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Learning English through listening

Intermediate

Student's book

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УДК

Бул усулдук колдонмо Ош мамлекеттик университетинин Дүйнөлүк тилдер жана маданият факультетинин студенттери үчүн англис тилин үйрөнүүдө студенттин өз алдынча ишин тапшырууда кошумча каражат катары жарык көрдү.

Басмага Ош мамлекеттик университетинин Окумуштуулар Кенешин тарабынан сунуш кылынды.

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“Learning English through listening” - stories based on the several stories which were written by American and English writers. Stories help to develop students imagination by introducing new ideas into their world - ideas about fantastical world, other planets, different points in time and they will get acquainted with characters.

Preface

The purpose of this book is to share with English teachers the findings of the work whose main goal was to describe the impact of developing students' linguistic competence through listening and reading short stories. As we have seen, short stories are suitable for teaching a foreign language; however, teachers must choose appropriate materials according to their students' language ability. Otherwise, reading could be a very difficult task for them. When selecting the literary texts to be used in language classes, the language teacher should take into account needs, motivation, interests, cultural background and language level of the students. In fact, it is necessary for teachers to learn to know and understand their students in order to guide activities in a meaningful way, which can contribute to guaranteeing the success of academic work. the use of short stories in English classes is a way to find methods that motivate students' language learning because stories provide numerous benefits for teaching; the language used in these stories is commonly understandable for students and facilitates their engagement in reading. Likewise, mention some advantages of teaching English through short stories: "they make the students' reading task easier, they help students to be more creative, they raise cultural awareness, they reduce students' anxiety and help them feel more relaxed, they manage universal language and they involve fiction" In fact, these ideas guide teachers' work with meaningful activities that contribute greatly to students' learning. Short stories are interesting to use as material for personal enjoyment and also help students achieve better mastery in the development of language skills.

In addition to speaking, this study implements listening and reading as a way to encourage the development of language skills because these activities are considered authentic models of language use. Through them, students can internalize structure and pronunciation at the same time. Likewise, listening exercises help students to develop their aural comprehension, which is essential to communication.

Notes to the student

Dear students ! You will learn English through listening stories, like native English speakers do. This book is for English language students who are interested in learning English in a natural and interesting way.

This Book has 7 short ,easy-to-understand stories which you can use to test and improve your English.

A set of study questions at the end of each story allows students to monitor their progress. This English language book is perfect for ESL (English as a second language) students to help you improve your English grammar and English vocabulary. And you can improve your reading skills.

What does this book give you?

Eight stories in a variety of exciting genres, from the amazing adventure stories and the career successes of the story - making reading fun, while you learn a wide range of new vocabulary.

With intriguing plots that will spark your imagination and keep you r reading.

Short Stories in English for Intermediate Students will take your grasp of English to the next level with key features to support and consolidate your progress, including:

A glossary in each text

Full plot summary

Comprehension questions after each chapter.

As a result, you will be able to focus on enjoying reading, delighting in your improved range of vocabulary and grasp of the language, without ever feeling overwhelmed or frustrated. Short Stories in English for Intermediate students uses reading as the perfect tool to not only delight in learning English, but to accelerate your journey towards fluency.

Unit One

Daniel Defoe

Daniel Defoe's early life was not easy. He was born about 1660 in London to a poor, but hard-working butcher who was, in addition, a Dissenter from the Church of England. Because his father was a Dissenter, Daniel was unable to attend such traditional and prestigious schools as Oxford and Cambridge; instead, he had to attend a Dissenting academy, where he studied science and the humanities, preparing to become a Presbyterian minister. It was not long, however, before he decided against the ministry. Living for the rest of his life in the strict confines of a parish seemed stifling. Daniel recognized his independent, ambitious nature and wanted to be a part of the rapidly growing business world of London. So, after a short apprenticeship, he decided to set up his own haberdashery shop in a fashionable section of London.

Not only did Defoe prove that he had a flair for business, but he also tried his talents in yet another field: politics. England, in 1685, was ruled by James Stuart, a Catholic, who was strongly anti-Protestant. Defoe was a staunch believer in religious freedom and, during the next three years, he published several pamphlets protesting against the king's policies. This in itself was risky, but Defoe was never a man to be stopped when he felt strongly about an issue. Shortly thereafter, James Stuart was deposed, and Defoe held several part-time advisory positions under the new king.

In 1662, the economic boom that had created many rich men and increased employment suddenly collapsed. Foreign trade came to a sudden halt when war was declared with France. Among the many men whose fortunes disappeared was Daniel Defoe. Then, after several years of trying to pay off his debts, Defoe suffered another setback: King William died, and Defoe, still a fierce Dissenter, found himself persecuted once again. And, after he published a particularly sharp political satire, he found himself quartered in New gate Prison for three months. He

was finally released, but he had yet another ordeal to endure; he was fastened in a public pillory for three days.

When Defoe returned home, he found a failing business and a family wracked by poverty. His money gone, his family destitute, and his own health deteriorated, it is little wonder that Defoe compromised his principles and pledged to support his foremost adversary, Queen Anne.

Newly sworn to the Tory party, Defoe was soon writing again. Ironically, he began publishing a newspaper that was used for propaganda purposes by one of Queen Anne's chief politicians, a man who had been instrumental in Defoe's imprisonment. But Defoe could not silence his true political feelings and, several years later, he published several pamphlets and spent several more months in Newgate Prison. A year later, Defoe was arrested because of another political writing, but this time he avoided Newgate.

Defoe then tried a new tactic: He began secretly writing for his own party's journal, while publishing essays for the Tory journal.

In 1719, Defoe finished and published *Robinson Crusoe*, a long, imaginative literary masterpiece. It was popular with the public and has never lost its appeal to adventure and romance. Other novels soon followed, in addition to his multitude of articles and essays. But debts still plagued Defoe, and he died at 70, hiding in a boarding house, trying to evade a bill collector.

Warm up activity

Find Someone Who

This activity involves learners by asking them to try to find someone in the class who matches a description or knows certain information. It can be used to practice new vocabulary, to activate background knowledge, or to review concepts. You can also use it as a “getting to know you” activity to build community in the classroom. Students enjoy the mobility and sociability of the strategy.

Look at the table given below. You have to move around the class and find out the names of students having these travel habit.

Find someone who		Name
1	takes a lot of photos on holidays	
2	carries a lot of luggage	
3	gets excited before a journey	
4	always forgets to pack something important	
5	likes to travel for a long time	
6	usually buys clothes before travelling	
7	prefers to travel by train(by plane)	
8	likes to make a lot of friends	
9	is happy to return home after a holiday	

Pre-reading activity

Robinson Crusoe is a novel which tells a fictional tale about a castaway sailor’s life and his adventure on a deserted island. If just imagine that you were shipwrecked on a desert island you were alone:

What will you feel? What will you need? What would you write down as your experiences? Describe where you are? What are your feelings?

While-reading activity

One of the best way to learn English is to Learn English through stories. And here, we offer you a lot of amazing English stories, the collection of the best free audio-books for you to learn English as native speaker! They are really best English stories for both the ones who are using English as native language and as foreign language. Let's discover and enjoy them!

Post - reading. Make a list of the main events.

Read and Listen

Chapter One

My first sea journey

Before I begin my story, I would like to tell you a little about myself. I was born in the year 1632 in the city of New York in the north of England. My father was German, but he came to live and work in England. Soon after that, he married my mother, who was English. Her family name was Robinson, so when I was born, they called me Robinson, after her.

My father did well in his business and I went to a good school. He wanted me to get a good job and live a quiet comfortable life. But I didn't want that I wanted adventure and an exciting life. 'I want to be a sailor and go to sea, I told my mother and father. They were very unhappy about this. "Please don't go, 'my father said. You won't be happy, you know. Sailors have a difficult and dangerous life. "And because I loved him, and he was unhappy, I tried to forget about the sea. But I couldn't forget, and about a year later, I saw a friend in town. His father had a ship and my friend said to me. 'We're sailing to London tomorrow. Why don't you come with us".

And so, on September 1st, 1651, I went to Hull, and the next day we sailed for London. But a few days later, there was a strong wind. The sea was rough and dangerous, and the ship went up and down. I was very ill, and very afraid.

'Oh, I don't want to die. 'I cried. 'I want to live! If I live, I'll go home and never go to sea again!'

The next day the wind dropped, and the sea was quiet and beautiful again. I stayed in London for some time, but I still wanted to go to sea. So, when the captain of a ship asked me to go with him to Guinea in Africa, I agreed. And so I went to sea for the second time. It was a good ship and everything went well at first, but I was very ill again. Then, when we were near the Canary Islands, a Turkish pirate ship came after us. They were famous thieves of the sea at that time. There was a long, hard fight, but when it finished, we and the ship were prisoners.

The Turkish captain and his men took us to Salé in Morocco. They wanted to sell us as slaves in the markets there. But at the end the Turkish captain decided to keep me for himself, and took me home with him. This was a sudden and terrible change in my life. I was now a slave and this Turkish captain was my master.

Glossary

quite (adj) - making little or no noise

comfortable (adj) - providing physical ease and relaxation

a sailor (n) - a person who works on a boat or ship

dangerous (adj) - able or likely to cause harm or injury

drop (v) - fall vertically

a captain (n) - the person in command of a ship

a pirate (a) - a person who attacks and robs ships at sea

a prisoner (a) - a person legally committed to prison as a punishment for a crime

a slave (n) – a person who is the legal property of another and is forced to obey them

terrible (adj) - extremely bad or serious

Exercise A. Complete each sentence with a suitable word from the box.

seasickness poor business rough journey northern panic on foot
permission unsuccessful

1. York is a large city in ... England.
2. Robinson's mother tried to persuade his father to allow him one

3. If the journey was Robinson would return home.
4. Travel was only for the very ... who had nothing to lose.
5. Robinson went to London by sea without his parents'
6. The sea was very
7. The storm caused and destruction on the boat.
8. Robinson travelled to London
9. The voyage to Guinea went well, apart from the
10. Robinson decided to take the captain's ship and continue the ... in which he achieved success.

Exercise B. Choose the best answer a, b, c, or d to complete each sentence.

1. I ... a good upbringing from my parents.
a) receive b) received c) given d) collected
2. My father was ... from Germany.
a) originally b) firstly c) coming d) born
3. My father had done his best ... that travel was only for the very poor or for the very rich.
a) to tell b) to explain c) to convince d) to teach
4. I up with a friend who was going to London by sea.
a) talked b) saw c) spoke d) met
5. Together we ... the ship on September 1, 1651.
a) climbed b) sailed c) entered d) boarded
6. I could now understand what a ... life my father had lived and just how wrong I had been with my own thoughts.
a) simple b) lazy c) comfortable d) hard
7. Again I prayed to God to allow me to ... my mind and return home.
a) trade b) replace c) change d) exchange
8. I had bought many things in London that I was able ... to the people of Guinea.
a) to sell b) to give c) to buy d) to provide

Exercise C. What prepositions are missing from these sentences?

to	at	at	of	on	in	by	with
----	----	----	----	----	----	----	------

1. I never knew what happened ... the other.
2. My father had wanted me to think about a career ... law.
3. Middle-class boys should be happy ... a life of work.
4. I was ... the docks in Hull talking with sailors.
5. I began enjoying this life ... sea.
6. The sailors fired their guns as a signal ... distress.
7. I fainted ... the deck and was kicked aside by my mates.
8. I made my decision to travel to London ... land.

Exercise D. Complete the words in these sentences.

ashamed	faded	insignificant	begged	course	advice	settling
addiction rescued ship						

1. Robinson's father made his money in buying and selling before ... t ... down in York.
2. No a ... could ever change Robinson's thoughts of adventure at sea.
3. Robinson's father ... g ... him to forget about his wishes for adventure.
4. On September 1, 1651 Robinson left the harbour on a ... s ... for London.
5. The first storm was very small and ...i ... compared to others.
6. After the storm had stopped, Robinson's promises ... d ... away.
7. Robinson was ... e ... by a passing boat after he was forced to abandon ship.
8. Robinson decided to travel to London because he would be too... m ... to go home.
9. The captain had a s ...bound for Guinea in Africa.
10. The experience in Guinea caused within Robinson an ...i ...to travel and doing business with the local people of that part of the world.

Exercise E. Answer the following questions

1. Where was Robinson Crusoe born?
2. How many elder brothers did Robinson have?
3. What kind of career did Robinson's father want him to have?
4. What did Robinson's parents do when he told them about his wishes to travel?
5. What kind of life did Robinson's father think middle-class boys should be happy with?
6. Who did Robinson meet by chance at the docks in Hull?
7. What did Robinson think about watching the sun set and rise over the water?
8. Why did Robinson decide to travel to London instead of returning home?

Chapter Two

Down the coast of Africa

For two long years I lived the life of a slave. I worked in escape, but it was never possible. I thought about it day and night. My master liked to go fishing in a little boat, and he always took me with him. A man called Moely, and a young boy also went with us.

One day my master said to us, 'Some of my friends went to go fishing tomorrow. Get the boat ready. So we put a lot of food and drink on the boat, and the next morning, we waited for my master and his friends. But when my master arrived, he was alone. 'My friends don't want to go fishing today,' he said to me.' But you go with Moely and the boy, and catch some fish for our supper tonight!' Yes, master, 'I answered quietly, but inside I was excited. 'Perhaps now I can escape,' I said to myself.

My master went back to his friends and we took the boat out to sea. For a time we fished quietly, and then I moved carefully behind Moely and knocked him into the water. 'Swim!' cried. 'Swim to the shore!' My master liked to shoot seabirds and so there were guns on the boat. Quickly, I took one of these guns. Moely was swimming after the boat and shouted to him?

‘Go back to the shore! You can swim there-it’s not too far .I won’t hurt you, but if you come near the boat, I’ll shoot you through the head! ’So Moely turned, and swam back to the shore as quickly as he could.

Then I said to the boy, ‘Xury, if you help me, I’ll go over the world with you,’ he cried. I wanted to sail to the Canary Islands, but I was afraid to go too far from the shore. It was only a small boat, And so we sailed on south for some days. We had very little water, and it was dangerous country here, with many wild animals. We were afraid, but we often had to go on shore to get more water. Once I used a gun to shoot a wild animal. I don’t know what animal it was, but it made a good meal. For about ten or twelve days we sailed on south, down the coast of Africa. Then one day we saw some people on the shore-strange, wild people, who did not look friendly. By now we had very little food, and we really needed help. We were afraid, but we had to go on shore. At first, they were afraid of us, too. Perhaps white people never visited this coast. We did not speak their language, of course, so we used our hands and faces to show that we were hungry. They came with food for us, but then they moved away quickly. We worried the food to our boat, and they watched us. I tried to thank them, but I had nothing to give them. Just then two big wild cats came down to the shore from the mountains. I think they were leopards. The people were afraid of these wild cats, and the women cried out. Quickly, I took a gun, and shot one of the animals. The second wild cat ran back up into the mountains. Guns were new to these African people, and they were afraid of the loud noise and the smoke. But they were happy about the dead wild cat. I gave them the meat of the dead animal, and they gave us more food and water.

We now had a lot of food and water, and we sailed on. Eleven days later we came near the Cape Verde Islands. We could see them, but we couldn’t get near because there was no wind. We waited. Suddenly Xury called to me, Look, a ship!

He was right! We called and shouted and sailed our little boat as fast as we could. But the ship did not see us. Then I remembered the guns which made a lot of smoke. A few minutes later the ship saw us and turned. When we were on the

ship, the Portuguese captain listened to my story. He was going to Brazil and agreed to help me, but he wanted nothing for his help. 'No, he said, when I tried to pay him. 'Perhaps, one day, someone will help me when I need it.' But he gave me money for my boat, and for Xury, too. At first, I did not want to sell Xury as a slave, after all our dangerous adventures together. But Xury was happy to go to the captain, was a good man. 'In ten years' time, 'he said,'Xury can go free.' When we arrived in Brazil three weeks later, I said goodbye to the captain and Xury, left the ship, and went to begin a new life.

Glossary

1.fishing(n) - the activity of catching fish, either for food or as a sport.

2.knock-givingahardblow

3.gun - a weapon metal tube from which bullets, shells or other missiles are propelled by explosive force

4.shore—the land along the edge of a sea or lake

5.shoot—kill or wound (a person or animal) with a bullet

6.coast-the part of the land adjoining or near the sea

7.leopard-is a large strong cat of Southern Asia and Africa

8.smoke - a visible suspension of carbon or other particles in air

Exercise A. Define whether the following statements are true or false.

1. After a short battle with Turkish pirates, Robinson was taken captive.
2. Robinson's new master made him do fun and exciting work.
3. Xury was thrown off the boat by Robinson.
4. Xury shot a rabbit-like creature which provided a very good meal.
5. Two leopards were shot on the island.
6. The sea captain was extremely rude.
7. If Xury became Christian, the sea captain would let him go in twelve years.
8. Wells was the name of Robinson's Portuguese neighbour.
9. Robinson wished he had not sold Xury.

10. British goods were not very valuable in Brazil.

Exercise B. Complete each sentence with a suitable word from the box.

safe	slave	signs	catch	merchants	disaster	exchange
Farm	cannibals	honest				

1. Xury and I saw no ... of human life.
2. I was terrified these naked black people might be
3. We set off trying to ... up.
4. As Xury did not seem to find this a problem, I allowed the
5. The captain told a friend of his, a good and ... man, that I might be useful to him.
6. Together, we slowly started to ... more and more of what we had farmed.
7. With the money I was able to buy a ... and a servant.
8. What was the purpose of this ... and comfortable life?
9. Three ... came to me and explained they wanted to buy Negroes for their own plantations.
10. I hesitated for a moment, only to think that it might mean financial.

Exercise C. Answer the questions

1. Why did Robinson only take 100 pounds of his new-found wealth?
2. What happened on course towards the Canary Islands?
3. How long was Robinson a prisoner in Salée?
4. Who accompanied Robinson on his voyages after he escaped?
5. Why were Robinson and Xury forced to go on land?
6. Where was the Portuguese ship sailing?
7. What did the sea captain buy from Robinson?
8. What did Robinson do after seeing how rich farm owners were becoming?
9. When did Robinson board the ship from Brazil to Africa?

Exercise E. Create new your own ideas about this chapter?.

Chapter Three

The Storm and the shipwreck

I stayed in Brazil and worked hard for some years, By then I was rich...but also bored. One day some friends came to me and said, 'we're going to Africa to do business. Why don't you come with us? We'll all be rich after this journey!'.

How stupid I was! I had an easy, comfortable life in Brazil, but,of course, I agreed. And so in 1659, I went to sea again. At first, all went well, but then there was a terrible storm. For twelve days the wind and the rain didn't stop. We lost three men in the sea, and soon the ship had holes in its sides we're all going to die this time, 'I said to myself. Then one morning one of the sailors saw land, but the next minute our ship hit some sand just under sea.

The ship could not move and we were really in danger now. The sea was trying to break the ship into pieces, and we had very little time. Quickly, we put a boat into the sea and got off the ship. But the sea was very rough and our little boat could not live for long in that wild water. Half an hour later the angry sea turned our boat over and we were all in the water. I looked round for my friends, but I could see nobody. I was alone that day I was lucky, and the sea carried me to the shore. I could not see the land, only mountains of water all around me. Then, suddenly, I felt the ground under my feet. Another mountain of water came, pushed me up the beach, and I fell on the wet sand.

At first I was very thankful to be alive. Slowly, I got to my feet and went higher up the shore. From there, I looked out to sea. I could see our ship, but it was wrecked and there was nobody near it. There was nobody in the water. All my friends were dead. I was alive, but in a strange wild country, with no food, no water, and no gun.

It was dark now and I was tired. I was afraid to sleep on the shore. Perhaps there were wild animals there. So I went up into a tree and I stayed there all night.

Exercise A. Identify the correct tense.

1. We ... disheartened.
a) is becoming b) was becoming c) becomes d) became
2. We ... swallowed by the sea's undercurrent and surely drown.
a) are being b) had been c) would be d) should be
3. I ... very weak and ill.
a) is feeling b) felt c) feels d) was being felt
4. I ... painfully for my friends.
a) grieved b) was grieved c) has grieved d) could be grieved
5. I ... out to the ship and took a few pieces of wood to build a raft.
a) was swimming b) swam c) am swimming d) swim
6. The storm started again and I ... to remain on land.
a) am forced b) was forced c) have forced d) had forced
7. The following morning the ship
a) had disappeared b) has disappeared
c) have disappeared d) was disappearing
8. There ... no people, only wild animals.
a) is b) has c) was d) were
9. In this way I ... my calendar.
a) keeps b) was kept c) am kept d) kept
10. I ... to be inventive and improvise.
a) was being able b) is able c) was able d) were able

Exercise B . Answer the following questions

1. Why was the ship not going to make it to its destination?
2. How many people were left on the ship?
3. What happened to the ship?
4. Why did Robinson climb a tree?
5. Why did Robinson feel fortunate?
6. How was Robinson able to remember how long he was on the island?
7. To make himself feel better, what kind of list did Robinson make?
8. What did Robinson begin thinking he could do?

Chapter Four

A new life on an island

When day came, the sea was quiet again. I looked for our ship and to my surprise, it was still there and still in one piece. 'I think I can swim to it,' I said to myself. So I walked down to the sea and before long, I was at the ship and was swimming round it. But how could I get on to it?

In the end, I got in through a hole in the side, it wasn't easy. There was a lot of water in the ship, but the sand under the sea was still holding the ship in one place. The back of the ship was high out of the water, and I was very thankful for this because all the ship's food was there. I was very hungry, so I began to eat something at once. Then I decided to take some of it back to the shore with me. But how could I get it there?

I looked around the ship, and after a few minutes, I found some long pieces of wood. I tied them together with rope. Then I got the things that I wanted from the ship. There was a big box of food-rice, and salted meat, and hard ship's bread. I also took many strong knives and other tools, the ship's sails and ropes, paper, pens, books and seven guns. Now I needed a little sail from the ship, and then I was ready.

Slowly and carefully, I went back to the shore. It was difficult to stop my things from falling into the sea, but in the end I got everything on to the shore.

Now I needed somewhere to keep my things. There were some hills around me, so I decided to build myself a little house on one of them. I walked to the top of the highest hill and looked down, I was very unhappy, because I saw then that I was on an island. There were two smaller islands a few miles away, and after that, only the sea. Just the sea, for mile after mile after mile. After a time, I found a little cave in the side of a hill. In front of it, there was a good place to make a home, So, I used the ship's sails, rope, and pieces of wood, and after a lot of hard work I had a very fine tent. The cave at the back of my tent was a good place to keep my food, and so I called it my 'kitchen'. That night, I went to sleep in my new home.

The next day I thought about the possible dangers on the island. Were there wild animals, and perhaps wild people too, on my island? I didn't know, but I was very afraid. So I decided to build a very strong fence. I cut down young trees and put them in the ground, in a half circle around the front of my tent. I used many of the ship's ropes too, and in the end my fence was as strong as a stone wall. Nobody could get over it, through it, or round it.

Making tents and building fences is hard work. I needed many tools to help me. So I decided to go back to the ship again, and get some more things.

I went back twelve times, I was very unhappy. 'Why am I alive, and why are all my friends dead?' I asked myself what will happen to me now, alone on this island without friends? How can I ever escape from it? Then I told myself that I was lucky-lucky to be alive. lucky to have food and tools, lucky to be young and strong. But I knew that my island was somewhere off the coast of South America. Ships did not often come down this coast, and I said to myself. 'I'm going to be on this island for a long time. 'So, on a long piece of wood, I cut these words?

I CAME HERE ON 30TH SEPTEMBER 1659

After that, I decided to make a cut for each day.

Glossary

- 1. hole** – a place or position that needs to be filled because someone or smth is no longer there
- 2. rope** – a length of thick strong cord made by twisting together strands of hemp, nylon, similar materials
- 3. tool** - a device or implement, especially one held in the hand
- 4. knives** – plural noun, large knife
- 5. hill** - a naturally raised area of land , not as high
- 6. cave** – a natural underground chamber in a hillside
- 7. island** - a piece of land surrounded by water
- 8. fence** - enclosing an area of ground to prevent

9. tent – a portable shelter made of cloth , supported one or more poles

Exercise A. Which article (a / an / the / any / some) should go in the spaces below?

1. I discovered ... location of the shipwreck.
2. I spent ... first night in the tent in a hammock.
3. I fixed ... cave's ceiling.
4. While emptying bags from the ship, I shook out ... pieces of corn.
5. If ... earthquake happened again I would be in a less dangerous position.
6. The next morning I began reading ... New Testament.
7. I discovered that ... of my grapes had been stepped on.
8. I finished the new place in time for ... following rainy season.

Exercise B. Choose the best answer a, b, c, or d to complete each sentence

1. I went ... by making an entrance and an exit to my home.
a) additional b) extra c) further d) more
2. A large ... of dirt fell in from the roof or the cave.
a) total b) amount c) number d) figure
3. When there were problems, I ... succeeded in fixing them.
a) almost b) generally c) in general d) never
4. After the rain fell, barley , ... no tending of my own, began to appear.
a) after b) during c) under d) through
5. I found myself in the ... of a violent earthquake.
a) end b) beginning c) edge d) middle
6. My sickness was making me think about God again and so I prayed ... to him.
a) directly b) honestly c) indirectly d) frankly
7. When I awoke, I felt ... better.
a) much b) very c) such d) full

8. I decided I would explore the ... of the island.

a) all b) everything c) remaining d) rest

Exercise C. Answer the questions.

