the things off –" There was a rush at the white shirt which was fluttering in the air. Jaffers grasped at it, and only helped to pull it off.

"You could have held him faster," one of the men said to the policeman, "why did you let him go?" "Here he is!" another man cried out. The struggling crowd was moving down the stairs and towards the house door.

"I got him!" shouted Jaffers. He held fast his unseen enemy, he must have been hit suddenly as he cried out with pain and fell heavily on the ground. There were excited cries of "hold him!" "Invisible!" Half way across the road a woman screamed as something pushed by her. A dog must have been kicked by an invisible foot as it ran howling into the yard nearby. And the invisible man was gone forever from Iping.

6. 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'm 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 drive 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? Something went 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 softly. "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 for 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."

7. One day in the second year of my married life Mrs. Hudson, the landlady of Sherlock Holmes, came to my rooms and told me he was very ill.

"He is dying, Dr. Watson," she said. "He hasn't eaten and hasn't drunk anything for three days and he wouldn't allow me to get a doctor. This morning when I saw his thin and white face I could stand no more of it. 'Mr. Holmes,' I said, 'I'm going for a doctor, whether you like it or not.' 'Let it be Watson, then,' said he. So I have come to you."

I rushed for my coat and hat. On our way to Baker Street Mrs. Hudson told me that Holmes had been working on a case near Rotherhithe close by the river and had brought this disease back with him.

When I entered his room Holmes was lying in bed. He was looking very ill. When he saw me he cried:

"Stand back! Stand back!"

"But why?" I asked.

"Because it is my wish. Is that not enough?"

"I only wanted to help," I explained.

"Exactly! You will best help by doing what you are told."

"Certainly, Holmes."

"I know what is the matter with me. It is a coolie disease from Sumatra. It is deadly and very contagious". Contagious by touch, Watson. So keep your distance and all is well."

"Good heavens", Holmes! Do you imagine this would prevent me from doing my duty to so old a friend?"

Again I tried to come nearer. He got very angry.

"If you stand where you are I'll talk to you. If not, you must leave the room."

"Do you think I'll stand here and see you die without helping you?"

"You mean well, Watson, but you can do nothing. You don't know tropical diseases."

"Possibly not. But I know Dr. Ainstree, the greatest specialist in tropical diseases. I'm going to bring him here." I turned to the door.

Never have I had such a shock! The dying man jumped from his bed and locked the door. The next moment he was in bed again looking very tired.

"Now, Watson, it's four o'clock. At six you can go. Will you wait?"

"I seem to have no choice."

"None in the world, Watson. If you want to help me you must bring me the man that I choose. I'll explain everything to you at six o'clock."

I stood for some minutes looking at him. He fell asleep. Then I walked slowly round the room. I saw a small ivory box⁴ on the mantelpiece' and I was going to take it in my hand when Holmes gave a loud cry: "Put it down, Watson! Put it down at once, I say! I don't like when people touch my things."

This incident showed me how ill my friend was. I sat in silence looking at the clock. He seemed to be watching the clock too. Before six he began to talk in great excitement. I understood that he was raving.' He was shaking with fever. He asked me to light the gas and to put some letters and papers on the table near his bed.

"Thank you. Take those sugar-tongs' now and kindly raise that small ivory box with them. Put it here among the papers. Be careful! Good! You can now go and bring Mr. Culverton Smith, of 13 Lower Burke Street."

"I have never heard the name," I said.

"Possibly not. He is not a doctor but a planter from Sumatra, now visiting London. Some time ago people fell ill in his plantation and there were no doctors in the neighbourhood. So he began to study this disease himself. I am sure he can help me. He is a very methodical person and I did not want you to start before six because I knew you would not find him in his study. He does not like me but if you tell him how ill I am he will certainly come. But don't come with him. You must return here before he comes. Don't forget."

To tell the truth I did not want to leave Holmes, because his appearance had changed for the worse during the few hours I had been with him. But he begged me to go.

"He can save me – only he."

Mr. Smith did not want to see me at all. The servant told me he was very busy. However, I thought of Holmes lying ill in bed and I pushed the door and came into the room. When Mr. Smith heard I had come from Holmes, he was no longer angry with me. He was an unpleasant looking little man with a yellow face and cruel grey eyes.

"What about Holmes? How is he?" he asked.

"He is very ill. That is why I have come."

"I am sorry to hear it. I have great respect for his talents and character. He is an amateur of crime as I am of disease. For him the criminal, for me – the microbe. These are my prisons," he continued pointing to the bottles which stood on a table.

"Mr. Holmes has a high opinion" of you and thought that you were the only man in London who could help him."

The little man started:

"Why?" he asked. "Why does he think I can help him?"

"Because you know Eastern diseases."

"But why does he think that the disease which he has contracted is Eastern?"

"Because he has been working at a case among Chinese sailors."

Mr. Smith smiled pleasantly.

"Oh, that's it." How long has he been ill?"

"About three days."

"Is he raving?"

"Sometimes."

"That sounds serious. I will come with you at once, Dr. Watson."

I told him I could not come with him because I had another appointment.

"Very good. I'll go alone. I've got Mr. Holmes's address."

It was with a sad heart that I entered Holmes's bedroom again. I was afraid he might be worse. But he felt much better.

"Well, did you see him, Watson?" he asked.

"Yes, he is coming."

"Excellent, Watson! Excellent! Did he ask what was the matter with me?"

"It told him about the Chinese in the East End."

"Exactly! Well, Watson, you have done all that a good friend could do. You can now disappear from the scene."

"I must wait and hear his opinion, Holmes."

"Of course you must. But I suppose his opinion will be much franker" if he imagines that we are alone. So you'd better hide behind my bed."

"My dear Holmes!"

"I'm afraid there is no alternative, Watson. There is no other place in the room where you can hide."

Suddenly he sat up listening.

"Quick, Watson! There are the wheels. Don't speak and don't move whatever happens. Just listen with all your ears."

I hid behind the bed. I heard the opening and the closing of the bedroom door and then to my surprise there followed a long silence. I could imagine that our visitor was standing and looking at Holmes. At last he cried:

"Holmes, Holmes, can you hear me?"

"Is that you, Smith?" Holmes whispered. "I had little hope that you would come."

The other laughed.

"And yet, you see, I am here."

"It is very good of you. I have a high opinion of your special knowledge."

Our visitor laughed again.

"Do you know what is the matter with you?"

"The same," said Holmes.

"Well, I am not surprised that it is the same. Poor Victor was dead on the fourth day – a strong young fellow. It was certainly, as you said, very surprising that he contracted an Asiatic disease in London – a disease of which I have made a special study. Strange coincidence, Holmes."

"I knew that you did it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, you couldn't prove it, anyhow. But what do you mean by saying that I did it and then asking me for help the moment you are in trouble?"

I heard the heavy breathing of Holmes.

"Give me some water," he whispered.

"You are near your end, my friend, but I don't want you to die before I have a word with you. So I'll give you water."

"Do what you can for me," begged Holmes, "and I'll forget it."

"Forget what?"

"Well, about Victor Savage's death. You almost said just now that you had done it. I'll forget it."

"You can forget it or remember, as you like. It doesn't matter now." You will die very soon. The fellow who came for me said you had contracted this disease among the Chinese sailors."

"I think so. I am so ill. Please, help me!"

"Yes, I will help you. I would like you to know something before you die. Listen now. Can you remember any unusual incident just about the time" when you fell ill?"

"No, nothing."

"Well, then, I'll help you. Did anything come by post?"

"By post?"

"A box, perhaps."

"Oh, I'm fainting."

"Listen, Holmes!"

I heard that Smith was shaking the dying man but I couldn't leave my hiding-place.

"You must hear me," the man shouted. "So you remember an ivory box? It came on Wednesday. You opened it – do you remember?"

"Yes, yes. I opened it. There was a spring inside it. Some joke."

"It was no joke. Who asked you to cross my path? If you had left me alone I wouldn't have hurt you."

"I remember," said Holmes. "This box, this box on the table."

"Yes, it is this box. And it may as well leave the room in my pocket. You know the truth now, and you can die with the knowledge that I killed you. You know too much about the death of Victor Savage so I had to kill you too. You are very near your end, Holmes. I'll sit here and watch you die."

"Holmes's voice was very weak now. He asked Smith to turn up the gas. Our visitor crossed the room and soon it was quite light.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, my friend?" he asked.

"Give me a match and a cigarette."

I nearly cried out in my surprise. Holmes was speaking in his usual voice, the voice I knew. There was a long silence and I felt that Smith was looking with surprise at his companion.

"What is the meaning of this?" I heard him say at last.

"I am a good actor. The best way of acting a part successfully is to live it. I give you my word that for three days I haven't eaten and drunk anything because I wanted to feel and look ill. It was cigarettes that I missed most. Ah, here are some cigarettes»

He struck a match.

"That's much better. Halloo! halloo! Do you hear the steps of a friend?"

The door opened and Inspector Morton appeared.

"This is your man," said Holmes.

"I arrest you on the charge of murdering" Victor Savage," said the Inspector.

"And you might add of the attempted murder" of Sherlock Holmes," said Holmes smiling. "To save me the trouble, Inspector, Mr. Culverton Smith was good enough to give our signal by turning up the gas. By the way," the prisoner has a small box in his pocket. It would be well to take it from him. Thank you. But be very careful. Put it down here. It may be of use" in the trial."

Smith tried to struggle with the Inspector. A minute later, however, I heard the sound of the closing handcuffs.

"A nice trap!" cried Smith. "He asked me to come to help him. I was sorry for him and I came. Now he will

Lie as you like, Holmes, my word is as good as yours."

"Good heavens!" cried Holmes. "I have forgotten about him. My dear Watson, I am so sorry. I needn't introduce you to Mr. Culverton Smith because you met earlier in the evening. Have you a cab, Inspector? I'll follow you when I am dressed because I may be of some use at the Police Station."

When the inspector and the prisoner had left his room Holmes asked me if I was angry with him.

"You see," he said. "I had to make Mrs. Hudson and you believe that I was really ill. If you had known the truth you wouldn't have been able to make Smith come to me. You are not good at pretending."

"But Holmes, you really looked ill."

"Well, you can't look well if you haven't eaten for three days."

"But why didn't you allow me to come near you?"

"Can you ask, Watson? Do you imagine I have no respect for your medical talents? If you had come nearer, you would have known I was not dying at all. But don't touch the box, Watson. It was a box like this that brought death to Victor Savage. I am always very careful with all my correspondence. It was, however, clear to me that only by pretending" that Smith had really succeeded with his plan I could make him tell me the truth. And I have succeeded. Thank you, Watson. You must help me with my coat. When we have finished at the police station, we shall go to a restaurant and have our dinner."

8. Some time ago Mr. Sherlock Holmes and I spent a few weeks in one of our great university towns. We lived near a library where Sherlock Holmes was carrying out some historical research. Here it was that Mr. Hilton Soames, lecturer at St. Luke's College, came to see us one evening. He was a tall man of nervous temperament.

"I hope, Mr. Holmes," he said, "that you can spare me a few hours' of your valuable time. We have had a very unpleasant incident at our college."

"I am very busy just now," my friend answered, "but you can go to the police and ask them for help."

"No, no my dear sir, you are the only man in the world who can help me. I beg you, Mr. Holmes, do what you can."

And our visitor told us his story.

"I must explain to you, Mr. Holmes, that tomorrow is the first day of the examination for the Fortescue Scholarship. I am one of the examiners. My subjects is Greek. The candidates have to translate into English a passage from Greek which they have not seen before. The passage is printed on the examination paper. Today about three o'clock this paper arrived from the printers. I began to read it. At four o'clock, however, I left the paper on my desk and went out to have tea with my friends. I came back an hour later and I was surprised to see a key in the door. For a moment I thought it was my key but I put my hand into my pocket and I felt that it was there. The only duplicate' belonged to my servant, Bannister, and he told me he had come into my room to ask if I wanted tea and very carelessly left his key in the door.

"The moment I looked at the table I realised that someone had been in the room. I had left the papers all together. Now I found that one of the sheets was lying on the floor, one was on the small table near the window, the third was where I had left it."

Holmes stirred for the first time.

"The first page was on the floor, the second in the window, the third where you had left it," he said.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. How could you possibly know that?"

"Continue your story, please."

"I asked Bannister if he had examined the papers. He said he had not, and I was sure he was speaking the truth. The alternative was that someone passing had observed the key in the door and, knowing that I was out, had entered to look at the papers.

"Bannister was very much upset⁴ by the incident. I gave him a little brandy and left him sitting on a chair. Then I examined the room carefully. On the table there were some cuttings of a pencil which had been sharpened.' In my new writing table there was a cut three inches long. I also found a small ball of black clay' on the table. There were no other marks left. Do help me, Mr. Holmes! I must find the man or the examination will have to be postponed' until new papers are prepared, and then a great scandal will follow."

"I shall be happy to look into this incident and help you as much as I can," said Holmes putting on his coat. "The case is very interesting. Did anyone visit you after the papers had come to you?"

"Yes, young Daulat Ras, an Indian student who lives on the same stair."

"And the papers were on the table?"

"Yes, but they were rolled up."

"Was anyone else in your room?"

"Did anyone know that these papers would be there?"

"No one except the printer."

"Did this man Bannister know?"

"No, certainly not. No one knew."

"Where is Bannister now?"

"He was very ill, poor fellow. I left him in the room. He was sitting on a chair. I was in such a hurry to come to you."

"You left your door open?"

"But I locked up the papers first."

"Then it seems that the man who came to your room when you were having tea did not know that the papers were there. He came upon them accidentally."

"So it seems to me."

Holmes smiled.

"Well," said he, "let us go round. Come with us, Watson, if you want to. Now, Mr. Soames, we are ready."

It was dark when we came to Mr. Soames's house. The sitting-room of our client opened by a long, low window on to the old court of the college. On the ground-floor was the tutor's room. Above lived three students, one on each floor. Holmes stopped and looked at the window. Then he came nearer and looked into the room. Mr. Soames opened the door and we entered his room. We stood at the door while Holmes examined the floor.

"I'm afraid there are no marks here," he said, "one could not hope for any upon so dry a day. Your servant seems to be well again. You left him in a chair, you say. Which chair?"

"By the window there."

"I see. Near this little table. You can come in now. I have finished with the floor. Let us examine the little table first. Of course what happened is very clear. The man entered and took the papers from the central table. He carried them over to the little table by the window because from there he could see if you were coming back and so he could run away."

"As a matter of fact, he could not", said Soames, "Because I entered by the side door".

"Ah, that's good. Well, anyhow, he thought he would see you. Let me see the papers. No signs" – no. Well, he carried over this paper first and he copied it. How long did it take him to copy it? A quarter of an hour. Then he took the next page. While he was copying it, he heard your steps and he had no time to put it back on the table. He wrote so quickly that he broke his pencil and had to sharpen it. The pencil was not an ordinary one. It was very long and dark blue and the maker's name"

was printed in silver letters. Look for such a pencil, Mr. Soames, and you have got your man. He also had a large knife."

Holmes held out a small piece of wood with the letters NN.

"You see?"

Mr. Soames did not understand.

"No, I'm afraid that even now –"

"What could this NN be?" Holmes continued. "It is at the end of a word. You know that Johann Faber is the most common maker's name. Is it not clear that there is just as much of the pencil left as usually follows the Johann?" He examined the small table carefully. "No, I see nothing. I don't think there is anything more to be learned here. Now for the central table. Dear me, this is very interesting. And the cut... I see. It began with a thin scratch and ended in a big hole. Well, where does that door lead to, Mr. Soames?"

"To my bedroom."

"Have you been in it since your adventure?"

"No, I came straight away for you."

"I would like to have a look at it. What a nice room!

Perhaps you will kindly wait a minute, until I have examined the floor. No, I see nothing."

Suddenly Holmes turned away and took something from the floor.

"Halloa! What's this?" said he. It was a small ball of black clay like the one he had found upon the table.

"It seems that your visitor has been in your bedroom as well as in your sitting-room, Mr. Soames."

"What did he want there?"

"I think it is clear enough. You came back by an unexpected way and so he did not know you had entered the house until you were at the door. What could he do? He rushed into your bedroom to hide himself."

"Do you mean to tell me that all the time I was talking to Bannister this man was in my bedroom?"

"So I read it".

"Surely there is another alternative, Mr. Holmes. I do not know if you saw my bedroom window? The man might have come through the window".

Holmes shook his head.

"Let's be practical," said he. "You have said that there are three students who use this stair, and pass your door?"

"Yes, there are."

"And are they all for this examination?"

"Yes."

"Do you suspect" anyone of them more than the others?"

"It is a very delicate question," said Mr. Soames, "I will tell you, in a few words, the character of each of these three men. Gilchrist who lives on the first floor is a fine hardworking student. He plays in the rugby cricket teams for the college. He is also a very good jumper. His father ruined himself" and left the boy very poor. But Gilchrist is a good student and he will do well"

"Daublat Ras, from the second floor, is a quiet, methodical fellow though he is not good at Greek."

"The top floor belongs to Miles McLaren. He is a very intelligent boy but he does not like to work. He must look forward with fear to the examination".

"Then it is he whom you suspect?"

"I don't know, but of the three he is perhaps the most likely".

"Exactly. Now, Mr. Soames, let us have a look at your servant, Bannister".

He was a white-faced clean shaven little fellow of fifty.

"I understand," said Holmes to him, "that you left your key in the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you come into the room?"

"It was about half-past four. That is Mr. Soames' tea time."

"How long did you stay?"

"When I saw that he was absent I went out at once."

"Did you look at these papers on the table?"

"No, sir – certainly not."

"Why did you leave the key in the door?"

"I had the tea-tray" in my hand. I thought I would come back for the key. Then I forgot."

"When Mr. Soames returned and called for you, you were very upset."

"Yes, sir. Such a thing has never happened during the many years that I have been here."

"So I understand. Where were you when you began to feel ill?"

"Where was I, sir? Here, near the door."

"That is strange, because you sat down in that chair near the corner. Why didn't you sit on one of the other chairs which were much nearer the door?"

"I don't know, sir. It didn't matter" to me where I sat."

"You stayed here after your master had left?"

"Only for a minute or so. Then I locked the door and went to my room."

"Thank you, that will do," said Holmes. "Now, Mr. Soames I would like to visit the students. It is possible?"

"Of course it is. Their rooms are the oldest in the college and many visitors come to see them. Come along. I will go with you."

We knocked at Gilchrist's door. A tall fellow opened it. There were some interesting pieces of architecture in his room. Holmes wanted to draw them in his notebook, but he broke his pen and had to borrow" one from Gilchrist. He also borrowed a knife from him to sharpen his pencil. He did the same in the rooms of the Indian student. Then we knocked at the door of the third student but he did not want to open it.

"Tomorrow is the exam," he shouted in an angry voice, "and I have no time for visitors."

"A rude fellow," said our guide.

Holmes asked a strange question.

"Can you tell me how tall this boy is?"

"Really, Mr. Holmes, I don't know exactly. He is taller than the Indian and not so tall as Gilchrist."

"That's very important," said Holmes. "And now, I wish you good night, Mr. Soames."

Our guide cried in despair:" "Mr. Holmes, you are not going to leave me now! Tomorrow is the examination. I must do something about it. The examinations cannot be held'4 if someone has seen the papers."

"You must leave it as it is. I'll tell you tomorrow what to do. But now don't change anything at all."

"Very good, Mr. Holmes."

"I'll take the black clay with me, also the pencil cuttings. Good-bye."

When we were in the street, Holmes asked:

"Well, Watson, what do you think of it?"

"I suspect the man on the top who did not want to let us in."

"Why? If you were preparing for an examination, you wouldn't like to see any strangers in your room, would you? But that fellow does puzzle me".

"Who?"

"Bannister, the servant."

"I think he is an honest man."

"So do I. That's the puzzle. Well, look, here's a large stationer's shop. We shall begin our researches here."

There were four stationers in the town and at each Holmes showed his pencil cuttings and asked for the same sort of pencil. All of them said it was a very unusual pencil and they had not any like it in their shops. However, Holmes did not seem to be sorry at all, and we went home very pleased.

At eight in the morning next day he came into my room and said:

“Well, Watson, it's time we went to St. Luke's”.

"Have you anything to tell Mr. Soames?"

"Yes, my dear Watson, I have solved the mystery.

He held out his hand and showed me three small balls of dark clay.

"Why, Holmes, you had only two yesterday."

"And one more this morning. Well, come along. Soames is waiting for us."

The tutor was certainly very upset when we found him in his rooms. He ran towards us and cried:

"Thank heaven you have come: What am I to do? What about the examination?"

"The examination can be held – tomorrow."

"But this rascal?"

“He will not sit for the examination”.

"Do you know him?"

"I think so. I will show him to you. Ring the bell, please."

Bannister came in.

"Will you kindly close the door?" said Holmes. "Now, Bannister, will you please tell us the truth about yesterday's incident?"

The man became very pale.

"I have told you everything, sir."

“Nothing to add?”

"Nothing at all, sir."

"Well, then I will help you. When you sat down on that chair yesterday, you did it to hide something."

Bannister's face was white.

"No, sir, certainly not."

"It is only a suggestion but it seems probable that when Mr. Soames' back was turned you let out" the man who was hiding in the bedroom."

"There was no man, sir."

"That's a pity, Bannister. Up to now" you have spoken the truth but now you have lied."

"There was no man," repeated Bannister.

"Come, come, Bannister."

"No, sir, there was no one."

"So you can give us no more information. Would you please stand over there near the bedroom door? Now, Mr. Soames, will you go up to the room of young Gilchrist and ask him to come here?"

A minute later the tutor returned bringing in the student. He was a fine tall man with a pleasant open face. His blue eyes looked at each of us and at last rested with an expression of despair upon Bannister.

"Just close the door," said Holmes. "Now, Mr. Gilchrist we are alone, and no one will know what you will say here. We want to know why you, an honest man, came here yesterday to copy examination papers."

The young man looked at Bannister.

"No, no, Mr. Gilchrist, I have never said a word – not one word!" cried the servant.

"No, but you have now," Holmes said.

Gilchrist burst into tears."

"Come, come. Perhaps it would be easier if I told Mr. Soames what happened. Listen and see if I am not wrong.

"Mr. Soames said to me that no one, not even Bannister, knew that the papers were in his room. When the Indian boy called on Mr. Soames, they were in the roll and he could not possibly know what they were. On the other hand" I was sure that the man who came into the room knew the papers were there. How did he know?

"At first I examined the window. I was measuring" how tall a man would need to be to see what papers were on the central table. I am six feet high and I could do it with great difficulty. So you see, I had reason to think that the tallest of your three students was the most suspicious one.

"While I was looking at the central table I remembered you said that Gilchrist was a long distance jumper. Everything became clear to me. I only needed some proofs" which I soon got. What happened was this: This young fellow spent all the afternoon in the playing field practising the jump. He returned carrying his jumping shoes which, as you know, have several sharp spikes." As he passed your window he saw these papers on the table. He could easily do so because he is very tall. He also noticed that the key was left in the door. He came in and put his shoes on the table. What was it you put on that chair near the window?"

"Gloves," said the young man.

Holmes looked triumphantly at Bannister.

"He put his gloves on the chair and took the papers to copy them. He thought Mr. Soames would return by the main gate and he would see him. But Mr. Soames came back by the side gate. He suddenly heard him at the door. It was too late to run away. He forgot his gloves but he took his shoes and rushed into the bedroom. The clay from the spike was left on the table and another ball of clay fell in the bedroom. I went to the playing field this morning and carried away some clay to see if it was the same as we had found here. Have I told the truth, Mr. Gilchrist?"

"Yes, sir, it is true," answered the student.

"Have you nothing to add?" cried Mr. Soames.

"Yes, sir, I have. I have a letter here, Mr. Soames, which I wrote to you early this morning. Here it is, sir. I have decided not to go in for the examination. I have been offered a post in the Rhodesian Police and I am going away to South Africa at once."

"I am glad to hear it," said Soames, "but why have you changed your mind?"

Gilchrist pointed to Bannister.

"There is the man who set me in the right path", said he.

"Come now, Bannister," said Holmes. "I have said that it was only you who could have let this young man out" because you were left in the room. Can you tell us why you did it?"

"It is very simple, sir. I was a servant of sir Jaber Gilchrist, this young gentleman's father. When he was ruined I came to the college as a servant but I never forgot my old employer." When I came into this room yesterday, the first thing I saw was Mr. Gilchrist's brown gloves lying in that chair. I knew those gloves well and I understood his danger. So I sat down on that chair and waited until Mr. Soames went for you. Then I let Mr. Gilchrist out and I spoke to him as his dead father would have done. Wasn't it natural that I wanted to save him? Could you blame" me, sir?"

"No, indeed," said Holmes. "Well, Soames, I think we have cleared your little problem up. Come, Watson, let's have our breakfast now. As to you Mr. Gilchrist, I hope that a bright future awaits you in Rhodesia. For once you have fallen low. Let's see how high you can rise."

9. 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 Rorild's death reached me and I decided to come at once.

"Now, dear Watson, we have if I may ask you for your 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 officer 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 for 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 doing. It was then that Moran murdered him. Am I right do you think?"

"Certainly you are. Now Co

10. Ainsley, a post-office sorter, turned the envelope over and over in his hands. The letter was addressed to his wife and had an Australian stamp.

Ainsley knew that the sender was Dicky Soames, his wife's cousin. It was the second letter Ainsley received after Dicky's departure. The first letter had come six months before, he did not read it and threw it into the fire. No man ever had less reason for jealousy than Ainsley. His wife was frank as the day, a splendid housekeeper, a very good mother to their two children. He knew that Dicky Soames had been fond of Adela and the fact that Dicky Soames had years back gone away to join his and Adela's uncle made no difference to him. He was afraid that some day Dicky would return and take Adela from him.

Ainsley did not take the letter when he was at work as his fellow-workers could see him do it. So when the working hours were over he went out of the post-office together with his fellow workers, then he returned to take the letter addressed to his wife. As the door of the post-office was locked, he had to get in through a window. When he was getting out of the window the postmaster saw him. He got angry and dismissed Ainsley. So another man was hired and Ainsley became unemployed. Their life became hard; they had to borrow money from their friends. Several months had passed. One afternoon when Ainsley came home he saw the familiar face of Dicky Soames. "So he had turned up," Ainsley thought to himself.

Dicky Soames said he was delighted to see Ainsley. "I have missed all of you so much," he added with a friendly smile.

Ainsley looked at his wife. "Uncle Tom has died," she explained "and Dicky has come into his money".

"Congratulation," said Ainsley, "you are lucky."

Adela turned to Dicky. "Tell Arthur the rest," she said quietly. "Well, you see," said Dicky, "Uncle Tom had something over sixty thousand and he wished Adela to have half. But he got angry with you because Adela never answered the two letters I wrote to her for him. Then he changed his will and left her money to hospitals. I asked him not to do it, but he wouldn't listen to me!" Ainsley turned pale. "So those two letters were worth reading after all," he thought to himself. For some time everybody kept silence. Then Dicky Soames broke the silence, "It's strange about those two letters. I've often wondered why you didn't answer them?" Adela got up, came up to her husband and said, taking him by the hand. "The letters were evidently lost." At that moment Ainsley realized that she knew everything.

11. I met Richards ten or more years ago when I first went down to Cuba. He was a short, sharp-faced, agreeable chap, then about 22. He introduced himself to me on the boat and I was surprised to find that Panamerica Steel was sending us both to the same job.

Richards was from some not very good state university engineering school. Being the same age myself, and just out of technical college I saw at once that his knowledge was rather poor. In fact I couldn't imagine how he had managed to get this job.

Richards was naturally likable, and I liked him a lot. The firm had a contract for the construction of a private railroad. For Richards and me it was mostly an easy job of inspections and routine paper work. At least it was easy for me. It was harder for Richards, because he didn't appear to have mastered the use of a slide rule. When he asked me to check his figures I found his calculations awful. "Boy," I was at last obliged to say, "you are undoubtedly the silliest white man in this province. Look, stupid, didn't you overtake arithmetic? How much are seven times thirteen?" "Work that out," Richards said, "and let me have a report tomorrow."

So when I had time I checked his figures for him, and the inspector only caught him in a bad mistake about twice. In January several directors of the United Sugar Company came down to us on business, but mostly pleasure; a good excuse to 'get south on a vacation. Richards and I were to accompany them around the place. One of the directors, Mr. Prosset was asking a number of questions. I knew the job well enough to answer every sensible question – the sort of question that a trained engineer would be likely to ask. As it was Mr. Prosset was not an engineer and some of his questions put me at a loss. For the third time I was obliged to say, "I'm afraid I don't know, sir."

We haven't any calculations on that".

When suddenly Richards spoke up.

"I think, about nine million cubic feet, sir", he said. "I just happened to be working this out last night. Just for my own interest".

"Oh," said Mr. Prosset, turning in his seat and giving him a sharp look. "That's very interesting, Mr. -er- Richards, isn't it? Well, now, maybe you could tell me about".

Richards could. Richards knew everything. All the way up Mr. Prosset fired questions on him and he fired answers right back. When we reached the head of the rail, a motor was waiting for Mr. Prosset. He nodded absent-mindedly to me, shook hands with Richards. "Very interesting, indeed," he said. "Good-bye, Mr. Richards, and thank you."

"Not, at all, sir," Richards said. "Glad if I could be of service to you."

As soon as the car moved off, I exploded. "A little honest bluff doesn't hurt; but some of your figures...!"

"I like to please," said Richards grinning. "If a man like Prosset wants to know something, who am I to hold out on him?"

"What's he going to think when he looks up the figures or asks somebody who does know?"

"Listen, my son," said Richards kindly. "He wasn't asking for any information he was going to use. He doesn't want to know these figures. He won't remember them. I don't even remember them myself. What he is going to remember is you and me." "Yes," said Richards firmly. "He is going to remember that Panamerica Steel has a bright young man named Richards who could tell him everything, he wanted, – just the sort of chap he can use; not like that other fellow who took no interest in his work, couldn't answer the simplest question and who is going to be doing small-time contracting all his life."

It is true. I am still working for the Company, still doing a little work for the construction line.

And Richards? I happened to read in a newspaper a few weeks ago that Richards had been made a vice-resident and director of Panamerica Steel when the Prosset group bought the old firm.

12. I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Bennet. She lived in Somerville, and I immediately started out for Somerville. Miss Bennet and her family did all they could to make me comfortable and help me to get myself established in some way. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was of utmost importance to me.

My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own. Every boy in the Western states knew the Pope Manufacturing Company, which produced bicycles. When I published my first work "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a "connection" of some kind. So I decided to go to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company to ask for a job. I walked into the general office and said that I wanted the president of the company.

"Colonel Pope?" asked the clerk.

I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope."

I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly.

He said he was sorry, but they were laying off hands. I still hung on. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me, if I had to go out of that room without a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply.

"Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked.

I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks.

"Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the downtown' rink?" he asked.

The clerk said he thought not.

"Very well", said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow."

The next day I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach

beginners to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people.

Next day Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He didn't say anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid that I would be told I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and I came back every day and went to work. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown' rink.

Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I hadn't been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine.

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at '96 that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it. I could learn to do it as I went along'. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out.

This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been "willing to wash windows and scrub floors". I had been ready for anything.

13. In 1943 Lieutenant Alexander Barr was ordered into the Armed Guard aboard the merchant ship, like many other civilian officers with no real mechanical skills – teachers, writers, lawyers. His men were the rag-tag' of merchant service and knew very little of it. Lieutenant Alec Barr had his crew well in hand except one particularly unpleasant character, a youngster called Zabinski. Every ship has its problem child, and Zabinski was Alec's cross. If anybody was drunk and in trouble ashore, it was Zabinski. If anybody was smoking on watch, or asleep on watch, it always was Zabinski. Discipline on board was hard to keep and Zabinski made it worse.

Alec called the boy to his cabin. "I've tried to reason with you'," he said. "I've punished you with everything from confinement to ship' to extra duty. I've come to the conclusion that the only thing you may understand is force. I've got some boxing gloves. Navy Regulations say they should be used for recreation.

We are going to have some.

"That's all right", Zabinski said smiling.

Alec announced the exhibition of boxing skill. A lot of people gathered on deck to watch the match.

It didn't take Lieutenant Barr long to discover that he was in the ring with a semiprofessional. They were fighting two-minute rounds. But from the first five seconds of the first round Alec knew that Zabinski could knock him out with a single punch if he wanted to. But Zabinski didn't want to, he was toying with his commander, and the snickers' grew into laughter.

In the third round Alec held up a glove. "Time out!", he said. "I'm going to my cabin, I'll soon be back". He turned and ran up to his cabin. In the cabin there was a safe. Alec's duty was to pay wages to his personnel. Alec Barr opened the safe and took out a paper-wrapped roll of ten-cent coins. He put this roll of silver coins into his glove and returned on deck.

"Let's go!" he said and touched gloves with Zabinski. It had pleased Zabinski before to allow the officer to knock him from time to time because it gave him a chance for a short and painful punch. But now the silver-weighted glove crashed into the boy's chin and Zabinski was out. He was lying on the floor motionless.

Alec Barr looked briefly at the boy. "Somebody throw some water on him," he said coldly to the seamen. And he went up to his room to clean his cuts' and put the roll of coins back to the safe. After that Lieutenant Alexander Barr had no more personnel trouble aboard ship.

14. Jimmy Valentine was released' that day.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden', "you'll go out today. Make a man of yourself. You are not a bad fellow really. Stop breaking open safes and be honest."

"Me?" said Jimmy in surprise. "Why, I've never broken a safe in my life." The warden laughed. "Better think over my advice, Valentine."

In the evening Valentine arrived in his native town, went directly to the cafe of his old friend Mike and shook hands with Mike. Then he took the key of his room and went upstairs. Everything was just as he had left it. Jimmy removed a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suitcase. He opened it and looked fondly at the finest set of burglar's tools. It was a complete set made of special steel. The set consisted of various tools of the latest design. Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him.

A week after the release of Valentine there was a new safe-burglary in Richmond. Two weeks after that another safe was opened. That began to interest the detectives. Ben Price, a famous detective, got interested in these cases.

"That's all Jimmy Valentine's work. He has resumed business. He has got the only tools that can open any safe without leaving the slightest trace."

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine came to Elmore, a little town in Arkansas. A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank". Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was and became another man. She lowered her eyes and blushed slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were not of ten met in Elmore. Jimmy called a boy who was standing on the steps of the bank and began to ask him questions about the town and the people of the town. From this boy he learnt that this girl was Annabel Adams and that her father was the owner of the bank.

Jimmy went to a hotel and registered as Ralf Spencer. To the clerk he said that he had come to Elmore to start business. The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy and he was ready to give Jimmy any information. Soon Jimmy opened a shoe-store and made large profits. In all other respects he was also a success. He was popular with many important people and had many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams and she fell in love with him too. Annabel's father, who was a typical country banker approved of Spencer. The young people were to be married in two weeks. Jimmy gave up safe-burglary for ever. He was an honest man now. He decided to get rid of his tools.

At that time a new safe was put in Mr. Adams' bank. The old man was very proud of it and insisted that everyone should inspect it. So one day the whole family with the children went to the bank. Mr. Adams enthusiastically explained the workings of the safe to Spencer. The two children were delighted to see the shining metal and the funny clock. While they were thus engaged Ben Price, the detective, walked into the bank and stood at the counter watching the scene. He told the cashier that he was just waiting for the man he knew. Suddenly there was a loud scream from the women. Unseen by the elders, May, the smallest girl had shut herself in the vault.

"It's impossible to open the door now," said Mr. Adams in a trembling voice, "because the clock of the safe hasn't been wound. Oh, what shall we do? That child – she can't stand it for long because there isn't enough air there!"

"Get away from the door, all of you," suddenly commanded Spencer. And it must be mentioned that Jimmy happened to have his suit-case with him because he was going to get rid of it that day. Very calmly he took out the tools and in ten minutes the vault was opened. The others watched him in amazement. The little girl, crying, rushed to her mother.

Jimmy took his suit-case and came up to Ben Price whom he had noticed long before. "Hello, Ben", he said, "Let's go. I don't think it matters much now." And then suddenly Ben Price acted rather strangely. "I guess, you are mistaken Mr. Spencer," he said. "I don't seem to recognize you. I think your fiancée is waiting for you, isn't she?" And Ben Price turned and walked out of the Bank.

15. Almost everybody likes to receive letters. And perhaps nobody in Stillwater liked to get letters more than Ray Buffin. But unfortunately Ray received fewer letters in his box at the post-office than anybody else.

Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill were two young men in town who liked to play jokes on people.

But they never meant anything bad. One afternoon they decided to play a joke on Ray Buffin. Their plan was to ask a girl in town to send Ray a love letter without signing it, and then tell everybody in the post-office to watch Ray read the letter; then somebody was to ask Ray if he had received a love letter from a girl. After that somebody was to snatch the letter out of his hand and read it aloud.

They bought blue writing paper and went round the corner to the office of the telephone company where Grace Brooks worked as a night telephone operator. Grace was pretty though not very young. She had begun working for the company many years ago, after she had finished school. She had remained unmarried all those years, and because she worked at night and slept in the daytime it was very difficult for her to find a husband.

At first, after Guy and Ralf had explained to her what they wanted to do and had asked her to write the letter to Ray, Grace refused to do it.

"Now, be a good girl, Grace, do us a favour and write the letter." Suddenly she turned away. She didn't want the young men to see her crying. She remembered the time she had got acquainted with Ray. Ray wanted to marry her. But she had just finished school then and had started to work for the telephone company; she was very young then and did not want to marry anybody. Time passed. During all those years she had seen him a few times but only a polite word had passed between them, and each time he looked sadder and sadder.

Finally she agreed to write the letter for Guy and Ralph and said that she would send it in the morning.

After they left the telephone office Grace thought about Ray and cried. Late at night she wrote the letter.

The next day Guy and Ralph were in the post-office at 4 o'clock. By that time there was a large crowd in the post-office. When Ray came in and saw a letter in his box he looked at it in surprise. He couldn't believe his eyes. He opened the box, took out the blue envelope and went to the corner of the room to read it. When he finished he behaved like mad. He smiled happily and ran out of the room before Guy and Ralph had time to say anything to stop him. Ray hurried round the corner to the telephone office.

When Guy and Ralph ran into the room where Grace worked they saw Ray Buffin standing near the girl with the widest and happiest smile they had ever seen on his face. It was clear they had not spoken a word yet. They just stood in silence, too happy to worry about Guy and Ralph watching them.

17. As Fran Walker, one of the nurses of the Mills Memorial Hospital, was sitting between rounds behind her duty desk, she often recollected her childhood, which would return to her as it had existed in reality '96 bewildering, lonely, and frustrating.

Her father, Mr. Walker, had owned a small lumber business' in Sagamore, one of Indiana's numerous smaller towns, where Fran had lived in a large frame house on six acres of unused pasture land'. The first Mrs. Walker had died, when Fran was still a baby, so she did not remember her real mother at all. She remembered her stepmother, though – small, tight-lipped, thin-faced, extremely possessive of her new husband and the new house which had suddenly become her own. Fran had adored her father, tried desperately to please him. And since he desired nothing more than a good relationship between his daughter and his second wife, she had made endless attempts to win over her new mother. But her displays of affection had not been returned. Her stepmother had remained constantly jealous, resentful, without the slightest understanding of the small girl's motives and emotions.

Fran felt herself losing out, slipping away into an inferior position. She began to exaggerate – often lie about friends, feelings, grades at school, anything possible to keep herself high in her father's esteem, and at the same time gain some small bit of admiration from her mother. The exaggerations, though, had constantly turned back on her, until eventually a disgusted Mrs. Walker had insisted she be sent away to a nearby summer camp. "They award a badge of honour there," she had said, "and if you win it – not a single untruth all summer – then we'll know

you've stopped lying and we'll do something very special for you."

"We'll give you a pony," her father had promised.

Fran wanted the pony. More than the pony, she wanted to prove herself. After two months of near-painful honesty, she finally won the badge of honour, and brought it home clutched tight in her fist, hidden in her pocket while she waited, waited, all the way from the station, all during the tea in the living-room for the exact proper moment to make her announcement of glorious victory.

"Well?" her mother had said finally. "Well, Fran?"

"Well – ", Fran began, with the excitement building higher and higher as she drew in her breath and thought of exactly how to say it.

"You can't hide it any longer, Fran." Her mother had sighed in hopeless resignation. "We know you didn't win it, so there's simply no point in lying about it now."

Fran had closed her mouth. She'd stared at her mother, then stood and gone out to the yard and looked across the green meadow where the pony was going to graze. She had taken the green badge from her pocket, fingered it tenderly, then buried it beneath a rock in the garden. She had gone back into the house and said, "No, I didn't win it," and her mother had said, "Well, at least you didn't lie this time," and her father had held her while she'd cried and known finally that there was no further use in trying.

Her father had bought her an Irish setter as a consolation prize.

18. I was going by train to London. I didn't have the trouble to take anything to eat with me and soon was very hungry. I decided to go to the dining-car to have a meal.

As I was about to seat myself, I saw that the gentleman I was to face wore a large beard. He was a young man. His beard was full, loose and very black. I glanced at him uneasily and noted that he was a big pleasant fellow with dark laughing eyes.

Indeed I could feel his eyes on me as I fumbled with the knives and forks. It was hard to pull myself together. It is not easy to face a beard. But when I could escape no longer, I raised my eyes and found the young man's on my face.

"Good evening," I said cheerily, "Good evening," he replied pleasantly, inserting a big buttered roll within the bush of his beard. Not even a crumb fell off. He ordered soup. It was a difficult soup for even the most barefaced of men to eat, but not a drop did he waste on his whiskers'. He kept his eyes on me in between bites. But I knew he knew that I was watching his every bite with acute fascination.

"I'm impressed," I said, "with your beard."

"I suspected as much," smiled the young man.

"Is it a wartime device?" I inquired.

"No," said he; "I'm too young to have been in the war. I grew this beard two years ago."

"It's magnificent," I informed him.

