

МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

ФЕДЕРАЛЬНОЕ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ АВТОНОМНОЕ  
ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ  
«САМАРСКИЙ НАЦИОНАЛЬНЫЙ ИССЛЕДОВАТЕЛЬСКИЙ  
УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ИМЕНИ АКАДЕМИКА С.П.КОРОЛЕВА»  
(САМАРСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ)

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## ИНОСТРАННЫЙ ЯЗЫК В ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНОЙ ДЕЯТЕЛЬНОСТИ ЮРИСТА (ТЕКСТЫ ДЛЯ ЧТЕНИЯ)

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Пособие содержит шесть частей: рассказы снабжены словарем и упражнениями, направленными на проверку понимания, отработку лексики и грамматических структур, развитие навыков профессионального общения, формирование навыка анализа языковых структур. Разработано на кафедре иностранных языков и профессиональной коммуникации, представляет собой собрание занимательных, остросюжетных текстов из произведений английских и американских писателей для дополнительного чтения по английскому языку.

Предназначено для студентов, обучающихся по направлению подготовки 40.03.01 Юриспруденция.

Пособие может быть использовано студентами юридического профиля, а также преподавателями.

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## ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

В современных условиях интернационализации системы высшего профессионального образования, затрагивающей учебную, научно-исследовательскую и культурно-просветительскую виды деятельности, ведущим трендом становится вовлеченность международного компонента во все глобализационные процессы. Формирование динамично развивающейся инфраструктуры образования становится возможным на основе различных обучающих инструментов, одним из которых является иностранный язык в профессиональной деятельности. Согласно обновленным образовательным стандартам международного уровня иностранный язык призван формировать общие и профессиональные компетенции, необходимые для продуктивной реализации профессиональной деятельности в поликультурной среде: способность к коммуникации в устной и письменной формах на русском и иностранном языках для решения задач межличностного и межкультурного взаимодействия; стремление к саморазвитию, повышению своей квалификации и мастерства; актуализация и развитие знаний в области теории письменного английского языка; формирование навыков письменной профессиональной коммуникации (анализировать тексты с точки зрения стилистики и композиции, исследовательской стратегии автора, принадлежности к научной школе, включенности в научную традицию).

Учебное пособие может быть использовано как для работы в аудитории, так и для самостоятельного изучения.

## UNIT 1. IRWIN SHAW ABOUT THE AUTHO

*Irwin Shaw was born in New York City in 1913 and was educated in the public school system of Brooklyn College. Shaw was the child of Russian Jewish immigrants, and they changed their family name from Shamforoff when they moved to Brooklyn when Shaw was a boy. Shaw attended Brooklyn College but was expelled after his first year, for failing calculus. And so, Shaw worked in New York City, in a cosmetics factory, a furniture house, and a department store. Then he returned to Brooklyn College, where he became the quarterback of the football team. Shaw played football professionally for a short time, but he needed to support his family, and so he began to write radio scripts for programs like "Dick Tracy" and "The Gumps." Of this, Shaw said, "Even when I was writing the junk, I knew it was junk; but I did it the best way I could ... and I make no excuses for eating or feeding a family or fighting for the freedom to write all these short stories".*

*Shaw wrote his play *Bury the Dead* (1936) for a contest for new playwrights held by the New Theatre League. Shaw missed the deadline, but he impressed them anyway, and they gave his play two off-Broadway performances. During this time, Shaw also began publishing his short stories in *The Paris Review* and *The New Yorker*.*

*Shaw enlisted in the military during World War II, and he worked with a camera crew. His crew traveled to Normandy two weeks after D-Day, and Shaw helped photograph battles for the liberation of French cities and towns, and this gave him the idea for his novel *The Young Lions* (1948). After the war, Shaw was blacklisted for a time, because he was mistakenly accused of being a Communist. Shaw claimed the blacklist "only glancingly bruised" his career. Still, he moved to Paris in 1951, and would remain abroad for 25 years, writing many stories, novels, and plays.*

*Irwin Shaw said, "If you organize chaos, you organize as much as you can to show that it's chaos. It's the way I do it. To pretend it's not chaotic is a lie."*

*His widely acclaimed novel, "The Young Lions", was published in 1949. Later he also wrote several novels and many short stories, film scripts and plays. His novel, "Nightwork", was published in 1975.*

## NIGHTWORK

*By I.Shaw*

It was night and I was alone, behind the locked door. Outside, the city of New York was in the black grip of January. For the last two years, six times a week, I'd come in an hour before midnight and left at eight in the morning. I was neither content nor discontent. The room I worked in was warm, the work untaxing, the necessity to speak infrequent. My duties left me time for my own amusements, with no one to give me orders or change the routine of the night. I spent an hour on The Racing Form and then I read, making sure always to have a supply of books on hand to suit my tastes. There was a sandwich and a bottle of beer that I picked up on the way to work. Twice during the night I did exercises, for the arms, the legs. At the age of thirty three I was stronger and in better condition than I had been at twenty.

I'm just short of six feet tall and weigh one hundred and eighty-five pounds. I wish I were taller. Like most men I would prefer to resemble the sort of man who is cast on television as a captain in the Marines or the leading figure in a desperate enterprise.

I was working on an adding machine, preparing the previous day's accounts for the day staff. Beyond the glass the lobby of the hotel was dark. The management saved on electricity, as on everything else. I owed my position to the fact that, at the urging of my mother, I had taken a year's course in business procedures in college. She had insisted that I learn at least one useful thing, as she put it, in those four years. I had finished college eleven years ago and my mother was now dead.

The name of the hotel was the St Augustine. Although it looked respectable enough on the outside, the hotel had seen better days, as had its clientele. They paid modestly for their accommodations and expected little in return. Except for two or three guests who wandered in late, I hardly had to talk to anybody. I hadn't taken the job for its opportunities for conversation. Often whole nights went by without a single light showing on the switchboard.

I was paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Home was one room with kitchenette and bath on East Eighty-First Street. Lying on top of 'the Racing Form' was a bible. I come from a religious family and had been brought up on the Bible. My faith in God wasn't what it was once, but I still enjoyed reading the Bible. Also on the desk were 'Vile Bodies' by Evelyn Waugh and Conrad's 'Almayer's Folly.' In the two years I had been working behind the desk, I had given myself a liberal education in English and American literature, finished with the adding machine, I pushed my chair back, and looked straight ahead at a calendar on the wall. I made a neat, small pile of the bills I had prepared and began filing them in alphabetical order. I had been working automatically, my mind on other things, and I hadn't paid any attention to the date on the bills on my desk. Now it struck me. The date on the bills was January 15. An anniversary. Of a kind. Three years ago, to the day, it had happened.

It had been overcast in New York, but when we passed Peekskul, flying north, the skies cleared. The snow glistened in the sunshine on the hills below. I had flown the little Cessna down to Teteboro Airport early to pick up the New Jersey charter, and I could hear the passengers behind me congratulating each other on the blue skies. We were flying low, only six thousand feet. It was a flight I always liked to make. Recognizing individual farmhouses and road intersections here and there made the short voyage cosy and familiar. Upstate New York is beautiful at ground level, but on a fine day in early winter, from the air, it is one of the loveliest sights a man can hope to see.

There were only three passengers, the Wales family, mother and father and a plump girl called Didi. They were enthusiastic skiers and I had flown them up and back four or five times. There was a regular line to Burlington, but Mr Wales was a busy man, and took off when he could find the time and didn't like being tied down to a schedule. He had an advertising firm of his own in New York and he didn't seem to mind throwing his money around. When he called for a charter he always asked for me. Part of the reason, or maybe the whole reason for this was that I skied with them from

time to time at Stowe and Sugarbush and led them down the trails, which I knew better than they did, and occasionally threw in a little tactful instruction about how they could improve their performance. Wales and his wife, an athletic New York woman, were very competitive with each other and went too fast, out of control a good deal of the time. I predicted to myself that there would be a broken leg in the family one of these days. I could tell when they were furious with each other by the different tones in which they called each other 'Darling' at various moments.

Didi was a serious and unsmiling child, always with a book in her hands. On this flight she was absorbed in *Wuthering Heights*. I had been an avid reader, too, as a boy - when my mother was displeased with me she would say, 'Oh, Douglas, stop acting like a character in a book,' - and it amused me to keep track of what Didi was reading from one winter to another.

She was by far the best skier in the family. I had skied alone with her one morning in a snowstorm, and she had been a changed girl, smiling and fleeing joyfully down the mountain with me, like a small wild animal let loose from a cage.

Wales was a generous man and he gave me a gift after each flight - a sweater, a new pair of fancy poles, things like that. I certainly made enough money to be able to buy anything I needed, and I didn't like the idea of being tipped, but I knew he would have been insulted if I had ever refused to take his offerings. He was not an unpleasant man, I had decided. Just too successful.

'Beautiful morning, isn't it, Doug?' Wales said behind me. He was a restless man and he would have made a terrible pilot.

'Not bad,' I said. I had stuttered since I was a boy and as a result I tried to talk as little as possible.

'The skiing ought to be marvelous,' Wales said.

'Marvelous,' I agreed. I didn't like to talk while I was at the controls, but I couldn't tell Wales that.



‘We’re going to Sugarbush,’ Wales said. ‘You go to be there this weekend?’

‘I believe so,’ I said. ‘I told a girl I’d ski with her up there.’

The girl was Pat Minot. Her brother worked in the airline office and I had met her through him. She taught history at the night school, and I had arranged to pick her up at three o’clock. She was a good skier and very pretty besides. I had known her for more than two years. I never made up my mind whether or not I was in love with her. If she hadn’t annoyed me continually about curing my stutter, I think I would have asked her to marry me.

‘Great,’ Wales was saying. ‘Let’s have dinner together tonight.’

‘Thanks, George,’ I said. He had insisted from the first time I met him that I call him and his wife by their first names.

‘That would be nice.’

‘We are driving up as soon as we land,’ Wales said. ‘We can get in a few runs this afternoon. How about you? Should we wait for you at the inn?’

‘I’m afraid not. I have my six-month physical check-up at the doc’s.’

‘Dinner, then?’ Wales said.

‘Dinner.’

‘Doug,’ Wales said, ‘do you ever get three weeks off at a time? Hi the winter, I mean?’

‘Not really,’ I said. ‘It’s a busy season. Why?’

‘Beryl and I’re going over on a charter flight to Zurich the first of February. We always try to manage three weeks in the Alps. You ever ski in the Alps?’

‘I’ve never been out of the country. Except Canada for a few days.’

‘We’ve been talking it over and we’d love to have you with us. There’s this club I belong to. It’s very cheap. It’s not just the money, of course. It’s the people. The nicest people you could travel with. And no worrying about a baggage allowance or Swiss customs. They have flights just about every week in the winter. We made St Moritz last year and we are doing St Anton this year. Think it over. You’d have the time of your life.’ I’ll think it over, ‘I said.’

He went back to his seat. I kept my eyes to the horizon trying not to be jealous of a man who could take three weeks off from work to spend thousands of dollars to ski in the Alps.

After I checked into the airline office and confirmed that there was nothing for me that weekend, I drove into town for the ritual of the physical examination. Dr Ryan was an eye-specialist but kept up a limited general practice on the side. He was a slow-moving, gentle old man who had been listening to my heart, taking my blood pressure, and testing my eyes and reflexes for five years. Except for one occasion when I had come down with a mild case of grippe, he had never prescribed as much as an aspirin for me. 'In shape for the Derby,' he would say each time when he finished with me. He shared my interest in the horses.

The examination followed its usual routine, with the doctor nodding comfortably after each stage. It was only when he came to my eyes that his expression changed. I read the charts all right, but when he used his instruments to look into my eyes, his face became very serious. His nurse came into his office twice to tell him that there were patients in the waiting room with appointments but he waved her aside. He gave me a whole series of tests that he had never used before. Finally, he put away his instruments, sat down heavily behind his desk and sighed.

'Mr. Grimes,' he said finally, 'I'm afraid I have bad news for you.'

The news old Dr Ryan had for me on that sunny morning in his big office changed my whole life.

'Technically,' he said, 'the name of the disease is retinoschisis. Most often it does not progress. Sometimes we can arrest it by operating by laser beam. For a pilot who has to be alert to a whole array of dials in front of him, below him, around him on all sides, it is essentially disabling...'

Still, for all general purposes, such as reading, sports, you can consider yourself normal.'

'Normal,' I said. 'You know the only thing that's normal for me, Doc. Flying. That's all I ever wanted to do, all I ever prepared myself to do...'

'I'm sending the report over today, Mr Grimes,' Ryan said. 'With the greatest regret. Of course, you can go to another doctor. Other doctors. I don't believe they can do anything to help you. As far as I'm concerned, you're grounded. As of this minute. For good. I'm sorry.'

I ran out of the office, not shaking Ryan's hand, saying, 'Goddammit, goddammit,' aloud over and over to myself, paying no attention to the people in the waiting room.

When I got to the office I could tell by the look on Cunningham's old face that Dr Ryan had already called him. Gunningham was the president and sole owner of the little airline and was a World War Two fighter pilot and I think he knew how I felt.

'I'm checking out, Freddy,' I said. 'You know why.' 'Yes,' he said. 'I'm sorry. You know, we can always find something for you here.'

'Thanks 'I said. 'It's nice of you, but forget it.' If there was one thing I knew it was that I couldn't hang around watching my friends take off into the sky. And I didn't want to get used to the look of pity I saw on Freddy's face, or on any other face.

'Well, anyway, Doug, think it over,' he said. 'No need,' I said. 'What do you plan to do?' 'First,' I said, 'leave town.' 'Then what?'

'Then try to decide what I'm going to do with the rest of my life.'

He nodded, avoiding looking at me, deeply interested in the pencil.

'Well,' he said. 'If you ever... I mean you know where to come, don't you?'

'I'll keep that in mind.'

Then he stood up and shook my hand

I didn't say good-bye to anyone else.

I put the last of the January 15 bills in the file. It was now three hours into January 16. Happy Anniversary. I was hungry and I got out my sandwich and the bottle of beer.

I was unwrapping my sandwich when I heard the sound of the door opening into the lobby and quick woman's footsteps. I reached for the switch and the lobby was brightly lit. A young woman was hurrying, almost

running, toward the desk. She had on a white fake fur coat and a blonde wig that would not fool anybody. I recognized her. She was a prostitute who had come in just after midnight with the man in 610.

She knocked sharply on the glass over the desk. 'Open the door, mister,' she said loudly. 'I want to get out of here.'

I took the key from the drawer under the desk in which the pistol was kept. I unlocked the door and stepped out into the lobby. She woman followed me across the lobby toward the front door. She was somewhere around thirty years old, and by the look of her they hadn't been easy years. 'Why didn't you take the elevator down?' I asked. 'I was waiting for the elevator,' the woman said. 'But then this crazy old man popped out of the door, making all kinds of funny noises, like an animal, and waving something at me...'

'Waving what?'

'Something. It looked like a baseball bat. It's dark in the hall. You want to find out, you go up to the sixth floor and see for yourself. Open the door, will you? I have to go home.'

I unlocked the front door. The woman pushed the door open impatiently and ran out into the dark street. I stood at the door another moment, looking down the street, in the hope that a police car might be cruising past. I would have felt better about going up to see what was happening on the sixth floor if I had a policeman with me. But the street was empty. I heard a siren in the distance, but that was no help. I closed the door and locked it and walked back across the lobby toward the office.

In the office I took the pass-key out of the drawer, looked for a moment at the pistol. I shook my head and shut the drawer. Having the pistol there wasn't my idea. It hadn't helped the other night man when the two junkies came in and walked off with all the cash in the place leaving the night man lying in his blood on the floor. I put my jacket on and went out into the lobby again, locking the office door behind me. When I reached the sixth floor I pushed the button that kept the elevator door open and stepped out into the corridor. Light was coming from the doorway of the room across

from the elevator, number 602. On the carpet of the corridor, half in and half out of the light, was a man, lying on his face, his head and torso in the shadow. He lay absolutely still.

The man was heavy, and I grunted as I pulled the body over onto its back. Then I saw what the woman had said the man had been waving at her, that might have been a baseball bat. It wasn't a bat but a long cardboard tube wrapped in brown paper, the kind artists and architects use to carry prints and building plans. I didn't blame the woman for being frightened. I'd have been frightened, too, if a man had suddenly sprung up waving the thing at me.

I stared down at the dead face. The eyes were open, staring at me. There was no blood, no sign of a wound. It was a round, fat, old man's face, with a big nose and gray hair on the balding head. The face gave the impression of power and importance. Old man, I thought, why couldn't you have done this on somebody else's time?

I dragged the man through the open doorway into room 602. You couldn't just leave a body lying in the corridor like that. I had been working in the hotel business long enough to know that death was something you kept out of the sight of paying guests.

I got the body into the room, next to the bed. There was a medium-sized but expensive-looking suitcase open on the little desk. A wallet lay next to it. I picked up the wallet. There were ten new hundred-dollar bills in it. Whatever else had happened that night to the old man, he hadn't been robbed. I put the ten bills back into the wallet and carefully placed it back on the desk. It never occurred to me to take any of the money. That was the sort of man I used to be.

I went back to the corridor to get the cardboard tube. There were no labels or addresses of any kind on it. As I carried it into the room I saw that the brown paper had been torn away from the top. I was about to put it on the desk when I caught a glimpse of green paper, partially pulled out of the opening. I drew it out. It was a hundred-dollar bill. I held the tube so that I could look down into it. As far as I could tell it was crammed with bills. I remained immobile for a moment, then stuffed the bill I had taken out back in.

Holding the tube under my arm, I went to the door, switched off the light, stepped out into the corridor and turned the pass-key in the lock of room number 602. My actions were almost automatic, as though all my life I had rehearsed for this moment, as though there were no alternatives.

I took the elevator down to the lobby, went into the little windowless room next to the office, using the key. There was a shelf piled with magazines from other years. Without hesitation I reached up and rolled the tube back to the wall.