1. What did Robinson start to build around his house?
2. How did Robinson describe the island in his diary?
3. What happened to the wild cat Robinson killed on November 5th?
4. How did storage shelves help in Robinson's home?
5. What became Robinson's greatest annoyance?
6. What happened to the ship during the hurricane?
7. What kind of visions did Robinson have during his illness?
8. What was Robinson's home-made medicine for illness made from?

Chapter Five

Learning to live alone

I still needed a lot of things. 'Well. I said,' I'm going to have to make them. 'So, every day, I worked.

First of all, I wanted to make my cave bigger. I carried out stone from the cave, and after many days' hard work I had a large cave in the side of the hill. Then I needed a table, and a chair, and that was my next job. I had to work on them for a long time. I also wanted to make places to put all my food, and all my tools and guns. But every time I wanted a piece of wood, I had to cut down a tree. It was long, slow, difficult work and during the next months I learnt to be very clever with my tools. There was no hurry. I had all the time in the world. I also went out every day, and I always had my gun with me. Sometimes I killed a wild animal, and then I had meat to eat.

But when it got dark, I had to go to bed because I had no light. I couldn't see. For a long time, I didn't know what to do. But in the end, I learnt how to use the fat of dead animals to make a light. The weather on my island was usually very hot, and there were often storms and heavy rain. The next June, it rained all the time ,

I couldn't go out very often. I was also in for some weeks, but slowly, I got better. When I was stronger, I began to go out again. The first time I killed a wild animal, and the second time I caught a big turtle.

I was on the island for ten months before I visited other parts of it. During those months I worked hard on my cave and my house and my fence. Now I was ready to find out more about the rest of the island.

First, I walked along the side of a little river. There, I found open ground without trees. Later, I came to more trees with many different fruits. I decided to take a lot of the fruit, and to put it to dry in the sun for a time. Then I could keep it for many months. That night I went to sleep in a tree for the second time, and the next day I went on with my journey. Soon I came to an opening in the hills. In front of me everything was green, and there were flowers everywhere. There were also a lot of different birds and animals. I saw that my house was on the worst side of the island. But I didn't want to move from there. It was my home now. I stayed away for three days, and then I came home. But it often went back to the other, greener side of the island. And so my life went on. Every month I learnt to do or to make something new. But I had troubles and accidents too. Once there was a terrible storm with very heavy rain. The roof of my cave fell in, and nearly killed me! I had to build it up again with many pieces of wood.

I had a lot of wood now. I cooked it over a fire or dried it in the sun. So I always had meat during the rainy months when I could not go out with a gun. I learnt to make pots to keep my food in. But I wanted very much to make a harder, stronger pot-a-pot that would not break in a fire. I tried many times, but I could not to it. Then one day I was lucky. I made some new pots and put them in a very hot fire. They changed colour, but did not break. I left them there for many hours, and when they were cold again I found that they were hard and strong. That night I was happy. I had hot water for the first time on the island. By then, I also had my own bread. That was luck, too. One day I found a little bag. We used it on the ship, to keep the chickens' food in. There was still some of the food in the bag and I dropped some of it onto the ground. A month later I saw something bright green

there, and after six months I had a very small field of corn. I was very excited. Perhaps now I could make my own bread! It was easy to say, but not so easy to do. It is a lot of work to make bread from corn. Many people eat bread, but how many people can take corn from a field and make bread out of it without help? I had to learn and to make many new things, and it was a year before I cooked and ate my first bread.

During all this time I never stopped thinking about escape. When I travelled across to the other side of the island, I could see the other islands, and I said to myself, perhaps I can get there with a boat. Perhaps I can get there with a boat. Perhaps I can get back to England one day. So I decided to make myself a boat. I cut down a big tree, and then began to make a long hole in it. It was hard work, but about six months later, I had a very fine canoe. Next, I had to get bit down to the sea. How stupid I was! Why didn't I think before I began work? Of course, the canoe was too heavy. I couldn't move it! I pulled and pushed and tried everything, but it didn't move. I was very unhappy for a long time after that. That happened in my fourth year on the island. In my sixth year I did make myself a smaller canoe, but I did not try to escape in it. The boat was too small for a long journey, and I did not want to die at sea. The island was my home now, not my to die at sea. The island was my home now, not my prison, and I was just happy to be alive. A year or two later, I made myself a second canoe on the other side of the island. I also built myself a second other side of the island. I also built myself a second house there, so I had two homes.

Exercise A. Define whether the following statements are true of false.

1. Robinson had learned how to profit from the rainy season and the dry season.
2. There was very little food on the island.
3. Scavenging birds were a problem for the crops.
4. It took six months to make the tools needed to make grain for bread.
5. A kiln was used to make clothes.
6. Robinson's parrot was named Polly.

7. Money was very valuable on the island.
8. Robinson's clothes started falling apart during his fourth year on the island.

Exercise B. Complete each sentence with a suitable word from the box.

Outdoors luxuries sittings butter footprint canal wind society complicated

1. Many times Robinson slept ... in trees to protect himself from wild animals.
2. On the second anniversary, Robinson thanked God for the ... and good fortune he had had.
3. Robinson was happier with a isolated existence than the life he had previously had in normal
4. Robinson read the Bible in three separate ... a day.
5. Robinson couldn't believe how ... it was to make bread.
6. The only way to get the first boat to the water's edge was to build a
7. Slowly the ... changed, and Robinson was able to get back to shore.
8. Goats provided milk to make ... and cheese.
9. Robinson noticed a man's ... near one of his boats.

Exercise C. Choose the best answer a, b, c, or d to complete each sentence.

1. This was the first word I heard since ... on the island.
a) land b) landing c) to land d) landed
2. I decided to try and repair the wrecked ship's boat, but it kept
a) sinking b) sunk c) sinks d) sank
3. I spent much of my time ... the significant dates in my life.
a) remembering b) remember c) to remember d) remembered
4. At this point though my clothes started ... apart.
a) to falling b) fell c) falling d) fall
5. I became terribly frightened when I heard a voice ... my name.
a) was called b) called c) calls d) calling
6. I was able to do more and more to ... my building projects.
a) furthers b) farther c) further d) far
7. While ... one of my boats, I noticed a man's footprints near it.
a) visit b) visiting c) visited d) visits

8. My faith in God was being

a) challenged b) challenging c) a challenge d) challenges

Exercise D. Answer the following questions

1. What did he want to do first?
2. How long did it take?
3. What did he need after that?
4. Did it take a long time to make them?
5. Why did he have to go to bed early?
6. Did he learn how to make a light?
8. How long was it before he visited the rest of the island?
9. What kind of food did he find?
10. Where did he sleep that night?
11. How long did he stay away?
12. Did he often visit the other side of the island?
13. Did he have enough food during the rainy months?
14. What did he have for the first time on the island?
15. What did he see a month later?
16. What did he never stop thinking about?
17. How long did it take to make a canoe?
19. Then he had a problem. What was it?
20. What did he use to make clothes ?

Chapter Six

A footprint

Then, one year, something strange and terrible happened. I often walked along the shore, and one day I saw something in the sand. I went over to look at it more carefully, and stopped in sudden surprise. It was a footprint – the footprint of a man!

Who could this be? Afraid, I looked around me. I listened. I waited. Nothing, I was more and more afraid. Perhaps this man was one of those wild people who killed and ate other men! I looked everywhere, but there was nobody, and no other footprint. I turned and hurried home. 'There's someone on my island,' I said to myself. 'Perhaps he knows about me ... Perhaps he's watching me now from behind a tree...Perhaps he wants to kill me. 'That night I couldn't sleep. The next day I got all my guns ready and I put more wood and young trees around my house. Nobody could see me now. But, after fifteen years alone on the island, I was afraid, and I did not leave my cave for three days. In the end, I had to go out to milk my goats. But for two years I was afraid. I stayed near my home and I never used my guns because I didn't want to make a noise. I could not forget the footprint, but I saw and heard nothing more, and slowly I began to feel happier. One day, a year later, I was over on the west side of the island. From there I could see the other islands, and I could also see a boat, far out to sea. 'If you have a boat,' I thought, 'it's easy to sail across to this island. Perhaps that explains the footprint – it was a visitor from one of the other islands.' I began to move more freely around the island again, and built myself a third house. It was a very secret place in a cave. 'No wild man will ever find that,' I said to myself. Then one year something happened which I can never forget. I was again on the west side of the island and was walking along the shore. Suddenly, I saw something which made me feel ill. There were heads, arms, feet, and other pieces of men's bodies everywhere. For a minute, I couldn't think, and then I understood. Sometimes there were fights between the wild men on the other islands. Then they came here to my island with their prisoners, to kill them, cook

them, and eat them. Slowly, I went home, but I was very angry. How could men do this?

For many months I watched carefully for the smoke from fires, but I didn't see anything. Somehow the wild men came and went, and I never saw them. I was angry and afraid. I wanted to shoot them all, but there were many of them and only one of me. 'Perhaps I can shoot two or three,' I said to myself, 'but then they will kill and eat me.' Then, one morning in my twenty-third year on the island, I was out in my fields and I saw the smoke from a fire. Quickly, I went up the hill to watch.

There were nine men around the fire, and they were cooking their terrible food. Then these wild men danced round the fire, singing and shouting. This went on for about two hours, and then they got into their boats and sailed away. I went down to the shore and saw the blood of the dead men on the sand. 'The next time they come, I'm going to kill them,' I said angrily.

Exercise A . Complete each sentence with a suitable word from the box.

attacking goats bones prisoner souls abroad graves lookout location exhausted

1. People must have come from ... in boats.
2. The goats were moved to a more distant ... and divided into two groups.
3. Robinson found himself more preoccupied with caring for his
4. Robinson thought about the best way of ... the cannibals.
5. Two canoes were seen from a ... point.
6. The ... of human beings were found on the shore.
7. Two unfortunate ... were pulled from the boat.
8. The ... bowed down and rested his head on Robinson's feet.

Exercise B.. Choose the best answer a, b, c, or d to complete each sentence.

1. As I walked I was always ...
a) afraced b) afeared c) afraid d) afrighted
2. My fear of cannibals ... on the island was confirmed.
a) are b) being c) to be d) were
3. As time passed I became more comfortable with these ... events.
a) recently b) recent c) currently d) near
4. I began a daily tour to look out for ... ships.
a) approach b) approachable c) approached d) approaching
5. I continued my ... life and gave thanks to God.
a) isolating b) isolationary c) isolate d) isolated
6. Friday became a ... servant.
a) loyal b) loyally c) loyalty d) loyalness
7. I made it my aim to turn Friday into a ... human-being.
a) civilised b) educated c) civilian d) civil
8. I had discovered a ... reason for living.
a) wonder b) wonderful c) amazing d) greatest

Exercise C. Answer the following questions.

1. What did he see?
2. How did he feel?
3. Could he sleep that night?
4. How many years had he been on the island?
5. How long did he stay inside his cave?
6. In the end, why did he go out?
7. How many years was he afraid?
8. Why didn't he use his guns?
9. Where was he one day a year later?
10. What could he see far out to sea?
11. Where did he build his third house?
12. What did he see that made him feel ill?
13. What did he want to do?
14. How many years had he been on the island?
15. How many men were there?

16. What were they cooking?

17. How long were they dancing, singing and shouting?

Chapter Seven

Main Friday

For two years I never went anywhere without my gun. I felt lonely and afraid, and had many sleepless nights. One night there was a very bad storm, and I thought I heard the sound of guns out at sea. The next morning I looked out, and saw a ship. It was lying on its side not far from the shore. Quickly, I put my little boat in the water and sailed out to it. There were two dead men on the ship, but no one alive. The bodies of the other sailors were lost in the sea. I took some clothes and tools, and also a box of Spanish gold and silver money. I was a rich man now, but what use was money to me? I could not buy anything with it. I wanted people, a friend, somebody to talk to ... somebody who could help me escape from my island. One morning I woke up and made a plan. 'I'll try to catch one of the prisoners of the wild men,' I said to myself. 'He'll be happy to be alive and perhaps he'll help me to escape.' I watched day and night, but for a year and a half there were no boats. Then one day five boats came. There were about thirty men and they had two prisoners. They made their fire on the sand and danced round it. Then they killed one of the prisoners and began to cook their terrible meal. The second prisoner waited under the trees, with two men to watch him. Suddenly, the prisoner turned and ran. The two men ran after him, but the other wild men were busy round the fire and did not see what was happening. The prisoner ran like a wild goat, and soon I saw that he was coming near the bottom of my hill. As fast as I could, I ran down the hill and jumped out of the trees between the prisoner and the two wild men. I hit the first man with the wooden end of my gun and he fell down, but I had to shoot the second man. The poor prisoner did not move. He was afraid of the noise of my gun. I called to him and tried to show him that I was friendly. Slowly, he moved nearer to me, but just then the first wild man began to get up from the ground. Then the

prisoner spoke and I understood that he wanted my sword. How happy I was to hear words again! I gave him my sword, and at once he cut off the head of his enemy. Hurriedly, we hid the dead bodies under some leaves, and then left quickly. I took my prisoner to my secret cave on the other side of the island and gave him food and drink. After that, he went to sleep. He was a fine young man, about twenty-five years old, tall and well-built, with a kind face and a nice smile. He had a brown skin, black hair, bright eyes and strong white teeth. I decided to give him the name of 'Man Friday', because I first saw him on a Friday. When he woke up in the morning, he ran out to me. I was milking my goats in the field, and he got down on the ground and put his head near my foot. I understood that he was thanking me, and I tried to show him that I was his friend. I began to teach him to speak English, and soon he could say his name, 'Master', and 'Yes' and 'No'. How good it was to hear a man's voice again! Later that day we went back to my first house. We went carefully along the beach, but there were no boats and no wild men. Just blood and bones all over the sand. I felt ill, but Friday wanted to eat the pieces of men's bodies which were still on the ground. I showed him that this was terrible for me, and he understood. When we got to my house, I gave Man Friday some trousers, and I made him a coat and a hat. He liked his new clothes very much. Then I made him a little tent to sleep in, but for a few weeks I always took my gun to bed with me. Perhaps Friday was still a wild man and would try to kill me in the night. At first, Friday was very afraid of my gun. Sometimes he talked to it, and asked it not to kill him. Friday was a quick learner and his English got better day by day. He helped me with the goats and with the work in the cornfields, and soon we were good friends. I enjoyed teaching him and, most of all, having a friend to talk to. This was the happiest to fall my years on the island. Friday and I lived together happily for three years. I told him the story of my adventures and about life in England, and he told me about his country and his people. One day we were at the top of the highest hill on the island, and we were looking out to sea. It was a very clear day and we could see a long way. Suddenly, Friday began to jump up and down, very excited.

‘What’s the matter?’ I said. ‘Look, Master, look!’ Friday cried. ‘I can see my country. Look over there!’ I looked, and there to the north-west, between the sea and the sky, was a long thin piece of land. I learnt later that it was the island of Trinidad, and that my island was in the mouth of the River Orinoco on the north coast to South America. I began to think again about escape. Perhaps Friday wanted to go home too. Perhaps together we could get to his country. But what then? Would Friday still be my friend, or would his people kill me and eat me? I took Friday to the other side of the island and showed him my big canoe. It still lay under the trees. It was very old now, and there were holes in the wood. ‘Could a boat like this sail to your country, Friday?’ I asked him. ‘Oh yes,’ he answered. ‘A boat like this can carry a lot of food and drink.’ ‘Then we’ll make another canoe like it, and you can go home in it,’ I said. But Friday looked very unhappy. ‘Why are you angry with me?’ he asked. ‘What have I done? Why do you want to send me home?’ ‘But I thought you wanted to go home,’ I said. ‘Yes. But you must come with me. Kill me if you want, but don’t send me away from you!’ Then I saw that Friday was a true friend, and so I agreed to go with him. We began work on the canoe at once. Friday chose the tree himself – he understood wood better than I did – and we cut it down. We worked hard and in a month the boat was finished. Two weeks later it was in the sea, and we began to get ready for our long journey.

Exercise A . Say whether the following statements are true or false.

1. Robinson and Friday were preparing to leave the island during the rainy season.
2. Robinson’s initial plan was to kill all the cannibals.
3. Robinson, Friday and Christians didn’t kill all the cannibals – some of them escaped in a boat.
4. Christians and Friday went back in a boat to gather men.
5. The mutineers wanted to kill their prisoners.
6. Robinson decided to save the English prisoners on two conditions.

7. The mutineers were taken back to England.
8. Upon arriving in England, Robinson found himself to be a very wealthy man.
9. Robinson got married and had two children.
10. The island on which Robinson spent most of his life always remained empty.

Exercise B. Complete each sentence with a suitable word from the box.

disaster caution bring battle blood invitation conditions plantation secrets
mutineers

1. The cannibals were hurt and covered in ... Robinson's island.
3. Robinson approached the prisoners with ... and asked what they were doing there.
4. The prisoners would be saved on two
5. The two evil men were killed when the ... began.
6. The ... wouldn't be able to find their friends who were hidden in Robinson's home.
7. It would have been a ... if the men returned to the ship and sailed away.
8. Robinson explained some of his ... of survival to the men and left a letter for Christians.
9. Robinson had become extremely wealthy through farming and so he sold his
10. The Spaniards arrived on the island by the ... of Friday's father and Christians.

Exercise C. Choose the best answer a, b, c, or d to complete each sentence.

1. They were naked, unarmed and
a) inferior b) inferiors c) inferiority d) interfere
2. My plan was to ... them away with the sound of gunfire.
a) scare b) scary c) scared d) scar
3. I was ... to see they were eating the cooked flesh from one of the prisoners.
a) discussed b) disgust c) disgusted d) disgusting
4. He immediately jumped up and started trying to kill any cannibals who

5. I was very happy that my island could now be ... as populated.
 a) guarded b) regarding c) regulated d) regarded
6. Christians and Friday's father went back in a canoe ... the men.
 a) get b) got c) together d) to get
7. At first the men believed I had been an angel sent by God and they began
 a) cries b) crying c) cried d) cried
8. He had been the captain of the ship but his men had
 a) mutinied b) mutineer c) mutant d) mutiny

Exercise D. .Answer the questions

1. What did he see the next morning?
2. Did he find anyone alive?
3. How long did he wait for the boats to come?
4. Where was the other prisoner waiting?
5. How many men ran after him?
6. What was the prisoner afraid of?
7. Why was Robinson happy?
8. Who killed the wild man?
- 9.. How old was the young man?
10. Why did Robinson call him Man Friday?
11. Where did they go later that day?
12. Did they see any boats?
13. Did they see any wild men?
14. What did they see?
15. Was Robinson afraid of Friday at first?
16. What did he take to bed with him?
17. What was Friday afraid of?
18. Did they become good friends?
19. How long did they live happily together?
20. What did Robinson begin to think about again?

Chapter Eight

Escape from the island

I was now in my twenty-seventh year on the island, and I did not want to be there for another year. We worked hard to get the corn in, and to make a lot of bread. We had dried fruit and salted meat, and big pots to keep water in. One evening Friday went out to look for a turtle for meat and eggs. But in less than an hour he was back, and he looked very afraid. 'Master! Master!' he cried. 'There's a great ship near the island, and men are coming to the shore in a boat!' I jumped up and ran with him down to the shore. To my great surprise, I saw that it was an English ship! But why was it here? English ships never came this way. Perhaps they were pirates! 'Don't let them see you, Friday!' I called. 'We'll hide in the tree sand watch. 'There were eleven men in the boat, but three of them were prisoners. Their arms were tied with rope, but their legs were free and they could walk. The other sailors pushed the three prisoners up the beach, laughing and shouting and hitting them. Then some of them sat down on the sand and began to drink. Others walked away to look at the island, and two men stayed to watch the boat. The three prisoners walked slowly along the beach and sat down under a tree, not far from us. They looked very unhappy. Very quietly, I came up behind them through the trees, and called out to them in English. 'Don't be afraid,' I said. 'I'm an Englishman. Perhaps I can help you.' The three men turned and looked at me. They did not answer at once; they were too surprised. Perhaps they thought I was a wild man myself, in my strange homemade clothes of animals' skins, and with my long hair and beard. Then the oldest man spoke. 'I am the captain of that ship,' he said, 'and these two men are my first and second officers. Last night there was a mutiny, and the seamen took the ship from me. Now they're going to leave the three of us here, to die on this island.' 'Only two,' he answered, 'and they've left those on the boat.' 'All right,' I said. 'We'll fight them, but if we get your ship back for you, you must take me back to England. 'The captain agreed immediately and thanked me very warmly for my help. Friday ran back to my house to get all the guns, and the

captain and I made a plan. The first part was easy because the seamen were not ready for a fight. We shot the two men at the boat, and the captain shot another man. This man, Tom Smith, was the worst of them all and he began the mutiny on the ship. Then the captain talked to the other five men, and they agreed to help him. They did not really want to be mutineers, but they were afraid of Tom Smith. 'Now,' I said to the captain, 'we must get back your ship. How many men are on it?'

'Twenty-six,' the captain replied, 'and they will fight hard because they won't want to go home. It is death for all mutineers in England. But not all the men are bad. I'm sure that some of them will help me. 'Just then we saw another boat, which was coming from the ship to the shore. There were ten men in it, and they all had guns. We ran into the trees and waited. It was a long hard fight, but by now it was dark and this helped us very much. We ran here and there in the trees, calling and shouting. The seamen could not see us and did not know how many men they were fighting. In the end the first officer shouted to them: 'Put down your guns and stop fighting! The captain has fifty island people to help him. We can kill you all!' So the seamen stopped fighting and we took their guns. Three of the men agreed to come back to the captain, and we put the others in my cave. Friday and I stayed to watch the prisoners, while the captain and his men went back to fight for the ship. All night we listened to the sound of guns and shouting, but in the morning, when the sun came up, the captain was master of his ship again. I went down to the shore to meet him. 'My dear friend,' he cried. 'There's your ship! I'll take you to the ends of the world in it!' I put my arms round him, and we laughed and cried together. How happy I was to leave the island! My good friend Friday came with me, of course, but we left the mutineers on the island. We decided not to kill them; they could begin a new life on the island. I showed them my three houses, my cornfields and my goats, and all my tools. Their life would be easy because of all my hard work for so many years.

And so, on the nineteenth of December 1686 – after twenty-seven years, two

months and nineteen days – I said goodbye to my island and sailed home to England.

Exercise A . Identify the correct pronoun.

1. Friday was the person who / what saw three canoes arriving on the island.
2. Robinson gave Friday a knife and took and took a sword and gun for myself / himself.
3. When Robinson untied the man, he discovered that he / it was Spanish.
4. Friday and Robinson gave the prisoners some bread and water and made they / them some beds.
5. Robinson started talking to the Spaniard, who / whose name was Christians.
6. The captain said that there were only two men in the group who /whom were truly evil.
7. It seemed like the men might sail away, that / which would have been a disaster.
8. Robinson was able to provide for his sisters, the education of their children and that / those of his brother's children.

Exercise B. Match pairs of words that have opposite meanings.

Naked		uninhabited
alive		devil
ecstatic		depressed
populated		dressed
angel	dead	

Exercise C. Design a questionnaire to gather further information?

Chapter Nine

Home in England

When I came back to England, I felt like a stranger in the country. Many things were different, and not many people remembered me. I went home to York, but my father and mother were dead, and also my two brothers. I did find the two sons of one of my brothers. They were happy to learn that I was alive, and I was pleased to find some family. After some months I decided to go down to Lisbon in Portugal. I had friends there who could help me to sell my land in Brazil, and I needed the money. Friday came with me. He was always a good and true friend to me. In Lisbon I found the Portuguese captain, who took me in his ship to Brazil, all those years ago. It was good to see him again, and he helped me with my business. Soon I was ready to go home again – by land. No more adventures and dangers by sea for me! It was a long, hard journey. We had to cross the mountains between Spain and France in winter, and the snow was deep. Poor Friday was very afraid of the snow. In his country it was always hot, and he did not like cold weather. Back in England I found a house and began to live a quiet life. My two nephews came to live with me. The younger one wanted to be a sailor, and so I found him a place on a ship. After a while I married, and had three children, two sons and a daughter. Then my wife died, and my nephew, who was now the captain of a ship, came home to see me. He knew that I did not really like a quiet life. ‘I have a fine ship, uncle,’ he said. ‘I’m going out to the East Indies – India, Malaya, the Philippines ...Why don’t you come with me?’

And so, in 1694, I went to sea again, and had many more adventures. Perhaps one day I’ll write another book about them.

Exercise A. Answer the questions

1. How did he feel when he returned to England?
2. Did many people remember him?
3. Why did he want to sell his land in Brazil?
4. Who went with him?

5. Did he go home by ship?
6. Was the journey easy?
7. Who was afraid of the snow?
8. Who came to live with him?.
9. Did Robinson really like a quiet life?
10. What year did he go to sea again?