"Thank you," he replied. "As a matter of fact this beard is an experiment in psychology. I suffered horribly from shyness. I was so shy it amounted to a phobia. At university I took up psychology and began reading books on psychology'. And one day I came across a chapter on human defence mechanisms, explaining how so many of us resort to all kinds of tricks to escape from the world, or from conditions in the world which we find hateful. Well, I just turned a thing around. I decided to make other people shy of me. So I grew this beard.

The effect was astonishing. I found people, even tough, hard-boiled people, were shy of looking in the face. They were panicked by my whiskers. It made them uneasy. And my shyness vanished completely."

He pulled his fine black whiskers affectionately and said: "Psychology is a great thing.

Unfortunately people don't know about it. Psychology should help people discover such most helpful tricks. Life is too short to be wasted in desperately striving to be normal."

"Tell me," I said finally. "How did you master eating the way you have? You never got a crumb

or a drop on your beard, all through dinner."

"Nothing to it, sir," said he. "When you have a beard, you keep your eyes on those of your dinner partner. And whenever you note his eyes fixed in horror on your chin, you wipe it off."

19. Everybody knows by this time that we met Lautisse on board a ship, but few people know that in the beginning, Betsy and I had no idea who he was.

At first he introduced himself as Monsieur Roland, but as we talked he asked me a lot of questions about myself and my business and finally he asked me if I could keep a secret and said: "I am Lautisse."

I had no idea who he was. I told Betsy and after lunch we went up and talked to the ship's librarian, asked him a few questions. And then we found out that my new friend was probably the world's best living painter. The librarian found a book with his biography and a photograph. Though the photograph was bad, we decided that our new acquaintance was Lautisse all right. The book said that he suddenly stopped painting at 53 and lived in a villa in Riviera. He hadn't painted anything in a dozen years and was heard to say he would never touch the brush again. Well, we got to be real friends and Betsy invited him to come up to our place for a weekend. Lautisse arrived on the noon train Saturday, and I met him at the station. We had promised him that we wouldn't have any people and that we wouldn't try to talk to him about art. It wasn't very difficult since we were not very keen on art.

I was up at seven-thirty the next morning and I remembered that I had a job to do. Our vegetable garden had a fence around it which needed a coat of paint. I took out a bucket half full of white paint and a brush and an old kitchen chair. I was sitting on the chair thinking, when I heard footsteps and there stood Lautisse. I said that I was getting ready to paint the garden fence but now that he was up, I would stop it. He protested, then took the brush from my hand and said, "First, I'll show you!" At that moment Betsy cried from the kitchen door that breakfast was ready. "No, no," he said. "No breakfast, – I will paint the fence." I argued with him but he wouldn't even look up from his work. Betsy laughed and assured me that he was having a good time. He spent three hours at it and finished the fence. He was happy the whole day. He went back to town on the 9. 10 that evening and at the station he shook my hand and said that he hadn't enjoyed himself so much in years.

We didn't hear anything from him for about 10 days but the newspapers learnt about the visit and came to our place. I was out but Betsy told the reporters everything and about the fence too. The next day the papers had quite a story and the headlines said: LAUTISSE PAINTS AGAIN. On the same day three men came to my place from different art galleries and offered 4.000 dollars for the fence. I refused. The next day I was offered 25.000 and then 50.000. On the fourth day a sculptor named Gerston came to my place. He was a friend of Lautisse. He advised me to allow the Palmer Museum in New York to exhibit it for a few weeks. He said that the gallery people were interested in the fence because Lautisse had never before used a bit of white paint. I agreed. So the fence was put in the Palmer Museum. I went down myself to have a look at it. Hundreds of people came to see the fence, and I couldn't help laughing when I saw my fence because it had a fence around it.

A week later Gerston telephoned me and asked to come to him. He had something important to tell me. It turned out that Lautisse visited the exhibition and signed all the thirty sections of my fence. "Now," said Gerston, "you have really got something to sell." And indeed with Gerston's help, 29 of the 30 sections were sold within a month's time and the price was 10.000 each section. I didn't want to sell the 30th section and it's hanging now in our living-room.

20. Bill liked painting more than anything in life. He started painting when he was 15 and people said that as a painter he had quite a lot of talent and had mastered most of the technical requirements. At 22 he had his first one-man show when he was discovered by the critics and his pictures were all sold out. With the money he could afford to marry Leila, rent a studio and stop being a student. To complete his education he went to Italy but after 5 months all the money was spent and he had to return.

Bill never had another show like the first one, though he became a better painter. The critics did not think him modern enough and said he was too academic. From time to time he managed to sell some of his paintings but eventually things had got very tight and he was obliged to look for a job.

The day before he went for an interview with his uncle Bill was especially gloomy. In the morning he went up to one of his unfinished pictures in the studio but he felt he couldn't paint. He threw down his brush and a bright red spot appeared on the board already covered with black and yellow paint from his previous work. The board had been used to protect the floor and was at that moment a mixture of bright colours.

When Bill left, Leila got down to cleaning the studio. She took up the board and put it against the wall to clean the floor. At that moment Garrad, Bill's dealer, came in. Bill had asked him to come, look at his work and arrange a show but the dealer had for some time been uncertain on the matter. So he was looking around the studio, explaining how the gallery was booked up for a year and how he could not really promise Bill a show yet for two years or so.

Suddenly the board against the wall attracted his attention.

"Leila, my dear," he exclaimed. "I felt that there must be something like this. Tell me, why is he keeping it away from us?"

Leila was too shocked to answer. But Garrad went on: "I think it's wonderful. I never doubted Bill would catch up with the modern trends. Now Leila, are there more pictures for a full show? I must go now but I'll be ringing him up. I'm going to change the whole plan and show his new work in the autumn. Tell him not to waste time. As to this one if he wants to sell it, I'll buy it myself."

Leila stayed in the studio till Bill came back. She was too excited to tell him the story clearly and Bill could not understand anything at first. When he realised what had happened he shook with laughter. "You didn't explain the whole thing about the board to him, did you?" he managed to say at last.

"No, I didn't. I couldn't really, I believe I should have, but it would have made him look too silly. I just said I didn't think you'd sell it".

What was Bill to do?

Think of your own ending.

(What was Bill to do? What a thing, he thought, to find waiting for you on your return from taking a job at two pounds a week. He could paint more for an exhibition that very evening and show them to Garrad the next day. After all, why not use it as a start for a good painter's career?

Статьи для экзамена 6 с.

1. Каждая историческая эпоха, каждый этап развития человеческого общества имеют свою особенность, в то же время они неразрывно связаны как с прошлым, так и с будущим. В конце XX в. человеческая цивилизация вступает в качественно новое состояние, одним из важнейших показателей которого является возникновение глобальных проблем.

Глобальные проблемы подвели человечество к границам его бытия и заставили оглянуться назад, на пройденный путь. Сегодня требуется дать оценку целям, которые ставило перед собой человечество, потребовалось внести необходимые коррективы в "траекторию" своего развития. Глобальные проблемы поставили человечество перед необходимостью изменить себя. Сейчас необходимо выработать такую глобальную систему ценностных ориентаций, которая была бы принята всем населением планеты.

В 1992 г. в Рио-де-Жанейро состоялась конференция, вторая после Конференции ООН 1972 г. в Стокгольме, на которой присутствовали главы правительств многих государств, которые приняли документы, где говорится, что ценности, которые предлагает Запад ведут человечество к гибели. Явилась эпохальным событием в истории человечества. Собрала представителей 179 стран мира, 1600 неправительственных организаций. В

параллельном "Глобальном форуме" работали 9000 организаций, 29000 участников, 450000 слушателей. Приняла Декларацию РИО, в которой провозглашены обязательства государств по основным 27 рекомендательным принципам достижения цивилизацией устойчивого развития (сохраняющего окружающую среду, выживание будущих поколений; предполагающему ограничение потребностей и жизнедеятельности; опирающемуся на науку и образование) [1] .

Глобальные вопросы современности не могут быть решены без детальной проработки их философами и представителями конкретных наук. Специфика глобальных проблем заключается в том, что они требуют программно-целевой организации научных исследований. В настоящее время глобальные проблемы изучаются многими науками - экологами, географами, социологами, политологами, экономистами и т.д. В 90-е гг. возникла новая область междисциплинарных исследований, получившая название глобалистики. Глобальные проблемы изучаются также философией в мировоззренческом, методологическом, социально-гуманитарном аспектах.

2. Специфика философского осмысления глобальных проблем: философия, формируя новое мировоззрение, задает определенные ценностные установки, которые во многом определяют характер и направление человеческой деятельности; методологическая функция философии состоит в том, что она обосновывает частные теории, способствуя целостному видению мира; философия дает возможность рассматривать глобальные проблемы в конкретно-историческом контексте. Она показывает, в частности, что глобальные проблемы возникают во 2-й половине XX столетия; философия позволяет увидеть не только причины возникновения глобальных проблем современности, но и выявить перспективы их развития, возможности решения.

Попытки предугадать будущее имели большое значение для идейного обоснования жизненных интересов и стремлений народов, населяющих нашу планету. Объясняются они не только желанием пофантазировать ради того, чтобы на короткое время "отключиться" от нередко безрадостной реальности, но и жизненными потребностями людей, надеждами, возлагаемыми ими на то, что будет и опасениями относительно ожидаемого.

Как показатели исследования ученых, умение прогнозирования будущего задано человеку от рождения, то есть генетически присуще ему. Мало того, это качество, в котором заложена способность высшей нервной системы к опережающему отражению действительности, присуще также некоторым видам животных. Им удастся каким-то образом предугадать смерть своих хозяев, стихийные бедствия и другие перемены в окружающем их мире.

Человечеству же, познавшему некоторые из тайн бытия, законов развития природы и общества, удалось избавиться от гнетущего ощущения беспомощности перед фатальной предопределенностью собственной судьбы и осознать, что оно способно создавать в своем воображении не только фанатические картины будущего. И, что кажется на первый взгляд удивительнее всего, способно воздействовать на него.

К пониманию этого феномена люди подошли сравнительно недавно, порядка ста лет назад, что позволило философам способность человека к предвидению характеризовать как знание о будущем, т.е. о том, чего еще нет в действительности, но уже потенциально содержится в настоящем в виде объективных и субъективных предпосылок ожидаемого хода развития.

С объективными предпосылками традиционно связываются процессы, протекающие в космосе, например, рождение звезд, движение планет по определенной траектории, или же - на нашей планете, в частности, смена времен года, землетрясения, зарождение жизни и смерть. Они имели место всегда и будут протекать независимо от наших желаний или знаний об их содержании.

3. Субъективный фактор как раз и отражает ранее отмеченную способность людей оказывать воздействие на процессы, протекающие в природе и в обществе. Ведь человечество давно уже изменило облик планеты, изобрело фантастические, недоступные даже самому богатому воображению наших предков способы добывания пищи и создания условий для жизнеобеспечения, и является носителем еще множества нереализованных идей и невнедренных в практику технологий. О способности же людей изменять жизнь общества в соответствии с представлениями идеологов о самой совершенной модели государства и наиболее эффективных способах их реализации достаточно хорошо известно на примерах истории Германии и России XX в., а также отношений между капиталистической и социалистической системами. И, естественно, что субъективный фактор может оказать, при определенных обстоятельствах, решающее воздействие на ход истории, природу и т.д. в будущем через процессы, протекающие под влиянием людей в настоящем [3].

Таким образом, под будущим не следует понимать что-то, неопределенное и аморфное в грядущем без каких-либо временных рамок и пространственных границ, в котором может произойти все, что подскажет фантазия.

Современные философы сходятся во мнении о том, что научное предвидение и социальное прогнозирование должны содержать в себе ответ не только на вопрос о том, что реально совершится в будущем, но и какие формы обретает оно, и какова вероятность данного предположения.

Наиболее распространенным представлениям об уровнях прогнозирования будущего следует отнести следующее: непосредственное; обозримое; отдаленное.

Объективность в научном прогнозировании исключительно важна, ибо позволяет трезво взглянуть на возможные негативные последствия, например: в развитии политической ситуации в обществе; в воздействии человека на окружающую среду и т.д.

И такие прогнозы не следует воспринимать как вариант неизбежности гибели человеческой цивилизации. Они являются одновременно и предостережением ему, и своеобразным предложением к поиску наиболее приемлемого варианта обеспечения бессмертия человеческого рода. Но следует помнить, что прогнозы - это только предполагаемые варианты будущего. Ни один из них не может быть стопроцентно достоверным. И это наиболее ярко иллюстрируется при анализе других уровней будущего.

Так, если коснуться обозримого будущего, которое охватывает большую часть следующего столетия, то о нем можно сказать как о насыщенном различными вполне правдоподобными вариантами. Только прогнозируется оно на неполной информационной базе. К таким данным следует относиться с большой осторожностью, тщательно проверяя их вероятность. Тем не менее, на протяжении обозримого будущего следует ожидать завершения таких долговременных процессов, протекающих в планетарном масштабе как демографическая революция, преодоление развивающимися странами экономической отсталости, перехода к гуманизму, демократическому обществу и т.д. Очевидно и то, что

мировым сообществом будет выработана единая политика борьбы с преступностью, хотя культурная и социальная интеграция вряд ли завершиться к этому времени.

4. Относительно отдаленного будущего, за пределами следующего столетия в основном можно судить на основании различных гипотетических предположений, не противоречащих реальным возможностям, но и не поддающихся определенным вероятностным оценкам с точки зрения исторических сроков и конкретных форм их воплощения в жизнь. Аналитиками различных специальностей указывается на возможность радикальных перемен в социальной жизни общества. Экономическая деятельность людей также подвергается глубоким технологическим преобразованиям. Заметно трансформируются потребности людей и средства их удовлетворения, благодаря чему проблема ресурсов для их обеспечения предстанет в ином виде, чем даже в обозримом будущем [4].

Менее оптимистичным должен быть взгляд в будущее с позиций борьбы с преступностью, как в обозримом, так и в отдаленном будущем и не потому, что в человеке природой заложено противоправное поведение. Все дело в том, что в обществе с писанными законами обязательно будут находиться люди, не выполняющие их по разным причинам: одни из них будут совершать противоправные действия по "недомыслию", другие - в силу стечения обстоятельств, третьи - из-за протеста против существующих порядков и т.д. Но, очевидно, что из-за практики исчезнут одни виды преступлений, а их место займут другие, "привязанные" к тем условиям, в которых будут жить наши потомки. Кардинально изменятся и виды наказаний за совершенные преступления, и способы их отбывания.

Подводя итог разговору о вариантах прогнозирования будущего, следует понимать, что чем больше мы стремимся заглянуть в него, тем меньше вероятность "угадывания" ожидаемого. Поэтому качество прогнозирования непосредственного будущего всегда выше, чем обозримого, а тем более - отдаленного. К извечным философским проблемам бытия, познания, смысла жизни человека и т.д. современная эпоха добавила принципиально новую тему - сохранение жизни на Земле и выживание человечества.

5. В начале XX века человечество впервые столкнулось с глобальными проблемами, однако за столетие эти проблемы так и не были решены, а к старым прибавились новые. Группой специалистов были составлены прогнозы, характеризующие проблемы человечества в XXI веке. Рассмотрим подробнее некоторые из них.

В глобальном масштабе противоречие между развитыми в экономическом отношении странами и отсталыми, как пишут многие мыслители, проявляется как антиномия между странами постиндустриальной или, говоря иначе, информационной культуры, так называемый "золотой пояс", и странами, являющимися регионами "грязной индустрии", поставщиками сырья и дешевой рабочей силы.[1] Разница в развитии создает множество проблем для современного человечества, так как это порождает глобальную миграцию, «Грязные» технологии производства и добычи, международный терроризм, межнациональную нетерпимость, и т.д. Помимо этого, в отсталых и развивающихся странах средний доход на душу населения не превышает прожиточного минимума, на медицину и образование не выделяется достаточного бюджета для оказания услуг, что, в целом, влечет за собой голод и болезни, низкую продолжительность жизни, массовую неграмотность, высокую детскую смертность и т.п. Данное противоречие существовало всегда, а попытки решить эту ситуацию зачастую только усугубляют проблему, и влекут за собой гибель множества людей. [2]

Следующей по порядку, но не по значению, является угроза всемирной ядерной катастрофы, пусть и не такая явная как во второй половине XX века. Но не смотря на множество договоров о разоружении, накопленного со времен «холодной войны» оружия массового поражения достаточно, чтобы уничтожить планету несколько раз. Ситуация на политической арене до сих пор напряженная, и человечество до сих пор «сидит на пороховой бочке». На данный момент на гонку вооружений тратится столько средств, из которых только одной десятой части хватило бы, чтобы покончить в мире с нищетой и голодом, с массовыми эпидемиями и смертностью детей.[3]

Еще одной очень серьезной проблемой для человечества является демография. Высокие темпы роста народонаселения, особенно в странах сырьевого придатка (Южная Азия, Африка и страны Латинской Америки), увеличивают армию нищих, безработных и тому подобных. Эти процессы деформируют, извращают прогресс культуры. Сотни миллионов людей озабочены только одной проблемой – проблемой выжить любым путём. В следующие 30 лет население Индокитая и Африки и ряда развивающихся стран вырастет еще на более чем 2 млрд. человек (к 2050 году по прогнозу ООН численность населения мира вырастет до 9.5 млрд. человек с 6.8 млрд.). При этом в связи со сложившейся мировой политико-экономической моделью, по-прежнему около 1 млрд. человек будет жить «богато», еще около 1 млрд. – «неплохо», а остальные 7 млрд. – в условиях, которые разумные люди не могут считать нормальными. С данной проблемой пытается бороться правительство Китайской Народной Республики. Население Китая сегодня на 400 млн. человек меньше, чем могло бы быть – если бы власти страны не приняли пару десятилетий назад закон «одна семья – один ребенок». Но даже при этом, Китай все равно продолжает катиться к эколого-климатической катастрофе!

6. Экологические проблемы в настоящее время имеют первостепенное значение для человечества. Деятельность человечества по освоению природы носит в последнее столетие необратимо разрушительный характер. Эта деятельность приводит к непрерывному росту углекислого газа в атмосфере Земли, что может стать причиной глобального изменения климата в результате «парникового эффекта». Рост материального производства за собой влечет такие необратимые процессы, как загрязнение морей и океанов, атмосферы, истощение озонового слоя планеты, исчезновение лесов, опустынивание Земли (40% ее суши), сокращение запасов пресной воды, эрозия почвы и т.д. Созданная человеком искусственная среда постепенно и неотступно надвигается на естественную среду, угрожая в недалеком будущем поглотить ее полностью. Не надо забывать, что человек - один из биологических видов и как биологический вид он может существовать только в определенных, благоприятных для его жизни условиях (которые он активно уничтожает).

Экономический прогресс достигался и достигается за счет экологического регресса. Главная причина противоречия между экономикой и экологией - установка человека на потребительское отношение к природе. Экологическую катастрофу можно предотвратить только через осознание обществом своей ответственности за состояние среды своего обитания и выработку четких правовых норм, ограничивающих антропогенное воздействие на природу, обязательных для всех стран.

Ограниченность природных ресурсов становится все более актуальной проблемой. Потребности людей возрастают, и связано это с увеличением численности населения, научно-техническим прогрессом и многими другими факторами. Поэтому возникла ситуация, когда многие ресурсы, в основном невосполняемые, стали менее доступными. Дилемму, которую образует безграничность потребностей и ограниченность ресурсов, и пытается решить человечество. На сегодняшний день многие полезные ископаемые

практически исчерпали свои запасы. Но даже те, которые имеются в достаточном количестве, небесконечны. Все блага, которые нужны современному обществу, требуют затрат все большего объема ресурсов. Возникает реальная проблема ограниченности ресурсов и даже их дефицита. [5]

7. В последнее время человечество столкнулось с новой проблемой. Она связана с тем, что на нашей планете происходят глобальные изменения климата. Факт тех перемен, которые наблюдаются в погодных условиях, подтвержден учеными на основании проведенных исследований. Но, тем не менее, тема «Глобальные изменения климата» все еще поднимается во время многочисленных дискуссий. [6] Одни ученые полагают, что нашу планету ждет настоящий тепловой апокалипсис, другие же пророчат приход еще одного ледникового периода. Существует также мнение о том, что изменение климата Земли находится в естественных рамках. При этом прогнозы катастрофических последствий такого явления для нашей планеты весьма спорны. Считается, что изменения климата спровоцируют таяние ледников и повышение уровня мирового океана, что повлечет за собой затопление прибрежных городов. Также эти изменения затронут растительный мир и фауну. По данным ученых, глобальное потепление, которое случилось 250 миллионов лет назад, стало причиной исчезновения более семидесяти пяти процентов всех живых организмов, что может произойти и сейчас. [7]

В 2020 году изменения климата в Европе спровоцируют череду сильнейших ливней и наводнений, которые нанесут непоправимый ущерб урожаю. В других регионах дожди наоборот - станут редким явлением, что приведёт к засухе. Как следствие, возникнет дефицит продовольствия. Миллионы людей будут недоедать. По миру прокатится череда эпидемий и иных инфекционных заболеваний. Появятся новые вирусы гриппа и новые респираторные инфекции. К 2030 году исчезнет до 30% коралловых рифов. А вот население планеты возрастет и достигнет 8,3 млрд. человек. Такое количество людей породит новый виток проблем с продовольствием. К 2040 году практически полностью растают льды Арктики. Лёд сохранится только в Гренландии и у северного побережья Канады. Корабли начнут бороздить Северный Ледовитый океан, не боясь застрять среди льдов. Соответственно, возникнут новые торговые пути, а люди начнут заселять холодные широты. Но одновременно с этим повысится уровень Мирового океана, и приливные волны начнут заливать прибрежные города. К 2050 году планета содрогнется от череды сильных землетрясений. По крайней мере такой прогноз дают некоторые сейсмологи. Лава, цунами, многочисленные разломы изменят внешний вид Земли. Кардинально изменится климат, а магнитные полюса поменяют полярность. Но данное предположение вовсе не является истиной в последней инстанции. Гораздо вероятнее то, что исчезнут альпийские ледники.

8. Климат заметно потеплеет, а это спровоцирует высокую смертность среди людей, живущих в жарких и умеренных широтах. В том же Нью-Йорке летняя температура будет постоянно держаться на отметке 40 градусов по Цельсию в тени. А это может привести к гибели многих людей от теплового удара. Однако в Великобритании, наоборот, проблемы человечества в XXI веке выльются в резкое похолодание. Связано это будет с изменением океанских течений. К 2060 году, несмотря на все катаклизмы, население Земли достигнет 9,5 млрд. человек. В такой ситуации самым насущным станет продовольственный вопрос. Увеличится сбор урожая в восточных районах Азии на 20%. А вот в Центральной Азии урожайность упадет на треть, а может и больше, из-за глобальной и непрекращающейся засухи. Это спровоцирует огромное количество лесных пожаров. Обмелеют реки, а это скажется на работе гидроэлектростанций, возникнут проблемы с орошением полей и питьевой водой. Негативные процессы пойдут по нарастающей. К 2080 году пятая часть всех прибрежных городов и деревень окажется под водой. При этом 3 млрд. жителей

Земли будут испытывать постоянную нехватку питьевой воды. А ещё около 3 млрд. граждан будут систематически недоедать. На месте вечной мерзлоты появятся незамерзающие болота. Они спровоцируют не только огромное выделение метана, который усилит парниковый эффект, но и станут источником лихорадки. Это породит многочисленные эпидемии. Они охватят не менее 4 млрд. человек.

В последнем десятилетии XXI века концентрация углекислого газа в атмосфере превысит все допустимые нормы. Экологическая система планеты кардинально изменится. Исчезнет огромное количество видов животных и растений. Практически половина суши превратится в безжизненную пустыню. Это станет причиной гибели миллиардов людей. Прекратят своё существование многие государства.

Таким образом, глобальные проблемы человечества пересекают границы и распространяются по всей планете. Разумеется, все это лишь сценарий, прогнозируемый учеными. Однако человечеству стоит задуматься о своем будущем и снизить негативное воздействие на нашу планету, ведь выход может быть найден на пути изменения социокультурных ориентаций, целей и идеалов современного человека. Опасность лучше переоценить, чем ею пренебрегать.

9. Общество в целом востребует людей, которые способны быть субъектами жизни и жизнедеятельности, которым присущи предприимчивость, независимость, продуктивная активность, свобода поступка и ответственный жизненный выбор.

Начальной структурной единицей общества, закладывающей основы личности, является семья. Роль семьи в развитии личности растущего человека, как известно, велика.

Семейное воспитание сегодня является важнейшей проблемой современного общества. Определение эффективности воспитательного процесса в семье относится к числу наиболее сложных психолого-педагогических проблем.

Проблемы семейного воспитания, конфликтов в семье рассматривали в своих работах такие учёные, как: М.С. Бережная, А.А. Бодалёв, Н.В. Бордовская, М.В. Вдовина, Ю.А. Зубок, А.А. Реан, Л.Д. Столяренко и др. Семейное воспитание является сложной системой. На него влияют на-следственность и биологическое здоровье детей и родителей, материально-экономическая обеспеченность, социальное положение, уклад жизни, количество членов семьи, место проживания семьи, отношение к ребенку.

Семейное воспитание, можно рассматривать как процесс воздействия на детей со стороны родителей и других членов семьи с целью достижения желаемых результатов.

Семья является одним из важнейших факторов социализации личности. Именно в семье человек получает первый опыт социально-го взаимодействия. Семья является моделью и формой базового жиз-ненного тренинга.

Семейное воспитание является практико-преобразующей деятельностью, направленной на изменение психического состояния, мировоззрения и сознания, знания и способа деятельности, личности и ценностных ориен-таций воспитуемого. Функция воспитательного воздействия может реали-зовываться разными способами, на различных уровнях, с множественными целями.

В семье всегда возникали и проявлялись множество различных кон-фликтов. На сегодняшний день особо остро стоит одна из основных про-блем поиска путей

разрешения возникающих в семье конфликта поколений. Пройдя определенный период развития взаимоотношений в семье, можно смело утверждать, что конфликт поколений существовал во все времена. Каждый период социализации носил определенные исторические моменты, которые способствовали формированию социальных норм внутри семьи. Конфликт поколений проявляется в различных социальных институтах.

10. По мнению М. Мида конфликт – это столкновение интересов, определенных потребностей и ценностей, которые могут возникнуть внутри как семьи, так и общества [1].

Основными признаками для появления и развития конфликта в семье являются следующие элементы:

- понижение социального статуса пожилых людей;
- обесценивание молодежью опыта, который достался нам от старшего поколения [2].

По мнению В.И. Курбатова, самым распространенным конфликтом является столкновение «отцов и детей». Курбатов В.И. в свое время задался вопросом: «Что нужно делать, чтобы избежать появления межпоколенных конфликтов в семье?». Самое главное и необходимое – это помнить, что конфликт «отцы и дети» может происходить в соответствии с ролями «учитель и ученик», и нам необходимо всеми способами избегать данное разделение [5].

Анализ научной литературы показал, что в целом развитие страны очень тесно связано с благосостоянием семьи. Все изменения, которые происходят в современном обществе и семье, нуждаются в определенных этапах урегулирования конфликтов. Вдовина М.В. считает, что для разрешения семейных конфликтов необходимо знать понятия «семья», «поколение» и др. [3].

По мнению М.В. Вдовиной, семья является одним из важнейших факторов в развитии детей, и она рассматривается как объединение людей в результате брака, которые в свою очередь имеют общий быт и несут взаимную ответственность.

Курбатов В.И. выделяет некоторые значения понятия «поколение»:

- степень происхождения от общего предка (генеалогическое поколение);
- сверстников, людей, которые родились примерно одинаково;
- отрезок времени от рождения родителей до рождения их детей [5].

11. Одна из наиболее важных причин возникновения конфликтов в семье – это алкоголизм одного из членов семьи, на втором месте является аморальное поведение, несовместимость взглядов и общих интересов. Так же причиной отсутствия взаимопонимания служит разница с социальными условиями.

Семейный конфликт состоит из разных стадий, с различным протеканием во времени:

- 1) предконфликтной стадии;
- 2) инцидента;

3) конфликтного противодействия.

Очень часто конфликты между поколениями возникают в семьях, отягченных материальными проблемами и девиантным поведением [2]. Специфика конфликта поколений проявляется в следующих фактах:

- обесценивание старости в глазах молодого поколения;
- поиск семейных ценностей;
- дети не приемлют ценности образа жизни своих родителей;
- увеличение дистанции между поколениями.

Бережная М.С. высказывается, что на определенных стадиях развития общества, отношение к старости было различно. Это связано с разной ролью правового начала, спецификой культурных традиций [1].

Психологи и социологи уверены, что главной задачей для всего общества, а не только для одной отдельной семьи является профилактика и урегулирование конфликтов поколений, тем более если они несут негативные последствия.

В необходимости урегулирования конфликтов говорит и тот факт, что бездействие может привести к социальному кризису, который будет иметь вечный конфликт поколений. Научиться понимать в первую очередь старшее поколение, является одной из ведущих социальных проблем в обществе.

Зубок Ю.А. сказал: «Вечный конфликт поколений может быть рассмотрен с точки зрения развития гуманных отношений до вершины любви, заботы и ценности каждого возраста. Не стоит искать виновного, потому что его нет. Важно, чтобы каждый человек чувствовал свою ответственность за свои поступки, за свое будущее» [4].

В большинстве семей происходит сложное общение между близкими родственниками. Психологи данное явление связывают с определенными трудностями:

- старшее поколение ругает своих взрослых детей за плохое воспитание собственных;
- многие из пожилых людей привыкли чувствовать себя всегда главным, из-за чего часто происходит столкновение взглядов.

Вдовина М.В. выделяет так называемый «нормативный конфликт», то есть это такой конфликт, который повторяется из-за дня в день, из недели в неделю на одной и той же почве [3].

Степень гармонии в различных семьях зависит от совместимости ценностей [5].

12. По мнению М. Мида, в настоящее время появляется новая культурная форма, которую он называет префигуративной. Это означает быстрый темп развития, когда советы старшего поколения могут нести вред для развития молодежи. То есть префигуративная культура основывается на будущем. Анализ исследований А.И. Шендрика выявил наиболее эффективные пути для разрешения конфликта.

В первом случае – человек является свободным в своих действиях, главное соблюдать предельные рамки. Тогда, возможно, что обязанности между старшим поколением и младшим будут являться со-блюде-ние свободы.

Второй выход состоит в духовно-нравственном воспитании. Мерами урегулирования конфликта могут быть внесемейные и внутри-семейные [6].

В каждом обществе нужно проводить профилактику конфликтов. Необходимо постараться спокойно обсудить, возникшие разногласия, сесть за стол переговоров и прийти к решению, которое устраивало бы обе стороны. Договориться о том, что если кто-то из членов семьи почувствует приближение конфликта, он даст знать об этом другим, что позволит его предотвратить на ранней стадии.

То есть разрешение межпоколенческого конфликта в семье представля-ет собой не только прекращение активных действий сторон, но и устране-ние основных противоречий. Для профилактики конфликтов можно использовать:

- 1) методики по урегулированию в конкретных ситуациях;
- 2) создание материальной базы для поддержки семьи;
- 3) влияние СМИ;
- 4) помощь психологов, социальных работников и других сотрудников.

В настоящее время вполне возможно и необходимо принимать меры по урегулированию и предотвращению семейных конфликтов.

13. Актуальность исследования информационных войн как борьбы с использованием информационного оружия, под которым понимаются информационные технологии и технические средства, поставленные на конвейер, позволяют генерировать необходимые зрелища, идеи, распространять и внедрять их. По нашему мнению, имеет смысл различать войны информационные и войны смысловые. В первом случае ведутся манипуляции исключительно с информацией, а во втором происходит интерпретация информации таким образом, чтобы она превращалась в нужное врагу знание, а это требует особых, длительных усилий. Это связано, в частности, с тем, что по инструментарию смысловые войны подвигают свои идеи не напрямую, а в фоновом режиме, поэтому смысловые действия могут продолжаться в отсутствие информационных схваток. Например, сегодня все чаще наблюдается переход от тактических информационных операций к проектам влияния.

Информационные войны – ровесники обычных войн, ведь средства массовой коммуникации, к которым относятся информация и особенно дезинформация, извечно способствовали борьбе за власть – местную, региональную, континентальную, мировую. Многие исследователи выделяют характерную особенность человеческого восприятия, которая заключается в том, что индивид лучше всего усваивает такую информацию, которая сформирована по аналогии с уже имеющимися у него представлениями. Главные средства информационной войны направлены как раз именно на этот феномен. И с этой точки зрения можно согласиться с мнением А. М. Соколовой в том, что «любые пропагандистские компании и манипуляции основаны на «эффекте резонанса», когда «имплантируемая» информация, направленная на изменение поведения общности, маскируется под стереотипы и знания, уже существующие в конкретной социальной

общности, на которую направлена эта пропагандистская компания. Целью манипуляции является асинхронизация представлений группы-адресата с помощью «эффекта резонанса» и перевод ее на другие модели поведения, ориентированные на совершенно иную систему ценностей. «Эффект резонанса» достигается, когда тому или иному факту, проблеме или психологической установке придается искусственно преувеличенное значение, которое по мере продвижения в культурное ядро диссонирует и разрушает существующую в обществе систему ценностей» [1].

Все это происходит в рамках войны, которая в словарях большинства стран мира определена как вооруженная борьба государств. Информационная война, как правило, является составной частью войны вообще, хотя иногда бывает и так называемая чистая информационная война, когда никакое другое оружие, кроме информационного, не применяется.

14. Не все исследователи согласны с термином «смысловая война», поскольку смыслы – это не оружие. Смыслы – это основа мировоззрения, включающая множество целевых установок с выработанной системой отношений к миру и к себе. Устойчивое навязывание той или иной информации носителям смыслов как раз и приводит к модификации их смыслов, порой лишая их жизнь смысла.

И здесь можно согласиться с мнением В. В. Васильковой: «Уже в античный период были отмечены значительные эвристические возможности мышления по аналогии, содержащегося в стратах символического сознания. Символическое сознание, в котором абсолютно все процессы и вещи взаимосвязаны и соединены в гармоничную, универсальную и единую систему, порождает новый способ познания мира, когда значительным образом расширяется область значений, но и как проявление, “представительство” более высоких уровней современной действительности.

Символ и его распознавание по законам аналогии придают дополнительную важную ценность действию или объекту, превращают их в активное и открытое событие, когда реальность начинают понимать в контексте многополярного и многозначного мира» [2].

Элиты общества, государственные социальные институты являются первоочередными субъектами, распространяющими представления и ценности социума в любой конкретно-исторический период. То же происходит и с другими, в том числе инокультурными, стереотипами. В этом случае активные действия в формировании внешних образов проявляются только тогда, когда они стали рычагом мобилизации всего населения против своих внешних или внутренних врагов. В этом случае государство либо его институты создают и актуализируют резкий и негативный образ другого государства – потенциального или реального противника, а в единичных случаях, когда внутри социума совершается «дикая» радикальная трансформация, – активно формируют и прославляют позитивный и светлый образ страны-культуры «образца», которому пришедшая или идущая к власти группа собирается следовать и присягать. Поэтому, когда проводится мобилизация, направленная на столкновение с политическим, а иногда и военным агрессором, оформляется «образ врага государства», который в том числе включает негативный и отчужденный образ народа, в отношении которого проводятся противоборствующие действия.

15. Механизмы для распространения вражды между государствами и народами включают религию, политическую пропаганду, сферу образования, СМИ, кинематограф и др. «При этом субъект восприятия – народ, этнические группы, превращающиеся в объект воздействия, нередко прямой манипуляции. И легкость формирования позитивных и

негативных стереотипов, и их устойчивость оказываются зависимы как от эффективности технологий и инструментов воздействия, так и от психологических качеств массового субъекта-объекта – народа, этноса (структуры ценностей и ее устойчивости, уровня образования и уровня критичности, наличия модели-образа этноса, о котором “вбрасывается” внушаемая информация, авторитетности воздействующих структур, правдивости информации и т. д.)» [3].

Несмотря на особенности информационных войн в глобальном мире, многие их черты веками проявлялись в истории и, в частности, в СССР. Цель почти всегда оправдывает средства ее достижения, а основной целью руководства нашей страны было физическое и территориальное выживание СССР, достичь которого можно было только путем сверхконцентрации усилий всех народных масс и при наличии веры в многочисленные мифологемы о противопоставлении «своего» и «чужого». Подтверждением подобных мифологем занимались специально созданные органы агитации и пропаганды, эти мифологемы невозможно было опровергнуть ссылкой на факты, так как непосредственные контакты с иностранными гражданами были практически исключены. «...Человек фиксирует окружающий мир в своем сознании в виде различных образов, которые могут не точно либо вовсе неверно отражать действительность, окружающую его. При этом создаваемые в человеческом сознании образы в значительной степени определяют его поведение. Отсюда следует, что поведением человека можно управлять, формируя в его сознании нужные образы-представления, поддерживая одни, затеняя другие» [4].

Например, сказки, возникшие в советское время, отличаются прямой целенаправленной обращенностью к традиционным образам и сюжетам, но переосмысленным в рамках, определяемых цензурой и идеологией. Часто новые исторические реалии весьма органично входят в традиционный и культурный контекст или просто пересказываются с видоизменением имен главных действующих персонажей. Следует отметить, что основные мифологемы сохраняются, но наполняются в основном только формально инновационным содержанием, принципиально не имеющим ничего нового с точки зрения развития жанра и сюжета сказки. Кроме того, связи сказки и мифа прослеживаются не менее отчетливо, чем в «классической» русской народной сказке, а в некоторых отдельных случаях реанимируются древние мифы и сюжеты.

16. Автор работы по современному PR Э. Бернейс пишет о том, что важной составляющей демократического общества является сознательное и умелое манипулирование упорядоченными привычками и вкусами масс; нами правят, наше сознание программируют, наши взгляды предопределяют люди, о которых мы никогда не слыхивали. В современных условиях всеобщая грамотность нужна для того, чтобы научить обывателя контролировать окружающую среду. Овладев чтением и письмом, он овладеет возможностью управлять – так гласила демократическая доктрина. Но всеобщая грамотность приводит к заполнению сознания набором из рекламных слоганов, передовиц, опубликованных научных данных, жвачки желтых листов и избитых исторических сведений, чем угодно, только не к оригинальности мышления. У миллионов людей этот набор штампов одинаков, и если на эти миллионы воздействовать одним и тем же стимулом, отклик тоже получится одинаковым. Пропаганда будет жить вечно. И разумный человек должен понимать, что пропаганда, по сути, – современный инструмент, с помощью которого можно бороться за плодотворный труд и привносить порядок в хаос [5].

В контексте информационных войн сегодня много говорят о неких сетевых сообществах, отдавая им решающую роль в мировых процессах. Подобные негосударственные союзы

на протяжении всего исторического процесса возникали, развивались и умирали, но никогда ранее не выделялись в специфический класс социальных явлений. Проблема заключалась в том, чтобы свобода слова не могла превратиться в истерию, формирующую в социуме негативное и однобокое представление о своем образе жизни, традициях, истории и т. д.

Если говорить о сценарии информационной войны, то он является классическим.

1. Внушается, что в стране, которую определили в качестве врага, руководитель является диктатором и злодеем.
2. Показывается, как в этой стране гибнут люди, их бесчеловечно травят химическим оружием.
3. Делается вывод: только злодеи на это способны.

Таким образом, особую практическую значимость приобретает глубокий анализ особенностей информационных войн в глобальном мире, которые во многом являются следствием информационной революции, превратившей планету в «глобальное село». Существующая на базе современных коммуникационных и информационных технологий, виртуальная реальность, создаваемая и поддерживаемая СМИ, почти всегда становится более правдоподобной, чем подлинная и истинная реальность. При этом одним из важных свойств информационного пространства является его открытость, отсутствие определенных национальных и религиозных границ, характерных для таких территорий. Именно это обстоятельство сделает общества весьма уязвимыми для манипуляций и деструктивного влияния со стороны определенных сил, заинтересованных в экономической, культурной и политической гегемонии.

17. ЖИЗНЬ и деятельность С.А. Тюшкевича — это действительно достойное и полноценное отражение целой исторической эпохи в судьбе нашей Родины. Однако раскрыть личность ученого, не проделав хотя бы краткий анализ свершенного им в науке, просто невозможно. В сфере научных интересов профессора С.А. Тюшкевича — философия, военные история и теория, проблемы войны и мира, политико-идеологические вопросы международных отношений и многое другое. Безусловно, одним из главных направлений его научных изысканий была и остается разработка проблем методологии военно-исторической науки, наиболее важных аспектов истории Великой Отечественной и Второй мировой войн. Огромна роль юбиляра в развитии отечественной военно-исторической науки¹. За прошедшее десятилетие им опубликован ряд новых фундаментальных трудов в этой области². Поэтому хотелось бы более подробно остановиться на вкладе Степана Андреевича в разработку философских и методологических проблем военной теории и практики. И это неслучайно — одним из главных направлений его научных изысканий была и остается разработка проблем военной науки, методологии ее исследования и развития. Важным шагом в этом направлении явилось критическое осмысление марксистско-ленинской методологии военной науки, в исследование и описание которой Степан Андреевич внес немалый вклад. Нет сомнения, справедливо считает ученый, что основные положения марксистской методологии выдержали проверку временем и не потеряли своего значения до наших дней. Вместе с тем некоторые ее принципы и положения были либо абсолютизированы, либо упрощены, либо догматизированы. Но это не вина методологии, а вина тех, кто это сделал, в том числе тех, кто неумело применял их в военной науке. Методология марксизма, как и марксизм в целом, не виновата в том, что они оказались и канонизированными, и извращенными во многих отношениях. Справедливость сказанного профессор С.А. Тюшкевич подтверждает выводами из исторического опыта существования и развития СССР в мирные годы и во время испытания войной своего

единомышленника С. Кара-Мурзы: «...Только марксизм мог... соединить мировоззренческую матрицу русского общинного коммунизма с рациональностью Просвещения. И только этот новый “образ истинности”, соединивший идею справедливости с идеей развития, позволил России вырваться из исторической ловушки периферийного капитализма и совершить рывок, на инерции которого она протянула еще целых полвека после Второй мировой войны» Базой для развития и практического применения в различных сферах общественной жизни, но прежде всего в обеспечении военной безопасности Отечества, его вооруженной защиты, считает С.А. Тюшкевич, служат современное передовое мировоззрение, диалектико-материалистический метод и специальные приемы и методы познания и применения его результатов на практике. В своем диалектическом единстве они дают изучающему ту аriadнину нить, следуя которой можно уверенно идти по пути отыскания истины в избранной сфере. Военная наука именно тогда имела наибольшие научные достижения, когда ее исследователи, творцы руководствовались передовыми философией и методологией. Однако необходимо помнить: достичь этого возможно лишь на основе изучения истории философии, военной истории, истории прошлых войн, армий, военного искусства. Выводы, сделанные при этом, — есть трамплин к подлинному знанию военного дела, овладению искусством защищать Родину, оберегать ее от военных опасностей и угроз.