Then I went into the lighted office and called for an ambulance. After that I sat down, finished unwrapping my sandwich, opened the bottle of beer. While I ate and drank I looked up the register. Number 602 was, or had been, named John Ferris, had booked in only the afternoon before, and had given a home address on North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I was finishing my beer when the bell rang and I saw the two men and the ambulance outside. One of the men was dressed in a blue uniform and was carrying a rolled-up stretcher. The other was in a white coat and was carrying a black bag. As I was opening the door, a prowl car drove up and a policeman got out.

‘What’s wrong?’ the policeman asked. ‘An old man died upstairs,’ I said.

‘I’ll go along with them, Dave,’ the policeman said to his partner at the wheel.

Calmly, I led the group through the lobby. When we got out on the sixth floor, I opened the door to 602 and led the way into the room. The doctor bent over the man and put his stethoscope to the man’s chest. The doctor stood up, taking the stethoscope out of his ears. ‘DOA,’ he said flatly.

Dead on arrival. I could have told that without calling for an ambulance.

‘What was it?’ the cop asked. ‘Any wounds?’ ‘No. Coronary, probably.’ ‘Anything to be done?’

‘Not really,’ the doctor said. ‘Go through the motions.’ The policeman went over to the desk and picked up the wallet. ‘All in hundreds.’ He put the bills back into the wallet. ‘I guess I’d better take this into the station,’ he said. ‘Anybody want to count?’

‘We trust you. Officer,’ the doctor said. The policeman looked through the wallet compartments. ‘That's funny,’ he said

‘What's funny?’ the doctor asked.

‘There are no credit cards or business cards or a driver's license. A man with more than a thousand bucks in cash on him. You know who he is?’ he asked me.

‘His name is Ferris and he lived in Chicago. I'll show you the register,’ I said.

‘Okay,’ the doctor said, ‘let's take him away. No sense wasting any time. When you find out what the family wants to do with the body,’ he said, addressing me, ‘call the morgue. I'll send a telegram to Chicago right away,’ I said.

‘Well,’ the policeman said. ‘I gotta be going. There'll be an inspector around in the morning. Just keep that room locked until he gets here, understand?’

I accompanied him to the front door, opened it politely.

‘Have a good day,’ the policeman said.

‘Thanks. You, too.’

I watched the heavy, slow-moving man climb into the prowler car and wake up his partner. The car went slowly down the silent street. I locked the door and went back to the office. I picked up the telephone and dialed. I had to wait for at least ten rings before the connection came through.

‘Western Union,’ the voice said.

‘I want to send a telegram to Chicago,’ I said. I gave the name and address, spelling out Ferris slowly and clearly.

‘What's the message, please?’

‘Regret to inform you that John Ferris, of your address,’ I said, ‘died this morning at three fifteen a.m. Please get in touch with me immediately for instruction. Signed, H.M. Drusack, Manager, Hotel St Augustine, Manhattan.’

By the time the reply came in, Drusack would be on duty and I would be somewhere else, safely out of the way. There was no need for the family in Chicago to know my name.

‘Charges, please ‘

The operator gave the charges. I noted them on a sheet of paper. Good old Drusack would put them on Ferris bill. I knew Drusack.

I took a taxi home after telling the day man what had happened, or most of what had happened. I had gotten the tube down from the shelf when the day man was busy in the front office. There had been no one in the lobby when I went out, and, even if there had been, there was nothing remarkable about a man carrying a cardboard tube wrapped in brown paper in broad daylight.

My head was clear and I wasn't in the least bit sleepy. Ordinarily, when the weather was good I would walk to my apartment, stopping for breakfast at a coffee shop, before getting into bed and sleeping until two o'clock in the afternoon. But today I knew I couldn't sleep, had no need of sleep.

When I opened the door to the one-room apartment, I went to the refrigerator in the kitchenette and took out and opened a bottle of beer. Then I tore the paper from the cardboard tube. It was stuffed from top to bottom with one-hundred-dollar bills.

I took the bills out one by one and arranged them in piles of ten on the kitchen table. When I finished, there were a hundred piles. One hundred thousand dollars. They covered the table.

I stared silently at the bills on the table. I finished the beer. I wasn't conscious of feeling any emotion, not fear or regret. I looked at my watch. It was just eight forty. The banks wouldn't open for another twenty minutes.

I knew that I was going to have to move out. And quit the job. And get out of the city. I had no plan beyond that, but I knew that one day or another somebody was going to appear, looking for one hundred thousand dollars.

At the bank I had to write out two specimen signatures on separate cards. My hand was absolutely steady. The envelopes with the money in them lay on the desk at which I was sitting, facing the young assistant



manager who was serving me. The conversation between us was short and business like. I'd shaved and was neatly dressed. I wanted to give the impression of being a solid citizen, perhaps not wealthy, but a careful, industrious man who might have some bonds and some legal papers that were too valuable to leave lying around the house.

'Your address, please, Mr. Grimes,' the assistant manager was saying.

I gave him the address of the St Augustine. If anybody got as far as the bank in the search for me, which was unlikely in any case, there would be no useful information to be found.

'Will you be the sole person authorized to have access to the safety-deposit box?'

That's for sure, brother, I thought. But all I said was, 'Yes.'

'That will be twenty dollars for the year. Do you wish to pay by cash or by check?'

'Cash?' I gave him a hundred-dollar bill. His expression did not change. Obviously, he thought that I looked like a man who might normally carry a hundred-dollar bill loose in his pocket. I took it as a good sign. The assistant manager went.

## Vocabulary

**abduct** (v) to take someone away by force

**accompany** (v) to go somewhere with someone as their companion

**alibi** (it) something that proves a person was in a different place from where a crime happened

**anthropologist** (n) someone who studies people, societies and their culture

**aristocrat** (n) someone who has a title and a high position in society

**blanket** (n) a large piece of cloth people put over their body to keep warm, usually in bed

**blowpipe** (n) a long hollow pipe used for blowing poisonous darts

**bullet** (n) a small metal object which is fired from a gun

**cart** (n) a wooden vehicle with two or four wheels, usually pulled by a horse

**chemistry** (n) the scientific study of materials and the way they react with each other

**coal** (n) black rock taken from under the ground and used as fuel

**coalman** (n) a person who delivers coal

**coat hanger** (n) a triangular-shaped object used for hanging clothes in a wardrobe

**compartment** (n) a small room on a tram with seats for passengers

**confused** (adj) to find something difficult to understand because it is complicated or unclear

**dart** (n) a small object with a sharp point which sticks into things when it is thrown or blown

**disabled** (adj) someone who can't move about easily because of illness or injury

### **I. Answer the following questions**

1. Can you describe the main character of the story?
2. What did he prefer to read? How can it characterize him?
3. Did Douglas fall in love with Didi or Pat Minot?
4. Did Douglas have any problems with his health?
5. What was the name of his disease?
6. What did he plan to do then? Did he leave his job or not?
7. How did his life change after those events?
8. What did the strange man wave with? Was it a baseball bat or a cardboard tube?

### **II. Do you agree with the statements? Find facts to prove your point of view**

1. Douglas' heart wasn't in his job.
2. Grimes was a born pilot.
3. It was by accident that he became a night clerk.

4. If Grimes had been more devoted to his occupation he would never have given up flying.
5. He had had a good reputation in the airline.
6. Wales was a man of means, and Grimes envied him because it enabled Wales to travel widely.
7. Grimes was fully justified in taking the money.
8. Grimes was in complete control of himself throughout the police scene.

### **III. Talking Points**

1. What are the advantages and disadvantages of jobs that Grimes and Wales had?
2. What makes a job interesting or boring, or worthwhile doing?
3. What qualities given below make a successful pilot, such as Grimes was, and businessman, such as Wales?
  - sociable, responsible, intelligent, patient, careful, reliable, romantic, ambitious.
  - drive, ability, strength, toughness, sense of humour, alertness, an orderly mind, tact, common sense, courage, resourcefulness.
4. Flying is considered a glamorous profession. Do you agree?

## UNIT 2. W.S. MAUGHAM ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*W.S. Maugham is one of the best known English writers of the twentieth century. He was not only a novelist of considerable rank, but also one of most successful dramatists and short story-writers.*

*Giving him his due for brilliance of style and a pointed ridicule of many social vices, such as snobbishness, money worship, pretence, self-interest, etc., the reader realizes, however, his cynical attitude to mankind. He is famous for his ironical cynicism combined with a keen wit and power of observation.*

*Somerset Maugham triumphed not only as a novelist but as a short-story writer as well. He produced some of the finest stories in modern English literature. They are usually very sincere, interesting, well-constructed and logically developed. No matter how many times you read them, they always give you the same feeling of freshness and excitement that you experienced at the first reading. His reach experience of life and his acute insight into human nature gave Maugham an analytical and critical quality which found its expression in the vivid depiction of characters and situations.*

*The technique of short-story writing always interested Maugham. He expressed his opinion on the subject in the following way: "I like the story that fits. I did not take the writing stories seriously till I had much experience as a dramatist, and this experience taught me to leave out everything that did not service the dramatist value of my story. It taught me to make incident follow incident in such a manner as to lead up to the climax I had in mind ..." Maugham has stated repeatedly that a story must have a beginning, a middle and an end.*

## LORD MOUNDRAGO

*After S. Maugham*

Dr. Audlin looked at the clock on his desk. It was twenty minutes to six. He was surprised that his patient was late, for Lord Mountdrago was always proud of his punctuality.

There was in Dr. Audlin's appearance nothing to attract attention. He was not more than 50, but he looked older. His eyes, pale blue and rather large, were tired and inexpressive. When you had been with him for a while you noticed that they moved very little; they remained fixed on your face. His clothes were dark. His tie was black. He gave you the impression of a very sick man.

Dr. Audlin was a psychotherapist. He could relieve certain pains by the touch of his cool, soft hand, and talking to his patients often induce sleep in those were suffering from sleeplessness. He spoke slowly, voice had no particular colour, but it was musical, and soothing. Dr. Audlin found that by speaking to people in that low monotonous voice of his, by look-at them with his pale, quiet eyes, by stroking their foreheads with his long firm hands, he could sometimes things that seemed miraculous. He restored speech a man who had become dumb after a shock and he gave back the use of his limbs to another who had been paralyzed after a plane crash. He could not understand power that came from he knew not where, that end him to do things for which he could find no exation. He had been practising now for 15 years and had a wonderful reputation in his speciality. Though fees were high, he had as many patients as he had time to see.

And what had he not seen of human nature during the 15 years that patients had been coming to his dark room in Wimpole Street? The Confessions that he heard during these years ceased to surprise him. Nothing could shock him any longer. He knew by now that men were liars, he knew how unlimited was their vanity; he knew far worse things about them, but he knew that it was not for him to judge or to condemn.

It was a quarter to six. Of all the strange patients he had had, Dr. Audlin could remember none stranger than Lord Mountdrago. It was an able and noble man who was appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs when he was still under forty. He was considered the ablest politician in the Conservative Party and for a long time directed the foreign policy of his country.

Lord Mountdrago had many good qualities. He had intelligence and industry. He travelled in the world and spoke several languages. He had courage, insight and determination. He was a good speaker, clear, precise and often witty. He was a tall, handsome man, a little too stout, but this gave him respectability.

At 24 he had married a girl of 18 whose father was a duke and her mother a great American heiress, so that she had both position and wealth, and by her he had two sons. For several years they had lived privately apart, but in public united, and their behaviour did not give ground for gossip. Shortly speaking, he had a great deal to make him a popular and successful figure.

He had unfortunately great defects. He was a horrible snob. He had beautiful manners when he wanted to display them, but this he did only with people he regarded as his equals. He was coldly rude to those whom he looked upon as his social inferiors<sup>1</sup>. He often insulted his servants and his secretaries. He knew that he was a great deal cleverer than most of the persons he had to deal with, and never hesitated to demonstrate it to them. He felt himself born to command and was irritated with people who expected him to listen to their arguments or wished to hear the reasons for his decisions. He was extraordinarily selfish. It never occurred to him that he could do something for others. He had many enemies: he despised them. He had no friends. He was unpopular with his party; and yet his merit was so great, his patriotism so evident, his intelligence so prominent and his management of affairs so brilliant, that they had to put up with him. And sometimes he could be enchanting; you were surprised at his wide knowledge and his excellent taste.

You thought him the best company in the world, you forgot that he had insulted you the before and was quite capable of killing you the next. Lord Moundrago almost failed to become Dr. Audlin's patient. A secretary rang up the doctor and told him that the lord wished to consult him and would be glad if would come to his house at 10 o'clock on the following morning. Dr. Audlin answered that he was unable to go to Lord Moundrago's house, but would be glad to give him appointment at his consulting room at five o'clock on next day. The secretary took the message and present-rang again to say that Lord Moundrago insisted on seeing. Dr. Audlin in his own house and the doctor could fix own fee. Dr. Audlin replied that he saw patients only his consulting room and expressed his regret that unless Lord Moundrago was prepared to come to him he could not give him his attention. In a quarter of an hour a brief message was delivered to him that his lordship would come not next day but the same day, at five.

When Lord Moundrago then entered the room he did not come forward but stood at the door and silently looked the doctor up and down. Dr. Audlin saw that he was in a rage.

'It seems that it is as difficult to see you as a Prime Minister, Dr. Audlin. I'm extremely busy. I think I should tell you I'm His Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs2,' he said acidly.

'Won't you sit down?' said the doctor. Lord Moundrago made a gesture as if he was about to go out of the room, but then he changed his mind and sat down. Dr. Audlin opened a large book and took his pen. He wrote without looking at his patient. 'How old are you?' 'Forty-two.' 'Are you married?' 'Yes.'

'Have you any children?' 'I have two sons.'

Dr. Audlin leaned back in his chair and looked at his patient. He did not speak, he just looked, gravely, with pale eyes that did not move.

'Why have you come to see me?' he asked at last. 'I've heard about you. You have a very good reputa tion. People seem to believe in you.'

‘Why have you come to me?’ repeated Dr. Audlin. Now it was Lord Mountdrago's turn to be silent. It looked as if he found it hard to answer. Dr. Audlin waited. At last Lord Mountdrago began to speak.

‘I'm in perfect health. I work hard, but I'm never tired, and I enjoy my work. It is very important. The decisions I make can affect the situation of the country and even the peace of the world. I must have a clear brain. I look upon it as my duty to eliminate any cause of worry that may interfere with my work.’

Dr. Audlin had not taken his eyes off him. He that behind his patient's pompous manner was an ety that he could not conceal.

Lord Mountdrago paused and then spoke again. ‘The whole thing's so trivial that I'm afraid you'll just tell me not to be a fool and waste your valuable time.’

‘Even things that seem very trivial may have their importance. They can be a symptom of a deep-seated disturbance. And my time is at your disposal.’ Dr. Audlin's voice was low and strangely soothing, after hesitation Lord Mountdrago decided to be frank. ‘The fact is,’ he said, ‘I've been having some very strange dreams lately. I know it's silly to pay any attention to them, but — well, the truth is that I'm afraid they've got on my nerves.’ Can you describe any of them to me?’ They're so idiotic, I can hardly tell you about them.’

‘I'm listening.’

‘Well, the first I had was about a month ago. I dreamt that I was at a party at Connemara House, It was an official party. The King and the Queen were to be there, and many prominent people too. Suddenly I saw a little man there called Owen Griffiths, who's a member of Parliament from the Labour Party, and to tell you the truth, I was surprised to see him there. The Connemaras were at the top of a marble staircase receiving their guests. Lady Connemara gave me a look of surprise when I shook hands with her, and began to giggle; I didn't pay attention - she's a very silly woman and her manners are very bad. I walked through the reception rooms, nodding to a number of people and shaking hands; then I saw the German Ambassador



talking with one of the Austrian dukes. I wanted to talk with him so I went up and held out my hand. The moment the duke saw me he burst into a roar of laughter. I was deeply hurt. I looked him up and down, but he only laughed the more. I was about to speak to him rather sharply there was a sudden hush, and I realised that the and the Queen had come. Turning my back on the duke, I stepped forward and then, quite suddenly, I noticed that I hadn't got my trousers on. No wonder Lady Connemara and the duke had laughed! I can't tell you what I felt at that moment. An agony of shame. I awoke in a cold sweat. Oh, what relief it was to find it was only a dream.'

'It's the kind of dream that is not so very uncommon,' said Dr. Audlin.

'Of course. But an odd thing happened next day. I was in the lobby of the House of Commons when that fellow Griffiths walked slowly past me. He looked down at my legs, and then he looked me full in the face, and I was almost certain he winked. A ridiculous thought came to me. He was there the night before and saw how everybody were laughing at me. But, of course, I knew that was impossible because it was only a dream. I gave him an icy look, and he walked on. But he continued to grin.'

Lord Mountdrago took his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his hands. Dr. Audlin didn't take his eyes off him.

'Tell me another dream,' said he.

'It was the night after, and it was even more absurd than the first one. I dreamt that I was in the Parliament. There was a debate on foreign affairs which was very important not only for the country but for the whole world. Of course, the House was crowded. I was to make a speech in the evening. I had prepared it carefully. I wanted it to produce an effect in the Parliament and to silence my enemies. I rose to my feet. There was a dead silence when I began to speak. Suddenly I noticed that odious little Griffiths, the Welsh member<sup>1</sup>, on one of the opposite benches; he put out his tongue at me. I don't know if you've ever heard a vulgar music-hall song called "A Bicycle Made for Two". It was very popular many years ago. To show Griffiths how completely I despised him I began to sing it. The House listened to me in stony silence and I felt that something was wrong. When I started the

third verse, the members began to laugh; in an instant the laughter spread; the ambassadors, the guests, the ladies in the Ladies' Gallery, the reporters - they shook, they held their sides, they rolled in their seats; everyone was dying with laughter, except the ministers on the front bench, behind me. In that unprecedented noise they sat petrified. I looked at them and suddenly absurdity of what I had done fell upon me. I had made myself the laughingstock of the whole world. I realised that I should have to resign. I woke and I knew it was only a dream.'

When Lord Moundrago finished he was pale and he trembled. But with an effort he pulled himself together.