B. There is a mistake with one of the verbs in each sentence.

Underline the mistake and write the correct form in the space provided below each sentence.

1. He should not hide his panic so I gave him some rum.

2. We started to shooting down from our hiding spot at the cannibals.

3. I was very touching by this human emotion.

4. I would have liked to join these Europeans, but I feared to become a prisoner myself.

5. To prepare for this, we all worked hard increase the farming and breeding.

6. Once the captain had to win his boat back, he told me that the boat and his men were now mine to command.

7. It was then that I saw that my island was done very well.

8. I looks in on the inhabitants of the island from time to time.

C. Passive voice

Complete the second sentence so that it has a similar meaning to the

first one. An example has been given.

- The next victim was a white man.
- A white man was the next victim.

Unit Two

Read and write a summary report

Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens lived a very intense life. He was born in Land port in the south of England, in 1812. His family was a large one. The boy was twelve when he was withdrawn from school, in 1824, and sent to work in a shoe-blackening factory in London for a few months to help his father, imprisoned for debts. This unpleasant experience was never forgotten and marked the beginning of Dickens's social commitment and identification with the poor and the oppressed, which are constantly present in his fiction. At the age of sixteen Charles Dickens was apprenticed in an attorney's office to study law, but soon gave up and learned shorthand to become a reporter in the courts of law. These experiences provided the material for the description of lawyers and their world in many of his novels. He was only twenty-one when his first fictional work, sketches by Boz (1836), appeared in installments and had an enthusiastic reception from both critics and public. The publication of *Pickwick Papers* (1836-7) increased Charles Dickens' popularity and brought in handsome profits, which enabled him to marry. A frantic career as a novelist developed which was to continue all his life and which Dickens managed to combine with several other activities. He travelled in America, Switzerland, France and Italy and wrote accounts of his journeys; kept a voluminous correspondence with all sorts of people; committed himself to a variety of social causes; was a keen amateur actor and theatrical producer; gave public readings from his works; fathered ten children and separated from his wife. He died at the age of fifty-eight, in 1870, prematurely old and broken down by strain and exhaustion.

Read and Listen

David Copperfield

Warm-up

- Teacher shows pupils a picture of David Copperfield and asks them who they think it is, what is the book about, where is he going, why is he looking at the house, where is it? Students answer and talk about the possible story. Then teacher tells students that it is the story about David Copperfield by Charles Dickens and tells them the brief summary.

“David Copperfield lived happily with his young, pretty mother and their servant, Peggoty. But then his mother married again. His new father, Mr. Murdstone, treated David very badly. He sent David to work in a factory in London when he was ten years old. Finally, he ran away to his strange, eccentric aunt who hated boys! What happen to David after that, as he grew into a young man, fell in love and met an old school friend?”

Pre-readingactivity

Teacher gives each pupil a copy of worksheet with words related to the story. They have to connect the word to the correct picture. They should know at least ten words from thirteen. Then teacher helps them with the unknown words.

While-reading activity

Teacher tells pupils some facts about Charles Dickens and the book. Teacher writes Charles Dickens's name on the board with the dates of his birth and death. “Charles Dickens was born in 1812 in Portsmouth then his parents moved to London. He had difficult life but as an adult he had an international reputation as a great writer. In his books he writes about hard life of children and he used his own experience and so his main theme was children's tragic destiny. Dickens called David Copperfield “my favourite child”. It is easy to understand this. David's story is similar to Charles Dickens's life. He also worked in a factory when he was a boy. He later became a popular author. At the time of Queen Victoria, Britain was

a very rich, powerful nation, but there were big differences between rich and poor people.”

Post-reading activity

Talking about the story - teacher asks the pupils if they like the story, what they think will happen to David next, what he will do.

Chapter One

The beginning of my story

My story starts in Suffolk, in the east of England, where I was born. Unfortunately, my father died before I was born and this made my young mother very unhappy. She knew that life without a husband and with a new baby was difficult. She called me David – David Copperfield. A kind servant called Peggotty live with us. One of my father’s aunts, Miss Betsey Trotwood, came to visit the day before I was born. She was a strange, rich woman who lived alone with a servant in a cottage by the sea. She hated all men because her previous marriage was unhappy. My mother was not happy to see her. ”Well, Mrs Copperfield, when will the baby girl be born?” asked Aunt Betsey. My mother quite surprised and said, ’Perhaps it’ll be a boy’. ”Oh, don’t be stupid” said Miss Betsey angrily, ’Of course ,it’ll be a girl, and I’m going to send her to the best school and educate her well, I don’t want her to make the same mistakes I made in my life”. My mother suddenly felt ill and Peggotty, why helped her go upstairs to her room. The doctor came and stayed with my mother all evening. At about midnight the doctor came downstairs to the sitting room, where Miss Betsey was waiting nervously.’ The young mother is well’, said the doctor smiling. But the baby, how is she? She insisted the doctor looked strangely at Miss Betsey and said, it’s a boy’. Miss Betsey says nothing. She walked out of the house angrily and never came back. And that is the story of the day when I was born. My early childhood was very happy because my beautiful mother and kind Peggotty looked after me, and we did a lot of things together. But when I was about eight, things changed for the worse. A gentleman

called Mr. Mudstone started to come to our house. He had black hair and black eyes and wore black clothes. He was unfriendly and never smiled, and Peggotty and I didn't like him, but my mother did. A few months later my mother decided to go on a short holiday with Mr Mudstone and Peggotty took me stay with her family in the town of Yarmouth, on the sea. Mr. Barkis the local driver, took us with his horse and cart. He was a good man, and he liked Peggotty a lot. I was excited about this holiday because I loved Peggotty and I wanted to see the sea.

But at the same time I was sad because my mother was leaving with Mr Mudstone. Peggotty's family lived in an old boat on the beach. It had doors, windows and chimney, just like a real house, and everything was tidy. I was very happy to be there. I met Peggotty's brother, Daniel met Peggotty's brother Daniel Peggotty a friendly fisherman he was not married but he adopted two orphans who lived with him. Ham and Emily they called him uncle Daniel. I fell in love with Emily because she was such a beautiful little girl with red hair and blue eyes and we played together on the beach. When it was time to go back home, I was said to leave everyone, especially Emily. " Goodbye, David," said Daniel Peggotty. " Please, come back soon," Peggotty I rode back in Mr. Barkis's cart and when we got near home she looked at me sadly. Then she said, " David I have to tell you something. While we were away your mother married Mr Murdstone. He is your step father now!" I looked at the Peggotty's kind eyes and didn't know what to say I was shocked. My heart beat fast and there were tears in my eyes. How could my beautiful mother marry an unpleasant man like Mr Murdstone? I was confused. When he got home I was very upset and run upstairs to my room and started crying. My mother came in and she was unhappy too. She sat next to me and took my hand. Mr. Murdstone came in suddenly and said, " What's this Clara? Remember you must be strict with the boy! I have already told you this. You are too weak with him!". "Oh, yes, Edward": said my mother," you are right. I am sorry. I'll be more strict with him. As soon as my mother left the room-Mr. Murdstone said to me." Listen carefully, David!" If you don't obey me, I'll hit you like a dog! Remember that! I was frightened of Mr. Murdstone, because I was still

quiet young, I hated him, because he had a great influence over my mother, who loved me. But she also wanted to please her husband now. A few days later, Mr Murdstone's sister arrived to help my mother in the house. She was a tall woman with dark hair and a plain face and she smiled. She was like her brother. She planned to stay with us for a long time." Well, Clara" said Mr. Murdstone to my mother. I am here to help you. Just give me the keys. From that moment on Miss Murdstone was in complete control of the house and kept the keys all the time. "This was a terrible time for me" – my mother continued to give me lessons. I always enjoyed my lessons with her, but now both Mr. Murdstone and his sister were present. Mr. Murdstone hold a thin stick in his hand during the lessons, I was always nervous and couldn't answer properly. My lessons became more difficult, if I don't study your lessons, we'll punish you, David! Mr. Murdstone said looking at me and at the stick. But Edward, he's trying my mother protested weakly. Mr. Murdstone interrupted and said : " David, you haven't studied your lessons. Come upstairs with me. He took the stick and we went to my bedroom. I could hear my poor mother crying downstairs. " Please, Mr. Murdstone, don't hit me" – I cried. I studied my lessons yesterday, but today I'm nervous and I forgot some things. He didn't listen to me and hit me with the stick. He was such a bad man. I screamed and my mother and Peggotty were crying outside the door. I suddenly turned my head and beat his hand, which made him even angrier. Then he left and closed the door with his key. Mr. Murdstone punished me and I stayed in my room for five long days and nights. Only Miss Murdstone came to bring me some bread and milk. I was terribly frightened and lonely. Then one night Peggotty came to the door and whispered. Listen David, Mr. Murdstone is going to send you away to boarding school tomorrow. " Oh, Peggotty that means I won't see you and my mother very often! " I whispered. " No, my dear boy"-replied Peggotty sadly, " But I'll take care of your mother and I'll always love you ! And I'll write to you! Thank you, Peggotty! – I said crying. ' Thank you!'

Exercise A. Answer the questions

1. How was the night David was born ?
2. What was the family like?
3. Who was Peggotty?
4. Who visited the family?
5. What did Betsey Trotwood asked about?
6. How was David's mother?
7. What did Betsey Trotwood do when she knew the baby was a boy?
8. Who were the women who looked after David?
- 9 . What happened one Sunday?
10. How did David fell towards Mr. Murdstone?

Chapter Two

Boarding school.

My boarding school was far away in London. When the horse and cart arrived. I said a quick goodbye. To my mother and got on with my suitcase. I started crying because I was leaving my home, my mother and Peggotty. I felt very alone in this big world. Salem House was the name of the boarding school. It was a large old building surrounded by a high stone wall. It was a horrible school .As soon as I arrived the headmaster. Mr. Greakle, put a sign around my neck that said. Be careful! He bites. I had I wear it all day long and I was terribly embarrassed. Luckily I made friends with two boys, Tommy Traddles and James Steerforth was about my age, but Steerforth was one the oldest and most popular boys. He was good-looking and came from a rich family. He called me ...and protected me from the other boys and the teachers. Give me your pocket money, Daisy said Steerforth one day, and I'll buy food and drink for everyone. The boys will like you then. I agreed and that evening we had a pleasant time sitting on our beds, eating drinking and whispering to each other. I soon discovered that all the boys hated Salem House, which was one worst school in England. They especially hated Mr. Creakle, who carried a heavy stick and used it to hit the students. However Mr.

Greakle never hit Steerfoth and so I admired Steerforth. He became my best friend. I was glad to go home for the Christmas holidays and was surprised to find that my mother had a new baby. However, she looked tired and worried, and she was also very thin. The Murdstone hated even more then before, I was even happy to go back to Salem House – where I could see my friends Traddles and Steerforth again, Two months later in March on the day of my birthday, Mr. Creakle called me to his office.

As soon as waiting for me, I knew that something was wrong. Mrs.Creakle looked at me kindly and took my hand. My dear David, your mother has been ill, very ill, I'm so sorry to tell you She is dead. My legs felt weak and tears ran down my face, I couldn't stop crying. I felt terrible. Now I was an orphan and I was really alone in the world. I returned home for my mother's funeral, which was such a sad experience. The Murdstone's were as cold and horrible as ever. Only Peggotty comforted me. She told me baby died too. After the funeral Miss Murdstone said : “ We don't need a servant any more, Peggotty. You must leave. Peggotty didn't have another job, so and she decided to go and stay with her brother in Yarmouth. She invited me to go with her for a holiday and the Murdstones surprisingly, agreed. I was glad to see Daniel Peggotty, Ham and Emily again. They were wonderful people.” Peggotty decided to marry Barkis, who had a nice little house in Yarmouth, they were very happy together.

Before going back to the Murdstones Peggotty said: - “ Remember, David I always love you and I'll always help you.” When I returned home, the Murdstones were not happy to see me. My stepmother said to me :’ Education is too expensive. You must work and be independent. I was only ten years old and quiet small for my age, but I was sent to London to work in a warehouse.”

My job was to wash bottles and put labels on them. I earned very little and I worked long hours in bad conditions. Several other boys worked with me, but I didn't make any friends because they treated me badly. “ Is this going to be my life? I often asked myself. Am I going to wash bottles forever? I'll probably forget

everything I learned from my mother and at school.” I was extremely unhappy and alone.

In London I needed an unexpensive place to stay, so I rented a room from the Micowber’s family, who always needed extra money. Mr. Micowber was a tall man a bald head that looked like an egg. He always spent more money than he had always owed money to shopkeepers. The Micowbers were quite poor butt they tried not to show it. I often bought my own food-some bread and cheese – because the Micowbers hardly had enough for themselves. I liked them because they were always kind to me. Although the family had problems. Mrs. Micowers often said: - ” Mr. Micowber will be a great man one day. He’s my husband, the father of my children and I’ll never leave him. One day Mr. Micowber was taken to prison, because he owed so much money. However, after several weeks Mr. Micowbers dates were paid and he left prison and was free. The Micowbers then left London and went to Plymouth in the North of England. I didn’t have friends in London who could help me or give me a place to stay. I didn’t know what to do and I felt very lonely. My job at the warehouse was horrible and I hated it. I couldn’t continue to work, I really wanted a better life and a brighter future for myself and I decided to run away.

Exercise A. Answer the questions

- 1.What did David think about Yarmouth when he first arrived there?
- 2.Who did David meet in Yarmouth?
- 3.What was strange about the Peggotty's house?
- 4.What did Emily want to buy for Mr. Peggotty when she was a child?
- 5.How was David's home different when he got back from Yarmouth?
6. How did David's mother change after she got married to Mr. Murdstone?
- 7.Why did Mr Murdstone beat David?
- 8.What did David do to Mr Murdstone?
9. How was David punished again?

Chapter Three

Dover

I didn't know where to go, but I remembered my father's aunt, Betsey Trotwood. She was my only relative in the world. Perhaps she could help me. She lived near Dover and I decided to go and find her. I felt for Dover with very little money and a small suitcase, and I was extremely unlucky. A thief pushed me against a wall and stole the little money and suitcase. I sat down in the street and started crying. I've lost everything I own in the world, I thought sadly. "Now what can I do?" I had to walk to Dover because I didn't have money to pay the coach. The journey took six days, and I had to sell my jacket for a few coins so that I could buy some food. At night I slept under the trees or in old, empty buildings. When I got to the seaside town of Dover I asked a few people where Miss Betsey Trotwood lived. They told me where to go and I walked up to the top of a hill, where I saw a small cottage with a garden in front. Suddenly I was afraid. "What will my aunt think of me?"- I asked myself. My face and hands are dirty and my clothes are old. Perhaps she won't even invite me into the house. When Miss Betsey saw me she shouted. "Go away! Don't walk on my grass!" "Please, madam!" – said bravely, -"Please, aunt Betsey ..." "What! – she cried, looking at me in great surprise. "Please aunt Betsey, I am your nephew David Copperfield. You came on the night I was born and saw my dear mother." My life has been very unhappy since she died. My stepfather sent me to work in London and hated it and ran away. Then someone stole my money and suitcase, I had to walk all the way from London...., I felt weak and suddenly fell to the ground. My aunt picked me up gently and took me into her sitting-room. She wrapped me in a big blanket and put me on her sofa. Then she called Mr. Dick, a man who stayed with her. People thought he wasn't intelligent, but he was very kind. "Mr. Duck, what can we do with this boy?" – she asked. "You remember that I had a nephew in Suffolk? This is his son, David!" Oh! " he exclaimed. "Well, first of all wash him! And then give him some clean clothes and some good food!". "Well done, Mr. Duck!" – said my aunt happily. "You always have the right answer!" While I was eating my aunt

asked me a lot of questions, and I told her the story of my life. I was very tired after the long day and Janet, her servant, showed me my room. I fell asleep immediately in a warm, comfortable bed. At breakfast the next morning I asked my aunt. “What’s going to happen to me?”

“I’ve already written to your stepfather and explained the situation.”- said aunt Betsey. “Oh... Are you going to send me back to the Murdstones? I asked her. Please don’t! Please let me stay here!”

“I don’t know yet, David”- she said, looking kindly at me. “We’ll have to wait and see.” “I was worried because I didn’t want to go back to the Murdstones. Several days later the Murdstones arrived and they began to talk with my aunt” David is violent and lazy” – said Mr. Murdstone slowly and loudly. “Yes” – said Miss Murdstone, we found him a good job in London, but he ran away. I’ve never seen such a bad boy! We’ll punish him! Aunt Betsey listened to them carefully and replied, I don’t believe a word you say. Then my aunt looked at me and said: -“Well, David, what do you have to say?” They’ve always been unkind to me and they made my poor mother very unhappy” – I said. “Please, aunt Betsey, don’t send me away with them!” Aunt Betsey asked Mr. Dick- “What can we do with this boy? Buy him some new clothes!” - said Mr. Dick. “Leave my house immediately!” – said aunt Betsey to the Murdstones! “I know you have been cruel to this boy and to his poor mother! I’ll look after David from now on. Now get out of here. Mr. Murdstone’s face was white and his sister’s was red. They quickly walked out of the house. I was delighted! Thank you. I felt so happy and kissed her many times.

A new life began for me and I soon forgot about the horrible warehouse job and the cruel Murdstones. One day my aunt asked me – “David, would you like to continue your education? “Oh, yes!”- I replied happily. I like studying and learning new things. I want to know about the world! The next day my aunt and I went to Canterbury, a beautiful city near Dover. She took me to the office of Mr. Wickfield, who was my aunt’s lawyer and was responsible for her money. When we arrived, a strange young man with red hair and a thin face opened the door.

I thought he was a servant. “ Is Mr. Wickfield at home, Uriah Heep?” – asked my aunt. “ Yes, he is, madam!” – replied Uriah, with an unpleasant smile. ”Mr. Wickfield” – said aunt Betsey, “This is my nephew, David. I have recently adopted him and I want to send him to a good school here in Canterbury. Do you have any suggestions? Mr. Wickfield thought for a moment and said: - “ Yes, there is a very good school near the Cathedral. Dr. Strong’s school. David can live here with me and my daughter. Agnes, we have plenty of room!” My aunt looked at me and asked: - “Do you like that, David?” – “Yes, very much!” –I said smiling.” Thank you, aunt Betsey! I’ll study hard.”

Think.

Aunt Betsey was interested in David’s education and his future. When she asked him if he wanted to continue his education. He answered :- “ Yes, I like studying and learning new things. I wanted to improve and become a better person.” – he was ambitious, what do you think if study and knowing about the world important is. You can choose one or more answers:

- a) to find a good job.
- b) To become an important person.
- c) To help others.
- d) To become rich.
- e) It’s better to understand people and our world.

Chapter IV

Steerforth

Dr. Strong’s family was very different from Salem House. The headmasters Dr. Strong was an excellent and intelligent man. He enjoyed teaching and never punished anyone. I liked the new school immediately and made friends with the other boys and with the teacher too. I lived at Mr. Wickfields’ house and his daughter, Agnes was like a sister to me. She often helped me with my studies. Mr. Wickfield was sad because his wife was dead, but Agnes did everything to help him, because she loved him very much. There were happy years for me. However, I didn’t like Uriah Heep, who was studying to be a lawyer. He had such an ugly

smile and he moved his body like a snake. As time passed, he began to have a strange power over Mr. Wickfield. One day I went to his home for tea and met his mother. She was exactly like her son-unpleasant. During this time I met the Micawbers, who moved from Plymouth to Canterbury. I was very glad to see them. But unfortunately, they still had bad money problems. At the age seventeen I completed my studies at Dr.Strong's school. On that occasion my aunt said: - "Why don't you go on a holiday before you choose your profession? You need a rest!" I was now a young adult with an education and some money so I decided to go and visit London for a few days. Then I planned to go to Yarmouth to see Peggotty and her family. In London I was very surprised to meet my friend Steerforth, who didn't recognize me at first. "Goodness!"- he exclaimed," He's little Copperfield! What are you doing in London! I haven't seen you since we were at Salem House!" I have just finished school and decided to take a short holiday before I decide on my future; I explained. "What about you?" "Well, I am studying at Oxford University, where nothing exciting ever happens, so I often come to London." – he said cheerfully. "Have you visited London yet?"- I replied. We went sightseeing in London for a few days and then I invited him to come to Yarmouth with me. He accepted my invitation happily. I still admired Steerforth greatly. When we got to Yarmouth everyone was delighted to see me. I introduced Steerforth to Peggotty. Daniel, Ham and little Emily, who was now a beautiful young woman. "Welcome to our home gentelman" – said Daniel Peggotty, smiling. "This is a very special day because little Emily and Ham are engaged! Ham is the perfect husband for Emily, he is a rough fisherman like me, but he's honest and sincere". Steerforth and I congratulated them, and Steerforth kept looking at lovely Emily. We spent a pleasant evening in the old boat-house with the Peggotty family. As Steerforth and I were walking one evening , he said: - "Emily is such a beautiful girl! Why is she engaged to that stupid fisherman, Ham?" I was shocked by these words and said: - "You are not serious, are you, Steerforth? " He smiled at me and said: - "I' m not as good as you are, David. I hate myself sometimes!". "Steerforth, what are you saying!" –

I exclaimed. "You are the most intelligent man I know! I have always admired you and I still do!" "Thank you, David!"- he said, shaking his head; but you don't know how bad I am. I didn't believe him and I soon forgot his words, but I remembered them later. We stayed in Yarmouth for two weeks and I spent time with Peggotty and Barkis, while Steerforth went sailing or fishing with Ham or Daniel. When I got back to London I met Aunt Betsey and we discussed my future. "David - she said seriously, would you like to become a lawyer?" I thought for a moment and replied. I've never considered that possibility, but I think so. "Good! Now come with me" - she said, quite satisfied. I followed her to Doctor's Commons an area in London where lawyers have their offices. She introduced me to Mr. Spenlow, an important lawyer. "I'll give Mr. Spenlow a thousand pounds and you'll work with and learn about the law. Then after several years you'll become a lawyer in Doctor's Commons. Do you like this idea?" "Yes, Aunt Betsey!" - I said enthusiastically. "Thank you! I promise to work very hard and do my best." I moved to London I rented a small flat. I was excited because I was beginning a new life. One day I invited Steerforth and his Oxford friends to dinner. We ate and drank a lot, I was quite drunk. Then we went to see a play at the theatre, where I met Agnes Wickfield. "Agnes! - I shouted - you are in London!" "David!" - she whispered, smiling at me. - Be quiet! You are at the theatre. Please, ask your friends to take you home. I took her advice and Steerforth and his friends accompanied me home". The next day I received a letter from Agnes, where said: - "Please, come and visit me in London." I went to see her after work and said: - "I'm sorry for my bad behavior last night, Agnes. I was drunk. David, you'll always be my friend"- she said." But stay away from Steerforth. He's a dangerous friend, he has a bad influence over you." "My Agnes! - I said - you are wrong. He's always been a good friend and he helps me."- "Oh, David, you are a good person and you can't see certain things"-she said. - "Please, believe me. Stay away from Steerforth!" I looked at her kind eyes. - "I believe you, Agnes! David, I need your help!"-said Agnes nervously. - "My father has serious problems. Uriah Heep is going to be my father's partner!" - "What! Uriah Heep!"- I

exclaimed.- “ That hypocrite! He’s so terribly unpleasant and I give never liked him. What’s happening?” - “ My poor father has no choice” – said Agnes with tears in her eyes –“ He started drinking heavily after my mother died, because he was unhappy. He was careless with his work and Uriah did all the work that my father didn’t do And now my father’s afraid of him. I don’t know what to do! Please, help me, David!” –“ Of course I’ll help you, Agness.” I promised, I’ll think a good plan. Agnes was worried and upset, because Uriah Heep had a lot of power over her father, Mr. Wickfield. Uriah wanted to become Mr. Wickfield’s partner. Agnes asked David to help her and he promised to do so.

Think

Is it always right to help someone who asks for help? A kind person always right to help, what do you do?

- a) if you know the person, you help him or her.
- b) You don’t know the person, but you help him or her anyone.
- c) You never stop to help anyone.
- d) You ask someone else to help .
- e) Tell the class about the time you helped someone.

Chapter Five

Disappointment.

I wanted to learn more about Uriah’s plans because I really wanted to help Agnes. So I invited him to coffee one day while he was in London. We shook hands as soon as we met. I noticed that his hand was cold and wet. Everything about him was unpleasant. Uriah accepted my invitation by saying: -“ How very kind of you, Mr. Copperfield! I’m too humble to accept your invitation but I would like it!” As we sat down in my flat to have coffee, he looked at me and said: -“ Perhaps you’ve already heard that I’m going to become Mr. Wickfield’s partner! -“Yes -I replied, Agnes told me.“ I’m glad she did”–he said smiling – “ You know

I've been always helped poor. Wickfield with his work. During these years he's been very careless with it, but I solved all his problems. I admire him greatly, in spite of my humble position, I'm in love with beautiful Miss Agnes. And I hope to marry her one day. I was furious, I really wanted to hit him his ugly face. But I thought of Agnes and I tried to be calm.