18. Взаимосвязь истории с передовой современной философией и опора на диалектико-материалистическую методологию повышают эффективность, действенность военной науки как фактора духовной жизни общества. Она дает людям социальный и культурный опыт, в котором воедино слито и героическое, и драматическое. «Знание и понимание причин и условий возникновения войн в современных условиях, — указывает ученый, — позволяет определить возможные военные опасности и угрозы, видеть их характер, возможные пути развития, что крайне необходимо для эффективного решения задач по обеспечению нашей национальной безопасности, укреплению оборонной мощи страны и развития Вооруженных Сил». Сосредоточивая в течение многих лет усилия на изучении, анализе и объяснении категорий военной науки на опыте истории, содержании Великой Отечественной войны, С.А. Тюшкевич никогда не ограничивался этим фронтом исследований. Новые принципы оценки войны, соотношения политики и войны, национальной и международной безопасности и ряд других, считает он, во многом обогащают методологию военной теории и военной истории, видоизменяют взаимоотношения различных областей знаний о войне. Новую базу обретают военная доктрина и военная наука, военное искусство. Толкование этих важнейших положений содержится в ряде крупных работ Степана Андреевича, в том числе в одной из первых его монографий «Философия и военная теория» (1979), в книге «Отечественная военная наука: страницы истории, проблемы, тенденции» (2001), в цитирувавшемся труде «Законы войны: сущность, механизм действия, факторы использования» (2002), дополненном новой, 4й, частью «Из опыта актуализации военной теории и методологии» в недавно вышедшем втором издании под заглавием «О законах войны (вопросы военной теории и методологии)», в монографиях «Новый передел мира» (2003), «В прошлом ищут не пепел — огонь» (2008 год, переиздана с дополнениями в 2017 году под заглавием «Борьба за Огонь») и «Негасимое пламя Великой Победы» (2013), разработанных с использованием многих опубликованных им в периодической печати материалов. Большое место в данных трудах отведено анализу отечественного опыта решения военной наукой современных проблем военной и политической практики, выводам и рекомендациям, вытекающим из него, а также обоснованию мер по преодолению кризисных явлений.

19. В трудах профессора С.А. Тюшкевича рассматриваются не только общие вопросы войны и мира, но и более конкретные. В них исследуются проблемы военно-политической обстановки в мире в переходный период, милитаризма, различные аспекты

международной безопасности, стратегической стабильности, военной безопасности России и другие. Сначала эти проблемы и вопросы анализировались в его монографии «Стратегическая стабильность в историческом измерении» (1995), а позже — в двух изданиях названной монографии о законах войны (2002, 2017). Что касается первой книги, то в ней основное внимание уделено стратегической стабильности в мире и военной безопасности Отечества, обеспечение которой остается актуальным и сейчас, ибо стратегическая стабильность под влиянием различных факторов нарушается, что приводит к новым военным опасностям и угрозам, к очагам военных конфликтов в разных, особенно «горячих», регионах и — к гонке вооружений в разных странах. Об этом, в частности, свидетельствуют вооруженные агрессии США и их союзников в Югославии, Ираке, Ливии, а также их стремление создать с целью минимизации ответного удара по своим силам элементы стратегической ПРО вблизи западных и восточных границ России. В связи с вышесказанным рассматриваются опасности и угрозы, их отличия друг от друга и их взаимосвязь. Это важно потому, что нередко эти понятия отождествляются, применяются некорректно. Между тем, как говорится в книге, военная опасность выступает как потенциальная возможность возникновения войны, вооруженного конфликта. А военная угроза — это реальная, действительная опасность, которая исходит от определенного носителя (субъекта) военно-политических отношений и направлена против другого их носителя (субъекта). И одни, и другие имеют те же источники и причины, что присущи вооруженным конфликтам, войнам большим и малым. С.А. Тюшкевичу удалось раскрыть диалектику действия двух тенденций. Одной — к установлению однополярного мира, а другой — многополярного; недопустимость однополярного мира и преимущества многополярного с несколькими центрами силы. Это означает многообразие политического, экономического и культурного развития стран. В этих условиях растет понимание того, что необходимы взаимное уважение, равенство и взаимная выгода, а не гегемонизм и силовая политика; диалог и сотрудничество, а не конфронтация. Это тем более важно, что роль военной силы в мировой политике не уменьшается, а, напротив, с учетом ядерного оружия нарастает.

20- Отечественная философия, военно-историческая наука и военная теория, безусловно, получили приращение с публикацией выдержавшего два издания фундаментального комплексного междисциплинарного труда С.А. Тюшкевича, посвященного законам войны. До издания его первого варианта (2002) профессором С.А. Тюшкевичем было опубликовано немало работ по детерминизму в военной и военно-исторической науках, особенно таким его составляющим, как причинность, необходимость и случайность, закономерность, по истории Второй мировой и Великой Отечественной войн, их итогам и урокам и, что немаловажно, по вопросам методологии исследования и объяснения природы этих военно-политических событий. Однако пришло время свести эти наработки воедино, а затем и развить их в новом издании с учетом изменившихся за емкие 15 лет XXI века международных и внутрироссийских условий, показать их влияние на военную науку и, что самое главное, оценить перспективы ее развития и применения в реальной политике. С.А. Тюшкевич в своем труде рассмотрел проблему законов войны системно, исследовал, а в ряде случаев и лично сформулировал или уточнил дефиниции законов войны, опираясь на достигнутый уровень военной науки, построил стройную теоретическую систему. Около двадцати лет до этого работы, посвященные общенаучным и методологическим проблемам такого не изжившего себя, к сожалению, до сих пор явления, как *война*, по существу не издавались. Объясняется это просто: исследователей такого масштаба и такой широты кругозора попросту не оказалось, да и самому Степану Андреевичу потребовалось определенное время, чтобы осмыслить драматические изменения, произошедшие в нашей стране и в целом в мире под воздействием системного кризиса, а затем и оценить влияние новых явлений XXI века на военную науку. Были, конечно, отдельные труды, которые автор глубоко и тщательно проанализировал и указал

в списке литературы. Однако они затрагивали лишь тот или иной аспект науки о войне. Уникальность этого труда, сочетаемая с его фундаментальностью, заключается в том, что он содержит свод научных знаний о законах войны, их системе, механизме проявления в конкретных условиях, а также сведения и положения о формах и способах познания многообразных типов и видов законов войны, об их использовании в ходе войны, вооруженной борьбы в интересах достижения поставленных целей. Именно это обстоятельство делает оправданным и, более того, важным подробный анализ содержания труда, состоящего в первом издании из трех взаимосвязанных частей и приложения, а во втором дополненного новой частью, раскрывающей проблемы актуализации военно-научных знаний.

Материалы итоговой аттестации

Тексты для лингвостилистического анализа:

1. A Case for the Oracle

by Henry Lawson

The Oracle and I were camped together. The Oracle was a bricklayer by trade, and had two or three small contracts on hand. I was "doing a bit of house-painting". There were a plasterer, a carpenter, and a plumber -- we were all T'othersiders, and old mates, and we worked things together. It was in Westralia -- the Land of T'othersiders -- and, therefore, we were not surprised when Mitchell turned up early one morning, with his swag and an atmosphere of salt water about him.

He'd had a rough trip, he said, and would take a spell that day and take the lay of the land and have something cooked for us by the time we came home; and go to graft himself next morning. And next morning he went to work, "labouring" for the Oracle.

The Oracle and his mates, being small contractors and not pressed for time, had dispensed with the services of a labourer, and had done their own mixing and hod-carrying in turns. They didn't want a labourer now, but the Oracle was a vague fatalist, and Mitchell a decided one. So it passed.

The Oracle had a "Case" right under his nose -- in his own employ, in fact; but was not aware of the fact until Mitchell drew his attention to it. The Case went by the name of Alfred O'Briar -- which hinted a mixed parentage. He was a small, nervous working-man, of no particular colour, and no decided character, apparently. If he had a soul above bricks, he never betrayed it. He was not popular on the jobs. There was something sly about Alf, they said.

The Oracle had taken him on in the first place as a day-labourer, but afterwards shared the pay with him as with Mitchell. O'Briar shouted -- judiciously, but on every possible occasion -- for the Oracle; and, as he was an indifferent workman, the boys said he only did this so that the Oracle might keep him on. If O'Briar took things easy and did no more than the rest of us, at least one of us would be sure to get it into his head that he was loafing on us; and if he grafted harder than we did, we'd be sure to feel indignant about that too, and reckon that it was done out of nastiness or crawlsomeness, and feel a contempt for him accordingly. We found out accidentally that O'Briar was an excellent mimic and a bit of a ventriloquist, but he never entertained us with his peculiar gifts; and we set that down to churlishness.

O'Briar kept his own counsel, and his history, if he had one; and hid his hopes, joys, and sorrows, if he had any, behind a vacant grin, as Mitchell hid his behind a quizzical one. He never resented alleged satire -- perhaps he couldn't see it -- and therefore he got the name of being a cur. As a rule, he was careful with his money, and was called mean -- not, however, by the Oracle, whose philosophy was simple, and whose sympathy could not realise a limit; nor yet by Mitchell. Mitchell waited.

O'Briar occupied a small tent by himself, and lived privately of evenings. When we began to hear two men talking at night in his tent, we were rather surprised, and wondered in a vague kind of way how any of the chaps could take sufficient interest in Alf to go in and yarn with him. In the days when he was supposed to be sociable, we had voted him a bore; even the Oracle was moved to admit that he was "a bit slow".

But late one night we distinctly heard a woman's voice in O'Briar's tent. The Oracle suddenly became hard of hearing, and, though we heard the voice on several occasions, he remained exasperatingly deaf, yet aggressively unconscious of the fact. "I have got enough to do puzzling over me own whys and wherefores," he said. Mitchell began to take some interest in O'Briar, and treated him with greater respect. But our camp had the name of being the best-constructed, the cleanest, and the most respectable in the vicinity. The health officer and constable in charge had complimented us on the fact, and we were proud of it. And there were three young married couples in camp, also a Darby and Joan; therefore, when the voice of a woman began to be heard frequently and at disreputable hours of the night in O'Briar's tent, we got uneasy about it. And when the constable who was on night duty gave us a friendly hint, Mitchell and I agreed that something must be done.

"Av coorse, men will be men," said the constable, as he turned his horse's head, "but I thought I'd mention it. O'Briar is a dacent man, and he's one of yer mates. Av coorse. There's a bad lot in that camp in the scrub over yander, and -- av coorse. Good-day to ye, byes."

Next night we heard the voice in O'Briar's tent again, and decided to speak to Alf in a friendly way about it in the morning. We listened outside in the dark, but could not distinguish the words, though I thought I recognised the voice.

"It's the hussy from the camp over there; she's got holt of that fool, and she'll clean him out before she's done," I said. "We're Alf's mates, any way it goes, and we ought to put a stop to it."

"What hussy?" asked Mitchell; "there's three or four there."

"The one with her hair all over her head," I answered.

"Where else should it be?" asked Mitchell. "But I'll just have a peep and see who it is. There's no harm in that."

He crept up to the tent and cautiously moved the flap. Alf's candle was alight; he lay on his back in his bunk with his arms under his head, calmly smoking. We withdrew.

"They must have heard us," said Mitchell; "and she's slipped out under the tent at the back, and through the fence into the scrub."

Mitchell's respect for Alf increased visibly.

But we began to hear ominous whispers from the young married couples, and next Saturday night, which was pay-night, we decided to see it through. We did not care to speak to Alf until we were sure. He stayed in camp, as he often did, on Saturday evening, while the others went up town. Mitchell and I returned earlier than usual, and leaned on the fence at the back of Alf's tent.

We were scarcely there when we were startled by a "rat-tat-tat" as of someone knocking at a door. Then an old woman's voice INSIDE the tent asked: "Who's there?"

"It's me," said Alf's voice from the front, "Mr. O'Briar from Perth."

"Mary, go and open the door!" said the old woman. (Mitchell nudged me to keep quiet.)

"Come in, Mr. O'Breer," said the old woman. "Come in. How do you do? When did you get back?"

"Only last night," said Alf.

"Look at that now! Bless us all! And how did you like the country at all?"

"I didn't care much for it," said Alf. We lost the thread of it until the old woman spoke again.

"Have you had your tea, Mr. O'Breer?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. O'Connor."

"Are you quite sure, man?"

"Quite sure, thank you, Mrs. O'Connor." (Mitchell trod on my foot.)

"Will you have a drop of whisky or a glass of beer, Mr. O'Breer?"

"I'll take a glass of beer, thank you, Mrs. O'Connor."

There seemed to be a long pause. Then the old woman said, "Ah, well, I must get my work done, and Mary will stop here and keep you company, Mr. O'Breer." The arrangement seemed satisfactory to all parties, for there was nothing more said for a while. (Mitchell nudged me again, with emphasis, and I kicked his shin.)

Presently Alf said: "Mary!" And a girl's voice said, "Yes, Alf."

"You remember the night I went away, Mary?"

"Yes, Alf, I do."

"I have travelled long ways since then, Mary; I worked hard and lived close. I didn't make my fortune, but I managed to rub a note or two together. It was a hard time and a lonesome time for me, Mary. The summer's awful over there, and livin's bad and dear. You couldn't have any idea of it, Mary."

"No, Alf."

"I didn't come back so well off as I expected."

"But that doesn't matter, Alf."

"I got heart-sick and tired of it, and couldn't stand it any longer, Mary."

"But that's all over now, Alf; you mustn't think of it."

"Your mother wrote to me."

"I know she did" -- (very low and gently).

"And do you know what she put in it, Mary?"

"Yes, Alf."

"And did you ask her to put it in?"

"Don't ask me, Alf."

"And it's all true, Mary?"

There was no answer, but the silence seemed satisfactory.

"And be sure you have yourself down here on Sunday, Alf, me son." ("There's the old woman come back!" said Mitchell.)

"An' since the girl's willin' to have ye, and the ould woman's willin' -- there's me hand on it, Alf, me boy. An' God bless ye both." ("The old man's come now," said Mitchell.)

"Come along," said Mitchell, leading the way to the front of the tent.

"But I wouldn't like to intrude on them. It's hardly right, Mitchell, is it?"

"That's all right," said Mitchell. He tapped the tent pole.

"Come in," said Alf. Alf was lying on his bunk as before, with his arms under his head. His face wore a cheerful, not to say happy, expression. There was no one else in the tent. I was never more surprised in my life.

"Have you got the paper, Alf?" said Mitchell.

"Yes. You'll find it there at the foot of the bunk. There it is. Won't you sit down, Mitchell?"

"Not to-night," said Mitchell. "We brought you a bottle of ale. We're just going to turn in."

And we said "good-night". "Well," I said to Mitchell when we got inside, "what do you think of it?"

"I don't think of it at all," said Mitchell. "Do you mean to say you can't see it now?"

"No, I'm dashed if I can," I said. "Some of us must be drunk, I think, or getting rats. It's not to be wondered at, and the sooner we get out of this country the better."

"Well, you must be a fool, Joe," said Mitchell. "Can't you see? Alf thinks aloud."

"What?"

"Talks to himself. He was thinking about going back to his sweetheart. Don't you know he's a bit of a ventriloquist?"

Mitchell lay awake a long time, in the position that Alf usually lay in, and thought. Perhaps he thought on the same lines as Alf did that night. But Mitchell did his thinking in silence.

We thought it best to tell the Oracle quietly. He was deeply interested, but not surprised. "I've heard of such cases before," he said. But the Oracle was a gentleman. "There's things that a man wants to keep to himself that ain't his business," he said. And we understood this remark to be intended for our benefit, and to indicate a course of action upon which the Oracle had decided, with respect to this case, and which we, in his opinion, should do well to follow.

Alf got away a week or so later, and we all took a holiday and went down to Fremantle to see him off. Perhaps he wondered why Mitchell gripped his hand so hard and wished him luck so earnestly, and was surprised when he gave him three cheers.

"Ah, well!" remarked Mitchell, as we turned up the wharf.

"I've heard of such cases before," said the Oracle, meditatively. "They ain't common, but I've hear'd of such cases before."

3. The Filipino and the Drunkard' W. Saroyan

This loud-mouthed guy in the brown coat was not really mean', he was drunk. He took a sudden dislike to the small well-dressed Filipino and began to order him around the waiting-room, telling him to get back, not to crowd among the white people. They were waiting to get on the boat and cross the bay to Oakland. He was making a commotion in the waiting-room, and while everyone seemed to be in sympathy with the Filipino, no one seemed to want to come to his rescue, and the poor boy became very frightened. He stood among the people, and this drunkard kept pushing up against him and saying: "I told you to get back. Now get back. I fought twenty-four months in France. I'm a real American. I don't want you standing up here among white people."

The boy kept squeezing politely out of the drunkard's way, hurrying through the crowd, not saying anything and trying his best to be as decent as possible. But the drunkard didn't leave him alone. He didn't like the fact that the Filipino was wearing good clothes. When the big door opened to let everybody to the boat, the young Filipino moved quickly among the people, running from the drunkard. He sat down in a corner, but soon got up and began to look for a more hidden place. At the other end of the boat was the drunkard. He could hear the man swearing. The boy looked for a place to hide, and rushed into the lavatory. He went into one of the open compartments and bolted the door. The drunkard entered the lavatory and began asking others in the room if they had seen the boy. Finally he found the compartment where the boy was standing, and he began swearing and demanding that the boy come out.

"Go away," the boy said.

The drunkard began pounding on the door. "You got to come out some time," he said.

"I'll wait here till you do." "Go away," said the boy. "I've done you nothing."

Behind the door the boy's bitterness grew to rage.

He began to tremble, not fearing the man but fearing the rage growing in himself. He

brought the knife from his pocket.

"Go away," he said again. "I have a knife. I don't want any trouble."

The drunkard said he was a real American, wounded twice. He wouldn't go away. He was afraid of no dirty little yellow-faced Filipino with a knife.

"I will kill you," said the boy. "I don't want any trouble. Go away. Please, don't make any trouble," he said earnestly.

He threw the door open and tried to rush beyond the man, the knife in his fist, but the drunkard caught him by the sleeve and drew him back. The sleeve of the boy's coat ripped, and the boy turned and thrust the knife into the side of the drunkard, feeling it scrape against the ribbone'. The drunkard shouted and screamed at once, then caught the boy by the throat, and the boy began to thrust the knife into the side of the man many times. When the drunkard could hold him no more and fell to the floor, the boy rushed from the room, the knife still in his hand.

Everyone knew what he had done, yet no one moved. The boy ran to the front of the boat, seeking some place to go, but there was no place to go, and before the officers of the boat arrived he stopped suddenly and began to shout at the people.

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

3. The Dinner Party

N. Monsarrat

There are still some rich people in the world. Many of them lead lives of particular pleasure. But rich people do have their problems. They are seldom problems of finance, since most rich people have enough sense to hire other people to take care of their worries. But there are other, more genuine problems. They are the problems of behaviour. Let me tell you a story which happened to my uncle Octavian a full thirty years ago. At that time I myself was fifteen. My uncle Octavian was then a rich man. He was a charming and accomplished host whose villa was an accepted rendezvous of the great. He was a hospitable and most amiable man – until January 3, 1925.

There was nothing special about that day in the life of my uncle Octavian, except that it was his fifty-fifth birthday. As usual on such a day he was giving a party, a party for twelve people. All of them were old friends.

I, myself, aged fifteen, was deeply privileged. I was staying with my uncle at his exquisite villa, on holiday from school, and as a special concession on this happy day, I was allowed to come down to dinner. It was exciting for me to be admitted to such company, which included a newspaper proprietor of exceptional intelligence and his fabulous American wife, a recent prime-minister of France and a distinguished German prince and princess.

At that age, you will guess, I was dazzled. Even today, 30 years later, one may fairly admit that the company was distinguished. But I should also stress that they were all old and intimate friends of my uncle Octavian.

Towards the end of a wonderful dinner, when dessert had been brought in and the servants had left, my uncle leant forward to admire a magnificent diamond ring on the princess's hand. She was a handsome woman. She turned her hand gracefully towards my uncle. Across the table, the newspaper proprietor leant across and said: "May I also have a look?" She smiled and nodded. Then she took off the ring and held it out to him. "It was my grandmother's – the old empress," she said. "I have not worn it for many years. It is said to have once belonged to Genghis Khan."

There were exclamations of delight and admiration. The ring was passed from hand to

hand. For a moment it rested on my own palm, gleaming splendidly. Then I passed it on to my neighbour. As I turned away again, I saw her pass it on.

It was some 20 minutes later when the princess stood up and said: "Before we leave you, may I have my ring back?" ... There was a pause, while each of us looked expectantly at his neighbour. Then there was silence.

The princess was still smiling, though less easily. She was unused to asking for things twice. The silence continued, I still thought that it could only be a practical joke, and that one of us – probably the prince himself – would produce the ring with a laugh. But when nothing happened at all, I knew that the rest of the night would be dreadful.

I am sure that you can guess the sort of scene that followed. There was the embarrassment of the guests – all of them old and valued friends. There was a nervous search of the whole room. But it did not bring the princess's ring back again. It had vanished – an irreplaceable thing, worth possibly two hundred thousand pounds – in a roomful of twelve people, all known to each other.

No servants had entered the room. No one had left it for a moment. The thief (for now it could only be theft) was one of us, one of my uncle Octavian's cherished friends.

I remember it was the French cabinet minister who was most insistent on being searched, indeed, in his excitement he had already started to turn out his pockets, before my uncle held up his hand and stopped him. "There will be no search in my house," he commanded. "You are all my friends. The ring can only be lost. If it is not found" – he bowed towards the princess – "I will naturally make amends myself."

The ring was never found, it never appeared, either then or later.

To our family's surprise, uncle Octavian was a comparatively poor man, when he died (which happened, in fact, a few weeks ago). And I should say that he died with the special sadness of a hospitable host who never gave a single lunch or dinner party for the last thirty years of his life.

4. Fair of Face C. Hare

John Franklin, with whom I was at Oxford, invited me to stay with his people at Markhampton for the Markshire Hunt Ball'. He and his sister were arranging a small party for it, he said.

"I've never met your sister," I remarked. "What is she like?"

"She is a beauty," said John, seriously and simply.

I thought at the time that it was an odd, old-fashioned phrase, but it turned out to be strictly and literally true. Deborah Franklin was beautiful in the grand, classic manner. She didn't look in the least like a film star or a model. But looking at her you forgot everything. It was the sheer beauty of her face that took your breath away.

With looks like that, it would be asking too much to expect anything startling in the way of brains, and I found Deborah, a trifle dull. She was of course well aware of her extraordinary good looks, and was perfectly prepared to discuss them, just as a man seven feet high might talk about the advantages and inconveniences of being tall.

Most of our party were old friends of the Franklins, who took Deborah for granted as a local phenomenon, but among them was a newcomer – a young man with a beard named Aubrey Melcombe, who had lately taken charge of the local museum. As soon as he set eyes on Deborah he said:

"We have never met before, but your face, of course, is perfectly familiar."

Deborah had evidently heard that one before.

"I never give sitting to photographers," she said, "but people will snap me in the street. It's such a nuisance."

"Photographs!" said Aubrey. "I mean your portrait – the one that was painted four hundred years ago. Has nobody ever told you that you are the living image of the Warbeck Titian?"

"I've never heard of the Warbeck Titian," said Deborah, "You shall judge for yourself," – said Aubrey. "I'll send you a ticket for the opening of the exhibition."

Then he went off to dance with Rosamund Clegg, his assistant at the museum, who was said to be his fiancée.

I did not care much for Aubrey, or for his young woman, but I had to admit that they knew, their job when I came to the opening of the exhibition a few months later. They had gathered in treasures of every sort from all over the county and arranged them admirably. The jewel of the show was, of course, the great Titian. It had a wall to itself at the end of the room and I was looking at it when Deborah came in.

The likeness was fantastic. Lord Warbeck had never had his paintings cleaned, so that Titian's flesh tints were golden and carmine, in vivid contrast to Deborah's pink and white. But the face behind the glass might have been her mirror image. By a happy chance she had chosen to wear a very plain black dress, which matched up well to the portrait's dark clothes. She stood there still and silent, staring at her centuries-old likeness. I wondered what she felt.

A pressman's camera flashed and clicked. First one visitor and then another noticed the resemblance and presently the rest of the gallery was deserted. Everyone was crowding round the Titian to stare from the painted face to the real one and back again. The only clear space was round Deborah herself. People were moving to get a good view of her profile, without losing sight of the Titian, which fortunately was in profile also. It must have been horribly embarrassing for Deborah, but she never seemed to notice them. She went on peering into the picture, for a very long time. Then she turned round and walked quickly out of the building. As she passed me I saw that she was crying – a surprising display of emotion in one so calm.

About ten minutes later Aubrey discovered that a pair of Degas' statuettes was missing from a stand opposite the Titian. They were small objects and very valuable. The police were sent for and there was a considerable fuss, but nothing was found. I left as soon as I could and went to the Franklins. Deborah was in.

"Have you got the statuettes?" I asked.

She took them out of her handbag.

"How did you guess?"

"It seemed to me that your reception in front of the Titian was a performance," I explained. "It distracted attention from everything else in the room while the theft took place."

"Yes," said Deborah, "Aubrey arranged it very cleverly, didn't he? He thought of everything. He even helped me choose this dress to go with the one in the picture, you know."

"And the press photographer? Had he been laid on too?"

"Oh, yes. Aubrey arranged for someone to be there to photograph me. He thought it would help to collect a crowd."

Her coolness was astonishing. Even with the evidence of the statuettes in front of me I found it hard to believe that I was talking to a thief.

"It was a very clever scheme altogether," I said. "You and Aubrey must have put a lot of work into it. I had no idea that you were such friends."

There was a flush on her cheeks as she replied:

"Oh yes, I've been seeing a good deal of him lately.

Ever since the Hunt Ball, in fact."

After that there didn't seem to be much more to say.

"There's one thing I don't quite understand," I said finally. "People were surrounding you and staring at you up to the moment you left the gallery. How did Aubrey manage to pass the statuettes to you without anyone seeing?"

She rounded on me in a fury of surprise and indignation.

"Pass the statuettes to me?" she repeated. "Good God! Are you suggesting that I helped Aubrey to steal them?"

She looked like an angry goddess, and was about as charming.

"But – but – " I stammered. "But if you didn't who will?"

"Rosamund, of course. Aubrey gave them to her while all was going on in front of the Titian. She simply put them in her bag and walked out. I'd only just got them back from her when you came in."

"Rosamund!" It was my turn to be surprised. "Then the whole thing was a put-up job between them?"

"Yes. They wanted to get married and hadn't any money, and she knew a dealer who would give a price for things like these with no questions asked and –and there you are."

"Then how did you come into it?" I asked.

"Aubrey said that if I posed in front of the Titian it would be wonderful publicity for the exhibition – and, of course, I fell for it." She laughed. "I've only just remembered. When Aubrey wanted to make fun of me he used to say I'd make a wonderful cover girl. That's just what I was – a cover girl for him and Rosamund."

She stood up and picked up the statuettes.

"These will have to go back to the gallery, I suppose," she said, "Can it be done without too much fuss? It's silly of me, I know, but I'd rather they didn't prosecute Aubrey."

I made sympathetic noises.

"It was Rosamund's idea in the first place," she went on. "I'm sure of that. Aubrey hasn't the wits to think of anything so clever."

"It was clever enough," I said. "But you saw through it at once. How was that?"

Deborah smiled.

"I'm not clever," she said. "But that old dark picture with the glass on it made a perfect mirror. Aubrey told me to stand in front of it, so I did. But I'm not interested in art, you know. I was looking at myself. And of course I couldn't help seeing what was happening just behind me..."

5. Caged by L.E. Reeve

Purcell was a small, fussy' man; red cheeks and a tight melonlike stomach. Large glasses so magnified his eyes as to give him the appearance of a wise and kind owl.

He owned a pet shop. He sold cats and dogs and monkeys; he dealt in fish food and bird seed, prescribed remedies for ailing canaries, on his shelves there were long rows of cages. He considered himself something of a professional man.

There was a constant stir of life in his shop. The customers who came in said:

"Aren't they cute! Look at that little monkey! They're sweet."

And Mr. Purcell himself would smile and rub his hands and nod his head.

Each morning, when the routine of opening his shop was completed, it was the proprietor's custom to perch on a high stool, behind the counter, unfold his morning paper, and digest the day's news.

It was a raw, wintry day. Wind gusted against the high, plateglass windows. Having completed his usual tasks, Mr. Purcell again mounted the high stool and unfolded his morning paper. He adjusted his glasses, and glanced at the day's headlines.

There was a bell over the door that rang whenever a customer entered. This morning, however, for the first time Mr. Purcell could recall, it failed to ring. Simply he glanced up, and there was the stranger, standing just inside the door, as if he had materialized out of thin air.

The storekeeper slid off his stool. From the first instant he knew instinctively, that the man hated him; but out of habit he rubbed his hands, smiled and nodded.

"Good morning," he beamed. "What can I do for you?"

The man's shiny shoes squeaked forward. His suit was cheap, ill-fitting, but obviously

new. Ignoring Purcell for the moment, he looked around the shadowy shop.

"A nasty morning," volunteered the shopkeeper. He clasped both hands across his melonlike stomach, and smiled importantly. Now what was it you wanted?"

The man stared closely at Purcell, as though just now aware of his presence. He said, "I want something in a cage."

"Something in a cage?" Mr. Purcell was a bit confused. "You mean – some sort of pet?"

"I mean what I said!" snapped the man. "Something in a cage. Something alive that's in a cage."

"I see," hastened the storekeeper, not at all certain that he did. "Now let me think. A white rat, perhaps? I have some very nice white rats."

"No!" said the man. "Not rats. Something with wings. Something that flies."

"A bird!" exclaimed Mr. Purcell.

"A bird's all right." The customer pointed suddenly to a cage which contained two snowy birds. "Doves? How much for those?"

"Five-fifty," came the prompt answer. "And a very reasonable price. They are a fine pair."

"Five-fifty?" The man was obviously disappointed. He produced a five-dollar bill. "I'll like to have those birds. But this is all I've got. Just five dollars."

Mentally, Mr. Purcell made a quick calculation, which told him that at a fifty cent reduction he could still reap a tidy profit. He smiled kindly "My dear man, if you want them that badly, you can certainly have them for five dollars."

"I'll take them." He laid his five dollars on the counter. Mr. Purcell unhooked the cage, and handed it to his customer. "That noise!" The man said suddenly. "Doesn't it get on your nerves?"

"Noise? What noise?" Mr. Purcell looked surprised. He could hear nothing unusual.

"Listen." The staring eyes came closer. "How long d'you think it took me to make that five dollars?"

The merchant wanted to order him out of the shop. But oddly enough, he couldn't. He heard himself asking, "Why – why, how long did it take you?"

The other laughed. "Ten years! At hard labour. Ten years to earn five dollars. Fifty cents a year."

It was best, Purcell decided, to humor him. "My, my! Ten years. That's certainly a long time. Now" "Ten years! Ten years to earn five dollars. Fifty cents a year."

It was best, Purcell decided to, to humour him. "My, my! Ten years. That's certainly a long time. Now –"

"They give you five dollars," laughed the man, "and a cheap suit, and tell you not to get caught again."

The man swung around, and stalked abruptly from the store.

Purcell sighed with sudden relief. He walked to the window and stared out. Just outside, his peculiar customer had stopped. He was holding the cage shoulder-high, staring at his purchase. Then, opening the cage, he reached inside and drew out one of the doves. He tossed it into the air. He drew out the second and tossed it after the first. They rose like balls and were lost in the smoky gray of the wintry city. For an instant the liberator's silent gaze watched them. Then he dropped the cage and walked away.

The merchant was perplexed. So desperately had the man desired the doves that he had let him have them at a reduced price. And immediately he had turned them loose. "Now why," Mr. Purcell muttered, "did he do that?" He felt vaguely insulted.

7. The TV Blackout by Art Buchwald

A week ago Sunday New York city had a blackout and all nine television stations in the area went out for several hours. This created tremendous crises in families all over New

York and proved that TV plays a much greater role in people's lives than anyone can imagine.

For example, when the TV went off in the Bufkins's house panic set in. First Bufkins thought it was his set in the living-room, so he rushed into his bedroom and turned on that set. Nothing. The phone rang, and Mrs. Bufkins heard her sister in Manhattan tell her that there was a blackout.

She hung up and said to her husband, "It isn't your set. Something's happened to the top of the Empire State Building."

Bufkins looked at her and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm your wife, Edith."

"Oh," Bufkins said. "Then I suppose those kids' in there are mine."

"That's right," Mrs. Bufkins said. "If you ever got out of that armchair in front of the TV set you'd know who we are."

"Oh! they've really grown," Bufkins said, looking at his son and daughter. "How old are they now?"

"Thirteen and fourteen," Mrs. Bufkins replied.

"Hi, kids!"

"Who's he?" Bufkins's son, Henry, asked.

"It's your father," Mrs. Bufkins said.

"I'm pleased to meet you," Bufkins's daughter, Mary, said shyly.

There was silence all around.

"Look," said Bufkins finally. "I know I haven't been a good father but now that the TV's out I'd like to know you better."

"How?" asked Henry.

"Well, let's just talk," Bufkins said. "That's the best way to get to know each other."

"What do you want to talk about?" Mary asked.

"Well, to begin with, what school do you go to?"

"We go to High School," Henry said.

"So you're both in high school!" There was a dead silence.

"What do you do?" Mary asked.

"I'm an accountant," Bufkins said.

"I thought you were a car salesman," Mrs. Bufkins said in surprise.

"That was two years ago. Didn't I tell you I changed jobs?" Bufkins said.

"No, you didn't. You haven't told me anything for two years."

"I'm doing quite well too," Bufkins said.

"Then why am I working in a department store?"

Mrs. Bufkins demanded.

"Oh, are you still working in a department store? If I had known that, I would have told you could quit last year. You should have mentioned it," Bufkins said.

There was more dead silence.

Finally Henry said, "Hey, you want to hear me play the guitar?"

"You know how to play the guitar? Say, didn't I have a daughter who played the guitar?"

"That was Susie," Mrs. Bufkins said.

"Where is she?"

"She got married a year ago, just about the time you were watching the World Series."

"You know," Bufkins said, very pleased. "I hope they don't fix the antenna for another couple hours. There's nothing better than a blackout for a man who really wants to know his family."

8. Then in Triumph F. L. Parke

There were cars in front of the house. Four of them. Clifford Oslow cut across the lawn

and headed for the back steps. But not soon enough. The door of a big red car opened and a woman came rushing after him. She was a little person, smaller even than Clifford himself. But she was fast. She reached him just as he was getting through the hedge. "You're Mr. Oslow, aren't you?" she said. She pulled out a little book and a pencil and held them under his nose. "I've been trying to get her autograph all week," she explained. "I want you to get it for me. Just drop the book in a mail-box. It's stamped and the address is on it."

And then she was gone and Clifford was standing there holding the book and pencil in his hand.

He put the autographbook in his pocket and hurried up the steps.

There was a lot of noise coming from the living-room. Several male voices, a strange woman's voice breaking through now and then, rising above the noise. And Julia's voice, rising above the noise, clear and kindly and very sure.

"Yes," she was saying. And, "I'm very glad." And, "People have been very generous to me."

She sounded tired.

Clifford leaned against the wall while he finished the sandwich and the beer. He left the empty bottle on the table, turned off the kitchen light and pushed easily on the hall door. A man grabbed him by the arm and pushed him along the hall and into the parlor. «Here he is,» somebody shouted. "Here's Mr. Oslow!"

There were a half-a-dozen people there, all with notebooks and busy pens. Julia was in the big chair by the fireplace, looking plumper than usual in her new green dress.

She smiled at him affectionately but, it seemed to him, a little distantly. He'd noticed that breach in her glance many times lately. He hoped that it wasn't superiority, but he was afraid that it was.

"Hello, Clifford," she said.

"Hello, Julia," he answered.

He didn't get a chance to go over and kiss her. A reporter had him right against the wall. How did it seem to go to bed a teller at the Gas Company and to wake up the husband of a best-selling novelist? Excellent, he told them. Was he going to give up his job? No, he wasn't. Had he heard the news that "Welcome Tomorrow" was going to be translated into Turkish? No, he hadn't.

And then the woman came over. The one whose voice he'd heard back in the kitchen where he wished he'd stayed.

"How", she inquired briskly, "did you like the story?"

Clifford didn't answer immediately. He just looked at the woman. Everyone became very quiet. And everyone looked at him. The woman repeated the question. Clifford knew what he wanted to say. "I liked it very much," he wanted to say and then run. But they wouldn't let him run. They'd make him stay. And ask him more questions. Which he couldn't answer.

"I haven't," he mumbled, "had an opportunity to read it yet. But I'm going to," he promised. And then came a sudden inspiration. "I'm going to read it now!" There was a copy on the desk by the door. Clifford grabbed it and raced for the front stairs.

Before he reached the second flight, though, he could hear the woman's voice on the hall phone. "At last", she was saying, "we have discovered an adult American who has not read "Welcome Tomorrow". He is, of all people, Clifford Oslow, white, 43, a native of this city and the husband of..."

On the second floor Clifford reached his study, turned on the light over the table and dropped into the chair before it. He put Julia's book right in front of him, but he didn't immediately open it.

Instead he sat back in the chair and looked about him. The room was familiar enough. It had been his for over eighteen years. The table was the same. And the old typewriter was

the one he had bought before Julia and he were married.

There hadn't been many changes. All along the bookcase were the manuscripts of his novels. His rejected novels. On top was his latest one, the one that had stopped going the rounds six months before.

On the bottom was his earliest one. The one he wrote when Julia and he were first married.

Yes, Clifford was a writer then. Large W. And he kept on thinking of himself as one for many years after, despite the indifference of the publishers. Finally, of course, his writing had become merely a gesture. A stubborn unwillingness to admit defeat. Now, to be sure, the defeat was definite. Now that Julia, who before a year ago hadn't put pen to paper, had written a book, had it accepted and now was looking at advertisements that said, "over four hundred thousand copies."

He picked up "Welcome Tomorrow" and opened it, as he opened every book, in the middle. He read a paragraph. And then another. He had just started a third when suddenly he stopped. He put down Julia's book, reached over to the shelf and pulled out the dusty manuscript of his own first effort. Rapidly he turned over the crisp pages. Then he began to read aloud.

Clifford put the manuscript on the table on top of the book. For a long time he sat quietly. Then he put the book in his lap and left the manuscript on the table and began to read them, page against page. He had his answer in ten minutes.

And then he went back downstairs. A couple of reporters were still in the living-room. "But, Mrs. Oslow, naturally our readers are interested," one was insisting. "When," he demanded, "will you finish your next book?"

"I don't know," she answered uneasily.

Clifford came across the room to her, smiling. He put his arm around her and pressed her shoulder firmly but gently. "Now, now, Julia," he protested. "Let's tell the young man at once."

The reporter looked up.

"Mrs. Oslow's new novel," Clifford announced proudly, "will be ready in another month."

Julia turned around and stared at him, quite terrified.

But Clifford kept on smiling. Then he reached into his pocket and brought out the autograph book and pencil that had been forced on him on his way home.

"Sign here," he instructed.

9.

The Verger' by W. S. Maugham

There had been a wedding that afternoon at St. Peter's Church, and Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He had been verger for 16 years and liked his job. The verger was waiting for the vicar. The vicar had just been appointed. He was a red-faced energetic man and the verger disliked him. Soon the vicar came in and said: "Foreman, I've got something unpleasant to say to you. You have been here a great many years and I think you've fulfilled your duties quite satisfactorily here; but I found out a most striking thing the other day. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write. I think you must learn, Foreman."

"I'm afraid I can't now, sir. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks."

"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."

"Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be happy to hand in my resignation as soon as you have found somebody to take my place."

Up to now Edward's face hadn't shown any signs of emotion. But when he had closed the door of the church behind him his lips trembled. He walked slowly with a heavy heart. He didn't know what to do with himself. True, he had saved a small sum of money but it was not enough to live on without doing something, and life cost more and more every

year.

It occurred to him now that a cigarette would comfort him and since he was not a smoker and never had any in his pockets he looked for a shop where he could buy a packet of good cigarettes. It was a long street with all sorts of shops in it but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"That's strange," said Edward. "I can't be the only man who walks along the street and wants to have a smoke," he thought. An idea struck him. Why shouldn't he open a little shop there? "Tobacco and Sweets." "That's an idea," he said. "It is strange how things come to you when you least expect it."

He turned, walked home and had his tea.

"You are very silent this afternoon, Edward," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinking," he said. He thought the matter over from every point of view and the next day he went to look for a suitable shop. And within a week the shop was opened and Edward was behind the counter selling cigarettes.

Edward Foreman did very well. Soon he decided that he might open another shop and employ a manager. He looked for another long street that didn't have a tobacconist's in it and opened another shop. This was a success too. In the course of ten years he acquired no less than ten shops and was making a lot of money. Every Monday he went to all his shops, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning the bank manager said that he wanted to talk to him.