'The whole thing was so fantastic that I didn't think about it any more. When I went into the House on the following afternoon, I was in a very good form. The debate was dull but I had to be there, and to read some documents. For some reason I looked up, and I saw that Griffiths was speaking. I couldn't imagine that he had anything to say that was worth listening to and I was about to return to my papers when he quoted two lines from "A Bicycle Made for Two". I glanced at him, and I saw that his eyes were fixed on me. I tried to read my papers again, but I found it difficult to concentrate on them.

Was it a mere coincidence that he had just quoted those two lines? I asked myself if it was possible that he was dreaming the same dreams as I was. But of course the idea was absurd, and I decided not to give it a second thought.'

There was silence. Dr. Audlin looked at Lord Moundrago and Lord Moundrago looked at Dr. Audlin.

'I'll tell you one more dream I had a few days ago. I dreamt that I went into a public house in Limehouse. I've never been in a public house since I was at Oxford and yet I felt at home there. I went into a room; there was a fireplace and a large armchair on one side of it, and a long bar on the other.'

'It was a Saturday night, and the place was packed. It seemed to me that most of the people there were drunk. There was a gramophone playing, and in front of the fireplace two women were doing a grotesque dance. I went

up to have a look, and some man said to me: 'Have a drink, Bill.' He gave me a glass of beer and I drank it. One of the women who were dancing came up to me and took the glass. 'You come and have a dance with me,' she said. Before I could protest she had caught hold of me and we were dancing together. And then I found myself sitting in the armchair with that woman on my lap and we were drinking beer from the same glass. I should tell you that sex has never played any great part in my life. I've always been too busy to give much thought to that kind of thing, and living so much in the public eye as I do, it would be madness to do anything that could give rise to scandal.'

I despise the men who ruin their careers for women. The woman I had on my lap was drunk, she wasn't pretty and she wasn't young; in fact she was just a cheap old prostitute. But I wanted her. I heard a voice. 'That's right, old chap, have a good time.'

I looked up, and there was Owen Griffiths. You know, I wasn't so much annoyed at his seeing me in that absurd situation as angry that he addressed me as old chap.

'I don't know you, and I don't want to know you,' I said.

'I know you well,' he said, 'and my advice to you, Molly, is - see that you get your money, he'll cheat you if he can.'

'There was a bottle of beer standing on the table. Without a word I seized it and hit him over the head with it as hard as I could. I made such a violent gesture that it woke me up.'

'There is nothing special in this story,' said Dr. Audlin.

'The story's idiotic. I've told it you for what happened next day.<sup>2</sup> I went to the library of the House, got a book and began reading. I hadn't noticed that Griffiths was sitting in a chair close by me. Another of the Labour members came in and went up to him. 'Hallo, Owen,' he said to him, 'you're looking pretty bad today.' 'I've got an awful headache,' he answered. 'I feel as if I'd been hit over the head with a bottle.'

Now Lord Mountdrago's face was grey with pain.

'I knew then that the idea which I considered absurd was true. I know that Griffiths was dreaming my dreams and that he remembered them as well as I did.'

'Have you any idea why this same man should come into your dreams?'

'None.'

Dr. Audlin's eyes had not left his patient's face and he saw that he was lying.

'The dream you've just described to me took place over three weeks ago. Have you had any since?'

'Every night.'

'And does this man Griffiths come into them all?'

'Yes.'

Dr. Audlin drew a line or two on his paper. It often took a long time to make people tell the truth, and yet they knew that unless they told it he could do nothing for them.

'Dr. Audlin, you must do something for me. I shall go mad if this goes on. I'm afraid to go to sleep. But I must have sleep. With all the work I have to do I need rest; sleep brings me none. As soon as I fall asleep my dreams begin, and he's always there, that vulgar little cad, laughing at me, mocking me, despising me. He has seen me do things that are so horrible, so shameful that even if my life depended on it I wouldn't tell them. It can't go on. If you can't do something to help me, I shall either kill myself or kill him.'

'Can you give any reason why this particular man persists in coming into your dreams? Have you ever done him any harm?'

'Never.'

'Are you quite sure?'

'Quite sure. You don't seem to understand that our ways lead along different paths. I must remind you that

I am a Minister and Griffiths is an ordinary member of the Labour Party. Naturally, we could not possibly have anything in common.'

'I can do nothing for you unless you tell me the complete truth. Have you done anything to this man that he might look upon as an injury?'

Lord Moundrago hesitated. He looked away and then, as though there were in Dr. Audlin's eyes a force that he could not resist, looked back. He answered reluctantly.

‘Only if he was a dirty foolish little cad.’ ‘But that is exactly what you've described him as.’ Lord Moundrago sighed. He was beaten. The silence lasted two or three minutes.

‘I'm ready to tell you everything that can be of any use to you. If I didn't mention this before, it's only because it was so unimportant that I didn't see how it could possibly have anything to do with the case. Griffiths won a seat at the last election and it appeared that he imagined himself a minister of foreign affairs. From the beginning I hated the way he talked, his vulgar Welsh accent and his shabby clothes. I must admit that he was a rather good orator and had a certain influence over the minds of the members of his party. He calls himself an idealist. He talks all that silly rubbish the intelligentsia have been boring us for years with. Social justice, the brotherhood of men, and so on. The worst of it was that it impressed not only his own party, but even some of the silliest members of ours. It was likely that Griffiths could get the Foreign Office when a Labour Government came in. One day I happened to visit a debate on foreign affairs which Griffiths had opened. He'd spoken for an hour. I thought it was a very good opportunity to cook his goose, and really, sir, I cooked it. In the House of Commons the most devastating weapon is mockery. I mocked him. I was in a good form that day and the House rolled with laughter. And if ever a man was made a fool of, I made a fool of Griffiths. When I sat down I'd killed him. I'd destroyed his prestige for ever, he had no more chance of getting office than the policeman at the door. But that was no business of mine.’

‘I heard afterwards that his father, the old miner, and his mother had come up from Wales with various supporters of his to watch the triumph they expected him to have. They had seen his humiliation.’

‘So I can say that you ruined his career?’

‘He brought it on himself.’

‘Have you ever felt sorry about it?’

‘I think perhaps if I'd known that his father and mother were there, I would have let him down a little more gently.’

There was nothing more for Dr. Audlin to say, and at the end of an hour he dismissed him.

Since then Dr. Audlin had seen Lord Moundrago half a dozen times. He had done him no good. The dreams continued every night, and it was clear that his general condition was getting worse. Dr. Audlin came to the conclusion at last that there was only one way in which Lord Moundrago could get rid of his dreams but he knew him well enough to be sure that he would never, never take it of his own free will. In order to save Lord Moundrago from a breakdown he must be induced to take a step that was against his pride and his nature. He was sure that it was necessary to do it immediately.

During one of the shows of hypnosis he put him to sleep. With his low, soft, monotonous voice he repeated the same words over and over again. Lord Moundrago lay quite still, his eyes closed, his breathing regular and his limbs relaxed. Then Dr. Audlin in the same quiet tone spoke the words he had prepared.

‘You will go to Owen Griffiths and say that you are sorry, that you caused him that great injury. You will say that you will do all you can to undo the harm that you have done him.’

The words acted on Lord Moundrago like the blow of a whip across the face. He shook himself out of his hypnotic state and sprang to his feet. His face was red with anger and he poured upon Dr. Audlin a stream of such words that Dr. Audlin was surprised that he knew them.

‘Apologize to that dirty little Welshman? I'd rather kill myself.’

‘I'm sure it is the only way in which you can regain your balance.’

Dr. Audlin had not often seen a man in such a condition of uncontrollable fury. He watched Lord Moundrago coolly, waiting for the storm to finish.

‘Sit down,’ he said then sharply.

Lord Mountdrago sank into a chair. For five minutes perhaps they sat in complete silence. Then Dr. Audlin said:

‘I’ve thought a great deal about your case. I don’t quite understand it but I believe that your only chance to get rid of your dreams is to do what I have proposed. I believe that there are many selves in us, and one of the selves in you, that is your conscience, has risen up against the injury you did to Griffiths. It has taken the form of Griffiths in your mind and is punishing you for what you cruelly did.’

‘My conscience is clear. I regret nothing.’

It was with these words that Lord Mountdrago left him the last time. Reading through his notes, while he waited, Dr. Audlin thought of his patient. He glanced at the clock. It was six. It was strange that Lord Mountdrago did not come.

He took up the evening newspaper. A huge headline ran across the front page. "Tragic Death of Foreign Minister."

‘My God!’ exclaimed Dr. Audlin.

He was shocked, horribly shocked, and yet he was not surprised. The possibility that Lord Mountdrago might commit suicide had occurred to him several times, for that it was suicide he did not doubt. Dr. Audlin had not liked Lord Mountdrago. The chief emotion that his death caused in him was dissatisfaction with himself because he could do nothing for him.

Suddenly he started. His eyes had fallen on a small paragraph near the bottom of a column. ‘Sudden death of a M. P.,’ he read. ‘Mr. Owen Griffiths, member of the House of Commons, had been taken ill in Fleet Street in London. When he was brought to a hospital, he was dead. It was supposed that death was due to natural causes, but an investigation will be held.’

Was it possible that the night before Lord Mountgo had at last in his dream killed his tormentor, and that this horrible murder took effect on him some hours later? Or maybe when Lord Mountdrago found relief in death, his enemy followed him to some other sphere to torment him still there?

The sensible thing was to look upon it as an odd coincidence. Dr. Audlin rang the bell.

‘Tell Mrs. Multon that I'm sorry I can't see her this evening. I'm not well.’

It was true. He trembled as though of a chill. The dark night of the human soul opened before him and he felt a strange primitive terror of the unknown.

### Vocabulary

**his social inferiors** – люди, стоящие ниже его по социальному положению

**Lord Moundrago almost failed to become Dr. Audlin's patient** – Лечение лорда Маунтдраго у доктора Одлина чуть было не сорвалось.

**I'm His Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs** – я министр иностранных дел Его Величества

**the Welsh member** – член Парламента от Уэльса

**he pulled himself together** – он взял себя в руки

**I was about to return to my papers** – я собирался вернуться к моим бумагам

**to give it a second thought** – задумываться об этом

**yet I felt at home there** – все же я чувствовал себя там, как дома

**see that you get your money** – смотри, не упусти свои денежки

**I've told it you for what happened next day.** – Я рассказал ее вам из-за того, что произошло на следующий день.

**Only if he was a dirty foolish little cad.** – Только если он дурак и хам.

**won a seat at the last election** – получил место в парламенте на прошлых выборах

**could get the Foreign Office** – мог получить пост министра иностранных дел

**to cook one's goose** – погубить кого-либо, расправиться с кем-либо

**He brought it on himself.** – Он сам виноват.

**I would have let him down** – Я бы расправился с ним

### I. Find in the text international words (at least 25).



**II. Divide the story into some parts and ask questions to each other on all the parts.**

**III. Put these sentences into the right order according to the real chain of events.**

1. In his dream Lord Mountdrago hit Griffiths over the head with a bottle.
2. Owen Griffiths died in a hospital.
3. Dr. Audlin tried to make Lord Mountdrago apologise to Owen Griffiths.
4. Lord Mountdrago ruined the career of Griffiths.
5. In his dream Lord Mountdrago hadn't got his trousers on at the party.
6. Lord Mountdrago began to see dreams.
7. Dr. Audlin was waiting for his patient for the last time.
8. Griffiths quoted two lines from "A Bicycle Made for Two" at the Parliament.
9. Dr. Audlin read about Lord Mountdrago's death in the newspaper.
10. Lord Mountdrago told the doctor about his dreams.

**IV. Act out dialogues between Dr. Audlin and Lord Mountdrago:**

1) during Lord M.'s first visit to the doctor beginning with the words "It seems that it is as difficult to see you as a Prime Minister" up to the words "I'm listening."

2) about Griffiths beginning with the words "Have you any idea why this same man should come into your dreams" up to the words "I'm ready to tell you everything that can be of any use to you."

**V. Describe the dreams of Lord Mountdrago.**

**VI. Imagine that you are Dr. Audlin. Speak about your impressions of Lord Mountdrago and what you felt when you had read about his death.**

# SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE OXFORD MURDERS

By Rod Smith

## THE CHARACTER OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

*Sherlock Holmes, the world's most famous detective, was created by a Scottish doctor, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. His first story, A Study in Scarlet, appeared inside a Christmas book in 1887, but the character of Sherlock Holmes did not become popular until after 1891, when that same story appeared in the Strand Magazine, a well-known London publication which was also sold in the United States. After that, the demand for Conan Doyle's stories grew so much that people queued from the early hours of the morning outside the Strand Magazine's offices whenever a new Sherlock Holmes adventure was published.*

*Conan Doyle based the character of Sherlock Holmes on an Edinburgh physician called Doctor Joseph Bell. The author first met Dr Bell in 1877, while he was studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh. Dr Bell was a professor at the University, where he gave lectures to students of medicine. Conan Doyle was immediately impressed with Professor Bell's ability to describe patients he had never met before from the way they behaved, the clothes they wore and signs on their body or clothing that indicated their habits or profession. From this method of 'deduction', Professor Bell was able to describe a person's character, occupation and the signs of a particular disease with great accuracy.*

*There is however much more to Sherlock Holmes than his brilliant methods of deduction. His unhealthy habits, including the use of drugs, late-night visits to the rougher parts of London where he competed in boxing matches, and willingness to experiment on himself with various chemical substances, made him a unique and interesting character.*

*Sherlock Holmes was a difficult person to live with, a demanding person to be with, but also one of the most memorable characters in the whole of fiction.*

## Chapter 1

### *A Disappearance*

I had just finished lunch at the Langham Hotel when the man walked into the room. He appeared to be in a hurry and spoke urgently to one of the waiters. Both men looked in my direction. The first man gave thanks for the information and walked towards my table. I pushed my plate to one side, wondering what he wanted. Some medical emergency, perhaps? Or a message from Holmes? It was neither of these things.

‘Doctor Watson?’ he enquired, laying a brown leather briefcase on the opposite chair. He was a small, thin man with fine blond hair and a rather nervous manner. I guessed his age to be around forty.

‘At your service,’ I replied. I stood up and we shook hands.

‘Good afternoon, doctor. My name is Douglas Crenshaw. I hope I am not interrupting your lunch?’ He spoke politely with an educated Scottish accent.

‘Not at all, Mr. Crenshaw. I had just finished when you arrived. Actually, I was about to order a drink. Would you care to join me?’

‘Yes thank you, but no. I don't have much time, I'm afraid. I came up to London from Oxford and my train back leaves in just over an hour.’ He picked up the briefcase and we both sat down.

‘Have you just arrived?’ I asked.

‘No, I came up last night.’

‘So, what do you think of the Langham?’ I asked, spreading my hands proudly as I glanced at the walls of.

‘Yes well, Mrs. Hudson told me that Mr. Holmes was out, but that you were having lunch here. So I came right away.’

‘From your manner, I assume there's an urgent matter you wish to discuss.’

‘Correct -there is.’ Crenshaw leant forward and glanced at the tables on either side of us, as if to make sure they were empty. ‘I am a lawyer by profession, Dr Watson. I am acting for Walker & Alexander, one of

Edinburgh's top legal firms. They deal with the affairs of a Lord McCray of Oban, and his family.'

'Oban - that's on the west coast of Scotland, isn't it? I visited the place once while I was a student at Edinburgh University.'

Crenshaw smiled. 'Then we have something in common, doctor. I, too, studied at Edinburgh, although in my case it was law, not medicine.'

'So what has brought you down to Oxford?'

'I am to be married next spring. I am trying to save as much money as I can before I return to Edinburgh at the end of the year. My firm wanted someone to come down to Oxford to manage the legal and financial affairs of Lord McCray's granddaughter, Eleanor, until she turns twenty-one at the end of November. I immediately offered and was accepted; the position is a good one, offering more money and a living allowance. Eleanor is a student at Beaufort Hall. It's one of the new women's colleges in Oxford. I also act as personal assistant to Lord McCray's son, James. He is Eleanor's legal guardian, but he was injured in a riding accident three years ago. He's now in a wheelchair and needs help in managing the family's affairs.'

'What about Eleanor's parents? Do they live abroad?' I asked.

Crenshaw lowered his head. 'No, they are both dead,' he said, softly. I was shocked by the news but waited for him to continue. 'Her father, William Taylor, died in Brazil and her mother in Oban, both within a few months of each other.'

'A remarkable coincidence,' I commented. 'When did this happen?'

'Six years ago. It's a long story, but briefly...' He paused, as if gathering his thoughts, then continued, 'Eleanor's father, William Taylor, taught Chemistry at one of the Oxford colleges. Her mother, Alice - James McCray's sister - worked at the Pitt Rivers Museum in Oxford. She came down from Edinburgh to work under Professor Morley, who manages the museum and was also a close friend of William Taylor's. In fact, he introduced her to William and a short time later they were married. At times, it was rather a lonely marriage.' 'Why was that?'

‘Well, both William and Morley were particularly interested in the tribes of the Amazon Rainforest: William, because he wanted to gain knowledge of the medicines and poisons they produced from the plants and animals of the region; and Morley, because he wanted to add to the museum's collection. Encouraged by the professor, William took more and more interest in anthropology. He'd always loved adventure and he eventually took time off teaching to travel to South America and make contact with some of the Amazonian tribes. Sadly, his final contact was an unfriendly one: he and his whole team were killed near the Peruvian border in the summer of 1906. Their remains were discovered by a French expedition late the following year.’

‘Did the news affect the health of his wife and lead to her own death?’

Crenshaw shook his head. ‘No. She died before her husband - while he was at sea on his way to Brazil. He was unaware of Alice's death before he died. It takes a long time for news from England to reach that part of the world. Perhaps, in the end, that was a good thing.’

‘Yes, perhaps,’ I agreed. ‘But if it wasn't grief that led to Alice's death, what was it?’

‘Illness. Two years before William's death, she had insisted on joining him on one of his South American trips. That time it was to Paraguay. It was a fatal decision. While she was there, we think she was bitten by an insect and caught a fatal illness.’