-“Have... have you spoken to Agnes about your love yet?” – I asked looking evil eyes. “ Oh, no, Mr. Copperfield, not, yet!”- he said humbly.” I'll wait until I'm her father's partner!” Uriah had power over Mr. Wickfield and his daughter now. Could Agnes ever marry such a worthless insect? I continued to work for Mr. Spenlow who was an excellent lawyer and I learned a lot of about the law. One day he invited me to spend the weekend at his country house outside London. He lived here with his daughter Dora because his wife was dead. He introduced me to her and I felt in love with her. She was beautiful and gentle, with long blonder hair and lively blue eyes. I couldn't stop looking at her. I was very surprised when Dora introduced me to her companion. – “ I'd like you to meet my new companion, Miss Murdstone” – said Nora. She came to look after me when my mother died. Miss Murdstone seemed embarrassed to see me. But I didn't think about her because my only thoughts were for Dora. One evening we were walking together in the garden when Dora said: -” You know, David, I hate Miss Murdstone. My father pays her to look after me, but she's unpleasant and terribly strict.” While I was walking around London one day. I met my old friend Tommy Traddles. He was living in a poor part of London and he was studying to become a lawyer. I discovered that he knew Mr and Mrs Micawber, and that they were back in London. I want to visit them because they were good people and I liked them. They were very happy to see me, but unfortunately they still had money problems. One evening Steerforth came to see me. It's good to see you, Steerforth. I said:- “ Come and sit down.” “Thanks, David!” – he said quietly. There was something strange about him that I couldn't understand. At first he seemed sad and then a minute later, he was laughing.” Where have you been?” – I asked. “ I've just been to Yarmouth.” - he said. “ I have bad news for you - old Barkis is very ill.” “ Oh, no” – I said – not old

Barkis!” “ Yes” – Steerforth replied sadly, - and the doctor thinks he’ll die soon” “Poor, Peggotty!” – I exclaimed. “ She’ll be so sad without him. I must leave for Yarmouth now. I want to see them” “ Yes, that’s good idea!” – said Steerforth. He got up and threw back his handsome head. Then he put his hand on my shoulders and said: -“ Goodbye, David. promise me that anything ever happens to me, you’ll always think well of me. Please, promise me that!” “ Steerforth, you know I’ll always admire you!- I said, trying to understand what he meant.” The morning after I got to Yarmouth, Mr. Barkis died and left Peggotty all his money. The evening before the funeral Peggotty, Daniel and I met at the old boat. I was surprised to see that Ham and Emily were not there. Then Ham called me outside the front door of his house. He was holding a letter in his hand. He was holding a letter in his hand and he was desperate. “ What’s wrong, Ham?” – I asked, looking at him. “ David, please read this letter from little Emily!” – he said, his voice shaking.

“Dear Ham!” Please forgive me! I’m running away and leaving you and uncle Daniel! When you read this, I’ll be far away and I’ll never return home unless he worries me. I’m truly sorry if I broke your heart I’m a bad woman. Forgive me! Emily Ham and I were both shocked when he told Daniel, who loved his little Emily more than anyone in the world, he was furious. “Who is the man?”- Daniel shouted angrily. “ I want to know his name!” Ham and I looked at each other and we couldn’t speak. I was so upset and disappointed. “Is his name Steerforth? Tell me!”- Daniel shouted again. “It is!” – cried Ham wildly. Today people saw him and Emily was going away in his coach. –“I’m sorry, David, but that Steerforth is such an evil man!” I looked at poor Ham and felt terribly disappointed by Steerforth’s behavior. Daniel Peggotty suddenly looked older and said: “ I’m going to look for her and bring her back home. Don’t try to stop me! I’m travelling to London, France and all over the world until I find her. If something happens to me, tell little Emily that I forgive her and that my love for her is always the same!” He took his coat, hat, stick and bag and left the house. Nothing could stop him.

Think.

When David discovered that Emily ran away with Steerforth, he was terribly disappointed. He had always admired Steerforth, but now he realized that he was an evil man. Have you ever been disappointed by someone you admired. How did you feel? Tell the class about it.

Chapter Six

Good and bad news

During all this time I continued loving Dara more and more. I knew that Steerforth was an evil man, but the more evil there was in this world, the more I appreciated lovely Dara. Although Steerforth caused much suffering to Ham, Daniel and Peggotty, I couldn't hate him. Then something exciting happened. Mr. Spenlow invited me to a picnic to celebrate Dara's birthday. I wanted to look my best so I bought expensive new clothes and boots for this occasion. On the day of the picnic I got up early and went to the market to buy fresh flowers for Dara. I got to the picnic before noon and saw Dara, who looked splendid in her sky-blue dress and white hat. Hello, Mr. Copperfield, she said cheerfully you'll be glad to know that horrible Miss Mudstone isn't here. She'll be away for at least three weeks! Hello, Miss Spenlow, I said it's delightful to see you again. These flowers are for you. There were a lot of other young men at the picnic, and most of them knew Dara and talked to her. This made me quite jealous because they took Dara away from me. There were plenty of good things to eat at the birthday picnic, and towards the end of the afternoon Dara's best friend, Julia Mills, spoke to me privately. Mr. Copperfield, Dara is going to stay with me next week. Please come and visit her at my house in London.

How can I ever thank you, Miss Mills?! I said excitedly. You have a true friend in Miss Spenlow...and to me!.

Dara wanted to see me! I was extremely happy and I soon visited her. She was happy to see me and we were soon sitting on the sofa together holding hands. I told

her that I loved her more than anything or anyone, and she loved me too. We became secretly engaged but we didn't tell anyone, it was our secret. I often visited her and sent her secret love letters. She wrote to me too and called me Darling Daddy! This was a wonderful time of my life! One day aunt Betsey and her Dick came to see me. They were carrying suitcases and my aunts cat. I have bad news, David: said my aunt seriously. I don't have anymore money, I'm poor during my life I've always saved money and Mr. Wickfield helped me to invest it in the right companies. But recently he wasn't doing a good job, so I decided to invest my money by myself. What a mistake! I lost it all and now I have nothing. I was shocked to hear this. How terrible! I said what can I do to help you and Mr .Dick? Can we live here with you for sometime? Asked Aunt Betsy. Yes of course! I said happily. It'll be a pleasure to have you here! I was extremely sorry for my aunt and Mr. Dick, so I decided to work hard to make more money. I needed another job, and with Agnes`s help I became a secretary for Doctor Strong, my old teacher, who now lived in London. I wrote reports for the newspapers about Parliament and I continued to study and work with Mr. Spenlow. I was busy but I found the time to see my lovely Dara.

I knew I had to tell Dora about what was happening one evening while she was visiting with her friend Julia, I asked her, Dara, my dear, can you love a beggar? Dora looked at me with her beautiful, innocent eyes and replied, what do you mean, David?!

Oh, Dora, my aunt all her money and I must look after her now. I've already found another job to earn more money. I'm certainly not afraid of hand work. What are talking about David? I don't understand these things! She was frightened and started crying on my shoulder. My dear Dora, don't worry; I said holding her hand. I'll always love you and look after you! Ill work hard to buy our bread. After all, we don't need much because we have each other! Oh, David, I love you and I want to marry you! But please don't frighten me again! She said. Don't talk about hard work and bread. I've never worked in my life. I've always had servants. I'm not a strong person. I'm weak and not practical. I'm just a silly

girl! Now I realized that Dora was born into a rich family and couldn't understand the problems of the poor.

After many months Mr. Spenlow called me to his office, and I was surprised to see Miss. Mudstone there. She opened her handbag and showed me all love letters to Dora. I found these letters and showed them to Mr. Spenlow! She said with an unfriendly smile. Mr. Spenlow was very angry and his face was red I'm very disappointed in you, David! I was extremely embarrassed and said, Mr. Spenlow, I can explain everything...! 'No , David! 'he cried! You must never see my daughter again. Do you understand?! 'But Mr. Spenlow, we love each other, and were engaged!

'Forget Dora! 'he shouted. 'she will marry a rich gentleman, not a poor student like you! I want back to my desk and felt terrible. When I returned to Mr. Spenlow's office the next morning, all the clerks were standing at the door.

"Have you heard , David? !" they asked me. 'No, I replied. 'What happened?! 'Mr. Spenlow had had a heart attack and died last night"! I was shocked to hear this. I later learned that Mr. Spenlow had many debts. Poor Dora was extremely upset and went to live with her two aunts. Now she and I were both poor and we couldn't see each other anymore.

Multiple - Choice Test for revision the story.

When we hear the word assessment, we know that this is a notable concern of many teachers, especially when we are talking about Testing and Grading. And so many doubts come to our minds. How can we improve the process of gathering, describing or quantify information about the performance of our students? What is the better way to measure the level of achievement or performance of our students? A specific way to measure performance is testing. Than some complex questions that we want to be answer emerge like: Are the Multiple-Choice Tests a better alternative for assessing knowledge as opposed to traditional methods, such as open question exams?

In this area the opinions are divergent, but we thought that the Multiple-Choice Tests are also a good way of testing, as any kind of tests they have advantages and limitations. There are particular measurement situations where one Item type is more appropriate than the other. We have to be sure what we really want to test, planning carefully the test and the contents that the test will cover before start writing. However, this skill maybe increases through study, training, practice and experience.

Setting

Test I. Choose the best answer.

1. David Copperfield's father died.
a).six month before David was born b) when David was six years old c) six months after David was born d)six days before David was born
2. Aunt Betsey left their house when she
a).saw David's mother b) knew the baby was a girl c).argued with Peggotty
d).knew the baby was a boy
3. While David was visiting Peggotty's family, his mother
a). had an accident b) married Mr Murdstone c).went away d) became ill
4. Mr murdstone's sister
a).was very kind to David b) was frightened of her brother c) was very different to her brother d) looked and sounded like her brother
- 5).When David couldn't do his schoolwork, beat him. a) his mother b)Miss Murdstone c).Peggotty d) Mr Murdstone
- 6). David was sent to a boarding school in
a).Yarmouth b) Scotland c) London d) Salem
7. He had to wear
a). dirty clothes B) dark hat c0 a sign around his neck d).a uniform
8. He made friends with Tommy Traddles, the ... boy in school.
a).luckiest b)unluckiest c) richest d) silliest
- 9.Steerforth was the only boy in the school that

a. Mr Creakle beat every day b) David didn't like c) always got good marks d) Mr Creakle did not beat.

10. When David returned home,

a).his mother had had a baby b).Mr Murdstone was much nicer to him c) his mother was unkind to him d).Peggotty had left

Characters

Test II. Choose the best answer.

11. ... was the richest and most important person in David's family.

a).David's father b).Miss Betsey Trotwood c) David d) David's mother

12. ... had black hair,a black moustache and an unpleasant smile.

a). Mr Micawber b) Mr Murdstone c) Peggotty's brother c). Mr Creakle

13.Mr Barkis was large,red-faced man who

a).liked talking to Peggotty b)was very fond of Aunt Betsey c) found conversation difficult d) admired Miss Murdstone

14. ... was handsome and intelligent with curly hair.

a)Steerforth b).David c)Tommy Traddles

15.... warned David that Steerforth was dangerous.

a) Aunt Betsey b) Agnes c)Dora d)Peggotty

16.TheMicawbers'...a) house was always clean b).children were often in trouble

c).moods were very changeable d)life was always cheerful .

17. Although...seemed mad, he was sensible and intelligent.

a).TommyTraddles b).Mr Wickham c) Uriah Heep d) Mr Dick .

18.David ... MrSpenlow's daughter, Dora.

a). took an instant dislike to b) felt very confident with c) tried to avoid d) fell instantly in love with

19. Uriah Heep encouraged Agnes's father to ... more.

a) eat b) invest c) travel d) drink

20. Ham died while

a).Rescuing Emly b). swimming c). trying to rescue Steerforth d). fishing .

Vocabulary

Test III. Choose the best answer

21. a child whose parents are dead
a). orphan b). shilling c). angel d). creditor
22. to cry loudly and very unhappy
a). scream b). moan c). trust d) sob
23. money that is owed to someone
a). doubt b). duty c). debt d) disgust
24. serious, not kind or cheerful
a). a plain b). stern c). wise d) evil
25. to happen, especially by chance
a). turn out b). turn to c). turn up d). turn off
26. having a low opinion of one's own importance
a). humble b). firm c). evil d). embarrassed
27. someone who competes with another person
a). headmaster b). gentleman c). servant d). rival
28. a man who marries your mother after your father's death
a). half-father b). father-in-law c) stepfather d). grandfather
29. of bad character
a). pale b). wicked c). wise d). kind
30. to become red in the face, especially when embarrassed
a). blush c). bruise c) burn d). brush

Plot

Test IV. Choose the best answer.

31. After David's mother died, he was sent to work in a ...
a) factory b). workhouse c) bottle factory d). large restaurant
32. The Micawbers always had difficulty in ...
a). managing money well b). making David happy c) cooking well d) staying happy

33. Aunt Betsey and Mr Dick ...

a). returned David to the Murdstones b) sent David to sea c) didn't know what to do with David d) decided to adopt David

34. David didn't feel at all comfortable with ...

a). Mr Wickfield b). Uriah Heep c) Agnes Wickfield d) Dr. Strong

35. Agnes was unhappy about ...

a). David drinking too much b). Staying in London c). her home
d) Uriah Heep becoming her father's partner

36. On the day before Barkis's funeral, ...

a). Steerforth ran away with Agnes b). Daniel tried to drown Steerforth
c). Emily ran away with Steerforth d) David met Steerforth in Yarmouth

37. ... lost all her money after investing it unwisely.

a) Aunt Betsey b) Agnes d). Dora d). Mrs Micawbe

38. Mr Wickfield refused to let ...

a). Mrs Heep become another partner b). Uriah Heep take over the company
c). David lend him money d). Agnes marry Uriah Heep

39. Uriah Heep had ... large amounts of Mr Wickfield's money.

a). borrowed b). stolen c) spent d) lost

40. In the end, David married Agnes, who ...

a). started to love him after Dora died b). had never really loved him
c). secretly preferred Uriah Heep d). had loved him for many years.

Unit Three

O. Henry

The real name of the writer O. Henry was William Sydney Porter. He was born in a small town Greensboro in the USA (the state of North Carolina) in the family of a doctor. He was brought up by his aunt because his mother died when he was a small boy. After finishing school at the age of fifteen, Porter worked in his uncle's chemist shop in Greensboro. Then he went to Texas because he wanted to see new places. For two years he worked on a farm, then he became a clerk in an office and at last got a job in a small bank. During this period he studied languages and became interested in literature. Soon he married Athol Roach; they had a daughter. Porter was a happy husband and father, but his happiness did not last long. One day a theft of a thousand dollars was discovered at the bank where he worked. Though it was not he who had taken the money, Porter left the town and went to Central America where he stayed for some time. But when he heard that his wife was very ill, he returned home but was immediately put into prison for three years. His wife died and his little daughter was raised by the relatives. The little girl was told that her father had gone very far away and would not return soon. In prison William often thought about her and was very sorry that she would not receive a Christmas present from him that year. Porter decided to write a story and send it to one of the American magazines to get some money for a present. The story called «Whistling Dick's Christmas Present» was published in 1899. Porter had signed it «O. Henry» - the first pen-name that came into his head. While still in prison, he published many other stories. In 1901, when he was released from prison, he settled in New York, and continued writing short stories for different magazines. Very soon he became one of the most popular short-story writers in America. O. Henry's stories won great popularity and have been translated into many languages. Most of them have unexpected endings and the reader is always taken by surprise. During the short period of his literary activity, O. Henry wrote 273 short stories and one novel «Cabbages and Kings» (1904). In

his stories O. Henry describes amusing incidents of everyday life in large cities, on the farms, and on the roads of America. In most of his stories he does not touch upon important social problems, but the author's sympathy is with the common people of America, whose life he knew very well. His greatest wish was that people should be happy.

The Last Leaf

Pre-reading activity1: Vocabulary Matching

Words	definitions
1.painter	A. A type of disease or illnesses
2.painting materials	B. a flat(usually green) part of a tree or plant growing from a stem or twig
3.masterpiece	C. an artist who paints pictures
4.sickness	D. a part of a tree that grows out from the trunk
5.to get well	E. person's best work, a great piece of art
6.leaf	F. to feel better, not be sick anymore
7.branch	G. a part of a tree that grows out from the trunk

While – reading activity 2 : Cause and Effect

1.How will Sue help Johnsy?

Cause

Sue will work. She will paint a picture to sell

Effect

Sue will earn money and buy food to make Johnsy strong again

2.Why is Old Behrman not a success?

Cause

He had never painted a good picture

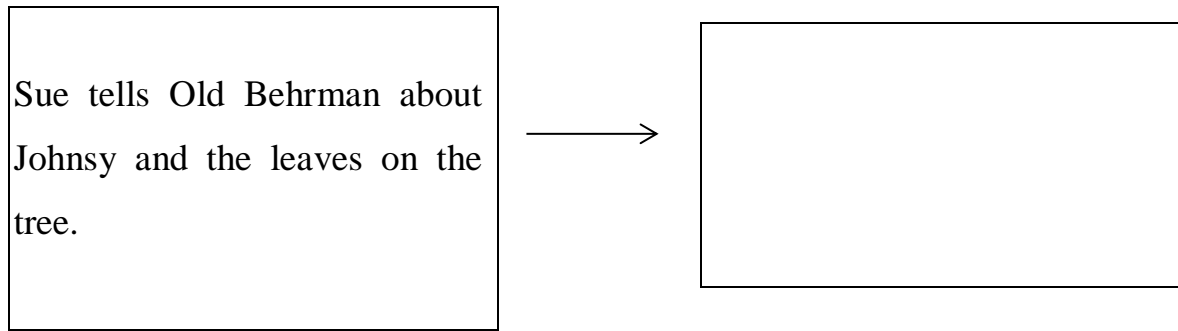
Effect

2. What does Old Behrman do after talking to Sue

3.

Cause

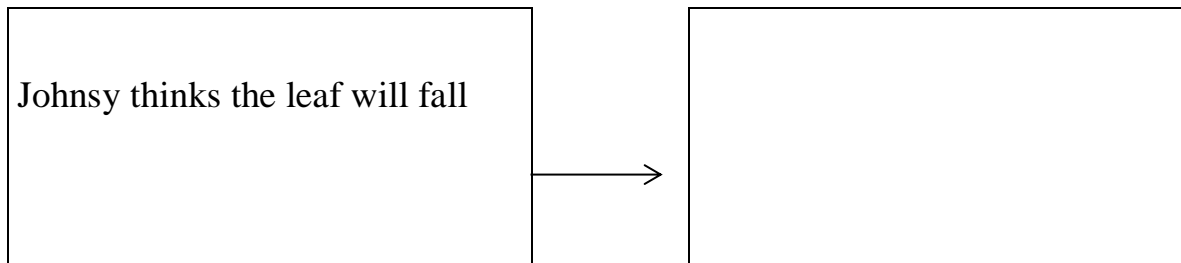
Effect



4. What will happen when the last leaf falls?

Cause

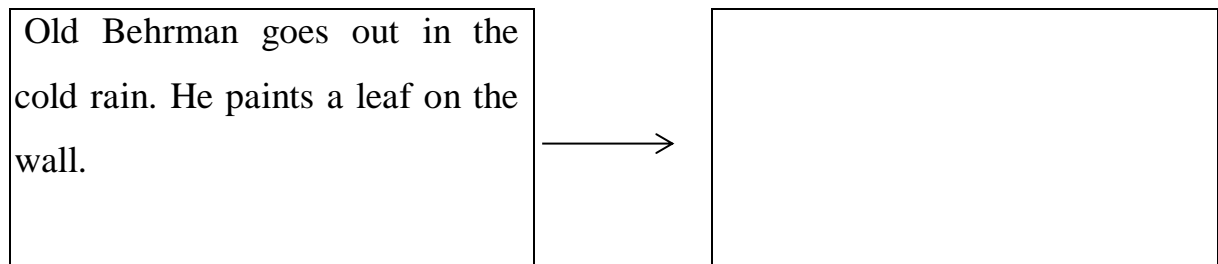
Effect



5. In the end, Old Behrman helped Johnsy what happens to Old Behrman?

Cause

Effect



Post-reading Activity 3: How Many Leaves Were There?

Number of leaves on the tree	Description of Johnsy's thoughts and actions
1.hundreds of leaves	A. Johnsy tells Sue she is counting leaves. She tells Sue that she will die when the last leaf falls
2.five leaves	B. Johnsy thinks the last leaf will fall overnight, and then she will die.

3.four leaves	C. Counting so many leaves made Johnsy's head hurt
4.one leaf	D. Johnsy changes her mind. She wants to get better and she wants to eat.
5.one leaf is still here	E. Johnsy doesn't want anything to eat. She doesn't want Sue to buy any food for her

Read and Listen.

The Last Leaf

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places." Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman.

A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow. "She has one chance in - let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-u on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples someday." said Sue. "Paint? - bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice - a man for instance?". "A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times

repeated. She went quickly to the bedside. Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting - counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks. "What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn.

"What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were - let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Beside, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn lose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'til I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above. Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings. "Vass!" he cried. "Is dare people in de world mit der foolishness toe die because leafs drop off from a confounded vine? I have not heard of such a thing. No, I will not booze as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Why do you allow dot silly business to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old - old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not booze? Go on. I come meet you. For half an hour I half peen trying to say dot I am ready to booze. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so good as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade. "Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper. Wearily Sue obeyed. But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time. "Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?". But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesome st

thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves. When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised. The ivy leaf was still there. Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and - no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook.

"And hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win." And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is - some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now - that's all." And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes

and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and - look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

Exercise A Multiple choice

1. What was Johnsy suffering from?
A) headache B) pneumonia C) fever D) Malaria
2. According to the doctors what was the cure to her illness?
A) medicines B) strong medicines C) love and care
D) her own willingness to live
3. What kind of feeling did Johnsy have?
A) a common teenager's feeling of depression B) sadness
C) joyous D) low sounding
4. Mention the reasons for depression in teenagers.
A) peer pressure B) poor performance in the exams
C) inability to live up to parents' expectations D) all
5. Who was Behrman?
A) A 60 years old painter B) a 50 years old man
C) a 40 years old man D) a young boy
6. What was Behrman's dream?
A) to travel the world B) to paint a masterpiece
C) to make a colorful painting D) to make a poster
7. Who was Johnsy?
A) A young artist B) a girl C) a sick girl D) none
8. What misconception had Johnsy developed in her mind?

A) she was great B) she can't be cured C) she would die with the fall of last
the leaf on the creeper D) all

9. What kind of teenagers never lose hope?

A) who stay positive and face life's difficulties with a positive mind

B) who are glamorous

C) who never fall sick D) who have everything

10. When was Behrman able to make his dream true?

A) when he painted the last leaf on ivy B) when he died

C) when he thought of Johnsy D) none

11. What did Sue speak when he looked at the last ivy leaf painting?

A) a great painting B) nice work

C) a masterpiece D) None

12. What was Behrman's masterpiece?

A) painting of Monalisa B) painting of a flower

C) painting of ivy the leaf D) none

13. Why was the ivy leaf painting a masterpiece?

A) because it was difficult to make out whether it was a real leaf or a painting

B) because it was very beautiful

C) because it's colors were very bright D) none

14. What happened to Behrman after he painted his masterpiece?

A) drenched and died of pneumonia B) he felt proud and happy C) was
honored D) none

15. What happened to Johnsy when she saw Behrman's masterpiece painting?

A) she became confident that she could be cured

B) felt delighted C) jumped out of bed D) none

16. Where did Behrman spend his night to make his masterpiece?

A) in a hotel B) on a mountain

C) in a heavy storm D) none

17. What did Behrman's masterpiece do?

A) made everyone happy B) saved Johnsy's life by rekindling the positive belief in her C) Behrman was rewarded D) All

18. Why do many teenagers feel depressed?

A) because of too many desires B) because of higher aspirations
C) because of inability to cope up with the expectations
D) All

19. Why did doctors say that Johnsy could not be cured with medicines?

A) because treatment was not available
B) because no competent doctor was available
C) because she lost her will to get well D) All

20. Mention the characters of the story.

A) Behrman B) Sue C) Johnsy D) All

Unit Four

Charlotte Bronte

Charlotte Bronte was a great writer of the early 19th century. Charlotte was born on 21 April 1816 at the parsonage in Market Street in Thornton near the rapidly growing town of Bradford. Her father was Reverend Patrick Bronte. Her mother was Maria. They had 6 children. However, two girls, Maria Bronte and Elizabeth Bronte died when they were children.

In the early 19th century the Industrial Revolution was transforming life in Britain. In the north of England industrial towns were booming. However, in 1820 Charlotte Bronte's family moved to a moorland village called Haworth. Her mother died in 1821. Her mother's sister Elizabeth moved to Yorkshire to look after the children.

In 1824 Charlotte Bronte and her sister Emily were sent to join two older sisters Maria and Elizabeth at the Clergy Daughters School in Cowan Bridge in Lancashire.

However, in 1825 Maria and Elizabeth Bronte both died of tuberculosis. Charlotte and Emily Bronte returned home. Afterward, they were educated at home for some years. In 1831-32 Charlotte Bronte went to Margaret Wooller's school near Dewsbury. Meanwhile, Charlotte loved writing and painting. In 1835 Charlotte Bronte went to work at Wooller's school as a teacher. She worked there till 1838. Then in 1839 Charlotte began working as a governess. However in 1842 her aunt provided the money for her and her sister Emily to study in Brussels. Charlotte Bronte returned to Yorkshire in 1844. Then in 1846 Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronte published some of their poems.