"Mr. Foreman, do you know how much money you have got in the bank?"

"Well, I have a rough idea."

"You have 30 thousand dollars and it's a large sum. You should invest it." We shall make you out a list of securities' which will bring you a better rate of interest' than the bank can give you."

There was a troubled look on Mr. Foreman's face. "And what will I have to do?"

"Oh, you needn't worry," the banker smiled. "All you have to do is to read and to sign the papers."

"That's the trouble, sir. I can sign my name but I can't read." The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his seat. He couldn't believe his ears.

"Good God, man, what would you be if you had been able to read?!"

"I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman. "I would be verger of St. Peter's church."

10. A Lion's Skin by W.S. Maugham

A good many people were shocked when they read that Captain Forestier had met his death in a fire trying to save his wife's dog, which had been accidentally shut up in the house. Some said they never knew he had it in him; others said it was exactly what they would have expected him to do. After the tragic occurrence Mrs. Forestier found shelter in the villa of some people called Hardy, their neighbours.

Mrs. Forestier was a very nice woman. But she was neither charming, beautiful nor intelligent; on the contrary she was absurd and foolish; yet the more you knew her, the more you liked her. She was a tender, romantic and idealistic soul. But it took you some time to discover it. During the war she in 1916 joined a hospital unit. There she met her future husband Captain Forestier. This is what she told me about their courtship'. "It was a case of love at first sight. He was the most handsome man I'd ever seen in my life. But he wasn't wounded. You know, it's a most extraordinary thing, he went all through the war, he risked his life twenty times a day, but he never even got a scratch. It was because of carbuncles' that he was put into hospital."

It seemed quite an unromantic thing on which to start a passionate attachment, but after 16 years of marriage Mrs. Forestier still adored her husband. When they were married Mrs. Forestier's relations, hard-bitten Western people, had suggested that her husband should go to work rather than live on her money (and she had a nice sum of money on her

account before the marriage), and Captain Forestier was all for it. The only stipulation he made was this: "There are some things a gentleman can't do, Eleanor. If one is a sahib one can't help it, one does owe something to his class."

Eleanor was too proud of him to let it be said that he was a fortune-hunter who had married her for her money and she made up her mind not to object if he found a job worth his while. Unfortunately, the only jobs that offered were not very important and gradually the idea of his working was dropped.

The Forestiers lived most of the year in their villa and shortly before the accident they made acquaintance of the people called Hardy who lived next door. It turned out that Mr. Hardy had met Mr. Forestier before, in India. But Mr. Forestier was not a gentleman then, he was a car-washer in a garage. He was young then and full of hopes. He saw rich people in a smart club with their ease, their casual manner and it filled him with admiration and envy. He wanted to be like them. He wanted – it was grotesque and pathetic he wanted to be a GENTLEMAN. The war gave him a chance. Eleanor's money provided the means'. They got married and he became a "sahib".

But everything ended very tragically.

Once the Forestiers' villa caught fire. The Forestiers were out. When they arrived it was already too late to do anything about it. Their neighbours, the Hardies saved whatever they could, but it wasn't much. They had nothing left to do but stand and look at the roaring flames. Suddenly Eleanor cried: "God! My little dog, it's there in the fire!"

Forestier turned round and started to run to the house. Hardy caught him by the arm. "What are you doing? The house is on fire!" Forestier shook him off. "Let me go. I'll show you how a gentleman behaves!"

It was more than an hour later that they were able to get at him. They found him lying on the landing, dead, with the dead dog in his arms. Hardy looked at him for a long time before speaking. "You fool," he muttered between his teeth, angrily. "You damned fool!" Bob Forestier had pretended for so many years to be a gentleman that in the end, forgetting that it was all a fake, he found himself driven to act as in that stupid, conventional brain of his he thought a gentleman must act.

Mrs. Forestier was convinced to her dying day that her husband had been a very gallant gentleman.

11. Footprints in the Jungle by W.S. Maugham

It was in Malaya that I met the Cartwrights. I was staying with a man called Gaze who was head of the police and he came into the billiard-room, where I was sitting, and asked if I would play bridge with them. The Cartwrights were planters and they came to Malaya because it gave their daughter a chance of a little fun. They were very nice people and played a very pleasant game of bridge. I followed Gaze into the cardroom and was introduced to them.

Mrs. Cartwright was a woman somewhere in the fifties. I thought her a very agreeable person. I liked her frankness, her quick wit, her plain face. As for Mr. Cartwright, he looked tired and old. He talked little, but it was plain that he enjoyed his wife's humour. They were evidently very good friends. It was pleasing to see so solid and tolerant affection between two people who were almost elderly and must have lived together for so many years.

When we separated, Gaze and I set out to walk to his house.

"What did you think of the Cartwrights?" he asked me.

"I liked them and their daughter who is just the image of her father."

To my surprise Gaze told me that Cartwright wasn't her father. Mrs. Cartwright was a widow when he married her. Olive was born after her father's death.

And when we came to Gaze's house he told me the Cartwrights' story.

"I've known Mrs. Cartwright for over twenty years," he said slowly. "She was married to

a man called Bronson. He was a planter in Selantan. It was a much smaller place than it is now, but they had a jolly little club, and we used to have a very good time. Bronson was a handsome chap. He hadn't much to talk about but tennis, golf and shooting; and I don't suppose he read a book from year's end to year's end. He was about thirty-five when I first knew him, but he had the mind of a boy of eighteen. But he was no fool. He knew his work from A to Z. He was generous with his money and always ready to do anybody a good turn.

One day Mrs. Bronson told us that she was expecting a friend to stay with them and a few days later they brought Cartwright along. Cartwright was an old friend of Bronson's. He had been out of work for a long time and when he wrote to Bronson asking him whether he could do anything for him, Bronson wrote back inviting him to come and stay till things got better. When Cartwright came Mrs. Bronson told him that he was to look upon the place as his home and stay as long as he liked. Cartwright was very pleasant and unassuming; he fell into our little company very naturally and the Bronsons, like everyone else, liked him."

"Hadn't the Bronsons any children at that time?" I asked Gaze.

"No," Gaze answered. "I don't know why, they could have afforded it. Bronson was murdered," he said suddenly.

"Killed?"

"Yes, murdered. That night we had been playing tennis without Cartwright who had gone shooting to the jungle and without Bronson who had cycled to Kabulong to get the money to pay his coolies' their wages and he was to come along to the club when he got back. Cartwright came back when we started playing bridge. Suddenly I was called to police sergeant outside. I went out. He told me that the Malays had come to the police station and said that there was a white man with red hair lying dead on the path that led through the jungle to Kabulong. I understood that it was Bronson.

For a moment I didn't know what to do and how to break the news to Mrs. Bronson. I came up to her and said that there had been an accident and her husband had been wounded. She leapt to her feet and stared at Cartwright who went as pale as death. Then I said that he was dead after which she collapsed into her chair and burst into tears.

When the sergeant, the doctor and I arrived at the scene of the accident we saw that he had been shot through the head and there was no money about him. From the footprints I saw that he had stopped to talk to someone before he was shot. Whoever had murdered Bronson hadn't done it for money. It was obvious that he had stopped to talk with a friend.

Meanwhile Cartwright took up the management of Bronson's estate. He moved in at once. Four months later Olive, the daughter, was born. And soon Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright were married. The murderer was never found. Suspicion fell on the coolies, of course. We examined them all – pretty carefully – but there was not a scrap of evidence to connect them with the crime. I knew who the murderer was..."

"Who?"

"Don't you guess?"

12. The Ant and the Grasshopper by W.S. Maugham

When I was a small boy I was made to learn by heart some fables of La Fontaine and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among them was "The Ant and the Grasshopper". In spite of the moral of this fable my sympathies were with the grasshopper and for some time I never saw an ant without putting my foot on it. I couldn't help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lunching in a restaurant. I never saw an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again.

I went up to him. "How are you?" I asked. "Is it Tom again?" He sighed. "Yes, it's Tom again."

I suppose every family has a black sheep. In this family it had been Tom. He had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married and had two children. The Ramsays were respectable people and everybody supposed that Tom would have a good career. But one day he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself.

He left his wife and his office. He spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe. His relations were shocked and wondered what would happen when his money was spent. They soon found out: he borrowed. He was so charming that nobody could refuse him. Very often he turned to George. Once or twice he gave Tom considerable sums so that he could make a fresh start. On these Tom bought a motor-car and some jewellery. But when George washed his hands of him, Tom began to blackmail him. It was not nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favourite restaurant or driving a taxi. So George paid again.

For twenty years Tom gambled, danced, ate in the most expensive restaurants and dressed beautifully. Though he was forty-six he looked not more than thirty-five. He had high spirits and incredible charm. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew him. You couldn't help liking him.

Poor George, only a year older than his brother, looked sixty. He had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year. He was in his office every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest and industrious. He had a good wife and four daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. His plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country. His life was blameless. He was glad that he was growing old because Tom was growing old, too. He used to say: "It was all well when Tom was young and good-looking. In four years he'll be fifty. He won't find life so easy then. I shall have thirty thousand pounds by the time I'm fifty. We shall see what is really best to work or to be idle."

Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now what else Tom had done. George was very much upset. I was prepared for the worst. George could hardly speak. "A few weeks ago," he said, "Tom became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she has died and left him everything she had: half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London and a house in the country. It is not fair, I tell you, it isn't fair!" I couldn't help it. I burst into laughter as I looked at George's face, I nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asks me to dinners in his charming house and if he sometimes borrows money from me, it is simply from force of habit.

13. The Happy Man by W.S. Maugham

It is a dangerous thing to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and such like who are prepared to force upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself: I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it?

But once I knew that I advised well.

I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name; I told him. He asked if he might come in.

“Certainly”.

I led him into my sitting-room and begged to sit down. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette and he had some difficulty in lighting it.

“I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this”, he said, “My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You're in the medical, I believe?”

“Yes, but I don't practise”.

“No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it”.

“It's not a very good book, I'm afraid”.

“The fact remains that you know something about Spain and there's no one else I know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information”.

“I shall be very glad”.

He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absent-mindedly stroked it with the other.

“I hope you won't think it very odd for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this”. He gave an apologetic laugh. “I'm not going to tell you the story of my life”.

When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. In fact I rather like it.

“I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm a medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't bear it anymore”.

There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thickset and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily.

“You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to for the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?”

“It's a means of livelihood”, I answered.

“Yes, I know. The money's pretty good”.

“I don't exactly know why you've come to me”.

“Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain?”

“Why Spain?”

“I don't know, I just have a fancy for it”.

“It's not like Carmen, you know”, I smiled.

“But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's colour, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainty?”

“What does your wife think about it?”

“She's willing”.

“It's a great risk”.

“I know. But if you say take it, I will: if you say stay where you are, I'll stay”.

He was looking at me with those bright dark eyes of his and I knew that he meant what he said. I reflected for a moment.

“Your whole future is concerned: you must decide for yourself. But this I can tell you: if you don't want money but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go. For you will lead a wonderful life”.

He left me, I thought about him for a day or two, and then forgot. The episode passed completely from my memory.

Many years later, fifteen at least, I happened to be in Seville and having some trifling

indisposition asked the hotel porter whether there was an English doctor in the town. He said there was and gave me the address. I took a cab and as I drove up to the house a little fat man came out of it. He hesitated, when he caught sight of me.

"Have you come to see me?" he said. "I'm the English doctor".

I explained my matter and he asked me to come in. He lived in an ordinary Spanish house, and his consulting room was littered with papers, books, medical appliances and lumber. We did our business and then I asked the doctor what his fee was. He shook his head and smiled.

"There's no fee".

"Why on earth not?"

"Don't you remember me? Why, I'm here because of something you said to me. You changed my whole life for me. I'm Stephens".

I had not the least notion what he was talking about. He reminded me of our interview, he repeated to me what we had said, and gradually, out of the night, a dim recollection of the incident came back to me.

"I was wondering if I'd ever see you again", he said, "I was wondering if ever I'd have a chance of thanking you for all you've done for me".

"It's been a success then?"

I looked at him. He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good humour. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor and his hat was the wide brimmed sombrero of the Spaniard. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it. He had an entirely sympathetic appearance. "You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix", but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with.

"Surely you were married?" I said.

"Yes. My wife didn't like Spain, she went back to Camberwell, she was more at home there".

"Oh, I'm sorry for that".

His black eyes flashed a smile.

"Life is full of compensations", he murmured.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a Spanish woman, no longer in her first youth, but still beautiful, appeared at the door. She spoke to him in Spanish, and I could not fail to feel that she was the mistress of the house.

As he stood at the door to let me out he said to me:

"You told me when last I saw you that if I came here I should earn just enough money to keep body and soul together, but that I should lead a wonderful life. Well, I want to tell you that you were right. Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by heaven I've enjoyed myself. I wouldn't exchange the life I've had with that of any king in the world".

14. The Escape by W.S. Maugham

I have always believed that if a woman made up her mind to marry a man nothing could save him. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to save himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had enough experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift that makes most men defenceless. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs. Barlow was twice a widow. She had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw. They seemed to be always on the point of filling with tears and you felt that her sufferings had been impossible to bear. If you were a strong fellow with plenty of money, like Roger Charing, you should say to yourself: I must stand between the troubles of life and this helpless little thing. Mrs. Barlow was one of those unfortunate persons with

whom nothing goes right. If she married the husband beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she took a cook she drank.

When Roger told me that he was going to marry her, I wished him joy. As for me I thought she was stupid and as hard as nails.

Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the nearest future. Roger was very pleased with himself, he was committing a good action.

Then suddenly he fell out of love. I don't know why. Perhaps that pathetic look of hers ceased to touch his heart-strings. He realized that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore that nothing would make him marry her. Roger knew it wouldn't be easy. Roger didn't show that his feelings to Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes, he took her to dine at restaurants, he sent her flowers, he was charming.

They were to get married as soon as they found a house that suited them; and they started looking for residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view' and he took Ruth to see some houses. It was very difficult to find anything satisfactory. They visited house after house. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the centre and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. He couldn't let his dear Ruth to live in a bad house.

Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger asked her to have patience. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs. Ruth was exhausted and often lost her temper. For two years they looked for houses. Ruth grew silent, her eyes no longer looked beautiful and pathetic. There are limits to human patience.

"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him one day.

"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house."

"I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses."

Ruth Barlow took to her bed. Roger remained gallant as ever. Every day he wrote her and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at, A week later he received the following letter:

'Roger – I do not think you really love me. I've found someone who really wants to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.

Ruth.

He sent back his reply:

'Ruth – I'll never get over this blow. But your happiness must be my first concern. I send you seven addresses. I am sure you'll find among them a house that will exactly suit you.
Roger.

15. Mr. Know-All by W.S. Maugham

Once I was going by ship from San-Francisco to Yokohama. I shared my cabin with a man called Mr. Kelada. He was short and of a sturdy build, cleanshaven and dark-skinned, with a hooked nose and very large liquid eyes. His long black hair was curly. And though he introduced himself as an Englishman I felt sure that he was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England. Mr. Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures and politics. He was familiar. Though I was a total stranger to him he used no such formality as to put mister before my name when he addressed me. I didn't like Mr. Kelada. I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I couldn't walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was glad to see you. In

your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face. Mr. Kelada was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, organized the concert and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr. Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable. He knew everything better than anybody else and you couldn't disagree with him. He would not drop a subject till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him.

We were four at the table: the doctor, I, Mr. Kelada and Mr. Ramsay.

Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs. Ramsay was a, very pretty little thing with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. She was dressed always very simply, but she knew how to wear her clothes.

One evening at dinner the conversation by chancedrifted to the subject of pearls. There was some argument between Mr. Kelada and Ramsay about the value of culture and real pearls. I did not believe Ramsay knew anything about the subject at all. At last Mr. Kelada got furious and shouted: "Well, I know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade. I know the best pearls in the world, and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing."

Here was news for us, for Mr. Kelada had never told anyone what his business was. Ramsay leaned forward.

"That's a pretty chain, isn't it?" he asked pointing to the chain that Mrs. Ramsay wore.

"I noticed it at once," answered Mr. Kelada. "Those are pearls all right."

"I didn't buy it myself, of course," said Ramsay. "I wonder how much you think it cost."

"Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it."

Ramsay smiled. "You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ramsay bought that string the day before we left New York for eighteen dollars. I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation."

"Done."

"But how can it be proved?" Mrs. Ramsay asked.

"Let me look at the chain and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars," said Mr. Kelada.

The chain was handed to Mr. Kelada. He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his face. He was about to speak. Suddenly he saw Mrs. Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as if she were about to faint. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. Mr. Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself. "I was mistaken," he said. "It's a very good imitation." He took a hundred-dollar note out of his pocket and handed it to Ramsay without a word. "Perhaps that'll teach you a lesson," said Ramsay as he took the note. I noticed that Mr. Kelada's hands were trembling.

The story spread over the ship. It was a fine joke that Mr. Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs. Ramsay went to her cabin with a headache.

Next morning I got up and began to shave. Suddenly I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Mr. Kelada. I handed it to him. He took out of the envelope a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and reddened.

"Were the pearls real?" I asked.

"If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at

Kobe," said he.

16. Art for Heart's Sake'

R. Goldberg

"Here, take your juice," said Koppel, Mr. Ellsworth's servant and nurse.

"No," said Collis P. Ellsworth.

"But it's good for you, sir!"

"The doctor insists on it."

Koppel heard the front door bell and was glad to leave the room. He found Doctor Caswell in the hall downstairs.

"I can't do a thing with him," he told the doctor. "He doesn't want to take his juice. I can't persuade him to take his medicine. He doesn't want me to read to him. He hates TV. He doesn't like anything!"

Doctor Caswell took the information with his usual professional calm. This was not an ordinary case. The old gentleman was in pretty good health for a man of seventy. But it was necessary to keep him from buying things. His financial transactions always ended in failure, which was bad for his health.

"How are you this morning? Feeling better?" asked the doctor. "I hear you haven't been obeying my orders."

The doctor drew up a chair and sat down close to the old man. He had to do his duty. "I'd like to make a suggestion," he said quietly. He didn't want to argue with the old man.

Old Ellsworth looked at him over his glasses. The way Doctor Caswell said it made him suspicious. "What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides to keep me away from the office?" the old man asked with suspicion. "Not at all," said the doctor. "I've been thinking of something different. As a matter of fact I'd like to suggest that you should take up art. I don't mean seriously of course," said the doctor, "just try. You'll like it."

Much to his surprise the old man agreed. He only asked who was going to teach him drawing. "I've thought of that too," said the doctor. "I know a student from an art school who can come round once a week. If you don't like it, after a little while you can throw him out." The person he had in mind and promised to bring over was a certain Frank Swain, eighteen years old and a capable student. Like most students he needed money. Doctor Caswell kept his promise.

He got in touch with Frank Swain and the lessons began. The old man liked it so much that when at the end of the first lesson Koppel came in and apologised to him for interrupting the lesson, as the old man needed a rest, Ellsworth looked disappointed.

When the art student came the following week, he saw a drawing on the table. It was a vase. But something was definitely wrong with it.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the old man stepping aside.

"I don't mean to hurt you, sir...", began Swain.

"I see," the old man interrupted, "the halves don't match. I can't say I am good at drawing. Listen, young man," he whispered. "I want to ask you something before Old Juice comes again. I don't want to speak in his presence."

"Yes, sir," said Swain with respect.

"I've been thinking... Could you come twice a week or perhaps three times?"

"Sure, Mr. Ellsworth," the student said respectfully.

"When shall I come?"

They arranged to meet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

As the weeks went by, Swain's visits grew more frequent. The old man drank his juice obediently. Doctor Caswell hoped that business had been forgotten forever.

When spring came, Ellsworth painted a picture which he called "Trees Dressed in White." The picture was awful. The trees in it looked like salad thrown up against the wall. Then he announced that he was going to display it at the Summer Show at the Lathrop Gallery. Doctor Caswell and Swain didn't believe it. They thought the old man

was joking.

The summer show at the Lathrop Gallery was the biggest exhibition of the year. All outstanding artists in the United States dreamt of winning a Lathrop prize.

To the astonishment of all "Trees Dressed in White" was accepted for the Show.

Young Swain went to the exhibition one afternoon and blushed when he saw "Trees Dressed in White"

giving him a look of the strange picture, Swain rushed out. He was ashamed that a picture like that had been accepted for the show.

However Swain did not give up teaching the old man. Every time Koppel entered the room he found the old man painting something. Koppel even thought of hiding the brush from him. The old man seldom mentioned his picture and was usually cheerful.

Two days before the close of the exhibition Ellsworth received a letter. Koppel brought it when Swain and the doctor were in the room. "Read it to me," asked the old man putting aside the brush he was holding in his hand. "My eyes are tired from painting."

The letter said: "It gives the Lathrop Gallery pleasure to announce that Collis P.

Killworth has been awarded the First Landscape Prize of ten thousand dollars for his painting "Trees Dressed in White".

Swain became dumb with astonishment. Koppel dropped the glass with juice he was about to give Ellsworth. Doctor Caswell managed to keep calm. "Congratulations, Mr. Ellsworth," said the doctor. "Fine, fine... Frankly, I didn't expect that your picture would win the prize. Anyway I've proved to you that art is more satisfying than business."

"Art is nothing. I bought the Lathrop Gallery," said the old man highly pleased with the effect of his deception.

17. Wager with Destiny

E.E. Gatti

Anderson was alone in camp when the native boy brought him Barton's book.

"The boss has dropped it on the trail," the boy said. Anderson knew the book well, a cheap, shabby little notebook. He had heard Barton say a dozen times that he'd bought it with the first dime he'd earned, and every financial transaction he'd made since was entered in that book.

The camp was inside a mountain jungle in the Kuvi region of the Congo. And the heavy clouds overhead made Anderson feel gloomy. He was not well, and he was nervous. And he was unreasonably disturbed about the cage.

He had come on this hunting safari as Barton's guest. Barton, now, was one of the richest men in America; a hard man, who was proud of his power. It was surprising, therefore, to Anderson, that after fifteen years of silence, Barton had looked him up, renewed their boyhood friendship and made him this invitation. Anderson was grateful for it; for he, himself, was penniless and a failure.

Barton had made a bet at his club that he could capture alive a full-grown gorilla and bring it back to America. Hence the safari. And hence the portable steel cage with its automatic door.

Anderson couldn't bear to think of a great gorilla, unable to use his magnificent strength, shut up in the cage. But Anderson, of course, was sensitive about steel bars.

He did not mean to look in Barton's book. It had fallen into the mud, and Anderson only wanted to clean it.

But as he turned the pages shaking out the dried mud, his eyes fell upon a date – April 20, 1923. That was the date that had been seared into Anderson's mind with a red-hot iron, and mechanically he read the entry. Then he opened his mouth and the air swam around him.

"April 20, 1923, received \$50,000" the book stated. Nothing more than that. And on April 20, 1923, he, Anderson, an innocent man, a young accountant in the same firm

where Barton was just beginning his career, had been sentenced to fifteen years in prison for embezzlement' of \$50,000.

Anderson was as shaken as if the very ground had opened under his feet. Memories rushed back to him. The books' had been tampered' with, all right. But they had never been able to locate the money.

And all the time it was Barton who had stolen the money; had used it as the cornerstone⁴ of his vast suc- cess; had noted it down, laconically, in his little book!

"But why did he bring me here?" Anderson asked himself. His body was burning with heat, and his head was heavy; he felt the first sign of malaria. And his heart was filled with the terrible, bitter rage of one betrayed. "Does he think I suspect him? Does he plan to kill me now?"

And then the reason came, cold and clear. There was a power of justice in life, and that power had made Barton bring him, so that he, Anderson, could take the law in his own hands, and the guilty would be punished instead of the innocent.

At once his mind was made up, and he had never known his thinking to be so clear and direct. He would kill Barton while he slept – they shared the same tent. And he would go to bed now and pretend sleeping, so that he would not have to speak to Barton.

It was already late in the afternoon. Anderson uneasily walked into the tent. But he did not have to play a role, for as soon as he touched the bed he fell into the heavy sleep of increasing malaria.

It was bright moonlight outside the tent when he awoke. He could hear Barton's regular, rhythmic breathing in the darkness near him. He dressed quickly and noiselessly, turned the safety catch of his revolver and bent above Barton. But a sudden shock of revulsion came over him.

He put the revolver down carefully on the table near his bed. Then he was outside the tent and trying to run, to get away from that accusing voice that cried within him, again and again, "Murderer!"

He did not know where he was until his hand touched something cold and hard – a steel bar of the cage. God, it knew steel bars, that hand. He closed his eyes against the thought, and took a few steps forward. Then a noise behind him made him turn around. The steel door of the cage had dropped! He had walked into the cage, closing the automatic door!

"Where you should be," cried the accusing voice, "where murderers ought to be, in a cage!"

Anderson sobbed hysterically. Then he fell and the flames of his fever licked him.

Anderson opened his eyes with great effort, and saw above him the face of the friendly planter who lived some miles from the camp.

"You'll be all right now," the man said, "the fever's over. But how did you get into the cage?"

Anderson tried to explain, but he didn't have strength enough to speak. He knew where he was, in a bed in the planter's house. And gradually he became aware that there was another white man in the room, one he had never seen before.

"He was lucky," the planter was saying to this strange man. "If he hadn't been safe in that cage, the gorillas would have got him as they did Barton and those pygmies."

"Do you feel able to talk now?" the stranger asked "I expect you're wondering who I am. I am Barton's lawyer, I flew down from New York to take charge of Barton's affairs as soon as I got the news. You've been delirious three weeks, you know."

The lawyer sat down beside Anderson's bed. "As you know, my late client was a superstitious man, and a great gambler", he said. "You two, as young men, started your careers together. And on the very day that he received the capital that gave him his chance, you were sentenced to prison on a charge of embezzling the identical' sum – fifty thousand dollars. Barton took the coincidence as an act of fate".

"He made a kind of bet with fate," the lawyer went on. "If he were allowed to succeed, he

promised to do something good for you. And he kept the bet, he remembered you in his will'. I thought you'd like to know why".

"I know why all right," said Anderson. A little word called "conscience", he thought. "I happened to know all about it," the lawyer added, "Because I was the executor of the will of Barton's aunt. She hadn't liked hi'm, and he'd expected nothing from her. So that fifty thousand was like money falling from the skies."

18. The Fisherman and His Soul O. Wilde

Every evening the young Fisherman went to sea and threw his nets into the water. When the wind blew from the land he caught very little or nothing, for the wind was bitter and the waves were heavy. But when the wind blew towards the shore, the fish came from the depth, and swam into his nets, and he took them to the market and sold them.

Every evening he went to sea, and one evening the net was so heavy that he could not draw it into the boat. And he laughed, and said to himself, "Surely I have caught all the fish of the sea, or some monster," and he put forth all his strength and drew the net to the surface of the water.

But there were no fish at all in it, nor any monster, but only a little Mermaid, who was fast asleep.

Her wet hair was like gold, her body was as white as ivory, and her tail was of silver and pearl, and like seashells were her ears, and her lips were like sea-coral.

She was so beautiful that the young Fisherman drew the net close to him, and embraced her. And when he touched her, she gave a cry, and awoke, and looked at him in terror and tried to escape. But he held her so tight that she could not free herself.

And when she saw that she could in no way' escape from him, she began to weep, and said, "I ask you to let me go, for I am the only daughter of a King, and my father is very old and all alone."

But the young Fisherman answered, "I shall let you go if you promise that whenever I call you, you will come and sing to me, for the fish like to listen to the songs of the Sea-folk, and so my nets will be full."

"Will you indeed let me go if I promise you this?" asked the Mermaid.

"Indeed I will let you go," said the young Fisherman.

So she promised him, and swore it by the oath of the Sea-folk' and he loosened his arms, and let her go, and she sank down into the water, trembling with a strange fear.

Every evening the young Fisherman went to sea, and called to the Mermaid, and she rose out of the water and sang a marvellous song to him.

And as she sang, all the fish came from the depth to listen to her, and the young Fisherman threw his nets and caught them. And when his boat was full, the Mermaid smiled at him and sank down into the sea.

Yet, she never came so near to him that he could touch her. He often called to her and begged her, but she did not come near him, and when he tried to seize her she sank down into the water, and he did not see her again that day. And each day the sound of her voice became sweeter to his ears. So sweet was her voice that he forgot his nets and his boat. With eyes dim with wonder, he sat idly in his boat and listened, and listened, till night came.

And one evening he called to her, and said: "Little Mermaid, little Mermaid, I love you. Let me be your bridegroom, for I love you."

But the Mermaid shook her head. "You have a human soul," she answered. "Send away your soul and I shall love you."

19. The Mystery of the Blue Jar
Aitha Christie

II

Going home that evening, he looked through the evening papers anxiously to see if there were any mention of a crime having been committed. But there was nothing, and he hardly knew whether to be relieved or disappointed.

The following morning was wet – so wet that even the most ardent golfer might have his enthusiasm damped.

Jack rose at the last possible moment, ate his breakfast, ran for the train and again eagerly looked through the papers. Still no mention of any tragic discovery having been made.

The evening papers told the same tale.

"Queer," said Jack to himself, "but there it is. Probably some little boys having a game together up in the woods."

He was out early the following morning. As he passed the cottage, he noted out of the tail of his eye that the girl was out in the garden again weeding. Evidently a habit of hers. He did a particularly good shot, and hoped that she had noticed it.

"Just five and twenty past seven," he murmured. "I wonder –"

The words were frozen on his lips. From behind him came the same cry which had so startled him before. A woman's voice, in distress.

"Murder – help! murder!"

Jack raced back. The pansy girl was standing by the gate. She looked startled, and Jack ran up to her triumphantly, crying out: "You heard it this time, anyway."

Her eyes were wide with some emotion and he noticed that she shrank back from him as he approached, and even glanced back at the house, as though she was about to run for shelter.

She shook her head, staring at him.

"I heard nothing at all," she said wonderingly.

It was as though she had struck him a blow between the eyes. Her sincerity was so evident that he could not disbelieve her. Yet he couldn't have imagined it – he couldn't – he – couldn't –...

He heard her voice speaking gently – almost with sympathy. "You have had the shell-shock', yes?"

In a flash he understood her look of fear, her glance back at the house. She thought that he suffered from delusions...

And then, like a douche of cold water, came the horrible thought, was she right? Did he suffer from delusions?

In horror of the thought he turned and stumbled away without saying a word. The girl watched him go, sighed, shook her head, and bent down to her weeding again.

Jack tried to reason matters out with himself.

"If I hear the damned thing again at twenty-five minutes past seven," he said to himself, "it's clear that I've got hold of a hallucination of some sort. But I won't hear it."

He was nervous all that day, and went to bed early determined to put the matter to the proof the following morning.

As was perhaps natural in such a case, he remained awake half the night, and finally overslept himself. It was twenty past seven by the time he was clear of the hotel and running towards the links. He realised that he would not be able to get to the fatal spot by twenty-five past, but surely, if the voice were a hallucination pure and simple, he would hear it anywhere. He ran on, his eyes fixed on the hands of his watch.

Twenty-five past. From far off came the echo of a woman's voice, calling. The words

could not be distinguished, but he was convinced that it was the same cry he had heard before, and that it came from the same spot, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the cottage.

Strangely enough, that fact reassured him. It might, after all, be a hoax'. Unlikely as it seemed, the girl herself might be playing a trick on him.

The girl was in the garden as usual. She looked up this morning, and when he raised his cap to her, said good morning rather shyly... She looked, he thought, lovelier than ever.

"Nice day, isn't it?" Jack called out cheerily.

"Yes, indeed, it is lovely."

"Good for the garden, I expect?"

The girl smiled a little.

"Alas, no! For my flowers the rain is needed. See, they are all dried up. Monsieur is much better today, I can see."

Her encouraging tone annoyed Jack intensely.

"I'm perfectly well," he said irritably.

"That is good then," returned the girl quickly and soothingly.

Jack had the irritating feeling that she didn't believe him.

He played a few more holes and hurried back to breakfast.

As he ate it, he was conscious, not for the first time, of the close scrutiny of a man who sat at the table next to him. He was a man of middle-age, with a powerful forceful face.

He had a small dark beard and very piercing grey eyes. His name, Jack knew, was Lavington, and he had heard vague rumours' as to his being a well-known medical specialist, but as Jack was not a frequenter of Harley Street, the name had told little or nothing to him.

But this morning he was very conscious of the quiet observation under which he was being kept, and it frightened him a little. Was his secret written plainly in his face for all to see?

Jack shivered at the thought. Was it true? Was he really going mad? Was the whole thing a hallucination, or was it a gigantic hoax?

And suddenly a very simple way of testing the solution occurred to him. He had hitherto been alone on the course. Supposing someone else was with him? Then one of three things might happen. The voice might be silent. They might both hear it. Or – he only might hear it.

That evening he proceeded to carry his plan into effect. Lavington was the man he wanted with him. They fell into conversation easily enough – the older man might have been waiting for such an opening. It was clear that for some reason or other Jack interested him. The latter was able to come quite easily and naturally to the suggestion that they might play a few holes together before breakfast. The arrangement was made for the following morning.

They started out a little before seven. It was a perfect day, still and cloudless, but not too warm. The doctor was playing well, Jack awfully. He kept glancing at his watch.

The girl, as usual, was in the garden as they passed. She did not look up as they passed. It was exactly twenty-five minutes past seven.

"If you didn't mind waiting a minute," he said, "I think I'll have a smoke."

They paused a little while. Jack filled and lit the pipe with fingers that trembled a little in spite of himself. An enormous weight seemed to have lifted from his mind.

"Lord, what a good day it is," he remarked. "Go on, Lavington, your shot."

And then it came. Just at the very instant the doctor was hitting. A woman's voice, high and agonised.

"Murder – Help! Murder!"

The pipe fell from Jack's nerveless hand, as he turned round in the direction of the sound, and then, remembering, gazed breathlessly at his companion.

Lavington was looking down the course, shading his eyes.

He had heard nothing.

The world seemed to spin round with Jack. He took a step or two and fell. When he recovered himself, he was lying on the ground, and Lavington was bending over him.

"There, take it easy now, take it easy."

"What did I do?"

"You fainted, young man – or gave a very good try at it."

"My God!" said Jack, and groaned.

"What's the trouble? Something on your mind?"

"I'll tell you in one minute, but I'd like to ask you something first."

The doctor lit his own pipe and settled himself on the bank. "Ask anything you like," he said comfortably.

"You've been watching me for the last day or two.

Why?"

Lavington's eyes twinkled a little.

"That's rather an awkward question. A cat can look at a king, you know."

"Don't put me off. I'm earnest. Why was it? I've a vital reason for asking."

Lavington's face grew serious.

"I'll answer you quite honestly. I recognised in you all

the signs of a man who is under acute strain', and it intrigued me what that strain could be."

"I can tell you that easily enough," said Jack bitterly.

"I'm going mad."

He stopped dramatically, but as his statement did not seem to arouse the interest he expected, he repeated it.

"I tell you I'm going mad."

"Very curious," murmured Lavington. "Very curious indeed."

"I suppose that's all it does seem to you. Doctors are so damned callous".

"To begin with, although I have taken my degree, I do not practise medicine. Strictly speaking, I am not a doctor – not a doctor of the body, that it".

Jack looked at him keenly.

"Of the mind?"

"Yes, in a sense, but more truly I call myself a doctor of the soul." "O}1!"

"I see you do not quite believe me, and yet you've got to come to terms with the soul, you know, young man. I can assure you that it really did strike me as very curious that such a well-balanced and perfectly normal young man as yourself should suffer from the delusion that he was going out of his mind."

"I'm out of my mind, all right. Absolutely mad."

"You will forgive me for saying so, but I don't believe it."

"I suffer from delusions."

"After dinner?"

"No, in the morning."

"Can't be done," said the doctor.

"I tell you I hear things that no one else hears."

"It's quite possible that the delusions of to-day may be the proved scientific facts of to-morrow."

In spite of himself, Lavington's matter-of-fact manner was having its effect upon Jack. He felt awfully cheered. The doctor looked at him attentively for a minute or two and then nodded.

"That's better," he said. "The trouble with you young fellows is that you're so sure nothing can exist outside your own philosophy that you get the wind up when something occurs that may change your opinion. Let's hear your grounds for believing that you're

going mad, and we'll decide whether or not to lock you up afterwards."

As faithfully as he could, Jack told the whole series of occurrences.

"But what I can't understand," he ended, "is why this morning it should come at half past seven – five minutes late."

Lavington thought for a minute or two.

"What's the time now by your watch?" he asked.

"Quarter to eight," replied Jack, consulting it.

"That's simple enough, then. Mine says twenty to eight.

Your watch is five minutes fast. That's a very interesting and important point – to me. in fact, it's invaluable."

"In what way?"

Jack was beginning to get interested.

"Well, the obvious explanation is that on the first morning you did hear some such cry – may have been a joke, may not. On the following mornings, you suggestioned yourself to hear it at exactly the same time."

"I'm sure I didn't."

"Not consciously", of course, but the subconscious plays us some funny tricks, you know. If it were a case of suggestion, you would have heard the cry at twenty-five minutes past seven by your watch, and you could never have heard it when the time, as you thought, was past."

"Well, then?"

"Well – it's obvious, isn't it? This cry for help occupies a perfectly definite place and time in space."

"Yes, but why should I be the one to hear it? I don't believe in ghosts, spirits", and all the rest of it. Why should I hear the damned thing?"

"Ah! that we can't tell at present. Some people see and hear things that other people don't – we don't know why. Some day, no doubt, we shall know why you hear this thing and I and the girl don't."

"But what am I going to do?" asked Jack.

"Well, my young friend, you are going to have a good breakfast and get off to the city without worrying your head further about things you don't understand. I, on the other hand, am going to look about, and see what I can find out about that cottage back there. That's where the mystery centres."

Jack rose to his feet.

"Right, sir, I'm on, but I say –"

"Yes?"

Jack flushed awkwardly. "I'm sure the girl's all right," he muttered.

Lavington looked amused.

"You didn't tell me she was a pretty girl! Well, cheer up, I think the mystery started before her time."

19. Blue Lenses

D. du Maurier

This was the day for the bandages' to be removed and the blue lenses fitted'. Marda West put her hand up to her eyes and felt the bandage. The days had passed into weeks since her operation, and she had lain there suffering no physical discomfort, but only the darkness, a feeling that the world and the life around was passing her by. As for the operation itself, it had been successful.

"You will see," the surgeon' told her, "more clearly than ever before."

But always during these days of waiting, she had the fear that everybody at the hospital was being too kind. Therefore, when at last it happened, when at his evening visit the

surgeon said, "Your lenses will be fitted tomorrow," surprise was greater than joy. She could not say anything, and he had left the room before she could thank him. "You won't know you've got them, Mrs West" – the day-nurse assured her, leaving.

Such a calm, comfortable voice, and the way she held the glass to the patient's lips. These things gave confidence that she could not lie.

"Tomorrow I shall see you", said Marda West, and the nurse, with the cheerful laugh answered, "Yes, I'll give you your first shock."

"Aren't you feeling excited?" This was the low, soft voice of her night-nurse, who, more than the rest of them, understood what she had endured⁴. Nurse Brand was a person of sunlight, of bearing in fresh flowers, of admitting visitors.

Meals, too, even the duller of lunches were made to appear delicacies through her method of introduction.

The night brought consolation and Nurse Ansel. She did not expect courage. It was she who had smoothed the pillows and held the glass to the lips. At night the patient had only to touch the bell, and in a moment Nurse Ansel was by the bed. "Can't sleep? I know, it's bad for you. I'll give you just two and a half grains, and the night won't seem so long". All she did was faultless. She never annoyed. And when she went off duty, at five minutes to eight in the morning, she would whisper, "Until this evening."

It was with a special secret sympathy that Nurse Ansel would announce the evening visitor. "Here is someone you want to see, a little earlier than usual," the tone suggesting that Jim was not the husband of ten years but a troubadour, a lover, someone whose bouquet of flowers had been plucked in an enchanted garden and now brought to a balcony. Then shyly, the voice would murmur, "Good evening, Mr. West. Mrs. West is waiting for you." She would hear the gentle closing of the door, the tip-toeing out with the flowers and the almost soundless return, the scent of the flowers filling the room.

It must have been during the fifth week that Marda West had suggested, first to Nurse Ansel and then to her husband, that perhaps when she returned home the night-nurse might go with them for the first week. Just a week. Just so that Marda West could settle to home again.

"Aren't you feeling excited?", asked Nurse Ansel.

"In a way", said Marda West. "It's like being born again. I've forgotten how the world looks."

"Such a wonderful world," murmured Nurse Ansel, "and you've been patient for so long."

"It's strange," said Marda West, "tomorrow you won't be a voice to me any more. You'll be a person."

"Aren't I a person now?"

"Yes, of course, but it will be different."

"Sleep, then. Tomorrow will come too soon. Good night, Mrs West. Ring if you want me."

"Thank you. Good night."

"Well, we can't complain of the weather!" Now it was the day itself, and Nurse Brand coming in like the first breeze of morning.

"All ready for the great event?" she asked.

Then the surgeon removed the bandages and did something to her eyelids.

"Now, don't be disappointed," he said. "You won't know any difference for about half an hour. Then it will gradually clear. I want you to lie quietly during that time."

The dark lenses, fitted inside her lids, were temporary for the first few days. Then they would be removed and others fitted.

"How much shall I see?" she asked at last.

"Everything. But not immediately in colour. Just like wearing sunglasses on a bright day. Rather pleasant."

His cheerful laugh gave confidence, and when he and Nurse Brand had left the room she

lay back again, waiting for the fog to clear.

Little by little the mist dissolved.

All was in focus now. Flowers, the wash-basin, the glass with the thermometer in it, her dressing-gown. Wonder and relief were so great that they excluded thought.

"They weren't lying to me," she thought. "It's happened, It's true."

Colour was not important. To see, to feel. It was indeed rebirth, the discovery of a world long lost to her.