‘And are the deaths of Eleanor's parents anything to do with the matter you wished to discuss with Sherlock Holmes?’ I enquired.

‘No, it concerns their daughter - Eleanor.’

‘In what way?’

Crenshaw looked down at the table. ‘She has disappeared.’

‘How? When?’ I leant forward and stared at him.

He seemed unable to meet my eyes for longer than a couple of seconds. ‘The 'how' is a mystery, doctor,’ he continued. ‘The 'when' was three nights ago - Monday, October 21st, to be exact. Sometime during that night she was abducted from her rooms in Beaufort Hall.’

‘Good heavens! Have you not contacted the police?’

‘Er no.’ Again, Crenshaw looked nervously down at the table. ‘You see, although James McCray and I are both sure that Eleanor was taken against her will, there's no evidence that a crime has been committed. Her rooms were quite tidy and there was no sign of a struggle. However, we think she may have been forced to cooperate under threat of violence, or given a drug of some kind which put her to sleep.’ I was about to object when Crenshaw stopped me by raising his hand. ‘But that's not the only reason we haven't contacted the police. Miss Constance Blake - the principal of Beaufort Hall - is anxious to avoid the bad publicity that Eleanor's disappearance would bring if this story reached the newspapers. There are many people in Oxford who oppose the education of women and would like to see places like Beaufort Hall fail. Unlike the older male colleges, they are all quite poor. If young ladies stopped coming because of any suggestion that they might be unsafe, the colleges could not survive.’

‘Even so, there must be another reason why Miss Blake has not gone to the police. After all, a girl's life may be in danger.’

‘Yes, you're right. Miss Blake believes that Eleanor was not abducted - rather that she just decided to leave college for reasons of her own.’ ‘Could she not be right?’

Crenshaw shook his head. ‘No. Eleanor is a very ambitious student. This is her last year at Beaufort Hall. Her final exams are in the spring. It would make no sense for her to disappear at such an important time. To do so would threaten her whole future. The college has very strict rules. Even during the day, female students are not allowed out on their own. They must be accompanied, either by another student or a member of the domestic staff. To leave in the middle of the night - and alone - would mean immediate dismissal from the college.’

‘Is there any reason to think anyone wishes her harm?’ Crenshaw shook his head. ‘Nothing definite, but James felt she had been rather worried lately. He could tell you more about that. Also, on the day before she disappeared, she had asked me to take her to church. She wanted to pray,

alone. She told me she needed God's strength during her final year of studies. But she didn't appear to be particularly worried. On the contrary, she came out of the church looking happy.'

'Who discovered that Eleanor was missing?' 'Annie Lawson - she's the college servant who looks after Eleanor's rooms. But she's more than that. She and Eleanor were close friends. William Taylor knew Annie's father, Robert, who keeps horses out in Marston - a village just outside Oxford. William used to rent them from him when he and Eleanor went bird-watching on Otmoor. It's an area of marshland to the east of the city which attracts a lot of interesting water birds. Although Robert Lawson is poor, he is an educated man - self-educated, I believe - and he and William shared an interest in the natural world. William hired Roberts sister, Mrs. Finch, to keep house for the family and look after Eleanor when she was a child; she's now Mr. McCray's housekeeper, in fact. Anyway, Annie would often accompany her aunt to the house and she and Eleanor became good friends. Later, Annie got a job at Beaufort Hall and the friendship continued.'

'Annie discovered that Eleanor was missing at around half past six on Tuesday morning. She immediately contacted Miss Blake. Mr. McCray was woken with the news a short time later.'

'And now Mr. McCray would like Sherlock Holmes to discover what happened to his niece before it becomes necessary to contact the police.'

'Exactly. I realise we cannot expect him to leave his other obligations and come to Oxford with so little warning. Because of this, Mr. McCray is prepared to pay well above Mr. Holmes' normal fee.'

I didn't mention that Holmes was bored out of his mind and had nothing to 'leave'. But not wishing to raise Crenshaw's hopes, I said, 'I don't think extra payment will be necessary. The only thing that concerns Sherlock Holmes is whether or not the case interests him.'

Crenshaw looked slightly disappointed as he handed me his employer's card. I read the address: James McCray 12 Allenby Road Oxford Telephone: Oxford 311.

Seeing that James McCray had a telephone, I was reminded of Holmes' attitude towards these relatively new machines. He hated them and said that their sound 'disturbed his thinking'. Even when I mentioned that a telephone might bring us a lot more cases he refused to change his mind. Still, at least Mrs. Hudson had one we could use in case of an emergency.

Crenshaw stood up. 'I must be going,' he said. 'Will you be returning to Baker Street, Doctor?'

'Yes,' I answered, standing up and pushing in my chair. 'If I'm lucky with a cab, I'll be back in ten minutes. I'm sure Holmes will have returned by then. What time do you expect to be back in Oxford?'

'Shortly after two o'clock. I'll report to Mr. McCray and then go to my flat. It's 15A Cranmer's Walk, at the back of Allenby Road. Mr. McCray is a man of regular habits. He's up by six every morning, always rests in the afternoon and is in bed by eight o'clock. His housekeeper, Mrs. Finch, and I usually return to the house at five. If you could speak to Mr. Holmes and call us with his decision sometime before a quarter past two this afternoon, it would be greatly appreciated. Also,' he added, 'there's a train that leaves for Oxford from Paddington station at a quarter past three. If Mr. Holmes decides to accept the case, it would be a convenient one to catch. It gets into Oxford at around half past four. Mr. McCray mentioned that half past five would be a good time to call on him. He will, of course, arrange accommodation for you both in the city.'

There was a cab waiting outside the hotel. Baker Street is on the way to Paddington, so we took it together. As we got in, I asked Crenshaw if Lord McCray knew of his granddaughter's disappearance.

'Lord McCray is an old man, and very ill,' Crenshaw replied. 'His mind is failing fast and he is not expected to live much longer. His son would rather not upset him unnecessarily.'

'Is it possible that Eleanor decided to visit him before he dies?'

Crenshaw shook his head. 'Without informing her uncle? Unlikely, Doctor.'



## Chapter 2

### *Conversation on a Train*

When I returned to Baker Street, Holmes was lying on the sofa with his eyes half closed. An open newspaper was lying across his chest. He showed no sign of noticing that I'd entered the room. I hung up my coat and walked over to the sofa. 'Glad you're back, Holmes. I've got news.'

'So have I,' he replied, pointing to the newspaper. 'That's where I was - buying it.'

'Very funny,' I said.

'Our visitor's story must have been interesting - neither of you drank nor smoked.' 'How do you know that?' I asked.

Holmes ignored the question. 'Our visitor, Watson. Who was he?'

'His name is Crenshaw,' I replied. 'But you haven't answered my question, Holmes.'

'The smell of whisky and tobacco soaks into your jacket like water on dry sand, Watson. But not today. So what does that suggest? I know the only thing that stops you enjoying your normal after-lunch habit of having a drink is if the person you're with refuses to join you. For some strange reason, you think it rude to do so. My conclusion? As well as being a liar, Crenshaw was obviously in a hurry and refused your offer of a drink. Since you rarely smoke without drinking, you gave up that pleasure as well.'

This time Holmes had gone too far. 'Good heavens, man!' I exclaimed. 'How can you possibly call Crenshaw a liar? I haven't yet told you what he had to say.'

'You didn't need to for me to reach that conclusion. Anyway, what did he want?'

Still puzzled by Holmes' remarks, I told him the details of Crenshaw's story. Now that he'd called Crenshaw a liar, I was not hopeful that the case would interest him. In any case, most people who disappear return with a reasonable explanation after a day or so. But something about the missing student made me feel that there was more to this case than the facts alone suggested. Would Holmes agree?

At first I didn't think so, for the end of the account was met with silence. 'Well, Holmes,' I asked, growing impatient. 'does the girl's disappearance interest you or not?'

'Not greatly.'

I was surprised by the strength of my disappointment. 'So should I inform Mr. McCray that we will not be accepting the case?'

Holmes suddenly came to life. 'On the contrary, Watson,' he said, jumping up from the sofa. 'We are accepting it. Inform Mrs. Hudson that we'll be staying in Oxford for two nights at least, probably longer.'

Not for the first time, I found Holmes' behaviour contradictory. 'I thought you said the girl's disappearance didn't interest you?'

'No, it does interest me. However, it is not the aspect of your story which I found most interesting. But more of that on the train, Watson. We must hurry. Tell Mrs. Hudson what we're doing, then pack a suitcase. We'll meet back here in five minutes. Oh, and bring your gun. We may need it.'

'Right.' I suddenly felt uneasy. Holmes had sensed something in Crenshaw's story that I had missed: a danger to ourselves.

And he was nearly always right.

We arrived at Paddington station at 1:55pm. I wondered what the hurry was until Holmes told me that he wanted to catch the 2:05 train, not the one Crenshaw had advised.

'Why not?' I asked.

'Because I would like to look around Oxford first - if that's all right with you.'

'Of course,' I replied. Holmes was joking and I felt sure his real reason for arriving early was to surprise Crenshaw, whom he didn't trust. I suspected that this was also the reason he told me not to telephone McCray before 2:15 as I'd promised.

I bought the tickets and we found an empty compartment towards the front of the train. Holmes sat by the window studying a map of Oxford which he'd brought with him. I wanted to ask him why he'd called Crenshaw a liar and what part of the man's story had interested him so much. I knew

it would be a mistake to ask until he'd finished what he was doing; nothing annoys Holmes more than being interrupted in his thoughts.

So I leaned my head back against the seat and stared out of the window.

Dark houses with sad-looking gardens were gradually being replaced by green fields and winding streams. It started to rain and I suddenly felt tired. I closed my eyes and listened to the sound of train wheels and the rain beating against the glass

I was woken by the ticket inspector, whose 'Tickets please!' sounded unnecessarily loud.

I sat up and handed the man our tickets, wondering how long I'd been asleep. He gave a sharp nod, handed our tickets back and left the compartment, closing the door hard behind him.

I looked across at Holmes. He was no longer studying the map. I now felt safe in satisfying my curiosity. 'Tell me, Holmes. Why did you call Crenshaw a liar?'

He looked surprised, as if the answer should have been obvious. 'Why did Crenshaw see you and not me?' he asked.

'Because you weren't in when he called.'

'I went out for only a few minutes to buy the newspaper, as I normally do. You know that. Was it only coincidence that Crenshaw called at that exact time?'

'What else could it have been?'

'Look at the facts, Watson, some of which you don't know, I'll admit. For some reason, Crenshaw had to catch the 12:45 train back to Oxford. This didn't give him much time in London. Someone with so little time would have finished breakfast by around half past eight. They'd leave for Baker Street shortly after that, arriving no later than half past nine. But Crenshaw didn't 'arrive' until well after eleven o'clock - at the exact time that I had left our apartment to buy the newspaper. I was gone for no more than seven minutes. The chances of his visit and my absence occurring at the same time are well over twenty to one. Possible, but highly improbable. Add to that the facts you don't know. Mrs. Hudson did tell him that I was

out, but she also said that I would be no more than a few minutes and that he was welcome to wait. Crenshaw said he was in a hurry and chose to see you at the Langham Hotel. It makes no sense. Baker Street is much closer to Paddington, which he needed to reach before his train left at 12:45. Without question, Watson, the man was lying. He had no intention of seeing me. I believe he arrived well before he called and watched our apartment from the other side of the street. He saw you leave and continued to wait. He couldn't be sure that I would also leave so he was feeling increasingly nervous. He had to call, of course - his employer had instructed him to do so.'

'But that's ridiculous. Why would he want to avoid you?' 'Because he knows something that he can't, or won't, tell us. I don't mean to offend you, Watson, but he felt safer hiding things from you than me. I am known as a keen observer of other people, someone who can identify their deeper motives. Crenshaw was afraid I would discover what those motives were. Did you not notice anything strange in his manner?'

'Yes,' I admitted. 'Perhaps you're right. He seemed rather nervous and rarely looked at me directly. But what were his motives?'

'That's what we need to discover,' Holmes replied. I was silent for a moment. I found the whole business very puzzling. Then I remembered my second question. 'What part of Crenshaw's story did you find more interesting than Eleanor Taylor's disappearance?' I asked. 'None of it - only the questions you didn't ask.' I felt a little offended. I thought I'd handled the interview with Crenshaw rather well. 'Such as?' I asked, roughly.

Holmes stared at the roof of the compartment and began to list the questions he thought I should have asked.

'Where was Eleanor when her mother died? Who was caring for Alice Taylor during her final illness? Why are none of William Taylor's relations mentioned in the story parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles ...'

'All right, all right,' I said, holding up my hand to stop him listing every possible family relation.

Holmes took no notice. ‘Does James McCray live in the original home owned by the Taylors? If so, who owns it now - Eleanor? I looked at its position on the map. It's very close to Beaufort Hall. So why does she live in college and not in the family home? What subject is she studying? You mentioned that she has 'rooms' in the college. You know as well as I do that students, particularly in a poor college like Beaufort Hall, share rooms. But no mention was made of the person she shares her accommodation with. And why ...’

‘For heaven's sake, Holmes,’ I cried. ‘Crenshaw was in a hurry! I didn't have time to ask so many questions.’

‘That's good, because Crenshaw is not the man to ask neither is McCray.’

‘So who is?’

‘Mrs. Finch, of course.’

I fell silent, unsure whether or not Holmes was criticising the way I'd handled the interview with Crenshaw. As if reading my mind, he leant forward and tapped me on the knee. ‘You did well, Watson. I just need you to write down as accurately as you can the full details of your conversation with Crenshaw. Don't miss anything out, no matter how small.’

‘What, now?’

‘If you wouldn't mind.’ I noticed we were coming into Reading Station: halfway to Oxford. I could only have been asleep for fifteen minutes or so. No wonder I still felt tired. I took out my notebook and forced myself to begin writing. I'm a fast writer, and it didn't take me long to finish the account.

I handed it to Holmes. He held up his hand. ‘Keep it for now,’ he said, then immediately changed the subject. ‘What do you know about Pitt Rivers?’ he asked.

‘The museum or the man?’ I asked.

‘Both.’

‘Not that much. Pitt Rivers was an army officer, wasn't he? Interested in anthropology and had the museum built and named after him as a place in which to keep his collection.’

‘You're right about the museum, not about the man. Mr. Pitt Rivers' main interest was guns. At one time, he had one of the largest collections in the world.’

‘But the museum is mainly anthropological. It has.’

‘Yes,’ Holmes interrupted, ‘but it was only later that Pitt Rivers developed an interest in anthropology. Thanks to the work of people like William Taylor, the collection has grown enormously over the last twenty years or so.’

‘Did Pitt Rivers know Taylor?’ I asked.

‘I don't know,’ Holmes answered. ‘But Professor Morley did. Pitt Rivers gave his collection to the University of Oxford and Morley was responsible for making sure that the conditions of the gift were followed. There were three of them: first, the university had to provide a building large enough to contain the collection; second, it could only be used for exhibition, education, and research; and third, they had to employ people qualified to give talks on the items on display. Professor

Morley made sure it all happened.’

‘How on earth do you know so much about all this?’ I asked.

Holmes smiled. ‘Through reading your copies of *The Lancet*<sup>1</sup>. Really, Watson, you order the magazine but never seem to actually read it.’

‘That's not true,’ I replied, annoyed by the suggestion. ‘I read the parts that interest me, that's all.’

Holmes laid a hand on my arm. ‘Don't be annoyed, old friend. I also read only what interests me. In my case it's usually articles on drugs, including poisons, and their effects on the body. Some of William Taylor's

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<sup>1</sup> The Lancet is a very old and famous British medical magazine.

discoveries in this area were reported in the magazine. Following his death, they published an account of his life and work.’

‘Did they mention how he died?’

‘Yes.’

‘And was it as Crenshaw described?’

‘More or less. In the summer of 1906, Taylor led a small expedition into the heart of the Amazon. They were never seen again, but in the autumn of the following year a French expedition found the remains of their boat on the banks of a small Amazonian river in Brazil, not far from the Peruvian border. They also found human remains belonging to the members of the expedition.’

‘What did they think had happened?’

‘There are many Indian tribes in that region who do not welcome contact with the rest of the world. For good reason,’ Holmes added. ‘They have no protection against the illnesses we consider harmless. The common cold, for example, can be fatal to them. It is reasonable to suppose they were attacked to prevent contact with strangers.’

‘Surely the expedition had the ability to defend itself. Did they not carry guns?’

‘They may have been taken by surprise. Attacked at night, for example, while everyone was asleep. If no one was awake to guard the boat, it's easy to imagine how the tragedy occurred.’

As Holmes was speaking, I noticed that the train was slowing down. I looked out of the window and saw the famous Oxford skyline rising to the clouds. We were almost there. By now I was fully awake and anxious to begin the search for the missing girl.

### **Chapter 3**

#### ***The Watcher in the Park***

Holmes decided that we should leave our luggage at the station. One of us could come back for it once accommodation had been arranged. I knew

'one of us' meant me, but said nothing. We found a porter who took our suitcases and gave us a ticket to present on collection.

There was a line of cabs waiting outside the station. We missed the first and took the second. I checked my watch as we climbed in: half past three. We weren't due at McCray's for another two hours. I wondered what Holmes intended to do before then.

'Pitt Rivers Museum,' he called to the driver, answering my question.

The journey took us past the busy shops in the city centre, then into the 'Broad' - a wide street full of pubs and ancient colleges. During the journey, Holmes sat reading the account I'd written of my interview with Douglas Crenshaw. I stared out at the Broad. It was full of students, some on bicycles, others walking. As we passed the King's Arms - a large pub at the far end of the street - a group of students came out of the main entrance. They were laughing and seemed to be having difficulty walking in a straight line. I was not surprised. Drunken students were not uncommon in Oxford. But something did surprise me: there were no young women anywhere. All the students I could see were men, even though there were now four women's colleges in the university. Beaufort Hall, the oldest, had existed for just over thirty years. Even the newest, St Frideswide's, had been around.