Charlotte Bronte wrote a story called Jane Eyre. It was published in 1847. Charlotte's second work Shirley was published in 1848. The third book by Charlotte Bronte was Valletta published in 1853.

In 1854 Charlotte Bronte married a man named Arthur Bell Nicholls. However, Charlotte died on 31 March 1855. She was only 38. Charlotte Bronte was buried in Haworth.

Read and Listen : Jane Eyre.

Pre-reading activity

Teacher shows to the students the cover of the book whilst covering the title with your hand. Can they guess when the story takes place? (the mid nineteenth century). What can they guess about the young woman on the cover - do they think she's beautiful? Is she rich? Does she look like a strong character?

Once you have revealed the story, ask the children to tell you if they know anything about Jane Eyre. Have they read the story in their own language or seen any film adaptations?

Teacher introduces them to the important words in the story:

Governess (n) a woman who works as a private teacher to the children of a family, and lives in their home.

Mad (adj) when someone is mad, they are insane and not in their right mind. 'Mad' can also mean 'angry'.

Flame (n) a part of a fire. When something burns, it makes a flame.

Punish (v) if you punish someone, you make them suffer in some way for doing something wrong.

Ward (n) in the past, a child or young person who was cared for by an adult who wasn't part of their family

While-reading

Students will read the story, after you have finished, ask them some questions about the extract you have just read, such as 'Where was Jane reading?', 'Why did Jane call John cruel?' and 'Why wouldn't Jane's aunt listen to her?'.

Post-readingactivity

After reading every chapters student will do all giving exercises.

Chapter One

My story begins

In 1825, I was ten years old. My father and mother were dead. I lived with my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Reed. Their house was called Gateshead Hall. The house was in Yorkshire, in the north of England. My Aunt and Uncle Reed had two children - a boy, John, and a girl, Eliza. I liked my Uncle Reed and he liked me. But in 1825, my uncle died. After that, I was very unhappy. My Aunt Reed did not like me. And John and Eliza were unkind to me. It was a cold, rainy day in December. All of us were in the house. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to read. I opened a book. Then I heard my Cousin John's voice. 'Jane! Jane Eyre! Where are you?' John shouted. He came into the room and he saw me 'Why are you reading my book?' he asked. 'Give it to me!' John took the book. He hit my head with it. I screamed. John hit me again. I pulled his hair and I kicked him. 'Help! Help, Mamma!' John shouted. 'Jane Eyre is hurting me!' Aunt Reed ran into the room. She pulled me away from John.

'John hit me with a book,' I said. 'I hate him. And I hate you too!' 'You are a bad girl, Jane,' my aunt said. 'Why do you hate me?' 'You don't like me,' I replied. 'John and Eliza are unkind to me. I want to leave Gateshead Hall.' 'You want to leave!' Aunt Reed said. 'Where will you go? Your parents are dead. You cannot live alone.' Aunt Reed thought for a moment. 'My friend, Mr. Brocklehurst, is the owner of a school,' she said. 'I will send you to Mr. Brocklehurst's school.' A few days later, Mr. Brocklehurst came to Gateshead Hall. He was a very tall man. His eyes were dark and his face was cruel. 'Jane Eyre,' he said to me. 'God does not like bad children. God punishes bad children, Jane Eyre.' 'God will punish John Reed,' I replied. 'John Reed hits me and he shouts at me.' 'That is not true. You are a liar, Jane Eyre,' Mr. Brocklehurst said. 'You must not tell lies. And you must not live here with your cousins. You will come to Lowood School. You will become a good girl.' 'I want to come to your school, sir,' I said. 'I want to leave this house.' 'Bad girls are punished at my school, Jane Eyre,' Mr. Brocklehurst said. 'The girls work very hard at Lowood.'

'I will work hard. I will be a good pupil, Mr. Brocklehurst,' I said.

Two weeks later, I left Gateshead Hall. I went to Lowood School

Exercise A. Preparation for writing an essay. Choose the best answer.

1. When Jane Eyre was a baby, her parents ...
a).a became teachers b) lost all their memory c) died d) became missionaries
2. When Jane was very young, she went to live with the ... family at Gateshead.
a).Eyre b) Rivers c) Roe d) Reed
3. Janes early life at Gatedhead was ...
a).a pleasant and comfortable b) difficult and unhappy c) simple but happy
d)fun and exciting
3. Why did Jane Eyre send to Mr. Brocklehurst's school?
a. because she was a liar b. because she wanted to go Mr. Brocklehurst's school.
c. because Mrs Reed and her family didn't like her d)Jane dislike Mrs Reeds family

Select true or false

4. Jane Eyre was very clever and always wanted to read

True False

5. Mr. Brocklehurst was a kind and talented teacher

True False

5. In your own concept. How can you define the following words: Family and Loyalty. Do you consider yourself to have these qualities?

6. How can you interpret the meaning of this proverb?

1.Адамдын жаман жакшысы туугандан эмес, көргөн тарбиясынан

2. Ата болсоң акылдуу бол, эне болсоң мээримдүү бол

7. Write down an essay “ Jane Eyre’s and Ajars childhood using Venn’s Diagram”

Chapter Two

Lowood School

It was the month of January. I arrived at Lowood School at night. A servant took me up some stairs and into a big bedroom. There were many beds in the room. The girls in the beds were asleep. The servant took me to an empty bed. I put on my nightclothes and I got into bed. Soon, I was asleep too. I woke up very early. A loud bell was ringing. The bedroom was dark and cold. I watched the other girls. They washed in cold water and they dressed quickly.

There was a plain brown dress next to my bed. And there was a pair of ugly, heavy shoes. I washed quickly. Then I put on my new clothes. I was very hungry. I followed the other girls down the stairs. We sat down at long tables in a large dining-room. Our food was terrible. 'The food is bad again,' one of the girls said. 'Stand up!' a teacher shouted. 'Don't talk!' We stood up. We did not speak. We walked into a big schoolroom and we sat down. There were about eighty girls in the schoolroom. And there were four classes. The oldest girls were in the fourth class. I was in the first class. Four teachers came into the room and we began our lessons. The lessons were not interesting. First, we read some pages in a book. Then our teacher asked us questions about those pages. After four hours, we went outside. It was very cold. Very soon, a bell rang. Lessons started again. Three weeks passed. One afternoon, the head teacher came into the schoolroom. The head teacher's name was Miss Temple. Mr. Brocklehurst was with her. We all stood up. I stood behind an older girl. I did not want Mr. Brocklehurst to see me. Mr. Brocklehurst walked slowly round the room. Everybody was very quiet. And then I dropped my book! Mr. Brocklehurst stopped walking. He looked at me 'Ah! The new girl,' he said. 'Come here, Jane Eyre!' Then he pointed at two of the older girls. 'You two girls — put Jane Eyre on that high chair!' he said. 'Look at Jane Eyre, everybody!' Mr. Brocklehurst said. 'This child is bad. She is a liar. She will be punished! Miss Temple! Teachers! Girls! Do not talk to this child.' Then he spoke to me again. 'Jane Eyre, you must stand on that chair for two hours,' he said. 'You are a bad girl!' That evening, I cried and cried. But Miss Temple was kind to

me. 'You are a good pupil, Jane,' she said. 'And you are not a bad girl. I am your friend, Jane.' 'Thank you, Miss Temple,' I said. Lowood School was in an unhealthy place. The buildings were wet and cold. Mr. Brocklehurst owned the school. He was a rich man. But he did not buy warm clothes for us. And he did not buy good food for us. Everybody hated him. In the spring, many of the girls became sick. Some of them left the school. They never came back. Many of the girls died. That spring was a terrible time. We had no lessons. Miss Temple and the other teachers took care of the sick pupils. Mr. Brocklehurst had to buy better food for us. And he had to buy warm clothes for us. Mr. Brocklehurst never came to the school. The next year, Lowood School moved to a better place. It was a healthier place. There were new schoolrooms, new bedrooms and a new dining-room. The new buildings were bright and clean. The teachers were happy. After that, I was happy at Lowood School too. I was a pupil at Lowood School for six years. Then I became a teacher. I was a teacher at the school for two years. But I never returned to Gateshead Hall. And the Reeds never wrote to me.

Exercise A. Preparation for creative writing

Say if the following statements are true or false:

- | | | |
|----|--|-----|
| a. | Jane Eyre was happy to be at Lowood School | T F |
| b. | Lowood school was well equipped with all modern comforts. | T F |
| c. | Jane Eyre sat in a long table with the girls to have food. | T F |
| d. | Miss Temple was one who was kind to Jane Eyre. | T F |
| e. | Jane Eyre was punished by the girls. | T F |
| f. | The girls were unhappy to stay at Lowood school. | T F |
| g. | Mr. Brocklehurst bought better foods for school girls. | T F |
| h. | Later Lowood school became better schools. | T F |

Exercise B. Answer the following questions in full sentences:

1. Who took Jane Eyre to the bedroom?
2. What kind of bedroom was it?
4. What food did they eat?
5. What was Jane's punishment?
6. Who liked Jane?
7. Why did Lowood school become better school?
8. Who was the owner of Lowood school?
9. Why did they punish Jane Eyre?
10. Who became a teacher?

Exercise C. Tick the statements you agree with. Put a cross if you disagree:

Jane Eyre deserves a punishment.

Кызга кырк жерден тыюу

Exercise 4. Create an ideal images of Jane Eyre and Altynai (First teacher by Ch. Aitmatov)

Option 2

Lowood school	Duishon's school

Chapter Three

Thornfield Hall

In 1833, I was eighteen years old. In the summer, Miss Temple left Lowood School. She got married. I wanted to leave Lowood too. I wanted a new life. 'I will be a governess,' I thought. I put an advertisement in a newspaper. I had a reply to my advertisement. The reply was from Mrs Fairfax of Thornfield Hall, near Millcote. Millcote was about seventy miles from Lowood School. Mrs Fairfax wanted a governess for a little girl. I wrote to Mrs Fairfax immediately. I was going to be a governess at Thornfield Hall! I travelled to Millcote in a coach. At Millcote, a servant met me. He took me to Thornfield Hall. At Thornfield Hall, another servant opened the door. She was smiling. She took me into a small, warm room. A lady was in the room. She was sitting by the fire. 'Are you Mr. s Fairfax?' I asked her. 'Yes, my dear,' she said. 'And you are Miss Eyre. Are you cold? Sit by the fire, Miss Eyre, A servant will bring you some food.' 'Mrs Fairfax is very kind,' I said to myself. 'I will be happy here.' 'Will I see Miss Fairfax tonight?' I asked. Mrs Fairfax looked at me. She smiled. 'Miss Fairfax? No, no,' she said. 'Your pupil's name is not Miss Fairfax. Your pupil is Adele Valens. Adele's mother was a Frenchwoman. Adele is Mr. Rochester's ward. He takes care of her.' 'Mr. Rochester? Who is Mr. Rochester?' I asked. 'Mr. Edward Rochester is the owner of Thornfield Hall,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'I am his housekeeper. I take care of Thornfield Hall. Mr. Rochester is not here now. He does not like this house. He is often away from home.' I was very tired. Mrs Fairfax took me up the wide stairs. She took me to my room. I went to bed immediately. And I slept well. The next morning, I woke early. The sun was shining. I put on a plain black dress. I opened my bedroom door. I walked along a corridor and down the wide stairs. I walked out into the sunny garden. I turned and I looked up at my new home. Thornfield Hall was a beautiful house with many large windows. The garden was beautiful too. After a few minutes, Mrs Fairfax came into the garden. She spoke to me. 'Good morning, Miss Eyre,' she said. 'You have woken early. Miss Adele is here. After breakfast, you must take her to the schoolroom. She must begin her lessons.' A

pretty little girl walked towards me. She was about eight years old. She spoke to me in French and I replied in French.

After breakfast, I took Adele to the schoolroom. We worked all morning. Adele enjoyed her lessons and I was happy.

In the afternoon, Mrs Fairfax took me into all the rooms of Thornfield Hall. We looked at the paintings and at the beautiful furniture. We walked along the corridors, 'Come up onto the roof, Miss Eyre,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'You will see the beautiful countryside around Thornfield Hall.' We walked up many stairs. At last, we were at the top of the house. We walked along the top corridor. Mrs Fairfax opened a small door and we walked onto the roof. 'Look, Miss Eyre,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'You can see for many miles.' We stood on the roof for a few minutes. Then we went back into the house. We walked carefully towards the stairs. The top corridor was narrow and dark. Suddenly, I heard a strange laugh. 'Who is that, Mrs Fairfax?' I asked. Mrs Fairfax did not reply. She knocked on a door. 'Grace!' she said. The door opened. Behind the door was a small room. A servant was standing at the door. 'Be quiet, Grace, please,' Mrs Fairfax said. The woman looked at Mrs Fairfax. Then she closed the door. 'That was Grace Poole,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'She works up here. Sometimes she laughs and talks with the other servants. Don't worry about Grace. Please come downstairs now, Miss Eyre.'

Exercise A. Imagine you are Jane. Write a letter to a friend about your life at Thornfield Hall.

Exercise B. Choose the best answer

1. Thornfield is ... house in the countryside.
a). a small cold b). a dark lonely c). a small bright d) a large impressive
2. At Thornfield there is a narrow corridor with small black door where ...
a). Jane and Mr Rochester often go b). Adele and Jane often go c). only Grace Poole goes d) only Mrs Fairfax goes
3. In the past, Mr Rochester often travelled to ...
a). Italy b). Scotland c) London d) many different countries

Chapter Four

Mr. Rochester

Three months passed. I had not met the owner of Thornfield Hall. Mr. Rochester had not come home. One January afternoon, I went out and I walked towards the road. I was going to the village of Hay. I was going to post a letter in the village. Hay was two miles from Thornfield Hall. The day was fine but it was very cold. I walked quickly and soon I was near the village. Suddenly, a big black-and-white dog ran past me. A moment later, a man on a black horse followed the dog. Then, I heard an angry shout. The dog ran past me again. It was barking loudly. I turned round. The horse had fallen on the icy ground and the man had fallen from the horse. I walked towards them. 'Can I help you, sir?' I asked. 'My horse fell. I've hurt my foot,' the man said. The horse stood up. The man tried to stand up too. But he could not stand. He fell onto the ground again. The man was about thirty-five years old. He was not handsome but he had a strong face. He had dark eyes and black hair. He was not very tall but his body was powerful. 'I'll bring somebody from Thornfield Hall,' I said. 'Do you live at Thornfield?' the man asked.

'I am the governess,' I replied. 'Ah, yes. The governess,' the man said. 'Help me, please.' The man stood up very slowly, and he put his hand on my shoulder. He walked slowly towards his horse. I helped him. He pulled himself onto the horse. 'Thank you. Now go home quickly,' the man said. And he rode away. I walked on to the village and I posted my letter. Then I returned to Thornfield Hall. Bright lights were shining in the big house. I went inside. A big black-and-white dog walked towards me. It came from the dining-room. I had seen the dog before. 'Whose dog is that?' I asked a servant. 'It's Mr. Rochester's dog,' the servant replied. 'Mr. Rochester has come home. But he has hurt his foot. His horse fell on some ice.' I smiled. The owner of Thornfield Hall had returned! But I did not see Mr. Rochester again that day.

I saw Mr. Rochester the next day. He sent for me in the evening. I put on a clean dress. I brushed my hair carefully. Mr. Rochester was in the large sitting-room. He

was sitting in a big chair. His right foot was on a small chair. Mrs Fairfax and Adele were sitting with him. 'This is Miss Eyre, sir,' Mrs Fairfax said. Mr. Rochester looked at me. He did not smile. 'Sit by the fire, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'Where have you come from?' 'From Lowood School,' I replied. 'I was there for eight years.' 'Eight years!' Mr. Rochester said. 'That is a long time! Who are your parents?' 'I have no parents, sir,' I answered. 'They are dead.' 'But where is your home, Miss Eyre?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'I have no home, sir. I have no family,' I said. 'Why did you come to Thornfield Hall?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'I wanted to leave Lowood, sir,' I replied. 'I put an advertisement in a newspaper. Mrs Fairfax replied to my advertisement.' 'Yes, I did,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'Miss Eyre is a good teacher, Mr. Rochester.' Mr. Rochester smiled for the first time. 'You are very young, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'I am eighteen, sir,' I replied. Mr. Rochester smiled again. He did not ask me more questions. After that evening, I did not see Mr. Rochester for a few days. Then, one night, he sent for me again. 'Sit near me, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'Mrs Fairfax will talk to Adele.' I sat down quietly, but I did not speak. The fire was very bright. I saw Mr. Rochester's face clearly. I saw his large, dark eyes. He was smiling. He was happy. After a minute, Mr. Rochester spoke. 'Miss Eyre,' he said. 'You are looking at me very carefully. Am I a handsome man?' 'No, sir,' I said. 'You speak the truth, Miss Eyre!' Mr. Rochester said. 'Look at me again. Am I a kind man?' 'No, sir,' I said again. 'You are smiling now. But you are not always kind.' 'That is true,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'I have had a difficult life. I have met bad people. I have been a bad person myself. Now Thornfield Hall is my home. But I hate this house. You are very young, Miss Eyre. You cannot understand me.' 'You are right. I don't understand you, sir,' I said. I stood up.

'Where are you going?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'It is late. Adele must go to bed,' I said. 'Are you frightened of me, Miss Eyre?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'No, sir,' I replied. 'But you say strange things, sir.' Mr. Rochester smiled. 'Take Adele to her bedroom now, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'We will talk again tomorrow.' After that night, we talked together many times. Mr. Rochester was an interesting man. But he was a strange man too. I often thought about him.

'Why does Mr. Rochester hate Thornfield?' I asked myself. 'Thornfield Hall is a beautiful place. But Mr. Rochester is not happy.'

Exercise A. Choose the right answer

1. Jane runs away from Thornfield and finally falls down near a house ...
a).on a wet, windy moor b). in a forest c) next to a school d) in London
2. Jane first meets Mr Rochester when he ... on the way to Thornfield.
a) gets lost b).tries to stop a fire c) falls in the river d) falls off his horse
3. At Thornfield, Jane sometimes hears
a)loud bells b) sad crying c) strange, ghostly laughter d) funny singing

Chapter Five

Fire

It was March. One night, I was in bed. But I was not asleep. The house was quiet. Suddenly, I heard a sound in the corridor outside my room. 'Who's there?' I said. Nobody answered. Then I heard a strange laugh. I got out of my bed and I went quietly to the door. I listened. I heard another sound. Somebody was walking up the stairs to the top corridor. Then I heard somebody close a door. 'Was that Grace Poole?' I said to myself. 'Yes, it was Grace. Why was she laughing? And why is she walking in the house at night? Is she mad? I must tell Mrs Fairfax about this. I will speak to her now.' I put on some clothes and I opened the door. There was a candle on the floor outside my room. The candle was burning. There was thick smoke in the corridor. I went into the corridor. I looked around me. The door of Mr. Rochester's bedroom was open. And the smoke was coming from Mr. Rochester's room!

I ran into the room. I sat in a chair by the window. Time passed. At last, Mr. Rochester returned. 'Please don't worry, Jane,' he said. 'Grace Poole is a strange woman. But she won't hurt anybody tonight.' I stood up. 'Goodnight, sir,' I said. Mr. Rochester held my hand. He looked at me and he smiled. 'Thank you, my dear friend,' he said. 'You saved my life tonight, Jane.' 'Goodnight, sir,' I said again. I

went back to my bed. I was very tired. But at first, I could not sleep. Suddenly, I understood something. I loved Mr. Rochester! He had smiled at me. He had held my hand. Did he love me? I did not know. But I thought about Mr. Rochester for a long time. I did not see Mr. Rochester the next day. He did not send for me. In the evening, I went down to Mr. s Fairfax's sitting-room. The housekeeper was looking out of the window. 'The weather has been good today,' Mr. s Fairfax said. 'Mr. Rochester had a good day for his journey.' 'His journey? Where has he gone?' I asked. I was surprised. 'He has gone to Ingram Park,' Mr. s Fairfax replied. 'Mr. Rochester will stay there for a week or more. He has many friends. All his friends will be at Ingram Park this week.' 'Will there be any ladies at Ingram Park?' I asked. 'Yes,' Mr. s Fairfax said. 'There will be many ladies there. Miss Blanche Ingram will be there. Mr. Rochester has known her for many years.' 'Is Miss Ingram beautiful?' I asked. 'She is very beautiful,' Mr. s Fairfax said. 'Will Mr. Rochester marry her?' I asked. Mr. s Fairfax smiled. 'I don't know, Miss Eyre,' she replied. 'I don't know.' I was very unhappy. I went up to my bedroom. I looked in my mirror. 'Jane Eyre,' I said to myself. 'You are not pretty. And you are poor. Mr. Rochester will never marry you. He will marry Miss Blanche Ingram. She is a rich lady. You are a poor governess. Forget Mr. Rochester, Jane Eyre! Forget him!'

Exercise A. Answer to the questions

1. When does the story happen?
2. Did Grace Poole set fire to Mr Rochester's bed?
3. What lie about the fire did Mr. Rochester tell the servants?
4. How does Grace react when Jane questions her about the fire? Do you think she set it?

Chapter Six

Guests at Thornfield Hall

Two weeks later, a letter arrived for Mrs Fairfax. 'Mr. Rochester will return on Thursday,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'Some of his friends will come here with him. There will be many guests at Thornfield Hall.' On Thursday evening, Mrs Fairfax, Adele and I were in Adele's bedroom. Mrs Fairfax was looking out of the window. 'The guests are arriving now!' Mrs Fairfax said. I went to the window and I looked out. There were three carriages. Two people were riding horses. Mr. Rochester was riding his big black horse. A beautiful young woman was riding a white horse.

Mrs Fairfax pointed to the young woman. 'That is Miss Ingram,' the housekeeper said. Then she went downstairs. Adele wanted to go downstairs too, 'No, Adele,' I said. 'We cannot go downstairs tonight. Mr. Rochester is talking to his guests.' The next day, Mrs Fairfax came into the schoolroom. 'Mr. Rochester wants you to meet his guests tonight, Miss Eyre,' she said. 'Adele must meet them too.' Later, Adele and I went quietly into the sitting-room. And soon, eight ladies came into the room. One of them was tall, dark and very beautiful. She was Blanche Ingram. Adele ran towards her. 'Good evening, beautiful lady,' she said in French. 'What a pretty little girl!' Blanche Ingram said. Miss Ingram spoke to the other ladies. And she spoke to Adele. But she did not speak to me. Half an hour later, the gentlemen came into the room. I looked at Mr. Rochester. He saw me, but he did not speak to me. Miss Ingram pointed at Adele. 'Why doesn't this little girl live at a school, Mr. Rochester?' she asked. 'Adele learns her lessons at home,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'She has a governess.' 'Oh, yes. That small woman by the window,' Miss Ingram said. 'I had many governesses. I hated all of them. They were all ugly and stupid!' Later, Miss Ingram and Mr. Rochester sang some songs together, Mr. Rochester had a fine voice. I listened to the songs, then I left the room. Mr. Rochester followed me. 'What is wrong, Jane?' he asked. 'Nothing is wrong, sir,' I said. 'But I am tired. I am going to my room. Goodnight, sir.' 'You are tired. And you are unhappy too,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'There are tears in your eyes. Rest now, Jane. But please come and meet my guests tomorrow evening.

Don't forget, don't forget, Jane.' The guests stayed at Thornfield Hall for two weeks. Every evening, I went to the sitting-room with Adele. Nobody spoke to me. Mr. Rochester and Miss Ingram were always together. One afternoon, Mr. Rochester went to Millcote. He returned late in the evening. I met him at the front door. 'Another guest has arrived, sir,' I told him. 'His name is Mr. Mason. He has come from the West Indies.' Suddenly, Mr. Rochester's face was pale. He held my hand tightly. 'Mason. The West Indies. Mason —' he said. 'Are you ill, sir?' I asked. 'Jane, my little friend, I've had a shock,' he said. 'Bring me a glass of wine, please.' I went quickly to the dining-room. I returned with a glass of wine and I gave it to Mr. Rochester. 'What are my guests doing?' he asked. 'They are eating and laughing, sir,' I replied. 'Mr. Mason is talking to the other guests.' 'One day, they will all hate me,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Now go into the dining-room again. Tell Mason to meet me in the library.' I gave Mr. Mason the message. Then I went to my bedroom. I got into my bed. Later, I heard Mr. Rochester coming up the stairs with Mr. Mason. They were laughing and talking. Soon, I was asleep.

Exercise A. Answer to the questions.

1. When did Mr. Rochester return to the Thornfield Hall?
2. How many carriages were there? Were they rich people?
3. Who was Ingram Blanche and what kind of woman was she? Did she hate the governesses?
4. Who was Mr Mason and where was he from?