She heard Nurse Brand's voice outside, and turned her head to watch the opening door.

"Well... are we happy once more?"

Smiling, she saw the figure dressed in uniform come into the room, bearing a tray, her glass of milk upon it. Yet, absurd, the head with the uniformed cap was not a woman's head at all. The thing bearing down upon her was a cow ... a cow on a woman's body. The frilled cap was upon wide horns. The eyes were large and gentle, but cow's eyes, the nostrils broad and humid, and the way she stood there, breathing, was the way a cow stood placidly in pasture".

"Feeling a bit strange?"

The laugh was a woman's laugh, a nurse's laugh, Nurse Brand's laugh, and she put the tray down on the cupboard beside the bed. The patient said nothing. She shut her eyes, then opened them again. The cow in the nurse's uniform was with her still. It was important to gain time. The patient stretched out her hand carefully for the glass of milk. She sipped the milk slowly. The mask must be worn on purpose'. Perhaps it was some kind of experiment connected with the fitting of the lenses – though how it was supposed to work she could not imagine.

"I see very plainly," she said at last. "At least, I think I do."

Nurse Brand stood watching her. The broad uniformed figure was much as Marda West had imagined it, but that cow's head tilted, the ridiculous frill of the horns... where did the head join the body, if mask it in fact was?

"Is it a trick?" Marda West asked.

"Is what a trick?"

"The way you look ... your ... face?"

The cow's jaw distinctly dropped.

"Really, Mrs West. I'm as the good God made me."

"I didn't mean- to offend you," she said, "but it is just a little strange. You see..."

She was spared explanation because the door opened and the surgeon came into the room. At least, the surgeon's voice was recognizable as he called. "Hullo! How goes it?" and his figure in the dark coat was all that an eminent surgeon's should be, but... that terrier's head, ears pricked, the inquisitive, searching glance?

This time the patient laughed.

"Mrs. West thinks us a bit of a joke," the nurse said. But her voice was not over-pleased. The surgeon came and put his hand out to his patient, and bent close to observe her eyes. She lay very still. He wore no mask either. He was even marked, one ear black, the other white.

"I'll be in on Thursday," he said, "to change the lenses." Marda West could not demand an explanation. Instinct warned her that he would not understand. The terrier was saying something to the cow, giving instructions.

As they moved to the door the patient made a last attempt.

"Will the permanent lenses," she asked, "be the same as these?"

"Exactly the same." said the surgeon, "except that they won't be tinted. You'll see the natural colour. Until Thursday, then."

He was gone, and the nurse with him. She could hear the murmur of voice outside the door. What happened now? If it was really some kind of test, did they remove their masks instantly? She slipped out of bed and went to the door. She could hear the surgeon

say, "One and a half grains. She's a little tired. It's the reaction, of course".
Bravely, she flung open the door. They were standing there in the passage, wearing the masks still.

"Do you want anything, Mrs West?" asked Nurse Band.

Marda West stared beyond them down the corridor. The whole floor was in the deception". A maid, carrying dustpan and brush, coming from the room next door, had a weasel's" head upon her small body, and the nurse advancing from the other side was a little kitten, her cap coquettish on her furry curls, the doctor beside her a proud lion. Fear came to Marda West. How could they have known she would open the door at that minute? Something of her fear must have shown in her face, for Nurse Brand, the cow, took hold of her and led her back into her room.

"I'm rather tired," Marda West said. "I'd like to sleep."

"That's right," said Nurse Brand and gave her a sedative".

The sedative acted swiftly.

Soon peaceful darkness came, but she awoke, to lunch brought in by the kitten. Nurse Brand was off duty.

"How long must it go on for?" asked Marda West. She had adjusted herself" to the trick.

"How do you mean, Mrs. West?" asked the kitten, smiling. Such a flighty little thing, with its pursed-up mouth, and even as it spoke it put a hand to its cap.

"This test on my eyes," said the patient, uncovering the boiled chicken on her plate. "I don't see the point of it."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. West," the kitten said, "I don't follow you. Did you tell Nurse Brand you couldn't see properly yet?"

"It's not that I can't see," replied Marda West. "I see perfectly well. The chair is a chair. The table is a table. I'm about to eat boiled chicken. But why do you look like a kitten?" "I see what I see," said the patient. "You are a cat, if you like, and Nurse Brand's a cow."

This time the insult must sound deliberate. Nurse Sweeting, that was the cat's name, had fine whiskers to her mouth. The whiskers bristled.

"If you please, Mrs. West," she said, "will you eat your chicken, and ring the bell when you are ready for the next course?"

She left the room.

No, they could not be wearing masks. And the staff of the hospital could not possibly put on such an act for one patient, for Marda West alone – the expense would be too great.

The fault must lie in the lenses, then.

20. The Last Inch by J. Aldridge

At forty you were lucky if you still enjoyed flying after twenty years of it, and you were lucky if you could still feel that artistic pleasure of a beginner when you brought the plane down well.

It was all gone; and he was forty-three and his wife had gone back to Linnean Street, Cambridge, Mass., and was leading the life she liked to lead, taking the streetcar to Harvard Square, shopping at the market, living in her old man's decent old farm house which made a decent life for a decent woman.

He had promised to join her before the summer but he knew he would never do it. He also knew he would never get another flying job at his age, not for his sort of flying, even in Canada.

That left him with an apathetic wife who didn't want him, and a ten-year-old boy who had come too late and was, Ben knew in his heart, not part of either of them: a very lonely boy lost between them, who understood, at ten, that his mother had no interest in him, and that his father was a stranger who couldn't talk to him and was too sharp with him in the rare moments when they were together.

This particular moment was no better than the others. Ben had the boy with him in an

Auster bumping violently down the 2,000 feet corridor over the Red Sea coast, waiting for the boy to be airsick.

"If you want to be sick," he said to the boy, "put your head well down on the floor so that you don't make the plane dirty."

"Yes," the boy said miserably.

"Are you afraid?"

"A little," the boy answered: a rather pale, shy and serious voice for a North-American boy. "Can these bumps smash the plane?"

Ben had no way of comforting him, excepting the truth. "Only if the plane has not been looked after and periodically checked."

"Is this..." the boy began, but he was too sick to go on.

"It's all right," his father said irritably. "It's a good enough plane."

The boy had his head down and was beginning to cry quietly.

"Don't cry!" Ben ordered him now. "There's no need to cry. Get your head up, Davy! Get it up!"

"How do you know where the wind is?" the boy asked.

"The waves, the odd cloud, the feel," Ben shouted back.

But he no longer knew what directed his flying. Without thinking about it he knew to a foot where he would put the plane down. He had to know here, because there were no feet to spare - on this piece of natural sand, which was impossible to approach in anything but a small plane. It was a hundred miles from the nearest native village. It was dead desert country.

"This is what is important," Ben said. "When you level off it's got to be six inches. Not one foot, or three feet. Six inches! If it's too high and you come down hard, you'll wreck the plane. If it's too low, you hit a bump and go over. It's the last inch that's important." Davy nodded. He knew. He had seen an Auster like this one go over at Embaba. The student flying it had been killed.

"See!" his father shouted. "Six inches. When she begins to sink, I ease back the stick. I ease it back. Now!" he said and the plane touched down like a snowflake. The last inch! He cut off the engine instantly and put on the heel brakes which stopped them short of the sudden drop into the water by six or seven feet.

The two pilots who had discovered this bay had called it Shark Bay, not for its shape but for its population. It was always well filled with good-sized Red Sea sharks who came into it after the big shoals of herring and mullet which looked for a safe place in here from time to time.

It was sharks Ben was here for; and now that he was here he forgot the boy, except to instruct him how to help unload, how to pack the food bag in wet sand, how to keep the sand wet with buckets of sea water, and to bring the tools and the small things necessary for his aqualung and cameras.

"Does anybody ever come here?" Davy asked him.

Ben was too busy to hear him now, but he shook his head. "Nobody! Nobody could get here, except in a light plane. Bring me the two green bags from the floor", he said, "and keep your head covered against the sun. I don't want you to get sunstroke".

It was Davy's last question. He had asked his questions seriously trying in that way to soften his father's hard answers. But he gave up the attempt and simply did as he was told. He watched carefully while his father prepared his aqualung equipment and underwater cameras to go into the perfect clear coral water to film sharks.

"Don't go near the water!" his father ordered.

Davy said nothing.

"These sharks," his father warned, "will be glad to take a bite at you, especially on the surface; so don't even put your feet in."

Davy shook his head.

Ben wished he could do more for the boy, but it was too late by many years. When he was away flying (which had been most of the time since Davy was born and since he was a baby, and now when he was growing into his teens) he had never had contact with him. In Colorado, in Florida, in Canada, in Iraq, in Bahrein, and here in Egypt: it should have been his wife's work, Joannie's work, to keep the boy lively and happy.

In the early days he had tried himself to make friends with the boy. But he was very rarely at home, and the "home" was some outlandish place of Arabia which Joannie had hated and had continually compared with the clear summer evenings and cold sparkling winters and quiet college streets of that New England town. She had found nothing interesting in the mud houses of Bahrein at 110 degrees with 100 degrees humidity; nor in the iron encampments of oilfields, nor even in the dusty streets of Cairo. But all that apathy, (which had increased until it had beaten her) should be disappearing, now when she was at home. He would take the boy back to her, and hope that she would begin to take some interest in him now when she was where she wanted to be. But she hadn't shown much interest yet, and she'd left three months ago.

"Fix that strap between my legs," he told Davy.

He had the heavy aqualung on his back. Its two cylinders of compressed air, 56 lbs in weight, would give him the possibility to be thirty feet below for more than an hour. There was no need to go deeper. The sharks didn't.

"And don't throw any stones in the water," his father said, picking up the cylindrical watertight camera box.

"It frightens everything in sight. Even the sharks. Give me the mask."

Davy handed him the glass-fronted mask for his face. "I'll be down there about twenty minutes," Ben told him. "Then I'll come up and have lunch because the sun is already too high. You can put some stones on each side of the plane's wheels, and then sit under the wing out of the sun. Do you get that?"

"Yes," Davy said.

Davy watched the sea swallow his father and sat down to watch for a moment, as if there was something to see. But there was nothing at all, except the air-bubble breaking the surface from time to time.

There was nothing on the surface of the sea, which disappeared in the far horizon; and when he climbed up the hot sand-hill to the highest side of the sand bay, he could see nothing but the bare desert behind him.

Below, there was only the aeroplane, the little silver Auster. He felt free enough now, with no one in sight for a hundred miles, to sit inside the plane and study it. But the smell of it began to make him sick again, so he got out and poured a bucket of water around the sand where the lunch was, and then sat down to see if he could watch the sharks his father was photographing. He could see nothing below surface at all; and in the hot silence and loneliness he wondered what would happen if his father didn't come up again. Ben was having trouble with the valve that gave the right amount of air. He wasn't deep, only twenty feet, but the valve worked irregularly.

The sharks were there, but at a distance, just out of camera range.

"This time," he told himself, "I'm going to get three thousand dollars."

He was paid by the Commercial Television Stock Company; a thousand dollars for every five hundred feet of shark film, and a special thousand dollars for any shot of a hammerhead.

While they ate their silent lunch he changed the film in the French camera and fixed the valve of his aqualung, and it was only when he began to open one of the bottles of lager that he remembered that he had brought nothing lighter to drink for his son.

"Did you find something to drink?" he asked Davy.

"No," Davy told him. "There is no water..."

"You'll have to drink some of this," he told Davy. "Open a bottle and try it, but don't

drink too much of it."

He did not like the idea of a ten-year-old drinking beer but there was nothing else. Davy opened a bottle, took a quick drink, but swallowed it with difficulty. He shook his head and gave the bottle back to his father.

"You had better open a can of peaches," Ben said.

A can of peaches was no good in this dry noonday heat, but there was nothing else to give him. Ben lay back when he had finished eating, covered the equipment carefully with a wet towel, looked at Davy to see that he was not ill or in the sun, and went to sleep.

"Does anyone know we are here?" Davy was asking him when he was getting into the water again after his sweaty rest.

"Why do you ask that? What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I just thought..."

"Nobody knows we're here," Ben said. "We get permission from the Egyptians to fly to Hurgada; but they don't know that we come down this far. They must not know either. Remember that!"

"Could they find us?"

Ben thought the boy was afraid that they would be caught for doing something wrong.

"No, no one could ever reach us either by sea or by land."

Статьи для реферирования на английском языке

1. Большие неприятности методике как науке об образовании, в частности в иностранных языках, принесла на каком-то этапе оторванность ее от науки. Здесь, правда, вина собственно и самой науки. Лингвисты в течение многих лет грешили вот такой чистой наукой и напоминали мне Кая из сказки о Снежной королеве, который сидел в ледяном дворце и складывал из кубиков слово "вечность". Иногда, когда я читаю диссертации лингвистов, никак на практику не выходящих, всегда вспоминаю Кая и думаю, как ему холодно сидеть во дворце. Потому что, как практики, оторванные от науки и теории, так и теоретики, оторванные от практики, одинаково ущербны.

В России 200 миллионов человек знают русский язык, однако это совсем не означает, что все они могут его преподавать. Нельзя преподавать иностранные языки, не понимая, например, механизма речеобразования. Без этого понимания теоретического вопроса теряется драгоценное время, преподаватели стонут, что им не хватает часов. В результате, как показала многолетняя практика в нашей советской жизни, десятилетиями шел поголовный брак, люди учили языки в школе, неязыковом вузе, кончали аспирантуру - и не знали двух слов. Миллионы школьников, получив аттестат, не имели никакого представления об иностранном языке.

Беда учителей была в низком уровне знаний, что неудивительно в стране, на многие годы отрезанной от того мира, где язык естественным образом употреблялся. Мы вообще преподавали все иностранные языки как мертвые - латынь или древнегреческий. Мы пользовались произведениями Шекспира, Диккенса, Чосера; современная литература была представлена шестью томами "Саги и Форсайтах". Хотя Голсуорси писал в первой половине XX века, для нас он служил примером современного английского языка.

Язык как средство общения начали преподавать тогда, когда коренным образом изменилась наша жизнь. На своем факультете мы пытаемся соединить научные теории с практикой преподавания. Первыми в стране мы создали ученый совет по защите кандидатских и докторских диссертаций, в котором филология соединена с методикой.

Все остальные советы занимаются либо отдельно филологией, либо методами преподавания иностранных языков. Наш совет в организационном смысле сочетает и теорию, и практику. С одной стороны, это нас обогащает, с другой - выявляются нелепости, крайности и в той, и в другой областях, когда на них смотрит свежий взгляд.

Сейчас определилось новое мощное направление - язык и культура. Мы обнаружили, что преподавание языка невозможно в отрыве от культуры. Язык - это средство общения, а язык общения - это не просто правила грамматики, суффиксы и префиксы, это еще и огромный комплекс так называемых фоновых культурных знаний о том, как живет и функционирует в мире языка предмет или явление, обозначаемое языком.

Язык отражает мир и формирует носителей языка, все мы - продукты языка и культуры, навязанной нам при рождении и при овладении родным языком. В языке есть мощный культуросообразный пласт, который несет в себе отношение к миру, людям и т.д. И все это с языком вместе мы усваиваем как данность. Потом начинаются конфликты, когда мы встречаемся с людьми, которым продиктованы другие условия жизни и единения. Соответственно возникают конфликты культур и конфликты языков.

Из-за этого мы набиваем шишки каждый раз, когда сталкиваемся с партнерами по международному сотрудничеству. У нас нет проблем с артиклями и предлогами. Но это абсолютно не означает, что наше общение эффективно и правильно. Мы совершаем, особенно поначалу, огромное количество ошибок в культуре общения. Сейчас мы стараемся научить наших студентов всему тому, что сами в свое время не знали. Я им завидую - они получают уникальное образование.

20. В первой части труда «Война и ее законы» (это наиболее сложная и важная его часть) война рассматривается как историческое и социально-политическое явление — экстремфеномен, раскрываются ее сущность, содержание, типы и виды, подчиненность войны объективным научным законам. Здесь глубоко анализируются и показываются особенности эмпирического (чувственного) и теоретического (логического, рационального) познания закономерных отношений войны, научная система ее собственных законов, объясняется механизм их действия. Автор показал несостоятельность «уравнивания в правах» войны как насильственной вооруженной формы взаимоотношений государств и других «войн» — экономической, финансовой, идеологической, дипломатической и т. п., которые являются видами конкурентных международных отношений. В военное же время эти формы борьбы хотя и обостряются, но все равно лишь дополняют и обеспечивают главную, решающую форму борьбы — вооруженную. Собственно война по своему содержанию отличается от всех других «войн» сущностным признаком — *вооруженной борьбой*, которая придает войне в ее первоначальном понимании присущее только ей качественное свойство. Оно заключается в том, что войну ведут вооруженные силы и народы в целом, в то время как другие формы борьбы, сопутствуя вооруженной борьбе, ведут гражданские государственные институты. Кроме того, они могут применяться и в мирное время. Вкладывая именно такой смысл в понятие «война», автор вскрывает системные законы этого сложного явления.

Философу С.А. Тюшкевичу неслучайно присвоено ученое звание профессора в области военной истории. Проблему использования законов войны он уже много лет решает, анализируя богатый исторический материал, прослеживая изменение содержания войны с древнейших времен до наших дней. Автор показал, что война прошла сложный диалектический путь развития: в первобытном обществе она была практически

тождественна вооруженной борьбе, направленной на обеспечение условий существования групп людей (борьба за расширение пастбищ, районов охоты и т. п.); в XXI веке война существенно осложнилась по содержанию, приняла межгосударственную форму и имеет целью, как правило, борьбу за финансовые, природные, энергетические, биологические и другие ресурсы.

В рассматриваемом труде отмечается, что развитие военной теории, глубокое осмысление всего, что рождено и рождается революцией в военном деле, — важнейшая обязанность военных кадров. Постигание сущности современных войн, их социально-политического, военно-технологического и стратегического характера, совершенствование системы законов военной науки и принципов военного искусства — необходимое условие успешного решения задач, стоящих перед Вооруженными Силами России. В этом смысле особое значение имеют следующие содержащиеся в труде положения.

Принципиально важным является положение о сущности войны как продолжения политики определенных классов, государств средствами вооруженного насилия, обоснованию и развитию которого Степан Андреевич уделил особое внимание. Политика порождает войну, определяет цели войны, ее социально-политический и военно-стратегический характер; оказывает решающее воздействие на общество в целях создания и использования необходимой военной мощи; обеспечивает достижение поставленных целей с помощью не только вооруженного насилия, но и других видов борьбы в войне (экономической, научно-технической, дипломатической, идеологической); обуславливает характер и направленность послевоенного мира.

3. Другая сторона сущности войны — вооруженная борьба — обладает свойством обратного воздействия на политику: она может заставить пересмотреть не только политические цели войны, но и всю внутреннюю и внешнюю политику воюющей стороны (воюющих сторон), политическую систему общества, его духовную жизнь, экономику и т. д. Более того, возникновение ракетно-ядерного оружия и других видов оружия массового поражения коренным образом изменило не только характер вооруженной борьбы, но и ее политическое содержание, сделав войну в целом иррациональной, неспособной обеспечить достижение поставленных политических целей.

На этом основании в труде убедительно доказывается, что так называемое новое толкование войны, игнорирующее вооруженную борьбу как ее решающий специфический признак, несостоятельно. Неправомерно также утверждать, что войны могут быть и без применения вооруженного насилия, что они не обязательно связаны с непосредственным применением оружия, что и «горячие», и «холодные» войны — явление одного сущностного порядка, что противоборство государств и социальных сил, национальных и иных движений в современных условиях, даже без вооруженной борьбы — это тоже война.

Исследовав и раскрыв смысл, сущность войны, С.А. Тюшкевич приступает к рассмотрению системных законов этого чрезвычайно сложного и противоречивого общественного явления. При этом он отмечает, что процесс познания законов исторически и логически включает два этапа. Первый — эмпирический, в основе которого лежит воспроизведение и использование опыта подготовки и ведения вооруженной борьбы, войн; второй — рациональный (логический, теоретический), в основе которого лежит познание сущности явлений и процессов вооруженной борьбы, войн, их взаимосвязи и взаимодействия.

Сначала полководцы и исследователи как бы «почувствовали», что в ходе военных действий возникают определенные связи и отношения, которые буквально диктуют ход борьбы и во многом определяют ее исход. Воспроизведение и использование опыта как раз и составило содержание эмпирического (чувственного) этапа познания законов войны. Расширенное обобщение такого опыта в мемуарах, трактатах на фоне общего бурного развития военно-исторической науки привело к качественно новому методу и уровню познания законов войны — логическому (рациональному). При этом отмечается, что процесс творческого познания законов войны — это и есть процесс развития самой военной науки как особой отрасли научных знаний. Чем глубже, основательнее показаны законы вооруженной борьбы, войны, чем совершеннее их теоретическая система, тем более зрелой является военная наука. Это означает, что процесс познания законов войны, совершенствования военной науки продолжается.

Предназначение научной системы законов войны автор видит в том, что она должна «быть важнейшей теоретической основой военной науки, ее ядром, и в этом случае выступать в качестве основы военной политики государства, его военной доктрины, военного строительства»⁵. В основу построения системы он, «опираясь на достижения советской военно-теоретической школы»⁶, положил принцип полного охвата цикла жизни войны как социальной системы — от зарождения до перехода в другие стадии и уровни развития.

Автор выделяет и подробно анализирует следующие *группы системы законов войны*: законы зарождения и возникновения войны — генетические; законы, определяющие и «стабилизирующие» ход войны — функциональные; законы, управляющие переходом войны из одного состояния, качественного уровня в другое — законы развития⁷.

4. Знание *первой группы законов (генетических)* необходимо для понимания истории войн, их места в жизни человеческого общества на каждом конкретном этапе его эволюции, а также для предотвращения войны, особенно в наше беспокойное время. Эти законы позволяют понять причины войны, условия, в которых они действуют (могут проявиться). Это крайне важно для политического и военного руководства, для выработки военной политики и военной доктрины.

Серьезным научным вкладом в развитие системы законов войны является выявление автором закона зависимости зарождения, хода и исхода войны от соотношения геополитического и демографического факторов⁸. Учет действия этого закона очень важен для современной России, так как внутри и вокруг нее произошли и происходят серьезные геополитические и демографические изменения. Незаселенность и разрушение экономической инфраструктуры огромных пространств вследствие критической неравномерности их заселения при неясных демографических перспективах, усугубляемые расширением блока НАТО на Восток, выдвижением к российским границам его крупных ударных группировок войск, развертыванием систем наступательного и оборонительного оружия, комплексов разведки, контроля и оповещения, необорудованностью границ между странами СНГ, — все это создает для России условия, когда законы войны в случае ее развязывания будут действовать против нее. Это вызывает необходимость принятия экстренных превентивных компенсационных мер комплексного характера.

Вторая и третья группы законов войны позволяют определять политику, стратегию и военное искусство в том случае, если война становится фактом. Тогда знание этих законов становится основой деятельности военных кадров, войск, направленных на отражение агрессии и достижение победы.

Как в теоретическом, так и в практическом отношении интересны и поучительны положения труда о системе связей и отношений, обуславливающих возникновение войн, их характер, ход и исход. Это не только причины, условия, но и интересы и цели в войне, необходимость и случайность, возможность и действительность, необходимость и свобода, а также некоторые другие связи и отношения, которые охватываются понятием детерминизма. Знание этих связей и отношений, считает С.А. Тюшкевич, важно и для исследовательской, теоретической деятельности, и для практической, прежде всего потому что деятельность людей входит в механизм действия и использования законов войны. Это означает, что человек не бессилен, а может создавать более или менее благоприятные (совсем неблагоприятные) условия и для действия законов, и для их использования, что чревато отрицательными последствиями. Как же точны выдвинутые положения! Еще в первом издании труда С.А. Тюшкевич предвидел (и предупреждал!) последовавшие вскоре события в Южной Осетии, вызванные отсутствием у грузинского «всенародно избранного» президента М. Саакашвили ответственности за свои сумасбродно-свободные действия перед своим и другими народами, а затем и вызванные не без влияния извне «майданные» потрясения в Украине, приведшие к кровавым событиям и расколу страны.

5. Важно различать законы войны и законы вооруженной борьбы, Для военных кадров особое значение имеет понимание того, что законы вооруженной борьбы являются как бы проекцией разработанной С.А. Тюшкевичем системы законов войны на собственно вооруженное противоборство. В данной связи весьма поучительно в труде говорится о принципах военного искусства, которые основываются на законах вооруженной борьбы и выводятся из них.

Автор справедливо подчеркивает, что «окончательного решения» проблемы законов войны быть не может, так как они историчны. «Историзм законов выражается в изменении тенденций, действующих в войне и вооруженной борьбе»⁹. Действительно, изменение содержания войны и вооруженной борьбы, тем более в сторону усложнения, неизбежно приводит к эволюции и их онтологических связей и отношений. В результате этого одни законы могут проявляться не столь явно, вплоть до полного отмирания, другие — усиливать свое действие.

Наконец, могут появляться новые законы и закономерности, обусловленные как качественными изменениями в содержании военного противоборства, например, в связи с использованием космического пространства, оружия на новых физических принципах и кибернетических систем управления, так и усилением влияния изменений в окружающей среде на ход военных действий (наступление «ядерной зимы» в случае массированного применения ядерного оружия, загрязнение атмосферы, литосферы, морей и океанов, изменение климата после вызванных войной экологических катастроф и др.). Именно установление и анализ действия принципа историзма позволили автору сделать вывод о том, что система законов войны *должна быть открытой*.

Вторая часть труда, «Условия и факторы использования законов войны», посвящена анализу целенаправленной деятельности политического и военного руководства, командиров и войск. В ней раскрываются особенности использования законов в войнах различных исторических эпох, особенно в Великой Отечественной войне советского народа 1941—1945 годов, говорится о специфике сознательной деятельности людей в войне.

В третьей части труда, «Методологические функции научных законов войны», сформулированы теоретико-методологические положения и рекомендации, имеющие

важное значение для понимания структуры и содержания современной военной теории, военной науки, тенденций их развития, а также таких их слагаемых, как теория победы, теория военной безопасности и т. д. О необходимости знания механизма эволюции законов вооруженной борьбы и войны как обязательной, необходимой предпосылке творческой деятельности военных кадров, включая военных историков, убедительно говорится в специальном разделе труда¹⁰.

6. Научная система законов войны играет важную роль во взаимосвязи и взаимообусловленности военной и военно-исторической наук, исключая так называемые субординационные отношения между ними, справедливо считает автор. Специфика состоит в том, что военная история исследует преимущественно связи, характеризующие войну и армию в хронологическом развитии, а военная наука — структурные связи. Поэтому каждая из этих относительно самостоятельных наук выражает различные методы познания — исторический и теоретический. Существенно отличаются у них также объекты и предметы исследования.

Важным показателем фундаментальности труда юбиляра о законах войны является вскрытие взаимосвязи военной теории и практики. Разработка первой осуществляется в интересах второй, разработка методологии познания и осмысления законов войны ведется в интересах обеспечения военной безопасности России, осуществления ее военной реформы и развития Вооруженных Сил. Обратной стороной этой взаимосвязи является использование огромного эмпирического материала, в первую очередь опыта Второй мировой и Великой Отечественной войн, революционных перемен в военном деле в послевоенные годы, опыта локальных войн и вооруженных конфликтов, включая явно агрессивные акции США и некоторых их союзников во второй половине XX — начале XXI века против ряда суверенных стран (например, против Вьетнама, Ирака, Югославии, Ливии...) и так называемые гуманитарные интервенции, в интересах углубления военной теории, уточнения законов и закономерностей войны, чему во втором издании труда С.А. Тюшкевичем уделено огромное внимание в новой, четвертой части «Из опыта актуализации военной теории и методологии», заключительная глава которой, «Необходимое условие развития военной науки», разработана автором на основе его одноименной статьи в журнале «Военная Мысль»¹¹.

7. Профессор С.А. Тюшкевич одним из первых отечественных ученых дал выверенное историко-философское и военно-научное объяснение многим военным явлениям, включая причины войн, законы и закономерности их хода и развития, составляющие победы и цену войны. Непререкаем его вывод о том, что действуют причины войн общие, особенные и частные, в том числе и случайные, проявляющиеся, конечно, в зависимости от конкретно складывающихся объективных условий и субъективных обстоятельств.

Общие причины войн и сейчас активно влияют на общественные отношения на всех их уровнях. Возможности их проявления и действия существенно определяются рядом обстоятельств, в которых особую роль играет всеобщая глобализация политики, экономики, военно-политических, информационных и иных процессов. Она протекает в борьбе двух основных тенденций: тенденции формирования однополярного мира во главе с США и в интересах США и так называемого золотого миллиарда, и тенденции формирования многополярного мира в интересах подавляющего большинства государств.

Эти тенденции проявили себя уже в минувшем столетии¹². Попытки фашистской Германии и ее союзников по антикоминтерновскому пакту устроить мир в своих интересах и по своему образу и подобию, т. е. сделать мир однополярным, потерпели крах. В развязанной ими Второй мировой войне они были разгромлены. Одновременно

изменился и баланс сил на всех уровнях в количественном и качественном отношении. Возникновение биполярного мира после Второй мировой войны на некоторое время ослабило тенденцию формирования однополярного мира, причем существенно, хотя и не устранило ее с арены мировой истории. Основным и главным ограничителем этой тенденции являлись СССР и возглавляемая им Организация Варшавского договора.

Однако после, как справедливо считает профессор С.А. Тюшкевич, подготовленного извне с опорой на внутренние деструктивные силы развала Советского Союза и самороспуска ОВД военно-политическая обстановка в мире и ход истории вновь изменились: США и НАТО предприняли отчаянные усилия для формирования однополюсного мира и осуществления своей политики глобального господства. В первую очередь это военные усилия и экономический диктат. Каждый подобный шаг США и их сподвижников ведет к усилению несправедливости в распределении собственности не только на глобальном, но и на региональном и национальном уровнях. Это главная причина, считает С.А. Тюшкевич, порождающая войны и вооруженные конфликты в XXI веке. К сожалению, этот фактор не стал единственным; взаимодействуя с другими источниками (общими причинами) войн, он усиливается и модифицируется.

8. Русский язык стремительно развивается.

На русском языке общаются большое количество людей не только в России, но и в других странах. Язык имеет огромный культурный пласт, в виде художественной литературы, который ценится во всём мире, носители других языков во многих странах изучают русский язык для того, чтобы в оригинале прочитать произведения русской классики.

Лексика русского языка постоянно пополняется заимствованными словами, и другой лексикой, что оказывает влияние на современную речь человека. Большое влияние на речь современного человека имеют жаргонизмы и просторечия, постоянное воздействие на качество речи оказывает телевидение, радио, Интернет.

Большая роль в формировании нормированной речи принадлежит дикторам телевидения и радио, речь которых является образцом для жителей страны, особенно для молодого поколения.

Всё больше населения страны используют в своей речи жаргонную лексику. Молодежь часто использует жаргон, который сильно ограничен в лексическом составе, понятен только узкому кругу людей.

Немаловажную роль в отсутствии четкой строгой нормы в молодежном жаргоне играет почти полное отсутствие письменной формы речи. База молодежного жаргона постоянно размывается, меняя жаргон. Исследователи молодежного жаргона отмечают нечеткость его границ, открытость для просторечных слов.

В то же время жаргонная лексика стремительно распространяется, становится базовой речью для молодежных группировок и объединений.

Молодежный язык подвержен быстрым изменениям и текучестью.

Возможно, это связано с тем, что многие литературные фразы, обороты речи становятся не востребованными. Что приводит к постепенному замещению мало использованных литературных форм нелитературной лексикой, что постепенно может привести к выпадению из речи целых речевых конструкций.

Теряя свою значимость, литературная лексика стремительно уходит в прошлое, что вызывает большое опасение, что может произойти утрата литературных форм речи, которые в недавнем времени были активны в разговорной речи, а с недавнего времени их можно услышать только у взрослого населения страны.

Состояние современного русского языка и его речевой разновидности, вызывает беспокойство.

Это связано со снижением культуры речи населения.

Без знания языковых законов невозможна культура речи человека.

Освоение русского языка всегда начинается с алфавита.

Эта первая книга человека, которую ребенку предстоит прочесть и изучить. Читая классиков литературы, мы развиваем свою речь, её литературную форму. Благодаря книгам наша речь становится богатой, наполненной красками чувств, которые передаются через изобразительно - выразительные свойства речи: тропы, фигуры речи.

Падение интереса к произведениям классиков русской литературы приводит к косноязычию.

Не уметь красиво и правильно, образно и эмоционально передавать чувства, красоту природы, переживания и эмоции, которые испытывает человек. Очень важно с раннего детства прививать любовь к чтению. Читающий человек, никогда не станет использовать слова в несвойственном ему значении, так как, читая, мы развиваем лексический запас, развиваемся и растём духовно.

Отсутствие грамотной речи у человека свидетельствует о невоспитанности и малообразованности.

Старославянский алфавит раньше включал в себя 43 буквы, тогда как в нашей азбуке всего 33 буквы. Реформы появились в период, когда к власти пришли большевики, издав декрет «О введении новой орфографии» - это стало крупным изменением русского языка уже третий раз.

По этому декрету вышли из употребления буквы ять, фита, и десятеричное, а буква Ё только появилась официально, хотя ещё в 1797 её признал Н.Карамзин.

Кроме того, в связи с реформой исчез твердый знак на конце слов, это очень сильно сократило расходы на печать.

Поменялись окончания в некоторых падежах в существительных, что привело к более современному звучанию. Благодаря реформе 1918 года язык становился доступным для большего числа населения. Это было важно в то время из-за огромного количества безграмотных людей.

9. По переписи 1919 года лишь 41,7% населения страны от 8 лет и старше умели читать, писать – меньше. Большая часть населения России не умела писать писем, не способны были прочитать свою фамилию или населенный пункт.

Был издан указ о ликвидации безграмотности в РСФСР, что было огромным шагом вперед.

Появление заимствованных слов приходится на начало 90-х годов, это время когда изменилась политическая ситуация в стране, а затем и общественная жизнь.

Стали доступны многие зарубежные продукты, вещи, газеты, бесполезной информации стало намного больше.

Наблюдается преобладание иноязычной лексики во всех областях.

В лексику русского языка входят новые термины.

Стала доступна иностранная техника, термины которой впоследствии стали употребляться в самых передовых отраслях науки и техники, такие термины как: плеер, файл, дисплей, мониторинг и т.д.

Речь человека меняется, конструкции, лексика.

Один из факторов влияния на русский язык - интернет. Благодаря интернету расширился состав участников массовой и групповой коммуникации.

Развитие языка в будущем зависит от носителей языка и власти.

Мы точно не знаем, как именно будет развиваться наш язык, но мы можем повлиять на его развитие в будущем. Создать почву для его развития - это наша главная задача.

Нужно начать с модернизации образования. Больше уделять внимания урокам русского языка и литературы. Обязательным условием должна стать нормированная литературная речь на всех информационных каналах.

9. В наши дни английский является одним из господствующих языков мира. Однако не всегда владение английским считалось необходимым знанием. Мировой статус язык получил благодаря тому факту, что он стал родным для многих стран по всем континентам мира. «Экспортировать» его начали в 17 веке, и в первую очередь, в страны Северной Америки. Поэтому своей современной значимостью он обязан, прежде всего, небывалому росту населения в этом регионе. Рассмотрим особенности английского языка, благодаря которым его по праву можно считать «языком мира»:

1) Простота

В древнеанглийском языке, как и в греческом, у слов существовала целая система окончаний, которые показывали грамматические категории числа, времени, лица, падежа, и т. д. Однако со временем система грамматических форм значительно упростилась, и сегодня у глаголов сохранилось лишь несколько окончаний, а, к примеру, прилагательные не согласуются с существительными грамматически.

2) Универсальность

В результате потери окончаний, за последние пять столетий английский язык стал очень универсален. Например, достаточно часто английское слово может переходить в другую часть речи без видимых изменений. Например, так произошло со словами swim, drink,

kiss, smile. Мы можем сказать water to drink (вода для питья) и to water flowers (поливать цветы); time to go (пора идти) и to time a race (фиксировать продолжительность гонки); a paper to read (бумага к прочтению) и to paper a bedroom (оклеить обоями спальню). Прилагательные могут выступать в качестве глаголов: we warm our hands in front of a fire (мы согреваем руки у костра), а if clothes are dirtied, they need to be cleaned and dried (если одежда грязная, то её надо очистить и высушить). Предлоги также «удобны в применении». Например: A sixty-year old man is nearing retirement (Каждый мужчина, которому шестьдесят лет, приближается к пенсионному возрасту); we can talk about a round of golf (можем поговорить о партии в гольф).

3) Открытость словаря

Эта особенность английского языка подразумевает неограниченное заимствование лексики из других языков и лёгкость образования производных и сложных слов. В своё время многие языки поспособствовали созданию лексической базы современного английского. Однако сегодня этот процесс проходит уже в обратном направлении, хотя многие сторонники чистоты таких языков, как французского, русского, японского, стараются противостоять проникновению в них английских слов.

4) Будущее языка

По охвату территорий, на которых проживают носители языка, английский занимает первое место, а по количеству говорящих на нём — второе, после мандаринского варианта китайского языка. Это язык бизнеса, техники, спорта и авиации. В целом, политическая, экономическая, научная, спортивная жизнь всего мира «протекает» на английском языке. Английский определен официальным и рабочим языком Организации Объединенных Наций. Всевозможные саммиты и встречи глав государств, подписание законов и указов, переговоры и дебаты — все это проводится на английском языке. Международная торговля, работа банковской системы, деятельность транспортной системы на суше, на море и в воздухе осуществляется на английском языке. Этот язык является живым инструментом общения для академиков, докторов наук, ученых всего мира. Ведь международные конференции, изучение мирового опыта и обмен информацией научных умов происходит лишь с использованием английского языка. Да что там говорить — олимпийские игры и всевозможные соревнования между странами выбрали официальным языком именно английский.

10. Современный язык на британских островах вовсе не является статичным. Язык живет, постоянно появляются неологизмы, какие-то слова уходят в прошлое.

Однако отличие английского языка от многих европейских языков в том, что в Великобритании нет статичных норм. Наоборот, в большом ходу именно различные диалекты и наречия. Различаются не только произношение слов на фонетическом уровне, но есть также и совершенно разные слова, обозначающие одно и то же понятие.

СМИ и члены правительства общаются на британском английском. Но самым популярным считается американский английский. Существуют и австралийский английский, и канадский английский и много других диалектов. На территории самой Великобритании в ходу несколько диалектов, на которых говорят жители той или иной провинции.

Как видим, английский язык сохранил свои традиции "смешения языков" и в наши дни.

Популярности английского языка весьма способствовала колониальная политика Великобритании, колонизация Австралии и Северной Америки.

После Второй Мировой войны возросло значение такой страны, как США, что также способствовало популяризации английского языка.

В современном мире интернет-сообщество, люди науки и культуры в основном общаются на английском языке. Точное количество людей, владеющих английским языком в наше время назвать затруднительно. Результаты различных исследований разнятся на десятки процентов. Называются цифры и 600 млн. и 1,2 млрд.

Людей, владеющих английским языком можно разделить на три группы: носители языка, для которых он является родным; билингвы, знающие его в качестве второго языка; а также те люди, которым приходится использовать его для практических целей (во время учёбы или работы). Каждый седьмой житель Земли относится к одной из этих трёх категорий.

Значение английского языка в современном мире настолько велико, что его знание не является привилегией и роскошью. Когда-то и компьютеры, так же как мобильные телефоны, могли себе позволить лишь люди определенного социального слоя. Сейчас такие вещи являются предметами первой необходимости. То же можно сказать и об английском. Его учат все и повсеместно: в школах, университетах, на курсах. Есть множество способов изучения иностранных языков. Для самостоятельного изучения Интернет предлагает нам широкий выбор учебных материалов, онлайн-курсов, приложений для смартфонов, обучающих каналов на Youtube, специальных социальных сетей и др. Кроме того, сейчас в каждом городе наблюдается рост количества языковых центров с квалифицированными местными, а также иностранными преподавателями. Подразумевается, что любой образованный человек просто обязан владеть английским языком, так как именно он является его ключом к дальнейшему самообразованию и самосовершенствованию. Поэтому сейчас существует так много организаций, предлагающих научить вас английскому. Однако не стоит думать, что сделать это так легко. Обучение любому языку является долгим процессом, который требует определенных затрат, как умственных, так и финансовых.

11. Поскольку развитие мыслительной деятельности является неотъемлемой частью процесса овладения и родным, и иностранным языком, обучение не должно строиться только на механическом заучивании структур, словосочетаний, речевых образцов и правил. Реализация данной задачи на практике осуществляется посредством внедрения принципа когнитивности обучения. Одним из первых сформулировал прообраз когнитивного принципа обучения Лев Николаевич Толстой: «Нельзя насильственными объяснениями, заучиваниями и повторениями выучить учеников против их воли языку. Почти всегда непонятно не само слово, а вовсе нет у ученика того понятия, которое выражает слово. Слово почти всегда готово, когда готово понятие. При этом отношение слова к мысли и образование новых понятий есть такой таинственный, сложный и нежный процесс души, что всякое вмешательство является грубой, нескладной силой, задерживающей процесс развития... Но давать сознательно ученику новое понятие и формы слова... так же невозможно и напрасно, как учить ребенка ходить по законам равновесия. Всякая такая попытка не приближает, а удаляет ученика от предложенной цели, как грубая рука человека, которая желая помочь распуститься цветку, стала бы развешивать цветок за лепестки и перемяла бы все кругом». Психологические исследования и практика обучения показывают, что обучение протекает успешно, когда мозг создает свои собственные ментальные структуры, и он тормозит, если готовые

структуры ему навязывают. Следовательно, необходимо не навязывать лингвистическое знание, а помочь ему родиться и развивать его. Родиться же оно может из потребностей в общении и самовыражении.