### Vocabulary

**to be in a hurry** – торопиться, спешить

**to speak urgently** – срочно поговорить

**to interrupt** – перебивать, прерывать

**absence** – отсутствие

**a close friend** – близкий друг

**highly improbable** – невероятный, неправдоподобный

**to feel increasingly nervous** – сильно нервничать

**to share accommodation** – делить жилье, проживать вместе,  
совместно

**to prevent contact with strangers** – предотвращать общение с  
незнакомцами



**to be anxious** – волноваться, беспокоиться, стремиться

**to manage the legal and financial affairs** – управлять юридическими и финансовыми вопросами, организовывать подобные дела

**legal guardian** – защитник, блюститель, официальный опекун

**to discuss urgent matters** – обсуждать срочные неотлагательные вопросы, дела

**a fatal illness** – неизлечимая, смертельная, роковая болезнь

**to encourage** – поощрять, способствовать, ободрять, вселять надежду

**to take time of teaching** – заниматься преподаванием

**to cooperate under threat of violence** – под страхом насилия, под угрозой

**to give a drug of some kind** – давать лекарство, наркотическое средство

**to avoid the bad publicity** – избегать огласки, избежать плохой славы

## **I. Comprehension**

1. What was “mysterious” about Eleanor Taylor’s disappearance?
2. Why did Dr. Watson think Holmes wanted to catch an earlier train to Oxford?
3. Sherlock Holmes described Douglas Crenshaw as a “liar”? Why?
4. Which three places did Holmes think were connected to Eleanor’s disappearance?
5. How did Dr. Watson feel as he walked through the University Parks?

## **II. Analyze the text according to the plan.**

### **III. Fill in the gaps with an appropriate form of the verb:**

*finish, walk, deal with, manage, bite, catch, commit, contact, accept, return, begin, soak.*

1. I just \_\_\_\_\_ *lunch at the Langham Hotel when the man \_\_\_\_\_ into the room.*
2. As he is a lawyer by profession, he \_\_\_\_\_ with the affairs of a Lord McCray of Oban.
3. My firm wanted someone \_\_\_\_\_ the legal and financial affairs of Eleanor.
4. She \_\_\_\_\_ by an insect and \_\_\_\_\_ a fatal illness.
5. There is no evidence that a crime \_\_\_\_\_.
6. That's not the only reason we \_\_\_\_\_ the police.
7. If Mr. Holmes decides \_\_\_\_\_ the case it would be a convenient one to catch.
8. Most people who disappear \_\_\_\_\_ with a reasonable explanation.
9. By now I was fully awake and anxious \_\_\_\_\_ the search for the missing girl.
10. The smell of whisky and tobacco \_\_\_\_\_ into your jacket like water on dry sand.

#### **IV. Use Passive voice using the verbs:**

1. I \_\_\_\_\_ (to surprise) by the strength of my disappointment.
2. Dark houses with sad-looking gardens \_\_\_\_\_ (to replace) by green fields and winding streams.
3. I \_\_\_\_\_ (to wake) by the ticket inspector.
4. I \_\_\_\_\_ (to know) as a keen observer of other people.
5. The museum \_\_\_\_\_ (to build and name) after Pitt Rivers as a place in which the collection \_\_\_\_\_ (to keep).

#### **V. Use Present Perfect or Past Simple**

1. Good heavens! Why \_\_\_\_\_ not \_\_\_\_\_ the police? (to contact)
2. Encouraged by the professor he \_\_\_\_\_ always \_\_\_\_\_ adventure. (love)

3. His final contact \_\_\_\_\_ (to be) an unfriendly one: he and his team \_\_\_\_\_ (to be killed) near the Peruvian border in the summer of 1906.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ the news \_\_\_\_\_ (affect) the health of his wife and \_\_\_\_\_ (lead) to her own death?
5. A remarkable coincidence! When \_\_\_\_\_ this \_\_\_\_\_ (to happen)?
6. During her final year of studies she \_\_\_\_\_ (not to appear) to be particularly worried.
7. I am about to object but Crenshaw \_\_\_\_\_ just \_\_\_\_\_ (to stop) me by raising his hand.
8. That's not the only reason we \_\_\_\_\_ (to force) to cooperate under threat of violence.
9. He and William \_\_\_\_\_ (to share) an interest in the natural world.
10. I realize \_\_\_\_\_ (to be prepared) to pay well above the normal fee.

**VI. Make collocations**

human	year
following	remains
medical	manner
nervous	emergency
urgent	accent
Scottish	matter
legal	allowance
living	affairs
fatal	coincidence
remarkable	decision

**Use them in sentences of your own**

## JANE AUSTEN ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*English writer, who first gave the novel its modern character through the treatment of everyday life. Although Austen was widely read in her lifetime, she published her works anonymously. The most urgent preoccupation of her young, well-bred heroines is courtship, and finally marriage. Austen's best-known books include *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) and *Emma* (1816). Virginia Woolf called her "the most perfect artist among women."*

*Jane Austen was born in Steventon, Hampshire, where her father was a rector. She was the second daughter and seventh child in a family of eight. The first 25 years of her life Austen spent in Hampshire. She was tutored at home. Her parents were avid readers and she received a broader education than many women of her time. On her father's retirement, the family moved to Bath.*

*Austen started to write for family amusement as a child. Her earliest-known writings date from about 1787. Very shy about her writing, she wrote on small pieces of paper that she slipped under the desk plotter if anyone came into the room. After the death of her father in 1805, she lived with her mother and sister in Southampton and moved in 1809 to a large cottage in the village of Chawton. Austen never married, but her social life was active. She was connected with the middling-rich landed gentry that she portrayed in her novels.*

*In Chawton Austen started to write her major works, among them *Sense and Sensibility*, the story of the impoverished Dashwood sisters, Marianne and Elinor, who try to find proper husbands to secure their social position. The novel was written in 1797 as the revision of a sketch called *Elinor and Marianne*, composed when the author was 20. Austen's heroines are determined to marry wisely and well, but romantic Marianne is a character who feels intensely about everything and loses her heart to an irresponsible seducer. "I could not be happy with a man whose taste did not in every point*

*coincide with my own. He must enter into all my feelings; the same with books, the same music must charm us both." Reasonable Elinor falls in love with a gentleman already engaged. "I have frequently detected myself in such kind of mistakes," said Elinor, "in a total misapprehension of character in some point or another: fancying people so much more gay or grave, or ingenious or stupid than they really are, and I can hardly tell why or in what the deception originated. Sometimes one is guided by what they say of themselves, and very frequently by what other people say of them, without giving oneself time to deliberate and judge."*

*In all of Austen's novels her heroines are ultimately married. Pride and Prejudice described the clash between Elisabeth Bennet, the daughter of a country gentleman, and Fitzwilliam Darcy, a rich aristocratic landowner. Their relationship starts from dislike but at last they fall in love and are happily united. In 1998 appeared a sequel to the novel, entitled Desire and Duty, written by Teddy F. Bader, et al. It followed the ideas Jane Austen told her family. Emma was written in comic tone and told the story of Emma Woodhouse, who finds her destiny in marriage. During the story Emma, a snobbish young woman, develops into someone capable of feeling and love.*

*Austen focused on middle-class provincial life with humor and understanding. She depicted the life of minor landed gentry, country clergymen and their families, in which marriage mainly determined women's social status. Most important for her were those little matters, as Emma says, "on which the daily happiness of private life depends." Although Austen restricted to family matters, and she passed the historical events of the Napoleonic wars, her wit and observant narrative touch has been inexhaustible delight to readers. Of her six great novels, four were published anonymously during her lifetime. At her death on July 18, 1817 in Winchester, Austen was writing the unfinished Sanditon. Austen was buried in Winchester Cathedral.*

*Austen's brother Henry made her authorship public after her death. Emma had been reviewed favorably by Sir Walter Scott, who wrote in his journal of March 14, 1826: "[Miss Austen] had a talent for describing the*

*involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me." Charlotte Brontë and E.B. Browning found her limited. It was not until the publication of J.E. Austen-Leigh's Memoir in 1870 that a Jane Austen cult began to develop. Austen's unfinished Sanditon was published in 1925.*

# PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

*By J. Austen*

## Chapter 1

Everybody knows that a single man in possession of a good fortune must look for a wife.

When such a man enters a neighbourhood, the surrounding families begin to think, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

‘My dear Mr. Bennet,’ said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, ‘have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?’

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

‘But it is,’ returned she.

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

‘Do you not want to know who has taken it?’ cried his wife impatiently.

‘What is his name?’

‘Bingley.’

‘Is he married or single?’

‘Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!’

‘How so? How can it affect them?’

‘My dear Mr. Bennet,’ replied his wife, ‘how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to think about their future. My dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood. Consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them.’

‘My daughters have nothing to recommend them,’ replied he; ‘they are all silly and ignorant like other girls.’

Mr. Bennet was a mixture of quick mind, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to

develop. She was a woman of mean understanding<sup>2</sup>, little information, and uncertain temper<sup>3</sup>. When she was discontented, she treated herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married<sup>4</sup>; she adored visiting and news.

## Chapter 2

Mr. Bennet was among the earliest of those who told Mr. Bingley about his coming. Observing his second daughter decorated a hat, he suddenly told her:

‘I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy.’

‘We will never know what Mr. Bingley likes,’ said her mother, ‘if we do not visit him.’

‘And what will you say, Mary? You are a young lady of deep reflection<sup>1</sup>, I know, and read great books and make extracts.’

Mary wished to say something sensible, but did not know how.

‘While Mary is adjusting her ideas,’ he continued, ‘let us return to Mr. Bingley. I have actually paid the visit, so we cannot escape the acquaintance now.’

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished; Mrs. Bennet began to declare that it was what she had expected all the time.

‘How good it was of you, my dear Mr. Bennet! I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am!’

‘Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you want,’ said Mr. Bennet; and, as he spoke, he left the room.

‘What an excellent father you have, girls!’ said she, when the door was shut. Lydia, my love, though you are the youngest, I can say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball.’

‘Oh!’ said Lydia stoutly, ‘I am not afraid; I am the youngest, but I’m the tallest.’



### Chapter 3

Mr. Bingley was quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and he meant to be at the next assembly with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful! To be fond of dancing<sup>1</sup> was a certain step towards falling in love.

‘If I can see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield,’ said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, ‘and all the others equally well married, I shall have nothing to wish for<sup>2</sup>.’

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet's visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had hoped to see young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw only the father.

Mr. Bingley was going to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him to the assembly. The girls grieved over such a number of ladies, but were comforted the day before the ball by hearing, that instead of twelve he brought only six with him from London - his five sisters and a cousin. And when the party entered the assembly room it consisted of only five altogether - Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the eldest, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good-looking and gentlemanlike; he had a pleasant look, and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women. His brother-in-law merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien, and the report of his having ten thousand a year<sup>1</sup>. The gentlemen declared him to be a real man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at<sup>2</sup> with great admiration for about half the evening. But his manners made his popularity go down. He was very proud and he was above his company.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, and was angry that the ball closed so early. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced

only once with Miss Bingley, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room. His character was decided<sup>3</sup>. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and everybody hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet.

Elizabeth Bennet was sitting by the wall. Mr. Darcy was standing near enough for her to hear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to force his friend to join it.

‘Come, Darcy,’ said he, ‘Dance! I hate to see you standing here in this stupid manner.’

‘I certainly shall not. There is no woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to dance with.’

‘Oh,’ cried Mr. Bingley, ‘Upon my honour, I never met so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening.’

‘You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room,’ said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

‘Yes, she is the most beautiful person I ever met! But there is one of her sisters sitting just behind you, who is very pretty, and very agreeable.’

‘Which do you mean?’ and turning round he looked for a moment at Elizabeth. He withdrew his eyes and coldly said: ‘She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to bother me. My friend, you are just wasting your time with me.’

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked out; and Elizabeth did not have cordial feelings toward him.

But in general the evening went pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet was very glad. Mr. Bingley had danced with her eldest daughter twice. Jane was happy, too. Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure. Catherine and Lydia had been lucky enough never to be without partners. They returned, therefore, in good spirits to Longbourn, the village where they lived.

‘Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet,’ said Mrs. Bennet as she entered the room, ‘we have had a most delightful evening, a most excellent ball. I wish you had been there. Everybody said how well Jane looked; and Mr. Bingley danced with her twice! Only think of that, my dear; he actually danced with

her twice! and she was the only creature in the room that he asked a second time. He is so excessively handsome! And his sisters are charming women. I never in my life saw anything more elegant than their dresses.'

Then she told about the shocking rudeness of Mr. Darcy.

'But I can assure you,' she added, 'that Lizzy did not lose much; for he is a most disagreeable, horrid man. He walked here, and he walked there, I quite detest this man.'

## Chapter 4

When Jane and Elizabeth were alone, Jane expressed to her sister just how very much she admired Mr. Bingley.

'He is just what a young man ought to be,' said she, 'sensible, good-humoured, lively; and I've never seen such happy manners!'

'He is also handsome,' replied Elizabeth, 'His character is thereby complete.'

'I was very much surprised when he asked me to dance a second time. I did not expect such a compliment.'

'Did not you? What could be more natural than his asking you again? He noticed that you were the prettiest girl in the room. Well, he certainly is very agreeable. You have liked many a stupider person.'

'Dear Lizzy!'

'Oh! you like people in general. You never see a fault in anybody. All the world are good and agreeable in your eyes. I never heard you speak ill of a person in your life.'

'I always speak what I think.'

'I know; and it is that which makes the wonder. With your good sense, to be so honestly blind to the follies and nonsense of others! And so you like Mr. Bingley's sisters, too, do you? Their manners are not equal to his.'

'Certainly not - at first. But they are very pleasing women when you talk to them.'

Miss Bingley wants to live with her brother, and keep his house.'

Elizabeth listened in silence. Mr. Bingley's sisters were in fact very fine ladies; they were rather handsome, had been educated in one of the first private seminaries in town, had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and thought well of themselves, and meanly of others. They were of a respectable family in the north of England.

Mr. Bingley inherited property to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand pounds from his father. Between him and Darcy there was a very steady friendship, in spite of great opposition of character. Darcy liked the easiness, openness, and ductility of his temper. In understanding, Darcy was the superior. Bingley was not stupid, but Darcy was cleverer.

The manner in which they spoke of the assembly was sufficiently characteristic. Bingley had never met with more pleasant people or prettier girls in his life; everybody had been most kind and attentive to him; there had been no formality, no stiffness; he had soon felt acquainted with all everybody. And, as to Miss Bennet, he could not imagine an angel more beautiful. Darcy, on the contrary, had seen a collection of people in whom there was little beauty and no fashion, for none of whom he had felt the smallest interest, and from none received either attention or pleasure. Miss Bennet was pretty, but she smiled too much.

## Chapter 5

Within a short walk of Longbourn lived a family with whom the Bennets were particularly intimate. Lady Lucas was a very good kind of woman, not too clever to be a valuable neighbour to Mrs. Bennet. Her eldest daughter, a sensible, intelligent young woman, about twenty-seven, was Elizabeth's best friend.

Miss Lucas and Miss Bennet met to talk about the ball, it was absolutely necessary.

‘You began the evening well, Charlotte,’ said Mrs. Bennet to Miss Lucas. ‘You were Mr. Bingley's first choice.’

‘Yes; but he seemed to like his second better.’

‘Oh! you mean Jane, I suppose, because he danced with her twice.’

‘But Darcy!’ said Charlotte. ‘He is terrible.’

‘Miss Bingley told me,’ said Jane, ‘that he never speaks much, unless among his intimate acquaintances. With them he is agreeable.’

‘I wish he had danced with Eliza,’ said Miss Lucas.

‘Another time, Lizzy,’ said her mother, ‘I would not dance with him, if I were you.’

‘I believe, ma'am, I may promise you never to dance with him.’

‘His pride,’ said Miss Lucas, ‘does not offend me so much as pride often does, because there is an excuse for it. We cannot wonder that a young man, with family, fortune, everything, should think highly of himself. He has a right to be proud.’

‘Pride,’ observed Mary, ‘is a very common failing, I believe. A person may be proud without being vain. Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves, vanity to what we would have others think of us.’

‘If I were as rich as Mr. Darcy,’ cried a young Lucas, who came with his sisters, ‘I should not care how proud I was. I would keep a pack of dogs, and drink a bottle of wine a day.’

## Chapter 6

The ladies of Longbourn soon visited Netherfield. The visit was soon returned. Miss Ben-net's pleasing manners made good impressions; and though the mother was found to be intolerable, and the younger sisters not worth speaking to, the two eldest were very nice and well-behaved. By Jane, this attention was received with the greatest pleasure, but could not like them.

Occupied in observing Mr. Bingley's attentions to her sister, Elizabeth was far from suspecting that she was herself becoming an object of some interest in the eyes of his friend. Mr. Darcy was caught by her playfulness. But Elizabeth did not know anything.

To her he was only the man who had not thought her handsome enough to dance with.

He began to wish to know more of her. Once at Sir William Lucas's a large party was assembled.

Sir William began: 'What a charming amusement for young people the balls are, Mr. Darcy! There is nothing like dancing after all.'

'Certainly, sir; every savage can dance.'

Sir William only smiled. 'Your friend performs delightfully,' he continued after a pause; 'Do you often dance?'

'Never, sir.'

He paused in hopes of an answer; and Elizabeth at that instant moved towards them. Sir William called out to her:

'My dear Miss Eliza, why are you not dancing? Mr. Darcy, you must allow me to present this young lady to you as a very desirable partner. You cannot refuse to dance, I am sure when so much beauty is before you.' And, taking her hand, he gave it to Mr. Darcy. But Elizabeth instantly drew back, and said to Sir William:

'Indeed, sir, I have not the least intention of dancing.'

Mr. Darcy requested to be allowed the honour of her hand, but in vain. Elizabeth was determined.

'You dance so well, Miss Eliza, that it is cruel to deny me the happiness of seeing you.'

'Mr. Darcy is all politeness<sup>1</sup>,' said Elizabeth, smiling. She looked archly, and turned away.