Chapter Seven

A Terrible Night

Some hours later, I woke up. A terrible cry had woken me. The moon was bright. Its light was shining through my window. I listened. Then I heard somebody shouting. 'Help! Help! Rochester, help me!' The voice came from the top corridor. 'Help! Help!' I got out of bed and I put on a dress and some shoes. I opened my door. All the guests were in the corridor outside the bedrooms. They were all asking questions. 'What happened?' they asked. 'Is there a fire? Who is hurt? Where is Mr. Rochester?' 'I am here!' Mr. Rochester said. He was walking down the stairs from the top corridor. 'What is wrong, Mr. Rochester?' Miss Ingram asked. 'What has happened?' 'Nothing is wrong, Mr. Rochester replied. 'One of the servants has had a bad dream. Go back to bed!' I went back to my room. But something was wrong. I did not get into my bed. I waited. Soon, somebody knocked on my door. I opened the door. Mr. Rochester was standing in the corridor. 'Jane, follow me. Do not make a sound,' Mr. Rochester said. We went up to the top corridor. Mr. Rochester unlocked a door and we went inside a room. Mr. Mason was sitting on a chair in the room. His face was pale. And his shirt was covered with blood! Then I heard a terrible laugh. The sound came from the next room.

'Grace Poole is a madwoman,' I thought. 'Why does Mr. Rochester have a mad servant?' Mr. Rochester spoke quietly to Mr. Mason. 'I am going to bring a doctor, Richard,' he said. Then he spoke to me. 'Stay here, Jane. Wash Mr. Mason's arm. But do not speak to him.' Mr. Rochester left the room. I washed Mr. Mason's arm. We waited for Mr. Rochester and the doctor. Mr. Mason did not speak to me and I did not speak to him. After two hours, Mr. Rochester returned. The doctor was with him. The doctor looked at Mr. Mason's arm. 'She bit me,' Mr. Mason said. 'I came up here. I wanted to see her. I wanted to help her. But she bit me!' 'Be quiet now, Richard,' Mr. Rochester said quickly. The doctor put a bandage on Mr. Mason's arm. Mr. Rochester put Mr. Mason's coat round the injured man's

shoulders. Then he spoke to me again. 'Run downstairs, Jane. Unlock the small door at the side of the house,' he said. 'We will follow you.' I went quickly downstairs and I opened the door. Outside the door, a servant was waiting with a carriage. Mr. Mason and the doctor came out of the house. They got into the carriage. Then Mr. Rochester came out of the house too. Mr. Mason spoke to him through the window of the carriage. 'Help her. Be kind to her, Rochester,' he said. 'Yes, I will, Mason,' Mr. Rochester said. The servant drove the carriage away.

'Will you walk in the garden with me, Jane?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'I do not want to sleep now.' 'Yes, I will, sir,' I said. Soon, it was morning. The birds were beginning to sing. The flowers had a sweet smell. 'It has been a strange night, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Were you frightened?' 'I am frightened of Grace Poole,' I said. 'She will hurt you, one day.' 'I am stronger than she is. She will not hurt me,' Mr. Rochester said. He looked at me for a few moments. 'Are you my friend, Jane?' he asked me. 'Yes, sir. I will be your friend forever!' I replied. 'Thank you, my dear,' Mr. Rochester said. 'I have made mistakes. Now, I want to be happy. That is not wrong, is it, Jane?' He stopped speaking for a minute. Then he said, 'Go into the house. I'll talk to you tomorrow.' But the next day, I had a letter from Gateshead Hall, my Aunt Reed's house. The letter was from my Cousin Eliza. I started the journey to my Aunt Reed's house immediately. I arrived there the next day. My Aunt Reed was very, very ill. She could not move. And she did not speak to me. I wanted to return to Thornfield Hall. I wanted to see Mr. Rochester. But Eliza wanted me to stay at Gateshead Hall. After three weeks, my aunt spoke to me at last. She spoke very slowly. 'Are you Jane Eyre?' she asked. 'Yes, Aunt Reed. I am Jane Eyre,' I replied. 'There is a letter for you,' Aunt Reed said. 'It is in my desk. Call Eliza, please. She will get the letter.' Eliza came into the room. She opened the desk and she gave me a letter.

'Read the letter, Jane,' my aunt said. The letter had come from Madeira. But it was three years old. 'I answered that letter,' Aunt Reed said. 'I hated you, Jane. I did not want you to have your uncle's money. I wrote to John Eyre. I wrote, "Jane Eyre is dead. She died at Lowood School." I am sorry, Jane, I was wrong.' Mrs Reed died

that night. I left Gateshead Hall a few days later. I took my uncle's letter with me. Mr. Rochester met me at Thornfield Hall. 'Welcome back to my house,' he said. 'This is your home, Jane.' 'Thank you, sir,' I said. 'I am very happy here.' Mr. Rochester's guests had left. No other visitors came to Thornfield Hall. Every day, Mr. Rochester and I talked together. And every day, I loved him more.

Exercise A. Answer the questions

1. What lie about the fire did Mr. Rochester tell the servants?
2. How does Grace react when Jane questions her about the fire? Do you think she set it?
3. Why is Jane upset when Mr. Rochester goes away?
4. What does Jane find odd about Grace's habits? What does she overhear about Grace?

Chapter Eight

In the Garden

In June, the weather was hot. One evening, I walked into the garden, Mr. Rochester was there too. 'Do you like this house, Jane?' he asked. 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Soon, Adele will go to live at a school, Jane,' he said. 'Then, I will not want a governess here. Will you be sad then, Jane? Will you leave Thornfield Hall?' 'Leave?' I said quickly. 'Must I leave Thornfield?' 'My dear —' Mr. Rochester stopped. He was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'I am going to be married soon.' 'Oh, sir,' I said. 'Then I must go far away. Far away from Thornfield. Far away from you, sir.' I started to cry. 'I will always remember you, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Will you forget me?' 'No, sir,' I replied. 'I will never forget you. I don't want to leave Thornfield, sir. I don't want to leave you.' 'Don't leave, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Stay here.' He smiled at me. 'I must not stay here, sir,' I said. 'You are going to marry Miss Ingram. I am poor. I do not have a pretty face. But I have a heart. It is a loving heart, sir!' 'Jane - I am not going to marry Miss Ingram,' Mr. Rochester said. 'She is rich. She is beautiful. You are poor. You are not beautiful. But I want to marry you! Will you marry me, Jane?' For a moment, I

could not speak. At last, I asked, 'Do you love me, sir?' 'I do,' he replied. 'Then, sir, I will marry you,' I said. And Mr. Rochester kissed me.

'My dearest Jane,' he said. 'Nothing can stop our marriage now. We will be married in a month, Jane!' We kissed again. Then I said goodnight and I went into the house. I went upstairs to my room. Later, I remembered my Uncle John Eyre's letter. 'I will write to him in Madeira,' I said to myself. 'I will tell him about my marriage to Mr. Rochester. I am very happy. My uncle will be happy too.'

Four weeks passed. Mr. Rochester was going to buy me many beautiful things. He was going to give me many presents. But I did not want these things. 'No, Edward,' I said. 'I am not beautiful. I don't want beautiful things. I want you, Edward.' It was the month of July. Two days before our wedding-day, Mr. Rochester went away. 'I will return tomorrow,' he said. 'I love you, Jane.' That night, I went to my bedroom early. My wedding dress and my wedding veil were in my room. I looked at them. 'In two days, I will be Jane Rochester,' I said to myself. Then I went to bed. But I did not sleep well. The next day, Mr. Rochester returned. He looked at me carefully. 'What is wrong, Jane?' he asked. 'Your face is pale. Are you frightened?' 'I had a very strange dream last night,' I said. 'It was a dream about this house. But in my dream, Thornfield Hall had no roof. The walls were burnt. They were black. In my dream, I tried to find you. But you were not in the house.' 'Are you afraid of a dream, Jane?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'No, Edward,' I replied. 'But I woke up from my dream. There was a woman in my room. She was tall and heavy. She had long, black hair.' 'The woman was holding a candle,' I said. 'She put the candle by my mirror. She put my wedding veil over her head and she looked in the mirror. Then I saw her face!' 'It was a strange, terrible face, Edward,' I said. 'Suddenly, the woman tore my veil into two pieces. She threw the pieces on the floor!' 'What happened next?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'The woman held her candle near my face,' I replied. 'She looked at me and she laughed. Then she went away.'

'This happened in your dream, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'It did not happen in my dream, Edward,' I said. 'This morning, my wedding veil was on the floor of my room. It was torn. It was in two pieces!' 'But the woman did not hurt you, Jane,'

Mr. Rochester said. 'Sleep in Adele's room tonight, my dear. You will have no more bad dreams.'

Exercise A . Answer the questions?

- 1.About what do Jane and Rochester have a talk?
- 2.Why does Jane think that Rochester will marry to Ingram?
3. Mr .Rochester teases Jane before he asks her to marry him. Why does he do that? Do you believe that he really loves her?
- 4.Why does Jane decide to write to her uncle John?
- 5.What happens in Jane's room at night that scares her. How does Mr Rochester explain what happens?

Chapter Nine

Mr. Rochester's Wife

It was our wedding day.We were going to be married in a church near Thornfield Hall. After the marriage, we were going to travel to London. I got up early. I put on my wedding dress and I went downstairs. Mr. Rochester was waiting for me. At eight o'clock, we walked together to the church. The clergyman was standing by the door of the church. There were two other people inside the church -two men. They were sitting in a dark corner. I could not see them very well. The clergyman started to speak. At every marriage, the clergyman asks an important question. He asks the people in the church, 'Is there a problem about this marriage?' The clergyman spoke loudly. He asked this question and he waited. There was silence for a moment. And then one of the men in the dark corner stood up. He spoke loudly. 'There is a problem. These two people must not be married!' he said. 'There is not a problem!' Mr. Rochester said to the clergyman. 'Please go on with the marriage.' 'No, I cannot go on with the marriage,' the clergyman replied. He spoke to the man in the corner. 'What is the problem, sir?' he asked.

Mr. Rochester turned and looked at the man. 'Who are you? What do you know about me?' he asked angrily. 'My name is Briggs, sir. I am a lawyer,' the man

replied. 'I know many things about you. Fifteen years ago, you were married in the West Indies. Your wife's name is Bertha Mason. She is alive. She lives at Thornfield Hall.' 'How do you know that?' Mr. Rochester shouted. The other man in the dark corner stood up. He walked towards us. It was Richard Mason. 'Bertha Mason is my sister,' he said. 'I saw her at Thornfield Hall in April.' Mr. Rochester's face was pale. For a minute he was silent. Then he spoke quietly. 'It is true,' he said. 'My wife is living at Thornfield Hall. She is mad. Come to the house - all of you! Come and see Mr.s Rochester! Come and see the madwoman!' We all left the church. Nobody spoke. At Thornfield, Mr s Fairfax and Adele were waiting for us. They were smiling happily. 'Nobody will be happy today!' Mr. Rochester said. 'We are not married!' Briggs, Mr. Mason, the clergyman and I followed Mr. Rochester. We followed him up the stairs. He took us to the top corridor. He unlocked a door and we went into a small room. I had seen this room before! We walked through the room to another door. Mr. Rochester unlocked this door and we saw a larger room. Grace Poole was sitting in the room. But another woman was there too. She was tall and heavy. Her dark hair was in front of her face. The woman turned and looked at us. I knew that terrible, mad face. I had seen it in my bedroom, two nights before. The madwoman saw Mr. Rochester. She screamed and she ran towards him. 'Be careful, sir!' Grace Poole said. The madwoman was very strong. She screamed and she hit Mr. Rochester. But Mr. Rochester held her arms. 'This woman is my wife!' Mr. Rochester said angrily. 'I wanted to forget about her. I wanted to marry this young girl, Jane Eyre. Was I wrong?' He was silent for a few moments. Then he spoke quietly. 'Yes. I was wrong,' he said. 'I love Jane Eyre. But I was wrong. Now, go, all of you. I must take care of my mad wife!' I went slowly downstairs. Mr. Briggs, the lawyer, spoke to me. 'I am sorry for you, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'You did nothing wrong. Your uncle, John Eyre, is sorry for you too. He read your letter. And then he met Richard Mason in Madeira. Your uncle is dying, Miss Eyre. He could not come to England. He sent me here. He wanted me to stop this marriage.'

I did not answer. I went to my room and I locked the door. I took off my wedding dress. I put on a plain black dress. I lay down on my bed. 'I am Jane Eyre today,' I thought. 'I will be Jane Eyre tomorrow. I will never be Jane Rochester. I must leave Thornfield Hall. I must never see Mr. Rochester again. My life here is finished.' Many hours later, I got off the bed. I unlocked my door. Mr. Rochester was waiting outside my room.

'You are unhappy, Jane,' he said. 'I am very, very sorry. Jane, we will leave Thornfield, We will go to another country. We will be happy again.' 'I cannot be your wife. I cannot live with you,' I said. 'I must leave you, Edward.' 'Listen, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'My father wanted me to marry Bertha Mason. Her family was very rich. I married her. My father was happy. But I was not happy. Bertha was mad, and she was a bad woman. Nobody told me about her. She was married to me, but she met other men. She was drunk every day. She tried to kill me many times.' 'After four years, I brought Bertha here to Thornfield Hall,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Then I went away. Grace Poole took care of Bertha. I met other women. One of them was a French singer. She was Adele's mother. Adele is my daughter, Jane. But I did not love the French singer. I did not love anybody. I came home to Thornfield Hall. Then you came here and I loved you. I will always love you. Please stay with me, Jane.' 'No, Edward,' I said. 'I am going away. We will be unhappy. But we must not be together. Goodbye, Edward.' 'Oh, Jane! Jane, my love!' Mr. Rochester said. 'Don't leave me!' I kissed Mr. Rochester. 'God will help you, Edward,' I said. Quickly, I went into my room. I put some clothes into a bag. Later, I heard Mr. Rochester go into his room. Very quietly, I went downstairs. I opened the small door at the side of the house. I left Thornfield Hall and I walked to the road. It was dark. Soon, a coach came along the road. I gave all my money to the driver of the coach. I got into the coach. Many hours later, the coach stopped. It was ten o'clock in the morning. 'You must give me more money now,' the driver said. 'I have no more money,' I said. 'You have no more money? Then you must get out of the coach,' the driver said, I got down onto the road. The coach moved away quickly. But I had left my bag in the coach.

I looked around me. I was on a cold, empty moor. I was tired and hungry. I walked and walked. I had no money. I had no food. I walked until the evening came. At last, I lay down on the ground. I fell asleep immediately.

Exercise A. Answer to the questions

1. What surprising news does Jane hear at her wedding?
2. Describe Betha Mason. What does she do when the wedding party comes in?
3. What does Mr Rochester explain to Jane about his marriage?
4. What do you think about Jan's decision? Why?

Chapter Ten

Moor House

The next morning, I woke late. I walked along the road for many miles. It started to rain. Soon my clothes were wet. I saw no one. I walked on the moor all day. In the evening, I was very tired again. 'I must sleep soon,' I thought. 'Where shall I sleep?' Then I saw a light. I walked slowly towards it. The rain was falling heavily. But I saw a house near the road. I walked up to the house. I knocked on the door. I waited, but nobody opened the door. I stood outside the house. I was very cold and very tired. I could not move. 'I am going to die here,' I said. Then I heard a young man's voice. The man was standing behind me. 'No, you will not die at Moor House,' the man said. Then he unlocked the door of the house. He took me into the house. He took me into a warm sitting room. 'Please sit down,' he said. Two pretty young women came into the room. 'Give this poor woman some food, Diana,' the young man said. 'Give her some dry clothes, Mary.' Then he spoke to me again. 'My name is St John Rivers,' he said. 'These are my sisters, Diana and Mary. What is your name, young woman?'

'My name is Jane — Elliot,' I said. I closed my eyes. 'Jane is very tired,' Diana said. 'She must go to bed now.' I stayed in bed at Moor House for three days. Diana and Mary Rivers were governesses. They were staying at Moor House for a few days. St John, their brother, was a clergyman. They were very kind to me. Soon, we were good friends.

One day, St John asked me about my life. 'I was a governess too,' I told him. And I told him about Lowood School. But I did not tell him about Thornfield Hall. I did not tell him about Mr. Rochester. 'I want to work, St John,' I said. 'Will you help me?' 'I have a plan,' St John said. 'A few miles from here, there is a village. Many of the girls in the village can-not read or write. I am going to pay for a girls' school in the village. But I must find a teacher for these girls.' 'I will teach them, St John,' I said. 'Good!' he said. 'There will be a small house next to the school. You will live there.' Three days later, a letter arrived for St John. 'Diana, Mary - our Uncle John is dead,' he told his sisters. 'But we will not have any of his money.' He gave the letter to his sisters. They read it. 'Uncle John was our mother's brother,' Diana told me. 'He was very rich. But he has given all his money to another niece. We do not know her.' Soon, I went to live in the village. I lived in the house next to the school. Every day, I taught the girls. My pupils worked hard. But I was not happy. Every day, I thought about Edward Rochester. 'Does he think about me?' I asked myself. Four months passed. One day, St John Rivers came to my house. He was holding a letter. He was worried.

'What is wrong?' I asked. 'I want to ask you three questions, Jane,' he replied. 'Is your name Jane Elliot? Do you have another name? Do you know Jane Eyre?' I looked at him for a moment. I did not speak. 'I have some news for Jane Eyre,' St John said. 'Jane Eyre was a pupil at Lowood School. And she was a teacher there. Then she was a governess at Thornfield Hall - the home of Mr. Edward Rochester.' 'How do you know this?' I asked. 'What do you know about Mr. Rochester? How is he?' 'I don't know,' St John said. 'This letter is from a lawyer. The lawyer tells a story about Mr. Rochester. Mr. Rochester had a mad wife. But he tried to marry Jane Eyre. She left Thornfield. Now this lawyer, Mr. Briggs, is trying to find her.' 'I will tell you the truth, St John,' I said. 'My name is not Jane Elliot. My name is Jane Eyre. And I was a governess at Thornfield Hall. I know Mr. Rochester. Did Mr. Briggs write anything about Mr. Rochester?' 'No. The letter is about you, Jane,' St John said. 'Your uncle, John Eyre is dead. John Eyre has given you twenty thousand pounds. You are rich, Jane.' 'But why did Mr. Briggs write to you?' I

asked. 'My mother's name was Eyre,' St John said. 'She was your father's sister, Jane.' 'Then you, Diana and Mary are my cousins!' I said. I thought carefully for a moment. 'Write to Diana and Mary,' I said. 'They must come home. I will give all of you some of Uncle John's money.' The next day, I wrote to Mr. Briggs. I gave St John, Diana and Mary five thousand pounds each. I wrote to Mr.s Fairfax too, but she did not reply. Six months passed. I heard nothing from Thornfield Hall. I heard nothing about Mr. Rochester. Then, one day, I was walking on the moor. Suddenly, I heard a voice. There was nobody on the moor. But the voice was calling my name - 'Jane! Jane! Jane!'

'That is Mr. Rochester's voice,' I said to myself. Then I shouted, 'I am coming, Edward. I am coming!' I ran to Moor House. I spoke to my cousins. 'I am going to Thornfield Hall tomorrow,' I told them. I began my journey the next day.

Exercise A .Answer to the questions

1. Who are the people do help Jane?
2. What job does St John find for Jane? How does she feel about it?
3. What sad news do John and his sisters get?
4. Do you think religious people are usually kind and more helpful to strangers than other people? Why do you think people are often scared to help strangers?

Chapter Eleven

My Story Ends

Two days later, I got out of a coach. I was standing on the road near Thornfield Hall. I ran across the fields. Was Mr. Rochester at Thornfield? Was he ill? And then I saw the house. The house had no roof. Its walls were burnt and black. Nobody was living there.

I looked at the burnt, black house. I had seen this before. I had seen it in a dream! I was frightened. Where was Edward Rochester? I went to the village of Hay. I asked about Thornfield Hall. I asked about Mr. Rochester. 'Three months ago, there was a fire at Thornfield Hall,' a man told me. 'The madwoman burnt the

house. She was Mr. Rochester's wife.' 'Was Mr. Rochester in the house?' I asked. 'Yes, he was there,' the man replied. 'He tried to save his wife's life. He went into the burning house. But the madwoman jumped from the roof. She died.' 'Was Mr. Rochester hurt?' I asked quickly. 'Yes, he was badly hurt,' the man said. 'He is blind -he can't see. And he has only one hand.' 'Where is he?' I asked. 'Where is he?' 'He is living at Ferndean. It is an old house, about thirty miles away,' the man said. 'Do you have a carriage?' I asked. 'I must go to Ferndean immediately.' I got out of the carriage near Ferndean. I walked to the house. I knocked on the door. A servant opened it. I knew her. 'Oh, Miss Eyre! You have come,' she said. 'Mr. Rochester has been calling your name.' A bell rang in another room. 'That is Mr. Rochester's bell,' the woman said. 'He wants some candles.'

There were two candles on a table near the door. The woman lit them and she picked them up. 'Mr. Rochester is blind, but he always burns candles in his room in the evenings,' she said. 'Give the candles to me.' I said. 'I'll take them to him.' I opened the door of Mr. Rochester's room. His black-and white dog was sitting by the fire. The dog jumped up and ran towards me. 'Who is there?' Mr. Rochester said. 'Don't you know me, Edward?' I asked. 'Your dog knows me.' I put the candles on a table. I held Mr. Rochester's hand. 'I know that voice. And I know this little hand,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Is that you, Jane?' 'Yes, sir, I have found you at last,' I said. 'I will never leave you again.' Then I told Mr. Rochester my story. 'Why did you leave your cousins, Jane?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'Why did you come back to me? I am blind. I have only one hand.' 'I will take care of you, Edward,' I said. 'But I don't want a servant,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'I want a wife.' 'You will have a wife, Edward,' I said. 'I will be your wife. I will marry you. I loved you very much at Thornfield Hall. Now I love you more.'

Mr. Rochester and I got married. After a time, his eyes were better. He could see a little. He saw the face of our first child! My dear Edward and I are very happy.

Exercise A. Answer to the questions

1. how did Mr Rochester behave after Jane left the year before?
2. What happened to Mr Rochester? How did he get hurt? What happened to his wife?
3. What was the strange coincidence? Why doesn't Jane tell Mr Rochester about it?
4. how does Jane's marriage with Mr Rochester turn out to be the right decision?

Unit Five

Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin on 16 October 1854. His father was a successful surgeon and his mother a writer and literary hostess. Wilde was educated at Trinity College, Dublin and Magdalena College, Oxford. While at Oxford, Wilde became involved in the aesthetic movement. After he graduated, he moved to London to pursue a literary career.

His output was diverse. A first volume of his poetry was published in 1881 but as well as composing verse, he contributed to publications such as the 'Pall Mall Gazette', wrote fairy stories and published a novel 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' (1891). His greatest talent was for writing plays, and he produced a string of extremely popular comedies including 'Lady Windermere's Fan' (1892), 'An Ideal Husband (1895)' and 'The Importance of Being Earnest' (1895). 'Salomé' was performed in Paris in 1896.

Drama and tragedy marred Wilde's private life. He married Constance Lloyd in 1884 and they had two sons, but in 1891 Wilde began an affair with Lord Alfred Douglas, nicknamed 'Bosie'. In April 1895, Wilde sued Bosie's father, the Marquis of Queensberry, for libel, after the Marquis has accused him of being homosexual. Wilde lost and, after details of his private life were revealed during the trial, was arrested and tried for gross indecency. He was sentenced to two years of hard labour. While in prison he composed a long letter to Douglas, posthumously published under the title 'De Profundis' . His wife took their children to Switzerland and adopted the name 'Holland'. Wilde was released with his health irrevocably damaged and his reputation ruined. He spent the rest of his life in Europe, publishing 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol' in 1898. He died in Paris on 30 November 1900.

Reading and Listening: “ The Canterville Ghost ” by Oscar Wilde.

Glossary

Appear-to come where somebody can see you **ghost**- a dead person that living people think they can see **housekeeper**- a person whose job is to take care of another person's house **twins** - two children born from the same mother at the same time **stain**—a dirty or coloured mark on something **thunder** – a very loud noise in the sky during a storm

Pre-reading activity 1

Exercise A. Read the back cover of the book and the story introduction on the first page. How do you know about the story? Tick one box for each sentence.

- | | |
|--|---------|
| 1. Cantrville Ghost is more than 300 years old | Yes, No |
| 2. Lord Canterville's family believes in ghosts | |
| 3. The Otis family believes in ghosts | |
| 4. The ghost plans to be nice to the Otis family | |
| 5. The Otis twins know a lot of tricks | |

Chapter 1

When the American, Mr Otis, bought Canterville Castle, everyone told him that this was very foolish, as the place was haunted. But Mr Otis answered, “I come from a modern country, where we have everything that money can buy. And if there were such a thing as a ghost in Europe, we would have it at home in one of our museums.”

A few weeks later, on a lovely July evening, Mr Otis, his wife and their children, Washington, Virginia and the twins, went down to their new home. When they entered the avenue of Canterville Castle, the sky suddenly became dark and a spooky stillness was in the air. Mrs Umney, the housekeeper, led them into the library of the castle, where they sat down and began to look around. Suddenly, Mrs

Otis saw a red stain on the floor just by the fireplace and said to Mrs Umney, 'I am afraid something has been spilt there'.