В таком случае изучение иностранных языков или их совершенствование через просмотр фильмов, сериалов на языке оригинала является одним из наиболее эффективных, потому что это изучение через восприятие. Сначала человек пропускает через свою голову множество правильных предложений, затем может воспроизводить их и строить свои собственные предложения. Данный способ можно разделить на несколько этапов:

0 этап — просмотр с переводом на родной язык. Этот этап можно назвать ознакомительным, так как здесь идет непосредственное знакомство с сюжетом. При желании и наличии определенного уровня знания изучаемого языка этот этап можно пропустить.

1 этап — просмотр с переводом на родном языке и субтитрами на языке оригинала. На данном этапе можно расширить словарный запас, улучшить грамматику.

2 этап — просмотр с переводом на языке оригинала и субтитрами на родном языке. Здесь идет привыкание к звуку иностранной речи, манере разговора героев, акценту.

3 этап — просмотр с переводом и субтитрами на языке оригинала. На этом этапе воспринимаются не только язык и отдельные слова, но и идет понимание того, о чем именно идет речь, одновременно запоминается правописание слов.

4 этап — просмотр на языке оригинала, без субтитров. Часто невозможно разобрать и перевести даже знакомые слова в потоке речи, так как они не воспринимаются на слух. После этого этапа понять собеседника в реальной жизни будет намного легче.

Просмотр фильмов на языке оригинала как способ изучения иностранного языка повысит уровень знаний обучающегося. Так как чаще всего выбор в пользу такого способа делается осознанно, польза будет существенной. Кроме того, фильмы позволяют выучить сленговые и неформальные слова, которых еще нет в словарях, и улучшить произношение.

Однозначно, английский язык является важнейшим средством коммуникации в современном мире.

12. Процесс взаимодействия между людьми в различных сферах их существования нередко сопровождается таким явлением, как конфликт, который представляет собой наиболее острый способ разрешения противоречий и обычно сопровождается негативными эмоциями [1, с. 15]. Одной из таких сфер выступает семья, в которой человек рождается и проходит все этапы своего становления и социализации. Семья — это основанное на браке или кровном родстве объединение людей, связанных общностью быта, взаимной моральной ответственностью и взаимопомощью. Необходимость подробного изучения сущности конфликтов в семье определяется современными социальными тенденциями, которые оказывают негативное влияние на институт семьи в России. А именно, разрушение стабильности семейного мира и ослабление его защищенности отрицательно действуют на взрослых и детей, приводя к асоциальным реакциям.

Семья является одним из важнейших структурных элементов общества, выполняя ряд функций. Именно в семье происходит процесс воспроизводства новых представителей российского населения и их первичная социализация, благодаря чему поддерживается непрерывность человеческих поколений и их преемственность. Таким образом, институт семьи выступает важнейшим посредником во взаимосвязи личности и общества. Поэтому и общество, и личность обоюдно заинтересованы в укреплении семьи [2, с. 204]. Однако, как уже было указано выше, семья незащищена от возникновения различного рода конфликтов внутри межличностного взаимодействия её членов.

Семейные конфликты на сегодняшний день являются одной из самых распространенных форм конфликтов. По оценкам специалистов, в 80-85 % семей происходят конфликты, а в остальных 15-20 % возникают ссоры по различным поводам. При этом внутрисемейные конфликты принято делить на группы в зависимости от субъектов взаимодействия. Так выделяют конфликты между: супругами; родителями и детьми; супругами и родителями каждого из супругов; бабушками (дедушками) и внуками. Исходя из того, о каком именно из представленных типов конфликтов идет речь, различают их причины.

Среди основных причин супружеских конфликтов можно выделить: неуважение чувства достоинства; пристрастие одного из супругов к алкоголю, наркотикам, чрезмерным и нерациональным финансовым расходам; неудовлетворение потребности во взаимопомощи и взаимопонимании; различие взглядов в вопросах воспитания детей, ведения домашнего хозяйства или проведения досуга.

Причины конфликтов между родителями и детьми также разнообразны. Часто родители находят неправильный подход к воспитанию своих детей. Так, например, неумение грамотно устанавливать границы дозволенного, проявление отношения к ребенку в крайней зависимости от собственного настроения, наличие сложностей с применением адекватных наказаний за проступки и поощрений за хорошее поведение, вызывают в ребенке агрессию, тревожность и желание нарушить запреты. Нередкими являются и ситуации, когда конфликт для ребенка становится нормой, если родители сами постоянно вступают в противоречия между собой и не могут перевести ссоры в конструктивное русло.

Конфликты молодой семьи и семьи родителей одного из супругов чаще всего возникают вследствие разных стилей воспитания супругов или постоянного вмешательства со стороны родителей в семейную жизнь детей. Между бабушками (дедушками) и их внуками возникают противоречия из-за отличной от родительской воспитательной линии, которую зачастую ведут представители старшего поколения.

Стоит отметить, что наиболее конфликтными являются именно молодые семьи. К ним относятся семьи в первые три года после заключения брака, в которых оба супруга не достигли 30-летнего возраста. Именно такая семья, как правило, характеризуется сложным финансовым положением и слабой подготовкой супругов к семейной жизни, что, в свою очередь, является главной причиной возникающих конфликтов.

Говоря о государственной семейной политике, следует отметить, что сегодня в России функционируют более 1300 клубов молодых семей, основными направлениями работы которых являются социальная поддержка молодых семей, педагогическая поддержка молодых родителей, участие в решении жилищных проблем, психологическая помощь, а также научно-методическая деятельность в сфере молодежной семейной политики. Клубное движение особенно сильно развито в Республике Удмуртия, Ханты-Мансийском автономном округе, Московской и Астраханской областях [3, с. 201]. Деятельность таких

клубов, как мы видим, направлена на обеспечение стабильности функционирования института семьи и предотвращение внутрисемейных противоречий. Однако тенденции в вопросах сохранения семьи на сегодняшний день в России не утешительны.

Согласно данным федеральной службы государственной статистики, количество молодых людей, желающих связать себя узами брака превышает количество тех, кто решил разорвать брачные отношения. Однако разница между этими числами стремительно сокращается с каждым годом. Так, за первый квартал 2014 года было зарегистрировано 207 825 браков, хотя в прошлом году этот показатель составил 218 070. Таким образом, количество зарегистрированных браков за год сократилось на 10 245. Обратная ситуация наблюдается с разводами: в 2013 году их число за указанный период составило 157 065, а в 2014 году – 172 310, что на 15 245 больше [4].

Таким образом, как и в других сферах взаимодействия людей, практически в каждой семье неизбежно возникают конфликты по различным поводам и причинам. Разрешение внутрисемейных противоречий имеет государственное значение, так как институт семьи и брака в современном обществе выступает источником его обновления и развития. Поэтому, на мой взгляд, по причине негативных тенденций в сфере стабильности современных российских семей, основными целями государственной семейной политики должны стать создание условий для сохранения и развития её благополучия, укрепления семейного образа жизни и выполнения всех возложенных на семью социальных функций.

13. На рубеже тысячелетий, человечество вплотную столкнулось с острейшими глобальными проблемами, угрожающими самому существованию цивилизации и даже самой жизни на нашей планете. Сам термин «глобальный» ведет свое происхождение от латинского слова «глобус», то есть Земля, земной шар, и с конца 60-х годов XX столетия он получил широкое распространение для обозначения наиболее важных и настоятельных общепланетарных проблем современной эпохи, затрагивающих человечество в целом. Это совокупность таких острейших жизненных проблем, от решения которых зависит дальнейший социальный прогресс человечества и которые сами, в свою очередь, могут быть разрешены лишь благодаря этому прогрессу [1]. Для объединения различных подходов к глобальным проблемам, для осмысления полученных результатов, возникла необходимость в новой науке. Постепенно сформировалась особая область знания — теория глобальных проблем, или глобалистика. Она призвана выработать практические рекомендации для решения глобальных проблем. Эффективные рекомендации должны учитывать множество социальных, экономических и политических факторов. Особое значение для глобалистики имеют науки, связанные с изучением жизни (живых существ), а также земной поверхности: комплекс биологических дисциплин, геология, геохимия, геофизика, почвоведение и др. Не случайно, именно эти науки впервые обратили внимание на многие факты отрицательных изменений, вызванных деятельностью человека. В 70-х годах XX века сложилось достаточно влиятельное направление общественной мысли, которое можно назвать философией глобальных проблем. Это философское направление, несмотря на предельно широкое рассмотрение мировых проблем, в центр внимания все же ставит человека, его настоящее и будущее. Глобальные, или всемирные (общечеловеческие) проблемы, являясь результатом противоречий общественного развития не возникли внезапно и только сегодня. Некоторые из них, как, например, проблемы войны и мира, здоровья, существовали и прежде, были актуальны во все времена. Другие глобальные проблемы, например, экологические, появляются позже в связи с интенсивным воздействием общества на природную среду. Первоначально эти проблемы могли быть только частными (единичными), вопросами для какой-то отдельной страны, народа, (затем они становились региональными и глобальными, т. е. проблемами, имеющими жизненно важное значение для всего человечества.) Разумеется, не всякую

проблему можно назвать глобальной и не любая проблема общественного развития могла стать глобальной. Глобальные проблемы современности — это совокупность социоприродных проблем, от решения которых зависит социальный прогресс человечества и сохранение цивилизации. Эти проблемы характеризуются динамизмом, возникают, как объективный фактор развития общества и для своего решения требуют объединённых усилий всего человечества. Глобальные проблемы взаимосвязаны, охватывают все стороны жизни людей и касаются всех стран мира [2]. Все существует в некотором количестве и, следовательно, может быть измерено. Данное обстоятельство необходимо, прежде всего учитывать в вычленении глобальных проблем. Одним из важнейших критериев определения глобальных проблем является количественный — геопространственный фактор. Речь в этом случае идет о пространственном масштабе, т. е. территории, где данные проблемы значимы и актуальны. В соответствии с этим критерием, любую проблему можно назвать глобальной, если она касается всей планеты, любого ее региона в целом, в отличие от региональных или локальных, свойственных какому-либо одному государству или группе государств [3]. Глобальные проблемы — это проблемы, затрагивающие проблемы всего человечества, влияющие на ход развития экономики и социальной сферы, экологию, политическую стабильность. Эти проблемы требуют международного сотрудничества, так как ни одно, даже самое высокоразвитое государство, не может решить их самостоятельно. А. Печчеи отмечает, что человек тысячами нитей связан с другими людьми, его настоящее предопределяет будущее, нет и не может существовать экологической независимости. Как бы та или иная страна не осуществляла защиту своей природной среды, какие бы изощренные мероприятия в этом отношении она не проводила, нельзя исключить разрушения этой среды со стороны соседних стран. Чернобыльская авария — убедительное доказательство этому [4].

14. Термин *глобализация* возник относительно недавно, но уже прочно вошел в жизнь каждого современного человека. Процессы глобализации экономики, науки, образования широко освещаются СМИ всего мира. Мы постоянно слышим о создании интернациональных корпораций, подписании межправительственных соглашений, о научных и общественных проектах, участниками которых становятся носители разных языков и культур. Необходимость установления и укрепления международных связей становится очевидной. Однако в процессе межкультурного взаимодействия человек сталкивается с рядом трудностей, среди которых языковое различие является далеко не единственным. Различия в восприятии окружающего мира носителями разных культур влекут за собой непонимание, агрессию и конфликты. И причинами этих проблем являются не очевидные различия в одежде, обычаях, национальной кухне, нормах поведения или построении организационных отношений, они кроются в различиях в мироощущении, в картине мира. Очень важно это понимать и быть готовым к мирному, вежливому и толерантному разрешению сложившейся ситуации.

Люди разных культур пользуются одними и теми же основными понятиями, но вкладывают в них различный смысл. Поэтому очевидно, что при взаимодействии культуры не только дополняют друг друга, но и вступают в сложные взаимоотношения, при этом каждая из них обнаруживает свою самобытность и специфику. В ходе таких контактов происходит взаимная адаптация культур, путем заимствования лучших «культурных продуктов» [3, 20]. То есть, можно сказать, что происходит аккультурация - процесс и результат взаимного влияния разных культур, при котором все или часть представителей культуры-реципиента перенимают нормы, ценности и традиции у культуры-донора.

Американский антрополог Ф. Бок отметил: "Культура в самом широком смысле - это то, из-за чего ты становишься чужаком, когда покидаешь свой дом. Культура включает в себя

все убеждения и все ожидания, которые высказывают и демонстрируют люди... Когда ты в своей группе, среди людей, с которыми разделяешь общую культуру, тебе не приходится обдумывать и проектировать свои слова и поступки, ибо все - и ты, и они - видите мир, в принципе, одинаково, знаете, чего ожидать друг от друга. Но пребывая в чужом обществе, ты будешь испытывать трудности, ощущение беспомощности и дезориентированности, что можно назвать культурным шоком" [1, 17-20]. Культурный шок (КШ) - это умственное, физическое и эмоциональное приспособление к жизни в чужой стране, новой для человека среде. Данная ситуация требует поиска различных способов приспособления к повседневности — от основополагающих философских понятий и взглядов на жизнь, мир и людей до рутинных процедур [9, 1]. Или, как отмечает Л.Г. Ионин, это конфликт старых и новых культурных норм и ориентаций, старых — присущих индивиду как представителю того общества, которое он покинул, и новых, то есть представляющих то общество, в которое он прибыл [1, 17-20].

15. Само понятие «культурный шок» было впервые введено американским антропологом Калерво Обергом в 1960 году. Чаще всего культурный шок имеет негативные последствия, но следует обратить внимание и на его позитивную сторону, хотя бы для тех индивидов, у кого первоначальный дискомфорт ведет к принятию новых ценностей и моделей поведения и, в конечном счете, важен для личностного роста. Исходя из этого Дж. Берри даже предложил вместо термина культурный шок использовать понятие *стресс аккультурации*: слово «шок» ассоциируется только с негативным опытом, а в результате межкультурного контакта возможен и положительный опыт — оценка проблем и их преодоление [6, 281], [7].

Можно также выделить шесть аспектов КШ:

- напряжение из-за усилий, прилагаемых для достижения психологической адаптации;
- чувство потери из-за лишения друзей, своего положения, профессии, собственности;
- чувство одиночества (отверженности) в новой культуре, которое может превратиться в отрицание этой культуры;
- нарушение ролевых ожиданий и чувства самоидентификации;
- тревога, переходящая в негодование и отвращение после осознания культурных различий;
- чувство неполноценности из-за неспособности справиться с ситуацией [8, 17].

В ходе исследований Ф.Бок выделил пять способов преодоления КШ: геттоизация, ассимиляция, промежуточный способ (обмен и взаимодействия), частичная ассимиляция, колонизация.

Геттоизация проявляется в тех случаях, когда человек, прибывая в другое общество, старается избегать или оказывается вынужден избегать всякого соприкосновения с чужой культурой из-за незнания языка, природной робости, вероисповедания или по каким-либо другим причинам. В этом случае он стремится к созданию собственной культурной среды - окружения соплеменников, чтобы отгородиться этим окружением от влияния инокультурной среды [1, 17-20].

Это явление можно наблюдать практически в любом крупном западном городе. Существуют, как правило, более или менее изолированные и замкнутые районы, населенные носителями определенных культур: китайские кварталы или, как их еще называют, «чайнатауны», арабские, русские («Брайтон-Бич» в Нью-Йорке), индийские кварталы и т.д.

Собственный опыт проживания за рубежом доказал неэффективность геттоизации, так как, по нашему мнению, невозможно жить в стране, избегая взаимодействия с ее культурой.

Второй способ разрешения конфликта культур – ассимиляция - полный отказ

индивида от своей культуры и стремление целиком усвоить необходимый для жизни

«новый культурный багаж». Конечно, успех не гарантирован. И на это существуют различные причины: недостаточная пластичность личности самого ассимилирующегося, либо сопротивление культурной среды, членом которой он намерен стать.

Частичная ассимиляция – третья стратегия – заключается в том, что индивид лишь частично жертвует своей культурой в пользу инокультурной среды обитания в какой-то одной из сфер жизни: например, на работе руководствуется нормами и требованиями инокультурной среды, а в семье, на досуге, в религиозной сфере - нормами своей традиционной культуры. Такая практика, пожалуй, наиболее распространена в среде эмигрантов. Они чаще всего ассимилируются частично, разделяя свою жизнь на две доли.

16. Четвертый способ преодоления конфликта культур – колонизация. Представители чужой культуры, прибыв в страну, активно навязывают населению свои собственные ценности, нормы и модели поведения. По нашему мнению, такое поведение неизбежно приведет к конфликту, агрессии и провалу коммуникации.

И, наконец, пятый предложенный Ф.Боксом способ разрешения КШ - промежуточный, состоящий в культурном обмене и взаимодействии. Для того чтобы обмен осуществлялся адекватно, приносил пользу и обогащал обе стороны, нужны благожелательность и открытость с обеих сторон, что на практике встречается чрезвычайно редко.

Именно этот способ и был использован нами во время трехмесячного проживания в США. По нашему мнению, данную стратегию преодоления КШ можно назвать толерантной, т.к. толерантность как ценность базируется не на противостоянии, а на сосуществовании с иным, не на отрицании, а на признании другого. «Толерантность — это, прежде всего, активное отношение, формируемое на основе признания универсальных прав и основных свобод человека» [11, 3].

Принцип толерантности, выступая в качестве фильтра, не позволяет адресанту в полной мере эксплицитировать негативное отношение, опуститься до враждебной языковой агрессии. Принцип толерантности модифицирует исходную интенцию, в результате чего на поверхностном уровне негативное отношение выражается в относительно мягкой, завуалированной форме.

В ходе общения стали очевидными различия в восприятии окружающего мира, в отношении к семье, религии, политике. Нас неприятно поразила некая «зацикленность» американцев на вопросах расовых и сексуальных отношений. Это табуированные, тем не

менее, постоянно муссируемые темы, при обсуждении которых используется множество эвфемизмов, что в свою очередь, свидетельствует о толерантном отношении людей к данным темам. Вообще, у нас сложилось впечатление, что американцы вполне дружелюбны и толерантны: им было интересно узнать о существовании России, хотя некоторые считали, что это город в Москве или даже где-то в Японии, а названия наших городов вообще приводили их в состояние замешательства. Услышав «Perm» или «Chelyabinsk», они отвечали «Aaah, OK», сильно удивлялись и продолжали слушать, изредка пытаясь повторить. Примечательно, что они никогда не исправляли наш английский, а наоборот, подбадривали, тем самым поощряя попытки заговорить даже самых скромных и неконтактных.

Такое общение, само по себе, располагает к открытому диалогу, к обмену культур, потому что именно через призму языка иностранец получает уникальную возможность лично, а не через книги или СМИ, познакомиться с традициями и обычаями местных жителей, принять участие в общественной жизни, получить бесценный опыт и познать нечто новое, но при этом, также поделиться частицей своей культуры, своего языка. Проявление толерантности позволяет совершить мягкий переход от «чужого» до «своего», позволяет, хоть и на время поездки, стать частицей общества, которая не отторгается, а воспринимается как равная.

К концу пребывания в США, даже самые сильные скептики согласились, что проживание в своем маленьком гетто возможно, но оно влечет за собой одиночество, отрешенность от коллектива, стресс. И наоборот, толерантное доброжелательное отношение к мнениям и поступкам других позволяет эффективно справляться с проявлениями КШ, открывает новые горизонты, позволяет познать другую, не враждебную, а просто незнакомую культуру, ведь не зря в «Декларации Принципов Толерантности» говорится: «Толерантность означает уважение, принятие и правильное понимание богатого многообразия культур нашего мира, наших форм самовыражения и способов проявлений человеческой индивидуальности. Ей способствуют знания, открытость, общение и свобода мысли, совести и убеждений. Толерантность — это гармония в многообразии» [11, 3].

17. Глобализация всех аспектов мирового сотрудничества, стремление к созданию единой образовательной парадигмы, транснационализация культурных и языковых пространств, создание межнациональных государственных и общественных объединений повлекли за собой повышение интереса к проблемам межкультурной коммуникации, языкового взаимодействия и культурно-языковой идентичности народов [3].

Поскольку современному мировому сообществу присуща крайняя степень социально-политической неоднородности, оказывающая, в свою очередь, значительное влияние на статус языков, исследования, связанные с проблемами языковых традиций и межкультурной коммуникации, являются важнейшим направлением развития науки о языке и смежных гуманитарных наук – культурологии, философии, социологии и проч. [1].

Множественные этноконфессиональные конфликты, острые социально-экономические вопросы лишь усугубляют необходимость в поиске адекватных способов разрешения всех возникающих противоречий, и в данном контексте, естественно, значительно возрастает роль языка как основного компонента осуществления полноценной межкультурной коммуникации [Там же].

В контексте нынешней сложной политической ситуации наряду со стремлением к интеграции и поли- культурности произошел очередной мощный «всплеск» в широком и публичном использовании «языка ненависти» или «языка вражды» [4]. Отметим, что самый «болезненный» удар от возрождения этого феномена был нанесен именно по русскоговорящему населению, представителям «русского мира». Данное явление явилось объективным результатом длительных и поступательных действий сил деструктивного характера, способствующих нагнетанию атмосферы русофобии и неприятия «русской культурной традиции».

Плодородной почвой для возвращения националистических идей, подкрепленных подходящими квазинаучной и псевдоисторической концепциями, религиозными догмами и экстремистской философией, стал кризис духовности, что привело, в конце концов, к безнаказанному разгулу экстремистских и националистических группировок, прикрывающихся «национальной идеей» [Там же].

Прежде всего, необходимо определить, что следует считать «языком ненависти». Привычное определение данного языкового и одновременно социально-политического феномена следующее: «язык ненависти» – это определенный набор языковых средств, оскорбляющих людей или группы людей по расовому, этническому, гендерному, религиозному признакам, а также по состоянию здоровья и сексуальной ориентации. Очевидно, что подобные языковые обороты не являются нормативной общепринятой лексикой и находятся под запретом как на бытовом, так и на государственном или любом другом официальном уровне.

Однако понятие «язык ненависти» часто трактуют в более широком смысле, включая тезисы и тексты, направленные на разжигание ненависти, призывы к насилию и дискриминации и проч. [6; 7].

18. Реалии последних лет указывают на резкий подъем уровня использования подобной ненормативной лексики в рамках телекоммуникационного вещания, политической и прочей агитации, а также в контексте новейших образовательных программ. Особая опасность применения данной оскорбительной лексики кроется во внедрении ее в образовательные программы и процессы; таким образом осуществляется чудовищное влияние на неокрепшие умы подрастающего поколения, воспитывается национализм в самом неприглядном его аспекте, нетерпимость к инакомыслию, инокультурности, закладывается идея о превосходстве и доминировании одной расы или нации над другой. К сожалению, истории знакомы примеры такой образовательной парадигмы, но также и известен результат подобных социальных экспериментов [5].

Построение новейшей националистической идеологии, основанной на теории расового превосходства и уничтожения инокультурных социумов, активно осуществляется многими государствами. Именно в таком контексте «язык ненависти» служит мощным катализатором для разжигания межнациональной розни в самом страшном ее проявлении – геноциде населения по национальному или культурному (языковому) принципу. Язык не просто основной инструмент процесса межкультурной коммуникации, но и маркер культурной идентичности. Принцип равноправия наций становится декларацией доброй воли, условием выживания народов – и больших, и малых. Человечество выработало правовые нормы мирного сосуществования народов, в том числе принципы ненасильственных разрешений межэтнических споров и защиты национальных меньшинств [2].

Процесс межкультурной коммуникации начинается с простого осознания факта реально существующих культурных различий между разными людьми. Отсюда главной целью их общения становится преодоление межкультурных различий [Там же].

Основой гуманистической идеологии считается идея антропоцентричности языка, человека как языковой личности и его места в культуре. Человек при этом представлен не только как «субъект национальной культуры» [6], но и как носитель этнолингвокультурного сознания, понимаемого как «инвариантный образ мира, соотносённый с особенностями национальной культуры и национальной психологии и существующий как в общественной, так и в индивидуальной формах» [1; 3].

Особенно важным в данном контексте следует считать процесс инкультурации – передачи коммуникационной парадигмы напрямую потомкам, от поколения к поколению в соответствии с нормами и культурной традицией того или иного социума. При этом каждая культурная традиция предусматривает свои стили общения, поэтому представляется крайне важным не просто знать основные принципы и приемы межкультурной коммуникации, но применять их и совершенствовать на практике. Необходимо постигать особенности инокультурной коммуникации и ассимилироваться в нее, учитывая специфику культурной языковой традиции данного социума. Умение выражать свои мысли и эмоции разнообразными и красноречивыми методами с положительной коннотацией значительно способствует укреплению коммуникации.

Однако любому виду коммуникации, как вербальной, так и невербальной, присуща некоторая двусмысленность. В определенной ситуации партнеры вправе ожидать набор слов и жестов, характерных для данной ситуации в рамках конкретной культурно-языковой традиции. Процесс коммуникации не вызывает затруднений, если собеседники принадлежат к общей культурной парадигме, но в контексте межкультурной коммуникации некоторые приемы невербального общения имеют противоположное значение, что в итоге приводит к отличным от ожидаемых результатам. Подобная двусмысленность, кроме всего прочего, также может быть использована при возникновении этноязыковых конфликтов, значительно подкрепляя вербальный «язык ненависти» и усиливая его деструктивное воздействие. При этом нельзя не учитывать того факта, что «язык ненависти», в значительной степени затрудняя коммуникацию, приводит в конечном итоге к возникновению конфликта. Очевидно, что «язык ненависти» нельзя причислить к вспомогательному, смешанному языку, языку-посреднику, поскольку в этом случае главная функция языка – коммуникативная – не осуществляется, а как раз наоборот, «язык ненависти» ведет к культурному и этноязыковому размежеванию собеседников.

19. В современном мире существует большое количество примеров того, как язык, перестав быть официальным, вытесняется по национальному признаку полностью: страны Прибалтики, Украина, Грузия и проч. не считают необходимым придать русскому языку статус второго официального языка, несмотря на то, что треть населения этих стран владеет русским языком и считают себя русскоговорящими.

Запрет на осуществление коммуникации на родном языке, ущемление прав инокультурной части населения при получении каких-либо государственных гарантий, угнетение прав граждан на проведение религиозных обрядов в соответствии с традиционными для них верованиями и на их родном языке являются одними из серьезнейших нарушений прав человека.

Таким образом, нацеленность на многополярный мир, поликультурное образовательное пространство, мирное сосуществование инокультурных традиций в рамках одного социума исключают саму возможность использования «языка ненависти» как обиходного средства унижения по национальному или культурному признаку. Подобные эмоционально негативно окрашенные приемы речи должны быть приравнены к экстремистским высказываниям, призывающим к разжиганию межнациональной розни, и преследоваться в установленном порядке согласно уголовному кодексу того государства, на территории и гражданами которого они были допущены.

В заключение следует отметить, что стремление к многополярному миру, созданию условий для ассимиляции культурной традиции инокультурных социумов, воспитанию толерантности и гуманизма, недопущению межнациональных и религиозных конфликтов должно являться краеугольным камнем в построении мощного государства, претендующего на звание сверхдержавы. И одним из главнейших аспектов в данном процессе следует считать ориентацию на позитивную межкультурную коммуникацию, уважительное и толерантное отношение ко всем проявлениям культурных особенностей носителей иной культурной традиции, строгий запрет на использование «языка ненависти» на всех уровнях.

20. Современный темп жизни, хотим мы этого или нет, задает свои временные рамки, держит нас в вечном «ритме танца», не соблюдение которого выбивает нас из колеи. На сегодняшний день подавляющее количество людей занимаются изучением иностранного языка. У каждого из них своя цель изучения, у одних - это вечные командировки, у других – путешествия. С каждым днем люди все больше стремятся обучиться иностранному языку за короткий промежуток времени и первым делом направляются за помощью в различные организации по изучению языков. Но мы решили упростить задачу и познакомиться с наиболее эффективными способами изучения иностранного языка [3. С. 311]. Учить иностранный язык (особенно новые слова и выражения) - это тяжелый и кропотливый труд, который требует постоянной зубрежки и затраты большого количества времени. Так ли это? Неужели никак нельзя избежать этих неприятных для нас моментов [1. С. 59]?

Для ответа на волнующие вопросы хотим обратить ваше внимание на богатый перечень современных методик, которые помогают изо дня в день людям по всему миру. Первая методика, с которой хочется познакомиться - это методика Инны Максименко - основателя авторских курсов английского языка. Свою методику она относит к стратегиям. Итак, рассмотрим ее стратегии.

Стратегия 1. «Используйте силу эмоций». Автор советует связывать английские слова с чем-то важным, позитивным для вас, с тем, что касается именно вас. То есть, заучивая новое, мы должны в первую очередь «пропускать это через себя». Именно это поможет нам пережить ту или иную языковую ситуацию (к примеру, возьмем тот момент, когда мы учим какой-либо топик, к примеру, на тему «Путешествия»), если заучивать без цели, потому что есть слово «надо», то будет это сделать совсем не просто, а если мы представим, что это НАШЕ путешествие, то МЫ намного облегчим себе задачу. Таким образом, Инна Максименко советует: «Прежде чем запомнить слово, подумайте насколько оно важно и нужно для вас. Хотели бы вы его использовать дальше в своем лексиконе?» Умейте отсеивать ненужную вам в дальнейшем информацию

Стратегия 2. «Поверить в свои возможности». Хорошая ли у Вас память? Легко ли вам дается запоминание английских слов? Мысли материальны. Перестаньте убеждать себя в том, что языки даются вам с трудом или это не ваше. Мы этого не замечаем, но наш мозг

впитывает информацию как губка, как позитивную (о которой было сказано ранее), так и негативную. То есть твердя себе, что вы не сможете, вы тем самым программируете свой мозг на сопротивление обучению (кстати это Главное в данной стратегии верить в свои силы, уверена Максименко).

Стратегия 3. «Запоминать навсегда». Многих сегодня волнует вопрос о том, что «Не забуду ли я изученное мной, если у меня не будет возможности подкреплять знания? Может повременить с самообучением и подождать того момента, когда язык пригодится мне на практике?» Ответ на этот вопрос также во многом зависит от убеждений и мотивации самого человека. Успешные в изучении языков люди обычно верят в свою способность быстро восстановить знания. «Когда у меня возникнет такая потребность, я быстро вспомню всё, что мне потребуется», - говорят они. Наши убеждения влияют на способность мозга хранить информацию. Советуется задать временную планку того, за какой период времени знания смогут восстановиться.

Стратегия 4. «Помнить о цели». Неоднократно учеными доказано, что люди, имеющие вескую причину для изучения языка, способны освоить его гораздо быстрее остальных. Вот почему при обучении в школе принято задавать домашнее задание – зная, что изученные новые слова пригодятся на следующем занятии, ученики, по статистике, запоминают слова лучше, чем те, кому домашнего задания не задали. Таким образом, основополагающим в эффективном изучении иностранного языка является мотивация и цель.

Стратегия 5. «Обучаться бессознательно». Не секрет, что наше бессознательное усваивает новый материал намного лучше и быстрее сознательного. К примеру, когда вы едете за рулем автомобиля ваше внимание полностью нацелено на дорогу, в то время как бессознательное усваивает новые слова из текста песни, играющей в магнитоле. Старайтесь чаще читать интересные книги, рассказы, слушать аудиоматериалы, видеоматериалы и общаться с людьми на английском языке. Тогда ваше сознание будет занято сюжетом, а бессознательное сможет с лёгкостью усвоить новые слова и выражения. И, пожалуй, самая эффективная, на наш взгляд, стратегия Максименко «встроить» новое слово в свой опыт. Если мы обратим внимание на маленького ребенка, для которого все ново, то заметим, что когда ребенок встречает новое слово, он начинает замечать его в самых разных ситуациях, окружениях, контекстах. К примеру, впервые услышав слово «белый», ребёнок начинает повторять его, увидев белый снег, белую бумагу, белый сахар. И именно в этом залог правильного, быстрого и легкого запоминания нового слова. В данной стратегии снова обращается внимание на функции нашего мозга, который формирует ассоциации с различными частями предыдущего опыта, с тем, что ребенок уже хорошо знает. В контекстах, которыми ребенок пользуется при запоминании, новое слово становится более привычным и знакомым [2. С. 19]. Ведь теперь остается лишь вспомнить о сахаре или снеге. Инна Максименко советует использовать новые слова в самых различных ситуациях – задействовать его в пересказах, практикуясь в английском с друзьями по учебе, с носителями языка. Представьте себя тем самым ребенком [3. С. 122].

С интонационным акцентом все намного проще: во время запоминания нового мы подбираем к слову уже известные, подходящие по смыслу слова и произносим получившиеся предложения вслух, делая акцент именно на изучаемом нами слове [2. С. 324]. Своя история с иллюстрацией. Подбираем два созвучных слова и проставляем их в некую «свою» историю, делаем это в письменном виде (при этом новые слова выделяем курсивом или различными выделителями), при этом для большей эффективности советуется так же визуально изображать историю или хотя бы схематично, некой

картинкой, которая ассоциируется с новым словом). ПОЧЕМУ ПРОДЕЛЫВАТЬ ЭТО СЛЕДУЕТ ИМЕННО НА ПИСЬМЕ? Потому что по многочисленным исследованиям ученых было выявлено, что большинство людей являются визуалами. Существует множество методик, способов и стратегий, которые также как и все люди – индивидуальны. Главное на сегодняшний день - это иметь желание, главное захотеть!

Текст для аудирования:

French protest against English language

A group of French trades unionists and language pressure groups have joined French MPs to appeal to French businesses to stop using English in the workplace, whether on email, the telephone or just by using English words such as 'le job, 'le newsletter' or 'le web'.

Leading the charge of the French language brigade in its latest skirmish was French MP Jacques Miyar. Unusually for a man of the right, the troops following him into battle are trade unionists and language pressure groups, united in a new French resistance. The enemy is the English language. It's colonised French screens, infiltrated French music and now it's conquering the French workplace - in e-mails, or 'le mail' and 'sur le web' on 'l'internet' and even on 'les news'. All this has to stop, says Mr Miyar.

JACQUES MIYAR:

I think this is very dangerous because you know French language is the spirit of France. It will be a big mistake that those enterprises who want to make business in France impose their own cultural way. We French have been imperialists long before them, you know, and we know how it works. So I do believe that it is now time to react and say 'stop your nonsense, respect people, learn French, learn German, learn Chinese and Arabic as well as English'.

The French did legislate against English on the radio but it keeps creeping back by other routes. Seven percent of French firms use it as their main language, while multi-nationals send e-mails to their French workers in English, regardless of whether they understand them or not. All this is clearly a huge blow to French pride, although nobody here is willing to admit defeat even as 'les business' and 'les managers' continue to help the enemy's advance.

Caroline Wyatt, BBC News, Paris

Тексты к зачету 8с.

1. Aristocracy Versus Hash

The snake reporter of The Rolling Stone was wandering up the avenue last night on his way home from the Y.M.C.A. rooms when he was approached by a gaunt, hungry-looking man with wild eyes and dishevelled hair. He accosted the reporter in a hollow, weak voice.

"Can you tell me, Sir, where I can find in this town a family of scrubs?"

"I don't understand exactly."

"Let me tell you how it is," said the stranger, inserting his forefinger in the reporter's buttonhole and badly damaging his chrysanthemum. "I am a representative from Soapstone County, and I and my family are houseless, homeless, and shelterless. We have not tasted food for over a week. I brought my family with me, as I have indigestion and could not get around much with the boys. Some days ago I started out to find a boarding house, as I cannot afford to put up at a hotel. I found a nice aristocratic-looking place, that suited me, and went in and asked for the proprietress. A very stately lady with a Roman nose came in the room. She had one hand laid across her stom--across her waist, and the other held a lace handkerchief. I told her I wanted board for myself and family, and she condescended to take us. I asked for her terms, and she said \$300 per week.

"I had two dollars in my pocket and I gave her that for a fine teapot that I broke when I fell over the table when she spoke."

"You appear surprised," says she. "You will please remembah that I am the widow of Governor Riddle of Georgiah; my family is very highly connected; I give you board as a favah; I nevah considah money any equivalent for the advantage of my society, I--"

"Well, I got out of there, and I went to some other places. The next lady was a cousin of General Mahone of Virginia, and wanted four dollars an hour for a back room with a pink motto and a Burnet granite bed in it. The next one was an aunt of Davy Crockett, and asked eight dollars a day for a room furnished in imitation of the Alamo, with prunes for breakfast and one hour's conversation with her for dinner. Another one said she was a descendant of Benedict Arnold on her father's side and Captain Kidd on the other.

"She took more after Captain Kidd.

"She only had one meal and prayers a day, and counted her society worth \$100 a week.

"I found nine widows of Supreme Judges, twelve relicts of Governors and Generals, and twenty-two ruins left by various happy Colonels, Professors, and Majors, who valued their aristocratic worth from \$90 to \$900 per week, with weak-kneed hash and dried apples on the side. I admire people of fine descent, but my stomach yearns for pork and beans instead of culture. Am I not right?"

"Your words," said the reporter, "convince me that you have uttered what you have said."

"Thanks. You see how it is. I am not wealthy; I have only my per diem and my perquisites, and I cannot afford to pay for high lineage and moldy ancestors. A little corned beef goes further with me than a coronet, and when I am cold a coat of arms does not warm me."

"I greatly fear," said the reporter, with a playful hiccough, "that you have run against a high-toned town. Most all the first-class boarding houses here are run by ladies of the old Southern families, the very first in the land."

"I am now desperate," said the Representative, as he chewed a tack awhile, thinking it was a clove. "I want to find a boarding house where the proprietress was an orphan found in a livery stable, whose father was a dago from East Austin, and whose grandfather was never placed on the map. I want a scrubby, ornery, low-down, snuff-dipping, back-woods, piebald gang, who never heard of finger bowls or Ward McAllister, but who can get up a mess of hot cornbread and Irish stew at regular market quotations."

"Is there such a place in Austin?"

"The snake reporter sadly shook his head. 'I do not know,' he said, 'but I will shake you for the beer.'

"Ten minutes later the slate in the Blue Ruin saloon bore two additional characters: 10."

2. A Strange Story

*Talk about being patient...A **Strange Story** is an odd account of a delayed errand for cough syrup, requiring patients...coincidentally, two, in fact.*

In the northern part of Austin there once dwelt an honest family by the name of Smothers. The family consisted of John Smothers, his wife, himself, their little daughter, five years of age, and her parents, making six people toward the population of the city when counted for a special write-up, but only three by actual count.

One night after supper the little girl was seized with a severe colic, and John Smothers hurried down town to get some medicine.

He never came back.

The little girl recovered and in time grew up to womanhood.

The mother grieved very much over her husband's disappearance, and it was nearly three months before she married again, and moved to San Antonio.

The little girl also married in time, and after a few years had rolled around, she also had a little girl five years of age.

She still lived in the same house where they dwelt when her father had left and never returned.

One night by a remarkable coincidence her little girl was taken with cramp colic on the anniversary of the disappearance of John Smothers, who would now have been her grandfather if he had been alive and had a steady job.

"I will go downtown and get some medicine for her," said John Smith (for it was none other than he whom she had married).

"No, no, dear John," cried his wife. "You, too, might disappear forever, and then forget to come back."

So John Smith did not go, and together they sat by the bedside of little Pansy (for that was Pansy's name).

After a little Pansy seemed to grow worse, and John Smith again attempted to go for medicine, but his wife would not let him.

Suddenly the door opened, and an old man, stooped and bent, with long white hair, entered the room.

"Hello, here is grandpa," said Pansy. She had recognized him before any of the others.

The old man drew a bottle of medicine from his pocket and gave Pansy a spoonful.

She got well immediately.

"I was a little late," said John Smothers, "as I waited for a street car."

3. Fickle Fortune or How Gladys Hustled

"Press me no more Mr. Snooper," said Gladys Vavasour-Smith. "I can never be yours."

"You have led me to believe different, Gladys," said Bertram D. Snooper.

The setting sun was flooding with golden light the oriel windows of a magnificent mansion situated in one of the most aristocratic streets west of the brick yard.

Bertram D. Snooper, a poor but ambitious and talented young lawyer, had just lost his first suit. He had dared to aspire to the hand of Gladys Vavasour-Smith, the beautiful and talented daughter of one of the oldest and proudest families in the county. The bluest blood flowed in her veins. Her grandfather had sawed wood for the Hornsbys and an aunt on her mother's side had married a man who had been kicked by General Lee's mule.

The lines about Bertram D. Snooper's hands and mouth were drawn tighter as he paced to and fro, waiting for a reply to the question he intended to ask Gladys as soon as he thought of one.

At last an idea occurred to him.

"Why will you not marry me?" he asked in an inaudible tone.

"Because," said Gladys firmly, speaking easily with great difficulty, "the progression and enlightenment that the woman of to-day possesses demand that the man shall bring to the marriage altar a heart and body as free from the debasing and hereditary iniquities that now no longer exist except in the chimerical imagination of enslaved custom."

"It is as I expected," said Bertram, wiping his heated brow on the window curtain. "You have been reading books."

"Besides that," continued Gladys, ignoring the deadly charge, "you have no money."

The blood of the Snoopers rose hastily and mantled the cheek of Bertram D. He put on his coat and moved proudly to the door.

"Stay here till I return," he said, "I will be back in fifteen years."

When he had finished speaking he ceased and left the room.

When he had gone, Gladys felt an uncontrollable yearning take possession of her. She said slowly, rather to herself than for publication, "I wonder if there was any of that cold cabbage left from dinner."

She then left the room.

When she did so, a dark-complexioned man with black hair and gloomy, desperate looking clothes, came out of the fireplace where he had been concealed and stated:

"Aha! I have you in my power at last, Bertram D. Snooper. Gladys Vavasour-Smith shall be mine. I am in the possession of secrets that not a soul in the world suspects. I have papers to prove that Bertram Snooper is the heir to the [Footnote: An estate famous in Texas legal history. It took many, many years for adjustment and a large part of the property was, of course, consumed as expenses of litigation.] Tom Bean estate, and I have discovered that Gladys' grandfather who sawed wood for the Hornsby's was also a cook in Major Rhoads Fisher's command during the war. Therefore, the family repudiate her, and she will marry me in order to drag their proud name down in the dust. Ha, ha, ha!"