## Chapter 7

Mr. Bennet's property consisted almost entirely in an estate of two thousand a year, which, unfortunately for his daughters, was entailed, in default of heirs male, on a distant relation.

The village of Longbourn was only one mile from Meryton; a most convenient distance for the young ladies, who were usually going three or four times a week, to pay their duty to their aunt. The two youngest of the family, Catherine and Lydia, went there very often. Meryton was the headquarters for the officers.

Young sisters could talk of nothing but officers; and Mr. Bingley's large fortune was worthless in their eyes when opposed to the officer's coat.

After listening one morning to their talking, Mr. Bennet observed:

‘You must be two of the silliest girls in the country. I have suspected it some time, but I am now convinced.’

Catherine was disconcerted, and made no answer; but Lydia, with perfect indifference, continued to express her admiration of Captain Carter, who was going the next morning to London.

‘My dear Mrs. Bennet, you must not expect such girls to have the sense of their father and mother,’ said Mr. Bennet.

‘When they get to our age, I dare say they will not think about officers any more. I remember the time when I liked a red coat myself very well - and, indeed, if a smart young colonel, with five or six thousand a year, should want one of my girls I shall not say ‘no’ to him.’

Suddenly a letter for Miss Bennet arrived; it came from Netherfield, and the servant waited for an answer. Mrs. Bennet's eyes sparkled with pleasure,

‘Well, Jane, who is it from? What is it about? What does he say? Well, Jane, make haste and tell us; make haste, my love.’

‘It is from Miss Bingley,’ said Jane, and then read it aloud.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND, - If you are not so kind to dine today with Louisa and me, we will hate each other, because a whole day between two women can never end without a quarrel. Come as soon as you can. My brother and the gentlemen will dine with the officers.

Yours, Caroline Bingley with the officers!’ cried Lydia. ‘Dining out,’ said Mrs. Bennet, ‘that is very unlucky.’

‘Can I have the carriage?’ said Jane.

‘No, my dear, you had better go on horseback, because it seems likely to rain; and then you must stay all night.’

So Jane was therefore obliged to go on horseback, and her mother attended her to the door. Soon it rained hard. Her sisters were worried about her, but her mother was delighted. The rain continued the whole evening; Jane certainly could not come back.

‘This was a lucky idea of mine, indeed!’ said Mrs. Bennet. But the next morning a servant from Netherfield brought the following note for Elizabeth:

‘My dearest Lizzy, - ‘I find myself very unwell this morning, which, I suppose, is due to my getting wet through yesterday. My kind friends invited me to stay here. The doctor will come in a while, so do not worry. I have a sore throat and headache. - Your Jane.’

‘Well, my dear,’ said Mr. Bennet, when Elizabeth had read the note aloud, ‘if your daughter should die, it would be a comfort to know that it was all in pursuit of Mr. Bingley.’

‘Oh! I am not afraid, people do not die of colds. She will be taken good care of. As long as she stays there, it is all very well. I would go and see her if I could have the carriage.’

### Vocabulary

**ability** – способность

**abuse** – оскорблять, ругать

**accusation** – обвинение

**acquaintance** – знакомый, знакомство

**alarmed** – тревожный

**amends** – компенсация, возмещение

**blame** – вина; осуждать, винить

**colonel** – полковник

**confess** – признаваться, сознаваться

**conscience** – совесть

**debt** – долг

**deceive** – обманывать

**in possession of a good fortune** – располагающий средствами

**I am thinking of his marrying one of them** – я думаю о его женитьбе

на одной из них

**woman of mean understanding** – невежественная женщина

**uncertain temper** – неустойчивое настроение



**to get her daughters married** – выдать своих дочерей замуж

**lady of deep reflection** – рассудительная девушка

**to be fond of dancing** – любить танцы

**I shall have nothing to wish for** – мне бы тогда было больше нечего  
желать

**ten thousand a year** – десять тысяч годового дохода

**he was looked at** – на него смотрели

**character was decided** – характер все осудили

**upon my honour** – клянусь честью

**Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure.** – Элизабет радовалась за Джейн.

**You have liked many a stupider person.** – Тебе не раз нравился кое-  
кто и поглупее.

**as to Miss Bennet** – что касается мисс Беннет

**a pack of dogs** – свора собак

**was found to be intolerable** – была признана невыносимой

**and the younger sisters not worth speaking to** – а о младших  
сестрах не стоило и говорить

**had not thought her handsome enough to dance with** – не считал ее  
достаточно красивой, чтобы с ней танцевать

**Mr. Darcy is all politeness.** – Мистер Дарси – сама любезность.

**was entailed, in default of heirs male on a distant relation** – должно  
было перейти – при отсутствии наследника мужского пола – к  
дальному родственнику

**you had better go on horseback** – тебе лучше поехать верхом

**She will be taken good care of.** – О ней хорошо позаботятся.

### **I. Talk to your partners or colleagues and answer these questions:**

1. When you read a book, can you imagine what the characters look like?
2. When you read a book, can you visualize the places the writer describes?
3. Have you ever watched a play based on a book?

4. Have you ever watched a film based on a book?
5. Have you ever watched a film version of *Pride and Prejudice*?

**II. What are the main ideas in the paragraph below? Rewrite it in your own words.**

*In literature, novelists tend to use dialogues as one of several techniques with which to express a character's outlook on the world and to show us how they are thinking. Jane Austen's use of dialogue has long been regarded as one of her most significant creative achievements and "Pride and Prejudice" is a striking example of how she captures conversations that are humorous, happy, sad, unkind and generous. She uses these conversations to illustrate the themes of her novels and also she records a sense of how people would have spoken to each other two hundred years ago. Some of the ways they spoke might be different to how we speak English today but in other ways we might be able to identify many similarities. (Clarke, J.2013)*

**III. Discuss with a partner:**

1. Why do people marry?
2. Do distinctions of class matter when it comes to love?
3. Are there still class distinctions in the world? What about royal families and financial dynasties? What about intermarriage of traditionally opposed ethnic groups? Or intermarriage between people of different religions?
4. Do class systems, either acknowledged or invisible still affect people's ability to marry in the world today?
5. How important is it to behave according to the rules set out by society?
6. What are the reasons why people in the 21<sup>st</sup> century still read classic novels?
7. Write down as many words as you can about Jane Austen and the Time in which she lived.

#### **IV. Use these words and expressions in the sentences of your own:**

- to be in possession of a good fortune;
- to be a woman of mean understanding;
- uncertain temper;
- to get one's daughters married;
- a lady of deep reflection;
- to escape the acquaintance;
- to be fond of dancing;
- to have nothing to wish for;
- to draw attention;
- to be decided;
- upon my honour;
- to feel one's pleasure;
- to have a fortune of 20 thousand pounds;
- a steady friendship;
- to be intolerable;
- in vain;
- to be in default of heirs;
- convenient distance;
- perfect indifference;
- to go on horseback;
- to have a sore throat and a headache;
- to be taken good care of;
- a quarrel;
- to be obliged to do something;
- to be worried;
- to be delighted;
- to declare resolution;
- politeness, good humor and kindness;
- to abuse;
- a mixture of pride and impertinence;
- to have no conversation.

## FRANCIS SCOTT KEY FITZGERALD

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald (1896-1940), one of the most outstanding writers of the lost generation.*

*F. Scott Fitzgerald was born on September 24, 1896, in St. Paul, Minnesota. His namesake (and second cousin three times removed on his father's side) was Francis Scott Key, who wrote the lyrics to the "Star-Spangled Banner." Fitzgerald's mother, Mary McQuillan, was from an Irish-Catholic family that had made a small fortune in Minnesota as wholesale grocers. His father, Edward Fitzgerald, had opened a wicker furniture business in St. Paul, and, when it failed, he took a job as a salesman for Procter & Gamble that took his family back and forth between Buffalo and Syracuse in upstate New York during the first decade of Fitzgerald's life. However, Edward Fitzgerald lost his job with Procter & Gamble in 1908, when F. Scott Fitzgerald was 12, and the family moved back to St. Paul to live off of his mother's inheritance.*

*Fitzgerald was a bright, handsome and ambitious boy, the pride and joy of his parents and especially his mother. He attended the St. Paul Academy, and when he was 13, he saw his first piece of writing appear in print: a detective story published in the school newspaper. In 1911, when Fitzgerald was 15 years old, his parents sent him to the Newman School, a prestigious Catholic preparatory school in New Jersey. There, he met Father Sigourney Fay, who noticed his incipient talent with the written word and encouraged him to pursue his literary ambitions.*

*After graduating from the Newman School in 1913, Fitzgerald decided to stay in New Jersey to continue his artistic development at Princeton University. At Princeton, he firmly dedicated himself to honing his craft as a writer, writing scripts for Princeton's famous Triangle Club musicals as well as frequent articles for the Princeton Tiger humor magazine and stories for the Nassau Literary Magazine. However, Fitzgerald's writing came at the expense of his coursework. He was placed on academic*

*probation, and, in 1917, he dropped out of school to join the U.S. Army. Afraid that he might die in World War I with his literary dreams unfulfilled, in the weeks before reporting to duty, Fitzgerald hastily wrote a novel called *The Romantic Egotist*. Though the publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, rejected the novel, the reviewer noted its originality and encouraged Fitzgerald to submit more work in the future.*

*Fitzgerald was commissioned a second lieutenant in the infantry and assigned to Camp Sheridan outside of Montgomery, Alabama. It was there that he met and fell in love with a beautiful 18-year-old girl named Zelda Sayre, the daughter of an Alabama Supreme Court judge. The war ended in November 1918, before Fitzgerald was ever deployed, and upon his discharge he moved to New York City hoping to launch a career in advertising lucrative enough to convince Zelda to marry him. He quit his job after only a few months, however, and returned to St. Paul to rewrite his novel.*

*The main theme of almost all Fitzgerald's fiction is the attraction and corrupting force of money. His major novels appeared from 1920 to 1934: "The Slide of Paradise" (1920), "The Beautiful and Damned" (1922), "The Great Gatsby" (1925) and "Tender is the Night" (1934). Fitzgerald's best stories have been collected in four volumes.*

## THE GREAT GATSBY

*By F. Fitzgerald*

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

'Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone,' he told me, 'just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.'

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought - frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point

I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more.

Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction - Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an

unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the “creative temperament” - it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No - Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

My families have been prominent, well-to-do people in this Middle Western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan, and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother, who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War, and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on today.

Never saw this great-uncle, but I'm supposed to look like him — with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in father's office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe - so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business, so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me, and finally said, 'Why - ye-es,' with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year, and after various delays I came East, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so

when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington, and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog - at least I had him for a few days until he ran away - and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

‘How do you get to West Egg village?’ he asked helplessly.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighbourhood.

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read, for one thing, and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities, and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas' and Morgan and Maecenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college - one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the Yale News - and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become again that most limited of all specialists, the “well-rounded man”. This isn't just an epigram - life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all.

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York - and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land. Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in contour and



separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound<sup>1</sup>. They are not perfect ovals - like the egg in the Columbus story, they are both crushed flat at the contact end - but their physical resemblance must be a source of perpetual wonder to the gulls that fly overhead. To the wingless a more interesting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.

I lived at West Egg, the - well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards<sup>1</sup> from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard - it was a factual imitation of some Hotel de Ville<sup>2</sup> in Normandy<sup>3</sup>, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres<sup>4</sup> of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. Or, rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby, it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbour's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires - all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven - a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savours of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy - even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach - but now he'd left Chicago and come East

in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it - I had no sight into Daisy's heart, not I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable foot-ball game.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens - finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body - he that seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage - a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked - and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

‘Now, don't think my opinion on these matters is final,’ he seemed to say, ‘just because I'm stronger and more of a man than you are. ‘We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch. ‘I've got a nice place here,’ he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

‘It belonged to Demaine, the oil man. ‘He turned me around again, politely and abruptly.

‘We'll go inside.’

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-coloured space, fragilely bound into the house by French windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-coloured rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless, and with her chin

raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she gave no hint of it - indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in.

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise - she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression - then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

'I'm p-paralyzed with happiness.'

She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

At any rate, Miss Baker's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again - the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered 'Listen,' a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way East, and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

'Do they miss me?' she cried ecstatically.

The whole town is desolate. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night along the north shore.'

'How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. Tomorrow!' Then she added irrelevantly: 'You ought to see the baby.' 'I'd like to.'

'She's asleep. She's three years old. Haven't you ever seen her? Never'

'Well, you ought to see her. She's - mourning'

Tom Buchanan, who had been hovering restlessly about the room, stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder.

'What you doing, Nick?'

'I'm a bond man.'

'Who with?' I told him.

'Never heard of them' he remarked decisively.

This annoyed me.

'You will,' I answered shortly. 'You will if you stay in the East'

'Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry,' he said glancing at Daisy and then back at me, as if he were alert for something more. 'I'd be a God damned fool to live anywhere else.'

At this point Miss Baker said: 'Absolutely!' with such suddenness that I started - it was the first word she had uttered since I came into the room. Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and with a series of rapid, deft movements stood up into the room.

'I'm stiff,' she complained, 'I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember.'

'Don't look at me,' Daisy retorted, 'I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon.'

'No, thanks' said Miss Baker to the four cocktails just in from the pantry, 'I'm absolutely in training.'

Her host looked at her incredulously.

'You are!' He took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass. 'How you ever get anything done is beyond me.'

I looked at Miss Baker, wondering what it was she

‘Got done’. I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her grey sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

‘You live in West Egg,’ she remarked contemptuously. ‘I know somebody there.’

‘I don’t know a single’

‘You must know Gatsby.’

‘Gatsby?’ demanded Daisy. ‘What Gatsby?’

Before I could reply that he was my neighbour dinner was announced; wedging his tense arm imperatively under mine, Tom Buchanan compelled me from the room as though he were moving a checker to another square.

Slenderly, languidly, their hands set lightly on their hips, the two young women preceded us out on to a rosy-coloured porch open toward the sunset, where four candles flickered on the table in the diminished wind.

‘Why candles!’ objected Daisy, frowning. She snapped them out with her fingers. ‘In two weeks it’ll be the longest day in the year.’ She looked at us all radiantly. ‘Do you always watch the longest day of the year and then miss it? I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it.’

‘We ought to plan something,’ yawned Miss Baker, sitting down at the table as if she were getting into bed.

‘All right,’ said Daisy. ‘What’ll we plan?’ She turned to me helplessly: ‘What do people plan?’

Before I could answer her eyes fastened with an awed expression on her little finger.

‘Look!’ she complained; ‘I hurt it.’

We all looked - the knuckle was black and blue.

‘You did it, Tom,’ she said accusingly. ‘I know you didn’t mean to, but you did do it. That’s what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a great, big,

hulking physical specimen of a - 'I hate that word hulking,' objected Tom crossly, 'even in kid-'Hulking, insisted Daisy.

Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, unobtrusively and with a bantering inconsequence that was never quite chatter, that was as cool as their white dresses and their impersonal eyes in the absence of all desire. They were here, and they accepted Tom and me, making only a polite pleasant effort to entertain or to be entertained. They knew that presently dinner would be over and a little later the evening too would be over and casually put away. It was sharply different from the West, where an evening was hurried from phase to phase towards its close, in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread of the moment itself.

### Vocabulary

**the East** – восточное побережье Северной Америки, восточная часть США.

**the Civil War** – Гражданская война в США между северными и южными штатами в 1861-1865 гг.

**New Haven** – Нью-Хейвен – город, в котором находится Йельский университет, основанный в 1701 г.

**Teutonic** – тевтонский. Тевтоны – германские племена, вторгшиеся в Рим. В переносном смысле – германские народы.

**the Great War** – имеется в виду Первая мировая война.

**mile** – миля, единица длины. 1 миля = 1,609 км.

**vulnerable** – юношеский.

**Long Island Sound** – пролив Лонг-Айленда.

**a matter of chance** – дело случая.

**I. Give the Russian equivalents to the following words and phrases:**

To reserve (judgements), in uniform, gorgeous, a heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, to descend from smb., to overlook smth., one's second cousin, to drift, sturdy, arrogant to hate smb.'s guts, a bond man, hulking, to be sophisticated, a libel.

## **II. Give a summary of Chapter.**

### **II. Discuss the following:**

1. Who is charged with relating the story?
2. In the preface (or really afterward to the novel) F. Scott Fitzgerald establishes the narrator's moral position. What is it? Are the narrator's initial judgements modified?
3. Some critics say that F. Scott Fitzgerald wanted to impose some kind of order on the haphazard circumstances of life: "He tried to find an ordered cosmos in his own terms. Fitzgerald seemed to think he could discover in that magic world of the rich 'safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor' the sanctuary he seems always to have sought." Find some words of confirmation of this opinion in the opening lines of the novel.
4. Speak on the narrator's first mention of the central figure of the novel. Don't you find Carraway's attitude towards Gatsby ambivalent? Give your reasons.
5. Comment on the way the novel begins. What is the role of the preface?

### **Subjects for final discussion or composition**

1. F. Scott Fitzgerald, his life and literary career.
2. Which of the critical opinions of "The Great Gatsby" do you think right?  
"... a novel without ideas";  
"very skilful, often superb technically, and yet curiously hollow at times";



"Fitzgerald seems to be far more interested in maintaining its suspense than in getting under the skins of its people"; "... except for Gatsby himself, the characters are mere marionettes — often astonishingly lifelike, but nevertheless not quite alive"; .

"... the author has made the real people live and breathe in all their sordidness ... They are memorable people of today — not types";

"Fitzgerald was not able to go beneath 'the glittering surface' ... characters 'remain type'";

"... an inferior novel, considered from any angle whatsoever... feeble in theme, in portraiture and even in expression"; "'The Great Gatsby' has an extraordinary unity of purpose in theme, plot, characterization, and atmosphere." Some reviewers enumerate the following excellences of the book: "its form, its poetic style, its grasp of 'a moment of history as a great moral fact', and above all, its hero, who may be taken not only as an individual character but also as a symbolic or even allegorical character... to be thought of as standing for America itself."

3. The major theme in "The Great Gatsby" (take into account a projected title of the book "Among Ash Heaps and Millionaires").