'Yes, madam,' said the old housekeeper in a low voice, 'blood has been spilt on that spot'. 'How terrible', said Mrs Otis; "I don't want any blood-stains in my sitting-room. It must be removed at once."

The old woman smiled and answered, "It is the blood of Lady Eleanore de Canterville, who was murdered on that spot by her husband, Sir Simon de Canterville, in 1575. Sir Simon disappeared seven years later. His body has never been found, but his ghost still haunts the Castle. The blood-stain is a tourist attraction now and it cannot be removed." 'That is all nonsense', said Washington, the eldest son of the Otis family, "stain remover will clean it up in no time," and he took a bottle of stain remover out of his pocket and cleaned the spot. But as soon as the blood-stain had disappeared, a terrible flash of lightning lit up the room and a fearful peal of thunder made the whole building shake.

Chapter II

Glossary

Metal - something hard ,gold, silver, steel, etc

Lord- the title of a man from an important family

Duke, Duchess- the title of an important man or woman

trick- (a) a clever plan that makes somebody believe something that is not true

There was a horrible storm that night, but apart from that nothing scary happened. The next morning, however, when the family came down to breakfast, they found the terrible stain of blood once again on the floor. Washington cleaned it a second time, but the second morning it appeared again. The third morning it was there, too, although the library had been locked up at night by Mr Otis himself. The following night, all doubts about the existence of the ghost were finally removed forever. At eleven o'clock the family went to bed and some time after, Mr Otis was awakened by a strange noise in the corridor, outside his room. It sounded

like the clank of metal, and it came nearer every moment. Mr Otis got up and looked at the time. It was exactly one o'clock. So Mr Otis put on his slippers, went to the door and opened it. There, right in front of him, stood the ghost - his eyes were as red as burning coals; long grey hair fell over his shoulders and from his wrists and ankles hung heavy chains.

“My dear Sir,” said Mr Otis, “you must oil those chains. It's impossible to sleep with such a noise going on outside the bedrooms. I have therefore brought you this bottle of lubricator, and I will be happy to supply you with more if you require it.” With these words Mr Otis laid the bottle down, closed his door and went back to bed. Shocked, the Canterville ghost stood quite motionless for a moment, but then he growled angrily. Just at this moment, the twins appeared on the corridor and threw a large pillow at him! The ghost hastily escaped through the wall, and the house became quiet again. When the ghost reached his small secret chamber, he took a deep breath. No ghosts in history had ever been treated in this manner!

While-reading activity

What

1. ... did the Duchess of Bolton feel on her shoulders?
2. ... couldn't Mr Otis buy in America?
3. ... did Duke of Cheshire ask Virginia?
4. ... did Sir Simon de Canterville do in 1575?
5. ... did Washington clean off the library floor?
6. ... did Mrs Umney want Mr and Mrs Otis to do?

Chapter III

Glossary

Candle - a stick of wax that gives light when it burns

frighten- to make someone afraid

medicine - something to eat or drink that helps you to get better when you are ill

suit of armour - a set of metal clothes that men wore in the past when they were fighting

The ghost did not appear for the rest of the week. The only strange thing that happened was the blood-stain, which they found on the library-floor every morning. It was also quite strange that the color of the stain changed from time to time. Some mornings it was red, then brown or purple, or even green. These changes amused the family very much, and bets on the color were made every evening. The only person who did not enter into the joke was Virginia. For some unexplained reason, she was rather annoyed at the sight of the blood-stain, and nearly cried the morning it was green. The second appearance of the ghost was on Sunday night. Shortly after the family had gone to bed they heard a fearful crash in the hall. A suit of armor had fallen on the floor and in a chair sat the Canterville ghost and rubbed his knees, which seemed to hurt. When the twins started shooting peas at him with their pea-shooters, the ghost stood up with an angry growl and passed through them like a mist. He also blew out the candle, leaving them all in total darkness. On top of the stairs the ghost turned around and, in order to frighten the Otis boys, laughed his most horrible laugh. Just then, a door opened and Mrs Otis came out of her bedroom. "I am afraid you are not well," she said, "I have therefore brought you this bottle of medicine." The ghost looked at her furiously, and then he disappeared. When he reached his room, he was completely exhausted. This American family was extremely annoying. But what annoyed him most was, that he had not been able to wear the suit of armour. The weight of it had made him fall and hurt his knees.

For some days after this the ghost only left his room to renew the blood-stain. However, on Friday, the 17th of August, he tried to frighten the Otis family again. At half-past ten the family went to bed. For some time the ghost heard the twins laugh, but at a quarter past eleven all was still. So, at midnight he left his secret chamber and glided through the corridors, when suddenly, behind one corner, a horrible ghost stood right in front of him. As the Canterville ghost had never seen another ghost before, he was terribly frightened. He quickly hurried back to his room. But then he thought that he should go and speak to the other ghost. After all, two ghosts were better than one, and his new friend might help him to frighten the twins. However, when he came back to the spot, he found that this 'other ghost' was not real, but only a white sheet which the twins had hung there to play a trick on him. Very upset the Canterville ghost went back to his chamber.

Post reading activity. Answer to the questions on the text

1. What amuses the family about the blood-stain?
2. Why does the suit of armour fall on the floor?
3. What does the Canterville ghost do when he sees the other ghost?

Chapter Four

For five days, the ghost did not leave his room. He was very weak and tired and his nerves were completely shattered. He also gave up the point of the blood-stain on the library floor. If the Otis family did not want it, they clearly did not deserve it. Whenever the Canterville ghost roamed the house now, he was careful to have oiled his chains and not to make a sound. However, the twins still played their tricks on him. They stretched strings across the corridor, over which he tripped in the dark, and once he slipped on a butter-slide, which the twins had constructed for him on the staircase. This so annoyed the ghost, that he decided to teach the twins a lesson and give them the fright of their lives.

All day long the ghost had prepared this grand event and at a quarter past one at night he finally glided out of his room and crept down the corridor. When he

reached the twins' bedroom, he found the door slightly open. In order to frighten the boys enormously, he flung the door wide open, when a heavy jug of water fell right down on him, wetting him to the skin. The twins burst out in shrieks of laughter and the ghost fled. He now gave up all hope of ever frightening this rude American family and, as he was very afraid of the twins, from now on he crept around the house as quietly as possible. One night, it was on the 19th of September, he went downstairs to see if there were any traces left of the blood-stain. It was about a quarter past two in the morning, and he thought that everyone was fast asleep, when suddenly from a dark corner two figures came running at him who waved their arms wildly above their heads and shouted "BOO!" in his ear. Full of panic, which under the circumstances was only natural, the ghost hurried back to his room.

After this he was not seen again at night. His feelings were so wounded that he just did not appear anymore.

Exercise A. Answer questions on the text

1. The ghost is very quiet now. What do the twins do?
2. One last time the ghost tries to frighten the twins. What happens?
3. At the end of Chapter IV, who is afraid of whom?

Exercise B. Read and match the halves of sentences

1. The ghost used oil on his chains
 2. One night the twins put butter on the top stair,... .
 3. When the ghost went into the Twins' room,... .
 4. The ghost went down just to look at the bloodstains,... .
 5. The ghost planned to bdo the Horseman of Death,... .
- a. a jug of water fell down on him and he got very wet.
 - b. because he didn't want anyone to hear him.
 - c. but in the end he was too frightened to leave his room.
 - d. which made the ghost fall down the stairs to the bottom.
 - e. but the twins and Washington were waiting for him.

Chapter V

One day, Virginia was walking along the corridor, when she saw a person in one of the rooms and went in. To her surprise, it was the Canterville ghost himself and he looked really sad. 'I am so sorry for you', she said, 'but my brothers are going back to Eton tomorrow, and then, if you behave yourself, no one will annoy you'.

"It is absurd asking me to behave myself," the ghost answered, "I must rattle my chains, and groan through keyholes, and walk about at night. It is my only reason for existing'. 'It is no reason at all for existing, and you know you have been very nasty. Mrs Umney told us that you had killed your wife'. 'Well, I quite admit it," said the ghost, "but my wife was not very nice, you know, and she knew nothing about cookery. However, it is all over now, and I don't think it was very nice of her brothers to starve me to death." "Starve you to death? Oh, Mr Ghost, I mean Sir Simon, are you hungry? I have a sandwich in my case. Would you like it? 'No, thank you, I never eat anything now; but it is very kind of you. You are much nicer than the rest of your rude, dishonest family." "Stop!" cried Virginia, stamping her foot, "it is you who are rude, and as for dishonesty, you stole the paints out of my box to renew that ridiculous blood-stain in the library. First you took all my reds and I couldn't do any more sunsets, then you took the green and the yellow. Finally I had nothing left but blue and white, and I could only do moonlight scenes, which are not at all easy to paint."

Having said this, Virginia turned around to leave the room.

"Please don't go, Miss Virginia," the ghost cried; "I am so unhappy and I really don't know what to do. I want to go to sleep and I cannot. I have not slept for three hundred years, and I am so tired. 'Poor, poor Ghost', she murmured; 'have you no place where you can sleep?' 'Well, I know a place where I could sleep – it's the Garden of Death, the churchyard. But only if you weep for me and my sins and pray with me for my soul, the Angel of Death will have mercy on me." When Virginia promised to help the ghost and pray for him, he rose from his seat, took her hand and kissed it thankfully. Then he led her across the room. Virginia saw

the wall slowly fading away like a mist, and a bitter cold wind was around them. "Quick, quick," cried the ghost, "or it will be too late." Then the wall closed behind them, and the chamber was empty.

Exercise A. Answer the questions on the text

1. The ghost tells Virginia how he died. How did he die?
2. What do we find out about the blood-stain?
3. Does the ghost enjoy being a ghost? yes or no

Chapter Six

Glossary

Skeleton- the bones of a whole person

pray -to speak to God, to ask God for something

About ten minutes later, the bell rang for dinner, and, as Virginia did not come down, Mrs Otis sent up one of the servants. After a little time he returned and said that he could not find Miss Virginia anywhere. So, the whole family started looking for her. The hours passed, but they could find no trace of Virginia. So, after dinner, Mr Otis ordered them all to bed, saying that nothing more could be done that night, and that he would contact Scotland Yard in the morning. Just when everybody was about to leave the dining-room, the clock struck midnight, and when the last stroke sounded, a secret door opened in the wall and in that door stood Virginia with a little box in her hand. Everybody ran up to her. 'Good heavens! child, where have you been?' said Mr Otis, rather angrily, as he thought she had been playing a trick on them. 'Papa', said Virginia quietly, I have been with the ghost. He is dead, and you must come and see him. He had been very nasty, but he was really sorry for all that he had done, and he gave me this box of beautiful jewels before he died. Then she led the others down a narrow secret corridor to a little low room. There the family found the skeleton of Sir Simon, who had been starved to death by his wife's brothers. Virginia knelt down beside

the skeleton, and, folding her little hands together, began to pray silently. Meanwhile, one of the twins was looking out of the window in the little room and suddenly said, "Look! The old almond-tree has blossoms." 'Then God has forgiven him,' said Virginia and stood up.

Exercise A. Questions on the text

1. When does Virginia come back home?
2. Where does Virginia lead her family?
3. How does Virginia know, that God has forgiven the ghost?

Chapter VII

Four days later, a funeral started from Canterville Castle. In a quiet corner of the churchyard, Sir Simon's skeleton was buried. When the ceremony was over, Virginia stepped forward and laid a large cross made of white and pink almond-blossoms on the coffin.

The next morning, Mr Otis talked to Sir Simon's descendant, Sir Canterville, about the jewels the ghost had given to Virginia. Their value was so great that Mr Otis had scruples about allowing his daughter to keep them. But Sir Canterville shook his hand and said, "My dear Sir, your charming little daughter saved my ancestor's soul. The jewels are hers."

The jewels were admired by everyone when, in the spring of 1890, Virginia married the Duke of Cheshire. After their honeymoon, Virginia and her husband went down to Canterville Castle and on the day after their arrival they walked over to the churchyard. Virginia had brought some lovely roses, which she strewed upon the grave, and after they had stood by it for some time her husband took her hand. "You have never told me what happened to you when you were locked up with the ghost."

"Please don't ask me, I cannot tell you," she said, "but I owe Sir Simon a great deal. He made me see what Life is, and what Death signifies, and why Love is stronger than both."

Exercise A. Questions on the text

1. What do they do with the skeleton?
2. Can Virginia keep the jewels? yes no
3. Why does Virginia like Sir Simon (the ghost)?

Unit Six

Isaac Asimov

Isaac Asimov was born on January 2, 1920, in Petrovichi, Russia, then part of the Smolensk district in the Soviet Union. He was the first of three children of Juda and Anna Rachel Asimov. Although his father made a good living, changing political conditions led the family to leave for the United States in 1923. The Asimov's settled in Brooklyn, New York, where they owned and operated a candy store. Asimov was an excellent student who skipped several grades. In 1934 he published his first story in a high school newspaper. A year later he entered Seth Low Junior College, an undergraduate college of Columbia University. In 1936 he transferred to the main campus and changed his major from biology to chemistry. During the next two years Asimov's interest in history grew, and he read numerous books on the subject. He also read science fiction magazines and wrote stories. Asimov graduated from Columbia University with a bachelor's degree in chemistry in 1939.

Asimov was also known for writing books on a wide variety of subjects outside of science fiction, taking on topics like astronomy, biology, math, religion and literary biography. A small sample of notable titles include *The Human Body* (1963), The mystery *Murder at the AB A* (1976) and his 1979 autobiography, *In Memory Yet Green*. He spent most of his time in solitude, working on manuscripts and having to be persuaded by family to take breaks and vacations. By December 1984, he had written 300 books, ultimately writing nearly 500.

Asimov died in New York City on April 6, 1992, at the age of 72, from heart and kidney failure. He had dealt privately with a diagnosis of AIDS, which he'd contracted from a blood transfusion during bypass surgery. He was survived by two children and his second wife, Janet Jeppson.

Read and Listen . The Fun They Had

Pre-reading activity

The story we shall read is set in the future, when books and schools as we now know them will perhaps not exist. How will children study then?The diagram below may give you some ideas

Learning through computers



Virtual classroom



Schools for the future



Robotic teacher



In pairs, discuss three things that you like best when you were a pupil about your school and three things about your school that you would like to change. Write them down. have you ever read words on a television(or computer) screen? Can you imagine a time when all books will be on computers and there will be no books printed on paper? Would you like such books better.

Reading activity

attic - a space just below the roof, used as a storeroom

scornful – contemptuous showing you think something is worthless

crinkly – with many folds or lines

slot - a given space,time or position

geared – adjusted to a particular standard or level

Reading and Listening: The Fun They Had

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2155, she wrote, Today Tommy found a real book!

It was a very old book. Margie's grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crankily, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to – on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time.

Gee, said Tommy, what a waste. When you're though with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it's good for plenty more. I wouldn't throw it away.

Same with mine, said Margie. She was eleven and hadn't seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen.

She said, Where did you find it?

In my house. He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. In the attic.

What's it about? School.

Margie was scornful. School? What's there to write about school? I hate school. Margie had always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at her and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part she hated the most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

The inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted her head. He said to her mother, It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs. Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the over-all pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory. And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, Why would anyone write about school?

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

Margie was hurt. Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago. She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, Anyway, they had a teacher.

Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man.

A man. How could a man be a teacher?

Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions.

A man isn't smart enough. Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher.

He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher. He knows almost as much I betcha.

Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me. Tommy screamed with laughter. You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there. And all the kids learned the same thing? Sure, if they were the same age.

But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently. Just the same, they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book. I

didn't say I didn't like it, Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools. They weren't nearly half finished when Margie's mother called, Margie! School! Margie looked up. Not yet, mamma. Now, said Mrs. Jones. And it's probably time for Tommy, too. Margie said to Tommy, Can I read the book some more with you after school? Maybe, he said, nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went to the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except for Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours.

The screen was lit up, and it said: Today's arithmetical lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot.

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood came, laughing and shouting in the school yard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it. And the teachers were people... The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen. When we add the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$...

Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

Exercise A. Answer the questions

1. The short story is part of a genre known as?
2. The story is set in which year in the future?
3. How old was Margie?
4. What is the name of the character that is 13 years old?
5. Where did Tommy find the old book?
6. What does 'real book' mean in the line, "Today Tommy found a real book!"?
7. What was the book about?

8. What was strange about the old book?
9. How did Tommy and Margie read?
10. Who did Margie's mother call to fix her mechanical teacher?
11. How does Asimov describe the County Inspector?
12. What type of teacher did Margie have?
13. Where did Margie attend school?
14. Did Margie like her current classroom, teacher, and education?
15. How long ago were the old schools in the book around?
16. What did the County Inspector do to help Margie?
17. What type of teacher did Margie have?
18. Where did Margie attend school?
19. Did Margie like her current classroom, teacher, and education?
20. How long ago were the old schools in the book around?
21. What did the County Inspector do to help Margie?

Unit Seven

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was born on September 24, 1896, and named after his ancestor Francis Scott Key, the writer of “The Star-Spangled Banner.” Fitzgerald was raised in St. Paul, Minnesota. Though an intelligent child, he did poorly in school and was sent to a New Jersey boarding school in 1911. Despite being a mediocre student there, he managed to enroll at Princeton in 1913. Academic troubles and apathy plagued him throughout his time at college, and he never graduated, instead enlisting in the army in 1917, as World War I neared its end.

Fitzgerald became a second lieutenant, and was stationed at Camp Sheridan, in Montgomery, Alabama. There he met and fell in love with a wild seventeen-year-old beauty named Zelda Sayre. Zelda finally agreed to marry him, but her overpowering desire for wealth, fun, and leisure led her to delay their wedding until he could prove a success. With the publication of *This Side of Paradise* in 1920, Fitzgerald became a literary sensation, earning enough money and fame to convince Zelda to marry him.

Many of these events from Fitzgerald’s early life appear in his most famous novel, *The Great Gatsby*, published in 1925. Like Fitzgerald, Nick Carraway is a thoughtful young man from Minnesota, educated at an Ivy League school (in Nick’s case, Yale), who moves to New York after the war. Fitzgerald also shares some characteristics with *The Great Gatsby*’s titular character, Jay Gatsby, a sensitive young man who idolizes wealth and luxury and who falls in love with a beautiful young woman while stationed at a military camp in the South.

Fitzgerald was the most famous chronicler of 1920s America, an era that he dubbed “the Jazz Age.” *The Great Gatsby* is one of the greatest literary documents of this period, in which the American economy soared, bringing unprecedented levels of prosperity to the nation.

After *The Great Gatsby* brought him literary celebrity, Fitzgerald fell into a wild, reckless lifestyle of parties and decadence, while desperately trying to please Zelda by writing to earn money. As the giddiness of the Roaring Twenties dissolved into the bleakness of the Great Depression, however, Zelda suffered a nervous breakdown and Fitzgerald battled alcoholism, which hampered his writing. He published *Tender Is the Night* in 1934, and sold short stories to *The Saturday Evening Post* to support his lavish lifestyle. In 1937, he left for Hollywood to write screenplays, and in 1940, while working on his novel *The Love of the Last Tycoon*, died of a heart attack at the age of forty-four.

Read and Listen

Crazy Sunday

It was Sunday-not a day, but rather a gap between two other days. Behind, for all of them, lay sets and sequences, the long waits under the crane that swung the microphone, the hundred miles a day by automobiles to and fro across a county, the struggles of rival ingenuities in the conference rooms, the ceaseless compromise, the clash and strain of many personalities fighting for their lives. And now Sunday, with individual life starting up again, with a glow kindling in eyes that had been glazed with monotony the afternoon before. Slowly as the hours waned they came awake like "Puppenfeen" in a toy shop: an intense colloquy in a corner, lovers disappearing to neck in a hall. And the feeling of "Hurry, it's not too late, but for God's sake hurry before the blessed forty hours of leisure are over."

Joel Coles was writing continuity. He was twenty-eight and not yet broken by Hollywood. He had had what were considered nice assignments since his arrival six months before and he submitted his scenes and sequences with enthusiasm. He referred to himself modestly as a hack but really did not think of it that way. His mother had been a successful actress; Joel had spent his childhood between London and New York trying to separate the real from the unreal, or at least to keep one guess ahead. He was a handsome man with the pleasant cow-brown eyes that in 1913 had gazed out at Broadway audiences from his mother's face.

When the invitation came it made him sure that he was getting somewhere. Ordinarily he did not go out on Sundays but stayed sober and took work home with him. Recently they had given him a Eugene O'Neill play destined for a very important lady indeed. Everything he had done so far had pleased Miles Calman, and Miles Calman was the only director on the lot who did not work under a supervisor and was responsible to the money men alone. Everything was clicking into place in Joel's career. ("This is Mr. Calman's secretary. Will you come to tea from four to six Sunday--he lives in Beverly Hills, number--.")

Joel was flattered. It would be a party out of the top-drawer. It was a tribute to himself as a young man of promise. The Marion Davies' crowd, the high-hats, the

big currency numbers, perhaps even Dietrich and Garbo and the Marquise, people who were not seen everywhere, would probably be at Calman's.

"I won't take anything to drink," he assured himself. Calman was audibly tired of rummies, and thought it was a pity the industry could not get along without them.

Joel agreed that writers drank too much--he did himself, but he wouldn't this afternoon. He wished Miles would be within hearing when the cocktails were passed to hear his succinct, unobtrusive, "No, thank you."

Miles Calman's house was built for great emotional moments--there was an air of listening, as if the far silences of its vistas hid an audience, but this afternoon it was thronged, as though people had been bidden rather than asked. Joel noted with pride that only two other writers from the studio were in the crowd, an ennobled limey and, somewhat to his surprise, Nat Keogh, who had evoked Calman's impatient comment on drunks.

Stella Calman (Stella Walker, of course) did not move on to her other guests after she spoke to Joel. She lingered--she looked at him with the sort of beautiful look that demands some sort of acknowledgment and Joe drew quickly on the dramatic adequacy inherited from his mother:

"Well, you look about sixteen! Where's your kiddy car?"

She was visibly pleased; she lingered. He felt that he should say something more, something confident and easy--he had first met her when she was struggling for bits in New York. At the moment a tray slid up and Stella put a cocktail glass into his hand.

"Everybody's afraid, aren't they?" he said, looking at it absently. "Everybody watches for everybody else's blunders, or tries to make sure they're with people that'll do them credit. Of course that's not true in your house," he covered himself hastily. "I just meant generally in Hollywood."

Stella agreed. She presented several people to Joel as if he were very important. Reassuring himself that Miles was at the other side of the room, Joel drank the cocktail.

"So you have a baby?" he said. "That's the time to look out. After a pretty woman has had her first child, she's very vulnerable, because she wants to be reassured about her own charm. She's got to have some new man's unqualified devotion to prove to herself she hasn't lost anything."

"I never get anybody's unqualified devotion," Stella said rather resentfully.

"They're afraid of your husband."

"You think that's it?" She wrinkled her brow over the idea; then the conversation was interrupted at the exact moment Joel would have chosen.

Her attentions had given him confidence. Not for him to join safe groups, to slink to refuge under the wings of such acquaintances as he saw about the room. He walked to the window and looked out toward the Pacific, colorless under its sluggish sunset. It was good here--the American Riviera and all that, if there were ever time to enjoy it. The handsome, well-dressed people in the room, the lovely girls, and the--well, the lovely girls. You couldn't have everything.

He saw Stella's fresh boyish face, with the tired eyelid that always drooped a little over one eye, moving about among her guests and he wanted to sit with her and talk a long time as if she were a girl instead of a name; he followed her to see if she paid anyone as much attention as she had paid him. He took another cocktail--not because he needed confidence but because she had given him so much of it. Then he sat down beside the director's mother.

"Your son's gotten to be a legend, Mrs. Calman--Oracle and a Man of Destiny and all that. Personally, I'm against him but I'm in a minority. What do you think of him? Are you impressed? Are you surprised how far he's gone?"

"No, I'm not surprised," she said calmly. "We always expected a lot from Miles."

"Well now, that's unusual," remarked Joel. "I always think all mothers are like Napoleon's mother. My mother didn't want me to have anything to do with the entertainment business. She wanted me to go to West Point and be safe."

"We always had every confidence in Miles." . . .

He stood by the built-in bar of the dining room with the good-humored, heavy-drinking, highly paid Nat Keogh.

"--I made a hundred grand during the year and lost forty grand gambling, so now I've hired a manager."

"You mean an agent," suggested Joel.

"No, I've got that too. I mean a manager. I make over everything to my wife and then he and my wife get together and hand me out the money. I pay him five thousand a year to hand me out my money."

"You mean your agent."

"No, I mean my manager, and I'm not the only one--a lot of other irresponsible people have him."

"Well, if you're irresponsible why are you responsible enough to hire a manager?"

"I'm just irresponsible about gambling. Look here--"

A singer performed; Joel and Nat went forward with the others to listen.

II

The singing reached Joel vaguely; he felt happy and friendly toward all the people gathered there, people of bravery and industry, superior to a bourgeoisie that outdid them in ignorance and loose living, risen to a position of the highest prominence in a nation that for a decade had wanted only to be entertained. He liked them--he loved them. Great waves of good feeling flowed through him.