As the reader has doubtless long ago discovered, this man was no other than Henry R. Grasty. Mr. Grasty then proceeded to gloat some more, and then with a sardonic laugh left for New York.

* * * *

Fifteen years have elapsed.

Of course, our readers will understand that this is only supposed to the case.

It really took less than a minute to make the little stars that represent an interval of time.

We could not afford to stop a piece in the middle and wait fifteen years before continuing it.

We hope this explanation will suffice. We are careful not to create any wrong impressions.

Gladys Vavasour-Smith and Henry R. Grasty stood at the marriage altar.

Mr. Grasty had evidently worked his rabbit's foot successfully, although he was quite a while in doing so.

Just as the preacher was about to pronounce the fatal words on which he would have realized ten dollars and had the laugh on Mr. Grasty, the steeple of the church fell off and Bertram D. Snooper entered.

The preacher fell to the ground with a dull thud. He could ill afford to lose ten dollars. He was hastily removed and a cheaper one secured.

Bertram D. Snooper held a Statesman in his hand.

"Aha!" he said, "I thought I would surprise you. I just got in this morning. Here is a paper noticing my arrival."

He handed it to Henry R. Grasty.

Mr. Grasty looked at the paper and turned deadly pale. It was dated three weeks after Mr. Snooper's arrival.

"Foiled again!" he hissed.

"Speak, Bertram D. Snooper," said Gladys, "why have you come between me and Henry?"

"I have just discovered that I am the sole heir to Tom Bean's estate and am worth two million dollars."

With a glad cry Gladys threw herself in Bertram's arms.

Henry R. Grasty drew from his breast pocket a large tin box and opened it, took therefrom 467 pages of closely written foolscap.

"What you say is true, Mr. Snooper, but I ask you to read that," he said, handing it to Bertram Snooper.

Mr. Snooper had no sooner read the document than he uttered a piercing shriek and bit off a large chew of tobacco.

"All is lost," he said.

"What is that document?" asked Gladys. "Governor Hogg's message?"

"It is not as bad as that," said Bertram, "but it deprives me of my entire fortune. But I care not for that, Gladys, since I have won you."

"What is it? Speak, I implore you," said Gladys.

"Those papers," said Henry R. Grasty, "are the proofs of my appointment as administrator of the Tom Bean estate."

With a loving cry Gladys threw herself in Henry R. Grasty's arms.

* * * *

Twenty minutes later Bertram D. Snooper was seen deliberately to enter a beer saloon on Seventeenth Street.

4. Hearts And Hands

Hearts and Hands was originally published under his pseudonym, Sidney Porter, in 1902. The story is full of twists and wordplay, as was O. Henry's own life. He was sentenced to serve five years in federal prison for embezzlement of \$854.08, after fleeing to Honduras, then returning to Austin to be with his sick wife, where he turned himself in. O. Henry was released shortly before this story was published, which makes its unexpected sources of compassion particularly poignant. This story is featured in [The Unreliable Narrator](#).

At Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the eastbound B. & M. Express. In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveler. Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed. The two were handcuffed together.

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a reversed one facing the attractive young woman. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young

woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then with a lovely smile brightening her countenance and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand. When she spoke her voice, full, sweet, and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile. "I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; 'it's otherwise engaged just at present."

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining "bracelet" to the left one of his companion. The glad look in the girl's eyes slowly changed to a bewildered horror. The glow faded from her cheeks. Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress. Easton, with a little laugh, as if amused, was about to speak again when the other forestalled him. The glum-faced man had been watching the girl's countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.

"You'll excuse me for speaking, miss, but, I see you're acquainted with the marshal here. If you'll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he'll do it, and it'll make things easier for me there. He's taking me to Leavenworth prison. It's seven years for counterfeiting."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color. "So that is what you are doing out here? A marshal!"

"My dear Miss Fairchild," said Easton, calmly, "I had to do something. Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington. I saw this opening in the West, and--well, a marshalship isn't quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but--"

"The ambassador," said the girl, warmly, "doesn't call any more. He needn't ever have done so. You ought to know that. And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers. That's different from the Washington life. You have been missed from the old crowd."

The girl's eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.

"Don't you worry about them, miss," said the other man. "All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away. Mr. Easton knows his business."

"Will we see you again soon in Washington?" asked the girl.

"Not soon, I think," said Easton. "My butterfly days are over, I fear."

"I love the West," said the girl irrelevantly. Her eyes were shining softly. She looked away out the car window. She began to speak truly and simply without the gloss of style and manner: "Mamma and I spent the summer in Denver. She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill. I could live and be happy in the West. I think the air here agrees with me. Money isn't everything. But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid--"

"Say, Mr. Marshal," growled the glum-faced man. "This isn't quite fair. I'm needing a drink, and haven't had a smoke all day. Haven't you talked long enough? Take me in the smoker now, won't you? I'm half dead for a pipe."

The bound travelers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.

"I can't deny a petition for tobacco," he said, lightly. "It's the one friend of the unfortunate. Good-bye, Miss Fairchild. Duty calls, you know." He held out his hand for a farewell.

"It's too bad you are not going East," she said, reclothing herself with manner and style. "But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Easton, "I must go on to Leavenworth."

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.

The two passengers in a seat near by had heard most of the conversation. Said one of them: "That marshal's a good sort of chap. Some of these Western fellows are all right."

"Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn't he?" asked the other.

"Young!" exclaimed the first speaker, "why--Oh! didn't you catch on? Say--did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his right hand?"

5. The Prisoner of Zembla

So the king fell into a furious rage, so that none durst go near him for fear, and he gave out that since the Princess Ostla had disobeyed him there would be a great tourney, and to the knight who should prove himself of the greatest valor he would give the hand of the princess.

And he sent forth a herald to proclaim that he would do this.

And the herald went about the country making his desire known, blowing a great tin horn and riding a noble steed that pranced and gambolled; and the villagers gazed upon him and said: "Lo, that is one of them tin horn gamblers concerning which the chroniclers have told us."

And when the day came, the king sat in the grandstand, holding the gage of battle in his band, and by his side sat the Princess Ostla, looking very pale and beautiful, but with mournful eyes from which she scarce could keep the tears. And the knights which came to the tourney gazed upon the princess in wonder at her beauty, and each swore to win so that he could marry her and board with the king. Suddenly the heart of the princess gave a great bound, for she saw among the knights one of the poor students with whom she had been in love.

The knights mounted and rode in a line past the grandstand, and the king stopped the poor student, who had the worst horse and the poorest caparisons of any of the knights and said:

"Sir Knight, prithee tell me of what that marvellous shabby and rusty-looking armor of thine is made?"

"Oh, king," said the young knight, "seeing that we are about to engage in a big fight, I would call it scrap iron, wouldn't you?"

"Ods Bodkins!" said the king. "The youth hath a pretty wit."

About this time the Princess Ostla, who began to feel better at the sight of her lover, slipped a piece of gum into her mouth and closed her teeth upon it, and even smiled a little and showed the beautiful pearls with which her mouth was set. Whereupon, as soon as the knights perceived this, 217 of them went over to the king's treasurer and settled for their horse feed and went home.

"It seems very hard," said the princess, "that I cannot marry when I chews."

But two of the knights were left, one of them being the princess' lover.

"Here's enough for a fight, anyhow," said the king. "Come hither, O knights, will ye joust for the hand of this fair lady?"

"We joust will," said the knights.

The two knights fought for two hours, and at length the princess' lover prevailed and stretched the other upon the ground. The victorious knight made his horse caracole before the king, and bowed low in his saddle.

On the Princess Ostla's cheeks was a rosy flush; in her eyes the light of excitement vied with the soft glow of love; her lips were parted, her lovely hair unbound, and she grasped the arms of her chair and leaned forward with heaving bosom and happy smile to hear the words of her lover.

"You have foughten well, sir knight," said the king. "And if there is any boon you crave you have but to name it."

"Then," said the knight, "I will ask you this: I have bought the patent rights in your kingdom for Schneider's celebrated monkey wrench, and I want a letter from you endorsing it."

"You shall have it," said the king, "but I must tell you that there is not a monkey in my kingdom."

With a yell of rage the victorious knight threw himself on his horse and rode away at a furious gallop.

The king was about to speak, when a horrible suspicion flashed upon him and he fell dead upon the grandstand.

"My God!" he cried. "He has forgotten to take the princess with him!"

6. Caline

THE sun was just far enough in the west to send inviting shadows. In the centre of a small field, and in the shade of a haystack which was there, a girl lay sleeping. She had slept long and soundly, when something awoke her as suddenly as if it had been a blow. She opened her eyes and stared a moment up in the cloudless sky. She yawned and stretched her long brown legs and arms, lazily. Then she arose, never minding the bits of straw that clung to her black hair, to her red bodice, and the blue cotonade skirt that did not reach her naked ankles.

The log cabin in which she dwelt with her parents was just outside the enclosure in which she had been sleeping. Beyond was a small clearing that did duty as a cotton field. All else was

dense wood, except the long stretch that curved round the brow of the hill, and in which glittered the steel rails of the Texas and Pacific road.

When Caline emerged from the shadow she saw a long train of passenger coaches standing in view, where they must have stopped abruptly. It was that sudden stopping which had awakened her; for such a thing had not happened before within her recollection, and she looked stupid, at first, with astonishment. There seemed to be something wrong with the engine; and some of the passengers who dismounted went forward to investigate the trouble. Others came strolling along in the direction of the cabin, where Caline stood under an old gnarled mulberry tree, staring. Her father had halted his mule at the end of the cotton row, and stood staring also, leaning upon his plow.

There were ladies in the party. They walked awkwardly in their high-heeled boots over the rough, uneven ground, and held up their skirts mincingly. They twirled parasols over their shoulders, and laughed immoderately at the funny things which their masculine companions were saying.

They tried to talk to Caline, but could not understand the French patois with which she answered them.

One of the men - a pleasant-faced youngster - drew a sketch book from his pocket and began to make a picture of the girl. She stayed motionless, her hands behind her, and her wide eyes fixed earnestly upon him.

Before he had finished there was a summons from the train; and all went scampering hurriedly away. The engine screeched, it sent a few lazy puffs into the still air, and in another moment or two had vanished, bearing its human cargo with it.

Caline could not feel the same after that. She looked with new and strange interest upon the trains of cars that passed so swiftly back and forth across her vision, each day; and wondered whence these people came, and whither they were going.

Her mother and father could not tell her, except to say that they came from "loin là bas," and were going "Djieu sait é où."

One day she walked miles down the track to talk with the old flagman, who stayed down there by the big water tank. Yes, he knew. Those people came from the great cities in the north, and were going to the city in the south. He knew all about the city; it was a grand place. He had lived there once. His sister lived there now; and she would be glad enough to have so fine a girl as Caline to help her cook and scrub, and tend the babies. And he thought Caline might earn as much as five dollars a month, in the city.

So she went; in a new cotonade, and her Sunday shoes; with a sacredly guarded scrawl that the flagman sent to his sister.

The woman lived in a tiny, stuccoed house, with green blinds, and three wooden steps leading down to the banquette. There seemed to be hundreds like it along the street. Over the house tops loomed the tall masts of ships, and the hum of the French market could be heard on a still morning.

Caline was at first bewildered. She had to readjust all her preconceptions to fit the reality of it. The flagman's sister was a kind and gentle task-mistress. At the end of a week or two she wanted

to know how the girl liked it all. Caline liked it very well, for it was pleasant, on Sunday afternoons, to stroll with the children under the great, solemn sugar sheds; or to sit upon the compressed cotton bales, watching the stately steamers, the graceful boats, and noisy little tugs that plied the waters of the Mississippi. And it filled her with agreeable excitement to go to the French market, where the handsome Gascon butchers were eager to present their compliments and little Sunday bouquets to the pretty Acadian girl; and to throw fistfuls of *lagniappe* into her basket.

When the woman asked her again after another week if she were still pleased, she was not so sure. And again when she questioned Caline the girl turned away, and went to sit behind the big, yellow cistern, to cry unobserved. For she knew now that it was not the great city and its crowds of people she had so eagerly sought; but the pleasant-faced boy, who had made her picture that day under the mulberry tree.

7. Doctor Chevalier's Lie

The quick report of a pistol rang through the quiet autumn night. It was no unusual sound in the unsavory quarter where Dr. Chevalier had his office. Screams commonly went with it. This time there had been none.

Midnight had already rung in the old cathedral tower.

The doctor closed the book over which he had lingered so late, and awaited the summons that was almost sure to come.

As he entered the house to which he had been called he could not but note the ghastly sameness of detail that accompanied these oft-recurring events. The same scurrying; the same groups of tawdry, frightened women bending over banisters--hysterical, some of them; morbidly curious, others; and not a few shedding womanly tears; with a dead girl stretched somewhere, as this one was.

And yet it was not the same. Certainly she was dead: there was the hole in the temple where she had sent the bullet through. Yet it was different. Other such faces had been unfamiliar to him, except so far as they bore the common stamp of death. This one was not.

Like a flash he saw it again amid other surroundings. The time was little more than a year ago. The place, a homely cabin down in Arkansas, in which he and a friend had found shelter and hospitality during a hunting expedition.

There were others beside. A little sister or two; a father and mother--coarse, and bent with toil, but proud as archangels of their handsome girl, who was too clever to stay in an Arkansas cabin, and who was going away to seek her fortune in the big city.

"The girl is dead," said Doctor Chevalier. "I knew her well, and charge myself with her remains and decent burial."

The following day he wrote a letter. One, doubtless, to carry sorrow, but no shame to the cabin down there in the forest.

It told that the girl had sickened and died. A lock of hair was sent and other trifles with it. Tender last words were even invented.

Of course it was noised about that Doctor Chevalier had cared for the remains of a woman of doubtful repute.

Shoulders were shrugged. Society thought of cutting him. Society did not, for some reason or other, so the affair blew over.

8. Juanita

To all appearances and according to all accounts, Juanita is a character who does not reflect credit upon her family or her native town of Rock Springs. I first met her there three years ago in the little back room behind her father's store. She seemed very shy, and inclined to efface herself; a heroic feat to attempt, considering the narrow confines of the room; and a hopeless one, in view of her five-feet-ten, and more than two-hundred pounds of substantial flesh, which, on that occasion, and every subsequent one when I saw her, was clad in a soiled calico "Mother Hubbard." 1.

Her face, and particularly her mouth, had a certain fresh and sensuous beauty though I would rather not say "beauty," if I might say anything else.

I often saw Juanita that summer, simply because it was so difficult for the poor thing not to be seen. She usually sat in some obscure corner of their small garden, or behind an angle of the house, preparing vegetables for dinner or sorting her mother's flower-seed.

It was even at that day said, with some amusement, that Juanita was not so attractive to men as her appearance might indicate; that she had more than one admirer, and great hopes of marrying well if not brilliantly.

Upon my return to the "Springs" this summer, in asking news of the various persons who had interested me three years ago, Juanita came naturally to my mind, and her name to my lips. There were many ready to tell me of Juanita's career since I had seen her.

The father had died and she and the mother had had ups and downs, but still continued to keep the store. Whatever else happened, however, Juanita has never ceased to attract admirers, young and old. They hung on her fence at all hours; they met her in the lanes; they penetrated to the store and back to the living-room. It was even talked about that a gentleman in a plaid suit had come all the way from the city by train for no other purpose than to call upon her. It is not astonishing, in the face of these persistent attentions, that speculation grew rife in Rock Springs as to whom and what Juanita would marry in the end.

For a while she was said to be engaged to a wealthy South Missouri farmer, though no one could guess when or where she had met him. Then it was learned that the man of her choice was a Texas millionaire who possessed a hundred white horses, one of which spirited animals Juanita began to drive about that time.

But in the midst of speculation and counter speculation on the subject of Juanita and her lovers, there suddenly appeared upon the scene a one-legged man; a very poor and shabby, and decidedly one-legged man. He first became known to the public through Juanita's soliciting subscriptions towards buying the unhappy individual cork-leg.

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Her interest in the one-legged man continued to show itself in various ways, not always apparent to a curious public; as was proven one morning when Juanita became the mother of a baby, whose father, she announced, was her husband, the one-legged man. The story of a wandering preacher was told; a secret marriage in the state of Illinois; and a lost certificate.

However that may be, Juanita has turned her broad back upon the whole race of masculine bipeds, and lavishes the wealth of her undivided affections upon the one-legged man.

I caught a glimpse of the curious couple when I was in the village. Juanita had mounted her husband upon a dejected looking pony which she herself was apparently leading by the bridle, and they were moving up the lane towards the woods, whither, I am told, they often wander in this manner. The picture they presented was a singular one; she with a man's straw hat shading her inflamed moon-face, and the breeze bellying her soiled "Mother Hubbard" into monstrous proportions. He puny, helpless, but apparently content with his fate which had not even vouchsafed him the coveted cork-leg.

They go off thus to the woods together where they may love each other away from all prying eyes save those of the birds and the squirrels. But what do the squirrels care!

For my part I never expected Juanita to be more respectable than a squirrel; and I don't see how any one else could have expected it.

9. The Blind Man

A man carrying a small red box in one hand walked slowly down the street. His old straw hat and faded garments looked as if the rain had often beaten upon them, and the sun had as many times dried them upon his person. He was not old, but he seemed feeble; and he walked in the sun, along the blistering asphalt pavement. On the opposite side of the street there were trees that threw a thick and pleasant shade: people were all walking on that side. But the man did not know, for he was blind, and moreover he was stupid.

In the red box were lead pencils, which he was endeavoring to sell. He carried no stick, but guided himself by trailing his foot along the stone copings or his hand along the iron railings. When he came to the steps of a house he would mount them. Sometimes, after reaching the door with great difficulty, he could not find the electric button, whereupon he would patiently descend and go his way. Some of the iron gates were locked, their owners being away for the summer, and he would consume much time striving to open them, which made little difference, as he had all the time there was at his disposal.

At times he succeeded in finding the electric button: but the man or maid who answered the bell needed no pencil, nor could they be induced to disturb the mistress of the house about so small a thing.

The man had been out long and had walked far, but had sold nothing. That morning someone who had finally grown tired of having him hanging around had equipped him with this box of pencils, and sent him out to make his living. Hunger, with sharp fangs, was gnawing at his stomach and a consuming thirst parched his mouth and tortured him. The sun was broiling. He wore too much clothing—a vest and coat over his shirt. He might have removed these and carried them on his arm or thrown them away; but he did not think of it. A kind woman who saw

him from an upper window felt sorry for him, and wished that he would cross over into the shade.

The man drifted into a side street, where there was a group of noisy, excited children at play. The color of the box which he carried attracted them and they wanted to know what was in it. One of them attempted to take it away from him. With the instinct to protect his own and his only means of sustenance, he resisted, shouted at the children and called them names. A policeman coming round the corner and seeing that he was the centre of a disturbance, jerked him violently around by the collar; but upon perceiving that he was blind, considerably refrained from clubbing him and sent him on his way. He walked on in the sun.

During his aimless rambling he turned into a street where there were monster electric cars thundering up and down, clanging wild bells and literally shaking the ground beneath his feet with their terrific impetus. He started to cross the street.

Then something happened—something horrible happened that made the women faint and the strongest men who saw it grow sick and dizzy. The motorman's lips were as gray as his face, and that was ashen gray; and he shook and staggered from the superhuman effort he had put forth to stop his car.

Where could the crowds have come from so suddenly, as if by magic? Boys on the run, men and women tearing up on their wheels to see the sickening sight: doctors dashing up in buggies as if directed by Providence.

And the horror grew when the multitude recognized in the dead and mangled figure one of the wealthiest, most useful and most influential men of the town, a man noted for his prudence and foresight. How could such a terrible fate have overtaken him? He was hastening from his business house, for he was late, to join his family, who were to start in an hour or two for their summer home on the Atlantic coast. In his hurry he did not perceive the other car coming from the opposite direction and the common, harrowing thing was repeated.

The blind man did not know what the commotion was all about. He had crossed the street, and there he was, stumbling on in the sun, trailing his foot along the coping.

10. The Kiss

It was still quite light out of doors, but inside with the curtains drawn and the smouldering fire sending out a dim, uncertain glow, the room was full of deep shadows.

Brantain sat in one of these shadows; it had overtaken him and he did not mind. The obscurity lent him courage to keep his eyes fastened as ardently as he liked upon the girl who sat in the firelight.

She was very handsome, with a certain fine, rich coloring that belongs to the healthy brune type. She was quite composed, as she idly stroked the satiny coat of the cat that lay curled in her lap, and she occasionally sent a slow glance into the shadow where her companion sat. They were talking low, of indifferent things which plainly were not the things that occupied their thoughts. She knew that he loved her--a frank, blustering fellow without guile enough to conceal his feelings, and no desire to do so. For two weeks past he had sought her society eagerly and persistently. She was confidently waiting for him to declare himself and she meant to accept him. The rather insignificant and unattractive Brantain was enormously rich; and she liked and required the entourage which wealth could give her.

During one of the pauses between their talk of the last tea and the next reception the door opened and a young man entered whom Brantain knew quite well. The girl turned her face toward him. A stride or two brought him to her side, and bending over her chair--before she could suspect his intention, for she did not realize that he had not seen her visitor--he pressed an ardent, lingering kiss upon her lips.

Brantain slowly arose; so did the girl arise, but quickly, and the newcomer stood between them, a little amusement and some defiance struggling with the confusion in his face.

"I believe," stammered Brantain, "I see that I have stayed too long. I--I had no idea--that is, I must wish you good-by." He was clutching his hat with both hands, and probably did not perceive that she was extending her hand to him, her presence of mind had not completely deserted her; but she could not have trusted herself to speak.

"Hang me if I saw him sitting there, Nattie! I know it's deuced awkward for you. But I hope you'll forgive me this once--this very first break. Why, what's the matter?"

"Don't touch me; don't come near me," she returned angrily. "What do you mean by entering the house without ringing?"

"I came in with your brother, as I often do," he answered coldly, in self-justification. "We came in the side way. He went upstairs and I came in here hoping to find you. The explanation is simple enough and ought to satisfy you that the misadventure was unavoidable. But do say that you forgive me, Nathalie," he entreated, softening.

"Forgive you! You don't know what you are talking about. Let me pass. It depends upon--a good deal whether I ever forgive you."

At that next reception which she and Brantain had been talking about she approached the young man with a delicious frankness of manner when she saw him there.

"Will you let me speak to you a moment or two, Mr. Brantain?" she asked with an engaging but perturbed smile. He seemed extremely unhappy; but when she took his arm and walked away with him, seeking a retired corner, a ray of hope mingled with the almost comical misery of his expression. She was apparently very outspoken.

"Perhaps I should not have sought this interview, Mr. Brantain; but--but, oh, I have been very uncomfortable, almost miserable since that little encounter the other afternoon. When I thought how you might have misinterpreted it, and believed things" --hope was plainly gaining the ascendancy over misery in Brantain's round, guileless face--"Of course, I know it is nothing to you, but for my own sake I do want you to understand that Mr. Harvy is an intimate friend of long standing. Why, we have always been like cousins--like brother and sister, I may say. He is my brother's most intimate associate and often fancies that he is entitled to the same privileges as the family. Oh, I know it is absurd, uncalled for, to tell you this; undignified even," she was almost weeping, "but it makes so much difference to me what you think of--of me." Her voice had grown very low and agitated. The misery had all disappeared from Brantain's face.

"Then you do really care what I think, Miss Nathalie? May I call you Miss Nathalie?" They turned into a long, dim corridor that was lined on either side with tall, graceful plants. They walked slowly to the very end of it. When they turned to retrace their steps Brantain's face was radiant and hers was triumphant.

Harvy was among the guests at the wedding; and he sought her out in a rare moment when she stood alone.

"Your husband," he said, smiling, "has sent me over to kiss you. "

A quick blush suffused her face and round polished throat. "I suppose it's natural for a man to feel and act generously on an occasion of this kind. He tells me he doesn't want his marriage to interrupt wholly that pleasant intimacy which has existed between you and me. I don't know what you've been telling him," with an insolent smile, "but he has sent me here to kiss you."

She felt like a chess player who, by the clever handling of his pieces, sees the game taking the course intended. Her eyes were bright and tender with a smile as they glanced up into his; and her lips looked hungry for the kiss which they invited.

"But, you know," he went on quietly, "I didn't tell him so, it would have seemed ungrateful, but I can tell you. I've stopped kissing women; it's dangerous."

Well, she had Brantain and his million left. A person can't have everything in this world; and it was a little unreasonable of her to expect it.

11. The Story of An Hour

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

12. An Ornery Kind of Kid

Mayo Maloney at 11 was a little shrimp of a fellow who was not rude so much as he was rudeness itself, for he couldn't even step inside a church, for instance, without giving everybody who happened to see him an uncomfortable feeling that he, Mayo, despised the place and its purpose.

It was much the same everywhere else that Mayo went: school, library, theater, home. Only his mother felt that Mayo was not a rude boy, but his father frequently asked him to get down off his high horse and act like everybody else. By this, Michael Maloney meant that Mayo ought to take things easy and stop findings so much fault with everything.

The only thing that didn't bore Mayo was the idea of hunting, but his father wouldn't buy him a gun, not even a .22-caliber single-shot rifle. Michael Maloney told Mayo that as soon as he was sure that Mayo had calmed down a little, he would think about buying him a gun. Mayo tried to calm down a little so he could have his gun, but he gave it up after a day and a half.

"I don't know how," Mike Maloney said one night at dinner, "but if you want a gun, you've got to calm down enough so I can believe you won't shoot the neighbors with it. Do you think my father so much as let me sit down to my dinner if I hadn't done something to earn it? He didn't invite me to earn any gun to shoot pheasant with. He told me to earn my food, and he didn't wait until I was 11, either. I started earning it when I was no more than 8. The whole trouble with you is you're too pent-up from not doing any kind of work at all for your food or shelter or clothing to be decently tired and ordinary like everybody else. You're not human, almost. Nobody's human who doesn't know how hard it is to earn his food and the other basic things. It's the fault of your mother and father that you're such a sarcastic and fault-finding man instead of a calm, handsome one. Everybody in this whole town is talking about how your mother and father have turned you into an arrogant ignoramus of a man by not making you earn your right to judge things."

"Now, Mike," Mrs. Maloney said, "Mayo's not as bad as all that. He just wants a gun to hunt pheasant with."

Mike turned to Mrs. Maloney. "Is it a gun I must buy for him now?" he asked.

Mrs. Maloney didn't quite know how to say that it was. She remained silent and tried not to look at either her husband or her son.

"O.K.," Mike Maloney said to both his wife and his son. "I have to go back to the office a minute, so if you'll come along with me I'll drop into Archie Cannon's and buy you a gun."

He got up from the table and turned to Mrs. Maloney.

"Provided, of course," he said, "that that meets with your approval."

"Aren't you going to finish your food?" Mrs. Maloney asked.

"Who wants to waste time eating," Mike Maloney asked, "when it's time to buy a gun?"

Mike Maloney went to the door where his nervous son was standing, waiting for him to shut up and get going.

He turned to his wife and said, "I won't be able to account for him after I turn the gun over to him, but I'll be gone no more than an hour. If we'd been poor and couldn't afford it, he'd know the sinfulness of provoking me into this sort of bitter kindness."

He saw the boy break loose and disappear far down the street. When he got to Archie Cannon's, the boy was waiting for him. They went in, and Mike Maloney asked Archie to show him the guns.

"What kind of a gun do you want, Mike?" Archie asked. "I didn't know you were interested in hunting."

"It's not for myself," Mike Maloney said. "It's for Mayo here, and it ought to be suitable for pheasant shooting."

"Would that be what it would be?" Mike Maloney asked his son, and although the boy hadn't expected anything so precisely suitable for pheasant shooting, he said that a shotgun would be what it would be. ...

13. The Hummingbird That Lived Through Winter

There was a hummingbird once which in the wintertime did not leave our neighborhood in Fresno, California. I'll tell you about it. Across the street lived old Dikran, who was almost blind. He was past eighty and his wife was only a few years younger. They had a little house that was as neat inside as it was ordinary outside - except for old Dikran's garden, which was the best thing of its kind in the world. Plants, bushes, trees, all strong, in sweet black moist earth whose guardian was old Dikran. All things from the sky loved this spot in our poor neighborhood, and old Dikran loved them. One freezing Sunday, in the dead of winter, as I came home from Sunday School I saw old Dikran standing in the middle of the street trying to distinguish what was in his hand. Instead of going into our house to the fire, as I had wanted to do, I stood on the steps of the front porch and watched the old man. He would turn around and look upward at his trees and then back to the palm of his hand. He stood in the street at least two minutes and then at last he came to me. He held his hand out, and in Armenian he said, "What is this in my hand?" I looked. "It is hummingbird," I said half in English and half in Armenian. Hummingbird I said in English because I didn't know its name in Armenian. "What is that?" old Dikran asked. "The little bird," I said. "You know. The one that comes in the summer and stands in the air and then shoots away. The one with the wings that beat so fast you can't see them. It's in your hand. It's dying." "Come with me," the old man said. "I can't see, and the old lady's at church. I can feel its heart beating. Is it in a bad way? Look again, once." I looked again. It was a sad thing to behold. This wonderful little creature of summertime in the big rough hand of the old peasant. Here it was in the cold of winter, absolutely helpless and pathetic, not suspended in a shaft of summer light, not the most alive thing in the world, but the most helpless and heartbreaking. "It's dying," I said. The old man lifted his hand to his mouth and blew warm breath on the little thing in his hand which he could not even see. "Stay now," he said in Armenian. "It is not long till summer.

Stay, swift and lovely." We went into the kitchen of his little house, and while he blew warm breath on the bird he told me what to do. "Put a tablespoonful of honey over the gas fire and pour it into my hand, but be sure it is not too hot." This was done. After a moment the hummingbird began to show signs of fresh life. The warmth of the room, the vapor of the warm honey - and, well, the will and love of the old man. Soon the old man could feel the change in his hand, and after a moment or two the hummingbird began to take little dabs of the honey. "It will live," the old man announced. "Stay and watch." The transformation was incredible. The old man kept his hand generously open, and I expected the helpless bird to shoot upward out his hand, suspend itself in space, and scare the life out of me - which is exactly what happened. The new life of the little bird was magnificent. It spun about in the little kitchen, going to the window, coming back to the heat, suspending, circling as if it were summertime and it had never felt better in its whole life. The old man sat on the plain chair, blind but attentive. He listened carefully and tried to see, but of course he couldn't. He kept asking about the bird, how it seemed to be, whether it showed signs of weakening again, what its spirit was, and whether or not it appeared to be restless; and I kept describing the bird to him. When the bird was restless and wanted to go, the old man said, "Open the window and let it go." "Will it live?" I asked. "It is alive now and wants to go," he said. "Open the window." I opened the window, the hummingbird stirred about here and there, feeling the cold from the outside, suspended itself in the area of the open window, stirring this way and that, and then it was gone. "Close the window," the old man said. We talked a minute or two and then I went home. The old man claimed the hummingbird lived through that winter, but I never knew for sure. I saw hummingbirds again when summer came, but I couldn't tell one from the other. One day in the summer I asked the old man. "Did it live?" "The little bird?" he said. "Yes," I said. "That we gave the honey to. You remember. The little bird that was dying in the winter. Did it live?" "Look about you," the old man said. "Do you see the bird?" "I see hummingbirds," I said. "Each of them is our bird," the old man said. "Each of them, each of them," he said swiftly and gently.

14. The Barber's Uncle

Miss Gamma, our teacher, said I needed a haircut, my mother said I needed a haircut, by brother Krikor said I needed a haircut: the whole world wanted me to get a haircut. My head was too big for the world. Too much black hair, the world said.

Everybody said, "When are you going to-get a haircut?"

There was a big business man in our town named Huntingdon who used to buy 1 an evening paper from me every day. He was a man who weighed two hundred and forty pounds, owned two Cadillacs, six hundred acres, and had over a million dollars in the Valley Bank, as well as a small head, without hair, right on top of him where everybody could see it. He used to make railroad men from out of town walk a long way to see my head. "There's good weather and health. There's hair on a head," he used to say.

Miss Gamma did not like the size of my head.

"I'm not mentioning any names," she said one day, "but unless a certain young man in this class visits a barber one of these days and has his hair cut, he will be sent to a worse place than this."

She did not mention any names. All she did was look at me.

I was glad the world was angry with me, but one day a small bird tried to build a nest in my hair.

I was sleeping on the grass under the tree in our yard when a bird flew down from the tree to my head. I opened my eyes but did not move. I had no idea the bird was in my hair until it began to sing. Never before in my life had I heard the cry of a bird so clearly.

Then I realized such a thing was not proper. It was not proper for a small bird to be in anybody's hair.

So I jumped up and hurried to town to have my hair cut, and the bird flew as far away as it could go in one breath.

There was an Armenian barber on Mariposa Street named Aram who was really a farmer, or maybe a philosopher. I didn't know. I only knew he had a little shop on Mariposa Street and spent most of his time reading Armenian papers, rolling cigarettes, smoking them, and watching the people go by. I never saw him giving anybody a haircut, although I suppose one or two people went into his shop by mistake.

I went to Aram's shop on Mariposa Street and woke him up. He was sitting at the little table with an Armenian book open before him, sleeping.

In Armenian I said, "Will you cut my hair? I have twenty-five cents."

"Ah," he said, "I am glad to see you. What is your name? Sit down. I will make coffee first. Ah, that is a fine head of hair you have."

"Everybody wants me to get a haircut," I said.

"That is the way with the world," he said. "Always telling you what to do. What's wrong with a little hair? Why do they do it? 'Earn money 2,' they say. 'Buy a farm.' This. That. Ah, they are against letting a man live a quiet life."

"Can you do it?" I said. "Can you cut it all away so they will not talk about it again for a long time?"

"Coffee," said the barber. "Let us drink a little coffee first."

He brought me a cup of coffee, and I wondered how it was I had never before visited him, perhaps the most interesting man in the whole city. I knew he was an unusual man from the way he woke when I entered the store, from the way he talked and walked. He was about fifty and I was eleven. He was no taller than I was and no heavier, but his face was the face of a man who has found out the truth, who knows, who is wise, and yet loves all and is not unkind.

When he opened his eyes, his look seemed to say, "The world? I know all about the world. Evil and hatred and fear 3. But I love it all."

I lifted the small cup to my lips and drank the hot black liquid. It tasted finer than anything I had ever before tasted.

"Sit down," he said in Armenian, and he began to tell me about the world.

He told me about his Uncle Misak who was born in Moush.

We drank the coffee and then I got into the chair and he began to cut my hair. He gave me the worst of all haircuts, but he told me about his poor uncle Misak and the circus tiger. He wasn't a real barber. He was just pretending to be a barber, so his wife wouldn't worry him too much. He was just doing it to satisfy the world. All he wanted to do was to read and to talk to good people. He had five children, three boys and two girls, but they were all like his wife, and he couldn't talk to them. All they wanted to know was how much money he was making.

"My poor uncle Misak," he said to me, "was born a long time ago in Moush and he was a wild boy, although he was not a thief. He could fight any two boys in the whole city, and if necessary their fathers and mothers at the same time. Their grandfathers and grandmothers too," he said.

"So everybody said to my poor Uncle Misak, 'Misak, you are strong; why don't you earn money by fighting?' So he did. He broke the bones of eighteen strong men before he was twenty. And all he did with his money was eat and drink and give the rest to children. He didn't want money."

"Ah," he said, "that was long ago. Now everybody wants money. They told him he would be sorry some day, and of course, they were right. They told him to take care of his money because some day he would no longer be strong and he would have no money. And the day came. My poor Uncle Misak was forty years old and no longer strong, and he had no money. They laughed at him and he went away. He went to Constantinople. Then he went to Vienna."

"Vienna?" I said. "Your Uncle Misak went to Vienna?" "Yes, of course," said the barber. "My poor Uncle Misak went to many places. In Vienna," he said, "my poor uncle could not find work, and he nearly died of hunger, but did he steal so much as a loaf of bread? No, he stole nothing. Then he went to Berlin. There, too, my poor Uncle Misak nearly died of hunger."

He was cutting my hair, left and right. I could see the black hair on the floor and feel my head becoming colder and colder. And smaller and smaller. "Ah, Berlin," he said. "Cruel city of the world, streets and streets and houses and houses and people and people, but not one door for my poor Uncle Misak, not one room, not one table, not one friend."

"Ah," I said, "this loneliness of man in the world. This terrible loneliness of the living."

"And," said the barber, "it was the same in Paris, the same in London, the same in New York, the same in South America. It was the same everywhere, streets and streets, houses and houses, doors and doors, but no place in the world for my poor Uncle Misak."

"Ah, God," I prayed. "Protect him."

"In China," said the barber, "my poor Uncle Misak met an Arab who worked in a French circus. The Arab and my Uncle Misak talked together in Turkish. The Arab said, 'Brother, are you a lover of men and animals?' And my Uncle Misak said, 'Brother, I love everything in God's world. Men and animals and fish and birds and rock and fire and water and everything seen and unseen.' And the Arab said, 'Brother, can you love even a tiger?' And my Uncle Misak said, 'Brother, of course, I can.' Ah, my Uncle Misak was a very unhappy man. The Arab was very glad to hear about my uncle's love for tigers, for he too was a very brave man. 'Brother,' he said to my uncle, 'could you love a tiger enough to place your head into its open mouth?'

"Protect him, God," I prayed.

"And," said Aram, the barber, "my Uncle Misak said, 'Brother, I could.' And the Arab said. 'Will you join the circus? Yesterday the tiger carelessly closed its mouth around the head of poor

Simon Perigord, and there is no longer anyone in the circus with such great love for the creatures of God.' My poor Uncle Misak was tired of the world, and he said, 'Brother, I will join the circus and place my head into the open mouth of God's holy tiger a dozen times a day.' 'That is not necessary,' said the Arab. 'Twice a day will be enough.' So my poor Uncle Misak joined the French circus in China and began placing his head into the open mouth of the tiger."

"The circus", said the barber, "travelled from China to India, from India to Afghanistan, from Afghanistan to Persia, and there, in Persia, it happened. The tiger and my poor Uncle Misak became very good friends. In Teheran, in the old city, the tiger grew fierce 5. It was a very hot day and everyone felt ugly 6.

"The tiger felt very angry and ran about all day. My poor Uncle placed his head into the open mouth of the tiger, in Teheran, that ugly city of Persia, and he was about to take his head out of the tiger's mouth when the tiger closed his jaws."

I got out of the chair and saw a strange person in the looking-glass — myself. I was frightened and all my hair was gone. I paid Aram, the barber, twenty-five cents and went home. Everybody laughed at me. My brother Krikor said he had never seen such a bad haircut before.

But it was all right.

All I could think about for weeks was the barber's poor Uncle Misak whose head was bitten off 7 by the circus tiger, and I looked forward to the day when I would need a haircut again, so I could go to Aram's shop and listen to his story of man, lost and lonely and always in danger, the sad story of his poor Uncle Misak. The sad story of every man alive.

15. The Parsley Garden

One day in August, Al Condraj was wandering through Woolworth's without a penny to spend when he saw a small hammer that was not a toy but a real hammer, and he was possessed with a longing to have it. He believed it was just what he needed by which to break the monotony and with which to make something. He had gathered some first-class nails from Foley's Packing House where the boxmakers worked and where they had carelessly dropped at least fifteen cents' worth. He had gladly gone to the trouble of gathering them together because it had seemed to him that a nail, as such, was not something to be wasted. He had the nails, perhaps a half pound of them, at least two hundred of them, in a paper bag in the apple box in which he kept his junk at home.

Now, with the ten-cent hammer he believed he could make something out of box wood and the nails, although he had no idea what. Some sort of a table perhaps, or a small bench.

At any rate he took the hammer and slipped it into the pocket of his overalls, but just as he did so a man took him firmly by the arm without a word and pushed him to the back of the store into a small office. Another man, an older one, was seated behind a desk in the office, working with papers. The younger man, the one who had captured him, was excited and his forehead was covered with sweat.

"Well," he said, "here's one more of them."

The man behind the desk got to his feet and looked Al Condraj up and down. "What's he swiped?"

“A hammer.” The young man looked at Al with hatred. “Hand it over,” he said.

The boy brought the hammer out of his pocket and handed it to the young man, who said, “I ought to hit you over the head with it, that’s what I ought to do.”

He turned to the older man, the boss, the manager of the store, and he said “What do you want me to do with him?”

“Leave him with me,” the older man said.

The younger man stepped out of the office, and the older man sat down and went back to work. Al Condraj stood in the office fifteen minutes before the older man looked at him again.

“Well,” he said.

Al didn’t know what to say. The man wasn’t looking at him, he was looking at the door.

Finally Al said, “I didn’t mean to steal it. I just need it and I haven’t got any money.”

“Just because you haven’t got any money doesn’t mean you’ve got a right to steal things,” the man said. “Now, does it?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, what am I going to do with you? Turn you over to the police?”

Al didn’t say anything, but he certainly didn’t want to be turned over to the police. He hated the man, but at the same time he realized somebody else could be a lot tougher than he was being.

“If I let you go, will you promise never to steal from this store again?”

“Yes, sir.”

“All right,” the man said. “Go out this way and don’t come back to this store until you’ve got some money to spend.”

He opened a door to the hall that led to the alley, and Al Condraj hurried down the hall and out into the alley.

The first thing he did when he was free was laugh, but he knew he had been humiliated, and he was deeply ashamed. It was not in his nature to take things that did not belong to him. He hated the young man who had caught him, and he hated the manager of the store who had made him stand in silence in the office so long. He hadn’t liked it at all when the young man had said he ought to hit him over the head with the hammer.

He should have had the courage to look him straight in the eye and say, “You and who else?”