4. The American dream and "The Great Gatsby".

5. The Jazz Age in the novel.

6. What makes Gatsby great?

7. Give a character sketch of Jay Gatsby; Daisy Buchanan; Tom Buchanan; Nick Carraway; Jordan Baker.

8. The role of the minor characters in the novel.

9. The symbols in the novel.

10. "The Great Gatsby" as a disinterested observers story.

11. Fitzgerald's method in portraying his characters.

12. Fitzgerald's art of composition.

## JOHN GRISHAM ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Long before his name became synonymous with the modern legal thriller, he was working 60-70 hours a week at a small Southaven, Mississippi, law practice, squeezing in time before going to the office and during courtroom recesses to work on his hobby—writing his first novel.*

*Born on February 8, 1955 in Jonesboro, Arkansas, to a construction worker and a homemaker, John Grisham as a child dreamed of being a professional baseball player. Realizing he didn't have the right stuff for a pro career, he shifted gears and majored in accounting at Mississippi State University. After graduating from law school at Ole Miss in 1981, he went on to practice law for nearly a decade in Southaven, specializing in criminal defense and personal injury litigation. In 1983, he was elected to the state House of Representatives and served until 1990.*

*One day at the DeSoto County courthouse, Grisham overheard the harrowing testimony of a twelve-year-old rape victim and was inspired to start a novel exploring what would have happened if the girl's father had murdered her assailants. Getting up at 5 a.m. every day to get in several hours of writing time before heading off to work, Grisham spent three years on *A Time to Kill* and finished it in 1987. Initially rejected by many publishers, it was eventually bought by Wynwood Press, who gave it a modest 5,000 copy printing and published it in June 1988.*

*That might have put an end to Grisham's hobby. However, he had already begun his next book, and it would quickly turn that hobby into a new full-time career—and spark one of publishing's greatest success stories. The day after Grisham completed *A Time to Kill*, he began work on another novel, the story of a hotshot young attorney lured to an apparently perfect law firm that was not what it appeared. When he sold the film rights to *The Firm* to Paramount Pictures for \$600,000, Grisham suddenly became a hot property among publishers, and book rights were bought by*

*Doubleday. Spending 47 weeks on The New York Times bestseller list, The Firm became the bestselling novel of 1991.*

*The successes of The Pelican Brief, which hit number one on the New York Times bestseller list, and The Client, which debuted at number one, confirmed Grisham's reputation as the master of the legal thriller. Grisham's success even renewed interest in A Time to Kill, which was republished in hardcover by Doubleday and then in paperback by Dell. This time around, it was a bestseller.*

*Grisham took time off from writing for several months in 1996 to return, after a five-year hiatus, to the courtroom. He was honoring a commitment made before he had retired from the law to become a full-time writer: representing the family of a railroad brakeman killed when he was pinned between two cars. Preparing his case with the same passion and dedication as his books' protagonists, Grisham successfully argued his clients' case, earning them a jury award of \$683,500—the biggest verdict of his career.*

*When he's not writing, Grisham devotes time to charitable causes; including most recently his Rebuild The Coast Fund, which raised 8.8 million dollars for Gulf Coast relief in the wake of Hurricane Katrina. He also keeps up with his greatest passion: baseball. The man who dreamed of being a professional baseball player now serves as the local Little League commissioner. The six ball fields he built on his property have played host to over 350 kids on 26 Little League teams.*

## THE STREET LAWYER

I'm Michael Brock and I'm a lawyer. I work for one of the large law firms in Washington, D.C. That morning in the early winter I was in a hurry. Somebody stepped into the elevator behind me, and I smelled the odor of smoke and unwashed body. The man was black and aging - his beard and hair were gray and hadn't been washed or cut in years. He looked out of place in this building. It was not a place he could afford. The lawyers on all eight floors worked for my firm at very high hourly rates.

We stopped at six, and I walked away, forgetting the man. Then I heard the first shot. I turned and saw a gun aimed at me.

Behind me there was a door to a conference room filled with eight lawyers from our litigation section. One of them, Rafter, opened the door and the barrel swung from me to him.

'Put that gun down,' Rafter ordered and a second later another shot rang and went into the ceiling above Rafter's head. The bum showed me with the gun to enter the conference room behind Rafter. 'Up against the wall,' he said, using the gun as a pointer. Then he placed it to my head, and said, 'Lock the doors. 'I did.

Nobody said a word. Using the gun, he lined the eight litigators up against the wall, and then turned to me. He removed his filthy coat, folded it and placed it in the center of the table. Then he slowly removed the next layer - a bulky gray cardigan.

Under it, strapped to his waist, was a row of red sticks, which looked like dynamite. Wires ran from the tops and bottoms of the sticks, and silver duct tape kept things together.

There were slight moans from the eight against the wall, and this disturbed our captor. He adjusted some of the sticks around his waist, then from a pocket in his trousers took a bundle of nylon rope and a blade. He waved the gun and said, 'I don't want to hurt anybody.'

That was nice to hear but hard to believe. I counted twelve red sticks - enough to make it quick and painless.

Then the gun was back on me. ‘You,’ he said, ‘tie them up.’

Sensing that I was about to become the leader of the hostages, I asked ‘What would you like us to call you?’

‘Mister,’ he said.

‘Take the rope,’ he said to me.

He wanted all eight of them attached at the wrists. I cut the rope and tied knots and tried my best not to look at the faces of my colleagues. I could feel the gun at my back. He wanted them bound tightly, and I made a show of it while leaving the rope as slack as possible.

Umstead was able to flex his wrists so that the ropes almost fell loose when I finished with him. Malamud was sweating and breathing rapidly. He was the oldest, the only partner, and two years ago he had his first heart attack.

I couldn't help but look at Barry Nuzzo, my only friend here. We were the same age, thirty-two, and had joined the firm the same year. Both of our wives were from Providence. His marriage was working - three kids in four years. Mine was in the final stage of a failure. Our eyes met and we both were thinking about his kids. I felt lucky to be childless.

The first of many sirens sounded outside, and Mister instructed me to close the blinds over the windows. I went about this carefully, looking at the parking lot below. A police car sat empty with its lights on; the cops were already in the building.

Our firm, Drake & Sweeney had offices all over the world with eight hundred lawyers. Half of them were in Washington, D.C., in this very building. Mister instructed me to call "the boss" and inform nun that he was armed and wired with twelve sticks of dynamite. I called Rudolph, managing partner of my division, and relayed the message.

‘You okay, Mike?’ he asked me.

‘Wonderful,’ I said. ‘Please do whatever he wants.’

‘What does he want?’

‘I don't know yet.’ Mister waved the gun and the conversation was over. I stood at the conference table, a few feet from Mister. He glanced down and pulled at a red wire. ‘This red one here, I pull it and everything's all over.’

I'm a lawyer and live by the clock, so I checked my watch: whatever happened should be duly recorded, if we managed to survive. I could not believe that we were going to die. There seemed to be no motive, no reason to kill us. I was certain that none of us had ever met him before. He was just a nut in search of hostages; in that case the killings would seem almost normal by today's standards.

The case would make the headlines for twenty-four hours and people would shake their heads.

'What did you eat for lunch?' Mister asked me unexpectedly. I hesitated for a second, then said, 'A grilled chicken.'

'Alone?'

'No, I met a friend.'

'How much did it cost, for both of you?'

'Thirty bucks.'

He didn't like this. 'Thirty bucks,' he repeated. 'For two people.' He shook his head, then looked at the eight litigators.

'You know what I had?' he asked me.

'No.'

'I had soup. Soup and crackers at a shelter. Free soup, and I was glad to get it. You could feed a hundred of my friends for thirty bucks, you know that?'

Few things can keep a big-firm lawyer from hourly billing. Sleep is one, though most of us slept little. Eating in fact helped billing, especially lunch when the client was paying the check.

As the minutes dragged on, I started wondering how the other four hundred lawyers in the building would manage to bill while waiting for the hostage crisis to end. Some of the lawyers there didn't care how it ended. Just hurry up and get it over with.

Mister seemed to doze for a second. Rafter grunted to get my attention, he wanted me to become the hero and make a move, but Mister's left hand was firmly holding the red wire, so I was not taking orders.

‘How much money did you make last year? Don't lie,’ Mister, very much awake, asked me, his voice clear.

Again, I was startled.

‘A hundred and twenty thousand.’

He didn't like this either. ‘How much did you give away?’

‘Give away?’

‘Yes. To charities.’

‘Oh. Well, I really don't remember. My wife takes care of the bills and things like that.’

Mister didn't like my answer. ‘Who fills in your tax forms?’

‘It's handled by our tax division, down on the second floor.’

‘Here in this building?’ ‘Yes.’

‘Then get it for me. Get me the tax records for everybody here.’

I must've hesitated too long, because Mister shouted, ‘Do it now!’ And he used the gun when he shouted.

I called Rudolph, who also hesitated, and so I shouted at him. ‘Just fax them in here,’ I demanded. ‘Last year's only.’

We stared at the fax machine in the corner for fifteen minutes, afraid Mister might start executing us if Rudolf didn't hurry.

Mister pointed with the gun where I should sit. My buddies had been standing for almost two hours, and looked miserable.

I was the first to answer Mister's questions and I told him that last year I made a hundred and twenty thousand and paid fifty-three thousand dollars in taxes most of which went for welfare, Medicaid, aid to dependent children, and so on. Claire and I earned much and lived comfortably in an expensive apartment in Georgetown, had two brand-new cars and twenty-two thousand in our joint account.

‘You make a lot of money, yet you're too greedy to hand me some change on the sidewalk.’ He waved the gun at the rest of them. ‘All of you. You walk right by me as I sit and beg. Why can't you help the poor, the sick, the homeless? You have so much.’

All of us had the same thoughts when we stepped over the Misters of D.C. It's useless to give some change to an individual, street people are responsibility of the government.

'Which of these guys makes the most money?' He asked me.

Malamud was the only partner, and I found his file, and looked for his tax return. He earned over a million dollars. Mister wanted the facts. He instructed me to list all nine names, and beside each write last year's income, then last year's gifts to charities.

It took some time though I knew the longer the situation dragged on, the more dangerous it became.

'If you round it off, it comes to three million dollars,' I reported to Mister, who was napping again, with his fingers still on the red wire.

He slowly shook his head. 'And how much for the poor people?'

'Total contributions of one hundred eighty thousand.'

'I don't want total contributions. I'm talking about food. We got soup kitchens all over town, places where the poor and homeless can get something to eat. How much money did you folks give to the soup kitchens? Any?'

He waved the damned gun again.

'How about homeless shelters? Places we sleep when it's ten degrees outside. How many shelters are listed there in those papers?'

'None,' I said softly.

He jumped to his feet, the red sticks fully visible under the silver duct tape. 'How about clinics? We got these little clinics where doctors come and donate their time to help the sick. They don't charge anything. Government used to help pay the rent, help buy the medicine and supplies, but that stopped under the new government. How much do you give to the clinics?'

He shuffled along the edge of the table until he stopped near his hostages. They watched every move, with particular attention paid to the explosives. He slowly raised the gun, and aimed it directly at the first lawyer in the row.



Mister moved down the line, pointing, asking the same questions, - how much each of them gave to the poor, getting the same answers,—none. Three million dollars,’ he said in disgust, ‘and not a dime for the sick and hungry. You are miserable people.’

At dusk he said he was hungry, and he told me to call the boss and order soup from the Methodist Mission at L Street and Seventeenth. ‘They put more vegetables in the broth,’ Mister said. ‘And the bread is not as stale as in most kitchens.’ I phoned Rudolph and gave the order.

Umstead had been fidgeting for an hour and he finally couldn't stand it any longer.

‘Uh, sir, excuse me, but I really have to, uh, to pee, sir,’ Umstead said, very much like a third-grader. ‘I can't hold it any longer.’

Mister looked around the room, and noticed a porcelain vase on a coffee table. With another wave of the gun, he ordered me to untie Umstead. ‘The boys' room is over there,’ Mister said. When Umstead finally finished, Mister told us to move the conference table next to the windows. He made me latch Malamud and Rafter together, leaving Umstead a free man.

‘Who are the evictors?’ he mumbled, and waited a couple of minutes before saying it again. We had no clue what he was talking about. ‘Not only do you ignore the homeless, you help put them in the streets.’

Our carryout arrived at a few minutes before seven. There was a sharp knock on the door. Mister told me to place a call and warn the police that he would kill one of us if he saw or heard anyone outside. I explained this carefully to Rudolph, and I Stressed that no rescue should be attempted. Rudolph said he understood.

Umstead walked to the door, unlocked it, and looked at Mister for instructions. Mister was behind him, with the gun less than a foot from Umstead's head. ‘Open the door very slowly,’ Mister said. I was standing a few feet behind Mister when the door opened. The food was on a small cart and I could see four large plastic containers of soup, and a brown paper bag filled with bread. Umstead took one step into the hallway, grabbed the cart, and was about to pull it back into the room when the shot cracked through

the air. A lone police sniper was hiding behind the receptionist's desk, and he got the clear look he needed. When Umstead bent over to grab the cart, Mister's head was exposed for a split second, and the sniper blew it off.

Mister lurched backward without uttering a sound, and my face was instantly covered with blood. I thought I'd been hit too, and I remember screaming in pain. Umstead was yelling somewhere in the hall. The other seven scrambled off the table, all yelling and moving toward the door, half of them dragging the other half. I was on my knees waiting for the dynamite to explode, then I bolted for the other door, unlocked it, pushed it open, and the last time I saw Mister he was twitching on one of our expensive Oriental rugs. His hands were loose at his sides, nowhere near the red wire.

The hallway was suddenly filled with policemen who grabbed us and carried us to the elevators.

'Are you hurt?' they asked me.

I didn't know. There was blood on my face and shut, and a sticky liquid that a doctor later described as cerebrospinal fluid.

On the first floor the families and friends were waiting. Our colleagues were waiting for our rescue in the offices and hallways. A loud cheer went up when they saw us. Clair wasn't there.

Because I was covered with blood, I was instantly surrounded by doctors and when I convinced them the blood was not mine, they relaxed and conducted a routine exam. Blood pressure was up, pulse was crazy. They gave me a pill.

What I really wanted was a shower, long and hot. Time was frozen. Nothing mattered. I was alive and breathing.

I changed into someone else's clean gym clothes and went back to the table for another check of my blood pressure. Still no sign of Clair and I knew there wasn't much left of the marriage.

I thanked the doctors and left. Polly, my secretary, cautioned me about the reporters outside and offered to drive me home. I was very thankful someone was telling me what to do. My thoughts were slow and not to the point. We left the ground floor through a service door. The night air was

cold, and I breathed it until my lungs ached. I'm alive! I closed my eyes tightly and offered a short prayer of thanks.

Our apartment was on the third floor and I could tell from the dark windows that Claire was not home. I met Clair the week after I moved to D.C. after law school and started my work here. In Drake & Sweeney, like in most large firms, I worked fifteen hours a day, six days a week, and on Sundays Claire and I had our weekly date. We thought that marriage was a good idea, but it turned out to be not so good. Shortly after the wedding I was back at the office ninety hours a week. She grew bored. I did not blame her, but the rewards for becoming a partner are great, at least a million bucks a year. Billing lots of hours is more important than a happy wife. By the end of our first year together, Claire decided to go to med school. I thought it was a wonderful idea.

Claire became determined to spend more time away from the apartment than I did, and so both of us became workaholics and drifted apart.

The pills worked until four the next morning, when I awoke of a nightmare. Claire was sleeping in a chair next to me.

'It's OK,' she said softly. 'Just a bad dream.'

'Would you get me some water?' I said, and she went to the kitchen. We talked for an hour. I told her everything I could remember about the event. She sat close to me, listening carefully. We had talked so little in the past few years.

She had to make her rounds at seven, so we ate at the kitchen counter and watched the news. We learnt that the Mister's name was DeVon Hardy, age forty-five, a Vietnam vet with a short criminal record. He was described as homeless with a history of drug use. No motive was known. No family had come forward.

The weather was next. Heavy snow was expected by late afternoon. Claire drove me to the office, where my Lexus was parked. I stepped into the yesterday's elevator and the time slowed down.

There arose a hundred questions at once: Why had he picked our firm? What was he after? I did not believe DeVon Hardy went to all that trouble

to chastise a bunch of wealthy lawyers over their lack of generosity. His question, 'Who are the evictors?' was never answered.

I read the newspapers on my desk quickly because I knew more than any reporter. But I learned a few things. The red sticks were not dynamite. Mister had taken a couple of broom handles, sawed them into little pieces, wrapped the silver tape around them, and scared the hell out of us. The gun was stolen.

The story dealt more with DeVon Hardy than with his victims. According to one Mordecai Green, Director of the 14th Street Legal Clinic, DeVon Hardy had worked for many years as a janitor. He'd lost his job as a result of budget cutting. Green's clinic had represented him several times. If there was family, his lawyer knew nothing about it.

As to motive, Green had little to offer. He did say that DeVon Hardy had been evicted recently from an old warehouse in which he had been squatting.

An eviction is a legal procedure, carried out by lawyers. I had a pretty good idea which one of the thousands of D.C. firms had tossed Mister into the streets.

The 14th Street Legal Clinic was funded by a charity and worked only with the homeless, according to Green. 'Back when we got federal money, we had seven lawyers. Now we're down to two,' he said.

Arthur Jacobs, the head and soul of the firm, wanted to meet with the ex-hostages at ten, in the conference room, to record our statements on video, because Mister's family might sue the cops and name us as defendants.

I had a pile of work to do, but I couldn't get to it. I thought about DeVon Hardy. He lost his life, but no one, not one single person I worked with, gave a damn about him.

I finally left. I went to my car, started it and turned on the heater, and sat for a long time debating whether to participate in the meeting with Arthur. If I missed it, Arthur would be upset. No one misses a meeting with Arthur. I drove away. I drove to no place in particular. The clouds were

dark; snow crews were getting ready. I passed a beggar on M Street, and wondered where the street people go in a snowstorm? I turned and went northeast into the rougher sections of the city until I found the 14th Street Legal Clinic. I parked at the curb, certain I would never again see my Lexus.