As the singer finished his number and there was a drift toward the hostess to say good-by, Joel had an idea. He would give them "Building It Up," his own composition. It was his only parlor trick, it had amused several parties and it might please Stella Walker. Possessed by the hunch, his blood throbbing with the scarlet corpuscles of exhibitionism, he sought her.

"Of course," she cried. "Please! Do you need anything?"

"Someone has to be the secretary that I'm supposed to be dictating to."

"I'll be her."

As the word spread the guests in the hall, already putting on their coats to leave, drifted back and Joel faced the eyes of many strangers. He had a dim foreboding, realizing that the man who had just performed was a famous radio entertainer.

Then someone said "Sh!" and he was alone with Stella, the center of a sinister Indian-like half-circle. Stella smiled up at him expectantly--he began.

His burlesque was based upon the cultural limitations of Mr. Dave Silverstein, an independent producer; Silverstein was presumed to be dictating a letter outlining a treatment of a story he had bought.

"--a story of divorce, the younger generators and the Foreign Legion," he heard his voice saying, with the intonations of Mr. Silverstein. "But we got to build it up, see?"

A sharp pang of doubt struck through him. The faces surrounding him in the gently molded light were intent and curious, but there was no ghost of a smile anywhere; directly in front the Great Lover of the screen glared at him with an eye as keen as the eye of a potato. Only Stella Walker looked up at him with a radiant, never faltering smile.

"If we make him a Menjou type, then we get a sort of Michael Arlen only with a Honolulu atmosphere."

Still not a ripple in front, but in the rear a rustling, a perceptible shift toward the left, toward the front door.

"--then she says she feels this sex appil for him and he burns out and says 'Oh go on destroy yourself'--"

At some point he heard Nat Keogh snicker and here and there were a few encouraging faces, but as he finished he had the sickening realization that he had made a fool of himself in view of an important section of the picture world, upon whose favor depended his career.

For a moment he existed in the midst of a confused silence, broken by a general trek for the door. He felt the undercurrent of derision that rolled through the gossip; then--all this was in the space of ten seconds--the Great Lover, his eye hard and empty as the eye of a needle, shouted "Boo! Boo!" voicing in an overtone what he felt was the mood of the crowd. It was the resentment of the professional toward the amateur, of the community toward the stranger, the thumbs-down of the clan.

Only Stella Walker was still standing near and thanking him as if he had been an unparalleled success, as if it hadn't occurred to her that anyone hadn't liked it. As Nat Keogh helped him into his overcoat, a great wave of self-disgust swept over him and he clung desperately to his rule of never betraying an inferior emotion until he no longer felt it.

"I was a flop," he said lightly, to Stella. "Never mind, it's a good number when appreciated. Thanks for your conservation."

The smile did not leave her face--he bowed rather drunkenly and Nat drew him toward the door. . . .

The arrival of his breakfast awakened him into a broken and ruined world. Yesterday he was himself, a point of fire against an industry, today he felt that he was pitted under an enormous disadvantage, against those faces, against individual contempt and collective sneer. Worse than that, to Miles Calman he was become one of those rummies, stripped of dignity, whom Calman regretted he was compelled to use. To Stella Walker, on whom he had forced a martyrdom to preserve the courtesy of her house--her opinion he did not dare to guess. His gastric juices ceased to flow and he set his poached eggs back on the telephone table. He wrote:

Dear Miles : You can imagine my profound self-disgust. I confess to a taint of exhibitionism, but at six o'clock in the afternoon, in broad daylight! Good God! My apologies to your wife.

Yours ever, Joel Coles.

Joel emerged from his office on the lot only to slink like a malefactor to the tobacco store. So suspicious was his manner that one of the studio police asked to see his admission card. He had decided to eat lunch outside when Nat Keogh, confident and cheerful, overtook him.

"What do you mean you're in permanent retirement? What if that Three Piece Suit did boo you?"

"Why, listen," he continued, drawing Joel into the studio restaurant. "The night of one of his premiers at Grauman's Joe Squires kicked his tail while he was bowing

to the crowd. The ham said Joe'd hear from him later but when Joe called him up at eight o'clock next day and said, 'I thought I was going to hear from you,' he hung up the phone."

The preposterous story cheered Joel, and he found a gloomy consolation in staring at the group at the next table, the sad, lovely Siamese twins, the mean dwarfs, the proud giant from the circus picture. But looking beyond at the yellow-stained faces of pretty women, their eyes all melancholy and startling with mascara, their ball gowns garish in full day, he saw a group who had been at Calman's and winced.

"Never again," he exclaimed aloud, "absolutely my last social appearance in Hollywood!"

The following morning a telegram was waiting for him at his office:

You were one of the most agreeable people at our party. Expect you at my sister June's buffet supper next Sunday.

Stella Walker Calman.

The blood rushed fast through his veins for a feverish minute. Incredulously he read the telegram over.

"Well, that's the sweetest thing I ever heard of in my life!"

III

Crazy Sunday again. Joel slept until eleven, then he read a newspaper to catch up with the past week. He lunched in his room on trout, avocado salad and a pint of California wine. Dressing for the tea, he selected a pin-check suit, a blue shirt, a burnt orange tie. There were dark circles of fatigue under his eyes. In his second-hand car he drove to the Riviera apartments. As he was introducing himself to Stella's sister, Miles and Stella arrived in riding clothes--they had been quarrelling fiercely most of the afternoon on all the dirt roads back of Beverly Hills.

Miles Calman, tall, nervous, with a desperate humor and the unhappiest eyes Joel ever saw, was an artist from the top of his curiously shaped head to his niggerish feet. Upon these last he stood firmly--he had never made a cheap picture though he had sometimes paid heavily for the luxury of making experimental flops. In spite

of his excellent company, one could not be with him long without realizing that he was not a well man.

From the moment of their entrance Joel's day bound itself up inextricably with theirs. As he joined the group around them Stella turned away from it with an impatient little tongue click--and Miles Calman said to the man who happened to be next to him:

"Go easy on Eva Goebel. There's hell to pay about her at home." Miles turned to Joel, "I'm sorry I missed you at the office yesterday. I spent the afternoon at the analyst's."

"You being psychoanalyzed?"

"I have been for months. First I went for claustrophobia, now I'm trying to get my whole life cleared up. They say it'll take over a year."

"There's nothing the matter with your life," Joel assured him.

"Oh, no? Well, Stella seems to think so. Ask anybody--they can all tell you about it," he said bitterly.

A girl perched herself on the arm of Miles' chair; Joel crossed to Stella, who stood disconsolately by the fire.

"Thank you for your telegram," he said. "It was darn sweet. I can't imagine anybody as good-looking as you are being so good-humored."

She was a little lovelier than he had ever seen her and perhaps the unstinted admiration in his eyes prompted her to unload on him--it did not take long, for she was obviously at the emotional bursting point.

"--and Miles has been carrying on this thing for two years, and I never knew. Why, she was one of my best friends, always in the house. Finally when people began to come to me, Miles had to admit it."

She sat down vehemently on the arm of Joel's chair. Her riding breeches were the color of the chair and Joel saw that the mass of her hair was made up of some strands of red gold and some of pale gold, so that it could not be dyed, and that she had on no make-up. She was that good-looking--

Still quivering with the shock of her discovery, Stella found unbearable the spectacle of a new girl hovering over Miles; she led Joel into a bedroom, and seated at either end of a big bed they went on talking. People on their way to the washroom glanced in and made wisecracks, but Stella, emptying out her story, paid no attention. After a while Miles stuck his head in the door and said, "There's no use trying to explain something to Joel in half an hour that I don't understand myself and the psychoanalyst says will take a whole year to understand."

She talked on as if Miles were not there. She loved Miles, she said--under considerable difficulties she had always been faithful to him.

"The psychoanalyst told Miles that he had a mother complex. In his first marriage he transferred his mother complex to his wife, you see--and then his sex turned to me. But when we married the thing repeated itself--he transferred his mother complex to me and all his libido turned toward this other woman."

Joel knew that this probably wasn't gibberish--yet it sounded like gibberish. He knew Eva Goebel; she was a motherly person, older and probably wiser than Stella, who was a golden child.

Miles now suggested impatiently that Joel come back with them since Stella had so much to say, so they drove out to the mansion in Beverly Hills. Under the high ceilings the situation seemed more dignified and tragic. It was an eerie bright night with the dark very clear outside of all the windows and Stella all rose-gold raging and crying around the room. Joel did not quite believe in picture actresses' grief. They have other preoccupations--they are beautiful rose-gold figures blown full of life by writers and directors, and after hours they sit around and talk in whispers and giggle innuendoes, and the ends of many adventures flow through them.

Sometimes he pretended to listen and instead thought how well she was got up--sleek breeches with a matched set of legs in them, an Italian-colored sweater with a little high neck, and a short brown chamois coat. He couldn't decide whether she was an imitation of an English lady or an English lady was an imitation of her. She hovered somewhere between the realest of realities and the most blatant of impersonations.

"Miles is so jealous of me that he questions everything I do," she cried scornfully.

"When I was in New York I wrote him that I'd been to the theater with Eddie Baker. Miles was so jealous he phoned me ten times in one day."

"I was wild," Miles snuffled sharply, a habit he had in times of stress. "The analyst couldn't get any results for a week."

Stella shook her head despairingly. "Did you expect me just to sit in the hotel for three weeks?"

"I don't expect anything. I admit that I'm jealous. I try not to be. I worked on that with Dr. Bridgebane, but it didn't do any good. I was jealous of Joel this afternoon when you sat on the arm of his chair."

"You were?" She started up. "You were! Wasn't there somebody on the arm of your chair? And did you speak to me for two hours?"

"You were telling your troubles to Joel in the bedroom."

"When I think that that woman"--she seemed to believe that to omit Eva Goebel's name would be to lessen her reality--"used to come here--"

"All right--all right," said Miles wearily. "I've admitted everything and I feel as bad about it as you do." Turning to Joel he began talking about pictures, while Stella moved restlessly along the far walls, her hands in her breeches pockets.

"They've treated Miles terribly," she said, coming suddenly back into the conversation as if they'd never discussed her personal affairs. "Dear, tell him about old Beltzer trying to change your picture."

As she stood hovering protectively over Miles, her eyes flashing with indignation in his behalf, Joel realized that he was in love with her. Stifled with excitement he got up to say good night.

With Monday the week resumed its workaday rhythm, in sharp contrast to the theoretical discussions, the gossip and scandal of Sunday; there was the endless detail of script revision--"Instead of a lousy dissolve, we can leave her voice on the sound track and cut to a medium shot of the taxi from Bell's angle or we can simply pull the camera back to include the station, hold it a minute and then pan to

the row of taxis"--by Monday afternoon Joel had again forgotten that people whose business was to provide entertainment were ever privileged to be entertained. In the evening he phoned Miles' house. He asked for Miles but Stella came to the phone.

"Do things seem better?"

"Not particularly. What are you doing next Saturday evening?"

"Nothing."

"The Perrys are giving a dinner and theater party and Miles won't be here--he's flying to South Bend to see the Notre Dame-California game. I thought you might go with me in his place."

After a long moment Joel said, "Why--surely. If there's a conference I can't make dinner but I can get to the theater."

"Then I'll say we can come."

Joel walked his office. In view of the strained relations of the Calmans, would Miles be pleased, or did she intend that Miles shouldn't know of it? That would be out of the question--if Miles didn't mention it Joel would. But it was an hour or more before he could get down to work again.

Wednesday there was a four-hour wrangle in a conference room crowded with planets and nebulae of cigarette smoke. Three men and a woman paced the carpet in turn, suggesting or condemning, speaking sharply or persuasively, confidently or despairingly. At the end Joel lingered to talk to Miles.

The man was tired--not with the exaltation of fatigue but life-tired, with his lids sagging and his beard prominent over the blue shadows near his mouth.

"I hear you're flying to the Notre Dame game."

Miles looked beyond him and shook his head.

"I've given up the idea."

"Why?"

"On account of you." Still he did not look at Joel.

"What the hell, Miles?"

"That's why I've given it up." He broke into a perfunctory laugh at himself. "I can't tell what Stella might do just out of spite--she's invited you to take her to the Perrys', hasn't she? I wouldn't enjoy the game."

The fine instinct that moved swiftly and confidently on the set, muddled so weakly and helplessly through his personal life.

"Look, Miles," Joel said frowning. "I've never made any passes whatsoever at Stella. If you're really seriously cancelling your trip on account of me, I won't go to the Perrys' with her. I won't see her. You can trust me absolutely."

Miles looked at him, carefully now.

"Maybe." He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow there'd just be somebody else. I wouldn't have any fun."

"You don't seem to have much confidence in Stella. She told me she'd always been true to you."

"Maybe she has." In the last few minutes several more muscles had sagged around Miles' mouth, "But how can I ask anything of her after what's happened? How can I expect her--" He broke off and his face grew harder as he said, "I'll tell you one thing, right or wrong and no matter what I've done, if I ever had anything on her I'd divorce her. I can't have my pride hurt--that would be the last straw."

His tone annoyed Joel, but he said:

"Hasn't she calmed down about the Eva Goebel thing?"

"No." Miles snuffled pessimistically. "I can't get over it either."

"I thought it was finished."

"I'm trying not to see Eva again, but you know it isn't easy just to drop something like that--it isn't some girl I kissed last night in a taxi! The psychoanalyst says--"

"I know," Joel interrupted. "Stella told me." This was depressing. "Well, as far as I'm concerned if you go to the game I won't see Stella. And I'm sure Stella has nothing on her conscience about anybody."

"Maybe not," Miles repeated listlessly. "Anyhow I'll stay and take her to the party. Say," he said suddenly, "I wish you'd come too. I've got to have somebody sympathetic to talk to. That's the trouble--I've influenced Stella in everything."

Especially I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like--it's very difficult."

"It must be," Joel agreed.

IV

Joel could not get to the dinner. Self-conscious in his silk hat against the unemployment, he waited for the others in front of the Hollywood Theatre and watched the evening parade: obscure replicas of bright, particular picture stars, spavined men in polo coats, a stomping dervish with the beard and staff of an apostle, a pair of chic Filipinos in collegiate clothes, reminder that this corner of the Republic opened to the seven seas, a long fantastic carnival of young shouts which proved to be a fraternity initiation. The line split to pass two smart limousines that stopped at the curb.

There she was, in a dress like ice-water, made in a thousand pale-blue pieces, with icicles trickling at the throat. He started forward.

"So you like my dress?"

"Where's Miles?"

"He flew to the game after all. He left yesterday morning--at least I think--" She broke off. "I just got a telegram from South Bend saying that he's starting back. I forgot--you know all these people?"

The party of eight moved into the theater.

Miles had gone after all and Joel wondered if he should have come. But during the performance, with Stella a profile under the pure grain of light hair, he thought no more about Miles. Once he turned and looked at her and she looked back at him, smiling and meeting his eyes for as long as he wanted. Between the acts they smoked in the lobby and she whispered:

"They're all going to the opening of Jack Johnson's night club--I don't want to go, do you?"

"Do we have to?"

"I suppose not." She hesitated. "I'd like to talk to you. I suppose we could go to our house--if I were only sure--"

Again she hesitated and Joel asked:

"Sure of what?"

"Sure that--oh, I'm haywire I know, but how can I be sure Miles went to the game?"

"You mean you think he's with Eva Goebel?"

"No, not so much that--but supposing he was here watching everything I do. You know Miles does odd things sometimes. Once he wanted a man with a long beard to drink tea with him and he sent down to the casting agency for one, and drank tea with him all afternoon."

"That's different. He sent you a wire from South Bend--that proves he's at the game."

After the play they said good night to the others at the curb and were answered by looks of amusement. They slid off along the golden garish thoroughfare through the crowd that had gathered around Stella.

"You see he could arrange the telegrams," Stella said, "very easily."

That was true. And with the idea that perhaps her uneasiness was justified, Joel grew angry: if Miles had trained a camera on them he felt no obligations toward Miles. Aloud he said:

"That's nonsense."

There were Christmas trees already in the shop windows and the full moon over the boulevard was only a prop, as scenic as the giant boudoir lamps of the corners. On into the dark foliage of Beverly Hills that flamed as eucalyptus by day, Joel saw only the flash of a white face under his own, the arc of her shoulder. She pulled away suddenly and looked up at him.

"Your eyes are like your mother's," she said. "I used to have a scrap book full of pictures of her."

"Your eyes are like your own and not a bit like any other eyes," he answered.

Something made Joel look out into the grounds as they went into the house, as if Miles were lurking in the shrubbery. A telegram waited on the hall table. She read aloud: Chicago.

Home tomorrow night. Thinking of you. Love.Miles.

"You see," she said, throwing the slip back on the table, "he could easily have faked that." She asked the butler for drinks and sandwiches and ran upstairs, while Joel walked into the empty reception rooms. Strolling about he wandered to the piano where he had stood in disgrace two Sundays before.

"Then we could put over," he said aloud, "a story of divorce, the younger generators and the Foreign Legion."

His thoughts jumped to another telegram.

"You were one of the most agreeable people at our party--"

An idea occurred to him. If Stella's telegram had been purely a gesture of courtesy then it was likely that Miles had inspired it, for it was Miles who had invited him. Probably Miles had said:

"Send him a wire--he's miserable--he thinks he's queered himself."

It fitted in with "I've influenced Stella in everything. Especially I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like." A woman would do a thing like that because she felt sympathetic--only a man would do it because he felt responsible.

When Stella came back into the room he took both her hands.

"I have a strange feeling that I'm a sort of pawn in a spite game you're playing against Miles," he said.

"Help yourself to a drink."

"And the odd thing is that I'm in love with you anyhow."

The telephone rang and she freed herself to answer it.

"Another wire from Miles," she announced. "He dropped it, or it says he dropped it, from the airplane at Kansas City."

"I suppose he asked to be remembered to me."

"No, he just said he loved me. I believe he does. He's so very weak."

"Come sit beside me," Joel urged her.

It was early. And it was still a few minutes short of midnight a half-hour later, when Joel walked to the cold hearth, and said tersely:

"Meaning that you haven't any curiosity about me?"

"Not at all. You attract me a lot and you know it. The point is that I suppose I really do love Miles."

"Obviously."

"And tonight I feel uneasy about everything."

He wasn't angry--he was even faintly relieved that a possible entanglement was avoided. Still as he looked at her, the warmth and softness of her body thawing her cold blue costume, he knew she was one of the things he would always regret.

"I've got to go," he said. "I'll phone a taxi."

"Nonsense--there's a chauffeur on duty."

He winced at her readiness to have him go, and seeing this she kissed him lightly and said, "You're sweet, Joel." Then suddenly three things happened: he took down his drink at a gulp, the phone rang loud through the house and a clock in the hall struck in trumpet notes.

Nine--ten--eleven--twelve--

V

It was Sunday again. Joel realized that he had come to the theater this evening with the work of the week still hanging about him like cerements. He had made love to Stella as he might attack some matter to be cleaned up hurriedly before the day's end. But this was Sunday--the lovely, lazy perspective of the next twenty-four hours unrolled before him--every minute was something to be approached with lulling indirection, every moment held the germ of innumerable possibilities. Nothing was impossible--everything was just beginning. He poured himself another drink.

With a sharp moan, Stella slipped forward inertly by the telephone. Joel picked her up and laid her on the sofa. He squirted soda-water on a handkerchief and slapped it over her face. The telephone mouthpiece was still grinding and he put it to his ear.

--the plane fell just this side of Kansas City. The body of Miles Calman has been identified and

He hung up the receiver.

"Lie still," he said, stalling, as Stella opened her eyes.

"Oh, what's happened?" she whispered. "Call them back. Oh, what's happened?"

"I'll call them right away. What's your doctor's name?"

"Did they say Miles was dead?"

"Lie quiet--is there a servant still up?"

"Hold me--I'm frightened."

He put his arm around her.

"I want the name of your doctor," he said sternly. "It may be a mistake but I want someone here."

"It's Doctor--Oh, God, is Miles dead?"

Joel ran upstairs and searched through strange medicine cabinets for spirits of ammonia. When he came down Stella cried:

"He isn't dead--I know he isn't. This is part of his scheme. He's torturing me. I know he's alive. I can feel he's alive."

"I want to get hold of some close friend of yours, Stella. You can't stay here alone tonight."

"Oh, no," she cried. "I can't see anybody. You stay. I haven't got any friend." She got up, tears streaming down her face. "Oh, Miles is my only friend. He's not dead--he can't be dead. I'm going there right away and see. Get a train. You'll have to come with me."

"You can't. There's nothing to do tonight. I want you to tell me the name of some woman I can call: Lois? Joan? Carmel? Isn't there somebody?"

Stella stared at him blindly.

"Eva Goebel was my best friend," she said.

Joel thought of Miles, his sad and desperate face in the office two days before. In the awful silence of his death all was clear about him. He was the only American-born director with both an interesting temperament and an artistic conscience. Meshed in an industry, he had paid with his ruined nerves for having no resilience, no healthy cynicism, no refuge--only a pitiful and precarious escape.

There was a sound at the outer door--it opened suddenly, and there were footsteps in the hall.

"Miles!" Stella screamed. "Is it you, Miles? Oh, it's Miles."

A telegraph boy appeared in the doorway.

"I couldn't find the bell. I heard you talking inside."

The telegram was a duplicate of the one that had been phoned. While Stella read it over and over, as though it were a black lie, Joel telephoned. It was still early and he had difficulty getting anyone; when finally he succeeded in finding some friends he made Stella take a stiff drink.

"You'll stay here, Joel," she whispered, as though she were half-asleep. "You won't go away. Miles liked you--he said you--" She shivered violently, "Oh, my God, you don't know how alone I feel." Her eyes closed, "Put your arms around me. Miles had a suit like that." She started bolt upright. "Think of what he must have felt. He was afraid of almost everything, anyhow."

She shook her head dazedly. Suddenly she seized Joel's face and held it close to hers.

"You won't go. You like me--you love me, don't you? Don't call up anybody. Tomorrow's time enough. You stay here with me tonight."

He stared at her, at first incredulously, and then with shocked understanding. In her dark groping Stella was trying to keep Miles alive by sustaining a situation in which he had figured--as if Miles' mind could not die so long as the possibilities that had worried him still existed. It was a distraught and tortured effort to stave off the realization that he was dead.

Resolutely Joel went to the phone and called a doctor.

"Don't, oh, don't call anybody!" Stella cried. "Come back here and put your arms around me."

"Is Doctor Bales in?"

"Joel," Stella cried. "I thought I could count on you. Miles liked you. He was jealous of you--Joel, come here."

Ah then--if he betrayed Miles she would be keeping him alive--for if he were really dead how could he be betrayed?

--has just had a very severe shock. Can you come at once, and get hold of a nurse?"

"Joel!"

Now the door-bell and the telephone began to ring intermittently, and automobiles were stopping in front of the door.

"But you're not going," Stella begged him. "You're going to stay, aren't you?"

"No," he answered. "But I'll be back, if you need me."

Standing on the steps of the house which now hummed and palpitated with the life that flutters around death like protective leaves, he began to sob a little in his throat.

"Everything he touched he did something magical to," he thought. "He even brought that little gamin alive and made her a sort of masterpiece."

And then:

"What a hell of a hole he leaves in this damn wilderness--already!"

And then with a certain bitterness, "Oh, yes, I'll be back--I'll be back!"

Post – reading activity

Exercise A. Answer the following questions

1. What is Joel's last name?
2. Where does Joel live?
3. What does Joel do for a living?
4. What does Joel's mother do for a living?
5. What color are Joel's eyes?
6. Joel is working on a movie based on a play by what author?
7. What does Miles do for a living?
8. What does Miles invite Joel to attend at the beginning of the story?
9. Where does Miles live?
10. What day is the first event that Miles invites Joel to?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2nPzhdKiKD8&t=12s> Crazy Sunday by Francis Scott Fitzgerald

Crazy Sunday

Multiple Choice Test Questions

1. What is Joel's last name?
(a) Coles. (b) Evans. (c) Teague. (d) Smith.
2. Where does Joel live?
(a) Seattle. (b) Hollywood. (c) London. (d) New York City.
3. What does Joel do for a living?
(a) Director. (b) Screenwriter. (c) Makeup artist. (d) Actor.
4. What does Joel's mother do for a living?
(a) Actress. (b) Waitress. (c) Model. (d) Dancer.
5. What color are Joel's eyes?
(a) Hazel. (b) Brown. (c) Blue. (d) Green.
6. Joel is working on a movie based on a play by what author?
(a) Arthur Miller. (b) Eugene O'Neill. (c) Samuel Beckett. (d) Tennessee Williams.
7. What does Miles do for a living?
(a) Writer. (b) Producer. (c) Actor. (d) Director.
8. What does Miles invite Joel to attend at the beginning of the story?
(a) A dinner party. (b) A tea. (c) A racket ball match. (d) A ball.
9. Where does Miles live?
(a) Bel Air. (b) Pacific Palisades. (c) Holmby Hills. (d) Beverly Hills.
10. What day is the first event that Miles invites Joel to?
(a) Thursday. (b) Saturday. (c) Friday. (d) Sunday.
11. What is Stella's maiden name?
(a) Kotter. (b) Turner. (c) Hoover. (d) Walker

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