Of course he had stolen the hammer and he had been caught, but it seemed to him he oughtn’t to have been so humiliated.

After he had walked three blocks, he decided he didn’t want to go home just yet, so he turned around and started walking back to town. He almost believed he meant to go back and say

something to the young man who had caught him. And then he wasn't sure he didn't mean to go back and steal the hammer again, and this time not get caught. As long as he had been made to feel like a thief anyway, the least he ought to get out of it was the hammer.

Outside the store he lost his nerve, though. He stood in the street, looking in, for at least ten minutes.

Then, crushed and confused and now bitterly ashamed of himself, first for having stolen something, then for having been caught, then for having been humiliated, then for not having guts enough to go back and do the job right, he began walking home again, his mind so troubled that he didn't greet his pal Pete Wawchek when they came face to face outside Graf's Hardware.

When he got home, he was too ashamed to go inside and examine his junk, so he had a long drink of water from the faucet in the back yard. The faucet was used by his mother to water the stuff she planted every year: okra, bell peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, garlic, mint, eggplants, and parsley.

His mother called the whole business the parsley garden, and every night in the summer she would bring chairs out of the house and put them around the table she had Ondro, the neighborhood handyman, make for her for fifteen cents, and she would sit at the table and enjoy the cool of the garden and the smell of the things she had planted and tended.

Sometimes she would even make a salad and moisten the flat old-country bread and slice some white cheese, and she and he would have supper in the parsley garden. After supper she would attach the water hose to the faucet and water her plants and the place would be cooler than ever and it would smell real good, real fresh and cool and green, all the different growing things making a green-garden smell out of themselves and the air and the water.

After the long drink of water he sat down where the parsley itself was growing, and he pulled a handful of it out and slowly ate it. Then he went inside and told his mother what had happened. He even told her what he had thought of doing after he had been turned loose: to go back and steal the hammer again.

"I don't want you to steal," his mother said in broken English. "Here is ten cents. You go back to that man and you give him this money and you bring it home, that hammer."

"No," Al Condraj said. "I won't take your money for something I don't really need. I just thought I ought to have a hammer, so I could make something if I felt like it. I've got a lot of nails and some box wood, but I haven't got a hammer."

"Go buy it, that hammer," his mother said.

"No," Al said.

"All right," his mother said. "Shut up."

That's what she always said when she didn't know what else to say.

Al went out and sat on the steps. His humiliation was beginning to really hurt now. He decided to wander off along the railroad tracks to Foley's because he needed to think about it some more. At Foley's he watched Johnny Gale nailing boxes for ten minutes, but Johnny was too busy to notice him or talk to him, although one day at Sunday school, two or three years ago, Johnny had

greeted him and said, "How's the boy?" Johnny worked with a boxmaker's hatchet, and everybody in Fresno said he was the fastest boxmaker in town. He was the closest thing to a machine any packing house ever saw. Foley himself was proud of Johnny Gale.

Al Condraj finally set out for home because he didn't want to get in the way. He didn't want somebody working hard to notice that he was being watched and maybe say to him, "Go on, beat it." He didn't want Johnny Gale to do something like that. He didn't want to invite another humiliation.

On the way home he looked for money, but all he found was the usual pieces of broken glass and rusty nails, the things that were always cutting his bare feet every summer.

When he got home, his mother had made a salad and set the table, so he sat down to eat, but when he put the food in his mouth he just didn't care for it. He got up and went into the three-room house and got his apple box out of the corner of his room and went through his junk. It was all there, the same as yesterday.

He wandered off back to town and stood in front of the closed store, hating the young man who had caught him, and then he went along to the Hippodrome and looked at the display photographs from the two movies that were being shown that day.

Then he went along to the public library to have a look at all the books again, but he didn't like any of them, so he wandered around town some more and then around half-past eight he went home and went to bed.

His mother had already gone to bed because she had to be up at five to go to work at Inderrieden's, packing figs. Some days there would be work all day, some days there would be only half a day of it, but whatever his mother earned during the summer had to keep them the whole year.

He didn't sleep much that night because he couldn't get over what had happened, and he went over six or seven ways by which to adjust the matter. He went so far as to believe it would be necessary to kill the young man who had caught him. He also believed it would be necessary for him to steal systematically and successfully the rest of his life. It was a hot night and he couldn't sleep.

Finally, his mother got up and walked barefooted to the kitchen for a drink of water, and on the way back she said to him softly, "Shut up."

When she got up at five in the morning, he was out of the house, but that had happened many times before. He was a restless boy, and he kept moving all the time every summer. He was making mistakes and paying for them, and he had just tried stealing and had been caught at it, and he was troubled. She fixed her breakfast, packed her lunch, and hurried off to work, hoping it would be a full day.

It was a full day, and then there was overtime, and although she had no more lunch, she decided to work on for the extra money, anyway. Almost all the other packers were staying on, too, and her neighbor across the alley, Leeza Ahboot, who worked beside her, said, "Let us work until the work stops, then we'll go home and fix a supper between us and eat it in your parsley garden where it's so cool. It's a hot day and there's no sense not making an extra fifty or sixty cents."

When the two women reached the garden, it was almost nine o'clock, but still daylight, and she saw her son nailing pieces of box wood together, making something with a hammer. It looked like a bench. He had already watered the garden and tidied up the rest of the yard, and the place seemed very nice, and her son seemed very serious and busy. She and Leeza went straight to work for their supper, picking bell peppers and tomatoes and cucumbers and a great deal of parsley for the salad.

Then Leeza went to her house for some bread, which she had baked the night before, and some white cheese, and in a few minutes they were having supper together and talking pleasantly about the successful day they had had. After supper they made Turkish coffee over an open fire in the yard. They drank the coffee and smoked a cigarette apiece, and told one another stories about their experiences in the old country and here in Fresno, and then they looked into their cups at the grounds to see if any good fortune was indicated, and there was: health and work and supper out of doors in the summer and enough money for the rest of the year.

16. The Summer of the Beautiful White Horse

One day back there in the good old days when I was nine and the world was full of every imaginable kind of magnificence, and life was still a delightful and mysterious dream, my cousin Mourad, who was considered crazy by everybody who knew him except me, came to my house at four in the morning and woke me up by tapping on the window of my room. Aram, he said. I jumped out of bed and looked out the window. I couldn't believe what I saw. It wasn't morning yet, but it was summer and with daybreak not many minutes around the corner of the world it was light enough for me to know I wasn't dreaming. My cousin Mourad was sitting on a beautiful white horse. I stuck my head out of the window and rubbed my eyes. Yes, he said in Armenian. It's a horse. You're not dreaming. Make it quick if you want to ride. I knew my cousin Mourad enjoyed being alive. more than anybody else who had ever fallen into the world by mistake, but this was more than even I could believe. In the first place, my earliest memories had been memories of horses and my first longings had been longings to ride. This was the wonderful part. In the second place, we were poor. This was the part that wouldn't permit me to believe what I saw. We were poor. We had no money. Our whole tribe was poverty-stricken. Every branch of the Garoghlanian family was living in the most amazing and comical poverty in the world. Nobody could understand where we ever got money enough to keep us with food in our bellies, not even the old men of the family. Most important of all, though, we were famous for our honesty. We had been famous for our honesty for something like eleven centuries, even when we had been the wealthiest family in what we liked to think was the world. We were proud first, honest next, and after that we believed in right and wrong. None of us would take advantage of anybody in the world, let alone steal. Consequently, even though I could see the horse, so magnificent; even though I could smell it, so lovely; even though I could hear it breathing, so exciting; I couldn't believe the horse had anything to do with my cousin Mourad or with me or with any of the other members of our family, asleep or awake, because I knew my cousin Mourad couldn't have bought the horse, and if he couldn't have bought it he must have stolen it, and I refused to believe he had stolen it. No member of the Garoghlanian family could be a thief. I stared first at my cousin and then at the horse. There was a pious stillness and humor in each of them which on the one hand delighted me and on the other frightened me. Mourad, I said, where did you steal this horse? Leap out of the window, he said, if you want to ride. It was true, then. He had stolen the horse. There was no question about it. He had come to invite me to ride or not, as I chose. Well, it seemed to me stealing a horse for a ride was not the same thing as stealing something else, such as money. For all I knew, maybe it wasn't stealing at all. If you were crazy about horses the way my cousin Mourad and I were, it wasn't stealing. It wouldn't become stealing until we offered to sell the horse, which of course I knew we would never do. Let me put on some clothes, I said. All right, he said, but hurry. I leaped into my clothes. I

jumped down to the yard from the window and leaped up onto the horse behind my cousin Mourad. 2 That year we lived at the edge of town, on Walnut Avenue. Behind our house was the country: vineyards, orchards, irrigation ditches, and country roads. In less than three minutes we were on Olive Avenue, and then the horse began to trot. The air was new and lovely to breathe. The feel of the horse running was wonderful. My cousin Mourad who was considered one of the craziest members of our family began to sing. I mean, he began to roar. Every family has a crazy streak in it somewhere, and my cousin Mourad was considered the natural descendant of the crazy streak in our tribe. Before him was our uncle Khosrove, an enormous man with a powerful head of black hair and the largest mustache in the San Joaquin Valley, a man so furious in temper, so irritable, so impatient that he stopped anyone from talking by roaring, It is no harm; pay no attention to it. That was all, no matter what anybody happened to be talking about. Once it was his own son Arak running eight blocks to the barber shop where his father was having his mustache trimmed to tell him their house was on fire. This man Khosrove sat up in the chair and roared, It is no harm; pay no attention to it. The barber said, But the boy says your house is on fire. So Khosrove roared, Enough, it is no harm, I say. My cousin Mourad was considered the natural descendant of this man, although Mourad's father was Zorab, who was practical and nothing else. That's how it was in our tribe. A man could be the father of his son's flesh, but that did not mean that he was also the father of his spirit. The distribution of the various kinds of spirit of our tribe had been from the beginning capricious and vagrant. We rode and my cousin Mourad sang. For all anybody knew we were still in the old country where, at least according to some of our neighbors, we belonged. We let the horse run as long as it felt like running. At last my cousin Mourad said, Get down. I want to ride alone. Will you let me ride alone? I said. That is up to the horse, my cousin said. Get down. The horse will let me ride, I said. We shall see, he said. Don't forget that I have a way with a horse. Well, I said, any way you have with a horse, I have also. For the sake of your safety, he said, let us hope so. Get down. All right, I said, but remember you've got to let me try to ride alone. I got down and my cousin Mourad kicked his heels into the horse and shouted, Vazire, run. The horse stood on its hind legs, snorted, and burst into a fury of speed that was the loveliest thing I had ever seen. My cousin Mourad raced the horse across a field of dry grass to an irrigation ditch, crossed the ditch on the horse, and five minutes later returned, dripping wet. The sun was coming up. Now it's my turn to ride, I said. My cousin Mourad got off the horse. Ride, he said. I leaped to the back of the horse and for a moment knew the awfulest fear imaginable. The horse did not move. Kick into his muscles, my cousin Mourad said. What are you waiting for? We've got to take him back before everybody in the world is up and about. I kicked into the muscles of the horse. Once again it reared and snorted. Then it began to run. I didn't know what to do. Instead of running across the field to the irrigation ditch the horse ran down the road to the vineyard of Dikran Halabian where it began to leap over vines. The horse leaped over seven vines before I fell. Then it continued running. My cousin Mourad came running down the road. I'm not worried about you, he shouted. We've got to get that horse. You go this way and I'll go this way. If you come upon him, be kindly. I'll be near. I continued down the road and my cousin Mourad went across the field toward the irrigation ditch. 3 It took him half an hour to find the horse and bring him back. All right, he said, jump on. The whole world is awake now. What will we do? I said. Well, he said, we'll either take him back or hide him until tomorrow morning. He didn't sound worried and I knew he'd hide him and not take him back. Not for a while, at any rate. Where will we hide him? I said. I know a place, he said. How long ago did you steal this horse? I said. It suddenly dawned on me that he had been taking these early morning rides for some time and had come for me this morning only because he knew how much I longed to ride. Who said anything about stealing a horse? he said. Anyhow, I said, how long ago did you begin riding every morning? Not until this morning, he said. Are you telling the truth? I said. Of course not, he said, but if we are found out, that's what you're to say. I don't want both of us to be liars. All you know is that we started riding this morning. ' All right, I said. He walked the horse quietly to the barn of a deserted vineyard which at one time had been the pride of a farmer named Fetvajian. There were some oats and dry

alfalfa in the barn. We began walking home. It wasn't easy, he said, to get the horse to behave so nicely. At first it wanted to run wild, but, as I've told you, I have a way with a horse. I can get it to want to do anything! want it to do. Horses understand me. How do you do it? I said. I have an understanding with a horse, he said. Yes, but what sort of an understanding? I said. A simple and honest one, he said. Well, I said, I wish I knew how to reach an understanding like that with a horse. You're still a small boy, he said. When you get to be thirteen you'll know how to do it. I went home and ate a hearty breakfast. That afternoon my uncle Khosrove came to our house for coffee and cigarettes. He sat in the parlor, sipping and smoking and remembering the old country. Then another visitor arrived, a farmer named John Byro, an Assyrian who, out of loneliness, had learned to speak Armenian. My mother brought the lonely visitor coffee and tobacco and he rolled a cigarette and sipped and smoked, and then at last, sighing sadly, he said, My white horse which was stolen last month is still gone. I cannot understand it. My uncle Khosrove became very irritated and shouted, It's no harm. What is the loss of a horse? Haven't we all lost the homeland? What is this crying over a horse? That may be all right for you, a city dweller, to say, John Byro said, but what of my surrey? What good is a surrey without a horse? Pay no attention to it, my uncle Khosrove roared. I walked ten miles to get here, John Byro said. You have legs, my uncle Khosrove shouted. My left leg pains me, the farmer said. Pay no attention to it, my uncle Khosrove roared. That horse cost me sixty dollars, the farmer said. I spit on money, my uncle Khosrove said. He got up and stalked out of the house, slamming the screen door. My mother explained. He has a gentle heart, she said. It is simply that he is homesick and such a large man. The farmer went away and I ran over to my cousin Mourad's house. He was sitting under a peach tree, trying to repair the hurt wing of a young robin which could not fly. He was talking to the bird. What is it? he said. The farmer, John Byro, I said. He visited our house. He wants his horse. You've had it a month. I want you to promise not to take it back until I learn to ride. It will take you a year to learn to ride, my cousin Mourad said. We could keep the horse a year, I said. My cousin Mourad leaped to his feet. 4 What? he roared. Are you inviting a member of the Garoghlanian family to steal? The horse must go back to its true owner. When? I said. In six months at the latest, he said. He threw the bird into the air. The bird tried hard, almost fell twice, but at last flew away, high and straight. Early every morning for two weeks my cousin Mourad and I took the horse out of the barn of the deserted vineyard where we were hiding it and rode it, and every morning the horse, when it was my turn to ride alone, leaped over grape vines and small trees and threw me and ran away. Nevertheless, I hoped in time to learn to ride the way my cousin Mourad rode. One morning on the way to Fetvajian's deserted vineyard we ran into the farmer John Byro who was on his way to town. Let me do the talking, my cousin Mourad said. I have a way with farmers. Good morning, John Byro, my cousin Mourad said to the farmer. The farmer studied the horse eagerly. Good morning, sons of my friends, he said. What is the name of your horse? My Heart, my cousin Mourad said in Armenian. A lovely name, John Byro said, for a lovely horse. I could swear it is the horse that was stolen from me many weeks ago. May I look into its mouth? Of course, Mourad said. The farmer looked into the mouth of the horse. Tooth for tooth, he said. I would swear it is my horse if I didn't know your parents. The fame of your family for honesty is well known to me. Yet the horse is the twin of my horse. A suspicious man would believe his eyes instead of his heart. Good day, my young friends. Good day, John Byro, my cousin Mourad said. Early the following morning we took the horse to John Byro's vineyard and put it in the barn. The dogs followed us around without making a sound. The dogs, I whispered to my cousin Mourad. I thought they would bark. They would at somebody else, he said. I have a way with dogs. My cousin Mourad put his arms around the horse, pressed his nose into the horse's nose, patted it, and then we went away. That afternoon John Byro came to our house in his surrey and showed my mother the horse that had been stolen and returned. I do not know what to think, he said. The horse is stronger than ever. Better-tempered, too. I thank God. My uncle Khosrove, who was in the parlor, became irritated and shouted, Quiet, man, quiet. Your horse has been returned. Pay no attention to it.

17. Personal Notes of an Infantryman

He came into my Orderly Room wearing a garbadine suit. He was several years past the age - is it about forty? - when American men make living room announcements to their wives that they're going to gym twice a week - to which their wives reply: "That's nice, dear - will you please use the ash tray? That's what it's for." His coat is open and you could see a fine set of carefully trained beer muscles. His shirt collar was wringing wet. He was out of breath.

He came up to me with all his papers in his hand, and laid them down on my desk. "Will you look these over?" he said.

I told him I wasn't the recruiting officer. He said, "Oh," and started to pick up his papers, but I took them from him and looked them over.

"This isn't an Induction Station, you know," I said.

"I know. I understand enlistments are taken here now, though."

I nodded. "You realize that if you enlist at this post you'll probably take your basic training here. This is Infantry. We're a little out of fashion. We walk. How are your feet?"

"They're all right."

"You're out of breath," I said.

"But my feet are all right. I can get my wind back. I've quit smoking."

I turned the pages of his application papers. My first sergeant swung his chair around, the better to watch.

"You're a technical foreman in a key war industry," I pointed out to this man, Lawlor. "Have you stopped to consider that a man your age might be of greater service to his country if he just stuck to his job?"

"I've found a bright young man with a 1-A mind and a 4-F body to take over my job," Lawlor said.

"I should think," I said, lighting a cigarette, "that the man taking your place would require years of training and experience."

"I used to think so myself," Lawlor said.

My first sergeant looked at me, raising one hoary eyebrow.

"You're married and have two sons," I said to Lawlor. "How does your wife feel about your going to war?"

"She's delighted. Don't you know? All wives are anxious to see their husbands go to war." Lawlor said, smiling peculiarly. "Yes, I have two sons. One in the Army, one in the Navy - till he lost an arm at Pearl Harbor. Do you mind if I don't take up any more of your time? Sergeant, do you mind telling me where the recruiting office is?"

Sergeant Olmstead didn't answer him. I flipped Lawlor's papers across the desk. He picked them up, and waited.

"Down the company street," I said. "Turn left. First building on the right."

"Thanks. Sorry to have bothered you," Lawlor said sarcastically. He left the Orderly Room, mopping the back of his neck with a handkerchief.

I don't think he was out of the Orderly Room five minutes before the phone rang. It was his wife. I explained to her that I was not the recruiting officer and that there was nothing I could do. If he wanted to join the Army and was mentally, physically, and morally fit - then there wasn't anything the recruiting officer could do either, except swear him in. I said there was always the possibility that he wouldn't pass the physical exam.

I talked to Mrs. Lawlor for quite awhile, even though it wasn't a strictly G. I. phone call. She has the sweetest voice I know. She sounds as though she's spent most of her life telling little boys where to find the cookies.

I wanted to tell her not to phone me any more. But I couldn't be unkind to that voice. I never could.

I had to hang up finally. My first sergeant was ready with a short lecture on the importance of getting tough with the dames.

I kept an eye on Lawlor all through his basic training. There wasn't any one call-it-by-name phase of Army life that knocked him out or even down. He pulled K. P. duty for a solid week, too, and he was as good a sink admiral as the next one. Nor did he have trouble learning to march, or learning to make up his bunk properly, or learning to sweep out his barrack.

He was a darned good soldier, and I wanted to see him get on the ball.

After his basic, Lawlor was transferred to "F" Company of the First Battalion, commanded by George Eddy, a darn' good man. That was late last spring. Early in summer Eddy's outfit got orders to go across. At the last minute, Eddy dropped Lawlor's name from the shipping list.

Lawlor came to see me about it. He was hurt and just a little bit insubordinate. Twice I had to cut him short.

"Why tell me about it?" I said. "I'm not your C. O."

"You probably had something to do with it. You didn't want me to join up in the first place."

"I had nothing to do with it," I said. And I hadn't. I had never said a word to George Eddy, either pro or con.

Then Lawlor said something to me that sent a terrific thrill up my back. He bent over slightly and leaned across my desk. "I want action," he said. "Can't you understand that? I want action."

I had to avoid his eyes. I don't know quite why. He stood up straight again. He asked me if his wife had telephoned me again.

I said she hadn't.

"She probably phoned Captain Eddy," Lawlor said bitterly.

"I don't think so," I said.

Lawlor nodded vaguely. The he saluted me, faced about, and left the Orderly Room. I watched him. He was beginning to wear his uniform. He had dropped about fifteen pounds and his shoulders were back and his stomach, what was left of it, was sucked in. He didn't look bad. He didn't look bad at all.

Lawlor was transferred again, to Company "L" of the Second Battalion. He made corporal in August, got his buck sergeant stripes early in October. Bud Ginnes was his C. O. and Bud said Lawlor was the best man in his company.

Late in winter, just about the time I was ordered to take over the basic training school, the Second Battalion was shipped across. I wasn't able to phone Mrs. Lawlor for several days after Lawlor was shipped. Not until his outfit had officially landed abroad. Then I long-distanced her.

She didn't cry. Her voice got very low, though, and I could hardly hear her. I wanted to say just the right thing to bring her wonderful voice back to normal. I thought of alluding to Lawlor as being one of our gallant boys now. But she knew he was gallant. Any body knew that. And he wasn't a boy. And, in the first place, the allusion was labored and phony. I thought of a few other phrases, but they were all on the long-haired side, too.

Then I knew that I couldn't bring her voice up to normal - at least not on such short order. But I could make her happy. I knew that I could make her happy.

"I sent for Pete," I said. "And he was able to go to the boat. Dad started to salute us, but we kissed him goodbye. He looked good. He looked really good, Ma."

Pete's my brother. He was an ensign in the Navy.

18. Slight Rebellion off Madison

On vacation from Pencey Preparatory School for Boys ("An Instructor for Every Ten Students"), Holden Morrisey Caulfield usually wore his chesterfield and a hat with a cutting edge at the "V" in the crown. While riding in Fifth Avenue buses, girls who knew Holden often thought they saw him walking past Saks' or Altman's or Lord & Taylor's, but it was usually somebody else.

This year, Holden's Christmas vacation from Pencey Prep broke at the same time as Sally Hayes' from Mary A. Woodruff School for Girls ("Special Attention to Those Interested in Dramatics"),. On vacation from Mary A. Woodruff, Sally usually went hatless and wore her new silverblue muskrat coat. While riding in Fifth Avenue, boys who knew Sally often thought they saw her walking past Saks' or Altman's or Lord & Taylor's. It was usually somebody else.

As soon as Holden got into New York, he took a cab home, dropped his Gladstone in the foyer, kissed his mother, lumped his hat and coat into a convenient chair, and dialed Sally's number.

"Hey!" he said into the mouthpiece. "Sally?"

"Yes. Who's that?"

"Holden Caulfield. How are ya?"

"Holden! I'm fine! How are you?"

"Swell," said Holden. "Listen. How are ya, anyway? I mean how's school?"

"Fine," said Sally. "I mean--you know."

"Swell," said Holden. "Well, listen. What are you doing tonight?"

Holden took her to the Wedgwood Room that night, and they both dressed, Sally wearing her new turquoise job. They danced a lot. Holden's style was long, slow wide steps back and forth, as though he were dancing over an open manhole. They danced cheek to cheek, and when their faces got sticky from contact, neither of them minded. It was a long time between vacations.

They made a wonderful thing out of the taxi ride home. Twice, when the cab stopped short in traffic, Holden fell off the seat.

"I love you," he swore to Sally, removing his mouth from hers.

"Oh, darling, I love you, too," Sally said, and added less passionately, "Promise me you'll let your hair grow out. Crew cuts are corny."

The next day was a Thursday and Holden took Sally to the matin,e of "O Mistress Mine," which neither of them had seen. During the first intermission, they smoked in the lobby and vehemently agreed with each other that the Lunts were marvellous. George Harrison, of Andover, also was smoking in the lobby and he recognized Sally, as she hoped he would. They had been introduced once at a party and had never seen each other since. Now, in the lobby at the Empire, they greeted each other with the gusto of two who might have taken baths together as small children. Sally asked George if he didn't think the show was marvellous. George gave himself some room for his reply, bearing down on the foot of the woman behind him. He said that the play itself certainly was no masterpiece, but that the Lunts, of course, were absolute angels.

"Angels," Holden thought. "Angels. For Chrissake. Angels."

After the matin,e, Sally told Holden that she had a marvellous idea. "Let's go ice skating at Radio City tonight."

"All right," Holden said. "Sure."

"Do you mean it?" Sally said. "Don't just say it unless you mean it. I mean I don't give a darn, one way or the other."

"No," said Holden. "Let's go. It might be fun."

Sally and Holden were both horrible ice skaters. Sally's ankles had a painful, unbecoming way of collapsing towards each other and Holden's weren't much better. That night there were at least a hundred people who had nothing better to do than watch the skaters.

"Let's get a table and have a drink," Holden suggested suddenly.

"That's the most marvellous idea I've heard all day," Sally said.

They removed their skates and sat down at a table in the warm inside lounge. Sally took off her red woolen mittens. Holden began to light matches. He let them burn down until he couldn't hold them, then he dropped what was left into an ashtray.

"Look," Sally said, "I have to know--are you or aren't you going to help me trim the tree Christmas Eve?"

"Sure," said Holden, without enthusiasm.

"I mean I have to know," Sally said.

Holden suddenly stopped lighting matches. He leaned forward over the table. "Sally, did you ever get fed up? I mean did you ever get so scared that everything was gonna go lousy unless you did something?"

"Sure," said Sally.

"Do you like school?" Holden inquired.

"It's a terrific bore."

"Do you hate it, I mean?"

"Well, I don't hate it."

"Well, I hate it," said Holden. "Boy, do I hate it! But it isn't just that. It's everything. I hate living in New York. I hate Fifth Avenue buses and Madison Avenue buses and getting out at the center doors. I hate the Seventy-second Street movie, with those fake clouds on the ceiling, and being introduced to guys like George Harrison, and going down in elevators when you wanna go out, and guys fitting your pants all the time at Brooks." His voice got more excited. "Stuff like that. Know what I mean? You know something? You're the only reason I came home this vacation."

"You're sweet," Sally said, wishing he'd change the subject.

"Boy, I hate school! You oughta go to a boys' school sometime. All you do is study, and make believe you give a damn if the football team wins, and talk about girls and clothes and liquor, and--"

"Now, listen," Sally interrupted. "Lots of boys get more out of school than that."

"I agree," said Holden. "But that's all I get out of it. See? That's what I mean. I don't get anything out of anything. I'm in bad shape. I'm in lousy shape. Look, Sally. How would you like to just beat it? Here's my idea. I'll borrow Fred Halsey's car and tomorrow morning we'll drive up to Massachusetts and Vermont and around there, see? It's beautiful. I mean it's wonderful up there, honest to God. We'll stay in these cabin camps and stuff like that till my money runs out. I have a hundred and twelve dollars with me. Then, when the money runs out, I'll get a job and we'll live somewhere with a brook and stuff. Know what I mean? Honest to God, Sally, we'll have a swell time. Then, later on, we'll get married or something. Wuddaya say? C'mon! Wuddaya say? C'mon! Let's do it, huh?"

"You can't just do something like that," Sally said.

"Why not?" Holden asked shrilly. "why the hell not?"

"Because you can't," Sally said. "You just can't, that's all. Supposing your money ran out and you didn't get a job--then what?"

"I'd get a job. Don't worry about that. You don't have to worry about that part of it. What's the matter? Don't you wanna go with me?"

"It isn't that," Sally said. "It's not that at all. Holden, we'll have lots of time to do those things--all those things. After you go to college and we get married and all. There'll be oodles of marvellous places to go to."

"No, there wouldn't be," Holden said. "It'd be entirely different."

Sally looked at him, he had contradicted her so quietly.

"It wouldn't be the same at all. We'd have to go downstairs in elevators with suitcases and stuff. We'd have to call up everyone and tell 'em goodbye and send 'em postcards. And I'd have to work at my father's and ride in Madison Avenue buses and read newspapers. We'd have to go to the Seventy-second Street all the time and see newsreels. Newsreels! There's always a dumb horse race and some dame breaking a bottle over a ship. You don't see what I mean at all."

"Maybe I don't. Maybe you don't, either," Sally said.

19. The Ordeal

I.

The hot four o'clock sun beat down familiarly upon the wide stretch of Maryland country, burning up the long valleys, powdering the winding road into fine dust and glaring on the ugly slated roof of the monastery. Into the gardens it poured hot, dry, lazy, bringing with it, perhaps, some quiet feeling of content, unromantic and cheerful. The walls, the trees, the sanded walks, seemed to radiate back into the fair cloudless sky the sweltering late summer heat and yet they laughed and baked happily. The hour brought some odd sensation of comfort to the farmer in a nearby field, drying his brow for a moment by his thirsty horse, and to the lay-brother opening boxes behind the monastery kitchen.

The man walked up and down on the bank above the creek. He had been walking for half an hour. The lay-brother looked at him quizzically as he passed and murmured an invocation. It was always hard, this hour before taking first vows. Eighteen years before one, the world just behind. The lay-brother had seen many in this same situation, some white and nervous, some grim and determined, some despairing. Then, when the bell tolled five, there were the vows and usually the novice felt better. It was this hour in the country when the world seemed gloriously apparent and the monastery vaguely impotent. The lay-brother shook his head in sympathy and passed on.

The man's eyes were bent upon his prayer-book. He was very young, twenty at the most, and his dark hair in disorder gave him an even more boyish expression. A light flush lay on his calm face and his lips moved incessantly. He was not nervous. It seemed to him as if he had always known he was to become a priest. Two years before, he had felt the vague stirring, the transcendent sense of seeing heaven in everything, that warned him softly, kindly that the spring of his life was coming. He had given himself every opportunity to resist. He had gone a year to college,

four months abroad, and both experiences only increased within him the knowledge of his destiny. There was little hesitation. He had at first feared self-committal with a thousand nameless terrors. He thought he loved the world. Panicky, he struggled, but surer and surer he felt that the last word had been said. He had his vocation—and then, because he was no coward, he decided to become a priest.

Through the long month of his probation he alternated between deep, almost delirious, joy and the same vague terror at his own love of life and his realization of all he sacrificed. As a favorite child he had been reared in pride and confidence in his ability, in faith in his destiny. Careers were open to him, pleasure, travel, the law, the diplomatic service. When, three months before, he had walked into the library at home and told his father that he was going to become a Jesuit priest, there was a family scene and letters on all sides from friends and relatives. They told him he was ruining a promising young life because of a sentimental notion of self sacrifice, a boyish dream. For a month he listened to the bitter melodrama of the commonplace, finding his only rest in prayer, knowing his salvation and trusting in it. After all, his worst battle had been with himself. He grieved at his father's disappointment and his mother's tears, but he knew that time would set them right.

And now in half an hour he would take the vows which pledged him forever to a life of service. Eighteen years of study—eighteen years where his every thought, every idea would be dictated to him, where his individuality, his physical ego would be effaced and he would come forth strong and firm to work and work and work. He felt strangely calm, happier in fact than he had been for days and months. Something in the fierce, pulsing heat of the sun likened itself to his own heart, strong in its decision, virile and doing its own share in the work, the greatest work. He was elated that he had been chosen, he from so many unquestionably singled out, unceasingly called for. And he had answered.

The words of the prayers seemed to run like a stream into his thoughts, lifting him up peacefully, serenely; and a smile lingered around his eyes. Everything seemed so easy; surely all life was a prayer. Up and down he walked. Then of a sudden something happened. Afterwards he could never describe it except by saying that some undercurrent had crept into his prayer, something unsought, alien. He read on for a moment and then it seemed to take the form of music. He raised his eyes with a start—far down the dusty road a group of negro hands were walking along singing, and the song was an old song that he knew:

"We	hope	ter	meet	you	in	heaven	whar	we'll
Part				no				mo',
Whar		we'll		part		no		mo'.
Gawd	a'moughty		bless		you		twel	we
Me-et agin."								

Something flashed into his mind that had not been there before. He felt a sort of resentment toward those who had burst in upon him at this time, not because they were simple and primitive, but because they had vaguely disturbed him. That song was old in his life. His nurse had hummed it through the dreamy days of his childhood. Often in the hot summer afternoons he had played it softly on his banjo. It reminded him of so many things: months at the seashore on the hot beach with the gloomy ocean rolling around him, playing with sand castles with his cousin; summer evenings on the big lawn at home when he chased fireflies and the breeze carried the tune over the night to him from the negro-quarters. Later, with new words, it had served as a serenade—and now-well, he had done with that part of life, and yet he seemed to see a girl with kind eyes, old in a great sorrow, waiting, ever waiting. He seemed to hear voices calling,

children's voices. Then around him swirled the city, busy with the hum of men; and there was a family that would never be, beckoning him.

Other music ran now as undercurrent to his thoughts: wild, incoherent music, illusive and wailing, like the shriek of a hundred violins, yet clear and chord-like. Art, beauty, love and life passed in a panorama before him, exotic with the hot perfumes of world-passion. He saw struggles and wars, banners waving somewhere, voices giving hail to a king—and looking at him through it all were the sweet sad eyes of the girl who was now a woman.

Again the music changed; the air was low and sad. He seemed to front a howling crowd who accused him. The smoke rose again around the body of John Wycliffe, a monk knelt at a prie-dieu and laughed because the poor had not bread, Alexander VI pressed once more the poisoned ring into his brother's hand, and the black robed figures of the inquisition scowled and whispered. Three great men said there was no God, a million voices seemed to cry, "Why! Why! must we believe?" Then as in a chrystal he seemed to hear Huxley, Nietzsche, Zola, Kant cry, "I will not"—He saw Voltaire and Shaw wild with cold passion. The voices pleaded "Why?" and the girl's sad eyes gazed at him with infinite longing.

He was in a void above the world—the ensemble, everything called him now. He could not pray. Over and over again he said senselessly, meaninglessly, "God have mercy, God have mercy." For a minute, an eternity, he trembled in the void and then—something snapped. They were still there, but the girl's eyes were all wrong, the lines around her mouth were cold and chiselled and her passion seemed dead and earthy.

He prayed, and gradually the cloud grew clearer, the images appeared vague and shadowy. His heart seemed to stop for an instant and then—he was standing by the bank and a bell was tolling five. The reverend superior came down the steps and toward him.

"It is time to go in." The man turned instantly.

"Yes, Father, I am coming."

2.0 The Night at Chancellorsville

I tell you I didn't have any notion what I was getting into or I wouldn't of gone down there. They can have their army — it seems to me they were all a bunch of yella-bellies. But my friend Nell said to me: "Nora, Philly, is as dead as Baltimore and we've got to eat this summer." She just got a letter from a girl that said they were living fine down there in "Ole Virginia." The soldiers were getting big pay-offs and figuring maybe they'd stay there all summer, at least till the Johnny Rebs gave up. They got their pay regular too, and a good clean-looking girl could ask — well, I forget now, because, after what happened to us, I guess you can't expect me to remember anything.

I've always been used to decent treatment — somehow when I meet a man, no matter how fresh he is in the beginning, he comes to respect me in the end, and I've never had things done to me like some girls — getting left in a strange town or had my purse stolen.

Well, I started to tell you how I went down to the army in "Ole Virginia." Never again! Wait'll you hear.

I was used to traveling nice — once when I was a little girl my daddy took me on the cars to Baltimore — we lived in York, Pa. And we couldn't have been more comfortable; we had

pillows and the men came through with baskets of oranges and apples. You know, singing out: "Want to buy some oranges or apples — or beer?"

You know what they sell — but I never took any beer because —

Oh I know, I'll go on — You only want to talk about the war, like all you men. But if this is your idea what a war is —

Well, they stuck us all in one car and a fresh fella took our tickets, and winked and said:

"Oh you're going down to Hooker's army."

The lights were terrible in the car, smoky and full of bugs, so everything looked sort of yella. And say, that car was so old it was falling to pieces.

There must of been forty gay girls in it, a lot of them from Baltimore and Philly. Only there were three or four that weren't gay — I mean they were more, oh, you know, rich people, and sat up front. Every once an awhile an officer would pop in from the next car and ask them if they wanted anything. I was in the seat behind with Nell and we heard him whisper: "You're in terrible company, but we'll be there in a few hours. And we'll go right to headquarters, and I guarantee you some solid comfort."

I never will forget that night. None of us had any food except some girls behind us had some sausages and bread, and they gave us what they had left. There was a spigot you turned but no water came out. After about two hours — stopping every two minutes it seemed to me — a couple of lieutenants, drunk as monkeys, came in from the next car and offered Nell and me some whiskey out of a bottle. Nell took some and I pretended to, and they set on the side of our seats. One of them started to make up to Nell, but just then the officer that had spoken to the women, pretty high up I guess, a major or a general, came back again and asked:

"You all right? Anything I can do?"

One of the ladies kind of whispered to him, and he turned to the one that was talking to Nell and made him go back in the other car. After that there was only one officer with us; he wasn't really so drunk, just feeling sick.

"This certainly is a happy looking gang," he said. "It's good you can hardly see them in this light. They look as if their best friend just died."

"What if they do," Nell answered back quick. "How would you look yourself if you come all the way from Philly and then got in a buggy like this?"

"I come all the way from The Seven Days, sister," he answered. "Maybe I'd be more pretty for you if I hadn't lost an eye at Games' Mill."

Then we noticed he had lost an eye. He kept it sort of closed so we hadn't remarked it before. Pretty soon he left and said he'd try and get us some water or coffee, that was what we wanted most.

The car kept rocking and it made us both feel funny. Some of the girls was sick and some was asleep on each other's shoulders.

“Hey, where is this army?” Nell said. “Down in Mexico?”

I was kind of half asleep myself by that time and didn’t answer.

The next thing I knew I was woke up by a storm, the car was stopped again, and I said, “It’s raining.”

“Raining!” said Nell. “That’s cannons — they’re having a battle.”

“Oh!” I got awake. “Well, after this ride I don’t care who wins.”

It seemed to get louder all the time, but out the windows you couldn’t see anything on account of the mist.

In about half an hour another officer came in the car — he looked pretty messy as if he’d just crawled out of bed: his coat was still unbuttoned and he kept hitching up his trousers as if he didn’t have any suspenders on.

“All you ladies outside,” he said. “We need this car for wounded.”

“Hey!”

“We paid for our tickets, didn’t we?”

“We need all the cars for the wounded and the other cars are filled up.”

“Hey! We didn’t come down to fight in any battle!”

“It doesn’t matter what you came down for — you’re in a hell of a battle.”

I was scared, I can tell you. I thought maybe the Rebs would capture us and send us down to one of those prisons you hear about, where they starve you to death unless you sing Dixie all the time and kiss niggers.

“Hurry up!”

But another officer had come in who looked more nice.

“Stay where you are, ladies,” he said. And then he said to the officer, “What do you want to do? leave them standing on the siding! If Sedgewick’s Corps is broken, like they say, the Rebs may come up in this direction!”

Some of the girls began crying out loud.

“These are northern women after all,” he said.

“These are — ”

“Shut up and go back to your command! I’m detailed to this transportation job — I’m taking these girls back to Washington with us.”

I thought they were going to hit each other, but they both walked off together. And we girls sat wondering what we were going to do.

What happened next I don't remember exact. The cannons were sometimes very loud and then sometimes more far away, but there was firing of shots right near us — and a girl down the car had her window smashed like a hole in the center, sort of, all smashed you know, not like when you break a glass, more like ice in cold weather, just a hole and streaks around — you know. I heard a whole bunch of horses gallop by our windows, but I still couldn't see anything.

That went on half an hour — galloping and more shots. We couldn't tell how far away but they sounded like up by the engine.

Then it got quiet — and two men came into our car — we all knew right away they were Rebels, not officers, just plain Private ones, with muskets. One had on a old brown blouse sort of thing and one had on a blue thing — all spotted — I know I could never of let that man make love to me. It had spots — it was too short — anyway, it was out of style. Oh it was disgusting. I was surprised because I thought they always wore grey. They were disgusting looking and very dirty; one had a big pot of jam smeared all over his face and the other one had a big box of crackers.

“Hi ladies.”

“What you gals doin' down here?”

“Kain't you see, Steve, this is old Joe Hooker's staff.”

“Reckin we ought to take em back to the General?”

They talked outlandish like that — I could hardly understand, they talked so funny.

One of the girls got historical she was so scared, and that made them kind of shy. They were just kids under those beards, and one of them tipped his hat or cap or whatever the old thing was.

“We're not fixin' to hurt you.”

At that moment there was a whole bunch more shooting down by the engine and the Rebs turned and ran.

We were glad, I can tell you.

Then, about fifteen minutes later, in came one of our officers. This was another new one.

“You better duck down!” he shouted to us. “They may fire on this train. We're starting you off as soon as we unload two more ambulances.”

Half of us was on the floor already. The rich women sitting ahead of Nell and me had gone up into the car ahead where the wounded were — to see if they could do anything. Nell thought she'd look in too, but she came back holding her nose. She said it smelled awful in there.

It was lucky she didn't go in, because two of the girls did from our car. People that is sick can never seem to get much consideration for other people who happen to be well. The nurses sent them right back — as if they was dirt under their feet.

After I don't know how long the train began to move. A soldier come in and poured oil out of all our lights except one, and took it into the wounded car. So now we could hardly see at all.

If the trip down was slow the trip back was slower — The wounded began making so much noise, grunting and all, that we could hear it and couldn't get a decent sleep.

We stopped everywhere.

When we got in Washington at last there was a lot of people in the station and they were all anxious about what had happened to the army, but I said You can search me. All I wanted was my little old room and my little old bed. I never been treated like that in my life.

One of the girls said she was going to write to President Lincoln about it.

And in the papers next day they never said anything about how our train got attacked, or about us girls at all! Can you beat it?