The clinic occupied half of a three-story red-brick Victorian mansion that had seen better days. The door wasn't locked, and I turned the knob and stepped into another world. It was a law office of sorts, but a very different one from the marble and mahogany of Drake & Sweeney. In the large room before me there were four metal desks, each covered with a heap of files a foot high. More files were placed on the worn carpet around the desks. The wastebaskets were full, and some sheets of legal paper had fallen onto the floor. One wall was covered with file cabinets in a variety of colors. The word processors and phones were ten years old.

A Hispanic woman stopped typing after watching me for a moment. 'You looking for somebody?' she asked. Any receptionist at Drake & Sweeney would be fired on the spot for such a greeting.

Her nameplate on the side of her desk said she was Sofia Mendoza, and she was more than a receptionist. "I'm looking for Mordecai Green," I said politely, and at that moment he came into the main room. Green was a huge black man, at least six five with a wide frame that carried a lot of weight. He was in his early fifties, with a gray beard and round eyeglasses that were framed in red. He took a look at me, said nothing, disappeared into an office, then emerged seconds later. Another look at me, then, 'Can I help you?'

I walked forward and introduced myself.

'Nice to meet you,' he said, but only because he had to. 'What's on your mind?'

'DeVon Hardy,' I said.

He nodded toward his office, and I followed him into a twelve-by-twelve room with no windows and floor space covered with files and battered law books.

I handed him my Drake & Sweeney card, which he studied with a deep frown. Then he gave it back to me, and said, 'What do you want?'

'I come in peace. Mr. Hardy's bullet almost got me.'

'You were in the room with him?'

'Yes.'

'Have a seat. But you might get dirty.'

We both sat, looked at each other, then looked away. It was my visit, I had to say something. But he spoke first.

'Guess you had a bad day, huh?' he said.

'Not as bad as Hardy's. I saw your name in the paper, that's why I came.'

'I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do.' I asked some stupid questions about the possibility of a lawsuit and whether Hardy had AIDS

'There's no family, so forget about a lawsuit.' 'If there's no family, what happens to him?' 'The city buries the unclaimed. There's a special cemetery. You'd be amazed at the number of people who die unclaimed. In fact, you'd be amazed at every aspect of homeless life.'

A small hyper man of about forty stepped in. 'They're predicting a ton of snow,' Green said to him. 'We need to make sure every possible shelter is open.'

'I'm working on it,' the man snapped, then abruptly left. 'I know you're busy,' I said. 'Any idea why he did it?' 'You spend years on the streets, soaked with booze, stoned on crack, sleeping in the cold, getting kicked around by cops and punks, it makes you crazy. Plus, he had a bone to pick.' 'The eviction.' 'Yep. A few months ago, he moved into an abandoned warehouse, where somebody made little apartments. Wasn't a bad place as far as homeless folk go - a roof, some toilets, water. A hundred bucks a month, payable to an ex-pimp who fixed it up and claimed he owned it.'

'Did he?'

'I think so.' He pulled a thin file from one of the stacks on his desk, studied its contents for a moment. 'The property was purchased last month by a company called River Oaks, some big real estate outfit.'

'And River Oaks evicted everyone?' 'Yes.'

‘Odds are, then, that River Oaks would be represented by my firm.’

‘Good odds, yes. I’ve heard it that they got no notice before the eviction. The people claim they were paying rent to the pimp, and if so, then they were more than squatters. They were tenants, thus entitled to due process.’ ‘Squatters get no notice?’

‘None. And it happens all the time. Street folk will move into an abandoned building, and most of the time nothing happens. So they think they own it. The owner, if he shows up, can toss ‘em without notice. They have no rights at all.’

‘How did DeVon Hardy track down our firm?’ ‘Who knows? He wasn’t stupid. Crazy, but not stupid.’ ‘Where did you say the warehouse was?’ ‘It’s gone now. They levelled it last week.’ I had taken enough of his time. Mordecai Green was a warm, caring man who labored on the streets protecting nameless clients. My Lexus was still parked at the curb, already covered with an inch of snow.

I drove through the city as the snow fell. I was warm and dry in my heavy luxury car, and I simply moved with the traffic. There was no place to go.

I didn’t want to go home, so I drove. I found the cemetery where they burried the unclaimed, and I passed the Methodist Mission on Seventeenth where last night’s uneaten dinner originated. I drove through sections of the city I had never known. By four, the city was empty. The skies were darkening, the snow was quite heavy. Several inches already covered the ground, and they were predicting a lot more.

I was informed by a security guard in the lobby of my firm that the secretaries and most of the staff had been sent home at three. I took Mister’s elevator again.

I went straight to my computer and began searching our client index.

River Oaks was a corporation, organized in 1977 in Maryland. The attorney was N. Braden Chance, a name unknown to me.

I looked him up in our vast database. Chance was a partner in our real estate division, somewhere down on the fourth floor. Our firm had over thirty-six thousand active files.

To make sure our office in New York didn't sue one of our clients in Chicago, each new file was entered immediately into our data system. There were forty-two files for River Oaks, almost all of them real estate transactions in which the company had purchased property. On January 31, River Oaks purchased property on Florida Avenue. On February 4, our client evicted a number of squatters from an abandoned warehouse on the property—one of whom, I now knew, was Mister DeVon Hardy, who took the eviction personally and somehow tracked down the lawyers.

I copied the file name and number, and strolled to the fourth floor.

I found the office of Braden Chance and to my surprise, he was at his desk and was irritated by my intrusion. 'You were one of the hostages,' he said.

'Yes, I was.'

'Must've been awful.'

'It's over. The guy with the gun, the late Mr. Hardy, was evicted from a warehouse on February 4. Was it one of our evictions?'

'It was,' he snapped and I guessed the file had been picked through during the day. He'd probably reviewed it thoroughly with Arthur and the brass. 'What about it?'

'Was he a squatter?'

'Damned sure was. They're all squatters. Our client is trying to clean up some of that mess.'

I asked him to see the file, but he refused. I smiled at him and left. The paralegal in the next room heard everything, and as I passed his desk he said very quietly, 'What an ass'.

I smiled again and nodded my agreement. I was sure there was something in the file. I needed to have a look at it.

I was thinking about it, when the phone rang. It was Mordecai Green.



‘Mr. Brock,’ he said politely, his voice clearly audible but competing with a din in the background.

‘Yes. Please call me Michael. Where are you?’

‘At a homeless shelter. A big snow brings ‘em in faster than we can feed them, so it takes all of us to keep up.’

Now in the warmth and coziness of my beautiful office, I thought of Mordecai Green. Both of us had law degrees, both of us had passed the same bar exam, but I helped my clients swallow up competitors and for this I would become rich. He helped his clients eat and find a warm bed.

The snow had finally stopped. Claire and I sipped our coffee by the kitchen window, then I drove her to the hospital.

We didn't talk as we inched through the snow-filled streets.

‘I'm going to Memphis for a couple of days,’ I said. ‘I need to see my parents. I'm not in the mood for work.’

‘Well, call me,’ she said, - no kiss, no good-bye, no concern. Obviously, our marriage was over. And I hated to tell my mother.

My parents were in their early sixties, both healthy and trying to enjoy retirement. They worked hard, saved well, and provided a comfortable upper-middle-class home for us. My two brothers and I had the best private schools we could get into.

They were solid people, conservative, patriotic, free of bad habits, fiercely devoted to each other. They were still grieving over my brother Warner's divorce three years earlier. So I told them about my coming divorce and change of heart about working for a big firm.

I don't know which of my parents got the worst end of my visit. My mother wanted strong families with lots of grandchildren. My father wanted his boys to move quickly up the ladder and enjoy the rewards of our hard-earned success.

The apartment was empty when I returned Friday night, but there was a note on the kitchen counter: Claire had gone home to Providence for a couple of days. I was sure she went to discuss our divorce.

At some time after nine, the phone rang. It was Mordecai Green, speaking loudly into a cell phone. ‘Are you busy?’ he asked.

‘Uh, not exactly. What’s going on?’

‘It’s cold as hell, snowing again, and we’re short on manpower. Do you have a few hours to spare?’

‘To do what?’

‘To work. We really need able bodies down here. The shelters and soup kitchens are packed, and we don’t have enough volunteers.’

‘I’m not sure I’m qualified.’

‘Can you spread peanut butter on bread?’

‘I think so.’

‘Then you’re qualified.’

‘Okay, where do I go?’

He gave me the directions. It was ten blocks or so from the office, they were in the basement of a yellow church Ebenezer Christian Fellowship.

‘Be there in twenty minutes,’ I said bravely, my heart already pounding.

I changed into jeans, a sweatshirt, and designer hiking boots. I took the credit cards and most of the cash out of my wallet. In the top of a closet, I found an old wool-lined denim jacket, stained with coffee and paint, a relic from law school. I desperately wanted a bulletproof vest. I was scared, but as I locked the door and stepped into the snow, I was also strangely excited.

I found the church and parked in a lot across the street, it looked like a small cathedral, at least a hundred years old.

As badly as I wanted to barge ahead, to pretend I had seen this before and had work to do, I couldn’t move. I stared in amazement at the number of poor people stuffed into the basement. Some were lying on the floor, trying to sleep. Some were sitting in groups, talking in low tones. Some were eating at long tables and others in their folding chairs. Every square inch along the walls was covered with people. Small children cried and played as their mothers tried to keep them close. Winos lay rigid, snoring through it all. Volunteers passed out blankets and walked among the throng, handing out apples.

## Vocabulary

**abandoned** – брошенный, покинутый

**abruptly** – вдруг, внезапно, без подготовки **accuse** – винить, обвинять, выдвигать обвинение

**disinherit** (*v*) to stop someone from receiving money or property after a person's death by changing a legal document

**drainpipe** (*n*) a long pipe at the side of a building through which water travels from the roof to the ground

**expedition** (*n*) an organised journey made by a group of people, often for a scientific purpose

**fake** (*v*) to fake something is to pretend that something happened, or is happening, when it didn't

**fever** (*n*) you have a fever when your blood is hotter than it should be because of an illness

**fingerprints** (*n*) the pattern made by someone's fingers on an object or surface they've touched

**fireworks** (*n*) objects that burn with a coloured flame and move, make a loud noise, or fly into the air when they are lit

**graveyard** (*n*) an area of land, usually next to a church, where dead bodies are buried

**guardian** (*n*) someone who is legally responsible for another person, especially a child

**housekeeper** (*n*) someone who cleans and looks after someone else's house

**inherit** (*v*) to be given money or property by someone after they die

**marshland** (*n*) an area of land which is very soft and wet

**microscope** (*n*) a scientific instrument which makes small objects look bigger

**milkman** (*n*) a person who delivers milk

**moor** (*n*) a moor is an area of wild, lonely, open land with almost no trees

**moored** (*adj*) a boat is moored when it is tied to something on land to stop it moving

**overslept** (*v*) to have slept longer than you wanted to

**pathologist** (*n*) a qualified person in the police service who examines a body to find out the cause of death

**port** (*n*) a town by the sea or a river where ships deliver goods or passengers

**porter** (*n*) someone who looks after a building and guards its entrance

**pray** (*v*) to speak to a god you believe in to ask for help

**remains** (*n*) the parts that are left of something after it's been destroyed, or someone after they are dead

**saddle** (*n*) a leather seat which goes on a horse's back

**sinister** (*adj*) something that makes you afraid because it is evil or can harm you

**skyline** (*n*) the shape made by the tops of buildings seen against the sky

**sores** (*n*) sores are red marks on the skin caused by an illness

**stable** (*n*) a building for keeping large animals, usually horses, in

**stepladder** (*n*) a small ladder usually used inside a building for reaching high places

**storeroom** (*n*) a room used for storing things

**strangle** (*v*) to strangle someone is to squeeze their neck to stop them breathing until they are dead

**stuffed** (*adj*) a dead animal is 'stuffed' when the inside of its body is replaced with soft material so that it can be preserved and displayed in a public museum or private building

**thistles** (*n*) wild plants with prickly leaves which can hurt if they touch your skin

**tribe** (*n*) a group of people who share the same customs, language and land

**unconscious** (*adj*) unable to move, see, or notice things, often because of a blow or injury to the back of the head

**warehouse** (*n*) a large building used for storing things

### **Try to express the same in English:**

Уличный бродяга захватывает в заложники нескольких сотрудников крупной юридической фирмы. Среди них оказывается молодой талантливый юрист с превосходными карьерными перспективами. Задавшись целью установить мотивы этого преступления, он выясняет, что за незаконным выселением арендаторов, ютившихся в полуразрушенном доме, стоит его фирма. Продолжая расследовать дело, молодой юрист все ближе узнает жизнь обездоленных и убежденно переходит работать адвокатом в юридическую организацию, защищающую права бездомных.

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## **Tips for plot analysis**

### **PART I**

#### **THE AUTHOR AND HIS BOOK**

##### **WHAT DO WE SAY ABOUT THE WORK OF FICTION?**

1. The author, his books, the problems he deals with (the author belongs to the school of critical realism, romantic school, the modernistic school; the work is written in the realistic tradition attempting to see life as it is, with emphasis on the difficulties, absurdities and ironies of life; in the realistic tradition attempting to see real truths beyond the literal and factual with emphasis on imagination and sentiment; in the naturalistic, symbolistic, allegorical etc. tradition.

2. The author's main works.

3. The place of the book among other works of his. The book (story, extract) under discussion is a part of trilogy, is taken from the collection of short stories, is his well known novel etc.

4. The problem the book deals with; the problem of war and peace, horrors of war, colour bar, personal relations in society, vices of society, fate of an artist, little man, alienation of man, generation gap, the problem of a child growing up into an adult

5. The title of the book. The title is - suggestive (we can guess what the book is going to be about) misleading (we can not guess what the book is going to be about).

### **PART II**

#### **THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS**

1. Where is the scene laid?
2. When do the events, described in the book, take place?
3. Who are the characters of the book?
4. What is the book about?
5. Why does this or that event happen?

6. Who tells the story? (The author, the main character, a secondary character, an observer, a child...).

Why, do you think, the events are described from this or that point of view?

The advantages: the description (or narration) on behalf of the main character makes the tone vivid, credible, convincing.

- on behalf of an observer - objective, non-committal.

- on behalf of a child - makes the tone sincere (emotional, touching, naive).

- of the author - summarizing, analytic, evaluating the events, generalizing, critical.

Disadvantages: the tone may be subjective, prejudiced, and ignorant of some events.

What would be the difference if the story were told from a different point of view?

7. Who are the characters?

8. In what terms does the author present and describe them? Does he do that in the first sentence (paragraph, page) of the book? (The story begins with the description, the introduction of, his recollections of, his opinion of, etc.)

We first see (meet) the character as a girl of fifteen in a little town (as a student of a medical college, a broker at a stock exchange, a well-known actress, etc.).

9. What do they do or say?

10. How do they speak?

(The speech of a character reveals his background, education or lack of it, upbringing, and social standing), his character (quick-tempered, outspoken, pompous, reserved; witty,), his mood (sentimental, content, happy, miserable, elated, pensive, angry, hardly keeping his temper on the point of bursting into tears, etc.).

11. What is their appearance? How do they dress? (the author depicts (describes, characterizes) them in the following way:...)

12. How do the characters react to people and events?

13. What is the nature of the conflict (or conflicts).



14. What is the problem the characters are to solve, and how soon do they manage to do it? (The conflict is laid bare at the opening paragraphs of the story, it is not before reading half the story (book, extract) that we become aware of it; the conflict is evident, it can be (cannot be) explained briefly).

15. How does the sequence of events move on to the climax (the moment of the highest tension) and the conclusion? (the events develop rapidly, slowly, unexpectedly, etc.).

16. How do the characters reveal themselves or change (for the better or for the worse) as the plot develops.

The character is static (developing) first then he or she is under the influence of...).

17. How are the principal (main) characters presented? Directly or indirectly (by the author's description and comments, by representation of thoughts and actions of characters themselves, by observation and comments of other characters).

18. Towards which characters does the author show sympathy? Towards which does he or she show antipathy? Are they masters of their fate, or victims of circumstances?

19. Does the author raise questions or does he/she try to solve them? Is the end (conclusion) expected or unexpected? (The story (book) ends in... (At the end of the story the author comes to the conclusion that... sums it all up by saying..., explains, makes a few critical remarks on, expresses, accuses, blames, ridicules, condemns, mocks at, praises, etc.

20. Now that you have read the book, refer to the title once again. Did you guess correctly? Does the title help to understand the story (book)? Suggest your own title.

21. Express the idea of the story in one sentence or think of a proverb to illustrate it.

## My point of view

Let me express what I think of this	Позвольте мне сказать, что я
Problem	Думаю по этому поводу
As far as I am able to judge...	Насколько я могу судить...
As far as I know...	Насколько я знаю...
If I am not mistaken...	Если я не ошибаюсь...
As for me...	Что касается меня...
To my mind...	Как мне кажется...
In my opinion...	По моему мнению...
It seems to me that...	Как мне кажется...
The thing is that...	Дело в том, что...
The point is that...	Дело в том, что...
On the contrary	Наоборот
On purpose	Нарочно
Frankly speaking...	Честно говоря...
Speaking personally...	Лично я бы сказал...
I suppose...	Я предполагаю...
I mean...	Я имею в виду...
I guess...	Я подразумеваю...
I suggest...	Я предлагаю...
I wonder...	Мне интересно...
I bet...	Я держу пари...
I hope...	Я надеюсь...
I believe...	Я верю...
I consider...	Я считаю...
In addition...	В добавлении...
In fact	Фактически
In a manner	В некоторой степени
In a sense	В смысле

Indeed	В самом деле
Finally	В заключении
For example	К примеру
For instance	Например
For some reason	По причине
Further	В дальнейшем
Generally	Вообще
Hardly	Едва ли
Partly	Частично
Particularly	Особенно
Moreover	Кроме того
Mostly	Главным образом
Nevertheless	Тем не менее

Учебное издание

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